

Old Gods 57

Chapter 57: Yellow Raincoat

The pitch-black sports car sped out of the Rain Alley residential area, racing through the curtain of rain.

"What's wrong?" Deng Yuxiang drove while glancing at Lu Ran, who sat next to her in the passenger seat.

Lu Ran looked somewhat solemn, deeply preoccupied.

"Nothing really," Lu Ran gathered his thoughts and ran a hand through his rain-soaked hair.

"Nothing?" Deng Yuxiang laughed, "You look like you've lost your soul. You remembered your knife but forgot to wear a raincoat?"

Hearing this, Lu Ran felt a bit embarrassed.

Just moments ago at home, Lord Immortal Goat's words had truly startled him.

Absorbed in his thoughts, he had even forgotten how he had gotten into the car.

"Don't worry," Deng Yuxiang's voice was uncharacteristically gentle, "I'm here."

Lu Ran looked surprised, turning to face the domineering heiress driving the car.

They had known each other for just over a month, and this was the first time he had heard Big Nightmare speak in such a tender, gentle tone.

Deng Yuxiang said, "July 15th is indeed unusual, but you really don't need to feel too much pressure. If even I can't protect you, then you probably deserve to die."

Lu Ran: "Huh?"

Deng Yuxiang shrugged, "At least your death wouldn't be unjust."

Lu Ran: "..."

And I thought you were being gentle, but this is it?

Lu Ran had experienced Big Nightmare's comforting skills many times before.

But each time, Deng Yuxiang always had something even more shocking to say.

"You..." Lu Ran sighed, thinking to himself: You always manage to come up with something new.

"What about me?" Deng Yuxiang glanced at Lu Ran.

"You're beautiful." Lu Ran turned his head and looked out the car window at the street scene retreating in the rain.

The weather forecast said it would rain for the next several days.

This Night of the Fifteenth, they were likely to miss seeing the moon again.

The luxurious sports car sped along, quickly arriving at a desolate area and entering the Wu Lie River residential complex.

As the car parked, Deng Yuxiang said, "I have a spare raincoat in the trunk, wait here, I'll get it for you."

As she spoke, she had already opened the door and gotten out of the car.

Lu Ran was genuinely puzzled.

Had Big Nightmare changed her nature?

She was being too kind.

"Click."

Suddenly, the passenger door was opened, and Deng Yuxiang held up a yellow raincoat, "Put this on."

"Thank you." Lu Ran took the yellow raincoat, a thought crossing his mind.

Could the Nightmare be myself?

Lu Ran and Deng Yuxiang were about the same height, and the raincoat was quite large, fitting him comfortably.

As Lu Ran got out of the car, Deng Yuxiang suddenly reached out and adjusted his collar.

Such a gentle gesture made Lu Ran especially uncomfortable.

Deng Yuxiang frowned slightly, displeased, "What's that look for?"

"Sister," Lu Ran was utterly bewildered, "don't do this, it makes me feel like I won't see tomorrow's sun. Change back, I can't handle it."

Deng Yuxiang smirked and stared at Lu Ran, then raised her hand and lightly tapped the raincoat's hood, "Less nonsense!"

Lu Ran breathed a deep sigh of relief.

Ah, that's better~

"Follow me!" Deng Yuxiang turned and walked ahead.

Lu Ran grabbed the Dawn Blade from the back seat and quickly followed.

The two made their way to the central building of the complex and climbed up to the rooftop.

On the dilapidated rooftop, their three teammates were already there, but Captain Ge Bin remained a mystery to Lu Ran.

"Reporting!" Deng Yuxiang called out loudly.

Sun Zhengfang looked at the two "little yellow men" and pointed towards the stairway, "Go gear up, and we'll make another round of the area in half an hour."

"Yes!"

"Yes." Lu Ran and Deng Yuxiang turned back and entered the stairway, picking up invisible earpieces, headlamps, and other equipment from a worn-out wooden table.

Behind the table, a Big Horse-cutting Saber leaned against the corner.

That was Deng Yuxiang's weapon, seemingly made of ordinary steel, but Lu Ran knew it was made of extremely expensive Tianchen Steel!

The saber was incredibly long, its handle alone being seventy to eighty centimeters.

The blade was nearly 2 meters long!

With such length, the blade did not seem broad but appeared slender and elongated.

Its edges were sharpened on both sides, resembling a sword as much as a knife, akin to the heavy weapons used by ancient cavalry, yet Deng Yuxiang used it as an infantry weapon.

"Interested?" Deng Yuxiang, having equipped herself, noticed Lu Ran's gaze.

Lu Ran silently nodded.

Today's Deng Yuxiang was indeed indulging Lu Ran, "Take it to the rooftop and have some fun."

"What's its name?" Lu Ran asked unhesitatingly, stepping forward and gripping the Divine Weapon with both hands.

"Night-cutting Blade."

"That fierce?" Lu Ran raised his hand, gently caressing the cold blade edge.

While others have "Demon-slaying" or "Evil-vanquishing," you, on the other hand, cut even the night itself?

Although the Night-cutting Blade was wiped clean, Lu Ran could vaguely smell a scent of blood.

He wondered how many beings had been slain by it in Deng Yuxiang's hands.

"Very fierce, huh?" Deng Yuxiang commented casually.

"Of course...huh?" Lu Ran's fingertips trembled, quickly retracting his hand.

Seeing this, a small smile appeared on Deng Yuxiang's face.

"This Night-cutting Blade..." Lu Ran's eyes lit up, turning to look at Deng Yuxiang, "A blade spirit?"

Just now, as Lu Ran's fingertips had brushed the blade, he distinctly felt a surge of killing intent.

This dangerous sensation caused Lu Ran's temples to throb violently!

"The Night-cutting Blade and I are both just a step away," said Deng Yuxiang, her smile slowly fading, a hint of resignation rising in her heart.

She was at the River Realm·Fifth Rank, just a step away from the "great power" recognized by the world.

Her Night-cutting Blade was also just a step away from becoming a spirit.

Yet, this seemingly close goal, both person and blade, had long eluded their grasp.

"Let's just cut through tonight, maybe that will do it!" Lu Ran offered comfortingly.

Deng Yuxiang gave no response, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

Suddenly, Lu Ran reached out and lightly flicked the blade of the Night-cutting Blade.

"Ding~" A clear sound resonated.

Lu Ran looked at the silent woman, "You heard it, the Night-cutting agrees."

"Ha ha." Deng Yuxiang laughed wryly, "Who taught you this kind of self-entertaining trick?"

Big Nightmare was very generous, not saying Lu Ran was deluding himself.

"Life."

The concise response left Deng Yuxiang speechless.

Lu Ran then carried the Night-cutting Blade towards the rooftop.

A more precise answer was: A life of solitude in his youth.

On the rooftop, the Wei brothers saw Lu Ran with the big saber and couldn't help feeling a bit hopeful.

However, when Lu Ran started to swing it, the brothers had odd expressions on their faces.

That's pulling a big groin!

Where had Lu Ran ever dealt with such a "heavy weapon"?

He just felt top-heavy and struggled to swing it!

Lu Ran also deeply realized just how terrifying Big Nightmare's strength was!

In the end, it was Deng Yuxiang who rescued Lu Ran by taking the Night-cutting Blade back in her hands.

It wasn't that she was being stingy; she was just worried the Night-cutting Blade might feel unhappy...

Deng Yuxiang really hadn't expected that Lu Ran, who had always performed brilliantly, would show weakness and practice such an abstract saber technique.

He stumbled, his body twisted and lopsided, like a limping man shaking a tree for dates.

Deng Yuxiang was so infuriated she wanted to kick his "good" leg...

...

Days passed by, and Lu Ran followed the Moon Gazer team, patrolling their assigned district round after round.

As night fell, Rain Alley City sank into dead silence.

Lu Ran stood at the deserted crossroads under the streetlamp.

The dim yellow light matched the color of his raincoat.

In front of him,

on both sides of the street were a few shops, a car repair shop, a hardware store, a supermarket with its doors tightly locked, and a pharmacy with its sign still lit...

Behind the shops were apartment buildings; looking up, he could see the warm lights on in someone's home.

Behind him,

lay long-abandoned barren land and dark, deserted residential complexes.

There were indeed streetlamps at the crossroads.

But the figure standing in the rain seemed to be on the boundary between light and darkness.

The rain,

kept getting heavier.

As if heralding something...