

Grasping 941

Chapter 941: Thirty-Six Mountains

"Speak, Seventh Barbarian Ancestor of the Fan Family, you are willing to abandon your second Primordial Spirit to help this God escape. What is your intention?"

The statue of the Yin Mo Ancestor appeared indifferent. In his eyes, the Seventh Ancestor of the Fan Family was just an insignificant ant, not worth mentioning.

The Fan Family? Heh, just a second-rate Barbarian Clan in the Ancient Barbarian Realm. The Seventh Ancestor of the Fan Family was merely a minor character.

Unlike the humble Fan Family, he, Yin Mo, was a dignified deity of the Barbarian Clan. Few could catch his eye.

Every word and action of his carried a superior's pressure derived from his bloodline, invisibly exerting immense stress on the Seventh Ancestor.

Facing Yin Mo Ancestor's questioning, the Seventh Ancestor dared not show any disrespect, bowing his head even deeper as he humbly replied, "This lowly one has three requests. If the Divine Being agrees to them all, this lowly one is willing to abandon this body and become the vessel for your Corpse Seizing Sect technique, to help the Divine Being escape without regret!"

"Three requests? An insignificant ant, and you dare to negotiate with me?" Yin Mo's voice was slightly cold, and the temperature in the place dropped sharply.

"Indeed! Even an ant, if favored by fate, can have a chance to gaze down at the heavens. Doesn't the Divine Being think so?" The Seventh Ancestor boldly lifted his head, squinting slightly as he spoke resolutely.

When a dragon finds itself in shallow waters, shrimps play with it; when a tiger falls from grace, dogs mock it.

In terms of strength, the Seventh Ancestor was inferior to Yin Mo, and even his true form, the Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor, could not rival Yin Mo.

In terms of status, the Seventh Ancestor was merely a Barbarian Ancestor of a second-rate power, whereas Yin Mo was one of the lofty Ninth Generation Barbarian Gods, endowed with the Power of Slaughter and Punishment over the whole Barbarian Tribe, able to exert overwhelming pressure on the Seventh Ancestor.

Yin Mo Ancestor, sealed within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, was like a distressed dragon or tiger; were it not so, the Seventh Ancestor, as a Stone Warrior, would certainly never dare speak to Yin Mo in such a tone.

The air seemed to solidify, with an invisible killing intent brewing around Yin Mo but soon settled.

"State your requests," Yin Mo's voice revealed no hint of emotion.

Seeing Yin Mo not act out, the Seventh Ancestor wisely chose to step back, reverting to a respectful tone, "This lowly one's first request is to seize the Ancient Passage within the Ninefold Celestial Towers. According to my deductions, over a hundred Illusory Dream Realm Immortal Emperors have already become involved. With merely my second Primordial Spirit, it would be exceedingly difficult to snatch this from the hands of so many rivals. This matter requires the power of the Divine Being. If the Divine Being escapes, you must help me seize the Ancient Passage!"

"The Ancient Passage, hm... Continue," Yin Mo said noncommittally.

"The lowly one's second request is related to the Immortal Power within the Divine Being. I had the fortune to witness the Six Paths of Reincarnation..."

At this, a hint of pride appeared in the Seventh Ancestor's eyes, while for the first time, Yin Mo regarded him with a trace of respect.

"Unexpectedly, you have entered the Holy Sect Dao Field and seen the Six Paths of Reincarnation, so I will no longer call you an ant. You need not kneel; in front of this God, you are permitted to stand and speak."

"Thank you for your grace, Divine Being." The Seventh Ancestor, who had been half-kneeling, slowly stood up and continued,

"In this world, very few secrets can remain hidden from the Reverse River beside the Six Paths of Reincarnation. The water of the Reverse River can reflect all things, glimpsing the past and future. The lowly one spent some cost to trade for a secret from the Reverse River—an enigma regarding the Divine Being's past. The world only knows the Divine Being as Yin Mo, the Ninth Generation Barbarian God, but few are aware of your origins. However, I know that the true identity of the Divine Being is the wicked corpse severed by the Immortal Emperor of the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, and within you lies the 'Immortal Void' established by the Immortal Emperor! If the Divine Being escapes, you must lend me the Immortal Void for three thousand years; this is my second request!"

"The Immortal Void, hm..." The expression of the Yin Mo statue turned slightly somber, as if recalling some unpleasant matter.

After a long silence, he finally said, "Continue," still without comment.

"The lowly one's third request is to enter the Ancient Barbarian Tomb once."

"You want to enter the Ancient Barbarian Tomb? For what..." Yin Mo was slightly startled. The Ancient Barbarian Tomb was a place of trial opened by past Barbarian Gods and a resting place for the war-slain Barbarian Cultivators... What was this person's intent in wanting to enter the Ancient Barbarian Tomb...

This time, it was the Seventh Ancestor's turn to remain silent. He had his own reasons for entering the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, which he would not disclose to Yin Mo.

Recalling the secret gained on the Reverse River about the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield, the Seventh Ancestor's heart held a faint smirk.

After the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, the Ancient Barbarian Realm submitted to the Taicang Dust Realm, and later Barbarian Gods did not know that a fragment of the God-Extinguishing Shield was hidden in the Ancient Barbarian Tomb. By chance, the Seventh Ancestor learned of this.

This fragment... the Seventh Ancestor was determined to obtain it!

These three requests were not difficult for Yin Mo. To escape, Yin Mo would likely agree to these demands...

However...

A barely detectable cold glint flickered briefly in the Seventh Ancestor's eyes. In truth, these three requests were merely a ruse to deceive Yin Mo. His true aim was Yin Mo himself. As long as his plan succeeded, his second Primordial Spirit could merge with Yin Mo, and by then, he would be Yin Mo, and could accomplish the above-mentioned tasks himself...

"So, Divine Being, are you willing to agree to this lowly one's requests?" The Seventh Ancestor asked with a calm demeanor.

"And if this God does not agree, what will you do?" Yin Mo suddenly said mockingly.

"Not agree? Does the Divine Being not wish to escape from this place? A dignified Barbarian God, yet sealed here by the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, living a life darker than death, does the Divine Being not wish to escape and seek revenge against the Purple Astral Immortal Cultivator?" The Seventh Ancestor frowned.

"Heh, this God dreams of escaping this place, but there are two things you have misunderstood."

Yin Mo's mocking voice echoed in the vast stone forest. Suddenly, a strand of starlight appeared in his left eye.

In an instant, his left eye became dazzlingly bright, as if it contained an entire starry sky, giving an aura of profoundness, seeming to penetrate everything in front of him.

As for his right eye, it turned hollow and dim, devoid of any divine essence. Gradually, the right eye even shattered directly, turning into stone fragments falling to the ground, leaving only an empty right eye

socket. Not only that, but a stream of strange black blood also flowed out, continuously flowing along the stone-like right eye socket, dripping to the floor in front of the throne.

"I've lost one of my eyes, and it wasn't recovered until now, yet I can still see some traces. You think I can't see through your true plot? You're wrong about that."

At this moment, the Yin Mo Statue had only its left eye, but just with this single eye, it could easily see through all the secrets on the Seventh Ancestor!

"The three demands you proposed were merely a facade. Your true intention is my life! These seven chess pieces, are they the hidden trick you've left behind... humph!"

The Yin Mo Statue hummed softly, and immediately an invisible force enveloped the Seventh Ancestor.

Without any warning, the Seventh Ancestor spat out blood and was directly sent flying, with seven golden beams uncontrollably flying out from his body. Upon closer inspection, these were actually seven golden chess pieces, which upon appearance, immediately refracted countless swastika Buddha lights, giving a feeling of solemnity and heaviness.

"So these chess pieces are condensed from the power of causality, and this sensation seems to have blended the bone of a Buddha cultivator... Buddha cultivators cultivate the power of causality... This item is enough to sever the causality of the Barbarian God Blessing Art... If I truly used the Blessing Art on you to seize possession, I'd likely be sabotaged by these seven chess pieces..." Yin Mo said expressionlessly.

The Seventh Ancestor's gaze trembled, he didn't expect his true plot to be seen through by Yin Mo so easily. He was even less prepared for Yin Mo's simple thought to make him spit blood and be sent flying, forcing out the seven golden chess pieces hidden within his body.

This force... has nothing to do with cultivation, it originates from the suppression of bloodlines.

No doubt, the force that sent him flying is the Slaying Punishment Power of the Barbarian God Yin Mo!

"Legend has it that the punishment power of Barbarian God Yin Mo ranks among the top three across the nine generations of Barbarian Gods, possessing two Punishment Mountains. With just the punishment power, he can make immortal emperor level barbarian cultivators surrender. But wasn't he sealed by the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign? The punishment power should barely be able to exert one-tenth of its efficacy, how could it send me flying with one strike!" The Seventh Ancestor was shocked, evidently miscalculating quite a few things on this Tianque expedition.

One, two, three... suddenly, three golden mountain shadows appeared in the world. As soon as these three golden mountain peaks appeared, facing the Yin Mo Statue, the Seventh Ancestor immediately had a feeling of being unbeatable.

"It's actually three Punishment Mountains! Not two! After the First Generation Barbarian God Dao Man Mountain, only the Second-Generation Barbarian God had three Punishment Mountains. Yet even then, the third Punishment Mountain was only partially shaped and not in complete form... Yin Mo actually possesses three Punishment Mountains, he surpasses the Second-Generation Barbarian God! Among past generations of Barbarian Gods, he ranks second!"

It seems that during the endless years of being sealed, not only has Yin Mo's cultivation not diminished, but it increased instead. The Seventh Ancestor secretly lamented inwardly, barely managing to stabilize his retreating form, wiped away the blood, and urgently said.

"Divine Transformation Realm, calm your wrath! I have countless mistakes, none should harbor ill intentions towards the Divine Transformation Realm; for this matter, I'm willing to make compensation. I've collected some Barbarian Souls, though not many, only over seventy thousand, but they are survivors who've preserved their lives through calamities, their good fortune is far stronger than ordinary barbarians. I spent years developing a technique to return their good fortune to origin; by sacrificing these Barbarian Souls, the Divine Transformation Realm can quickly restore to peak strength after being freed!"

"Humph!"

A cold hum from the Yin Mo Statue was the response to the Seventh Ancestor, causing the Seventh Ancestor to once again spit blood and be sent flying, his aura continually weakening.

The Seventh Ancestor might have many life-preserving measures, but under the attack of the Yin Mo Statue's punishment power, he had no means to resist.

As a Barbarian God, he possessed the Slaying Punishment Power and could punish any barbarian with unavoidable retribution!

With the existence of the punishment power, the Barbarian God remained high above, intolerable to any barbarian's defiance.

Finally managing to stabilize his form yet again, this time, the Seventh Ancestor was unable to even stand, with one hand covering his chest and the other supporting the ground, half-kneeling, constantly coughing blood, already suffering a severe injury under the punishment power's attack.

Seeing the Yin Mo once again urge the punishment power to destroy him, the Seventh Ancestor was greatly shocked, urgently saying,

"Cough, cough, cough... Divine... Transformation Realm, you cannot kill me... killing me... you won't find such a perfect vessel like me to perform the Blessing Art..."

The Seventh Ancestor looked up at Yin Mo, forcibly calming down.

He was merely the second Primordial Spirit of the Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor, and even if destroyed, there wouldn't be much loss. But if he didn't gain any benefits from Yin Mo and died here, he would not reconcile!

Originally intending to manipulate Yin Mo further, now with his plot exposed, he could only compromise instead, abandon this body, and truly help Yin Mo in seizing possession and freeing him.

He believed that Yin Mo couldn't bear to kill him.

Yin Mo was sealed by the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, for countless years, during which the Ninefold Celestial Towers never emerged, and no other being came here.

This time the Ninefold Celestial Towers manifested, many masters entered its midst, yet among them, hardly any were suitable vessels for Yin Mo's Blessing Art.

The Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign was extremely powerful, and his seal was such that with Yin Mo's cultivation, it was nearly impossible to escape. The only sliver of hope was finding a vessel, to perform the strongest Corpse Seizing Sect Art in barbarian history—the Barbarian God Blessing Technique.

This technique uses causality as its medium to seize possession. If successful, the Divine Transformation Realm can escape without needing the sealed body, regaining new life. However, the precondition for the success of this technique is finding an exceedingly compatible perfect physical defense."

"Before becoming a Barbarian God, the Divine Transformation Realm cultivated barbarian defenses, and after becoming a Barbarian God, he was granted by Taicang and acquired the bloodline of Taicang Calamity Spirit. The Divine Transformation Realm simultaneously cultivated the Cataclysmic Barbaric Dual Power, so the vessel sought must at least possess a certain degree of Cataclysmic Barbaric Dual Power for a successful possession."

"Currently inside the Ninefold Celestial Towers, masters with Barbarian Blood are merely a few, all of them being previous generation Barbarian Ancestors of the Fan Family. Among them, the Cataclysmic Barbaric Dual Power realm of mine is the highest and can be the best vessel for the Divine Transformation Realm's possession. Killing me would be unwise!"

The Yin Mo Statue looked at the Seventh Ancestor with disdain, for a long time, before saying, "You think I can't bear to kill you, hence you dare to harbor malicious intent, plotting to harm my life. You believe that even if I see through your plot, I would overlook past grievances for the sake of escaping, but you're wrong. From the beginning, I never intended to use your second Primordial Spirit as a vessel for possession. I already have the most perfect vessel for possession! In this, you're wrong again!"

"If you have nothing else to say... you may die!"

Black Fire!

With Yin Mo's word, the Barbarian Blood within the Seventh Ancestor's body suddenly began to burn without any warning.

"Not good! With the cultivation of this body, I cannot withstand Yin Mo's power of punishment!"

I'm going to die!

The Seventh Ancestor felt a strong sense of reluctance in his heart, but even more so a feeling of helplessness.

Just as he thought he would be burned alive by the bloodline and die, at the highest point of the ninth layer of Tianque, above the stone forest, an astonishing phenomenon of Barbarian God Battle Sky suddenly appeared.

Fight! Fight! Fight!

Invoke the Barbarian God... wield the sword to battle the sky!

A surge of Slaughtering Punishment Power descended from the sky, colliding with Yin Mo's punishment power, causing a dull roar.

Above the stone forest, the three golden Punishment Mountains of Yin Mo began to crack from the repeated collisions with the newly appearing punishment power. The cracks multiplied until, finally, the three Punishment Mountains collapsed with a loud boom!

The reason for the collapse of these mountains lies in their inability to withstand the new Slaughtering Punishment Power!

"It's the shadow of Barbarian God Battle Sky! Its appearance signifies the birth of a Barbarian God... within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, a Tenth Generation Barbarian God is being born! How can this be!"

"This person has not yet truly become a Barbarian God, yet their power of punishment is already enough to collapse my Punishment Mountain... How many Punishment Mountains does this person possess!"

"Who is this person! His punishment power... is still increasing!"

Shock filled Yin Mo's eyes.

When the shadow of Barbarian God Battle Sky first appeared, the punishment power of the new Barbarian God was almost twice as much as his own.

As time passed, that punishment power continued to increase!

"Triple!"

"Quadruple!"

"Six times!"

"Ten times!"

"Twelve times!"

Twelve times my punishment power! How could such a powerful Barbarian God emerge after Dao Barbarian Mountain! And why at this location, and at this time... Yin Mo couldn't remain calm.

He had completely lost the desire to kill the Seventh Ancestor, who was fortunate enough to be spared due to the sudden phenomenon.

Within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, what has happened, who is about to become the Tenth Generation Barbarian God... Yin Mo doesn't know, and neither does the Seventh Ancestor.

Apart from the Eye Orb Monster, who could have known that the person about to become the Tenth Generation Barbarian God would be Ning Fan!

In the Bronze Tower Space, time stands still, and ten years within are but a moment outside.

On the Ascension Platform, Ning Fan walked step by step upwards, the path he trod was the divine way!

Where he passed, the barbarian statues on both sides of the divine way stood up. These statues were very peculiar, all golden, wielding golden Barbarian Flash Power, transforming into golden bows and arrows, shooting thousands of arrows towards Ning Fan, all entwined with golden flames.

Every fiery arrow possessed power no less than an Immortal Venerable Strike; ten combined could wound an Immortal King. A hundred combined could wound an Immortal Emperor. Thousands of arrows descended, making even a Quasi-Saint retreat.

A rain of thousands of arrows flew, filled with killing intent, changing the color of the sky and clouds, yet Ning Fan remained calm, completely ignoring the attacks.

Because, he was protected by the God-Extinguishing Shield!

"Without the God-Extinguishing Shield, one can still become a Barbarian God upon ascending the divine way, but cannot possess too much punishment power. You are different; though you only possess a fragment of the God-Extinguishing Shield, it is the most spiritually potent part. And you have retrieved its Shield Soul; with the help of the God-Extinguishing Shield, you can absorb these thousands of arrow lights, cultivating Slaughtering Punishment Power comparable to mine. Besides me, none of the other eight Barbarian Gods possess more than three Punishment Mountains. How many can you create, I await to see!"

The voice of Dao Barbarian Mountain timely echoed.

Ning Fan did not say much, nor did he need to do much, just continued his step-by-step ascent on the divine way.

And the God-Extinguishing Shield within his Dantian spontaneously manifested the defensive power of the God-Slaying Giant on Ning Fan's body, each golden arrow light shot into the body of the God-Slaying Giant, without exception, all eerily absorbed into the giant's body, as if devoured, everything was silent.

The incoming arrow light continuously merged into the giant's body, causing the color of the God-Slaying Giant to change from its original dark red to a hint of gold.

With this added gold, the God-Slaying Giant exuded an unprecedented majestic feeling, loathed, a giant phantom of a golden mountain began to form bit by bit.

That, is a power only a Barbarian God can master—the mountain formed by Slaughtering Punishment Power!

After condensing the first Punishment Mountain, Ning Fan clearly felt a new power within himself.

What is this feeling... as if easily able to determine the life and death of any Barbarian... to punish any Barbarian...

Slaughtering Punishment... Slaughtering Punishment...

This power has nothing to do with cultivation, and cannot be understood through Taoist practices, but is purely a domination of a superior over inferior!

The Ascension Platform towers to the heavens, four million steps of divine way, seemingly endless. The further the ascent, the more arduous the steps became, unable to proceed quickly.

Ning Fan slowly ascended, forgetting the passage of time. One day, two days, three days...

One month, two months, three months...

This long divine way, Ning Fan traversed for a whole twelve months before reaching the end.

And when he reached the end, ascending onto the divine platform, in the sky above, there stood a total of thirty-six Punishment Mountains!

The God-Slaying Giant defending him had completely transformed into dark gold; this was an ancient shade of gold reminiscent of the dusk in desert twilight.

The originally dark-red God-Extinguishing Shield had also... transformed into dark gold!

"The God-Extinguishing Shield... truly resurrected, albeit only a single fragment..."

Dao Barbarian Mountain revealed a look of relief, smiling.

"Next, you just need to carve your name on this Divine Tablet, and you will become the true Tenth Generation Barbarian God. From now on, the rise and fall of the Barbarian Clan will rest entirely on your shoulders."

Ning Fan walked step by step towards the center of the divine platform, halting beneath the Divine Tablet, withdrawing the visage of the God-Slaying Giant.

A golden light flew out from the Divine Tablet, transforming into a golden carving knife about a foot long, slowly falling into Ning Fan's palm.

Ning Fan gazed intently at the Divine Tablet, with an extremely solemn expression, the small carving knife seemingly weighing a thousand pounds.

Carving a name, from now on he would become the Tenth Generation Barbarian God of the Barbarian Clan. From now on, he would be that supreme existence.

Carving a name, from now on he must bear responsibility and consequences.

"From today onward, I, Ning Fan, shall be the God of the Barbarian Clan. Where I stand, life prevails!"

This is the vow!

Ning Fan's gaze became resolute, lifting the carving knife, and engraved the name 'Ning Fan' onto the Divine Tablet.

After he carved his name, the Divine Tablet, along with the entire Ascension Platform, vanished simultaneously, only to reappear when the next Barbarian God ascends.

No one knows the newly added name on the Divine Tablet.

But at this moment, every Barbarian in the world could feel that yet another Barbarian God has been born.

"So your name is Ning Fan... hehe, let's go, Little Barbarian God Ning; we are headed to the seventh layer of the Barbarian Grave to meet the Fourth Generation. Be careful, she's now just a shadow of mountains and seas, had only two Punishment Mountains when alive, couldn't withstand the punishment power from your thirty-six mountains; don't accidentally kill her with carelessness..."

Dao Barbarian Mountain solemnly instructed, with a wave of his sleeve, instantly transported Ning Fan to the seventh layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb.

Dao Barbarian Mountain, having long perished, only a shadow of mountains and seas remained, its former power of punishment was gone.

But Ning Fan was different. When he entered the seventh layer of the Barbarian Grave, he was almost silent, but upon stepping into this layer, Xi Zihua's shadow of mountains and seas couldn't suppress the tremor in her heart, feeling an urge to kneel before Ning Fan. The mighty bloodline pressure was irresistible!

Even though she was a Barbarian God, Xi Zihua couldn't remain upright before Ning Fan's thirty-six mountains!

Humiliation, humiliation... she never kneels to anyone, nor to a Taicang Calamity Spirit.

Even though she somewhat acknowledged Ning Fan, she absolutely refused to kneel before a Taicang Calamity Spirit.

"My body may perish, my shadow may fade, but these knees shall never bow!"

Xi Zihua bit her lip in indignation, allowing her shadow of mountains and seas to dissipate bit by bit, but refusing to kneel.

"What's happening to her..." Ning Fan, having newly ascended to godhood, was still unable to control his newfound punishment power effectively, unaware that the punishment aura he inadvertently emitted was on the verge of killing Xi Zihua.

"..." Dao Barbarian Mountain.

"..." Xi Zihua.

Little Barbarian God Ning, are you feigning innocence with your black belly ways...

Chapter 942: Reverse Relic

After all, having cultivated for many years, Ning Fan noticed the abnormality of Xi Zihua in an instant, realizing it was entirely caused by himself, and couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed. He apologized to Xi Zihua,

"I apologize, senior. I have just acquired the Power of Slaughter and Punishment and have yet to master it fully. It startled you..." His tone was neither servile nor overbearing, yet somewhat courteous.

Now that both were deities of the Barbarian Clan, even if there had been some misunderstandings before, Ning Fan did not wish to humiliate this woman in this time and place.

Moreover, Xi Zihua's integrity for choosing death over kneeling to the Taicang Calamity Spirit also earned Ning Fan some admiration, so he respectfully addressed Xi Zihua as senior.

The Fourth Generation Barbarian God is the God of a Fallen Nation, the God perished in battle, the God of non-yielding spirit... The broken sword piercing the chest, the bloodstain on the skirt, the pride choosing death over kneeling, the poignant yet unyielding countenance, the graceful figure standing in the shattered royal city... Each scene, instead, possesses a unique beauty.

A Barbarian God who died in battle to protect his clan, no matter how ugly, can be called beautiful, let alone Xi Zihua, who was not an unattractive woman.

This woman, known as the most beautiful among the Barbarian Clan, indeed lives up to her name... Her superficial beauty may be temporary, but the beauty in her bones does not fade with time.

These thoughts merely flashed through Ning Fan's mind without further contemplation. He attempted to control the power of punishment within him, suppressing the restless Xing Fa Zhi Wei within his body. Gradually, the proliferation of Xing Fa Zhi Wei across the seventh layer of the Barbarian Grave began to dissipate.

The Xing Fa Zhi Wei of the Thirty-Six Mountains is extraordinary, nearly crushing Xi Zihua's Shanhai Shadow directly. When this coercion subsided, Xi Zihua finally felt at ease, her complexion still slightly pale. She looked at Ning Fan complexly, and after a long time, she awkwardly said,

"Thank you..."

Never did she expect that one day she would thank a Taicang Calamity Spirit...

The Thirty-Six Punishment Mountains... A truly terrifying junior, perhaps in the history of the Barbarian people, only the initial generation could reach this number...

Previously, she was the person deducing Ning Fan's calamity, even intending to kill this Taicang Calamity Spirit Ning Fan in the Ancient Barbarian Tomb. Now, Ning Fan ironically becomes a Barbarian God. This shift in identity made Xi Zihua unsure of how to face Ning Fan, causing the atmosphere to become somewhat awkward.

Speaking of which, Ning Fan's Eighth Calamity isn't complete yet... Should I go easy on him...

"Let us reintroduce. This is the Fourth Generation Barbarian God, Xi Zihua. This is the Tenth Generation Barbarian God, Ning Fan. Alright, enough chitchat, Little Barbarian God Ning's Eighth Calamity isn't completed yet. Fourth Generation, quickly help him deduce the calamity. There is one thing you must remember, no matter Ning Little Barbarian God's origin, he is now, like you, a deity of our Barbarian Clan. You must not hold any hostility toward him anymore. This is my order, you must obey. Should you contravene this order and harm him, I will not hesitate to erase your Shanhai Shadow with a single finger's strength,"

Dao Barbarian Mountain looked at Xi Zihua, warningly.

Xi Zihua was Ning Fan's deducer of calamity, because of her hatred toward Taicang Calamity Spirits, Ning Fan's Eighth Calamity was noticeably more perilous and difficult than for others. Although Ning Fan ascended to the seventh layer of the Ancient Barbarian Tomb, the final deadly trial of the Eighth Calamity hadn't truly descended, still in Xi Zihua's hands.

If Xi Zihua were to sabotage it, using all means to bring down the strongest deadly trial, even with Ning Fan under the protection of the God-Extinguishing Shield and the Xing Fa Zhi Wei of the Thirty-Six Mountains, there is a considerable chance of perishing in the deadly trial.

Dao Barbarian Mountain promised Ning Fan to protect him, naturally, so it will ensure Xi Zihua doesn't arbitrarily unleash the deadly trial to kill Ning Fan.

It doesn't expect Xi Zihua to go easy on Ning Fan, only requests that she be fair, treating Ning Fan fairly.

If Xi Zihua descends with a normal Barbarian Master level calamity, Ning Fan would likely pass it with ease.

"No, I understand the importance, he has become a Barbarian God, the hope of our clan... I won't harm him anymore..." Xi Zihua sighed softly, agreeing.

Xi Zihua could still distinguish the importance. She had already vaguely discerned some of Ning Fan's character and aptitude. With Ning Fan, the Barbarian clan might still have a sliver of prosperity opportunity...

Even if Ning Fan is a Taicang Calamity Spirit, she would strive to set aside her prejudice against him...

"Tenth Generation, come a bit closer. Next, I will bestow upon you the last deadly trial of the Eighth Calamity..." Xi Zihua wanted to smile at Ning Fan but couldn't bring herself to. She could try to repress her prejudice but couldn't disguise herself, offer Ning Fan a fake smile.

Her hatred for Taicang Calamity Spirits was embedded in her bones, she could mentally accept Ning Fan, but physiologically, couldn't smile.

"The senior's hostility towards me seems entirely derived from my Taicang Calamity Spirit identity, is that so?" Ning Fan was in no hurry to undergo the Eighth Calamity, opening his mouth to ask.

"Correct. I do mind your Calamity Spirit identity, but you have become a Barbarian God, I will strive to set aside those biases..."

"No need to do so. There is one thing the senior might have misunderstood, while I possess Calamity Blood, I am not truly a Taicang Calamity Spirit. I am a Zidou Cultivator, from a certain perspective, perhaps an enemy of the Calamity Spirit clan."

Ning Fan said indifferently. Gods, demons, devils, and calamities were mere powers for him, not determining his race.

If he must label himself, he would stick 'Zidou Cultivator' in large characters.

He didn't know much about Zi Dou Immortal Domain's history, but along the way, he has had many speculations.

Zi Dou Immortal Domain should already have perished. The enemy that overturned the Zi Dou Immortal Domain is most probably the Calamity Spirit Clan...

He was born in the Rain Immortal World, a cultivator in the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign's dream, he is the inheritor of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, and considered the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign as a mentor...

No doubt, Ning Fan is a Zidou Cultivator, and the Calamity Spirit Clan that overturned the Zi Dou Immortal Domain is naturally his enemy.

"What did you say! You are not truly a Taicang Calamity Spirit?! You are a Zidou Cultivator!" Xi Zihua's eyes suddenly lit up with brilliance.

The time of her death coincided with the complete fall of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, then, the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign hadn't achieved Dao nor had the Zi Dou Immortal Domain been established.

But this doesn't mean she knows nothing of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, unlike Dao Barbarian Mountain.

On the contrary, she watched the ebb and flow of the Barbarian clan all the time, even in countless years after her death, she continued to inquire about the Three Real Realms' news.

She knew that after her death, the Barbarian Clan would completely become the slave tribe of the Taicang Calamity Spirits, and future Barbarian Gods would all become servants of the Calamity Spirits.

She had heard that later generations produced a Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, extremely remarkable, who could even tie in battle with the legendary strongest entity in Dust Realm—the Master of Calamity Thought!

The Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, with his own power, slew the two Immortal Sovereigns Zi Wei and Northern Dipper, unified the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, and became the strongest in the Three Great Realms—the Nether Dust Realm.

However, some events later led the entire Zi Dou Immortal Domain to suffer a catastrophic disaster, ultimately perishing in the invasion of the Calamity Spirits...

The cultivators of the Zi Dou Immortal Domain are the most spirited group among the Three Great Realms; when the Calamity Spirits invade, they often fight to the death, rarely surrendering... Even if some surviving cultivators remain, they all see the Taicang Calamity Spirits as mortal enemies, fighting with all their strength against them to the end, never compromising.

For this reason, even though Zi Dou Immortal Domain was destroyed, the Calamity Spirit Clan still regards the Zi Dou cultivators as their number one enemy.

This child, claims to be a Zi Dou cultivator... Clearly a mortal enemy of the Calamity Spirit Clan, yet possessing the bloodline of the Calamity Spirits...

"You... truly aren't a Calamity Clan cultivator?"

"No," Ning Fan shook his head and said.

"Is that so..." Xi Zihua suddenly let out a long sigh of relief; at this moment, she finally harbored no prejudice against Ning Fan.

Moreover, she felt a bit of apology towards Ning Fan.

Previously, she thought Ning Fan was a Calamity Clan cultivator and constantly aimed to kill him. Now realizing Ning Fan was not a Calamity Clan cultivator at all, she had mistakenly targeted the wrong person after all...

A mistake demands recompense! She, Xi Zihua, distinguishes clearly between favors and enmities, bearing no grudge against anyone.

Therefore... She had already conceived a plan to impose the final lethal calamity on Ning Fan.

"I, Xi Zihua, never wrong others. It seems you have cultivated a very remarkable bewitching technique... Since you are a cultivator of bewitching techniques, I will bestow upon you a fortuitous opportunity."

Each word from Xi Zihua was clear and resounding; her expression was, for some unknown reason, slightly flushed, yet her demeanor remained exceedingly firm.

It seemed she was hinting at something; Ning Fan was unsure of the deeper meaning in Xi Zihua's words, but Dao Man Shan understood, eyes slightly shaking, he rebuked, "Fourth Generation! Are you sure you want to proceed with this? If you do so, not only will your reputation be lost, but even the Shanghai Shadow will collapse with it!"

"I, Xi Zihua, never wrong others," Xi Zihua replied lightly.

She glanced around the empty seventh layer of the Barbarian Grave, suddenly waved her delicate hand, and a violent wind instantly surged through the entire seventh layer. As the wind passed, the corpses of the slumbering Barbarian cultivators here all vanished, taken by her to unknown places.

"This matter... I don't want any outsiders watching, could I ask the First Generation to temporarily move to the sixth layer..." Xi Zihua addressed Dao Man Shan.

"Since you've made your decision, you must bear all consequences. Do you understand..." Dao Man Shan suddenly sighed.

"I won't regret it, please First Generation move," Xi Zihua affirmed.

"Well... since you don't regret it, this old man won't say anything else..." Dao Man Shan cast a complicated look at Ning Fan, his form flickering, disappearing straight from the seventh layer of the Barbarian Grave.

In the empty seventh layer of the Barbarian Grave, only Ning Fan and Xi Zihua remained, no one else present.

Ning Fan's gaze slightly tensed; he wasn't sure what riddle Xi Zihua and Dao Man Shan were playing with, yet he realized that Xi Zihua had made some weighty decision.

"Now there are no longer any interruptions, but... the scenery is quite poor, lacking any atmosphere..."

Xi Zihua waved her delicate hand again, and the surrounding scenery immediately transformed; the originally desolate land suddenly burst with life, lush green grass sprouting from the ground, dry

riverbeds filled with flowing water, and within moments, the seventh layer had become a world of beautiful birds and blooming flowers.

"Next will be your final lethal calamity for the Eighth Calamity... Handle it well..." Xi Zihua lifted her lips slightly, suddenly smiling at Ning Fan with allure.

This smile included her supreme bewitching technique, and Ning Fan, though resistant to bewitching techniques, also sensed the life-and-death crisis from Xi Zihua's smile.

"I have cultivated bewitching techniques all my life, yet never yielded to any man, because once I yield to anyone, the power of my bewitching technique will be seized... Your bewitching technique is very strong, the creator of this technique must have been an extraordinary figure."

Xi Zihua did not know the bewitching technique Ning Fan practiced was the Yin Yang Transformation created by the Ancient Chaos. Her cultivation in bewitching techniques was no lower than Ancient Chaos, but unfortunately, she lived in an era when Ancient Chaos was not yet born, thus the two generations of bewitching masters never met.

"The power of bewitching techniques originates from the control over desires. There are five kinds of desires, corresponding to the Five Aggregates, which are form, feeling, perception, mental formations, and consciousness... Those who are empty of the Five Aggregates fear no bewitching technique, but those who can achieve this, even among Saints, are exceedingly rare. You cannot achieve this, but the jade locket within you can bring you near the power of the Five Aggregates Emptiness, truly a treasure. With this treasure, I find it hard to enchant you, so I must temporarily seal this treasure..."

Xi Zihua suddenly cast a peculiar spirit sense, and at this moment, the connection between Ning Fan and the Yin Yang Locket was abruptly severed!

The Yin Yang Locket could no longer guard Ning Fan's spirit sense, nor help him resist the bewitching techniques.

In the following moments, Ning Fan would have to rely solely on his own cultivations, to fend off Xi Zihua's supreme bewitching techniques!

"Reverse Relic, appear!"

Xi Zihua suddenly opened her mouth and sprayed, a pink light instantly flew out, surprisingly a small pink crystal.

This item bore some resemblance to the Buddha cultivators' relics, but while most Buddha cultivator relics are golden, Xi Zihua's relic was pink.

Not a relic, but a... Reverse Relic!

A Buddha cultivator's relic, when cultivated to a certain level, can make those advanced Buddha cultivators reluctantly reach the realm of Five Aggregates Emptiness.

But the Reverse Relic is the other way around, it possesses a powerful force capable of making the enemy sink into **.

The moment this Reverse Relic flew out, Ning Fan felt a buzzing explosion in his mind, then lost all consciousness, his eyes becoming dazed, within which burned a fire of desire.

Xi Zihua drew closer to Ning Fan step by step, lifting herself on tiptoe and hooking her arm around Ning Fan's neck, offering her soft lips to Ning Fan, who was sinking in the sea of desire.

This kiss seemed like a catalyst, making the fire of desire in Ning Fan's eyes even more fierce. He swiftly pulled out the broken sword from Xi Zihua's chest and threw it on the ground. Then his body instinctively drew Xi Zihua fiercely into his embrace, as if he would crush her.

What a Ning Fan, first slaying the Seventh Generation Barbarian God Tagu with a sword, and then... holding the Fourth Generation Barbarian God Xi Zihua in his arms...

Held so firmly, Xi Zihua's delicate body trembled slightly, feeling a desire to escape this embrace, but ultimately did not leave.

She, Xi Zihua, never fails anyone, and as this Shanhai Shadow, does not carry much of her original power, yet if she could pass it to Ning Fan, it would surely cause Ning Fan's bewitching technique to greatly advance.

Allowing Ning Fan's large hands to roam over her body, she eventually did not retreat, and as her garments peeled away piece by piece, she did not regret it.

Ning Fan seemed to be in a long dream, a dream where he held a soft body with indistinct features, entwined till death.

The other's moans were so enchanting, each sound seemed to possess a certain magic, causing the fire of desire in Ning Fan's body to grow ever stronger, unable to awaken from this sinking.

What a terrifying bewitching technique! Though he spent his life cultivating bewitching techniques, this was the first time he couldn't break free in the hands of another bewitching master.

In terms of bewitching technique accomplishment alone, Xi Zihua might be even stronger than the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, after all, the Ancient Chaos was proficient in two Cultivation Techniques. Yin Yang Transformation is just the foundation of Chaos Ring Decision, for Ancient Chaos, bewitching techniques were merely a means to improve cultivation, not a method of attack.

Whereas Xi Zihua was different, all her strength came from bewitching techniques; her mastery of bewitching techniques was not something Ning Fan could compare to now.

Sink, sink, sink...

Time and again their lips and tongues intertwined, yet Xi Zihua deliberately tantalized, never letting Ning Fan enter.

For a long time, a long time, except for the final step, much happened between the two of them. Xi Zihua's bewitching power was continuously flowing into Ning Fan's body.

"Just one last step..."

Xi Zihua panted lightly, her cheeks flushed, ready to guide Ning Fan.

Once this step is completed, all her remaining power will belong to Ning Fan, and this Shanhai Shadow of hers will disappear completely from the world.

No need for regret, nor hesitation.

Xi Zihua looked steadily at Ning Fan atop her. He was the Tenth Generation Barbarian God, a hopeful revival of the Barbarian Clan, while she was merely a long-deceased Shanhai Shadow left behind...

If her death could make amends for past mistakes, allow Ning Fan's power to increase, bring about the revival of the Barbarian Clan sooner, she would not hesitate to sacrifice this Shanhai Shadow.

"Ning Fan, is it... The future of the Barbarians is entrusted to you, comprehend my Reverse Relic technique well..."

She closed her eyes slightly, guiding Ning Fan...

Yet in this moment, Ning Fan who had always sunk suddenly let out a roar, his eyes forcibly regained clarity.

In the end, there was no...

"I see... the words you spoke with Dao Man Shan Senior earlier meant this..." The awakened Ning Fan understood Xi Zihua's deep meaning, also guessed what consequence Xi Zihua's act would lead to.

"Impossible! You actually managed to awaken from the allure on your own!" Xi Zihua gasped in astonishment.

She had sealed the Yin Yang Locket and summoned the Reverse Relic, sacrificing her purity to allure a Master; logically, even if the opponent was an Initial Saint, as long as they hadn't reached the realm of the Five Aggregates Emptiness, they would be enchanted by her, unable to awaken.

How did Ning Fan awaken! His cultivations hadn't even reached the realm of the Eternal Immortal Venerable. He similarly hadn't cultivated to the Five Aggregates Emptiness realm, those in Five Aggregates Emptiness lack joy and sadness, each like dust outside guests severing worldly affairs, Ning Fan evidently wasn't such a person.

Without surpassing the cultivation of the Initial Saint, without the Five Aggregates Emptiness, how did he awaken!

How did he overcome the desire within his heart!

She didn't know, Ning Fan would never reach Five Aggregates Emptiness in his lifetime. Only those who discard all forms achieve that, yet Ning Fan was unwilling to discard anything, reluctant to forsake the mortal world.

And the reason Ning Fan could awaken was not from overcoming the desire within, but by... fully accepting those desires, using his true self to govern those desires.

This was another realm different from Five Aggregates Emptiness, known as deacon.

"It's not impossible. Your bewitching technique is impressive, but if I indulge my true self, not suppress it, then attaining a bit of sanity, can be done."

Ning Fan's breath grew heavier, yet the fire of desire in his eyes increased rather than diminished.

Suddenly, under him Xi Zihua groaned softly in pain, yet a unique comfort lingered in her heart.

"You are very beautiful, and if I were to unite with you, I'm sure it would be an extremely wonderful experience..."

The bare words from Ning Fan made a deeper blush appear on Xi Zihua's face. This man was truly shameless, speaking of such disgraceful things as coupling so directly...

"But it's a pity, if I were to take you now, it seems this Shanhai Shadow of yours would collapse immediately."

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with an azure spike as he relied on the strength of the Second Realm of Tianren to gradually suppress the desire that had almost overtaken him.

"If I were to take you, you would be my woman, and I do not have the habit of letting my women die before my eyes. Therefore, I will not have you!"

I will not have you!

Anger flared in Xi Zihua's heart; she was actually rejected...

In the Ancient Barbarian Realm, those who wished to savor her beauty were beyond count. She willingly offered herself to Ning Fan, yet Ning Fan rejected her, did not want her!

Not to mention her beauty, or her bewitching technique, just the benefits of having her should be enough to persuade anyone.

Ning Fan should be able to see that having her would grant him her remaining power... so why refuse?

Even a cold-blooded and emotionless person would not push her away in pursuit of power...

Ning Fan flipped over and stood up, with a wave of his hand, his naked body was suddenly clothed again.

And at the moment he fully regained consciousness, the Eighth Calamity was finally overcome.

Of course, even if he had not awoken, he could have passed the Eighth Calamity because Xi Zihua had clearly decided to hold back...

Unfortunately, Xi Zihua had not expected that Ning Fan could awaken from her allure through his own will...

"Still not getting dressed... I've already passed the Eighth Calamity, Dao Barbarian Mountain Senior will soon return, do you want him to see you like this?"

Ning Fan cast a glance at Xi Zihua. At this moment, Xi Zihua lay limp and soft on the grass, her snowy white figure marked with numerous blue and purple kiss marks, and there was no doubt, they were his doing...

Thinking of this, Ning Fan's gaze towards Xi Zihua carried a touch of complexity.

No matter how this fragrant affair began or ended, there was now an unclear relationship between him and Xi Zihua.

This crazy woman, did she really have to offer herself like this... if he hadn't woken in time, Xi Zihua's Shanghai Shadow would have surely dissipated today.

Hmm? What's this... After rolling around in the grass with this woman, something seems to have appeared inside him...

Ning Fan looked within himself and finally noticed there was something more within his Dantian.

After passing the Eighth Calamity, five drops of Ancestral Barbarian Blood had appeared in Ning Fan's body, being domineeringly devoured by the Blood Lightning within.

At this moment, what had appeared within him weren't just those ancestral bloods, but also a pink crystal, the size of an egg, smooth and translucent...

Due to the presence of this thing, his bewitching technique cultivation seemed... to have advanced significantly...

Furthermore, there appeared to be some additional abilities related to bewitching techniques...

"This is... a Reverse Relic!"

Ning Fan's expression was moved; it was a Reverse Relic identical to Xi Zihua's!

"What a pity... without reaching the final step, I could only pass on to you the power to condense the Reverse Relic. It would be wonderful if I could give you all the power..." Xi Zihua lamented, giving Ning Fan a resentful glare.

It was a waste that she set aside her sense of shame to roll around half a day in the grass with Ning Fan, doing many things beyond normal boundaries, yet in the end, she did not achieve her original aim.

She felt a deep sense of futility... and loss...

Of course, her heart also felt some complexity.

She, someone who had been dead for many years, had actually rolled in the grass with a younger generation from the future whom she met for the first time... Memories like these would likely be unforgettable...

...

Achoo, achoo, achoo...

Outside, the Eye Orb Monster was sneezing one after another, and one wouldn't know how he sneezed given his lack of conventional organs.

"Oh dear, oh dear, that brat has been passing the Eighth Calamity for more than a year, why is he still not out yet."

"Speaking of which, that brat is really lucky, being able to stay with this old man's goddess for a whole year, it really makes one envious. Envy enough to want to kill him..."

If the Eye Orb Monster knew that, currently, Ning Fan had done many embarrassing things with his goddess, he would probably be even more envious.

He might envy to the point of going insane, then tear Ning Fan into pieces...

Chapter 943: Slaying Tagu Like Butchering a Dog!

After a long time, Dao Barbarian Mountain returned to the seventh layer with a heavy heart, having sensed that Ning Fan had successfully passed through the Eighth Calamity, which meant that the Fourth Generation Barbarian God had completed the matter of inheritance and had likely already passed away...

The Fourth Generation... She was a Barbarian God who cared deeply for the Barbarian Clan, and her passing brought some sentimentality to Dao Barbarian Mountain.

However, when Dao Barbarian Mountain returned to the seventh layer, he was met with an amusing scene.

The Shanhai Shadow of Xi Zihua had not dissipated; she was neatly dressed and was demonstrating the variations of the Reverse Relic's divine powers to Ning Fan.

Uh... What is going on?

"You've already cultivated the Reverse Relic; the strength of the relic depends on the amount of 'Charm Breath' contained within it... There are a few points to note when cultivating the Reverse Relic... First... Second... Third..."

"With the Reverse Relic, the more Cauldron Furnaces you have, the greater the benefits. You don't necessarily need to extract them, just..."

Xi Zihua, like a teacher, was imparting the methods for cultivating the Reverse Relic to Ning Fan, occasionally demonstrating.

Ning Fan listened quietly to Xi Zihua's explanations like a student, occasionally asking one or two questions about the cultivation of the bewitching technique.

The two appeared very proper, as if nothing intimate had occurred between them...

But, did nothing really happen?

Being as observant as Dao Barbarian Mountain, he naturally noticed some amorous purple marks on the fair neck of Xi Zihua... Uh, it seemed something did happen between the Fourth and Tenth Generations, but if they really had done it, the Shanhai Shadow of the Fourth Generation should have dissipated without a doubt, why had it not disappeared...?

Unfathomable. Whatever, regardless, the fact that the Fourth Generation has not dissipated is ultimately a good thing, so it's best not to probe into the details.

Dao Barbarian Mountain did not interrupt Xi Zihua and Ning Fan but stood aside, waiting for Xi Zihua to impart the cultivation experience to Ning Fan.

Several hours later, Xi Zihua finally finished imparting her teachings, and after listening to her instructions on the bewitching techniques, Ning Fan's insights into the art greatly improved.

With Xi Zihua's 'help', Ning Fan managed to successfully cultivate the Reverse Relic, quite a valuable accomplishment with significant utility. Unfortunately, without any Cauldron Furnaces around, he could not experiment with the myriad wonders of the Reverse Relic...

As for its specific divine powers, there's no need for a lengthy explanation here; they will naturally reveal themselves in due course.

"Thank you, Senior, for imparting your teachings..."

Ning Fan cupped his hands in gratitude toward Xi Zihua, a hint of complexity hidden in his eyes. After experiencing the tempting affair in the rolling grass, calling her 'Senior' felt somewhat awkward.

"No need to thank me. I previously harbored the intent to kill you, so imparting the Reverse Relic was merely compensation, and henceforth we owe each other nothing..."

Can they really owe each other nothing? Xi Zihua felt equally complex inside. Though she was merely a Shanhai Shadow and her physical self was deceased, what transpired with Ning Fan couldn't simply be disregarded. Having practiced the bewitching technique all her life, it was her first time getting so close to a man...

Every time she recalled the scenes from the rolling grass, Xi Zihua blushed, feeling flustered. With a mindset of certain death, she had dared to act so boldly, never anticipating that this Shanhai Shadow would survive. Facing Ning Fan now was somewhat awkward.

I don't want you! I don't want you! I don't want you!

She suddenly recalled Ning Fan's resounding rejection, feeling a little agitated, giving Ning Fan a slightly annoyed glare. She actually got rejected...

Dao Barbarian Mountain interpreted this glare, assuming it was a flirty exchange between lovers.

"As expected... Something did occur between the Tenth and Fourth Generations..." Dao Barbarian Mountain chuckled, which made Xi Zihua's expression turn serious.

Realizing she had been too caught up in her emotions, she had forgotten she had kept the First Generation waiting for hours, which was indeed impolite... Xi Zihua composed herself and addressed Dao Barbarian Mountain,

"The Tenth Generation has successfully passed through the Eighth Calamity, so I shall take my leave."

Seeing as Ning Fan had passed the Eighth Calamity, there seemed to be no reason for her to remain here any longer.

After bidding farewell to Dao Barbarian Mountain, Xi Zihua did not spare Ning Fan another glance, her figure flickering before disappearing.

A lingering message echoed in Ning Fan's mind.

"Hmph, farewell forever!" There was still noticeable resentment.

"Farewell forever, is it..." Ning Fan looked toward where Xi Zihua had vanished, shaking his head helplessly.

There was always this feeling that they would meet again. Indeed, if there's a chance to leave the four heavens and nine worlds and visit the Three Great Realms, the Barbarian Clan will likely be on the itinerary.

There should be another day of meeting...

"Hehe, throughout, the Fourth Generation was a qualified Barbarian God, residing in high positions like an emperor, displaying neither anger nor joy outwardly. Outwardly gentle, yet inwardly strong. To think you were able to elicit such a girlish demeanor from her... I am truly curious about what transpired between you and the Fourth Generation..."

Dao Barbarian Mountain chuckled and then produced a dark red scroll, handing it to Ning Fan.

"This is..." Ning Fan said, slightly surprised.

"This details the method to use the tree seed and the way to wield the Power of Slaughter and Punishment; keep it for later use. Having overcome the Eighth Calamity, you are on the verge of leaving this place, and I have some things I'd like to say to you."

"Senior, feel free to speak your mind."

Ning Fan noticed the solemn expression on Dao Barbarian Mountain's face, speculating that what he intended to discuss would be significant, thus attentively focusing to listen.

"Within you lies the power of the God, Yin Yang Transformation, and Demon Tribes, all belonging to the Nether Dust Realm. Yet you also harbor Calamity Blood Power, with the Ghost Servants Clan belonging to the Dust Realm... Your Cultivation Technique is remarkably unique, allowing the four different bloodlines to coexist peacefully, a technique of bloodline symbiosis I have never seen, more potent than those Masters who fuse bloodlines with the Primordial Fruit."

Ning Fan initially thought Dao Barbarian Mountain wished to remind him of safeguarding the Barbarian Clan, yet it turned towards discussing his bloodline.

"Your Cultivation Technique is exceptional, and I foresee you eventually completely merging the four bloodlines; however, at that stage, the bloodlines must have a hierarchy... I have a suggestion I hope you consider."

"When merging the bloodlines, do not let Calamity Blood be the primary one... The power of Calamity Blood is immense but has severe drawbacks. If you let the God, Yin Yang Transformation, and Demon bloodlines suppress the Calamity Blood, you might remain carefree for life. Otherwise, you could forever never escape the grasp of the Calamity Master; entering the Real Realms would spell disaster..."

"Remember, remember!"

Dao Barbarian Mountain deeply looked at Ning Fan, gradually fading and disappearing along with the entire Ancient Barbarian Tomb. His cultivation far surpassed Ancient Chaos, even calling directly the name of Calamity Master without worry.

Until he completely vanished, Dao Barbarian Mountain did not make any request to Ning Fan regarding rejuvenating the Barbarian Clan.

In Dao Barbarian Mountain's view, some words need not be spoken. If Ning Fan is willing, he will rejuvenate the Barbarian Clan. If not, it cannot be forced.

Dao Barbarian Mountain's last words echoed long in Ning Fan's ears, making him extraordinarily solemn.

Cannot use Calamity Blood as the main source to integrate bloodlines...

Even as his consciousness returned to the external world, Ning Fan remained silent contemplatively, slowly stepping out of the lake and onto the shore. The Immortal Demon Blood in the lake had long since exhausted its power over the past year, hence the lake water returned to clarity.

"Oh dear, amazing! You brat, you actually passed the Eighth Calamity, impressive, truly impressive!"

The chattering of the Eye Orb Monster's voice snapped Ning Fan out of his deep thoughts.

"How was it, wasn't the Fourth Generation Barbarian God beautiful, wasn't it an eye feast! Heh heh, passing the Eighth Calamity wasn't a loss, right! I didn't deceive you, did I! But alas, you only enjoyed an eye feast, the Fourth Generation Barbarian God never gets close to any man, don't foolishly hope for intimate fragrance... Ah, young man, look at it this way, those noble women aren't to be thought of by us common folk." The Eye Orb Monster consoled in a tone of camaraderie.

"..." Ning Fan didn't know what to say. Should he tell the Eye Orb Monster that not only did he get intimate with Xi Zihua, but Xi Zihua was the one who approached him?

"By the way, you brat, was the phenomenon during the Barbarian God Battle Sky related to you?" The Eye Orb Monster suddenly remembered and asked.

"Yes." After pondering briefly, Ning Fan felt there was no need to hide this from the Eye Orb Monster and answered truthfully.

"You, you, you! You actually became the tenth generation Barbarian God of the Ancient Barbarian Realm! Really?!" Although the Eye Orb Monster had expected it, confirming the guess still caused great joy.

If Ning Fan truly became the Tenth Generation Barbarian God, the odds of defeating Yin Mo would increase greatly.

Because once Ning Fan became the Barbarian God, he would possess the Power of Slaughter and Punishment. The only trouble was the many Punishment Mountains Yin Mo had, up to three. As Yin Mo's right eye, the Eye Orb Monster knew that over the years, Yin Mo had already cultivated the third Punishment Mountain. In terms of Punishment Power, only the legendary first generation of Barbarian Clan history could surpass him...

"You brat, how many Punishment Mountains do you have now? One or two!" The Eye Orb Monster secretly calculated. Throughout Barbarian Clan history, most Barbarian Gods only had one Punishment Mountain, those who have had two were only Xi Zihua and Yin Mo, and the second generation had two and a half. Of course, now Yin Mo has three Punishment Mountains.

Ning Fan surpassing Yin Mo seemed unlikely; three would be difficult to achieve, at the very least one, two might be possible but improbable.

If this brat could have two Punishment Mountains, that would be great; it would raise the confidence in defeating Yin Mo to a solid sixty percent...

"Thirty-six." Ning Fan thought for a moment and truthfully answered the Eye Orb Monster. He vaguely felt that the Eye Orb Monster's question was related to defeating Yin Mo, so he did not conceal anything.

"Uh, what did you say? I didn't seem to hear clearly—say again, was it three or six..."

The Eye Orb Monster appeared shocked. He seemed to have misheard, seemingly hearing Ning Fan say thirty-six... Must have misheard, certainly misheard...

"...Thirty-six..." Ning Fan answered once more, this time directly summoning thirty-six Punishment Mountains and unleashing their full Punishment Power.

Suddenly, thirty-six golden giant peaks appeared in the sky, the invisible Punishment Power spreading across the entire Bronze Tower Space in no time.

Miaoyan was not a Stone Warrior, unable to feel that kind of bloodline Punishment Power, but the Eye Orb Monster was different.

The true identity of the Eye Orb Monster is Yin Mo Ancestor's right eye, detached for certain reasons.

Yin Mo is a bona fide Pluck, and the Eye Orb Monster counts as a Pluck too.

As long as one is a Pluck, one can feel the terrifying oppression of the thirty-six Punishment Mountains. Even with the Eye Orb Monster possessing the Seven Calamity Immortal Emperor cultivation, such a presence made it feel small!

The Ning Fan before him made him feel utterly unbeatable, as if a mere thought could cause his immediate demise!

Facing Ning Fan, the Eye Orb Monster began trembling, trembling to the point of losing the ability to maintain flight and fell to the ground as if prostrating.

"Thir... Thirty-six mountains! Such terrifying Punishment Power, impossible to resist, impossible to defeat! With this kid who arguably possesses Immortal Venerable cultivation controlling thirty-six mountains, exterminating Barbarian Clan Immortal Emperor below Eight Tribulations almost takes just a thought! If his cultivation were a bit stronger, even Nine Tribulation Barbarian Emperor or Quasi-Saint could be subdued, obliterated with a single thought!"

"Ninety percent, no, ninety-five percent! With this kid's thirty-six mountains aiding, even without resorting to scheming and facing Yin Mo directly head-on, this old man has ninety-five percent certainty of killing Yin Mo! The remaining five percent depends on whether Yin Mo can be ruthless enough to do such a thing... But even in the worst case, Yin Mo would be significantly weakened, and the old man would still have a considerable chance of killing Yin Mo."

Good, truly excellent!

The prostrate Eye Orb Monster, instead of feeling any humiliation, was overjoyed.

Ninety-five percent chance to kill Yin Mo, how could it not be delighted! Teaming up with Ning Fan is truly the wisest decision of its life.

You brat, amazing!

"Did not expect even the Eye Orb Monster couldn't withstand my Punishment Power!" Ning Fan was also quite shocked.

Previously, Ning Fan couldn't discern the Eye Orb Monster's true identity; now that he became the Tenth Generation Barbarian God, he could easily see the power on the Eye Orb Monster belonged to the Barbarian Flash Category, naturally being suppressed by Punishment Mountain's oppression.

Although he managed to oppress Xi Zihua before, Xi Zihua was ultimately only a Mountain and Sea Shadow, not a living person, and could not withstand his Punishment Power, which surprised Ning Fan little.

The Eye Orb Monster was different; it was a living Seven Calamity Barbarian Emperor, yet unable to withstand this power.

The pressure from thirty-six mountains was truly formidable. As long as these thirty-six mountains existed, against Pluck, Ning Fan held a tremendous advantage.

Of course, the thirty-six Punishment Mountains had more benefits... Ning Fan took out the scroll gifted by Dao Barbarian Mountain, scanned it with spirit sense, then temporarily put it away without examining it closely.

Although he had passed the Eighth Calamity, there was still the Ninth Calamity ahead, no time for complacency.

Ning Fan opened his mouth and swallowed, transforming the thirty-six Punishment Mountains into thirty-six golden rays, which he swallowed back into his body, causing the earth-shattering Punishment Power to recede.

The Eye Orb Monster took flight from the ground again, unable to hide its excitement in its expression, began chattering endlessly at Ning Fan, saying nothing but pointless nonsense.

Such as 'Brat, you're really impressive, actually becoming the Tenth Generation Barbarian God... Now tell me, can your thirty-six Punishment Mountains lend to this old man to play with...'

Can the Punishment Mountain be borrowed? Ning Fan was speechless. Not to mention that the Punishment Mountain couldn't be borrowed, even if it could, he wouldn't lend it to the Eye Orb Monster.

Ning Fan couldn't be bothered with the Eye Orb Monster, sitting cross-legged on the lakeside, operating the calamity blood, devouring the five drops of ancestral barbarian blood within him.

Before the Ninth Damage arrives, there should still be some time to complete this task.

Strangely enough, all the barbarian blood within Ning Fan was devoured by the calamity blood, with no barbarian blood left, yet he could still become a Barbarian God.

Can one become a Barbarian God without barbarian blood...? Ning Fan performed an inner inspection, vaguely sensing that between the calamity blood and the barbarian blood, there existed some kind of power of the same origin yet different lineage...

In the past, he couldn't perceive the similarity between the two, but after becoming a Barbarian God, his perception of the barbarian blood was unprecedentedly keen, allowing him to achieve this insight.

Calamity and barbarian, same origin but different lineage... Is this why he could become a Barbarian God...?

Time passed bit by bit, and several hours later, all five drops of ancestral blood were devoured by the calamity blood.

Ning Fan could feel that his calamity blood cultivation was just a little short of breaking through the Three-Star True Blood Realm. He reckoned that if he overcame the Ninth Damage, he could break through this realm.

Rumble! Rumble!

Rolling red clouds appeared in the sky above the lakeside; the Ninth Damage had arrived!

Ning Fan did not consider whether to pass through the Ninth Damage; he slowly stood up from the ground, expressionlessly staring at the overwhelming tribulation clouds.

He didn't deliberately release the pressure of punishment, yet those tribulation clouds trembled under Ning Fan's gaze, as if in fear.

Ning Fan had a feeling that with the power of thirty-six Punishment Mountains, passing the Ninth Damage would be a piece of cake.

After all, never before had any Barbarian God gone through the Ninth Damage like Ning Fan. Other Barbarian Gods, when passing the Damage, had not yet become Barbarian Gods, or even if they had, they only possessed one or two Punishment Mountains, unable to intimidate the tribulation clouds as Ning Fan could.

Ning Fan would be the unprecedented individual in ancient barbarian history to pass the Damage!

"Hahaha! Brat, we meet again. This time, I will definitely kill you!" A sinister laugh suddenly echoed from within the overwhelming tribulation clouds.

In the next moment, the scenery around Ning Fan changed dramatically. He knew that someone had cast the Divine Power to change heaven and earth.

The sinister laugh was very familiar. No surprise, this person was none other than the Seventh Generation Barbarian God, Tagu.

During the Seventh Damage, Ning Fan had slashed Tagu with a sword and seized Tagu's Obliteration Technique's power.

Unexpectedly, during the Ninth Damage, Tagu returned to take revenge on Ning Fan.

Ning Fan felt the world go dark; soon, he appeared in a world of inverted mountains and seas.

Tagu hovered not far in front of Ning Fan, alongside him were two other figures.

"Tagu, is this the Master who destroyed your Obliteration Runes? Very weak, his cultivation hasn't even reached the Immortal Venerable Realm. With your strength, if it weren't for the Obliteration Technique being countered by him, killing him shouldn't be difficult. He's a lucky junior to have escaped from your grasp," one tall and thin old man said disdainfully.

"My technique won't be countered by him. Killing him is just a thought away!" another short old man asserted confidently.

"I trouble you both to help kill this child!"

Tagu cupped his fists respectfully towards the two elders, his expression extremely deferential, but when he looked at Ning Fan, it was half gritting his teeth and half delighted.

"Don't worry, if you can't kill him, it's easy for us to do so! Though we may not be from the same generation, we consider each other as close as brothers. This child humiliated you, and we naturally won't stand by!" the tall and thin old man said with anger.

"I heard this child is a Taicang Calamity Spirit, heh, we served as servants to the Calamity Spirits in life. Killing a Calamity Spirit in death feels exhilarating!" the short old man chuckled sinisterly, licking his lips.

Ning Fan looked expressionlessly at the three shadows of mountains and seas before him. Now that he had become the Tenth Generation Barbarian God, possessing far more Punishment Mountains than an average Barbarian God, he could clearly sense that the three before him also had a trace of punishment power within them.

Tagu being a Barbarian God naturally had some punishment power, and since the other two had it too, they were likely Barbarian Gods as well.

"Do you want to kill me?" Ning Fan suddenly asked.

"Humph, if I don't kill you, this god can't relieve the hatred in my heart. I must kill you! The Ninth Damage will be your burial ground!" Tagu said through gritted teeth.

"Before you kill me, can you tell me your names... I want to know which generation of Barbarian Gods you both are." Ning Fan's gaze shifted to the two elders beside Tagu.

"Oh? The kid has sharp eyes, seeing that we were both Barbarian Gods in life. Very well, let me make you an informed ghost. We are..." the tall and thin old man began to say, but was stopped by the short old man.

"Fifth Generation, don't waste words with this child. This child talks so much to probably delay time, brewing some backup plan to escape... kill him directly to avoid trouble!" the short old man said cautiously. After all, Ning Fan had outsmarted Tagu before, and he couldn't be too careful.

"Heh, of course, I can see he's trying to delay time, but we've three Barbarian Gods cooperating, laying down restrictions here. With his cultivation, he couldn't possibly escape. There's no use delaying. Killing him is as easy as slaughtering a dog!" the tall and thin old man declared proudly.

It seems the tall and thin old man was from the Fifth Generation, and the short old man, being quite respectful towards him, was a Barbarian God from after the Fifth Generation.

As long as they weren't from the Second or Third Generation!

In Barbarian Clan history, only the First to Fourth Generations were considered orthodox Barbarian Gods; the rest were merely slaves of the Taicang Calamity Spirit, the shame of the Barbarian Clan, and could be killed without concern!

The reason Ning Fan asked was merely to avoid mistakenly killing a Barbarian God, nothing more, yet they misunderstood it as an attempt to delay time.

Delay time? Is there a need for that?

Even Xi Zihua, who had two Punishment Mountains, relied on Shanhai Shadow and struggled against Ning Fan, almost being forced to death by him.

The three Barbarian Gods before him seemed to have only one Punishment Mountain each, not even as good as Xi Zihua. Who could easily kill whom, wasn't certain!

"Take action! Barbarian Abyss, one stroke of the rune, let the mountains and seas fall!" the short old man waved his big hand, instantly holding a golden rune pen, drawing a stroke towards the sky.

In an instant, more mountains hung upside down appeared in the sky, transforming into the hand of a giant burning with fire, pressing down fiercely toward Ning Fan. The invisible force was enough to easily crush any Immortal King to death; even an Immortal Emperor would struggle to resist!

"Evil Barbarian Control Ghost Technique!" The tall, slender old man waved his sleeve, and countless sinister ghosts flew out, transforming into an evil killing array map, enveloping the ten directions. The Divine Skills had not yet unfolded, but an astonishing wave of Evil Qi rushed forward, so terrifying that even an ordinary Immortal Emperor would shiver with fear when confronting it!

Only Tagu did not take action. His Shanhai Shadow could only use one type of Divine Skills, the Obliteration Technique, but its Obliteration Runes had been completely destroyed by Ning Fan, leaving him unable to use any Divine Skills against Ning Fan, so he could only watch from the side.

Although he couldn't take action, he was convinced that Ning Fan was bound to die. In the face of absolute cultivation, any small tricks were futile.

Ning Fan may have managed to catch him off guard once, but could he do the same to the other two Barbarian Gods at the same time? Ha ha, he's definitely dead, definitely dead!

Dare to cut me with a sword, dare to destroy my Divine Skills, this will be your fate!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Divine Skills of the two Barbarian Gods hit Ning Fan without any deviation. In an instant, the entire world was filled with destructive waves as the barrage of Barbarian Flashing Light exploded everywhere, making it impossible to see whether Ning Fan was alive or dead.

However, they thought Ning Fan was undoubtedly dead. Not only did Tagu think so, but the other two Barbarian Gods thought the same.

But, as the vast Barbarian Light dispersed, all three of Tagu and his companions held their breath, each looking as if they had seen a ghost, staring at Ning Fan, who stood unscathed in the center of the Divine Skills attack.

Not dead, Ning Fan was actually not dead!

Not only was he not dead, but there wasn't a single injury on his entire body!

Above Ning Fan, thirty-six golden mountain peaks hung high, the astonishing power of the Slaying Punishment swept through the world in just an instant.

When the power of Slaying Punishment reached a certain strength, it could make the opponent's Barbarian Techniques afraid to attack.

Ning Fan didn't even use the God-Extinguishing Shield for defense; he merely invoked the Punishment Power of his status as the Tenth Generation Barbarian God, preventing the Divine Skills of the other two Barbarian Gods from approaching him.

The disparity in Punishment Power between them was too vast. The might of one mountain compared to thirty-six cannot be equated!

Even at their peak state, Tagu and his companions would be suppressed by Ning Fan's Punishment Power, let alone these three Shanhai Shadows!

"Three... Thirty-Six Mountains! Impossible! How can this be possible!"

Tagu and his companions were all plunged into shock; they hadn't expected Ning Fan to possess the Punishment Mountain, let alone the terrifying thirty-six of them.

Had no time to think more, the three of them almost simultaneously turned around to flee, but they couldn't escape!

"By my order, Ning Fan, I cast down the Slaying Tribulation before you three Barbarian Masters; from this day forth, you are stripped of your rank as Barbarian Gods!"

Burn! Burn! Burn!

Almost at the moment Ning Fan gave the command, a streak of golden fire burst from within the bodies of Tagu and his companions, flames that could not be extinguished, burning through their bloodlines.

That golden flame was the Punishment descended by Ning Fan, the judgment of a Barbarian God upon Barbarian Masters!

If Tagu and his companions were still alive, they might have resisted, but now, they were powerless to fight back, only left to die!

In just a moment, the previously arrogant three Barbarian Gods were all turned to ashes by the Punishment flames; henceforth, their Shanhai Shadows disappeared completely from the world!

The Ninth Calamity was also thus passed!

The surrounding scenery changed, and Ning Fan returned to the outside world. From beginning to end, only less than a hundred breaths had passed.

In just one hundred breaths, he had passed the Ninth Calamity! The Eye Orb Monster stared at Ning Fan in shock, speechless.

In the history of the Barbarians, the number of Young Master Barbarians who could endure nine Calamities was very few, and like Ning Fan, who passed it in less than a hundred breaths, there was absolutely none like him throughout the ages!

Of course, if the Eye Orb Monster knew that Ning Fan passed the Calamity by brutally extinguishing three Barbarian Gods in succession, it would probably be even more astonished.

"If Tagu and his companions can be killed, then Yin Mo Ancestor can naturally be killed as well!" Ning Fan's confidence soared regarding slaying Yin Mo. After the Ninth Calamity, his strength was undoubtedly unlike ever before!

The Eye Orb Monster snapped out of its shock, starting to chatter nonsensically to Ning Fan, most of which was trivial nonsense that Ning Fan ignored.

He had no time to deal with the Eye Orb Monster; instead, he focused entirely on absorbing the newfound ancestral blood power within him.

After passing the Ninth Calamity, six drops of Ancestral Barbarian Blood appeared within Ning Fan. This time, it was undoubtedly enough for his Calamity Blood Cultivation to break through to the Three-Star Realm!

With the continuous absorption of Ancestral Blood, the red light on Ning Fan's body grew more intense, and the pressure exerted by the Calamity Blood was already comparable to that of a zero Tribulation Eternal Immortal Venerable!

That pressure continued to rise, and as the Ancestral Blood was fully absorbed, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood finally broke through to the Three-Star cultivation. At this moment, with only the power of Calamity Blood, he could contend with the First Calamity Eternal Immortal Venerable!

With Three-Star Calamity Blood, he could fight a single Tribulation Eternal Immortal Venerable!

If it were Four-Star, Five-Star... how powerful would that be!

Unfortunately, the Nine Calamities have passed, and henceforth, it would be very difficult to cultivate Ancestral Barbarian Blood for Calamity Blood Refinement... Four Star, it seems, might be a distant prospect.

Even with just the power of Three-Star Calamity Blood, it's strong to the point where Ning Fan finds it difficult to control; he must stabilize his cultivation immediately.

"I need to immediately consolidate my Calamity Blood cultivation." Giving a sign to the Eye Orb Monster, Ning Fan transformed into a ray of red light, and disappeared in the Copper Tower space, searching for a place to close up and cultivate.

"Next, he only needs to help this child with the Four Blood Fusion, and the chance to slay Yin Mo should increase to ninety-nine percent..." The Eye Orb Monster was filled with hope.

This time, it would surely help the Immortal Emperor avenge his grievance and kill the traitor Yin Mo.

If, even with such a powerful aid as Ning Fan, it failed, it might as well find a piece of tofu to bang its head and die on...

Chapter 944: Master, Save Me

Inside the Copper Tower Space, Ning Fan found a place to seclude himself in order to stabilize his Calamity Blood cultivation. This seclusion lasted for nine years.

During these nine years, Miaoyan often visited Ning Fan's retreat to inquire about his condition. She was quite concerned about Ning Fan who had suddenly closed himself off.

Over the span of nine years, Miaoyan managed to discern some truths: Ning Fan was not the unparalleled expert she had imagined, not someone who could rival a Saint.

Upon seeing Miaoyan again, Ning Fan had once more donned his ghost face mask. Even so, Miaoyan noticed some peculiarities through their daily interactions.

Throughout the nine years of stabilizing his Calamity Blood cultivation, Ning Fan's aura fluctuated sharply. At its peak, it was comparable to the Immortal Sovereign of the Eternal First Calamity, while at its lowest, he seemed merely a novice at the Mid Stage Enlightenment... this peculiarity was indeed strange.

Miaoyan couldn't fathom Ning Fan's true cultivation, but she could see that no matter how high his cultivation was, it didn't surpass the Eternal First Calamity, perhaps at most being a First Calamity Immortal Sovereign...

"Could it be that Daoist Zhao's true cultivation is like mine, only at the level of the Eternal First Calamity... If this is true, how did he slay thousands of Immortal Venerable ancient corpses with one strike? Did he use some kind of secret technique? In the cultivation world, is there such a technique to fight one against thousands..."

Unable to make sense of it...

Nevertheless, Miaoyan did not ask further. Everyone has their secrets, and Ning Fan had saved her several times. She wouldn't deliberately probe his secrets.

Counting the time carefully, ten years had passed since they entered the Copper Tower Space with the Eye Orb Monster.

And this Copper Tower Space coincidentally had a duration of ten years; shortly after Ning Fan emerged from seclusion, the entire Copper Tower Space showed signs of collapse.

"Boy, you're finally out! Hmm? Your aura seems to have improved a lot..."

"Since that's the case, let's switch to another Copper Tower. I will help you complete the final step of your bloodline fusion!"

With a flash of gray light, the Eye Orb Monster appeared in front of Ning Fan, scrutinizing him for a long moment before finally taking Ning Fan and Miaoyan out of the Copper Tower Space, returning to the outside Tower Grove.

Not long after they left the tower, a cracking sound could be heard. The previous Copper Tower, having exhausted its power, was covered with countless cracks, and its internal space was completely destroyed at that moment, preventing any further entry.

The Copper Tower sealing the years, once its time is exhausted, will be destroyed as well... Ning Fan silently thought to himself.

With one tower destroyed, 20 more sealed Copper Towers remained at this place.

This time, the Eye Orb Monster led Ning Fan and Miaoyan to a ten-story Copper Tower. Ning Fan glanced over it, and there on the tower gate was inscribed in Divine Seal Script:

"Within this tower, a hundred years are sealed."

Nine layers of the Copper Tower seal ten years, while ten layers seal a hundred years.

The handwriting still carried the domineering spirit to lord over the world, but this time, having become a Barbarian God, Ning Fan no longer feared the terrifying pressure hidden beneath those words.

He was now a deity of the Barbarian Clan, possessing the might of thirty-six Punishment Mountains. Nowadays, just his Punishment Mountain's might could easily suppress most Second Step Barbarian Cultivators. Although his Punishment Mountain's might couldn't harm other races besides the Barbarian Cultivators, it had a strong deterrent effect on external pressures.

Perhaps these words were indeed left by the Mourning Emperor, who claimed to dominate the world, but as long as the pressure remained confined to the Second Step, it couldn't intimidate Ning Fan at all!

The Eye Orb Monster led the two into the Hundred Year Copper Tower. In the previous Ten-Year Copper Tower, Miaoyan's injuries hadn't fully healed yet, so she sought a place to seclude and heal on her own.

Ning Fan, on the other hand, was taken by the Eye Orb Monster to a desolate desert within the Copper Tower Space.

In the desert, a lone smoke trail soared straight into the sky, with scattered pyramids dotted across the desert. Standing outside these pyramids were numerous statues with lion bodies and human faces.

This scenery seemed familiar to Ning Fan, suggesting a vague sense of déjà vu.

Indeed, he had seen it during the Great Senluo Calamity; it was the scenery of the Flowing Sand Star Domain.

Ning Fan remembered sensing a trace of the Great Dao of Time within the Flowing Sand Star Domain, that was the power to manipulate time.

Moreover, he had refined a fragment of the Yin Fusion Pearls there, recalling it was the Tenth Yin Fusion Pearl, the strongest among the ten Yin Fusion Pearls...

Unlike the Flowing Sand Star Domain, these pyramids here were empty, with nothing existing within their temples.

"The power of time here is very strong... This place wasn't originally a desert... It's the power of the Time Dao that altered the landscape here..." Ning Fan murmured to himself, slightly closing his eyes, able to feel the rhythm of the Dao in the mountain and sea between them.

The Dao also breathes, and everything in this world is alive... such is the world through the eyes of the Barbarians.

With closed eyes, Ning Fan seemed to see the transformation of the terrain here, a land once filled with mountains and seas.

There once was a great master in this place who comprehended the Time Dao. When he gained a slight insight, oceans turned to mulberry fields, and with a single thought, the earth turned into the sands at his fingertips...

Who was that great master? It cannot be known, perhaps it truly was the Mourning Emperor the Eye Orb Monster spoke of.

"Alright, alright, just a barren desert, what's there to see. Stop looking, let's get down to business. Come out, [Little Archway]!"

The Eye Orb Monster swept out a gray light, and after it receded, a massive stone archway seven hundred feet tall appeared in the desert out of nowhere, with four pillars and three gates. It appeared to be made of white jade from the mortal world, with a lustrous and smooth texture, yet unlike mortal stone, it exuded an immortal aura.

In the cultivation world, archways were quite common. Many large Sects loved to build an archway outside their mountain gates to harness the spiritual energy of the Sect.

Such structures were also often seen outside many tombs and temples even in the mortal world.

The archway before them, however, was unlike ordinary Sect archways. It faintly emanated a kind of innate majesty.

An insignificant stone archway was actually an Innate Treasure! Truly, the Eye Orb Monster's accumulation was exceedingly rich, beyond the mere possession of a Little Iron Cage as an Innate Treasure.

Though the name was indeed quite unsightly... first a Little Iron Cage, now a Little Archway, what ridiculous names...

"Qian, Zhen, Kan, Gen, Kun, Xun, Li, Dui..." The Eye Orb Monster chanted divination formulas, and the stone archway shone with precious light.

The radiance spread very widely, enough to envelop the entire Copper Tower Space.

Consequently, the spiritual energy of the entire Copper Tower Space was forcibly gathered by this stone archway, an effect more tyrannical than any spiritual formation.

"This treasure can seize the spiritual energy from all directions for my personal use. If you build a Sect and set this treasure within it, the disciples meditating and cultivating in your Sect would undoubtedly see their effectiveness increased tenfold, heh heh, this treasure is quite good." The Eye Orb Monster boasted proudly.

Certainly impressive, but perhaps not particularly useful... Ning Fan thought silently.

In the cultivation world, there were few who would earnestly absorb nature's spiritual energy to cultivate. It might be sufficient for lower-tier cultivators, but those of higher tiers, if they only secluded themselves diligently, might take thousands or tens of thousands of years to advance a minor realm. Only by relying on external resources can one quickly elevate their cultivation.

Of course, this doesn't mean that meditation and diligent cultivation aren't important. For one to vie for fortuitous opportunities in the cultivation world naturally entails immense risks. There are many powerful masters willing to spend millions of years in secluded cultivation diligently, and if they had this treasure, a million years of cultivation could be accomplished in just one hundred thousand years, so this item is not entirely useless.

Naturally, if Ning Fan established a force, this item would be even more useful, enhancing all disciples of the Sect and accelerating cultivation. Hmm... if this item were placed in the Xuan Yin Treasure for the Cauldron Furnaces to use, their cultivation would likely soar...

In the past, the advancement of the Cauldron Furnaces did not benefit Ning Fan much, but now...

Ning Fan observed the Reverse Relic within his Dantian, a barely perceptible glint flashed through his eyes. This stone archway might indeed have significant use...

"Alright, I've gathered spiritual energy from all directions for you, it shouldn't be hard to fuse four kinds of bloodlines."

The Eye Orb Monster confidently wielded Divine Skills, the entire desert was instantly shrouded in layers of gray light, obscuring visibility within.

Time slipped away little by little, one day passed, two days passed... in a blink of an eye, a month had passed.

The gray light over the desert gradually faded. Within just one month, the Eye Orb Monster appeared extremely exhausted; its expression was no longer the initial confidence, but was now filled with dejection.

"I can't fuse them! Completely can't fuse them! It's unexpectedly so difficult! No, it's not working, your Calamity Blood is too overpowering..."

"Let me rest for a bit, and we'll try again!"

After resting for several days, the Eye Orb Monster returned to its peak state. It cast its Divine Skills again, causing the gray light to cover the earth. In the blink of an eye, another three months had passed.

"Failed again! I don't believe it, let's try again!"

Six months went by...

"Still unable to fuse! Try again!"

Three years went by...

"Damn it, that deceiver Ancient Chaos, didn't he say fusing bloodlines was easy, why is it so difficult!"

After countless failed attempts to fuse the bloodlines, the Eye Orb Monster finally lost its temper, beginning to curse Ancient Chaos.

The Eye Orb Monster had met the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor and had even heard about Ancient Chaos fusing the bloodlines of Fiendgods, ancient demons, and devils.

The process of fusing the Ancient Chaos bloodline was not difficult, leading the Eye Orb Monster to mistakenly believe that Ning Fan's fusion of four bloodlines would also be easy.

Unfortunately, it completely misjudged the difficulty for Ning Fan to fuse four bloodlines!

Fusing the Fiendgod, ancient demons, and Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor bloodlines would be fine; if Ning Fan only had these three bloodlines, the fusion would not be difficult. After all, these three powers share the same origin, all stemming from the Nether Dust Realm.

But Ning Fan just happened to have the power of the Taicang Calamity Spirit, which belongs to the Dust Realm. It is incompatible with the Nether Dust Realm's power!

"Damn it, let's try again..."

The Eye Orb Monster wanted to pull Ning Fan to fuse the bloodlines again, but Ning Fan refused with a wry smile.

"No need, I've seen some of the reasons for the failure. With my current bloodline situation, trying another thousand or ten thousand times would yield the same result: failure. Now is not the time to fuse four bloodlines..."

Eventually, the Eye Orb Monster left unwillingly to find a place to go into seclusion to replenish the Primordial Qi consumed over the years.

Meanwhile, Ning Fan sat cross-legged atop the desert, introspecting the four bloodlines within himself, his expression rather solemn.

For an inheritor of Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor, fusing bloodlines is extremely important. Different bloodlines have some degree of rejection and constraint with one another.

The four bloodlines are like four allied nations, nominally united, but not of one heart. Only by truly unifying can they exert maximum power.

If he can fuse the four bloodlines, Ning Fan will no longer be a Master of spirit severing, demoness, Yin Yang Evil Vein, or ghost servants. His body will only have one cultivation that encompasses the four bloodlines, greatly enhancing his power.

Unfortunately, even with the Eye Orb Monster's help, the bloodline fusion still failed.

"There are three reasons why the four bloodlines cannot be fused. First, there's a huge barrier between the powers of the Dust Realm and the Nether Dust Realm, making coexistence difficult. To break this barrier, external force is required..."

Ning Fan's mind suddenly conjured the image of the Primordial Fruit.

He had heard more than once about its miraculous effect on bloodline fusion. Even Masters who hadn't cultivated the Yin Yang Transformation could fuse multiple bloodlines using this fruit.

If he can find some Primordial Fruit, it might be able to break the barrier between Divine, demons and devil cultivators bloodlines and Demon Seal bloodlines.

"Secondly, the Divine, demons and devil cultivators bloodlines are too weak, while the Demon Seal bloodline is too strong. Perhaps only by balancing the four bloodlines can fusion be achieved..."

The Demon Seal bloodline is already very strong. Next, focus must be placed on cultivating the Divine, demons and devil cultivators bloodlines.

"Thirdly, I have not yet seen the essence of the four bloodlines. At root, the differences in the four bloodlines are differences in the path. Spirit severing cultivates the heart, Yin Yang Evil Vein cultivates the spirit, Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor cultivates the blood—heart, spirit, and blood are all superficial; the real difference comes from their differing views on the path...and ghost servants' understanding of the path is quite distinct from that of the Divine, demons and devil cultivators bloodlines..."

Seeing the world from different perspectives leads to different perceptions; this Ning Fan realized after learning the Shanhai Curse.

To fuse the four bloodlines, there is still a long road ahead but no need to rush. With Ning Fan's current divine skills, there's little doubt he can destroy Yin Mo. Of course, if he can further increase his cultivation level, it would be even better.

Ning Fan possesses many natural treasures to enhance his cultivation. He just needs a significant amount of time to devour and refine them.

He has cultivated the Rain Intent, War Yin and Yang, yet has not completed the final step of Chaos Ring Decision cultivation: thoroughly absorbing the powers of these two Yin Yang forces to greatly advance his cultivation.

Now with the Tower of Time Seal, and plenty of time, he can complete the previously unreachable cultivation steps one by one.

Unfortunately, before Ning Fan began his cultivation process, his mind was interrupted by the incessant chatter of Candle Bow.

"Master, let me out; I can't stand it anymore, I have to seek revenge on that Eye Orb Monster!"

"Master, my wise master, your little bow is being bullied, how can you stand idly by! That Eye Orb Monster isn't bullying me; it's slapping your face!"

"Slapping the master's face is equivalent to slapping little bow's face. Intolerable, simply intolerable! Little bow dares to request the master for the chance to punish that insufferable Eye Orb Monster and vent your anger!"

You're likely aiming to vent your own anger...Ning Fan shook his head.

He intended to calmly teach Candle Bow a lesson to shut its mouth, but then reconsidered, thinking letting Candle Bow suffer at the hands of the Eye Orb Monster might not be a bad thing after all; Candle Bow does deserve it.

"Are you sure you want to fight the Eye Orb Monster?"

Ning Fan curved his palm to retrieve Candle Bow in hand, asking with great meaning.

"Absolutely sure! A mere broken orb dared imprison me in a furnace, almost refining me...ugh, damn Eye Orb! Magnificent master, please grant little bow a chance to seek revenge and wash away the disgrace!" Candle Bow said angrily.

"Fine, if you want to go, then go. I won't stop you." Ning Fan relaxed his grip.

"Thank you, Master, for your great kindness! Master, you are so good to me, willing to agree to such an unreasonable request. I must have been blinded by lard and had the eyes of a dog to betray you before. Hehe, I'll go and trouble that Eye Orb Monster right away, please wait for my good news!"

Candle Bow was overjoyed and transformed into a stream of light, flying away fiercely, heading to trouble the Eye Orb Monster.

This Candle Bow is quite silly, not knowing that the Eye Orb Monster possesses the cultivation of a Seven Calamity Immortal Emperor. Taking the initiative to provoke it is simply seeking death...

He should be taught a harsh lesson... Perhaps he'll be more obedient afterwards.

As Candle Bow left, tranquility returned to the place. Ning Fan closed his eyes, and a moist Rain Intent gradually enveloped him.

Gradually, the entire desert was covered with dark clouds, and soon, a fine rain began to fall.

The rain star on Ning Fan's forehead flickered with a peculiar light and unexpectedly unsealed itself at this moment.

Ever since Ning Fan cultivated the Rain Yin Yang, once unsealed, it could cause a dramatic increase in cultivation.

The Ancient Chaos once said, if one had strength at the Late Stage Enlightenment and absorbed and refined the power of Rain Yin Yang fully, their cultivation could directly surge to the Peak Crossing Truth Realm. By then, the Rain Yin Yang wouldn't need to be unsealed repeatedly but would become part of Ning Fan's cultivation.

Although Ning Fan was not a Late Stage Enlightenment cultivator, he was a Calamity Spirit with Three-Star True Blood.

In terms of Calamity Blood Cultivation, he was entirely an Immortal Sovereign of the Eternal First Calamity, making the absorption of Rain Yin Yang not difficult!

"This Hundred Year Copper Pagoda still has ninety-six years left. I wonder if that's enough time to absorb all the Rain Yin Yang's power..."

Ning Fan's entire body grew increasingly indistinct, as if merging with the rain curtain, becoming unrecognizable.

In the blink of an eye, ninety-six years passed.

As the Hundred Year Copper Pagoda approached collapse, Ning Fan stepped out from the rain curtain, his aura significantly changed.

He clearly stood there, yet those with lower cultivation, scanning with their spirit sense, could only sense a misty drizzle without detecting his presence.

Ninety-six years of arduous cultivation, and Ning Fan only absorbed one-third of the Rain Yin Yang's power.

Even so, with just one-third of the Rain Yin Yang's power, Ning Fan's Ancient God Cultivation jumped from Mid Stage to Late Stage Enlightenment!

Absorbing all the Rain Yin Yang power could easily break through to the Peak Crossing Truth Realm...

"Ninety-six years is insufficient; at least another two hundred years is needed to complete the Rain Yin Yang's engulfment..."

Entering two more Hundred Year Towers should be enough.

"Master, save me! Master, my dear master... ah, you're letting dogs bite me, you despicable, vulgar Eye Orb..."

In the distance, Candle Bow's cry for help suddenly echoed.

Ning Fan followed the sound and saw Candle Bow in human form being viciously chased and bitten by a group of giant silver wolves.

If you looked closely, these giant wolves were puppet beasts, not living creatures, and while chasing Candle Bow, there wasn't much killing intent, but rather a lot of teasing.

"Hehe, scream all you want, even if you scream your throat out, no one will rescue you." The Eye Orb Monster followed behind the pack, laughing lewdly.

From the first time Candle Bow sought trouble, the Eye Orb Monster easily captured him and kept him in the cave, torturing him for ninety-six years.

Ninety-six years! Finally escaping from the Eye Orb Monster's cave, yet chased again by wolves... Candle Bow was regretful to tears. It really regretted troubling the Eye Orb Monster back then, as the Eye Orb Monster was too powerful for it to handle!

"Hehe, caught you! Such an irritating little witch, but unfortunately lacking proper training. Hehe, let this old man train you for your master! Don't worry, it won't hurt this time." With the wolves surrounding him, the Eye Orb Monster soon captured Candle Bow and laughed even more lewdly.

"No, no... Master, save me, he's insane, he he he..." Candle Bow desperately cried for help, feeling like a bullied girl...

What have these two fools been doing all these years... Ning Fan felt a headache.

It seems Candle Bow was left with a massive psychological shadow—is it just my illusion...

Chapter 945: Yin Mo Makes a Move

"Hmm? You brat, your cultivation has improved again? Ancient God cultivation Late Stage Crossing Truth, not bad at all..."

After retrieving the Candle Bow, the Eye Orb Monster was already in a good mood. Seeing Ning Fan emerge from the rain, with his cultivation advancing, naturally made it even happier.

The higher Ning Fan's cultivation, the greater the chance of defeating Yin Mo, how could it not be pleased.

"Master, save me, I promise to listen to you in the future. You don't know, this Eye Orb Monster has problems with its head, it treats me... wuwuwu... my body, my heart, they are already... wuwuwu..." In human form, the Candle Bow was now bound by a golden rope, carried in the mouth of a giant wolf puppet, and started crying out the moment it saw Ning Fan.

What exactly happened between these two... More black lines appeared on Ning Fan's head.

Didn't want to ask, absolutely didn't want to ask, felt like it would overturn his worldview if he asked...

But still, this Candle Bow was his belonging, he couldn't let the Eye Orb Monster bully it too much.

Ning Fan frowned slightly. He naturally wanted to protect his belongings, just about to speak and demand the Candle Bow back from the Eye Orb Monster, but heard the Eye Orb Monster say the following words.

"You brat, your innate bow spirit this time is not bad, how about lending it to me to play with for a bit?" The Eye Orb Monster said with a lewd smile, "I have a way to advance it to an innate bow spirit..."

"Master, don't agree with him, absolutely don't... wait, what did you say! You can help me advance to an innate bow spirit!" The Candle Bow instantly quieted down, no longer crying out.

"You can advance this bow spirit to innate?" Ning Fan was also a bit surprised.

Innate artifact spirits are rare in the world, does the Eye Orb Monster really have a way to do this?

"Hehe, you brat, take a look at what this is." The Eye Orb Monster smiled mysteriously, summoning a gray glow, and with the dispersal of that glow, a small green bottle appeared out of thin air in front of it. The small bottle was extremely ancient, covered in verdigris, hovering in the air, causing visions of azure clouds to manifest.

That small green bottle seemed to vaguely be an innate magical treasure with innate power, though its specific use was unknown.

Speaking of which, this was already the third innate magical treasure... The Eye Orb Monster's reserves were indeed rich.

Ning Fan did not recognize this small green bottle, just about to ask what its use was, when the Candle Bow over there couldn't keep calm.

"This is... could it be..." The Candle Bow seemed to recognize this treasure, breathing heavily, extremely excited.

"That's right, it is exactly this item! You didn't expect it, did you? That I, the old man, would have such an item." The Eye Orb Monster said proudly.

"Didn't expect, really didn't expect, hehe, if I knew big brother Eye Orb had such a good thing, I wouldn't have run away no matter what."

"It's still not too late to come back to my side, you little sophist little demoness..." The Eye Orb Monster laughed lewdly.

"I'll return, for sure I'll return to your side! Um, Master, you don't need to save me anymore, you go about your business... hehe, big brother Eye Orb, shall we find a place to chat?"

"..." Ning Fan.

This Candle Bow, just moments ago sought my help, and now that it found benefits, it wants to chase me away...

Indeed, it needs some fixing.

Oh well, since it is willing to stay by the Eye Orb Monster's side, let it be. If it can successfully advance to an innate bow spirit, that's good.

Speaking of which, what exactly is that small green bottle, Ning Fan still hasn't figured it out.

Ultimately, this space of the hundred-year Copper Tower collapsed, and Ning Fan, along with the Eye Orb Monster, entered another hundred-year Copper Tower. Once inside, the Candle Bow and the Eye Orb Monster quickly ran off together, disappearing without a trace, doing who knows what.

Miaoyan's injuries had already healed, and this time, she did not follow Ning Fan into the tower, but remained outside.

For Ning Fan, obtaining a hundred years for cultivation was a great thing, allowing his cultivation to soar. But for Miaoyan, bitterly cultivating for a hundred years held little meaning, and would instead bring the large and small heavenly tribulations a hundred years early, which was not worthwhile.

Indeed, even though time stands still inside the Tower of Years, the passing years are still counted in a cultivator's major and minor heavenly tribulations.

Concerning the major and minor heavenly tribulations, Miaoyan was not yet ready and naturally did not want to waste the years in the Tower of Years and trigger the heavenly tribulation.

Miaoyan remained suspended in mid-air, outside the tower grove of the palatial void, waiting for Ning Fan to return from intense cultivation.

A hundred years within the tower was but a moment outside. With a flick of a finger, a hundred years passed, Ning Fan, along with the Eye Orb Monster and the Candle Bow, exited this hundred-year Copper Tower, only to enter the next one.

Soon, another hundred years passed, and Ning Fan emerged once more, his ancient god cultivation having thoroughly surpassed the Peak Crossing Truth Realm.

The Rain Yin Yang was considered completely mastered, becoming a brilliant star point in Ning Fan's brow.

Next, it was time to absorb the power of War Yin Yang...

In the unlocked Ten-Year Tower of Years, there were still 12 remaining, and in the century-long Sealing Tower, there were 5 left. Additionally, there were 606 sealed towers in the Tower Grove that could not be entered.

"If I were to absorb the power of War Yin Yang, I wonder if my ancient god cultivation could break through to the Shedding Void Realm in one go..."

After leaving the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, it was about time to accompany Ouyang Nuan to the Supreme Pill Sacred Domain, if the cultivation surpassed the Peak Crossing Truth Realm, it seemed... unable to enter the Supreme Pill Sacred Domain...

However, the cultivation of Calamity Blood seemed to have long surpassed the realm of the Peak Crossing Truth, comparable to a First Calamity Immortal Sovereign, so how should that be counted...

With his cultivation, it seemed he could no longer enter the Supreme Pill Sacred Domain...

"At this point, we should first absorb the power of War Yin Yang. By then, I'll probably have to send out an avatar with cultivation below the Shedding Void to accompany Nuan'er, it's the only way..."

Having decided, Ning Fan, along with the Eye Orb Monster and the Candle Bow, entered the next Copper Tower.

A hundred years, a hundred years, then another hundred years.

This time, Ning Fan spent five hundred years absorbing the power of War Yin and Yang, which was two hundred years more than he spent absorbing Rain Yin and Yang.

During these five hundred years, Ning Fan experienced his first minor heavenly tribulation since he began cultivating. For ordinary Crossing Truth Masters, a minor heavenly tribulation would be extremely terrifying, but Ning Fan crushed it with a lift of his hand.

The more one undergoes tribulations, the more terrifying the heavenly tribulations become. A minor heavenly tribulation at the Crossing Truth realm, and it being his first, naturally, wasn't difficult to overcome.

After five hundred years, Ning Fan had used up all the Hundred Year Copper Towers, leaving only 12 Ten Year Copper Towers here for use.

After five hundred years of hard cultivation, Ning Fan absorbed all of War Yin and Yang's power. His total mana almost equaled that of a Mid Stage Shedding Void, but he still couldn't easily step into the Shedding Void realm.

The essence of the Shedding Void realm lies in the word 'shedding'. In this realm, mana cultivation is indeed important, but what is even more crucial is shedding the shackles of the heart.

To break through to the next level, one must trigger the 'Heart Tribulation' and pass it. Heart Tribulation is something one can encounter but not seek; all one can do is wait, not knowing when it will descend.

Ning Fan still remembered the scene when Yao Qingyun triggered her Heart Tribulation. Before Ning Fan appeared, Yao Qingyun was stuck at the Initiate Realm of Shedding Void bottleneck for 200,000 years.

Later, because of Ning Fan's appearance, Yao Qingyun triggered her Heart Tribulation and eventually broke through it, thus reaching the bottleneck of the Mid Stage Shedding Void.

Years have passed, she should have already broken through to the Mid Stage Shedding Void by now... Remembering the past, Ning Fan couldn't help but smile.

However, he soon felt a bit worried again.

Whether the Heart Tribulation at the Shedding Void realm descends depends entirely on chance. Does he really have to be like Yao Qingyun, stuck at the Heart Tribulation bottleneck for 200,000 years, then break through the Initiate Realm of Shedding Void? He doesn't have that much time to waste.

Speaking of which, the descent of Heart Tribulation is entirely about chance, and chance often relates to fortune... I wonder if improving fortune can accelerate the arrival of Heart Tribulation... Ning Fan showed a pensive look.

His fortune level is the Fourth Color of Immortal Fate. In the ranks of Eternal Immortal Venerables, it's certainly not weak, but compared with those Immortal Kings and Immortal Emperors, it's not outstanding.

If there's a chance, he should improve his fortune...

Over the next 120 years, Ning Fan used up the remaining twelve Ten Year Sealing Towers and only accomplished two things.

Firstly, he refined the Dragon Pearl Fragment of Ancestor Dulong.

Secondly, he unsealed the thirty million seals within the Origin Qi.

Origin Qi is a supreme treasure, and if refined and absorbed, it can greatly enhance one's cultivation. However, even an ordinary Immortal Emperor would find it difficult to refine Origin Qi. Presently, Ning Fan is even further from achieving this.

For Ning Fan, the current use of Origin Qi is merely as a trump card. Once detonated, it could heavily injure an Immortal Emperor.

After unsealing the Origin Qi, Ning Fan doesn't need to use Blood Ignition Technique to explode Origin Qi to wound foes, undoubtedly increasing his defensive power.

As for refining the Dragon Pearl Fragment, it led Ning Fan's ancient demon cultivation to break through, advancing from the Human Profound Initial Stage all the way to the Human Profound Peak.

The Dragon Pearl of an Eternal Immortal Venerable is indeed a good thing, almost comparable to a Dao Fruit.

These 620 years of arduous cultivation changed not just Ning Fan's cultivation but also the bizarre relationship between the Eye Orb Monster and Candle Bow...

"Brother Eye Orb, it took me 620 years of companionship to realize you're a good person. To avenge your brother, you bore humiliation and burdened yourself thus; your life lonely as snow... Brother, you are so noble, I cannot match!" Candle Bow said tearfully, deeply moved, to the Eye Orb Monster.

"Candle Kid, Brother Eye Orb misunderstood you. Brother thought you were hopelessly dull, that's why he tormented you for fun. Never did Brother expect, back then you followed Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, fighting in all directions, once battled to protect the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, dying until only an Artifact Spirit Body remained. You're simply the model of Zi Dou Immortal Domain! Brother promises, from today on, I will no longer bully you! If I break this vow... let Brother never see a beauty in his life!" Eye Orb Monster shared the same deeply touched expression.

"Brother, since our spirits resonate, why not become sworn brothers!"

"Alright! From today on, I am your Brother Eye Orb. If you have difficulties, feel free to speak to Brother!"

"Brother!"

"Second Brother!"

"Brother!"

"Second Brother!"

...

What the heck is this...

Stepping out of the Copper Tower again, Ning Fan was struck by the scene of the duo burning yellow paper to swear brotherhood.

Ning Fan was speechless looking at these two buffoons. Hadn't these two been full of ambiguity before, talking about little demoness, and how did 620 years pass, they have sworn to become brothers...

What on earth happened to these two clowns in these 620 years...

Speaking of which, Candle Bow's aura indeed improved a lot. Although he hadn't truly broken the boundary of Sub-Innate Bow Spirit, he's probably close.

It seems Candle Bow gained many benefits from the Eye Orb Monster...

Being too lazy to bother with these two oddballs, Ning Fan's gaze turned to the densely packed Tower Grove ahead, for the first time feeling the sensation of leaving a treasure mountain empty-handed.

Clearly, there are so many Time Towers here, yet they can't be accessed or used without breaking the seals.

It's truly a pity... He still has a Dark Star Fruit that hasn't been refined. It requires a vast amount of time to complete this matter.

Hmm? What is this feeling... Ning Fan stared at the many Sealing Towers, suddenly a glimmer of brilliance flashing in his eyes.

"Hey, brat, what's with that look, still want to enter the Time Tower for cultivation? You've tasted the sweetness, haven't you? But sadly, the seals on other Time Towers haven't been broken, so for now, you can't enter."

...

After getting cozy with the Candle Bow, the Eye Orb Monster finally noticed Ning Fan.

"Do you know, the seals of these towers were all personally set by the Mourning Emperor, possessing great power. Even with my Eons Seven Tribulations cultivation, it took me tens of thousands of years to barely break open 21 tower seals. With your cultivation, even with countless years, you probably wouldn't be able to break any tower seal."

"Speaking of which, in twelve hours, the Yin Mo 'Ying Que Great Calamity' will arrive, which is the best time to kill him. We don't have much time left; well, if there's a chance in the future, I'll break open a few more tower seals for you to train, but for now, let's talk about serious matters..."

The words of the Eye Orb Monster were directly ignored by Ning Fan.

At this moment, Ning Fan's thoughts were entirely on the Tower Grove; he faintly felt a feeling.

If he wished, he could easily avoid all the tower seals here, simply because... he is the Barbarian God!

"I see, the seals here are all restrictions of the Barbarian Clan, which is why I have this strange feeling..."
Ning Fan walked towards one of the Ten-Year Copper Towers, understanding in his eyes.

The person who set the seals might be the Mourning Emperor, but the restrictions used were of the Barbarian Clan's formation seal, which is indeed quite a coincidence.

The Barbarian Clan's formation seals dare not block the Barbarian God. The seals here are as if non-existent to Ning Fan, no need to break them open...

"Hmm? What are you doing, brat? The seal of this Copper Tower hasn't been broken open; you can't get in..."

The Eye Orb Monster choked mid-sentence, unable to speak further.

It saw that as soon as Ning Fan neared the Ten-Year Copper Tower, the seal outside the tower clicked and opened in two, forming a passageway sufficient for entering the tower, as if welcoming Ning Fan inside.

Subsequently, without breaking the tower seal, Ning Fan stepped into the Ten-Year Copper Tower effortlessly.

What a joke! Without breaking the tower seal, he entered the Copper Tower directly. Did the seals of this tower fail from age?! The Eye Orb Monster was greatly surprised.

It followed closely behind Ning Fan, attempting to enter the tower like him, but was fiercely repelled by the power of the seal, sent flying a great distance, cursing in pain.

Damn it, the tower seal hasn't failed, so how could this brat enter the tower!

Right, this kid is the Barbarian God! He possesses the Power of Slaughter and Punishment; no Barbarian Seal in the world dares block him!

Being able to make formations give way, this is the true power of a deity... Damn it, this power really makes me envious.

Just as the Eye Orb Monster cursed, Ning Fan emerged from the Ten-Year Copper Tower and entered another Copper Tower.

From the outside, it was but an instant, yet within the tower, Ning Fan completed a decade of arduous cultivation.

One tower, two towers, three towers... The site contained 407 Ten-Year Copper Towers, all of which Ning Fan entered and then destroyed.

Copper Towers, 4070 years of arduous cultivation!

At the True Fantasy Riverbank that day, with the help of a River Demon, Ning Fan refined one-tenth of a Dark Star Fruit in just ten days.

This time, with no one to assist him, it took Ning Fan 4070 years to refine just one Dark Star Fruit.

While refining the Dark Star Fruit, Ning Fan also extracted the Nine-Star Dark Method from the Xuan Yin Realm Scripture Tower—the "Black Obsidian Scripture" for cultivation.

The "Black Obsidian Scripture!" Among the ten great secret clans, the highest cultivation method of the Dark Clan, only the elite within the clan have the qualification to cultivate this method!

Such a precious cultivation method was collected by the Ancient Chaos in the Scripture Tower and bestowed upon Ning Fan. Now was the time for cultivation.

Using the Black Obsidian Scripture, Ning Fan step by step cultivated the third Divine Yin-Yang Star Point—the Dark Fledgling Star.

The dark blood produced by his union with the little demoness was absorbed by that fledgling star. Likewise, during the refining of the Dark Star Fruit, the progress of Dark Yin Yang cultivation also increased.

Just one Dark Star Fruit increased Ning Fan's Dark Yin Yang cultivation progress by thirty percent!

The medicinal power of the Dark Star Fruit also greatly boosted Ning Fan's cultivation.

One Dark Star Fruit could increase a cultivator's Taoist cultivation by 400,000 years. Ning Fan, a Three Apertures Ancient God, could offset 3.2 million years of painstaking cultivation by consuming the Dark Star Fruit!

Since Ning Fan's Ancient God cultivation was distinctly higher than Ancient Demon and Ancient Chaos cultivation, this time, the Dark Star Fruit first enhanced his demon and chaos cultivation.

The Ancient Demon cultivation surged from the Human Profound Peak to Late Stage Enlightenment, and the Ancient Chaos cultivation also broke through to the Third Nirvana of Heavenly Demon!

"Dark Star Fruit... still nine more to go!"

With the Ten-Year Copper Towers destroyed, Ning Fan began entering the Hundred-Year Copper Towers for cultivation; there are a total of 133 Hundred-Year Copper Towers in this place.

Another 13,300 years of arduous cultivation, and Ning Fan once again refined three Dark Star Fruits, his Ancient Demon cultivation reached the Peak of Crossing Truth but still couldn't enter the Shedding Void Realm.

His Ancient Chaos cultivation, however, advanced to the Fifth Nirvana of Heavenly Demon!

The Fifth Nirvana of Heavenly Demon corresponds to the Initiate Realm of Shekong, but it's stronger than an ordinary Initiate Realm of Shekong!

Ning Fan did not expect that the breakthrough in God and Demon cultivation past the Shekong bottleneck was so difficult, whereas Ancient Chaos cultivation broke through without a Shekong bottleneck directly.

The Dark Yin Yang was also completely cultivated by Ning Fan and absorbed into his body, transforming into cultivation.

With the Hundred-Year Copper Towers destroyed, there remained 78 Eleven-Layer Copper Towers and 9 Twelve-Layer Copper Towers.

The Eleven-Layer Copper Towers seal centuries, while the Twelve-Layer ones seal millennia.

Ning Fan still faced no obstructions entering the Thousand-Year Copper Towers, entering a total of 26 Thousand-Year Copper Towers, refining all the remaining Dark Star Fruits.

In total, Ning Fan's cultivation in the Copper Tower Space has exceeded forty thousand years! These forty thousand years of arduous cultivation, in terms of the outside world, have merely passed in an instant.

After forty thousand years of arduous cultivation, Ning Fan's Ancient God cultivation remains stuck at the Peak Crossing Truth Realm, unable to descend the Shedding Void Heart Tribulation. However, merely in terms of mana thickness, it is already comparable to the Late Stage of Shedding Void!

The Ancient Demon cultivation is similarly stuck at the Peak Crossing Truth Realm, with the thickness of demon spiritual qi comparable to the Late Stage of Shedding Void potent demon cultivators!

The Ancient Chaos cultivation did not encounter any bottleneck and instead broke through all the way to the Seventh Nirvana of Heavenly Demon, equivalent to the Late Stage of Shedding Void!

With the powers of the three clans—Gods, Demons, and Chaos—Ning Fan could easily rank among the powerful ones of the Late Stage Shedding Void.

If all three clan powers are used simultaneously, Ning Fan is confident to fight against the Peak of Shedding Void!

Of course, if the Calamity Blood Power is used, Ning Fan would entirely become an Eternal Immortal Venerable!

As the Dark Star Fruit was consumed, the opportunity from those years has been entirely used up; if he wishes to advance his cultivation further, he will need to resort to other methods in the future.

"The heavenly materials and earthly treasures on my body have been consumed. Continuing into the Tower of Years for cultivation is just a waste of time and has little use; it would be better to leave these towers temporarily and use them later."

Ning Fan made a decision and turned to the Eye Orb Monster, saying, "May I take this entire Tower Grove away from here?"

"Uh, of course, you helped me kill Yin Mo, so the Tower Grove here can be entirely gifted to you!" The Eye Orb Monster was taken aback but agreed readily.

"That's good. I have completed all my cultivation, and next, let's discuss business. You intend to kill Yin Mo, what's the specific plan...?"

...

Ning Fan's forty thousand years of arduous cultivation, to the outside world, was but a moment.

The Barbarian God Battle Sky phenomenon had just dissipated; at the highest point of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, beneath the gray moon, amidst the stone forest, the Yin Mo Statue had a gloomy expression.

Unexpectedly, within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, a Tenth Generation Barbarian God was born, and the power of slaughter and punishment on this person was simply appalling.

"This person's power of punishment is twelve times mine; who exactly is this person? Could it be that youngster..."

Yin Mo slightly sensed, and quickly discovered that the Blessing Technique planted in Ning Fan's body... had actually been broken!

"Hmph! It was hard to find a perfect body, yet it broke free from my Art of Worm's Curse. Could it be that the person who became the Tenth Generation Barbarian God is indeed that youngster..."

"There are still twelve hours until my Ying Que Great Calamity comes. Such an opportunity, the right eye won't likely miss; it is sure to come and plot against me. If it were in the past, I wouldn't fear him, but now..."

Yin Mo's stone eyes slightly narrowed; this time, with the intervention of the Tenth Generation Barbarian God in the Ninefold Celestial Towers, the changes are significant.

If all these changes are related to the right eye, then this confrontation with the right eye cannot be taken lightly; it must be approached with some caution...

"Oh well, Fan Family Seventh Ancestor, although your body is not what I desire, it's not entirely useless either. I won't be courteous in accepting it."

"From this moment until my next Ying Que Tribulation comes, all cultivations of the Ninth Layer shall be sacrificed to me!"

A gray shadow suddenly walked out of the Yin Mo Statue, exceedingly ethereal, with a cultivation level displayed to be merely at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth. Its appearance clearly resembled Yin Mo, with the left eye intact but the right eye hollow as if gouged out, blood and flesh blurred.

This shadow was none other than a fragment of spirit sense separated from the sealed Spirit of Yin Mo.

Clearly, a mere Initial Stage of Crossing Truth spirit sense caused the Seventh Ancestor's expression to change drastically.

"Impossible! You can actually ignore Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign's seal, separate a fragment of spirit sense from the body, how could this be possible!"

Rumble! Responding to the Seventh Ancestor was the sound of the sky cracking.

Above the sky, six blood pits suddenly appeared, each sealed with a blood-soaked Ancient Coffin.

The sixth Ancient Coffin among them was actually cracked open...

Once, Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign extracted Yin Mo's Spirit, divided it into six parts, each sealed away.

Countless years have passed, and eventually, Yin Mo managed to escape a fragment of spirit.

But, it's still insufficient. What Yin Mo desires is not merely a fragment of spirit escape but the reunification of the six spirits!

"You, can be saved for last. Let's consume others first!"

Yin Mo's fragmented spirit disappeared instantly from the stone forest center. At the same time, the entire ninth layer began to shake violently.

The seven-colored seal that isolated the cultivators outside the first palace was cracking continuously.

"Haha! The seal is broken; the Ancient Passage is destined to belong to our demon race!"

"Hmph, it belongs to our human race instead!"

"Charge! If we seize the passage this time, we'll receive abundant rewards!"

At the moment the seal broke, over a hundred streaks of light rushed towards the top of the celestial towers, including experts like Ao Xuan and Liuhe.

But at that moment, a gray shadow blocked their path, expression indifferent, viewing them as mere ants.

"By my Yin Mo's command, Ninefold Celestial Towers, seal!"

Chapter 946: Clash

"With my Yin Mo Order, Ninefold Celestial Towers, seal!"

Yin Mo's divine sense blocked the path of hundreds of Masters, as a blood-red 'seal' character suddenly appeared in his sunken left eye. Instantly, an unimaginable forbidden force surged from Yin Mo, sweeping madly over the entire ninth layer.

Hundreds of rushing Masters had a blood-red 'seal' character mysteriously appear on their foreheads at this moment, each falling back to the ground, unable to rise again, their expressions drastically changing.

Even Ao Xuan and Liuhe, such Immortal Venerable elders, were startled and gazed at Yin Mo in horror.

Who is this person! In a flip of his hand, he can create such terrifying forbidden force, such means are unheard of!

"Has today's Purple Astral Immortal Cultivator grown so weak? Before my divine sense, they can't even stand suspended in the air."

Yin Mo shook his head slightly and lifted his withered hand, grabbing forward.

The power of this grab seemed able to seize the soul of heaven and earth, crushing it into dust. In a flash, over a dozen Shedding Void and Fragmented Thought Elders had their physical bodies directly collapse into blood mist, which Yin Mo inhaled, swallowing them entirely, including their Spirits and Demon Souls, unable to escape.

Devouring some cultivators, Yin Mo's divine sense aura visibly strengthened.

"The flesh and blood of Dreamland Realm cultivators tastes terrible." Yin Mo said coldly.

The assembly of Masters had a new wave of coldness in their hearts. This person can easily kill over a dozen Shedding Void and Fragmented Thought Elders with a wave of his hand; not even an Immortal King could accomplish such ease.

Who is this person? Could he be an Immortal King!

Why has he appeared, why is he killing, perhaps... he's also come for the Ancient Passage...

Ao Xuan secretly activated the innate power of the Brahmic Demon Mace, first shattering the blood characters from his forehead, breaking the forbidden force on his body.

While contemplating Yin Mo's intention, a sudden cold shiver ran through him, and he looked up to meet Yin Mo's icy gaze.

For some reason, Ao Xuan saw a trace of hatred in Yin Mo's eyes. He didn't know this person; why is there hatred...

In the next instant, Yin Mo directly raised his palm and pressed a five-finger hand seal toward Ao Xuan's direction across the air.

"Descendant of Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, let me see how much capacity you have!"

That seemingly ordinary withered palm, in Ao Xuan's eyes, was like a five-fingered mountain, evoking a sense of invincibility.

Ao Xuan seemed to see an illusion, as if he saw this palm... covering the sky, enveloping the Dao, severing the mountains and seas, trapping the sun, moon, and stars, overturning ancient and modern times...

He saw under this withered palm, burying the souls of countless strong ones, many of whom were far more powerful than himself!

Impossible! Who is this person! He must have killed many strong Masters; he must have killed Immortal Emperors, Quasi-Saints... his hands bear countless Dead Souls!

Ao Xuan's body was uncontrollably trembling, his spirit sense terrified before even engaging!

No, must not fear! I possess an Innate Treasure; I may not be defeated by this person!

Ao Xuan roared, his demon body transformed to the height of Qi Tian, wielding the Brahmic Demon Mace, striking towards Yin Mo's hand seal with full force.

This mace strike carried world-destroying power!

He firmly believed that even if he couldn't defeat Yin Mo, he wouldn't be defeated in one move. Yet the reality was far beyond his expectations.

The hand seal swept downward, and where it passed, the sky bizarrely petrified.

A moment later, the hand seal pressed onto the Brahmic Demon Mace, and, in an instant, gray spread over the mace, petrifying it, losing all its might. With a booming sound, it shattered into countless fragments, falling from the sky.

The hand seal continued downward, pressing onto Ao Xuan's Tian Ling; Ao Xuan's physical body immediately petrified, followed by his body beginning to shatter from Tian Ling, collapsing into numerous massive stones.

Ao Xuan, an Immortal Venerable carrying an Innate Treasure, couldn't withstand Yin Mo's divine sense's hand seal!

In one strike, treasure destroyed, life lost!

"Fortunately! Had I not escaped with my Demon Soul at the last moment, I would have been dead!"

The dust dissipated, revealing Ao Xuan's Demon Soul before the crowd, filled with deep terror.

Few Immortal Emperors could shatter an Innate Treasure; the solidity of Innate Treasures is world-renowned, yet Yin Mo shattered it in a single strike.

This person is too strong; like Zhao Jian, he is absolutely unbeatable!

Damn it! The Ancient Passage was so close; why did such a calamitous star appear here, killing everywhere!

"Indeed. To preserve life against my divine sense with mere Immortal Venerable cultivation is worthy of staying alive as my living sacrifice."

Yin Mo's left eye shot a gray beam, hitting Ao Xuan's Demon Soul's forehead. Ao Xuan screamed but vanished, taken somewhere unknown by Yin Mo.

"You... you're the Ninth Generation Savage God!" several Fan Clan's Barbarian Ancestors finally recognized Yin Mo, their emotions fluctuating unsettlingly.

Weren't the reports saying the Ninth Generation Savage God was suppressed at the top of Tianque, unable to escape? Why did he appear, and why is he massacring here!

"You are also Fan Clan's Barbarian Ancestors, then stay."

Without allowing the ancestors to speak, Yin Mo directly used Punishment Mountain's power, forcibly taking the three ancestors, unable to resist with Punishment Mountain's power present.

In mere breaths, only Liuhe remained among Immortal Venerable level masters, the remaining human and demon cultivators were around eight to ninety.

Yin Mo had no plans to waste time, his form flickered, directly entering the crowd, commencing slaughter.

Most cultivators were directly killed, their flesh and blood devoured. Some Yin Mo spared, collecting them for later use.

The more blood he devoured, the stronger Yin Mo's divine sense aura grew, ever more invincible to Liuhe.

Now, Liuhe and the remaining cultivators were no longer keen on fighting for the Ancient Passage, they prioritized survival.

"Retreat from this place immediately!"

Liuhe Immortal Venerable spit a mouthful of essence blood, forcibly breaking the blood character on their foreheads, sweeping his sleeve to flee with many human cultivators to the eighth layer.

The demon cultivators were not so fortunate; without an Immortal Venerable to protect them, they became the first target for Yin Mo's slaughter.

"Descendants of Ancestor Dragon Zhuli... of formidable hybrid demons Chi Cang... of the Great Demon Xuantu..."

The more Yin Mo slaughtered the demon cultivators there, the colder his eyes became. When he betrayed Zi Dou Immortal Domain, he was pursued by countless Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators, including many ancient great demons.

Today's demons entering the Ninefold Celestial Towers included many descendants of those great demons, all deserved to die!

Quickly, except for a few captured demon cultivators kept as living sacrifices, the vast majority were directly eaten by him.

By this time, Liuhe Immortal Venerable had led the remaining humans into the eighth layer, causing Yin Mo to squint his eyes, his form flickering, disappearing from the ninth layer and appearing in the eighth, blocking Liuhe and the others.

"Hmph, today's Purple Dou Immortal Cultivator lacks even the courage for a life-and-death battle! I use eyes as mountains..."

Yin Mo's right eye shot a gray beam, creating an anomaly of nine mountain shadows, all are gray stone mountains.

"Use killing as sea..."

Below the nine mountains arose an ocean of eightfold slaughter, bloodthirsty and soaring, formed by Yin Mo's lifetime killings.

"Use soul as tree..."

A thousand-zhang stone vine tree grew at the center of the slaughter sea, harboring a gray eye, akin to Yin Mo's left eye. Within the eye, twelve crescent moons rotated weirdly, emitting boundless illusionary power.

All human cultivators, including Liuhe, lost their minds at this moment, showing bewilderment, as if caught in illusions.

"With illusion as a prison palace!"

The entire eighth layer, space constantly shattered, countless stone vine trees grew directly from void cracks, binding every human cultivator tightly.

The vines seemed to have poisonous thorns, trapping a cultivator, immediately inducing a true coma.

Many vines eerily squirmed, devouring the flesh and blood of many cultivators, leaving only empty skins...

After a long time... the entire eighth layer was deathly silent; whether those had escaped to the eighth or had yet to ascend to the ninth, all were bound on the stone tree, becoming its nourishment.

"Today's Purple Dou Immortal Cultivator is truly weak... killing these people is too boring."

Yin Mo's left eye flashed gray light, and the thousand-zhang stone tree vanished; numerous empty skins fell from the sky.

However, those cultivators not killed by the stone tree, like Liuhe, were kept alive by Yin Mo, for other purposes.

Yin Mo sensed around; the entire Ninefold Celestial Towers' cultivators should have been dealt with.

The next matters are not for the Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators outside the Barbarian Wilderness to witness!

After escaping, he would go outside and kill all those Immortal Emperors from the Land of Dreams. Those people should give him a slight sense of revenge!

Humph!

Yin Mo turned and headed back to the ninth layer. Before leaving, he suddenly turned back, his gaze seemingly able to pierce through countless realms, and let out a cold snort.

With that snort, the skin projection of Huax Yao outside exploded with a bang, scattering on the ground.

The stele created by Meng Xuanzi also collapsed with a roar at this moment, completely destroyed!

The sound of that cold snort also crossed the barrier of the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, directly reaching the ears of every Immortal Emperor, exploding like heavenly thunder.

That voice carried all of Yin Mo's lifetime of slaughter. Some Immortal Emperors with weaker cultivations were shocked by that voice, and their divine sense was immediately wounded.

Even figures like the Tongtian Ancient Emperor and the True Dragon Clan Chief, quasi-saint level characters, were shaken by Yin Mo's snort, causing their blood and energy to surge.

"Who is this person! Within the four heavens and nine worlds (Demon Spirit Land), this person is almost invincible. How could such a powerful figure appear in the Ninefold Celestial Towers!" Hundreds of Immortal Emperors from both clans simultaneously showed expressions of shock.

More and more changes were occurring in the Ninefold Celestial Towers, and unexpectedly, at the critical moment, a fierce star like this emerged.

With his own power, he exterminated the cultivators from both clans competing for the passage; with just a voice across realms, he directly injured hundreds of powerful Immortal Emperors.

Is this person here to compete for the Ancient Passage...

This is troublesome, with this person here... I'm afraid it won't be easy to seize the Ancient Passage...

...

Yin Mo's figure flickered as he returned to the top layer of the stone forest on the ninth layer. The seven ancestors still stood in the stone forest and had not escaped.

It's not that they didn't want to run, but because their bodies, under the illumination of the gray moon here, were completely petrified, standing like statues, unable to move.

With a wave of Yin Mo's large hand, the empty stone forest now had some additional statues.

Among them were the statues of Ao Xuan, Liuhe, the first generation, second ancestor, and fourth ancestor of the Fan Family, and a dozen or so other statues, all of whom were people Yin Mo had captured alive.

Their expressions showed varying degrees of terror, and within their statues, there was still a faint trace of life not yet dissipated.

"Twelve more hours till the fullness and wane calamity... Right eye, I look forward to this time, reuniting with you!"

Yin Mo's spirit stepped into his statue, causing the spirit to merge back into the statue.

Time slowly passed, and three hours later, the gray moon in the sky of the ninth layer suddenly began to change.

The gray moon, originally a full moon, began to appear like the scene of a heavenly dog devouring the moon as time went on.

Six hours later, the gray moon was reduced to a half-crescent.

Nine hours later, the gray moon was only left with a halo-like outline.

Twelve hours later, the gray moon completely disappeared, and without the moonlight's illumination, the entire ninth layer was plunged into darkness.

Only at the center of the stone forest, the ancient stone door gradually started to emit a strange light.

That stone door was the Ancient Passage painstakingly schemed by the Immortal Emperors of the two clans, connecting the Dreamland Realm and the Three Great Realms.

The light on the stone door grew increasingly intense, and gradually, lines of ancient texts appeared on it.

They couldn't be seen clearly. Few cultivators of the second step could clearly decipher those texts.

The brighter the text glowed, the weaker the aura of the Yin Mo statue became, as if all his cultivations, his everything, was sacrificed to the stone door, becoming the energy source to light up the stone door's inscriptions.

Fullness and wane... Fullness and wane... the weakest moment has finally arrived.

"The time has come... this moment is the weakest of my spirit, right eye, I know you have arrived, come out!"

The Yin Mo statue suddenly let out an ancient roar, and for some reason, that roar was able to trigger the Immortal Dao Principle, forming divine skills, causing fierce winds in the world.

The space was shocked by that roar, unraveling like silk, turning into countless chaotic threads, separating from each other.

A muffled grunt was heard as the Eye Orb Monster, full of overwhelming hatred, fell from the spatial rift, glaring at the Yin Mo statue.

"You still dare to use Immortal Elder Brother's divine skills! Truly shameless!"

"Right eye, after all these years, you still don't understand. It's not that I betrayed the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, but rather Immortal betrayed the Dust Realm. We were originally cultivators of the Dust Realm, belonging to the Barbarian Clan. It's only right for me to return to the Barbarian Clan and succeed as the Barbarian God. But he sunk so low, serving under the Purple Dou Immortal Emperor, working as a lackey for the Nijun cultivators, hindering the great ambition of unifying the Real Realms for Dust Realm cultivators. His immortality is the shame of the Dust Realm!" Yin Mo statue said.

"Humph, a war of words is meaningless. Today, I must kill you!"

The Eye Orb Monster took a slight step back, a flash of gray light in its eyes, and immediately, countless silver lights appeared on the ninth layer, intertwining into an extremely complex array map.

The array map surrounded Yin Mo's statue and the entire stone forest in the center. In four directions, there were altars, each housing an Innate Treasure.

"Yin Mo! To kill you, I spent countless years, refining a killing array with four Innate Treasures. Today, you must die! Azure Dragon Guards the East!"

On the eastern altar, an Azure Dragon Seal transformed into a thousand-zhang giant dragon, soaring into the sky.

"The Azure Dragon Seal, huh... Over the years, your artifact refinement skills have indeed improved, but unfortunately, your cultivation is still too weak." Yin Mo said indifferently.

"Bai Hu Zhen Xi!"

"Zhu Que Zhen Nan!"

"Xuanwu Guards the North!"

From the west, south, and north altars, three seals similarly turned into thousand-zhang mythical beasts, soaring into the sky.

The four beasts guarded their respective direction, making it seem as if the entire world was imprisoned.

"The formation isn't bad; the four Innate Treasure Seals aren't bad either. This array can sever my connection with the heavens and earth, keeping me at my weakest, unable to recover. But unfortunately, trying to kill me with these means is not enough. You have a restraining array, but I have ten thousand protectors. You, with mere Seven Tribulations cultivation, can you match ten thousand Immortal Venerables!"

You cannot do it!

As Yin Mo's voice fell, coffins appeared in the sky, with ancient corpses comparable to Eternal Immortal Venerable level crawling out from them, forming a formation above the stone forest.

"We, Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators... born against the tribulations... burying bones without regret..."

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

Upon seeing these ten thousand ancient corpses, the Eye Orb Monster's eyes immediately turned blood-red.

All these ancient corpses fought for the Zi Dou Immortal Domain when they were alive.

However, because of Yin Mo's betrayal, they did not die on the battlefield protecting the realm but at Yin Mo's hands instead.

If you practiced Barbarian, if you understood the Shanhai Curse, you could hear the sorrowful soul sounds of these deceased cultivators between the mountains and seas.

Kill Yin Mo! Kill Yin Mo! Kill Yin Mo! The soul sounds of ten thousand Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators were so unanimous!

Yin Mo not only killed his comrades but also refined their corpses into puppets using the Puppet Technique of the Immortal Emperor.

Today, he must pay the price for his actions!

"Boy, do it!"

Just as the Eye Orb Monster finished speaking, the piercing sound of a sword spread through the sky.

A figure with a ghostly mask and silver hair suddenly tore open the void and stepped through from the other end.

At the instant this person appeared, all ten thousand Immortal Venerable level ancient corpses began to tremble, sensing a lethal threat from this individual.

Who else but Ning Fan!

Yin Mo, who had always been arrogant, had a solemn expression for the first time.

"So, he is your trump card... Can't confirm if this child possesses the mighty punishment force; could the Tenth Generation Barbarian God be him..."

He feared neither the Fan Family's Seventh Ancestor nor the right eye, nor the hundred Great Emperors from both clans, but from Ning Fan, he felt a sense of crisis for the first time.

At the moment Ning Fan swung his sword, the feeling of crisis suddenly reached its peak.

The Immortal Qi in the world became chaotic because of Ning Fan alone, as if encountering a natural enemy!

"This child... is unexpectedly the inheritor of the Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor!"

Chapter 947: The Third Eye

Ning Fan held a three-foot-long sword upside down, stepping out of the void to appear before a hundred thousand ancient corpses.

The sword in his hand, entirely fiery red, was a Twelve Nirvana Immortal Sword, demanded from the Eye Orb Monster to perform the Human-Sword Annihilates Life technique.

The Twelve Nirvana Immortal Sword alone wasn't enough to cause fear among the hundred thousand ancient corpses, but the pale moon sword beam it emitted was enough to chill any ancient corpse to the bone.

This was the Chaotic Ancient Ultimate Study—Human-Sword Annihilates Life, designed to sever the lives of immortal creatures in the world!

The inheritor of Ancient Chaos... so it's the inheritor of Ancient Chaos... I see...

Yin Mo's expression grew even more solemn, as if in an instant, he understood many things.

No wonder so many ancient corpses had mysteriously fallen before; it turned out to be the work of the inheritor of Ancient Chaos!

Yin Mo was an evil corpse cleaved by the Immortal Emperor, possessing part of the undead memory, and would certainly know the terror of the Human-Sword Annihilates Life.

The Immortal Emperor roamed throughout his life, undefeated among peers of the Immortal Emperor, relying on his undying and immortal body, even the Desolate Saint couldn't kill him. Such a mighty figure once succumbed to the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor...

The more powerful the immortal creature, the more they feared the power of the Human-Sword Annihilates Life, even mighty Immortal Emperor was no exception.

Today, though there are a hundred thousand immortal ancient corpses acting as protectors, in front of the Human-Sword Annihilates Life, it might be a one-sword solution.

"Interesting, I didn't expect the first clash of the Ying Que Great Calamity to have the right eye prevail... hehe, finding the inheritor of Ancient Chaos to assist is enough to curb the immortal power within me. Unfortunately, my power isn't limited to just one kind of immortal power... Right eye, can you surprise me more..."

After the initial surprise, Yin Mo's expression returned to indifference. He knew that most likely the hundred thousand ancient corpses would die at Ning Fan's hand with one strike, but he did not mind.

Roar!

The hundred thousand ancient corpses let out a collective corpse roar, even though they feared Ning Fan's death-severing might, they instinctively attacked him fiercely.

Those roars, savage as beasts, though not in human language, inexplicably carried a mournful emotion, enough to move one's heart.

One could hear, even... enough to see...

Ning Fan closed his eyes, as if he could hear the soul sounds of these ancient corpses that had lingered in the mountains and seas for millions of years, echoing endlessly.

Within his Dantian, the God-Extinguishing Shield bizarrely emitted threads of immortal power, creating a peculiar resonance between Ning Fan and the heavens and earth here.

In his mind, at this very moment, scenes from ancient times truly emerged!

Once upon a time, the Immortal Emperor, amidst billions of stars, cleaved an evil corpse, naming it Yin Mo.

"Evil corpse, I want you to make a promise. Promise me, accompany me, to guard the Purple Dou Star-River through endless lifetimes."

On that day, Yin Mo knelt before the undead, making a vow to the Immortal Emperor.

"The Zidou Rank Immortals above, the lower cultivator Yin Mo, born from the Emperor's cutting of evil, ought to inherit the Emperor's will. Though an evil corpse, I will act with dignity, worthy of heaven and

earth, worthy of Purple Dou. In future lives, to live as Purple Dou lives, to die as Purple Dou dies. If this vow is broken, may Heaven and men unite to slay me!"

In the countless years that followed, Yin Mo's cultivation grew higher and higher, replacing the undead to guard the border of the Zi Dou Immortal Domain—Nether Dust Sea.

There, the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign spent countless years setting up a world-protecting great formation. As long as this formation was intact, even some Fourth Step cultivators couldn't forcefully enter the Zi Dou Immortal Domain.

That day, a red sun suddenly rose from the Nether Dust Sea, and a man holding a red horsetail whisk stepped out from the sun.

The man's appearance, no one could see clearly, as if no one could spy his visage in this world unless he allowed it!

The man, clad in a fiery red feather cloak, walked step by step towards Yin Mo, and the cities he passed all turned into ruins, dissipating into dust.

"I need you to help me accomplish one thing... Once done, I will bestow upon you the Taicang Lineage, granting you an opportunity to rise above the Third World."

If someone else had said that to Yin Mo, he would certainly not believe it.

But the man in red before him was the only formidable figure Yin Mo could look up to; his promise certainly wouldn't be deceitful.

That day, Yin Mo opened the world-protecting great formation of the Nether Dust Sea, and countless Dust Realm cultivators, led by the man in red, charged into the Zi Dou Immortal Domain.

That day, Yin Mo decisively turned coat, wielding the Slaughter Blade against the billion Purple Astral Immortal Cultivators under him.

When the flames of war spread throughout the Purple Dou Star-River, when the reports of battle reached the Undying Demon Palace, the Immortal Emperor slammed the table in rage, hurrying towards the Nether Dust Sea.

He wanted to personally execute the traitor who violated his oath and invited foreign enemies!

But, it was too late. After Yin Mo's defection, he had already escaped into the Dust Realm, seeking refuge under the wings of the Taicang Calamity Spirit; killing him was as hard as climbing to heaven.

In his fury, the Immortal Emperor traversed the Nether Dust Sea, charging into the Dust Realm, only to slay this defector, but in vain, as he was suppressed by the Taicang Calamity Spirit, dismembered beneath Mount Jiuli...

Later, the Zi Dou Immortal Domain fell into the flames of war. Later... Yin Mo became the Ninth Generation Savage God of the Barbarian Clan.

Stepping over the corpses of his companions, he gained the favor of the Taicang Calamity Spirit, but soon after, he mysteriously disappeared during a closed-door meditation.

Few knew, it was the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign with his last strength, who captured this fiend and suppressed him within the Ninefold Celestial Towers...

Each scene was so fragmented, yet contained so many ancient secrets, lingering among the mountains and seas.

Ning Fan is not a saint; he does not possess the ability to see through the ancient and future, but through his remarkable understanding of the Shanhai Curse, he managed to somewhat achieve this feat.

Kill Yin Mo!

Kill this traitor!

If this abomination is not killed, it will be hard to assuage the wrath of the annihilated Zidou Realm people!

Kill! Kill! Kill!

The soul sounds of a hundred thousand ancient corpses linger between the mountains and seas, none without overwhelming hatred for Yin Mo.

They yearn to kill Yin Mo, to pay tribute to the countless Purple Astral Immortal Cultivators, yet it's lamentable that even their corpses have become Yin Mo's puppets.

The soul sounds of a hundred thousand ancient corpses, the sorrow like fallen leaves at autumn's end, fell piece by piece onto Ning Fan's heart.

Ning Fan ultimately is not a true Purple Dou Immortal Cultivator, and it is difficult for him to personally experience the grief of these cultivators losing their country and home. The only thing he can do is to bid farewell to these martyrs...

Ten, hundred, thousand... More and more pale moon sword beams surround Ning Fan, and their number eventually reached tens of millions.

With the blessing of millions of Life-Slaying Sword Qi, Ning Fan's aura completely surpassed the boundaries of the second step, reaching the third step!

What is this feeling... it's indescribable... Ning Fan's figure is unprecedentedly ethereal, and his eyes carry the might of heaven and earth, indifferent to the point of having no trace of emotion.

That gaze... it's like viewing all things as sacrificial dogs, unable to stir any interest!

His body begins to emit severe pain, as if it's about to succumb to such power, on the verge of collapse.

Ning Fan believes that if not for his cultivation skyrocketing and the protection of the Heaven-Opening Artifact, he would absolutely not withstand the current might of ten thousand sword beams!

If he was his previous self... he would be directly counter-shocked to death by this supreme sword might!

Crack, crack, crack...

The Twelve Nirvana Immortal Sword in his hand seems unable to bear such intensity of sword beams and begins to produce cracks.

Ning Fan slowly swings the Immortal Sword; the action is extremely slow, yet in the eyes of any ancient corpse, it carries an indescribable coldness.

Danger... very dangerous, what level of sword technique is this! It has absolutely surpassed the scope of the second step!

One after another, the silhouettes of ancient corpses charging at Ning Fan are blocked by an invisible sword might a thousand zhang away, unable to approach further.

The hundred thousand ancient corpses surround Ning Fan in the center, where within a radius of a thousand zhang, a true vacuum circle has formed.

Sword as circle... the trajectory of the sword cannot pick out even the slightest flaw, reaching complete success...

The perfect Sword Dao that countless Sword Cultivators arduously pursue is casually slashed out by Ning Fan at this moment...

Crack, crack, crack...

The Immortal Sword is on the verge of breaking, and at this moment, Ning Fan wielded this unreproducible sword!

As this sword falls, the entire world seems to transform into a circle, pale moon sword beams flow like water, flowing past the sides of each ancient corpse. Wherever it passes, each ancient corpse equivalent to an Immortal Venerable, without exception, turns to ashes, being shattered into dust by the supreme sword intent in an instant.

Unable to resist, unbeatable! Thirteen breaths pass, and the hundred thousand ancient corpses here are all turned to ashes.

Ning Fan can no longer withstand the might of this sword. Under the ghost mask, his complexion is pale, and blood oozes from the corners of his lips, showing that he suffered a severe backlash. As for the Immortal Sword in his hand, with a crack, it completely broke into countless iron pieces scattered across the ground.

"Good job, brat! The extinction of a hundred thousand ancient corpses means that Yin Mo must die today!" The Eye Orb Monster laughed heartily.

"Is that so? Do you really think that without the protection of a hundred thousand ancient corpses, you can kill me? This lad's Severing Fate Sword Technique has great lethality against pure immortal creatures, but I don't just possess Immortal Power. The Severing Fate Sword Technique is ineffective against me," the Yin Mo Statue said indifferently.

"Heh heh, if this lad only has these tricks, naturally he can't kill you, but he has another identity. Brat, you don't have time to rest, make your move!" The Eye Orb Monster shouted loudly.

Ning Fan nodded, wiped away the blood from his lips casually, and took advantage of these blood streaks, suddenly crouching down and slamming his hand onto the ground.

Instantly, circles of blood-colored light appeared on the ground, while a blood-red altar gradually rose from the ground.

"Using blood as a guide to summon the trump card hidden in the formation..."

The Yin Mo Statue frowned slightly. He hadn't expected that within the large formation setup by the Eye Orb Monster, a fifth altar would appear.

On the four altars, there is an Innate Treasure Seal guarding each side, but this fifth altar contains no Innate Treasure Seal, only an ancient crossbow bed placed upon it.

"This is... the Divine Crossbow of the Ancient Kingdom! No, the real Divine Crossbow should have been destroyed, it's just a replica..." Yin Mo said disdainfully.

"Heh heh, underestimating replicas can cost you dearly. Candle Brother, it's up to you now. For the sake of your big brother, you need to coordinate well with your master!" The Eye Orb Monster chuckled strangely.

"Don't worry, big brother! Your enemy is my enemy, where your sword points is the place my arrow lands! Master, let's do it; my bowstring can no longer withstand!" From within the crossbow bed came the sound of Candle Bow siding with its ally against a common enemy.

Unexpectedly, the usually mercenary and timid Candle Bow would also open a bow for righteousness against a formidable enemy... Ning Fan secretly marveled, his figure suddenly appearing on the fifth altar, raising his hand and pressing it onto the crossbow bed mechanism.

This crossbow bed is a replica of the once supreme treasure of the Ancient Barbarian Realm—the Ancient Kingdom's Divine Crossbow!

Although it is just a replica of the magical treasure, it has more restrictions than the true Divine Crossbow, and only a Barbarian God can activate this crossbow!

A faint golden light began to appear on Ning Fan's body, while above the sky, golden Punishment Mountains appeared one after another.

The magnificent power of punishment, under Ning Fan's control, all surged toward the Yin Mo Statue, and the gloomy sky was illuminated by the golden light.

At this moment, the power of Ning Fan's thirty-six mountains of punishment was all pressing down on Yin Mo. Yin Mo tried to summon his three Punishment Mountains to resist this pressure, but just as they appeared, the three mountains collapsed once more, just as before, unable to manifest in front of Ning Fan.

As the Ninth Generation Savage God, he felt a sense of divine majesty emanating from Ning Fan.

At the same time, his own oppressive power was much weaker than Ning Fan's, causing Yin Mo to feel a sense of unwillingness and coldly snort.

"Indeed, you are the newly born Tenth Generation Barbarian God! You have thirty-six Punishment Mountains! Unfortunately, as a fellow Barbarian God, if you only use pressure, it's impossible to suppress me!"

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!

The response to Yin Mo was the sound of sharp arrows piercing through the air! In the blink of an eye, thirty-six golden arrows shot out from the crossbow bed.

Unlike Xi Zihua, Yin Mo is not a Shanhai Shadow but a living Barbarian God with three Punishment Mountains. Purely by using the pressure of the Punishment Mountains, Ning Fan could not suppress Yin Mo, and even using punishment might not have much effect.

Therefore, the Eye Orb Monster devised a plan to use the replica Divine Crossbow, combining the power of punishment of thirty-six mountains, transforming it into tangible arrows to attack Yin Mo.

Such golden arrows posed almost no threat to other masters outside of barbarian cultivators, but to Yin Mo, they were a deadly threat.

The thirty-six golden arrows, without deviation, all penetrated into the Yin Mo Statue, and everything happened in an instant.

Yin Mo's spirit sense drastically changed, directly flying out from the statue, and as he flew out, the thirty-six arrow lights pursued closely.

Although he barely escaped, his body was inevitably pierced with several bloody holes, and with his cultivation, he could not heal those wounds.

Each of these thirty-six golden arrows was enough to kill a barbarian cultivator with Immortal Emperor cultivation!

The combined power of thirty-six arrows was enough to annihilate any barbarian cultivator below a Saint, and even Yin Mo dared not face this arrow head-on.

The only regret was that the replica Divine Crossbow seemed unable to withstand the might of thirty-six arrows fired simultaneously and exploded into fragments with a loud bang, rendering it unusable.

What a pity...

"Die! Even if you have the crow feather bestowed by that person, you won't survive this crossbow arrow!" The Eye Orb Monster was visibly exhilarated.

Yin Mo's fate hinged on a single strike. If they could succeed with one blow, it would be excellent; even if not, it should be enough to destroy his life-saving artifact, which was still a gain.

"Hmph! This attack, though strong, does not warrant me using the Tribulation Feather granted by my master. I am different from when my right eye was still present. Let me show you the new techniques I've comprehended over the years, Bone Sacrifice!"

Seeing no way to escape the pursuit of the thirty-six arrows, Yin Mo decisively stopped fleeing, severing a finger to transform the finger bone into a large white bone stick.

The bone stick bore the totem of a Roc covering the sea, its aura extremely peculiar, sometimes appearing ordinary, but when powerful, exuding an innate aura, giving the impression of a living being.

Yin Mo raised the bone stick high, and it instantly split into thirty-six, each colliding with a golden arrow.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The intense clash made the Ninth Layer of Tianque unstable, causing it to frantically collapse, and then the entire Ninefold Celestial Towers began to tremble violently.

Yin Mo's spirit sense kept coughing blood, as wielding the bone stick pushed him to the limit, inflicting severe damage on his spirit with each passing second.

However, the effect was exceptionally significant. Each time the arrow light struck the bone stick, it mysteriously weakened, as if the bone stick absorbed its power.

After more than ten breaths, the thirty-six arrow lights had all been absorbed by the bone stick, and the collapse of the Ninefold Celestial Towers finally ceased!

The bone stick remained intact, the only change being that after absorbing the golden arrows' attacks, the Roc totem on it became more vibrant and lively.

"Impossible! You haven't earned the recognition of the Holy Sect, yet you've refined this Holy Sect Sacred Artifact!" The Eye Orb Monster was shocked.

He had long known about the bone stick Yin Mo possessed, but never imagined that Yin Mo could wield its power.

You must know, before being suppressed to the Ninefold Celestial Towers, Yin Mo had spent a great deal of effort refining this item but failed to subdue it. Never did he expect... he succeeded now!

This bone stick's origins are not insignificant, though not a Heaven-Opening Artifact, among Innate Treasures, few surpass it... After all, this treasure was once used as a sacred weapon by the Ancient Holy Sect, nurtured for countless years in the Six Paths of Reincarnation, its power truly extraordinary!

However, one thing left the Eye Orb Monster puzzled. The Holy Sect Sacred Artifacts could only be used by those with the Holy Sect's bloodline, so how could Yin Mo wield it!

Yin Mo's spirit sense had significantly faded, using the bone stick seemed to take a significant toll on him, yet his eyes gleamed with a bloodthirsty brilliance, "Though you are my right eye, there are many things you don't know. On the day I defected from the Zi Dou Immortal Domain and gained the favor of a paramount figure, he bestowed upon me more than just a life-saving Tribulation Feather. Too bad, it seems once again, you won't be able to kill me..."

"That may not be the case!" The Eye Orb Monster, after a slight disappointment, was filled with even more intense battle intent.

He set up a great formation in all directions, suppressing Yin Mo's recovering aura. Relying on Ning Fan's strength, he slaughtered ten thousand ancient corpses and unleashed thirty-six punitive golden arrows, yet these were not his killing move.

This was the last time... After being separated from Yin Mo for many years, his own cultivation remained stagnant while Yin Mo grew stronger.

He had attempted to assassinate Yin Mo 12 times... 12 times a Ying Que Great Calamity, as the Barbarians take 12 as a cycle of reincarnation, this time was Yin Mo's final Ying Que Great Calamity.

Were it not for Yin Mo's extreme weakness at this moment, even with just a single spirit sense, without utilizing the bone stick, he could have blocked the thirty-six arrows.

Once the Ying Que Great Calamity passes, Yin Mo will never be weakened to this extent again. This is the last chance to kill Yin Mo, no matter what the cost, it must be seized!

"Little girl, from here on, it relies on you! The Sixth Altar, appear!"

The Eye Orb Monster unleashed a gray light, and within the formation, the sixth altar appeared once again.

On the altar, a peculiar formation was etched, with faint black moonlight flowing. In front of the formation, an altar was set, incense burning upon it. Standing at the forefront was a female cultivator in a pink palace attire, precisely Miaoyan.

"This is... the Offering Extinction Formation!" Yin Mo's expression was immediately shocked, then filled with coldness.

He hadn't expected that this time the right eye truly intended to fight him to the death, even resorting to such an extreme method.

He didn't know in its heart, how much the glory of the Immortal Emperor was worth, that it would transform into the art of offering extinction in the form of a formation.

The Eye Orb Monster flew to the center of the formation, sweeping out a gray light, which multiplied into thousands in an instant, transforming into thousands of magical treasures, falling like raindrops from the sky, landing in the center of the formation.

Miaoyan, holding a Peach Wood Sword, began to cast spells in sync with the Eye Orb Monster as soon as it summoned the magical treasures.

She didn't know who they were dealing with, but this could be considered helping Ning Fan, and she would not refuse.

With each magical treasure that exploded, more black aura emerged in the eye of the Eye Orb Monster. When this black aura reached a certain extent, it gradually formed a black crescent mark.

The first black crescent appeared in the Eye Orb Monster's eye, spinning swiftly.

With the emergence of this crescent, the aura of the Eye Orb Monster surged, though not reaching the Eight Tribulations realm, not far from it.

"Still not enough! This time, even if I exhaust everything, I must kill you!"

The Eye Orb Monster swept out more gray light, countless heavenly materials and treasures descended upon the formation center, exploding one after another.

Among them were rare expensive pills, Spiritual Medicine, various Spirit Ores, and Immortal Materials, all exploded, causing more and more black aura in the Eye Orb Monster's eye.

The second black crescent formed.

In the end, the Eye Orb Monster even exhausted all its Dao Crystals, a treasure-hugger at heart, yet it truly spent all it had.

The third, fourth, and fifth black crescents formed successively. As the fifth black crescent appeared, the aura of the Eye Orb Monster abruptly surged to the realm of The Ninth Calamity of the Eternals.

But, it still wasn't enough!

"Little Iron Cage, appear!"

"Little Iron Spike, appear!"

"Small Hammer, appear!"

"Small Nail Rake, appear!"

"Small Slingshot..."

"Small Yellow Flag..."

"Little Radish Head..."

"Little Underpants..."

"Small..."

Each of these low-end named magical treasures was summoned frantically by the Eye Orb Monster, twelve in total, all without exception, all being Innate Treasures.

Without any hesitation, the Eye Orb Monster successively exploded twelve Innate Treasures, and the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth crescents formed sequentially.

When the ninth black crescent appeared, the Eye Orb Monster's aura briefly reached the Quasi-Saint Realm, yet not an ordinary Quasi-Saint!

"Nine black crescents huh... if you can reach twelve, perhaps you could truly contend with me. As you are now, still not enough..."

"Explode!"

With a thunderous explosion, this time, the Eye Orb Monster blew itself up.

Yin Mo's left eye widened in shock, clearly not expecting the Eye Orb Monster to self-destruct, but soon, he understood the true intent of the Eye Orb Monster, squinting his eye, fiercely looking toward Ning Fan's direction.

There, he saw a black crack suddenly split open at Ning Fan's forehead, where his divine star shone, with an exceedingly lewd laugh echoing from within the crack.

"Brat, I'll borrow your body! This old man will use your body to kill the old ghost Yin Mo!"

The crack opened at the location of Ning Fan's third eye, where the Eye Orb Monster occupied, becoming Ning Fan's third eye.

Twelve black crescents rotated within Ning Fan's third eye.

"Now our cultivations are equivalent... Yin Mo, fight with this old man!"

Chapter 948: Golden Armor Shatters the Stone Statues

Ning Fan had not used the divine power of his third eye for many years.

Back in the days of the Rain Immortal World, with the help of the Pill Emperor, Ning Fan opened the third eye. Initially, its purpose was merely to distinguish between genuine and fake spiritual medicines.

Later, Ning Fan entered the death site of the Six Desires Immortal King and refined the Immortal King's eyeball—the Desire-Dissolving Pearl, which enhanced the vision to the level of the Acquired Dharma Eye.

The recognition ability of the third eye also improved significantly, though it still wasn't of much use.

After many years, the third eye finally served its purpose, becoming the possession site after the Eye Orb Monster's self-detonation!

Upon possession, the Eye Orb Monster took over Ning Fan's body and transferred all its power into Ning Fan.

Twelve black crescents rotated within the third eye like hooked jades. Ning Fan's aura began to rise rapidly, but it was the Ancient God Cultivation among the four that was rising!

Although the Eye Orb Monster's possession was of Barbarian Cultivation, when transferred to Ning Fan, it transformed into pure Ancient God Power... all seemingly caused by the Black Moon Hooked Jade.

This cultivation enhancement was only temporary, akin to a secret technique, and couldn't last long. After defeating Yin Mo, Ning Fan's cultivation would fall back to its original state.

Even so, for Ning Fan, it was a rare opportunity to truly experience the power of higher realms.

The phenomenon of four Executing True Bridges manifested under Ning Fan's feet, as well as the miniature of the True Fantasy Long River. Ning Fan's Ancient God Cultivation, as if powered by a secret technique, continuously skyrocketed. Every advancement in realm added a reflection of Ning Fan in the river...

Shedding Void Initiate, Mid Stage of Shekong, Late Stage of Shekong, Peak of Shekong!

With a flash of light in Ning Fan's eyes, he looked at the reflection in the True Fantasy River, which was somewhat blurry and unclear.

His Calamity Blood Cultivation was comparable to the Eternal Immortal Venerable, but unfortunately, the principles of Calamity Blood were fundamentally different from those of gods, demons, and fiends.

Crossing Truth Realm cultivators envision the true bridge on the river; Shedding Void Cultivators, the reflections beneath... Suddenly, Ning Fan sensed a revelation, seemingly grasping the key to triggering the Heart Tribulation and breaking through the Shedding Void Realm. Unfortunately, it wasn't the time or place to ponder deeply.

Shattered Thought Early Stage, Mid-Phase Shattered Thought, Shattered Thought Later Stage, Shattered Thought Peak!

Ning Fan's cultivation continued to rise, finally feeling the power of the Shattered Thought Realm personally.

Fragmented Thought Elders were stronger than Shekong Cultivators not only due to the suppression in realms but also because Thought-Shattering Cultivators possessed Daoist Thought, blending it into their divine skills to form the Dao Thought Technique.

Once, in the solitude of lamenting autumn leaves, Ning Fan created the West Wind Technique, a form of Dao Thought Technique, which shone brightly in the tomb comparison, making Ning Fan's fame rise dramatically.

Daoist Thought is key for Thought-Shattering Cultivators to enhance their cultivation...

The advancement continued, and Ning Fan's cultivation began breaking into the Timeless Realm after the True Immortal Realm!

Eternal Zero Calamity, Eternal First Calamity, Second Calamity, Third Calamity... all the way to the Ninth Calamity!

Upon entering the Timeless Realm, the sovereign qi in Ning Fan's body began frantically merging into the Primordial Spirit.

After merging, the Primordial Spirit turned a pale golden color, and as Ning Fan's cultivation continued to soar, the gold became deeper. Eventually, Ning Fan's Primordial Spirit turned completely golden, just like most Immortal Emperors!

The Golden Primordial Spirit, known for being nearly indestructible and possessed only by Immortal Emperors!

At this moment, Ning Fan's aura was as strong as the Nine Tribulations Immortal Emperor, yet it continued to escalate, eventually exceeding the range of the Nine Tribulations, reaching the prowess of a Quasi-Saint!

So, this is the power of a Quasi-Saint... It seems that within the Quasi-Saint realm, there are divisions of ranks.

Ning Fan was unclear about the divisions within the Quasi-Saint realm, but if forced to categorize, the realm could be divided into three tiers.

Weaker Quasi-Saints, like Shen Xu Ge Lao Zu Xiang Mingzi and the Zi Clan Quasi-Saint who seized the Skull of Sen Luo, should belong to the first tier.

Yin Mo... is at the peak of the third tier of Quasi-Saints! Ning Fan looked up at Yin Mo, feeling his increasing aura, and consequently, the terrifying nature of Yin Mo. If his true cultivation was a drop of water, then Yin Mo's cultivation would be vast like lakes and seas, unfathomable and immense.

Yet, despite Yin Mo's strength, there's no reason to calculate against himself! Against Yin Mo, Ning Fan fears not the battle!

The Eye Orb Monster, controlling Ning Fan's body, took a step forward, and twelve black full moons arose in the night sky!

After these twelve full moons appeared, Ning Fan's aura also reached beyond the third tier of Quasi-Saints!

"Yin Mo, battle me!"

The Eye Orb Monster shouted furiously, and a surge of power remarkably similar to the Power of Mourning surged within Ning Fan. If Ning Fan didn't sense it wrong, the Eye Orb Monster was using the Mourning Black Moon Divine Skill of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven!

Ning Fan also knew some Black Moon Divine Skills, learned back in the lower realms' Tree World. Compared to Ning Fan's divine skills, the Eye Orb Monster's powers were evidently more complete and could harm beings other than puppets!

As 'Ning Fan' raised his hand, black moonlight scattered from the sky, resembling countless threads of rain.

"Mourning for the Ancient, the Moon as Rain!"

Possessing Ning Fan's body, the Eye Orb Monster could slightly utilize Ning Fan's divine skills, transforming the moonlight into an unexpected night rain, sweeping fiercely toward Yin Mo.

This rain, under the Eye Orb Monster's control, wielded astonishing power, with a single drop capable of killing an Immortal, a hundred drops an Immortal in the Ghost Immortal Realm, and ten thousand drops a Shekong Cultivator. The overwhelming rainfall could heavily damage any cultivator below Quasi-Saint!

"There's a trace of the Control Position Power of the Rain Dao Principle..." Yin Mo's expression was solemn. As far as he knew, the Eye Orb Monster's control position principle should only be the Immortal Dao Principle, for the Immortal Void is still in the Eye Orb Monster's possession...

In that sense, the Eye Orb Monster could utilize its own power due to Ning Fan.

This guy, being an inheritor of the Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor with not very old bone age, had already cultivated a type of Yin and Yang, indicating excellent potential.

Unfortunately, this guy followed the wrong person! Walking the path with the right eye leads only to death!

"If the Mourning one himself came, I might dread three points. Alas, using the Black Moon Technique through you, no matter how much moonlight transforms into rain, what can it do! Fire, arise!"

Yin Mo spat out a grey mist, which immediately turned into a sea of fire, occupying most of the sky and earth.

Before the raindrops arrived, they were evaporated by the sea of fire. The massive fire elemental power made Yin Mo flicker within the flames, indistinct.

At this moment, Yin Mo seemed to become the sovereign of fire in the universe, able to ignite everything his eyes fell upon at his thought!

"This is... the Control Position Power of the Fire Dao!"

Miao Yan Hua Rong's face went slightly pale. Just as Yin Mo's gaze swept over her, her Primordial Spirit felt a burning pain, and she sensed her body was about to ignite.

As if with just one look from Yin Mo, she could be burned to ashes! It seemed only because he disdained killing her that she survived!

She was an Eternal Immortal Venerable, yet she couldn't withstand the power of Yin Mo's gaze. How could this person be so powerful!

Candle Bow was equally stunned, fearing that the strength Yin Mo displayed was no less than his first master, Zhuli.

Zhuli ranked in the top ten of Immortal Emperors under Purple Dou, and even if Yin Mo didn't rank in the top ten among ancient emperors, he wouldn't fall far behind!

Fsssss!

The sea of fire spread rapidly, soon reaching the locations of Miaoyan, Candle Bow, and others. Before this fire, they seemed utterly powerless.

Could die...

"This place is too dangerous; I will send them out of the Ninefold Celestial Towers. With my assistance, it's enough to kill Yin Mo!" In his heart and spirit, Ning Fan said to the Eye Orb Monster.

The Eye Orb Monster shared the same thought. Miao Yan and Candle Bow were no help here and were instead likely to be inadvertently killed by the spreading sea of fire, with no meaning.

Controlling Ning Fan's body, it waved its sleeve heavily, sweeping toward Miaoyan and Candle Bow.

In the next instant, Miaoyan and Candle Bow were directly thrown out of the Ninefold Celestial Towers by the Eye Orb Monster with Great Divine Power, returning to the Shattered Wilderness.

"Your heart, like that of the Mourning one, is too soft. Just a few ants, if they die, they die, why save them? Only the weak have compassion for others."

Yin Mo sneered disdainfully, clapping his hands together fiercely, causing two giant grey fire hands to appear within the sea of fire, closing violently toward Ning Fan.

"Moon like War!"

The Eye Orb Monster, controlling Ning Fan's body, flicked his fingers, numerous black lines twisting into a bundle, forming a black war halberd. With a horizontal cut, not only were the two fire hands annihilated, but all the sea of fire extinguished in an instant.

Simultaneously, the ninth layer of the Tianque's sky was also severed in half!

Collapse! Collapse! Collapse!

The top of the ninth layer of the Tianque began to collapse. Countless fragments of stones and space debris fell from the sky, and storms of shattered void howled through this place.

The scene outside was revealed before their eyes. The sky above was undoubtedly the sky of the shattered, primitive wilderness!

This strike directly opened a passage between Tianque and the outside world, enough to reveal its terrifying power!

This black battle halberd was very similar to the War God Art's battle intent divine skill - the War King Halberd. However, its power was a thousand times, ten thousand times more formidable than the War King Halberd!

This black battle halberd was a divine skill the Eye Orb Monster conjured with Ning Fan's War Yin and Yang power, forming a black moon's moonlight!

"Another trace of the Palm Position Path..."

Yin Mo's expression grew even more solemn.

"Moon as Darkness!"

The Eye Orb Monster didn't give Yin Mo a chance to catch his breath. With a grasp of its large hand, the entire world instantly plunged into darkness.

It was the purest form of darkness. Yin Mo's gaze trembled, and in this darkness, he was deprived of the five senses, unable even to perceive with his spirit sense.

It was utterly impossible to predict from which direction the right eye would make its move!

In the ever-changing duel of cultivators, even a moment's negligence could lead to death.

An unprecedented sense of crisis appeared in Yin Mo's heart. He dared not be negligent, and at the cost of self-damage, he fiercely spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

The fresh blood turned into gray moonlight, dispelling all darkness, but it was still a step too late.

His five senses had not yet recovered when the attack of the Eye Orb Monster was already upon him, and the battle intent halberd that could cleave the sky slashed his body.

Arrogant as always, Yin Mo was severely injured by the battle intent halberd in an instant. His spirit sense was directly cut in half by the halberd, slowly dissipating into the air.

The residual halberd brilliance swept out horizontally, once again slicing half the ninth layer of Tianque, exposing it to the wilderness outside.

"Have I killed Yin Mo!" The Eye Orb Monster was ecstatic.

"Be careful, his aura is still there! He isn't dead!" Ning Fan reminded within his heart and spirit.

Ning Fan had completed the final step of cultivating Rain Yin and Yang. The rain of the heaven and earth was all under his spirit sense; in terms of perception, he surpassed even the Eye Orb Monster.

Sure enough, as Ning Fan anticipated, in the midst of the open stone forest, a stone statue of a Thought-Shattering Cultivator suddenly split with a crack, and a gray shadow emerged. Who else but Yin Mo could it be!

Such a bizarre divine skill! The Eye Orb Monster's gaze trembled. He believed that his previous strike hadn't failed; it relied on Ning Fan's Dark Yin and Yang power to launch a sneak attack, not even giving Yin Mo time to activate the Tribulation Feather to save himself...

That strike should have definitely killed Yin Mo, why didn't it succeed?

"There's even a third type of Palm Position Power, one that involves the difficult-to-handle Darkness Law...I was careless. If not for the master's gift of the stone substitute technique, I might have been gravely wounded even if I survived." Yin Mo spoke with a livid face.

The shattered stone statue was precisely a certain Master he had captured earlier. If he hadn't set up in advance, he would surely have been gravely injured under the Eye Orb Monster's halberd earlier.

"Stone substitute technique...He actually mastered this secret technique without my knowledge." The Eye Orb Monster's heart sank.

The substitute technique is a very ancient secret technique, capable of avoiding inevitable crises. The higher-grade the substitute technique, the greater the crisis it can evade.

The ones circulated in the cultivation world are mostly lower-grade substitute techniques, useless to high-level Masters. However, it was certain that Yin Mo's use was definitely not a low-grade substitute technique—can it be low if it can evade the full force strike of a Third Order Quasi-Saint?

In this stone forest, there are many statues; among them, there are twenty-three statues with lingering life aura.

The Eye Orb Monster calculated silently. Substitute-type secret techniques must use living people as substitutes, meaning that if he doesn't destroy the twenty-three life statues here, even if Yin Mo is killed, he could still use the substitute technique twenty-three times to avoid death...

To kill Yin Mo, one must first destroy all twenty-three statues here!

The Eye Orb Monster controlled Ning Fan's body and instantly appeared before one of the life statues, raising his hand to smash the statue.

Yin Mo smirked slightly, allowing the Eye Orb Monster to act as he wished. The Eye Orb Monster's divine skill struck the fragile-looking statue, but it couldn't be shattered!

A dignified Third Order Quasi-Saint couldn't destroy just one statue!

"This is the master's gifted secret technique, its conditions extremely demanding, but its effect equally excellent. With your cultivation, without a Heaven-Opening Artifact, you can't destroy the statue!"

"I can die twenty-three more times, how many times can you die!"

Seven-Pointed Bone Sacrifice!

Yin Mo severed his finger bones once again, summoning a large white bone club into his hand.

With such a treasure and twenty-three lives, how could he lose to merely a right eye!

Today, the right eye must be unified with him, and Ning Fan...must also become his body for essence seizing!

Perfect! This boy's physical defense is too perfect; it possesses the power of God, Demon, Yin Yang, Blood Lightning, and also the identity of the Tenth Generation Barbarian God!

Seizing this boy, he could escape from here and devour his 36 Punishment Mountains!

Yin Mo licked his lips; he wanted to crush the right eye and Ning Fan with absolute power, leaving them in complete despair!

Without a Heaven-Opening Artifact, these statues can't be broken!

A Heaven-Opening Artifact, hmph, that's a supreme treasure even a Saint finds hard to obtain! The right eye separated from me only after arriving at the Tianque, having stayed within the Tianque all these years; how could it obtain a Heaven-Opening Artifact!

The right eye must be in utter despair now?

Clearly having a chance to kill me, yet unfortunately, I have so many substitute statues. How can you kill me!

"Right eye, if you surrender now and return to serving me, I can forgive your past transgressions and spare your spirit worth." Yin Mo said loftily.

"Bullshit! Does this old man need to surrender to you? What a joke! Hey, kid, lend me your Heaven-Opening Artifact!"

The Eye Orb Monster cursed while controlling Ning Fan's body, manifesting the shadow of the God-Slaying Giant outside the body.

The golden giant wrapped around Ning Fan, as if possessing the strongest defense in the world!

With Ning Fan's cultivation, using the God-Extinguishing Shield is enough to defend against all attacks below Nine Tribulations. Switch to the cultivation of a Third Order Quasi-Saint like the Eye Orb Monster, and this defense is even more terrifying!

Heh heh, as long as the God-Slaying Giant is summoned, the Eye Orb Monster believes, unless Yin Mo uses his greatest trump card, there's absolutely no way to break this shield!

"Smash them, smash them hard! Leave none!" The Eye Orb Monster ordered sternly, and the golden giant protecting outside began to pound down fiery fists toward the stone forest below, where the golden flames blazed.

From the moment the Eye Orb Monster summoned the God-Slaying Giant, Yin Mo had a slight sense of unease.

Upon witnessing the golden-armored giant's fists, capable of invoking Heaven-Opening power, Yin Mo's expression shifted to one of shock.

"This is the power of a Heaven-Opening Artifact! How is this possible! Wait, this thing is...where did you find this thing!" Finally, Yin Mo recognized the Ancient Kingdom's God-Destroying Shield, even more shocked.

As the Ninth Generation Savage God, how could he not know the God-Extinguishing Shield!

This is a supreme treasure ranking nineteenth even on the Heaven-opening List, enough to make any Fourth Step Immortal Emperor covet it!

The right eye having this treasure...endanger the statues in the stone forest!

"You ask me, who do I ask. How do I know where that brat got this supreme treasure..." The Eye Orb Monster was more curious than Yin Mo, wasn't he? He was known for his rampant curiosity.

Heaven knows, when he explained the plan to Ning Fan, discovering that Ning Fan actually possessed the God-Extinguishing Shield, how shocked he was, so shocked his eyes nearly popped out!

Asked Ning Fan, and Ning Fan wouldn't even reveal how he got the God-Extinguishing Shield, even keeping it a secret, utterly infuriating!

Whatever, as long as it works, first take down Yin Mo, and later inquire Ning Fan about the origin of this God-Extinguishing Shield...

The golden-armored giant pooled its fist brilliance, enveloping all the remaining statues within its attack. Seeing that all the statues were about to be destroyed in one go, just then, Ning Fan's voice timely echoed in his heart and spirit.

"Wait, leave some statues, don't smash..."

Chapter 949: The Battle Beyond an Immortal Emperor's Reach

stone statues of life cannot all be smashed!

First of all, the statues of the seven ancestors cannot be smashed!

The seven ancestors were turned into stone statues by Yin Mo, and the storage pouch was also petrified with them. Clearly, there are still seventy thousand souls of the barbarians inside that storage pouch.

If this statue were smashed, the petrified storage pouch would be crushed, its storage space lost in the endless void, never to be recovered.

The statue of the seven ancestors must be temporarily left intact!

Besides the seven ancestors, there are other statues here which Ning Fan recognizes.

Ao Xuan, Liuhe, and the other three Barbarian Ancestors of the Fan Family... Ning Fan couldn't care less whether to save these people or not.

But Ning Fan saw the statue of Demon Yuanzi here, and the statues of the two Fragmentary Thought Commanders under Liuhe's command.

Demon Yuanzi... This man, during the Barbarian Calamity, rescued people to seize treasures everywhere and once unwisely sought out Ning Fan but was spared due to his deep connection with the Black Demon Sect.

Ning Fan did not have much affection for Demon Yuanzi; to him, this person was just a passerby. However, considering the reputation of the Black Demon Sect, Ning Fan didn't mind saving this person.

The other two Fragmentary Thought Commanders seem to be called Teng Nan and Teng Bei, can't remember clearly; again, they are just passerby level figures to Ning Fan.

However, these two had once led their group to protect Zhao Die'er and others, fighting bitterly against the six ancestors of the Fan Family. For this reason, Ning Fan didn't mind saving them.

Through the connection of the Heart Spirit, Ning Fan conveyed his thoughts to the Eye Orb Monster.

The Eye Orb Monster secretly thought of trouble but still listened to Ning Fan's instructions, slightly controlled the force, and avoided the statues of the seven ancestors, Demon Yuanzi, and Teng Nan and Teng Bei as the fist light fell.

Crashing sounds echoed—crush! Crush! Crush!

Several stone statues were smashed almost cruelly by the Eye Orb Monster. In the blink of an eye, only four statues were left standing lonely on the outskirts of the stone forest.

The gold-armored giant then opened its mouth and swallowed the remaining four statues whole, disappearing without a trace. These four statues still had life energy, and after the battle, maybe there was a way to lift the petrification...

Yin Mo's face was ashen. The destroyed statues were certainly unusable again, and the swallowed statues by the gold-armored giant had severed connection with him... The power of the Heaven-Opening Artifact!

"Old Yin Mo! You never expected this, did you? The right eye you once deemed a burden could one day surpass you!"

The Eye Orb Monster manipulated the gold-armored giant, holding the golden shield in front like a cannonball, charging straight at Yin Mo.

As the giant passed, only a golden light could be seen howling past, the strong force causing the entire space of the Ninefold Celestial Towers to be unstable, almost collapsing.

Yin Mo's expression changed, wielding the bone staff to meet the gold-armored giant. Upon their clash, Yin Mo was directly hit with blood spurting, knocked back with both body and staff.

Is this the power a cultivator of the Second Step could possess!

The feeling was like being hit by countless Cultivation Stars; besides Masters who have sanctified their bodies, who could withstand such an impact!

"Charge! Charge! Charge! Old man, smash him to death!"

The gold-armored giant, controlled by the Eye Orb Monster, again charged at Yin Mo, his expression indifferent and merciless, treating Yin Mo like an ant.

Yin Mo dared not to take the gold-armored giant's charge head-on, immediately turned to flee, yet still was caught and slammed in the back, spitting blood as he flew out of the Ninefold Celestial Towers. He crashed into numerous palace buildings along the way, flying into the wilderness outside the Towers, and finally stabilized himself with difficulty, covered in blood and in a miserable state.

Just two collisions, and Yin Mo already suffered extremely severe injuries internally, feeling both shocked and extraordinarily angry.

He had repeatedly been humiliated by the mere right eye's hands, truly an extraordinary embarrassment! Extraordinary embarrassment indeed!

Seeing Yin Mo flying outside the Towers, the Eye Orb Monster quickly controlled the gold-armored giant, chasing all the way into the wilderness void outside the Towers, not even giving Yin Mo time to breathe, charging at him again, with a dominant and aggressive demeanor.

As he saw the gold-armored giant charging at him for the third time, Yin Mo laughed angrily, swinging his big hand as the phenomenon of Nine Mountains and Eight Seas unpredictably appeared between the heavens.

Within the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas, a thousand-zhang stone tree strangely grew, grayness spreading across the entire wilderness void.

In an instant, one Barbaric Wilderness interface after another was dyed gray by Yin Mo's divine skills!

Yin Mo even let out a powerful shout, which instantly turned into a divine skill. Wherever the shout passed, the sky stoneified, and space fragments fell like crushed stones.

The shout was so strikingly powerful that even those far apart, like Miaoyan and Candle Bow, had their breaths disrupted despite the distance.

Even those demon cultivators and Human race far in other shattered wilderness heard this roar, those with cultivation below Duzhen were directly dazed by this cross-boundary shout. Even Shedding Void stage experts would be injured under this shout!

What a powerful divine skill! Who could issue such an angry roar!

Unable to comprehend, unable to think... One cultivator after another spat and fainted to the ground.

In the Barbarian Wilderness Human Camp, the Burying Moon Celestial Concubine exhausted all efforts to activate divine skills, carefully protecting Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and others from being harmed by the shout.

Had she not reacted quickly, Zhao Die'er and the others might have been injured by this sudden shout.

Xian Luoli didn't care, clueless about the earth-shattering battle happening afar, only wondering who made such an unpleasant shout.

The Burying Moon Celestial Concubine clearly sensed that the shouter was actually a Third Order Quasi-Saint!

Third Order Quasi-Saint! Such power could only be admired even in her prime!

"There's a Third Order Quasi-Saint using divine skills in that direction! Not good, Little Rape seems to be in that direction, would he be alright..."

The Burying Moon Celestial Concubine bit her silver teeth in worry, unexpectedly concerned about Ning Fan's safety!

Couldn't help but worry. She was Ning Fan's slave, and if Ning Fan dies, she'd have to die with him!

Ah, ah, ah! Hoping Little Rape stays safe, lives long, and doesn't get involved in trouble...

What a pity Burying Moon didn't know, Ning Fan wasn't just involved in trouble, he was actually the troublemaker!

Yin Mo's roar was directed at Ning Fan, while others were just affected by the roar, Ning Fan suffered from the full force of the roar!

The gold-armored giant was about to smash into Yin Mo, but was stunned by the roar, slightly pausing mid-air.

Seeing the gold-armored giant's charge obstructed, Yin Mo had no time to rejoice before watching the giant raise head to moon, angrily staring at the void, and let out a roar too. Its roar was more powerful than Yin Mo's!

Crashing sounds once more—Crush! Crush! Crush!

The Nine Mountains and Eight Seas and stone tree conjured by Yin Mo all crumbled under the giant's roar.

Borrowing momentum from the roar, the gold-armored giant broke free from Yin Mo's roar, charging at him again.

Unprepared, Yin Mo was knocked flying again, spitting blood, his breath increasingly weak!

No match, completely no match!

Yin Mo didn't want to admit but had to acknowledge the power of the Eye Orb Monster wielding the Heaven-Opening Artifact was terrifying!

"Old Yin Mo, on that day you betrayed Immortal Elder Brother, broke your oath, did you ever think this day would come!"

As the Eye Orb Monster's voice fell, the gold-armored giant slammed Yin Mo for the fourth time.

This time, even the white bone staff had several cracks, greatly diminishing its power!

"If you hadn't opened the Nether Dust Sea's formation, if you hadn't invited wolves into the fold, would the Zi Dou Immortal Domain be so easily breached by the Calamity Spirit Clan, did you fulfill Immortal Elder Brother's entrustment!"

With an angry shout, the Eye Orb Monster, had Yin Mo knocked flying for the fifth time, breaking the white bone staff with a crack, in two, plunging into the endless void without trace...

"The day you knelt before Immortal and swore solemn oaths, do you remember!"

Yin Mo couldn't answer at all, and was knocked flying for the seventh time, looking increasingly fierce.

"Above the Zidou Rank Immortals, I, lower cultivator Yin Mo, born of the Great Emperor's sworn evil. I will uphold the Great Emperor's thoughts. Though an evil corpse, I swear to be upright, neither guilty to

heaven nor earth, to Zidou. Hereafter living for Zidou, dying for Zidou. If I violate this oath, I am to be punished by heaven and man!

"These words you've forgotten, but I haven't! Dare not forget!"

Crashing sounds—Crush! Crush! Crush!

Yin Mo tried to fight back, but with all divine skills, couldn't hurt the gold-armored giant a bit, knocked flying again and again, his spirit beginning to collapse.

It wasn't just Yin Mo's spirit beginning to collapse, countless crimson cracks appeared in the skies above.

It is the seal of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree that has cracked!

On that day, Miaoyan and Liuhe used the power of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree to seal the entire Barbaric Wilderness, shattering it into countless fragments. The strength of that seal was enough to stop hundreds of Immortal Emperors outside the Barbaric Wilderness, but now, the power of this seal can hardly suppress the strength of the Eye Orb Monster and Yin Mo.

It cannot suppress, it's unable to restrain!

The power of the God-Extinguishing Shield far exceeds that of the Heaven-Sealing Decree, and its collapse is only a matter of time!

"I am your right eye, you are Yin Mo, and I... am also Yin Mo! You made a mistake, and it's only fitting that I bring down punishment upon you!"

"You violated your oath and betrayed the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, leading it into the flames of war. This is your first sin!"

"You slaughtered your companions to take the position of Barbarian God. This is your second sin!"

"You defied me with an evil corpse, causing the Immortal Elder Brother to die with hatred and be trapped under Mount Jiuli, unable to reincarnate. This is your third sin!"

"Traitor Yin Mo, do you acknowledge your crimes!"

Bang!

Yin Mo, like a pile of mud, was struck by the golden-armored gigantic body and fell into the endless void, on the verge of death.

Yet his gaze was more sinister than ever before! Clenching his teeth, he continued to counterattack the golden-armored gigantic body.

One divine skill after another was effortlessly wielded by Yin Mo, but alas, they ultimately couldn't harm the gigantic body in the slightest.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

More rumbling noises spread through the void, crimson cracks multiplying until the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree collapsed completely!

The countless broken fragments of the Barbaric Wilderness began to reassemble and converge into a complete domain, resembling the previous form of the forty-two Barbaric Regions.

Of course, after being pieced together, the terrain of the ancient domain was drastically different, desolate with ruins, corpses, and blood everywhere.

In the great calamity of the Barbaric Wilderness, few living beings remained, presenting a scene of wasteland and decay.

"The Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree disappeared prematurely, how could this be?" Outside, many Immortal Emperors from two clans were in shock.

More Immortal Emperors, however, were only momentarily surprised before they crazily surged into the Barbaric Wilderness.

"By my Heavenly Command, the Ancient Passage must not fall into the hands of the demon race. If any demon dares to seize the passage, kill without mercy!"

"By my Ao Qiang's decree, capture the Ancient Passage at all costs. If any humans interfere, kill without mercy!"

Two fiercely murderous orders resonated simultaneously, issued by the Tongtian Ancient Emperor and the Chief of the True Dragon Clan.

After giving orders, the two, along with large numbers of Immortal Emperors, entered the Barbaric Wilderness, appearing not far from the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

However, before the emperors could fight over the passage, they were swept away by the overwhelming waves of the duel, appearing extremely embarrassed.

This place... there's a duel! What level of combat ripple could so easily shock Immortal Emperors to flight!

One by one, the Great Emperors of both clans looked up and saw an unbelievable sight.

Outside the Ninefold Celestial Towers, a hundred-zhang tall golden-armored gigantic body roared, charging like a cannonball, repeatedly knocking an old monster into vomiting blood and flying away.

The old monster tried to resist, casually wielding divine skills potent enough to grievously injure an Immortal Emperor or Quasi-Saint, yet couldn't harm the golden-armored gigantic body in the slightest!

"Third Order Quasi-Saints! Both the gray-shadowed elder and the golden-armored gigantic body are Third Order Quasi-Saints!"

"The Ninefold Celestial Towers actually has two Third Order Quasi-Saints, are they also vying for the Ancient Passage!"

"The gray-shadowed elder seems to be the strong figure who roared at us earlier, but who is the golden-armored gigantic body!"

"What a terrible physical defense that gigantic body has! It can suppress another Third Order Quasi-Saint! With this impact force, even a Sixth Calamity Immortal Emperor might..."

Bang!

The last to speak was an Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor. Before he finished, a ray of golden light collided head-on, his body exploded into a mist of blood, leaving only the golden primordial spirit barely escaping, trembling uncontrollably.

It wasn't just him, even the Tongtian Ancient Emperor, and the Chief of the True Dragon Clan felt a surge of terror!

What kind of power is this! Such an impact could annihilate the body of an Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor!

Even a normal Third Order Quasi-Saint couldn't accomplish this so easily!

"A miscalculation..." The Eye Orb Monster glanced indifferently at the pathetic Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor, not caring about him.

Fate just wasn't kind to him. He had the misfortune of being caught in the battle between me and Yin Mo within the impact range of the golden-armored gigantic body; who can he blame for losing his body...

"Retreat further! Do not interfere with my matters!" The Eye Orb Monster commanded the two clans' Great Emperors.

Though he usually appeared quite obscene, his voice at this moment carried supreme authority, like thunder in the ears of the Immortal Emperors, causing them to retreat several thousand miles, fearing further involvement and the loss of their bodies.

Many Immortal Emperors looked grim, unwilling to retreat, including the proud Tongtian Ancient Emperor and the Chief of the True Dragon Clan.

"Sir..."

They were about to straighten up and speak to the Eye Orb Monster when another cold murderous intent locked onto them.

"Hmph, I'm worried about being too injured to defeat the right eye; consuming you should restore me quite a bit!"

Ssss!

The twelve powerful beings that didn't retreat were suddenly enveloped in gray light.

Seeing the danger, the Tongtian Ancient Emperor, Chief of the True Dragon Clan, and other nine quickly retreated, their hearts pounding wildly.

Three Immortal Emperors, with only the Six Calamities Cultivation, couldn't respond in time, and their bodies were petrified within the gray light.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three explosions ensued, and their bodies shattered into fragments, leaving only their golden primordial spirits and demon souls narrowly escaping.

"Think you can escape!"

Yin Mo sneered, confident that although he couldn't defeat the right eye, he could certainly win against these juniors!

With a flick of his fingers, three rays of gray light swiftly entered the golden primordial spirits and demon souls of the three Immortal Emperors. Their pitiful screams echoed across the sky, as a powerful Evil Qi spread throughout the Barbaric Wilderness.

The three Immortal Emperors... died!

The notoriously hard-to-kill Immortal Emperor's divine spirits... couldn't survive a single move under Yin Mo's hands!

Yin Mo opened his mouth and swallowed the three gray-transformed primordial spirits and demon souls, instantly healing most of his injuries and significantly enhancing his aura.

As his gaze swept over, the Great Emperors of both clans gasped in disbelief, their fear of Yin Mo reaching unprecedented heights.

Immortal Emperors were the pinnacle figures of the Four Heavens and the Heavenly Demon, unparalleled yet helpless against Yin Mo!

Who is this, is he also here to seize the Ancient Passage!

Which force does he belong to? In the world, Third Order Quasi-Saints can be counted on one hand. Is he an elder of the secret clans or an ancient formidable hybrid demon slumbering in the Demon Spirit Land of Dreams?

Third Order Quasi-Saints! Such cultivation is nearly unbeatable...

Bang!

Before Yin Mo could continue killing, he grunted as he was struck and sent flying hundreds of miles, only managing to stabilize himself.

Is he truly unbeatable? The small, sinister figure within the Eye Orb Monster laughed silently...

"Hmph, all of you juniors, step back. If Yin Mo consumes you, aiding his recovery and aura, it would be most unfortunate."

The golden-armored gigantic body, under the control of the Eye Orb Monster, coldly looked at the emperors of both clans.

Whether they live or die, he doesn't care, but under no circumstance can they be devoured by Yin Mo!

Chapter 950: Big Brother...

"So the gray shadow elder's name is Yin Mo..."

Upon hearing this, each Immortal Emperor old monster dared not defy the Eye Orb Monster's command and retreated once more, this time to a distance of ten thousand miles, still feeling unsafe.

For no other reason than that this Third Order Quasi-Saint named Yin Mo, his divine skills were just too formidable, slaughtering Immortal Emperors as if it were child's play. Could they not stay far away?

Of course, the golden-armored gigantic body tormenting Yin Mo as if it were child's play was even more formidable...

Several Immortal Emperors, who were quite knowledgeable about ancient secrets, frowned deeply, faintly feeling that the name Yin Mo was somewhat familiar, seemingly having appeared in ancient history and being recorded in some incomplete ancient books.

Yet few knew any specific deeds about Yin Mo.

The ones with the best understanding of ancient history here should be the Tongtian Ancient Emperor and the Chief of the True Dragon Clan. Upon hearing the name Yin Mo, the expressions of both immediately changed; evidently, they both knew who Yin Mo was...

"Yin Mo... could this person actually be that one! The one who abandoned the Purple Dou Immortal Domain at the cost of defecting to the Dust Realm as an ancient great cultivator!"

Ancient great cultivator!

Anyone worthy of these four words, even if not a Third Step Saint, possesses strength approaching that of a Saint!

No one could have imagined that such a major change would occur within the primitive and wild area this time; a great cultivator who was sealed within history has actually appeared. If this matter were to spread, it would shock all four directions!

Tongtian and the others recalled the ancient scrolls' description of Yin Mo, comparing them with the gray shadow before them, gradually confirming their speculation in their hearts.

No mistake! This gray shadow elder, regardless of his appearance or divine skills, matches extremely well with the ancient records. Nine times out of ten, he is the great cultivator Yin Mo. However, who could that other golden-armored gigantic body be?

This person is stronger than Yin Mo and certainly cannot be an unknown figure.

This person's entity seems to reside within the golden-armored gigantic body, using it to wound the enemy and kill. Such divine skills are unheard of in the Dreamland Realm... could it be that this person is also an ancient great cultivator?

"Right eye! Do not be complacent! Once I consume a few more Immortal Emperors, I will be able to recover from the weakest moment of the Ying Que Great Calamity and defeat you!"

Yin Mo's ferocity was revealed. If not for being at his weakest moment, how could he be suppressed by the right eye like this!

After a series of exchanges, Yin Mo had subtly noticed that the Heaven-Opening Artifact the right eye possessed was incomplete, seemingly just a fragment.

Just a fragment... perhaps I still have a chance to turn defeat into victory!

Once he stabilized his form, Yin Mo immediately flickered, and as the heaven and earth ripples flashed, he disappeared directly from the original spot.

The Eye Orb Monster snorted coldly, controlling the golden-armored gigantic body to crash towards an uninhabited place, and with a crash, Yin Mo, mixed with space fragments, fell out, but he gritted his teeth and flickered to disappear once again.

This time, the ripples appearing under Yin Mo's feet were clearly more numerous than before.

"Where did he go..." The Eye Orb Monster's gaze slightly focused, and this time he couldn't accurately sense Yin Mo's direction.

"East! Nine thousand seven hundred and ten miles!" In his heart spirit, Ning Fan revealed Yin Mo's position at that moment.

At that location stood two bare-chested men, their bodies covered with thunder scales, they were Immortal Emperors from the Leihou Clan, both possessing Six Calamities Cultivation.

As Ning Fan's words fell, Yin Mo's figure suddenly appeared behind the two men, with a cruel smile.

"Descendants of the Grand Demon Leize, your demon souls... are mine!"

Boom! Boom!

Two loud noises erupted, the two Leihou Clan Immortal Emperors had not even reacted before they were hit by Yin Mo's gray light, their physical bodies petrified and shattered into countless fragments of jade, leaving only two demon souls fleeing in terror.

Unfortunately, before they could flee far, they were consumed by Yin Mo with a gulp.

Two more Demon Emperors had perished!

Each Immortal Emperor was greatly shocked, how could they dare to separate into groups of three or five, they gathered entirely together, putting aside the grudges between humans and the demon race, showing unprecedented unity, fearing another stealth attack from Yin Mo that would kill another Immortal Emperor.

The Eye Orb Monster secretly cursed his negligence, controlling the golden-armored gigantic body to transform into a golden light traversing the sky, once again crashing Yin Mo heavily. But this time, the injuries Yin Mo sustained were clearly lighter than the previous ones.

Having consumed five Immortal Emperors, his injuries were not only nearly healed, but his aura also soared by a great deal.

No, not soared, it's restored. Yin Mo's peak state is far stronger than at this moment, right now is just his weakest moment in the Ying Que Great Calamity, if he restored his peak strength, he may not necessarily fear the right eye!

He still needs to consume more Immortal Emperors to restore his peak cultivation!

"A flock of sheep huddled together, still just a flock of sheep, yet a hundred and four remain..."

Yin Mo, who was repelled into the air, forcibly stabilized his form and disappeared once again.

This time, Ning Fan didn't need to report Yin Mo's location, the Eye Orb Monster also knew where Yin Mo went, directly charging towards where the Immortal Emperors had gathered.

"Too late, you can't save them! Fire, come!"

Just as Yin Mo's voice sounded, a pillar of fire rose from the center of all emperors, burning with gray flames.

Quite a few high-level Immortal Emperors immediately scattered and retreated upon seeing the fire pillar appear, but the vast majority of Immortal Emperors weren't able to retreat in time.

"Immortal Demon Statue, appear!"

Yin Mo stepped out from the pillar of fire, clapped his hands together fiercely, and the raging gray fire instantly transformed into the statue of a man in a Taoist robe.

It was none other than the statue of the Immortal Emperor!

As soon as the statue appeared, the demonic aura immediately erupted like a sky-covering black fog, obscuring the entire sky. Under the demonic aura, each Immortal Emperor fell into an illusion, showing a bewildered look.

Only a very few Immortal Emperors with cultivations reaching the Ninth Calamity of the Eternals managed to escape the illusion's binding and hurriedly fled, all shocked beyond measure.

The Immortal Demon Statue... This person could actually summon the Immortal Demon Statue! What is the relationship between him and the Immortal Emperor!

To Yin Mo, many Immortal Emperors might be unfamiliar, but to the Immortal Demon Statue, there are few Immortal Emperors who do not know of it.

Back then, under the seat of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, the First Immortal Emperor—Immortal Emperor, was most adept at a few divine skills, one of which was known as [Summoning Demon Statue Technique], which is documented in many ancient scrolls.

It was said that once the Immortal Emperor summoned the demon statue, it could cause all enemy cultivators on the battlefield to fall into an illusion, losing vitality every moment, slowing down, reducing attack and defense. As for the allied cultivators, they could constantly recover every moment, increasing speed, boosting attack and defense.

In one-on-one duels, this divine skill is not considered powerful, but on a large-scale battlefield, this divine skill is definitely considered a great weapon.

Certainly, even in the current occasion, this divine skill is still considered lethal!

With the summoned demon statue alone, Yin Mo made 89 out of 104 Immortal Emperors fall into the statue's illusion, unable to extricate themselves.

In cultivator duels, a moment of distraction is enough to affect life and death, let alone falling into an inescapable illusion. Those 89... are in danger!

"Direct Death Demon Tree, appear!"

Yin Mo uttered mystical words, and the demonic aura in the heavens immediately rolled back, enveloping the Immortal Demon Statue, transforming into a ten-thousand-foot tall black stone vine tree.

The stone tree shot out countless vines, and beams of black light pierced through, effortlessly piercing through the bodies of the Immortal Emperor experts, hanging 89 Immortal Emperors caught in the illusion on the stone tree.

This is the divine skill of the Immortal Emperor, capable of surpassing enemies in battle! But it differs greatly from its original form...

This technique has been refined by Yin Mo!

Yin Mo's cultivation is inherently above that of the Immortal Emperor here, using the refined immortal divine skill, killing is naturally much easier.

Unfortunately, his immortal power is restrained by Ning Fan, and when it came to the duel with the right eye, he was completely unable to use the immortal art; otherwise, he wouldn't have ended up in such a sorry state.

"Hmph, intending to use this demon tree to devour the flesh and blood of these juniors, what a fool's dream!"

Boom!

A golden light crashed in, directly sending the sinister, sneering Yin Mo flying ten thousand miles away.

As for the Direct Death Demon Tree, it was controlled by the Eye Orb Monster manipulating Ning Fan's body, raising a hand to slash a Life Severing Sword Ray, directly cutting it in two.

Any form of immortal divine skill must fear the power of the Life Severing Sword Ray!

The 89 Immortal Emperors trapped on the demon tree finally escaped the illusion, each drenched in cold sweat.

While controlled by the illusion, they could not move, but they could perceive the external events occurring.

They knew, if the Eye Orb Monster hadn't acted in time, they would have surely been killed by the uncanny Direct Death Demon Tree...

Yin Mo, who could capture 89 Immortal Emperors with one move, is indeed too powerful.

And the Eye Orb Monster, who could cut down the Direct Death Demon Tree with a single sword, is even more terrifyingly strong!

This is the battle of the Ancient Great Cultivators, they are simply not something these Immortal Emperors of the Decline can intervene in!

"Right eye, I am indeed no match for you at this moment, but when I wish to kill, you cannot save them!"

Rot!

Yin Mo uttered a word in his heart. The 89 saved Immortal Emperors hadn't yet rejoiced when black gas gushed from the wounds pierced by the demon tree, emitting a rancid stench.

The wounds were decaying at a speed visible to the naked eye, vitality swiftly dissipating into the heavens and earth!

The body, moreover, was like paralyzed, unable to move, seeming to be poisoned by the demon tree!

The life force lost by the 89 Emperors completely supplemented Yin Mo's body, and Yin Mo's injuries finally healed, his aura growing ever stronger!

"Damn it, unable to suppress the loss of life force! Move, body move quickly!"

A young Demon Emperor was terrified beyond measure, half his body was destroyed by the demon tree, the wound was the largest among everyone, and the speed of life force loss was the fastest among them. In just one breath, he had become an old man with white hair, in another breath, all flesh rotted away, exposing a skeletal frame. By the third breath, even his demon soul had vanished in the air, decaying into pus.

The sixth Immortal Emperor, dead!

"What is this poison! My body's cultivation of many years couldn't resist this poison's corrosion!" Just a breath later than the young Demon Emperor, another robust Human Body Cultivator, displaying a fearful expression, died as his spirit rotted away.

The seventh Immortal Emperor, dead!

Boom!

The eighth Immortal Emperor's body exploded into a cloud of toxic fog, dying miserably!

Hiss Hiss!

The ninth Immortal Emperor dissolved into a pool of pus and blood, dead!

The tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth...

The Eye Orb Monster was startled; the Immortal Demon Statue definitely did not have such a terrifying toxin. Yin Mo unexpectedly modified the original technique, and after transforming the statue into a tree, the power could indeed be considered terrifying.

"Old ghost Yin Mo, how shameless can you be to use such a vicious divine skill on a group of juniors? Want to kill to replenish life's energy...dream on! You kill, I'll save!"

The Eye Orb Monster suddenly cast a spell, and another giant appeared beside the golden-armored gigantic body.

This was a clone divine skill, capable of splitting half of the original cultivation into the clone's power.

"Clone, you hold him down, and I will go save people!"

"Yes!"

The golden-armored clone responded, transforming into a golden light as it forcefully collided with Yin Mo.

The clone had only half of the Eye Orb Monster's cultivation, much weaker than Yin Mo, but possessing the God-Extinguishing Shield's ability, making the outcome uncertain.

The clone could not injure Yin Mo, nor could Yin Mo slay the clone; the two were locked in a fierce struggle, unable to determine a victor.

Meanwhile, the Eye Orb Monster's true form took the opportunity to emerge from the God-Slaying Giant's state, revealing the appearance of the Ghost Eye Ning Fan. His figure flickered and appeared before a hunched-backed elder, pointing a finger at the elder's forehead, sending a pale moon sword beam into him.

This elder was a Sixth Calamity Immortal Emperor yet unable to dispel the corrosive toxin within, unable even to slightly suppress it.

The Eye Orb Monster, however, was different, using Ning Fan's body; the corrosive toxin was essentially Immortal Power, subjugated by Ning Fan's Life Severing divine skill.

As the sword beam entered, the elder instantly felt as if bathed in spring breeze, his body's corrosive power completely dispelled by the sword beam.

His life... was saved!

"Junior Zhou Yunlong thanks the senior for saving my life!"

The dignified Sixth Calamity Immortal Emperor expressed tearful gratitude, clasping his fists toward Ning Fan and referring to himself as junior.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Ning Fan was controlled by the Eye Orb Monster, completely indifferent to this Immortal Emperor, and he grabbed the elder and tossed him a million miles away like garbage.

"Hmph, a bunch of fools! Told you to stay away, but you wouldn't listen. This time, all of you roll far away, if you get killed again, I won't save you!"

With a flicker of his form, the Eye Orb Monster appeared before a middle-aged Immortal Emperor, dispersing his toxin with a finger, then tossing him a million miles away like a sandbag, not even affording him the chance to thank.

One point, one grab, one throw... One point, one grab, one throw...

One by one, Immortal Emperors were saved by the Eye Orb Monster, some of whom even had familiar bloodlines to him.

Hmm... Zhuli's descendant, Chi Cang's descendant, Longyan's descendant... Hmm? This one is Hua Qiushui's descendant!

The Eye Orb Monster appeared before Huax Yao, seeing her beautiful appearance, he felt nauseous, reminding him of not-so-pleasant memories of the past...

The formidable hybrid demon Hua Qiushui was renowned for her beauty, pursued by countless Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators.

The Eye Orb Monster once temporarily left Yin Mo's body to secretly watch Hua Qiushui bathe, only to witness her peeling off human skin.

The Huax Yao clan, all monsters wearing beautiful human skin! Damn it, back then, he was frightened by Hua Qiushui's true appearance, leaving him with severe psychological trauma... Her descendant should be thrown hard, thrown far!

"Senior, save me..." Huax Yao looked pitifully at the Ghost Eye 'Ning Fan,' only to see a strong disdain in 'Ning Fan's' eyes.

The next instant, 'Ning Fan' raised his hand to disperse her toxins and flung her a million miles away.

It must have been a deep disdain to throw someone ten times further than others...

The powerful throwing force jarred Huax Yao, filling her with pain, making her secretly wonder if she had offended this senior, for him to be so rough, without a trace of tenderness...

"Hmm? This person practices the Yishi Palace Cultivation Technique, is she Yin Rong's little girl's disciple..."

The Eye Orb Monster maneuvered Ning Fan's body to appear before the West Palace Yishi Palace Ancestral Master, detoxifying her, and very gently tossed her a million miles away.

This scene was caught by Huax Yao from millions of miles away.

This senior is rough with beauties, yet extremely gentle with ugly old women... could this be his preference?

Unexpectedly, there are men in the world who prefer ugly women over beauties; perhaps she should wear an ugly human skin to allure those with peculiar tastes...

After saving several people, the Eye Orb Monster then appeared in front of Meng Xuanzi.

Tablet Master Immortal Emperor, Meng Xuanzi; his toxins ran deeper than other masters, yet he seemed to possess a mystical item, actually suppressing the toxins, keeping himself alive.

"Quite a remarkable junior. You, very good."

The Eye Orb Monster controlled Ning Fan's body, praised Meng Xuanzi in an elderly tone, and then swiftly tossed him away.

"To think that one day, Meng Xuanzi would actually be saved by me..." Ning Fan felt a sense of lament in his heart.

Back then, his spirit sense was trapped in North Heaven, and it was Meng Xuanzi who saved him. He achieved Mortal Severance and Divinity Transformation with Meng Xuanzi's help.

Now, is it his turn to save Meng Xuanzi... Does this mean he has repaid his karma...

After rescuing a few more people, the Eye Orb Monster appeared in front of the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor. This was a stunningly beautiful woman, the type that the Eye Orb Monster liked. Upon seeing this beauty, the Eye Orb Monster was momentarily stunned, but upon realizing her true form, a wave of revulsion swept over him...

"It's actually a Fu Li! Uh, you can't mess with women of the Fu Li race, it will harm your fortune..." the Eye Orb Monster sighed inwardly.

At this moment, he was possessing Ning Fan's body, his thoughts completely unfiltered, displayed before Ning Fan.

"She... is also a Fu Li..."

It can't be wrong... At such close proximity, Ning Fan could sense the aura of the Fu Li race on the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor, deeply concealed. If Ning Fan weren't a Fu Li with ancestral blood, if his cultivation weren't comparable to the Immortal Venerable, he wouldn't have sensed this aura at all.

"Senior, you are also..." The Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor's expression, usually as calm as an ancient well, suddenly changed, almost failing to suppress the words 'Fu Li'. She too felt the Fu Li aura on Ning Fan. Being so close, it was something she could feel deeply.

Because she could feel it, she was shocked... and so... expectant...

So there's another Fu Li with ancestral blood in the world, if this is so...

Is it him... could it be... him...

The Eye Orb Monster casually removed the poison from the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor, disdainfully preparing to toss this little Fu Li bird away for five million miles.

At this moment, the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor suddenly spoke, her beautiful eyes carrying a hint of expectation, an expectation so profound it seemed to encompass a longing that had spanned eons...

"The world calls me the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor, but few know my real name. Have you seen a little Fu Li carrying wood to fill the sea, Senior? She is called Little Silly..."

"What? Who is Little Silly? Isn't filling the sea Jingwei's task? Has a Fu Li also done it?" The Eye Orb Monster was puzzled, not understanding what the Tribulation Wielding wanted to say.

Without giving the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor a chance to explain, the Eye Orb Monster tossed her five million miles away, not noticing the bitterness that crept at the corners of her lips.

It wasn't him, it's not...

That day when the Fu Li race was annihilated, he disappeared. I thought he might have survived till today, thought there might be a day of reunion, yet he never arrived at the promised reunion.

Big Brother, you said, we will meet again, you promised...

Big Brother, where are you...

Now in this world, no one remembers that silly little Fu Li who tried to fill the sea...

Now in this world, there will no longer be that silly brother who sat by the sea for ten thousand years, waiting for a butterfly to fly over the ocean...

'I am Nifan, a Fu Li, yet not a Fu Li.'

'What I look upon is not the sea, but in waiting, waiting for an encounter with a butterfly... Whether the butterfly can fly over the sea, I am anticipating.'

'He will certainly come, only then can it be complete... It's just that this road is too difficult, I've waited forty-two times, he hasn't come yet, perhaps it will take even longer for him to arrive...'

'This time, he still hasn't arrived, I must leave now, this time, it still cannot be complete... Little Silly, don't cry, we will meet again. I promise...'

Big Brother, I miss you... miss you so much...

"Li Xiaoxiao's master, the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor, her true form, is actually a Fu Li... How unexpected..." Ning Fan was greatly surprised, yet found it made sense.

So they are a pair of master and disciple Fu Li... This is the secret between the two...

Soon, a hundred breaths passed, and the Eye Orb Monster had saved everyone.

In total, 15 Immortal Emperors died at Yin Mo's hands, most of them being low-ranked Immortal Emperors. Regardless of who eventually claims the Ancient Passage, both races have suffered enormous losses.

"Return!" With a shout, the Eye Orb Monster's golden-armored body double immediately returned to the main body.

After consecutively slaying 15 Immortal Emperors, Yin Mo's aura swelled greatly. Although it hadn't returned to its peak, it wasn't far from it.

Once again summoning the God-Slaying Giant to guard his body, the Eye Orb Monster charged at Yin Mo with tremendous collision force, only managing to slightly push Yin Mo back by a few miles, causing negligible injuries.

"Even though I'm not back to peak form, I can barely use that technique..." Murderous intent brimmed in Yin Mo's eyes.

If you wish to break through the Eye Orb Monster's God-Extinguishing Shield's defense, then likely only that kind of attack could be effective.

"Immortal Gate, lend me your strength!"

With a shout from Yin Mo, immediately below, within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, the ancient stone door leading to the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm began to tremble violently, seemingly resonating with Yin Mo's Divine Skills.

Yin Mo's hand gestures changed, the Immortal Gate disappeared from the Ninefold Celestial Towers, and directly flew out, appearing silently behind Yin Mo, exuding a vast pressure.

"I have been sealed here for countless years, eternally suppressed by the Immortal Gate. Despite the suffering, by chance, I've developed a connection with this gate, enough to borrow a fraction of its power. Immortal Emperor's Sovereign Finger, can you withstand it!"

As Yin Mo's words fell, suddenly, a massive amount of purple light roared out from the Immortal Gate.

An oppressive force, as if from ancient times, suddenly descended, causing the heavens and earth to tremble for the first time, greatly changing the expression of the Eye Orb Monster...