

Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 306-310

Chapter 306: Trap

“There’s something looking at me!”

Qin Mu’s heart leaped. Even though he didn’t see the two eyes hidden in the darkness, he could feel their gaze.

He turned around, away from the bridge, and closed his eyes while slowly walking outside. His footsteps weren’t slow nor fast, and even though he had closed his eyes, he had still walked a circle, a perfect circle.

After he did so, Qin Mu stopped. The reason he walked in a circle was to calculate the precise location of the gaze. This involved using algebra skills to calculate space.

To other people, he would only be pacing around while thinking of some problem. No one would expect that he was actually calculating the location of the watcher.

His mind was greatly shaken. In the few steps, he had determined the source of the gaze and some extra information.

What was watching him was a pair of eyes, the distance between which were nine hundred yards! What a humongous entity!

‘Could it be the Youdu life form that was scared off by my one phrase of Youdu language when I boarded the ship?’

Qin Mu composed himself, his expression remaining normal. He didn’t reveal any hint of panic as he turned to walk toward the bridge.

He wanted to scout out the bridge first. If something happened, he would leave immediately and not stay around!

The bridge was the control room of a ship, the place where its direction, route, command battles, and evade attacks could be determined. This was the central administration of the treasured ship.

As long as Qin Mu entered the bridge and found the route map, he would be able to control this ship according to the map.

His heart was ablaze, for this ship carried his dreams of returning to Carefree Village.

Just as he walked into the bridge, a door suddenly opened and a great shaman barged after him carelessly.

When the two of them came face to face, they were both stunned. The great shaman was an expert that had been through many battles, so he reacted instantly and opened the mouth of the bottle gourd behind him. Countless souls instantly flew out, pouncing at Qin Mu!

At the same time, the great shaman shone with golden light as he executed Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures of Rolan's Golden Palace. His body swelled up and transformed into a one-eyed four-armed giant.

His eyes combined into one and still grew larger. Because of that, the mouth was squished and pushed to the bottom of the left cheek while the nose moved to the lowest part of the right cheek. He held a vajra truncheon in his hand, and the sections of the vajra pillars spun. They looked like four long and slender pagoda that came smashing as Qin Mu!

'Grand Shaman's disciple?'

Qin Mu could see that what he executed belonged to Rolan's Golden Palace from a single glance. The cultivation of this person was extremely dense, and the wandering souls spewing out from the bottle gourd on his back was his method of attacking.

Great shamans refined the souls of other people into wandering souls, and each one had great power. When a wandering soul entered the opponent's body to bite on their soul, even divine arts practitioners of Six Directions Realm would find it hard to defend themselves.

If dozens of wandering souls came attacking together and invaded the body, there was no way for divine arts practitioners of Six Directions to resist!

However, the wandering souls bottle gourd was still the best on the battlefield. Countless wandering souls could slip here and there, invading human bodies and eating away their souls. Only corpses would be left after they were done. This kind of attack was said to be successful in every way and had an astonishing power!

In front of Qingmen Pass, the most terrifying thing wasn't the knife pellets of Barbarian Di Empire, but the great shamans of Rolan's Golden Palace. Their attacks were simply strange and hard to guard against.

Countless wandering souls from the bottle gourd flew over with miserable shrieks. Behind Qin Mu, Gate of Heaven Influence opened up, and a cold wind blew out, sweeping away all the wandering souls with a swoosh!

As long as it were the souls of the dead, it was hard for them to escape the control of Youdu. Even if Rolan's Golden Palace had secrets arts to make the souls stay behind, using the souls of others to cultivate, and their attainments on this path were at a point that other sacred grounds couldn't reach, Gate of Heavenly Influence was their natural bane!

Gate of Heaven Influence swallowed all the wandering souls and shut itself. The miserable shrieks on the bridge instantly vanished.

The great shaman was astonished, and the bottle gourd behind him fell to the floor with a thud and shattered into pieces. His four arms moved up and down as the vajra truncheon on his hand transformed into four vajra pagodas. With his immense strength, he smashed them against his opponent.

Qin Mu didn't receive it head on but moved back to dodge. The Carefree Sword on his back flew out from its sheath, and the great shaman sneered. A beam of light shone from the vajra pagoda and hit Carefree Sword, sucking this treasured sword inside.

The great shaman's four golden truncheons might have looked like truncheons, but his spirit weapon was actually four pagodas that were refined to change their sizes at will. Once they were shrunken to the smallest possible size, they looked like truncheons which could be held in one's hands.

However when in battle, the great shaman could use the terrifying power of the pagodas to overwhelm his enemies, using invincible strength to smash the opponent into a pile of mush!

The pagodas were also unusual treasures that could take away the opponent's spirit weapons. If the opponent was not careful, their spirit weapons would be sucked into the pagodas. If this happened, the opponent could only die!

The great shaman had just taken away Qin Mu's Carefree Sword with his pagoda when he saw treasured swords flying out from behind the other and stabbing into the pagoda.

He was stunned and didn't react before the sword lights came flooding over like a sea, drowning him out. In an instant, the surroundings of the pagoda became filled with swords!

The arm of the great shaman gave in first. Even with his immense strength of a cyclops, he still couldn't carry such a heavy thing. A crisp crack came from his arm as his bone snapped.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh.

Several thousand treasured swords stabbed neatly around the pagoda to form an unimaginably huge sword pellet that had a radius of several yards. The great shaman had already disappeared by then.

Qin Mu walked toward the helm of the bridge, leaving behind the great shaman which had been stabbed to death under the gigantic sword pellet. Beneath it, there was a leg sticking out.

Qin Mu came to the front of the rudder. In this treasured ship, it was structurally different from those of Eternal Peace Empire's flying ships. The latter had one rudder which was used for changing the direction, rising, and descending, but the rudder of this treasured ship had other strange contraptions. There was also a silver helmet with red tassels.

Frowning, Qin Mu examined the contraptions in detail, but he still couldn't understand their usage. He hesitated for a moment before picked up the silver helmet and placing it on his head.

Hmmm...

Suddenly, his vision lit up, and the vast space in front of his eyes expanded and spread out. In a split second, the heaven and earth transformed, revealing the geographical features of Great Ruins, as well as Eternal Peace, the prairie, and the world of ice and snow in the north!

Qin Mu was stunned. 'The person who forged this ship truly had the hands of god. They stored the geographical features in the helmet, so it could be used to control the course of the treasure ship!'

He stretched out a finger and gently made a dot on the geographical map in front of him. IN an instant, the treasured ship trembled. It seemed to want to fly out from the beehive seals and toward the direction he had pointed.

However, the ship was firmly stuck in the seal between the two worlds and couldn't fly up.

'So that's how you control the movement of the treasured ship!'

Qin Mu was delighted and blinked a few times Suddenly, the scenery in front of him changed and an unfamiliar world appeared. It was the geographical map of another world. It had dark voids while the land was hidden in the depths, looking mysterious.

'What is this place? This isn't Eternal Peace nor is it the prairie...'

Qin Mu examined it again to be sure that he had really never seen this strange place before. He blinked a few times, and the scenery changed again, presenting a magnificent and wonderful world that was neither Great Ruins nor Eternal Peace.

He blinked his eyes again, and the scenery changed once more. This time, it was a water world with underwater mountains everywhere.

Qin Mu tried over ten times, and there were over a dozen or so geographical map that he saw. However, it was different from what he had imagined. These maps didn't specify what world they portrayed and had no indicated routes. It left him clueless regarding which world had Carefree Village, and how to find it even if he went to the right world.

'There definitely has to be a compass with the record of the route to Carefree Village, so as long as I find it, I will be able to fly this ship back to Carefree Village!'

Qin Mu looked around, and his gaze landed on the place where the compass should be placed. There, he should have seen a mirror similar to the one Village Chief had given him, but that place was empty.

'The compass mirror was shattered? Luckily I still have the compass mirror Grandpa Village Chief gave me; however, I wonder if I can solve the seal on it.'

He stretched his hand into the taotie sack to look for the compass mirror when he saw the shattered pieces on the floor.

The mirror had been deliberately smashed by someone so that other people couldn't know the location of Carefree Village!

‘Could the man in white have been the one that destroyed the mirror?’

Qin Mu was slightly stunned and pulled his hand out of the taotie sack. There were many gods that were chasing after the man in white. They had defeated him, and Carefree Sword had been shattered so he would have no more strength to fight against the gods. Yet he had still stayed to cover the escape of his passengers. While doing that, he must have destroyed the compass mirror with the route to Carefree Village before he died, not wanting people to find it.

‘In that case, this ship is a trap!’

A chill passed down Qin Mu’s back of the head, and his hair stood up on end. He pretended to search and started inching toward the door of the bridge.

‘The people who escaped into Youdu might still be alive. The aim of this trap is to capture them and find the route to Carefree Village! I have the mirror Grandpa Village Chief gave me, so if they get hold of it, they will be able to find Carefree Village!’

He passed by his sword pellet and it loosened up. The sword hilts started to fly outward= and break down, but the feeling of being watch swept over him again. The two eyes that were nine hundred yards away from each other had landed on his body again, applying terrifying pressure on him!

It was evident that the owner of the gaze was suspicious!

Qin Mu pretended to be startled and turned his head back as if he had just felt something. At that moment, the invasive gaze suddenly faded away.

“Which senior is hidden in the darkness?” Qin Mu asked loudly. “Much thanks to senior for your guidance, allowing junior to enter this treasured ship! Could senior please show himself?”

He waited for a moment, but no one replied.

Qin Mu revealed a look of disappointment and continued to collect his treasured swords one by one while sighing. “Since senior isn’t willing to show himself, this junior can only engrave this event in his heart.’

He walked toward the door of the bridge, his heartbeat slightly faster than before. He used his vital qi to suppress his heartbeat, making it come back to normal.

Just as he was about to leave the bridge, the door suddenly opened. Pangong Tso walked in and blocked the door with a smile. “Cult Master Qin, you have two choices: you can either take off the helmet or lose your head.”

Qin Mu almost blurted out vulgarities, wishing for more than anything to stab the guy’s chest with thousands of swords!

Chapter 307: Outstanding Shamelessness

“Qin your head!”

Qin Mu stabbed forward with one sword, and instantly eight thousand swords moved together, overwhelming Pangong Tso. While he did that, he shouted out ruthlessly, "Qin Gongtso, you and I cannot live under the same sky!"

'Qin Gongtso? Why is he calling me Qin Gongtso?'

Pangong Tso was stunned, but he didn't think much about it. He immediately smacked the taotie sack around his waist, and a huge banner leaped out. He grabbed it and turned around while shaking the banner, causing countless locusts to fly out. The locusts buzzed around him before shifting toward Qin Mu's sword rain.

The locusts pounce on his flying sword as well as all the others. They gnawed on them with kacha kacha sounds, but they couldn't bite through.

Qin Mu's refinement of eight thousand swords had nearly depleted all the highest quality materials in Heavenly Devil Cult. Even though the eight thousand swords were mostly made of black gold, every sword came from the hands of Qin Mu, a forging professional. When he was tempering the swords, he added the highest quality metals that were even better than the materials used for Junior Protector Sword and the other first ranking high officials' swords.

Even though Qin Mu's cultivation was limited and he couldn't raise the power of the eight thousand swords to the level of Junior Protector Sword, they were no inferior to it due to their hardness.

Qin Mu operated his sword energy to slash at the locusts only to hear endless clanging sounds. With sparks flying in all directions, his swords actually didn't harm the locusts at all, surprising him, 'This guy also has some treasures!'

Qin Mu's own taotie sack had been stolen from Rolan's Golden Palace as well as most of that place's treasures. However, Pangong Tso was the grandmaster of Rolan's Golden Palace, so his position far surpassed that of Grand Shaman, and he had his own treasure vault and wasn't robbed by Qin Mu.

He had numerous spirit weapons, and the locusts actually came from a technique that belonged to Venomous Insect Hall of Heavenly Devil Cult's Great Educational Heavenly Devil Scriptures. It was an unusual treasure which was refined with the technique of venomous insect refinement.

Pangong Tso had entered Heavenly Devil Cult once and learned Great Educational Heavenly Devil Scriptures. Even though he had not received Unity Technique, he had learned all of the techniques in Great Educational Heavenly Devil Scriptures.

The venomous insects in his taotie sack were a cult legacy level treasure, and they had been fused with the skill of soul cultivation. Every venomous insect was refined to not only attack the corporeal body, but also the souls of the enemy. The offensive soul insects of Rolan's Golden Palace's Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures had been derived from the path of venomous insects in Great Educational Heavenly Devil Scriptures.

The hardness of the locusts exceeded metal, and they could change their sizes at will since when they had been refined in his previous life. An ordinary spirit weapon would be cleanly eaten by the flying locusts without a scrap left.

Since the locusts had shaman spells that attacked souls, they were proficient in tainting other people's spirit weapons as well. Once this happened, the owners would lose control of their spirit weapons, which would make it easy for other to slaughter them.

The most important point was that normal cult master level treasures exhausted quite a lot of cultivation in their execution, while the use of locusts didn't burden Pangong Tso much. This was why he used this treasure the instant he clashed with Qin Mu.

He knew that Qin Mu's cultivation was abnormally dense and even surpassed his. Even if he was recultivating after a reincarnation and his speed of cultivation was much faster than that of Qin Mu, he didn't dare to underestimate him. He didn't think he could overwhelm Qin Mu with just cultivation.

Qin Mu had a lot of flying swords and there was also quite a number of flying locusts. Both of them were actually executing sword skills, both flashing in the air all the time. What Qin Mu had executed was Dao Sect's third writing of Dao Sword, and Pangong Tso had also executed the third writing of Dao Sword.

Five Colored Auspicious Clouds Cover, Celestial Sounds Tinkling on the Three Heavens!

These moves and sword skills in the hands of Dao Sect's disciples could be said to be magical and out of the mortal world.

However, in the hands of the two on this battlefield, the sword qi and flying locusts had no celestial breath. Qin Mu's sword lights were overbearing as eight thousand swords formed five colored auspicious clouds; his three aeons and five qi were also incomparably overbearing. When the flying swords collided, there was no celestial atmosphere, the cadence having turned into the rumblings of battle drums when soldiers marched into battle with their murderous intent!

Pangong Tso, on the other hand, had executed the third writing with shaman spells, the flying locusts turning into the clouds. The gorgeous five colors rolled with demonic nature and looked like all kinds of poison spreading about. With the addition of strangeness of shaman spells and shaman poison as well as the weird chirping of locusts, the celestial sounds were defiled.

Boom!

The powers of the third writing of Dao Sword burst forth as the swords clashed with the locusts. With the explosion of the two moves, the bodies of the combatants trembled violently as they fell back, smashing against the walls of the bridge. Blood dripped down the corners of their mouths.

"Qin Gongtso, your death is due!"

Qin Mu's body jolted and broke free from the wall. With both of his hands raised high above his head, his little and ring finger clasped inwards, his middle and index finger stretched straight out and his thumb clasped inwards, he clutched the sword formula.

Carefree Sword instantly flew over with its sword tip pointing upwards. Eight thousand swords came whooshing over, forming a large sword. The eight thousand swords took Carefree Sword as their core while they swirled around it continuously, executing both Drill Sword Form and Hack Sword Form.

Qin Mu's hand slashed downwards.

Whoosh!

A huge sword came falling on Pangong Tso!

"Cult Master Qin, for you to control so many swords, is your cultivation going to be enough?"

Pangong Tso swung his Ten Thousand Locusts Banner left and right. Countless flying locusts flew back, attaching themselves onto the backs of one another, forming a giant shield. The sword and flying locusts clashed, and the sword skill transformed. Countless swords started spiraling as they changed to Spiral Sword Form. The locusts that were refined until they were like steel made the swords unable to drill through, but Spiral Sword Form could tunnel into the gaps in between to slash at Pangong Tso who was at the back.

"Qin Gongtso, your magic power isn't enough as well, right?" Qin Mu said ruthlessly.

Pangong Tso was bewildered inside. "Why does this brat keep calling me Qin Gongtso? My surname is not even Qin, weird..."

What he didn't know was that the owner of this ship was called Qin, and he had come from the Qin Family of Carefree Village. On top of that, the behemoth whose eyes were nine hundred yards apart guarded this ship while waiting for the people of Carefree Village to come back!

Qin Mu had deceived that terrifying entity with difficulty, acting as a muddle-headed explorer that had found his way here. Just as he was about to walk out of this trap though, Pangong Tso had to call him Cult Master Qin, which was clearly pushing him into the pit of death!

Therefore, Qin Mu brought him down with him, dragging him into this mess by purposely calling him Qin Gongtso. It was basically the mentality of 'if I have to die, you will be accompanying me'.

Qin Mu wasn't wrong in his previous words. Pangong Tso's magic power was somewhat unable to make ends meet. Even though the requirement for cultivation for his Ten Thousand Locusts Banner wasn't high, it was still a cult legacy treasure. Since he was still on Six Directions Realm, it was pretty exhausting to execute a treasure that was on Divine Bridge Realm.

Competing with the third writing of Dao Sword against Qin Mu had exhausted pretty much all of his vital qi; otherwise, he wouldn't have used Ten Thousand Locusts Banner as a shield to block Qin Mu's sword moves.

Qin Mu's exhaustion also ran extremely deep. Otherwise, he wouldn't have used basic sword forms like Drill Sword Form, Spiral Sword Form, and Hack Sword Form. Instead, he would have used big moves like Dao Sword.

The two of them controlled their spirit weapons strenuously, but since both of them were extremely astonishing and surpassed the category of Six Directions Realm, the two people would definitely die miserably if they weren't careful in defending against the opponent's spirit weapon, thus it was impossible to stop halfway. They could only struggle with their lives to rouse their vital qi to fight each other.

"Qin Gongtso, can you give way please?" Qin Mu gritted his teeth. With his vital qi cultivation, it was difficult for him to control so many treasured swords. Because of that, several thousand swords fell to the ground or stabbed themselves into the walls.

However, it was time for him to attack. Several thousand flying swords flew up to execute all kinds of sword moves with fierce momentum.

Pangong Tso couldn't control all of his locusts, so several thousand of them landed on the ground. They wanted to fly up, but there was simply not enough vital qi to control them. Pangong Tso could only control several hundred locusts to clash with Qin Mu.

"As long as Cult Master Qin takes down the helmet on your head, I'll let you off!" Pangong Tso sneered.

The spirit weapons that the two of them could control became fewer and fewer in number. Suddenly, Qin Mu executed Rulai's Mahayana Sutra, transforming into a huge buddha to fight close combat with Pangong Tso. With a huge mudra pressing down, the gods and buddha of eight heavens appeared behind him with resounding buddha voice.

The first form of Thunderclap Eight Strikes, Spring Thunder on the Lonely East Sea!

"Vajra Unbeatable!"

Pangong Tso sneered and also executed Rulai's Mahayana Sutra, executing Vajra Unbeatable Technique. Gold flowed throughout his whole body as if vajra was protecting him as he clashed with Qin Mu.

He had learned the technique and divine arts of Rulai's Mahayana Sutra, but Qin Mu had only learned the technique, so he was definitely inferior to him in divine arts. To Pangong Tso's surprise, even though Qin Mu had executed Rulai's Mahayana Sutra, his leg skills changed and became unpredictable. They had myriad changes, and his body frantically circled around like a phantom!

Pangong Tso was caught off guard and got kicked in the groin by Qin Mu's raised knee. The sudden pain caused him to tear instantly and suck in a cold breath.

Thud, thud, thud.

Qin Mu landed numerous kicks on his face, forcing him to move back continuously until his back hugged the wall. Just as death was imminent, Pangong Tso's body suddenly transformed into a shadow, and he escaped through the wall. What he executed was Great Educational Heavenly Devil Scriptures' Phantom Illusion Technique, which allowed him to avoid Qin Mu's Heaven Pilfering Divine Legs.

Qin Mu sprinted toward the door of the bridge in delight while controlling his swords at the same time to stab at the shadow. Just as he reached the door and was about to open it and rush out, his legs were

fixed in place. It was Pangong Tso who had used his flying locusts to block his flying swords before sticking his shadow close to the ground, stretching out two shadowy hands to grab his ankles.

“Cult Master Qin should leave the helmet!”

Pangong Tso gave a forceful pull, and Qin Mu transformed into a black shadow which went down to the ground. Both of them had executed Phantom Illusion Technique to transform into two shadows, flashing here and there on the walls and the floor to attack each other ruthlessly.

Bang!

The walls of the bridge trembled violently, and Pangong Tso was blasted into the wall, transforming back into his physical body from the shadow. He immediately sent his flying locusts to bite Qin Mu’s shadow that was on the wall.

Qin Mu swam quickly through the wall before dropping down from the ceiling of the bridge. His legs were still shadowy, but his body had already returned back to normal as he gave a mudra and forced Pangong Tso to tumble away.

Pangong Tso leaped up, but he didn’t attack. Instead, he stared blankly behind Qin Mu as droplets of sweat rolled down his forehead.

Qin Mu was about to attack him when he suddenly felt something wrong as well. He froze when he felt two terrifying eyes land on his body.

He couldn’t help dispersing his Phantom Illusion Technique to land back on the floor and turn his head to look behind him with difficulty.

In the darkness outside the bridge, two huge eyes appeared. One of them was on the left side of the bridge while the other was on the right. The distance between the eyes was nine hundred yards.

The pupils of the two eyes were vertical and looked strangely evil as they gazed at the two men.

Pangong Tso’s body trembled, and his legs became shaky. In a hoarse voice, he said, “Cult Master Qin, now I know why you want to leave this place...”

“Qin Gongtso, you son of a bitch!” Qin Mu gritted his teeth. “If not for you, I would have left long ago!”

An unpleasant voice came from below the two pupils. It was a screeching sound that was like nails scratching steel. “Which one of you has the surname Qin?”

“Him!” Qin Mu and Pangong Tso raised their hands at the same time to point at each other.

Chapter 308: Sabotaging Each Other

Pangong Tso was angry and anxious as he stuttered, “Cult Master Qin, don’t joke with me, my surname isn’t Qin, I’m from the barbarian tribe...”

Qin Mu was furious and shouted, "Qin Gongtso, are you not acknowledging your ancestors of Qin Family? You even said you were born in Carefree Village..."

"Little liar, shut up!"

Pangong Tso attacked with overflowing anger, and Qin Mu immediately defended. One of them executed Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures to transform into a bird-headed mutant while the other one executed Nine Dragons Monarch Technique to look like an awe-inspiring emperor. With the roars of dragons and cries of birds, the dragon-shaped divine arts clashed numerous times with the bird feather swords.

The two of them may have looked young, but they were both ruthless. Each of their attacks was lethal, and every move wanted the other party's life. Based on the intricate moves, there were no divine arts practitioners in Six Directions Realm that could be compared to them.

However, because the battle earlier had exhausted too much of their strength, their vital qi wasn't as dense as earlier. The power of their moves was still no small matter, though.

Even if they fought fiercely, looking like they didn't want anything more than to beat the other to death, their feet were still inching closer and closer to the door.

They knew what each other was thinking about, and they fought closer and closer to the door. Just as they were about to open it and escape, the treasured ship trembled violently. The owner of the two eyes outside the bridge was slightly angered, so it shook the ship and caused it to tremble endlessly.

Suddenly, an invisible force came over and bound the two, pulling them to the windows of the bridge. They immediately stopped and didn't dare to resist. The abilities of this mysterious entity were a profound mystery, and even Pangong Tso felt his scalp crawl. Even at his strongest in his previous lifetime, he wouldn't have been its match.

The two huge eyes outside of the ship had a hint of anger. The sinister voice next made them shudder without even feeling cold. "Which one of you has the surname Qin?"

Qin Mu and Pangong Tso pointed their fingers at each other in unison. "Him!"

That voice spoke again. "Both of your surnames are Qin?"

Pangong Tso shuddered and immediately said loudly, "My surname is not Qin, I'm the grandmaster of Rolan's Golden Palace, senior can ask around..."

The foreign voice was very strange and seemed to brush across their souls. It was ear-piercing and shaking them into numbers. "Since your surname isn't Qin, there's no need for you to stay alive."

"Looking at how things are now, it seems like I can't hide it from senior anymore," Pangong Tso said with a resolute expression. "That's right, I'm none other than Qin Gongtso! This guy beside me is the grandmaster of Rolan's Golden Palace, taking other people's bodies through reincarnation, he's called Pan Mu. May I invite senior to make a move to immediately get rid of this useless person!"

Qin Mu sneered, "You called me Cult Master Qin just now, so could your words be bullshit?"

The two people looked at each other furiously and gritted their teeth, wanting to dig into each other's chests to pull out that black heart out to gnaw on.

The voice was silent for a moment before asking, "Which one of you is sixteen years old?"

Pangong Tso and Qin Mu looked at each other in the eyes, then Qin Mu immediately said, "I'm sixteen years old!"

Pangong Tso also said in a hurry, "I'm also coincidentally sixteen years old!"

Even though Qin Mu was fifteen years old in name, his age was counted since when Granny Si had picked him up. The people in the village were always debating about that. Some felt that he was fifteen and some felt that he was sixteen, so Qin Mu didn't know how old he was exactly.

Pangong Tso was only thirteen years old, but because he was a person of the prairie, staying in the wind and sun daily had made him look much more mature. Therefore, both of them looked like fifteen to sixteen years old.

The pair of vertical pupils revealed a confused expression, not knowing what to do with the current situation.

It was different from what he had imagined. He had guessed that it would be either people from Carefree Village or a sixteen years old boy with the surname Qin who would come to take the treasured ship back to Carefree Village. Yet now there were two youths that looked to be the same age with surnames Qin!

Who was real and who was fake, he couldn't determine it.

"You guys shall activate this ship and head to Carefree Village!" the voice declared. "No matter which one of you has the surname Qin, as long as you can get this treasured ship to Carefree Village, you won't die."

Qin Mu immediately took the silver colored helmet off and stuffed it in Pangong Tso's hands with a sincere expression. "Qin Gongtso, didn't you always want this helmet? Now you can take it away."

Pangong Tso picked the helmet with a headache. He wanted to reject yet Qin Mu kept pushing it to him so he couldn't help scolding him countless times in his heart. However, he still put the helmet on.

His gaze wavered. Even if it was him who had lived for ten thousand years, experienced countless historical moments, had lots of knowledge and secrets, he still didn't know much regarding Carefree Village, let alone where it was located.

He only knew from the records of Dao Sect, Great Thunderclap Monastery, and Little Jade Capital that it was a place to become a god. Gods were active there, and they were the remnants of Founding Emperor Era.

Him coming here this time was also in hopes to rely on this ship to bring him to the mysterious place so he could become a god. Now that he had received the control helmet that he had dreamed about, how was he going to go to that so-called Carefree Village?

He wore the helmet and felt his brain become several times larger, making his groan uncontrollably.

What a sabotage.

He was sabotaged by Qin Mu.

No wonder that fellow had called him Qin Gongtso the moment he met him. He had been waiting for him here!

‘However, if you think I will die here, you’re underestimating me too much! In ten thousand years, countless geniuses had died. No matter whether they were Dao Masters, Rulais, or immortals, didn’t they all just die when their time was up? Over the ten thousand years, only I survived, and what I relied upon wasn’t my comprehension or aptitude, but my extraordinary abilities! The reason I survived for so long isn’t because of luck!’

Pangong Tso’s gaze flickered, and he quickly figured out the controlling method of the silver-colored helmet. He tried to dot the geographical map on top of the helmet, and the treasured ship trembled, but it still didn’t pull itself out from the beehive seals.

“Senior,” Pangong Tso immediately said, “this ship is stuck and can’t be moved.”

Suddenly, the treasured ship trembled violently and shook off the beehive seals in the surroundings. It was obvious that the terrifying entity had made a move to shake this treasured ship out.

The beehive seals loosened from the vibration and numerous cracks appeared. The seals then crumbled like colored glass, and the devil qi of Youdu poured into Great Ruins.

At this moment, the two white bat god sculptures trembled, and the mountain rocks rumbled, falling off the three thousand yards sculpture.

Where the mountain rocks once were, the two white bat god sculptures revealed the color of flesh. Blood could faintly be seen running under their skins.

Thump!

The sound of heartbeat suddenly came from the bodies of the two sculptures, and it was deafening.

In front of the treasured ship, the huge sculpture that was half buried underground was also trembling. The black rocks on its body flew off in all directions and smashed onto the cliffs in the surroundings, splitting open the stone cliffs with loud cracking noise!

The black rocks that came off the sculpture also revealed the color of flesh underneath. It looked like a god that was petrified was waking up again!

Pangong Tso was delighted. He knew many secrets that others didn't. In regards to Great Ruins, he also knew quite a lot. During one lifetime, he had found a treasured land and encountered an unimaginable change of events when he was exploring it.

There was a seal in that treasured land at that time, and he thought there would be some world-shaking treasure there. Never would he have expected that after he broke the seal by force, it was not treasures inside. Instead, it was a devil god!

However, right when he thought he would surely die, a sculpture of a divine beast suddenly transformed from stone to flesh as if the divine beast had revived and beat up that devil god that wanted to kill him half dead, sealing him once again.

After that, the divine beast returned back to the stone platform and its body gradually petrified once more. It changed back into a stone sculpture.

From that time onwards, Pangong Tso rarely stepped into Great Ruins. He knew that there were too many secrets buried there, and too many dangers as well as murderous intent. Any carelessness and he would die inexplicably.

However, this time, he borrowed the strangeness of Great Ruins to fight against the mysterious entity!

The treasured ship was embedded in the seals, so if it was moved, the seals would be broken and the gods and devils that had created this seal would revive from their stone statue state!

With this, Pangong Tso would be able to resolve the danger in front of him!

From the tremors outside, the current situation was progressing as he had expected. The god statues that were reviving would soon clash with the terrifying entity, and when that happened, that entity wouldn't have the time to take note of him!

Furthermore, he would be able to attain this ship and the silver-colored helmet that controlled it!

As expected, the tremors outside became even more violent. Even though he couldn't see what was happening, from the pulses of the clashes, he could imagine how the terrifying entity was discovered by the sculptures that had revived and were clashing against each other!

"Hahaha, this ship is finally mine..."

Boom!

Before he could even finish laughing, a punch smashed ruthlessly onto his chest, and the helmet fell off his head. Qin Mu grabbed the red tassels and laughed loudly as he punched his opponent away.

Pangong Tso was furious and sent his flying locust to attack.

Qin Mu raised his hand, and Carefree Sword brought other its flying swords to block the attacks of the flying locusts while he himself walked towards the cabin door. Pangong Tso guarded the cabin door, his face filled with murderous intent as he attacked ruthlessly.

The two of them clashed once more and exchanged hundreds and thousands of blows in an instant. Suddenly, the treasured ship gently jolted and slid off from the shattered beehive seals, landing into the Youdu world shrouded in darkness.

The two of them were astonished and hurriedly looked out the bridge only to see the ship in darkness, floating away silently. Meanwhile, behind the ship, the beehive seals were currently disintegrating, their glows extinguished one after another. They were getting farther and farther away from them.

Qin Mu hurriedly put on the helmet and tried to control the treasured ship to sail back. The beehive seals were the gate for them to leave Youdu world. If they floated deeper into this land, no one could tell what dangers they would face.

Never did he expected to get hit by Pangong Tso the moment he put on the helmet, which resulted in him being smacked ruthlessly into the window. The helmet was then snatched by Pangong Tso, who put it on his head.

Qin Mu sent a sword out and flicked Pangong Tso up, then threw him to the side the next instant and took the silver helmet back for himself.

The two of them landed on the ground and looked at each other ruthlessly. Suddenly, the last beehive seal shattered and the light vanished. The treasured ship continued moving, and the hearts of the two people turned cold. Neither of them knew where the entrance to the real world was anymore.

“It’s your fault!” Qin Mu and Pangong Tso said in unison.

Chapter 309: Grandmaster is Wise

In the bridge, two figures moved up and down as Qin Mu and Pangong Tso was still beating each other up and struggling for their lives.

They thought that since they couldn’t find the entrance to the real world, why shouldn’t they just get rid of their hindrance first. Only by killing the other party could they continue to control this treasured ship to find the exit.

Otherwise, it would be quite a headache with such a great enemy watching their every move and free to stab them in the back at any time.

Pangong Tso was a person who had reincarnated. His advancement in cultivation was amazingly rapid, and Qin Mu didn’t want to leave him alive. If he dragged this out, Pangong Tso’s cultivation might just surpass his, so he had to get rid of him as soon as possible.

Pangong Tso, on the other hand, realized the dreadfulness of this new human emperor. The potential of his growth was astonishing, and his character was sinister and cunning. It was hard to scheme against him, so he might end up the one getting duped. The longer he dragged this out, the more dangerous it would become, so he had to get rid of Qin Mu as soon as possible.

The two of them had already exhausted their cultivations, no longer having the ability to swiftly kill each other. As they tried to kill each other, their vital qi exhaustion increased even more drastically. Not long later, the two of them were covered in wounds and gasping for breath.

Bang!

The two of them clashed for the final time, and then fell to the ground on their backs. Neither of them had any more vital qi or strength to stand up.

Qin Mu crawled with difficulty to one of the flying swords and grabbed its hilt as he revealed a smile. It froze soon, though. 'Si Yunxiang, I'll definitely smack your bum into three segments and make you unable to lie down on the bed for half a month!'

He had grabbed the sword hilt, but since his flying swords were all made from Black Gold Essence, each one was about three hundred pounds in weight. With his current strength, he couldn't even drag one!

As for why they were so heavy, it was naturally Si Yunxiang's great doing!

On the other side, Pangong Tso was trying his best to gather a trace of magic power to execute a flying locust to get rid of Qin Mu. However, his vital qi kept breaking off, causing the flying locust to not be able to fly. It could only slowly crawl towards Qin Mu, its speed not any faster than that of an ant.

Qin Mu turned around and tried his best to crawl toward Pangong Tso. On his way, he took out a bunch of toxic herbs from his taotie sack with a strange smile on his face.

The flying locust that Pangong Tso had controlled finally caught up to Qin Mu's thigh and landed on it to take a bite. However, since his vital qi was simply too weak and the strength of the flying locust wasn't big, it took it a very long time only to bite through the pants.

Qin Mu by then crawled forward while enduring the pain, and Pangong Tso became flustered. He tried his best to flip over and use both his arms and legs as well as his chin to push himself away from Qin Mu.

One of them hurried away while the other gave chase at a speed that was slow enough to raise hackles.

They pushed themselves for a long time and crawled some three to six yards. Suddenly, Pangong Tso pulled out something from his taotie sack. It was a bottle gourd that stored shaman poison.

Pangong Tso was delighted. This was the shaman poison he had refined in his previous lifetime, and its toxicity was fierce. It was easy to use it to get rid of Qin Mu, so he stopped crawling away and turned back to reach his opponent.

Qin Mu saw this and immediately turned around, which took him quite a while. The poison in his own was only a half-complete one, while the one Pangong Tso held was completed shaman poison, its toxicity to not to be underestimated.

"Rascal, you're dead!" Pangong Tso moved quickly and finally caught up to Qin Mu's legs. He tried to open the mouth of the bottle gourd with excitement until his face turned red from holding his breath, but he still couldn't pull it open.

Qin Mu thought he was definitely going to die and turned back to look. Pangong Tso then immediately repeated himself, "Rascal, you're dead!" He hoped that it would scare him off.

"Little Prince, you're already out of strength, aren't you?"

Qin Mu sent a kick over and stuffed his foot into the other's mouth, trying to choke him. Pangong Tso's eyes almost rolled backward from disgust. He then hardened his heart. 'I've already reincarnated so many times, so why am I still bothered by the insult of the corporeal body?'

He bit down onto Qin Mu's foot, and Qin Mu pulled back his feet from the pain. He sneered before applying poison onto his foot, preparing to stuff it back into his mouth once more.

Pangong Tso took the chance when he was applying poison to crawl over. The two of them twisted their bodies around as they tried to choke each other; however, they had no strength in their hands.

Furthermore, the breath of divine arts practitioners on Six Directions Realm was astonishingly long. After choking each other for more than an hour, they still couldn't choke each other to death. Instead, they had exhausted the last bits of strength they'd had left.

The two of them turned completely limp, only their fingertips, toes, and eyeballs still slowly moving.

They were doing their best to adjust their breaths to recover a little of vital qi, wanting to get rid of the other party before they could recover.

As time slowly ticked by, Qin Mu recovered some strength. He took out dragon saliva to apply on his wounds. Even with a body forged by iron wouldn't be able to endure letting blood to just flow out from the wounds.

On the other side, Pangong Tso took out a jade bottle and consumed some medicine. As an existence which had lived for ten thousand years, he had learned a lot of stuff and had very deep attainments on the path of healing. He had also researched famous shaman poisons and could even poison a soul.

Qin Mu took a glance at him and revealed a fearful look.

Pangong Tso was a jack of all trades that was rarely seen. He was proficient in all kinds of skills. Even though they didn't reach the highest possible levels, they weren't ordinary. If he was able to combine all he had learned into one, he would definitely have an astonishing improvement. Of course, that was very difficult.

Pangong Tso had no hope in fusing all that he had learned. Even though he had superior abilities and wisdom, his drive had long been obliterated; there was no more heart to improve within him.

Pangong Tso didn't continue to attack. After going through so many lifetimes, he still couldn't hold an upper hand against Qin Mu.

When he met him for the first time, he was pressured by him and nearly lost his life. This time, both sides resulted in utter defeat. This really set him back.

In his body was the power of his previous lifetimes, but he couldn't touch it carelessly. He had to continue raising the durability of this body, polishing its foundation so that it could endure more power.

The power of his previous lifetimes was too terrifying, so if he was careless, he would explode his current body. However, as long as he improved it, his cultivation would reach the peak it once had. Because of that, his speed in cultivating was still superior to that of Qin Mu.

However, it had been five months since they had last met, so according to logic, his cultivation should have left Qin Mu far behind. Never had he expected that they would still be evenly matched.

The two of them didn't say anything and just looked out of the windows.

The Youdu world looked no different whether one looked up or down. There were no four seasons, no earth, sun, and moon, and naturally, there weren't any north, south, east, or west. Any other world would have the differences in six directions, but this place didn't.

In the lonely Youdu, the treasured ship floated aimlessly in the darkness.

The farther it floated away, the harder it would become for it to return to the real world. In this kind of loneliness, its passengers would probably go crazy before long!

Outside the ship, a light flashed in the darkness of Youdu. It was a life form of Youdu, flashing its light in the darkness to attract prey.

However, what was weird was ever since the treasured ship had entered Youdu, there had been no terrifying Youdu life forms coming near it.

Qin Mu and Pangong Tso suddenly thought of the reason and were astonished, 'There's probably another terrifying existence on this ship which is why the life forms of Youdu don't dare to come near!'

The terrifying thing was naturally something else that was on the ship and not them.

Qin Mu recalled the devil qi that had poured forward when he just boarded the ship. This confirmed to him that they weren't the only ones on the ship. There were other things hiding somewhere!

'The human heart is really sinister. This world is so challenging. My bones might get cleanly eaten if I let myself be a little careless.'

Qin Mu stood up shakily, and Pangong Tso immediately became alert. He hurriedly went into a defensive pose, but Qin Mu didn't attack. Instead, he took down the taotie sack from his back and opened it, then put all of his flying swords back inside.

Pangong Tso sighed and also put his flying locusts back. "Cult Master Qin, there's still an unpredictable danger on this ship so we should work together and walk through this crisis in as one instead of continuing to fight each other to the death. What do you think?"

Qin Mu beamed. "I had the same idea as well. However, it's hard for me to be at ease working with you."

Pangong Tso's gaze flickered, and he said, "I'm not reassured about you as well. Cult Master Qin, you and I are opponents, and I had underestimated you in the past. However, from now on I won't underestimate you anymore. This journey was different from what I had imagined: entering Youdu world muddle-headed, and there are still secrets on the ship as well as a terrifying existence in hiding. You and I have to bury the hatchet and work together, only then can we manage to leave this place alive. If we continue fighting like this, we will only die here!"

Qin Mu then said reluctantly, "In that case, we will cooperate only on this ship. Once we are off it, we'll return to being enemies."

Pangong Tso revealed a smile and nodded. "Deal!"

"Deal!" Qin Mu hesitated for a moment. "Do we need to sign the Pact of Earth Count?"

Pangong Tso smiled and said, "No need for so much trouble, we're only temporarily cooperating."

Qin Mu nodded in agreement. "It seems to be so."

Pangong Tso let out a sigh of relief to himself. 'This new human emperor is still young; he can't outwit me. If I signed the Pact of Earth Count with you, I could only ally with you. How would I have the chance to get rid of you then?'

Both of them had ill intentions, but Pangong Tso was the first to speak, "We need to find my subordinates so we can regroup, only then will we have the strength to protect ourselves."

Qin Mu nodded and said, "Grandmaster is right. We'll do as you say. That's right, Grandmaster, this silver helmet..." He took out the silver helmet with the red tassels and gave it a troubled look.

Pangong Tso wanted to snatch it, but he was afraid that Qin Mu would sneakily attack him when he put on the helmet and shook his head. "Now that you and I are working together, we will naturally have to trust each other. You shall safe keep it for now and follow me. I have calculated the marvel of the rooms in the ship, what's used there is the spell of integration."

Qin Mu was sincerely impressed. "Grandmaster is wise!"

The two of them finished packing up and walked out of the cabin only to see the ship completely empty. There was nobody else, no sign of any life. There was only some green liquid glowing on the deck.

The treasured ship was huge. The white bats, the dragon qilin, the great shamans, and shaman kings that Pangong Tso had brought as well as the soldiers of Barbarian Di Empire were most likely still trapped in the rooms.

The two of them consumed some spirit pills and tried their utmost best to recover their cultivations. As they walked side by side into a room, Qin Mu executed Overlord Body Three Elixir Technique to catalyze the medicinal energy. His cultivation recovered twenty to thirty percent, and the wounds on his body

had already scabbed over. Those scabs started to fall off because of the dragon saliva he'd applied earlier.

Pangong Tso's injuries were also much better. His spirit medicine wasn't inferior to that of Qin Mu.

Suddenly, Qin Mu saw the old man from the painting flashing across a wall and his heart couldn't help stirring, making him give chase immediately.

Pangong Tso immediately shouted, "That's the wrong way!"

However, Qin Mu had already opened another door and rushed into the room!

Pangong Tso forced himself to follow after him, furious in his heart. 'If there was a place in which I could still use you, I would have gotten rid of you long ago! Rascal, if you land in my hands, I won't let you have an easy death!'

Chapter 310: Mysterious Corridor

They barged into the room, but the elder in the painting didn't stop. He went into another room, and Qin Mu quickly followed after him. There, he came face to face with another person, and the two of them nearly collided as they avoided each other in a hurry.

At the instant the two figures met, they were both astonished.

"Heavenly Devil Cult Master!"

"Barbarian Di Empire's soldier!"

Qin Mu's reaction was faster. At the instant they crossed each other, his palm was raised, sounds bursting off it. With thunderous rumbles, his mudra was imprinted on the back of that person's heart.

Tempest of the Nine Dragons!

His palm landed on the back of that person's heart, and his strength poured out. Only then did that person react. When the knife pellets rose into the air, the power in Qin Mu's move had already burst forth. The dragon-shaped force bombarded the person. The first wave crumbled the vital qi protecting his body, the second wave destroyed the structure of the muscles at the back of his heart, the third wave crumbled his bones, the fourth wave shattered his heart, and the fifth wave pierced his chest, transforming into a blood dragon that burst out from his body!

The knife pellets of that soldier from Barbarian Di Empire rose into the sky, and fine curved blades hummed as they separated. At this moment, Qin Mu raised Carefree Sword, and it sliced the knife pellets into halves.

They instantly broke down and transformed into hundreds of broken knives that dropped to the floor. The vital qi of that Barbarian Di Empire's soldier dispersed, and he collapsed to the ground, dead.

Pangong Tso was a step too late, unable to save that soldier. By the time he got close, Qin Mu had already closed in and killed that person. Pangong Tso couldn't help becoming furious and shouted sternly, "Cult Master Qin, that was my man!"

Qin Mu's Carefree Sword returned back into its sheath, and he shook his head. "Your man's first reaction in seeing me was to kill me so I only defended myself. If I didn't make the first move, I'd be the one lying down there. If Grandmaster is not happy, why don't you walk in front? If your men meet you, they won't make a move."

Pangong Tso was hesitant. If he was to walk in front of Qin Mu, he would show him his back. Seeing how the brat had killed that Barbarian Di Empire's soldier with nimbleness, it was clear that he would be even more nimble if there was a chance to kill him.

He didn't dare to hand his back to Qin Mu.

Furthermore, Qin Mu only mentioned one situation. If the next person wasn't Pangong Tso's man but the two white bats or the dragon qilin, Pangong Tso could already imagine his end once he got trapped between the two forces.

However, it was a horrible plan to run around aimlessly. Qin Mu was barging into rooms at random without any pattern. It was clear that he hadn't solved the integration on the treasured ship. If Pangong Tso continued to go through room after room with him aimlessly, he would probably also lose his direction and would have to recalculate the structure of the rooms on the ship.

'I can't let this brat lead the way,' Pangong Tso thought while opening a room. "Here!"

Sound of a door opening came from his back, and he saw that Qin Mu had already run into another room. Pangong Tso was furious, but he could only chase after. In the end, the silver helmet that controlled this ship was still with Qin Mu.

The two of them came to the next room and suddenly stopped. Qin Mu lifted his feet, noticing that there was some sticky liquid stuck to it.

The room was covered in green sticky liquid that filled the ground and walls. Even the table was covered with it.

Qin Mu looked around and saw that the elder from the painting was also in the room. He was carefully avoiding the sticky liquid, moving through places that did not have it.

He was a human from a painting, and this sticky liquid was dangerous to him as it could glue him to a place, thus he had to avoid it.

Pangong Tso also saw the old man from the painting and was astonished. He hurriedly waved the Thousand Locusts Banner in his hands and violent clanks sounded out as Qin Mu executed his flying swords to block the flying locusts.

Pangong Tso was furious and looked at Qin Mu while asking in a stern voice, "Doesn't Cult Master Qin owe me an explanation?"

Qin Mu said indifferently, "My surname is Qin, this is the best explanation."

Pangong Tso's heart trembled violently as he instantly caught the crux of the matter.

The terrifying entity whose eyes were nine hundred yards apart had been waiting for a person with the surname Qin. The reason why the two of them had caught its interest was because they were 'both' Qin!

He was extremely clever; otherwise, he wouldn't have survived for so long. He thought to himself, 'Could the owner of this ship have had the surname Qin? This brat and the owner of the ship are from the same family? If that's the case, then he must also be from Carefree Village! No wonder this guy came all the way here, but wait a minute! Sixteen years old, that terrifying entity had been waiting for a youth that has the surname Qin and is sixteen years old! This brat is also sixteen years old! Sixteen years ago, this ship crashed here so there has to be a connection between all this!'

He suppressed his astonishment and waved his Thousand Locusts Banner. Qin Mu then pulled back his flying swords.

The old man in the painting found another path and went through another door.

The two of them immediately followed after him, and when they pushed open the door, they saw a long long corridor. Pangong Tso was stunned. He had calculated out the spell of integration used by these rooms, so he was able to find where the bridge was, but he hadn't expected such a corridor.

'By right, the total number of rooms should be what I had calculated, so why is there some place I don't know about?' He was confused.

If he did not solve the spell of space integration, how did he find the bridge?

If he had solved it, then why wasn't this long corridor present in his result?

In his calculation, there was absolutely no way this long corridor could exist!

In that case, there was only one possibility. The spell of space integration was just an outer structure used to fool people. This was to make people who entered to think that they had searched the whole ship and neglect the true secrets hidden below!

Even the silver helmet that Qin Mu possessed might only be a treasure to fool people and couldn't truly control the ship.

'The gods of Carefree Village are indeed extraordinary, even I was fooled. Luckily the Qin brat is here; otherwise, I wouldn't have discovered this secret.'

Pangong Tso's gaze flickered. In the last room, there had been a lot of green liquid, which meant that the unknown existence had also found this place and killed its way in.

The old man from the painting was sprinting through the wall of the long corridor, moving up and down from time to time, seemingly avoiding something.

Qin Mu and Pangong Tso looked over and saw numerous markings left on the wall. There were deep palm imprints as well as other types of palm imprints. There were also strange imprints of weapons that were incomparably terrifying. It seemed like just a slight touch would cause their destructive energies to activate and wipe out everything in the surroundings!

These were marks left behind by divine weapons!

Other than marks of divine weapons, there were also imprints left behind by divine arts. They were not big, but still contained a terrifying power that emanated a pulsing glow which could make people's hearts palpitate.

The glow of the imprints was due to runes, and they were sometimes bright and sometimes dark. They were complicated and profound, hard to understand.

When a person looked at them for the first time, they wouldn't understand anything, but once their mind slowly seeped inside, they would instantly feel the marvel of the world flooding over, sending them into a trance.

"It's different from the stone wall of Dao Sect's Dao Sword, but it has the same result!"

Qin Mu and Pangong Tso couldn't help exclaiming in admiration. The imprints from the divine arts and divine weapons were simply a treasure vault of techniques. Even though these weren't comparable to the Fourteen Writings of Dao Sword from Dao Sect, if one could comprehend all the marvels contained in the imprints on the corridor and attain the techniques and divine arts there, they could probably found their own sacred ground!

Both their hearts stirred, but they had no choice but to hold their minds back. Their enemy was right beside them, and if they fell into comprehension, they would definitely be killed by the bad egg beside them.

Even though they would have very much liked to get rid of the other party and take this place for themselves, the imprints on the walls were not very stable. If someone came into contact with the imprints accidentally, the explosion from power contained in them could easily kill them hundreds or thousands of times!

That old man from the painting was still leading the way. The long corridor seemed to have no end. Since the time they had stepped in it, they should have long walked out of the ship but there was still no sight of the end.

This was an even superior spell of integration which used great magic power to warp space, folding it and stretching instead of using the skin and bones of taotie to expand the space.

It was such a narrow corridor, but there were numerous imprints of divine arts and divine weapons on the walls. From them, it could easily be imagined how fierce the battle had been. But the most crucial point was that when these strong practitioners had made their moves here, the power of their divine

arts was condensed and would only explode when it hit the enemy. If it didn't hit the enemy, not an ounce of power would leak out.

This was extremely terrifying.

It meant that their control of power had reached an extremely intricate step, using the least amount of power to create great damage. It was extremely difficult to achieve this step.

Even if it was a divine arts practitioner of Six Directions Realm, the explosion of a divine art could sweep a radius of numerous yards. If a divine arts practitioner was to condense the damage to their palm, not many people would be able to achieve it. But if they did that, the destructiveness of the attack would probably be multiplied by a hundred times.

If gods shrank their divine arts to such a state, how terrifying would their destructive power be?

Qin Mu and Pangong Tso's eyes lighted up, and they immediately realized the strength of this. If both of them had similar cultivation, but one could shrink the explosion of their divine arts, wouldn't the other party be killed when the two of them clashed again?

Furthermore, the power wouldn't leak, and the exhaustion of magic power would be cut to the minimum. It would allow one to fight for an even longer time.

However, both of their techniques and divine arts didn't have such a fine method of control. To be able to control divine arts to such detail required extremely high attainments in algebra,

Dao Sect had extremely high attainments in algebra, but even its people couldn't achieve this step; otherwise, Dao Sect would be invincible.

'I guess only by being proficient in calculations can one control their power to such an extent, right?'

A gentle breeze suddenly came through the long corridor. Qin Mu and Pangong Tso both grunted, and their bones cracked. This wasn't the breeze putting pressure on their bodies, but the air of a god that had come with the breeze putting so much pressure on them that they almost couldn't catch their breaths.

Qin Mu immediately transformed into a black shadow and sunk into the wall to move through it. Pangong Tso saw this and found this to be clever. He also hurriedly transformed into a shadow to sink into the wall. The both of them then avoided the imprints in the wall, moving forward until they soon saw the source of the air of god.

It was a divine corpse, one that belonged to a god. His head was pierced through, and half of his body was petrified while the other half was still corporeal. He had been killed by the enemy before he could finish petrifying.

The fierceness of the battle in the corridor was slightly out of the two's expectations.

They slithered through the wall and followed the old man from the painting. After dozens of yards, they saw a second divine corpse, followed by the third, fourth...

Qin Mu and Pangong Tso's hearts palpitated as they moved forward while trembling with fear. Finally, they came to the end of the corridor and saw a door.

It opened automatically with a creak.

Qin Mu hesitated for a moment before coming down from the wall and entering.

Pangong Tso was a step later as he wanted Qin Mu to first test out if there were any dangers inside. After he had entered and didn't seem to meet any danger, Pangong Tso came down from the wall. But just as he wanted to walk through, the door suddenly creaked and shut itself, blocking him out.

Pangong Tso immediately went to bang on the door, but it wouldn't open no matter what. Suddenly, he remembered that doors had to be pulled open, and the moment he did so, he rushed in and raised his head to take a look. An ice cold feeling swept across his heart, and beads of cold sweat rolled down his forehead.

Outside was the Youdu world filled with darkness and glowing lights swimming around the sky like the stars.

He was currently standing on the deck of the treasured ship. Qin Mu and the old man from the painting had vanished.

It was obvious that after the door had shut, the spell of space and time integration had shifted the space so it was no longer the room Qin Mu had entered!

"Damn it!"

Pangong Tso was furious and turned around to open the door, but the room behind it was no longer the mysterious corridor. It was a new room.