

Old Gods 1041

Chapter 1041: Deceased Father

"Don't worry, he exists steadily; his soul's strength is much greater than when he died," Wang Quan said slowly.

Ever since Lu Ran entered the Rebirth Hall, he had always remained composed and calm, but when he heard Wang Quan's words, his body couldn't help but shiver.

Father is still alive.

No, he had already died, but his soul still existed.

"Soul strength?" Lu Ran lifted his eyes to look at the stone sculpture.

"Yes," Wang Quan responded softly, "After our first meeting, I discovered you were a disciple of that lord, so I asked Rouyin to investigate your identity.

Only then did I learn that you are a descendant of the dead soul in my hand.

Since then, I've often nourished this dead soul, waiting for this day to come."

Lu Ran remained silent for a long time, finally brought his hands together, and bowed deeply in thanks, "Thank you, Lord Wang Quan, may I..."

"Creak."

From afar, the heavy hall door suddenly was pushed open.

Lu Ran slightly turned his head, using the corner of his eye to look behind him, only to see Li Rouyin walking slowly.

Inside the Rebirth Hall, she did not need a blind stick; her slender figure shuttled between the dense red threads, reaching the depths of the hall, respectfully kneeling, "Lord Wang Quan, you called me."

"Hoo~"

On Li Rouyin's body, suddenly a remnant shadow unfolded.

It was a female god, her attire of ancient style, wearing a magnificent pitch-black long dress adorned with exquisite dark golden patterns.

Her long black hair was tied behind her head, with dark golden ornaments highlighting her nobility, matching her unusual eye color.

This was Lu Ran's second time seeing Lord Wang Quan. Unlike the previous time, her eyes were no longer indifferent, her expression had softened a lot.

From it, Lu Ran even saw a sort of delicate beauty.

Just like her sole believer under her.

Since the divine residual image emerged, Li Rouyin hadn't spoken again; she slowly rose and walked to the side.

When she returned, the shadow on her body had perfectly overlapped with her flesh.

In her long, slender jade hands, there appeared a string of ancient coins.

The attire and demeanor of the human and god were identical, their faces perfectly overlapped, causing Lu Ran to somewhat blur whether he was looking at Wang Quan or Li Rouyin.

"Step back, your eyes are quite something," Wang Quan reminded.

Lu Ran backed step by step, wishing to get closer, but not until he retreated to the doorway of the hall did he see Li Rouyin (Wang Quan) nod gently.

She lifted the string of coins in her hand, and a dead soul emerged from it.

Lu Ran's eyes widened slightly.

He saw a figure both unfamiliar and familiar, and this figure was being drawn back by a force.

Li Rouyin raised her hand slightly, and the dead soul was suddenly fixed mid-air.

As her slender hand slowly turned, the dead soul, controlled from a distance, slowly turned its body.

"Heh..." Lu Ran sighed softly, with a hint of trembling.

Through the swaying rain of thousands of red threads, he saw a middle-aged man, identical to the figure in his mind.

The ten years had not left a trace of time on the face of the deceased.

Father still looked like he was in his early thirties.

Even still looked like that night of storm ten years ago, the figure before he left home.

Short, neatly trimmed hair, a stern face.

A pitch-black combat uniform, black military boots, the pant legs tucked inside the boots...

Lu Ran looked at this dead soul, at the vivid shadow that still exuded youthful elegance.

The deceased silently looked back, expressionless, as if sizing up a stranger.

But unknowingly, the dead soul's eyes suddenly gained a hint of spirit, the solemn expression gradually turned confused, and then slowly surprised.

"Ranran?"

The dead soul murmured incredulously, the slightly raised tone carrying a hint of inquiry.

The difference between the thirteen-year-old fledgling boy and the twenty-three-year-old valiant youth was vast.

Height, face, attire...

A feathered garment with floating ribbons, resembling a banished immortal.

From the blood-colored mask covering the lower half of the face, a mist of blood slowly billowed like particle effects, eerie and frightening.

These were just the exterior.

The aura exuded by the boy baptized by time, especially with eyes no longer naive...

"Long time no see," a muffled voice emanated from behind the blood crystal mask.

In fact, Lu Ran hadn't expected that when the moment truly came, he would say such a thing.

It seemed... too ordinary, not worthy of all these years of longing and memorial.

Not worthy of this special reunion.

"You've grown up," Lu Xing said from afar.

"You haven't aged," Lu Ran smiled, "I should have come ten years later, then we'd be the same age."

"Hehe," Lu Xing also smiled.

But the smile didn't last long, gradually fading away.

The Rebirth Hall fell into silence.

After many years, the father and son separated by life and death met again, but there was no scene of overwhelming excitement or tears.

Their emotions were restrained.

The conversation carried a faint sense of bitterness.

"Buzz~" A humming sound came from Lu Ran's waist, and the Dawn Blade automatically unsheathed and flew out.

Up until Lu Xing's death, the Dawn Blade did not gather enough to form a sword spirit; it could only be considered a divine weapon embryo.

Its consciousness was very limited, everything about its original owner was vague,

Lu Xing, however, was different; he recognized the old friend at a glance.

"Go ahead." Lu Ran murmured softly.

With the master's permission, the Dawn Blade floated over slowly,

although Lu Xing's lost soul was suspended in mid-air, he could move his limbs slightly.

After many years, his illusory large hand once again grasped the Dawn Blade. The feeling was familiar yet strange, once again surging to his heart.

The feeling of strangeness far surpassed the feeling of familiarity.

The Dawn Blade had already become a Divine Weapon and far more than an ordinary Divine Weapon.

Lu Xing and Li Rouyin's abilities to sense might be somewhat lacking, but Lord Wang Quan was very clear that this was a weapon only suitable for the God Demon level.

What's more terrifying is that such world-destroying level Divine Weapons and Magic Artifacts, Lu Ran had several of them!

Wang Quan also knew that Lu Ran's treasures were far more than these.

Nowadays, with the God Demon Camp in turmoil, many were dying, and piece by piece, top-tier Divine Weapons and Magic Artifacts were likely being collected into Lu Ran's arsenal.

Regarding Lu Ran's strength, the true combat power he could bring out was something even Wang Quan dared not to rashly judge.

So this time, Wang Quan did not look down at the ants from on high.

Even though the human clan of the Second Level of the Heavenly Realm had not truly transcended the category of ants, Wang Quan gave him special treatment.

So this time, Lu Ran could see a kind of fragile beauty in the presence of the Lord God.

"How are your mother... and your sister?" Lu Xing finally spoke, his illusory hand trying to touch the Dawn Blade, looking at his old friend and recalling the old days.

"They're fine, once you come back to life, you can see for yourself." Lu Ran responded.

"See for myself?" Lu Xing looked up.

Lu Ran slightly tilted his head, looking at the woman standing behind the lost soul.

Li Rouyin (Wang Quan) slowly shook her head, "Ensuring the existence of the lost soul is already the limit of my ability."

Lu Ran tightly pressed his lips together.

So, must his father always exist in the form of a lost soul?

Why give hope, just to cruelly take it away?

Lu Ran looked at the suspended lost soul and stubbornly promised, "I will find a way."

Lu Xing looked at the determined youth and said, "To see you again, to watch you grow up, I have no regrets."

Lu Ran stared into his father's eyes and said clearly:

"I do."

Lu Xing's eyes dimmed, and he silently lowered his head, looking at the Dawn Blade.

He naturally knew what he had missed and was well aware of what kind of world this was.

Guilt and self-blame had already consumed the young father's heart.

On the battlefield, he fought bravely, fearing neither death nor life, yet he could not bear the gaze of his child.

"There is indeed a possibility." Wang Quan suddenly spoke up.

Lu Ran immediately looked over.

Wang Quan gently nodded, "I do not have the power to revive the dead, but the Lord you worship might be able to do that."

Lu Ran suddenly felt a stirring in his heart!

Recalling long ago, the conversation he had once with the Immortal Sheep.

When Lu Ran first saw lost souls fly into the Sculpture Garden, he had asked the Immortal Sheep if he could do anything for his comrades.

The Immortal Sheep seemed to have left a phrase:

"An insignificant Stream Realm, yet with an ambition higher than the heavens."

Since acquiring the Pupil of the Dead World, Lu Ran had been continually moved on the battlefield of the fifteenth night, until a certain critical point, he couldn't help but bring up old matters again.

The Immortal Sheep gave another eight words:

"An insignificant River Realm, yet with an ambition higher than the heavens."

But during the second inquiry, the Immortal Sheep did not merely offer cold remarks. To some extent, he informed Lu Ran that he might indeed be able to do something.

The prerequisite, of course, was strength.

Now that he had reached the Heavenly Realm, was his strength sufficient?

[Lord Immortal Sheep, are you there?] Lu Ran immediately prayed to the Lord God.

After waiting a long time, there was no telepathic response, and it was unclear whether the Immortal Sheep hadn't received it or was ignoring it.

Lu Ran turned to Wang Quan, "Lord, can I..."

Understanding his intent, Wang Quan absorbed Lu Xing's lost soul into the Copper Coin, slightly lifting his hand, and looked at the young man in the distance, "Here."

Lu Ran's figure flashed, instantly standing before Li Rouyin.

This set of Copper Coins had five coins, with his father's lost soul residing in the third Rebirth Money.

Wang Quan advised, "The lost soul cannot leave me for too long. If you cannot find a solution in a short time, return him to me, and I will help maintain his existence."

Lu Ran received the string of Rebirth Money with both hands, looking at the woman before him, "How can I thank you?"

Wang Quan smiled, her beautiful dark golden eyes softly gazing at Lu Ran, and her thin lips gently parted:

"No rush, Lu Ran, the years are long."

"Does Lord Wang Quan really believe I can win?"

Wang Quan did not respond again, merely gazed meaningfully at Lu Ran, and the shadow vanished without a trace.

Leaving behind a hollow-eyed, sickly beauty.

Lu Ran turned around and summoned the Ancient Bronze Mirror, with Li Rouyin's voice coming beside him, "Why say sorry?"

Lu Ran paused his palm, speaking in a low voice, "I still haven't found Hao Tian. I've searched Holy Spirit Mountain myself and had my soldiers look for him, but he remains unfound."

"You just haven't found him. He might be alive!" Li Rouyin suddenly raised her voice, speaking excitedly.

Lu Ran remained silent for a long time, and the Ancient Bronze Mirror in his hand transformed into a Landing Mirror.

"Yes." He lowered his head, stepping into the mirror.

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Chapter 1042: Reincarnation by Borrowing a Body?

"Immortal Sheep, are you there?" Lu Ran emerged from the mirror, returning to the Black Cloud Vortex directly above the Blood Dust Divine Mountain.

Jiang Ruyi instinctively raised her hand, letting him fall onto her fingertip.

The transmission from the God came as expected: [Did you find him?]

"I found him!" Lu Ran held a string of Rebirth Money in his hand, "He has been taken care of very well. According to Lord Wang Quan, his soul strength is much stronger than before he died."

[Hmm.]

Lu Ran was very anxious: "Immortal Sheep, I remember you once told me that as long as my strength is strong enough, I can... I can resurrect the dead soul?"

[Do you think you are strong enough?]

"I..." Lu Ran opened his mouth but couldn't speak further.

Jiang Ruyi couldn't hear the transmission from Immortal Sheep, but through Lu Ran's words, she could roughly guess the conversation between the man and the god.

Regarding the person Lu Ran wanted to resurrect, she also had a vague guess in her heart.

[With your current strength, it's not enough.] The deep voice pressed into Lu Ran's mind.

Lu Ran's hands trembled slightly.

He lowered his head, looking at the string of money he held, his eyes growing increasingly dim.

Jiang Ruyi witnessed this scene, anxious at heart. Lu Ran, clearly flesh and blood, seemed to suddenly turn into a small Stone Sculpture, his whole being dimming.

[I can.] The sudden transmission made Lu Ran's head buzz.

He seemed to "come alive," quickly saying: "Immortal Sheep, you... you can?"

[Hehe.] The laugh of the Immortal Sheep was hoarse, seemingly amused, sensing the joy of having his talented disciple at his mercy.

"What do I need to do, what kind of preparations are necessary?" Lu Ran spoke, and gradually his joyful look faded, he quietly asked, "What is the cost?"

Immortal Sheep calmly said: [The price to be paid is mine, not yours.]

Lu Ran was silent for a moment, then asked: "What is the price?"

[The price...] Immortal Sheep rarely sighed, speaking no more for a long time.

Lu Ran patiently waited, already having many guesses in his heart.

Immortal Sheep once said it would eventually dissipate, and now, is it going through a plight similar to Yan Zhi, Sword One, and other God Demons?

Resurrecting the dead may use a lot of energy, like using Divine Technique·Sheep, leaving it very weak?

Even speeding up its demise?

The fall of Divine and Evil Sculptures has an extremely long process. The nourishment God Demons draw from energy gradually decreases until one day, no energy can be retained in the body.

Extinction, irreversible.

So, if he becomes the other side of the Immortal Sheep God Sculpture and integrates with it, infusing the stone body with a "fresh blood," could this effectively alleviate this plight?

At the moment, it seems that Yan Zhi and Sword One both have their sights on this.

If Immortal Sheep wishes, Lu Ran is, of course, willing to do so!

[Choose a Stone Sculpture.]

"Huh?" Lu Ran startled from his thought, "Choose what Stone Sculpture?"

[To use the term from your Da Xia, to borrow a body to return a soul.]

Lu Ran's expression was amazed, partly due to the content of the words, and partly because the hoarse voice of Immortal Sheep revealed a hint of melancholy.

Melancholy?

In Lu Ran's mind, Sheep is always an incredibly powerful existence.

It is overbearing, sinister, even cold and ruthless.

Occasionally, beneath this cold and hard shell, a hint of warmth can be revealed.

Its many sides together constitute this mysterious, unique, complex, and three-dimensional existence.

But no matter which side it was, Immortal Sheep had never sighed like this before.

"Are you... feeling sad? Or regretting something?" Lu Ran asked with concern.

Immortal Sheep's tone turned cold: [Do you not want him to live again?]

"I do!" Lu Ran shivered in fright, quickly said.

[Then choose a Stone Sculpture, use the shell of the Stone Sculpture to revive his soul.]

"Hmm." Lu Ran pressed his lips.

Borrowing a body to return a soul!

However, this so-called "body" is not a corpse, but one of the few Divine and Evil Sculptures in the Sculpture Garden with independent awareness.

Lu Ran hurriedly said: "If my father is reborn using a Stone Sculpture body, his physical strength, attributes, including skills, and so on...

Will he turn into that Stone Sculpture?"

[Hmm.]

Lu Ran: !!!

Jiang Ruyi's eyes narrowed; this was the first time Lu Ran had spoken the word "father."

It is indeed Lu Xing!

Jiang Ruyi remained calm on the surface, but her heart was genuinely happy for Lu Ran.

That boy, trapped in the thunderstorm night for ten years, is he finally coming out?

And in Lu Ran's mind, he went over the Divine and Evil Sculptures in the Sculpture Garden again and again.

His father was once a Jade Talisman disciple, but the Jade Talisman and Ghost Talisman Double Stone Sculpture in the garden had been crushed by Jiang Ruyi, leading to the creation of the current Immortal Mo Stone Sculpture.

Counting through the Strong God Sequence:

A single immortal and a single saint, two martial heroes, Four side generals guard the borderlands.

Eight Heavenly Demons are ever-changing, Twelve Earthly Fiends slaughter evil spirits.

In the Twelve Earthly Fiends sequence, only Thousand Bones-White Bone Staff, Dry Sea-Sand River Doll Stone Sculptures are left.

The Eight Heavenly Demons sequence still has some Stone Sculptures: Poison Bee-Poison Flower, Spirit Elephant-Demon Elephant, Melted Bear-Ash Destruction Demon all remain.

An independent Mountain Lord is kept by Lu Ran.

Speaking of which, the Paper Simurgh, Huang Que Stone Sculpture still exist, but their double sides have been inherited by Ran Sect disciples, best to return the Double Divine Position to one person in the future.

Not all the God Demons can be as strong as Martial Monk-Jade-faced Snake when separated!

And these two Stone Sculptures do not match his father's combat style.

Mountain Lord is the melee type, but the Divine Position is singular.

Most of the four side generals are preoccupied, with the exception of a standalone Dong Ting's double-sided Purple Thunder Demon Peng.

Huangfu Zhao never devoured this Evil Sculpture but, in inheriting the Dong Ting Divine Sculpture, devoured the Dong Ting-Purple Thunder dual divine souls.

That said, Purple Thunder Demon Peng was left by Lu Ran specifically for Hao Tian.

Because of this, Huangfu Zhao went through quite a difficult period, on the battlefield of life and death, even a slight increase in strength is the capital to survive.

Having lost the Monster Peng clan's skills, Huangfu Zhao could never fly, lacking airborne assaults and bombardment strengths.

He had never been able to unleash his full battle prowess.

Father... clearly should not replace the Purple Thunder Demon Peng's Evil Sculpture.

The Demon Peng is even more miserable than the Mountain Lord, with no Divine Position left to take.

After all, the situation was special at the time; the Ran Sect first launched a surprise attack and obtained the Dong Ting Divine Soul. At that time, the Martial Monk, the Purple Thunder Demon Peng were not dead, and the Rou Paperman had not disclosed information about the Simurgh Phoenix Unity Crown.

Lu Ran never thought that his side could quickly retake the Thunder God Mountain.

Facing the acquired Dong Ting Divine Soul, he could not suppress it and not give it to Huangfu Zhao...

In the Strong God Sequence, aside from the aforementioned three sequences, the rest are First-class Gods.

Sword One, Blood Skull, Qiang Xiu-Evil Spear Emperor, Martial Monk-Jade-faced Snake, Martial Artist-Yin Flower Dan, and others all have their owners.

But among the First-class God sequence, there is also Lu Ran's private Stone Sculpture — Blood Skull.

Blood Skull?

Lu Ran felt a stir in his heart.

If Mother is destined to become Sword One in the future, then Father can only be Blood Skull to match her.

Chief of the Great Xia Gods.

Chief of the Great Xia Evil Demons.

Blood Skull, like the Greedy Wolf-Evil Shadow Double Stone Sculpture, can only be given to those he trusts most.

And compared to others, Blood Skull is undoubtedly a more terrifying existence.

Previously, Lu Ran had resolved to keep it for himself, partly because he felt a connection with the Blood Skull Clan, and also because the skills of this clan were excessively powerful.

Lu Ran dared not give it to anyone else!

But now, the heavens have provided him with an option — Father.

Blood ties are the foundation of everything.

Father's character and conduct, his companionship, upbringing, and education of Lu Ran from childhood to adulthood, make this trust indisputable.

Ran Sect is destined to face off with the God Demon Camp, to reduce the tragedies in the realm of Da Xia and to recruit gods and demons as quickly as possible, facing greater challenges.

At that time, Ran Sect will not only face the gods and demons within Da Xia but also face all the gods and demons in the world across five major war zones!

If Father were to join Ran Sect as "Blood Skull"...

It would undoubtedly elevate Ran Sect's strength substantially!

After all, within the Sculpture Garden, few Stone Sculptures have autonomous consciousness. When Lu Ran calls forth the Blood Skull Evil Sculpture to fight, compared to allowing his subordinates to inherit the Stone Sculpture and fight autonomously, the combat power displayed is on a completely different level.

Father and son soldiers on the battlefield!

Father's unfinished business while alive, we will accomplish together.

If we fail... then as a family, we will die together.

Lu Ran clenched his fists and said solemnly: "Blood Skull, is it possible?"

[Can you bear it?]

Lu Ran nodded: "I always thought that the Blood Skull Evil Sculpture was kept for myself.

Now I realize, it was because before he appeared, in my heart, no one was qualified to inherit Blood Skull."

The Immortal Sheep softly responded: [Release the Dead Soul and let it enter the pupil.]

"Huh?" Lu Ran hesitated a bit; this was the standard procedure for swallowing Dead Souls.

[I'll wait in the garden.] The voice transmitted grew smaller and smaller.

Lu Ran hesitated for a moment, then finally gritted his teeth and stomped his foot, activating the Money Chain in his hand to release his father's Dead Soul.

As soon as Lu Xing appeared, he quickly assessed his surroundings, then suddenly turned and lifted his head to gaze at the magnificent goddess statue.

Unfortunately, Little Ruyi couldn't see the Dead Soul.

"That's my fiancée," Lu Ran said softly.

"Oh?" Lu Xing was momentarily startled, and the next moment, his soul began constraining continuously before his son's eyes.

Until the Dead Soul entered the pupil, Lu Ran swiftly entered the Sculpture Garden.

Externally, Lord Immortal Sheep always wore a long robe, standing and smiling with clasped hands toward the world.

Yet in the Sculpture Garden, after many years, Lu Ran once again saw another form of Lord Immortal Sheep:

The fiercely burning Black Fire Sheep Head!

Lu Xing barely reacted before being caught in the mouth of the Black Fire Sheep Head.

Lu Ran's heart skipped a beat!

Fearing that Lord Immortal Sheep would eat his father's Dead Soul...

Who would have thought, the Black Fire Sheep Head indeed chewed a bit.

Lu Ran was dumbfounded!

No!

Right in front of me, eat my dad?

And smack your lips?

"His soul's strength is not impressive." An icy voice came, causing Lu Ran's hairs to stand on end, "Blood Skull Evil Sculpture is at Heavenly Realm's Second Level.

With your father's soul strength, resurrection takes time."

Lu Ran didn't dare to say anything, feeling heavy-hearted all the while.

He did not mind the duration, but time consumption usually accompanies strength consumption.

Lu Ran inquired again: "What price will Lord Immortal Sheep pay? I..."

"When you stand in my position, you'll know." The Black Fire Sheep Head interrupted, carrying Lu Xing's Dead Soul and flying away.

In the sheep's mouth, Lu Xing digested the shocking news.

Corpse-Reviving.

Revive soul with Blood Skull's Evil Sculpture...?

Lu Ran remained silent as he followed the path of the Black Fire Sheep Head.

Until they arrived at the first row of the Evil Demon Camp, the Black Fire Sheep Head suddenly paused.

Lu Ran's heart hung, gazing at the fiery sheep head ahead.

The Black Fire Sheep Head slowly turned, and with the corner of his eyes, looked at the clueless youth, and spoke slowly: "It seems you have another reason to be grateful to me."

"I..."

"Baa~" The Black Fire Sheep Head suddenly bleated, carrying Lu Xing's Dead Soul and charging towards the Blood Skull Evil Sculpture.

"Boom!!"

Black fire splattered, stone sculpture trembled.

A sheep and a soul, merged into the Evil Sculpture together.

Chapter 1043: Upheaval at the Divine Mountain

Lu Ran endured the buzzing in his head and withdrew from the God Demon Sculpture Garden.

Ever since the little Blazing Phoenix advanced to the Fourth Rank, he was completely liberated and rarely experienced brain buzzing.

But this time, he couldn't escape.

Lu Ran couldn't possibly drive the Blood Skull Evil Sculpture into the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, that would be too inconsiderate! He didn't even dare to linger too long, fearing to disturb Sheep General.

As for when the "borrowing the body to return the soul" would come to fruition, Immortal Sheep did not give an accurate answer, only vaguely indicating that it would take some time.

Considering such a defiance of the heavens act, it should indeed be very difficult, even the domineering Sheep General might not be sure.

"Sigh..." Lu Ran let out a long sigh, plopping down into Jiang Ruyi's palm.

"Cheer up, everything is moving in a positive direction." Jiang Ruyi's voice was gentle.

"Hah!" Lu Ran let out a battle roar.

Jiang Ruyi: "..."

Lu Ran looked up at the Evil God: "How long has it been since we attacked the Blood Dust Divine Mountain?"

"Only three to four hours."

Lu Ran nodded, combining his current available forces, and said in a deep voice, "Let's go to Fengxiang God Mountain!"

Upon hearing this, Jiang Ruyi couldn't help but frown slightly.

Not considering it a good time now.

Lu Ran had just found his deceased father's soul, and his father was still in a critical stage of resurrection, his emotions must be particularly mixed.

And within half a day, Lu Ran had already led his team to successively capture North Wind Divine Mountain and Blood Dust Divine Mountain, achieving significant battle achievements!

He opened the Domain of Silence every time, especially at Blood Dust Divine Mountain, his body was severely overdrawn, and he had just recovered a bit, was he going on an expedition again?

Indeed, Lu Ran had signed a Simurgh Phoenix Unity Contract with the Rou Paperman, who aided him unreservedly, fulfilling all requests.

She had become the most solid and reliable Evil God standing behind him.

But the problem is, even if Lu Ran can bear it, the Rou Paperman over there probably can't hold on, right?

"Isn't it a bit too aggressive?" Jiang Ruyi pondered, voicing the concern in her heart.

Lu Ran nodded: "That's why I targeted Fengxiang God Mountain, and not Jade-faced Snake's Gold Jade Divine Mountain or Martial Artist's Pear Garden Divine Mountain."

Jiang Ruyi slowly said: "Today, with continuous battles, the soldiers also need to rest."

Nightmare and Heavenly General Yin are still advancing in rank, after taking Blood Dust Divine Mountain, Lu Yuan and Qin Yanzhi's master-disciple are also advancing in the gourd.

Just wait three days or so, they can all return to the team."

Jiang Ruyi hadn't mentioned herself.

Inside Lu Ran's Rebirth Money, there was a Jade Talisman Dead Soul!

Just give Jiang Ruyi two or three days, and she too can have a Double Divine Position, becoming a complete god.

By then, her body's strength and all attributes will reach a new level, her power increase will be obvious, and she can start researching the fusion of Jade Talisman Divine Skill and Ghost Talisman Evil Technique.

Once Divine and Evil Technique perfectly combine, her combat power will greatly increase, that's undoubted!

"Time waits for no one." Lu Ran shook his head, exceptionally resolute.

In the past few hours, he had constantly fought against his physical limits, refusing to faint no matter what, dazedly persisting, just to seize time!

Lu Ran stood up, looking at that huge, stunningly beautiful face: "We can't guarantee there are no surviving Dust Shadow Flower-Evil Mirror Demon minions on the battlefield.

They might go inform various Divine Mountains."

God Demon minions are different from Human Clan believers, they are created independent entities based on a God Demon background.

After a God Demon perishes, minions are still alive and can cast spells.

This kind of minion is a typical "remnant," killing one means one less.

Lu Ran didn't think Blood Skull minions would go inform.

Because there simply wasn't any Blood Skull Clan presence on the battlefield.

Blood Skull Lord had significant privileges, he didn't spend Origin Energy to create minions, on this Southwest Front, he always fought enemies personally.

As a stone sculpture deity, whether Blood Skull slaughtered enemy troops, or stepped on allied troops, he could directly absorb resources from both sides.

This kind of behavior, caring only about killing to their heart's content, and seeking endlessly, was most probably something the God Demons up and down the Divine Mountain were angry about but didn't dare speak out against.

Otherwise, this situation wouldn't occur.

Therefore, the race possibly going to inform falls naturally on the Evil Mirror Demon minions.

"Hmm..." Jiang Ruyi pondered momentarily.

As early as when Ran Sect soldiers attacked Blood Dust Divine Mountain, they had focused on clearing this clan's minions.

When Lu Ran was exhausted and dazed, Jiang Ruyi wasn't idle, swiftly leading the team to eliminate remnants.

There weren't many Evil Mirror Demon minions at the front, ever since White-patterned Wolf-Blood Disaster Dog and Gold Tassel Elder-Straw Demon stationed in the Divine Mountain, their minions became the main force of the dare-to-die squads.

Additionally, the Faceless Jade Venerable Clan also objectively assisted Ran Sect immensely, frantically slaughtering all living beings.

Jiang Ruyi wasn't one to seek credit or rewards, she knew very well, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't ensure the Evil Mirror Demon Clan's complete extinction.

"Before the God Demons respond, we must acquire as much capital as possible, take down one, and it's a win!" Lu Ran apparently had made up his mind.

The current time is not like the past!

The once united front of the God Demon camp was scattered, each powerful god setting themselves as kings, forming small groups based on their respective mountain peaks and fighting individually.

Yet with the successive breaches of the Eastern, Northeastern, and Northern fronts, numerous gods perished, and the Faceless Jade Venerable thoroughly penetrated the Third Heaven internally.

Such a huge crisis was undoubtedly a catalyst for unity.

This could change the mentality of the God Demons again and again; any tactical adjustment is possible.

Martial Artist is the best example, he has already recalled the Ash team guarding the Southern front and is also urging Nu Ying to shrink the front and rapidly retreat.

"Alright!" Jiang Ruyi nodded lightly, "You stay here to hold the fort and command the overall situation, to prevent any other Divine Mountain forces from attacking, I'll take people to Fengxiang God Mountain."

"Ah?" Lu Ran's expression froze.

Jiang Ruyi calmly analyzed: "We've taken down the Blood Skull, which is excellent negotiation capital, we don't necessarily have to attack Fengxiang God Mountain, I'll try to recruit them first."

"Drink up!" Lu Ran shouted another battle cry.

Jiang Ruyi's words were interrupted, and she looked somewhat helplessly at the little figure on her fingertip.

"Leave some to guard the mountain; we go together!" Lu Ran said sternly.

"Mm... Mm."

Under his serious expression, many words from Jiang Ruyi swallowed back into her stomach.

Lu Ran immediately assigned troops and selected warriors for battle.

If possible, he would rather let Fairy Jiang guard this place, but over at Fengxiang God Mountain, there are, after all, two divine demons, Caster and Ghost Moon Fox.

They both possess the ability to turn invisible!

Lu Ran needs Jiang Ruyi's magic artifact, the stone token, to make Caster and Ghost Moon Fox appear.

Thinking of this pair of divine demons, Lu Ran had another headache. They can predict danger, after all...

Can this trip really fulfill wishes?

...

Within just a few minutes, Lu Ran stood tens of kilometers southwest of Fengxiang God Mountain.

He hid his form, standing in the air beneath the dark clouds, gazing at the towering divine mountain.

The scene before his eyes left Lu Ran a bit stunned.

Fengxiang God Mountain was in ruins, the mountain fractured, rocks crumbled, as if it had recently endured a fierce battle?

At this moment, the Faceless Jade Venerable Clan had already formed a siege around the divine mountain, constantly trying to shatter the mountain body.

Looking around, the battle situation seemed somewhat one-sided!

Lu Ran had visited Fengxiang God Mountain numerous times and knew that the divine demons guarding this mountain consisted of four groups:

Third-class god demon Spiritual Image - Residual Image, third-class god demon Poison Bee - Poison Flower, seventh-class god demon Profound Ape - Black Ape.

And sixth-rank god demon Caster - Ghost Moon Fox.

The first three had already merged, only Caster and Ghost Moon Fox remained alone.

And now...

Where's the poison bee with blossoms on its tail?

Where are the white-haired Caster, the charming White Fox?

Where did the black-haired giant apes go?

Looking at the battlefield, the number of these god demon minions was clearly not large, as if there were no subsequent supplies.

The large Spiritual Image had become the main force.

Lu Ran flashed quickly, observing around Fengxiang God Mountain, without seeing other god demons, only saw a proudly standing stone sculpture at the peak of the mountain - the Spiritual Image!

This...?

He looked up, startled to find only one Black Cloud Vortex left above the mountain!

Lu Ran was a bit stunned.

Did Poison Flower Bee, Profound Black Ape, Caster, and Ghost Moon Fox all fall?

No way!

Lu Ran observed the battlefield again and did not see the presence of the Faceless Jade Venerable's true form. The mountain would not have suffered such casualties without the true form.

Moreover, given Caster and Ghost Moon Fox's skills, Lu Ran didn't believe they would be completely wiped out.

The answer was clear: the other god demons on the mountain had already withdrawn!

They should have gone to seek refuge at other divine mountains.

Lu Ran pursed his lips, flashed, directly drilling into the only Black Cloud Vortex above the mountain.

Centered on the vortex entrance and exit, searching in every direction.

His speculation was again confirmed, He did not find traces of other ambushing god demons.

[Special situation at Fengxiang God Mountain!] Lu Ran immediately transmitted a report to the warriors in the camp, [Only the Spiritual Image is left on the mountain.]

[Only the Spiritual Image?] Jiang Ruyi raised her brow slightly.

[To be exact, it's the combined form of Spiritual Image and Demon Elephant.]

Lu Ran was transmitting while falling from the Black Cloud Vortex, overlooking the battlefield: [Judging by the number of god demon minions, Poison Flower Bee, Profound Black Ape and the like, should have left a while ago.]

Jiang Ruyi analyzed: [Maybe Caster and Ghost Moon Fox sensed impending danger, so they fled early.]

There are many possibilities, but Fairy Jiang pointed out the one that couldn't be ignored.

Perhaps when the Ran Sect warriors attacked Blood Dust Divine Mountain, they were seen by scouts of the stealthy Caster - Ghost Moon Fox.

Though Blood Dust Divine Mountain and Fengxiang God Mountain are quite far apart, they are neighboring in terms of location. It's very possible they're continuously monitoring the dynamics of the Southwest Front.

It could also be that Dust Shadow Flower and Evil Mirror Demon minions reported the information, even the Blood Skull failed, Fengxiang God Mountain certainly had good reason to retreat.

Whatever the reason, withdrawal has been decided.

The only question is: Why did the Spiritual Image not abandon the divine mountain and leave with its comrades?

Don't tell me, Lord Spiritual Image is truly determined to stand and fall with the divine mountain...?

He's quite noble?

Lu Ran's expression was somewhat strange; this is not something typical of god demons.

Or maybe, just go and ask Lord Spiritual Image directly?

Nowadays, I already have the qualification to converse with god demons.

Um... but before asking, I should find that old Cloud Sea subordinate.

Just in case?

...

Chapter 1044: King?

Lu Ran clearly remembered that at the end of October, he once saw a misty scene at the First Heaven-Fengxiang God Mountain.

At that time, not long after the fall of Greedy Wolf-Evil Dog, the God Demon Camp had just initiated the bait plan.

Immortal Sheep specifically told Lu Ran to go to the Demon Cave where Evil God-Ghost Moon Fox resided and see what kind of grotesque beings were lying in ambush.

Lu Ran dared not go.

He didn't even dare to approach the Divine Mountain.

After all, the fused God Demon-Poison Flower Bee could share its vision with Lu Ran once its pollen stained him.

Afraid of being detected, he looked distantly at the divine mountain shrouded in thick fog, then turned away.

Now only the Spiritual Image remains on the mountain, with other God Demon minions declining rapidly, Lu Ran naturally dared to explore thoroughly.

"Xiang Wang, could it be that the mist at the end of October was drawn by you?"

Lu Ran murmured to himself, along with Yan Shuangzi who was also invisible, starting a meticulous search from the Divine Mountain of the Third Heaven and searching down to the First Heaven.

Nothing!

Not a single trace of the Human Clan!

Only massive Spiritual Image minions madly charging, trampling the Faceless Jade Venerable, also getting jade-ified by Jade Venerable minions, and finally shattered into powder.

[Master, I found it!]

[Ah?] Lu Ran was initially stunned, then overjoyed inside, [You found Xiang Wang?]

[Two!]

[Two? Where are they?] Lu Ran suddenly had a moment of doubt about his own abilities.

From the First Heaven to the Third Heaven, Lu Ran crazily searched around the Divine Mountain, not seeing a single Human Clan disciple, yet Yan Shuangzi found two?

[Right under the Spiritual Image Divine Sculpture's feet at the summit of the Third Heaven. The Divine Weapon informed me, it's stepping on two people beneath its front feet.]

Lu Ran: !!!

[Don't... don't act rashly, I'm coming over!] Quickly conveying the command through his mind, he hurriedly flew upwards sticking to the divine mountain.

"Woo~~~"

"Boom!!" Suddenly a group of Spiritual Image minions slammed down heavily.

Lu Ran's reaction was noticeably slower, narrowly escaping with instant teleportation, appearing quite embarrassed.

His physical condition was very poor.

Despite being a Heavenly Realm Power, generally having great assurance in physical and mental capacity.

Yet within half a day, Lu Ran had maneuvered over three divine mountains for tasks, pushing his body to the limit.

Or perhaps, he had long surpassed the limit, with body and mind severely overspent.

Only because the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd was powerful enough and Little Yuanxi's Healing Technique grade was high enough, allowing Lu Ran to keep pushing onward.

Apart from today's march from north to south, just the previous battle was at Thunder God Mountain!

Lu Ran led the team against Dong Ting, Purple Thunder Demon Peng, Martial Artist, and Jade-faced Snake.

How long apart?

Just two or three days!

Eduring from Yan Zhi God Mountain, engaging in combat with God Demon. Earlier on the same day, Lu Ran took part in a life-and-death battle against many God Demons from Huaqing God Mountain.

What intensity of mission is this?

To race against time, to decrease tragedies on lunar December fifteen in the human world...

Lu Ran is truly burning out.

The crowd still in despair, still collapsing, still mourning, paying homage to the fallen gods.

People don't realize that the long-lost Pride of Da Xia, known among the world, is sacrificing everything at an unspoken location for their sake...

It's a pity, the physical body still limited Lu Ran's performance. Only Ran Sect members turned into stone sculptures could follow the Sect Master, biting God Demon like mad dogs.

In the plan, Lu Ran wanted to push through Fengxiang God Mountain in one go.

But reality is harsh.

No matter how he hurried, no matter how he tried not to faint, Fengxiang God Mountain had retreated after all.

Leaving only one Spiritual Image standing.

Clearly, it's not that it couldn't leave, it deliberately stayed here.

What's the situation with the Third-class God-Spiritual Image?

Lu Ran painfully holding his buzzing mind, returned to the summit of the Third Heaven, gazing at the two front feet of the god.

The elephant foot is so enormous, how can it expose the ants of Human Clan beneath?

Lu Ran frowned tightly, slowly flew down, summoning Mountain Lord's Divine Technique·Earth Escape Technique, quietly merging into the mountain body.

"Cough... cough..."

The heavy elephant foot had already left a deep footprint on the ground, and at the center of the footprint, there lay embedded a small Human Clan individual.

One with the qualification to ascend to the Heavenly Realm, strength undisputed.

Even being stepped by God Demon, a Heavenly Realm being relying solely on physical strength could crush the mountain rocks to escape from below.

If nothing else, at least create some breathing and movement space for themselves.

But the disheveled middle-aged man under the elephant foot didn't do so.

He lay prostrate on the ground, closely fitting with the sunken mountain body, firmly embedded within.

He breathed heavily, his face flushed red, even still trying to raise his head...

However, the utmost effort of a small Human Clan was but futile against the power.

"Crack!"

The elephant foot wasn't pushed up by the back of his head, instead, it pressed down another three inches.

The middle-aged man was harshly crushed downward.

The Water Flow Armor provided good protection, keeping the Human Clan from becoming a pool of flesh.

[All these years, you still haven't learned to submit.]

The heavy voice ringing in the man's mind, causing his head to buzz.

[Your companion is far more tactful.]

"Why... why involve others in... our matters?" The man bit his teeth hard, still struggling to stand tall.

[Human Clan, despicable species, deserve death.]

"You got anxious, haha! You're scared! You all... so many died, you too will... die hahahaha!"

[If I were afraid, why would I stay alone here.]

The Spiritual Image voice is thick, like the deep bell in a temple, majestic and enduring.

"You... you have nowhere to go!"

"You want to be a king, you lack strength! Poison Bee, Profound Ape, Ghost Moon Fox all betrayed you!"

"You... dare not follow them to pledge allegiance to Jade-faced Snake, in front of Jade-faced Snake, you can only kneel!"

[Insolence!] Spiritual Image shouted angrily.

"Crack!!"

The elephant's foot descended once more.

The middle-aged man was deeply crushed into the ground, spitting out a mouthful of gravel, yet he kept laughing, "You think you can be king? Your divine minions have abandoned you, knowing your power is lacking!

Beyond this tiny domain, you'd have to kneel everywhere else!

Do you still want dignity? Hahaha! Ahhh..."

The laughter suddenly turned into a scream of agony.

Accompanied by a piercing sound, the middle-aged man's Water Flow Armor shattered with a thunderous crash, his flesh ruthlessly crushed, continuously breaking the ground below.

"You can't even force me to bow!"

With his face pressed into the dirt, his mouth full of dust and gravel, the middle-aged man continued to shout madly, "Yes, kill me! It's the only thing you can do!"

[You won't die so easily.] Accompanied by a deep voice, the elephant's foot cruelly ground back and forth, [Before I die, I will make your wish come true.]

"Death, bring it on! Hahahahaha, I'm hoping for it!"

The middle-aged man laughed loudly, arrogance unmatched even underfoot, "Earlier I was blind, worshiping at your altar, but remember this, Spiritual Image!

Since the day of ascension to the Heavenly Realm, I haven't bowed to you once! Not until my death!

Come, kill me, ahhh...

The rampant laughter turned into a shrill scream.

"Crack! Crack!"

The crisp sound of bones breaking echoed.

The solidity of the rocks was evidently no match for the physical strength of someone from the Heavenly Realm; the man suffered severe injuries, clearly due to Spiritual Image suddenly exerting force.

"Ahhhh..." The man's screams grew louder.

He could have escaped from below, but doing so would be meaningless.

With the Lord God personally overseeing, where could he run to?

From another perspective, to avoid suffering and torture, bowing and yielding might offer some room for negotiation.

This is exactly what Spiritual Image desires.

But this clearly doesn't suit the man's disposition!

He seemed more like he was begging for death, determined to die under Spiritual Image's foot, further proving Spiritual Image's incompetence.

"Yes! Kill me, damn you Spiritual Image, ahhh..."

The middle-aged man's screaming abruptly stopped, his eyes widened suddenly.

The rocks below exploded, a hand suddenly grasped his wrist, and soared out.

"Zzzzz~zzz~"

Thunder and lightning coiled around Lu Ran's feet, his speed astonishingly fast, forcefully breaking a path through the mountain.

At the same time, on the mountain peak, Divine Sculpture of Spiritual Image's eyes changed drastically!

A surge of energy erupted from its back, as if two figures had mounted it?

"Woooo~~~"

The elephant's call was earth-shatteringly loud, shaking the soul.

This was no ordinary elephant call, but the Spiritual Image's Divine Technique: Thunderous Call combined with Demon Elephant's Evil Technique: Soul-Grieving Howl.

Both effects are similar, able to release terrifying sonic attacks.

The sound waves carry a strong spiritual deterrent effect, shaking the hearts and souls of all beings in their path!

Yan Shuangzi, seated atop Spiritual Image, clutching the Demon Prison Lock, froze in mid-air, her gaze becoming vacant.

He Yingcai was completely unaffected, immune to any spiritual output.

Her stone hands pressed down, ten nearly transparent red threads directly adhering to Spiritual Image's back.

As the Divine Sculptures atop the mountain froze, Lu Ran had already grabbed the middle-aged man, darting from below one elephant foot, seizing another man, and charging out of the mountain.

"Boom!"

A hole was opened in the cliff, gravel splattering out.

Lu Ran, holding onto the wrists of two men, flew backward rapidly, looking up at the mountain top.

"Who...who's there?" The disheveled middle-aged man, with a collapsed back, his ragged clothes mixed with gravel and dust, merged into his distorted flesh and blood.

Looking at him made one feel pain.

He opened his eyes groggily, seeing a young man wearing a Blood Crystal Mask.

A youth?

Those eyes were chilling.

"Ah!"

"Ah..." In the next instant, the two men held by Lu Ran screamed simultaneously.

Jiang Ruyi flew out from the gourd, forcibly severing the contract threads of the two men from the height of God Demon.

The pain was inevitable.

But it could save lives!

Compared to believers who self-mutilated and tore up contracts, such pain was already mild and wouldn't degrade their rank.

"Woooo~~~"

Suddenly, the elephant's call reverberated across the sky once more.

Everyone's expressions changed; they looked back in an instant.

On the elephant's back, He Yingcai was dumbfounded! It was her first failure since battling in the Heavenly Realm.

Tangled Silk + Lotus Silk Chaos could disrupt the target's divine power, thus preventing the enemy from casting spells.

However, it must be stated that under Da Xia's Divine Demon System, all control-type divine and evil techniques are soft control.

No exceptions!

Martial Monks, Jade-faced Snakes, only need to slightly activate Purification Skill. With slight releases of Golden Wind, White Mist, soft control techniques would quickly be broken.

Therefore, previously, when Lu Ran led a team to kill Martial Monks, the Domain of Silence was kept open.

Only the Divine Weapon Domain wielded by Lu Ran and Silent Night Blade really counts as hard control!

But at this moment, Lu Ran couldn't afford to use it.

"Boom!"

The already massive Divine Sculpture of Spiritual Image rumbled with rampant divine power, expanding enormously.

The towering mountains continuously collapsed beneath the elephant's feet.

"Ah!" He Yingcai exclaimed, immediately grasping the stiff Yan Shuangzi, quickly retreating backward.

"Woooo~~~"

The elephant's call was deep and resonant, shaking the heavens and earth!

Chapter 1045: Ancient Ferocious Beast

Drifting plum blossoms fell, accompanied by a current of cold air, purifying everything within the domain.

The Xuan Shuang guards always followed Lady Ran Sect closely, and as a result, Lu Ran and the other two middle-aged men also benefited from this.

The threatening elephant cries had become nothing but loud noises, their mental deterrence completely dispelled.

In fact, Lu Ran was not affected by spiritual output at all.

He grabbed the wrists of the two men, transferring black flames to them long ago, healing their injuries.

"Little brother, you... who are you?" The disheveled man stared blankly at the young man with the blood face.

The stone sculptures present were all unfamiliar, not belonging to the ranks of gods and demons.

The young human was obviously in league with this group of stone sculptures, and thinking of the recent rumors of humans slaughtering gods and demons, his identity was easy to guess.

"Uncle, are you really so tough?" Lu Ran looked into the distance at the battle and added, "May I know your esteemed surname?"

"No need for formalities, my surname is Xiang, Xiang Wang!"

Hearing this name, Lu Ran's hand trembled slightly.

He looked down again at the bloodstained man, and a single thought echoed in his mind: You've suffered...

Seeing a part means understanding the whole.

This man, once trampled under the feet of the Spiritual Image, must have endured torment every single moment; how did he survive?

Lu Ran observed him a little more closely this time.

Xiang Wang's physical condition perfectly matched his demeanor, with a tall and sturdy frame and rugged facial contours.

Even though he was covered in blood and dirt, it did not hide his resolute expression.

Especially now, having been rescued from purgatory, as he looked at his fellow young human, a light truly shone in his eyes!

"That's my brother, Xiang Zhuo. May I ask for your esteemed name, little brother..."

Before he could finish, Xiang Wang's pupils suddenly contracted violently.

A terrifying pressure surged forth from the young man's waist, and from the fluttering robe, a stone sculpture flew out?

This stone sculpture grew from small to large, rapidly transforming into a gigantic Divine Sculpture before the three of them.

As soon as the Feng Rao Divine Sculpture appeared, she saw the enormous stone elephant shaking heaven and earth in the distance, and couldn't help but murmur softly: "Xiaolu, my little Master Lu of the Lu Sect...

Should I swallow it whole?"

It wasn't hard to tell that at this moment, the Feng Rao Divine Sculpture was under the control of Bai Rao.

Snake swallowing an elephant?

It sounded quite greedy.

Lu Ran naturally would not make such a request, and sternly commanded, "Bind it tightly, don't let it go wild again. Spray it with Immortal Breath, dissolve it completely!"

"Okay~" Bai Rao replied softly with a charming smile.

The Spiritual Image from the Divine Mountain was trumpeting, its trunk flailing wildly, trying to grab the annoying crawler.

The Evil Shadow Guardian and Divine Color General, both standing at two hundred seventy or eighty meters, were indeed like ants in front of such a prehistoric divine beast.

"Whoo!!"

Wherever the trunk passed, it extended into an even longer and larger phantom trunk.

Divine Technique of the Spiritual Image: Heaven-binding Elephant Nose!

The phantom of the trunk moved like a chain, able to bind enemies from a distance and pull them in front of it.

Whether the Demonic Elephant's Evil Technique: Soul-binding Devil Trunk was mixed in could not be seen with the naked eye. After all, the phantom of the trunk of the Demon Elephant was used to imprison the Dead Soul.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The prehistoric divine beast stomped with its elephant feet, each step shaking the heavens and earth, constantly turning its body.

Compared to the agile trunk, its body appeared clumsy. As the Spiritual Image turned halfway around and looked toward the rear sky, the annoying crawler had already flown far away.

"Hiss!!"

The sudden snake cry brought the entire battlefield to a momentary standstill.

All beings looked up to the sky and saw a White-Scaled Python covering the sky!

Jade... Jade-faced Snake?!

"Gulp." Xiang Zhuo swallowed his saliva, his eyes full of shock.

When such a massive stone sculpture flew out from the robe of the stranger human youth, the Xiang brothers were already stunned.

And when this Divine Sculpture transformed into a White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python with a size of ten thousand meters...

The shock in Xiang Zhuo's heart was beyond measure!

The Jade-faced Snake is the supreme First-class Evil God!

It is undoubtedly the king within the Da Xia God Demon Camp.

Even the leader of the Divine Mountain, the Spiritual Image, had to acknowledge its absolute power.

Because of this, the self-proclaimed supreme and noble Spiritual Image could not lower its high head.

Unable to seek the protection of the Jade-faced Snake like other subordinates, bowing and scraping for favors in her presence.

The recent scene naturally made the brothers realize that this unfamiliar Jade-faced Snake followed the commands of the human young man.

This scene had a profound impact on the Xiang brothers!

The brothers had heard some rumors, knowing that recently, some shameless humans overstepped boundaries, destroying the Divine and Evil Sculptures.

It now seemed that this was more than just a rumor.

This human force was far stronger than imagined.

What kind of magical power did this young human possess...

To make the supreme Jade-faced Snake obey his orders?

The thoughts of the Xiang brothers were in turmoil, while the battlefield did not stop, for the Jade-faced Snake had already attacked.

"Woo~~~"

The prehistoric divine beast let out a loud trumpet, naturally sensing the malice.

After all, the Jade-faced Snake had come from the enemy's camp, not harming the enemy, but instead heading straight for it.

Confusion, fear, anger...

All these emotions ultimately transformed into a gigantic phantom of the Spiritual Image, charging forward with a rumble.

Divine Technique of Spiritual Image: One Elephant Tramples Mountains and Rivers!

The giant phantom elephant galloped through the sky, wherever its feet stepped, divine power surged as if it would rend the void.

"Hiss!"

The prehistoric fierce beast let out a snake cry, its majestic body moving with astounding agility, soaring into the heavens.

The pupils of the snake's eyes contracted into mere vertical slits, sinister and menacing, advancing aggressively.

"You! Do you really think this king is afraid of you?"

A deep voice filled with anger replaced the elephant's trumpet that shook the heavens and earth.

"Boom!!"

The Spiritual Elephant stomped down again, howling into the sky.

In the dark clouds above, one phantom elephant foot after another descended.

The size of the elephant foot was massive, and even more terrifying, their number kept increasing, as if intent on trampling and shattering this world.

Spiritual Elephant Faction's ultimate move · Myriad Phenomena Heaven Pillar!

When the elephant feet land, they shatter mountains and rivers, forming huge shockwaves with vast ranges and astounding power.

If you're not careful and get stepped on by an elephant foot mid-air...

Well, good luck to you.

Before the Myriad Phenomena Heaven Pillar, the small Human Clan, and even stone sculptures of two or three hundred meters, can try to dodge.

But the majestically sized White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python... how can it dodge?

[Switch, let Qifeng take over!] Lu Ran immediately gave the order.

"Puff~"

High above the sky, the ancient fierce beast shattered instantly, turning into dense white mist.

A phantom elephant foot stomped right into the center of the white mist, pushing down forcefully, finally landing in the sea of fog below.

"Boom!!"

The heavens and earth trembled.

Terrifying shockwaves spread out centripetally from the elephant foot.

The nearby God Demon minions were not only toppled but were shattered to pieces by the shockwaves during their flight.

The power of the Spiritual Elephant is terrifying!

Just think about it, to become a leader of a Divine Mountain, how could it be mediocre?

Without Lu Ran's silent control, the Spiritual Elephant truly went wild!

"Swoosh~"

Amid the drifting plum blossoms, the Xuan Shuang Guard supported the lady's waist, nimbly dodging the falling elephant feet from above.

Lu Ran held each of the Xiang family brothers, also swiftly dodging left and right in the air.

"Young brother! We two brothers are burdens, no need to heal us, quickly throw us out!" Xiang Wang shouted loudly.

Throw out?

Lu Ran grinned, wouldn't it be better to put you in the Gourd?

"Watch." A deep voice came from behind the Blood Crystal Mask.

"What?" Xiang Wang was somewhat anxious, not knowing the young man's specific strength, but he was holding the two brothers, obviously limiting him.

"Uncle Xiang, I can't let you two personally cut down the Spiritual Elephant, the conditions don't allow it."

Lu Ran's voice was low as he continued: "But I can let you see how the Spiritual Elephant dies."

Disheveled Xiang Wang stared blankly at the young man.

Not quite sure what he had just heard.

The young man rescuing him was already a huge favor, and now he intends to let him witness the death of the Spiritual Elephant firsthand?

Undeniably, Xiang Wang did indeed hate the Spiritual Elephant bitterly.

But this...

Moreover, this strong and mysterious human clan member, actually called him "Uncle"?

"Tap~"

While Lu Ran was dodging, suddenly a circle of golden ripples spread out from the dense mist in the sky.

In the next moment, a valiant female Martial Monk, wielding a staff, charged out of the mist!

Her movement technique was superb, swiftly tapping her feet in the air, creating circle after circle of golden ripples as she dodged the descending elephant feet and approached the massive Spiritual Elephant aggressively.

In terms of imposing manner, she was no less impressive than the earlier White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python!

"Woo~~~"

The Spiritual Elephant let out a wail, and another phantom Spiritual Elephant charged out.

The technique is clearly called "One Elephant Tramples Mountains and Rivers", yet the phantom elephant trampled mid-air, diagonally charging into the sky.

He Qifeng's eyes were like torches, suddenly erupting with golden light, unexpectedly covering himself with a Golden Body.

This was not the Dharma Protector Golden Body.

But the Martial Monk Faction's ultimate move · Combat Golden Monk!

He Qifeng's hands formed palms, repeatedly pushing down, blasting out massive golden palm imprints, directly attacking the phantom elephant.

"Bang! Bang!"

"Boom!!" In just three palms, the colossal phantom elephant shattered with a roar.

He Qifeng's golden radiance shone brightly, without a hint of hesitation, directly charging into the explosive turbulent air currents.

His forcefulness made Lu Ran's heart tremble!

Goodness gracious...

If I didn't have Instant Teleportation and silence techniques, wouldn't I have been pinned against the wall and beaten by the Wind Emperor by now?

And this scene also completely unsettled the Spiritual Elephant's mind.

Not only because of that Combat Golden Monk shining with golden light!

More so because what emerged from the explosive golden air currents was no longer a Golden Monk, but a sky-covering White Python!

"Hiss!!"

The snake's hiss echoed through the clouds.

The ancient fierce beast coiled rapidly around the ancient divine beast's body, finally wrapping itself around the Spiritual Elephant's head, its blood-red mouth wide open!

The devouring snake mouth fiercely bit into the Spiritual Elephant's head, its sharp fangs piercing inside.

Rich Immortal Breath billowed out from the snake mouth, dissolving the prey under its mouth.

"Ugh." Lu Ran couldn't help but shiver again.

Though it was the giant python rampaging, tightly constricting the giant elephant and tearing at the elephant's head, this scene reminded Lu Ran of other images.

When Bai Rao was in human form, she always liked to crouch, crawl, and follow at my feet.

She would also frequently crawl along my legs, winding her way upwards.

Hmm...better not say anything!

Thanks to Aunt Bai for not strangling me...

...

Chapter 1046: Blood Debt

This is a breathtaking scene.

The White-Scaled Python tightly coils around the giant elephant, biting its head fiercely, its mouth emitting an Immortal Breath that can dissolve all things, determined to erode the elephant's head completely.

The giant elephant constantly struggles, its four legs stomp wildly, its head held high repeatedly.

The long tusks are particularly sharp, attempting to pierce the snake's body, while the flexible and sturdy trunk swings hard, trying to wrap around the back of the snake's head, as if to strangle the enemy.

"Ooh~ ooh~~~"

The muffled elephant trumpeting echoes from the snake's mouth, the Divine Technique·Heavenly Roar, which can shake the hearts of all beings, has no effect under the Purification Technique of the Jade-faced Snake Tribe.

However, this trumpet is not just a skill, but also a precursor to an angry struggle.

Lu Ran's gaze intensifies as he sees one giant elephant foot after another stepping down from the thick dark clouds.

In a situation where they have the advantage, Lu Ran can't let the White Python loosen its grip; he focuses his attention, watching the phantom elephant feet descending from the sky.

One foot, another foot, and yet another foot...

[Immortal Scales!] Lu Ran commands through sound transmission as he sees a phantom elephant foot stepping towards the elephant's back.

The Jade-faced Snake's Evil Technique·Immortal Scales is aligned only with the Martial Monk Faction's Dharma Protector Golden Body!

Bai Rao certainly wouldn't question the Sect Leader's decision; instantly, her white scales burst out with dazzling white light.

A loud "boom!"

The phantom elephant foot stomps heavily on the snake's body, a terrifying shockwave spreads outwards.

This powerful strike doesn't break the Immortal Scales, but it is so forceful that it compacts the giant elephant below, causing its spine to collapse.

"Hiss!!"

The White-Scaled Python screeches sharply, not only crazily eroding the elephant's head in its mouth but also spitting out numerous illusory Immortal Sky Pythons.

Bai Rao, in her transformed giant python form, can exhibit any Evil Technique in its complete form, without needing the support of the Basic Technique·Jade Ruyi.

In other words, the Immortal Sky Pythons she spits should be tangible.

But Lu Ran clearly sees that these pythons are still illusory...

After a brief thought, Lu Ran realizes, Aunt Bai has excellent battle strategy!

A tangible Immortal Sky Python naturally outputs more power and impact, but constrained by the spellcasting environment, a tangible Immortal Sky Python lacks enough starting space.

It can't charge adequately and is likely to be blocked within the python's mouth.

An illusory Immortal Sky Python, however, is entirely different.

Though sacrificing some impact, it can penetrate the elephant's head directly in its illusory form!

"Ooh~~~" The giant elephant cries out mournfully.

The elephant's head, already under constant erosion, is now repeatedly penetrated by the illusory giant pythons; how could it possibly withstand it?

The Spiritual Image struggles in its final moments, attempting to retaliate by producing phantom spiritual elephants to charge at the enemy.

However, the snake's mouth biting above the elephant head causes the forward-charging phantom spiritual elephants to only scratch the python's head slightly in the initial stage, failing to deliver any substantial damage thereafter.

The Spiritual Image, supporting its heavy and clumsy form, tries its utmost to raise its head, with even one phantom spiritual elephant charging straight up towards the dark clouds above at a perpendicular angle to the ground!

The scene leaves one stunned.

Yet the problem is, although the spiritual elephant raises its head, the giant python maintains its posture, continuously gnawing at its top, being naturally pulled backwards...

Such a scene makes one despair.

Even more despairingly, even if the phantom spiritual elephants could fill the damage, making the one python and one elephant bombard each other, the spiritual elephants are still hardly a match for the Jade-faced Snake.

After all, the Jade-faced Snake possesses the unbreakable Evil Technique-Immortal Scales!

Under Lu Ran's constant reminders, the White Python repeatedly meets the elephant foot stomps head-on, without retreating an inch.

It's worth noting, this is while Bai Rao only holds a single Divine Position, whereas the Spiritual Image has merged into a complete state with Double Divine Positions.

The gap between a First-class God Demon and a Third-class God Demon is thoroughly exhibited.

"Haha! Hahaha!" Xiang Wang watches from afar, his laughter immensely contagious.

He had imagined this day would come.

He just hadn't imagined he'd still be alive to witness it with his own eyes.

Even less had he imagined the spiritual elephant would be so tragically ravaged!

Satisfying!

Yes! Smash it, blow it to smithereens!

The Immortal Breath is dense, soon all can no longer see the python's and elephant's heads, yet they still see the elephant's rear and the white python body tightly coiled around the back half of the Spiritual Image's body.

The clumsy elephant feet tap ever more unsteadily, until the towering giant beast finally collapses with a thunderous crash.

The cries of lament grow quieter and quieter.

"Rumble..."

"Uncle Xiang, you two go in first." Lu Ran says while dodging left and right.

Most of his attention is on the God-Demon War, but there are still many spiritual elephant minions in the Third Heaven; they can also transform into giant beasts over three thousand meters in scale, stomping down with elephant feet.

The other soldiers of the Ran Sect are clearing them out, and the battle formation is quite chaotic.

With a thought, Lu Ran sends the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd at his waist flying out, taking the Xiang brothers into it.

He quickly grasps the gourd, and through a pair of Simurgh's Eyes, witnesses another cruel scene.

In the thick fog, the ancient ferocious beast brutally bites down on the shattered elephant head!

[Aunt Bai, you... cancel the Immortal Breath, I'll collect the Divine Soul.]

[Okay~] The soft, charming voice imprinted in his mind contrasts sharply with her ruthless methods.

The Ran Sect warriors are clearing the battlefield on this side, while the Xiang brothers who've entered the gourd are curiously surveying their surroundings.

An invisible force keeps them suspended in mid-air.

There's a faint mist surrounding them; the view is not very clear, and looking down, it's a scene of pervasive mist with particularly astonishing energy fluctuations.

"Brother!" Xiang Zhuo also appears disheveled, but his eyes are ablaze, excitement overflowing on his face.

From hell to heaven, but in just a few minutes.

This mysterious force not only possesses heavenly power, capable of slaughtering gods, but the youth leading it has a particularly good attitude towards the brothers.

Especially towards Xiang Wang!

He even addressed him as "Uncle"?

Xiang Zhuo had been imprisoned by the gods for too long, used to being a slave, knowing well the world's rules. He absolutely doesn't think someone of such power needs to build connections with the two brothers.

"Brother, did you ever help him? Or is there another connection? Just now, when you revealed our family name, the young man's hand noticeably shook." Xiang Zhuo whispers.

Xiang Wang gradually put away his smile.

The scene of the Spiritual Image being slaughtered was enough for him to laugh through his life, and he would often savor it carefully.

But at this moment, he had more important things to do.

"He is too young." Xiang Wang said seriously, shaking his head in denial, "It's unlikely there is a second one in the entire Heavenly Realm, if I had seen one, I would definitely have a deep impression."

Xiang Zhuo: "Then he..."

Xiang Wang pondered, "A trembling hand doesn't explain much. From what it looks like now, he's the human clan rumored to hunt gods and demons.

Since that's the case, seeing us relentlessly oppressed by the gods yet never succumbing, he probably appreciates us more because of it."

Upon hearing this, Xiang Zhuo's expression showed some guilt.

He wasn't as strong-willed as his brother; after so many years of suffering, Xiang Zhuo no longer resisted as fiercely as he did at first.

He had completely accepted his fate.

And his existence was mostly used by the Spiritual Image to deal with his brother, Xiang Wang.

"All these years, you've suffered too many disasters out of nowhere." Xiang Wang said in a deep voice.

Xiang Zhuo remained silent, shaking his head.

The brothers were four years apart, and by the time Xiang Zhuo arrived in the Heavenly Realm, the once glorious Cloud Sea Sect had long been disbanded, with Cloud Sea disciples being crazily suppressed and targeted.

The Heavenly Realm Xiang Zhuo ascended to had been a prison from beginning to end.

The bitterness within was not something that words could easily express.

"Brother owes you!" Xiang Wang placed a hand on his brother's shoulder, "No matter what that young man wants, brother will..."

Before finishing, a figure gradually descended.

"Benefactor!"

"Benefactor!" The brothers' reactions were surprisingly consistent.

"Blood brothers?" Lu Ran looked at the extremely distressed two, but could see a few similarities in their brows.

"Yes!" Xiang Wang clasped his hands together.

"An unexpected harvest." Lu Ran laughed, but his body suddenly swayed.

Xiang Zhuo instinctively reached out to support him, yet found himself frozen in place.

Xiang Zhuo's heart immediately tightened, struggling hard, but his body could only tremble slightly, and a familiar taste welled up in his heart.

Had he come from one dark, sunless prison to another?

"Ugh." With the help of the ribbon, Lu Ran stood in the air, holding his head with one hand.

Lu Ran felt quite unwell, in the Sculpture Garden where the Blood Skull Evil Sculpture was still buzzing, he felt mentally exhausted, almost disoriented enough to fall asleep.

Previously, when the stone sculpture resonated in his mind, he would absolutely not be able to sleep.

"Benefactor, a great favor cannot be thanked with words, as long as you can use me..." Xiang Wang stopped once more.

The youth suddenly raised his hand, making a gesture to stop, and rubbed his temple with the other:
"What benefactor? If I call you uncle, what should you call me?"

Xiang Wang: "..."

Xiang Zhuo: "..."

Call him... nephew?

That doesn't sound right!

Isn't this mysterious youth a bit too easygoing?

"Tsk." Lu Ran's hand fell from his forehead, touching the ribbon at his waist, "Can't recognize it?"

Xiang Wang stared blankly at the Immortal Ribbon.

Sometimes like smoke or mist, sometimes like soft light gauze.

It seems to be... seems to be?

"What about this?" Lu Ran drew a Heavenly Star Sword from his waist.

"This is!" Xiang Wang's eyes suddenly widened.

His younger brother Xiang Zhuo was puzzled, not understanding why his brother was so emotional.

"Whew~" The Sword Spirit emerged, a breathtaking phantom of a woman standing by the youth's side.

"Master Qiao, Master Qiao!"

Xiang Wang said tremblingly, his excited body shaking, his majestic body collapsing like a golden mountain, kneeling down.

This time, Little Blazing Phoenix did not stop him.

It was hard to imagine that this man, who would never submit under the feet of the gods, would be so respectful in front of a Sword Spirit.

The phantom Qiao Wanjun had a complicated look in her eyes, looking at the bloodstained man, she gently sighed in her heart.

She restrained her emotions, signaling to the youth at her side: "My child."

Xiang Wang suddenly turned his eyes, looking at the mysterious youth.

He then realized why this young leader's hands trembled before, and why he was so close and easygoing.

So, was the matter of slaying gods and demons done by the descendants of Master Qiao?

So it was,

Just as it should be!!

"Hahaha! Hahahahahaha!" Xiang Wang suddenly burst into laughter, raising his hand to his head, grabbing his disheveled hair.

The sky that Master Qiao couldn't pierce, now the young master attempts with the sword again!

The blood feud planted by the gods and demons back then, now avenged by the young master one by one!

Just as it should be!

Satisfying...

"Hahahahaha!" Xiang Wang's laughter grew louder.

Laughing until his throat was hoarse.

Laughing until two lines of clear tears flowed down his bloodstained face.

Like a madman.

Like a new god.

...

Chapter 1047: Approaching Storm?

Lu Ran, burned out completely.

Since the end of the Winter Moon, the overly intense assignments left him physically and mentally exhausted.

The battles that drained him the most were undoubtedly against the Martial Monk and the one with the Blood Skull.

In these two critical battles, Lu Ran, wielding the Silent Night Blade, altered the rules of the world, and it took a long time, even with various healing and sustaining methods, it was difficult to alleviate his extreme exhaustion both in body and mind.

After descending three mountains in half a day, Lu Ran was in a daze, often feeling dizzy.

As if he might collapse at any moment.

He forced himself to handle as many affairs as possible, but eventually, he fell asleep.

However, in the Sculpture Garden, the Evil Sculpture of Blood Skull kept buzzing loudly! So it was not that Lu Ran fell asleep, but he passed out.

With the Master of Ran Sect down, the Lady of Ran Sect naturally took over the sect.

Fairy Jiang had formidable capability and methods, stationed within the Black Cloud Vortex above the Blood Dust Divine Mountain, she oversaw everything.

Days went by, and in the blink of an eye, it was already the ninth of the twelfth lunar month.

Inside the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, Lu Ran lay limply atop a huge Firefly Cage, and his body suddenly showed some reaction.

"Mm..." Lu Ran furrowed his brow, holding his forehead with one hand, his eyes wandering as he looked around.

"Brother, you're awake~" A playful voice came, then the lantern was lifted.

Just at that moment, an emerald green light point burst from the Firefly Cage, enveloping Lu Ran's small body, nourishing his spirit.

It truly made him feel entirely comfortable!

Lu Ran stifled a groan, got up: "What day is it... Ah! What date is it?"

"I don't know, there's no sunrise and sunset here." Qiao Yuansi lifted the lantern in front of her eyes, "How's dad?"

Lu Ran shook his head, the Evil Sculpture of Blood Skull was still buzzing, causing him endless trouble: "Everything seems normal, it should be going smoothly."

Qiao Yuansi whispered: "When... do we tell mom? When do we reunite with her?"

Lu Ran pondered: "Reuniting should be soon, but let's not mention the revival for now, wait until everything is settled."

He certainly trusted the Immortal Sheep, but no one could ensure that the defiant act of reviving a Dead Soul could continue smoothly.

Lu Ran thought it shouldn't be mentioned to his mother in advance.

Hope is something too cruel.

If something unfavorable happens, let the harm stop at the siblings.

Don't hurt mother anymore.

But speaking of which, weren't mom and dad already divorced?

Lu Ran's expression grew peculiar, his hand falling to his waist: "You didn't tell her, right?"

The energy of the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit surged, soaking into his palm: "You specifically instructed, I won't say a word."

"That's good." Lu Ran floated alone, looking at the mist below, discovering that the stone sculptures in the Divine Power Lake had disappeared.

The warriors all advanced successfully?

"Blazing Phoenix, where is outside?" After several inquiries, Lu Ran flew out of the gourd's mouth.

"Awake?" A cold voice drizzled from the night sky above.

Lu Ran looked up, seeing a distinctive splendid Milky Way, realizing this was the Demon Cave's Galaxy Bay.

He also saw a cold and charming stone face.

Visible to the naked eye was that the cold visage gradually warmed, the gaze softening: "Feeling better?"

"Argh!" A certain person's battle roar did disturb the atmosphere.

The Evil God looked helplessly at the tiny human in her palm, giving him a gentle roll of her eyes.

"What day is it today?"

"The ninth of the twelfth lunar month."

"Ninth?" Lu Ran looked shocked, "I... I slept for nearly a week?"

"It's alright, I am here." Fairy Jiang spoke softly, bringing great comfort to Lu Ran.

He half-knelt, placing a hand on her palm, gently stroking: "Mm."

Jiang Ruyi softly spoke: "During the days you were recuperating, the warriors successively devoured Divine Souls..."

As she briefly recounted, Lu Ran got the gist of it.

In the two or three days after Lu Ran passed out, the warriors of Ran Sect seized the corresponding Divine Positions one after another.

Yin Yan stepped onto the Mountain Lord's tiger head, striding into the God Demon Forest; Deng Yuxiang ascended over the corpses of North Wind and Night Charm.

Lu Yuan and Qin Yanzhi respectively devoured the Divine Souls of Evil Mirror Demon and Dust Shadow Flower.

"I didn't let Lu Yuan and his apprentice merge again, henceforth, they will exist in the world as individuals with separate Divine Positions." Speaking of these two, Jiang Ruyi explained her decision.

"Yes, that's how it should be." Lu Ran nodded repeatedly.

It's undeniable that the techniques of Dust Shadow Flower and Evil Mirror Demon are comprehensive, combining them would naturally enhance combat power.

But the issue is, Ran Sect does not lack 'War Gods'!

Protector, Heavenly Emperor, Divine General, Heavenly General...

Looking across the sect's various sequences, majestic, bloodthirsty gods and demons abound.

But there are only two Teleporters!

Lu Ran wished he could split the two into four, how could he unite a master and his apprentice into one?

He wholeheartedly agreed with the Lady of Ran Sect's decision.

Additionally, Xiang Zhuo... Jiang Ruyi suddenly switched to voice transmission.

The fate of brothers Xiang Wang and Xiang Zhuo was somewhat different.

Before Lu Ran passed out, he discussed with Jiang Ruyi, and ideally, with Spirit Elephant-Demon Elephant stone sculptures present in the Sculpture Garden, the brothers could become inheritors of these sculptures, merge into one, and swallow a Divine Position.

Yet, under Jiang Ruyi's suggestion, the younger brother Xiang Zhuo did not inherit the stone sculpture temporarily.

Xiang Zhuo wasn't a member of the former Cloud Sea.

Of course, with his elder brother Xiang Wang, Lu Jiang trusts this younger brother, but Jiang Ruyi still held Xiang Zhuo back.

Lu Jiang, these two leaders, explained to the brothers that they had another arrangement for Xiang Zhuo and held high hopes for him.

At present, the Ran Sect indeed requires manpower.

The stone sculptures in the Sculpture Garden lack autonomy, and only with the inheritance by the Human Clan can the maximum battle strength be unleashed on the battlefield!

Thus, the elder brother Xiang Wang alone inherited the Evil Sculpture-Demon Elephant.

Later, during Lu Ran's fainting, Jiang Ruyi dispatched soldiers to transfer a large amount of Origin Energy to Xiang Wang, helping him ascend to the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm, to then devour the Divine Soul of the Spirit Elephant.

The Divine Spirit Elephant had already a complete Divine Position, by this means, Xiang Wang also became a complete God.

The younger brother Xiang Zhuo, meanwhile, served by the Lady of the Ran Sect, ready for orders.

[Xiang Zhuo is not bad.] Jiang Ruyi transmitted, [More reserved than his elder brother, with a steady disposition and full of reverence, he could be of great use.]

Those who can ascend to the Heavenly Realm usually have superior combat skills.

Thus Jiang Ruyi did not mention this, another point she did not mention was whether this person was loyal and reliable, whether he was willing to follow his elder brother to jointly serve the Ran Sect.

Since Jiang Ruyi gave such an assessment, this most critical criterion, Xiang Zhuo naturally passed.

Lu Ran, of course, trusted his girlfriend's judgment.

Apart from her keen insight, the Third-rank Magical Artifact·Phoenix Dignity of Nine Heavens Robe alone was an entity that no beings below the Heavenly Realm could deceive.

Your thoughts, your fundamental character, including that elusive heart unique to the Human Clan...

The Lady of the Ran Sect just needed a few words, and everything would be clear.

[Ruyi, which stone sculpture do you think is best for him to inherit?] Lu Ran inquired about the lady's opinion.

At this time in the Sculpture Garden, some of the stone sculptures had already devoured divine souls and had become real Gods!

Jiang Ruyi pondered: [Let's wait until Xiang Zhuo returns and ask his opinion.]

[Where did he go?]

[I ordered the Evil Shadow Guardian to temporarily sign a Master-Servant Contract with Xiang Zhuo, for the past few days, Xiang Zhuo and Shadow Five have been observing the movements of the God Demon Camp.]

[Shadow Five?] Lu Ran then remembered the Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak, Wang Hanchuan.

That's right, just when waking up in the gourd, he hadn't heard the miserable cries of Wang Hanchuan.

Jiang Ruyi slightly lowered her eyes, signaling below.

Lu Ran flickered to the edge of her palm, peeking down.

It was only his excellent eyesight that allowed him to see the tiny Human Clan kneeling by the foot of the God from two to three hundred meters above.

"He figured it out." Jiang Ruyi looked at her feet, as her gaze moved away from Lu Ran, she returned to her expressionless state.

And as the gaze of the Lord God enveloped down, the former Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak lowered his head even more.

The Phoenix Soul Brand only took a few days to discipline this Heavenly Realm mighty into a faithful servant.

Wang Hanchuan certainly still had his thoughts and consciousness, but he no longer possessed his own will.

Dare not have the slightest thought of resistance or act of defiance.

Not even the idea of suicide or liberation could exist, just thinking about it was truly despairing.

Regarding this, the Lady of the Ran Sect was very satisfied.

The essential character of Wang Hanchuan and Xiang Zhuo was worlds apart; without the control of the Phoenix Robe, she wouldn't have let Wang Hanchuan live on, let alone talk about joining the Ran Sect.

There wasn't a need to add potential threats unnecessarily.

But she possessed this powerful Phoenix Robe, and naturally had to make the best use of it.

Jiang Ruyi continued, "He is now Shadow Five, and the Evil Shadow Guardian has also signed a Master-Servant Contract with him.

In recent days, he has performed well, bringing back much valuable information."

"What response does the God Demon Camp have?" Lu Ran said in a low voice.

"Most of their strongholds are deserted now, and the Gods and Demons are gathering forces, forming two groups."

"Oh?"

"Led by the Jade-faced Snake at the Gold Jade Divine Mountain, and the Martial Artist at the Pear Garden Divine Mountain, there are many Gods and Demons, and both factions are quite strong, relying on each other, forming a power group."

Lu Ran pursed his lips and nodded silently.

The Gold Jade Divine Mountain is located at the very center of the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, while the Pear Garden Divine Mountain is towards the Central South, considered adjacent.

In Lu Ran's mind, he quickly went over the approximate strong Gods present at the two Divine Mountains:

First-class God Demon Jade-faced Snake, Martial Artist, Yin Flower Dan; Second-class God Demon Ash (Fisherman), Sky Phoenix, Paper Simurgh; Third-class God Demon Dragon Carp, Mo Li, Poison Bee (Poison Flower), Melted Bear (Ash Destruction Demon)...

These are just the strong Gods.

In addition, there are other Gods and Demons with lower ranks but strong functionality—indeed an unignorable force.

"The other power group is the Northwest clique led by Qiang Xiu and the Evil Spear Emperor." Jiang Ruyi said softly, "The Northwest has many soldiers and generals, and their strength is more formidable."

Lu Ran nodded in acknowledgment, aware of the terror of the Northwest Gods and Demons.

First-class God Demon Qiang Xiu, Evil Spear Emperor; Second-class God Demon West Desolation, Barbaric Female Demon; Third-class God Demon Huang Que, Nine Nether Bird, Qian Gu (White Bone Staff), Dry Sea (Sand River Doll).

From the number of strong Gods, it is about equivalent to the Gold Jade Divine Mountain + Pear Garden Divine Mountain.

But the Northwest power also has many powerful Gods and Demons not in the forefront.

For example, the number one output of the God Demon Camp—Lie Tian!

And also that deeply hidden old fox—Spiritual Fortune!

Who would categorize these two as Weak Gods?

"West Desolation has already abandoned the western front and retreated to the Northwest, the entire Northwest power is contracting."

"Contraction...Have neither of the two forces come to the Blood Dust Divine Mountain these past few days?" Lu Ran suddenly said.

"They should know everything, kept sending lackeys to probe, but did not launch a strong attack."

Upon mentioning this, Jiang Ruyi's expression turned increasingly cold: "It seems the death of the Martial Monk, especially the death of the Blood Skull, woke them up completely, now they act very cautiously."

You could contact Aunt Qiao; at times like this, Sword One should be a key target for both sides, maybe you can find out some movements behind the Gods and Demons.

They might be plotting something!"

Lu Ran's expression was grave, lightly gripping the sword handle: "Hmm."

...

Chapter 1048: Old Friends of the Cloud Sea

[Mom, do you have time?]

A sudden heart thought caused the woman in a white dress on Sword One Divine Mountain to slowly open her eyes.

Her eyes, like a deep cold pool, rippled lightly: [Tired, aren't you?]

[Uh... still okay.]

[The Sword Spirit said you worked hard and fainted from exhaustion.]

[Indeed a bit aggressive, but speed is the key in war! I also wanted to gather more leverage before the negotiation with the God Demon Camp on the fifteenth of the twelfth lunar month.] The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit mimicked a child's tone, sounding a bit shy.

On the fifteenth day of the winter month, the God Demon Camp tried to force the mysterious Human Clan through countless tragedies in the human world.

It resulted in the Ran Sect's frantic retaliation!

Completely changing the structure of the Three Realms.

[Accidentally exerted too much force and slept for six or seven days...] The Sword Spirit's voice grew smaller.

Though it didn't mimic perfectly, Qiao Wanjun could imagine her child's mutterings.

But this time, the child didn't manage to make her laugh.

Qiao Wanjun silently lowered her eyelids, overlooking the chaotic battlefield below.

For Ran Sect to successfully complete the task, Qiao Wanjun surely played an indispensable role; she pressed Sword One, even sought to win Sword One over.

Such a crucial move was strategically valuable for the future development of Ran Sect.

But Qiao Wanjun didn't think she did enough, especially when she heard the nearly heartbroken voice of the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit, saying the child passed out...

[Mom? Are you still there?]

[She wants to see you.] Qiao Wanjun suddenly said.

[Who?]

[Sword One.]

"Sword One." Within the Demon Cave Galaxy Bay, Lu Ran murmured thoughtfully, "Alright, I'll head over as soon as possible."

The day of showdown is almost here, Lord Jian Yi's decision is, of course, extremely critical.

Must strive to win her over.

After making up his mind, Lu Ran looked up at his Evil God girlfriend.

Qiao Wanjun communicated quietly with the Sword Spirit, whereas Lu Ran had been conversing with the Cloud Sea Sword.

Jiang Ruyi naturally heard it all and analyzed: "It seems you've obtained the Blood Skull and gained Sword One's approval."

Lu Ran nodded: "I'll have a look! By the way, now that I'm back, you should also consume the Jade Talisman Divine Soul, will you enter the gourd?"

Once the Divine Position is complete, Jiang Ruyi's physical strength and various attributes naturally can be elevated, and the study of merging the Jade Talisman Divine Skill and the Ghost Talisman Evil Technique can begin.

The strength increase will be significant.

"Mm, alright." Jiang Ruyi slightly turned her head toward the Xuan Shuang Guard, "You continue guarding this place, everyone on Divine Mountain is temporarily under your command."

"Yes, Lady." Leng Xushuang bowed with lowered head.

Afterward, Jiang Ruyi picked up the Rebirth Money given by Lu Ran, her figure continuously shrinking.

Just after entering the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, she suddenly sent a message: [Don't you have anything left to say to the Jade Talisman?]

[No.] A solitary word, cold and heartless.

Whenever related to the Jade Talisman, Lu Ran always showed a particularly cold side, which was rare.

Consequently, Jiang Ruyi's eyes also turned cold as she activated the Rebirth Money to release the Divine Soul within.

"Jiang... Disciple, wait! I still have important information... stop, stop!!" The dead soul's tone went from flattering to urgent, then to a desperate scream.

Unfortunately, they were separated by two realms.

The expressionless Fairy Jiang couldn't hear Lord God's despairing cries.

The powerful Divine Soul would only serve as a stepping stone for her to ascend to the supreme Divine Position.

Several minutes later, in the northern part of the Third Heaven.

Lu Ran, hiding invisibly, held a delicate golden pouch, standing twenty kilometers south of Sword One Divine Mountain.

He unexpectedly found that Sword One Divine Mountain not only carried drifting frost and snow, but below the mountain, thin wisps of mist swirled.

What is that...?

Lu Ran blinked as he noticed at the foot of the mountain stood a distinct humanoid stone sculpture.

Other humanoid stone sculptures had indistinct features, but this one had no features at all!

In terms of shape, it... well, he seemed to mimic a male.

He was tall and slender, with long hair draped over his shoulders, wearing a wide robe made of white mist, emitting a holy glow, surrounded by lingering mist.

His overall presence was akin to a "Misty Immortal."

The lack of facial features only added to his mystery.

Ninth-level God·Holy Mist?

Lu Ran hadn't interacted much with this god, but he was very familiar with its demonic side—the Fog Shadow Man!

These weak Evil Demons often invaded Rain Alley Town, leaving a deep impression on Lu Ran.

Why has the Holy Mist come to Sword One Divine Mountain?

Seeking refuge?

The key is, did Lord Jian Yi really take it in?

This clearly wasn't Sword One's style... probably Mother had a hand in this.

Lu Ran looked down toward the battlefield, indeed spotting a few large-bodied white mist figures among Sword One's minions.

It seems that the Ninth-level God Demon Holy Mist - Fog Shadow Man has already merged into one.

The Holy Mist minions were also donned in flowing white mist robes, emanating a faint white mist, providing slight healing effects to Sword One's minions.

Lu Ran flew around the Divine Mountain and on the north side saw a different world.

Here, there was no trace of mist, but there were silver-white flower leaves gently falling.

Ninth-level God Demon-Cold Silver Flower - Moon Laurel?

This group of God and Demon had also merged into one, and the minions formed a beautiful scenery.

Row upon row of Moon Laurel trees were stunningly beautiful, their branches full with Cold Silver Flowers resembling full moons.

Goodness~

Sword One truly was magnanimous, taking in two of the lowest-level God and Demon.

On the other hand, the mountain top and below were like two different worlds.

The peak was peaceful, while below the mountain was incredibly chaotic, with swords weaving, petals and mist drifting.

It's clear, Lord Sword One truly loves tranquility!

Not even the Faceless Jade Venerable Clan flies up the mountain anymore! They wisely engage in battle below, drawing upon the Dead Souls of the God Demon Minions right where they stand.

Their behavior seemed as if they feared angering Lord Jian Yi, worried she might personally act and reclaim all the resources...

"These two Gods and Demons are weak and have no support; they've come seeking protection from Lord Jian Yi," Cloud Sea Sword Spirit suddenly spoke up, "Jian Yi's attitude remains unchanged—cold and indifferent, ignoring them."

Lu Ran: "..."

They certainly were without support!

Moon Laurel and Cold Silver Flower originally belonged to the Star Moon Divine Mountain, whose leaders such as Star Official and Moon Spirit were destroyed by your son...

Sword Spirit: "I exchanged a few words with Lord Jian Yi; she neither agreed nor opposed, so I stepped forward to keep the Holy Mist and Cold Silver Flower."

Indeed, the Ninth-level God Demons were truly humble.

Practically like dogs without a home.

The forces of the Northwest and Central South should be recruiting heavily, yet in this situation, both forces disdain to even glance at them?

Of course, it can't be excluded that the two have decided to pledge allegiance to the strongest God.

Lu Ran's heart stirred: "Could they be spies sent by the other two forces?"

"I had them display their God and Demon Residue, and questioned their pasts; they should be clean."
Sword Spirit relayed Qiao Wanjun's words, "And besides, even if they were before, they won't be in the future."

Before Lu Ran could say anything, Qiao Wanjun spoke again:

"If Ranran doesn't like them, I'll cut them down."

Lu Ran's mouth formed an O shape!

So ruthless?

For a moment, Lu Ran almost thought he was conversing with Lord Immortal Sheep.

No, that's not right!

Lord Immortal Sheep's voice was deep, often accompanied by a cold sneer, sending shivers down the spine.

Whereas mom's voice is pleasant to the ear~

Moreover, her coldness is toward Gods and Demons, whereas to me, isn't this love... Well, perhaps a bit doting.

To execute Gods and Demons, she said she would...

"No need, no need!" Lu Ran quickly replied, "This is fine, the Sword One Divine Mountain accepting Gods and Demons is a good signal."

[Yes.] At the Divine Mountain Peak, Qiao Wanjun nodded gently with satisfaction.

She thought so too.

That's why she personally stepped forward to take in the Gods and Demons.

Clearly, the child has grown considerably, even if still holding deep-seated resentment towards the Gods and Demons, he understands the wisdom of his actions.

[Follow me.] As Qiao Wanjun's thoughts transmitted, she sensed an Energy Fluctuation beside her.

Qiao Wanjun slowly turned and walked toward the mountain.

Lu Ran followed closely, soon spotting a narrow entrance.

The two walked one after the other into the tunnel, suddenly, Qiao Wanjun's naturally lowered hand brushed against a sword hilt.

The residual warmth of his palm still lingered on it.

But quickly, in her cold palm, the warm sword hilt crystallized with a thin layer of Frost Snow.

"Buzz~" The Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword suppressed its surging emotions, gently humming.

Qiao Wanjun lowered her head, extending two slender fingers to softly stroke the blade: "At last."

"Buzz!" The Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword could no longer contain its excitement, trembling more and more violently.

"I will first take him to talk with Lord Jian Yi." Qiao Wanjun said in a low voice.

Only then did the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword gradually calm down.

Qiao Wanjun habitually wore the sword at her waist, saying, "Let's go."

As her words just fell, another small money pouch was handed into her grasp.

The Third Heaven is inherently dark, the long and narrow mountain tunnel even blacker, yet the dark golden money pouch emitted a faint gleam.

Qiao Wanjun furrowed her brow slightly: "Ranran..."

Her words abruptly halted.

Using the glow of the dark gold, Qiao Wanjun saw inside the money pouch, filled with little Stone Sculpture figures.

Each upturned face appearing both strange and familiar.

"Sect... Sect Master!" Yan Chou spoke with a trembling voice.

The man, over forty, instantly reddened his eyes, looking at the one whom countless Cloud Sea Sect disciples deeply revered and also dearly missed.

"Master Qiao!" The Leng siblings and Wuya respectfully knelt in reverence, gazing up at the massive face overshadowing the pouch opening.

"Sect Master!" A sincere smile graced the weathered face of Huangfu Zhao.

"Hahaha! Sect Master!" Xiang Wang raised both hands high, waving repeatedly, bursting out in laughter.

The laughter wasn't as mad as before, containing only pure joy.

Infecting everyone around.

"Yes." Qiao Wanjun's voice was small and soft, that resilient yet utterly cold heart unexpectedly filled with a pang of sorrow.

Friends of old.

After so many years apart, seeing these figures once more made her hand holding the pouch tremble ever so slightly.

The last meeting... it felt like a lifetime ago.

Qiao Wanjun closed the pouch, holding the small money pouch in her palm, then turned, with the light from the Blood Crystal Mask, gently gazed into her child's eyes.

"There is a woman you might not know; she is Uncle Zheng Qingshan's wife, named Yin Yan."

Qiao Wanjun raised her hand, gently touching Lu Ran's face, her eyes filled with complexity, her thumb brushing repeatedly across the uneven Blood Crystal Mask.

"I'm sorry, but these are all I have." Lu Ran spoke in a muffled voice.

"Yes." Qiao Wanjun's face hidden behind the veil forced a faint smile.

It was strained.

And bitter.

She slowly stepped closer, gently embracing Lu Ran, her thin lips nearing his ear, whispering with icy words:

"There won't be many Gods and Demons left either."

"Buzz!!!"

The Third-tier Divine Weapon at Qiao Wanjun's waist, the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword, suddenly trembled violently.

In the sky thick with clouds, Fog Dragon Rolls howled downward.

...

Chapter 1049: The Sword One Pact

"Go." Qiao Wanjun placed one hand on her waist, gripping the sword hilt.

The Divine Weapon had entered its upgrade mode, and naturally, she had to focus her attention and couldn't accompany Lu Ran to meet Sword One.

"I'll go with you," Lu Ran said directly.

"Go." Qiao Wanjun's voice was slightly colder, commanding, "Don't keep the Lord waiting."

Lu Ran: "..."

Alright then~

He brushed past his mother and headed into the tunnel.

In this foggy darkness where one couldn't see their hand in front of their face, others could see nothing, but Lu Ran could see everything clearly.

Upon exiting the tunnel, it was a stone chamber, neither large nor small.

The stone chamber was secluded, as if all the chaos and disturbances were isolated outside, even time seemed frozen here.

Lu Ran knew it was his illusion, but he couldn't help it; the woman standing inside was too quiet, too cold.

That slender figure was tall and upright, in a snow-white long dress without any patterns or decorations, its long skirt hem drifting like frost mist on the ground, unstained by a single speck of dust.

The extreme cold aura made Lu Ran feel like he was looking at a meticulously carved ice sculpture.

It was a kind of beauty that dared not breed any profane thoughts.

Her pitch-black long hair cascaded down her back, also across her neck, further accentuating her cold white translucent skin, creating a stark contrast with the surrounding rough stone walls.

She stood there quietly, with eyes lowered, seeming like a cold lake, tranquil and undisturbed.

Just as Lu Ran felt, extremely cold, extremely still.

Suddenly, she slightly raised her eyelids, and despite lacking the ability to see through the fog, she accurately located the newcomer.

Even intertwining gaze with Lu Ran.

"Lu Ran, son of Qiao Wanjun, greets Lord Sword One."

Lu Ran clasped his hands together and, unusually, kneeled, performing a grand gesture: "Thank you, Lord, for rescuing my mother's life and protecting me and my sister."

Once the words fell, the stone chamber returned to stillness.

Sword One stood silently, as if quietly sensing something amidst the pervasive fog, her voice gently emerged:

"Much more respectful than last time."

"Last time?" Lu Ran lifted his gaze towards the snow-white-dressed woman.

During those years in Beijing, his mother often took him and Little Yuanxi to Jiantianque City for pilgrimage and worship.

But in terms of a truly meaningful last time, it should be that year in high school at the God Worship Platform?

Undeniably, Lu Ran was there for the Jade Talisman Sect.

However, pressured by the Yan Paperman, any divine descent would have made him follow.

"You do not believe in gods," Sword One said lightly.

Lu Ran hesitated for a long time, in the end saying nothing.

The Immortal Sheep had also mentioned similar words: "When have you ever believed in gods?"

However, the Sheep General didn't care whether Lu Ran revered the gods and clearly expressed:

"You believe in vengeance, believe in cause and effect, that's enough."

Now it seems, Lu Ran's disbelief and irreverence objectively exists.

No matter how he argues, even if he sincerely believes he has faith in the divine, in his subconscious, in the deepest part of his heart, he's not a devout believer.

Why is it this way?

A youth trained from childhood, continuously indoctrinated by family, school, and society with the ideology of venerating gods, can only become increasingly devout, with ingrained thoughts, why would anything go awry?

Is it because... that thunderstorm night?

"Ha." Lu Ran lowered his head, chuckling softly.

Seems like it is.

No matter how much he salvages, even if he could revive his deceased father, it seems it's irreparable.

Now it appears that his father's death had nothing to do with his bravado saying "grown up, no longer afraid of thunder."

Lu Xing definitely was going to die.

That was a means for the God Demons to coerce Qiao Wanjun into submission.

Yet even knowing everything, why can't he still let go?

Hmm... if you can't walk away, then you can't.

Why force it?

The youth trapped in that thunderstorm night can always reside in his heart, reminding him of the path before.

The stone chamber exudes strands of coldness, awakening the contemplative young man.

Lu Ran said deeply, "If Lord Sword One could lend me a hand, unite the God Demon Camp, and join forces to resist the foreign invasion, I would surely respond sincerely.

All beings would also be grateful, sung for ages."

"How did you seize the Blood Skull?"

"Domain of Silence," Lu Ran truthfully replied, "I altered the rules of that world, prohibiting Blood Skull from casting spells."

Sword One lowered her eyes, as if her gaze could truly penetrate the dense fog to see the youth there:
"That blade is in Lady Nu Ying's hands."

Lu Ran nodded and said: "I first challenged Lady Nu Ying, after sparring with her, I fortunately received Lady Nu Ying's recognition and she broke the Chi Ji blade and gifted the domain to me."

Sword One was silent for a long time before softly speaking: "Since her birth, only one kind of existence has gained her recognition."

"Who?"

"Faceless Jade Venerable."

Lu Ran: "..."

It's often said those who know you best might be your enemies.

Now it seems, those who recognize you the most might also be your enemies.

Their positions simply differ, unable to drink and rejoice together.

But it doesn't interfere with mutual respect on certain levels?

"You're indeed very similar to the Jade Venerable." Sword One's cold words were clear to the ear,
"Rising from the dust, aspiring to shake the heavens."

Lu Ran frowned slightly: "Did the Faceless Jade Venerable once have a lowly status like us humans?"

Sword One did not respond.

The stone chamber fell into another prolonged silence.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour, perhaps half an hour.

The descending fog dragon roll gradually dissipated, transforming the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword into a fourth-tier divine weapon.

"Lord Jian Yi," came another cold voice from the tunnel entrance.

Qiao Wanjun picked up the longsword, standing respectfully at the stone chamber entrance.

In the darkness, Jian Yi glanced at the woman, then followed the faint blood-red glow to look at the young man: "What outcome do you seek with all this?"

Lu Ran staggered to his feet, looking directly into Jian Yi's pitch-black eyes, and said in a deep voice:

"Cloud Sea Dust clear, eternal peace."

Jian Yi did not reply, only raising his hand to the side.

Qiao Wanjun understood and stepped forward to offer respectful greetings, presenting the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword with both hands.

Jian Yi did not take the sword; instead, her cold jade fingers brushed over the blade, sensing the divine weapon's gentle hum beneath her touch.

"With Lord Jian Yi's assistance, the Ran Sect could swiftly quell the wars of the Three Realms, unite the God Demon Camp, and collectively repel foreign enemies, sparing the human world much suffering,"

Lu Ran spoke in a grave tone and continued: "Lord Jian Yi's contribution would be immeasurable, her name etched in history, revered and praised by the human clan for generations."

Jian Yi remained expressionless, her long fingers resting on the cold blade, eyes lowered.

Revered for generations.

Indeed, what the gods, since descending to the world, most desire from the human clan.

It's no wonder the young man from the human clan would say such things.

But, it's hard to convince a god who has become utterly weary with such words.

The endless cycle of unchanging power shifts, unchanging struggles for interest.

Regardless of time and place, it's always the same noise.

Even the humble creatures starting from the smallest, striving defiantly to shake the heavens, seem the same.

Another cycle.

"My lord..." Qiao Wanjun softly spoke, trying to say something for the youth.

Jian Yi's slender jade finger pressed gently down on the sword's surface.

Qiao Wanjun quickly supported the sword with both hands and shut her mouth.

However, this act prompted Jian Yi to speak: "After Cloud Sea Dust Cleared, you will gradually become gods and demons."

"No, we won't!" Lu Ran replied firmly, "I and my subordinates are different from the gods and demons!"

"How old are you?" Jian Yi suddenly asked.

"Twenty..." Lu Ran hesitated, his voice lowering slightly, "In a month, I will be twenty-three."

"Twenty-three." Jian Yi suddenly laughed.

Since Lu Ran entered the stone chamber, this icy woman smiled for the first time.

Who knows when she last laughed?

A faint voice echoed in the dark stone chamber: "What about 230,000 years from now, will you and your like-minded comrades still be the same as today?"

Lu Ran opened his mouth but couldn't speak a word.

The God spoke again: "What about 2,300,000,000 years later?"

After a long silence, Lu Ran said: "Millions of years... I am too insignificant to see that far.

Gods and demons have descended for over forty years, perhaps in your eyes, it's just a breath, but for our human clan..."

Lu Ran's eyes filled with determination, spoke resolutely: "Since I have come into this world, I must fight for the present moment."

Jian Yi had already returned to her expressionless demeanor, indifferent to the resolute words of the young man from the human clan.

No approval, nor disappointment.

Perhaps, as she thought, it's just another cycle.

Jian Yi slowly withdrew her hand from the sword, and Qiao Wanjun immediately felt relieved.

"Phew~"

The shadow replacing the soul of the god, suddenly emerged from Jian Yi's body, merged with the mountain, returning to the original divine sculpture.

Jian Yi's physical form stood silently, gradually dissipating into mist.

"Mother." Lu Ran quickly approached, helping Qiao Wanjun up.

Qiao Wanjun slightly raised her hand, stopping Lu Ran from speaking further, she slightly raised her head, as if listening to something.

After a moment, Qiao Wanjun lowered her voice and said, "Lord Jian Yi told me some information."

Lu Ran asked uncertainly: "Providing information? Did she... did she choose to ally with us?"

Reflecting on the entire exchange, Lu Ran sadly realized he seemed to have nothing that could move Lord Jian Yi.

What eternal reverence, what ideal beliefs, the other was not moved at all.

"Hmm, she wants peace and quiet." Qiao Wanjun slightly nodded.

Lu Ran tightened his lips, sighing deeply in his heart.

Desirelessness is most unyielding, the most difficult to handle.

Fortunately, Lord Jian Yi still had a desire, but her only wish turned out to be for peace and quiet...

Qiao Wanjun continued: "Lord Jian Yi mentioned, the forces of the Jade-faced Snake approached her a few days ago, asking her to destroy Yan Paper God Mountain."

Lu Ran's heart sank!

"Lord Jian Yi did not pay attention," Qiao Wanjun analyzed carefully, "Since the gods and demons know Yan Paper God Mountain belongs to you, they should also know the ownership of Nu Ying God Mountain and Blood Dust Divine Mountain.

The gods and demons have figured out the situation but have not made a move, likely because they were refused by Lord Jian Yi."

Lu Ran nodded silently.

The Ran Sect's achievements were glorious, first slaying the Martial Monk, then the Blood Skull.

Especially the latter's death completely changed the game, putting the gods and demons into a state of extreme caution and sobriety.

The gods and demons continued consolidating their formation, not daring to make any reckless moves in recent days.

"The gods and demons should not sit and wait for death." Qiao Wanjun frowned slightly, "Blood Skull's defeat has been six or seven days, but the gods and demons have not moved..."

Lu Ran had a thought: "Besides Lord Jian Yi, are there any hidden gods or demons? Those that could replace Jian Yi?"

Qiao Wanjun pondered, "Within Da Xia, there shouldn't be."

"Foreign gods and demons?" Lu Ran's heart leapt to his throat.

The Immortal Sheep had said that there are five Heavenly Realm battlefields like Da Xia in the world!

Could it be that Martial Artists, Jade-faced Snake, and their ilk are contacting first-class gods and demons outside Da Xia?

...

Chapter 1050: The Phoenix Crown Rings Softly

Seeing the child's troubled expression, Qiao Wanjun said softly, "There's no need to worry too much."

"Ah?" Lu Ran looked at his mother.

Lu Ran's upbringing undoubtedly turned him into someone with a severe academic imbalance.

The education he received from a young age made him very knowledgeable about the Great Xia Gods, and the monthly invasions by the Evil Demons forced him to become familiar with the Evil Demon Race within the Great Xia territory.

But as for the God Demons of the outer realm?

Lu Ran dared not claim to understand them.

This wasn't just Lu Ran's problem; it was a common issue worldwide—a tendency to specialize!

Living in any nation or alliance, it is difficult for the small Human Clan people to pay much attention to the God Demons outside their territories.

Being able to survive on one's own land has already exhausted a person's entirety.

And every regional deity needs a significant number of devoted Believers!

This means that the All Gods descending within a region would not allow excessive praise of the grandeur of deities from other regions within their sphere of influence.

All these factors combined made it difficult for Lu Ran during his student years to gain an in-depth understanding of the God Demons outside.

Since entering the Holy Spirit Mountain, Lu Ran has deeply rooted himself in the Great Xia's Divine Demon System, leaving him no opportunity, time, or energy to engage with the outer world's God Demons.

"I said, there's no need to worry too much." Qiao Wanjun gently soothed, "You've already encountered the highest ranking of God Demons."

Lu Ran hesitated for a moment, then softly said, "Lord Jian Yi?"

Qiao Wanjun laughed, her eyes gradually softening, "Lord Jian Yi, Blood Skull, Martial Monk, Martial Artist..."

Those you are familiar with, even those you've personally slain, are the top-tier God Demons in the world."

Lu Ran couldn't help but blink his eyes.

Of course, he wanted to believe his mother, but the unfamiliar still brings worry.

Qiao Wanjun asked, "When God Demons descend into the world, what exactly do they choose?"

Lu Ran directly replied, "Resources! Population resources, and they want people's faith."

Qiao Wanjun nodded in agreement, "What about the population size of the Great Xia region?"

Lu Ran realized in his heart.

Analyzing it from such a fundamental logic, everything became clear!

Qiao Wanjun patiently explained, "The God Demon groups that can occupy the Great Xia are the strongest in the five war zones in terms of their comprehensive strength and the individual strength of their head God Demons.

The God Demons you battled with in the Great Xia are the best, and on a global scale, they are top-tier."

It is worth mentioning that to discuss the quality of the Great Xia's God Demons, one must trace back to the early 1980s.

That was the time when God Demons chose their territory and descended into the world.

At that time, the population of the Great Xia was already around one billion.

And the total world population was only over four billion.

It is imaginable how fine the God Demons that could seize the Great Xia region were!

Lu Ran had a peculiar expression: "I thought the world was vast, and going out would let me see the world, but once I went out, I realized I was already at the biggest stage?"

Isn't it just like playing ping pong!

If you can win the national championship, you surely have the strength to win the world championship...

Qiao Wanjun scolded, "I don't want you to panic or worry excessively, not to make you arrogant."

"Uh." Lu Ran scratched his head awkwardly.

"India also has a considerable population, and the first and second-class God Demons are not to be underestimated." Qiao Wanjun's expression became more serious.

"Mm hmm." Lu Ran nodded repeatedly.

The top God Demons in the five major regions certainly have some skills.

However, if we really talk about the top-tier strong gods outside the realm, it is in South Asia where we should look.

"God Demons will not sit and wait for death, and neither can we." Qiao Wanjun placed one hand on her waist, gently holding a small purse.

"Strike first to gain an advantage!" Lu Ran echoed, "I'll just...hmm?"

He suddenly sensed someone calling him from afar, the call exceptionally intense.

[Who? Mr. Cong Long?]

[Sect Leader! Yan Paper God Mountain is surrounded! The Martial Artist led a large group of people and charged over!]

Lu Ran: !!!

Far southeast front line, at Yan Paper God Mountain.

Countless Faceless Jade Venerables swiftly retreated like a white tide.

Because outside the encirclement of the Faceless Jade Venerables, teleportation arrays opened one after another, and in an instant, countless massive Stone Sculptures filled the sky and ground.

"Jingle~ jingle~"

The strong wind swept across the mountain peak, causing the phoenix crown on the goddess statue's head to ring crisply.

The Rou Paperman's gaze flickered as they glanced over the silhouettes of their colleagues.

Martial Artist, Yin Flower Dan, Jade-faced Snake, Ash, Sky Phoenix, Paper Simurgh, Melted Bear, Dragon Carp...

Truly, powerful gods were all out in force.

Near the mountaintop, a stone sculpture of a young girl holding a Dragon and Phoenix Flower Candle couldn't help but show a look of panic.

And standing on the mountainside, Qing Tu's face was serious.

Has this day finally come?

Since Lady Yan Zhi decided to side with the Human Clan, she must have contemplated such a scene.

Qing Tu gripped his slaughtering knife, looking at the group of all-destroying strong God Demons, he couldn't help but feel deep concern.

The Black Cloud Vortex still had soldiers of the Ran Sect stationed there, but could those Stone Sculptures withstand the overwhelming wrath of the strong gods?

Would he survive...

If he could die before Lady Yan Zhi, if he could block a few blows for her, it would be a regretless end.

"Phew~" Qing Tu held the slaughtering knife in one hand, while gripping a meat hook with the other.

This action drew an angry gaze.

Qing Tu glanced over and saw a massive stone bear, its rocky fur standing on end.

The integrated Third-class God Demon, Melted Bear (Ash Destruction Demon), was gasping for air, whining in a strange sound, restlessly pacing back and forth.

On the mountainside, Qing Tu kept his silence.

Just clutched the slaughtering knife even tighter.

Meanwhile, at the Divine Mountain Peak, the Rou Paperman looked at the faces that were either sullen or angry, yet she was unfazed, a faint smile spreading across her stunning face:

"Lord Martial Artist, you're too polite. Supporting the front line shouldn't require such a large army."

"Traitor." An Evil Sculpture, half-human and half-snake, coldly stared at the mountaintop.

The Rou Paperman ignored the Jade-faced Snake, keeping her eyes fixed on the Martial Artist: "I thought you were the leader."

The Jade-faced Snake's enchanting eyes narrowed slightly, icy and sharp.

The Martial Artist, clad in warlike armor akin to an opera costume, wielded a long spear, standing above the ground: "Such petty divide games can be spared.

Tell me, why ally with those lowly beings?"

"I don't understand what Lord Martial Artist means."

The Martial Artist thrust his spear towards Rou Paperman, his voice icy: "You're holding the Lotus Sword of the Martial Monk, yet you claim to not understand what I'm saying?"

"Oh, this..." The Rou Paperman picked up the faint golden sword, scrutinizing it intently.

And as she continued to look, a faint smile appeared on her face, tender and radiant: "This is a token given to me by that person. Since I fancy him, he naturally is no longer lowly."

"A dignified God Demon, falling so low for a lowly being!" The Martial Artist almost laughed with anger, "Fine, Rou Paperman! Fine, fine, fine!"

"Must you repeatedly deem him lowly, wounding my heart?"

The Rou Paperman toyed with the Lotus Sword, looking up at the high and mighty Martial Artist, continuing: "Has Lord Martial Artist ever wondered why, despite knowing you for so long, I never took a fancy to you?"

The Martial Artist's eyes widened suddenly!

The terrifying pressure spread across the sky, intimidating all beings.

Even the Second-class and Third-class God Demons couldn't help but tremble slightly.

The Jade-faced Snake suddenly spoke: "You can't change the Human Clan's baseness. You're bound to be let down. He hasn't appeared until now; it seems he's already abandoned you, leaving you to be trampled."

"Hehe~"

The Rou Paperman covered her mouth with a light laugh, every gesture was enough to turn all beings upside down: "I was wondering why you all had the leisure to chat, it turns out you were waiting for him."

But you all overthought it.

With my heart so true to him, how could he ever forsake me?

Alas, you all paid no mind to the gentle chime of the Simurgh Phoenix Crown.

Unaware of for whom it sings.