

Pavilion 1021

Chapter 1021 - 1021 Returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, Observing Swords and Enlightenment (2)

1021 Returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, Observing Swords and Enlightenment (2)

Currently, there were a few Young Masters in the Nine Mystic Mountain. The Sword Pavilion was in charge of Liu Hong's son, Liu Qingxuan. He was known as Young Master Qingxuan. His mother controlled the businesses of the Cao family, and Liu Qingxuan was also an expert in refining weapons.

Jiang Yucheng was also from the Sword Pavilion and was known as Young Master Qingdan. His parents had a high status in the Nine Mystic Mountain's Alchemy Hall.

Tuoba Cheng was a direct disciple of the Three Stones House, and the son of Elder Zhao Pu, Zhao Yuanjing, was known as Young Master Yuanjing. He was an orthodox direct descendant of the Nine Mystic Mountain and had a chance of taking over the position of the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword School.

There was also the legitimate son of Grand Elder Gao Changgong, Young Master Xiao Yijian of the Xiao family in the Imperial City. Although he was born in the Imperial City, he was sent to the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion to grow up.

In the entire Nine Mystic Mountain, many famous Young Masters had deep backgrounds.

The Nine Mystic Mountain suppressed the Western Frontier. The Nine Mystic Mountain was already the Holy Land of the Western Frontier's Sword Dao and alchemy. There were already many factions in the sect.

“You two have been Dao companions for a long time. How is it going?” Elder Su Liang looked at Mu Wan curiously. She was an alchemy cultivator and could tell that Mu Wan had never given birth.

Mu Wan smiled and said in a low voice, “Elder, the path of the Dao is long. There’s no hurry.”

Elder Su Liang glanced at Han Muye and nodded and said, “That’s true. You’re different from mediocre cultivators like us.

“You have your own path to follow.”

Although Elder Su Liang was only an Elder of the Alchemy Hall on the Nine Mystic Mountain, her horizons were extraordinary and she could see through things.

Han Muye and Mu Wan were already different from low-level cultivators like them.

These two stood at the top of the cultivation world and enjoyed longevity.

There was really no need to rush things like bloodline inheritance.

Han Muye and Mu Wan stayed in the Nine Mystic Pill Room for more than half a day before leaving.

Before leaving, Mu Wan left a jade slip for Elder Su Liang and a few valuable spiritual herbs.

Additional things were useless to Elder Su Liang and might even become an obstacle to her cultivation.

With Elder Su Liang's cultivation potential, it was not a problem for her to step into the Heaven Realm. She still had a long lifespan in the future, so she could take her time.

As for the disciples waiting in the attic, Han Muye and Mu Wan encouraged them and also rewarded them with some spiritual herbs and pills.

"I didn't expect that Sister Bai would leave the Heavenly Mystic." Walking on the street, Mu Wan sighed softly.

The owner of Suzhen Store, Bai Suzhen, was the legitimate daughter of the number one demonic cultivator in the Western Frontier, Li Mubai. She had a good relationship with Han Muye and Mu Wan.

The first bucket of gold Han Muye earned on the Nine Mystic Mountain was from Bai Suzhen.

When he first started cultivating, many resources were exchanged from the Suzhen Store.

It could be said that Bai Suzhen was Han Muye's benefactor at the beginning of his cultivation.

The two of them made a mutually beneficial deal for a long time.

However, he didn't expect that after achieving great success in the Heavenly Mystic Dao and ruling over countless realms, Bai Suzhen would leave the Heavenly Mystic with her commercial enterprise and disciples from the demonic sect to search for Li Mubai.

However, when Bai Suzhen left the Heavenly Mystic, her combat strength had already reached the peak of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul realm. She still had a few treasures to protect herself, so she was not in danger.

Mu Wan made a trip back to the Mu family, although she no longer had a strong connection with the Mu family since the departure of the Mu family's ancestors, it was still the place where she spent her childhood.

When they arrived at the Mu family, the current head of the Mu family, Mu Tongyuan, personally greeted them. Upon seeing the return of Miss Mu Wan, as reported by the servants, along with Immortal Han, his face was filled with delight.

The younger generation of the Mu family who accompanied the reception were curious.

The Mu family held a banquet, and Han Mu Ye made a brief appearance before going into seclusion for cultivation.

Mu Wan, accompanied by some old friends from the Mu family, met with some elite descendants of the Mu family.

Among them was Mu Tongyuan's granddaughter, Mu Jinzi, whom he had seen in the Nine Mystic Pill Room.

Mu Wan naturally supported the alliance between the Mu family and the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Putting aside her relationship with Jin fate, even for the sake of the Mu family, she supported the marriage between Mu Jinzi and Jiang Yucheng.

The Mu family was only an alchemy family, and the alchemy holy land of Mushen City was only in the Western Frontier.

In the intermediate world of the cultivation world, the true holy land of alchemy was the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

The Nine Mystic Mountain was different.

With Han Muye around, the Nine Mystic Mountain had an irreplaceable status.

Mu Jinzi became more restrained in front of this legendary aunt.

She also explained her relationship with Jiang Yucheng. She was completely throwing a tantrum.

How could she not know Young Master Qingdan's name?

Being arranged to become dao companions with Young Master Qingdan, she secretly felt delighted. Whether it was competing in alchemy or finding faults, it was just an attempt to catch Jiang Yucheng's attention and not be seen as a tool for marriage.

Mu Wan understood Mu Jinzi's thoughts.

Even she herself was nervous, afraid that she would implicate her Senior Brother's cultivation.

Wasn't she afraid that Senior Brother would be distracted when he left the Heavenly Mystic during the Dao Battle?

Perhaps this was the sorrow of being a woman and an alchemist.

The flourishing era belonged to alchemy, while the chaotic era belonged to weapons.

Women were no exception.

When Han Muye and Mu Wan left Mushen City for the Nine Mystic Mountain, Mu Jinzi and the other Mu family juniors followed behind them.

They would go to the Nine Mystic Mountain and arrange for them to go to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley in the Upper Heaven Region.

As an alchemy family, the Mu family naturally yearned for the holy land of alchemy.

The Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony of the Upper Heaven Region had also gone to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to cultivate a few years ago.

Mu Tongyuan and the others saw them off outside the city, their eyes filled with reluctance.

Heavenly Mystic Prime Minister Han, an immortal of the Western Frontier. This person had returned to stay in the Mu family in Mushen City. The Mu family wished they could banquet the entire city and let all their fellow Daoists in the Western Frontier know about such glory.

Unfortunately, Han Muye and Mu Wan only stayed in the city for a day.

What a pity.

Because he had brought the descendants of the Mu family, Han Muye summoned a flying ship and rode it across the sky.

However, they were not fast. Han Muye and Mu Wan would go to see the scenery along the way, and they would also go to some places they had been to before.

Along the way, many cultivators who had heard that Han Muye had returned came to welcome him.

The sects of the Western Frontier respected the Nine Mystic Mountain. Back then, during Han Muye's famous battle in the Western Frontier, many cultivators had followed him and fought side by side.

The battle on Cloud Nest Ridge, where tens of thousands of people echoed his name, cemented Han Muye's reputation as Immortal Han.

In the following years, when he defied the current on the Estuary, many elites from the Western Frontier journeyed alongside him, witnessing his brilliance firsthand.

Unfortunately, the Western Frontier was not a place for mighty figures like Han Muye to stay for long.

Everyone watched as Han Muye soared into the sky, taking control of the Central Continent and the Heavenly Mystic, achieving great victory in the Dao competition, and embarking on a journey to the Upper Heaven Region.

To those cultivators who once journeyed alongside Han Muye, the legends held a greater sense of truth than to outsiders.

This was what the cultivation world looked like.

Han Muye and Mu Wan were generous.

Most of the cultivators he had met a few times back then were still in the Earth Realm. It was rare for them to reach the Heaven Realm.

Luo Xiaoyu, who had left the frozen world of the Western Frontier, and Sun Qingshi, who had once competed with Han Muye, were now great cultivators.

When many people saw Han Muye again, they felt more restrained and were mostly flattering.

Han Muye didn't mind. He either gave some guidance on cultivation or directly gave some treasures.

Returning to Tianxuan and meeting an old friend, this kind of emotional feeling was also a gain for him.

When the flying ship arrived at the Nine Mystic Mountain, Tuoba Cheng had already led a group of elders and disciples to welcome him.

"Back then, I only wanted to hear the sixth ring..."

When the melodious bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain sounded, Han Muye, who was standing on the deck, sighed softly.

They exchanged a glance, Gao Changgong and Patriarch Tao Ran, by his side.

Back then, it was either him or Tao Ran who would create the six sounds.

The Nine Mystic Mountain had undergone significant changes. The grand hall that once stood atop the mountain became even more magnificent, with sprawling palaces extending all the way down the mountain.

The Sword Pavilion, which used to be considered tall and imposing, now appeared even more inconspicuous.

“Senior Brother.” The much more mature Liu Hong stood in front of the Sword Pavilion and bowed to Han Muye.

At this moment, sword light surged from Han Muye’s body.

This was his Sword Dao.

He did not return to the Heavenly Mystic with Mu Wan because he was bored.

He was comprehending his Sword Dao.

With this step, his cultivation and combat power would experience unimaginable improvements.

Entering the Sword Pavilion, everything remained the same.

The burlap gently brushed against the sword, and a spiritual light shimmered on its surface.

“Clang—”

He unsheathed the sword.

The burlap gently brushed against the sword, and a spiritual light shimmered on its surface.

The sword's name was March, and it was a low-grade spiritual artifact.

It was forged from green jade and gold, three feet and one inch long, weighing 11 catties.

This sword was slender and had tempered spiritual patterns on its blade, making it suitable for cleaving.

Crafted by the Cao family's refining workshop.

...

Streams of information surged into Han Muye's mind, and various scenes flashed before him. The sword light on Han Muye's body transformed into a long dragon, stirring the flow of sword qi within the Sword Pavilion.

Chapter 1022 - 1022 Ancestor of the Sword Dao, Ancient Desolation

1022 Ancestor of the Sword Dao, Ancient Desolation

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye sat cross-legged.

In front of him, the golden nine-story sword tower floated and vibrated.

Streaks of sword light turned into long dragons, swirling around him.

Han Muye closed his eyes slightly, and his Sword Dao Essence Soul appeared behind him, floating up and down.

In his mind, starting from the moment he set foot on the Nine Mystic Mountain to his current attainment at the pinnacle of a Sage, all the insights and realizations from his swordsmanship practice transformed into vivid scrolls, continuously circulating.

The scrolls spun faster and faster before finally dissipating into a greenish-gray aura.

Han Muye opened his eyes, and the greenish-gray aura flashed.

“The opportunity of life and death, the sword, is the choice.”

The greenish-gray aura collided with the Primordial Spirit Sword on Han Muye’s back, causing it to tremble.

Lines of gray patterns emerged on the long sword, obscuring its original golden color and revealing a profound and awe-inspiring power.

“The Sword Dao, the Dao of breaking and establishing, should extend beyond breaking and establishing.”

The sword aura around Han Muye receded, and the gray color in his eyes had dissipated.

However, a smile appeared on his face.

The primordial spirit sword on his back returned.

Everything was calm and serene, and the grandeur of heaven and earth transcended the external world.

The Ancestor of a Dao.

The Sword Ancestor.

From today onwards, Han Muye had stepped into the Ancestor realm of the Sword Dao.

As it turned out, truly comprehending this realm meant returning to simplicity, devoid of such earth-shattering sensations.

This was because this Great Dao had already exceeded the limit of what this world could sense.

Within Han Muye's body, the sword of his sword essence that pierced through his dantian, qi sea, and divine hiddenness had vanished.

This sword now resided in his mind, in a space between illusion and reality.

Because this sword could directly cleave through the void.

In his mind, a green long sword floated.

The sword light flashed, revealing an extremely sharp edge.

Without even moving the sword, he could distort the void.

“How interesting.

“The sword is a weapon of slaughter, but it grasps justice.

“To stop killing with killing.”

Han Muze looked at the extremely powerful sword and chuckled.

The Sword of Slaughter.

Or perhaps it could be called the Sword of Butchery.

Using his own sword essence as the blade, this sword focused solely on the path of slaughter, giving birth to the most razor-sharp power in the world.

Who could have imagined that Han Muye, who embodied peace and non-contention, would comprehend a swordsmanship that led him to the realm of the Sword Ancestor through a sword of slaughter.

This sword remained sheathed, but if it were unsheathed, rivers of blood would surely flow.

A sword was, by nature, a weapon for killing.

Yet Han Muye elevated this path of slaughter to its utmost pinnacle.

With the sword in his hand, he balanced the way of heaven and earth with the power of slaughter.

Wielding fairness and impartiality.

With such a Sword Dao, he could be vigilant at all times, preventing his mental state from being tainted.

This was the Sword Dao and also a cultivation technique.

Cutting through the dust.

This dust was not the mortal world, but the sword in one's heart, free and bright.

"Endless Heavenly Venerable, actually, I should thank you..."

Standing up and walking to the windowsill, Han Muye gazed at the sprawling palaces ahead and spoke softly.

The path of cultivation pursued by the Endless Heavenly Venerable, the path of transcendence, involved descending into the Endless Sea and presiding at the depths of the 18 levels of hell.

He had transcended with great perseverance and inspired Han Muye.

Cultivation was a difficult path to begin with. As a sword cultivator, he should use the sword as his Dao and cultivate his body and sword heart.

Whether in the realm of cultivation or the mundane world, true fairness and impartiality were rare commodities.

Since they were lacking, then let us seek them with the sword.

Wielding the most advantageous sword while cultivating the purest heart.

Han Muye's Sword Dao could completely reach the peak of the Heavenly Venerable realm and directly enter the path of transcendence!

“Heavenly Venerable, perhaps you will be pleasantly surprised when we meet again.”

Han Muye smiled faintly.

The utmost path, united with myriad paths.

Seeing the Endless Heavenly Venerable again, Han Muye had the confidence to confront him in battle.

When Han Muye walked down from the Sword Pavilion, he was no longer as fierce as a sword cultivator. Instead, he was more gentle.

“Hey, kid, besides when you’re killing, you’re just like those Confucian scholars in the Central Continent.” Tao Ran, the venerable ancestor who came to drink, spoke in a bored tone.

Gao Changgong nodded in agreement.

For those who had witnessed Han Muye’s growth, even if his cultivation reached great heights and his status was sky-high, he was still the Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion from years ago.

As cultivators, they understood this state of mind.

Otherwise, they would not have become Heaven Realm cultivators.

“Young Master, thank you.” Jiang Ming bowed to Han Muye.

At this moment, Jiang Ming was no longer the arrogant itinerant cultivator at the Alchemy Meeting in Mushen City.

He was an Elder of the Nine Mystic Mountain’s Alchemy Hall, a grandmaster in alchemy, and above all, a father.

He did not lack spiritual rocks or pills.

But he couldn’t provide Jiang Yucheng with enough opportunities.

Han Muye smiled and reached out to pat Jiang Ming’s shoulder. He turned to look at Fairy Jin Yuan, who was walking over with Mu Wan.

The union between these two was also facilitated by him.

Not only did Jiang Ming come to visit, but Zhao Pu and the others also brought their juniors over.

Apart from being respectful to Han Muye, the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic Sect, these Young Masters on the Nine Mystic Mountain were more curious.

Young people still had dreams.

In their eyes, their own elders were no longer the targets they were chasing..

Their future lay in the vast expanse of the stars and seas.

Apart from giving them some greeting gifts and encouraging them, Han Muye and Mu Wan also agreed to take them to the Upper Heaven Region.

Although the Heavenly Mystic was good, it was not as rich as the spiritual energy in the Upper Heaven Region.

Moreover, the Heavenly Mystic was too peaceful.

The Upper Heaven Region was where they should go.

“Buzz!”

Outside the Sword Pavilion, magnificent and resplendent spiritual light shone, forming a grand array.

The three-story Sword Pavilion rose into the air, and the teleportation array that had been suppressed underneath revealed itself.

“Duan Min pays respects to Your Majesty.”

Duan Min, who walked out of the teleportation array, bowed respectfully to Han Muye.

Chapter 1023 - 1023 Ancestor of the Sword Dao, Ancient Desolation (2)

1023 Ancestor of the Sword Dao, Ancient Desolation (2)

“Ancestor, repair the teleportation route that His Majesty mentioned and let Duan Min investigate and eliminate the hidden danger.”

Han Muye had once traveled through this passage suppressed beneath the Sword Pavilion.

When he left the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, he informed Duan Chengzi about this location and had Duan Chengzi connect it to the Myriad Worlds Array.

In this way, the Nine Mystic Mountain would directly link up with the Upper Heaven Region.

As the place where Han Muye grew up, with this teleportation array, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would definitely be able to rise.

Three days later, Tuoba Cheng stood outside the teleportation array and watched as Zhao Pu led dozens of elders and disciples of the sect, as well as the few Mu family disciples, onto the teleportation array and left the Heavenly Mystic for the Upper Heaven Region.

They would cultivate in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley and train in the army of sword cultivators under Huang Zhihu's command. Then, they would obtain the opportunity to step onto the Performance Platform.

Although the Performance Platform allowed for the comprehension of one's own cultivation techniques, it didn't guarantee immediate benefits just by ascending to it.

If one's determination was not firm and their cultivation was not stable, ascending the Performance Platform could instead lead to a mental breakdown.

Only by tempering themselves and stabilizing their cultivation could they seize the best opportunity to ascend the Performance Platform.

"Sect Master Tuoba, why don't you go to the Upper Heaven Region?" Han Muye turned to look at Tuoba Cheng.

"After they return, I can almost leave everything behind," Tuoba Cheng shook his head, a smile on his face.

The power of the White Tiger surged within him, intertwined with his vital energy and sword intent.

Leaving everything behind.

For a great cultivator, the sect was both a source of support and a bond.

A true expert still had to rely on himself in the end.

Tuoba Cheng had been entrusted by Sect Master Jin Ze to do his best for the rise of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

When Zhao Pu and the others returned and handed the Nine Mystic Mountain to them, Tuoba Cheng could pursue his cultivation path with all his might.

In fact, carrying burdens and moving forward was also a form of cultivation.

Han Muye deeply understood this.

Just like his current situation.

Three months after leaving the Western Frontier, Han Muye traveled to the Central Continent together with Mu Wan.

White Deer Mountain Academy.

Imperial City.

Throughout the journey, the two of them lived like ordinary people, experiencing the hardships of the road and sleeping under the stars, witnessing countless scenic views.

Outside the Imperial City, the immortal boat on the Yongding River resembled a celestial city.

With a smile on her face, Mu Wan led Han Muye onto the immortal boat, while Yun Jin, standing on the deck, smiled with tears in her eyes.

...

Twenty years.

Han Muye lived in seclusion in the Heavenly Mystic World for 20 years before quietly leaving.

In the end, Yun Jin did not go to the Upper Heaven Region with Han Muye and the others, but stayed in the Heavenly Mystic World.

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The path of cultivation was fleeting.

In the 20 years that Han Muye had been in the Heavenly Mystic, the entire cultivation world had changed drastically.

The Myriad Worlds Array connected countless worlds.

Cultivators from all over the world went to various worlds through teleportation arrays and saw worlds they had never encountered before.

Short-distance travel was affordable, and many realm cultivators could afford it.

As long as they carried some treasures with them and went to other realms to earn the price difference, they could make up for the cost of teleportation.

As for long-distance teleportation, it was the domain of the wealthy; they didn't mind the cost of spiritual rocks.

The interconnection of various worlds in the cultivation realm was the most effective way to improve overall strength.

In the past 20 years, 13 Heavenly Venerable cultivators had appeared in the cultivation world.

The number of Dao Ancestors had increased by hundreds.

At this point, the most prosperous place in the cultivation realm was no longer the Upper Heaven Region.

It was the Sinking Wood Abyss where the Performance Platform was located.

This was where the most powerful cultivators in the entire cultivation realm gathered, and it was the residence of countless elite experts.

Even if one didn't ascend the Performance Platform but only observed from the outside, one could still gain limitless insights.

The entire area within 100,000 miles of the Abyss of Sinking Wood was filled with cultivators.

Even if one couldn't directly attend the observations, there were various recordings available for sale at the Five Sheep Pavilion.

As long as you desired to watch, you could even request customized recordings.

If you wanted to observe a certain powerful expert's challenge, the Five Sheep Pavilion would record their challenge specifically for you, as long as you could afford the spiritual rocks.

As for whether those powerful experts would mind or not, there was no need to worry.

The performance platform itself was designed for the cultivation realm to demonstrate techniques, so stepping onto the platform meant no fear of being observed.

Moreover, if one didn't even dare to let others observe, then what was the point of ascending the platform?

On the contrary, those who surpassed themselves on the Performance Platform had no fear of others watching.

After recuperating for half a year in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, Han Muye set off quietly once again.

This time, Mu Wan did not accompany him.

He was heading to the ancient wilderness, the land that was once shattered.

There, the Heavenly Stele of the Baxia Clan stood.

Back then, the Qilin, the Martial Marquis, and the divine beasts in the Desolate Forgotten Grounds had all said that they would go to the Desolate Forgotten Grounds to take a look one day.

“Boom!”

A thunderous explosion resounded through the void.

A huge exotic beast was traversing through the void.

“Qiong Qi!”

Xiang Lingshuang, carrying dual swords on his back, exclaimed softly, taking a step forward and focusing his gaze ahead.

In front of him, the strange beast with wings spread open and black scales all over its body was the desolate exotic beast, the ancient ferocious beast, Qiong Qi.

Flying in front of Han Muye, Qiong Qi transformed into a middle-aged man in black armor with demonic patterns all over his face.

Looking at Han Muye, Qiong Qi grinned.

“Everyone, it’s been a long time.” He looked at the demon experts from the wilderness behind Han Muye.

These divine and demonic beasts, who had exhausted their powers in the past, had now reached their peak once again.

This time, Han Muye led them together to search for the lost world of the ancient wilderness.

When they saw the Qiong Qi again, whether it was the Qilin, Chen Qingzhi, or the divine and demonic beasts behind them, they all felt a lot of emotions.

In the ancient Divine Court era, they were all demons under the control of the Divine Court.

Later, when the Divine Court collapsed and the ancient wilderness was shattered, countless powerful beings from the ancient wilderness were killed. They were fortunate enough to survive.

For the demons who had survived from that era to the present, looking back, their experiences were filled with bitterness.

The Qilin sought refuge with the Endless Heavenly Venerables on Shattered Stars Island, Chen Qingzhi remained in the the Heavenly Mystic, suppressing his powers, Qiong Qi was lost on the dam, and those divine and demonic beasts who carried the remnants of the ancient wilderness fell into slumber...

The tides of time rolled on like a surging torrent, and neither the powerful beings nor the ordinary cultivators had the power to resist.

If one wanted to break free from the current of time, they would have to be a kind of powerhouse who could control the entire world.

However, even for such powerhouses, who dared to claim that they truly possessed their own freedom?

“Di Ting has already gone to the old land of the ancient wilderness. He will leave us guidance,” Qiong Qi said softly to Han Muye.

Han Muye’s combat strength had already surpassed everyone here.

With his divine beast Baxia bloodline, all the surviving ancient wilderness strong beings had no rejection towards him.

“Alright, let’s set off now.”

Han Muye nodded.

Di Ting had the ability to see the past and future, just like Bai Ze.

Only with such abilities can one penetrate the void and find the lost and shattered ancient wilderness of the past.

Crossing billions of miles, utilizing multiple spatial teleportation arrays, Han Muye and several divine beasts with spatial abilities joined forces to break through the barriers of the void.

If it weren't for these methods, it would probably take a hundred years just to return to the shattered land of the ancient wilderness.

And without the marks left by Di Ting, it would be highly likely that they would never find the location of the ancient wilderness.

"We're almost there."

Three years later, the fragmented stones in the front of the void became more numerous, and a hint of desolation filled the air. The Qilin stood on a massive meteorite, his expression complex.

All the divine and demonic beasts looked ahead, raising their heads.

That desolate aura was the ancient wilderness.

A glimmer of brightness shone in Han Muye's eyes.

He could sense that this desolate aura was beneficial to the bodies of the divine and demonic beasts, enhancing their bloodline power and purity.

But this power seemed to be suppressed.

"To be honest, I don't understand why the ancient wilderness was sacrificed back then." Chen Qingzhi's eyes flashed with a sharp light as he stared at the desolate void ahead.

"Have you noticed that something is missing from the ancient wilderness aura here?"

He possessed the body of an Azure Dragon, with formidable cultivation and strength, but he had always suppressed his physical power. Now, as he released the suppression, his blood surged through his body.

"It seems like there's a trace of ferocity missing," a senior with tiger stripes on his head murmured.

The stronger the bloodline power, the more one could sense the changes in the aura of the ancient wilderness.

"Indeed, back then, we could hardly control our own power within the ancient wilderness," a senior in black armor whispered.

“Buzz!”

A resounding sound echoed as Di Ting, dressed in a white robe, descended from the void.

“They extracted the power of the ancient wilderness inheritance from the primordial world.

“Without this primordial source, our bloodline power can no longer evolve.”

Di Ting turned his head to look at Han Muye, his expression grave.

“The same goes for you.

“The only thing that can evolve your bloodline in this world is the Heavenly Stele of the Baxia Clan.

“I don’t know if you have retrieved the power of the Heavenly Stele.”

Chapter 1024 - 1024 Baxia's Heavenly Stele, Immortal Sovereign's Dojo

1024 Baxia’s Heavenly Stele, Immortal Sovereign’s Dojo

Primordial power.

It was said to possess the power to defy fate.

Only experts with great opportunities could obtain it and refine it.

Otherwise, they would suffer a backlash.

After Di Ting finished speaking, a dark golden light flashed in his eyes. Then, he grunted and blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

“Your future cannot be seen at all. Every exploration comes at a great cost.”

Di Ting wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and muttered.

Han Muye curiously looked at him and asked, “I wonder, what future do you see for me?”

Others also looked up at Di Ting with curiosity.

Han Muye, both in cultivation and talent, was a top-tier figure in the world, a genius that appeared once in countless millennia in the cultivation world. What would his future be like?

A stiff expression appeared on Di Ting’s face, and he shook his head. “If you want me dead, just say it.”

“This guy’s future is unfathomable.”

Speaking of this, a glimmer of light flashed in his eyes, and he raised his head and said softly, “The last thing my Di Ting clan couldn’t see was...”

Amidst the curious gazes of everyone, he shook his head again. “I can’t say.”

Han Muye understood why there were so few members of the Di Ting and Bai Ze clans.

It wasn’t because exploring the future would result in backlash and destruction.

It was because they were killed before they could finish speaking.

Taking a deep breath and suppressing the urge to draw his sword and strike this guy, Han Muye looked ahead and asked, “Where’s the Heavenly Stele of the Baxia Clan?”

“That I can tell you.” Di Ting grinned, pointing downward with his hand. “The bottommost level.”

Han Muye’s figure moved, soaring into the air and rushing towards the space filled with scattered rocks below.

Qilin and the others were just about to follow when Di Ting raised its hand to block them, “Everyone, he’s going to get the Heavenly Stele of Baxia. What business do we have interfering?”

Chen Qingzhi frowned. The Qilin beside him had already nodded and said, "Then where are you planning to take us?"

They were all mighty figures who had lived for countless years. Chen Qingzhi understood with just a thought.

Han Muye's future was different from everyone else's.

There were things that Di Ting couldn't say, but he could act.

Han Muye's opportunity was not something they could participate in.

"Haha, back then, were you interested in exploring the treasure troves of a few large clans in the Wasteland?"

"Let me tell you, the aura here has changed for countless years and has already nurtured extremely powerful living beings. They are not easy to deal with."

Di Ting looked at the group and chuckled.

Along the way, everyone had already encountered many mutated creatures in the wilderness.

Their intelligence was relatively low, but their physical bodies were incredibly strong, and their combat power was not weak.

These creatures were actually left behind by the desolate races back then. After the desolate era shattered, their cultivation power collapsed, causing them to become like this.

It was very similar to the races in the dam.

Fortunately, these living beings were guarding their own territory and had no intention of attacking other places.

Along the way, they did not kill many of these creatures.

However, if he wanted to enter the desolate ancient land to search for treasures, they would likely have to confront these creatures.

“Let’s go. This is our home.” Qilin’s eyes sparkled, and his figure transformed into a towering divine beast, charging into the void ahead.

“Haha, we’re going home!” Chen Qingzhi laughed heartily, transforming into a colossal dragon, bellowing at the sky, causing the clouds in the void to tremble as he moved alongside them.

The clouds follow the dragon, and the wind follows the tiger.

“Kid, let’s go and take a look at our home.” Behind Xiang Lingshuang, an old man in a black leather robe patted his shoulder and transformed into a black-horned rhinoceros.

Xiang Lingshuang nodded and looked in the direction where Han Muye had flown down. His body rapidly expanded, turning into a huge white elephant that was 8,000 feet tall. With thunderous footsteps, he shattered the scattered rocks that filled the void and rushed into the desolate old land.

The giant beasts returned one after another, startling countless beasts living in the void and causing them to flee in fear.

The once silent world was once again boiling.

...

Han Muye flew forward in the void, riding his sword for millions of miles, but found nothing.

Apart from a few powerful yet unintelligent exotic beasts causing disturbances, he couldn’t even spot a slightly larger piece of land.

Didn’t Di Ting say that the Heavenly Stele was here?

Han Muye paused and put away his sword light.

His gaze swept around, and then a colossal Baxia phantom appeared behind him.

The phantom was condensed, no different from a divine beast.

Baxia's body transformed into the power of bloodline, and Han Muye's body could no longer transform into Baxia's form.

However, he could use the power of his bloodline to materialize a divine beast. There was no difference.

His body turned illusory and fused into the divine beast formed by the power of his bloodline. Then, Baxia roared into the sky, and his roar shook the void for thousands of miles.

Countless greenish-gray auras gathered and crashed onto his body.

Baxia's huge eyes lit up. He took a step forward and covered thousands of feet with each step. He knocked away the shattered meteorites and ran forward.

With the guidance of his bloodline power, Han Muye indeed discovered the existence of the Heavenly Stele.

It was a mysterious sense of power.

The further he went, the clearer the pull of this power became.

It was as if this power belonged to him from the beginning, summoning him.

Sinking, continuously sinking.

This unprecedentedly profound space surpassed Han Muye's understanding of the void world.

In theory, the deepest part of the world should be the boundless and omnipresent Endless Sea.

“Roar—”

Baxia roared, its voice causing the suspended dust in the void to tremble and creating a path.

In the deep and mysterious space around them, pairs of savage eyes opened, staring at Baxia's body as a suppressed force surged forth.

Chapter 1025 - 1025 Baxia's Heavenly Stele, Immortal Sovereign's Dojo (2)

1025 Baxia's Heavenly Stele, Immortal Sovereign's Dojo (2)

This was an oppression from the force of qi and blood.

Countless towering figures squeezed out from the hidden space, their faces ferocious, their fangs sharp and long, gleaming with a faint glow.

Their robust bodies were covered in scales, each scale black and the size of several feet.

Their sharp claws were powerful and vigorous, and their long tails swung, crushing the surrounding rocks into powder with a gentle touch.

“A dragon?”

Han Muyu, transformed by the power of his bloodline, halted his steps, his gaze falling upon the giant beast as he spoke softly.

“Unfortunately, they don’t even possess the bloodline of the Azure Dragon, only some four-legged reptiles.”

Shaking his head slightly, Baxia looked up at the sky and roared.

The shockwaves scattered the rubble and repelled all the approaching giant beasts.

These four-legged, robust-scaled dragon beasts couldn’t withstand even a roar from the divine beast Baxia.

“Bang!”

The closest dragon beast’s body exploded.

Fresh red blood splattered in all directions.

The surrounding dragon beasts' eyes turned crimson as they pounced, tearing the carcass of the dragon beast apart.

Whether it was the hard scales or the thick dragon bones, they were all swallowed by these dragons.

After devouring their fellow beings, the giant beasts roared madly and charged towards Baxia's body again.

A mocking look flashed in Baxia's eyes. He slowly raised his four legs, and his thick back armor floated up.

"Bang!"

One foot stepped forward, directly shattering the body of a giant beast.

With a turn of his body, the back armor knocked away the huge beast that was pouncing on him.

The scales of these giant beasts shattered, and the dragon bones shattered.

"Roar—"

Baxia knocked away the two giant beasts that were blocking his way. He stepped out at the same time and tore the two dragons that were trying to wrap around Baxia's body into pieces.

His bloodline power was activated, and traces of blood were absorbed by Baxia's body, making his already strong body even sturdier and tens of millions of times stronger than steel.

None of the exotic beasts could block Baxia's body.

By the time he crossed a million feet, Baxia's murderous aura and blood qi had already turned into a pillar of smoke.

This pillar of smoke contained countless souls. The roar could destroy the soul of the huge beast blocking the Dao.

"Bang!"

Ahead, a gigantic palm shadow descended, and the Dominating Heaven lifted its foot to collide with it, causing the surrounding void to tremble. All the shattered stones within a thousand miles turned into dust and swirled into vortexes.

The Divine Beast Baxia raised his head and saw a strange beast that was more than 100,000 feet tall. Its entire body was covered in grayish-black scales and its long tail was like a snake. Its eyes were red as it stared at him.

"An alien beast, the Tiger-Dragon?"

This exotic beast looked like a beast from the ancient Desolation Era.

However, ordinary Tiger-Dragons were not so formidable.

The strike just now couldn't be blocked even by a Dao Ancestor.

If the Tiger-Dragon clan of the ancient era possessed such power, they would not have been unknown in the era of chaos.

"Ba, Xia?"

The Tiger-Dragon's voice was somewhat rough, and in its crimson eyes, there was a thirst for slaughter.

"Come, die?"

The Tiger-Dragon grinned, its scaled feet spread wide open.

"Slash—"

The void shattered as the massive body of the Tiger-Dragon crashed into it, disappearing without a trace, leaving only ripples like waves.

Baxia narrowed his eyes.

“Bang!”

At his abdomen, a pair of sharp claws emerged, stabbing towards his armor.

The power in those claws was enough to tear apart a star.

Unfortunately, such formidable claws would not have the opportunity to showcase their power.

Baxia lifted his front foot and stomped ruthlessly on the void below.

“Bang!”

The giant foot broke through the void and landed on the Tiger-Dragon’s forehead.

The Tiger-Dragon, with wide-open eyes, watched as the giant foot stepped on its face, crushing its cheek, smashing its brain, snapping its spine, and crushing its spinal cord.

Its limp claws scratched Baxia’s abdomen armor, not leaving a single white mark.

What abilities could a dead Tiger-Dragon have to penetrate Baxia’s abdomen armor?

Baxia opened his enormous mouth, rammed into the shattered void, pulled out the hidden form of the Tiger-Dragon, and then shook his head to throw it away.

“Bang!”

The massive body crashed onto a meteorite a hundred miles away, startling the hidden alien beasts, causing them to jump in confusion and flee in madness.

The Tiger-Dragon was already the ruler of this place, but it couldn’t withstand a single strike from Baxia.

Who would dare to resist such a powerful force?

Baxia, having slain the Tiger-Dragon, let out a skyward roar, activating the malevolent aura on his body. He stirred the surrounding void, causing a convergence of grayish-blue energy, which infused into his body.

“Boom!”

The front void was shattered, and a world hidden behind the void finally appeared.

It was a damaged world of scattered rocks, with only traces of verdant green.

A huge golden stone tablet that was a million feet tall and seemed to be about to break through the void pressed down on the rocky world. There were countless floating skeletons around it, enveloped by the golden spiritual light on the stone tablet.

On the stele were dazzling spirit patterns.

Not right!

A gleam of brilliance shone in Baxia's huge eyes as he stared fixedly at the interweaving patterns on the stele.

Those were not spiritual patterns, nor were they the immortal patterns known to Han Muye.

They were a kind of pattern he had never seen before, containing a force so vast and vigorous to the extreme!

Just as Baxia's gaze was locked onto those patterns, the golden stele trembled, and all the floating skeletons in the surrounding void exploded with a thunderous roar.

These skeletons transformed into bone beasts that were tens of thousands of feet tall and charged towards Baxia.

With a resounding roar, Baxia's massive body plowed straight through them.

"Bang!"

Fragments of bones scattered through the air.

“Is this all?” A loud shout came from Baxia as his body slammed into the golden stone tablet.

“Bang!”

Baxia’s body collided with the stele, causing the golden patterns to ripple.

Even with his immense strength, he was actually unable to shake the stele.

“Interesting, so this is the Heavenly Stele,” Han Muyeo chuckled, and Baxia’s body resounded with a thunderous roar.

Its colossal body began to expand.

100,000 feet, 1,000,000 feet!

Baxia, who had once carried the stars on his back, returned. Vast blood power spread in all directions. In front of his huge body, the golden stone tablet was like a small bean sprout.

With a long laugh, Baxia raised his huge front foot and slapped at the stone tablet.

There was a secret in this Heavenly Stele.

The Heavenly Stele was carried by the Baxia Clan, and there was an indescribable inheritance in it.

This Heavenly Stele was entangled with immense implications.

But so what!

Han Muye came in search of the Heavenly Stele, not to shackle himself.

He never intended to burden himself with the Heavenly Stele again!

“Bang!”

The huge front foot slammed into the Heavenly Stele, and the golden Heavenly Stele shattered.

It shattered.

The Heavenly Stele that contained the inheritance of the Baxia Clan and involved various secrets was shattered!

The golden stream of light shattered, and the patterns spread out, turning into a light array with a radius of millions of feet.

Baxia's eyes emitted a green spiritual light as he stared at the light array.

Teleportation array!

It was not that kind of teleportation array.

This teleportation array had the power to penetrate the void and draw in the power of time!

The golden light wrapped around Baxia's body and turned him into an illusion.

The halo dissipated. There was no golden light formation in the void, no Heavenly Stele, and no Baxia's body.

"Buzz!"

On the ground below the Heavenly Stele, a violent power was surging, as if the powerful body under him was awakening.

The magnitude of this power was even more overwhelming and grand than what Baxia had just displayed.

The surrounding void shook as if it was about to shatter.

Endless greenish-gray aura was gathering.

The entire desolate and old land began to tremble. An aura of restlessness and frenzy permeated the air, and all the already dim-witted exotic beasts began to riot.

...

When Baxia's body was wrapped in golden light and then teleported with the power to penetrate time and space, Han Muye had already seen through the power.

His own research on time and space was top-notch even in this realm.

This power had been hidden in the Heavenly Stele since ancient times. It was the foundation of the Heavenly Stele's inheritance and also the source of the bloodline power of the Baxia Clan.

The reason why the Baxia Clan carried this Heavenly Stele was to preserve this power.

"Boom!"

Baxia's huge body crashed through the illusory light screen in front of him and landed in an empty swamp.

A brutal power poured into his body, as if it wanted to tear apart all the meridians in his body.

This made Baxia roar in a low voice.

“In the presence of the Immortal Sovereign’s dojo, don’t make any noise!”

“Where did this beast come from to disturb the Immortal Sovereign’s preaching?”

“Hmm, an ancient exotic beast actually infiltrated the Zenith Heaven Immortal Sovereign’s Dao dojo. Very well, I shall grant you an opportunity. How much you understand will depend on your destiny.”

Chapter 1026 - 1026 Immortal Sovereign's Inheritance, Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm

1026 Immortal Sovereign’s Inheritance, Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm

“Boom!”

Han Muye felt his whole body being enveloped by a tremendous force, and then the power of his bloodline was suppressed, returning to his body.

When he looked up, his body had already transformed back into the appearance of wearing white clothes and carrying a sword case on his back.

However, at this moment, his entire body was surrounded by golden streams of light. The power of Baxia’s bloodline intertwined, making him look like the incarnation of a divine beast and not a human.

He looked up and saw an old man in a moon-white robe sitting cross-legged on the limestone in front of him.

The old man had long white hair and beard, with a gentle smile on his face. His hair was tied up with a wooden hairpin, and his robe looked like a simple linen garment, loosely draped.

In front of the old man, there was a small desk with a small clock, a jade chime, a jade seal, and several open scrolls.

When Han Muye raised his head and locked eyes with the old man, in that instant, it felt as if the old man's clear gaze had penetrated his entire being.

This made him tremble all over, involuntarily lowering his head and averting his gaze.

There were seven or eight cultivators in various robes around the old man.

At this moment, the auras of these people were restrained, and their cultivation levels could not be seen at all.

However, these people had extraordinary bearings. The light that flashed in their eyes seemed to contain everything in the world.

Who were these people?

What exactly was this place?

“Sit.”

The old man at the top raised his hand, and a green futon landed in front of Han Muye.

Everyone else had this prayer mat.

Han Muye was still in a daze. A cold-looking middle-aged sword cultivator beside him shouted impatiently, “If Immortal Sovereign wants you to sit, just sit. If you don’t want the opportunity to preach the Dao, don’t delay us.”

Immortal Sovereign?

What kind of title was that?

As far as Han Muye knew, the strongest cultivation realm in the Immortal World was the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

Was the immortal they referred to the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal or someone above the level?

He bowed respectfully to the old man in front of him and then took a step forward, sitting on the cushion.

A sense of tranquility emanated from the cushion, causing his originally turbulent blood and qi to settle gradually.

The violent power around him also seemed to be suppressed by the cushion, creating a calm atmosphere.

The old man nodded and looked around. Then, he opened the books on the desk in front of him and raised his hand, flicking his fingertips on the jade chime.

“Clang—”

The voice was melodious and long-lasting, as if it was shaking from the bottom of his heart.

This sound instantly silenced Han Muye’s surging blood and Qi, and his heart became clear. The murderous violence in his eyes was also suppressed.

The greenish-gray long sword in his mind kept vibrating, emitting a sword cry that only he could hear, interweaving with this voice.

Just the sound of a jade chime was enough to communicate with the power of the Slayer Sword that he had condensed.

How advanced was this old man’s cultivation realm?

“I preach the Dao once every 128,000 years. Some of you have heard my teachings five times, and some have heard it three times. Today, a Primordial Divine Beast came to listen.”

The old man’s voice was calm and comforting.

His gaze swept across Han Muye like water.

“I teach without discrimination. It all depends on opportunities. I have 31 disciples and the experts are already Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals. I’m not far from the position of Zenith Heaven Immortal Sovereign. The weak—”

After a pause, Han Muye felt everyone’s gazes on him.

This was a kind of power that could overturn the world and crush countless tons of strength.

It was as if the entire world had instantly collided with his chest. If not for Baxia’s power, his body would have shattered into powder.

“Hehe, if this little guy can enter my sect, he will be the weakest.”

Enter the sect and become the disciple of this Immortal Sovereign expert of an unknown realm?

Above the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Realm, the Zenith Heaven Immortal Sovereign was the disciple of this expert?

Han Muye didn't know where he was or who was listening to the Dao and preaching.

However, he knew that this was the opportunity brought to him by the Heavenly Stele.

Perhaps, this was the opportunity that the Baxia Clan had been carrying all along.

Taking a gentle breath, his expression remained calm as he sat cross-legged, unmoving.

This appearance caused the old man at the head to nod approvingly.

"A million years ago, when I was preaching, I once evolved the Heavenly Cycle and set up a Heavenly Cycle Array. At that time, a few disciples learned a little. Now, they can dominate the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine World.

"Unfortunately, the Heavenly Cycle Array is too powerful. Even the entire Divine World's Heavenly Cycle can't be completely set up."

"Today, I'll tell you how to use the power of array formations to mobilize the power of the Heavenly Cycle to form a killing array."

Heavenly Cycle Array?

Han Muye didn't know if this Heavenly Cycle Array was related to the Heavenly Cycle Array he was studying.

However, he felt that the Heavenly Cycle Array he cultivated probably did not have the ability to dominate the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine World.

Although he did not know where the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine Realm was,

“As cultivators of the heavenly realm of the gods, we are inseparable from killing and battle.

“In the primordial chaos, there are countless powerful divine and exotic beasts, and the void is filled with primordial gods and demons. We, as Qi cultivators, must strive and fight for a chance at survival.”

A coldness emanated from the old man's voice, enveloping the air with a chilling aura of slaughter.

Golden rays of light appeared in front of everyone as the old man waved his hand, each radiating a halo.

Every halo was icy, as if freezing the world itself.

When the halos overlapped, the entanglement of power seemed to tear apart one's body and soul, merging them within.

This kind of power was something Han Muye had never witnessed before.

He had no idea what kind of formidable individual could control such immense power.

Within the shattered space amidst the halos, fleeting streaks of light directly shattered the shackles of time.

Chapter 1027 - 1027 Immortal Sovereign's Inheritance, Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm (2)

1027 Immortal Sovereign's Inheritance, Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm (2)

Even the forces of time and space were shattered within this light array.

Wouldn't such an array formation be invincible?

"Severing the power of heaven and earth, invoking the machinery of slaughter, if this formation succeeds, immortals and gods shall be annihilated." A cold and fierce expression flashed across the old man's face, surrounded by an endless aura of killing.

His previously calm appearance disappeared, transforming into a 30-year-old young man with icy cold demeanor and a head full of black hair.

Han Muye didn't know what kind of power this manifestation was, but those around him seemed completely unfazed.

The others around him were all mesmerized, gazing at the light array before them, as if comprehending even a trace of its power could allow them to traverse heaven and earth.

The light array continued to accumulate, and the surrounding forces of heaven and earth had a distorted and illusory sensation of being torn apart.

In front of them, the young man transformed from the old man stood up, and his hands were filled with dazzling radiance.

An immensely powerful force was converging and brewing.

The cultivators sitting on meditation cushions around them all stood up, their bodies surrounded by flickering halos, various magical arts and techniques supporting themselves.

As Han Muye's gaze swept across, he could see three extremely powerful treasures, three experts with unparalleled mastery of Daoist techniques, as well as two swordsmen who excelled in the path of the sword, with sword energy swirling around them like smoke and dust.

Not far away, an old man dressed in a black robe emitted flickering demonic light.

Just as the Immortal Sovereign who passed on the true transmission had said, teachings had no boundaries.

"Buzz!"

The suppressed power vibrated, and a hint of regret appeared on the Immortal Sovereign's face as he looked up at the sky.

Above the sky, beams of flowing light shimmered and surged down, blocked by layers of light curtains.

"Hmph, if it weren't for the rules, this true self of mine could easily annihilate you little ones with a wave of my hand."

With a cold snort, the light array in the Immortal Sovereign's hand slowly dissipated, and the surging power gradually vanished.

His facial features and body once again transformed into the appearance of an old man with a white robe and white beard, no longer possessing the previous fierce and ruthless aura.

However, the flowing light outside the light curtains in the sky had not dissipated, still surging.

The display of that kind of power seemed capable of shattering heaven and earth with a single strike.

The cultivators who had stood up all looked up, their eyes gleaming, and several of them had already activated the power within their bodies, seemingly preparing to make a move.

"Your temperament is inferior to this youngster." The Immortal Sovereign shook his head and waved his hand.

The stars shifted and the heavens and earth rotated, and the surrounding void turned into emptiness.

With a single wave of his sleeve, it seemed as if he had traveled millions of miles, more like transforming the heavens and earth.

Throughout it all, Han Muye remained seated without moving.

Since he arrived in this place, he had felt a tremendous power that far surpassed his own cultivation and perception.

This was a world he had never encountered before, and also a world he was powerless to resist.

“The Heavenly Cycle of the Divine World does not have the opportunity for me, Tao Hongjing, to inherit it. Then, I will leave the Heavenly Cycle Divine World.” The Immortal Sovereign swept his gaze across the people in front of him and narrowed his eyes.

“This world is attached to the Divine Realm. When you can control this world one day and break the barrier of the Divine Realm’s Heavenly Cycle, you will return to the Divine Realm.”

“At that time, the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine World was just a mud pool.”

The Immortal Sovereign spoke with a proud and aloof expression.

Looking at the respectful people around him, he said indifferently, “If you want to fight the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine Realm, you have to have this killing array. How much have you mastered?”

“Reporting to the Immortal Sovereign, this disciple can understand 30 percent of the formation.” A Daoist in a gray-blue robe with white hair in front raised his hand, and light flowed and transformed into intricate array patterns at his fingertips.

As the array patterns appeared, the surrounding void began to tremble.

A halo imbued with a killing aura surged outward.

The people hurriedly used their magical abilities to protect themselves.

Only Han Muye sat there cross-legged. His body was filled with blood qi, and the phantom of Baxia flickered.

“It’s already not bad to remember 30 percent. This power to slay immortals is comparable to a Golden Immortal. There’s also a chance to escape in front of a Zenith Heaven.” The Immortal Sovereign nodded and said softly.

The old man in the gray robe showed a pleased expression and put away the array patterns in his hands.

The others began to practice and demonstrate their skills. Some had mastered 20 percent of the formation, while others gained insights into other avenues from it.

Overall, everyone made progress.

The Immortal Sovereign looked at Han Muye, who was sitting still, and said softly, “How much have you mastered?”

Upon hearing his question, everyone else turned to look at Han Muye.

How much had he mastered?

Han Muye closed his eyes slightly, and the lights and shadows changed in his mind, revealing the vast and intricate overlapping formation.

But as the formation appeared, his whole body trembled, and he opened his eyes.

“Elder, I cannot master this formation.”

If his cultivation was sufficient, Han Muye could completely replicate this grand formation. However, with his current power, he couldn’t even replicate one-thousandth of the formation.

If he forcefully revealed it, the only possibility was that his soul would collapse and his body would turn into dust.

Hearing that he couldn’t master it, the Immortal Sovereign didn’t say anything.

The others didn’t pay much attention either.

Their cultivation could only comprehend a little, so how could they expect Han Muye, this primordial divine beast, to do it?

“Actually, this is also something I regret.” The Immortal Sovereign raised his head and looked ahead with a helpless expression.

“My inheritance is not inferior to anyone’s, not inferior to the strongest Immortal Sovereigns of those Daoist sects at all. However, the Heavenly Cycle Array is too difficult to grasp. No one under my sect can comprehend it.”

His words made everyone lower their heads in silence.

Indeed, Immortal Sovereign’s strength was monstrous, the Heavenly Cycle Formation was also extremely powerful.

However, setting up this array required too much energy, and there were no disciples who could inherit it. This was quite disappointing.

“Do any of you have the ambition to inherit my legacy?” The Immortal Sovereign looked at everyone and asked softly.

Legacy!

What kind of opportunity was this!

Han Muye turned to look at everyone, but no one nodded.

“Immortal Sovereign, this disciple is really slow-witted...” The old man who had comprehended 30 percent of the Heavenly Cycle Array spoke with a face full of shame.

Chapter 1028 - 1028 Immortal Sovereign's Inheritance, Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm (3)

1028 Immortal Sovereign's Inheritance, Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm (3)

The others remained silent.

The disciples of the lineage and the successors of the mantle were completely different.

The Immortal Sovereign sighed, waved his hand, and said lightly, “Let’s go, let’s go. If fate allows, we shall meet again in 128,000 years.”

Everyone looked at each other and bowed.

“Senior, I don’t know why you chose to leave this legacy, nor do I know why you don’t control a major power. However, I have some suggestions.”

At this moment, Han Muye, who had been sitting cross-legged, suddenly spoke.

His words stunned everyone and they all turned to look at him.

The Immortal Venerable also looked at him indifferently and said, "Tell me about it."

Han Muye stood up and cupped his hands.

With the opportunity before him, he had to fight for it.

Perhaps this Senior's legacy involved danger and no one wanted it, but in Han Muye's opinion, since he happened to be here, if he didn't accept this inheritance, he would be giving up his opportunity.

"Senior, although the transmission of techniques is beneficial, for the powerful cultivators among us, it is only for reference. I believe that during the countless years of passing down your teachings, there haven't been many people who really admit that they are your disciples."

Han Muye looked up and said softly.

These words made the expressions of the surrounding people stiffen slightly.

As Han Muye had said, they were willing to obtain an opportunity for transmission, but they didn't actually want to become disciples of the Immortal Sovereign's disciples.

The Immortal Sovereign snorted and didn't say anything.

“Senior, since you are rewarding us with opportunities, why not go further?”

“Senior, if you could bestow various treasures that embody the essence of the inheritance, allowing cultivators in the world to have a chance, and granting treasures to those who listen to the Dao...”

Han Muye looked at the small table in front of the Immortal Sovereign.

The others’ eyes brightened at his words.

The Immortal Sovereign held precious objects in his hand, and if they could be rewarded, even one of them could revitalize a sect.

The Immortal Sovereign’s gaze fell on Han Muye, shimmering with a deep halo.

“Very well, these things are all extraneous to me.

“Since I let you cultivate in the Immortal World, you should be given some treasures.”

He waved his hand, and the jade chimes, bronze bell, jade sword, and other objects on the small case in front of him flew out and landed in front of the people.

The people who were about to leave were pleasantly surprised.

Each treasure was an invaluable item that was hard to find in the world for them!

With such treasures to protect them, their cultivation would undoubtedly be smooth sailing.

The people reached out their hands, each taking one item, and distributed the various treasures among themselves.

The Immortal Sovereign turned around and looked at Han Muye, who had not received a single item. He said calmly, "Your cultivation level is too low. You can't control these treasures.

"I'll let you take this volume of the Dao scripture to read for now.

"For listening to the Dao, I'll give you this cushion."

As he finished speaking, the Immortal Sovereign raised his hand and smashed the book in his palm into the void.

The book turned into a golden stone tablet that pressed down on Han Muye's back.

Han Muye's body transformed into the appearance of the divine beast Baxia, and a huge tablet on his back flickered with golden light.

After doing this, the Immortal Sovereign's figure moved and gently dispersed.

From beginning to end, he didn't mention accepting Han Muye as a disciple or giving him any treasures. Instead, he made him bear the burden of a 10,000-foot monument.

"Hehe, you younger fellows, if you have a chance in the future, you can come visit my Heavenly Jade Palace."

"Young fellow, I will never forget this opportunity today."

The few cultivators who had been given treasures cupped their hands at Han Muye, who was pressed under the monument, and flew away.

Han Muye couldn't move at all, and his gaze landed on the jade-colored cushion in front of him.

"I'm Tao Hongjing, called the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign. I attained the Dao before the 11th calamity and established my own path, separate from the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine Realm.

"Today, I will accept you as my disciple, passing on my mantle. Are you willing?"

The voice of the Immortal Sovereign resonated in Han Muye's ears.

Before he could speak, the Immortal Sovereign's voice sounded again. "You can't keep this Scroll Heavenly Stele and cushion. The treasure I really left for you won't be this little thing."

"I've engraved the Heavenly Cycle Array on your back. When you comprehend the method to control the Heavenly Cycle Array, you'll be able to dominate the Heavenly Cycle Divine World."

A faint golden light penetrated the back armor of the divine beast, Baxia, that Han Muye had transformed into. The mysterious halo slowly dissipated and finally turned invisible.

Han Muye trembled, and the golden spiritual light that had enveloped him shone brightly, transforming back into a teleportation array that encased his body.

“Leave behind the book monument.”

“Leave the prayer cushion given by the Immortal Sovereign before leaving.”

A voice sounded from the void of space.

Chapter 1029 - 1029 Killing Sword Unsheathed, No Return Until Death

1029 Killing Sword Unsheathed, No Return Until Death

The void trembled, and the golden halo around Han Muye was instantly frozen.

Even the power that could break through space and time was directly suppressed.

Han Muye’s figure, caught between illusion and reality, was completely immobilized under the immense force.

This was the absolute disparity of power; his cultivation and strength were countless levels below the person who attacked him, just like a dragon crushing an ant.

Ever since he stepped into the Heaven Realm until now, Han Muye hadn't felt this helpless lack of control over his own life and death for a long time.

The powerful being within the void casually made a move, suppressing the power of teleportation and holding his life and death in their hands.

Intense spiritual light burst forth from Han Muye's eyes.

It was a stubbornness to remain unyielding in a desperate situation.

"Everyone, after all, he is the one chosen by the Immortal Sovereign. Let him handle it. However, the treasure will go to those who are destined to receive it."

Another voice echoed in the void, and a pair of illusory hands reached for the golden stone tablet on Han Muye's back.

They said Han Muye should go, but they took the stone tablet first.

"Bang!"

The stone tablet was covered in cracks, and golden pages fluttered and scattered.

The stone tablet was covered in cracks, and golden pages fluttered and scattered.

“Hmph, Fellow Daoist Zhu You, you’re also at the Heaven Immortal realm. Why are you so shameless?”
Someone snorted coldly and slapped down with a pair of illusory palms.

“Bang!”

The golden stone tablet finally shattered, and more pages flew in all directions.

Pairs of hands appeared, coming to grab the pages.

Han Muye could only stare as several pairs of hands grabbed the paper scrolls filled with writings.

On these pages, profound words of the Great Dao were recorded, and each character flickered with brilliance, as if trying to escape from the paper.

If he could comprehend the techniques and records on these scrolls, it would undoubtedly greatly enhance his cultivation.

Perhaps he could even achieve the realm of Heavenly Sovereign by comprehending them.

This was an opportunity meant for him, Han Muye. However, at this moment, he could only watch helplessly as these opportunities were snatched away.

Even if he stared intently, he could only remember a few words from the books.

The words of the Great Dao that required constant contemplation could not be comprehended with just a glance.

The deprivation of this opportunity filled Han Muye with anger.

Baxia, who was pressed under the illusory Heavenly Stele, roared, wanting to break free from its restraint.

The surrounding world constantly shifted and then shattered.

These people fighting for the opportunities paid no attention to Han Muye's life or death.

The collision of the two forces squeezed Baxia's body, which was sandwiched between them, like a thin piece of paper.

"Hmph, just an ant. Since you harbor resentment, there's no need to spare you." A large hand in the void grabbed a golden page and pressed it against the head of the suppressed Han Muye.

As the palm pressed down, the page in its palm shimmered with golden light.

Han Muye stared fixedly at the golden page, and the words on it continued to enlarge and change.

The hand descended like a heavenly curtain, crashing down upon his head.

In that moment, it felt as if his soul and physical body were about to be crushed directly.

He couldn't sit idly and wait for his doom!

Power gathered around his body. Although his entire body was suppressed and unable to move, his spiritual sword could still move.

"Roar—"

Baxia raised his head and let out a long neigh. A greenish-gray long sword shot out from his huge mouth and collided with the palm above his head.

The long sword collided with the golden page, causing the golden characters to distort and flicker.

Han Muye understood and comprehended these characters, but he couldn't unleash their power.

However, at this moment, he could only give it his all in the fight.

"Spiritual Wind, Heavenly Net.

“Three Divisions, Primordial Movement.”

Baxia muttered something that only he could understand.

This voice seemed to mobilize the power in the void, and the writing on the golden page responded, trembling.

The golden page enveloped the long sword, transforming into a golden blade that cleaved the giant palm.

In the void, someone exclaimed softly.

Someone else chuckled.

The long sword that cut open the palm did not stop. It spun backward and stabbed at the surrounding palms.

“The brat is despicable.”

“He doesn’t know the immensity of the heavens and earth.”

Whispers echoed in the void.

Those huge hands spread out and grabbed at the sword.

However, at that moment, the sword suddenly turned, and it cleaved down with a single strike!

The sword's edge was cold, slashing through the cushion in front of the suppressed Han Muye, splitting the jade-colored cushion in half.

"Boom!"

One half of the jade-colored cushion directly exploded, releasing a strange and vibrant power that instantly permeated the surroundings, causing fluctuations in the vast expanse of space within the void.

The other half of the cushion turned into a green light, enveloping the suppressed Han Muye's body. Carrying the remaining half of the Heavenly Stele and some surviving pages within it, it shattered the void, traversed the river of time, and disappeared.

"I will definitely avenge today in the future!"

In the void, Han Muye's voice was filled with cold killing intent.

Those so-called Heavenly Immortals and Golden Immortals who robbed him of his opportunities, treating him like an ant and trying to kill him.

When he cultivated the Great Dao, he would definitely return this grudge!

“Boom!”

Baxia’s body broke through the last barrier in the void and disappeared.

“This kid is arrogant...”

“He is indeed someone favored by the Immortal Sovereign, showing some ability.”

“The karma has been formed. Let’s see if this kid can really make a comeback.”

“Hehe, that’s easy. As for the prehistoric Baxia Clan, we just have to eliminate them completely.”

“It’s useless. This child transmigrated from the river of time and has opportunities to begin with. Even if we slay the Baxia Clan, it’s impossible to eliminate him.”

“Let’s give it a try. It’s just a small divine beast clan. What harm can they really cause?”

Chapter 1030 - 1030 Killing Sword Unsheathed, No Return Until Death (2)

1030 Killing Sword Unsheathed, No Return Until Death (2)

Voices echoed in the void, and eventually dissipated.

...

As the flowing light in front of Han Muye dispersed, countless green auras poured into his body, merging with his bloodline. He had returned to the desolate wilderness, now in ruins.

Everything seemed like a dream.

But this was not a dream!

Raising his head, he could see the broken stone stele, only a thousand feet tall. The inscriptions on it were the pages left behind by the Immortal Sovereign.

Of the Immortal Ancestors' inheritance scrolls, only less than a hundred remained.

As his bloodline circulated, he could sense a formation diagram behind him.

Heavenly Cycle Array Formation!

Using the strength of an Immortal Reverent as a guide, it was engraved on the back armor of the divine beast, Baxia. When the power of this array formation was activated, it could kill immortals and gods!

In his body, a greenish-gray aura continuously intertwined and passed through his meridians, bringing with it a cool and calm feeling.

It was the power contained within half of a meditation cushion.

The other half of this power burst open, directly shattering the bindings of a powerful immortal.

The remaining power within this meditation cushion carried Han Muye through time and space, and now only a trace remained.

In Han Muye's eyes, this remaining power in the meditation cushion was already more than 10 times stronger than his own cultivated power!

This power nurtured within his body, and he could feel the fusion of his bloodline and his own cultivation level.

The Origin!

This power was the origin of the Heaven and Earth powers. It was refined from the power extracted from the Divine World's Heavenly Cycle!

The level of this power was immeasurable compared to Han Muye's current cultivation level.

As he experienced the changes and circulation of this power within his body, Han Muye's expression grew increasingly gloomy.

Originally, he possessed an entire meditation cushion and the inheritance of the Immortal Sovereigns, but now the inheritance was scattered, and only a trace of the cushion remained.

It was those bastards who snatched away his opportunities!

A strong killing intent emanated from Han Muye.

Opportunities like these might not come again in his lifetime, and they had been stolen from him just like that!

“You wait, I will reclaim everything that belongs to me.” Han Muye gritted his teeth and growled in a low voice.

Until this moment, Han Muye finally understood that he couldn’t remain detached.

Whether it was the Divine Emperor’s treasury or supreme treasures, he had never felt heartache when he gave them away.

But this time, he felt a pang of regret.

If the inheritance in the Heavenly Stele was intact and the essence in the meditation cushion remained unspent, how many detours could he have avoided!

“Buzz!”

A warning vibration from his spiritual sword shook his mind, causing his whole body to tremble.

It felt like a bucket of cold water was poured over him, extinguishing the flames in Han Muve’s eyes in an instant.

He turned slowly and looked towards the nearby dark, illusory figure.

“Heavenly Demon?”

Without knowing when, he had been invaded by the Heavenly Demon, nearly losing his mental composure and being manipulated by anger and killing intent.

If it weren’t for his profound mental cultivation and the substantialization of his spiritual sword, he would have likely lost himself and become a monster driven solely by the urge to kill.

The Immortal Ancestor had already said that he couldn’t protect the inheritance in the Heavenly Stele and the meditation cushion. Being able to preserve this much was already an extremely fortunate thing.

But just now, when his mind was invaded by that violent power, he unexpectedly experienced delusions.

“Heavenly Demon?” The dark figure ahead took a step forward, a faint smile on their face.

It was a young man dressed in a black robe, with a pale complexion.

“Perhaps so. Our clan has always been treated as demons.”

The youth looked at the broken stone stele behind Han Muye, a twitch at the corner of his eye.

A hint of resentment and killing intent flashed within him.

“It was this thing that suppressed me for a million years.”

“Those fools shattered the wilderness but couldn’t find my location, causing me to waste such a long time in vain.”

The youth gritted his teeth and roared, the glow in his eyes turning crimson. Scales emerged all over his body, and a pair of 100-foot black wings spread out from his back.

Han Muye could see that this young man had the power of a spiritual armored demon, as well as the power of a fiend or demon cultivator.

Moreover, the power emanating from this youth surprisingly bore a similar feeling to that of the demonic cultivator he had encountered during the Immortal Sovereign’s sermon earlier today.

“Unfortunately, I don’t like the Baxia bloodline.”

With a movement of his wings, the youth had already appeared above Han Muye's head.

He looked up at the sky and roared. In an instant, the greenish-gray power of the entire desolate land shook.

This was an existence so powerful that it could suppress the desolation!

This power probably surpassed even the Endless Heavenly Sovereign who had stepped onto the Transcendence realm!

Han Muye's expression became extremely grave.

He understood why all the beings in the desolate wilderness had diminished intellect.

It was because they were invaded by this formidable figure who had once been suppressed under the Heavenly Stele.

When the desolate wilderness was intact, its power couldn't be unleashed. But when the desolate wilderness collapsed and the formidable figures perished, and the essence of the primordial chaos was extracted, this figure quietly changed the desolate wilderness.

One could say that the current desolate wilderness was already the domain of this powerful individual!

"Boom!"

In the distance, figures fell from the sky.

Whether it was Di Ting or Qilin, the divine beasts and experts were all filled with fear.

They had sensed the invasion of a formidable power several days ago and had no choice but to flee.

However, they hadn't expected to be unable to escape.

"This is the legendary fiend, the Luo Clan!" The Qilin looked at the young man with wings and said in a deep voice.

"The fiend, the demon Luo Clan, who betrayed the Primordial World and fell into the abyss to choose the power of darkness?" Chen Qingzhi gripped the saber in his hand tightly and stared at the grayish-black power surrounding the young man.

This power made his heart palpitate.

It felt as if they would all die as long as the youth spread his wings.

"Too weak." The young man looked around with a regretful expression.

He gently clenched his fist, and all the divine beasts collapsed to the ground as if their hearts were being squeezed.

