

## Old Gods 89

### Chapter 89: Enchanting Demon Sheep?

Jiang, Tian, and Deng, the trio, naturally knew what Lu Ran was about to do and were well aware of the combat power he could harness.

But others didn't!

Seeing Lu Ran fold the red cloth into a strip and blindfold himself, Qiao Yuansi was bewildered.

Even the always expressionless Sword One Believer, Guan Yiren, showed a puzzled look.

What is this...?

Unable to hold back, Qiao Yuansi asked, "Brother, what are you doing?"

"Brother Lu," Niu Zhengzheng said with a weird intonation and expression, "Are you letting me go first?"

Qiao Yuansi immediately became anxious, "Brother, don't overestimate yourself!"

Even though Lu Ran was facing the Mist Realm·Soul Split Demon, a moment's carelessness could be fatal!

Lu Ran picked up the ends of the red cloth, tied it behind his head, and briefly paused:

"Since he called me 'Brother Lu,' I need to show the magnanimity expected of me!"

His words did sound somewhat insincere.

Regardless of this challenge, Lu Ran would have blindfolded himself with the red cloth during his training journey anyway.

Qiao Yuansi: ???

Niu Zhengzheng widened his eyes, "That's generous?"

That "Brother Lu" indeed did not come cheap!

"Ha-ha!" Deng Yutang couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Jiang Ruyi couldn't contain her amusement, "Don't listen to your brother's nonsense; his movements are even quicker with his eyes closed."

"Ah, this..." Qiao Yuansi looked skeptical, glancing at the others.

"Yes, yes!" Tian Tian nodded repeatedly.

After tying the red cloth, Lu Ran casually made a bow, "Don't listen to your sister's nonsense. I'm just giving Brother Niu a chance.

Going up against the Mist Realm·Soul Split Demon, it's all going to be over in seconds; how would we know who won?"

"That's interesting," said Niu Zhengzheng, shouldering his axe as he walked back.

Though all three of Lu Ran's teammates backed his story, Qiao Yuansi remained doubtful.

Lu Ran pulled out dual blades from the ground and stepped forward.

Behind the group, Guan Yiren looked at Lu Ran's figure, seemingly anticipating him to veer off track or stumble.

Unfortunately, such events never occurred.

After two or three minutes, Lu Ran suddenly cocked his head, listening intently to something.

Then, he spoke, "Brother Niu, time me."

"Huh?" Niu Zhengzheng turned around on the spot, scanning the surroundings, "Where's the Evil Demon? I don't see it."

"Ts—"

As mist sprayed from Lu Ran's feet, he burst from the torch-lit path and thrust directly into a pitch-black wilderness.

"Go!" Qiao Yuansi immediately waved his hand.

An old-fashioned lantern chased after the direction Lu Ran had taken.

However, it was much slower than Lu Ran.

"Mo!"

From the pitch-black wilderness, a faint mooing sound could be heard.

"Really?" Niu Zhengzheng slapped his forehead, his face filled with expression.

The Soul Split Demon was entirely pitch-black, blending with the night, making it hard to spot them once they were outside the illuminated areas.

"Mo!" Feeling the wind approaching, the Soul Split Demon swung its huge hooves fiercely.

Lu Ran listened intently, his Evil Technique·Evil Agility greatly boosting his agility.

With such powerful techniques, it was no wonder he benefitted from the help of the Evil Dog Clan!

"Tak!"

Lu Ran lightly tapped his foot, slightly turning his body.

A pair of huge hooves almost grazed the front of his chest as they came down.

The Evil Technique·Evil Sense enhanced his senses, allowing Lu Ran to clearly control his opponent's movements.

Evil Technique·Evil Agility increased his flexibility, making him exceedingly nimble and strengthening his control over his body.

"Ts—"

Blade met skull!

Before the hooves could fall, the Silent Night Blade had already plunged into the vicious bull's jaw.

The sharp blade tip, stained with crimson blood, pierced straight out from the top fitting of the bull's head.

As the dim red lantern approached, everyone saw only the final scene.

"Wow!" Qiao Yuansi's eyes sparkled.

This scene was truly sensational.

Dressed in black and blindfolded, Lu Ran naturally let one hand drop with a blade, while the other stabbed upwards, piercing through the Evil Demon's skull.

Streams of blood flowed along the blade, staining Lu Ran's wrist.

"Thump," a dull sound echoed.

As Lu Ran withdrew the blade and stepped back, the Soul Split Demon heavily collapsed to the ground, kicking up clouds of dust.

"Yo ho?"

A black crow circling high in the sky unexpectedly spoke human language.

Ever since noting that Lu Ran was moving alone, Instructor Cai Yunfei had been on edge.

As Lu Ran executed Immortal Hoof and shot forward, so did he.

Instructor Cai was well aware of the deities the team members worshipped and knew well of the young people's pride and high spirits.

He was terrified that Lu Ran would be trampled into dust by a pair of hooves.

Unexpectedly...

"How long?" Lu Ran called out loudly.

Niu Zhengzheng scratched his head, blurting out, "Forgot to count."

Lu Ran nearly laughed out of exasperation.

So you just forgot my score, huh?

"Flap flap flap~"

The black crow landed on Lu Ran's shoulder, tilting its little head, "Not bad, little brother!"

Lu Ran: "..."



He slightly cocked his head, keeping his ear away from the bird's beak.

Lu Ran had his Evil Technique·Evil Sense active, and Instructor Cai's call made his head buzz.

Infuriatingly, the black crow even hopped forward, inching closer to Lu Ran's ear, "Hey, can you explain what's going on?"

Lu Ran knelt on one knee, searching for the Demon Crystal, "Sound Positioning, learned from the North Wind Believer."

"Ah?" The black crow landed on the corpse of the Evil Demon, looking up at Lu Ran, "The North Wind Believer has the protection of a deity.

They have the 'Divine Technique' to help them hear the wind. What do you have?"

Lu Ran was silent for a long while then reluctantly squeezed out four words, "I have talent."

At the same time, the gathered students all heard Lu Ran's audacious statement.

"Awesome~" The black crow tilted its head towards the crowd, "Can you handle that?"

Niu Zhengzheng scratched his head, seriously responding, "Can't handle it."

Black crow: "..."

Crowd: "..."

Lu Ran took off the Divine Power Pearl from around his neck and pressed it against the Soul Split Demon.

For some reason, Lu Ran found himself missing Instructor Dou Zhiqiang.

That black crow was usually very quiet, although it always followed the group, it seldom appeared.

This was quite the turnabout!

I go into the Demon Cave for training, and I get a comedian tagging along?

"Hmm?" Lu Ran suddenly twisted his head, facing slightly to the right.

The area was pitch-black, nothing visible to the crowd.

Jiang, Tian, and Deng tensed up, and the trio from Beijing also braced themselves for battle.

Among them, Qiao Yuansi immediately threw out a fire-lit lantern, sending it drifting into the distance.

"Flap flap flap~"

The black crow soared high, its eyes shimmering with a strange luster.

Through the vast darkness, Instructor Cai saw at the edge of the forest a group of staggering figures.

It proved that Lu Ran really could hear!

"Moo~~~"

"Moo!!" The moos of the cows echoed continuously.

A Soul Split Demon charged wildly, smashing a fire-lit lantern with a hoof.

"Retreat to the torch-lit path!"

"Back up!" Jiang Ruyi and Qiao Yuansi called out in succession.

"Sister Ruyi, we agreed beforehand that I would try directing first!" Qiao Yuansi grabbed Lu Ran's arm, swiftly retreating.

"Okay," Jiang Ruyi responded softly.

But, as the sounds of hooves chaotically rose and the bovine roars intensified, Jiang Ruyi began to regret it!

The number of Soul Split Demons was no small matter!

Qiao Yuansi sent out another lantern, calmly issuing commands:

"Little Tian Tian, line up the petals in a row and push them to the edge of the torch-lit path!"

"Thief Saint and Brother Niu, use the lotus petals as a shield and press forward!"

Qiao Yuansi blurted out a bunch of nicknames, but thereafter, he became much more serious:

"Sister Yiren and Sister Ruyi, you two move back, pushed to the middle of the torch-lit path for long-range strikes."

"Brother..." Qiao Yuansi looked at Lu Ran, hesitating.

Lu Ran was reassured; Qiao Yuansi was really looking the part in command.

"I'll roam the outskirts," Lu Ran said as he moved away from the group, heading to the flank.

"Brother!" Qiao Yuansi's eyes bore a hint of concern.

"There are probably eight or nine Soul Split Demons..." Lu Ran's voice drifted farther and further away, becoming increasingly faint.

"Moo!"

"Moo!!" The mob of Soul Split Demons closed in, growing more aggressive.

The row of lotus petals, radiating robust Divine Power, naturally became the target of the stampeding cattle.

Deng Yutang stood behind the petals, fearless, his body surging with Divine Power.

The first battle, naturally, demanded a display of strong momentum!

Disciple Deng Yutang, calling upon the spirit of Red Cloth Ancestor!

"Huff~"

A colossal phantom suddenly spread out from Deng Yutang.

"Haha, impressive!" Niu Zhengzheng's eyes filled with envy as he clutched his Floral Axe.

Suddenly, a White Jade Talisman swooped down from the sky, striking the approaching herd of cattle!

"Boom boom boom!"

Flames shot to the sky, and heat waves churned.

A Soul Split Demon cried out miserably, its flesh mangled by the blast, scattering the herd.

Behind, high above, Jiang Ruyi stood on a lotus petal, with Tian Tian's assistance, hovering mid-air.

Sparks flew from her fingertips, still drawing talismans.

Not to be outdone, Guan Yiren also stood in the air.

This disciple of Sword One surprisingly stood on a flying sword!

Logically speaking, 'Sword Flight,' this enviable ability, should be a high-level technique?

However, Sword One's disciples could gracefully ride a sword through the air even at Stream Realm·First Rank.

This was the prestige of "Number One Under Heaven·Sword One"!

Once disciples joined this sect, there was no such thing as a 'weak phase.'

"Go." Guan Yiren spoke softly, releasing four flying swords underneath her palm.

The swords, like mischievous children, twirled around Guan Yiren's tall figure.

Finally, at their master's command, their tips pointed straightforward.

Not willing to be outdone, Jiang Ruyi also drew a rune with her fingertips.

"Here they come, Brother Deng! There are plenty from the Stream Realm!" Niu Zhengzheng watched the Soul Split Demons.

"Afraid of them?" Deng Yutang clenched his Heavenly Star Spear, his eyes locked on the frenzied charging cattle.

At that moment...

"Baa~~~"



A faint bleating sound mysteriously arrived.

The madly charging herd, unexpectedly, turned their heads in unison?

The scene was utterly absurd!

And extremely eerie!

In the chaos, two Soul Split Demons lost control of their balance, toppling to the ground.

Niu Zhengzheng's eyes suddenly widened: !!!

This?

Even though the sound Niu Zhengzheng heard was faint, it still stirred a sense of brutality within him!

Was this bizarre bleating sound...

From the missing Lu Ran?

"Boom boom boom!"

The talisman exploded, Evil Demons screamed, suffering.

Flying swords darted about, tearing streaks of blood.

"Kill!!!" Deng Yutang roared furiously, snapping Niu Zhengzheng out of his shock.

My Brother Lu was like a freaking Enchanting Demon...

With such strong control, how could he lose?!

Deng Yutang pushed forward with the Lotus Shield, embodying the massive shadow of the Red Cloth Ancestor, and charged directly into the enemy lines.