

Grasping 931

Chapter 931: A Calamity, Yet Also Providence

Witnessing the path to the Fourth Step from the Immortal Emperor's memories was undoubtedly a tremendous opportunity.

This opportunity wouldn't enhance Ning Fan's cultivation, but it planted a seed in his heart—the seed to the Fourth Step.

If, one day, Ning Fan cultivates to the pinnacle of the Third Step, due to the insights gained today, he might have a sliver of a chance to step into the Fourth Step!

In this world, few can step into the Third Step to become a Saint.

Even fewer can glimpse the road to the Fourth Step.

Dao, path, Dao, path...

Only with one's own path, with one's own set rules, can one step into the Fourth Step...

Ning Fan held his breath, closed his eyes, wanting to delve deeper into the Immortal Emperor's memories.

Gradually, the Immortal Emperor's voice echoed by his ears again.

"I miss home... really miss it..."

"Kind Corpse... if I slay all the enemy cultivators from beyond the domain... I'll return to the Dreamland Realm... bring you home..."

One shattered memory after another appeared in Ning Fan's mind. These memories were unexpectedly half of the Immortal Emperor's lifetime memories!

However, these memories were too fragmented, missing the coherence they had before, making it impossible to piece them together.

Ning Fan searched through those memories, trying to find some complete recollections. Suddenly, he found some relatively complete memories.

In these memories, the Immortal Emperor, clad in a black Taoist robe, was sitting in the heavenly rivers of stars. His right eye was bleeding black blood, and the fourth devil star in his right eye was shattered.

Before this, he had been besieged by twelve Saints from beyond the domain. In this battle, he repelled the twelve Initial Saints, but he was also significantly injured.

"Not enough, still not enough!"

"Though I am the first Immortal Emperor under the Immortal Emperor, I haven't reached the Third Step. Battling the Third Step with a Second Step physique is too strenuous."

"My Dao is immortality, endless life. My Dao is about eternal life, no death. This Dao is missing half... Attempting to enter the Saint Realm with an incomplete Dao is too difficult... I don't have much time left, the battles beyond the domain are becoming increasingly fierce..."

The Immortal Emperor let out a slight sigh.

There is no strongest Dao in this world; every great Dao has its weaknesses and flaws.

The Dao of Immortality goes against the heavens; even as an Immortal Emperor, not even the Desolate Saint can kill him.

However, the flaw of the Dao of Immortality is significant. Cultivators of this Dao find it hard to become Saints as it is incomplete.

The Third Step Saint cultivates the Power of Reincarnation, and reincarnation implies completeness.

Only by cutting off all one's flaws and abandoning all defects can one qualify to become a flawless Saint.

Throughout antiquity, there are three methods to become a Saint: Proving by power, cutting three corpses, and achieving sainthood through merits.

Achieving sainthood through merits is the easiest method, and most Saints become Saints this way.

Cutting three corpses is more challenging, with only five or six out of a hundred Saints choosing this path.

Proving by power is the hardest; since ancient times, few have succeeded, and those who did inevitably refined themselves up to the Fourth Step.

Those who dare to prove by power are at least figures of the Celestial Emperor level...

The Immortal Emperor sighed even deeper.

Though he is the first Immortal Emperor under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, he has self-awareness, knowing he lacks the talent of a Celestial Emperor. Becoming a Saint is already difficult, and hoping to prove by power leaves nearly no chance of success.

The sainthood through merits method is the most likely to succeed, but even if one steps into the Third Step through this means, they become a weakling of the Third Step...

"Cutting three corpses it is. Even if the hope of becoming a Saint is slim, it must be tried!"

"All my life, I've been steeped in killing and sins immeasurable. Today, I will cut out a lifetime of slaughter, to make an Evil Corpse!"

The Immortal Emperor raised his hand and grasped forward. Endless starlight transformed into a sword, which he held and slashed toward himself.

This slash didn't harm him at all but sliced out a column of surging blood from his body.

The blood gradually coalesced, and after a long while, a youth clad in an animal skin skirt emerged, with an indifferent and cold gaze.

That youth resembled the Immortal Emperor in his young days, identical to when he fled from the Barbarian Clan.

"Yin Mo..." The Immortal Emperor murmured his name as he looked at the Evil Corpse, memories overwhelming him.

He recalled the scene from many years ago when his homeland was lost, and he fled the tribe in panic, so miserably...

Lately, he met the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, and afterward, the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign unified the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, giving him, a home...

Now, the world knows him as the Immortal Emperor, the name Yin Mo abandoned long ago.

That name, let it be given to the Evil Corpse.

"Evil Corpse Yin Mo, today I have cut you out. From now on, you must follow me to guard the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, do you understand!" The Immortal Emperor solemnly said to the Evil Corpse, eyes full of expectation.

"Understood!" Evil Corpse Yin Mo bowed to the Immortal Emperor, expression extremely respectful.

"Very well." The Immortal Emperor nodded in satisfaction.

The effort of cutting out the Evil Corpse was not small, it seems a period of rest will be necessary before cutting the Kind Corpse.

Cut both Kind and Evil, then cut the true self. By then, the three corpses will merge into one, even with cultivating the Dao of Immortality, there will be a sliver of a chance for sainthood.

"I must become a Saint; only then will I have the power to protect the Zi Dou Immortal Domain. This is my home..."

...

In this memory portion, Ning Fan saw the Immortal Emperor cutting the three corpses.

Proof by power, cutting three corpses, achieving sainthood through merits... These three ancient methods for sainthood have long been lost, barely known in today's world.

Before today, Ning Fan knew little about becoming a Saint, let alone the specific methods. Now, from the Immortal Emperor's memories, he learned the three methods of sainthood, even witnessing the scene of the Immortal Emperor cutting his corpse!

Another opportunity!

First, he witnessed the Purple Dou pursuing the Third Step, then he saw the Immortal Emperor cutting his corpse to reach the Third Step... The opportunities gained today are indeed numerous!

The Fourth Step might be distant for Ning Fan, but the Third Step isn't unreachable.

Currently, Ning Fan has Truth-Transcending Cultivation Level, and one day, he will break through the Shedding Void Stage and Shattered Thought Realm, eventually reaching the Immortal Emperor Realm.

By then, he will also face the bottleneck of sainthood.

By then, the scene of the corpse cutting witnessed today will certainly contribute significantly to his path to sainthood.

"Proof by power, cutting three corpses, achieving sainthood through merits... The Immortal Emperor chose the cutting three corpses method..."

"His Evil Corpse is named Yin Mo... The Immortal Emperor bestowed his own name to the Evil Corpse..."

Ning Fan's eyes shifted slightly, recalling that the Eye Orb Monster summoned three ancient statues: Evil Corpse Yin Mo, Kind Corpse Daowang, and Self Corpse Immortal.

Earlier, he heard of Evil Corpse, Kind Corpse, and Self Corpse but didn't understand the significance. Now it all makes sense, with a silent realization.

Back then, the Immortal Emperor cut out a lifetime of Evil Qi to form the Evil Corpse named Yin Mo.

Afterward, he certainly cut out the Kind Corpse, the name of which might be Daowang...

And his true self, the Immortal half...

This might be the relationship between Yin Mo, Daowang, and the Immortal...

Vaguely, Ning Fan recalled the Immortal Emperor's words echoing in the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation.

'...I cut out the Evil Corpse, but that Evil Corpse betrayed the Zi Dou Immortal Domain and joined the Calamity Master, becoming the Ninth Barbarian God. This is my lifelong regret...'

It seems that although the Immortal Emperor cut out the Evil Corpse, that Evil Corpse eventually betrayed the Immortal Emperor.

Evil Corpse Yin Mo became the Ninth Barbarian God, precisely the elder of the ancient monument on the Ninth Layer of the Tianque...

The Eye Orb Monster seems to have deep ties with Mourning, Yin Mo, and Immortality. He must kill Yin Mo, perhaps due to Yin Mo's betrayal...

With Ning Fan's intellect, he quickly deduced some reasons from the Immortal Emperor's few words. These deductions were indeed very close to reality.

The remaining memories were too fragmented, and Ning Fan could no longer see coherent segments from them. Gradually, the chaotic fragments of memory faded away, and waves of pain from his collapsing physical defense pulled Ning Fan back to reality.

Unknowingly, his body had experienced over 170 collapses, each collapse causing Ning Fan's Spirit to be injured.

Fortunately, the Immortal Star nourished his Spirit, allowing those wounds to heal quickly.

This Immortal Power is different from the Starlight Healing Technique but is far more potent than any Demon Starfall healing effect.

As the number of physical collapses increased, the Blessing Power on Ning Fan's body finally showed noticeable loosening.

After the 186th reconstruction, Ning Fan's Spirit suddenly surged, almost breaking free from his physical form!

"Hehe, it's close, it's close! The Blessing Technique is about to be broken! Kid, you must hold on! You were hit by Yin Mo's Blessing Technique, which originally meant nine tribulation shadows of Lesser Warden Barbarian should descend, but only three came down. Once you break the Blessing Technique, the remaining six tribulation shadows will descend simultaneously, so be mentally prepared."

The commotion at the bottom of the lake naturally could not hide from the Eye Orb Monster, who saw Ning Fan's Blessing Technique being successfully broken and couldn't help but remind.

Ning Fan's heart tensed, instinctively touching his storage pouch.

The Purple Python Bone within the storage pouch contained a large amount of life force, which he had seized from that Snake-haired Pluck.

Next, six tribulation shadows will descend simultaneously. I don't know if the life force in this python bone will suffice...

Bang, bang, bang!

Ning Fan's physical form exploded repeatedly, and his flesh and blood reassembled once more, while the Immortal Star that pierced into his body continually protected Ning Fan, preventing his Spirit from getting hurt.

Thus, even if Ning Fan's physical defense collapsed many more times, the damage was not significant.

Two hundred times, three hundred times, four hundred times... one thousand times!

After a day and night, Ning Fan's physical form finally completed a thousand collapses!

At this moment, there was no more Blessing Power whatsoever in his body, and the Blessing Technique planted inside had long perished with the thousand collapses.

Yin Mo Ancestor's plotting fell through!

As Ning Fan's thought moved, his Spirit instantly surged out of his body, moving freely. After returning to his physical form, there were no more anomalies.

"Hehe, don't bother testing anymore. Your Spirit has already returned to normal. Quickly calm yourself and prepare to face the tribulation shadows." The Eye Orb Monster on the lakeshore, panting, reminded.

Manipulating part of the Saint Pattern Formation is not easy. After a day, the Eye Orb Monster was already very tired.

Yet the excitement in his heart was beyond description. He had helped Ning Fan break the Blessing Technique, and his chances of killing Yin Mo were already at forty percent!

Forty percent, it's not low! If he could help Ning Fan merge the four forces into one, the chances could rise to fifty percent...

Immortal Elder Brother, this time, your little brother will surely avenge you!

The Saint Pattern Formation within the mountain valley finally exhausted its strength. A hundred Dao Crystal Towers all turned to crystal dust, scattering across the ground. The formation light collapsed with a boom, transforming into countless streams of light, vanished, and the countless Barbarian Images in the sky disappeared one after another, leaving none.

The ceremony of breaking the Blessing Technique concluded.

Yet Ning Fan's tribulation shadow arrived right on time.

A phantom suddenly appeared above the mountain valley, the shadow of the Young Barbarian Statue that Ning Fan formed when he became the Lesser Warden Barbarian!

At the moment this phantom appeared, countless red clouds surged above the mountain valley, covering the sky, making the entire sky a fiery red as if burning.

At this moment, Ning Fan's fourth tribulation shadow of Lesser Warden Barbarian descended!

The arrival of the tribulation shadow was silent, and as the endless red clouds appeared, Ning Fan's flesh immediately shriveled, his life force crazily drained, consumed by the Barbarian Pattern within.

The number of Barbarian Patterns increased continuously after absorbing the life force, yet Ning Fan's aura became more and more withered, increasingly weak.

In just a breath of time, a tenth of his life force had vanished. This fourth tribulation shadow is far more fierce than the previous three.

Without any hesitation, Ning Fan took out the Purple Python Bone and began to frantically absorb the life force within it.

The life force within the serpent bones was immense, consuming only a tenth of it to pass through the third tribulation.

With ninety percent of the life force still remaining, it was more than enough to tackle the fourth tribulation!

A scarlet glow emanated fiercely from Ning Fan's body, casting an eerie red light over the pitch-black water.

The life force from the serpent bones surged madly into Ning Fan, instantly restoring his withered physical form to its original state.

By the time sixty percent of the life force remained, Ning Fan had already overcome most of the fourth tribulation.

"The Nine Barbarian Tribulations consist of nine in total. From the third one onwards, each successful tribulation allows for the cultivation of a certain number of ancestral-level Barbarian Blood."

"In the history of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, it's rare for a Young Master Barbarian to pass all nine tribulations through their own strength. Even those from the great ancient Barbarian clans usually could only reach the sixth tribulation. The power of the sixth is enough to make an Immortal King fall, and the

seventh, even more formidable... Those who can't pass the tribulations can only set up a Heaven-Deceiving Formation to slyly avoid it. However, avoiding the tribulation does not allow for the cultivation of ancestral blood..."

"The fourth tribulation is almost over for this one, and the fifth shouldn't be difficult for him to pass. But the chances are slim for him to get through the sixth..."

"If he cannot withstand the power of the tribulation, I will intervene and set up a Heaven-Deceiving Formation to help him evade it and save him."

The Eye Orb Monster watched the lake with full alertness. Should Ning Fan falter, it would intervene to save him from the tribulation.

In hindsight, when Yin Mo Ancestor plotted against Ning Fan, it suppressed Ning Fan's subsequent six tribulations due to their peril. This person has designs on Ning Fan and naturally wouldn't want him to perish carelessly in the tribulation, thus the suppression of Ning Fan's tribulations.

Starting with the fourth tribulation, the dangers increase. However, the benefits of passing are significant.

Each tribulation passed allows for the cultivation of a certain amount of Barbarian ancestral blood!

Ancestral blood is notoriously hard to cultivate, and even an Eternal Immortal Venerable would struggle to produce a drop without tens of millions of years of arduous cultivation.

In the Ancient Barbarian Realm, common Pluck find it exceedingly difficult to cultivate Barbarian Blood. Only the Young Master Barbarians of the various Barbarian clans have the extraordinary potential to cultivate ancestral blood.

The Young Master Barbarians are the inheritors of various Barbarian tribes, future successors to the Barbarian Ancestors, rarely born, requiring great sacrifices from the tribes for even one to be born. Once born, they can use the nine tribulations to cultivate ancestral blood, laying a strong foundation for becoming the future Barbarian Ancestor.

If not for the Fan Family Fifth Ancestor sacrificing his life, Ning Fan would not have been targeted by the Art of Summoning Barbarians.

Had he not possessed the Power of Calamity Blood, Ning Fan would not have been able to leap to become the eighth generation Young Master Barbarian of the Fan Family through the Art of Summoning Barbarians.

A sequence of fortuitous events led Ning Fan to ultimately confront the Nine Barbarian Tribulations, a tribulation of profound fortune, enough to cultivate ancestral blood.

The fourth tribulation was gradually overcome by Ning Fan, giving birth to yet another drop of ancestral-level Barbarian blood within him!

This was the second drop of ancestral blood Ning Fan cultivated through his own efforts! Sadly, this newly formed ancestral blood was immediately targeted by the domineering calamity blood.

The ancestral-level Barbarian blood within was gradually consumed by the calamity blood, with the red glow of calamity thoughts on Ning Fan's body becoming more intense and the fierce pressure growing stronger.

A few hours later, this drop of ancestral blood was completely devoured by the calamity blood.

And Ning Fan's Calamity Blood Level slowly climbed from True Blood One Star, nearing the breakthrough to Two-Star True Blood.

The further one progresses with calamity blood, the more difficult it is to cultivate. Even after consuming a drop of ancestral blood, a full breakthrough to two-star was not achieved, greatly startling Ning Fan.

However, upon introspection, Ning Fan's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

He could sense a significant enhancement in his power from consuming the Barbarian ancestral blood.

The Taicang Calamity Spirit with True Blood One Star could sweep away all under the Realm of Shattered Thought, able to contend with those in the early Shattered Thought stage.

Though just a match for the early Shattered Thought stage, it was more often a losing battle.

At this moment, with the great advancement in calamity blood, Ning Fan could feel his soaring power surging throughout his body.

Surrounding him were swirling Calamity Thought Thunder with one thousand seven hundred strands!

At this moment, relying solely on the strength of calamity blood, he could contend with those in the mid-phase Shattered Thought, with a winning more often than not approach!

Merely passing the fourth tribulation had greatly increased his strength!

If he passes more tribulations and gains more Barbarian ancestral blood, how far could his Calamity Blood Level grow!

Ning Fan's eyes twinkled with intensity. This tribulation is both a trial and a tremendous fortune, one that can't be missed!

Just then, the red clouds above the valley suddenly doubled. The fifth tribulation was descending!

Chapter 932: Shanhai Curse

The power of the fifth calamity far surpasses the fourth. Among the Ancient Barbarian Realm, various Barbarian clans stand tall, and each clan's Lesser Chieftain Barren is selected from millions as elite. However, even these elite Barbarian warriors must exert all their strength to have a slight chance of surviving this calamity.

Among a hundred Lesser Chieftain Barrens, having twenty pass the fifth calamity would be considered fortunate.

Above the valley, the red clouds blaze across the sky, and the pressure within the red clouds grows stronger and stronger, accompanied by the sound of ancient barbarian chanting continuously emerging from within.

'I chant of the Barbarian God in past times, during the immeasurable catastrophe where cultivation was practiced, all gods praised and supported, thereby obtaining great merit as vast as space...'

The sound of Barbarian chanting gradually condenses an invisible pressure, enveloping the entire valley.

Ning Fan sat cross-legged at the lake bottom, and at the moment the fifth calamity descended, his physical defense immediately shriveled at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The life force within him was crazily dissipating, Ning Fan's expression was solemn as the speed of life loss was twice as fast as the fourth calamity.

Despite the seriousness, there was a hint of anticipation. If he survives the fifth calamity and cultivates another drop of Ancestral Barbarian Blood, could it potentially cause the Calamity Blood Level to break through the realm of True Blood Two-Star...

In the Purple Python Bone, a significant portion of life force remained, being frantically absorbed and refined into his body, gradually restoring Ning Fan's shriveled physical defense to its original state.

However, this restoration was only temporary, as the life force required by the fifth calamity was too vast. As time passed, the remaining life force within the Python Bone depleted more and more.

After half an hour, the Python Bone life force was exhausted, and with a cracking sound, it broke into two pieces.

Ning Fan's eyes immediately sharpened. At this moment, the fifth calamity was only halfway through, yet the life force within the Python Bone was already depleted.

The life force required for the fifth calamity was so vast that not even multiple uses of the Python Bone could suffice to survive it.

Without the Python Bone to replenish life force, Ning Fan's physical defense shriveled and aged once more. Within ten breaths, his skin wrinkled like an elderly candle in the wind.

Regret gradually appeared in his eyes, regretting the insufficient life force to survive the fifth calamity.

If he could survive the fifth calamity and cultivate another drop of Ancestral Blood, the benefits would be self-evident.

Unfortunately, the life force within the Purple Python Bone was limited and not enough to sustain Ning Fan completely through the fifth calamity.

He understood the Fu Li race's clan divine skill—Lost World Palace Finger—which could devour the life force of others.

This place is within the tower space, with mountains and water but devoid of any animals, nor humans, nor Masters.

Besides Ning Fan, only the Eye Orb Monster and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific exist here.

If he uses the Lost World Palace Finger to seize some life force from the Eye Orb Monster or Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, could he survive the fifth calamity?

Within the Xuan Yin Treasure, there are thousands of women. If he can open it, could he seize the life force of these women?

These thoughts flashed through Ning Fan's mind but were quickly dismissed by him with a shake of his head.

He was not a good person and could seize others' life force to survive a calamity, but he was unwilling to target the Eye Orb Monster or Miaoyan, let alone those Cauldron Furnaces.

The life force required for the fifth calamity is too vast. For Masters, losing a small portion of life force would cause no harm, but losing too much could lead to a loss of cultivations or even death.

The Eye Orb Monster possesses Immortal Emperor cultivations, and the life force within is naturally overwhelming. Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, being an Eternal Immortal Venerable, has considerable life force.

Yet, even combined, their life force may not be much more than the Python Bone's life force.

To survive the fifth calamity, at least half of their life force must be seized, and putting aside whether Ning Fan has the strength to do so, even if he can, he doesn't wish to conduct himself in such a manner.

The thousand Cauldron Furnaces have low cultivations and even less life force within them. I'm afraid draining all their life forces still wouldn't suffice for Ning Fan to survive the calamity.

Draining life force equates to death... he absolutely refuses to kill his Cauldron Furnaces, this is a principle he set since the start of his cultivation!

Back then, he was shot and killed by Ancestor Dulong with seven arrows, and only Miaoyan came forward to help. Though it didn't help much, Ning Fan remembers Miaoyan's aid. Therefore, during the Barbarian Wilderness Catastrophe, he aided Miaoyan time and time again. He would never attack a friend.

The Eye Orb Monster has an unclear origin, approaching Ning Fan with impure motives, involving both utilization and planning, but regardless, Ning Fan managed to break the Blessing Technique with the Eye Orb Monster's help, thus owing the Eye Orb Monster some gratitude. Before the Eye Orb Monster attacks him, Ning Fan won't harm the Eye Orb Monster.

This is also his principle!

"Must I abandon the fifth calamity..." Ning Fan sighed softly.

Calamity is dangerous, it's a gamble between life and death. Success brings great benefits, but failure leads to exhausted life force and death in the catastrophe. Seeing the calamity unreachable, Ning Fan feels regret but remains calm, without any panic, very composed.

He has cultivated for many years, with a naturally mature mind. The Eye Orb Monster still needs his strength to plot against Yin Mo, definitely won't watch him die in the calamity.

The Eye Orb Monster appears very calm, must have a way to help him survive the calamity and preserve his life.

But the Eye Orb Monster hasn't made a move yet, there must be a reason.

The reason for not acting could be out of kindness, or perhaps another calculation...

Ning Fan frowned slightly, he dislikes relying on others.

He's facing the calamity, constantly encountering death, why should he rely on others for rescue.

However, without life force replenishment, he wants to rely solely on his own strength for survival in the calamity, which is quite challenging...

Is there any way to protect myself...

Ning Fan pondered silently, suddenly his gaze flickered as he sensed a slight tremor coming from his Dantian Spirit.

Around Ning Fan's neck was a jade locket, the Yin Yang Locket.

A sword light coiled around him, it was the Memory Severing Dao Sword.

He cradled a walnut-sized fruit, absorbing its immense power little by little. It was the Dark Star Fruit taken forcefully from the Dark Clan.

Inside the small Spirit, there was also room for an illusory pill, dreamy and ethereal.

This was the Illusory Life Pill!

During Senluo's battle in Eastern Heaven, Ning Fan, by chance, exterminated the Crystal Slave, Thousand-Leaved Demon Luo, of Moro the Great Emperor, obtaining a piece of Illusory Demon Dust, and used it to refine this Illusory Life Pill, which he had kept inside him but never used.

Although the Illusory Life Pill wasn't of high grade, merely a Four Revolutions Immortal Elixir, it possessed a defying effect.

Once activated, three illusory flames would emerge in the user's Dantian. Each time the user died, one flame would extinguish, allowing the Master to be reborn in flames. As long as the illusory flames were not exhausted, the user would not die!

If the flames were depleted, the user would die after rebirth and could not be reborn again.

Moreover, the pill had a powerful mesmerizing effect; after the user's death, they could be reborn using the illusory flames, with outsiders unable to see the user hadn't died. Even the Heavenly Dao would be deceived by this Illusory Life Pill...

In short, it's a miraculous pill capable of resurrection after death.

Ning Fan's gaze flickered; since refining the Illusory Life Pill, he had always kept it for life-preserving purposes and never used it. Today, he might try it.

One wonders if the pill truly possesses such legendary qualities.

Perhaps, it might allow Ning Fan to survive the Eighth Calamity, perhaps not... If there's no other way to resist the Eighth Calamity, he might give it a try.

As his life force dwindled rapidly, Ning Fan's appearance became increasingly aged.

He secretly stimulated the Illusory Life Pill's effects, intending to use it to overcome the tribulation, when suddenly he heard the Eye Orb Monster's schadenfreude-laden voice.

"Heh heh, I thought you might survive the Fifth Calamity, but it seems you might not make it through. Lieyuan Sect's descendants wouldn't have such little ability, would they."

Lieyuan Sect was the sect of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor. Ning Fan studied under the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, naturally considered a descendant of the Lieyuan Sect.

Upon hearing this, Ning Fan frowned slightly. He disliked the Eye Orb Monster belittling Lieyuan Sect and the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor.

However, the fact remained, he truly couldn't pass the Fifth Calamity, seemingly disgracing the Ancient Chaos...

"You brat, are you a pig? You're already a Lesser Chieftain Barren, yet lack enough life force. Why not use the [Shanghai Curse]? Though the first five calamities require a great deal of life force to pass, as a Barbarian Cultivator, mastering the [Shanghai Curse] to a certain level ensures you can pass the Fifth Calamity. It's not the Sixth Calamity... Uh, don't tell me, this brat can't use the [Shanghai Curse]..."

The Eye Orb Monster suddenly realized something, paused for a moment, and asked with an odd gaze,

"You brat, don't tell me... you can't use the Shanghai Curse?"

"What's the Shanghai Curse?" Ning Fan asked, slightly puzzled.

"You don't even know the Shanhai Curse? The Barbarian Cultivator who summoned the Barbarian for you, didn't they teach you this skill?" The Eye Orb Monster was greatly surprised.

"No."

"That Barbarian Cultivator is indeed irresponsible! They summoned the Barbarian for you, making them your mentor; it's their duty to teach you the Shanhai Curse. Without this skill, passing the Lesser Chieftain Barren's calamities is courting death! Are they trying to kill you?" The Eye Orb Monster complained unhappily.

"They indeed intended to kill me." Ning Fan shook his head indifferently.

His Summon Barbarian Technique was planted by the Five Ancestors during a time when the Five Ancestors were hunted by Ning Fan in a situation with no escape. Naturally, they tried to inflict him with the technique to ensure Ning Fan's demise?

Unfortunately, the Five Ancestors never anticipated Ning Fan would, as a Foreign Clan Cultivator, use the Summon Barbarian Technique to gradually become the Fan Family's Eighth Generation Lesser Chieftain Barren, accidentally gaining an opportunity.

As for the so-called Shanhai Curse, the Five Ancestors truly hadn't taught it to Ning Fan.

"What's the Shanhai Curse? Does it greatly aid in passing calamities?" Ning Fan asked in return.

"More than just help, it's the foundational Divine Skill of the Lesser Chieftain Barren! I'm really curious how you became a Lesser Chieftain Barren without knowing the Shanhai Curse. Enough, I'll teach you the mantra now; pull yourself together and just pass the Fifth Calamity. As for the Sixth Calamity, you definitely can't pass it. I'll set up a Heaven-Deceiving Formation later to help you pass the Sixth Calamity... But if I intervene, though you'll survive the calamity, you won't be able to cultivate Ancestral Blood..."

The Eye Orb Monster intervening means he wouldn't benefit from the calamity, which is the very reason for its delay. Ning Fan realized it.

The Eye Orb Monster continued mumbling while extending a grey light towards the lake bottom.

That grey light hit Ning Fan's Tian Ling, immediately implanting ancient barbarian curses into Ning Fan's mind.

'Barbarian, the ancestor of nature, the grand sect of the myriad realms. Barbarians are born from mountains and seas, attaining the Dao through nature, their spirits return to the mountains and seas upon death, Nine Mountains and Eight Seas Realm, the Beginning of Reincarnation in the Palm...'

This barbarian curse resembled the Barbarian Ancestor Scripture from the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain but only shared the first sentence.

The subsequent parts were entirely different.

The Eye Orb Monster didn't know Ning Fan had the Illusory Life Pill's life-preserving method; after teaching Ning Fan the Shanhai Curse, it immediately began setting up the Heaven-Deceiving Formation on the lakeshore.

If Ning Fan's tribulation wasn't successful, he would activate the formation to protect Ning Fan.

Ning Fan silently recited the incantation of the Mountain and Sea Chant, his body gradually feeling a close connection with the nature of heaven and earth.

His heart grew quieter, and he seemed to hear the sound of the lake water.

It wasn't the sound of the water flowing, but rather the sound of a heartbeat, like the heartbeat of a human.

Dong dong, dong dong, dong dong!

The lake water was alive, its life only perceptible to a Pluck!

For pluck are the ancestors of nature, cultivating the Great Dao of Nature!

Dong dong, dong dong, dong dong!

Ning Fan could also hear the heartbeat of the valley; this mountain too was alive, and its form of life was something a foreign clan cultivator could not understand, only the Barbarian Clan could comprehend.

You might think humans are alive and mountains and rivers are dead, but in the eyes of the Barbarian Clan, mountains and rivers are equal to humans.

Dong dong, dong dong, dong dong!

More heartbeats transmitted into Ning Fan's ears, from countless Barbarians buried beneath the earth.

When Barbarians die, they do not enter reincarnation; their reincarnation is different from the Zi Dou Immortal Domain.

After their death, their souls disperse into the mountains and seas, melding into the plants, mountains, and stones.

Having died, they do not reincarnate but their souls dwell in the mountains and seas, forever watching over future generations.

The land refined into the Bronze Tower Space is a piece of earth from the Ancient Barbarian Realm, obtained by the Mourning Emperor and refined within the tower!

This land had nurtured countless Barbarians, and the spirits of those who had died still linger here.

The manner of existence is something Ning Fan cannot comprehend, but he indeed heard the heartbeats of those ancient Barbarians, forever residing in this land.

At this moment, Ning Fan saw countless life forces between the mountains, rivers, and heavens!

People possess life forces, so people are alive.

But mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas aren't necessarily devoid of life forces; if they lose their life forces, they'd be barren mountains and dead seas.

Previously, Ning Fan cultivated a path that could see the life forces of people, beasts, and plants, but it couldn't see the life forces of mountains and rivers, lakes, and seas.

Ning Fan seemed to rediscover the world. Different paths reveal different worlds.

The life forces of mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas are naturally far larger than that of humans. Previously, Ning Fan couldn't see this, but now he could, comprehending the Eye Orb Monster's intention in teaching him the Mountain and Sea Chant.

Being able to see the life forces of mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas means one can plunder them, absorb them, and use them for oneself!

Compared to these life forces, the life force contained within the Purple Python Bone was too meager.

With these mountains and rivers at hand, there was no worry about insufficient life force, no worry about being unable to pass the Fifth Calamity!

At this moment, Ning Fan learned the Mountain and Sea Chant, becoming a true Pluck, a genuine Lesser Chieftain Barbarian!

At this moment, with just a thought, he could extract abundant life force from the mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas for his cultivation!

Ning Fan waved his large hand, and a black-red Barbarian Flash whirlpool appeared before him, emanating boundless suction.

Countless hidden life forces within the earth were immediately drawn by this whirlpool, rushing frantically into Ning Fan's body.

Ning Fan's originally withered and old body instantly rejuvenated. As time passed, the Fifth Calamity neared its end, and two blood lines gradually appeared within Ning Fan's body.

The accumulation of these blood lines increased, eventually forming two blood droplets, with more and more pressure.

At the moment Ning Fan completely passed the Fifth Calamity, these two blood droplets transformed into two droplets of Ancestral Barbarian Blood!

"Passing the Fifth Calamity, unexpectedly able to cultivate two droplets of Ancestral Blood!" Ning Fan's eyes flashed with brilliance.

Yet in the next instant, the domineering Calamity Blood began to devour these two droplets of Ancestral Barbarian Blood.

As the devouring proceeded, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood Level finally broke through the realms of True Blood Two-Star, taking a small step toward Three-Star Realm.

Just a small step; cultivating to True Blood Three-Star requires more Ancestral Barbarian Blood.

Nonetheless, the increase in power was remarkable. After completely breaking through True Blood Two-Star, Ning Fan could engage in battle with masters at the Later Stage of Shattered Thought.

"Alright, alright, the Fifth Calamity has finally been passed, and the Sixth Calamity is coming soon. Young lad, I shall now activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation to help you pass the Sixth Calamity..."

The Eye Orb Monster was about to activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation but was stopped by Ning Fan.

"Please wait, Senior, may I try once, and see if I can pass the Sixth Calamity with my own strength."

"Well... okay, let's let you try. But if you fail the tribulation, I'll immediately activate the formation. Before killing Yin Mo, you cannot die."

Despite agreeing to Ning Fan's request, the Eye Orb Monster was still very anxious.

The next one is the Sixth Calamity, in the Ancient Barbarian Realm, only three or four out of a hundred Lesser Chieftain Barren can succeed.

Many Lesser Chieftain Barrens, overestimating their own power, tried to withstand this calamity on their own, only to die with regret, burned alive into charcoal during the Sixth Calamity...

"Calamity Beast Fire... this kid has many tricks, maybe he can last for one incense stick's time..." the Eye Orb Monster thought silently.

After the Fifth Calamity ended, not long after, the red clouds above the valley suddenly ignited.

At the center of the red clouds, the illusion of a six-legged beast gradually appeared, enormous like the heavens and the earth, with two heads, no horns, its body fiery red, coldly surveying the valley below.

As soon as this beast's shadow appeared, Ning Fan's life force began to burn like flames, his expression instantly changing.

The Sixth Calamity had arrived, but it seemed different from the previous five calamities.

If Ning Fan were not already possessing the Grand Five Elements Body, which restrained the damage of flames, he would've been severely wounded by this life force fire in an instant!

This was a black-red flame, filled with dense flame runes, possessing a strange beauty.

Ning Fan tried to suppress the burning flames within him, but found that this fire's power was enormous, completely unlike the flames he usually encountered.

As the fire burned, it also emitted the sound of wind and thunder, its momentum truly overwhelming.

Roar—

The giant beast's shadow in the sky above the valley suddenly let out a beastly roar.

In the sound of this beastly roar, the life force between the mountain and sea all transformed into the fuel for this fire, igniting into blazing flames.

With the beast's divine skill urging, countless black and red flames surged toward the lake bottom where Ning Fan was, engulfing the entire valley in a sea of fire at that moment.

Even the traces of the Great Dao were twisted in the flame's steaming heat!

Mountains and rivers melted, lake water evaporated, and the world was burned red!

Miaoyan Immortal Venerable in a distant place was suddenly shocked, opening her beautiful eyes, looking toward the valley direction with uncertainty.

The sea of fire in the valley was raging at the moment, the fire was too large, even Immortal King-level experts would not dare to enter the valley.

She did not know what Ning Fan was doing within the valley, only knew that the valley was ablaze, and the power of the flames was domineering, unprecedented in her life.

Whether Ning Fan within the valley was safe was unknown. It should be fine, after all, Ning Fan is so powerful...

"Swallow!"

His internal life force was being crazily consumed, Ning Fan opened his mouth and swallowed, ingesting the mountain and river life force into his stomach, replenishing the lost life force.

But the speed of this life force burn was too fast, only one breath had passed, and the life force within a thousand miles of the valley was exhausted by Ning Fan, turning all mountains into barren hills, the river water losing its former color.

By the second breath, the life force within tens of thousands of miles of the mountain and river was exhausted by Ning Fan.

The third breath, the fourth breath, the fifth breath...

Though there was ample mountain and river life force, it was not inexhaustible. According to this rate of consumption, even if all the mountain and river life force in this Copper Tower space were exhausted, it would be difficult to pass one-tenth of the Sixth Calamity.

No wonder throughout history, few have passed the Sixth Calamity; this calamity truly is extremely difficult to pass.

The Seventh Calamity, the Eighth Calamity, the Ninth Calamity, what kind of terrors would they be?

"If I were just an ordinary barbarian cultivator, I'd likely stop at the Sixth Calamity. But I'm not, what I possess is not barbarian blood, but Calamity Blood."

"And I also have the Illusory Life Pill, allowing me to die three times and be reborn from the flames... perhaps I could seek help from the Eye Orb Monster now and give up on the Sixth Calamity, but giving up like this, I'm unwilling!"

Unwilling to admit defeat without a fight!

Since I have the Illusory Life Pill to protect my life, no matter what, Ning Fan wants to try, to pass the Sixth Calamity.

Mountains have life force, seas have life force, vegetation has life force, walking beasts have life force, everything in this world, where is there not life force?

The mountain and river's life force may have limits, but the sea of fire before him was boundless.

"I need to extract the life force from the sea of fire to replenish my lost life force!"

Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, making a bold decision, he opened his mouth and swallowed, forcefully refining the flames.

The Eye Orb Monster was momentarily stunned, but in the next moment, it only let out a strange chuckle indifferently.

"This brat, has actually grasped the essence of the Shanhai Curse. Everything in heaven and earth possesses life force, and this fire naturally has life force too. But to want to devour the life force within the Calamity Beast Fire, is purely wishful thinking. It's difficult, really difficult."

"Forget it, wait a bit longer, when this kid really can't hold on, I'll step in and save him. Forcefully swallowing the Calamity Beast Fire, at most ten breaths, this kid will beg me to save him. Heh heh..."

Thinking of seeing the cold-faced Ning Fan desperately begging, the Eye Orb Monster's heart was almost soaring with joy.

Torturing the cold-faced, truly is a joyful thing.

Chapter 933: Piercing God

On usual days, Ning Fan relied on the strength of the Grand Five Elements Body, daring to swallow Immortal Flames to recover mana without any harm.

But today, what he needed to swallow wasn't ordinary Immortal Flames, but the Calamity Beast Fire.

Ning Fan didn't know that the Calamity Beast was one of the four Holy Beasts of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, its fire essence unmatched under heaven. The Vermilion Bird clan of Pi Dou Immortal Domain had once been defeated by the Calamity Beast in terms of fire cultivation.

The saying "Calamity Beast Fire, unmatched under heaven" was not just mere words in the Ancient Barbarian Realm.

Vermilion Bird, Immemorial Golden Crow, Taiwu, Dragon, Nine Beasts, Sun Essence...

So many ancient clans that established their Dao with fire have been defeated by the Calamity Beast clan in the aspect of fire.

Many ancient Great Emperors who mastered the realm of fire have tasted defeat at the hands of the Calamity Beast.

The Calamity Beast might not be the strongest of heaven and earth, but in the realm of fire cultivation, they are the undisputed kings.

Calamity Beast Fire, unmatched under heaven, is the flame that Ning Fan must contend with today!

The Calamity Beast Fire Ning Fan swallowed may contain immense vitality, yet it also possesses deadly destructive power.

The Calamity Beast Fire was too domineering. Once it entered Ning Fan's body, it immediately split into nine, scattering into nine fire lights that rampaged through Ning Fan's meridians unchecked, attempting to burn everything ahead.

The vitality within his body burned faster; even his mana began to evaporate bit by bit.

Worse, with the strength of Ning Fan's Grand Five Elements Body, he could have ignored fire damage of the True Immortal realm. Yet now, under the fierce heat of Calamity Beast Fire, more injuries kept appearing.

This flame has exceeded Ning Fan's defenses!

One breath, two breaths, three breaths, four breaths.

In just four breaths, Ning Fan seemed to have reached his limit, his meridians burned by the Calamity Beast Fire like dry stalks of wheat, ready to break with a slight touch.

The temperature inside his body was terrifyingly high; his blood boiled like thick soup, his flesh and skin began to char. Worse still, one of the nine fire lights directly attacked Ning Fan's Spirit.

Such an arrogant flame dared to directly incinerate Ning Fan's Spirit, intending to obliterate Ning Fan in one strike!

Ning Fan's Spirit held the Memory Severing Dao Sword in its small hand, resisting the attack of the flame, but it still suffered numerous burns, the injuries worsened gradually.

Five breaths, six breaths, seven breaths...

By the tenth breath, Ning Fan's face turned as pale as paper, just as the Eye Orb Monster anticipated, lacking special methods, he couldn't last until the eleventh breath.

Ten breaths is Ning Fan's limit!

The eleventh breath might be too hard to endure...

"The tenth breath has arrived; this kid pretty much needs me to intervene," the Eye Orb Monster secretly rejoiced, eagerly awaiting the scene of Ning Fan's desperate plea.

"If he pleads for me to intervene, I'll immediately activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation to help him avoid the sixth calamity. Ah, I am truly too kind, always so ready to help others."

"Hmm? It's the eleventh breath and this kid hasn't asked me yet. He's quite capable of holding on, but surely he can't last beyond the twelfth breath."

"...Well, hey, it's the thirteenth breath, and the kid's still holding on, impressive. Alright, I'll wager he can hold on for another two breaths, but definitely not up to the sixteenth breath."

"...Seventeenth breath, won't this kid be burned to death at the bottom of the lake... but his breath is still there, he's not dead."

"Nineteenth breath..."

"Twenty-second breath..."

"Twenty-ninth breath..."

"Forty-fourth breath..."

"Nine hundred thirty-six breaths..."

"Let me take a nap before continuing the count..."

"Three thousand six hundred fifty breaths..."

"Seven thousand nine hundred twenty-two breaths..."

"Let me relieve myself before continuing the count..."

"Eleven thousand four hundred seventy-two breaths..."

"Twenty thousand breaths..."

"Thirty thousand breaths..."

"..."

"Ninety-six thousand seven hundred fifty-six breaths..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Damn, three days and nights have passed, how is this brat still holding on! Is he a monster or something? Even an Immortal King could be burned by the Calamity Beast Fire here, yet he's lasted three days and nights in the sea of fire!"

Three days later, the Eye Orb Monster let out a pounding roar on the lakeshore, though it had no chest or foot.

Having waited three days without hearing Ning Fan's plea, it was truly disappointing and even caught the Eye Orb Monster by surprise.

The descendant of Lieyuan Sect seems to have more grit than expected... the Eye Orb Monster secretly mumbled.

It released spirit sense, probing into the lake bottom, each time witnessing Ning Fan like a man of fire.

At this moment, Ning Fan sat cross-legged in the center of the Calamity Beast Fire Sea, his entire body burning, a state he had maintained for three days and nights.

Ten breaths was his limit of enduring in the fire sea; even though he had cultivated the Grand Five Elements Body to Perfect Realm, he couldn't last in the fire sea longer, simply because the Calamity Beast Fire was too strong.

He couldn't have endured the eleventh breath, but the Stele of Sun and Moon in the Xuan Yin Realm automatically protected him at this moment.

The Stele of Sun and Moon has the ability to devour flames!

Ning Fan's capability to hold on for three days and nights in the fire sea entirely relied on the power of the Stele of Sun and Moon!

Since Ning Fan first began his cultivation path, he has suppressed enemy fire with the power of the Stele of Sun and Moon, vanquishing fire masters.

Later, as his cultivation increased and he further developed the Minor Five Elements Constitution and Grand Five Elements Body, those he encountered rarely practiced fire cultivation. Even when encountered, he could cope effortlessly. Gradually, the Stele of Sun and Moon was rarely used.

Later, the Yin Yang Locket combined into one, and the Xuan Yin Realm acquired another Star Stele, joining the Stele of Sun and Moon to defend the realm. Once defended, Ning Fan's cultivation couldn't extract the dual steles from the Xuan Yin Realm, leaving him with two innate treasures he couldn't utilize.

Thus, the Stele of Sun and Moon and Star Stele remained sealed within the Xuan Yin Realm together.

But this time, the Stele of Sun and Moon is destined to show its might again!

Because this time, the Calamity Beast Fire is too strong, and with Ning Fan's cultivation and his Grand Five Elements Body, he cannot overcome it.

This time, he has no choice but to rely again on the power of the Stele of Sun and Moon. Even if he cannot remove this stele from the Xuan Yin Treasure, he can still use its power to slightly suppress the Calamity Beast Fire.

In terms of fire power, the Calamity Beast Fire is unrivaled under the heavens, but this does not mean it has no natural enemy.

The Stele of Sun and Moon specializes in countering the five elements under heaven. No matter how strong your Calamity Beast Fire is, I will counter it!

Of course, if the power of the current Calamity Beast Fire exceeds the Stele of Sun and Moon substantially, the stele cannot achieve victory.

The Stele of Sun and Moon is an innate treasure, which once massacred countless beings in the hands of Ancient Chaos, renowned and formidable, but it also has its limits.

Flames approaching the power of a Saint, even the Stele of Sun and Moon, cannot counter.

The current scale of the sea of fire is only enough to threaten the life of an Immortal King level expert, far from reaching the power level of a Saint, so the Stele of Sun and Moon can still suppress it.

Strands of firelight separate from the sea of fire, absorbed into Ning Fan's body, refined into the Xuan Yin Treasure, and swallowed by the Stele of Sun and Moon.

After all, using the Stele of Sun and Moon separated by the Xuan Yin Treasure, the stele's ability to devour the flames is not fast.

Despite this, every time a portion of the flames is devoured, Ning Fan's body gains a large amount of life force.

Fire also possesses life, also has vitality, also knows death...

All things in this world have their own life and death, not the life and death attributed by humans, but inherently hold their own life...

In the eyes of the Barbarians, the world is alive.

Ning Fan sat for three days and three nights, while devouring a massive amount of fire's life force, enduring the sixth calamity, while contemplating these issues.

This is unique to the Barbarian's worldview, completely different from the worldview of cultivators from the four heavens and nine worlds...

Three days passed, and Ning Fan had endured more than half of the sixth calamity, which lasted longer than he had imagined.

The surrounding sea of fire gradually lessened, indicating that the sixth calamity was nearing completion.

Within his body, three blood lines slowly formed, each solidifying into a blood droplet. Once the sixth calamity is passed, they will be three drops of ancestral Barbarian blood!

Ning Fan's magical fire level unknowingly surged continuously.

Throughout his cultivation journey until now, this is the first time he has devoured such fierce flames. Previously, his magical fire level had just reached the One-Flavor True Fire level.

The fire power of One-Flavor True Fire is comparable to acquired First Nirvana treasures, generally only cultivators at the initial stage of Crossing Truth can refine.

Now, his magical fire level continues to break through. Two-Flavors, Three-Flavors, Four-Flavors...

In just three days, Ning Fan's magical fire level had broken through to the level of Eleven-Flavors.

Eleven-Flavors True Fire, even masters of the Later Stage Shattered Thought have difficulty refining, only very few from the Shattered Thought Peak can produce!

In fact, some fire cultivators at the Immortal Venerable level cannot even refine Twelve-Flavors level flames, their flame level remains at Eleven-Flavors.

Eleven-Flavors True Fire, its power comparable to acquired Eleven Nirvana treasures, was refined by Ning Fan within these three days!

At this moment, Ning Fan's magical fire has a bizarre black and red hue, gradually taking on some characteristics of the Calamity Beast Fire.

Within the flames, countless fire runes begin to appear densely, and as the fire burns, it resonates with the sound of wind and thunder.

It is almost a replica of the Calamity Beast Fire, even the trajectory of the fire's Dao traces are very similar!

Ning Fan's magical fire has inherited the domineering flame power of the Calamity Beast Fire, likely more formidable than ordinary Eleven-Flavors True Fire.

It is indeed a significant gain.

Of course, the greater gain is the ancestral blood!

On the fourth day, Ning Fan completely refined the surrounding sea of fire, and the giant shadow of the Calamity Beast above the valley let out a reluctant roar and finally dispersed.

The entire valley had turned into ruins, with only a pool of black water remaining.

The sixth calamity is completely endured!

Among a hundred Young Masters of the Barbarian Clan, only three or four can endure the sixth calamity, and Ning Fan is one who has passed!

Having endured the sixth calamity, Ning Fan refined three drops of Barbarian Clan ancestral blood, which were dominantly devoured bit by bit by Calamity Blood.

The level of Calamity Blood advances from two stars, inching toward three stars, approximately advancing a quarter of the way toward three stars.

Breaking through the three-star realm seems incredibly difficult! Ning Fan's eyes show greater determination.

Though he hasn't broken through to True Blood Three Stars, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood cultivation has improved significantly.

At this moment, Ning Fan's sheer might of Calamity Blood ranks him among the experts of the Later Stage Shattered Thought, rare are those from Later Stage Shattered Thought who can surpass him!

"Up next is the seventh calamity!"

Ning Fan's gaze slightly narrows. If he can pass the sixth, he should also attempt the seventh. He refuses to give up easily.

"The seventh calamity is about to descend. Your passing of the sixth calamity indeed surprises this old man. But the seventh calamity, it is not something you can endure at your current level... Let this old man activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation for you right away." The Eye Orb Monster's advice arrives timely, with a rather solemn tone.

Among a hundred Young Masters of the Barbarian Clan, there are always three or four who can endure the sixth calamity.

But for the seventh calamity, among a thousand Young Masters, rarely one can pass.

The Eye Orb Monster does not believe Ning Fan is that one in a thousand Young Master.

"In this world, as long as something has not happened, you cannot determine its result, it must be tried. Senior, please do not hastily activate the formation; if things become impossible, Junior will request Senior's assistance, and will not gamble with his life."

Ning Fan's eyes are resolute; this calamity is a great opportunity, and missing it means never finding a chance for such rapid cultivation advancement again.

Others require hundreds to even millions of years to cultivate one drop of ancestral blood, while he only needs to endure one calamity to produce several drops of ancestral blood...

This opportunity is once in a lifetime, and must not be missed!

"Well, if you want to try, then try it. Not just the seventh calamity, even the eighth and ninth calamity, as long as you are willing, the old man will give you a chance to attempt them. Young men, sometimes learning by hitting a wall is good." Heh heh, once you crash and are beaten, naturally you'll come running to the old man for help, the Eye Orb Monster thinks with great satisfaction.

Rumble!

Suddenly, a roar of thousands of soldiers and horses echoes from the sky, and within the covering red clouds, ancient war chariot shadows continuously emerge.

These chariots are all pulled by giant dragons, and around the chariots, countless Barbarian Masters' shadows fly with their instruments.

The number of chariots appear like clouds in the heavens; an endless multitude of masters!

Behind the countless Barbarian Masters and chariots stands a giant as tall as the sky, wearing seven huge skulls around his neck, his bronze-colored muscles filled with the power to destroy the world.

The seventh calamity is upon us!

"The sixth calamity requires withstanding the Calamity Beast Fire, does the seventh require withstanding these thousands of war chariots and Barbarian Cultivation..."

Ning Fan mused silently, suddenly his gaze sharpened, noticing that the giant seemed to nonchalantly raise its right hand.

It was clearly a casual gesture, yet the trajectory of its fist bone moved easily through the heavens and earth, plunging the world into darkness as if to obliterate in this night.

Without any warning signs, within this endless darkness, the life force within Ning Fan began to crazily extinguish, and even his physical body and Spirit showed signs of obliteration.

"I am the Seventh Generation Barbarian God Tagu... leaving the shadow of Mountain and Sea... eternal through ancient and modern times..." the giant spoke woodenly.

"I use my bones as mountains... my blood as seas... my palms as Dao... my Dao as an obliterating current..."

The giant woodenly recited ancient words, its raised right hand clenched five fingers, and casually grabbed down towards the lake below.

This grab seemed casual and silent, yet in an instant, transformed the entire world into a black long river.

Everything before his eyes vanished! Ning Fan could not see the Eye Orb Monster, the valley ruins, the lake water, or those thousands of war chariots and Barbarian Cultivation.

He could only see himself standing on the black long river, and the ancient giant towering in the night sky.

His body continuously sank towards the river, his Dao seemed to be completely dissolved in this river!

Not only his life force within but also his cultivation, his Dao, his will, all were sinking in this river!

Unable to resist, unable to overcome this black long river!

Just sinking, just falling; even an Immortal King would surely die, even an Immortal Emperor would lack the strength to resist.

"Uh, this kid is really lucky, encountering the shadow of Mountain and Sea of the Seventh Generation Barbarian God in this seventh calamity... ordinary Young Master Barbarians rarely encounter the Barbarian God's dominant calamity... I don't know whether to say he's fortunate or unfortunate. This seventh calamity is more difficult to cross than most."

"Three breaths, within three breaths, if he asks, I will surely save him." the Eye Orb Monster said gravely.

The Barbarian God is the title for the highest ruler of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, only one Barbarian God is present in each era.

The Barbarian God may not be the strongest among the Barbarian Clan, yet their power is overwhelming.

Of course, this is not to say the Barbarian God is not strong. At least, the Seventh Generation Barbarian God Tagu was no weakling, though not a Saint in life, he was near-invincible in the Second Step.

Tagu roamed unchallenged in life, his most powerful divine skill named 'Dao Like a Submerged Current'. In his prime, he used this skill to kill many Immortal Emperors.

Immortal Emperors are hard to kill, their Spirits protected by Emperor Qi, yet this technique is powerful enough to kill Immortal Emperors.

What Ning Fan must now face is the Dao Like a Submerged Current.

Sinking, continuously sinking!

Only one breath had passed and Ning Fan felt himself sinking over a thousand zhang into this black long river, despite being able to fetal breathe on the cultivation road, here for the first time, he felt like suffocating.

His life force frantically dissolved in the river, by the second breath, more than half of the life force within was gone.

By the third breath, his life force was nearly exhausted, close to death.

His body was unprecedentedly weak, as if all his mana had dissolved into this river, unable to muster half a shred of strength.

Gradually, he stopped sinking and found footing in the river. Where he stood was a stone bridge, the True Bridge of Execution Path he had created with his own hands.

That true bridge was slowly disintegrating in the long river waters; if the true bridge collapses, then Dao is destroyed, then life is lost!

Before his eyes, memories of the past continuously morphed: snow from Seven Apricot, rain from Yue Country, the blood-filled cultivation world of Endless Sea...

All memories began to trend towards dissipation at this moment, growing increasingly vague as if to be buried in this long river.

This technique, named Dao Like a Submerged Current.

This technique can extinguish one's Taoist path, extinguish one's life, and can even erase one's memories, obliterating all existence in the world.

Making all indelible things fade like a submerged current, dissipate, eternally buried in the long river...

Ning Fan's memories grew increasingly vague, as if a force had hollowed out his memories, gradually forgetting the looks and voices of his parents, forgetting the old monster Zhu's chrysanthemum-like smile, forgetting Seven Apricot's snow, and he was soon forgetting the appearance of the paper crane.

Who is the paper crane, where is Seven Apricot...

Who am I...

"Three breaths have passed, if action is not taken, this boy will indeed be trapped and killed by the obliteration technique, even Immortal Emperors can be trapped and killed by this divine skill, how can this boy possibly break it? What are his cultivations right now?"

"Pity, pity, it seems he's unable to voice a plea for help, forcing my hand to save him proactively. Such a waste..."

Squandering a chance to make the poker face beg for rescue, how can it not be a waste.

The Eye Orb Monster grumbled discontentedly, about to activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation, when its gaze suddenly shocked.

It saw the night covering the heavens suddenly split open by a streak of light, tearing through the darkness.

The light appeared for just a flash, and was soon swallowed by night again. Yet, the Eye Orb Monster's expression could not hide its shock.

Gradually, more and more light began tearing through the night, but were quickly swallowed again.

"This boy hasn't completely lost consciousness within the obliteration technique, he can still resist it!" The Eye Orb Monster hesitated, debating whether to immediately activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation, to give Ning Fan the chance to attempt to break the seventh calamity.

And then, within the endless darkness, Ning Fan's voice suddenly rang out decisively.

"I don't care who you are, but please don't disturb me."

"These river waters have stolen my memories; now, I shall take them back!"

Ning Fan unexpectedly spoke to stop the Eye Orb Monster from activating the formation!

Now, he was deeply embedded in the long river, standing on the crumbling true bridge.

Without memories, forgetting that he was amidst the seventh calamity, his expression was cold as three-winter ice.

Ghost Eye had long since retreated, revealing a youthful countenance, reflecting in the pitch-black river water, the same dazed gaze peering back at him.

Then, the ripple of water, and the reflection, dissipated...

"I have lost some memories, but I remember, this is my true bridge."

Fragmented images emerged before him, in those images, numerous female cultivators humiliated him, except for one silly maiden, running to bring him a steamed bun, and a jade locket...

"This girl looks familiar, I should know her, but I cannot recall who she is."

More scenes surfaced before his eyes, Ning Fan's expression grew colder.

He did not remember he was amidst the seventh calamity anymore.

But he would not allow the waters of this long river to take away his memory.

He would take it back!

No one is allowed to take away his memory!

On the fourth breath, the True Bridge beneath Ning Fan's feet constantly emitted cracking sounds, covered in cracks, his True Bridge was about to collapse!

The Eye Orb Monster hesitated like never before; it was already the fourth breath, and Ning Fan was really going to be in trouble during the Eighth Calamity. He must intervene to save Ning Fan, Ning Fan cannot die, for who would help him kill Yin Mo if he died!

Yet, Ning Fan had said not to disturb... uh, Ning Fan had already lost his memory; he was probably talking nonsense.

No matter what, he should just save that brat first!

Just as he was about to activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation, the entire night sky suddenly began collapsing in large swathes.

Thump, thump, thump.

Ning Fan seemed unaware of the collapsing True Bridge beneath him; he had forgotten many things but still remembered the Shanhai Curse.

He forgot it was his Eighth Calamity, yet he could feel the frantic loss of Life Force within him.

He raised his hand and grabbed at the river water, forcibly absorbing the river's Life Force into his body.

"Resistance is futile..." On the river, Tagu's shadow silently observed everything happening below.

He knew Ning Fan was resisting his Obliteration Technique, but he did not believe Ning Fan could counter this technique.

Throughout history, many Immortal Emperors died under this technique, but what surprised Tagu was Ning Fan, who was merely at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth, yet his True Bridge had endured four breaths in the river and hadn't collapsed.

If it were an ordinary Crossing Truth practitioner, they would likely be annihilated immediately upon entering this river.

This one's True Bridge seemed out of the ordinary; oh, it turned out he practiced Dao Upholding.

What of Dao Upholding practitioners? This long river had killed Dao Upholding cultivators before.

Dao Upholding cultivators were certainly persistent and could exist longer in this obliteration river, but only this time.

This one cannot overcome the Eighth Calamity!

The fifth breath!

Suddenly, within the river, a dark current formed, rushing towards the True Bridge under Ning Fan's feet, attempting to destroy it.

Ning Fan flicked his sleeves, the Separation and Union Sword was already in hand, and he slashed at the dark current ahead, splitting it into two.

For now, the True Bridge was preserved, but the Separation and Union Sword was somehow dissolved by the dark current upon contact.

This sword was actually destroyed in an instant by that dark current!

The destruction of the Separation and Union Sword did not cause Ning Fan any heartache; only the little sword spirit in the sword pouch was heartbroken.

Such a fine sword, and just like that, it was destroyed...

A few young girls chirped softly, seemingly saying something, but all the words were drowned in the river water, making them inaudible.

Ning Fan merely glanced at the broken sword, his gaze growing even colder.

The sword may be destroyed, but his memory must be reclaimed!

Collapse!

Ning Fan uttered a single word, directly summoning the broken Separation and Union Sword, fiercely performing a spell.

In the next instant, the twelve Nirvana-rank Separation and Union Sword was ruthlessly detonated by Ning Fan, and the magical treasure's explosion immediately blasted a gap in the riverbed.

"Not enough, mere twelve Nirvana treasures cannot break this technique." Tagu shook his head indifferently, yet the next instant, for the first time, he showed a moved expression.

On the riverbed, Ning Fan's hands moved like lightning, sacrificing one magical treasure after another, causing them to self-detonate mercilessly.

The Demon Yuan Ruler, Seven-Star Lamp, Burning Sky Fan, each of the twelve Nirvana magical treasures was mercilessly detonated by Ning Fan.

More magical treasures were taken out of Ning Fan's storage pouch and self-detonated, with many stained with blood, obtained from killing and seizing treasures.

There were so many, accumulated through countless killings Ning Fan had done on his journey.

Even Tagu was slightly moved; though the youth's cultivation might not be high, his slaughter was quite astonishing.

But still not enough! Tagu slightly shook his head.

Ning Fan, however, revealed a satisfied expression, his eyes flashing azure spikes.

While his cultivation may not match the Seventh Generation Barbarian God Tagu, his Divine Eyesight certainly far surpassed Tagu in life.

That was the eye strength of the Second Realm, which even Tagu had not breached.

Hence, in Ning Fan's eyes, the long river had three weak spots that he could see, but Tagu could not.

After he detonated numerous magical treasures, the entire river had begun to destabilize. He could see this, and Tagu could not.

He did not seek to break the technique, only to cause it momentarily unstable!

"My cultivation may not be superior to yours, but I will not allow you to take my memory!"

"No matter who you are, if you took my memory, you must return it!"

Ning Fan suddenly leaped up from the True Bridge, once again witnessing the fragmented scenes of the All Pleasure Sect.

He did not remember who the young girl was; he only knew that his resolve at this moment must reclaim it!

On the sixth breath, during the river's unstable moment, Ning Fan appeared like a released arrow, rushing toward the river's upper side.

Previously, he was stuck moving within the river; now, he could move!

Tagu was quite surprised; he never imagined a mere Crossing Truth junior could cause a small flaw in his divine skill.

As he was about to take measures, Ning Fan had already rushed out of the black river, transforming into a golden light, soaring towards Tagu's shadow above the black river.

"Return my memory!"

The Memory-Slashing Sword Light pierced into Tagu's shadow at this moment.

Tidal memories instantly flooded back into Ning Fan's mind.

And Tagu's expression turned extraordinarily grim, for alongside Ning Fan's memories came other memories, mingling and flowing into Ning Fan's mind...

Chapter 934: Beauty Matters More Than Destiny

Remembered.

The lost memories, like a long-dried riverbed, gradually filled with water.

It wasn't someone else's water, but the water he once lost... These memories were his own, unique, irreplaceable.

The sound and appearance of the paper crane gradually became clear, and scenes of memory also became clear.

Ning Fan smiled bitterly. He actually forgot so many things in the Seventh Calamity, almost dying within it. This Seventh Calamity was truly terrifying.

Moreover, during his memory loss, he even exploded most of the magical treasures on him, which was indeed somewhat wasteful.

Waste it may be, but in any case, he finally regained his memory. What Ning Fan didn't expect was that not only he retrieved his own memory, but also memories of others mixed in, flowing into his mind.

"I am Tagu, this art is a Barbarian Fourth-Grade Mystical Art, Grand Flash Curse..."

"I am Tagu, this art is a Barbarian Fifth-Grade Mystical Art, Underworld Dog Art..."

"...Fifth-Grade Mystical Art, All-Heavens Style..."

"...Sixth-Grade Mystical Art, Cloud Light Three Forms Art..."

When Ning Fan stabbed the giant shadow of Tagu with his sword, he not only reclaimed his own memory but also accidentally took away part of Tagu's memory.

It turned out this giant shadow was the shadow of the Seventh Generation Barbarian God Tagu. And those memories, without exception, were all about Barbarian mystical arts.

With just one sword, four Barbarian mystical arts' cultivation methods filled Ning Fan's mind. Although these four mystical arts didn't seem to be very profound or useful, this action thoroughly enraged Tagu.

Furious, what rage!

To have a dignified Seventh Generation Barbarian God be bitten back by a 'Barbarian junior' passing the Seventh Calamity, losing some memories, was an enormous humiliation.

"You, Barbarian junior, dare to usurp the divine, seizing the god's memory, it must be said, you are very bold!" Tagu's face was menacingly grim.

Since ancient times, never has any Young Master Barbarian dared to attack a Barbarian God during the calamity pass.

Because they dare not! The Barbarian God is the deity of Pluck. Any Pluck, no matter the reason, will be hunted by all Pluck in the world once they lay a hand on the Barbarian God, unceasing until death.

Tagu never expected Ning Fan to break out of the Obliteration River nor dare to stab him with a sword. In his carelessness, he let Ning Fan get away with it, a sword pierced right through his chest.

The dignified Barbarian God, assassinated by a junior undergoing True Immortal Tribulation, how embarrassing!

If today's events were revealed, this child would no longer have a place in the Ancient Barbarian Realm, and even the Barbarian clan behind him could face annihilation.

Just because this child stabbed the Barbarian God with a sword, it is a monumental crime among Pluck!

Tagu assumed Ning Fan was some Young Master Barbarian from the Ancient Barbarian Tribe, not knowing Ning Fan was not a Barbarian at all.

Ning Fan wasn't a Barbarian, unaware of the gravity of injuring a Barbarian God; he only knew the lost memories were tremendously important and must be reclaimed at all costs.

And even if he knew, he would still deliver that sword without hesitation.

He's not a Pluck, nor in the Ancient Barbarian Realm, unfazed by the countless Pluck hunts of the Ancient Barbarian Realm. Could those Pluck even go to pursue him across the four heavens and nine worlds?

However, the Obliteration Art is indeed formidable. Once trapped in the river, even an Immortal Emperor would find it difficult to escape, one's cultivation and memory would become part of the river, ultimately dying.

Fortunately, Ning Fan had the eyesight of the Second Realm of Tianren, seeing some weaknesses in Tagu's divine technique. After exploding countless magical treasures, he finally destabilized the spell momentarily, took the chance to escape the riverbed, and stabbed Tagu once.

If he were to fall into the river again, Ning Fan wasn't sure if he'd be as lucky to escape once more.

But since he's escaped, he must collect some interest from this Seventh Generation Barbarian God.

Ning Fan's gaze grew colder, and the sword mark stabbed into Tagu's giant shadow suddenly slashed horizontally, cutting Tagu's gigantic shadow into two directly.

This giant shadow was extremely fragile, utterly unlike the tenacity of the Obliteration Art. Severing Tagu's giant shadow in one stroke, Ning Fan's mind filled with much more memory.

"...Sixth-Grade Mystical Art, Sprinting Ghost Art..."

"...Seventh-Grade Mystical Art, Five Directions and Four Lands Art..."

"...Seventh-Grade Mystical Art, Blazing Fire Curse..."

"...Eighth-Grade Mystical Art, Four Directions Annihilation Curse..."

"...Ninth-Grade Mystical Art, Obliteration Technique..."

And more mystical arts continually poured into Ning Fan's mind; in total over a hundred types, including the Obliteration Technique Tagu was currently using!

In the Barbarian clan, Seventh-Grade Mystical Art is equivalent to the Shedding Void Stage, Eighth-Grade Mystical Art to Shattered Thought Grade.

The Obliteration Art is a Ninth-Grade Mystical Art, and not an ordinary Ninth-Grade, within the four heavens and nine worlds, it's definitely a rare Immortal Emperor's art.

After gaining the memory of the Obliteration Art, Ning Fan looked at the river water again, and his gaze suddenly turned odd.

With this portion of memory, Ning Fan knew all of the Obliteration Art's weaknesses; if trapped in the water again, he even felt confident he could break the art head-on.

I gained a huge chunk of memory for nothing...

"Bold indeed! But useless!" The giant shadow of Tagu, severed in half, reformed as one, his face more grim, and with a giant hand he pressed fiercely towards Ning Fan.

He didn't expect that after committing a grave sin once, Ning Fan dared to commit a second crime, slashing him with another sword.

With this press, heaven and earth immediately reversed; Ning Fan, who had just escaped the river, suddenly wavered and fell once again into the riverbed, sinking bit by bit.

"I don't care how you escaped this river just now, but this time, you will have no chance of escaping again!"

Tagu repeatedly pointed at the river with a hooked finger, instantly sealing the river surface with countless runes like a layer of transparent glass.

He was sure Ning Fan, sinking into the river bed again, wouldn't break through the seal to escape.

Dare to assassinate a Barbarian God... Ha, truly a courageous junior, but useless, he will ultimately perish beneath this river. Tagu slightly closed his eyes, dismissing the sight.

Falling into the river bed again, Ning Fan's gaze was extremely calm, directly sitting cross-legged at the bottom of the river, forming ancient hand signs.

This time, he was not in a hurry to flee. He obtained the cultivation method of the Obliteration Art, within which lies the method to counter the art.

The Obliteration River has tremendous power, even Immortal Emperors fear it considerably. Yet after Ning Fan formed dozens of hand seals, the water within three feet of him strangely receded, forming a vacuum area.

Any water trying to approach Ning Fan was pushed away by a gentle force. Gradually, even parts of the river became controlled by Ning Fan, obeying his commands, moving east or west with just his thoughts.

Before obtaining the cultivation method of the Obliteration Art, Ning Fan couldn't see any pattern, but now, looking at the black river, he perceived something different.

It was no river water, but rather countless black runes formed by aggregating Barbarian Flash Power, flowing to form the river.

Ning Fan wasn't actually controlling the river's flow; instead, he was controlling the black runes, of which the flow was made.

And those hand signs were precisely for controlling the runes!

The river's runes numbered in billions; with Ning Fan's cultivation, he couldn't control too many, only those within three feet around him.

Even so, it was enough to protect oneself in the river, keeping the water at bay.

"This is... the spirit sense of the Obliteration Technique!" Tagu's eyes darkened.

He only knew that many of his memories were taken by Ning Fan, but he didn't know that the method to cultivate the Obliteration Technique was among them.

As such, it wouldn't be easy to use the Obliteration Technique to kill Ning Fan.

Fortunately, he had already placed a seal upon the long river; although this technique couldn't kill Ning Fan, trapping him was still quite easy.

But how long could he trap Ning Fan?

Tagu felt resentment in his heart. He was merely the Shanhai Shadow left by the Seventh Generation Barbarian God, and this Shanhai Shadow could only use the Obliteration Technique as its sole mystical art. Without any other mystical art, there was no chance of killing Ning Fan. How frustrating it was that a grand Barbarian God couldn't kill a True Enlightenment junior.

Moreover, the power of this Shanhai Shadow was limited; it could only trap Ning Fan for seven days at most.

After seven days, if Ning Fan still wasn't dead, the power of this Shanhai Shadow would be exhausted, and by then, the long river would dissipate, and Ning Fan would have passed the seventh calamity.

Throughout history, how many Young Master Barbarians have passed the seventh calamity? Less than one in a thousand. To let this offending junior pass the seventh calamity, Tagu was unwilling, yet powerless to stop the other from successfully undergoing tribulation.

So, he felt frustrated, and even more enraged as what was happening slowly unfolded.

Ning Fan sat peacefully at the bottom of the river, calmly cultivating the Obliteration Technique!

This was outright defiance of the authority of the Seventh Generation Barbarian God!

A dignified Seventh Generation Barbarian God couldn't even kill a True Enlightenment junior, and this junior dared to openly cultivate his famed mystical art right before him.

Truly audacious!

Tagu sneered; this Obliteration Technique wasn't so easy to cultivate.

Speaking of which, this technique wasn't a Barbarian Clan mystical art; it was a Calamity Blood Mystical Art he traded from a strong Taicang Calamity Spirit.

The Barbarian Clan was subservient to the Taicang Calamity Spirit; by the time it was his turn to become a Barbarian God, the Ancient Barbarian Realm had already fallen.

As a Barbarian God of his generation, he lived quite stifled, fearing to provoke powerful Taicang Calamity Spirits in everyday encounters. Even when he met weaker ones, he had to treat them politely, not daring to offend.

In the world of Barbarians, he was a god among races with an esteemed status, but before the Taicang Calamity Spirits, he was merely a servant of a fallen nation.

Fortunately, Tagu was smooth in handling relationships and had befriended many Taicang Calamity Spirits, from whom he acquired some Calamity Blood Mystical Arts.

The bloodline of the Taicang Calamity Spirits shared commonalities with the Barbarian bloodline, though somehow, the bloodline of the Taicang Calamity Spirits was naturally of higher caliber than Barbarian blood.

Taicang Calamity Spirits could cultivate Barbarian Clan mystical arts, but Barbarians couldn't use the mystical arts of the Taicang Calamity Spirits.

If a Barbarian forcibly learned Calamity Blood Mystical Arts, there would only be one outcome: going insane, and self-immolation due to the bloodline!

The Obliteration Technique was a Calamity Blood Mystical Art which, by logic, Tagu shouldn't have been able to learn.

Luckily, with many friends, especially with help from some Taicang Calamity Spirit friends, they implanted a Calamity Spirit Blood Charm within him.

Thus, he could barely execute this Obliteration Technique and once used this technique to look down upon the Ancient Barbarian Realm.

Unfortunately, he remained not a true Taicang Calamity Spirit; even if he could reluctantly perform the Obliteration Technique, it had many flaws and couldn't be perfected.

This was also the reason why Ning Fan could fortunately escape from the long river; if a true Taicang Calamity Spirit had used this technique, whether Ning Fan could have escaped would be another matter.

At the moment, Tagu chuckled quietly, seeing Ning Fan courting death by daring to cultivate Calamity Blood Mystical Arts as a Barbarian.

He was unaware that Ning Fan was no Barbarian at all but possessed the very bloodline of the Taicang Calamity Spirits.

"In Tagu's memory, there are a total of 132 mystical arts, with the Obliteration Technique being the only Calamity Blood Mystical Art, and it is the only mystical art of the ninth grade..."

The other mystical arts held no interest for Ning Fan, but the Obliteration Technique was quite useful.

Currently, Ning Fan possessed the powers of God, Yin Yang Transformation, Demon, and Calamity, with the power of Calamity Blood being the strongest.

But unfortunately, Ning Fan never knew any mystical arts belonging solely to the Calamity Spirit Clan.

Using Calamity Blood power to perform mystical arts from other clans, Ning Fan could manage, but this weakened the power of the mystical arts significantly.

Without a suitable mystical art, the combat strength of Calamity Blood couldn't be fully unleashed.

What a coincidence... obtaining the cultivation method of the Obliteration Technique from Tagu's memory.

Learning this technique could greatly enhance his battle power when fighting as a Calamity Spirit in the future.

The cultivation threshold for the Obliteration Technique was not high; even a Fate Immortal could cultivate it. However, to master this technique, one had to possess cultivation higher than that of an Immortal Emperor.

The power of this technique depended on the number of Obliteration Runes cultivated. The more runes, the stronger the technique.

The first Obliteration Rune was the hardest to cultivate, but a shortcut could be taken thereafter...

Ning Fan was in no hurry; once again trapped at the bottom of the long river, he intended to make Tagu, the high and mighty Barbarian God, pay!

Tagu assumed Ning Fan couldn't cultivate the Obliteration Technique, while Ning Fan secretly plotted against Tagu.

One day and one night passed, yet Ning Fan still hadn't passed the seventh calamity, nor had he died.

Outside, the Eye Orb Monster was somewhat anxious, but more so astonished.

"This brat can actually last this long in the path of the Seventh Generation Barbarian God's Dao Like a Submerged Current; does he really have hope of passing the seventh calamity?"

It's less than one in a thousand Young Master Barbarians who can pass the seventh calamity, and Ning Fan might just do it?

This brat is indeed defying the heavens!

"It's said that upon passing the seventh calamity, one can not only cultivate Ancestral Barbarian Blood but also receive the blessing of a Barbarian God... Overseeing the tribulation for this brat is Barbarian God Tagu. If this child passes the seventh calamity, who knows what Tagu might reward him with." The Eye Orb Monster murmured, surprisingly feeling a bit confident about Ning Fan passing the seventh calamity.

With his discerning insights into countless people, it was the first time he began to truly regard Ning Fan highly.

Not for Ning Fan's Severing Fate Sword Technique but for Ning Fan himself. A person with the prospect of passing the seventh calamity was enough to earn his attention!

Time slipped by slowly; the second day soon passed.

Ning Fan sat on the riverbed, hands changing in spirit sense, a slightly scarlet black rune materializing slowly before him.

Witnessing Ning Fan about to form the first Obliteration Rune, Tagu chuckled instead of being angry.

To him, Ning Fan was courting death. Trying to cultivate Calamity Blood Mystical Arts as a Barbarian, ha...

He, as a mere Shanhai Shadow, couldn't kill Ning Fan, but watching Ning Fan die from bloodline self-combustion seemed satisfactory.

On the third day, Ning Fan finally mastered his first Obliteration Rune!

Tagu's sneer grew more intense, waiting for the scene of Ning Fan's blood burning himself to death. Yet he waited and waited, and Ning Fan just didn't die.

There was only a trace of weariness on his face, with no strange expressions.

How could this be! As a Barbarian, cultivating Calamity Spirit Mystical Arts and not dying from blood combustion! Tagu's eyes darkened, sensing something bizarre in this matter.

Could it be that this child is extremely lucky, and even has friends or elders among the Taicang Calamity Spirits, who helped plant a Calamity Spirit Blood Charm inside him?

There is also one point that Tagu couldn't figure out.

The Obliteration Runes cultivated by Ning Fan seem to be purer and more formidable than the ones he cultivated himself.

He condensed his runes using Barbarian Flash Power, but Ning Fan seems not to be using Barbarian Flash Power...

Gradually, Tagu discovered something about it, something he was reluctant to believe, yet had to accept.

The reason Ning Fan's runes are purer than his is because Ning Fan himself is a Taicang Calamity Spirit!

Thus, Ning Fan is better suited for cultivating the Obliteration Technique!

"This child is actually a Taicang Calamity Spirit, no wonder he dares to stab a sword at this God, with his Calamity Spirit identity, which Barbarian cultivator would dare to pursue him." Tagu sighed slightly, showing a wry smile.

Barbarians are slaves to Calamity Spirits, no matter how high a Barbarian's cultivation is, they are still slaves.

No matter how high Ning Fan's cultivation is, as long as he possesses the Calamity Spirit identity, he is not someone Tagu can easily confront.

Luckily, Tagu is already dead, leaving behind just a mere Shanhai Shadow, so he is not afraid of retaliation from the Taicang Calamity Spirits.

Since he's dead, why fear anything from the Taicang Calamity Spirits!

If there were a means to kill Ning Fan, he would still do it, but unfortunately, his Shanhai Shadow couldn't kill Ning Fan.

"What a pity... This God dared not act against the Taicang Calamity Spirits while alive, yet after death, if I could kill a Taicang Calamity Spirit, it would be wonderful. Too bad I can't kill him..." Tagu sighed, without a thought to the possible consequences of killing a Calamity Spirit in the Ancient Barbarian Realm.

He did not have the integrity of a Barbarian God, he was inherently selfish, only such a person could continue to serve the Calamity Spirit Clan as a slave after the fall of the Ancient Barbarian Realm.

Those truly courageous would only die fighting to protect their realm, never making themselves a slave for anyone!

After Ning Fan cultivated his first Obliteration Rune, he did not continue cultivating a second rune but instead stood up from the riverbed.

A single Obliteration Rune holds no real power, unless the number surpasses ten thousand, then only a slight amount of power can be felt.

But even then, it would merely be slight; to achieve the power of the Obliteration Technique at the Enlightenment level, at least one hundred thousand runes are needed.

To reach Shedding Void power, a million runes are required.

For Shattered Thought power, ten million runes are necessary.

For Eternity Realm power, at least a billion runes, or even more, are needed.

Ning Fan can only cultivate one rune every three days, producing a hundred runes a year, a million after ten thousand years.

To give the Obliteration Technique the power of the Eternal Immortal Venerable, at least a million years of hard cultivation is required, perhaps even longer...

The normal means cannot quickly produce Obliteration Runes, but shortcuts do exist.

If encountering another expert cultivating the Obliteration Technique, one's own runes can devour the opponent's runes, rapidly condensing new runes.

The long river confining Ning Fan is formed from billions of runes!

Previously, Tagu used this long river to confine Ning Fan, to kill Ning Fan.

Now, it's Ning Fan's turn to borrow Tagu's Obliteration River to cultivate runes!

"Devour!"

Ning Fan pointed forward with his fingers, and the Obliteration Rune he just cultivated immediately flew forward, beginning to devour countless runes within the river.

According to the introduction of the Obliteration Technique, devouring others' runes requires about ten runes to cultivate one of one's own.

The runes in Tagu's river are numerous, enough for Ning Fan to cultivate for a while!

A stick of incense later, Ning Fan's single rune became two!

Another stick of incense passed, and two runes turned into four!

Yet another stick of incense later, four runes transformed into eight!

This is geometric growth; the further it goes, the faster the increase in speed!

As time slowly passed, Ning Fan's runes grew more numerous, and half an hour later, his rune count exceeded 4000.

Another half hour later, the rune count reached 11 million!

By now, the entire long river was completely gone, devoured empty by Ning Fan's runes!

million Obliteration Runes, sufficient to give the Obliteration Technique Shattered Thought power!

"What a hateful brat!" Tagu's bloodshot eyes watched the scene before him.

Ning Fan truly is bold, to easily devour all of his painstakingly cultivated runes.

If he were still alive, if he appeared before Ning Fan in his true body, Ning Fan wouldn't stand a chance to easily devour his painstakingly cultivated Obliteration Runes.

But, after all, he is already dead, and his cultivated runes were imperfect, unlike Ning Fan's runes that are so pure.

Helpless against Ning Fan's action of devouring his runes, he could only watch Ning Fan ruin his runes.

How many years did he painstakingly cultivate to produce these tens of billions of Obliteration Runes! It took several millions of years!

This audacious thief, in less than an hour, obliterated all his painstaking efforts over millions of years.

"Hateful, hateful! If this God hadn't died long ago, I would definitely grind you to dust to relieve the hatred in my heart!" Tagu roared at the sky, wishing he could chop Ning Fan into pieces and feed him to the dogs.

"Just you wait, wait for this God! Although this God is dead, this God has many life-and-death friends who, if this God intervenes, will surely not let you go. They too are Taicang Calamity Spirits, they fear not your identity!"

No matter how Tagu yelled, Ning Fan only coldly stared at Tagu in the night sky, his expression filled with indifference.

What of the once Seventh Generation Barbarian God! You strike at me, though my cultivation is inferior to yours, I can still make you pay the price.

The river was annihilated, and the surrounding night shattered entirely at this moment, revealing a bright sky outside, Ning Fan returned to the lake bottom in the valley ruins.

No matter how reluctant, Tagu's giant shadow must dissipate, for once the river is broken, Ning Fan has passed the seventh calamity!

Within him, four drops of ancestral blood were cultivated at this moment!

The four drops of ancestral blood were devoured by the Calamity Blood, its level advanced towards the Three-Star mark, though not yet breaking through to Three-Star.

Still lacking slightly, but not much, perhaps after overcoming the eighth calamity, it can advance to the realm of True Blood Three Stars.

"Should the eighth calamity be overcome..." Ning Fan felt a bit of hesitation within.

The seventh calamity was already so difficult to overcome, had it been someone else, even an immortal emperor-level old monster, trapped by Tagu within the Obliteration River, they would face near-certain death.

How many cheats must Ning Fan have used to overcome the seventh calamity...

The Eighth Calamity, what kind of fearsome trial is it? One wrong step, and it could really lead to death...

He has not forgotten the sensation of memory loss during the Seventh Calamity, the feeling of forgetting even the paper crane, as if he wanted to grieve and cry, yet had forgotten why or for whom...

That's a feeling Ning Fan does not wish to experience again.

However, with the Illusory Life Pill in hand, even if the Eighth Calamity is dangerous, and no matter how challenging, it should still safeguard his life...

"You brat, not bad at all, you actually passed the Seventh Calamity. Did Barbarian God Tagu reward you with any treasure?" The Eye Orb Monster's exclamatory voice echoed at the bottom of the lake.

"Tagu wished to tear me to pieces, how could he possibly reward me," Ning Fan replied with a light chuckle and a shake of his head.

"Wished to tear you to pieces? It can't be. The Barbarian God oversees Calamities and even if he truly wanted to kill you during the Calamity, it was only to test your ability to transcend tribulations, devoid of personal grudges. You didn't kill his son or steal his wife, so why would Tagu want to tear you to pieces... unless you've done something like that... heh heh..." The Eye Orb Monster grinned lewdly, wearing the expression of a curious child, for his life brimmed with curiosity.

Ning Fan was too unbothered to discuss these trivial matters with the Eye Orb Monster. Without rewards, so be it, he had already gained a significant advantage from Tagu, there was no need for additional rewards.

He was more concerned about how difficult the Eighth Calamity would be.

He asked the Eye Orb Monster, who immediately became spirited, excitedly saying, "You brat, do you really want to face the Eighth Calamity?"

"Not very confident in overcoming it, but I still want to give it a try." Ning Fan replied with a slight, bitter smile.

"Well, yes, the Eighth Calamity is indeed very difficult. Your lack of confidence is understandable. Not to mention you, even Yin Mo, during his Barbarian Path, failed to transcend the Eighth Calamity... you must know, when he attempted the Eighth Calamity, his cultivation was already at the Immortal Emperor level, yet he still failed... From ancient times to now, only a mere seventy-four Young Master Barbarians have passed the Eighth Calamity, and more than half were at the peak Immortal Emperor cultivation. With your cultivation level, it's normal to fail, no need to be disheartened. But you could try, it is said that failing the Eighth Calamity still comes with benefits." The Eye Orb Monster said mysteriously.

"What kind of benefits?" Ning Fan was slightly shocked.

The difficulty of the Eighth Calamity was beyond his imagination, but not surprising, as it was within his expectations.

What surprised him was that there are benefits even if one fails the Eighth Calamity.

"Having a feast for the eyes, does that count as a benefit? The Seventh Calamity's content varies for everyone, but the Eighth Calamity is the same for all... The Fourth Generation Barbarian Goddess, she was the most beautiful throughout the Ancient Barbarian Realm's history. With a large chest and hips, just a glance at her would leave you with no regrets in death. Heh heh, brat, you must face this calamity, if you don't, I won't get to admire the unparalleled charm of the Fourth Generation Barbarian Goddess, then I will die with regrets, and I will..."

Ning Fan shook his head, feeling a bit disappointed. A feast for the eyes, what kind of benefit is that?

This Eye Orb Monster is too much, to encourage him to face the Eighth Calamity just to see a beauty.

The Eighth Calamity is even more dangerous than the Sixth and Seventh Calamities, a slight mistake could mean death...

When he underwent the Sixth and Seventh Calamities, the Eye Orb Monster continually advised him not to face the calamities, citing how terribly dangerous they were.

But now...

Suddenly, Ning Fan thought of something, slowly walking out of the lake and giving the Eye Orb Monster a meaningful smile.

"I won't face the Eighth Calamity."

"What! You actually give up the Eighth Calamity! Are you a pig, given a chance to see a beauty, and you give it up? The Eighth Calamity is dangerous, but can't you be brave enough to set life and death aside for once? Is life less important than seeing a beauty in your heart?" The Eye Orb Monster was taken aback.

Evidently, in his heart, seeing a beauty was more important than life...

"Besides, it's useless if you don't want to face the Eighth Calamity, this time I won't activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation for you, heh heh, I want to see the beauty! Whether you're willing or not, the Eighth Calamity will still descend!" The Eye Orb Monster thought for a moment, then laughed lewdly.

"I've already memorized your Heaven-Deceiving Formation, the Formation is mysterious but not too high-level, I can set it up myself now." Ning Fan's eyes shone with azure light, he had already memorized the Heaven-Deceiving Formation by the lake.

Even if the Eye Orb Monster doesn't help him, he can set up his own formation to avoid the Eighth Calamity!

Hearing this, the Eye Orb Monster was unable to laugh, and became anxious again.

If Ning Fan sets up his own formation to avoid the Eighth Calamity, there's no way he could bring Ning Fan into the Calamity.

Then he wouldn't be able to see the beauty...

"You really won't help this old man fulfill a small wish! Even in death, this old man wishes to see the Fourth Generation Barbarian Goddess at least once!" The Eye Orb Monster feigned pitifulness with snot and tears.

"That's your wish, not mine."

"You, you, you, you darn brat, I spent ninety billion Dao Crystals to help you break the Blessing Technique, and even used forty-three strong souls and the devil star blood of the Immortal Emperor..." This was a threat with favors.

"That was merely a mutual need, you helped me break the Blessing Technique, and I also promised to help you kill Yin Mo." Ning Fan felt some gratitude for the Eye Orb Monster's help, but didn't say it, merely giving the Eye Orb Monster a meaningful look.

"You! You ungrateful brat! Worthy inheritor of Ancient Chaos, the shame of Lieyuan Sect, you..."

The Eye Orb Monster cursed incoherently, truly at a loss with Ning Fan.

After waiting for the Eye Orb Monster to finish, Ning Fan smiled and said, "You helped me break the Blessing Technique, I'll help you kill Yin Mo. That's one thing. You want to see the beauty and want me to risk facing the Eighth Calamity, I can do that, but not without reward."

With this statement, the Eye Orb Monster understood and looked at Ning Fan with vexation.

Apparently, this brat wants a benefit! He didn't really not want to face the Eighth Calamity! Given his personality, even if he couldn't pass, he'd still give it a try.

Darn it, this brat is eyeing my belongings. The Eye Orb Monster felt a subtle pain.

He knew, if he didn't offer something, Ning Fan wouldn't let him peacefully see the beauty.

"Fine, fine, I'll give you a Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure, is that enough? You have no idea how poor I am after using the Blessed Technique..."

"No need to feign poverty, give me an Innate Treasure, and I'll draw the Eighth Calamity for you."

"What, you actually want my Innate Treasure! No way, no negotiation!"

The Eye Orb Monster glared at Ning Fan indignantly and just then, large swathes of red clouds appeared over the lake.

The Eighth Calamity was about to arrive.

Upon seeing Ning Fan's calm, yet subtly mischievous expression, the Eye Orb Monster for the first time thought that the perpetually stoic Ning Fan's smile was adorable.

"Fine, fine, you win, you're the boss. I'm afraid of you. After the Eighth Calamity, I'll give you an Innate Treasure! Prepare for the Calamity now!"

As the Eye Orb Monster finished speaking, a light powder aroma already permeated the entire world with the wind.

The Eighth Calamity arrives!

Chapter 935: Battle of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb

Here is the translation of the provided text:

``html

In the beginning, a pervasive fragrance filled the air, light and delicate like flowing water, yet carrying a hint of enticing sweetness.

Then, inexplicably, a rain of petals began to fall from the sky, the pink and white petals fluttering down with a kind of wandering beauty.

The Eye Orb Monster's breathing suddenly grew heavy, though it's unclear what organ it used to breathe.

"Fourth Generation Barbarian God Xi Zihua, the most beautiful deity in the history of the Ancient Barbarian Realm! I didn't think I'd see this legendary beauty, truly, truly wonderful!"

Amidst the excited cheers of the Eye Orb Monster, the shadow of an ancient city began to slowly appear in the sky.

It was a city in extreme disrepair, engulfed in flames of war, with long streets littered with bones.

In the center of the city stood an ancient palace, collapsing bit by bit in the flames.

Above the palace, a great light began to emerge, and within that light, the shadow of a woman dressed in a light pink gauze slowly appeared.

She descended outside the palace, standing beneath a cherry blossom tree, silently watching the palace crumble in the flames of war.

Beneath the gauze, her enchanting curves were faintly visible. She raised her fair wrist, her slender hand contrasting starkly with the surrounding combat burns.

She gently brushed back her hair, her actions imbued with an indescribable charm, yet also an indescribable sorrow.

Her appearance was beautiful, like a painting aging silently with time. Yet, in her eyes, dark as black gemstones, there was an indescribable desolation.

Desolation that only one who has lost a kingdom could possess.

Her chest was pierced by a sword stained with rusty blood, from which fresh blood continued to flow.

The blood sullied her previously pristine appearance, yet added a poignant beauty to her being.

She was a shadow of the mountain and sea left behind by the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, whose body had long since perished...

The flames of war, the fallen palace, the broken sword, the flowing blood—these were the scenes of her final moments before death...

Ning Fan leapt into the lake bottom, the immortal power within the waters immediately flowing into his body, preparing for the approaching Eighth Calamity.

The phenomena outside did not escape Ning Fan's spirit sense. The Fourth Generation Barbarian God was indeed beautiful, but to say she was dazzling enough to make the heavens lose color and the sun and moon grow dim would be an exaggeration.

Yet, the sorrow and pain surrounding her were profoundly moving.

"With curves in all the right places, indeed... indeed the most preferred beauty! Hahaha, if I could see this woman just once, I wouldn't regret dying at this moment! Hehehe..." The Eye Orb Monster, in a lovestruck frenzy, foolishly stared at the sky, drooling, oblivious to everything happening outside.

He had been completely entranced, mesmerized by the beauty of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, deeply captivated, unable to extricate himself.

It wasn't just the Eye Orb Monster; even Ning Fan in the lake began to feel an inescapable sensation, as if his gaze was suddenly startled.

What made Ning Fan feel unable to resist was not the woman's beauty, but a nearly outrageous power of allure.

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God was actually practicing the Dao of Charm! Her beauty might not be able to disturb Ning Fan's spirit sense, but the allure she cultivated was enough to cause most men in the world to lose their rationality.

Even the rules of the Great Dao seemed willing to bow down to her skirt hem, their flow shifting, forming a faintly discernible ring shadow behind her.

Like the Ring of the Initial Saint!

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God was not an Initial Saint, but her bewitching technique was so powerful that it could charm the Great Dao, bending the rules to create a Ring of the Initial Saint for her, even if she wasn't an Initial Saint...

"In the world, there's actually someone who can cultivate bewitching techniques to such an extent, to the point of charming even the Great Dao!"

Ning Fan was secretly shocked, the cooling power from the Yin Yang Locket in his dantian ensuring that he didn't sink into the endless allure of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God.

Were he not the inheritor of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, possessing the Yin Yang Locket, he might have drooled and foolishly smiled at this woman like the Eye Orb Monster, and might have sunk, just as the Great Dao did, before her.

That there existed such a charming cultivator in the world was truly terrifying.

"Since the fall of the Barbarian Kingdom, few have managed to pass the Eighth Calamity..."

The voice of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God was pleasant, with a delicate, sweet fragrance, yet her tone conveyed an indelible sorrow.

Her gaze moved away from the virtual image of the war-torn palace, briefly glancing at the lake below.

At first glance, she saw the foolish Eye Orb Monster, withdrew her gaze slightly, showing a bit of disdain. Another who sank...

Throughout her life, she had seen too many men sink beneath her skirt hem. Some coveted her beauty, others were lost to her captivating arts.

Too many, too many, so many that she could only count on her fingers how many men stayed sober before her.

This eye orb monster was just among the many living beings who sank beneath her skirt, not worth mentioning.

She moved her gaze from the Eye Orb Monster, and then towards the lake, her gaze with a hint of sorrow, yet sharper than any flying sword, easily piercing the ink-black lake water to see Ning Fan at the bottom.

Her gaze was initially very clear, like a stream formed after the ice and snow thawed in early spring. But upon discovering Ning Fan was without desire, a slight ripple appeared, and a rare smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

"You surprise me, for you did not sink before me like the other men. Are you the one striving to pass the Eighth Calamity? You are remarkable."

For the first time in countless years, the Fourth Generation Barbarian God praised someone, but as she sensed the chaotic bloodline within Ning Fan, she immediately furrowed her elegant brows, her expression returning to cool indifference.

"You, are not a Barbarian, you are a Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

The gaze of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God grew colder, and with it, the temperature of the entire world plummeted.

Ning Fan felt an inexplicable chill on his back, and under this woman's scrutiny, he felt as if he were naked, with no secrets hidden from this woman before him.

Before, the Eye Orb Monster could see through everything about him. But Tagu couldn't do that, even though Tagu was a Seventh Generation Barbarian God.

This woman, however, like the Eye Orb Monster, saw through everything about him, and she was stronger than Tagu.

"Were you not a Taicang Calamity Spirit, I might show mercy. Now, I will not hold back."

Unlike Tagu, who was deferential towards the Taicang Calamity Spirits, this gentle woman made no attempt to mask her disdain for them.

She was the Fourth Generation Barbarian God; it was under her hand that the Ancient Barbarian Realm fell.

The palace shadow beneath her feet was the former capital of Barbarian, fallen in the flames of war!

The broken sword in her chest was the blade that took her life, a supreme treasure of an ancient Taicang Emperor, yet she destroyed it.

She was the last standing Barbarian God in the history of the Ancient Barbarian Realm to die standing; after her, every Barbarian God became a slave to the Taicang Calamity Spirits, like Tagu.

But she was not!

To her, the Taicang Calamity Spirits were not the main race, but enemies that destroyed her country and her people.

Enemies unto death!

"By the command of Xi Zihua, summon the Ancient Barbarian Tomb to bury this child!"

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God gently raised her delicate hand, pointing across the space at Ning Fan, and in that instant, the entire world changed!

Between the mountains and the sea appeared scenes of ancient battlefields, drowning the place where Ning Fan stood!

The illusory shadows replaced the real world!

The lake disappeared, the valley ruins vanished, and the Eye Orb Monster was gone.

Ning Fan stood alone on an ancient battlefield, behind him tribes and cities consumed by blood and fire.

On the plains before him were scattered limbs and wrecked treasures, collapsed mountains, rivers severed by a single sword, and a broken sky...

"Where is this place!"

Ning Fan closed his eyes, dismissing the illusion before him. He could feel his body still immersed in the depths of the lake, surrounded by the flowing ice-cold waters.

But his soul, his consciousness, seemed to be mingling within this mysterious space.

Is this the space formed by the divine skills of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God...

"Since you are the Taicang Calamity Spirit, you shall receive special treatment. Your Eighth Calamity will be different from others." The words of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God were filled with animosity.

Ning Fan's heart sank slightly. The Eye Orb Monster had previously assured him that everyone's Eighth Calamity was the same.

Nonsense, he's receiving special treatment, and it's likely that others' Eighth Calamity won't be pulled into this battlefield space.

The Eighth Calamity for ordinary people is already as hard as ascending to the heavens, and his Eighth Calamity will probably be more dangerous and difficult to overcome than for others.

This Fourth Generation Barbarian God seems to harbor deep hostility toward his Taicang Calamity Spirit lineage...

"The Ancient Barbarian Tomb is a sacred place for the Barbarian Clan. The devastated Barbarian City and the fallen barbarians are all housed here. Where you stand is the Fourth Tomb, on the first level, and it

contains nearly all Barbarian warriors who died at the hands of your Taicang Clan. To pass your Eighth Calamity, you'll have to kill these warriors once again. Can you do it?"

The voice of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God echoed throughout the heavens and earth, and at the moment this voice resounded, corpses, whether intact or fragmented, stood up with vacant eyes.

Tens, hundreds, thousands... Countless corpses filled the entire battlefield, standing up one after another.

Among them were the corpses of First Step cultivators and Second Step cultivators, but the highest cultivation was only Fate Immortal.

The corpses of those with higher cultivation are buried on higher levels of the Barbarian Tomb.

At this moment, it seemed as if they regained life and glory. They saw Ning Fan!

Gnashing sounds came from the mouths of these barbarians who had been dead for many years.

"Taicang... Calamity Spirit..."

More and more Barbarian cultivators' eyes turned blood-red, drowned in hatred.

Closest to Ning Fan were seven Nascent Soul barbarian cultivators who had died countless years ago, defending the Ancient Barbarian Realm.

Their corpses were housed within the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

Their souls forever lingered between these mountains and seas.

They hated the Taicang Calamity Spirit, and now they wanted revenge! Revenge against Ning Fan, the Taicang Calamity Spirit!

Those seven Nascent Soul barbarian cultivators were utterly without reason. As soon as they approached within a thousand zhang of Ning Fan, they opted for self-destruction.

Knowing their cultivation was low, they just hoped that their act of self-destruction could somewhat injure Ning Fan.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sounds of self-destruction, enveloped in a sky of blood mist, sounded deafeningly. Following this was the storm formed by the seven Nascent Soul cultivators' self-destruction, instantly engulfing Ning Fan.

What cultivation does Ning Fan possess? Without mentioning Calamity Blood cultivation, just talking about Magic Power cultivation, he is at the Mid Stage Enlightenment, a dignified True Immortal, so why would he fear the self-destruction of seven Nascent Soul cultivators.

However, the ambiance of the fight-to-the-death of these seven Nascent Soul cultivators moved him, further influencing the countless barbarian cultivators behind them.

"Kill the Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

Dozens more of Nascent Soul and Void Refinement barbarian cultivators rushed at Ning Fan, choosing self-destruction.

Several Void Fragmentation cultivators even leaped into the sky, transforming into giant Black-Feathered Giant Birds thousands of zhang in size, charging fiercely toward Ning Fan.

These few Void Fragmentation cultivators didn't choose self-destruction but rather embraced the determination to battle Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's expression was solemn. He honored those strong individuals who had faith and died for it, but this didn't mean he would let himself be attacked without retaliation.

He could tell that the Barbarian cultivators here were individuals who had died years ago, long devoid of life. Yet, there was an extremely peculiar Dao Principle here that allowed these corpses to retain their pre-death consciousness, continuing to fight on.

That peculiar Dao Principle bore seventy to eighty percent similarity to the Immortal Dao Principle, yet it was neither one nor the other...

The people here were all dead and harbored an intense hatred toward the Taicang Calamity Spirit...

Ning Fan's gaze contained a trace of apology, but even more determination. He summoned the Memory Severing Dao Sword toward the giant birds in the sky.

Since he stood on this battlefield, what Ning Fan could do was merely to grant them a final death.

The Memory Severing Dao Sword transformed into thousands upon thousands of sword lights, easily extinguishing those giant birds, blood splattering across the sky.

This action angered more barbarian cultivators, and more of them surged forth like a tidal wave.

First Step cultivators, numbering in the billions! Even Fate Immortals numbered in the tens of thousands!

"The Barbarian cultivators here are merely a part of the sacrificial cultivators from back then. Many more Barbarian cultivators left no remains, without even a chance for their bodies to be collected."

"They all perished at the hands of your Taicang Calamity Spirit Clan. Your clan annihilated countless clans, did you ever see the hatred in the hearts of those exterminated?"

"I am waiting for you on the seventh level of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb. If you can come up, I will give you a chance to pass the Eighth Calamity. If not, die here and use your blood to avenge my countless Barbarian cultivators."

The voice of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God drifted in the air, like the wind, elusive and hard to catch traces of.

Countless Barbarian cultivators charged at Ning Fan, either self-destructing or unleashing Divine Skills. Some of their own were caught in the self-destruction and skill aftermath, but none retreated.

Everyone's sole intent was to kill Ning Fan, just because Ning Fan was the Taicang Calamity Spirit, the enemy that must be slain!

"Burn!"

Facing the surging waves of cultivators, Ning Fan suddenly opened his mouth and spewed a streak of black and red firelight.

In that firelight, countless runes flowed, possessing a beauty so eerie it was enchanting. Initially, it was just a streak of firelight, but once airborne, it instantly transformed into a vast sea of fire, nearly engulfing the entire heaven and earth!

As this fire burned, it emitted bursts of wind and thunder sounds, and for a moment, the heavens and earth were filled with endless rumblings!

"This is... Calamity Beast Fire! You are not of the Calamity Beast Clan, how can you possess this fire!" A voice laden with a hint of coldness came from the heavens, from the Fourth Generation Barbarian God.

The Calamity Beast Fire, unmatched in the world, has been coveted by countless fire cultivators throughout the ages who tried to seize it and devour it but all failed.

The Calamity Beast Fire, though unparalleled, also possesses another characteristic, which is its inability to fuse with other flames.

Those fire cultivators wishing to consume the Calamity Beast Fire to enhance their own flames found it utterly unfeasible.

Yet, this Taicang Calamity Spirit achieved it, how could this be... The Fourth Generation Barbarian God was puzzled.

She naturally didn't know that Ning Fan was the inheritor of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, practicing the "Yin Yang Transformation" and "Chaos Ring Art".

Of these, Yin Yang Transformation is the foundation of the Chaos Ring Art, a Cultivation Technique with mystical powers to merge divergent forces of Yin and Yang.

It can fuse even the bloodlines of gods, demons, and calamities under the power of Yin Yang Transformation, so the mere Calamity Beast Fire is naturally not beyond Ning Fan's capability to devour and utilize.

Ning Fan's Black Fire has already reached the level of Twelve-Flavor True Fire, and possesses the fierce offensive power of the Calamity Beast Fire.

This burning of heaven and earth results in countless First Step cultivators turned to ash by the Black Fire.

Even high-cultivation Fate Immortals could only barely withstand under this Black Fire's assault, utterly lacking the strength to counterattack.

Tens of thousands of barbarian cultivators burned to death under the Black Fire, and upon witnessing this scene, the Fourth Generation Barbarian God knew relying on the corpses on the first level of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb couldn't defeat Ning Fan. To continue the fight would just be futile destruction of bodies...

"Enough, consider the first level passed, proceed to the second level, let's not destroy their bodies anymore."

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God sighed softly and compromised.

The first level couldn't hurt Ning Fan, so only the second level could be relied upon.

As the Fourth Generation Barbarian God's words fell, the formerly high-spirited barbarian cultivators collapsed to the ground, reverting back to corpses.

In the sky, divine light burst forth, revealing a heavenly ladder leading to the second level.

Moreover, one by one, ancient sealed wooden boxes continuously appeared in the sky...

Chapter 936: Tenfold Shields

As the Fourth Generation Barbarian God issued an order, millions upon millions of savage cultivators fell to the ground, reverting back to corpses, ceasing their assault on Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's gaze swept lightly over these corpses, retracting the black fire, with no intention to burn them.

From the brief words of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, Ning Fan understood his current situation.

At this moment, he was located at the first layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, while the Fourth Generation Barbarian God was on the seventh layer.

Only by fighting his way to the seventh layer would he have the chance to survive the Eighth Calamity; otherwise, he must activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation and relinquish the Eighth Calamity.

Ning Fan closed his eyes, sensing the situation outside.

His consciousness was trapped by the Fourth Generation Barbarian God in the first layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

His physical body was still sitting cross-legged outside at the lake bottom, but it was as if his soul had been lost, unable to move at all.

Ning Fan tried to return his consciousness to his body, but found it impossible to do so.

The Eye Orb Monster was still at the lakeside, infatuated, drooling towards the sky, completely captivated by the beauty of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, showing no signs of waking...

Surely a teammate-hindering lecher!

Ning Fan's original plan was to survive the Eighth Calamity if possible, otherwise activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation and abandon this calamity.

However, his consciousness could not return to his body, unable to activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation outside; he could only rely on the Eye Orb Monster.

But the Eye Orb Monster was unreliable, uncertain of when it would awaken. Before it awakes, it naturally cannot activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation to save Ning Fan...

"In other words, before the Eye Orb Monster wakes up, I cannot use the formation to leave this place, unless I survive the Eighth Calamity..."

Even amidst thousands of dangers during the Eighth Calamity, he could not leave, only grit his teeth and press forward...

This troublesome Eye Orb Monster!

Ning Fan frowned slightly, and finally transformed into a golden light, flying towards the sky in the direction of the staircase.

At the end of this sky staircase, there was an altar showered with paper money. The altar was octagonal, yet standing on it were nine stone pillars, forming an ancient teleportation formation that led directly to the second layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

After this altar appeared, more and more wooden boxes began to appear in the sky, floating aimlessly.

The seals on the wooden boxes were extremely mysterious, capable of blocking the spirit sense of Masters.

When Ning Fan's spirit sense touched those wooden boxes, it was gently pushed away by a soft force, unable to explore them.

He had no idea what was contained within these wooden boxes...

After covering his eyes with azure light, Ning Fan looked at those wooden boxes again, and this time, his gaze slightly penetrated the prohibitions on the boxes.

He saw that inside each box was a sealed magical treasure. Most of the treasures were low grade or middle-ranked immortal treasures, while the better ones were only high-grade immortal treasures, with not a single Acquired Immortal Treasure in sight.

Moreover, these treasures were mostly covered in rust, their spirituality diminished greatly, unsure of how many years they had existed, now so worn that they were difficult to use.

With low grades and worn conditions... Ning Fan had no desire for these treasures, directly flying to the altar, intending to use the formation to enter the second layer.

But as soon as he stepped onto the altar, an extremely dignified elder's voice suddenly echoed between heaven and earth.

"By order of Zundao Barbarian Mountain, those who pass the test of the first layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb may take one treasure from here..."

"Not taking treasure is considered as forfeiting the reward and is not allowed to enter the second layer..."

"Those who take more will suffer the punishment of Dao Man Mountain's fingertip..."

Ning Fan was slightly taken aback; this voice was left by some ancient Master in the heavens and earth here, existing for countless years.

He originally thought little of the broken magical treasures here, but this voice demanded he take a treasure from here, otherwise he would be denied entry to the second layer.

Ning Fan tried, and indeed, without taking a treasure, he couldn't activate the teleportation formation to enter the second layer. There was a rule set by a certain ancient Master on this teleportation formation: one must take a treasure from here before entering.

What a troublesome rule...

Forget it, although he thought little of the broken magical treasures here, he would still take one.

Ning Fan didn't pick and choose, randomly selecting a nearby wooden box and gesturing at it. The box immediately floated towards him and opened on its own.

The treasure sealed within the box was a palm-sized, worn-out golden shield, merely a middle-ranked immortal treasure. Given its dilapidation, the power it could exert likely fell short even of Shattered Void Treasures.

What a useless shield...

"This boy actually chose a shield... does he know something, else why would he choose a shield among countless magical treasures..." The Fourth Generation Barbarian God's beautiful eyes revealed the first look of solemnity.

The Ancient Barbarian Tomb was a sacred place of the Barbarian Clan, created by the First Generation Barbarian God Dao Man Mountain with his own strength. It was not only a burial place for the savage cultivator corpses but also a place for each generation of Barbarian Gods to test their disciples.

Of course, the Ancient Barbarian Tomb had a more crucial mission... Here, a supreme treasure was buried...

In the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, there was a rule set down by the First Generation Barbarian God Dao Man Mountain: every Master who made it through the first layer could receive a reward.

This rule was one that the Fourth Generation Barbarian God could not interfere with or stop. Her original intention was to have Ning Fan fall within the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, yet she could not prevent Ning Fan from obtaining a reward...

"You have chosen a Five-Star Intermediate Barbarian Instrument, the Gilded Shield. Now, you may enter the second layer..."

That elder's voice rang out again.

The instant this voice arose, all the wooden boxes disappeared entirely. Ning Fan finally availed the teleportation formation to enter the second layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

The worn-out shield was already put away by Ning Fan, left aside and forgotten.

At this moment, he cautiously looked at the corpses in the second layer. These corpses were clearly fewer than those in the first layer, but each was a Corpse of Enlightenment.

Though scattered, there were over ten thousand in total. At the moment Ning Fan entered the second layer, each corpse swayed and stood, eyes gleaming fiercely, as if gaining life.

"Kill Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

"Protect the Ancient Barbarian Glory!"

"Kill!"

Roaring voices echoed, carrying the hatred of annihilation. Nearly ten thousand Crossing Truth Realm barbarian cultivators, long dead, surrounded Ning Fan in this moment.

A middle-aged man at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth rushed the fastest, choosing to self-destruct mere thousand zhang away from Ning Fan!

Centered around his self-destruct point, the frenzied Great Dao Laws poured out like a flood, a destruction storm capable of destroying a Cultivation Star swept over a thousand zhang, intending to engulf Ning Fan.

The self-destruct of a Crossing Truth Realm cultivator is incredibly powerful; even Fragmented Thought Elders wouldn't dare stand idly by, letting the explosion attack them.

Ning Fan was certainly not going to foolishly stand still. He raised his hand suddenly, pressing forward with his five fingers, seemingly solidifying the heaven and earth ahead.

That destructive storm was forcibly extinguished by him!

Not even a Shedding Void Realm old monster could easily withstand a Crossing Truth self-destruct, but Ning Fan did it effortlessly.

He began to emanate overwhelming red glow; in this moment, he used the power of Blood Lightning, his aura violent and frenzied.

At this moment, his strength almost matched the Shattered Thought Peak elder, and easily extinguishing a Crossing Truth self-destruct was no challenge! His power is incomparable to a Shekong Cultivator.

More than ten Crossing Truth Realm barbarian cultivators sneak-attacked from behind; this time, Ning Fan didn't even glance back, the red glow on his body intensified and transformed into countless tangible red lines flying out.

These red lines, once released, immediately formed thumb-sized Calamity Thought Red Glow, producing piercing sonic booms targeting the barbarian cultivators approaching Ning Fan.

A Mid Stage Enlightenment barbarian cultivator didn't get the chance to attack Ning Fan before the red glow engulfed his view. In the next instant, a Calamity Thought Red Glow easily blasted through his Tian Ling, entering his divine sense, leaving a thumb-sized blood hole on his forehead. As Calamity Thought Red Glow wantonly destroyed within his body, this cultivator perished...

Another Body Refinement man tried to sneak close to Ning Fan with a punch, yet as he swung his fist, a red glow pierced his Tian Ling.

One, two, three... The number of Crossing Truth Realm barbarian cultivators Ning Fan slaughtered increased, and with the strength of his Blood Lightning, exterminating Crossing Truth Realm cultivators was like reaching for a bag.

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God furrowed her eyebrows, knowing the dead bodies on the second level couldn't stop Ning Fan. But this time, she didn't prevent this massacre.

After half a Two hours later, Ning Fan stood amidst a mountain of corpses and a mist of blood on the second level, bloodied. Though he exterminated all Crossing Truth Realm barbarian cultivators, he incurred many wounds.

This was the reason the Fourth Generation Barbarian God didn't halt it; the dead bodies of the second level were not sacrificed in vain, their sacrifice made Ning Fan pay a price.

The Heaven Ladder leading to the third level appeared gradually, and at the end of it remained an octagonal altar, with nine ancient stone pillars forming a teleportation formation.

As the altar appeared, countless stone boxes made of blue stone appeared in the sky.

Inside these stone boxes, magical treasures were similarly sealed, the lowest being Post-Nirvana Immortal Treasure, highest even Three-Nirvana Immortal Treasure.

Of course, all the magical treasures were extremely worn, even half-ruined...

"Three-Nirvana Immortal Treasure... still useless."

Ning Fan didn't pay much attention to these stone boxes, instead transformed into a golden spear, rushing straight to the altar.

As he stepped onto the altar, an elder's voice resonated through the heavens and earth.

"By the order of Zundao Barbarian Mountain, to enter the third level, one must exchange a treasure taken from the first level for another."

"Only the same type of magical treasure is allowed in the exchange..."

"Forcibly taking magical treasures here shall incur punishment from Dao Barbarian Mountain..."

The voice disappeared after reverberating in the heavens and earth a few times. There were originally tens of thousands of stone boxes here, but as that voice rang out, countless stone boxes vanished from the heavens and earth.

Within only a few breaths, merely over forty stone boxes remained here for Ning Fan to choose from.

Ning Fan was slightly stunned; it seemed to enter the third level, he had to use the Gilded Shield obtained from the first level to exchange for a magical treasure from the second level.

These remaining forty stone boxes, each sealed shield-like magical treasures.

Ning Fan chose a shield in the first level, so in the second level, he could only exchange shield for shield.

Among over forty stone boxes, the highest grade shield was a White Silver Small Shield of Acquired Second Nirvana. Ning Fan pondered for a moment, then chose this stone box.

After making his choice, the Gilded Shield in his hand, along with the other stone boxes, disappeared instantaneously.

Only the White Silver Small Shield he chose flew from the stone box, into his hand.

"You chose Six-Star Intermediate Barbarian Instrument, Lingxiao Shield; now you may enter the third level..."

Holding the White Silver Small Shield in hand, Ning Fan pondered slightly.

In the first level, he obtained a mid-ranked Immortal Treasure Gilded Shield.

In the second level, using the Gilded Shield, he exchanged for an Acquired Second Nirvana Lingxiao Shield.

Upon reaching the third level, could he perhaps exchange for even higher-level shields?

What about the fourth level, the fifth level...

Maybe this worn-out small shield isn't entirely useless...

Putting the Lingxiao Shield away for now, Ning Fan used the altar's teleportation formation to enter the third level of Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

In the third level, there were fewer corpses, only a scant thousand, but each was a Shekong Corpse.

"Kill Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

"Protect my Barbarian Cang Mountain and Sea!"

"Kill!"

More than a thousand Shekong savage cultivators rose from the ground, roaring to the sky, their pressure shaking the heavens and the earth.

Ning Fan's gaze finally showed a solemn expression. Without waiting for these Shekong savage cultivators to launch an attack, he waved his hand directly, releasing countless red lines, taking the lead in launching the attack.

The red lines transformed into surging Calamity Thought Red Glows, attacking the Shekong savage cultivators one by one. Only a few Shekong initiates failed to withstand the attack of the red glow, which broke their Tian Ling and destroyed their divine sense, leading to their death.

The vast majority of Shekong savage cultivators, although injured by the Calamity Thought Red Glow, did not die, instead gaining a power of resistance in front of Ning Fan.

After all, all the cultivators had reached the Shekong realm, in the Four Heavens, Shekong cultivators were giants famous in their areas, not something that could be mass annihilated.

Each Shekong savage cultivator displayed their divine skills, and countless Dao Images appeared between heaven and earth.

There were Dao Images of Barbarian Apes striking the sky, Dao Images of Thunder Chariots crashing into the sun, and Dao Images of ancient barbarians creating people, all of which were preludes to these cultivators performing Great Divine Powers.

In the next instant, over a thousand Shekong divine skills attacked Ning Fan, the multicolored magical light dazzling, making it hard to keep one's eyes open.

"Can't withstand it..."

Ning Fan sighed slightly, although his current strength had skyrocketed, almost comparable to the Peak of Shattered Thought, it was still impossible to face the combined attack of over a thousand Shekong cultivators head-on.

Not to mention him, even a true Eternal Immortal Venerable couldn't withstand it.

Although he couldn't withstand the combined attack of the group of cultivators, it didn't mean he couldn't evade it. Ning Fan's figure flickered, transforming into a golden rainbow, and in an instant, he dashed out of the group's attack range, causing their combined attack to fall into thin air.

He stood high in the sky, looking down at the cultivators below, thinking for a moment before deciding to use the Obliteration Technique he had just learned.

This technique was the signature skill of the Seventh Generation Barbarian God Tagu, and among the Immortal Emperor-grade divine skills, it was considered top-notch!

This technique can turn a long river into the Dao, causing all indestructible things to dissipate, to become like an obliterating current!

Ning Fan had already cultivated 11 million Obliteration Runes, and the power of this technique was already considerable.

"With my bones as the mountain!"

Around Ning Fan, 11 million Obliteration Runes whistled and flew out, instantly covering the entire sky, pitch-black like a doomsday magic cloud.

Beneath countless runes, a black bone mountain phantom slowly appeared.

Gradually, the bone mountains in the sky increased continuously.

The second mountain, the third mountain, the fourth mountain... until the ninth mountain, then it stopped increasing.

At the moment these nine bone mountains appeared, all the Shekong savage cultivators' expressions changed, feeling a tremendous force descending from the sky, pressing them so hard they couldn't breathe or fly into the sky!

It was as if on each person's shoulder, they were burdened with nine giant mountains, suppressed by the power of the nine mountains!

Under the suppression of this mighty force, the group of cultivators could hardly perform divine skills to attack Ning Fan, their breathing became rapid, their aura chaotic, struggling under the heavy burden. A few Shekong cultivators were directly crushed by the immense force, kneeling to the ground, unable to withstand the might of Ning Fan's nine mountains!

"With blood as the sea!"

Underneath the nine mountains, a black ocean suddenly appeared, and soon, the second sea, the third sea followed, until the eighth sea appeared, then the anomaly stopped.

After the eight seas appeared, the world plunged into darkness; everything seemed to vanish, the universe changed!

Some Shekong savage cultivators were directly bewildered in the darkness, beginning to succumb.

At this time, Ning Fan lifted his palm, and where his fingers passed, he easily tore the heavens and the earth.

"With the palm as the Dao!"

He lifted his palm, pressing down towards the forward Shekong below, just as Tagu did that day.

Under this press, all nine mountains vanished, and the eight seas merged into one, transforming into a silently flowing black long river.

Ning Fan stood on top of the river, while the Shekong cultivators were all submerged beneath the river, each showing a look of horror.

They were horrified to discover that once they fell into the river, with their cultivation, they were unable to escape!

Unable to escape, powerless to resist, they could only gradually sink to the riverbed!

Furthermore, their cultivation, Daoist thought, vitality, memory, everything, began to dissolve in this black long river.

Bit by bit, returning to Obliteration, bit by bit, disappearing without a trace...

"With the Dao as the Obliteration!"

Ning Fan lowered his palm, skillfully forming hundreds of spirit senses, causing the dark river to immediately surge with undercurrents.

This technique, named Dao Like a Submerged Current, was currently the most powerful divine skill Ning Fan could perform!

Unfortunately, his Obliteration Runes were not as abundant as Tagu's, therefore, this technique couldn't be as powerful as Tagu's.

If Tagu performed this technique, once the thousand Shekong were submerged to the riverbed, they couldn't last a few breaths before all would perish, none would survive.

When Ning Fan performed this technique, it could not instantly kill all Shekong, only a few Shekong would die in the first few breaths.

Most of the Shekong managed to survive over a hundred breaths under this technique, before gradually dying one by one.

However, there were over twenty Shekong at the peak level who, by working together, even after a thousand breaths, still survived.

But how much longer could they endure?

Ning Fan stood on the Obliteration Long River, trapping those over twenty Shekong peaks at the riverbed, for a full day and night.

After a day and night, the over twenty Shekong peaks, unwilling as they might be, eventually died and were buried at the riverbed.

After killing all the Shekong, Ning Fan released the Obliteration Technique, feeling a wave of exhaustion.

This Obliteration Technique was indeed powerful, but it also consumed considerable energy from the body.

The ladder to the fourth level has already appeared, and in the sky, tens of thousands of iron boxes appeared.

Without immediately ascending the altar, Ning Fan chose to sit cross-legged and meditate. Only after slightly recovering did he ascend the altar.

"By the order of Zundao Barbarian Mountain, you have passed the test of the third level. You can exchange your shield for one of the Ten Kingdoms Shields... and thereafter, you may enter the fourth level."

The authoritative voice of the elder rang out once more.

The iron boxes in the heavens disappeared one after another, leaving only ten iron boxes floating before Ning Fan.

Within these ten iron boxes, each sealed a shield, and outside each box, the name and grade of the shield were written.

"Yan Kingdom's Terrestrial Mysterious Fire Shield, Seven-Star Intermediate."

"Chii Kingdom's Shining Sea Shield, Seven-Star Superior."

"Yuan Kingdom's Cloud Sun Shield, Seven-Star Superior."

"Shenhai Kingdom's Misty Sky Shield, Seven-Star Superior."

"Leichen Kingdom's Thunderclap Shield, Seven-Star Peak."

"Xu Kingdom's Sea Turtle Shield, Seven-Star Intermediate."

"Ruo Kingdom's Colorful Wing Shield, Seven-Star Superior."

"Chi Kingdom's Dongshan Shield, Seven-Star Peak."

"Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield, Six-Star Peak."

"Lu Kingdom's Eyeball Shield, Seven-Star Lower."

Ning Fan's gaze swept over the ten iron boxes; the ones that intrigued him most were the shields that had reached the Seven-Star Peak grade.

The Thunderclap Shield of Leichen Kingdom, and the Dongshan Shield of Chi Kingdom.

According to Ning Fan's estimation, Five-Star Barbarian Instruments are equivalent to Immortal Treasure grade.

Six-Star Barbarian Instruments are equivalent to Acquired One to Four Nirvana grade.

Seven-Star Barbarian Instruments are equivalent to Acquired Five to Eight Nirvana grade.

These two Seven-Star Peak shields were already equivalent to an Acquired Eight Nirvana magical treasure, thus they are not considered weak treasures.

If he were to exchange the Lingxiao Shield for one, Ning Fan might very well exchange it for one of these two shields...

"Which one to exchange for..." Ning Fan murmured slightly.

While he was pondering, the porcelain-doll-like face of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God revealed slight tension for the first time.

The Ten Kingdoms Shields were a test given by the First-Generation Barbarian God Tao Man Mountain to his descendants.

Only the fated who could select the inherited shield from among these shields would have a slim chance to inherit the supreme treasure left behind by the First-Generation Barbarian God...

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God certainly did not want that supreme treasure to fall into the hands of Ning Fan, this Taicang Calamity Spirit... that would be a desecration of the sacred item of the Barbarian Clan.

If no shield-type magical treasure was chosen in the first level, there would be no subsequent chances.

If the inherited shield was not chosen in the third level, there would likewise be no opportunity to obtain that sacred object.

"This child chose a shield in the first level, which might just be a coincidence. The secret of the heritage of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb is only known to the first four generations of Barbarian Gods; even the fifth-generation Barbarian God is unaware, as all the Barbarian Gods after the fifth generation are slaves to Taicang, unqualified to know this secret... This child is not a Barbarian God, there's no way he could know the secret of the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield..."

"He won't choose the inherited shield, definitely not..."

Under the slightly tense gaze of the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, Ning Fan finally made a decision and raised his hand towards the Thunderclap Shield.

This shield not only had the highest grade but also had the condensation of Thunder Dao on its body, possessing extraordinary power indeed.

If he had to choose one from the ten shields, Ning Fan would be willing to choose this shield.

"He chose wrongly!"

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God breathed a small sigh of relief, and in her heart, she held a slight contempt for Ning Fan.

The disdain was because Ning Fan was indeed very superficial, only seeing the greatness of the Thunderclap Shield without seeing the awe-inspiring potential of the inherited shield...

It was no wonder; even with her vision almost comparable to that of an Initial Saint, it was challenging to see the extraordinary nature of the inherited shield. It wasn't surprising that Ning Fan couldn't see it either.

"No need to look anymore; this child's step of choosing wrongly means he won't have the opportunity to obtain the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield..."

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God slightly closed her beautiful eyes, as if scornful to look again.

But in the next instant, she suddenly opened her eyes wide, a hint of tension returning to her clear gaze.

Because Ning Fan's raised hand was lowered again.

And his gaze moved away from the Thunderclap Shield of Leichen Kingdom, and landed on the ninth iron box.

The Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield.

This shield was merely a six-star peak barbarian instrument, equivalent to an Acquired Four Nirvana magical treasure, its power should be no match for the Thunderclap Shield.

But as Ning Fan looked at this shield, he frowned for the first time.

No matter how he looked, it was an ordinary shield, so why did it give him a heart-pounding feeling...

It seemed... peculiar...

Chapter 937: Saint's Relic

The feeling of shock was fleeting, yet it was enough to capture Ning Fan's attention.

This Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield is certainly peculiar... but why does it appear so ordinary on the surface, with no unusual features at all...

On the surface, this shield is rusty, its luster dim, with numerous cracks and gaps. Despite being of the Acquired Four Nirvana grade, it's too worn out, its power greatly diminished. Its defensive capability might not even surpass some intact First Nie magical treasures.

Why does such a magical treasure instill such a shocking feeling in Ning Fan...

Perhaps this shield holds significant mysteries, mysteries that even Ning Fan at the Second Realm of Tianren couldn't fathom.

Or perhaps, that shocking feeling was merely an illusion...

Ning Fan remained silent for a moment before finally making a decision. Be it the Thunder Shock Shield or the Eastern Mountain Shield, they were merely magical treasures of the Acquired Eight Nirvana, dispensable.

Only this Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield he couldn't see through. If that shocking feeling wasn't an illusion, this shield must have something extraordinary about it.

"I choose this shield!"

Ning Fan decisively swapped the Lingxiao Shield in his hand for the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield.

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God's face frosted over. She never expected that Ning Fan could see through the exceptional nature of the Battle Sky Shield and choose it.

At first, this young man choosing a shield-type magical treasure could be explained as a coincidence. But this time, it was no coincidence. This young man must have sensed the extraordinariness of the Battle Sky Shield, which led him to choose it specifically!

This young man has such sharp insight! If it weren't for Ning Fan's identity as the Taicang Calamity Spirit, the Fourth Generation Barbarian God would have praised him.

"Trouble. Once he chooses this shield, he becomes a descendant of the Dao Man Lineage. Even as the Taicang Calamity Spirit, he won't be attacked by the local barbaric corpses. This is a rule set by the First Generation Barbarian God, and even I cannot defy it."

"Trying to kill this young man in the Ancient Barbarian Tomb is no easy task now. Carelessness might even lead to him inheriting the Dao Man sacred artifact..."

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God sighed softly, her tone somewhat resentful.

She could already foresee Ning Fan smoothly progressing to the seventh level.

All of this was because Ning Fan chose the Shield of Inheritance on the third level.

This Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield was merely a damaged magical treasure, with unremarkable defense, insignificant, yet due to containing an inheritance mark of the First Generation Barbarian God, Dao Man Mountain, it held an extremely special significance.

Dao Man Mountain was the first-generation Barbarian God of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, the most powerful of all Barbarian Gods. The mark he planted couldn't be discerned even by some saints. Ning Fan couldn't see through it either, only vaguely sensing the shield's extraordinariness, which was already incredibly rare.

Those who possess this shield are considered transmitters of the Dao Man Mountain lineage, having the opportunity to face trials and obtain the sacred artifact of Dao Man Mountain.

Whoever holds this shield, regardless of identity, will be protected by Dao Man Mountain and will not be attacked within the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

This was a rule established by the First Generation Barbarian God in his lifetime, one which even the Fourth Generation Barbarian God cannot violate!

Ning Fan knew none of this, and the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield was merely a palm-sized small shield to him, icy to the touch, with a faint residual will within its coldness, blurred and indistinct.

"This shield is undoubtedly strange..."

Ning Fan glanced at the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield briefly before no longer dwelling on it, putting the shield away casually as he slowly stepped into the Teleportation Formation at the altar center.

In the next moment, an ancient and majestic voice slowly resounded.

"Among the Ten Kingdom Shields, you have chosen the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield. From this moment, you are a descendant of my Dao Man Lineage, qualified to participate in the Dao Man trials. The Fourth Level, Dao Man's First Challenge, if you pass, you can use the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield to exchange for an item from among the many relics."

At the moment the voice rang, all the iron boxes in the sky disappeared, and the Teleportation Formation leading to the fourth level gradually lit up.

Ning Fan was slightly stunned; he hadn't realized that choosing the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield would make him a Dao Man descendant.

He knew nothing about the Dao Man descendant, the Dao Man trials, or the Dao Man First Challenge. The only thing he knew was that this shield indeed had something extraordinary about it; he hadn't chosen wrong.

Using the power of the Teleportation Formation, Ning Fan entered the fourth level of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

In the fourth level of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, there were only a hundred or so corpses of barbaric warriors, each a mumbling corpse.

The moment Ning Fan stepped into the fourth level, one by one, the barbaric corpses wobbled and stood up from the ground, their eyes erupting with monstrous killing intent.

Roaring voices rose to the sky.

"Kill the Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

"Protect the Immortal Dao Man!"

"Kill!"

A single killing intent of mumbling wouldn't faze Ning Fan. But over a hundred mumbling killing intents combined couldn't be ignored by him.

A hundred mumbings working together would be a tough battle even for the Eternal Immortal Venerables.

Locked on by over a hundred mumbling killing intents, Ning Fan naturally didn't dare to be careless, his expression turning tense as he pushed his Calamity Force to the extreme.

Clad in white, with red brilliance shining, at this moment Ning Fan faced the siege of a hundred mumbings without fear. He now possessed the strength to handle the situation at hand!

This would be a tough battle, but he wouldn't lose! He had that confidence!

On the ancient battlefield, smoke filled the air, murder intent surged. Finally, one by one the mumbling barbaric warriors launched their assault on Ning Fan.

Ning Fan was about to make his move when a stream of light spontaneously flew out to shield him.

That light was the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield!

With the appearance of the Battle Sky Shield, the originally raging hundred barbaric warriors were all stupefied, forcibly halting their steps.

No one dared to lay a hand on Ning Fan anymore, no one dared to shout for his death!

On the seemingly ordinary Battle Sky Shield, an ancient mark of a dark red small mountain suddenly emerged.

As this mark manifested, a formidable pressure swept the entire Fourth Level's realm.

The strength of this pressure was beyond Ning Fan's comprehension, a difference in realms, a genuine saint's pressure, utterly irresistible!

Fortunately, this overwhelming pressure had no intent to harm, flashing by in an instant, yet it was enough to shake one's heart, making Ning Fan feel a thrill of fear once again. He finally understood why the seemingly ordinary Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield could make his heart race.

It turned out that a saint with cultivation reaching the heavens had planted a mark within this small shield!

The pressure was too strong... Ning Fan silently compared it in his heart, fearing that even figures at the level of the Immortal Elder Brother and Ancient Chaos could not wield such pressure.

This person's strength surpassed Immortal Elder Brother and Ancient Chaos by far, by far...

"This child possesses the Ancient Kingdom's shield and is thus a descendant of the Dao Man lineage. Anyone who harms him shall face punishment by my finger, with no leniency!"

At this moment, a voice echoed slowly across the world.

This voice was clearly identical to the previously authoritative and aged voice.

This voice stood on Ning Fan's side, intending to protect him.

Though not severe, the order in this voice was something no practitioner dared to ignore!

For this voice belonged to the First Barbarian God Tao Man Mountain, and his will was not to be defied by any practitioner!

One by one, the mumbling practitioners looked at Ning Fan reluctantly. With the order from Tao Man Mountain, they dared not take action against Ning Fan, transforming back into corpses and falling to the ground.

In the seventh layer, the Fourth Generation Barbarian God smiled bitterly. She had long foreseen this scene. As long as this child chose the legacy shield, no practitioner would dare to harm him.

Even if this child was an enemy of the Ancient Barbarian Realm... Taicang Calamity Spirit...

"This child chose the legacy shield, thus becoming a Dao Man descendant. No one dares harm him in the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, but it doesn't mean he can leave alive. The Dao Man descendant needs to undergo three trials, which are extremely perilous. Even if I participate, I can only pass the first trial at most, definitely falling in the second... This child's cultivation isn't high and may not even pass the first trial. The fourth layer might be his burial ground..."

In the fourth layer, Ning Fan's gaze slightly focused as he watched the corpses fall back to the earth.

Unexpectedly, choosing the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield resulted in protection, ensuring that he wouldn't be attacked by barbarian corpses in the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

Was this the benefit of choosing the Battle Sky Shield...

Rumble!

With a series of loud noises, a staircase to the sky appeared, leading to an altar Teleportation Formation to the fifth layer.

Moreover, copper boxes floated in the air, each with a flowing treasure light, indicating the extraordinary contents within.

This time, with Ning Fan's eyes at the Second Realm of Tianren, he couldn't see what was inside the boxes. The seals on these copper boxes were too high level.

He didn't have the time to care about what was inside the boxes, as at this moment, a shadow began to slowly manifest, appearing on the altar, standing with hands behind its back.

The shadow vaguely resembled an old man in a red long dress, with a very aged appearance, a hunched back, and a dry, thin body, but eyes as bright as the starry sky.

On the old man's forehead was the mark of a dark red small mountain, exuding a violent ominous aura that gave Ning Fan a bloodthirsty feeling.

Behind the old man, indistinctly, there were three halo-like rings, revealing themselves occasionally, which he absorbed into his body with a thought.

Those three rings were undoubtedly Saint's rings that only a true Saint could possess!

Yet, in Ning Fan's impression, even an Initial Saint should only possess one Saint's ring, but this old man in red possessed three...

What cultivation did he possess!

"I am the First Barbarian God Tao Man Mountain... leaving behind the Shanhai Shadow after death... eternal throughout ages..."

"So it was you who chose the legacy shield..." The voice of the old man in red was authoritative, this was not a question, but an affirmation.

"Since so, you are eligible to undergo the trials of the Dao Man lineage. This is the first trial; no one will disturb your trial."

"If you pass the trial, you are qualified to exchange the Battle Sky Shield for one of my many relics. If you fail, then death..."

"Now, the trial begins."

The old man in red finished speaking, and his body instantly turned into specks of scattered shadows, not giving Ning Fan a chance to refuse.

Ning Fan hadn't digested the overwhelming information in the old man's words when an astonishing change occurred in the world.

Each copper box vanished in an instant, the heavenly stairway disappeared, the altar vanished, everything in the sky was gone.

Yet an ancient dark-red mountain slowly appeared in the sky.

At the moment this mountain appeared, an overwhelming will capable of crushing an Eternal Immortal Venerable suddenly descended upon Ning Fan.

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God furrowed her brows, sighing softly.

She had to admit, Ning Fan was exceptional; one who could gain the title of Dao Man descendant couldn't be anything but exceptional.

But no matter how exceptional, he might still be stopped at the fourth layer. The first trial of Dao Man, known as the Trial of Will. Only those who can withstand seventeen breaths under the will of the First Barbarian God are considered to have passed the test.

The First Barbarian God's cultivation was too high, and to withstand seventeen breaths under his will, one would need at least the power of a peak Immortal Emperor.

"Seventeen breaths, this child cannot withstand. This child's strength, close to an Eternal Immortal Venerable, yet not truly an Immortal Venerable, perhaps his limit is the fourth breath..." the Fourth Generation Barbarian God thought to herself.

First breath.

Under the oppression of that overwhelming will, Ning Fan was hit hard, retreating three steps, stabilizing himself on the fourth step, with a trace of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

There was a hint of anger in his eyes.

He didn't care about the first trial or not, he didn't like the feeling of being suppressed by someone's will.

His will had been tempered over millions of years in the Three Illusions of Enlightenment. He feared no will suppression from anyone, even if it was the First Barbarian God Tao Man Mountain!

Second breath.

In the sky, besides the dark-red mountain, an illusion of a dark-red sea appeared.

Under the mountain and sea, the will descending upon Ning Fan instantly multiplied several times. An invisible force pushed Ning Fan to retreat continuously, with each step back causing him to cough up blood.

At the third breath, a mountain and two seas already appeared in the sky. At the fourth breath, another mountain emerged.

The willpower descending from Dao Man Mountain had exceeded the tolerance limit of any Eternal Immortal Venerable.

Under the suppression of this willpower, Ning Fan's injuries worsened, his consciousness began to blur, and finally, at the fifth breath, he could not withstand it and burst apart with a loud explosion, dying violently.

"To hold on until the fifth breath, you have exceeded my expectations, but unfortunately, you still perished."

"It seems my previous worries were unfounded; even if you chose the Shield of Inheritance, you are not qualified to inherit the sacred relic of my Dao Man lineage—the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield..."

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God sighed deeply, experiencing a rare sense of regret.

Ning Fan was indeed outstanding, capable of passing the Eighth Calamity, certainly a rare talent among future generations. If he weren't the Taicang Calamity Spirit, it would have been a good thing for him to inherit the Dao Man sacred relic.

"If he weren't the Taicang Calamity Spirit, I would help him, assist him in passing the Three Challenges of Dao Man, and gain the recognition of the sacred relic... However, his identity cannot be changed, and I will not aid the cultivation of enemy tribes..."

"Since the fall of the First Barbarian God, only four inheritors have come, and even with the help of later Barbarian Gods, the first three couldn't make it to the third challenge. This child is the fourth... It's truly a pity..."

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God merely assumed Ning Fan had died violently.

Outside, the Eye Orb Monster seemed to sense this as well and woke from its enthrallment.

"He's dead! That brat died at the Eighth Calamity! Now it's a real mess! Without him, how can I possibly kill Yin Mo!"

"It's all my fault! If I hadn't insisted on watching the beauty and forced him to pass the Eighth Calamity, he wouldn't have died... If I hadn't been so smitten by beauty and unable to extricate myself, I could have saved him in time... It's my fault, all my fault..."

"Immortal Elder Brother, I am sorry! I... I can't help you avenge now..."

The Eye Orb Monster was filled with regret, wishing he could smack himself, but alas, he had no hands...

Ning Fan was his greatest card against Yin Mo; how could he die, how could he possibly die...

The Eye Orb Monster thought Ning Fan was already dead, and so did the Fourth Generation Barbarian God.

Only Ning Fan knew he wasn't dead at all. In his moment of inevitable death, he unhesitatingly activated the power of the Illusory Life Pill.

Sixth breath!

In the empty Fourth Layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, where Ning Fan had died violently, suddenly appeared a wisp of illusory flame.

The flame burned more vigorously, gradually reaching the height of a person. In the next moment, Ning Fan, clad in white, emerged unscathed from the firelight.

He wasn't dead! Not only was he not dead, but he also held on till the sixth breath!

"How could this be! This child... is actually still alive!" Both the Fourth Generation Barbarian God and the Eye Orb Monster wore expressions of shock at this moment.

They couldn't comprehend how Ning Fan, who had obviously 'perished violently,' could be reborn from the fire and reappear.

With their profound experiences, they instantly thought of several possibilities but were unable to confirm them with Ning Fan.

The means to resurrect from death do exist, but without exception, are items that even immortal emperors find difficult to obtain.

This child actually possessed such a means to protect himself; he's really been underestimated...

"Luckily, luckily, that brat is still alive, haha! As long as he's alive, all is well!" The Eye Orb Monster was overjoyed.

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God, however, furrowed her elegant brows and sighed complicatedly once again. Seeing Ning Fan not perish also made her feel a sense of regret.

At this moment, within Ning Fan's Dantian, two illusory flames were still burning. Activating the medicine power of the Illusory Life Pill would generate three illusory flames in his body, allowing him to save his life thrice, but he had just used one up.

"The First Barbarian God's Dao Man Mountain is indeed a formidable power. Without the Illusory Life Pill, at the fifth breath, I would have certainly died."

"There are still two illusory flames left. Within two hours, I have two more chances to resurrect..."

"The Eye Orb Monster seems to have also regained consciousness, and if things go awry, I can leave this place anytime and abandon the Eighth Calamity."

"With this, there are no further worries. Since I've used the Illusory Life Pill, I might as well not waste it. Let's get through this Dao Man First Challenge!"

Seventh breath, eighth breath, ninth breath, tenth breath!

In the sky, five mountains and five seas had already manifested, emanating a willpower strong enough to severely injure any Immortal King expert.

After the resurrection at the sixth breath, Ning Fan's body once again began to exhibit injuries under the suppression of the willpower.

By the tenth breath, he was close to burning out.

At the eleventh breath, Ning Fan once more couldn't withstand it and died violently.

But at the twelfth breath, he again emerged from the illusory firelight, reborn in flames.

In just twelve breaths, he died twice; without the Illusory Life Pill's protection, with his level, he absolutely could not surpass this Dao Man First Challenge.

"There's still one last chance for resurrection!"

Ning Fan's eyes gleamed with an azure spike as he gazed at the sky, where six mountains and six seas gradually manifested.

With each passing breath, a mountain or sea would appear in the sky. Barbarians consider nine mountains and eight seas as the ultimate limit, meaning this Dao Man First Challenge would, at most, last until the seventeenth breath!

With one more chance for resurrection, it would be sufficient to clear the Dao Man First Challenge.

Should he surpass the Dao Man First Challenge, he could exchange the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield for a relic of the First Barbarian God's Dao Man Mountain!

Ning Fan's eyes flickered slightly; the Illusory Life Pill was a supreme treasure, and having used it, he must recoup his investment.

Dao Man Mountain was a Saint and not just any Saint but one possessing three Saint's Rings. His relics must be valuable. Any one of them would be enough to cover the loss of the Illusory Life Pill.

Thirteenth breath, fourteenth breath, fifteenth breath.

Ning Fan finally, once again, couldn't withstand it and died violently. At the sixteenth breath, he was reborn in flames, and by this moment, eight mountains and eight seas had manifested in the sky.

The willpower between heaven and earth had already surpassed the tolerance of Immortal Emperor-level powerhouses.

Just newly reborn from the flames, Ning Fan once again bled from his seven orifices under the suppression of such power of will.

The three chances of rebirth from the Illusory Life Pill had already been used up. Next, he could only rely on his strength to endure for seventeen breaths.

If he could endure, he could choose one item from the Saint's relics to make his own.

If he couldn't hold on, he would have to give up on the Eighth Calamity...

"Kid, I don't know what you're going through at this moment. If you need it, just send out a thought, and I will activate the Heaven-Deceiving Formation to protect your life!" The Eye Orb Monster's voice timely echoed in Ning Fan's mind.

Ning Fan did not respond, only gritting his teeth, stubbornly enduring under the chaotic and earth-shaking will.

Just one breath away, just one last breath away...

The Illusory Life Pill wasn't used in vain. This Saint's relic, I must take one!

Seventeenth breath!

At this moment, the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas in the sky all manifested, and a pair of illusory eyes appeared in the sky, overlooking Ning Fan.

Those were the eyes of Dao Barbarian Mountain, looking at Ning Fan without sorrow or joy, without any emotion.

At this moment, the power of will in the world reached its peak. Even an ordinary Saint would be injured under such will!

A trace of madness appeared in Ning Fan's eyes. In his mind, scenes of transforming into a Barbarian Ox, Barbarian Fish, and Barbarian Butterfly played out.

His will had been tempered countless times. He could be defeated, he could be killed, but no one could suppress his will!

In his eyes, a red light grew fiercer, and within him, the bloodlines of the four races were operating simultaneously.

Under his feet, the shadow of a Long River appeared, with a bridge on the river, his True Bridge of Execution Path.

At this moment, Ning Fan had exerted all his strength, determined to endure through the seventeenth breath no matter what!

Even though it was already the last breath, it felt like an eternal reincarnation to Ning Fan.

Eighteenth breath!

The phantoms of the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas all disappeared.

The Heaven Ladder, altar, and Copper Box reappeared.

On the altar, the Shanhai Shadow of Dao Barbarian Mountain also manifested, with a satisfied expression on its usually emotionless face for the first time.

"You, very good. By the order of Dao Barbarian Mountain, you are allowed to take one item from my many relics."

This is... the blessing of a Saint!

"He actually traversed through the Tao Man First Challenge with cultivation below that of an Eternal Immortal Venerable!" The Fourth Generation Barbarian God gritted her silver teeth.

Once one passes the Tao Man First Challenge, they are qualified to take one item from the relics of Dao Barbarian Mountain.

Will this boy choose the sacred relic of the Dao Man Clan...

Heavens, no! She would rather die a million deaths than see the sacred relic of her clan be dishonored and fall into the hands of the Taicang Calamity Spirit.

While the Fourth Generation Barbarian God was struggling internally, Ning Fan couldn't help but take a deep breath, feeling dazzled.

One by one, the Copper Boxes in the sky opened on their own, revealing the treasures hidden inside. The Shanhai Shadow of Dao Barbarian Mountain was beside Ning Fan, introducing each one.

And Ning Fan had already climbed the altar, listening to Dao Barbarian Mountain's introduction.

"When I pacified the Ten Kingdoms and established the Ancient Barbarian Realm, I took the eyes of the Ten Kingdoms' Quasi-Saints to refine a treasure, called the [Heaven Shaking Bead]. Although this bead is

only of innate rank, if sacrificed with a Saint's blood, its power increases tenfold, even capable of slightly injuring a Saint..."

It was a magical treasure that could even injure a Saint! Below a Saint, isn't this treasure invincible!

"While traveling across the Immortal Domains, I accidentally obtained a Heaven-Opening Ganoderma. Useless above the Saint level, below that, eating it makes one nearly undying and directly possessing Quasi-Saint cultivation!"

A spiritual medicine that makes one directly become a Quasi-Saint by eating!

"This unnamed ancient scroll was written by an Immemorial Immortal King. The words within are unfamiliar to me, but they seem to record some kind of mysterious Divine Skills..."

A secret scroll of Divine Skills left by an Immemorial Immortal King!

"This puppet was accidentally acquired during my travels through various desolates. This puppet... has about the strength of an Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor, not particularly powerful, but it can guard a cave residence..."

A puppet of Immortal Emperor level with the cultivation of the Eighth Calamity!

Even someone used to good things, at this moment, Ning Fan felt as if he'd had his eyes opened to a new world.

Compared to the relics of Dao Barbarian Mountain, the heavenly and earthly treasures he'd seen in his life paled in comparison.

Any item here was enough to cause the Four Heavens Titans to go mad with desire. The better the items, the more Ning Fan hesitated on what to choose.

What exactly should I choose...

Unintentionally, Ning Fan's gaze fell on a particular Copper Box.

Inside that Copper Box lay a solitary piece of a magical treasure.

It looked like a fragment of a shield treasure, dark red in color, appearing neither like copper nor entirely unlike copper, with dim spiritual light, very inconspicuous, and showed no apparent power.

"What is this?" Ning Fan pointed to the fragment of the magical treasure and asked.

"What this is, I do not intend to tell you. If you like it, you can take this item directly, but you cannot take anything else." Dao Barbarian Mountain responded with profound meaning.

Before Ning Fan, three other inheritors had come before Dao Barbarian Mountain, but none of those three chose this item.

Will this child choose this item... Dao Barbarian Mountain slightly shook his head. Regardless of what Ning Fan chose, it did not matter to him.

After all, he was already a dead man, and the responsibilities of his previous life had been fulfilled. The karma of the afterlife was no concern of his...

Chapter 938: Heaven-Opening Artifact

What should I choose?

Ning Fan's gaze lingered on each copper box, unable to make a decision. As for Dao Man Mountain, after introducing all the relics, he stood silently to the side, his eyes closed, not interfering with Ning Fan's choice.

There are a total of four hundred copper boxes here, containing four hundred relics. Among them, there are seventy-four artifacts, each of innate rank.

There are one hundred sixty-six relics of expensive pills and Spiritual Medicine, with none other than Nine-Turn Emperor Elixir and Innate Spiritual Medicine.

There are also many jade scrolls and scrolls of Cultivation Technique and Divine Skills, any of which could become a trump card skill of Immortal Emperor-level powerhouses.

There are more than ten puppets, the highest rank of which is a puppet of the Eighth Calamity of the Eternals—the likes of which are hard to find within the four heavens and nine worlds...

Besides these, the relics include various miscellaneous items, such as a treasure map of a Holy Sect's Secret Ground, and a chariot once sat in by a Saint, a wine bottle used by them...

What left Ning Fan speechless was the fact that among these miscellaneous items, there was also a bellyband that belonged to a Female Saint... It wasn't that Dao Man Mountain was being lecherous in collecting such an item. In fact, even this seemingly inconspicuous bellyband is an Innate Treasure, named "Forty-two Realms' Sky-Blending Silken Veil"...

It is certain that taking out any relic from a Saint here would be a rare treasure,

Of course, among the miscellaneous items, there's also that extremely inconspicuous shield fragment. This is the only fragment whose value Ning Fan is unable to ascertain...

Dao Man Mountain did not introduce that shield fragment in detail. On its surface, this piece looks ordinary, yet if one stares at it for a long time, a buzzing sound begins to echo in one's ears, growing clearer with continued attention. It's an ancient hiss, neither human nor beast, instilling a sense of fear...

Though there are indeed many powerful magical treasures here, only this shield fragment gives Ning Fan a terrifying feeling.

This chilling sensation is somewhat akin to the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield, yet hundreds of times more fearsome.

What secrets does this fragment hold!

Unfathomable!

After a long time, Ning Fan finally withdrew his gaze from the shield fragment and began to ponder. He could only take one relic from this place, so his decision had to be careful, ideally choosing something most useful.

This shield fragment might possess some extraordinary qualities, but it might not be practical. Not being a complete magical treasure, it holds no defensive capabilities—what use would it have?

Well... speaking of which, the material of this fragment is somewhat uncommon, a type of Spirit Ores Ning Fan had not encountered before. If he could refine this fragment and mix in some other materials, perhaps he could forge a rather good shield...

However, this would be a futile effort, as Ning Fan is not confident in using just this small fragment to forge an Innate-level magical treasure. Are Innate Treasures so easily made? Perhaps a shield could be forged, but its rank would likely not be high. Therefore, he would be better off directly choosing an Innate-level defensive magical treasure rather than crafting a shield himself?

Then what is the significance of choosing this shield fragment...

Shaking his head, Ning Fan moved his gaze away to look at other items. Though Dao Man Mountain had not opened his eyes, he was fully aware of everything happening here.

"This child... does he not intend to choose this item..." Dao Man Mountain sighed inwardly, yet said no more.

No matter what Ning Fan chooses, he would not interfere, but he had waited many years for a successor, hence felt somewhat regretful.

Such a pity, such a pity... This child is the fourth person to have the opportunity to gain Dao Man's approval, yet he will also miss the Saint's relic fragment...

Just like the previous three successors, lacking the courage to choose the Saint's relic fragment...

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God was initially quite tense, but upon discovering Ning Fan did not pay much importance to the relic fragment, he felt a huge relief.

"It seems like this child doesn't regard the relic fragment too highly. My concerns may have been excessive; the relic of our Tao Man Lineage will not fall into this child's hands..."

Thus, all is well...

Ning Fan's gaze wandered among the many relics here, and ultimately, only four items caught his keen interest.

Among the magical treasures, what he most desires is not the most powerful Heaven Shaking Bead, but the Female Saint's bellyband—"Forty-two Realms' Sky-Blending Silken Veil."

Choosing this item is definitely not due to any peculiar preference from Ning Fan, but because of the item's special utility.

This silken veil is an Innate-level magical treasure with very considerable defense. In terms of potency, it may not be the strongest among the Innate Treasures present, but according to Dao Man Mountain, this treasure can guard the wielder's Heart Spirit during an Immeasurable Catastrophe, increasing the wielder's chance of reaching sainthood by thirty percent.

According to Dao Man Mountain, the Immeasurable Catastrophe is a calamitous event one must go through to attain sainthood, extremely perilous and rare.

Only by conjuring an Immeasurable Catastrophe can a Quasi-Saint have the opportunity to enter the Third Step. Yet in Primeval times, out of a thousand Quasi-Saints, at most only one or two could cultivate perfectly to invoke the Immeasurable Catastrophe.

And among those who successfully invoked the Immeasurable Catastrophe, only one-tenth survived it; ninety percent of the Quasi-Saints died during the Catastrophe, demonstrating its peril...

Not considering the innate rank of the silken veil itself, just that thirty percent chance to overcome the Immeasurable Catastrophe is enough to make Ning Fan tempted.

Choosing the silken veil would certainly ease the path to sainthood in the future... Moreover, the silken veil itself is an exceptionally great Innate-level magical treasure, especially for defense. If a Female Saint adopted it as a bellyband, wearing it close, could its defense be any less substantial?

Defense is extremely crucial; though Ning Fan possesses myriad attack methods, he lacks defensive measures.

The Three Flowers Gathering at the Top defensive skills are long inadequate, and Ning Fan's Ancient Demon Corpse defense too falls short for battles above the Shedding Void Stage.

He finally obtained a Twelve Nirvana Rank defensive magical treasure—Seven-Star Lamp, only for it to be detonated by Ning Fan.

The Illusory Life Pill used for lifesaving was also expended...

At present, Ning Fan urgently needs more defensive means for personal protection, thus the Forty-two Realms' Sky-Blending Silken Veil stands as a worthy choice—its strength lies in practicality.

With the silken veil for close defense, Ning Fan feels confident about withstanding an attack from an Immortal Venerable without perishing, and even against assaults from Immortal Kings and Immortal Emperors, he could have some means of self-preservation.

In contrast, the Heaven Shaking Bead is far inferior.

Among the many magical treasures here, the Heaven Shaking Bead is without doubt the strongest. Capable of injuring Saints, how could it not be mighty? Below Saints, this treasure can definitely be invincible, slaughtering Immortal Emperors like dogs.

However, there's a precondition. To unleash the bead's greatest power, it requires a sacrificial ritual with Saint's Blood, which is rather troublesome; Ning Fan admits he cannot obtain Saint's Blood... Where could he find it? Do Saints still exist in this world, or has any Saint Blood survived...

Without Saint's Blood, the bead's maximum output is merely one-tenth of its potency, it's just slightly stronger than other Innate Treasures, not excessively overwhelming.

With Ning Fan's cultivation level, holding the Heaven Shaking Bead, at most, he could surpass one or two ranks and contend with high-order Immortal Honorables.

This seems entirely trivial... An offensive treasure incapable of dealing a lethal blow to an enemy cannot compare in utility to a life-preserving defensive magical treasure.

Besides the silken veil, Ning Fan is also greatly tempted by the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma.

Artifacts are ultimately mere externals, far less substantial than directly enhancing one's cultivation. Were it not for the ability to increase the probability of reaching sainthood, the silken veil would certainly not surpass the practical use of the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma.

This ganoderma, upon consumption, either grants the status of undying or directly endows one with Quasi-Saint cultivation level. With Quasi-Saint cultivation, Ning Fan need not choose Innate Treasures at all. Cultivation is the foundational aspect; one wielding Innate Treasures will never triumph over a barehanded Quasi-Saint.

Should he choose this Heaven-Opening Ganoderma...

It would be deceitful to say he is not tempted, yet Ning Fan hasn't immediately opted for the Ganoderma, his demeanor exceedingly cautious.

This object can grant one the cultivation level of a Quasi-Saint in a single step, which is truly heaven-defying. However, the Heavenly Dao cycles, and extremes will always reverse. There are gains and losses; the more heaven-defying an item is, the more likely it is to have defects.

Just like the undying body of the Immortal Emperor, even the Desolate Saint cannot kill him, yet it's very difficult for him to become a Saint himself...

Consuming the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma can directly grant one the cultivation level of a Quasi-Saint, but there is a condition to all this, which is that one must consume it without dying...

A mortal consuming an alchemical elixir, if not dying from a burst body, also has the opportunity to become immortal in one step. But in this world, there are very few cultivators who become immortal in one step. Almost all of those who attempted to become immortal in one step have died...

Ning Fan cast his eyes with an azure spike, observing the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma, the more he looked, the deeper his frown became.

After a long time, he withdrew his gaze and sighed softly, looking at the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma again, the fiery gaze in his eyes cooled considerably.

Indeed, the defects of this Heaven-Opening Ganoderma are significant.

The potency of this Heaven-Opening Ganoderma is extremely domineering, yet due to the limitations of rules, it cannot be divided for consumption, and the whole must be taken, otherwise the potency will decrease greatly, less than one-tenth. Out of ten thousand people consuming the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma, it's feared that 9999 will not withstand its potency and will die from a burst body. To withstand its potency without dying, at least a Saint-level strong physical defense is required... isn't this a joke!

How many people throughout history have had the third step's physical defense at the second step of cultivation?

And how many second-step cultivators have the qualification to consume the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma without dying...

It's yet another highly impractical thing... wait for Ning Fan to cultivate his physical defense to the third step, and with the sheer physical defense alone, he will be able to contend with a Saint.

By then, would he still covet the mana of a Quasi-Saint level?

By then, would he still need to consume the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma?

If he chooses the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma, Ning Fan won't foolishly wait until his physical defense is at the third step before consuming it; he will divide the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma into dozens of parts and consume it bit by bit.

Thus, the potency of the Ganoderma would be less than one-tenth, insufficient to allow Ning Fan to breakthrough to Quasi-Saint, and might not even let Ning Fan cross from Enlightenment into Shedding Void Stage...

This item can enhance Ning Fan's cultivation, but the extent of improvement won't be too heaven-defying.

"Heaven-Opening Ganoderma..." Ning Fan gazed intently at the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma for a long time before finally shifting his gaze to the Eight Tribulations Puppet.

This object equally captivated him. If he chose this puppet, Ning Fan would immediately have an unwaveringly loyal Immortal Emperor-level fighter by his side!

To the Dao Barbarian Mountain of exceedingly high standards, the Eight Tribulations Puppet was at best a keeper of caves without much use.

But Ning Fan was different, living in the four heavens and nine worlds, where Quasi-Saints are supreme and Immortal Emperors could dominate the world.

The entire Eastern Heaven Immortal World openly only has sixteen Immortal Emperors, a few of whom died in the chaos of Senluo. Among them, those whose cultivation reached the Eight Tribulations are even scarcer...

The cultivation level of the Eighth Calamity of the Eternals is absolutely top-notch battle power in the Four Heavens Immortal World!

If he chooses this puppet, within the four heavens, those who could kill Ning Fan... are rare!

This puppet moves Ning Fan's heart, but it also has significant flaws. The flaw is that the puppet is simply too ancient and worn out. In short, its durability is insufficient, and it will completely break down after only a few more uses...

Practical, yet not durable...

The fourth item that piqued Ning Fan's interest is a scroll with a blood lotus drawn on it, and on the blood lotus sits a child in a red long dress, performing hand seals, lifelike as if about to step out of the painting.

Upon closer look, the child in the painting bears some resemblance to the Dao Barbarian Mountain.

'Within this scroll lies my life's strongest cultivation technique —[Blood Lotus Scripture]. This is a physique refinement cultivation technique inherited from an ancient Immortal Emperor who proved the Dao through the body. Unfortunately, I only obtained a fragmented scroll, incomplete. This cultivation technique can be cultivated starting from the cultivation level of an Immortal Venerable, to temper the physical defense step by step; if the realms on the fragmented scroll can all be cultivated, one can even cultivate the third step's physical defense at the second step...'

High-level cultivation techniques, Ning Fan doesn't lack, but it is the first time he has encountered a physique refinement technique capable of cultivating the third step's physical defense.

Immortal Emperor is a title unique to fourth step cultivators. This is a cultivation technique left behind by a certain fourth step physique refinement cultivator, definitely more profound than Yin Yang Transformation or Chaos Ring Formula!

Pity, it is merely a fragmented scroll...

Moreover, cultivation techniques do not provide immediate utility, requiring extensive time of cultivation to manifest benefits.

Practical, yet cannot be immediately used; wanting to cultivate the third step's physical defense with this cultivation technique, who knows how many years it would take...

Sky-Blending Silken Veil, Heaven-Opening Ganoderma, Eight Tribulations Puppet, Blood Lotus Scripture... which one to choose...

Ning Fan was pondering when suddenly his gaze sharpened, sensing something.

At this moment, an anomaly occurred in the outer lake water!

The ink-black lake water began to boil, rolling with scorching bubbles, steam rising.

No, to be precise, it wasn't the lake water boiling, but the blood dissolved in the lake water — the black blood left by the fourth demon star of the Immortal Emperor that shattered!

The previously dead-silent black blood seemed to sense something and became excited.

By the lake, the Eye Orb Monster watched the boiling lake water, somewhat puzzled, not understanding why the lake water would have such an anomaly.

"Curious... why did the outside world's Immortal Demon Blood suddenly boil... Hmm? This fragment..."

In Ning Fan's eyes suddenly flashed a sharp light, turning toward the Shield Treasure Shard.

Not only did the Immortal Demon Blood experience an alteration, but at this moment, the Shield Treasure Shard also underwent a change.

The dark red shard was now emitting a fiery red light, as if tempered by a raging fire. Moreover, an extremely similar to the Immortal Dao Principle aura continuously emanated from the shard.

No, not similar!

The force contained within the shard was undeniably immortal power, the same origin as the Immortal Emperor!

"This shard..."

Ning Fan intended to examine further when the Shield Treasure Shard suddenly flew out by itself, transforming into a fiery red stream of light, directly heading towards Ning Fan.

When it approached within three yards of Ning Fan, the shard suddenly slowed down, gently landing in Ning Fan's palm, extremely obedient and accommodating.

What's going on... he hadn't chosen the Saint's relic yet, how did the shard come flying over on its own... was it coming over willingly...

In the moment the shard entered Ning Fan's hand, whether it be the Ancient Kingdom's Battle Sky Shield or the other copper boxes, they all disappeared in an instant.

Annoyed... does this mean he can only choose this Shield Treasure Shard, and not any other items... the selection is already over? He hadn't even started yet... Ning Fan was speechless, this is just too unfair...

Could he reselect... Ning Fan's gaze turned toward Dao Man Mountain, only to find Dao Man Mountain's expression one of unprecedented amazement.

"A dignified Heaven-Opening Artifact actually chose its master on its own!"

Dao Man Shan was shocked internally, and it took him a while to discern some clues, thinking to himself, "So that's how it is, this child has a trace of the Fourth Fragment's aura... no wonder..."

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God was even more shocked, unable to see any clues, truly unable to comprehend. Ning Fan clearly did not intend to choose the Saint Relic fragment, why would the

fragment willingly stick itself to him and fly into Ning Fan's hand... how could something so fortuitous occur!

That is, after all, a fragment of the Heaven-Opening Artifact! And not just any Heaven-Opening Artifact, it's ranked nineteenth among all the magical treasures in the world since ancient times!

Even if it's just a fragment, it should have its own pride. Even a Saint cannot subdue this fragment without tens of thousands of years of refining. Such a difficult treasure to subdue, yet in its first encounter, it willingly attached itself to Ning Fan...

Who can explain to her, what is going on here!

Rumble!

The heavens and earth began to constantly morph into black thunder, roaring endlessly, with countless rays of light shooting out from the shield treasure fragment in Ning Fan's hand, manifesting in the sky a colossal shield shadow, appearing bit by bit between heaven and earth.

The shield shadow reached immeasurable heights, its height seemed to surpass the boundaries of heaven and earth, its material seemed neither copper nor bronze, with a dark red hue, and countless Immortal Dao principles interwoven upon it.

Upon the shield body, countless giant shadows floated, upon closer inspection, each giant held a shield in their left hand, a sword in their right, wearing dark red armor. Strangely, every giant shadow was an illusion, and within each giant, there seemed to exist Masters...

At the moment the giant shield shadow appeared, all innate treasures here began to shudder, as if mortally afraid of that giant shield, extinguishing their treasure lights, and dimming into insignificance.

Innate treasures dared not fear!

"I am Hunkun Holy Sect ... Heaven-Opening Artifact ... Sixth Fragment..."

"On your body ... Fourth Fragment's aura ... longing..."

No sound seemed to emanate, yet Ning Fan seemed to hear these words from the towering shadow of the shield. As if those words were issuing from the fragment in his hand...

He did not understand what the voice was saying, it was fragmented, difficult to comprehend.

The only thing he could feel was that on that shield shadow, there was an aura of treasure transcending his realm of understanding, before the shield shadow, he felt an unprecedented insignificance.

It was as if this ancient shield shadow was heaven, was the Dao, was the rules of everything between heaven and earth. It seemed there was nothing that could constrain this shield, nor any power that could break through this shield's defense. Even if heaven and earth were to collapse, even if time flowed backward, it could not cause the slightest destruction to this shield.

What kind of shield is this! Ning Fan gazed at the celestial shield shadow, for some reason, he thought of the Reincarnation Ancient Bell seen upon the ocean of clouds during Mortal Severance transformation...

The Bell of Samsara is a treasure beyond the power of Four Heavens Masters, not any Four Heavens Master can subdue this object. That treasure, long exceeded the innate category.

The shadow of the giant shield before him gave a very similar feeling to that Reincarnation Bell, seemingly the same tier of magical treasure...

Heaven-Opening Artifact... Sixth Fragment... could this reveal the origin of the Shield Treasure Fragment...

Ning Fan does not know what the Heaven-Opening Artifact is, but he imagines it must be a magical treasure of a higher tier than the innate level.

This fragment seems to be far more extraordinary than he imagined... choosing this fragment, perhaps it's not regrettable...

"Fourth Fragment... longing... to meet with me..."

In that moment, another anomaly occurred!

In the outside world, the undead demon blood in the lake water suddenly began to surge madly into Ning Fan's body, on the surface, it seemed Ning Fan was absorbing that force!

"Hiss! What's happening! This child is not an owner of the undead devil body, yet able to absorb the undead Emperor's power from the blood!"

The Eye Orb Monster was shocked, in that drop of blood, contained a trace of the undead Emperor's heritage, only owners of the undead constitution could obtain this heritage. Why could Ning Fan obtain it...

Not only was the Eye Orb Monster shocked, Ning Fan himself was also astonished.

His consciousness, though trapped in the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, could perceive the changes outside. He could clearly feel the undead Emperor's demon blood power frantically flowing into his body...

"Miss home... miss it very much... but home is no longer there..." This time, it was the voice of the undead Emperor whispering by Ning Fan's ear.

"My first home... was Ancient Barbarian Realm... Heishan Sect... but Heishan Sect was destroyed by the hands of Ziwei Immortal Cultivators... I lost my first home..."

"My second home... was the Purple Dou Immortal Domain... but the Purple Dou Immortal Domain was destroyed by the invasion of ghost servants..."

"Perhaps... I still have a home... before I was born... once the Fourth Fragment of the Ancient Kingdom's God-Extinguishing Shield... due to an accident... detached from the Ancient Barbarian Tomb... reincarnated as human..."

"Immortal Power... does not come from nothing... but is the force naturally derived from the Ancient Kingdom's God-Extinguishing Shield..."

Fragmented voices echoed in Ning Fan's ears, the information too scattered, he could not fully comprehend.

But he still vaguely heard some keywords, like 'Fourth Fragment'.

The shield treasure fragment flew into his hand on its own, while the external undead demon blood simultaneously experienced changes... it seems there was some connection between the undead Emperor and this fragment...

Sixth Fragment, Fourth Fragment... Ancient Kingdom's God-Extinguishing Shield...

"Your body holds the Sixth Fragment... with the power of the Sixth Fragment... enough to derive Immortal Power..."

"Immortal Power... cannot arise from nothing... only the Ancient Kingdom's God-Extinguishing Shield... can create it..."

"This Demon Star... is my Fourth Demon Star... containing a trace of Fourth Fragment's aura..."

"Convey unto you... the Dao of Immortality... with Dao of Immortality... enough to command the fragment..."

Pain!

A surge of pain came, and Ning Fan's right eye suddenly leaked a trail of black blood, with a faint purplish star point emerging in his right eye.

That belonged to the power of the undead Emperor's right eye Fourth Demon Star, but at this moment it had moved into Ning Fan's right eye!

The power was too immense and seemed to clash with Ning Fan's Yin Yang Evil Vein, very difficult for Ning Fan to absorb, but nonetheless, it had entered Ning Fan's body.

With the addition of this faint purple star point, Ning Fan could distinctly feel a newfound mystical connection between himself and the shield treasure fragment in his hand.

A wondrous connection, as if the shield treasure fragment was part of his body, or he was part of that fragment...

This wasn't just a useless fragment! With this connection, Ning Fan could feel from the fragment a massive and astonishing power.

The faint purple star point spun within Ning Fan's right eye, the power of the shield treasure fragment being gradually activated by Ning Fan.

The fragment's power remained, still usable... having reluctantly chosen this fragment, time to see how formidable it truly is!

Ning Fan remained silent, his heart and mind descending into the fragment, as if communicating with the fragment.

For a long time, the giant shield shadow vanished from between heaven and earth.

After a long while, the faint purple star point in Ning Fan's right eye stopped spinning and disappeared, as if it had never appeared.

However, the shield treasure shard in Ning Fan's hand became increasingly fiery red, and its brilliance grew more intense.

It was as if a treasure bead that had been covered in dust for years was polished bright at this moment!

The treasure light grew more and more intense, ultimately shining as dazzling as the sun, making it impossible to look directly at it.

As for Ning Fan, the gleam in his eyes grew brighter. He discovered that this shard was more powerful than he had imagined!

"This item is a fragment of a Heaven-Opening-grade magical treasure... It seems that the Heaven-Opening treasure is called the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield..."

"Even if this shield has only one fragment left, the power it contains surpasses any Innate Treasure..."

"This power can still be used! The method of using it seems to require it to be protected within the Dantian..."

Ning Fan wiped away the black blood flowing from his right eye, suddenly raised his hand, turning the shield treasure shard into a stream of light, and swallowed it into his abdomen.

After communicating with the shard for a long time, Ning Fan had already found out how to use the shard.

The fragment of the God-Destroying Shield flew into Ning Fan's Dantian, hovering protectively around Ning Fan's Spirit. As soon as Ning Fan willed it, the mana in his body immediately poured into the God-Destroying Shield shard without reserve.

At this moment, the power of the God-Destroying Shield fragment was fully activated by Ning Fan!

At this moment, layers of dark red light emerged on Ning Fan's body. The light became increasingly solid, eventually transforming into a seemingly illusory giant figure, wrapping around his body!

This giant figure was only a hundred zhang tall, wearing an awe-inspiring dark red armor, its body akin to burning flames. Its left hand held a shield, and its right hand held a sword. The sword was extremely illusory, seemingly unusable, while the shield was somewhat solidified...

Within the giant, Ning Fan felt as if he possessed the strongest defense in the world. At this moment, he had this feeling!

It seemed as though no attack could penetrate the giant figure and harm the him within!

Even attacks from an Immortal Emperor couldn't achieve it!

"Do you want to test the defensive power of the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield?" Dao Barbarian Mountain, who never cared about Ning Fan's choice, suddenly spoke, revealing a smile.

Without giving Ning Fan a chance to reply, before Ning Fan could answer, he slowly raised his hand, pointing toward Ning Fan.

It was indescribable how profound Dao Barbarian Mountain's finger was. As his finger moved, the sky instantly transformed into a starry sky, and within the starry sky, there were nine Cultivation Stars that rushed toward Ning Fan!

Each Cultivation Star was an Emperor-rank Cultivation Star. Once they exploded, even an Immortal Emperor would be injured!

The explosion of one Emperor-rank Cultivation Star was enough to slightly injure an Immortal Emperor of the Eternal Sixth Calamity.

If dozens of Celestial Emperor Stars exploded at once, even a peak Immortal Emperor would have to retreat.

The power of Dao Barbarian Mountain's finger directly conjured up nine Emperor-rank Cultivation Stars. The explosion of nine Emperor-rank Cultivation Stars should be comparable to the full force attack of an Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor... Dao Barbarian Mountain thought secretly.

He could unleash even stronger attacks, but that would exceed the current defensive power of the God-Destroying Shield... After all, Ning Fan only had one shard, and the defensive power of the God-Destroying Shield was still very limited...

"Collapse!"

With Dao Barbarian Mountain's one word, the nine stars exploded simultaneously!

Ning Fan had seen exploding Cultivation Stars before, but it was his first time witnessing the explosion of an Emperor-rank Cultivation Star, the scale of which could only be described as world-annihilating.

If it were the old him, even possessing strength comparable to an Immortal Venerable, he would undoubtedly be seriously injured or even killed in such a level of explosion!

Even hiding in the Mysterious Yin World was useless. The power of such an explosion was enough to penetrate through thousands of realms, injuring the cultivators within the Yin Yang Locket!

However, at this moment, Ning Fan activated the power of the God-Destroying Shield fragment. With the giant's shadow blocking outside, even in the face of the collapse of nine Celestial Emperor Stars, he felt no sense of crisis.

The giant raised the shield in its hand, its expression indifferent and ruthless, treating the explosion of the nine stars as if it were nonexistent. As the divine light scattered, the world-destroying explosion storm was completely blocked a thousand zhang away from the giant, and within those thousand zhang, it was like a vacuum, no attack could blast in!

Even the explosion of nine Emperor-rank Cultivation Stars could not penetrate the defense of the giant's shadow, nor could it harm Ning Fan inside the giant in the slightest!

This was the terrifying defense of the God-Destroying Shield fragment!

A Heaven-Opening-grade magical treasure, the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield! Even with just one fragment, even though Ning Fan's own strength only rivaled that of an Immortal Venerable, with this fragment, he could withstand a full-force strike from an Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor without losing a single hair!

"This fragment is the sixth piece of the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield. On the Primordial Opening of Heaven List, not even the life treasures of some Immortal Emperors can enter the top one hundred, yet this treasure ranks nineteenth... When the treasure was complete, many Immortal Emperors coveted this shield, but none could defeat me and take it.

At my peak, my cultivation was at the Desolate Saint Rank, far less powerful than a Fourth Step Immortal Emperor, yet I didn't fear those Immortal Emperors, relying solely on the nearly invincible defensive power of this shield. Unfortunately, I was tricked by a Primeval Immortal Emperor, and in that battle, the shield shattered into six pieces...

The six pieces scattered across the world, among them, the fourth fragment had the highest sentience and reincarnated as a human... The first and second fragments were taken by the Primeval Immortal Emperor... The fifth fragment was taken back by the Hunkun Holy Sect, but has since gone missing, and the third fragment is lost within the Six Paths of Reincarnation, unable to be found...

The fragment in my hand is the sixth fragment. Because you were able to make this fragment voluntarily recognize you as its master, I am telling you so much. Otherwise, I would not have said more. I am already dead but do not want the supreme treasure to be sullied by dust. You have a destiny with this treasure, having made it voluntarily recognize you; do not disappoint its fame. With this treasure for protection, even a Nine Tribulations Immortal Emperor cannot harm you!

Of course, if you can find the other fragments and fuse them with the sixth fragment, its defensive power will be even stronger. If you can collect all the fragments, this treasure will be a true Heaven-Opening Treasure, and even a Fourth Step Immortal Emperor will go mad for it! You are very lucky to have the aura of the fourth fragment and to have received the acknowledgement of the sixth fragment!"

Ning Fan's eyes shook, and a tumultuous wave surged within his heart.

Who would have thought that the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield was such a treasure that even a Fourth Step Immortal Emperor would covet it!

On the Primordial Opening of Heaven List, this treasure ranks nineteenth... Just one fragment is enough to disregard the attacks of Immortal Emperors below the Nine Tribulations. Dao Barbarian Mountain once relied on this shield, possessing Desolate Saint cultivation, to be unafraid of the Fourth Step!

Choosing this item, he immediately gains the heavenly defensive power impervious to harm below the Nine Tribulations, and if fortune favors him, finding other fragments can only make the power of the God-Destroying Shield grow stronger...

Even more surprising to Ning Fan was that after the God-Destroying Shield fragment entered his Dantian, even the Yin Yang Locket feared the fragment. A touch of immortal power continuously seeped from the fragment, merging into Ning Fan's bloodstream, altering his demon bloodline, causing Ning Fan's blood to slowly gain undead properties...

He was actually forming an undead physique bit by bit, with demon blood of the Undying Devil Vein gradually birthing within him!

Throughout eons, the Immortal Emperor was the first possessor of an undead physique, Si Ming was the second. Could Ning Fan... be the third!

Choosing this treasure was definitely worthwhile!

"You have obtained the sixth fragment, plainly marking you as the true heir of the Dao Man lineage. By my command as Dao Barbarian Mountain, no one is permitted to lay hands on you within the Ancient Barbarian Tomb! I myself shall protect you through your Eighth Calamity, and even your Ninth Calamity!"

"Come, old man will accompany you to the seventh floor to meet Xi Zihua! I do not believe that a mere Fourth Generation Barbarian God would dare defy my commands!"

"However, before that, you must still pass the second and third stages of Dao Man. I have no more shards, but I do have other items at hand, which I can bestow upon you, allowing you to make a choice from them..."

Dao Barbarian Mountain waved his wide sleeve, and the entire world suddenly changed.

In the next instant, he directly brought Ning Fan to the fifth level of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

"The Second Stage of Dao Man begins! With the protection of the God-Destroying Shield fragment, passing this stage should not be difficult for you," Dao Barbarian Mountain said with certainty.

Chapter 939: Soul in the Palm

"Start the Second Stage of Dao Man! With the Fragment of Divine Annihilation Shield as protection, it shouldn't be difficult for you to pass this stage."

With a command from Dao Man Mountain, all scenes between heaven and earth vanished, as if an invisible hand had wiped away everything in the world.

Only endless darkness remained.

In the darkness, Ning Fan floated alone in the air, his gaze slightly focused, "Is it a Divine Skill capable of changing heaven and earth again... The first stage tests the will, but I don't know what the second stage tests..."

Surrounded by endless darkness, the air felt somewhat damp, accompanied by intermittent dripping sounds coming from the depths of the darkness.

Drip, drip, drip...

The place was dead silent, with only the dripping sound exceptionally clear.

The darkness here was so intense that even Ning Fan's vision at the Second Realm of Tianren couldn't penetrate it. Ning Fan tried a few common lighting spells from the cultivation world, but they could only illuminate within ten zhang; beyond that, nothing was visible.

This is the Second Stage of Dao Man...

"The barbarians are the progenitors of nature, the great sect of all domains. Barbarian beings born in mountains and seas, attain the Dao in nature, and their heroic spirits return to the mountains and seas after death, the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas Realm, the beginning of reincarnation in the palm..."

A chanting sound, seemingly from ancient times, suddenly echoed, and at that moment, Ning Fan's body could no longer remain suspended, becoming lighter and plunging into the darkness below.

"The forbidden force in this place is strong!" Ning Fan felt a slight chill in his heart.

As his body plummeted, he sensed several vague killing intents from all directions. Without hesitation, Ning Fan immediately urged the Fragment of Divine Annihilation Shield, manifesting the shadow of the God-Slaying Giant outside his body.

In the next moment, several massive shadows, mountain-like, collided heavily with the God-Slaying Giant, spreading a strong force that shook heaven and earth!

Boom, boom, boom!

The surroundings were too dark to see what had collided.

Ning Fan's expression changed; the impact force of those shadows was definitely comparable to the attack of the Eternal Immortal Venerable, with destructive power. Had he not been vigilant and summoned the God-Slaying Giant for protection, he would have been severely injured by those shadows!

This Second Stage of Dao Man is indeed perilous, and not to be underestimated.

The shadows missed their target, roared sky-high, and continued attacking the God-Slaying Giant without harming Ning Fan inside.

Ning Fan kept falling, with the shadows constantly pursuing him, and the darkness around grew thicker the further he fell.

When the darkness reached a certain level of intensity, the shadows dared not pursue Ning Fan any longer, seemingly fearing something and hesitated to come closer.

The surroundings gradually quieted down, and Ning Fan continued to fall, not knowing how long until he finally landed on the ground, finding a foothold.

After he successfully descended, the forbidden force vanished, and the dripping sound became even clearer.

Drip, drip, drip...

Beneath his feet was rock-hard land, and in his ears, the dripping sound fluctuated between near and far.

Ning Fan attempted the lighting spell again, but it only illuminated a zhang or so. The dark aura here was stronger, rejecting any presence of light.

Sensing slightly, it seemed he was the only presence on this dark land, with no other creatures around.

No other creatures didn't mean no danger. Ning Fan remained vigilant, waiting in place for a long while. Only when his mana subtly dwindled, failing to sustain the consumption of the Fragment of Divine Annihilation Shield, did he tentatively retract the shadow of the God-Slaying Giant.

After retracting the shadow, Ning Fan still faced no attack; the place seemed safe without the aggressive shadows.

This Second Stage of Dao Man differed vastly from his expectations. Ning Fan had no idea how to pass this stage.

"Seventeen days! If you can endure here for seventeen days, you pass. If you can emerge from here, you can also pass!"

"You have the Divine Annihilation Shield to protect you. Even if you can't emerge from here, enduring seventeen days should be easy. However, if possible, I hope to see you step out of here."

Dao Man Mountain's voice echoed timely.

This is the way to pass the second stage... Ning Fan pondered slightly.

A moment later, he seemed to have made a decision and began exploring the dark land.

After landing, the place was no longer restricted by the forbidden space; he could use Vertical Golden Light to explore the dark land.

The land seemed vast, and with Ning Fan's Vertical Golden Light speed, it took a day and night without reaching the edge.

Oddly, the place gave Ning Fan a bizarre feeling, as if no matter how long he walked, a hundred years, a thousand years, he would never reach the end...

Such a feeling was truly strange...

The first day passed without any danger, but on the second day, changes began to appear.

The originally cold ground suddenly gained some warmth, like human body temperature. On the ground, some ravines began to form.

Between heaven and earth, a mysterious force gradually emerged. Upon its appearance, Ning Fan's body started to show signs of aging unexpectedly.

It wasn't aging from losing vitality but aging in the Dao; Ning Fan's Fellow Daoist began aging, moving step by step towards death!

"This power... it's the Power of Reincarnation!" Ning Fan's eyes trembled.

Indeed, the power was clearly the Power of Reincarnation, yet different from any he had encountered before.

The Power of Reincarnation is a force cultivable by third-step masters. Ning Fan had seen the Power of Reincarnation of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, capable of erasing memories and annihilating all existence—a terrifying force.

However, not all Power of Reincarnation erases memories. Ning Fan had seen Senluo's Power of Reincarnation; though not an Immortal Emperor, it could use reincarnation to battle the Eastern Heavenly Emperors, strong in warfare.

Ning Fan had seen the ninth layer of Tianque's gray moon, which also contained reincarnation power. The moon's reincarnation ability seemed to petrify all things.

With growing experience, Ning Fan gradually realized not all Power of Reincarnation was identical.

The Power of Reincarnation in this dark land can gradually disintegrate and collapse his Dao, as if causing aging. This aging is unrelated to vitality and cannot be suppressed by replenishing vitality. Unless possessing strength equivalent to reincarnation, there's no resisting this aging; even if vitality remains within him, once the Dao is destroyed, Ning Fan will die of old age here.

"To stay here for seventeen days, one must resist the Power of Reincarnation..."

A trace of realization appeared in Ning Fan's eyes as he explored the place, while also allowing the Calamity Thought Red Glow to cover his entire body.

The only thing that can resist the Power of Reincarnation here is the Calamity Blood Power within him; it's a power equivalent to reincarnation!

With the protection of Calamity Thought Power, on the second day, the aging force in this place could no longer age Ning Fan even a little.

On the third day, fourth day, fifth day... each day growing stronger, by the sixth day, Ning Fan began struggling against the Power of Reincarnation here, and his body once again showed signs of aging.

More and more ravines appeared on the ground, and for some reason, those ravines began giving Ning Fan a terrifying feeling.

"The sixth day seems to be the limit for this young one... Without the protection of the God-Extinguishing Shield, he could last no more than six days in the second stage, and wouldn't pass the second stage. With the God-Extinguishing Shield, he can suppress the place with its might, holding out for seventeen days won't be hard..."

"Back then, with Quasi-Saint Cultivation, I only lasted fourteen days in this second stage and couldn't reach the end. If not for the Third Generation Barbarian God saving me, this stage would have been my grave..."

Xi Zihua observed the second stage with complicated feelings. Ning Fan, currently a Taicang Calamity Spirit, was someone she wished dead, yet he inherited a Fragment of the Divine Annihilation Shield, became the descendant of the Dao Man Lineage, and gained Dao Barbarian Mountain's recognition...

The God-Extinguishing Shield is not only a powerful treasure, but also a symbol of identity as a Dao Man descendant. The wielder has the right to enact Slaying Punishment on any one of the Barbarians, even against the Barbarian God if they commit a mistake.

The wielder can suppress the fortune of the Barbarian Clan, which is also crucial, concerning the rise and fall of the Barbarian Clan.

Dao Barbarian Mountain hasn't told Ning Fan this yet, waiting for him to discover the significance of the God-Extinguishing Shield himself.

"The Power of Reincarnation here will grow stronger over time. The sixth day is already the limit for me to stay here. A few days later, the Power of Reincarnation will become stronger, and I fear I will die here..."

Ning Fan sighed slightly; with his cultivation, crossing the second stage was indeed somewhat forced.

Fortunately he had the protection of the God-Extinguishing Shield, the more he faced crisis, the more he felt the shield's might.

That fragment of the God-Extinguishing Shield was incredibly intelligent. Once it detected Ning Fan couldn't resist the Power of Reincarnation here, it transmitted a force to easily block the Power of Reincarnation ten zhang away, preventing it from approaching.

Even without transforming into the God-Slaying Giant, this shield had such power, greatly surprising Ning Fan.

With this treasure, staying here for seventeen days really isn't hard.

Over six days passed, yet he hadn't found the edge of the dark land, unable to leave the place. He feared even until the end of seventeen days, he wouldn't find a way out... Ning Fan thought quietly.

With the God-Extinguishing Shield in place, staying here for seventeen days isn't hard. Perhaps there's no need to continue searching this dark land...

Just as this thought arose in Ning Fan's mind, a voice echoed in his consciousness, like a plea.

"Soul in your palm... find him... find my soul..."

"I am... the sixth fragment... have a soul... after dying, soul returns to the Mountain and Sea..."

"Find my soul... I will be the true... God-Extinguishing Shield... soul in your palm... edge of the hand..."

That voice was surprisingly emitted by the God-Extinguishing Shield.

It wasn't a sound heard through ears, but a soul sound. Before understanding the Shanhai Curse, Ning Fan couldn't hear such soul sounds.

But now, he could hear, with his Dao Enlightenment. Once he comprehended the Shanhai Curse, he could communicate with the mountains, seas, and all dead objects within the heavens and earth, as long as the other side was willing.

Be it mountains or seas, as long as there are soul entities, they can hear the other's voice. This is the natural Dao of the Barbarians.

Yet not every Barbarians can achieve this. Only the Young Master Barbarian of each major Barbarian Clan can practice the Shanhai Curse, and those who can communicate with nature are few even among the Young Master Barbarians.

But Ning Fan could achieve this, truly a prodigy.

The soul sound of the God-Extinguishing Shield pleaded with Ning Fan to retrieve his lost soul. It repeatedly told Ning Fan, 'soul in your palm... edge of the hand...'

Soul in your palm... edge of the hand... what does this mean? Ning Fan frowned slightly; he didn't mind helping the God-Extinguishing Shield find its lost soul, but couldn't understand the shield's words.

"Soul... right here..." This time, the God-Extinguishing Shield changed its phrasing, Ning Fan finally understood.

The soul of the God-Extinguishing Shield was lost in this dark land!

Anyway, staying here for seventeen days, he decided to search for the soul of the God-Extinguishing Shield, though not knowing the soul's exact location...

"Soul in your palm... edge of the hand..."

"Soul in your palm... edge of the hand..."

These repeated sentences, the God-Extinguishing Shield lacked spirit awareness, only instinctively emitted soul sounds reminding Ning Fan.

Ning Fan felt helpless; communicating with the God-Extinguishing Shield felt like conversing with a babbling child, extremely taxing.

Even though Barbarians can communicate with mountains and seas, they certainly don't possess human intellect, different levels entirely...

Ning Fan shook his head; unable to understand, then so be it. First, randomly search this place.

Ning Fan continued to search, another three days swiftly passed.

He had flown in this dark land for nine days, yet by the ninth day, Ning Fan still hadn't found the soul of the God-Extinguishing Shield, nor reached the edge of this dark land.

Is this dark land truly this vast... for the first time, doubt arose in Ning Fan's eyes.

He had flown continuously for nine days and nights, yet had a bizarre feeling, as if these three days he'd been circling around the same spot, barely moving far.

When he saw a Mana mark illuminated by approaching Rain Intent in the darkness, he was even more convinced of his idea!

As he moved through this dark land, Ning Fan would occasionally leave Mana marks along the way. Despite progressing straight, after nine days, he saw his first-day Mana mark ahead!

Could he really have been circling in this dark land!

Perhaps this place isn't vast at all, but there's some force preventing escape, making it impossible to leave.

After a brief silence, Ning Fan changed direction and flew towards another side. On the eleventh day, he again encountered the marks he left before.

Changing direction once more, on the thirteenth day, he returned to the original spot...

"This child... can't escape from here..." Dao Barbarian Mountain sighed slightly; without leaving here, he couldn't find the Shield Soul.

If unable to find the Shield Soul, even gathering all the fragments of the shield wouldn't restore God's Extinguishing Shield's power to its peak...

If this child can't find the Shield Soul, I'll have to personally lend a hand... Dao Barbarian Mountain thought darkly.

"This is reincarnation, no matter how you walk, you'll return to the starting point. Unable to change, that is reincarnation..."

Xi Zihua sighed softly, on the thirteenth day, it seemed Ning Fan couldn't rely on his strength to escape this place.

Without the Shield Soul, he likely wouldn't pass the second stage...

His current cultivation can only sustain him for six days here, insufficient for passing; unable to find a way to leave, also unable to pass.

The second stage seems a bit premature for this child...

On the thirteenth day, Ning Fan stopped blindly advancing in the Darkland.

Advancing aimlessly only loops back to the same spot, meaningless.

"Soul in hand... edge of the palm..."

"Soul in hand... edge of the palm..."

The Shield continued repeating those phrases while Ning Fan felt helpless.

The meaning of these words was utterly unclear...

After four more days, he could pass the second stage and might lose the chance to retrieve the Shield Soul...

The reason I'm lost is due to the dark surroundings. What if I remove the darkness here...

"This place remains dark as if crafted intentionally, so as not to let me see clearly some of its details."

"With my current cultivation, I'm not enough to sweep away the darkness here, but if I pay a price, I should manage it briefly."

Determination flashed in Ning Fan's eyes; retrieving the Shield Soul seemed a great opportunity, worth paying the price.

Suddenly he punched his chest, enduring severe pain, spraying twelve mouthfuls of essence blood, his aura weakened significantly.

Using the power of twelve mouthfuls of essence blood, Ning Fan pointed skyward; black-red Calamity Beast Fire immediately covered the heavens, burning fiercely, lighting and thunder booming.

Calamity Beast Fire alone wasn't enough to illuminate the darkness here, as Ning Fan tried multiple times before. But now infused with the essence blood's power, it achieved this.

The towering flames gradually tore apart the darkness, and by firelight, Ning Fan finally saw the true visage of the dark earth, shock gripping his heart.

Where he stood wasn't the earth at all, but a colossal hand, vast as an entire continent!

The wrist of this gigantic hand seemed severed by some sharp tool, still bleeding even after countless ages, its blood lost of spirit yet flowing endlessly.

The dripping sounds Ning Fan heard earlier turned out to be the bleeding sounds from this severed hand!

The intersecting ravines were indeed its palm lines.

The swirling Power of Reincarnation here flowed out from its palm lines!

Ning Fan's cultivation speed was swift; despite the giant palm's vastness, by right, he should escape its range in just a few breaths.

Yet no matter how far he flew, he'd never see the palm edge; as if it grew larger with his flight, unescapable, like he was merely a fly, this entrapping hand his entire world...

Whose severed hand is this!

With just a severed hand, it imprisons Ning Fan, whose cultivation nears Immortal Venerable; truly terrifying power!

Ning Fan carefully sensed and finally detected a faint trace of Dao Barbarian Mountain's aura from the palm.

Perhaps... this severed hand is Dao Barbarian Mountain's hand... then this spilling blood is Saint's blood!

Unfortunately, this blood seems to have lost its spirit, useless...

"Soul in hand... edge of the palm..."

The Shield's foolish voice rang again; this time, Ning Fan understood.

The Shield Soul must be at the edge of the severed palm; if he escapes this palm prison, he can surely find it!

But trapped in the palm, how to break free, how to escape...

The brightness of Calamity Beast Fire was gradually devoured by darkness, plunging the world back into abyss.

In darkness, Ning Fan closed his eyes for the first time; useless eyes need not be used.

This place's inescapability is orchestrated by a Saint; to escape requires utmost effort, only a slim chance...

On the fourteenth day, Ning Fan remained still like a statue.

On the fifteenth day, Ning Fan still did not move.

On the sixteenth day, he made no actions.

He silently calculated within, the Momentum Character Secret pushed to its limit, causing heaven and earth to move for him.

"It's already been sixteen days... has this child still not given up..." Xi Zihua slightly shook her head, she no longer held any hope for Ning Fan to walk out of this place.

On the seventeenth day, Ning Fan finally opened his eyes, his expression resolute, as if he had made a decision.

"Split!"

Ning Fan uttered a single word, and surprisingly, an exact replica of himself walked out from within his body.

This other Ning Fan was engulfed in overwhelming black energy, filled with the power of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor. He had six wings on his back, horns on his head, and was clad in scale armor; it was a body double formed from Ning Fan's lifetime of demonic cultivation.

Though Ning Fan rarely used clone-type Divine Skills, it didn't mean he couldn't; on the contrary, since the Harmonious Spirit stage, he has been capable of dividing himself, previously splitting into White Fan and Ning.

At this moment, he split out the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor avatar naturally to deal with the current situation.

The Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor avatar, as soon as it appeared, didn't speak much, immediately transforming into a magical light, accelerating towards the east, intending to fly out of the boundary of the broken palm.

"Split again!"

Ning Fan used another Divine Skill, splitting out the Ancient God Avatar, which carried a Rain Intent, radiating divine light, and as soon as it appeared, it flew towards the west.

"Appear, ancient demons avatar!"

Another Ning Fan in black robes, with runes on his face, emerged from his body, with a faint hint of purple on the black robe, revealing Ning Fan's ancient demons avatar.

As soon as the ancient demons avatar appeared, it directly transformed into a Fu Li2 demon butterfly, accelerating towards the north.

Consecutively splitting out the avatars of Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, Ancient God, and ancient demons was greatly burdensome for Ning Fan, but it was not over yet.

Ning Fan took a deep breath, yet again splitting out a body double shrouded in red glow reaching the sky, this body double being his Calamity Spirit Avatar, and also the strongest among his four main avatars!

As soon as the Calamity Spirit Avatar appeared, it hurriedly flew southward. In four directions, each clone was dashing swiftly.

Ning Fan's main body, after splitting out the four main avatars, seemed to have lost all his cultivations, standing like a mortal in the same spot, yet his eyes opened, emitting an azure glow, seemingly plotting something.

"Does this child think that by splitting out four avatars, he can escape from the confines of my Broken Palm..." Dao Barbarian Mountain shook his head in slight disappointment.

If Ning Fan only had this level of Divine Skill, he wouldn't be able to walk out of this place. He originally thought Ning Fan had devised a way to escape after planning for so many days. Unexpectedly, after waiting for days, he only got to see the Clone Technique...

The four avatars each rushed in different directions, yet they could not fly out of the boundary of the broken palm. This broken palm was boundless...

"Split!"

Ning Fan shouted another word, and all four main avatars split further, each splitting into two, two into four... In an instant, there were millions of clones flying in countless directions.

Becoming a Millionfold Incarnation is considered an unparalleled divine ability for lower realm practitioners, but at his level of cultivation, performing it wasn't difficult.

"Millionfold Incarnation, huh... With just a million clones, one cannot walk out of this place... Even if it were a hundred billion incarnations, the result would be the same," Dao Barbarian Mountain shook his head and said.

But the next moment, Dao Barbarian Mountain's gaze suddenly shook, having realized something astonishing.

At this moment, Ning Fan's million clones suddenly took a crazed action, each raising a finger, pressing it towards the four directions of the broken palm.

Each Ning Fan was employing the Heaven Sealing Technique, with a million Ning Fans acting simultaneously, obviously intending to seal Dao Barbarian Mountain's broken palm with the Heaven Sealing Art!

"This is the Cycle-Fixing Technique of the Hunkun Holy Sect! No... it's not the true Cycle-Fixing Technique, this technique only resembles it and lacks the power to seal the cycle..."

Dao Barbarian Mountain narrowed his eyes; he realized he had underestimated Ning Fan from the beginning.

Although this technique wasn't truly the Cycle-Fixing Technique of the Hunkun Holy Sect, it was quite remarkable, and with a million Ning Fan's performing it, it might well seal the broken palm for a brief moment...

Each of Ning Fan's million splits took position in a way that secretly formed a Formation, connecting each other's Heaven Sealing Art as if it were a Formation of its own, increasingly enhancing its power.

Without this meticulous arrangement, Ning Fan's cultivation would never have been sufficient to seal even for a moment a Saint's palm, despite this being just a palm that has existed for countless years, devoid of spiritual intellect!

This child's understanding of Formations must be exceedingly profound... An ordinary Eternal Immortal Venerable could absolutely not stop the broken palm, even for a fleeting moment. Only this child could...

"Seal!"

As Ning Fan shouted a single word, the millionfold Heaven Sealing Art was pushed to the very extreme!

At this moment, Ning Fan forcefully exerted the technique, sealing the broken palm for a brief instant, albeit suffering severe backlash.

Each clone, unable to withstand such backlash, collapsed one after another, and the cultivations gradually returned to Ning Fan's main body, yet the injuries also returned; causing Ning Fan's body to suffer multiple wounds as if collapsing.

Fortunately, the God-Extinguishing Shield inherently carried Immortal Power, upon detecting Ning Fan's injury, it automatically protected Ning Fan, ensuring his soul essence remained unlimited, his physical defense intact.

If not for this, Ning Fan's actions to forcibly seal the Saint's broken palm would have easily destroyed half of his physical body due to the backlash.

The million avatars collapsed, the cultivations returned, and Ning Fan did not pause to wipe the blood at the corner of his mouth, directly transforming into a golden light, choosing a certain direction, vertically flying out.

In the fraction of a second before the broken palm regained its mobility, Ning Fan fled out of its confinement and, in that direction towards the boundary, saw a trace of the soul.

It was a barely visible Shield Soul, illusory, yet incomparably bright, like the most resplendent stars, even in this darkness, its brilliance was unassailable!

This, was the soul of the God-Extinguishing Shield!

Ning Fan had a premonition that once acquiring this soul, it could cause the God-Extinguishing Shield to undergo a certain qualitative transformation...

"This child, with less than Immortal Venerable's cultivation level, actually walked out from the Dao Barbarian's broken palm!" Xi Zihua was shocked, unable to close her mouth.

Even with her Quasi-Saint Cultivation, she could not escape the incarceration of Dao Barbarian's broken palm, yet Ning Fan accomplished it!

He did not spare himself severe injury, just to seal the broken palm for an instant... This child's Divine Skills, unfathomable; his ruthless decisiveness, utterly unexpected.

Truly a terrifying junior...

Chapter 940: Ascending the God Platform, Shocking All Directions

Mountains have souls, if the soul scatters, it becomes a barren mountain where not a blade of grass grows.

Seas have souls, if the soul scatters, it becomes a dead sea where no fish or dragon survives.

The God-Extinguishing Shield also has a soul, but that soul scattered when the shield shattered in those years.

The soul is in hand, at the edge of the palm... At this moment, the soul of the shield is here, within reach.

"Soul... my soul... longing..."

"Soul... return... soul... return..."

The fragment of the God-Extinguishing Shield within Ning Fan transmitted a longing soul sound, suddenly transforming into a stream of light, autonomously flying out of Ning Fan's body, heading toward that wisp of shield soul.

As if after millions of years apart, they finally reunite at this moment.

The two merge slowly at the edge of the broken palm, in the endless darkness, becoming one again. This process of merging is tranquil and silent, but Ning Fan can distinctly feel the sixth fragment, now fused with the shield soul, is different from before.

The previous sixth fragment, although possessing supreme power, carried a lifeless aura.

But at this moment, the God-Extinguishing Shield has a soul, its divine light no longer dim, gaining a touch of spirituality.

For a long time, the soul fusion completes.

The sixth fragment no longer emits any soul sound, but slowly flies back to Ning Fan, circling around him like a joyful child.

Though it does not speak, Ning Fan can discern a sense of gratitude from its actions.

The shield also has emotions, it is grateful to Ning Fan for helping it reclaim its soul, allowing it to become complete little by little.

Ning Fan smiles faintly, opens his mouth to swallow the sixth fragment back into his body, storing it in his Dantian. He likes creatures that understand gratitude, even if the other party is merely a shield...

And he faintly feels that the sixth fragment, now fused with the shield soul, has undergone some sort of qualitative change, possessing some sort of ability that is not yet clear.

"Not bad, you haven't disappointed this old man, you indeed walked out of the seal of the broken palm, you are quite remarkable!"

As the voice of Dao Man Mountain sounded, the surrounding darkness completely disappeared, the scene of the fifth layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb gradually unveiled before Ning Fan's eyes.

Also appearing was the heavenly ladder leading to the sixth layer, along with countless silver boxes floating in the air.

There weren't many silver boxes, only forty-two, all with lids open, clearly showing the contents inside.

Inside the boxes, not the relics of saints that appeared on the fourth layer, but all are wooden tokens similar to soul plates, yet different from soul plates...

Among these forty-two wooden tokens, twenty-nine are already split in half, leaving only thirteen intact.

These wooden tokens, could they be the reward for passing the second stage of Dao Man...

Logically, the reward for the second stage of Dao Man should be more precious than the first stage... Could these wooden tokens be more precious than treasures such as the Heaven-Opening Ganoderma...

"Come, come here, this old man will introduce you to these [Mount Daoman Soul Command]..."

Hearing this, Ning Fan followed Dao Man Mountain to ascend the altar, suppressing his inner doubts, listening to Dao Man Mountain's introduction.

Upon listening, he couldn't help but be greatly shocked.

The so-called Dao Man Soul Commands are special tokens, only understood by successive generations of Barbarian Gods.

Each soul command seals the soul of a great Master and carries a special curse.

Possessing the corresponding soul command, one can easily control that person's life and death, making them submit as slaves.

In short, the reward for the second stage of Dao Man is not a dead object but a living slave.

This old man, during his lifetime, waged wars across the heavens, subduing forty-two saint servants, planting soul commands. Since this old man passed away, many years have passed, and those saint servants, twenty-nine have died, with only thirteen remaining, residing in the Ancient Barbarian Realm, awaiting the return of the true descendant of Dao Man..."

"Their soul commands are here, you have passed the second stage of Dao Man, this old man shall gift you a saint servant."

Ning Fan could not help but be astonished that passing the second stage of Dao Man could reward a saint servant... To have a Third-Step Saint as a servant, this scale is truly grand.

The four heavens and nine worlds do not even have a single saint; neither the Ancient Chaos nor the Undying could step into the Saint Realm.

And Ning Fan, today, hopes to gain a saint servant... how could he not be shocked!

"But you needn't be too happy too soon, if this old man is not mistaken, you should not be a cultivator from the Dust Realm, nor from the Nether Dust Realm, much less from the Ancient Holy Sect... is this not so?" Dao Man Mountain's gaze slightly narrowed, as if easily seeing through all of Ning Fan's secrets.

"Dust Realm... Nether Dust Realm... Ancient Holy Sect..." Ning Fan had a trace of confusion in his eyes; he knew absolutely nothing about these terms.

"Don't know? Indeed, this old man was not mistaken, you are a Master from the Dreamland Realm. It's just unknown which Immortal Emperor's dream you belong to, and which dream world you reside in..."

Dao Man Mountain sighed slightly; in the era he was alive, the Purple Dou Immortal Emperor had not yet comprehended the Dao, so he was not familiar with the breath of Purple Dou Immortal Emperor's dream realm, unable to see through Ning Fan's location.

"What is the Dreamland Realm? From Senior's tone, it seems there are many Dreamland Realms, not just one?" Ning Fan's eyes flashed with a brilliant light.

He had heard the term Dreamland Realm from the mouths of many old monsters, and they often referred to his world as the Dreamland Realm.

What the Dreamland Realm is, Ning Fan did not know, but today he seemed to be able to get an answer from Dao Man Mountain.

"You are a Master from the Dreamland Realm, it's not surprising you don't know what the Dreamland Realm is. In this universe, many worlds exist, only three are true: one is the Dust Realm, a place of reincarnation for Taicang Calamity Spirits; two is the Nether Dust Realm, a place of reincarnation for

Nether Dust cultivators; three is where the Ancient Holy Sect resides amidst the heavens... Apart from these three true worlds, all other worlds are unreal, worlds formed in the dreams of Fourth-Step Masters..."

"Dreamland Realms are not truly existent worlds, if the cultivators within it are outsiders it's fine, but if they are native cultivators, then they are not real people, just illusions, phantoms in the dreams of Fourth-Step Masters..."

"An Immortal Emperor in a lifetime can create countless Dreamland Realms... Beyond the three true realms, there are countless Dreamland Realms..."

"Illusory people can never cultivate to the Perfect Realm, nor can they ever break through the Third Step... Of course, there are exceptions..."

At this point, Dao Man Mountain seemed to recall some past event, his expression momentarily indescribably melancholic.

Meanwhile, Ning Fan, within his heart, was swept by turbulent waves, as of today, he finally touched upon the greatest secret of the four heavens and nine worlds.

The reason the four heavens and nine worlds are called the Dreamland Realm is that it is a world created by the dream of a Fourth-Step Master!

All indigenous creatures within it are illusions, phantoms in the dream of a Fourth-Step Immortal Emperor, not truly existing!

Phantoms... just phantoms!

We Four Heavens and Nine Worlds cultivators are actually just illusions in someone else's dream... Is this true! How is this possible!

This kind of ancient secret is truly hard to believe!

Ning Fan never thought that he would be an illusory entity, a phantom in the dream of some Fourth-Step powerhouse...

The roads he walked, the Dao he cultivated, the people he loved, everything and all of it, was it all fake...

Everything and everything, it was just... a dream...

Since he embarked on the path of cultivation, his spirit sense has rarely wavered, but at this moment, his spirit sense had a slight tremble.

Any Master, suddenly hearing that they are just an illusory existence, would be shaken, and even Ning Fan could not be exempt.

But soon, Ning Fan steadied his spirit sense, once again showing a calm expression.

He did not doubt the truth of Dao Man Mountain's words, but he also wouldn't completely believe them.

And even if he truly was a mere false image in the Dreamland Realm, so what!

Even if the whole world was just a dream of a Fourth Step cultivator, what of it!

Whether true or false, he had cultivated for many years, seeking truth in that one word, but ironically, the more he contemplated truth and illusion, the more elusive they became.

The clearer he perceived, the more confused he felt, the more bewildered he became.

In this world, what is truly real, what is truly false?

Is a dream false, or perhaps the dreamer is the false one? Who is the dream? Who is the reality? It cannot be precisely determined...

On the water, who is whose reflection? It cannot be precisely determined...

Between life and death, which side is truly living? It cannot be precisely determined...

What is true, what is false... it cannot be precisely determined...

Ning Fan only knew that the emotions he experienced were true! The gratitude he received was true!
The warmth he felt was true!

If he believed it was true, then it was true! Truth and illusion are only a thought apart!

He was a cultivator, a seeker of truth, and would not let a single sentence from others waver his heart forever!

"Senior, are you saying that I originate from the dreamland realm of some Fourth Step Immortal Emperor? That place is merely a dream? And I do not truly exist..." Ning Fan took a deep breath, his tone completely calm.

If all of this were true, then the Fourth Step cultivator who created the four heavens and nine worlds in a dream was likely the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign...

If all of this were true, the reason for the lack of a saint in the four heavens might be because all beings are illusory... How could a person of illusion achieve perfection... yet Dao Man Mountain also mentioned exceptions...

Will I, in this life, never reach the perfect realm... or could I be one of those exceptions...

Ning Fan shook his head, pressing down such unrealistic thoughts.

Becoming a saint was still very distant for him, and he need not worry about these issues now.

Dao Man Mountain squinted slightly, looking at Ning Fan with deep meaning, and said, "Your state of mind is not bad. Many cultivators of the Dreamland Realm become shaken in their Dao hearts upon learning they are illusory, some even collapse in their Dao, go mad, and become self-destructive... but you, you do not seem to care about the reality or falseness of your own existence... in fact, whether true or false, is it truly significant for us cultivators to understand..."

"Hehe, you don't need to underestimate yourself. You came from the Dreamland Realm, and this much, I didn't perceive wrongly. Because in your soul, there is no 'Breath of the True Realm'... you were created by the dream of an Immortal Emperor, but who says those dream-created beings aren't real? Must only those born from the union of yin and yang be considered real? As long as we cultivators attain high levels, even a lump of clay can be given life, and if it is said to be a person, then it is a person! Whether true or false, what's truly important is how you perceive truth and falsehood..."

"Let's end the discussion about the Dreamland Realm. I don't care which Dreamland Realm you come from. I only have a certain trouble that gives me a headache... The saintly footman I sent to protect you, unfortunately, all are in the Ancient Barbarian Realm, located in the 'Dust Realm's Cold Mountain Domain'... and where you are, there seems to be some exceptionally powerful force blocking access, preventing connection with the True Realm... by staying in the Dreamland Realm, you can't use the Soul Command, you can't summon the saintly servant I sent to you, unless you can leave this Dreamland Realm and come to the True Realm..."

Dao Man Mountain looked wistfully at countless silver boxes.

The Dao Man Soul Commands he left behind, still have thirteen of them, among these thirteen Soul Commands, nine are Initial Saint Soul Commands, and three are Nirvana Saint Soul Commands.

And one of them is a soul command of a strong figure who is a half-step Desolate Saint!

If Ning Fan could leave the Dreamland Realm and enter the True Realm with the Soul Command he had given, he could easily summon a saintly footman to serve him as master.

Alas... the Dreamland Realm Ning Fan is in has too strong a blocking force, it's unsure which successor Immortal Emperor created it. Without permission from that Immortal Emperor, even some Fourth Step cultivators cannot forcibly enter this realm... naturally, his saintly footmen are also unable to enter.

After his death, it seems such a formidable Immortal Emperor emerged in later generations... truly terrifying...

He wished to send Ning Fan a saintly footman, but alas, these Soul Commands appear to be of no use unless Ning Fan can walk out of that Dreamland Realm...

Enough, let me first introduce this boy to these Soul Commands...

"This Soul Command, seals the soul of the Initial Saint of the Mole Cricket Clan — Saint Taibai..."

"This Soul Command, seals the life soul of the Han Sect's Nirvana Saint — Heaven-Sealing Sect Master..."

"This Soul Command..."

The origins of each Soul Command were narrated by Dao Man Mountain. Ning Fan's expression changed from initial shock to a bitter smile. The reward from the second stage was indeed quite generous.

A Saint Level footman, isn't that generous enough? If he could take one away, in the four heavens and nine worlds, he could reign supreme, and even the ten great secret clans would have to step aside...

Unfortunately, he was in the four heavens and nine worlds and couldn't escape this realm, and even if he selected one from these Soul Commands, he couldn't summon those saints as footmen... These tokens were practically useless unless Ning Fan could walk out of the four heavens and nine worlds to the three great realms where the Ancient Barbarian Realm is located...

If he could exchange, Ning Fan would rather swap this Saint's Soul Command for the Eight Tribulations Puppet in the first stage reward; even if its durability wasn't enough, it could be used immediately...

"The last Soul Command, seals a life soul of a half-step Desolate Saint... named Landao Feng, the sect master of the Four Saints Sect..."

Ning Fan listened expressionlessly to Dao Man Mountain's introduction.

A half-step Desolate Saint's Soul Command sounded grand, but unfortunately, if one couldn't leave the Dreamland Realm, it was of no use.

"Can I exchange the second stage reward for something from the first stage..." Ning Fan asked with a bitter smile.

"No. I am not truly Dao Man Mountain, but the shadow of mountains and seas left behind after Dao Man Mountain's death. While I have inherited some of Dao Man Mountain's memories and emotions, I cannot change the established rules before Dao Man Mountain's death. In each stage, you may only obtain one reward, and I cannot give you other things, nor can I alter the pre-determined rewards..." Dao Man Mountain shook his head and said.

"Enough, if that is the case, I will choose this half-step Desolate Saint's Soul Command. Landao Feng, is it... I never thought that before reaching the third step, I would have a half-step Desolate Saint as a saintly footman... that should be enough."

In the end, Ning Fan chose the Soul Command of Landao Feng and casually put it away.

The Soul Command did not satisfy him as a reward, but fortunately, in the second stage, he found the soul of the God-Extinguishing Shield, so it wasn't a total loss.

Dao Man Mountain looked at Ning Fan with a peculiar gaze, as if he couldn't keep up with the thoughts of the young man in front of him.

The Third Step Saints are transcendent existences and rarely serve others. Even Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign only had four hundred saintly subordinates under his command. These four hundred saints enjoy great freedom and can choose to follow orders at their discretion, and there's seldom any trace of them unless something significant occurs.

Dao Man Mountain, in his lifetime, possessed the cultivation at the peak level of Desolate Saint, and could even contend with the Fourth Step using the God-Extinguishing Shield, yet in his life, he only subdued 42 saintly servants.

Acquiring a half-step Desolate Saint as a servant from nothing would be enough to make any old monster below the Fourth Step in the True Realms envious. Yet Ning Fan was willing to exchange the Soul Command for a mere Eight Tribulations Immortal Emperor puppet... If Landao Feng himself knew, it would make him spit blood with rage to realize that Ning Fan esteemed him less than an Eight Tribulations Puppet...

"The second stage is over, now to the third stage. It won't take too much time. For you, the third stage is the easiest...this is all premised on recovering the Shield Soul. In the second stage, you made a wise decision by choosing to walk out of the severed hand and retrieve the Shield Soul."

"The third stage is called the Ascension Platform..."

Dao Man Mountain spoke with implication, leading Ning Fan into the sixth level of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

With a flick of Dao Man Mountain's fingers, an old platform's phantasm appeared in the heavens and gradually solidified.

The platform stretched upward in a winding path, on both sides, giant, ancient barbarian effigies knelt like lofty mountains.

At the end of the platform was a grand and majestic altar, and atop the altar stood an ancient stele!

Upon the ancient stele, there were nine names inscribed in Barbarian Script!

Though Ning Fan was not a master of the Barbarian Script, having spent years in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, he could recognize some of it.

The first of those nine names was indeed Dao Man Mountain!

The fourth name was Xi Zihua!

The seventh name was Tagu!

The ninth name was Yin Mo!

The tenth name is still vacant...

"This is the Ascension Platform of our Dao Man Clan. Climbing this platform makes one a Barbarian God of our clan. You can carve your name on the Dao Man Monument!"

Ascending this platform makes one a Barbarian God!

Becoming a Barbarian God is the reward for passing the third stage of Dao Man!

Of course, not every Barbarian God has undergone all three stages of Dao Man, and the Ascension Platform does not only appear in the third stage.

Most other Barbarian Gods must undergo thousands of Barbarian God trials before they can ascend the divine position.

Only Ning Fan is an exception, an anomaly who fought his way to the third stage of Dao Man, with the hope of ascending in one step, becoming the tenth generation Barbarian God in the history of the Ancient Barbarian Realm!

Ascending this Ascension Platform, Ning Fan would become the supreme existence in the history of the Barbarian Clan!

If Ning Fan becomes a Barbarian God, he would have the authority to command all barbarian cultivators in the Ancient Barbarian Realm, including many Saints!

Ning Fan, not being originally a barbarian cultivator of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, doesn't fully understand the prestige of a Barbarian God, but he can imagine some of it.

However, he is unwilling to become a Barbarian God of the Barbarian Clan without understanding, as the identity of a Barbarian God represents not only immense power but also the responsibility to revitalize the Barbarian Clan...

Furthermore, it involves great causality; the Barbarian Clan seems to have deep karmic ties with the Calamity Spirit Clan... As Ning Fan's cultivation grows, he feels more and more fear of these karmic ties.

He accepted a small reward from Yin Mo, and it stained him with causality, nearly causing him to be killed by the Blessing Technique...

If he becomes a Barbarian God, who knows what other causalities he might incur and what troubles might arise...

Ning Fan doesn't have the leisure to revitalize the Barbarian Clan, nor does he want to become an irresponsible Barbarian God without understanding, and he doesn't want to get entangled in a heap of causality without reason.

For a long, long time... Ning Fan stared at the Ascension Platform before him, hesitant to take a step forward.

In the end, he sighed softly and inquired of Dao Man Mountain, "What if I give up on the third stage..."

He expressed an unwillingness to become a Barbarian God!

Dao Man Mountain looked at Ning Fan with extreme surprise, seemingly not expecting him to ask such a question.

In his few memories, every barbarian cultivator seemed to greatly desire to become a Barbarian God and possess supreme power.

With the position of Barbarian God, they could employ the entire resources of the Barbarian Clan for cultivation, command all barbarian cultivators in battle, and even leverage the fortune of the entire Barbarian Clan to increase their chances of breaking through to the Third Step... Whether people lust for power or for refinement, no one rejects the position of Barbarian God...

Yet Ning Fan refused...

After a slight surprise, Dao Man Mountain quickly understood the initial intention behind Ning Fan's refusal of the Barbarian God position, and instead developed more fondness for him.

Though this child's cultivation is not high, he can disregard the temptation of the Barbarian God position. There is prudence in his reluctance to entangle in causality, but more importantly, there is a sense of responsibility!

Compared to power and profit, he seems even more unwilling to easily bear responsibility...

This shows that he is a responsible person, who will fulfill promises if made, and return favors if received!

If this child becomes a Barbarian God, he certainly wouldn't sit idly by regarding the rise and fall of the Barbarian Clan. Since the Fourth Generation, the Barbarian Gods of the clan have been worse with each passing generation; perhaps the revitalization could start with the Tenth Generation...

Ning Fan's refusal actually made Dao Man Mountain more eager for him to become a Barbarian God.

Though the consequences after death have nothing to do with him, it's still a good thing for him to see the clan he established prosper...

"Reincarnation is a power that allows one to see the past and future. Although I am merely a Shanhai Shadow, I can still see some of your past... It seems you want to help a place's barbarians regain their qualifications for reincarnation and cultivation..." Dao Man Mountain looked profoundly into Ning Fan as if seeing some memories related to Zhao Die'er and millions of barbarians.

"You have a seed within you, containing a trace of the will of a Fourth Step cultivator from the Dust Realm... This seed should help you achieve this, but with your current power, you are far from being able to wield the seed or the Fourth Step will... I have a way to help you use this seed, provided that you obtain the identity of the Tenth Generation Barbarian God and truly awaken the God-Extinguishing Shield's [Power of Slaughter and Punishment]."

"If you don't want to become a Barbarian God, I'm also willing to forge a positive connection with you, teaching you another method to use the seed, but this method requires you to possess Saint-level strength at the very least..."

"Whether or not to become a Barbarian God is entirely your decision. I won't force you, and even if you give up on the third stage, there will be no punishment. Our Dao Man Clan doesn't need a reluctant Barbarian God... I hope that you become a Barbarian God, but more so, I hope it's out of your own will."

Ascending the platform and becoming a Barbarian God, you can grant Zhao Die'er and others the qualifications for reincarnation and cultivation...

If not becoming a Barbarian God, one must become a Saint to help Zhao Die'er...

How long is Zhao Die'er's lifespan? Living for several hundred years is perhaps her limit, but within those years, I cannot become a Saint...

Ning Fan slightly closed his eyes, memories of moments with Zhao Die'er surfaced in his mind.

"Uncle, make a snowman for Die'er, when Die'er grows up, I want to marry Uncle, so he can make me snowmen every day!"

"Uncle, why does everyone have work to do and you're so idle. Mother said this behavior is called being lazy, girls shouldn't marry lazy men..."

"Uncle's gaze is just like mother's, surely uncle is thinking about someone he misses..."

"When I grow up, Uncle, why don't I accompany you back home? I want to see the snowing Barbarian City, what it's like through the four seasons..."

Zhao Die'er was someone he watched over and raised, their connection was purely a genuine teacher-student relationship, simply the care of a senior for a junior without any romantic feelings.

But that care resembles a bond that he can't abandon.

He sees Zhao Die'er almost like a child of his own; to watch her age and die... he can't do it...

In his mind, millions of barbarians kneeling and pleading rose before him, and the intense image lingers unshakeable...

Enough is enough; becoming a Barbarian God is obviously a great fortune, why does he act like it's a grievance, hesitating and unwilling...

Becoming the Young Si Fan, overcoming the Eighth Tribulation, obtaining the God-Extinguishing Shield... the path has interwoven his life deeply with the Barbarian Clan; why fear one more karmic bond...

I, Ning Fan, today will step onto this Ascension Platform, becoming the supreme deity of the Ancient Barbarian Realm. What's stopping me!

If Tagu can sit there, if Yin Mo can sit there, why wouldn't Ning Fan sit there!

Ning Fan's gaze was resolute as he took his first step toward the Ascension Platform.

At the moment he took this step, all heaven and earth seemed to tremble.

In the next instant, a phantasmagoric shadow of a barbarian figure appeared in the sky of the sixth layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, holding a shield in the left hand and a sword in the right. The shield resembled the God-Extinguishing Shield. The sword also pointed fiercely at the heavens with an indescribable defiance!

The appearance of the figure was unclear, yet an unspeakable oppression exuded, enough to shake the heart of any cultivator yet to step into the Third Step!

Around the figure, countless smaller barbarian figures appeared, bowing toward the sword-wielding figure!

War! War! War!

Please, Barbarian God... strike with your sword against the heavens!

Voices from ancient times reverberated through the air like a thousand strong army on the charge, surging forth.

Once these phenomena and voices appeared, they continuously projected and spread outward.

Outside the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, in the Bronze Tower Space, the phantasmagoric shadow stood, shield in hand, sword pointing to the heavens, numerous kneeling shadows, filled with their voices of entreaty!

Miaoyan was startled by the extraordinary sight and stepped out of her cave dwelling, not grasping what this phenomenon represented.

Her confusion didn't mean the Eye Orb Monster didn't understand.

It has been seventeen days since the last spiritual exchange with Ning Fan. The Eye Orb Monster was initially worried about Ning Fan's safety, fearing he wouldn't survive the Eighth Calamity. But upon noticing the anomaly in the sky, he was stunned beyond belief.

All those worries were instantly replaced by shock.

If he wasn't mistaken, this anomaly was clearly the shadow of the Barbarian God Battle Sky... Could it be that since Yin Mo, the Barbarian Clan now has a Tenth Generation Barbarian God being born...

Battle! Battle! Battle!

Invite the Barbarian God... to wield the sword against the sky!

This anomaly is undoubtedly related to Ning Fan, that bothersome kid. Is the forthcoming Tenth Generation Barbarian God actually that bothersome kid!

The anomaly continued to project outward, and outside the Copper Tower Space, the Palatial Void also manifested the Barbarian God Battle Sky anomaly!

Outside the Palatial Void, the Ninefold Celestial Towers likewise showed the Barbarian God Battle Sky anomaly!

In fact, ever since Ning Fan shattered the stone door of the Eighth Layer, the entire Ninefold Celestial Towers underwent a transformation.

With the stone door shattered, all the palaces in the Ninefold Celestial Towers quickly lost their oppressive aura. Those cultivators who previously lacked sufficient cultivation and could not ascend to the higher layer began to gather towards the Ninth Layer without any hindrance.

The forbidden force in this place weakened significantly, even the Shekong Cultivators could barely manage to fly, though not too rapidly.

The Immortal Venerable Ancient Corpses that lurked on the higher layers could not be found anymore, ceasing to obstruct the passing Masters, further reducing the difficulty of reaching the peak.

"Haha! I never expected that with my Peak of Shekong cultivation, I could ascend to the Ninth Layer and contend for this Ancient Passage!" exclaimed a towering man from the demon race, who excitedly rushed to the Eighth Layer, transforming into a wisp of gray smoke, speeding towards the Ninth Layer with impressive Divine Skills.

"The Ancient Passage will surely be claimed by us Humans! Above the Ninth Layer, there is bound to be a battle against the demon race. Fellow Daoists, please be cautious!" warned an old Human with Fragmented Thought Cultivation, accompanied by several Shekong Cultivators, forming a small team cautiously advancing towards the Ninth Layer.

"Hehe, I'm just here to fish in troubled waters. I wonder if I can snatch some benefits upon reaching the Ninth Layer. On my way, I picked up a five-million-year-old basil grass..." Like Demon Yuanzi, many others aimed to seize opportunities in the Ninefold Celestial Towers, all excitedly rushing to the Ninth Layer.

Nearly a hundred strong individuals from the Human and demon races had successively arrived at the Ninth Layer of Tianque, with more Cultivators still heading to this place.

A newly appeared barrier in the Ninth Layer isolated everyone within the range of the first palace, preventing entry to higher palaces.

That barrier was extremely strong, radiating seven-colored light like a rainbow, with a power that halted even Immortal Kings.

Thankfully, every quarter-hour, the seven-colored barrier would fade somewhat, lessening its power significantly, implying it could not persist long.

Soon it shall dissipate!

Once the barrier dissolves, the group of Cultivators can still reach the top of the Ninth Layer!

Liuhe Immortal Lord, Ao Xuan, and several Fan Clan Barbarian Ancestors were outside the barrier, vigilant of each other, engaged in a standoff. They could not enter the barrier and reach the top, waiting for the barrier to vanish on its own.

Among the Fan Clan's Barbarian Ancestors, one of the seven ancestors was missing; the Seventh Ancestor was not outside the barrier.

On the Human side, Miaoyan and Ning Fan were absent, while on the demon side, the Poison Dragon Ancestor had fallen...

"Hmph! Liuhe! You don't intend to fight me before the barrier disappears, do you? Don't forget, I have the Brahmic Demon Mace at hand, last time you were almost eliminated by this mace! Are you ready to suffer again?"

Ao Xuan wielded the Brahmic Demon Mace, scoffing at Liuhe Immortal Lord, while cautiously observing several Fan Clan Barbarian Ancestors.

The demon race and these Barbarian Ancestors were supposed allies, but Ao Xuan had long seen through the Barbarian Ancestors' ulterior motives for the Ancient Passage. The alliance was not solid.

Though Ao Xuan didn't fear Liuhe, he also didn't want to fight Liuhe before the barrier opened, providing an opportunity for these Barbarian Ancestors.

"Hmph! You have the Brahmic Demon Mace, but do you think I fear you? Don't forget, we Humans have Daoist Zhao on our side!"

Mentioning Ning Fan, Liuhe Immortal Lord gained confidence and returned Ao Xuan's cold smile.

Upon hearing Zhao Jian's name, whether it was Ao Xuan or the several Fan Clan Barbarian Ancestors, their expressions changed, clearly remembering Ning Fan's terrifying Divine Skills that slaughtered countless Immortal Venerable Ancient Corpses, their foreheads sweating profusely...

An attack comparable to a Saint's Strike... Killing hundreds or thousands of Immortal Venerables with one sword!

Zhao Jian might not be a Saint, but he isn't far off!

Liuhe is negligible, but Zhao Jian, they absolutely cannot provoke... Unexpectedly, the Humans possess such combat power in this Ancient Passage contention... Despicable, truly despicable, haven't they

forgotten that in the previous Ancient Passage, it was caused by the premature intervention of Immortal Emperor-level experts, leading to the passage's collapse!

The older the secret land, the less it can withstand toying by Immortal Emperor-level beings!

The Humans were wise, not sending an Immortal Emperor directly but deploying Zhao Jian with terrifying combat abilities, more formidable than an Immortal Emperor... If the passage collapses again, it would be a massive loss for both Humans and demons... Despicable Humans, don't you understand the concept of 'too much is as bad as too little'! Ao Xuan cursed internally without cease.

What puzzled Ao Xuan was that, logically, Zhao Jian should have already taken Miaoyan to the Ninth Layer.

Where did those two go? Why aren't they here, could they have entered inside the barrier? Hmph, Humans have certainly beaten the demon race to it! It seems this time, challenging the Humans for the Ancient Passage won't be easy...

Where's the Seventh Ancestor... could he have entered inside the barrier too? The other Barbarian Ancestors also guessed silently.

As the heroes stood off against each other, suddenly, the sky above the Ninth Layer displayed the Barbarian God Battle Sky anomaly.

Battle! Battle! Battle!

Invite the Barbarian God... to wield the sword against the sky!

The roar contained a reverse notion, too overwhelming, causing every Cultivator in this place to experience heart palpitations and an uncontrollable tremor.

Liuhe, Ao Xuan, and the other Cultivators didn't comprehend the anomaly's meaning, only stunned by its extraordinary might.

Only a few Fan Clan Barbarian Ancestors understood its significance, showing shocked expressions, eyes ablaze, their breathing gradually becoming rapid.

It turns out to be the shadow of the Barbarian God Battle Sky!

This anomaly appears only upon the birth of a Barbarian God!

Barbarian God... It is indeed a Barbarian God! The Ancient Barbarian Realm has spawned another Barbarian God!

Once someone becomes a Barbarian God, even if they are merely a junior at the Vein Opening stage, they can command the Barbarian Cultivators of the Ancient Barbarian Realm and easily eliminate any third-step Cultivation clans!

Becoming a Barbarian God grants ownership over the Cultivation resources of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, and they can cultivate using the Barbarian race's good fortune!

Even the third-step Saints need to fear the enormous forces backing the Barbarian God!

Even the third-step Saints yearn for the Barbarian Clan's good fortune!

Who is the lucky one destined to succeed as Barbarian God! It really makes one envious!

Every Barbarian Cultivator fantasizes about becoming a Barbarian God, just like every mortal dreams of becoming an Emperor...

The several Fan Clan Barbarian Ancestors were full of envy and jealousy, longing to find and replace the soon-to-be Barbarian God.

Unfortunately, they didn't know the upcoming Barbarian God was Ning Fan. If they did, who knows what remarkable expressions they would display.

...

At the top of the Ninth Layer, under the gray moon's illumination, countless stone statues towered.

The Seventh Ancestor was currently half-kneeling before the Yin Mo Statue's throne, pleading earnestly for something...

The Yin Mo Statue looked down at the Seventh Ancestor indifferently, as if examining a humble ant.

"Speak, Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor of the Fan Family, you abandoned your second Primordial Spirit, aiding my escape. What is your motive?"