

## Old Gods 1021

### Chapter 1021: Edge of the Heavens

"Hoo~~~"

The movements of the three Faceless Jade Lords were stiff, and their jade robes were no longer soft and flowing as before.

An extremely cold aura rushed towards them, forcing them to fly backwards dozens of meters, yet still forming a siege to encircle Qiao Wanjun.

In the distance, there was another disciple of Sword One with a complicated expression—Chen Jingjing.

The Yangyang Sea is pathetically humble, only able to watch from afar, trembling in fear, and completely ignored by the several Faceless Jade Lords.

"Long time no see."

The eternally silent Faceless Jade Lords actually spoke.

Qiao Wanjun held the Dragon Abyss Sword, looking at the massive white jade statue ahead: "Mm."

It's hard to imagine, in a life-and-death battlefield, two enemies drawing swords against each other could exchange so calmly.

"That pile of rocks couldn't hold on anymore, and they invited you back again?" The Faceless Jade Lord's lips curled into a cold smile.

She grasped one side of her jade robe, lightly brushing off the frost upon it.

In front of Qiao Wanjun, the Faceless Jade Lord seemed much more alive, not only speaking but even smiling.

"That pile of stones treats you like this, yet you're unwilling to awaken? Still willing to be a slave, serve them?" The Faceless Jade Lord looked at the Human Clan woman with fluttering robes.

Qiao Wanjun remained silent, just released the Dragon Abyss Sword, and grasped the Tian Feng Sword as it flew out automatically.

The Faceless Jade Lord watched the Human Clan woman's actions, nodding slightly: "It seems even you cannot escape the flaws of your clan."

"Whoosh~ Whoosh~"

Qiao Wanjun suddenly raised her hand, and as her sleeves fluttered, a string of flying swords shot straight at the Faceless Jade Lord.

The Faceless Jade Lord moved swiftly to the side as Qiao Wanjun stepped on flying swords to weave through.

The speed is breathtaking!

In the Da Xia Divine Demon System, a Sword Cultivator's speed is among the best, and the scene presented at this moment clearly confirms this.

The flying speed of the Faceless Jade Lord was fast enough, yet still could not prevent Qiao Wanjun from approaching.

"Swish~ Swish~" The Faceless Jade Lord swayed her jade robe, like white waves crashing.

"Buzz!" Qiao Wanjun's long sword suddenly buzzed.

The next instant, Human Sword Unity!

Qiao Wanjun actually merged with the Second-rank Divine Weapon, Tian Feng Sword, transforming into an extremely thin, bright pure white line, dazzling.

It was like a ray of sunlight suddenly piercing through the thick clouds of the sky.

The Faceless Jade Lord's large, beautiful head suddenly tilted!

Not dodging, but injured!

This ray of sunlight pierced her left temple and exited the right temple, ultimately forming a Female Sword Immortal holding a long sword.

Tian Feng Sword's First Divine Weapon Domain, Edge of the Heavens!

It's clear, this domain possesses an unimaginable penetrating power, seemingly able to ignore the enemy's physical defenses and directly inflict true damage?

After all, the Faceless Jade Lord's most proud attribute is her body's strength.

Whether in strength, speed, agility, or spirit defense, physical defense, among the miscellaneous gods and demons, she is an overpowered existence!

But under Qiao Wanjun's sword...

"Crack! Crack!"

Beautifully, her head broke out into rapid cracks.

In her dying moments, the Faceless Jade Lord still maintained elegance, smiling as she looked at the Human Clan woman's back, and uttered two words:

"Servitude."

The Jade Lord's head completely shattered, and the headless jade sculpture fell straight down.

Qiao Wanjun remained indifferent as if not hearing the Faceless Jade Lord's assessment of the Human Clan's flaws. She didn't pay attention to the falling corpse behind her, only turned her gaze to the second Jade Lord.

"Where does your hope come from?"

The Faceless Jade Lord glanced at the Tian Feng Sword, her gaze intertwining with Qiao Wanjun's.

From afar, observing the battle, Chen Jingjing, deeply aware of Peak Master Qiao's immense power, yet still shocked by the Peak Master's terrifying techniques at this moment.

And the unexpected question from the Jade Lord left her somewhat bewildered.

Hope?

Where does this come from?

Qiao Wanjun held the lightly trembling Tian Feng Sword, while dozens of flying swords changed direction, swept past her side, and scattered towards the Faceless Jade Lord.

"Swish~ Swish~"

The jade robe spread across heaven and earth, sending countless long swords flying.

Yet another ray of light burst forth!

It followed behind, mixed among the dense mass of long swords, penetrating through the layered jade robe hem, straight into the Faceless Jade Lord's glabella.

"These days, that pile of rocks has suffered miserably, continuously cracking, new stones emerging one after another. Do you have anything to do with it?"

The last Faceless Jade Lord spoke, indifferent to her companion's death.

"Buzz!"

The Tian Feng Sword's vibration amplitude grew larger and larger.

Qiao Wanjun turned her head, still expressionless, her whole body emitting an extreme cold aura, gazing at the only remaining enemy.

The Faceless Jade Lord couldn't discern any clues, nor felt any emotional fluctuations from the Human Clan woman, and spoke: "If you regard them as hope, you're too naive."

"Whoosh~ Whoosh~"

Dozens of flying swords aligned with their master's heart thought, once again turning their blades, flying to stab the enemy.

"Do you think those new stones will be any different from the old ones?"

"Aren't you the new stone?" Finally, Qiao Wanjun spoke.

"Heh." The Faceless Jade Lord suddenly laughed, raised a hand to pinch her throat, "Remember, Human Clan, my promise to you is forever valid."

Qiao Wanjun's eyes cold as ice, once again Human Sword Unity.

Surprisingly, the Faceless Jade Venerable actually crushed her own neck before a ray of heavenly light could arrive.

"Buzz!!"

That extremely thin beam of light had just transformed into a person and a sword when the long sword trembled violently, seemingly very dissatisfied or perhaps expressing anger.

"Shh." Qiao Wanjun issued a command to silence.

The Heavenly Blade immediately quieted down.

"She saw what we're trying to do, it's impossible for her to let you and me have our way." Qiao Wanjun slowly closed her eyes, advising, "Maintain the current state."

Sometimes, it's not about lacking ability, weak insight, or insufficient will.

It's just the Divine Weapon being covered in dust for too long.

It's just that the Master of Divine Weapon suffered persecution, forced to endure in silence.

Qiao Wanjun, as the Master of Divine Weapon who stands atop the Human Clan, infinitely raised the growth limit of the Divine Weapon in her hand.

When the shackles on her body were lifted one by one, when she picked up the three-foot green peak again and returned to the Heavenly Realm...

The fire in her heart,

burned far more fiercely than the last time.

There was a word the Faceless Jade Venerable got right—hope.

Last time in the Heavenly Realm, she endured humiliation, while suffering oppression from gods and demons, she also had to work for them, just to be able to defeat foreign enemies.

No matter how much chaos the gods and demons wreaked in the world, no matter how vicious and cruel their means, essentially they were extracting resources, not trying to bring human extinction.

On the contrary, the gods and demons needed the Human Clan to continue, wanted their home for survival to persist.

The Faceless Jade Venerable was completely different.

Ultimately, the gods and demons were still what this world relied on, so Qiao Wanjun had no choice.

Things are different now.

Gods and demons can die.

He led the Ran Sect soldiers and Cloud Sea Sect disciples, carving out another path.

[Master? Do you have time now?]

[Go ahead.]

[Ranran is about to take action against the North Wind Divine Mountain, hoping you'll talk to Lord Jian Yi, not asking for anything else, just to stay put.]

[Hmm.] Qiao Wanjun picked up the continuously buzzing Heavenly Blade and flew north.

Meanwhile, south of the North Wind Divine Mountain, in the sky shrouded with dark clouds.

Lu Ran carefully observed the movements of the Divine Mountain, transmitting to all the soldiers: [The Yinli Tiger is an unruly character, disconnected from the overall combat system of the North Wind Divine Mountain.]

Jiang Ruyi pondered: [We can use the same tactic to lure the Yinli Tiger away and take it out solo. The Heavenly General Yin has already succeeded twice...]

Lu Ran only listened to the first few sentences before his attention was drawn to the battle situation.

The Third Heaven was already dim, and suddenly, in the east of the North Wind Divine Mountain, an extremely dark area appeared abruptly.

Within the domain, monstrous winds surged, and each gust carried an incredibly terrifying tearing property.

Their sharpness was on par with the claw joints of the Yinli Tiger!

Inside the area of extreme darkness, whether friend or foe, they were shredded to pieces by the gusts of sinister wind, limbs and flesh scattered all over.

Brutally cruel, extremely bloody!

Lu Ran recognized this was the ultimate move of the Yinli Tiger clan·Yin Wind Like a Prison!



Once this technique was activated, it would devour all surrounding light, plunging an area into absolute darkness.

The Yinli Tiger's true form would shatter into strands of sinister wind.

Inside the prison, the sinister wind might gently brush like ordinary waves, perceiving all things; or strike fiercely and swiftly like sword energy and sword energy, slaughtering all life.

Every strand of sinister wind was the Yinli Tiger, and yet not.

As long as the sinister wind did not disperse, the Yinli Tiger would remain immortal!

Facing such an ultimate move, the best way is to flee; if you insist on resisting within the prison... well, salute to you, man of valor.

Lu Ran didn't care about being a man of valor; he only wanted to throw a Domain of Silence over there.

Very curious to know, whether the real body of the Yinli Tiger could survive it.

After all, each strand of sinister wind was shattered out of Yinli Tiger, if you could imprison them, wouldn't the Yinli Tiger also be unable to piece itself back together?

Tsk, seems to make some sense, doesn't it?

Should I go back for a bit, summon a subordinate Yinli Tiger, and test it out?

"Hmm?" As Lu Ran was contemplating, he suddenly noticed a little fellow escaping from the dark domain.

That is... a member of the Human Clan?

On the Heavenly Realm battlefield, Human Clan believers were already scarce, almost all executing tasks within the First Heaven, very few came to the Second or Third Heaven.

It seems now the battlefield situation has changed, bringing believers here was ordered by the gods and demons.

This man was dressed in a sharp white suit, short and lean, with a face like chiseled by a knife, his hair was exceptionally messy, and his eyes were like hawks, incredibly sharp.

Lu Ran suddenly thought of someone!

A hero who once dominated a region in the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm, later the executioner who "went into deviation" and slaughtered half a sect.

The Sword Ridge Peak's Peak Master·Wang Hanchuan?

Lu Ran had never met Peak Master Wang, but knew this man had distinct features:

Relatively short stature, roughly around 1.5 meters.

Lu Ran observed closely, and when he saw this small man employ the North Wind Divine Skill, he became even more certain of his guess, immediately reporting the situation to the soldiers.

Others didn't react much, but the faction of Nightmare and Evil Shadow was invigorated.

Back then, when Yan Shuangzi was tormented and forced to tear up the Divine Contract, having his arms chopped off, eyes gouged out, and thrown into prison, Wang Hanchuan was serving as the Peak Master!

Wang Hanchuan didn't personally inflict harm, but the culture of Sword Ridge Peak was top-down.

"Truly, the vicissitudes of life." Lu Ran muttered in his heart.

Who would have thought, that mutt now blind, would rise as a deity, here to crush the North Wind...

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Chapter 1022: The Devouring Serpent's Maw

[If the opportunity is right, then keep him.] A cold voice echoed in the mind.

[Ah?] Lu Ran was somewhat surprised, [Jiang Ruyi, you want to spare Wang Hanchuan's life?]

[Just dying so easily would be too convenient for him.]

Lu Ran asked in confusion: [You want?]

[He is in the Heavenly Realm, has some combat power. The Phoenix Dignity of Nine Heavens Robe can brand the Phoenix Soul imprint deep within his soul, turning him into a servant, just throw him to Evil Shadow.]

Lu Ran: "..."

What does it mean to have "some" combat power?

The Heavenly Realm is already quite formidable, okay!

Jiang Ruyi said softly: [Don't worry, once the Phoenix Soul imprint is made, he won't dare have even the slightest dissent or opposition against us.]

The calm words of Evil God not only decided a person's life and death but also determined his path of fate after surviving.

Lu Ran secretly clicked his tongue.

Thankfully, it is Jiang Ruyi who possesses such extremely overbearing means, if it were someone else, things would have escalated.

[Alright, if conditions permit, put him into the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd.] Lu Ran replied.

Nowadays, the small Blazing Phoenix has reached the Fourth Rank, and can fully control creatures of the Heavenly Realm and below, imprisoning their physical bodies, restricting their spell-casting.

Unfortunately, as the world's most top-tier Magic Artifact, the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd's abilities have reached their limit, meaning it cannot further progress to imprison God Demons.

[Alright, let's continue discussing the combat plan.] Lu Ran shifted the topic back, [Ice Butterfly - Ice Burial Person may not rank high, but they cooperate extremely well.

Ice Burial Person turns this place into a world of ice and snow, and Ice Butterfly perceives everything within the snow mist.

Once the battle starts, you must control this pair first, or else you all will be blind.]

Not everyone can see through mist and dust-like environments like Lu Ran.

As strong as Yan Shuangzi, she too couldn't see through the snow mist.

Of course, she also can, like North Wind - Night Charm, Mountain Lord - Yinli Tiger, run freely in the snow mist environment where you can't see even your hands.

However, the other soldiers of Ran Sect cannot!

[Additionally, the godly being · War Horn is also a tricky one, a strike from the Thunderclap Horn, everyone would be dazed.] Lu Ran furrowed his brows, speaking again.

The God Demon from North Wind Divine Mountain naturally is also easily affected by the Thunderclap Horn.

But all over the Divine Mountain, Sword Lotus blossoms everywhere!

Every place where there's a God Demon Stone Sculpture, the blooming Sword Lotus nearby should timely activate the Purification Skill.

According to Lu Ran's previous judgment, the North Wind Divine Mountain has already formed a complete combat system, with powerful offense and amazing defense, almost finding no weaknesses.

Thus, Lu Ran waited for the reply from his mother, while discussing plans with the soldiers.

After a long time, he suddenly received a transmission in his mind: [Sect Leader, regarding the combat plan, the subordinate has an immature idea.]

[Oh? Please speak, sir!] Lu Ran immediately responded.

Yu Changsheng, although not in the Sculpture Garden, naturally he's present for every transmission by the Sect Master.

Now, is the strategist going to provide remote technical support?

[Sect Leader is troubled by those functional God Demons, wanting to ascend the Divine Mountain, open the Domain of Silence to restrict them. But the subordinate thinks your focus and Domain of Silence should still concentrate on the Strong Gods.]

[The positions of the Strong Gods are indeed scattered, Night Charm and Yinli Tiger are battling outside the mountain... sir, do you have any other solutions?]

[Sect Leader, if Feng Rao Stone Sculpture transforms into the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python, it would be no different from the Jade-faced Snake.]

Lu Ran's eyes lit up.

Indeed!

Yu Changsheng continued: [The God Demon camp naturally knows that the Martial Monk is dead, but the Jade-faced Snake still lives. We can have the White Heavenly General transform into a giant python, flying to the Divine Mountain.]

Hearing this, Lu Ran couldn't help but grin.

Cunning!

Indeed my Cong Long, so cunning~

[Sect Leader, it's not as complicated as you think. You need to know the strength of Feng Rao Stone Sculpture, also understand the status of Jade-faced Snake in the hearts of the God Demon.]

Lu Ran nodded secretly, indeed no fault in these words.

Ice Burial Person, War Horn, and the like, when facing the Jade-faced Snake, might even kneel to welcome, not daring to have any movement?

These words are not exaggerated!

Perhaps Weak Gods would not kneel in action, but their hearts are certainly kneeling.

Yu Changsheng said solemnly: [Snow mist surrounds the Divine Mountain, but the Sect Leader can be the eyes of the White Heavenly General.

Just let Feng Rao Stone Sculpture boldly go, directly swallow the God Demon in the mountain altogether!]

[Alright, alright!] Lu Ran nodded repeatedly, immediately negotiating with the soldiers in the garden.

At this moment, the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword in his hand lightly trembled.

"Mom?" Lu Ran held the sword before him, speaking softly.

"Sword One has agreed."

"Really?" Lu Ran was delighted from within!

He was truly worried, that if the chief godly being of Da Xia descended here, the variables would be too many.

The Sword Spirit energy soaked Lu Ran's palm lightly saying: "Lord Jian Yi sort of tacitly agreed."

"Tacitly agreed?" Lu Ran raised his eyebrows slightly.

[Yes, I'll tell you specific details later.] Far on Sword One Divine Mountain, Qiao Wanjun still sat cross-legged, placing the Heavenly Blade on her knees.

She seemed to want to comprehend the Domain through the Divine Weapon, but she was actually spiritually communing with another Divine Weapon: [Exercise caution, Ranran, stay safe.

Sword One is left to me, I'll help you win her over.]

[Alright!] The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit simulated a child's tone, responding solemnly.

Qiao Wanjun laid both hands on her knees, pressing the blade and hilt, raising her eyes slightly toward the grand Divine Sculpture.

Sword One stood proudly atop the Divine Mountain Peak, silently gazing northwards.

Those indifferent eyes seemed able to pierce through vast wind and snow, sighting the fierce battlefield at the front line.

She naturally couldn't see, otherwise, at this particular moment fifteen minutes later, she wouldn't remain unmoved.

At that time, far beneath the dark sky south of North Wind Divine Mountain, a gigantic white-scaled python, shrouded in all-covering darkness, flew clumsily toward the Divine Mountain.

Clumsily?

Yes, a dignified first-class Evil God actually showed a vulnerable side, as if gravely injured, just barely escaping with its life, swiftly flying towards the northern front.

"Hiss..." The hoarse snake cry cut through the sky, yet lacked the strength it once had.

Could it be confirming the suspicions in the hearts of the beings on the battlefield?

As the snake's cry filled the heavens and the earth, the snow mist atop the Northwind Divine Mountain rapidly dispersed.

It saved Lu Ran from using Aunt Bai as his eyes...



God Demons one by one regained their sight and gazed southward.

The Heavenly Realm battlefield lay in darkness, but the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python gleamed white.

When the God Demons saw the body of the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python, they immediately realized that this was the presence of the Evil God, the Jade-faced Snake!

Neither the lackeys of the Heavenly Realm's Evil Demons nor the human Believers could possess a body that spanned kilometers.

Even that mysterious group of humans had no Divine Position like that of the Jade-faced Snake, unless...

"Boom!!!"

The heavens and the earth trembled.

The overly magnificent Immortal Sky Python, its head crashing down into the encirclement, forced both sides to retreat hastily, yet still countless creatures were crushed under the limbs of the mighty Evil God.

With an earth-shattering roar, the White-Scaled Great Python sprang up, and then crawled and flew, escaping in a panic towards Northwind Divine Mountain.

"Lord Beifeng, this?" The Ice Burial stood behind Beifeng, staring in disbelief at the scene unfolding.

Incomprehensible!

From the appearance of the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python, it seemed unhurt?

Of course, in this form of the Jade-faced Snake, it would be hard for any creature to harm it.

The obvious answer was that the true form of the Jade-faced Snake's Stone Sculpture had suffered heavy damage, forcing it into maintaining its transformed state, rushing here in a rolling and crawling manner.

Beifeng stood high atop the peak of the Divine Mountain, looking down at the crawling and flying white python, maintaining an imposing demeanor even before a first-class Evil God.

His wide long robe flapped loudly in the cold wind.

With a crown binding his hair, revealing his complete solemn visage.

In his hand, he held a long knife with glinting frost, as cold and piercing as his eyes.

Something was off!

Beifeng slightly frowned.

Why was the Jade-faced Snake appearing here?

Since the Martial Monk's death, the Jade-faced Snake should have become the target of numerous Divine Mountains for contention, but this scenario hadn't happened.

Because the Jade-faced Snake was a born king, only possible to establish its own domain, not live under others' roofs.

The golden jade Divine Mountain it occupied sat at the center of the Heavenly Realm battlefield, once co-governed with the late Martial Monk without any rank disparity.

Rumor had it that after returning to the golden jade Divine Mountain, the Jade-faced Snake ordered the God Demons stationed at the surrounding Divine Mountains to bow down to it.

In just a few days, was the Divine Mountain guarded by the Jade-faced Snake breached again?

Was that mysterious human force still pursuing the Martial Monk and the Jade-faced Snake, forcing it to flee?

Even if the Jade-faced Snake was fleeing, it shouldn't directly come here, it had to pass by Sword One Divine Mountain in between...

Beifeng's expression suddenly changed, as if figuring something out.

The saying "where you sit decides your perspective" applies to God Demons as well.

At Sword One Divine Mountain, the Jade-faced Snake naturally wouldn't be called a king, only subordinate to others, but if it escaped to Northwind Divine Mountain, it would be a dominant presence, seizing the nest for itself...

"Contact the golden jade Divine Mountain, ask what's going on." Beifeng had no time to ponder deeply, issuing orders while moving forward.

But at that moment, the crawling and flying "Jade-faced Snake" suddenly accelerated, darting forward, opening its mouth to bite at the entire Northwind Divine Mountain.

Beifeng's eyes widened: !!!

A gale rose suddenly, not as an output, but as support to rapidly retreat his stone body.

At this time, throughout the Divine Mountain, many stationed God Demons were fighting lines outside the mountain, with only Night Charm and Yinli Tiger outside the mountain line reaping dead souls.

"Roar!" The tiger's roar shook the heavens and earth.

The second-class god, the Mountain Lord stationed in the Divine Mountain, reacted faster than Beifeng, with its huge tiger claw springing violently, sending its heavy stone body flying backward.

But the Ice Butterfly and the Ice Burial on the mountain's peak, along with the Sword Lotus and War Horn at mid-mountain, suffered!

The kilometer-long sky-shrouding python had a gigantic mouth that could swallow the heavens, biting off more than half of the mountain!

Together with the mountain's stone masses, it swallowed countless God Demon lackeys, including several two to three hundred meter "small stone sculptures," into its mouth.

"Whoosh!!"

Within the tightly sealed serpent's maw, condensed Immortal Breath brewed, not sprayed outward, but corroding everything within its mouth.

"Jade-faced Snake?" Beifeng screamed in surprise and anger as he rapidly flew backward.

An ironic scene unfolded.

Whether Beifeng or the Mountain Lord, neither took action, only dodged.

Even with several God Demon Stone Sculptures being devoured, they only verbally expressed dissatisfaction.

Clearly, the rigorous hierarchical system remained from top to bottom.

As a first-class Evil God, whether seeking to vent its anger or devour Weak Gods to replenish its energy...

Of course it could do so.

Before strong gods, Weak Gods and human ants had no essential difference, destined to be dominated, could easily be put to death.

But due to external invasions, strong gods wouldn't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, hadn't been too excessive all along.

After all, however weak, Weak Gods had their own techniques and fulfilled corresponding functional roles.

But now...

The Jade-faced Snake's mentality collapsed?

Driven to desperation, in urgent need to replenish its energy?

"Roar!!" Another tiger's roar, stunning all beings.

Beifeng and the Mountain Lord exercised restraint, but Yinli Tiger didn't care for all that.

Seeing the Divine Mountain more than half devoured by the Jade-faced Snake, then fiercely shattered, Yinli Tiger roared in fury!

The enormous stone body trembled violently...

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Chapter 1023: Lord Beifeng...

The Jade-faced Snake didn't even greet anyone, and directly devoured the Weak God and smashed the Divine Mountain. To the Yinli Tiger, what's the difference between this and trampling on its head?

"Roar!!"

The Yinli Tiger growled angrily, its massive stone body trembling.

Other God Demons might fear the Jade-faced Snake; after all, this ancient beast spans thousands of meters, and a slight movement of its body means disaster for all creatures.

But the Yinli Tiger wasn't afraid!

Who isn't an ancient beast as well?!

"Huh?" However, the furious bellow of the Yinli Tiger quickly turned into stupor.

This tiger form should have grown to match the size of the Jade-faced Snake, yet the Yinli Tiger found to its astonishment that its Divine Power was sealed!

The trembling stone body also fell silent, unable to act fiercely again.

The Yinli Tiger was unaware that in the distant sky, an invisible figure wielded a Divine Weapon Blade to activate the Domain of Silence.

Under the Silent Night Blade, all techniques are silent!

As the Yinli Tiger stood stunned, several figures appeared abruptly, riding directly on its back.

The Evil Shadow Mad Immortal dual guardians, along with a Divine General of myriad colors!

At the first moment of Yan Shuangzi's appearance, her long legs harshly clamped the tiger's body, both hands wielding the Fourth Rank Magic Artifact·Prisoner Demon Lock, directly slipping it onto the tiger's head.

He Yingcai half-kneeled at the side of the stone tiger, wrapping his arms around the tiger's body.

Si Xianxian leaped high, swinging the Mad Hammer: "Young Master! Quick, I can't hold it anymore!"

"Roar!" The Yinli Tiger immediately refused to comply.

Where did these foolish creatures come from, daring to ride on my head?

Courting death!

With a crisp "snap" sound.

Its thick, long tail whipped fiercely, deliberately or not, hitting Si Xianxian squarely on the face.

Si Xianxian's head tilted, short hair fluttering, her eyes widened greatly: !!!

Her entire world seemed to come to a standstill.

As a stone sculpture, her stone face wouldn't feel searing pain.

Nor would it swell, bruise, or draw blood from such a strike.

But her essence was human!

Being slapped was far more humiliating than the actual pain of it.

Suddenly, Si Xianxian realized the Divine Power in her body could circulate again.

"Whoosh!!" Flames surged high, as she quickly looked down.

The Evil Shadow Guardian, with blood-red chains, twisted around the Yinli Tiger's neck, tightly strangling it, restraining its movement and casting.

The Divine General of myriad colors, kneeling by the stone tiger's flank, gripped the tiger's body tightly, releasing ten red lines from his fingers, similarly binding the Yinli Tiger's movement and casting.

"Ahhh!!" The Mad Immortal erupted with shockingly enlarged eyes, squeezing words through her teeth.

Person is burning, hammer is burning.

Person is falling, hammer is dropping.

"My! Mother! Never! Slapped me...," the Mad Immortal abruptly stopped halfway through her sentence.

She suddenly realized her mother did slap her.

Mmm... always slapped.

Oh, whatever!

Beast, are you my mom?

"Roar!!" Yet another tiger roar shook the sky.



Previously, the Mountain Lord thought the Jade-faced Snake was seriously injured, seeking to replenish energy, which justified this excessive action.

But now the sudden appearance of several strange stone sculptures made it realize this was a devious plot by the Human Clan.

Seeing the Yinli Tiger about to be hammered, the Mountain Lord immediately unleashed a grand move.

Mountain Lord Divine Technique·Mountain Might Like a Peak!

The Mountain Lord roared toward the sky, a stream of golden energy shot high, dyeing the Cloud Sea in brilliant gold.

This was an awe-inspiring scene.

The thick cloud layers throbbed like a heartbeat.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The intense and rapid pulsations shook heaven and earth, leaving onlookers dumbfounded.

Instantly, from the golden clouds, a golden tiger phantom as massive as a towering mountain descended fiercely.

"Rumble!"

The Mad Immortal was naturally quicker, slamming the Mad Hammer heavily onto the tiger's back, not only bending its spine, but smashing it to the ground, fracturing much of its body.

"Owoo~~~" The Yinli Tiger wailed miserably.

But at this moment, no one cared about it.

The Mad Immortal, seething with rage, looked up towards the sky.

Golden light swept the horizon, a phantom golden tiger covered the sky, rumbling down.

"Oh my gosh!" Suddenly, Si Xianxian's eyes cleared.

In the Da Xia God Demon Series, there were only four beings capable of transforming into "ancient beasts" themselves, but numerous other God Demons could summon enormous phantoms to descend upon the world.

The damage output was equally devastating!

The golden tiger phantom summoned by the Mountain Lord could inflict destructive collisions on the target area.

After crushing, the golden tiger phantom wouldn't disappear immediately, staying for a while longer, launching indiscriminate, frenzied attacks, shredding everything in sight.

"Roar!!"

The golden tiger phantom plunged rapidly, each roar of the tiger enthroned the heavens.

"Hiss..."

The White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python abruptly reached forward, its shining white scales emitting a dazzling luster.

The Martial Monk Faction possessed the Dharma Protector Golden Body.

The Jade-faced Snake lineage, on the other hand, had the Evil Technique·Immortal Scales, with equally top-notch defense!

Bai Rao used her body to block the deadly blow for the soldiers below.

"Owoo~~~"

The Yinli Tiger wailed again.

Yan Shuangzi clamped the tiger's body with her long legs fiercely, grabbed the Prisoner Demon Lock with one hand, and tugged it sharply to the back, forcibly lifting the enormous tiger head.

Such action wasn't just rage; she turned her body halfway, reaching an arm back.

The stone hand, sharp as a wolf's claw, reached for the area damaged by the hammer blow on the Yinli Tiger, fiercely tearing it apart.

"Here I come!" Again, Si Xianxian shouted loudly, her Mad Hammer swinging from back to front, a blazing fiery moon emerging.

The heavy war hammer, with the added apparition of the Heavenly Fire Hammer, struck fiercely once more on the fractured tiger's back.

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"Crack!!"

The Yinli Tiger was smashed into two sections.

"Ah!!" From the northeast of the Divine Mountain, piercing screams from the Night Charm echoed.

It wasn't because of the death of a comrade, but because she was suffering a deadly assault.

"Buzz~Buzz~"

The glaring purple electrical lights, originally expected on the Eastern Front, now appeared on the Northern Front.

Huangfu Tianjiang, with Thundershock Saber in his left hand and Electric Entwine Sword in his right, sped through rapidly, causing chaos far beyond mere "human and horse turnover" can describe.

Most creatures were crushed, smashed...

"Whiz~Whiz~"

The Evil God Night Charm, wearing a bamboo hat and night clothes, retreated at incredible speed while reaching out a hand and flinging out hundreds of Night Charm Blades.

It created a dense swarm.

The terrifying sound of blades cutting through the air matched the momentum of the electric buzz, equally chilling to hear.

The sharp clinking echoed as Huangfu Zhao, with a calm face, struck away the Night Charm Blades with his sword and saber, yet at such speed, some Night Charm Blades inevitably pierced him.

But it didn't matter!

Huangfu Zhao maintained his Thunder Armor, with considerable defensive power.

"Flutter~" As Night Charm retreated rapidly, the long veil hanging around the edge of her bamboo hat flapped wildly.

She realized she couldn't stop the newly ascended Second-class Divine Dongting, immediately changed her move, and reached forward again.

The gale sweeps through!

Night Charm Evil Technique·Night Wind Assault!

This time, Huangfu Zhao had to temporarily dodge, for the gust crashing against him sharply reduced his speed, almost stopping him in his tracks.

Huangfu Zhao immediately switched direction!

With lightning swirling at his feet, he swiftly circled halfway, trampling countless god demon underlings and jade venerable underlings, attacking from Night Charm's back.

"Human! Clan!"

Night Charm gritted her teeth, simultaneously turning and setting her feet on an invisible wave layer, retreating step by step into the sky.

The newly promoted Dongting indeed possessed formidable strength, but no matter how powerful this sect, it lacked Flying Techniques.

Feet grounded, you could be the absolute king of speed.

But in high air?

Ha!

Night Charm wielded a slender Fourth Rank Divine Weapon Blade, her energy raging, slicing downward fiercely.

Night Charm Clan's ultimate move·Night Shadow Thousand Traces!

The gale raged again!

Terrifying waves swept in, mixed with one long sword trace after another, tearing open from nowhere, extending downwards diagonally.

Slaughtering beings on the battlefield, naturally also targeting the newly ascended divine.

Huangfu Zhao, with an unchanged expression, altered direction again, under absolute speed advantage, swiftly circled a small half-turn, reaching Night Charm's lower flank.

Night Charm immediately shifted horizontally.

Although certainly a dodging maneuver, it was not her speed limit.

Huangfu Zhao realized right away that the opponent was luring him to jump up and attack, trying to get him to leave the ground.

Then... as you wish!

"Boom!"

Huangfu Zhao stomped heavily, the clouds quivering, burst underfoot, his figure shooting diagonally skyward.

Caught in a trap?

Night Charm accelerated her retreat, energy swirling again, snorting coldly from behind her mysterious veil.

Then let endless sword traces fill the sky, slicing you into pieces... Huh?

Night Charm's expression shifted!

Only to see Huangfu Zhao, piercing the sky diagonally, effortlessly redirect, aiming straight at her face.

Though Huangfu Zhao lacked Flying Techniques, he had Divine Weapon, naturally allowing adjustment.

Night Charm naturally accounted for this, yet anyway, that was still a Divine Weapon, in flying only serving auxiliary purpose.

Huangfu Zhao wielding the Divine Weapon, engaging the weaker god demons in aerial combat, could still manage, but against Night Charm, once daring flight, you could never come back down.

You'd leave your life in the air!

Night Charm considered well but didn't foresee Huangfu Zhao's back spreading thunder wings.

Purple Thunder Demon Peng Evil Technique·Purple Thunder Wings!

Night Charm instantly gripped her sword handle tighter, anger surging fiercely.

Even she herself didn't possess a complete Divine Position!

Lowly human clan dared... could actually...

"Whew~" Huangfu Zhao soared in the air, though rootless below, swiftly traversing forward.

Purple Thunder Demon Peng Divine Technique·Purple Thunder Flash!

Once activated, the Purple Thunder Demon Peng Clan can rapidly charge forward a certain distance.

"You!" Night Charm reached forward, resorting to the same trick.

Previously on the ground, Huangfu Zhao sprinted with his legs, also being forcibly pushed back by the fierce gales. Now in mid-air, he folded his peng-like wings close to his body, wielding his sword to thrust forward.

Purple Thunder Flash rises again, piercing the surface with precision!

Night Charm realized the opponent had penetrated the winds and immediately hurried to evade.

And Huangfu Zhao...

As a top disciple within the Cloud Sea Sect, he is a seasoned warrior of life and death battles at the Heavenly Realm Battlefield for decades. His combat intelligence, skills, and experience are absolutely maximized!

He pierced through the gales; his wings expanded again, advancing forward relying on Purple Thunder Flash and subtly adjusting direction using his Purple Thunder Wings.

Night Charm's movement speed was fast, but no matter how she weaved, Huangfu Zhao's sword tip seemed fixed on her, always aiming at her face.

Night Charm panicked!



Just before the sword tip was about to strike her face, her massive stone body trembled violently, suddenly splitting into three.

"Swipe~"

Relying on an almost "invincible frame lag" maneuver, the fiercely attacking Huangfu Zhao ended up piercing through emptiness.

Three Night Charms lined up in front left, front right, and behind Huangfu Zhao, leaving it unclear which Night Charm was the true body.

Crisis averted?

Of course not!

Huangfu Zhao didn't need to identify the true body; fine purple electric currents erupted from within him, saturating the sky.

Throughout the entire battle, for the first time, he shouted:

"Ah!!"

A roar from the Thunder Shock Sect thundered across the skies.

The three Night Charms simultaneously got dizzy, their bodies stiffened, descending one after another, subsequently completely entwined by purple electric currents, their bodies numb.

Since God Demons have stone sculpture bodies, facing thunder attribute attacks, they inherently possess a certain resistance.

But high resistance does not mean immunity!

Huangfu Zhao slightly raised his head, as his pair of stone eyes roiled with electric currents, striking directly at the three Night Charms with piercing purple lightning from the cloud-covered sky.

Evil Technique·Purple Lightning Fall!

"Screech~Screech~~~"

Simultaneously, countless Thunderbirds flew out from around Huangfu Zhao, crashing fiercely towards the three Night Charms in a turbulent bombardment.

This move, Purple Thunder Thousand Birds, was once favored by Purple Thunder Demon Peng, but now it also became one of Huangfu Tianjiang's lethal moves!

In no time, two Night Charm stone sculptures shattered and dispersed into mist.

Only one Night Charm remained, her body numb, with her floating veil revealing a stunningly rigid face.

In the sky, the newly ascended deity donned a gigantic thunderbird shell, swiftly diving obliquely downward...

Night Charm: !!!

Beifeng: !!!

North-west of the Divine Mountain, Beifeng soared in the sky, watching the horrifically brutal battlefield with an expression of shock and anger.

Shock and anger were written on his face.

Fear was buried deep in his heart.

In the sky, an unfamiliar newly ascended deity holding Dong Ting-Purple Thunder Demon Peng Double Divine Position slaughtered Night Charm struggling to resist.

At the Divine Mountain, a sky-covering Ancient God Beast expelled from its serpentine mouth heavily eroded, shattered stone sculptures, feasting on the Mountain Lord.

Below the battlefield, a few Human Clan stone sculptures, having just executed the Yinli Tiger, one by one crushing the expelled Ice Butterfly, Sword Lotus...

Beifeng was afraid.

If he waved his hand now, with a bit of Tornado technique, maybe he could save Night Charm, assist Mountain Lord.

But Beifeng didn't.

Seemingly afraid that his spell would attract the attention of this group of humans.

"Whoosh~"

Beifeng could no longer care for anything, turned away, fleeing further northwest.

But as soon as he turned, his advancing silhouette paused.

Under the ominous sky in the distance, beneath the dense clouds, stood a stone sculpture.

Judging by physique, it should be a female Divine Sculpture.

She wore a bamboo hat, dressed in raincoat, holding a broken blade.

Her hat brim pressed low, Beifeng could only see the lower half of her face, catching sight of her lips moving, her hoarse voice icy and piercing:

"Lord Beifeng...Where do you intend to go?"

Chapter 1025: First-class Divine Monk

"Ha... ha..."

On a chaotic battlefield, Wang Hanchuan's chest heaved violently, gasping for air.

As a mighty figure in the Heavenly Realm, his stamina was naturally quite robust. His breathlessness was due to having faced one life-threatening crisis after another.

Fear, dread, terror...

Those divine and evil sculptures, towering at two hundred seventy or eighty meters, were already considered gigantic to the insignificant Human Clan.

The ancient beasts that blotted out the sun on the Divine Mountain, even more so, brought despair.

The sheer difference in size struck directly at the heart, sapping the courage of the Human Clan believers and God Demon minions.

When gods and demons engaged, the Divine and Evil Techniques they wielded struck directly at the flesh!

It truly had the power to crush people!

Even though the offensive wasn't aimed at Wang Hanchuan, the collateral damage was enough to cause him to hover back and forth on the edge of death.

If only he hadn't been devoted to the North Wind, if he had reacted even slightly slower or moved a bit slower, he would've died countless times.

"Whoosh~" Wang Hanchuan was enveloped by storm waves, flying rapidly, trying to distance himself from the battle.

He finally flew out!

But...

Wang Hanchuan suddenly felt a sharp pain in his heart, his face turning pale as he looked back.

Disciples of the North Wind Sect were exceptionally sensitive to the Wind Element, proving it wasn't his illusion.

A huge goddess statue was truly flying rapidly amid the falling plum blossoms, leaving stunningly beautiful afterimages in the air.

"Gulp." Wang Hanchuan swallowed hard.

He didn't believe he deserved to be hunted by a god, yet the eyes of this divine sculpture seemed truly fixed on him.

Closer, getting closer...

Wang Hanchuan immediately dived diagonally down, with a last glimmer of hope, wishing this god's target was someone else, just accidentally coinciding with his path.

He plummeted desperately, not daring to block the god's way, but a long sword had already struck down.

To be precise, its broadside came crashing down.

"Ah!" Wang Hanchuan cried out in agony.

With a dull thud, he crashed heavily into the sea of fog, waves of air spreading, pushing the dense fog outwards.

Revealing the figure of the tiny Human Clan lying on the ground.

Wang Hanchuan ignored the pain, as in his sight, the massive stone sculpture was already coming down.

"Ahhhhh..." Wang Hanchuan clutched his head, curled up, and cried out in despair.

"Rumbling!!"

Terrified, Wang Hanchuan heard the deafening sound as the stone foot landed beside him, shattering his eardrums.

Leng Xushuang looked coldly, turning towards the distant battleground.

The Divine Mountain of North Wind had already collapsed, with billowing white mist stretching tens of kilometers to the east.

At the edge of the dense fog, Jiang Ruyi held her hand up in the air, though her fingertips were empty. The Xuan Shuang Guard knew she must be supporting the weak Sect Master.

Because beside her, energy continuously surged, piecing together numerous stone sculptures.

Mountain Lord, Black Lotus, Ice Butterfly, War Horn...

One after another, stone sculptures plunged into the fog, presumably under the Sect Master's command to devour respective Divine Souls and seize the Divine Position.

Leng Xushuang leaned down, her massive stone hand gently brushed the sea of fog, revealing the shivering creature within.

She pinched the tiny Human Clan between her fingers, sped towards the battlefield amid scattered plum blossoms.

From afar, she heard the Lady's words: "Why not send more helpers for Nightmare?"

"It could be done, but the opportunity is only once. If too many soldiers are sent, I'm afraid she might regret it," Lu Ran's Simurgh Eyes pierced through the mist, gazing at the northwestern sky.

At this time, Deng Yuxiang blocked the North Wind's path.

Yan Shuangzi flashed into the sky, blocking the North Wind's rear path.

This pair of best friends were previously devout believers under North Wind, having humbly worshipped Lord Beifeng.

The more devout the belief, the deeper the hatred when the lie is exposed!

"Sect Master, Lady." The Xuan Shuang Guard arrived, presenting the tiny figure.

Lu Ran immediately summoned the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd: "Peak Master Wang, if you don't want to die, behave yourself."

Wang Hanchuan trembled, not knowing who was speaking, only feeling a pull.

As Leng Xushuang released her fingers, Wang Hanchuan's figure shrank, finally entering the gourd.

Lu Ran checked the situation within the mist, his eyes suddenly focused: "Ruyi, head to Huangfu Tianjiang's side, retrieve the Night Charm's Divine Soul first."

This was a great treasure, it must be saved for Big Nightmare.

Speaking of which, Huangfu Zhao was truly formidable?

Soloing throughout the conflict, he almost suppressed Night Charm entirely!

Well... after all, he possessed Dual Divine Positions, complete with the Dong Ting-Purple Thunder Demon Peng sect's skills, mercilessly overshadowing Night Charm's prideful speed and aerial combat.

"Whew~"

Jiang Ruyi's phoenix robe fluttered as she flew to the northern side of the Divine Mountain.

By then, Huangfu Tianjiang had already emerged from the mist, still holding a long yet slender blade.

From this, it was clear that the Ran Sect warriors and God Demon forces were qualitatively distinct!

God Demons, upon seeing Origin Energy, desired nothing more than to devour it, eager to monopolize resources, while Ran Sect warriors feared even the slightest contamination of Divine Souls.

"Lady." Huangfu Zhao turned his gaze, presenting the Divine Weapon in his hand, "This is Night Charm's Divine Weapon, sorry, it's somewhat damaged."



The blade exuding chilling light was indeed damaged, but not to the extent of a broken blade or death of its spirit.

With Holy Spirit Energy nourishing it well, it should be repairable.

"Go assist the Wind Emperor." Jiang Ruyi accepted the Night Charm Blade and flew into the mist under Lu Ran's guidance.

Huangfu Zhao took flight, discovering the ancient beasts had vanished.

Instead, there stood a majestic female Martial Monk!

Now, the Divine Mountain had been breached, leaving only the North Wind and Mountain Lord stubbornly resisting.

If Bai Rao continued with the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python, it might affect the Ran Sect's stone sculptures in devouring Divine Souls or accidentally crush them...

Thus, the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python vanished without a trace, reverting to the Feng Rao stone sculpture.

The Bai Rao Evil Sculpture shook again, abruptly changing form.

The previously alluring, long-haired middle-aged woman suddenly transformed into a valiant, short-haired young lady.

From appearance to demeanor, from stance to aura...

A change within a second!

The Feng Rao stone sculpture perfectly embodied the idea of "God Demon duality, two sides of the same coin."

"Roar!!"

The Mountain Lord fought while retreating, each tiger roar shaking all the creatures of heaven and earth.

"Vile beast, stop!"

He Qifeng charged forward boldly, surrounded by golden waves, unafraid of any spiritual output.

Whenever words like powerful and courageous were mentioned, the Mountain Lord, leader of the eight great Heavenly Demons, ought to be a paragon among them.

Paragon?

The Wind Emperor has something to say!

She appeared in the form of three heads and six arms, wielding the Nine-Ringed Golden Zen Staff, the Xuanhuang Stick, and the Emperor's Sword, her feet clad in three thousand Ripple Shoes, forcing the head of the Heavenly Demons to retreat in defeat.

"Roar!" In the midst of his retreat, the Mountain Lord swung his tiger claws fiercely forward.

A golden tiger, pieced together from Divine Power, roared as it charged forward.

Mountain Lord's Divine Technique·The Tiger Descends the Mountain!

"Hiss!" The dragon's roar resounded through the skies.

He Qifeng showed no intention of dodging, directly kicking forward; a golden dragon, also pieced together from Divine Power, roared as it charged forth.

Martial Monk Divine Skill-Cloud-Riding Dragon!

"Boom..."

The dragon and the tiger collided with a thunderous crash, amidst the violent explosion, terrifying golden waves rolled forth.

The Wind Emperor... is truly fierce!

Unfearful, she initiated the Dharma Protector Golden Body just before charging into the explosion waves.

When a goldenly radiant female martial monk emerged from the explosion waves, man and tiger locked eyes.

The Mountain Lord was enraged, while He Qifeng slightly furrowed his brow.

For in the far distance, a streak of purple lightning streaked across the battlefield, speeding towards them.

"Zz~ Zz~"

In the one-on-one showdown of a First-class God Monk versus the leader of the Eight Demons, one of the newly appointed Four Martial Heroes, somewhat recklessly, came intervening.

The Mountain Lord instinctively dodged, leaping away.

The scene was akin to a cat suddenly discovering a cucumber behind it...

Leaping into flight!

Allowing the purple lightning to pass beneath its belly.

The Mountain Lord has three treasures!

Earth Escape Technique, Mountain Moving Strength, Divine Body.

On the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, the Mountain Lord had no place to escape, after all, beneath him were thick layers of clouds.

The Mountain Moving Strength, it did not manifest, the enemy's offensive was too fierce, their momentum too strong, the battle between both sides had not yet truly engaged in close combat.

The Divine Body, however, was constantly activated by the Mountain Lord.

This technique, like the Evil Dog Evil Skill·Evil Agility, allowed the Mountain Lord to be extraordinarily agile and incredibly swift, control over its body had reached the pinnacle.

Huangfu Zhao was so fast but still got evaded by it, enough to imagine how intense this technique was.

Precisely because the Mountain Lord possessed multiple highly functional Divine Techniques, Lu Ran had kept the Mountain Lord Stone Sculpture in the garden for his own use, not handing it over to Yin Yan.

Currently, Lu Ran's Mountain Lord Stone Sculpture was devouring the Divine Soul of the Evil God·Yinli Tiger.

In the future, it would remain in the Sculpture Garden, providing skills solely for Lu Ran.

"Ha!!"

A sudden loud shout exploded!

The deity of the Mountain Lord, leaping in mid-air, suddenly felt dizzy.

Who exactly was Huangfu Zhao?

The enemy indeed evaded his assault, but the moment he passed beneath the Mountain Lord's belly, he raised his head to unleash a battle roar.

"Ah~!" He Qifeng gave a fierce shout.

Though displeased, this wasn't her solo duel after all.

The Master of Ran Sect required a result; the Fake God·Yin Yan was still awaiting to devour the Mountain Lord's Divine Soul, waiting to obtain the Divine Position.

"Tap~"

He Qifeng's toe gently tapped, three thousand Ripple Shoes radiated golden ripples, assisting her speed, slashing diagonally across the sky.

She split her legs wide, hands wielding a stick from top to bottom, heavily smashing towards the tiger's head, golden light bursting from the stick's tip.

Martial Monk Divine Skill·Golden Wind Shattering!

"Boom!"

Golden energy exploded, fractures appeared on the tiger's head, the tiger's body fell diagonally towards the fog sea below.

He Qifeng stepped mid-air, ripples arose once more.

At the moment she slashed diagonally downward, the Third Rank Divine Weapon·Xuanhuang Stick in her hands suddenly elongated, the tip emanating golden light, once again accurately striking the tiger's head.

The explosion sounds followed.

He Qifeng's Dharma Protector Golden Body flashed and vanished, opened and closed, as she pierced through the explosion waves alone, yet another strike at the tiger's head.

"Crack!!"

The massive tiger head of the Mountain Lord exploded.

Just one moment of dizziness!

Only gave He Qifeng one opportunity, within a very short period, the Mountain Lord was struck thrice with the stick.

Every strike targeted the tiger's head, every stick shattered the golden wind!

"Is it you! Could... could it really be you?!"

Suddenly, an indignant voice came from the northwest sky.

Huangfu Zhao stopped in his tracks, initially watching the Wind Emperor showcase brilliance, now immediately turned to look up at the high sky.

There was still one last battlefield.

Both sides of the battle appeared somewhat bedraggled, North Wind tightly grasped the knife hilt, gazing in utter shock towards the further northwest.

A terrifying tornado connected heaven and earth.

And the cloaked woman who emerged from the tornado, surrounded by a golden-red defense shield, clearly belonged to the Flower Lantern Sect's Divine Skill, and of Divine Grade.

But for now, North Wind couldn't be bothered to search for the disturbing "Flower Lantern".

For the bamboo hat atop the cloaked woman's head was blown off by the storm, her stone-like long hair spread out horizontally, an unseeable beauty.

Even as a dull stone sculpture, it couldn't hide her stunning radiance.

The woman's face, clearly falling into North Wind's eyes, awakening a memory deep within his heart...

...

Chapter 1026: Kneel

North Wind remembers, it was years ago in the human world of Da Xia, Beifeng City.

The disciples under the door had a conflict, the specific reason... seemed to be a dispute over the Divine Weapon Domain?

Such trivial matters, Lord God certainly would not have a deep impression, the key was that this incident attracted another deity - Immortal Sheep!

In order to protect this female disciple of the North Wind... no! It was to protect an Immortal Sheep Believer, Immortal Sheep Shadow specifically descended into the city to plead for the believer.

North Wind also remembers, considering Immortal Sheep's humble and smiling demeanor, he showed great mercy and spared the lowly human ants.

Unexpectedly, the root of disaster was buried deep at that moment.

The insignificant human, who once knelt before him begging for mercy, now transformed and stood before him as a stone sculpture on this battlefield of the Highest Heaven.

Once, just a casual wave of his hand could take her life...

Now, she gripped a broken blade, her eyes fierce, staring intensely at him.

Whose believer had she become?

Immortal Sheep?

It was unknown, this female disciple was expelled from the sect, taken away by the human disciple previously protected by Immortal Sheep.

Could all this be the trick of Immortal Sheep?

Turning humans into stone sculptures to replace God Demons... how could this be possible?

Immortal Sheep coexisted with God Demons for so long, everyone knew its limitations, if Immortal Sheep truly possessed such abilities, it would have long been the sole ruler.



Certainly wouldn't be timid and weak as it is now, without a word, far from the core leadership layer...

Evidently, even if Deng Yuxiang personally stood before North Wind, Lord God still felt it was unbelievable.

If he didn't recognize this person, it would not matter, but North Wind indeed had a sliver of impression of this woman.

Aware of how base and humble she used to be.

How she managed to survive under his feet by sheer luck.

"You, how did you become like this?" North Wind looked at the existence similar in physique and material to him, unable to resist questioning.

"Heh." Deng Yuxiang let out a cold laugh, her body ignited in raging flames, endless wind blades sprayed out.

"Where did you get the North Wind Divine Skill? How did you acquire techniques from another sect?" North Wind immediately raised his hand, hundreds of wind blades scattered.

The gap between Heavenly Grade techniques and Divine Grade techniques was naturally significant, but Deng Yuxiang's blazing body compensated for the lack of output.

In the confrontation of wind blades, she even slightly had the upper hand.

"Whew~"

North Wind's expression suddenly changed, with wind waves wrapped around his body, he quickly shifted sideways.

Accompanied by a ripple of Divine Power, a charm shadow appeared where North Wind had stood, its sharp claw segment grasping empty.

North Wind sharply turned his head, seeing again that woman who came without a shadow, gone without a trace.

"You only remember her, not me?"

Usually taciturn Yan Shuangzi, rarely spoke on the battlefield.

She, too, once had sharp eyes like Deng Yuxiang, but now her temperament had changed greatly, and an uncontrollable viciousness surged from her heart.

The previously fierce gaze, now more aptly described as "sinister and ferocious".

That extremely malevolent and brutal aura even made the gods somewhat fearful.

If replaced by entities with lower Realm strength, there might be no battle at all, the Evil Shadow Guardian merely needed to stand there, weak creatures could not even muster a thought of resistance.

The prey would likely cry and beg for mercy, or plead for a quick death, avoiding further cruel torment.

"You, who are you..." North Wind's expression grew increasingly unsightly.

He had been paying close attention to this woman wearing a bamboo hat and cloaked in straw since the beginning of the battle.

After all, this woman was the true deity, her threat far surpassed that of the discarded disciple of the North Wind.

But North Wind never thought he recognized this person.

Hearing the woman's words at this moment...

For a moment, North Wind was somewhat dazed, suddenly recalling something.

After all, incidents where the gods crafted and opened Divine Ruins in the human world occurred only once every few years or even decades.

The last time he crafted a Divine Ruins in the city, the one who ultimately succeeded and entered seemed to be this woman before him?

North Wind's eyes narrowed!

The more he looked at Yan Shuangzi, the more astonished he felt.

Indeed, this human woman... was once a disciple under his door?!

Moreover, a standout among the young generation within the North Wind Sect.

After entering the Holy Spirit Mountain, if she had sufficient fortune, she might ascend to the Heavenly Realm in ten or twenty years, reentering his view.

Like that Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak, reaching the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, driven by him.

Countless human ants struggled for life and death in the mountain, advancing non-stop, all for the day they could ascend the Heavenly Realm, ultimately kneeling as servants and protectors before the gods.

This was the fate of the Human Clan!

The highest honor believers could achieve by exhausting all their possessions, even their entire lives.

North Wind didn't expect that this standout, whom he personally cast into Holy Spirit Mountain, would also betray the sect.

Instead of gratitude for his favor and cultivation, this person raised the butcher's knife towards the god she once devoutly worshiped!

"Crunch!!"

The tearing sound was crisp.

In a battlefield of this caliber, there's no room for the slightest distraction?

North Wind was somewhat dazed, and failed to dodge in time, having his defensive apparel, Shattering Wind Armor, torn by the Evil Shadow Guardian's sharp claws.

"Rebel..."

The word "disciple" was stuck in his throat, North Wind forcibly swallowed it.

Questions echoed due to the current situation exceeding North Wind's understanding, facing a human disciple he had once seen, he couldn't resist.

But the raging anger within, he had to contain.

The situation outweighs sentiment!

"Why are the disciples doing this?" North Wind's expression was extremely grim, his words and attitude were quite awkward, "What goals do you wish to achieve? I will help you as your master."

"Huff!!"

Suddenly, a tornado enveloped the North Wind Divine Sculpture.

"Heh." Deng Yuxiang reached out, pushing the Sea-piercing Flame towards the storm's center, "You're truly having a hard time."

North Wind, accustomed to being lofty and ruling over all as a deity, was forced to say such submissive words to the servants beneath him—it was indeed challenging for him.

"You were once disciples under my sect!" North Wind wielded his blade, breaking through the wind, swiftly darting out of the storm, "I bestowed upon you Divine Technique, gave you the path to cultivation and improvement, protected your families and homes!

Now, do you think this is right, given everything your master has done?"

Yan Shuangzi: ???

Deng Yuxiang almost laughed from exasperation.

How could there be such shamelessness in the world?

To survive, has he truly abandoned all dignity?

North Wind desperately dodged, taking the opportunity: "People of Da Xia understand the Three Guidelines and Five Principles, they know how to honor teachers and follow the path!"

North Wind naturally realized that battles everywhere had concluded, also saw unfamiliar stone sculptures watching solemnly, and his attitude changed repeatedly.

"Whatever grievances you have, you can discuss them with your master! If you want to unite the Three Realms, your master can help you!"

"Faceless Jade Venerable is still coveting your homeland, she will trample your hometown, causing your clans to perish!"

"I can assist you in gaining power more swiftly! Reduce your losses, help you recruit other gods and demons, and provide allegiance..."

"Kneel." Deng Yuxiang suddenly spoke.

North Wind's expression froze, he looked incredulously at Deng Yuxiang: "You...what did you say?"

Deng Yuxiang showed no emotion, holding the broken blade and pointing downward, his voice hoarse and chilling:

"Kneel."

North Wind: !!!

To survive, verbal submission was already the limit.

Such a demand, such humiliation, was entirely unacceptable to North Wind.

If it were other gods or demons, it might be tolerable, but to have once-kneeling human ants under his feet now making him kneel beneath hers...

"Swoosh~"

In that moment of distraction, Yan Shuangzi had already reached behind North Wind, the prisoner demon lock in her hand snapping towards his neck.

"Despicable! Bastard!!"

North Wind completely lost his composure, the compromises he was forced to make built up an overwhelming fury within him.

As he leaned forward to dodge, the Fourth Rank Divine Weapon Blade in hand violently resonated, a storm bursting forth.

Yan Shuangzi equally leaned forward, extending her arms, just as she was about to bind North Wind, a gale swept over!

The tornado rose suddenly!

It did not directly envelop a place but was spreading from North Wind's Divine Weapon Blade.

"Whoosh~~~"

The speed at which the tornado expanded was rapid, its scale increasingly larger! From an ordinary tornado connecting heaven and earth, it quickly transformed into a giant tornado engulfing an entire realm.

No matter if they were god-demon henchmen or Divine and Evil Sculptures, it made no difference.

Even the collapsed Divine Mountain was set to be thoroughly encompassed by the ever-expanding tornado.

Conversely, the location where one god and one blade were positioned was utterly calm.

It genuinely felt like they were in the "eye of the storm," didn't it?

North Wind did not linger within it, having no heart to enjoy the tranquility.

He soon ended the Divine Weapon Domain; the momentum of the storm had already arisen and would grow increasingly fierce, enough to affect all beings!

North Wind directly plunged into the terrifying storm, seemingly intending to use the chaos to escape his death.

However, entering the violent storm also meant the Divine Technique·Wind Listening was greatly weakened.

The skill of sound positioning was nearly entirely effective!

It was at this moment that a tiny hidden figure appeared beside Lord North Wind's head—Lu Ran!

His robe fluttering in the wind, short hair in disarray, clothed in a pure white feather outfit that rustled loudly!

The relentless roaring gale behind him brutally propelled the tiny Human Clan towards North Wind Divine Sculpture's temple.

"Shatter!" Lu Ran's eyes turned fierce, squeezing a word from between his teeth as he powerfully thrust forward with his blade.

Far away on Yan Paper God Mountain, a goddess statue draped in a Big Red Robe quietly gazing afar, the exquisite phoenix crown on her head once again emitted a gentle sound.

"Jingle~"

"Sizzle!" At the tip of the Eight Desolate Blade, a brilliant light suddenly flared!



As its master thrust forward, the blade's tip cracked open into a web-like pattern spreading outward.

A lone blade breaking through myriad obstacles, a piercing point fragmenting the sky dome.

Eight Desolate Blade Third Divine Weapon Domain·One Blade Opens Heaven!

"Crunch!"

This strike could even pierce through the stone sculptures of Divine Demon, not to mention the Divine Grade Defense Techniques whose defensive power was far less than the stone sculptures themselves?

The Shattering Wind Armor immediately cracked into lines of fragmentation, though it did not break entirely.

An A4 paper will not overall tear apart due to the jab of an embroidery needle. Yet, the needle can penetrate this paper!

Lu Ran's hand was filled with Fierce Heavenly Power!

The extremely sharp Eight Desolate Blade tip not only traversed the Shattering Wind Armor but also pierced through North Wind Divine Sculpture's stone skin, cruelly stabbing into his temple.

Like splitting bamboo.

North Wind's complexion drastically changed!

In the violently howling, intensely chaotic storm, neither the piercing of Shattering Wind Armor nor the lonely word muffled within the youth's mask caught North Wind's attention.

Frantic to escape, he continued to try to discern whether any Divine and Evil Sculptures were chasing nearby.

Yet, once the thin and small "embroidery needle" penetrated his stone skin, an intense energy surged within his skull, causing his expression to drastically shift!

As Lord God's focus zeroed in, the gale whistling past his ears faintly delivered the harsh words of the tiny youth:

"My sister told you to kneel, can't you hear?"

...

Chapter 1027: Death of the North Wind

Beifeng couldn't care about much, and suddenly lifted his right hand, slapping the side of his head!

It seemed he wanted to squash the annoying little bug into pulp.

A crisp "snap" sound!

Yan Shuangzi flickered to Beifeng's back, gripping Beifeng's right wrist fiercely with her right hand.

The howling gale indeed restricted Beifeng's performance.

In the previous battles, whenever Yan Shuangzi flickered over, Beifeng could always sense the Divine Power fluctuations in advance and dodge rapidly.

But this time, whether it was due to being disturbed by the storm or by Lu Ran, his right hand was firmly caught by Yan Shuangzi!

Both parties were moving very fast!

Beifeng was fighting for his life, while Yan Shuangzi was fighting for her master's life.

She couldn't care less about the Prisoner Demon's Lock anymore, relying solely on physical combat in a moment of desperation, which instead better matched the role of Greedy Wolf-Evil Dog, unleashing her battle prowess.

With quick reactions, she fiercely grabbed Beifeng's left arm with her left hand, firmly restraining him from behind.

As a deity with a complete Divine Position, Yan Shuangzi's physical strength and overall attributes far surpassed Beifeng's.

"Ah ah ah!" Beifeng exploded with an astonishing desire to survive.

He struggled frantically, desperately trying to remold the Divine Technique·Shattering Wind Armor, shaking his head wildly again.

"Oh, damn..." Lu Ran swayed left and right, not to mention deploying the Divine Weapon Domain, he was almost flung away entirely.

The Smoke and Mist Silk worked wonders!

The soft flying ribbon infinitely extended, wrapping around Beifeng's forehead and the back of his head, and kept stretching.

It seemed to transform into a headband, attempting to lock the tiny Human Clan and the Divine Sculpture head completely.

"Don't move!" Yan Shuangzi hated Beifeng to the extreme, smashing her forehead against the back of his head fiercely.

"Thud!!"

Beifeng was instantly bashed forward, hanging his head low.

Smoke and Mist Silk: "..."

This headbutt was exceptionally vicious, breaking and crushing the ribbon coiled at the back of Beifeng's head.

Although Smoke and Mist Silk was damaged, at the same time, a huge blood-colored chain wound around Beifeng's waist.

Fourth Rank Magic Artifact·Prisoner Demon's Lock!

Due to the new owner's usage habits, in a series of past battles, the Prisoner Demon's Lock was always held in the owner's hand, aligning with Yan Shuangzi's actions, predicting her intentions, and deploying its capabilities.

But the problem is, the Prisoner Demon's Lock is not a Divine Weapon and does not require casting spells together with the owner.

It can move on its own!

In just an instant, Beifeng's body stiffened.

The dizzy and chaotic Lu Ran finally received a chance to output, but the uncontrollable battlefield environment blew him away with the fierce turbulent storm.

"Wow, damn..."

A faint voice, disappearing with the tiny Human Clan in the wind.

Yan Shuangzi, restraining Beifeng's arms, was anxious, having no idea where her master had been blown to?

At this moment, a Sound Transmission Seal entered her mind: [Bring Beifeng back to the previous place!]

Yan Shuangzi decisively followed the order, along with the Magic Artifact Prisoner Demon's Lock, taking controlled Beifeng, flickering and disappearing together.

An instant teleportation, Heaven and Hell.

The "Eye of the Typhoon" area was naturally calm and peaceful.

Lu Ran was already waiting here, but he remained completely concealed, unnoticed by Yan Shuangzi.

It wasn't until a terrifying energy burst from Beifeng's forehead that she noticed Lu Ran once again holding the Eight Desolate Blade, thrusting it viciously into Beifeng's forehead.

"Crack! Crack..." The sound of Divine Sculpture crawling out of the fractured pattern was crisp and piercing.

Eight Desolate Blade's Third Divine Weapon Domain·One Blade Opens Heaven!

Lu Ran's eyes were cold, his heart roiling with hatred, seemingly flowing along with the terrifying Divine Power through the blade body, forcibly injected into Beifeng's Divine Sculpture facade.

Eight Desolate Blade's First Divine Weapon Domain·Eight Directions Annihilation!

"Ah ah ah ah!!" Beifeng screamed miserably.

The massive stone head, like a mountain, continually crumbled, with terrifying energy splashing out from the fractured lines.

"Yuxiang!" Yan Shuangzi suddenly exclaimed.

She couldn't see the tiny Lu Ran, but she could clearly see the Divine Statue attacking.

Since Beifeng stopped casting spells together with the Divine Weapon Blade, the storm lost the continuous Divine Power injection and no longer had its proper output level.

Its value existence was to continue spreading by inertia, used to create chaos, and assist Beifeng's escape.

That's why Lu Ran dared to step into the game before; that's why at this moment Deng Yuxiang could easily break through the storm and enter the eye of the typhoon.

Yan Shuangzi restraining Beifeng's arms, watching Deng Yuxiang rushing in quickly, saw the broken blade in her friend's hand extending into a radiant shining blade body.

Directly targeting Beifeng!

Back when Ran Sect's soldiers were executing missions in the First Layer of Heaven, Deng Yuxiang's Divine Weapon·Night-cutting Blade had already been upgraded to the Third Rank.

The Divine Weapon Domain of the Night-slaying Great Saber is quite special.

First Divine Weapon Domain·Endless Long Night, can extend the broken blade to a length of 28 meters.

The steel blade body pieced together with pure energy has a very strong armor-piercing effect!

The second Divine Weapon Domain is similar to the former, allowing the blade to extend to a terrifying length of 280 meters.

When the Human Clan's small Divine Weapon, along with its owner transforming into a Stone Sculpture, and both transforming into a giant stone blade, it could deploy the second Divine Weapon Domain to complete the broken blade, with the energy-pieced blade body being significantly shorter in length.

Seemingly used to supplement width and thickness?

Even so, the completed Night-slaying Great Saber still had an exceptional specification, with its dazzling sharp blade directly chopping at Beifeng's shattered head.

But Lu Ran was still there!

"Yuxiang, wait..."

Before Yan Shuangzi could finish her words, another Sound Transmission descended into her mind: [I called her here!]

Yan Shuangzi had already been dodging while restraining Beifeng, heard the words, and then turned to embrace Lord God's arms, heading towards Deng Yuxiang.

Beifeng's screams abruptly ceased, his eyes wide open with fractured lines crawling!

In his view, the long-haired, sharp-eyed woman, her eyes filled with astonishing killing intent:

"That day, you should have killed me!"

Accompanied by the woman's icy words, the gleaming blade slashed down fiercely!

"Crack!!"

The blade fell, the skull shattered.

Countless fragments of stone splattered out, hitting Deng Yuxiang and Yan Shuangzi like raindrops, making crackling sounds.

Deng Yuxiang raised the blade again and slashed downward along the fractured neck of the Divine Mountain of North Wind.

One slash! Another slash!

And yet another slash...

Yan Shuangzi hurriedly activated her Heart Thought, and the Prisoner Demon Chains wrapped around the North Wind's waist quickly flew back. She gently assisted her friend, grasping the headless corpse's arm to move the Divine Sculpture forward.

The corpse of North Wind was split open.

Cut into two pieces!

The murderous intent in Deng Yuxiang's eyes had not dissipated. Her face, which should have been stunningly beautiful, now seemed somewhat ferocious, frightening to behold.

She continued to whip the corpse.

Still slicing the North Wind Divine Sculpture into a thousand pieces!

"Gulp." Lu Ran's throat bobbed once, dazedly watching the Big Nightmare.



All along, she had presented a calm and composed demeanor, not even crying out when facing death in Beifeng City on that day.

Yet today... Deng Yuxiang did not cry out either.

But the sound of the blade slicing through the air, and the continuous shattering of the stone sculpture, seemed to replace her cries.

Hatred, anger, humiliation...

Today, it all comes to resolution!

"Puff!!"

The North Wind Divine Sculpture shattered into pieces, dispersing into mist, finally escaping its torment.

Deng Yuxiang, with a disheveled appearance, clutching the Night-slaying Great Saber, finally halted.

The Magic Artifact, Smoke Green Gauze, flowing within her hair, should have tidied its master's long hair, but at that moment it remained silent, not daring to make any movement.

In the eye of the typhoon where the winds had calmed, an eerie silence fell.

Just as Lu Ran was about to speak, a buzzing sound was suddenly heard.

The Night-slaying Knife in Deng Yuxiang's hand vibrated violently.

"Buzz!!"

"Hmm?" Deng Yuxiang lifted the Night-slaying Great Saber. Unfortunately, the thick fog obscured her vision, and she couldn't see the blade.

In the densely clouded sky, swirlings of Fog Dragon Rolls surged, connecting to the eye of the typhoon.

Was the Night-slaying Great Saber about to ascend?

After dismembering the North Wind, it, along with its master, finally achieved their long-held wish?

Lu Ran was quite delighted but then narrowed his eyes and quickly transmitted: [Nightmare, fly up, the Divine Soul of North Wind!]

Deng Yuxiang immediately flew upward, and upon detecting the presence of the Divine Soul, she began to inhale deeply.

Lu Ran recalled something else and started searching around.

Through the storm that obscured vision, a pair of Simurgh's Eyes pierced through the dim sky, spotting a god and a blade dozens of kilometers away toward the northwest.

The Divine Sculpture was that of Huangfu Tianjiang.

He possessed the Purple Thunder Demon Peng Evil Technique·Demon Peng Eyes, granting night vision and the ability to see through fog, sand, frost, and snow in harsh conditions.

The blade was the Fourth Rank Divine Weapon previously wielded by North Wind!

In terms of proportion, this blade had a slender, long style, similar to the long straight blade, identical to the Fourth Rank Divine Weapon Blade of the Night Charm.

Its entire body glistened with a cold brilliance, appearing like a special steel material.

If nothing unexpected, this blade should be the one Lord Beifeng brought from the homeland of the God Demons?

Hmm... let's call it "North Wind Blade" for now!

Lu Ran mused silently and instructed Huangfu Tianjiang to hurry back to absorb energy.

Around the Divine Mountain of North Wind, the storm stirred everything into a mess, naturally sweeping the dense Holy Spirit Energy into its midst.

Luckily, within the eye of the typhoon, the winds were calm, hence the North Wind Divine Soul remained unaffected.

Speaking of which, nothing in the Dimension of the Dead Soul could impact the real world.

At this moment, the Divine Soul of North Wind seethed with anger, longing to tear Deng Yuxiang's head apart, but all his efforts were in vain.

He could only watch helplessly as he was continually devoured, bit by bit fading away.

Offering the supreme Divine Position on a silver platter.

To this person, who personally concluded his life — a once-insignificant ant at his feet.

This feeling was too unbearable.

Truly despair-inducing.

Hehe~

Lu Ran's face broke into a smile, complacently closing his eyes.

The winds and waves persisted, carrying the Holy Spirit Energy, continuously nourishing his physical body.

Although the concentration wasn't high, it was enough for him to relish thoroughly.

In his mind, a cold voice suddenly arose:

[Little Lu Ran.]

[What's up, Big Nightmare?]

[He's dead, from the Divine Sculpture to the Divine Soul, utterly vanquished.]

[Mmm, mmm, at last, we've avenged our great vendetta... By the way, are you ready to take over Beifeng City?]

[Beifeng City?] Deng Yuxiang's body shivered, holding the Night-slaying Great Saber upright in front of her.

[You say... once you descend upon Beifeng City, what will your former fellow sect brethren and sisters react like? And your friend Hu... Hu what's-the-name, would she be frightened terribly?]

Deng Yuxiang's icy murderous aura gradually receded.

Listening to the familiar voice and tone, her stiff expression slowly softened, revealing a slight smile on her face.

...

## Chapter 1028: Plum Blossoms in the Snow

Inside and outside Beifeng City, people's faces were ashen.

During the cold winter months, the Northeast land had a very low temperature, and the sky was filled with frost mist, obscuring the winter sun.

Yet the physical coldness was far less than the cold within people's hearts.

The fall of the God, after all, manifested upon the North Wind Sect.

That grand Divine Sculpture, standing in the city for over forty years, was slowly cracking, with chunks of stone skin continuously peeling off.

Crashing to the ground, transforming into a faint fog.

"No! No..."

"Lord Beifeng, don't wail, Lord Beifeng..."

"How are we supposed to live, how can we live."

"The North Wind Sect is finished! The Mountain Lord is dead too, the Human Clan is finished! Da Xia is finished! We will all die, all must die... Let go of me! Let go of me! We were meant to die, we will all die!!"

The city descended into chaos.

Sounds of crying, pleading, maniacal screaming filled the air endlessly.

Countless people witnessed the fall of the God.

Among them was a tall, short-haired woman, approximately in her mid-twenties, with a baby face that did not quite match her age.

At this moment, she was covering her mouth with one hand, gazing up at the breaking Divine Sculpture.

"Miss Hu?" A North Wind Disciple dressed in white apparel swiftly approached the woman.

"Huh?" Hu Jiaojiao turned her head, looking at the newcomer deliriously.

"City Lord Hu requests your presence." The disciple said in a lowered voice.

Hu Jiaojiao hesitated for a moment, as if finding her backbone, her expression ceased to be dazed, she hastily invoked Divine Technique.

North Wind believers were used to flying.

When Hu Jiaojiao leaped, she did not fly into the sky like before, but fell back to the ground.

Hu Jiaojiao suddenly realized, feeling a sting in her nose.

In this special era background, everyone had faith, God·Beifeng was the embodiment of the North Wind Sect's faith.

And now, years of faith had crumbled, making even breathing difficult for Hu Jiaojiao.

She staggered as she landed, running forward.

Along the way she saw countless silhouettes, crying with covered faces, kneeling with bowed heads.

Hu Jiaojiao ignored these, hurriedly racing towards the City Lord's residence, seeing many disciples arriving to seek the City Lord, only to be blocked by a large group outside a street.

With her special status, Hu Jiaojiao naturally moved unhindered, she dashed forward, disregarding the guards on both sides of the gate, forcefully pushing open the courtyard door: "Grandfather?"

Snowflakes drifted down, falling throughout the vast courtyard.

In the distance by the courtyard wall stood a plum tree, snow coating its branches, blossoms thriving in the cold wind, indescribably beautiful.

At this moment, an elderly man with white hair stood beneath the tree, arms crossed.

It was hard to say whether he was admiring the snow and blossoms, or peering through the gaps between branches, gazing up at the slowly fracturing Divine Sculpture.

The Lord of Beifeng City-Hu City.

"Grandfather." Hu Jiaojiao's eyes reddened, rushing beneath the tree, embracing Hu City's arm with both hands.

"You've grown, yet still cry." Hu City opened his mouth slowly.

Hu Jiaojiao was somewhat surprised.

She realized her grandfather didn't display much emotion, as if he had calmly accepted the death of Lord Beifeng.

It should be known, the higher a believer's Realm, the deeper their faith in God should be.

Hu City, esteemed as the Human World Sect Master of the North Wind Sect, a Great Power of Sea Realm Peak, how could he be so unaffected?

"Grandfather, you..." Hu Jiaojiao didn't know what to say.

Hu City turned to his granddaughter, raised his aged palm, tidying her disheveled short hair: "I recall, you have two close friends."

"Mm...mm." Hu Jiaojiao was somewhat puzzled, unsure where this topic emerged from, but nodded.

Being the granddaughter of Beifeng City's Lord, she was naturally Heaven's Chosen.

Not only was her status illustrious, her talent, personal bravery, and other aspects were top-notch in the Human World, those eligible to become close friends with her were naturally exceptional.

Deng Yuxiang, Yan Shuangzi.

The three were not only fellow disciples, but also classmates, and had once executed missions together, sharing genuine life-and-death experiences.

Unfortunately, past friends were now scattered across the skies.

Yan Shuangzi dominated Beifeng City, renowned throughout the realm, after venturing to the mysterious Divine Ruins.

Deng Yuxiang contested the Divine Weapon Domain, failed the challenge, should have been executed by elders, later barely survived, was expelled from the sect, vanished without a trace.

"Yan Shuangzi, the girl who challenged the Divine Ruins years ago," Hu City continued.



"Right, five years ago." Hu Jiaojiao agreed as she secretly speculated her grandfather's intention.

But then Hu City changed topics: "Deng Yuxiang, the girl taken away by Lu Mountain Master."

Mentioning this person, Hu City remembered the scene from years ago when Lu Ran, Mountain Master of the Immortal Sheep Sect's Luoxian Mountain, caused a commotion in Beifeng City.

In the end, Lu Mountain Master even alarmed the God, forcibly taking the blood-drenched Deng Yuxiang from Beifeng City under Lord Beifeng's watch.

Ah, youth is truly remarkable.

"Indeed, Deng Yuxiang." Unable to hold back, Hu Jiaojiao inquired, "Why does grandfather suddenly mention those two?"

Hu City let out a long sigh, deeply mysterious.

Her granddaughter's two close friends were truly extraordinary.

If Lord Beifeng hadn't transmitted a message before death, who would have thought... who would dare think, these two were the true culprits behind the God's murder!

Deng Yuxiang, Yan Shuangzi...

Including Lord Beifeng, each fallen God had the involvement of these two.

It's truly unbelievable.

"Grandfather?" Hu Jiaojiao cautiously inquired.

"What kind of people are they?" Hu City asked gravely.

"They are excellent! You know, Shuangzi is the elite of our generation, the winner of the Divine Ruins challenge! Yuxiang also ascended to the River Realm early..."

Chapter 1029: Plum Blossoms in the Snow (Part 2)

Hu City interrupted, "Other aspects."

Hu Jiaojiao was stunned for a while, then said, "Their character is very good. They are loyal and reliable comrades; I dare trust them with my back!

They are also devoted believers, exceedingly pious towards Lord Beifeng..."

Hu City: "..."

"Oh right, Yuxiang is a Moon Gazer!" Hu Jiaojiao suddenly remembered something and hurriedly said, "With her talent and combat strength, she absolutely has the qualifications to stay in Beifeng City, but she didn't."

"Oh?"

"Yuxiang has a special love for her hometown, a very small city named Rain Alley City, where powerful divine believers would not go to guard."

Hu Jiaojiao opened the conversation box; mentioning this, she felt regret for her best friend, yet pride for her:

"So Yuxiang went back, gave up a promising future, and returned to join the Divine People Bureau, guarding that hometown small city on the fifteenth night of every month."

Hu City nodded thoughtfully.

Setting aside the matter of the human clan being able to slay gods, regardless of how difficult it is to understand, this matter has indeed happened.

Let's talk solely about Deng Yuxiang.

Indeed, she might possibly harbor resentment toward Lord Beifeng because of that incident last time.

But Divine-Beifeng, after all, is relied upon by the people of Da Xia, so would Deng Yuxiang's hatred for the god extend to ignoring the life and death of the masses?

Perhaps not.

Or maybe, has Deng Yuxiang already fallen into the Demon Path?

However, the granddaughter said, Deng Yuxiang is a public officer of Da Xia, and once fought on the front line as a Moon Gazer.

She's the one who used her flesh to build the city's last line of defense on the fifteenth night of every month.

Would such a person fall into the Demon Path?

Another girl, Yan Shuangzi, is not as complicated as Deng Yuxiang. From beginning to end, Yan Shuangzi has been a proud, devoted North Wind Disciple.

Would she allow a close friend to fall into the Demon Path, and then join forces with them to slay their master?

It shouldn't be.

Thus, Deng Yuxiang and Yan Shuangzi must clearly understand what they're doing.

Both were once incredibly devoted believers, and since they've had a 180-degree change in attitude, raising a blade against the god...

There must be a reason!

Recalling the past few months, gods have fallen continuously, causing unrest in Da Xia and the entire world.

But in contrast, many Evil Demons have also fallen!

In terms of sheer numbers, more Evil Demons have fallen than gods.

Could it be considered that Den Yan's duo is not just slaying gods but also killing demons?

The gods declare the death of Evil Demons as a result of their endeavors...

But why, in the over forty years of the gods' presence, is it precisely now that the Evil Demons of various tribes are dying off en masse?

Today, during Lord Beifeng's final words, humanity has been elevated to a level capable of slaying gods, providing Hu City with a possibility!

The fall of gods has been confirmed to involve humans.

Then perhaps the fall of Evil Demons also includes the involvement of Deng Yuxiang and Yan Shuangzi!

There is another point that can serve as evidence.

Thinking carefully about it is quite horrifying: the fall of gods and demons started on the night of September fifteenth and has been unstoppable since.

Until last month, on the night of the Winter Moon fifteenth, Da Xia suffered a fierce invasion by Evil Demons.

The intensity of the invasion can be considered the highest since gods descended!

This move brewed countless tragedies in the Human World.

And right after the Winter Moon fifteenth night, the speed of god and demon falls accelerated tremendously!

Today is the third day of the twelfth month; in less than 20 days, the number of fallen gods and demons has already far exceeded the total from the September fifteenth to Winter Moon fifteenth period.

Nuoshua-Play Face, Cold Plum-Ice Plum Demon Queen, Bi Wu-Tree Face Demon, Thorn Rose-Ice Rose.

Blood Crystal-Blood Stone Demon, Black Brilliance-Black Stone Demon, Chenghua-Green Lampstand Demon, Prison Sky Demon, Master of Rain-Crying Willow, Yan Qing-Sea Merfolk.

Dong Ting-Purple Thunder Demon Peng, Jun Lan-Purple Thunder Orchid, Martial Monk...

Plus, just recently received news from all realms, the fallen gods include Beifeng, Mountain Lord, Sword Lotus, Ice Butterfly, War Horn.

Hu City has reason to believe that the opposing side to the gods, the Evil Demons like those stationed deep within the Evil Night Charm, Yinli Tiger, Black Lotus, Freezing Bury Man, will also fall together.

This is not blind optimistic hope.

Rather, it is a reasonable speculation based on the past two months, where God Demons have died in pairs and pairs.

Look at this list of fallen gods and demons!

How tragic is this?

Previously, Hu City knew nothing, but today he received a message that overturned his perception:

Humans can kill gods!

So, has the world already "Reversed Celestial Spirit"?

People fear gods, often worrying about angering the gods and attracting punishment.

But on the night of the fifteenth of the twelfth month, everything that happened in the human world... instead seemed like the gods and evil demons angered the Human Clan?

Evil demons invaded recklessly, the gods failed to protect the human world, and countless human tragedies kept happening within the Da Xia realm, thoroughly angering those like Deng Yuxiang and Yan Shuangzi from the Human Clan.

So within a mere 20 days, groups of gods and demons fell one after another!

Could it be?

On the surface, Hu City remained calm, but waves had long stirred in his heart.

Just now, Lord Beifeng angrily transmitted a message, commanding him to immediately report to All Gods about the true identities of Yan Shuangzi and Deng Yuxiang.

Furthermore, he ordered Hu City, the Human World Sect Master, to personally target those two's relatives in the human world, kill all their family members, and hang their heads one by one on the city gate...

When it comes to life and death, human nature is revealed.

This saying seems applicable to gods as well.

"Grandfather?" Hu Jiaojiao spoke in a trembling voice.

The mood at the Sea Realm Peak naturally affects the surrounding atmosphere.

"Hmm." Hu City rapidly restrained his aura.

Hu Jiaojiao asked, "Why are you asking about them?"

Hu City replied, "Do you have the contact information of your two close friends? Family members or relatives would also be fine."

"I only have their phone numbers, haven't interacted with their families."

"Try calling them, tell them their families might be in danger."

"Their... families are in danger?" Hu Jiaojiao naturally believed in her grandfather's words and hurriedly took out her phone, "I'll call them right now!"

However, her urgency was destined to meet no response.

Hu City had anticipated this, watching his granddaughter stubbornly making calls, he said, "Investigate the address of their family members, visit them in person."

"I'll send a few trusted aides with you, you'll split into two teams. Act swiftly, after finding their relatives, immediately bring them back to our old home."

"Our old home? But it has been abandoned, it's a desolate village."

Hu City nodded slightly, "Stay there and protect those family members, don't come back."

Hu City raised his old hand and placed it on his granddaughter's shoulder, lowering his voice heavily: "When necessary, use any means. Their family members' personal wishes are unimportant, you must take them away, ensure their safety."

"Apart from the people I send with you, don't trust anyone else, including your fellow sect members."

"Remember, the people you're protecting might also be targets for your fellow disciples."

Hu Jiaojiao's eyes widened!

Hu City confirming with a gentle nod, "Go now, take those four guards at the door, remember to act discreetly and try to conceal your movements."

Hu Jiaojiao opened her mouth, wanting to say more.

But Hu City, who always appeared affable in front of his granddaughter, sternly said, "Go now!"

"Yes." Hu Jiaojiao's body trembled slightly, she had to lower her head.

Despite being at the Initial Stage of the Sea Realm, on an equal level with Hu City's Great Realm, the authority of the Human World Sect Master in the North Wind Sect was extraordinary.



Watching his granddaughter's figure disappear at the doorway, Hu City slowly turned his head.

His eyes fell upon the Cold Plum standing proudly amidst the snow.

Its proud posture defies the frost.

"City Lord! The Jianghai disciples within the city have already gathered, all are waiting at the Demon Cave Gate." A disciple ran into the courtyard and knelt to report.

"All of them?"

"Except for the four guards of City Lord, everyone is here."

"Hmm." Hu City turned and walked towards the courtyard gate, his white robe fluttering vigorously, striding briskly.

At the same time, at the Divine Mountain of Beifeng.

Lu Ran was organizing forces to protect Deng Yuxiang as she advanced with the Divine Weapon, when suddenly he received a transmission from the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd.

[Master, the little one has something to tell you~]

[Wang Hanchuan?]

[Yes, he said before Beifeng died, he sent a transmission, issuing some orders.]

Lu Ran slightly furrowed his brows, immediately searching for Jiang Ruyi's figure: [Wait a moment, I'll ask your mother to check with him.]

[Okay~]

...

## Chapter 1030: Gift

A divine statue of a goddess slowly descended within the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd.

Wang Hanchuan forced himself to suppress his jitters, wanting to bow and greet, but found he couldn't move at all.

Even though he was in the Heavenly Realm, within the Fourth-tier Magical Artifact, he was not only physically restrained, but even his Divine Power was thrown into chaos.

Not to mention that the North Wind is already dead; even if a god remained, Wang Hanchuan couldn't cast any Divine Technique.

"M... Master," Wang Hanchuan stammered with a trembling voice.

Fortunately, the control of this top-level magical artifact hasn't reached the point of prohibiting speech, allowing him to verbally express respect and submission, giving him a sliver of survival chance.

"Sigh~~~"

The phoenix robe floated, lightly dancing.

Jiang Ruyi descended slowly, wearing a stone robe, which emitted a faint golden glow.

With the aid of the magical artifact, all beings below the Heavenly Realm will have their lies detected by Jiang Ruyi.

"What did the North Wind tell you?"

"Master! North Wind instructed me to immediately report to All Gods, mentioning two human women who killed him... some information about them."

Jiang Ruyi frowned slightly: "Did he say anything else?"

"That's it, North Wind told me to report immediately, to find Lord Jian Yi, Lord Qiang Xiu..."

Jiang Ruyi pondered: "In the Heavenly Realm, how many North Wind disciples like you are there?"

"Reporting, Master, there were originally three. Since North Wind Divine Mountain faced a fierce attack from the Faceless Jade Venerable, now there's only me left."

Jiang Ruyi gently nodded, then said: "From now on, you will be my servant."

"As you wish!" Wang Hanchuan replied crisply and swiftly.

He reported the matter, hoping to secure a chance at survival.

Wang Hanchuan had long heard of mysterious humans slaughtering divine demons, and now he had witnessed the deaths of All Gods and listened to North Wind's dying words.

Concerning this group, he dared not harbor any rebellious thoughts.

Wang Hanchuan even harbored a faint hope, as he was also of the Human Clan, they were all fellow Da Xia compatriots, all oppressed by divine demons! Might there be a chance...

"Caw~~~"

Suddenly, a melodious phoenix cry resounded.

A golden phoenix illusion flew out from the phoenix robe, directly striking Wang Hanchuan's brow.

Wang Hanchuan's body trembled, then his expression contorted, and he couldn't help but wail: "Uh... M-Master, what is this?"

"This phoenix soul imprint will monitor you every second you live. Even after your death, it will deliver your soul into my hand," the goddess statue's voice was cold, filling the realm.

Wang Hanchuan: !!!

Jiang Ruyi looked at the former Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak: "If you dare harbor any disloyal or unlawful thoughts, even a trace of rebellion, you will receive proper punishment."

Wang Hanchuan hurriedly said: "Master, I swear to follow you to the death, not the slightest disloyalty!"

"Heh." Jiang Ruyi sneered, slowly closing her eyes and linked spiritually with Lu Ran.

Wang Hanchuan's expression was filled with agony, yet he dared not utter a word.

Powerless to struggle, he was confined while the so-called phoenix soul imprint was etched deep in his soul.

The sensation was terrible.

Jiang Ruyi continued communicating with Lu Ran, during which violently trembling stone sculptures repeatedly fell from above, then into the "Divine Power Lake" below.

Evidently, Lu Ran was collecting the stone sculptures after devouring their divine souls.

Thanks to the small Blazing Phoenix's ascension to Fourth Rank!

If not for this, storing the stone sculptures in the God Demon Sculpture Garden would have rendered Lu Ran idiotic on the spot.

Ran Sect recently acquired a magical artifact, the Hundred Treasures Bag.

But that exquisite little money pouch was just a pitiful First Rank, with only storage capability.

Throwing stone sculptures that were advancing into it wasn't reliable; whether the Hundred Treasures Bag could withstand the fierce divine power fluctuations from many stone sculptures was uncertain.

At the crucial moment when stone sculptures advanced to becoming gods, the world trembles!

The Hundred Treasures Bag might be shattered!

"Ah! Ah ah ah..." A shrill scream suddenly rang out.

Jiang Ruyi opened her eyes, looking downward.

Clearly, the imprint was completed.

Wang Hanchuan shook in pain, looking extremely unpleasant, blue veins protruded on his forehead, his eyes bulging, as if they might pop out of their sockets.

For the words of loyalty he just uttered, Jiang Ruyi seemed to have seen through them and was not surprised by the scene.

She coldly spoke: "It appears you aren't as loyal as you claimed."

"Master! I'll worship you in the future, please! Ah ah... Please spare, spare me..." Wang Hanchuan cried out painfully.

It was an indescribable pain, one he had never experienced in his life.

His soul seemed to be burned by some peculiar flame.

It was more agonizing than a sharp knife piercing the heart.

More painful than a thousand ants gnawing at bones!

"Master, Master I beg you... for all my life... I dare not..."

The dignified Peak Master of Sword Ridge, even a majestic Heavenly Realm, currently with tears and a runny nose, couldn't articulate his words.

The Cold Fairy remained unmoved, expressionless, flying upwards.

Of course, Jiang Ruyi could erase the phoenix soul imprint, but she wouldn't do that; Wang Hanchuan could only rescue himself from this extreme torment.

How to rescue oneself?

Jiang Ruyi had already told him.

No trace of disloyalty or unlawful thoughts is permitted.

Even the slightest thought of rebellion was not allowed.

Once Wang Hanchuan realized this or completely submitted, he naturally wouldn't face punishment.

Jiang Ruyi flew out of the gourd, the storm outside subsided a bit but still hadn't ceased, mist swirling throughout the heavens.

Lu Ran held the Treasure Gourd, a flash of light, it landed on her fingertip: [Did you imprint it?]

[Let him stay inside the gourd for now, and once he's tamed, let the little Blazing Phoenix tell you.] Jiang Ruyi transmitted back, and added, [Looks like we need to speed up.]

[Hmm...]

[This place is very close to the North Wind Divine Mountain, and North Wind might have transmitted to the believers in the Human World.]

[No problem, since we are going to descend upon the Human World openly anyway.] Lu Ran gazed at Deng Yuxiang, who was advancing with Divine Weapon in hand, [The Nightmare may take some time.]

Jiang Ruyi suggested: [You give the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd and the Hundred Treasures Bag to Evil Shadow and Huangfu Tianjiang separately. If Heaven's Demons attack during the Night-cutting Blade's advancement, we'll engage directly.]

If not, once the Night-cutting Blade advances, you and Evil Shadow, Huangfu Tianjiang should quickly gather all the soldiers, and we leave promptly.]

[Alright.] Lu Ran complied smoothly, his figure flickering.

But instead of leaving, he landed beside Jiang Ruyi's hand and kissed her fingertips heavily.

Then the small Human Clan people vanished in the wind.

Jiang Ruyi chuckled softly.

What is this?

A reward?

Indeed, she had been working hard to assist Lu Ran, overseeing the battlefield and strategizing for him, patching up any holes in the plan.

This battle against the God Demons, fought till today, he indeed lived up to expectations, about to lead the Ran Sect to descend upon the Human World.

Descending upon the Human World...

Lu Ran had mentioned this matter multiple times.

And each time, accompanied by words like "openly".

I think Lu Ran truly looks forward to this day, doesn't he?

Breaking into the Holy Spirit Mountain from the Human World.

Ascending to the Heavenly Realm Battlefield from the Mountain Realm.

Then returning to the Human World from the Heavenly Realm!

When The Pride of Da Xia leads the Ran Sect gods, appearing in the world's view once again...



The very thought of that scene indeed makes one's heart race.

Unlike the hypocritical savior gods from forty years ago, Lu Ran and the Ran Sect warriors genuinely aim to change this world.

[Evil Shadow, don't move.] Lu Ran flickered into Yan Shuangzi's palm, embedding the small Treasure Gourd in her shallow palm lines, [After the Night-cutting Blade advances, immediately capture the Nightmare in the gourd.]

[Yes.] Yan Shuangzi replied at once.

[Quickly tame the Night Charm Blade; its Divine Weapon Domain is domineering and very useful to us.] Lu Ran further instructed.

Yan Shuangzi was clutching the Fourth-tier Divine Weapon Blade seized from the Evil God Night Charm.

Lu Ran directly named it "Night Charm Blade," clearly indicating it as a gift for her.

This blade has only one Divine Weapon Domain, similar to the Night Charm Clan's ultimate skill, "Night Shadow Thousand Marks."

When the Master of Divine Weapon swings the blade, it summons wild gales, with countless sword traces tearing through the wind, densely spreading forward.

Yan Shuangzi indeed has two Divine Weapons, the Evil Moon Scimitar, and the Owlblade.

But both are Second-rank Divine Weapons, with no sign of advancement despite her battles thus far.

Considering the intensity of the battles Yan Shuangzi participated in and her grand ambitions, Lu Ran certainly doesn't think her Divine Weapons should remain at the second rank.

The only possibility is that with her current tactical position in the Ran Sect, she genuinely doesn't focus on Divine Weapons.

After all, Yan Shuangzi swallowed the divine soul of Greedy Wolf-Evil Dog, her claws extremely sharp, making her more suited to close combat.

She also carries a top-level magical artifact, the Demon Prison Lock, often binding enemies during battle, leaving little chance to train her Divine Weapons.

Given this, simply directly equipping her with a top-level Divine Weapon, the Night Charm Blade!

For unexpected necessities.

Yan Shuangzi holds a high tactical position within Ran Sect, she cannot be allowed to fall into danger, providing her numerous Divine Weapons and magical artifacts as protection is more than justified.

[Yes.] Yan Shuangzi tightened her grip on the Night Charm Blade, long ceased struggling.

Lu Ran flickered away, teasingly transmitting: [Should I give the Beifeng Blade to the Nightmare? You two good friends can pair up again.]

Yan Shuangzi replied: [Yuxiang holding the Beifeng Blade would be very happy, right.]

[Indeed...] Lu Ran sighed.

Personally vanquishing the enemy, subduing the Divine Weapon originally belonging to North Wind, changing its master, then wielding this blade to slaughter North Wind's other associates, killing gods and demons!

Revenge and grievance, just like that.

Lu Ran pondered secretly, smiling and shaking his head.

Big Nightmare, oh Big Nightmare,

in this lifetime, encountering me, is truly a blessing earned over eight lifetimes!

After handing over the Hundred Treasures Bag to Huangfu Tianjiang, Lu Ran carefully instructed again.

Among Ran Sect's soldiers, few can see through the mist, Huangfu Zhao with the Evil Technique Demon Peng pupil counts as one.

In the Da Xia Divine Demon System, the eyes of avian divinities are indeed more functional than the pupil skills of other deities and demons.

Huangfu Zhao also possesses absolute speed, making him the most suitable to carry the Hundred Treasures Bag to gather and summon the soldiers.

Having completed all this, Lu Ran then prayed to the deity:

[Lord Immortal Sheep.]

[Hmm?]

[Disciple successfully captured the North Wind Divine Mountain; North Wind is dead.]

[Good!] Lord Immortal Sheep's tone rose a bit, seemingly quite pleased.

Cold sheep turned into a happy sheep?

Lu Ran said solemnly: [Disciple needs to stay at the North Wind Divine Mountain a moment longer; barring unforeseen circumstances, I will soon go to the Divine Mountain where you are.]

I will return all the Origin Energy shattered from North Wind to you.]

[Come when you are ready, I have prepared a gift for you as well.]

[A gift?] Lu Ran was somewhat puzzled.

[Hehe...] The Immortal Sheep's laughter was somewhat hoarse, mixed with a peculiar chill, [You will know once you arrive.]