

Old Gods 96

Chapter 96: Immortal Eyes?

Two teams bade each other a reluctant farewell at the high-speed rail station.

One was heading back to Beijing, the other returning to Rain Alley City.

Qiao Yuansi and his team had hardly arrived at the station when they bought tickets and left. Lu Ran and his team, however, had to wait a very long time before they could catch a train passing through Rain Alley City.

By the time Lu Ran arrived in Rain Alley, it was already evening.

A light drizzle fell from the sky, pattering softly.

"I'm home," Lu Ran murmured as he stood at the exit.

Returning to this city of incessant rain, he truly felt as though he had traveled through time.

The common saying goes, "Golden autumn in October," but Lu Ran surely hadn't seen it.

All he saw were the curtains of rain at nightfall, feeling the chill penetrating his bones.

"Go rest well and cultivate well," Jiang Ruyi said softly, her gaze sweeping across her three teammates.

"Mmm," Tian Tian nodded obediently.

Since parting from Qiao Yuansi, Tian Tian had found the opportunity to hold Jiang Ruyi's arm again.

"The next time we meet will be the nineteenth of the lunar month," Deng Yutang couldn't help but remark.

Month after month, counting the days as they pass, time seems to fly by too quickly.

It's said that, at least, the believers have something to look forward to.

Like Jiang Ruyi proposed, setting a monthly goal for oneself, making a periodic summary.

As for ordinary people... well.

"Mr. Deng, why the melancholy?" Lu Ran teased with a smile.

Deng Yutang just shrugged his shoulders, without a word.

On the fifteenth of the lunar month—occurring only once a month—the city would block off a full five days, encompassing "the day before and three days after."

That was merely an interruption of the regular pace of life.

The real worry was that after one of these fifteenths, some people you knew or had heard of might never be seen again.

Last month's fifteenth—Night of Ghosts—took away two students from class nine.

"Cheer up and cultivate well," Lu Ran patted Deng Yutang's shoulder, "Who knows, maybe we can change all this?"

"Change?" Deng Yutang turned his head to look at Lu Ran.

"Yes," Lu Ran shrugged this time, "Why does the fifteenth always have to be so dangerous that people are scared all the time?"

Why must the city be locked down, and people be separated for many days?"

Lu Ran's words left Deng Yutang speechless.

Were these two "whys" even a question?

Since their birth, since their earliest memories, hadn't the world always been like this?

"Because of the Evil Demon," Jiang Ruyi spoke softly.

Lu Ran: "The books say the world wasn't like this before."

Gods and demons have been around for far too long—since the early 1980s, almost 40 years ago.

Even Lu Ran's parents were born in an era when gods and demons first appeared.

Thus, Lu Ran could only say "the books say," "the internet says."

"Brother Lu, your ambitions aren't small!" Deng Yutang chuckled.

Lu Ran was serious: "They don't belong to this world.

Since they managed to come here, they can be driven away, right?"

"Ha ha!"

Deng Yutang's mood clearly lifted quite a bit, and he suddenly said, "2018, the ninth day of the ninth lunar month, at night."

Lu Ran was puzzled. Why suddenly announce a date?

Deng Yutang nodded firmly: "This bowl of chicken blood, I'm downing it!"

Lu Ran curled his lip: "Well, chicken blood is better than chicken soup."

Jiang Ruyi watched the two quietly. In her eyes, dreams should never be ridiculed.

If not at 17, then should one wait until 37, or 57 to dream?

By that time, for most, their dreams would no longer be about changing the world.

Likely, they'd only be filled with desires for wine, women, wealth, and power.

"The train's here," Tian Tian whispered.

"Get on," Deng Yutang called out to everyone, braving the night rain and running to his family's van.

The group of four boarded one by one, first dropping off the two girls at their homes, and then it was Lu Ran's turn.

As the vehicle entered the residential area of Rain Alley and stopped in front of Lu Ran's house, Deng Yutang immediately got out to help Lu Ran with his weapons.

"No need, it's raining, I can take them myself," Lu Ran quickly said as he approached the trunk.

"Rest assured, Brother Lu, once I'm home, I'll go straight into meditation," Deng Yutang handed the swords to Lu Ran.

One could tell that the energy from the "chicken blood" hadn't faded yet.

"Go back soon," Lu Ran also smiled, pleased to see the fiery spirit of a Red Scarf Believer.

He held his swords and ran to the entrance of his building, then watched the vehicle slowly drive away.

Chicken blood or not, it wasn't important.

What mattered was what happens after finishing this bowl of chicken blood...

To flip this world upside down!

"Hum~"

Surprisingly, the weapon in his arms trembled slightly.

Lu Ran was taken aback.

He wasn't sure which weapon had given this slight feedback.

After careful observation, he realized it was his mother's Cold Night Sword.

Clearly, his mother was immensely strong, and her sword was closer to producing an Artifact Spirit.

"Do you think so too?" Lu Ran whispered to the golden hilt.

The Cold Night Sword then fell silent.

No matter how much he called to it afterwards, there was no further response from the Cold Night Sword.

Lu Ran stood motionless for a long while before he turned and walked into the building.

Upon returning home, he didn't look for the little civet but went straight to the bathroom.

Taking advantage of the shower, he meticulously cleaned his double swords and one blade several times.

Then, following his mother's wishes, Lu Ran dressed in clean clothes and took the Dawn Blade and Cold Night Sword with him to the main bedroom.

Cold Night, Rosy Clouds...

He hung both the sword and the blade on the wall, feeling the icy chill of the black ice material as his fingertips slid over the blades.

In the pitch-dark room, Lu Ran's eyes sparkled with a strange gleam, looking up above the headboard.

"Even more romantic,"

Lu Ran looked at his parents' wedding photo, took a few steps back from the master bedroom, and closed the door.

Upon returning to the small bedroom, Lu Ran picked up ten Stream Divine Skill-Soul-splitting Demon Crystals and approached the shrine.

Rather like making an offering, he placed the ten Demon Crystals in the shrine, along with the previously placed Stream Divine Skill-Evil Dog Demon Crystals.

Lu Ran stepped back and bowed respectfully:

"Lord Immortal Goat, your disciple has returned from his journey. I feel like I'm about to advance to the Stream Realm Third Rank."

The White Sheep Jade Carving remained silent and unmoving.

Filled with expectation, Lu Ran continued, "By then, I can start practicing the New Divine Skill-Immortal Eyes."

Once this skill is activated, the pupils of the Immortal Sheep Believers will turn into horizontal pupils.

To put it nicely, these eyes appear quite exotic.

To put it bluntly, a pair of Dead Sheep Eyes seem dull and sluggish.

Hmmm...It looks like not very sharp.

Divine Skill-Immortal Pupil can amplify fear in the hearts of targets, making them want to retreat, thus allowing the Immortal Sheep Believers to avoid combat and harm.

So, this skill isn't likely to help you get out of tough spots or turn the tide against the wind.

Because in order to amplify the fear in someone's heart, the prerequisite is that they are already frightened.

The problem comes!

Everyone knows that Immortal Sheep Believers avoid combat as much as possible and are weak and cowardly.

When faced with the false bravado of an Immortal Sheep Believer, would the opponent be scared?

Opponents might even face you with a mocking or teasing attitude. What use then is your Divine Skill·Immortal Pupil?

Only when you are winning might this method be effective and scare the enemy away.

But if you're already winning, why would you need to activate Divine Skill·Immortal Pupil?

Just for fun?

This obviously does not fit the style of the Immortal Sheep sect.

Aside from combat, this skill could be used in later stages for torture and interrogation.

Of course, this is for other Immortal Sheep Believers.

In Lu Ran's hands, naturally, it would be very useful.

Lu Ran is not an Immortal Sheep Believer who shies away from combat!

How many times has he not fought from start to finish when entering the Demon Cave?

He likes to fight, and he can exhibit extraordinary aggressiveness, going against the survival philosophy of the Immortal Sheep Believers!

Thus, during combat, the enemy is always in a state of panic and fear.

Previously, in the Black Soul Wood forest, those two River Realm·Soul-splitting Demons that had been terrified were the best examples.

You see, real combat is never just a comparison of data on paper.

The spiritual will of all beings is a key factor supporting their physical combat.

Spiritual will is like a "dam." Just a small crack, and Lu Ran can rush in!

His pair of Immortal Eyes can turn into a raging torrent, smashing through that dam viciously!

Lu Ran is certainly not a pushover, fundamentally different from the Immortal Sheep Believers!

He is at least quite willing to see his enemies wet their pants in fear or kneel and cry for mercy, losing face in front of everyone.

"By the way, Lord Immortal Goat," Lu Ran looked up at the Divine Sculpture, "Do you think the Soul-splitting Demon Horn could possibly change its form?"

Lu Ran organized his words and reported the situation: "I have already used the Soul-splitting Demon Hoof.

This Evil Technique can be perfectly hidden within our sect's Divine Technique·Immortal Hoof.

But the Soul-splitting Demon Horn...

Those bull horns are different in shape from our Immortal Horns, so I can't use them in front of others."

As he finished speaking, the White Sheep Jade Carving remained silent.

Lu Ran waited a long time but did not receive any divine transmission.

"Not possible, is it?" Lu Ran sighed silently, feeling a surge of Divine Power within him.

Then, a pair of thick bull horns formed from mist appeared on either side of his forehead.

Their shape resembled that of a bull's horns, slightly curved, growing diagonally upward.

Lu Ran carefully caressed the Soul-splitting Demon Horn with one hand.

Having interacted with the Divine-Immortal Goat for so long, he had gotten somewhat used to its temperament and nature.

Since the Immortal Goat did not respond, it seemed very likely that changing the form of the demon horns was not possible.

Such a pity for those sharp bull horns, Lu Ran had witnessed their destructive power himself.

Those thick, sturdy Black Soul Woods, a few hits from the Soul-splitting Demon Clan could shatter them!

However, he could only use them secretly in the shadows now.

Lu Ran silently canceled the Evil Technique-Soul-splitting Demon Horn and then sat down cross-legged on the floor.

"Baa~"

In the pitch-black room, a faint bleating sound emerged.

In no time, a furry little head timidly peeked out at the door.

"Baa."

With each call, the civet entered his embrace.

Lu Ran's movements were gentle as he softly caressed the furry little civet, slowly entering into a mode of cultivation.

A light mist spread throughout the small bedroom.

"Meow~" the little civet curiously looked up at its quietly meditating owner.

Feeling the affectionate touch of its owner, the little civet nestled and rubbed against Lu Ran, eventually finding a comfortable position and lazily drifted to sleep.