

Old Gods 991

Chapter 991: The Wrath of God Demon

"Huh?" Qiao Yuansi was rummaging through her room when she suddenly noticed a faint mist rising inside.

What is this?

Qiao Yuansi felt a surge of joy and quickly ran out the door.

"Jingle~ Jingle~"

A delicate Heavenly Sound Bell was tied to the girl's ankle, ringing crisply with her joyful steps.

She leapt into the air, rushing to the edge of the sea cliff just before the mist completely enveloped Cloud Sea Cliff, where she saw a young man standing with his back to the west, holding a sword with his eyes closed.

Sure enough, the Dawn Blade is upgrading!

Qiao Yuansi's face lit up with delight.

Lu Ran has four Divine Weapons, which means Qiao Yuansi has four "Blade Spirit Brothers" in total.

Among them, her favorite is the Dawn Blade Spirit.

Describing a young man's smile as "bright" seems inappropriate, but that's exactly how Qiao Yuansi feels.

The Cloud Sea Blade Spirit ranks second; that brother exudes an easygoing aura, ethereal like an immortal.

Xiao Yuansi is very fond of that type.

The Silent Night Blade Spirit ranks third. Although Qiao Yuansi has never seen this blade spirit, she is sure she likes the Eight Desolate Blade Spirit the least.

Aggressive!

The Eight Desolate Blade Spirit is filled with a desire for destruction, with fierce and aggressive eyes, so much so that Qiao Yuansi doesn't even dare to look him in the eyes.

Hmm... therefore, the Silent Night Blade Spirit automatically ranks second.

"If it upgrades again, it will be a Third Rank Divine Weapon." Qiao Yuansi descended gently, keeping a distant watch over Lu Ran.

[Fourth Rank.]

"What?" Qiao Yuansi placed a hand on her neck, gently grasping the Magic Artifact—Tear Star Pendant.

[The blade in Brother's hand is already Third Rank and is advancing to Fourth Rank now,] said the Tear Star Pendant's Artifact Spirit softly.

"Huh?" Qiao Yuansi was bewildered.

When did the Dawn Blade become Third Rank?

With a tinge of doubt, Qiao Yuansi watched silently. Less than twenty minutes later, the thick mist permeating the world began to dissipate.

At that time, Qiao Yuansi had just dispatched a reckless group of the Ink Carp Clan and safely returned to the sea cliff.

"Jingle~ Jingle~"

The girl was carrying a marvelous Fire Cage, eagerly jogging over, her sweet voice accompanied by the crisp ringing of bells from afar: "Brother!"

Lu Ran suddenly smiled, "Clothes make the man, and a saddle makes the horse. What's the next line?"

Qiao Yuansi blurted out, "A dog wears a bell and runs happily... huh?"

Lu Ran smiled softly.

Unfortunately, his expression was masked by the Blood Crystal Mask.

"You!" Qiao Yuansi ran up to Lu Ran, held up the lantern, and tiptoed, annoyed, staring directly into Lu Ran's eyes.

A moment later, Qiao Yuansi asked in confusion, "Why aren't you afraid of me anymore?"

Lu Ran shrugged, "I just upgraded the Dawn Blade, still bearing some Divinity, so I can hold on for a while."

Qiao Yuansi nodded, half-understanding, muttering suddenly:

"Child, this power is not yours."

Lu Ran: "..."

Qiao Yuansi huffed, turning to look at the sword in his hand, "Has the Dawn Blade reached Fourth Rank? What is the Divine Weapon Domain?"

"This domain is quite something." Lu Ran sighed softly, running two fingers along the blade.

As his fingertips glided over it, a splendid color quietly emerged on the cool, translucent Black Ice Blade.

"Show me quickly!" Qiao Yuansi's eyes were filled with anticipation as she hurried aside.

Lu Ran indeed wanted to give it a try. He slowly closed his eyes and said softly, "Tonight, the evening glow has not arrived."

Qiao Yuansi was puzzled, "So?"

Lu Ran suddenly vanished without a trace.

Qiao Yuansi looked around and soon spotted a brilliant light in the high night sky.

Lu Ran's posture was unusual; his legs were bent, his upper body slightly inclined forward, and he held the sword in one hand at his waist.

It resembled the initial stance of an imminent charge, about to draw the sword?

Only, the Dawn Blade wasn't in its sheath, hmm... this could be improved.

"Wow!" Qiao Yuansi's small mouth opened in awe.

Only feeling the brilliant radiance at Lu Ran's waist growing ever more dazzling and glaring.

The sky indeed darkened, but the night sky was filled with twinkling stars.

Yet, as the man and his sword gathered strength, it seemed that all the light between heaven and earth was being swallowed by that small Black Ice Blade.

"Sss—"

Mist sprayed from beneath Lu Ran's feet as he suddenly traversed the space.

Qiao Yuansi's eyes focused.

She saw a line.

A very fine, very fast, extremely bright line!

It arced from Lu Ran's waist, slashing through the night sky as he moved at incredible speed.

The entire dark sky was sliced in two.

"Tut tut~" Qiao Yuansi sighed softly.

The brilliance of the Dawn Blade's line must be incredibly devastating, right?

Yet, Brother didn't need to run to the sky to cast magic, it's just a thin line... huh?

"Wow!!" Qiao Yuansi's small mouth formed an 'o' shape.

The line of light seemed to be the ultimate condensed form of countless rays, now unleashed, bursts of radiant flame erupting around it.

The night sky, once split by a thin line,

now resembled a vast river of twilight glow flowing across the firmament.

The sky brightened!

"Brother?" Qiao Yuansi's heart skipped a beat.

The sky ablaze with radiance like daylight, she saw a figure falling from the night sky.

Qiao Yuansi placed a hand on her neck, and the Tear Star Pendant instantly summoned a tear-shaped Teleportation Gate.

In the vast night sky, the nearly exhausted Lu Ran was being supported by the Smoke and Mist Silk and Xiao Yuansi, who quickly came to his aid.

"Are you okay?" Qiao Yuansi hurriedly offered him Black Fire.

"Ugh." Lu Ran grimaced, the emptiness within his body made him unbearably uncomfortable.

Truly worthy of a Fourth Rank Divine Weapon!

The Eight Desolate Blade is also a Fourth Rank Divine Weapon, but whether it's the Eight Directions Annihilation or One Blade Opens Heaven, Lu Ran can handle them better.

Only the second domain, Three Calamities Annihilation, requires the help of the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd to fully diffuse the three halos.

As for the Dawn Blade, he can withstand both Thousands of Auspicious Colors and Heavenly Clouds.

Yet this third Divine Weapon Domain...

It directly drained the Divine Power from Lu Ran's body!

If not for the continuous supply of Divine Power from the Little Blazing Phoenix, he would likely have fainted on the spot.

"Phew~"

Qiao Yuansi helped Lu Ran to the ground, a mix of concern and amusement: "Why so stubborn? If the sunset doesn't come, it doesn't come, is it really necessary to make the sky bright again?"

Lu Ran replied weakly, "It's coming soon."

"Oh?" Qiao Yuansi raised his eyes to look.

He saw the radiant stream of the sunset spanning the night sky, still dazzling and piercing, yet as time passed, it gradually dimmed.

The ultimate bright white slowly faded to gold-red, then orange-red, light red... until dark red.

The night sky remained ablaze with the light of the sunset.

The dark red flames spread and churned, refusing to dissipate, like burning clouds slowly filling the sky.

"Brother." As she continued watching, Qiao Yuansi suddenly spoke.

"Hmm?"

"If you wield the Dawn Blade and swipe across the God Demon, can you possibly slice them in two?"

"I would like that." Lu Ran gazed up at the splendid sunset sprawled across the sky.

Qiao Yuansi's eyes lit up, and she turned to Lu Ran: "Next time, I'll back you up; let's give it a try?"

"Uh." Lu Ran suddenly shivered.

Qiao Yuansi processed the reaction, then manifested a mischievous look of glee: "Oh? Are you scared now? Weren't you just showing off earlier?"

Lu Ran: "..."

Qiao Yuansi mimicked a scholar, pouty with a playful shake of her head: "I just advanced the Dawn Blade, the Divinity hasn't dissipated yet~"

Lu Ran turned his head to look elsewhere, his tone faint: "Don't you want to go home?"

"I want to go back, definitely!" She quickly clutched Lu Ran's arm, shifting the subject seamlessly, "What's the name of this Divine Weapon Domain?"

"Let's call it 'Radiant Sunset'."

"Couldn't it be named more dominantly?"

"Hmm?" Lu Ran's expression became peculiar; he's aware of how much Qiao Yuansi enjoys fantasy novels, devouring them voraciously.

Qiao Yuansi, indeed bursting with vocabulary: "Slice of Sky Light! One Thousand Sunsets Merge! Heaven's Sunset Verdict... One Sunset Opens Heaven's Gate!"

Lu Ran's head expanded with overwhelming ideas, hastily replied: "Let me compose myself, we'll return to the Human World shortly."

Qiao Yuansi fell silent, supported Lu Ran to sit down, and casually took the Dawn Blade.

She stepped aside, admiring one of the finest Divine Weapons, murmuring softly: "Sunset, Sunset, my brother's bad at naming; which name do you like?"

The energy from the Sword Spirit flowed into the hilt, soaking into the palm of her hand: "Which do you like?"

"You're allowing me to choose?"

"Yes, tell me; I'll negotiate with the master."

"Hmm... You're so good to me."

"Because I am him."

...

In the late night hours, within the Human World's Da Xia - Luoxian Mountain, a landing mirror forcefully tore through space-time, appearing in the courtyard of Luoxian Residence.

A youth in feathered attire and a girl in a black dress emerged one after another.

Lu Ran drew the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword from his waist and handed it to Qiao Yuansi: "Go inside, let the Sword Spirit contact mom."

"Alright~" Qiao Yuansi cradled the long sword as she scampered indoors.

Lu Ran then gazed upward at the Divine Sculpture, hands clasped: "Master Immortal Sheep, the disciple is back."

[Since you're back, take a good look at what the God Demons have done.]

An ominous feeling surged within Lu Ran, immediately concealing his presence, instantaneously teleporting himself high into the skies.

The next moment, his expression changed!

A ruined cityscape, collapsed houses, fractured bridges, streets and alleys no longer illuminated.

"This..." Lu Ran's brows furrowed tightly, closely inspecting Yeyu City, never before seeing such devastation inflicted on the city in all these years.

[The God Demons are aware that it's your Human Clan secretly hunting them.]

"How did they find out?"

[Does it matter?] Immortal Sheep's voice sounded indifferently, [It was expected, you've already hidden long enough.]

Lu Ran's complexion grew increasingly grim.

[The Martial Monks informed all God Demons, rigorously investigating disciples; and isolated God Demons are checking God Demons.]

"Martial Monks?"

This time, Master Immortal Sheep did not respond.

"Martial Monks, Martial Monks..." Lu Ran repeatedly chanted the name of the deity, surveying the ravaged scene of the city.

Today marks the lunar seventeenth.

Yet even among the ruins, he still found discarded remnants not yet collected.

On asphalt-paved roads, he discovered traces of blood not completely cleansed.

[The God Demons assume that the Human Clan emotionally clings to their homes, feels bound to their race.] Immortal Sheep's tone was calm, [(Thus, on last month's fifteen, chaos befell the Human World.

Night of Ghosts, Demon Lord descended...]

[The God Demons wish to compel your reveal in such a manner.]

Lu Ran tightly clenched his fists; everything he sees feels like a knife sinking deep into his heart.

Immortal Sheep's tone gradually turned icy: [If you don't obediently surface, next month's fifteen will be even disastrous for the Human World.]

[So, what do you think? Will you obediently surrender, abandon the only chance for your clan, and continue under the reign of the God Demons awaiting a futile miracle?]

[Will you kneel before the God Demons, confess your wrongdoing, attempting to appease their wrath?]

Lu Ran finally spoke: "Master Immortal Sheep, I am not a naïve child.

Kneeling before the God Demons won't quell their fury; I know what I must do."

[Oh?] Immortal Sheep was intrigued.

Lu Ran's eyes remained icy, his voice deep: "Slay until the God Demons fear, slay until they yield and submit.

Slay them into extinction!

The God Demons will have no more fury left!"

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Chapter 992: Human World Purgatory

Lu Ran suppressed the surge of hostility in his heart, gazing at the broken city.

According to the Immortal Sheep, if the Ran Sect did not show up, then the night of the fifteenth next month, the Human World would be even more turbulent!

However, wanting to slaughter all the gods and demons in the sky is not a feat accomplished in a day.

Since they couldn't be killed off in a short time, the only option was to kill until the gods and demons feared them, killed until they bowed their heads in submission...

How to achieve this?

Lu Ran furrowed his brow tightly, a bold idea suddenly leaping to mind, an idea so startling it shocked even himself—A decapitation strike!

Kill the Martial Monk!

The Martial Monk was the one relaying messages to the gods and demons.

If something happened to him, then all the gods and demons would understand, or at least suspect, why the Martial Monk would die.

Furthermore, the Martial Monk was a First-class God.

Within the ranks of gods and demons, the Martial Monk was perched at the pinnacle of the pyramid, representing the top tier of combat power.

The defeat of the Martial Monk would be a powerful signal!

The gods and demons' desire to force the Ran Sect to appear by harming all beings was nothing but wishful thinking.

The Ran Sect not only would not comply with the gods and demons' wishes, but would retaliate with a fierce blow!

The retaliation wouldn't target weak gods of seventh, eighth, or ninth rank, but instead, the strongest of the strong!

Such a decapitation strike would also showcase the strength of the Ran Sect, letting the gods and demons know the true nature of the terrifying Human Clan they faced.

To use solid battle achievements to drag the gods and demons from their divine altars.

Shattering all their auras, trampling on their pride.

Forcing the gods and demons to change their mindset, to actively seek peace!

At the very least, to make the gods and demons wary, to carefully consider any further actions!

"Like to tip off messages, do you..." Lu Ran's gaze grew increasingly sinister.

Lu Ran was indeed young, born in 2001, not yet twenty-three years old.

But as a human, he stands on the shoulders of his predecessors, knowing clearly that seeking peace through compromise and surrender is naive.

Only through struggle!

Only by abandoning illusions is there a way out.

For the past forty years, the presence and means of rule by the gods and demons, their nature, was laid out plainly here.

The question also arose: the Martial Monk would be a powerful signal precisely because of his extremely terrifying power!

Lu Ran had witnessed Tu Feng making use of the Martial Monk Faction's ultimate move: Battle Golden Monk.

It still filled him with lingering fear!

Tu Feng was merely a Heavenly Realm Believer.

For the Divine Monk to personally use this move, how intense would that be?

The Ran Sect... can they pull it off?

"Hmm?" Lu Ran suddenly squinted his eyes, piercing through the night, staring into the distant city.

There stood a four-story office building, two-thirds collapsed, with a small portion still standing, teetering precariously.

Due to its special state of existence, Lu Ran could see the condition inside the building at a glance.

At this moment, several Moon Gazers were hugging their heads in agony, and in blind spots beyond Lu Ran's sight, countless illusory fragments were flying out, merging into the Human Clan.

Lu Ran swiftly instant-teleported over, materializing outside the shattered wall on the third floor.

"Ah! Ah!!"

"No, no...wuu wuu..." It was hard to imagine such piercing screams and cries coming from these stalwart men.

Looking around, there were six or seven Moon Gazers inside.

Moon Gazers!

The reliance of Da Xia people, this force had, for decades, defended the Human Clan's homeland with powerful combat ability and unparalleled mental fortitude.

But now, this steel-hearted force had completely disintegrated.

These battle-hardened warriors had entirely lost their fighting prowess, sitting on the ground, bodies shivering, crying as they covered their faces.

"Yaa!!"

A strange shriek emanated, unbearably piercing to the ears.

In an instant, the Moon Gazers on the upper and lower floors were even more terrified, incapable of any battle, let alone supporting one another.

Lu Ran sensed something was off!

This sound... how is it a Sea Grade Evil Technique?

Hidden within the collapsed office, was it home to a Sea Realm Great Demon?

Tonight was not the fifteenth night!

Now, it was already the seventeenth of the lunar calendar, and while remnant demons were seldom seen in the city, it was still conceivable.

What Lu Ran couldn't grasp was that what remained in the ruins was indeed a Sea Realm Demon Lord?

Is that possible?

For such a "low-martial dimension" as the Human World, the existence of a Sea Realm Great Demon would definitely draw Da Xia's official attention, and they would prepare in advance.

Had this Sea Realm Great Demon hidden since the fifteenth night, or had the demon invasion never stopped?

Did this Demon Lord just arrive in the world, suddenly appearing?

"Shit!" Lu Ran didn't speak aloud, but firmly swore in his heart.

He finally understood why there were still uncollected remains in the ruins, why there were thick bloodstains on the asphalt road, uncleaned.

Da Xia's official forces simply didn't have time to address it!

The city remained under demonic invasion...

What hell might have been experienced the night of the fifteenth is hard to imagine considering even the seventeenth was like this.

Lu Ran's expression grew ever grimmer as he flew straight in.

"Whoosh~ whoosh~" What greeted him were fragments of illusory energy.

Lu Ran didn't even dodge, casually catching a fragment, letting it absorb into his palm.

Mask fragments?

In the shadows, was it a Third-class Evil Demon, the Play Face?

Two sides of a coin of the Third-class God Demon, Nuoshua!

"Cry, cry! Hehehehe..." A hoarse voice echoed, accompanied by an eerie sinister laughter that sent chills down one's spine.

Various evil demons mostly only roar and shout.

The Mask Clan is one of the few that can articulate human speech.

However, their manner of speaking is quite unique, requiring an advance procedure.

Lu Ran swiftly flew forward and indeed saw a possessed Moon Gazer at the corner of the dark stairwell.

This Moon Gazer had a strange mask covering his face.

The mask was entirely ghostly white, its features twisted; the wide-open eyes and crooked mouth pieced together an incredibly terrifying expression.

"Ah! Ah ah ah..."

The Moon Gazer gripped the mask with both hands, crying out desperately, trying to tear off the mask covering his face.

However, the ghostly white mask clung firmly to the Human Clan's face, completely stationary.

"Hehehehe~"

The Mask's sinister laughter caused the Moon Gazer to instantly stop sobbing.

When the evil demon, the Mask, speaks human words, it needs to control a human's body and use their mouth to speak its words.

"Cry, cry, once you're done crying, give me your face..." the Mask muttered softly.

Evil Technique: Face Possession!

This clan can cover the human face, consume its features until the entire face turns into a ghostly white mask, and the body becomes entirely controlled.

"Woo, woo woo woo..." The Moon Gazer clutched his face, rolling on the ground, his previous desperate screams turned into cries of despair.

Even the crying changed its tone, seemingly both crying and laughing.

It was evident he was about to lose his body to the Mask.

Lu Ran instantly teleported forward!

He kneeled beside the Moon Gazer, one hand pressed against the person's neck, the other gripped the ghostly white mask, violently wrenching backward.

"Rip..."

The ghostly white mask was forcibly pulled off, leaving the Moon Gazer disfigured immediately.

The scene was too horrific to behold!

His entire facial skin stuck to the inner side of the Mask, tearing off with it, blood flowed nonstop.

There isn't much flesh around many areas of a person's face.

The Moon Gazer's forehead, nose bridge, cheekbones, and other areas were already showing stark white bones.

Seeing this kindled Lu Ran's anger immensely!

"Hiss!!" The Mask never anticipated this scene and shrieked piercingly when interrupted.

Accompanied by the sound of fragments shattering, countless illusionary mask shards burst outward in all directions.

Mask Evil Technique: Screaming Face!

Mask Evil Technique: Thousand Fear Face!

The sharp scream instills fear in people's hearts.

The scattering shards of the illusionary mask can full-range impact enemies effectively; even if they do not hit, they fall at various spots on the battleground, transforming into special traps.

During the period the shards remain, any living being that steps or touches them will be pulled into a unique illusion realm, confronting their deepest inner fears.

These two evil techniques have different casting methods but share the same ultimate aim.

However, such spiritual output skill has no effect on Lu Ran.

"Crack!"

Lu Ran crushed the mask fiercely, the Mask shattered immediately, yet transformed into an illusionary mask in a split second.

This was not an evil technique; it was a rather rare trait.

Like the Yin Flower Dan or Ghost Talisman Doll type of special evil demons, the Mask Clan can also voidify!

For ordinary people, even most Believers, voidification equates to two words—invincible!

But in front of Lu Ran, voidification equals two words—insta-kill.

"Hoo~"

Lu Ran blew a breath of Immortal Qi, and the Mask attempting to escape in his hand was enveloped by the Immortal Breath of the Jade-faced Snake clan.

A dignified Sea Realm Great Demon was instantly dissolved completely.

Inside the office building, only a mentally devastated, painfully wailing Moon Gazer remained.

Lu Ran stepped forward, one hand pressed against his chest, the other reached his face, a crystal-clear dewdrop sliding from his fingertips.

Bi He Divine Technique: Green Dew Wash!

"Drop~"

The dewdrop touched the forehead; the Moon Gazer's bloody visage healed quickly, fully restored within mere seconds.

The Heavenly Medical Skill cannot revive the dead but can bind bone!

Moreover, the dewdrop on the Moon Gazer's forehead seemed to have a calming effect, causing him to no longer struggle violently.

"Captain Zhao?"

"Command center reports, Sea Realm Great Power is arriving to aid! Endure for ten seconds! Just ten seconds!"

"Captain! Where's the Mask..." Anxious voices echoed, several Moon Gazers rushed over swiftly, only to witness a strange scene.

Captain Zhao appeared unharmed as if he never battled a Sea Realm Great Demon. At that moment, the captain quickly stood up, alertly surveying the surroundings.

The physical pain was gone, the inner fear dispersed.

The injuries completely healed, and the Sea Realm Great Demon vanished.

Could it be that I am already dead?

Leading to the illusion that everything is as usual?

Captain Zhao gazed at his teammates as a Great Power descended from above.

Lu Ran stood high in the night sky, overlooking the entire city, scanning rapidly.

Suddenly, Lu Ran's expression froze, thinking of another city:

Rain Alley City!

Even Yeyu City was this gruesome, what would his small hometown look like?

Dammit!!

...

Chapter 993: Driven to Desperation

In a simple ground-floor apartment in the Rain Alley Home District, a landing mirror abruptly appeared and then vanished without a trace.

Lu Ran looked at the dust-covered small bedroom, but had no time for sentimentality.

He turned to look out the window and saw nothing but darkness.

Why are the street lights in the neighborhood not on?

Lu Ran flickered into the night sky, and when he looked down at the small town, he was utterly stunned.

Pitch black!

The street lights that dotted the streets and alleys were completely dark, and there was no light from any homes.

After observing for a moment, Lu Ran immediately realized that Rain Alley City hadn't just lost power; there was no sign of any human activity whatsoever.

The already dilapidated town was even more ruined now, with ruins everywhere.

The streets were deserted.

No Human Clan, no Evil Demons.

Only the dense, ever-present clouds in the sky and the persistent drizzle remained unchanged.

Lu Ran dispelled the Water Flow Armor, letting the familiar hometown rain fall on him.

On the seventeenth of the winter month, the north had already entered winter.

The cold winter rain stung as it trickled over Lu Ran's face.

Rain Alley City... Has the entire city been relocated?

Back when Lu Ran was in high school, the city's population had been dwindling, and a saying circulated in the city: Escape from Rain Alley.

Escape from this cursed city!

So, the day has finally come.

Lu Ran felt deeply conflicted inside, grateful that the people had left. No matter where they went, spending the fifteenth night in any other city was certainly safer than staying in Rain Alley City.

After the relief came bitterness, a deep sorrow.

Home,

had inevitably turned into a ghost town.

Maybe it's for the best...

People no longer had to live in constant fear here.

Fortunately, the Ran Sect had prepared in advance; the families of Jiang Ruyi, Chang Ying, and Tian Tian had long been taken to Luoxian Mountain, living in Luoxian Village.

This included Deng Yuxiang's parents, who had moved away from Rain Alley City long ago. When Lu Ran sent Yutang and Manni's daughter back to the Human World, it was the Deng elders who went to Luoxian Mountain to fetch their granddaughter.

Once there, one couldn't leave easily.

Deng Yuxiang was resolute in having her parents stay in the village to raise Deng Lingyi.

"Heh..." Lu Ran sighed deeply and wiped his wet face.

He turned to gaze eastward.

The Wu Lie Building, a distant beacon in the city center, had also lost its former brilliance.

The spotlights on the building's top floor would no longer pierce the layers of rain and mist, shining into Lu Ran's eyes and bringing hope to the city's residents.

Everything had changed, everything...

Lu Ran's slowly rotating figure suddenly stopped.

The Wu Lie River continued to flow, unwavering, in the drizzling night rain.

[Brother! Brother?]

[Hmm.] Lu Ran responded softly.

[Where did you go? The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit can't reach mom.] Qiao Yuansi's voice was urgent.

[Can't reach her?] Already heavy-hearted, Lu Ran's expression grew even more serious. He casually summoned the Ancient Bronze Mirror and returned to the Luoxian Residence.

"Brother." Seeing the young man emerge from the courtyard mirror, Qiao Yuansi hurried forward, "The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit says that Mom is in the Human World, but she's not responding."

Lu Ran opened his mouth but didn't know what to say for a moment.

Lord Immortal Sheep rarely initiated communication: [The God Demon is inspecting all believers, and your mother is naturally a key subject for scrutiny.]

"Stay calm, stay calm," Lu Ran formed a technique with his hands, appearing not very adept at it.

A fantastic character, "清" (Cleansing), spread from within him, enveloping the nearby Yuansi.

Cleansing Heart Technique!

Lu Ran quickly steadied himself and calmly considered that the Cloud Sea Sword Spirit had clearly indicated that his mother was alive and still in the Human World.

Putting aside the nature of his mother's relationship with Sword One, her character alone should mean nothing could be discovered in any investigation...

Going to find her now could only increase the risk of exposure.

Instead, during the period when his mother is under rigorous scrutiny, they might be able to enter the Demon Cave to slay the God Demon, possibly clearing her of suspicion?

Yes, that seemed right.

"Enter the garden, hold a meeting." Lu Ran said abruptly and incomprehensibly, closing his eyes.

Qiao Yuansi reacted for a moment and then shifted his focus to the Sculpture Garden.

Very soon, on the Divine Camp side, the Ran Sect's warriors gathered in full force.

Lu Ran recounted the situation in the Human World, and upon hearing of the God Demon's actions, the air in the garden turned stiflingly oppressive.

Lu Ran directly stated, "I am considering asserting our stance by going directly to slay the Martial Monk! What do you all think?"

"Sect Leader, absolutely not!"

Unexpectedly, Yu Changsheng was the first to lead the opposition.

"Hmm?" Lu Ran stood on Jiang Ruyi's fingertip, frowning as he looked to the right front.

Yu Changsheng stepped out of line, uncharacteristically kneeling on one knee, saying gravely, "The Martial Monk's identity is sensitive, and his power is supreme! Not to mention if we can win, or what cost it would entail..."

Even if we do win, once the Martial Monk falls, the response from the God Demon camp would be unpredictable."

Lu Ran's frown deepened.

Yu Changsheng continued, "I know the Sect Leader wants to take a stance, to force the God Demon to stop, or even to proactively seek peace, but you haven't provided a channel for dialogue with the God Demon.

To this day, the Ran Sect still operates from the shadows.

The death of the Martial Monk is different from all the previous targets slain by the Ran Sect; this is a clear signal to the God Demons that the Ran Sect has the power to kill any one of them!"

Up to now, the Ran Sect has only slain Third-class gods and below.

While there are individuals like Ghostly Eyes Ghost and Angry Sea Flame Flood Dragon who excel in certain areas, their weaknesses are also very apparent.

First-class gods are completely different!

Once the Martial Monk dies, then figures like North Wind Blade, East Thunder Spear, West Desolate Axe, and South Sea Bow will all explode in reaction.

Including Martial Artist, Qiang Xiu, Yin Flower Dan, Evil Spear Emperor, and other gods...

The most crucial is Blood Skull!

It's Sword One!

To the Human Clan, gods are supreme, but within the God Demon ranks, the disparities in power are quite evident.

The true rulers are but a few.

Exaggeratedly speaking, in front of strong Second-class gods, weak gods and the Human Clan are almost indistinguishable from ants.

The reality is also laid here: Heavenly Pearl-Soul Pearl, Color Jade-Soul Jade, War Horn-Netherworld Horn, they simply cannot control their own fate.

A strong god only needs to utter a word, and they have to comply.

"The God Demons will fall into a dead-end situation, with no way to survive!" Yu Changsheng raised his massive stone face, looking up at Lu Ran, "They might go completely insane, their actions becoming uncontrollable."

Huangfu Zhao stepped forward and sincerely said, "Young Master! I agree with Mr. Cong Long, as Lord Immortal Sheep informed you, the God Demons originally fled from the depths of the far universe to Earth.

If they could escape once, they could escape a second time.

Once the God Demons are driven into a corner and abandon the Human World, in the Da Xia battlefield, the Ran Sect will inevitably have to rise to the occasion, or else the Faceless Jade Venerable will invade the Human World."

Yu Changsheng continued, "The God Demons don't need to give up the hard-found resources of the Human Clan, they just need to flee the battlefield of Da Xia and can settle in another country.

With our current strength, once we appear publicly, we have to resist the Faceless Jade Venerable while also facing a siege by the God Demons..."

"Young Master, think thrice!"

"Young Master, think thrice!" one by one the Cloud Sea's old generals stepped forward, echoing Huangfu Zhao and Yu Changsheng.

To this day, everyone knows what kind of person the Master of Ran Sect is, indeed gentle in temperament, but extremely stubborn in some respects.

Once he makes up his mind, it's almost impossible to change it.

Not to mention, given the extent of the God Demons' treachery towards the Human World.

"Hmm." Lu Ran looked troubled, "Think of a way, we can't just let the God Demons continue like this!"

Seeing Lu Ran willing to listen to advice, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Only to hear Lu Ran say again, "Today is already the seventeenth day of the lunar calendar, and there are still Evil Demons invading the cities! We have to do something, otherwise, on the fifteenth of next month, the Human World..."

As he spoke, Lu Ran found himself struggling to continue.

The garden was silent.

At the end of the day, it all comes down to strength.

The Ran Sect's current strength is insufficient to challenge the God Demon camp.

Lu Ran suddenly said, "Since we can't express our stance in quality, how about we do it in quantity?"

Yu Changsheng immediately said, "I think it's feasible! The Ran Sect should increase its strength as much as possible in the shortest time.

Xuan Shuang Guard, Wuya Heavenly General, Elder Lu, Divine General Qin, Heavenly General Hua, all these warriors and the gods they inherited from, can be our next targets for slaying."

Mentioning Wuya, Lu Ran immediately recalled the recently slain Sea Realm Demon, Play-faced.

It indeed needed to be killed!

Jiang Ruyi suddenly opened her mouth, "From this angle, Purple Thunder Demon Peng and Barbaric Female Fiend could also be our targets."

Both are Second-class Evil Gods, powerful but with obvious weaknesses.

These two Evil Gods are also strongly linked to Huangfu Zhao and Feng Yan's two generals, once they die, several warriors can immediately obtain a Divine Position and rise to become Evil Gods.

Yu Changsheng spoke, "Sect Leader, Lady! I think we still need to open a window for the gods.

Even if they are unwilling to give up everything they have, with the opportunity to divide large numbers of unclaimed god believers, if we continue this killing spree, it can't help but push the God Demons into desperation!"

"A window..."

Yu Changsheng earnestly advised, "I know the Sect Leader despises the God Demons, but given the current situation, we should cooperate with some of them, at least stabilize them first.

We shouldn't underestimate ourselves; the Ran Sect can definitely grow into a significant presence, but Sect Leader, we need time!"

"With whom?" Lu Ran asked directly.

Yu Changsheng hesitated for a moment, then spoke a name: "Nu Ying."

Third-class God, Nu Ying, is a complete god without any Evil Demon aspect, having never participated in the Night of the Fifteenth invasions due to her lack of an Evil Demon side.

Moreover, Nu Ying's character is quite unique.

Her followers are all steadfast and brave, which reflects the character of the god herself to some extent.

Nu Ying's disciples have almost all contributed to the country, and they have always guarded the depths of the Demon Cave.

The god Nu Ying herself is also a great general of the frontier, guarding a Divine Mountain alone in the Third Heaven, fighting fiercely on the frontline.

Establishing contact with Nu Ying seems quite reasonable.

Lu Ran was about to say something when he heard Yu Changsheng mention another name: "Rou Paperman."

"Huh??"

Lu Ran looked surprised, almost thinking he had misheard.

Rou Paperman?

...

Chapter 994: Let's Play Pure

Rou Paperman!

This is indeed an Evil Demon.

Yu Changsheng's expression was serious: "It is impossible for the Ran Sect to eliminate all God Demons before the fifteenth of next month, so we can only recruit some, kill some, and grow stronger during the process."

Yu Changsheng paused, speaking with determination: "Among all these God Demons, which one is not full of sins?"

Nu Ying also allows chaos in the Human World, she cannot escape responsibility, but she remains the most special among the God Demon camp.

If the Sect Leader only goes to find her, it will instead convey our tough stance to the God Demons."

The warriors listened silently, nodding in agreement.

Yu Changsheng shifted his tone: "But if the Ran Sect goes to recruit the Rou Paperman, the God Demons will know they have choices, they have backups!"

In extraordinary times, extraordinary measures are required.

Sect Leader, this may save millions of lives on the fifteenth of next month."

The words fell, and the garden was silent.

Lu Ran's mind was filled with the image of the woman wearing a distinguished phoenix crown and draped in a Big Red Robe.

Elegant and noble, with magnificent bearing.

Suddenly, Jiang Ruyi lightly flicked her fingertips, and the tiny human figure on it fluctuated up and down.

"Ru... Ruyi?" For some reason, Lu Ran suddenly felt caught.

Standing on his girlfriend's fingertip, his head was filled with thoughts of another woman...

A bit thrilling.

He turned to look, only to see the Divine Statue expressionless, with large eyes staring at him, making Lu Ran's scalp tingle.

Then Jiang Ruyi said: "Mr. Cong Long is right, if powerful God Demons like Nu Ying and Rou Paperman turn to the Ran Sect, it would be significant."

"Hmm..."

"Think about those Weak Gods." Jiang Ruyi, insightful and perceptive, interpreted the strategist's intentions, "Even if they are not enslaved by strong Gods, they at least look up to them."

Since Weak Gods can submit to strong Gods, as long as we give them a way, they could naturally also submit to the Ran Sect."

Lu Ran thoughtfully nodded in agreement.

Indeed, the Ran Sect cannot clear the Three Realms overnight, this war will inevitably have a process.

No one can judge how long it will last.

And during the "regime change" process, weak God Demons may pose little threat to the Ran Sect, but their harm to the Human World is immeasurable!

In extraordinary times, indeed extraordinary measures are needed.

Seeing Lu Ran nod, Yu Changsheng's heart settled: "Rou Paperman has always shown particular favor to the Sect Leader, even low-level Evil Demon minions do not want to harm the Leader..."

"Get to the point!" Lu Ran suddenly interrupted.

Yu Changsheng paused before saying: "If you, the Sect Leader, personally step forward, everything will be twice as effective! Our Ran Sect should be able to establish contact with the Rou Paperman.

We all know that the God Demons form small groups based on their mountain locations.

Rou Paperman is strong, the undisputed leader in her Divine Mountain! As long as she is willing to cooperate, the group of God Demons in the Divine Mountain should stand with us."

It makes sense!

Lu Ran nodded secretly, realizing progress must be step-by-step; at this stage, you can't expect all the God Demons in the Divine Mountain to openly defy the First and Second-class Gods.

But as long as on the fifteenth of next month, during the invasion, they put in minimal effort, it can reduce human casualties in extraordinary times.

Yu Changsheng added more fuel: "Sect Leader, since we've come this far, your Silent Night Blade should be prioritized, we must eventually show our hand.

If the Ran Sect wants to compete with the God Demon camp, your Domain of Silent Night will be crucial!"

Nearby, Deng Yuxiang's voice came: "Are you saying that we need to cooperate with Nu Ying while smashing her Divine Weapon and taking her Divine Weapon Domain?"

Yu Changsheng ignored Deng Yuxiang, who kept looking up at Lu Ran, face solemn: "Sect Leader, I'm confident in you!"

Lu Ran: "..."

Can I really?

You seem more confident than I am?

Lu Ran calmed down, speaking: "I'll go discuss with the Immortal Sheep, and you all should thoroughly explore the upcoming tasks, always ready for battle, we can return to the battlefield at any time."

"Yes!"

"Understood!"

In the small courtyard of Luoxian Residence, Lu Ran opened his eyes.

Nearby, Qiao Yuansi still held the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword, looking somewhat dejected.

Now she has become a god and really wants to share the joy with her mother, she is not greedy, even a word of praise from her mother would suffice.

Unfortunately, her mother has never acknowledged the Sword Spirit.

"You should come back first." Lu Ran reached out to take the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword.

"Hmm." Qiao Yuansi pouted, her Divine Soul separating from the tiny human figure, not fully emerging before Lu Ran absorbed it into his eyes.

The scene was particularly shocking!

It seemed as if Lu Ran was some demon, facing a living person, directly extracting their soul bit by bit...

"Immortal Sheep!" Lu Ran looked up at the mighty Divine Sculpture, "Disciple just discussed with the subordinates..."

As the plan was fully revealed, the Lord God did not send down a message.

No opposition?

Then it's tacit approval.

Lu Ran hesitated for a long time, then clasped his hands together and respectfully bowed: "Immortal Sheep, based on your understanding of Nu Ying, do you think the disciple should appear before her?"

Is there a possibility she might collaborate with the Ran Sect, or will she inform the God Demons and expose the disciple's identity?"

Finally, the Immortal Sheep sent down a message: [Nu Ying is a warrior.]

Upon hearing this, Lu Ran looked up at the Divine Sculpture.

[No matter if it is in her homeland before God and Demon, or in this realm, Nu Ying is a warrior.]

Lu Ran's eyes flickered slightly, his heart growing increasingly eager to try.

The Immortal Sheep let out a long sigh, putting away the usual sinister smile, sarcasm, and other expressions, seemingly in contemplation: [Nu Ying is a very pure being.]

"Pure?" Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

It's hard to imagine such a word being used to describe a deity.

[Nu Ying was born bearing a mission, existing till now, she has always focused on one thing: defeating the Faceless Jade Venerable.]

"Oh?" Lu Ran's eyes lit up.

The Immortal Sheep said calmly: [She has many similarities with you, having her own obsession, her vision, her work that must be completed.

Thus, she has extraordinarily powerful strength but always stays away from the core of decision-making.

Gods and demons harping on their own machinations, scheming and doubting each other, all of this is despised by Nu Ying.]

Lu Ran has already made up his mind!

Yu Changsheng has always been targeting the character and conduct of gods and demons, as well as their actions, as Ran Sect's cooperative target.

The Immortal Sheep, by the background of Nu Ying's birth and struggle, personal aspirations, etc., helped Lu Ran to completely lock onto this target.

[It's a pity that the Jade Venerable is strong, forcing Nu Ying to accept the help of gods and demons, while the gods and demons also need a sharp blade.]

Saying this, the Immortal Sheep let out a cold laugh: [A blade that doesn't vie for power, just wants to kill and defeat, resulting in the current situation.]

Lu Ran licked his lips, excitedly said: "Ran Sect differs from the gods and demon faction, on our side we have everyone united, without those scheming entanglements.

If I give full support to Nu Ying, joining her to point our swords at the Faceless Jade Venerable, she should be willing to accept, right?"

[Though she's within the gods and demon faction, she doesn't remain loyal to them.]

"Good! Good good good!" Lu Ran said repeatedly, nodding his head continuously.

[Heh.] The Immortal Sheep chuckled coldly again, [Similarly, she will find it hard to stay loyal to you or any faction.]

Lu Ran's face turned serious.

[As I mentioned earlier, she's a pure warrior who came to the world with a mission, hence she will only be loyal to herself.]

Lu Ran followed the Immortal Sheep's reasoning, nodding: "Loyal to the obsession in her heart."

The Immortal Sheep responded lightly, seemingly satisfied with Lu Ran's reply: [She doesn't reject comrades and desires those of like-mindedness. You can also find clues from the divine technique of Nu Ying's faction about this point.]

Lu Ran quickly searched his mind.

Indeed, the divine technique of Nu Ying's faction, Black Armor Same Suffering, is the best example.

Disciples of Nu Ying's faction can actively tear apart their war armor, let the blood scatter into mist, any fellow disciple stained by the blood mist will enter the "Same Suffering" state, sharing mutual damage, while their attack carries a bloodsucking effect (absorbing life force).

[If Nu Ying recognizes you as qualified and determines you are like-minded, perhaps your tactic of forming alliances could succeed.]

Lu Ran: "..."

What kind of talk is that!

This is called uniting all forces that can be united, alright!

Lu Ran pondered for a moment, then asked: "What about Rou Paperman, can disciples seek her out? How is her position within the gods and demon faction?"

[Hehe.] The Immortal Sheep suddenly laughed.

It was not a cold laugh, nor did it carry usual sarcasm or mockery, just a light laugh.

Lu Ran was a bit bewildered.

Whenever he communicated with the Lord God, he could usually roughly gauge the dominant Sheep General's intention from the tone.

But this time, Lu Ran couldn't grasp it at all.

[Everyone should walk their own path.] The transmission fell, and his voice grew smaller and smaller, giving a sense of gradual departure.

Lu Ran's expression turned odd.

Speaking well, why suddenly turn away?

Is it jealous?

Remember the time when Rou Paperman fought with you for disciples on the God Worship Platform, and now the disciples voluntarily seek Rou Paperman...

Could cold Sheep be really getting jealous?

Lu Ran was lost in thought, deeply bowing to the Immortal Sheep God Sculpture, then called forth an Ancient Bronze Mirror.

In one step, he was at Tianya Haijiao.

He plopped down at the edge of the cliff, closed his eyes, and entered the Sculpture Garden.

"No matter what plans you have, listen to me first!"

Lu Ran stood on the tip of the Evil God girlfriend's finger, the heated discussion in the Sculpture Garden instantly fell silent.

"I just consulted with the Immortal Sheep." Lu Ran's gaze swept over everyone, finally locking onto Yu Changsheng's face, "Mr. Cong Long, about Nu Ying, we must go for both, huh?"

Yu Changsheng responded seriously: "Yes!"

Lu Ran looked determined: "Then I'll take the Silent Night Blade, appear on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, and actively draw Nu Ying over."

"Ah?"

"Young Master, you..."

"Quiet!" Jiang Ruyi frowned lightly, uttering a somber command.

Lu Ran said in a deep voice: "The Immortal Sheep pointed out the way for me, to win over Nu Ying, there are two hurdles to clear! Firstly, we must ensure she recognizes I have absolutely sufficient qualifications to fight alongside her!"

Destroy Nu Ying's Divine Weapon, seize the Divine Weapon Domain.

A head-on confrontation!

What better proof of oneself than this?

The Immortal Sheep mentioned that Nu Ying is a pure warrior.

Then let's play something pure!

...

Chapter 995: I'll Give It a Try

Third Heaven, Southeast Front.

The scene here remains unchanged, the flames of war raging endlessly.

Looking out, countless valiant female warriors create an insurmountable grand wall with bronze barriers and the crisscrossing weapons that fill the sky.

The battle cries from the Nu Ying tribe, mingling with the flapping of the Faceless Jade Venerable's robes, fill the battlefield.

In one second, the Faceless Jade Venerable shattered like jade and died.

In the next, Nu Ying's minions painted the land with blood.

Victory and defeat, life and death.

Constantly alternating, like a needle against a wheat stalk.

On the defense line that stretched as far as the eye could see, stood a unique presence, identical in appearance to Nu Ying's minions but with an ethereal body, reaching an astounding height of two hundred and seventy-eight meters.

She was a giant who held up the sky, also a Stabilizing Needle on the battlefield—Nu Ying's Mirage!

This phantasmal mirage held an actual crimson blade in hand.

Whenever she charged alone deep into enemy lines, the great blade left a trail of scarlet across the world, slaying foes like cutting through grass.

A sight to make anyone's blood surge!

"Hmm?" Suddenly, Nu Ying's Mirage paused.

Under her heroic eyebrows, a pair of sharp eyes glanced at the blade in her hand—Chi Ji.

"Buzz~"

The nearly two-hundred-meter-long Chi Ji blade trembled softly.

Nu Ying retreated, her ethereal form passing through the defense line, her keen eyes gradually growing puzzled.

The Divine Weapon in her hand was always quiet.

Now what is this...?

Nu Ying's Mirage hovered in midair, allowing the Chi Ji blade to guide her hand, pointing into the northwest.

She finally knew, from that direction, a Divine Weapon had suddenly appeared.

A weapon daring to challenge the authority of Chi Ji, aiming to shatter it and seize its domain!

Full of aggressive intent!

"Let it come." Nu Ying was unafraid, instead, a hint of expectation appeared on her heroic face.

She turned to the frontline and charged again.

One minute... ten minutes... half an hour...

It was unclear how much time passed, Nu Ying once more broke through the enemy camp, retreating back to the defense line.

She squinted, turning to gaze northwest.

That Divine Weapon, wherever it came from, hadn't moved since it appeared.

It seemed to be waiting for their side to approach.

Chi Ji had early on fallen silent, only alerting its master once when the enemy Divine Weapon appeared, ignoring it thereafter.

Even though the opponent persisted in provocation.

The two Divine Weapons couldn't communicate spiritually, yet the enemy's weapon continued attacking Chi Ji's status through the domain.

Though futile,

as long as Chi Ji remained intact, the opponent would naturally not reign supreme.

Yet, Nu Ying's fighting spirit was boundless!

In tune with Chi Ji, she sensed the challenge.

Nu Ying's Mirage gazed at the northwest, quietly contemplating for some time, and suddenly a grand stone sculpture descended from the vortex above the Divine Mountain—Nu Ying's true form!

"Rumble!"

With deafening roars, the Divine Sculpture of Nu Ying fell heavily upon the Divine Mountain, and for a moment, the shouts of Nu Ying's minions at the defense line grew even more intense!

Nu Ying's Mirage took one glance at her true form, then wielded Chi Ji and swiftly flew toward the northwest.

Meanwhile, beyond a hundred kilometers from Nu Ying's Divine Mountain, in a desolate silent land.

Amidst the dim sky, a young man, shrouded in shadow, stood within a thick sea of fog.

In front of him, a finely crafted Black Luminous Stone Blade hovered.

Due to lack of tangible contact between the man and the blade, the Silent Night Blade was not included within the scope of effective concealment offered by the Divine Technique: Wolf Concealment, remaining exposed in aura and energy fluctuations.

Naturally, Silent Night was within Nu Ying's Divine Weapon's perception range.

[It's coming.] Rarely did Silent Night Blade pass along a thought.

"So it's just Nu Ying..." A soft sigh escaped Lu Ran's lips as he smiled and shook his head.

If it were Jade Talisman or Spiritual Fortune, given their nature, they would likely never readily go to battle.

As he pondered, Lu Ran glanced toward the southeastern sky.

The dim sky could not obscure his discerning eyes, nor could it hide the Evil Shadow Guardian's gaze.

[Master, Nu Ying is headed your way! Just as Cong Long anticipated, she's using her Divinity Mirage.]

[The defense line is too crucial, there's no way her true form would leave.] Lu Ran replied softly, then asked, [Any tails?]

[It appears there's none, only Nu Ying's Mirage.] Yan Shuangzi, also hidden, followed Nu Ying's Mirage all the way.

In her shallow palm lines, a small Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd was embedded.

Though small, the creature inside was certainly no less in size than the Evil Shadow Guardian!

Lu Ran claimed to go solo, but how could the Ran Sect's members allow their leader to take risks alone?

As no one was sure whether Nu Ying's Divine Weapon Domain could seal the entrance to the God Demon Sculpture Garden, several warriors of the Ran Sect were placed inside the little Fire Phoenix's belly.

If things went awry, the gods within the gourd would certainly emerge in full force.

"Hoo~" Lu Ran finally revealed his form.

Yet as he appeared, he seemed somewhat pitiable, as the thick fog of Third Heaven even submerged his chest.

And as Nu Ying's Mirage approached, the human clan appeared even more humble and insignificant.

"Wow..." Lu Ran looked up at the approaching Divinity Mirage, softly exclaiming in awe.

No matter how many times he looked, he never adapted to the visual impact brought by this battlefield general.

The severely damaged black armor, an exceptionally upright posture.

Her entire body was enveloped with a strong aura of heroism, filling the whole sky and earth.

Her flying speed was swift, and the long red ribbon tied behind her head fluttered, as if tearing a long wound in the overcast sky.

Beneath her sword-like brows, her sharp eyes gazed over, the look in them carrying endless pressure, enveloping the insignificant beings.

Lu Ran was observing the gods, and they were doing the same to him.

Nu Ying didn't recognize this human young man, but she could sense his considerable strength.

Heavenly Realm, without a doubt.

He also possessed quite a few Divine Weapons, and even owned two Fourth Rank Divine Weapons comparable to the Silent Night Blade.

Fourth Rank?!

It seems this is indeed the human the God Demons have been frantically searching for.

Nu Ying remained expressionless, only paying closer attention.

The young man was dressed in feather-like clothing and sashes, exuding an ethereal immortal aura, and the Blood Crystal Stone mask on his face added a touch of sinister allure.

Disregarding all external items, the young man in her eyes had already turned into a blade!

Extremely sharp, dazzling and radiant.

"Kneel."

Nu Ying looked down upon the tiny ant, her voice faintly speaking with a majestic heavenly might.

"Hehe." Lu Ran chuckled, raising his hand above the sea of mist, sweeping it across to his chest, "If I kneel, Lord God won't be able to see me."

Nu Ying silently looked at the dazzling blade.

Hmm... that's the attitude he ought to have.

Lu Ran's muffled voice came from the mask: "Since I dare to challenge you, why bother testing me?"

Nu Ying's phantom hand stroked the blood-colored giant blade, faintly saying, "Commendable courage."

"Likewise."

Nu Ying gazed downward.

Lu Ran shrugged his shoulders: "You know in recent months, God Demons have been wildly slaughtered by humans, and you still dare to come to battle?"

Nu Ying had always maintained a solemn demeanor, but now she also smiled.

In that distinctive stance, there was a unique pride, or some kind of warrior's honor, bright and dazzling:

"You dare to issue a challenge, how could I not honor the invitation?"

Undeniably, Lu Ran was indeed moved by such charisma, and the Ran Sect indeed used Nu Ying's unique background to formulate a series of plans.

But at this moment, Lu Ran's words were unforgiving: "Oh, that's right! You are a remnant shadow, you won't die whether you win or lose."

With that, he lightly sighed: "It's just a pity that your Divine Weapon, after you die, will be shattered by me."

Nu Ying suddenly narrowed her eyes, that sharp gaze stabbing into Lu Ran's heart like a knife.

Lu Ran couldn't help but shudder, suddenly gripping the Silent Night Blade tightly, changing the topic: "Those God Demons were all killed by me."

Nu Ying was silent for a moment, then faintly responded: "So?"

Clearly, Lu Ran's words did not surprise the other party.

Before Nu Ying came to battle, she had already considered this aspect, and when she realized a mere human possessed two Fourth Rank Divine Weapons...

Everything was already settled.

In this world, most Divine Weapons are akin to ordinary objects, almost all stopping at First or Second Rank.

A rare few are fortunate enough to reach Third Rank.

But to God Demons, they are still mere scrap metal.

Divine Weapons, being strongly connected to the Master of Divine Weapon, need the Master to elevate and enhance their growth potential to reach Fourth Rank.

Some things cannot be achieved through effort alone.

This requires tremendous luck, abundant experience, and insight.

It requires desires far beyond what all beings can comprehend.

It requires a heart and wish that can take you to the highest heavens, nurture you, shape you, and coat you with a sheen of divinity.

Some demands, some qualities, even the current God Demons no longer possess.

Over the long ages, such spiritedness had already been completely lost.

"You seem not to care much?" Lu Ran asked.

Nu Ying softly gazed at the human youth: "You came specifically to find me, didn't you calculate this?"

Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

It was obvious that Nu Ying came with the intention to negotiate.

It makes sense, another Divine Weapon causing domain conflict likely comes from the Human Clan.

And at the present stage, humans are also crazily hunting the God Demon faction. In this situation, suddenly a Divine Weapon appears more than a hundred kilometers outside Nu Ying's Divine Mountain, unmoving, boldly provoking...

Since Nu Ying gladly accepted the invitation, she must have stepped into the trap willingly.

"The more you kill, the more united they will become." Nu Ying lowered her eyelids, her fingertips gently stroking the Silent Night Blade.

"No matter how united, their nature is hard to change." Lu Ran spoke.

Nu Ying quietly polished the blade without a word.

Lu Ran: "I want to end this chaotic era, and I want to completely shatter the Faceless Jade Venerable! Lady Nu Ying, do you think you and I could fight side by side?"

"You, fight alongside me?" Nu Ying looked at the ambitious human youth.

"I have already accomplished many feats, isn't that enough to catch your attention? Do I need to go slay a First-class God?"

Nu Ying let her hand fall, the nearly two-hundred-meter scarlet giant blade, seemingly connecting heaven and earth, its tip pointing directly at the tiny life in the sea of mist:

"The First-class God you speak of, would likely not survive under my blade."

Lu Ran suddenly chuckled.

He stepped forward, his small figure standing under the blade tip, tilting his head slightly, looking along the long blade towards the sky, word by word:

"I'll try."

...

Chapter 996: Valkyrie

This is a breathtaking scene.

The towering Valkyrie, her long hair fluttering with red silk, exudes a majestic aura.

The giant blade connecting heaven and earth glows with a crimson light, like a blazing flame shot from a high divine altar, burning toward the battlefield about to be trampled and conquered by the Valkyrie.

The highlight of the entire painting, however, is not a single god or blade.

It is the small human standing beneath the tip of the blade.

His soul trembles.

Yet his body stands tall.

He looks directly into the eyes of the divine being without a hint of evasion.

Nu Ying, expressionless, looks down at the unyielding creature beneath her feet, then suddenly reaches out her hand to the side.

"Whoosh~"

Divine blood splatters.

Although Nu Ying is a mere illusory remnant, she uses divine power to summon giant, scorching drops of blood.

Silence pervades the world.

In this quiet, it seems an agreement is reached between the human and the god.

"Tap~"

The first drop of divine blood hits the ground, and both sides move instantly.

Lu Ran swiftly moves to the side, raising one hand towards Nu Ying.

North Wind Divine Skill · North Wind Roar!

Lord God, you are too arrogant; taste the intimidation from the Human Clan... huh?

Lu Ran's expression changes!

There should have been a fierce gale, a rapidly spinning tornado, enveloping the remnant of Nu Ying.

But Lu Ran failed to cast the spell.

Not only that!

He is astonished to find that the Water Flow Armor covering him also shattered and dissipated the moment the divine blood touched the ground.

The fundamental cause of all this is the vast divine power within Lu Ran falling into silence.

Is this... the Divine Weapon Domain?

When did it activate?

It's truly astonishing how such a divine weapon can deploy its domain so silently!

This so-called spell prohibition fundamentally means the confinement of divine power.

The orderly flow of divine power within Lu Ran has come to a halt and cannot be mobilized.

"Boom!"

The Chi Ji Blade strikes heavily, causing the earth to tremble.

The thick sea of fog rises like a tide, surging to the sides.

Without the ability to cast spells, Lu Ran loses the Simurgh Eyes and can no longer see through the fog.

He cannot move at high speed, nor can he blink away to escape!

In the fog-filled world, Lu Ran is utterly blind, like a lamb to the slaughter.

"Whoosh~" Lu Ran's foot launches him sideways once more.

In an instant, the Chi Ji Blade slashes down again, exactly where the small human stood before.

The god's voice comes from the sky: "Human Clan, do you know that the First-class and Second-class Gods you revere have all begged humbly under my blade?"

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

With Nu Ying's voice, the Chi Ji Blade strikes three more times in succession.

Lu Ran scrambles to dodge, not daring to let the Smoke and Mist Silk carry him into the sky.

Since possessing countless skills, whether soaring to the heavens or diving into the sea, he always has a foothold.

But now it is different; he has been reverted to his original form!

Even the Smoke and Mist Silk can no longer exhibit any magical artifact functionality; it is merely a conscious, flying ribbon. Lu Ran does not believe the Smoke and Mist Silk is faster than Nu Ying, so he dares not fly skyward.

Another blade descends!

Nu Ying's sonorous voice fills the world: "Without divine techniques, the gods you revere seem to have lost their spirit."

The gigantic crimson blade repeatedly cleaves through the thick sea of mist.

Stirring up tidal waves of mist.

The ant struggling in the fog truly is on the brink of death, but at some point, he closes his eyes.

Even without Evil Sense, Lu Ran still possesses his own perception, honed in countless life-and-death battles, a warrior's instinct.

Even without sight, he still has ears for sound positioning.

No Evil Sensitivity, no Immortal Hoof, no Instant Teleportation...

No matter!

"They panic, they fear, they reveal their true form, peeling back their strong stone exterior, exposing a timid heart..." Nu Ying speaks gradually, though her hand raises and lowers swiftly.

She continuously compresses the survival space of the ant beneath her.

One slash after another, faster and faster.

But to her surprise, the speed of the human under her blade also increases, movements growing steadier.

"Whoosh!!"

Suddenly, Nu Ying's descending red blade doesn't rise but instead sweeps horizontally.

In proportion, the Chi Ji Blade belongs to the slender type, akin to the Tang Cross Blade of human society.

But in specific measurements, the Chi Ji Blade is nearly 200 meters long, with a blade width of more than ten meters!

Making it seem as if a row of three or four-story buildings in the dense fog is sweeping towards Lu Ran.

Lu Ran's heart skips a beat, and he launches upwards with a powerful surge.

The strength of the Heavenly Realm body grants him unparalleled strength and jumping ability, coupled with the frantic pull of the Smoke and Mist Silk, and in a flash, the blade's back skims his shoe soles.

"Whoosh!"

The terrifying gale nearly topples him.

The Smoke and Mist Silk strives to stabilize its master, but in the next instant, the sweeping "buildings" come crashing back.

Lu Ran listens intently, suddenly wielding his blade to block in front.

The Smoke and Mist Silk expands first, its soft flying ribbon firmly bracing against the Chi Ji Blade, wrapping around Lu Ran's waist and abdomen, pulling its master back.

"Whoosh!!"

Nu Ying vigorously swings, pressing the blade against the Smoke and Mist Silk, continuing towards Lu Ran.

The Dawn Blade and Eight Desolate Blade in Lu Ran's hands tap simultaneously on the Chi Ji Blade.

A tremendous force surges, sending Lu Ran flying diagonally towards the sea of fog below.

Nu Ying's gaze shifts, observing the human youth rapidly flying backward, noting his closed eyes.

Evidently, they weren't shut out of fear.

Amid the youth's brows, she saw not a trace of terror.

It was more like the Human Clan, swallowed by the Misty Sea after the battle began, kept his eyes closed, demonstrating the keen sense of smell he had honed amidst the flames of war.

Nu Ying's eyes narrowed.

Because Lu Ran, who was flying backward, suddenly opened his eyes.

The gaze of man and god intertwined, the icy eyes from the Human Clan met the scorching sight of the god.

For a moment, Nu Ying seemed to see a true warrior.

He was without his life-reliant Divine Technique, and the world-destroying Divine Weapons and Magic Artifacts had lost all their skills, leaving only the most basic survival ability.

All the glamorous exterior of the Human Clan youth was stripped away by the Valkyrie.

What was exposed,

was an indomitable spirit.

"Huff!"

Lu Ran landed heavily, his legs bent, upper body leaning forward, sliding backward continuously.

Alone, he transformed into a blade, slicing through layers of the Misty Sea.

Suddenly, as Lu Ran was still sliding backward, his body trembled, and being far enough from the previous battlefield, the Divine Power within him began to flow again.

In an instant, Lu Ran opened a pair of Simurgh Eyes, and through the roiling fog, he saw the approaching Nu Ying.

His gaze was locked on the advancing god, and he swiftly raised his hand.

Almost at the same time, the Divine Power within Lu Ran was sealed again.

However, the gale had already been unleashed!

"Huff!!"

A gale arose swiftly!

The forward-moving figure of Nu Ying halted abruptly, her pupils slightly contracted.

Behind her at an angle, a terrifying tornado rose out of nowhere, stirring the Misty Sea into a Fog Dragon Roll connecting heaven and earth.

Nu Ying's long hair drifted horizontally, the red long silk billowing wildly.

She did not believe that the Human Clan youth had made a mistake.

The recent exchanges had already demonstrated that he was a competent warrior.

Therefore, the tornado was deliberately initiated behind him at an angle.

Nu Ying hovered in place, allowing the storm behind her to rampage, saying from afar, "I was not holding back earlier."

Her words were straightforward and dignified.

Indeed, she was scrutinizing the Human Clan youth earlier, which is why there was a momentary pause.

And that slight delay gave him the opportunity he needed.

In the Misty Sea, the Smoke and Mist Silk, along with the Human Clan youth, slowly floated upward.

He gazed at Nu Ying's shadow beside the storm, saying arrogantly, "Then you should think I was holding back."

"Alright." Nu Ying suddenly laughed, amused to the point of laughter, "What a North Wind believer."

Lu Ran, with a pained expression, pointed his blade at the god, "If we're going to fight, let's fight for real. Don't curse at me!"

Nu Ying: ?

Lu Ran was genuinely insulted, muttering, "You're the North Wind believer, your whole family is!"

For a moment, Nu Ying's expression was quite priceless.

She never expected that a presence at his level of the Human Clan, on a battlefield of this caliber, would retort childishly like a child.

Nu Ying was silent for a moment, her tone returned to its usual calmness, her majesty undiminished, "Where did your North Wind Divine Skill come from?"

Lu Ran did not respond, instead, he said, "Next time, you'll be ripped to pieces."

Without a response, Nu Ying nodded gently to herself, "Being able to slay gods and demons, naturally, must have some extraordinary aspects."

As the words fell, a surge of energy rolled in her hand, and a body of flesh descended from the sky, as a massive shadow madly surged into the flesh.

During this process, the crimson giant blade in the shadow's hand transformed into a Pure Energy Body.

"Thud!"

The tall and graceful Nu Ying, holding a slender red blade, stood firmly on the ground, sending a wave of mist.

Heavenly Realm Third Level body, God Realm soul.

Lu Ran couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Was Nu Ying wary of the storm, so she created a god minion?

Impossible.

The God and Demon Residue indeed could not survive in the storm, but Nu Ying was different from other gods and demons, she had absolutely powerful means to forbid Lu Ran from casting spells.

If Nu Ying maintained her godly shadow form, all the skills she exhibited would be of Divine Grade.

Even the slightest touch on Lu Ran would cause him to die miserably on the spot.

And since the battle began, Nu Ying hasn't even used the Divine Technique. Whether she chooses not to use it or her Divine Power is also sealed by her own Divine Weapon is another matter.

Overall, if Nu Ying maintained her shadow form, her win rate would definitely skyrocket.

"What, Lord God intends to fight me fairly?"

This time, it was Lu Ran who was flying in the sky, looking down at Nu Ying.

Nu Ying's white, slender fingers slowly brushed over the slender red blade, "You can't cast, I am illusory and invincible, how can we talk about fighting."

"Really?" Lu Ran tilted his head slightly, looking towards Nu Ying's back at an angle.

The tornado had only just stopped there, the mist was stirred into chaos.

Nu Ying naturally knew what Lu Ran was looking at and what he was implying.

She slightly squinted her eyes, her gaze was sharp, her lips gently curled, looking at Lu Ran with a faint smile.

If possible, Lu Ran really wanted to capture this moment.

Who knows if Lady Nu Ying has ever shown such an expression to others since her creation.

However, Lu Ran didn't have a phone.

Moreover, he was busy countering, smiling gently.

Unfortunately, the Blood Crystal Mask was in the way, this classic expression couldn't be sent to the Valkyrie in front of him.

Man and god met eyes once more.

A surge of astounding battle intent churned in both chests, like invisible ocean waves, crashing towards each other.

"Remember, Human Clan! Your mercy, I will repay threefold."

Nu Ying spoke slowly, pointing her blade at Lu Ran, "This is the first time."

Lord God lowered herself from a godly shadow to a Heavenly Realm·Third Level flesh body.

She voluntarily lowered her realm, skill grade, physical strength, and so on to a level similar to Lu Ran's.

It truly counted as one.

"The next two times, this battle won't be enough..." Lu Ran twirled the blade in his hands, his body tense, suddenly flickered away, "Put it on my tab!"

The sudden Instant Teleportation did not frighten Nu Ying.

Instead, her eyes suddenly brightened, she swiftly turned around and raised her blade to block.

"Ding!!"

...

Chapter 997: What Cannot Be Taken Away

A man and a deity, blade against blade.

The young man of the Human Clan hovers in mid-air, pressing down with one hand holding a blade, while the deity Nu Ying in a bow stance wields her blade upwards to block.

Their eyes pass over the crossed blades forming an "X," locking gazes with one another.

"Human Clan, you have many skills," Nu Ying suddenly exerted force, pushing upwards with her blade.

The difference between those strong in the First, Second, and Third Levels of the Heavenly Realm isn't much from the perspective of spellcasting, but the physical strength differentiates greatly!

Nu Ying's flesh and blood body is undoubtedly at the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm.

Lu Ran is at the Second Level of the Heavenly Realm.

He only feels a tremendous force attacking him, Nu Ying's strength is extremely brute, something he cannot resist.

Just at this moment, Lu Ran fills his hand with Fierce Heavenly Power, stabilizing his leaning backward posture immediately.

How perceptive is Nu Ying?

Naturally, she detects the sudden surge in the young man's strength!

She narrows her eyes slightly, suddenly releasing her force, while turning sideways and reaching out.

The sideways move allows the downward-slashing blade to just graze past her chest. The reaching out is to seize Lu Ran's head directly amid his downward chop.

"Swoosh~"

Lu Ran's silhouette flickers, Nu Ying's palm grabbing only air.

Without a moment's pause, Nu Ying seemed not to need to react, directly turning and slashing upwards with her blade.

"Clang!!"

Once again, a sharp sound, as the Eight Desolate Blade clashes heavily with the Chi Ji Blade.

The young man of the Human Clan indeed appeared behind her, just as before, once again flashing to her back.

This seems to be his combat habit.

Nu Ying's expression remains unchanged, as if she has completely read the young man with merely a single exchange.

Her sharp eyes suddenly look to the left, where Lu Ran's other hand holds the Dawn Blade, already slashing horizontally.

Even more terrifying, the blade's tip drags out a thin and long sword trace.

Previously, Nu Ying might judge this lengthy 18-meter wind trace, as coming from the North Wind Sect's Residual Wind Trace.

But now, Lu Ran has used the Instant Teleportation Technique, showing strength beyond the Great Realm, Nu Ying can't quite determine what skill it is.

After all, the mysterious young man before her seems to know everything.

"Crash!"

Nu Ying reacts swiftly, with a kick, she flies backward in a reclining posture.

The long sword trace sweeps right above her face.

What a fright! What a thrill!

Yet Nu Ying's face remains unchanged, as if she anticipated the scene, she reclines backward through the thick mist, continuously swinging her blade.

Red arcs of the blade are rapidly thrown out, directly targeting Lu Ran's face.

Just as Nu Ying tightens her grip on the blade ready to stab behind, she suddenly senses a terrifying energy rushing forward.

Nu Ying's heart trembles!

She lacks the Pupil Skill, unable to see through the mist sea but she can sense a threatening aura closing in.

The utmost danger!

Even though Nu Ying has fought countless battles, long engaged in frontline struggles, it's been a while since she caught the scent of "death."

Not to mention the Third Level Heavenly Realm body, even the true form of Divine Sculpture here would likely be shattered.

The Chi Ji Blade flew abruptly to the side.

Nu Ying tightens the grip, shifting sideways with the Divine Weapon.

"Whoosh!!"

A huge flame pillar forcefully blasts a tunnel through the mist sea, incinerating all gray mist along its path.

The fierce battlefield falls silent in an instant.

Dozens of meters by the flame pillar's side, a woman emerges from the mist sea, revealing her tall figure.

She holds the high ponytail behind her head, gently smoothing her slightly messy long hair, gazing far at the young man engulfed in flames:

"So this is your secret, the reason you can hunt down God Demons."

Lu Ran says, "This is my capital to fight alongside you."

Nu Ying quietly looks at Lu Ran.

Lu Ran continues, "I will eventually overthrow the rule of the strong divine beings, and obliterate the stubborn fools in the God Demon camp, transforming them for my use.

I will unite the God Demon camp, leading them against external foes together!"

"Transform for your use?" Nu Ying says calmly.

Lu Ran slightly raises his gaze, looking over Nu Ying's head towards the distance.

Nu Ying turns her head to look, under the dim sky, amidst the distant mist sea, she sees a Goddess Sculpture appearing abruptly.

A moment later, it vanishes without a trace.

Nu Ying's eyes flicker.

There's actually a Divine Sculpture there?!

Not a common Stone Sculpture, but a real Divine Sculpture, even possessing a complete Divine Position!

Throughout, she hadn't noticed the existence of such a deity.

Recalling not long ago, the Martial Monk informed All Gods with a piece of news: a group of Human Clan scoundrels somehow found a way to devour Divine Souls, inheriting Divine Positions...

"Greedy Wolf?" Nu Ying turns to Lu Ran.

Lu Ran nods: "There will no longer be that greedy and cunning beast. Stepping over the bones of the Greedy Wolf onto the Divine Altar will be a loyal and dependable warrior.

One who will fight alongside us, together facing the Faceless Jade Venerable."

Nu Ying closely watches Lu Ran: "You people of the Human Clan should trust your fellow clan members more, why not ambush me, devouring my Divine Soul?"

Dull words echo from the Blood Crystal Mask of the Human Clan youth: "I heard, you're a pure warrior, craving loyal and powerful comrades.

I heard you were born with a mission.

To spend a lifetime only to slay the Faceless Jade Venerable."

Nu Ying's sharp eyes gradually turn fiery.

In the next instant, the flames on Lu Ran suddenly extinguish, his entire Divine Power shackled.

Nu Ying takes a swift leap forward, with her blade stabbing towards Lu Ran.

Lu Ran's body tenses, distinctly feeling that Nu Ying's power has grown more than a notch, even her action speed rapidly rising.

"Clang! Clang! Clang..."

The sound of blades clashing, intense and unending.

Lu Ran could feel a numbing sensation spreading through his palm with every forceful strike, forcing him to fight while retreating, dodging continually.

After all, there was a significant gap between their realms!

Nu Ying, at the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm, was even more ruthless than the form of the God Demon Residue!

Was it an illusion?

It was clearly not!

The God Demon Residue excelled in its realm, excelling in the grade of its technique, but at the start of their battle, the Nu Ying residue did not cast any technique, instead observing the mysterious human youth.

Even when the residue swung its blade, it slowly compressed the human youth's space to survive.

And though she accelerated her attacks incessantly, there was a limit to her speed.

After all, the God Demon Residue was an illusion, not truly "wielding the blade" but guiding the blade in her hand as her will desired.

The limit of the slashing speed depended on the Fourth Rank Divine Weapon, the Chi Ji Blade, not the God Demon Residue.

Now, it was different!

Nu Ying had a body of flesh and blood, a corporeal presence.

With her realm surpassing Lu Ran's by a significant margin, she truly wielded her blade in combat, infusing each strike with the strength and speed of her physical form.

"Whoosh~"

As the fog sea churned, blades flashed and shadows danced.

The Valkyrie ferociously pressed forward, forcing the human youth into a steady retreat.

Lu Ran's heart was in his throat!

Since the moment he successfully revered the gods, every battle had him covered in Water Flow Armor.

But now, his Water Flow Armor had dissipated, and any single slash could split him open.

Siding, stepping back, blocking, bending at the waist, springing back...

Lu Ran was pushing himself to the limit, yet he still couldn't keep up!

"Clang!!"

With the clash of blades, Lu Ran's hand trembled violently!

His tingling arm swung back as the Dawn Blade flew from his grasp, spinning obliquely backwards.

"Release the force, human," Nu Ying's voice was ringing and firm.

Lu Ran, gripping the Eight Desolate Blade with his right hand, blocked to his right side, while his left hand braced against the blade, allowing his entire body to dodge to the left.

The Smoke and Mist Silk, eager to save its master, took advantage of its position, the end wrapping around Nu Ying's wrist, with part pressing against the Chi Ji Blade.

"Rip!"

Nu Ying subtly turned her wrist, adjusting the angle of the Chi Ji Blade, slicing through, tearing the Smoke and Mist Silk into shreds.

A small strip of delicate satin was flung into the fog sea.

Lu Ran's pupils contracted slightly, as another surge of force from their clashing blades pushed him sideways nearly a hundred meters!

"Hah... hah..." Lu Ran struggled to steady his wildly beating heart, reaching for the Smoke and Mist Silk and grasping the smooth section that was cut.

The Smoke and Mist Silk lightly fluttered, indicating it was unharmed.

Over a hundred meters away, Nu Ying stepped on a small length of Smoke and Mist Silk, not sensing any signs of struggle beneath her foot.

She slowly turned her gaze to Lu Ran, "Did you hear? Release the force."

Lu Ran looked up to see the Valkyrie approaching step by step.

She was only half a head taller than Lu Ran, yet she seemed like a towering Divine Mountain, inching forward to crush him: "Your magic artifact can shatter, your Divine Weapon can fly away, your Divine and Evil Techniques can be taken.

But your combat skills cannot be."

Lu Ran tightened his grip on the Eight Desolate Blade and caught the swiftly returning Dawn Blade: "Are you... giving me a lesson?"

Nu Ying pushed off the ground, closing in quickly: "Didn't you want to be my comrade?"

Lu Ran decisively sidestepped, refusing to face the towering Divine Mountain head-on.

Nu Ying's feet stomped heavily, her blade swinging horizontally.

Lu Ran retreated again, using the Smoke and Mist Silk's help, propelling himself into the sky.

Nu Ying paused her onslaught, she lifted her gaze to the human youth, her eyes falling on the flying band wrapped around his waist.

The God Demon Residue possessed inherent flight abilities.

But Nu Ying's flesh-and-blood form lacked such abilities, and the Sect didn't possess any flying techniques.

For her to take to the skies, she had to rely on a Divine Weapon.

Once the battlefield moved into the air, Nu Ying would not only lose her footing but also have to wield the sole Divine Weapon enabling her flight in combat, severely diminishing her combat power.

Just as Nu Ying was about to speak, she saw Lu Ran descending again, standing amidst the fog.

"Go, leave the Domain of Silence and repair yourself," Lu Ran slightly tilted his head, rubbing his cheek against the soft Smoke and Mist Silk.

The Smoke and Mist Silk playfully snuggled with Lu Ran but ultimately obeyed its owner's command, flying off into the distance.

The third effect of the Smoke and Mist Silk: it can be infinitely extended.

This meant that even if only a small piece remained, given enough time, it could fully restore itself.

Nu Ying spoke, "Why didn't you follow your artifact's advice? It just made a wise decision for you."

Lu Ran looked at the Valkyrie, responding with her earlier words:

"Didn't I say I wanted to be your comrade?"

Nu Ying's gaze was piercing, a trace of admiration flickering in her eyes: "In truth, your combat skills can also be taken."

Lu Ran slightly furrowed his brow.

Nu Ying's poignant words left him apprehensive: "Gravely injured, limbs severed..."

Your prized combat techniques can also be taken."

"You're ranked higher than me by a whole Great Realm, yet you still feel the need to use words to pressure me? Or are you just calling my choice foolish?"

"Quite the opposite." Nu Ying shook her head slowly, "There is something that can forever belong to you, something that can never be taken."

"What?" Lu Ran raised an eyebrow slightly.

Nu Ying offered no response, only her eyes ablaze with expectation, a profound smile playing on her lips.

As if she awaited something.

The next instant, she suddenly lunged forward!

The crimson blade pointed directly at the human youth's left chest.

...

Chapter 998: Burning Heart

Under the dim sky, two tiny figures were fighting fiercely.

In the distant foggy sea, a gigantic invisible Divine Sculpture silently watched the battle.

"Alas..." Yan Shuangzi shook her head silently.

For Lu Ran, challenging opponents beyond his level was routine, but without thousands of techniques, he fell from heaven straight into hell.

Like hitting a rock with an egg.

If it were any other enemy, Lu Ran could at least rely on his exquisite skills to attempt maneuvering against them.

But his opponent was Nu Ying!

An existence whose combat experience and skills completely crushed Lu Ran.

How could he possibly fight this?

Yan Shuangzi's cold expression gradually turned to worry as she watched helplessly as her master was pushed back step by step.

Since meeting Lu Ran, she had never seen him being suppressed so miserably!

Yan Shuangzi knew the reason:

Evil Sensitivity!

Yan Shuangzi didn't deny the power of techniques like Fiery Fire Heavenly Leader and Evil Shadow Flash, understanding their significance for Lu Ran in slaying gods and demons.

But these techniques received the attention they deserved and shone brightly on the battlefield.

The true foundation for Lu Ran's invincibility was a technique unseen by people—a forbidden art, Evil Sensitivity!

This technique made the body more agile and swift.

Today, Yan Shuangzi had successfully merged the Evil Dog Evil Skill and Greedy Wolf Divine Skill, fusing Evil Sensitivity and Wolf Sensitivity into one.

This is incredible!

The fusion of the two techniques allowed Yan Shuangzi to develop control over her body to an astonishing level.

Without the Domain of Silence, even if Lu Ran was only at the Second Level of the Heavenly Realm, he could overpower the Third Level in terms of speed, agility, and even reflexes.

But the knife in Nu Ying's hand cut off Lu Ran's path.

Indeed, Nu Ying couldn't use techniques in the Domain of Silence, but she didn't need them at all.

The Valkyrie displayed terrifying combat skills, her long hair and red silk floating behind her, perfectly aligned with her imposing stance.

Overbearing!

"Mas..." Yan Shuangzi's face stiffened, instinctively wanting to instant teleport over but forcefully stopped herself.

Lu Ran had commanded her before, without his permission, she mustn't act rashly.

In her sight, the youth wearing the Feathered Blood Mask was slashed and flown backward, falling into the thick foggy sea, bouncing and rolling repeatedly.

Finally, it was with the help of the Divine Weapon Blade that he stabilized himself.

"Release your power!" A forceful voice resounded, "Do I need to tell you for the third time?"

"Uh." Lu Ran released the knife handle, shook his aching arm, wanting to curse.

Easy to say!

Didn't I release my power?

If I hadn't, how could I have fought with you for so long? I would have been chopped into pieces long ago!

Lu Ran hastily gripped the knife handle, retreating rapidly while the double blades faced Nu Ying's Chi Ji Blade.

"Ding!"

In the crisp sound of blades clashing, Lu Ran tried hard to release the power, sending the Valkyrie's blade to his side.

However, Nu Ying didn't give Lu Ran any chance!

With a twist of her wrist, the Chi Ji Blade ground against Lu Ran's double blades, pressing them toward his neck: "All along, you've had countless techniques to employ, always able to use tricky methods against your enemies."

Lu Ran gritted his teeth, bending his legs, supporting with double blades, sliding backward inch by inch under Nu Ying's might.

"Right?" Nu Ying pressed step by step, "You've lost yourself in false power, forgotten your true form, haven't you?"

"Whew~"

The repaired Smoke and Mist Silk flew back from afar, winding around Lu Ran's waist, carrying him backward.

Nu Ying closed in, not giving Lu Ran a moment's respite.

"Whoosh!"

Suddenly, the long sword at Lu Ran's waist unsheathed, piercing straight toward Nu Ying's face.

"Cloud..." Lu Ran's heart was startled.

Strictly speaking, the Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword wasn't his Divine Weapon, naturally Lu Ran's control over this sword was somewhat weaker.

The Cloud Sea Sword Spirit was the extension of his mother Qiao Wanjun's thoughts and will, it acted on its own!

The Third Rank Cloud Sea Sword acted, and the First Rank Cloud Sea Blade, which had always accompanied it, also charged out.

"Ding~"

The aggressively pressing Nu Ying lightly flicked the sword tip of the Cloud Sea Sword, altering its piercing direction.

As for the following Cloud Sea Blade, it wasn't so fortunate.

Nu Ying slightly turned aside, directly reached out, grabbing the handle of the Cloud Sea Blade.

"Buzz!!" The Cloud Sea Blade struggled fiercely, but as a mere First Rank Divine Weapon, how could it escape the grip of the Heavenly Realm's body?

The battle situation completely changed!

Nu Ying held twin blades, adding might to her already formidable stance.

The Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Blade trembled wildly, yet powerless, it wished to support the Cloud Sea Sword, to do something for its master.

Yet it was easily captured.

Gripped by Nu Ying, every slash toward the master made the Cloud Sea Blade feel humiliated.

The Cloud Sea Sword was anxious!

Understanding its action implicated the Cloud Sea Blade.

Nu Ying still attacked Lu Ran, the Cloud Sea Sword immediately adjusted its tip.

"Cloud Sea Sword, return!" Lu Ran shouted sternly while fighting and retreating.

"Heh." Nu Ying snorted coldly, casually flicking away the disobedient Cloud Sea Sword, her bright eyes fixed on the disarrayed youth, "What kind of Martial Artist are you?"

Nu Ying's offensive flowed like mercury, deliberately holding the Cloud Sea Blade, slashing repeatedly toward Lu Ran's face:

"You can't control your Divine Weapon, nor can you protect it."

Lu Ran:!!!

Nu Ying's oppressive forward leap, the Chi Ji Blade swung from below upwards, forming a half-moon of red, opened the double blades crossed before Lu Ran's body.

Furthermore, leaving Lu Ran utterly defenseless!

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

Lu Ran retreated continuously, his steps heavy and terrifying.

The Cloud Sea Dust Clearing Sword behind him swept past Lu Ran's shoulder, rapidly stabbing toward Nu Ying, attempting to relieve its master.

Any Martial Artist would not miss such a perfect opportunity when faced with an utterly defenseless opponent.

Not to mention, Lu Ran's adversary was an existence like Nu Ying!

Nu Ying suddenly spun her blade, the tip of the Chi Ji Blade once again struck the tip of the Cloud Sea Sword, alarmingly precise.

Under absolute power, the Cloud Sea Sword immediately rotated 180 degrees, with its tip now pointing toward Lu Ran's face.

Nu Ying took a step forward, shoulders pressed hard against the Cloud Sea Sword hilt.

"Whoosh!"

The Cloud Sea Sword was instantly catapulted away, shooting straight for Lu Ran's brow.

"Buzz!"

The distance between the man and the sword was too close, the Cloud Sea Sword couldn't brake in time, it tried to adjust the sword tip but instead, under terrifying force, the sword body slapped horizontally toward Lu Ran's face.

In an instant, Lu Ran's raised arms made a full circle and finally returned, he couldn't worry too much, and took advantage of the situation to wield his blade and knock the Cloud Sea Sword away.

Suddenly, a silver moon appeared!

While Lu Ran dealt with the Cloud Sea Sword, Nu Ying, holding the Cloud Sea Blade, swept towards his big arm the moment he knocked the long sword away.

"Slash!"

Feather robes tore, streamers broke.

A severed arm spun and flew, blood spurted.

Lu Ran's pupils shrank violently!

The extreme pain made the flow speed of his world seem to become very slow.

The spilling blood became a special filter, beneath the broken limb and blood, he seemed to see the true visage of the Valkyrie.

Those bright eyes, like two blazing suns, dignified and fierce.

The red silk behind her wildly billowing like an endless river of flame, or a fiercely burning battle flag, danced wildly behind her.

About war, about victory.

About life and death authority.

In a moment.

"Boom," a muffled sound, earth-shattering!

Nu Ying remained unchanged in expression, her foot exploded, and she suddenly flew backward.

A Divine Sculpture suddenly appeared, massive stone boots heavy tread down, shielding the severed-arm human clan youth behind the heel, an icy killing intent filled the world, utterly engulfing Nu Ying.

"Hmm?" Nu Ying raised her head, she saw the goddess sculpture she had once met, saw those enormous stone eyes filled with terrifying killing intent.

Evil Shadow can flicker into the scene, the Domain of Silence targets the energy within all living beings in the domain.

As Yan Shuangzi joined the fray, her divine power was immediately bound.

Unable to exert the Divine and Evil Techniques, that couldn't stop Yan Shuangzi from taking action.

"Evil Shadow, stop!" Lu Ran saw the goddess sculpture step forward, ready to draw a blade, and immediately shouted.

"Boom!"

Yan Shuangzi placed one hand behind the waist, the Evil Moon Scimitar wasn't drawn, but she still stomped her foot down.

"Leave." Lu Ran endured the intense pain, concealed the grimace behind the Blood Crystal Mask.

He clutched the severed arm with one hand, the site sliced by the blade showed stark white bones.

Blood gushed through his fingers, continuously trickling downwards.

Yan Shuangzi stared intently at the diminutive Nu Ying, anger within her chest surged uncontrollably.

Nu Ying fearlessly held the Cloud Sea Blade, lightly shook it: "Your leader, tells you to leave."

The blade was stained with Lu Ran's blood.

The Cloud Sea Blade struggled helplessly, a heart bleeds too.

Yan Shuangzi remained still, even becoming a sculpture, she retained human clan habits, chest heaving violently.

Nu Ying gazed towards the diminutive human clan by the stone boot: "Seems you can't even control your blade."

Yan Shuangzi's eyes widened suddenly!

"Evil Shadow, leave." Lu Ran's voice was stern.

Yan Shuangzi tightly gripped the hilt at her waist, painstakingly retreated step by step...

The colossal Divine Sculpture withdrew, mist waves surged.

When Nu Ying could see Lu Ran again, she found the severed Smoke and Mist Silk had bandaged the youth's severed arm wound.

"Still want to fight?" Nu Ying asked from afar.

"That was just an accident." Lu Ran stood alone, left hand gripping the Dawn Blade, glanced at Nu Ying, then at the struggling Cloud Sea Blade in her hand.

Nu Ying is not undefeatable!

She also lacks divine techniques, merely flesh and blood.

Having fought for so long, Lu Ran also read her combat habits, understood her purpose.

Just need one opportunity!

One opportunity enough...

Nu Ying, whatever you wish to prove, my remaining arm, including both legs can be bait, all can be given to you.

But you must leave your life behind!

Nu Ying quietly gazed at Lu Ran, seeing the bloodstained severed arm youth stride forth.

That gaze was wonderful.

Fiery and resolute.

As if she saw herself decades ago, struggling to rise under the Faceless Jade Venerable's foot, her spine straight again.

"Hehe." Nu Ying suddenly laughed.

Yes, some things are forever untouchable.

The heart of a warrior.

An unyielding heart.

A heart that knows the enemy is strong, yet does not shy from the edge, forever burning hot.

"Boom!"

The sight of the human clan youth, his foot exploded beneath, suddenly accelerated.

Nu Ying's smile grew brighter.

"Clang!"

Lu Ran sliced forward, sideways, Nu Ying wielded the Chi Ji Blade with her right hand, forcefully braced the Dawn Blade against her side.

Another silver moon rose!

Nu Ying wielded the Cloud Sea Blade with her left hand, slashing again at Lu Ran's lone arm: "Seems like you haven't learned..."

"Boom!"

Lu Ran didn't care for his own arm!

No cry of pain, no retreat, even not a moment's pause. His side forward stabbed, head crashing directly towards Nu Ying's forehead.

Two utterly unprotected flesh bodies, yet like two steel bars, violently colliding against one another.

With that headbutt, the Silent Night Blade, forever silent and stealthy, suddenly shot from Lu Ran's waist, pinned close into Nu Ying's waist and abdomen.

"Slash!!"

The blade into flesh, slicing upward.

Gut split open, blood spilled into the sea of mist.

...

Chapter 999: Keeping a Couple of Tricks Up My Sleeve

As Lady Nu Ying's lackey was disemboweled, a massive remnant shadow of the Lord God, expanded from the small figure of Nu Ying, flying backward.

Simultaneously, the small Chi Ji Blade transformed, reverting to a giant red blade nearly 200 meters long along with the shadow.

As everyone knows, a Divine Weapon can only deploy its Domain when in alliance with its master.

"Whoosh!!"

At the moment the Chi Ji Blade transformed, a sudden gale arose!

A terrifying tornado once again bloomed diagonally behind Nu Ying's shadow, its size astonishing, connecting heaven and earth.

The backward-flying shadow of Nu Ying suddenly stopped!

Her ethereal hand grasped the Chi Ji Blade, looking down below.

From the thick sea of mist, a blood-soaked figure wobbly stood up.

His right arm had been severed, broken from the upper arm, and his left arm was chopped off from the shoulder, leaving him nearly a human stub.

Streams of fresh blood still flowed out, staining his white clothing.

The scene was dreadful to behold!

Though the young man of the Human Clan was in a tragic state, he raised his head proudly, gazing at the towering god that shook the heavens.

The gale persisted.

Whipping through Nu Ying's long ethereal ponytail, stirring the red ribbons into disarray.

She gently looked at the tiny human below, a hint of brilliance flashing in her eyes, and spoke slowly, "Not bad."

Strong enough, ruthless enough!

Decisive enough!

"Whoosh~" Surrounding the young man of the Human Clan suddenly appeared white feathers, swirling around him.

Nu Ying naturally recognized them as the Healing Techniques·Feathers of the Simurgh from the Heavenly Simurgh Clan.

Heavenly Grade-Feathers of the Simurgh once restored Yan Shuangzi's gouged-out eyes and severed arms, and could surely regenerate Lu Ran's limbs as well.

Nu Ying's shadow cast her gaze over the flying feathers, asking for the first time the name of the tiny human:

"What is your name?"

"Lu Ran, as in 'burning flame' Ran."

Lu Ran responded in a deep voice, the redness on his forehead quickly subsiding as new flesh continuously grew on his arms.

Nu Ying gently nodded, her calm words scattering across the heavens: "When do you plan to join me in battle?"

The feathers of the Simurgh danced around them, as the human and god met eyes.

Lu Ran was silent for a moment, then spoke: "Once I overthrow the rule of the powerful gods, unite the God Demon factions, I will lead a team to fight alongside you against the Faceless Jade Venerable."

Nu Ying turned around, watching the tornado gradually dissipate: "Don't make me wait too long."

"For now, don't reveal my name to the God Demons," Lu Ran suddenly said.

"Why?" Nu Ying slightly turned her head, glancing back.

Lu Ran simply shrugged his shoulders.

After a moment of thought, Nu Ying understood Lu Ran's possible concerns: "You still have attachments in the Human World."

"Yes."

"Then why did you reveal your identity to me?"

"I came to find you because I trust you," Lu Ran squeezed his newly regrown hands, "I want, from this moment until the future battlefield, to entrust my back to you."

Nu Ying's eyes burned as she slowly turned back, seriously looking at the human beneath her.

The remedy must match the ailment.

The Immortal Sheep said that Nu Ying is a pure warrior, longing for like-minded comrades.

"Alright," Nu Ying's response was firm and powerful.

[Cong Long, come out.] Lu Ran transmitted his voice mentally.

In the distance, from within the Phoenix Pattern on Yan Shuangzi's palm, emerged the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, spitting out a tiny figure—the Heavenly Realm body of Yu Changsheng.

As a Fake God, Yu Changsheng served the True God·Evil Shadow, equipped with both invisibility and the Instant Teleportation Technique.

With a flicker, he appeared beside Lu Ran.

Lu Ran slightly tilted his head, indicating his unparalleled strategist: "His name is Cong Long, he will accompany you back to the Divine Mountain, to assess the situation on the Southeast Front, in preparation for recruiting or slaying the God Demons."

Yu Changsheng gazed at the shadow of the goddess in the distance, claspng his fist and bowing: "Lady Nu Ying, greetings."

Nu Ying coldly glanced at Cong Long, resumed her expressionless demeanor, and turned to leave.

Yu Changsheng quickly bowed to Lu Ran: "Sect Leader, I'm heading out now."

"Take care, sir," Lu Ran advised.

Yu Changsheng chuckled: "My original body is inside your Gourd, quite safe."

With those words, his figure vanished without trace, turning back toward Nu Ying only to find the Lord God had not flown far but stood in front of the dispersing gray mist.

That's where the tornado dissipated.

Yu Changsheng flickered closer, seeing the sorrowful expression in Nu Ying's eyes as she lowered her head, looking at the Chi Ji Blade in her hand.

From afar came Lu Ran's voice: "What's wrong?"

Nu Ying's shadow, with her back to Lu Ran, spoke softly: "You disrupted me, twice."

Lu Ran remained silent.

While the Lord God remnant had many advantages, one of its few weaknesses was its poor survivability.

At the start of the battle, Lu Ran unleashed a tornado.

Approaching the end, he released another storm, which bloomed not far diagonally behind Nu Ying.

Once Nu Ying's shadow was disrupted, this Fourth Rank Divine Weapon would be isolated in battle and couldn't escape Lu Ran's deadly grasp.

"Human Clan, find a safe place," the shadow of Nu Ying spoke with a hint of apology, a touch of reluctance as her ephemeral fingers gently caressed the Chi Ji Blade.

Lu Ran's eyes widened slightly, beginning to sense something.

Was she going to relinquish the Divine Weapon Domain?

Undeniably, one person and one god have gathered here under the guise of vying for the Divine Weapon Domain.

But as the situation has developed to this point...

Suddenly, Lu Ran feels someone praying sincerely.

Who?

Is it Mr. Cong Long?

The Sculpture Garden is the foundation of the numerous Stone Sculptures and exists deeply in Lu Ran's mind.

So even if the Stone Sculptures are not in the garden, Lu Ran can still connect spiritually with the warriors and borrow the corresponding Divine and Evil Techniques from them.

Long ago, at Tianya Haijiao, Lu Ran conducted experiments in the depths of the sea.

[Sect Leader, don't lose your cool!] Yu Changsheng's words imprint in his mind, [The Domain of Silence must be kept in your hands, that's the most secure!]

Yu Changsheng was originally pondering how to provoke Lady Nu Ying, yet he didn't expect her to be like this... or perhaps, she intended it?

In this way, helping the Ran Sect unify the God Demon camp as quickly as possible?

Lu Ran remains silent, gazing up at Nu Ying's majestic back.

She is indeed very pure.

With her own unique pride.

[Sect Leader, time waits for no one... Hmm, let Lady speak to you, she's calling for you.] Yu Changsheng communicates again.

Lu Ran immediately connects spiritually with Jiang Ruyi: [What's wrong?]

[You'll return to Holy Spirit Mountain shortly, with the Silent Night Blade to comprehend the Domain of Silence. Don't let other Divine Weapons seize the domain.] Jiang Ruyi reminds.

Lu Ran nods quietly.

Although the probability is relatively small, who can say for sure?

Such an important Divine Weapon Domain, with immense strategic value, must not be neglected.

And Jiang Ruyi's subsequent words truly surprise Lu Ran: [I'll stay in the gourd with the warriors, carried by Evil Shadow, to slay God Demons.]

[Ah?]

[Our task is heavy, before the fifteenth of next month, we have many things to accomplish.]

Jiang Ruyi's tone is very determined, continuing: [You'll comprehend the Domain with the Silent Night Blade, it's uncertain how many days you'll need. Mr. Cong Long is right, time waits for no one.]

Lu Ran's brow furrows.

He has always led the fights against God Demons, never missing any battle.

And now, should Jiang Ruyi lead the charge against God Demons?

[Now the Ran Sect is strong, the warriors have all become gods, their power surging, absolutely able to contend against God Demons.] Jiang Ruyi's voice remains as cool as ever, Lu Ran can imagine her calmly pondering.

Undeniably, in the subsequent battles, Lu Ran's central position has indeed been shaken.

He even seems like a bystander in certain fights...

Unbeknownst to him, the Ran Sect has truly grown strong.

Seeing Lu Ran unresponsive, Jiang Ruyi communicates again: [With Cong Long, Nightmare, and Huangfu Tianjiang assisting me, rest assured.]

[Alright!] Lu Ran bites his teeth hard.

Fairy Jiang softly responds, instructing: [Just come once into the gourd, leave the remaining warriors in the Sculpture Garden to me.]

Lu Ran looks around, finds the appearing Evil Shadow Stone Sculpture, and flashes over, entering the belly of the small Blazing Phoenix.

At that moment, the Xian Mo Stone Sculpture is already waiting at the entrance.

She raises her huge stone hand, gently holding the tiny being.

Lu Ran stands on her fingertip, releasing one Stone Sculpture after another from his eyes, letting them fall into the Divine Power Lake below.

"Your clothes..." Jiang Ruyi furrows her brows slightly.

Some people really need to meet face to face.

Fairy Jiang's gentle voice is a thousand times softer than her cold communication.

"Just now, during the confrontation with Lady Nu Ying, my clothes were damaged." Lu Ran turns his back to Xiao Ruyi, skirting around the issue, "It's okay, the result was good."

As the last warrior falls, Lu Ran kneels halfway, his palm stroking her fingertip, admonishing:

"You must be careful! Always ready for wide-scale relocation, don't force... force... yourself."

At the end of his speech, Lu Ran stammers suddenly.

Only feels a terrifying pressure behind him, ruthlessly crushing down.

Lu Ran feels truly helpless.

Facing Lady Nu Ying before, despite her strength, he was full of fiery fighting spirit, able to grip his weapon tightly and tremble furiously.

But right now, his body and soul are trembling, completely without temper.

Carrying the tiny human clan with stone fingers, slowly moving horizontally, finally landing in front of the giant Divine Statue of the goddess.

"Evil Shadow just said you won, took Lady Nu Ying." Jiang Ruyi examines the little blood figure closely, "Didn't mention you... had Lady Nu Ying sever your arms?"

Lu Ran turns his head, patting her giant stone eyes, trembles, "It was my order, I am now perfectly fine, without any injuries.

Lady Nu Ying is already our ally."

Jiang Ruyi remains silent for a long time, whispers softly: "After you comprehend the Domain with the Silent Night Blade, before heading to Yan Paper God Mountain, inform me in advance."

"Okay." Lu Ran endures his heart pounding wildly, approaches, gently kissing her eyes.

This time, the Blood Crystal Mask has learned, timely moving aside.

A few seconds later, Lu Ran is sent out by the small Blazing Phoenix.

"Good fellow~"

Lu Ran smirks, and also opens a pair of Simurgh Eyes.

Xiao Ruyi's words indeed reminded him, he still has two tricks up his sleeve in the Mist Sea...

Lu Ran swiftly finds two severed arms, burns them clean with fire, leaving no trace.

Then he summons the Ancient Bronze Mirror, returning to Tianya Haijiao.

...

Chapter 1000: Longing

In the entire midwinter month, the human world fell into unprecedented turmoil.

First, on the night of the fifteenth of the winter month, the intensity of the Evil Demon invasion suddenly surged, leaving the human world engulfed in flames and scarred with devastation.

In the following few days, the gods standing across Da Xia shattered one after another!

Third-class God Nuoshua, fifth-class God Cold Plum, sixth-class God Bi Wu, seventh-class God Thorn Rose...

Though the opposing Evil Demons, Ice Plum Demon Queen, Tree Face Demon, and Ice Rose also fell one after another, it still couldn't heal the wounds in people's hearts.

It seemed as though the end of the world was truly coming.

People lived in fear day and night, some even afraid to close their eyes, fearing they'd wake to news of another god's fall.

Anxiety, sorrow... despair.

November in the human world was a desolate gray.

The sky over Beijing matched the mood, cloaked in gray haze, with snowflakes dancing down.

On Jinghong Peak, a woman stood silently by the cliff in the back mountain, gazing at the snow-laden forests.

Her white and gold dress was touched with frost and snow, it was unclear how long she had been standing there.

Suddenly, the woman moved.

She slowly turned, looked up to the heavens, her gaze skimming over the mountain rocks, fixing on a gigantic Divine Sculpture.

To be precise, it shouldn't be called a Divine Sculpture.

Because Jinghong Peak is not Spirit Mountain and had never been blessed by Lord Jian Yi, that stone sculpture was carved by humans, not a deity's avatar.

"Lord, did you summon me?" Qiao Wanjun adjusted her dress, kneeling slowly to the ground.

Respectful, composed, unlike other believers who were fearfully respectful.

Silence blanketed the earth, only the snowflakes fell gracefully.

It was unknown what Sword One had said, Qiao Wanjun continued kneeling with her head bowed, a barely detectable twitch in her brow.

She spoke softly, "Do the gods trust that disciples will return to the celestial realm?"

Qiao Wanjun listened quietly for a moment, then said, "Shall the disciples find out the identities of those despicable humans, and then?"

Another long silence ensued, Qiao Wanjun's eyes grew icier, her head bowed lower, she responded faintly:

"Yes."

Meanwhile, in the Immortal Scenic Garden District in Beijing, in the study of a residence, two Heavenly Star Swords hanging on the wall floated down simultaneously.

One was a Dragon Abyss.

One was a Heavenly Blade.

Dust shook off them as they opened the window, soaring slantwise into the sky.

The cold wind rushed into the study, gently swaying the hanging Xian Mo as snow and wind blew.

"Whizz~ whizz~"

The two long-idle swords flew incredibly fast, slicing through the sky over the city, aiming straight for Jinghong Peak.

On Jinghong Peak, Qiao Wanjun already stood by the cliff, her eyes slightly flickering.

You have endured grievances.

This time, perhaps we can do something.

"Buzz!!"

The Heavenly Blade and Dragon Abyss Sword, racing through the city sky, trembled violently.

As second-rank Divine Weapons, they were spared from annihilation due to their low rank.

Years ago, Qiao Wanjun had seven swords.

Two fourth-rank Divine Swords were not allowed to exist.

Several third-rank Divine Swords and Magic Artifacts were implicated, with only a rare few surviving, the best outcome she could hope for, she couldn't keep them, couldn't carry them with her.

"Whizz!"

The two long swords flew over Emperor Village, aiming straight for the back mountain of Jinghong Peak.

Once again, they found their way into Qiao Wanjun's hands.

From afar, another woman approached swiftly on a sword, landing quickly: "Peak Master Qiao, new news just arrived, Lords Blood Crystal and Black Brilliance have both fallen."

Eighth-class God Blood Crystal.

Eighth-class God Black Brilliance.

If these two sects no longer exist, then all weapons made of Blood Crystal Stone and Black Luminous Stone would become collector's items.

No.

Qiao Wanjun thought, her family's Sculpture Garden still held the Divine Sculptures of these two gods, still capable of forging weapons from those materials.

These two gods may well have been slain by Ranran.

Without a hint of expression, Qiao Wanjun used the pervasive frost and snow to silently wipe the long sword in her hand.

Chen Jingjing waited patiently for a long time, seeing the Peak Master ignored her, respectfully bowed: "Disciple takes her leave."

"Jingjing." Qiao Wanjun suddenly spoke.

"Peak Master?" Chen Jingjing was surprised, looking at the elegant figure standing by the cliff, instinctively kneeling down.

All these years, Peak Master Qiao usually directly instructed without calling her name.

"What rank are you in the Sea Realm?"

"Reporting to Peak Master, the disciple is third-rank in the Sea Realm."

For a believer in their thirties in the human world to reach the third rank of the Sea Realm was remarkable indeed.

A disciple of Sword One, undoubtedly gifted among the human believers.

Chen Jingjing's fortune to become Qiao Wanjun's personal maid had her selected from among the most talented.

Qiao Wanjun wiped the blade quietly, speaking: "Jinghong Peak, has delayed you."

Visibly, Chen Jingjing's face turned panicked.

On Jinghong Peak, Divine Power wasn't abundant, for Lord Jian Yi had never embraced this place as Spirit Mountain.

But such words should never be spoken aloud!

"Peak Master! The mountain offers tranquility; I can cultivate before the shrine, learning under your guidance and teachings, reaching this rank, already very satisfied..."

"In recent years, have you formed any new attachments?" Qiao Wanjun interrupted the fearful disciple.

Chen Jingjing was bewildered.

Back in the day, one of the reasons she qualified to become Qiao Wanjun's personal maid was that she was lonely and without family.

"No, the disciple spends the day immersed in cultivation within the peak..."

Chen Jingjing organized her words, responding earnestly: "The Peak Master has shown kindness in recognizing my worth; I only wish to serve by your side without other attachments."

The disciples of the Sword One One Sect are generally indifferent in temperament.

Although Chen Jingjing was over thirty, she indeed had few friends. Since following Qiao Wanjun, she has always looked up from afar at this "god" standing at the pinnacle of the Human Clan.

"Hmm." Qiao Wanjun slightly nodded, releasing the sword hilt, allowing the Divine Weapon to fall to her waist.

All is well, without attachments.

It's a pity, not having attachments, you miss out on some human experiences.

Qiao Wanjun looked up at the leisurely falling snowflakes, a young man's face gradually appearing in her mind.

Not yet as heroic as later on.

Still with a youthful look.

"Let's go." A flying sword suddenly appeared beneath Qiao Wanjun's feet, gently lifting her into the air.

"Yes!" Chen Jingjing immediately stepped onto a flying sword.

This solitary command left no room for resistance; in fact, it made Chen Jingjing feel accustomed.

Where to? She didn't know.

For what purpose? Unclear.

But such dialogue seemed normal and reasonable.

Chen Jingjing followed the Peak Master closely, unaware that she had already set foot on a path unknown.

...

At the ends of the Holy Spirit Mountain, the mists still loomed thickly.

In the fog, a tall figure clad in green raingear and a blue hat slowly landed in front of Tianya Residence, only to be stopped by a voice: "Who goes there?"

The man looked toward the direction of the voice and said in a deep tone: "Xun Yifei."

Those simple three words, spoken by Xun Yifei, carried a terrifying pressure.

Even though the Shadow Guard Team was far enough away, they were still affected, their speech stuttering: "So it's Xun... Xun Divine General, the Sect Leader is in seclusion; do not disturb."

Xun Yifei stood by the cave entrance, hesitating to move forward.

It had been so long; he finally ascended to the Heavenly Realm, yet there was no one by his side to share the joy.

His wife had gone to the Heavenly Realm to battle long ago, and their children had also been sent back to the Human World, living on Luoxian Mountain.

The secluded Xun Yifei, who didn't know for how long, truly missed his wife and children.

Since last night, he had prayed again and again to the Sect Master, hoping the Sect Master would send a transmission, but his pleas were met with silence every time.

Xun Yifei finally couldn't bear it and came to Tianya Residence to try his luck.

Unexpectedly, the Sect Master was indeed in the Mountain Realm!

And in seclusion?

"Xun Divine General, please... please leave, do not disturb the Sect Leader!" Shadow One bravely stepped forward.

Shadow One's special status as part of the Master of Ran Sect's close guard allowed such boldness; otherwise, who from the River Realm would dare speak to a Heavenly Realm Great Power in such a manner?

"I'll wait outside," Xun Yifei said helplessly as he withdrew.

"Who is it?" A voice faintly came from inside the tunnel.

Shadow One's face turned sour immediately, while Xun Yifei was instantly spirited, promptly kneeling on one knee: "Sect Leader, I am..."

"Oh?" Lu Ran appeared with a flash, holding the Silent Night Blade, his Simurgh Eyes penetrating the mist, recognizing the familiar figure.

He couldn't help but blink: "Isn't this Uncle Xun?"

Xun Yifei: "..."

"Wow, you've ascended to the Heavenly Realm!" Lu Ran helped up his Divine General, exclaiming joyfully, "Congratulations, haha! Finally!"

Xun Yifei smiled wryly: "Sect Leader, please don't tease me."

"Haha, welcome back to the team!" Lu Ran gave Xun Yifei a big hug, his palm thumping against the other's back.

Recollecting when Lu Ran had just entered the mountain and established the sect, Xun Yifei was a top card of the Ran Sect.

Who would have imagined the Ran Sect would develop so rapidly, leaving the former top card behind?

What a twist of fate...

To ascend from Sea Realm Peak to Heavenly Realm required a certain enlightenment, a sudden flash of insight—this mysterious thing had stalled Divine Seeking General for so long.

"Come~ I will take you to merge with the Evil Sculpture!" Lu Ran took hold of Xun Yifei's wrist, about to take off, but then stopped.

"Sect Leader?" Xun Yifei was somewhat puzzled.

Lu Ran gestured lightly with the Silent Night Blade.

In an instant, the nearby Shadow Guard Team around Tianya Residence all lost their precious Perception Techniques.

"How about it? Can you still cast spells?" Lu Ran inquired.

Xun Yifei also realized that an invisible force was trying to bind the Divine Power within him.

"Hoo~" Xun Yifei exerted himself to cast a spell, a luxurious silver-white fishtail materializing from his lower body.

Lu Ran swayed the Silent Night Blade again: "Second Rank isn't enough; we still have to move upwards in comprehension."

The Silent Night Blade had been promoted to Second Rank this morning, and its Domain of Silence, though effective range was small, could only bind targets at Sea Realm and below.

By the way, the Domain of Silence's range was five hundred meters.

For the Human Clan, that wasn't considered small.

But for Stone Sculptures, which were often two to three hundred meters tall, a mere five hundred meters was just a step across...

How could that be adequate!

Previously, when Lu Ran battled against Nu Ying, the Valkyrie's use of the Chi Ji Blade to wield the Domain of Silence covered far more than five hundred meters in diameter.

Need to make greater efforts.