

Pavilion 1331

Chapter 1331 - 1331 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (5)

1331 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (5)

The bamboo whip shattered with a loud sound, and the old man in the gray robe turned pale as his entire body flipped backward.

As his body moved, the power from Han Muye's sword was dissipated, and the sword light shattered and returned to nothingness.

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he raised the sword in his hand again.

At this moment, Han Qi, who was behind him, cried out in shock, "Be careful—"

In front of him, the black-robed old man who had suddenly appeared crossed his swords and stabbed at Han Muye's neck.

It was fast.

Ruthless.

This strike was comparable to Han Muye's move, the Reversal of the Crescent Moon.

“Boom—”

Han Muye didn't seem to notice the black-robed old man, and he continued to swing his sword down.

However, when he swung this sword, his steps quietly advanced half a step forward.

It was this half-step that directly opened up the space between him and the two swords.

Under the majestic sword light, the gray-robed elder did not dare to resist anymore and retreated.

The black-robed old man's sword missed. He spun his hands, preparing to strike again.

However, at this moment, Han Muye took another step forward and slashed down again.

The gray-robed old man retreated again.

The scene in front of Han Qi was bizarre.

Han Muye alone with a sword was holding back the old man in the gray robe.

Elder Feng, who was renowned for his swordsmanship, couldn't even touch a hair on Han Muye with his dual swords.

Was this still the Elder Zhu and Elder Feng he had known for so many years?

Weren't these two the ones who had suppressed and commanded the various factions?

As if sensing Han Qi's thoughts, the gray-robed old man, who had been retreating all along, took a deep breath.

As he watched Han Muye swing his sword down again, he raised his hands, and the bamboo whip connected, weaving into a green bamboo pattern.

Layer upon layer, the bamboo branches connected, and bamboo leaves pierced through, exuding a lush green.

He intended to forcefully block Han Muye's sword.

But in the instant this bamboo pattern appeared, a look of horror flashed across his face.

Because he saw Han Muye's sword change direction.

Backward.

He raised the sword, turned his body, and spun to strike again!

“Clang—”

Elder Feng, who was wearing black clothes, was sent flying by a sword!

This formidable expert, who had dominated the Chaotic Killing Reef with his swordsmanship, had no chance to fight back under this sword.

“Good sword technique!”

Elder Feng, who had only stopped thousands of yards away, let out a low shout, his eyes gleaming brightly.

He held his swords with both hands, spun in the air, and disappeared.

Han Muye smiled faintly and fiercely swung his sword.

“Clang—”

Elder Feng, who had turned pale, reappeared under the large sword, barely blocking Han Muye’s attack with his dual swords.

“How is this possible...”

He looked at the sword in Han Muye’s hand in panic. He didn’t understand why his innate skill had been exposed.

In this Chaotic Killing Reef, he had killed countless experts with this close combat sword technique.

But today, his sword techniques and innate movement techniques had all been seen through.

“It’s impossible!” He shouted in disbelief, and his body turned into a slender golden wasp with a twist of his waist, spreading its wings and pouncing on Han Muye.

“Elder Feng has even been forced to reveal his true form,” Han Qi muttered from behind.

In all these years, he had only seen Elder Feng reveal his true form three times.

For these old guys who had already transformed their bodies, revealing their true forms was something they were extremely reluctant to do.

Only when they were forced to the brink of helplessness would they reveal their true forms to fight.

“No way, this guy is so strong.” Elder Zhu, who was gathering the bamboo leaves, also looked confused.

Watching the slender golden wasp approach rapidly, Han Muye suddenly retracted his large sword.

In the next moment, a purple short sword was held upside down in his left hand.

“Slash—”

With a wave of his hand, his figure disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already on the left side of the slender golden wasp. The short sword reversed and brushed against its waist, leaving a golden scar.

This strike made Elder Zhu and Han Qi widen their eyes.

The thin-waisted golden bee spread its wings and quickly retreated.

But at that moment, Han Muye’s short sword followed, striking again.

“Slash—”

The left wing of the slender golden wasp quivered, and it bore another sword mark.

“Sizzle—”

The slender golden wasp let out a terrified howl, its wings flapping once more.

“Slash—”

Another strike on the left side.

“Slash—”

A strike on the left wing.

“Slash—”

...

Pa! The human form of Elder Feng, with tattered clothes, fell to the ground, his face filled with fear as he looked at Han Muye.

“Your sword, why is it so strong...”

It wasn't just his sword; it was his strange swordsmanship and techniques that he couldn't have imagined.

Hearing his words, Han Muye shook his head and slowly sheathed his sword.

“There are countless sword cultivators in the world, but I can only suppress 99% of them.

“As for swordsmanship, there may still be those in the world who are stronger than me.”

Looking at Elder Feng, he said indifferently, “Your swordsmanship is too lousy.”

Old Feng opened his mouth, not knowing what to say.

Elder Zhu looked at the sword condensed from bamboo leaves in front of him and hurriedly waved his hand to disperse them.

Han Qi opened his mouth several times but ultimately didn’t say anything.

“Boom—”

The void dissipated, and the black and white chess pieces on the stone table remained as if the battle hadn’t happened.

However, the black-robed Elder Feng’s clothes were torn to shreds.

“Ahem, Fellow Daoist, impressive swordsmanship,” Elder Feng said, looking at his torn clothes. He then looked at Han Muye with a slight tremor in his shoulders.

He couldn't even imagine this swordsmanship.

Elder Zhu, who was opposite him, also had a complicated expression on his face as he nodded gently.

In the cultivation world, strength spoke for itself.

From the moment Han Muye arrived on the island and walked into the small courtyard, he had done nothing except engage in battle.

A fist could solve many problems.

For example, now they could sit around the small stone table and talk freely without any hindrance.

Han Qi roughly described his experience of being tortured by Han Muye.

Hearing that Han Muye was the true body of the Kui and could control lightning, Elder Zhu and Elder Feng's eyes lit up.

Chapter 1332 - 1332 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (6)

1332 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (6)

“I once left the Nether River and experienced the Heavenly Tribulation.” Elder Zhu reminisced, with a hint of nostalgia on his face.

“That feeling, sigh...”

The taste of the Heavenly Tribulation was just like that.

It just gave you the shivers.

Han Qi recalled the fear of being slashed by Han Muye’s sword, his entire body filled with lightning, and his entire body unable to move. He couldn’t help but tremble again.

On the other hand, Elder Feng revealed a hint of curiosity and eagerness.

He had never left the Nether River.

Han Muye did not hide his purpose for coming to the Nether River.

One was to find the legacy of the Nether River Venerable, and the other was to find Li Mubai.

Actually, from the looks of it, these two things could already be combined into one.

“If we’re looking for those missing cultivators, they’re probably in the Holy City,” Elder Zhu narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice.

“The Holy City’s First Elder, Ke Shou’en, used the Soul Sealing Banner to refine the Immortal Venerable’s soul in a vain attempt to refine the Venerable’s body and soul into the Soul Sealing Banner.”

“Some of the information scattered in other realms is left behind by an Immortal Venerable, while others are deliberately spread by Ke Shouen to attract people to the Holy City.”

Whether it was the information about Patriarch Blood River in Han Muye’s hand or the news of other cultivators that the Nether River could reverse life and death, they all came from the Holy City.

In the Holy City, there were now two factions.

On one side, they supported First Elder Ke Shou’en and quietly followed him, wanting to refine the Immortal Supremacy.

One side supported the Venerable Immortal and wanted to revive the Nether River Venerable.

“We, the living beings in the intermediate Nether River, are bound here and can’t leave for the rest of our lives.” Elder Feng revealed a complicated expression.

The creatures here had all kinds of restrictions. They might be very powerful with the help of the Nether River, but their combat power would decrease greatly after leaving the Nether River.

In turn, if they wanted to stay away from the Nether River, they would be restrained by its power.

According to Elder Feng, if he left the Nether River, his talent and strength would be continuously weakened.

“Be it the Nether beasts or other exotic beasts, they actually have their own restrictions.

“We also wanted to escape, but unfortunately, we failed.”

Elder Zhu looked at Han Muye and Han Qi and said softly, “If you can leave, leave.”

“When Ke Shouen refines the Immortal Venerable, they will become the rulers of this world. At that time, everyone will be refined into the Soul Sealing Banner by him.”

The Holy City was just an illusion.

Those who reversed life and death used the power of the soul in the Soul Sealing Banner to stimulate life force.

When Ke Shou'en wanted to retract this power, he just had to attack directly.

It was just cutting chives.

Han Muye's expression turned solemn.

He had originally planned not to go to the Holy City for the time being, but now, it seemed that if he did not go, Patriarch Tao Ran and the others would suffer.

Once he accepted the intermediate soul power of the Soul Sealing Banner, it would be difficult to escape.

"Looks like I really have to go to the Holy City," Han Muye said softly and looked up at the distant sky.

Elder Zhu and Elder Feng looked at each other.

"Fellow Daoist Han, if you really go there, we can help you."

"Although it's impossible for us to defeat Ke Shou'en, who wields the Banner of Suppression, we can slow down the power of the Holy City."

Elder Zhu lowered his voice.

The powerful weapon that severely injured Immortal Venerable Minghe back then was a long spear.

This spear suppressed Immortal Venerable Minghe under the Holy City, preventing him from waking up.

If Han Muye pulled out this spear, he could awaken Immortal Venerable Minghe.

As long as Immortal Venerable Minghe woke up, Ke Shou'en's power would definitely be restrained.

"Alright, I'll go find that war spear." Han Muye nodded.

Han Muye and Han Qi left Wind Forest Island. Han Qi continued to transform into a Dragon Sculpture Beast and carried him away.

Seeing the two of them disappear, Elder Feng's eyes revealed a deep look.

"This person's swordsmanship is definitely strong. Perhaps he really might be able to pull out his war spear."

Elder Zhu nodded, his eyes similarly profound.

"After so many years, the opportunity is right in front of us.

"Let them know."

...

"Brother Han, are we really going to the Holy City?" Han Qi's voice sounded from midair.

“What Elder Feng and Elder Zhu said might not be true.”

Han Qi really submitted. At this moment, he was speaking for Han Muye’s sake.

Han Muye said nothing.

How could he trust the other party?

Raising his hand, a green bamboo flute appeared in his palm.

This was given to him by Elder Zhu to summon the beasts to attack the Holy City at the critical moment.

Looking at the bamboo flute, Han Muye smiled.

With this item, he could see many things he wanted to see.

For example, where did Elder Zhu and the others come from?

“Buzz!”

With the infusion of sword intent, the bamboo flute vibrated gently, and Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

Layers of images appeared in his mind.

A long time ago.

Vast.

Under the protection of the towering tree, countless plants grew freely.

However, these plants were all destroyed in the end.

The towering tree also collapsed with a bang.

“So it’s a figure from the previous calamity,” Han Muye whispered.

Elder Zhu, Elder Feng, and many living beings that remained in the Chaotic Killing Reef had all survived from the previous calamity.

But they were different.

Han Qi only had a bloodline, but Elder Zhu himself came from that era.

Living beings from that era, even if they did not become Immortal Venerables, must be extremely powerful.

In the previous battle, Elder Zhu's performance was really too weak.

"Looks like it's all a scheme..."

Slowly getting up, Han Muye's eyes converged.

He could see the auras in front of him mingling, and the blood-colored Nether River power appeared.

"Let's go straight to the Holy City."

With a low shout, Han Qi spread his four pairs of wings, and his body stirred up endless astral winds.

The moment the seven-headed dragon statue beast rushed into the area controlled by the Nether River, Han Muye felt a strange power probing over.

With a smile on his face, he looked straight ahead.

The seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast beast roared loudly, causing the Nether River's water to surge.

His 100,000-foot-long body crossed the Nether River, and in the distance, there was a response from the power between heaven and earth.

That was the Holy City.

“Boom—”

Golden light screens rose one after another.

Still tens of thousands of miles away, Han Muye could see the proficiency light flashing above the Holy City.

The seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast could be clearly seen on the light screen.

“Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast!”

“It’s that Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast!”

“Quick, send a warning. The Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast is heading straight for the Holy City!”

Countless cries rang out, and the entire Holy City began to fall into chaos.

On the tall city wall, the black-robed ferrymen of the Nether River appeared.

Everyone's expressions were solemn as they stared at the 100,000-foot-tall figure in the light screen.

The six-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast beast that even the First Elder could not tame back then had now transformed into seven heads, and its combat strength had multiplied countless times.

How could the Holy City resist such a powerful exotic beast when the First Elder was missing and the Soul Sealing Banner was not around?

"That, that is, what..." Someone's eyes widened as he looked at the figure standing on the Dragon Sculpture Beast's largest head.

It was a figure wearing a green robe and a face armor, carrying a black demonic sword on his back.

The Dragon Sculpture Beast spread its wings and flew away. That figure stood above its head, as stable as a rock!

There was a person standing on the Dragon Sculpture Beast's head!

As the dragon statue got closer and closer, countless people in the holy city saw the figure above its head.

"It's him!"

“He’s not dead!”

“He subdued the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast...”

In the Holy City, many whispers could be heard.

They were the cultivators on the 18 Nether River Boats that had arrived a hundred days ago.

On the city wall, Qu Qian and the others widened their eyes as they watched the Dragon Sculpture Beast stop in midair. The figure standing on it looked exactly the same as before!

“Fellow Daoists of the Nether River Holy City, do you want to return the golden pearls you owe me?”

Han Muye stood on the Dragon Sculpture Beast’s head and looked at the chaotic Holy City with a smile.

Chapter 1333 - 1333 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again

1333 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again

On the head of the 30,000-meter-tall Dragon Sculpture Beast, Han Muye stood tall.

One person, one beast, facing a city, there was actually a feeling of overwhelming dominance in the air.

“Who is this?” Someone in the city looked at Han Muye in fear and whispered.

Many people quietly moved out of the city.

Was there really someone in the world who could suppress the Holy City alone at the level of the powerful Dao?

The surging qi and blood power on the Dragon Sculpture Beast’s body made one’s body freeze even through layers of light screens.

If this beast charged into the city, who knew how many people would die in one strike.

On the city wall, the expressions of the ferrymen and elders of the Nether River Holy City changed. For a moment, they did not know how to answer.

Such a lineup was just to come knocking on the door to collect debts?

The divine soul array protected by the entire city rose, and all the experts ascended the city wall. Alert sounds rose from all directions in the city, and countless cultivators prepared to risk their lives.

It was already like this. Could Jin Zhu end it?

If he had said earlier that it was for the golden pearl, would he have rushed up like this?

Qu Qian took a step forward and said loudly, “Ahem, well, Fellow Daoist Han, of course I’ll return the golden beads. Not one less, not one less.”

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand. The seven-headed dragon statue beast under him turned into a golden light, then revealed the appearance of a cold young man in a black robe.

Beast transformation!

How powerful of a beast is this?

Han Muye and Han Qi flew down and collided with the layers of light screens.

Han Muye raised his hand and pressed his palm down.

“Pa!”

A golden bolt of lightning tore through the light screen and shattered the void within a radius of 100,000 feet.

“Hiss—

“What a powerful technique!”

There were low cries from the top of the city wall.

The power displayed by this strike was vast and powerful, making one's heart tremble.

The power of lightning was profound and mystical. It was a fear that came from the bottom of his heart towards the ferryman of the Nether River who grew up in the Nether River.

After tearing open the light screen, Han Muye and Han Qi landed on the city wall.

"Where's Brother?" Han Muye looked at Qu Qian.

Qu Qian was slightly stunned and quickly whispered, "Fellow Daoist Han, let's talk in the city."

His gaze swept across Han Qi, who was following behind Han Muye.

The others also subconsciously looked at Han Qi.

This was a powerful seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast.

The person in front of him had actually subdued the seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast.

It was unknown if it was a blessing or a curse for such an expert to be in the Holy City.

Han Muye's gaze swept across and he nodded as he moved forward.

Everyone nervously welcomed Han Muye and Han Qi to the city hall.

The light array in the city slowly dissipated.

All the cultivators were at a loss.

Where did the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast go?

Who was the person standing on the head of the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast? Where had he gone?

Why did this person come to the Holy City?

Countless questions were in their minds. Some people carefully ran out of the city, while others looked curiously at the main hall in the city.

In the hall, Han Muye stood in the middle. A few smiling Nether ferrymen in white robes stepped forward.

Small bags were handed to Han Muye one by one.

Golden pearl.

The remaining 6,000 golden pearls from the sale of the Heaven-Breaking Crossbow were sent over.

“Fellow Daoist Han saved the Nether River Boat and sold such a precious treasure to us. You’re a friend of the Nether River Ferryman race.”

The old man who spoke exuded a mysterious soul power. As it surged, it seemed to want to break through the void.

Another old man raised his hand and handed over a greenish-black jade token.

“This is a token of my Holy City, representing the identity of the ferryman of the Nether River.”

Han Muye unceremoniously put away the jade token and golden beads, then said, “Where’s Brother?”

In the hall, everyone turned to look at Qu Qian.

Here, only Qu Qian was familiar with Han Muye.

Qu Qian walked forward and said in a low voice, “Fellow Daoist Han, Fellow Daoist Zhenxiong and the others went to challenge the altar holy land to obtain the power of the Holy City.”

Altar Holy Land?

Han Muye frowned.

As he frowned, Han Qi's tyrannical blood essence surged behind him.

The atmosphere in the hall instantly became tense.

The Nether River ferrymen Elders looked at each other. The white-robed old man standing in front said, "Fellow Daoist Han, that's their choice, and it's also the place where all the cultivators who came to the Holy City seek opportunities."

The Holy City Altar is the gateway to the Holy Land.

That was the source of the Nether River's power.

As long as he cultivated there, he would be recognized by Minghe. It was not a dream to see through life and death and regain his vitality.

Holy Land?

Han Muye's eyes shone with a deep divine light.

The so-called holy land was probably the place connected to Immortal Venerable Minghe .

It was unknown if it was the place where Immortal Venerable Minghe was suppressed or where his body fell.

However, no matter where it was, Han Muye knew that after the First Elder refined Immortal Venerable Minghe, the Holy Land had probably become a dangerous place.

It was unknown if Huang Six and the others could obtain opportunities there, but there would definitely be danger.

“Holy Land.” Han Muye looked at the ferryman Elder in front of him. “If Sixth Brother is in any danger, I’ll tear down your city.”

As he spoke, the air around him turned icy.

Han Qi’s eyes shot out golden light. Golden light flickered, causing countless soul power in the hall to collide.

Han Muye didn’t need to do anything. Han Qi alone could kill everyone present.

The strength of the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast was not something these Nether River Ferryman could withstand.

“Fellow Daoist Han, no matter how good or bad, it’s up to Fellow Daoist Zhenxiong and the others.” Qu Qian’s face was pale as he tried his best to resist the soul suppression of the seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast.

“We told them about the dangers before they went.”

Han Muye turned around, killing intent condensing in his eyes as he stared at Qu Qian. “Then did you tell them that the so-called opportunities in the Nether River were all propagated by Ke Shou’en for the sake of refining the Immortal Venerable into the Soul Sealing Banner?”

Chapter 1334 - 1334 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again (2)

1334 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again (2)

After hearing his words, all the ferrymen in the entire hall changed their faces greatly!

“First Elder?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nonsense, the First Elder will never use the Soul Sealing Banner to refine the Immortal Venerable’s body.”

“How do you know that the First Elder used the Soul Sealing Banner to refine an Immortal Venerable?”

The hall instantly fell into chaos.

Han Muye snorted coldly. Han Qi took a step forward and punched down.

“Boom—”

The power of the golden soul combined with the astral wind brought about by the fist, raising a whirlwind in the hall.

A whirlwind rose, and everyone in the hall could not block it at all. They retreated continuously.

They attacked with all their might, their divine souls intertwined with golden light, and they could only barely maintain their balance in the whirlwind.

“I don’t care about the internal strife in your Holy City, and I don’t care who obtained the inheritance of the Immortal Venerable. I only know that if Sixth Brother and the others suffer any damage under this Holy City, I will tear it down.”

Han Muye shouted and raised his hand.

“Clang—”

The long sword on his back was unsheathed, and the green-black sword light turned and slashed down heavily.

“Bang!”

The roof of the heavy Holy City Hall was overturned, revealing the sky with a hint of blueness.

It was impossible for the people in the hall not to know that the First Elder of the Holy City, Ke Shou'en, had extracted the souls of countless cultivators to refine the Soul Sealing Banner.

As the ferryman of the Nether River, he saw that so many cultivators' souls were extracted in the Holy City, and they even brought cultivators from all over. They were clearly accomplices.

Han Muye slashed at the top of the hall of the Holy City as a warning.

This was the choice Han Muye had thought of when he left the Chaotic Killing Reef.

Immortal Venerable Minghe, who was hiding behind, the First Elder who controlled the Soul Sealing Banner, and the beasts experts on the Chaotic Killing Reef were all plotting.

However, no matter how he schemed, it was better to do it with a single strike.

With his own strength, he could shatter all their schemes.

In the cultivation world, fists spoke.

“They’re fighting!” Seeing a sword light overturn the dome of the Holy City’s hall, countless people in the city fled in fear.

“What kind of peerless expert can actually shatter the dome of the Holy City?” Someone looked at the slowly dissipating sword light and whispered.

Was the Holy City that had stood in the Nether River for countless years really going to be broken?

If the Holy City was destroyed, would the inheritance of the Immortal Venerable and the legacy of the Immortal Venerable be revealed?

Many people had this thought.

“Fellow Daoist, let’s talk things out.” In the hall, the white-robed ferryman Elder took a step forward, and the golden soul power on his body turned into a light barrier.

Although this power could not block Han Muye’s sword and could not defeat the aura of the seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast, it was still powerful.

With this step, he gathered the soul power of everyone in the hall. As it surged, it condensed into one and faced Han Muye directly.

If not for the fact that they were gathered together, they would not even have the right to speak in front of Han Muye.

This was strength.

Looking at the ferryman in front of him, the sword intent on Han Muye's body slowly converged.

Han Qi also suppressed his strength.

The Nether River Ferrymen Elders heaved a sigh of relief.

If they fought, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Fellow Daoist, the Nether River Ferryman race has its own difficulties..." The white-robed old man sighed softly.

Guarding the Nether River, using the power of the divine soul to increase one's strength.

Originally, this was the fate of the ferryman of the Nether River.

However, since more than two million years ago, cultivators from all over the world had come to the Nether River to search for opportunities. The outside world had appeared before the Nether River Ferrymen, and everyone's thoughts had changed.

Especially after the First Elder investigated thoroughly, he understood that the foreign cultivators were all recruited by Immortal Venerable Minghe to prepare for the awakening of the Immortal Venerable.

Originally, the Nether River Ferryman were also delighted.

Immortal Venerable Minghe was the foundation of their race. They all respected him as their Patriarch.

If Immortal Venerable Minghe woke up, their clan would also become stronger.

However, the First Elder discovered a secret from the intermediate soul flag.

If Immortal Venerable Minghe woke up, all the ferryman of the Nether River would die.

Because his soul was too strong, Immortal Venerable Minghe injected his soul into the blood-refined treasure, the Soul Sealing Banner, before he fell asleep.

The soul power dissipating from the Soul Sealing Banner gave birth to the ferryman race.

The mission of the ferryman race was to suppress the Nether River so that the injuries of the Immortal Venerable Minghe wouldn't worsen too much. They would suppress the underworld beasts and strange beasts and eliminate the strange power that harmed the Immortal Venerable.

This mission came from the soul of the Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Once Immortal Venerable Minghe woke up, all the divine soul power would be retracted and the Soul Sealing Banner would be bound again.

This was what the Soul Sealing Banner, which did not want to be enslaved again, told the First Elder.

The First Elder told the Elders about this secret.

The elders in the Holy City had two different attitudes.

One group still believed that their mission was to revive the Immortal Venerable, even if it meant sacrifice.

The other, led by the First Elder, believed that they could stop the Immortal Venerable's revival.

At first, even the group led by the First Elder only intended to prevent the Immortal Venerable's revival, using passive means to resist the underworld beasts and strange powers.

However, gradually, with the continuous strengthening of the Soul Sealing Banner's power, both the First Elder and his faction began to expand.

The Immortal Venerable was already in the past, so why should they awaken him again?

Wasn't it better to control the power of the Immortal Venerable?

Finally, a million years ago, the First Elder, who controlled the Soul Sealing Banner and whose strength had already far suppressed the other faction, decided to step into the place where the Immortal Venerable fell.

Their faction also followed the First Elder into the forbidden area of the Holy City.

They wanted to refine the Immortal Venerable's body and turn all his treasures into their own.

After that, various pieces of information began to emerge from the forbidden area, such as practitioners from outside being attracted to the Holy City, the secrets of the Nether River, the Immortal Venerable's treasures in the Nether River...

Chapter 1335 - 1335 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again (3)

1335 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again (3)

The faction defending the Holy City could not stop all of this.

They were also suppressed by the faction in the forbidden area and had no choice but to help them send cultivators to the altar.

Once these cultivators entered the altar, few of them could come out again.

Few people could reverse life and death and leave the Holy City.

But that couldn't stop the footsteps of those cultivators. Even if one person out of tens of thousands could reverse life and death, countless people would still flock to it.

The Holy City had truly become a holy city.

"Fellow Daoist Han, there is indeed an Immortal Venerable's inheritance in the forbidden area," the white-robed old man looked at Han Muye and whispered, "This is the message that the Immortal Venerable initially spread."

In the hall, the other Elders nodded.

Tens of thousands of years ago, when the exotic beasts besieged the Holy City, the Immortal Venerable had used his means to defeat them and spread the message that those with outstanding talents could accept his inheritance.

The elders in the city had verified this message, and it was indeed left by the Immortal Venerable, not fabricated by their elders.

Accept the inheritance?

Han Muye frowned.

He also had the inheritance of an Immortal Venerable.

The Immortal Venerable of the Divine Realm.

But in his opinion, it was best to keep a distance from the inheritance of powerful beings like that.

This kind of thing required risking one's life, and there was no guarantee of obtaining it.

Countless people had perished on the path to obtain the inheritance.

"Did Sixth Brother go to search for the inheritance?" Han Muye's eyes flashed with a cold light.

"Fellow Daoist Zhenxiong blamed himself for Fellow Daoist Han's disappointment. After coming to the Holy City, he led the cultivators who supported him to the holy land altar," Qu Qian said softly.

After Sixth Brother Huang arrived at the Holy City, he took Luo Ren and the others to find the altar.

He wanted to obtain the Immortal Venerable's inheritance and avenge Han Muye.

"Take me to the altar," Han Muye said coldly.

The Elders looked at each other and nodded.

It was better to let the First Elder and the others deal with such an expert.

After going to the forbidden area, they didn't need to care about what happened after that.

"Han Qi, send a message to Elder Zhu and the others. If we don't return within a year, attack the Holy City and destroy this place." As they walked out of the hall, Han Muye shouted.

Han Qi nodded and flew up, transforming into an eight-winged, seven-headed dragon statue. He flapped his wings and flew out of the Holy City, then roared at the sky.

A green bamboo flute floated in the air, and a strange sound reverberated from it.

As the dragon statue beast roared, the bamboo flute vibrated. In the distance, countless strange beasts churned on the blood-colored river.

Mutated beasts besieging the city!

The last time the mutated beasts surrounded the city was 300,000 years ago.

That time, more than half of the cultivators and ferrymen in the city died, and countless souls scattered.

At this moment, the mutated beasts were surging, clearly showing signs of gathering again.

For a moment, the cultivators in Styx River Holy City panicked again.

I knew it wouldn't end so easily...

The Nether River ferrymen Elders looked at each other and shook their heads with bitter expressions.

After sending the message, Han Qi rushed into the sky and transformed into a cold young man again, landing behind Han Muye.

The altar of the Styx Sanctuary was below the Holy City. One could step into the square from the hall and then go straight up the spiral stairs.

Tens of thousands of cultivators gathered in the square.

They had all come to the Holy City to search for opportunities.

Some wanted to reverse life and death, some wanted to obtain the inheritance of an Immortal Venerable, and some wanted to obtain opportunities from these two people.

Han Muye arrived surrounded by a group of Holy City Elders, immediately making way for the cultivators surrounding the square.

"It's him!"

Seeing Han Muye, countless cultivators retreated in panic.

Who would dare to face a powerful existence that had subdued the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast?

Even the dome of the Holy City's main hall had been overturned by it. Now, it had even come here accompanied by a group of Elders. What was it trying to do?

"He's going to the Holy Land!"

"Will such an expert directly obtain the opportunity to become an Immortal Venerable?"

Many people's eyes revealed fear and jealousy.

In front of opportunities, everyone was his enemy.

Han Muye didn't care about what these people thought.

They were just pitiful people who were like ants.

He stepped into the spiraling staircase and moved quickly.

Han Qi followed behind him and sized up his surroundings curiously.

After 1,000 steps, the stone steps reached the end, and an altar with a radius of 1,000 feet could be seen.

Seeing the altar, Han Muye narrowed his eyes again.

Divine Enlightenment Altar.

Although the form was different and the power transmitted was different, this was the Divine Enlightenment Altar.

It was just that the method of entry had some variations.

The Divine Enlightenment Altar in the Heavenly Cycle Divine World was infused with divinity. What would this altar have?

Han Muye took a step forward and stood in the altar.

Streams of blood-colored light gathered around his body.

The power of the Nether River.

The Dragon Sculpture Beasts that grew in the Nether River were even more familiar with this power.

His body already had the affinity of the Nether River's power. In an instant, the stream of light wrapped around his body and disappeared.

This made the cultivators sitting cross-legged on the altar widen their eyes.

"How could this be? How could they enter the forbidden area so quickly..." An old man with white hair and a rotten aura muttered in despair.

He had been on this altar for a long time, but he could not enter the Holy Land at all.

"Who is this person? He seems to be entering the altar faster than the people who came a hundred days ago. Does he control the Immortal Venerable's token?" Someone's eyes flickered as he looked at the spot where Han Muye had disappeared and pondered.

After passing through the altar, Han Muye landed on a stone platform.

Han Qi arrived only a little slower than him.

The stone platform was greenish-gray in color and was surrounded by all kinds of crisscrossing marks.

A faint blood-red aura permeated the void.

This was the power that belonged to Immortal Venerable Minghe.

At this point, Han Muye could sense Immortal Venerable Minghe more clearly.

The power of life and death transformation existed here. There were indeed rules of life and death here.

Chapter 1336 - 1336 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again (4)

1336 Suppressing the Holy City Alone, Meeting Li Mubai Again (4)

However, the power of the rules here was faint, and it couldn't really reverse life and death.

"Don't dawdle. Since you've already come to the Holy Land, come with us," a black-armored cultivator with a long spear under the stone platform shouted.

A group of soldiers guarded more than 10 cultivators who were already standing in front.

"Haha, Fellow Daoists, stop daydreaming. Let's go."

"The opportunity is right in front of us, why act foolish?"

Those cultivators all laughed and spoke.

They probably looked the same when they came to the Holy Land.

Han Muye remained silent, leading Han Qi down the stone platform and walking forward with those practitioners, following the black-armored soldiers.

After walking for more than ten miles, everyone was brought to a chaotic cliff of rocks.

This cliff was green and black, with a hint of blood.

There were small caves all over the cliff.

“There are traces of comprehending the Immortal Ancestor’s cultivation method in these caves. How much opportunity you have depends on yourselves,” the leading soldier turned and shouted loudly.

“Ten days to comprehend, and if you can’t, you’ll need to pay a hundred golden beads if you want to try again.

“If you don’t have golden beads, you can provide power to the Holy City’s array with your own divine soul strength.”

The soldier waved the long spear in his hand, with a hint of contempt on his face. “No one wants to gain opportunities without paying, right?”

“If there were such people, you wouldn’t agree, would you?”

These words made many cultivators shake their heads.

Human nature was like this.

It would hurt to take out gold beads on their own.

But if others didn't, and they could gain opportunities again without expending divine soul, that wouldn't do.

We can all consume our divine souls together.

Seeing everyone nod, the soldiers pointed to the cliff.

"Each cave can accommodate 10 people; go find one."

With that, he led the other soldiers and left.

After the soldiers left, the cultivators looked at each other. Those who were familiar with each other formed groups, while those who were not turned and went to search the cliffs alone.

"Fellow Daoist, why don't we travel together?" A gray-haired Daoist in a green robe looked at Han Muye and said softly.

Han Muye didn't refuse.

"I'm Tao Wu, from the Fengyang Region. I've cultivated for 90,000 years, but I'm stuck at the Sage Realm," the Daoist muttered as he walked.

"I came to this Nether World; if I have the opportunity to reverse life and death, I'll go back and revitalize my sect."

"If I can't go back, then life and death will fade away, and my 90,000 years of cultivation will be enough."

These words seemed to be speaking to himself, and also seemed to be speaking to Han Muye.

He turned and looked at Han Muye. "Fellow cultivator, how should I address you? Are you also here to reverse life and death?"

There was no sign of decay on Han Muye's body.

This was also why Tao Wu was willing to travel with him.

Without signs of decay and undiminished strength, he could suppress or resist any danger that might arise.

"Han Muye."

"I'm here to find someone."

Han Muye paused. Under Tao Wu's confused gaze, he said calmly, "As for the Immortal Venerable's inheritance, I'm also interested."

It was the truth.

He was naturally interested in the inheritance of an Immortal Venerable and the rules of life and death.

But this interest hadn't reached the point where he would take risks.

Tao Wu opened his mouth, but had nothing to say.

What did it mean to be interested in the inheritance?

Coming here just to find someone?

If it were an ordinary cultivator, that would be one thing. But you, a strong expert with a powerful aura, came here just to find someone?

Who would believe that?

If not for Han Muye's aura and Han Qi's extraordinarily domineering appearance, Tao Wu would have turned around and left.

However, Han Muye really took out a green-black jade token in front of him.

On the jade token, there were faint flashes of light, leading Han Muye into one of the caves.

In just a moment, he arrived in front of a cave filled with 10 cultivators.

The cultivators were sitting cross-legged in the cave. Some of them were staring blankly at the marks on the stone wall, some were drawing on the ground, and others had a trace of joy on their faces with a hint of blood in their hands.

Han Muye stood in front of the cave, and everyone looked up.

“It’s full,” someone said.

The cave wasn’t big, and as the soldier had said, it was considered full with 10 people.

Han Muye didn’t care and walked straight into the cave.

A few cultivators frowned and stood up.

“Didn’t you hear—” Before the person could finish speaking, Han Qi had already thrown him out with a lift of his hand.

This scene made almost everyone in the cave change their expressions.

“Fellow cultivator, the opportunities in these caves are the same. There’s no need to fight over them, right?” an old man with a black beard furrowed his brow.

Han Qi glared, causing the old man to shudder and take a step back.

He took a step back, revealing an old man in a gray robe sitting cross-legged behind him, with disheveled hair and beard, and a form that could no longer be seen.

The old man was muttering in a low voice with his head down.

Han Muye walked forward, and the old man finally became aware, slowly raising his head.

Han Muye raised his hand and removed his face mask.

The old man looked at him, and his cloudy eyes gradually showed a hint of vitality.

“You, you...” His voice was hoarse, as if he had not spoken to anyone in a long time and couldn’t form complete sentences.

“Senior Li Mubai, it’s been a long time.” Han Muye squatted down and looked at the old man in front of him.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, the number one demon in the Western Frontier, Li Mubai.

Bai Suzhen's father.

After more than 2,000 years, this once formidable demon cultivator who had clashed with Han Muye in the Western Frontier was now in his twilight years.

"Han, Mu, Ye." Li Mubai's eyes sparkled.

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The vicissitudes of life were nothing more than this.

The once proud and fearless top figure of the demonic path now hid deep within a narrow cave, his hair and beard disheveled.

"What are you doing in the Nether River?"

Li Mubai looked at Han Muye.

The surrounding cultivators quietly retreated.

The power displayed by Han Qi was powerful, and Han Muye looked completely extraordinary.

What if they said something secretive and then came to silence him? Wouldn't that be an undeserved calamity?

Tao Wu looked at Li Mubai, not knowing what to say.

Han Muye had really come to find someone, and he had found him.

He entered the Nether River Holy Land to find someone.

No one would believe it.

Han Muye raised his hand, revealing the jade token in his palm.

"Shopowner Bai asked me to come see you," Han Muye said calmly, "and I happen to be interested in the inheritance of Immortal Venerable Minghe."

"That girl..." Looking at the jade token, Li Mubai's eyes revealed a complicated expression.

“The Immortal Source World is thriving, and you’re suppressing an entire realm. Why come to this place?”

Shaking his head, Li Mubai muttered and took out a palm-sized turtle shell scale.

This scale had many intricate patterns on it.

Upon closer inspection, the patterns on it shimmered as if they held profound mysteries.

“These are the messages I’ve deciphered from the markings on the walls over the years.”

“These markings involve the rotation of the soul and the understanding of life and death.”

Li Mubai spoke softly as he gazed at the scale in his hand.

His life force was fading, and his cultivation had dropped to the early stage of the Heaven Realm, as if his Nascent Soul could collapse at any moment.

However, the fluctuations of his soul were clear and incredibly powerful.

He could only stay in this cave for 10 days and would need to infuse the protective formation with his own soul to get another opportunity to stay in the cave.

After a long period of tempering, Li Mubai's soul strength had improved.

Unknowingly, his physical strength had been suppressed by Minghe's power and could not be nourished by his cultivation.

His cultivation was also about to dissipate because of the prolonged suppression.

No wonder he felt something strange when he sensed it from the jade token.

"I'm afraid I won't have a chance to leave this place," Li Mubai said as he raised his head, a hint of relief in his eyes.

"If you return to the Heavenly Mystic, tell that girl, I haven't let her mother down.

"I've found the imprint of her mother's soul."

Handing the scale in his hand to Han Muye, Li Mubai's eyes flickered.

"Han Muye, if you obtain the Immortal Venerable's inheritance and control the Soul-Sealing Banner, please, release the soul of Su Zhen's mother."

The Soul-Sealing Banner suppressed souls.

Han Muye looked at Li Mubai's calm face and reached out to take the scale.

His divine sense landed on the scale.

Mysterious patterns flickered.

Countless spiritual lights appeared in his mind.

In the past, he wouldn't have been able to understand the information hidden in these divine patterns.

Now he could.

Life.

Death.

Each flicker of light represented a cycle of life and death.

That was a rule.

No, it was still a little short of the true rule, but this power was already extremely close to the law that only Immortal Venerables could master.

This was a power that surpassed the Immortal Lord Realm, but not the Immortal Venerable Realm.

In the Holy Land, the only ones with such power were probably the Grand Elder, who controlled the Soul-Sealing Banner.

From this perspective, everyone comprehending the markings in this cliff was probably a method set up by the First Elder.

Concentrating on the scale in his hand, Han Muye turned to look at the various caves on the surrounding caves.

There were all kinds of markings on the stone walls.

There was a strange power surging within these markings.

One had to infuse their soul into them and follow the markings to comprehend the secrets of life and death.

Most people could only comprehend a part of it with their soul cultivation before it dissipated and gathered their soul energy again.

The dissipating soul power was drawn away by the First Elder.

Countless cultivators contributed their souls for free to provide the First Elder with the soul power to refine the Immortal Venerable's body.

But in Han Muye's eyes, this was just a way to refine the Soul-Sealing Banner.

The First Elder didn't understand the true way of refining the Soul-Sealing Banner and had revealed this method directly.

Han Muye raised his head, and a golden light exploded in the center of his eyebrows.

Vitality surged from his body.

"Boom—"

In the cave, a shimmering green immortal light radiated.

Li Mubai, Han Qi, and the others standing at the side were thrown out of the cave by this force.

"How can he break free from the suppression of the Nether River's power?" Tao Wu, standing outside the cave, looked at the green immortal light and was filled with shock and confusion.

Han Muye's soul power flowed into the markings on the cave's walls. In just an instant, it had traversed countless spaces.

At this moment, countless scenes appeared in his mind.

Divine souls.

These were the interwoven powers of countless divine souls.

Some divine souls were still intact, but their bodies had long rotted away.

Some were comprehending inside the cave but were unaware that their power had already been drawn into the Soul-Sealing Banner.

Han Muye saw a golden long banner stretching across the void, with hundreds of old men in white robes sitting in front of it.

On the banner, golden patterns shimmered, each one seemingly altering the rules of heaven and earth. Each burst of pattern power seemed capable of breaking open a realm of heaven and earth.

Countless divine soul powers surged.

Among the golden divine soul powers, there was a middle-aged Daoist in a black robe with closed eyes.

The Daoist wore a green jade lotus crown on his head, and the aura emanating from him was strong, with divine light bursting forth.

The figures sitting around the long banner had their divine souls extracted and turned into threads of light, pouring into the Daoist with the green lotus crown.

It wasn't just these people. There were also formations of cultivators sitting behind, all infusing their soul power to allow the Daoist with the green lotus crown to absorb it.

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1338 Huang Six is Possessed by Immortal Venerable Minghe (2)

In the surrounding void, countless divine soul power and blood qi intertwined, drawing them from numerous caves to the long banner.

For countless years, the souls of countless people had gathered and provided an unknown amount of power to the Soul Sealing Banner and the First Elder.

It was unknown how powerful the First Elder's soul was.

Han Muye's gaze fell on a formation of cultivators, and with a thought, his spiritual power reached out.

"Patriarch, where's Sixth Brother?" His voice directly sounded in the cultivator's divine treasures with the help of the patterns.

Patriarch Tao Ran.

This old man sitting cross-legged was Patriarch Tao Ran.

A familiar voice sounded in the divine treasures, and Patriarch Tao Ran's eyes suddenly widened.

His body trembled slightly, and he was about to open his mouth when Han Muye's voice sounded again. "Patriarch, use the power of your soul to write in the divine treasure."

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and mobilized the power of his soul to write lines of words in his mind.

After he, Huang Six, and the others left Chaotic Killing Reef, the fleet of the Nether River Boat safely arrived at the Holy City under his guidance.

Most of the cultivators dispersed in the Holy City, looking for opportunities on their own.

Many were willing to follow Huang Six.

Huang Six was also invited by the Holy City Elder. After a conversation, he returned and decided to look for the Immortal Supremacy's inheritance in the Holy Land.

Just like that, Patriarch Tao Ran and the others arrived at the Holy Land.

Patriarch Tao Ran himself meditated in the cave for three months. Then, he had an indescribable enlightenment and was teleported here.

As for Huang Six and the others, they were not here.

“Huang Six and the others were invited by the First Elder to the place where Heavenly Venerable Minghe died to find the inheritance.”

“We’ll refine the Soul Sealing Banner here.”

“The First Elder said that the Soul Sealing Banner has no owner and that everyone has the opportunity to become its master.”

“But now that all of us are controlled by the Soul Sealing Banner, we can no longer withdraw the power of our souls.”

Lines of words appeared in Patriarch Tao Ran’s mind.

It seemed that most cultivators would eventually lose their souls like this.

“Kid, leave quickly. The First Elder’s soul power is extremely strong. If he finds you, you won’t be able to leave.”

“The Soul Sealing Banner is under his control. His Spiritual Soul power is stronger than I’ve ever seen.”

The words in Patriarch Tao Ran’s divine treasures trembled.

This was fear from the bottom of his heart.

Han Muye didn't answer.

That was because the First Elder, who was sitting on the top of the Soul Sealing Banner, had already opened his eyes.

"It's rare to have such a lively soul. It can replenish my consumption." With a soft whisper, a golden stream of light tore through the world and collided with Patriarch Tao Ran.

Han Muye's soul moved and transformed into a light screen with the power of the cave markings.

"Bang!"

The golden stream of light collided with the light screen. The light screen trembled, as if it was about to shatter and finally stabilize. Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting inside, trembled. His eyes widened, and blood flowed from the tip of his nose.

However, the cultivators around Patriarch Tao Ran were not so lucky.

The hundreds of cultivators in the square matrix all went limp, and blood spewed out of their seven apertures. Then, their breathing stopped.

A soul attack directly killed hundreds of cultivators.

This Spiritual Strength far exceeded that of the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast, Han Qi.

If the current First Elder encountered the Dragon Sculpture Beast, he could suppress it with a single strike.

This was the terrifying power of the divine soul. It was straightforward, direct, and almost unsolvable.

Everyone was stunned by the First Elder's sudden attack.

"Ke Shou'en, didn't you say that you won't kill us if we help you refine the Soul Sealing Banner?" In front, a ferryman Elder said in a low voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, the First Elder waved his hand impatiently.

A golden light pressed down on the Elder. When the golden light dissipated, the Elder's body had already turned into bones, leaving only a golden soul that fused into a ball.

The surrounding void vibrated, and countless souls trembled.

The First Elder was already so powerful that no one could stop him here.

His gaze landed on the golden barrier around Patriarch Tao Ran, and surprise flashed in his eyes.

“There are really people in the world who comprehended soul suppression techniques with just two or three patterns in the intermediate soul suppression flag.”

“Let me see who you are.”

He raised his hand and waved. More than ten of the hundreds of River Styx Ferry Elders sitting cross-legged in front of him stood up.

There was a hint of sluggishness in their eyes, but golden light flickered on their bodies. They held their weapons in their hands and their blood qi churned as they flew up.

“Bang!”

A spear was the first to hit the light screen, causing the golden light screen to tremble.

Then, all kinds of weapons fell like rain.

The golden light barrier only lasted for a breath before shattering.

Although the light shield triggered by his soul was strong, it could not withstand these sabers and spears.

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting cross-legged, revealed despair.

“Buzz!”

Just as all the weapons smashed onto Patriarch Tao Ran’s head, a soul tremor sounded.

The bodies of the River Styx ferryman Elders trembled and stopped.

Traces of divine light surged in his originally dull eyes.

Their eyes, which had been vacant, showed signs of life, and gradually, they began to move.

Not only them, but also the cultivators in the formation, as well as the ferryman elders who were meditating, all felt the loosening of the restraining power on them.

The long banner under the First Elder also trembled and fluttered without wind.

Countless markings on it shone, and all the golden spiritual power that had enveloped the First Elder was drawn back.

The power of the Soul Sealing Banner seemed to be drawn away!

“How dare you challenge the First Elder for the Soul-Sealing Banner!”

The First Elder suddenly stood up and shouted angrily. Then he raised his hand and thrust a golden palm print towards Patriarch Tao Ran.

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However, as soon as the golden palm landed, golden light surged from the Soul Sealing Banner and resolved it.

This scene made the First Elder's eyes widen in shock.

"This, how can the Soul Sealing Banner be controlled..."

He turned around and stared at the Soul Sealing Banner, shouting, "Soul Sealing, are you crazy?"

"You're not suppressing the soul of Immortal Venerable Minghe because you want him to wake up?"

"Don't you want to be free?"

Wrath roared, and the Soul Sealing Banner also surged. The golden stream of light seemed to want to directly shatter the First Elder.

Two powerful soul powers clashed, tearing apart the surrounding void.

The sound of souls passing through resounded.

When the two divine souls collided, all the cultivators' divine souls were involved, as if they were about to be torn apart.

In just ten breaths, their souls would be reduced to nothingness in the soul battle.

No one could escape.

The two divine souls collided like a torrent, and the divine souls wrapped in the threads were even weaker than a spider silk.

"Oh no."

Countless people felt despair.

"Do you want to live?"

At this moment, Han Muye's soul voice quietly sounded in the intermediate divine treasures of all cultivators.

Anyone who was in the cave or in the intermediate formation, refining the Soul Sealing Banner with their soul power, heard Han Muye's words.

Do you want to live?

Of course, they wanted to.

"The Soul Sealing Banner extracts the power of your soul and is also contaminated with your soul imprints. Let me tell you the method to control the Soul Sealing Banner. Who can become the owner of the Soul Sealing Banner will depend on your luck."

The control method of the Soul Sealing Banner!

Everyone's eyes widened.

A golden text appeared in their minds.

It was really the control technique of the Soul Sealing Banner.

Li Mubai, who was standing outside the cave, also felt the message from Han Muye.

After pondering for a moment, he slowly walked forward and sat cross-legged.

There was a deathly aura flickering on his body.

“Boom—”

As countless souls surged, the Soul Sealing Banner that was originally confronting the First Elder surged crazily.

Countless soul powers were fighting for control over the Soul Sealing Banner.

The First Elder looked at the surging Soul Sealing Banner and hesitated for a moment before looking around.

The power of soul surging around him made him fearful.

The gaze of everyone seemed to want to devour him.

“Whew—”

A howl came from the Soul Sealing Banner.

However, because countless people were fighting for control, the Soul Sealing Banner did not have a dominant thought.

However, at this moment, the idea of triggering the Soul Sealing Banner to suppress the First Elder was surprisingly unanimous.

On the Soul Sealing Banner, a golden net scattered and covered the First Elder's head.

Ecstasy!

Being trapped by this net, he would definitely die!

The First Elder gritted his teeth and roared. A ball of golden soul light collided with the net.

“Bang!”

His soul shattered, and the net was torn apart.

But in the next moment, the shattered net reappeared and descended onto the First Elder's head.

However, in the next moment, the originally shattered net appeared again and covered the First Elder's head.

He revealed a hint of fierceness on his face, and his body exploded suddenly.

When he reappeared, he had transformed into a haggard old man wearing a black robe with a cold and stern expression.

“Just you wait,” he growled, and disappeared from where he stood.

As the First Elder fled, the Soul Sealing Banner began to surge and struggle again.

Countless cultivators fought crazily for control of the Soul Sealing Banner, causing it to flutter continuously.

Han Muye did not participate in the struggle.

With the help of this emptiness, his soul had already passed through the sleeping purple soul in the Soul Sealing Banner and landed in a purple illusory space.

In the space, there was a floating land tens of thousands of kilometers wide.

“Is this the true form of the Venerable?”

The Venerable had already merged with his own Grotto-heaven, becoming a world in himself.

The fall of an Immortal Venerable would bring about the collapse of a boundless world and turn it into a cosmic world.

Han Muye had seen a calamity before. That calamity was to kill an Immortal Venerable, destroy his world, and give birth to a new universe.

That was the backlash that began after the power of heaven and earth was stolen by cultivators.

This was an unsolvable situation.

Not exactly.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

It wasn't entirely unsolvable.

As long as he controlled the number of Immortal Venerable powerhouses and the number of high-level cultivators so that the backlash would no longer happen, it would not cause the calamity.

In this instant, he thought of the Divine Realm.

Wasn't what the gods doing control?

Were these gods controlling the Divine Realm, the Immortal Realm, and indirectly the mortal world just to control the number of cultivators?

But behind this, were there also rebels?

The calamity was a calamity for those who had already lived forever, an existence that they had to stop with all their might.

Would those Immortal Venerables who had yet to become Immortal Venerables or control the world push for the next calamity and change the world?

Who were these people?

Han Muye's gaze fell on that world.

"Boom—"

A golden spear flew up.

It was a 10,000-foot-long spear, and divine light flickered on it.

The spear changed rapidly and finally became ten feet long. It had three points and two blades, and the tip of the spear shone.

The spear was held in Huang Six's hand.

“Sigh, I wanted to pass the inheritance to him, but in the end, he chose the Heaven Slaughter Immortal Venerable’s inheritance.”

“I don’t know if he is controlled by Heavenly Slaughter, becoming the incarnation of the Heavenly Slaughter Immortal Venerable, or if he can become his own person.”

A voice sounded in Han Muye’s ear.

Turning around, he saw an old man in a moon-white robe with a white beard that reached his chest.

Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Back on the Nether River Boat, Immortal Venerable Minghe who had helped Han Muye escape the danger of the calamity.

“Immortal Venerable, did my sixth brother choose the inheritance from that war spear on his own, or did you force him to choose it?”

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1340 Huang Six is Possessed by Immortal Venerable Minghe (4)

The surging sword intent on Han Muye’s body began to transform.

Sword light flashed, emitting a sharp killing intent.

“Brother, be careful. This old man is not a good person!”

Huang Six, who was holding a battle spear, shouted and flew over under the cover of the blood-colored battle spear.

His body emitted a dazzling divine light.

Looking at the two people standing side by side, Immortal Venerable Minghe shook his head with a smile on his face.

“Actually, I originally liked you.” Immortal Venerable Minghe looked at Han Muye.

“To be able to trigger the power of the calamity, there is also luck that no one can compare to.

“If I can be reborn as you, I have a chance to enter the Primordial World again.”

His voice slowly turned illusory, and his figure seemed to fade into nothingness.

Han Muye’s expression was solemn.

When Immortal Venerable Minghe helped him back then, he knew that it wouldn’t be that simple.

He suddenly turned his head.

Beside him, Huang Six looked pained.

“Old thing, you dare to possess me?” He gritted his teeth and shouted. The Eight-Armed Demon Statue appeared behind him.

The towering statue shook, and the long spear in its hand danced.

“Heh, you’ve refined the Heaven Slaughtering Spear, barely qualifying to be possessed.

“Otherwise, I wouldn’t have looked twice at your body.”

Immortal Venerable Minghe’s voice came from the statue.

The statue’s three closed eyes all opened.

The black-and-white flowing light in those eyes rushed towards Han Muye.

The black and white light collided with Han Muye, and his soul turned grayish-white.

Far away in the cave, his body condensed into a grayish-white stone pillar.

“You old man, you’re asking for death!”

Huang Six’s eyes were bloodshot, and his blood qi swelled, but he could not do anything to the holy statue behind him.

The golden battle spear in his hand vibrated, as if it was sending a message.

Huang Six gripped his spear tightly and gritted his teeth, allowing the golden divine light to pass through his body.

“Little fellow, don’t struggle. The Heavenly Slaughter Spear has suppressed my main body for tens of millions of years, and I’ve long refined it. As long as I use your body as a blood sacrifice, this spear will belong to me.

“In addition to the Soul Sealing Banner that has been nurtured well over the years, my strength can quickly recover.”

Immortal Venerable Minghe’s voice was filled with pride.

Huang Six’s body was imprisoned in place. The Eight-Armed Demon Statue behind him laughed and raised its hand to grab the spear in his hand. It took a step forward.

“Heavenly Slaughter Spear, I will take you to drink some good blood.”

After saying that, Immortal Venerable Minghe led the demonic phantom and flew away.

Huang Six, who was standing where he was, looked up at Han Muye's soul, which had turned gray and black.

"Brother, it's my fault..."

The aura on his body kept intertwining and changing, and his blood qi surged as if he could not control it.

"Sixth Brother, sometimes opportunities and dangers appear at the same time." Han Muye's voice sounded, making Huang Six tremble.

In front of him, Han Muye's grayish-white soul directly transformed into its original state. The trace of grayish-white Qi landed in his palm and condensed into a pearl that changed between Yin and Yang.

"The power of life and death is not bad."

Han Muye chuckled and raised his hand to hand the bead to Huang Six.

"Brother, this pearl can suppress the power of Immortal Venerable Minghe."

He turned his gaze to the side and looked at the vast world.

“He possesses you, you possess him.”

Huang Six was stunned and said blankly, “How is that possible? That’s the true body of an Immortal Venerable.

“Furthermore, Immortal Venerable Minghe tried to reincarnate because he couldn’t control his own power. Even if his true body could, he probably wouldn’t be able to control it...”

Speaking of this, he suddenly smiled. “I understand. If we take his true body, we at least have a chance.”

Immortal Venerable Minghe had already seized the demonic holy statue. Once he completely refined the Heavenly Slaughter Battle Spear and summoned the Soul Sealing Banner back, they would only die.

Since that was the case, he might as well seize the true body of Immortal Venerable Minghe and fight him.

Huang Six let out a long laugh and flew up, charging towards the world below.

Right at this moment, a figure quietly appeared and also collided with the world.

“I’ve planned for the true body of an Immortal Venerable for a million years, no one can snatch it from me!”

The First Elder of the Nether River Holy City roared and rushed down.

Han Muye's soul stood where it was. He glanced at Huang Six and the First Elder fighting for the true body of Immortal Venerable Minghe, then turned around and looked at the illusory sky above his head.

At this moment, the scene of the Nether River Holy City appeared in the sky.

A 100,000-foot-tall demon statue stood in the void, mobilizing the power of the Nether River Holy City to fight against the strange beasts in the Nether River outside the city.

Elder Zhu, Elder Feng, and many powerful exotic beasts in the Nether River were defeated by the Eight-Armed Demon Statue.

"That's Immortal Venerable Heavenly Slaughter battle spear!"

Fear appeared on Elder Zhu's face.

"Immortal Venerable's war spear has been refined!"

He shouted wildly, and then emerald green light surged out of his body.

Many of the dark beasts behind him also flashed with a halo at the same time.

At this moment, golden light rose from the Chaotic Killing Reef outside the Holy City and turned into pillars of light.

A pillar of light broke through the world of the Nether River.

“Minghe?”

“It’s been a long time.”

“How does it feel to be nailed by my battle spear for tens of millions of years?”

A voice rang out, and a four-armed god in golden battle armor stepped forward.

Under his feet, the roiling Minghe collided with the golden light.

The indestructible Minghe was directly suppressed. The waves carried the Divine General’s body, turning into a blood-red cloud platform.

“Minghe, you’ve been hiding here for tens of millions of years. You can’t imagine what the current Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm is like.”

“We’re close to succeeding...”