

## Old Gods 1121

Chapter 1121: Demise

Wang Longxiang's mind was taut with tension!

Seeing the rapidly approaching Broken Jade Venerable, she fiercely launched a massive fire pillar from her hand.

As a Fake God, Wang Longxiang worshipped the Mad Immortal Guardian, and her body naturally burned with the flames of surpassing slaughters.

The distance between them was really too close!

The speed of the Broken Jade Venerable was too fast; Wang Longxiang decisively abandoned her sect's blade aura and barrier, opting for the safest tactic!

The Red Blood Blade Aura had a small output range; if the opponent dodged it, the consequences would be unimaginable.

The Heroic Soul Wall could block the opponent, but the flames on Wang Longxiang's body could only be applied to offensive skills.

The defense techniques she deployed, whether in grade or effect, were still Heavenly Grade.

In front of the Pangda Jade Venerable, Heavenly Grade defense techniques...what's the difference from being paper-thin?

The Sea-piercing Flame was the most correct choice, with the large fire pillar attacking instead of defending!

"Hah~" The rapidly thrusting Pangda Jade Venerable suddenly dropped downwards.

In an instant, Wang Longxiang made the most correct decision, and the enemy was not to be underestimated either.

The Faceless Jade Venerable was brimming with combat experience, with top-tier skill and movement technique!

After all, it was a being that once single-handedly overturned the rule of the God Demon.

The massive fire pillar swept beneath, engulfing the floating jade-like hair of Pangda Jade Venerable. Wang Longxiang decisively shifted laterally to dodge, then swiftly moved her palm downwards, pushing the fire pillar downwards.

A crisp sound of "snap".

Wang Longxiang's mind trembled fiercely!

The Pangda Jade Venerable swiftly slanted towards the ground, not piercing into the mountain body, but like a pebble skipping on water, bouncing diagonally upwards after touching the ground.

The crux was that in the instant of touching the ground, the Jade Venerable had adjusted its direction, even charging with three times more ferocity.

Just now, Wang Longxiang had shifted laterally suddenly; if it were any other enemy, they would likely have just brushed past her.

But she was facing the Faceless Jade Venerable!

The Pangda Jade Venerable parted from the ground with a touch, sticking like a shadow, straight towards the enemy!

The distance between them was already close, and all of this happened in a flash.

"Boom!"

The fire pillar launched by Wang Longxiang engulfed the enemy at the last moment.

But then that fire pillar fiercely shot upwards.

The Pangda Jade Venerable's body, greatly damaged, bore the immediate damage, rushing upward and slapping Wang Longxiang's arm away.

"Crack!"

The Heavenly Armor on Wang Longxiang's body was directly shattered.

"Bang!"

The Pangda Jade Venerable diagonally struck Wang Longxiang's small abdomen with its shoulder, while the other giant jade hand grabbed fiercely at Wang Longxiang's back.

At this moment, whether Wang Longxiang would be turned into a Jade Stone was no longer important.

Because... she was not a God!

Wang Longxiang was only at the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm, undeniably possessing a stone sculpted body, with defensive power far exceeding others at the same rank among the Human Clan.

But no matter how strong the defense, it was within the realm of the Heavenly Realm.

There was a qualitative gap with true God Demon!

"Crack!!"

The Faceless Jade Venerable was still thrusting forward!

Even with a damaged body, it was not something any random being could easily challenge, as the Pangda Jade Venerable crushed through the Heavenly Realm beings along the way, shattering the lowly ants.

Sliced at the waist!

Wang Longxiang's eyes were dazed, her upper body spinning into the air, and her lower body slammed fiercely onto the ground.

"Long..." Nu Ying's eyes widened suddenly!

Lu Ran's face was livid!

Just moments ago, he had been confronting the Faceless Jade Venerable upfront, narrowly avoiding Wang Longxiang's lethal fire pillar, but the moment he instantaneously appeared, he witnessed such a scene.

Yan Shuangzi was frozen in mid-air!

Everything happened too quickly, so fast she couldn't even...

"Ah!!" A scream erupted from the edge of the cliff.

The blocking Heavenly Realm ants were forcibly crushed by the Pangda Jade Venerable, revealing Hua Qingying behind them.

The Faceless Jade Venerable continuing to thrust forward showed no hesitation, and had already reached in front of Hua Qingying.

"Hoo!!"

Hua Qingying unleashed an incredible survival instinct, opening the Third-rank Magical Artifact--Rain Listening Umbrella in her hands, then pushing forward a series of layered umbrella shadows like energy shields.

The "crack, crack" sounds of shattering stacked together too.

The Pangda Jade Venerable, wielding its broken jade stone body, mercilessly smashed through layer after layer of umbrella surfaces, displaying even more ferocious dominance than in its prime!

It was jaw-dropping!

"Swish!"

Yan Shuangzi's figure suddenly flashed.

This time, she could not allow another teammate to fall in battle.

"Bang!" The Faceless Jade Venerable did not seize Hua Qingying like before; instead, the pair of jade hands covered in cracks clenched into fists, striking fiercely towards Hua Qingying's chest.

"Poof!!"

At the same time, a surge of dazzling light erupted!

Lu Ran was both shocked and furious, igniting the dazzling lines on the Pangda Jade Venerable's body.

His thinking was simple; Hua Qingying possessed the indisputable Divine Body, and although severely wounded by the impact of the dazzling surge, she at least had a chance to survive.

If Hua Tianjiang fell into the hands of the Faceless Jade Venerable, the consequences would be unbearable.

The choices of Jade Venerable, Yan Shuangzi, and Lu Ran unfolded almost simultaneously.

Yan Shuangzi flickered into the erupting dazzling surge, hurriedly flickering away as she was flung by it.

Hua Qingying was struck by the Pangda Jade Venerable's double fists, then hurled out by the tumbling dazzling surge.

And the tattered Jade Venerable...

Exploded amid the dazzling flames erupting upfront!

"Crack!!"

The true body of the Faceless Jade Venerable shattered!

"Hiss!!"

A sharp serpent's cry emanated from the sky, its tail sweeping fiercely towards the side of the dazzling surge.

A tremendous tide of Jade Venerable minions surged towards the dazzle like a raging tide.

Suicide?

Of course not!

Their target was the blasted-out Hua Qingying.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Hua Qingying was like a cannonball, blasted into the White Jade Tide, colliding with the Jade Venerable minions, the dull thudding sound was incessant.

The snake tail ruthlessly swept away the White Jade Tide.

However, Bai Rao couldn't see her comrades at all, she could only rely on intuition, trying to pull them out.

Countless Jade Venerable minions were shattered by the snake tail, losing their lives, but it didn't hinder the subsequent onslaught of Jade Venerable minions.

In this battle, from the original Jade Venerable to the minions, their combat attitude had a 180-degree shift.

It seemed they were charging towards death!

The raging White Jade Tsunami instantly engulfed the snake tail, completely submerging the stone-sculpted Human Race Goddess within...

Like locusts passing through, leaving no traces of grass.

Where the Jade Venerables passed, no armor was left intact.

Bai Rao dared not delay for even a moment, her tail swept, indeed bringing out Hua Tianjiang, but also brought out a large number of Jade Venerable minions.

"Help...uh! Help...aaaaah!"

The Jade Venerable minions were only four meters tall but their numbers were overwhelming, piling layer upon layer on Hua Qingying, forming a huge "Jade Stone Mountain".

The piercing cries came from within the mountain.

The already heavily injured Human Race Goddess's voice grew weaker.

Countless jade hands pressed down hard on Hua Qingying's head, arms, chest, waist, belly, and legs...

When the snake tail pulled her out, the originally dim Divine Body had turned into a crystalline Jade Stone Body.

That was not evolution.

It was pollution, a total destruction.

"Puh!!"

Hua Qingying's body shattered into jade dust, spreading a thick mist.

[Sweep the tail, quickly sweep it away!]

Lu Ran was about to explode, instantly teleporting into the mist, wildly pushing and shooting the Sea-piercing Flame, blasting away the remaining Jade Venerable minions.

"Bang! Bang..."

Hua Qingying's huge Divine Soul hovered foolishly on the spot.

Even though a Jade Venerable minion was devouring her at her feet, she had no reaction.

Am I...dead?

Dead.

No, I don't want to die!

Hua Qingying's lips trembled, her hands covering her face, crying out: "Wuwuwu..."

She had just barely escaped Chenghua's control.

Had just reunited with her family...just moments ago.

No...

"Hua Tianjiang!" Came a young man's voice.

Hua Qingying's delicate body trembled!

In the thick mist, she turned her head towards where the voice came from, as if she found a ray of hope:  
"Sect Leader...Sect Leader wuwu...save me, please! I don't want to, I don't wuwuwu..."

As she spoke, she was already sobbing uncontrollably.

She had endured long and painful years, and now had just seen the light, only to have her life cruelly taken from her.

"I will resurrect you, will bring you back to the Human World."

"Rea...really?" Hua Qingying looked tearfully, full of hope at Lu Ran.

Lu Ran nodded heavily: "I promise."

"Okay, Sect Leader...Sect Leader..." Hua Qingying's lips trembled, her emotions completely broke down, overwhelmed by both joy and sorrow, she covered her face and cried.

She knew, the Sect Leader was a man of his word.

He would bring her back, he definitely would...

Lu Ran's eyes were also tearing up.

He held the Rebirth Coin String in one hand, absorbing Hua Qingying's Divine Soul, while his other hand continuously pushed and shot the Sea-piercing Flame, blasting away the Jade Venerable minions rushing into the mist.

"I promise, I promise you..." As Hua Qingying's Divine Soul entered the coin, Lu Ran kept murmuring.

He quickly secured Hua Qingying's Divine Soul, his figure flickering, returning to the relatively stable mountain peak, entering the mist left from Wang Longxiang's death.

"Dragon God General!"

Wang Longxiang wasn't crying, but rather filled with guilt, kneeling and bowing his head in the direction of the voice, quietly saying:

"I'm sorry Sect Leader, this subordinate... is incapable."

Listening to her self-blame, Lu Ran's heart bled.

"It is I who am incapable." Lu Ran's face was grim, raising the Rebirth Coin, "I will bring you back, definitely!"

Wang Longxiang clenched her fists, bowing her head even lower.

"Can you not only create your own Divine Sculpture but also deceive life and death, and bring back Netherworld beings?" The indifferent voice came from above from behind.

Lu Ran suddenly turned and looked up, blood filling his eyes, staring intently at the Divine Soul of the Great Jade Venerable.

"Lu Ran... oh Lu Ran..."

The Jade Venerable Divine Soul couldn't penetrate the mist and didn't care about any of it.

She only gave a long sigh, murmuring softly: "What kind of path are you really on..."

Lu Ran did not directly devour the Jade Venerable Divine Soul, but moved forward with the Rebirth Coin String.

"You are more mysterious than I imagined." The Jade Venerable Divine Soul didn't resist at all, habitually smoothing her long hair, lost in thought, "And much stronger than I imagined."

Lu Ran's voice was icy cold: "Me? Strong?"

It felt like the Jade Venerable was slapping him in the face!

The Jade Venerable Divine Soul murmured: "I originally came to slaughter the entire Heroine Divine Mountain, even at the cost of perishing together.

But in the end, I only took down two insignificant deities, and perished here.

You are indeed much stronger than those old God Demons..."

From the perspective of the Faceless Jade Venerable, Lu Ran and his Ran Sect were indeed terrifyingly strong.

After all, she had overturned the god and demon domination and had crushed the sky-filled god demons in the past forty-plus years!

But here, she shattered completely.

Defeated utterly.

However, Lu Ran's face was extremely unsightly!

What the Jade Venerable Divine Soul called insignificant deities, should be Hua Qingying, Nine Bamboo, and as for the Third Level of Heavenly Realm Wang Longxiang, didn't even qualify to be mentioned.

"Sigh~"

The vast Jade Venerable Divine Soul continued to flow into the coin, finally held in Lu Ran's palm.

Jade Venerable...

I will make good use of this Divine Soul!

The battle between you and me has just begun!

...

### Chapter 1122: Turning Point

After the fall of the Pangda Jade Venerable, the attack of the Jade Venerable minions slightly slowed down, but they did not retreat immediately.

They had an overwhelming numerical advantage and didn't care about life and death, still searching for the possibility of destroying the Divine Mountain and crushing the Ran Gate Gods.

The enemy does not retreat... just right!

Kill!

Kill, kill, kill!

Lu Ran's face was somber as he slaughtered madly in the White Jade Tide.

The Venerable Slayer Blade at his waist buzzed from time to time, but Lu Ran paid it no attention.

Lu Ran, eyes red with fury, unleashed strips of soft veils with the Dawn Blade and spread energy rings with the Eight Desolates Annihilation Blade, destroying the dense Jade Venerable minions.

"Buzz!"

At a certain moment, the Venerable Slayer Blade at his waist was no longer slightly vibrating, but trembled violently with all its might.

It, yet to gather a Soldier Spirit, had only a vague consciousness.

Unable to clearly express its meaning.

But Lu Ran could understand, the Venerable Slayer Blade couldn't hold back, it was asking to fight!

There was another blade asking to fight.

A slender blade made of Blood Crystal, the First-class Divine Soldier Blade of Wang Longxiang.

Ever since Wang Longxiang perished, the giant stone blade reverted to its original form, revealing its tiny Blood Crystal body, wanting to follow its master even in death.

Lu Ran held it.

Told the First-class Divine Weapon—Longxiang Saber that he would bring its master back to the Human World.

After those words, it stayed at Lu Ran's waist.

The Longxiang Saber naturally recognized Lu Ran; back in the Soul Locking Mountain of the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm, it was in the hands of its master, and it had met this first pride of Da Xia.

Later, the Longxiang Saber, along with its master, joined the Ran Sect and fought its way from the Mountain Realm to the Heavenly Realm.

Until this moment, its master's life came to an end.

The Longxiang Saber always believed that as a First-class Divine Weapon, it was unworthy of a Master of Divine Weapon like Wang Longxiang.

But no matter how hard it tried, it could not find the direction of the Divine Weapon Domain.

Wang Longxiang was so devoted that for three or four years, she was unwilling to nurture a second divine weapon, only having affection for it.

It really shouldn't break.

She never gave up on it, so it should wait for her to come back.

No matter how long it takes, wait for her to come back.

And make an effort to study and comprehend, perhaps in the hands of the first pride of Da Xia, it could find some inspiration and try to break through the grade.

Try to... be worthy of her.

"Sizzle! Sizzle!"

The blade swept across the bodies of the Jade Venerable minions, cutting down arms and legs, slicing off heads one by one.

The Dawn Blade and Eight Desolates Blade in Lu Ran's hands were replaced by the Venerable Slayer Blade and Longxiang Saber.

Yet gradually, an invisible thread of contract developed around him.

The Longxiang Saber was deeply grateful.

Was it unworthy of Wang Longxiang, but worthy of the lofty master of the Ran Sect?

But Lu Ran took it in, allowed it to temporarily follow, and wielded it in his hand, chopping down the Jade Venerable minions one by one.

"Ah~!"

From afar, came the cry of the Mad Immortal.

Holding the Fiery Hell Hammer, she slammed it fiercely on the ground, igniting the Fiery Prison Flame on the battlefield, towering flames reaching a hundred meters high, exploding and burning the foreign enemies.

"Hiss!!"

In the sky, the snake's cry resounded, the Heaven-swallowing Snake spewed dense Immortal Qi, eroding the foreign enemies covering the sky.

The Jade Venerable minions gradually retreated.

Despite the heavy casualties, they didn't care, as long as there were results.

However, after the fall of the Pangda Jade Venerable, their attacks, no matter how fierce, were futile; even the weakest Evil God's Bamboo Wood Demon within the Divine Mountain was well protected.

Meaningless losses were unacceptable.

"Huh~"

"Whoosh~~~" The Jade Robes fluttered, and the speed of the White Jade Tide's retreat increased swiftly.

"Should we pursue..." Yan Shuangzi instantaneously teleported to Lu Ran's side, but before she finished, Lu Ran already gave her an answer with his actions.

He charged into the White Jade Tide, fire pillars bursting, storms brewing, relentlessly chasing the fleeing enemies, at times his dual blades flashing, shattering any minions daring to turn back and attack.

The Evil Shadow Guardian followed closely, raising the Fourth-class Divine Weapon--Night Charm Saber, slashing dense blade traces into the retreating tide.

Accompanied by the Mad Immortal Guardian, the Immortal Vehicle arrived, and the Sea-piercing Flame in his hand never halted.

Kill!

Kill until utterly exhausted.

Kill until Jade Venerable's dead souls piled into a sea!

"Hmm?" Lu Ran's movements slowed slightly, as he searched in his mind and quickly connected with the spirit of the supplicant, [Ruyi? What's wrong?]

Upon inquiring, Lu Ran's heart was hanging by a thread.

[I'm fine for now, how about on your side?]

Upon hearing this, Lu Ran breathed a sigh of relief, but his heart quickly filled with another wave of sadness.

[Lu Ran?]

[The original Jade Venerable was slain, but... Dragon God General, Hua Tian General, and Nine Bamboo have died in battle.] Lu Ran said in a low voice.

Far away in the Northwest Region of the Heavenly Realm, on the Phoenix Yan Divine Mountain.

Jiang Ruyi silently stood on the peak of the Divine Mountain, sighing deeply.

Wang Longxiang, Hua Qingying...

"Huh~"

A mountain breeze blew by, sweeping across two distinct faces in her mind.

Jiang Ruyi had no personal relationship with the two, but they were loyal warriors of the Ran Sect, and now they had fallen.

Lu Ran must be very sad.

However, should he have already collected their Divine Souls?

Jiang Ruyi did not ask, fearing to add salt to the wound. If he had kept the souls of the two, then there was still hope.

They could reunite again.

From the situation where Lord Immortal Sheep resurrected Uncle Lu, it seemed that it would take about half a year. Could the soldiers then be reborn?

Half a year, would it be enough?

Jiang Ruyi looked out into the distant darkened sky, but in her sight, she never saw the silhouette of the White Jade Tide.

However, the Seven-class God Witch Crow clearly reported that a large army was gathering further northwest.

The reason she asked Lu Ran was that the scouts had just reported again that the Jade Venerable army had stopped advancing.

No wonder! So, Lu Ran killed the Jade Venerable's true self... Wait!

No, this isn't right!

The two battlefields are miles apart, one in the northwest, one in the southeast.

Spanning such a large distance, how did the Jade Venerable Clan receive the news so quickly?

Jiang Ruyi furrowed her brow slightly, pondering quietly when a wave of Divine Power suddenly surged in front of her.

As she glanced over, she saw an elderly man in tattered clothes, holding an iron spear with one hand, kneeling respectfully with his head bowed:

"Reporting to Lady, the Jade Venerable army is orderly retreating."

Jiang Ruyi thought for a moment, looked at the Qiang Xiu before her, and commanded, "Organize the troops, scout and report back."

"Yes, ma'am!" Qiang Xiu swiftly left.

An esteemed first-class god and also a prideful and solitary existence, since joining the Ran Sect, his state of being had changed drastically.

Qiang Xiu had already been well-disciplined with the Phoenix Soul brand.

There was no other way; Qiang Xiu's skills were too powerful and immense.

Only in this way would the Ran Sect not worry about Qiang Xiu disobeying orders, deserting, or even stabbing in the back!

As long as Qiang Xiu existed, the brand deep within his Divine Soul would never dissipate.

"Xuan Shuang, you'll be in charge of all matters of the Divine Mountain temporarily."

"Yes, Lady." Leng Xushuang immediately responded.

All along, Jiang Ruyi had intentionally cultivated the ability of the Xuan Shuang Guard to stand on its own.

Every time Jiang Ruyi advanced in rank or went to accompany Lu Ran, she would have the Xuan Shuang Guard take over the leadership of the Divine Mountain.

Every time, Leng Xushuang always performed well.

She was already calm and wise enough, having always been by the Lady of Burning Gate's side, her conduct and style were thoroughly influenced.

Jiang Ruyi was very reassured in entrusting everything to the Xuan Shuang Guard. She turned and looked at a nearby mountain peak, found a Lu Yuan minion on standby at all times, and instructed:

"Send Tian Tian, Yiren, and me to the Heroine Divine Mountain."

"Whoosh!" A colossal Other Shore Flower bloomed grandly.

At the same time, at Heroine Divine Mountain, a blue teleportation array was activated.

The Bamboo Wood Demon cautiously looked up, seeing several human clan gods arriving.

"Lady." Divine General Luo approached quickly, speaking with a heavy tone.

Jiang Ruyi nodded gently, glanced around, and finally in the distant southeast, vaguely saw the retreating Jade Venerable minions like a receding tide.

"Tian Tian, go calm the Divine Mountain soldiers, Yiren, check for any injured."

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

Jiang Ruyi issued her orders methodically, and then looked at Luo Ying, "Tell me about it."

As they spoke, the Tian Tian Guard had already summoned the Treasure Lotus, scattering pollen with a peculiar aroma.

It stabilized the minds of all lives on the Divine Mountain.

The Yiren Guard spread a pair of pristine Simurgh Wings, swiftly searching for the injured.

Luo Ying explained the entire course of the battle in a few words.

Everything began quickly and ended quickly; the matter of life and death was but a moment.

Jiang Ruyi was distressed listening to it, able to imagine how much this battle impacted Lu Ran.

The Faceless Jade Venerable had changed, it no longer simmered like a frog in warm water.

She was fighting desperately!

Why suddenly such a significant shift in the tactical approach that had been followed for decades?

The only conclusion Jiang Ruyi could think of was the meeting between the Jade Venerable and Lu Ran.

Perhaps the Faceless Jade Venerable realized that Lu Ran, like her, would steadfastly uphold his inner resolve, and not gradually decay?

On the flip side, she indeed didn't need to worry about Lu Ran and his led generals escaping.

Lu Ran would never abandon the Human World Home, nor forsake billions of compatriots...

No matter what, the reality had already occurred.

The Faceless Jade Venerable had already chosen to declare war, and with no more holding back, how many strikes from the Jade Venerable Clan could the Ran Sect withstand?

Looking at it like this, the Burning Gate's Divine Mountain needed to further reduce numbers and concentrate the strength of their guards.

Lu Ran ought to become a god.

He must become a god!

"Heh..." Jiang Ruyi sighed lightly, her eyes subtly moving.

This battle was a very good opportunity!

He needed to advance to better lead the Ran Sect, to fend off a tactical change from the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Jiang Ruyi gazed into the southeast, praying to the only god in her heart:

[Lu Ran, I've arrived at Heroine Divine Mountain, don't chase desperate foes, bring the team back.]

[Wait... just wait.] Lu Ran's response was notably strained.

Jiang Ruyi felt her heart tighten, wanting to inquire again, yet fearing to disturb him.

With the complete retreat of the White Jade Tide, the sky in the distance returned to complete darkness, she could no longer see the faint light.

Suddenly, a figure dashed over.

The Evil Shadow Guardian found the Lady of Burning Gate, immediately reporting, "The Venerable Slayer Blade is buzzing, likely to advance in grade, the master is leading it..."

Jiang Ruyi directly interrupted, "You hurry back, bring the Martial Emperor over, guard him!"

"Yes."

...

## Chapter 1123: Sword Spirit Born, Gathering Dark Clouds

A series of fog tornadoes of astonishing scale descended from the sky.

Lu Ran held the Venerable Slayer Blade, which vibrated with a hum, silently sighing that it finally succeeded.

This heavy sharp blade, personally forged by Deity Tianchen, was about to solidify the soldier spirit after targeted special training.

But Lu Ran still couldn't feel happy.

Strictly speaking, the success of the Venerable Slayer Blade was linked to the deaths of the Dragon God General and Hua Tianjiang.

Its very foundation lay in defying authority.

This time, the true body of the Jade Venerable led an invasion with absolute strength, attacking the Divine Mountain and slaughtering the warriors of the Burning Gate, showcasing her supreme dominance over God and Demon.

It also made Lu Ran acutely aware of his own insignificance.

Despite the disparity in power, he fought the vast Jade Venerable without fear, enduring the grief of his fallen comrades, madly slaughtering the Jade Venerable's minions...

This stirred the Venerable Slayer Blade, urging it toward the step of Becoming a God.

Was it worth it?

This wasn't even a question, because this wasn't an exchange, but a harsh reality.

It was an acceptance made in despair.

Lu Ran's face was as still as water, lifting the heavy Venerable Slayer Blade, gazing through the mist at the slender blade.

The Longxiang Saber in his other hand trembled, and the desire in his heart intensified.

Perhaps, he could really advance to the next level in the hands of The Pride of Da Xia.

When the master returns, I'll give her a surprise.

"Phew..."

The enormous fog tornadoes came quickly and dispersed just as fast.

Yan Shuangzi pressed her lips tightly, looking up at the vast and silent sky, watching that lone figure standing independently.

Thick dark clouds still shrouded the sky and earth.

The emperor-robed youth under the dark clouds stood motionless, his jet-black eyes seemingly filled with a dense and unwavering gloom.

Suddenly, energy surged over the blade, and an illusory figure flew backward.

The Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit!

He was also dressed in a black gold emperor robe, looking exactly like Lu Ran, yet with a distinct expression.

The Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit exuded an imposing majesty, his aura towering!

His spine was straight, head slightly raised, his emperor robe fluttering despite no wind, short hair waving along.

Cloaked in the emperor robe, he seemed like royalty on earth.

But he appeared to be the subordinate, with those profound eyes seemingly ablaze with an inextinguishable wildfire, holding an indescribable rebelliousness.

One could hardly imagine such a demeanor could be embodied by the spirit of a First-class Divine Weapon.

Standing at his current height, Lu Ran's personally cultivated divine weapon truly was worlds apart from those nurtured by ordinary believers by chance.

"Why no mask?" Lu Ran suddenly said.

The Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit perfectly copied everything about Lu Ran, from appearance to attire, except he discarded the blood crystal mask.

It seemed he didn't want to cover the lower part of his face.

The Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit didn't answer but said, "You are very sad."

Lu Ran shrugged his shoulders.

The Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit turned around, looking toward the more southeastern dark sky, as if he could see the retreating Jade Venerable army:

"Just kill them all."

"Huh." Lu Ran snorted coldly, "Merely a First-class Divine Weapon, quite audacious."

The Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit laughed, his illusory figure slowly flying backward, perfectly merging with Lu Ran's body:

"I am, another you."

Lu Ran: "..."

The soldier spirit is molded from the essence of the Master of Divine Weapon, extending the thoughts of the Master of Soldiers, representing a particular aspect of Lu Ran's spiritual will.

So, it wasn't that the Venerable Slayer Sword Spirit was overly bold; it all sprang from Lu Ran's own heart.

The indomitable spirit and the endless wildfire burning in the eyes of the Sword Spirit, if traced to their roots, all stemmed from Lu Ran's heart.

"Phew~" The Sword Spirit's phantom, perfectly overlapping with the master, eventually converged in Lu Ran's hand, gradually merging back into the Venerable Slayer Blade.

"Master." Si Xianxian flew over, placing her hand under his feet.

She wanted to say congratulations, but the atmosphere was off.

The words swallowed back down.

"Hmm, let's go back." Lu Ran glanced around at several massive stone sculptures, flipping his palm, and a gigantic Other Shore Flower unfolded.

The next instant, everyone returned to the Heroine Divine Mountain.

As soon as they appeared, Lu Ran's face darkened a bit further.

He saw a divine sculpture draped in a robe, resembling a middle-aged man, kneeling with its head bowed.

Fourth-class God: Mud Venerable!

"You're back." Jiang Ruyi's voice was gentle as she stepped forward to take the sect leader from the Mad Immortal Guardian's hands.

Lu Ran looked at the Mud Venerable below: "Here to plead forgiveness?"

Jiang Ruyi slowly shook her head: "Captured, Nu Ying said he deserted in battle."

The Mud Venerable's stone body trembled slightly, hastily explaining: "M-Master, your subordinate did not have the ability to stop the Faceless Jade Venerable! Unable to resist, I could only temporarily withdraw, seeking another opportunity."

"Huh." Lu Ran let out a cold laugh, seemingly angered into laughter.

The Mud Venerable trembled as he said: "Later... Later, I continuously defended the Divine Mountain, repelling numerous Jade Venerable's minions..."

Lu Ran said solemnly: "I went to save you, and the Evil Shadow Guardian also arrived."

The Mud Venerable's face turned stiff.

Lu Ran continued: "If I didn't timely provide support, it would have been another matter; but you abandoned us to flee after we both arrived, leaving us to face the Jade Venerable."

Jiang Ruyi's face was covered with frost, her killing intent seeping outward.

It wasn't anger, but killing intent.

To this day, there were almost none in the Burning Gate daring to provoke the Lady of Burning Gate.

And to cross the line from anger to incite her killing intent... Mud Venerable was the first.

"Master! No... it's not like that, I was in a panic and completely lost my bearings, I..." Mud Venerable was filled with terror, desperately trying to explain.

Lu Ran turned to look at Nu Ying.

After all, this was the Divine Mountain she was guarding, and Mud Venerable, Profound Ape, and others were her subordinates.

Only to see Nu Ying with a cold expression, looking at Mud Venerable with disdain.

Is such a person worthy of being called a comrade?

Usually picking on Jade Venerable minions, nothing shows, but at a critical moment, his true nature is exposed.

To abandon comrades, and those two comrades even went to rescue you!

Lu Ran respected Nu Ying, and looked over.

Jiang Ruyi directly looked towards the Evil Shadow.

Yan Shuangzi wore a probing expression, then saw the lady's gaze drop to the Magic Artifact--Prisoner Demon Chain at her waist.

She understood tacitly, flickered directly to Mud Venerate's back, and the chain in her hand was already strangling his neck.

Mud Venerate's expression drastically changed, hastily begging for mercy: "Master! I was really in a panic at the time... I, I know I was wrong! Please... I won't do it again next time..."

Jiang Ruyi ignored the god's pleas and looked at Lu Ran, "You go rest on the side; leave this to me."

At this point, Lu Ran didn't say much and flickered onto Nu Ying's shoulder.

Originally intending to comfort Nu Ying, after all, Mud Venerate was her subordinate, but she softly said:

"In this battle, I also made mistakes."

She turned around, looking at the southeastern sky: "If I hadn't rashly attacked and stayed at the mountain top, maybe Longxiang..."

Lu Ran pursed his lips but ultimately said nothing.

"Master Lu." Nu Ying softly called.

"Hmm?"

"This time our casualties are severe, failing to protect the Divine Mountain, I'm willing to accept punishment." Nu Ying said quietly.

Lu Ran's smile was somewhat forced.

Nu Ying and Wang Longxiang really seemed carved from the same mold.

After Dragon God General fell in battle, his dead soul still blamed itself, apologizing to Lu Ran, saying something about being incompetent.

"Ah ah ah!!"

Screams and pleas for mercy came from afar behind.

Guan Yiren was startled, hurriedly spreading a pair of pure white Simurgh Wings to fly up, and the fully healed Profound Ape climbed the mountain swiftly, also witnessing the scene of Mud Venerate's execution.

Both their faces were shocked.

Looking at the helplessly struggling Mud Venerate, then at the ice-cold visage of the Lady of Burning Gate.

A moment later, the sound of breaking spread throughout the Divine Mountain, and the thick mist dispersed.

[Lu Ran, Divine Soul.] A few brief words imprinted in the mind, carrying an undissipated icy killing intent.

[Hmm.] Lu Ran acted proficiently, then entered the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd.

He invited out the Pseudo-God Mud Venerate Stone Sculpture from the Sculpture Garden, ordered it to devour the Divine Soul, and by the way, invited out the Pseudo-God Bamboo Wood Demon Stone Sculpture from the garden, letting it devour the Nine Bamboo Divine Soul.

[Should we withdraw the line and streamline the number of Divine Mountains?]

[Streamline?] Lu Ran flew out of the gourd mouth.

In the thick mist, Immortal Mo Divine Mountain slowly raised a hand: [After this battle, Heroine Divine Mountain is only left with Nu Ying, Bamboo Wood Demon, and Profound Ape.]

Lu Ran remained silent, reaching back to grasp the Treasure Gourd.

Jiang Ruyi knew that such a battle report would make Lu Ran's heart bleed, but she uncharacteristically emphasized: "The Jade Venerable Clan is powerful, with a significant change in their combat attitude.

Even if you lead strong gods from several Divine Mountains to support, Heroine Divine Mountain still suffered heavy losses."

Lu Ran silently nodded.

The incompetent is neither Wang Longxiang, full of self-reproach, nor Nu Ying, willingly admitting guilt.

But himself.

Jiang Ruyi suggested: [Let us withdraw the line, merge Nu Ying's squad into Conglong Divine Mountain or Pear Garden Divine Mountain, and concentrate forces to fight against the Jade Venerable Clan.]

[Alright.] Lu Ran responded.

Jiang Ruyi felt a bit disappointed, she kept her hand raised, yet someone did not arrive as expected.

She whispered: [Lu Ran, today is not yesterday, you've seen with your own eyes the change in tactics and attitude of the Jade Venerable Clan.

The Jade Venerable intends to utterly destroy us, at any cost.

This time she didn't achieve her goal and retreated temporarily; next time when she returns, she will surely be more ferocious!]

[Hmm.] Lu Ran responded gravely.

Jiang Ruyi's voice was soft but every word clear: [You must advance further to lead us in resisting the Jade Venerable and carving out a path of survival.

Ran Sect's soldiers, fellow humans, the Human World Home...

If you lack the strength, everything will eventually turn to dust under the invasion of the Jade Venerable's army.]

Lu Ran looked up, gazing at the magnificent Immortal Jasmine Divine Sculpture.

She stubbornly kept her hand up, waiting for the return of someone, also waiting for an answer.

Silence enveloped the Divine Mountain Peak.

The thick Origin Energy was absorbed by All Gods.

A low voice finally surged into Jiang Ruyi's mind: [I know, you handle the subsequent matters for me, I'll go back.]

[Okay.] Jiang Ruyi felt relieved.

"Whew!!"

A Landing Mirror tore open space with force, Lu Ran stepped into the Human World, returning to the old house in Rain Alley Town.

In a small bedroom, Lu Ran went to the altar, gazing at the small Immortal Sheep sculpture.

He put his hands together in prayer, bowing respectfully.

The small jade carving was pure white, but a touch of black subtly stained the smiling sheep face.

A hoarse voice fell, carrying a peculiar eerie thrill:

"Have you come to realize reality?"

...

Chapter 1124: The Passing of the Old, Birth of the New

Recognize reality?

Lu Ran slowly knelt in front of the shrine.

Perhaps.

The so-called growth, maybe it is the process of continuously recognizing and accepting reality.

[I have nothing more to teach you, you no longer need my protection.] The Immortal Sheep's voice was hoarse, [I have told you everything, my name, the meaning of my existence.

I should have left long ago.]

Lu Ran pursed his lips and still spoke: "No, you still have a lot to teach me. I just killed a true body of Jade Venerable and imprisoned a Jade Venerable Divine Soul..."

[You can try it yourself.]

"Try it myself?"

[You want to ask if the Divine Soul of Jade Venerable can be used to sculpt a divine statue?]

"Mm... mm."

[That is your path, Lu Ran, not mine.] The Immortal Sheep said faintly, [When you inherit everything from me, you will know your own abilities.]

Lu Ran seemed to lose his strength.

Drooping his head, hanging his arms, silently kneeling in front of the shrine.

[Why be sad?] The Immortal Sheep's laughter was somewhat hoarse, [I told you a long time ago, I will eventually dissipate.]

Lu Ran lowered his head, tugged at the corner of his mouth.

The smile was very reluctant, with a touch of bitterness.

[No need to be sad, Lu Ran.] The Immortal Sheep sighed long, [You will inherit all of me, as long as you still exist, I will continue to exist.]

A wave of sourness surged in Lu Ran's heart, he whispered: "This disciple will inherit your legacy..."

[I have no legacy.]

"Ah?" Lu Ran raised his head and looked at the small shrine.

The small jade sculpture of the Immortal Sheep in the shrine was already completely black, smiling at Lu Ran: [The concept of no life and death is my philosophy, is the meaning of my existence, not yours.

Am I necessarily right?

No, I am an old thing! Lu Ran, I am old and should be eliminated.]

Lu Ran stared blankly at the small shrine.

[You are a thinking being, even if you are about to stand in my place, you... are still yourself.]

The Immortal Sheep laughed hoarsely again: [Walk your own path! Lu Ran, if you have to say what my legacy is... I hope you find your own path.]

Lu Ran lowered his head and whispered: "This disciple will remember it."

"Phew~"

The strong fluctuation of divine power emerged.

Waves of eerie and piercing aura, like invisible tides, continuously crashed against Lu Ran.

He slowly turned his head and saw a fiercely burning Black Fire Sheep Head.

Those Dead Sheep Eyes that should have been lifeless, but this time, Lu Ran saw a hint of a smile in its eyes.

"I have devoured too many god demons, too many." The Black Fire Sheep Head slowly floated over, "I continuously deprived them of life, making them gradually decay, until they dissipated."

Lu Ran pressed his lips tightly.

"I have always used the lives of god demons to practice my perseverance, seeking the meaning of my existence." The Black Fire Sheep Head hovered before Lu Ran, "Now, it's my turn."

The Black Sheep Head slowly lowered its nose, gently touching Lu Ran's forehead: "No need to be sad, young sepulcher.

My death is the only thing that makes my perseverance worthy of being called perseverance.

My death is what will give my existence true meaning."

"Phew~" The black flame on the sheep head, through its nose, spread to stain Lu Ran's forehead and eventually covered his body.

Not scorching.

Instead, it felt a bit chilly.

It wasn't an illusion, as the room was filled with gusts of yin wind, and this blazing black fire was the tangible embodiment of "death energy," engulfing the entire room.

"Buzz~" The Rebirth Coin String at his waist started to tremble.

In the Demon Cave Bamboo Sea—Rebirth Hall.

"Ding ding ding~"

Thousands of red strings moved without wind, the end of the strings tied with solitary copper coins, constantly swaying and touching each other, the crisp sound echoing endlessly.

Deep in the hall, on the mat in front of the Forgotten Spring Divine Sculpture, a woman in a black dress suddenly raised her head, revealing a sickly pale face.

"Lord Wang Quan?" Li Rouyin was bewildered, her empty eyes sweeping across the hall.

In another dimension, watching strings of copper coins shaking continuously.

[Sigh...] A long sigh imprinted into her mind.

"My Lord, what happened?" Li Rouyin had never seen such a scene.

This eerie Ghost Hall was already frightening enough.

And now, the Rebirth Coins for some reason became so agitated, causing the trapped dead souls among them to continuously cry out miserably and wail in pain.

[Lu Ran has inherited that Lord's position.]

Li Rouyin's face was shocked, and a blasphemous yet reasonable thought emerged: "He... he became a god?"

[A god, hehe.]

Wang Quan chuckled softly, murmuring: [More than a god...]

More than a god?

More?

Li Rouyin was stunned for a long while, then put her hands together: "Is there something in this world stronger than gods... mm, things?"

[Rouyin, let me ask you, what does our Forget Spring Sect represent?]

"Death." Li Rouyin replied without hesitation.

[Mm.] Wang Quan lightly acknowledged, [But I can only lightly dabble in related skills, luckily able to glimpse the two realms of yin and yang.]

Li Rouyin was even more surprised.

To the world, gods have always been supreme and incredibly mysterious beings.

Lord Wang Quan was the same.

But now, Lord God was full of emotion, speaking humbly, with even a slight tone of self-deprecation.

Why is it like this?

Today, why is Lord Wang Quan willing to speak so much?

Is it because... Lu Ran is his friend?

[You say we represent death, then what would exist above us?]

Li Rouyin came back to her senses, pondered deeply for a long time, and still bowed her head:

"Forgive this disciple's dullness, I cannot figure it out."

[Death... itself.]

Li Rouyin's body trembled slightly, indeed not expecting this point.

Yes, gods are beings above all life, and what surpasses gods can only be the law of nature.

It is the concept itself!

[Rouyin, it is time for you to make the final preparations to share the Divine Position with me.]

Li Rouyin's eyes widened slightly: "Disciple... Disciple does not dare."

[Your beloved Qin Yanzhi is now under Lu Ran's command, transformed into a god, do you not wish to be with him for eternity?]

Li Rouyin opened her mouth: "I..."

Wang Quan whispered: [New life can assist me in fighting death, delaying decay, do not feel offended, you are helping me extend my lifespan.]

"Disciple... obeys!"

[Go find Lu Ran, bring a Rebirth Coin String, I will let the coins guide you.]

Li Rouyin softly inquired: "What is the purpose of visiting him?"

[For me to pay homage to that lord, and to convey congratulations to Lu Ran... Lord, and to request joining Ran Sect, becoming one of his followers.]

Li Rouyin: !!!

Since when has she seen Lord Wang Quan so humble?

"Yes." Li Rouyin bowed her head in response.

She really did not think some things needed to be asked for.

She considered she knew Lu Ran, understood his nature, Forget Spring Sect had done so many things for Lu Ran, he would certainly be willing to reciprocate.

Yet Lord Wang Quan still humbled himself greatly.

Li Rouyin picked up the Blind Stick, stood up, took a Rebirth Coin String from the hall, and after bowing to the Forgotten Spring Divine Sculpture, she left Rebirth Hall.

Three days later.

The sky over Rain Alley City was gloomy, with a fine drizzle falling.

In the Rain Alley Home District, in front of an old residential building, a Landing Mirror suddenly appeared.

A young man walked out, and was greeted by a woman in a straw raincoat.

"Evil Shadow Guardian." Qin Yanzhi immediately saluted, shivering involuntarily.

The rain in lunar September was indeed chill, but it wasn't a great concern for this Heavenly Realm body.

Yet Qin Yanzhi shivered again.

A bone-chilling cold emanated from the old residential building ahead.

Under the gloomy rain, this residential building seemed dead in Qin Yanzhi's eyes, resembling a sinister tombstone.

"Yanzhi?" A voice called from behind.

"Come." Qin Yanzhi turned at once, catching Li Rouyin's pale, soft hand, leading her out of the Landing Mirror.

Yan Shuangzi stood quietly, observing the blind, black-dressed woman.

This person's power was quite remarkable, clearly at the Heavenly Realm!

So young yet at such a realm, truly intriguing what methods she used for cultivation.

As Yan Shuangzi looked on, she noticed a sudden focus in the black-dressed woman's vacant eyes, fixing precisely on the first floor of the residential building.

"Evil Shadow Guardian, this is my girlfriend Li Rouyin, also a friend of the Sect Leader, here for a visit," Qin Yanzhi said, hastily adding, "I have already consulted Lady on this matter."

"Hmm." Clearly aware of this matter, Yan Shuangzi turned and began to walk, "Come."

"Let's go, Rouyin." Qin Yanzhi supported the slender woman, moving forward slowly.

As they stepped into the building, Li Rouyin's already pale face turned even paler.

Yan Shuangzi keenly perceived that this blind woman seemed to "see" the way, accurately finding the security door of the first-floor residence.

It was rather astonishing.

Yan Shuangzi led the two inside, speaking softly: "He is waiting for you in the southernmost left-hand bedroom, go ahead."

"Yes."

Qin Yanzhi passed through the living room, his limbs growing stiffer.

Waves of cold aura, invisible yet truly present, invaded and pierced through his flesh.

When they reached the small bedroom doorway, they both stopped.

Inside, a young man in a Black Gold Emperor Robe knelt before a Small Divine Shrine.

His head hung low, his face expressionless, with semi-transparent black flames burning on his body.

"Gulp." Qin Yanzhi swallowed, kneeled on one knee, trembling as he greeted, "Sec... Sect Leader."

Qin Yanzhi was a god, this Heavenly Realm body's soul crafted from God and Demon Residue, should not fear any gods or demons.

Yet at the bedroom doorway, Qin Yanzhi couldn't help his racing heart, his breath even halted!

"Lord." Li Rouyin spoke softly, also bowing respectfully.

Inside the residence, deathly silence prevailed.

From beneath the broad robe's sleeve, the young man's black-fire-encased hand toyed with a peculiar flame pattern.

He slowly turned his head, his black horizontal pupils eerie and cold, his gaze enveloping the majestic Heavenly Realm at the door.

Whether Heavenly or God Realm, it mattered not.

Through those handsome and beautiful exteriors, he saw two trembling souls.

The boundary between life and death was no longer clear.

Souls were merely wailing Dead Souls temporarily dwelling within living bodies.

They curled and howled.

In dimensions invisible to the living, they begged for mercy from him.

...

Chapter 1125: Tears Before the Shrine

The room was deathly silent.

Lu Ran stared expressionlessly at the two souls, and after a long while, finally spoke:

"What is it."

His voice was low, somewhat hoarse, and the souls hiding within the living beings were like startled birds, filled with terror.

"Lord Wang Quan sent the disciple here to pay respects to the lord." Li Rouyin lowered her head deeply, not daring to look at the emperor-robed youth in front of her.

The Lu Ran in her memories was still that gluttonous kid.

Every time he came to Duskbamboo Crossing, this rascal would always make her angry, and she often wished to hit his buttocks with the blind stick.

Yet, Lord Wang Quan doted on him, indulged him, and agreed to whatever he wanted.

The answer was revealed not long after.

Lu Ran's last visit had thoroughly shocked Li Rouyin; she knew of his struggles after the Divine Ruins, knew that this gluttonous kid's power and influence were steadily growing.

But she could never have imagined that the Rebirth Money he held contained the divine soul of the Divine Jade Talisman!

What... what exactly had he been doing all these years?

With the successive downfall of the Great Xia Gods, could it all be because of him?

Later, when the Ran Gate Gods descended, and Qin Yanzhi returned to the human world, they informed her of many things.

Li Rouyin then fully understood that the gluttonous youth of the past had performed deeds of creation, slayed countless gods and demons, and become the new ruler of this world.

Regarding Lu Ran, Li Rouyin repeatedly adjusted her attitude.

She had already placed this youth in the most supreme position, for he was, after all, the Master of Ran Sect, the unequivocal leader of the Great Xia's gods.

Yet at this moment, Li Rouyin's heart and soul trembled, realizing her reverence for him was still insufficient.

From an ordinary youth to Da Xia's genius, from a humble human clan believer to the leader of all gods.

Ultimately becoming the rule itself, surpassing god and demon.

How can a person achieve such heights...

"Sect Leader." Qin Yanzhi, seeing that Lu Ran remained silent for a long time, braced himself to speak, "The two of us came hastily, if you..."

"How did she know." Lu Ran suddenly asked.

Li Rouyin took out a string of Rebirth Money from her arms, holding it in her palm.

Lu Ran looked at the ancient coins on the pale palm, understanding filled his heart.

What a Wang Quan!

Also placed spies beside me.

But Rebirth Money, after all, is a fragment of a magic artifact, without a fully formed artifact spirit; not to mention accurately conveying information, they seldom possess autonomous consciousness.

So this kind of spy and the Magic Artifact--Smoke Green Gauze are fundamentally different.

Probably during a transition of power, they exhibited some abnormalities which drew Wang Quan's attention.

"Come on." Lu Ran turned his head, no longer looking at the two of them.

"Yes." Li Rouyin immediately got up, but as she crossed the doorway, she froze.

The ordinary door seemed like an invisible boundary line.

Outside the door, it was already terrifying, inside it felt like another world, like... the Netherworld.

Ironically, Li Rouyin considered herself representative of death, always accompanying dead souls.

But here, her identity had changed.

Dead souls had always been her means to nourish her soul and body; she could easily control and command them, countless dead souls had cried and begged for mercy in her hands.

Crossing this threshold, Li Rouyin felt herself demote from the position of controller, becoming the crying dead soul.

Her flesh strained on.

Her soul cried, begging its master to leave this place...

"Hoo~" The black fire on the emperor-robed youth gradually extinguished.

His bizarre horizontal pupils reverted back to human clan's pupils.

"Heh... heh..." Li Rouyin's chest heaved violently, as if she could finally breathe.

She struggled to take another step forward, quietly saying, "Thank you."

Lu Ran looked up at the small divine shrine's little Immortal Sheep sculpture, with a trace of sadness in his eyes: "I just became it, the aura is too strong.

Time will eventually calm me down."

Whether this was an explanation or a psychological suggestion was unknown.

Li Rouyin dared not speak rashly, she placed a string of Rebirth Money before the small shrine, then retreated behind Lu Ran, silently paying respects to the little sculpture in the shrine.

Outside the small rain continuously pattered.

The gloomy sky gradually darkened until a faint light shone through the window.

Rain Alley City was empty, truly a ghost town.

But at nightfall, the street lights in Rain Alley Home District would emit a dim glow.

This awakened Lu Ran.

From the pitch-dark room finally came his hoarse voice: "Thank you for coming to pay respects, it's night, return now."

"My lord, the disciple has one more thing." Li Rouyin spoke lightly.

"Hmm?"

After much hesitation about congratulating Lu Ran on his ascendancy, Li Rouyin still did not voice it.

How could Lu Ran have any joy from assuming power?

The room was filled with a sense of sorrow, even the Majestic Heaven Realm mourned under Lu Ran's emotions.

If ordinary people were to enter, they absolutely couldn't maintain personal will, they would have long since wept bitterly.

Wisely, Li Rouyin refrained from congratulating, instead, she said, "Lord Wang Quan requests you, hoping to join the Ran Sect as one under your command."

"Join the Ran Sect."

"Yes." Li Rouyin confirmed.

Lu Ran was silent for a moment, then said, "Lord Wang Quan has shown kindness to me, could remain in a detached manner, but joining the Ran Sect means absolute submission."

Just protecting his father Lu Xing's dead soul was enough to make Lu Ran eternally grateful, coupled with the help Rebirth Money provided along the way.

To put it bluntly, even if Wang Quan leveraged the favor for reciprocal gain, made some excessive demands, Lu Ran would acknowledge them.

Yet unexpectedly, Wang Quan wanted to join the Ran Sect, voluntarily becoming his subordinate?

"Hope the lord will grant it." Li Rouyin still used a pleading tone, expressing the god's humble posture from behind.

Lu Ran lowered his head and chuckled: "Okay, if she wants to establish a sect, choose any area, any city, and discuss with the Lady of Burning Gate, I will notify Ruyi."

In the realm of Da Xia, the Ran Sect is the only "Cloud Sea".

In the future, it might be the only Cloud Sea in the entire world.

Wang Quan can remain outside the system, but she can also join this behemoth and lean against a great tree.

Eventually, kindness will be rewarded.

If Wang Quan chooses not to use it but to actively approach and become a subordinate, she will forever be special in Lu Ran's heart.

Within the Ran Sect, Wang Quan will also be an implicit, transcendent existence.

The days of being excluded, imprisoned, and forced to make tribute will be gone forever.

No matter how much her special abilities are feared by Gods and Demons, as long as she is in the Ran Sect, everything will not be a problem.

Under Lu Ran's command, Wang Quan can develop the sect and live out her years in peace.

"Thank you, my lord," Li Rouyin said softly.

"Call me Lu Ran."

Li Rouyin was visibly hesitant.

Lu Ran also realized that such a request might be difficult for her and added, "Calling me Sect Leader is also fine; in the Ran Sect, there are eight positions for Divine Generals, with one always left open.

It has always been reserved for your brother."

With that, Lu Ran let out a long sigh: "The Purple Thunder Demon Peng Evil Sculpture was also kept for him, and to this day, it remains ownerless. Unfortunately, we never managed to wait for him..."

Now that Lord Wang Quan has joined the Ran Sect, you will inherit your brother's title and become this Divine General."

"Mm." Li Rouyin's nose immediately tinged with sourness, and tears welled up in her eyes.

All day, she had been immersed in Lu Ran's sorrowful emotions, like a rootless duckweed drifting with the tide.

Upon hearing these words, Li Rouyin's already sorrowful heart could no longer hold on.

At the doorway, Qin Yanzhi saw his girlfriend covering her face and weeping, and his heart nearly broke.

In Holy Spirit Mountain,

it has never been a sunlit amusement park.

It's a bloody slaughterhouse, a Land of Gu Raising for all gods.

Death is the main theme there.

No matter your sect, whether you're from the River Realm or the Sea Realm, anyone could drop dead the next second.

Nowadays, disciples of the Ran Sect are already spread throughout the Holy Spirit Mountain continent, occupying major regions, while rectifying the Mountain Realm's atmosphere and searching for the missing person.

Qin Yanzhi also tried hard to search.

To no avail.

Though it is said that his life or death is unknown, Qin Yanzhi has long reached a conclusion regarding Hao Tian's fate.

It's just that Li Rouyin is unwilling to accept it.

"I... I begged him not to go, I truly begged him... not to go..." Li Rouyin bowed her head, covering her face, her cascading hair falling as she cried out in pain.

Tears streamed continuously through the slender gaps between her fingers.

She would always remember the day her brother came to Duskbamboo Crossing to bid her farewell.

He said the gods had called him to pilgrimage.

Foolishly, he thought it was supreme glory, believing he was favored by the gods and could cultivate under Lord Dong Ting's feet and achieve rapid progress.

Little did he know, it was all a ruse.

That day was also the last time the siblings saw each other.

"In this matter, I also bear responsibility," Lu Ran said slowly.

"What?" Li Rouyin raised her head, tears like pearls rolling down.

Lu Ran murmured: "Within Holy Spirit Mountain, there's a sect called Thunder Mountain, consisting entirely of disciples from Dong Ting's faction. They waged a sect extermination battle against another force, the Thousand Boat Alliance.

During that great war, I killed many disciples of Dong Ting.

Your brother was summoned to pilgrimage after the Thunder Mountain faction was annihilated."

Li Rouyin stared quietly at Lu Ran.

"Sect Leader!" Qin Yanzhi immediately spoke up, "Thunder Mountain committed all sorts of evil, burning, killing, robbing, enslaving their compatriots. You were enforcing justice, doing what Da Xia's genius ought to do."

Lu Ran pursed his lips.

Many years ago, a thought occurred to him: "I did not kill Boren, but Boren died because of me."

Having hidden it for so long, finally voicing it gave him a bit of ease in his heart.

And the key person who triggered that sect extermination battle was the leader of the Thousand Boat Alliance—Yun Qianzhou.

Thunder Mountain could not allow a Heavenly Realm Power to appear in the neighboring sect.

And now, Yun Qianzhou is also nowhere to be found.

It seems his fate was the same as Hao Tian's, only one died in the mountain, and the other in the sky.

"Gods and Demons are the true culprits behind all of this!" Qin Yanzhi said in a deep voice, "The Sect Leader killed Dong Ting to avenge Hao Tian's grievances."

Li Rouyin took a deep breath and slowly closed her beautiful eyes.

There were too many murderers.

It was the evil Thunder Mountain, the cruel Holy Spirit Mountain.

It was the Divine-Dong Ting!

It was the Great Xia Gods who wove an enormous lie and manipulated ants into Ascension by raising Gu.

"Rouyin?" Qin Yanzhi was full of worry.

Li Rouyin slowly lowered her head and said softly, "Thank you, Sect Leader, for avenging my brother."

Lu Ran turned to look at the woman: "Don't blame me?"

"I do," Li Rouyin smiled, though it was very forced.

In an instant, Qin Yanzhi's heart hung in the air, and he said softly, "Rouyin!"

Lu Ran gave a cold glance at the doorway.

Qin Yanzhi's body shook intensely, and he quickly bowed his head.

In the dark little bedroom, Li Rouyin's soft whisper came again: "Blame the Sect Leader...for not leaving Dong Ting for me."

Lu Ran was silent for a long time, reaching out to place his hand on her head, gently rubbing it:

"I'm sorry."

Li Rouyin's eyes grew moist again, her lips quivering as two clear tears streamed down, dripping onto her dress.

...

Chapter 1126: Night Rain Memorial

The night rain pattered down.

As Qin Li and the other left, the old house regained its silence.

Lu Ran remained kneeling before the shrine, unmoving, his consciousness already entered the spiritual world, arriving at the Sculpture Garden.

He hovered in front of a humming stone sculpture.

This was the Evil Green Lamp Sculpture, one of the two facets of the Third-class God Chenghua.

Once, Hua Tianjiang inherited the Chenghua stone sculpture within the garden, and then directly devoured the god Chenghua, who possessed the Double Divine Position.

Therefore, this Green Lamp Sculpture has always remained in the garden.

Now it's come in handy, as it can be used for borrowing a body to return a soul.

"Sect Leader? Sect Leader, you're here!" A surprised voice came, merging with the hum of the stone sculpture.

"Mm." Lu Ran placed a hand on the Green Lamp, sensing carefully, "Is everything alright?"

"I'm well! Working hard to consume all its consciousness, to replace it with this Evil Sculpture's body." Hua Qingying continuously spoke, expressing gratitude, "Thank you, Sect Leader, thank you, Sect Leader..."

"Borrowing a body to return a soul is a long process, haste makes waste." Black fire ignited on Lu Ran's body, and the Evil Sculpture trembled violently once more.

"Ah..." Even with a strong divine soul, Hua Tianjiang moaned in pain.

The countless remaining souls within the Evil Sculpture were also extinguished under the black fire.

Remaining souls?

Countless remaining souls?

Yes.

After becoming the "tomb," Lu Ran finally understood how the stone sculptures in the garden came to be:

They were piled up with dead souls, one by one.

Followers of different sects from the Human Clan, Evil Demon minions, after death, their souls more or less contained a trace of Origin Energy, naturally tainted with the atmosphere of various God Demon sects.

Overbearing Sheep General collected them, bringing them into the garden, weaving and piecing them together, strand by strand, trace by trace.

It was an enormous project, also a tedious job.

Requiring immense patience, immense patience...

Through each stone sculpture, Lu Ran seemed to see what had happened here over the past forty long years.

There it was, a Black Fire Sheep Head.

Lonely wandering through this dark Sculpture Garden.

Today, it brought a Night Charm dead soul, unraveling the threads, carefully crafting the Night Charm base with only a wisp of Origin Energy.

Tomorrow, it brought a Rou Paperman dead soul, using the pathetic wisp of Origin Energy in its soul to weave the hem of the Rou Paperman stone sculpture's clothing.

Night after night, year after year.

This dark and desolate land, from a vast emptiness, gradually became filled with Divine and Evil Sculptures.

How long did it take?

From the day the Gods and Demons descended to June 1st, 2018, the day Lu Ran honored the god.

A full thirty-eight years.

Perhaps longer, maybe even in the homeland of the Gods and Demons, the tomb had already begun its preparations.

It could be shorter too, but regardless, the workload was evident here, impossible to fake.

In this unknown place, the tomb lonely traversed through the long dark years, painstakingly crafting little by little, building up the God Demon Sculpture Garden.

Like a bird building a nest for the next generation.

Twigs, cotton, mud... all to nurture new life.

Just for the young tomb.

Presumably, on the day the Sculpture Garden was completed, the Sheep General must have felt particularly accomplished?

Actually, it didn't have to work so hard.

Many divine and evil sculptures within the garden, like Fog Shadow Man and Bamboo Wood Demon types, would the next generation of the tomb truly need them?

But Lord Immortal Sheep still did it this way.

All these years, it always told Lu Ran: "Follow your own path."

That wasn't just talk.

In the Five Major Battle Zones, the tomb chose the strongest zone, creating all the divine and evil sculptures in this realm.

No matter how Lu Ran wanted to develop, whether specializing or being all-rounded, excelling in melee or ranged, healing or control, or particularly favoring a special skill.

No matter which path he wanted to tread...

From the mighty Sword One and Blood Skull to the unnoticed Immortal Zither and Ice Rose, or the weak Blood Disaster Dog and Straw Demon.

The tomb provided everything to its utmost ability.

Thinking of this, a layer of mist rose in Lu Ran's eyes.

In the small bedroom, he looked up at the small sculpture within the shrine, his tear-filled eyes gradually blurring his vision.

Lu Ran covered his eyes with one hand, bowing his head deeply.

In the small shrine, the Immortal Sheep sculpture continued to smile warmly.

It seemed to still be watching Lu Ran.

But its whole body, white and lustrous, would never be stained black again.

No more would the deep, hoarse voice sound in Lu Ran's mind.

No more cold laughs and scoldings, nor occasional warmth hidden behind the raspy voice.

Lord Immortal Sheep was dead.

Dissipated.

Using death to elucidate its existence's significance, fulfilling its final self-adherence.

"Heh..." Even Lu Ran's sighing had a slight tremor.

Scalding tears soaked his palms, trickling through his fingers, dripping onto the Emperor Robe.

At the door, Yan Shuangzi, hidden from sight, watched with full eyes of worry.

For three days, Lu Ran's emotions have been stable; sadness was unavoidable, but there wasn't such an emotional breakdown.

She had thought everything would gradually pass, yet after Lord Immortal Sheep's death, on the third day, in the deep night, Lu Ran unexpectedly broke into sobs.

Outside the window, the night rain continued, not very heavy.

The pattering rain sound couldn't cover up the young man's hopeless sobbing.

This old residential building, this small bedroom, witnessed once again its owner's darkest moment of life.

The last time, he was still that thirteen-year-old boy, curled up alone on the small bed, crying, unable to accept the cruel reality of his father's passing.

This time, the boy had become a youth, standing alone on the peak of gods and demons with powerful comrades by his side.

But it seemed that nothing had gotten better.

Partings between life and death,

still inevitable.

"Sigh!!"

A violent fluctuation of divine power echoed from the living room.

A landing mirror tore through space, forcibly piecing itself together.

Yan Shuangzi turned her head and saw a woman dressed in a green rain cape and blue bamboo hat stepping forward.

Step by step, she approached the small bedroom.

Yan Shuangzi opened her mouth but, in the end, said nothing, quietly moved aside, and gave way at the doorway.

"Leave." A hoarse voice came from the emperor-robed youth inside.

However, his authority and indifference did not stop the steps of the woman in the rain cape.

Deng Yuxiang came to Lu Ran's side, facing the shrine, she removed the wide bamboo hat and knelt respectfully in homage.

After bowing three times to the deceased, she straightened her body and turned to look at Lu Ran.

Lu Ran turned his head the other way, facing to the side.

Deng Yuxiang said nothing, only held his head with one hand and forcibly turned his face back, her other hand was gentle as it landed on his cheek.

Cold fingers wiped over his tear-soaked eyes, wiping away the tear streaks on his face.

"Heh." Lu Ran smiled helplessly, "You could learn from your good friend, leave me some dignity, pretend you don't know, didn't see."

"Mm." Deng Yuxiang responded softly, pressing slightly on his head and bowed her forehead to lightly touch his hair.

Lu Ran's body stiffened.

Her embrace was very cold, carrying the chilling aura of late autumn from the northeast.

And... a faint scent of camellia.

After a long while, Lu Ran spoke in a low voice, "I am enveloped in such heavy death energy, it must be hard for you."

Deng Yuxiang pressed her lips tightly.

Indeed, it was difficult.

After becoming a god, he still appeared human, with blood and flesh, maintaining a human's basic tone.

But in essence, it was not the case.

Unsurprisingly, he had become a special type of pure energy body.

And this bizarre energy body, from afar was terrifying.

Close contact made her soul quiver.

"The battle is not over, Little Lu Ran, our journey hasn't reached the end yet."

Lu Ran seemed somewhat dissatisfied, his voice hoarse, "I've only been commemorating for three days."

"Mm." Deng Yuxiang gently combed Lu Ran's hair, her voice unusually soft, "The life of Jade Venerable is the best offering you can give to Lord Immortal Sheep."

Lu Ran was silent for a long time before finally closing his eyes.

She was... right.

Deng Yuxiang was very unsentimental, yet her voice was very gentle, "Can the Dragon God General, Hua Heavenly General, and Wu Heavenly General be resurrected?"

"Yes, but it will take a long time." Lu Ran muttered, "I gave the Cloud Mace to the Dragon God General, took Hua Heavenly General into the Green Lamp, and sent Wuya's divine soul into the Fang-faced Man Evil Sculpture."

Deng Yuxiang frowned slightly, "Dragon God General's Cloud Mace? Wuya Fang-faced Man?"

Lu Ran nodded lightly, "Using a body for reincarnation, it takes as little as half a year, as long as a year, far simpler than creating a new stone sculpture.

The key is it's more stable, more reliable."

Deng Yuxiang understood, and then asked, "The Jade Venerable Divine Soul you previously imprisoned, can it be used to create a stone sculpture?"

"Yes."

"Can?"

"But it's not jade." Lu Ran said in a low voice, "The things I craft can only fit within the framework of gods and demons, fundamentally different from Jade Venerable."

"Mm..." Deng Yuxiang mused for a moment, letting out a light sigh, "Progress is slow, isn't it."

After all, Lu Ran had said that using a body for reincarnation was far simpler than creating another divine sculpture.

Given that, even if they could truly create a "Faceless Stone Venerable," it would still take a very long time.

However, the struggle for survival between Ran Sect and the Faceless Jade Venerable likely wouldn't last that long.

Never mind the more difficult task of creating a new divine sculpture, even waiting for the resurrection of the Dragon God General, Wu Heavenly General, etc., might not catch up with the war's conclusion.

From this perspective, if the soldiers of Ran Sect died, then they were truly gone.

They could not appear in this war.

"The progress is indeed slow, but it can be faster." Lu Ran suddenly said.

"Oh?" Deng Yuxiang held Lu Ran's shoulders, looked down at his face.

On arrival, he was still so sorrowful.

Now, his face was sullen, exuding a cold aura all around him, seemingly stirring a chill wind within the room.

Honestly, if they hadn't fought and grown up together, Deng Yuxiang might have taken Lu Ran for the biggest villain BOSS in the world!

Lu Ran slowly lifted his head, his pitch-black eyes gazing into hers:

"A stone sculpture, using the divine soul of Faceless Jade Venerable as a base, crafted from the origin energy tainted with her aura, I've already laid the foundation."

Deng Yuxiang suppressed her soul tremor, nodded gently.

Lu Ran smiled, supposed to be as bright as ever, but those eyes were too dark, too cold, "The minions of Jade Venerable are endless, each with a dead soul, all of them from the Heavenly Realm.

More importantly, all gods and demons in the sky are unique, only one exists.

But there are many Jade Venerable herself, which means..."

Deng Yuxiang's eyes sparkled, "Her divine soul level souls are numerous!"

Lu Ran's voice was hoarse, "With each more Jade Venerable we kill, the faceless 'Stone' Venerable in the garden can be built a step sooner."

Deng Yuxiang pondered for a moment, confirming, "She is yours."

"Mm, in the process of crafting, her soul will be torn into countless fragments by me, like other divine and evil sculptures with little independent consciousness, fully belonging to me."

Deng Yuxiang tightened her grip on Lu Ran's shoulders, "Good!"

...

Chapter 1127: The Young Tomb

"Master." A voice called from the doorway.

Lu Ran and Deng Yuxiang turned their heads simultaneously, also seeing Yan Shuangzi revealing her figure.

She reported, "Just now, the lady sent someone to notify me to take the Hundred Treasures Bag to India and join the Dragon Guardian."

Deng Yuxiang's heart moved, "Did Cong Long manage to win over the Fire Evil Monk?"

In the past few months, Yu Changsheng had been infiltrating the India camp, specifically recruiting gods and demons, aiming to increase the winning odds for the Ran Sect and pave the way for future peace in the world.

First-class Evil God: Fire Evil Monk, was precisely Yu Changsheng's primary target to conquer.

India is, after all, the world's second-largest battle zone, and the top existences in this zone are naturally not much inferior to Da Xia's First-class God Demons.

If this could be accomplished, it would be a great help for the Ran Sect, whether confronting the Faceless Jade Venerable or subduing the rest of the gods and demons under the India system!

Especially the latter, as the Fire Evil Monk could very likely call upon others, thereby facilitating a peaceful transition of power.

"Not sure, the lady's order was very short." Yan Shuangzi responded truthfully and said, "The lady also said that if the master has time, he can go to Immortal Mo Divine Mountain to see her."

"Go ahead, be careful."

"Yes." Yan Shuangzi bowed respectfully, and her figure disappeared in a flash.

Deng Yuxiang looked at Lu Ran and gently advised, "Return to the battlefield, defeat the foreign enemy as soon as possible, and give Lord Immortal Sheep an explanation."

Lu Ran silently nodded.

The Dead Souls of the Jade Venerable Minions, although far inferior in quality compared to the Great Jade Venerable's Divine Soul, had an advantage in their numbers.

As Lu Ran fought on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, the Faceless "Stone" Venerable in the Sculpture Garden could naturally accelerate its construction!

As for the battle power once the stone sculpture was finally formed, that would have to wait for time to provide an answer.

Deng Yuxiang glanced around and, with the dim streetlight outside the window, saw the walls covered with Divine Weapons, the strands of light gauze scattered on the bed, and the Blood Crystal Mask placed on the computer desk...

"Come on, accompany your master to the battlefield."

She spoke softly, also grabbing the Blood Crystal Mask from among a bunch of flying Magic Artifacts.

She personally placed the mask on Lu Ran's face, her cold hand moving slightly upward, wiping across his eye sockets once more, and advised, "Adjust your emotions, don't let the other soldiers see you."

Lu Ran pouted.

Is it possible that letting you see this is already embarrassing enough?

"Uh." Lu Ran's forehead was tapped lightly.

He looked up, somewhat dissatisfied.

Deng Yuxiang's bent fingers froze in mid-air, obviously intimidated by his gaze.

She struggled to overcome the soul-level fear, her trembling hand slowly retracting, "Go, I'll train Uncle well.

Since you killed him seven times, he has progressed considerably in recent days and should soon be ready for the battlefield."

"Mm." Lu Ran raised his head and knelt three times towards the Small Divine Shrine for the fallen, then summoned an Ancient Bronze Mirror.

As the emperor-robed youth left and the Landing Mirror dispersed, Deng Yuxiang heaved a sigh of relief.

Feeling an unprecedented sense of ease.

That fear-ridden soul finally began to settle down gradually.

Indeed... he has the bearing of a Lord of Gods and Demons.

Deng Yuxiang didn't find it embarrassing at all; instead, she was quite satisfied.

She understood clearly that if even she had to tremble under his gaze, the rest of the gods and demons would fare even worse.

This is good!

It helps all beings find their proper place.

Meanwhile, on the Immortal Mo Divine Mountain on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, a goddess statue's flat hand trembled slightly.

Lu Ran gazed up at her breathtakingly beautiful face, his voice slightly hoarse, "You called me."

Jiang Ruyi pursed her lips, transmitting, [Are you... alright?]

Lu Ran nodded silently.

Jiang Ruyi's gaze enveloped the emperor-robed youth, who stood small in her palm, yet powerful enough to make her Divine Soul tremble.

This is... a tomb?

A unique existence that transcends gods and demons.

[Is the Fire God Woman's Divine Soul still within you?] Jiang Ruyi asked, struggling to calm her emotions.

Lu Ran nodded once more.

Jiang Ruyi spoke softly, [The Dragon Guardian lured him with benefits, promising the Fire Evil Monk that Ran Sect would help him complete his Divine Position.

They also promised to make him the controller of the India battle zone in the future...]

Lu Ran listened quietly.

Power, influence, resources.

This level of enticement is indeed enough to tempt any god or demon.

Jiang Ruyi continued, [The Fire Evil Monk dared to accept the invitation, so he must be powerful. If negotiations break down and he decides to flee, it will be very difficult to capture him.

So, once he arrives, reveal the Fire God Woman's Divine Soul, let him see it with his own eyes.

Once I imprint on the Fire Evil Monk's Divine Soul, how to deal with him will be up to us.]

Lu Ran pondered for a moment and said, [With the tense war situation in the Heavenly Realm, it's not possible to reshape the Divine Sculpture of the Fire God Woman; I also lack the energy.

Once the Fire Evil Monk submits to us, he can consume the Divine Soul, completing his Divine Position directly.

Anyway, by then, he will be your servant.]

[Mm, that works too.] Jiang Ruyi had no objection.

She wanted to say more but saw Lu Ran turning his back and looking towards the battlefield below the mountain.

[Lu Ran.]

[Mm?]

[If you have anything you wish to say or confide, I... I'm always here.] Jiang Ruyi gazed at the emperor-robed youth in her palm.

The sense of unfamiliarity was inevitable.

After all, he was no longer at the Third Level of Heaven, but had reached the God Realm... no!

Lu Ran was even beyond the God Realm.

The youth who was once gentle and kind had undergone a complete transformation of one hundred and eighty degrees.

He had become desolate and hollow, his voice hoarse.

In just a few simple transmissions, a cold and sinister aura was palpable, making one's back shiver.

### Chapter 1128: The Young Tomb (Part 2)

Jiang Ruyi naturally felt unfamiliar, and she deeply hoped and prayed that his heart hadn't changed.

She hoped that he was merely feeling hurt and sad because of Lord Immortal Sheep's departure.

Praying that time could heal everything.

[Hmm.] Lu Ran responded softly, drawing out the Venerable Slayer Blade, his figure hidden from view.

Jiang Ruyi cast her gaze into the distance, and after searching for a moment, she saw two broken Jade Venerable minions on the far battlefield.

It wasn't just unfamiliarity; there was a hint of distance as well.

Was this her own illusion?

Jiang Ruyi tightly pressed her lips together, a trace of panic suddenly rising in her heart.

Facing the world, she was the cold Empress.

But facing him, she returned to being an ordinary girl, a bit at a loss, worried and afraid of this sudden distance.

"Crack!"

"Crack..." The invisible person, holding an invisible blade, shattered one faceless Jade Venerable after another.

[That's not right!] A heart thought abruptly surged into her mind.

[Hmm?] Lu Ran slightly frowned, gripping the hilt tighter.

[Your mindset is wrong,] the Venerable Slayer Blade Spirit said in a deep voice, [Master, your strength is already at the God Realm, killing Heavenly Realm Jade Venerable minions is like crushing ants.

Has the master not realized? Your original intention has changed.]

Lu Ran: "..."

Though the Venerable Slayer Blade is only a first-class divine weapon, due to its fundamental existence of "rebelling against the higher," it's quite bold in speaking the truth:

[If you continue with such slaughter, no matter how many Jade Venerable minions you kill, I will also find it difficult to grow.]

Lu Ran held the hilt, lost in thought.

[I hope the master can maintain the stance of the lower, always facing the Jade Venerable Clan with the mindset of a challenger.]

"Understood." Lu Ran twirled the blade flower.

The Venerable Slayer Blade Spirit continued: [You originally were the weaker side, don't be blinded by the suddenly increased power.]

"I said, I understand." Lu Ran's expression darkened significantly.

All living things have emotions.

At this time, Lu Ran's mood was really bad.

The Venerable Slayer Blade Spirit continued to dance madly over the minefield: [You can devour the lives of gods and demons, consider yourself superior to gods and demons, but can you harm the faceless Jade Venerable?]

Can your gaze make gods and demons tremble, but can you intimidate the faceless Jade Venerable?]

"Heh." Lu Ran chuckled angrily.

Is chasing and killing all there is?

"Crack," a crisp sound!

Lu Ran's figure flashed, slashing a Jade Venerable minion with a blade full of Divine Grade Heavenly Power, cutting it in two.

[Yes, like this!]

[Again!]

[Very good, very good...]

With a heart of rebellion and defiance, Lu Ran treated the Jade Venerable minion as a part of the original, overthrowing the so-called new gods.

Such a mindset is indeed easy to find.

Jade Venerable was in an absolutely dominant position, to what degree of strength specifically?

She forced Lord Immortal Sheep to death!

Her appearance drove the grave into the realm of old things with one kick.

Lord Immortal Sheep could only leave in a manner, leaving Lu Ran the last hope and protection, giving him a possibility to stand against the faceless Jade Venerable.

"Crack!"

"Crack..." The Jade Venerable minions kept shattering.

The Venerable Slayer Blade trembled madly!

On the top battlefield, killing the world's strongest enemies, a mere first-class divine soldier blade, was taking large steps toward the peak.

But soon, the master and the soldier both stagnated.

The Jade Venerable minions retreated!

The minions surrounding Immortal Mo Divine Mountain seemed to have collected enough intelligence and ceased meaningless sacrifices, choosing to return to report.

How can that be?

Lu Ran flickered rapidly, his offense unprecedently fierce.

Even though he remained hidden, the gods on the Divine Mountain were left slack-jawed, after all, those shattered Jade Venerable minions were real.

"Sister Ruyi." Tian Tian guard quietly approached, whispering, "Lu Ran is so amazing~"

Jiang Ruyi felt complicated and lightly responded with a "Hmm."

"Don't worry about him." Tian Tian wrapped her small hands around Jiang Ruyi's arm, comforting her, "He'll definitely be fine."

From the Human World to the Mountain Realm, then to the First, Second, and Third Heavens.

Lu Ran was not a flower in a greenhouse, but a young man who had endured life-and-death trials, emerged from storms and storms.

So Tian Tian's tone was very firm.

"Hmm." Jiang Ruyi's smile was somewhat forced, praying that everything was just her imagination.

...

Over the next two or three days, the Ran Sect Gods experienced unprecedeted changes on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield.

For some reason, the number of Jade Venerable Clan clearly kept decreasing.

Until the fifteenth day of the lunar September, the battlefield even became completely silent.

This eerie silence brought the atmosphere of the entire Heavenly Realm to the extreme tension!

What is this?

Is a storm coming?

Under the Lady of the Burning Gate's command, scouts from various regions and godly mountains were constantly sent out to explore the areas outside the Divine Mountain.

On the fifteenth of September, Yan Shuangzi arrived at Immortal Jasmine Divine Mountain with the Magic Artifact-Hundred Treasures Bag.

"Lady!" Yan Shuangzi appeared in a flash, half-kneeling in the palm of the Immortal Jasmine Divine Sculpture.

"Brought it?"

"Yes, Mr. Cong Long has also returned together." Yan Shuangzi took out a dark golden small pouch from her bosom, presenting it upward.

A remnant shadow of a God flew out from within the Immortal Jasmine Divine Sculpture, quickly crafting a Heavenly Realm Body, descending before the Evil Shadow Guardian.

She picked up the small pouch with one hand and instructed, "Call Lu Ran back, he should be at the border."

Yan Shuangzi immediately transmitted a message in her mind.

Jiang Ruyi gently weighed the pouch, the Magic Artifact understood her intentions, automatically opening the pouch.

A stone sculpture the size of a toy soldier came into view.

Another "little ant" flew out of the pouch, apparently the Heavenly Realm Body of Dragon Guardian.

"Lady!" Yu Changsheng flew out of the pouch, immediately reverting to his regular size.

"Sir, you've worked hard." Jiang Ruyi casually replied, looking at the First-class Evil God: Fire Evil Monk inside the Hundred Treasures Bag.

But the other party had his eyes closed, sitting cross-legged.

The Fire Evil Monk appeared to be in his forties or fifties, looked quite "Indian," with a large bald head, dressed exceedingly simply.

The only thing he wore was a tattered pair of shorts.

His physique was quite worthy of such exposure, the naked upper body was rather well-built, muscles forming a graceful streamline.

"You are, the Lady of Burning Gate." The Fire Evil Monk opened his eyes, gazing upward at the opening of the pouch.

"Hmm." Jiang Ruyi replied indifferently.

"This humble monk greets you with respect." The Fire Evil Monk slowly stood up, palms together, neither servile nor overbearing.

There was no sense of any evil aura.

Nor any fiery presence.

He just seemed like an ascetic monk.

Jiang Ruyi was about to speak, suddenly her heart tightened.

Along with her, Yu Changsheng shivered, feeling a throbbing at his temples!

"Phew~"

A chilly aura surged over like an invisible tide.

Yu Changsheng's face turned pale, his gaze swept past the Lady of Burning Gate, seeing an Emperor-robed Youth appear behind her.

"Sect... Sect Leader."

"Sect Leader!" The Dragon Evil Shadow Guardians both lowered their heads in greeting.

"Hmm." Lu Ran approached step by step, black fire igniting on his body.

Yu Changsheng's eyes widened instantly, his body trembled violently, each step of the Emperor-robed Youth seemed to tread on his Divine Soul.

This... this?

Yan Shuangzi was in shock.

A few days ago, when Lu Ran was commemorating in front of the small divine shrine at home, he had said that he had just inherited everything and his aura was too heavy, that time would gradually calm him.

But now, his aura was obviously even stronger!

Where was the calm?

Instead, he seemed to be growing, right?!

Was it because... he'd killed too many Jade Venerables in recent days, consumed too many mighty Dead Souls?

Lu Ran came beside Jiang Ruyi, looking into the pouch.

The Fire Evil Monk's expression suddenly changed!

The always solemn demeanor turned to terror and unease, staring intently at the face of the youth covering the pouch's opening.

"You... You are, the Master of Ran Sect?" the Fire Evil Monk trembled as he spoke.

Lu Ran directly flew into the pouch.

The Fire Evil Monk subconsciously retreated.

"Phew~~~"

The Emperor Robe fluttered, black fire swayed.

Lu Ran picked up a mass of Soul Prison in his hand, as the Rebirth Coin String at his waist quivered, a Divine Soul was released and then confined again in the Soul Prison.

He hovered above the Fire Evil Monk, playing with the ball of black mist in his hand, voice hoarse:

"Follow me, she will be yours."

Is there really such a thing as being neither servile nor overbearing in this world?

At least this First-class Evil God from India wasn't as internally strong as imagined.

The Fire Evil Monk had imagined numerous times the scene of meeting the new leader of the Da Xia Demon Gods and had prepared many conditions for today's negotiation.

But under the cold vertical pupils of the Emperor-robed Youth, the Fire Evil Monk could not bring himself to speak!

It was as though a shiver rooted in the instincts of survival clutched his throat.

Just what kind of existence does this Human Clan represent?

I am a God!

A supreme First-class God!

Yet why does my noble Divine Soul tremble in fear, wail in trembling, and then crouch in whimpering...

"Ruyi."

"Hmm?" Jiang Ruyi's expression was complex, looking at the small figure within the pouch.

He finally spoke to her.

"Phoenix Soul Brand."

"Hmm, alright."

...

Chapter 1129: No More Pain

"Screeeech~~~"

The melodious cry of a phoenix echoed.

The Fire Evil Monk stared intently at the plummeting Phoenix Illusion, feeling a bit at a loss.

The new leader of the Great Xia Demon God... is too domineering!

The Fire Evil Monk contemplated many conditions, but kept them to himself, not daring to voice them. He hadn't explicitly expressed his allegiance, yet the Emperor-robed Youth imposed his command without allowing any rebuttal.

Phoenix Soul Brand?

What kind of Magic Artifact is this?

Should I dodge? Can I... dodge?

The Fire Evil Monk hesitated a bit, but then noticed the Master of Ran Sect standing in mid-air at an angle above, gazing down at him.

A pair of unique jet-black horizontal pupils, so chilling.

"Ah! Ahhhh..." The Fire Evil Monk suddenly clutched his head with both hands, crying out in pain.

The dignified First-class Evil God ultimately did not dare to dodge.

As the illusory little phoenix burrowed into the Divine Soul, a wave of intense pain followed.

"Offer your loyalty, and you will no longer suffer."

The hoarse voice was remarkably penetrating, echoing inside and outside the money pouch.

The Fire Evil Monk's face distorted, and he suddenly raised his head to look at the Emperor-robed Youth.

The intense pain seemed to bolster his courage?

Lu Ran weighed the Soul Prison Team in his hand: "You will get what you want. Everything Mr. Cong Long promised you will be honored.

Your Divine Position will be complete.

In the future, you may also oversee the Tianzhu Battle Zone, becoming a Sealed Territory Official of the Ran Sect."

The Fire Evil Monk's trembling body noticeably steadied.

As he immersed himself in the beautiful anticipation, the pain drastically decreased, yet it still lingered.

After all, at that moment, the Phoenix Soul Brand was in the process of being "inscribed," requiring about nine minutes to fully form.

In other words, the true discipline phase would commence after those nine minutes.

As for when it would end, there was no specific duration; it depended on when the Fire Evil Monk harbored no more dissent.

One day of doubt, and the punishment would persist for that day.

Lu Ran descended slowly, moving closer to the Fire Evil Monk, looking at the massive, twisted stone face: "The only thing you have to do is offer loyalty.

Submit, and you will not suffer.

Recognize reality, and you will be liberated."

The Fire Evil Monk gripped his head tightly, his eyes widening!

Lu Ran gazed emotionlessly at him.

During the inscription of the Phoenix Soul Brand, the Fire Evil Monk could choose to resist or attempt to flee.

Whether he could resist or successfully escape was another matter; in any case, the window of opportunity was a mere nine minutes.

Lu Ran always stood diagonally above the Fire Evil Monk, clearly to oversee the entire process, intending to intimidate the Fire Evil Monk into staying put.

"Hoo~"

The fluttering Emperor Robe exuded majestic heavenly power.

The swirling black fire emitted dense death energy, seemingly accompanied by gusts of gloomy wind.

The hoarse voice once again emerged from the mouth of the human-clan youth: "You made me say a lot."

He appeared somewhat displeased.

Displeased that his solicitation received no response.

"Ugh..." The Fire Evil Monk continued to tremble violently, unsure whether it was due to the Phoenix Soul Brand or the Emperor-robed Youth.

One person and one Evil God exchanged glances.

The battle of eyes extended into the Soul Dimension, entirely one-sided, with one side exerting pure pressure, the other struggling desperately.

The silent exchange soon bore results.

Before the Phoenix Soul Brand was fully inscribed, the Fire Evil Monk resignedly bowed his head, kneeling: "This humble monk has come... to follow, you."

"Hmm." Lu Ran nodded approvingly.

That was for the best.

If not, he wouldn't mind taking action himself!

To show this First-class Evil God from Tianzhu what it means for there to always be someone better.

The inside and outside of the money pouch fell into an eerie silence.

The brief nine minutes swiftly passed.

The window of opportunity closed completely, succeeded by the Fire Evil Monk's even more painful wailing.

"Ah! Ahhhh..." He fell to the side, clutching his head desperately, rolling incessantly.

The cries were far more heartrending than those from the previous nine minutes.

Evidently, the Phoenix Soul Brand had deeply taken root, entering the genuine discipline punishment phase.

"Heh." Lu Ran let out a cold laugh.

This scene did not surprise him.

He dispersed the Soul Prison Fog in his hand, brandished a Rebirth Money, and absorbed the Fire God Woman's Divine Soul into it.

Lu Ran fiddled with the Rebirth Coin String while dismantling this Rebirth Money, coldly watching the agonized First-class Evil God from Tianzhu below:

"Think about what I've said to you."

The Fire Evil Monk's eyes were bloodshot, initially rolling on the ground, now slightly pausing.

In extreme pain, the Fire Evil Monk not only lacked the ability to resist but also had limited capacity to think.

The raspy voice, however, seemed to still echo in his ears:

Submit,

and you will not suffer.

Recognize reality, and you will be liberated.

"Hoo~" Lu Ran flew out of the small money pouch, his body of black fire gradually extinguishing, the eerie horizontal pupils reverting to human-clan eyes.

He tossed the Rebirth Money containing the Fire God Woman's Divine Soul to Jiang Ruyi: "Once he behaves, give him the Divine Soul."

Jiang Ruyi knew Lu Ran too well and realized he was about to leave, hurriedly speaking: "Lu Ran!"

"Hmm?" Lu Ran turned to look.

Jiang Ruyi parted her lips, unsure of what to say, instinctively calling out to him.

The last time they met, he seemed unfamiliar and distant.

Now that he had finally returned from the border, she didn't want him to leave just like that.

Jiang Ruyi, quick-witted in the moment, immediately said, "Recently, the Heavenly Realm Battlefield hasn't seen the Jade-faced Snake's minions. Something big is likely happening."

The Faceless Jade Venerable must be planning something."

Lu Ran gently nodded in agreement.

Earlier, when he received Yan Shuangzi's transmission, he was exploring and slaughtering the Jade Venerable at the border.

The White Jade Tide, composed of Jade Venerable's minions, was even more turbulent and terrifying.

Jiang Ruyi continued, "Should we keep the Fire Evil Monk with us for now?"

"Hmm..." Lu Ran pondered briefly.

Since their meeting, the Fire Evil Monk had been trembling with fear, appearing quite pathetic.

But this was in front of Lu Ran!

Facing the world, the Fire Evil Monk would have a completely different demeanor.

As a First-class Evil God within the Second Major War Zone—Tianzhu—and a being about to possess a complete Divine Position, its actual strength was comparable to Wu Xiao.

In other words, it possessed the Martial Artist-Yin Flower Dan Double Divine Position of the Martial Emperor!

That said, it wasn't that those with single divine positions like Qiang Xiu, Yan Chou (Evil Spear Emperor), He Qifeng (Martial Monk), and Bai Rao (Jade-faced Snake) were necessarily inferior to the Fire Evil Monk.

After all, the concept of combat prowess is influenced by numerous factors, and real, brutal battles are never just comparisons of paper strength.

Otherwise, Lu Ran couldn't have killed his father seven times in 5 minutes...

What you can accomplish on the battlefield depends on your overall capability, including battle intelligence, experience, skills, and techniques, among other aspects.

Lu Ran was simply certain that the Fire Evil Monk was definitely T1 level!

Whether it was stronger or weaker than the Heavenly Emperor of Burning Gate or the Heavenly General was debatable, but against the Jade-faced Snake's minions, it was certainly a simple matter of slicing through them like butter.

"Let's keep him," Lu Ran decided, "Hide him in the Hundred Treasures Bag, he can be a surprise soldier."

As he spoke, he looked at Yan Shuangzi beside him, "Did the Jade Venerable clan see you when you brought the Fire Evil Monk over?"

"No," Yan Shuangzi immediately shook her head, "Mr. Cong Long was very careful about that, I picked them up inside the Demon Cave."

"Good." Lu Ran turned to face Yu Changsheng, his expression softened slightly, "Thank you for your hard work during this time, Mr. Yu."

Yu Changsheng didn't dare look directly at his Sect Leader and had lost his usual composure and elegance:

"This is what I... what I should do."

Lu Ran was silent.

He also understood how much he was "disliked," that every moment spent here was a disaster for All Gods.

Lu Ran turned around and gazed at the ominous southern sky: "If you have any situation or plan, report it to the Lady."

"Lu Ran."

"Hmm?" Lu Ran slightly furrowed his brow, this was the second time she had stopped him from leaving.

He slightly turned his head, glancing out of the corner of his eye behind him.

But saw the Empress cloaked in a phoenix robe, stepping forward, until she stood behind him, until...

She gently embraced him from behind.

Lu Ran's expression froze.

The Evil Shadow Following Dragon Double Guardian was also somewhat stunned, lowering their heads even further.

Jiang Ruyi's fair cheek rested on Lu Ran's neck, her arms wrapped tightly around him.

"Hoo~~~"

The noble phoenix robe moved with its owner's heart thoughts, like a golden-red tide, enveloping the black-gold tide, surrounding the youth within.

Black Gold Emperor Robe: "..."

We're all top-level magical artifacts, both robes of the royal rank, don't I deserve some respect?

Just as the Emperor Robe hesitated about whether to resist, Lu Ran spoke:

"I'll talk with Ruyi."

"Yes."

"Yes." The two protectors quickly departed.

On the massive stone hand of the Immortal Mo Stone Sculpture, only a young man and woman remained, yet it wasn't entirely peaceful.

Because the small money bag continued to emit screams.

Lu Ran slowly turned around, as the black gold Emperor Robe billowed in the wind, the black gold and gold-red tides vying for dominance.

He slightly lowered his eyes, looking at the cold and beautiful face so close, seeing her lips trembling slightly.

To Lu Ran's surprise, she suddenly kissed him.

"Mmm." Lu Ran looked at her closed, beautiful eyes, feeling her gentle lips and teeth.

Fairy Jiang had always been reserved.

She shouldn't engage in any intimate actions with outsiders present, much less be so forward.

Even though there were no enemies on the battlefield, she, as the leader of Ran Sect, had many tasks to attend to.

To understand the situation from the Dragon Guardian, to discuss the composition and deployment of Divine Mountain warriors with her subordinates, to explore various tactics of the Jade Venerable...

Yet at this moment, her delicate body gently trembled, holding Lu Ran tightly, tenderly kissing him.

After a long while, she stopped, resting her forehead against Lu Ran's, gently panting, and softly said:

"Don't ignore me."

The sound was small and light, carrying no hint of accusation or anger, but rather a slight sense of humility.

It was a bit heartbreak to hear.

Lu Ran remained silent but finally understood.

Why, in this serious and critical period, the Empress suddenly stepped down from her lofty throne.

Two words—Dao Heart!

That was the foundation of her existence, also the root cause of all problems.

Lu Ran raised his hand, tucking a few strands of loose hair behind her ear.

Poor little Ruyi...

In this life, she's utterly fallen into my hands.

Seeing Lu Ran's response, there was a visible light in Jiang Ruyi's eyes.

She raised her eyelids, looking into the pair of eyes before which all gods would tremble, softly saying, "Is that okay?"

In a daze, Lu Ran seemed to return to his student days.

Back then, she was just as gentle, just as cautious.

Lu Ran's gaze softened considerably, nodding gently.

"Buzz!!"

Under the phoenix robe, the Third-tier Divine Weapon--Liangye Sword, began to vibrate fiercely.

...

Chapter 1130: The Tombfire Predicament

The sudden advancement of the Cold Night Sword was truly unexpected.

After much hesitation, Lu Ran chose to teleport away.

This was unavoidable; he could be the catalyst for Cold Night Sword's advancement, but too much would cause undue pressure if he stayed by Jiang Ruyi's side for too long.

Lu Ran wasn't worried that this situation would last forever.

One day, he would learn to restrain his aura and coexist harmoniously with the gods and demons.

Just like Lord Immortal Sheep.

It's undeniable that every time Lu Ran saw the Black Fire Sheep Head, he felt a chill down his spine.

But such a level of fright could only be described as child's play.

No matter if Lu Ran was a weakling from the Stream Realm and River Realm or in the subsequent River Realm and Sea Realm, he could communicate smoothly with the Black Fire Sheep Head.

The last time he saw Lord Immortal Sheep, Lu Ran was in the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm; he only found it eerie, but he would never shiver under those dead sheep eyes, nor would his soul tremble.

So, Lu Ran was confident that in the future, he could live peacefully with his comrades and family.

He could make Little Ruyi no longer tremble with fear, and he could gently hold her in his arms.

But that was the future.

At this moment, Lu Ran, who had just become a "tomb," was shrouded in an astonishingly dense death aura.

It might be related to his mass slaughter and devouring of countless Jade Venerable dead souls, or perhaps the death of Lord Immortal Sheep.

Lu Ran had self-awareness and knew that his current state was very wrong.

But what could he do?

He was a living being with thoughts and emotions.

The deaths of Wuya, Hua Qingying, Wang Longxiang, and others didn't sadden Lu Ran much; he had the resurrection technique to bring his comrades back.

Compared to the sorrow of separation by life and death, Lu Ran felt more anger toward the enemies.

But as for Lord Immortal Sheep...

It was gone; it was simply gone.

It could never return.

Even today, it wasn't yet the seventh day since Lord Immortal Sheep's passing; he needed time to process all of this.

Fortunately, enemies were endless.

He had a place to vent.

Once again, Lu Ran arrived at the borderland, cloaked in stealth, gazing at the overwhelming tide of white jade.

In the past, there would be gaps between the Jade Venerable minions, wave after wave crashing into the battlefield.

Now, with each Jade Venerable Minion stacked upon another, impenetrable, they had become a true "white jade wall."

Just a glimpse from afar made Lu Ran's heart sink.

What on earth did the Faceless Jade Venerable intend to do?

Lu Ran absolutely did not believe she was simply cowering in defense, hanging up a no-attack sign.

Visibly, the number of Jade Venerable minions was steadily accumulating; was she gathering strength to flatten the Heavenly Realm Battlefield in one fell swoop?

The Jade Venerable Clan was indeed different from the gods and demons.

Even Heavenly Realm minions, as long as they were numerous enough, could instantly petrify gods and demons into jade, crushing them into powder.

"Crack! Crack..."

The sound of jade scraping and squeezing was incessant, making one's teeth grind and flesh creep.

This attests to how solid the "white jade wall" was.

Lu Ran dared not recklessly intrude, as all Jade Venerable Minions were over four meters tall, easily capable of seizing his small arms and legs.

Their enormous hands and feet could easily cover half of his body.

Once touched, Lu Ran's body would inevitably undergo large-scale petrification into jade.

Thanks to his human nature, Lu Ran, having become a tomb, was essentially a pure energy body, yet he still existed in the form of flesh and blood in the world.

Much akin to the Evil Demon minions.

Take, for instance, the Evil Dog Clan, whose slender dogs were also composed of pure energy bodies, but their worldly form was one of flesh and blood.

The difference was, when killed, the slender dogs would disperse into mist, releasing their souls.

As for Lu Ran being killed...

Honestly, Lu Ran wasn't very certain if he could be killed.

Lord Immortal Sheep once said that it was undying and immortal; as long as the gods and demons existed, it would persist eternally.

Lu Ran, having inherited everything, also understood this clearly.

When the black fire ignited on his body, an endless stream of energy inexplicably flowed into him.

Without a doubt, this fire was devouring the gods and demons!

There was no need to even contact the gods and demons.

The black fire seemed a materialization of a certain rule.

When the flames ignited, the gods and demons must perpetually sacrifice their lives, surrendering them to the tomb.

Poor gods and demons, having no clue of what's happening...

When the black fire truly consumed a stone sculpture, it became even more formidable!

Utilizing this fire, Lu Ran could specifically and viciously devour the gods and demons, extracting energy, nourishing himself, and allowing himself to exist indefinitely.

Eternal, undying.

In Lord Immortal Sheep's words, the black fire was called death fire.

Lu Ran renamed it "Tomb Fire," to commemorate the eternally lost Sheep General.

If Tomb Fire is considered a divine technique, then this technique is the absolute core skill.

This fire has numerous uses!

It could even transcend dimensions to directly incinerate the soul within a living body!

It wasn't of a punitive nature.

The terrifying aura it emanated was not a mere boast but truly had lethal force!

It could burn a being directly into an empty shell.

Thus, when the Fire Evil Monk gazed up at Lu Ran, his divine soul trembled in fright, groveling in humility.

And when Qin Yanzhi and Li Rouyin met Lu Ran, their souls howled, continuously begging for mercy.

Life and death,

In Lu Ran's eyes, were very blurred.

On the other hand, Tomb Fire symbolized death, yet from another perspective...it seemed to represent life?

After all, Lu Ran could use this fire to bring back the dead, or use it to create brand new stone sculptures.

Without doubt, Tomb Fire was a conceptual existence; possessing it, Lu Ran became it, equating to standing at the peak of gods and demons.

Yet Lu Ran could not tread atop the Faceless Jade Venerable's head.

Yes, Lu Ran could blur the boundary of life and death, bypassing god and demon stone bodies, minion bodies, human flesh, to directly incinerate the soul within; however...

He could not burn the soul of the Faceless Jade Venerable!

The jade body of the Jade Venerable Clan was the only unique existence in the world.

Tomb Fire could not harm the unique jade skin, nor could it burn the soul hidden within the jade body.

Over the past two or three days, Lu Ran personally experimented; the Tomb Fire scattered over the Jade Venerable Minions would gradually extinguish.

During the short burning process, there was no effect whatsoever.

Lu Ran personally realized why Lord Immortal Sheep determined itself to be "an old thing."

To slay the Faceless Jade Venerable, only conventional means could be used.

Knife slashing, axe chopping, frost freezing, thunder striking.

Tomb Fire, as a supreme rule...

was stomped by the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Ironically, Jiang Ruyi's Magic Artifact--Phoenix Nine Heavens Robe's domain could penetrate the jade skin, intimidating the Jade Venerable's soul.

Similarly, other special Divine Weapon and Magic Artifact domains, including a select few divine and evil techniques, might also achieve this.

The material of the Jade Venerable Clan seemed to be specifically crafted to counter Tomb Fire.

Naturally!

"Sigh..." Lu Ran sighed in his heart.

He gazed into the distance at the brilliantly radiant "white jade wall," listening to the sound of jade friction, watching as the wall moved slowly forward.

His expression grew increasingly somber.

Let me see what tricks you have up your sleeve!

Let's see if you can accumulate faster, or I can slaughter faster!

"Hoo~"

A blazing flame of over-the-top slaughter erupted on Lu Ran's body.