

Old Gods 651

Chapter 651: The closer to God, the farther from 602

Dusk falls.

Lu Ran removed the Black Gold Emperor Robe and changed into a simpler white robe, heading to the residence of Xun Luo and his wife inside the cliff—Xun Luo Residence.

He donned the beautiful sunset, tidied up his thoughts, restrained his aura as much as possible, and then activated a Transmission Mirror in the small courtyard.

Soon, Xun Luo and his wife emerged from the mirror.

The mother hugged the son, the father hugged the daughter, it was a picture of happiness!

What wasn't happy was...

The children suddenly burst into tears!

"Sweetie, shh~ it's okay, it's okay." Luo Ying cradled her six-year-old son, soothing him gently.

Xun Yifei similarly comforted the startled daughter: "Big brother is a good person..."

Lu Ran was at a loss, amidst the wailing, he dared not utter a word, his figure vanished directly.

Leaving behind a family of four in the yard.

Even so, the parents took quite a while to calm their daughters.

Children only six or seven years old clearly cannot withstand the pressure of a stranger, a Great Power from the Sea Realm.

Even though Lu Ran was very friendly, doing his utmost to restrain his aura, it was still futile.

His existence instinctively triggered fear in the weaker beings.

Xun Luo and his wife also demonstrated a fact through their actions: only parents' unconditional love for their children can oppose the rules of the world, breaking through the constraints of its laws.

"Will the Sect Master be angry?" Luo Ying lightly wiped the tears from her son's face, turning to her husband.

"No, he won't." Xun Yifei shook his head, comforting his wife.

Over all this time, everyone has observed Lu Ran's temperament and various behaviors.

Luo Ying hugged her son, gently swaying: "In a little while, I'll go to Cloud Sea Residence and apologize to him."

Suddenly, a gentle voice came: "There's no need."

Xun Luo's hearts tightened as they instinctively turned to look.

Over by the stone table and stone chairs in the courtyard corner, no one was there, but a young man's voice indeed came from there.

Lu Ran... hasn't left?

His figure vanished, not by Instant Teleportation, but by invisibility?

"Sect Master?" Luo Ying called softly.

Xun Yifei was filled with panic, having stayed at home with the children lately and not knowing when the Sect Master acquired such a skill.

Xun Yifei already mentally prepared for Lu Ran's strength, but at this moment, as Lu Ran existed in this form...

As a father, as a husband, his heart was pounding with intense unease!

"They've grown a bit taller since last time." Lu Ran said softly.

"Hmm?" The little boy looked over with tear-filled eyes, curious.

The little girl blinked her big eyes, also gazed at the empty stone table, then suddenly opened her clenched little mouth again:

"Waaa..."

Lu Ran: "..."

Sorry for the interruption.

I had better leave.

Lu Ran said goodbye, this time, he actually left.

When he reappeared, he was already sitting at the edge of the sea cliff, his small legs dangling off the cliff.

"Sigh..."

Who knows how long it was, Lu Ran let out a long sigh.

If ever he could return to Da Xia, how should he live then?

Human society could not withstand his existence, right?

Even if believers make up the majority of the population, most people there are River Realm and below.

Have Deng Yutang, Tian Tian, and Chang Ying, those little friends, advanced to Jiang Realm?

No matter if they have advanced or not, could they still face him like before?

He might just have to follow in his mother's footsteps, guarding a mountain long-term, saying goodbye to past life's years.

The days of casually petting a little tiger flower like during school, would become a luxury then...

"Whew~"

Sea breezes gently blew.

Lu Ran raised his hand to tidy his wind-tussled hair, lowered his head, and smiled slightly.

The future self can only be stronger, the aura more formidable.

So,

Even if he returns to the human world, he no longer belongs there.

Such a sorrowful reality.

"Master." A female voice came from behind.

Lu Ran turned slightly, in a listening posture.

"You are very depressed." Yan Shuangzi's voice was soft.

Lu Ran remained silent, didn't respond.

Yan Shuangzi pondered a moment, softly comforted: "They're just too young, it'll be fine once they're a bit older."

Lu Ran chuckled: "Guess, who's faster, their growing speed or my advancement speed?"

Yan Shuangzi: "..."

Lu Ran gazed towards the sea again: "Do you think, is there a Magic Artifact that can hide one's aura in the world?"

He doesn't necessarily have to make friends with the two little guys.

He just wants to return to Rain Alley City and live like before, feeling the hometown's smoky atmosphere once more.

But evidently, that path is already broken.

Yan Shuangzi thought for a moment and responded, "Since there's a Magic Artifact like the Ink Jade Tiger Talisman to increase power, there should also be artifacts that hide one's presence."

"Makes sense!" Lu Ran nodded lightly.

Spirit Mountain is so vast, with plenty of Divine Weapons and Magic Artifacts; who knows, maybe he'll come across one?

Lu Ran thought to himself as he slowly stood up, "Let's head back. We set off southward tomorrow morning. Tonight, return to Evil Shadow Residence and rest well."

Yan Shuangzi didn't utter a word.

Lu Ran paid no mind to her silent protest, his figure flickered and disappeared.

In the next moment, he felt a slight chill.

A clear frost pervaded the air, interspersed with falling plum blossoms, emitting a faint aroma.

Lu Ran stood before the wardrobe in the bedroom, closed his eyes, and inhaled deeply.

The scent of plum blossoms.

He savored the moment, his mood greatly improved, stepped around the screen, and stood by the bedroom window, gazing outside.

In the courtyard were two tall figures, each more gracefully elegant than the other.

Fairy Jiang was practicing sword dance.

As a sword mastery expert, her fundamentals were solid, and she learned smoothly.

Leng Xushuang taught seriously, her entire being imbued with frost and plum blossoms, her dance graceful yet melancholy.

"No peeking!" Jiang Ruyi noticed the figure behind the window and immediately stopped.

Lu Ran: "..."

Jiang Ruyi simply sheathed her sword, "That's enough for today, let's head back."

"Yes, Lady." Leng Xushuang respectfully responded, then bowed to Lu Ran behind the window before turning to leave.

She didn't have her own place yet and was currently living with Si Xianxian.

"Oh, come on!" Lu Ran complained.

Jiang Ruyi stepped toward the door, completely dashing Lu Ran's hopes.

She entered the bedroom, noticing Lu Ran's unhappy expression, resulting in a slight upward curl of her lips, and directly asked:

"Did you bring the children back?"

"Yeah."

"How is it?"

"I overestimated myself." Lu Ran shrugged helplessly.

Jiang Ruyi's smile faded slightly as she moved to Lu Ran's side, speaking gently, "It's not your fault."

She understood why Lu Ran felt some struggles, some frustrations.

The higher one stands, the less they hear the plight of the masses beneath them.

The closer one is to the gods, the further away they are from humans.

But Lu Ran is quite special.

Since advancing to the River Realm, he skipped lessons, having not undergone a massive mindset shift.

Humanity remains untarnished.

To this day,

he is much closer to gods than anyone else, yet also closer to humans than the world's mighty figures of Jianghai.

This is undoubtedly a great fortune for the Human Clan!

After all, Lu Ran is destined to overthrow the God Demon rule and become a new "Cloud Sea" existence.

"Stop thinking about those things." Jiang Ruyi linked his arm, changing the subject, "I just had a chat with Xuan Shuang."

"About what?" Lu Ran said casually.

"Her cultivation path has already ended; her talent isn't sufficient to go further." Jiang Ruyi revealed a harsh truth.

Lu Ran nodded quietly.

After all, Leng Xushuang, being the disciple of a Fifth-class God, reaching the Jiang Realm·Fourth Rank, is already quite impressive.

If she hadn't met Lu Ran, she might have been stuck at this rank for a lifetime.

Lu Ran naturally has ways to defy fate.

He can have her bind with a Stone Sculpture, thus enhancing her Cultivation Talent.

Lu Ran thought for a moment and said, "After I wield the Eight Desolate Blade and defeat the adversary, we'll find time to make a trip to the north."

The lair of the Ice Plum Demon Queen, Evil Demon, is in the northern part of Spirit Mountain.

Amidst the snow-covered forests.

Jiang Ruyi inquired, "Where has the opponent reached after three or four days?"

Lu Ran mused, "Based on the location information from the Eight Desolates, I have a premonition."

"What is it?"

"We and the opponent will meet in Qianhua Ridge."

Chapter 652: old acquaintance

Three days later, amidst a rich mountain forest.

A light rain had been falling continuously.

A group of gallant black steeds raced through the forest, leaving behind beautiful flame flowers wherever their hooves landed.

Previously, at Cloud Sea Cliff, Lu Ran had at least witnessed the sunset.

Since returning to Langhua Village and leading his team southward, the sky had been shrouded in dark clouds with intermittent drizzle over the past few days.

Oppression was palpable.

"Neigh~"

Up ahead, a woman in a straw raincoat rushed forward, gently stroking the mane of the fine steed.

The Black Fire Colt was incredibly spirited; its hooves pounded the ground as its front legs rose high, neighing with pride.

A bunch of flame flowers ultimately bloomed at the cliff's edge.

Deng Yuxiang rode her horse, blade in hand, and looked southward, her eyebrows raised.

The distant mountainscape had changed.

No longer monotonous lush forests, now there were sparse trees, but the true protagonist was the flowers.

A vast ocean of flowers stretched endlessly!

Amidst the gentle rain, vibrant flowers swayed elegantly, and occasionally wind and rain made the flower sea undulate like waves.

A mesmerizing sight to behold.

"Huh?" Lu Ran rode ahead, gazing at the rare spectacle.

The southern sights are indeed more beautiful!

To the north of Holy Spirit Mountain lay an endless expanse of mountains where a high mountain and cool lake occasionally emerged to create a special scene.

But look to the south!

Mist Rain Lake ahead, Qianhua Ridge behind.

Each one more beautiful than the last.

"Is this Qianhua Ridge?" Deng Yuxiang shouted.

At the back of the group, Shangguan Hongfu immediately responded, "Yes, Nightmare Guardian."

The team had added one more member for this southern expedition.

Besides the four Great Protectors and the Shadow Guard Team, Shangguan Hongfu also joined the team, along with Yu Changsheng for rear guard.

Leng Xushuang was left behind at Cloud Sea Cliff, waiting for Lu Ran to complete the task on this side and then to open and bind the Evil Sculpture for her.

"Tsk tsk~"

Lu Ran couldn't help but sigh, "Ruyi, if you were to dance with a sword in this sea of flowers, it would certainly be stunning."

Jiang Ruyi said indifferently: "You have beautiful thoughts."

Lu Ran pursed his lips: "If you won't dance, I'll bring Sister Leng Xushuang here to dance for me."

Jiang Ruyi: ?

A true fool!

Feeling the gaze of Jiang the Immortal, Lu Ran's scalp tingled, and he immediately said, "I was just joking~"

"Hmph." Jiang Ruyi pouted and then asked, "Have they arrived?"

Obviously, she was more concerned about the mission.

Lu Ran conversed briefly with the Eight Desolate Blade and shook his head, "Our horses are too fast, they're still about three or four hundred kilometers away from us."

Deng Yuxiang asked, "Should we go to them or wait here?"

"Wait here!" Saying this, Lu Ran squeezed the horse's flanks with his legs, "The battleground will be here!"

How romantic!

"Tap, tap, tap..."

The Black Fire Steeds gradually walked out onto the cliff, stepping suspended flowers of flame.

"Let's go!" Lu Ran tapped the horse's flanks again, and the steed suddenly picked up speed, "Let's search first and see if there are any forces lurking."

Everyone immediately followed, rushing into a splendid sea of flowers.

Guided by Shangguan Hongfu, they arrived at a lush wooded river valley within Qianhua Ridge and saw a group of dilapidated buildings.

It seemed that a few years ago, during the calamity, the Qianhua Gang was not fortunate enough to escape.

"Sect Leader, there's a large cave system underground, we can search it." Shangguan Hongfu spoke.

"Hm." Lu Ran looked down at the clear creek surrounded by thick woods and beautiful flower seas that swallowed the buildings.

The broken wooden houses blended perfectly with the flower clusters and tree vines.

Providing Lu Ran with a truly wonderful visual experience.

"Hehehe~" Just as Lu Ran marveled, he faintly heard a child's laughter.

"Hmm?" Lu Ran almost thought it was auditory hallucination.

He showed a look of inquiry, turning to watch Big Nightmare.

He saw Deng Yuxiang slightly raising her head, seeming to hear something too.

Lu Ran immediately transmitted to Evil Shadow Guardian and the two Shadow Guards: "Be careful, this place is haunted!"

"Master, just in front of you at the house, I smell ghost energy." A Shadow Guard appeared next to the wooden house directly ahead of Lu Ran, sniffing intently.

"Hehehe~" Again, a child's crisp laughter broke the silence, making the atmosphere eerie.

"There's more than one source of ghost energy! Master, many houses have it." Lu Ran listened to the message, narrowed his eyes suddenly.

Through the half-opened wooden house door, he saw a small figure float by.

"Whoosh~"

Suddenly, a black talisman flew out from the window of the old wooden house!

This is... a Ghost Talisman Doll?

Judging by the drifting sand from the black talisman, it should be an Earth Sinking Talisman.

"Fly!" Lu Ran commanded.

Everyone mounted their horses and ascended into the air.

With a crisp "snap," the black talisman paper landed!

In an instant, the ground transformed into a slowly spinning whirlpool of quicksand, from which tendrils of sand whipped out, attempting to tangle the horse hooves.

"Woosh!"

Deng Yuxiang's hand thrust down; gale-force winds swept through!

The tendrils of sand halted, and scattered, blown apart completely.

At the same time, the wooden house cluster below swayed, fragments flying, collapsing some houses entirely.

Shangguan Hongfu immediately said, "Sect Leader, the base of the Ghost Talisman Clan is over two hundred kilometers from here, this group seems to have stumbled here unwittingly..."

"Woooo~~~"

From inside a wooden house, a chilling cry interrupted Shangguan Hongfu.

Even scarier, the cry set off a chain reaction as similar cries emerged from the ruined buildings one after another.

Sending chills down one's spine!

"An old acquaintance." Lu Ran murmured.

Through a collapsed roof, Lu Ran saw a little boy standing inside.

The boy had a deathly pale face, looking about four or five years old, and was "gazing" up at everyone.

His eye sockets were pitch-black, devoid of eyeballs.

Evil Demon·Ghost Talisman Doll!

It was indeed the arch-enemy of the Jade Talisman Sect.

The opponent had just used Evil Technique·Earth Sinking Talisman, which was directly counteracting the Jade Talisman Divine Method·Quicksand Talisman.

Compared to the surging Flowing Sand River, the Earth Sinking Talisman's movement was relatively smaller, but when it devoured someone, it was relentless!

"Thinking back to when you were a Moon Gazer?" Deng Yuxiang spoke with a hint of a smile.

The first time Lu Ran saw a Ghost Talisman Doll up close was in her team.

Captain Sun Zhengfang, brothers Wei Long and Wei Hu.

The abandoned residential building, the eerie staircase.

The perpetually void Ghost Talisman Doll, irritated enough to dismantle the building's Big Nightmare...

Images appeared in his mind, making Lu Ran smile.

He still remembered, in the pitch-black hallway, he found the yellow talisman paper and then activated Divine Technique·Immortal Hoof.

Went straight up and slapped it!

He successfully stuck the talisman paper on the Ghost Talisman Doll's forehead, finally making it manifest physically.

"Sigh..." Lu Ran sighed inwardly.

How youthful I was then~

Now when fighting Ghost Talisman Dolls, he no longer needed to search for yellow paper everywhere.

"Scatter, leave the nightmare behind." Lu Ran commanded.

"Whoosh~"

"Whoosh!" Sheets of black talisman paper flew up into the sky.

Deng Yuxiang stretched out a hand, Night Wind Assault unfolded again.

The black talisman paper was immediately hindered, flying around chaotically.

"Puff~"

Some black talisman paper exploded, releasing thick blood mist.

Evil Technique·Blood Explosion Talisman!

"Crack!!"

Some black talisman paper emitted electric currents, but the range was limited, not part of the Thunder Domain.

Evil Technique·Dark Thunder Talisman!

At the River Grade, this technique could only output single target, shocking enemies.

Upon reaching River Grade, it underwent a transformation; if the talisman was attached to a target, it could summon thunder strikes, chasing after the target!

The output was quite considerable!

But the problem is...

Deng Yuxiang stood with her blade, strong winds howling.

No black talisman paper could get close!

"Are you ready?" Lu Ran spoke, "I'm going to call out!"

"So that's what you're thinking." Deng Yuxiang's expression was a bit odd, "You really think I'm a Night Charm, forgetting I'm also an Immortal Sheep Believer?"

"Uh." Lu Ran paused.

That's right!

Even the Big Nightmare can bleat...

"Call then." Deng Yuxiang laughed as she continued fighting, "I haven't heard your unique voice in a long time."

Lu Ran adjusted for a moment, setting Divine Technique-Desolate Sound to River Grade.

This grade should be enough to deal with the naturally brutal evil demon.

"Maa~~~"

The sound of sheep bleating echoed through the River Valley.

As Lu Ran bleated, his face was filled with enjoyment.

Ah,

Comfortable~

For a moment, more black talisman paper flew up from below!

And the Ghost Talisman Dolls no longer hid, flying into the sky!

The children were already evil demons, intellectually low, and upon hearing the sheep bleat, their deathly pale little faces filled with killing intent, determined to torture the little lamb on the spot.

"Whoosh~ Whoosh~" Deng Yuxiang consecutively released 32 Night Charm Blades, piercing the Ghost Talisman Doll masses.

Some Ghost Talisman Dolls were bewildered, and before they realized it, they were pierced thoroughly by the Night Charm Blades!

Some Ghost Talisman Dolls, relying on their racial traits, immediately voidified their bodies.

The Night Charm Blades pierced through the Ghost Talisman Dolls without causing any harm.

Physical damage immunity!

Immunity?

"Hoo!!" At that moment, Deng Yuxiang used Evil Technique·Night Wind Assault again!

The voidified bodies, ravaged by the divine power-laden wind waves, were completely blown away!

The airborne blood mist, lightning, ice, and other elements, along with their owners, vanished without a trace.

"Maa~~~"

To be honest, someone was quite shameless.

Clearly a presence in the Yangyang Sea, yet pretending to be a weak little lamb!

That pitifully weak sound, triggered the deepest hunting and violent urges within every creature.

Lu Ran felt good, muttering to himself, self-brainwashing.

Trample me! Ravage me! Devastate me!

Kill me...

Minutes later, the River Valley returned to tranquility.

The low-intelligence Ghost Talisman Dolls, like a suicide squad, shattered under the Great Power's Wind Blade, disappearing in the gale.

Lu Ran opened his Pupil of the Dead World, harvesting souls on a large scale.

He naturally sensed many gazes upon him, some particularly intense.

"Everyone calm down!" Lu Ran shouted, "I'm using River Grade Divine Method!

Don't make excuses for yourselves!"

Si Xianxian pouted sadly, repeatedly stroking the hammer handle.

The Shadow Guard Team had already flickered away in haste, afraid of committing any blasphemous acts.

Only Yan Shuangzi stared at Lu Ran, lips tightly pursed, taking a long time to reluctantly look away...

...

Chapter 653: Red Horse Silver Clothes

A sliver of hope that had risen in Lu Ran's heart was once again shattered.

Qianhua Ridge, desolate and uninhabited.

The cluster of dilapidated wooden huts and the dark tunnels of the cave together formed a relic, indicating that the Human Clan once gathered here.

Now, everything remained unchanged but there were no people, only little spirits haunting the place.

There wasn't even anyone to send a message to, where to search for the traces of Dust Shadow disciple, Qin Yanzhi?

After a round of searching, Lu Ran gradually became despondent. Although he gathered a vast number of Ghost Talisman Doll dead souls, the hope in his heart faltered once again, and the clues broke off...

Holy Spirit Mountain, vast and boundless.

To find one person, it was as hard as reaching the heavens!

Thinking of this, Lu Ran rode his horse in the sky, involuntarily lowering his head, searching for that immortal silhouette.

Under the continuous drizzle, Qianhua Ridge was a riot of color, dreamlike and illusory.

A woman in a white dress stood amongst the flowers, flower petals fluttering in the wind, the sea of flowers rising and falling, sometimes submerging her waist, sometimes brushing past her calves.

She reached down with her slender jade hand, lightly twirling a small pale yellow flower between her fingers.

Graceful, tranquil.

Even the majestic black horse following her seemed to be infected by the atmosphere, extinguishing its fiery spirit, fearing to burn the flowers and ruin the beauty.

"To encounter her at Ten Thousand Blade Mountain, I suppose it's a blessing from the heavens..."

Lu Ran silently gazed at the immortal silhouette, his heart filled with relief.

After entering the mountains for a year, he had traveled far and wide, inquiring about Cheng Xin and Qin Yanzhi, and what he received was disappointment time and again.

And he was unaware of Jiang Ruyi's existence, never actively seeking her, yet she appeared right before him in reality.

[What's wrong?] A cold, clear voice imprinted in his mind.

Perhaps Lu Ran's gaze was too focused, alerting Fairy Jiang.

She turned and looked upward, gazing at the young man in the emperor robe high above.

[Nothing.] Lu Ran smiled, [Just feeling fortunate.]

Smart as she was, with a little thought, she understood Lu Ran's mood.

After all, Lu Ran had come in search of the young man named "Qin Yanzhi."

Jiang Ruyi gazed at him from afar: [Even if you didn't go to Ten Thousand Blade Mountain, I would have found you.]

[Oh?] Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

The cold fairy amidst the flowers rarely showed a playful smile on her face.

She slightly tilted her head: [I will follow the guidance of Lord Immortal Sheep to the place with a sea, to the Cloud Sea Cliff where you are.]

Only after truly understanding Holy Spirit Mountain did Jiang Ruyi realize how precise the information Lord Immortal Sheep provided was!

No one dared to build a base near the sea within Holy Spirit Mountain.

No one!

She would lead her people out of Ten Thousand Blade Mountain, would find the sea.

The journey across the continent would surely be filled with hardships, and her Luoxian Pavilion would recruit many, would sacrifice many, perhaps eventually leaving her alone.

Jiang Ruyi firmly believed, she would definitely see that sea, find the only existing Cloud Sea Cliff along the long coastline.

[Hmm.] Lu Ran smiled, nodding lightly.

Jiang Ruyi lowered her head, playing with the flowers beside her: [So you don't need to worry.]

So truly, the one who should feel fortunate is me.

Once again, Jiang Ruyi recalled the moment they reunited.

She remembered the silhouette that suddenly appeared before her in the rain curtain of the Great Desert.

She hadn't yet left Ten Thousand Blade Mountain.

On that dangerous path, she had just taken a step or two.

That sea,

had already surged forth.

Come to greet her.

In her thoughts, Jiang Ruyi's gaze softened: [Don't be disappointed, if you can't find him, then wait for him to come.]

[Wait for him to come?]

Jiang Ruyi gently picked a small yellow flower, lifting it to her nose and smelling it softly: [Perhaps, he will come looking for you.]

Who are the people of Dust Shadow Sect?

Observers standing outside the mundane world.

Chroniclers of the rise and fall of dynasties and major or minor events.

"Buzz~" The Eight Desolate Blade at the waist gently trembled.

Lu Ran reached into his robe, grasping the hilt.

The Sword Spirit of Eight Desolate Blade: [Master, the other party moved again, coming in our direction.]

"Hmm." Lu Ran gazed into the distance, looking through the layers of rain curtains towards the gloomy sky in the south.

...

Three days later.

In the woods south of Qianhua Ridge, a sturdy horse was walking slowly.

The horse was entirely blood red, with a golden headpiece on its head, draped with a red and white half-covered saddle, embedded with cloud-shaped copper pieces, exquisite and magnificent.

Such an outfit made the already tall and robust horse appear extraordinarily majestic!

On the back of the horse lay a young man in sturdy attire.

His silver-white clothing was neat and brisk, with a sword shining at his waist, and a heavy black iron spear lying across the horse's back.

Such a gallant and heroic attire, yet paired with a lazy master.

At this moment, the young man's limbs hung down on both sides of the horse's belly, his face resting on the horse's back, the wind occasionally lifting his disheveled long hair, revealing a face in deep slumber.

Asleep?

Yes, he was sleeping soundly, trusting the horse to roam freely.

"Brother Xiao." The blood-red majestic horse suddenly spoke.

Clearly a valiant warhorse, yet the tone was gentle.

After a while without a response from the young man, the blood-red horse called again: "Brother Xiao?"

"Hmm..." The silver-clad youth finally opened his eyes, half-open, his gaze unfocused.

"We... we've arrived." The blood-red horse's tone was full of concern, "I see him."

"Oh." The silver-clad youth responded indifferently, placing one hand on the horse's back, slowly sitting up.

The unfocused gaze finally gained some clarity.

Looking into the distance, the rolling hills, and beyond that, an endless sea of flowers.

The silver-clad youth's eyes grew increasingly mesmerized, gradually lost in thought.

"Brother Xiao, that person looks really formidable, and there are so many of them..." The Blood-red horse spoke again, and worry was not difficult to discern in its voice.

The silver-clad youth regained his senses, gazing towards the emperor-robe youth amidst the mountain flowers.

The other was bowing his head, holding a Heavenly Star Saber, fingers constantly brushing its slender blade.

At this moment, the silver-clad youth's eyes saw no one else.

Even though the Ran Sect members were remarkably elegant, in front of the emperor-robe youth, it seemed they all lost their charm.

The silver-clad youth once gazed upon beautiful scenery in a trance.

He felt it was a good place to rest eternally.

Now, he gazed at the emperor-robe youth once again, scrutinizing and admiring him.

Was the fantasy that rose in his heart time and again finally about to come true?

"Heh." The silver-clad youth showed a satisfied smile.

Perhaps... it really could happen.

To cultivate such a powerful Divine Weapon and vie for the "Annihilation Domain"—such a person couldn't be ordinary.

"Brother Xiao, maybe... we should just leave?"

The Blood-red horse paused again, gazing towards the figure atop the mountain, eyes full of worry.

The silver-clad youth did not speak; he simply patted the horse's back lightly.

The Blood-red horse, however, lowered its head, struggling inwardly, unwilling to take another step forward.

"Huo, listen." The silver-clad youth spoke softly.

The Blood-red horse beneath him restlessly tapped its hooves, and after a few seconds, it reluctantly moved forward.

Meanwhile, atop the mountain.

Lu Ran's movements paused, a slight sense of surprise in his heart: "One person?"

To be precise, it was two people.

For the steed beneath the other was not a horse, but a living person.

In the mountain forest behind, the secretive Shadow Guard Team's expressions turned grim.

The Zhong Family sisters were once level-eight gods, Blazing Blood Believers, enduring humiliation while being ridden atop at Holy Spirit Mountain.

It was also because the Blazing Blood disciples were relatively weak, so for Lu Ran...

The other was coming alone with single-minded bravery!

Enslaving human clan kin was one thing.

But such courage and audacity were another.

"He really is confident." Lu Ran murmured to himself, "Perhaps he's a disciple of Qiang Xiu."

The black long spear laid across the horse's back was quite conspicuous.

The sword at the other's waist was also eye-catching, but the Eight Desolate Blade clearly indicated that the true opponent was that iron spear!

In the God Demon world, Divine Weapons often vie for domain territory, mostly with similar types of weapons.

Lu Ran naturally assumed the other's Divine Weapon would be a saber.

Unexpectedly,

the true opponent was indeed a seemingly incredibly heavy long spear?

"Possible." Yu Changsheng lightly shook a paper fan, "Because of the Instant Teleportation Technique, that's why he's so fearless."

Lu Ran watched the horse ascend the hillside step by step and instructed the surroundings: "All of you, step back."

Eager to obey, the crowd retreated.

Only Jiang Ruyi stepped forward, coming to Lu Ran's side.

She typically disliked expressing intimacy in front of others, but at this moment, she leaned forward, her gentle lips lightly imprinting on the side of Lu Ran's face.

Lu Ran turned to look.

He only saw Jiang Ruyi's face with a faint smile, slowly backing away: "Be careful."

"Yes." Lu Ran smiled and nodded.

Until the other ascended the hillside, standing in the flower cluster dozens of meters away, a silence enveloped between heaven and earth.

Both sides scrutinized each other, and Lu Ran furrowed his brow.

The other appeared to be about twenty-eight or nine, with a neat and spirited silver-white outfit, yet unable to hide a sense of desolation.

Clearly still quite handsome, and in the prime of youthful vigor.

Yet the impression he gave was one of a dreary tone.

Especially those eyes, if they had more spirit, the person's aura and authority would surely elevate by several grades.

But now...

Suddenly Lu Ran felt a familiar sensation.

Long ago, by the cold mountain lake, when Lu Ran first met Yu Changsheng.

He also saw such an expression in Yu Changsheng's eyes.

A dim, numb gaze.

A beautiful shell wrapped around a walking corpse, unable to conceal Yu Changsheng's rotten heart.

"Friend, from where?" A distant voice asked.

Lu Ran was stunned.

Since entering the mountains, no one had ever asked such a question.

Lu Ran paused for a moment and replied, "Wu Lie River."

"Good." The silver-clad youth picked up a silver cord, gathering his disheveled long hair, mumbling, "Since ancient times, Yan and Zhao have produced many illustrious heroes."

This time,

Maybe it would truly work.

"And you? What's your name?" Lu Ran asked.

"Guangyue." The silver-clad youth tied up his tall ponytail and introduced himself, "Wu Xiao."

Guangyue Province, the sphere of influence of the deity Martial Artist's true self.

Lu Ran scrutinized the other, suddenly speaking: "You aren't a disciple of Qiang Xiu."

Wu Xiao laughed freely, not bothering to conceal, "Martial Artist Believer."

Lu Ran nodded silently.

No Instant Teleportation Technique.

So, this single-minded confrontation wasn't because of fearlessness.

Lu Ran gazed into the other's eyes, slowly speaking: "You're seeking death."

Wu Xiao's hands, tied in his ponytail, paused slightly.

Chapter 654: The flower falls on its own.

Wu Xiao froze in place.

After a while, his hands moved, sweeping over his long ponytail: "What do you mean by that?"

Lu Ran still gazed into his eyes: "I have seen someone like you before."

"Like me?"

"Someone whose heart is dead."

"Heh." Wu Xiao chuckled softly, letting one hand fall to gently stroke the mane of his horse, "Did he succeed?"

The horse gently stepped, growing increasingly uneasy at heart.

It had been three years.

Her gentleness, her pleas, her fervent and passionate love, had never managed to awaken his dead heart.

For three years, she wandered with him through the Mountain Realm.

Passing by those full of wariness, or desperately seeking protection.

Avoiding those with dubious intentions and smiling faces, remaining distant and cold.

They had even tread over the carcasses of wolves and tigers.

But this time, in the brilliantly blossoming Qianhua Ridge, her heart was filled with anxiety.

She had been to all kinds of places and seen all sorts of people.

But she had never seen anyone like the youth in the Emperor Robe.

The youth in the Emperor Robe's strength resided in his words and actions, and in those serene eyes of his.

His gentle voice seemed to contain the Heavenly Dao Laws.

Each word, each sentence, indisputable and irresistible.

She was truly afraid.

Before she could salvage Wu Xiao...

Wu Xiao found his way back first.

"Succeeded?" Lu Ran asked back.

"Did that person achieve what he wanted?" Wu Xiao's large hand patted the noble horse beneath him.

"In a certain sense."

"What do you mean?"

"He did not die," Lu Ran said softly, "But was reborn."

Under a tree in the distance, Yu Changsheng listened to Lu Ran's words and couldn't help but lower his head and smile.

Wu Xiao remained noncommittal, continuing to softly stroke the horse: "Why say these things? I am your opponent; meeting a Master of Divine Weapon like me, shouldn't you be happy?"

Why complicate things?"

Lu Ran slightly raised his head, gesturing at the blood-red warhorse: "Because it cares about you, is worried for you."

A servant who has suffered great humiliation shouldn't have such sorrowful eyes."

"Clap, clap."

The hoof tapped lightly, the blood-red horse spoke: "Master..."

"Hush." Wu Xiao patted the horse's back, and it immediately fell silent.

He turned to look at the majestic and energetic members of Ran Sect in the distance.

With the youth in the Emperor Robe's unique focus, Wu Xiao found himself perceiving more of these people.

After observing for a moment, he looked at Lu Ran: "Friend, your full name?"

"Lu Ran, the Ran of burning."

Wu Xiao nodded lightly, stroking the fiery red mane of the horse: "She's called Liu Huo."

Lu Ran slightly raised an eyebrow.

Wu Xiao spoke softly: "A woman like pomegranate flowers; red and flaming."

The blood-red horse lowered her head silently.

Wu Xiao picked up the heavy iron spear lying on the horse's back, looked at Lu Ran: "She's very smart, very obedient, doesn't make noise or cause trouble.

Brother Lu, don't ask her real name."

Lu Ran understood; the other party was entrusting him.

In this world, the powerless have no freedom, only to be controlled.

As a Blazing Blood Believer, what Liu Huo experienced must have been more humiliating.

Not asking her real name,

was the last shred of dignity Liu Huo could maintain as a human.

The horse's head lowered, eyes full of sorrow.

This war horse's body was summoned and worn by the Blazing Blood Believer on their own body.

The horse was tightly linked to the Blazing Blood Believer.

Thus the feelings shown by the horse came from the human believer within.

"If Brother Xiao loses, I'll go with you." Liu Huo's voice was so soft, it was heart-wrenching.

Wu Xiao didn't say yes or no.

Death, to both of them, might be a form of liberation.

He dismounted, casually waving the heavy iron spear.

Liu Huo indeed behaved gently and obediently, silently walking to the side.

Lu Ran spoke: "Must it end in death?"

This fight, its outcome seemed set.

In the Human World, believers would contest the Divine Weapon Domain and sign life and death agreements to ensure a degree of fairness.

But on Holy Spirit Mountain?

Where is the law here?

On the way here, Lu Ran dispatched Shadow Three back to the Cloud Sea Cliff as liaison, having already concluded that the other party would bring a powerful force.

Yet... Wu Xiao faced them alone.

And on Lu Ran's side, there were many River Realm partners with special skills.

Not to mention Jiang Ruyi, Yu Changsheng, Deng Yuxiang, and Shangguan Hongfu, these Sea Realm Great Powers!

Stepping back, disregarding Lu Ran's own exceptional power, even in the critical moment, would the members of Ran Sect really stand idly by?

"Brother Lu is very confident." Wu Xiao laughed freely, "Who wins and loses is yet to be decided."

But Lu Ran maintained a serious expression, repeating:

"Why must it end in death?"

The smile on Wu Xiao's face gradually faded, his entire aura releasing:

"Why do you live?"

Lu Ran felt the overwhelming pressure, lightly nodding: "It seems you are High Rank Sea Realm, or Sea Realm Peak.

Since you have a chance to ascend to the Heavenly Realm and see a broader world, why hold such a mindset?

Is it because... you have recognized the essence of the world, completely disappointed with the Gods?"

"Lu Ran." Wu Xiao suddenly spoke.

"What?"

"You are no savior." Wu Xiao slightly raised his head, tumultuous energy surging from his body, "You can't save me.

You can't even save yourself!"

As they spoke, six blue and white command flags suddenly floated out from behind him!

One of the flags flew high, with electricity coiling around it.

"Break!" Wu Xiao shouted fiercely.

"Crack!" The floating command flag in the air struck down a bolt of lightning fiercely.

Martial Arts Divine Technique·Thunder Breaking Array Command!

Lu Ran suddenly tilted his body, letting the thick lightning strike the ground.

"Crack!"

"Crack..." The command flags unleashed evil power, continuously releasing lightning, becoming more and more dense.

Wu Xiao weighed the heavy iron spear in his hand, looking at the light and nimble figure dodging in the dense thunder strikes.

The more he looked, the brighter Wu Xiao's eyes became.

He can.

The young man in the Emperor Robe seems... really capable.

Wu Xiao's focus was indeed somewhat unique.

Up to this moment, he hadn't even thought about which god Lu Ran might be a believer of.

"Good!" Wu Xiao launched forward fiercely.

Strictly speaking, Wu Xiao didn't need to dodge the thunder strikes.

Because among the five remaining command flags behind him, there was also a flag representing the "Thunder Breaking Array Command."

The divine technique output from the same sect, when falling on Wu Xiao, would be absorbed by the flags of the same attribute.

This was quite similar to the Jade Talisman Sect's Divine Technique-Jade Talisman Formation.

However, Wu Xiao continued to weave and dodge within the Thunder Fall Array, directly approaching Lu Ran.

"Off!" Wu Xiao thrust his spear forward, coordinating with a lightning strike, to pincer the young man in the Emperor Robe.

"Ding!!"

The sound of weapons clashing was sharp and piercing.

Wu Xiao's expression changed, only feeling a numbing sensation in his hands!

He thought the opponent would dodge, but unexpectedly, Lu Ran did not retreat but advanced and even lifted the heavy iron spear with a blade.

Though both at the Great Realm, the Sea Realm Peak and the Initial Stage of the Sea Realm had differences in physical attributes.

Moreover, the higher the Great Realm, the more obvious the differences in the minor ranks!

Not to mention, the weapon Wu Xiao held was a Second-rank Divine Weapon-Mystic Iron Spear!

Wu Xiao really didn't expect this young man in the Emperor Robe, renowned for his agility, to possess such terrifying strength.

"Crack!!"

Lightning struck behind Lu Ran.

Flower petals fluttered and scattered around.

In the beautiful background, the young man in the Emperor Robe advanced, stabbing a blade straight at Wu Xiao's chest.

Wu Xiao's figure flickered, sidestepping quietly.

"Sizzle!"

The sharp Eight Desolate Blade passed across Wu Xiao's chest with a swift sound.

Wu Xiao was about to swing his spear down, only to see Lu Ran suddenly release the blade handle and change his grip.

The grip changed to a reverse grip, and the Eight Desolate Blade swept out in a half-moon, slashing horizontally towards Wu Xiao.

"Whoosh~"

Wu Xiao, light as a swallow, floated backward again.

The tip of the Eight Desolate Blade almost brushed past the opponent's chest!

The shimmering half-moon ultimately didn't touch Wu Xiao.

Martial Arts Divine Technique·Swallow Feather Turn!

Once this skill is activated, a Martial Artist disciple can float as if blown by the wind.

Here, the "wind" doesn't refer to the ordinary wind, but the fluctuations of divine power.

This skill is quite overpowered!

In battles between believers or against an Evil Demon, whether it's a normal attack or a powerful skill confrontation, divine power fluctuations are inevitable.

And when the divine power surges and strikes, the Martial Artist disciple can let the divine power fluctuations push them away, cleverly borrowing strength to dodge.

Light as a swallow feather, swaying with the wind!

To say it extremely:

Once a Martial Artist believer activates this skill, they can even "afk" (away from keyboard).

Because before most skills hit a Martial Artist believer, the waves of divine power fluctuations would first push them away...

It seems that spiritual output is the best choice in this case.

Yet, the Martial Arts Sect has the Divine Technique·Pear Garden Mind.

Just like the Evil Demon·Yin Flower Dan clan, the Martial Arts Sect doesn't get affected by spiritual output!

What's the value of being a first-class god disciple?

"Off!" The light-swifiting Wu Xiao swung his spear down.

Lu Ran also sidestepped, as light as a feather.

He reached to the side with his left hand, and the moment he clenched his fist, the Silent Night Blade was already unsheathed, the handle automatically fitting into his palm.

"Ding!"

Wu Xiao's waist Divine Sword faced the enemy on its own, suddenly flying up to Wu Xiao's side, firmly blocking this horizontal slash.

Under Lu Ran's terrifying force, the Divine Sword pushed against Wu Xiao's shoulder, retreating to the side together.

Lu Ran squinted his eyes and also flew backward!

Wu Xiao could have easily swirled away with the wind, but he showed not the slightest inclination to move, clearly standing intentionally.

This means...

"Whoosh!"

As expected!

Wu Xiao reciprocated, slicing a pitch-black half-moon with the Mystic Iron Spear.

And the Mystic Iron Spear, being two and a half meters long, had a much wider range than the half-moon swept by Lu Ran.

Grass scraps flew wildly, flower petals danced in the air.

"Hahaha!" Wu Xiao stood firmly, laughing loudly, his eyes ever more fervent, "Brother Lu, good martial arts!"

It was as if Lu Ran had eyes on the back of his head; his sliding retreat abruptly stopped.

Two meters behind him, a thick current struck down.

At the same time, Wu Xiao's figure flickered artfully, drifting a meter to the side.

A thick current struck down, failing to harm him in the slightest.

"Brother Lu, which god are you a believer of?" Only now did Wu Xiao finally ask as they fought.

"Is it important to you?" Lu Ran said, watching the dancing petals, following their unpredictable path.

All of a sudden, he raised his knife.

The cool, slender blade tip gently caught a petal drifting on the wind.

Chapter 655: Opera Performer

Is it important?

Wu Xiao listened, looking at the young man in the Emperor Robe who caught the petals with his blade.

Indeed, it's not important.

"Hehe." Wu Xiao smiled and nodded.

The laughter reached Liu Huo's ears, making his heart grow increasingly sorrowful.

Yes, nothing matters.

For three years, he had never cared about anything.

Yet today, upon seeing this unknown young man in the Emperor Robe for the first time, Wu Xiao's heart surged with great emotion.

As if he had finally found the end of his journey.

The world is vast, yet he finally found a place to belong.

"Come!" Wu Xiao shouted, launching forward to lunge at Lu Ran.

Lu Ran greeted him with his blade, enveloping the Eight Desolate Blade with Divine Power, striking fiercely at the spear's tip.

For a moment, the crisp sound of metal clashing rang continuously.

A silvery figure flickered unpredictably, yet his spear technique was bold and direct.

The black-and-gold figure moved like a phantom, with a knife technique that was sharp and carried a touch of dominance.

Two figures, one black, one silver, engaging in a fierce battle, attacking and counterattacking.

Enthralling all who watched.

Even Jiang Ruyi secretly marveled.

To contest pure skill with Lu Ran and not fall behind, such a person is truly outstanding!

By this day, Lu Ran had long been transformed.

His speed, his power, and his overwhelming presence are not something ordinary people can withstand!

As it turns out, Wu Xiao struggled to hold his own!

The believers of the world are either swift or possess incredible strength.

But like Lu Ran, who perfectly combines speed and power...

How does one compete?

"Eee~~~"

Just as Deng Yuxiang's gaze was filled with admiration for Lu Ran's gallant demeanor, he suddenly heard a high-pitched, clear voice.

A falsetto?

The peculiar sound resembled the falsetto practice of traditional actors training their fundamental skills.

Martial Arts Divine Technique·Opera Soul Tone!

The unique high-pitched tone could shake the minds and souls of all around.

Hands trembled, hearts panicked even more!

The Wusheng Sect has three treasures:

First is the Spirit Defense Techniques·Heart of the Pear Garden; second is War Roar Skill·Opera Soul Tone; third is the strange movement technique·Swallow Feather Flip.

Just these three basic Divine Techniques could render Wusheng Sect disciples invincible against most enemies!

Realizing he was falling behind, Wu Xiao immediately employed the high-pitched tone.

However...

The Emperor Robe youth showed no change, his knife technique remained ferocious.

Each strike aimed at vital points, trying to pierce armor, slashing horizontally and vertically to destroy the spear!

"Ding!!"

An unusually sharp sound suddenly rang out.

The clash of knife and spear left the Emperor Robe youth unmoved, while the silver-clad youth swayed and flew backward.

"Friend." Wu Xiao stared intently at his unwavering opponent, murmuring, "You've given me so much hope.

Please, keep going..."

Lu Ran raised an eyebrow, unusually refraining from closing in.

He sensed the terrifying energy fluctuation from the command flag fluttering behind his opponent.

And the deeply meaningful gaze from his opponent...

"Burn!"

Wu Xiao suddenly reached back, grabbed a floating command flag, and forcefully hurled it forward.

The white flag with blue stripes rumbled loudly!

Massive, ferocious flames swept in all directions.

Martial Arts Divine Technique·Blazing Camp Command!

"Rumble!!"

The deafening explosion resounded!

Within a 250-meter radius centered on the flag, endless flames churned.

Wu Xiao watched Lu Ran, witnessing him being engulfed by the sea of fire.

The Wusheng Sect has three types of command flags:

One is the Thunderbolt Array Command, the second is the Blazing Camp Command, and the third is the Gale Camp Order.

Among the three flags, the second flag boasts the fiercest output!

The Thunderbolt Array Command rains down densely packed thunderbolts, yet provides a chance for those within to catch a breath and try to evade.

The Blazing Camp Command, however, is entirely different, with omnidirectional, inescapable attacks.

Once triggered, it scorches both heaven and earth!

Wu Xiao stood his ground, letting the sea of flames consume him, while the still-floating command flag behind him shielded him from the flames.

He was waiting.

Waiting for the Emperor Robe youth's attack.

A single curse would suffice.

"Weng~"

The mysterious iron spear quivered lightly, and Wu Xiao's expression changed.

A glimmer of joy flashed in his eyes, his excitement and restlessness building.

Could the Emperor Robe youth... truly be unharmed?

High-speed movement?

Or instantaneous movement?

"Whoosh~"

The command flag behind Wu Xiao flapped wildly, absorbing the flames from the world.

The scene was astonishing!

All the flames in the sky surged wildly, all being drawn into that small command flag.

No more flames filled the field, only the scorched earth remained.

Two to three hundred meters away, the Emperor Robe youth stood silently.

A few meters before him lay scorched earth.

Surrounding him, flowers continued to bloom, vibrant and beautiful.

"So, Brother Lu is a disciple of Qiang Xiu." Wu Xiao pondered on the techniques of the Qiang Xiu faction as he slowly filled the command flag behind him.

Spear Withering Divine Skill-Lofty Spirit, unaffected by spiritual damage.

Spear Withering Divine Skill·Cloud Piercing Shadow, allowing instant traversal.

Although it was unclear why the Emperor Robe youth wielded a knife or possessed such strength and speed, the Qiang Xiu faction indeed was the most plausible explanation.

The discrepancy was that the Emperor Robe youth's demeanor didn't resemble that of someone trained by the mysterious elder of Qiang Xiu.

He seemed more like a disciple meticulously trained by the top Evil God, the Evil Spear Emperor?

"Spoils the fun." Three words came from afar.

"What?" Wu Xiao was slightly taken aback, thinking he misheard.

Only to see the imperial youth lower the blade, gently flicking a stubborn flower blooming at the border between scorched earth and the flower cluster.

Wu Xiao realized that he hadn't misheard.

Within a radius of five hundred meters, everything was scorched to ashes.

Utterly incompatible with the sprawling Qianhua Ridge.

Wu Xiao laughed, "Brother Lu likes flowers and plants?"

Lu Ran gazed at him from afar, "The way petals fall reminds me of you."

Wu Xiao's expression froze.

Against other opponents, Wu Xiao would think the person was talking about Divine Technique·Swallow Feather Overturn, describing his precise performance on the battlefield.

But facing this young emperor...

And considering all the things Lu Ran said before the battle...

Wu Xiao thought the person was talking about him personally.

Describing his spiritual journey on Spirit Mountain.

Suddenly, a scene flashed through his mind.

Wu Xiao suddenly remembered, just now when he asked what faith the opponent adhered to, the imperial youth quietly drew his blade, catching a fluttering petal falling in the air.

Is that... a metaphor?

Wu Xiao looked at the imperial youth, silently clenched the dark iron spear.

He would not let down the Divine Weapon·Dark Iron Spear.

This long spear, accompanying him since high school, was the only thing Wu Xiao cared about even a little.

All the responsibility he had was given to it.

The Divine Sword at his waist was gained on Spirit Mountain, or rather, it followed him voluntarily.

Like Liu Huo.

Silently, cautiously following.

Unshakable.

In this battle, Wu Xiao could not hold back.

Either win or fall alongside the dark iron spear.

But the imperial youth...

He intends to shatter his dark iron spear, seize the Divine Weapon Domain, and take him personally?

Isn't that too domineering?

"Whoosh!" Another command flag flew out from behind Wu Xiao.

This time, he didn't speak, but charged with the command flag towards the imperial youth.

Unexpectedly, Lu Ran also attacked.

It's as if he wants to make sure the battlefield is within the scorched earth range, sparing the flower clusters from further harm.

"Whoosh!!"

The command flag flapped loudly, a gale suddenly arose.

Small tornadoes scattered, their paths unpredictable.

Martial Arts Divine Technique·Gale Camp Order!

In this unique battlefield environment, the mysterious movement technique of the Martial Monk Faction could be utilized to its fullest.

Wu Xiao did not disappoint.

Silver-white figures drifted indistinctly amidst the raging tornadoes.

But his target was certain—Lu Ran!

Lu Ran suddenly stopped, a small tornado whistling before his eyes.

Amidst the sweeping gale, a figure suddenly followed the wind, hurling a heavy spear straight at Lu Ran.

"Hmm?" Lu Ran's pupils shrunk slightly.

The silver-white figure coming with the wind bore a black face!

Furthermore, a black evil qi spread around.

This was the River Realm Technique·Double Hero Facemask of the Wusheng Sect!

The black face symbolizes courage and fierceness.

It also meant at that moment Wu Xiao was fully empowered, each ordinary attack carried a terrifying tearing effect.

"Wahaha!"

The unique tone from Wu Xiao's mouth was full of momentum, terrifying everyone who heard it!

The heavy dark iron spear, if it even scratched Lu Ran's body, would certainly tear through his Water Flow Armor.

"About to get serious now?"

Lu Ran quickly tilted his head, retreating sideways, certainly not daring to confront directly.

This was a major technique!

Wu Xiao didn't land, aided by the tornado's force, he rapidly spun mid-air, wielding his spear towards Lu Ran once more.

This time, he landed!

"Whooo!!"

Strangely, Lu Ran faintly heard the sound of gongs and drums.

A translucent barrier suddenly unfolded!

The River Realm Technique·Resounding Gong Stabilizes the World of the Wusheng Sect!

Within the barrier, both Lu Ran and Wu Xiao became 'opera performers', and in Wu Xiao's eyes, all of Lu Ran's movements were like slow-motion replay...

The flow of time hadn't changed.

Only Wu Xiao's personal reaction speed had altered.

At that moment, Lu Ran was truly at a disadvantage before Wu Xiao!

All along, Evil Dog Evil Skill·Evil Sensitivity kept Lu Ran exceptionally swift, with an astonishing speed of actions.

But within the barrier, no matter how swift Lu Ran's moves were, in Wu Xiao's eyes, they were slow!

"Wahaha!"

The soul-stirring gong sound, the intense and dense drumbeat.

And that majestic battle roar, like an overwhelming tide, pressed towards Lu Ran within the formation.

Lu Ran dodged continuously, each step perilous!

On the night the Sea Realm Demon Lord·Yin Flower Dan descended upon Rain Alley City, he couldn't comprehend the battle between the Wusheng disciples and Yin Flower Dan above the night sky.

Now, Lu Ran could understand it all.

"Whooo!!"

Three small tornadoes crisscrossed, the black-faced silver shadow suddenly attacked!

It was at this moment, Lu Ran stepped on the ground!

"Sizzle~sizzle!"

After the War Trample, endless electric currents spewed forth.

Wu Xiao's face suddenly changed!

In his understanding, Qiang Xiu's disciple actually initiated the Dong Ting Divine Technique?

This...?

In Wu Xiao's eyes, Lu Ran's movements were still slow.

Wu Xiao had ample time to react, his charging figure abruptly halted, and lightly floated backwards aided by the wind like a graceful swallow feather.

"Whooo!!"

The imperial youth slightly turned his body, letting the storm pass in front, the black gold Emperor Robe flapped loudly.

His gaze continuously followed the faintly visible figure in the wind, legs slightly crouched, effortlessly twirling the sword like playing a sword dance: "There's already one who dances with the sword at home.

But lacking one who performs opera..."

...

Chapter 656: Annihilation Domain?

"Zz~zz!"

Lightning coiled around Lu Ran's feet, suddenly shuttling through the space.

The speed was so fast that normal people couldn't react.

Wu Xiao's eyes widened suddenly!

Within the barrier range, Lu Ran in his eyes should be moving slowly, but at this moment, Lu Ran actually restored his "normal" speed...

No!

Not just that!

Lu Ran's movement speed was three times faster than usual.

A flash of light, speeding with lightning!

Wu Xiao watched as the young man in the Emperor Robe approached swiftly, and immediately raised his full vigilance.

His figure swayed with the wind, the spear in his hand fiercely thrust forward.

Wu Xiao felt a shudder in his heart because Lu Ran had neither stopped nor shown any intention to dodge, rushing head-on towards the spearpoint!

Could it be... Lu Ran hasn't reacted yet?

Wu Xiao was clearly aware that the world he saw, and the world others saw did not flow at the same speed.

Lu Ran being this fast indeed might have been unable to react.

For a moment, Wu Xiao felt a mix of sorrow and joy.

Joy because,

The spear enveloped with dense evil qi was bound to pierce through Lu Ran's Water Flow Armor, shattering his skull.

Sorrow because,

This mysterious and powerful young man in the Emperor Robe was about to fall here.

And Wu Xiao himself, was to wander the horizon again.

In the long years and roads ahead, seeking another home.

"Swish~"

At the critical moment, Wu Xiao saw a blur before his eyes!

The spear tip, brimming with black evil qi, failed to tear apart the opponent's head but instead pierced through thin air?

The Emperor Robe youth instantaneously teleported away?!

Wu Xiao had no time to ponder too much and immediately searched around.

Even before he found the enemy, his body uncontrollably leaned forward.

This meant a Divine Technique was attacking from behind!

The Martial Arts Divine Technique·Swallow Feather Turn, succeeded!

No matter what Divine Technique was coming from the back, before it blasted Wu Xiao, the Divine Power waves emitted from it pushed Wu Xiao away first.

Lu Ran: ?

Is that possible?

Lu Ran, knowing the strength of the Wusheng Sect, carefully selected the Tethering Evil Technique·Silk Thread.

How thin could the red silk thread shot from his fingertips be?

The Divine Power waves carried on the red silk were far less than in other skills.

Yet the opponent still "auto-dodged" it!

"Truly a Great Wusheng!" Lu Ran praised in his heart.

Truly a person who can auto-run amidst thousands of troops.

Not a single leaf sticking to him?

Nevertheless, your way is one step, my magic is taller by a foot!

Lu Ran continued casting his spell, shooting five threads of red silk at high speed, spreading horizontally.

If one thread caught the enemy, they would be eternally doomed.

And in a place unseen by Lu Ran, Wu Xiao's expression changed!

When Wu Xiao realized Lu Ran was behind him, his black face mask suddenly changed.

Turning into a red face!

Along with it, Wu Xiao's eye shape changed too.

From ring-shaped eyes of his fierce black face, they became the phoenix eyes of the loyal red face!

Phoenix eyes burst with red light!

Rich Divine Power transformed into red True Qi, loyally protecting its master.

"What?" Lu Ran slightly opened his mouth.

The thin red silk thread, just about to succeed, stuck to the spontaneously emerging red True Qi.

The red True Qi continued to orbit its master, carrying Lu Ran's red silk threads along...

The moment Wu Xiao landed, half a meter around him was already circled with red silk threads.

From beginning to end, Wu Xiao never turned back to look.

With a heavy darksteel spear in hand, his energy surged, the spear head directly stabbing the ground.

That was...

Lu Ran's eyes narrowed slightly.

Not to mention the surging Divine Power on the opponent, just the action alone was something Lu Ran was well acquainted with.

Isn't this precisely the move favored by the Eight Desolate Blade when comprehending the Divine Weapon Domain?

"Buzz!!"

The darksteel spear violently trembled, as if pouring endless energy into the earth.

"An-n-nihil-ation!"

Wu Xiao roared, his eyes bursting with crimson light.

From the ground pricked by the darksteel spear as the central point, cracks immediately crawled across the earth.

Like a spider web!

Subsequently, terrifying energy erupted from the ground fissures.

"Boom!"

"Boom..."

Explosions were constant, spreading in circles outward, seeming to destroy everything around.

Lu Ran's expression slightly changed, and immediately flashed away.

A fierce gust of air burst from the cracks several meters away, accompanied by explosive sounds.

Lu Ran "thumped" a few steps back, randomly pushed by the violent airflow.

In this domain, for ordinary Believers, let alone dodging, even standing firmly was difficult!

"Swish~"

Lu Ran dared not be reckless, his figure flickered away.

"Retreat! Quick retreat!" From afar in the forest, Yu Changsheng's expression slightly changed, shouting loudly.

Fortunately, this domain expanded outward in circles, continuously expanding the output range.

This gave the people in the distance a chance to retreat.

"Nightmare, take Liu Huo away." Jiang Ruyi surrounded by the Jade Talisman Formation, flew diagonally backward into the sky.

"Hiss——"

Responding to Jiang Ruyi was the sound of an Immortal Fog eruption.

The Sea Grade-Immortal Hoof was incredibly fast.

In an instant, Deng Yuxiang was infinitely close to the blood-red horse.

And at this time, the horse was still gazing at the battlefield, through the rampaging storm, looking at the man struggling within.

"Hiss——"

Another gust of Immortal Fog spurted from under Deng Yuxiang's feet.

"Neiiigh~~~"

The blood-red horse neighed, unable to react, immediately enveloped by the woman's embrace, with its massive horse head tilting into the sky.

The scene looked a bit strange.

Deng Yuxiang was tall, standing at 1.78 meters, and her wide cloak made her appear even more imposing.

But in front of the blood-colored divine steed, the Human Clan's stature was insignificant.

Yet the little human, holding onto the massive horse's head, seemed to "lift" the mighty and majestic warhorse and fly away.

That terrifying strength made people worry whether the Big Nightmare would pull the horse's head off...

"Goodness!"

Lu Ran appeared in the sky, looking at the crumbling earth below.

The earth-shaking explosions continued, the surface was in chaos, and the inner parts of the mountains fragmented into pieces.

Under Lu Ran's watch, the mountain collapsed with a roar.

"Buzz!!"

In Lu Ran's hand, the Eight Desolate Blade was vibrating intensely.

It was thoroughly in love with this Divine Weapon Domain!

Eight Desolate Annihilation, just like this!

"Don't rush," Lu Ran murmured, equally amazed by this powerful Divine Weapon Domain.

He even imagined once more bringing the Eight Desolate Blade to Blade Ridge Peak.

With a single slash,

the mountains would crumble and the earth would shatter!

Lu Ran raised the Eight Desolate Blade, with electricity flowing at his left fingertip, gently tracing over the blade.

Soon, a small, twisted electric serpent was printed on the blade.

"Rumble..."

The mountain was still collapsing; dust filled the air, making everything indistinct.

"Let's go, I'll take you to get the domain."

"Buzz!!"

Lu Ran descended diagonally, diving into the gray fog.

At the moment the enemies were just 100 meters apart, the weapons alerted their masters!

In the thick dust, Lu Ran's figure flickered.

He summoned the Jade Talisman Formation while gripping the hilt with both hands, pointing the blade down, and thrusting it fiercely into the ground.

"Sizzle~ Sizzle~"

Instantly, a lightning domain with a diameter of 500 meters unfolded abruptly.

Jade Talisman Divine Skill-Electric Confinement Talisman!

Almost simultaneously, the command flag floating behind Wu Xiao exploded loudly.

Martial Arts Divine Technique-Raging Inferno Command!

"Ugh," Wu Xiao gritted his teeth and groaned, his body tingling as electricity crawled over him, making him numb.

This time, Yan Ling couldn't save him.

The suddenly expanded lightning domain completely enveloped him within.

No matter what, Wu Xiao couldn't conceive the young man in the Emperor Robe could pull out a Jade Talisman Divine Skill?

Even though Wu Xiao had the Thunder Formation Breaking Order behind him, it couldn't absorb the lightning from other sects.

Similarly!

Lu Ran was surrounded by two rings of White Jade Stone, which certainly included the Bursting Flame Talismans.

A full four of them!

But how could the Jade Talisman Sect's Jade Token absorb the flames of the Wusheng Sect?

"Rumble!"

Electricity rampaged, flames surged!

Lu Ran's figure was swallowed by the sea of fire.

With a "Snap," the Water Flow Armor shattered explosively as Lu Ran flashed aside.

"Amazing!"

In the sky, Lu Ran rarely uttered a crude remark.

Not meant with any insult, purely an exclamation of admiration.

What an impressive Wu Xiao!

Such a formidable Sea Realm Peak·Great Martial Artist!

This was the first time since Lu Ran's promotion to the Sea Realm that his armor shattered.

Below, the mix of thunder and fire, the coverage of both skills was each 500 meters in diameter.

The two domains almost overlapped.

The situation within was unclear to anyone.

Unclear?

Lu Ran suddenly raised a hand high.

Beneath the thick clouds, a terrifyingly sized Night Charm Evil Blade was being quickly assembled.

"No! Don't..." murmured the blood-red horse in the distant sky, lightly shaking its head.

Beside the horse, Deng Yuxiang stood in mid-air, gently stroking the horse's mane.

She looked at the terrifying Thunderfire Domain below, then lifted her gaze to the Night Charm Evil Blade above the high heavens.

A thousand-meter specification.

This was a Sea Grade Divine Skill.

"Sigh..." Deng Yuxiang sighed lightly in her heart.

This Martial Artist Believer seemed quite good.

What a pity,

there was no retreat in the battle for the Divine Weapon Domain.

"My Lord!" Liu Huo looked at the cloaked woman beside him, his voice breaking with urgency, "I'll serve you like a loyal ox, My Lord! I beg you, please make him stop, I plead with you..."

Deng Yuxiang remained silent, stroking the beautiful mane of the horse.

Seeing that the Night Charm Evil Blade was nearing completion, Liu Huo couldn't care anymore as he moved to rush down to save people.

But with thunder and fire below, how could an adherent of the River Realm break through?

The Night Charm Evil Blade above was even more than a Blazing Blood Believer could withstand.

Deng Yuxiang suddenly reached out, wrapping her arm around the horse's neck.

The mighty and majestic tall horse was forcibly stopped.

Deng Yuxiang stood in mid-air, her finger adorned with the Magic Artifact·Blood Jade Ring, which glowed faintly.

"Neigh~~~"

Liu Huo stamped her hooves anxiously, yet couldn't escape the woman's grasp.

The blood-red horse even unleashed the Blazing Flame Wave from the Blazing Blood Sect Divine Skill.

The scorching wind tried to push Deng Yuxiang away.

The scattered sparks were exceedingly beautiful.

Amidst the sparkling bits of light, Deng Yuxiang was unaffected, not a crack appeared in the Water Flow Armor.

"Sob... sob..."

The blood-red horse tried with all its might but to no avail.

In the end, Liu Huo let out a cry of anguish.

Deng Yuxiang's cold heart finally felt a faint touch of emotion.

In a rare display of gentleness, she enfolded the horse's head in her embrace, extended another hand, and gently covered Liu Huo's exposed eye.

Simultaneously, the Night Charm Evil Blade descended!

Deng Yuxiang, originally showing a look of regret, suddenly raised her brows slightly.

The blade...

Was it off target?

Isn't this deviation a bit too outrageous?

...

Chapter 657: Flower Sea Remaining Life

Night Charm Evil Blade, slashed straight down.

It landed to the side of the Thunderfire Domain.

In the distant sky, Yu Changsheng lightly shook his paper fan and nodded silently.

The intense battle did not cause the young Sect Master to let blood rush to his head or act impulsively. This blade, ridiculously off-target, had already indicated the Sect Master's decision.

Yu Changsheng's gaze extended far, looking into the distance at the youth in the Emperor Robe.

Full of admiration.

One year!

In just one year.

The promises Lu Ran made by the cold waters of the high mountain lake had already been fulfilled in many ways.

The lively and spirited little fledgling of the past now bore a commanding presence, with an aura of authority in every gesture.

Of course, the credit must be given to the second-rank magical artifact.

But primarily, it was due to Lu Ran's own growth in power.

Yu Changsheng wasn't quite sure if the version of Lu Ran he first encountered was this one, would he have still chosen to follow him?

Hmm... most likely, yes.

After all, Lu Ran's essence had never changed.

On this point, it's easy to confirm, as Wu Xiao now is just like how he himself was back then, isn't he?

Such a rotten shell, once saved and brought back to life, genuinely reignites hope deep inside...

For the rest of life,

there would be a steadfast devotion and follow!

The muddled, painful, and struggling past, that profound sense of helpless suffocation, would become the best persuader and the optimal internal supervisor.

Yu Changsheng knew too well the feeling of clutching onto the only lifeline.

People thought Yu Changsheng was charming and free-spirited.

Pretended.

Putting on a façade.

Even with someone as celestial as He Yingcai standing before him, setting aside the pride of the Yangyang Sea and pursuing passionately, Yu Changsheng still felt that his journey in life shouldn't have unnecessary branches.

His life's focus was on that single straw, destined to neglect and let others down.

Therefore, at this moment, Yu Changsheng agreed with Lu Ran's decision.

He also witnessed the Night Charm Evil Blade cleave through a kilometer-long gorge, dispersing the blazing fire.

The Night Charm Evil Blade, timely activated its second level of output.

"Whoosh!!"

On either side of the long blade, a terrifying storm swirled.

The gale swept through, sending dust and debris flying everywhere.

The storm not only blew away the blazing camp command but also sent the disciples of the Martial Artist flying out.

Only then did everyone understand Lu Ran's true intention.

Activating the power,

was just to create wind.

In Yu Changsheng's sight, the youth in the Emperor Robe quietly vanished.

No need to search around, in the next moment, a few hundred meters away in the sky, another Thunder Domain blossomed!

"Zzz~zz~"

Lu Ran stood with his blade across, surrounded by the Jade Talisman Formation, where a series of Electric Shackles Talismans exploded consecutively.

Wu Xiao, who had been blown away, gradually slowed down his flight.

Until he was completely imprisoned and suspended within the Thunder Domain by electricity.

Blazing flames arose on Lu Ran, who stared at his opponent. His action to swing the blade suddenly halted.

"Buzz!"

The Eight Desolate Blade was somewhat displeased!

Familiar with Lu Ran's routine, once he activated the transcendental slaughter method Fiery Fire Heavenly Leader, he'd throw out a phantom sledgehammer.

But Lu Ran stopped!

The enemy was already imprisoned, yet Lu Ran held back?

"Calm down." Lu Ran broke into a cold sweat.

Close call!

Habits indeed are fatal.

That sledgehammer aimed to assassinate a Heavenly Realm Great Power.

Even if Wu Xiao didn't die, he'd lose half his life!

"Buzz~" The Eight Desolate Blade trembled in grievance.

The Divine Weapon Domain was within reach, and it truly felt anxious.

Even more frustrating for the Eight Desolate Blade was that its master put it down, then raised his left hand instead.

"Hiss!!"

A phantom white-scaled giant python roared out.

River Grade-Immortal Sky Python!

With the output boost of Fiery Fire Heavenly Leader, the damage from the phantom giant python transcended grades, directly reaching Sea Grade.

"Hiss!!"

The white-scaled giant python opened its bloodthirsty maw and roared through the dense electric currents.

Under normal circumstances, the Martial Arts Divine Technique-Swallow Wing Turning, would allow the believers of Martial Artists to automatically evade.

But Wu Xiao at this moment couldn't move!

On one hand, he was imprisoned by electricity, on the other, he was surrounded by electric currents above and below him, on all sides.

He was completely enveloped by the waves of Divine Power!

Where could he dodge?

"Ah! Aaaah..." Wu Xiao wailed in agony.

The phantom giant python pierced through his body, shattering his Water Flow Armor to pieces.

"Boom!!"

The command flag floating behind Wu Xiao exploded once again.

Sea Grade Divine Skill-Flame Camp Burning Command!

Lu Ran abruptly retreated over three hundred meters, sternly frowning.

The disciples of the Martial Artist, at most, had six command flags floating behind them, two of each kind.

In the previous Thunderfire Domain, Wu Xiao had already expended one command flag.

After Wu Xiao was imprisoned and blown away, where did he have time to supplement the flags?

At this point, Wu Xiao used his last "Flame Command Flag", losing the protection of an attribute-matching flag, and would be heavily injured by the flames!

It cannot be denied that Flame Camp Burning Command is the quickest in effect and widest in coverage among command flags.

This method had the greatest potential to actually harm Lu Ran.

But Wu Xiao's reckless casting of spells like this...

Did it also have some sort of death-seeking intent within?

The blazing flames surged, electric currents overflowing.

The second Thunderfire Domain appeared.

This time, Lu Ran heard a sharp cracking sound from within the thunder and fire.

Wu Xiao's Water Flow Armor shattered?

Lu Ran's heart tightened, he even released the Eight Desolate Blade, urgently reaching out with both hands.

"Whoosh!!"

Night Charm Evil Technique·Night Wind Assault!

The gale cleared the path as Lu Ran flew straight into the Domain.

In the distance, Jiang Ruyi's brows furrowed slightly.

Of course, she would love to see Lu Ran gain an incredibly powerful combat strength, but the premise must be that Lu Ran guarantees his own safety.

But now, it's too late to stop it.

Chapter 658: Flower Sea Remaining Life_2

The sound transmission merely disturbed his thoughts.

Jiang Ruyi clasped her hands together, fingers pressed against her lips, as she nervously watched the area where thunder and fire intertwined.

Unintentionally, she reverted to the little Ruyi from the Mist Realm and Stream Realm days, praying for his safe return.

This is the Sea Realm·Peak Great Power's released Divine Technique·Blazing Fire Camp Order!

Others couldn't hide fast enough, couldn't survive, yet Lu Ran dared to charge inside?!

"You better be worth it..." Jiang Ruyi murmured in her heart.

Wu Xiao,

You better be worth his actions.

"Whoosh!!"

Lu Ran plunged into the thunder and fire domain alone, and in no time, a scorched silhouette was blasted out from the other side of the domain.

[Evil Shadow Flash!]

[Instant Teleportation!]

[The enemy flew out!] Various sound transmissions simultaneously echoed in Lu Ran's mind, anxious and concerned.

In an instant, Lu Ran appeared high up in the sky.

Unexpectedly, it was not the Emperor Robe youth.

But rather a figure clad in a dazzling red dress, alluring and captivating.

Sea Grade Evil Technique-Tether Silk Robe!

Soon, an endless weave of red silk threads, piled thickly into a beautiful long dress, quietly dissipated.

The dignified, noble Emperor Robe youth was back online.

A quick costume change!

Jiang Ruyi chuckled in surprise, her heart finally at ease.

Lu Ran in a red dress, hmm... quite beautiful?

Lu Ran disappeared again, a crisp sound resonating from a farther area in the sky.

"Ding!"

Suddenly, Lu Ran appeared along Wu Xiao's path of flying backward, swinging a fierce slash downward!

The Eight Desolate Blade cut straight at the Black Iron Spear.

The Divine Weapon Spear couldn't react in time, and the severely injured Wu Xiao was powerless to grip the long spear tightly.

In an instant, man and weapon separated.

The Divine Sword at Wu Xiao's waist instinctively tried to resist, only to discover the Emperor Robe youth had already moved on.

Darting straight for the Divine Weapon-Black Iron Spear!

The Divine Sword secretly rejoiced.

Rejoiced that the Emperor Robe youth's target was not its own master.

It had always stayed by its master's side, hearing all the dialogue during the battle, and deduced the Emperor Robe youth's intentions.

"Whiz~"

The Divine Sword flew out, using its blade to press against its master's back, slowing Wu Xiao's trajectory and gently lowering him down.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Lu Ran rose on a plume of black cloud, wielding the blade to charge at the Black Iron Spear!

"Buzz!"

"Buzz!!" Both Divine Weapons vibrated fiercely.

The First-rank Divine Weapon·Eight Desolates Annihilation Blade was aggressive, determined to succeed!

The Second-rank Divine Weapon·Black Iron Oblivion Spear was filled with sorrow and anger, fighting to the end!

The turning point,

lies with the Master of Divine Weapon!

On the Eight Desolate Blade, a long sword trace was drawn.

Night Charm Evil Technique·Night Shadow Charm Trace!

The Sea Grade Sword Trace stretched to 8 meters.

The incredibly sharp sword trace carried a terrifying ripping sound through the space it crossed, as if it intended to tear a hole in the world.

The Black Iron Spear stabilized in mid-air, trying to rise.

The Emperor Robe youth flashed by, carrying the Eight Desolate Blade.

"Snap!!"

Fierce Heavenly Power, Night Shadow Charm Trace.

Lu Ran granted the Eight Desolate Blade the right to cleave through everything, the blade precisely sliced into the spearhead, slicing along the long spear shaft, until the very end.

The Black Iron Spear was forcefully split open from head to toe...

"Buzz!!"

The Eight Desolate Blade vibrated fiercely, a terrifying energy diffusing across.

Lu Ran paused, turning to glance at the position where Wu Xiao was falling, a sound transmission in his mind: [Secure it.]

[Yes!] Yan Shuangzi responded, her figure flashed, taking the split Black Iron Spear into her embrace.

Lu Ran, wielding the trembling Eight Desolate Blade, flew toward Wu Xiao.

Over there, the battlefield had not ravaged.

The flowers still bloomed abundantly.

In the beautiful flower patch, Wu Xiao lay quietly with a charred body, his flesh and blood damaged, barely breathing.

Even as powerful as the Sea Realm physique, without the protection of Water Flow Armor, he struggled to withstand the output of the Sea Grade Divine Skill.

"Master! No..."

The blood-red horse shouted anxiously, trying hard to break free from Deng Yuxiang's restraint, flames swirling under its hooves, galloping towards Wu Xiao.

This time, Deng Yuxiang did not stop it.

She watched the horse leave, sighing lightly.

The young man in the Emperor Robe was the first to land beside Wu Xiao, the Divine Sword obediently staying still at their master's side.

"No! I'm begging you, don't..."

An anxious shout came from the side.

Lu Ran turned his head to see, only to find the body of the blood-red horse dispersing, and a woman in a red dress falling into the sea of flowers.

Liu Huo didn't attack, she was well aware that she couldn't possibly harm the other party in the slightest.

She just kept pleading, lifting the edge of her skirt in one hand, anxiously running.

Lu Ran silently watched the woman.

Indeed, she was a woman as beautiful as a pomegranate flower.

Her red dress was not ancient but purely modern in style, like an elegant evening gown.

The sea of flowers was colorful, with a dazzling array of purples and reds.

Yet it could not compare to the redness of the woman's tear-streaked eyes.

Underneath the gloomy sky,

Liu Huo was like a blossoming pomegranate flower, red as fire.

She lit up the dim world.

And selflessly, she charged toward an unknown fate.

"I beg you, sir! Spare his life, I'll do anything you say, I'll be your servant, I..."

Liu Huo fell to her knees at the feet of the young man in the Emperor Robe, blocking Wu Xiao, constantly pleading.

A sudden surge of Divine Power rose beside the young man, causing Liu Huo's crying voice to tremble even more.

"Take this."

Unexpectedly, a black fish radiating a strong life force was sent down.

Liu Huo's words halted, her tearful eyes looked up at the young man in the Emperor Robe.

"Resurrection Carp," Lu Ran's voice was gentle.

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" Liu Huo was momentarily stunned, then both surprised and overjoyed.

She trembled as she hurriedly cupped the small fish in her hands, turning to deliver it to the young man lying on the ground.

"Pfft~"

The Sea Grade Resurrection Carp was placed on Wu Xiao's shattered chest.

The damaged body, the charred torso, was healed with visible speed, growing fresh and fair skin and flesh.

"Xiao Bro?" Liu Huo knelt beside Wu Xiao, cautiously calling out, "Xiao Bro?"

Wu Xiao's eyes were vacant, as if he was gazing at the beautiful, tearful face before him.

Or maybe...he didn't care at all.

"Take this." Another small fish was given to Liu Huo.

Giving this panicked woman a glimmer of hope.

A touch of luxury.

"Thank you, thank you..." Liu Huo kept murmuring, cradling the Resurrection Carp, quickly placing it on Wu Xiao's face.

At that moment, she had no ability to think.

She, too, was human, and the moment her hand touched the Resurrection Carp, it should have shattered, healing her body.

But both Resurrection Carp passed through her hands, healing the man in the flower bed.

"Pfft!"

Lu Ran quietly cast his technique, watching the lifeless Wu Xiao.

The Resurrection Carp silently shattered, turning into endless energy, flowing into the fragmented human body.

The small fish was not just repairing flesh.

It was also imbuing this shell with immense life force.

"Whoosh~"

A gentle breeze blew, the sea of flowers swayed.

In the world, it seemed this one body was the only still thing.

No reaction at all.

"Xiao Bro..." Liu Huo wiped her tear-damp eyes with the back of her hand, calling Wu Xiao's name over and over again.

Jiang Ruyi led the team as they descended.

Hearing Liu Huo's mournful calls, even cold-hearted Jiang Ruyi couldn't help but reach out, gently linking arms with Lu Ran.

"Clink~"

A light golden fish flew out from Yu Changsheng's hand, entering Wu Xiao's body.

But the man lying in the flowers remained motionless.

You can never wake someone who is pretending to sleep.

Nor can you save someone who wishes to die.

"Waa..." Liu Huo could no longer hold back, collapsing onto Wu Xiao's body, bursting into tears.

"You once asked me, what kind of believer I am." Lu Ran's voice came through.

Liu Huo quickly stopped her sobs, but couldn't stop her choking.

"Now, have you found your answer?" Lu Ran stepped forward, half-kneeling, "I have wielded so many Divine Techniques and Evil Techniques, what kind of believer am I?

Am I a believer?"

Wu Xiao's eyes remained unclear, but finally, there was a flicker of movement.

"To you, I am no believer." Lu Ran's hand fell on Wu Xiao's face, his palm filled with black fire, enveloping Wu Xiao's body.

Through the fingers, Lu Ran looked into Wu Xiao's eyes: "I am the god you should truly revere for the rest of your life.

The one who will lead you to slaughter the myriad gods and demons across the sky."

Chapter 659: A terrible life

Within Qianhua Ridge, in the River Valley.

The stream flowed gently, a man sitting naked within it.

He was covered in blood, with charred skin and flesh.

Behind the man, a woman as fiery as a blaze knelt, gently wiping his body.

Gradually, Wu Xiao's back revealed skin of uneven hues.

The newly grown tender skin stood in stark contrast with his original skin, indicating that he had been battered and nearly torn apart.

Liu Huo's eyes reddened, as she repeatedly cupped the clear stream water.

Under the woman's gentle actions, the filthy Wu Xiao finally looked somewhat human.

After an unknown period, Liu Huo cautiously embraced Wu Xiao, resting her forehead on his broad back.

Tears flowed uncontrollably downward.

They had survived.

Both of them.

The Emperor Robe youth did not pursue them to extinction.

As rival contenders for the Divine Weapon Domain, the decision of the Emperor Robe youth was bewildering.

Especially since they were in the perilous Holy Spirit Mountain.

No one would allow a significant threat to persist.

Liu Huo later realized that the Emperor Robe youth intended to recruit Wu Xiao.

She was just a Weak God Disciple.

Struggling humbly to survive in the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm, quietly following Wu Xiao, accompanying him through mountains and seas.

Liu Huo could not view people or things from a high vantage point.

Nor could she understand what kind of powerful existence the mysterious Emperor Robe youth truly was.

She only knew that the Emperor Robe youth was very gentle.

He was willing to gift her Resurrection Carp, to save Wu Xiao's life.

He was also willing to speak a few words with Wu Xiao, trying to call back his suicidal heart.

Perhaps this time,

Brother Xiao could truly find a home.

No longer living lost and aimlessly, dying in uncertainty.

"All done?" A gentle voice came from behind.

Liu Huo was startled, hurriedly wiping her eyes, she turned and respectfully bowed: "Sir."

"Here."

Again, those words.

A large white robe was handed over.

"Put it on him."

"Yes." Liu Huo took the exquisite robe from who knows where, and turned to drape it over Wu Xiao.

Wu Xiao continued to sit in the stream, most of the robe submerged in the water, floating with the current.

"Brother Xiao." Liu Huo whispered as she fastened Wu Xiao's buttons, "The sir has come to see you."

Wu Xiao's gaze was hollow, staring blankly into the distance.

"Go to the wooden house over there." Lu Ran said softly.

"Yes." Liu Huo, seeing Wu Xiao in a daze, felt her nose sting again.

Not daring to disobey, she had to get up and leave the stream, turning back every few steps as she left.

The River Valley had once experienced a great battle.

Of the already dilapidated buildings, few wooden houses remained.

Liu Huo easily found the place where the Ran Sect members rested, and under the indication of a woman in a bamboo hat in the courtyard, gently knocked on the door.

"Come in." A cool voice came from inside.

Liu Huo bowed her head as she entered, greeting towards the direction of the table and chairs: "Sir."

"We thought you were enslaved."

"No, not at all!" Liu Huo quickly explained, looking up at the cool fairy, "Brother Xiao never forced me, I insisted on staying by his side.

He took me in, he..."

As she spoke, Liu Huo paused, her gaze dimming slightly.

Did Wu Xiao really take her in?

He only stopped caring, stopped driving her away, after trying twice.

"As long as you weren't mistreated." Jiang Ruyi sat on a chair, observing the downcast woman.

"No, he treats me very well." Liu Huo confirmed again.

Jiang Ruyi stood and walked to the woman's side, gently patting Liu Huo on the shoulder: "Your friend will explain everything to you, go take a seat."

Liu Huo looked surprised.

Friend?

Jiang Ruyi had already left, exiting the house.

The hall was empty, Liu Huo's expression bewildered, until a Charm Shadow appeared beside her, under the wide bamboo hat, was a familiar face.

Liu Huo's pupils constricted: "Zhong... Zhong..."

"Long time no see." Second sister Zhong Rou's voice was soft, gently smoothing Liu Huo's slightly curly long hair with her hand.

Is the world small?

Of course not.

The Blazing Blood disciples were numerous indeed, but the God of Blazing Blood was after all an eighth-class god.

This also resulted in the fact that those with high talent and strength among the Blazing Blood Believers were not many in number.

Those Blazing Blood Disciples who qualified to enter the Holy Spirit Mountain were rare as phoenix feathers and unicorn horns, and undoubtedly the elite among their sect!

The three sisters of the Zhong Family and Liu Huo all came from an ancient city under the foot of the God.

And all were members of the God's inner city guard.

Jiang Ruyi walked out of the house, giving the Blazing Blood Disciples enough private space, without intending to eavesdrop.

She slowly rose into the air, gazing at the flower-filled Qianhua Ridge.

Truly beautiful.

Perhaps the houses here could be renovated, for an occasional visit and short stay?

Lu Ran seemed to have said...

Wishing to see her dance with a sword amidst the sea of flowers?

Jiang Ruyi pursed her lips, her eyes gazing into the distance, sweeping over the undulating waves of flowers, she saw the Emperor Robe youth standing by the lakeside.

Also saw the figure kneeling in the stream.

Just at that moment, a black shadow appeared in the stream, placing a Great Nightmare split in half beside Wu Xiao.

Jiang Ruyi lightly furrowed her eyebrows.

Isn't it a bit like killing and condemning at the same time?

This wicked guy...

Is he awakening Wu Xiao's fighting spirit in this way?

At the same time, by the stream.

"Let's find a disciple of Tianchen to help repair it." Lu Ran looked at Wu Xiao's back, "Re-cultivate the Gun Spirit, I'll wait for you to challenge me."

Though speaking of it, if the Black Iron Gun truly becomes a Divine Weapon and masters the Divine Weapon Domain, no one can say for certain what it will be.

Just like the Night-cutting Blade of the Big Nightmare.

At this moment, Deng Yuxiang and the main attack direction of Divine Weapon-Night Cutting Blade is to comprehend "Broken Blade Reforged".

The insight they gained is no longer in the former Divine Weapon Domain.

Finally, Wu Xiao moved.

He reached out to hold the Divine Weapon Gun that was split in two, looking at the incredibly smooth and flat cut, he slowly put the two pieces together.

The Black Iron Oblivion Gun was easily pieced back together.

Just like before.

The difference is that it completely lost its spirituality, no longer possessing the Gun Spirit.

"I cannot defeat you," Wu Xiao said slowly.

His head drooped down, voice hoarse.

Both hands tightly gripping the Black Iron Gun, the hand holding the spear tip had its palm cut, blood flowing down.

Lu Ran guessed: "Is it because of those unbeatable existences that you have become utterly disheartened?"

"Drip, drip."

Wu Xiao's head drooped down, and droplets of blood from his palm dripped into the stream.

Lu Ran did not stop it.

Instead, he felt that this behavior of Wu Xiao was much better than his previous numb appearance.

"I've already said what I intend to do with you." Lu Ran gazed at the man's back, "You've also seen my abilities."

Wu Xiao remained silent, noncommittal.

"Heh." Lu Ran chuckled.

Even after witnessing everything firsthand, is he still unwilling to believe?

Indeed,

The bigger the hope, the greater the disappointment.

In a dark world ruled by gods and demons, within the cold and cruel Holy Spirit Mountain...

The word hope is truly cruel.

"Talk to me, friend." This time, it was Lu Ran who called him that, "Such opportunities are rare."

However, Wu Xiao did not cherish it: "I have nothing to say."

Lu Ran slightly frowned: "What, you don't believe me, don't plan to leave with me?"

Wu Xiao slowly shook his head: "It's a worthless life, I'll give it to you."

"Oh?"

"Originally, I planned to die by your hands," Wu Xiao slowly released the spear tip, saying in a low voice, "but you don't take it."

Lu Ran: "..."

Wu Xiao slowly lifted his head, staring at the distant mountains: "Since you want to challenge the gods, I'll go with you."

Lu Ran realized that Wu Xiao wasn't truly "alive" yet.

No matter how remarkable Lu Ran's display was, Wu Xiao didn't fully believe.

Or maybe he didn't dare to.

Did not dare to hope again.

After hearing Lu Ran's delusions, Wu Xiao just upheld an attitude of "dying wherever is death," choosing to follow Lu Ran.

Lu Ran remained silent for a moment, then softly said: "I have a Martial Artist Fake God Stone Sculpture.

I will bind you to the sculpture, you will merge with the sculpture."

The ink jade Tiger Talisman around Lu Ran's neck worked subtly, his deep voice carried an irrefutable authority.

"You will inherit everything of the Martial Artist, replace the Martial Artist, surpass the Martial Artist, seize the Divine Position."

Just lifted his head to look at the distant mountains, Wu Xiao had already made a decision, seeming to have stepped out.

However, Lu Ran's words made him lower his head again.

As Lu Ran anticipated,

In Wu Xiao's world, hope and cruelty are synonymous.

Lu Ran looked up at the sky shrouded in dark clouds: "We will eventually break out of Holy Spirit Mountain, break into the heavens.

Cleanse the universe and return to the human world."

"Lu Ran." Wu Xiao's voice was hoarse.

"Hmm?"

"You know, Holy Spirit Mountain has a certain magic."

Lu Ran remained silent, listening intently.

Wu Xiao's bloody hand, holding the bloody spear tip, placed it in the clear stream: "Here...

Without desire in your heart, you cannot survive.

With too much desire in your heart, you also cannot survive."

"Hehe." Lu Ran chuckled, running a hand through his wind-swept short hair, "Well said."

Speaking of which, his hair has always kept a length passing his ears, never cutting it too short when trimming.

Should it still be called short hair?

Lu Ran continued gazing at the sky shrouded in dark clouds: "So, are you going to follow me from one extreme to another?"

Wu Xiao remained silent.

The hand that let go of the spear tip once again gripped it.

The torn skin, icy flowing stream, constantly stung his nerves.

But this time, Lu Ran didn't give him much time, he spoke: "Since it's a worthless life, from now on, follow me.

If you don't want it, I will."

Wu Xiao's hand stiffened, he remained silent for a long time.

Slowly, he turned around, speaking in a deep voice: "Alright."

Lu Ran looked down at Wu Xiao, though he couldn't see his deeply buried face, he could sense the hidden turmoil of his emotions.

The result is the same.

But that once dead heart seemed to have started to beat.

Hmm, that's good.

Chapter 660: Finally Achieved! Second-rank Divine Weapon!

The members of Ran Sect stayed in Qianhua Ridge for a few more days.

During this time, Jiang Ruyi ordered the soldiers to clean up the cluster of wooden houses.

Repair what needed repairs, and demolish what needed demolition.

They sourced materials locally and meticulously renovated.

In the River Valley area, seven houses of various sizes were finally left, and the once dilapidated scene was completely renewed.

Streams gurgled, flowers spread their fragrance everywhere.

The quiet and relatively secluded River Valley truly seemed like a paradise away from the world.

Residing here, the hearts of Ran Sect's members gradually relaxed, enjoying the rare leisure time.

Only Lu Ran did not rest.

In fact, he hadn't closed his eyes for several days and nights.

Now, with no other Divine Weapons obstructing him, Lu Ran naturally focused on comprehending the Divine Weapon Domain with the Eight Desolate Blade in hand.

He stood tall atop the mountain ridge, gazing at the boundless sea of flowers, and also at the kilometer-long ravine he had once cut through.

There, the mountainside collapsed, and the ground sunk.

No one knew when this incongruous terrain would be refilled by the sea of flowers.

It's really an eyesore.

Yet Lu Ran kept staring at it, repeatedly recalling the scene where Wu Xiao wielded the Black Iron Spear and executed their joint technique.

Cracks like a spider web spread across the ground.

Mountains crumbled, earth was torn apart...

Clear images, deliberate study, and understanding aided by focused hard work.

Lu Ran and the Eight Desolate Blade finally achieved what they sought one night in early February!

On this night, the moon and stars shone sparsely.

Thick mist obscured the stars and moon, rushing in madly!

The commotion from comprehending the Divine Weapon Domain wasn't small, and its magnitude far exceeded promotion within the Human Clan's lower ranks.

Fog Dragon Roll appeared in Qianhua Ridge, connecting heaven and earth.

At the same time, from within a house at the foot of the mountain in the River Valley, a delighted voice rang out:

"Oh! Is it Lu Ran? He succeeded!"

Si Xianxian suddenly sat up on the bed, sensing the increasingly dense Divine Power atmosphere around her.

She was extremely happy and reached out to touch beside her: "Ruyi, Ruyi?"

A cool voice came from the darkness: "Mm, take this opportunity to cultivate well."

"Your personality is getting colder," Si Xianxian muttered to herself, "It's like you could freeze someone to death."

Jiang Ruyi smiled as she sat up in meditation: "I'm very happy.

However, he'll return soon, and you'll need to find another place to stay."

Si Xianxian immediately looked distressed.

Right, the scoundrel is back, and there's no place for her on the bed anymore.

Si Xianxian immediately snuggled over, hugging Jiang Xianzi's arm, pleading: "Ruyi, let him sleep in another house for the night, please."

Jiang Ruyi: "..."

Si Xianxian's sweet voice of complaint was so sweet it was cloying: "Lady, lady, good lady~"

Jiang Ruyi sighed helplessly: "Quickly cultivate, the time for comprehending the Divine Weapon won't be long."

Si Xianxian pouted.

Also a little heartless!

Do you know what I've sacrificed to stay by your side? I've worked so hard, constantly enduring pressure, accompanying you day and night.

And you!

Just as the scoundrel comes back, you're making me leave...

Actually, Si Xianxian had originally accepted her fate.

Grade isn't the same; there's really no need to make herself uncomfortable.

Jiang Ruyi had even advised Si Xianxian not to force it, and Si Xianxian had planned to return to their previous way of interaction after a rank promotion.

But since Wu Xiao and Liu Huo joined Ran Sect, Si Xianxian realized one thing:

It's up to people to make things happen!

Liu Huo, just at Jiang Realm·Fourth Rank, could stay beside a Sea Realm Peak Martial Artist every day.

Why couldn't she?

Why couldn't I, Si Xianxian, as an actual Stone Sculpture, compare to a weak Blazing Blood Disciple?

That's why Si Xianxian came.

Mm, probably she'll have to leave soon.

Divine Weapon advancement is unlike human advancement.

The duration of comprehending a domain varies; long may take a few hours, short may only ten to fifteen minutes.

The Eight Desolate Blade took a very short time!

Because both the master and the weapon had very clear objectives, even the mode of magic execution and specific effects of the domain were clear.

It's practically like copying answers in an exam!

Once the test begins, how could it not be fast?

Thus, before the Ran Sect members had cultivated for long, the fog between heaven and earth gradually dissipated.

From the seven houses of varying arrangements in the River Valley, people began to step out.

The soldiers didn't go to the mountain top, worried about disturbing the Sect Master, they all stayed outdoors, waiting to congratulate the Sect Master on his return.

"Sigh..." In front of a house, Yu Changsheng lightly shook a paper fan and gave a soft sigh.

His gaze moved past the stream, using the bright moonlight, he looked at the wooden house in the mountain forest across the river.

Wu Xiao and Liu Huo also came out together.

Presumably, among the members of Ran Sect, Wu Xiao's feelings were the most complicated.

After all, the Divine Weapon Domain that Lu Ran obtained now once belonged to Wu Xiao.

Thinking of this, Yu Changsheng couldn't help but have an odd expression.

Recalling the trip to Qianhua Ridge, Lu Ran's various actions seemed somewhat "constituted of many misdeeds?"

Lu Ran shattered Wu Xiao's Black Iron Spear, seized the Divine Weapon Domain from him, and even took Wu Xiao himself!

Wasn't this pure bullying?

Poor Great Martial Artist, completely devoured...

In contemplation, Yu Changsheng perceived something and immediately looked up.

A solitary bright moon hung high in the sky.

A slender figure descended from the night sky.

From Yu Changsheng's perspective, the youth dressed in an Emperor Robe seemed encircled by the bright moon.

Tsk tsk~

Yu Changsheng discarded his chaotic thoughts, feeling extremely satisfied.

With a paper fan in hand, he swayed it with even more elegance and ease.

Lu Ran's growth and transformation within the Holy Spirit Mountain was something Yu Changsheng had been fully involved in, and of course, he had his share of credit!

Seeing Lu Ran with such demeanor again, Yu Changsheng felt a sense of "nurturing" satisfaction.

"Hoo~"

Suddenly, delicate fire lanterns soared up, exquisite eight-sided lanterns glowed with a red hue, illuminating the night in the river valley.

Amidst the congratulatory voices, Lu Ran clasped his hands, politely responding.

However, when he saw Wu Xiao, he noticeably hesitated.

Wu Xiao, on the other hand, maintained his composure, respectfully offering congratulations. After Lu Ran nodded in response, he landed before Jiang Ruyi's residence.

"You've fulfilled your wish." Jiang Ruyi smiled faintly.

"Yes, finally." Lu Ran placed his hand on his waist, gripping the Eight Desolate Blade's hilt.

The Eight Desolate Blade was overjoyed, sharing a mental bond with the Master of Divine Weapon, which caused strands of joyous emotions to linger in Lu Ran's heart.

"What's the domain called?" Jiang Ruyi asked.

"Eight Directions Annihilation." Lu Ran's fingertips brushed the hilt.

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

Lu Ran chose not to use the word "Desolate" but instead used "Eight Directions" to express the specific effect of the Divine Weapon Domain.

One strike downwards, centering on himself, everything in all directions would be utterly destroyed!

At this point,

The Dawn Blade burns the sky, the Eight Desolate Blade splits the earth!

Just thinking about it made Lu Ran incredibly happy.

The emotional fluctuations of a Sea Realm Great Power naturally affected the surrounding environment.

Consequently, Si Xianxian, who had been sent out at night, was equally delighted for Lu Ran.

Lu Ran looked around, praising, "You've built a nice base, haven't you? The wooden cabin is well hidden; I almost couldn't find it."

Jiang Ruyi casually said, "The environment here is nice; it's good as a small stronghold.

Anyway, wherever you go is just a step away."

"Tch~" Si Xianxian, beside him, muttered under her breath.

"What's wrong?" Lu Ran looked at Si Xianxian.

Si Xianxian pouted, "You clearly said you liked it here and wanted to see Ruyi dance among the flowers, so Ruyi built it... oops."

As someone's faint gaze swept by, Si Xianxian shivered, unable to hold back a shiver, and dared not speak further.

"Oh really?" Lu Ran blinked and pulled Jiang Fairy into his arms, "Is that so?"

Jiang Ruyi stubbornly said, "There were already buildings here; it would be a waste to abandon them."

Even while saying this, Jiang Ruyi turned her head to glance at Si Xianxian.

Truly my good friend!

Saying everything out loud...

Lu Ran covered Jiang Fairy's eyes with one hand, "Don't always bully Xian'er, what, not allowing anyone to speak? That's too domineering, isn't it?"

"Exactly, exactly." Si Xianxian nodded repeatedly, like a chick pecking at rice.

Jiang Ruyi: "..."

The three laughed and joked for a while, then Lu Ran asked, "How are Wu Xiao and Liu Huo these days?"

"Pretty good, Liu Huo is very grateful to us." Jiang Ruyi recalled the past few days of interactions, speaking softly, "Wu Xiao, however, has been very silent.

However, he's no longer as ignorant as when we first met."

"Hmm." With his powerful night vision, Lu Ran looked towards the distant forest, gazing at the concealed houses within.

Jiang Ruyi, seemingly sensing something, gently comforted, "Don't overthink; since Divine Weapon Domains overlap, meeting is inevitable.

In the future, just treat him well."

"Of course." Lu Ran nodded immediately.

Jiang Ruyi suddenly suggested, "Why don't you give the Purple Thunder Mad Dragon Spear to Wu Xiao?"

"Oh?" Lu Ran's heart stirred slightly.

A second-rank Divine Weapon, the Purple Thunder Mad Dragon Spear, is quite a formidable weapon!

While spears and halberds have different uses, there are some commonalities.

Whether or not Wu Xiao has dabbled in halberd techniques, as a martial artist of such exceptional talent and strength, a bit more practice would suffice.

Lu Ran was unaware that Jiang Ruyi was considering much more.

Regarding Lu Ran's decision to return the halved black iron spear to Wu Xiao, Jiang Ruyi always disagreed.

She believed in Lu Ran's abilities and methods to fully control Wu Xiao and wasn't afraid of challenges.

But the question was, why leave hidden risks to oneself?

If the black iron spear was trained back into a Divine Weapon and then was about to upgrade to second rank, just as the Divine Weapon Domain coincided again...

Would Wu Xiao fight or not?

He might not want to challenge Lu Ran, but would the Divine Weapon?

To avoid the troubles that might arise later, it's best to nip it in the bud now.

Jiang Ruyi's hand naturally fell, gently picking up Lu Ran's palm, "Do you want Wu Xiao to bind with the Stone Sculpture?"

The sudden change of topic made Lu Ran pause for a moment, then nod:

"Let him bond with the Martial Artist Divine Sculpture, it seems fitting."

Wu Xiao considers himself worthless, but Lu Ran does not see it that way.

Under his leadership, Wu Xiao would be cherished.

He would shine brightly!

"Let Wu Xiao use the halberd for the rest of his life." Jiang Ruyi nestled gently in Lu Ran's embrace, closing her eyes.

The cool fairy's soft words drifted once more into Lu Ran's ears:

"Bury both the black iron spear and his past self in the past."