

## Old Gods 891

### Chapter 891: Not a Mere Minion

In the thick mist, a tall black-skinned girl, holding the Divine Weapon, the Magic Yellow Axe, slowly flew down to Heaven's Edge.

The long white robe, which should have appeared quite loose, actually seemed to fit her well.

Yes, that was Lu Ran's clothing.

Years ago, when he took her to take over the Starry Valley, he personally selected this exquisite outfit for her, and she never returned it.

It seems the Valley Master of Starry Valley and the Martial Emperor have the same issue.

Wearing the Sect Master's clothes without returning them...

"Sect Master, a disciple of Sky Sparrow Pavilion informed me that you called for me?" Chang Ying respectfully bowed and said.

Lu Ran looked at the black-skinned girl, his gaze then fell on the battle axe by her hand.

This axe was made from Magic Yellow Rock.

From a value perspective, it's considered one of the lowest-end materials under the God Demon system.

However, this low-end battle axe, after joining the Ran Sect with its owner, received ample nourishment, and now has transformed into a Divine Weapon.

Hmm... it wouldn't be right to credit external factors entirely.

Three thousand disciples are in Ran Sect!

Who doesn't have a weapon? Why haven't other higher material weapons become Divine Weapons?

Ultimately, it still depends on the cultivation by the Master of Divine Weapon.

Chang Ying is indeed remarkable, isn't she?

No wonder the strict Deng Yuxiang and the picky Jiang Ruyi both praised her highly, just this one Divine Weapon set Chang Ying apart from the ordinary disciples of Ran Sect.

"Ahem." Beside him, Yu Changsheng lightly coughed, waking Lu Ran from his thoughts.

"Chang Ying, there's no one else here." Lu Ran said with a smile.

Chang Ying remained silent, still bowing her head and lowering her eyebrows.

But Lu Ran was persistent: "Chang the Mystic, there's no one else here."

Chang Ying pouted slightly and whispered: "Ranbao?"

"Yes." Lu Ran felt at ease.

He had been separated from the Human World for too long, and to regain the feeling of the past, he had to rely on his old schoolmates.

"What does Ranbao want from me?" Chang Ying asked curiously.

"Come over, I got you a pet." Lu Ran beckoned.

The Magic Yellow Battle Axe had already alerted Chang Ying that beside the cliff, there was not only Lu Ran and Yu Changsheng but also a large fox.

Its body was extremely graceful, sitting obediently, with seven long fox tails laid out in the air, swaying lightly.

Chang Ying approached, secretly pondering Lu Ran's purpose.

"Want to try sitting on it?" Lu Ran suggested.

"Mhm." Chang Ying came beside the White Fox, placing one hand on the soft fox fur.

This was a Ghost Moon Fox at the Sea Realm · Peak, with a body length of 7 meters, its tail length almost matching the body length.

"Eek~" The Ghost Moon Fox whimpered in a soft voice, lowering its graceful fox head, gently touching the face of the black-skinned girl with its nose.

"Don't mind it." Chang Ying leapt lightly, riding on it.

Command obeyed, well-considered.

Was this still the rash gambling enthusiast from years ago?

Lu Ran appropriately spoke up: "Though it's a pet, it's actually a battle pet. You should cultivate a good relationship with it because before long, you'll head to the Heavenly Realm Battlefield with it to safeguard the Ran Sect team."

Heavenly Realm Battlefield?

Chang Ying's hand paused slightly stroking the fox fur.

Now that she has reached the Third Rank of the Sea Realm, if she left Heaven's Edge and returned to the Holy Spirit Mountain continent, she would be an absolute king!

Even in the face of those strong sect leaders, she wouldn't flinch.

After all, Chang Ying achieved true "having all needs met."

Not relying on lottery chances, a genuine insider.

But... go to the Heavenly Realm Battlefield?

"Afraid?" Lu Ran came to the side of the White Fox's legs, looking up with a smile at the tiny human above.

Chang Ying shook her head: "Not afraid, I listen to Ranbao."

Lu Ran felt comforted again~

This "Ranbao" call made him feel genuinely flattered.

Chang Ying tidied her short hair which was blown by the sea breeze and said: "You want the Ghost Moon Fox to assist me, helping me foresee dangers together?"

Lu Ran nodded: "Divine General Qin has been promoted for several days now; in a few more days, he will be a great power of the Heavenly Realm. I will allocate adequate personnel for this team.

You also need to hurry and meld with this Ghost Moon Fox.

This species is very intelligent, and I have already asked it to regard you as its master, to command as you will."

"Mhm mhm." Chang Ying replied immediately.

"Go ahead."

Chang Ying casually beckoned, the Divine Weapon Axe in hand, but she did not leave immediately, instead she lowered her head facing Lu Ran's direction: "Ranbao."

"Hmm?"

"The Heavenly Realm Battlefield... are there Spiritual Fortunes?"

Lu Ran paused momentarily, then replied: "He should be above the Third Heaven."

Chang Ying pursed her lips.

Third Heaven?

That means there's also the First Layer of Heaven and Second Heaven.

How long will this path of ascending to heaven eventually take...

It is said that time is the cure for everything, but with each passing day, the hatred in her heart doesn't lessen the slightest, instead it only intensifies.

"Don't be hasty, Master Mystic." Lu Ran softly reassured, "Once you merge with the Stone Sculpture, I'll show you what rapid progress is."

"Mhm!" Chang Ying nodded emphatically.

Up to this day, she unwaveringly believed in everything Lu Ran said.

There wasn't the slightest doubt in her heart about whether Lu Ran's actions would be successful.

Even if the opponent was a God!

Lu Ran watched as the person and fox left, then turned to Yu Changsheng: "Shall I return to the Heavenly Realm first?"

During his negotiation with the strategist, Lu Ran made two points clear.

First, we must not hesitate due to fear; the Ran Sect team must venture the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, to loot resources! It is crucial for the growth of the Fake Gods.

Second, time is precious.

Qin Yanzhi, Bai Yanhui, and others need more time to breakthrough and advance, Lu Ran shouldn't wait here.

With this time, he could elevate Wind Emperor to the Second Heaven of the Heavenly Realm or meet with Yin Yan to find the Cloud Sea old forces sooner.

Once Huangfu is found, everything will be connected!

Not only is the return of other Cloud Sea old forces hopeful, but Lu Ran can also find a suitable hidden place based on the information provided by the other party.

Then rapidly grow at full speed!

"Sect Master, thank you for your hard work." Yu Changsheng saluted with clasped hands.

He was well aware that in the Sculpture Garden, He Qifeng was still merging with the Martial Monk Stone Sculpture, and Lu Ran wasn't in a good state.

But time does not wait for anyone!

Lu Ran had already stayed in the Mountain Realm for three or four days. Between the cessation of trembling of the Stone Peak Sculpture and the humming sound of the Wind Emperor's Sculpture, Lu Ran had seized the opportunity to take a nap.

He could continue the fight!

Similarly, Heavenly General Yin had also returned to the Divine Mountain for several days, delaying would lead to changes.

"What hard work." Lu Ran smiled, calling out an ancient bronze mirror in his hand, "With harvest and goals, it's not hard work."

"Whoosh!!"

A landing mirror forcefully tore through space, opening at Heaven's Edge.

Meanwhile, at the Diseased Wood Divine Mountain.

A broken woman, like a dead dog, sat paralyzed under a withered tree.

Hair disheveled, motionless, she maintained this posture for an unknown amount of time.

Occasionally, a handful of Human Clan disciples would see Yin Yan in this pitiful state, and their hearts would stir.

Be it pity or mockery.

They knew Yin Yan was close to death.

First, she caused the death of her beloved, then lost all hope entirely, even the Thinking Sword was broken by a challenger...

Does such a person really have the will to live?

Even the Evil Demon, Tree Face Demon she leaned against, couldn't help secretly meddling, wrapping the woman's body with withered branches.

Should I pierce her body?

Drain her life force?

Tree Face Demon struggled, its nature continuously urging it to do so.

But this Human Clan woman, after all, is a believer of the Evil God, Yinli Tiger...

"Buzz~" The tiger talisman in the woman's palm suddenly trembled lightly.

Yin Yan's hollow gaze quietly gained a sliver of spirit.

Moments later, she slowly sat up.

"Crack! Crack..."



The withered branches entwining around her body splintered away.

Yin Yan's deathly pale hand, like a ferocious tiger's claw, forcibly tore to shreds the stoutest of the withered branches on her body.

"Hiss!" The Tree Face Demon shrieked in displeasure.

Yin Yan shakily got to her feet, shaking off a body full of withered branches and leaves, and then thudded back to her knees:

"Evil God above."

Silence reigned around, no one knew what this 'walking corpse' intended to do.

"Yan, willing to seize the Holy Spirit Energy for the Evil God, go out and slay the Faceless Jade Venerable! Kill! Kill, kill, kill!"

The woman's voice was hoarse, her words coarse.

Especially simple and straightforward!

Though her voice was not loud, it couldn't escape the ears of the Mountain Lord's disciples.

In the rose bushes beside, a man silently meditating shook his head quietly, aware this madwoman was likely courting death.

In Yin Yan's state, could she possibly gather much energy?

Highly likely she'd fail to achieve anything, and instead have her soul taken by the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Yet the Evil God, Yinli Tiger, would probably buy into this!

The Mountain Lord was somewhat better, not too low in intellect, but the evil side of Yinli Tiger, dominated by cruel beast instincts, regarding management and demands of his disciples, left much to be discussed.

As he pondered, indeed, the Mountain Lord male disciple saw Yin Yan turn into a wisp of demon wind, flying towards the mountain's outer reaches.

Hmmph!

Beast, truly just a beast!

The Mountain Lord disciple cursed Yinli Tiger inwardly, granting the only faint trace of human compassion remaining within him to Yin Yan, silently bidding farewell to that wisp of demon wind.

He knew, in this life, he probably wouldn't see Yin Yan again.

Hmm... this might indeed be a form of relief?

Rather than prolonging her suffering, constantly oppressed and humiliated, wouldn't death be quicker?

Might as well reunite with Zheng Qingshan sooner.

"Whoosh~~~"

A wisp of demon wind drifted and drifted.

Flying away from the Divine Mountain, sweeping past each battle group at the mountain's base, breaking through Faceless Jade Venerable's encirclement, heading westward.

Seeking death?

No! Impossible.

Others think my heart is dead, my path extinguished... quite the contrary!

I encountered his Young Master.

Encountered the one he would protect to the death.

How could I die easily, I have to walk this path for him.

"Whoosh~"

After an unknown amount of time, within a sizable Stone Peak, a stir of demon wind suddenly emerged.

"Hmm?" Lu Ran turned slightly, glancing with the corner of his eye backwards.

The demon wind transformed into a black-clad woman, kneeling on one knee, presenting half a tiger talisman with her pallid hand: "Sect Leader."

Lu Ran turned around, pinching with two fingers, caught a sleek, ebony Resurrection Carp, and gently placed it in her palm: "Welcome back."

"Pop!"

The Resurrection Carp shattered, an infinite stream of life force surged through the woman's palm, pouring into her body.

Yin Yan looked shocked as she abruptly raised her head toward the young man in raincoat.

But the sea of fog was thick, engulfing the top of her head, her tiger eyes couldn't penetrate the mist.

Yin Yan made a disrespectful move, standing up without waiting for the young man's permission, dumbly staring at him.

Immortal Sheep Believer,

Where did the Mo Li Evil Technique come from?

Right, during the earlier battle with him, the skills he exhibited seemed off as well...

Lu Ran withdrew the tiger talisman from her palm: "This time, you performed very well."

Yin Yan didn't respond, because she saw the young man in raincoat reach out, catching another exquisite small carp.

"Pop~" The little creature shaking its head and waving its tails was no longer the ebony Resurrection Carp.

But a golden Longevity Carp!

Muffled speech came from behind the young man's Blood Crystal Mask: "Heavenly General Yin, do you still remember I once told you, it's not a loss to kill one, profitable to kill two?"

Yin Yan dazedly nodded her head.

Lu Ran smiled, placing the golden little Dragon Carp in her palm.

"Pop!" A terrifying magnitude of life force surged into her, the woman's sickly pale countenance gradually gained a hint of healthy ruddiness.

Resurrection.

Then Longevity!

Lu Ran's voice was deep: "I'm not referring to the God Demon minions."

Yin Yan licked her lips, no longer dry, her heart trembling lightly.

The raincoat-clad youth in her sight, his gaze earnest, word by word:

"I'm referring to God Demon."

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Chapter 892: Former Cloud Sea Follower?!

This southern journey was thrilling yet safe.

Yin Yan was slow to realize just how terrifying the young man she followed truly was.

To most of the God Demon minions, Faceless Jade Venerable was nearly invincible!

For a second-class Evil God disciple like Yin Yan, belonging to the Yinli Tiger sect, defeating outsiders was indeed possible but required considerable effort, and any slight mistake could lead to death.

Ultimately, on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, the God Demon forces that could vanquish outsiders were rare.

But Lu Ran...

Two strikes!

At most, three strikes!

The Faceless Jade Venerable would shatter, dissipating into the world.

Accurate and fierce, so commanding it instilled fear.

Every time Yin Yan thought she understood Lu Ran's strength, he would break her understanding again with his decisive and sharp strike.

One blade, one sword, one person.

No flashy skills, only pure slaughter.

Yin Yan gradually understood why her beloved revered the Cloud Sea Sect's Sect Master so much.

She hadn't been fortunate enough to witness Qiao Wanjun's supreme elegance, but she saw a shadow of the Gods in the Sect Master's son.

A rising new God.

A Divine being mastering the art of slaughter...

Yet this God of slaughter was not cruel; rather, he was somewhat... mild-mannered?

Yes, his strength was never shown in words, not demonstrated in his attitude towards subordinates, but revealed when facing enemies with a raised butcher's knife.

Yin Yan felt dazed.

For years, she had served the Evil God, the Yinli Tiger, well aware of the adage 'to accompany a monarch is like accompanying a tiger,' and had long been accustomed to humiliation and silent endurance.

However, with this new master, she felt respected.

Even cared for!

After being enslaved for so long, Yin Yan had forgotten she was human.

But during her journey south with the young man in the cloak, with continuous interaction, the new master pieced together her shattered personality and trampled dignity, giving them back to her bit by bit.

An idea emerged in Yin Yan's mind:

In the midst of the unknown, sheltered by Qingshan!

The lovesickness sword she had was a testament to her undying love, and also the last sheltering left by Qingshan after his passing.

Leading her to such a leader.

A young man who aims to slay Gods with her.

A young man who said once the time is ripe, he would give her the Evil Sculpture of the Yinli Tiger and raise her into the Divine Temple...

Indeed, Lu Ran promised her an Evil Sculpture.

However, Mr. Conglong's advice still echoed in his ears, so Lu Ran did not intend to give the Divine Sculpture of the Mountain Lord to Yin Yan.

The Mountain Lord faction's perception, agility, and strength, are all excellent!

This Stone Sculpture was sufficient for Lu Ran to ensure the stability of his core combat system.

In contrast, the Yinli Tiger clan only had perception. It replaced agility amplification with a pair of tiger wings and the Wind Transformation Technique, and replaced power amplification with sharp tiger claws.

When the God Demon separated, they must have fought fiercely to form the current pattern.

"Hoo~"

On a large Stone Peak, a gust of strange wind suddenly swept by.

A woman in black formed behind the cloaked young man: "Sect Leader, this battlefield is quite large and extremely intense, too chaotic. I do not advise you to make a move."

Yin Yan wanted Lu Ran to withdraw, but the inertia of accompanying the tiger remained and she dared not express such disrespectful opinions.

"Hmm." Lu Ran stood behind the Stone Peak, gazing at the distant sky.



The sky of the Heavenly Realm was always shrouded in the Cloud Sea, a gray haze.

Yet here, the Cloud Sea was dyed a deep purple, with electric currents crawling and intricately weaving a net of lightning!

Terrifying and shocking!

Within the electric-laden clouds, innumerable Thunderbirds dove, bombarding the enemy fiercely!

Moreover, terrifyingly large Sky-piercing Halberds pierced down at speed.

The sight of a calamity, enough to make anyone tremble with fear.

Earlier, on the Divine Mountain of the Flower Sea, Lu Ran had seen the Night Charm clan carrying North Wind minions, freely wielding Wind Blades.

And here, Lu Ran saw Thunderbirds, carrying Dong Ting minions, summoning Thunder Battle Spears on a grand scale.

Even more alarming, beneath the dense purple clouds, amid the intricately falling thunder, Faceless Jade Venerables continued wreaking havoc everywhere!

These white jade stone sculptures were terrifyingly powerful.

Lightning didn't seem to numb their bodies, perhaps because... their bodies were made of jade stone?

The falling thunder was dense, the Thunderbirds numerous.

Faceless Jade Venerables roamed freely, crazily pursuing the Purple Thunder Demon Pengs, battle damage unavoidable, yet they seemed bent on mutual destruction.

Truly, who knows what was happening here.

Previously, on the Divine Mountain of the Flower Sea, after the Night Charm - North Wind minions fully retreated, the Faceless Jade Venerables smartly withdrew and did not linger in battle.

But here...

This was why, through the Pupil of the Dead World, Lu Ran saw many Dead Souls.

Delicious Dead Souls!

The opportunity for Wind Emperor to step into the Heavenly Realm's second level must be here, wasn't it?

"It seems we are very close to the Thunder God Mountain," Lu Ran said softly.

"It should be," Yin Yan stood behind Lu Ran, cautiously observing behind.

"Open a cave for me." Lu Ran lightly stomped his foot.

"Yes," without another word, Yin Yan bent down, her hands like fierce tiger claws, forcefully tearing open the mountain body, her whole person falling into it.

In no time, Yin Yan's reporting voice came from below: "Sect Leader, please."

Lu Ran took a deep look at the distant sky battlefield, stepped back, fell into the tunnel, and landed steadily in the sea of mist: "Wait here, I'll take a walk."

"Sect Leader!" Yin Yan's heart tightened. As soon as the words were out, the youth pressed his hand on her shoulder.

Lu Ran looked into her jet-black ink-like eyes, showing a hint of a smile on his face.

Upon first meeting, her eyes were full of malice, and the hostility in her chest was barely contained.

But now, when she looked at him, her gaze carried a subtle hint of worry.

Exactly!

This is the attitude a comrade should have.

Yin Yan's eyes suddenly narrowed! The youth abruptly disappeared before her, yet the hand on her shoulder persistently remained.

In the past ten days, Lu Ran only gifted her a pair of black and gold little carp upon their reunion and hadn't used any other skills since.

The sudden Invisibility Technique genuinely caught Yin Yan off guard.

"Stay alert, communicate at all times, wait here for me." With these words, half of a Tiger Talisman fell into her palm.

Yin Yan realized Lu Ran had left, without any path of progression — it was definitely Instant Teleportation!

This person-god...

Possesses all Divine and Evil Techniques?

Right, he had said before he'd give her the Yinli Tiger Evil Sculpture.

So the new master she followed, is he an existence above All Gods?

At the same time, Lu Ran appeared high in the sky, with Pupil of the Dead World wide open, identified a solitary Jade Venerable Dead Soul at the battlefield's edge, and flickered away.

"Hmm?" The faceless Jade Venerable Dead Soul was still observing the battlefield, suddenly sensing a pull.

The dead soul turned to look but saw nothing.

Within mere seconds, she entered a foggy Sculpture Garden, held in the palm of a giant Divine Sculpture, merging into the Stone Sculpture.

[This... Lu Ran, this dead soul's energy...] He Qifeng was shocked.

Since following Lu Ran into the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, she'd been constantly fed, and the energy absorbed just now far surpassed any dead souls Lu Ran had sent over in past days!

[Shh!] Lu Ran stood in the air, face grave.

Even at the battlefield's edge, he still dodged the falling Thunder Strike in the sky.

Lu Ran finally understood why the purportedly invincible Dong Ting - Purple Thunder Demon Thunderbird underlings had suffered such heavy losses.

The Evil Demon Purple Thunder Demon Thunderbird outputs Evil Technique mostly as area skills, and indiscriminately so.

This clan doesn't possess defensive techniques nor capabilities to counter lightning.

As a result, a considerable number of Purple Thunder Demon Thunderbirds were grazed by their own ally's lightning, hampering their actions and getting cruelly harvested by the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Unlike North Wind - Night Charm underlings, Dong Ting - Purple Thunder Demon Thunderbird underlings are entirely unsuitable for large-scale troop combat!

If that's the case, how did a battlefield of this size develop?

God minions don't retreat because they're defending Divine Mountain?

The faceless Jade Venerable doesn't retreat because there's a chance to seize?

Lu Ran secretly pondered as he continued to traverse the battlefield edges, stealing dead souls covertly.

He might not fear lightning, but with one caveat — standing firmly on solid ground!

Now the battlefield is in the sky, and the dead souls are floating above, Lu Ran must be extra cautious.

"Wow..." The more Lu Ran provoked, the more shocked he became.

The battlefield was far larger than he imagined!

Lu Ran came from the northwest direction, and as he continually traversed and circled the arena, he saw the true battlefield situated in the east.

Distantly in the east, the Faceless Jade Venerable clan continuously invaded.

In the Divine Mountain region enveloped by purple thunderclouds, God Demon underlings continually flew out, joining the battlefield.

How good is Lu Ran's eyesight?

Yet, located at the battlefield's edge, he could barely see the features of Divine Mountain, clearly showing the vast area the battlefield covers.

Undoubtedly, this is a large-scale war!

"Gulp." Lu Ran's throat moved slightly.

For him, this is a gluttonous feast...

"Buzz!!"

Suddenly, Lu Ran's mind buzzed, and the Wind Emperor Stone Sculpture in the Sculpture Garden began to tremble.

Good!

Lu Ran immediately flickered backward, intending to make some adjustments, when a flash of electricity caught his eye.

A ground unit?

How peculiar!

Because both sides of the war are flying in the air, any living creature moving within the ground's misty sea became highly noticeable.

Is that a Human Clan believer?

Lu Ran was stirred in his heart, following that flash of light, his figure flickering rapidly.

Until that purple electric light circled behind a low-flying Faceless Jade Venerable, its figure finally paused.

Is that a middle-aged man?

Not giving Lu Ran time to scrutinize closely, the figure swiftly halted and accelerated again, electric currents surrounding its body, making half a circle around the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Lu Ran squinted his eyes, finally seeing the man's appearance clearly.

This man appears to be in his forties or fifties, with handsome features and sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes.

A solemn expression rested on his face, accompanied by a beard reminiscent of ancient style.

He wore a deep purple robe, inlaid with golden arm guards, topped with a gold crown that bound his hair.

Fully displaying nobility and majesty!

What stood out most was that he wasn't wielding the Sky-piercing Halberd but a sword entwined with purple electricity...

Lu Ran's pupils slightly constricted!

This image, this outfit...

The key is not using a Sky-piercing Halberd but a sword of purple electricity?

Cloud Sea's old guard Huangfu?!

...

Chapter 893: Gone with the Wind

This man looked exactly as the description given by Chounu. He must be Mr. Huangfu!

The more Lu Ran observed, the more excited he became.

Should he go and meet him? The battlefield was extremely chaotic, and the area where Huangfu was located was far from the Divine Mountain...

Hmm?

Before Lu Ran could make a decision, he saw that Huangfu had already dashed forward, like a stream of purple lightning, wrapping around the Faceless Jade Venerable countless times.

In the blink of an eye, a small half of the Faceless Jade Venerable's body was cleaved away!

"Crack!!" The damaged Jade Venerable shattered with a thunderous sound, and Lu Ran once again saw Huangfu's true face.

Huangfu pulled out several square jade plaques from his bosom, some of them solid, others ethereal, all about the size of a palm.



Huangfu wielded his sword and floated slightly in the air, holding the stack of jade plaques, reaching toward the location where the Faceless Jade Venerable had died.

A Ninth Class Evil Demon·Soul Jade?

This was the opposite of the Ninth Class God·Colorful Jade, with such pathetic overall strength that even in the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm, it didn't have a base of operations.

However, in the list of Evil Techniques of the Evil Demon·Soul Jade, there was a highly functional skill of the same name—Soul Jade!

This skill could imprison the dead souls of living creatures.

"Zzz~zz~"

A moment later, Huangfu once again transformed into a stream of purple lightning, darting directly toward the direction of the Divine Mountain.

With extreme grace!

"Impressive~"

Lu Ran grinned.

Divine·Dongting was in the second row, so naturally Huangfu was a Second-class God disciple. But the visual impact Huangfu brought to Lu Ran absolutely surpassed that of the former First-class Evil God disciple, Yan Chou!

Wasn't this too fast?

The output was also quite significant!

However, given the defensive power of the Faceless Jade Venerable, that she could be stripped of a small half of her body in such a short time must have been the result of Huangfu's multiple strikes.

In other words, Huangfu must have slashed countless times as he circled around the enemy just now!

Could this man be considered the pinnacle of battle power in the Cloud Sea Sect?

Lu Ran pondered to himself.

If he could recruit this man under his banner and assign him to lead a team from the Ran Sect, how much more at ease would he be?

Lu Ran watched the purple electrical beam return to the Divine Mountain, naturally not daring to pursue. The war was currently at its most intense stage, and if the Heavenly General Yin went into the mountain to seek him, it was highly likely something might go wrong.

She could indeed turn into a demon wind, immune to physical attacks, but the explosions of thunderbirds filling the sky could scatter her soul...

Let's wait!

Wait until the situation calms down a bit, then send Yin Yan.

Lu Ran, with a pair of Pupils of the Dead World, searched for the dead souls, and his figure once again shimmered and moved.

This feast of battle was incredibly rare, and he did not want to waste even a second.

Meanwhile, Lu Ran was striving to strengthen himself, while Huangfu, rushing towards the Divine Mountain, endured countless trials before finally diving into a cave within the mountain.

A muffled "thud" sounded!

Huangfu crashed heavily against the stone wall, strangely enough, the seemingly ordinary mountain wall showed no signs of cracking.

"Hah...hah..."

Gasping for air, Huangfu, upon returning to the base, did not seem as at ease as he appeared outside.

He lifted his left arm, looking at his elbow, searching for a while, but found no signs of his garment turning into jade.

No matter how exquisite the garment, it was merely an external item.

What truly worried him was the flesh beneath the clothing.

Once it got contaminated by jade, he would have to cut off the flesh to prevent the injury from worsening further.

"Buzz~"

A few jade plaques floated out on their own, clinging to the stone wall, releasing the souls within.

The souls, having just regained their freedom, fused back into the mountain body and vanished without a trace.

Silent, Huangfu turned his head to look outside the cave.

Purple thunderclouds still blanketed the heavens and the earth, and the lackeys of the God Demon alongside the Faceless Jade Venerable were still locked in combat. This war had raged on for days without any sign of halting from either side.

"Sigh..."

Huangfu let out a deep sigh in his heart.

When would days like these come to an end...

The fires of war in the Heavenly Realm were endless.

Originally, the God Demon faction had allies, though Huangfu wouldn't dare to claim how much the Cloud Sea Sect could contribute.

At least the once-glorious Cloud Sea Sect was the freshest force most likely to alter the battlefield's course! Disadvantages could be mitigated over time, and victories could be gradually accumulated.

Yet this Human Clan force was internally halted and was forcibly scattered by the omnipresent god demons!

Was there some disadvantage to the God Demon camp?

It didn't matter!

The battlefield was entrenched in a tug-of-war, with no clear path to victory for the God Demons, and that also didn't matter.

The absence of the Cloud Sea Sect...that mattered greatly!

"Slap!"

Huangfu suddenly raised his hand to shield his face.

One block after another of jade plaques fell into his palm, and had he not reacted in time, it might have felt like being slapped repeatedly.

[Continue.] The concise two-word command, full of authority, was instilled into Huangfu's mind.

No encouragement, no consolation.

Not even allowing any rest, let alone any rewards.

The group of Human Clan believers, politely referred to as disciples, were in fact nothing more than lowly slaves.

"Yes, Lord Dongting." Huangfu obediently knelt down, not daring to disrespect the slightest, until his forehead hit the ground heavily, the depths of his eyes filled with desolation.

He had no idea how much longer he could endure such days.

He wasn't even sure anymore why he persisted.

Waiting for someone ethereal and illusory?

Is she still alive?

Even if she is, she's probably been tormented beyond recognition.

Or perhaps, should I hold onto the fantasy, hoping to one day break through the shackles and advance to the third level of the Heavenly Realm?

And then try to change some situations?

But ever since Qiao Wanjun appeared among the Human Clan, the God Demons must have meddled in the dark, right?

How many years has it been?

On every Divine Mountain, one Human Clan believer after another, yet none have made further progress?

Those who ascended to the Heavenly Realm later, their strength was permanently fixed at the first level of the Heavenly Realm, and people like me, the "old people," are forever stuck at the second level of the Heavenly Realm.

No further improvement can be made.

Taking a step back, even if I truly broke through the constraints...

The process of the Human Clan's advancement is so lengthy, could I successfully advance?

Qiao Sect Master was the first to take the plunge, and now the God Demons all know the threat that a Human Clan member at the third level of the Heavenly Realm poses. How could they allow me to advance?

[Have you knelt enough?] The authoritative voice once again imprints itself into my mind.

Huangfu was startled!

He quickly stood up, his whole body resembling a streak of purple lightning, rapidly leaving the mountain cave.

Kill the enemy, bind the soul, return to the mountain, and offer it to the gods.

Kill the enemy again, bind the soul again, return to the mountain again to offer it to the gods...

The Heavenly Realm Battlefield has no alternation of day and night.

Huangfu doesn't know how much time has passed; he just mechanically completes the tasks, and the so-called motivation to live doesn't seem to be holding on to illusions or what ideals or persistence.

It seems that he merely wants to survive instinctively, as a human.

Instinctively wants to survive battle after battle...

This earth-shaking war finally seemed to approach its end.

The number of Faceless Jade Venerables flying from the east drastically decreased, yet Huangfu still collected the Dead Souls, and even got sent out again to hunt the tribe of Faceless Jade Venerables.

Hunt them down?

Such a situation is rare.

Huangfu has guarded the Thunderbird Divine Mountain for many years, and after each great war, there was always a period of recuperation on the Divine Mountain's side.

But this time, Master Dong Ting seemed truly enraged!

Huangfu hasn't had much communication with the gods, but from the scarce few words, he could vaguely deduce that Master Dong Ting suffered a great loss.

Lost a lot of Origin Energy?

After all, the only reason that could make a god so wrathful is this one.

In this light, this great war should have made the Faceless Jade Venerable tribe a big profit!

That's why they seized the opportunity to retreat, afraid of drawing the siege of other Divine Mountain forces?

Huangfu joined the pursuit team, relentlessly hunting down the Faceless Jade Venerable tribe, chasing them far, far away until he confronted the large reinforcements of the Faceless Jade Venerable tribe, reluctantly retreating.

Using the advantage of speed, the Thunderbird Divine Mountain side managed to escape back.

The unending fire of war finally saw some respite.

Huangfu didn't expect that upon returning to the mountain, having been defeated this time, he unexpectedly encountered an acquaintance.

Not too familiar, but this woman was the beloved wife of a former comrade-in-arms.

Forget how many years ago that was.

When Huangfu noticed something was wrong with the cultivation situation, as if the path upwards had been sealed, he had searched the mountains extensively.

He was looking for his old comrades and also wanted to see if there were any more Human Clan believers advancing on the various Divine Mountains.



The harsh reality poured cold water on him again and again.

Fortunately, reuniting with old friends warmed his heart time and again.

"Yin... Yan?"

On the Thunderbird Divine Mountain covered with purple orchids, Huangfu looked at the black-clothed woman beside the flowers, unsure if his address was correct.

Yin Yan looked at the man in the purple robe and spoke faintly, "Still alive."

"Why are you here... Qingshan..." Suddenly seeing a familiar face, Huangfu indeed felt somewhat unprepared, but as soon as he mentioned the comrade's name, he stopped.

The Divine Mountain area was not suitable for discussing the old divisions of the Cloud Sea.

Moreover, Master Dong Ting was currently furious.

Yet unexpectedly, Yin Yan did not care and directly said, "Dead."

"Dead... Dead? Qingshan, he..." Huangfu stared at Yin Yan in a daze, even someone as mature and prudent as him found his mind in turmoil at this moment.

"He died long ago," Yin Yan said casually, her gaze scattering, looking at the vast purple orchid beside her.

It had sword-like leaves, long and sharp.

The sorrow of human ants couldn't stir an ounce of compassion in the Evil Demon·Purple Thunder Orchid.

Instead, those blades of grass swayed, diffusing trails of winding purple currents, blooming beautifully.

A dazzling sight.

Huangfu silently lowered his head, a trace of sadness flashing in his eyes.

Another one was gone.

A former comrade who had fought side by side and risked life and limb was gone.

Perhaps, many of his old friends had already gone, it's just that he was trapped in the Thunderbird Divine Mountain, unaware of it.

The Heavenly Realm Battlefield has no shortage of separation and death.

One day, all traces of the Cloud Sea Sect might be erased, right?

Those who once harbored ideals and fought with all their hearts will eventually disappear with the wind.

No one will remember their names.

No one will mourn them.

Not even... no one will know they were ever here.

...

Asking for some monthly votes.

## Chapter 894: Words Become Law?

"Hoo~"

A gentle breeze passed by, lightly fluttering Huangfu's purple robe.

It seemed to also carry away someone who lived deep within his heart, to a far, far off place.

Huangfu slowly raised his head, gazing at the sky filled with thunderclouds, the sorrow deep within his eyes ultimately turning into a faint redness around his eyes.

Huangfu had thought he had grown numb.

Yet, as this seemingly ordinary wind blew by, it stirred the waves in his heart, and echoes of the song his former comrades once sang returned to his ears:

"My birthplace, in the village the wind passes through. The distant place I see, is where the wind disappears."

"My mother went to the distance in the wind. Where does her child drift amidst the wind..."

The battlefield of the Heavenly Realm, where war is always the main theme.

Precisely because of this, those special moments outside of war, they are unforgettable and immensely precious.

The Cloud Sea Sect, a sect formed by people from all over the world, who shared the same ideals, in the unending fires of war, people supported each other and consoled one another.

Huangfu remembered clearly, it was after a great victory, on an inconspicuous stone peak.

A group of Cloud Sea disciples silently rested.

Clearly a great victory, yet not a trace of joy among everyone, for casualties were inevitable, and some disciples had tragically died on the battlefield.

Silence.

No one spoke.

Only the gentle breeze kept passing, later bringing this song.

Zheng Qingshan once bid farewell to his comrades in this way.

But when he died, they did not bid farewell to him.

"My mother went to the distance in the wind. Where does her child drift amidst the wind..." Huangfu's voice was faint and soft.

Sadly, he only remembered a few lines of the lyrics, unable to sing it all, unable to sing it for Zheng Qingshan.

Huangfu's muttering was nearly inaudible, though it could not escape Yin Yan's ears.

Yin Yan turned away directly, her nose tingled as she looked elsewhere.

Regarding her lover's death, she had always mourned alone, silently digesting it. And now, on this Divine Mountain of Thunder, she once again saw someone mourning Zheng Qingshan's departure.

No.

The new master she follows was also once angry, once saddened.

Thinking back, during these days, the kindness and care the new master showed her, perhaps Qingshan was also part of the reason.

She has another identity, the widow of an old member of the Cloud Sea.

"I have a mission, to collect resources for Lord Yinli Tiger." Yin Yan spoke softly.

Huangfu looked at Yin Yan's back.

Clearly hearing she was saying farewell.

Huangfu wanted Yin Yan to rest her feet, as a person from Da Xia, his nature remained, and he wished to entertain the guests from afar.

However, the Divine Mountain of Thunder is truly not a good place and should not be lingered at for long.

Words of retention were swallowed back into Huangfu's stomach.

Yin Yan wiped her eyes with one hand, suddenly turning to look at Huangfu.

Huangfu sensed something unusual!

Yin Yan had always been expressionless, her gaze unfocused, her entire person exuding a faint aura of death.

Yet at this moment, Yin Yan's eyes suddenly changed, becoming intensely bright?

The sudden change in her gaze sharply contrasted her usual demeanor, creating two extremes.

Basically two different people!

What was she...?

While Huangfu remained composed, the widow of his comrade suddenly extended her hand, offering half a Tiger Talisman: "This Magic Artifact was once captured by you and Qingshan together, now that he's gone, return it to you."

Huangfu and Yin Yan's gazes intertwined.

When had he and Zheng Qingshan ever captured a Magic Artifact·Tiger Talisman?

Huangfu slowly extended his hand, took the Tiger Talisman, and said solemnly: "I will take good care of it, swear by my life."

Yin Yan looked deeply at Huangfu, unfolded a pair of black tiger wings: "Take care."

Huangfu nodded: "My condolences."

Yin Yan turned and left, gradually disappearing into the distant sky.

Huangfu clenched the half Tiger Talisman, the energy of the Artifact Spirit flowed on the surface, seeped into his palm, guiding him in a direction.

More accurately, a person—Yin Yan!

Presumably, the Tiger Talisman forms a pair? The other half would be in her possession.

Did she want... him to find her?

Huangfu still maintained his composure, turned around, appearing lost and broken, stumbling into the mountain.

Meanwhile, within the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm.

In the master bedroom of Tianya Residence, a young man was sleeping soundly on the bed.

Lu Ran had contracted an illness known as "Affluence."

During this period, he had consumed too much, and too well, his mind was on the verge of exploding...

As soon as the feast ended, Lu Ran met with Yin Yan, delegated some matters, then returned alone to the Holy Spirit Mountain.

After all, given his poor condition, staying in the Heavenly Realm would be too dangerous.

Fortunately, as the Heavenly Realm Stone Sculpture upgraded, in just a few days, this allowed Lu Ran to evade the periods when the Stone Sculpture would tremble, continually feasting at the table.

If it were the Heavenly Realm·Human Believer upgrading, lasting up to a month, Lu Ran feared he would die there!

The pain during the feasting process naturally represents remarkable outcomes.

The Wind Emperor arrived early at the second rank of the Heavenly Realm, the Dust Shadow Flower and Evil Mirror Demon Stone Sculptures within the Sculpture Garden also reached the second rank.

What does it mean to be proactive?

Lu Yuan and his disciples hadn't even fused with the Stone Sculptures, yet Lu Ran had already set everything up.

Facing the grand feast served by the Divine Mountain of Thunder and the Faceless Jade Venerable, Lu Ran naturally wouldn't only cultivate three Stone Sculptures.

Otherwise, Divine Dongting wouldn't have been so furious.

In Lu Ran's conception, the realm of the Evil Sculpture-Yinli Tiger should be quite high, though Lu Ran hadn't activated this Evil Sculpture, so the exact situation was unclear.

Also temporarily free from the tremor agony of the Yinli Tiger's sculpture.

Yet the Evil Dog Evil Sculpture and Dongting Divine Sculpture, in Lu Ran's successive campaigns, both arrived at the second rank of the Heavenly Realm.

These two Stone Sculptures were long activated by Lu Ran, therefore unavoidable of the buzzing in his brain.

Lu Ran... indeed bore the hardship.

Also overjoyed.

Looting!

Divine Dongting, Faceless Jade Venerable...

Looting you!



And as Lu Ran lay asleep, the thick fog enveloping between heaven and earth gradually faded away.

The ends of the earth are rare to find such clear skies.

A figure appeared like a specter before Tianya Residence. She looked around, her gaze landing beside a large tree, and beckoned.

"Swoosh~"

Shadow Four appeared instantly, respectfully saluting, "Congratulations, Lord Protector, on advancing to the Sea Realm Peak."

Yan Shuangzi did not respond, instead asking, "During my seclusion, did anything noteworthy happen?"

"No, the seven islands of Ran Sect have been calm." Shadow Four knew what Yan Shuangzi truly cared about and added, "The sect leader returned yesterday morning."

"Leader... The sect leader is back." Yan Shuangzi turned to look at the entrance of Tianya Residence.

"Yes, the sect leader has been sleeping for a whole day and night now and still rests in the bedroom."

"Hmm." Yan Shuangzi acknowledged, her figure flashed.

She did not enter the residence but came to the dense forest above the bedroom.

Yan Shuangzi stood beside an Immortal Jasmine Tree, looking down at the ground, as if her gaze could penetrate it to see the slumbering person beneath.

After a long time, she slowly knelt under the Jasmine Tree, gently exhaled.

He's back to the sect.

Right now, resting just beneath her feet, close enough to touch.

Hmm... Perhaps it's a good opportunity to break through the shackles.

Yan Shuangzi leaned her body, shoulders resting against the Jasmine Tree.

Advancing to the Heavenly Realm is not an easy task.

Now it's January 2023, and at this point many strong warriors of Ran Sect are stuck at the Sea Realm-Peak stage.

Xun Yifei, the deputy island master of Jingxian Island, Wang Longxiang, Valley Master of Longxiang Valley, He Yingcai, Hierarch of Thousand Boat Alliance, including the two generals Feng Yan...

Since the warriors signed the Inheritance Contract with the Stone Sculpture, upgrading at minor ranks is not difficult.

One only needs to be extremely diligent, and that suffices.

However, a breakthrough at a great realm requires a brilliant Dao Heart.

This is precisely what has hindered countless talents, even if you think your understanding is deep enough and belief firm enough...

Without the spark of inspiration, there's nothing you can do.

Yet Yan Shuangzi never believed she would be stuck.

All she might need is a simple command from him.

"Hmm?" Yan Shuangzi turned to look aside.

A void-like figure appeared from the ground, such a unique sight made Yan Shuangzi feel somewhat unfamiliar.

"Lady." Yan Shuangzi whispered in greeting.

Jiang Ruyi emerged from underground, standing under the Immortal Jasmine Tree, gazing at the naturally drooping branches with clusters of blooming beautiful flowers.

She raised her hand, fingers gently feeling the fragrant petals, "Just out of seclusion, not taking a rest?"

Yan Shuangzi hesitated for a moment, whispered, "Subordinate wants to push through in one go."

Jiang Ruyi nodded, "Hmm, go then."

"What?" Yan Shuangzi looked up at the young woman.

Jiang Ruyi softly said, "Move lightly, stay far, don't disturb his sleep. If you truly manage to advance, go to the seclusion room beneath the bedroom."

"Lady, I..."

"Go then, chances of him returning are few, getting here at the right time, it's destiny favored." Jiang Ruyi, fingers playing with the flowers, spoke lightly.

Who could have thought that the once jealous one would make such a decision.

Yan Shuangzi hesitated for a while, voiced thanks, then her figure flashed, appearing at the corner of the bedroom.

Beside her was the entrance leading to the basement.

Yan Shuangzi gazed toward the bed's direction, yet a screen blocked her view; she could only vaguely see the person behind it through the carved design.

Compared to the incomplete figure, his long breaths felt more real.

He existed truly, resting there.

Yan Shuangzi leaned back slightly, her back against the wall, silently staring at the screen.

As she watched, memories surged in her mind.

Meeting for the first time in Beifeng City, meeting again atop Sword Ridge Peak.

He took her away from the Demon Cave, piecing her together bit by bit, then led her to fight back to Sword Ridge Peak.

Extremely ruthless means, doubling the revenge.

Her codename was initially Evil Dog, meant to tear apart North Wind Sect, viciously tear into the God.

Yet he forcefully changed her name to Evil Shadow, not allowing her to demean herself.

Evil Shadow, can be borne.

But Yan Shuangzi knew, deep inside, she was always that Evil Dog.

From the moment he dragged her out of the abyss, she was.

"Sis?"

"Hmm?" Yan Shuangzi snapped back to reality, only to find the young man sleepily coming over.

"You... were punished by Ruyi to stand?" Lu Ran was a bit dazed.

What was such a grown-up doing standing in the corner?

The Shadow Guard Team usually remains unseen, Lord Protector should not appear here.

Moreover, Yan Shuangzi's emotions were so complex; Lu Ran couldn't quite tell if she were happy or sad or perhaps reminiscing...

"Guess I did wake you."

"It's no bother, I've slept enough. What's this?" Lu Ran rubbed his messy hair.

"Command me to advance."

"Ah?"

Yan Shuangzi nodded gently to confirm he didn't hear wrong.

Reversed Celestial Spirit!

Lu Ran opened his mouth, but obeyed her order, commanding, "You... then advance."

"Yes." Yan Shuangzi turned around and entered the underground seclusion room.

Lu Ran didn't know whether he was awake or dreaming, his mind couldn't quite wrap around it.

Yet, just a few seconds later, a fierce wave of Divine Power rippled out from the basement.

Holy crap?!

Lu Ran was shocked, this... this this is?

Words turn into reality?

I haven't even become a God yet, and you're giving me a trial card?

No way!

All Gods and demons don't have such an ability...

...

Chapter 895: The Serpent and the Monk

So carefree!

Truly carefree...

Lu Ran secretly sighed, even feeling a bit envious.

If only he could do the same, it would be wonderful.

Lu Ran turned around and walked back behind the screen, then collapsed onto the large bed. As the room was shrouded in mist again, he too entered the spiritual world.

The stone sculptures of the Ran Sect warriors naturally were all within his sculpture garden.

Interestingly, the two sides had even formed alliances.

Those who originally followed Lu Ran, like Wu Xiao, Deng Yuxiang, Yu Changsheng and others, although they all fused the divine and demonic stone sculptures, stood on the side of the divine camp.

As for the heavenly executioners like Yan Chou, Bai Rao, Tu Feng and others, they stood on the southern side of the river, within the Evil Demon camp.

Was it coincidence or intentional?

Lu Ran appeared in the first row of the divine camp, looking at the giant face in front of him, and smiled, "Feeling stifled?"

"No." He Qifeng replied stubbornly.

"Come on, let's go south." Lu Ran didn't press the matter, "The Martial Monk and the Jade-faced Snake are from the same origins, you and Bai Rao are both at the Second Heaven, so you have a basis for cooperation."

He Qifeng hesitated, "Is it like the fusion and devouring with Heavenly General Yan?"

There are four first-class Gods, namely Sword One, Qiang Xiu, Martial Monk and Martial Artist.

Now in the sculpture garden, there are only three in the first row of the divine.

Sword One, the Wind Emperor, and the Martial Emperor.

The Qiang Xiu stone sculpture was devoured by Yan Chou, and he resides on the Evil Demon camp side, so the first row of the divine only has these three left.

It seems He Qifeng is worried about not returning?

"It should be fusion, but rest assured, you will not lose yourself." Lu Ran smiled, "I'll have General Bai show some mercy and leave you a way out."

He Qifeng: "..."

I am clearly a Fake God with the power of the Second Heaven realm, impressively strong!

But in Lu Ran's words, I seem like a small fry.

So infuriating!

Lu Ran added, "If you don't cooperate with General Bai, you won't have a physical body. Don't forget, you inherited the Divine Sculpture."

He Qifeng silently nodded.

Lu Ran naturally noticed her resistance.

In fact, even without followers, Fake Gods can also roam the world in the form of divine and demonic remnants.

But this form is too conspicuous!



And also quite fragile.

"Hand, raise it up." Lu Ran suddenly said.

He Qifeng didn't understand why, but still lifted her palm obediently.

Lu Ran landed on the tip of her index finger, "Let's go, south."

He Qifeng rolled her eyes, carrying Lu Ran, flying south.

Unexpectedly, Lu Ran suddenly blurted out, "Do you think, after you two merge, you can still separate?"

He Qifeng: ???

Are you asking me?

Lu Ran sat on her fingertip, contemplating, asking and answering himself, "Most likely yes, since you are cooperating and not devouring each other."

Moreover, both divine and demonic have shown with action that separation is possible.

Even if separation is somewhat difficult, at least Bai Rao could summon a physical body, allowing both to have their own physical forms.

While pondering, Lu Ran noticed the light dimming.

On the divine camp side, although it was also shrouded in mist, the light was ample and the mist white.

Once crossing the river to the Evil Demon camp side, the sky darkened, and the surroundings became gray mist.

There are also four first-class Evil Gods.

Blood Skull, Evil Spear Emperor, Jade-faced Snake, Yin Flower Dan.

However, in the sculpture garden, only three remain in the first row of the Evil Demon.

Because the Evil Sculpture Yin Flower Dan was devoured by Wu Xiao, while the Martial Emperor always stood on the divine camp side...

Heavenly General Yan and Martial Emperor, these two represent each camp, taking a bite out of the opposite side.

Neither side suffered a loss~

"Hoo!"

He Qifeng steadily landed in front of Bai Rao, as both sides were from the same source, there was an inherent connection, preventing any mix-up.

"Little Master Lu, finally willing to visit me?" Bai Rao spoke tenderly.

Making Lu Ran seem like a heartless person...

She completely ignored the massive stone sculpture, focusing her lovely eyes only on He Qifeng's stone hand, looking at the small human on her fingertip.

"Aunt Bai." Lu Ran didn't fall for it, patting the fingertip under his bottom, "See whom I brought for you?"

Bai Rao extended her long tongue, licking her lips. Even in her stone appearance, she remained enchanting and alluring, innately seductive.

In her sweet voice, there was a hint of danger:

"Then I shall not be polite?"

"No!" Lu Ran quickly waved his hand, "No, no! This is our comrade, not your snack."

"Hehe~" Bai Rao couldn't help but laugh, extending her finger as if to take Lu Ran.

But Lu Ran flew up, hovering to the side, his face serious: "Lord Immortal Sheep stated that the premise of Divine and Evil Sculpture cooperation is equivalent strength. However!"

He paused, emphasizing, "But complete equivalence is impossible, there will inevitably be a difference in strength between you."

He Qifeng and Bai Rao listened quietly, naturally agreeing with Lu Ran's words.

Lu Ran continued, "Therefore, the stronger one among you must harbor compassion and take extra care of the other. Understood?"

"Yes!"

"Little Lu, don't be so stern, I'll listen to you~"

"Alright." Lu Ran nodded.

Actually, letting these two experiment first wasn't the best option.

If possible, Lu Ran wanted Xue Fengchen and Gao Yunyan as the first couple to take the plunge.

The two were already very close, saving Lu Ran a lot of unnecessary worry.

But things had come to this point, there was no time to waste!

He Qifeng is to become a member of the Ran Sect team, and a main output force! In the face of important matters, everything else must give way.

"Ugly Slave?" Lu Ran called.

"Young Master." Yan Chou, also in the first row, immediately responded.

"Tell them about your experience during fusion." Lu Ran instructed.

Undeniably, Yan Chou replacing the Evil Spear Emperor and devouring Qiang Xiu is not the same as what He Bai and the others intend to do.

But some factors remain common.

Lu Ran patiently waited for a moment, until Yan Chou finished speaking, and He Qifeng and Bai Rao looked at each other.

The best guidance doesn't come from the outside, but from the attributes both originate from.

Bai Rao and He Qifeng were always drawn to each other, a miraculous sense of belonging.

"Come." Bai Rao smiled charmingly, extending a hand.

He Qifeng graciously extended his hand as well.

The two giant stone hands clasped together, as if two bosses were meeting...

"Buzz!!"

The earth-shattering stone sculptures buzzed and trembled.

Lu Ran grimaced, yet nervously shouted, "Aunt Bai, please be gentle, gentle!"

He Qifeng: "..."

"Don't worry~" Bai Rao turned her head, eyes deep, "This lady wouldn't want little Lu to be sad~"

"Crack! Crack..."

The two goddess sculptures gradually crawled out of the fractures, stone pieces continuously peeling off.

The shattered stones didn't fall to the ground, but merged into each other.

Lu Ran's expression became increasingly uncomfortable.

This commotion is quite too much!

When other pseudo-god stone sculptures devoured the opposing side, the opposition showed no resistance at all.

But it was different for the White Heavenly General and Wind Emperor.

Both parties sought collaboration, but the premise must be competing on equal footing! Then, seek unity in diversity!

Wanting to retain oneself while accepting each other is no easy task.

It's unknown how much time passed before a brand new sculpture appeared before Lu Ran.

Lu Ran could feel it deeply, inevitably a bit dejected.

Two Second Heaven sculptures couldn't become a Third Heaven sculpture?

Hmm... indeed.

Stepping from the First Layer to the Second requires a hundred thousand pure Holy Spirit Energy.

Stepping from the Second Heaven to the Third, the resource requirement increases tenfold!

How can it be that easy?

From this angle, retaining a Human Clan identity might make it easier to step into the Third Layer of Heavenly Realm?

However, Lu Ran didn't believe that all soldiers of Ran Sect had to rise through routine slaughtering of god demon lackeys for resources.

When Ran Sect truly has the ability to slay a God or Evil God...

Then, all pseudo-gods in the Sculpture Garden have the possibility to achieve greatness overnight!

Why swallow mere god demon lackeys' dead souls?

We directly devour the very Divine Demon!

"Aunt... Aunt Bai?" Lu Ran flew in front of the stone sculpture, suddenly stunned, because the sculpture still retained Bai Rao's image!

Come now!

Just gone, my great Wind Emperor?

"Hmph, don't doubt this lady." Bai Rao glanced at Lu Ran, stone sculpture constantly trembling without stopping.

"Buzz~"

The stone sculpture's appearance gradually changed, revealing He Qifeng's visage, along with her Divine Weapon and Magic Artifact appearing.

Lu Ran couldn't help but blink.

Can it even be done like this?

This seat has only heard of one-click outfits.

This can even one-click swap persons?

"Sect Leader... We are still merging, merging."

"Say no more." Lu Ran swiftly cut in, "Continue, I'll head off."

After speaking, he flew westward.

Yan Chou immediately followed, realizing the young master came to the spot where he was supposed to stand.

"Young Master?" Yan Chou sensed that the young master might have something to say.

"Zheng Qingshan." The name slipped out of Lu Ran's mouth.

Yan Chou's eyes narrowed, somewhat excited, "Young Master, have you found Qingshan?"

Lu Ran silently sighed.

Yan Chou was unaware of matters about Yin Yan.

Lu Ran always struggled to tell him and now found another old Cloud Sea comrade, Huangfu, which was indeed good news offering some solace, so Lu Ran chose to speak up.

"I didn't find Senior Zheng, I found his widow." Lu Ran said in a deep voice.

Yan Chou's face stiffened.

The word widow revealed a piece of information.

Zheng Qingshan... is already dead.

"She's called Yin Yan, already joined my Ran Sect, and I intend to grant her the Yinli Tiger Evil Sculpture." Lu Ran slightly turned his eyes, his gaze sweeping past Yan Chou's side, looking behind.



The second-class Evil God, Yinli Tiger, stood right behind Yan Chou, positioned in the second row.

"Mm... Mm." Yan Chou quickly adjusted his mood, quietly saying, "Yan Chou thanks the Young Master on behalf of Qingshan."

Lu Ran could feel Yan Chou's great sadness.

But this man was reluctant to show it.

Lu Ran also cooperated by not continuing on this topic, instead saying, "I also found Huangfu."

"Oh?" Yan Chou raised his eyes again, looking at Lu Ran.

"If nothing goes wrong, the next time you go to the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, you two will reunite." Lu Ran nodded gently.

"Good, good..." Yan Chou said repeatedly.

"In the future, such reunions will be many."

Speaking, Lu Ran slowly descended onto Yan Chou's shoulder, a small palm patting the Evil God's shoulder, "The scattered old Cloud Sea forces in the Heavenly Realm will all return to our side."

Then, Lu Ran exited the spiritual world.

Leaving only a giant stone sculpture standing in place.

Sometimes happy, sometimes sorrowful.

Emotions fluctuating, yet silently, as if in madness.

...

## Chapter 896: Once More

Mid-January, Heavenly Realm Battlefield.

West of the Divine Mountain of Thunder, inside an unremarkable stone peak over a hundred kilometers away.

Yin Yan leaned against the stone wall, quietly sitting, the half of the Tiger Talisman in her palm gently vibrating.

She knew the other half of the Tiger Talisman was rapidly approaching.

"Zzz~zz~"

Suddenly, the faint sound of an electric current was heard, and in the blink of an eye, a tall figure had already stormed into the cave.

The newcomer was draped in a prestigious purple robe, adorned with golden arm armor, his expression solemn and imposing without anger.

"Hoo!!"

A fierce wave of Divine Power stirred up the placid sea of mist.

The cave was filled with a misty haze.

A slightly hoarse female voice echoed within the cave: "Why did it take so long?"

Huangfu brushed aside the mist before him, looking toward the stone wall on the west side: "In the recent war, Lord Dong Ting suffered a great loss and was furious. I want to apply to leave the Divine Mountain, but need to find the right opportunity."

Yin Yan let out a cold snort: "Heh, Lord Dong Ting..."

Evidently, she had some prejudice regarding the term "Lord."

Huangfu did not engage further, continuing: "Moreover, you just visited the Divine Mountain, and if I leave shortly after, it would be too conspicuous."

"Hmm." Yin Yan acknowledged the reason.

"Lady Yin, why have you called me out here?" Huangfu inquired.

If it weren't for the fact that this woman was the widow of an old friend, Huangfu would have never risked so much to meet her.

Yin Yan remained seated, the thick mist drowning her head, a hoarse female voice emerged from within: "I met someone, someone truly deserving of being called 'Lord.'"

Huangfu outwardly remained impassive, yet his heart grew increasingly heavy.

What does this mean?

The influence behind Yin Yan... that so-called Lord, what are they trying to do in the shadows?

Is she here to pull him into their fold?

Huangfu's heart resisted, and he was in complete denial from the bottom of his heart.

He did not believe any power could surpass the Cloud Sea Sect.

Even such a colossus had crumbled in an instant...

Moreover, after the incident with the Cloud Sea Sect, All Gods were particularly wary of the Human Clan! Under strict supervision, what storm could the Human Clan possibly stir up?

"Lady Yin, I know that Qingshan's death hit you really hard..."

Yin Yan interrupted directly: "If Qingshan were still here, he would be devotedly following, even worshipping."

Huangfu's heart skipped a beat!

Zheng Qingshan, disciple of the Mountain Lord, carried the unique aura of a God — the King's Aura!

Among the Eight Heavenly Demons, Sky Phoenix was the leader.

But that was a product of the mortal nation's societal values.

In terms of combat power and momentum, the Mountain Lord was the undisputed Beast God King!

To find someone in this world that Zheng Qingshan would follow with unwavering devotion...

There was,

and only one!

Qiao Wanjun.

"Gulp." Huangfu's Adam's apple moved, a sense of unrealistic fantasy rising within him.

Has Sect Master Qiao returned?

How can that be possible?

Even the old members of the Cloud Sea scattered in the Heavenly Realm are so monitored by God Demon, how could she, as the Human Clan leader, have any chance to act covertly?

Moreover, Yin Yan just mentioned "worshipping with devotion."

Sect Master Qiao indeed stands above all beings, there's no doubt about that.

But worship?

Qiao Wanjun is a person of dignity and integrity!

She does not toy with beings or absorb faith like a deity...

At this thought, Huangfu's heart surged with turmoil! Is Yin Yan colluding with a particular God or Evil Demon to stir trouble?

Could she have joined the camp of the Faceless Jade Venerable?

The conditions offered by the Faceless Jade Venerable are indeed hard to resist.

Eternal life!

Immortal and eternal...

But who can confirm that what the Faceless Jade Venerable says is true? Based on the displayed demeanor, her extreme ruthlessness is evident.

Compared to God Demon, she is even more so!

Zheng Qingshan could not worship the Faceless Jade Venerable, and once she breaches the God Demon camp, the whole human world might turn into white jade texture.

The extinction of all races, leaving only me eternal.

The cave was silent.

Only Huangfu's chaotic thoughts disturbed the surrounding atmosphere.

Slowly, Huangfu spoke: "Lady Yin, the Lord you mentioned..."

"Don't move." Yin Yan interrupted once more, "He's here."

Huangfu's heart sank.

Should he leave?

Remaining here was tantamount to being dragged into an unknown vortex... Well, the moment he came to the meeting, he was already intertwined.

Huangfu's face turned slightly unpleasant, not expecting the widow of an old friend to act in such a manner.

The insidious poison of the Yinli Tiger clan is fully embodied!

Using Qingshan's relationship to lure him out, and then forcibly... hmm?

Huangfu turned to look, only to see an ancient, quaint bronze mirror, forcibly tearing through space and time, taking shape within the cave.

From the mirror, a mysterious figure in a rain cape walked out.

The broad bamboo hat concealed the person's face.

"Buzz~"

"Buzz!" The pair of knives and swords strapped to Huangfu's back began to tremble lightly.

[What's going on?] Huangfu immediately conveyed his thoughts.

The Thunder Shock Knife and Electric Wrap Sword simultaneously conveyed thoughts, providing similar information: familiar aura.

Familiar?

Huangfu was somewhat stunned, as the Landing Mirror slowly disintegrated, the mysterious rain-caped person a few meters away slowly lifted their head.

This was a... youth?

Huangfu certainly would not be confused by appearances.

A person of such an age from the Human Clan should not even appear on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield!

Moreover, since Yin Yan just mentioned "veneration," this adult must not be a member of the Human Clan.

Huangfu's expression was well-controlled, his mind racing as he looked at the young man with an imposing aura.

"Cloud Sea Sect, Huangfu." The young man in the bamboo hat spoke softly.

Huangfu sensed the other's realm of the first level of the Heavenly Realm and was somewhat puzzled, nodding lightly: "May I ask who you are?"

"Hu!"

Suddenly, Divine Power surged from the young man's waist.

A phantom figure suddenly unfurled behind the young man.

Huangfu's always solemn face finally changed!

His pupils slightly narrowed as he raised his head, staring at that figure of unrivaled charm.

Qiao Sect Master?!

No wonder Lei Jingdao and Dian Raojian said there was a familiar aura around this mysterious young man; it turns out it came from Qiao Sect Master's Divine Weapon, the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword!

"Sect Leader." Yin Yan finally emerged from the sea of fog, coming to Lu Ran's side, and handed over half of the Tiger Talisman.



At the same time, the half Tiger Talisman in Huangfu's hand struggled fiercely, rushing out.

"Pa!"

The two halves of the Tiger Talisman became one, held in the palm of the young man in the bamboo hat: "Go on guard."

"Yes." Yin Yan transformed into a gust of demon wind, dispersed, and vanished.

"How do you have Qiao Sect Master's Divine Weapon?" Huangfu snapped back to his senses, body tense.

In his memory, the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword was kept by the most defiant disciple in the sect, Yan Chou.

As long as the Ugly Servant is not dead, this sword could not fall into the hands of an outsider!

"Huangfu." The phantom Qiao Wanjun spoke softly.

"Here!" Huangfu instinctively responded; from many perspectives, the Sword Spirit is indeed the Master of Divine Weapon.

"Long time no see."

"Long time...you..." At that moment, Huangfu did not know where to begin; he vaguely realized that the Sword Spirit was not coerced.

Qiao Wanjun floated behind the young man in the bamboo hat, her palm resting on his hat, her phantom eyes full of tenderness:

"This is my child."

Huangfu: !!!

The door of memories echoed loudly.

He suddenly recalled that during the years of war, Qiao Sect Master had indeed revealed that she had a pair of children in the Human World.

Now, her son has grown this big.

He even ascended to the Heavenly Realm!

Huangfu stared blankly at the young man in the bamboo hat, as if trying to see her shadow in the young man's brows.

Qiao Wanjun turned her gaze to Huangfu, softly instructing: "Take good care of him for me."

Huangfu regained his composure, slowly kneeling down.

The thick fog of the sea concealed his figure, but it could not escape Lu Ran's eyes. The man lowered his head, his voice slightly trembling:

"Disciple...obeys!"

"Hmm." Qiao Wanjun nodded with satisfaction, her figure merging into the sword body.

From beginning to end, she did not use a negotiating tone, just gave straightforward instructions.

Confidence,

stemming from her understanding of Huangfu's character.

Also stemming from the past, from those years of fighting and dying together in the flames of war.

Lu Ran secretly admired his mother's leadership abilities.

If it were him, driven back to the Human World, and the warriors of the Ran Sect scattered across the Heavenly Realm Battlefield...

Could his descendants also be sheltered, cared for by the disciples of the Ran Sect?

Nightmares, Evil Shadows, From Dragon Guardians, Martial Emperor, Feng Yan Generals, Xuan Shuang Guards...

Many figures flashed through Lu Ran's mind.

From protectors to the Emperor, from Divine Generals to guards, to Deng Yutang, Tian Tian, Chang Ying, these closest and most intimate people, shouldn't they be able to do it too?

Thinking of this, Lu Ran showed a smile on his face.

He reached behind his waist, taking out the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, releasing one figure after another.

Huangfu naturally noticed, realizing that a series of powerful presences had appeared within the cave.

As a peerless expert of the second level of the Heavenly Realm, he was not trembling, but the large group of people filling the cave was indeed imposing!

"Buzz~"

Lei Jingdao and Dian Raojian once again conveyed their thoughts.

The familiar aura!

[Ugly Servant, go.]

[Yes!]Yan Chou stepped forward with big strides.

"Pa!"

A large hand heavily pressed on Huangfu's shoulder, a familiar voice ringing in his ears: "The Young Master wants you to rise."

Huangfu's body trembled slightly.

So the familiar aura came from the Magic Artifact, the Black Cloud Patterned Gourd.

So this person was always the disciple guarding the Cloud Sea Dust Clear Sword, Yan Chou!

Emerging from the sea of fog, Huangfu immediately stood up, seeing his old friend clad in a green bamboo hat and cloak. Though a steel mask hid his face, those familiar eyes were visible.

Those eyes, no longer muddled as they were during their last encounter.

They were now bright and spirited.

Just like...many, many years ago, when he was in the Cloud Sea Sect, so resolute.

At that moment, Huangfu seemed to understand something.

He turned his head, scanning the mysterious individuals in green bamboo hats filling the cave, and finally fixed his gaze on the young man in the bamboo hat.

Muffled words came from behind a Blood Crystal Mask: "My mother was forced back to the Human World by the God Demon, imprisoned in a city, watched and guarded day and night.

Cloud Sea Sect was destroyed, disciples scattered in the Heavenly Realm, oppressed and enslaved, dying one after another."

Huangfu remained silent, his hand hanging in the fog of the sea gradually clenched.

The young man spoke again, his voice deep: "But Mr. Huangfu, now I have ascended to the Heavenly Realm, standing here."

Huangfu stared into the young man's eyes, those icy eyes.

Compared to Qiao Sect Master's cold and relatively restrained gaze, her child's emotions were more exposed.

That is...hatred and anger deep to the bone.

In his ears, the young man's voice came, low yet each word like thunder:

"Sir, would you be willing to try with me once more?"

Chapter 897: Bleeding Heart

Test!

It's not just a test; we must exert ourselves fully.

A long-numb heart in Huangfu quietly ignited a flicker of flame, his words resonating powerfully: "The Young Master is willing to carry the will of Ling Tang, I shall accompany you to the end!"

Lu Ran nodded: "It seems that Dong Ting's Divine Sculpture has an heir."

Huangfu was somewhat surprised, unsure if he heard it correctly.

Lu Ran asked: "How many disciples of the Cloud Sea Sect are left?"

The heart of Huangfu, which had just been stirred, was doused with cold water again. He paused for a moment and responded: "Since Ling Tang was asked to leave, the number of people in the Cloud Sea Sect has drastically decreased.

I visited the Divine Mountains all over and only found eleven people."

Eleven people?

Lu Ran's heart was bleeding.

At the peak of its prosperity, the Cloud Sea Sect was teeming with strong ones, with hundreds of disciples within the sect!

The question arises, how could there be so many people from the Heavenly Realm Human Clan?

Lu Ran has been in the Holy Spirit Mountain Realm for three years, how many people have ascended?

No, you can't view the people of the past through the modern perspective.

The vast majority of people within the Cloud Sea Sect were the first generation disciples of various sects and schools, the generation who opened up the world!

They were top-tier human clan warriors, sieved out by massive waves amidst the crisis of annihilation of clan and species, surviving one in a million...

However, what was called pacifying the world was merely a drama orchestrated by the God Demon.

Those human Believers, who made great achievements and possessed great talent, were thrown into the Heavenly Realm to fight against foreign enemies, and deeply feared and severely suppressed by the God Demon due to Qiao Wanjun's sudden rise.

How could Lu Ran's heart not bleed?

When first met Yan Chou, the other had already warned Lu Ran that only one-tenth of the Cloud Sea's old members could survive.

Alas...

Lu Ran really found it hard to imagine, if Mother heard this news, how should she deal with it.

Under her leadership, the Cloud Sea Sect soared to greatness, and due to her departure, the disciples faced a catastrophe.

How guilty? How remorseful would she feel?

Putting himself in her shoes, Lu Ran felt he would be driven insane by such pressure!

"A few days ago, I also heard the news of Zheng Qingshan's death..." Huangfu spoke softly, his eyes somewhat gloomy.

This is a sad message, and it also brings up another harsh reality: no one can ensure whether the remaining disciples of the Cloud Sea Sect suffered a tragic death on the battlefield like Zheng Qingshan.

Lu Ran calmed his mind and asked: "Mr., does the eleven people you mentioned include yourself?"

"It does not." Huangfu immediately said.

"In other words, excluding Chou Nu, and the sacrificed Senior Zheng Qingshan, there are still nine old members of the Cloud Sea?"

"That is correct."

Lu Ran nodded: "Mr., would you be willing to take a journey for me to gather the old members of the Cloud Sea?"

"The Young Master can instruct me as he wishes." Huangfu expressed his attitude, and said, "But Young Master, the disciples of the Cloud Sea Sect are all monitored by the God Demon, if they consecutively leave the Divine Mountain in a short time, it might draw attention."

It was apparent that Huangfu was still full of hope.

Hope that the remaining nine are still alive.

Lu Ran nodded approvingly: "Mr. Huangfu, tell me about these people, and we shall start with those with the weakest self-preservation ability."

Huangfu understood Lu Ran's intention.

Through this decision, he also roughly grasped the character of the Young Master.



The Young Master did not start by looking for the strongest disciples, nor did he mention those with strong functional abilities, but from the outset wanted to find those with the weakest self-preservation ability.

All his actions were based on people.

And the Young Master was very confident, believing that recruiting these old members of the Cloud Sea to his side could provide them with better protection.

Well... good!

Huangfu said in a deep voice: "Among the surviving disciples of the Cloud Sea, none are weak in strength, but some close-combat type Believers, every time they face the Faceless Jade Venerable, they teeter on the brink of life and death..."

"Speak!"

"Martial Monk disciple Wuya, Mountain Lord disciple Zheng Qingshan..." Huangfu's words came to a sudden halt.

Silence enveloped the cave.

Huangfu paused for a moment and continued softly: "Spiritual Image disciple Xiang Wang."

"Hmm, then let's find the two seniors first." Lu Ran immediately decided.

As for the Martial Monk disciple among them, who cannot inherit the Martial Monk Stone Sculpture, Lu Ran didn't find it to be a problem. If the other is still alive and willing to join the Ran Sect, they could just choose another Stone Sculpture like Peak Master Tu.

Lu Ran suddenly asked: "By the way, Mr. Huangfu, how long can you stay outside after leaving the Divine Mountain this time?"

Huangfu responded: "I left the Divine Mountain under the pretense of collecting Holy Spirit Energy and enemy Dead Souls, so I can stay out for a while."

"Collecting enemy Dead Souls?" Suddenly, a clear cold female voice came from the side.

Huangfu looked over and saw the other was also dressed in a green raingear and bamboo hat, wearing a steel mask, concealing true appearance.

But both the voice and those cold and transparent eyes declared this woman's noble and icy temperament.

"I carry a few Evil Demon-Soul Jades with me." Huangfu took out a string of jade tokens from his bosom, "They should be crushed."

Items of the Evil Demon type, low in intelligence.

Even inferior to Evil Dogs.

Otherwise, these jade tokens wouldn't have stayed undisturbed till now, and Huangfu wouldn't be so calm.

That being said, nobody can take risks and they have to eradicate it totally.

"Crack!"

Huangfu's large hand squeezed hard, and several jade tokens shattered immediately.

Another two jade tokens didn't react, but turned phantom-like, narrowly escaping a calamity.

"Zzz~zzz~" Huangfu raised his hand backhandedly, gripping the handle of the blade behind his shoulder.

"Leave the Dead Souls to me." Lu Ran immediately spoke up, conscious that Huangfu was about to use special means to destroy the Dead Souls of the Evil Demon lackeys.

Again, the Dead Souls of ninth-class Evil Demon·Soul Jades probably don't have much to say.

But it's essential to eradicate it totally!

Huangfu paused his movements, looked at the youth.

Lu Ran's ability to harm Dead Souls was indeed surprising, but also made sense.

Just... leave it for him?

What does this mean?

"Phew~" The remaining two illusory jade tokens finally realized that the situation was dire and immediately flew up.

"Whoosh!"

Lu Ran suddenly blew a breath.

A thin wind bundle was expelled from his mouth, as feathers of paper appeared, revolving and delineating the contour of the wind bundle.

Evil Technique·Paper Wind Bundle!

In an instant, the illusory jade tokens were thoroughly torn apart.

"Crack!"

Rocks on the cliff face splintered, with more pulverizing into dust.

In the direction of Lu Ran's breath, the thick rock wall was directly pierced through, allowing external light to stream in.

Huangfu watched the swaying paper feathers and only then realized that his Young Master was a disciple of the Evil Demon.

Second-class Evil God·Believer of the Paper Simurgh!

This sect primarily focuses on healing, with some control and output tactics, and can shatter into countless paper feathers.

When facing the Faceless Jade Venerable clan, which only relies on physical attack, the self-preservation abilities of a Paper Simurgh believer are undoubtedly first-rate!

Yes, not bad.

Huangfu mused silently, suddenly realizing that their Young Master hadn't made a move to exterminate the Dead Souls.

He immediately reminded, "Young Master, we must not allow the Dead Souls to return to the Evil God's body!"

"Rest assured, I have captured the Dead Souls, not a single one will escape."

"Captured?" Huangfu was somewhat surprised, but he knew that Lu Ran had many Divine Weapons on him, one of which must be like his own Divine Weapon, the Thunder Scare Blade, capable of harming Dead Souls.

However, why didn't the Young Master use them?

Lu Ran didn't explain and instead pointed to the young woman who had just spoken: "She is my fiancée, address her as Lady."

Huangfu responded immediately, turning and respectfully bowing:

"Lady."

A simple exchange made Yin Yan, who was on guard outside the Stone Peak, suddenly raise his head.

The Young Master's fiancée?

His... sweetheart?

Yin Yan recalled the woman's cool voice, imagining her ethereal beauty in his mind.

Truly, what kind of extraordinary woman would deserve such devotion from the Sect Leader?

"Mr. Cong Long."

"Sect Leader?"

"Explain our situation to Mr. Huangfu, keep it as brief as possible," Lu Ran ordered.

"Yes!" Yu Changsheng stepped forward, his words brief yet heavily informative.

Huangfu listened in sheer shock!

Only then did he realize that their Young Master was not simply a Second-class Evil God·Paper Simurgh disciple!

But...

"Gulp." Huangfu's throat moved involuntarily.

In hindsight, he finally understood what kind of terrifying entity the Sect Master's son truly was.

In this way, wouldn't standing against the myriad God Demons truly be hopeful?

Wait!

Huangfu looked at Lu Ran, inquiring, "A few days ago, there was a great battle between the Thunder God Mountain and the Faceless Jade Venerable faction. Lord Dong Ting lost a large amount of Origin Energy, invoking the wrath of thunder..."

Lu Ran nodded: "It was me."

Huangfu was startled internally, thinking it was indeed true!

The Young Master must have grown significantly during that opportunity, right?

Lu Ran let out a cold snort: "The Faceless Jade Venerable faction likely invoked the wrath of thunder as well; they hold a grudge against Dong Ting."

Lu Ran couldn't care who they were.

Divine or Demon, he'll vanquish them all.

If the Jade Venerables come, he'll devour them alive!

"Good! Good, good..." Huangfu's heart grew increasingly delighted, praising repeatedly.

The identity of the former Sect Leader's son didn't offer Huangfu much hope; he was merely resigned to death.

He was willing to use this old life to protect the Young Master for a while.

Until now, Huangfu felt like someone who had truly grasped a lifeline!

"Regarding this, please select a stable cultivation place for me, Mr. Huangfu. Which Divine Mountain do you think is suitable for me to reside near..." Lu Ran stated his request.

"Fiery Fire Divine Mountain!" Huangfu replied without hesitation, providing the answer firsthand.

"Oh?" Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

Huangfu immediately explained: "The Divine Demon faction stationed at the Fiery Fire Divine Mountain includes Lie Tian-Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon, Melted Bear-Ash Destruction Demon, Flame Chrysanthemum-Ghost Fire Chrysanthemum..."

The more he listened, the more satisfied Lu Ran became.

The absence of perception-based God Demons meant the mountain was filled with beings obsessed with explosive output!

This also means the number of casualties on both sides of the war would be quite significant.

What a good Huangfu!

Finding him truly solves all issues effortlessly.

"May I trouble you to provide a few more?" Lu Ran requested, "I plan to change my residence to a different Divine Mountain every so often; I can't keep reaping from the same place.

Dong Ting is an example, see how angry he's become."

Everyone: "..."

"Hehe~" Even a few warriors couldn't help but chuckle.

Lu Ran continued: "Additionally, I have two squads here, please select suitable slaughter zones for them, Mr. Huangfu."

"Yes!" Huangfu nodded heavily, pondering, "Allow me to think carefully..."

...

Chapter 898: Dragons, Flowers, and the Wasteland

This time ascending to the Heavenly Realm, Lu Ran brought a group of followers and divided them into two teams.

The first team was commanded by Jiang Ruyi.

Yu Changsheng supported, with Bai Rao, He Qifeng, and Tu Feng as the output, Yin Yan as the scout, Chang Ying-Ghost Moon Fox as the sentinel, and Qin Yanzhi as the teleporter.



It's worth mentioning that Bai Rao and He Qifeng's true forms were integrated into one stone sculpture, allowing them to wield each other's skills.

This was really important!

Bai Rao inherited the Jade-faced Snake, yet she could use Martial Monk's skills.

Similarly, as long as He Qifeng wished, she could transform into a three-thousand-meter-long Immortal Sky Python, covering the sky, devouring everything...

The two seemed to be independent entities, each with the First Level of Heaven Realm physical form, their appearances unique, styles distinct, seemingly unrelated.

But in terms of their true forms' stone sculpture, the two were intertwined.

Hearts connected!

When the two fought together, they didn't even need to communicate verbally.

Just hearing about it makes one envious.

Who, in the deadly battlefield, wouldn't want a comrade with such tacit understanding?

The second team of the Ran Sect was led by Deng Yuxiang.

With Yan Chou, Wu Xiao, and Luo Ying as output, Wei Yun as the scout, Bai Yanhui as the prophet, and Lu Yuan as the teleporter.

The team configuration was also the result of Lu Ran's discussion with Yu Changsheng before ascending to the Heavenly Realm.

When Yin Yan heard that she couldn't follow the Sect Leader and was instead assigned to a team, she felt a bit resistant inside.

But when she learned who Jiang Ruyi was, she instantly stopped resisting.

She was also deeply interested in the Sect Leader's beloved and wanted to protect this young girl for him.

Within this Stone Peak, Lu Ran changed Yin Yan's fate, allowing her to inherit the second-class Evil Sculpture-Yinli Tiger.

However, Lu Ran had not yet allowed her to merge with the stone sculpture, as this required 2~3 days, and he planned to handle this upon returning to Holy Spirit Mountain for rest.

Time waits for no one!

Huangfu watched the whole contract process and couldn't help but marvel.

He became more curious about the Young Master's identity.

He heard the Young Master say that the god he revered was the last-ranked, last-positioned Immortal Sheep?

Hmm...

This world is too bizarre, repeatedly catching Huangfu off guard.

If not for meeting the Young Master, Huangfu could never imagine that Immortal Sheep was a behind-the-scenes mastermind-level existence in this lifetime.

Just earlier, Huangfu crushed several pieces of Soul Jade.

Nine-class Evil Demon·Soul Jade!

Even wrapped with "God Demon Minion" shell, Soul Jade was only fit to be a tool.

In Huangfu's understanding, the Nine-class God·Immortal Sheep was probably of the same ilk.

Even if beast gods were slightly superior to item-type God Demons, when you're at the last position, how high can you stand?

Yet... hmm.

Filled with astonishment and with blood boiling, Huangfu wholeheartedly strategized for the Young Master.

Soon, he chose two areas for the Ran Sect's teams.

One in the southeast, one in the central west.

Both were far from the Divine Mountain, with the types of God Demon minions appearing relatively weak.

Huangfu chose the Fiery Fire Divine Mountain in the west for the Young Master.

Under Huangfu's lead, Lu Ran dispatched the two teams and then headed west.

Time flew, days passed.

Lu Ran finally found the destination!

"Young Master?" A purple lightning bird returned, Huangfu came to Lu Ran's side, unsure why the youth had stopped.

"I have seen it," said Lu Ran.

"Have you seen the Fiery Fire Divine Mountain?" Huangfu looked westward following Lu Ran's gaze, but in the dim light of the Heavenly Realm, he only saw a haze.

"Yes." Lu Ran nodded, gazing far, "The Flame Chrysanthemums are blooming splendidly."

A whole city adorned with golden armor!

Truly splendid...

Seventh-class God-Flame Chrysanthemum, resembling a giant golden chrysanthemum, burned with golden flames all over its body.

This touch of noble gold shone even more brightly against the doomsday-like backdrop!

As a god's minion, Flame Chrysanthemum certainly bore upon the minion of Evil Demon-Ghost Fire Chrysanthemum.

Ghost Fire Chrysanthemums were also in full bloom.

This clan was entirely gray, and the flames burning upon it were gray, with sky raining eerie burning gray petals.

In the gray sky, additional specks of ash fell, enhancing the doomsday atmosphere.

Extremely wasteland-themed!

That was, naturally, the skill of the third-class Evil Demon·Ash Destruction Demon clan.

In such a dim world, the Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragons flying in the sky and lying upon the Divine Mountain became the final touch.

"What a sight." Lu Ran murmured, feeling he had come to another world.

Counting the Divine Mountains he had already seen:

Flower Sea Divine Mountain with snow flying everywhere, black lotuses and ice roses with ice butterflies fluttering among them.

Dying Wood Divine Mountain was a decaying mess, dead branches everywhere, covering the sky, full of a sense of failure.

Thunder Divine Mountain was shrouded in purple thunderclouds, clumps of Purple Thunder Orchid leaves like swords, currents overflowing, piercing the sky diagonally.

And before him, the Fiery Fire Divine Mountain...

Changing a Divine Mountain changes a world, doesn't it?

Lu Ran suddenly felt the urge to take photos.

If in the future he could indeed fulfill his wish, wouldn't all these strange Divine Mountains in the Heavenly Realm disappear?

Hmm... it indeed should be photographed, kept as memorabilia.

If he truly succeeded, flipping through the albums years later might evoke entirely different emotions.

"Young Master?"

"Sir, this is as far as you go," Lu Ran placed a hand on Huangfu's shoulder, leaving a spatial mark.

"Yes." Huangfu nodded slightly, seeing Lu Ran handed a half Tiger Talisman.

"If anything happens, Mr. Huangfu can contact me... by the way, sir." Lu Ran paused, seemingly hesitant.

"Young Master, please speak without hesitation!"

"What's your name, sir?" Lu Ran inquired.

Huangfu smiled, and said, "I am Zhao."

"Is it the Zhao that means 'the world and heavens can witness, the sun and moon can shine'?"

"The Young Master flatters me."

"It's truly a great name." Lu Ran looked into the distance again, gazing at the Divine Mountain in the wasteland, murmuring, "It can also mean 'heavenly justice manifested, retribution unabated'."

Huangfu Zhao fell silent.

The Young Master spoke two consecutive sentences, simple and clear.

They were praises, and also expectations.

Especially the latter sentence, the explanation of the name was filled with meaning.

In the future Chapters of his life, he hoped to live up to the Young Master's interpretation.

"Go ahead, Mr. Huangfu. Take care." Lu Ran advised.

"Your subordinate takes his leave!" Unintentionally, Huangfu Zhao changed his form of address.

"Zzz~zz~"

He secured half of the Tiger Talisman, with lightning entwining at his feet, his figure transformed into a purple light stream, rapidly departing.

Lu Ran glanced around, heading toward a Stone Peak.

He hid in the recessed wall of the Stone Peak and also immersed himself in the thick sea of mist, afterward, his figure turned invisible, flickering again into the high sky.

After a few flickers, Lu Ran approached the boundary where ashes and petals fell.

The ashes and dim petals both lacked perception ability, but they all had burning effects.

For Lu Ran, it was no problem at all.

Having grown till now, he was immune to all Fire, Water, Ice Frost techniques.

He could even utilize them and gain all-rounded attribute enhancements in adverse environments.

Even techniques like Wind and Thunder, as long as Lu Ran stood on the ground, they presented a different scenario.

Wind could tear him apart but not blow him away;

Electricity could wrap around him but hardly hurt him.

Somewhat reminiscent of Faceless Jade Venerable!

The difference was, Lu Ran was exempt and reduced, while Faceless Jade Venerable relied purely on terrifying defensive power and unique body texture for resistance!

The ashes and petals around the Divine Mountain clearly couldn't stop Faceless Jade Venerable.

They freely roamed within, battling the many dragons fiercely.

"Hiss..."

"Roar!!" The deafening dragon's roar made Lu Ran grin.

The Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon was enormous, almost three thousand meters in size, comparable to the Jade-faced Snake family's ultimate move-White-Scaled Immortal Heavenly Python!

Every time an Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon flew over a place, it turned the heavens and earth into fiery red.

Unlike the Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon in the Mountain Realm, the blood-red Flood Dragon here bloomed with huge Flame Chrysanthemums-Ghost Fire Chrysanthemums.

The Evil Demon-Ghost Fire Chrysanthemum among them could imprison Dead Souls, evidently competing with Faceless Jade Venerable for resources.



In ancient times, there was a lucky pattern-Phoenix through flowers.

Now Lu Ran seemed to see "Dragon through flowers."

Damn, you make it look horribly beautiful...

Above the dragon's head stood a phantom figure—Lie Tian!

Shadows of hammers flew out one after another, accompanied by the large fire columns spewed from Flame Flood Dragon's mouth, frantically attacking the Faceless Jade Venerable.

"Whoa!" As he approached the battlefield, Lu Ran saw everything more clearly, and his heart grew more astonished.

Is Faceless Jade Venerable truly fierce?

Other God Demon minions needed repeated attacks on Jade Venerable to gradually shatter this group, but Lie Tian-Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon was different, they both had the ability for cross-level slaughter!

If truly hit concretely, external enemies would naturally face a shattered fate.

Yet one Faceless Jade Venerable after another played their speed advantage to the extreme!

How could they not fear?

They had already found a way to defeat the enemy!

The massive Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon became a disadvantage.

No matter where Faceless Jade Venerable broke through, as long as it landed on the Flame Flood Dragon, the dragon skin would visibly transform into jade quality.

If you don't resist, you'd wait to be polluted enough to perish.

If you resist, the polluted jasper skin will break, mass quantities of dragon blood and flesh would spill downward from the wound.

It appeared to be real flesh, but actually, these were Divine Power!

In mid-air, dragon blood and flesh would break into energy.

Before long, the frantically struggling Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon would be completely hollowed out.

It was indeed a deadlock.

Thus, with explosive output from Lie Tian-Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon and nimble swift Faceless Jade Venerable, they fought fiercely.

Lu Ran watched with delight!

Kill!

The more deaths, the better!

I love eating souls, don't I...

"Hmm?" Lu Ran slightly raised his eyebrow.

Just observing briefly, he sensed something was off.

The phantom of Lie Tian carried on the dragon's head showed no signs of ferocity?

The tall, burly man holding a giant hammer maintained a calm expression, not even uttering a Battle Roar.

No way!

The battle was this fierce, dragon blood spraying, flames raging, your hammer soon to be swung like a fiery windmill...

I am already feeling the blood boil!

You haven't uttered a single Battle Roar?

You claim to be a madman, unable to control your emotions, a combustible Explosive Barrel?

You're nonsense, you are!

Human Clan Believers act as emotional trash cans, dumping filth inside and becoming calm and unperturbed?

You! Son! Of! A! ...

Chapter 899: The Eyebrowless Evil Monk

Regarding cultivation, Lu Ran has never been negligent.

Only during battles and once-a-month sleep does he ever take a break.

But the usual cultivation can't compare to retreat training. Since Lu Ran stationed near the Fiery Fire Divine Mountain, he gradually found his rhythm.

Most of the time was spent focused on cultivation, occasionally going out for a round to snatch some Dead Souls.

The key was the gradual and steady approach.

Sometimes, Lu Ran didn't even need to actively snatch. The Dead Souls passing by would willingly feed themselves into his mouth...

Who doesn't enjoy reaping where they did not sow?

Lu Ran couldn't be more comfortable!

However, cultivating and purifying the Holy Spirit Energy truly took time and effort, and it indeed made Lu Ran feel a trace of pressure.

"Hoo..."

Lu Ran slowly exhaled a breath.

At this moment, he was sitting cross-legged on the east side of a Stone Peak, his head submerged in a thick sea of mist.

The Divine Power from the heavens and earth constantly streamed towards him, strands of mist condensed within forming streams, merging into rivers, and finally flowing into a vast ocean.

As a powerful being in the first realm of the Heavenly Realm, Lu Ran's body container was already filled by this vast ocean.

Completely and thoroughly!

Even the Divine Power contained at the tip of his fingers, its immense volume could drown Believers at the mist, stream, and river realms.

For ordinary Believers, Lu Ran's existence was no different from a God.

Yet, every family has its own problems.

Even strong as Lu Ran was, he had to go through arduous struggles to extract a wisp of the delicate Holy Spirit Energy from the vast ocean.

This wisp of Holy Spirit Energy (Origin Energy), specifically for God Demon cultivation, was evidently not meant for the Human Clan and wouldn't stay long within Lu Ran.

It was just a mischievous little rascal!

During its brief existence, it simply ignored commands, its trajectory erratic and uncertain.

And wherever it drifted, Lu Ran's corresponding body part would receive considerable nourishment!

Not just physical nourishment, but a kind of enhancement and transformation towards evolving into a Pure Energy Body.

Afterward, this Origin Energy would vanish without a trace.

To be precise, it would merge into the human soul, waiting to be offered to the exalted Gods in the future.

Everything would have to start over again.

Lu Ran had to painstakingly cultivate again, purifying a wisp of Holy Spirit Energy from the vast ocean within.

Rinse and repeat.

Perhaps, this was the fundamental difference between humans and God Demons.

Whether you possess the ability to control Holy Spirit Energy!

If the Human Clan could perfectly control Holy Spirit Energy, their cultivation speed would far surpass that of those stones.

This also led to a question:

Before God Demons transformed into Pure Energy Bodies, weren't their so-called "physical bodies" just stones?

Looking at how the God Demons treat Qiao Wanjun...

A stone body clearly couldn't compare to the flesh and blood of the Human Clan!

Lord Immortal Sheep had confirmed it: the Human Clan's cultivation speed far exceeded the imagination of God Demons.

This was why there existed such a unique being as Qiao Wanjun.

Before the Gods and demons realized it, the Human Clan had already produced an incredibly threatening figure.

This led to the God Demons' awakening, followed by severe repression of the Human Clan's camp.

From this perspective, who is truly noble, and who is lowly?

God Demons brought their extremely strict hierarchy into the Human World.

Whether you accept it or not?

Kneel and worship, submit for generations!

But in terms of growth, stone bodies and flesh and blood have genuinely been ranked!

Stone Sculptures, on the contrary, became lower-class goods...

At the end of the day, God Demons merely encountered mystical energy a step before humans, cultivated a step earlier, and claimed Divine Positions first.

"Hoo..." Lu Ran exhaled once more.

From the terrifying amount of Divine Power within, he again purified a wisp of Origin Energy to nourish his hand bones.

Since he couldn't control the movement of Origin Energy, he tried to extract it directly from the corresponding parts within!

Admittedly, Lu Ran couldn't work with precision.

But he is making efforts, striving to seize the opportunity.

In Lu Ran's vision, after every inch of his skin, every piece of flesh and bone, received a few rounds of nourishment from the Holy Spirit Energy, he should ascend to the second realm of the Heavenly Realm!

Just as Lu Ran was immersed in his tedious cultivation, finding pleasure in it, a thought transmission suddenly arrived.

Is this... the Obsidian Tiger Talisman?

Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly. Did Mr. Huangfu send a message popup?

It had been quite some time, nearly twenty days since last they parted.

[Directly repeat his words.] Lu Ran commanded.

[Young Master, Wuya has come down from the mountain and joined us.] The Obsidian Tiger Talisman conveyed good news in Huangfu Zhao's voice.

[Good!] Lu Ran's eyes lit up.

Wuya is still alive!

This is a Believer of the First-class God-Monk!

No need to speak of his combat power, the only issue is there's no Monk Divine Sculpture left in the Sculpture Garden, Wuya needs to choose another Stone Sculpture.

[Young Master, I spoke at length with Wuya, and he's willing to follow you.]

[Select a larger Stone Peak in the area away from the Divine Mountain, one that can conceal the Teleportation Array for the Sea Grade-Other Shore Flower.] Lu Ran ordered.



Although Lu Ran could cast the Heavenly Grade-Dust Shadow Divine Technique, it was unnecessary.

The commotion would be too great!

The Sea Grade-Other Shore Flower could transport a distance of three thousand kilometers, sufficient to hit the mark in one go.

[Understood!] The Tiger Talisman relayed the message.

Lu Ran concealed his form, rising from the sea of mist, and walked toward the nearest Stone Peak.

Ten minutes later, the Tiger Talisman indicated that preparations were complete on the other side. Lu Ran opened his palm, and a phantom Other Shore Flower unfurled.

At the same time, in the mid-northern region of the Heavenly Realm, inside a stone peak.

A man clad in purple robes had a teleportation array open around him.

A light blue terrain map, dreamlike and illusory.

Mountains undulate, rivers flow endlessly.

Huangfu raised his head, showing a look of admiration, as he watched a figure fall from the array.

"Young Master!" Huangfu greeted in a deep voice, respectfully bowing.

At his side, an unusually tall figure followed suit, bowing graciously, akin to a golden mountain crumbling, demonstrating extreme trust in Huangfu Zhao.

"Please rise, my esteemed elders," Lu Ran immediately stepped forward, helping the two up one by one.

Huangfu was similar to Lu Ran in height, but the other tall man...

When Lu Ran helped him up, his head also tilted upward.

My goodness!

This big guy must be almost 2.1 meters tall!

Isn't he a disciple from the West Desolation? Did you choose the wrong career?

Lu Ran almost believed he had seen Niu Zhengzheng.

Apart from the physique, Wuya's appearance was also distinctive.

No eyebrows!

Also bald!

Although not ferocious like Niu Zhengzheng, this mighty martial monk could play a villain in a movie without makeup...

As Lu Ran scrutinized the old Cloud Sea affiliates, the middle-aged man named Wuya examined the cloaked young man too.

Huangfu's words were true; the son of Sect Master Qiao was excessively youthful.

To the point of seeming unreal!

"Wuya, esteemed elder, what's your surname?" Lu Ran broke the silence first.

"Wu," Wuya responded.

His voice was fine, yet coupled with this powerful muscular frame, his tone sounded slightly gentle.

"Wu as a surname, that's rare," Lu Ran added to save face.

He hadn't realized "Wu" was a surname before meeting him.

Wuya nodded, "Originally named Wu Ming, Sect Master Qiao renamed me."

Lu Ran couldn't help but blink.

Oh, Sect Master Qiao!

Is she so unrestrained?

Estimating conservatively, Lu Ran's mother should be ten years younger than Mr. Wuya, making her even younger back in the day.

Did she rename someone just like that?

"Sect Master Qiao once said to me that we will leave our names in history," Wuya said, looking down at Lu Ran word by word.

Lu Ran's expression turned serious.

With the momentum of his mother's rise back then, Cloud Sea Sect should have been renowned.

It's saddening that the real downfall of Cloud Sea Sect was not an external enemy.

But from within.

"Ahem," Huangfu Zhao lightly coughed, glancing at Wuya with slight displeasure.

Lu Ran looked at the browless evil monk, "Indeed, she hasn't been defeated yet."

Wuya's gaze slightly froze.

Lu Ran said deeply, "I am her bloodline, her continuation, walking the path she paved for me; everything is far from over.

Mr. Wuya, it is far from over."

Wuya stared directly into Lu Ran's eyes; the cave fell silent.

second, 2 seconds...

After a while, Wuya slowly nodded, bowing again.

But this time, it wasn't based on trust in Huangfu, his tone serious, "Wuya greets the Young Master."

Lu Ran placed a hand on his shoulder, heavily patting him, "I don't know how much Mr. Huangfu confided to you, but... Mr. Wuya, do you have a favored Divine Sculpture or Evil Sculpture?"

Wuya's heart lightly trembled.

Knowing well that Huangfu wouldn't deceive him, yet at this moment, it was still hard to believe.

Lu Ran continued, "Among the divine demons in the first two rows, apart from the Sky Phoenix-Paper Simurgh combination, all have been pledged."

Actually, Sword One, Blood Skull, and Mountain Lord haven't signed inheritance contracts with anyone.

But the Sword One Divine Sculpture, Lu Ran intended to reserve for his mother, while Blood Skull and Mountain Lord he kept for himself to ensure his core combat system remains unchanged.

As Mr. Conglong advised: keep one tactic in reserve!

Wuya pondered briefly, then said, "Evil Dog."

"That one's taken, it's one of my Four Great Guardians," Lu Ran smiled and shook his head. Indeed, who doesn't want instant teleportation?

Calculating the days, Sister Shuangzi should be close to successful advancement now.

Wuya thought for a moment, then said, "Prison Sky Demon."

"Taken too."

Wuya fell silent, continually pondering, excluding the still-living disciples of Cloud Sea Sect who revered the divine demons.

"There's no rush." Lu Ran spoke, "Elder Wuya can follow me back first for cultivation, think it over carefully."

Suddenly, Wuya said, "Nuoshua."

This time, Lu Ran didn't reject.

In his mind, were the flickering shadows of Nuoshua Sect, the cruel dual blades, and the fierce masked warriors.

He leaned forward to help the browless evil monk up, observing his unique appearance.

Slowly, a smile appeared on Lu Ran's face:

"Perfect match, isn't it?"

...

#### Chapter 900: The Darkest Hour

After the matter of the Stone Sculpture was settled between the master and servant, Huangfu Zhao spoke, "Young Master, I have one more thing to report."

"Please speak, sir."

"After I contacted Wuya, I rushed to the southwestern region's Poison Bee Divine Mountain." Huangfu Zhao's expression was grave.

Lu Ran's heart sank to the depths.

"Disciple of the Divine Spirit Elephant, Xiang Wang, has been imprisoned by the God. I couldn't see him," Huangfu Zhao said in a low voice.

"Imprisoned?"

"Yes, Xiang Wang should not be dead. I don't know what happened between him and the Divine Spirit Elephant, but he is likely imprisoned inside the Divine Mountain, never seeing the light of day."

"Hmm..." Lu Ran pondered for a moment and said, "Sir, there's no need to be too pessimistic. If Senior Xiang is truly imprisoned, it may even ensure his safety."

Believers of the Spirit Elephant sect, which leans towards close combat, mostly died at the hands of the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Xiang Wang's imprisonment also means he won't enter the battlefield. As long as the Poison Bee Divine Mountain stands, there should be no problem for the prisoners inside.

"Humph." The browless evil monk let out a cold snort, "Perhaps the God can hardly suppress Xiang Wang's advancement, so he stepped on him and personally scattered his cultivation."

"Scattered his cultivation?" Lu Ran furrowed his brow, looking up at Wuya.

Wuya's gaze was sinister. Under his overly majestic frame, his voice seemed somewhat androgynous, "The human clan suffered severe internal injuries, damaged meridians, making it difficult to regroup."

Lu Ran was furious!

In terms of cultivation, the human clan indeed seems like flowers in a greenhouse.

Speaking of a Dao Heart, even the slightest damage makes progress impossible.

The same is true for the body.

Lu Ran had never worried about this because, when he first entered the Mountain Realm, he recruited a great healer from the Sea Realm.

And Lu Ran himself possesses healing techniques.

No matter how he harms his body, he can heal the body container and restore it to peak condition.

But the disciple of the Spirit Elephant, Xiang Wang...

God personally oppresses, ravaging the flesh of human disciples, and the Spirit Elephant sect has no corresponding healing techniques. How can they rise again?

Taking a step back, even if you spend years or decades restoring your body, then what?

To be stepped on by the God again, repeating the cycle?

Lu Ran suddenly said, "Senior Wuya, you seem to understand the intricacies within?"

"Hehe." Wuya laughed and said in a low voice, "Young Master thinks why I've always been stuck at the First Level of Heaven Realm?"

For a moment, Lu Ran and Huangfu Zhao's expressions were difficult to look at.

Regarding the God's oppression of human clan advancement, Huangfu Zhao had long had a conclusion in his heart, but information did not circulate on the Heavenly Realm battlefield.

Years ago, after visiting various mountains, Huangfu Zhao always believed the God was secretly causing trouble.

Now again, the God has come openly!



Thus, secret hindrance could only slow human clan growth, yet despite interference, humans could still climb slowly.

It seems over these years, Wuya also experienced the same thing?

The Divine Monk's insidious tricks couldn't stop Wuya, so he tore off their mask and directly acted!

"Whew~"

Lu Ran ignited Black Fire in his hand, holding Wuya's arm, passing the Black Fire to him.

Wuya naturally understood this was the Black Lamp Evil Technique-Bath Fire Cage!

The bath of rebirth.

He didn't expect to hear the curious sound of fish blowing bubbles.

"Pop~"

In Lu Ran's other hand, came a small black Mo Li carp, which hit Wuya's solid chest and shattered into thick lifeforce, pouring into the body.

Mo Li Evil Technique-Resurrection Carp!

The revival of resurrection!

"Thank you, Young Master," Wuya said in a low voice.

Compared to healing internal dark injuries and stubborn ailments, Wuya cared more about Lu Ran's free use of techniques.

This also proved Lu Ran and Huangfu were not lying.

"Senior Wuya, no need to worry. In a few days, I'll fuse you with the Nuosha Divine Sculpture, turning your body into Pure Energy Body, becoming the Stone Sculpture itself."

Lu Ran's expression was grim and continued, "From this day onward, no one can hinder you."

"Buzz!!"

Before Wuya could speak, the twin blades he wore trembled simultaneously.

Lu Ran's array of Divine Weapons had already informed him, Wuya carried two Second-rank Divine Weapons.

Wuya noticed their gaze and explained, "These are the Mandarin Duck Blade and Yang Blade, twin-blade harmony can exert killing power beyond their grade."

"Great, with such Divine Weapon assistance, Mr. Wuya replacing Nuosha, swallowing the drama, killing enemies will be even easier."

Wuya's heart was stirred.

All along, Lu Ran said he would gift the Nuosha Divine Sculpture.

Now there's the drama as well!

The Third-class Evil God-Drama is the counterpart of Nuosha.

Its image is a fierce mask, resembling the mask worn by God Nuosha.

This clan is quite vicious, their means even more brutal.

It is widely known that the Third-class God·Nuosha is among the rare Great Xia Divine Sequence involving soul at the spiritual level.

Nuosha Divine Technique·Sha Blade allows disciples under the sect to slash enemies' souls with each strike.

As the two sides of God, the Evil God·Drama tortures souls even more mercilessly!

Imprisonment and torment were adept!

The fortunate thing is that it is an item category Evil Demon, rather low in intelligence, and rarely appears in the Human World·Night of the Fifteenth.

Otherwise, Great Xia's people wouldn't know what degree of devastation they'd face.

"The Drama clan can voidify its silhouette." Wuya probed.

"Hmm." Lu Ran healed the other party while saying, "In the future, the Faceless Jade Venerable might not be able to harm you anymore."

"Buzz~"

"Buzz!" The Mandarin Duck Twin Blades vibrated fiercely again, as if announcing their master's emotions.

The Browless Evil Monk's eyes lit up, momentarily abandoning the usual composure of a great power of the Heavenly Realm, with a hint of jest in his words:

"Why did the Young Master change his mind? Is it out of pity for my plight?"

"No, it's because I didn't explain clearly before." Lu Ran shook his head. "The God and Demon are two sides of the same coin, and since you've chosen Nuoshu, the mask is naturally yours as well."

Wuya nodded lightly.

Lu Ran looked up at the other, "Additionally, the reason I've given the Stone Sculpture to you, senior, is because you are deserving; it's a reward for your loyalty to the Cloud Sea Sect, and it's out of trust in my mother.

I am under my mother's protection, and in some sense, so are you.

It is the Sect Master's presence that gives you the qualification to stand before me."

Lu Ran, usually quite gentle, suddenly sharpened his words and continued, "But both of us have things to prove to each other."

"Young master, please calm down." Wuya withdrew his previous attitude, looking at the overly young new leader, "I will surely satisfy you."

Lu Ran nodded and said, "Let's encourage each other."

Though his words seemed sharp, in truth, facing the old members of the Cloud Sea who followed his mother, Lu Ran still offered ample respect.

Lu Ran spoke of proving to each other, not unilaterally.

The master and subordinate here were getting to know each other and fitting together.

Meanwhile, Huangfu Zhao was feeling sorrowful inside, silently sighing long.

Wuya turned to look, "Old friend, now that Xiang Wang is tightly guarded by the God, you know with our current strength, we cannot go to the Bee Elephant Divine Mountain to save him."

"Hmm." Huangfu Zhao clearly agreed with the other's words.

And it was precisely because he knew this that he sighed in grief.

How long can Xiang Wang hold on?

Can he hold out until the Ran Sect ascends the Bee Elephant Divine Mountain to demand him from the God?

Wuya added, "When Xiang Wang gives up, bows to the God and softens, he will eventually be released."

Huangfu Zhao smiled bitterly and shook his head slightly, "Just like you back then."

"Heh." Wuya also smiled, "After so many years apart, does the old friend wish to test if my blades are still sharp?"

Lu Ran: "..."

He truly feared Huangfu Zhao might say, "My sword is no less sharp!"

But clearly, this was just banter between two old friends.

It was just that both were of the majestic Heaven Realm, so their presence seemed intimidating on the surface.

Huangfu Zhao waved his hand, sighed, "Before this, I thought it was Tianhao's misfortune and Xiang Wang's hit that made him do something leading to divine punishment."

"Tianhao?" Lu Ran's heart sank.

Earlier, when Huangfu Zhao recounted the surviving old members of the Cloud Sea, there was a man named Tianhao.

This person seemed to be... possibly a disciple of the Poison Bee?

Huangfu Zhao looked at Lu Ran, "Young master, during this trip to the Bee Elephant Divine Mountain, I learned that Tianhao has already perished in battle."

Lu Ran was silent for a long time before nodding.

Huangfu Zhao had previously found 11 old members of the Cloud Sea.

Among these eleven, Zheng Qingshan and Tianhao sacrificed themselves, Xiang Wang was imprisoned, and only Yan Chou and Wuya joined the Ran Sect.

As for the remaining ones whose survival is unknown, only six are left.

These six, who knows how many are still alive...

Sometimes, Lu Ran wanted to be optimistic and positive.

But ever since he entered the Holy Spirit Mountain, reality had taught him lessons again and again.

Later, he ascended to the Heavenly Realm, reaching higher levels, gaining more knowledge.

This world kept telling him:

There's no most cruel, only more cruel.

Lu Ran had been hammered so much, he was ready for one in ten to survive.

Now, the fact that Huangfu Zhao, Yan Chou, and Wuya joined the Ran Sect was already beyond expectations; every additional member was a gain.

The only thing Lu Ran wasn't prepared for was how to tell his mother this news someday in the future.

"Sigh..." Lu Ran let out a deep sigh.

Huangfu Zhao said in a deep voice, "Next, I plan to find the siblings Leng Tianxing and Leng Tianyue."

"You can decide for yourself, sir." Lu Ran summoned an ancient bronze mirror in his hand, then it turned into a landing mirror, "Let's go, Wuya."

Wuya stepped quickly to follow, suddenly turned his head slightly, looking back out of the corner of his eye:

"Be careful not to die."

"Protect the Young Master well, and curb your tricky nature," Huangfu Zhao didn't promise verbally, but reminded deeply.

Wuya snorted coldly and stepped into the mirror.

Huangfu Zhao watched as the landing mirror disappeared completely, then stepped on purple lightning, traversing away.

The darkness before dawn is always the darkest and coldest moment.

Huangfu Zhao's eyes grew more determined as he sped through the thick sea of fog, leaving one Stone Peak after another behind.

The dawn of the world can be awaited.

The dawn of the Human Clan, however, cannot.

Once, Huangfu Zhao was powerless, but now he is resolute in his heart: though he hasn't awaited dawn himself, he has awaited someone who can break out the dawn for others!

"Sizzle~sizzle!"

The purple figure passed through the sea of fog, and purple currents swept over the mountain peaks.

Rapidly disappearing into the distance.