

Pavilion 1361

Chapter 1361 God Slayer, Primordial Battle Puppet

Two hours later, Zhu Cheng returned somewhat nervously.

"Fellow Daoist, our sect leader said that we'll sell the Primordial Battle Puppets for four million divine crystals, but there's a condition."

"If you want to resell the puppet, you must sell it to our Black Armor Sect."

Zhu Cheng raised his hand and extended three fingers.

"We'll buy it back for three million divine crystals."

Han Muye nodded and said, "Alright."

He looked at the two battle puppets who had returned to their wooden boxes and said loudly, "But I definitely won't sell them."

Zhu Cheng smiled and said, "Of course not."

As he spoke, he took out a large wooden box.

"These are the accessories that go with the two Primordial Battle Puppets. As long as you offer four million divine crystals, you can take everything."

This time, Han Muye did not hesitate and took out four million divine crystals.

Even if it were 40 million divine crystals, he had them.

Xiang Lingxiang and Han Qi held the two battle puppets, while Golden Fire stepped forward to collect the accessories.

"Young Master, let's go quickly. Chengyue Sect also knows about the secret place..." Old Feng leaned forward and whispered.

Han Muye nodded, bowed to Zhu Cheng and Daoist Qiao Ke, and then left the Black Armor Sect's main hall, heading straight out of the sect.

"We've made an extra two million divine crystals from this puppet sale," Daoist Qiao Ke looked at the divine crystals in the main hall, a smile on his face.

Zhu Cheng shook his head with a hint of melancholy on his face. "I'm not sure if this trade is right or wrong. I won't participate in the commission.

"Hopefully, he will return our sect's guardian puppet.

"And, today's transaction must remain confidential.

"It's of great importance to our Black Armor Sect."

With that, he walked out with his hands behind his back.

Daoist Qiao Ke and the others exchanged glances, then turned their gaze back to the wooden boxes filled with divine crystals.

"Is the First Deacon really not interested in a commission of four million divine crystals?" one of the disciples in the main hall chuckled.

"Don't forget, he just made a deal a moment ago. Besides, when the puppets are recovered, the one million divine crystals will still be in his hands," Daoist Qiao Ke laughed as he placed his hand on the wooden boxes.

"Hurry up, distribute the commissions, and the rest will be turned over to the sect."

"Primordial Battle Puppets, four million divine crystals. I made such a big deal in my old age. Haha..."

...

Han Muye led Han Qi and the others out of the Black Armor Sect, and they met up with Bai Tu before boarding a flying ship to leave.

By the time the Chengyue Sect arrived at the Black Armor Sect, they were already nowhere to be seen.

The people from the Black Armor Sect staunchly denied ever seeing any trespassers.

Whether it was to keep the trade information secret or to thwart the Chengyue Sect, they would not reveal the truth.

The Chengyue Sect asked around, but there was no news about Han Muye and his group.

As they watched those people leave in frustration, the reception elders of the Black Armor Sect had smiles on their faces.

At this moment, on the flying ship, Han Muye had already set up the two battle puppets.

In addition to the two battle puppets, there was an open wooden box in front of him, containing various matching combat equipment.

A peculiar double-headed long saber, a powerful longbow, and a long spear with a reversed blade...

In his hand, a double-headed long saber glinted with a faint light.

It was a set of combat equipment for the God-slaying battle puppets.

This saber was not a divine treasure, but it was even better than a divine treasure.

The Heaven-Cutting Saber.

It could sever the power of heaven and earth, cutting through a corner of the world's power.

It could transform into a 10,000-foot long blade, unleashing a sky-shattering radiance that could cleave through heaven and earth.

Han Muye held this saber, not to refine it, but to immerse himself in the sword intent and study the memories within.

The method of refining the Primordial Battle Puppet from the Primordial Era.

The Primordial Puppet Refinement Technique.

When he saw the Primordial Battle Puppet, a bright light shone in his eyes.

He had seen the Primordial Battle Puppet before!

Back then, when he saw the short sword in the Nether River, there were memories of the calamity.

Many golden-armored battle generals clashed in the heavens, and one strike could shatter the divine realm.

That was the Primordial Battle Puppet!

That was a formidable entity capable of fighting in the calamity.

If he possessed a Primordial Battle Puppet, would he be eligible to participate in the calamity?

No, something was not right!

Han Muye opened his eyes, and there was a gleam of intelligence in them.

The method of refining the Primordial Battle Puppet was fundamentally different from the current calamity, and it was not even from the previous calamity.

It might have been from an even more ancient calamity.

Just like the Heaven Changing Pavilion, the method had long been lost.

Perhaps there were not enough treasures to refine.

However, in this calamity, there was definitely someone who controlled the Primordial Battle Puppets.

These people were the rulers of this divine realm, the masters of the divine realm today!

The matter of the Primordial Battle Puppets must not be known to outsiders.

Otherwise, it would surely attract the attention of those powerful individuals who controlled the Primordial Battle Puppets.

Even if he reached the level of an Immortal Lord, he wouldn't dare to confront these powerful individuals directly.

Han Muye kept the matter of the Primordial Battle Puppets in his heart, and he wouldn't consider it until he could face an Immortal Venerable.

On the other hand, the Primordial Battle Puppets could be attempted for refining.

After reading the memories, Han Muye gained more knowledge about controlling the battle puppets.

In front of him, Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang were sitting cross-legged.

"If you want to obtain great power, you must be willing to pay a greater price."

"Have you thought it over? Are you really willing to refine the battle puppets and become God Slayers?"

God Slayers.

Controlling the God-slaying battle Puppets, sharing power with the God-slaying battle puppets.

This was equivalent to the contract rune in Han Muye's hand, which shared power with the demon beasts.

However, the God-slaying battle puppets were much more powerful, and if one's cultivation level wasn't high enough, it would be difficult to become the puppet's master.

It might even be possible for the puppet to assimilate them, devouring their bloodline power.

Chapter 1362 God Slayer, Primordial Battle Puppets (2)

"I've made up my mind," Xiang Lingshuang nodded.

He had always considered himself a follower of Han Muye, hoping to one day return to Heavenly Mystic and continue to serve as Han Muye's guard when he helped guard the Desolate Wilderness.

But later, he realized that his cultivation and strength couldn't keep up with Han Muye's rapid progress.

Unknowingly, he lost the qualification to follow in Han Muye's footsteps.

This time, Han Muye would take him to the Divine Realm, and he was determined to seize any opportunity.

"Me too." Han Qi nodded.

Coming out of the Netherworld, he saw the Immortal Realm and the Divine Realm, and he desired power more than anyone else.

Only with sufficient power could he go further.

Han Muye didn't speak again; he raised his hand, and two battle puppets transformed into black armor and flew to stand in front of the two.

"Boom—"

The battle puppets enveloped their bodies from head to toe.

Pain showed on their faces.

Then, black face masks covered their features one by one, and finally, their bodies transformed into the appearance of battle puppets.

Han Muye raised his hand again, and two golden boxes appeared.

"These contain 10 million divine crystals, enough to drive the battle puppets."

"Also," he raised his hand, and two golden flames flickered, "this is the Mystic Heaven Divine Fire. I'm going to merge this fire with the divine crystals to become the core that activates the battle puppets.

"Feel this power carefully. When you can fully control this power, it will be the time when you control the battle puppets."

As he finished speaking, two flames enveloped the bodies of the battle puppets.

Then, the two golden boxes collided with the flames, turning into a golden glow.

The bodies of the two battle puppets trembled.

Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang let out low roars.

To gain power, they had to pay a price.

The fusion of the battle puppets and the power of divine crystals required their bodies as a foundation.

If not for the bloodline power of the domain-suppressing divine elephant and dragon sculpture beast, Han Muye wouldn't have chosen them to bear the battle puppets.

As the flying ship continued its journey, Han Muye raised his hand, and two Five-Element Divine Furnaces appeared.

He could not control the Divine Furnace of the Five Elements for the time being, but he could control the two separate Divine Furnaces at the same time.

The two battle puppets fell into the Divine Furnaces and continued to rotate.

Han Muye put the bloodline pills made by Mu Wan into them, allowing Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang to refine them.

With the help of the bloodline power, their pain when merging with the battle puppets would be slightly reduced.

The two Divine Furnaces in front of them vibrated, and images flashed in Han Muye's mind.

"Boom—"

When the divine furnace was opened, two golden-armored generals nearly ten feet tall appeared in front of Han Muye.

Han Qi held a pair of long sabers in his hands. One end of the saber was shining with a greenish-gray stream of light, and the other end was crisscrossed with dark golden patterns.

Xiang Lingshuang carried a pair of curved swords on his back and a longbow in his hand.

Both the double-headed knives and the war bow were matching war equipment.

The destructive power of the Heaven-Shaking Bow was even stronger than that of the Heaven-Breaking Crossbow.

"Senior Brother."

"Big Brother."

Their voices sounded hoarse, accompanied by a sound similar to the friction of metal in the battle puppets.

They both bowed, and there seemed to be a force about to explode within them.

Han Muye smiled, as if he were looking at his most prized masterpiece.

Indeed, although he was proficient in crafting and alchemy, this fusion of the God-Slaying war puppets had created two unparalleled powerhouses.

Indeed, although he was proficient in crafting and alchemy, this fusion of the God-Slaying battle puppets had created two unparalleled powerhouses.

They could definitely battle against Immortal Emperors with their own strength, without relying on the power of heaven and earth.

In the void, where one couldn't harness the power of heaven and earth, having war puppets with such formidable defenses and physical strength, along with the bloodline power, the title 'God Slayer' was well-deserved!

This was his true ultimate weapon, constructed from Divine Crystals alone.

From purchase to refinement, he had invested 240 million divine crystals.

This was a huge sum that even the major powers in the Divine Realm would find difficult to produce.

Moreover, they had been refined in the Five Elements Divine Furnace and integrated with the Mystic Heaven Divine Fire.

In the Divine Realm, there were probably not more than 10 factions with such wealth and capabilities.

These 10 factions would not be willing to expend such a huge cost to create war puppets.

With this experience of merging war puppets, the chances of creating the Primordial war puppets in the future had also increased significantly.

When the flying ship was halfway through its journey, it came to a brief halt.

Han Muye stepped out of the flying ship and looked up at the sky.

"Immortal Slayer, it's been a long time."

He spoke softly and raised his hand, attracting a golden aura.

A world appeared in the void.

That was the Grotto-heaven he had refined.

Back then, he had seized the Grotto-heaven of an Immortal Lord and refined it into a realm that spanned thousands of miles.

Now, after nurturing it for over a hundred years and suppressing it with the Immortal-Slaying Sword, it had grown.

This time, Han Muye had come to collect this world.

His cultivation level had long reached the peak of the Void Transformation Realm. With a raise of his hand, he easily absorbed the Grotto-heaven into his body.

As the Grotto-heaven fused, the bloodline power in his body began to surge.

The power of Baxia poured in, allowing his physical strength to quickly increase.

The three primordial spirit swords flashed and compressed the space within the Five-Element Divine Furnace.

The Five Elements Divine Furnace had no choice but to shrink into a corner.

The three primordial spirit swords were all god slayers!

"Buzz!"

A golden light fell into Han Muye's hand.

He looked up at the continuous city walls and endless divine light in the distance and said calmly, "We're here."

He looked ahead at the bustling God race in the city.

It was a huge city with countless teleportation arrays.

As Han Muye looked up, he could sense the auras of numerous Immortal Lords.

Chapter 1363 God Slayer, Primordial Battle Puppets (3)

His gaze fell upon a towering dark golden aura, and he quickly turned around.

Immortal Venerables!

This was not the first time he had seen the aura of an Immortal Venerable.

However, the Immortal Venerables he had seen before were not at their full strength.

Immortal Venerable Minghe was barely holding onto his life, and Heavenly Slaughter Immortal Venerable was not in his true form.

The aura that Han Muye saw now was that of a true Immortal Venerable powerhouse.

In the presence of such a powerful being, even a casual glance could be sensed.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a pale red badge fell onto the flying ship's deck.

"Let's go."

With a shout, the group activated the flying ship and headed straight for the great city.

The badge had been obtained through a trade in the divine realm, representing a divine realm merchant guild.

The size of this merchant guild was not small, and the remarkable thing was that anyone could join it as long as they paid the price.

With this badge, one could travel freely throughout the Divine Realm.

The flying ship roamed above the great city, covering hundreds of miles. Finally, Han Muye selected a teleportation array.

As the flying ship descended, there was a soldier guarding the teleportation array.

"To the Chuanlin Void, one flying ship, 103 cultivators in total. The cost is 1,200 divine crystals," the leading divine soldier assessed, and then he spoke.

Han Muye handed over a bag of divine crystals, and the divine soldier accepted it, waving his hand to create a crack in the teleportation array.

The flying ship entered the teleportation array, enveloped in golden light.

The world turned, and the void trembled.

When the flying ship reappeared, it was in a desolate gray void.

The Chuanlin Void.

This was a transitional world with many teleportation arrays constructed.

The divine realm would not allow the array formations that connected the various battlegrounds to be directly connected.

The Chengyue Sect's direct teleportation arrays were prohibited everywhere.

The Chuanlin Void, which connected various places, served as a base for countless free divine beings and cultivators.

As far as Han Muye knew, many formidable individuals roamed the void here.

They were essentially itinerant cultivators.

Cultivators and gods who didn't want to be constrained stayed in this void world.

"Golden River Merchant Guild?" Someone not far away called out to the flying ship.

Around them, many divine cultivators also turned their heads.

Not only gods but also powerful demon clans. Han Muye even spotted some immortal cultivators.

They were all extremely powerful and were at least Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals.

At this moment, Han Muye and his group had concealed their auras with magical techniques, appearing as divine beings and demon clans to others.

"My surname is Han, and I'm the manager of the Golden River Merchant Guild," Han Muye greeted those around him.

He raised his hand, and a golden light curtain appeared in front of the flying ship.

On the light screen, various spiritual materials, weapons, elixirs, armor, scrolls, and other treasures were displayed.

Upon arriving here, he needed to hide his identity.

Going to the teleportation array leading to the Dripping Blood Cliff was not an easy task.

He needed a reason, or the teleportation array would not open.

Seeing the treasures displayed on the light curtain in front of Han Muye's flying ship, many people's eyes lit up.

"Three Mystic Divine Source Pill, good stuff, but is 1,800 divine crystals a bit too expensive?" someone exclaimed when they saw the pills.

"Expensive? Do you believe this can be resold at a profit of 200 after a quick turnover?" someone laughed and immediately sent a golden light to encircle the bottle of pills.

"What a good opportunity. There's even the Ten Realms Red Dust Incense, which can save me thousands of years of enlightenment!" an old man with white hair raised his hand and enclosed a jade box.

Many people made their choices and selected the treasures they needed.

Han Muye looked around and saw Bai Tu and the others fly out, carrying the jade boxes, and they walked outside the flying ship to begin trading.

"Haha, the Golden River Merchant Guild is truly extraordinary," the cultivators who had made their trades with Han Muye's group rejoiced.

"I have a strand of the Demon Lord Tutu's whiskers here. 300 divine crystals, will you take it, Shopkeeper Han?"

"I have a useless spiritual treasure sword, 100 divine crystals, okay?"

After a round of trading, Han Muye didn't make much profit.

It was only about 30,000 to 50,000 divine crystals.

But his main purpose wasn't to earn divine crystals.

After each transaction, he led the flying ship away.

In the next round, he gathered a large number of god clan cultivators and other cultivators.

Within a few days, the Golden River Merchant Guild's flying ship appeared in various places and conducted dozens of transactions.

News traveled quickly in the void. Everyone knew that a merchant guild's flying ship had arrived.

Three days later, the flying ship finally arrived outside the teleportation array in the void where the Dripping Blood Cliff was.

"Are you going to the Dripping Blood Cliff?"

"The battle there is intense right now, so why are you going?" The divine general guarding the teleportation array wore a dense killing intent, and behind him, there were more than 10,000 divine beings.

This army could block the teleportation at any moment.

Moreover, there were at least two Immortal Venerables and more than 10 Immortal Lords guarding the Chuanlin Void.

Han Muye only sensed the tremendous power within this void after arriving here.

As the hub connecting the divine realm to other realms, it naturally required powerful beings to guard it.

Han Muye suspected that all the teleportation arrays here had supervisors who could close them in an instant.

It was impossible for other realms to launch a counterattack against the divine realm from this place.

"General, the reason we're going to the Dripping Blood Cliff is precisely because the battle is intense. We're here to help!" Old Zhu, who had an amiable appearance, stepped forward and handed over a storage bag.

Inside the bag were three years' worth of divine crystals.

The divine general accepted the storage bag, and his expression improved.

He looked at Han Muye and hesitated for a moment before saying, "What goods have you prepared for your journey there?"

Han Muye raised his hand, and a light screen appeared.

Armor, various talismans, and other combat equipment were displayed.

Glancing at the price tags below, the Divine General shook his head and said, "This trip should be quite profitable."

Chapter 1364 God Slayer, Primordial Battle Puppets (4)

Every item's price was twice as high as elsewhere, so this trip was sure to be profitable.

Old Zhu understood tacitly and took out a small jade box.

This time, the Divine General finally nodded in satisfaction and waved his hand, saying, "Go, be careful, the battles over there are fierce."

Han Muye smiled, cupped his hands in a polite gesture, and then activated the flying ship to rush into the teleportation array.

A golden light enveloped the flying ship, just like the previous teleportation. The void outside the flying ship turned into nothingness with endless flowing light.

But this time, Han Muye didn't remain inactive as in the past.

As the flying boat gradually stabilized, he raised his hand, and numerous stored divine lightning bolts fell into the teleportation array.

These divine lightning bolts were condensed by his Kui divine power. Their destructive power could not compare to the Heaven Shaking Divine Lightning, but it was still significant.

At least tens of thousands of lightning bolts struck, and then he guided the flying ship to depart.

He didn't bother to check whether the teleportation array would be destroyed.

It was just a means left behind casually.

As the flying boat rushed out of the teleportation array, the world it perceived was entirely different.

A malevolent aura.

An endless malevolent aura pervaded the void.

The blood-red light ahead had already tainted the entire world.

This was a place without spiritual energy, immortal energy, or divinity.

Only the mountain that had turned the world red remained.

"That's the Dripping Blood Cliff..."

Han Muye heard Bai Tu speak softly behind him.

Dripping Blood Cliff, one of the three most dangerous places in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

On the flying ship, everyone looked shocked, but Han Muye was different.

He saw an aura that belonged to the laws in his eyes.

Controlling the rules?

Or could it be that the Dripping Blood Cliff was formed from a law?

The power of laws was something that only an Immortal Venerable could control.

Could it be that there was an Immortal Venerable here?

"Buzz!"

In the distance, divine light flew over.

The God Clan.

Han Muye turned to look at Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang.

The two nodded and took a step forward.

Xiang Lingshuang raised his bow and drew the full moon.

A golden stream of light appeared on the bow.

The golden light turned into a long arrow that flashed with the aura of slaughter.

"Bang!"

The long arrows were released.

Xiang Lingshuang, who was wearing golden armor, did not stop firing. In a breath, he shot a hundred arrows.

The arrows' light connected into a golden thread.

"Boom—"

In the distance, the world was split open by this thread.

Then, with a thunderous explosion, a towering golden light burst forth.

This strike could injure an Immortal Lord.

Xiang Lingshuang put away his longbow and raised his hand to draw the two swords on his back.

Han Qi chuckled and raised the double-headed saber in his hand.

A resplendent saber light gathered.

The saber beam was tens of thousands of feet long and soared into the sky.

"Kill!"

With a roar, Han Qi slashed down.

The saber light tore the entire world in half, and the blood-colored world in front of him turned clear.

The flying boat turned into an arrow and instantly flew along the place where the saber light wreaked havoc.

"Enemy attack—"

The god clan cried out, and golden lights began to converge.

Han Qi, who was holding a long saber behind Xiang Lingshuang with his two swords in hand, rushed out, his golden armor enveloping him.

"Boom—"

The sword and the saber struck, and their lights connected.

The dazzling light tore through the heavens and the earth, making the golden divine light seem like a thin sheet of paper.

The sword slashed across, leaving a trail of blood.

The saber slashed down, and the world collapsed.

No one could stop them.

God Slayers.

This was what a God Slayer looked like.

Old Feng and the others standing on the flying boat had expressions of shock and envy.

Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang possessed such incredible combat power.

"You have a death wish."

In the void, a voice sounded, and a golden palm descended.

Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals covered the world.

There was no heavenly or earthly power here, but under this palm, the heavens and the earth seemed to be reborn.

Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals formed their own world.

"Slash!"

Han Qi's body transformed into a thousand feet long, and the long saber in his hand slashed down horizontally.

The palm that sealed the heavens was shattered by the long saber.

A cry of agony came from the void.

Xiang Lingshuang's figure transformed into a thousand-foot-long golden armor, leading the flying ship forward.

Nothing could stop the charge of two God-slayer battle puppets.

All the enemies standing in their way were torn apart.

In the distance, a blood-colored cliff came into view.

The entire cliff was blood-red, shrouded in a malevolent aura.

On the flying ship, a divine light shot toward the Blood-Dripping Cliff.

However, while the immortal light was still in midair, it was grabbed by a god in light red armor.

"Reinforcements from the Fuyu Immortal Realm?"

"Heh, I'm here. Let's see who can get through."

Chapter 1365 Fighting Three Immortal Lords Before Dripping Blood Cliff

Immortal Lords.

"Boom—"

Han Qi's double-headed saber slashed down.

The saber beam tore through the heavens and the earth.

The God Clan Immortal Lord blocking their path sneered and raised a red war spear in his hand.

"Clang—"

Han Qi's saber was blocked.

The God Clan Immortal Lord revealed a faint cold smile and said, "You only have brute force."

As he spoke, his war spear turned into countless golden lights and collided with Han Qi's transformed battle puppet.

After all, he was an Immortal Lord who could easily see through the weaknesses of Han Qi's god-slaying battle puppet.

Both Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang couldn't fully control their immense power at the moment.

Their strength was far from their peak.

"Buzz!"

A pair of long swords slashed down from above. The God Clan Immortal Lord raised his hand, and the golden vortex on his arms intercepted the longswords.

It was astonishing that he could single-handedly block two god-slaying puppets.

"Bang!"

Han Qi's body was pushed back by the golden light spear, which struck his chest.

He raised the saber in his hand and slashed down again.

This time, the God Clan Immortal Lord revealed a hint of surprise.

His single strike was something even an Immortal Lord of the same level wouldn't dare to face head-on.

How could this guy with an obviously lower cultivation level emerge unscathed?

Little did he know that even if Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang couldn't fully integrate with the power of the god-slaying battle puppet at the moment, they still possessed the puppet's extraordinary defensive capabilities.

Unless the battle puppet was destroyed in a single blow, they would not be injured.

"Boom—"

When the saber slashed down, the God Clan Immortal Lord retreated rapidly.

The saber beam slashed through the world, dispersing the bloodthirsty aura in the surrounding void.

"Charge!" Han Muye shouted, and Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang rushed forward without hesitation.

Up ahead, the Blood-Dripping Cliff also noticed the changes in this place, and beams of immortal light ascended.

Han Muye raised his hand, and immortal light flashed, turning into various immortal patterns above his head.

Cheers came from the Dripping Blood Cliff.

"It's Yunlan Sword Immortal!"

"Haha, I knew the sect wouldn't abandon us!"

"Yunlan Sword Immortal is an expert who can suppress the Immortal Burial City."

The information was transmitted through the immortal patterns. Han Muye's gaze landed on the Immortal Lord of the God Clan, who was trying his best to block the flying ship.

If he was alone, Han Muye would choose to attack directly and kill him with Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang.

If he joined forces with the two God-Slaying Puppets, he was confident that they could take down one Immortal Lord.

However, at this moment, Han Muye's gaze clearly saw three Immortal Lords' auras approaching.

In less than a hundred breaths, the other three Immortal Lords would arrive.

When the four Immortal Lords joined forces, Han Muye, while unafraid, knew that the others on the flying ship would not be able to hold them back.

Moreover, his purpose in coming here was not just to battle an Immortal Lord.

He was here to deliver the formation disk.

As long as the formation disk was set up on the Blood-Dripping Cliff and attracted powerful beings from the Immortal Realm, they could trap the God Clan army and the renegades from the Dao Sects.

"Attack with all your might."

Han Muye shouted, and a green sword appeared in his hand.

Immortal light flashed, sword light condensed, and a thousand-foot-long sword shadow stabbed out.

"Clang—"

The sword beam imprisoned the Immortal Lord.

Taking advantage of this moment, Xiang Lingshuang slashed down with her two swords, slashing at the arms of the God Clan Immortal Lord.

With a cry of pain, the God Clan Immortal Lord turned and fled.

Han Qi let out a long laugh and slashed down with the double-headed saber in his hand, cutting open the blood in front of him and drawing the flying ship behind him to the Dripping Blood Cliff.

In the blood-colored light array on the Dripping Blood Cliff, golden light flashed in Han Muye's hand, illuminating the light array.

"It's Yunlan Sword Immortal, activate the array."

A voice came from the Dripping Blood Cliff.

Then, a golden light screen unfolded and enveloped the flying ship, dragging it into the Dripping Blood Cliff.

When the golden light dissipated, several old men in blood-colored armor were already standing in front of Han Muye.

Elsewhere, Immortal Cultivators covered in blood or looking exhausted, rose to their feet.

Some had unstable auras, while others had pale faces and tattered armor.

"Everyone, I'm late. Seniors, you've suffered." Han Muye bowed.

Their communication had been cut off and there were betrayals from their own sects.

The Dripping Blood Cliff had held out until now thanks to their unwavering determination.

He looked at the several Immortal Lords before him with admiration in his eyes.

Dao Sect, Immortal Lord Jinyu, Immortal Lord Wucheng.

Sword Sect, Immortal Lord Wanling.

Blood Battle Sect's Immortal Lord Taosi and Immortal Lord Zhuliang.

There were also two Immortal Lords presiding over the Dripping Blood Cliff's grand formation. One was heavily injured and recuperating, while the other had been deceived by the Dao Sect and perished beneath the cliff in the past few days.

"Sigh, Yunlan Sword Immortal, if you hadn't come now, we on the Blood-Dripping Cliff might not have held on much longer."

The foremost Immortal Lord Wanling shook his head and sighed.

Below, beams of divine light were already rushing towards them.

When the formation on the Dripping Blood Cliff opened the passage, the God clan took advantage of the situation to come over.

The Immortal Lords looked at each other. Immortal light surged from their bodies, and their expressions were solemn.

It would take a while to close this passageway. Just this moment was a bloody battle.

"Seniors, please don't stay. I'll go and fight for a while."

Han Muye shouted and turned to look at Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang.

The two of them nodded. Xiang Lingshuang's figure transformed into a thousand-foot-tall golden-armored divine elephant.

His massive four limbs took a step, shattering a beam of divine light.

Han Qi, on the other hand, transformed into a 10,000-foot-long seven-headed dragon sculpture. He flapped his four pairs of wings, and spewed golden flames from his mouth.

As the flames descended, all the divine light within a million feet was suppressed.

This stream of light was empowered by the Mystic Heaven God's Fire and could incinerate all kinds of power.

Han Muye stepped forward, unsheathed his longsword, and unleashed a blue sword light.

The sword light transformed into a long dragon of light tens of thousands of feet away and roared out, killing the God clan whose divine light was suppressed.

Layer by layer of divinity dissipated, turning the bloody world into golden hues.

Chapter 1366 Fighting Three Immortal Lords In Front of Dripping Blood Cliff

Han Muye didn't hesitate at all. He flew out of Dripping Blood Cliff and pointed his sword forward.

The sword light gathered once again.

The three of them stood in front of Dripping Blood Cliff and blocked the passageway.

At this moment, the auras of three Immortal Lords of the God clan had already descended in front of him.

However, Han Muye, Han Qi, and the others had no intention of backing down.

So what if they were Immortal Lords?

Today, they were going to fight against Immortal Lords.

"What a powerful sword cultivator," whispered the Blood Battle Sect's Immortal Lord Zhuliang on Dripping Blood Cliff.

Although he wasn't a sword cultivator, he had also studied swordsmanship and had a deep understanding of the Dao of the Sword.

Han Muye's sword strikes revealed the depth of his skills.

Immortal Lord Wanling nodded.

They had heard about a rising star from the Sword Sect who was known as invincible, and now, it seemed that he lived up to his reputation.

"Boom—"

The sword in Han Muye's hand did not stop. Immortal light condensed into a pillar of light and slashed forward.

Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang followed without hesitation.

Fighting against three Immortal Lords!

After all, they had already entered Dripping Blood Cliff, and with the protection of the great formation and several powerful Immortal Lords observing, what was there to fear?

The three God Clan Immortal Lords exchanged glances and separated to block Han Muye and his group.

Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang went all out, suppressing the Immortal Lord in front of them.

Han Muye's sword light was dazzling, and the stray sword energy could cause the nearby God Clan members to fall instantly.

"Get out of the way!"

An Immortal Lord shouted in a low voice. The divine light on his body transformed into a pair of wings of light. His figure shuttled through the air, and his speed became faster and faster.

However, Han Muye, who was in front of him, was unmoved. He only waved the sword in his hand and blocked all his attacks.

Moreover, Han Muye's sword was elusive, and one mistake could injure his main body.

The three God Clan Immortal Lords didn't dare to go all out, while Han Muye and his group enjoyed the battle.

With a single stroke of Han Muye's sword, he could move freely, preventing the three Immortal Lords from going all out.

Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang did not care and just attacked with all their might.

Half a day later, a tremor sounded on Dripping Blood Cliff.

Han Muye raised his hand and waved, sheathing his sword.

Han Qi and Xiang Lingshuang also reverted to their human forms and landed beside him. Then the three of them flew back.

The three God Clan Immortal Lords had resentful expressions but were helpless.

The formation on Dripping Blood Cliff used the power of the cliff itself and only allowed this piece of space for combat; even if they had more powerful individuals, they couldn't intervene.

As for catching up to Dripping Blood Cliff, it was even more impossible. The formation on Dripping Blood Cliff was extremely destructive.

"Hmph, so what if there are reinforcements? There's news from the Chengyue Sect that they've already set up a trap. As long as they activate it, Dripping Blood Cliff will be in chaos," a grim-faced Immortal Lord said coldly.

The other two Immortal Lords nodded and flew away.

In the other void, a God Clan Immortal Lord who had been hiding all this time also surged with red divine light and left in a flash.

"Yunlan, good sword technique."

"You two are quite skilled." On Blood Drop Cliff, Immortal Lord Jinyu welcomed them with a smile.

The other Immortal Lords naturally had smiles on their faces.

They knew what Han Muye meant. They had to show their strength so that they could talk as equals.

Sure enough, after Han Muye returned to Dripping Blood Cliff, there were no more barriers between him and the Immortal Lords.

The world of cultivation worked that way; everything was determined by one's strength.

Dripping Blood Cliff looked like a cliff from the outside, but it actually occupied a large area.

According to the explanation of the Fuyu Immortal Realm, this place was a node connecting the Fuyu Immortal Realm and the void.

If Dripping Blood Cliff was taken, there would be no barrier between it and the outside world.

When Han Muye stepped onto Dripping Blood Cliff, he found that the aura here was chaotic, with remnants of the Fuyu Immortal Realm's natural energy and the forces of other worlds colliding.

No wonder the strength stationed here was much stronger than that of the Immortal Burial City.

This was clearly a place of chaos.

Standing on Dripping Blood Cliff, you could see the divine and Immortal lights shining in the void not far behind.

The sound of explosions continued.

In that direction, which was supposed to be the rear of this realm, was now occupied by the Dao Sect and the divine clan army, becoming the vanguard for the attack on Dripping Blood Cliff.

The two Immortal Lords in charge of the formation were now doing their best, but they could only maintain the formation with great effort.

The void was visibly shaking.

"It's hateful that the Dao Sect has rebelled, and they dragged us into this battle. Many have died and been injured on Dripping Blood Cliff," said Immortal Lord Wanling with a heavy heart in the main hall where the Immortal Lords were stationed.

These words left the two Dao Sect Immortal Lords speechless.

The Dao Sect was indeed disappointing, but there was nothing they could do about it.

"Yunlan, the Sect Master said he would send a treasure," the Immortal Lord Wanling said, looking at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and took out a golden formation disk.

The Thunder-Shaking Golden Plate was a treasure capable of breaking through the barriers of heaven and earth and teleporting.

Seeing this treasure, everyone in the hall showed joy on their faces.

Without hesitation, they activated it right there in the hall.

With a loud bang, a pillar of light shot up into the sky.

To activate the power of the Golden Plate and maintain it, it would take at least three Immortal Lords working together.

Han Muye was new here, so he was arranged to rest, leaving the Immortal Lord Jinyu from the Dao Sect, the Immortal Lord Wanling from the Sword Sect, and the Immortal Lord Taosi from the Blood Battle Sect in the hall.

Wuchen and Zhuliang, the other two Immortal Lords, were currently resting.

"To activate the power of the Golden Plate for teleportation, it will take at least 10 days. During this time, if we are attacked by external enemies, we must defend with all our might.

"Also, if the three Immortal Lords can't hold up the Golden Plate after seven days, we will have to take their place."

Immortal Lord Wuchen looked at Han Muye and sighed softly, "This time, our Dao Sect suffered great losses, and we don't know what will happen in the Fuyu Immortal Realm in the future."

Han Muye knew what he was talking about, but he couldn't give him any answers.

Chapter 1367 Fighting Three Immortal Lords In Front of Dripping Blood Cliff (2)

The Dao Sect, which was originally the overlord of the Rainfall Immortal World, had split apart, causing a significant loss of power. In the future, they would definitely not be able to maintain control in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

The entire Fuyu Immortal Realm's power would likely need to be reshuffled.

They hadn't taken action yet because all parties needed to focus on dealing with the forces from the Divine Realm.

Once Dripping Blood Cliff was stabilized, it would be the time to address the Dao Sect.

To Han Muye, the general situation of the Fuyu Immortal World actually had little to do with him.

However, as the ruler of the Immortal Burial City, he couldn't escape involvement in such major events.

Besides, he might even get a share of the spoils.

"Immortal Lords, rest assured. The Fuyu Immortal Realm is united, and we won't go too far," Han Muye said, not making any firm commitments.

Some things couldn't be resolved with mere words.

With his current influence in the Fuyu Immortal Realm, he hadn't earned the right to decide the overall direction.

Immortal Lord Wuchen nodded and sighed before turning to leave.

The encampment that Han Muye and the others had set up on Dripping Blood Cliff wasn't far from the main hall.

Standing in front of a crimson building, the world before Han Muye was drenched in red.

Inside his spiritual sword, the Immortal Slayer Sword, the intent to kill had condensed, and it was becoming impatient. Han Muye had to forcefully suppress it to keep it under control.

Otherwise, the Immortal Slayer Sword would have flown out to absorb the aura of slaughter.

As Han Muye's eyes sparkled, he noticed a strange power within the red malevolent energy.

When he examined it closely, it seemed to disappear.

What kind of power was this?

Concentrating and pondering for a moment, a change occurred within him

The Baxia bloodline emerged silently within his body.

This time, the world before his eyes exhibited a slight change.

It seemed like a golden thread had appeared in front of him.

Han Muye had seen this golden thread before.

The inheritance of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign!

Was this place also arranged by the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign?

Back then, Immortal Lord Cang Yun had only mentioned that he had set up techniques in the Immortal Burial City and the Soul-Severing Valley.

Following the direction indicated by the golden thread, Han Muye walked forward.

Unknowingly, he had entered an area filled with scattered rocks and cliffs.

On the cliff, caves dozens of feet tall were dark and blood-red.

Entering one of the caves, the malevolent energy within was so dense that it seemed almost tangible.

These caves formed the foundation of the Dripping Blood Cliff's grand array.

Countless cultivators hid within, operating the array.

Han Muye walked deep into one of the caves, where he saw thousands of cultivators sitting around a blood-red altar.

Each one of them appeared withered, as if they could perish at any moment.

Above the altar, a golden blood droplet floated.

Seeing this blood droplet, a hint of astonishment appeared in Han Muye's eyes.

He finally understood why he had been guided here.

This drop of blood was clearly Baxia's blood!

It wasn't the arrangement of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign, but the guidance of his bloodline power.

When Han Muye arrived, the cultivators sitting in front of the altar also turned around.

"Kid, who are you, and what brings you here?" an old man with silvery hair asked in a voice as fragile as a candle in the wind.

Most of the cultivators stationed on Dripping Blood Cliff had been sent here as punishment.

They resided in these caves and had no contact with the outside world at all.

They were unaware of the rise of the Immortal Burial City and the emergence of Yunlan Sword Immortal.

"I'm Han Muye, a disciple of the Sword Sect."

Han Muye spoke, his gaze sweeping ahead. With a thought, he said again, "If we talk about connections, I'm vaguely related to the Murong family."

Hearing him mention the Murong family, the elders in front of the altar stood up with excited expressions.

"The Murong clan?"

"How's the Murong family now?"

"Kid, whose descendant are you?"

Han Muye looked up at them. These old men appeared frail and on the verge of death.

Even though their cultivation was at the Heavenly Immortal Transformation stage, they no longer possessed the power they once had.

"Seniors, are you the ones from the Murong family who guard Dripping Blood Cliff?"

Han Muye clasped his hands and looked up. "The Murong family has now relocated to Yunlan City in the wasteland and is on the path to revival."

Wasteland?

Yunlan City?

The old men exchanged glances, all wearing puzzled expressions.

"The Wasteland?"

"The Daoist Faction still hasn't let my Murong Family off..."

An old man sighed softly.

The Wasteland was not a good place.

"Ah, friend Murong Zuo, let it go. The Dao Sect has always been like this. My Xue family also fell miserably," an old man in tattered clothes shook his head and spoke softly.

The other old men echoed his sentiments.

The Dao Sect's actions were not as brazen as those of the Sword Sect and the Blood Battle Sect, but once they acted, it was a relentless and continuous assault that left no room for recovery.

Their ruthlessness even surpassed other sects.

Many forces that offended the Dao Sect were unknowingly annihilated.

"Young friend, could you provide more details about what happened to our Murong family?" an old man with slightly disheveled hair and a pale complexion asked Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and quietly recounted the Murong family's situation.

When the old men heard about how the family's powerful members had been stationed at Dripping Blood Cliff and how they had fallen victim to attacks from various parties, their faces turned red with anger.

Later, when various parties sought to exterminate the Murong family, who had already suffered losses, everyone clenched their fists.

They could empathize with that situation.

After all, which family hadn't experienced something similar?

The process of being wiped out by various forces was roughly the same for all of them.

"Yunlan City?"

"Yunlan Sword Immortal?"

"One person and one sword, protecting the Murong family and leaving the Dao Sect?"

"How is that possible?"

When Han Muye mentioned that the Murong family, under his protection, had left the Dao Sect and established themselves in Yunlan City, everyone found it hard to believe.

The old men of the Murong family also looked puzzled.

Fortunately, Han Muye had come prepared.

Before coming to Dripping Blood Cliff, he had met with members of the Murong family in Yunlan City, using their bloodline secret technique to memorize a lot of information.

Chapter 1368 Fighting Three Immortal Lords In Front of Dripping Blood Cliff

At this moment, he took out the golden jade slips one by one.

"The bloodline technique of the Murong family!"

The elderly man named Murong Zhuo stood up.

The others were equally excited.

After receiving the jade slips from Han Muye, everyone's expressions changed.

After a long time, they looked at Han Muye.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal."

"Our Murong family's bloodline is unbroken; please allow us to pay our respects."

The few of them straightened their clothes and bowed to Han Muye.

Even though they were powerful individuals, they couldn't protect their own bloodlines.

Now, the person in front of them had acted to safeguard their bloodline, which was naturally worthy of this respect.

Moreover, being able to travel thousands of miles to assist Mu Rong's family towards the desolate wilderness showed such loyalty.

Many of the other elders reached out to take the jade slip and read the information within.

"You're Yunlan Sword Immortal!"

"You're protecting the Murong family alone with a sword. I can't believe there's such a person like you among the sword immortals in the world!"

One by one, the elders stood up.

Han Muye nodded.

"In the mortal world, I once received Senior Murong Zheng's favor, so I have a connection with the Murong family."

No one would help without reason.

He, Han Muye, had saved the Murong family to repay Murong Zheng's favor and for his own Dao.

"Murong Zheng..." Beside Murong Zhuo, an old man shook his head and said in a low voice, "Unfortunately, we are still..."

He stopped talking.

The others looked at each other and did not say anything else.

After getting to know the Murong family, Han Muye was quickly accepted in the cave.

Hearing everyone's words, he understood the current situation of Dripping Blood Cliff even more.

The pressure on the entire Dripping Blood Cliff was even more terrifying than he had imagined.

Murong Zhuo and the others had been maintaining the grand formation, and they were nearing exhaustion.

Without new cultivators to replenish their strength, they wouldn't last more than half a month.

"The Dao Sect holds this place, and we old folks have come here to die," Murong Zhuo said with a hint of desolation on his face.

Everyone knew the methods of the Dao Sect when it came to dealing with unruly forces, but they couldn't resist.

Fortunately, the array only needed to be maintained for seven days. When the Heaven Suppression Golden Plate was fully activated, more cultivators would arrive, allowing everyone to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Yes, when reinforcements arrive, I can propose that the cultivators from Dripping Blood Cliff return to the Fuyu Immortal Realm," Han Muye said to the Murong family members, speaking softly.

So many masters of the Murong clan had come to Dripping Blood Cliff, and it was a pity that there were only so few of them left.

Han Muye's words made the Murong family members look confused.

They did not know if they would still have the chance to return to the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye. At the end of the third day, Han Muye and the others arrived at the hall to exchange for the three Immortal Lords who activated the golden plate.

However, Han Muye, who was about to enter the hall, was stopped by Immortal Lord Miaoyuan, who had come out of seclusion to recuperate.

Immortal Lord Miaoyuan said that Han Muye's cultivation level was not high enough. If something went wrong when he activated the golden plate, it would be very troublesome.

In the end, Immortal Lord Miaoyuan, Immortal Lord Wuchen, and Immortal Lord Zhuliang stepped into the hall.

When Immortal Lord Wanling and the others emerged from the main hall, their faces were pale, indicating that they had suffered great losses.

After a brief conversation with Han Muye, Immortal Lord Wanling and the others went into seclusion.

Fortunately, the Golden Plate was now fully activated and in communication with the Fuyu Immortal Realm. As long as the final teleportation method was set up, it would be possible to summon powerful cultivators from the Immortal Realm.

Once the Immortal Realm experts arrived, Han Muye's mission would be almost complete.

Guarding Dripping Blood Cliff afterwards was not his concern.

On the sixth day, Han Muye was awakened from his seclusion.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, I feel that something is not right," Mu Rong Zhuo found Han Muye and spoke in a solemn tone.

Not right?

When Han Muye followed him into the depths of the cave, his eyes were filled with surprise.

The golden blood drops on the altar had significantly dimmed.

What was going on?

The dimming of this divine light meant that the power of the grand formation had been excessively consumed.

"If this continues, the grand formation won't last for ten days."

The elderly man next to Mu Rong Zhuo said in a low voice.

Ten days?

That should be enough.

Han Muye looked up at the golden blood drops and suddenly had a realization.

He turned and walked out, and as soon as he reached the outer hall, he heard shouts from inside.

Chapter 1369 Primordial Dragon Crocodile, Three Flowers Gathered

1369 Primordial Dragon Crocodile, Three Flowers Gathered

"Bang!"

A deafening sound, and the golden columns of light in the hall overhead began to flicker.

Han Muye stepped into the hall, and Immortal Lord Wanling and others hurried forward.

"What's going on!"

Immortal Lord Wanling's face turned as cold as water as he looked at the chaotic golden light in the center of the hall.

The originally rising golden pillar of light was now in a mess, as if it would break at any moment.

The three Immortal Lords sitting cross-legged were pale and trembling.

Golden blood splattered in front of the most serious Immortal Lord Miaoyuan, and blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

"The teleportation formation of the golden plate was interfered with. We were caught off guard and our formation was broken."

Immortal Lord Wuchen gritted his teeth and said softly.

He looked at Immortal Lord Miaoyuan and took a deep breath. He said in a low voice, "Brother Miaoyuan, are you alright?"

Immortal Lord Miaoyuan smiled bitterly and shook his head. He said softly, "At least 30,000 years of cultivation have turned into nothing."

30,000 years of painstaking cultivation were shattered in an instant.

They exchanged glances, all feeling a sense of regret.

"Can this golden plate teleportation still be used?" Immortal Lord Wanling asked in a low voice.

After a brief examination, there was a slight sense of relief on their faces.

"It's still usable, though it's been obstructed and will take another three days to continue," said Immortal Lord Zhuliang, raising his hand to set the golden plate in motion again.

Three days?

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

Three days later was the last limit of Dripping Blood Cliff's protective array.

What if there were more troubles?

Seeing that everyone seemed relatively relaxed, he didn't say anything.

Immortal Lord Wuchen and the other two were injured. Immortal Lord Wanling and the other two, who had recuperated for a round, took charge of the golden plate.

The three injured Immortal Lords went to treat their injuries. Han Muye left by himself.

He glanced at several caves, then quietly left.

Each of these caves had a blood drop on the altar.

These blood drops were from the bloodline power of the primordial divine beasts, drawn by the altar to nourish the blood and cultivation of the caretakers, maintaining the operation of the great array.

Now, these blood drops were drying up, and their power couldn't keep up with the operation of the array.

Once the blood drops dried up, not only would all the caretakers die, but the array would also collapse.

Han Muye had pills, divine crystals, immortal spiritual rocks, and even many bloodline powers.

But he dared not take them out.

Because he didn't know what had gone wrong with these blood drops.

And was it really a coincidence that the Golden Plate was obstructed today?

There must be a traitor on the Dripping Blood Cliff.

But Han Muye didn't know who to trust and who not to trust.

"Godfather."

When Han Muye returned to his residence, Golden Fire, dressed in a blue robe, quietly approached.

He looked around and said in a low voice, "Foster Father, I realized that Dripping Blood Cliff looks a little like something in my memory."

'Something from memory?'

The golden fire was the inheritance of the phoenix and could be said to be undying.

After his Nirvana, his cultivation would gather again, and many memories would be sealed. It could only be opened after his cultivation increased again and again.

"What is it?" Han Muye looked at the golden fire.

Jin Huo pondered and said in a low voice, "I think I've seen it before. It's a legacy item of the Primordial World..."

At this point, he shook his head. "I don't remember what it is exactly. I only know that this item is extremely beneficial to the Primordial Divine Beasts."

Beneficial to the Primordial Divine Beast?

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

Regardless of whether it was beneficial or not, the most pressing issue at the moment was to resolve the potential crisis.

No, it was certain that a crisis would arise.

He didn't believe in coincidences.

"Come with me to the altar."

Leading Golden Fire to the cave where Murong Zhuo and the others were, Han Muye walked to the altar and walked up.

The people in the cave were already familiar with him and did not stop him.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, be careful. The power of this divine beast bloodline might trigger your own strength and might backfire," Murong Zhuo said.

The sound vibrated, and the blood droplet emitted a faint warmth.

"Buzz!"

The sound vibrated, and the blood droplet emitted a faint warmth.

The blood droplet seemed alive, trembling slightly.

Without Han Muye having to activate his own sword intent, he felt memories flashing before his eyes.

Inheritance!

This was about the inheritance of the divine beast, Baxia!

Han Muye's eyes flashed.

; this blood droplet contained even purer power related to the rebirth of the divine beast Baxia.

Baxia, an ancient divine beast, had its lineage's power traceable to the primordial dominator, the Dragon Crocodile of the Primordial Era.

The Primordial Dragon Crocodile, in a fierce battle, had torn the bodies of even the ancient mighty ones.

It was said that in the primordial world, there were only a few divine beasts that could be compared to the Primordial Dragon Crocodile.

And until the destruction of the primordial world, no one had ever been able to subdue the Dragon Crocodile.

Han Muye could feel the trembling of the bloodline power within him.

This was the process of receiving a new inheritance and beginning to transform slowly.

A faint golden scale appeared on the back of Han Muye's hand.

Taking a deep breath, he carefully infused his own sword intent and spiritual power into the blood droplet in front of him.

He wasn't sure if he could obtain the desired memory from this blood droplet.

"Boom—"

The moment his sword intent and soul entered, his mind seemed to surge with countless memories.

The primordial world.

Han Muze once again saw the scenes of the primordial world.

Countless colossal beasts clashed, and each strike could shatter heaven and earth.

Beyond the clashes of colossal beasts, Han Muze also saw the towering golden-armored figures.

Primordial Battle Puppets.

These Primordial Battle Puppets were by no means weaker than the colossal beasts of the primordial world.

They participated in the battles of the primordial colossal beasts, stirring up the tumultuous primordial power.

Chapter 1370 Primordial Dragon Crocodile, Three Flowers Gathered (2)

1370 Primordial Dragon Crocodile, Three Flowers Gathered (2)

This battle had completely surpassed the calamity.

This was a battle even more terrifying than the calamity, perhaps even the origin of the calamity.

Many divine beasts were subdued, some turned into mounts, some were slain, and others were suppressed.

On the back of the Baxia Divine Beast, a golden Divine Monument pressed down.

He heard a sorrowful cry.

On the ground, a million-foot-tall beast rushed out.

It had four legs, golden scales, a long tail, and sharp twin horns on its head.

Primordial Dragon Crocodile.

Its feet trampled the earth, and its head touched the sky.

The Dragon Crocodile crushed the battle puppets with a single blow and then sent many humans flying after the battle puppets.

Nothing could stop the dragon crocodile.

This was the pinnacle of physical strength.

The heavens and earth trembled, and countless immortals fell.

The battle puppet shattered.

In the void, pavilions appeared one after another.

Heaven Changing Pavilion!

Han Muye saw the powerful human cultivators in the Heaven Changing Pavilion, each with the aura above their heads.

The power of laws intertwined and transformed into Dao shackles.

The dragon crocodile roared but was suppressed by the chains.

This was the power of laws set in motion by numerous Immortal Venerables simultaneously.

This power even exceeded the carrying limit of the Primordial world.

The heavens and earth collapsed, and the Primordial world shattered.

In the end, the shackles wrapped around the entire dragon crocodile and turned into three blood-colored mountains.

Countless calamities rotated, and these three mountains were all there.

This was a power that surpassed the calamity and would not be destroyed by it at all.

Unknowingly, Han Muye saw three blood-colored mountains.

In this calamity, a mountain peak quietly landed in the depths of the shattered Primordial World.

One was in the Divine Realm.

The other one was Dripping Blood Cliff!

The blood droplets on all the altars were not there to provide power to the great formation but to pacify the suppressed Dragon Crocodile.

Using the power of various divine beast blood, they created illusions to ensure that the suppressed Dragon Crocodile didn't become unruly.

No wonder the Dragon Crocodile didn't appear in various quantity tribulations in later times and wasn't mentioned in many legends.

It turned out that it had been suppressed at the beginning of the Primordial world.

In the Primordial world's legacy, there was only one blood-red peak.

This peak required the fresh blood of various Primordial tribes to appease it.

Otherwise, the blood-red peak would resonate and emanate a power that would drive all beasts insane.

So, this peak appeared in Golden Fire's memories.

As Han Muye watched these scenes, he didn't know whether to feel sorrow or relief.

Inside the blood-red peak in the Primordial world were stored the bloodlines of countless beasts, allowing many tribes on the verge of extinction to find their legacy here.

It was a sacred place in the Primordial world.

The mountain that was suppressed in the God Clan needed the blood of the Primordial Divine Beasts to water it. Therefore, every calamity, there would be experts hunting the various Divine Beasts.

That was the calamity of the Primordial Divine Beast.

As for the Dripping Blood Cliff, countless cultivators needed to stimulate the power within those blood droplets.

This formation's origin was unknown, as was its age, and no one knew how many people had exhausted their blood and energy here.

The power of the Primordial Dragon Crocodile protected the Primordial world but also harmed it.

The blood pearl in front of him vibrated, and the scene in front of Han Muye changed. An old man in a white robe appeared.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal?"

The old man whispered softly, then smiled and said, "Please come and see me."

With that, his figure dissipated.

Han Muye nodded.

Immortal Lord Cengyuan was one of the Immortal Lords who presided over Dripping Blood Cliff Array.

If others would betray them, the two Immortal Lords who presided over the array would definitely not.

Because they would die the moment the array collapsed.

Han Muye left the cave and stepped straight onto the peak behind Dripping Blood Cliff.

Above the peak, under a blood-colored dome, there was a golden pillar of light.

These pillars of light flickered with light, and one could feel the fusion of bloodline power.

There were also layers of murderous aura interweaving and spreading around the pillar of light.

"Buzz!"

Golden light flickered, and the pillars of light began to intertwine.

A small path appeared between the pillars of light. Han Muye stepped into it and saw two Daoists in white robes sitting cross-legged in front of him.

One of them had a thin face and was Immortal Lord Cengyuan, who had just transmitted his voice. The other was said to be a Demon King from the Bitter Immortal Realm.

At this moment, Han Muye saw this figure and finally saw the bloodline behind him.

Qiong Qi.

Han Muye had seen this bloodline of ancient ferocious beasts before.

However, the Qiong Qi bloodline in front of him had already been purified. A violent aura surged from its body, as if it was about to devour someone at any moment.

When Han Muye stepped into a space less than 30 feet wide, the two Daoists opened their eyes at the same time.

Immortal Lord Cengyuan was fine. He had a smile on his face.

A fierce light flashed in the Qiong Qi's eyes, carrying a brutality that crushed the soul.

However, to Han Muye, his soul power was not inferior to these Immortal Lords.

After condensing three primordial spirit swords, his soul and primordial spirit condensation even surpassed that of an Immortal Lord.

The longsword in his divine treasures vibrated, and in an instant, it offset all the pressure.

"Eh, you're quite capable, kid." The Qiong Qi grinned, and the pressure on its body dissipated.

Immortal Lord Strand Abyss shook his head and sighed softly. "Fellow Daoist Qiong Qi is still so open-minded. You can still joke at a time like this."

He looked at Han Muye with a solemn expression. "Yunlan Sword Immortal, I think you've also discovered the danger of the array."

"We're already bound to this array. Once the array shatters, we'll die."

Han Muye nodded.

This was what he had detected just now.

Immortal Lord Cengyuan looked at Han Muye, then at the top of his head.

There was an extremely vigorous luck above Han Muye's head.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, perhaps the only one who can save everyone is you."