

Pavilion 1311

Chapter 1311 - 1311 Nether River Ferry (3)

1311 Nether River Ferry (3)

To board the ship, these cultivators had to pay spiritual rocks, immortal spiritual rocks, soul crystals, or other treasures.

According to Ke Yang, it was worth about 30 million spiritual rocks.

This price was something a Heaven Realm cultivator could afford.

But it was almost his entire fortune.

The cultivators boarding the ship one by one obediently handed over their treasures to the several black-robed figures standing on the deck.

The soul power emanating from these black-robed figures was intimidating, at least at the level of Heaven Immortal Void Realm.

However, strangely, they didn't look like real humans, but rather, they seemed somewhat stiff, like puppets.

When Ke Yang stepped onto the deck, he whispered a few words to the gray-haired elder standing at the bow of the ship. The elder nodded, and his gaze fell on Huang Six and Han Muye.

“Very well, their passage fees are waived.”

The old man said, attracting astonished and envious looks from those around.

30 million spiritual rocks were a substantial fortune.

“Sixth Brother, take care.” When Ke Yang got off the ship, he cupped his hands at Huang Six.

Huang Six watched Ke Yang’s sailboat depart and then looked at the nearby island.

“Thinking back to the days when I roamed the edge of life and death, it really had a unique flavor,” he muttered to himself, turning to see the strange look in Han Muye’s eyes.

The 3,000-foot-long ship slowly moved away, and Han Muye and Huang Six were assigned to a relatively clean cabin.

There were already two demonic cultivators inside.

One of them was Feng Yi, a Heaven Realm Cultivator whose lifespan was running out and whose cultivation was severed. The other was Daoist Shi Yuan, a Half-Sage Realm cultivator who was on his way to the Nether River Holy City in search of opportunities.

Perhaps because of his impending death, Feng Yi was talkative.

Daoist Shi Yuan, on the other hand, rarely spoke.

Feng Yi had boarded the ship six months ago, and the ship had been wandering on the Nether River for half a year.

The ship had nine levels, and they were on the third level.

As they went higher, they needed higher cultivation levels or more money.

Double the ship's fees.

It was said that on the ninth level, only the strongest among the Heaven Immortals resided.

"Even if one becomes a god, they still have to cross the Nether River to reverse life and death," Feng Yi said with some emotion.

Truly understanding life and death and living carefree for a lifetime would make one a true immortal.

But in the world, where could you find someone who truly understood the emptiness, without desires and demands?

According to Feng Yi, the ship would travel on the Nether River for another hundred days before reaching the Holy City.

“Once we arrive at the Holy City, we’ll have a chance to reverse life and death,” Feng Yi’s eyes were filled with anticipation.

Daoist Shi Yuan turned his head slightly, and his eyes revealed a hint of depth.

Huang Six had only said that he was going to the Holy City to seek opportunities.

Han Muye carried his sword on his back and said nothing with his visor on.

A day later, a horn sounded on the ship.

Daoist Shi Yuan got up and rushed out of the cabin.

“We’ve encountered Nether Beasts. The experts on the Nether River Ferry will take action to hunt them down, and we can join in and get some benefits,” Feng Yi said as he rushed out as well.

Han Muye and Huang Six looked at each other and walked out of the quiet room.

Outside, they could see cultivators everywhere.

Some were observing, while others rushed to the deck.

In the blood-red waves, the entire ship gently swayed.

On the 18 sails, three of them rose, with 1000-foot high sails flashing with golden light.

The golden light turned into ropes, entwining a thirty-zhang-long grayish-blue exotic beast in the river ahead.

This exotic beast's body was different from the Nether Beasts they had seen before; it was round and covered in long spikes. It was bound by golden ropes, constantly roaring, sounding like a crying baby.

"It's a Terror Soul Beast. Those spikes are not easy to deal with."

Someone whispered, quietly retreating.

The golden rope pulled the 300-foot exotic beast to the bow of the ship and slammed it down with a "bang."

Dozens of cultivators with different body shapes swarmed up and struck the beast with various weapons.

"Clang—"

“Clang—”

These weapons struck the long spikes on the beast’s body, making crisp sounds as if the weapons were colliding with each other.

A burly man holding a long ax chopped off a 10-foot-long black spike and dragged it away.

At this moment, the Terror Soul Beast let out a low roar. Its hundreds of spikes suddenly retracted and then burst apart with a loud explosion.

Hundreds of spikes flew out, piercing through the bodies of the cultivators surrounding it.

The burly man who was dragging the spikes suffered the most, with two spikes piercing through his body and fastening him to a thick mast.

Blood stained the ground.

No one paid attention to the cultivators whose bodies had been pierced. More people rushed forward, wielding their weapons and striking the body of the Terror Soul Beast, causing golden blood to spray out.

Divine power!

The blood flowing from this Terror Soul Beast's body was divine power.

Han Mu Ye moved, and with a few ups and downs, he arrived in front of the Terror Soul Beast's body.

He raised his hand and slapped down, creating a large gash in the rough body of the Terror Soul Beast, causing golden blood to spurt out.

With a wave of his hand, a faint soul power intertwined with divine power, turning into golden light that flickered in his hand.

Indeed, it was divine power, but it was too thin, not even as concentrated as what could be found in the bodies of ordinary beasts in the divine realm.

However, when this divine power and soul power were combined, it could enhance one's soul slightly while absorbing divine power.

This was nothing in the Divine Realm, but it was quite precious in the Immortal Realm.

In the mortal world, this blood was a treasure.

Divine power could revive the dormant and withered power in many people's bodies, supplement their soul power, and loosen their cultivation bottlenecks.

It was indeed good stuff.

“Ho—”

A burly man wearing black demon armor swung a long knife in his hand, and the blade flashed with demonic light. With one swing, he cut the Terror Soul Beast’s body in half.

Chapter 1312 - 1312 Nether River Ferry (4)

1312 Nether River Ferry (4)

As the golden blood flowed, the Terror Soul Beast trembled and fell silent.

A black-robed man stepped forward and raised his hand to collect the body of the soul beast that had been killed. Then he raised his hand and threw two golden soul crystals to the black-armored man.

The burly man smiled and took the soul crystal. Then he raised his hand, causing the scattered golden blood around them to form small golden balls.

Both of these items were unobtainable elsewhere.

Despite having slain one Terror Soul Beast, the great river ahead still churned with waves. One enormous 300-foot-long Nether Beast could be seen, while on the other side, three even larger Nether Beasts floated slowly.

These Nether Beasts clearly possessed intelligence as they gazed at the Nether River Ferry but did not approach. They only churned the waves in an attempt to capsize the large boat.

“Buzz!”

The nine layers of the Nether River Ferry vibrated, and another sail rose.

Slowly, golden streams of light began to flicker on all four sails.

The three observing Nether Beasts turned to flee but were already enveloped in the golden light that scattered from the sails.

The Nether Beasts trapped in the golden light began to struggle, pulling and rocking the large boat along with the waves.

Generation after generation of golden light shimmered, locked in a standoff with the Nether Beasts.

On the deck, the eyes of the cultivators sparkled with anticipation.

The wings of the Nether Beasts were precious materials for crafting sails, and their bones could be used to forge bone boats for crossing the Nether River.

The blood within their flesh contained a denser divine and soul power than the Terror Soul Beasts.

“Hunt the Nether Beasts,” a voice sounded on the large boat.

Hundreds of black figures soared out, walking on the waves.

These were the black-robed men on the ship. Each of them held a 30-foot-long trident that flickered with green immortal light.

The tridents pierced the Nether Beasts caught in the nets, causing blood to splatter.

The golden blood stimulated the eyes of the cultivators on the deck.

The drifting golden divine aura was enchanting.

“Ho!”

It was the same burly man who had previously killed the Terror Soul Beast with a single strike. He leaped into the air.

His body spanned thousands of feet and crashed directly onto the back of the Nether Beast.

As his long knife descended, golden blood sprayed like a fountain.

The Nether Beast howled in pain, rolling its body and sending the man and his knife tumbling into the blood-red river.

On the Nether River Ferry, several figures rushed out, relying on their physical strength to step out and strike with their weapons.

These were individuals who had cultivated their physical strength to the point where they could break through the Nether Beasts' defenses with a single blow.

"Brother, I'll go have some fun," Huang Six said with a light smile by the side.

A black battle armor covered his body, and a golden battle spear materialized in his hand.

Immortal treasures.

However, he intentionally concealed the aura of his immortal treasure, so outsiders could only sense the formidable power of his spear.

He soared into the air, and a black shadow appeared behind him.

The 100-foot-long phantom, with six arms and three heads, held the spear and stabbed at the belly-turning dark beast.

"Bang!"

The Nether Beast's body flipped and rolled over again.

The heavily armored man, who had been submerged in the river, heaved a sigh of relief, covered in blood-red water.

He looked up at Huang Six, whose solid black shadow had manifested behind him, and grinned.

Huang Six held his war spear, and every strike could make the dark beast roll.

The more he rolled, the tighter the net wrapped around his body.

In just a moment, the dark beast covered in golden blood stopped moving.

The saber-wielding man raised his hand and waved. The blood turned into two golden light balls that laughed like watermelons.

"My name is Luo Ren."

Handing one of the light balls to Huang Six, the burly man spoke loudly.

Huang Six received one of the golden light balls without hesitation. Then he waved his hand and said, "My name is Huang Zhenxiong. You can call me Sixth Brother."

After saying that, Huang Six turned to look at the Nether Beast at the bow of the ship that had not been trapped in the nets and said, "What do you say, should we go after it?"

Luo Ren's eyes lit up and he laughed loudly. "Sixth Brother is mighty. I'm impressed."

He waved the long knife in his hand and leaped out, rushing towards the Nether Beast.

"I'll go first!"

As soon as he spoke, a whooshing sound came from behind him.

The six-armed shadow passed over his body, and the golden long spear condensed into 10 yards, thrusting down toward the Nether Beast in the river.

At this moment, all eyes on the Nether River Ferry were fixed on Huang Six.

Even on the ninth level, some people nodded slightly.

"This man is indeed bold," said a man with a dark and green complexion, showing sharp fangs, obviously belonging to an exotic race.

“The six-armed, three-headed shadow, the demonic Sage Image, should not be underestimated if it can be cultivated to a high level,” said another man dressed in black armor with long arms and a black beard, speaking in a low voice.

“Boom!”

As Huang Six struck, the waves surged, and golden blood erupted into the sky.

The thousand-foot-long Nether Beast sank abruptly into the water and then rolled in pain, its long body slapping down towards Huang Six.

Huang Six laughed heartily and raised the six arms behind him to support the sky.

Chapter 1313 - 1313 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time

1313 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time

“Roar—”

The demonic shadow roared and propped up the Nether Beast's body.

Huang Six's entire body soared into the air, and the shadow behind him dragged the body of the Nether Beast out of the water.

“Ha—”

With a shout, six arms grabbed the 1,000-foot-long Nether Beast's body and swung it towards the Nether River Ferry.

The sails on the Nether River Ferry scattered golden light, catching the Nether Beast and falling to the deck.

Huang Six, who was in the river, had nowhere to borrow strength and fell into the Nether River.

In the Nether River, if you fell, you would instantly sink to the riverbed.

It was said that no one had ever returned from the bottom of the Nether River.

"Brother Six, keep going." Following closely behind, Luo Ren threw a piece of black armor that landed at Huang Six's feet, and he himself fell into the water.

Sixth Brother Huang stepped on the black armor, his body rippling with the water. He raised his hand and grabbed the Luo Ren that had fallen into the water, and threw him directly towards the Abyssal River boat.

After a moment, the Nether River Ferry moved forward. A long ladder descended and picked up Huang Six.

An old man in a black robe walked forward and handed a small black bag to Huang Six.

“You’re not bad. Are you interested in joining our Holy City?”

Join the Holy City?

Huang Six turned to Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head and whispered.

Huang Six grinned and said, “Forget it, I’ll go take a look first.”

The black-robed old man wasn’t angry. He nodded and turned to leave.

Huang Six untied the small black bag in his hand. There were dozens of golden light balls inside.

Each ball of light was condensed from the soul and divinity.

He took out a handful and handed it to Han Muye, then handed a few more to Luo Ren.

Luo Ren smiled and took it. “This Soul Golden Bead is a common currency in the Holy City. One is worth a million spiritual rocks.”

“The key is that this item is very beneficial to the advancement of the soul and the refinement of the body. If you take it out to exchange, it can even be sold at a premium.”

As he spoke, Luo Ren turned to look at the envious cultivators.

It was quite fair for the Nether Beast that Huang Six had thrown onto the Nether River Ferry to exchange for a bag of Golden Soul Beads.

In the battle, there were many casualties on the ship.

More than 10 cultivators died.

However, the gains on the ship were not small either.

The four Nether Beasts were dissected one by one, and their flesh, blood, and bones were carefully put away.

The black-robed men carefully cut off their wings and folded them.

These things were not measured solely in spiritual rocks or other material goods.

For the Nether River Ferryman Clan, these things were treasures that could enhance the strength of their clan.

There was a dining area on the fourth level of the cabin.

Due to the suppression of their cultivation and strength, many cultivators had no choice but to replenish their meat and increase their qi, blood, and strength.

The meat was processed from the meat of the Nether Beasts and Terror Soul Beasts that he had killed previously.

Han Muye tasted a piece. There was no special taste in the meat, but the blood essence contained in it was surging and very suitable for absorption.

The Terror Soul Beast's meat was more delicate than the Nether Beast's, and its price was much higher.

A small piece cost 100 spiritual rocks.

Cultivators who stepped onto the Nether River Ferry did not lack this.

"Sixth Brother's demonic statue has powerful primordial spirit power. It can even have a place in the Holy City." Daoist Shi Yuan, who had gathered at Han Muye's table, sounded more enthusiastic.

On the other hand, Feng Yi, who came with them, became more restrained. The meat that Huang Six had treated them to was placed in front of him, making it difficult for him to do anything.

He was only at the Soul Formation realm and his lifespan was about to end.

The combat strength displayed by Huang Six was at least that of a Heavenly Venerable.

Feng Yi was naturally careful when sitting with such a mighty figure.

At the other table, a tall old man in a black robe looked at Huang Six and said loudly, "Brother Huang, I wonder how many Soul Golden Beads you can take out to trade?"

As soon as he asked this, everyone in the restaurant looked up at Huang Six.

A deal?

Huang Six took out the black bag and placed it on the table.

"Whoever wants to exchange, just exchange."

Really?

Hearing his words, many cultivators stood up.

Some took out spiritual rocks, while others held a few treasures.

Feng Yi seemed a bit restrained and hesitated slightly before taking out a small bag.

In just a moment, Huang Six's bag of golden beads was completely exchanged.

"Thank you, Sixth Brother." Someone cupped his hands.

The others also quickly thanked him.

For them, these golden beads were precious items, and many people were heading to the Holy City to obtain them and absorb the divine power and soul contained within.

Some of them had bodies that were deteriorating and urgently needed divine power to suppress it.

A single golden bead might be able to extend their lives.

The ferryman clan on the Nether River boat was not easy to communicate with, and they didn't expect Huang Six to be so generous.

For a moment, many people looked at Huang Six with a lot of gratitude in their eyes.

In fact, for Huang Six, these golden beads were completely useless.

The divine crystals given to him by Han Muye contained a hundred times more divine power than what was contained in the golden beads, and they were easier to absorb.

With divine crystals, he had no need to keep the golden beads on him.

When he returned to the quiet room on the boat, Feng Yi, who had exchanged the golden orbs, set up a small light array on the side to protect himself and began his cultivation.

This light array was activated using the power of the soul and had limited protective capabilities, but it could block soul probing.

Although Daoist Shi Yuan was still eager to chat with Huang Six, he saw Luo Ren's expression and had to shrink back and exit the quiet room.

Luo Ren was very interested in Huang Six's demonic path sacred image, so Huang Six roughly explained the cultivation method of this technique to him.

In exchange, Luo Ren gave Huang Six the scale armor he had obtained and quietly told him where he had obtained it.

Armor that could float in the Nether River was definitely not simple.

Chapter 1314 - 1314 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time (2)

1314 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time (2)

Han Muye did not listen to the two of them discussing the demonic cultivation techniques. Instead, he activated a light array with his soul, then raised his hand and took out a faint red drop of water.

It was a water droplet.

Water from the Nether River.

This was a drop of water that had splashed onto the ship of the Nether River during the previous battle.

Han Muye took the opportunity to grab a drop. Sensing the power contained in it, he put it away.

At this moment, this drop of the Nether River water flowed in his palm as if it were alive.

A faint blood energy emerged from this blood-red droplet.

“Is the Nether River alive?”

The power emitted by the water droplet clearly had its own spirituality.

This was something that only living creatures had.

The Nether River.

Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

The memories he saw from the broken spear were still too little, and he knew too little about this Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Based on the current information, he could not deduce everything he wanted.

Looking at the blood-red water droplet in front of him, Han Muye raised his hand and slashed down with a faint golden sword light.

The sword light flashed and slashed it into countless balls.

The divine soul sword appeared and enveloped these invisible balls of water.

A day later, this red drop of water was finally refined by Han Muye.

“Pure physical blood essence power. Interesting.”

“The real treasure of the Nether River world should be this incessantly flowing water of the Nether River.”

Feeling the power of a drop of the Nether River water, Han Muye whispered.

This drop of water contained pure blood essence power.

However, his refining method was too slow. He needed to obtain the legacy of Immortal Venerable Minghe to truly refine the Nether River Water.

He raised his hand, and a black jade token appeared in his palm.

This was the jade pendant that was connected to Li Mubai. At this moment, the pulling force became more and more obvious in the Nether River.

Li Mubai was in the Holy City, and he probably wasn't in a good state.

Fortunately, the qi and blood revealed on this jade token had not been severed. It was probably just injured.

In the following days, Han Muye basically went into seclusion or strolled around the deck.

On the other hand, Huang Six lived a comfortable life. Whenever he encountered a Nether Beast, he would kill it. If there were no Nether Beasts, he would exchange cultivation insights with Luo Ren and the others. He was very happy.

Huang Six was generous; when he got golden beads, he was willing to exchange with others.

After that, he hunted the Nether Beasts a few times and had a group of people helping him.

The most attentive were Daoist Shi Yuan and Feng Yi. Because they shared a quiet room with Huang Six, they also received quite a few benefits.

Feng Yi, whose lifespan was originally a cause for concern, showed signs of improvement in his cultivation after obtaining golden beads and several precious items through exchange, easing the crisis of his lifespan.

This made him even more eager, and he would follow Huang Six wherever he went.

As for Daoist Shi Yuan, he quietly formed an alliance with a dozen cultivators of similar cultivation levels.

He was using Huang Six's name to gather these people to follow the Demon Venerable.

Huang Six's name, Heaven Trampling Demon Venerable, was already very famous on the Nether River Ferry.

Luo Ren had made some progress in researching Huang Six's cultivation methods. Although he couldn't have three heads and six arms, he could manifest four arms and had significantly increased strength.

He considered himself Huang Six's little brother, so before Huang Six took action, he would always strike first.

In this way, Han Muye had become somewhat idle.

Fortunately, everyone knew that Han Muye was Huang Six's brother, so they didn't offend him.

However, they did not know his cultivation and combat strength.

A month and a half later, the Nether River Ferry slowed down.

"In front of us is Xuanming Island, the only way to the holy city is through sutras."

"The Nether River Ferry will dock on Xuanming Island for three days and wait for the other Nether River Ferries to gather before heading to the Holy City together."

"The rest of the journey is even more dangerous. We need the cooperation of the fleet."

A cultivator who came more than once explained.

Sure enough, a large island appeared ahead.

A trace of green could be seen on the rocky island.

Outside the island, there were already a few large ships similar to this Nether River Ferry.

They were all 18 Dao sails, 3,000 feet long.

Looking at the large ships, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

The Nether River Ferryman race was stronger than he had imagined.

However, when he thought of how Ke Xue refined the sail, he felt relieved.

The strength of the Nether River Ferrymen came from the sacrifice of countless clansmen.

It was the accumulation of countless generations.

On the Nether River, countless people like Ke Xue were constantly refining sails.

“Fellow Daoist Heaven Trampler, we have a small trade fair on the island. Are you interested in participating?” The one who spoke was an old man in a black robe.

His name was Yu Wen, and he was one of the stewards on this ship.

He was recognized by Ke Yang, the one who waived the ship fee for Huang Six and Han Muye.

During these days, Huang Six had shown his prowess, and almost everyone on the ship recognized him.

Yu Wen had also chatted with Huang Six a few times and personally received the Nether Beasts hunted by him.

Upon hearing Yu Wen's invitation, the others showed envy on their faces.

Above the Nether River, the ferryman had absolute control.

Being invited by the Nether River Ferryman was a sign that Huang Six's strength was recognized.

Huang Six chuckled and glanced at Han Muye before nodding in agreement.

Xuanming Island was not small, with a radius of a hundred miles.

At the ferry dock, there was a small city made of blue stones, simple and rough.

Cultivators who disembarked from the ship headed straight for the small city.

The power in the Nether River was restricted, and many people had a bitter life on the ship.

Many people had come to this place for the stalls that could be seen everywhere in the city.

Cultivators from various places displayed their unused treasures and exchanged them for what they needed.

Such transactions were not fair, but each party got what they wanted.

Han Muye and the others disembarked with a few Nether River Ferryman.

Chapter 1315 - 1315 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time (3)

1315 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time (3)

Apart from Yu Wen, there were two other elders with different appearances.

Among them was the elderly man with prominent fangs who had a great appreciation for Huang Six.

The old man's name was Qu Qian, and he was the chief elder in charge of the Holy City, presiding over this ferry on the Nether River.

Each boat on the Nether River had a chief elder in charge.

According to Han Muye's senses, Qu Qian's cultivation level was not low, but the combat strength of the Nether River Ferryman could not be measured by the strength of his cultivation level.

The group entered the small city and arrived at the stone fort in the city.

More than a dozen experts of the Nether River Ferrymen gathered. After exchanging pleasantries, they began to trade.

"I didn't gain much this time, only a few blood marrow beads." A white-bearded elder smiled and opened his palm. There were three jade-colored beads emitting red light.

"Heh, Elder Zhu Yi, a blood marrow bead is worth 1,000 golden beads. You didn't gain much from this?"

"That's right. With just these few beads, you've earned back all your investments."

As soon as the blood marrow bead appeared, everyone exclaimed.

Yu Wen introduced it to Huang Six and Han Muye in a low voice. This blood marrow bead was condensed from the bodies of very few nether beasts and was the crystallization of the Nether River Water.

The qi and blood energy contained in this treasure surged to an unimaginable level.

As long as two of these beads were carried on one's person, it guaranteed that the body would not decay, and the blood and essence would surge endlessly.

After the three blood marrow beads were taken out, the others also presented their own treasures.

Most of them were materials from Nether Beasts, some were special products from the Nether River.

Some were obtained from hunting and killing demons or monsters, yielding some valuable treasures.

There were also weapons, some heirlooms from other domains, and more.

On Han Muye's ship, the belongings of the cultivators who had died in the attack of the Nether Beasts had been collected by the ferryman.

"I encountered several Nether Beasts chasing me on this trip, and I used a lot of protective measures. It was a bit unstable when crossing the Chaotic Killing Reef later on. Does anyone have some defensive treasures to spare?"

A skinny ferryman of the Nether River looked around and spoke in a deep voice.

As he spoke, he raised his hand and waved it, causing various golden beads, spirit materials, and even some folded wings that he'd gathered from the Nether Beasts to scatter before him.

His words made many people frown.

“Ah, for nearly a thousand years, every journey through the Chaotic Killing Reef has been fraught with danger.

“Don’t tell me, our defenses on the boat are insufficient.”

Everyone shook their heads.

The Chaotic Killing Reef was originally a sea area guarded by the Holy City.

It was densely packed with rocks and inhabited by many powerful exotic beasts from the Nether River.

Originally, the ferryman of the Nether River could suppress these exotic beasts.

However, a million years ago, the First Elder disappeared and took away the treasure of the Nether River Ferryman Clan, the Soul Suppressing Banner.

Without this immensely powerful treasure to suppress them, the Nether River Ferryman could only barely defend the Holy City and establish a connection with the outside world through the Nether River boats.

The powerful beasts living on the Chaotic Killing Reef would often besiege the Holy City and destroy the Nether River Boats.

These elders who presided over the Nether River Ferry gathered together to gather strength and transmigrate to destroy reefs together.

At this moment, everyone was trading a few suitable treasures, but none of them took out defensive items.

No one lacked such a treasure.

Huang Six took out some treasures to exchange for some that he could use.

He ignored Han Muye.

He knew that his brother would never worry about treasures.

Indeed, Han Muye did not lack treasures.

However, his gaze landed in front of the Nether River Ferryman Elder, who was requesting to buy a defensive treasure.

Among the pile of treasures was a short sword.

The aura emitted by this short sword was a little strange.

He slowly stood up and walked to the pile of treasures.

All the parties who had been trading turned to look at Han Muye.

“Senior, let me see this sword. Senior, do you agree?” Han Muye pointed at the short sword.

The old man frowned.

Yu Wen quickly cleared his throat and briefly introduced Huang Six and Han Muye.

Huang Six, an acquaintance of a tribe, displayed formidable strength.

The ferryman of the Nether River clearly valued friendship. Hearing that it was Ke Yang who personally sent him to the ship, the old man nodded.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the short sword in his hand. He did not unsheathe it, but held the hilt with his palm.

The sword intent on his body was suppressed, but he had the sword of the soul.

A faint trace of divine soul power flowed into the sword, and scenes flashed in his mind.

Chaos, uncertainty.

The sword transmitted an indecipherable chaos.

The next moment, Han Muye trembled and let go of the hilt.

A trace of shock flashed through his eyes.

“Senior, you want to protect the treasure, right?”

Han Muye raised his hand, and a wooden box appeared.

“I wonder if Senior can take out enough treasures to exchange for it.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, a trace of anger flashed across the old man’s face.

As the owner of this place who presided over a Nether River Ferry, he had plenty of treasures.

With a low snort, the old man raised his hand and took the wooden box from Han Muye’s hand.

With the long wooden box in his hand, the old man suddenly stood up.

“This. This—”

His face showed a hint of horror, and he looked at Han Muye.

The other Elders stood up and checked with their divine senses. Their expressions changed drastically.

There were 10 bolts in the 1,000-foot-long crossbow.

It was unknown what material this crossbow was made of, but the power surging within it was vast, as if it was sealing a world.

Each of those arrows had the destructive power to break through the void.

Such crossbows were hard to find even in the Immortal Realm, let alone in the Nether River.

“This is a precious treasure. With this treasure, one can directly traverse the Chaotic Killing Reefs.” An old man with a golden crown on his head said with joy on his face.

“This treasure is precious.” Another old man nodded, looked at Han Muye, and whispered.

Chapter 1316 - 1316 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time (4)

1316 Patriarch Tao Ran, It's Been a Long Time (4)

Huang Six probed with his curious divine sense and cursed softly.

Inside the wooden box was clearly a Heaven Breaking Crossbow!

This was a formidable weapon used in the war between the immortal realm and the divine realm, and Han Muye pulled it out directly.

Inside the wooden box was not only a complete crossbow but also 10 crossbow arrows forged in the Immortal Burial City.

Even a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal would have to retreat from the destructive power of this arrow.

Thousands of Heaven-Breaking Crossbows were laid down on the Immortal Burial City, making the God Clan army not dare to approach.

"I wonder if Senior can afford this item?" Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he said calmly.

Sky-Breaking Crossbows were exchanged for divine crystals in the Immortal World.

Even if he piled up a hundred mountains with spiritual rocks, it would not be enough to exchange for this crossbow.

Originally, Han Muye doubted that he could afford it, and the old man felt insulted.

Now that Han Muye asked again, he didn't dare to say anything.

He really couldn't afford it.

Not to mention that they couldn't afford it, even if they placed all their belongings together, they still couldn't afford it.

The Nether River Ferrymen glanced at each other.

"Ahem, well, Little Friend Han, may I know if we can pay some deposit first?" After some discussion, Qu Qian looked at Han Muye and said in embarrassment.

At least he was more familiar with Han Muye and Huang Six.

Was he going to put it on credit?

Huang Six frowned.

Han Muye had already nodded.

In the end, other than a few spiritual materials that Han Muye really didn't need, the other treasures at the trade fair were packed up and given to him.

With this, the group still owed Han Muye 60% of the treasures.

According to the value of the divine soul golden beads, there were 120,000 of them.

In Qu Qian's words, the Nether River Ferrymen were taking advantage of this transaction.

After all, they were friends.

At least they had built some friendship now.

After collecting the treasures, Han Muye and Huang Six left first. After leaving the stone fort, Luo Ren, Feng Yi, and the others surrounded them.

They were all curious about what good things the Nether River Ferrymen traded.

Han Muye didn't say anything, but Huang Six happily took out some treasures that Luo Ren and the others could use and gave them away.

Gave them directly.

Instantly, everyone shed tears of gratitude.

Huang Six was probably used to being the Great Sage of the Heaven Trampling and liked the feeling of being sought after.

By now, Han Muye was already numb to it.

After receiving the treasures, Daoist Shi Yuan spoke, "Sixth Brother, there are still some treasures in various places in the city. How about taking a look?"

In their opinion, Huang Six, who had hunted and killed many Nether Beasts along the way, was the richest among them.

They didn't know that Huang Six's belongings were nothing compared to Han Muye's.

The divine crystals and immortal spiritual rocks used by Huang Six for cultivation were given by Han Muye.

Since they had nothing else to do, they decided to explore various trades in the city.

Cultivators of various shapes and sizes set up stalls in empty spaces around, some simply selling their useless treasures, and others looking to exchange for items they needed.

Huang Six was generous and exchanged for anything that looked useful.

Han Muye, on the other hand, was interested in some scattered swords and weapons.

“Bang!”

Not far ahead, there was a bang and a Daoist in a green robe was sent flying.

“Damn it, dare to exchange my genuine jade with fake jade! Who do you think you are?” A burly man in half armor shouted angrily and stepped forward.

The Daoist, though not short, looked like a child when he was grabbed by the collar.

“My jade is the real jade, the Green Mystic Jade. Yours is fake, fake!” The Daoist roared, causing the surroundings to go silent.

The Green Mystic Jade was a soul-stabilizing treasure with extraordinary effects on nurturing the soul.

For cultivators who had run out of life force and had no way forward, it was a good item for nurturing the soul and preserving their ability to reincarnate and cultivate again.

It could be said that almost half of the people who came to this place had this treasure.

As the Daoist was being dragged by the collar, he gasped for breath and gritted his teeth, “Give me back my jade, I really need it.”

Hearing the Daoist's words, the burly man laughed heartily, released his grip, and revealed a fist-sized green jade in his palm.

"I was originally planning to let you go, but now that your soul is half merged into the Green Mystic Jade, and now that the Green Mystic Jade is in my hands, aren't all your treasures mine?"

As the burly man spoke, he slowly clenched his fists.

Despair appeared on the Daoist's face.

Once the Green Mystic Jade with a fused soul shattered, it would mean the dispersal of his soul.

"Wait a minute."

At that moment, a voice sounded.

The people around made way, revealing Han Muye standing on the side of the road.

When the green-robed Daoist saw Han Muye, his eyes widened.

"Patriarch Tao Ran, it's been a long time." Han Muye looked at the Daoist, a smile on his face as he spoke softly.

The Nine Mystic Mountain's Fire Lineage Patriarch, Tao Ran, the former owner of the Purple Flame Sword.

Two thousand years had passed since they last met, and now, Tao Ran was old and on the brink of death.

"Do you recognize me?"

"Haha, great, do you want to buy this genuine jade?" The burly man who held the Green Mystic Jade in his hand brightened up and looked at Han Muye, laughing heartily.

"Bang!"

A massive fist struck him in the face.

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Huang Six punched the burly man's face crooked, then reached out and took the green jade back.

"Patriarch, I was wondering why you haven't seen anyone for hundreds of years. So you came to the Nether River."

After handing the Green Mystic Jade to Patriarch Tao Ran, Huang Six frowned and said, “Why is your lifespan about to end?”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s current cultivation level had just entered the Soul Formation realm, and he was still very far from the Half-Saint realm.

Hearing Huang Six’s words, Patriarch Tao Ran revealed a dejected expression and shook his head.

Back in the day, Patriarch Tao Ran was a big shot on the Nine Mystic Mountain, but he had been surpassed by the younger generation without him noticing.

His innate talent in cultivation was not exceptionally outstanding, and he had wasted time when he was at the half-step Heaven Realm.

Now, after 2,000 years had passed, his cultivation progress had stagnated, and his remaining lifespan was short.

“Damn it, b*stard!” The big man who had been knocked down by Huang Six roared and lunged at him.

Huang Six did not even blink.

“Bang!”

Luo Ren kicked the guy away with a single blow from his sloping stab.

Then, Feng Yi, Daoist Shi Yuan, and the others had already rushed forward.

Were they banding together in the Nether River?

The surrounding people quickly dispersed, afraid that they would be splashed with blood.

In the Nether River, one could only fight with the power of the body and the soul. The use of fists was better than cultivation.

After a series of bangs, the burly man's eyes and mouth were crooked as he fled for his life.

If he didn't leave now, his neck would be crooked.

Patriarch Tao Ran adjusted his clothes and looked at Han Muye.

Even though he was currently wearing a face mask and his clothes were filled with a sinister aura, in Tao Ran Elder's eyes, he was still the spirited young man he remembered.

"The Nether River is a place for cultivators like me, who have no hope of moving forward. Your cultivation is stable. What are you doing here?"

With Han Muye's cultivation, he shouldn't be short of lifespan, right?

Two thousand years ago, Han Muye had already become the ancestor of the Sword Dao.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. "Let's go back and talk."

Patriarch Tao Ran had arrived in the Nether River world more than 200 years ago.

Previously, when he was wandering in other realms and heard that there was a rebirth method in the Nether River, he was tempted.

"In this life, I have regrets and glory. I can't bear to part with my memories in this life just like that. I just want to re-cultivate."

Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye and Huang Six with a hint of reluctance in his eyes.

Whether it was sacrificing himself at the most critical moment in the Nine Mystic Mountain, leaving the sect, or fighting to the death when he returned later, Patriarch Tao Ran had never regretted it.

After that, the entire Western Frontier soared, and the Nine Mystic Sword School soared into the sky. Han Muye controlled the Heaven Mystic Realm and finally became an absolute expert among sword cultivators in the Immortal Source World.

Huang Six had also become a Heaven Trampling Sage, and his cultivation level was extraordinary.

Patriarch Tao Ran and the other elders of the Sword Sect naturally benefited from it and rose in status. They were respected everywhere and no one dared to offend them. They did not lack cultivation resources.

But sometimes, cultivation really didn't require resources.

Patriarch Tao Ran and Tuoba Cheng were both in the Heaven Realm.

Fortunately, Tuoba Cheng had waited for the Immortal Source World to advance to the Immortal World. With the help of immortal qi, his cultivation level increased.

Tao Ran had left the Immortal Source World early, and he'd missed his opportunity instead.

Hearing Han Muye say that the Immortal Source World had already advanced to the Immortal World, Patriarch Tao Ran looked confused. Then, he smiled bitterly and shook his head, muttering to himself.

Han Muye took out some immortal spiritual rocks and a few divine crystals and handed them to Patriarch Tao Ran.

In his opinion, what Patriarch Tao Ran lacked was not treasures, but the drive in his heart.

"Patriarch, don't worry. We'll definitely find opportunities on this trip to the Holy City."

Hearing his words, Patriarch Tao Ran smiled and nodded.

Huang Six directly arranged for Patriarch Tao Ran to be on this Nether River Ferry. With his current name, he only needed to say hello to this matter.

Han Muye didn't care about these things. He set up an array formation and took out the short sword.

The short sword looked mottled and rusted. Holding the hilt, he exerted a little force, and the sword that had been unsheathed no longer had any spiritual light.

This kind of ancient sword basically had its spirituality severed.

However, Han Muye saw something different in this sword.

Taking a deep breath, he gripped the hilt tightly. The sword of the divine soul in his divine treasure flashed, dividing into a trace of sword intent that landed on the short sword.

"Buzz!"

The short sword vibrated, and fragments fell from the rusted spots on it. The entire sword seemed to be about to break.

As the sword intent was injected, images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

Chaos.

A ball of golden flames rose.

“Boom—”

A ball of golden flames rose.

It was heavenly fire.

The flames that burned the world collided with another water pillar whose head and tail could not be seen.

Water and fire collided, swords and sabers collided, and countless vast powers collided, causing the void world to surge.

The power contained in every strike made Han Muye, who was thousands of years away, tremble.

This was a fear that came from the bottom of his heart, a fear of being unable to resist the power.

“Slash—”

With a sword light, a huge golden-armored body that was hundreds of thousands of feet tall was severed.

The body shattered with a loud boom, and turned into pieces of land.

More and more powerful beings fell, and the shattered power gathered, forming pieces of land.

“Swoosh—”

A spear flew out from the void in the distance.

The spear flashed and nailed a huge blood-colored crocodile in the air.

The body of the blood crocodile shattered, and the short sword tumbled with it.

At the moment when the memories dissipated within the short sword, Han Muze saw a divine light descending, enveloping heaven and earth.

A towering tree collapsed with a thunderous roar.

Cheers could be heard.

The voice was hazy, as if saying, “It’s done.”

It seemed to say, “We’re alive.”

Countless streaks of light rushed into that divine light, and many powerful figures tried to shatter the divine light.

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1318 Mastery of the Power of Calamity, Rules! (2)

“Slap.”

The short sword in Han Muye’s hand completely shattered.

However, he didn’t care. His eyes flashed with a deep halo, as if he was carried by a magical power.

A decaying power appeared around him.

As soon as that power appeared, the light of the Dao around his body shattered with a bang.

In Han Muye’s body, the surging blood and energy could not resist the erosion of this decaying power.

But in an instant, it was as if his soul was about to wither.

“Eh?” a voice said.

“How dare you spy on the power of Calamity.”

There was a hint of curiosity in his voice. Then, the power formed by the trace of Nether River water that Han Muye had refined previously circulated in his body.

In the void, a strange force was drawn by this power and surged within his body.

“Kid, the strongest power in the world is the Power of Calamity. It’s already rare that your body didn’t collapse. Don’t get involved with this power in the future.”

The voice sounded again, then dissipated.

Han Muye slowly stood up and cupped his hands. “Thank you, Senior Immortal Venerable Minghe.”

Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Only this mighty figure could save Han Muye, whose body and soul had decayed.

That decaying power was the power of the calamity.

The time of the calamity was uncertain, but it would only happen once every ten million years.

It was the power that swept through the world, causing all cultivation power to collapse and establish a new order.

Previously, Han Muye had been contaminated by the power of the previous calamity, which was why he triggered the power of the calamity. After being caught up, his soul was almost destroyed.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye, who had straightened his back, was shocked.

What kind of powerful strength was that? Even an Immortal Venerable was like an ant before this calamity.

Only those huge golden-armored bodies could resist the calamity.

However, these experts also needed to devour the power of others to complete the accumulation and excessiveness of a calamity.

Han Muye raised his hand, and there were two auras entwining at his fingertips.

One was bluish-gray, like the power of the world of plants and trees.

The other had a decaying power.

The power of decay was the Power of Calamity!

Surprisingly, Han Muye had intercepted a strand of the Power of Calamity in his body and mastered it.

If this were known by others, it would surely terrify them.

Calamity occurred only once every 10 million years, and it was an irresistible force in the world.

Countless experts had fallen, and even Immortal Venerables had to do everything they could to survive.

How could such a powerful force be controlled by a living being?

But that strand of decaying power was clearly Calamity!

And the other strand was the power from the previous Calamity.

“Sky Reaching Tree...”

In the previous Calamity, the strongest being ultimately fell, evolving the power of the world and creating a new world.

This trace of power was the source power of the Sky Reaching Tree.

The source power was not as strong as the Power of Calamity, but when they intertwined, they underwent a new transformation.

“Rules?”

In a new world, there were new rules.

The power of rules was the fundamental power of the world.

The source power of the Sky Reaching Tree merged with the Power of Calamity, forming a new rule.

If the Sky Reaching Tree had been given a little more time to successfully merge its own source with Calamity, it would have become the master of a new era.

Unfortunately, it failed.

“How many people survived the previous Calamity?”

How powerful were those who survived one or several Calamities?

When the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign said he had survived several Calamities, did he also master the rules?

At this moment, Han Muye understood that the rules were the power pursued by Immortal Venerables.

Only those who controlled the rules could safely survive the calamity.

Otherwise, they could only rely on luck to survive the calamity.

“What exactly is the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign planning...”

A glint of understanding flashed in Han Muye’s eyes.

The Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign’s methods were so powerful that it was impossible for him to be imprisoned by the God Clan so easily.

Now that he was willing to be imprisoned in the Divine Realm, what was it for?

Han Muye knew that he would eventually meet the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign, but he would not go without confidence.

Looking at the two auras slowly dissipating from his fingertips, Han Muye smiled.

This might be a blessing in disguise.

He had unexpectedly obtained and mastered the power of rules.

Separated, it was the source and Calamity, but together, it was a rule.

Walking slowly out of the cabin, Han Muye could feel a difference.

Looking at the world again, he could see the power in this world more clearly.

For example, the qi and blood power floating above the Nether River.

A faint power vibrated in his bloodline, as if it was sensing this power.

Immortal Venerable Minghe mobilized the power of the Nether River to strengthen his body. Now, he had a new connection with the Nether River.

Just like the Nether Beasts hidden in the Nether River.

The relationship between the Nether Beasts and the Nether River was both parasitic and nurturing.

The Nether River nurtured the Nether Beasts, but the Nether Beasts stole its power and turned it into their own.

The more Nether Beasts there were in the Nether River, the more its power was dispersed.

The Nether River Ferryman helped the Nether River clean up the Nether beasts and ensure that the Nether River was unobstructed and the pure power of the inheritance existed.

With no one around, Han Muye raised his hand, and a ball of blood-red Nether River water fell into his palm.

If anyone saw this scene, their jaws would surely drop in astonishment.

The power of the Nether River imprisoned everything in it. Except for the power of the soul and physical strength, no other power existed, and nothing floated.

What kind of power could draw the water of the Nether River?

Moreover, the restrictions on Han Muye's cultivation imposed by the Nether River had disappeared.

This meant that he could use his sword cultivation within his body and also use his own immortal cultivation to cast spells.

Chapter 1319 - 1319 Mastery of the Power of Calamity, Rules! (3)

1319 Mastery of the Power of Calamity, Rules! (3)

Who would believe that a spell could be cast on the Nether River?

The blood-colored river water in his palm turned into red clouds and dissipated.

These river waters had already been refined by Han Muye.

Previously, it took a long time to refine a drop of river water. Now, this group of river water had instantly merged into his body.

Without further experimenting with this change in power, he walked slowly towards the deck.

There were very few people on the ship. Most of them were still on Xuanming Island and had not returned.

Huang Six and the others were not around either.

Not far away, an old man in a green-gray Daoist robe with a trace of black demonic light lingering around him saw Han Muye and said in a low voice, "Brother Han, Sixth Brother is fighting with someone. Why aren't you cheering?"

A ring fight?

A trace of surprise flashed across Han Muye's face.

Sixth Brother had time for this?

“It is said that Sixth Brother injured someone on a boat in the Nether River yesterday. The people there were unhappy, so they challenged Sixth Brother, but they were beaten back. Then things escalated, and they set up a challenge arena.”

The old man told Han Muye the reason for the matter and took a small boat to Xuanming Island.

However, just as he rode the small bone boat for a thousand feet, he suddenly felt the sound of wind behind him.

When he turned around, his eyes widened.

Han Muye, who was dressed in a green robe, carried a long sword on his back and walked on the waves. In just a few steps, he had already landed on Xuanming Island.

Running on the waves in the Nether River?

Was that even possible?

The old man's eyes widened. Even though he knew that Han Muye had disappeared, he did not come back to his senses.

Han Muye ran to Xuanming Island and walked quickly. Soon, he arrived at a square in the small stone city.

At this moment, the square was already surrounded by people. In the middle, on a stone platform that was 10 feet tall and dozens of feet wide, two figures were fighting.

The sound of fists hitting flesh was like beating a drum.

Huang Six was dressed in black fiend and demon armor. Every punch and kick carried astral winds. The burly man opposite him did not show any weakness and fought back and forth with his fists and feet. He was clearly not at a disadvantage.

Huang Six's martial arts skills were not bad. When fighting in the Demon Realm, he honed his killing methods.

After watching for a moment, Han Muye understood that Huang Six was holding back.

Huang Six's demonic cultivation was powerful. Even if his combat strength suppressed the demonic qi, it was still extremely extraordinary.

If he hadn't held back, he could have finished off the opponent in 10 moves.

However, the other party's strength was indeed not bad. His cultivation level was definitely already at the peak of the Heavenly Venerable realm, or even heaven-defying cultivation. Only by condensing his blood qi could he have the strength to block Huang Six.

It was rare to condense and use such pure power.

He was invincible among his peers.

“Bang!”

Han Muye punched the other party’s shoulder, forcing him back three steps.

Not only was the burly man not angry, he even let out a long laugh and cupped his fists. “Sixth Brother is mighty. Tang Jin admires you.”

As he spoke, he took a step back and said loudly, “In the future, Tang Jin will follow Sixth Brother in the Nether River World.”

As he said this, thunderous cheers erupted from below the arena.

Many people around the arena shouted with cupped fists, wanting to follow their sixth brother.

Han Muye could roughly tell that Huang Six had won many matches in a row. Those who came up to compete in martial arts were all defeated by him.

These people admired his methods and cultivation even more. After this arena battle, he had subdued some people with similar tempers.

Han Muye felt that Huang Six should be managed by Sixth Sister-in-law, or he might cause trouble.

After that, a few more fiendish cultivators rushed onto the arena and were defeated after a few rounds in front of Huang Six.

By the time all the Nether River Ferries gathered and prepared to cross the reefs, hundreds of fiendish cultivators with good cultivation had already gathered around Huang Six.

They had all moved from their own ships and followed Huang Six to eat and drink on this ship.

Han Muye couldn't be bothered with him and simply kicked Huang Six out of the cabin.

This stunned Feng Yi and Daoist Shi Yuan, who were originally in the same cabin.

"Hey, Brother Han, although you and Sixth Brother came together, you shouldn't underestimate the bond like this.

"It's beneficial for Sixth Brother to gather a force in the Holy City."

Feng Yi spoke in a low voice with some disappointment.

Daoist Shi Yuan was even more straightforward. He packed his things and followed Huang Six.

On the other hand, Patriarch Tao Ran moved to Han Muye's quiet room and chatted with him about fire-element cultivation techniques and alchemy techniques.

Feng Yi actually knew alchemy and cherished Patriarch Tao Ran's various alchemy techniques.

"Sigh, alchemy is vast. After I entered the Grandmaster realm, it was difficult for me to advance any further." Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and looked at Han Muye. "Mu Wan has at least entered the Sage realm with her alchemy, right?"

Mu Wan's alchemy cultivation on the Nine Mystic Mountain was the most profound.

No, the one with the strongest alchemy cultivation should be this kid in front of him.

Seeing Han Muye chuckle and nod, Patriarch Tao Ran muttered, "Kid, you've probably abandoned alchemy..."

Back then, when Han Muye studied alchemy, he had the same thoughts as him. They were both to supplement the Sword Dao with alchemy.

He used alchemy to exchange for spiritual rocks and treasures to support his cultivation.

Now that Han Muye's cultivation was extraordinary and his backing was immense, he no longer needed to refine various pills himself.

Moreover, he had his partner, Mu Wan, who was wholeheartedly devoted to alchemy.

“Little Friend Han.” Feng Yi said to Han Muye, taking out a jade slip from his hand, “this is my lifelong knowledge of alchemy. You can take a look.”

Placing the jade slip on the table, he sighed, “Going to the Holy City, I don’t know if I’ll have the opportunity to pass on this alchemy inheritance. I can’t let it be lost.”

Although he didn’t say it explicitly, the implication was clear—he was entrusting his alchemy inheritance to Han Muye.

Whether Han Muye cultivated it himself or gave it to others, he could at least ensure that the inheritance did not disappear.

Holding the jade slip in his hand and probing it with his divine sense, Han Muye was a little surprised.

Chapter 1320 - 1320 Mastery of the Power of the Calamity, Rules! (4)

1320 Mastery of the Power of the Calamity, Rules! (4)

Feng Yi’s alchemy inheritance had its merits.

Whether it was the choice of mixing spirit herbs or the sublimation of power after mixing many low-level spirit herbs, they all had unique methods.

Indeed, there was always a Dao in cultivation in the world.

His divine sense read through the information in this jade slip at lightning speed, taking only a moment to go through all the information.

Seeing him silent, as if in deep thought, Feng Yi shook his head and regretfully said, "It's a pity that I can't use my cultivation power here; otherwise, I could have personally demonstrated my alchemical skills for you to observe."

He thought that Han Muye was stumped by the profound alchemical techniques in the jade slip.

Hearing his words, Han Muye laughed and suddenly raised his hand.

A golden light barrier enveloped the quiet room.

The moment the light barrier enveloped them, both Feng Yi and Patriarch Tao Ran felt their bodies tremble.

There was a trace of spiritual qi surging on their bodies.

"This, this—" The corners of Feng Yi's mouth trembled, but he couldn't say anything.

There was spiritual qi above the Nether River. How was that possible?

However, at this moment, he had already sensed the emergence of the spiritual energy power in his body.

Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head with a complicated expression.

“I knew it.

“It’s not surprising at all if something unusual happens to you.”

He had been shocked countless times since Han Muye was a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye had shocked him too much, so he was used to it.

“We can refine pills now,” Han Muye said with a smile.

Feng Yi and Tao Ran laughed and waved their hands to take out a cauldron.

Han Muye did not refine pills and only watched from the side.

His eyes sparkled with a bright light.

Having grasped the rules, he saw something different.

There was a silent power sprouting from Patriarch Tao Ran and Feng Yi.

This power was filled with vitality.

If they allowed this power to grow, they would have a chance to be reborn.

However, this power was too weak.

As long as there was an external force suppressing it, this power would be extinguished like a candle in the wind.

“The Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, the rules of life and death.” Han Muye’s heart stirred.

This was the rule of life and death.

What Immortal Venerable Minghe comprehended was the Rules of Life and Death, which allowed people to switch between life and death.

In that case, it was impossible for Immortal Venerable Minghe, who could allow people to switch between life and death, to fall.

In the war back then, he was at most severely injured.

Therefore, he couldn’t control his power of death. His power leaked out and turned into the Nether River.

Unconsciously, Han Muye's understanding became clearer.

Patriarch Tao Ran and Feng Yi kept refining various pills. Their cultivation levels were about the same, and their knowledge was about the same. Their communication became smoother.

Several days later, when the two of them put away the pill furnaces, small jade bottles were placed on the table.

Han Muye raised his hand and dispersed the enveloping light curtain.

The moment the light screen dissipated, faint blood qi appeared on the bodies of the old Feng Yi and Patriarch Tao Ran.

Their faces slowly recovered from their previous aged appearance.

The two of them looked at each other in surprise. Their white hair had turned into black hair and they looked to be in their fifties.

Tao Ran looked at Han Muye in surprise.

"Life and death are in the heart. If the heart doesn't die, the world won't be destroyed," Han Muye said softly.

As long as one's heart did not die, one's life would not end.

At this moment, Patriarch Tao Ran understood what Han Muye meant.

"Nether River, hehe, this is the true power of the Nether River." With a sigh, Patriarch Tao Ran stood up.

"After leaving this place, I'll travel the myriad worlds.

"The world is so big. It's really exciting."

"Haha, let's go together." Feng Yi adjusted his clothes and stood up.

The light screen dissipated, and a rumbling sound came from outside the cabin.

After putting away the various jade bottles, the three of them walked out of the cabin.

The deck was already filled with cultivators.

Holding a spear, Huang Six, who was condensed from the demonic sage statue on his back, stood at the bow of the ship. Waves rose in front of him, and many dark beasts and strange beasts in the water appeared in the waves.

"Kill!"

With his shout, several cultivators jumped out and landed on the mutant beasts that had surfaced, slashing down with their swords.

“Haha, I thought you were in seclusion.” Seeing Han Muye walk out, Huang Six laughed and threw out the spear in his hand.

“Haha, I thought you were in seclusion.” Seeing Han Muye walk out, Huang Six laughed and threw out the spear in his hand.

“Bang!”

On the waves 30,000 feet away, a 300-foot-long soul beast was pierced by a spear.