

## Old Gods 771

Chapter 771: Soul-locking Mountain

A day later, in the southern part of the Holy Spirit Mountain Continent, in a gray fog-covered mountainous region.

Two fiery Wu Huo steeds trotted upon flames, gracefully leaping among the jagged rocks as if on flat ground.

A mysterious pair, dressed in green straw hats, rode unbridled, observing the eerie surroundings.

"What a sight~" Lu Ran grinned.

The two had started from the Glazed Realm, heading westward.

The base camp of the Jade-faced Snake Clan was as beautiful as an immortal realm, with spotless flowers, trees, and crystal-clear lakes and rivers.

Yet, merely 200 kilometers west, Lu Ran felt as though he had entered the Underworld...

"Neigh~~"

The horse suddenly reared up and neighed, stopping before a high cliff.

Deng Yuxiang grasped the brim of her bamboo hat with two fingers, gazing out at the peaks submerged in the gray sea of fog, letting out a soft sigh:

"What a Soul-locking Mountain!"

The Holy Spirit Mountain Realm never lacked mountains, but there were still significant differences between the mountainous regions.

This place was unusually steep, cliffs were everywhere, cold mist wriggled on the cliffs, and the mountain rocks were eroded into indistinct shapes by the mist.

"Thud! Thud! Thud..."

Lu Ran rode over, the horse's hooves crushing the muddy edge of the cliff.

Fallen stones rolled downward, constantly hitting the cliff and causing a string of echoes.

"Roar!!"

From below, a series of angry roars sounded faintly.

Sadly, shrouded in gray fog, Lu Ran couldn't see what sort of divine creature it was.

It's likely a Prison Sky Demon.

Lu Ran had Lu Yuan and Qin Yan as living maps, clearly aware of where he was.

The Soul-locking Mountain wasn't just one mountain.

It referred to this fog-covered, endless-looking mountainous area.

According to Lu Yuan's master-disciple duo, the Soul-locking Mountain was filled with soul-snatching evil demons, the fiercest of which was the Prison Sky Demon Clan!

Qin Yan had also explicitly stated: conservatively estimating, there were no fewer than three different kinds of evil demon bases within the mountain!

This was enough to show how vast the area of Soul-locking Mountain was.

"Shall we go down and have a look?" Deng Yuxiang turned to Lu Ran, a slight smile at the corner of her mouth, "You stirred up the Prison Sky Demon, and now he's challenging you."

"Shouldn't I chop him up then?" Lu Ran placed one hand on the knife handle.

For the Prison Sky Demon Clan, Lu Ran harbored an intense hatred!

That group of fierce bald giants would grow six or eight hands at the slightest provocation, and what was crucial was that their arms could autonomously fend off the enemy.

Back when Lu Ran was weak, he solely relied on agility to kill enemies.

Encountering such an autonomous confronting evil technique was simply frustrating!

"Shall we leave the horses here first?"

"Alright." Lu Ran dismounted, stepped into the void, and directly fell off the cliff, plunging into the cold gray fog.

Both Lu Ran and Deng Yuxiang were infantrymen.

Without horses, their battle strength was even higher!

"You two, stay put," Deng Yuxiang gently caressed the horse's face, stepped back, and reclined to fall off the cliff.

She plummeted through layers of cold mist and soon heard the clashing sound of chains.

Deng Yuxiang casually drew the Divine Weapon·Blood Drinking Scimitar, her descent speed suddenly reduced, as she squinted slightly, witnessing a melee beside a massive rock.

The youth in the straw raincoat was, of course, Lu Ran, and the other colossal figure...

He appeared as a human clan male, with a towering build of 3 meters, his skin dark, and his body covered with rugged muscles, seemingly full of explosive power.

He possessed eight thick arms, each wrapped with a chain, which he was wildly wielding.

His scarlet eyes emitted a daunting light, piercing the thin gray fog, fixed on the slender human youth.

Indeed, it was the Prison Sky Demon!

"Roar!!" The Prison Sky Demon roared angrily, black flames igniting on the chains, attempting to bind the troublesome little insect.

Heavenly Prison Evil Technique·Heavenly Prison Fire!

This technique, at River Grade and below, could only incinerate the divine power within enemies; after reaching River Grade, it could absorb the divine power within enemies.

And Sea Grade·Heavenly Prison Fire could engulf the souls of all beings!

According to this growth trend, Lu Ran had reason to suspect that Heavenly Grade·Heavenly Prison Fire could absorb and devour the soul of its target.

"Clank! Clank! Clank..."

Holding double knives, Lu Ran remorselessly slashed the black flame chains again and again.

"Swish!"

With a twist of his wrist, Lu Ran swung the Cloud Sea Blade in a half-moon arc, directly severing one of the Prison Sky Demon's right arms.

"Aaaah!"

The Prison Sky Demon howled in pain, retreating continuously.

In an instant, his burly body, including his arms, was entirely wrapped in dense chains.

Heavenly Prison Evil Technique·Hundred Chains Robe?

Well, I'll shatter it too!

Lu Ran's eyes turned icy as he lunged forward, his left hand wielding the Eight Desolate Blade, swinging out another half-moon arc.

With a crisp "clank," the lowest left arm of the Prison Sky Demon was chopped off, and all the chains wrapped around it exploded into pieces.

"Aah!!" Another pained scream came from the Prison Sky Demon.

The majestic 3-meter-tall figure, with a substantial weight, appeared like a small mountain in perception.

Yet, this colossal being was forced into a retreat by the slender human's onslaught.

Deng Yuxiang landed on a mountain rock, observing the intense melee, her eyes flickered.

Before her sight, Lu Ran's strides cut through the rising mist to form the shape of a "7," circling around the Prison Sky Demon's left side, delivering a high roundhouse kick to the demon's leg crook.

"Kneel!"

With someone's voice accompanying, the Prison Sky Demon's left leg bent, and it immediately kneeled on one knee.

He still had six arms, twisting back at the joints, eagerly whipping chains down.

"Kneel down here as well!"

Lu Ran swung his blade over his head, slicing through chains and following up with a whip kick that swept against the Prison Sky Demon's other leg.

"Thud!"

Prison Sky Demon knelt on both knees, shocked and furious!

"Ha~" Deng Yuxiang couldn't help but laugh softly.

Is Lu Ran killing the enemy?

No, he's purely here to vent his fury!

Is he avenging his weaker self from back then?

Deng Yuxiang vaguely remembered, it was the fifteenth night in the Human World-Rain Alley City, she had just reached River Realm, staying at the top of the Wu Lie Building, securing the entire city.

A surprise order came from above, saying that a Prison Sky Demon had appeared on the playground of Fifth Elementary School.

And when she arrived, she saw a very battered Lu Ran and the corpse of a Prison Sky Demon.

Although Lu Ran was young, not many demons were able to push him to such extremes!

Those few Prison Sky Hands had indeed done a great job...

"Szz! Szz!"

The sound of the blade piercing flesh woke Deng Yuxiang from her pondering.

She glanced over, only to see the Prison Sky Demon had three more arms chopped off.

Deng Yuxiang: "..."

Just how much did young Lu Ran hate those hands?

"Ahhh!!"

Prison Sky Demon, kneeling on the ground, suddenly roared skywards, the remaining three arms splitting open violently.

Instantly, energy surged within that robust body!

A faint appearance of pitch-black chains emerged in the surrounding area.

Prison Sky Clan River Realm Technique·Single Hand Prison Sky!

Once this technique is unleashed, endless black chains will shuttle across a certain area, tearing apart all things.

"Still want to go big?" Lu Ran kicked the Prison Sky Demon to the ground, fiercely stabbing down with his blade.

In that instant, a series of "clack-clack-clack" sounds rang out.

Three large Prison Sky Hands respectively grabbed Lu Ran's small arms, small legs, and waist.

To say it's the waist, the excessively large palm nearly enveloped Lu Ran's entire waist.

Lu Ran was utterly surprised!

How could he have such a slender waist one day...?

And he wondered, if equipped with Evil Technique·Prison Sky Hand, would the palm size be calculated according to the Human Clan or the Prison Sky Demon's physique?

"Hoo!!"

Each Prison Sky Hand was filled with raging Power of Lao Tian, determined to prevent the insignificant human from stabbing down, and wanted to hurl the little guy away.

However, energy surged fiercely within Lu Ran!

Power of Lao Tian?



Today I will make you feel what Fierce Heavenly Power truly is!

Lu Ran, with several large hands on him and absolute force, stabbed fiercely downward.

"Szz!"

The energy on the Cloud Sea Blade surged, puncturing the massive head, churning the flesh inside.

Lu Ran felt his body lighten.

Three large black hands lost strength, yet still held onto Lu Ran's right arm, left leg, and waist.

The scene was quite eerie.

"Hoo~" The black chains that had emerged around quietly shattered.

"Feeling relieved?" A charming female voice, with a hint of teasing, wafted into Lu Ran's ears.

Lu Ran quietly pried the huge hand from his waist, glancing up at Deng Yuxiang.

His gaze fell on her waist.

Too bad the straw cloak was wide, covering her graceful curves, had it been her, would it fit snugly in a single hand?

By that logic, he could also grip Sister Shuangzi!

Lu Ran's thoughts wandered, if the Prison Sky Hand could keep such proportions, wielding two protectors in battle, wouldn't his strength soar?

No way!

There are still so many hands left, he could grasp a few more!

Let me think, who else is good at close combat, with an exceptional physique...

"Hmm?" Deng Yuxiang arched her brow slightly, feeling Lu Ran must be harboring some mischief.

"Ah!" Lu Ran hurriedly started a topic to divert her attention, "Back in the Human World I thought about activating a Prison Sky Demon Evil Sculpture, growing several more arms, grasping more blades."

"Pfft~"

The giant body of the Prison Sky Demon disintegrated into mist, Lu Ran took the opportunity to raise the Divine Power Bead Strings around his neck.

Deng Yuxiang considered the Evil Technique of the Prison Sky Demon clan, saying: "No need to waste a slot, you have the Martial Monk Stone Sculpture, with Three Heads and Six Arms."

Lu Ran: "..."

Three Heads and Six Arms are useless!

The two golden bodies completely mirror my own, the palms are as small as mine...

"Let's search thoroughly." Deng Yuxiang turned her head, looking far away, at the mountainous area shrouded in cold mist, "With the terrain environment of Soul-locking Mountain, it's likely the Human Clan base could be hidden here."

Lu Ran agreed in his heart, saying: "Mm, I'll send the horse back first, then we'll search slowly."

He didn't think any powerful sect would lurk within.

But those disciples of weaker sects might indeed utilize the favorable environment conditions to survive furtively in the mountain.

Undeniably, Soul-locking Mountain was swarmed with demons.

Yet compared to the outside world...

At least to Weak God Disciples, human kin are the true monstrous demons.

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Chapter 772: Nu Ying?

"So sinister, truly sinister..."

Within the fog-shrouded Soul-locking Mountain, Lu Ran gazed at the lifeless "Niu" beneath him, muttering continuously.

He hadn't walked far, having slain a few Prison Sky Demons, presumably still within the Prison Sky Clan's territory, and already bumped into an old friend—the Soul-splitting Demon.

The Soul-splitting Demon Clan, with their bull heads and human bodies, had indeed been a great help in propelling Lu Ran's career!

Whenever Lu Ran interrogated the dead, extracting information, he would employ the Evil Technique of the Soul Prison and Soul Fire belonging to this clan.

No matter how strong-willed a man was, he couldn't endure the ghostly Soul Fire for more than a few seconds.

Lu Ran's interrogation work was always effective, thanks to the excessively cruel Evil Technique of the Soul-splitting Demon Clan!

"Loo..."

Suddenly, Lu Ran heard the whinny of a horse.

Deng Yuxiang furrowed her brow slightly and immediately turned to look.

On the rugged mountain path, amidst the swirling cold fog, a towering figure approached from afar.

Not only was there the sound of the horse snorting, but also the clinking of chains!

"Soul Hook Demon?" Deng Yuxiang spoke softly. She didn't possess Spirit Defense Techniques, but fortunately, her absolutely powerful realm gave her unparalleled mental fortitude.

This allowed her to resist the enemy's mental attacks.

Jiang Ruyi did have a Magic Artifact, the Ice Heart Bracelet, which could help build a spiritual defense system, but it was currently worn by Yan Shuangzi.

"Clang clang..."

The unique sound of clinking chains was bone-chilling, and amidst the cold, damp fog, a gigantic silhouette gradually took shape.

"How sinister can it be~" Lu Ran couldn't help but grin.

This mountain path, already eerie with its gray fog, now saw the arrival of an even more terrifying creature.

Evil Demon·Soul Hook Demon!

If the Soul-splitting Demon Clan were bulls, the Soul Hook Demon Clan definitely had the faces of horses!

It also had a humanoid form, walking upright, with a particularly fierce horse head.

Its entire body was pitch black and muscular, holding an iron chain in its hoof-like hands, which swung as it moved.

"Approximately 4 meters tall, seems like early-stage River Realm," Deng Yuxiang remarked, looking up at the behemoth.

The Soul Hook Demon Clan could be assessed for their realm strength through their size.

Often, these kinds of Evil Demons housed a Demon Crystal in their brains, which wouldn't shatter into energy upon death but would leave behind flesh and bones.

In other words, the Ran Sect disciples would have a new "horse meat" item on their menu.

Well, if they could stomach it...

Lu Ran was also studying the terrifying Evil Demon, mumbling, "I say we stop calling them Soul-splitting Demons and Soul Hook Demons.

Let's just call them Soul Splitting Bull and Soul Hook Horse?"

Deng Yuxiang replied indifferently, "Do you want to play for a bit?"

By "play," she likely meant tormenting till death.

No exaggeration, when facing this clan, no method used by the Human Clan is ever too cruel.

When encountering the Soul Hook Demon Clan, dying miserably is not the worst outcome!

The souls of the deceased would be entwined by the Soul Hook Rope; the iron chains could ignite ghostly flames, continuing to torture the soul.

The cruelty of the Soul Hook Demon Clan was visually shocking enough to break down anyone who saw it!

The Soul Splitting Bull at least encases souls in black fog (Soul Prison), while the Soul Hook Horse likes to bind each Human Clan soul, burning and dragging them along the ground.

A parade for all to see.

Ruthlessly collecting negative emotions like fear and dread from the Human Clan.

The heart-rending screams of the Human Clan's souls were the favorite sound of the Soul Hook Demon Clan.

"Clang clang!"

The Soul Hook Demon stared viciously at the two tiny members of the Human Clan, shaking its chains frantically.

Soul Hook Evil Technique-Life-stealing Sound!

The previously crisp sound of the chains grew increasingly piercing, sending shivers down one's spine and filling them with fear.

Yet the two Sea Realm Great Powers seemed not to hear it.

"Neigh!"

The Soul Hook Demon let out an angry screech, lifted its hoof, and stomped down fiercely.

Instantly, the ground split!

The rift from its hoof extended towards the two.

Soul Hook Evil Technique-Soul Hook Hoof!

"Whoosh!" From within the cracks, gray mist spewed out suddenly.

This time, even the Sea Realm Great Powers like Lu Deng had to dodge.

For the cold gray mist could assault the souls of all beings! Although the damage to the soul was mild, it was enough to make one's spirit tremble.

The moment the two jumped aside, the Soul Hook Demon, gaining the upper hand, let out another screech.

"Neigh~~~"

It abruptly lifted its right hoof, energy surging on it.

In an instant, five chains appeared out of thin air, each aiming to clamp onto Lu Ran's neck, wrists, and ankles.

Soul Hook Evil Technique·Soul Hook Five Chains!

When this skill is mentioned, the first thing that comes to mind is surely "Five Horse Dismemberment"!

In the past four decades, countless Da Xia people have been brutally killed by these five chains.

"Swoosh~" Lu Ran's figure suddenly vanished, and the five chains wrapped around empty space.

"Loo?" The Soul Hook Demon stiffened, sensing an energy fluctuation behind its head, but before it could turn to defend, a cold blade had already sliced across its neck.

Blood splattered!

A massive horse head rolled off from its gigantic body.

"Thump!"

The headless giant creature fell heavily to the ground.

Seeing Lu Ran deal with this clan so decisively, Deng Yuxiang didn't say anything. She carried the Blood Drinking Scimitar and walked over, stabbing the horse's corpse with it.

"Buzz~"

The blood-colored Divine Weapon·Blood Drinking Scimitar trembled slightly, massively absorbing the horse's blood.



This Divine Weapon is quite unique!

It is only a First-tier Divine Weapon and has not activated the Divine Weapon Domain, yet it can absorb the blood of the Human Clan and Evil Demons.

Deng Yuxiang was initially somewhat surprised when she learned of this.

For her, this was undoubtedly a good thing!

This means that this Divine Weapon has a very clear cultivation direction. She thought that as long as it drank enough blood, this saber would eventually activate the Divine Weapon Domain.

After draining the horse's blood from the corpse, Deng Yuxiang walked towards the horse's head that had rolled to the side.

Meanwhile, Lu Ran was half-kneeling on the ground, removing the Divine Power Bead Chain from around his neck. Under the Divine Power Beads, the Evil Demon's remains gradually dissolved, turning into pure energy.

Deng Yuxiang looked at Lu Ran and said, "I'll get you another Divine Power Bead Chain to wear on your ankle when we return."

"Okay." Lu Ran nodded.

Stomping the remains of the Evil Demon to dissolve and absorb them was indeed convenient.

The two of them completely absorbed the remains of the Soul Hook Demon and also obtained a palm-sized Demon Crystal from the decomposed horse's head.

It was a rhombic polyhedron with a strong energy flow visible within.

In the Human World, this would be an invaluable cultivation treasure, capable of helping the Human Clan overcome cultivation bottlenecks.

However, in "High Martial World" such as Holy Spirit Mountain... it's just so-so.

When Lu Ran previously slaughtered the Ghost Moon Fox Clan, he also collected a large number of Demon Crystals, which were piled up in the backyard storage room for his friends to use freely.

[Master.]

[Hmm?] Lu Ran tucked the Demon Crystal into his pocket.

"Little Wu discovered a battle group, and the fight is intense!" Yan Shuangzi quietly appeared, standing beside Lu Ran.

Lu Ran nodded and said, "With so many types of Evil Demons scattered throughout Soul-locking Mountain, it's strange that they're not fighting."

Yan Shuangzi immediately said, "It's not Evil Demons fighting against each other. Little Wu said he saw the Human Clan."

"Ah?" Lu Ran's heart stirred, and he hurriedly asked, "Where? Who are they?"

Are there really members of the Human Clan hiding in Soul-locking Mountain?

And did Little Wu find them so quickly?

"Flap flap flap~"

The sound of wings flapping in the misty sky came from afar to near.

Lu Ran immediately raised his hand, feeling a pair of claws grip his forearm.

Not until the black crow flew back to Lu Ran's side did it cancel its invisibility state and spoke, "Sect Master, I spotted a team about thirty to forty kilometers away.

There're about twenty people, mainly composed of Red Cloth Believers and Industry Bull Believers.

They were being surrounded and intercepted by Soul-splitting Demons and Soul Hook Demons. I helped them break through the encirclement..."

The more Wu Huan spoke, the smaller his voice became.

His task was reconnaissance, not fighting, and he wasn't supposed to expose himself.

Without the Sect Master's order, Wu Huan was likely to be punished for entering the battle without permission.

It's just...

Fifth-class God·Believer of Red Cloth, Sixth-class God·Believer of Industry Bull, they are all Weak God Disciples.

Wu Huan couldn't stand to see his fellow Human Clan souls suffer cruel torture.

Wu Huan also thought these Weak God Disciples could become Ran Sect disciples and revere the Sect Master, living peacefully in Holy Spirit Mountain like him.

With these considerations, Wu Huan unleashed the Witch Crow Divine Skill·Witch Cry!

It released sonic attacks over the Evil Demon camp, covering patches of the area, causing the Evil Demon forces to go into chaos and suffer mental shocks.

"In which direction?" Lu Ran immediately asked, "Quick, lead the way, let's go see."

The black crow turned its head and pecked towards the deeper part of Soul-locking Mountain with its beak.

Lu Ran lifted his head, looking off into the hazy mist, faintly visible cliffs, and immediately summoned the Ancient Bronze Mirror.

The black crow spoke again, "Sect Master, the leader of that group is a general clad in silver armor with a red ribbon tied around his head.

Although he is male, he should be a Nu Ying disciple."

Third-class God·Nu Ying?

Lu Ran couldn't help but raise an eyebrow slightly.

An image immediately flashed in his mind: a tall, heroic female general, covered in blood, bravely fighting on the battlefield.

Nu Ying disciples are mostly natural-born leaders, decisive and brave.

What is even more commendable about these disciples is their unwavering loyalty and readiness to die!

Even if you don't know the other person, you can use such a stereotype to characterize them.

The accuracy is very high!

Due to the strict disciple selection criteria of Divine Nu Ying, the number of disciples is not very large.

Moreover, the Nu Ying faction is quite unique, with over 80% of its believers being female.

Therefore, when you are lucky enough to see a male Nu Ying believer, your stereotype accuracy will be infinitely heightened!

"Whew~"

The Landing Mirror silently took shape, and Lu Ran stepped in, setting foot on the edge of the cliff, looking towards the deeper part of Soul-locking Mountain.

Nu Ying disciples... Hmm, better get to know them well.

Hopefully, this filthy Holy Spirit Mountain hasn't tainted your pure and noble spirit.

Don't let me down.

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Chapter 773: Long Xiang!

kilometers away, amidst the rugged mountain roads.

In the misty cold fog, a group was fleeing southward desperately.

Though these nineteen people were in a miserable state, strangely enough, they did not show fear. Instead, they were filled with battle spirit!

When there are Red Cloth Believers in a team, it's indeed difficult to be afraid or retreat.

The Red Cloth Divine Skill is meant to enhance the fighting spirit.

There have always been Red Cloths who die in battle, but no cowards who cower!

It's just that the leader of the team was rational, so he led everyone to retreat quickly.

"Hurry, don't linger in battle, quick!" At the rear of the team was a middle-aged man wearing silver armor, appearing to be in his mid-forties.

He held a single blade in his right hand and suddenly gripped the blade with his left, slashing it hard.

"Sss..."

Blood flowed from the man's palm, smeared onto the blade, as he looked fiercely at the pursuing Evil Demons behind him and quickly swept the single blade.

A blood-red arc shot from the blood-stained blade, slashing towards the rear.

"Hall Master Yue! Ahead..."

"Prison Sky Demons! Many Prison Sky Demons are coming!"

"Ah?" The face of the silver-armored man changed.

Being relentlessly pursued by the Soul Splitting Bulls and Soul Hooking Horses was enough, and now Prison Sky Demons were attacking from the front?

"Heavenly Prison Chains! Be careful!"

"Dodge, don't get entangled..."

"Bull One and Bull Two, take orders!" the silver-armored man shouted sternly, "Divine Bull Descend from Heaven, charge through for me!"

"But Hall Master Yue..."

"Execute the order!" Yue Yi shouted loudly, directly interrupting their words.

He knew well enough, he shouldn't use this Skill, causing a bigger commotion?

But now, they were surrounded on all sides; if they didn't charge out, the brothers' lives would be forfeited here.

He could die, but none of the eighteen brothers he brought out should be lost!

Besides, the temporary shelter was right ahead; the underground tunnels branched in all directions, prepared just for such situations.

As long as they could reach the foot of the mountain, the brothers would survive!

"Mooo~~~"

"Mooo!" Two bull roars resounded in the sky.

It wasn't the Ox Believers doing it deliberately, but the inherent loud cry when casting Divine Technique-Divine Bull Descend from Heaven.

Two enormous Divine Bull phantoms landed on two robust men ahead.

The Divine Bulls stood over ten meters high, with bodies almost twenty meters long.

Though phantoms, they emitted terrifying Divine Power ripples, accompanied by an unparalleled impact.

The Divine Bull Descend from Heaven was undoubtedly strong, but it also had a huge flaw.

First, it extremely consumed Divine Power, and once this method was activated, it could not be stopped until the caster's Divine Power and physical strength were exhausted.

"Roar!"

The Prison Sky Demons roared angrily as the chains they swung were shattered by the Divine Bull phantoms.

Even the typically over three-meter-tall Prison Sky Demons became little dwarfs before the Divine Bull phantoms, being violently thrown off.

"Mooo!!"

From behind, violent bull roars also echoed simultaneously from the left and right.

The arch-enemies of the Evil Demon·Soul-splitting Demon Clan were indeed the Ox clan!

Their meeting stoked their wrath to red-eyed fury!

Accompanied by a booming commotion, the ground vibrated as a sizeable herd of black bulls charged fiercely from behind, roaring as they advanced.

Soul-splitting Evil Technique·Soul Splitting Array!



Yue Yi bit his teeth tightly: "Charge! Charge out..."

Before finishing, joyful cries echoed: "The Valley Master is here!"

"Wang Valley Master is here!"

Yue Yi's complexion brightened as he hastily turned his head to look.

He saw a heroic female general holding a single blade, her whole figure like a spear descending from the sky, stabbing into the ground heavily.

She wielded her blade, shattering the flying chains. Her resolute words spilled from her red lips:

"Speed up the breakout! After taking the brothers into the underground tunnels, collapse the mountain directly and bury the entrance."

Yue Yi's complexion changed, halting his steps, eyes fixed on the young woman's back: "Longxiang..."

"Execute the order!" commanded the young woman named Wang Longxiang in a deep voice.

A moment ago, Hall Master Yue Yi had forcibly interrupted his brothers.

At this moment, the young leader of a sect, with the same words, commanded Hall Master Yue.

"Uncle Yue, take the brothers and vanish quickly, don't bring the battle to the main base." Wang Longxiang's tone softened slightly as she addressed, changing the appellation.

Speaking, she held the blade with both hands and stabbed it fiercely into the earth beneath her.

"Boom!"

"Boom..." Giant bronze barriers rose from the ground, engraved with numerous figures.

However, these faces were blurred, only showing that they wore armor, akin to a group of soldiers?

Nu Ying Divine Technique·Heroic Soul Wall!

Three large bronze barriers formed a fan shape, standing firm in front of the female general.

It was evident that she was determined to halt the battle here.

Or rather, she intended to draw the entire Evil Demon army to this spot.

"Longxiang, return safely!" Yue Yi, staring at the regal figure of the female general, bit his teeth hard and turned to follow the unit ahead.

Wang Longxiang tilted her head slightly, gazing behind using her peripheral vision.

Yet, with the surging gusts, her long ponytail fluttered sideways, covering her profile and blocking her eyes.

"Mm." Wang Longxiang responded softly, suddenly biting the airborne ponytail in front of her mouth.

Her sharp gaze swept over the rampaging Evil Demon army, her heart surged with fighting spirit!

Wang Longxiang,

Valley Master of Longxiang Valley.

And the only Sea Realm Great Power within the valley.

Her combat prowess was beyond ordinary imagination, but the problem was that Soul-locking Mountain was an extremely perilous place!

The current area was the border of three Evil Demon Base Camps, albeit marginally. The Evil Demons here generally weren't high in power or realm.

Longxiang Valley's sect had survived in this crevice, barely achieving peace for a night.

No matter how marginal this area was, as long as the uproar was loud enough, it ultimately would attract Sea Realm Great Demons...

Wang Longxiang indeed was formidable as the vast Yangyang Sea, yet alone, how long could she withstand?

"Bang! Bang!"

"Rumble..."

A herd of black bulls charged forward, crashing heavily against the bronze barriers.

The portraits on the Heroic Soul Wall seemed to come to life, their bodies radiating a bronze glow, reinforcing the barriers and blocking the enemy.

At the same time, bronze barriers rose one by one from the ground.

The earth rumbled and trembled as the originally fan-shaped barriers gradually formed a circle.

Seamless, giving the enemy not the slightest chance.

"Clatter~"

Chains appeared out of thin air, binding around Wang Longxiang's neck, arms, and legs, pulling her outward with all their might.

As if to tear her apart!

"Crack!!"

Wang Longxiang fiercely struggled, and the chains around her body shattered.

How could the chains of River Grade hold a Sea Realm Great Heroine?

In her hand, a Blood Crystal Divine Weapon Blade swung out waves of blood moons, slicing through the dense chains.

Suddenly, she held the blade in her right hand, gripping the slender blade with her left hand.

"Sss..."

In the moment Wang Longxiang dismissed the Water Flow Armor, her palm gripped the blade tightly and ruthlessly slashed.

Blood gushed from her palm.

She swiftly raised her left hand, a torrent of blood surged forth, merging with Divine Power, spreading a dense blood mist.

Spraying the land within the borders of the Heroic Soul Wall.

Heroine Divine Technique·Crimson Blood Land!

Using the blood of a Heroine disciple, she activated the Divine Technique, painting a land.

Wherever the blood spread, it marked the territory guarded by the Heroine. Anyone daring to step into this realm would suffer the pain of blades piercing their heart.

This pain was phantom, rather than actual physical harm.

But it was enough to terrify the vile.

"Ah! Ahhh!"

"Hiss..." The piercing screams mostly came from the Prison Sky Demon Clan.

Because the Soul Splitting Bulls and Soul Hooking Horses, these beastly evil demons, were still frantically attacking the barriers, roaring in fury.

The Prison Sky Demon Clan's minds were slightly more advanced.

They didn't crash against the Heroic Soul Wall but directly unleashed big moves outside, or threw chains that hooked onto the upper edge of the bronze barriers and leapt inside.

As the Prison Sky Demon Clan stepped onto the blood-drenched land, they naturally cried out in pain.

"Goodness!"

On the cliff several kilometers away, Lu Ran had just stepped out of the Landing Mirror when he witnessed this heroic scene.

For a moment, he thought he was seeing the Divine-Heroine herself!

Just like that!

The last time Lu Ran thought he saw a God Demon was when he saw Bai Yanhui, feeling he was the true caster.

And now, that woman surrounded by endless evil demons...

Her posture was tall and straight, clad in black armor with a red ribbon tied on her head, standing proudly in the midst of the battlefield.

Her sword-like brows were prominent; she held her head high, exuding an intense aura of valiance from head to toe.

Just one glance filled Lu Ran with excitement and fervor!

Wang Longxiang, oh Wang Longxiang...

You're becoming more and more like the Divine-Heroine!

Indeed, Lu Ran knew her!

After two years, she appeared more mature, with a qualitative leap in aura and temperament.

It was clear she had been intensely tempered by the Holy Spirit Mountain.

"The ninth Heavenly Pride·Wang Longxiang?" Deng Yuxiang squinted, trying hard to see the woman's features more clearly.

"Yes, it's her!" Lu Ran remarked in admiration, "We met backstage at the award ceremony before.

She was quite polite to me, saying she wanted to learn some sword skills from me."

Deng Yuxiang: "..."

Is it possible that it wasn't just politeness?

Why belittle your own sword skills?

"You all stay here, I'm going to scare her a bit..." Yet, as the words fell, Lu Ran didn't move.

Wang Longxiang unleashed her full power!

Chains wrapped around her couldn't stop her from kneeling down on one knee.

Her fingers spread wide, and both hands pressed against the blood-soaked earth.

"Rumble!!"

A phantom tombstone rose from the ground, with a phantom grave enveloping her within.

Countless phantom weapons flew out from the grave, densely packed, making one's heart tremble in fear.

Blades and swords behead!

Spears and halberds pierce the heart!

Arrows shuttling around, stabbing straight into the eyes of the evil demons.

Heroine Clan's River Realm Technique·Hundred Thousand Martial Graves!

Lu Ran watched the heroic female general in black armor and a red ribbon within the blood-laden territory, and couldn't help but remark:

"Indeed, the best are always offered up to the country."

This wasn't just about Wang Longxiang alone, but about the entire Heroine Clan.

It's rare to see Heroine disciples in ordinary society.

Because once a student worshipped Lady Heroine at the God Worship Platform, you wouldn't need to graduate high school before the military would directly come to recruit you for military academy training.

The Divine·Heroine's standards for disciples are high; she seeks natural leaders, those who are courageous and full of unwavering loyalty!

For the Da Xia military, this is already a form of selection.

And indeed, Heroine believers have lived up to this "stereotype."

The world is grateful to teams like the Divine People Bureau·Moon Gazers, whereas far from the public eye, deep in the Demon Cave...



Heroine disciples,

have always stood at the forefront of resisting the Evil Demon Clan's invasion!

Da Xia is never stingy with its gratitude and praise for this special group, even writing official poems for Heroine disciples:

Black armor and red ribbon tread through smoke and fire, broken blades laid across the abyss of phantoms.

A hundred thousand heroic souls howl with the flag, crimson blood painted across the land redeems the human world.

Chapter 774: Dragon Beneath the Feet, Python Within the Blade

"So fierce!" Lu Ran gazed into the distance, full of admiration.

At this moment, the massive copper barrier had vanished without a trace, and the maiden warrior faced the evil demons head-on, yet remained fearless!

Blades and swords, guns and halberds.

And arrows shuttling across the sky.

The sound of blades piercing flesh, the whooshing of arrows, the sound of chains breaking, and the shrill cries of evil demons together wove a symphony of the battlefield.

Lu Ran was filled with passion!

No wonder it was a great move from Nu Ying's order, what a magnificent "Ten Thousand Arms Grave"!

The black-armored female warrior, kneeling on the blood-red earth, held a ponytail in her mouth, and the long red ribbon fluttered in the wind.

Black and red, indeed a perfect match!

"The Sea Realm Great Demon has arrived." Deng Yuxiang sensed the unusual situation.

Chains had been appearing densely on the battlefield all along, clearly the ultimate move of the Prison Sky Demon clan — "Prison Sky Hand".

The momentum was indeed intimidating, but amidst the endless shifting weapons, the chains were almost instantly shattered.

At this moment, an anomaly arose!

The subsequent chains that appeared seemed to have elevated in quality and their number suddenly increased.

There was no doubt that Sea Realm Prison Sky Demons were mixed among the evil demons' ranks.

The Prison Sky Demon clan generally stood three meters tall, and people couldn't judge the clan's prowess by their physique, so they had to recognize their evil techniques and observe their physical qualities...

"Uh." Within the Arms Grave, Wang Longxiang suddenly staggered.

A chain wrapped around her waist, followed by a tremendous force!

If not for enough arms to smash the chain, she might have been dragged out of the Arms Grave by the Prison Sky Demon, right into the evil demon camp.

"Bang!"

Wang Longxiang still pressed one hand on the ground, freeing up a hand to hold the Divine Weapon Blade, turning her head to look.

The blood-stained ground was piled high with evil demon corpses, yet more evil demons charged madly at the Arms Grave.

In this brutal battlefield, Wang Longxiang spotted the most unusual Prison Sky Demon within the evil demon army with a single glance!

He was roaring, seeming to issue commands rather than wailing.

His expression was vicious, eyes red as blood, far more ferocious than the rest of his clan.

"Roar!"

The Prison Sky Demon, with eight massive hands, each holding a chain, fiercely swung forward.

Black flames burned on each chain, even piercing through the flesh and blood of numerous same-race members, yet continued relentlessly towards Wang Longxiang.

Utterly domineering!

Wang Longxiang's expression wasn't looking good.

The "Ten Thousand Arms Grave" was the foundation of her survival amidst thousands of armies!

Once dragged away, the big move would vanish, and she would be engulfed in the evil demon army like a tide.

The Yangyang Sea, wasn't afraid of the River Realm evil demons.

Under the God-Demon System, the idea of "many ants killing an elephant" was unlikely to occur.

Wang Longxiang's real concern was the Sea Realm Great Demon hidden among the enemy ranks!

An equal-level presence could completely shatter Wang Longxiang's defense armor, and once defenseless...

Many ants could indeed kill an elephant!

Should she leave?

Wang Longxiang's gaze flickered, had Master Yue led the brothers into the shelter?

It seemed she hadn't heard the sound of the mountain collapsing, she had given the order for the brothers to collapse the mountain once entering the underground tunnel.

"Clang!"

Wang Longxiang wielded the blade single-handedly, fiercely sweeping away the oncoming Prison Sky Chains.

Eight full chains crossed the chaotic battlefield, and three of them reached her.

With ample experience, Wang Longxiang didn't use the blade to cut, but the blade's flat side to slap.

If she swung to chop, she could only sever segments of chains, while subsequent chains would continue to thrust at her.

She knocked the chains away and changed their direction, that was the right path!

"Crashing! Crashing..."

She disregarded the chains coiling around her, and let the phantom arms slash the invading Soul Splitting Bull and Soul Hooking Horse.

In her eyes, there was only the life that was her equivalent.

"Whirr~"

The burning chains were forcefully swayed away by her.

Embers scattered, landing on her, causing her delicate body to shiver!

The Evil Technique·Prison Heaven Fire was burning her Divine Power.

Even roasting her soul!

Fortunately, the embers were drifting down, away from the chains, unable to burn for long.

"Hmm?" Wang Longxiang frowned slightly.

The three chains pushed away stopped their momentum abruptly, and suddenly hovered, sweeping towards her again.

"Clang! Clang..."

Numerous arms flashed wildly, blocking two of the chains, but one chain skimmed the blood-stained ground, aiming at her ankle.

Wang Longxiang turned her Tang Blade horizontally, about to move, when her beautiful eyes suddenly fixed.

Another Tang Blade appeared out of nowhere, stabbing straight into the ground.

Blocked the chain sweeping along the ground, letting the links coil around the blade one loop after another.

Who is helping me?

The sudden assistance surprised Wang Longxiang.

Abruptly, the chain coiled around the blade slackened.

Wang Longxiang immediately realized something, sharply turning to look, just in time to witness the demise of the Sea Realm Great Demon!

The Prison Sky Demon, as tall as a small mountain, had been slashed diagonally in half by someone?!

A long sword trace cut from the Prison Sky Demon's right shoulder to the left waist, along with the chains wrapped around, and all the hands reaching backward were completely severed.

What hundred-chain armor, what Prison Sky Hand.

What damn Sea Realm Great Demon!

Slash!!

Destructive, clean and crisp!

"Thud!"

The upper half of the Prison Sky Demon's body slid down, while the lower half toppled forward.

Revealing behind a mysterious straw-hatted man.

"Thank you for the heroic assistance..." Her words trailed off, Wang Longxiang's face froze.

The Sea Realm Great Demon was indeed dead, but the evil demon army remained, the thousands of arms remained!

The mysterious figure clad in a raincoat and wearing a bamboo hat dodged through the forest of knives and rain of swords.

With a sidestep, the chains swept past his back.

With a backward step, the rotating battle axe swept in front of him.

With a tilt of his head, an arrow pierced swiftly under the wide brim of the hat.

This footwork, this reaction, and this unique aura...

Wang Longxiang slightly widened his eyes.

So similar!

Too similar.

Is... is it you?

"Alive?" A familiar young voice echoed from afar.

Wang Longxiang, who always had a solemn expression, had her sharp gaze suddenly change, turning to surprise and joy!

"Lu Ran?" The name slipped from blood-stained lips.

The raincoat-clad youth slightly raised his head, revealing a gentle smile under the wide brim.

Those bright eyes carried a hint of admiration, looking at the woman warrior in black armor, observing the long red sash flowing in the wind behind her head.

"Lu Ran..." Wang Longxiang murmured.

From vigilance to delight, then to disbelief at this moment.

So many emotions were written across that heroic face.

Lu Ran pinched the brim of his bamboo hat with two fingers, slightly nodding in greeting:

"Long time no see."

The gesture echoed the habitual moves of the Big Nightmare, equally graceful.



Each had its own charm.

Wang Longxiang licked the blood on her lips, continuing to unleash her ultimate moves, fully unconcerned Lu Ran would get hurt amid the array.

This filthy mountain,

never treated her gently.

A dignified disciple of Nu Ying needed no sympathy from this world.

Their destiny lay on the battlefield, in the darkest depths of the Demon Cave, or in the meat grinder-like Soul-locking Mountain.

But now, The Pride of Da Xia had suddenly descended.

His gentle smile was as always, intruding into her vision just like that.

The Soul-locking Mountain, shrouded in wet cold gray fog, seemed warmer.

"Let's go, let's leave here." Lu Ran's feet stirred the mist, flying backward into the "Bloody Domain".

He wouldn't feel the phantom pain of countless weapons piercing his heart.

Spirit Defense Techniques kept all false illusions at bay.

"I haven't received the signal, I still have to kill... you go first!" Wang Longxiang came to her senses, shouting loudly.

"Me? Leave?" Lu Ran slid to the illusory weapon grave, catching the flying Dawn Blade.

"Heh." Wang Longxiang chuckled wryly.

Indeed, how could she have said such a thing?

"Then let me help you find the Sea Realm Great Demon." Lu Ran's style suddenly shifted.

As if he became a leaf, swaying among the dense weapons with the wind.

He was no longer the swift Evil Dog.

Rather, he turned into a Peach Garden Disciple, becoming a Martial Artist!

Wang Longxiang's gaze grew a bit dazed.

As a powerful martial artist, she immediately sensed Lu Ran's state had changed, and in the next moment, Wang Longxiang's pupils slightly contracted.

"Roar!!"

The raincoat-clad youth executed a spinning kick, unleashing a golden dragon radiating brilliant light.

This is?

Martial Monk Divine Skill-Cloud-Riding Dragon!

The golden dragon brandished in fury, causing cattle to kowtow and horses to topple in its wake.

"Hiss!!"

Not only was there a dragon's roar, but also a hoarse snake's cry.

The raincoat-clad youth slashed down, and a white-scaled python roared out to kill.

In its path, the Prison Sky Demon tribe was shattered to pieces...

On the blood-stained domain, dragon and python intertwined.

The raincoat-clad youth flickered everywhere, with golden dragon emerging from his feet, white python from his blade.

"Boom!!"

In the distance, the sound of a mountain collapse finally echoed.

In Wang Longxiang's ears, it sounded more like the intense trembling of her heart.

"Is this the signal, Heavenly Pride Wang?"

"Yes."

"Then let's go." Lu Ran directly flickered into the grave, one hand grasping an Ancient Bronze Mirror.

Wang Longxiang turned her head, watching as a Landing Mirror swiftly formed before Lu Ran's grip.

"Let's go!" Lu Ran grabbed her wrist, pulling her into the mirror.

"Whew~"

The Landing Mirror quietly dissipated.

Wang Longxiang steadied herself, hearing roars from the distant below.

She realized she had arrived at a cliff outside the battle group, and in her sight, there was a woman wearing a green straw hat.

"I have long admired you, Heavenly Pride Wang." Deng Yuxiang pinched the brim of her bamboo hat with two fingers, nodding gently in greeting.

"Hello." Wang Longxiang could sense, this woman, wearing a matching outfit with Lu Ran, possessed strength and realm higher than herself!

"What's going on?" Lu Ran stepped on the edge of the cliff, gazing at the far battlefield, "Even with simple minds, Niu and Ma should know fear."

Deng Yuxiang speculated, "There should be a Sea Realm Great Demon hidden in the rear, forcefully commanding."

The hierarchy suppression not only affected the human clan; the level system within the Evil Demon Camp was even more stringent.

"Hmm..." Lu Ran looked at the incredibly chaotic battlefield.

Without the weapon grave, the humans as common targets, the various demon factions would inevitably clash, self-slaughter seemed unavoidable.

Lu Ran certainly welcomed this sight.

He could feast off it!

## Chapter 775: I Am Not Alone on This Path

"Lu Tianjiao..."

"Call me Lu Ran." Lu Ran stood at the edge of the cliff, gazing at the distant battlefield, "Should I call you Longxiang?"

Actually, the two were not familiar.

They knew each other's famous names and had seen each other's enchanting presence on the fifteenth night, but until now, it was only their second meeting.

Even so, meeting someone with the same Da Xia's genius title in a place like Holy Spirit Mountain already felt like "meeting an old friend in a distant land."

"Alright, Lu Ran." Wang Longxiang looked at the back of the youth in the straw raincoat, "Your Divine Technique and Evil Technique..."

"I stole some power from the God Demon."

"Stole some power?"

"Yeah." Lu Ran turned his head, looking at the female general behind him, whose eyes were filled with astonishment, his lips subtly curved.

This appearance and aura, truly too "Nu Ying-like."

Watching, Lu Ran felt a bit as though he were in a daze.

Deng Yuxiang saw Lu Ran momentarily lost, snorting coldly in her heart.

She immediately spoke up, changing the subject: "Wang Tianjiao, our scout saw a squad with a male Nu Ying disciple leading it."

"Yes, that's Yue Hall Master from my Longxiang Valley, he's already led the team into the sanctuary."  
Wang Longxiang returned to his senses.

Lu Ran also came back: "I originally wanted to make the acquaintance of this male Nu Ying disciple, but unexpectedly, I met you instead."

"He's called Yue Yi, a loyal and righteous person."

"You're not bad either, staying here in the rear." Lu Ran looked back towards the battlefield, opening a pair of Pupil of the Dead World, "How long have you been in the mountain?"

Wang Longxiang was silent for a moment, lightly sighing: "I can't remember, perhaps... a long, long time."

Lu Ran said: "How long could it possibly be? We met at the award ceremony, remember?"

"I entered Holy Spirit Mountain the day after the award ceremony."

"Huh?" Lu Ran was shocked.

His mountain entry time was early enough, he arrived on the nineteenth of the first lunar month in 2020.

Turns out this grand Nu Ying entered the mountain around New Year's Eve?

Deng Yuxiang: "It is now early December in 2021."

"2021, December." Wang Longxiang slowly raised her head, looking at the gray fog enveloping the mountains, "Not even two years?"

But why does it feel like,

I have already gone through several cycles of reincarnation?

Wang Longxiang silently grasped the Blood Crystal knife, if it hadn't become a Divine Weapon, it would have been chipped and shattered amid endless slaughter.

"Wang Tianjiao is very excellent." Deng Yuxiang rarely recognized others, "She is already Middle Sea Realm."

Recognition is one thing, but there's more confusion.

The infamous He Qifeng is a First-class God's disciple, grinding Dao Heart with the grandeur of Forbidden City, yet he is only Sea Realm-Third Rank!

This heroine can actually rival the second genius?

"I don't deserve it." Wang Longxiang wasn't being modest, she felt this unfamiliar woman in the straw raincoat should be her peer.

Evidently, the straw raincoat woman is High-level Sea Realm!

In front of such Great Power, Wang Longxiang indeed had nothing to be proud of.

She was merely puzzled why this dragon amongst humans wasn't selected for "Heavenly Pride?"

"Sea Realm Third Rank!" Lu Ran clicked his tongue in wonder, teasing, "Indeed amazing, does Soul-locking Mountain train people like that?"

Soul-locking Mountain?

Truly a fitting name.

Wang Longxiang laughed freely: "The closer to Evil Nest, the more the energy is abundant. My Longxiang Valley is situated at the junction of three Evil Nests."

Lu Ran: "..."

No wonder you became a Nu Ying disciple!

Even more reckless than me?!

Deng Yuxiang pondered: "Advancing in such a place, it must be very dangerous, right?"

Wang Longxiang shook her head: "Evil Demons are no match for the Human Clan, with limited intelligence."

If it were Human Clan compatriots, in the wilds, discovering a fog-shrouded location, they'd dig three feet deep to find it!

But in Soul-locking Mountain?

As long as you dig deeply enough and hide well.

From the sky, white fog shrouds a region, the various Evil Demon races gathered on the surface, slaughtering each other.



Wang Longxiang explained a few sentences, hearing Deng Yuxiang silently nod and sighed:

"Indeed, Evil Demons are not as cruel as humans."

As Deng Yuxiang sighed, Lu Ran concealed his presence, flew a lap in the sky.

All kinds of creatures, and furious Prison Sky Demons, all taken into his pupils.

Really made Lu Ran enjoy it~

Watching Lu Ran disappear and reappear, Wang Longxiang's emotions surged.

He said...he stole some power from the God Demon?

Said so casually.

Just like the techniques he displayed, seemed commonplace.

"So, you're stationed in Soul-locking Mountain for power?" Lu Ran took his place at the cliff edge, asking.

Wang Longxiang shook her head again: "I came to this place the day I entered the mountain."

"Huh?" Lu Ran's heart was instantly shocked, "At that time, you were only Early-stage River Realm?"

Thinking of Wang Longxiang's predicament, and his own and Deng Yuxiang's entry, where Lord Immortal Sheep transported them to a peaceful cliff...

I really cried to death!

"Uncle Yue...Yue Yi saved me." Wang Longxiang projected her gaze into the distance towards Longxiang Valley, "Afterwards, I stayed here."

"Two years, you haven't been out?" Lu Ran turned, facing the black armor and red silk female general.

"I've seen a bit of the world outside the mountain." Wang Longxiang still gazes towards the south.

Though she had only been out once or twice and hadn't stayed long outside, it sufficed her to understand the true essence of Holy Spirit Mountain.

Soul-locking Mountain,

Year-round gray fog, dreary cold and damp, like a sinister ghost land.

But better than the sunlit world outside.

"Why don't you move outside?" Lu Ran asked in confusion, "It's so dark...dangerous here?"

Wang Longxiang looked at Lu Ran: "There are always people like me thrown into this world, if no one comes to meet and protect them, they might not survive."

When someone dies in Soul-locking Mountain, waiting for them is extreme torture!

The demonic tribes in the mountains, every single one of them, are masters in torturing dead souls.

Wang Longxiang continued, "Yue Yi mentioned that when we were in the Human World, our Nu Ying sect stationed ourselves in the deepest part of the Demon Cave, fighting on the front lines.

Therefore, within this Holy Spirit Mountain, our Nu Ying sect is stationed in this Grey Fog Mountain."

The Grey Fog Mountain she mentioned is what Lu Ran referred to as the Soul-locking Mountain.

"Brother Yue is indeed noble, worthy of being a male disciple of Nu Ying!" Lu Ran remarked.

Wang Longxiang: "..."

I call him Uncle Yue, and you call him Brother Yue?

You little rascal...

The valiant female general shook her head with a smile, not taking these matters too seriously, and continued, "Moreover, our Longxiang Valley has few strong individuals, and it's hard to survive in the world outside the mountains."

"I can help you with that," Lu Ran suddenly offered.

"Hm?" Wang Longxiang was somewhat surprised.

"Do you know the Pear Garden Sect? It's the closest major sect to the Soul-locking Mountain, about five to six hundred kilometers away in a straight line."

Wang Longxiang shook her head, she had never gone that far.

Lu Ran said, "It's the gathering place of the Wusheng Sect."

"So?"

"I've taken over the Pear Garden Sect."

"Taken over?" Wang Longxiang was a bit shocked.

What do you mean taken over?

Lu Ran shrugged, mimicking her, "The sect master of the Pear Garden Sect is under my command."

Wang Longxiang looked at Lu Ran in a daze.

She didn't know what the Pear Garden Sect was, but she believed Lu Ran wouldn't lie to her.

A sect created by a first-class Divine disciple, its sect master must be at least at the peak of Sea Realm...

Possibly even higher!

"Under your command," Wang Longxiang murmured.

Lu Ran pictured Wu Xiao's face, nodded with a smile, "Yes, he said his life is worthless; if it's not valued, he might as well give it to me."

Wang Longxiang: ?

Do you hear yourself?

Does this make any sense?

"I ordered him to build an ancient city at the foot of the Pear Garden Sect Mountain to receive refugees and protect all beings." Lu Ran looked directly at Wang Longxiang.

The female general in black armor and red silk had eyes that sparkled slightly.

Enchanting.

Lu Ran could understand her gaze, nodding, "Yes, we have the same history, the same goals.

And it's not just the two of us, do you remember He Qifeng?"

"Qifeng is also in the mountains?"

"She is at the very center of the Holy Spirit Mountain's territory. She has also built an ancient city, rectifying the atmosphere of the Holy Spirit Mountain and protecting the Weak God Disciples."

Wang Longxiang clenched the Blood Crystal Knife, her beautiful eyes growing even more heated.

Lu Ran smiled at the red silk female general, sensing a burning heart in her eyes.

He said softly, "Am I not alone on this path?"

Wang Longxiang was silent for a while, then said softly, "I dare not say so, you two have done much better than me."

Lu Ran turned to look at the still chaotic battlefield, listening to the faint roars, "You humble yourself, you had it harder than us.

You built a sanctuary amidst the encirclement of numerous Evil Nests, in the cracks."

With those words, Lu Ran's figure disappeared again.

Wang Longxiang watched the direction Lu Ran had vanished, her mind full of questions increasingly hard to suppress.

Beside her came the voice of Deng Yuxiang: "He Qifeng is now also under Lu Ran's command."

Wang Longxiang was startled, turning her head to look at the woman in the straw raincoat.

Would someone like He Qifeng submit to others?

Her heart, with a desire to be the best, was almost pathological...

Deng Yuxiang threw another bombshell: "Xue Fengchen, Xue Tianjiao, is now also one of Lu Ran's Divine Generals."

"Fenger, huh?" Wang Longxiang heard another familiar name, then looked at the woman in the straw raincoat, "Are you also under his command?"

Deng Yuxiang laughed, "I'm the most loyal one."

"Ha." Suddenly, a cold snort came.

It seemed there was a differing opinion?

Wang Longxiang turned her head to see another woman in a straw raincoat standing by the tree not far away.

So this isn't a couple's outfit, but a uniform?

Deng Yuxiang raised her eyebrows slightly, "What?"

Yan Shuangzi slightly tilted her head, indicating to the north, "A group of Netherworld Horns are coming, they're in a phantom form. You go disperse them."

Evil Demon·Netherworld Horn?

Another soul-torturing Evil Demon race.

"Alright." Deng Yuxiang immediately took a long step forward.

But after only two steps, she suddenly stopped, slightly turned her head, and looked back at the red silk female general with her peripheral vision:

"In the future, you will be too."

Leaving that sentence, Deng Yuxiang floated away, and Yan Shuangzi by the tree disappeared along with her.

"Where is everyone?" Lu Ran appeared again at the edge of the cliff, looking at the lonely standing female general.

Wang Longxiang looked at Lu Ran with blazing eyes, finally asking, "The Divine and Demon power you stole..."

Lu Ran sighed secretly.

It wasn't that he was troubled by using words, but that the Divine·Nu Ying was very special!

Lord Nu Ying is a rare divine being in the world with no arch-nemesis!

In other words, Lu Ran couldn't find a substitute for Wang Longxiang in the Evil God's sequence.

He had already decided to bring Wang Longxiang under his command, but the issue arose that the Divine Sculpture of Nu Ying in the Sculpture Garden can only be cultivated with Holy Spirit Energy.

A bit troublesome.

#### Chapter 776: Another Divine General Added

Evil Demon·Netherworld Horn, appears as a large black horn, often presenting itself in a phantom-like form.

This clan's evil technique is exceedingly sinister!

It can attack the target's soul, causing body explosions, driving beings to madness and mutual slaughter, among other effects.

The most despicable and feared aspect is the Netherworld Horn's ability to bind souls!

Every time the Netherworld Horn sounds, the souls imprisoned within it suffer brutal torture, yearning to dissolve away under the agony of the sonic assault.

The sworn enemy of the Netherworld Horn clan is the Divine·War Horn.

Jing Hong, the Hall Master of Demon Control, is a War Horn believer, and compared to the Netherworld Horn, her War Horn Divine Skill is much more positive.

Fortunately, the Netherworld Horn is a item-class evil demon, lacking intelligence, often manifesting in a phantom state, with extremely apparent strengths and weaknesses!

This voidification trait means immunity to physical attacks.

But it also discards defense, dissipating under intense fluctuations of divine power.



Deng Yuxiang easily resolved a group of Netherworld Horns; she merely waved her hand, and after a gust of wind, the forest was pristine.

"Why did you just snort coldly?"

Deng Yuxiang raised the ancient copper coin on her wrist to bind Lu Ran's soul.

Yan Shuangzi didn't respond; she likewise raised a Rebirth Money, guided by the magic artifact fragments, searching for lingering dead souls in the world.

"Hmm?" Deng Yuxiang smirked, looking at her friend.

"I'm going to deliver them." Yan Shuangzi's figure flashed and disappeared.

A Rebirth Money can absorb up to 3 souls, and with 8 Netherworld Horns, a delivery is indeed necessary.

"Heh." Deng Yuxiang couldn't help but chuckle.

This little girl is getting more and more presumptuous; she needs to be taken in hand.

Little Lu Ran... truly skilled.

Yan Shuangzi shattered like that, yet she managed to piece her back together and nurtured her.

Lost in thought, Yan Shuangzi returned, having collected two more Netherworld Horn souls. When the two reached the cliff edge, they happened to see a man and woman standing side by side.

The young man in a cloak remained as low-key as ever.

Standing next to the female general, he looked like a little follower.

Soon, the red scarfed female general turned, excitedly gripped his shoulders, and looked at the cloaked youth with blazing eyes.

Deng Yuxiang nodded silently.

It seems this Ninth Rank on List of Elites in Da Xia will also join Lu Ran's sect.

Yet, this Goddess Sculpture is not easy to cultivate.

Deng Yuxiang frowned slightly, pondering.

Wang Longxiang, being able to claim Ninth Rank on List of Elites as a disciple of Third-class God-Goddess, surely has deep understanding of this and thoroughly masters the ways of their sect.

His personal character, fighting style, system, and other aspects perfectly align with the ways of the Goddess sect.

Deep down, Deng Yuxiang wished for Wang Longxiang to follow Lu Ran at his peak.

But the Holy Spirit Energy collected by Lu Ran still needs to nurture Lie Tian and Jade Talisman Divine Sculptures.

How about...

Deng Yuxiang squinted her eyes, her mind racing.

The next time encountering a ruthless villain, how about forcing them to tear apart their Divine Pact before execution?

When a North Wind disciple turns into a masterless soul, would the North Wind Stone Sculpture in Lu Ran's Sculpture Garden automatically absorb it?

Hmm... it probably would.

Deng Yuxiang recalled previously executing a Neutral Faction·Heavenly Wave Hall Master during the takeover of the Pear Garden Sect.

Before execution, the Heavenly Wave Hall Master had already torn apart his Divine Pact.

Seems like his soul, imbued with the aura of the Wusheng Sect, was absorbed by the Sculpture Garden's Fake God·Martial Artist Stone Sculpture.

"Hmm..." Deng Yuxiang pursed her lips, formulating another plan.

Since that's the case, then before executing criminals, first force them to tear apart their contract, then let the Goddess Stone Sculpture sign a contract with them, and afterward, execute them!

In this way, the dead soul will carry the collected Holy Spirit Energy into the embrace of the Fake God·Goddess Stone Sculpture!

It should work, right?

Similarly, such a method could also be used to cultivate Lie Tian, Jade Talisman, and other stone sculptures.

Deng Yuxiang looked up at Lu Ran.

Based on his character, would he agree to treat the Human Clan in such a way?

Those people are merely demons cloaked in human skin, no amount of cruelty is too much for them.

It's what they deserve!

Deng Yuxiang pondered how to speak with Lu Ran.

Thankfully, Lu Ran is not some saint.

And to achieve great things, one must be decisive and understanding of the bigger picture, not showing pity at times like this.

"Hiss..."

"Roar!!" Distantly, on the battlefield, slaughter continued, the cries faintly reaching their ears.

To Deng Yuxiang, it sounded beautiful.

Because little Lu Ran can savor a grand feast.

...

Evening, Longxiang Valley.

Called a "valley," but actually an underground cavern at the bottom of the gorge.

In the Soul-locking Mountain, Wang Longxiang had to lead everyone underground, where tunnels branched in all directions, with many hidden entrances and exits.

Matters of life and death couldn't be taken lightly.

Lu Ran endured the throbbing of the Soul-splitting Demon Stone Sculpture in his mind and toured the sect under Wang Longxiang's guidance, also meeting the male disciple of the Goddess—Yue Yi.

Yue Yi was born with thick eyebrows and large eyes, quite a dignified appearance; in terms of looks alone, he perfectly fit Lu Ran's stereotypical image of the Goddess sect.

Unfortunately, Yue Yi, over forty years old, was stuck at the River Realm Peak.

This life might be hard to advance further.

Lu Ran also learned that there are 8 Goddess disciples in Longxiang Valley, all female except for Yue Yi.

A ratio quite fitting with the Goddess's disciple gender selection.

There were also over seventy Weak God disciples in the valley, mostly Red Cloth and Industry Bull believers.

After a visit, Lu Ran and company, led by Wang Longxiang, arrived at a stone chamber.

Outside the chamber, Goddess disciples stood guard.

In the room, torches were burning, and across the stone table, Lu Deng and Wang Longxiang sat facing Yue Yi.

Lu Ran sighed, "You are truly remarkable! In such a land, you can still muster a force of over 80 people."

Wang Longxiang shook her head, not accepting the praise.

In the past two years, how many more than eighty people had she seen?

Most of the people thrown in here ended up miserably dead in the mountains, only a few survived.

Lu Ran turned to look at Yue Yi: "Hall Master Yue, your loyalty is commendable! Rooted in Soul-locking Mountain, rescuing our human clan brethren."

Yue Yi cupped his hands and said, "Heavenly Pride of Lu, you flatter me, thank you for your assistance!"

Lu Ran smiled and said, "It's me who should thank you for saving the Pride of Da Xia."

Wang Longxiang and Yue Yi were superior and subordinate, but their relationship in private was more like that of an elder and a junior.

Yue Yi was not only Wang Longxiang's savior but also her mentor in this realm, guiding her to integrate into Holy Spirit Mountain and teaching her all the necessary survival skills.

In private, Wang Longxiang always referred to Yue Yi as "Uncle Yue."

For the past two years, all decisions in the valley were made by Wang Longxiang after consulting with Yue Yi.

At this moment, Wang Longxiang looked towards Yue Yi and said, "Uncle Yue."

"Valley Master?" Yue Yi was a bit puzzled and stopped his pleasantries with Lu Ran.

Wang Longxiang said in a deep voice, "Lu Ran can provide a stable living environment for our disciples in the valley. He has already secured the Wusheng Sect·Pear Garden Sect and built an ancient city at the foot of the mountain..."

Wang Longxiang's account stirred Yue Yi's heart and mind.

Good!

What a Pride of Da Xia, truly worthy of that title!

Just after leading Lu Ran to tour the sect, there were several disciples who had just entered the mountain, excitedly calling out "Ran Shen," as if they were seeing a savior.

Now it seems, it truly is so!

Wang Longxiang gently narrated, "...We might as well send the disciples to Tiangang City for a peaceful life, leaving our eight female disciples to guard Longxiang Valley and search for fellow countrymen thrown into the mountains.

This way, the brothers will suffer less, and we will have more mobility."

"Hmm..." Yue Yi pondered for a moment, turned to Lu Ran, "To secure Pear Garden Sect, truly a masterful strategy, Heavenly Pride Lu!"

"Has Hall Master Yue heard of Pear Garden Sect?"

"Heard of it, but dare not approach." Yue Yi shook his head, "Many years ago, I also went out to investigate, and encountered Ash disciples by the sea, almost losing my life.

The disciples of Second-class Gods are like this, how could I dare to approach Pear Garden Sect."

Deng Yuxiang suddenly spoke, "Jingxian Island?"

"Yes!" Yue Yi's face grew serious, "They burn, kill, and loot, it's simply irrational! They should have been the soldiers guarding the coast of Da Xia, but after entering Holy Spirit Mountain, they all became..."

"It's changed now." Deng Yuxiang suddenly said.

"Ah?"

"Changed?" Wang Longxiang and Yue Yi both looked over.

Deng Yuxiang tilted his head, indicating Lu Ran beside him, "Jingxian Sect has also been integrated by Lu Ran."

"Oh?"

"Integrated!" Although Yue Yi was only at the River Realm, he was staring intently at Lu Ran, his eyes extremely fervent.

Yeah!

The Pride of Da Xia, capable of taking over a First-class God sect, how could he not take over a Second-class Divine sect?

Lu Ran: "..."

He transmitted telepathically: [Sis, I just realized today, you're even more cunning than I am?]

Deng Yuxiang, not understanding Lu Ran's slang, replied confusedly: [Cunning?]

[No matter.] Lu Ran looked at the two and nodded slightly, "Jingxian Sect now also belongs to Ran Sect, its sect leader is under my command as a Divine General.



I have already reformed the atmosphere of Jingxian Sect; this sect is also taking in refugees, sheltering weak god disciples entering the mountain."

The calm words once again stirred Yue Yi's heart and mind.

"Hand over the brothers in the valley to me, you can rest assured." Lu Ran brought the topic back, "They can live peacefully, and you can let go of part of the protective burden.

If Longxiang insists on guarding Soul-locking Mountain, I will also provide you support..."

Lu Ran turned to Wang Longxiang, "Let me first equip each of your female disciples with a Black Fire Warhorse, how about that?"

As he spoke, a word popped into Lu Ran's mind—Longxiang Eight Riders!

Wang Longxiang's heart was moved!

The Black Fire Colt tribe?

The Black Fire Wall can serve as a barrier, the Black Fire Ring can topple enemies, the Black Fire Charge like a wild rush, can break through heavy encirclement.

A firewalking technique can even soar into the sky.

The most enticing of the Evil Techniques, Black Fire Burning Body, can even comprehensively enhance the rider's physical attributes!

In this Soul-locking Mountain, having a loyal and gallant Black Fire Colt would surely elevate the female disciples' chances of survival and combat power!

Yue Yi was equally exhilarated!

He didn't know how Lu Ran managed to tame the Evil Demon-Black Fire Colt, but he was willing to believe in the Pride of Da Xia.

"I will also dispatch a medical team over..."

"Lu Ran." Wang Longxiang suddenly spoke.

Lu Ran stopped speaking, looking at the brave and imposing face of the woman illuminated by the flickering firelight.

"Thank you." Wang Longxiang's eyes were earnest, speaking each word with sincerity.

"Hehe." Lu Ran chuckled and said, "The Ran Sect I have established has eight Divine General seats, now there are three left..."

Wang Longxiang suddenly stood up.

Lu Ran looked up, seeing the female general wearing black armor and a red headband kneel solemnly on one knee:

"May Longxiang occupy one seat?"

Lu Ran immediately stood up and supported her arms: "Of course!"

You are not only a Divine General!

In the future, you will also be a Divine Sculpture under my command.

The title of Heavenly Pride may be illusory, but Wang Longxiang's deeds are solid!

The steadfast guardianship over the past two years, filled with blood and tears, is Wang Longxiang's most glorious resume.

The position of Divine General,

you, Wang Longxiang, are more qualified than anyone!

...

At the beginning of the month! Brothers, please lend your support with a monthly vote!

Chapter 777: An Auspicious Draw?

Three days later, Soul-locking Mountain.

On the mist-covered cliff, a man and a woman stood silently, saying nothing.

Wang Longxiang gazed at the peaks shrouded in cold fog, a trace of sorrow rising in his heart.

She knew that Lu Ran was about to leave.

He was the Master of Ran Sect, with ambitions to conquer the entire Holy Spirit Continent, and even pierce through the Cloud Sea that ruled over all beings and sweep away the dust within it.

How could he linger within this small Soul-locking Mountain?

"Phew~"

A chilly wind blew by, bringing with it the damp, cold mist.

Wang Longxiang raised her hand and tucked a strand of disheveled long hair behind her ear.

The noble disciple of Nu Ying, she ought not to crave a moment of peace.

The Nu Ying sect, born to honor!

To battle on the battlefield all her life, wrapped in a horsehide shroud, that's the fate of a Nu Ying disciple.

It's just...

Wang Longxiang slightly turned her head to look at the young man in straw raincoat beside her.

His eyes remained bright, utterly out of place with the gloomy Soul-locking Mountain.

Peace and tranquility,

seemed not so bad after all.

Long ago, Wang Longxiang was the reliance of all, with expectant eyes on her, and lives of companions on her shoulders.

Since Lu Ran arrived here, everything changed.

Wang Longxiang discovered that she too had someone to rely on, and this perilous Soul-locking Mountain didn't seem as frightening anymore.

Unfortunately, he was about to leave.

"I will awaken the Divine Sculpture of Nu Ying as soon as possible and return to sign the Inheritance Contract with you," Lu Ran spoke softly.

Of course, he sensed the gaze of the red-robed female general.

In just three days of contact, this eminent Sea Realm Nu Ying had undergone some changes.

She was once like a child struggling alone outside.

Vajra Unbreakable, immune to a hundred poisons.

Until one day, the child returned home or saw their family, that strong outer shell gradually crumbled...

"Longxiang?" Lu Ran called.

"Thank you, Sect Leader." Wang Longxiang snapped back to reality, bowing her head in acknowledgment.

"Yesterday you personally visited Tiangang City and saw the living conditions and atmosphere there firsthand. Your brothers will live well there; you need not worry."

"Yes." Wang Longxiang's expression was filled with gratitude.

Those brothers who followed her and shed blood and tears, now had a peaceful home.

"Your Nu Ying sect is known for its noble virtue, I won't force you to leave, and staying here is very beneficial for your growth as well."

Wang Longxiang's ability to reach Sea Realm-Third Rank was indeed surprising to Lu Ran.

"In a word: This was a height only He Qifeng could achieve!"

Looking at it this way, Wang Longxiang willingly stationed here, dedicating herself to her cause wholeheartedly, and her Dao Heart was polished to an exceptionally brilliant shine by this Soul-locking Mountain!

Of course, Lu Ran had to lend her a helping hand, to escort her safely.

"Stay here, and be sure to stay safe. If there's any need, let me know promptly," Lu Ran said while untying the scabbard at his waist.

Wang Longxiang, like an ancient general, knelt and bowed, her words resonant: "Thank you, Sect Leader, for bestowing the blade!"

Lu Ran: "..."

He held the Silent Night Blade and looked at the red-robed female general, stunned for a while.

A moment later, Lu Ran squatted down and whispered a negotiation: "Um... would it be okay if you just borrowed it? If you want a Divine Weapon, I'll go find one for you."

Wang Longxiang then realized why Lu Ran was hesitant.

She quickly replied, "Yes, just borrowing! Longxiang does not seek the Sect Leader's Divine Weapon, and the Sect Leader has already gifted us the Divine Weapon Halberd."

In the past, the Divine Weapon Halberd of Jingxian Island's Feng Zhihuan was always left in Niu Zhengzheng's care.

The day before yesterday, Lu Ran brought over that Sky-piercing Halberd and gifted it to Wang Longxiang.

The Nu Ying sect primarily practices sword skills, but they are also proficient with other weapons, and their sect's ultimate technique was the Hundred Thousand Strong Armament Tomb, mastering all sorts of arms including swords, spears, and halberds.

Now that Divine Weapon Halberd was in the hands of Yue Yi.

Making full use of resources.

"Mm-hmm." Lu Ran handed over the blade, "The blade's name is Silent Night, it enjoys quiet, so don't disturb it in ordinary times."

"Understood." Wang Longxiang received the Silent Night Blade with both hands and nodded obediently.

Lu Ran stood up: "Well, I'm off then."

Wang Longxiang abruptly raised her head, her beautiful eyes locking onto Lu Ran.

Lu Ran looked towards the back, where, not far in the forest stood seven Nu Ying disciples and eight Wu Huo steeds.

These were the warhorses Lu Ran gifted to Longxiang's Eight Riders.

And what Dragon's Eight Riders received wasn't just powerful mounts, but a total of eight Ghost Moon Foxes as well!

The Evil Demon Ghost Moon Foxes could foresee danger and also had healing skills.

What's commendable is that the Ghost Moon Fox clan was highly intelligent, able to follow Lu Ran's intentions and cooperate wholeheartedly with Longxiang's Eight Riders!

Such a strong support would also increase the survival rate of Longxiang's Eight Riders.

"Farewell to the Sect Leader!"

Seeing Lu Ran look over, led by Yue Yi, the crowd saluted in unison.

Lu Ran smiled and nodded, a bronze mirror forming by his side."

Wang Longxiang looked at Lu Ran's silhouette and opened her mouth, eventually murmuring softly, "Take care on the journey."

"Mm." By Lu Ran's side, the Landing Mirror took shape, and two women in straw raincoats arrived one after another, immediately stepping out.

Lu Ran turned to look at the red-robed female general: "Wait for me, take care."

"Yes." Wang Longxiang nodded gently, watching Lu Ran step into the mirror.

The Landing Mirror silently shattered.

This Soul-locking Mountain seemed to revert to its sinister form once more.

"Sigh..." Wang Longxiang let out a deep sigh, feeling a void in her heart.

For a long time, Yue Yi stepped forward: "Valley Master."

"Don't call me Valley Master." Wang Longxiang, holding the Silent Night Blade, looked at the nearby riders, "He gave us a name."

A Sea Realm Third Rank General Wang Longxiang.



Three people at the Peak of River Realm, and four at higher sub-levels of River Realm.

The unit name—Dragon's Eight Riders!

Meanwhile, west of Soul-locking Mountain, at the mountainous entrance.

Lu Ran had just prepared two more Wu Huo steeds, and rode off.

Deng Yuxiang waved her hand, and the black crow on her shoulder fluttered into the sky. She looked at Lu Ran beside her and uttered four words:

"Casting affection everywhere."

"Huh?" Lu Ran turned to look at the Big Nightmare.

But saw Deng Yuxiang clamp her legs around the horse's belly and head west.

"No, when did I?" Lu Ran spurred his horse to catch up.

"Humph." Deng Yuxiang snorted coldly, a light sigh in her heart.

Deng Yuxiang could understand Wang Longxiang's gaze towards Lu Ran.

In this cruel Spirit Mountain, especially within the perilous Soul-locking Mountain, Wang Longxiang and others struggled daily, and now suddenly met someone like Lu Ran...

Changing the fate of the disciples in the valley, relieving her worries, gifting divine weapon warhorses, guarding her ideals and career.

Not letting her fight alone, being her most loyal and powerful support.

Who could remain indifferent if it were anyone else?

No need to involve any romantic entanglement.

These overly outstanding Da Xia's genius, all have their fervent passion and grand aspirations.

But who made her, Wang Longxiang, a valiant and spirited young woman?

"Sis?" Lu Ran hurriedly caught up, "Don't say such things!"

"Hmm?" Deng Yuxiang looked at Lu Ran's anxious appearance, and her gaze became playful.

Lu Ran pleaded, "Stop joking, I haven't even married yet, and you want me to get a divorce..."

Deng Yuxiang glared at him, "Look at you being so useless!"

"Pfft~" A light laughter faintly came through.

Lu Ran: "..."

Deng Yuxiang also held back her laughter, turned her head to look ahead: "Let's go, we should visit Bee Elephant Valley."

"Oh."

About a hundred kilometers away, in a picturesque rainforest.

Deep in one valley, many Humans were industriously building a quite magnificent palace.

It was clear that the palace had taken shape, and the busy Humans around were diligent as worker ants, continuously transporting stones and wood.

"Snap! Snap!"

The crisp sound of a whip echoed, accompanied by a man's stern shout: "Hurry up! It must be completed in three days!"

In the depths of the rainforest, a dark-skinned, excessively tall girl, wearing shabby, ill-fitting clothes, was diligently chopping down trees with a Mountain Opening Axe.

Towering trees were unable to withstand two of the girl's swings before crashing to the ground.

"Huff... huff..." The dark-skinned girl panted heavily, carrying her axe forward to chop branches.

Soon, a few Bi Wu disciples approached, releasing vines to bind the logs, quickly transporting them to the palace.

The dark-skinned girl, eyes expressionless, carried the Mountain Opening Axe, walked towards the next big tree.

"Chang Ying."

A faint call traveled through.

The dark-skinned girl's steps paused, slightly turned her head, looking towards the bushes beside her.

"Rustle~" The bushes swayed, revealing a delicate face.

"Yingying, come!" The delicate young woman called softly, waving her hand.

Chang Ying glanced at the young woman for a moment, that pair of lifeless eyes held no vitality, carrying her great axe continued towards the big tree.

"Yingying!" The delicate young woman navigated the bushes with her petite body, "Yingying, I have something to tell you."

Chang Ying ignored her, arriving under the big tree, looked up.

Hmm... maybe two axes.

She swung the great axe, slashing fiercely at the trunk.

"Thud!"

Sawdust flew, spraying on her face, yet because of the Water Flow Armor, she remained unscathed.

And her dull eyes did not even blink.

"Yingying~" The small woman sneaked out of the bushes, speaking softly, "I just drew a lot, can you guess what it says?"

"Thud!"

Another axe fell, bringing the tree down.

The delicate young woman dodged aside, a hint of excitement in her eyes: "It's a great fortune! A great fortune!"

Chang Ying remained expressionless, carrying her axe and walking in the direction of the trunk, as if intending to walk right over the woman.

"You..." The small woman hurriedly moved aside, then quickly followed after, "Really, Yingying! Since entering Holy Spirit Mountain, I've never drawn a great fortune before!"

"Thud! Thud!"

Chang Ying, carrying the great axe, silently pruned the branches.

"I drew three times, every time was a great fortune!" The young woman crouched beside Chang Ying's leg, "Why don't you draw once? You draw too..."

Chang Ying's movements paused, she looked down.

"Gulp." The petite woman swallowed.

Chang Ying's towering size, those lifeless eyes, and the great axe in her hand gave the petite woman immense pressure.

Finally, Chang Ying spoke: "If we don't work, we'll be whipped."

"Yingying." The woman cautiously reached out, tugging at Chang Ying's ragged pants, "Just draw once, since entering Holy Spirit Mountain, I've never drawn a great fortune, just now I got three in a row!

Maybe... maybe..."

The petite woman's eyes were full of unrealistic dreams, her heart brimming with hope.

She raised her small face, pleading, "Yingying, please, just draw once!"

The upward-looking eyes and her pretty face made Chang Ying daze for a moment.

In a trance, she seemed to see an old acquaintance.

"Yingying, please! Just this once, okay?"

Slowly, Chang Ying's hand descended, resting on the woman's head.

The large hand easily held the woman's head.

"Ying... ah!"

"Whoo~"

Chang Ying casually tossed the woman aside, picked up the Mountain Opening Axe, and once again diligently chopped branches.

"Thud! Thud!"

Chang Ying expressionless, axe after axe fell, sending wood chips flying.

Great fortune?

Ha.

...

Three more Chapters tomorrow! Please vote for the monthly ticket!!

## Chapter 778: The Girl Beneath the Starry Sky

"Chang Ying, I'm begging you..."

"I've drawn three upper signs in a row, today something good is bound to happen, something huge!"

"Please, there are only the two of us Spiritual Sign believers here, why don't you try drawing a sign? Help me verify it..." The petite girl who had been tossed aside hurriedly ran back.

The girl squatted next to Chang Ying, pulling at the torn hem of Chang Ying's pants with her little hand, shaking it from side to side.

Chang Ying's face, expressionless, showed a hint of impatience.

She didn't want to be whipped again.

Nor did she want to be confined again.

Last December, when she first came to this realm, she was picked up by the people of Starry Valley.

Starry Valley, a force formed by the disciples of two sects, Star Official and Flower Lantern, treated her quite well and welcomed a Spiritual Sign believer to join.

All along, everyone got along harmoniously, and Chang Ying did not suffer too much from fate's ravages.

Hmm...she just felt a little homesick.

Just a little.

Back then, she often lay alone in the grass on the hilltop, resting her head on her arm, gazing at the stars, reminiscing about the human world.

Ironically, when she was in Human World Da Xia, as a Vast River, her heart was becoming more indifferent.

It seemed as if she didn't care much.

Upon arriving in this barren Different World, she instead started missing her parents, missing her life in the human world.

Missing her teammates who fought alongside her.

Tian Tian, Deng Yutang, Bai Manni... Jiang Ruyi, Lu Ran.

Faces flashed in her mind, filling the path of her growth journey.

Chang Ying even marked the stars in the night sky, these two were her parents, this one was Xiao Tiantian...

The brightest star she deemed as Lu Ran.

He was the most dazzling.

And the furthest from everyone.

Chang Ying still remembered the day the Valley Master of Starry Valley personally sought her out, warning her not to wander around, not to always be alone.

Very dangerous.



Dangerous?

The naive young girl didn't understand what danger meant.

Didn't know what kind of filthy world lay beneath this beautiful starry sky.

She even wanted to go out and see, despite everyone advising her and repeatedly warning her to dispel such thoughts.

Until the end of December one day, she drew a lowest sign.

Lowest sign?

During the day, she drew a regular middle sign, how did it turn into the lowest sign by night?

Would it be accurate?

Who knows.

Previously, when she was summoned by Divine-Spiritual Sign to worship, Chang Ying had also cast a divination for herself.

Back then, the sign she drew was an uppermost sign.

Uppermost sign!

Throughout her years as a Spiritual Sign believer, the times she drew an "uppermost sign" could be counted on one hand.

Chang Ying happily went for her pilgrimage, anticipating her moment of glory, only to experience an inexplicable teleportation.

She had no time to react before being thrown into Holy Spirit Mountain.

From the bustling Human World Da Xia to a barren land.

You tell me, this is an uppermost sign?

In any case, on that quiet night, when Chang Ying, alone under the stars, drew a "lowest sign", she still went to find the Valley Master of Starry Valley.

Starry Valley was in crisis!

Some proposed moving out overnight, others suggested increasing vigilance, guarding the valley, and seeking aid from the west Bee Elephant Valley.

It's important to know the Valley Master and the Lady Master were both Sea Realm Great Powers! To Chang Ying at that time, they were equivalent to gods.

The couple's worried expressions left Chang Ying astonished.

Previously, people kept telling her how dangerous Holy Spirit Mountain was and how brutal the world outside the valley was.

That night, on the faces of the two Sea Realm Great Powers, Chang Ying seemed to confirm the matter.

After recognizing it, when she was once again asked to draw a sign, the sign drawn was an under sign.

Eliminating one "under" word, didn't let the people of Starry Valley calm down much, the fact proved their worries were correct.

While the senior members of Starry Valley hesitated and discussed, a group of Dong Ting disciples somehow emerged and stormed into the valley.

Past midnight, the starry sky remained splendid and beautiful.

Under the stars, the valley was filled with screams, rivers of blood, and corpses everywhere.

Why were Dong Ting disciples so ruthless?

The earnest warnings from everyone in the valley still lingered in Chang Ying's ears.

Yes, no animosity was needed.

Conquer you, trample you... If I want to, I will.

After all, this wonderful Starry Valley gave Chang Ying a bit of an illusion.

Sadly, Chang Ying once pondered whether the people of Starry Valley didn't want her, a Spiritual Sign believer, to leave, so they fabricated lies.

Ridiculous!

That night, Chang Ying only felt utterly foolish.

She desperately wanted to do something, shaking the sign container in her hand, but drew a rotten sign.

Rotten sign!

Chang Ying had no other options, even the cooldown time was extended threefold.

The shabby rotten sign flew around her head like an annoying fly, turning around continuously, as if mocking her, taunting her.

Also reminding her to quickly pray to the Spiritual Sign lord and hurry through the skill cooldown time!

As the rotten sign fluttered beside Chang Ying, she watched helplessly as the Star Official disciples and Flower Lantern disciples perished horribly under the spears.

She broke down completely.

Cried heart-wrenchingly.

These people once gave her a home, a stable sanctuary.

Yet it was precisely this rotten sign that became her lifesaver.

Dong Ting disciples easily recognized the crying young girl was a Spiritual Sign disciple.

Chang Ying didn't die.

Thanks to the rotten sign, she was captured.

From then on, that girl who often lay on the hilltop grass, resting her head and watching stars, became a prisoner in a dark dungeon.

Three divinations per day, morning, noon, and evening, not allowing the slightest laxity.

Later, Chang Ying found out that these Dong Ting disciples came from the eastern part of Holy Spirit Mountain Continent.

Came as refugees.

This group of Dong Ting disciples once belonged to a sect—Thunder Mountain.

The two leading women were Sea Realm Great Powers, reportedly the Second and Fourth Ladies of the original Sect Master of Thunder Mountain.

Later on, the two ladies, who had seized power, openly and covertly fought, vying for authority and power.

The Starry Valley plunged into turmoil once again, and it wasn't until a month later that the two Ladies completely parted ways.

To be precise, it was a tragic victory for the Fourth Lady, while the Second Lady and her minions fled.

Chang Ying still remembered that day when she was released to clean up the battlefield with the other slaves, burying the corpses.

These bodies mostly belonged to the Dong Ting disciples, who once arrogantly stormed into Starry Valley, slaughtering its disciples.

Now, it was up to original Starry Valley disciple, Chang Ying, to bury them herself.

While burying them...

Chang Ying secretly spat into the soil pit.

Later, Starry Valley fell under the dark rule of the Fourth Lady, and even Chang Ying, who once secretly spat, lost the energy to do so.

She became compliant and gradually numb.

"Yingying? Chang Ying?"

The soft call repeatedly echoed, awakening the dazed Chang Ying.

She looked down again at the woman holding onto the hem of her pants with a face full of pleading.

Chang Ying didn't know the woman's last name; she only knew she was called Xiao Man.

Or maybe, that wasn't even her real name.

Unlike herself, Xiao Man was captured a month ago and brought into the Starry Valley; she hadn't been in Holy Spirit Mountain for long.

From those big eyes, Chang Ying could see the woman still possessed a glimmer of hope.

"Please, Yingying, just one divination, okay?" Xiao Man pleaded pitifully, "Even if only mine, help me verify it."

Xiao Man was very insistent.

This insistence stemmed from a deep desire for a change in circumstances and from unrealistic yearning within her heart.

Chang Ying picked up an axe and chopped at the tree branch, uttering a single word:

"Get lost."

"Yingying!" Xiao Man simply sat on the ground and wrapped her arms around Chang Ying's leg, "Just once, and I'll leave immediately!"

Chang Ying remained expressionless and didn't mind having a little hanger on her leg; it didn't interfere with her work.

But if this went on and others saw, there would eventually be punishment.

The incessant pleas from beside her leg began to irritate Chang Ying.

Xiao Man seemed to have taken Chang Ying as her only beacon and was determined to realize something through her.

"Clink-clatter~"

The clear, crisp sound of wooden sticks clashing.

Xiao Man's pleas ceased, and she quickly looked up to see the divining stick holder in Chang Ying's hand.

"After drawing your lot, get lost immediately."

"Mhm, mhm, I'll leave right away!" Xiao Man's little face was full of hope.

"Whoosh~"

A wooden stick flew out.

Xiao Man's eyes gradually widened, her small mouth slightly open, staring incredulously at that single wooden stick.

Chang Ying was also a bit dazed, blankly staring at the wooden stick suspended in front of her.

On it were two characters—Great Good Fortune.

Great Good Fortune lot!

Great Good Fortune lot?

"Wow!" Xiao Man shook Chang Ying's leg excitedly, her heart about to jump out of her chest.

This life of being enslaved every day, either beaten or scolded, how could she draw a Great Good Fortune lot?

That must be... huh?

Xiao Man's body stiffened, suddenly turning her head.

With a crisp "snap"!

A long whip lashed from behind, striking harshly on Chang Ying's back.

It didn't hurt.

Even though the whip was infused with Divine Power, it couldn't break through the Water Flow Armor of a Jiang Realm·Fourth Rank Great Power.

Nor did it feel humiliating.



At least, Chang Ying didn't feel insulted.

Over the past year, she had already lost her dignity.

"Get to work immediately!" The man's stern reprimand echoed, "The Valley Master will return in the next few days, and the hall must be built before then... oh?"

The man's speech abruptly stopped as he strode over.

He naturally saw the extremely rare wooden stick too.

"Great Good Fortune lot?" The man holding the whip's face changed.

How could such a lowly servant draw this kind of lot?

When Spiritual Fortune disciples draw lots, it's naturally from their own perspective, so when a servant-Spiritual Fortune disciple draws a lot, it must be interpreted in reverse.

For Chang Ying, it was Great Good Fortune, but for Starry Valley, perhaps...

"The Valley Master has arrived!"

"Valley Master Shen!" From afar, respectful greetings rang out.

The man with the whip immediately turned and hurried out.

"Ying... Yingying..." Xiao Man's face turned pale, and her once excited heart plummeted to the bottom.

Chang Ying lowered her head to look at the woman by her feet: "Stay away from me."

"Yingying..."

"Get lost." Chang Ying uttered a cold word, shaking her leg to finally kick Xiao Man away.

Blame Xiao Man?

No need.

The daily three lot draw was mandatory, and it had to be shown to the Dong Ting disciples.

It couldn't be avoided.

For Chang Ying, each lot draw felt like a destiny choice.

It was best to draw a bad lot, a middle lot would do as well.

That was the kind of lot she, as a despicable slave, was supposed to draw; over the past year, there hadn't been any exceptions.

Until today.

Suddenly, Chang Ying sensed a terrifying pressure coming from behind.

She turned to look, and saw the man with the whip leading a woman in a purple robe towards her.

Once the Fourth Lady, now the Valley Master Shen Xiaotang.

She was stunningly beautiful with a graceful figure, naturally a one-in-a-million beauty; otherwise, she wouldn't have caught the eye of the Sect Master of Jingxian Mountain, Lv Xiao.

But at this moment, her enchanting face was full of hostility.

As Shen Xiaotang approached step by step, her thin lips spat out a sentence:

"Did you draw the Great Good Fortune lot?"

Chapter 779: Jingting Remnants

"You drew the highest divination sign?"

Shen Xiaotang's face was covered with frost, her heart filled with uncontrollable rage.

Ever since the sect's internal strife, with the Second Lady fleeing with her loyalists, Starry Valley has been gravely wounded!

This time, Shen Xiaotang led a team to Bee Elephant Valley to exert pressure. To develop and expand her own influence, of course more strong god disciples are needed.

As a result, the disciples of the Poison Bee Sect and Spiritual Image Sect are as tough as nails!

They refuse to bow their heads.

This time, the two sides even clashed, causing Shen Xiaotang to lose several good hands.

She dearly misses the past glory; if Thunder Mountain was still as it used to be, what a joke the little Bee Elephant Valley would be!

Those hard-headed ones would all have to kneel at her feet, bowing and submitting!

She wouldn't even need the peak days of Thunder Mountain; retreating a few months to the time she and the Second Lady just took over Starry Valley would have been enough to destroy Bee Elephant Valley.

But alas, that civil war, not only did it cause heavy casualties among the Dongting Sect disciples, but also among the newly subjugated Star Official disciples and Flower Lantern disciples who suffered heavy losses and fled amidst the chaos.

Damn!

That damn bitch!

Shen Xiaotang cursed the Second Lady more than once; why insist on fighting me?

If the Second Lady had bowed down obediently, would her side be as it is now?

Having suffered a setback at Bee Elephant Valley, Shen Xiaotang was already full of fire, and upon just returning to Starry Valley, she heard that a spiritual believer in the valley drew a highest divination sign.

The highest divination sign?!

How could Shen Xiaotang suppress the fire in her heart?

"I'm asking you!" Shen Xiaotang said coldly.

Chang Ying, head bowed, obediently knelt on the ground, "Yes, Valley Master."

"Heh." Shen Xiaotang was so furious she laughed, "To you, today is a good day, isn't it?"

Chang Ying kept her head lowered, silent.

Shen Xiaotang took the long whip from the man beside her and lashed it hard on Chang Ying's face.

"Snap!"

Chang Ying's head tilted from the strike.

"Is today your good day, huh?" Shen Xiaotang stepped forward.

Clearly a slender woman, yet towering like a mountain, pressing heavily on Chang Ying.

The crisp sound of the whip crackled continuously.

Nearby, Xiao Man, kneeling with head down, was scared pale.

"I'm asking you! Isn't it? Isn't it?"

Every line Shen Xiaotang spoke came with a whip.

Chang Ying quietly dispersed her Water Flow Armor, allowing the Valley Master to whip her at will.

When you accept punishment, it's best to cancel your Water Flow Armor quickly, or more suffering, even death, will await you.

"Snap! Snap!"

The crisp sound of the whip continuously echoed, Shen Xiaotang vented all her frustration from Bee Elephant Valley onto the servant at her feet.

"I was tricked by Bee Elephant Valley, are you happy?"

"Snap! Snap!"

"A few Dongting disciples died, is it your great day, huh?"

"Snap! Snap..."

Chang Ying kept her head lowered, her face and body full of whip marks.

The burning pain wasn't much, instead, it made her feel alive, existing, but...

This kind of miserable survival, what meaning does it have?

That highest divination sign?

Is that the meaning for me to persist?

But when I went to pilgrimage, I also drew the highest divination sign...

"Thud!"

A burst of severe pain hit Chang Ying's abdomen, sending her flying, a sweetness at the throat, spitting out blood.

Shen Xiaotang's chest heaved violently, watching Chang Ying slam into a big tree, then heavily fall to the ground, she shouted sternly:

"Get over here and kneel properly!"

Chang Ying's eyes were unfocused, silently crawling up, repeating the same sentence in her heart:

Wasn't it said... highest divination sign?

Is this my highest divination sign?

"Hurry up!" Shen Xiaotang shouted sternly.

Chang Ying, eyes downcast, numbly crawled to the woman's feet.

"Valley Master," the man beside her called softly.

Shen Xiaotang suddenly turned to look at the man, her sinister gaze making the man instinctively tremble.

He stammered, "Valley Master, purge your anger, a punishment can be done anytime, but now that she drew a highest divination sign, our Starry Valley might be..."

Shen Xiaotang's gaze darkened, looking at the slave crawling at her feet, "Draw a sign again, now!"

"Please, Valley Master, wait a moment, I need to pray for a while."

"Hurry up!" Shen Xiaotang looked at the pale-faced Xiao Man, "You, draw the sign!"

"Ah! Yes... yes!"

Xiao Man hastily took out a sign cylinder, shaking it with a clatter.

This time, she wasn't divining for herself.

Unlike the Caster Sect disciples, Spiritual Sign Sect doesn't need to divine for oneself, spiritual believers can divine for others and other things.

The aspects are very broad.

But all along, Chang Ying and Xiao Man, as the servants of Starry Valley, were required to divine their own fates, which is more specific and accurate.

Of course, even if it's very specific and accurate, spiritual believers can only achieve nine out of ten accurate fortunes at most.

"Whoosh~"

A wooden sign flew high, hovering in mid-air, with the character—Middle.

Middle sign?

Xiao Man's face froze, then she breathed a big sigh of relief.

"Did you divine for your own fate?" An icy female voice rang out.

"Yes! Valley Master Shen, yes, the slave wouldn't dare lie to you." Xiao Man kowtowed repeatedly, speaking in a trembling voice.

Wouldn't dare lie?

If you didn't dare, you'd really die here!



"Hmph." Shen Xiaotang snorted coldly, whipping Chang Ying again, "Are you done?"

Chang Ying silently prayed.

Praying to the Spiritual Fortune Lord.

She endured whip after whip, her clothes torn to shreds, without the Water Flow Armor, she was whipped until her skin was lacerated.

Only when she took out the sign tube again did Shen Xiaotang stop, with blood drops dripping from the whip.

"Clatter~"

The sign tube shook incessantly, and after a series of crisp sounds, a wooden sign flew out.

Inscribed on it were two characters—Great Misfortune!

Great Misfortune sign?

"Ha." Shen Xiaotang laughed coldly, flicked the blood off the whip, and harshly whipped the worthless slave again, "Yes, that's your fate!"

"Valley Master!" Xiao Man, seeing the Great Misfortune sign, hurriedly pleaded, "Valley Master, please calm your anger! Our Spiritual Sign Sect may not be always accurate, Chang Ying drew a Great Fortune sign before, it must have been a mistake, she didn't calculate accurately... Ah!"

Shen Xiaotang whipped Xiao Man across the face, then turned to give an order, "Guard the valley today, let Flying Eagle Hall keep an eye on Bee Elephant Valley."

"Yes!" The man quickly received the order and hurried away.

Shen Xiaotang looked back, "What are you all standing around for?"

The crowd behind didn't dare to breathe heavily and hurriedly left.

Shen Xiaotang turned around, looking at the beaten and bruised Chang Ying, raised the whip again..

"Wretch! Finally drew the sign meant for you?" Shen Xiaotang vented his anger, "Great Fortune, how dare you?"

"Smack! Smack! Smack..."

Amidst the dense shadow of the whip, Chang Ying lowered her head, her body covered in blood traces, blood spilling from the corner of her mouth.

Yet her eyes, which should have been losing focus, now flashed with a trace of brightness.

Earlier, she wasn't calculating for herself.

But... for Shen Xiaotang's fate.

At the same time, fifty kilometers away, on the north side of Bee Elephant Valley.

Two midnight fire steeds with fiery hooves roamed through the beautiful rainforest scenery.

"Flap flap flap~"

The sound of flapping wings approached from afar, Lu Ran immediately raised his arm.

A pitch-black crow manifested, landing on Lu Ran's forearm: "Sect Leader, I found the battlefield."

"Someone fighting?" Lu Ran became immediately alert.

The crow quickly shook its head: "No, no! It's the site after the battle, a mess, I saw many elephant foot imprints, a great battle occurred there."

"Direction!" Lu Ran instantly activated the Pupil of the Dead World.

Wu Huan hurriedly pointed the way, and Lu Deng and Lu Ran sped off on horseback.

Lu Ran and Lu Deng soon reached the battlefield, indeed as Wu Huan described, it was unbearable to look at!

The rainforest terrain, originally lush with vegetation, now featured a vast clearing.

Trees were broken and toppled, the ground cracked and collapsed.

Elephant-foot shaped pits revealed that disciples of the Third-class God·Spiritual Elephant sect had wreaked havoc here.

Unfortunately, there were no dead souls in the battlefield area.

Presumably, this great battle occurred earlier.

"Truly brutal." Lu Ran stood by an elephant-foot shaped pit, gazing at the deep pit below.

No bloodied corpses, only dried bloodstains and crushed flesh.

[Master.]

[Hmm?]

[There's a scout... Poison Bee believer! She has bee wings on her back.]

[Don't get close!] Lu Ran quickly transmitted his voice, [Report the location, I will go personally!]

Divine Spirit·Poison Bee and Divine Spirit·Spiritual Elephant are both ranked in the third tier.

Both belong to the "Eight Respected Heavenly Demons" sequence.

The Poison Bee Sect is very unique, being one of the few poison-wielding sects in the world.

The weapons of this sect are poisonous, the bee needles they scatter are poisonous, and the poison bee domain they release is even more toxic.

Once an enemy is stained with bee venom, nausea is only the initial reaction, soon people can't suppress vomiting, brain dizziness, until they completely lose combat ability.

Under Yan Shuangzi's guidance, Lu Ran concealed his presence, quietly flying to a bough halfway up a giant tree.

The Poison Bee female disciple in front seemed very vigilant.

She continually activated Poison Bee Divine Technique·Bee Wings, those thin wings once in motion, enabling flying speed astonishingly fast.

Slowly, Lu Ran placed a hand on her nape.

"Ah?" The Poison Bee female disciple suddenly changed color, instantaneously releasing green toxic mist.

"Whoosh!" As Lu Ran revealed himself, he released a golden aura from within.

Martial Monk Divine Skill·Golden Wind!

This is the Purification Skill, akin to the effect of Evil Technique·Immortal Realm from the Jade-faced Snake clan.

"Mar... Master, spare me!" The female disciple's face was pressed against the tree bark, recognizing the golden aura and sensing the terrifying Sea Realm pressure behind her.

She was merely a River Realm disciple, how could she have thoughts of resistance?

"I ask, you answer." Lu Ran grabbed the woman's nape, slowly landing.

"Ye... Yes, Master!"

"What's happening here?"

"Starry Valley! People from Starry Valley attacked us yesterday... tried to annex our Bee Elephant Valley, we fought back..."

"Starry Valley?" Lu Ran was rather puzzled, "I heard your two sects were allies?"

The intelligence information given by Lu Yuan and his apprentice to Lu Ran mostly related to locations, lacking much about human power structures.

Bee Elephant Valley, Starry Valley's relevant information was provided by Long Xiang's Eight Riders·Yue Yi, but this information was from many years ago.

Lu Ran thought favorably of Bee Elephant Valley, Starry Valley because Yue Yi stated these two sects were among the few "normal" sects near Soul-locking Mountain.

"Long... No longer so, long ago, Starry Valley was taken over by a group of Dong Ting disciples."

"Dong Ting disciples?"

"Yes!" Poison Bee female disciple gritted her teeth under Lu Ran's terrifying pressure, her eyes full of hate, "They once belonged to Thunder Mountain..."

Before finishing the word, Poison Bee female disciple suddenly stiffened, dared not speak further.

The young man's low voice, originally full of majesty, fitting the demeanor of a disciple of First-class God·Martial Monk, now turned sinister:

"You said... Thunder Mountain?"

Chapter 780: No One Escapes!

The female Poison Bee disciple continued to relay intelligence, leaving Lu Ran shocked and furious.

In October last year, Ran Sect intercepted Thunder Mountain at Mist Rain Lake, slaughtering the Sect Master, First Lady, Third Lady, and many Sea Realm Great Powers.

After Thunder Mountain retreated, Xue Fengchen was still advancing, making it impossible for Lu Ran to leave.

By the time the affairs at Mist Rain Lake concluded and Ran Sect, along with Big Wind Hall, headed to Thunder Mountain, the remnants had already fled without a trace, despite everyone's efforts to search.

Today, Lu Ran finally learned that the Second Lady, Fourth Lady, and other remnants of Thunder Mountain had fled to the southwest mainland!

And they had even conquered Starry Valley.

"Leave." Lu Ran, having obtained the necessary intelligence, released the back of the female Poison Bee disciple's head and said in a deep voice, "After today, Starry Valley will no longer trouble you."

The female Poison Bee disciple didn't dare to look back, buzzing her bee wings, and quickly flew into the distance.

"You cannot save everyone." Deng Yuxiang approached Lu Ran, placing a hand gently on his back, smoothing it up and down.

She could sense his agitated and angry heart.

Lu Ran murmured, "It's because of me that Boren died."

Deng Yuxiang's voice was uncharacteristically soft: "You've already worked very hard, uprooted many gangs, conquered sect after sect, established ancient cities... young Lu Ran, don't be too hard on yourself.

In Holy Spirit Mountain, death happens every second.

This distorted world was not your creation; the real culprit is the Divine."

Lu Ran patted the woman's hand on his shoulder and said, "Let's go to Starry Valley and wipe out every last remnant of Thunder Mountain."

Deng Yuxiang, however, said, "Let these remnants become nourishment for Nu Ying's Divine Sculpture."

Previously at Soul-locking Mountain, Deng Yuxiang had told Lu Ran that before killing the enemy, first make them tear down their Divine Contract, and then have them turn to serve Lu Ran.

Whichever Stone Sculpture Lu Ran wanted to cultivate, he would first have the enemies offer reverence to that Stone Sculpture before killing them.

"Hmm." Lu Ran gazed into the distance, summoning an Ancient Bronze Mirror.

[Master, someone is approaching from the southwest direction; they are Dong Ting disciples, very fast!]

The sudden voice in his mind made Lu Ran pause his actions and immediately convey the intelligence to Deng Yuxiang.

[It seems to be just one... two people! Two Dong Ting disciples, but we can't rule out others in different positions.]

While Yan Shuangzi was transmitting the message, Lu Ran's figure had already become invisible.

"Zzz~ Zzz!"

In the lush rainforest, faint electrical sounds could be heard.

"Huh?" A small and thin man appeared at the edge of the battlefield, his face full of surprise as he peeked from behind a tree, thinking he was seeing things.

Evil Demon Clan·Black Fire Colts?

How could there be Evil Demons in such a place?

After repeatedly confirming, he saw two Black Fire Colts standing at the edge of the western side of the battlefield. He immediately wrapped his feet in electricity and turned to retreat.



"Hall Master." The small and thin man lowered his voice, quickly arriving behind a large tree.

"Have you found the enemy?" The robust Fei Ying, with one big hand supporting the tree trunk, looked down at the small and thin man.

"No, Hall Master Fei, but I saw two Black Fire Colts..."

"Huh?" Fei Ying blinked in confusion. What did he just hear?

"Yes, Hall Master Fei... um." The small and thin man hadn't finished speaking when Fei Ying's big hand had already slapped him, giving him a direct slap in the face.

Fei Ying: "Are you courting death?"

"Really, Hall Master Fei." The man pleaded, "They aren't moving, unlike ordinary Evil Demons, they seem to have been tamed."

Even though the man himself couldn't believe what he had seen, there were indeed two Black Fire Colts in the rainforest!

Frowning tightly, Fei Ying was about to say something when he suddenly shivered all over!

Electricity coiled around his legs, and he instinctively wanted to leave, but two hands were already pressing on Fei Ying and the small and thin man.

Even more terrifying were the thin red threads emerging from the fingertips of the Invisible Man.

In an instant, Feiyong Hall Master·Fei Ying, a Sea Realm Second Rank, and the River Realm Hall Master beside him were firmly controlled.

Lu Ran had flown over using a Divine Weapon, and only at the last moment, when he deployed the Silk Thread, did he reveal a slight fluctuation of Divine Power.

A Tangled Silk Shadow possessing Divine Skill·Wolf Concealment!

How could the enemy survive?

"Crack!"

"Crack!!" Two Divine Weapon Blades left their master, finally revealing their forms. They didn't take lives but merely shattered the water flow armor of the two men.

Silk Thread Control Body.

Silk Thread Chaotic God.

The water flow armors of both men were already unstable, and under the slashing of the Second-rank Divine Weapons, Mist and Eight Desolates, they naturally could not escape unscathed.

The next moment, the gleaming blade tips pierced into the throats of the two men respectively.

Feiying Hall Master: !!!

His heart leapt into his throat, for the blade tip pressing against his throat had slightly pierced forward, faintly entering his neck.

A stream of crimson blood flowed down along the blade.

"Don't, Daoist! We can talk this out..." Feiying Hall Master murmured, hardly allowed to open and close his lips.

"Which faction are you from?"

"We have no sect... Starry Valley! We are from Starry Valley!" Feiying Hall Master suddenly changed his tone, responding in terror, as the blade tip at his neck pierced slightly deeper.

The words "sectless and factionless" seemed to provoke the mysterious Invisible Man.

The blade pressed against the throat trembled slightly, indicating the volatile heart of the Master of Divine Weapon.

"How many of you are there?" The gloomy voice sounded again.

"Eigh... Eight, eight disciples of Dong Ting, only one from the Sea Realm, the rest are high-rank from the River Realm. Daoist, spare my life, I'll do anything you say, please don't kill me..." Fei Ying Hall Master blurted out information.

The tip of the blade pierced into his neck, constantly trembling, as if ready to take his life at any moment.

The very real aura of death rushed over him, causing the Fei Ying Hall Master to completely lose the composure expected of someone from the vast Yangyang Sea.

However, the mysterious man's next words left the Fei Ying Hall Master even more terrified.

"Gather the Divine Power in your brain, detonate it, tear up the Divine Contract!"

"Tea... Tear up the contrac..." The Fei Ying Hall Master stammered, full of disbelief.

Soon, he felt the Divine Power within him calmed down. The other merely controlled his body without disrupting the flow of his Divine Power anymore.

The somber voice echoed again, but this time, it was a countdown:

"3...2..."

The Fei Ying Hall Master was terrified, feeling the blade on his neck push forward again. In the face of death, he dared not delay, hurriedly gathering Divine Power to his brain.

"Ah! Ahh!!" Fei Ying Hall Master screamed miserably.

"You too."

"Ugh!" The others did not dare to disobey, hastily tearing up their contracts.

Though they were aware of the consequences, the situation left them no choice, especially since even the Hall Master had done so...

"Thud!"

The Red Silk Thread retracted, and the two fell to the ground.

In the emptiness before them, a youthful voice sounded again: "Go, take me to your people."

"Yes, yes." The Fei Ying Hall Master replied repeatedly, enduring the intense pain in his brain as he took steps.

"Hall Master Fei?" A voice came, and another disciple of Dong Ting approached, "Are you alright? I thought I heard screams just now... Mmph! Mm!"

Half a moment later, amid the lush bushes.

Eight remnants of Jingting sat under a large tree, all in a state of shock, shivering under the gaze of the straw-robed woman.

Deng Yuxiang stood in front of them, inquiring about the series of intelligence from Starry Valley.

Compared to the previous poison bee female disciple, this group of people genuinely from Starry Valley undoubtedly knew more.

"There are three... two halls in Starry Valley, apart from our Fei Ying Hall, there're Thunder Hall and Shadowless Hall, with nine and ten members each..."

"Yes, there are only three Sea Realm left in Starry Valley. The Valley Master Shen Xiaotang is Fourth Rank Sea Realm, and the two Hall Masters are both Second Rank Sea Realm."

While Deng Yuxiang was interrogating here, Lu Ran remained invisible, maintaining vigilance, and communicating mentally: [Martial Emperor.]

[Sect Leader?] A deep voice responded.

[I'm sending you some prisoners, both River and Sea, they've already torn up their contracts, you must keep a close watch on them for me.]

[Understood, Sect Leader may open the Mirror Flower Moon in the Central Hall at any time, I am here, personally overseeing.]

[Mm.] Lu Ran turned expressionlessly, summoning the Ancient Bronze Mirror.

As the Landing Mirror took shape, one by one, faces filled with horror were thrown inside.

Suddenly, Lu Ran's movements halted, as he sharply turned to the side: "What did you say?"

The Fei Ying Hall Master was still sitting under the tree being interrogated, and upon hearing the young voice again, he couldn't help but be terrified!

Fei Ying Hall Master spoke tremblingly: "It was... it was a Spiritual believer in the valley, drew a top fortune, Valley Master Shen Xiaotang was worried there might be movement in Bee Elephant Valley, so she sent us to surveil."

Lu Ran: "What is the name of that Spiritual believer?"

"My... My Lord, I didn't pay much attention, I don't know her name... Ugh!" The Fei Ying Hall Master's head throbbed, his side head heavily pressed against the tree trunk.

Deng Yuxiang stepped on the Fei Ying Hall Master's head, grinding it, her voice ice-cold: "Can't you describe what that person looks like?"

"A girl, she's very young, exceptionally tall! Very dark skin..."

Upon hearing this description, Deng Yuxiang instinctively turned her head to the side.

But the side remained empty as always.

In the place unseen by the naked eye, Lu Ran stood dumbfounded, his fingertips even trembled slightly.

Under Deng Yuxiang's boots, the Fei Ying Hall Master's face was somewhat distorted, his side head embedded into the tree trunk, he struggled to glance at the woman, naturally aware of her abnormal reaction, immediately saying:

"My Lord, My Lord do you know her? Then go save her quickly!"

Deng Yuxiang's heart skipped a beat: "Mm?"

The Fei Ying Hall Master seized the chance for survival, hurriedly speaking: "That girl angered Valley Master Shen! It's said she's undergoing whip punishment... Ah!"

Deng Yuxiang quickly withdrew her long leg, only to see the Fei Ying Hall Master lifted into mid-air and thrown into the Landing Mirror.

[Lu Ran, act cautiously!] Deng Yuxiang knew she couldn't stop Lu Ran, she could only send a mental reminder.

She indeed understood Lu Ran well, at this moment he was flickering madly, each instance spanning thousands of meters.

Even with over fifty kilometers to cover, it would only take him five or six instant teleportations.

[The person must be rescued, the remnants must be eradicated! Act calmly, if any Jingting disciple escapes, it will be a hidden danger.]

[Mm.] Lu Ran, concealing his form, was already standing above Starry Valley, his face sombrely scanning below.

This time,

none of them will escape!