

Pavilion 491

Chapter 491 - 491 Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and Wen Mosheng Arrive, So Many Beauties

For a moment, the low-level demons and the Heaven Realm demons were all confused, and their eyes revealed their feelings of despair and powerlessness.

Can it be that the Desolate Wilderness is unable to escape the fate of being enslaved and devoured in the end?

Han Muye's gaze landed on the ground.

At this moment, the Desolate Wilderness seemed so weak and helpless.

The path of cultivation was truly arduous. Even a world would have times like this.

"Ang—"

A high-pitched roar came from the ground.

The figure of a giant white elephant appeared.

Xiang Lingshuang.

At this moment, Xiang Lingshuang's body turned into a million-foot-long phantom. It had a long nose and four legs. Its body was jade-white, and its long tusks shone with a jade-colored light.

Ancient Mammoth Divine Beast.

The divine beast flew down and used its back to support Baxia's falling body.

Unfortunately, compared to Baxia's huge body, the giant elephant was pitifully small.

The giant elephant roared.

One by one, the elephant clansmen rushed to the Desolate Wilderness and landed beside the giant elephant. Together, they supported Baxia's body with all their might.

Not enough.

No matter how many elephants there were, it was not enough.

On the ground, figures rushed out.

A huge bear that was 10,000 feet tall, a flood dragon that could turn into 10,000 feet, and a huge bird that was 10,000 feet tall when it spread its wings...

Many demons with ancient bloodlines rushed out and landed under Baxia's body to support him.

The downward slide of the Desolate Wilderness was stopped.

"There is great fear in life-and-death struggles. If one is dominated by this fear, it will lead to despair.

"If you can overcome fear and have light in your heart, that is faith.

“Only with faith can we move forward.”

In Han Muye’s divine treasure, the power of his soul turned from golden to golden purple, as if it had condensed into the same color as the People’s Will.

However, this was not the aura of hope. This was a transformation of the power of the soul.

His soul power was extremely strong. It was at a bottleneck until this moment when it thoroughly improved.

“Let there be light.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

A gentle light illuminated the sky above the Desolate Wilderness.

Under this light, everything in the world emitted vitality.

His words carried the law.

The Dao was natural.

“Wind.”

Han Muye spoke again.

A gentle breeze blew, holding up the Desolate Wilderness and slowly moving forward.

Light and wind.

The light shone on everything, and the wind brought about a moving world.

It was alive.

After leaving the Desolate Galaxy for countless years, this dilapidated Desolate Wilderness had come to life.

New life.

At this moment, this world had its own Heavenly Dao.

It was not the broken power from back then, nor was it the substitute control of the Kui’s soul.

This Heavenly Dao was activated after Han Muye’s soul power sublimated.

This Heavenly Dao was the motivation for the demons in this world to risk their lives.

This Heavenly Dao was the desire of living beings for life.

“Boom!”

Bolts of lightning descended from the sky.

This was a baptism of heaven and earth, as well as a test of strength.

If this new Heavenly Dao could not withstand the void lightning, then this world would eventually be shattered to pieces by the lightning.

All the living beings on it would also die.

A faint light screen rose from the Desolate Wilderness.

This was the sky that belonged to this world.

“Boom!”

The lightning struck the sky, causing the newly born light screen to tremble as if it was about to be torn apart.

On the ground, all living beings raised their heads and looked at the trembling light screen.

In the distance, greed appeared in the eyes of the two Spiritual Armored Demon Clan experts who had stopped in their tracks. They roared and transformed into huge demon bodies as they rushed over.

A new world, a new Heavenly Dao. This was a supreme delicacy for demons.

Taking advantage of the lightning tribulation to devour this Heavenly Dao, even if they could not immediately become extraordinary, they could still have the foundation to achieve the Great Dao.

These two Spiritual Armored Demons were beings that surpassed the Heaven Realm. Their cultivation levels had already fused with a trace of the power of the Great Dao.

Their cultivation was the accumulation of the power of the Great Dao.

A new world was currently undergoing tribulation and had weak strength. Wasn't this a delicious meal?

Even if Han Muye had intimidated them with a single strike, the two demons could not care less now.

They flew over, bringing with them endless astral winds.

Han Muye turned and looked at the charging demons.

The power of his soul surged, causing the power of the Heavenly Dao to tremble slightly.

At this moment, as long as he combined his soul with this Heavenly Dao and transcended the lightning tribulation together, he would be able to live forever and be as old as the world.

Longevity.

Becoming a Sage.

Spiritual light circulated around Han Muye.

However, his soul power did not waver at all.

If his soul really fused with this new Heavenly Dao, then even if he exchanged it for absolute strength, he would never be able to escape in the future, right?

“Not bad. I thought you'd go back to your old ways.”

A voice sounded behind Han Muye.

Han Muye turned around and saw a black-robed sword cultivator with a resolute face and arrogant eyes.

Although he did not see a sword, Han Muye knew that this was a sword cultivator.

Because he knew him.

“Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.”

The person who came was the great sword cultivator who suppressed the Western Frontier and dominated the Heavenly Mystic Central Continent.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked at Han Muye and chuckled. “I thought you would be more respectful to me after obtaining my inheritance.”

Indeed, Han Muye had obtained Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s sword technique, the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, and those sword pills.

These were all the inheritances of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

Han Muye raised his hand and bowed. “Greetings, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.”

“A junior sword cultivator?” Sword Venerable Yuan Tian laughed. “Alright, we sword cultivators only cultivate sooner or later. Why are there so many broken rules?”

Speaking of this, he grinned. “I’m relieved.”

Relieved?

“Boom!”

In the distance, a pillar of light that pierced through the Extinction Sea exploded, and the power of space spread wantonly.

The bodies of the demons that were there shattered as they were enveloped by golden spiritual light.

“Steady.”

A faint voice sounded. The spiritual light turned into golden words and smashed the demonic qi and blood light formed by the demons into the Desolate Wilderness.

With the sealing of this power, the power of the Heavenly Dao in the Desolate Wilderness instantly increased.

“Minister Wen?”

Han Muye looked at the figure that suppressed the demons.

He wore a green robe and held an ink brush in his hand.

“This guy had already planned for the Spiritual Armored Demons to annex the Desolate Wilderness and set up a trap in the void.

“Right now, on the other side of the spatial passageway, there’s probably a massacre of the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army.”

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked at Wen Mosheng who was slowly walking over. He shook his head and said, “If it were me, there wouldn’t be so much trouble. It would only take one strike.”

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with him.

Why didn’t you come earlier?

He turned to look at Wen Mosheng.

Wen Mosheng was not in the Heavenly Mystic World. So was he plotting against the Spiritual Armored Demons?

“You built the White Deer Mountain Academy, shared my Confucianist People’s Will, broke through the heavenly barrier of the Central Continent, and damaged the fortunes of our Central Continent.”

Wen Mosheng whizzed past the charging Spiritual Armored Demons and landed in front of Han Muye.

“Are you going to inherit my legacy or fight with me for the Absolute Sage position?”

The moment he was stared at by Wen Mosheng, Han Muye felt his mind tremble. The Sword of the Soul in his divine treasure seemed to be about to explode.

He could not mobilize the sword intent in his Qi Sea at all.

The suppression of the power of the Great Dao!

This kind of pure will of the great path really made one feel powerless and defeated.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian stood at the side and frowned. A sword light rose from his body.

However, before he could attack, the sword light of Han Muye’s soul rushed into the sky and transformed into a Heaven-Slaying Sword.

Using the sword as a brush, golden words floated.

‘A thousand miles of ice, ten thousand miles of snow.’

In the void, there was no Heavenly Dao. The power of the spirit transformed into the Great Dao, causing the void to tremble. Tens of thousands of miles of land instantly froze.

Even the lightning in the void was frozen and slowed down countless times.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked at Han Muye strangely.

On the other side, Wen Mosheng raised his eyebrows and moved the ink brush in his hand.

‘The mountains are winding and undulating, dancing like silver snakes; the hills on the plateau are continuous, like white elephants.’

In the void, dragon snakes rose from the ground, and all things surged.

The lightning that filled the sky was attracted over and collided with the two confused demons, tearing them apart.

“I want to compete with the lord of heaven...”

Han Muye muttered, and the sword light behind him exploded.

The ink brush in Wen Mosheng’s hand scattered black plum blossoms in front of him.

The plum blossoms in front of Wen Mosheng instantly turned into a bewitching blood-red when the poem ‘Red Makeup, Exceptionally Enchanting’ appeared.

“Qingyu...” Wen Mosheng’s eyes revealed a trace of confusion. Then it turned into determination. He raised his hand and swept the ink brush, scattering all the plum blossoms.

But before the plum blossoms could gather again, Han Muye’s next line suddenly appeared.

‘There are so many beauties in the world, attracting countless heroes to bow down...’

The ink brush in Wen Mosheng’s hand exploded. The sword light on Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s body rose and filled half of the sky!

The entire world evolved into the power of mountains and rivers.

Illusory mountains and rivers kept appearing in the void.

The new Heavenly Dao in the Desolate Wilderness below let out a joyous cry.

He guided the momentum into the world, and countless snowflakes fell in the Desolate Wilderness.

These snowflakes carried spiritual energy.

They were silvery and enchanting.

The thunder had long dissipated, and the Spiritual Armored Demons that were chasing them had long disappeared.

Wen Mosheng looked at the broken ink brush in his hand and muttered. Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s eyes were filled with fighting spirit.

All the soul power on Han Muye’s body slowly converged.

“What about the back?”

Wen Mosheng raised his head. His voice was a little hoarse.

Han Muye shook his head.

Wen Mosheng let out a long laugh and looked at the desolate ruins below.

“Alright, when this world fuses with the Heaven Mystic World in the future, I’ll wait for your poem.”

After saying that, he looked at Sword Venerable Yuan Tian. His body shook and turned into a green halo that dissipated.

After Wen Mosheng left, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's fighting spirit dissipated and he turned around.

"Kid, are you prepared to drift in the void with this world, or are you going back to the Heavenly Mystic World?"

At this point, he paused and said, "Why don't you follow me to the Immortal Source World?"

To the Immortal Source World?

Drifting in the void?

Han Muye said, "Senior, I'd better return to the Heavenly Mystic World."

Heavenly Mystic, Western Frontier, Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

At this moment, Han Muye yearned for a peaceful life in the Sword Pavilion.

The higher one's cultivation level was, the less freedom one would have.

It was better to be a sword caretaker.

"Return to Heavenly Mystic?"

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian nodded and said, "Although your soul power is extraordinary, your cultivation and physical body are not compatible. Gathering your power in the Heavenly Mystic World is a good choice.

"However, the Heavenly Dao of the Heavenly Mystic World is already entangled with Wen Mosheng. If he uses the Heavenly Dao to become a sage, you won't have a chance.

"Do you want to fight him?"

Fight?

Be a Sage trapped in a world?

If Han Muye really wanted to become such a Sage, he had the chance to fuse with the new Heavenly Dao in the Desolate Wilderness earlier.

"The world is so big. Shouldn't I go traveling like Senior?" Han Muye looked at Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and smiled.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian laughed and his expression turned serious. "Then you have to think of a way to suppress your Confucian power. Otherwise, you will subconsciously compete with Wen Mosheng."

After saying that, he looked at the desolate ruins below and said, "Do you need my help in this world?"

If he helped, he would be tainted by karma.

To these Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators, they had to repay this karma in the future.

Han Muye shook his head and immediately flew down.

When he stepped on the ground, his soul immediately collided with the ground.

Through the deep ground, his soul penetrated Baxia's body below.

"Roar—"

The divine beast, Baxia, which had been silent and motionless, raised its head and let out a long howl. Its huge four legs slowly raised.

His spirit entered Baxia and walked with the world.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian stood in the void and watched as Baxia crashed into the rift and disappeared into the void.

"Good lad. Interesting.

"I'll wait for you in the Immortal Source World."

Chapter 492 - 492 The Gift of the Heavenly Dao, The Body of the Divine Beast, Baxia

After Sword Venerable Yuan Tian finished speaking, he raised his hand and slashed open the void before flying into it.

Behind this void, one could vaguely see the Nine Levels of Heaven and Earth. They were vast and mighty, and immortal qi lingered.

There was a boundless power surging in the world, as if it wanted to shatter the void formation.

This was a world so powerful that it could affect the void world.

The Immortal Source World was the world that the cultivators of the world chased after.

A powerful being that could even break through the Desolate Wilderness.

The Divine Beast, Baxia, who had stepped into the void world from afar, slowly turned his head. His gaze landed on the Nine Levels of Heaven and Earth, and he let out a deep and incomprehensible moan.

In the new world, Han Muye looked up at the slowly disappearing void opening.

A world like the Immortal Source World was not a place he could go to now.

Without sufficient strength, he would only become someone else's fortuitous opportunity if he went.

Carrying the world on his back, the divine beast, Baxia stepped into the boundless world of the void.

As soon as he entered the void, all the pressure disappeared.

The new world seemed to have its own consciousness as it left the back of the divine beast, Baxia.

The ground that had been weighing down on the body of the divine beast for countless years finally rose.

When the world flew up, Baxia stopped in his tracks and roared at the sky.

This was not the roar of a divine beast controlled by Han Muye's soul, but the remnant soul of countless divine beasts that hissed involuntarily.

After floating in the Extinction Sea for countless years, they could finally be freed.

Above the divine beast, Baxia's head, phantoms appeared.

Looking at the rebirth of the world that they had once carried, these divine beast remnant souls laughed loudly.

At death's door, there was only glory and faith.

Looking at these illusory and thin remnant soul shadows, Han Muye raised his hand and a dark golden iron plate flew into the air, gathering these shadows.

The Ten Thousand Demons Token was a fragment of the Demon Gathering Bell. It had the effect of gathering and nurturing the bloodline of the demon souls.

The remnant souls of these divine beasts were gathered in the Ten Thousand Demons Token. Perhaps one day, he could awaken their bodies that were sleeping in the wilderness.

Without the suppression of the power of the Extinction Sea, the demon experts felt relaxed in the void.

One by one, they returned to the Desolate Wilderness that was now filled with joy.

In the new world, thousands of demons were thriving.

In the Desolate Wilderness, Han Muye's body slowly rose.

Beside him, the power of the Heavenly Dao intertwined.

Countless demons looked up at him.

The demons who had reached the Heaven Realm looked at Han Muye with complicated expressions.

The Heavenly Dao of this world was born with the power of Han Muye's soul. Han Muye was indebted to this world and the Heavenly Dao was pestering him to stay in this world.

If Han Muye stayed in this world, he could fuse with the Heavenly Dao of this world and become a Sage. He could suppress an entire world and be immortal.

In the future, there would be a powerful guardian in this world.

He would be like Wen Mosheng of the Heavenly Mystic.

If Han Muye left this world, the Heavenly Dao in this world would be incomplete and its strength would be greatly reduced.

The power of the Heavenly Dao was damaged. Drifting in this void world was a dangerous thing.

Who knew what kind of powerful enemies he would encounter in the void world?

"Ang—"

Below, a giant elephant roared.

Spiritual light surged, and Xiang Lingshuang, who had transformed into a human, knelt on one knee in front of Han Muye with a pair of half-arc swords on his back.

Behind him, the phantoms of giant elephants floated.

This was the submission of the Elephant Clan.

Xiang Lingshuang had obtained the bloodline inheritance of the ancient divine beast of the Giant Elephant Clan. He had even given him his true body.

Even if he could not fully unleash the power of the divine beast's true body, Xiang Lingshuang's current combat strength could still sweep through Heaven Realm demons.

White Tiger Clan, Purple Leopard Clan, Green Fox Clan, Nine-Tailed Cat Clan...

One after another, they slowly knelt on the ground.

In midair, Han Muye was silent for a moment before raising his hand.

The dark golden Ten Thousand Demons Token landed in his palm.

A trace of soul imprint landed on it.

If the power of the soul was left in the Desolate Wilderness, it could ensure that this world was not incomplete.

The power of the Heavenly Dao turned into a strong wind and wrapped around the token.

With the enhancement of the Heavenly Dao and the soul, this token had the power to suppress this world.

He raised his hand and threw the Ten Thousand Demons Token in front of Xiang Lingshuang.

"Remember what I said?

"It's up to you what rules you want to set now."

Only the strong were qualified to set rules.

With the power of the bloodline and the Ten Thousand Demons Token handed over by Han Muye, Xiang Lingshuang, who was an Elephant Clan member who did not want his hands to be tainted with blood, now had the right to make rules.

Xiang Lingshuang reached for the Ten Thousand Demons Token and looked up at Han Muye.

He was no longer the inexperienced genius of the Elephant Clan.

The endless slaughter in the Desolate Wilderness, the danger that the world was about to collapse, the powerlessness of carrying the world with all his might...

Elephant Clan, Demon Clan, Heaven and Earth. The wider their horizons were, the further they could see. Xiang Lingshuang felt that he was powerless to change anything.

If things went according to his plan, all the demons in the Desolate Wilderness would not fight and would live their own lives. The only result would be that after tens of thousands of years, all the demons would lose their combat strength and even forget to cultivate.

At that time, they would really degenerate into wild beasts.

Seeing Xiang Lingshuang's changing expression, Han Muye chuckled and flew out of the sky.

He was not worried about what Xiang Lingshuang would choose.

In any case, this world would eventually merge with the Heavenly Mystic World.

If he left a trace of his soul power in the Desolate Wilderness, it would lead the world to the Heavenly Mystic World.

In the Desolate Wilderness, the living creatures and even the resources there were rare and abundant in the Void World.

This new world was an alluring delicacy.

Chapter 493 - 493 The Gift of the Heavenly Dao, The Body of the Divine Beast, Baxia (2)

As the void drifted, countless experts would come to fight for this world.

Even if Han Muye did not use his soul to guide it, this world would not be able to escape the fate of being divided.

Ever since the Desolate Galaxy shattered, their fate had been predestined.

Of course, there were many clans and experts in this new world. There was also Xiang Lingshuang, who held the Ten Thousand Demons Token, suppressing them. Ordinary experts would only be sending themselves to their deaths.

If he wanted to swallow this world, he had to be strong enough.

Han Muye flew and landed on the back of the huge Divine Beast Baxia.

At this moment, he smiled.

In his opinion, this was his greatest gain from this trip to the secret land!

The body of an ancient divine beast was intact!

The Desolate Wilderness had become a new world, and there was no longer a need for the divine beast, Baxia, to carry it.

When the New World's Heavenly Dao transcended the Heavenly Lightning Tribulation, it handed the body of the Divine Beast, Baxia, to Han Muye.

It could be considered a gift and an entrustment.

The body of the divine beast, Baxia, had carried this world for countless years. This world did not forget the support of so many ancient divine beast souls.

Handing Baxia's body to Han Muye was safer than staying in the Desolate Wilderness.

The body of a divine beast that had lost its soul was even more valuable to those experts than the desolate ruins themselves.

If Baxia's body remained, it would attract countless experts.

The Desolate Wilderness turned into a stream of light and instantly disappeared from the vast world of the void.

Han Muye stood on the back of the divine beast, Baxia. The power of his soul kept surging out and wrapped around the divine beast's body.

His soul power was injected into the divine beast's body and slowly refined it.

In the void, faint divine senses probed over.

The powerful beasts that lived in the void sensed the presence of a divine beast that was huge like a continent, and quietly came over.

"Roar—"

Baxia let out a roar and tore these divine senses apart.

The beasts fled in panic.

Han Muye looked at the surrounding void with a solemn expression.

He needed to refine Baxia's body as soon as possible. Otherwise, he would eventually attract powerful beasts that he could not deal with.

He slowly closed his eyes and his body fused with the body of Divine Beast, Baxia, under his feet.

—

In the Heavenly Mystic World.

The Southern Wasteland's Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm trial ended much faster than before.

The secret realm trial that required a year in the past only took less than two months this time.

Figures walked out of the spatial gateway.

"Haha, 70% of our Lion Clan's elites have returned!" Outside the altar's spatial gateway, a golden-haired Lion Clan elder looked at the figure walking out of the gate and laughed.

The trial of the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was extremely dangerous. In the past, it was considered lucky if 50% of the elites returned safely.

This was especially so for a trial that only happened once every few hundred years. There were many experts from other regions in the secret realm, so it was difficult for even 30% to return.

Every elite of the demon clans who survived the trial not only had their cultivation and strength increased greatly, but their temperament and experiences had also undergone unimaginable tempering.

Unfortunately, most of the elites who had returned from the secret realm were mostly secretive about their experiences there, so the junior elites did not learn much from them.

The higher-ups of the clan would not investigate either.

Everyone had their secrets.

In fact, those who had experienced it all knew that the various clans fought endlessly for those powerful Divine Beast bloodlines in the secret realm. No one was willing to think too much about it.

Also, after most elites entered the secret realm, they attached themselves to the clans in the secret realm.

This was equivalent to betraying their own clan, and no one was willing to mention it.

No matter what, when the elites returned, they would become pillars of their clan in a hundred years.

“Haha, 80% of my Green Leopard Clan’s disciples are still alive!” On the other side, someone shouted loudly, and his words were filled with joy.

“The Spiritual Deer Clan didn’t suffer much losses.”

“90% of the Wind Wolf Clan’s elites are here!”

...

It was not just the demons of the Southern Wasteland. The humans and demons of the Western Frontier, the Eastern Sea, and the Central Continent who had entered the Secret Realm all came out of the spiritual light.

Sword cultivators stood silently in front of the gateway.

The Mystic Sun Guards in black armor had solemn expressions as they lined up.

Outside the gateway, doubts slowly appeared amid the cheers.

These elites had returned so quickly and had not suffered much losses. Could it be that they had not gained anything from this trip to the secret realm?

Did they encounter a powerful enemy in this secret realm and were chased out collectively?

When these elites walked out of the secret realm, their eyes were filled with confusion. They really looked like they had encountered a setback.

“Forget it. I won’t gain much from tempering myself in the secret realm. In the future, I can—” Before an old demon could finish speaking, his eyes widened.

“Boom!”

In front of the Mystic Sun Guards, the solemn Qian Yiming’s body surged with spiritual light and blood qi, turning into 10,000 feet of spiritual light.

Half step into the Out of Body Realm!

At the ninth level of the Nascent Soul Stage, the blood qi was compatible with the cultivation of spiritual qi. He was only a step away from condensing his soul and leaving his body!

Qian Yiming had actually become such a peerless expert in the secret realm!

The expressions of the demons from the various clans of the Southern Wasteland changed.

With Qian Yiming's cultivation level, how could there be a place for the demons in the Southern Wasteland?

"How could this be?" Xiao Yueli, who was standing beside Gao Changgong, frowned and said in a low voice, "Qian Yiming led 3,000 warriors into the secret realm, but he actually broke through the cultivation suppression in the end.

"Did he encounter an unimaginable calamity in the secret realm?"

Given Xiao Yueli's identity, she knew what Qian Yiming and the other true elites wanted.

Qian Yiming giving up on suppressing his cultivation in the secret realm was equivalent to giving up the chance to break through perfectly.

This was equivalent to admitting defeat in the competition with Lu Yang.

For someone like Qian Yiming, he probably won't choose to break through even in a life and death crisis, right? she thought.

"Buzz!"

With a rumble, the clouds in the sky within a thousand miles changed.

The shadow of a nine-tailed fox appeared.

"Heavenly Fox!"

Someone exclaimed.

"It's, it's the Fox Clan that has a nine-tailed powerhouse!" Someone exclaimed with widened eyes.

Bai Wuhen, who was dressed in a long greenish-purple dress, walked out slowly with Huang Zhihu.

Behind her, a nine-tailed phantom moved.

The Nine-Tailed Heavenly Fox was comparable to the Out of Body Realm and had an ancient bloodline!

Not only could this Nine-Tailed Fox resist the attacks of Qian Yiming and the Mystic Sun Guards supporting him, she could even unify the demons of the Southern Wasteland!

The experts of the various races of the Southern Wasteland, who were originally worried, revealed relaxed expressions.

The moment the Nine-Tailed Fox phantom appeared in the sky, streaks of demonic spiritual light appeared in the void. Light flashed and the world shook.

Each of the elites emitted the aura of a Golden Core cultivator.

Before entering the secret realm, those who could enter the Golden Core Realm before the age of 200 were all elites among the elites of the various large clans.

At this moment, the Golden Core aura here actually rose, one after another.

It was not just the aura of the Golden Core Realm experts. There were also many half-step Heaven Realm experts.

There were as many as a hundred of them who had perfected their auras and were just one step away.

“Buzz!”

“Boom!”

The unique aura of more than 10 Heaven Realm experts shook the clouds and pushed away the surrounding spiritual qi.

Heaven Realm!

The scene in front of them made all those who were waiting and questioning dumbfounded.

In the past, regardless of which secret realm trial it was, the elites of the various clans had never experienced so much growth.

With so many experts returning, they would be able to support their clans after dozens or hundreds of years.

“It’s really a great battle!”

A white-haired old demon spoke with a trembling voice.

The rise of the strong and the struggle for power. In the next few hundred years, the era of the elites of the various clans would arrive!

“Where’s Han Muye?” Beside Gao Changgong, Patriarch Tao Ran frowned and looked around.

He scanned the surroundings, but he did not see Han Muye.

With Han Muye’s strength, he should not have died in the secret realm.

Others could improve in the secret realm, but what about him?

Not only Tao Ran, but Gao Changgong also frowned.

Xiao Yueli moved and landed beside Huang Zhihu.

“Huhu, where’s your foster father?”

Chapter 494 - 494 Junior Sister Mu, It Has Been a While

Everyone looked at Huang Zhihu.

Huang Zhihu gritted her teeth and shook her head, not saying a word.

Yun Di protected Huang Zhihu and slowly walked towards Patriarch Tao Ran.

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect walked silently, protecting Huang Zhihu.

The elites from the Western Frontier also spontaneously protected the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's team.

Countless people turned to look at the team.

The experts of the various clans had complicated expressions in their eyes. Many of them lowered their heads.

Where had Han Muye gone?

Xiao Yueli turned to look at Bai Wuhen.

Bai Wuhen said in a low voice, "Senior Brother Han is truly a rare hero."

Suppressing a world, facing the dangers of a decisive battle.

Bai Wuhen did not know if Han Muye could withstand the siege of the Spiritual Armored Demons that were comparable to divine beasts.

She couldn't see any chance of winning.

She looked up at the Spiritual Armored Demon elites in the distance.

These Spiritual Armored Demons also chose to return to the Heavenly Mystic World.

"Boom!"

Killing intent surged from Bai Wuhen's body.

"From today onwards, the demons of the Southern Wasteland and the Spiritual Armored Demons will be irreconcilable!"

With a loud shout, endless demonic qi turned into a huge palm that slapped in the direction of the spiritual armored Demon.

The Nine-Tailed Sky Fox was a being that surpassed the Nascent Soul level.

Who could withstand the attack of such a great demon?

"Roar—"

The Spiritual Armored Demon Clan roared and several powerful figures flew out.

Eighth level of the Nascent Soul Stage!

These experts were shockingly eighth level Nascent Soul Stage experts that could sweep through the Southern Wasteland!

There were so many experts hidden among the spiritual armored demons' escorts to the Southern Wasteland.

At this moment, many experts from various clans broke out in cold sweat.

If the Spiritual Armored Demons suddenly attacked, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Boom!”

Several powerful cultivators joined forces and blocked the Nine-Tailed Fox’s attack. Then they fell and spat out blood.

The power of the Heavenly Fox was really unpredictable.

The elites of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan gathered together and were nervously on guard.

“Hmph, go back to the Eastern Sea. When I occupy the Southern Wasteland, I’ll send troops to attack the spiritual armored demons.”

Qian Yiming snorted and left with the soldiers behind him.

After the battle in the secret realm ended, he was not interested in killing these spiritual armored demons.

If he wanted to kill, he would slaughter the spiritual armored demons!

The elites of the other clans also quietly dispersed and returned to their respective races under the protection of the experts of the various races.

As long as he could safely return to his residence and quietly stabilize his cultivation, he would definitely soar into the sky the next time they met.

In front of the altar’s door, figures were leaving.

In the end, the gate collapsed and turned into spatial power that dissipated.

The cultivators of the Western Frontier stood there and turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran.

Looking at the disappearing gate, Patriarch Tao Ran sighed softly.

Hearing the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect recount, Patriarch Tao Ran, Gao Changgong, and the others roughly knew about Han Muye’s deeds in the secret realm.

A man and a sword suppressed an entire world.

The name of the Sword Dao Immortal still resounded in the secret realm.

Transforming one’s body into the Dao and becoming an Absolute Sage.

If Han Muye returned, he would immediately become a peerless being that could compete with the scholars of the Central Continent!

Unfortunately, Han Muye chose to send away all the Skywalkers and stay behind alone to fight the spiritual armored demons in the Desolate Wilderness.

However, no one saw it.

No one dared to imagine it.

The actions of such a person who could suppress an entire world were truly unfathomable to outsiders.

“Master has arranged to send Miss Zhihu to the White Deer Mountain Academy in the Central Continent to study,” said Yun Di, who was standing beside Huang Zhihu.

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded. He raised the flying ship and led the elites of the Western Frontier away.

Han Muye of the Western Frontier, an immortal of the Sword Dao, suppressed the wilderness with his sword alone.

Even if he did not return, the Heavenly Mystic World was still a legend.

Legend had it that if Han Muye could return, he could even become an Absolute Sage like the Central Continent.

Regarding this rumor, it was said that the Central Continent’s literary ministers were silent and did not deny it.

Unfortunately, this person could not return in the end.

A year.

Two years.

Three years.

In the Western Frontier, after returning from the secret realm trial, the cultivation of the elites of the various sects advanced by leaps and bounds.

In the past three years, although no Heaven Realm experts had appeared, more than 10 half-step Heaven Realm experts had appeared.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was still the number one sect in the Western Frontier, suppressing the situation in the Western Frontier.

With Patriarch Tao Ran in charge of the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong was basically the one handling the matters.

Yang Mingxuan, Jiang Ming, Lin Shen, and the others were all busy with trading matters in the trading company.

The Han Family Trading Company mainly sold swords and medicinal pills. The swords refined in the Fire Source World were transported to various places in the Heavenly Mystic.

This was especially true for the Central Continent and the Eastern Sea, which needed millions every year.

Southern Wasteland’s Qian Yiming even directly sent people to the Nine Mystic Mountain to buy swords at a high price.

The Han Trading Company’s pills were not as famous as before because they lacked Han Muye’s refinement of various precious supreme-grade pills.

However, the Mu Clan’s Mu Shencheng was cooperating with the trading company, and with the addition of Green Ray Mountain, the pill business was no less profitable than before.

As the head of the Mu family, who was working with the Han family's trading company, the few top-grade pills that Mu Wan refined could be said to be in short supply.

Many trading companies in the Central Continent had asked the Han Family's trading company to sell supreme-grade pills.

In three years, the Han Family Trading Company had become a big business that could advance alongside the Jin Family Trading Company. Even the Bai Family controlled by Bai Suzhen could only be ranked third.

After all, no one had connections like the Han Trading Company that connected the Central Continent's Eastern Sea and the Southern Wasteland.

In the past three years of the cultivation world, countless people had forgotten Han Muye's existence.

...

Southern Wasteland, Purple Autumn Forest.

This was the base of the Southern Wasteland Fox Clan.

Ever since the return of the Heavenly Fox, Bai Wuhen, this place had become the holy land of the Southern Wasteland.

At this moment, in the small courtyard behind the grass hut in the Purple Autumn Forest, Mu Wan raised her hand to collect the pills in the pill furnace in front of her.

"Senior Wu Hen, these are the sixth-grade Bone Shattering Pills you wanted. Unfortunately, only two of them were produced, and only one of them is of the highest quality."

Mu Wan placed the pill in the jade bottle with a trace of regret.

A sixth-grade pill was the limit of what she could refine.

In the end, she was still not talented enough in alchemy.

"Sister Mu Wan, your alchemy talent is already extremely good." Bai Wuhen took the pill and chuckled.

After checking the pill, she looked at Mu Wan. "You're the most talented alchemy cultivator I've ever seen other than Senior Brother Han.

"Or rather, you're the real alchemist."

Alchemy cultivator.

Senior Brother Han.

Mu Wan nodded and turned to look at the greenery outside the small courtyard.

In this world, who could have Senior Brother Han's talent?

Wasn't the reason why his Pill Dao could advance by leaps and bounds because Senior Brother Han had helped him improve his affinity with plants and vegetation?

“Senior Brother Han...”

She lowered her head and whispered. She didn’t want Bai Wuhen to see the pain on her face.

This time, she had come to the Southern Wasteland at Bai Wuhen’s invitation to refine a Bone Shattering Pill that could help the Demon Race increase their bloodline power.

As a reward, Bai Wuhen would give the Han Trading Company many spiritual herbs unique to the Southern Wasteland.

The Han family’s trading company was Senior Brother Han’s hard work. Mu Wan was almost completely focused on refining pills and expanding the trading company.

Only by being busy could he feel at ease.

After rejecting Bai Wuhen’s good intentions of personally escorting her, Mu Wan took the flying ship of Mushen City and returned to the Western Frontier.

After returning from the secret realm, whether it was Qian Yiming or the various factions, their strength had increased countless times.

The Southern Wasteland was not too peaceful now. The experts of the various races rubbed their palms together. The battle with the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army was about to begin.

Mu Wan did not stay in the Southern Wasteland because she did not want to be implicated in such a war.

“After returning to the Western Frontier, I should prepare to go to the Central Continent to participate in the Alchemy Conference...”

On the flying ship, Mu Wan muttered to herself.

“Boom!”

With a loud bang, the entire flying ship shook.

“Young Miss, be careful. There are powerful enemies surrounding us.” A shout came from outside the cabin.

Mu Wan stood up and walked out of the cabin.

Outside the cabin, three ten-foot-long flying ships blocked the way.

Not far away, several Mystic Sun Guards in black armor stood in the air.

“Mystic Sun Guards?”

Mu Wan frowned and said softly, “My Han family’s trading company and the Mystic Sun Guards are considered allies. Why are you blocking the way?”

She was not good at fighting, but it was not that she did not have any means of self-defense.

Pink petals appeared around her.

“Under the orders of the commander, I’m here to extend an invite to Fairy Mu Wan.”

Someone on the flying ship opposite bowed and spoke.

An invite?

The Earth Realm experts beside Mu Wan moved and protected her.

Mu Wan shook her head and said in a low voice, “Let’s go.”

With her and the people around her, they could not stop the Mystic Sun Guards.

Qian Yiming should not have any ill intentions when he sent someone to invite him.

The flying ship turned and flew for more than an hour before landing by a river.

There were rows of Mystic Sun Guards with their hands on their swords. Two figures were sitting by the river in front of them, fishing leisurely.

Seeing Mu Wan, the green-robed Qian Yiming stood up.

“Brother Han, I, Qian Yiming, am not strict enough with your subordinate, Kong Chaode. I will give him an explanation for this matter.”

Qian Yiming turned around and looked at Mu Wan with a smile.

“I’ve invited Fairy Mu Wan over for you. I won’t disturb you anymore.”

With that, he laughed and picked up the fishing rod with one hand and the two-foot-long fish he had caught with the other.

The figure sitting on the shore turned around. Mu Wan was smiling gently.

“Junior Sister Mu, it has been a long time.”

“Senior Brother Han, it’s so good...” Mu Wan’s face was like a flower blooming, and tears fell from her eyes.

Chapter 495 - 495 Han Muye's Second Trip to the Central Continent Begins

495 Han Muye’s Second Trip to the Central Continent Begins

On the banks of the river, two figures sat side by side.

The sound of flowing water could be heard.

Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe, held a fishing rod in one hand and stared at the buoy on the water in front of him as he spoke softly about his experiences in the past three years.

From the slaughter in the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm, the formation of the Heavenly Dao, to drifting in the void.

Basically, Han Muye did not hide much.

Mu Wan sat at the side and listened. Her expression kept changing. She was nervous because of the tragic battle and also happy for the new world.

When she heard Han Muye say that he was drifting in the void and all kinds of strange beasts were coming to kill him, she subconsciously clenched her fists.

The void was boundless. Han Muye, who had refined the body of the Divine Beast, Baxia, encountered all kinds of powerful strange beasts.

Some of them were not much smaller than the Divine Beast, Baxia. They were like a continent as they charged over.

Some were as small as mosquitoes, but they could stir up strong winds in the void.

There were also powerful beasts that could disturb the mind and were good at soul attacks. They quietly came to snatch Baxia's body.

In the strange world, the surging galaxy was lonely and dangerous. Mu Wan sat there, her eyes blurry.

This is cultivation...

Hearing Han Muye's story, she felt a desire.

How great it will be if I can one day walk out of this world and see the resplendent galaxy, as well as the Immortal Source World of the Nine Heavens and the boundless Desolate Wilderness.

"So, Senior Brother Han, you haven't completely refined the divine beast body yet and need to cultivate in seclusion?"

Turning to look at Han Muye, Mu Wan whispered, "Then, then you have to quickly return to the Sword Pavilion to cultivate in seclusion."

She was extremely happy to see Han Muye again.

However, Han Muye's cultivation had yet to stabilize. Refining the divine beast body still required time, so she should not disturb him.

Hearing her words, Han Muye shook his head and chuckled. "There's no need for seclusion. Now, my physical strength and cultivation are not compatible with my mental state. I need to control the compatibility."

After refining the body of a divine beast, his physical strength had suddenly increased to the extreme.

Han Muye could not adapt to this power for the time being and needed to slowly sharpen it.

During the refinement of the divine beast body, the impact on the soul and mental state brought about by the bloodline power forced Han Muye to deal with it carefully.

Even the relatively peaceful Baxia had a bloodline that was filled with brutality and savagery.

During the battle in the void, Han Muye was tainted with a lot of blood.

Right now, it was as if endless lava was churning in his heart. If he could not suppress it, it might erupt and burn him to ashes.

“Then what should Senior Brother do now?” Mu Wan asked softly.

She felt that she could not help Han Muye’s cultivation at all.

“Right now, I’m focused on refining the divine beast’s body. I can’t use any power for the time being. I’ll study alchemy and become an alchemy master.”

Looking at Mu Wan, Han Muye smiled and said, “We can go to the Central Continent together. Along the way, we can pick herbs and refine pills to comprehend the Dao of Heaven and Earth.”

Go to the Central Continent together.

Mu Wan’s eyes lit up and her face turned red. She bit her lip and said in a low voice, “Is this helpful to Senior Brother’s cultivation?”

He nodded.

Mu Wan smiled. “Alright, I’ll go to the Central Continent with you.”

Hearing her agree, Han Muye smiled.

At this moment, the buoy on the water shook slightly and sank.

Han Muye raised his fishing rod.

“Bam!”

The handle of the fishing rod shattered into powder.

Looking at the powder in his palm and the half of the fishing rod floating on the river, Han Muye shook his head with a wry smile.

Mu Wan covered her face and chuckled.

...

Outside the Mystic Sun Guards’ encampment, Qian Yiming sent Han Muye and Mu Wan off.

According to Han Muye, they would cross the Southern Wasteland and enter the Central Continent.

Although Mu Wan’s cultivation level had already reached the Foundation Establishment realm, there was clearly no murderous aura about her, and she did not look like she had cultivated a martial arts technique.

Han Muye also looked like a mortal now.

Qian Yiming looked at Han Muye and glanced at Mu Wan. He said in a low voice, “Brother Han, do you really not need me to send someone to escort you?”

Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

Seeing him like this, Qian Yiming could only give up. Then he sighed softly and said, "I wish I could have a good battle with you, Brother Han."

"It's fine. If you want, we can fight now," Han Muye said calmly.

Qian Yiming's expression froze. The few generals not far away turned their faces away.

When Han Muye returned from outside the realm, Qian Yiming welcomed him happily. After drinking for a while, they sparred a little.

Slightly.

It was when they drank to their heart's content and clinked glasses.

Qian Yiming was sent flying.

According to Han Muye, it was very difficult for him to control his strength now.

Qian Yiming believed him.

If he were to compete with Han Muye now, he would most likely be killed by a single punch.

Or two punches.

Seeing Han Muye and Mu Wan leave, Qian Yiming's expression slowly turned solemn.

"Minister Wen personally instructed us not to offend Han Muye. Is it because he obtained unimaginable benefits in the secret realm?"

"After sending us away, what exactly happened in the Desolate Wilderness?"

Qian Yiming's eyes lit up, and he revealed an envious expression. "His physical strength is so strong that even his soul power can't control it. It's really an unimaginable gain..."

He was also known for his physical strength, but he could not even withstand Han Muye's careless touch. It could be seen how terrifying Han Muye's physical strength was.

"Hehe, this is going to be fun." Qian Yiming grinned and said happily, "A man and a woman are traveling together. This guy can't restrain his strength. I'm afraid he won't even dare to touch that little girl."

Chapter 496 - 496 Han Muye's Second Trip to the Central Continent Begins (2)

...

Han Muye and Mu Wan did not really travel alone. Instead, a large group of people headed to the Central Continent together.

After visiting Xiao Yueli and Gao Changgong, Han Muye and the other two followed the Xiao family's caravan to the Central Continent.

"Young Master Mu, just ahead of us is the Shao Yuan Ridge. It used to be the base of the Green Tiger Clan. Now it's managed by some of the remaining tigers and some humans who moved south."

The leader of the caravan, Xiao Chu, was an elder of the Xiao family and Xiao Yueli's uncle.

Of course, compared to Xiao Yueli, Xiao Chu's status was much lower. He had to lead the caravan to the Central Continent and the Southern Wasteland to accumulate wealth for the family.

War had always been accompanied by wealth.

Be it the Xiao family, Qian Yiming's family, or the caravan fleets, they had all made a fortune in the ongoing wars between the Southern Wasteland and the Central Continent.

From the migration of humans to the convergence of all kinds of goods, everything else was ill-gotten gain, aside from the military funds that they did not dare to touch.

Xiao Chu whispered to Han Muye and Mu Wan about the produce of Shao Yuan Ridge, where they were about to go. Many people in the caravans behind him looked at Han Muye with indignant expressions.

Han Muye's alias was Mu Ye. He was a beginner alchemist and Mu Wan was his junior sister.

The reason why they traveled with the caravan was because Mu Ye was Gao Changgong's distant relative.

Gao Changgong actually brought along his family's Miss and they got together for no reason.

It was said that the elders of the Xiao family in the Imperial City were very unhappy about this matter.

However, Xiao Yueli was now in the army. Even if those Xiao family elders had some guts, they would not dare to cause trouble for the army.

Anyway, the clan had said that if Gao Changgong returned to the Central Continent with Xiao Xueli, they would teach him a lesson.

Gao Changgong was a ruthless person. He was holed up in the army, making those unhappy Xiao family members exasperated.

Now that they saw Gao Changgong's distant relative, they hated him to the core, which showed in their eyes.

But naturally, Xiao Chu, Xiao Yueli's uncle who got his power and status from Xiao Yueli, was not like those ordinary disciples. Instead, he was very attentive to Han Muye.

The Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army had occupied nearly half of the Southern Wasteland. Most of the various clans in the Southern Wasteland had retreated.

This was because Qian Yiming had used the condition of not fighting for 10 years in exchange for the opportunity to enter the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm. After he left the secret realm, he indeed did not lead an army to fight again.

In the past three years, a large number of humans had migrated to the Central Continent. On the other hand, the various demon clans under their rule had been divided and undergone various Confucian teachings.

On the other side, the demons were much more relaxed.

The Heavenly Fox returned, only appearing to appease the various clans before disappearing.

Some of the demon races began to move to the Western Frontier, while others defended their own clans.

The returning elites grew rapidly, greatly increasing the strength of their clans.

This was the demon race. Their bloodlines and habits were all different. It was impossible for them to really be united.

Even the demons of the Desolate Wilderness could not do it, let alone a place like the Southern Wasteland.

Once the 10-year period was up, the war would start again. Perhaps the Southern Wasteland would really fall.

As for whether Qian Yiming would wage war against the Western Frontier, that would depend on whether he had the guts.

Han Muye was looking forward to it.

After crossing the mountain ridge, the village in front of them appeared.

There were straw sheds surrounded by wooden houses and houses made of soil and stone.

Most of the demons in the Southern Wasteland were not particular about their food, clothing, and transportation. This was a huge contrast to the opulent Central Continent.

As the caravan fleet moved forward, a few figures rushed over from the village.

The leader was an old student in his fifties who was dressed in a scholarly robe. There was also a tall and strong member of the Green Tiger Clan with stripes on his head and face.

The Green Tiger Clan's bloodline was considered powerful. Newborn clansmen already had the power to cultivate their essence.

However, such a bloodline inheritance was difficult and the clan was not big.

It was also because of this that the Green Tiger Clan here chose to stay in Shao Yuan Ridge when the other large clans were defeated.

Qian Yiming's army did not exterminate the demons of the Southern Wasteland. Most of them were stationed there.

However, the Central Continent would arrange for many humans to migrate and live with these clans.

With the Confucian teachings, these clans would also be assimilated after a few hundred years.

The old student who came to welcome the caravan fleet was called Zhou Pu. He had wasted half his life in the Central Continent and was only a student. He responded to the dynasty's call and led some villagers to the Southern Wasteland to be the guardian of the clan.

He could be considered to have some authority and could condense the People's Will.

This was the reason why many Confucianist cultivators of the Central Continent were willing to come to the Southern Wasteland.

“Shopkeeper Xiao, the spiritual herbs you want have been prepared. Please take a rest in the village.”

Zhou Pu cupped his hands and smiled.

The tiger man beside him also cupped his hands and remained silent.

There were a total of more than 100 people in the caravan fleet. Other than Han Muye and Mu Wan, there were also seven or eight juniors of the Xiao family who were in training. The rest were staff and guards.

Half of the large caravans dragged by more than 40 spiritual steeds were already full.

It wasn't just the Xiao family's caravans. Most of the other caravans were the same.

Unless it was a real treasure that required a Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivator to carry it with him, the rest of the ordinary goods would be transported by caravans.

This way, he could train his juniors and slowly gather connections.

There seemed to be a lot of goods in the caravans, but they were not really valuable treasures. They were not enough to compensate for engaging a Heaven Realm cultivator.

Unless the Han Family Trading Company was transporting precious medicinal pills, they typically used large caravan fleets.

Xiao Chu did not reject Zhou Pu's invitation and led the caravans to set up camp outside the village.

Zhou Pu and the others invited Xiao Chu and a group of Xiao family disciples to a banquet. Xiao Chu invited Han Muye and Mu Wan to go together, but they did not go.

The two of them carried bamboo baskets and herb hoes on their backs. Under the guidance of a few Green Fox clansmen, they went up the mountain to look for herbs.

The Tiger Source Grass was abundant in the Green Tiger Clan's base. It was very old and had rich medicinal power. It could be used as a supplement to several grade seven pills.

The main reason why the caravan group came to Shao Yuan Ridge was to buy Tiger Source Grass.

In the Southern Wasteland, 10 stalks of these spiritual herbs could only be exchanged for one spiritual rock. In the Central Continent, each stalk could be exchanged for more than one spiritual rock.

Every time the Xiao family's caravan fleet came, they would collect tens of thousands of Tiger Source Grass.

This was also the main source of income for the Green Tiger Clan on Shao Yuan Ridge.

Otherwise, the clans here would not be so polite to the caravan fleet.

Han Muye and Mu Wan carried the bamboo baskets and walked 10 miles away. There was a lot of Tiger Source Grass in the forest.

However, most of them were relatively young and did not have enough medicinal power.

“Eh, this one is not bad. It has 20 years of medicinal power.” Han Muye looked at a spiritual herb with four leaves and eight petals on a stone cliff in front of him and smiled.

He picked up the herb hoe and tapped gently.

“Boom!”

The half-foot-tall stone cliff shattered.

The herb naturally shattered as well.

Han Muye opened his mouth and smiled wryly.

Mu Wan laughed out loud.

“Senior Brother Han, I’m here to pick herbs. Help me carry the herb basket.”

Handing the medicine basket on her back to Han Muye, Mu Wan took a few steps forward and dug up another lush Tiger Source Grass.

As the two of them walked, Mu Wan bent down to pick herbs from time to time.

“This one is 60 years old. It can be exchanged for 300 spiritual rocks in the Central Continent.”

“Wow, a hundred-year-old Tiger Source Grass. We’re rich. Be careful, be careful. Don’t break the leaves. This is worth 2,000 spiritual rocks.”

Looking at the happy Mu Wan, Han Muye smiled.

Mu Wan could now casually refine a cauldron of medicinal pills to exchange for hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks. These Tiger Source Grass were really nothing to her.

However, at this moment, in Han Muye’s eyes, Mu Wan still looked like she had been refining pills in the medical hall on the Nine Mystic Mountain to exchange for spiritual rocks.

Little money-grubber.

After crossing a hill, the two of them stopped.

There were two figures on the hill ahead.

The two of them were talking in low voices and did not notice Han Muye and Mu Wan’s arrival.

“Cui Cui, if your grandfather and the rest really don’t agree to us being together, then forget it. I, I, will leave Shao Yuan Ridge in the future.”

The person who spoke was a young man from the Green Tiger Clan. He was tall and strong, and his face was simple and honest. There was a hint of disappointment on his face.

Beside him, a young girl in a light pink dress shook her head and glared at him. “Shao Datian, how dare you abandon me after having an affair? Why didn’t you say forget it when you rolled on the grass with me back then?”

Hearing the young girl's words, the Tiger Clan youth called Shao Datian panicked and hurriedly said, "Cui Cui, I, how could I do that? I, I'm just afraid. They said that I'm a Tiger Clan member and you're a human. We, we can't..."

Before he could finish, Cui Cui reached out and grabbed Shao Datian's collar. "Datian, let's elope."

Chapter 497 - 497 Primordial Spirit as a Sword, Nothing That Can't Be Urged

497 Primordial Spirit as a Sword, Nothing That Can't Be Urged

Elope.

A human girl wanted a tiger youth to elope with her.

On the hill, the young man from the Tiger Clan kept retreating, as if he had many concerns.

"Cui Cui, my father said that I would harm you by being together..." Shao Datian slapped the green rock on the hill, shattering it into pieces.

"What else can you do besides smashing rocks?" The girl turned her head and glared at him. Then she lowered her head. "My grandfather didn't allow it either. That's why I asked you to elope with me."

A young man and a young woman with little experience were troubled by love.

Mu Wan reached out and grabbed Han Muye's sleeve. She shook her head and gently retreated.

After leaving the mountain range, Mu Wan said in a low voice, "The Central Continent has conquered the Southern Wasteland and a large number of humans had emigrated there. I'm afraid there will be many such things in the future."

At this point, she revealed a complicated expression. "Humans and demons intermarry. Not to mention the difficulty of having children, but the dangers..."

When humans and demons were united, the mother would basically be cut off from her inherited bloodline and turn into an ordinary demon beast if she was a demon.

Ordinary demon beasts were the lowest beings of the demon race.

Not only did they have low intelligence, but their chances of transforming were also extremely slim. They would be looked down upon by their race.

If his mother was a human, the outcome would be even more miserable once she gave birth.

The fetus in the womb would suck all the qi and blood power from its mother's body and she would eventually die.

In the cultivation world, most of the cultivators who had truly united with the demons and had a perfect ending were great cultivators.

Such great cultivators' strength was rich. It could lock one's qi, blood, and soul and ensure the purity of one's bloodline.

Of course, the price was probably extremely high.

Back then, in order to be together with Wen Mosheng, Bai Qingyu even cut off the condensed tail of the Heavenly Fox.

Fairy Peony had also made up her mind to marry the Mu family's patriarch.

"Actually, it's not impossible for demons and humans to intermarry. We can completely work from the bloodline." Han Muye pondered for a moment and said in a low voice.

He was the owner of the Ten Thousand Demons Token and controlled the various bloodline inheritances of the ancient Desolate Galaxy.

The bloodline power of those divine beasts was so strong that it was difficult to pass down.

Many divine beasts would choose to temporarily seal their bloodlines in order to continue the inheritance. After their children were born, they would slowly awaken.

Most demons could not bear to awaken the bloodline of a divine beast.

This was also the reason why there would be more and more branches of the demon race in the future, and the powerful bloodline became thinner and thinner.

When Han Muye and Mu Wan returned to the camp, Xiao Chu and the Xiao family disciples had already returned from the banquet.

At this moment, the sky was already dark.

The caravan fleet set up eight tents on the field. Xiao Chu had one to himself, Han Muye and Mu Wan had one, and the other Xiao family disciples and caravan workers were squeezed into six tents.

There were more than 10 people squeezed into each tent, which made the Xiao family disciples a little dissatisfied. Some people muttered, but after being glared at by Xiao Chu, they had to obediently retreat into the tent.

In the tent, Han Muye and Mu Wan sat opposite each other.

For a moment, Mu Wan felt a little uneasy.

She recalled the sadness in her heart when she heard that Senior Brother Han could not return from the Southern Wasteland three years ago.

Great-Grandma, Fairy Peony, asked her if she would be like her and give up everything to follow Han Muye if he returned safely.

At that time, Mu Wan nodded firmly.

Seeing Han Muye return, her joy was indescribable.

Therefore, she could cast aside her reservations and accompany Han Muye to the Central Continent.

However, no matter how determined she was, she could not fight the awkwardness of sitting opposite him in the quiet tent.

She was at a loss.

Han Muye was also a little stunned.

If I had asked Junior Sister Mu Wan to stay at the Nine Mystic Mountain back then, perhaps our children would be the same age as Huang Zhihu now.

Sixth Brother is the shrewdest, he thought.

Shaking his head, Han Muye took out a book and laid it flat on the desk in front of him. Then his ink brush moved gently.

Confucianism could calm one's mind and copying Confucian writings allowed one to slowly improve one's state of mind.

Seeing that Han Muye was seriously copying the book, Mu Wan secretly heaved a sigh of relief, and there was a hint of disappointment in her eyes.

She took out the Tiger Source Grass she had picked and cleaned them one by one, sealing them with spiritual energy.

Then she carefully handled the other spiritual herbs.

Some spiritual herbs still needed to be refined with a pill furnace to turn into medicinal liquid.

Mu Wan dealt with the spiritual herbs and immediately focused her attention with a solemn expression.

Such concentration was indeed rare.

"Bam!"

The tremor behind her made Mu Wan tremble. The pill furnace in front of her shook, and a grayish-black smoke rose.

The spiritual herbs were destroyed.

Ignoring the spiritual herbs, Mu Wan quickly turned around and saw Han Muye smiling wryly as he cleaned up the scattered remains of the ink brush in front of him.

The ink brush broke into pieces.

"Junior Sister Mu, I'll use a formation to isolate you. It won't affect your study of alchemy."

Han Muye took out an array disc and was about to activate the array formation when the array disc shattered with a bang.

Mu Wan laughed and raised her hand. Spiritual light isolated the two of them.

"Junior Sister, when did you repair the array?" Han Muye asked softly. After saying that, he remembered that this array had already isolated him from Mu Wan's perception.

Shaking his head, he sat cross-legged and looked at the long table in front of him.

Half of the words were written, and the rest were stained with ink.

This was his current state. His physical strength was too strong, so strong that it was difficult to control.

He slowly closed his eyes. His divine thoughts started from the divine treasure, then entered his sea of Qi, and then returned to his dantian.

From the Desolate Wilderness, Han Muye had obtained unimaginable benefits.

There were all kinds of treasures, ancient bloodlines, supreme treasures, Kui Horn, and the tyrannical body of the Divine Beast, Baxia.

At this moment, his divine treasures were filled with a golden aura.

Chapter 498 - 498 Primordial Spirit as a Sword, Nothing That Can't Be Urged (2)

498 Primordial Spirit as a Sword, Nothing That Can't Be Urged (2)

The divine soul sword supported the heavens and the earth.

His soul had already surpassed the Heaven Realm and was compatible with the Great Dao.

However, if he wanted to become a true Dao Integration cultivator, he needed to fuse his soul with the Dao and transform the world into his own Dao domain, just like in the Desolate Wilderness.

The Great Dao of the Heavenly Mystic World had already fused with the Central Continent's Minister Wen. The entire Central Continent was his domain. If Han Muye wanted to fuse the Dao, he had to compete with Wen Mosheng for the control of the Heavenly Dao.

Han Muye was not interested in guarding the Heaven Mystic World, so he split a trace of his soul and left it in the Ten Thousand Demons Token. He then used his soul to refine the divine beast's body, causing his soul to be constantly exhausted.

Such an imperfect divine soul naturally wouldn't trigger the Heavenly Dao's senses and wouldn't spontaneously compete with Wen Mosheng.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had reminded him before.

The endless divine soul power in the divine treasure kept spinning. Other than refining the divine beast's body, it was also condensing the divine soul sword.

With the Mystic Sun Technique as the foundation, and after cultivating his own cultivation technique, the Mystic Essence Dao Technique, Han Muye's soul fused with the sword intent in his Qi Sea.

Although he had yet to step into the Heaven Realm or even condense his Golden Core, he was extremely clear about his cultivation path.

When one's spiritual energy cultivation reached the limit, it would condense into a Golden Core and finally become a Sword Dao Nascent Soul.

During this process, he needed to combine the sword intent of the sea of Qi with the sword of the divine treasures and divine soul. The three forces combined and finally formed the sword of the primordial spirit.

His primordial spirit was like a sword, sharp and unstoppable.

However, all of this required the support of a powerful physical body.

Only by refining the body of a divine beast and fusing it into his body could everything be indestructible.

There were more than a thousand dark golden streams of light on the divine soul sword.

Every stream of light represented a complete soul sword qi.

In his Qi Sea, the long sword that was wrapped in the purple aura condensed as many as 10,000 sword intents.

Back then, Han Muye was prepared to condense 3,000 sword intents into sword momentum. Now that he had more than 10,000 sword intents, he had also formed several sword momentums.

With the affinity of various attributes, Han Muye could display the sword moves of wind, fire, water, wood, and earth.

13 sword pills floated in his dantian.

A long sword condensed from sword intent and spiritual qi was about to condense.

When this long sword condensed, Han Muye would become a Sword Dao Golden Core.

At that time, it would be the beginning of his cultivation and strength transformation.

Of course, his biggest problem at the moment was the refinement of the divine beast body.

His powerful strength was not compatible with his mental state, preventing him from smoothly exerting his combat strength.

Behind Han Muye, the phantom of a Divine Beast, Baxia, appeared. It slowly floated, as if it wanted to break through the void.

It was just a spatial power that suppressed it.

No one knew where Han Muye's main body was now.

Before he completely refined it, he would probably not let outsiders know this secret.

The spiritual light was isolated, so Mu Wan could not see Han Muye's cultivation.

She looked at the cauldron in front of her and could not help but sigh.

"What Sister Bai said back then really makes sense..."

Back at the Nine Mystic Mountain, Bai Suzhen had told Mu Wan that some people really could not catch up.

Chasing with all their might but getting further and further away left them feeling powerless.

Now Mu Wan had such a feeling.

Senior Brother Han's cultivation had reached an unimaginable level.

The world he came into contact with was a world that she could not even imagine.

Senior Brother Han's cultivation was extremely exciting.

As for her, she was really just an ordinary cultivator who had not even stepped into the Earth Realm.

How could she be with him?

A spiritual herb slowly shattered in her palm. Mu Wan could not help but feel bitter.

The night passed, and the caravans set off before the sun rose.

They still had to rush to the next clan base.

Although it was not difficult for the clans to gather spiritual herbs and spiritual materials, it had its challenges.

Dealing with various demons with all kinds of habits required skills and knowledge.

Xiao Chu was obviously a veteran of the martial world. Everywhere he went, he could deal with them with diplomacy, and the juniors followed suit.

According to what Xiao Chu had told Han Muye, he would hand over this business path to his juniors in a few years.

His cultivation was already half a step into the Golden Core realm. In the future, he would have to focus on cultivation.

Low-level cultivators were constantly honed, while mid-level cultivators took on the responsibility of teaching. After becoming great cultivators, they would guard a region.

This was the same for the Central Continent and the Western Frontier.

This was probably the inheritance of the cultivation world.

Those independent cultivators who only had one lineage or those rare Heaven Ascension Peak cultivators were the exception.

The caravan fleet left Shao Yuan Ridge and collected spiritual herbs from two small clans before heading to the Central Continent.

Due to the operation of the army, the road towards the Central Continent was wide. From time to time, soldiers in red or black armor could be seen riding their horses.

There were also some small caravans full of people heading towards the Central Continent.

“Those are the small families in the southern counties that have organized caravans.” Xiao Chu pointed at the caravans with only seven or eight people and two large carriages ahead.

“The Southern Wasteland has yet to be at peace. Caravans without the background of the Red Flame Army and the Mystic Sun Guards are not allowed to have more than 10 people.”

As expected, most of the caravans they encountered along the way limited their numbers to seven or eight people.

In Han Muye’s opinion, it was easy to avoid such rules.

It was fine as long as there were a few more caravans. It was just that they had to submit an additional copy of the documents and pay an extra tax.

“That’s the Central Continent Pass.” Xiao Chu pointed at the huge city pass in front of him and smiled.

In front of the 500-foot-tall city gate was a wide bluestone square.

Standing on the main road, they could see the spiritual qi lingering behind the city pass.

Chapter 499 - 499 Primordial Spirit as a Sword, Nothing That Can't Be Urged (3)

499 Primordial Spirit as a Sword, Nothing That Can’t Be Urged (3)

There was a faint barrier at the city pass. However, compared to the thick Heavenly Barrier of the Western Frontier, the Southern Wasteland’s was extremely thin.

One could pass through the barrier of the Southern Wasteland as long as one was at the Qi Condensation Realm.

The Western Frontier required a Golden Core Realm to pass through. This was also the reason why Han Muye had opened the Heavenly Gate with a single strike.

Now one only needed to be a sword cultivator to travel between the Central Continent and Western Frontier.

In the past few years, the cultivation in the Western Frontier had become much more prosperous than before.

“Zhennan Pass?” Han Muye looked at the three golden words.

It was really a pass guarding the Southern Wasteland.

“Haha, these words are the work of a Confucian Grandmaster. They can detect the nature of a person. Many demon spies were blocked by the golden words and exposed themselves,” Xiao Chu said proudly.

“Does this Grandmaster Ma Yuan have a good relationship with the Xiao family?” Han Muye turned around and asked.

There was a signature below the golden words.

“Lord Ma Yuan and the head of my Xiao family’s head are officials in the same dynasty and are preparing to become in-laws...” Before Xiao Chu could speak, a Xiao family disciple behind him said loudly.

In-laws? No wonder.

It was normal for the officials of the dynasty to protect each other.

Han Muye cultivated Confucianism and understood many of the inheritances of Confucianism in the Central Continent.

Family relationships were hidden, officials protected each other, teachers respected the Dao, and seniority was orderly.

The rules of Confucianism in the Central Continent were intertwined with the rules of heaven and human relationships.

Perhaps this was the essence of Confucianism that Wen Mosheng had mastered.

Every cultivator and every imperial court official had to be human first.

Humans were human.

If humanity really did not exist, the cultivation path of cutting off all emotions was not suitable for ruling the mortal world.

Compared to those cultivation sects who treated mortals as weaklings, Confucianism was doing very well.

Han Muye couldn’t think of any other way to replace the rule of the Confucian dynasty in the Central Continent.

“Young Master Mu Ye, don’t listen to his nonsense.” Xiao Chu glared behind him and lowered his voice.

“Eldest Miss doesn’t want to stay in the Imperial City. My Xiao family is a martial arts family. Although we have a good relationship with their Confucian family, we don’t come from the same source.

“The marriage is just a rumor. It can’t be taken seriously.”

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Whether it was true or not had nothing to do with him.

It was just that Gao Changgong was under more pressure.

Han Muye was happy to see Gao Changgong suffer.

In front of Zhennan Pass, there were many teams waiting to enter.

Fortunately, the city gate was wide enough for dozens of caravans to travel side by side.

At the gate, there was a sudden commotion in front of them.

“Why don’t you let him in?”

“He’s a tiger, but he’s also my husband. I have to bring him in.”

Looking up, it was a young girl in a gray robe with a tall young man from the Tiger Clan beside her.

Mu Wan happened to turn around and look at Han Muye.

These two people were Cui Cui and Shao Datian, whom they had seen on Shao Yuan Ridge.

Unexpectedly, they really chose to elope in the end.

The soldier guarding the door had a good attitude and explained briefly.

The gist of it was that Shao Datian did not have proof of identity or a guarantor, so he was not allowed to enter the Central Continent.

As for Cui Cui, she could.

After all, Cui Cui was a human.

"Cui Cui, why don't you go to the Central Continent first?" Shao Datian looked up at the wall and scratched his head. "I'll climb over the wall tonight."

His words made many people around laugh.

"You said that you will climb the wall in front of the soldiers guarding the city pass. Is this a deliberate provocation?"

"Hmph, there's a formation on the city wall. The last person who climbed up hasn't come down yet." The soldier in iron armor snorted.

Shao Datian turned around to look, but he didn't see anyone hanging on the wall.

Cui Cui tugged at his sleeve. "Don't look anymore. He's long dead."

These words made Shao Datian shiver.

Cui Cui looked around and her gaze landed on Han Muye's caravan with a hint of joy on her face.

Holding Shao Datian's hand, the two squeezed close to Xiao Chu's horse.

"You're the caravan that came to Shao Yuan Ridge yesterday, right?"

"I'm Zhou Pu's granddaughter. My name is Cui Cui."

The girl was easy-mannered, but Shao Datian was a little nervous.

Xiao Chu nodded his head and asked, "Are you going to enter the Central Continent?"

"Yes, yes. We want to enter the Central Continent and seek refuge with our relatives." Cui Cui grabbed Shao Datian's sleeve and shook it.

"Relatives. Yes, relatives." Shao Datian didn't dare to look up.

Xiao Chu frowned.

He was an experienced man. Of course, he could tell that there was something fishy going on between Cui Cui and Shao Datian.

Shao Yuan Ridge was a place where the Xiao family's caravans supplied spiritual herbs. It was best to pass on the news of Cui Cui and Shao Datian.

He believed that Zhou Pu would definitely be grateful to him.

"Are you really going to the Central Continent?" Right at this moment, Mu Wan suddenly spoke.

Chapter 500 - 500 Qian Yiming's Answer

500 Qian Yiming's Answer

Xiao Chu turned to look at Mu Wan and Han Muye.

He saw Han Muye smiling.

Xiao Chu could not figure out Young Master Mu Ye's identity.

He said that he was Gao Changgong's distant relative, but his Eldest Miss had privately instructed him not to offend him.

With his Eldest Miss' personality, she did not even place such importance on Commander Qian Yiming.

Therefore, Xiao Chu treated Han Muye and Mu Wan with care along the way.

"We're going to the Central Continent." Cui Cui pulled Shao Datian's sleeve tightly.

Mu Wan nodded and looked at Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, bring them along."

Mu Wan felt that Cui Cui was braver than her.

There are some things that one has to fight for.

"Shopkeeper Xiao, is there a problem?" Han Muye looked at Xiao Xiao.

Xiao Chu laughed and said, "If there's a problem with my Xiao Family's caravan fleet passing through the Zhennan Pass, then I'm afraid no one in the Southern Wasteland can enter the Central Continent."

Xiao Yueli was one of the generals who led the expedition against the Southern Wasteland.

The Xiao family had a status in the Central Continent Imperial City.

With the Xiao Family's name, how could they not pass through this Zhennan Pass?

Cui Cui's face was filled with joy. She held Shao Datian's hand and bowed repeatedly.

As expected, Xiao Chen only took out a clearance document and led the caravan through Zhennan Pass.

Cui Cui and the tall youth of the Green Tiger Clan passed through the city gate, and no one stopped them.

Riding his horse through the city gate, Han Muye stood inside the pass and looked up into the distance.

At this moment, a faint spiritual light flashed on his body.

At a close distance, Mu Wan and Xiao Xiao both sensed a suppressed power surging.

Xiao Chu widened his eyes in surprise.

At that moment, it was as if he was in a sea of fire. His body would instantly turn to ashes.

When he looked at Han Muye, he could see a flash of purple gas.

Who is this Young Master Mu Ye?

Han Muye lowered his head slightly and restrained the flames in his eyes.

Fortunately, he had made sufficient preparations. The power of his divine soul only triggered the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent slightly before fading away.

However, Wen Mosheng also knew that he had come to the Central Continent.

“Let’s go. I remember that Heze County is ahead.” Han Muye whispered and rode forward.

“Qian Yiming said that he wanted to give Kong Chaode an explanation. I’ll see if he means what he says.”

Qian Yiming!

This Young Master Mu Ye actually called the Southern Town Commander by his name, and it sounded very casual!

Xiao Cheng suppressed the shock in his eyes and turned to look at Mu Wan.

“Fairy Mu, shall we go to Heze County?”

Mu Wan nodded and rode after Han Muye.

The caravan moved along the main road.

“So this is the Middle Continent...”

The tiger youth Shao Datian looked at the surrounding brick pavilions and was momentarily stunned.

Was this where Cui Cui and the others used to live?

Could he come to this paradise-like place?

Shao Datian turned around and saw Cui Cui’s longing face. He clenched his fists.

Yes, he was Cui Cui’s husband.

“Cui Cui, where are we going?”

“You said that when I come to the Central Continent, I can carry goods and earn spirit stones to support you. I can also help others be guards. I can support us.”

Shao Datian rubbed his hands and said softly.

Cui Cui smiled and looked up at Shao Datian, her eyes filled with gentleness.

“Didn’t we bring a lot of spiritual herbs? These can let us live a good life first.”

Cui Cui looked around and tugged at Shao Datian’s sleeve. “The spiritual herbs can’t be sold for a good price at this location.”

“We’ll follow the caravan. We’ll go to Heze County.”

As she spoke, she walked away.

In front, the caravan’s carriages were only left with their tails.

“Alright, let’s follow them.”

Shao Datian reached out and wrapped his arms around Cui Cui’s waist. He pulled her onto his shoulder and let her sit on his shoulders. Then he carried her and ran.

Cui Cui wrapped her arms around Shao Datian’s neck, leaving behind peals of laughter.

“Datian, so many people are looking at us...” The pedestrians and caravans around them all looked over, making Cui Cui feel a little shy.

“So be it. I’m your husband. What’s there to be afraid of?” Shao Datian said loudly.

In the Southern Wasteland, no one cared about what outsiders thought.

When many people heard Shao Datian’s voice, they started discussing in low voices.

Embarrassed, Cui Cui hugged Shao Datian’s neck tightly and pressed her head against his furry head.

Han Muye and Mu Wan, who were riding their horses, turned around.

Mu Wan bit her lip.

Is this the love of the mortal world? she thought.

That’s nice.

...

Heze County was the westernmost county in the Central Continent. In the past few years, because of the military funds and transactions with the Southern Wasteland, it had really become rich.

From afar, it looked like a skyscraper with all kinds of banners.

There were cultivators flying on Qi, and there were also people riding all kinds of strange beasts everywhere.

Outside the city, people were crowding around a notice stuck on the city wall.

“So County Magistrate Qian is such a person. No wonder the Qian family has been thriving in the past few years.”

“Oh my god, colluding with the military and government and selling military funds is really a huge crime.”

In front of the notice, there was a flurry of discussion.

The notice clearly stated that the county magistrate of Heze County, Qian Yunong, and the commander of the Red Flame Army, Cao Shan, had sold their military funds to suppress their colleagues.

Back then, in order to cover up their crimes, they framed the Kong family and caused the Kong family to be destroyed.

The notice said that Qian Yunong and Cao Shan would be escorted back to the Imperial City. If there were still survivors in the Kong family, they could come back and inherit the family assets.

It seemed that this was Qian Yiming’s answer to Han Muye and Kong Chaode.

Han Muye believed that a great cultivator like Qian Yiming would not play tricks in front of him.

Whether Kong Chaode was willing to accept this was his business.

If Kong Chaode still wanted revenge, Han Muye would protect him until he had the ability to take revenge.