

## Summit of the Old Gods

### *Chapter 31: 020 Immortal Hoof! Immortal Hoof!*

Lu Ran nearly stomped his feet and cursed aloud.

Am I sick?

In this pouring rain, have I run up to the rooftop to listen to the wind?

I... I, I'm going!

Lu Ran was startled, and as he saw Deng Yuxiang charge at him with a knife, he naturally wanted to dodge its sharp edge.

But before he could move, the wind reached him first!

"Whoosh!"

The gale struck, intercepting the forward motion of Lu Ran's figure, changing his direction and hurling him towards the rooftop railing.

"Ugh," Lu Ran grunted, his back against the railing, completely exposed.

In his line of sight, a Wind Blade descended from the sky, aiming straight for his face!

"Ding!"

Lu Ran instinctively raised his wooden sword to block. The Wind Blade contacted the wooden sword, emitting a crisp sound.

Surprisingly, the wooden sword did not shatter.

Despite Lu Ran's output of Divine Power trying to envelop the blade, how could such a wooden sword withstand the sharp Wind Blade?

Undoubtedly, Deng Yuxiang had held back.

And she had shown great restraint!

"Not bad," Deng Yuxiang said, holding the Wind Blade in one hand, looking down at Lu Ran who was struggling hard, and she even increased her force a bit.

"Baa!" Lu Ran bleated.

Divine Technique·Voice of Compassion!

Despite that, Deng Yuxiang still smiled, with no reduction in the force in her hand; instead, she added more strength.

Such a Basic Divine Technique had no effect on her.

"Rain Alley sis, stop fooling around, you, you go easy... ah! You're really going to chop me up!" Lu Ran couldn't bear her force anymore, his heart pounding rapidly.

Reason told him that Deng Yuxiang would not deal a deadly blow.

But her aura was too terrifying, the sharp blade still suspended above his head, this sense of extreme danger...

Even reminded Lu Ran of the Yan Zhi back on the Worship God Platform!

"You even got my name wrong," Deng Yuxiang slightly tilted her head, looking at someone who was desperately resisting.

Lu Ran seized the moment to change his tactic; his wooden sword swerved while he dove, gliding along the wall toward the distance.

"Whoosh~"

Deng Yuxiang's figure instantly followed, her Wind Blade swinging incessantly, posing continuous challenges.

Lu Ran hastily defended, and within just a few seconds, the two exchanged more than ten moves.

It was utterly nerve-wracking!

Most of his movements were subconscious, more like instinctual reactions or muscle memory than actively taking up his sword to block.

Lu Ran had practiced with the sword since he was young, and years of continuous diligent practice had indeed laid a solid foundation.

"Indeed," praised Deng Yuxiang, a glint of admiration flickering in her eyes.

She knew Lu Ran held the top ranking, but she had not expected the youth to have such skills.

Commendation aside, Deng Yuxiang was quick in her actions.

At once, she fiercely raised her foot, kicking Lu Ran back step by step, then wielded her knife in an upward strike.

Lu Ran stomped heavily and leapt to the side.

"Whoosh~"

Before he arrived, the wind was already upon him!

Lu Ran intended to dive to the side, roll up, but he wasn't given the chance to execute; he was simply swept sideways by the windstorm.

Upon the slippery cement, Lu Ran rolled continuously.

Unable to stand up, he took the chance while lying back to stab upward with his sword.

"Snap~"

As if a shadow, Deng Yuxiang followed, flicked her two fingers effortlessly neutralizing Lu Ran's fierce attack, deflecting the incoming wooden sword to one side.

Her movements were extremely fluid; her right hand wielding the Wind Blade, already thrusting down towards Lu Ran.

Lu Ran's pupils dilated dramatically!

"Crack~"

The Wind Blade shattered right before it could touch Lu Ran's throat.

Deng Yuxiang knelt on Lu Ran's chest, wind blade no longer in hand, only her hand in a knife-holding position pressed against Lu Ran's neck.

"Gulp." Lu Ran swallowed, unable to react.

Too fast!

This big gal's movement speed and attack speed were incredibly fast.

Second-class God·North Wind Blade Believer, indeed worthy of her reputation!

"Did you learn it?" Deng Yuxiang's palm shifted to the side, her fingertips teasing Lu Ran's earlobe.

Lu Ran stared blankly at the vibrant face beneath the yellow hood.

At this moment, he saw no beauty or ugliness, only wishing to quickly distance himself from this dangerous creature.

This was definitely not a mere Nightmare; this was a Big Nightmare!

"Speak! Did you learn it?" Deng Yuxiang pinched Lu Ran's earlobe again.

Lu Ran snapped back to reality, hesitatingly said, "Should I, like sister, buy a gemstone earring to wear?"

Deng Yuxiang almost burst out laughing, pulling Lu Ran's ear instinctively.

Lu Ran gasped, "Ouch, ouch, ouch..."

"Wind."

"What?"

"The sound of the wind."

Lu Ran stared blankly at Deng Yuxiang, momentarily forgetting the pain.

"You will understand," Deng Yuxiang slowly stood up, walking towards the rooftop railing.

Lu Ran sat up, "I'm not a North Wind Believer, but can I still predict the enemy's attack direction by listening to the wind?"

Deng Yuxiang raised her eyebrows, already understood?

She picked up a milk carton and a tin of fish, casually tossing the tin to Lu Ran: "It doesn't matter whether it's about gods or believers.

You are a swordsman, aren't you?"

With that, Deng Yuxiang twisted open the milk carton's cap and started chugging.



Lu Ran nodded thoughtfully.

"Gulp gulp... burp~"

Deng Yuxiang belched, looking at Lu Ran, "Aren't you leaving?"

"Whoosh!!"

Before the sound faded, the wind had already arrived!

Deng Yuxiang, with wind and rain, appeared directly in front of Lu Ran.

The gale made her yellow raincoat flutter and whipped Lu Ran's short hair into a frenzy.

Deng Yuxiang licked the milk stain on her lips, looking down at the youth sitting on the ground, "Still want a beating?"

Such movement speed, for Lu Ran, was equivalent to Instant Teleportation!

"Hm?" Deng Yuxiang flicked her right hand, a slender Wind Blade coalescing once more.

Lu Ran hurriedly stood up, "I came looking for a cat!"

"What?" Deng Yuxiang was somewhat surprised.

Lu Ran covered his front with both hands, explaining, "On the sixth of the month, I saw a stray cat here, a little calico.

I really regret not taking it home..."

Deng Yuxiang slightly raised an eyebrow, "You're quite compassionate."

Lu Ran pursed his lips, gave no response.

Mainly because my cat sister has got some work!

Gotta milk me...

That impression stayed with me too deeply.

Deng Yuxiang casually said, "You go back. I'll help you look."

"Ah?" Lu Ran was quite surprised.

"What ah?" Deng Yuxiang rotated her wrist, using the flat of the blade to heavily smack Lu Ran's buttocks, "Home, go!"

"Smack~"

Lu Ran: "..."

Alright,

Alright alright!

You've never heard of thirty years in Hedong, thirty years in West River, have you?

Spanking me, huh, you just wait!

Thirty years later, don't you scream in pain...

Lu Ran turned and left, but just as he entered the stairwell, he stopped again, quietly peeking out half of his face, secretly watching.

He saw the Big Nightmare shaking the milk carton, downing the milk inside.

Then, she lightly leaped, directly soaring over the rooftop railing, disappearing alone into the misty rain.

Lu Ran, holding the fish tin, watched as the yellow raincoat gradually drifted away.

To say he wasn't envious would be a lie.

The North Wind Blade Believer really flits high and nimbly!

Lu Ran sighed inwardly and silently headed downstairs.

What he didn't know was that on the rooftop of the adjacent residential building, the woman in the yellow raincoat stood quietly, watching him exit the desolate neighborhood, seeing him off into the distance.

The walk home was eerily quiet, not a soul in sight.

A perfect Rain Alley City, turned ghost town by the full moon night.

To this, Lu Ran was fairly accustomed.

The God Demon dual races descended in the early 1980s, whereas Lu Ran was born in 2001.

Since his birth, the whole society operated this way.

Only the older generation knew what a world without God Demons looked like.

Returning home, Lu Ran first headed to the bathroom, thoroughly enjoying a hot shower.

After eating the fish tin, he sat on his little bed, beginning to meditate.

Thin mist enveloped him, gradually spreading throughout the entire small bedroom.

Lu Ran repeatedly compressed and solidified the mist filling his body, wholeheartedly aiming for the third tier of Mist Realm.

Until deep into the night, the Energy Fluctuations around him grew stronger, his body quivering uncontrollably.

The mist swirled, nourishing his flesh and expanding this Body Container.

"Whoosh!!"

The wind surged, Immortal Fog swirling.

Lu Ran's face showed delight, his body trembling as he voraciously absorbed the mist in the room, not wanting to waste a bit.

After about ten minutes, Lu Ran cautiously climbed down from the bed, approached the shrine:

"Lord Immortal Goat, I've made it!"

The Immortal Sheep Jade Carving remained quiet, showing no reaction whatsoever.

Lu Ran continued, "I can learn Divine Technique-Immortal Hoof now!"

Still, silence filled the room.

"I understand," Lu Ran slapped his forehead.

He quickly got his phone, began searching online.

Basic Divine Techniques of any deity could be found online. Although one could learn them, without the assistance of the respective deity, one couldn't perform them.

Lu Ran sat on the edge of the bed, reading the online description of Divine Technique·Immortal Hoof:

"Mobilize the Divine Power within, enveloping the legs..."

Following the Divine Technique, Lu Ran prepared, then prayed in his heart, calling for Lord Immortal Goat to manifest.

The next moment, Lu Ran's eyes sharpened!

He saw fog emanating from his shins, forming a pair of sheep legs.

"Whoa?" Lu Ran looked down at the misty sheep legs.

Thick and big, strong and robust!

Especially the large sheep hooves, they were too lifelike.

It felt almost like wearing a suit of armor?

But this armor was incomplete, covering only the shins and feet.

"Tsk ts~" Lu Ran admired wholeheartedly, cautiously standing.

He aimed at the east wall, repeatedly confirmed there were no obstructions on his intended path, then he channeled his power into his feet...

"Whooosh!!"

"Oh my god!" Lu Ran exclaimed as the mist beneath his feet jetted out like a propulsion device.



He shot forward, slamming right into the east wall.

Immortal Sheep Divine Technique-Immortal Hoof!

"Yoohoo~"

In the tranquil rainy night, within the small bedroom illuminated by warm light, a figure shuttled back and forth tirelessly.

"Hahaha!"

"So joyful! Too joyful!"

"Facing the wind... face Immortal Hoof!"

"Here we go!"