

Pavilion 1441

Chapter 1441 Great Desolate, Golden Crow!

The Great Desolate World.

The ancient, inherited bloodline power filled this world, making it vast and distant.

Countless races clashed, and myriad spirits roamed.

The remnants of ancient prehistoric divine beasts, each one a ruler of its domain.

In the later generations, more powerful cultivators emerged, wielding endless techniques of cultivation.

Those of the human race who practiced Qi cultivation without focusing on bloodline but on the Dao itself could harness the power of heaven and earth, their influence growing stronger.

"My Golden Crow clan has been abandoned by the heavens..."

On the big limestone, an old man sitting cross-legged looked helpless and sorrowful.

His aura exuded a suppressed fierceness with a hint of decay.

"Elder, the Golden Crow's sun still hangs high in the desolate wilderness. Shouldn't our Golden Crow clan be the most glorious race in the world?" A young and strong man around twenty raised his head, looking at the elder on the stone with a solemn tone.

The dozen or so young people around the youth also looked up at the sky, where the sun hung high.

The sunlight was warm and gentle.

The scattered golden light seemed to penetrate into the hearts of the onlookers.

"The most glorious race in the world," the elder on the limestone had a complex expression as he looked at the sun above, "but it has been 8,000 years since the younger generation truly awakened the bloodline's divine power."

"The power of the Golden Crow has been weakened."

"The rise of the human race, and the people of Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty everywhere hunting down our Golden Crow clan.

"Han Jin, look, how many people are there in our Golden Crow Han Mountain now?"

These words made the young man named Han Jin look melancholic.

In just a thousand years, the Golden Crow Han Mountain clan had dwindled from its previous 1,800 people to less than 500.

The younger generation was even more scarce.

"Since the fall of the patriarch, our Han Mountain clan has..." Han Jin, with a dark-haired youth behind him, didn't finish his words and quickly lowered his head.

A hundred years ago, the patriarch of the Golden Crow Han Mountain clan fought against the strong from the human race who came to hunt the tribe, protecting the tribe at the cost of his life.

Without the strongest patriarch guarding, the Han Mountain clan had been continuously oppressed by external forces for the past hundred years.

Now, it had indeed reached the point of disintegration.

"The patriarch said that as long as the young patriarch comes out, our Han Mountain clan can rise again." Han Jin clenched his fists, gritting his teeth.

When he mentioned the young patriarch, everyone looked at each other, choosing not to speak further.

After the patriarch was heavily injured, he went out to seek medical treatment and brought back the young patriarch from outside the tribe.

The young patriarch had the bloodline of the Golden Crow, but it was as rare as everyone else's.

At that time, the patriarch was already unable to recover from his severe injuries. Against everyone's opposition, he handed over the position of patriarch to the young patriarch named Han Muye.

Afterward, the patriarch passed away, and the young patriarch, after handling the funeral, did not even hold a ceremony to inherit the position of patriarch and went directly into seclusion for cultivation.

This had been nearly a hundred years.

Most of the tribe's affairs were handled by Elder Han Chaohu and Han Yunhe.

Today, teaching the younger generation of the tribe to cultivate on the large limestone was Elder Han Chaohu.

"Boom—"

In the void ahead, there was a loud explosion.

Han Chaohu frowned and stood up.

"Continue cultivating here. I'll go take a look."

Han Chaohu took a step off the limestone, crossing a distance of 50 feet, his figure like a sprinting tiger, instantly disappearing.

The young people under the limestone stood up, all looking worriedly at the continuously rumbling sky.

"It's the Black Panther Lu Tang Tribe again, right?" The young man beside Han Jin clenched his fists, speaking with resentment. "They're really too much!"

The Black Panther Lu Tang Tribe was not far from the Han Mountain tribe and inherited the bloodline of the Black Panther.

The Black Panther Lu Tang tribe had many people and powerful individuals among them.

In the past few decades, the Lu Tang Tribe had been oppressing the Golden Crow Han Mountain tribe, taking many hunting grounds and medicinal fields..

"Get lost—"

Han Chaohu's roar came from the void, followed by a series of explosions.

After a moment, the rumbling gradually subsided.

Han Jin and the others looked at each other, sighed, and began to focus on their cultivation.

A faint blood and energy force surged within them.

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In a limestone house, golden halos flickered.

A Golden Crow phantom appeared behind Han Muye.

When entering the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, Han Muye chose to integrate a strand of Golden Crow bloodline he had obtained before.

Whether it was Baxia, the Kui, or the Dragon Crocodile, all had formidable individual strengths, grand bloodline powers, and difficult inheritances, making it challenging to find support among the various races in the Great Desolate world.

It was very difficult to borrow the power of these races.

Moreover, with Han Muye's thin bloodline power, it was not easy for him to grow.

As for the humans, they did not have much power in the Great Desolate.

Although there were many humans, they were scattered everywhere and did not have any bloodline power inheritance. They were the lowest-level living beings in the Great Desolate Ruins Realm.

From the memories of the treasures circulating in the vast Ruins Realm that Han Muye had obtained, the most suitable ones were the Golden Crow clan, with its extensive inheritance and the glory of the Great Sun.

But upon entering the Ruins Realm, he discovered that the landscape of the Great Desolate had changed significantly.

Powerful divine beasts could maintain their transcendence through bloodline inheritance, but many Golden Crow clans were in decline due to the inability to awaken the inheritance.

On the contrary, the human race, led by the powerful Ten Thousand Magnificence Heavenly Emperor and the Mystic Element Green Emperor, rallied Qi cultivators to establish the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty and the Mystic Element Immortal Kingdom.

The Mystic Element Immortal Kingdom had a good relationship with various divine beasts because the Green Emperor possessed the bloodline of a divine beast.

Their country inherited the arts of alchemy and artifact forging, maintaining harmony with various factions.

The Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty, recognized by the power of heaven and earth, roamed around, hunting divine beasts, and conquering the tribes of the Great Desolate.

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Although the killing continued, the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty's strength continued to increase by harnessing the power of heaven and earth to refine itself.

In the midst of this killing, the first to bear the brunt was the Golden Crow clan.

For tens of thousands of years, the Golden Crow clan, which once spread across the Great Desolate, was now less than one-tenth of its prime.

With the awakening of the Golden Crow clan's bloodline becoming rarer, and fewer strong individuals, their influence in the Great Desolate was diminishing.

The glory of the past was now almost nonexistent.

"Buzz!"

Behind Han Muze, the virtual shadow of the Golden Crow slowly transformed from a greenish-gray to a pale red.

The cultivation of the Great Desolate was extremely ancient and simple, whether it was bloodline power or the transmission of magical arts..

Qi, blood, soul, and the power of heaven and earth were merged into one, condensing the body with the essence spirit.

This essence spirit was a fusion of spiritual energy, unlike the spiritual energy formed by the out-of-body experience in later generations.

At the first level of the essence spirit, it was bluish-gray, with the strength of blood, body, and flesh roughly equivalent to the peak of the peak Human Realm Foundation Establishment cultivator.

At the second level of the essence spirit, it manifested in red, possessing the battle power of the Earth Realm Golden Core.

At the third level of the essence spirit, with an orange virtual shadow, one could be considered a strong individual among the small tribes in the Great Desolate, having the battle power of the Heaven Realm.

However, the third level of the essence spirit was still a low-level essence spirit in the Great Desolate, and many races surpassed it directly upon awakening their bloodline inheritance.

Originally, the bloodline awakening of the Golden Crow clan led directly to the fourth level of the essence spirit, with a yellow essence spirit emitting divine light capable of breaking through falsehood and evil.

But now, among the Golden Crow clan, those who had reached the fourth level of the essence spirit were not awakened by bloodline, but rather by using other cultivation methods.

The fourth level of the essence spirit was yellow, equivalent to the realm of Human Immortal.

The fifth level of the essence spirit was green, with the battle power of the Earth Immortal Realm.

The sixth level of the essence spirit was blue, reaching the realm of Heavenly Immortal.

The seventh level of the essence spirit was blue, representing the Golden Immortal.

The eighth level of the essence spirit was purple, representing Zenith Heaven.

The ninth level of the essence spirit was silver, representing the Immortal Lord.

The ninth level of the essence spirit was not the end of cultivation in the Great Desolate. On the contrary, for many powerful tribes, reaching the ninth level of the essence spirit was just the beginning.

Beyond the ninth level of the essence spirit, one would condense the true body and transform into a golden true spirit.

The true spirit was the true powerhouse in the Great Desolate.

According to Han Muye's understanding, the true spirit in the Great Desolate should have a strength comparable to that of an Immortal Venerable.

However, the realm of Immortal Venerable was the end of cultivation in later generations. In the Great Desolate, the true spirit was just the beginning.

Nine transformations of the true spirit, merging with heaven and returning to ancestry.

"Boom—"

Behind Han Muye, the virtual shadow of the Golden Crow essence spirit went from the first level of bluish-gray, straight to the third, fifth, and finally stabilized at the seventh deep blue color.

It was just a slight difference, and it could enter the eighth level of the essence spirit, condensing the purple essence spirit.

In terms of cultivation alone, Han Muye at this moment could already be considered a formidable Golden Immortal of the Golden Crow clan.

The formidable bloodline power of the Golden Crow clan, at the seventh level of the essence spirit, could already defeat other essence spirits at the eighth level that did not inherit from divine beasts, and even at the ninth level, they could contend.

However, in front of a true spirit powerhouse, Han Muye was still not enough.

But it was remarkable that Han Muye, after entering the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, had elevated his cultivation to this level within a hundred years, showcasing his exceptional insight and talent.

The beings in the Great Desolate had long lifespans, and a hundred years were just a blink of an eye. Many beings couldn't even reach the first level of the essence spirit in a hundred years.

A blue-black hairpin, formed from the deep blue Golden Crow, was inserted into Han Muye's hair bun. His eyes closed slightly as he internally examined his divine treasury.

His divine sword, everything brought into this realm upon entering, was sealed.

The power in the Great Desolate Ruins Realm was too formidable, so even if the physical body entered this realm, it couldn't use any power.

Even treasures and spiritual materials couldn't be utilized.

Unless he could step into the True Spirit Realm and form an alliance with the power of heaven and earth.

Of course, the cultivation methods and various techniques in his memory were exceptions.

Apart from the faint golden sword shadow imprinted on his arm, he was already no different from the Golden Crow clan in the Great Desolate.

His entire body was filled with explosive power, and there was a Great Sun Golden Crow pattern on his forehead. His eyes flashed with the golden light of his awakened bloodline.

Standing up, Han Muye's eyes emitted golden light, shining like flames.

This was the power of the Great Sun.

It was the manifestation of the awakened bloodline of the Golden Crow.

Stepping out of the green stone house he hadn't left for nearly a hundred years, Han Muye faced an open and desolate landscape.

He sighed lightly, looking towards the mountain in front.

Although he had been in seclusion for a hundred years, he was well aware of the changes in the clan during that time.

Without a strong presence, the Golden Crow Han Mountain Tribe had only about 430 people left.

The two strongest among them, the elder, Han Chaohu, was at the peak of the fourth level of the Origin Spirit Realm. However, because of the consumption of his bloodline power, he almost never had the chance to step into the fifth level of the Origin Spirit Realm in his life.

The elder Han Yun He had a slightly lower cultivation level than Han Chao Hu but still had the potential for a breakthrough.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Outside the mountain, there were sounds of explosions and impacts.

There were also shouts from elderly individuals whose vitality was insufficient.

Han Muye walked slowly to the mountaintop, observing the situation of the battle below.

The elder, Han Yunhe, was supported by two middle-aged clansmen. He stood at the foot of the mountain, surrounded by a group of elders and children.

In front of him, a green Golden Crow phantom appeared behind Han Chaohu. Its punches and kicks carried the power of the sun.

He was battling an old man with a faint green panther shadow behind him, agile and vigorous in his movements.

On the opposite side, there were more than a hundred black panthers with solemn auras and panther patterns on their heads and faces.

It was clear that the opponents had many powerful individuals and were not something the Golden Crows of Han Mountain could resist.

"Han Chaohu, admit defeat. Give up the medicinal field under Han Mountain."

"Your Han Mountain Golden Crow Tribe only has this few people left. Why do you need so many medicinal fields?"

"You can't awaken your bloodline. It's a complete waste to plant spirit herbs for medicinal baths."

The old man fighting Han Chaohu was a sixth-level primordial spirit and was slightly stronger than Han Chaohu. At this moment, he kept shouting.

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His words made those of the Golden Crow tribe beneath the mountain gnash their teeth and stare in anger.

Han Chaohu roared, his boxing gradually losing its form.

Han Muye shook his head.

The Golden Crow tribe in the Han Mountain was not a direct line within the Golden Crow tribe, and its heritage was extremely thin.

Whether in terms of bloodline or various cultivation techniques, they had no advantage.

If Han Chaohu awakened the Golden Crow bloodline, he wouldn't need boxing; a single punch could directly kill the opponent.

"Our Han Mountain's medicinal field will not yield a single bit!"

Han Chaohu threw a punch, shouting loudly.

Behind him, the green Golden Crow phantom merged with the fist shadow, stirring the surrounding 30 feet of heaven and earth's power.

This punch, if in another world, could shatter mountains and rivers for thousands of miles, but in the Great Desolate, it could only mobilize the power within 30 feet.

This was the weight and power of the Great Desolate World.

"Not yielding?" The old man opposite him laughed contemptuously, raising a green wooden staff.

There were flashes of green light on the staff, and iron hoops made of golden iron were on the staff. In front of the foot-long wooden staff was a black and green half-foot spearhead.

This wooden staff and spear were clearly extraordinary items. In the old man's hands, a faint green elemental shadow appeared, turning into a black light, crashing heavily into Han Chaohu's fist shadow.

"Bang!"

Han Chaohu was forced back 50 feet. The limestone under his feet shattered. His face changed rapidly between red and white, blood oozing from the corners of his mouth, tightly biting down.

The green Golden Crow phantom behind him flickered, seemingly depleted.

"Han Chaohu, wasn't the medicinal field of Dayan Mountain given to the Green Sheep Tribe by your Golden Crow Han Mountain Tribe?"

"Didn't you give the water in Fengze Lake to the Yunze Black Flood Dragon Race?

"Wasn't the Three Essence Mountain Hunting Ground of my Lu Tang Black Panther tribe handed over 60 years ago?"

The old man's face showed disdain, raising the green wooden staff and pointing it at Han Chaohu. "Hand it over, and your Han Mountain tribe can survive a few more days."

"Otherwise, today—"

"Otherwise, what?" A voice sounded in the void.

The voice was indifferent and majestic.

This sound made all the Golden Crow tribe members tremble, turning around.

"Young, Young Patriarch!" Han Jin, who was holding a grayish-black wooden staff, exclaimed.

Han Yunhe, supported by his tribesmen, raised his head and saw the golden light flashing in Han Muye's eyes, revealing joy on his face. "Awakening, awakening—"

He didn't finish the rest of the sentence.

The Black Panther tribe old man standing in front of Han Chaohu laughed loudly. He pointed the wooden staff at Han Muye on the mountaintop. "You are the young chief of the Han Mountain tribe who closed himself off for a hundred years?"

"Today you came just in time. Hand over the hunting grounds and medicinal fields of Han Mountain to my Lu Tang Black Panther tribe. The old man guarantees that your Golden Crow tribe will not perish for a hundred years. How about it?"

How about it?

The Golden Crows clenched their fists.

The medicinal fields and hunting grounds of Han Mountain were their last industries.

This was the foundation, how could they possibly give it up?

But now the other side was powerful, what could they do if they didn't agree?

"Han Jin, you and the young chief leave together." Stepping aside from his tribesmen, straightening his clothes, Han Yunhe said in a low voice, "The rest of you follow me to block the enemy. We will fight with these Black Panther tribes."

Those by his side nodded, and on their bodies, golden crow phantoms in various shades of blue-gray or light red appeared.

These Golden Crow members' essence spirits were dim, clearly either not awakened bloodline power or the awakened bloodline power was too weak.

Han Chaohu, who was standing in front, nodded.

He saw the golden light in the young patriarch's eyes.

This was a sign of his bloodline awakening.

The young patriarch awakened the Golden Crow bloodline, and as long as he was given time, the Han Mountain tribe had a chance to rise again.

Just as Han Jin was about to refuse, Han Yunhe pressed his shoulder and whispered a few words.

"Awaken—" Han Jin's expression changed, gritting his teeth and nodding.

He turned and ran towards the mountain.

But as he took a few steps, Han Muye, standing on the mountain, had already moved, like a giant bird, spreading its wings and descending.

Han Muye's speed was so fast that he reached Han Chaohu's side with a blink.

Golden light flashed in his eyes as he raised his hand and clenched his fists.

"Bang!"

His fist landed with a flash of wind and lightning.

Within a 100-foot radius, the Heaven and Earth powers surged.

Without activating his essence spirit, could one activate the surrounding 100-foot Heaven and Earth powers?

The old Black Panther tribesman on the opposite side showed horror on his face. Seeing the golden light in Han Muye's eyes, he exclaimed, "You, you have awakened the Golden Crow bloodline—"

As soon as he finished speaking, Han Muye's fist hit his chest.

He only had time to block his chest with the wooden staff and spear in his hand.

Then, with a "crack" sound, the wooden staff and spear were broken, the black and green spearhead burst, and his body suddenly retreated several yards, falling to the ground.

With a punch, the sixth-level Essence Spirit was sent flying!

Below the mountain ridge, there was a stunned silence.

This young patriarch of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Tribe was actually so powerful!

"You dare to come to my Han Mountain Tribe with this little ability?" Han Muye put his hands behind his back and snorted.

He looked at the frightened old man and shouted in a deep voice, "Go back and tell your tribe leader, let him come to our Han Mountain tribe in person, and return all the industries that the Han Mountain tribe has taken.

Han Muye's eyes flashed with golden light, carrying an oppressive pressure. "Otherwise, I'll go straight to your Lu Tang and get them back."

With that, he waved his hand. "Get lost!"

A vigorous wind crossed more than 30 feet, knocking the old man who was just about to stand up back to the ground. The people behind him, the Black Panther tribe members, were also struck as if hit by a fierce beast, their breaths shaking, blood churning.

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The elder of the Black Panther tribe's expression changed. He got up, looked at Han Muye, and subconsciously retreated.

"Go." It wasn't until dozens of yards away that he shouted, leading his own people to turn and flee.

"Go away!"

"Go back to Lu Tang!"

Below the Han Mountain Ridge, there was a burst of cheers.

The Golden Crow Han Mountain tribe members, who had been oppressed, roared excitedly.

Han Muye turned around and looked at Han Chaohu.

"Elder, thank you for your hard work."

When he said that he had worked hard, Han Chaohu felt his heart tremble and his eyes almost turned red.

"Hey, Young Patriarch, you shouldn't have intervened!" Han Yunhe, who had struggled over, looked at Han Muye helplessly.

Han Chaohu also nodded regretfully.

They both saw the golden light in Han Muye's eyes.

This was a sign that he had awakened the Golden Crow bloodline.

How many years had it been since the entire Golden Crow clan's bloodline had awakened?

As long as their young patriarch cultivated well, his future would be limitless.

However, now that he had revealed the signs of awakening his bloodline in front of outsiders, the other tribes around the Han Mountain would probably attack him together.

No one would give their young patriarch a chance to grow.

"Elders, don't worry." Han Muye looked around. "I've already come out of seclusion. My Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan no longer needs to endure in silence."

As soon as he finished speaking, a Golden Crow phantom appeared behind Han Muye.

This Golden Crow was different from the Golden Crow phantoms of other tribe members.

The Golden Crow phantom behind Han Chaohu and Han Yunhe was more than 10 feet tall, and the feathers on it were clearly visible.

However, the Golden Crow phantom behind Han Muye was 30 feet tall, with long feathers radiating a golden color.

A golden light appeared on the 30-foot-tall Golden Crow, as if it were forged from dark gold.

"The Golden Crow bloodline has awakened!"

"Young Patriarch has awakened the Golden Crow bloodline!"

Looking at this Golden Crow phantom, the clansmen below Han Mountain roared excitedly.

Many white-haired old men had tears on their faces.

This was the glory of the Golden Crow Clan!

The Great Sun Golden Crow had illuminated the vast wilderness for countless years. The bloodline of the Golden Crow race should be the most noble bloodline in this world!

When Han Muye's 30-foot-long Golden Crow phantom appeared and the golden light of the sun shone, all the clansmen felt the power of their bloodline surge.

The silent bloodline showed signs of awakening!

Both Han Jin and the others looked excited.

This was their power!

The power of the Golden Crow bloodline made them feel how powerful they were.

Han Chaohu and Han Yunhe looked at each other and sighed. They stopped talking.

It was not easy for Han Muye to condense the spirit of the clan. They could not destroy it just like that.

Moreover, the awakening of the young patriarch's bloodline was already known to the Black Panther Clan. It was too late to hide it now.

"Let's go back to the clan," Han Chaohu said softly as he helped Han Yunhe up.

An hour later, after settling all the Golden Crows down, Han Muye arrived at the hall where the clan was having a meeting.

It was called a hall, but it was a big stone house.

There were limestone walls, limestone tables, and chairs. There were some animal bones and wooden staffs hanging on the walls as decorations, making them look rough and clumsy.

Apart from Han Muye, who was sitting at the head of the table, the elders on both sides, Han Chaohu and Han Yunhe, were only left with two fourth-level Essence Spirit experts, Han Yuncheng and Han Dingyi.

These five people were the five strongest people in the Han Mountain Clan.

"Young Patriarch, this is the strength of our Han Mountain Clan now. There are powerful enemies everywhere. In my opinion, you should bring the juniors of the tribe away from Han Mountain first and return in a hundred years." Han Yunhe introduced the tribe and said in a low voice.

There were no experts inside, but there were powerful enemies outside.

In the current situation, Han Mountain's forces could not protect Han Muye, who had awakened his bloodline power.

Only by letting Han Muye leave could he protect the future of the Han Mountain Tribe.

Han Muye didn't speak. He raised his hand and drew on the limestone table in front of him with his fingertips, clearly delineating the distribution of forces around the Han Mountain Tribe.

Mountains, rivers, and territories that originally belonged to the Golden Crow and Han Mountain Tribe were almost completely occupied.

"I'm not leaving."

Han Muye pressed his palm on the stone table in front of him, his eyes flashing with golden light, and the Golden Crow Divine Pattern on his forehead emitted a stream of light.

"These tribes that have taken over my Golden Crow Han Mountain Tribe's industries must return each and every one of them."

Return?

What did the Golden Crow Han Mountain tribe have to make others return?

With less than 500 tribe members, what did the Han Mountain tribe have to return?

Han Chaohu glanced at Han Yunhe, then took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Young Patriarch, what's your current cultivation level?"

What realm could he cultivate to in a hundred years?

Third level Essence Spirit?

Essence Spirit, fourth level?

Under the curious gazes of the four people in the hall, a halo began to circulate on the essence spirit behind Han Muye.

Green-gray.

Red.

Orange.

Yellow.

Green.

Green.

Blue!

Seventh level of the Essence Spirit Realm!

In the hall, the four Golden Crow Han Mountain tribesmen widened their eyes and trembled.

Seventh level Essence Soul, Golden Crow bloodline awakened, invincible within a radius of 100,000 miles!

Chapter 1445 Essence Life Sword, Great Sun Heaven Suppression Technique

The vast Great Desolate had always been sparsely populated, with the inhabited areas accounting for less than one percent.

The land outside the territory of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan spanned about a hundred thousand miles, scattered among approximately 10 different clans.

Some of these Great Desolate Clans had as many as 30,000 to 50,000 people, while others, like the Han Mountain Clan, only had a few hundred people.

However, the strength of the Great Desolate was not determined by the number of people in the clans but by the highest level of cultivation and combat power.

An expert could ensure the peace of a clan.

In the area of a hundred thousand miles, Feng Zhen, the chief of the Black Flood Dragon Clan in Fengze Lake, was the strongest, reaching the seventh level of the Essence Spirit Realm.

Feng Zhen had clashed with the previous generation chief of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan, who was at the peak of the sixth level of the Essence Spirit, tens of thousands of years ago, and it ended in a draw.

At that time, the chief of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan, at the peak of the sixth level of the Essence Spirit, could roam freely within a hundred thousand miles.

The Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan had once flourished.

Unfortunately, the strength of the previous chief had diminished significantly. Although he had reached the peak of the sixth level of the Essence Spirit, he did not awaken enough power from the Golden Crow bloodline, and his combat power was no match for Feng Zhen of the Black Flood Dragon Clan.

Fengze Lake had been given away 2,000 years ago.

Over the years, the Golden Crow Han Mountain's forces had nothing left to give.

If they retreated again, their people would have no place left for survival.

This was the reason why the two elders did not retreat when the experts of the Black Panther Clan came.

Seeing the blue Golden Crow phantom behind Han Muye tremble the Heaven and Earth powers, the four experts of the clan were excited.

Now, the young clan leader actually had the cultivation of the seventh level of the Essence Spirit and awakened the bloodline of the Golden Crow. Wasn't this going to suppress the entire hundred thousand miles?

The Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan was about to rise!

"This is the Heavenly Dao not abandoning us. It's the spirit of the Golden Crow not abandoning our Golden Crow Han Mountain Tribe..." Han Chaohu's face was red and his body was trembling as he muttered.

The other three people could not help but roar. Han Dingyi chanted an ancient ballad, his voice echoing.

Han Muye could understand how they felt.

For the Golden Crow clan, which had endless glory, awakening the bloodline and suppressing all directions was a pride ingrained in their bones.

All these years, it had been too difficult for the Han Mountain Clan.

After the excitement, Han Yunhe's expression slowly turned serious.

Others also calmed their emotions, sat down, and discussed how to deal with other ethnic groups.

"The Black Panther Clan of Lu Tang is a great threat." Han Dingyi looked at Han Muye and said in a deep voice, "Over the years, many of our people have been seriously injured and ultimately fallen in battles with them."

"They have encroached the most on our medicinal fields and forests."

Han Yuncheng gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

The grudges between the tribe and the Black Panther Tribe of Lu Tang could be traced back tens of thousands of years. Since the fall of the chief of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan in the previous generation, the Black Panther Clan had been constantly oppressing them.

Han Chaohu and Han Yunhe also looked at Han Muye expectantly.

Previously, they did not know Han Muye's cultivation level and were prepared to persuade him to leave the Han Mountain Clan.

Now that they knew Han Muye's cultivation had reached an unimaginable level, what was there to fear?

Revenge for revenge, grudge for grudge!

Han Muye nodded and looked at them, "In this case, three months later, our Han Mountain Clan will hold the ceremony for the inheritance of the Patriarch. At that time, all the grudges with the surrounding clans will be settled."

With the strength to suppress a region, he was not going to compromise.

But for now, the first thing to do is not to settle the grievances with various parties but to enhance the strength of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan.

Han Yunhe and the others left the hall, and Han Muye reached out and opened the thick sheepskin book in front of him.

These were all the information records of the entire Han Mountain Tribe.

From the cultivation and strength of the people in the tribe to some materials in the warehouse, the quantity of food, everything was detailed.

In the current Han Mountain Clan, there were only over 20 people with the cultivation of the third level of the Essence Spirit Realm, and the most potential ones were Han Jin and a few other young people.

There wasn't much food stored in the tribe, barely enough for consumption for a little over two months.

The meat, which could replenish the power of blood and qi, was severely insufficient.

Many elderly members who were physically weak withheld their rations and gave the food to the younger generation.

In the arsenal, there was only one longbow left, left behind by the previous patriarch.

Closing the sheepskin book, Han Muye raised his hand and took out the broken spear from the hands of the Black Panther Clan expert that he had shattered earlier.

The green wooden staff had a spearhead at the front.

A stream of blood and qi entered the broken spear, and familiar memories flashed in his mind.

Even in the Ruins Realm of the Great Desolate, his cheat still existed.

This made Han Muye feel a bit settled.

There weren't many memories in the broken spear.

It was crafted in the refining workshop of the Mystic Spirit Immortal Kingdom, then sold to various places in the vast wilderness through trade caravans.

This kind of low-end weapon for humans was a rare treasure among various tribes in the Great Desolate.

In the Great Desolate, the refining level was extremely simple, divided into ordinary and true weapons.

All weapons used by those below the True Spirit experts, inscribed with True Spirit runes below the nine runes, were ordinary weapons.

Above the nine runes, the treasures used by True Spirit experts were true weapons.

Han Muye sensed it and found that this broken spear had no spirituality, only three simple runes

Its strength lay in its extreme toughness and good material.

Looking at the forging material of the spearhead, Han Muye felt a bit distressed.

The precious Green Sun Cold Iron, a material used to forge spiritual treasures in the future, was actually used to forge such a common weapon.

Holding the broken spear, Han Muye shook his head gently, feeling emotional.

It was the Great Desolate after all.

The crafting technique of this broken spear was simple, with only three True Spirit runes. However, the toughness of this spear, even a low-grade spiritual treasure in the future couldn't compare.

And this was just an ordinary weapon sold to various tribes in the Great Desolate.

How powerful would the treasures designed for experts be?

No wonder the human race could rise in the Great Desolate.

Chapter 1446 Essence Life Sword, Great Sun Heaven Suppression Technique (2)

The human race, possessing powerful weapon refining techniques, how could they not rise?

"Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty."

If the Mystic Spirit Immortal Dynasty, which rose through alchemy and refining, had reached such a state. What would the Ten Thousand Immortal Dynasty, supported by the power of the Heavenly Dao, look like as it suppressed the Mystic Spirit Immortal Dynasty?

Most likely, the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty was controlled by Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan, and he was the Heavenly Emperor of the dynasty.

After cultivating for countless years in the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, he finally established a dominant position. His planning must have been profound.

Oppression and hunting of the Golden Crow clan were just the first steps. Ultimately, what he desired was the divine soul of the Grand Sun Golden Crow.

Han Muye looked up at the sky outside the stone house.

The sun was mighty and warm.

That was the divine soul of the Golden Crow.

However, not to mention himself, even Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan did not have the ability to pluck the divine soul from the Nine Heavens.

There were many True Spirit experts in the Great Desolate, but none could contend with the Grand Sun Golden Crow.

"Sever bloodline inheritance and stir the divine soul of the Grand Sun Golden Crow.

"If the Golden Crow falls to the Nine Heavens, Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan will have a chance to attack."

Han Muye looked at the sky and whispered.

So, the greatest enemy of the Golden Crow clan in the future would be the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty.

Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan had come to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm for so many years and had accumulated countless experts. Thinking about confronting such a powerhouse was a terrifying prospect.

Fortunately, Han Muye himself had no intention of conflicting with Immortal Lord Chen Yuan. The one seeking the divine soul of the Grand Sun Golden Crow was Yang Dingtian.

However, he and Yang Dingtian were allies, and in the end, he might still have to face Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan.

Thinking about these things was still too distant. What he needed to do now was to enhance the strength of the clan and elevate his own power in this realm.

In the Great Desolate, only his true body could come. If he fell here, he would truly die.

Looking at the broken spear in his hand, Han Muye smiled.

"Let's start by changing the strength of the clan."

In his palm, a golden flame rose.

Golden Crow Divine Flame, a divine fire on the same level as Phoenix Nirvana Fire.

Even the Mystic Heaven Divine Fire fell short of the Golden Crow Divine Flame.

The Golden Crow Divine Flame wrapped around the broken spear, and the green wooden staff was instantly ignited before turning into ashes.

Only the golden true spirit patterns on the staff remained, accompanied by faint flowing light.

The spear tip turned fiery red, reflecting the power circulating in the void.

In the vast wilderness, there was boundless power.

This was the origin power.

Who would dare to imagine that the origin power that an Immortal Venerable expert was desperately searching for was actually everywhere in the vast void world?

Han Muye didn't know if this origin power was real or illusory, but with the help of the Golden Crow Divine Flame, he could completely absorb the origin power and use it to refine weapons.

Flames rose and wrapped around the spear tip.

After a hundred breaths, the entire spear tip began to melt, and the True Spirit Divine Pattern on it began to break.

Without the stable form of the divine patterns, the spear tip turned into red molten iron.

There were not many other spiritual materials mixed in the spear tip. The Green Sun Cold Iron was the main material.

The divine flames calcined and the impurities were removed. The molten iron in Han Muye's palm slowly turned into a foot-long short sword.

The flames converged, leaving only a trace of his fingertip.

The power of the essence spirit within his body was activated, and the flame at his fingertips condensed into a golden-red needle, constantly moving on the short sword.

Golden spirit patterns emerged.

Han Muye didn't have many true spirit patterns at his disposal.

But it was enough to forge a short sword.

At his current cultivation level of the seventh level of the Essence Soul, the power he invoked to engrave the spirit patterns directly elevated this short sword to the level of a peak spiritual treasure.

However, in the Great Desolate, weapons of this level were only slightly stronger than ordinary ones.

They couldn't have spirituality.

But the sturdiness of this short sword and the attribute means generated by the spirit patterns were a hundred times more powerful than the previous spearhead.

"The sword is one foot three inches long, weighing two and a half pounds, forged entirely from the Green Sun Cold Iron and refined with the Mystic Sun Heaven Fusion Technique."

"Engrave five true spirit patterns to evoke the thunder and lightning of heaven and earth and stabilize the sword's body."

Looking at the sparkling and translucent short sword in his hand, harboring the power of thunder and scorching sun, Han Muye murmured softly.

"This sword was the first sword I refined in the Great Desolate.

"This sword is like my rebirth. Let's call it the Essence Life Sword."

As if sensing Han Muye's words, the short sword gently vibrated.

Swirling the sword in a delicate pattern, he inserted the short sword into his sleeve, and Han Muye walked out of the stone house.

Outside the stone house, following the mountain slope, there was a low earth building.

In the flat area ahead, the members of the Golden Crow clan sat around, with some food placed in front of them, all excitedly chatting.

Seeing Han Muye coming out of the stone house, Han Jin, who was standing on the side, quickly bowed.

"Young Patriarch, to celebrate the repulsion of the Black Panther clan and your return from seclusion, the elders have arranged a feast."

Han Jin reported respectfully.

Han Muye looked at the bonfire in the square, where a half-length wild boar hung. It had been washed and stripped, roasted on the bonfire, crackling, and exuding a fragrant aroma.

A group of half-grown children gathered around the bonfire, their faces beaming with joy.

"You are called Han Jin, right? How's the recent hunting harvest in the clan?" Han Muye walked towards the square while speaking.

Unexpectedly, Han Muye recognized him, and Han Jin was stunned, nodding quickly. "I am Han Jin."

"Recently, the harvest has not been very good."

"Firstly, the weather has turned colder, and the beasts in the mountains and forests rarely come out. Secondly, our hunting grounds are not many."

There was a hint of oppression in Han Jin's voice.

The hunting grounds of their clan were only the area around Han Mountain, which was not enough for the clan's hunting.

Han Muye patted Han Jin's shoulder and said softly, "Don't worry, everything will be fine."

Chapter 1447 Essence Life Sword, Great Sun Heaven Suppression Technique (3)

It wasn't until Han Muye walked to the bonfire, cutting meat with his short sword and distributing it to the children, that Han Jin snapped back to reality.

He clenched his fists and walked to the bonfire, watching Han Muye, who was smiling and distributing the meat to the tribe members with his short sword.

Han Muye's movements were not slow, and a whole wild boar was divided in no time.

He straightened up and saw Han Jin staring at the shining short sword in his hand. He chuckled, "This Essence Life Sword can't be given to you.

"Wait until I find a stone mine suitable for forging, and then I'll forge a weapon for you."

Forge a weapon?

For myself?

Han Jin looked at the short sword in Han Muye's hand, and for a moment, he didn't know what words of gratitude to say.

He had never thought that the young patriarch of his own clan would have the ability to forge weapons.

Around them, a vast and distant song began to resound.

Han Muye could feel the changes in the Heaven and Earth powers around him.

It seemed that a trace of origin power was gathering?

However, this power was too weak. To cultivate with this power, it would take countless years to make any progress.

But the continuous cheers around him, the ecstatic excitement of Han Yunhe and Han Zhaohu, let him know that having the power of heaven and earth respond in such a way today was something that hadn't happened in the clan for hundreds of years.

"The Heavenly Dao has not abandoned our Golden Crow clan..." Han Zhaohu, with a flushed face, spread his arms and shouted to the sky.

A single wild boar was not enough for the entire tribe

Many elders in the clan gave the meat to their juniors.

Han Yunhe even took out a jar of rare wine.

Han Muye ate a piece of meat and drank half a bowl of wine.

There was a trace of blood essence power in the meat, and there was a faint origin power in the wine.

For Han Muye, these powers were nothing special, but outside the Great Desolate, they were treasures that were hard to come by.

Even in the Great Desolate, these clansmen rarely enjoyed such meat and wine.

When the moon was high in the sky, the banquet dispersed. The clansmen returned to their earth buildings in twos and threes.

Han Muye followed a white-bearded, white-haired old man to a green stone house.

"Young Patriarch, this is where our clan keeps the collection of cultivation inheritance."

"Our Great Sun Golden Crow has been passed down from ancient times. It's the most glorious inheritance in the world."

The old man looked emotional.

The old man, named Han Zhi, was the oldest member of the Han Mountain Clan.

For many years, Han Zhi had been in charge of guarding the heritage scriptures.

His cultivation level was at the fourth level of the Essence Spirit Realm, but his bloodline power was exhausted, and his physical strength was damaged. He no longer had the strength to fight with all his might.

Han Muye nodded and walked into the stone house.

The stone house was dry. A few rocks that emitted a faint green-blue light hung on the top of the wall.

In front of the surrounding stone walls, there were many wooden pieces and many sheepskin scrolls.

Han Muye picked up a piece of wood and sized it up carefully.

"Young Patriarch, these are the cultivation books of the Soaring Fist. They need—" Before Han Zhi could finish, Han Muye waved his hand and held the wooden piece. "100,000-year-old Heavy Essence Iron Wood?"

Waving the two-foot-long heavy wooden piece, Han Muye smiled.

The wooden piece weighed more than 50 pounds. The Heavy Essence Iron Wood was the original material for refining many wood-type weapons.

In Han Muye's opinion, the value of this piece of wood was not in the cultivation technique engraved on it, but this piece of wood.

The current Golden Crow Han Mountain could not take out such good materials.

In the stone house, there were hundreds of such wooden pieces.

Han Muye flipped through them carefully. Most of them were cultivation techniques to refine the body.

Compared to the extremely detailed cultivation techniques in the future, these inherited cultivation techniques of the Golden Crow clan were extremely crude. Their muscles, bones, bloodline, and soul were all cultivated in a very general manner.

However, because of the existence of the origin power in the world and the rich bloodline power, such a crude cultivation technique could increase the cultivation of many clansmen.

Seeing these cultivation techniques, Han Muye felt that these Golden Crows were really talented to be able to rely on such crude cultivation techniques to cultivate.

"From the looks of it, it's not that the Heavenly Dao has abandoned the Golden Crow Clan, but that his cultivation technique can't keep up with the changes in the world."

Looking at the wooden piece in his hand, Han Muye whispered.

The cultivation techniques in the Void World could not keep up with the depletion and weakening of the world's origin.

With a cultivation technique that had been passed down for countless years, it was difficult to awaken the power of the bloodline.

Flipping open the wooden pieces and beast skin scrolls, Han Muye knew the cultivation techniques of these Golden Crows very well.

Just as Han Zhi had said, there were not many cultivation techniques in the Han Mountain Clan.

Four fist techniques to refine the body.

There were two cultivation techniques that used the power of the Great Sun Golden Crow bloodline and a matching bloodline power Dharmic formulation.

A set of marksmanship.

Half of the bow and arrow cultivation technique.

There were only so many cultivation methods in the entire Han Mountain Tribe.

"Young Patriarch, originally, our Han Mountain Clan still had the incomplete cultivation technique of the Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Suppression Technique. Unfortunately, according to the rules of the Golden Crow Race, if there were no experts who could condense their true spirits in 100,000 years, the cultivation technique would be taken back."

Seeing Han Muye put down the last beast skin scroll, Han Zhi spoke softly.

A trace of regret appeared on his face as he looked at the surrounding stone walls. "If the Patriarch had cultivated the Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Suppression Technique back then, his combat strength would definitely have increased again and he wouldn't have died."

Han Muye nodded.

The Heaven Suppression Technique was one of the three signature techniques of the Great Sun Golden Crow Race. It was a bloodline cultivation technique of the Golden Crow Race and was extremely powerful.

The various races could only safeguard the incomplete scroll. They had to cultivate the incomplete scroll to a profound level before they were qualified to find the holy land of the Great Sun Golden Crow Race and cultivate the subsequent techniques.

Unfortunately, the Golden Crow Race had declined all these years. The Holy Land, Sang Tang, had been attacked by the experts of the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty. Many scattered races did not dare to go again.

Picking up a few iron, wood, and wood pieces, Han Muye left the stone house.

Chapter 1448 Essence Life Sword, Great Sun Heaven Suppression Technique (4)

After returning to his seclusion place and placing the wooden piece in front of him, he began to carefully recall the Great Sun Golden Crow cultivation technique he had seen previously.

Behind him, the phantom of the Great Sun Golden Crow appeared again.

This was the Golden Crow phantom that Han Zhi had mentioned just now.

Although the Heaven Suppression Technique of the Han Mountain Clan had been retracted, the cultivation technique had not been severed.

Before Han Qi died, he had taught Han Muye this Heaven Suppression Technique cultivation technique.

The Heaven Suppression Technique that Han Qi had taught him was only incomplete. Han Muye had deduced a portion of it himself to increase his cultivation like this.

The Heaven Suppression Technique that Han Qi had taught him was only incomplete. Han Muye had deduced a portion of it himself to increase his cultivation like this.

However, he did not have any subsequent True Spirit Realm cultivation techniques.

These were two completely different cultivation systems. There could not be any mistakes.

But now it seemed that he had some ideas.

The Heaven Suppression Technique could probably be optimized.

However, he had too few original cultivation techniques for the Heaven Suppression Technique. If he wanted to deduce and optimize them, he needed more original cultivation techniques.

It seemed that he needed to find the other races of the Golden Crow Race and see if he could obtain other Heaven Suppression Techniques.

Standing up, Han Muye began to punch slowly.

There were a total of six moves of the Soaring Sun Fist. It focused on stretching one's muscles and bones. The power of the punch was powerful, and every strike was powerful.

The Heaven Patrolling Fist focused on swimming and cultivating footwork. As it opened and closed, it surged.

The Earth Shattering Fist was powerful.

The Heaven Sweeping Fist was the most ferocious of the four fist techniques. It also required the combination of bloodline power to be used.

Han Muye cultivated his fist techniques over and over again. Every time he punched, a Golden Crow light flashed in front of him.

The four fist techniques slowly fused from the different attributes at the beginning.

Six hours later, his four sets of fist techniques were no longer one.

In the end, it turned into 12 bold and powerful fist techniques.

In Han Muye's opinion, this fist technique was the fusion of four sets of basic fist techniques. The refinement of his physical strength was five times stronger than before.

With this set of fist techniques, he could awaken a trace of the power of the Great Sun Golden Crow.

With this set of fist techniques, the clansmen could quickly cultivate to the fifth level of the Essence Soul Realm.

This was the power that the Great Sun Golden Crow Race should have.

The Great Sun Golden Crow Race should have the combat strength of a fifth-level Origin Spirit.

"This fist technique is fierce. Let's call it the Great Sun Heaven-Breaking Fist."

Han Muye retracted his fist and spoke softly.

In his opinion, these 12 fist techniques could continue to increase in the future, and his combat strength could also continue to increase.

After creating the Great Sun Heaven-Breaking Fist, Han Muye's gaze landed on the heavy iron and wood pieces in front of him.

He pulled out the Meta-Life Sword from his sleeve, picked up a piece of wood, and began to polish it.

A moment later, he had a thick, hiltless wooden sword in his hand. It was more than two feet long and weighed 50 kilograms.

"Bang!"

Golden flames rose from his palm. The power of the Great Sun Divine Flame gathered at his fingertips and flowed on the ironwood wooden sword.

After a hundred breaths, the wooden sword turned black.

A thick black stream of light enveloped the wooden sword.

The two divine patterns broke through the cultivation technique engraved on the wood, leaving only a faint layer of patterns.

Of the two True Spirit Divine Patterns, one was sharp and the other was firm.

With the enhancement of these two True Spirit Divine Patterns, the sharpness of this wooden sword was not inferior to those supreme-grade Dharma treasure weapons, and its sturdiness was not inferior to the mass-produced weapons of the Mystic Spirit Immortal Kingdom.

In one night, Han Muye refined eight hiltless wooden swords. He also found the hard wooden staffs stored in the storeroom and made these hiltless wooden swords into eight-foot-long swords.

These swords were very suitable for slashing. With some simple moves, their power would increase greatly.

"Han Jin, use these swords first. When we find a good spiritual material mine, I'll exchange weapons for you."

In the morning, after handing these swords to Han Jin and the others, Han Muye spoke.

'Weapons?'

Han Jin and the young men behind him took the sword and waved it a few times, their faces filled with surprise.

Although this sword was made of wood, it was heavy to the touch. When it slashed, there was a whistling wind.

With the infusion of primordial spirit power, he could feel the power of the divine patterns in the sword.

This was really a rare weapon. It was completely different from the crude wooden staff stored in the clan.

Han Muye ignored Han Jin and the others who were waving their swords happily. He walked to the square and slowly practiced his fist techniques.

"Let me take a look at this sword." Han Yunhe, who had appeared out of nowhere, reached out and took the sword from a young man's hand. He weighed it in his hand and looked at the sword carefully.

"This." Han Chaohu, who had gathered at the side, glared. "This is the inheritance wooden piece of the clan that records cultivation techniques!"

Inheritance wood piece?

Could this thing be made into a weapon?

The corners of Han Jin's mouth trembled as he looked at the sword in his hand reluctantly.

"Elder, then, are you taking back this sword?"

Han Chaohu glared at him and waved his hand. "What are you taking? Since the young patriarch has already given it to you, it's yours."

"The legacy wood piece is just a dead thing. It's better to make this wooden sword than to leave dust in the house."

Hearing his words, Han Jin put the sword away and grinned.

"Boom—"

A roar came from the square ahead.

Everyone looked up and looked at Han Muye in shock.

Chapter 1449 Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Breaking Fist, True Spirit Bone

A faint Golden Crow shadow appeared, condensing into a dark golden flame. With a punch, it exploded about 10 feet in front of Han Muye.

The dark golden flame raged, burning the surrounding area of 10 feet in diameter.

Visible to the naked eye, the world seemed to have been penetrated, sending invisible ripples in all directions, accompanied by the howling of the wind. astral winds.

How powerful was this punch?

"Do—does my Han Mountain Clan have such a fist technique?" Han Yunhe muttered.

Han Yunhe muttered.

Han Chaohu thought for a moment and shook his head.

There were only a few sets of cultivation techniques and fist techniques in the clan, and he had cultivated them all.

Was this the legacy of the young patriarch himself?

"This fist technique is the result of my integration of four sets of fist techniques in the clan, making it more powerful."

Han Muye spoke slowly, retracting his fist and turning to look at the surrounding clan members and then at Han Chaohu and the others. "I named this fist technique the Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Breaking Fist."

Heaven Breaking Fist?

Integrated from four sets of four sets of fist techniques in the clan?

Han Chaohu looked at Han Muye blankly and said in confusion, "Young Patriarch, when did you create this fist technique?"

The young patriarch had been in seclusion, so when did he have time to create a new fist technique?

"Oh, last night, I looked at the martial arts in the tribe and felt that those inheritances were too old-fashioned and not suitable for the present Heavenly Dao," Han Muye explained.

"So I re-integrated the martial arts to create this 12-style Heaven Breaking Fist."

Han Muye's words stunned Han Chaohu and the others.

After watching the fist techniques last night, he created a new fist technique?

Was that even possible?

What kind of comprehension did he have to achieve such a level?

"Impossible. To create new fist techniques, one needs to master them. Young Patriarch, how could you create a new fist technique after just looking at those four sets of fist techniques..." Han Yunhe whispered.

It was not that he did not want to believe Han Muye.

But Han Muye's words overturned common cultivation knowledge.

He roughly understood that the young patriarch wanted to win people over.

But there was no need to brag like this.

This would damage the young patriarch's image.

Perhaps he was still young and his temperament wasn't stable enough?

"What, don't believe it?" Han Muye chuckled and then gradually changed his aura.

"Watch closely!"

He leaped into the air, rushing forward with a punch, his figure like a flying swallow, and his fist like a dragon.

This punch pressed forward, as if it had attracted the power of heaven and earth. It turned into a sun and charged forward.

"Heavenly Fist, White Rainbow Piercing the Sun!"

Han Jin widened his eyes and exclaimed.

He was proficient in this move.

However, the young patriarch's fist technique completely exceeded his understanding.

The power of this punch had actually triggered the power of heaven and earth.

Wasn't Heavenly Fist the simplest martial art for strengthening the body in the clan?

Han Muye punched out and didn't stop.

He continued with Heavenly Fist, Circulating Sky Fist, Earth-shattering Fist, Sky-sweeping Fist...

Different fist techniques and different fist techniques, intertwined with each other, easily performed.

Each move could trigger the power of heaven and earth, transforming into the shadow of the Great Sun Golden Crow, causing shockwaves.

The bursting light and the thunderous sound echoed far and wide.

"Is there really such a talented cultivator in the world..." Han Zhi, who had walked out of the stone house, looked bewildered. He looked at Han Muye's fist techniques and muttered.

Han Muye's fist technique was extremely proficient and had reached the level of mastery.

Every punch and kick seemed effortless.

If it weren't seen with their own eyes, who would dare to imagine that this was achieved in one night?

Han Muye's fist technique slowly evolved from the four sets of Han Mountain Clan's inherited fist techniques to the 12-style Heaven Breaking Fist Techniques.

Each punch and movement broke through the heavens and shattered the earth.

Until he stopped, there was still the power of the Great Sun Golden Crow exploding in front of him, triggering the vibration and roar of the power of the origin of heaven and earth.

The scattered origin power flowed unrestrainedly, like untamed wild horses.

"Do you understand?" Han Muye turned to look at Han Jin and the others.

Understand?

They nodded.

They understood.

This 12-style Heaven Breaking Fist was indeed evolved and integrated from those four sets of fist techniques.

"Now, let me see you practice it," Han Muye said to them.

Practice?

Everyone shook their heads.

Understanding how the fist technique came about didn't mean they understood how to perform them.

No one could understand such a fierce fist technique.

Han Muye shook his head and slowly stood up.

"Why are you not coming?"

He growled.

Han Chaohu and the others looked at each other and quickly walked forward to stand behind him.

Han Muye raised his hand and clenched his fists. Then he lowered his waist and pressed his fists down.

"Heaven Breaking Fist, First Style, Golden Crow Soars in the Sky. This style operates the power of one's own essence, gathers the body, and turns the body into the sun..."

--

500 miles away from Han Mountain, there was a flat beach with weeds growing everywhere.

Low wooden houses were scattered in the area, and various black panther tribe members wearing brown-gray robes were scattered around.

This was the residence of the Lu Tang Black Panther Clan.

Lu Tang was a vast stretch of water and land tidal flat.

Most of the time, the water and grass were abundant here, and it only became desolate in severe winters. It was a good place for the tribe to settle.

The Lu Tang Panther Clan had nearly 20,000 clansmen dispersed in three settlements.

They were Upper Tang, Middle Tang, and Lower Tang.

At this moment, the old man who had been intimidated by Han Muye's punch when he led a team to demand medicinal fields from the Han Mountain Clan was standing in the Middle Tang settlement, facing a middle-aged man in a black robe.

"Elder Gu Ji, are you saying that the deputy clan leader of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan awakened the bloodline power of the Golden Crow?" The middle-aged man had a powerful figure beneath his clothes.

He looked at the old man who was reporting with his head lowered. A faint silver light flickered between his eyes.

The Black Panther Elder named Gu Ji nodded with lingering fear.

Han Muye's previous punch had almost damaged the foundation of his bloodline.

The burly man in front of him was the younger brother of the Black Panther Patriarch, Lu Changshan.

Chapter 1450 Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Breaking Fist, True Spirit Bone (3)

This nominal Elder, who held a prominent position in the clan, had cultivated to the peak of the sixth level of the Essence Spirit Realm.

However, Lu Changshan awakened the Black Panther bloodline, and his strength surpassed what Gu Ji could compare..

Lu Changshan, who was also at the sixth level of the Essence Spirit Realm and had awakened his bloodline power, could defeat the ancient era without needing a hundred moves.

"It's been thousands of years since the awakening of the Golden Crow bloodline, right?" Lu Changshan's eyes flickered as he clenched his fists, a cruel smile on his face.

"I've been stuck at the peak of the sixth level of the Essence Spirit Realm for hundreds of years. If I can nourish my essence spirit with the bloodline awakened by the Golden Crow, I am confident I can break through the bottleneck."

Nourish the essence spirit with the Golden Crow bloodline?

Gu Ji trembled and looked up at Lu Changshan.

In the Great Desolate, using such a method to nourish the essence spirit with the power of superior bloodlines was indeed a cultivation technique. It could enhance one's bloodline power while breaking through realms.

However, such methods were prohibited by the various clans of the Great Desolate and even those divine beasts.

Those who broke through using such means would be hunted down from all directions.

"Don't worry, I'll quietly go and kill that young patriarch of the Golden Crow Clan." Lu Changshan seemed to have seen through what Gu Ji was thinking. He lowered his head slightly and looked at him with a smile.

Go quietly?

Gu Ji looked troubled. "Elder Changshan, we have to report this to the Patriarch—"

Lu Changshan raised his hand and interrupted Gu Ji. He stared at Gu Ji, his eyes flickering with silver light. "Elder Gu Ji, do me a favor. Report this to the Patriarch in three days."

Reaching out, he patted Gu Ji's shoulder. "If I break through and awaken my bloodline power, even Patriarch won't be my match."

Lu Changshan stared into Gu Ji's eyes.

Gu Ji trembled and lowered his head in silence.

Although Lu Changshan's words were treasonous, they were the truth.

Once he broke through to the seventh level of the Essence Spirit Realm, he could really suppress Patriarch Lu Changlin.

"Alright, three days..."

Looking up, Lu Changshan was already carrying an eight-foot-long black spear as he ran.

Lu Changshan brought no one and went straight to Han Mountain.

With his combat strength, he could completely crush the entire Han Mountain Clan. It would not be difficult for him to kill all 400 of them.

When they arrived at the foot of Han Mountain, they saw the elder of the Han Mountain Clan, Han Chaohu, and a few young men from afar. They were surrounding a young man in a linen robe with his hair tied up with a blue-black hairpin.

The group headed into the forest.

It was obvious that they were going hunting.

This was good too. It saved a lot of effort in the province.

If he had directly fought against the young patriarch in the Han Mountain Clan, it would take some time and effort.

He quietly followed behind Han Muye and the others. With the unique concealment method of the Black Panther Clan's bloodline power, he slowly approached.

He was just waiting for the right time to strike.

The hunting team consisted of 13 people.

Apart from Han Muye and Han Chaohu, there were also Han Dingyi, Han Jin, and the other young juniors.

They were all experts among the younger generation of the clan.

Four of them held long wooden swords given by Han Muye.

They were the fastest to master the Heaven Breaking Fist on the square today, selected by Han Muye to accompany him on the hunt.

Although it was called a hunt, Han Muye was not in a hurry.

He occasionally bent down to gather some spirit herbs and put them in the bamboo baskets carried by Han Jin and two other young people.

These well-aged spirit herbs could be used to refine pills.

Unfortunately, the remaining medicinal field in the clan only grew herbs for trading for cultivation resources and had little use for the Golden Crow Clan.

80,000 miles away in the Tiger Leap Range, there was a trading place for various tribes, and merchant groups came to purchase spirit herbs. Many tribes planted herbs according to the requirements of those merchant groups.

200 years ago, the Han Mountain Clan exchanged the spirit herbs from the medicinal field for a spear and some bath potion medicine for the clan members to temper their bodies.

However, the battle spear broke in the hands of Patriarch Han Qi when he fought with human experts.

"Roar—"

A beast roar came from the forest ahead.

Han Jin and the others looked happy and hurriedly rushed over with their long swords.

Han Chaohu, who was at the front, was the fastest. He crossed the mountain in a few steps.

Looking at the crowd running out like a swarm of bees, Han Muye couldn't help but shake his head.

When he arrived at the mountain ridge, he saw everyone surrounding an eight-foot-long black antelope. It was advanced ten feet tall, had four feet in the snow, and had two sharp horns. It was brandishing its weapons.

This antelope was extremely fast. With a kick, it could make the Golden Crow clansmen who were brandishing their weapons retreat.

The three-foot-long horn collided with the wooden staff in Han Chaohu's hand.

"Bang!"

The wooden staff in Han Chaohu's hands shattered into two pieces.

Such a hard antler!

In the wilderness, the true strength of these beasts was formidable.

Han Muye could see that this black deer had already condensed the power of essence spirit, with strength not inferior to the fourth level of essence spirit.

Using the strength of the body and the characteristics of the bloodline, even if surrounded by the Golden Crow clan members, this black deer could still charge and move around.

"Han Zhengyang, retreat 30 feet and let Han Chi take action to suppress the deer and create space for retreat."

Han Muye shouted.

A young man named Han Zhengyang, holding a spear with a blue stone blade tied to it, quickly stepped back.

The young man next to him, holding a long wooden sword, took a step forward, raising the wooden sword.

"Clang—"

The black deer happened to leap, and its front hoof collided with the long wooden sword.

Han Chi lost control of his body and retreated, while the black deer shook all over, slowing down.

"Han Jin, step forward 10 feet and block the left side."

"Han Dingyi, take action to prevent it from retreating."

Han Muye's voice came again.

Without hesitation, Han Jin, who admired Han Muye greatly, took a step forward and fiercely stabbed with the long wooden sword in his hand.

"Slash—"

The black deer's front leg, which was preparing to break through from the left side, was cut open.