

Pavilion 771

Chapter 771 - 771 Meeting Mo Yuan, 10,000 Swords Versus 10,000 Swords

Having penetrated 3,000 stone walls, the long sword was stuck and unable to advance an inch!

At this moment, everyone stared at the long sword.

Sword cultivators were sharp and indestructible, but after suffering a setback, they no longer had any sharpness to speak of.

Since the sword had already come to a stop, and there might be no possibility of moving forward.

The Western Frontier Sword Dao, the Sword Dao Immortal Han challenged the itinerant cultivators of the Eastern Sea. It would probably stop in front of the Eastern Sea's Zhang Mingjin!

"I heard that Han Muye of the Western Frontier is Mo Yuan's disciple. Mo Yuan's cultivation is broad, but it's lacking in purity. From the looks of it, it's probably true. Hehe..."

A voice commented from the void.

Han Muye's swordsmanship was impressive. Previously, the Water Dragon Roar could be said to be stunning.

However, in such a real collision, the sword edge was still not strong enough to be indestructible.

It was natural for him to stop in front of the cliff.

"Not bad. To be able to rely on the power of the Heavens and Earth to sweep across the Eastern Sea, your mentality and intelligence are top-notch. Your swordsmanship is indeed superb." Another voice was filled with praise.

"Indeed, it's rare for sword cultivators outside the Eastern Sea to have such standards."

His tone was gentle and it was obvious that he was a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert.

When the arrogant junior sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea heard these words, they could not help but nod.

They thought that this Western Frontier Sword Dao Immortal was a bit arrogant and wild, but he had some genuine ability.

Using the authority of the Central Continent to stir up the Eastern Sea and destroy the Spiritual Armored demons in one fell swoop was not something that outsiders could do.

The Water Dragon Roar had penetrated 3,000 stone walls. It was a true ability.

Such a person was indeed rare outside the Eastern Sea.

At this moment, even Gu Yuanlong and the others, who were sitting beside Han Muye, had this thought.

After all, this was the Eastern Sea, where sword cultivators gathered. How could anyone really challenge the Eastern Sea?

Even the talented Han Muye could not do it.

“Do you think I’ve lost?”

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Gu Yuanlong and the others were stunned when they heard Han Muye’s voice again.

“If you understand this sword move, then understand it. If you don’t, then forget it.”

With that, he closed his eyes.

What’s so special about this sword? everyone wondered.

Can a stagnant sword turn the tables?

Everyone’s gaze fell on the screen in front of them.

“Hey, the sword edge seems to have advanced half a step...” Someone whispered.

The sword edge moved forward a bit?

Perhaps it did.

Is it useful?

The three-foot-long blade was still more than two feet away. There was also the hilt behind it.

What’s the use of just moving forward?

No one spoke.

Everyone stared at the sword.

After a long time.

“I-I think it moved a bit again...”

After half a day, the tip of the sword advanced a little.

When the sun set, the stone wall was like a heavenly wall, blocking the sunlight. There was only one sword, and it seemed to be using all its strength to pierce through the stone wall.

Many people who had been paying attention to this place shook their heads.

They felt that victory and defeat had already been decided. Why was there a need to hold on like this?

Sword cultivators should be decisive.

Such entanglement had completely lost the temperament that a sword cultivator should have.

Was the sword immortal of the Western Frontier really an immortal who was banished from the mortal world? Did he not have any sage-like aura at all?

One night.

When the sun rose, it shone on the stone wall, and the sword shone with a halo.

“Eh, this sword has advanced another inch in one night.”

Someone noticed the difference in the position of the sword edge.

However, most people no longer cared.

A minute, an inch, or a foot. Did it make a difference?

Beside Han Muye, Gu Yuanlong and the others sat up for the night.

They watched the sword edge move forward bit by bit.

Many people did not understand the meaning of this persistence.

Some people seemed to understand a little, while others were even more confused.

On this day, the tip of the sword advanced by 80%.

By evening, half of the sword had already entered the stone wall.

One more inch into the night.

He scored another eight points a day.

Three days later, only the hilt of the sword was left outside.

As long as the stone wall was not broken and the sword did not return, most of the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea would still pay attention to this place.

Many people could not understand what Han Muye was insisting on.

He’s already a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert. Why is he still a sore loser? they wondered.

After fighting to such an extent, what’s the point of the challenge?

The setting sun sprinkled its afterglow, and Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged, suddenly opened his eyes.

“Do you understand?”

He spoke softly.

Gu Yuanlong and the others nodded, while others shook their heads.

On the light screen, the long sword that had pierced into the stone wall trembled slightly.

Han Muye’s voice rang out.

“What is a sword?”

“The sword is a killing weapon.”

The long sword vibrated as if it was about to penetrate the stone wall.

“In these five days, you saw this sword trapped in the stone wall. Do you know why?”

Why?

No one answered.

At this moment, ridicule was meaningless.

“The sword in my hand can be broken, but the sword in my heart cannot be broken.”

At this moment, ridicule was meaningless.

“Nowadays, every step is thousands of times more difficult than this sword piercing through the stone wall.

“When you encounter setbacks, you don’t give up. You remain unbending even after hundreds of failures. Your sharpness doesn’t decrease. This is what a sword cultivator should be like.”

No matter how many twists and turns he suffered, he remained unbending and his sharpness did not decrease.

Han Muye spent five days demonstrating what it meant to never give up.

Even if many people disdained him for fighting like this, he was worthy of the words “do not give up no matter what”.

After Han Muye finished speaking, there was silence.

“Immortal Han, I understand.” A moment later, Gu Yuanlong’s voice sounded.

Gu Yuanlong stood up and said in a clear voice, “Your life is not over, your sword is not over, and the outcome is not decided. Sword cultivators will never admit defeat.”

Beside him, Guo Tianjin slowly stood up.

“Sword cultivators will never admit defeat!”

Figures got up and stood behind Han Muye.

They were the sword cultivators who formed the sword array. They were all following Han Muye.

Chapter 772 - 772 Meeting Mo Yuan, 10,000 Swords Versus 10,000 Swords (2)

“Sword cultivators will never admit defeat...”

Countless voices sounded, turning into a tsunami that rushed into the sky.

“Boom!”

Cloud waves surged, and waves surged into the sky. The sound waves spread for thousands of miles!

“Sword cultivators will never admit defeat,” a great cultivator muttered, his eyes shining.

“Never admit defeat. It’s easy to lose. It’s easy to let go of the sword in your hand. It’s easy to bend down and lower your head...” A down-and-out sword cultivator stood by the shore and looked at the surging waves as he whispered softly.

It was easy to give up. It was easy to admit his failure.

But if he didn’t give it his all, why would he admit defeat?

The victor had yet to be determined, so why should he admit defeat?

“Boom!”

On the stone wall, the sword vibrated, and the cliff that was like a heavenly wall shattered into pieces.

The stone wall that blocked Han Muye’s Primordial Spirit Sword shattered.

At this moment, almost all the sword cultivators who were paying attention to this place heaved a sigh of relief.

In their hearts, this seemed to be a matter of course.

How could a sword cultivator who could last for five days not be able to break through this stone wall?

At this moment, countless people were touched when they recalled Han Muye’s persistence.

Did he not have his persistence?

Did he have this persistence when he was cultivating the Sword Dao?

Countless people felt ashamed when they asked themselves.

He had never thought that he would retreat so many times.

“Gu Yuanlong of the Eastern Sea is willing to advance with his sword and challenge the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea...”

Gu Yuanlong, who was holding a sword in his hand, flew up and rushed forward.

Guo Tianjin followed closely behind him.

Behind them, countless sword cultivators rushed forward.

Their target was the Tang Mountain Sword Sect’s mountain gate.

Countless Eastern Sea sword cultivators were waiting there.

How could he give up such an opportunity to spar?

The belief that he would never be able to learn anything would start from this moment!

It was not just Gu Yuanlong and the others. Above the Eastern Sea, countless sword cultivators were moved and flew towards the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

Han Muye smiled and stood in the air with the Primordial Soul sword in front of him.

"Zhang Mingjin has learned his lesson." Zhang Mingjin, who was wearing a black robe and carrying a black sword on his back, bowed.

"I feel that I'm an itinerant cultivator and don't care about honor or disgrace. I've always won every battle in my life. If I can't win, I'll retreat and never persevere.

"Currently, my cultivation has been stuck for less than 300 years. My lifespan is exhausted.

"Immortal Han, I dare not forget. When I make a breakthrough in my closed-door cultivation, I will go to the Central Continent and work for the Heavenly Mystic."

After Zhang Mingjin finished speaking, he cupped his fists and left.

Han Muye had given him a deep insight in five days.

Sword cultivators would never be defeated.

This was a persistence that he had never had as an itinerant cultivator.

With this perseverance, his cultivation would definitely break through the bottleneck and reach a higher level.

"Buzz!"

The sword energy vibrated and flew across the sky.

The Eastern Sea sword cultivators followed the sword light and flew towards the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

Unlike before, these accompanying sword cultivators also wanted to challenge with their swords.

Before Han Muye's Primordial Soul sword could attack, the sword cultivators blocking the path ahead were met by a few sword cultivators.

The sword lights intertwined. There were victories and defeats.

It did not matter if he won or lost. What was important was that he had the intention to draw his sword.

"I finally understand why your foster father is called a Sword Dao Immortal..." Ten thousand miles away, Huang Zhihu and Yunduan stood side by side in front of a screen of light.

Yunduan looked at the chaotic battle on the screen of light and spoke softly.

Huang Zhihu's eyes flashed with spiritual light, and her body surged with battle intent.

"He can suppress the Western Frontier with his sword, but he doesn't want fame and fortune. He only wants to open the Heavenly Gate with his sword.

"He can use poetry as a sword, but he doesn't show off. He only hopes that the scholar can bring a sword and go to the world.

"Today, he could break the shackles with one strike, but with five days of effort, he was not afraid of cold words. He only wanted to let the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea understand that sword cultivators never give up..."

Gongsun Qingfeng who stood at the back spoke softly, his palm tightly gripping the hilt of his sword.

Behind him, there were also countless sword cultivators who were filled with a fighting spirit. The sword light on their bodies surged and could not be suppressed.

“Eastern Sea sword cultivators are all like dragons. How can we not participate in such a grand event?” Huang Zhihu let out a long laugh. She raised the sword in her hand and charged forward.

Yunduan smiled and shook her head. She raised her hand, and golden light surged in the sky.

The edict combined with the power of the Heavenly Dao and guided the endless power of heaven and earth towards the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

At this moment, everyone rushed towards the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

In the pavilion of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, Mo Yuan sat on a wooden chair with a smile on his face.

Beside him, the white-robed sword cultivators gripped their swords tightly and stared at the flying sword light.

Mo Yuan raised his hand and said softly, “Go. This battle has nothing to do with honor or glory, nor with victory or defeat. It’s just that the sword in your heart gets sharper and sharper.”

The sword cultivators who were already impatient rushed out. Their sword lights collided with the flying sword lights.

Sword cries resounded around the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

“Is this the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords you wanted to show me?” Mo Yuan asked softly.

“Master Mo Yuan, what do you think of my Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?” A voice sounded behind Mo Yuan.

With Gu Yuanlong under his command, it would not be difficult for Han Muye to come to the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

Mo Yuan did not turn around. He just sat there and looked ahead.

“Back then, I spent 200 years only to use the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords and open a path for all the sword cultivators in the world.

“I’ve done it, but it’s also due to your reminder.

“When Gu Yuanlong and the others returned to the Eastern Sea, they said that you would challenge the Eastern Sea with the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. I was thinking about which level you would cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords to.”

Mo Yuan spoke softly.

Han Muye smiled.

Back then, he was also curious what level Mo Yuan had cultivated the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords to.

“No matter how I thought about it, I didn’t expect you to come and see me with such a move.” Mo Yuan smiled and slowly stood up.

Chapter 773 - 773 Meeting Mo Yuan, 10,000 Swords Versus 10,000 Swords (3)

“One person cultivating 10,000 swords is not as good as 10,000 people cultivating one sword.

“10,000 people cultivating one sword is not as good as 10,000 people cultivating 10,000 swords.

“10,000 people cultivating 10,000 swords is not as good as 10,000 people having swords.

“I like this gift very much.”

Mo Yuan turned around and looked at Han Muye, who was wearing a white robe and carrying a sword case.

Sharp sword light instantly burst forth from his body.

At this moment, a loud sword cry rang out, and the entire world was filled with sword qi.

“Come, let me see how far you’ve cultivated the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

Mo Yuan looked at Han Muye and said loudly.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Han Muye laughed and unsheathed the Green Destiny Sword in his hand.

This sword that he had taken from Mo Yuan finally grew into a long sword.

Sword light flashed as the sword stabbed out, scattering thousands of swords.

One sword turned into 10,000 swords!

Mo Yuan laughed and disappeared.

When he appeared again, the sky was already filled with his figures.

Countless Mo Yuans stood in the sky, their swords moving differently.

One sword to 10,000 swords!

The same sword move had a different performance.

“Clang—”

The two swords collided, causing tens of thousands of swords to tremble.

At this moment, in the void, within 10,000 miles, all the swords in the hands of the sword cultivators could not exert any strength and let out a sorrowful cry.

The two sword lights collided in the void, triggering the reaction of all the swords.

“That’s Mo Yuan.”

“I once spent 200 years of my lifespan to create the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords with my dying body.

“That is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

Countless voices sounded.

At this moment, in the battle between the master and disciple from the Western Frontier, the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique was completely displayed in front of everyone.

Mo Yuan transformed one sword into 10,000 swords, and Han Muye transformed 10,000 swords into one.

None of their sword moves were repetitive.

Eastern Sea Sword Technique, Western Frontier Sword Technique, the Central Continent Sword Technique, Outer World Sword Technique...

In an instant, all the concepts pursued by sword techniques kept fusing.

This was a demonstration of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, and also a demonstration of 10,000 sword techniques.

For the first time, the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea knew that there were really people who had practiced tens of thousands of sword techniques in the world.

For the first time, the surrounding sword cultivators knew that there were sword techniques in the world that surpassed the Eastern Sea, the Heavenly Mystic, and were beyond their understanding.

“Master Mo Yuan, I’ve traveled in the Outer World and seen the sword techniques of the Immortal Spirit World. I’ve also experienced the Sword Dao of the Immortal Source World. I’ve even been to Scattered Stars Island in the Endless Sea to discuss the Dao with the sword cultivators there.

“The world is unimaginably vast.”

The sword light in Han Muye’s hand paused, and the 10,000 swords became one.

On the other side, Mo Yuan’s figure also faded and turned into a figure holding a sword.

The two of them stood in the air with calm expressions.

“Alright, I’ll take a look at the worlds you mentioned.”

Mo Yuan slashed out with his sword and said calmly.

Han Muye smiled and tapped the sword in his hand.

“Clang—”

The two of them returned to their original positions.

...

No one knew who would win this battle.

Most people cared about the sword techniques they had seen today. They cared about what Han Muye had said. The world was so vast.

The world was so big. He really wanted to take a look.

The unrestrainedness in the bones of sword cultivators and the romance that was engraved in their hearts made countless people look forward to the scene of wielding swords in the sky.

Han Muye did not appear again after the battle between the Tang Mountain Sword Sect and Mo Yuan.

Crown Prince Yunduan took out the gains from the Land of Sangyu. After comforting everyone, she gathered tens of millions of sword cultivators and led the experts to form a 100,000-strong military formation to return to the Central Continent.

These 100,000 sword cultivators had already used the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation that Han Muye had trained as the foundation to control the sword core formation.

The 100,000 sword cultivators' cultivation had increased in the Land of Qingyu, and their combat strength had reached an unimaginable level.

When the 100,000 sword cultivators landed, the Central Continent was shaken, and Dongnan was in turmoil. Lu Yang, who had been defeated, led his army to sweep across the 12 sects in a day.

Han Muye had actually already decided how to arrange the remaining 10 million sword cultivators. He would arrange for them to cultivate the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

If his cultivation was insufficient, he would borrow the power of the sword cores. If his cultivation was high enough, he would practice on his own.

The formation of tens of millions of sword cultivators would be a huge battle force in the Heavenly Mystic.

It far exceeded the sword formation formed by more than 300,000 alchemists.

However, the cost of tens of millions of sword cultivators was so huge that even the entire Heavenly Mystic could not support it for the time being. It had to be slowly accumulated.

Sword formations required standard swords and sword cores.

Such a massive amount of resources was simply unimaginable.

Even the divine demon clones of the Azure Travel Realm were unable to condense so many swords. Even if all the alchemists worked together to refine sword cores, they would not have enough spiritual medicines to refine sword cores for the millions of sword cultivators.

For the first time, Han Muye felt very poor.

—

Eastern Sea.

Deep in the Land of Sangyu.

Among the messy gravel, there were scattered spiritual pearls.

Han Muye flew between the rocks, ignoring all the treasures on the ground.

In front of him, a figure was also running quickly.

“Little Han, let me tell you, I’ve discovered a big secret this time.”

Daoist Dayan, who was dressed in an earthen yellow robe, looked smug as he led Han Muye forward quickly.

“Qingtong and I discovered this place together. Ahem...

“Qingtong and the others have left the Eastern Sea. I’ll wait for you in the Land of Sangyu and take good care of the treasures there.

“Let me tell you, if not for Huang Six’s daughter, I would have hidden 80% of the treasures in the Land of Sangyu.”

Daoist Dayan’s face was full of pride, as if he did not see the spiritual pearls around him.

It was obvious that with his current wealth, he no longer cared about these spiritual pearls.

“I discovered an unimaginable secret in the depths of the Land of Sangyu.”

Turning to look at Han Muye, Daoist Dayan said with a solemn expression, “I discovered that the spiritual armored demons stole the Heavenly Mystic passageway back then.”

The Spiritual Armored demons stole the passageway to the Heavenly Mystic?

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Didn’t the Spiritual Armored demons pass through the spatial rift from Yucang?

Seeing Han Muye’s expression, Daoist Dayan laughed proudly and led Han Muye forward.

As he continued forward, more and more rocks appeared, and there was also a vast demonic aura floating.

Was it really a passageway that the Spiritual Armored demons had passed through?

“Right there.”

In front, Daoist Dayan stopped in his tracks and pointed at the grayish-black skeleton in the pile of rocks.

It was the skeleton of a 100-foot Spiritual Armored demon. Its body had long rotted away, leaving only bones behind.

Around the skeleton were various scattered bodies and bones.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the skeleton and he smiled at Daoist Dayan.

"I was wondering why you didn't come yourself. So it's because of the protection of the demon's soul. You can't get close at all."

His words made Daoist Dayan blush. He straightened his neck and said, "I was just thinking about you, my master..."

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head, slowly walking forward.

"Little Han, be careful—" Before Daoist Dayan could finish speaking, a black halo enveloped Han Muye from the skeleton in front of him.

"It's indeed a Heavenly Demon!" Han Muye sneered, and the sword light in his hand flashed!

Chapter 774 - 774 Returning to the Western Frontier and Breaking Through to the Semi-God Realm

In the Western Frontier, Han Muye had once encountered a Heavenly Demon. At that time, the Heavenly Demon almost caused chaos in the Western Frontier.

When he saw the Spiritual Armored demons again, he had always felt that the seven-colored Spiritual Armored demons were very similar to the Heavenly Demons.

This time, he was finally certain that the Heavenly Demon was the Seven-Colored Spirit Armored Demon!

The sword light flashed and the black halo in front of Han Muye was cut open.

Numerous black-robed figures stood in front of him.

The armors and swords on their waists were all the same.

Han Muye's expression changed.

He had seen this armor and sword before.

Back on Scattered Stars Island, he had seen a sword.

The standard configuration of cultivators outside the dam!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the figures in front of him.

These figures controlled by the Heavenly Demon came from outside the dam.

Could it really be as Daoist Dayan had said, that there was a passageway that came from outside the dam?

The sword in Han Muye's hand emitted a resplendent stream of light. With a slash, 10,000 swords roared.

The Heavenly Demon that was once extremely difficult for him to resist was now killed with a single slash.

After the sword strike, there was a mess of armor and swords in front of the skeleton.

He reached out and summoned a rotten sword in his hand. Sword Qi poured into it, and Han Muye's eyes flickered.

Images flashed through his mind.

"They really came from outside the dam..."

"Spiritual Armored demons are just mounts raised outside the dam..."

The memories in the sword came from outside the dam.

The cultivators outside the dam rode on the Spiritual Armored demons and crossed the dam. They quietly arrived at the pond. It was not a pond, but this world actually had a name.

Outside the dam, that world was called the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. It was a vast starry world with countless cultivators.

The inside of the dam was called the Land of the Fallen Ancient Gods.

According to the information from the sword's memory, the dam used to be an extremely high-level cultivation world that could even rule the entire Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

However, later on, for some reason, there was a chaotic battle within the dam. An ancient great cultivator took action, causing heaven and earth to collapse, forming a meteorite explosion, ultimately forming the dam.

The cultivators outside the dam wanted to investigate the inside of the dam, but it was difficult to enter. They wanted to leave the inside of the dam, but they could not.

After that, the cultivators outside the dam continued to pass down their inheritance, and their combat strength slowly increased. Because the inheritance in the dam was severed, the great cultivators died, and their strength became weaker and weaker.

Tens of thousands of years later, when the experts outside the dam rushed in, they realized that the Land of the Ancient Gods that they had feared back then had become so weak.

If it were not for the remaining experts resisting, the place where the ancient gods fell might have been directly occupied by the cultivators outside the dam.

Han Muye had already seen the latter scene on Scattered Stars Island.

In order to clean up the cultivators in the dam, the army was mobilized again and again. They used all kinds of methods, such as releasing the Spiritual Armored demons.

These unscrupulous cultivators of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy had succeeded.

The Spiritual Armored demons had seized an endless amount of resources and sent out armies time and time again, causing many experts in the Immortal Origin World to die. They were unable to control the various factions and caused even more chaos.

There were also many cultivators who quietly entered the dam, hunting, robbing, and banditry.

This kind of thing was even encouraged outside the dam. There was even a special place to trade.

“Chaotic Divine Hall.”

On the periphery of the Land of the Ancient Gods, there were many places that dealt with matters related to the Land of the Ancient Gods.

Here, they traded the resources and information inside the dam. They would also arrange for an expedition.

“Scattered Stars Island of the Endless Sea has been involved in the Chaotic Divine Hall for a long time.”

From the memories of these swords, Han Muye saw the figure of the Endless Sea.

Endless Divine Venerables had a sword that came from outside the dam. How could they not think of a way to understand it?

For Almighties like them, there was no good or evil. What they pursued was their own transcendence.

Scattered Stars Island was established by countless Divine Venerables. It was the place where the Ancient Gods perished and traded with the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. It was also related to several Chaotic Divine Halls.

The skeletons in the depths of the Land of Sangyu were a group of cultivators from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy who had received missions from the Chaotic Divine Halls and came here to hunt flood dragons.

However, these people were unlucky and were directly blown up by the flood dragon cultivators.

This spiritual armored demon had died with them and relied on its remnant soul power to hide.

That was why Daoist Dayan found this place by chance and discovered this skeleton.

Holding the sword, Han Muye’s eyes sparkled.

He really got what he lacked!

Wasn’t the Ancient Cloud Galaxy outside the dam filled with endless resources and could also manufacture all kinds of standard swords?

Moreover, there were countless spiritual herbs in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy that could be used to refine sword cores!

A few swords gathered together, and Han Muye raised his hand to draw in front of him.

A moment later, a star map appeared in front of him.

Entering from outside the dam required one to pass through many dangerous places, and there were many experts on guard.

Due to the battle of the ancient gods, there was a lot of residual power from the ancient era in the dam. If one was not careful, one would die.

Those who accepted missions in the Chaotic Divine Halls were all people who were used to wandering between life and death and liked to seek wealth.

“A haven for adventurers.”

Han Muye tapped his finger and shattered the star map in front of him.

“Let’s go back to the Western Frontier first,” Han Muye said calmly as he turned to look westward.

He would go outside the dam, but it was not this body, but the avatar of a divine beast.

The divine beast avatar that had transformed into Gu Yuening had already gained a foothold in the Azure Travel Realm. Through the Dao Discussion, he had become the youngest sword cultivator in the Azure Travel Realm.

Chapter 775 - 775 Returning to the Western Frontier and Breaking Through to the Semi-God Realm (2)

Hundreds of thousands of sword cultivators had already gathered in Wanming City. As long as Han Muye waved his arm, he could lure these sword cultivators to the place where the Dao Competition was held.

In the eyes of the various factions in the Azure Travel Realm, the Gu Clan’s new rise required a large amount of resources.

Gu Yuening could use the opportunity of retracing the trade route to leave the Azure Travel Realm.

Three days later, in the Azure Travel Realm, a thousand-foot-long flying boat flew away above Wanming City.

The entire Wanming City knew that Young Master Gu had his own influence outside the Azure Travel Realm.

This time, Young Master Gu was going to the outer realm to attract his resources and rebuild the Gu family.

When all the resources were gathered, the Gu family, Wanming City, and even the entire Chen Yue Star would rise.

...

Western Frontier, Cloud Nest Ridge.

After staying in the Southern Wasteland for a while and meeting Qian Yiming, Han Muye returned to the Western Frontier.

It had been nearly 10 years since Han Muye returned to the Western Frontier.

Usually, when he returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion, he would only descend with his soul incarnation.

Standing on Cloud Nest Ridge, Han Muye looked nostalgic.

After traveling for tens of millions of miles, he finally returned.

He wondered where Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan, Tu Sunshi, and the others were now.

Apart from the Heavenly Mystic Realm, Han Muye had also searched for information about the demonic path.

However, there was no news of a powerful demonic path faction within an area of billions of miles.

The Immortal Spirit Realm did have a demonic path, but it had nothing to do with the demonic path that invaded the Heavenly Mystic.

Unfortunately, this spatial passageway had been sealed and destroyed. Otherwise, Han Muye would have wanted to go out and take a look.

With his current cultivation, he was not afraid that he would not be able to return.

“Han Muye has returned to the Western Frontier. I wonder if the fellow cultivators of the Western Frontier will still welcome him?” Standing on the Cloud Nest Ridge, Han Muye chuckled.

His voice traveled thousands of miles, shaking the clouds.

From the beginning of the Dao Competition, the power of heaven and earth changed. The Western Frontier was also affected.

Although the Nine Mystic Mountain was still respected in the Western Frontier, there were many things that went against it.

Especially after the Sword Pavilion took out 13 half-dharma treasures and let all parties compete for them, the strength of the 13 sects with half-dharma treasures increased greatly, and they were less respectful of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

This time, Han Muye returned in a high-profile manner to intimidate the entire Western Frontier.

“Boom!”

Explosions resounded in the world.

Han Muye, who was stepping on the ground, could feel the joy of the Western Frontier.

As he walked forward, the sword light on Han Muye’s body slowly condensed.

Ever since he entered the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion, he had cultivated countless sword techniques.

After that, he went to the Southern Wasteland, the Central Continent, and the outside world. This time, he fought with Mo Yuan in the Eastern Sea.

Mo Yuan’s Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords stopped at the third level.

Han Muye’s understanding of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords had long surpassed Mo Yuan’s.

After the battle with Mo Yuan, Han Muye had more comprehension of his Sword Dao.

As he advanced step by step, phantoms appeared on his body.

The wind was gentle and agile. It could be used as a sword.

The Wind Lineage Sword Technique was agile.

Clouds hung high in the sky. They could be used as swords.

Cloud Lineage Sword Technique, Jiu Shu.

The earth was heavy, and the mountains and rivers could be used as swords.

Earth Lineage Sword Technique, Mountain Bearing.

...

Every step was a new sword technique.

There was no Sword Dao in this world. As more people cultivated the sword, there were countless Great Dao of the Sword.

After traveling for 10,000 miles, tens of thousands of sword technique phantoms had already condensed around Han Muye.

At this moment, the power of heaven and earth in the entire Western Frontier gathered.

Before the Dao Competition, with this, one could directly enter the Half-Sage Realm and step into the Human Immortal Realm.

No one in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier dared to move.

None of the 10,000 sword shadows could match him.

Who would dare to touch such an expert?

From now on, he would soar through the nine heavens and return to the Immortal Realm!

When Han Muye walked 80,000 miles and reached the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, the sword phantom above his head had already reached a million feet tall.

When he stepped into the Nine Mystic Mountain, rumbling sounds followed.

The Heaven-Supporting Sword Artifact condensed into the figure of a great cultivator in a long robe, a tall crown on his head, and a sword at his waist.

It was not until Han Muye stepped into the Sword Pavilion and the phantom disappeared that news came from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The Western Frontier Sword Dao Immortal used his cultivation to evolve 100,000 sword techniques and condensed them outside the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion. All sword cultivators could comprehend sword techniques.

The Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye was in seclusion on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion to break through to the Supreme Heaven Realm Divine Transformation Realm!

He was at the Divine Transformation Realm and had the strongest combat strength in the land of Dao Competition.

In the Western Frontier, not long after, there would be a great cultivator who could participate in the top battles.

Along with the news from the Nine Mystic Mountain, there was also the matter of Han Muye suppressing the Eastern Sea and the eight counties southeast of the Central Continent.

The wind direction of the Western Frontier instantly changed.

In the past, the Sword Dao immortal Han Muye had become a respected being in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

The Nine Mystic Mountain had finally become a well-deserved holy land of the Sword Dao.

Countless sword cultivators ascended the Nine Mystic Mountain and comprehended the sword outside the Sword Pavilion.

No one dared to disturb Han Muye, who was in seclusion.

Everyone was waiting for the first Divine Transformation Realm cultivator to appear.

--

Suwei World.

A 1,000-foot-long flying ship flew over.

Han Muye, who was wearing a white robe, landed outside the sky.

Several great cultivators flew over and bowed.

A day later, Han Muye left on a 100-foot-long flying sword.

The 1,000-foot-long flying vessel was left behind in the Cemetery World. Cultivators from the Gu Clan of the Late Brightness City of the Azure Travel Realm would set up businesses in the Suwei World and trade with it.

Both sides had flourishing Sword Dao, and there were many resources that could be called upon.

According to the calculations of the sword cultivators who followed Han Muye, it would only take a hundred years for the Gu family to rise again.

Of course, this was only their trading company's transaction.

They did not count Han Muye, who had left alone on the repaired Dao Sword.

Dao Sword.

The Dao Sword mountain had already been repaired. After Han Muye refined it, he rode it away.

Chapter 776 - 776 Returning to the Western Frontier and Breaking Through to the Semi-God Realm (3)

The power of the Dao Sword was not like that of the Spiritual Treasure, which could break through a world with one strike. Instead, it was because the space inside was huge. It could gather the power of a sect and dominate a myriad of worlds.

Han Muye estimated that if he used this sword to gather 100,000 sword cultivators and used the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, he would probably be able to resist even a Dao Ancestor.

A Daoist sword refined with the power of a sect in the Immortal Spirit World, the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation inherited from the Upper Three Heavens, and 100,000 sword cultivators. Such power was indeed rare in the world.

After flying for three months on the Dao Sword, Han Muye finally arrived at a desolate and dark realm.

Countless broken meteorites were intertwined with various forces.

Standing outside the realm, Han Muye saw a strange beast with the cultivation of the Earth Realm Spirit Awakening Realm being grabbed by a black claw and pulled into the illusion.

“Boom!”

A 10-mile-wide meteorite smashed towards Han Muye’s head.

The meteorite was extremely fast and arrived in an instant. With a howling sound, it shattered the surrounding void.

Han Muye stood where he was, his expression unchanged.

“Whew—”

The meteorite brushed past his body and landed on a star in the distance, shattering it.

Seeing this, Han Muye smiled.

His eyes lit up, and the illusion in front of him dissipated.

There were no strange beasts, no meteorites, and no stars.

There was only a chaotic void.

This was a dam.

He wanted to pass through this illusory place.

Taking a step forward, Han Muye’s expression changed.

In the dam, all the power was in chaos.

Even his Sword Dao cultivation was suppressed.

The sword in his hand could only kill enemies within three feet.

No wonder those great cultivators didn’t dare to cross the dam.

The stronger they were, the more they needed to borrow the power of heaven and earth.

How many powerful cultivators in the world all had their own strength?

Coincidentally, Han Muye was one.

The sword light moved, and the Dao Sword turned into a five-foot-long sword in his hand. The Qi and blood of the divine beast Baxia, which he had refined, surged out of his body.

There were Kui spiritual patterns intertwined on his chest, and Baxia's phantom was behind him. Holding a large sword, Han Muye walked forward quickly.

"Roar—"

With a roar, a 10-foot-long beast with two heads and four legs, two black horns on its head, and fangs more than two feet long, covered in scales, slammed into Han Muye.

The strange beast was strong and fast, and its body was surrounded by a murderous aura.

"Bam!"

With a swing of its long tail, the strange beast shattered a 10-foot-long meteorite in front of it and bit at Han Muye.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and swung the sword in his hand.

"Slash—"

One of the strange beasts' heads fell off, and black blood sprayed out.

Raising his hand to grab a blood bead, Han Muye's blood qi flashed.

"Ancient Desolate Beast Bloodline?"

Han Muye looked surprised.

There are ancient beasts living in this dam?

Looking at the strange beast in front of him with its head cut off, Han Muye felt that it was somewhat similar to the black-striped bull in ancient times.

However, there were no two-headed armored bulls in ancient times.

It seemed that the power in the dam had already changed the bloodline of these mutated beasts, causing their power to be chaotic.

After stabbing the fearless strange beasts to death, Han Muye walked forward with his sword.

The four-armed ape, the 100-yard-long nine-headed snake, the black fish that only had half of its body left but was still alive...

In the dam, Han Muye encountered countless strange creatures that he had never imagined before.

It wasn't just creatures. He also saw a stone pillar that was 100,000 feet tall, a river that stretched for thousands of miles, and a sun that would never fall...

"Boom!"

A sword light descended from the sky and slashed in front of Han Muye.

A black-faced sword cultivator in golden armor and holding a large sword with both hands stood in front of Han Muye.

“The Wood Deity Palace is a forbidden area of the Divine Court. No trespassing is allowed,” the golden-armored, black-faced sword cultivator shouted.

The Wood Deity Palace?

Han Muye glanced at the sword cultivator in front of him and slowly retreated.

The sword cultivator moved and retreated.

Han Muye suddenly took another step.

“Boom!”

The sword light fell.

“The Wood Deity Palace is a forbidden area of the Divine Court. You are not allowed to trespass.”

This time, Han Muye was certain that the sword cultivator in front of him who had restrained his aura was only a puppet.

A puppet that had existed for countless years.

Was the Wood Deity Palace still there?

Han Muye looked behind the black-faced sword cultivator.

Chapter 777 - 777 Ancient Wood Deity Palace, Wood Lineage Treasure

777 Ancient Wood Deity Palace, Wood Lineage Treasure

“Trespassing the Wood Deity Palace, kill.”

The black-faced cultivator shouted and slashed his sword at Han Muye’s head.

Sword lights flashed at an extremely fast speed.

In this dam, only when speed and strength coexisted was one truly powerful.

The advantage of this strike was its speed.

No wonder this black-faced cultivator still existed after so many years.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed.

His speed didn't seem fast, but when the sword was about to hit his head, he blocked it.

"Clang—"

His finger flicked on the ridge of the sword.

The green sword fell to the ground.

The black-faced cultivator's body trembled and shattered into countless pieces.

The power of this finger was the power of the divine beast Baxia. With a light flick, it could shatter a tall mountain.

Before Han Muye could reach out to summon the sword, the black-faced cultivator and the clear sword in front of him instantly disappeared.

“Trespassing the Wood Deity Palace, kill.”

A sword light slashed down at Han Muye’s head. Light and shadow intertwined, three times faster than the previous strike.

It explained the matter.

This puppet was probably immortal.

Han Muye’s eyes flickered. He took a step forward and raised his hand again.

“Clang—”

The sword flew out again.

The sword was still in midair, but Han Muye had already moved and reached out to grab the hilt.

When the sword Qi entered the sword, it was empty.

This sword revealed nothingness.

But Han Muye didn't care about the sword. He just wanted to see the memories in the sword.

"Buzz!"

Countless scenes appeared in his mind!

The battle between ancient cultivators!

Countless great cultivators who could stop the galaxies with a wave of their hands flashed with spiritual light and countless stars fell.

Stars were shattered one after another.

A sword cultivator shattered thousands of worlds with a single slash.

A great cultivator controlled time and space. With a wave of his hand, he reversed time.

There was a deity wearing a golden robe and a divine crown. Every move he made was filled with the power of the Great Dao.

...

Han Muye had seen the Desolate Wilderness shatter, the strife in the Immortal Source World, and the army outside the dam. However, he had never known that so many powerful cultivators had run amok in the ancient era.

Compared to such great cultivators, the Dao competition between the Immortal Spirit World and the Heavenly Mystic World was simply child's play.

That was the true battle of the Great Dao!

A magnificent palace appeared in front of Han Muye.

A female cultivator in a green robe with elegant flower petals slowly walked forward.

"Greetings, Wood Deity..."

Countless voices sounded.

The golden-armored and black-faced sword cultivators bowed.

The continuous military formation was almost endless.

This was the ancient great cultivator, the Wood Deity.

The master of the Wood Deity Palace.

“Boom!”

In the sky, a huge hand pressed down.

The Wood Deity’s expression was solemn. Green vines, green leaves, and red petals rose behind her.

All the power converged and turned into an entangled rope that wrapped around the huge hand.

However, the huge hand was only entangled for a moment before all the ropes were broken.

“Wood Deity, submit. Otherwise, I will smash your Wood Deity Palace with a single punch.” A voice sounded from the void.

The large hand that had broken free of the rope slowly clenched into a fist.

The Wood Deity responded by transforming her body into a 10,000-foot tall tree with countless flowers in bloom.

Every flower that bloomed was like a world falling down.

The fist dimmed a little.

By the time all the flowers fell, the fist in the void had already dimmed.

At this moment, all the petals had fallen, and the tree gradually withered, leaving behind only its shadow.

As the tree withered, all the black-faced cultivators began to freeze, as if they were withering along with it.

“The Wood Deity Palace will be closed from now on. Except for the Puppet Guards, the others will follow me to suppress the Golden Wolf Demon God.”

A voice came from above the tree. The black-faced cultivators turned into wooden stakes and fell silent along with the tree and the sprawling hall behind them.

Ten black-faced cultivators with large swords on their backs slowly walked out.

“Boom!”

All the images disappeared. The sword in Han Muye’s hand disappeared, and the black-faced cultivator in front of him was no longer there.

In the next moment, Han Muye’s body turned into nothingness.

“Slash—”

Ten swords shattered the phantom he left behind.

Han Muye, who had reappeared, raised his hand. 361 sword cores appeared, and the sword light immediately enveloped an area of 100 feet.

If it was anywhere else, these 361 sword cores could cover 100,000 miles. They could easily kill Out of Body realm cultivators.

However, in this chaotic dam, the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation formed by the 361 sword cores could only trap 100 feet of space.

But it was enough.

Within 100 feet, 10 figures were suppressed and could not move an inch.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the 10 black-faced cultivators.

These were the Puppet Guards, the guardians of the Wood Deity Palace that had protected the palace for countless years.

The strength and speed of the 10 Puppet Guards coexisted.

If not for the suppression of Han Muye's sword formation, others of the same cultivation level would definitely not be able to withstand the power of 10 puppets.

Suppressing the puppets, Han Muye's gaze landed on the illusory place in front of him.

Over there, withered tree stumps stood among the gravel, along with half of a 1,000-foot-tall decayed tree.

The tree had already rotted, and most of the branches had fallen off.

This was the flowering tree formed by the Wood Deity's body that he had seen in the sword just now.

The true body of an ancient cultivator?

Walking slowly forward, Han Muye reached out and pressed his hand on the rotten tree.

"Boom!"

A surging power of the wood lineage rushed into Han Muye's body, as if it wanted to occupy it.

Possession?

Han Muye frowned.

Although his body was the incarnation of a divine beast, it was suppressed by the power of the Sword Dao Primordial Spirit.

To snatch his body, it would have to try blocking his Primordial Spirit sword.

Chapter 778 - 778 Ancient Wood Deity Palace, Wood Lineage Treasure (2)

The Primordial Spirit Sword was firmly in the divine treasure. Even if a Dao Ancestor came, Han Muye would dare to slash out.

Just as the power of the Wood Lineage surged out, it stopped.

“Later, if you can pass the inheritance test of my Wood Deity Palace, you can take everything here.”

A voice sounded in Han Muye’s mind.

In front of Han Muye, the phantom of a female cultivator in a pale white dress decorated with petals appeared.

“Junior Sister?” Han Muye was stunned, then shook his head and said, “No.”

This female cultivator only had a hint of resemblance to Mu Wan.

“Sword cultivator?” The female cultivator glanced at Han Muye with a regretful expression.

“What a pity.

“Leave.”

Hearing the female cultivator’s words, Han Muye looked up and said calmly, “Senior, what kind of person do you want to find to accept the inheritance test? An alchemist?”

The female cultivator nodded and said, “My Wood Deity Palace mainly focuses on alchemy cultivation, so, naturally, we passed down the Dao of alchemy.”

Han Muye smiled, and a golden spiritual fire flashed at his fingertips.

“Coincidentally, I’ve also studied alchemy. I can give it a try.”

The female cultivator looked surprised. She turned to look at the 10 Puppets who were trapped by Han Muye’s sword light and nodded. “Okay.”

With that, she waved her hand, and a few branches on the withered tree broke and fell.

“Boom!”

Han Muye’s figure seemed to instantly land in a space filled with fireworks.

“Turn these branches into a spiritual fire within a hundred breaths.”

The female cultivator's voice sounded.

Was this considered a trial?

Han Muye chuckled and wrapped the withered branch with the spiritual fire at his fingertips.

However, unlike what he had imagined, the branch was not ignited at all.

"This wood is Green Gold Wangchuan Wood, one of the toughest wood-type spiritual materials in the world. If you want to ignite it—" The female cultivator's voice had just sounded when a green spiritual fire flashed in Han Muye's palm.

"Wood begets metal, metal begets water. Water and fire counter each other. Wood begets water. Between birth and counter, there has to be balance," Han Muye whispered. The green spiritual fire in his palm wrapped around the wooden branch, and then flames flickered on it.

In an instant, the entire space seemed to have loosened a lot and become clearer.

"Good!" The female cultivator excitedly exclaimed. Then there were even more wooden branches in the space.

"In the second stage, use this Green Gold Wangchuan Wood to refine a medicinal pill."

Using this wood to refine pills?

How could he refine pills with just tree branches?

Han Muye's gaze fell on the wooden branches.

There were dried leaves on the branches, as well as broken stamens after withering. There were also tender branches that seemed to be about to grow, but they had already dried up.

He reached out and picked up a wooden branch.

Han Muye carefully plucked the leaves, stamens, and tender branches and placed them in front of him.

"It's the same root, but it has different medicinal properties."

"I see."

Muttering, Han Muye reached out and peeled away the wooden branches.

Bark, trunk, core.

The withered leaves were gently torn apart. Leaf veins, fibers, and blades.

The stamen was cut off and divided into three parts.

In just a moment, the branch was split into dozens of pieces.

The Dao of alchemy in the world was originally born from the same root, but it was divided into thousands of small details.

No wonder it's said that there are great cultivators who can refine pills in the void. Doesn't that mean that the spiritual qi of heaven and earth can also become a myriad of attributes?

Han Muye's eyes lit up. He raised his hand and a ball of spiritual light rose.

The halo turned into an illusory cauldron. A ball of flames coiled around his palm, enveloping the illusory cauldron.

He wanted to see the various parts of the same tree branch refined into a medicinal pill.

The female cultivator beside him revealed a strange expression of joy.

Wooden branches were thrown into the cauldron, leaves, bark, stamens...

All sorts of powers interweaved and fused within the cauldron.

"Wood-type astringent force? That needs to be dissolved with the power of harmony."

"The wood core of the Green Gold Wangchuan Wood indeed has the power of the metal lineage. It should be neutralized by the gentle power in the stamen."

...

It was unknown if Han Muye was talking to the female cultivator beside him or himself.

The medicinal power in the cauldron continued to fuse and slowly take shape.

A pale golden pill appeared in the cauldron. There were spiritual patterns flashing on it.

"The medicinal power is pure and has the power of metal and wood. It can increase the cultivation of the metal and wood lineages."

"One, that's—"

Han Muye's eyes flickered as he whispered, "One pill can create a Golden Core!"

As long as one swallowed this pill, they would be able to become a Golden Core cultivator. This pill was clearly equivalent to a Golden Core!

Was there really such a precious pill in the world?

A trace of surprise flashed across the face of the female cultivator standing beside Han Muye. She raised her hand and waved, holding the pill in her palm. She sensed it and said, "It's rare. Your methods are not bad."

"Then the next stage is—"

With a wave of her hand, the entire withered tree was uprooted.

"Use this tree to refine a pill."

This tree?

Han Muye frowned and whispered, "Senior, this is your..."

Han Muye did not finish.

The female cultivator chuckled. "We alchemists are different from sword cultivators. We are willing to sacrifice ourselves and pass down our Great Dao.

"As long as you can refine pills, this inheritance will be yours."

A round golden ball of light appeared in the female cultivator's hand.

Inheritance Spiritual Pearl.

This item was used in ancient times to collect legacies. It had the same effect as a jade slip.

However, this Inheritance Spiritual Pearl was much more valuable than the jade slip. There was a soul mark inside that could directly guide one's cultivation.

As if afraid that Han Muye would not believe her, the female cultivator tapped her hand and images appeared in the spiritual pearl.

They were all scenes of refining pills.

It was indeed an inheritance item.

Chapter 779 - 779 Ancient Wood Deity Palace, Wood Lineage Treasure (3)

Han Muye nodded. The illusory cauldron in front of him became 1,000 feet tall and immediately contained the withered tree.

The alchemy fire rose, and the surrounding spatial restrictions quickly weakened.

In the distance, the Puppet Guards who were suppressed by the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation seemed to have sensed danger and struggled to break free with all their might.

However, with the strength of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, these 10 puppets were utterly unable to free themselves.

The female cultivator beside Han Muye smiled and held the Inheritance Spiritual Pearl tightly in her hand.

The alchemic fire rose, and the withered tree in the cauldron slowly turned into a green stream of light.

At this moment, the surrounding withered tree stumps began to shatter.

Turning to look at the tree stumps, Han Muye looked disappointed.

"I originally thought that an ancient great cultivator would be exceptionally talented.

"Unfortunately, I'm a little disappointed."

Han Muye said softly.

Hearing his words, the female cultivator was stunned. Then she said calmly, "Are you talking about my alchemy inheritance?

"You're already disappointed before you even obtain the Inheritance Spiritual Pearl?

"You juniors are truly becoming more and more arrogant."

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, "It's not Senior Wood Deity's alchemy that disappointed me, but you."

The female cultivator frowned and heard Han Muye's voice. "As an ancient Demon God, you've been suppressed for countless years, but you're not familiar with alchemy at all. This disappoints me so much."

The Ancient Demon God that was suppressed!

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, the female cultivator's expression changed and finally turned cold.

Her figure also transformed from a female cultivator in a green and white dress to a demon god that was nearly 10 feet tall, with a wolf head and a human body, and was wearing black armor.

This was clearly the Golden Wolf Demon God who had shattered countless palaces with a single punch!

"Actually, you're not the first to see through me."

The Golden Wolf Demon God stared at Han Muye and grinned. "But you're the first to see through me and even refine pills.

"Don't worry, I won't kill you. From now on, you'll be my alchemy slave."

The Golden Wolf Demon God revealed a smug expression as a violent aura surged from her body.

She looked at the cauldron in front of Han Muye with a savage flare in her eyes.

"Wood Deity, I should thank you. Otherwise, how could I have escaped the calamity of the fall of 10,000 deities?

"Now that your suppressive power is gone, I'll destroy your Wood Deity Palace and take away your Wood Deity's Heart to find the lost Divine Realm. Wouldn't that be great?"

The Golden Wolf Demon God stretched out her hand to grab the cauldron.

The illusory transparent cauldron shattered, and the green stream of light was seized by the Golden Wolf Demon God.

However, as soon as the stream of light reached her hand, her expression changed.

A green vine appeared and wrapped around her palm, arm, and entire body.

A female cultivator in a green and white dress walked out of the stream of light.

Wood Deity.

The Wood Deity who had transformed into a flowering tree and suppressed the Golden Wolf Demon God was the master of the Wood Deity Palace.

"You, didn't you use up all your power?" The Golden Wolf Demon God's eyes widened.

The Wood Deity nodded and glanced at Han Muye, who was standing at the side. She said softly, "You're right. She's been suppressed for so many years, but she still doesn't understand alchemy at all."

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

The Wood Deity turned around and looked indifferently at the Golden Wolf Demon God wrapped in vines.

“When this young friend burned the branch with the spiritual fire for the first time, he used the Water Harmony Fire. Not only did it not hurt my remaining power essence, but it also nourished my soul and woke me up.

“The second time he refined pills, you saw him refine one pill. In fact, he refined a hundred pills. When you got that one, the remaining hundred pills were given to me to recover my strength.”

Looking at the changing expression of the Golden Wolf Demon God, the Wood Deity revealed a smile. “You only recovered a trace of your strength with that medicinal pill just now, right? You haven’t had much strength after being suppressed for so long.”

“How dare you take him as a pill slave with just this?”

The Golden Wolf Demon God gritted his teeth and roared. The Wood Deity turned to look at Han Muye. “I really didn’t expect your alchemy cultivation to be so profound.

“It seems that after being sealed here for countless years, this cultivation world has changed...”

Han Muye nodded and looked at the Golden Wolf Demon God trapped by the Wood Deity. “Senior, I wonder how you will deal with this Golden Wolf Demon God?”

The Wood Deity raised her hand, and the green vines instantly turned blood-red.

The Golden Wolf Demon God, who was roaring, now trembled and slowly curled up, turning into a pitch-black demon wolf.

Its body gradually shrank, becoming a palm-sized green wolf cub.

“I know you’re interested in him, but you don’t understand what methods cultivators like us who have lived for countless years have.” The Wood Deity looked at Han Muye and shook her head.

She stretched out her hand, and a ball of green light appeared in her palm.

There was also an Inheritance Spiritual Pearl.

“Demon God’s divinity, my Inheritance Spiritual Pearl, choose one.”

Divinity.

Spiritual pearls.

These were all extraordinary things.

The Primordial Era had already changed, but the inheritance of the Almighty at that time and the cultivation foundation of the Demon God were still useful now.

In fact, in this era where almighty experts withered, these two treasures could once again nurture experts comparable to ancient great cultivators.

Han Muye looked up at the Wood Deity in front of him and said softly, "I'm interested in Senior Wood Deity's puppet technique."

Puppet Technique.

A strange expression appeared on the Wood Deity's face.

After staring at Han Muye for a moment, the Wood Deity retracted the spiritual pearl and divinity in her hand. Then, with a wave of her hand, the surrounding wooden stakes dissipated and turned into a three-foot-long wooden stick.

"Take it."

Han Muye reached out to take the wooden stick, put away the 361 Heavenly Cycle Sword Cores that had been scattered earlier, and turned to leave.

His movements were very fast, and he disappeared in a few breaths.

Watching her leave, the expression on the Wood God's face slowly changed.

The coldness in her eyes disappeared, replaced by a hint of ruthlessness and ferocity.

"Golden Wolf, looks like we didn't fool him."

The Wood Deity muttered. The green wolf that had originally landed at her feet raised its head, and its eyes revealed intelligence.

"How many people who dare to cross the dam alone are good people?"

"Fortunately, this guy has a request and helped us recover some strength."

Green Wolf turned and looked around, his face revealing a lonely expression.

"It's a pity that we're trapped here. I'm afraid we won't be able to get out for the rest of our lives..."

The Wood Deity stretched out her hands to carry the little wolf, and then she glanced at the puppets who'd already regained their freedom and nodded as she said, "Let's go. I don't know when the next Divine Meteor explosion will arrive. We'll talk about it after we survive."

...

Han Muye walked through the dam and didn't turn back until he was a hundred miles away.

His eyes sparkled with bright spiritual light, and a smile appeared on his face.

He raised his hand, and the wooden stick he had obtained from the Wood Deity appeared.

"Ancient Heavenly Wood, a puppet made from such a treasure, what a waste..."

Spiritual light flashed in his hand, and shadows in black robes with large swords on their backs appeared around Han Muye.

"It's not a puppet technique, but a Wood Lineage Treasure!"

Chapter 780 - 780 Grass Whip, Divine General of the Divine Court

Legend had it that in ancient times, there was a tree that reached the sky. It was rooted in the Nine Earths and its crown covered the Nine Heavens.

This Sky Reaching Tree was the top treasure of the wood lineage in the world. A single leaf could nurture a world.

The power of all the wood lineages was closely related to the Sky Reaching Tree.

It could be said that the Sky Reaching Tree was the progenitor of the wood lineage power in the world.

Holding the branch that was less than three feet tall, Han Muye could feel the thick and mighty power of the wood lineage.

This power was almost boundless.

“Boom!”

A loud bang sounded, and a magnificent scene appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

Branches that supported the sky and leaves that covered the sky.

A sword light slashed down, and a branch landed in the void, shattering countless stars.

A figure wrapped in divine light reached out and caught the tree branch.

Divine lights intertwined. When the figure appeared again, it had transformed into a three-foot-long wooden stick.

This Sky Reaching Tree Branch that was simply refined had a name.

Grass Whip.

All the plants in the world were disciplined by it.

The grass whip was handed to a figure covered in green divine light.

After that, light and shadow swirled until the Wood Deity used this wooden stick to establish the Wood Deity Palace.

Outsiders only knew that there was a supreme treasure in the Wood Deity’s inheritance, but they did not know what the supreme treasure was.

The Golden Wolf Demon God had originally come to seize this treasure, but in the end, he was suppressed by the Wood Deity’s grass whip.

“Would the Wood Deity give me such a treasure so easily?” Han Muye muttered, then was slightly stunned.

When his gaze landed on the grass whip, he could see countless fine spiritual patterns.

Every single spiritual pattern here was an inheritance!

The inheritance of the Wood Deity was engraved on the Sky Reaching Tree!

After retracting his spiritual energy, the black-faced cultivator's figure dissipated. Han Muye turned around and looked in the direction of the Wood Deity Palace.

It was precisely because he had discovered something wrong with this Wood Deity that he only asked for the puppet and then left.

From the looks of it, no matter what he took away, the Wood Deity would give him the inheritance.

"What secrets are there in the dam?" Han Muye clenched the grass whip in his hand, his eyes deep.

"Bang!"

A 100-foot black-armored boar rushed in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye raised the grass whip in his hand and swung it down.

The whip smashed into the boar's head, causing blood to splatter everywhere.

All the blood wrapped around the grass whip and was sucked into it.

The 100-foot boar's body shriveled visibly.

In less than 10 breaths, it turned into dust.

From black armor to fangs, bones, and even the hardest parts, they were all reduced to dust.

This domineering power surprised Han Muye.

After absorbing all the power of a wild boar, the spiritual runes on the grass whip became more lively.

Were all the treasures from the ancient era so unreasonable?

Han Muye turned his head and looked at a messy meteorite space not far away.

He flew over, and a hidden tiger with a single horn and stripes charged forward.

Han Muye raised his hand and smashed the head of the single-horned tiger.

Five breaths.

The tiger's body shattered.

Along the way, Han Muye killed various strange beasts with the grass whip in his hand.

The grass whip that was originally like a withered tree trunk flickered with spiritual light.

The more strange beasts he killed, the stronger the whip would be.

Han Muye had tried it before. With a casual strike, he could directly shatter a meteorite within a hundred miles.

If he used his full strength, who knew how powerful this grass whip would be.

However, as he continued to control it, Han Muye also discovered the drawbacks of ancient treasures.

The consumption was too great.

Under the absorption of the power of various strange beasts, the grass whip only needed to consume its own strength.

However, once the power was insufficient, the grass whip would absorb the power of the emissary.

When Han Muye was fighting a 1,000-foot three-armed beast, he activated the grass control whip to exceed its absorption power. This whip began to quietly absorb power from Han Muye to replenish itself.

Fortunately, his body was the body of a divine beast, so the energy consumption was nothing.

After killing the three-armed beast, the grass whip absorbed for a full 15 minutes and even returned the power it had absorbed from Han Muye.

It turned out that the grass driving whip had the power of reverse nurturing.

It was no wonder that such a treasure would be snatched by all parties in ancient times.

“Whew—”

The rat phantom that Daoist Dayan had transformed into appeared in front of Han Muye.

“Goodness, that big fellow is guarding quite a few treasures.” Daoist Dayan said as he stretched out his hand.

In his palm was a fist-sized spiritual material.

“Heaven Origin Golden Light Diamond.” Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

“Haha, you even know about this kind of spiritual material that has long been cut off.” There was a hint of disappointment on the Daoist Dayan’s face. He shook his head and said, “I was going to explain it to you properly.”

He wanted to show off but failed.

Han Muye reached out and held the golden diamond in his hand, a smile on his face. “It’s said that this thing can be used to refine the Immortal Slaying Flying Dagger that can kill other people’s souls. Unfortunately, the refinement method has been lost.”

Holding the golden diamond tightly, Han Muye looked up and said in a low voice, “In any case, we’re not far from the dam. Let’s play a big game.”

Daoist Dayan grinned.

He liked this kind of master.

“Buzz!”

The grass whip in Han Muye’s hand vibrated. In the distance, there was a low roar in the fog, and then the sound of collision.

“I’ll see you outside the dam.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Han Muye raised the grass whip high and ran forward.

“Boom!”

A huge palm slapped the spot where Han Muye had just stood. Then a tall Divine General in golden armor and holding a spear ran over with a dull expression.

“Stealing the supreme treasure of the Divine Court, die.”

The Divine General shouted in a low voice. The spear in his hand turned into a golden phoenix and stabbed at Han Muye’s back.

The fire phoenix passed through space and landed behind Han Muye, then a golden flame covered his head.

“Roar—”

Behind Han Muye, the phantom of divine beast Baxia, appeared. Its thick back armor blocked the ball of flames.

With the help of the divine beast Baxia’s phantom to block, Han Muye rushed out again.

“A prehistoric divine beast, even barbarians dare to provoke it,” the divine general said in a low voice. He raised his hand, and eight spears appeared behind him.

He took a step forward and raised his hand to grab the spear that had collided with him before chasing after Han Muye again.

Daoist Dayan only carefully poked his head out of the rubble after the rumbling sound had faded away.

He looked around and flew into the fog ahead.

The mist that could make one lose their soul did not seem to exist for Daoist Great Rock. In just a moment, he had already arrived in front of a pile of sparkling gravel.

“Half a supreme-grade spiritual rock? I’ve got it.”

“This spirit rune is quite interesting. I’ll pretend.”

“This is a sword passed down from ancient times? Unfortunately, it doesn’t have any spirituality. I don’t want it.”

“Ling Xiao, what Ling Xiao? This plaque is a little strange. Let’s take it first.”

...

As he muttered, Daoist Dayan placed all the treasures that he felt were valuable enough into his storage bag.

He walked among the rocks filled with spiritual light, his body hunched.

“Boom!”

In the distance, a rumbling sound could be heard.

Daoist Dayan’s body trembled as he turned around.

The rumbling sound was getting closer and closer.

He must have touched the treasures here and the god general had returned.

"I can't be greedy, I can't be greedy..."

Daoist Dayan said to himself as he looked up.

He stared at a golden sledgehammer in the rubble, gritted his teeth, and pounced over.

The hammer was so heavy that Daoist Dayan staggered.

"You have a death wish—"

In the void, a loud roar sounded.

Daoist Dayan's face turned pale as he rolled down the mountain rock.

Once he landed on the ground, he hugged the hammer with both hands and dragged it away.

"Boom!"

A loud boom reverberated through the air.

The phantom of Baxia appeared behind him. Han Muye, who had the body of a Kui Cow in front of his chest, clenched his fists and blocked the divine general holding the spear.

He only used fist techniques like a primordial barbaric bull. Every punch was immeasurably powerful.

At this moment, he unleashed the power of the divine beast to the extreme.

Although the Golden Armored General roared anxiously, he had no choice but to wave the spear in his hand and fight Han Muye.

The battle between the two continued to expand. Every punch and spear could shatter a radius of ten miles.

The space filled with thick fog gradually revealed itself, and the spiritual light inside was dazzling.

Figures attracted by the spiritual light appeared one after another.

Han Muye laughed loudly. When the Golden Armored General's spear smashed down, he raised his hand to catch it. Then he snatched the spear and turned to run.

The divine general was stunned for a moment before roaring. He chased after him for a few steps and carefully looked around.

Many figures had already infiltrated his collection.

"Die, die—"

The spear flew out and collided with the mountain of rocks.

As for Han Muye, who had snatched his spear, he could not care less.

...

The Twelve Guardians of the Ancient Divine Court, an existence that protected the treasures of the Divine Court.

Han Muye saw the resplendent scene of countless ancient divine courts from this spear.

The standard spear of the ancient era contained unimaginable power.

After carefully refining it, a golden spiritual light gathered in Han Muye's palm.

Divinity.

This was not the kind of divinity condensed from incense offerings. Instead, it was the divinity condensed by the power of the mighty figures of the ancient era, forming a god of heaven and earth.

This strand of divinity could suppress an area of 5,000km.

This item was not only precious, but most importantly, with this item in hand, Han Muye would have fewer obstacles to pass through the dam.

Those exotic beasts turned around and left in the face of divinity.

It seemed that the rule of the Divine Court in the ancient era was already deeply embedded in the bones of these mutated beasts.

Even though the power in the dam was so chaotic, it was still fearful of divinity.

After running for 10 days, Han Muye saw that there was less and less gravel ahead.

A flash of light appeared.

Ahead was the world beyond the dam.

However, his footsteps stopped.

Ahead, two figures blocked his path.

"Someone from the place where the Ancient Deity fell?"

"Or is it the creature in the dam?"

The two figures stood there, their expressions unchanged. They raised their hands, and spiritual light flashed in their palms.

"Those who are not from our Ancient Cloud Galaxy, stop here."

The spiritual light turned into chains and blocked in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye's gaze fell on the two of them, then on the storage bag in one of their hands.

"Where's Daoist Dayan?"

Han Muye spoke softly.

“You mean that big rat?” The black-armored figure holding the storage bag smiled and said indifferently, “Kill it.”

“Boom!”

Han Muye took a step forward and shattered the chain in front of him with a punch. The fist shadow hit the face of the black-armored man who spoke, shattering his nose bridge and causing him to fall to the ground.

“I’ll give you a chance to change your tune.”

“Where is Daoist Dayan?”

Han Muye slowly raised his hand.

Before the black-armored man could say anything, Daoist Dayan rolled out of the fog.

“Master, they stole my treasure—”

“Big treasure—”