

## Old Gods 671

Chapter 671: Crow in the Soil

Sword Ridge Peak's Peak Master advancing in rank?

Going mad?

Constantly killing?

A sentence from Wu Huan left everyone in the hall dumbfounded.

Regarding who annihilated Sword Ridge Peak, the Ran Sect had all kinds of speculations, but no one expected that the North Wind Sect was massacred by their own people!

"This?" Lu Ran was a bit dumbfounded, turning to look at Yu Changsheng.

Yu Changsheng's expression was grave, the sudden piece of information indeed caught them off guard.

Holy Spirit Mountain has its own set of operating rules.

One iron rule among them is that disciples of the same sect can support each other.

Sect members all work for the same divine entity, forming a community of shared interests, with the premise of mutual help.

But with the Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak acting like this...

Wouldn't it mean that all sects and factions in Holy Spirit Mountain would be on edge?

"Is there still a risk of madness upon ascending to the Heavenly Realm?" Jiang Ruyi frowned slightly.

There was a fact acknowledged by everyone: the Peak Master who ascended would undoubtedly be a Great Power of the Heavenly Realm!

The battle achievements speak for themselves!

Only a Heavenly Realm's Great Power could annihilate the entire North Wind Sect!

"Has Alliance Leader Yun been in seclusion all this time because of this?" Yu Changsheng suddenly asked.

"Is that so?" Lu Ran pondered silently.

He had once come into close contact with Yun Qianzhou, and indeed, a Great Power of the Heavenly Realm is sacred and inviolable.

But to say that the other party was confused or harbored murderous intent...

Lu Ran didn't detect any of that at all!

Furthermore, Jiang Ruyi, He Qifeng, and others were also present, along with several Sea Realm Island Masters accompanying them.

They must not have detected anything abnormal either; otherwise, after so much conversation, everyone couldn't possibly remain so composed.

So... was Yun Qianzhou hiding it well?

Or was it the natural temperament of the Sky Phoenix believers, and Yun Qianzhou being inherently gentle and kind, thus refraining from a massacre?

As he contemplated this, Lu Ran turned to look at He Yingcai.

"Sect Leader?" He Yingcai stood up properly.

"Sit." Lu Ran sighed helplessly, "How can I let you go back to Mist Rain Lake with ease?"

He Yingcai immediately realized Lu Ran's concern for her.

She thought for a moment, analyzed, and said, "There's no need for the Sect Leader to worry too much. We don't know what state of mind the Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak was in.

He might have been influenced by a deity to cleanse the Human Clan in exchange for something for himself.

Regardless of what it was, Alliance Leader Yun hadn't chosen that path. He has been in the Heavenly Realm for so long that if he intended to slaughter the Thousand Boat Alliance members, he would have done so already."

"That's true."

"Hmm." Everyone nodded subtly while watching the calm and analytical Ran Divine General.

He Yingcai continued to reassure Lu Ran, "I will take root in Mist Rain Lake for the Sect Leader without any issues.

Take a step back; even if Alliance Leader Yun were tainted by the deity and lost his sanity, he would have informed the alliance members long before losing control."

It was apparent that He Yingcai had decided the mastermind was the deity.

No matter if the genuine culprit was a deity, given the myriad sins of the All Gods, any enormous crime could justifiably be pinned on them.

Lu Ran admired her a lot, looking at the subtly dressed woman in a green dress.

He read four words from her demeanor - the presence of a Great General!

Indeed... upon thinking about it.

A woman who could captivate Yu Changsheng certainly couldn't be ordinary.

"What happened after Wang Hanchuan went mad?" Deng Yuxiang looked at Wu Huan and asked coldly.

Wang Hanchuan, the name of the Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak.

A name that sounded imposing yet bone-chilling.

"The, the Peak Master killed anyone he saw, leaving no survivors. Even the elders couldn't stop, stop it..." Wu Huan stammered, trembling.

To this day, he still recalled that bloody and brutal night vividly.

Thanks to being a Witch Crow Believer, Wu Huan possessed night vision.

Because of this, he witnessed scenes akin to Purgatory.

Collapsed mountains, crumbled houses.

Scattered remains strewn on the ground, mixed with flesh in the cold wind.

Heads falling alone in the snow, unable to die with their eyes closed...

Back in the human world, Wu Huan had participated in many Fifteenth Night defense missions and was a battle-hardened person, familiar with the harshness of warfare.

Yet the Human World's Fifteenth Night was less than a ten-thousandth of that night's Sword Ridge Peak.

Those scenes still lingered in his mind, and the shrill cries and wails of people remained in his ears, becoming an ever-present nightmare for Wu Huan day and night.

Wang Hanchuan... was an Evil Demon!

An Evil Demon wearing human skin!

"I turned into a crow and hid, I, I was blown away by the wind, not daring to flap my wings, afraid of being heard..." Wu Huan recounted, struggling to suppress his inner terror.

If he could, he would never want to recall that night again.

But he had no choice; Wu Huan had to recall it carefully.

His life was in the hands of this group of people, and although he had only been on the mountain for three or four months, Wu Huan knew the face of Holy Spirit Mountain well.

Only Lu Ran's existence allowed Wu Huan to feel a slight sense of reassurance.

Whether it was Da Xia's genius Xue Fengchen or Fallen Immortal Lady Jiang Ruyi, none of them displayed any gentleness from beginning to end.

It seemed they had already been assimilated by this mountain.

"I... I just hid in the soil, creeping forward bit by bit, burrowing into the ground..." Wu Huan hung his head, speaking quietly.

The story wasn't long,

but it was enough to be thrilling.

A humble being survived with a constant fear, largely due to luck.

After all, Wu Huan was only at First Rank in the River Realm.

The techniques of the North Wind Sect covered a broad area and were very lethal.

Actually, according to Wu Huan's account, he has died twice.

Once, he was pierced by a Wind Blade through the tail of the crow, and once his wings were grazed by the edge of a storm.

The powerful Witch Crow Divine Skill·Witch Shadow Substitute saved him both times.

If Wu Huan had been struck by the Wind Blade at a vital point, or if the storm shifted slightly, encompassing the little crow, even the substitute technique would not have saved him.

He would surely have been killed instantly!

"And then, you've been staying in the ground." Deng Yuxiang frowned deeply.

She wanted more intelligence, but this person couldn't provide it.

"Yes, yes." Wu Huan hurriedly replied, "I maintained the crow form, stayed hidden, and kept hiding without daring to move..."

It's really hard to imagine what kind of psychological shadow that night of extermination at Sword Ridge Peak left on Wu Huan.

The battle had long ended, yet Wu Huan remained in the ground.

Day and night alternated.

But he dared not move an inch.

Until today, he was finally found by a disciple of Shanwei from the Ran Sect.

In other words, Wu Huan hid mid-battle and knew nothing of the aftermath.

The Council Hall fell into silence.

Wu Huan trembled more intensely.

He could sense that this group of people was not satisfied with his response.

"Wu Huan." Lu Ran called softly.

"Ah, Ran Shen!"

"Don't be nervous." Lu Ran tried to speak as gently as possible, "Follow me in the future, no one will bully you."

Upon hearing this, Wu Huan's nose tingled, and he nodded repeatedly, "Um, um!"

The survival habits from Sword Ridge Peak prompted him to reflexively offer a grand salute, but Xue Fengchen stood behind the chair, firmly pressing Wu Huan's thin shoulders, preventing him from moving.

Lu Ran walked deeper into the hall, circled around the writing desk, and plopped down on the throne, lost in thought.

Yan Shuangzi had just identified the corpses and saw 8 Sea Realm Great Powers.

According to intelligence, there were at least 17 Sea Realm Great Powers within Sword Ridge Peak!

This means at least half of the powerful ones escaped.

Dozens of North Wind disciples from the River Realm also managed to flee, along with several dozen servants from various sects.

Of course, the number of escapees is calculated based on the number of bodies on Sword Ridge Peak.

If anyone was pulverized on the spot or died on the escape route outside Sword Ridge Peak, that's not something Lu Ran can consider right now.

At this point, to avenge Yan Shuangzi, Lu Ran should start a search centered on Sword Ridge Peak.

But the problem is...

No one knows where Wang Hanchuan is!

If the opponent had a killing spree and ascended to the Heavenly Realm, that would be easy to say.



But what if Wang Hanchuan is meditating somewhere or wandering in the Snow Forest, and is accidentally found by Ran Sect soldiers...

The crowd might indeed die on the spot!

"Sigh..." Lu Ran knocked on his forehead.

Jiang Ruyi walked to the writing desk and softly said, "This matter needs careful planning, let the soldiers go back and rest first."

"Hm." Lu Ran responded.

Jiang Ruyi signaled for everyone to disperse, and added a reminder, "Nightmare, you take Wu Huan, and Cong Long stays a while."

"Yes." Deng Yuxiang also wanted to ask more questions and gave Wu Huan a look.

Wu Huan's heart tensed at once!

Among all Ran Sect soldiers, the person he least wanted to face was Deng Yuxiang!

This stern woman, with sharp eyes, really seemed like a North Wind believer...

Wu Huan rose shakily, lamenting endlessly in his heart, and kept looking back with every step.

Yet he saw Lu Ran rubbing his temples in frustration, not noticing over here.

"Let's go, he said, no one will bully you." Deng Yuxiang said coldly.

"Y-yes." Wu Huan lowered his head and hurriedly caught up.

Only three people remained in the Council Hall, and Yu Changsheng timely spoke, "Is the Sect Leader worried that the blood-crazed Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak is still lingering in that area?"

Lu Ran nodded lightly.

"Indeed, it's possible." Yu Changsheng pondered, "In that case, a wise man does not stand under a dangerous wall..."

The hidden Evil Shadow shuddered lightly in his heart!

"No."

But in the next moment, Yan Shuangzi heard Lu Ran's voice of denial.

She clenched her fist and heard Lu Ran say again, "The remnants of Sword Ridge Peak must be eradicated, especially Elder Xing!

If this grudge is not avenged, then I shouldn't be the Master of the Ran Sect!"

Jiang Ruyi's hand fell gently, soothing Lu Ran's back.

It was rare to see Lu Ran this agitated.

After all, she came later and had only heard Yan Shuangzi's story but hadn't witnessed what state Yan Shuangzi was in when Lu Ran brought her out of Sword Ridge Peak.

Yu Changsheng pondered, "Since the Sect Leader harbors such deep hatred, if this matter is unresolved, it may leave a knot in your heart as well.

Then let's search!"

"How should we search?" Lu Ran looked at the strategist.

Yu Changsheng contemplated for a moment, suggesting, "One team should take Elder Bai and question them daily; if anything seems amiss, contact the Sect Leader immediately and return to Cloud Sea Cliff.

The other team, led by the Sect Leader and the Evil Shadow Guardian, will search together.

You have strong perception and Instant Teleportation Techniques; as long as you stay vigilant, there won't be any issues."

"Hm." Lu Ran felt this was sound advice.

For Lu Ran and Yan Shuangzi, these two Evil Dogs, indeed others were burdens.

Yu Changsheng comforted, "The Sect Leader need not worry, plenty escaped from Sword Ridge Peak, surely leaving traces.

If we search patiently for a few days, we'll definitely find something."

Lu Ran's face was somber:

"Thank you for your good words, sir!"

...

Chapter 672: Black Lotus and Snowman

North of Sword Ridge Peak, ice and snow fill the landscape.

The blazing sun in the sky is obscured by layers of cold mist, unable to bring much warmth to this realm.

A tall young man clad in a Black Gold Emperor Robe, surrounded by the sad beauty of drifting plum blossom petals, flies forward slowly.

Where he passes, a subtle fragrance lingers.

Leaving behind trails like fleeting shadows, dreamlike and illusory.

The strong Evil Technique of the Ice Plum Demon Queen, Proud Snow Ice Plum, makes Lu Ran unafraid of the cold, navigating it like a fish in water.

"Heh..."

Lu Ran expels wisps of mist from his mouth.

Looking into the distance, all is a vast whiteness.

This is the seventh day of Lu Ran's search; the further north he goes, the harsher the environment. By now, he can no longer see traces of trees.

[Master.] In his mind, a cold female voice resounds.

Lu Ran lifts his head, looking ahead, he sees a tall figure on the snow-covered mountain.

A green raincoat and bamboo hat, the blade reflecting a cold gleam.

The wind and snow provide the perfect backdrop, making her seem like a powerful and mysterious female swordsman from a martial arts novel.

[What's the matter?] Lu Ran smiles.

He tries to maintain a gentle demeanor, not putting pressure on Yan Shuangzi. He can sense that each day they wander this vast realm, her emotions grow more complex.

Yan Shuangzi seeks revenge, that's certain.

But having Lu Ran waste time, wandering aimlessly like a headless fly, makes Yan Shuangzi feel deeply guilty.

Lu Ran could sit at the sea cliff, focusing on his cultivation;

Or continue south to carry out tasks, addressing the Wusheng Sect.

He might even go to the blossom-filled Qianhua Ridge, to relish in the intoxicating sword dance woven by his fiancée.

That's the life the Evil Shadow Guardian wishes to see his master lead.

Not accompanying her in the vast wind and snow, enduring the cold and wasting time.

[Evil Shadow?] Lu Ran slowly ascends, calling again.

Yan Shuangzi looks at the approaching young man in the emperor robe, also noticing his gentle eyes.

A faint bitterness rises in her heart, she turns to face further north, whispering: [There's a Black Lotus over there.]

Evil Demon·Black Lotus?

Lu Ran raises his eyebrow slightly, finally, a trace of this clan?

The Black Lotus Clan is a sworn enemy of the God-Sword Lotus, possessing considerable strength and posing a significant threat to the Human Clan.

Even in the Human World, the Black Lotus Clan is selective about locations, always blooming far to the north.

Rain Alley City, by the Wu Lie River, though a northern city of Da Xia, sees snow in winter, yet the environment seems inadequate to entice Black Lotus to bloom in the streets.

It's akin to the Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon Clan.

The Wu Lie River water flows ceaselessly, broad and imposing, yet it can't allure the king of sea and sky.

"Let's go, let's take a look."

Lu Ran floats beside Yan Shuangzi, signaling for her to lead the way.

Yan Shuangzi catches the faint plum scent on him, slowly steps forward, leaving footprints in the pristine snow.

Soon, the two stand at the edge of a cliff.

"Tsk ts~" Lu Ran looks down, observing the Black Lotus blooming below, unable to suppress a soft admiration.

This Black Lotus is especially large, surrounded by drifting black mist.

Moreover, thick liquid, like black ink, keeps dripping from the petals.

The Black Lotus does not remain obediently on the ground; cloaked in inky black water, the thick lotus stem breaks through the earth, supporting the large lotus, hovering mid-air.

From the drifting black mist to the dripping black ink...

The Evil Demon·Black Lotus blooms eerily, continuously tainting the pure icy realm.

"It's a pity this clan lacks wisdom," Lu Ran sighs.

Such demons, once in hunting mode, won't hesitate to devour anything, be it man or demon!

Otherwise, Lu Ran might conjure a few, placing them near the Cloud Sea Cliff, or situating them on Nine Star Island to protect the Evil Mirror Demons executing their tasks.

"Snap! Snap..."

Suddenly, small Black Lotuses bloom one by one, stems breaking through the icy surface, lifting the small Black Lotuses into the air.

Evil Technique·Black Lotus Sea!

Immediately, jets of black ink are fired from the Black Lotuses, aiming at the mountain top.

Evil Technique·Ink Corrosion!

This is a highly corrosive black liquid, capable of eroding armor and dissolving flesh.

The output from the Black Lotus is too concentrated; Lu Ran decides not to dodge.

His Black Gold Emperor Robe suddenly becomes overlaid with a Big Red Robe.

From a young emperor, he becomes a bride-to-be... uh.

A groom-to-be.

The next moment, beautiful sleeves embroidered with dragons and phoenixes unfurl, absorbing the splattering black ink into the sleeves.

Vermilion Paper Evil Technique·Yan Zhi Sleeve!

To this day, Lu Ran hasn't met Sister Yan Paper within the Holy Spirit Mountain.

He must find an opportunity to visit them, and banish the Evil Sculpture to the Sea Realm.

Yan Shuangzi stands behind Lu Ran, observing the rather spectacular scene.

The Yan Paper Sleeve is expansive and graceful, exerting a strong suction force!

The dense sprays of black ink, approaching the sleeves, all change direction like swallows returning to their nests.

Thus, Yan Shuangzi can confidently stand by Lu Ran's side.

No black ink will pass by Lu Ran.

The corrosive ink that actually lands on the mountain is at least twenty meters away from the pair.



Lu Ran, using his right hand to wield the Yan Zhi Sleeve, lets his left hand naturally hang, from which he summons a small paper doll.

For dealing with this kind of special evil demon, close combat is not wise.

Lu Ran does not wish for the Black Gold Emperor Robe to be corroded and damaged, as it was painstakingly made by little Ruyi.

"Huff!"

Yan Shuangzi reaches out with one hand, suddenly revealing two rows of jagged canine teeth at the thick lotus stem.

Lu Ran has never faced the Black Lotus Clan in battle, but Yan Shuangzi is experienced, after all, she once lived in Beifeng City, standing guard on the fifteenth night.

She knew very well what the weakness of the Black Lotus clan was.

Cutting off the stem of the lotus, though not enough to kill the Evil Demon directly, could turn the Black Lotus into a rootless duckweed, severely damaging its vitality.

The Black Lotus immediately sensed that its foundation was about to be destroyed!

"Hoo!!"

A tremendous energy surged from the gigantic flower.

A thick black mist formed into a vortex, like a black hole devouring everything, swirling rapidly at the heart of the lotus.

The flower stem swayed, and as the Black Lotus dodged, the terrifying suction force madly absorbed the energy from the two rows of canines.

As if it was going to absorb all the power of the Evil Technique·Evil Teeth directly!

At this moment, this eerily blooming Black Lotus and the Evil Technique·Yan Paper Sleeve performed by Lu Ran had the same wonder.

Evil Technique·Devouring Heaven Black Lotus!

"Crack!!"

The two rows of canines did indeed lose a lot of energy, but they were not to the point of shattering; after all, the canines bit down.

The thick lotus stem coated in black ink did not break directly.

A highly corrosive black liquid covered the Black Lotus, seemingly offering a good defensive effect as well?

And at that moment, the enormous lotus suddenly tightened.

It was like being gripped by an invisible giant hand, continuously being twisted.

Lu Ran's left hand, hidden in his sleeve, picked up a small paper figure and slowly clenched it.

The Black Lotus panicked!

It could absorb the physical output·canines but couldn't absorb the invisible "giant hand."

The Black Lotus realized it couldn't break free from this mysterious power at all; its delicate petals were continuously crumpled, and the lotus seed pod was being crushed.

The end is near!

"Hoo!!"

The Black Lotus struggled desperately, and a terrifying energy surged.

Lu Yan and the others only felt their vision go black!

All the light around them was completely swallowed up, as if the entire world had plunged into absolute darkness.

Lu Ran couldn't even see himself, let alone anyone beside him.

"Evil Technique·Ink-Dyed Heaven and Earth," Yan Shuangzi softly spoke, seemingly worried Lu Ran might not adapt, "It just takes away the vision within the domain range, causing panic to the target.

This type of domain technique has no actual output effect."

In the darkness, Lu Ran's light chuckle could be heard: "In your eyes, am I just a clueless little fledgling?"

Yan Shuangzi's lips curved slightly, her usually cold voice softening a bit:

"When defending the city in the human world, people used to panic and lose their heads after being engulfed by darkness, and I had to clean up the mess for them."

"That's others," Lu Ran continued to laugh, "We don't need eyes."

Yan Shuangzi slightly pursed her lips, nodding in agreement.

Suddenly, the darkness dissipated.

The two were still standing on the snow mountain, while the huge Black Lotus below had been crushed into a ball.

The flower stem was broken, the lotus seed pod squashed, and petals were in tatters.

Lu Ran turned to look at the woman.

And the moment the darkness dissipated, Yan Shuangzi's expression became stern, and she put away her smile.

"Sister Shuangzi."

At the specific term of address, Yan Shuangzi lowered her eyes.

"Place yourself right; your matters are my matters."

Yan Shuangzi remained silent.

"In a ghostly place like the Holy Spirit Mountain, finding someone who is loyal to each other is not easy, don't push them away." Lu Ran gently patted the brim of her bamboo hat.

From the day Lu Ran rescued her, he told her not to belittle herself.

But to this day, she seemed unable to move beyond this.

"Focus on executing the tasks, don't think about those messy thi..." Lu Ran's words were suddenly cut off.

Yan Shuangzi immediately looked at Lu Ran, then turned around to look where he was gazing.

In the far distance, on the peak of the mountain, a figure was crawling backward in the snow.

Or should it be described as "wriggling"?

Honestly, if that person hadn't moved and just stayed lying in the snow, Lu Ran might not have noticed!

Yan Shuangzi's eyes suddenly widened!

Evil Dog Evil Skill·Evil Recognition, allowed her extraordinary vision, seeing clearly the face covered in frost and snow.

"Whoosh~"

"Whoosh!" Lu Yan and the others disappeared one after another.

On the peak, the person slowly crawling backward in the snow, wearing a white outfit, had eyes full of horror!

He still did not dare to stand up, trying to crawl back slowly, but caught the faint scent of plum.

The man's face suddenly changed!

In the instant he turned his head, he only felt his head become heavy.

With a dull thud!

The man was stomped into the snow by an icy sole pressing hard against his cheek.

"Sp-spare me, sir..."

The man trembled as he spoke.

He could clearly feel the person who stepped on his head was brimming with murderous intent!

The person standing behind did not have such intense murderous intent but had the intimidation unique to the Yangyang Sea!

This sheer presence alone eliminated any possibility of resistance or escape on the man's part.

"Do you... still remember me?" A cold female voice, with a slight tremble, echoed in his ears.

In the man's ears, it seemed somewhat familiar?

The shoe on his face shifted slightly, and the man, pressing his cheek to the snow, glanced upward at an angle.

With just one look, the man's pupils contracted violently:

"Yan... Yan..."

...

Pleading for some monthly votes.

Chapter 673: Junior female fellow student?

The man stared dumbfoundedly at Yan Shuangzi, shock overwhelming his heart.

He never imagined that in his lifetime, he would see her again...

The woman's beautiful and alluring face once wore a smile as she politely called him senior brother.

But now her face was as cold as frost, and astonishing murderous intent emanated from her pitch-black eyes!

Her eyes?

Had... had her eyes been restored?

"Uh." The pain awakened the stunned man.

Yan Shuangzi gently exerted force underfoot, stepping down on the man's head.

Yet the man couldn't move, not even qualified to resist.

Because at the moment of his shock, five thin red threads had already fallen onto his body.

An overwhelming energy surged into his body along the red threads, causing chaos within his Divine Power!

The Water Flow Armor quietly disintegrated, leaving his head unprotected.

Pain no longer mattered.

If she wished, she could easily crush his head.

"Junior... Junior Sister..." The man spoke tremulously, terrified to the extreme.

Under the control of the Evil Technique·Silk Thread, he couldn't even close his lips, and his words came out garbled.

"Junior Sister?" Yan Shuangzi's eyes were icy as she gradually applied force underfoot.

"Ah!!" The man screamed, his head deformed from the grinding, "M-My lady... please, no, I beg you..."

Crying and pleas did not alleviate Yan Shuangzi's hatred.

The events she experienced at Sword Ridge Peak were something she could never let go of.

When Yan Shuangzi realized that the people of Sword Ridge Peak were beyond saving, willing to serve Lord Beifeng with closed eyes and ears, she felt utter despair.

And anger.

She could only escape, but it was in vain.

The man groveling at her feet now was one of the team members sent to capture her back then.

That very team was the one that escorted her back to the peak, where she was punished and publicly humiliated.

Yan Shuangzi would never forget that day.

Nor would she forget the scenes during her escape.



She fled in distress, hunted down and wounded all over, trying to reason and even pleading desperately.

All she saw were the cold faces of fellow disciples and brother-sister.

Indifference was not the most heart-wrenching.

What truly pierced Yan Shuangzi's heart was the mocking smile on the faces of a few.

"Crack!"

The crisp sound of bones echoed.

Yan Shuangzi stomped and ground the man's head underfoot, unable to suppress the violent rage in her heart.

"Ah! Aaaahhh..." The man wailed miserably.

"Why did you laugh at me back then?" Yan Shuangzi looked at the wailing man underfoot.

Her voice was soft, not like a question.

Of course, she already knew the answer.

Those words were merely born of anger, born of hatred.

"Crack! Crack..."

The crisp sound of bone fractures was enough to make one's teeth ache.

Yan Shuangzi couldn't control the rage in her heart, nor her strength underfoot.

The wailing ceased abruptly.

Blood stained the pristine snow red.

Even with a body much stronger than ordinary, without the protection of Water Flow Armor, Vast River could only die humbly beneath her feet.

Yan Shuangzi's chest heaved violently as she gazed down at the bones beneath her.

Suddenly, she realized something, clarity returning to her eyes.

Turning around, she saw a face with a gentle expression.

No hint of reproach.

In his hand, he still held a cluster of black mist.

Within it surfaced a face full of terror.

Yan Shuangzi looked regretful, parted her lips, "I..."

"It's okay, no need to hold back." Lu Ran weighed the black mist cluster in his hand, causing the Dead Soul within to tumble up and down, "I'm here."

Yan Shuangzi's expression turned complex as she looked into Lu Ran's eyes.

After a long time, she bent down to remove the Divine Power Bead Chain from the man, lightly uttering "hm" in acknowledgment.

Lu Ran then activated the Transmission Mirror and stepped inside.

Yan Shuangzi took the Divine Power Bead Chain, grabbed the corpse's ankle, and dragged it into the Transmission Mirror.

Behind the mirror lay a natural cave.

The cave was pitch black.

With night vision, Yan Shuangzi saw the young man already sitting on the ground, leaning against the stone wall.

"Sit." Lu Ran, with one hand holding the black mist cluster, patted the ground beside him.

Yan Shuangzi casually tossed the corpse aside, strode over, leaned against the stone wall, and slid down to sit.

"Here." Lu Ran, holding the Soul Prison, placed it before Yan Shuangzi's face.

The Soul Fire ignited silently.

"Ah! Ahhhh! Aaahhhh..." The screams echoed within the cave, far more harrowing than before.

Yan Shuangzi raised her hands, holding Lu Ran's arm and hand, quietly watching the man tortured within the Soul Prison.

The ghostly Soul Fire burned for a full 60 seconds.

For Yan Shuangzi, each second was a release of anger, while the Dead Soul inside was tormented beyond recognition.

The spiritual burning and torment far surpassed the piercing and corrosive agony of the flesh by a hundredfold, thousandfold in its horror.

The Soul Fire finally extinguished, and in the darkness, came the Emperor Robe youth's order, "Silence."

"Mmm... ugh..."

The imprisoned Dead Soul wished for peace but couldn't stop crying, its face twisted to the point of dislocation.

"Can you interrogate?" Lu Ran asked softly.

"Yes!" Yan Shuangzi's palm tightened slightly, clutching his hand.

"Alright." Lu Ran leaned his head back against the stone wall, communicating with the Big Nightmare.

The Nightmare Guardian leading another team was still searching through the icy snow; now they could stop.

"How many of you escaped?"

"Woo, woo..." The dead soul was still trembling, unable to control its sobbing.

"Do you still want to be burned?" Yan Shuangzi's tone was icy.

In a daze, Lu Ran almost thought it was the Big Nightmare interrogating.

These two women, even their voices were so similar.

"Twenty! Twenty-two people... later gathered more than ten, totaling... a total of thirty-seven people."  
The captive hurriedly replied.

"Be specific."

"35 North Wind believers, 2 slaves, disciples of Ice Butterfly, they were captured while escaping, grabbed..." The captive responded hastily.

"How many Sea Realm?" Yan Shuangzi frowned slightly.

"6 Sea Realm! 6..."

"Is he here?" Yan Shuangzi said in a low voice.

"Him?" The captive was momentarily stunned, then quickly reacted, "Elder Xing? Yes, yes! We escaped with him."

Yan Shuangzi couldn't help but clench her fists.

Lu Ran said nothing, the Yangyang Sea naturally wouldn't care about the River Realm's little strength.

Yan Shuangzi quickly reacted.

She hurriedly loosened her grasp, gently rubbing his hand bones, "I only saw the corpses of 8 Sea Realm believers on Sword Ridge Peak.

escaped, what about the Sea Realm ones?"

"Don't know!" The man responded tremulously, "That night was too chaotic, the Peak Master fell into a deviation, my junior sister... uh ah! AAAH..."

Soul Fire rekindled.

Lu Ran turned slightly, looking at the soul tormented in the palm of his hand, "Who is your junior sister?"

"I'm, I'm sorry, hiss... lord, don't, I beg you don't burn again aaah..."

Lu Ran was almost laughing out of anger!

Really hard to understand how this person has the face to still call this title.

Yan Shuangzi silently listened to the screams until Lu Ran withdrew his divine power, then she asked, "Is your hiding place over here?"

Were you lying on the mountain peak as a lookout?"

The captive, afraid of being tortured again, poured out intel in a rush, "Yes! That night, we fled north non-stop, kept flying!

Until we flew here, there is a Black Lotus clan here, they almost don't move much.

Elder Xing commanded us to clear out an area, using the surrounding Black Lotus as guards."

"Hmph." Lu Ran curled his lips.

A bit clever indeed.

With the Black Lotus clan surrounding the outskirts, anyone approaching would be drawn attention by the giant lotus.

On the other hand, if the Black Lotus detected a target, they would actively attack, which could alert the remnants of Sword Ridge Peak that enemies are intruding here.

It proves that this method works!

Lu Ran and Yan Shuangzi are the best examples, the sentries did indeed first discover the two.

Unfortunately Lu Ran was too quick in killing, and his gaze too sharp.

The man situated far away on the mountain peak couldn't clearly see Lu Ran and Yan Shuangzi's specific appearance, yet the two saw the man clearly.

Yan Shuangzi said coldly, "How many sentries like you are there?"

"16! Elder Pang personally selected 16 Black Lotuses, letting us hide near the lotuses, on day and night duty. If we detect the Peak Master attacking, report back immediately."

Upon hearing the name "Elder Pang," Yan Shuangzi's fierce spirit arose once more.

When she first became an Evil Shadow, she was this fierce and violent, making Lu Ran unable to sleep.

It took a long time to truly become a silent shadow.

Now hearing news about Sword Ridge Peak people again, Yan Shuangzi reverted to her past state.

Yan Shuangzi: "From where you are, to your hiding place, exactly how far? In which direction?"

"Hiding place is in the northwest, around twenty to thirty kilometers! Hidden inside the mountains, very secretive, I'll take you, I'll take you..."

"That far?"

"Yes, yes, Elder Xing instructs us to create a storm upon detection or summon the North Wind Divine Blade..."

Lu Ran snorted coldly inside.

A good Elder Xing, truly cherishes life!

Specially leaving twenty to thirty kilometers for escape, right?

These North Wind disciples are truly hopeless, so servile, being manipulated by Elder Xing to be obedient, willing to die.

"Hoo~"

Lu Ran suddenly raised another hand, performing the Evil Technique·Mirror Flower Moon.

At this time, Deng Yuxiang already led another team back to the designated cave, upon seeing the Mirror open, she immediately instructed the group to step into it.

In the dark environment, Lu Ran's voice echoed, "Nightmare, you take Elder Bai and the others back to Cloud Sea Cliff first, gather battle units, meet in the Council Hall!

I and Evil Shadow will first circle around the enemy's hideout."



"Circle around?" Deng Yuxiang was a bit puzzled.

"Yes, I and Evil Shadow will clear the sentries outside first, leave none." Lu Ran opened another Transmission Mirror directly to Cloud Sea Cliff, "Have everyone ready!"

Inside the enemy hiding place there are 6 Sea Realm, at that time, not one should be let go!"

"Yes." Deng Yuxiang suppressed the desire to question, immediately took the order, and left with the team.

Lu Ran weighed the black mist in hand, asking, "Where's the nearest sentry post to you?"

"West, lord, it's to the west!"

Lu Ran looked at Yan Shuangzi, "Shall I eat?"

"Yes." Yan Shuangzi nodded slightly, her icy gaze falling on the Soul Prison Team, looking at the increasingly fearful face.

Goodbye,

Never see again.

Providing a bit of nourishment for the master's growth is your final value.

"Eat? What... wait! Lord, please wait..."

The black mist broke apart, the desperate voice of the dead soul vanished with it.

Lu Ran didn't bother opening his eyes, feeling the dead soul being absorbed into his pupils, he stood up and opened a Transmission Mirror.

Yan Shuangzi immediately stood up and followed.

The two of them returned to the snowy mountain peak one after the other.

Although the man's body had been taken away, the bleeding marks in the snow remained.

Lu Ran glanced at the blood-drenched ground, then turned his head westward, focusing far ahead.

Peak Master of Sword Ridge Peak...

You didn't destroy the sect thoroughly enough.

I will!

Chapter 674: Eight Directions Annihilation

With clear intelligence, the hiding spots of the sentinels were easy to find.

In this vast white world, the Black Lotus stood out stark and large, making the sentinels squatting near the flower easy targets for Lu Yan and his companion.

The unexpected happened with the ninth sentinel.

On a similar mountaintop lay a woman, buried beneath a heavy layer of snow.

Though seemingly well-hidden, Lu Yan and his companion discovered her human silhouette under the snow through conscious searching.

Lu Ran employed the same method, flashing behind the enemy and swiftly executing the Silk Thread technique.

The North Wind Sect reacted quickly, with even faster speed.

However, faced with the unexpected assault by a Sea Realm Great Power, the woman sentinel was caught off guard.

Next, it was supposed to be Yan Shuangzi's moment of slaughter, but this time, she hesitated.

"Evil Shadow?" Lu Ran questioned, glancing at Yan Shuangzi who was half-kneeling on the ground.

He watched as Yan Shuangzi extended her hand, lifting the woman's chin to raise her face.

"Yan... Junior Sister?" The woman was incredulous.

She remained prostrate on the ground, unable to move, her head lifted high.

Her long neck thus "exposed," perfectly suitable for a throat slit.

"Buzz~"

The Eight Desolate Blade in Yan Shuangzi's hand trembled slightly, urging its master to act quickly.

The previous sentinels all met gruesome deaths at the blade's edge; the Eight Desolate Blade relished this mission!

And loved its new master immensely!

Slaying with decisive clarity, taking joy in settling old scores!

To live once as a human, to follow one master—what should have been so!

But this time, the master delayed, and the killing intent within her heart subsided slightly.

Yan Shuangzi bowed her head, gazing at the shocked and terrified face. She spoke softly:

"Senior Sister He."

"Junior... Junior Sister, please... don't..." The woman named He spoke with a trembling voice, her eyes filled with pleading.

Yan Shuangzi's fingers gently brushed He's face, her gaze inscrutable: "What do you think would have happened if I had heeded your warning then?"

He Jing's expression darkened.

For this dazzling younger junior sister, He Jing had once offered advice.

But Yan Shuangzi was too proud.

This outstanding figure among the younger generation from Beifeng Ancient City, she was proud to the point of arrogance.

Or perhaps it was Yan Shuangzi's nature, unable to blind her eyes and cover her ears, to continue serving that ugly deity.

In the end, this brilliant star fell.

Once she stood aloof, scornful of mingling with filth.

Later trampled under "filth," her dignity crushed.

"You were the only kindness I felt on Sword Ridge Peak." Yan Shuangzi spoke softly, sensing the trembling head she held.

Lu Ran watched quietly, understanding the reason.

In Yan Shuangzi's eyes, the woman named He was more than just a life saved — she represented a fragment of goodwill during those cold, harsh days.

Yan Shuangzi looked up at Lu Ran: "Master, can I..."

"Yes," Lu Ran nodded gently.

Yan Shuangzi hesitated for a moment, then said: "I haven't said yet..."

"It's all okay," Lu Ran interrupted again, nodding lightly.

Yan Shuangzi looked at the gentle-smiling young man in the Emperor Robe, and slowly, she lowered her head.

Gazing at the woman's face, Yan Shuangzi eventually spoke: "I'm giving you a chance to live."

Hearing this, He Jing's eyes gradually brightened.

That was a longing for life.

He Jing, who once couldn't bear to see the falling star, meddled with uninvited advice.

Little did she realize that this act would one day save her life.

Reflecting on all that Yan Shuangzi encountered on Sword Ridge Peak...

He Jing really never thought she would survive.

She indeed wasn't a direct perpetrator, but she was part of the colossal entity that was Sword Ridge Peak.

Also part of the vested interest group.

Anyone who endured what Yan Shuangzi did, when they had the power to exact revenge, would probably dismember each snowflake from the avalanche.

"Let's return to the cave." Yan Shuangzi suggested, looking at Lu Ran.

Lu Ran was obedient, immediately opening the Transmission Mirror, lifting the woman with the Silk Thread, and stepped into the mirror.

In the pitch-dark cave, silence reigned.

Yan Shuangzi's calm voice echoed: "Tear up the contract with the deity."

He Jing's face froze instantly!

Then she realized she could move freely, her internal Divine Power no longer in chaos.

Clearly, the young man in the Emperor Robe had retracted the Silk Thread.

But He Jing still dared not act recklessly, though she was at River Realm Peak, in front of the Sea Realm Great Power, she had no ability to resist.

Not to mention, the young man wielded both the Tethering Evil Technique and Evil Mirror Magic, which had thoroughly disoriented her mind.

The fear in her heart outweighed the astonishment.

"You know what to do, you were there to witness the day I was forced to tear the contract," Yan Shuangzi's voice sounded again in the darkness.

He Jing wore a bitter expression and pleaded: "Junior Sister, I'm helpless too, I couldn't alter anything..."

Yan Shuangzi's voice turned cold: "I have no time to listen to such things."

Those who benefited had no right to speak.

He Jing enjoyed Sword Ridge Peak's protection, benefited from the service of lower servants, and by her own ability, maintained the sect's operation.

What else was there to say?

He Jing opened her mouth again and again, but heard Yan Shuangzi's countdown:

"3."

He Jing painfully closed her eyes, recalling the day Yan Shuangzi was executed in public.

After being forced to tear up the contract, would she also have her arm cut off?

Would her eyes be gouged out?

"2."

The cold countdown, like a sharp sword hanging over He Jing's head, left her with no choice. She mobilized the Divine Power within her, rushing madly to her mind.

"1."

"Ah..." A piercing scream echoed through the cave, as He Jing clutched her head tightly, her brain roaring.

The extreme pain,

was the supreme deity's punishment for the despicable human clan daring to resist.

With a thud, He Jing collapsed to the ground.

She trembled uncontrollably, her face twisted, her eyes wide open, yet they were utterly vacant.

In a daze, she seemed to hear her junior sister's words, faintly, seemingly from the horizon:

"Stay here."

And then, the pitch-black cave fell into silence.

Lu Yan and his companion returned to the mountain peak.

Yan Shuangzi, with a serious expression, looked at Lu Ran: "I spared her life out of benevolence and advice. I will discipline her well, let her serve Ran Sect, and atone for her sins with her remaining life."



Lu Ran didn't say much, just nodded and said, "There are still 7 sentries, let's go."

The other purpose of this trip is to help Yan Shuangzi advance to the Sea Realm.

So, naturally, it's up to her how she wants to do it.

"Yes." Yan Shuangzi replied softly, following Lu Ran in an instant teleportation disappearance.

When facing the remaining sentries, Yan Shuangzi killed them swiftly and decisively!

Near dusk, the two finally cleaned out all the sentries.

At Yan Shuangzi's suggestion, the two returned again to the dark cave and picked up the limp He Jing.

Lu Ran generously gave the woman a Resurrection Carp.

Yan Shuangzi held the blood-stained Owl Ling Blade, exuding a murderous aura, and stated her purpose:  
"I hear your hiding place is very concealed, take us there."

"Y-yes." He Jing stammered.

The two took her back to the previous mountain peak to help He Jing identify the location.

Having lost the servant contract with the deity, He Jing no longer had the North Wind Divine Skill to use. She could only support herself with the remaining Water Flow Armor, trembling as she followed along.

Of 35 North Wind Disciples, 16 had been lost, leaving 19 remaining.

Among them were 6 at the Sea Realm, and 13 at the River Realm.

"My lord." During the journey, He Jing suddenly spoke up.

Lu Ran was still vigilantly scanning the vast snow-capped mountains, ignoring her.

Yan Shuangzi turned her head to look at her former senior sister.

He Jing spoke in a trembling voice: "There are two Ice Butterfly disciples guarding near the hiding place."

Although the Ice Butterfly Sect was not particularly powerful in combat, they had a rather effective auxiliary Divine Technique called Ice Perception!

Using this technique, the Ice Butterfly disciples could connect with frost and snow, perceiving everything within a certain range that was stained by frost and snow.

As the saying goes, there's no gain without a reason!

Elder Xing and others, even while fleeing, had the energy to capture Ice Butterfly disciples because their sect's believers were highly useful!

To avoid being hunted by the Peak Master, Elder Xing went to great lengths to be the first to perceive the enemy's arrival.

"I thought you wouldn't remind me." Yan Shuangzi said, staring directly at He Jing.

Obviously, Yan Shuangzi knew this information.

Lu Yan and his companion had killed up to 15 sentries, naturally acquiring a lot of intelligence.

He Jing's heart trembled, and she slightly lowered her head, appearing meek as she continued providing other information.

Whether Yan Shuangzi knew or not, He Jing had already recognized the reality, trying hard to secure a lifeline for herself.

Until the young man in the Emperor Robe interrupted: "Isn't it that middle snow mountain?"

He Jing hurriedly looked up, peering through the thin frost mist, seeing the undulating mountains.

The direction Lu Ran was pointing was a rather inconspicuous low mountain peak among the mountains.

"Yes." He Jing responded.

"Shush~" Lu Ran's outstretched finger suddenly opened up, and an Ancient Bronze Mirror swiftly emerged, transforming into a floor mirror.

A long leg stepped out, dressed in green rain gear and a young bamboo hat, identical to Yan Shuangzi.

Deng Yuxiang, Luo Ying, Wu Xiao, Yu Changsheng, He Yingcai, Gao Yunyan, Xue Fengchen, Shangguan Hongfu, Si Xianxian...

And last to fly out, in a flowing white dress, was the Lady of Ran Sect, Jiang Ruyi.

Uh, seemed like something strange got mixed in there?

The imposing figures left He Jing astonished, her body trembling all the more violently.

Bear in mind, the North Wind Sect's hiding place had only 6 Sea Realm individuals!

This group of people... what?

What lay before her eyes was the vast Yangyang Sea!

What kind of organization did Junior Sister Yan join after all?

Could the remnants of Sword Ridge Peak really be enough for this group of world-destroying Great Powers to divide?

"Clap!"

Lu Ran casually grasped, and the Eight Desolate Blade automatically unsheathed, its hilt landing in its master's palm.

He gently raised the blade, pointing it at the mountain peak.

Without the Master of Divine Weapon needing to speak, the Eight Desolate Blade began to tremble violently.

"Buzz!!"

Tearing the earth! Shattering the mountain!

Eight Directions Annihilation, slaying to the last!

...

Chapter 675: Owl

In the southwest direction of the hiding place of the North Wind Sect, about a kilometer away, lies a hidden underground cave.

At this moment, there are three figures within the cave.

Two men dressed in white robes are silently sitting cross-legged in meditation.

There is also a woman, clad in gray clothes symbolizing a servant's status, kneeling in the center of the cave.

She continuously absorbs Divine Power, constantly casting the Ice Butterfly Divine Technique·Ice Sense, perceiving everything within five hundred meters touched by ice and snow.

Suddenly, the Ice Butterfly female disciple's heart trembles!

She notices something strange appearing above the surface.

Specks of frost and snow astonishingly outline a rectangular frame?

Immediately after, several figures emerge from the frame.

"Enem..." The Ice Butterfly female disciple's face changes drastically.

However, before she can shout "enemy," the underground cave is already filled with fine electric currents!

"Buzz~buzz~"

In an instant, brilliant electric currents crawl over the three people underground.

The River Realm individuals feel paralyzed; under the interference of the Sea Grade·Electric Shackles Talisman, they cannot move at all.

"Bang!" A loud blast resounds!

Above the Ice Butterfly female disciple's head, a breach is torn open.

A sturdy youth wielding a Mountain Opening Axe, enveloped in yellow sand, lands heavily on the ground with both feet.

The Phoenix General, with yellow sand under his feet, moves freely amidst the dense electric current, not affected in the slightest.

One swing after another, the heads of two people fall to the ground.

The Ice Butterfly female disciple: !!!

The two North Wind disciples guarding her die humbly just like that.

She, too, cannot move, only able to watch with open eyes as the burly youth, dragging the heavy axe, strides forward.

That large hand grabs directly at her head.

"No..." The Ice Butterfly female disciple is filled with despair, yet suddenly realizes a surge of yellow sand beneath her feet, lifting her up towards the surface.

In mid-air, Jiang Ruyi's gaze is cold, paying no attention to the battlefield below, instead looking to her right.

In the distance, there is also an underground cave where two more North Wind disciples enslave an Ice Butterfly disciple, constantly perceiving this frozen world.

And now, yellow sand fills the air there as well.

Obviously, the Yan God General has raised a sandstorm, and has already broken into the underground.

"Madam, the two North Wind disciples are taken care of, I've brought the slave out." Below, Xue Fengchen's voice comes through.

Jiang Ruyi gently responds with a "hmm" and waves her hand casually.

The Thunder Domain dissipates instantly.

She turns her eyes north, gazing at the hiding place of the North Wind Sect.

Several figures unfold in mid-air on the relatively low mountain peak.

Among them, a youth dressed in a Black Gold Emperor Robe, holding a blade in both hands, drives the blade downwards, fiercely stabbing the peak.

"Szz!"

The sharp Second-rank Divine Weapon penetrates the snow-covered ground like cutting through tofu, deeply embedding into the frozen soil.

Furious energy pours into it.

Instantly, cracks crawl over the mountain inside and out.

And in those cracks, a dim light emerges, terrifying to behold.

"Woosh!!"

Energy surges, waves of air billow! Gale sweeps the frost and snow, blowing upwards, tossing Lu Ran's short hair into disarray, fluttering the Black Gold Emperor Robe!

The mountain, although not impressive in the multitude of peaks, is still an unshakeable existence to the tiny Human Clan.

Unshakeable?

"Rumble!"

"Rumble..."

Tremendous energy bursts from the cracks, spreading outward from Lu Ran as the center point.

The mountain collapses and the ground cracks!

It's as if this whole land is shaking in unison.

Divine Weapon Domain-Eight Directions Annihilation!

"Wha...what?"

"Enemy assault?!"

"Ah! Ahhhh..."

The maze of mountain tunnels descends into chaos.



Earth shakes, the mountain collapses.

Endless rocks splatter, massive boulders fall and crash down.

For ordinary people, let alone being buried, even struck by a falling stone might mean burial here.

But hidden within the mountain caves, the North Wind disciples, at the very least, are as mighty as the Vast River.

They possess powerful bodies, as well as Divine Technique-Shattering Wind Armor and Water Flow Armor, they ought to survive.

But the problem is...

The collapsing mountain has not only falling rocks!

Further, there are fissures dismembering the mountain, and terrifying energy erupts from within.

"Ah!!"

"Help, save me..." Desperate cries and wails resound.

The tunnel walls are crawling with cracks like spider webs, with energy churning within, exploding open.

"Pfft!"

A North Wind disciple feels a sweetness in his throat, spitting out a mist of blood.

The exploding rock wall shatters his Shattering Wind Armor and Water Flow Armor in succession, leaving his spine in tatters.

He falls heavily to the ground, crushed by the collapsing stones, his body ground to pulp.

Such scenes unfold continuously within the mountain's interior.

The mighty North Wind Sect, unable to rely on Defense Techniques to save their lives, can only attack in hopes of survival.

Some fling out numerous Wind Blades underfoot, trying to burrow deeper underground.

Some conjure fearsome storms, proactively destroying the tunnels and attempting to hide within the winds.

At times like these, they prefer to endure their own storm's ravages, scraped by sand and stone, rather than face the danger of the Divine Weapon Domain.

Indeed, a few quick-reacting strongmen narrowly escape disaster.

But most meet a perforated end, dying quickly and ruthlessly.

Truly fitting for the Divine Weapon Domain once possessed by Wu Xiao!

Terror indeed!

Amid the chaos, the earth suddenly roils up.

Widespread Flowing Sand Rivers crisscross, engulfing the already collapsing mountain bodies and burying the surviving creatures within.

Lady Ran has arrived!

The Divine Color General steps on a green Lotus Leaf, carrying Si Xianxian swiftly to the lady's side.

"Poof!!"

A middle-aged woman suddenly bursts forth from the Flowing Sand River.

The distinct powerful aura informs the Ran Sect members that she is a Sea Realm powerhouse.

But she flies erratically, with a bloodied and mangled lower leg, indicating she has been severely battered by the Divine Weapon Domain, at least her Shattering Wind Armor and Water Flow Armor have been shattered once.

Otherwise, her physical body couldn't have been injured.

"Mine." A cold voice rings out.

The chief protector of the Ran Sect speaks first, with Immortal Fog ejecting beneath him, stabbing directly at the middle-aged woman.

"Hmm?" The woman looks both shocked and enraged, quickly turning her head.

She sees a group of people flying in the sky.

At this moment, a mysterious person wearing a green raincoat and blue bamboo hat is casting Divine Technique-Immortal Hoof and rushing forth.

"Seeking death!" The middle-aged woman squeezes two words through her teeth.

She keeps flying backward, retreating swiftly while fiercely lashing out her hand, scattering a mass of Wind Blades.

Slashing towards that sheepish little brat who doesn't know life from death!

"Swish~Swish~!"

Deng Yuxiang also swings his hand, scattering a mass of Night Charm Blade.

The middle-aged woman's eyes immediately narrow!

Meanwhile, two more figures shoot out from the river.

"Thump!"

The bowstring vibrates!

Almost simultaneously, Luo Divine General shoots out a series of Water Flow Arrows, aiming for one of them.

Lu Ran sees a white-haired elder among them, and his figure flashes immediately.

"Wait..." The elder only feels his temples throbbing intensely!

The strong martial artist's instincts, coupled with an acute sensitivity to the Wind Element, make his body react before his brain.

He instinctively turns around, wielding his blade upwards.

"Clang!!"

The blades collide.

The young man in the Emperor Robe seems to possess endless strength.

The elder only feels his tiger's mouth numbed, the single blade slips out of his hand, being slashed downwards.

"Crack!"

The Eight Desolate Blade continues its descent, forcibly shattering the Shattering Wind Armor on the elder.

"Wait...Ahhhhh!"

The elder is utterly terrified, hurriedly speaks, but just as he utters a word, it is drowned by screams.

The young man in the Emperor Robe doesn't pursue with his blade; rather, flames ignite on his body.

His movements are incredibly fluid; while ablaze, he reaches out with a hand.

"Hiss!!"

An illusory White-Scaled Python opens its blood-red maw, instantly swallowing the tiny Human Clan.

The thirty-meter-long Immortal Sky Python howls past the elder's body.

Shattering the remaining Water Flow Armor, it tosses the elder's body into pieces...

The vast Yangyang Sea, surprisingly so inadequate?

No choice, the elder suffered successive injuries, first getting ruthlessly tended to by the Divine Weapon Domain, then having sand and mud from the turbulent Flowing Sand River choke him, attempting to grind and bury him alive.

The elder has just escaped the fierce Flowing Sand River, nearly getting hacked to pieces by the young man in the Emperor Robe.

"Sizzle!"

Just as the White-Scaled Python sweeps past, a Charm Shadow flashes in front of the elder.

The Divine Weapon·梟 Ling Blade swipes across the elder's Adam's apple instantly; a line of blood flies, splashing on Yan Shuangzi's face.

"Ugh...Err..."

The elder, originally left muddled from the martial assault, seems momentarily lucid when the woman's face appears before him.

Those cloudy eyes widen enormous!

Isn't this that thankless bitch...bitch...

"Smack!"

Yan Shuangzi clutches the elder's head with one hand, the other clutching the 梟 Ling Blade, grinding it into the side of his neck, slicing fiercely.

Beheading!

The tattered, headless skeleton plummets from the sky.

A lone head is clutched in the woman's hand.

"Heh...Heh..."

Yan Shuangzi's chest heaves violently, eyes filled with monstrous hatred.

"Was he Elder Xing?" A gentle voice comes from behind.

Yan Shuangzi trembles as she speaks: "This is Elder, Elder Ce."

"Oh." Lu Ran turns to survey the battlefield.

He has to admit, preemptively deploying the Divine Weapon Domain was incredibly wise!

The Sea Realm Great Powers, even if they managed to escape, are all narrowly clinging to life, each suffering significant injuries.

The battlefield situation is unbelievably one-sided.

The soldiers of the Ran Sect have all been donned with a layer of "Golden Red Armor" by flower lantern disciple Shangguan Hongfu.

The Sea Grade defense shields also severed any hope of the enemy's desperate counter-attack.

"Hmm?" Lu Ran's eyes narrow slightly.

In the golden fine rain, Yu Changsheng points with a folding fan, Wu Xiao plunging rapidly to the ground.

And by the banks of the Flowing Sand River, an elder with a tall, thin build, hair in disarray, appears.

Mud and sand shake off of him as he scrambles out, embarrassed.

A Sand Whip is still coiled around his leg, attempting to drag him back into the Flowing Sand River for a living burial.

The Sand Whip exerted its utmost effort.

As the blade gleams, the Sand Whip is utterly slashed apart.

Yet from the terrifying Mud Flow River, more Sand Whips shoot out, striking once more at their prey.

"Sister Shuangzi." Lu Ran presses Yan Shuangzi's shoulder, turning her around, the Eight Desolate Blade pointing north, "Is that Elder Xing?"

Yan Shuangzi's eyes nearly burst with rupture!

A ferocious aura spreads, even the inherently ruthless 梟 Ling Blade now shows fear of its master.

"It is...It is!"

...

Chapter 676: Ling

"Damn it!"



Elder Xing cursed angrily, wielding a blood-colored scimitar, fiercely slashing apart the annoying sand whip.

At this moment, he desperately missed the magical treasure, the Tianfeng Jade Pendant.

If the magical treasure were still around, he would have long since unleashed waves of chaotic airflow, overturning everything around him.

Nor would he be hit on the head by collapsing rocks, or have his mouth and nose filled with the churning Flowing Sand River!

And these sand whips wouldn't even get close to him!

Unfortunately, on the night Sword Ridge Peak was annihilated, to escape from Peak Master, he didn't hesitate to use his magic artifact, and the jade pendant was shattered by Peak Master...

It's truly the plight of a tiger fallen to the plains, bullied by dogs!

Elder Xing thought resentfully, not caring to discern who the "dog" bullying him was, and prepared to fly away from this place.

However, in the next moment, Elder Xing's expression changed as he turned to look back.

Only to see a mighty figure descend from the sky, tens of meters away.

The man wore a wide white robe, his hair tied in a high ponytail, and held an unusually ornate Sky-piercing Halberd.

His eyes were incomparably cold, showing no trace of emotion.

"Whoosh~"

The cold wind blew, and frost and snow whirled chaotically.

The man's long ponytail danced horizontally in the air, along with the tail of his wide white robe.

He looked exceptionally valiant!

Indeed, Lu Ran's taste in clothes was quite good, because the white robe Wu Xiao was wearing belonged to Lu Ran.

It was given to him personally by the great Sect Leader Lu on the day he subdued Wu Xiao, by the brook at Qianhua Ridge.

"Damn it." Elder Xing's heart sank.

He knew well that he had encountered an opponent of the same rank!

When believers' strength reaches the Sea Realm, even small differences in ranks can be quite significant.

In terms of physical attributes, divine technique strength, and personal charisma, a Sea Realm peak can look down upon those at the low to high stages of the Sea Realm.

And the halberd-wielding figure before him was undoubtedly at the Sea Realm peak!

The king among kings!

"Whoosh~" Elder Xing wrapped himself in gusts of wind, darting to the left front, his blood-colored scimitar slicing out a blood moon, shattering several sand whips again.

Wu Xiao also darted rapidly!

In terms of sheer speed, the Wusheng Sect indeed wasn't a match for the North Wind Sect.

But the Martial Artist Divine Skill·Yan Lingfan's speed should not be underestimated either!

Besides, Wu Xiao couldn't just purely pursue, allowing the enemy to escape; he released a unique high-pitched tone from his mouth:

"Eee~~~"

Elder Xing's face changed drastically!

The Martial Monk Divine Skill·Opera Soul Tone caused both his form and spirit to tremble, nearly making his forward-flying figure crash down.

Elder Xing couldn't care about much more, hurriedly deactivating Divine Technique·Wind Listening.

The North Wind Sect's proud auditory prowess almost cost Elder Xing his life at this moment!

As he fled, he glanced diagonally backward, only to see six blue and white command flags floating out from behind the white-robed youth.

A First-class God·Disciple of the Martial Artist Sect!

"Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Elder Xing quickly flung a hand backward, casting a wide array of wind blades.

Wu Xiao remained expressionless, neither dodging nor weaving, continuing to dart forward at great speed.

Amidst the dense array of wind blades, Wu Xiao maneuvered and wove, left to right, without slowing his forward momentum in the slightest.

Every wind blade would be deflected before it could pierce him.

Elder Xing's face turned impossibly grim!

He wanted to control the wind blades, but the unique high-pitched tone agitated his soul, leaving him unable to micro-manage!

"You... damn it!" Elder Xing cursed loudly, trying to use his angry shout to curb the fear in his heart, his energy surging.

"Whoosh!!"

A tornado unfolded.

North Wind Divine Skill·North Wind Howl!

As strong as Wu Xiao was, he couldn't dodge the sudden storm.

But... Wu Xiao didn't really need to dodge!

The Sea Realm peak Great Martial Artist, as light as a swift swallow, took advantage of the storm, spun around within it, and "whoosh" emerged again.

The terrifying tornado failed to trap the enemy; it became his propulsion device instead!

For a moment, Wu Xiao's flying speed increased even more.

"Daoist, Daoist!" Elder Xing's demeanor changed; he stopped cursing, "Hold on, Daoist!"

"Eee~~~"

The response to Elder Xing was still the Opera Soul Tone of the Martial Artist Sect.

Elder Xing was utterly anxious, tremulously speaking: "You, we've never met, could there be some misunderstanding?"

"Misunderstanding?"

A low voice came from above.

Elder Xing looked up.

His already frightened old face turned even paler.

The white-robed martial artist behind him was enough to deal with.

And now, an emperor-robed youth had appeared?

Just two words, carrying an endless air of authority, as if a true young emperor stood above.

Under Lu Ran's collar, the Ink Jade Tiger Talisman trembled continuously.

Speak, master!

Say something more...

"Old... ah, this old man has never offended..."

Elder Xing called out bitterly, his body trembling uncontrollably.

The pursuing Great Martial Artist behind him saw that the sect leader wanted to converse with the elder, so he didn't act, but the Opera Soul Tone kept going!

"Heh, never offended." The emperor-robed youth smiled, looking down at the shivering old man, transmitting in thought, [Evil Shadow, go and borrow the Ice Heart Bracelet from Ruyi, and wear it.]

[Yes.]

Previously, when Yan Shuangzi accompanied Lu Ran in destroying the Ice Plum Demon Queen's clan, she borrowed this magical artifact to build her own mental defense system.

When she came beside Jiang Ruyi and stated her intention, explaining that it was Lu Ran's wish, Jiang Ruyi didn't hesitate.

The Jiang Fairy raised her delicate hand, and the Ice Heart Bracelet flew out automatically.

Her cold eyes rarefied with a hint of warmth, she softly said, "May you fulfill your wish."

"Thank you, Lady." Yan Shuangzi quickly donned the Ice Heart Bracelet, feeling waves of coolness rising to her heart.

She suddenly turned her head, seeing a Blood Jade Ring flying towards her.

Following the direction from which the magical treasure Blood Jade Ring flew, Yan Shuangzi looked far, seeing Deng Yuxiang standing proudly in the sky.

She also saw her friend's eyes filled with encouragement.

Yan Shuangzi raised her hand, the Blood Jade Ring emanating a blood-red glow, automatically slipping onto her middle finger.

[Evil Shadow.]

Yan Shuangzi pursed her lips, turning her gaze to the distant horizon.

Two shadows, one black and one white, surrounded Elder Xing from front and back, with the young man in the Emperor Robe reaching out to the left, summoning her.

"Daoist, why push to the brink? I've roamed the Mountain Realm for many years and know a lot of information. I consider my combat prowess decent. If you don't mind..."

Elder Xing's words were cut short as his murky eyes slightly widened.

A tall, slender charm shadow silently appeared.

The young man's hand reaching left gently fell onto the woman's shoulder.

"Yan... Yan..." Elder Xing's lips trembled, unable to form a complete name.

It's over!

All is lost!

Did this vile woman gather this group of powerful ones?

Damn it!

I should have killed you then...

Killed you directly!!

"Ugh." Elder Xing shivered involuntarily.

The anger swelling in his heart lasted only a few seconds before it was replaced by fear.

The Opera Soul Tone, like a background noise, relentlessly shook his heart and soul.

Elder Xing had no right to be angry, but Yan Shuangzi did.

She gripped the 梟 Ling Blade tightly, her eyes fixed on the wrinkled old face, wishing to cut him into pieces!

"Everyone, don't listen to a word from this demoness! She speaks deceitful words, shows great disrespect to the Lord God, and dares to defy the will of the Lord God..."

Listening to Elder Xing's words, Yan Shuangzi's body also began to tremble.

Not from fear, but from anger.

Extreme anger!

Lu Ran almost laughed.



As expected from an old fool, with such rigid thinking, indeed beyond remedy.

Changing a person's mind is hard.

Changing a person's belief is even harder.

Lu Ran thought Elder Xing was going to blindfold his eyes, cover his ears, and continue to worship the North Wind.

He never expected...

This was a true believer!

Even the realistic Holy Spirit Mountain couldn't wake him.

"Old fool!" Lu Ran suddenly interrupted.

Elder Xing's words came to a halt.

Lu Ran sneered, "A truly high-ranking and powerful elder, huh? All these years, has everyone only dared to tell you what you want to hear?"

Do you really think the world is as you see it, with everyone devoutly worshipping the god you imagine?"

Elder Xing looked extremely displeased.

Lu Ran rubbed Yan Shuangzi's back, his gaze fixed on Elder Xing, softly saying:

"Listen closely, the Lord Beifeng you worship is, in my eyes, worse than pigs and dogs."

Elder Xing: !!!

Lu Ran's words were light, yet it was like a heavy hammer, fiercely striking Elder Xing's heart.

No one has ever dared to be so rebellious!

No one has ever dared to openly insult the Lord God!

Never before!

"Ah!!" Lu Ran suddenly spoke, from his forward-reaching hand shot five red silk threads.

The invisible sound waves spread like an amplifier, instantly enveloping Elder Xing's tall, slender body.

Sea Merfolk Evil Technique·Sea Merfolk Song!

"Ahhhh!" Elder Xing instinctively covered his ears with both hands.

On a physical level, his head ached as if splitting, and on a mental level, his mind was muddled, spirit dazed!

"Eeee~~~"

Wu Xiao, upon receiving Lu Ran's gaze, immediately increased the volume, similarly launching a mental assault on Elder Xing.

In an extremely short time, Elder Xing suffered a double mental assault, plummeting from the air.

However, five red silk threads adhered to his body, lifting him back into the air.

"Ding!!"

A blood-colored curved blade attempted a rescue, cutting through the silk threads.

The Eight Desolate Blade swiftly stabbed forward, overpoweringly knocking away a first-rank divine weapon, charging again.

"Go." Lu Ran stopped the Sea Merfolk Song, patting Yan Shuangzi's back.

"Swoosh~"

The evil shadow struck suddenly, the 泉 Ling Blade cleaved horizontally.

The sound of shattering echoed through the sky, the extremely unstable Sea Grade-Shattering Wind Armor was shattered by Yan Shuangzi's slash!

The Water Flow Armor was also torn open, revealing a deep, bone-visible wound, blood spurting outward.

"Ah..." Elder Xing screamed miserably.

His whole body's energy surged, trying to ignore the violent chaotic divine power within and forcibly cast spells.

Suddenly, strips of sparkling silk thread attacked, also landing on Elder Xing.

From the lower right side, He Yingcai treaded on green lotus leaves, fingers releasing strips of lotus silk, sent to support the Sect Leader upon Lady Ran's command.

Ensuring that this punishment could proceed more securely.

Others dared not approach, but He Yingcai possessed Spirit Defense Techniques·Lotus Heart, could go anywhere!

Tethering Silk, Lotus Silk Connection.

Tangled Silk, Lotus Silk Chaos.

And that incessantly shaking body and soul, Opera Soul Tone.

Elder Xing's cloudy eyes widened, just hanging there in the air, punished and made an example.

Just like back on Sword Ridge Peak, what he had done to Yan Shuangzi, forcing her to kneel before everyone, letting all see how she was punished.

"Sizzle!"

"Sizzle..."

One slash after another.

One spurt of blood after another.

Once, the blind dog tormented to the brink of death...

Has come back to bite!

"Ah... ahhhh!"

"Yan... ah! Stop, I am... I ahhhh..."

Elder Xing's wails couldn't ease the hatred in the woman's eyes.

Instead, it intensified.

The anger in her heart swelled, her actions became fiercer.

And the divine weapon in her hand, 梟 Ling Blade, trembled more violently...

Chapter 677: knives

On the mountain peak a few kilometers south of the hiding place.

He Jing stared blankly at the scene unfolding in the sky.

With a thud, the woman's legs gave way and she collapsed awkwardly to the ground.

Such a grand feast of revenge should have been a joy for the cold and severe North Wind Sect.

Yet, she herself was on Yan Shuangzi's list of revenge.

Or rather, she should have been on the list.

It was only because she had once shown a trace of kindness, offering some idle advice to Yan Shuangzi, that she was lucky enough to survive.

Life was indeed preserved.

But what about the future?

Would she fare well?

He Jing grew increasingly restless and uneasy, wondering if she should seize the moment to escape now?

But she had already severed the contract with Lord Beifeng, now not even comparable to the weakest Weak God disciple in the mountain.

What fate awaited her if caught by anyone was self-evident.

Moreover, could she even run?

After her junior sister was rescued by a mysterious person, who knows what she went through, perhaps serving Lord Qiang Xiu, or fell into the Demon Path, following the Evil God·Evil Dog.

No matter who it was, if she dared to act rashly, the junior sister could teleport right in front of her.

The sword would likely fall too.

He Jing watched Yan Shuangzi's brutal actions, feeling a chill down her spine.

Even separated by several kilometers, she could sense her junior sister's anger and hatred.

The wide bamboo hat that Yan Shuangzi wore had fallen off at some unknown time.

Her long hair, gathered under the hat, was now loose, wildly flailing with her fierce movements, looking very much like a madwoman.

Very much like... a mad dog.

But who could be blamed?

Yan Shuangzi once was a proud martial artist, dazzling and radiant.

It was them who forced her.

It was the Sword Ridge Peak that forced her.

Elder Xing's voice grew quieter, yet the震动 amplitude of the Divine Weapon·梟 Ling Blade increased.

"Buzz~"

In fact, at this moment, the 梟 Ling Blade was also very shocked.

Its previous master, Lady Wolf Flower, was a disciple of the Greedy Wolf!

A believer of the Human Clan known for greed and brutality!

The 梟 Ling Blade never expected, with such "pearls and jades" in its past, it would encounter an even more terrifying being in this lifetime.

As Yan Shuangzi's blade descended, rather than diminishing, the hatred in her heart only increased, kicking open the door to a new world alongside its master.

It was not until this moment that the 梟 Ling Blade, having long since become a Divine Weapon, realized its prior misconception:

Brutality at the level of means was too superficial, unqualified to be the key to opening the Divine Weapon Domain.

The ruthlessness and hatred from the heart, that was the true solution!

The 梟 Ling Blade understood.

The extreme hatred of the Master of Divine Weapon provided the weapon with even more extreme expectations, thus giving birth to a truly fitting Divine Weapon Domain.

"Buzz!!"

In the high heavens above, dense fog gathered.

Strands of mist descended, transforming into Fog Dragon Rolls midstream, rushing towards the 梟 Ling Blade.

Everyone looked at the heavenly phenomenon in astonishment.

Due to Yan Shuangzi being at the River Realm Peak, her advancement would attract the magnificent Fog Dragon Roll, causing many to misunderstand.

They believed it was the Evil Shadow Guardian, achieving catharsis and finally making further progress.

Lu Ran, however, saw clearly!



Those sharp dog eyes clearly witnessed the abnormal situation of the 梟 Ling Blade.

At first, he just thought this short blade, made of Black Ice, was very suitable for Yan Shuangzi.

A scimitar and a short blade, how well they paired!

Unexpectedly, did he coincidentally get it right?

Was this blade about to open its Divine Weapon Domain and advance to a Second-rank Divine Weapon?

"Slash!"

A flash of the blade, and a head fell.

Yan Shuangzi's chest heaved violently as she stared at the battered, headless corpse before her.

[Nightmare, is there still space in the Rebirth Money?] Lu Ran transmitted mentally.

[There are 2 Dead Souls from the Sea Realm stored in the Copper Coin, and one vacant spot.]

[Capture Elder Xing's Dead Soul too.]

[Yes.] Deng Yuxiang ventured solo into the mist, immediately finding the Dead Soul with the aid of the Magic Artifact.

"Heh... heh..."

Yan Shuangzi gasped for breath, the corpses before her were now covered by the thick fog, and she suddenly relaxed.

She fell from the sky.

"Buzz~" The 梟 Ling Blade was startled!

Yan Shuangzi did not possess the ability to fly, she had always relied on gripping the 梟 Ling Blade to stay aloft.

Now that she had let go of the blade, she naturally fell.

The problem was, the 梟 Ling Blade was still advancing!

It needed the guidance of the Master of Divine Weapon.

Even though Yan Shuangzi never thought of guiding the weapon, the 梟 Ling Blade proactively gained the necessary nourishment from her fluctuating emotions.

The 梟 Ling Blade needed to continue thus!

It immediately flew downward, but someone beat it to it.

The young man in the Emperor Robe flashed beneath Yan Shuangzi, supporting her back with one hand, catching her legs with the other, and holding her securely.

Lu Ran looked down at the "blood-soaked" person in his arms, only seeing a pair of disoriented eyes.

He had thought before, what state Yan Shuangzi would be in after avenging her great grudge.

Crying for joy.

Or screaming in vent, finally releasing a mouthful of malice.

But it was neither.

The taut nerve in her body relaxed, and after fulfilling her long-cherished wish, deep fatigue and weariness surged.

"Sect... Leader." The 梟 Ling Blade lay on Yan Shuangzi's abdomen, swiftly casting a phantom.

It was the image of Yan Shuangzi.

As Lu Ran descended, he glanced at the Sword Spirit.

Interestingly, the Fog Dragon Roll was still chasing the two along with the blade, descending together.

The spirit of the Ling Blade overlapped with Lu Ran, urgently communicating: "I need her, I want to upgrade!"

"Mm," Lu Ran gently landed with Yan Shuangzi in his arms, placing her steadily on the ground.

He picked up the short knife on her abdomen, placed it firmly in her palm, and called out, "Evil Shadow?"

Yan Shuangzi's gaze was somewhat unfocused.

It was uncertain whether she was fatigued or lost in some deep thought.

[Evil Shadow?] Lu Ran changed to telepathic communication.

She finally reacted, her eyes gradually regaining focus.

Through the mist, she saw the youth close at hand, and hurriedly struggled to sit up.

"Your Divine Weapon is upgrading, help it. Hold on a while, then you can rest."

"Yes," Yan Shuangzi replied softly and held the Ling Blade tightly.

Lu Ran felt assured, suddenly remembering something, his expression turning a bit odd.

Last time, when the Evil Moon Scimitar grasped the Divine Weapon Domain, it also manifested a sword spirit, coming over to plead with me?

As expected from my great Evil Shadow!

What a fine tradition it is...

"Nightmare." A clear voice rang through the mist.

"Lady?"

"Create a cave below, and take the Evil Shadow Guardian down there. Protect her well," Jiang Ruyi instructed, "All others disperse and find places to stand guard."

"Yes!"

"Yes," a group of people responded in unison.

Now, the fog vortex in the sky was already forming. If they returned to Cloud Sea Cliff with Yan Shuangzi, it would be equivalent to cutting off the upgrade path of the Divine Weapon Ling Blade.

Therefore, everyone could only guard the spot.

Lu Ran heard the woman's voice and suddenly realized something.

Oh no!

Did I just embrace the Evil Shadow Guardian fully in front of Jiang Fairy?

Alright, alright, what a day to act recklessly~

Mm... I can't blame myself for this.

Yan Shuangzi fainted so suddenly, was covered in blood, and looked so disturbing, who wouldn't be anxious...

Lu Ran thought silently, instantly teleporting a kilometer away, and opened the Pupil of the Dead World.

The fog brought by the Divine Weapon Domain is quite thick!

In not too long, with the Ling Blade as the center, a radius of three hundred meters would be shrouded in mist.

Beyond three hundred meters, the dense fog would gradually thin, but not disappear.

So, while the fog had not fully covered these lands, Lu Ran rapidly performed Soul Binding.

Fortunately, the place where everyone slew Elder Xing, which is the upgrade location of the Ling Blade, was far from the North Wind Sect's hiding place.

After all, Elder Xing had fled for quite some distance.

Thanks to this, Lu Ran flashed repeatedly, gathering the dead souls floating in mid-air into his eyes one by one.

After carefully counting, Lu Ran nodded with great satisfaction, greatly acknowledging the strength of the Ran Sect members.

Then, he took time to instant teleport to the location of the Eight Desolate Blade.

He stood on a large rock, before him were two entangled Divine Weapons.

Though they seemed entangled, it was in fact the Eight Desolate Blade unilaterally subduing; as a second-rank Divine Weapon, it overwhelmingly suppressed a first-rank Divine Weapon in every aspect.

"Pa!"

Lu Ran grasped the blood-colored scimitar handle and inspected it thoroughly.

The blade was thin and light, semi-transparent, seemingly crafted from blood-colored crystal.

Within the blade, faint blood lines could be seen slowly flowing, sometimes gathering into streams, other times dispersing into mist.

Mysterious and eerie.

It's the Blood Crystal material!

In the Human World of Da Xia, just from a price standpoint, there are two kinds of minerals that can rival Black Ice.

One is Golden Brilliance Stone.

The Divine Weapon·Heavenly Sword in the hands of He Qifeng was crafted from Golden Brilliance Stone.

The other is Blood Crystal Stone.

Blood Crystal, like Black Ice, is light and thin, crystal clear, and unbelievably beautiful.

But Blood Crystal material is not cold; instead, it is somewhat warm.

Very suitable for warming hands.

"I heard you're named Blood Drink?" Lu Ran weighed the blood crystal scimitar.

He felt, upon holding the handle, it had lost any thought of resistance.

Presumably, Lu Ran's swift and crushing power that just annihilated its master deeply intimidated this blade!

"Yes."

"The old geezer certainly chose a domineering name," Lu Ran sneered.

Blood Drink Scimitar: "..."

Lu Ran twirled a blade flower and gazed afar: "Change your voice tone, I don't like it."

"Okay..."

Lu Ran fixed his gaze on a spot, and after a flicker, appeared atop the peak a few kilometers south of the hiding place.

Beside him was a He-named woman sitting dazed on the ground.

He Jing shivered, hurriedly knelt, and lowered her head, "L-Lord."

Lu Ran did not speak, only opening a Transmission Mirror.

Soon, the Hall Master of Feixian Hall emerged: "Sect Master."

"Keep strict watch," Lu Ran gestured towards the woman.

"Yes!" Song Yu was somewhat surprised, as it was the first time hearing such a request from the Sect Master.

He quickly stepped forward to help the woman up and swiftly took her inside the mirror.

Having finished everything, Lu Ran finally relaxed.

As for those two Ice Butterfly disciples, no need to send them back to the cliff for now.

Let them stay here and perform Perception Techniques to help guard, it's quite good.

Lu Ran raised his head, witnessing the spectacular sight, watching the Fog Dragons descending from the sky.



Evil Shadow finally fulfilled her longstanding wish!

Hopefully, she herself can breakthrough the bottleneck and advance to Yangyang Sea.

Chapter 678: Devil Name Ice Burial

Underground cave, shrouded in frost mist.

Yan Shuangzi knelt on the ground, holding the Owl Knife in her hand, assisting the upgrade of the Divine Weapon.

She was already in sync with the Owl Knife, embarking together on a path of enlightenment: The cruelty of means was merely in service of the goal.

What is the goal?

Release anger, resolve hatred, make the enemy pay a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

How to achieve it?

Make the enemy suffer unbearably!

More painful, even more painful...

Ruthless,

Make oneself sharper, the damage more substantial.

Hatred,

Amplify the enemy's perception of pain, weaken their ability to endure harm.

Even the slightest sword trace must induce the most intense pain in the target...

Yan Shuangzi silently gripped the Owl Knife, her mind filled with images of her recent revenge.

"Buzz!!"

The Owl Knife loved its master dearly.

Yan Shuangzi's understanding of "hatred" expanded the Owl Knife's perspective, turning its once blurry concept into a clearer definition.

The path of enlightenment leads to mutual understanding.

Behind Yan Shuangzi, a tall figure leaned against the stone wall.

Deng Yuxiang couldn't see Yan Shuangzi but could hear her breathing.

Sometimes rapid, sometimes deep breaths.

Deng Yuxiang naturally knew that her close friend's emotions were intensely fluctuating.

How wonderful.

Having avenged, fulfilled her wish, and with a compatible Divine Weapon adding the final touches.

As for herself...

Deng Yuxiang couldn't help but shake her head and smile.

Her Divine Weapon·Night Cutting Blade had never grasped the domain, never successfully restored.

Perhaps the direction of the Divine Weapon Domain was wrong?

The splendid short sword·Seven Stars Saber gifted by Ruyi showed no signs of becoming a Divine Weapon.

It seems Yan Shuangzi has surpassed her.

Now, in front of her close friend, only realm can be presented.

If Yan Shuangzi takes this opportunity to break through the bottleneck and advance to the Sea Realm, their Great Realms will be the same.

Thinking of this, Deng Yuxiang's lips showed a trace of a smile.

No jealousy.

Full of comfort and blessings.

Yan Shuangzi is a standout among the younger generation in Beifeng City, in every aspect, not falling short of Deng Yuxiang, but rather faintly surpassing her.

It was just, the previous Yan Shuangzi hadn't encountered Lu Ran.

Now, she met him.

With his care and attention, she had everything.

Deng Yuxiang's right hand landed on her left wrist, fingertips brushing over Ancient Coins.

Among them were the dead souls of three Sea Realm Great Powers, most notably Elder Xing's soul.

Before, Lu Ran specifically instructed her to collect Elder Xing's dead soul into Rebirth Money, presumably for Yan Shuangzi.

Others might not understand, but Deng Yuxiang knew Lu Ran too well!

He silently does many, many things.

Some things, Deng Yuxiang can notice after the fact.

And there are some things she might not have realized even now.

Deng Yuxiang was certain that if Yan Shuangzi had any problems during this upgrade, Elder Xing would be pulled out, and Lu Ran would use all means to escort Yan Shuangzi...

"Uh." A peculiar throat sound suddenly echoed.

Deng Yuxiang immediately snapped back, just about to listen closely when she felt the energy fluctuations around her becoming increasingly intense.

Her heart instantly rejoiced!

Yan Shuangzi broke through the shackles!

[Xiao Lu Ran.]

[Sis?] A special call, followed by a special response.

There was a trace of concern in the tone.

The prestigious Sect Master, seemingly unchanged from the young man in the small town's Rain Alley.

[Your Big Evil Shadow advanced.] Deng Yuxiang's tone carried a hint of teasing.

[You say it like it's not yours~]

Lu Ran muttered, feeling inwardly delighted.

[Heh.] Deng Yuxiang snorted lightly, [She's with you day and night, sees me and doesn't say a word, how could she be mine?]

[Oh~ a bit sour, let me smell it, where does this vinegar odor come from?]

Lu Ran laughed quietly, what a rarity!

The Big Nightmare, this big girl, can actually feel jealous?

[Hm?] The woman's attitude turned noticeably colder, her nasal tone slightly raised.

Lu Ran hurriedly said: [It'll be fine from now on! I bet you, after this experience, Sister Shuangzi will change a lot.

Before long, she'll switch to calling me Sect Master.]

Deng Yuxiang was silent for a moment, then replied lightly: [You really don't understand her.]

Lu Ran: "..."

Without waiting for Lu Ran to say more, Deng Yuxiang suggested: [You should notify the others, we'll need to stay here a few more days.]

[Ok.] Lu Ran responded while looking around.

At this time, he still stood atop the mountain peak south of their hiding place, overseeing the entire scene.

Deng Yuxiang's last words made the joyful Lu Ran worry again.

The Divine Weapon Domain enlightenment takes at most two to three hours, maybe even just a few minutes.

However, breaking through River Realm Peak to Sea Realm might take up to ten days.

In this relatively long time, any phenomenon in the sky could attract various things!

Lu Ran isn't too worried about other organizations or the Evil Demon Clan.

What he truly worries about is Sword Ridge Peak's Peak Master Wang Hanchuan!

If that deviation-prone Heavenly Realm Power arrives...

How many Ran Sect warriors can survive?

Lu Ran's expression grew serious, communicating with Jiang Ruyi to share the situation and discussed strategies.

"Hoo~"

Cold wind howled, frost and snow danced.

The sky suddenly darkened a bit.

The sun, already veiled in frost mist, became further shrouded, ultimately disappeared from sight.

"Hm?" Lu Ran frowned, naturally realized the situation wasn't normal.

The weather conditions seemed not to have changed naturally.

It's man-made!

Lu Ran possesses the Evil Technique-Proud Snow Ice Plum of the Ice Plum Demon Queen, which allows him to ignore frigid environments and thrive in the icy world.

Yet this sudden snowstorm made Lu Ran feel a slight chill.

Although it's a pleasant chill, it still feels off!

He turned to look south, carefully searching.

Suddenly, Lu Ran's eyes narrowed!

In the vast snowstorm, he vaguely saw a human figure.

This person had a tall and slim figure, wearing a white robe and a small bamboo hat, with loose white hair fluttering in the wind.

"No way?"

Is it Wang Hanchuan?

Lu Ran's heart leapt to his throat!

He had learned some information about Peak Master Wang, knowing he has long white hair, is not tall, similar to the petite Witch Crow Believer Wu Huan, about one meter fifty-five... huh?

The figure climbing the mountains below clearly has a tall and slim body, vastly different from Peak Master Wang's physique!

"Slap!"

Lu Ran slapped his forehead, silently cursing himself for being confused.

Truly, concern breeds chaos!

This person's appearance, whether the bamboo hat or the white-haired long robe, clearly marks him as a member of the Evil Demon Clan·Ice Burial!

Yet all he could think about was Wang Hanchuan...

"Hmph." A cold snort sounded from afar.



The man slowly raised his head, revealing a bloodless face, under the not-so-wide brim of the hat were a pair of eerie eyes emitting a cold gleam.

Evil Demon·Ice Burial!

With just a glance, Lu Ran's Water Flow Armor was tainted with frost and gradually froze.

Ice Burial Evil Technique·Ice Burial Eye!

The Ice Burial's eyes can emit an extremely cold light, covering the target's body with frost and snow, slowing down their movements.

What's even more terrifying is that this frost and snow can penetrate the Water Flow Armor, seeping into the Human Clan's body, gradually freezing their flesh.

"Ha." Lu Ran chuckled.

You're quite bold!

Dare to stare directly at me?

My body is covered with the toxic silk threads from Susie...

I'm scared myself!

A flash of enchanting red gleam swept across Lu Ran's eyes, instantly dragging the Ice Burial into a deep crimson world.

"Ah ah ah!" The impressively poised Ice Burial immediately lost composure.

Crying miserably~

"Oh?" Lu Ran slightly raised an eyebrow.

The Ice Burial did not lose combat ability and collapse, but instead covered one eye with his hand and reached forward with the other.

This Evil Demon is actually a Sea Realm power?

"Whoosh~"

Accompanied by intense surging energy, a massive ice coffin appeared out of thin air.

It was ten meters long, about four meters wide and tall, and from the moment it appeared, it had imprisoned Lu Ran inside.

The bone-chilling cold flooded through the ice coffin.

All trapped creatures would have their bodies frozen by the cold, seep into their marrow, and finally perish therein.

The one confined within the ice coffin happened to be the master of the Ice Plum Demon Queen·Lu Ran.

He did not feel cold.

Instead, felt a slight coolness.

Of course, this was purely from a personal feeling perspective; Lu Ran simply ignored the low-temperature environment, not immune to ice and snow techniques!

To truly achieve immunity, Lu Ran would need to activate Sword One Divine Statue.

Equipped with Divine Technique·Frost Sword Heart.

Then, Lu Ran wouldn't be affected by any ice and snow skills.

Divine Cold Plum and Evil God·Ice Plum Demon Queen are just "Little Sword One", how could they be immune to frost and snow?

"Swish~"

Lu Ran's figure flickered and appeared directly behind the Ice Burial, wielding the Blood-Drinking Scimitar in a fierce slash.

The Ice Burial did not expect this scene at all, unable to dodge.

The only reaction was instinctively leaning forward.

"Crunch!!"

The moment the scimitar struck the Ice Burial's body, it sliced through a thin layer of frost and snow, emitting an unusually piercing sound.

This thin, light layer of frost and snow was actually the defensive but formidable Evil Technique·Ice Burial Robe!

Unfortunately, this robe encountered the Divine Weapon Blade, along with Divine Technique·Fierce Sky Power!

"Slash!"

The blade cut from the enemy's right shoulder straight across to the left waist.

The Ice Burial was cleaved into two, falling onto the snowy ground.

Strangely, the blood inside this Evil Demon was coagulated, not staining the pure white snow.

As the snowstorm gradually dissipated, daylight returned.

A cool voice imprinted into the mind: [An Ice Burial showed up on your side?]

[Still the study master, eh, the encyclopedia?] Lu Ran stepped forward, standing before the corpse.

A postures of guarding the corpse.

[Smooth talker.] Jiang Ruyi softly teased, a hint of a smile on her face.

This unprovoked snowstorm naturally stemmed from the Ice Burial Evil Technique·Ice Burial Thousand Miles.

One must admit, the Evil Demon·Ice Burial pairs well with Ice Butterfly disciples.

The Ice Butterfly sect can perceive all things in the ice and snow but don't have the ability to summon frost and snow.

The Ice Burial clan can plunge a whole world into a vast snowstorm, chilling all living beings to their bones.

Unfortunately, the Divine and Demonic are enemies, so naturally no talk of collaboration.

"Puff~"

Ice Burial's body shattered, turning into thick white mist.

Lu Ran immediately raised the Divine Power Pearl at his neck, absorbing the energy.

As for why not let Little Chi Feng enjoy it...

Because Little Chi Feng had already run off to find her mom, now amidst the fog, feasting delightedly.

[Sister Xian'er just told me she wants to take this chance to retreat for a few days, shall I lend her Chi Feng?] Jiang Ruyi transmitted the message again.

[Sure, tell her not to rush, take one step at a time.]

Lu Ran responded while sighing slightly in his heart.

It's really too dangerous to level up in such a place.

The blood-drinking scimitar in his hand clearly stated, the night Sword Ridge Peak was destroyed, it had been thirty to forty days.

Hopefully,

Wang Hanchuan had already ascended to the Heavenly Realm.

...

Chapter 679: Wings Hardened?

From the moment Yan Shuangzi advanced, Lu Ran counted the days like years.

The constant feeling of anxiety was simply unbearable!

However, there was some good news.

On the second day of May, the Mad Immortal protector broke through the bottleneck in cultivation and started the advancement mode.

She advanced from Jiang Realm·Third Rank to Jiang Realm·Fourth Rank.

The advancement took only two or three days, and the mist she attracted was completely overshadowed by the mist Yan Shuangzi summoned, barely making a splash.

When Si Xianxian successfully advanced, Yan Shuangzi was still in the process of advancing!

The scenery showed no change, everything was as usual.

Poor Xian'er sister, she completed the advancement so quietly.

It was quite unceremonious~

Lu Ran's days of anxiety continued.

Fortunately, the location they were in was far north, a place rarely visited by the Human Clan.

For several days, the members of Ran Sect did not encounter any fellow humans.

Instead, they saw quite a few Ice Burial people and the Ice Plum Demon Queen.

These Evil Demons naturally posed no threat to Lu Ran and even became a diversion for his life.

Killing Evil Demons and devouring Dead Souls served as a way to ease his inner anxiety.

Until the afternoon of the seventh of May, Lu Ran finally found relief!

An underground cave burst with a terrifying gale.

Yan Shuangzi, kneeling on the ground, slowly opened her eyes.

Sea Realm·First Rank!

"Congratulations." A magnetic female voice came from behind.

A short phrase, soft and charming.

Yan Shuangzi did not turn her head, speaking softly, "No need to force gentleness; it doesn't suit you."

"Hmm?" Deng Yuxiang raised an eyebrow, a playful glance in her eyes, "Reaching the Sea Realm, have your wings hardened?"

Yan Shuangzi slightly lowered her head, a smile appearing on her face.

Deng Yuxiang stepped forward several paces, reaching the girl from behind.

She bent down, gently gathering Yan Shuangzi's loose hair, teasing, "What, planning a rebellion?"

Yan Shuangzi lowered her eyelids, pouted but said nothing in the end.

Yet she soon remembered something, immediately sending a mental message: [Master, I've advanced to the Sea Realm.]

"Swoosh~"

Lu Ran instantly appeared inside the underground cave.

As the mist dissipated, Lu Ran crouched down, closely observing the kneeling girl.

Despite wearing a simple cloak, she appeared dazzlingly radiant.

A pair of shining eyes, divinity in full display!

"Great! Advancing is great~" Lu Ran was overjoyed.

The Great Evil Shadow of the Sea Realm, of course, had a qualitative leap in power!

Deng Yuxiang gathered her long hair for her close friend, holding it with one hand, while pulling a few blades of grass from the cloak with the other: "Xiao Lu Ran."

Lu Ran looked up.

"Your Great Evil Shadow just advanced and already has opinions about me." Deng Yuxiang meticulously tied her friend's hair, speaking casually.

Lu Ran: "..."

Do you think I believe that?



Is there anyone in the Ran Sect who dares to cause trouble in front of you?

I wouldn't dare!

Deng Yuxiang casually said, "Pretending not to hear?"

Lu Ran quickly responded, "I'll go inform the others, let's return to Cloud Sea Cliff quickly, and not stay in this place any longer."

With that said, Lu Ran flickered away.

Deng Yuxiang huffed, picked up the bamboo hat from the side, and gently put it on Yan Shuangzi: "Let's go, Sea Realm Great Power?"

Yan Shuangzi slowly stood up, turning to look at her intimate friend.

Deng Yuxiang with a smile on her face, also looked at her attentively.

She hadn't seen her friend's tragic fall.

Within this Holy Spirit Mountain, when she saw Yan Shuangzi, the latter had already fallen into the abyss, shattered and broken.

Yet Deng Yuxiang witnessed Yan Shuangzi "come alive" little by little.

Struggling to get up.

Until now, Yan Shuangzi's eyes sparkled, reclaiming her former charm, transforming into a vast sea.

At this moment, Yan Shuangzi was only 23 years old.

Whether in the Human World Da Xia or throughout the Holy Spirit Mountain, Yan Shuangzi was a leader-like presence.

"Hmm." Deng Yuxiang's body suddenly stiffened.

Because Yan Shuangzi suddenly reached out, gently embracing Deng Yuxiang.

Deng Yuxiang's smile faltered slightly, and after a moment of silence, she spoke softly:

"Welcome back."

"Hmm." Yan Shuangzi replied softly, her figure flickering and disappearing.

Deng Yuxiang: ?

She had just raised her hands, intending to give her friend some reciprocation, only to find she was holding empty air.

"Ha." Deng Yuxiang let out a breathy chuckle.

Just when the warm and touching moment was being savored, and then the other party vanished?

As for where she went... is there a need to guess?

She definitely went to find someone!

When Deng Yuxiang flew out from the cave, she indeed saw Yan Shuangzi standing behind Lu Ran.

All the soldiers of Ran Sect gathered around, offering congratulations.

Yan Shuangzi merely nodded silently.

This distinction actually eased Deng Yuxiang's mind a bit, at least she got a hug.

"Let's go, let's go!" Lu Ran called out to everyone, activating the Evil Mirror Magic with one hand.

One moment it was an icy land.

With one step, it turned into a sunny ocean sky.

Lu Ran stood outside the small courtyard of Cloud Sea Residence, inhaling the unique scent of the sea breeze, feeling exceptionally relaxed in body and mind.

"Ah~" Lu Ran sighed.

Home at last!

From the perilous, bitterly cold lands, returning to the serene Cloud Sea Cliff.

This peace, priceless beyond measure.

Lu Ran truly did not expect that one day, within Holy Spirit Mountain, he would genuinely consider a place as "home" from the bottom of his heart.

"Thank you all for your hard work." Jiang Ruyi saw how deeply enamored Lu Ran was and took the initiative to speak, "Everyone, go and rest. Tomorrow morning, we'll have a meeting in the Council Hall."

"Yes!"

"Yes." Everyone departed one after another.

But there were two who stood nervously in place, unsure of what to do.

They were the two servants from Sword Ridge Peak.

Ever since being rescued by the Phoenix and Swallow Generals, they followed the Ran Sect members, continuing to perceive the icy environment, protecting Yan Shuangzi.

Though it seemed muddled, it was indeed the only path.

At this time, Lu Ran also came back to his senses, looking at the two women: "I must trouble you during this period."

"No need, no need."

"To help the lord resolve difficulties is our honor." The two responded immediately, bowing in trepidation.

The years of servitude within Sword Ridge Peak had taught them well about "rules."

Lu Ran opened his mouth, ultimately comforted them saying, "It will get better... Evil Shadow, take them to Feixian Hall, have Hall Master Song receive them well.

Get all the preliminary work done, tomorrow, I will sign the contract with them."

"Yes." Yan Shuangzi swiftly appeared, taking the two Ice Butterfly female disciples away.

Lu Ran turned and walked towards Cloud Sea Residence, arriving at the study on the east side.

He placed the Divine Weapons one by one on the wall rack, also placing the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd and Blood Drinking Curved Blade on the desk.

"What's wrong?" came the voice of Jiang Fairy from the doorway.

"Who should use this blade?" Lu Ran gently traced his fingers along the large curve of the blade.

Indeed, he used blades.

But this type of large curved blade, and the horizontal Tang blade that Lu Ran specialized in, had differences in usage.

Jiang Ruyi approached, knelt beside Lu Ran, looking at the eerie yet beautiful Blood Crystal Curved Blade: "Since it belonged to Elder Xing, just leave it to Evil Shadow."

In Lu Ran's mind, he pictured the Great Evil Shadow wielding two curved blades, creating arcs of black and blood moons.

Black Ice and Blood Crystal, indeed a perfect match.

Just whether Elder Xing's weapon, Evil Shadow would be willing to accept it?

Lu Ran looked at his fiancée: "Your personal guard doesn't have a Divine Weapon."

Jiang Ruyi leaned slightly against Lu Ran's shoulder: "Xuan Shuang and Liu Huo both use swords."

"Right." Lu Ran nodded.

This time, the clean-up of Sword Ridge Peak's remnants did not reap many spoils.

There were many Divine Power Pearls, but only one Divine Weapon, and not a single Magic Artifact.

The reason?

Lord of Sword Ridge Peak, Wang Hanchuan was too domineering, the effect of the Divine Technique was fierce, the Divine Weapon Domain even fiercer!

Dare to resist with a Magic Artifact? Shatter!

Dare to block with a Divine Weapon? Slash!

Even Elder Xing, the second-in-command of Sword Ridge Peak, had to pay the price of a Magic Artifact, and "sacrificed" many disciples, thus narrowly escaping the Peak Master's grasp.

Jiang Ruyi closed her beautiful eyes, murmuring, "No rush, in the future, we'll find two Divine Swords for them."

Even Great Power of the Sea Realm, diligently guarding for nearly ten days, was not without fatigue.

Lu Ran supported her back with one hand, gently laying her down, while with the other, he cradled her in a princess carry.

Jiang Ruyi slightly opened her eyes, looking at Lu Ran with meaningful intensity.

Feeling a little guilty, Lu Ran lowered his head to kiss her thin lips.

This diversion tactic indeed worked.

On Jiang Ruyi's fair cheeks, a charming blush spread, she murmured softly, "I'm sleepy."

"Mmm, I'm sleepy too." Lu Ran replied in a low voice.

He too was exhausted, only wishing to sleep soundly.

[Master, I've taken He Jing away.]

[He... Oh, alright.] Lu Ran took a moment to remember who it was.

[Without your command, Hall Master Song won't dare release her.]

[I'll tell him.] Lu Ran gently, carefully placed the Immortal down on the bed, [By the way, come to the study later and take the Blood Drinking Curved Blade.]

[Me?] Yan Shuangzi seemed a bit surprised.

She already owned two Divine Weapons, and both were Second Rank, all of which had the Divine Weapon Domain!

Aside from the Sect Leader, no one in Ran Sect was as wealthy as her.

[Ruyi said, since it's Elder Xing's item, naturally it's up to you to handle.]

Yan Shuangzi was silent for a while before responding: [Thank you, Lady.]

[Thank her yourself when she wakes up, I'm going to sleep.] Lu Ran lay on the bed, sending a message to Song Yu.

Only then did he learn, He Jing had been in the number seven seclusion room all along.

Cloud Sea Cliff had no facilities for imprisoning anyone.

Earlier, Lu Ran's words to "guard strictly" left Hall Master Song perplexed; after consulting the Divine Seeking General, he took the woman to the seclusion room, guarding day and night, fearing she might escape.

"A prison..." Lu Ran scratched his head.

Forget it, the Ran Sect should have no use for such things.

Yan Shuangzi kept a former senior sister, intending to put her to use.

Lu Ran drooped his eyelids, drowsily falling asleep.

Soon, a Charm Shadow appeared at the study's entrance, nodding slightly to the Divine Weapons on the wall before stepping into the study.

Her manner was just as polite as back when Lu Ran entered his lady mother's study.

She picked up the Blood Drinking Curved Blade, silently leaving, only to reappear at the courtyard entrance of Nightmare Residence.

On the bed inside the bedroom, Deng Yuxiang's ears moved and her eyes opened.

"Yuxiang."

"Hmm?"

"Do you... want to use a curved blade?"



...

Chapter 680: Connect the Human World?

The next morning, at the assembly, Lu Ran saw the Divine Weapon·Blood Drink in Deng Yuxiang's hand.

He couldn't help but shake his head and smile.

It seems Yan Shuangzi still couldn't accept Elder Xing's weapon.

Or perhaps she felt her own weapon was sufficient and gifted the Divine Weapon to her best friend?

Lu Ran thought it was a pity.

Originally, he thought the Great Evil Shadow could wield a black moon in one hand and a blood moon in the other.

Hmm... that would have been quite impressive.

The Big Nightmare and the Great Evil Shadow, one with a blood crystal scimitar and the other with a black ice scimitar, are actually quite a match?

Tsk~

Why does this have a certain charm?

Speaking of which, Deng Yuxiang has two close friends, aside from Yan Shuangzi, there's also Hu Jiaojiao, the granddaughter of the City Lord of Beifeng.

Lu Ran naturally remembered Miss Hu, with her youthful appearance and... impressive figure. She's also a North Wind Disciple.

Now that Sword Ridge Peak has been destroyed, a large number of North Wind Disciples are bound to enter the Holy Spirit Mountain...

Thinking of this, Lu Ran couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

However, Hu Jiaojiao is the granddaughter of the Human World Sect Master of the North Wind Sect, could she have some privileges?

Won't be thrown into this cruel slaughterhouse?

Who knows.

At the meeting, Lu Ran encouraged everyone and then rewarded them, distributing the seized Divine Power Pearls.

Lu Ran, possessing the Second-rank Magical Artifact·Blazing Phoenix Patterned Gourd, was less reliant on the Divine Power Pearls.

But this doesn't mean others don't covet the Divine Power Pearls!

The Divine Power reserves of a Sea Realm Great Power are indeed impressive, but correspondingly, spellcasting consumes a great deal of Divine Power!

At any stage, Divine Power Pearls are extremely important strategic resources.

Lu Ran didn't shortchange himself either.

After fighting for so long, the Divine Power Bead string around his neck had long been updated!

Divine Power Pearls make a string.

Currently, on Lu Ran's necklace, there were no longer River Grade·Divine Power Pearls the size of fingertips; instead, there were 20 River Grade·Divine Power Pearls the size of quail eggs.

Additionally, there were 8 Sea Grade·Divine Power Pearls the size of pigeon eggs.

This necklace was of immeasurable value!

At the end of the meeting, Lu Ran informed everyone that he planned to rest for three days and then continue heading south.

It was then that Xue Fengchen, who had been silent, stood up.

He bowed his head and cupped his hands, saying: "Sect Master."

"What is it?" Lu Ran curiously looked at the Great Phoenix of the West Desolation.

"I am about to touch the bottleneck of my cultivation." Xue Fengchen said in a deep voice.

"Oh?" Lu Ran's eyes lit up.

The Yan God General and the Phoenix General had respectively advanced to the Sea Realm last September and October.

Last month, Gao Yunyan had just advanced, and this month Xue Fengchen had caught up.

Hmm, not bad at all~

Lu Ran chuckled, "Didn't I say 'Soon, soon' works!"

Xue Fengchen twitched his lips.

Who knows why the Sect Master has such a penchant for those four words.

He even calls it: psychological suggestion...

"Then I'll stay on the cliff a few more days." Lu Ran casually waved, and Little Chi Feng flew out, "After the meeting, you can go into seclusion."

"Thank you, Sect Master!" Xue Fengchen said gratefully, receiving the Second Rank Magical Artifact with both hands.

Lu Ran suddenly thought of something and looked at the Xun Luo couple below.

If he remembered correctly, Xun Yifei had advanced to Sea Realm·Third Rank last May, already a year ago.

As for Luo Ying...

Since they met, she had always been Sea Realm·Fourth Rank, never breaking through.

Yu Changsheng was the same, always at Sea Realm·Fourth Rank, but Mr. Cong Long has clearly stated he could advance further.

But looking at the Xun Luo couple's stance...

Had they reached the limit of their talent in terms of strength and realm?

As the couple saw Lu Ran continually looking at them, they both stood up, waiting for instructions.

Lu Ran asked: "Do you still have the potential to improve your cultivation?"

The couple glanced at each other, and Xun Yifei said: "We are still progressing, but the pace is somewhat slow."

Below, Yu Changsheng lightly waved a paper fan, naturally understanding the Sect Master's thoughts.

The Xun Luo couple had joined at the founding of the Ran Sect, at a time when Lu Ran urgently needed combat power, he certainly didn't wish for them to drop in rank.

The couple did not disappoint Lu Ran's expectations; their contributions were vital in allowing the Ran Sect to stand firmly and continue growing.

Now, the circumstances were different.

The Ran Sect had established itself, replete with talent, capable of enduring the couple's potential drop in rank.

So, should the Xun Luo couple switch allegiance to Lu Ran's faction?

Yu Changsheng pondered silently.

In comparison, Xun Yifei seemed manageable; Yan Qing's skills shared some similarities with the Sea Merfolk Clan's techniques.

As long as the Divine Seeking General could maintain his focus, he could transform, becoming the Evil Demon·Sea Merfolk in the flesh.

But Luo Ying...

Her strength and realm were exceedingly high!

That's Sea Realm·Fourth Rank!

Though she seemed just one rank above her husband, there was an insurmountable gap between them.

Another point: the mortal enemy of Divine Ash, fundamentally distinct from herself.

The illustrious Southern Sea Bow, had an arch-enemy that was the Evil Demon·Fisherman.

Fisherman!

That wretched old man carrying a broken fish spear, sailing a tattered fishing boat!

The expression of their techniques vastly differed.

The efficacy of their skills was worlds apart!

If the Luo Divine General were indeed to join Lu Ran's faction, she would have to bind herself to the Fake God·Ash God Sculpture, and even a glance at the Evil God·Fisherman would sully the eyes of the Luo Divine General.

The council hall fell into silence, and Lu Ran pondered quietly for a long time without speaking.

"Sect Master." Yu Changsheng stood up and called.

"Mr?"

"This matter requires careful deliberation." Yu Changsheng advised.

"Well, everyone disperse." Lu Ran waved his hand.

The crowd left one by one, while Yu Changsheng stayed behind.

Jiang Ruyi was seated quietly by the side of the desk, noticing Yu Changsheng had something to say, she said:

"Mr. Cong Long, speak freely."

Yu Changsheng said, "The situation in Ran Sect has changed, the Sect Master's intention to change strategies is a reasonable action."

Lu Ran smiled, "Mr. sees through me, our capital has thickened, Nightmare Evil Shadow has continuously advanced to Sea Realm, while the Xun Luo couple remains stagnant.

Observing this, it's inevitable to have some thoughts."

Yu Changsheng, with a stern expression, persuaded, "I think the Sect Master should not act rashly."

Lu Ran restrained his smile, listening attentively.

Yu Changsheng: "The Xun Luo couple's realms are too high! All along, the Sect Master only allowed those from River Realm to break contracts, mostly resulting in a drop of 1 to 2 ranks.

The higher they climb, the harder they fall.

Xun Luo falling from Sea Realm Fourth Rank, the consequence is unforeseeable."

Lu Ran fell silent.

He cannot simply assume the couple would only drop one rank.

If the couple falls two or three ranks, even regresses to River Realm, Lu Ran would be devastated!

Hmm... next time during battle, maybe I can capture a Sea Realm enemy and force them to break a contract to test this?

Yu Changsheng paused then said, "Nightmare Guardian, with exceptional talent, is bound to the sculpture early, and would need at least six months to make achievements within the Sea Realm Initial Stage.

Considering the best scenario, even if the Xun Luo couple only drops two ranks, assuming their mental realm remains stable.

The time required for them to return to their current ranks would be..."

No need to finish, everyone understands.

Feeling the oppressive atmosphere, Yu Changsheng said, "With the Sect Master's advancement speed, at most, one or two years, he can lead us back to the human world."

"Eh?" Lu Ran had a strange look, gazing at his handsome strategist.

Yu Changsheng smiled and nodded, "At least one year, at most two years, the Sect Master will naturally enter the Heavenly Realm."

"You have more confidence in me than I do."

"I've studied the Sect Master's growth trajectory, facts speak louder than words." Yu Changsheng gently shook his paper fan, "By then, the Sect Master can naturally ascend to the Heavenly Realm, seeking a way back to the human world.



Even..."

"Even what?" Lu Ran asked curiously.

Yu Changsheng thought, "Others have only one path to ascend in order to leave Mountain Realm.

The Sect Master is the Master of Evil Mirror Demon, might possess Heavenly Grade·Mirror Flower Moon."

Lu Ran nodded with a thoughtful expression.

He had fantasized about the specific effects of a Heavenly Grade Transmission Mirror.

Yu Changsheng analyzed in detail, "River Grade Mirror Flower Moon only has a transmission distance of less than a hundred kilometers, Sea Grade leaps to three thousand kilometers.

As the skill grade elevates, it provides a qualitative improvement!

Heavenly Grade·Mirror Flower Moon might even connect to the human world."

Lu Ran sighed, "Hopefully, Mr.'s wish comes true."

Yu Changsheng continued to advise, "The Xun Luo couple just indicated they are progressing slowly, not stagnant. Luo Divine General only needs one more step to reach Sea Realm Peak!

With the Sect Master leading, her Dao Heart certainly will not stop at the sea.

Personally, I believe Luo Divine General should go the route of unscathed contract breaking, if she falls now, it might squander a great opportunity."

Jiang Ruyi said softly, "Mr. has a point."

"Hmm." Lu Ran gently nodded, his thoughts floated far away.

Heavenly Realm!

Heavenly Realm...

Lu Ran once again fell into contemplation, Yu Changsheng ceased speaking, stood silently.

After a while, Lu Ran came back to his senses, seeing this scene, he smiled apologetically, "Thank you for your guidance."

"Do not dare." Yu Changsheng gently shook the paper fan, smiled, "Duty-bound."

Lu Ran stood up, "I should also make a trip to Nine Star Island, see how much Holy Spirit Energy the nine Evil Mirror Demons have collected in total."

He visited the island on December tenth last year, calculating the days, it's been five months.

Time to reap a wave!

Yu Changsheng proposed, "Sect Master, now that Cloud Sea Cliff is as solid as gold soup, the few Evil Mirror Demons guarding the sea cliff nearby can be stationed on the island to collect Holy Spirit Energy for the Sect Master."

Lu Ran nodded, "Sounds good, Mr. can return now, later I'll take Evil Shadow and go."

Yu Changsheng: "..."

In the past, Lu Ran needed to bring the sea combat experts Yu Changsheng and Xun Yifei along.

It's completely different now.

Lu Ran can step onto the island in one stride, no need for sea navigation, Lu Yan and others can teleport a distance of ten thousand meters, search for new islands efficiently.

Others, how can they keep up with these two evil dogs' rhythm?

Lu Ran looked at Jiang Ruyi again, "I'll be right back."

Jiang Ruyi hesitated for a moment, but eventually didn't stop him, "Be careful."

Lu Ran smiled in response, his figure flashed and vanished.

Left Jiang and Yu behind, along with the two personal guards silently standing behind Jiang Ruyi.

Yu Changsheng looked at Jiang Ruyi's face and reassured, "Lady need not worry, in Holy Spirit Mountain, someone capable of injuring the Sect Master would be hard to find even if they carry the wondrous Fire Cage."

Jiang Ruyi softly said, "If only Heavenly Grade·Mirror Flower Moon could truly connect to the human world."

Regarding the realm above the Cloud Sea, Jiang Ruyi always holds a deep sense of awe.

Holy Spirit Energy continuously drops down from the sky.

No matter if the Heavenly Realm is closer to the human world...

At least, it's closer to the battlefield.

Closer to God Demon.

Which also means closer to death.