

Pavilion 451

Chapter 451 - 451 Heavenly Fox Bloodline

He would control a bloodline inheritance and change the rules.

This was a brand new attempt for Han Muye.

To integrate the swordsmanship one had mastered into one's bloodline power required an unparalleled comprehension of swordsmanship.

According to the realm of swordsmanship cultivation, one had to reach the peak and return to the basics. Only by mastering it could one ingeniously integrate it into the bloodline power.

After comprehending the Sword Dao again, Han Muye's mastery of the Sword Dao deepened.

The process of swordsmanship compatible with the bloodline specialty of the Lynx Clan was also the process of Han Muye modifying his swordsmanship and constantly sharpening it.

In the straw hut, Han Muye held a ball of golden flames in his palm. Sword light flickered in his eyes.

His divine sense landed on the flaming mountain and kept searching.

The bloodline power of the Lynx Clan was mixed, and its source power was not strong. It was only at the Out of Body realm.

Even if these lynxes could all obtain the perfect bloodline of their grandmaster, they would at most step into the Heaven Realm.

That was impossible.

Due to the limitations of their aptitude, most demons could not reach the purity of their ancestor's bloodline.

When their bloodline power could not provide enough power, the demons would choose to devour and fuse with other bloodline power.

Although it would cause his bloodline to be impure, it could continuously increase his strength.

Within the Lynx Clan's bloodline, there were many lynx bloodlines and traces of the tiger bloodline.

The Civet Clan and the Lynx Clan had similar combat strength, but the Civet Clan had sharper claws and stronger bodies.

With such a bloodline power, the strength of these lynxes would increase greatly in the short term.

Shan Cang's body kept flashing with golden light, and a sword intent was about to seep out of his body.

This was because the newly added sword technique inheritance was extremely powerful.

"Master, there are dozens of races of various sizes within a thousand miles. There are hundreds of different clans. We can slowly go—" Shan Cang's eyes shone with a golden light of desire.

It was a desire for power.

Today, it was stronger than ever.

“Tell your clansmen to scour the surroundings. I need to obtain all the information.

“Race, bloodline power, and distribution of clans.” Han Muye’s eyes were filled with an irresistible darkness. “Within seven days, I want to know everything within a radius of 3,000 miles.”

As Han Muye spoke, a faint purple power of the People’s Will was injected into the flames in front of him.

Using the power of the People’s Will to impart the way of governance.

Han Muye directly integrated reconnaissance, concealment, disguise, map drawing, and other methods into his Lynx bloodline.

Fortunately, this was an extremely low-level bloodline that could be tampered with by him.

If it was a high-level bloodline, the backlash of the bloodline power would probably be enough to make him suffer.

At this moment, Han Muye saw the benefits of controlling the Lynx bloodline.

His control technique did not connect him to this bloodline, so even if the Lynx Clan was injured, it would not implicate him.

On the contrary, those demons and cultivators who had fused their bloodlines with their bodies would implicate their strength with the clans in the secret realm.

One for all, all for one.

However, this method could also be broken.

Killing all the clansmen and retracting all the bloodline power naturally reduced the backlash.

However, this way, the benefits were even less.

“Buzz!”

The flames trembled and his bloodline power was modified. Shan Cang’s originally surging battle intent suddenly disappeared and a trace of wisdom and cunning appeared in his eyes.

Shan Cang was only a virtual body formed by the convergence of the Lynx bloodline. Everything about it was the appearance of the bloodline power.

At this moment, the power of the Lynx bloodline had fused with the various probing methods that Han Muye had modified, and it was immediately different from before.

“Master, don’t worry. In seven days, we will definitely investigate the surrounding 3,000 miles,” Shan Cang muttered. His body turned into a ball of flames and exploded.

On the altar outside the thatched cottage, flames suddenly rose.

Purple spiritual light emitted from the bodies of the Lynx clansmen.

The bloodline inheritance began again.

...

The next morning, Han Muye left the Lynx Clan with Huang Zhihu carrying the little white fox.

Xiang Lingshuang followed behind him.

For some reason, he did not seem to be in a good mood today. He was distracted as he followed behind.

However, after walking for a short distance, Huang Zhihu and the little white fox muttered a few words, then acted like a spoiled child and let Xiang Lingshuang carry her on her shoulder as they hurried on. Xiang Lingshuang's face once again revealed a smile.

Xiang Lingshuang carried Huang Zhihu on his shoulder. Each step he took was several feet, and his speed was extremely fast. The wind in front of them made Huang Zhihu hug the little white fox tightly and giggle.

Han Muye didn't seem to move. He was in front of Xiang Lingshuang.

Xiang Lingshuang's steps became faster and faster, and his steps became more and more precise, but he could not overtake him.

In just a moment, the two of them had already traveled more than a hundred miles.

"Xiaobai is right. Senior Brother Han is strong in everything." Xiang Lingshuang muttered gloomily and slowed down.

"Senior Brother Han, why do you think these demons are killing each other?" Xiang Lingshuang looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Yesterday, he followed the Lynx Clan and watched as they wiped out the Civet Clan and snatched their bloodline back.

In Xiang Lingshuang's opinion, they were clearly two ordinary low-level demon races. They should be helping each other.

What was the point of such small clans killing each other?

"What do you think the demons should be like?" Han Muye said calmly without turning around and looking ahead.

What should the demons be like?

Huang Zhihu tilted his head, and the little white fox in her arms narrowed her eyes.

Xiang Lingshuang shook his head and said in a low voice, "The demons of the Southern Wasteland are also constantly killing each other."

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"I think the demons should get along well. There's no need to kill each other like this."

The elephant race was probably like this.

Han Muye turned to look at Xiang Lingshuang. "You elephants have a bigger appetite. What will you do if there's not enough food?"

Hearing Han Muye's words, Xiang Lingshuang grinned. "We all enjoy our food together. No matter how little it is, we will share it."

"Then, what if we can't share the food?" Han Muye's words revealed an emotion that made Xiang Lingshuang's heart tremble.

"If this food is the opportunity to step into the Heaven Realm or even higher, and there's only one portion. Will you fight for it?"

Will I fight for it?

Xiang Lingshuang opened his mouth and nodded.

"I will fight, but..."

Han Muye interrupted him. "Since you're fighting, there will be a winner. If the fight is magnified a thousand times, there will be life and death.

"The clans are fighting for an opportunity. That involves the survival of the clan, a battle of life and death."

Xiang Lingshuang did not speak.

Han Muye was talking about what he had seen yesterday.

That was why he felt terrible but had no way to explain it.

Han Muye was right.

"You believe what I just said?" Suddenly, Han Muye chuckled and said loudly.

Xiang Lingshuang was stunned and turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head, a deep light in his eyes. "Everything you see is just on the surface.

"The demon race's desperate struggles are just rules set by the ancient cultivators of the demon race who thought that they could ensure the survival of the demon race.

"You can see it as a game. Someone made the rules.

"The people who set the rules of the game don't care about the life and death of the demons in the game.

"What they care about is the final outcome."

After a pause, Han Muye said calmly, "Do you want to change the rules?"

Change the rules?

Xiang Lingshuang's face was filled with confusion. After a long time, he nodded. "I think more of our clansmen are still alive. I want everyone not to kill each other."

"If you want to change the rules, you have to learn to kill first." Han Muye turned his head and looked at Xiang Lingshuang's face.

The elephant youth looked uneasy and did not dare to look at Han Muye. He raised his hand and gently pressed down on Huang Zhihu's leg, then strode forward.

Han Muye shook his head and turned into a breeze.

It was very difficult to change the concept buried deep in one's bloodline.

Just like the lynxes. Even if Han Muye tampered with their bloodline memories, he still could not change their cautiousness.

The mania that Shan Cang displayed from time to time in front of Han Muye was brought about by his bloodline.

The gentleness of the Elephant Clan had been like this since ancient times.

If he wanted to change, he needed an opportunity.

For most of the day, Han Muye and Xiang Lingshuang were running.

After traversing nearly 10,000 miles, Huang Zhihu had already switched from Xiang Lingshuang's shoulder to lying on the heavenly crane's back and sleeping soundly.

The little white fox stood on Xiang Lingshuang's shoulder, her eyes shining brightly.

"Sisi—"

The little white fox hissed.

Xiang Lingshuang stopped in her tracks and said in a low voice, "Senior Brother Han, Xiaobai is saying we have arrived at the Fox Clan's base."

They had traveled thousands of miles to find the Fox Clan's base.

Han Muye nodded, and a faint spiritual light and soul power flashed on his body.

The Fox Clan was not considered a powerful clan among the 10,000 demon clans, but they were not weak either.

The foxes in front of him were relatively powerful.

There were endless mud and stone houses, and there was even a rather large street market.

As soon as Han Muye and the others arrived, several figures flew over.

"Elephants?"

"Humans?"

"Eh, this is... What a noble bloodline..."

A few figures landed 100 feet in front of them, their gazes landing on Xiang Lingshuang's shoulder.

The little white fox narrowed its eyes as faint traces of blood essence emanated from its body.

This blood essence force made the figure standing opposite tremble slightly.

This was an extremely thin fox in a gray robe with greenish-gray ears.

The Green Fox Clan was a clan with a weaker bloodline.

Among the foxes, the clan with the most respectable bloodline power was the Nine-Tailed Heavenly Fox.

They were beings that had existed since ancient times.

Han Muye turned to look at the little white fox standing on Xiang Lingshuang's shoulder.

The predecessor of the little white fox was the Heavenly Fox.

It had formed six tails and its bloodline inheritance was extremely powerful.

As if they could not withstand the pressure of the bloodline power, the few Green Fox clansmen knelt on the ground.

This was the terrifying aspect of demon bloodline cultivation.

The suppression of bloodline power was sometimes unreasonable.

In fact, although human cultivators did not have such unreasonable bloodline suppression, the various rules set by human sects, aristocratic families, and even dynasties were sometimes even more unreasonable than bloodline suppression.

From a distance, several figures rushed over.

Xiang Lingshuang carried the little white fox and walked forward step by step.

One by one, the Green Fox clansmen knelt on the ground.

Some people whispered, while others shouted excitedly.

Huang Zhihu, who was awakened, looked around curiously. She lay on a heavenly crane's back and quietly looked around.

"White fox?"

In front, a thin old man in a gray robe stood there with a 10-foot-long wooden staff in his hand.

The old man's gaze landed on the little white fox with a hint of greed in his eyes.

"Venerable One, please head to the altar."

The old man took a step back, bowed, and pointed forward.

Xiang Lingshuang strode forward, with Han Muye and the flapping heavenly crane following behind.

The gray-robed old man lowered his head and secretly sized up Xiang Lingshuang before glancing at Han Muye and the heavenly crane.

He placed his hands behind his back and gently tapped a few times.

Han Muye did not turn around and just walked forward with a calm expression.

Chapter 453 - 453 Heavenly Fox Bloodline (3)

453 Heavenly Fox Bloodline (3)

As they passed through the street market, all the Green Fox clansmen on the street knelt on the ground.

In front of them was a spacious plaza. In the middle of the plaza, there was an altar made of green and white stones that was 50 feet tall.

On the altar, a ball of pale yellow flames rose.

The flames were silent, and the surrounding void seemed to be burned into an illusion.

Be it in terms of scale or strength, the clan here was much stronger than the Lynx Clan.

The power of this bloodline flame was also much stronger.

Xiang Lingshuang stood on the bluestone square. Around him, figures were kneeling on the ground.

On Xiang Lingshuang's shoulder, the little white fox stood up, bowed slightly, and jumped up.

“Buzz!”

A wind blade appeared from behind the altar and slashed at the little white fox.

Xiang Lingshuang’s eyes widened. He clenched his fists and punched out.

“Bang!”

The astral wind brought about by the fist shattered the wind blade.

However, in the next moment, dozens of wind blades shot out from all directions.

Several figures in green armor surrounded him.

The Qi and blood of the five elders of the Green Fox Clan, who were holding wooden staffs, became heavy. They turned into a light screen and blocked the altar in front of the little white fox. Then a pair of illusory hands reached out to grab the little white fox.

If she was caught by the huge hands, the little white fox’s body would probably explode instantly.

The little white fox wanted the bloodline power of the Green Fox Clan, but the Green Fox Clan also wanted her!

The Heavenly Fox bloodline was as precious as it was noble in the fox race.

The five elders of the Green Fox Clan were overjoyed.

Seeing such a weak Heavenly Fox, they thought she was here to give away her bloodline.

It was time for the Green Fox Clan to prosper!

Below, Xiang Lingshuang looked angry. He raised his hand and took off the bow on his shoulder. He held it tightly in his hand.

Huang Zhihu stared nervously at the little white fox, holding a pill in her hand.

Han Muye shook his head.

Not daring to kill, Xiang Lingshuang could not display her combat strength at all.

He looked up at the little white fox that was frozen in mid-air.

The little white fox had come looking for him to get his help.

With their friendship in the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye would help this time.

“Clang—”

The Green Destiny and the purple flames were unsheathed at the same time.

Purple flames flew out like a crescent moon.

Qing Ming stabbed out, and the sword light was like a dragon.

Xiang Lingshuang’s eyes widened as he stared at the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

This was the first time he had seen Han Muye draw his sword.

It was even the first time he saw a sword in Han Muye’s hand.

His sword turned into a crescent moon that flashed past the necks of the Green-Armored Foxes in an indescribable mystical path.

Blood splattered after the crescent moon whizzed past. The wind blades in the air transformed into wind that blew over.

The green sword light let out a faint whistle and shattered the sealing power around the little white fox.

Then, with a sweep of his sword, he pierced through the illusory palm that was pressing down and lifted the light screen in front of him.

A single strike.

One-tenth of a breath.

The crescent moon hung high in the sky, and the green blade hung upside down.

An old man from the Green Fox Race holding a wooden staff narrowed his eyes. Just as he took a step forward, Han Muye raised his sword.

“Do you want to die?”

Han Muye’s voice was bone-chilling.

The fifth-level Golden Elixir elder was stunned and stopped in his tracks.

At this moment, the little white fox landed on the altar.

At this moment, the Green-Armored Demon Foxes fell to the ground. Blood splattered everywhere.

On the altar, the golden flames instantly burned.

The little white fox dashed into the flames of the altar and disappeared.

Xiang Lingshuang looked up at the altar worriedly.

“Senior Brother, can Xiaobai do it?”

If it could not devour and fuse with the bloodline power, the little white fox would be devoured by the bloodline power on the altar.

“It’s fine.” Han Muye’s expression did not change. His gaze landed on the flames on the altar. “I can kill all the foxes here and cut off the bloodline power on this altar.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the flames on the altar trembled.

Xiang Lingshuang scratched his head and whispered, “That’s a good idea.”

The fox elders not far away trembled.

It was not that he was frightened by Han Muye’s words, but that the flames on the altar in front of him began to tremble.

Then, their bodies fell to the ground uncontrollably.

A shocking power began to form on the altar.

This power was so strong that it directly rose into the sky.

The 10,000 feet of flames seemed to burn through the world.

A powerful bloodline power!

At this moment, all the powerful bloodline races within a radius of ten thousand miles felt threatened.

“Roar—”

In the distance, a roar sounded.

Even from hundreds of miles away, one could feel the tremors of the gravel.

A Golden Core greater demon.

Han Muye turned and looked into the distance.

Three eighth-level Golden Core Realm demon experts rushed over.

In addition to these three, there were nearly a hundred experts from various races.

Some were from the secret realm clans, while others were from the demons of the Southern Wasteland.

There were also cultivators from other worlds, demons and humans.

Just like the Green-Armored Fox he had just killed.

At this moment, these people were here for the bloodline that was fusing on the altar.

This bloodline that had yet to be fused had no combat strength. Anyone could devour it.

For the little white fox, this was the most dangerous moment.

Xiang Lingshuang held her bow tightly, turned around, and looked into the distance.

He knew that he could not stop these demons.

I wonder if Senior Brother Han can block it?

“Senior Brother Han, I’ll try my best to block a few demons. I can probably block them for a hundred breaths.” His voice was dry but firm.

Xiang Lingshuang did not retreat.

However, he was unwilling to kill.

“You’re an elephant, and Xiaobai is a fox. Why are you protecting her with all your might?” Han Muye turned to look at Xiang Lingshuang.

“Great-grandfather said that Xiaobai can save our Southern Wasteland Elephant Clan.” Xiang Lingshuang tightened his grip on the bow in his hand and placed his hand on the bowstring.

“My Southern Wasteland Elephant Clan doesn’t fight with other clans, but we don’t even have our own grassland.

“The Southern Wasteland is at war with the Central Continent. Because the Elephant Clan is unwilling to participate in the war, they are cursed by the entire Southern Wasteland.

“I-I want to change everything.

“I-I want to own our own grassland.”

Huang Zhihu, who was lying on the heavenly crane's back, looked at Xiang Lingshuang with his big eyes.

Is it very difficult to obtain a grassland? she thought.

As long as I want something, my foster father will help me get it, right?

Han Muye turned to look at the surging aura that had arrived.

"It's just one strike."

Dazzling spiritual light burst forth from his eyes.

At this moment, a sword light that could not be concealed rose from his body!

The sword light burned fiercely, snatching away the light of the Heaven Realm demon and overshadowing the heat of the flames in the altar behind him.

Three sword pills flew out.

After three, there were three more.

After three, there were three more!

"I snatched the grassland myself!"

Han Muye's figure turned into a stream of light.

The sword pill flew in three directions and collided with the three majestic figures.

One versus three, with the sword pill as the formation!

Chapter 454 - 454 Heavenly Fox, Bai Wuhen

The Venerable Swordsman Yuan Tian's Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation was the best at fighting against a crowd.

No matter how many opponents there were, they could not be more than the stars in the sky.

The three sword pills turned into three streams of light. After reflecting each other, they shone brightly like a galaxy.

Caught in it, the opponents' souls would be interfered with and their strength would fluctuate and they would be lost.

The three demons at the front were each suppressed by the three sword pills. The blood in their bodies surged, but they could only wave the weapons in their hands in confusion as if they were dancing crazily.

Of the three eighth-level Golden Core demons, one wore shoulder armor and had a muscular body. He had a short horn on his head, and his skin glowed with a jade-white light. He was a single-horned rhinoceros with a trace of the bloodline of an ancient beast.

The other two had greenish-black manes on their cheeks and thick palms. They were Wind Wolves from the wilderness who were extremely fast.

At this moment, the three powerful demons were suppressed by the sword formation. Their faces were filled with fear, as if they had seen something extremely terrifying.

They activated their qi, blood, and bloodline power with all their might and smashed at the void.

This was the power of the sword formation.

With the interference of their souls, the three eighth level Golden Core demons were wasting their energy.

“How impressive...” Xiang Lingshuang held his bow, his face full of envy.

What he wanted was Han Muye’s casual move to make his opponents completely confused.

This way, his hands would not be stained with blood.

He lifted his great bow, then lowered it.

The sword formation suppressed the three demons. The two swords in Han Muye’s hands were cold.

The Green Destiny sword swept across, and the purple flames pointed diagonally.

With a flash, he appeared beside a black bear demon that was nearly 10 feet tall and holding a mace made of wolf fangs.

Although this great demon of the Black Bear Clan had only reached the Enlightenment stage, its physical strength clearly exceeded its cultivation. It held the big mace and swung it down, bringing with him a shrill cry.

Its speed and strength were precise.

This method was even more brilliant than the demons of the Southern Wasteland.

It seemed to be a demon cultivator from a foreign land.

“Die—”

The black bear roared, its voice piercing through one’s soul.

The Black Bear Clan, which was known for their strength, was not only extremely fast, but they also had soul attack techniques.

Han Muye seemed to be really stunned by that shout and did not move.

The black bear expert with black fur and round ears grinned and the mace in his hand became faster.

However, the moment the mace landed, his expression changed drastically.

A long sword was pressed against his armpit.

If his body pressed forward a little, the sword would penetrate his body.

However, at this moment, he swung the mace in his hand and leaned forward. All his strength was already pressing down.

He couldn’t hold back!

“Roar—”

With a furious roar, this black bear demon let go of the mace and let it fly out of his hand. Then he slapped his armpit.

He was quite decisive.

Han Muye’s expression was indifferent as he slowly sheathed his sword.

I have dodged the sword after all.

The eyes of the black bear flashed with joy.

In the next moment, his pupils dilated.

A short purple sword stabbed into his spine from behind.

The sword qi pierced through his bones and directly shattered all his power circulation.

Even the demonic qi floating in his dantian could not be activated.

He didn't even have a chance to self-destruct.

It was still alright that he was at the Soul Awakening's cultivation level. Had he reached the Core Formation realm and with his explosive temperament, he would choose to die with his opponent even if his Golden Core exploded if he couldn't defeat him. This would be really difficult to deal with.

Fortunately, there were not many Golden Core cultivators who rushed over today.

Han Muye flew up and stepped on the shoulder of the black bear demon, grabbing the hilt of the Purple Flame Sword with one hand.

Blood spurted out with the sword.

It was not until Han Muye flew towards another demon with two swords that the Black Bear Clan expert fell to the ground, his eyes dissipating.

The moment he died, a beam of light rose.

His qi, blood, and soul power floated towards the altar not far away.

Among them, there was a trace that chased after Han Muye and landed in his body.

Manic and cold.

Two completely different feelings seeped into his body at the same time.

His power was ice-cold, and his soul was in a frenzy.

This trace of power could increase his physical strength and fuse with his body. It could refine his muscles and bones.

It could also stimulate a trace of bloodline power and trigger unexpected changes in the body.

For example, some places would become larger.

The power of the soul could also be absorbed and refined.

However, the tyrannical aura was difficult to calm down. He could not sense it for a moment. In a life and death battle, his decisiveness might be affected.

This was the advantage and disadvantage of fusing with the Demon Race's divine soul and bloodline.

With a thought from Han Muye, a trace of purple People's Will power seeped out of his Qi Sea and entered his bones and tendons. It wrapped around his bloodline power and turned into a small purple ball.

The golden halo in the divine treasure flashed, capturing the wisp of soul power of the black bear expert and imprisoning it.

The Great Spirit vibrated. The power of the Black Bear Clan's master's soul power could not resist at all. It was continuously squeezed and turned into traces of greenish-gray sword threads.

Transforming the soul into sword threads.

The moment the sword threads took shape, images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The Cold Nether Realm, Twilight City.

This black bear demon named Golden Dusk was one of the young city lords of Twilight City.

The Cold Nether Realm was a realm dominated by demons. The major factions were all demons.

There were humans residing in this Cold Nether Realm, but they were all small factions and were considered inferior races.

This time, a large number of experts from the Cold Nether Realm entered the secret realm through the teleportation gate to look for the Ten Thousand Demons Token.

Of course, improving their bloodline power and obtaining the treasures in the secret realm was also a matter of convenience.

Chapter 455 - 455 Heavenly Fox, Bai Wuhen (2)

After Golden Dusk came to the secret realm, he suppressed a small clan and refined their bloodline power, forming his own small faction.

Unfortunately, he died in just a day.

As images appeared in his mind, Han Muye remembered all kinds of information about Twilight City and the Cold Nether Realm.

There were many demon races in this world, and their resources were not bad. There were many Heaven Realm experts among them.

However, the internal strife in this world was also very strong. The lion and tiger clans fought endlessly.

The Twilight City, which was sandwiched between the gaps, had placed a huge bet this time. The few Deputy City Lords and the Young City Lord all entered the secret realm.

The restrictions on entering the Secret Realm in the Cold Nether Realm were much lower than in the Heavenly Mystic Realm. Demons under 800 years old could enter.

It only took an instant for Han Muye to draw his sword and fly down.

When all the images dissipated, he had already landed in front of a short-bearded old man wearing a leather robe.

In Han Muye's divine treasure, the green-gray sword silk gently wrapped around the golden sword of the soul. The bloodline power gathered in his bones and bones was thrown into his dantian immediately.

In his dantian, a small golden ball shone brightly.

Heart of the Stars.

This was a treasure he had obtained on the star. Although it had yet to take shape, it could store endless power.

Having refined this treasure for so long, Han Muye had gone to the Fire Source World and the foreign void many times.

The power of Golden Dusk's bloodline was immediately thrown into the Star Core by Han Muye.

No matter what kind of power it was, as long as it entered the heart of the stars, it would be stored away.

He would extract it when he needed it.

At this moment, Han Muye raised his sword again.

The leather-robed old man was already one step ahead of him. The short whip in his hand smashed down.

However, this rat-tail whip was not faster than the sword light that flew out of Han Muye's hand.

The moment the Purple Flame Sword flew out, the rat demon's expression changed.

However, he was powerless to respond. The sword light slashed across his neck, causing his entire body to fall.

Reaching out to grab the rather interesting rat-tail whip, Han Muye's figure had already appeared in front of another demon covered in scales.

Black-armored fish demon.

Interesting.

It was not the Black-Armored Fish Demon of the Heavenly Mystic World.

"Slash—"

The Green Destiny Sword struck the black armor, causing sparks to fly.

The black-armored fish demon, which was covered in black armor, had a cold and ferocious expression. There were black gills on both sides of its face, and its eyes were bloodshot. It clenched its fist and threw a punch at the Green Destiny Sword.

Relying on its own defense and its sturdy black armor, it transformed into a human-shaped lethal weapon.

Just the black scales that even swords couldn't cut through were enough to make the Black Armored Fish Demon Clan invincible.

Moreover, these fish demons had abnormally strong reproduction power and extremely strong clan cohesion power.

Such a demon was indeed terrifying.

As the black-armored fish demon's fist smashed down, Han Muye's sword gently turned, and the sword spine turned into a sword edge.

If this punch landed, it would have hit the edge of the sword.

The Black-Armored Fish Demon's fist was hard enough, but it didn't have the ability to smash the sword edge.

With no choice, it changed the direction of its fist and smashed it at Han Muye's chest.

It changed its move at the last minute and reacted quickly.

Han Muye smiled faintly.

The sword in his hand turned again, and the tip of the sword changed positions with the spine.

What is he trying to do?

Just as the black-armored fish demon showed a blank expression, it saw the sword suddenly spin.

The tip of the sword was pressed against its chest and turned into a drill. It shattered a piece of black scale and went straight into its heart.

Blood gushed out of the black-armored fish demon's mouth. It stared at Han Muye, but it could not open its mouth.

A grayish-black spiritual light began to dissipate.

The second great demon had fallen.

Only at this moment did the charging demons react. Some stopped in their tracks, and some rushed towards Han Muye.

There were many demons. Demonic light appeared in their hands, turning into blood red light and shadows as they smashed towards Han Muye's head.

With an invincible sword cultivator in front of them, they would use spells to deal with him.

Those who could live for hundreds of years and become Earth Realm enlightenment demons were not simple characters.

Han Muye laughed out loud. With the Green Destiny Sword in hand, he pierced through those spells. The Purple Flame Sword turned into a stream of light and swam in the sky, blocking all the demons from flying over.

One person wielded two swords. Sword intent scattered everywhere, and no one could resist his sword.

This scene made Xiang Lingshuang's blood boil.

Huang Zhihu, who was lying on the heavenly crane's body, bit her lips. Her big eyes flashed with a hint of desire and fear.

"Swoosh—"

Xiang Lingshuang finally raised the big bow. A long green arrow condensed on the big bow. Then he drew the bow and released an arrow.

Three miles away, a green-robed demon holding a short spear trembled as an arrow beam pierced through his body.

The green arrow carried him a thousand feet away before nailing him to a tree trunk.

This arrow shocked many demons who were preparing to launch a sneak attack.

"Buzz!"

Above the altar, the green-white flames began to vibrate.

Among them, there seemed to be a human figure.

Below the altar, the Green Foxes looked up happily.

Dark golden streams of light intertwined on their bodies.

This was the fusion of their bloodline with the Heavenly Fox bloodline. Their inherited memories began to improve.

While the powerhouses of the Heavenly Fox Clan were refining their own bloodlines, their own bloodlines could also receive the power of inheritance.

This was a win-win situation.

From now on, this race would have a master.

This Heavenly Fox expert was bound to the rise and fall of the clan.

"Quick! Seize the bloodline. Otherwise, when the bloodline fuses, we'll all die!"

"This is the bloodline of the Heavenly Fox. The Heavenly Fox is the smartest and holds grudges!"

"Ancient Heavenly Fox Bloodline, this is good stuff!"

Shouts sounded one after another. The demons no longer held back and rushed towards the altar.

Chapter 456 - 456 Heavenly Fox, Bai Wuhen (3)

If they could snatch the Heavenly Fox Bloodline, they would be able to soar into the sky!

Xiang Lingshuang held the bow and took a step forward, blocking the altar.

A look of fear flashed across Huang Zhihu's face as she stood up from the heavenly crane's back. She hesitated for a moment before placing her hand on the hilt of the small sword at her waist.

“Sister Yun Di, can you protect us?” she asked softly, then her expression relaxed.

Perhaps Yun Di had given her an answer.

In front, Han Muye put away his Purple Flame Sword.

In his eyes, there was a cold sword intent.

The killing earlier was just a test for him.

He used the sword technique infused into the Lynx inheritance to challenge the demons of various clans.

In the end, it was not bad.

Now he was the one making a move.

“Clang—”

The long sword vibrated, and the sound of the sword reverberated through the nine heavens.

At this moment, the expressions of countless demons changed.

Those few humans turned around and fled.

Just the powerful sword intent contained in this sword cry was basically about to become the momentum of the Sword Dao.

Although these demons were strong today, not one of them could withstand a single sword strike.

“Isn’t it too late to escape now?”

Han Muye whispered and slashed down with the Green Destiny Sword in his hand!

Blood filled the sky!

The sword was a killing weapon.

Sword lights crisscrossed and intersected, forming a sweeping heavy slash.

At this moment, all the demons who rushed forward were enveloped by the sword light.

The three sword formations that suppressed the great demons dispersed with a bang, turning into sword lights that filled the sky like stars descending from the sky.

“Submit or die.”

Han Muye’s voice was cold.

His voice was like a sword.

The sword hung in the air, judging life and death.

“Arrogant human!” The horned rhinoceros’ eighth-level Gold Core demon roared. Its body transformed into a hundred-foot-tall jade-white horned rhinoceros. It had black shoulder armor on its shoulders that emitted a heavy black light.

What interrupted the single-horned rhinoceros's voice was Han Muye's sword light.

The green sword shadow slashed down.

The greenish-gray sword silk that was contained in the divine treasure just now was wrapped in the sword light and directly penetrated.

One sword and two wills.

The sword had the power to destroy mountains, but there was the power of the soul mixed in it.

"Boom!"

After one strike, the smoke dissipated.

Everyone turned to stare at the huge rhinoceros that was quietly floating in the air.

He was unharmed!

A single sword strike could not injure the demon body of a Golden Core great demon!

The demons who rushed forward were relieved.

That majestic sword that seemed to be able to crush the world could not even break the demon body of a Golden Core greater demon.

It seemed that this strike was just for show?

The Single-Horned Rhinoceros's huge body slowly landed on the ground.

At this moment, everyone's expressions changed again.

The powerful Golden Core demon actually prostrated on the ground like a real demon beast, trembling.

"Spirit..."

The Wind Wolf Race's Golden Core cultivator standing not far away widened his eyes and clenched his fists tightly, but he could not stop his legs from trembling.

Although Han Muye's sword just now did not break through the single-horned rhinoceros demon body, which was famous for its defensive power, it immediately destroyed its soul!

Now the single-horned rhinoceros demon body had become an empty shell that only had a strong physical body and no demon soul.

Han Muye raised his sword again.

"Senior Brother Han, let me do it." At this moment, a voice sounded from the altar behind him.

A figure stepped out of the flames of the altar.

She was wearing a jade-white dress and looked to be 16 or 17 years old. Her ears were sharp, and there was a tuft of white fur on her forehead. Three illusory fox tails fluttered behind her.

"You're Big Sister, the little white fox?" Huang Zhiyu's eyes were bright as she shouted in surprise.

“Mountains and rivers stretch for tens of thousands of miles. Forget the present and dream without a trace.” The white-robed girl’s face revealed a trace of mist as she nodded lightly.

“In the past, my name was Bai Qingyu. Now my name is Bai Wuhen.”

She extended her palm, and a hazy green light scattered within a 10-mile radius.

Regardless of whether it was the Green Fox clan or the great demons that were charging over, they were all in a daze.

Bai Wuhen chuckled and looked around. “Are you willing to submit?”

Soul power.

At this moment, there were no more demons that resisted within the 10-mile radius.

Han Muye turned around and sheathed his sword.

“Senior Brother Han, thank you.” Bai Wuhen flew down the altar like a falling leaf, looked at Han Muye and said softly.

Chapter 457 - 457 Changing the Heavenly Fox Bloodline Inheritance

The Nine-Tailed Heavenly Fox Bloodline, even if it only had three tails, possessed immeasurable combat strength.

The Heavenly Fox had unimaginable talent in controlling the spiritual will.

Bai Wuhen stood in front of Han Muye. If not for her gaze, he would not have been able to sense her existence.

At this moment, other than Xiang Lingshuang, Han Muye, and the others, all the demons within the 10-mile radius were prostrating on the ground.

“Bai Wuhen, what a good name.” Han Muye looked at the girl transformed from the Heavenly Fox and nodded gently.

Hearing his words, Bai Wuhen’s eyes flashed with nostalgia. She said in a low voice, “Actually, I really want to stay in the Sword Pavilion and steal a few spiritual rocks to become a carefree little white fox.”

Speaking of this, her expression became even more complicated. “I wonder if I can see Xiaoxuan again in this life...”

Gao Xiaoxuan!

The kid who wanted to be a human but ended up becoming a sword.

He followed Huang Six to the outer realm.

Before leaving, he entrusted Han Muye to take care of the little white fox.

“One day, I will go to the outer realm to find Sixth Brother.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

"I'll go too." Huang Zhihu waved her fists.

"I'll go too." A smile appeared on Bai Wuhen's face.

"I, then I..." Behind him, Xiang Lingshuang touched his head, not knowing what to do.

Bai Wuhen turned around and looked at Xiang Lingshuang. "Little White Elephant, the Outer World is countless times more dangerous than the Heavens Realm. If you want to go, you can't do it with your current temper."

Xiang Lingshuang nodded with a bitter expression.

It was the nature of their race to be gentle and unwilling to fight. If he was asked to fight in dangerous places, he would really feel uncomfortable.

Han Muye shook his head and said nothing.

How many things in the cultivation world could go according to his personality?

He didn't want to kill anyone, but wasn't his hands full of blood?

Bai Wuhen had fused with the power of the Green Fox Race's bloodline and controlled the lives of tens of thousands of foxes in the clan.

The demons and humans who came to snatch the bloodline power all submitted and stayed in the clan.

In this way, there were nearly 20 demons who had condensed their demon cores in this clan. Among them, there were five from the Green Fox Clan and two eighth level Golden Core demons from the Wind Wolf Clan.

With the Heavenly Fox Clan's soul mark, these Demon Clan powerhouses would not even have the thought of betraying them.

This method of tampering with the inherited memories of the bloodline was really unreasonable.

Bai Wuhen and Xiang Lingshuang went to comfort the troops and understand the situation at the base. Han Muye led Huang Zhihu to rest in a stone house not far from the altar.

Outside the stone house, a huge single-horned rhinoceros that was dozens of feet tall was lying on the ground, basking in the sun.

After shattering his soul and losing his spirituality, the Golden Core great demon, who only had its physical body left, only had strength, but it was ignorant and became an ordinary demon beast.

However, it was still a demon that had condensed a demon core. With its physical body, not only was its defense powerful, but it could also be used as a mount for traveling.

Huang Zhihu had already tried. The back of the rhinoceros demon was spacious and stable. It was most suitable for sleeping during the journey.

The Green Fox Clan was much richer and more powerful than the Lynx Clan. The spiritual fruits they sent over were not only delicious, but also nourishing.

Huang Zhihu laid on the long table and picked one from time to time, enjoying herself.

With a flash of inspiration, Yun Di appeared in front of Huang Zhihu with a brush and ink in her hand.

With half a spiritual fruit in her mouth, Huang Zhihu looked crestfallen.

Yun Di raised her hand and swept it across. All the spiritual fruits were put away. Then she placed the brush and ink on the long table.

With a long face, Huang Zhihu had to pick up his ink brush, open the book, and quietly start to copy the words.

Needless to say, after raising the brush, the restlessness on Huang Zhihu's body disappeared, and her eyes lit up.

Seeing that she was seriously copying, Han Muye raised his hand and a 18-foot-long spiked mace appeared in his palm.

The mace was extremely heavy. The forging method was not complicated, but the spiritual materials refined were rather high-grade.

Even if this thing was smelted, it could be exchanged for a large number of spiritual rocks.

Holding the wolf fang mace with both hands, spiritual qi and sword qi rushed into it.

The mace shook and let out an unwilling cry.

The spiritual body that was about to condense shattered.

The spiritual weapon's power collapsed and dispersed back into the mace.

The big mace instantly became an ownerless item.

This way, it would be easier to trade.

It was not a good thing to transmit a message when one had an owner.

Sword Qi rushed into the mace, and images of the Cold Nether Realm appeared.

The owner of this mace, Golden Dusk, had a good cultivation and was also the young city lord. He knew a lot of information about the Cold Nether Realm, and many of them were secret stories.

"This Cold Nether Realm is actually not too far away from the Heavenly Mystic Realm?"

This was an unexpected gain.

The Heavenly Mystic World was covered by the Great Dao, making it difficult for outsiders to investigate.

However, from the information Han Muye knew, the Central Continent had never stopped conquering the outer realm.

The Cold Nether Realm was weaker than the Heavenly Mystic Realm, and it was a world dominated by demons. It was very suitable for conquest.

He wondered if he could exchange the news of the Cold Nether Realm for some benefits if he gave it to the imperial court.

The qi and blood in the mace were mixed, and Han Muye sent them all into the Star Spirit Pearl.

Putting away the mace, Han Muye took out another long saber.

This long saber was completely black, and a demonic light flickered on the blade.

As he pressed his hand on the blade, he could feel a cold chill spreading out.

Han Muye's eyes flickered.

This saber was obtained from a black-armored demon.

Although he could ask the black-armored fish demons that Bai Wuhen had subdued, Han Muye still liked to investigate directly.

What he saw with his own eyes was real enough.

As the sword qi entered the blade, a bloody aura dissipated.

This blade had killed many living beings.

Chapter 458 - 458 Changing the Heavenly Fox Bloodline Inheritance (2)

"Boom!"

A burst of flames exploded in Han Muye's divine treasure.

Han Muye snorted and slashed down with his soul sword, shattering the flames.

This was not the first time a countermeasure had appeared in a weapon. However, it was really surprising that a Golden Core demon of the Spiritual Armored Race had such a method.

From the looks of it, the Spiritual Armored Demon Race must have an unimaginably huge force behind them.

There was no need to wait. After destroying the flames in the divine treasure, images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

It was strange and colorful.

It turned out that the Spiritual Armored Demon Race did not only have Black Armored Fish Demons.

The Snow Scale Clan was cold and aloof. The Golden-Armored Clan was extremely powerful. Any one of them could crush several black-armored fish demons instantly.

There was also the Ice-Blue Armored and the Jade-Green Armored Clans, including the five-colored Spiritual Armored demons that were at least seen but were good at controlling soul power.

"Heavenly Demon?"

Han Muye froze.

This five-colored outer armor and illusory Spiritual Armored Clan looked very much like the Heavenly Demon he had killed in the Broken Souls Wasteland.

They were not clan, and there was a high chance that they were related.

It seemed that the Spiritual Armored Clan that invaded the Heavenly Mystic World was far bigger than what they had seen in their world.

The Five-Colored Spiritual Armored Clan, which was good at controlling souls, was much stronger than the Black Armored Clan, which had low intelligence.

In his mind, it seemed to be an endless clan.

The reproduction ability of the spiritual armored clan made Han Muye feel a chill in his heart.

Moreover, this clan was not picky about food. Their use of spiritual energy was almost a cruel deprivation.

The owner of this saber had once drowned a star with an endless army.

After the Spiritual Armored Clan came, life on this star was cut off.

Such methods were truly terrifying.

No wonder the Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan and the Eastern Sea Sword Cultivators had joined forces to fight against the Spiritual Armored Clan.

Han Muye decided that after leaving the secret realm and returning to the Western Frontier, the Western Frontier would also do its best to resist the corrosion of the Spiritual Armored Clan.

Fortunately, from the memories of the long saber, the Spiritual Armored Clan did not really discover the existence of the Heavenly Mystic World.

Back then, those spiritual armored clansmen that invaded the Heavenly Mystic World got there by accident.

After changing the long saber, Han Muye checked the other weapons.

These spirit weapons had been refined by him, and the Weapon Spirit had dissipated, becoming ownerless.

“Screech—”

In the distance, a shrill voice came.

Han Muye flew out of the stone house and stood on the roof.

In the distance, green demon clouds gathered.

Green Fox Clan.

Bai Wuhen had fused with his bloodline and caused the world to shake. It was normal for the other clans of the Green Fox Clan to sense it.

According to the elders of the Green Fox Clan, there were powerful subordinates in this clan.

“Skywalkers who have fused with my Green Fox Clan’s bloodline will either stay in this clan or come to my Chang Mountain Fox Clan to guard it.”

In the distance, a long roar sounded, causing the mountains and rivers within a hundred miles to tremble slightly. The clouds in the sky collided, and there were traces of spiritual light flickering.

Half-step Heaven Realm.

The power of this great demon of the Green Fox Clan had reached half a step into the Heaven Realm.

The Fox Clan was indeed a powerful clan.

At the altar, Bai Wuhen flew up.

Behind her, the shadow of the Third Daoist Priest’s tail floated.

“Heavenly Fox?”

In the distance, a green-robed figure flew over. When he saw the three tails behind Bai Wuhen, he revealed a trace of surprise.

This was a middle-aged man with green hair and lightning-like eyes. There were no fox characteristics on his body.

“If the Heavenly Fox Clan merges with the Green Fox Clan’s bloodline, the Chang Mountain Fox Clan will not object.”

Narrowing his eyes, the middle-aged Daemon Fox stared at Bai Wuhen. “However, you must come to Chang Mountain’s Fox Clan and obtain the Bloodline Altar’s approval.”

Bai Wuhen nodded. “After I settle down the clan, I’ll make a trip to Chang Mountain.”

Hearing Bai Wuhen’s agreement, the middle-aged fox demon’s expression softened slightly. She glanced around and paused where Han Muye and Xiang Lingshuang were standing before turning to leave.

“If you don’t come within three days, my Chang Mountain Fox Clan will come here and destroy your bloodline inheritance.”

The voice was still there, but the person had already left.

Bai Wuhen chuckled and slowly descended.

“Sister Wuhen, are you really going to the Chang Mountain’s Demon Fox’s base?” Xiang Lingshuang’s expression was grave.

The aura of the half-step Heaven Realm Green Fox was so powerful that it seemed to be able to suppress the entire clan.

It was said that the Fox Clan of Chang Mountain had a Heaven Realm expert guarding it. It was a large race that ruled over a radius of tens of thousands of miles.

If they went to such a clan, they might not be able to gain anything.

Even if Bai Wuhen had the Heavenly Fox bloodline, wasn't it still about combat strength?

No matter how noble the bloodline was, it was useless if it could not be converted into combat strength.

"Yes, of course I have to go." Bai Wuhen's eyes seemed to be surging with flames.

"Fusion of bloodline power in this secret realm is the only shortcut for me to regain my cultivation."

In the Southern Wasteland, it would take Bai Wuhen at least 500 years to re-cultivate to the Three Tails Realm.

However, she only used a day in this secret realm.

As she said, fusing bloodline techniques in this secret realm was indeed the fastest way to increase cultivation and combat strength.

Turning around, Bai Wuhen looked at Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, I want to ask you to help me," Bai Wuhen said softly as she looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and said, "The foxes of Chang Mountain might be dangerous. I'll go with you—"

Before he could finish speaking, Bai Wuhen had already spoken, "I would like to ask Senior Brother Han to help me change my inherited bloodline memories."

Change the inherited memories?

Han Muye was stunned. He looked at Bai Wuhen and frowned. "You have the bloodline of the Heavenly Fox. I'm afraid I can't do anything."

The Heavenly Fox was a clan with a noble bloodline among the demons. Their soul control methods were extremely profound.

If Han Muye wanted to change this bloodline inheritance, the cost would be unimaginable.

Chapter 459 - 459 Changing the Heavenly Fox Bloodline Inheritance (3)

Moreover, the backlash would be absolutely terrifying.

"Senior Brother Han, I'll change the Heavenly Fox Bloodline for the Green Fox Bloodline. This way, it'll be easier to change the inherited memories."

Bai Wuhen looked at Han Muye calmly.

Give up the power of the Heavenly Fox Bloodline and turn into the Green Fox Bloodline?

The Heavenly Fox bloodline was noble. Among the fox clans, they were the royal family. Their control of the divine soul in the bloodline power could easily crush other races.

Such a bloodline giving up its dominance?

"Have you thought it through?" Han Muye's eyes flickered.

Bai Wuhen nodded with a smile on her face. "Senior Brother Han, since your Confucianism is so powerful, can you teach me some poems and essays?"

Poems and essays.

The Central Continent's literary minister was best at this.

Back then, Bai Qingyu, who was related to the literary minister, was nurtured in these aspects every day. She couldn't be bad at literature, right?

"If I change your inherited memories, I might see your memories," Han Muye said in a low voice after a moment of silence.

They were real memories.

Even the secrets hidden in the bottom of her heart would be seen.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Bai Wuhen chuckled. "Senior Brother Han, what memories do you want to see?"

With that, she rushed into the altar.

Her body merged with the flames floating on the altar, making the flames even more agile.

The flames vibrated, and a wisp flew in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand to hold the wisp of flame, then slowly closed his eyes.

Below, Xiang Lingshuang looked at Han Muye nervously.

Could such a method really succeed?

Then could he change his bloodline inheritance memories and become an elephant clan expert in killing?

The moment Han Muye closed his eyes, flames appeared in his divine treasures.

This flame represented the power of inheritance and had the power to illuminate the divine treasures.

If it were anyone else, they would have either fused the power of the flames into their bodies or let the power of the flames occupy their divine treasures.

Whether it was integrating into the body or occupying the divine treasures, they would all fuse with this bloodline and become foxes.

This method reminded Han Muye of the Blazing Sun Palace back then.

In the Fire Source World, he was regarded as the master of the Fire Source Palace and respected as the Supreme Elder because he had obtained the inheritance of the Blazing Sun Palace.

According to Fire Source Palace, they only recognized inheritances and not identities.

No matter who it was, as long as the inheritance was there, they were on the same side.

This bloodline inheritance was the same. No matter who the other party was, as long as they obtained the inheritance, they could fuse it.

In that case, even if the true pure bloodline inheritance was severed, the inheritance would still exist.

As long as the inheritance was not destroyed, sparks would follow.

Perhaps, this was the reason why the demons in the secret realm could not be destroyed.

Even if the clan was destroyed, the inheritance would be fused. Perhaps one day, another clan would appear.

“Boom!”

In Han Muye’s divine treasure, the soul sword slashed down.

The Inheritance Flame was cut into pieces by the sword light.

On the altar not far away, the surging flames instantly dimmed.

The members of the Green Fox Clan trembled and their faces turned pale.

To them, the damage caused by the bloodline power was a matter of life and death.

After dispersing the flames in the divine treasure, the power of the soul and the purple People’s Will in his sea of Qi turned into a light screen that enveloped the shattered flames.

At this moment, images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

The world was vast, and mountains and rivers stretched for thousands of miles.

The verdant world was filled with fragrance.

In the sky, a huge dragon danced, and a five-colored phoenix flapped its wings.

Every step the mountain-like giant beast took caused the ground to tremble. The bird that gathered flames on its body flapped its wings and flames rose for thousands of miles...

This was the memory of a green fox whose cultivation had reached beyond the Heaven Realm. In the Desolate Galaxy, Han Muye saw endless ancient beasts with it.

This was the memory of a green fox whose cultivation had reached beyond the Heaven Realm. In the Desolate Galaxy, Han Muye saw endless ancient beasts with it.

Such a world was unimaginably powerful.

However, such a world was shattered by war.

The huge dragon in the sky roared, but it was struck down by the meteors that filled the sky. The five-colored phoenix transformed into a human and held the five-colored light in its hand as it flew into the sky to fight. However, it was cut in half by a sword light.

A ray of golden light descended, and an iron chain was placed around the neck of the mountain-like beast...

The desolate world shattered.

A powerful mutated beast attacked and shattered the world.

One of the shattered pieces turned into the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

“Boom!”

A ball of purple light collided with the exotic beast that attacked and shattered its body.

The beast’s body shattered, and one of its horns landed in the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm with lightning.

“This ancient beast is Kui?”

Han Muye muttered.

Then why is there another Kui fur in the Western Frontier?

Han Muye’s thoughts moved, and the image in his mind paused for a moment.

This time, he saw the figure behind the purple light!

Chapter 460 - 460 When Am I Going to Fight With Wen Mosheng?

Amongst those who attacked, one of them was the green-robed Daoist who was revered by the Sword Venerable Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, Minister Wen, and the others in the Heavenly Mystic World!

The expert who left behind the legacy of the Blazing Sun Palace, the Confucianism legacy of the Central Continent, and the legacy of the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian Sword Formation of the Western Frontier.

This person had previously taken action, conquering the desolate wasteland.

“Clang—”

The moment the desolate fragment left, Han Muye heard a faint bell ring.

“Desolation Bell, a supreme treasure has appeared!”

A voice sounded in the illusory space.

Desolation Bell?

Were these almighty experts fighting for such a treasure to shatter the Desolate Galaxy?

Memories flowed through the Green Fox bloodline, and various scenes appeared in the secret realm.

This bloodline had been passed down countless times and was slowly thinning. Many of its powers and memories began to dissipate.

After fusing with other bloodlines, the mixed bloodline power caused the inherited memories to undergo different changes.

The scene shook and dissipated like water.

Then as if the green veil was lifted, a white fox appeared.

Bai Wuhen.

Or rather, it was Bai Qingyu.

She was from the Fox Clan of the Southern Wasteland. She was born with the bloodline of the Fox Clan's Heavenly Fox and became the Saintess of the clan.

The foxes of the Southern Wasteland respected the Heavenly Fox Saintess and were waiting for her to grow up.

The Fox Clan had a saintess with the bloodline of the Heavenly Fox, which made other clans uneasy.

One day, the Saintess, who had cultivated for less than 300 years, was intercepted when she went out.

Bai Qingyu was severely injured and was lucky enough to escape to the Central Continent.

This was the beginning of her encounter with Wen Mosheng.

The memory was no different from what he had seen on the black hair under the Sword Pavilion.

Not right.

There was a difference.

Heavenly Fox, not Bai Qingyu.

Wen Mosheng, not Minister Wen.

During that period of time, the Heavenly Fox transformed into Bai Qingyu, and Minister Wen transformed into Wen Mosheng.

They were just two great cultivators cultivating in the mortal world.

Refining the heart in the mortal world.

Therefore, Wen Mosheng was sincere, and so was Bai Qingyu.

The two scholars who traveled together in the mortal world, staying at the green mountains at night and enjoying each other's company, really wanted to grow old together.

However, Wen Mosheng would eventually go back to being Minister Wen.

Bai Qingyu would eventually return to being a heavenly fox.

"So this is the true origin of the Spell of the Mortal World."

Seeing the golden Great Spirit on Wen Mosheng's body fuse with the People's Will, a golden seal condensed, and Han Muye understood.

The Spell of the Mortal World allowed one to comprehend the mortal world.

Wen Mosheng's cultivation realm had reached an unimaginable level. He had reached a bottleneck, which was why he used the mortal world to cultivate his heart.

This Spell of the Mortal World was a method to cultivate the power of the soul above the Heaven Realm and improve one's state of mind.

At that level of cultivation, if one did not experience the cleansing of the mortal world for too long, one would unknowingly become a cold and emotionless being that was assimilated by the power of the world.

Perhaps this was the disadvantage of Wen Mosheng fusing his body with the Heavenly Mystic Dao.

He and the Heavenly Dao were tainted by each other.

Han Muye opened his eyes and looked at the altar.

There was an illusory figure there.

Bai Wuhen.

Bai Qingyu.

Heavenly Fox.

From the beginning to the end, she never left.

Back then, Wen Mosheng wanted to send her out of the Heavenly Mystic World from the Sword Pavilion of the Western Frontier.

However, even Wen Mosheng did not know that Bai Qingyu had not left.

The reason why she chose to leave the Western Frontier was because of the relationship between the Heavenly Mystic World and Wen Mosheng.

Only the Western Frontier, which was far away from the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent, could send Bai Qingyu away.

In fact, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian cut off the connection between the Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier and the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent because of Wen Mosheng's cultivation in the mortal world.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and Wen Mosheng were not really enemies.

Separating the Western Frontier was their way out.

If the Western Frontier was not separated from the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian would not be able to sever everything and leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

The spatial passageway suppressed under the Sword Pavilion of the Western Frontier had unimaginable secrets.

This was because Sword Venerable Yuan Tian left the Sword Pavilion.

Wen Mosheng told Bai Qingyu everything.

If he wanted to send Bai Qingyu out of the Heavenly Mystic World, he naturally had to tell her the truth.

The cultivation of the heart in the mortal world, the five decrepit signs of the skywalkers, and above the Heaven Realm, the calamity of the saints.

When Bai Qingyu stepped out of the spatial passage, she saw an unimaginably vast world.

In the Nine Heavens, endless immortal light shone.

However, she only took a glance before retreating to the Heavenly Mystic World.

She was Wen Mosheng's weakness and an obstacle in his path of cultivation.

The Heavenly Mystic World stopped her from leaving.

The lightning that could destroy an entire world immediately destroyed Bai Qingyu's body.

If not for the Sword Pavilion's guidance, her remnant soul would have been taken by Heavenly Mystic World's Dao and become a means to suppress Wen Mosheng in the future.

The Sword Pavilion was independent of the Heavenly Mystic World.

Hiding in the Sword Pavilion, this remnant soul could use the power of the array formation to slowly recover.

For the past 10,000 years, Gao Xiaoxuan was the only person accompanying Bai Qingyu.

Han Muye's eyes flickered with bright spiritual light.

The secrets of heaven and earth, the secret of literary cultivation.

The Heavenly Fox's cultivation methods and bloodline inheritance.

When he probed his bloodline power, all her secrets were exposed.

What he saw was the truth that he saw through the fog.

Within the Heavenly Fox Bloodline, the usage of Spiritual Soul power was extremely precise.

Green Foxes were extremely agile.

The process of seeing through his memories was also the process of Han Muye comprehending his bloodline power.

If he could not even comprehend this bloodline inheritance power, what could he use to change the bloodline inheritance memories?

Green spiritual light flashed around him.

They were figures that were so fast that they turned ethereal.

The power of the green fox.

Behind him, eight phantoms flashed.

This was a simulation of the divine soul of the Heavenly Fox. A virtual shadow condensed like a fox's tail.

In other words, at this moment, Han Muye's soul power was already equivalent to the eight tails of the Heavenly Fox Race.

It was second only to the existence of the nine tails.

However, in Han Muye's divine treasures, the soul sword wrapped in golden Righteousness Qi shone with golden light.

How many fox tails could this condensed divine soul sword withstand?

"You asked me to change your inherited bloodline memory not only to make you stronger quickly, but also to cut off your connection with Wen Mosheng through this method and eliminate the prying eyes of the Heavenly Mystic World on you, right?"

Looking at the altar, Han Muye whispered.

After giving up all her power under the Sword Pavilion and turning into a white fox, Bai Qingyu completed her first transformation.

However, this still couldn't cut off the prying eyes of the Heavenly Mystic World.

That was why she came to the secret realm.

Just like the Sword Pavilion, the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was independent of the Heavenly Mystic World.

Here, the changes in her body could not be sensed by the Heavenly Mystic World.

The might of the lightning struck fear into Bai Qingyu's heart.

She had transformed into Bai Wuhen in this secret realm. Wasn't it also because she wanted nothing from the past to be left behind so that she could have a chance to step out of the Heavenly Mystic World?

For this, she did not hesitate to give up her Heavenly Fox bloodline.

As long as she could live.

Han Muye sighed softly.

Who would have thought that Bai Wuhen, who had the Heavenly Fox Bloodline, would be so helpless?

Even Wen Mosheng, an Absolute Sage of Confucianism, had flaws and was in danger of the Five Decrepit Signs of Heaven and Man. He had to use the mortal world to temper his mind.

In fact, how many seemingly carefree cultivators could really be carefree?

Since Bai Qingyu had become Bai Wuhen, she would change everything!

Golden light surrounded Han Muye, and the soul sword flashed.

A sword shadow appeared on the altar.

The white fox phantom was shattered by the sword.

The next moment, the flames on the altar revealed the sharpness of the long sword!

Sword intent!

The sword intent was engraved in the inherited memories of the fox clan.

“Buzz!”

A series of sword cries rang out in the surroundings. It was the sword cries of the Green Foxes who had accepted the inheritance change and integrated themselves into the Sword Dao inheritance.

Just like the Lynx Clan, the Green Fox Clan had become a clan that inherited the Sword Dao.

On the altar, the flames trembled.

The fox tail on Bai Wuhen’s back turned into three illusory sword shadows!

Sword of the soul!

The Heavenly Fox Clan’s best technique was soul control.

Han Muye did not change the inheritance attribute of his soul, but he had no way of fusing his soul into a sword.

Originally, the Heavenly Fox bloodline that used charm to control the soul fused with the soul as a killing ability.

At the altar, Bai Wuhen’s figure slowly walked out.

As the sword light fused, Han Muye smiled lightly. His qi sea was filled with the People’s Will, and poems and words surged out.

Such a method was similar to enlightenment in Confucianism.

However, enlightenment was inspired by scholars. At this moment, Han Muye was imprinting the Confucian knowledge he had learned into his bloodline and soul.

The flames in the divine treasures turned purple and flew out, landing on Bai Wuhen’s body.

Bai Wuhen’s dress turned into a light purple color, and her originally noble and graceful face now had a hint of innocence and immaturity, like the pretty daughter of a humble family.

“I’m a fox that has cultivated for a thousand years. A thousand years of cultivation and a thousand years of loneliness.

“Senior Brother Han, did you write these lyrics just for me?

“Then in the future, I’ll go to the pleasure boat outside the Imperial City of the Central Continent and sing to garner popularity for you. How about that?”

Bai Wuhen retracted the sword shadow behind him and chuckled like a girl-next-door.

A great demon whose spirit had condensed into three long swords, who could fight against a Heaven Realm expert, actually had such a beautiful appearance. In the end, it was still because of the Heavenly Fox bloodline. It was too confusing.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “Up to you. I have a name in the Central Continent.

“Han Mu.

“The head of the White Deer Mountain Academy.”

Bai Wuhen’s expression turned to shock as she stared at Han Muye. “That Confucian Grandmaster who wants to compete with the Central Continent Imperial City Academy and is the most talented after Wen Mosheng?”

Han Muye frowned and said softly, “When am I going to compete with Wen Mosheng?”

Bai Wuhen chuckled and was about to speak when she heard Han Muye’s voice. “In terms of talent, there’s nothing I like in the Heavenly Mystic World.”