

Old Gods 841

Chapter 841: Return to Sword Mountain Peak

Lu Ran finally had the chance to change into his fourth outfit—Fox Fur Cloak!

The cloak was entirely snow-white, without a trace of color, resembling the snow on a mountaintop that hadn't yet melted, carrying a hint of chill.

A soft circle of fur at the collar covered half of Lu Ran's face, hiding his lips within and highlighting those cold eyes even more.

The long hem of the cloak gently rippled under its owner's aura, rolling like waves.

Noble, luxurious.

Clearly a warm fox fur, yet the young man's naturally cold gaze made him appear even more aloof.

When Bai Rao saw Lu Ran's outfit, her entire snake... hmm, her entire being was captivated!

Previously, she had already imagined a melodrama in her mind.

Now, the heartbroken, bitterly cold noble youth seemed to have walked out of the story she imagined and stood before her.

"Lu Lang~" Bai Rao twisted her enchanting figure and quickly crawled to Lu Ran's feet, circling upwards.

Lu Ran: "..."

She thinks I'm a pole again?

"Don't change your look!" Bai Rao circled in front of Lu Ran, examining his eyes closely, "Keep your cold demeanor, we're going to seek revenge."

"Aunt Bai, we've discussed how to address each other."

"I couldn't help it~" Bai Rao's eyes were full of admiration as she appreciated Lu Ran up and down, "If you could get your heart broken a bit, it would be even better, giving you more flair."

Lu Ran: ?

"Hehe~" Bai Rao laughed charmingly, "So, little Master Lu, why are you so protective of those sword cultivators?"

"My mother is a Sword One disciple."

"Oh!" Bai Rao realized, "So Miss Lu is a sword cultivator! What's her name, and how strong is she?"

"I'll tell Aunt Bai when she's opened her heart to me." Lu Ran turned and raised his hand, summoning the ancient bronze mirror.

"I've long opened my heart to little Master Lu~" Bai Rao leaned forward, rubbing her face against the furry fox fur, closing her eyes in enjoyment.

Lu Ran snorted and called to three nearby cloaked men and women: "Let's go."

The three protectors stepped forward.

Bai Rao quietly opened her eyes, her gaze moving back and forth on Yu Changsheng and Deng Yuxiang's faces.

One was at the Sea Realm Peak, the other without any imposing presence.

But Bai Rao knew well that both were at the First Level of the Heavenly Realm!

Thinking about it now, it's quite incredible.

She had come to the Mountain Realm on a mission to hunt down the young geniuses, but how much time had passed?

Lu Ran had already personally nurtured two Heavenly Realm beings!

And even joined forces with Deng Yuxiang to slay a Heavenly Realm executioner!

Indeed, following him wasn't wrong.

Only regret she was born a few years too early...

Bai Rao sighed in her heart, rubbing her cheek again against the snowy white, soft fox fur.

"Aunt Bai, if you like it, I'll have one made for you."

"Really?" Bai Rao's beautiful eyes brightened.

"Just a piece of clothing, why would it be fake." Lu Ran said casually, walking into the mirror with Deng Yuxiang.

Deng Yuxiang looked around, raising an eyebrow slightly: "Where is this?"

Yu Changsheng simply smiled.

This collapsed mountain peak is where Deng Yuxiang once advanced, isn't it?

It was also where he helped Lu Ran out of a predicament.

But those Sword One disciples were determined to suppress Deng Yuxiang, even unleashing the Sea Realm Technique—Frost Sky Sword Cascade.

One must know, once the Frost Sky Sword Cascade is unleashed, it can't be stopped!

And that terrifying stream of frost sword waterfall blasted the entire mountain into a thousand wounds, traces of which can still be seen today.

"We're heading north into the snow mountain region, we'll soon see Sword Mountain Peak." Lu Ran gazed towards the north.

If he remembered correctly, they should proceed towards the north-west direction.

Lu Ran once chased from afar that female disciple wielding the Frost Sky Sword Cascade, near Sword Mountain Peak, but at that time, with his insufficient strength, he could only watch from afar.

Deng Yuxiang looked at the shattered mountain body, feeling a bit emotional.

I wonder if Sword Mountain Peak still stands?

She felt uncertain.

After all, Holy Spirit Mountain has been updated.

The executioners descending from the Heavenly Realm are searching everywhere for Da Xia's geniuses, surely they would seek out Sword Mountain Peak sect too?

Deng Yuxiang furrowed her brow slightly, suddenly said: "After Jiao Lie Mountain returned to the Mountain Realm, did it go back to the sect."

Everyone naturally understood her meaning.

In that case, the Sword One disciples who came from the Heavenly Realm should also return to Sword Mountain Peak?

"There probably won't be any Heavenly Realm-Sword One believers on Sword Mountain Peak." Bai Rao suddenly spoke.

"Why does Aunt Bai say that?" Lu Ran asked in confusion.

"Lord Sword One is at the top among all gods, the only pinnacle existence, how could these trivial matters in Holy Spirit Mountain Realm bother her elderly self."

Yu Changsheng's heart stirred: "Senior Bai means Divine Sword One wouldn't send Heavenly Realm executioners down?"

Bai Rao looked at Yu Changsheng, suddenly said: "My age should be younger than yours."

Yu Changsheng: "..."

Indeed, women!

Even when reaching the Heavenly Realm, they still care about age?

Deng Yuxiang, however, sensed a slight difference in treatment.

When Bai Rao spoke with Lu Ran, she always referred to herself as "this humble lady," whereas when speaking with Yu Changsheng, she called herself "this immortal."

Yu Changsheng immediately said, "There is no seniority in knowledge, only the learned are respected! Senior Bai has advanced to the Heavenly Realm earlier than I have, certainly worthy of being called senior."

"Hmm." Bai Rao reluctantly accepted the title of senior, "Lord Jian Yi probably wouldn't send an executioner; she's standing too high.

The dirty and laborious tasks should be handled by other Divines."

Lu Ran nodded thoughtfully.

Yu Changsheng probed, "Senior Bai, do you have any intelligence to support these claims?"

Bai Rao smiled, "There are indeed some Divines who consider themselves aloof. Those who haven't identified with the Evil Demon facet likely fall into this category.

For example, Lord Jian Yi, Lady Ying...

This type of Divine probably despises the idea of using the Evil Demon side to invade the Human World."

"The Evil God camp, was it formed by the Divines themselves?" Lu Ran asked immediately.

Seeing Lu Ran's serious demeanor, Bai Rao dared not assert confidently and instead replied softly, "Most likely."

Deng Yuxiang asked solemnly, "Isn't the arch-enemy of Divine Sword One the Evil God Blood Skull?"

"Because the Sword One Divine Statue suppresses the Demon Cave Blood Pool, that's why the world thinks so," Bai Rao shook her head gently, "This immortal doesn't see it that way."

"Why?"

"This immortal has stayed in the Heavenly Realm for so long and has never seen Jian Yi and Blood Skull join forces against an enemy." As she spoke, Bai Rao noticed Lu Ran's earnest listening expression again.

She immediately tugged at Lu Ran's sleeve, softly saying, "This is just the humble lady's own opinion, not necessarily accurate, Little Lu, just use it for reference."

Perhaps they are just two sides of the same coin; due to their strong powers, they rarely cooperate."

Lu Ran then asked, "Is Spiritual Fortune really aloof?"

Bai Rao raised an eyebrow lightly.

"Spiritual Fortune has no arch-enemies either, does he also disdain invading the Human World of Da Xia on the full moon's night?" Lu Ran voiced his doubts.

Spiritual Fortune being aloof?

Nonsense!

That scoundrel can't wait to devour the Human Clan whole, always dropping the ball at critical moments, fervently forcing Human Clan believers to pray madly, extracting their Power of Faith.

Seeing Lu Ran's reaction, Bai Rao agreed, "Little Lu is right, we must analyze specific situations specifically.

This humble lady knows very little about the secrets of God Demons and must follow Little Lu to uncover them one by one."

Yu Changsheng speculated, "Spiritual Fortune's disposition and methods are despicable, stopping at nothing for energy.

Instead of calling him aloof, isn't it more that he is unwilling to part with energy, reluctant to divide an Evil Demon side?"

This conjecture made Lu Ran feel completely enlightened!

Exactly!

This aligns with Lu Ran's impression of Divine-Spiritual Sign!

Likewise, Jian Yi and Ying might just be hypocrites in disguise.

That said, if Bai Rao's observations and speculations are correct, and Evil Gods are indeed voluntarily divided from the Divine camp...

Then if other Divines have done the same, what price do those unwilling to do so have to pay?

The Immortal Sheep Sect also has no arch-enemies!

What price did Lord Immortal Sheep pay?

Lu Ran secretly pondered while following the group, soon entering the vast snow mountain region.

Jian Mountain Peak is really quite easy to find.

Despite the towering mountains, the highest peak on the mountain, capable of slightly probing into the skies, is the only one in this world.

"It seems...nothing's wrong?" Lu Ran observed Jian Mountain Peak from afar.

It stood proudly between heaven and earth, appearing unscathed by any severe damage.

"I ask the Sect Master to remain cautious." Yu Changsheng spoke, reminding him.

Lu Ran's inherent nature prevented him from acting directly, having Bai Rao blow a breath of Immortal Qi to extinguish the beings on Jian Mountain Peak.

"Swoosh~"

Lu Ran's figure turned invisible, then instantly teleported away.

With the Sect Master's departure, Bai Rao stood upright, the charming and enchanting demeanor disappearing altogether.

She transformed back into a noble posture, resembling a sacred goddess statue.

This scene made Yu Changsheng secretly admire.

Suddenly, the statue turned to look, speaking softly, "What does it feel like to be turned into a stone sculpture?"

Yu Changsheng pondered for a moment, then smiled, "It gives me hope."

Bai Rao looked at Yu Changsheng lightly, her mouth hinting at a faint smile.

One might have expected him to talk about the differences and advantages between a stone sculpture body and the Human Clan's flesh body, yet he responded like this.

"Mr. Cong Long certainly understands the heart of people," Bai Rao said softly.

"Senior Bai, you overpraise," Yu Changsheng cupped his hands.

"It would not be a loss to open your heart to Master Lu earlier," Deng Yuxiang suddenly spoke.

Once, she didn't have the right to speak.

In a world under the God Demon system, the hierarchy was particularly strict.

Now, Deng Yuxiang had reached the First Level of Heaven Realm, finally having enough confidence to engage in the topics of great power in the Heavenly Realm.

Bai Rao turned her gaze to the spirited and heroic Night Charm herself.

Deng Yuxiang also turned her gaze, saying seriously, "Master Lu is a very pure person, chosen by Lord Immortal Sheep and by all of us likely because of this.

In dealing with him,

sincerity outweighs all means."

Chapter 842: Enemies Meet Again

"Oh?"

In the sky to the west of the Sword Mountain Peak, Lu Ran concealed himself, overlooking the Holy Spirit Mountain's first sect, feeling somewhat astonished in his heart.

The sect's buildings seemed to be relatively intact, at least not appearing to have gone through a fierce battle.

This shouldn't be the case, right?

The executioners descending from the Heavenly Realm would definitely come here to search for Da Xia's genius. Could these Sword One disciples be strong enough to turn them away?

Moreover, where did everyone go?

Could it be that to escape, the entire clan relocated...?

Lu Ran, full of doubts, slowly flew around the mountain peak, not daring to get too close for fear of being perceived.

The Divine Technique: Wolf Concealment could indeed help him hide and conceal his aura, but he still existed in physical form.

Moreover, the drifting frost and snow in the air might be linked to the Ice Butterfly believers' perception.

"What's that?" Lu Ran's heart fluttered slightly.

As he kept flying and changing angles, he suddenly discovered an impressively sized altar situated on the eastern side of the towering peak, atop which stood a humanoid statue.

Though the statue's face was somewhat blurred, Lu Ran recognized it at once; it was Divine-Sword One!

Sword One?

Lu Ran immediately hovered in the high altitude, not daring to approach any further.

The massive Sword One statue stood twenty to thirty meters tall, backing the mountain peak and facing east, proudly standing between heaven and earth.

Beneath the altar were figures kneeling in devotion, all female, mostly dressed in light-colored long skirts with swords hanging at their waists.

No surprise, these should all be Sword One disciples?

No wonder it's so deathly quiet over on the west peak, with no one to be found; it turns out all the disciples are here.

Roughly estimating, there are probably over two hundred of them.

However, in such a scene, the Sword One disciples no longer mattered.

Lu Ran's gaze fixed on the Sword One stone sculpture; the more he looked, the more anxious he felt.

Alike!

Too similar...

Though it was a stone sculpture, Divine-Sword One's long dress and long hair were all carved into a flowing state, one hand holding a sword behind her back, the other forming a seal in front.

Its blurred visage further added a touch of mysterious aura.

Most critically: this stone sculpture was identical to the stone sculptures of Divine-Sword One scattered throughout the human world.

Is it real or fake?

Lu Ran was somewhat dumbfounded.

Was it that the Sword One disciples were so extraordinarily skilled at carving stone sculptures that they were indistinguishable, or...

Did Divine·Sword One actually bring her avatar's stone sculpture to Holy Spirit Mountain?

Thinking carefully, Lu Ran felt deeply suspicious.

After all, the hands of All Gods couldn't reach within Holy Spirit Mountain, nor could they even communicate with ordinary disciples.

If the Divine really brought an avatar's stone sculpture into the Mountain Realm, Holy Spirit Mountain wouldn't have developed to its current state.

Let alone requiring executioners to descend and rectify the mountain's order.

Though that made sense, this Sword One Divine Sculpture was indeed rather intimidating!

To thoroughly verify authenticity, it would actually be straightforward. If it were a divine avatar, its energy fluctuation would undoubtedly be significant.

Currently, Lu Ran felt nothing.

He also dared not get too close...

"Hm." Lu Ran observed from above for a long while, letting out a cold snort.

Goodness, what a Sword Mountain Peak!

They played it quite well.

These sword cultivators likely relied on this solemn stone sculpture to escape disaster?

Secretly pondering, Lu Ran cast his gaze at the disciples below the altar, inspecting the Sword One female disciples.

Suddenly, Lu Ran's eyes narrowed!

The Sword One disciple kneeling at the forefront was unexpectedly a familiar face!

Dongfang Ning?

This name was naturally imprinted in Lu Ran's mind! It was also the one Yu Changsheng mentioned to Lu and Deng after they'd fled to the high mountain lake.

This very middle-aged woman had resolutely intended to disrupt Deng Yuxiang's advancement, even going so far as to unleash the Sea Realm Technique: Frost Sky Sword Fall to crush Deng Yuxiang on the spot.

Now, several years have passed, and she has become the leader of Sword Mountain Peak?

Her position was very prominent, kneeling alone at the forefront of the disciples.

Lu Ran's face grew increasingly somber as his eyes swept over one Sword One disciple after another before discovering another familiar woman—Leng Jin!

She was kneeling in the first row, appearing to hold a high status within the sect.

In those days, she was the first to discover Deng Yuxiang's advancement location, ordering slaves to scout the mountain thereafter.

Lu Ran silently observed for a moment, then flickered away.

"Sect Leader, how's the situation?"

As Lu Ran appeared, Yu Changsheng was the first to ask.

Lu Ran shared everything he had observed from afar with the few of them.

Everyone listened with peculiar expressions.

Sword Mountain Peak did well, huh?

Even brought out the ancestor!

To slaughter her disciples before Lord Jian Yi, that indeed requires some courage.

"Honestly, that stone sculpture is too realistic!" Lu Ran remarked, "Even without sensing any Divine Power fluctuation, I'm somewhat worried that Sword One might possess the stone sculpture."

"Master Lu, no worries." Bai Rao smiled faintly, "Lord Sword One wouldn't bother with such minor matters within the Mountain Realm."

Lu Ran looked at Bai Rao and couldn't help but blink.

The woman's demeanor was dignified, vastly different from her usual self.

"What's wrong?" Bai Rao's eyes were deep and serene as her soft body moved closer, "Does little Master Lu not remember me?"

Lu Ran: "..."

This feels just right!

"Only over two hundred Sword One disciples and no slaves?" Deng Yuxiang inquired.

"The number is indeed a bit low." Lu Ran pushed Bai Rao away with his elbow, not wanting to be a human pole.

Sword Mountain Peak is a First-class God Sect!

It could even be called the "First Sect of the Mountain Realm," and should not be so lacking in talent.

Perhaps Sword Mountain Peak isn't as stable as it seems, or are there many hiding in the shadows?

Lu Ran pondered, "Anyway, over by the altar, it's probably mostly Sword One disciples. I dare not get too close, as the peak is filled with frost snow, and I'm afraid there might be Ice Butterfly believers secretly on guard... Wait a minute!"

He turned to Deng Yuxiang: "I saw that woman, Dongfang Ning!"

She might be the current leader of Sword Mountain Peak and is leading a group of disciples to kneel before the Divine Sculpture."

Deng Yuxiang's eyes grew colder: "I'll just go and ask directly."

"Huh?"

"I'll descend on the altar as an Executioner," Deng Yuxiang proposed, "If there are slaves, I'll take them away just like we did at the scorched mountain before."

"Hmm..." Lu Ran deliberated for a moment.

Yu Changsheng nodded lightly, "It's a good method!"

Lu Ran glanced towards his own strategist.

Yu Changsheng smiled, "Sword Mountain Peak has openly displayed the Divine Sculpture and extensively repaired the altar, placing the Divine Statue on the main peak, evidently to attract and intimidate Heavenly Realm executioners searching for them.

At the very least, they want to use the might of the divine to seek a chance to communicate with the executioner.

Since Sword Mountain Peak has this attitude, we should go along with it! The Nightmare Guardian going to demand lowly servants shouldn't be a problem."

Listening to Yu Changsheng's analysis, Lu Ran nodded approvingly, "Makes sense! Since they are so eager for peace and survival, the Big Nightmare could even demand Divine Weapons from them?"

Yu Changsheng laughed silently and nodded repeatedly, "Master is indeed thorough in his considerations!"

The mighty eagle spares no effort to catch a rabbit!

Before the great battle, weakening the enemy's strength is certainly advantageous.

"It's not that thorough," Lu Ran humbly waved his hand, "I'm just a bit greedier than Mr. Cong Long."

...

Sword Mountain Peak·Altar on the East Side of the Main Peak.

A middle-aged woman in a white dress was quietly kneeling at the feet of the Sword One Divine Statue.

Even in a kneeling position, she exuded a grand presence, her long hair coiled at the back of her head, revealing a face of cold beauty and solemn majesty.

[The one kneeling at the front is Dongfang Ning?] Deng Yuxiang slowly flew towards the altar, conveying thoughts in his mind.

Amusingly, Deng Yuxiang had never truly seen his enemy.

[Yes.] Lu Ran concealed his presence, following beside Deng Yuxiang.

Previously, he was afraid of being discovered during his investigation.

But now it's different!

Deng Yuxiang descended powerfully upon Sword Mountain Peak with the presence of the Heavenly Realm, aiming to intimidate these Sword Cultivators.

In this situation, Lu Ran accompanied him in invisible form, if discovered by scouts, it would only enhance Deng Yuxiang's imposing image.

"Sect Master Dongfang, someone has come from the south!"

"Sect Master, there's...someone coming!" The group of disciples was slightly panicked.

This is Sword Mountain Peak!

Their intimidating arrival clarified their identity!

Dongfang Ning turned her head and saw a mysterious woman in a green cloak flying through the specks of frost snow.

She seemed... too young?

However, as soon as this thought emerged, Dongfang Ning's expression changed!

As Deng Yuxiang transmitted his thoughts, the smokey blue veil paused its magic artifact effects, and the terrifying aura of the Majestic Heaven Realm descended overwhelmingly.

In an instant, the area around the altar fell into a deathly silence.

"Sect... Sect Master!" Beneath Dongfang Ning's knee, from under the stone slab, came a trembling voice, "Someone has attacked from the south, two people in total..."

"Two people?" Dongfang Ning's face didn't look good to begin with, and now she was even more shocked.

She certainly didn't think the Ice Butterfly disciple sensed incorrectly, but in everyone's eyes, there was only a solitary cloaked woman!

"Yes, two people, one before the other, less than a meter apart."

"Continue the alert," Dongfang Ning said softly, slowly standing up.

Deng Yuxiang stood high in the sky, his gaze sweeping over the solemn Divine Sculpture of Sword One, then looking down at the ants below.

"Could senior be a descendent from the Heavenly Realm, here to execute a mission?" Dongfang Ning raised her head and inquired loudly.

Dongfang Ning didn't recognize Deng Yuxiang either.

In the past, she had only seen Lu Ran and never understood which deity's follower had advanced in the mountain or what they looked like.

Deng Yuxiang looked coldly at Dongfang Ning.

Senior?

How could you, at forty years old, have the audacity to utter that?

Dongfang Ning clearly sensed the increasingly fierce gaze of the cloaked woman and hurriedly said, "Senior, please do not be angry. There are no Da Xia geniuses on Sword Mountain Peak.

In recent years, my sect has met three geniuses. They either died or fled, none stayed on the peak.

Before the divine, I swear in the name of Lord Sword One! My sect will not harbor those bastards..."

Dongfang Ning suddenly fell silent, feeling a chill, and hastily stepped back.

High above, the cloaked woman's eyes widened slightly, her gaze like two sharp blades piercing straight into Dongfang Ning's heart!

You... what did you call him?

Do you want to die!

...

Chapter 843: Spare Us?

[Calm down, Nightmare, ask for information first.] Lu Ranfei reminded Deng Yuxiang from the side.

[Hmm.] Deng Yuxiang looked at the enemy below with reverence and said coldly, "Heavenly Pride, it's not up to you to say whether there is or isn't."

Dongfang Ning was both fearful and angry, suppressing the anger in her heart.

If the situation wasn't stronger than people, how could she let a little girl trample on her?

This little wench!

"Senior, please calm your anger. Every word I say is true. All the disciples of the Sword Mountain Peak sect are here, senior can check for yourself." Even with anger in her heart, Dongfang Ning maintained a respectful attitude.

She knows full well the methods of these Heavenly Realm Great Powers!

The tragic event from a few months ago is still vivid in memory.

The original sect master of Sword Mountain Peak did not manage to change his mindset when faced with executioners from the Heavenly Realm.

Some people have been at the top for so long that they can't come down.

If you can't lower your head, naturally someone will force your head down!

That day, Sect Master and three loyal elders all died under the claws of the Heavenly Realm-Yinli Tiger disciples.

Dongfang Ning struggled for so many years, only to finally ascend to the position of sect master under such circumstances.

"Everyone's here?" Deng Yuxiang frowned slightly, scanning the crowd.

Dongfang Ning immediately explained, "To senior, two Heavenly Realm seniors came to the peak looking for people, and some unpleasantness occurred.

One Evil Demon disciple-Yinli Tiger believer taught us a lesson. Since then, many of my disciples have deserted the sect and left privately."

"Heh." Deng Yuxiang coldly glanced at Dongfang Ning.

What a lesson!

When you're weak, Dongfang Ning would trample on you wherever you cultivate and crush you to death.

But when your fists are big enough, all your actions don't even need explanations, and the other party will package them perfectly for you.

Deng Yuxiang knew clearly that Sword Mountain Peak must have been massacred by the Heavenly Realm-executioners.

Yet Dongfang Ning described it with two understated words:

Lesson.

"Later, a follower of Qiang Xiu came to the mountain, searched thoroughly, and confirmed that our sect did not have Da Xia's genius."

Dongfang Ning dared not meet Deng Yuxiang's eyes, keeping her head lowered: "The senior also took some of our people with him to carry out missions."

"Hoo~"

Deng Yuxiang paid no more attention to Dongfang Ning, descending straight down.

The Sword One disciples didn't dare breathe, all kneeling strictly on the ground.

In fact, those who remained at the peak had been selectively chosen.

The disciples who left were truly courageous, knowing that staying in Sword Mountain Peak meant they were too visible, possibly continuing to face scrutiny from Heavenly Realm Great Powers.

One careless move could lead to a dead end.

So, only around two hundred people remained at the peak, stubbornly clinging to the sect they lived in for years, huddling together on the mountain.

Ultimately, Holy Spirit Mountain is too dangerous.

Sword One One Sect is strong indeed, but the disciples dare not be arrogant, needing a team.

Their unique status as powerful individuals would expose them to two extremes, either people would flee in panic, or they'd be seen as threats, facing violent attacks...

Deng Yuxiang pretended to search through the crowd, not detecting any Divine Weapon or Magic Artifact.

She said coldly, "Your sect doesn't have a single decent Divine Weapon?"

"Sorry, senior." Dongfang Ning looked ashamed, "The sect's Divine Weapon has been handed over to the previous two Heavenly Realm Great Powers to aid them in carrying out the mission instructed by the great lords."

Deng Yuxiang's expression turned dark, she returned step by step, standing amidst the first row of kneeling disciples.

At her feet was the woman named Leng Jin.

Leng Jin's heart trembled violently, the terrifying oppressive force from the person beside her made her feel suffocated.

[Was it her who discovered my cultivation advancement location back then?] Deng Yuxiang looked down at Leng Jin, asking in her mind.

[Yes, she sent people to search the mountain, then Dongfang Ning and others came, and together they ruined your future.] The young man's deep voice echoed in Deng Yuxiang's mind.

"Hoo~"

Deng Yuxiang casually grasped, the Blood Crystal Saber was unsheathed.

Leng Jin's face changed abruptly, feeling the warm tip of the blade against her chin, lifting her face.

"Ma...Master!" Leng Jin said tremblingly, "I am nearly thirty, just looking...looking somewhat young, not some Da Xia's genius!"

Based on appearance, Leng Jin certainly seems the youngest among the crowd.

Probably those younger Sword One disciples fled from Sword Mountain Peak for fear of misunderstanding.

Deng Yuxiang remained expressionless, looking at the deathly pale woman.

Those who could easily destroy her in the past are now trembling and begging at her feet.

Deng Yuxiang didn't feel much satisfaction.

Instead, her heart grew more hateful!

She hoped her enemies were towering and at least had some blood and backbone!

Only then would they be worthy as opponents.

The more the woman kneeling below displayed such weakness, the more Deng Yuxiang felt she had been reduced to dirt in the past...

"Senior!" Seeing her confidant selected, Dongfang Ning hesitated and restrained, still speaking, "Gods above, I swear this person is not Da Xia's genius!"

She arrived at Holy Spirit Mountain long before the Human World 'Heavenly Pride' started."

"Call out the slaves, I want to take them away," Deng Yuxiang ordered casually, without even looking at the other.

"Yes!" Dongfang Ning dared not delay for a moment, immediately stomping her foot.

The stone slab at her feet shifted, and a thin figure squinted and crawled out, seemingly unaccustomed to the light having not seen it in a long time.

"Let the scout team gather here," Dongfang Ning ordered.

"I mean all of them," Deng Yuxiang said coldly.

Dongfang Ning's anger surged within her!

Though she hated the woman in the cloak, she could only grit her teeth and say, "Summon everyone."

"Yes!" The Ice Butterfly disciple spread her wings and flew away.

At the same time, several Weak God disciples around the area pushed aside the stone slabs, crawling up from the ground, trembling as they looked at the cloaked woman.

The mysterious woman still held the blood crystal saber, the blade tip lifting the chin of Hall Master Leng Jin, staring down at the terrified face.

Soon, nearly forty Weak God believers gathered at the altar.

Except for six or seven Ice Butterfly disciples, the majority of the Weak God disciples were akin to musicians, with little practical value.

"Is this everyone?" Deng Yuxiang questioned.

"Yes! Qiang Xiu's followers took away many people! Since the Heavenly Realm elder visited our sect, many inner disciples have fled down the mountain in recent months, taking others with them..."

Deng Yuxiang impatiently waved his hand, pointing to the southern cliff: "Go there."

The slaves, not daring to defy, immediately went over.

Soon, everyone's complexion changed!

These slaves suddenly shrank and then vanished without a trace.

What's even sadder is that nearly forty people did not resist!

The oppressed and tormented individuals had long lost their fighting spirit, accepting their unknown, possibly deadly, fate with numbness.

"Crack!"

The sound of the Water Flow Armor shattering was incredibly piercing.

While everyone was secretly watching the astonishing scene at the edge of the cliff, the sudden sound made their hearts stop!

Dongfang Ning rapidly turned to look, only to see the woman in the straw cloak holding the Blood Crystal Saber, unexpectedly cutting off Leng Jin's head.

"You!" Dongfang Ning's eyes widened in rage.

Deng Yuxiang coldly looked over and asked, "Me what?"

Dongfang Ning quickly regained her senses, recalling how the previous Sect Master brought about his own demise.

She hurriedly lowered her head and apologized, "Predecessor, please calm your anger, I lost my composure, beg forgiveness."

Deng Yuxiang's lips curled into a cold smile.

Truly adaptable.

Dongfang Ning's heart was bleeding!

Leng Jin was her trusted lieutenant, invaluable in helping her ascend to the Sect Master's throne of the Mountain Realm's top sect in these troubled times.

Yet her Sea Realm general was beheaded in one strike by the straw-cloaked woman.

Without warning, clean and decisive.

"Buzz~"

The Divine Weapon·Blood Drinking Saber lightly vibrated, its blade absorbing the enemy's blood.

"Predecessor!" Dongfang Ning continued, pleading, "Now all the scouts are yours. Perhaps the Heavenly Pride's disciple has also been killed by you. I beg the predecessor to spare my Sword Mountain Peak sect."

Deng Yuxiang remained silent, casually flicking the Blood Drinking Saber downward.

"Sizzle!"

The Blood Drinking Saber deeply embedded in the enemy's bones, absorbing the blood of its foe.

A connection between the soldier and master, a thrilling sensation, emanated from the Blood Drinking Saber, filling Deng Yuxiang's mind.

The enemy's blood,

Far more satisfying than the blood of the Evil Demon's minions!

"My sect's disciples are extraordinairily talented, perhaps one day they will follow in the predecessor's footsteps, ascending to the Heavenly Realm!" Dongfang Ning continued, her expression solemn.

"The Divine Sculpture is here! I, Dongfang Ning, swear in the name of Lord Jian Yi, that upon ascending to the Heavenly Realm in the future, I will repay the predecessor for today's kindness. If there's any falsehood, may I die a terrible death!"

Deng Yuxiang remained silent, his cold eyes watching.

Dongfang Ning forcibly suppressed her anger, bowing her head respectfully to the yellow-haired girl: "I beg the predecessor to show mercy."

"Show mercy?"

Suddenly, a deep voice came from behind.

Dongfang Ning's hair stood on end!

From the instant the word "show" sounded, she instinctively raised her hand, throwing out several sword shadows to the side.

Sword One Divine Skill·Sword Dance Clear Shadow!

Simultaneously, a hand pressed against the back of her head, fingertips extending several thin red threads.

"Whoosh~"

The sword shadows transformed into illusory figures, capable of exhibiting most of Sword One Divine Skill, and allowing the caster to shift positions within the illusions.

However, the caster was immobilized!

Lu Ran held her head, leaned down, and whispered in Dongfang Ning's ear: "Show mercy, how familiar does that sound?"

Dongfang Ning wasn't even allowed to change her expression.

Her eyelashes trembled lightly, suddenly realizing the voice seemed familiar?

Show mercy?

Show mercy...

Dongfang Ning suddenly remembered, years ago, in the snowy mountains near a high mountain lake, there was a young Evil Dog repeatedly saying to her:

"I beg the predecessor to show mercy!"

Dongfang Ning's face turned as pale as paper!

To eliminate future threats, she had specifically gathered troops, encircling the high mountain lake to ambush this young Evil Dog.

However, he escaped without a trace and was never seen again.

Now... he's back!

Damn! That little bastard! Bastard!!

Why didn't I kill him back then? Should have killed him!

"Sizzle!"

The Cloud Sea Blade pierced directly into her back, nailing into her heart.

The pain in her heart made all the viciousness hidden deep in Dongfang Ning's eyes vanish entirely.

Replaced by a touch of despair at the brink of death.

Deep despair.

She clearly felt her life fading little by little, yet was powerless to struggle, her pupils gradually dilating...

Chapter 844: Cloud Sea Domain

"Ah!!"

"Sect... Sect Master?!" Chaos erupted below the altar.

The disciples of the Sword Cultivator sect didn't know who the invisible, mysterious person was, but the person made their move, executing the Sea Realm peak Sect Master Dongfang instantly!

The scene was visually shocking, causing the entire sect to fall into utter chaos.

"Swoosh~ Swoosh~"

The disciples rode their flying swords in panic, fleeing, while countless sword shadows darted and weaved, providing mages with opportunities to teleport.

Deng Yuxiang's gaze was icy as she casually picked up the blood-drinking scimitar, her energy surging.

Although she could unleash 64 Night Charm Blades, against the myriad of flies darting in the sky, several dozen Wind Blades wouldn't suffice.

No problem!

In the Sea Realm, the Night Charm Clan adapted an Evil Technique·Night Shadow Thousand Traces!

Deng Yuxiang had once used this technique to slaughter a group at Tiantu Mountain.

"Zing!"

Deng Yuxiang slashed down, a terrifying sound of air being sliced erupted violently, and a long sword trace suddenly appeared.

One sword trace clearly wasn't enough to be called "Night Shadow Thousand Traces."

In an instant, countless sword traces appeared rapidly, crazily spreading outward, filling this part of the sky, tearing through all things.

"Ah!!"

"No, don't..." The screams of panic and confusion, the sound of flying swords weaving through, the sound of sword traces shattering Water Flow Armor and tearing flesh and bone—came incessantly.

"Hmm?" Deng Yuxiang suddenly looked up, feeling a cold breath of frost descending from the sky.

In her line of sight, an over-forty Sword Cultivator disciple, wearing a yellow long dress, faced her, surrounded by five floating ice frost longswords.

Is this the Sword One Sect's Sea Realm technique·Frost Sky Sword Fall?

Indeed, that's more like it.

Deng Yuxiang coldly looked at the other, wishing that Dongfang Ning, Leng Jin, and others were as bloody and spirited rather than being the kneeling, begging cowards.

"Too much bullying!" The ice-cold voice of the woman in the yellow dress echoed from the sky.

Instantly, from the five ice frost longswords, streams of frost swords continued to shoot out rapidly, speeding towards Deng Yuxiang.

A total of five "frost sword rivers" swiftly converged, forming an incredibly magnificent waterfall!

Indeed, Deng Yuxiang was at the Majestic Heaven Realm, making it difficult for Sea Grade skills to break her defense.

But the ice frost longswords poured out endlessly, their speed astounding!

If Deng Yuxiang grew complacent, bathing in the Frost Sword Waterfall for too long should break her Water Flow Armor, right?

[Continue casting.] Suddenly, a young man's deep voice fell in her mind.

Deng Yuxiang settled her mind, holding the blood-drinking scimitar, continued to channel Divine Power within, as sword traces continued spreading into the distance.

At the same time, Lu Ranfei, above Deng Yuxiang's head, unexpectedly donned a Big Red Robe.

"Whoosh~"

The robe's tail flapped in the wind, and he lifted his right hand, the wide sleeve embroidered with dragons and phoenixes suddenly unfolded.

Vermilion Paper Evil Technique·Yan Zhi Sleeve!

The magnificent Frost Sword Waterfall plunged into the wide sleeve in a swoop.

Like a clay ox entering the sea, vanishing without a trace.

This technique can revert all forms of skills back to their origins, transforming them into Pure Energy Bodies.

The Sea Grade·Yan Zhi Sleeve can even use the converted energy to replenish the caster!

"You..." The woman in the yellow dress gritted her teeth, her heart brimming with anger and shock.

This was the Sea Realm technique·Frost Sky Sword Fall!

The Sword Cultivator sect's most proud output skill, vanished atop the cloaked woman's head.

"Hiss!!"

The sharp snake hiss echoed through the heavens and the earth.

For an instant, all beings within the heavens and earth were frozen.

To the east of the Sword Mountain, a White-Scaled Giant Python suddenly appeared!

Its immense body blocked out the sky and sun, making it impossible to see it as a whole at a glance; just one enormous snakehead completely engulfed this mountain peak!

Its sleek white scales glistened brightly, two scarlet snake eyes stared intently at the living beings on the peak.

As if an Ancient God had descended!

"Wha, what?"

"Jade-faced... ah! Heaven... Heavenly Realm Jade-faced Snake?"

"This is bad, it's Immortal Breath! Ah ah ah..."

The White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python, three thousand meters in size, opened its body-fitting bloody mouth, spitting out a puff of Immortal Qi.

Wherever the thin mist passed, all things dissolved!

The mountain, buildings, frost swords, humans... even that Sword One Divine Statue.

[Sis, I can't absorb this!] Lu Ran watched the Immortal Fog passing over, corroding all things, urgently sending a mental reminder.

The Frost Sky Sword Fall was terrifying, but essentially, it was a Sea Grade technique.

The Evil Technique·Immortal Breath, on the other hand, was different.

It was Heavenly Grade!

If Lu Ran dared to absorb it with the Evil Technique·Yan Zhi Sleeve, he and his clothes would be entirely dissolved.

"Go!" Deng Yuxiang shouted sharply, fog surging beneath her feet.

Bai Rao, interpreted as the Majestic Heaven Realm's Great Power!

What is called the might of the heavens overflowing!

"Buzz~"

Lu Ran flashed several hundred meters away, suddenly sensing something unusual in his hand's Cloud Sea Blade.

The Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade seemed very interested in the Evil Technique·Immortal Breath?

Lu Ran gazed far away, coincidentally seeing a Sword Cultivator disciple being tainted by the Immortal Breath, the Water Flow Armor seemingly without the slightest defensive effect, the human's flesh and blood body instantly dissolving upon contact...

The shrill screams continued without end.

"Buzz!" The Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade vibrated more intensely.

As the Master of Divine Weapon, Lu Ran felt its eager heart.

Lu Ran immediately transmitted to the three Great Protectors: [You all stay far away from the battlefield, now!]

The moment the message ended, his figure flickered, appearing in the high sky east of Sword Mountain, standing on the head of the White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python.

"Hiss..." Bai Rao realized, a tiny ant appeared.

Such a small bug, daring to approach this Immortal?

And standing on my head?

Ha.

Bai Rao almost laughed in anger, for a moment, she didn't want to immediately crush this small bug.

She wanted to keep him around, to personally teach him what rules entail...

"Aunt Bai, it's me!" Lu Ran shouted sharply, connecting his embroidered needle magic artifact with his mind.

The actions of the sky-covering python halted, and its anger dissipated instantly.

So it's my little Master Lu!

Then go ahead and step on me~

I also like it...

"Who!!"

Lu Ran reached forward with one hand, and a gale howled.

Night Charm Evil Technique·Night Wind Assault!

A terrifying storm, accompanied by an even more terrifying immortal breath, spewed forward with full force.

Combined skill?

For the Holy Spirit Mountain, such an output method was indeed somewhat over the top.

"Hiss~" The sky-covering python hissed, its crimson snake eyes gleaming with a bloodthirsty brightness.

No wonder you're my Lu Lang!

Matching so well with me~

Bai Rao thought to herself, her enormous head continuously swaying, allowing Lu Ran to release the gale, scattering the immortal breath across the world.

"Buzz!!"

The Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade trembled violently.

It seemed to open the door to a new world, as if finding something that belonged to it.

Just moments ago, it was fascinated by the scene of immortal breath passing by, dissolving everything.

All the sins and chaos in the world vanished without a trace.

Now, Lu Ran risked his life to come atop the python's head, stirring up a terrible wind and letting the immortal breath rush forward like flowing clouds, cleansing this realm.

"Buzz!!"

"As long as you like it." Lu Ran murmured, holding the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade with one hand while continuing to release the gale with the other.

[Master, I felt something.]

"Felt... what?" Lu Ran's heart was stirred, already aware of something.

The journey of the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade gathering sword spirit was far tougher than that of several other blades!

Yet, after becoming a Divine Weapon, the path to comprehending the Divine Weapon Domain was faster than that of other Divine Weapon blades.

Was it because the foundation was solid?

Or was it fortuitous, catching Bai Rao in her divine inspiration, providing insight for the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade?

[Domain, my domain...] The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit responded softly.

"Good!" Lu Ran was overjoyed, looking at the cleansing white mist, his heart full of excitement.

Is this the general form of the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade·Divine Weapon Domain?

Hmm... just as expected!

"Come, let me help you comprehend!" Lu Ran immediately said, gripping the hilt with both hands.

[I cannot comprehend.]

"Ah?" Lu Ran was somewhat bewildered.

[There is some presence blocking me.] The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit said softly, [It... doesn't allow me to delve into this path.]

Did the Divine Weapon Domain collide?

Lu Ran's heart sank, asking, "Can you sense where the opponent is?"

[I can.]

"You can?"

[It's to the south, very far from us.]

Lu Ran tightened his grip on the hilt, realizing that the opponent was also on the Holy Spirit Mountain?

...

The gale gradually stopped.

The immortal breath dissipated.

The once magnificent Sword Peak had completely vanished from the map of the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm.

The so-called battlefield could not be seen with any cruel or bloody scenes; all had been melted away.

Only numerous dead souls lingered between heaven and earth.

Also drawn into an invisible figure's garden.

The speed of sword cultivator disciples flying with swords was quite remarkable, theoretically, there should have been many escaped fish.

But the three Great Protectors of the Ran Sect were not just for show!

The mobility and output speed of the Nightmare Guardian needs no mention.

The Dragon Guardian's Dragon Carp Heavenly Boat spanned the sky, blocking countless fugitives.

The Evil Shadow Guardian was the most outstanding, she teleported constantly, creating one dark moon arc after another with her Evil Moon Scimitar, executing the remnants of Sword Peak.

By afternoon, the members of the Ran Sect returned to the peak of the snowy mountain where they had previously been.

Now, looking northward, the towering Sword Peak was no longer visible.

"Are you satisfied with my performance, Little Lu?" Bai Rao twisted her tempting and seductive figure, coming closer, only to see Lu Ran's solemn face.

She immediately dropped her playful tone, asking with concern, "What's wrong with you?"

Others also looked over, recognizing that Lu Ran was not in the right state.

"Everyone, my Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade has comprehended the Divine Weapon Domain." Lu Ran's eyes swept over everyone.

"Oh?" Bai Rao's eyebrows raised slightly, realizing the problem.

Since the divine weapon has comprehended the domain, it should naturally be joyful, but Lu Ran's expression clearly indicates something is amiss.

Yu Changsheng frowned slightly, knowing well that his sect leader had abundant experience in nurturing divine weapons, with low probability of failure.

So...

Yu Changsheng probed, "Sect Leader, has someone beaten you to it?"

Lu Ran nodded: "Yes, and this person is on Holy Spirit Mountain."

"Then let's go meet this person." Deng Yuxiang looked at Lu Ran, somewhat puzzled, not believing Lu Ran would fear challenges.

Why is he feeling so heavy-hearted?

However, Deng Yuxiang noticed that Yu Changsheng's expression also grew serious, murmuring:

"How could it be possible?"

Yu Changsheng knew well Lu Ran's nurturing philosophy for the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade.

To put it bluntly: the Divine Weapon Domains like Dawn Blade, Silent Night Blade, and Eight Desolate Blade could all clash with others!

But solely this Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade...

Shouldn't!

What kind of person is the opponent?

...

Chapter 845: The Ugly Slave

"Let's go have a look." Lu Ran wiped his two fingers over the icy blade, feeling the thoughts of the Cloud Sea Blade.

The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit was like an immortal untouched by the smoke of the human world.

Graceful and free.

And at this moment, Lu Ran felt a trace of desire from the Cloud Sea Blade.

The longing for the unattainable Divine Weapon Domain finally pulled the Spirit down from the altar, making it no longer indifferent... Hmm?

Lu Ran carefully felt it, and was surprised to discover he was wrong!

The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit indeed had some desire, but rather than obtaining the Divine Weapon Domain, it wanted more to meet that fellow companion.

"You..." Lu Ran couldn't help but smile, whispering, "Don't imagine this world to be too wonderful."

[Hmm?]

"The other party might not be a fellow companion." Lu Ran cautioned.

That Divine Weapon might be walking a different path, and ultimately veered towards the "cleansing all" kind of Divine Weapon Domain.

The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit did not respond, remaining noncommittal.

"Sect Leader, do you need to take a rest?" Yu Changsheng asked.

"No need! We should press forward now." Lu Ran shook his head.

Yu Changsheng reminded, "Sect Leader must be mentally prepared, we cannot exclude the possibility that the other party is a Heavenly Realm executioner."

Deng Yuxiang interjected, "We have to face this eventually! The Sect Leader may advance at any time, and the process could last a month. If we don't handle this in advance, we'll be at a disadvantage."

"Indeed." Lu Ran deeply agreed.

If the other party chooses to launch a sneak attack during his advancement, it would be quite a mess!

During a secluded breakthrough, not even the slightest distraction can be afforded.

This matter must be carried out, leaving no hidden danger.

"Evil Shadow."

"Here."

"First send the disciples back, make the handover." Lu Ran summoned the Ancient Bronze Mirror, and with his mind, the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd immediately flew towards the Evil Shadow Guardian.

Yan Shuangzi took the Treasure Gourd and walked into the Landing Mirror.

Lu Ran maintained the Landing Mirror open, turned his head to Yu Changsheng and said, "This time, we won't hide the Teleportation Skill, swift action, we'll charge straight ahead!"

Yu Changsheng nodded lightly, "Okay."

The perception of Divine Weapons is mutual, once Lu Ran uses Evil Mirror Magic-Mirror Flower Moon to cross several thousand kilometers in one step, the other party will surely notice.

However, times have changed!

Lu Ran cannot roam freely as before in the Mountain Realm, conquering lands along the way.

Since the Sect Master is determined to act swiftly, doing it in one step is also well.

A few minutes later, a Landing Mirror opened in the northern mountain cave of the Forbidden City.

"Which direction?" Lu Ran held the Cloud Sea Blade, asking softly.

The old site of the Forbidden City, standing at the very center of the Holy Spirit Mountain continent, was the perfect starting point.

[Keep heading south.] The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit felt for a moment, [No need to teleport so far.]

"Hmm..." Lu Ran pondered briefly, then cast spells again.

Immediately, a Landing Mirror opened south of the Tree Face Demon Clan's base camp, Withered Wood Forest.

Lu Ran took a step into it, crossing a distance of five hundred kilometers.

The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit again transmitted thoughts: [Southwest direction, same distance.]

"Oh?" Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

Starting from Withered Wood Forest and heading southwest for five hundred kilometers, that was an incredible area—Thousand Paper Abyss.

The Second-Class Evil Demon, the Paper Kite Clan's base camp!

Previously, when Lu Ran marched south and north alone, he had slain the Paper Kite Clan in the abyss as preparation for the future activation of the Evil Sculpture.

Lu Ran immediately looked at everyone and said, "The other party is most likely located within the Thousand Paper Abyss!"

Yu Changsheng's face was solemn: "Paper Kite believer?"

In this case, the other party must be a Heavenly Realm executioner!

Ordinary human clan believers naturally would not dare to stay inside the Evil Demon base camp, only beings like Bai Rao could roam freely near their "home" Evil Nest.

"Paper Kite believers aren't easy to kill~" Bai Rao extended a long scarlet tongue, licked the corner of her lips.

Lu Ran: "..."

Could it really be that difficult to kill?

Why do you look like you're hungry?

"This clan can transform into tiny paper feathers, quite annoying." Bai Rao's captivating eyes gazed lightly at Lu Ran, "Do you want me to help you swallow that person alive?"

Lu Ran was somewhat helpless: "Aunt Bai, don't act impulsively, let's first see what situation they're in. If needed, I'll tell you."

"Okay~"

"Sect Leader." Yu Changsheng suggested, "Should we all enter the gourd first?"

The other party is very likely a Heavenly Realm Paper Kite disciple, whose escape skills are quite superb! Seeing so many people rushing in, the other party might flee directly.

Better to let everyone hide, and catch them off guard with a surprise attack!

Of course, this is all a worst-case scenario.

If the other party is a fellow companion, that would naturally be better.

"Alright!" Lu Ran happily complied, putting everyone into the gourd one by one, then opened a Landing Mirror leading near the Paper Kite Clan's base camp.

Here, the mountains stretched endlessly.

But between the mountains lay a deep abyss, where the Paper Kite Clan resided.

"Is it here?" Lu Ran held the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade.

[Travel west, about one to two hundred kilometers.]

"Ah?" Lu Ran turned his head westward, finally realizing that his judgment was incorrect.

He also finally understood where the other party was hiding.

To the west of Thousand Paper Abyss, over a hundred kilometers away, was another well-known area!

That was one of the Seven Views of the Holy Spirit as mentioned by Lu Yuan's master-disciple pair—Hidden Thousand Mountain!

The former Lu Ran, solely focused on slaughtering Paper Kite and cultivating Evil Sculpture, had never explored Hidden Thousand Mountain.

It is said that the morning mist of Hidden Thousand Mountain is a sight to behold!

Unfortunately, it was now afternoon, Hidden Thousand Mountain might lack the mist, Lu Ran pondered silently, heading towards the correct destination.

Chapter 846: Chou Nu (2)

As it turned out, he was wrong!

Even though it wasn't dawn, under the gloomy sky, the mist shrouded between the endless mountain peaks was still dreamlike and illusory.

Lu Ran was a bit dazed.

He thought he had arrived at Soul-locking Mountain.

In contrast, Hidden Thousand Mountains was purely a product of the "mortal world," with peaks faintly visible in the thin mist, rendering the place like an Immortal Realm.

"Are we almost there?" Lu Ran flew forward with his blade, his heartbeat gradually accelerating.

"Buzz~" The Cloud Sea Blade suddenly trembled.

Lu Ran's forward momentum halted, and he looked diagonally downward.

Amidst the swirling mist, on a lush green peak, stood a large tree.

Behind the tree, was someone sitting?

Lu Ran squinted his eyes, observing carefully, and saw a corner of the person's clothing.

Black hem, with golden patterns?

The more Lu Ran looked, the more familiar it seemed. Isn't this... the Black Gold Emperor Robe?

Evil Spear Emperor Clan's Evil Cloud Robe?

Damn!

Lu Ran felt a bit numb.

Good news! The other party was not a powerful second-class Evil God, the disciple of Paper Simurgh.

Bad news:

The other side was likely a first-class Evil God, the disciple of the Evil Spear Emperor!

Lu Ran flew slowly, and the person sitting beneath the tree finally revealed their true appearance.

It was a middle-aged man, probably around forty, with a rather handsome face, which should have appeared more noble and dignified against the Black Gold Emperor Robe.

However, his hair was messy, and his clothing disheveled, even giving a sense of drunken stupor.

Was he really drunk?

Lu Ran noticed that the man was holding a wine gourd, gently shaking it as if estimating how much wine was left inside.

Oh?

For the first time, Lu Ran saw an existence that could rival the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd.

Like the Black Gold Emperor Robe, it was black-gold in color.

Made of black jade, it looked warm and glossy, with exquisite golden cloud patterns etched on it.

"You came quickly."

Suddenly, the man spoke.

But his words were slightly slurred, as if he was quite drunk?

Lu Ran slowly descended atop the peak, sizing up the man dozens of meters away, with his gaze locked on the other man's waist.

The Divine Weapon that suppressed the Cloud Sea Blade was hidden in that scabbard.

So, was this Divine Weapon a sword?

"Gulp, gulp..." The man again lifted the black jade golden cloud patterned gourd, tipping his head back to drink.

Lu Ran slightly raised his eyes, watching the "emperor" drink heartily with his head tilted back.

The man's face was flushed, clearly due to the alcohol, because from the open collar, skin on his neck and chest appeared a sickly pale.

The world knows, Qiang Xiu and the Evil Spear Emperor love wine!

It seemed the man, due to his high level of power, had picked up the habits of the gods/demons.

Judging from the aura he exuded, this was undoubtedly a Heavenly Realm Great Power! When a member of the Human Clan cultivates to this realm, the body's strength is quite terrifying.

To wreck oneself to such a sickly state...

How much wine did he have to drink?

"May I ask, your honorable name?" Lu Ran spoke solemnly only after the other put down the wine gourd.

The man in the Emperor Robe finally focused his hazy drunken eyes on Lu Ran.

And then, he actually laughed: "You seem to be one of Da Xia's geniuses."

Lu Ran did not deny it, holding his blade in one hand while lightly running a finger along its blade: "It very much looks forward to meeting you, as we've cultivated the same Divine Weapon and Domain, it thought you and I would be kindred spirits."

"Heh." The man in the Emperor Robe let out a snort of laughter, leaning the back of his head against the tree trunk, gazing at the overcast sky.

In those hazy eyes, a hint of reminiscence seemed to flicker.

Kindred spirits?

Am I worthy?

Are you worthy?

While Da Xia's geniuses caused a bit of a stir, that's about all they achieved.

Lu Ran felt a bit disappointed, naturally understanding the other man's disdainful laughter.

So... there was no common ground?

Although the other hadn't expressed hostility, such a terrifying Heavenly Realm executioner could strike at any moment, taking Lu Ran's life.

Lu Ran tightened his grip on the Cloud Sea Blade, about to speak, when he heard the other say: "Go back."

"Huh?" Lu Ran was quite surprised.

"You're only at the Sea Realm Peak, you wouldn't withstand three moves from me." The man in the Emperor Robe waved a hand dismissively, "Let's save our battle for after you ascend to the Heavenly Realm."

Lu Ran was utterly bewildered.

Why is martial virtue so abundant?

Suddenly, Lu Ran felt a surge in his heart!

The man in the Emperor Robe is a Heavenly Realm executioner, here in this world to kill Da Xia's genius! Yet he seems like a heavenly pride, and the other intends to let him go?

Is this... right?

They must be kindred spirits!

"Go back to cultivate, heavenly pride." The man in the Emperor Robe shook his wine gourd, "What you have done has accidentally opened this special Divine Weapon Domain, don't defile it."

Defile?

Lu Ran was even more certain of his guess!

He organized his words, trying to open the conversation: "May I ask, what is the name of your Divine Weapon?"

The man in the Emperor Robe paused his movements, slowly drawing out a long sword, silently lowering his head to examine it.

As he gazed, his drunken demeanor turned surprisingly devout, his slender fingers gently stroking the sword blade, again and again.

Lu Ran was quite impressed.

This man is really...

Always talking to himself, never answering questions at all.

"Heavenly pride."

"Here!" Lu Ran responded immediately.

"Can your dream be realized?"

"Yes!" Lu Ran's expression was firm, slowly lowering his head, "It definitely can!"

The man in the Emperor Robe smiled, finally shifting his gaze from the sword to Lu Ran.

He looked directly into Lu Ran's eyes, waves of terrifying pressure crashing onto Lu Ran like tides.

Lu Ran stood firmly, also gazing back into the other's eyes, his gaze resolute beyond words.

"Hmm." After a long time, the man in the Emperor Robe nodded slightly, "Go back, I'll wait for you here."

"I..."

"I'm here to kill you, heavenly pride." The man in the Emperor Robe spoke hoarsely, the corners of his lips slightly raised, "If you don't leave now, you won't be able to."

"What's your sword called? I believe our goals should be the same, you won't make a move!"

Lu Ran spun his Tang Blade, speaking first: "My blade is named Cloud Sea Dust Clear! And yours?"

"Hoo!!"

An astonishing aura rippled out.

Invisible, yet it forced Lu Ran to take a step back!

The man in the Emperor Robe, who was slumped under the tree, suddenly floated up, his drunken eyes no longer confused, staring intently at the Tang Blade in Lu Ran's hand, tremblingly asking:

"You... you said, your blade is... named what?"

Lu Ran's body tensed, ready to instantly teleport to dodge at any time, suppressing his inner fear, he spoke solemnly: "Blade name, Cloud Sea Dust Clear!"

A black cloud suddenly rose beneath the feet of the man in the Emperor Robe.

Lu Ran's pupils slightly contracted, confirming that the other was indeed a first-class Evil God—disciple of the Evil Spear Emperor!

"Hoo~"

The man in the Emperor Robe instantly appeared at Lu Ran's position, while Lu Ran simultaneously flickered and stood in mid-air outside the peak.

"Hmm?" The man in the Emperor Robe suddenly looked up, gazing at the young man in the fox fur cloak.

"Sir, what does this mean?" Lu Ran frowned and asked.

The man in the Emperor Robe stared at the blade in Lu Ran's hand: "Is that your blade?"

"Of course it's mine, I cultivated it myself!" Lu Ran did not understand why the other reacted so, and with such a strong reaction at that.

"Then... is it also you who named this blade?"

Lu Ran was momentarily stupefied.

Seeing Lu Ran's expression, the man in the Emperor Robe's heart trembled: "Who? Who named your blade?"

Lu Ran opened his mouth, under the other's expectant gaze, he spoke: "My... mother."

Mother?

Mother!

The man in the Emperor Robe suddenly wobbled, staring blankly at Lu Ran.

The young man's eyebrows, nose, lips...

The snow-white fox fur cloak gently swayed in the light mist, further accentuating the noble temperament of this heroic young man.

As if a shadow with unrivaled charm overlapped with the young man's figure.

"Hehe, hehe...ahaha!" The man in the Emperor Robe suddenly laughed, his laughter growing louder and entangled with such complexity of emotions.

For a moment, Lu Ran couldn't clearly describe it.

"No wonder! Hahaha, no wonder..." The man in the Emperor Robe raised a pale palm to cover his eyes.

The laughter gradually choked, emotions rising and falling dramatically.

You... haven't forgotten me.

Specially named this blade this way.

Just to let him ascend to the Heavenly Realm, to find Chou Nu...

Chapter 847: Cloud Sea Dust Clear

Lu Ran stood silently in the air, watching the emperor-robed man who was both crying and laughing.

Presumably, this man had a significant connection to his mother.

Otherwise, how could he have such a reaction?

Listening to the man's choked laughter, Lu Ran couldn't help but feel a pang of sorrow; the ability of Heavenly Great Powers to influence their surroundings is truly formidable.

Gratitude, sadness, surprise, bitterness...

So complex, constantly switching.

How could one person's emotions be so intense?

What exactly had this person experienced?

"May I... may I ask, your esteemed mother's... full name?" the emperor-robed man suddenly lowered his pale hand and asked tremulously.

His cautious demeanor was completely out of place with his imposing aura.

This majestic Heaven Realm being seemed somewhat humble.

Under the emperor-robed man's exceedingly hopeful gaze, Lu Ran slowly spoke: "My mother's surname is Qiao, her name is Wanjun."

A simple name caused the emperor-robed man's figure to sway once more.

Qiao Wanjun!

Qiao Wanjun...

With a thud, the man kneeled on the ground, his pale hand covering his eyes once more, muttering incessantly:

"Good, good..."

"May I know your name, sir?" Lu Ran asked appropriately.

"With due respect, my surname is Yan, first name Chou," the emperor-robed man quickly lifted his head to look at Lu Ran, responding with great respect.

Lu Ran was somewhat startled.

It's truly hard to imagine a Heaven Realm executioner being so deferential when facing his task target, Da Xia's genius.

"Yan as in King Yan, Chou as in ugly," the emperor-robed man kindly explained.

"Yan Chou," Lu Ran slightly furrowed his brow.

The surname follows the lineage, nothing to say there.

But Chou, meaning ugly?

Even though the emperor-robed man appeared sickly, it couldn't hide his handsome face.

Even with his disheveled long hair and unkempt clothes, his noble demeanor was ingrained, impossible to erase.

This name,

The contrast is too stark.

"Young Master may call me Ugly Servant," Yan Chou said softly, offering a humble title.

"Young Master?" This form of address was unique, and Lu Ran had deduced some details.

Yan Chou lowered his head and said: "Ugly Servant once... once followed your esteemed mother."

Lu Ran sighed inwardly.

Indeed!

Mother must have come to Holy Spirit Mountain, likely ascended to the Heavenly Realm, fought through it, and then returned to the human world of Da Xia.

When could it have been?

It shouldn't have been while the parents were together, even though Lu Ran was young, he remembered things.

Back then, Father was guarding the Demon Cave year-round, and Mother was raising the siblings.

After Lu Ran turned 5 and the parents divorced, Father applied to the military for a transfer back to the human city, to accompany his son's growth.

So...

Could it have been after the divorce, when Mother took little Yuanxi to live in Beijing?

The Lu Family was not wealthy.

And then, within a few years of moving to Beijing, Mother with little Yuanxi had everything.

From a worldly perspective of wealth, the area of Immortal Scenic Garden, the luxurious grand apartment of the Qiao Family, was wealth ordinary people couldn't even dream of across generations.

Housing was just one aspect.

Other various things were innumerable.

Little Yuanxi transformed from a poor child by the Wu Lie River to a wealthy Beijing lady overnight.

Was it during that period?

By the time Lu Ran was 13, he was taken to Beijing to live with his mother.

From ages 5 to 13... eight or nine years?

No!

In the sister's impression, although Mother was especially busy with work, and they were often apart, Mother still took care of little Yuanxi.

Could someone else have taken care of Qiao Yuansi back then, perhaps disguised?

Or was it some magic artifact's effect?

Lu Ran locked his brow tightly.

No matter how you calculate it, the time it took for the Qiao Family to rise was extremely short!

Two words popped into Lu Ran's mind:

Speedrun!

Mother must have ventured into the Mountain Realm, fought through the Heavenly Realm... a speedrun for sure!

Just like himself.

Lu Ran entered the Mountain Realm in early January 2020, and now it's August 2022...

He too went from being Jiang Realm·Second Rank upon entering the Mountain Realm, to the current Sea Realm·Fifth Rank.

No,

Mother must have been even faster?

Lu Ran sighed deeply, looking up at the sky where clouds were surging.

Two and a half years, still trapped in the mountains seeking a breakthrough.

In the same time frame, Mother must have already slain her way into the Heavenly Realm...

"Sigh~"

A gentle breeze blew, bringing wisps of mist that swept through Lu Ran's short hair, awakening him from his thoughts.

Lu Ran looked down to find the noble emperor still kneeling properly on the peak.

The other seemed immersed in his own world, unable to extricate himself.

Lu Ran said softly, "Mr. Yan, please rise."

Yan Chou suddenly lifted his head, slightly agitated: "Young Master may call me Ugly Servant!"

He seemed to desperately need Lu Ran's approval?

A sudden wave of emotion, carrying immense heavenly power, surged violently like a raging sea, making Lu Ran feel like a small boat in the storm, almost shattering his very being.

"Whew~"

Lu Ran quickly retreated, flying back over twenty meters.

Yan Chou opened his mouth, but finally in a dejected manner, bowed his head deeply.

Lu Ran forcibly suppressed the tremors of his heart for quite a while, finally calming down.

Mother... truly remarkable!

Even her servants possessed such strength, a disciple of a first-class Evil God.

Such loyalty is even more so.

"How did you meet my mother?" Lu Ran inquired.

Yan Chou lowered his head, his eyes full of guilt, remaining silent.

Lu Ran was silent for a moment, and suddenly said, "Chou Slave."

"Yes!"

"Answer the question."

"I... I met Sect Master Qiao in the Heavenly Realm."

"Sect Master?" Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

Yan Chou's expression was gloomy: "Your mother founded the Cloud Sea Sect and is the master of a sect.

However, the sect has always been oppressed, constantly shattered and dismantled, and to this day, barely one-tenth of the old members remain."

"By whom are you oppressed?"

Yan Chou lowered his eyes, and an astonishing hatred bloomed in them:

"Gods, demons."

Lu Ran's face also darkened: "Are you, in the Heavenly Realm, helping the gods and demons resist foreign enemies?"

"Yes."

"And yet you are still oppressed by the gods and demons?" Lu Ran's voice was icy.

Yan Chou's deeply bowed head directly hit the ground: "Chou Slave is incompetent and failed to relieve the sect master's worries and difficulties."

Damn it!

This group of dogs!

Lu Ran looked up at the sky, staring at the thick sea of clouds.

He didn't know how much grievance his mother must have endured.

He had never personally been to the Heavenly Realm, nor seen the harsh environment there with his own eyes.

But just being in Holy Spirit Mountain was enough for Lu Ran to catch a glimpse—within this world, the Human Clan was like pigs and dogs awaiting slaughter, already humiliated beyond measure.

His mother struggled out of the slaughterhouse, finally ascended to the Heavenly Realm!

She must have done immense mental preparation, swallowed all her grievances, willingly becoming a soldier under the gods and demons to resist foreign enemies...

To such an extent!

And yet still oppressed by the gods and demons?

"Why do the gods and demons oppress the Cloud Sea Sect," Lu Ran asked solemnly.

"The Human Clan... is too powerful."

"Powerful?" Lu Ran looked at Yan Chou in disbelief, "The Human Clan is oppressed to such an extent, powerful?"

"Young Master may not know, but our Human Clan's talent is extraordinarily strong. In just a few short years, top-tier experts can emerge, causing fear among the gods and demons."

Lu Ran: ???

Yan Chou softly explained: "Compared to the gods and demons, our Human Clan has short life spans and fragile bodies, but possesses extremely high intelligence and unparalleled talent qualifications.

Within the very short life of the Human Clan, some people... like your mother, can reach extremely high realms in an even shorter time."

"Gulp." Lu Ran's Adam's apple bobbed.

In his conception, gods and demons have always been entities above all, and the Human Clan merely base ants.

But Yan Chou's words abruptly awakened Lu Ran:

The so-called ants were actually such frightening beings!

Indeed, not to mention others.

Just speaking of Lu Ran himself, he successfully honored the gods on the first day of June, 2018, and became a believer, which was barely over four years ago.

And Lu Ran, has reached the peak of the Sea Realm!

Heading straight towards the First Level of Heaven Realm!

Perhaps Lu Ran, Jiang Ruyi, Deng Yuxiang, and others are somewhat special, then let's talk about an ordinary person—Chang Ying.

She was later found by Lu Ran and is merely a disciple of a fourth-class god, not outstanding in talent. Yet this young woman of the Human Clan, even before binding with a stone sculpture, was already at the Fourth Rank of the River Realm.

People's lives,

indeed fragile, indeed short.

Yet capable of blooming with the most brilliant radiance!

Yan Chou clawed at the ground with both hands, his fingertips deeply embedded into the stone: "Under your mother's command, she gathered quite a group of such people, who are utterly loyal to Sect Master Qiao.

The gods and demons, were afraid."

Lu Ran slightly opened his mouth.

The last four words set off tremendous waves in his heart.

The gods and demons... were afraid?

Yan Chou was filled with overwhelming hatred: "The gods and demons needed our help to resist foreign enemies, yet could not let us grow strong. Your mother..."

"What?"

"Sect Master Qiao was invited back to the Human World."

"What??"

Yan Chou raised his head, this middle-aged man, this majestic figure of Heaven Realm, with tears glistening in his eyes:

"Your mother never abandoned us, never gave up the struggle. She was invited back to the Human World."

Lu Ran's heart trembled.

He always thought, for Human Clan believers, the journey to ascend the heavens was a path of no return.

He also always believed that the very few who could return to the Human World had undergone countless ordeals, a brush with death, to finally reunite with their families.

But Lu Ran never imagined that his mother was invited back.

Killed her way back to the Human World.

Invited back to the Human World.

A single word difference completely overturned Lu Ran's understanding and made him realize an even more frightening truth.

Mother has the power to oppose the gods!

Otherwise, there would be no need for a word like "invite"!

So it seems, even if the Human Clan and the gods signed a master-servant contract, if the strength and realm of the Human Clan grow strong enough, to an excessive degree...

They have a shred of resistance capability?!

With a "clang" and a crisp sound, the sharp sword was drawn.

Yan Chou held the Divine Sword with both hands, offering it deferentially: "Young Master, this sword was left on the battlefield by Sect Master Qiao before she was invited back to the Human World, and Chou Slave has been keeping it for her.

Now that the Young Master has entered the mountain, it should return to its rightful owner.

In the future, when the Young Master ascends to the Heavenly Realm, you can use this sword to rally the old forces of Cloud Sea!"

Lu Ran gazed numbly at the three-foot-long cyan peak, it seemed to be forged from Tianchen Steel, radiating a sharp, cold glint.

The bigger issue is, it was this sword that blocked the path of the Cloud Sea Dust Clear blade.

"What is its name?"

"This sword shares the same name as the Young Master's blade."

"It... is also called Cloud Sea Dust Clear?"

"Cloud Sea Dust Clear!"

Chapter 848: She, the Sword Spirit

Lu Ran held the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword, feeling a mix of emotions.

What should I do?

The Divine Sword from mother's inheritance is blocking the path of my Divine Weapon Blade...

What's giving Lu Ran a headache is that today's situation seems to be a deliberate setup by mom?

Did she deliberately name it this way, hoping for such a day?

"Sigh..."

Lu Ran let out a deep sigh, and clearly sensed that the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword in his hand is a powerful Third Rank Divine Weapon!

Third Rank!

Which means this Divine Weapon has at least two Divine Weapon Domains.

"Young Master, you still need to understand the heartfelt intentions of the Sect Master." Yan Chou couldn't help but speak up in defense of his former master.

"Hmm?" Lu Ran looked down at the man.

Yan Chou certainly knew that the Divine Weapon Domains of the blade and sword overlapped.

But precisely because of this, the two could meet here.

Yan Chou spoke seriously, "The Sect Master founded a legacy in the Heavenly Realm for you, intentionally naming your blade 'Cloud Sea Dust Clear,' perhaps so you could find us, the old Cloud Sea faction.

As the heir, continue to lead us to complete her unfinished business!"

"Heh heh." Lu Ran suddenly laughed.

Yan Chou looked at Lu Ran, confused.

"Mr. Yan misunderstood." Lu Ran shook his head, "I'm sighing, indeed troubled, but more so feeling reflective and grateful."

"Young Master, please call me Chou Nu." Yan Chou truly cared about the name, yearning for Lu Ran's approval.

Because Lu Ran represented Qiao Wanju.

In fact, when Yan Chou offered the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword with both hands, he had some trepidation, not knowing whether this noble solitary sword would permit the youth to touch it.

It was only when Lu Ran firmly grasped the sword hilt that Yan Chou finally breathed a sigh of relief.

This counted as another layer of identity validation, but it was merely a relationship validation.

Whether the young man could be identified as the successor to Sect Master Qiao, it seemed that this Divine Sword still needed further observation.

Yan Chou's mind raced as he quickly asked, "Did Young Master just say that the sigh was more for gratitude?"

"Yes." Lu Ran extended two fingers, gently brushed the chilly sword's surface, "Chou Nu, do you have family?"

Yan Chou shook his head, "No."

"So you don't understand a mother's heartfelt intentions for her child." Lu Ran sighed with a smile, "Perhaps deep down, she wishes I'd inherit her affairs, to see if I can find a breakthrough, but..."

Yan Chou gazed up at the young man, quietly listening.

Lu Ran looked at the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword, murmuring, "Yet I feel she wants to find some help for me, desires for me to have reliance in the perilous Heavenly Realm."

"Hoo~"

The Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword surged with energy, the Sword Spirit gradually appearing.

Yan Chou's eyes widened in disbelief, feeling excited.

How many years has it been?

Since the Sword Spirit of this sword last appeared when Sect Master Qiao was summoned back to the Human World!

And now, that immortal figure deeply hidden in memory finally appeared before him again.

Lu Ran was entirely frozen!

The image of the Sword Spirit was precisely Qiao Wanjun.

She was tall, wearing a white and gold ancient-style long dress, her long black hair gently fluttering in the wind, unbelievably beautiful.

She wore a white veil covering the lower half of her face, preventing others from seeing her true appearance.

Her brow exuded an aura of intense majesty, her cold eyes lightly gazing at Lu Ran.

The same.

Yet different.

Those beautiful eyes seemed like a deep cold lake, ice-cold, without a ripple.

Imagine that this is how mother looks at outsiders.

Lu Ran was rarely treated like this by mom.

Whenever she looked at him, her eyes were always as clear as a fresh spring, soothing the soul.

"You've grown up." Cloud Sea Sword Spirit spoke softly.

This Sword Spirit formed naturally many years ago.

At that time, in Qiao Wanjin's mind, her children were still very young, so the Sword Spirit's impression of these children remained from that period.

Lu Ran opened his mouth, "mom" almost escaped his lips before he swallowed it back hard.

He constantly reminded himself it was just a Sword Spirit.

Not his real mother.

Cloud Sea Sword Spirit calmly extended a hand, gently brushing Lu Ran's cheek with the back of her hand.

Lu Ran reflexively closed his eyes, almost failing to hold his composure.

Does he miss her?

Since entering the mountain, Lu Ran's life was consumed by cultivation and battle, leaving him little time for nostalgia.

Yet when Lu Ran had the opportunity to return to the Human World, he immediately brought Yuanxi, Deng Yutang, Tian Tian, and others to his side.

A person's words can be false, but actions do not lie.

Lu Ran certainly misses them.

But he couldn't meet his mother.

Qiao Wanju is a Peak Master of one of the nine Spirit Mountains in the Sword One Sect, a person of key interest to the deities.

Lu Ran is the mouse in the dark sewer.

He could only act secretly, unable to see the light.

Today, after hearing Yan Chou recount mother's deeds, Lu Ran felt even more confident in his decision.

Qiao Wanju is not just under close watch?

She was "invited" back personally by the deities to serve as Jinghong Peak's Peak Master, likely so the deities can keep a firm foot on her, closely monitoring her.

Thus, is Lord Jian Yi very aloof?

Unwilling to do dirty deeds?

Get real!

In the vast crowd of Gods and Demons, can one find anything good?

"Seems like, it's time for me to leave." Cloud Sea Sword Spirit said softly, lowering her gaze to the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade.

Lu Ran suddenly opened his eyes wide, "No!"

Not to mention this is a powerful Third Rank Divine Weapon!

Just considering it's mother's weapon, Lu Ran couldn't allow anything to happen to it.

The immaterial Qiao Wanjun remained unmoved, "You and your blade need to grow."

"Hoo~"

Once again, waves of energy surged, forming the Cloud Sea Blade Spirit.

It was also Lu Ran.

A Lu Ran with an ethereal, immortal grace.

Qiao Wanjun looked towards the other child and continued, "My existence hinders you."

"No!"

"Absolutely not!" both Lu Rans spoke simultaneously.

Qiao Wanjun raised her brows slightly, almost imperceptibly, observing the solemn rejection on the faces of the two children.

As a Sword Spirit, from the moment she was born, she carried the essence of the Master of Divine Weapon.

Yet from start to finish, the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit never truly felt familial affection.

Everything existed in imagination, residing in the memory provided by the Master of Divine Weapon.

Now, faced with two anxious Lu Rans, the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit not only sensed an ethereal emotion, but even felt a sense of "completeness of life."

"Hehe." The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit suddenly laughed.

She extended her hand again, gently brushing Lu Ran's cheek, her indifferent eyes quietly softening.

The more you act this way, the more I shouldn't obstruct your path.

Lu Ran felt something was amiss!

He would rather have the Sword Spirit always remain indifferent, but why did she suddenly become gentle?

This spells trouble!

No, she absolutely can't self-destruct.

"Let's get one thing straight!" Lu Ran said solemnly, "You are not truly my mother, you don't have the right to make decisions."

The ethereal Qiao Wanjun showed a faint smile: "Why wouldn't I be?"

I was born from her thoughts, carrying her will.

She wished to cleanse the Cloud Sea, but was ultimately suppressed; surely she was melancholic in the Human World.

The result is evident, I cannot help her fulfill the wish upon her heart.

Therefore, I should yield.

Let it be you.

My departure will allow you to continue growing smoothly, it's also the last thing I can do for the Master as a Divine Weapon...

"Align yourself!" Lu Ran's tone carried unprecedented authority.

It was as if interwoven with the Heavenly Dao Laws.

Even Yan Chou couldn't help but glance over.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit's gaze fell below, seemingly able to see through the luxurious fur cloak to the Second-rank Magical Artifact·Black Jade Tiger Talisman hidden beneath.

Lu Ran spoke again, "I will find a way for the coexistence of blade and sword."

The Sword Spirit remained noncommittal.

Lu Ran threw out another bombshell: "Once I ascend to the Heavenly Realm, I can return to the Human World, your destiny should be determined by the Master of Divine Weapon."

"Oh?" The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit finally reacted.

"You are unaware of my true strength!" Lu Ran spoke boldly, though it sounded like presumptuous boasting.

Yet his expression was solemn: "Regardless of how strong you think I am, I promise, I'm a thousand times stronger than you can imagine!"

Yan Chou remained silent.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit just smiled without speaking.

Saying more serves no purpose!

Lu Ran directly raised his hand, a surge of energy emanated from his palm, strands of black mist gathered swiftly, forming a long spear.

Evil Spear Emperor's Evil Technique-Evil Cloud Spear!

Yan Chou was somewhat taken aback, realizing then, the Young Master belonged to the same sect as him?

But that's impossible!

There weren't many Human Clan believers under the Evil Spear Emperor, never heard of... huh??

Yan Chou's eyes widened!

Lu Ran's hand holding the Evil Cloud Spear suddenly crumbled and vanished, then boiling blood gathered in his palm forming a blood blade with blood beads boiling.

Blood Skull Evil Technique-Blood Burning Blade?!

Even the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit furrowed her brows lightly.

But that wasn't the end!

Lu Ran's Blood Burning Blade turned into a pool of blood, flowing down his fingers.

He astonishingly held another exquisite Jade Ruyi in his hand.

Jade-faced Snake Evil Technique·Jade Ruyi!

Yan Chou: !!!

The ethereal Qiao Wanjun stared blankly at Lu Ran's palm.

Da Xia only has four supreme Evil Gods.

And Lu Ran exhibited three Evil Techniques within mere seconds!

From different races.

All from supreme Evil Demons!

Yan Chou was utterly bewildered; at this rate, will the Young Master exhibit the final supreme Evil Demon·Yin Flower Dan's Evil Technique?

No!

Lu Ran summoned an Ancient Bronze Mirror.

For he wouldn't use the Yin Flower Dan's Evil Technique... cough, cough, because he already demonstrated enough, convincingly enough.

"Do you know that Heavenly Grade·Mirror Flower Moon can traverse dimensions for transport?" Lu Ran, holding the edge of the bronze mirror, swept his gaze over the two, "It can return to the Human World."

Yan Chou and the Sword Spirit were silent, struggling to process the rapid unfolding events.

Hard to accept!

Lu Ran dispersed the Ancient Bronze Mirror, regrasping the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword suspended mid-air, one word at a time:

"I've already gone back!"

Though the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit remained ethereal, her beautiful eyes seemed to brighten, directly meeting Lu Ran's gaze.

"So, mother... uh, Sword Spirit."

Lu Ran hesitated, then quickly said, "Your destiny should be determined by the Master of Divine Weapon! Before I send you back to the Human World, stay by my side, protect me as I ascend to the Heavenly Realm."

The ethereal Qiao Wanju watched her somewhat awkward, yet feigning a serious demeanor child.

The Divine Weapon follows the master, undoubtedly true.

Her eyes, a deep cold lake, gradually turned into a clear spring, warming the heart.

So much so that Lu Ran felt dazed.

In his sight, the ethereal Sword Spirit gently nodded, reached out an illusory hand to softly rub his head.

Mm, alright.

...

Chapter 849: Sailing Across the Sea of Mist

The thin mist flows gently, and the peaks appear and disappear.

The sharp peaks piercing through the mist resemble little boats drifting in the misty sea.

No wonder it is one of the Seven Views of the Holy Spirit!

Such a scene of a thousand sails vying, a hundred boats racing, stirred Lu Ran's heart.

It also eased a bit of his awkwardness.

Just a moment ago, when the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit rubbed his head, Lu Ran couldn't hold back, and his nose felt a bit sour.

Her movements, her gaze... they really resemble her too much.

Aside from the illusionary figure, is there any difference from his mother?

The dirty sewer rat secretly basked in a ray of sunshine, and he quickly turned around to look at the mysterious scenery of Yin Qianshan.

Lu Ran did not want to appear overly emotional.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit also sensed something, withdrew her hand, and stood side by side with Lu Ran at the edge of the cliff, with arms folded behind her back.

Yan Chou did not wish to interrupt the warm moment between mother and son, but his curiosity was overwhelming, and he couldn't help but call out: "Young Master."

"Hmm."

"Your many Evil Techniques..."

"I can steal the power of Gods and Demons."

"What?" Yan Chou looked at the young man draped in a fox fur cloak.

The faint mist swirled, adding an air of mystery to his slender figure.

"Ranran, explain more clearly." The ethereal Qiao Wanju spoke softly, her tone unmistakably instructive.

Lu Ran: "..."

He hadn't heard that nickname in a long time.

He smiled slightly and said, "I can steal the power of Gods and Demons to cultivate Stone Sculptures."

"Stone Sculptures?"

"Yes, Divine Sculptures, Evil Sculptures... my personal Divine Demon Sculptures."

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit gazed at Lu Ran. From the moment he unleashed many Evil Techniques, she had already realized the child's uniqueness.

But she never expected Lu Ran to be this extraordinary!

Cultivating his own Divine and Evil Sculptures?

Then the next step...

The sword spirit's beautiful eyes brightened, as if she had connected the dots.

Yan Chou wasn't foolish either, his heart pounded vigorously!

In his mind, Qiao Wanjun was like a deity, one of the few at the pinnacle of the Human Clan.

Yan Chou was prepared to do everything to cultivate the Young Master, chasing after Sect Master Qiao's footsteps.

Yet, unexpectedly, Sect Master Qiao's son is even more terrifying!

Qiao Wanjun is a god of the Human Clan.

Her son... the god of all gods?

"Hoo~"

Lu Ran flipped his palm, and a delicate Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd flew out from inside his cloak and landed in his hand.

Soon, a woman in a straw raincoat flew out from the mouth of the gourd, her figure gradually enlarging, a terrifying aura enveloping the mountain peaks.

Deng Yuxiang did not hide her aura, as she knew through the little Blazing Phoenix what was happening outside.

For Lu Ran's mother, Deng Yuxiang was filled with reverence.

Even far away in the Human Realm of Da Xia, Qiao Wanjun could shelter her children, arranging everything for Lu Ran with just a Divine Weapon and her name...

Deng Yuxiang knelt on one knee, solemnly saying, "Sect Leader."

"Mother has the Cloud Sea Sect, and I have my own Ran Sect." Lu Ran looked at Deng Yuxiang, who had accompanied him all along, speaking gently, "This is my Nightmare Guardian, also known as Fake God Night Charm."

"Fake God." The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit murmured.

"I've already gifted the Night Charm Evil Sculpture to her, and she can merge with the Stone Sculpture." Lu Ran helped the Lord Guardian up, "Once we overthrow the Evil God Night Charm and seize its Divine Position..."

Deng Yuxiang immediately restrained her aura, fearing that Lu Ran might appear weak in front of the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit and the old members of the Cloud Sea.

Lu Ran, on the other hand, looked at her expressionless yet stunning face and said gently:

"After that, she will be a True God."

Yan Chou's body trembled; Lu Ran's response undoubtedly confirmed his thoughts.

Finally!!

The long-held wish of Sect Master Qiao, her unfinished business, finally has the hope of being realized...

The emotions of the Great Power of the Heavenly Realm surged, filling the entire space.

Lu Ran turned his head to look, only to see that noble emperor with tears in his eyes.

It indeed lacked the demeanor of the Heavenly Realm.

Lu Ran silently turned his head away, no longer looking at him.

It was too overwhelming.

A group of like-minded individuals, led by Mother, struggled and fought in the dark days without sunlight.

Faced with sudden hope, it was indeed hard to hold back.

Just now, Lu Ran stole a ray of light from the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit.

Now Lu Ran became that ray of light, falling upon Yan Chou.

"Chou Nu."

"Present," Yan Chou immediately bowed his head.

"I have already cultivated the Evil Spear Emperor Stone Sculpture to the First Level of Heaven Realm." Lu Ran looked down at the boats drifting in the misty sea, imagining them as his subordinates.

One Divine Sculpture and Evil Sculpture after another.

Yan Chou suddenly lifted his head and looked at the young man's back.

Lu Ran softly said, "I haven't found the right person for a long time. In the future, you will be my Evil Spear Emperor."

"Yes!" Yan Chou responded loudly.

Deng Yuxiang watched this scene silently. The astonishing fortune left by Madam Qiao Wanjun for Lu Ran was evident.

This self-proclaimed Chou Nu, the Heaven Realm Evil Spear Emperor Believer, was certainly one of them.

"Ranran, where did you obtain such methods?"

"I'll explain later." Lu Ran looked at the mysterious scenery of Yin Qianshan and replied softly.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit pondered for a moment, not pressing further, thinking Lu Ran had some unspeakable reason.

She turned to ask, "Then what about the overall strength of your Ran Sect?"

"There are four... um, five in the Heavenly Realm." Lu Ran calculated, the Nightmare from Cong Long Elder, plus the Executioners Tu Feng and Bai Rao, making a total of five Great Powers at the Heavenly Realm in the Ran Sect.

"Five?" The ethereal Qiao Wanjun raised her eyebrows slightly.

Yan Chou was equally astonished!

Lu Ran, only at the Peak of the Sea Realm, with the Ran Sect based in the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm, having even one Great Power at the Heavenly Realm would be impressive.

Yet Lu Ran said the Ran Sect has five in the Heavenly Realm?

Five names?

Is this place the Mountain Realm or the Heavenly Realm?

Yan Chou was quite surprised, seeing a glimpse of the old master in Lu Ran!

Looking at the respectful attitude of the woman in the heavens' realm towards the young master, it's likely that the others are also a group of devoted followers!

Given time, the Ran Sect may well revive the glory of the Cloud Sea Sect from days of yore.

For now, however, the Ran Sect is far from being qualified.

At its peak, the Cloud Sea Sect was an enormous entity in the Heavenly Realm!

The Ran Sect can only be considered a giant in the Mountain Realm, in a different league from the Cloud Sea Sect that once battled gods and demons and foreign foes.

Even now, the Cloud Sea Sect is fragmented, with less than a tenth of its old warriors remaining, scattered across the Heavenly Realm, pressed into disarray by gods and demons...

The Ran Sect cannot be compared to that.

"Plus three at the Sea Realm Peak, and several at the Fourth Rank of the Sea Realm..." Lu Ran continued.

In the eyes of the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit, a faint trace of admiration appeared.

"Mom... uh." Lu Ran blurted out, then paused.

The ethereal Qiao Wanjun smiled gently: "Don't restrain yourself, I am her."

Lu Ran pressed his lips together, remaining silent.

"She would be proud of you." The Sword Spirit's voice was light but full of conviction.

Because at this moment, she felt the same way.

Different identities bring different perspectives.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit always believed that the master facilitated this reunion not to have Lu Ran gather the former forces of the Cloud Sea, nor to inherit the will of the Sect Master.

Not to give Lu Ran something to rely on, either.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit felt that the master wanted her son to come home.

Wanted Lu Ran to be safely escorted back to the Human World by the former forces of the Cloud Sea.

And the person to convey this decree...

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit realized that the person must be herself!

Because she was Qiao Wanjun.

Divine Weapons accompany their master, their thoughts intrinsically linked.

But the unexpected happened!

Lu Ran was far more outstanding than they imagined.

He didn't need her protection, didn't need the path she paved.

He could already return to the Human World!

Unlike others, Lu Ran chose to be in the harsh realm of the Holy Spirit Mountain, not out of desperation.

He came willingly!

Lu Ran didn't need to ascend to the Heavenly Realm because it was the only way home.

It was a path he chose himself!

Oh, master...

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit's mind grew more complicated.

Did you think he would be in dire straits, his fate tragic?

But like you, he has become a mighty presence in a realm, even outshining you.

Even the gods and demons underestimated him.

Can those executioners from the Heavenly Realm really do anything to him?

"Counting the Ugly Slave, my subordinates include six in the heavenly realm... hmm?" Lu Ran paused, lifting his head slightly.

He surveyed the Sculpture Garden, finally focusing on the Evil Sculpture, Sea Merfolk.

[Divine Seeking General?]

[Sect Leader! Sorry to interrupt you, my wife is breaking through a bottleneck and is about to ascend to the Heavenly Realm!] In his mind, Xun Yifei's words resounded.

Lu Ran was overjoyed: [Ha! Good!]

Xun Yifei, also with a hint of a smile, added: [We must thank the children for pestering her to tell stories.]

[Oh?] Lu Ran showed interest, [What stories did the Luoshen General tell?]

[Her childhood, her hometown in the Human World. The children kept asking, clamoring to go play...]

[Hmm.] Lu Ran's smile gradually faded.

"What's wrong?" Deng Yuxiang asked softly.

Lu Ran quickly composed himself and smiled again: "The Ran Sect is about to have its seventh member ascend to the Heavenly Realm."

"Martial Emperor?" Deng Yuxiang guessed immediately.

Lu Ran shook his head: "Luoshen General."

Come to think of it, what happened with the Martial Emperor? He has long been at the Sea Realm Peak, yet Luo Ying outpaced him.

Not acceptable,

I need to go back and give him a bit of a nudge!

Though Lu Ran was also striving for a breakthrough with no success yet, it didn't prevent him from teasing others.

"Let's go, come back with me." Lu Ran clasped the floating Cloud Sea Dust Clear sword, gesturing to Yan Chou.

The Sword Spirit had no objections, curious to see the sect power that Lu Ran had established.

"By the way, little Yuanxi is with me too." Lu Ran said suddenly, as he accepted the sword sheath handed by Yan Chou.

Just as the Sword Spirit was about to merge with the sword, she froze.

The daughter who only existed in the memory scenes was also at the Holy Spirit Mountain?

"Seeing you will make her very happy." Lu Ran said softly, "She is still young, and since leaving the Human World, she has missed her mother dearly."

Lu Ran looked at the ethereal Qiao Wanjun, making a request: "Be gentle with her, will you?"

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit nodded lightly: "Yes, I promise you."

Lu Ran slowly sheathed the sword.

This journey had yielded great rewards.

He initially thought of destroying the Sword Mountain faction to free his spirit for a breakthrough to the Heavenly Realm.

Unexpectedly, it led to discovering a secret thread laid out by Mother.

All this was supposed to be found after Lu Ran's ascension to the Heavenly Realm, yet, by coincidence, he received this gift in the Mountain Realm.

Lu Ran slightly lifted his cloak, sheathing the Cloud Sea Dust Clear sword at his waist.

I will cherish everything you have given me.

Your divine weapon, your old warriors...

Not only will I cherish them.

One day,

I will bring them, back to your side.

...

Chapter 850: Days

The ends of the earth.

Lu Ran, returning to the sect, took off his warm fox fur cloak and put on a loose white robe. He came to Heaven's Edge and sat silently at the cliff's edge.

Those small legs dangling outside were unusually still.

Obviously, someone was lost in thought.

"Whew~"

A gust of wind and waves came.

Yan Chou knelt behind Lu Ran, frowned slightly, and turned to look.

Naihe Island was shrouded in thick fog, with Fog Dragon Rolls descending from the sky, connecting the distant islands of Jingxian Sect. Yan Chou couldn't see the visitor.

He could only use the Magic Artifact·Black Cloud Pattern Gourd to lock onto the opponent.

"Sect Leader, you called me." Wu Xiao respectfully saluted, naturally noticing the unfamiliar man nearby.

From Lu Ran's state of sitting with his back to this man and quietly dazing out, Wu Xiao could infer: no matter where this Heavenly Realm Great Power came from, this person had already submitted to Ran Sect!

Following the Sect Master.

"Martial Emperor, how have you been lately?"

"Good." Wu Xiao responded.

Lu Ran sighed lightly: "For you, both Mr. Cong Long and Luoshen are newcomers who have surpassed the old ones."

Wu Xiao silently lowered his head.

"Martial Artist Divine Sculpture, I give it to you. In opposition, the Yin Flower Dan Evil Sculpture, I have also prepared for you."

"I am ashamed." Wu Xiao lowered his head further.

"In your heart, has our goal wavered?"

"Never."

"Then you must be questioning me as a person."

"Never!" Wu Xiao said in a deep voice.

"Hmm." Lu Ran crossed his legs, elbows supported by his knees, and his palm supporting his cheek.

Heaven's Edge fell into a long silence.

Lu Ran was indeed asking Wu Xiao.

But he was also asking himself.

Since the goal in his heart had never wavered, and he had never doubted himself, then where exactly was the problem?

Is my Dao Heart not yet polished to brilliance?

Is every step not yet solid enough?

"Brother! Brother?"

After an unknown amount of time, a pleasant voice came closer.

The white mist at Heaven's Edge was also replaced by black mist.

Black Lamp Evil Technique·Caged Fire (Smoke) allows the caster to hide within and perceive everything within the black mist's range.

"Huh." Qiao Yuansi then found that there were two other guys here.

Each more imposing than the other!

"Your situation is similar to Mr. Cong Long's; interact more with him." Lu Ran issued a dismissal order, "Go."

"As you command." Wu Xiao stood up and left.

"Ugly Slave, step back a bit; Yuanxi is still young." Lu Ran added.

"Yes."

Qiao Yuansi, holding the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword, flew beside Lu Ran and whispered, "Is that guy mom's subordinate?"

"Why aren't you cultivating properly and running here?" Lu Ran asked.

"Eh? You're so annoying!" Qiao Yuansi pouted her lips, "When I ignore you someday, you'll behave."

Lu Ran: "..."

Indeed.

Qiao Yuansi knelt down, hugging her treasured sword, suddenly leaned forward, and planted a heavy kiss on Lu Ran's cheek:

"Mua~"

"Uh?" Lu Ran was a bit stunned.

"So happy~" Qiao Yuansi's smiling eyes curved into crescent moons, tightly hugging the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword, her shoulder leaning against Lu Ran's arm.

Lu Ran understood in his heart, it seemed the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit got along well with little Yuansi.

"This mom is so gentle!" Qiao Yuansi excitedly babbled, "The key is, she's not scary!"

Lu Ran laughed, "She's gentle, but you can't be too spoiled."

"What's wrong with that? Someone's willing to pamper me~" Qiao Yuansi nudged Lu Ran's shoulder, speaking with a bright smile, "Right?"

Lu Ran rolled his eyes in mock annoyance.

The siblings joked for a while, and only then did Qiao Yuansi settle down somewhat, whispering:

"Mom really loves you."

"If you were called by the gods to pilgrimage, she would arrange everything." Lu Ran was very certain.

Back then, before departure, mother had asked Lu Ran to choose a Divine Sword in the study, which he refused.

Thinking about it now, someone really didn't know what was good for him.

If it were Qiao Yuansi, mother would equip her with both Divine Swords... no, wait!

More likely, mother would prohibit Qiao Yuansi from going on the pilgrimage, to avoid any subsequent situations.

Now Lu Ran already knew, mother was not a mere ant.

She was personally invited back to the human world by the gods!

Then, she should be able to communicate and discuss with the gods to some extent?

"Hmm?" Lu Ran suddenly realized something.

Does this mean that regarding his coming to the Mountain Realm, mother privately discussed with Immortal Sheep?

Lu Ran recalled the scene on Jinghong Peak; when he expressed that Immortal Sheep would open a Divine Ruins for him, mother's smile vanished, and her eyes turned ice-cold.

Her mouth coldly spat out two words: "Immortal Sheep."

Lu Ran was astonished!

Mother dared to be disrespectful to the gods, directly calling the god by name?

Thinking about it now, she wasn't impulsive; she already had the qualification.

All information is hidden in the details.

Unfortunately, Lu Ran didn't realize it.

"By the way, brother, what about your Cloud Sea Blade?" Qiao Yuansi asked with concern.

"No rush, there will always be a way." Lu Ran laughed casually, "Even if there's no way, Cloud Sea Blade and I are willing to accept it."

Qiao Yuansi pressed her lips together, feeling a bit worried and a bit regretful.

"Here." Lu Ran handed the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Blade, together with its sheath, to his sister.

Qiao Yuansi, not understanding, accepted the Divine Weapon.

Lu Ran smiled and said, "Now, you'll be even happier, with Mom and your brother both by your side."

"Hmph~" Although Qiao Yuansi was quite happy, she muttered, "I have my real brother here, why do I need a fake... um."

She immediately realized the mistake and hurriedly shut her mouth.

A few simple words hurt the hearts of the two Divine Weapons.

"Sorry, sorry, I didn't... I didn't mean it that way." Qiao Yuansi hugged the pair of blades to her chest, nearly crying from anxiety.

"It's okay."

The sound of her mother's voice suddenly came through.

Qiao Yuansi looked ahead, but the fog was too thick.

"It's nothing." Her brother's voice also came from behind, with a faint smile.

Qiao Yuansi carefully held the Cloud Sea Sword, feeling guilty and self-blaming, she silently lowered her head, pouting without making a sound.

At this point, Lu Ran found it hard to blame her too.

He reached out, wrapping his arm around little Yuansi's shoulders, pulling her into a hug, gently smoothing her long hair with his hand.

Seeing Lu Ran not scolding her, but instead comforting her like this, Qiao Yuansi felt even more remorseful.

She struggled to sit up, whispering, "Brother, why don't you ponder here, I won't disturb you."

"It's not a big deal." Lu Ran said casually.

"Actually... I have some thoughts."

"Oh?"

"Your goals are very clear, and you've been following them, achieving many, many things, so your Dao Heart must be fine." Qiao Yuansi sat up straight, speaking seriously.

Regarding this, Lu Ran was deeply convinced, having just self-reflected.

"Maybe, brother just needs a bit of a nudge."

"A nudge?" Lu Ran's expression turned strange.

Qiao Yuansi handed the Cloud Sea Sword back: "Let it tell you about all mom's journey, everything she endured, maybe it could help you?"

"Hmm..." Lu Ran grasped the Cloud Sea Sword.

He couldn't help but recall, just now in Hidden Thousand Mountain, when the Cloud Sea Sword revealed that mom was dreaded by gods and demons, and the sect was scattered, the fury boiling within him.

His hatred for the gods and demons had reached its peak.

What he couldn't bear to imagine was, what kind of grievances his mom suffered.

A member of the Human Clan who swallowed all humiliations, resisted foreign enemies, yet was constantly oppressed by internal rulers.

How did she walk out of it?

In such a filthy environment, she reached a height where she could confront the gods and demons.

Or should it be said... did she really walk out of it?

To put it nicely, she was invited back to the human world.

In the end, wasn't she stripped of everything?

The gods and demons were both the clouds over her head and the mountains in front of her eyes.

Her goals, her sect that she built with her own hands, those comrades who always followed her, who lived and died together...

All were isolated on the other side of the mountain.

Her wishes remained unfulfilled.

Her subordinates, one by one, perished.

How deep was the sorrow within Qiao Wanju, who was stuck in the human world?

Introspectively ask yourself, if Lu Ran were left on this side of the mountain, while his Ran Sect soldiers, Jiang Ruyi, Deng Yuxiang, Yu Changsheng, and others were abandoned in the Heavenly Realm, dying one after another...

Lu Ran would go mad!

He would truly explode!

"Gulp." Qiao Yuansi held the Cloud Sea Blade, sensing the enmity emanating from her brother.

She just wanted to help, which is why she made this suggestion, not knowing why it provoked such anger in her brother.

Suddenly, a gentle female voice came through, it was the unique tone of her mother:

"Ranran, want to hear it?"

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit fulfilled its promise, indeed being very gentle to little Yuansi, and this way, helped her out of the situation.

While Lu Ran was immersed in a special emotion, thinking about all that his mother went through, putting himself in her shoes, he suddenly heard his mother's voice.

In a daze, he felt as if something shattered.

Gods and demons,

had already completely decayed.

Or perhaps, that pile of stones was rotten from the start.

The gods and demons were indeed resisting foreign enemies, and objectively helped the continuation of the Human Clan, but they also oppressed those with great abilities.

Compared to repelling foreign enemies, the gods and demons only cared about their eternal reign.

The miserable and humiliating fate of the Human Clan was boundless.

Like the calamity wrought on the fifteenth of every month in the human world; like the long lamentations and endless devastation of the Holy Spirit Mountain.

All of it was endless...

Slaughtering all gods and demons was the only way to end it all.

Gods and demons can't fend off foreign enemies, let my Ran Sect fight!

We will bear the fate and continuation of the Human Clan!

Why need a pile of rotten stones for hypocritical charity, to dictate fate?

"Hoo!!"

A violent energy fluctuation rippled out from Lu Ran's body.

The ethereal face of Qiao Wanjun was startled.

It seemed, no storytelling was needed.

He stepped towards the Heavenly Realm on his own.

"Oh!" Qiao Yuansi hurriedly backed away, afraid to disturb her brother's advancement.

She didn't know, Lu Ran was being disturbed.

Just when he fiercely broke through the cultivation bottleneck and entered the advancement stage, an unexpectedly low and hoarse voice imprinted in Lu Ran's mind.

This unique voice, carrying a faint hint of approval, Lu Ran hadn't heard it for a long time:

[Finally.]