

## **Pavilion 811**

### **Chapter 811 - 811 Divine Venerables Gathering Strength to Kill a Divine General, Dividing Up the Herb Gardens**

Without hesitation, Huang Six turned into a demonic light and rushed into the Dao Sword in Han Muye's hand.

The power of the Dao Sword was the best way to gather collective strength.

The more people there were, the more powerful the strength was, and the more power the sword Dao could exert.

As soon as Huang Six entered the Dao Sword, the spiritual light on the Dao Sword instantly turned grayish-white. Halos circulated and surged in all directions.

Sword light, shining for tens of thousands of feet!

At this moment, the power of the Dao Sword was activated.

"Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords."

Han Muye raised the sword in his hand and charged out.

Without relying on any other power, the power of the Sword Domain exploded and flashed, and the sword light formed a line.

"Boom!"

The entire herb garden began to shake.

The scattered Divine Army swayed and lost the motivation to chase after the cultivators from all sides.

Han Muye's sword not only stabbed at the Divine General guarding the herb garden, but he also used the power of the grass whip to activate the power of the herb garden and snatch the control of the Divine Army.

The sky was falling down, and the sky over the medicinal garden split into two colors, blue and gray, as if torn apart.

With just one strike, Han Muye had already seized half of the control of the herb garden!

The Golden Armored General's expression changed and he snorted coldly. Seeing the Dao sword in Han Muye's hand stabbing over, he clenched the long sword in his hand and unsheathed it.

He did not draw his sword when facing Huang Six's sword just now. At this moment, he drew his sword to deal with Han Muye's sword.

After all, this sword was used to gather the strength of Han Muye and Huang Six.

Sword Domain.

As soon as Han Muye attacked, he activated his strongest Sword Dao technique.

A cold light appeared in front of the sword.

This cold light was created by him and belonged to his Sword Dao domain.

This was his world.

Regardless of the size of this sword domain, it meant that his strength had already reached the point where it was compatible with the Great Dao.

“Boom!”

The Divine General’s sword collided with Han Muye’s Dao Sword, shaking and tearing the void apart.

The entire Ancient Divine Herb Garden appeared in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Han Muye’s Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords had already reached the limit of the power of the Sword Dao in the mortal world. The power condensed could kill immortals!

The immortal spiritual qi in the herb garden seemed to be triggered, transforming into tens of thousands of illusions in the void, as if a celestial world had descended.

In an instant, the divine senses of several Divine Venerables crossed the void.

“Ho—”

The Divine General, who had retreated, had a solemn expression on his face. He slashed the longsword in his hand into the void.

“Shameless rebel army, how dare you come and court death?” The divine general shouted. He activated the power of the medicinal garden and cut off those divine senses.

The tip of the sword activated the Immortal Spiritual Qi and shattered the scattered divine senses.

The power of the medicinal garden could indeed suppress a Divine Venerable!

Even with only half the power of the herb garden, it could cut off the divine senses of these Divine Venerables.

It was no wonder that the Ancient Divine Herb Garden was in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, but very few Divine Venerables had personally stepped into it.

Immortal spiritual qi was the cultivation strength of a Divine Venerable powerhouse. Only this strength could injure a Divine Venerable Supreme Elder.

With the Immortal Spiritual Qi in the herb garden, a Divine General would dare to fight any Divine Venerable Almighty.

In the surrounding void, no more Divine Venerable divine senses descended.

With the sword in hand, the Divine General’s gaze landed on Han Muye below.

“Great Dao Sword, Great Dao Sword Domain. Your talent in the Sword Dao can be considered top-notch even in our Divine Court.”

He pointed his sword forward, and the power of the divine general intertwined with the power of the herb garden.

His cold eyes revealed a trace of darkness.

"I'll give you a chance to submit.

"From now on, you can be a Sword Dao commander in the herb garden."

The Divine General looked around and said calmly, "I can authorize you to run amok in this world with the power of the herb garden."

The Sword Dao commander of the herb garden.

He relied on the power of the herb garden to dominate the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

The Divine General's voice resounded for thousands of miles.

Countless cultivators heard his words.

"The ancient herb garden wants to enter the cultivation world as a force?" A Daoist in a green robe exclaimed.

"There are countless spiritual herbs in the herb garden. There are also precious immortal herbs. There are even ancient divine generals guarding it. If it really enters the world, it will instantly become a huge force," a white-haired old man said in a low voice with a gloomy expression.

"Hmph, even ancient experts can't hold it anymore?" An old man in a golden robe said softly from thousands of miles away with his hands behind his back.

For a moment, everyone was waiting for Han Muye's answer.

As long as Han Muye agreed, a large faction would appear in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

As long as Han Muye agreed, he could become the spokesperson of a large faction.

Such an opportunity could be said to have reached the heavens in a single step.

"Submit?"

Han Muye looked at the arrogant Divine General in front of him and shook his head gently.

"In the Ancient Divine Court, you're just a herb garden worker. You don't even have the qualifications to enter the court. Who gave you the right to be so arrogant and make me submit?"

Don't hit people in the face.

One should not expose one's shortcomings when scolding others.

Han Muye's words tore off the mystery and nobility of this Divine Court general.

The Ancient Divine Herb Garden had always been a special existence in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

This was because the ancient divine court had long disappeared. In the eyes of cultivators, everything here was an existence that future generations looked up to.

It only appeared once in the past thousand years. Every time, there would be a treasure land where countless spiritual herbs were produced. The guardian of this place had an incomparable loftiness in the hearts of cultivators.

However, at this moment, in Han Muye's words, this expert who was comparable to a Divine Venerable was actually just a small servant. He was a fellow who was not even qualified to enter the Divine Court.

Why should such a guy be respected?

In the void, all sorts of divine senses interweaved.

"You're courting death." The Divine General gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with anger.

For countless years, he lived a carefree and detached life. Even though he was unable to leave the medicinal garden, the power that the medicinal garden had bestowed upon him had caused him to forget his former lowly state.

## **Chapter 812 - 812 Divine Venerables Gathering Strength to Kill a Divine General, Dividing Up the Herb Gardens (2)**

Until this moment, Han Muye's words tore apart all the beautiful scenes.

It turned out that he was just a guardian of the herb garden and was not even qualified to enter the divine court!

Above the divine general's head, a blood-colored divine light condensed.

The sword in his hand carried the power to shatter the world. It activated the power of the herb garden and slashed down at Han Muye's head.

The power of this sword suppressed the void within a radius of a million miles.

The cultivators who had entered the herb garden earlier were all frozen, unable to move at all.

Not only them, even the experts from the various sects waiting outside the herb garden were directly suppressed.

The power of this sword was extremely powerful!

Under the sword light, Han Muye could not resist at all even with the Daoist Sword in his hand.

Even if he and Huang Six joined forces, they were not a match for a Divine Venerable.

Barely raising his sword, Han Muye's eyes flickered.

He couldn't block it.

Then find help!

"Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon, are you willing to fight hand in hand?"

"Kill this Divine General and split the Immortal Spirit Qi in the herb garden in half!"

Han Muye revealed the grass whip in his left hand, and the immortal qi stored in it directly poured into the Daoist sword in his hand.

“Boom!”

The Dao Sword turned into a 300,000-foot-tall, majestic sword. It stood in the void and pierced through the sky!

“Sky Reaching Deity...” The Divine General’s voice stopped abruptly.

His eyes widened as he stared at the grass whip.

Previously, he did not pay much attention to it. Only now did he see what kind of treasure it was!

With this treasure, he could directly control the entire herb garden. He could even break free from the ancient contract with the herb garden, walk out of the herb garden, and step into the cultivation world!

If he could refine this treasure and make it a part of his body, he would be able to recreate the power of the ancient almighty and trigger the power of heaven and earth to recreate the Great Dao!

All the oppressive power erupted from the Divine General’s body. Divine light and spiritual light transformed into layers of halls.

In the instant when the Dao sword appeared, the sky in the distance was directly stained black by the demonic clouds, covering half of the sky.

The Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon had arrived!

The Divine Venerable powerhouse directly caused the weather to change.

The other half of the sky was covered by the spiritual light in the sky.

It wasn’t just Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon who had arrived. Those Daoist Divine Venerables had also arrived!

At this moment, the power of all the experts in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy was activated.

Countless hidden experts turned their attention to the outside of the herb garden.

The Divine Venerable of the Daoist Faction had originally set up a trap in the herb garden to kill Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon.

However, he did not expect that the opening of the herb garden this time would attract countless divine generals who had been guarding it for tens of thousands of years.

At this time, the herb garden was no longer useful. The encirclement to kill Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon had also become a bubble.

If a Divine Venerable wanted to escape, even 10 Almighty experts of the same level would not be able to stop him.

Sky Manifestation Great Dao, comprehend it in one go.

An Almighty who controlled the Great Dao could escape at any time.

“Divine Venerables, after killing this divine general, I’ll only take 10% of the spiritual herbs in this herb garden.” Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

Kill the Divine General and obtain the spiritual herbs!

Before the Divine Venerables could think, Han Muye shouted again, “It’s not just this herb garden. I also have information about the other nine herb gardens!”

There were also nine other herb gardens!

As soon as he finished speaking, the interweaving divine senses in the void connected.

A single herb garden was enough to tempt these Almighties. If there was news of nine more herb gardens, even a Divine Venerable would be tempted.

The immortal medicines in the herb garden were also useful to the Divine Venerable powerhouses.

Not all Divine Venerables were like the Endless Divine Venerables, who were already half a step away from Transcendence and had cultivated to the peak.

There were also almighty cultivators who had just entered the Divine Venerable realm. Their combat strength and cultivation were far from that strong.

They still needed immortal medicines.

“I’ll believe you this once,” a voice said.

Han Muye had already shown the scene of competing with the Divine General for the control of the herb garden. Now that he said that he had news of other herb gardens, it was quite credible.

Moreover, in front of a Divine Venerable, Han Muye would not joke about such a thing.

Indeed, Han Muye was not joking.

He really controlled the information of the 10 herb gardens.

There were memories of other medicinal herbs in the grass whip.

Back then, the Divine Wood Palace had set up more than a hundred herb gardens.

At this moment, Han Muye was willing to share the information on the herb gardens and 90% of the spiritual herbs in this herb garden because he really wanted to kill this divine general.

He and the Heavenly Mystic behind him needed a large number of spiritual herbs to refine into medicinal pills to support the Dao competition.

There were countless spiritual herbs in this herb garden.

Even if he tried his best to pick the spiritual herbs here, he would not be able to get 1%.

Under the control of the Divine General, the herb garden was hidden. The remaining spiritual herbs would only appear after a thousand years.

Time flew quickly and a millennium had passed.

He might as well kill the guardian general and split the herb garden.

The spiritual herbs in the herb garden flowed into the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. Han Muye would buy more and send them to the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

With so many spiritual herbs, who knew how many pills he could refine.

Han Muye had even thought about it. He would not take a single cent. Huang Six would be the one paying.

His girl was in the Heavenly Mystic. If he didn't pay, who would?

If these spiritual herbs were refined into medicinal pills, he would be able to make another fortune in the Heavenly Mystic World.

"Then kill this Divine General." In the void, another Divine Venerable said.

The promise of the 10 herb gardens was the last straw.

No one cared about the life and death of a Divine General who had survived since ancient times, even if he was an almighty expert comparable to a Divine Venerable.

On the other hand, the chips for Han Muye's 10 herb gardens tempted everyone.

Whether it was the Divine Venerables, alchemists, or other forces, they were all tempted.

Today, this Divine General must die!

In an instant, an unimaginable power gathered in the void.

With all the power poured in, the 100,000-foot-long Dao Sword condensed and trembled.

At this moment, this Dao Sword that was born in the Immortal Spirit Realm and forged with the power of a sect finally displayed its most dazzling power.

The sword light illuminated the world like a galaxy!

This was the power of five Divine Venerable Supreme Elders!

At this moment, the surging power of the Dao Sword could sweep across the entire world!

At this moment, this sword became the strongest existence in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Even a Divine Venerable One would not be able to withstand a single blow from this sword!

Invincible with a single strike.

Han Muye looked nostalgic.

Ever since he was reborn in the cultivation world and entered the Sword Pavilion, he had been pursuing the power of invincibility.

Back then, the cultivation techniques of the Sword Pavilion and the three sword techniques were all exchanged for the method of killing the enemy with one strike.

After cultivating the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, Han Muye had always taken the path of invincibility.

It was only at this moment, with the Daoist Sword in front of him, and the power on it vast and unforged, that he understood.

This was the ultimate pursuit of sword cultivators!

As a sword cultivator, shouldn't he be invincible with a sword in his hand?

"Kill!"

Han Muye shouted and slashed down.

This sword was unstoppable in this world.

This was the strongest sword in the world!

Gathering the power of five Divine Venerable Ones and the power of the Doctrine Sword, a rare swordsman attacked.

The power of the Ancient Divine Herb Garden was shattered, and countless Spiritual Arrays were shattered into nothingness.

All the places covered by the spiritual mist were revealed.

Immortal medicines, stalks of spiritual medicines, strands of immortal energy, just like that, it was as if a woman's clothes were peeled off, quietly waiting.

The Gold Armored General didn't resist at all. His eyes widened, and his body turned into bubble-like mist inch by inch under the Dao Sword.

In fact, after tens of thousands of years, this divine general's body had long decayed. It was the power of the herb garden that allowed him to maintain his consciousness.

In this world, there was no mortal who could resist the power of time.

Only Immortal Deities could resist the passage of time!

How could someone who was not qualified to enter the Divine Court be an immortal?

"Boom!"

The Dao Sword slashed down.

The entire herb garden was cut in half.

A stream of Immortal Qi turned into a pillar of smoke and was held in the palm of a pair of large hands.

The other one was frozen by the grass whip in Han Muye's hand and directly absorbed.

He had promised to split half of the Immortal Qi with the Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon.

With this immortal qi, Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon's strength was even greater.

It would be even more difficult to kill him.

“Woo—”

Han Muye swept the grass whip in his hand.

Gusts of wind formed on the herb garden and wrapped around the spirit herbs inside before storing them into the grass whip.

Without the protection of the herb garden, these spirit herbs could be picked by anyone.

Of course, Han Muye only took 10%.

The remaining 90% belonged to the Divine Venerables.

Han Muye held the grass whip in front of his chest and looked up. “Divine Venerable Qi Yang, the Wood Deity asked me to greet you.”

### **Chapter 813 - 813 Moon Essence Sword Sect, Crescent Moon**

Wood Deity.

Divine Venerable Qi Yang.

All the cultivators were familiar with one of these two names.

The Divine Venerable in charge of the Qiyang Sword Sect was the true pillar of the Qiyang Sword Sect.

This was a Divine Venerable Almighty who dominated the Ancient Cloud Galaxy with his Sword Dao. His words and actions could shake the entire Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

As for the other one, no one had heard of him.

However, anyone who could be called ‘divine’ was definitely an expert.

Was this the expert behind Han Muye?

The strength Han Muye had displayed today was already extremely powerful. With the combined strength of several Divine Venerable experts, he directly controlled the strongest sword in the world and killed a divine general comparable to a Divine Venerable.

However, in everyone’s eyes, this was not his own strength.

In the cultivation world, borrowed power was ultimately not one’s own. It did not represent one’s own strength.

No one treated Han Muye as a true top expert.

In the void, a 50-year-old Daoist in a gray martial robe with a long sword on his back appeared. He stood there and stared at Han Muye.

To be precise, he was staring at the grass whip in Han Muye’s hand.

In the void, sword intent instantly filled the air.

“Wood Deity, are you alright?” There was a hint of repression in the Daoist’s voice.

He was Divine Venerable Qi Yang.

Han Muye shook his head.

“The power of the Golden Wolf Demon God is entangled with him. I don’t know if it’s a good thing or not.”

This was the truth.

Han Muye didn’t lie at all.

Divine Venerable Qi Yang’s eyes flashed as he remained silent.

The sword intent in the void instantly froze, as if the world had stopped.

Many cultivators became nervous.

Would this mighty figure of the Sword Dao make a move?

From what Han Muye said, the Wood Deity behind him was not in a good state?

But why say such things?

In the void, a halo dissipated.

All the sword intent disappeared.

“I got it.”

Divine Venerable Qi Yang’s voice was heard. He moved as if he had never been there.

As Divine Venerable Qi Yang turned invisible, the other Divine Venerables began to tremble.

Pieces of the Ancient Divine Herb Garden were shattered and taken away one by one.

Unlike Han Muye who collected spiritual herbs, these experts directly divided up the herb garden.

This was the attitude of the strong.

The good things in the world should belong to them.

Only those who were qualified to be on equal footing were qualified to share.

As for the others, they wouldn’t even leave a single hair for you.

Fortunately, the spiritual formation in the herb garden had collapsed, and all the cultivators who had entered the herb garden had left.

Otherwise, the herb garden would probably kill them directly.

To a Divine Venerable Supreme Elder, cultivators that entered the herb garden were nothing more than ants.

After passing through the herb garden, the Divine Venerable did not leave. His aura remained in place.

Han Muye raised his hand, and several jade slips flew out.

These jade slips contained information about the herb gardens.

He wasn't lying.

However, there were still guards guarding these herb gardens. It was not easy to obtain the herbs.

The Divine General who could control the power of the entire herb garden and control the Immortal Spirit Qi was as strong as a Divine Venerable. Unless the Divine Venerables worked together like today, they would not be able to take down a single herb garden.

However, could such a scenario happen again today?

They were all powerhouses that were hard to find in this world. It would already be good enough if they could work together at such a coincidental time. If Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon were to come again, wouldn't that be foolish?

However, Han Muye had already taken out the jade slip and released the news of the other 10 herb gardens. After that, it was none of his business.

If a Divine Venerable was willing to cooperate with him and raid a herb garden, he would not refuse.

Taking 10% of the benefits and half of the immortal qi was a good deal.

It was impossible for him to face a guardian general alone.

"Buzz!"

The void shook, and the various forces that had been suppressed began to recover.

The Divine Venerables left quietly.

Han Muye stood where he was, a smile flashing across his face.

He was afraid too...

If a Divine Venerable Supreme Elder really attacked him, the chances of him escaping alive were not high.

If this divine beast avatar really died here, it would be a pity.

This divine beast avatar was even stronger than his main body. As long as he returned to the Heavenly Mystic World and became one with his main body, his combat strength would directly reach the top and he would become a powerful cultivator at the level of a Dao Ancestor.

Moreover, this avatar had all kinds of treasures on him and had just opened up all kinds of connections in this world.

Fortunately, be it Han Muye's own strength or the Wood Deity Token, it was enough to make the Divine Venerable wary.

He had deliberately lured Divine Venerable Qi Yang out to make everyone wary of him and the forces behind him.

This was because Han Muye had seen the scene of Divine Venerable Qi Yang breaking into the Divine Wood Palace and being defeated by the Wood Deity and the Golden Wolf Demon God.

There were even memories of Divine Venerable Qi Yang's true identity.

This Sword Dao expert who ran amok in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy was actually from the place where the ancient gods had fallen!

Just like Han Muye's avatar, this person had forcefully snatched the body of a divine beast in the Desolate Wilderness. Then, with the help of the divine beast's powerful body, he passed through the dam and arrived at the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

However, Han Muye did not know who this Divine Venerable Qi Yang's true body was.

Or perhaps, his true body had already died.

No matter what, with the Wood God and Divine Venerable Qi Yang involved, in the end, Han Muye was safe.

"Haha, Brother, I didn't expect you to be so powerful." Huang Six's laughter was filled with surprise.

He did not expect Han Muye to be so much stronger than he had imagined.

He thought that he would really die here this time.

Han Muye turned around and said calmly, "On the Nine Mystic Mountain, I'd always been stronger than you, right?"

Huang Six's expression froze.

The two of them flew to a secluded place and conversed in low voices.

Huang Six had killed the Earth Suppressing Demon King and needed to quickly return to the Ancestral Demon Star to take over its forces.

He couldn't possibly kill the Earth Suppressing Demon King and leave all the benefits to others, right?

Han Muye did not stand on ceremony and told Huang Six about buying a large number of spiritual herbs, refining them into pills, and sending them to the Heavenly Mystic World.

Huang Six patted his chest and agreed.

According to Han Muye, Huang Six would buy the spiritual herbs.

He had many demonic cultivators who could issue missions in the various Chaotic Divine Halls.

After putting away the spiritual herbs, Han Muye would give some to Huang Six to sell after refining them into pills.

With this, Huang Six could make a small profit.

As for the remaining medicinal pills, Huang Six's death warriors would carry them in batches. They would cross the dam and enter the place where the ancient gods had fallen before sending them to the place where the Dao Competition was held.

The danger of crossing the dam had always been the most terrifying thing in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Even if they could cross the dam and reach the place where the Dao Competition was taking place, it would still be dangerous.

Moreover, one could not leave the place after entering the Dao Competition until the competition ended.

Only a sacrificial soldier could do this.

Fortunately, the demonic dao did not lack death warriors.

Most demonic cultivators were not very smart.

After agreeing with Han Muye, Huang Six hurried back.

He also handed the immortal herbs he had picked to Han Muye and asked him to think of a way to refine pills.

Gao Xiaoxuan's demonic nature became more and more turbulent. He needed to be suppressed.

According to Huang Six's thoughts, he wanted to get rid of Gao Xiaoxuan's demonic nature and let him return to the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

In this world, other than Han Muye, Gao Xiaoxuan was the only one who could truly reassure him.

After Huang Six left, Han Muye did not leave immediately.

After standing on the spot for a moment, a figure landed.

Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands. "Senior Yuan."

Yuan Mingjie was a great alchemy cultivator of the Heavenly Star Dao Sect.

Seeing Han Muye cup his hands and call out, a complicated expression flashed across Yuan Mingjie's face. He waved his hand and said, "Dare I call you senior?"

Seniors and juniors were not judged by their cultivation and combat strength.

But no matter what, even if a junior appeared, the senior would be afraid!

This was someone who had killed a Divine General and divided the herb garden with a group of Divine Venerables.

If it weren't for his Divine Venerable, Yuan Mingjie wouldn't have come.

"Senior's alchemy cultivation is high. I still have to ask you for guidance in the future," Han Muye said with a smile.

Not to mention combat strength, but alchemy.

Such humility made Yuan Mingjie's expression soften a lot.

"Okay, okay." Yuan Mingjie nodded and lowered his voice. "I came to find you for alchemy."

It was very simple. He showed Han Muye's purified medicine to his Divine Venerable.

Coincidentally, the Tianchen Dao Sect had obtained a large herb garden. There were countless spiritual herbs and many precious immortal herbs.

The Divine Venerable wanted Yuan Mingjie to look for Han Muye and see if he could do the business of purifying spiritual herbs.

Han Muye smiled.

This was not only business, but also an olive branch from a Divine Venerable, a top Daoist sect.

Whether it was the Wood Deity or Divine Venerable Qi Yang, they were all tiger skin.

Only the real benefits of cooperation were real.

"It's not worth it to just purify the spiritual herbs. Why don't we refine pills together? As long as we control the ultimate quality of a few precious pills, we won't have to worry about not making a lot of money."

Han Muye looked at Yuan Mingjie and paused. "The Alchemy inheritance of our Divine Wood Palace is also extremely deep."

The Divine Wood Palace had to be pulled out and used.

It would be a waste not to use such a background that others could not investigate.

"Haha, I have the same idea." Yuan Mingjie's eyes lit up.

After the matter was settled, Yuan Mingjie went back to reply, and Han Muye flew away.

At this moment, the various forces that had entered the herb garden had already left quietly.

The people hiding in the void not far away were a little excited to see Han Muye walking alone.

However, when they saw his appearance, they all fled in fear.

Although they had never seen Han Muye, everyone knew that the handsome young man in the white sword case was the peerless expert who had killed the Divine General.

Han Muye originally wanted to kill them, but seeing that no one came to stop him, he had to give up the thought.

After flying for 100,000 miles, Han Muye made a move, and unsheathed the sword in his hand.

"Clang—"

A sword blocked his way in front.

The edge of the sword flashed and stabbed at his armpit without stopping.

The tip of the sword moved in the opposite direction, moving up from the left.

Han Muye turned around and stabbed out with his sword in his left hand.

He reversed the sword.

“Slash—”

When the two swords clashed, sparks of spiritual light and sword qi flew everywhere.

The trajectory of the two swords was exactly the same.

Reverse, Xuan Yue.

In front of Han Muye, Divine Venerable Qi Yang, who was wearing a martial suit, looked at Han Muye calmly.

“Divine Venerable, good sword technique,” Han Muye said.

“Did you figure it out yourself, or did the sect teach it to you?” Divine Venerable Qi Yang asked faintly.

“This sword technique is a sword technique that I reversed and turned into a close-range sword—”

Before Han Muye could finish speaking, Divine Venerable Qi Yang raised the sword in his hand and drew an arc towards Han Muye’s neck.

Moon Essence Sword Sect, Crescent Moon.

Han Muye laughed and the sword in his hand flew out.

The semicircular arc was as clear as the moon.

Moon Essence Sword Sect, Crescent Moon.

## **Chapter 814 - 814 Succession Phase, In Charge of the Heavenly Mystic**

“Clang—”

The two crescent moons collided and flickered in the void like shining stars.

Han Muye and Divine Venerable Qi Yang stood opposite each other and slowly sheathed their swords.

This sword confirmed the identities of both parties.

The sword techniques inheritance of the Heavenly Mystic World.

“Heavenly Mystic Junior Brother, are you alright?”

A profound look appeared in Divine Venerable Qi Yang’s eyes.

Heavenly Mystic, Junior Brother?

Han Muye froze.

“Back then, I came from the same sect as Heavenly Mystic Junior Brother. I cultivated the Sword Dao while he cultivated the Spiritual Dao.” Divine Venerable Qi Yang revealed a nostalgic expression.

“At that time, the Heavenly Mystic World should still be called the Immortal Source Realm.”

“The Source Heaven is not much inferior to the Immortal Source World.”

Divine Venerable Qi Yang whispered about what happened hundreds of thousands of years ago.

The Immortal Source, where the Dao relies.

It was a place that had produced many Dao Ancestors.

However, after the invasion of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, there was chaos and the Immortal Source World was devoured.

“Sword Dao cultivation. Back then, the inheritance of the Source Heaven was not inferior to the Immortal Source Sword Pavilion.”

Sword shadows flashed on Divine Venerable Qi Yang’s body.

Sword Pavilion.

The current Sword Pavilion Inheritance was already one of the strongest Sword Principle Inheritances in the Land of the Fallen Ancient Gods. Now that the Source Heaven had disappeared, the Sword Principle Inheritance was also gone.

Divine Venerable Qi Yang was a Great Sage who had proven his Way of the Sword in the Immortal Source World. He was severely injured in a battle with a powerful enemy. He had no choice but to use the divine beast bloodline he had collected to cultivate the power of the divine beast.

“Coincidentally, I had the opportunity to enter the dam. I only passed through the dam and arrived at the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.”

Speaking of dams, Divine Venerable Qi Yang still had lingering fears.

No matter who it was, cultivation depended on luck.

By chance, Divine Venerable Qi Yang became a Divine Venerable powerhouse in Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Divine Venerable Qi Yang’s explanation made Han Muye sigh.

The cultivation path of a Divine Venerable Supreme Elder was truly endlessly bumpy.

Perhaps this was cultivation.

How could there be a true path in the world?

Without experiencing endless storms, how could one see the true rainbow?

He whispered to Divine Venerable Qi Yang, “Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor initiated the Dao Competition. He will fight to the death with the Immortal Spirit Dao Ancestor.”

Upon hearing the Dao Competition, Holy Master Qi Yang’s body shone with spiritual light, and his sword soared into the sky.

The surging power scattered the dust in the sky.

“The Dao competition.

“Junior Brother Heavenly Mystic, why are you so determined?” Qi Yang Divine Venerable’s voice was filled with killing intent.

Looking at Han Muye, Divine Venerable Qi Yang’s eyes flickered.

Han Muye could only guess why Dao Ancestor Heavenly Mystic had so decisively initiated the Dao Competition.

The suppression of Heavenly Mystic by the Immortal Spirit World, the three days of conflict in the Immortal Source World, and Mosheng’s unknown plan.

Han Muye told him about the current situation in the Heavenly Mystic World, as well as how he had crossed the dam by chance and encountered the Divine Wood Palace.

“The Wood Deity is trapped by the Demon God and cannot be free.” Divine Venerable Qi Yang nodded.

After a pause, a smile appeared on his face. “However, this is the junior of a big shot in the ancient era. He also has a sect. Nothing will really happen to him.”

“The dam looks like a chaotic place, but in fact, it’s not a shelter built by a true ancient powerhouse.”

“Otherwise, there wouldn’t be so many ancient factions left in the dam.”

Han Muye believed Divine Venerable Qi Yang.

Just like the Desolate Wilderness, it was a place of protection that the experts of the Desolate Wilderness had constructed for their descendants, and it was ceaselessly constructed for the inheritance of their bloodlines.

However, in the end, since there was such a place, it meant that the ancient era had really fought to the point where the inheritance was about to end.

As they chatted, Han Muye and Divine Venerable Qi Yang became much more harmonious.

In terms of relationships in the Heavenly Mystic World, Han Muye was considered a disciple of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor and had to call Divine Venerable Qi Yang his uncle-master.

When Han Muye bowed, Divine Venerable Qi Yang smiled and said, “Martial Uncle doesn’t have anything to give you. Since you’re here to seek resources outside the dam, I can give you the swords you need.”

Standard sword.

This was a resource that Han Muye had been looking for, but it was difficult to obtain.

A large number of standard swords were controlled by large sects.

He didn’t stand on ceremony and asked to buy tens of millions of spiritual weapon-level standard swords right away.

Han Muye would not stay outside the dam for long. He would personally bring half of the 10 million swords back to the Heavenly Mystic Realm. The rest could be sent to the Heavenly Mystic Realm by Huang Six.

There were too many swords and they were urgent. Without hesitation, Divine Venerable Qi Yang returned to the sect to make arrangements.

Before leaving, he gave Han Muye a lot of the immortal herbs he had obtained in the herb garden.

According to him, these immortal herbs were not very useful to him, but if he brought them to the Heavenly Mystic Realm, they could nurture many experts above the Heaven Realm.

Watching Divine Venerable Qi Yang leave, Han Muye smiled.

What a pleasant surprise.

Although the relationship between the inheritance and Qi Yang Divine Venerable was already thin, and Qi Yang Divine Venerable would not return to the Heavenly Mystic World to take action, this relationship would more or less guarantee his deal with Qi Yang Sword Sect.

Just like the Tianchen Dao Sect, it was not just about friendship but also business.

Emotional ties cannot sustain any relationship for the long term, only common interests can take us far.

Han Muye turned around and flew towards Jinke Star.

He needed to go back and organize the wooden puppets to refine medicinal pills.

Now that he had so many spiritual herbs on hand, it would be a waste to keep them.

As he flew away, his expression changed.

The void in front of him disappeared, leaving behind a verdant world.

Her eyes were filled with lush greenery, and there were endless spiritual herbs everywhere.

Each spiritual herb looked to be 100,000 years old.

Taking a breath, Han Muye could feel the infusion of immortal spiritual qi.

## **Chapter 815 - 815 Succession Phase, In Charge of the Heavenly Mystic (2)**

His divine beast body could absorb immortal spiritual qi and quietly increase the strength of his body.

This was the real world!

A spiritual light flashed in Han Muye's eyes. He suppressed the urge to take out the grass whip and gather his immortal qi. He looked up at the sky that was emitting seven-colored spiritual lights.

"I wonder which senior is joking with me?"

Han Muye cupped his hands and spoke.

His cultivation might be very different from top experts.

However, his Spiritual Strength was condensed and he cultivated the Sword Dao. Even if a Divine Venerable attacked, he would be able to sense it.

Previously, when Divine Venerable Qi Yang arrived, he had sensed it in advance.

However, at this moment, he landed in a mysterious world and did not notice it at all.

It was impossible to tell what cultivation level this was.

“Buzz!”

In the sky, spiritual lights flashed, and all the immortal spiritual qi surged, turning into a palm that pressed down on Han Muye’s head.

As soon as his palm gathered, Han Muye felt endless pressure.

His body transformed into a million feet tall divine beast, Ba Xia. He supported himself with four feet and raised his head to roar.

The true body of the divine beast appeared and blocked the pressure of the huge palm.

As the giant palm descended inch by inch, the four legs of the Divine Beast Baxia slowly bent.

On the back of the armor, the qi and blood power intertwined and turned into the phantom of a Divine Monument.

The huge palm pressed down again.

Baxia’s four legs could no longer withstand it. The Divine Monument on his back armor shattered into countless pieces with a bang.

The power of this palm was so strong that it could shatter a world!

This was an Almighty who could destroy the Endless World with a single strike!

Han Muye stared at the huge palm and watched helplessly as it landed on his back.

“Bang!”

The divine beast Baxia’s body was shattered.

Qi and blood interweaved with spiritual light, mixed with golden soul power.

Han Muye trembled and opened his eyes.

There was only the void in front of him. How could there be a verdant world?

Was everything just an illusion?

His eyes lit up, and the phantom of the divine beast Baxia appeared behind him.

As soon as the divine beast phantom appeared, his eyes widened.

At this moment, the divine beast phantom had an inseparable connection with his soul.

He was very familiar with this implication.

This was the fusion of the soul and the body.

This avatar of his had become one with his main body!

“Thank you, Senior.”

Han Muye bowed to the void in front of him.

Before, his avatar was just an avatar, just like those of the great cultivators who robbed.

If he encountered an Almighty who coveted the body of a divine beast, as long as he was willing to pay the price, he could immediately snatch his body.

Now that the bloodline and spiritual soul had merged, outsiders would have to pay a hundred times the price if they wanted to seize it.

Moreover, when Han Muye used the power of a divine beast, it was no longer as strenuous as before.

He now truly possessed this body.

That mysterious senior was not going to suppress him, but to help him resolve a huge hidden danger.

Looking up, a smile flashed across Han Muye’s face.

He knew who had helped him.

The one behind the Wood Deity.

Back then, Han Muye had seen this palm refine the grass whip.

“Little guy, it’s not easy to build my herb garden. Doesn’t your heart ache when you sell it...” A voice sounded in Han Muye’s ear.

As expected, this person was the one in charge of the ancient herb garden.

He was truly in charge, not those guards.

And it wasn’t just one, it was countless herb gardens in the void world.

Han Muye quickly bowed again.

“Alright, we’ll meet again if there’s a chance.

“Cultivate well.”

The voice sounded softly before dissipating.

This mysterious mighty figure helped Han Muye condense his bloodline and left. From beginning to end, he never appeared.

Perhaps it’s inconvenient, Han Muye thought.

Perhaps there are some restrictions to the appearance of such an expert in the cultivation world?

There’s actually such a powerful being in this world.

Such an expert would have already walked the path of transcendence and reached the end of Great Dao cultivation.

He shook his head and dispersed all the thoughts in his heart.

Han Muye knew that the difference was too great. Whether it was his realm, cultivation or combat strength, guessing out of thin air was not a good thing.

However, his encounter earlier gave Han Muye a direction in the cultivation of his avatar.

When he had the chance, he would find the Divine Monument that combined the power of the divine beast Baxia.

Baxia, who possessed the Divine Monument, was the true overbearing divine beast.

He advanced again. This time, he did not encounter any obstacles. He spent 10 days crossing the void and returned to Jinke Star.

The sect master of the Jinming Dao Sect personally received him. Li Zhongjing and the others accompanied him. Both sides finalized various business deals regarding pills and swords.

It turned out that this person had the support of more than one Divine Venerable.

Even when the sect master of the Jinming Dao Sect received Han Muye, he was much friendlier and did not call himself the sect master of a large sect.

After staying on Jinke Star for a while, Han Muye returned to Infinite Unity Star.

After meeting Tu Sunshi and the others, he began his seclusion.

On one hand, it was to stabilize his cultivation, and on the other hand, it was to refine medicinal pills with wooden puppets.

Later on, the people from the Wanchen Dao Sect and Huang Six would come to trade.

The Qiyang Sword Sect would also send a sword over soon.

Han Muye didn't have much time left outside the dam.

—

In the void of the land of the Dao Competition.

With a bang, a black crack tore open.

Cracks spanned countless miles, triggering a space shock that collapsed and crumbled.

The strange beasts appeared along with the cracks and were immediately torn apart.

A verdant world crashed out of the crack.

The Dao Ancestors in charge of the Dao Competition all turned their attention over.

"Desolate Wilderness!" Someone cried out in a low voice.

"It's not the desolate wasteland, it's that desolate wasteland fragment. Back then, it was drawn over and drifted continuously towards the Heavenly Mystic." A Dao Ancestor explained in a low voice.

### Chapter 816 - 816 Succession Phase, In Charge of the Heavenly Mystic (3)

Desolate Wilderness.

After drifting in the void for decades, this world was finally led by the Mysterious Heavenly World to the place where the Dao Competition was held.

The five-colored spiritual light appeared, causing the void to tremble like ripples. Many experts also came over.

The density of the spiritual qi displayed by the world had completely exceeded his imagination.

“Bang!”

A Heaven Realm Strange Beast’s body crashed into the sky of the Desolate Wilderness. Its qi and blood dissipated before being absorbed by the Desolate Wilderness.

A powerful world!

Not only were the surrounding experts not shocked, but excitement flashed across their faces.

It was good to be strong!

The stronger they were, the more valuable they were.

There was no need to command or call out. One figure after another quietly arrived. Some crashed into the resplendent five-colored world, while others slowly attached themselves to it and used secret techniques to seep in.

The power of the Heavenly Dao in the Desolate Wilderness had not been born for long. It was created by Han Muye when he was there.

At this moment, facing countless experts, the Heavenly Dao of the Desolate Wilderness could not hold on.

“Swoosh—”

A sharp whistle sounded.

In the Desolate Wilderness, a golden arrow flashed and appeared!

The long arrow turned into thousands of feet long, and with the power of heaven and earth, it nailed the bodies of three Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators in the sky!

These three Heaven Realm experts had quietly entered the sky. In a few more breaths, they would be able to enter the Desolate Wilderness.

After killing three Heaven Realm cultivators in one strike, those Heaven Realm cultivators all retreated in panic.

The defensive power of this world was too strong.

“You want to attack my Desolate Wilderness, yet you don’t even consider your own abilities first.” A figure stepped out from the heavens, standing in the void, shouting in a deep voice.

Xiang Lingshuang, who was dressed in white armor and holding a long bow, had a pair of crescent moon swords on his back. His eyes were cold.

The ignorant youth from before had become a truly powerful cultivator after guarding the Desolate Wilderness and controlling the Ten Thousand Demons Token.

Be it cultivation or combat strength, they both possessed the strength to suppress the desolate wilderness.

Standing in the void, the phantom of a 10,000 foot tall divine elephant appeared behind Xiang Lingshuang.

Not only him, but many great cultivators from the Desolate Wilderness also appeared, transforming into the true forms of demon beasts.

Each of them was tens of thousands of feet tall and tens of thousands of feet tall.

For a time, demonic qi filled the void of the Desolate Wilderness, covering the sky.

“The world of demonic beasts?” One of the experts who came to besiege them muttered in a daze.

“No, this is a desolate wasteland fragment. These are all desolate wasteland inheritance bloodlines!” Someone saw through the demonic beast’s background and spoke softly.

Desolate Wilderness.

This world had an irresistible attraction to cultivators.

Legend had it that this was a world filled with treasures.

“Desolate, this is a great opportunity.” Facing the powerful demon beasts that filled the sky, an old man in a green Daoist robe chuckled. The horsetail whisk in his hand turned into a chain.

The dark golden chain rushed towards Xiang Lingshuang.

However, before the chain could reach Xiang Lingshuang, it was stopped by a black-armored ox demon.

“Boom!”

The big demon shattered the chain with a punch.

This attack made the expression of the Daoist who attacked change instantly.

The other experts retreated.

In the end, the desolation was still the desolation. The great demons among them had heaven-defying strength!

At this moment, Xiang Lingshuang’s cultivation was already at the peak of the Out of Body realm. He was only one step away from entering the Divine Transformation Realm.

With the command of the Ten Thousand Demons Token and the support of the power of heaven and earth, even a fifth-level Transformation Realm expert was not his match.

If he fought with his true body, his strength would be even stronger.

His battle prowess could already be considered top-notch.

There were no Divine Transformation Realm experts among the experts who came to attack them.

The Semi-God Realm warriors were now in charge of both sides. There were very few who were really wandering in the void.

Those Divine Transformation Realm cultivators who came from other realms would be invited by the Heavenly Mystic Sect and the Immortal Spirit Sect.

All kinds of resources and treasures were generous. The treatment of these Divine Transformation Realm cultivators was unimaginable to outsiders.

Xiang Lingshuang let out a long roar, and the phantom of the war elephant behind her stepped out. With four steps, the vibration force shattered the bodies of the Nascent Soul Realm cultivators.

Beams of light rose, and the void was dazzling.

When Heaven Realm experts died, most of their power would nourish heaven and earth. Some of it would also be absorbed by the desolate land and Xiang Lingshuang.

As he attacked, the other demons also stepped forward.

The Nine-tailed Cat Demon Clan that was good at assassination and stealth, the Tiger Clan that had powerful combat strength, and the Nine-Tailed Fox Clan that was famous for their swordsmanship and speed...

This was a massacre without any suspense.

In less than an hour, other than a small number of cultivators who fled, the others were all killed by the great demon.

Standing in the void, Xiang Lingshuang held the longbow in her hand and looked in the direction of the Immortal Spirit Realm.

The arrival of the scattered cultivators was not a threat to them.

In the end, what they had to face were the armies and experts of the Immortal Spirit Realm.

“Boom!”

In the air, a huge hand grabbed at Xiang Lingshuang’s head.

A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator!

An old man in a white robe stepped out of the void with a cold expression.

“It’s indeed a barbaric land. Your attacks are vicious.” Seeing the surrounding spiritual light gradually dissipate, the old man shouted.

Xiang Lingshuang raised his head and looked at the palm shadow. He put away the bow in his hand, crossed his hands, and raised his hand to draw his sword.

“Clang—”

The long sword turned into a crescent moon and flew forward, colliding with the huge palm phantom.

The dual swords, which were forged from the teeth of an ancient war elephant, were sharp and heavy, directly tearing apart the phantom of the huge palm.

“Kill!”

Xiang Lingshuang flew up and grabbed the longsword, slashing at the head of the white-robed old man. Heaven and earth rumbled.

The two swords were filled with blood-colored qi and blood.

Xiang Lingshuang remembered what Han Muye had said. Every strike was full force.

At this moment, his sword contained all the power of an ancient mammoth.

#### **Chapter 817 - 817 Succession Phase, In Charge of the Heavenly Mystic (4)**

The white-robed old man frowned and raised a golden shield in front of him.

“Bang!”

The golden shield did not stop Xiang Lingshuang at all.

The old man’s expression changed. His palms were like butterflies as he stood in front of him. A three-foot-long array blocked the long sword.

The two swords struck the array, causing the surrounding void to tremble, but they didn’t directly break the array.

This formation used the power of the void as its foundation. Unless it shattered the void, it could not break the formation.

Seeing this, the old man heaved a sigh of relief and smiled.

However, just as his smile appeared, his eyes suddenly widened.

A black short sword had already reached his neck!

“Slash—”

The short sword could not pierce through his body, but it made his entire body tremble with spiritual light.

Xiang Lingshuang let out a low shout, and the two swords came crashing down.

“Bo—”

The formation shattered like a bubble.

Before the white-robed old man could raise his hand, his body was slashed into pieces by the long sword.

His figure appeared a thousand feet away, and his figure became much more illusory.

“Slash—”

A black short sword pierced through his body, and a five-tailed fox dressed in black appeared.

The old man opened his mouth and his eyes widened. Then, his body turned into a spiritual light.

Unfortunately, he had only severed his physical body and lost his primordial spirit.

It was already very difficult to kill a Heaven Realm expert.

After killing the body of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator, the Nine-tailed Fox nodded at Xiang Lingshuang and disappeared.

Xiang Lingshuang’s expression did not change as she looked into the distance.

...

After entering the Desolate Wilderness for a month, they encountered all kinds of obstructions more than a hundred times.

In the strongest siege, three Divine Transformation Realm cultivators and more than ten Out of Body realm experts arrived.

In the end, most of these people were left behind in the Desolate Wilderness.

The Nine-tailed Cat Demons, who were elusive and hidden, had unparalleled assassination abilities. A Four-tailed Cat Demon who had stepped into the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm could even assassinate an out-of-body expert.

The Elephant Clan, Tiger Clan, and Ox Clan were extremely powerful. With a single strike, they could cause mountains to collapse.

The strength of the Desolate Wilderness was also seen by everyone.

After suppressing the power of karma and reincarnation, demons with powerful physical strength and strange methods could do whatever they wanted.

This was especially true for Xiang Lingshuang and a few experts of the demon race. Their combat strength alone could withstand peak Out of Body realm experts and early Divine Transformation Realm experts. With their cooperation, they already had the strength to kill Divine Transformation Realm experts.

The Xianling and Heavenly Mystic who were originally confronting each other turned their attention to this desolate land.

The Desolate Wilderness headed straight for the Mysterious Heavenly World. A month later, they finally encountered the intercepting army of the Immortal Spirit World.

500,000 soldiers were in formation, led by five Divine Transformation Realm cultivators.

Spiritual light scattered and enveloped a radius of a million miles.

No one could rush over.

In this battle, the Desolate Wilderness no longer had the chance to be undefeated.

The strict military formation, the military discipline, and the tyrannical combat strength activated by the military formation made it impossible for the scattered desolate demons to win against such a military formation.

Several demons died, and the immortal army attacked the sky.

Although Xiang Lingshuang unleashed her might and used the power of the Heavenly Dao to kill a Divine Transformation Realm expert directly, causing the army of immortal spirits to be afraid, a defeat was a defeat.

He had already let the other party log in, but he was still not defeated?

After that, the Desolate Wilderness fell into a bitter battle.

Once the undefeated legend was broken, countless enemies would surround them like wolves and bite them with all their might.

Cultivators scattered everywhere quietly entered the Desolate Wilderness. They either hunted demons or stole spiritual herbs.

The army of the Immortal Spirit World continued to advance and began to occupy the Desolate Wilderness.

The power of the Heavenly Dao in the Desolate Wilderness was still too weak. It was difficult to suppress a Divine Transformation Realm expert and the restrictions on the military formation were not enough.

Fortunately, the various races in the Desolate Wilderness had long been united.

Xiang Lingshuang was in charge of the Thousand Demon Token. With the cooperation of the various races, she could temporarily stop the 500,000-strong army.

In the past two months, the battle had been intense.

Under the joint efforts of the four Divine Transformation Realm cultivators, many more demons died.

Thirty percent of the Desolate Wilderness fell into the hands of the Immortal Spirit World's army.

Many tribes also suffered heavy losses.

Xiang Lingshuang had to fight a Divine Transformation Realm expert alone. After injuring him with all his might, he was also surrounded by the remaining army and Divine Transformation Realm experts.

“Roar—”

Xiang Lingshuang, who had transformed into a thousand-foot-long war elephant, was covered in blood as he roared.

Four Legs suppressed the ground and activated his divine art, causing the surrounding army to vomit blood and retreat.

This was the divine ability of the ancient war elephant. On the ground, its combat strength was extremely powerful.

“What an evil creature!” A Sixth Level Divine Transformation Realm cultivator in a long red robe shouted. He smashed a long rod on the shoulder of Xiang Lingshuang’s real body.

The power of the magic treasure flashed, and the long rod locked onto Xiang Lingshuang’s head.

If this attack landed, even if Xiang Lingshuang did not die, she would be severely injured and lose the ability to fight.

Xiang Lingshuang used all her strength to turn her head, and then her body moved horizontally to meet the attack.

“Bang!”

Xiang Lingshuang used all her strength to turn her head, and then her body moved horizontally to meet the attack.

Xiang Lingshuang’s Vitality Force fluctuated.

This attack could shatter the world. If Xiang Lingshuang had not purified her ancient bloodline, she would not have been able to withstand it.

Xiang Lingshuang screamed in pain. She swung her long nose and knocked her head against the wall. A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator was knocked back.

The Divine Transformation Realm cultivator holding the staff sneered and said, “Kid, submit and bring the desolate land into my Immortal Spirit World. Otherwise, I don’t mind having another mount.”

With his cultivation level, magical equipment, and the power of the army behind him, he could already fight against the heavens. He was not even afraid of a Seventh Level Divine Transformation Realm expert.

At this moment, he could totally crush Xiang Lingshuang.

The war elephant that Xiang Lingshuang had transformed into roared at the sky, its eyes filled with fighting spirit.

It was his responsibility to control the wilderness for Han Muye and safely send it to Heavenly Mystic.

For this responsibility, he was willing to risk his life!

Seeing him like this, a Semi-god Realm warrior wearing a green robe and a golden crown snorted coldly and slowly raised the long saber in his hand.

“Stubborn fool. Looks like you really want to die.”

“I’ll fulfill your wish. I’ll kill you, skin you alive, and break your bones. This pair of long teeth is just right for me to treasure.”

The Divine Transformation Realm cultivator exuded a strong killing intent.

Since he could not subdue it, he would kill it.

This included this desolate land. If it could not be obtained by the Immortal Spirit World, then it would be destroyed!

Spiritual light rose from the formation of the immortal spirit army.

Several Heaven Realm experts from the Nine-tailed Cat Demon Clan and the Nine-tailed Fox Clan landed beside Xiang Lingshuang.

The cultivators of the other races also walked up with grave expressions and stood side by side with him.

At most, they would die in this battle. They could not let the Desolate Wilderness be seized by the Immortal Spirit Realm.

“Let me see who’s so arrogant.” A voice rang out from the void.

A general in black armor holding a black Mystic Sun Sword slowly walked out.

Behind him, the black-armored army stood still.

Mystic Sun Guards.

“Xiang Lingshuang, under the orders of my granduncle, I’m here to bring you home.” The Black Armored Army general looked at Xiang Lingshuang and said softly.

The commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, Lu Yang.

Heavenly Mystic World, one of the highest controllers of the military.

His arrival meant that the Heavenly Mystic army was mobilized!

“Boom!”

In the void of space, countless battle formations appeared.

Not only the Heavenly Mystic army, but also the Immortal Spirit army.

Millions of military formations gathered around the desolate ruins.

After the Dao Competition began, the first collision between the Immortal Spirit Realm and the Heavenly Mystic World began!

...

At this moment, the sword intent that had been condensing and not dissipating quietly faded in the sky above the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, slowly stood up.

His gaze landed on the sky outside the Sword Pavilion.

War chariots and flying ships floated quietly.

Above the clouds, a young emperor in a royal robe bowed with a solemn expression.

“The new Emperor of Heavenly Mystic, Yunduan, has personally gone to the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier with a letter. He invites the Sword Dao immortal of the Western Frontier, the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy, and the Alchemy Grandmaster, Han Muye, to the Imperial City.

“Successor to the Prime Minister, in charge of Heavenly Mystic.”

### **Chapter 818 - 818 Returning to White Deer Mountain, Condensing the Heaven and Earth Golden Seal**

Yunduan’s voice resounded throughout the Nine Mystic Mountain.

At the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, cultivators bowed.

These were the cultivators of the Western Frontier who had long known about this matter and rushed over to watch the ceremony. They were here to witness the most glorious moment of the Western Frontier.

There were still more cultivators from the Western Frontier who had yet to arrive, but at this moment, the divine will between heaven and earth intersected. The news of the new Emperor Heavenly Mystic coming to the Nine Mystic Mountain to pay his respects spread throughout the Western Frontier, and even more cultivators came to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The new emperor invited the Western Frontier Sword Dao immortal to enter the Central Continent’s Imperial City to succeed the chancellor.

Marquis and minister.

In the cultivation of Confucianism, such a moment should be the peak of mortal cultivation.

It was not until this moment that the people in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier knew that Han Muye had long traveled to the Central Continent, as well as the White Deer Mountain, where the scholar carried a sword and stood up for the world.

This Immortal who suppressed the Western Frontier with his sword dao was actually a great Confucian cultivator who founded a sect!

There was really such a genius in the world!

At this moment, everyone raised their heads and looked at the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Would a big shot who controlled the Heavenly Mystic World appear in the Western Frontier today?

“Elder Tao, do you think he will agree?” In the hall at the top of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Tuoba Cheng’s eyes flickered as he spoke in a low voice.

Beside him stood Tao Ran with a grave expression.

Tao Ran didn’t speak, but a complicated expression appeared in his eyes.

To him and the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Sect, it was an honor and absolute reliance for Han Muye to become a figure who controlled the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

The Nine Mystic Mountain would definitely quickly become the pillar of the Profound Heaven Sword Dao.

Even if the Nine Mystic Mountain was already the holy land of the Sword Dao in the Heavenly Mystic World.

However, Tao Ran, who had always had a deep relationship with Han Muye, did not want Han Muye to control the Heavenly Mystic Realm at this moment.

The Heavenly Mystic World was a place where the Dao competed. To control the Heavenly Mystic World, one had to face the Dao competition head-on.

The cruelty of the Dao competition was unimaginable.

During the Dao competition, the person in charge of Heavenly Mystic would become the first target to be eliminated in the Immortal Spirit World.

Tao Ran had watched Han Muye grow up. He really did not want Han Muye to go to the Central Continent.

“Hehe, do you think Han Muye will still stay in the Western Frontier?” Tuoba Cheng suddenly chuckled and looked at the Sword Pavilion below.

Ancestor Tao Ran was stunned for a moment before he sighed and nodded.

The Western Frontier could no longer accommodate Han Muye.

Han Muye’s heart had long since stopped tolerating the Western Frontier.

Some people would definitely go far.

Moreover, Han Muye was a sword cultivator!

He was not Wen Mosheng.

Revealing one’s sword when facing enemies was the style of a sword cultivator.

Han Muye would never give up on the opportunity to control the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

“Cultivators might not care about the power in the world, but at this moment, controlling the Heavenly Mystic World, turning the tide, and having the momentum of the hundred-year Dao Competition in hand, how happy is that?” In the air outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, a green-robed old man whispered.

The surrounding cultivators nodded when they heard this.

Cultivation was also a form of mental cultivation.

A great cultivator in charge of the Heavenly Mystic World must have a different path from ordinary people.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye slowly walked out.

Han Muye stood in front of the Sword Pavilion and looked up. Sword intent and spiritual energy surged from his body.

In the sky, the rolling clouds instantly turned into a dragon and an ocean, rolling like the tide.

A 100,000-foot Primordial Spirit phantom appeared above the dragon's head. It was wearing a long robe and had a solemn expression.

A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator!

Han Muye, the Immortal of the Western Frontier, had already stepped into the Semi-God Realm and became the person with the highest cultivation in the Western Frontier in 10,000 years.

This person was already the uncrowned king of the Western Frontier. Next, he would become the most powerful person in the Heavenly Mystic world!

"Dong—"

"Dong—"

"Dong—"

...

The bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain rang non-stop like never before.

The Nine Mystic Mountain, the Sword Sect, had endless glory today.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong, who was standing behind Han Muye, whispered, "Senior Brother, will you come back?"

His expression was complicated. There was joy and reluctance.

Will you come back?

Han Muye pondered for a moment, smiled, and strode into the sky.

"I'll come back naturally when the world is fixed."

This was to determine the world. The world was uncertain, so how could it turn around?

This was a sword cultivator.

Han Muye ascended to the sky step by step. The surrounding clouds surged and supported his body to the nine heavens.

Within 10,000 miles, the power of heaven and earth gathered and turned into a ladder.

The spiritual qi in the entire Western Frontier began to boil.

This world was connected to Han Muye!

Han Muye, who had long obtained the affinity of the Western Frontier, could now feel the blessings of the world.

At this stage of cultivation, every word and action could allow one to comprehend the world. It was truly carefree!

Han Muye looked up and saw the flying ship and carriage waiting in formation.

Everyone bowed their heads and waited solemnly.

Han Muye stepped on the clouds and walked forward step by step.

In front of Yunduan, who was wearing a royal robe and an emperor's crown, Han Muye raised his hand and took the letter.

Yunduan bowed and said softly, "From now on, the Heavenly Mystic is in Minister Han's hands."

Han Muye, Minister Han.

In the void, the moment Han Muye took the book, the world shook, and spiritual qi turned into moon-white flames that gently descended.

On the ground, spiritual qi materialized into golden lotuses that surged everywhere in the Western Frontier.

This was the cheer of heaven and earth.

"Greetings, Prime Minister Han..."

Within a radius of 10,000 miles, everyone bowed to Han Muye.

The Heavenly Mystic was suppressed by Confucianism and wielded authority.

From now on, this person in front of him was the one in charge of cultivation in the Heavenly Mystic Empire.

Han Muye stood where he was, his eyes flickering with spiritual light.

He slowly raised his hand, and lightning flashed between heaven and earth.

The lightning intertwined into a long dragon and landed at Han Muye's feet. Then, it carried him along the winding mountain range and collided in the direction of the Central Continent.

"Boom!"

The Heavenly Barrier that separated the Western Frontier from the Central Continent shattered.

## **Chapter 819 - 819 Returning to White Deer Mountain, Condensing the Heaven and Earth Golden Seal (2)**

The resplendent barrier between heaven and earth shattered into pieces.

Back then, Han Muye had once shattered the Heaven Wall with a single strike, opening a path for the sword cultivators of the Western Frontier.

Over the years, countless people had passed through the Heaven Wall to come to the Western Frontier to cultivate the sword, or to the Central Continent.

The Heaven Wall collapsed, and the spiritual energy of the Central Continent surged into the Western Frontier like a raging river.

The spiritual qi in the Central Continent was much richer than in the Western Frontier. Back then, when it poured out, it created a Green Light Mountain that was comparable to a spiritual land.

This time, the entire Heaven Wall collapsed, and spiritual qi directly poured into the Western Frontier.

The entire Central Continent could feel the changes in the spiritual qi of heaven and earth.

However, this time, no one repaired the Heaven Wall.

Who would dare to repair the Heavenly Wall when the new Minister of State made a move?

Minister Han was using the spiritual qi of the Central Continent to nourish the Western Frontier to thank the Western Frontier for providing for him.

At the same time, the Heaven Wall shattered, and the power of heaven and earth in the Western Frontier fused into the Central Continent. Minister Han had the support of the Heavenly Dao in the Western Frontier behind him. When he entered the Central Continent, his power instantly overlapped.

This was what he relied on.

If he did not control the power of heaven and earth, what right did he have to be called a minister?

After breaking through the Heaven Wall, the lightning dragon carrying Han Muye did not stop walking and entered Shuxi County.

At the back, the new emperor's carriage followed. Groups of soldiers and flying ships surged.

All the sects in the Western Frontier sent experts to protect them.

The Western Frontier had produced a minister. As a part of the Western Frontier's cultivation world, every sect had to contribute to build up the minister's strength.

Countless cultivators were enthusiastic about this matter.

As the saying went, when a person achieved the Dao, even chickens and dogs would ascend to the heavens. Han Muye became the new minister, and all the cultivators in the Western Frontier had a chance to enter the Central Continent.

Han Muye had also broken through the Heaven Wall and guided the spiritual energy of the Central Continent into the Western Frontier, allowing the various sects of the Western Frontier to cultivate smoothly in the future.

The cultivation world of the Western Frontier naturally had to return the favor.

When Han Muye entered the Central Continent, there were already millions of cultivators following him in the Western Frontier.

"He has finally left..." Bai Suzhen, who was wearing a white dress, stood on a limestone and said softly.

Demonic aura surged from her body.

White Deer Mountain.

Today, the White Deer Mountain Academy was already filled with houses. The golden Great Spirit enveloped a radius of three hundred miles.

Dongfang Shu, dressed in a white robe, stood solemnly in front of the White Deer Mountain Academy.

In addition to the plaque of the White Deer Mountain Academy, there were also four lines of the White Deer Mountain's Heart for Heaven and Earth.

Dongfang Shu's current cultivation had long stepped into the realm of a grandmaster.

A Confucian Grandmaster was already a top expert when the power of karma and reincarnation was suppressed.

However, Dongfang Shu was good at teaching and educating people. He did not pay much attention to fighting and killing.

Dongfang Shu stood in front of the mountain gate. Behind him were instructors in green robes.

The White Deer Mountain Academy did not have the same influence as the Royal Academy. Among these instructors, there were only two grandmasters and only a dozen grandmasters.

Most of the other instructors were Confucian Dao masters who were at the level of sergeants.

Behind them were Confucian scholars in gray robes.

These White Deer Mountain students had swords at their waists, and the Great Spirit and Sword Qi on their bodies intertwined, making them look extremely heroic.

Up until now, not only Bailu Mountain, but all the Confucianism in Heavenly Mystic advocated scholars carrying swords.

After Huang Zhihu's group of students from the White Deer Mountain Academy had interacted with each other, there were many more sword scholars.

"Clang—"

The bell for class rang crisply.

Everyone looked up at the figure that descended from the sky and walked forward step by step.

The former mountain path had become a bluestone path.

What remained unchanged was the person who climbed the mountain.

On the stone steps, Han Muye slowly walked up, just like how he had ascended the White Deer Mountain under the moon back then. He had discussed the Dao with Dongfang Shu and finally convinced him to build the White Deer Mountain Academy on his behalf.

With every step Han Muye took, the entire White Deer Mountain shook.

In the sky above White Deer Mountain, endless purple aura began to surge.

Han Muye used poetry as a sword and the four lines that established the White Deer Mountain attracted the attention of everyone.

All along, Han Muye had not returned to White Deer Mountain.

Therefore, the Aura of Hope on the White Deer Mountain remained and gathered into a purple cloud that lingered around the Academy.

These people waited for Han Muye to arrive and collect them.

“Boom!”

The aura of hope enveloped Han Muye and turned into a pillar of light.

The golden Great Spirit intertwined with the purple pillar of light, and Han Muye’s aura was extremely profound.

The Great Spirit once again filled his divine treasures.

In his Qi Sea, there was originally only a long sword left. At this moment, the Man’s Hope Qi poured into his Qi Sea and turned into a purple sea.

In the sky, the phantom of the sword hanging from his waist became more and more solid.

Han Muye climbed the mountain step by step, attracting the attention of the people on White Deer Mountain.

This was the hope that had been accumulated for nearly 30 years, waiting for its master to arrive.

Outside the White Deer Mountain, Dongfang Shu clenched his fists excitedly.

Back then, Dongfang Shu had agreed to Han Muye’s arrangements and built the White Deer Mountain Academy here.

At White Deer Mountain, Dongfang Shu had been waiting for Han Muye to return.

The people here had been waiting for Han Muye to return.

This day had finally arrived!

“Welcome back to White Deer Mountain...”

Dongfang Shu bowed to Han Muye, who was slowly walking over, his long sleeves hanging to the ground.

Behind him, all the teachers and students of White Deer Mountain bowed and shouted, “Welcome back to White Deer Mountain, Mountain Elder—”

The surging Great Spirit qi on Han Muye’s body fused with his expectations and transformed into a golden seal.

This seal represented both the power of Confucianism and the power of Heaven and Earth.

As the seal was formed, the Central Continent shook.

Han Muye looked up at the mark on the golden seal and saw the words “Heaven and Earth Authority”.

This seal represented the recognition of the Heavenly Mystic World, and represented Han Muye's own strength becoming extraordinary.

The Absolute Sage Realm of Confucianism!

Because of the Dao competition, he could not enter karma and reincarnation, so Han Muye's Confucian power condensed into a seal.

If not for the Dao competition, he would have already stepped into the Sage Realm.

For thirty years, the people of the Central Continent gathered together, and the power of Heaven and Earth gathered together. This was the opportunity to become a Sage!

Looking at the golden seal, Dongfang Zhiwen's eyes flashed with envy, then a hint of regret.

"Mountain Elder... what a pity," Dongfang Shu muttered.

Han Muye shook his head and chuckled. "It's not difficult for me to become a Sage. The path of cultivation has never been about cultivation."

Cultivation did not require cultivation.

Dongfang Shu wanted to answer, but he could not.

Only people like you who can casually cultivate and become extraordinary will think like this, right?

Han Muye entered the White Deer Mountain Academy and gathered everyone's attention for 30 years. A day later, he rode a lightning dragon straight to the Imperial City.

...

In the sky, in the carriage, Han Muye sat opposite Yunduan.

At this moment, Yunduan looked more solemn and less casual than before.

After all, she was the nominal emperor of this world.

"Minister Han, Minister Wen said that from now on, Heavenly Mystic is in your hands," Yunduan said softly as she looked at the man sitting motionlessly in front of her.

Han Muye nodded.

The battle outside the Realm became more and more intense. Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi needed to deal with it with all their might.

The last time Han Muye returned to Heavenly Mystic and led an army to suppress all directions, Wen Mosheng had already written this edict.

However, because of the chaos in the Eastern Sea, this edict was not immediately announced to the world.

"The Cultivation tournament has already begun. The situation outside the Realm is dire. Heavenly Mystic needs to be stabilized."

“As the rear, give Minister Wen and Martial Marquis as much support as possible.”

Han Muye looked at Yunduan and said calmly, “You’ve already done a good job sweeping through the Eastern Sea and suppressing the Dongnan gate.”

Well done.

The reason why Yunduan could successfully ascend to the throne was because she lured tens of millions of Eastern Sea sword cultivators into the Central Continent and suppressed the Dongnan Daoist sects, establishing her prestige.

With the foundation of tens of millions of swords and the support of the royal family, Yunduan ascended to the throne without any obstruction.

Now that Huang Zhihu was in charge of tens of millions of sword cultivators guarding Dongnan, the Daoist Faction did not dare to make any abnormal movements.

Yunduan looked up at Han Muye with a smile.

“Minister Han, don’t worry. I won’t interfere in Heavenly Mystic’s matters. If you need me to do anything, just tell me.”

Yunduan chuckled and sighed. “I know my limits. Let’s not talk about the critical moment. Even under normal circumstances, I’m not cut out to control the world.”

“I’m suitable to be on the immortal boat with my sister. I’ll wear a gorgeous dress, put on exquisite makeup, and dance the most gorgeous dance. I’ll wait... wait for the person I love the most.”

For tens of thousands of years, the authority of Heavenly Mystic had been in the hands of the Confucian Way. The royal family might want to compete with it, but they had never succeeded.

Yunduan quietly looked at Han Muye, but he only looked up at the clouds outside the carriage.

“Edict, the Confucianist Grandmaster of the Central Continent, Heavenly Spirit Cultivator, enter the Imperial City with me.”

Han Muye raised his hand, and the golden spiritual light turned into words that landed on a purple cloth.

## **Chapter 820 - 820 Second Edict, Destroy the Inheritance**

Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic’s first edict summoned the Confucian Grandmasters and Heavenly Spirit Cultivators of the Central Continent to follow him into the Imperial City.

Confucianism controlled Heavenly Mystic, but most of the Confucianist Grandmasters were already in the Imperial City. Some of them were in charge of a region and had important responsibilities.

As for some scattered Confucian cultivators, they either lived in seclusion in the mountains or taught people like Dongfang Shu. They did not care about power.

These Confucian grandmasters outside the Imperial City didn’t even move when Wen Mosheng was here.

Most of the Spiritual Dao cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic world were in their sects, and those Heaven Realm experts rarely participated in the affairs of the dynasty.

Han Muye issued an edict to let them go to the Imperial City.

Could it work?

Looking at the golden words, a trace of hesitation flashed across Yunduan's eyes. In the end, she did not speak.

In her opinion, it was best for Han Muye to enter the Imperial City and focus on ruling the Heavenly Mystic World for decades before slowly obtaining the recognition of all parties.

Such a direct edict was directly against those Peak Nascent Soul Realm experts.

A single mistake could damage the prestige of the new Prime Minister.

If the dignity of a country was really lost, it would lose the popular sentiment of the people and the fate of the country. No matter what they did in the future, they could not make up for it.

"Where's Huang Zhihu?"

Han Muye looked at the stunned Yunduan.

"Zhihu led the Mystic Sun Guards to suppress the Daoist Faction in the eight counties in the southeast."

Yunduan quickly replied.

Suppress the Daoist Faction.

Daoism was not stable enough. Perhaps no one would listen to the minister's edict.

This was what Yunduan meant.

She quietly looked up at Han Muye. Yunduan believed that it was impossible for him not to understand.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He raised his hand and a silk book appeared.

"Edict, Qian Yiming of the Southern Wasteland returns to the Central Continent. With this decree, he will annihilate all those who disobey the Heavenly Mystic World and destroy their inheritance."

There were golden words shining on the purple edict, and there was a blood-red color.

Yunduan's eyes widened as she stared at the edict.

Han Muye's edict did not only represent himself.

His every word and action represented the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty, the Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao, and the Heavenly Dao of the Heavenly Mystic World!

The Heavenly Dao sought stability and balance. When did it become so intense?!

"Minister Han, this—"

Yunduan started to speak, then paused and nodded. "Okay."

If the person in front of her today was Minister Wen Mosheng, she would definitely not ask.

In the end, she felt that Han Muye's foundation was too shallow.

Han Muye did not speak again and slowly closed his eyes.

He was not Wen Mosheng.

He would not play a big game.

His mind was only focused on the situation that he could see.

Protecting the Heavenly Mystic was all.

Ever since the Dao Competition began, he had been trying his best to increase the chips in his hands.

Sword Core, Sword Formation, external aid.

During his trip to the Endless Sea, he had obtained several powerful allies.

The desolate Qilin Divine Beast.

The Sword Pavilion of the Six Stalwart Pavilion.

The Confucian Faction of the Wen Yuan Pavilion.

The key was that he had also obtained the support of Endless Divine Venerables.

The power of the Endless Sea was coming.

Not only the various parties on the Scattered Stars Island, but Han Muye also had Huang Six, who was outside the dam, and the sword cultivators recruited by Gu Yuening.

Divine Master Qi Yang would not come personally, but he would have enough support.

At least two Divine Venerables and at least ten Dao Ancestor-level cultivators were Han Muye's true reliance.

Han Muye was no longer in the mood to deal with the various parties in the Heavenly Mystic World.

If Minister Wen was still in charge of the Heavenly Mystic, he might still seek stability.

But Han Muye was not Wen Mosheng.

...

The fleet moved forward and crossed the Central Continent.

The county guards below came to pay their respects.

Yunduan came forward to comfort him, but Han Muye did not appear.

The two decrees had already spread throughout the Central Continent. Some Confucian Grandmasters and Heaven Realm experts from all over the world headed to the Imperial City without hesitation. Some were just observing, while others did not take it seriously.

He was a new official and had yet to sit in that position, but he was already so wanton?

Be it Confucianism cultivators or Daoist Heaven Realm cultivators, they all disdained to abide by the edict.

Could Han Muye personally kill someone?

With the authority of the world in hand, if Han Muye attacked in the Heavenly Mystic World, he believed that no one would be his match.

But he was alone.

His authority had yet to stabilize, and he had yet to enter the Imperial City. The edict he issued had words on it, but it did not have the support of the power of heaven and earth.

Those who acknowledged it would treat it as an edict.

Those who didn't recognize it would treat it as scrap paper.

The Central Continent, Liangshu City, Guardian Residence.

The three great cultivators of Confucianism sat around him.

Bai Hao, the grandmaster of Confucianism, was in charge of Liangsu City. The other two were Fang Mingshan, a grandmaster of Confucianism, and Zhu Huan, a grand scholar who lived in seclusion on Liangsu Mountain.

At this moment, there was a purple edict in front of the three of them.

This was the edict distributed. It was Han Muye's first edict to summon the Confucian Grandmasters and Spiritual Dao Heavenly Realm experts of the Central Continent to the Imperial City.

Of course, this was only a copy.

"Now that a new official has taken office, the first flame is going to burn through the Heavenly Mystic Realm..."

He was Zhu Huan, a great scholar who lived in seclusion on Liangshu Mountain. He had long been a grandmaster of Confucianism and had even been an instructor at the Imperial City Academy.

Having lived in the Imperial City, Zhu also knew the general situation of Heavenly Mystic.

The Imperial City had the power to suppress everything.

The Imperial City Academy alone was enough to sweep through the Heavenly Mystic Continent.

A bitter expression appeared on Bai Hao's face as he said, "You're all fine. You don't have anything to worry about. You can leave whenever you want, and it's even more convenient for you to go to the imperial city. I have a lot of work to do."

Zhu Huan nodded and sighed softly.

From the beginning of the Dao competition, the few Daoist sects outside Liangye City were not stable.

That was especially true of the Golden Jade Dao Sect, which was located 3,000 miles outside the city. They had three Heaven Realm experts in charge, and the grand elder, Daoist Chao Yan, was already in the eighth stage of the Out of Body Realm, making him a match for Bai Hao.