

Pavilion 1451

Chapter 1451 Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Breaking Fist, True Spirit Bone (4)

The wooden sword was also a sword.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Han Chaochu, whose wooden staff had broken, threw it away. Taking a step forward, he clenched his fist and struck.

It was the technique he had just learned from the Heaven Breaking Fist that day..

The fist shadow carried a Golden Crow phantom and transformed into a dark golden light sphere that crashed into the black antelope's chest.

"Bang!"

The black antelope staggered, its hooves weakened, and it fell to the ground.

The crowd swarmed, delivering punches and kicks.

When they dispersed, the black antelope had already breathed its last.

It couldn't be any deader.

Han Muye couldn't help shaking his head.

Such a slaughter had dispersed much of the antelope's vitality, a pity.

However, Han Jin and the others were very enthusiastic.

They wouldn't have been able to hunt down such a black antelope under normal circumstances.

Beasts with such speed and strength were rarely hunted within a few years in their clans.

These powerful beasts, rich in vitality and strength, were a great supplement for cultivation.

Several young people approached to drain the blood, Han Chaohu caught it in a bag, and they started drinking.

"Young Patriarch, the vitality of this blood is really abundant!" Han Dingyi grinned as he handed the leather bag to Han Muye, and blood dripped from the corners of his mouth.

Han Muye waved his hand, refusing the bag.

For him, the vitality of such wild beasts was of no use.

"You rest here for half an hour and refine the vitality." Han Muye patted Han Dingyi's shoulder and looked around.

"I'll go check over there."

He pointed to a dense forest on one side.

Han Dingyi hesitated for a moment and nodded.

The Great Desolate Clans, even the powerful ones, did not dare to go too deep into the forest.

Who knew if there were ancient divine beasts lurking there?

Sometimes, the entire mountain range might be formed by exotic beasts that had been sleeping for countless years.

Fortunately, their young patriarch had awakened the Golden Crow bloodline and had a seventh level Essence Soul cultivation. As long as he did not encounter extremely powerful divine beasts, there would be no danger in these woods.

Within 30 miles around Han Mountain, there shouldn't be such divine beasts.

Han Muye walked straight into the woods, moving quickly.

He stopped only when he reached a lake about 30 miles away.

There were many wild beasts scattered around the lake.

They were all not weaker than the black antelope from before.

Among them was a formidable exotic beast about 20 feet tall, with a fierce face and an aura of death.

The cultivation of this exotic beast's essence spirit should be at the fifth level.

Beyond the lake, there were endless mountains and forests.

The Great Desolate should be the home of birds and beasts.

Just like the Primordial World of his inheritance, it should not be disturbed.

As time went on, the living space of the creatures of the Primordial World became scarcer in the later generations.

The names of those divine beasts could only be found in ancient records.

"Hiss—

A 50-foot-long dark green snake not far from Han Muye turned its head and roared at him, slowly retreating.

Other beasts also retreated, their eyes full of vigilance.

"I'm very curious who's here." Han Muye looked at the water ahead, hands behind his back, and spoke softly.

"Someone who wants your life!" a voice sounded.

With a strong wind, the black eight-foot-long spear stabbed at Han Muye's back.

The tip of the spear exuded a terrifying power, causing the beasts by the water to flee in panic.

This strike had the power to kill them!

Han Muye didn't turn around.

However, the bloodline power of the Golden Crow race surged in his body and turned into an illusory Golden Crow.

Before the Golden Crow could solidify, it was shattered by the spear.

The spear tore through the void and passed through Han Muze's body.

The smile on Lu Changshan's face froze.

Empty!

The figure in front of him was clearly just an illusion!

What kind of speed was this to leave only an illusion under his spear attack,

He, Lu Changshan, belonged to the swift Black Panther clan, and the opponent was from the Golden Crow clan!

"Slash—"

There was the dull sound of a sword piercing.

Close-range sword technique.

Waning moon.

This close combat sword technique that Han Muye used to dominate the Great Desolate Ruins Realm appeared again!

Lu Changshan lowered his head slowly.

Under his left rib, a short sword was gripped by a strong hand.

The short sword slowly twisted, then was gently drawn.

All of Lu Changshan's strength dissipated as the short sword left his body.

A black leopard shadow appeared on his body, whimpering mournfully before dissipating.

His essence spirit dissipated, his cultivation was severed, and his life force collapsed.

He was about to die.

Lying on the ground, Lu Changshan struggled to keep his eyes open as he watched the person with the bloody short sword crouch down.

He reached out, trying to grab the person's clothes, but found that he couldn't lift his arm.

In his fading pupils, the blue and golden crow behind Han Muye resonated.

The origin power released by the dispersing black leopard essence spirit was absorbed by the Golden Crow.

Even if there was only a trace of the origin power obtained from killing the opponent, it was enough for Han Muye.

In the last gleam of light in Lu Changshan's pupils, the Golden Crow phantom behind Han Muye turned from deep blue to light purple.

Eighth level Essence Spirit Realm!

And it was an awakening of his bloodline!

Only True Spirit experts could suppress the Golden Crow Clan at such a realm!

Lu Changshan wanted to tell his elder brother what he had seen and urge him to lead the clan away from Lu Tang quickly.

Unfortunately, as his soul power dispersed with the essence spirit, it also dissipated with a boom.

Fallen.

Han Muye raised his hand and grabbed the black spear in Lu Changshan's hand.

It was made of black iron stone. Although it was rough, the material was excellent.

He took off a small bag hanging from Lu Changshan's waist. Among them were two gray-black pills and a green-black beast bone.

The pills emitted a faint medicinal power.

Chapter 1452 Great Sun Golden Crow Heaven Breaking Fist, True Spirit Bone (5)

"A hundred years of broken jade flowers, the ancient ge vine with abundant medicinal power, and the thousand-year jade twin branches...

"It does have a good healing effect. It's not a fatal blow that kills with one hit. As long as it doesn't harm the soul, it can be treated.

"It's just a waste to refine such pills with so many top-grade spirit medicines."

Putting away the pills, Han Muye gripped the black beast bone.

Upon closer inspection, a faint jade light could be seen flickering in the beast bone.

It looked similar to the appearance of a Heaven Realm jade bone, but the power contained in the bone was many times more profound and pure than a jade bone.

"True Spirit Bone."

This was the bone of a True Spirit Realm demon.

As a faint essence spirit power was infused into the palm, a deep roar emanated from the beast bone, and the phantom of a black tiger, 20 feet tall, appeared.

Black Tiger.

A true spirit realm black tiger; this beast bone was valuable. After long tempering, it could make the physical body even stronger.

If this beast bone were exchanged, it could be traded for ten spears made by the Mystic Spirit Immortal Kingdom in the hands of Gu Ji.

If the beast bone were sent to the Mystic Spirit Immortal Kingdom or the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty, its value could even increase a hundredfold.

To Han Muye, this beast bone was also a treasure.

By comprehending the power within, it could help him perceive the cultivation of the true spirit realm in advance.

Turning to look at the water in front of him, Han Muye's gaze fell on a black tiger-like beast.

The beast with black tiger bloodline showed a longing look in its eyes.

Han Muye threw Lu Changshan's corpse forward.

The black tiger pounced forward and caught it. Then it stared at the black beast bone in Han Muye's hand.

"I can't give you this thing. You can't withstand it either." Han Muye shook his head, weighed the animal bone in his hand, and said softly.

The True Spirit Bone was not something a demon beast that had yet to reach the fifth level of the Essence Spirit Realm could withstand.

The black tiger lowered its head unwillingly and left with Lu Changshan's body.

Watching the black tiger leave, Han Muye put away the beast bones and pills, put them back in the bag, and stuffed them in his chest.

A violent power seeped into his body.

Unfortunately, in the Great Desolate, other than the rare beasts that could control spatial power and those experienced true spirits, no one else could condense spatial power.

Items capable of storing things were highly valued treasures in the Great Desolate.

The power of the Heavenly Dao in the Great Desolate was too strong. It was not something ordinary people could achieve.

He raised his hand and held the black battle spear. The power of his essence spirit seeped in, and a faint purple stream of light appeared on the spear.

Images flashed through Han Muye's mind.

The battle spear was forged by a large race of black panthers.

The craftsmanship was crude, without true spirit inscriptions, but all the spiritual materials used were of excellent quality.

The reason Lu Changshan had this war spear was that the spiritual materials used to forge the spear were sent by the Lu Tang Panther Clan.

3,000 catties of ore in exchange for two spears.

The other spear had a true spirit inscription, or rather, a half one.

The Black Panther Clan's blacksmith could only inscribe half a Dao True Spirit Divine Pattern.

"Black-gold original iron?"

"Just three hundred miles outside Han Mountain at Bamboo Magpie Mountain."

"Wasn't that once the territory of our Han Mountain?"

Han Muye's gaze fell on the black spear in his hand.

A mineral deposit like that was precious.

Whether it was used to forge armor for the clan or to refine weapons for himself, it was extremely suitable.

Letting the Lu Tang Black Panther Clan occupy it was a pity.

"Roar—"

A low roar of a tiger sounded. Han Muye looked up to see the black tiger, which had just run away, dragging a gray-black wild boar larger than the black antelopes hunted by Han Chao Hu and the others. It threw the boar in front of him.

The guy wasn't stupid.

Han Muye stood up with a smile and threw the spear in his hand in front of the black tiger. "Keep it for me. I'll come and get it when I'm free."

The refinement method of this battle spear was too poor. He was prepared to smelt it and remake it.

However, there was not enough time now. He would wait until the next time he came.

The black tiger clearly understood Han Muye's words. It nodded, took the spear, and walked away.

Han Muye dragged the wild boar back.

When he arrived at the place where Han Chaohu and the others were resting, everyone was already waiting there.

"Young Patriarch is back!"

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief when they saw Han Muye.

"Heh, Young Patriarch is amazing. You hunted such a big wild boar alone."

Han Jin's face showed admiration, and he shouted loudly.

He would run away at the sight of such a wild boar.

"We've had a good harvest today. Let's go back to the clan now." Han Muye threw the wild boar he was dragging on the ground and said.

Han Chaohu and the others looked at each other and nodded.

These meats were enough for the clan to eat for several days.

On the way back, everyone was full of joy, and a distant song rang out again.

Han Muye's gaze landed on everyone and he looked up at the sun in the sky.

He could feel a strange power descending from the sky.

However, this kind of induction was too illusory, and he dared not be sure.

When he arrived at the forest outside Han Mountain, Han Chaohu's expression changed.

"There are outsiders in our Han Mountain clan!"

With a shout, he rushed out of the forest.

Only the injured elder Han Yunhe was guarding inside the clan. Faced with strong enemies, he couldn't hold on!

Chapter 1453 Longbow, What a Huge Pig

Han Muye frowned and leaped into the air.

The Golden Crow phantom enveloped his body. His body was among the 30-foot-tall Golden Crows. Propelled by the power of the Golden Crow's wings, he landed at the foot of Han Mountain 100,000 feet away.

At the foot of the mountain, Han Yunhe led a few young members of the Golden Crow tribe, counting baskets of spirit herbs with a group of outsiders wearing leather robes.

Han Muye transformed into a Golden Crow and descended, causing everyone to turn their heads with the whistling gust of wind.

"How powerful!"

"This is the awakened power of the Golden Crow bloodline!"

A wave of exclamations spread.

Even without displaying elemental spirit power, just the emergence of the Golden Crow's power made it feel overwhelming.

A black-robed old man standing in front of the square showed a hint of astonishment on his face.

"Haha, Brother Hu, this is our Han Mountain's young patriarch."

Han Yunhe laughed heartily, announcing loudly.

"Young Patriarch, this is Elder Hu Qiang from the White-tailed Fox Clan of the Great Journey Mountain, which is thousands of miles away. Their White-tailed Fox Clan does herb business in the vicinity."

The display of the prestige of their own young patriarch's made Han Yunhe extremely proud.

Young Patriarch?

Han Mountain actually had such a powerhouse!

Hu Qiang, who was no more than six feet tall and had a thin face and a small beard, rolled his eyes and walked forward with a smile. "Young Patriarch, you're indeed a heroic young man."

Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands. "Han Muye greets Elder Hu Qiang."

The White-tailed Fox Clan was considered a group with a good relationship with the Han Mountain Clan.

The main reason was that the bloodline power of the Great Mud Mountain White-tailed Fox Clan was not very strong. There were not many experts in the clan. They relied on trade with various tribes to obtain some powerful weapons, allowing the clan to stand in the Great Desolate.

The fox clan was adept at calculation and had always had good relations with various clans.

Back then, when the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan was strong, the Great Mud Mountain White-tailed Fox fawned over them. Many years had passed, and with the decline of the Han Mountain Clan, there was no obvious estrangement from the White-tailed Fox Clan.

In Han Muye's view, the white-tailed fox race had earned a lot of benefits by using the Golden Crow race's medicinal fields.

However, compared to the surrounding clans that blatantly plundered and oppressed, the White-tailed Fox Clan was considered good.

Han Chaohu and the others returned, relieved to see that it was the White-tailed Fox Clan.

The current Golden Crow Han Shan's forces were too weak and did not dare to make any mistakes.

Han Chaohu and the others chatted with Hu Qiang for a while.

A total of 10 baskets of spirit herbs had been planted on behalf of the White-tailed Fox Clan by the Han Mountain Clan.

"These are the exchange materials we brought. You can pick a few as you see fit."

Hu Qiang waved his hand, letting the strong man behind him open a large wooden box.

In the wooden box, there were several shiny spear tips, some golden-red ores that had been refined, ready to be forged, some pill pellets, and a vine wood shield.

There were also some pills and a vine shield.

The burly man pulled out the drawer on the lower floor of the wooden box. There were all kinds of spirit herbs seeds inside.

"The spiritual herbs this time can be exchanged for a cold iron spear tip made by the Green Deer Race and a few other treasures."

Hu Qiang pointed to the things in the wooden box and asked with a smile.

The medicinal field could only be exchanged for a spear tip for decades. This kind of deal was extremely unfair.

However, there was no choice. Very few ordinary tribes could master the art of forging, nor did they have the means to smelt ores.

Han Zhaohu and the others looked at each other.

In the past, a spear tip could increase the combat strength of the clan greatly.

But now, with the eight long wooden swords gifted by the young patriarch, they temporarily didn't need this spear tip.

On the other hand, Han Yunhe's injuries were more difficult to heal. He could use a healing pill.

"Young Patriarch, what do you think?" Han Chaohu turned to look at Han Muye.

Now that the young patriarch was here, he naturally had to let him make the decision.

Hu Qiang also looked at Han Muye with a smile.

He also wanted to curry favor with the young patriarch of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan who had awakened the Golden Crow bloodline.

It was fine even if he suffered a loss in today's transactions.

"I want those two pieces of Flamefire Essence Iron."

Han Muye pointed to the two ores in the wooden box.

Hu Qiang nodded and took out the ores.

Flamefire Essence Iron was not a particularly precious spirit material in the Great Desolate, but it needed to be refined to extract it.

The two ores were not small and heavy to the touch.

"Young Patriarch Han, what else do you want to exchange for?"

As Hu Qiang spoke, his gaze turned to Han Yunhe.

His meaning was clear—to add a healing pill.

Originally, these spirit herbs in exchange for two ores were just right, but Hu Qiang wanted to ingratiate himself and was willing to take a loss, so he would give an extra healing pill.

Han Chaohu and the others were also a little moved.

Indeed, with their young patriarch awakening the Golden Crow bloodline, people from the White-tailed Fox Clan were looking at the Han Mountain tribe with higher regard.

The revival of their own clan was not far away!

"Alright, let's choose one more thing."

Han Muye pointed to the drawer under the wooden box, saying, "Give me some Crow-Origin Grass, Three-Gold Hundred-Grid Flower, and seeds of the Azure Blood Jade Ganoderma."

Spirit herb seeds?

Not healing pills?

Hu Qiang was stunned.

Han Chaohu and the people around him were a little dazed.

On the other hand, Han Yunhe said frankly, "Young Patriarch made a good choice. With more spirit herb seeds, we can increase our production in the future."

He was telling the truth.

Moreover, Han Muye's choice was not wrong.

With Han Muye sitting here, Han Yunhe didn't need to take action. His injuries would slowly heal. In 10 or 20 years, he would be able to recover completely.

However, his young patriarch's choice was indeed too utilitarian.

Hu Qiang looked up at Han Muye and chuckled, then handed over several packages of spiritual herbs seeds.

"Elder Hu, if you have Three-Spirit Flowers, Jade Marrow, and Golden Kindness Chrysanthemum roots, you can bring them to Han Mountain for trading."

After taking the spirit herb seeds, Han Muye spoke up.

Chapter 1454 Longbow, What a Huge Pig (2)

Hu Qiang recounted the names of several spirit herbs and nodded, saying, "Some clans have them. I'll have someone send them over when I get back."

After completing the transaction, Hu Qiang led the white-tailed fox tribe to collect the spirit herbs and carry them in a large basket.

He looked at Han Muye, then shifted his gaze to Han Chaohu and others, saying, "Elder Yunhe just mentioned that three months later, the Han Mountain Clan will hold the patriarchal inheritance ceremony. He asked me to help spread the news to various tribes. Does the Young Patriarch have a seal?"

The white-tailed fox tribe was well-suited for spreading news as they roamed freely.

Han Muye nodded, instructing Han Jin to fetch some animal skins, which he then divided into pieces. Raising his hand, he gathered the golden bloodline power of the Golden Crow Clan into a divine pattern, imprinting it on the animal skins.

These were the symbols of the Golden Crow clan, and with these animal skins, they could make others believe in the news.

There was no unifying written language in the Great Desolate yet.

However, it was said that there were rumors about the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty and the Mystic Spirit Immortal Kingdom.

With hundreds of thousands of years of legacy, the culture was already extremely flourishing.

With Han Muye's Golden Crow mark, Hu Qiang left in satisfaction. Before he left, he said that the Han Mountain Clan's Patriarch inheritance ceremony would definitely be held in three months.

Once they departed, Han Muye took Han Yunhe and others to the council hall. He placed two ores on the table and handed various spirit herb seeds to Han Cheng, who managed the medicinal fields.

Although Han Cheng's cultivation was only at the third level of the Essence Soul Realm, he was highly proficient in cultivating spirit herbs.

"These spirit herbs were all planted by our tribe in the past, but unfortunately..." Han Cheng sighed lightly, expressing regret.

Back then, there were many medicinal fields in the clan, and there were many types of spirit herbs planted.

Later on, the clan's medicinal field kept losing. It was not difficult to plant spiritual herbs that were specially used to exchange for supplies.

"Don't worry, in the future, my Han Shan Tribe will have so many medicinal fields that we won't be able to plant them all." Han Muye looked at Han Cheng and said loudly.

These words made everyone in the hall smile.

Han Cheng bowed and walked out. Han Muye took out a cloth bag and took out one of the pills.

This was a healing pill he had obtained from Lu Changshan. It was many times stronger than the healing pill Hu Qiang had brought.

"Elder Yunhe, this medicine is for you to treat your injuries."

After handing the pill to Han Yunhe, Han Muye said softly.

Han Yunhe, Han Chaohu, and the others were still in a daze when they walked out of the stone house.

This pill was too good.

When the pill landed in his hand, he could clearly feel the medicinal power surging.

The value of this pill was at least ten times that of the pill Hu Qiang had taken out.

Just now, he thought that his young patriarch was unwilling to exchange for pills. Now, it seemed that he was really willing.

"Yunhe, cultivate in seclusion. Don't worry about the clan's matters for now." Han Chaohu patted Han Yunhe's shoulder and said in a low voice, "Young Patriarch needs help."

Resignation and regret flashed across his face.

Although his cultivation level was temporarily higher than Han Yunhe's, he had no chance of improving it.

Han Yunhe had a brighter future than him.

In the future, he would probably have to rely on Han Yunhe to help the young patriarch lead the race to strength.

The young patriarch was probably willing to take out such a precious pill because he valued Han Yunhe's future.

Han Yunhe did not say anything else. He nodded and left with the pills.

Han Yuncheng, Han Jin, and the others went to settle the wild boars and black antelope they had hunted. The young patriarch had just said that the black antelope's horns and tendons were for him.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was in the hall, was already holding the two pieces of Flamefire Essence Iron in front of him.

This Flamefire Essence Iron was not particularly precious. Its advantage was its resistance to fire.

As long as it was not a top-notch divine flame, this Flamefire Essence Iron could withstand it for a while.

Many pill furnaces in the future were mixed with this Flamefire Essence Iron.

In addition, the Flamefire Essence Iron was extremely flexible and could be forged into iron ropes.

Holding a piece of Flamefire Essence Iron in his hand, the flames in Han Muye's palm rose.

Rays of fiery red flames flashed, and the brick-like fire essence iron slowly melted.

There were not many flames in the world that were hotter than the Golden Crow Divine Flame.

This was a divine fire that could burn through everything in the world.

Divine patterns appeared in his palm. Han Muye held a divine pattern between his fingertips and slowly intertwined it with the melted Flamefire Essence Iron.

By the time Han Dingyi and Han Jin sent over the two horns of the black antelope and a few translucent long tendons, Han Muye had already placed a bundle of golden-red fire essence iron threads in front of him.

This was an iron thread that had been removed from its body. It was extremely tenacious.

"Young Patriarch, these are the horns and tendons of the black antelope."

They placed everything on the stone table.

Han Muye nodded, picked up the horns, and looked at them. Then he placed the two horns together.

He wrapped the golden-red flame essence iron thread around the two long horns and slowly wrapped it.

Golden flames rose from his palm, fusing the threads with the horns.

By the time all the threads were wrapped, the two long horns had already joined together and turned into the bow of a longbow.

Picking up the bow and waving it a few times, Han Muye weighed it in satisfaction.

"Buzz!"

Golden streams of light flashed at his fingertips.

Divine patterns of True Spirit appeared on the longbow.

Frontal.

Tails.

One streak.

Two streaks.

Three streaks!

Three True Spirit Divine Patterns!

Han Dingyi and Han Jin opened their mouths wide and watched as the longbow in Han Muye's hand flashed with golden light, and four True Spirit Divine Patterns appeared.

He did not expect his young patriarch to have the ability to engrave the True Spirit Divine Pattern.

Refinement technique!

The young patriarch actually mastered an extremely rare refining technique in the Great Desolate. He was an extremely respected blacksmith!

Chapter 1455 Longbow, What a Huge Pig (3)

With such means, why wouldn't Han Mountain Clan's prosper?

When the True Spirit Divine Pattern disappeared into the bow, the longbow turned into an 18-foot-long dark golden-red bow.

After carefully selecting and rubbing two tendons, Han Muye hung them on the bow.

"Buzz!"

The longbow was drawn into a full moon, and golden proficiency flashed.

An illusory shadow of a long arrow appeared.

As soon as this arrow appeared, Han Dingyi and Han Jin trembled.

This arrow would undoubtedly result in certain death if it hit them!

This longbow possessed terrifying combat strength.

Han Muye slowly restored the longbow, then raised his hand and handed it to Han Dingyi.

"Han Dingyi, you're skilled in archery, right?"

Han Dingyi held the bow in his hand and kept rubbing it. He looked confused.

"Young Patriarch, are you going to hand this bow to Uncle Dingyi?" Han Jin didn't dare to imagine and stared at Han Muye.

Han Dingyi also looked at Han Muye nervously.

"Relax, it's just a three-striped longbow." Han Muye looked at the two of them with a smile. "In the future, everyone in my clan will have such a weapon."

Everyone has one?

There were only a few three-striped weapons within a radius of over 100,000 miles.

Could everyone in the clan have such a weapon?

Han Dingyi took a deep breath, bowed to Han Muye, and knelt on one knee, holding the longbow tightly.

"Han Dingyi vows to follow Young Patriarch to his death."

Beside him, Han Jin also bowed and knelt.

Their young patriarch's awakened bloodline and seventh-level Essence Spirit cultivation, coupled with refining methods like this,

It was their common wish to follow such an expert and revive their clan.

"Get up. The Han Mountain Clan will get better and better." Han Muye raised his hand, and an irresistible force helped them up.

Subduing the clan's strength, then gradually enhancing the entire group's strength, was Han Muye's current task.

A three-striped longbow could directly subdue a clan expert. It was worth it.

With a three-striped longbow, Han Dingyi could already contend with a fifth-level Essence Spirit.

In this way, there was another top expert in the clan.

"Let's see how to modify the cultivation method to awaken more bloodlines."

Han Muye said, looking at Han Dingyi and Han Jin leaving the hall excitedly.

Even if they could not completely awaken their bloodline, they could awaken a few more portions of their bloodline power, which could still double their strength.

Also, Han Chaohu's potential was insufficient. He needed to think of a way.

Han Muye began to carefully plan in the hall.

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At the Lu Tang Panther Clan's encampment.

Upper Tang.

In front of a wide green stone house, Gu Ji looked nervously at the black-robed man in front of him.

The burly man's expression was gloomy, and silver light surged in his eyes.

A suppressive force collided with Gu Ji.

"Bang!"

Gu Ji's body fell 30 feet away uncontrollably.

"Do you think I can no longer control the Lu Tang Black Panther Clan?"

With a glint in his eyes, the burly man stepped forward and extended a spear.

"Buzz!"

The spear pressed against Gu Ji's throat.

The cold spear flashed as if it had pierced through Gu Ji's neck.

"Patriarch, I wouldn't dare, I wouldn't dare..." Gu Ji's throat moved slightly, feeling his blood about to freeze.

The Patriarch of the Lu Tang Black Panther Clan, Lu Changlin, whose cultivation was already at the seventh level of the Essence Spirit Realm.

In front of this person, he was an ant.

Lu Changlin snorted and slowly put away his spear.

Gu Ji looked at Lu Changlin in front of him and said in a low voice, "Patriarch, I just thought that this matter is very important and wanted to tell you, so I didn't listen to Elder Changshan. I'll report it to you in three days."

Lu Changlin's expression changed.

He knew the young patriarch of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan.

Back then, he was brought back by the previous patriarch of the Han Mountain Clan and cultivated for a hundred years. He did not expect him to awaken the Golden Crow bloodline.

The bloodline power of the Golden Crow clan was extremely powerful.

However, now that the Golden Crow Clan was suppressed by the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty, it had been many years since a junior had completely awakened his bloodline.

Just as Lu Changshan had thought, if he could use the bloodline power of the Young Patriarch of the Han Mountain Clan to sharpen his bloodline, it would definitely be very beneficial.

If Lu Changshan needed it, Lu Changlin needed it too!

Thinking of this, Lu Changlin was filled with hatred.

"Guards," he hissed.

Two middle-aged men in gray leather robes with a black leopard pattern on their heads strode forward.

"Send my letter to Daoist Chang Yao with red poison and let them know that the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan might have a way to awaken the Golden Crow bloodline."

After handing over a black panther-headed token, Lu Changlin sneered.

The awakened Golden Crow bloodline was important to train oneself and seek a breakthrough.

But so what if this tempering was effective? How could it compare to the returns of the human race?

If he reported this matter to the human race and lured the experts of the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty over, a casual reward would be comparable to the essence spirit of an expert who had awakened the Golden Crow bloodline.

Moreover, the young patriarch of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan had only cultivated for more than a hundred years. How strong could he be?

What use could his bloodline power be?

Although Lu Changshan was more talented than him, it was a pity that he was not knowledgeable enough.

After all, he was inexperienced.

Just let him cause trouble for the Han Mountain Clan.

If he killed all the people from the Han Mountain Clan, it would only increase his credit.

At that time, he would have more bargaining chips with the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty.

Unfortunately, Leaping Tiger Ridge was far away. Even with the fast Red Poison, it would take days to arrive. It might take more than 10 or 20 days for human experts from the Immortal Dynasty to come.

The next day, Hu Qiang from the White-tailed Fox Race arrived with a group of white-tailed foxes.

Chapter 1456 Longbow, What a Huge Pig (4)

Hearing Hu Qiang say that they had gone to the Han Mountain clan the day before, Lu Changlin personally came to inquire.

It was strange that Lu Changshan did not attack the day before.

However, he heard from Hu Qiang that the experts of the Han Mountain Clan gathered for a hunt yesterday. It is estimated that Lu Changshan intended to wait until the young leader of the Han Mountain Division was alone before taking action?

He was cautious, but he was too timid.

No guts.

A junior who had only cultivated for less than a hundred years and a group of Golden Crows with fewer than five hundred members, and no masters—direct assault should be enough.

"Patriarch Changlin, this is the invitation to the inheritance ceremony of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan's Patriarch. Young Patriarch Han Muye asked me to send it over." Before Hu Qiang left, he left behind the beast skin with the Golden Crow seal that Han Muye had given him.

Watching Hu Qiang lead the white-tailed foxes away, Lu Changlin narrowed his eyes.

Since Lu Changshan was still hesitating and waiting, it might be an opportunity for him to personally kill the young leader of the Han Mountain Clan, obtain the Golden Crow bloodline, and refine it.

Thinking of this, he no longer hesitated and led dozens of experts straight to the Han Mountain Clan.

He ran quickly and arrived outside Han Mountain in less than two hours.

"Buzz!"

A rumbling sound came from the void.

Lu Changlin was stunned. He looked up and his expression changed.

A black 100-foot-long flood dragon flew away and circled in the air, turning into an old man in a black robe.

"Lu Changlin?"

The old man's gaze landed on Lu Changlin and the people behind him. He said loudly, "Did you also hear that the young patriarch of the Han Mountain Clan has come out of seclusion and came to visit?"

Lu Changlin's face twitched as he forced a smile. He nodded and cupped his hands. "So it's Patriarch Feng Zhen."

"I'm also on my way to the Han Mountain Clan."

The Patriarch of the Black Flood Dragon Clan, Feng Zhen, was a seventh level Essence Spirit Realm expert. He had awakened the bloodline of the Black Flood Dragon Clan and his cultivation , and his cultivation strength was the first within thousands of miles.

Lu Changlin did not dare to slight Feng Zhen at all.

"Haha, let's go together." Feng Zhen laughed, reached out, grabbed Lu Changlin's arm, and strode forward.

"We're old friends with the Han Mountain Clan. When Young Patriarch Han Muye was here, he even led his people to see me.

"I heard that this kid has awakened the Golden Crow bloodline. This is impressive. I have to curry favor with him no matter what.

"By the way, Old Lu, what gift did you bring?"

Lu Changlin looked embarrassed, making a few perfunctory remarks while giving a signal to the experts of the Black Panther clan behind him.

With lowered heads, they followed behind.

They didn't bring gifts, but they did bring weapons.

Originally, they were prepared to have a showdown...

After a short walk, the people from the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan, led by the elder Han Chaohu, had already come forward.

Seeing the Black Panthers, Han Chaohu's expression darkened.

This made Lu Changlin and the others tremble.

Could it be that Han Muye had already been killed by Lu Changshan?

If this matter was brought up in front of Feng Zhen, it might cause an immediate conflict.

Along the way, Feng Zhen had mentioned the young patriarch of the Han Mountain clan. It was obvious that he was here to build a close relationship.

Rolling his eyes, Lu Changlin took a step forward and cupped his hands. "Brother Chaohu, Elder Gu Ji of the Black Panther Clan was disrespectful to the Young Patriarch. I've already grounded him. Today, I specially came to apologize to the Young Patriarch."

He would probe first to confirm the safety of the young patriarch.

Disrespectful?

Apologize?

Feng Zhen frowned and turned to look at Lu Changlin.

Han Chaohu snorted and cupped his hands. Then he looked at Feng Zhen. "Patriarch Feng is here. My young patriarch has gone hunting. He will return soon."

Speaking, he gestured for Feng Zhen to wait at the residence first.

Feng Zhen nodded and followed.

Lu Changlin and the Black Panther clansmen behind him braced themselves and followed under the vigilant gazes of the Golden Crow Han Mountain people.

After waiting in the hall for a moment, he heard a long howl.

A surging and fiery aura surged.

Feng Zhen's eyes lit up as he looked at Han Chaohu. "Your young patriarch's essence spirit cultivation is so profound. He's probably at the sixth level, and it seems he has awakened quite a bit of bloodline power."

Lu Changlin's expression became slightly serious.

This young patriarch did not seem to be easy to deal with.

A smile appeared on Han Chaohu's face. He looked at the figure walking over from the door and said, "Patriarch Feng, this isn't the young patriarch. It's Elder Yunhe of our Han Mountain Clan who has recovered and broken through."

At the door, Han Yunhe, who was walking over, felt his blood surge. The green Golden Crow phantom behind him trembled, and a faint golden light circulated.

"Han Yunhe greets Patriarch Feng."

His gaze landed on Lu Changlin. The Golden Crow behind Han Yunhe flashed, and his fighting spirit surged. "Greetings, Patriarch Lu Changlin."

A trace of the Golden Crow bloodline had awakened, and his cultivation level was at the sixth level of the Essence Spirit Realm.

Han Yunhe felt his strength constantly surging. He was completely capable of fighting Lu Changlin.

Feng Zhen was all smiles.

Lu Changlin narrowed his eyes.

"I'm back—"

In the distance, there were cheers.

"What a big pig—"

Chapter 1457 Second Sword, Black Abyss, Hunted by the Human Race

Was it the return of the young patriarch of the Han Mountain Clan?

Feng Zhen and the others looked at each other, stood up, and walked out of the stone house hall.

As they stepped out, they saw a group of Golden Crow clan people surrounding a big man coming towards them below the mountain.

The big man carried a large bow on his back, and several young men behind him dragged a gray-yellow mountain boar nearly 10 feet long.

The wild boar had only a large hole on its forehead, with its vitality not yet dispersed, and a lingering blood aura.

"That's your young patriarch? Indeed, a hero," said Lu Changlin with a hint of a smile on his face, looking at the approaching Golden Crow clan.

Feng Zhen looked closely on the side, shaking his head slightly.

"Haha, that's Han Dingyi in our clan. This kid is good at archery," Han Chaohu laughed loudly and waved his hand.

Han Dingyi heard people around saying that someone had come as soon as he returned and hurried over.

He bowed to everyone, and there was a condensed and undispersed blood power on his body.

"Hey, your cultivation has broken through?" Han Yunhe looked at Han Dingyi, revealing a pleased expression.

At this moment, Han Dingyi's aura was clearly not at the fourth level of the Essence Spirit Realm, but the fifth level.

However, because he had just broken through, his blood energy was not stable yet, and the Golden Crow shadow behind him was still somewhat faint.

However, everyone could tell that this Golden Crow phantom was a green color that only fifth-level Essence Spirit cultivators had.

Feng Zhen and Lu Changlin also noticed, but their gaze was focused on the large bow behind Han Dingyi.

This bow brought them some pressure!

This was an extremely powerful weapon!

The Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan actually had such a treasure?

An expert who had broken through to the fifth level of the Essence Spirit Realm was good at archery and wielded such a powerful bow.

Lu Changlin felt that, among their tribe members, except for himself and his younger brother, no one could withstand an arrow shot from this large bow.

Feng Zhen narrowed his eyes slightly.

With Han Yunhe breaking through and having such an expert archer, the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan, though small in numbers, had a much higher combat power than expected.

Fortunately, there were few people in the Han Mountain Clan.

Han Chaohu saw their expressions and chuckled. "Dingyi, why didn't Young Patriarch return?"

This was also what Lu Changlin and Feng Zhen were concerned about.

Especially Lu Changlin, who felt a stir in his heart at this moment.

The young patriarch of the Han Mountain Clan had yet to return. Could it be that his younger brother had taken action?

"Elder, Young Patriarch said that he wants to pick some herbs and asked us to come back first," Han Dingyi said loudly.

During today's hunting, they followed the Young Patriarch all the way, and he did not make a move.

Pride appeared on his face.

After hunting several small beasts, they encountered a giant boar about 10 feet tall.

This boar was obviously powerful, with a cultivation not inferior to theirs, but it couldn't withstand a single arrow from him.

With a single arrow, its head was pierced directly.

If it were in the past, even if the tribe elders led the team, it would be difficult to take down such a boar.

Using the shock of killing the boar to impact his mind, and activating the three divine patterns within the long bow, Han Dingyi broke through in cultivation, entering the fifth level of the Essence Spirit Realm.

Hearing that Han Muye had not returned, Feng Zhen looked a little regretful.

His purpose in coming this time was really just to see Han Muye.

Lu Changlin heaved a sigh of relief.

Han Muye had not been killed by his brother, so he did not have to fall out with Feng Zhen now.

As for the future, he would think about it later.

Just looking around, he saw that the current strength of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan was not weak.

It was probably not easy to attack if they wanted to kill their young patriarch. It was best to wait until he was alone.

Perhaps he should get his brother to join forces.

Han Muye did not return, and Feng Zhen and Lu Changlin did not stay long.

Han Chaohu and the others smiled and sent the two of them out of the encampment. As they invited them to wait for the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan's Patriarch's inheritance ceremony, they said that when the young patriarch returned, they would definitely report to him that the two had visited.

Feng Zhen received a wooden box containing two spiritual ores and a thousand-year medicinal herb, claiming it was a gift from himself.

Lu Changlin had no choice but to hand over the short knife hanging from his waist.

Han Chaohu received it with a smiling face and watched the two leave.

It wasn't until their figures were far away that the smile on his face faded, slowly turning into a cold look.

"Patriarch Feng Zhen may really be here to visit. But Lu Changlin is probably here to cause trouble for our Han Mountain Clan," Han Yunhe said in a deep voice beside Han Chaohu.

"If he really came to give gifts, he wouldn't have not even prepared a gift." Han Dingyi sneered, grabbing the corner of the large bow hanging on his back.

The three looked at each other and burst into laughter.

However, within three days, the young patriarch came out of seclusion and his bloodline awakened.

Han Yunhe's cultivation level increased another level. Not only did Han Dingyi's cultivation level enter the fifth level of the Essence Spirit Realm, but he also received a big bow from the young patriarch, causing his combat strength to increase greatly.

With this, the overall strength of the Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan suddenly increased many times over.

The Lu Tang Panthers, which they had never dared to face directly, now had no fear.

"Did Young Patriarch really go to look for spirit herbs?" Han Yunhe looked at Han Dingyi curiously.

Han Dingyi nodded and looked at the distant forest. "That's what Young Patriarch said."

....

At this moment, Han Muye was not really looking for spirit herbs. Instead, he followed the guidance of a pale golden divine pattern in front of him and ran forward.

He was extremely fast, and many of the surrounding beasts fled in fear.

Passing through the lake where he had stayed and killed Lu Changshan last time, he didn't stop this time, directly rushing into the forest ahead.

After running for dozens of miles, he stood in front of a cliff.

"Roar—"

A violent roar echoed, and a robust black tiger leaped down from the cliff.

However, after seeing Han Muye, the black tiger twisted its body and lay down on a nearby green stone, its eyes shining as it stared at Han Muye.

Chapter 1458 Second Sword, Black Abyss, Hunted by the Human Race (2)

"I said I would come find you."

Han Muye chuckled, took a step onto the green stones, and raised his hand to press down on the head of the black tiger.

The black tiger shook all over, wanting to step back, but found itself completely unable to move, only able to obediently let Han Muye stroke its black and white fur.

"Give me back that long spear, I still have a use for it."

As Han Muye finished speaking, the black tiger felt its body finally able to move.

Shaking its confused head, Black Tiger turned around and led Han Muye up the cliff to a stone cave that was hundreds of feet long.

As he walked into the cave, a vast aura wafted out.

"Good beast, you know how to find a place." Han Muye cursed softly.

This was clearly a place with a rich concentration of origin power.

Cultivating in such a place would significantly increase one's speed.

In the end, the Great Desolate was still the territory of divine beasts. The best places were in the mountains and wilderness, in the hands of these powerful demon beasts.

Other clans, unless there is a true spirit powerhouse present, were powerless against these formidable demonic beasts.

After traveling more than a mile, the black tiger stopped in a spacious stone chamber.

This was its lair.

Here, the concentration of origin power was the highest.

Han Muye looked around, speculating that this place probably had the convergence of earth lineage, hence the rich origin power.

"Roar—"

The black tiger brought over the battle spear that belonged to Lu Changshan.

Han Muye reached out and caught it. He sized it up, then found a flat place to sit cross-legged, and put down the wicker basket on his back.

Taking out a fiery red brick-like spiritual mine from the basket, golden flames rose from Han Muye's palm.

He had come this time to fuse this battle spear and refine a long sword for himself.

Although the Essence Life Sword was also sharp and firm, it was a short sword and could not unleash its strength.

Only a long sword could display his greatest strength.

With a good-grade sword in hand, he was confident that he could fight any expert below the true spirit realm.

The black tiger was shocked by the flames in Han Muye's palm.

It watched in a daze as Han Muye melted the spear and the Fire Essence Iron, then fused them and slowly began to remove the impurities.

As if remembering something, the black tiger turned around and ran out of the cave.

Han Muye didn't bother with it and continued to fold and extract one-third of the fused material in the void, slowly forming a three-foot-long black sword.

Shaping.

Polishing.

Carving runes.

Four divine patterns were the limit of this sword.

Whether it was the black gold iron used to forge the battle spear or the fire essence iron he brought, they were not truly supreme-grade materials. Carrying four divine patterns was the limit.

"Buzz!"

With the sword in hand, the blade vibrated, and a force that seemed to tear the void apart flashed from the blade, extending in all directions.

With this sword in hand, Han Muye's strength increased significantly!

"I have the two swords Purple Flame and Destiny. Now that I have the short sword Essence Life, let's call this sword Black Abyss."

The Black Abyss Sword.

The sword vibrated gently, as if in response.

Looking up, Han Muye saw the black tiger holding several black stones in its mouth, then placed them in front of him.

"The original ore of the Flamefire Essence Iron?"

Han Muye was surprised, lifting a piece of several dozen catties of raw ore in his hand.

Unprocessed Flamefire Iron ore looked completely black, showing no sign of the fiery red color after refining.

"Anything else?"

Han Muye looked up at the black tiger.

The black tiger growled a few times but didn't leave.

"Haha, you're still bargaining with me?" Han Muye laughed and weighed the raw mineral in his hand. "If you give me 100 such raw minerals, I'll give you the True Spirit Bone to cultivate for two hours."

Hearing the words 'True Spirit Bone', Black Tiger's eyes lit up.

It whined and whispered, as if it was still not satisfied.

"Two hours is the limit your body can withstand. You won't be able to withstand any more." Han Muye shook his head and shouted.

The black tiger quickly turned and ran.

When it returned, Han Muye had already smelted the pile of black raw stones.

However, he was a little depressed that Han Muye realized that it was really not worth it to use the Golden Crow Divine Flame to smelt this original mine.

The origin power consumed by the divine flames was much more precious than this Flamefire Essence Iron.

The black tiger made a few trips and brought back more than a hundred raw ores. Han Muye melted them all and condensed them into a fiery red spiritual material that was two feet wide.

After throwing the True Spirit Bone to the eager black tiger, the flames in Han Muye's hand changed and he began to slowly smelt the spiritual materials.

The Flamefire Essence Iron was very resistant to fire and was suitable for refining cauldrons.

However, it was impossible to engrave divine patterns that had the power of space. The cauldron refined was more than three feet tall and golden-red in color.

With the enhancement of the three divine patterns, the cauldron looked very extraordinary.

"Buzz!"

Han Muye opened the cauldron and threw the healing pill in his hand.

Without suitable spirit herbs for alchemy, he could refine this injury medicine.

It only took half an hour to purify an ordinary injury medicine.

When the cauldron was uncovered, a faint medicinal fragrance made the nearby black tiger raise its head.

A moon-white pill with faint golden patterns landed in Han Muye's hand.

At this moment, the medicinal pill was mixed essence. Shimmering with light, it was unlike the previous black pill.

The healing effect of this pill had at least tripled.

Putting away the pill, Han Muye patted the cauldron. He turned around and raised his hand to take back the true spirit bone in front of the black tiger.

The black tiger shook off the black and white fur on its body, and a faint blood essence power surged.

These two hours were very beneficial to it.

"Watch the cauldron for me.

"In the future, go find those raw ores. As usual, I'll let you comprehend the True Spirit Bone for two hours for 100 pieces."

Chapter 1459 Second Sword, Black Abyss, Hunted by the Human Race (3)

Knowing that the black tiger understood his words, Han Muye spoke loudly.

The black tiger was reluctant to part with the True Spirit Bone, but it only whimpered a few times before agreeing.

So what if he didn't agree?

The Golden Crow Divine Flame that Han Muye had displayed when he was refining the sword and cauldron made it tremble.

Seeing that Black Tiger had agreed, Han Muye carried the basket in satisfaction and turned around. "If there are precious spirit herbs, I want them too."

With that, he picked up the Black Abyss Sword and strode out of the cave.

The alchemy cauldron was left behind to avoid arousing suspicion among the clan members.

Cultivation techniques and swords were easy to deal with. Where did such a huge cauldron come from? How could he explain it?

Although the people of the Han Mountain Clan were simple and honest, they were not fools.

If he wanted to integrate into the Golden Crow Clan, he had to remember his current identity.

The young patriarch of the Golden Crow Race, Han Mountain.

It was much faster to return to the Han Mountain Clan.

Using the Black Abyss Sword to fly, he landed at the foot of Han Mountain Ridge in less than half an hour.

This was because Han Muye did not use his essence spirit power.

If he activated the flying sword with all his might, he could cross a thousand miles in a hundred breaths.

This was the Great Desolate. Every inch of heaven and earth was extremely stable. To break through the obstruction of the Heaven and Earth powers and fly a thousand miles in a hundred breaths was a method only true spirit experts had.

Han Chaohu and the others heaved a sigh of relief at Han Muye's return.

Even though he knew that Han Muye was extremely strong and would definitely be fine, the current Han Muye was the pillar of the entire Han Mountain Clan. Without Han Muye's support, the Han Mountain Clan would definitely not be able to deal with the various tribes.

"The Patriarch of the Black Flood Dragon Clan, Feng Zhen, and the Patriarch of the Black Panther Clan, Lu Changlin?" Hearing Han Chaohu and the others report that these two had come, Han Muye's expression changed.

Feng Zhen might really be here to visit him. As for the Black Panther Clan, he most likely had no good intentions.

"This is a gift from Patriarch Feng Zhen.

"This is the short knife that Lu Changlin produced."

Han Yunhe showed the gifts to Han Muye.

After everyone left, Han Muye sat cross-legged and began to cultivate. As he deduced and cultivated the Heaven Suppression Technique inherited by the Patriarch to stabilize his eighth level Yuan Spirit cultivation, he deduced a few cultivation techniques in the clan.

After everyone left, Han Muye sat cross-legged and began to cultivate. As he deduced and cultivated the Heaven Suppression Technique inherited by the Patriarch to stabilize his eighth level Essence Spirit cultivation, he deduced a few cultivation techniques of the clan.

Spearmanship, archery, and the Vast Heavens Rampage of the clan.

These techniques were practiced by most of the tribe members. Now, Han Muye's task was to optimize and enhance their effectiveness.

Following the original cultivation methods wouldn't generate enough origin power, and it wouldn't awaken bloodline powers.

Only after optimization, with cultivation methods that aligned with the current forces of heaven and earth, could the bloodline powers of the clan members be awakened.

Moreover, these tribe members were already accustomed to these techniques. With slight modifications, they could accept them more quickly.

In the next few days, Han Muye gave the modified techniques and the Heaven Breaking Fist to the tribe members. Then, he gathered various spirit herbs and prepared for alchemy.

Han Dingyi had a breakthrough in cultivation, and with the newly obtained longbow, hunting was no longer Han Muye's concern.

There was plenty of food in the clan these days, and the children were cheering and playing every day.

Unknowingly, half a month had passed.

"Young Patriarch Han, these are the spirit herbs that my Elder asked us to send over." A group of white-tailed foxes came to the Han Mountain Clan, bringing many spirit herbs.

These were the ones Han Muye had asked Hu Qiang to collect before.

"Elder said that in exchange for the resources for these spiritual herbs, we can wait until he comes to the Han Mountain Clan to participate in the Patriarch's inheritance ceremony."

The middle-aged man in the leather robe cupped his hands.

It was obvious that Hu Qiang knew the background of the Han Mountain Clan.

Han Chaohu heaved a sigh of relief when he heard this.

He had no choice. The Han Mountain Clan was really poor now.

The resources needed by the young patriarch for these spirit herbs were not insignificant, and the clan couldn't produce valuable items to exchange.

"How can that do?" Han Muye shook his head and took out a jade-white pill.

"The quality of this healing pill is pure enough to exchange for these spirit herbs."

In theory, this pill couldn't be exchanged for these spirit herbs, but this pill had a pure medicinal power that not everyone could produce.

In this way, the price was not calculated based on its original value.

Taking the pill, the middle-aged White-Tailed Fox tribe member sensed it and revealed a surprised expression.

They traded around, and the value of this pill for healing was clear to him.

According to the rumors in the market, a healing pill with such medicinal power could be exchanged for more than twice the value of the spirit herbs brought today.

"Young Patriarch, rest assured. I'll definitely deliver this pill to Elder Hu Qiang."

The big man spoke solemnly.

In his opinion, this was the young patriarch of the Han Mountain Clan expressing goodwill.

Han Chaohu and the others did not know how Han Muye had such a pill, but they had seen him take one out last time. It was probably the legacy of the previous patriarch.

However, he did not know why the young patriarch accepted these spirit herbs.

After the White-Tailed Fox clan left, Han Muye turned to look at Han Chaohu and others behind him.

"I found the place where a senior sat down in the depths of the forests. There is a divine black tiger guarding it.

"There is also an alchemy cauldron and some inheritances."

During the more than 10 days of being together, Han Muye showed many extraordinary things. Now, he attributed all of them to the black tiger.

He deliberately arranged some decorations in the cave where the black tiger was.

When he brought Han Chaohu and the others into the forest and entered the cave, he found the cauldron he had refined, the raw minerals collected by the black tiger, and some scattered divine patterns. He immediately believed them without a doubt.

It seemed that their young patriarch not only had profound cultivation and extraordinary talent but also had extraordinary luck.

Chapter 1460 Second Sword, Black Abyss, Hunted by the Human Race (4)

According to the young patriarch, when he became proficient in alchemy, the cultivation speed of his clansmen would increase tenfold.

Han Chaohu and the others quietly retreated from the forest.

Later, these hunting clans had an additional task, which was to bring back the ore collected by the Black Tiger to the clan.

However, refining the ore was not cost-effective at all. Han Muye planned to store more ore and send it to the Green Deer Clan 3,000 miles away, for refining.

There was an Earth fire in the Green Deer Clan's encampment that was suitable for smelting. There were also two blacksmiths in the clan. Although the things they refined were rough, they could still be refined.

"Buzz!"

The alchemy cauldron vibrated, and three jade-like green pills flew out of it.

As the pills emerged, a fragrant aroma filled the air.

Han Muye reached out to pick up the pills, flicked one with his fingertip, and it landed in front of the eagerly watching Black Tiger.

The Black Tiger caught it in its mouth and swallowed it.

After swallowing the pill, its blood and energy began to oscillate. Its originally 10-foot-long body slowly expanded until it stopped at around 20 feet.

Between the opening and closing of its eyes, it gained a lot of power.

A faint blue illusory tiger shadow appeared.

Unknowingly, this black tiger was already at the seventh level of the Essence Spirit Realm.

With this cultivation, coupled with its own bloodline power, there were almost no opponents within tens of thousands of miles among the various tribes.

There were very few enemies in this forest.

The black tiger roared in extreme joy.

"Don't be in a hurry to roar. My pill isn't that easy to obtain."

Han Muye shouted in a low voice, interrupting the black tiger's roar.

The black tiger whimpered softly and looked at Han Muye with a fawning expression.

"I'm going to the Green Deer Clan in two days. I need you to help me pull a carriage."

Han Muye said.

Pull a carriage?

Pull a carriage!

A dignified seventh-level Essence Spirit demon beast pulling a carriage?

The black tiger's eyes widened, and a ferocious expression appeared on its face.

But as soon as this ferocious look appeared, Han Muye glared at it, and it shrank back, nodding reluctantly.

Han Muye collected the refined pills, then lifted a basket containing several spirit herbs, carried the Black Abyss Sword, and tucked the short sword Essence Life at his waist before striding out of the cave.

After flying over the forests on his sword, he arrived outside Han Mountain Clan's encampment. With a thought, he quietly landed.

About 30 miles away from the Han Mountain clan, more than 10 figures moved silently.

"Humans?"

Those figures were clearly humans.

A cold light flashed in Han Muye's eyes.

Now, he was not a human, but a Golden Crow.

The Human Race's Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty had been hunting down the Golden Crow Clan all the time.

These humans must be here to besiege the Han Mountain Clan.

However, ever since the previous Patriarch, Han Qi, risked his life to kill those humans who surrounded the Golden Crow Clan, the Han Mountain Clan had not seen any humans for a hundred years. Why were they coming now?

Was it because the information that he had inherited the Patriarch's position had leaked, or was it for some other reason?

Blood surged slowly in Han Muye's body. He took a deep breath, moved his body, and quietly moved forward.

"That's the Han Mountain Clan over there."

In front of a mountain ridge, a middle-aged man in a black robe pointed ahead.

Beside him were 15 humans of various shapes and sizes.

These people had rich blood qi and a faint power of the Heavenly Dao, with the power of the origin added to them.

The Heavenly Dao favored them; this was a unique sign of the cultivators of the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty.

They were all from the Ten Thousand Magnificence Immortal Dynasty.

"The Golden Crow Han Mountain Clan seems to have awakened their bloodline power. The command of the lieutenant is to eliminate them completely."

The burly man in front with a long saber on his back shouted with killing intent in his eyes.

The others nodded and slowly dispersed, walking in the direction of Han Mountain.

However, after taking a few steps, everyone stopped.

In front of him, a slender young man in gray linen clothes stood.

Faint golden Golden Crow divine patterns appeared on the young man's forehead.

Golden Crow Clan!

"Who are you?"

The burly man in front slowly gripped the hilt of the long saber on his back and shouted.

He discreetly signaled to the surrounding humans.

"Aren't you here for me?" Han Muye smiled and gently put down the wicker basket he was carrying, then raised his hand.

The sword on his back, Black Abyss, was unsheathed. His other hand was on the hilt of the short sword at his waist.

"Boom—"

The human man in front of him had already unsheathed his long saber and leaped into the air.

"Kill—"