

Pavilion 441

Chapter 441 - 441 Heading Off to the Southern Wasteland, Zihu Receives Gifts (2)

However, there were Heaven Realm demons in the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

Not only could the Heaven Realm demons in these secret realms fully unleash their strength, but they also had the support of various ancient bloodline powers and their combat strength was powerful.

If that was all, the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm would not be the most dangerous place in the Southern Wasteland.

According to the information Han Muye had obtained, he came to a conclusion.

The Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was connected to other realms.

In other words, Heavenly Mystic Realm cultivators were not the only ones who entered the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

Consolidating the information on the returns after entering the secret realm, Han Muye deduced that every 500 years, foreign cultivators would enter the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

Because every 500 years, the demons of the Southern Wasteland would suffer heavy losses after entering the secret realm.

That was why the demons of the Southern Wasteland invited the Flood Dragon Clan to join them.

The demons of the Southern Wasteland did not reject the participation of the forces of the Central Continent.

If all the deductions were correct, then the opening of the secret realm this time would coincide with the start of another 500 years.

Looking down at the excited juniors of the sect in front of him, Han Muye felt a little emotional.

This was how cultivation was. Only by risking one's life time and time again to fight for opportunities could one obtain a chance to advance further.

After returning from the previous Nine Sects Competition, these elites had undergone a complete transformation. There was a huge gap between them and their peers.

If they obtained another opportunity from the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm this time, these elites would grow to become the pillars of the sect in a hundred years.

As for those disciples of the same generation, most of them might stop at the Foundation Establishment realm and never have another chance in their lives.

Su Yuan explained the situation in the secret realm while explaining how the sects of the Western Frontier would head to the Southern Wasteland.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect would be escorted by the sect's Grand Patriarch, Tao Ran. The Sword Pavilion Elder, Han Muye, would lead the team into the secret realm.

This was also the reason why Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran were attending the meeting today.

“This time, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will lead the various sects of the Western Frontier into the secret realm. Not only do you have to fight for resources, but you also have to show the bearing and ability of the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

“Patriarch Tao Ran is in charge of escorting them along the way. He will also guard the outside of the secret realm.

“In the secret realm, everything will be arranged by Elder Han Muye.”

After Su Yuan finished speaking, the sect master, Tuoba Cheng stood up and spoke.

The disciples hurriedly cupped their hands and bowed to Patriarch Tao Ran and Han Muye.

Han Muye waved his hand and said, “According to the previous rules, the moment you enter the secret realm, the power of teleportation will group people of the same bloodline.

“In other words, we will probably be in the human gathering place in the secret realm.

“Everyone who enters the secret realm, locate your sect’s base right away and gather your strength.”

Glancing at everyone, Han Muye said calmly, “We only have this chance to enter the secret realm. How many opportunities we obtain will depend on whether you can meet up with me as soon as possible.

“If you’re alone, you might not be able to leave the secret realm alive.”

If an outsider said such a thing, it might be repulsive.

They would find the opportunities in the secret realm by themselves. Why did they have to team up?

But it was Han Muye who spoke.

Sword Pavilion Elder, Immortal Han had opportunities with him.

Immortal Han was synonymous with opportunity on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Not to mention those senior and junior brothers who had received Immortal Han’s guidance and had already gone to the Central Continent, how many disciples in the sect had risen because of Elder Han?

He Xuanqi was now a core member of the direct disciples. The combat strength of his dual swords was incomparably powerful.

Instructor Lin of the Sword Pavilion, Senior Brother Lu Gao, Yang Mingxuan...

There were also many fellow disciples who had received a few words of guidance from Elder Han when they received their swords. Which one of them did not soar into the sky?

There were unspoken rules on the Nine Mystic Mountain. When Immortal Han spoke, people would be willing to put themselves at risk.

There must be a huge opportunity on the other side.

“Yes, Elder Han!”

In the hall, more than a hundred sect elites bowed again.

Everyone was filled with fighting spirit.

After the disciples and elders dispersed, Han Muye stood up.

“Little Han, what are your plans for entering the secret realm this time?” Tao Ran looked at Han Muye and grinned.

In his opinion, with Han Muye’s combat strength, entering the secret realm was nothing.

If he wanted to obtain any bloodline power, it would depend on what Han Muye thought.

The key was that in this secret realm, besides the power of bloodline, there was also Duan Jiuxiao’s inheritance and the Ten Thousand Demons Token.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “I’ll take Zhihu around. Let’s take whatever opportunity we encounter.”

Just taking Huang Zhihu around?

Patriarch Tao Ran opened his mouth, disappointment flashing in his eyes.

“My Nine Mystic Sword Sect is the number one sect in the Western Frontier, and we use the Sword Dao as our foundation. The opportunities in this Southern Wasteland secret realm are indeed insignificant,” Tuoba Cheng said calmly.

He raised his hand, and there was a faint golden blood pearl in his palm.

“This is the ancient bloodline power of the Southern Wasteland White Tiger Clan.

“They hope to form an alliance with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the secret realm.” With a flick of his finger, the blood pearl landed in front of Han Muye.

Ancient White Tiger Bloodline.

Han Muye reached out and held it, feeling the surging power in his palm.

“Let’s see if there’s a chance to form an alliance in the secret realm.” Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye and chuckled. “I won’t interfere with how you do things in the secret realm.”

As he had said, as long as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect developed steadily, it would be enough to suppress the Western Frontier.

Be it other opportunities or resources, they were dispensable.

“What about the Ten Thousand Demons Token?” Han Muye put away the blood pearl and looked up at Tuoba Cheng.

“If the Southern Wasteland finds the Ten Thousand Demons Token this time and uses it to control all the clans, it will be a huge threat to our Western Frontier.”

A scattered demon clan was a good demon clan.

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United demons had powerful combat strength and many things would happen.

Tuoba Cheng laughed but did not speak again.

Since Han Muye mentioned this, he naturally had his own plans.

Han Muye left the hall and did not return to the Sword Pavilion immediately. Instead, he turned around and went to the library.

In front of the long table on the second floor, Huang Zhihu was lying at a long table, writing stroke by stroke.

Beside her, Cui Helian, the deacon elder of the library, stood with a straight face with his hands behind his back.

When Han Muye came, Cui Helian simply nodded indifferently.

Han Muye did not say anything. After Huang Zhihu finished writing a page and looked up, he smiled and said, "Your handwriting has improved a lot today."

"Zihu greets Foster Father." Huang Zhihu put down the ink brush, stood up, cupped her hands, and bowed to Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and looked at Cui Helian. "Elder Cui, I'm going down the mountain to the Southern Wasteland with Zihu in a few days. Let's put her studies aside for the time being."

Hearing that she was going to leave her studies and go to the Southern Wasteland, Huang Zhihu's expression changed, and her eyes were filled with a bright light.

Cui Helian nodded and said, "Senior Brother Han, it's more urgent for you to arrange something important."

After saying that, he turned to look at Huang Zhihu. "You mustn't forget to study every day."

There was a faint Great Spirit flowing around his body. His figure and aura were completely different from three years ago.

In Jinyang City, Cui Helian taught Huang Zhihu while comprehending the secular world and successfully cultivated the Great Spirit.

With the help of the Great Spirit, his spiritual energy cultivation also broke through the bottleneck.

Huang Zhihu responded by bowing respectfully to Cui Helian. Then she packed up her brush and ink, carried her book bag, and walked to Han Muye's side.

"Elder Cui, the White Deer Mountain Academy in the Central Continent lacks instructors. Can you go to the White Deer Mountain?" Han Muye left a letter and led Huang Zhihu downstairs.

Confucianism was truly prosperous in the Central Continent.

If Cui Helian wanted to cultivate Confucianism more deeply, he had to go to the Central Continent.

Hearing Han Muye's words, joy flashed across Cui Helian's face. He picked up the envelope on the table with both hands and saw that it was empty except for a few words on the envelope.

To Dongfang Shu, Han Mu.

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Three days later, the spiritual light on the Nine Mystic Mountain flourished, and three thousand-foot-long flying ships soared into the sky.

The aura of this trip was incomparable.

This was the prestige of the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

Along the way, various sects came to visit and escort them as usual.

The flying ship traveled 8,000 miles a day. It was not until half a month later that they left the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's territory.

After becoming the number one sect in the Western Frontier, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's power had expanded by more than half.

This was only the beginning.

After the flying ship left the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, its speed began to increase. In less than three days, it arrived at Fengshou Mountain.

Passing by Cloud Nest Ridge, all the flying ships stopped. Han Muye led Huang Zhihu around the Ridge.

"When I grow up, I'll definitely find Father."

Huang Zhihu clenched her fists and shouted.

Han Muye smiled and nodded, reaching out to stroke the little girl's hair.

When Sixth Brother sees this little girl, will he smile until his teeth can't be seen? he wondered.

When the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's flying ships arrived at the Cloud Nest Ridge, other flying ships rose and lined up to welcome them.

Spiritual light filled the sky, illuminating the sky over 10,000 miles.

"So beautiful..."

Huang Zhihu, who was leaning against the window, muttered.

The disciples of the Sword Sect stood tall and straight at the bow of the flying ship with a serious expression.

However, there was an uncontrollable power surging from their bodies.

This power fused with the sword intent, blood essence, and spiritual qi, turning into a huge sword phantom.

This was the prestige of the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

If they did not become the number one sect in the Western Frontier, how could they obtain the respect of thousands of sects?

If they did not become the number one sect in the Western Frontier, how could they have the glory they had today?

“Greetings, Patriarch Tao Ran.”

“Greetings, Elder Han.”

“Immortal Han, that’s Immortal Han!”

“I saw that person last time. It’s Song Seven from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. He’s really a sword expert.”

“To attempt the impossible. Do you see that? The one with the dual swords on his back. It’s said that his fallen junior brother is deeply in love with him. Unfortunately, it can only be impossible to achieve...”

...

Countless gazes landed on Han Muye, then turned to Huang Zhihu, who was being held by him.

Huang Zhihu was currently wearing a moon-white brocade robe. Her hair was tied into a Daoist bun, and a small sword hung from her waist. She carried a small bag diagonally on her back.

She looked like a child from a Daoist sect.

“That is...” Someone looked at Huang Zhihu and said blankly, “Immortal Han’s disciple, or...”

“That’s Sixth Brother’s legitimate daughter. Immortal Han raised her as his own daughter,” someone said solemnly.

Sixth Brother’s daughter.

The elite disciples who participated in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s succession ceremony last time knew Huang Zhihu’s identity.

“So she’s Sixth Brother’s daughter. If Sixth Brother hadn’t sacrificed himself in Cloud Nest Ridge, I would have been killed by the Greater Demon.” The young Daoist priest who spoke stuffed a hand into his pocket and began to search.

“It’s really hard to find a gift that’s suitable for a little girl. Is an eighth grade pill not good enough?

“Seventh grade pill? Last time, I saw He Ziyang from the Jinyang Daoist Sect give her a seventh grade supreme grade pill.” The person who spoke grinned. “I happened to have a thousand-year-old spiritual herb at that time. It was not shabby to take it out.”

Shameful.

The eighth grade pill he was about to take out was stuffed back.

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On Fengshou Mountain, the teams from the various sects stayed for 10 days.

In the past 10 days, all the sects had escorted the elders and the leading disciples had naturally met up several times.

The elite disciples of the various sects also gathered in private.

Unfortunately, Immortal Han of the Sword Pavilion was busy. He only brought Huang Zhihu to meet the elites of the various sects twice and did not appear again.

However, Huang Zhihu would definitely attend every gathering.

The maid servant, Yun Di, held Huang Zhihu's hand and greeted everyone they met.

She was Huang Six's daughter, Han Muye's adopted daughter, and had the lowest seniority.

Over the past few days, Huang Zhihu counted the greeting gifts given by these martial aunts and uncles several times.

They were all elites of various sects. They were rich and generous.

Huang Zhihu's memory was outstanding. She was able to recount who gave what when she brought the gifts back.

Han Muye would briefly introduce the people he remembered.

"Zhu Dasheng from the Clear Moon Sect? He only gave me a Beauty Retaining Jade Fruit. This guy's swordsmanship is ordinary, but his temperament is still lacking. Last time, I saw him being chased by demon beasts.

"Li Jing? The one who uses the Dream Circle Sword Technique like a god? He's not skilled but he's quite generous."

As Huang Zhihu watched Yun Di help her count the treasures, she quietly listened to Han Muye's words before repeating them to people at the next gathering.

"My foster father said that Martial-Uncle Zhu Dasheng of the Clear Moon Dao Sect has extraordinary sword techniques and dao techniques. He will definitely obtain a huge opportunity this time.

"My foster father said that Martial-Aunt Li Jing of the Four Swords Sect is good at the Dream Circle Sword Technique. This time, she will definitely shine in the secret realm.

"My foster father said..."

All those who were named gave her valuable treasures.

Hearing Han Muye's comments, the sect elites looked excited.

Immortal Han's words were affirmative.

"Huhu remembers Immortal Han's evaluation of Martial Aunt. You've really worked hard. This is an amulet refined from Yinghe Chalcedony. Keep it." A female cultivator in green took out a sparkling and translucent jade talisman and handed it to Huang Zhihu.

Huang Zhihu held the jade talisman and nodded. "Don't worry, Martial-Aunt. I'll definitely tell Foster Father that today, Martial-Aunt gave me another good treasure.

"Foster father said that we have to remember the kindness of others when they give us gifts. If there's a chance, we have to repay them."

Immortal Han's repayment?

The elites of the various sects reached into their bags again.

Chapter 443 - 443 Goodbye, Gao Changgong, the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm Opens

Although the Southern Wasteland and the Western Frontier were still at odds, the atmosphere on Fengshou Mountain had eased.

When Patriarch Tao Ran arrived, he even met with the half-step Heaven Realm demons stationed here.

After the truce, the Heaven Realm experts on both sides retreated.

Regardless of whether it was the Southern Wasteland or the Western Frontier, there were not that many Heaven Realm experts on Fengshou Mountain.

Ten days later, spiritual light shone on Fengshou Mountain as flying ships rose into the sky.

The three thousand-foot-long flying ships of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were in front, followed by the flying ships of the Spiritual Dao Sect, the Shangyang Demon Sect, and the rest of the nine sects.

Behind them, hundreds of flying ships of various sizes lined up. The scene was magnificent.

The flying ships cut through the astral winds, bringing with them endless streams of light as they crossed the Fengshou Mountain Range and headed towards the hinterland of the Southern Wasteland.

Entering the Southern Wasteland, the scenery looked different.

There was a hint of brutality in the spiritual energy of the Southern Wasteland, unlike the peace and calm of the Western Frontier.

The land of the Southern Wasteland was mostly wasteland. It did not have the verdant forests of the Western Frontier.

Demon clans could be seen everywhere in the Southern Wasteland.

There were clans that had already become villages, and there were also groups of demon beasts scattered everywhere.

"Demons pursue the purification of bloodline power. They don't value demon beasts that can't take human form.

"That's why most demons aren't willing to fight in their beast forms.

"The fact that they can't transform is also a sign that their bloodline is low."

Standing at the bow of the flying ship, Han Muye explained the characteristics of the demons in the Southern Wasteland in a low voice.

“Of course, demons whose bloodline purity is too high and can’t transform at low levels have a noble status among the demons.”

While low-level demonic beasts with weak bloodline power were unable to transform, demonic beasts with strong bloodline power were also unable to transform, albeit because of the pure bloodline power.

However, as long as these demon beasts transformed, they would be at the Earth Realm at the very least.

For example, the Flood Dragon Clan was similar to the human royal family in the demon race.

“What about the big geese? Do they know how to transform?” Huang Zhihu asked as she held onto the slender crane beside her.

The heavenly crane seemed to understand her words. It lowered its head and gently touched Huang Zhihu’s palm.

Of course, the heavenly crane could transform.

Moreover, it was the kind that had a very high bloodline and required an Earth Realm cultivation to transform.

Han Muye smiled and nodded, then looked into the distance.

In the distant sky, demonic qi filled the sky, turning the clouds in the sky into billowing clouds.

The great demons of the Southern Wasteland were already waiting ahead.

Han Muye’s expression was indifferent.

He hoped that the demons of the Southern Wasteland would not do anything this time. Otherwise, he did not mind teaching these demons a lesson.

“Boom!”

In front of them, the demonic qi turned into the phantoms of demonic beasts as they approached the fleet of the Western Frontier.

“A show of strength?” Patriarch Tao Ran cracked a smile. “This welcome ceremony is not bad.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the power of flames rose from his body.

“I really miss the days when I was in the Fire Source World. I could kill anyone I want.”

As he spoke, the flames on his body turned into a soaring dragon that condensed into a 100,000-foot-tall body.

The fire dragon’s body trembled. It roared and charged out with endless flames.

As soon as the fire dragon appeared, flames filled the sky and surrounded the demon beast phantoms.

Not only did the flames burn the phantoms condensed from demonic qi, but they also devoured the souls behind the condensed phantoms!

This was the specialty of the Prairie Fire Sword Technique after it became a major force—the devouring power.

“Fellow Daoist Tao Ran, don’t be angry!”

“Western Frontier Fellow Daoist, this is too much!”

“Calm down, calm down...”

In the distance, cries of alarm could be heard.

Patriarch Tao Ran laughed out loud, but the fire dragon did not retreat. Instead, it circled around and charged downwards.

The 10,000-foot tall fire dragon bared its fangs and brandished its claws. It spat out dragon breath flames that could burn the world, causing the Heavenly Dao of the Southern Wasteland to tremble. Strong winds interweaved around the fire dragon.

“Block it!”

“This is crazy. Is he trying to kill all the elites of the Southern Wasteland who have entered the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm?”

“Everyone, quickly join forces. This fire dragon has become a powerful force!”

With a chaotic sound, the demonic lights below collided with the flames and finally perished with the fire dragon.

Several Heaven Realm demon cultivators flew out and landed 100,000 feet away.

“Patriarch Tao Ran, what do you mean?”

“The Southern Wasteland has signed a peace treaty with the Western Frontier. Are you going to break it?”

“Tao Ran, do you really want to be enemies with the demons of the Southern Wasteland? Do you think you can dominate the Southern Wasteland with this little combat strength?”

A few slightly disheveled demon cultivators shouted.

Among them was a second level Nascent Soul Realm white ape demon.

Patriarch Tao Ran laughed out loud, but his expression turned cold.

“If you can’t block it, I’ll really kill all of you demon cubs.”

These words immediately caused the already solemn atmosphere to turn extremely cold.

Those few Heaven Realm demon cultivators could not suppress their fighting spirit.

The demonic beast phantom condensed again. Tao Ran didn’t give in. Flames surrounded his body.

Patriarch Tao Ran had always been unpopular.

He really did not know if it was a good or bad decision to let him participate in the secret realm exploration as the guard of the Western Frontier.

The sect elders on the flying ships behind him smiled wryly and spiritual light surged from their bodies.

In a battle for power, strength was the deciding factor.

If the Western Frontier did not have enough strength, wouldn't they be courting death by coming to the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm?

Although Tao Ran's actions today were arrogant, he was not wrong.

"Patriarch Tao Ran, your mouth is still so vicious.

"But this time, it sounds good to me."

Right then, a voice sounded from afar.

Han Muye smiled.

Gao Changgong.

The Sword Pavilion elder, Gao Changgong.

Former elder.

Gao Changgong wore a green robe and a tall crown on his head. His figure was tall and straight, and his beard had been specially trimmed. Spiritual light and sword qi rushed into the sky. It was obvious that he had stepped into the Heaven Realm.

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However, no matter how dignified and extraordinary his aura was, he could not suppress the tyrannical strength of the female general in light red armor beside him.

The battle intent was restrained, but a murderous aura filled the air.

She stood there, in a sea of red.

Although her face was delicate and pretty, there was a murderous aura flashing in her eyes.

This baleful aura was not only the power of heaven and earth drawn by a Heaven Realm late-stage Nascent Soul Realm expert, but it also came from the might of the army that controlled hundreds of thousands of soldiers and fought in battles.

She was one of the few female generals in the Red Flame Army, one of the commanders of the Central Continent's Southern Wasteland army, the Phoenix Aid General, Xiao Yueli.

Han Muye had used the trading company to investigate this general.

The Xiao family was a big family in the Central Continent Imperial City. There were many officials and generals in the family.

The head of the Xiao family, Xiao Lingshan, was one of the three major generals of the Red Flame Army in the dynasty. He controlled hundreds of thousands of personal guards of the Red Flame Army and was on duty in the Imperial City.

Xiao Yueli's elder brother was an imperial censor, and his cultivation in Confucianism had reached the Grandmaster Realm.

Of course, the Mystic Sun Guards' Qian Yiming was also from a big family in the Imperial City and had a deep background.

Otherwise, why would Qian Yiming compete with Butcher Lu?

When Xiao Yueli and Gao Changgong arrived, the demons immediately lost their nerve and retracted their phantoms.

"Gao Changgong, you don't want to return to the Nine Mystic Mountain in the Southern Wasteland, right?"

"I've already relied on my own efforts to step into the Heaven Realm. How are you?"

Patriarch Tao Ran emphasized the words 'relied on my own efforts'.

Gao Changgong smiled respectfully without speaking.

Beside him, Xiao Yueli, who had a cold expression, snorted coldly. The blood energy around her vibrated.

An indescribable oppressive force pressed down on the Western Frontier fleet.

Han Muye stood at the bow and shook his head. He took a step forward and bowed to Gao Changgong. "Han Muye greets Elder Gao and General Xiao."

Gao Changgong smiled and nodded at Han Muye.

"You know me?" Xiao Yueli turned to Han Muye, and a cold force that seemed to penetrate her body instantly pressed down.

"At the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, when Elder Gao wanted to fight to the death, he told me that when I entered the Central Continent, I had to tell a woman called Xiao Yueli that Gao Changgong really wanted to let go of everything and follow her.

"It must be Xiao Yueli who can make Elder Gao let go of the important matters in the Western Frontier."

Han Muye cupped his hands and spoke loudly.

At this moment, all the cultivators on the flying ships of the Western Frontier poked their heads out.

Gao Changgong stood there. His expression first flashed with emotion, then revealed a trace of shyness. He blushed.

Beside him, the female general, who was originally filled with killing intent, trembled slightly and slowly turned her head.

They looked like a loving couple, but it didn't seem appropriate on this occasion.

Han Muye coughed lightly, then lowered his head and said, "Zhihu, this is Patriarch Gao of the Sword Pavilion. Back then, your father was a disciple of Patriarch Gao in the Sword Pavilion."

Hearing Han Muye's words, the pretty little girl took a few steps forward, then knelt on both knees, leaned on the bow, and kowtowed three times to Gao Changgong.

"Huang Zhihu greets great grandpa, great grandma."

"Huang Zhihu?" Gao Changgong was slightly stunned, then said, "It's Huang Zhenxiong's girl? She's already so big?"

He was still in a daze when Xiao Yueli, who was beside him, reached out and pulled Zhihu up. The two of them landed on the bow of the flying ship.

Xiao Yueli reached out to help Huang Zhihu up, a loving expression on her face.

"What a good girl. Great Grandma likes you."

She was very happy to be called Great Grandma.

As she spoke, Xiao Yueli took out a short golden spear that was only two feet long.

Oh my god, a superior-grade spiritual weapon!

The corners of Han Muye's mouth twitched slightly. He turned around and saw Gao Changgong looking uneasy.

How can Elder Gao's wealth compare to General Xiao's?

A man has to have a strong backbone...

At this moment, Han Muye actually had a realization.

Seeing Han Muye look at him, Gao Changgong sized him up and sighed softly. "I've often heard of the name Immortal Han in the Western Frontier.

"I can be at ease now that the Sword Pavilion is in your hands."

Xiao Yueli also looked up at Han Muye.

"I often heard Changgong say that you are indeed a rare sword cultivator.

"When we go to the Central Continent, I'll help arrange a marriage for you in the Imperial City."

Han Muye's face stiffened and he forced a smile. "Thank you, General Xiao."

...

Xiao Yueli and Gao Changgong were not the only ones from the Central Continent. There were also nearly a thousand cultivators and generals in red and black armor.

Although these Central Continent cultivators looked down on the Western Frontier, Xiao Yueli and Gao Changgong boarded the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's flying ship. They could only place the flying ship with the flying ship in the Western Frontier.

However, there was a clear distance between them.

On the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's flying ship, Han Muye asked Yun Di to bring Huang Zhihu out.

Xiao Yueli, who was sitting at the side, looked at Yun Di in surprise.

Seeing Huang Zhihu and Yun Di walk out, leaving only Old Patriarch Gao Changgong, Han Muye, and herself in the cabin, Xiao Yueli said in a low voice, "Is that the sword spirit body of a magic treasure?"

A magic treasure, a sword spirit, such a treasure was also priceless in the Central Continent. Only large factions could have it.

"Of course I have something good for Zhihu." Han Muye laughed, his expression relaxed, as if he was talking about an ordinary item.

Hearing his words, Xiao Yueli nodded, and a trace of emotion flashed across her face.

"Your Sword Pavilion is really not bad."

A smug smile flashed across Gao Changgong's face.

On the side, Patriarch Tao Ran also chuckled.

He had long seen Yun Di and was also shocked by Han Muye's handiwork.

"What are your plans for the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm this time?" Xiao Yueli looked at Patriarch Tao Ran, then turned to Han Muye.

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"Qian Yiming is leading 3,000 death warriors and preparing to obtain the Ten Thousand Demons Token."

She immediately revealed this secret.

Han Muye understood that Xiao Yueli said it in advance to remind him and the others not to have any ideas about the Ten Thousand Demons Token.

"It's that commander of the Southern Garrison, right?" Tao Ran frowned. "He's already such a big official. Why does he still need the Ten Thousand Demons Token?"

Xiao Yueli did not speak, but Han Muye said, "He's preparing to step into the Heaven Realm, right?"

Stepping into the Heaven Realm.

Originally, Han Muye did not know why the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards was not at the Heaven Realm.

Later on, he talked to Lu Chen and cultivators outside the realm and found out the reason.

Lu Chen's son, Lu Yang, one of the three commanders of the Mystic Sun Guards, was only half a step into the Heaven Realm.

However, the Mystic Sun Guards' combat strength was not measured by spiritual qi cultivation.

Just like Han Muye now.

The half-step Heaven Realm cultivators among the Mystic Sun Guards who suppressed their cultivation and did not break through were trying to refine their Great Dao.

The Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent respected Confucianism. If they broke through to the Heaven Realm in the Central Continent, they would be tainted by Confucianism.

Such Heaven Realm experts would lose some of their combat strength after stepping out of the Heavenly Mystic World.

Only cultivators who relied purely on their own strength to cultivate and possess their own Great Dao would have complete Great Dao after stepping into Heaven Realm. Even if they left the Heavenly Mystic World, their combat strength would not decrease.

Patriarch Tao Ran had made a breakthrough in the outer realm and perfected his own Great Dao. That was why he was able to suppress several cultivators of the Southern Wasteland.

Among the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army of the Central Continent Dynasty, these people who accumulated strength and made breakthroughs and had complete Great Dao were the main forces of the Heavenly Mystic World in conquering the outer regions.

Han Muye explained in a low voice. Patriarch Tao Ran understood now.

Xiao Yueli looked at Han Muye curiously.

"You even know such a secret?"

This matter could not be considered a true secret, but it was difficult for a cultivator of the Western Frontier to know.

Han Muye pointed at the small black sword in his hair and chuckled. "I'm now considered the reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards. I naturally have to understand such things."

Mystic Sun Guards reserve commander?

Xiao Yueli looked at the small sword and nodded.

No wonder.

Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran did not say if the Western Frontier would fight for the Ten Thousand Demons Token.

In Xiao Yueli's opinion, it was fine as long as she told Han Muye about this. She believed that Han Muye would know what to do.

The Western Frontier's combat strength was far inferior to the Central Continent's. Moreover, with Qian Yiming's combat strength and the 3,000 death warriors, the Western Frontier could not compete even if they wanted to.

"Boom!"

A rumbling sound came from the sky.

When he walked out of the cabin, he could see green demonic light and sword qi crisscrossing in the east. There was also black demonic qi that was spreading.

"The Spiritual Armored demons are getting stronger and stronger. I'm afraid they will become a huge threat to the Heavenly Mystic in the future."

Xiao Yueli narrowed her eyes and said in a deep voice.

Having seen the Black-Armored Fish Demon's endless attacks, Han Muye's expression darkened.

On the Jialing River, he had led a group of elites from the Western Frontier to kill many Black-Armored Fish Demons.

However, this fish demon race seemed to have endless experts. It was going against the waves all the way.

If it weren't for the fact that the Black-Armored Fish Demon Clan didn't have a true expert, they might have a chance to occupy the entire Eastern Sea.

Just as Xiao Yueli had said, it was really going to become a huge problem.

The three forces of the Eastern Sea had arrived. There were sword cultivators, flood dragon demons, and black-armored fish demons.

The sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea did not have the absolute command of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect like the Western Frontier. The five great sword sects each had more than a thousand sword cultivator disciples.

After the Heaven Realm elder of the Cang Mountain Sword Sect settled down, he brought Gu Yuanlong to visit.

Seeing Huang Zhihu and knowing that she was Han Muye's adopted daughter, he naturally gave her many treasures from the Eastern Sea.

After the Cang Mountain Sword Sect left, the leader of the Flood Dragon Clan came over.

Qing Tong.

There was a graceful aura about her. She was wearing a half-armor and a golden crown on her head. She looked very similar to Xiao Yueli in the red armor.

"Phoenix Aid General, I've heard a lot about you."

Qing Tong looked at Xiao Yueli and cupped her hands with a smile.

Turning around, the pink and chubby Huang Zhihu blinked her eyes.

“My foster father said that the flood dragons of the Eastern Sea are the richest. Aunt, is that true?”

Qing Tong smiled and took out a handful of spiritual pearls, various shells, and a few golden corals...

The intention of the Flood Dragon Clan was very clear. They wanted to form an alliance.

As an ally of the Western Frontier’s Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Flood Dragon Clan’s request was to try their best to kill the experts of the Spiritual Armored Clan in the secret realm.

“According to our calculations, the Spiritual Armored Clan has reinforcements in the secret realm.”

Qing Tong looked at Han Muye and Xiao Yueli and said in a low voice, “They might also want to use this opportunity to greatly injure the vitality of the other parties.”

The Central Continent was attacking the Southern Wasteland. If the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was controlled by the Central Continent in the future, who knew what would happen if they entered it?

This time, the opening of the secret realm might be the grandest and most tragic.

Almost everyone was prepared to find what they needed.

After the Flood Dragons left, unexpected guests boarded the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s flying ship.

Demons.

Southern Wasteland Demonic Race.

It wasn’t the White Tiger and the other great clans that had quietly formed an alliance, but an elephant clan youth with a large bow on his back. He was over 10 feet tall, and had jade-colored skin and icy blue eyes.

The young man held a small white fox in his hands.

“Xiaobai said that she wanted to see you guys.” The elephant youth’s voice was rough and there was a hint of honesty on his face.

“Xiaobai said that Senior Brother Han can help me find the bloodline I want in the secret realm. Also, there’s good wine.” Speaking of good wine, the elephant youth’s long nose twitched a few times.

Huang Zhihu leaned over and only reached the calf of the elephant youth.

“By the way, my name is Xiang Lingshuang. I have the bloodline of the Elephant Clan.” The Elephant Clan youth carefully handed the little white fox in his arms to Huang Zhihu before he remembered to introduce himself.

“The Heavenly Mystic’s cultivation is prosperous, and we can’t stop the alien races.” Looking at this young man from the elephant clan, Xiao Yueli smiled and said, “There are cruel and ruthless clans among the demon race, and there are also honest and kind clans.”

He nodded.

This was what the cultivation world looked like.

How could a single human who cultivated a single path be considered prosperous?

“Buzz!”

In the distant land, a blood-colored spiritual light rose.

“The demon race’s blood sacrifice has begun.

“Once the blood sacrifice is completed, the secret realm will open.”

Han Muye muttered, his eyes flickering.

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Blood sacrifice.

Several white-haired Heaven Realm demons stood on the high platform in front of them. They were wearing linen robes and holding short knives in their hands.

Behind them were 100 Heaven Realm and half-step Heaven Realm experts.

These people had different forms. Some had two horns on their heads, some had manes on their heads, and some had long tails, and some had big ears fanning them gently.

Under the platform, dozens of demon phalanges were neatly arranged.

Each phalanx consisted of a thousand Earth Realm demons.

The strength of the demons of the Southern Wasteland was obvious.

“Sacrifice—”

An aged voice sounded. All the demons gripped their knives tightly.

“Slash—”

A long saber was pulled out, and blood splattered.

Blood qi instantly filled the air.

Between heaven and earth, a strong wind was blowing fiercely.

The boundless power seemed to come from the ancient times.

The Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was opened with the blood of ten thousand demons.

Blood sacrifice.

A huge tornado formed and the space was swept clean.

A courtyard that was filled with blood qi appeared.

It was as green as the wilderness.

“Enter the secret realm and let your qi and blood guide you. After a hundred days, return with your blood as your guide.”

The person with the aged voice came to the side of the lofty courtyard and sat cross-legged on the ground.

In the square formation of the demons, the demon experts below the age of 500 walked to the front of the gate. They put down their short knives and pressed their bloody palms against the gate.

Then spiritual light and blood energy wrapped around their bodies, and these Earth Realm demons disappeared on the spot.

Their short knives were left in front of the thousand-foot-tall gate.

Using their bloodline as a guide, they entered the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

“Let’s go.”

After the thousands of demons in the Southern Wasteland entered the secret realm, Han Muye shouted in a low voice. He led Huang Zhihu and took a step forward, landing in front of the gate.

Huang Zhihu was a little nervous. She held the little white fox in her hand and refused to let go.

Xiang Lingshuang stood behind Huang Zhihu and did not leave her side.

The young elites of the Western Frontier flew behind Han Muye and the others, and spiritual light surged from their bodies.

On the other side, a group of black-armored fish demons covered in black scales and holding alien weapons strode over.

The young man in charge turned to look at Han Muye and opened his mouth, revealing a mouthful of sharp white teeth.

A cold aura attacked the Western Frontier team, causing the astral winds to tremble.

“No fighting outside the secret realm.” The aged voice sounded.

The leader of the Black-Armored Fish Demons laughed loudly and walked forward. He reached out and slapped the gate, leaving a bloody mark before disappearing.

Behind him, fish demons covered in black scales followed.

Thousands of black-armored fish demons had just entered the courtyard when a team of Central Continent soldiers wearing black armor and black iron masks walked forward.

At the front of the soldiers was a middle-aged man with a long sword in his hand. He was wearing half-armor and had a sinister expression.

“From the Western Frontier?” The middle-aged man sized up Han Muye, then glared at Huang Zhihu, who was holding Han Muye’s hand.

Originally, he thought that Huang Zhihu would be afraid. Unexpectedly, Huang Zhihu frowned and pointed at the middle-aged man. "Foster father, he glared at me. He's not a good person."

The middle-aged man was stunned for a moment before he laughed loudly. His expression indeed turned cold. "The Western Frontier is in cahoots with the Southern Wasteland. When I return from the secret realm, I'll destroy the Western Frontier altogether."

Commander.

Qian Yiming.

According to Xiao Yueli, Qian Yiming offered a 10-year truce in exchange for the right to enter the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

However, now as he heard it, this ambitious commander of the Mystic Sun Guards seemed to have a prejudice against the Western Frontier.

"Is Commander Qian interested in the Western Frontier?" Han Muye's expression did not change as he said calmly, "Then I hope you have the chance to come to the Western Frontier as a guest."

"I'll be hospitable."

Hospitable.

What else could a sword cultivator's hospitality be other than swords?

Qian Yiming did not seem to expect Han Muye to be neither servile nor overbearing. He was slightly stunned, then smiled and said, "Alright, alright. I believe you."

With that, he strode forward and shouted, "Kid, don't die in the secret realm."

"Commander Qian, the same," Han Muye replied.

Han Muye did not believe that the demons of the Southern Wasteland would not use the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm to get rid of Qian Yiming.

Qian Yiming let out a long laugh. He slammed his palm on the gate and disappeared.

The black-armored masked soldiers walked silently behind him. Groups of them stepped into the courtyard, and only the clanging of iron armor could be heard.

It was indeed a strong army that obeyed orders.

Han Muye looked back. The Eastern Sea sword cultivators and flood dragons had also arrived.

"After entering the secret realm, it's best for everyone to gather with our sect's fellow disciples immediately. My fellow Daoists from the Western Frontier hope that there will be fewer internal strife in the secret realm and that we will support each other."

With that, Han Muye led Huang Zhihu slowly to the gate and pressed his hand on it.

A faint blood energy was extracted. Then spatial power enveloped Han Muye, Huang Zhihu, and the little white fox in Huang Zhihu's arms.

Xiang Lingshuang, who was standing behind them, hurriedly stepped forward and pressed his hand on the gate.

A spiritual light enveloped him as well.

Han Muye could feel the spatial power entering his body, guided by his bloodline power.

While teleporting in the void, Han Muye's heart skipped a beat. Instead of following his bloodline power, a spatial power surged out of his body and pulled him away with Huang Zhihu and the white fox she was carrying.

When they landed, they were in a forest filled with green bushes.

Huang Zhihu held the little white fox in her hands, while the elephant youth, Xiang Lingshuang stood behind her and grinned.

In the distance, several figures flashed past.

They were not humans, but strong demons with sharp ears.

This was not a place where humans gathered, but the territory of the demons.

Han Muye had just changed the location of the teleportation. Using the bloodlines of the little white fox and Xiang Lingshuang, they were naturally teleported to the territory of the demons.

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The spatial power on Han Muye's body shook, and the soul power in his divine treasure reached out.

His divine sense and spatial power revolved and returned to his body.

"This is the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm? Impressive."

Looking around, Han Muye muttered.

In this secret realm, the spatial power was suppressed, and the other powers were very thin.

No wonder Heaven Realm experts were unwilling to enter.

When Heaven Realm cultivators arrived, they could not use the power of heaven and earth. Their combat strength was about the same as ordinary half-step Heaven Realm cultivators.

Only those who had accumulated a lot of experience could be in their element in this secret realm.

For demons with powerful bloodlines, this secret realm was indeed very advantageous.

The demons of the Southern Wasteland were willing to share the secret realm because there were more opportunities in the secret realm.

The spiritual energy in this secret realm was vast and violent. It was also suitable for demons to cultivate.

Not only did the secret realm change in strength, but the passage of time had also changed.

This was the first time Han Muye had seen a secret realm that could change the passage of time.

Even the two secret places inherited by the ancient sects—the Fire Source World, which was a complete world, and the Heavenly Crane Region, which could nurture heavenly cranes, did not have the means to change the passage of time.

The Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was known as the holy land of the demon race. Indeed, it lived up to its name.

The passage of time in this secret realm was slow, almost 10 times slower than outside.

Ten years in the secret realm is like a year in the Southern Wasteland outside.

This method of changing the passage of time involved the Heavenly Dao. Even a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator would not have such an ability.

He wondered if the passage of time in this secret realm was set up by that Demon Venerable Duan Jiuxiao.

With 10 times the time, a hundred years in the outside world is equivalent to a thousand years here. Naturally, many experts would be born here.

However, the power of the Heavenly Dao consumed to nurture experts like this was unimaginable.

Even the Heavenly Mystic Realm did not have such rich Heavenly Dao power.

The only possibility was that this world had a way of absorbing power from elsewhere.

Han Muye sighed.

Although his spiritual energy cultivation was only at the Earth Realm, his Confucian Dao cultivation and the power of his soul were already extremely strong. He had even fought a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator before.

However, he had never heard of the countless powerful methods in the cultivation world.

This was the exciting part of the cultivation world. You would never know how many secrets were hidden in it, waiting for you to explore them.

“Swoosh!”

A figure rushed towards Han Muye, curled up, and stabbed forward with a black halo in his hand. His movements were fast.

Huang Zhihu subconsciously retracted her neck, and the little white fox in her arms narrowed her eyes.

Xiang Lingshuang, who was standing at the back, widened his eyes and stepped forward.

“Bang!”

The ground shook, and the figure trembled. He stopped 30 feet away from Han Muye, his entire body trembling, and blood flowed from his mouth.

It was a thin, pointy-eared demon who was a little more than five feet tall. He was wearing a grayish-yellow animal skin suit and had thorns tied around his hair. He held a short greenish-black blade in his hand and stood there with a terrified expression.

Not far away, more than 10 demons with the same appearance surrounded him vigilantly, holding short blades in their hands.

“You, who are you?”

The voice was strange, with a hint of a lynx’s cry.

Han Muye could sense the meaning of the voice through the vibration of his soul.

“Foster father, they asked who we are.” Huang Zhihu looked up at Han Muye, then her eyes curved into crescents.

“Sister Xiaobai told me.”

She hugged the white fox tightly.

So that was how it was.

Han Muye looked down at the little white fox and smiled.

Xiang Lingshuang took a few steps forward, clenched his fists, and let out a roar.

This sound was like an elephant’s cry, long and rough.

The demons holding short blades retreated in a panic.

In the distance, the roars of the demons could be heard.

Then many figures could be seen gathering.

They were all sharp-eared and short. The weapons in their hands were of different lengths.

“Kill—”

A deep shout came from somewhere, and all the demons rushed towards Xiang Lingshuang.

These demons moved quickly and streaked across the void.

Xiang Lingshuang stood there, his three-meter-tall body was like a mountain. He clenched his fists and shouted, “Good timing!”

Around him, there was a faint silver halo, as if a layer of silver armor had been placed around him.

Under his feet, a faint silver light turned into a halo.

There was really an ancient bloodline. Han Muye was a little surprised to see the silver halo.

He had read in ancient books that the ancient mammoth race could use the power of the earth to activate the method to shatter stars.

“Bang!”

Xiang Lingshuang threw a punch at one of the demons.

The demon's body was sent flying hundreds of feet away and rolled to the ground.

This punch stunned the demons who rushed forward.

However, the demon who had rolled to the ground got up and touched his body. His expression changed from fear to surprise.

He let out a low cry.

The other demons also cheered and rushed towards Xiang Lingshuang.

Han Muye shook his head.

The Elephant Clan was relatively peaceful and did not want to kill at will.

That punch just now could have directly blown up the body of the demon opposite him and intimidated all the other demons.

Kill one to warn a hundred others.

What a pity...

No wonder the little white fox wanted Xiang Lingshuang to seek protection from Han Muye.

With this young man's temperament, he probably wouldn't be able to survive in the secret realm.

"Get lost—"

Xiang Lingshuang roared and waved his fists and feet, sending the demons surrounding him flying.

However, he did not kill them. The bodies of the demons that were sent flying were not seriously injured. When they rushed up again, they were even more ferocious.

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The short blades in their hands stabbed into Xiang Lingshuang's body, but they could only produce a silver glow.

However, this endless harassment was really depressing.

Xiang Lingshuang roared angrily, but the demons did not retreat.

Han Muye shook his head.

He was a sword cultivator.

At this moment, the little white fox in Huang Zhihu's arms bowed slightly, opened her mouth, and let out a low roar.

Xiang Lingshuang trembled and shook his head slightly.

The little white fox was urging Xiang Lingshuang to kill the demons, but he was unwilling.

Seeing Xiang Lingshuang like this, the little white fox raised her head and suddenly let out a hiss.

“Hiss—”

Its voice was slightly ear-piercing.

However, when this voice rang out, the demons surrounding Xiang Lingshuang trembled and froze on the spot. They could not even stand up and collapsed to the ground.

Soul Intimidation, Bloodline Pressure.

The bloodline of the little white fox was one of the noblest among the foxes.

Seeing that all his opponents had fallen to the ground, Xiang Lingshuang growled twice, probably indicating that they were not allowed to come again.

Then he turned around and walked back.

The moment he stepped away, a phantom flew out from the distant bushes.

Xiang Lingshuang suddenly turned around and grabbed the bow. He pulled the bowstring and a long green arrow appeared on the bow. It carried demonic patterns and demonic light surged.

“Swoosh—”

As soon as the arrow shot out, the phantom instantly shattered.

A surge of Qi and blood rose up and condensed into a faint golden drop of blood that flew towards Xiang Lingshuang.

Xiang Lingshuang was at a loss.

At this moment, the demons sitting on the ground prostrated on the ground and kowtowed to Xiang Lingshuang.

“This arrow is not bad,” Han Muye said softly.

A member of the Elephant Clan with unlimited close combat strength had actually practiced the Divine Shooting Technique. Interesting.

“Let’s go and take a look at the Lynx Clan’s base.” With that, Han Muye led Huang Zhihu forward.

Xiang Lingshuang hurriedly grabbed the drop of blood in front of her and followed.

When he walked to the bushes, he saw a 10-foot-long black civet on the ground that had been nailed to the ground.

The lynxes carefully followed behind Xiang Lingshuang. Their eyes were filled with desire as they stared at the blood drop in Xiang Lingshuang’s palm.

Dragging the civet that had been killed by the arrow, they followed behind Han Muye and the others.

All sorts of voices could be heard as these demons introduced their identities.

This was a small base of the Lynx Clan. It was ruled by the Civet Clan and suppressed by the experts of the clan.

It was a civet demon beast that was killed by Xiang Lingshuang's arrow just now.

That fellow had fused with the bloodline power of the Lynx Clan, but he was powerless to refine it. He could only transform into his beast form to maintain the circulation of his strength.

The golden blood drop in Xiang Lingshuang's hand was the bloodline power that the Lynx Clan had assigned to protect this clan.

Originally, this drop of blood was provided for the small altar of the clan to open the door to power for the newborn Lynx clansmen.

As he absorbed more tribal bloodlines, this drop of blood could also continue to improve.

This was the continuation of countless races in the secret realm.

The bloodline activated the power of the clan, and the people of the clan used their bloodline as nourishment to increase and maintain this bloodline.

The Lynx Clan's residence was not far away. There were straw huts of various sizes that looked like there were nearly ten thousand clans.

The lynx clansmen accompanying him roared loudly. Countless clansmen rushed out from the base and carefully surrounded him.

According to these lynx clansmen, as long as they sent the blood pearl containing the bloodline of the mountain cat back to the altar, their clan would worship Xiang Lingshuang as their master.

Xiang Lingshuang turned to look at Han Muye.

"This bloodline is useless to us. You can choose to keep it for yourself to exchange with others in the future or subdue this demon race."

Han Muye spoke.

Hearing his words, Xiang Lingshuang scratched his head and looked confused. "There's nothing I want to exchange for."

With that, he shook his head again. "I don't want to subdue them either."

The elephant race was probably like this.

They just wanted to live their lives well.

Unfortunately, in the cultivation world, the demons had never been able to live such a good life without fighting.

Xiang Lingshuang raised his hand and flicked the drop of blood in front of Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, you decide."

“Then subdue this Lynx Clan first.” Han Muye grabbed the drop of blood and looked around, his eyes revealing a deep divine light.

There were rules in this secret realm, or rather, the rules of the game.

Walking to the stone platform not far away, Han Muye reached out and placed the drop of blood on it.

“Buzz!”

A dark golden light rose.

A 10-foot-tall lynx phantom appeared.

As soon as this lynx phantom appeared, all the lynxes knelt on the ground, not daring to raise their heads.

The lynx phantom slowly solidified. Its golden eyes looked at Xiang Lingshuang, then at Han Muye and Huang Zhihu. Its gaze was fixed on the little white fox.

“Honorable Skywalkers, what do you want me to do?”

Skywalkers?

Han Muye smiled.

This was the rule of the secret realm.

In the tallest straw hut in the middle of the base, a pile of red wild fruits was placed in front of Huang Zhihu.

There were also all kinds of strange fruits and meats placed on the long table for her to choose from.

The little white fox lay on the long table, holding a fruit and chewing it carefully.

Xiang Lingshuang, who was sitting cross-legged at the side, was about to hit and break through the ceiling of the thatched cottage.

In front of Han Muye, a big grayish-black lynx carefully sized up Xiang Lingshuang and the white fox, then its gaze landed on Han Muye.

“The Ten Thousand Demons Realm is the last resting place of all the demons. We struggle at death’s door here to remember the glory of our ancestors...”

The lynx muttered, its lively eyes filled with sorrow and regret.

“I came from the body of a civet cat in the wilderness. My cultivation had once touched the Heaven Realm Out of Body level.

“En, that’s probably what you Skywalkers call the cultivation realm.”

In the ancient era, a chaotic battle broke out on a star where countless demons resided. When the experts attacked, the star shattered.

The Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was created by a few almighty beings. They left behind the remnants of their bloodline to preserve the power of their bloodline.

They hoped that one day, an expert from these bloodlines would emerge with the Ten Thousand Demons Token and return to the world where countless bloodlines competed to unite all the demons.

The Ten Thousand Demons Token came from ancient times.

That world was called the Desolate Galaxy.

This was the first time Han Muye had heard this name.

However, he had sensed a vast world from the Kui hide.

That should be the Desolate Galaxy.

Chapter 449 - 449 Changing the Bloodline Power and Integrating It into the Sword Technique Inheritance

The big lynx named Shan Cang began to ramble on, from the desolation to the skywalkers, from the last bloodline battle to the ferocity of the Civet Clan.

Han Muye could tell that the power of his bloodline was slowly fading. After it became impure, his memories seemed to deteriorate.

“You can see that only by continuously purifying and fusing can the power of the bloodline become stronger. Otherwise, it will become weaker and weaker. In the end, your clan will die.

“Skywalkers who enter the secret realm have two choices. The first is to take away the bloodline. I don’t know how to deal with it.

“The second option is to help purify the bloodline power and participate in the Ten Thousand Demons Competition.”

With that, Shan Cang looked at Han Muye.

Skywalkers were the cultivators who landed in the secret realm.

According to Shan Cang, the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm could attract nearly a hundred worlds with demon bloodlines. As long as there was a demon bloodline among them, the secret realm could be opened.

Perhaps, the demons in these worlds came from the Desolate Galaxy after the Ten Thousand Demon Secret Area.

“If you want to take away the bloodline power, I can give it to you now. Then leave quickly.

“The powerhouses of the Civet Clan will arrive soon. The lynxes without bloodline power will become their food.”

Shan Cang lay on the stone bench, a trace of loneliness in his eyes.

The clan that had its bloodline protection taken away was basically doomed.

Actually, the more vicious method should be to immediately kill the entire clan and use the blood of these demon clansmen to refine the power of the bloodline.

“The skywalkers who enter the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm once every thousand years will start a Ten Thousand Demons Competition, right?” Han Muye looked at Shan Cang.

Shan Cang nodded. “Yes, their goal is the Ten Thousand Demons Token.”

“Who doesn’t want to rule all the demons and become a true Venerable of Ten Thousand Demons?”

Shan Cang narrowed his eyes and lay there. “The previous Lord of the Ten Thousand Demons was called Duan Jiuxiao.”

Duan Jiuxiao, a former member of the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

Hearing Duan Jiuxiao’s name, Xiang Lingshuang’s eyes widened.

The little white fox looked up, then lowered her head and ate another fruit.

Han Muye smiled.

“Alright, let’s participate in this Ten Thousand Demons Competition.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Shan Cang’s lively eyes were filled with surprise.

Han Muye knew that Shan Cang was selfish.

If he wanted to participate in the Ten Thousand Demons Competition, he needed to constantly consolidate the power in his hands.

Shan Cang wanted to use Han Muye and the others to increase the strength of the Lynx Clan and purify his bloodline.

Even if the Thousand Demons Competition failed, Shan Cang and the Lynx Clan behind him could still obtain a lot of benefits.

The strongest bloodline power that Shan Cang had inherited was the Heaven Realm Out of Body. Such a clan was at the lowest level in the Desolate Galaxy back then.

In the past, skywalkers would choose to nurture powerful clans. They wouldn’t take a fancy to a weak clan like the Lynx Clan.

To Han Muye, it didn’t matter where he chose to participate in the Ten Thousand Demons Competition.

What he needed to do was to quickly figure out the distribution of forces in the secret realm.

Perhaps those big clans would know more about the situation in the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm. Those demons that were directly guided by their powerful bloodlines would have an innate advantage.

For example, the Flood Dragon clan and those clans with powerful bloodlines in the Southern Wasteland.

Han Muye was a little curious as to where the Spiritual Armored Demons would be led.

Did the bloodline power of their clan also originate from the Desolate Galaxy?

These were relatively far away. He would probably be able to see them when the ten thousand demons competed later.

What Han Muye had to do now was resist the suppression of the Civet Clan, gather them, and increase their bloodline power.

Also, he had to help the little white fox and Xiang Lingshuang find the power of their bloodline.

He also had to contact the humans. At the very least, he had to pay attention to the safety of the cultivators in the Western Frontier.

“Since Master is willing to participate in the Ten Thousand Demons Competition, I’ll give you this clan-protecting weapon of the Lynx Clan.”

As Shan Cang spoke, a spiritual light flashed in front of him, and a foot-long black short blade landed in front of Han Muye.

Shan Cang was smart and could tell that Han Muye was the one in charge of this expedition.

This short blade was similar to those in the hands of the lynxes, but there was a faint murderous aura coming from it.

Han Muye reached out to hold the short blade, and a sword energy seeped into his palm.

“Buzz!”

The short blade shook, and the sword qi broke through the barrier and poured in.

All kinds of information came into Han Muye’s mind.

This short blade was made from the ribs of a lynx expert. It contained the residual power of the expert and helped the user increase his combat strength by a little.

This short blade was roughly equivalent to the peak of a semi-spiritual weapon.

After all, there were only more than 10,000 people in this lynx clan, and there were only a few of them at the Foundation Establishment realm.

However, the strength of the demons was not entirely based on their cultivation, but more on the display of their bloodline power.

The bloodline power of a newborn flood dragon could crush many clans.

Han Muye received some unexpected surprises from the short blade.

Lynxes were good at hiding and were very fast.

They concealed their auras. As long as they did not attack, it would be difficult for others to detect them.

This was the most suitable bloodline power for transmitting information.

They could also cultivate their swordsmanship.

Their physique was short and light, but they could attack silently. Such a bloodline technique was amazing for assassination at close range.

“Give me your bloodline power.”

Putting down the short blade, Han Muye spoke.

Shan Cang opened his mouth, and a golden blood pearl appeared.

Han Muye raised his hand to hold the blood pearl, his eyes emitting a golden glow.

He sensed the power of his bloodline and condensed the memories within.

If his soul was not strong enough, he might not be able to do this.

Chapter 450 - 450 Changing the Bloodline Power and Integrating It into the Sword Technique Inheritance (2)

However, his spiritual soul had surpassed the power of this blood pearl, so it was not difficult to change the power of inheritance in the blood bead.

A hundred breaths later, the blood pearl showed a faint sword intent.

“Reopen the altar and spread the inheritance.”

Handing the blood pearl back, Han Muye spoke in a low voice.

Shan Cang opened his mouth and swallowed the blood pearl. His entire body trembled, and golden sword light shone in his eyes.

He looked at Han Muye in shock.

It was hard to imagine that Han Muye had actually changed the memories in his bloodline inheritance.

The power required completely surpassed their entire clan.

Moreover, there were several sword techniques in the new inheritance.

He had a close combat sword, a flying sword that hid his tracks, and a sword technique that used qi to control his sword.

These were all extremely compatible with the bloodline power of their Lynx Clan.

With such methods, the combat strength of the Lynx Clan would be countless times stronger!

“Shan Cang, thank you for the reward, Master.”

The big cat lowered its head to Han Muye, then its figure flashed and appeared on the clan’s altar.

To Shan Cang, Han Muye had changed his bloodline and inherited memories.

Han Muye fused the inherited memories and controlled their bloodline.

In the future, Han Muye would be the master of this lynx clan.

“Roar—”

With a low growl, the lynxes walked to the altar and sat down cross-legged.

A blood-colored light appeared above their heads.

They were accepting a new inheritance.

Countless spiritual lights intertwined and transformed into the phantom of a 100-foot-long blood-colored lynx.

Sword light appeared in the eyes of the lynx phantom.

This lynx had the shadow of a ferocious tiger.

Looking back to the ancient times, perhaps there really was some connection between the lynxes and the tigers.

Standing in the straw hut and looking at the lynx phantom, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

He saw many secrets on this lynx.

There were traces of tiger bloodline and many other impure powers.

The demons of the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm devoured all kinds of bloodlines to improve their bloodlines. Unknowingly, all kinds of bloodline powers fused together.

Purification or blending was a cultivation path.

Cultivation had many choices.

“Boom!”

In the distance, a rumble sounded.

Vital energy phantoms appeared.

The powerhouses of the civet clan.

Xiang Lingshuang stood up and bent down slightly to prevent himself from flipping over the thatched roof.

“Senior Brother Han, shall I go take a look?”

The aura of power coming from there was much more dense than that of the Lynx Clan.

Han Muye shook his head and chuckled. “I want to see if they’re qualified to be sword cultivators.”

He was looking at the altar ahead.

One by one, the lynx clansmen stood up with short blades in their hands. Their figures turned into black shadows and quietly disappeared.

If Han Muye had not controlled the inheritance of the Lynx Clan, he would not have been able to sense where these Lynx Clan members had gone.

Xiang Lingshuang looked surprised.

In the straw hut, the white fox lying on the long table looked up at Han Muye.

In the distance, civets in black armor rushed towards the clan's base.

The power displayed by these civet clansmen were all Foundation Establishment cultivators.

With the strength of these civets, they could completely crush the entire Lynx Clan.

No wonder this clan could only be a vassal of the Civet Clan.

"Kill—"

The civet expert at the front shouted and roared. He waved the long-handled battle ax in his hand, causing wind blades to collide with the clan's base.

However, just as he shouted, his expression suddenly changed.

A grayish-black figure appeared five feet in front of him, holding a short black blade and stabbing him in the chest.

"Slash—"

The short blade stabbed into the black armor, causing sparks to fly.

The Civet Clan expert's face first turned pale from fear, then it turned red from anger.

He was actually stabbed by a weak lynx!

"Go to hell—"

He raised the long ax in his hand high.

At this moment, three short blades flashed from his armpits and neck!

Blood splattered!

This powerhouse of the Civet Clan who had the combat strength of the fifth level of the Foundation Establishment Stage was assassinated just like that!

The blood threads turned into nothingness. Clearly, they had been collected by the surrounding Lynx clansmen.

In the secret realm, could absorb the bloodline power of powerful enemies by killing them.

This was the fastest way to increase his cultivation and combat strength.

This was also the most dangerous reason in the secret realm.

As long as one killed, one could obtain strength.

However, this also happened to protect the continuation of many weak clans.

Powerful clans. Those experts disdained to kill weak clans.

There were no tangible benefits.

“Not bad,” Han Muye said softly as he watched a clean assassination.

Xiang Lingshuang didn’t dare to believe it. He stood there in a daze.

If these lynxes had such combat strength before, he would have to spend a lot of effort.

The assassination of the civet expert was only the beginning.

One by one, the lynx clansmen walked out of the base. Their figures turned into black shadows as they rushed to the battlefield.

They were faster and their movements were stranger.

Someone approached and cut the wrist meridians of the lynx experts with the short blade in his hand. Then he stabbed forward and stabbed the short blade into the gap between the chest and abdomen armor.

Someone raised his hand and the short blade in his hand flew out. It spun in the air and swept across the necks of several beaver powerhouses, causing blood to splatter.

Swordsmanship.

Killing technique.

At this moment, the blood-colored light was enchanting. Every time it rose, a life would be lost.

Huang Zhihu bit her lips, as if she did not dare to look, but she seemed to be attracted by the flashing sword light.

Xiang Lingshuang stood there and clenched his fists. He muttered, “If I kill people like this, my hands won’t be stained with blood...”

In the time it took to drink a cup of tea, more than a thousand lynx experts were killed.

The lynx clansmen who attacked all had blood qi surging from their bodies, and a few of them had spiritual light appear above their heads.

This was a sign that his cultivation realm had increased.

He drew the power of blood into his body and killed powerful enemies. At this moment, these lynxes were no longer the low-level race that had been enslaved by other races.

When the last panicked lynx expert was caught up by a sword light and his spine was directly shattered, cheers sounded on the battlefield.

Many lynx clansmen knelt on the ground, their faces red.

The Civet Clan that had originally enslaved them was actually defeated so easily.

“Bang!”

On the altar at the center of the clan, a flame rose.

The golden flames emitted a golden-red glow and a warm light.

All the lynx clansmen bathed in the light of the flames were surrounded by spiritual light.

Their bloodline power had increased!

At this moment, all the lynxes in the clan felt that their bloodline power had changed.

Strength, speed, and even lifespan.

The increase in bloodline power was comprehensive.

Shan Cang's figure appeared on the altar, his entire body flickering with golden demonic patterns.

It was much stronger than before.

With a move, Shan Cang landed in front of Han Muye.

"Master, do you need us to attack and destroy the civets here?"

Devouring the other party's bloodline power could increase one's strength.

Shan Cang had long wanted to kill the Civet Clan.

Now that the strength of the entire race had increased, it could no longer suppress the restlessness in its heart.

This was how the demons were. Most of the time, they acted according to the power in their bloodline.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the flames on the altar.

A trace of power came from the flames.

As the controller of the bloodline power, Han Muye could also benefit from this victory.

It seemed that many demon experts had obtained benefits in the secret realm because their bloodline power had increased.

"Go." Han Muye waved his hand, then turned to look at Xiang Lingshuang. "Go and hold the fort. The lynx clan might have hidden experts."

Xiang Lingshuang's face turned red. He hesitated for a moment and nodded.

Han Muye could tell that he had not killed anyone, so he deliberately let him follow.

This kid was strong enough, but he was too benevolent.

If he wanted to go far on the path of cultivation, how could his hands not be stained with blood?

The 8,000 lynx clansmen quietly left the base.

When the sky turned dark, these people, who were covered in blood energy, quietly returned.

When they stepped into the clan's base, the flames on the altar curled up and turned into a hundred-foot-long flame that illuminated the night.

A vigorous bloodline power rushed into Han Muye's body.

"Looks like I can integrate a few more sword techniques into my bloodline."

Looking at the flames on the altar, Han Muye spoke softly.

In a day, the combat strength of these lynx clansmen had increased tenfold.

It was a good start.