

Old Gods 90

Chapter 90: Tempting Evil Technique

"Moo!"

An enraged Soul-splitting Demon bellowed, its full charge distracted by a detestable little fat sheep.

At the moment of turning its head, the momentum of the charge sent it tumbling head over heels!

"Die!"

How could Deng Yutang miss such an opportunity?

Seeing the stumbling Soul-splitting Demon fall, he immediately lunged with his spear.

The blade penetrated flesh!

The million-level Heavenly Star Spear cleanly pierced through the bovine head.

"That's satisfying!" Niu Zhengzheng was not only impetuous but also like an Explosive Barrel, ready to ignite at the slightest touch.

Of course, Deng Yutang's roar was indeed sufficiently stirring.

Niu Zhengzheng, wielding the Floral Axe, brought forth a heavy cascade of axe shadows, delivering a full-strength blow to the charging Soul-splitting Demon.

"Swoosh~ Swoosh~"

The Bursting Flame Talisman was a one-time use, but the flying swords provided continuous output.

Four flying swords danced wildly, perforating a Soul-splitting Demon with innumerable wounds in a rather cruel spectacle.

"Moo!!"

A gigantic Soul-splitting Demon, realizing its comrades falling one by one, completely lost its mind.

Its size, at two and a half meters, clearly indicated it had reached the Stream Realm.

And anyone with a discerning eye could tell it was above the third rank of the Stream Realm.

Because encircling the Soul-splitting Demon's body were clouds of black mist.

This was the Evil Technique appropriate for the third rank of the Stream Realm—Soul Prison!

Every cloud of black mist represented a prison cell.

Once a soul was trapped inside, it would fall into darkness, never to see daylight again.

Once the Soul-splitting Demon advanced to the River Realm and gained the "Soul Fire" from the Evil Technique, dreadful tortures would be added to the prison cells.

Then, one by one, souls would endure unimaginable torments until burned to annihilation, whereupon they might finally be released.

If the Soul-splitting Demon wished, it could even prolong the demise of the souls in prison.

The purpose?

Simply to indulge in its cruel and brutal nature.

The extreme agony endured by the souls in prison and the heart-wrenching wails that ensued were, for the Soul-splitting Demon, the most delightful indulgence.

And without surprise, Lu Ran was bound to acquire these two Evil Techniques in due time!

By then, Lu Ran's enemies... well.

What can one say? Best of luck.

"Moo!"

The Soul-splitting Demon glared furiously, its eyes fixed on the phantom of the "Red Cloth Ancestor."

The next moment, it leaped forward and its heavy hooves came crashing down on Deng Yutang.

Evil Technique·Soul-splitting Demon Hoof!

"Don't let it." In the path of the torches, Tian Tian's face was filled with urgency as she poured Divine Power into the petals.

Suddenly, the lotus petal in front of Deng Yutang burst upward at an angle.

"Crack!"

The hoof struck down, shattering the petal into pieces.

Deng Yutang was not foolish; he quickly leapt backward to dodge the heavy blow.

But he had still underestimated the power of the Soul-splitting Demon and retreated not far enough.

After shattering the petal, the Demon Hoof's force remained unabated, crashing violently against the ground.

"Boom!"

The earth trembled and dust billowed.

A wave of fierce energy erupted.

Not only was Deng Yutang sent tumbling away, but even the surrounding Soul-splitting Demons were knocked askew by the blast.

"Moo!" Like a raging bull, the Soul-splitting Demon continued its relentless assault.

After its front hooves had trampled, it scraped the ground with its rear ones, charging forward with its horns.

"Brother Deng!"

Niu Zhengzheng was startled and lunged forward with great strides, swinging his axe mightily ahead.

The already long-handled Floral Axe's illusory shadow expanded to an incredible size.

At the same time, several flying swords shot forth, converging on the Soul-splitting Demon.

Niu Zhengzheng and Guan Yiren made the same choice, surprisingly in sync, both intending to save their comrade.

However, a dark shadow flashed by even faster!

Don't injure my Mr. Deng!

"Baa~~~"

The bleating of a sheep suddenly cut through, intercepting their path.

The speedily weaving shadow was even faster than the flying swords?!

The Soul-splitting Demon didn't even have time to cry out in agony.

As it turned its head, drawn by the sheep's call, the chilling Dawn Blade plunged deep into its bovine eyes.

"Lu Ran!" Jiang Ruyi's face changed dramatically.

The colossal axe shadow that Niu Zhengzheng swung down smashed into the body of the beast, which was not a concern.

But Guan Yiren's flying sword targeted the head!

Lu Ran had approached from the left side of the Soul-splitting Demon, whereas the flying sword came from the right.

One person, two swords—effectively charging from opposite directions!

The massive bovine head in between would surely not stop the sharp flying swords!

With his eyes covered by a red cloth, Lu Ran's expression was solemn.

He decisively abandoned the blade and twisted his body aside while tilting his head to the right.

"Swoosh~ Swoosh~"

Two flying swords horizontally pierced through the bovine head, narrowly passing by Lu Ran's chest and beside his head.

The faint blood trails trailing the swords marked their trajectories.

All this transpired far too abruptly.

Guan Yiren's face stiffened, overcome with fright.

She intended to save someone but almost skewered a teammate?

In Guan Yiren's team, there was only one West Desolate Axe Believer who charged ahead.

Niu Zhengzheng, a strength-based fighter, wielded a large axe with wide swings, not excelling in speed or agility.

All along, Guan Yiren had been working compatibly with Niu Zhengzheng from a distance, controlling her flying swords, and their coordination had been fairly successful.

But this Lu Ran...

Where had she ever seen such a level of mixture in her team?

Not to mention his sudden appearance; his speed even surpassed that of flying swords!

Were you not bestowed the Immortal Hoof by Lord Immortal Goat to stay out of danger and flee the battlefield?

"Hiss—"

At the moment, Guan Yiren didn't care about the flying swords, her almond-shaped eyes fixed on Lu Ran.

As Lu Ran fought desperately to dodge and lost balance, he tumbled on the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust.

"Brother!" Qiao Yuanxi was both shocked and worried.

She wanted to call Lu Ran back but saw that he was already getting to his feet.

With the assistance of Evil Technique·Evil Agility, Lu Ran had high control over his body.

He slid backward, a mist spraying from beneath his feet.

Stopping the backward momentum abruptly, the dark silhouette with red cloth over the eyes bolted through the herd of demons!

The screeches of the Soul-splitting Demons immediately rose, chilling to the core.

"Not... Brother Ran!" Even Niu Zhengzheng was dumbfounded.

That cry of "Brother Ran" was filled with genuine admiration.

Too fast...

It was just too fast!

Niu Zhengzheng was conflicted, not knowing whether to move or stay still.

He feared that a careless swing of his axe might land on Lu Ran's path.

Maybe I should just go home?

What's the point of having teammates?

You might as well go out and solo...oh, right, you're already a jungler.

"Kill!" Deng Yutang, however, did not bother about that and picked up his spear to continue the battle.

If Guan Yiren was compatible with Niu Zhengzheng, then Lu Ran was with Deng Yutang.

Just kill as you were, Lu Ran won't collide with you.

As it turned out:

If anyone could collide with Lu Ran, it would have to be a "Sword Cultivator" with terrifying attack speed like Guan Yiren!

With rage fuelling him and the blessing of the Red Cloth Ancestor, Deng Yutang swung his spear wildly, determined to turn the tide of the battle.

In just a few exchanges, Deng Yutang pierced through the Soul-splitting Demon's skull.

Niu Zhengzheng also joined the fray, albeit somewhat cautiously as if tiptoeing around.

"The output is overwhelming," Qiao Yuanxi murmured, still shaken.

The Beijing trio had always been highly combative.

The four from the Alley also had their own distinct teamwork.

Particularly the spearheads of both sides: Guan Yiren and Lu Ran.

One with swift swordplay, the other with rapid blade strikes.

Improper command could easily lead to accidents.

With a heavy thump, the last Soul-splitting Demon collapsed, raising a cloud of dust.

The chaotic battlefield finally quieted down.

"Brother?" Qiao Yuanxi looked around.

"I'm here." Out of the darkness emerged a shadowy figure.

Lu Ran came before the massive carcass of the Soul-splitting Demon and pulled out the Dawn Blade.

"Are you alright?" Qiao Yuanxi hurried over.

"I'm fine; just took a tumble," Lu Ran said with a smile.

To say he wasn't afraid was impossible.

But Lu Ran kept restrained, not wanting to worry his sister.

"Really okay?" Qiao Yuanxi patted the dust off Lu Ran's clothes, pity hidden in her eyes.

"Did you get hurt?" Guan Yiren, on her sword, looked towards Lu Ran.

Since the two teams had met, Guan Yiren had not spoken a word.

Before this, she had only uttered a single word, a command to her flying swords.

"I'm fine," Lu Ran said casually, "We still need some time to adjust our teamwork."

Lu Ran was a reasonable person; he knew Guan Yiren had no intention to harm, on the contrary, she wanted to save Deng Yutang's life.

Guan Yiren softly said, "Sorry."

Niu Zhengzheng looked up at the girl as if he was seeing a ghost.

In his lifetime, to hear these two words from such a proud person?

"No need; you were also trying to save our Mr. Deng. It was an accident," Lu Ran said nonchalantly, waving his hand.

Guan Yiren slightly raised an eyebrow, a subtle movement.

Lu Ran's composure and magnanimity surprised her, although everything that had just occurred was indeed an accident.

Guan Yiren stood on her flying sword, quietly gazing at Lu Ran.

It was undeniable that she had harbored doubts about Lu Ran during his past contest with Niu Zhengzheng.

Now, watching Lu Ran's unrestrained dominance on the battlefield, her skepticism had completely vanished.

Being a top-tier talent herself, it was naturally easier for her to accept that there were all kinds of geniuses in the world.

At this moment, she was no longer doubtful; instead, a hint of curiosity twinkled deep in her eyes.

Yuanxi said that on the God Worship Platform, Lu Ran had summoned an Evil Demon·Yan Paperman?

Though not a First-class God, it was impressive enough.

As for why Lu Ran was taken in by Immortal Sheep, Guan Yiren didn't care.

After all, she had personally experienced Lu Ran's exceptional abilities.

So...this was a peer at her own level!

Guan Yiren pondered.

In the future, if they had to complete any special missions or venture into particular Demon Caves, it might be good to have Yuanxi bring along her composed and steady brother.

Qiao Yuanxi was worried, saying, "I need to think carefully about how our two teams can coexist."

"I'll command."

A voice suddenly came from behind.

Qiao Yuanxi turned her head and saw Jiang Ruyi, her expression firm.

"Okay," Qiao Yuanxi nodded.

Jiang Ruyi immediately spoke up, "Lu Ran, Yuanxi's team is quite strong, and with our coordination, it's more than enough for the battlefield.

From now on, you roam outside the battle group and use Divine Techniques to distract the enemy.

Don't just rush into the battlefield anymore."

"Alright, no problem," Lu Ran, holding a Divine Power Pearl, quickly absorbed the energy from the Soul-splitting Demon's bones, "You all should hurry up and clean the battlefield."

While Lu Ran urged them aloud, his heart roared:

Hurry up, I can't wait to activate the statue of the Soul-splitting Demon!

That terrifying power attribute, those huge hooves~

Just like a War Trample!

So tempting...