

Pavilion 821

Chapter 821 - 821 Second Edict, Destroy the Inheritance (2)

Over the years, Bai Hao had done everything he could to maintain the situation in Liangshu City.

If it weren't for Zhu Huan and Fang Mingshan, Bai Hao wouldn't have been able to keep Liangsu City under control.

"I'll just pack up. There aren't so many trivial matters," Zhu Huan said in a low voice.

Opposite him, an old man in a moon-white brocade robe shook his head. A cold smile flashed across his face. He reached out and pressed the edict in front of him. "So, Brother Zhu, are you preparing to go to the Imperial City?"

Zhu Huan raised his head and looked at the old man in surprise. "Brother Mingshan, are you not going?"

Did the newly appointed minister really dare to disobey his first edict?

Although Fang Mingshan's Confucian Dao cultivation was deep, he was not so obedient.

Fang Mingshan rose to his feet, bowed to Zhu Huan and Bai Hao, and then turned to leave.

He really dared to leave!

Zhu Huan opened his mouth to say something, but was stopped by Bai Hao.

Looking at Fang Mingshan's back, Bai Hao said in a low voice, "He's been in quite a bit of private contact with the Golden Jade Dao Sect recently. Presumably, he's already made up his mind."

Colluding with the Dao faction?

Worry flashed across Zhu Huan's eyes.

"What about you, City Lord?"

Given the current situation, if Bai Hao went to the imperial city, he would lose Liangsu City, which would be a big crime.

If Bai Hao didn't go to the imperial city, he would be violating the edict of the new prime minister.

The first edict of the new prime minister was about to be violated. Who knew what punishment he would receive in the future?

Zhu Huan himself was a hermit, and had seen the prosperity of the imperial city. He was also well aware of the power and influence of the world. Whether Bai Hao went to the imperial city this time or not, it was unlikely that there would be a good outcome.

"Ai, there are still a few quiet places on Liangsu Mountain..." It seemed to Zhu Huan that Bai Hao's loss of office was a foregone conclusion.

When he looked up at Bai Hao, his jaw dropped.

As of this moment, Bai Hao's expression was as calm as ever, and there was no trace of doubt in his eyes!

Seeing that Fang Mingshan was looking at him, Bai Hao raised his hand and placed the second edict on the table.

Looking at the blood-colored words on the edict, Fang Mingshan trembled and felt a chill.

"This, the new minister wants to use weapons and bloodshed to directly suppress the Heavenly Mystic World?"

How many people would die if they were ruthless?

Minister Wen stabilized the Heavenly Mystic. Was the foundation of Confucianism that had been built for 10,000 years really going to be destroyed in one go?

Bai Hao chuckled. "Minister Han was a sword cultivator."

Sword cultivators were different from ordinary Confucianists.

Han Muye was asked to be the prime minister of the country, and the story of Han Muye quickly circulated in the Heavenly Mystic.

The Sword Dao Immortal of the Western Frontier, roaming the Eastern Sea with the sword, using poetry as a sword, refining the Sword Core in the Imperial City ...

Zhu Huan nodded.

Coupled with Han Muye's background, such an edict was not strange.

Perhaps Minister Wen handed the position to Han Muye because he valued his sword cultivation background and decisiveness in killing?

"As for Qian Yiming of the Southern Wasteland, his combat strength, cultivation base, and the strength of the soldiers under his command are far inferior although his methods are brutal," Zhu Huan said worriedly in a low voice.

"If Butcher Lu returns, I'm confident..."

...

Long River County in the southeast of the Central Continent.

The Fengcheng Dao Sect was a sect with a long history.

The inheritance of Fengcheng Dao Sect could be traced back to 50,000 years ago. There were countless experts in the sect. There were even two Divine Transformation Realm experts in the sect.

In the Dao Competition that was going on, the Divine Transformation Realm was the strongest combat force in the world.

With two Divine Transformation Realm cultivators, Fengcheng Dao Sect was not afraid of anyone.

Moreover, Huang Zhihu, who was originally suppressing Dongnan County, had led the sword cultivator army to the Imperial City.

As soon as Huang Zhihu left, countless messenger talismans flew towards Fengcheng Dao Sect.

In the main hall of Fengcheng Dao Sect, the Sect Leader, Dao Lord Wuyun, and the Grand Elder, Dao Lord Bai Cheng, sat side by side. Below them, more than 10 Heaven Realm cultivators and Nascent Soul cultivators were divided into two groups.

In front of everyone were two purple edicts.

"Everyone, what do you think?"

Dao Lord WuYunduan calmly as he looked down.

The hall was originally a little noisy, but when Dao Lord Wuyun spoke, it immediately fell silent.

Everyone looked at each other.

"Sect Master, Dao Lord Changzhi of the Mingxuan Dao Sect has sent a message. He wants to pay a visit." After a while, Daoist Hefeng, who was in charge of the sect's external affairs, finally spoke.

He took out a jade slip and said, "There's also Shanghe Dao Sect, Liuyuan Dao Sect, Zhengyang Daoist Temple..."

The jade slips were all invitations from various cultivators of the Daoist Faction.

The jade slips that Daoist Hefeng took out delighted many people in the hall.

A few people hesitated.

"Sect Master, the Mystic Sun Zhihu has left Dongnan. This is a good opportunity!" A white-bearded old man's eyes sparkled as he said in a low voice.

"Elder Lu is right. The Heavenly Mystic is supposed to be a prosperous place for cultivation. It's unreasonable for Confucianism to suppress all parties. The current situation is the best opportunity for our Daoist Faction," someone couldn't help but say loudly.

Discussions immediately broke out in the hall.

From the initial whispers to the loud voices, the atmosphere gradually became lively.

A few of the warlords' faces were flushed red and their blood was boiling. It was as if they could take down the Dongnan prefectures today and the Daoist sects would become independent.

There were a few who said that the Heavenly Mystic should be united now that the Dao Competition was underway, but they were all reprimanded and did not dare to make a sound.

At the head of the table, the two Dao Lords looked at each other and smiled.

The Grand Elder, Dao Lord Bai Cheng, who had remained silent all this time, waved his hand, and the hall instantly fell silent.

"That's all for today."

With that, he placed his hand on the silk edict in front of him. "The choice of my Fengcheng Dao Sect will depend on how this guard of the Southern Wasteland, summoned by the new Prime Minister Han, does."

Qian Yiming was guarding the Southern Wasteland.

In the hall, the smiles on the faces of the pro-war fighters became even brighter.

Qian Yiming was a mere level two Out of Body realm junior who had lost to Butcher Lu. How capable could he be?

Back then, Butcher Lu had not been able to suppress the eight counties in Dongnan. He had relied on the Crown Prince Yunduan and the Heavenly Mystic's Zhihu's sword cultivator army to stabilize the situation.

Now that the army of sword cultivators had left and Butcher Lu had gone to the outer world, how could Qian Yiming suppress Dongnan?

At that instant, not only the Fengcheng Dao Sect, but the entire Dongnan region and even the entire Central Continent turned their attention to Qian Yiming, who was still in the Southern Wasteland.

If Qian Yiming could not suppress Dongnan, Han Muye's edict would become a joke.

At this moment, in the camp of the Mystic Sun Guards in the Southern Wasteland, in the central tent, generals in black and red armor sat solemnly.

At the head of the table, Qian Yiming, who was dressed neatly, had a solemn expression.

On the long table in front of him was a light purple edict.

All the generals sitting upright unconsciously looked at the edict.

This was the newly appointed Minister Han's letter.

It was this edict that pushed everyone to the forefront of the storm.

"Reporting to the commander, the Southern Wasteland' garrison army has assembled.

"All 18 commanders are here."

Below, the deputy general in black armor bowed and spoke.

Qian Yiming nodded and waved for the deputy general to return to his position.

His gaze swept across everyone and he placed his hand on the edict in front of him.

"Everyone, there's no need for me to say anything, right?"

Everyone stood up and bowed without moving.

This was the military camp, not those sects.

A soldier's lifelong belief was to obey orders.

Qian Yiming stood up slowly and held the edict in his hand. He said in a low voice, "The Southern Wasteland' garrison army will set off immediately for the Central Continent."

"By the order of the Prime Minister, all those who disobey will be killed without mercy."

In the tent, the 18 guards bowed and turned to leave.

Then orderly military orders and footsteps were heard outside the military tent.

In the military tent, Qian Yiming looked at the edict in his hand.

This was Han Muye's handwritten letter.

He held the purple cloth tightly, and sword intent came from it.

Unlike Wen Mosheng, Minister Han's handwriting did not have the vigorous Great Spirit. Instead, it was filled with sword energy.

"Sweeping through the Heavenly Mystic World and then leading an army to fight outside the Heavenly Mystic World. I, Qian Yiming, have been waiting for this day for a long time."

As he muttered, the edict in his hand flashed with golden light.

Golden sword lights appeared.

360 sword lights turned into the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation and quietly floated in front of Qian Yiming.

The Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation gathered, and its power turned into a light screen. On it was the map of the Central Continent, which was densely packed with red dots.

"Hehe, it turns out that so many people and forces have ulterior motives..." Qian Yiming smiled.

His gaze searched the light spot for a moment before raising his hand to press down on a mountain range at the border between the Central Continent and the Southern Wasteland.

"Nanyuan Dao Sect disobeyed.

"Exterminate."

The sword light shook, and the light screen dissipated. Qian Yiming strode out and shouted, "Soldiers, Nanyuan Dao Sect."

Chapter 822 - 822 Three Slashes, Extermination

Lightning flashed and blood qi surged!

As Qian Yiming issued the military order, the entire Southern Wasteland began to tremble!

800,000 Red Flame Army soldiers and 100,000 Mystic Sun Guards were ordered to return to the Central Continent.

When these armies that had been refined in blood and fire for decades stepped into the Central Continent, spiritual lights surged between heaven and earth.

A battle intent and a baleful aura condensed into boundless killing phenomena that transformed into various magical beasts.

This was an army that had been through hundreds of battles, and it was full of killing intent.

“This is going to cause a bloody storm...” An old man standing at the border of the Central Continent raised his head and whispered.

Behind him, several middle-aged cultivators nodded.

“Ancestor, since Qian Yiming’s army has returned, he must be coming to kill someone. However, can he and Minister Han win this round?” A middle-aged man in a green robe with a grayish-black sword hanging from his waist asked.

“That’s right. Minister Wen has never been so cruel. Minister Han hasn’t even ascended to the Prime Minister’s position and he’s already killing like this. Can he sit still?” Another white-robed young man said.

No one expected Han Muye to attack immediately before entering the Imperial City.

Was this arrogance or establishing his might?

For the Daoist Faction and the various factions, it was a dilemma to choose now.

Perhaps many people would be indignant. After all, Han Muye’s reputation was far inferior to Wen Mosheng’s.

If they were not compliant, they would definitely become Han Muye’s target to establish his might.

The old man standing in front shook his head, his eyes revealing a profound look. “I don’t know what to do either. It depends on whether Qian Yiming and Minister Han can stabilize the situation.

“If it works, I’ll naturally go to the Imperial City.

“If it doesn’t work...”

He didn’t finish.

There was no need to say more.

If Qian Yiming failed to suppress the Daoist community, the new minister’s reputation would be tarnished, and the Heavenly Mystic would be in chaos for at least a hundred years.

The key was that during the Dao Competition, how could he use a hundred years to stabilize the situation?

The biggest possibility was that the Daoist Faction would rise and lead the Heavenly Mystic to the Immortal Spirit World, and then destroy the Heavenly Mystic.

At that time, there might be many great cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic Dao Sect who could use this opportunity to advance or even become Dao Ancestors!

Southeast of the Central Continent, Bai Yue County.

Spiritual lights flashed on the vast mountain ridge.

One Heaven Realm cultivator after another stood in midair and looked ahead.

A hundred miles ahead, qi and blood interweaved with spiritual lights and even the Great Spirit.

That was Qian Yiming's army.

"This Han Muye is really arrogant to the extreme. Back then, when he performed the act of investiture at the Guan Estuary, he had already gone against our Central Continent's Dao Sects. Today—" A black-bearded Daoist with a long sword on his back gritted his teeth and said in a low voice.

Before he could finish speaking, someone beside him said indifferently, "If you're not convinced, you can challenge him yourself."

Challenge?

The black-bearded Daoist's face stiffened.

He didn't dare.

As a sword cultivator, he knew how powerful Han Muye's swordsmanship could be.

How could he challenge such a figure who suppressed the Eastern Sea with a single strike?

"Hmph, what's the point of saying such sarcastic words? There are so many people present today that even Qian Yiming's army doesn't dare to stop them." He straightened his neck and snorted coldly.

The people present were all experts of the Dongnan Dao Sects, and every one of them was at the Heaven Realm.

So many people were here to see what Qian Yiming's army would do after they entered the Central Continent.

"Alright, stop arguing. Let's wait and see how the army moves." In front, a white-robed old man waved his hand, and everyone quietened down.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, a great cultivator of Daoism, a great cultivator who had entered the Dao, a Half-Sage.

No one dared to disobey this person.

In the entire Heavenly Mystic, there were only a few people who had entered the Half-Sage Realm in the Spiritual Dao.

Among these people, nearly half of them stayed in the Imperial City and were under Wen Mosheng's command.

There were only a few Half-Sages in charge of the Dongnan Dao sects.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng was considered one of the experts.

The Songyuan Dao Sect behind him was also one of the three great sects of the Dongnan Daoist Faction.

This time, the various Daoist sects in Dongnan had secretly gathered experts to watch. It was the Songyuan Dao Sect who had called for Divine Lord Yuancheng to personally preside over it.

“Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, I’ve seen Han Muye twice. He cultivates deeply in the Confucian Dao and can confer deity titles with a single statement. His Sword Dao and Alchemy Dao are also extraordinary. He’s no different from Wen Mosheng back then.”

Beside Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, a ruddy-faced old man in a black robe spoke softly.

To be able to stand side by side with Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, this person’s cultivation was naturally not bad. At the very least, he was a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.

In the Land of Dao Competition, the Divine Transformation Realm was the peak. Those who possessed the power of the Divine Transformation Realm were the top experts in the world.

“Fellow Daoist Yuyan is right. If Han Muye is really an ordinary person, Wen Mosheng won’t let him inherit the realm.” Divine Lord Yuancheng nodded and looked at the blood essence spiritual light in the distance.

“In this round, we can only brace ourselves and compete with him.”

After Divine Lord Yuancheng finished speaking, his eyes shone brightly as he stared at the blood tiger formed by his qi and blood.

In the sky, a 10,000-foot blood tiger took shape. With a roar, it rushed into the mountain range.

“It’s... the Nanyuan Dao Sect!” someone exclaimed.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng gritted his teeth, and his aura surged. “The Nanyuan Dao Sect is a firm and independent sect in the Dongnan Dao Sect. Both Fellow Daoists of the Origin Valley are ethereal.”

The black-robed old man beside him nodded and said in a deep voice, “The Nanyuan Dao Sect has a high status in the Daoist Faction. The mountain gate’s Nanyuan Mountain has a protective array. The two fellow Daoists are both Out of Body realm cultivators and there are three Heaven Realm cultivators. I hope...”

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden light screen had already risen above the distant mountain range.

The mountain-protecting array.

They were all cultivators of the Dao Sect. When the array was set up, everyone could determine the protective power of the array.

“We can withstand attacks from cultivators below the fifth level of the Divine Transformation Realm. As long as we can hold on today, we’ll quietly provide support,” Divine Lord Yuan Cheng said in a low voice.

Chapter 823 - 823 Three Slashes, Extermination (2)

Behind him, everyone nodded silently.

After the Nanyuan Dao Sect resisted the army of the Southern Wasteland for a day, they would secretly provide support and delay the army here.

Three to five days later, even if the Nanyuan Dao Sect was destroyed, the morale of the army would be depleted.

If that was the case, they only needed seven or eight sects to work together to hold the army at the Dongnan border for three to five months. Could the new minister really not enter the Imperial City for three to five months?

Actually, it wouldn't take long. As long as the army suffered a setback and the new minister lost face, the Dongnan Daoist Faction would win this round.

"Buzz!"

Explosions sounded in the sky.

Several spiritual light phantoms appeared in the protective formation of the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

"This poor Daoist greets Commander Qian from Yuan Valley. May I know why Commander Qian has brought an army here?" A 1,000-foot-tall figure cupped his hands and said indifferently. His voice resonated for thousands of miles.

At this moment, everyone within a thousand miles turned their gazes in the direction of the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

"It's the Nanyuan Dao Sect!"

"Qian Yiming's army has returned and chosen the Nanyuan Dao Sect as their first stop. Are they really going to attack?"

"The Nanyuan Dao Sect is a large sect in Dongnan. There are many experts in the sect. Qian Yiming might not be able to win this battle!"

Some were excited, some were worried, some were indignant, and some were looking forward to it.

After all, he was just an outsider watching the show.

At this moment, the one who had to make a decision was the commander of the Southern Wasteland, Qian Yiming.

Qian Yiming, who was standing above the Blood Tiger phantom, pressed his long saber with a cold expression. Killing intent flickered in his hands.

"By edict.

"Exterminate disobedience."

The long saber was slowly unsheathed. Qian Yiming's voice matched the sound of the long saber being unsheathed.

Killing intent overflowed!

“When has our Nanyuan Dao Sect ever disobeyed—” another figure shouted. Before he could finish speaking, Qian Yiming’s long saber had already slashed down.

“Kill!”

One word!

He came here today to kill!

“Roar—”

The blood tiger roared and crashed into the light array ahead.

The golden light screen trembled. In just a breath, it was shattered into pieces.

In front of the 800,000-strong army, the Nanyuan Dao Sect’s protective formation was not much stronger than a piece of white paper.

“Bind—”

“The lock—”

Above the Nanyuan Dao Sect, the two Out of Body cultivators shouted at the same time. The spiritual light in their hands turned into ropes and chains that enveloped the Blood Tiger’s head.

Qian Yiming’s figure flashed as he flew down. The long saber in his hand carried the force of a collapsing mountain as he slashed down!

The saber light attracted the power of heaven and earth and instantly collided with the 1,000-foot-tall shadows of the two Out of Body cultivators.

“Boom!”

Cut in half!

It was a simple saber technique.

After the attack, the two Out of Body cultivators quickly retreated with fear on their faces.

Qian Yiming, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, who was not famous in the Central Continent and was completely suppressed by Butcher Lu, could actually break their Primordial Spirit phantoms with one slash?

Such combat strength had exceeded their expectations!

Qian Yiming held his long saber in his hand and followed closely behind, slashing down again.

This time, he struck the mountain gate of the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

The blade was like a drum, stirring up the wind and clouds.

At this moment, the power of the world gathered into a 100-mile long saber and slashed down!

“Boom!”

The whole Nanyuan Mountain collapsed and the rocks were flying!

With one slash, a 1,000-foot-long crack appeared, splitting the mountain range behind the Nanyuan Mountain in half.

The mountain gate of the Nanyuan Dao Sect was also cut in half.

The mountain-protecting array and the sect base were split into two and no longer remained.

The blood tiger roared again. With a long howl, it crashed into the broken mountain gate and dissipated, turning into a blood-colored army.

Ten people formed a team, cooperating with each other to form a small battle formation. A hundred people formed a military formation, a thousand people formed a large formation, ten thousand people formed an army, and a hundred thousand people formed an army to suppress the entire Nanyuan Mountain. All the spiritual light was locked down.

The blades and spears moved forward like they were cutting wheat.

When the army broke through the mountain gate, what awaited was a massacre.

Even a Heaven Realm expert could only watch this scene.

“You, you, you want to destroy the legacy of my Nanyuan Dao Sect...” Daoist Yuanquan looked up at the sky and cried out. His voice was mournful and magnificent, and his spiritual light turned golden.

This was pushing his power to the limit. The power of the nascent soul and primordial spirit of an Out of Body cultivator merged with his physical body, and his combat strength doubled. He did not consider the cultivation path.

Not only him, but Daoist Yuan Gu and the other Heaven Realm and half-step Heaven Realm cultivators beside him had also fused their nascent souls and primordial spirits. They activated their strength to the utmost and rushed towards Qian Yiming below.

If they did not fight to the death today and the sect was destroyed, they would become a rootless spring.

Looking at the two Out of Body cultivators rushing towards him and the group of experts from the Nanyuan Dao Sect, Qian Yiming revealed a smile.

After fighting in the Southern Wasteland for so long, the blood qi in his saber was too strong.

At this moment, all the murderous aura was boiling.

“Slash!”

He raised his saber.

As he raised his saber, the qi and blood of all the military formations condensed into one.

Borrowing the strength of 800,000 troops, he killed them with a single slash!

The saber light flashed and the void in front of him shattered. Two Out of Body realm cultivators, three Heaven Realm cultivators, eight half-step Heaven Realm cultivators, and five eighth-level Golden Core realm cultivators were all shattered and fused into the void!

This slash gathered the power of the Southern Wasteland army, indicating the strength of the army.

“Boom!”

Between heaven and earth, spiritual light shone like a sea.

This was because so many Heaven Realm experts had died at once. The power of nourishment was too strong.

Half of the sky turned golden red!

The dazzling saber light and the golden spiritual light could not be dispersed.

Three slashes.

From the beginning to the end, Qian Yiming had attacked three times.

One slash to destroy the Nascent Soul phantoms, one slash to destroy the Nanyuan Dao Sect, one slash to kill Heaven Realm cultivators!

In the distance, Divine Lord Yuan Cheng and the others had solemn expressions as their faces twitched.

Chapter 824 - 824 Three Slashes, Extermination (3)

Many people clenched their fists and tried their best to stop the chill in their hearts.

From the moment the blood tiger took shape and charged into Nanyuan Mountain to the destruction of the Nanyuan Dao Sect, the entire process took less than 15 minutes.

A powerful sect with a 10,000-year legacy with Out of Body realm cultivators was wiped out just like that!

“Are we really going to destroy the Nanyuan Dao Sect?” A Daoist in a green robe asked in a low voice, his face pale.

The sect behind him was far weaker than the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

If the Nanyuan Dao Sect was destroyed in one battle, could the sect behind him hold on?

Within a thousand miles, countless cultivators widened their eyes.

The spiritual qi fluctuations in the world could not deceive people.

A Daoist sect was destroyed in 15 minutes.

Is this the power of the Southern Wasteland army?

“If this is the case, this old man...” On a limestone, an old man with the faint aura of a Heaven Realm cultivator muttered to himself.

Behind Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, many people’s eyes began to sparkle.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng took a deep breath and revealed a stern expression. "There are 3,000 people in the Dongnan gate. I want to see if Qian Yiming will destroy them one by one.

"He will either attack the army day by day or divide it and launch a campaign.

"It will take 10 years to destroy the 3,000 sects and the great army.

"Split up and attack. I want to see how many troops his million-strong army can split into."

There were many Daoist sects in the eight counties in Dongnan.

Today, Qian Yiming's ruthless methods could intimidate thousands of miles, but it could not intimidate all the Daoist sects.

The Daoist Faction and the new Minister Han were competing for power. They weren't really going to stop Qian Yiming here.

As long as Qian Yiming could not quickly sweep across the Central Continent, as long as there were still Heaven Realm experts outside the Imperial City when Han Muye entered, the Dao Sect would win.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng's words silenced everyone.

Qian Yiming's ruthless annihilation of the Nanyuan Dao Sect had truly intimidated them.

Even if Qian Yiming's army was dragged here as Divine Lord Yuan Cheng had said, it would be at the expense of the lives of the disciples of the various sects.

"Senior Immortal, can't we gather all the Daoist cultivators and kill Qian Yiming directly?" A middle-aged Daoist in a white robe asked in a deep voice.

"Yes." Divine Lord Yuan Cheng's eyes flickered as he enunciated each word clearly. "As long as he divides his forces, I will take action today."

Attack directly!

It turned out that everyone was here today to assassinate Qian Yiming!

It was only now that everyone understood Divine Lord Yuan Cheng's true intentions.

Qian Yiming's army could sweep through the Nanyuan Dao Sect, but it was impossible for them to wipe out the Dongnan Dao Sects one by one.

The only way was to split up the troops.

Previously, everyone thought that Divine Lord Yuan Cheng wanted to intercept them one by one after splitting up the troops.

Only now did they understand that as long as Qian Yiming divided his forces, it would be his death!

In front, the blood tigers reunited.

Qian Yiming, who was standing on the Blood Tiger's head, slowly raised his hand.

"All units, listen up."

At this moment, the situation changed.

In the distance, Divine Lord Yuan Cheng narrowed his eyes.

Lightning flashed and blood qi surged!

As Qian Yiming issued the military order, the entire Southern Wasteland began to tremble!

800,000 Red Flame Army soldiers and 100,000 Mystic Sun Guards were ordered to return to the Central Continent.

When these armies that had been refined in blood and fire for decades stepped into the Central Continent, spiritual lights surged between heaven and earth.

A battle intent and a baleful aura condensed into boundless killing phenomena that transformed into various magical beasts.

This was an army that had been through hundreds of battles, and it was full of killing intent.

"This is going to cause a bloody storm..." An old man standing at the border of the Central Continent raised his head and whispered.

Behind him, several middle-aged cultivators nodded.

"Ancestor, since Qian Yiming's army has returned, he must be coming to kill someone. However, can he and Minister Han win this round?" A middle-aged man in a green robe with a grayish-black sword hanging from his waist asked.

"That's right. Minister Wen has never been so cruel. Minister Han hasn't even ascended to the Prime Minister's position and he's already killing like this. Can he sit still?" Another white-robed young man said.

No one expected Han Muye to attack immediately before entering the Imperial City.

Was this arrogance or establishing his might?

For the Daoist Faction and the various factions, it was a dilemma to choose now.

Perhaps many people would be indignant. After all, Han Muye's reputation was far inferior to Wen Mosheng's.

If they were not compliant, they would definitely become Han Muye's target to establish his might.

The old man standing in front shook his head, his eyes revealing a profound look. "I don't know what to do either. It depends on whether Qian Yiming and Minister Han can stabilize the situation.

"If it works, I'll naturally go to the Imperial City."

"If it doesn't work..."

He didn't finish.

There was no need to say more.

If Qian Yiming failed to suppress the Daoist community, the new minister's reputation would be tarnished, and the Heavenly Mystic would be in chaos for at least a hundred years.

The key was that during the Dao Competition, how could he use a hundred years to stabilize the situation?

The biggest possibility was that the Daoist Faction would rise and lead the Heavenly Mystic to the Immortal Spirit World, and then destroy the Heavenly Mystic.

At that time, there might be many great cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic Dao Sect who could use this opportunity to advance or even become Dao Ancestors!

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Before he could finish speaking, someone beside him said indifferently, "If you're not convinced, you can challenge him yourself."

Chapter 825 - 825 Three Slashes, Extermination (4)

Challenge?

The black-bearded Daoist's face stiffened.

He didn't dare.

As a sword cultivator, he knew how powerful Han Muye's swordsmanship could be.

How could he challenge such a figure who suppressed the Eastern Sea with a single strike?

"Hmph, what's the point of saying such sarcastic words? There are so many people present today that even Qian Yiming's army doesn't dare to stop them." He straightened his neck and snorted coldly.

The people present were all experts of the Dongnan Dao Sects, and every one of them was at the Heaven Realm.

So many people were here to see what Qian Yiming's army would do after they entered the Central Continent.

"Alright, stop arguing. Let's wait and see how the army moves." In front, a white-robed old man waved his hand, and everyone quietened down.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, a great cultivator of Daoism, a great cultivator who had entered the Dao, a Half-Sage.

No one dared to disobey this person.

In the entire Heavenly Mystic, there were only a few people who had entered the Half-Sage Realm in the Spiritual Dao.

Among these people, nearly half of them stayed in the Imperial City and were under Wen Mosheng's command.

There were only a few Half-Sages in charge of the Dongnan Dao sects.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng was considered one of the experts.

The Songyuan Dao Sect behind him was also one of the three great sects of the Dongnan Daoist Faction.

This time, the various Daoist sects in Dongnan had secretly gathered experts to watch. It was the Songyuan Dao Sect who had called for Divine Lord Yuancheng to personally preside over it.

"Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, I've seen Han Muye twice. He cultivates deeply in the Confucian Dao and can confer deity titles with a single statement. His Sword Dao and Alchemy Dao are also extraordinary. He's no different from Wen Mosheng back then."

Beside Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, a ruddy-faced old man in a black robe spoke softly.

To be able to stand side by side with Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, this person's cultivation was naturally not bad. At the very least, he was a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.

In the Land of Dao Competition, the Divine Transformation Realm was the peak. Those who possessed the power of the Divine Transformation Realm were the top experts in the world.

"Fellow Daoist Yuyan is right. If Han Muye is really an ordinary person, Wen Mosheng won't let him inherit the realm." Divine Lord Yuancheng nodded and looked at the blood essence spiritual light in the distance.

"In this round, we can only brace ourselves and compete with him."

After Divine Lord Yuancheng finished speaking, his eyes shone brightly as he stared at the blood tiger formed by his qi and blood.

In the sky, a 10,000-foot blood tiger took shape. With a roar, it rushed into the mountain range.

"It's... the Nanyuan Dao Sect!" someone exclaimed.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng gritted his teeth, and his aura surged. "The Nanyuan Dao Sect is a firm and independent sect in the Dongnan Dao Sect. Both Fellow Daoists of the Origin Valley are ethereal."

The black-robed old man beside him nodded and said in a deep voice, "The Nanyuan Dao Sect has a high status in the Daoist Faction. The mountain gate's Nanyuan Mountain has a protective array. The two fellow Daoists are both Out of Body realm cultivators and there are three Heaven Realm cultivators. I hope..."

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden light screen had already risen above the distant mountain range.

The mountain-protecting array.

They were all cultivators of the Dao Sect. When the array was set up, everyone could determine the protective power of the array.

“We can withstand attacks from cultivators below the fifth level of the Divine Transformation Realm. As long as we can hold on today, we’ll quietly provide support,” Divine Lord Yuan Cheng said in a low voice.

Behind him, everyone nodded silently.

After the Nanyuan Dao Sect resisted the army of the Southern Wasteland for a day, they would secretly provide support and delay the army here.

Three to five days later, even if the Nanyuan Dao Sect was destroyed, the morale of the army would be depleted.

If that was the case, they only needed seven or eight sects to work together to hold the army at the Dongnan border for three to five months. Could the new minister really not enter the Imperial City for three to five months?

Actually, it wouldn’t take long. As long as the army suffered a setback and the new minister lost face, the Dongnan Daoist Faction would win this round.

“Buzz!”

Explosions sounded in the sky.

Several spiritual light phantoms appeared in the protective formation of the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

“This poor Daoist greets Commander Qian from Yuan Valley. May I know why Commander Qian has brought an army here?” A 1,000-foot-tall figure cupped his hands and said indifferently. His voice resonated for thousands of miles.

At this moment, everyone within a thousand miles turned their gazes in the direction of the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

“It’s the Nanyuan Dao Sect!”

“Qian Yiming’s army has returned and chosen the Nanyuan Dao Sect as their first stop. Are they really going to attack?”

“The Nanyuan Dao Sect is a large sect in Dongnan. There are many experts in the sect. Qian Yiming might not be able to win this battle!”

Some were excited, some were worried, some were indignant, and some were looking forward to it.

After all, he was just an outsider watching the show.

At this moment, the one who had to make a decision was the commander of the Southern Wasteland, Qian Yiming.

Qian Yiming, who was standing above the Blood Tiger phantom, pressed his long saber with a cold expression. Killing intent flickered in his hands.

“By edict.

“Exterminate disobedience.”

The long saber was slowly unsheathed. Qian Yiming’s voice matched the sound of the long saber being unsheathed.

Killing intent overflowed!

“When has our Nanyuan Dao Sect ever disobeyed—” another figure shouted. Before he could finish speaking, Qian Yiming’s long saber had already slashed down.

“Kill!”

One word!

He came here today to kill!

“Roar—”

The blood tiger roared and crashed into the light array ahead.

The golden light screen trembled. In just a breath, it was shattered into pieces.

In front of the 800,000-strong army, the Nanyuan Dao Sect’s protective formation was not much stronger than a piece of white paper.

“Bind—”

“The lock—”

Above the Nanyuan Dao Sect, the two Out of Body cultivators shouted at the same time. The spiritual light in their hands turned into ropes and chains that enveloped the Blood Tiger’s head.

Qian Yiming’s figure flashed as he flew down. The long saber in his hand carried the force of a collapsing mountain as he slashed down!

The saber light attracted the power of heaven and earth and instantly collided with the 1,000-foot-tall shadows of the two Out of Body cultivators.

“Boom!”

Cut in half!

It was a simple saber technique.

After the attack, the two Out of Body cultivators quickly retreated with fear on their faces.

Qian Yiming, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, who was not famous in the Central Continent and was completely suppressed by Butcher Lu, could actually break their Primordial Spirit phantoms with one slash?

Chapter 826 - 826 Three Slashes, Extermination (5)

Such combat strength had exceeded their expectations!

Qian Yiming held his long saber in his hand and followed closely behind, slashing down again.

This time, he struck the mountain gate of the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

The blade was like a drum, stirring up the wind and clouds.

At this moment, the power of the world gathered into a 100-mile long saber and slashed down!

“Boom!”

The whole Nanyuan Mountain collapsed and the rocks were flying!

With one slash, a 1,000-foot-long crack appeared, splitting the mountain range behind the Nanyuan Mountain in half.

The mountain gate of the Nanyuan Dao Sect was also cut in half.

The mountain-protecting array and the sect base were split into two and no longer remained.

The blood tiger roared again. With a long howl, it crashed into the broken mountain gate and dissipated, turning into a blood-colored army.

10 people formed a team, cooperating with each other to form a small battle formation. 100 people formed a military formation, 1,000 people formed a large formation, 10,000 people formed an army, and 100,000 people formed an army to suppress the entire Nanyuan Mountain. All the spiritual lights were locked down.

The blades and spears moved forward like they were cutting wheat.

When the army broke through the mountain gate, what awaited was a massacre.

Even a Heaven Realm expert could only watch this scene.

“You, you, you want to destroy the legacy of my Nanyuan Dao Sect...” Daoist Yuanquan looked up at the sky and cried out. His voice was mournful and magnificent, and his spiritual light turned golden.

This was pushing his power to the limit. The power of the nascent soul and primordial spirit of an Out of Body cultivator merged with his physical body, and his combat strength doubled. He did not consider the cultivation path.

Not only him, but Daoist Yuan Gu and the other Heaven Realm and half-step Heaven Realm cultivators beside him had also fused their nascent souls and primordial spirits. They activated their strength to the utmost and rushed towards Qian Yiming below.

If they did not fight to the death today and the sect was destroyed, they would become a rootless spring.

Looking at the two Out of Body cultivators rushing towards him and the group of experts from the Nanyuan Dao Sect, Qian Yiming revealed a smile.

After fighting in the Southern Wasteland for so long, the blood qi in his saber was too strong.

At this moment, all the murderous aura was boiling.

“Slash!”

He raised his saber.

As he raised his saber, the qi and blood of all the military formations condensed into one.

Borrowing the strength of 800,000 troops, he killed them with a single slash!

The saber light flashed and the void in front of him shattered. Two Out of Body realm cultivators, three Heaven Realm cultivators, eight half-step Heaven Realm cultivators, and five eighth-level Golden Core realm cultivators were all shattered and fused into the void!

This slash gathered the power of the Southern Wasteland army, indicating the strength of the army.

“Boom!”

Between heaven and earth, spiritual light shone like a sea.

This was because so many Heaven Realm experts had died at once. The power of nourishment was too strong.

Half of the sky turned golden red!

The dazzling saber light and the golden spiritual light could not be dispersed.

Three slashes.

From the beginning to the end, Qian Yiming had attacked three times.

One slash to destroy the Nascent Soul phantoms, one slash to destroy the Nanyuan Dao Sect, one slash to kill Heaven Realm cultivators!

In the distance, Divine Lord Yuan Cheng and the others had solemn expressions as their faces twitched.

Many people clenched their fists and tried their best to stop the chill in their hearts.

From the moment the blood tiger took shape and charged into Nanyuan Mountain to the destruction of the Nanyuan Dao Sect, the entire process took less than 15 minutes.

A powerful sect with a 10,000-year legacy with Out of Body realm cultivators was wiped out just like that!

“Are we really going to destroy the Nanyuan Dao Sect?” A Daoist in a green robe asked in a low voice, his face pale.

The sect behind him was far weaker than the Nanyuan Dao Sect.

If the Nanyuan Dao Sect was destroyed in one battle, could the sect behind him hold on?

Within a thousand miles, countless cultivators widened their eyes.

The spiritual qi fluctuations in the world could not deceive people.

A Daoist sect was destroyed in 15 minutes.

Is this the power of the Southern Wasteland army?

"If this is the case, this old man..." On a limestone, an old man with the faint aura of a Heaven Realm cultivator muttered to himself.

Behind Divine Lord Yuan Cheng, many people's eyes began to sparkle.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng took a deep breath and revealed a stern expression. "There are 3,000 people in the Dongnan gate. I want to see if Qian Yiming will destroy them one by one.

"He will either attack the army day by day or divide it and launch a campaign.

"It will take 10 years to destroy the 3,000 sects and the great army.

"Split up and attack. I want to see how many troops his million-strong army can split into."

There were many Daoist sects in the eight counties in Dongnan.

Today, Qian Yiming's ruthless methods could intimidate thousands of miles, but it could not intimidate all the Daoist sects.

The Daoist Faction and the new Minister Han were competing for power. They weren't really going to stop Qian Yiming here.

As long as Qian Yiming could not quickly sweep across the Central Continent, as long as there were still Heaven Realm experts outside the Imperial City when Han Muye entered, the Dao Sect would win.

Divine Lord Yuan Cheng's words silenced everyone.

Qian Yiming's ruthless annihilation of the Nanyuan Dao Sect had truly intimidated them.

Even if Qian Yiming's army was dragged here as Divine Lord Yuan Cheng had said, it would be at the expense of the lives of the disciples of the various sects.

"Senior Immortal, can't we gather all the Daoist cultivators and kill Qian Yiming directly?" A middle-aged Daoist in a white robe asked in a deep voice.

"Yes." Divine Lord Yuan Cheng's eyes flickered as he enunciated each word clearly. "As long as he divides his forces, I will take action today."

Attack directly!

It turned out that everyone was here today to assassinate Qian Yiming!

It was only now that everyone understood Divine Lord Yuan Cheng's true intentions.

Qian Yiming's army could sweep through the Nanyuan Dao Sect, but it was impossible for them to wipe out the Dongnan Dao Sects one by one.

The only way was to split up the troops.

Previously, everyone thought that Divine Lord Yuan Cheng wanted to intercept them one by one after splitting up the troops.

Only now did they understand that as long as Qian Yiming divided his forces, it would be his death!

On the flying ship a million miles away, Yunduan looked up at the army that had gathered after destroying the Nanyuan Dao Sect's mountain gate. "Minister Han, what will the army do behind us?"

Han Muye's gaze fell on the light screen.

On it, the blood tiger phantom had already begun to appear.

His eyes flashed with a deep spiritual light as he said calmly, "Don't move."

Yunduan froze, confusion flashing across her face.

On the light screen, the blood tiger was reunited.

Qian Yiming, who was standing on the Blood Tiger's head, slowly raised his hand.

"All units, listen up."

At this moment, the situation in Dongnan had changed.

In the distance, Divine Lord Yuan Cheng narrowed his eyes.

Behind him, all the Daoist Faction experts held their breaths.

Chapter 827 - 827 10,000 Heaven Realms, Sweeping Across the Void

Not entering the Imperial City!

Yunduan looked at Han Muye with her big eyes, not knowing how to answer for a moment.

From the time she went to the Western Frontier to invite Han Muye to the Central Continent, Han Muye had shocked her too much.

She could not guess what Han Muye was doing at all.

At this moment, she felt like a fool.

Could it be that the gap between them was really that big?

In front of the Yunduan, Han Muye flew up and unsheathed the sword on his back.

The sword light was bright and clear, illuminating the sky.

It intertwined with the golden pillar of light in his eyes, and the world was clear.

"Boom!"

Han Muye swung his sword, and a crack appeared in the sky.

A golden staircase appeared in midair and descended.

"I know that many of you are not dedicated to the Heavenly Mystic Realm." Han Muye's words made many great cultivators' expressions change.

He knew what everyone was thinking. Could it be that he wanted to lure the army from outside the realm back and kill those who had second thoughts?

Immediately, the light pillar above the heads of many Heaven Realm cultivators began to tremble.

The originally pale yellow pillar of light glowed with a faint red.

When the others saw this, they all retreated to the side. Spiritual light rose from their bodies and they began to be on guard.

It turned out that the new minister wanted to eliminate the rebels before entering the Imperial City.

However, Han Muye did not attack the Heaven Realm cultivators who were emitting the red pillar of light as everyone had expected.

His gaze fell beyond the sky.

"Didn't you guys long want to know what's outside the Heavenly Mystic Realm?"

"Many people yearn for the Immortal Spirit World, right?"

He slowly lowered his head and swept his gaze across all the Heaven Realms below. Han Muye raised his sword.

"Today, I'll take you out of the realm."

Out of the realm!

Han Muye was going to lead everyone out of the realm!

All the Heaven Realm experts outside the Imperial City revealed strange expressions.

Even if he didn't enter the Imperial City to take control of the Heavenly Mystic Realm, he had to take all the Heaven Realm experts out of the world.

Wasn't Han Muye afraid that those who had rebellious thoughts would change sides and never return after entering the outer world?

"Hehe, since Mountain Elder has such intentions, Dongfang Shu will make a trip." Dongfang Shu, who was dressed in a long robe and had large sleeves, laughed and followed with large strides.

The other Confucian cultivators followed him and quickly ascended the golden stairs.

The Great Confucians from the Imperial City Academy followed closely behind without hesitation.

Qian Yiming and the generals looked at each other hesitantly.

The various guardians revealed a trace of doubt.

If they left, who would suppress and guard the Heavenly Mystic?

Yunduan also revealed a trace of anxiety on her face.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was advancing, suddenly turned around and raised his hand to throw down a golden seal.

The golden seal trembled and attracted divine light from all directions.

Divine Dao deities in golden armor appeared with solemn expressions.

Looking at the huge seal in front of her and the gods that filled the sky, Yunduan heaved a sigh of relief and bowed to receive the huge seal.

The Heavenly Mystic Divine Dao was not powerful.

However, after all the Heaven Realms were brought away from the Heavenly Mystic Realm, these Divine Daoists could suppress the entire Heavenly Mystic Realm.

The various small-minded Daoist sect Heaven Realm cultivators originally had various schemes, but after seeing the arrival of the Divine Daoists, those petty schemes were also put away.

Nearly 10,000 Heaven Realm experts lined up and rushed out of the Mysterious Sky World.

Among them were powerful sword cultivators like Gongsun Shu who suppressed an entire realm, as well as cultivators who had just entered Heaven Realm and had never been outside the realm.

10,000 Heaven Realms. Such a gathering of power caused the surrounding void to tremble the moment it left the Heavenly Mystic World.

In the distance, streams of Vitality Force rose.

It was the Heavenly Mystic army stationed there.

Standing in the Heavenly Barrier of the Heavenly Mystic World and looking out, in the surrounding void, beams of qi and blood light spread out, forming a Great Wall.

Without a word, Han Muye led the ten thousand Heaven Realms forward and crossed the void.

Flying in the void reduced the power of those below the Heaven Realm. This was also why Han Muye only recruited Heaven Realm experts.

“Boom!”

As the 10,000 Heaven Realms advanced, the spiritual light triggered exploded.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a golden spiritual light appeared.

This spiritual light transmitted the information of the Heavenly Mystic Realm, causing countless divine senses that had come to investigate to retreat.

“The Heavenly Mystic’s Mystic Sun Guards Vermillion Bird Camp welcomes Prime Minister Han...”

In the void, a military formation gathered. A monstrous battle intent condensed into a million-foot-tall Vermillion Bird phantom.

A million-strong army with overwhelming combat strength.

The power transmitted by the condensed phantom of the Vermillion Bird could kill Heaven Realm experts with a light flap of its wings.

This formation could kill a sage!

Surprise flashed across the Daoist Heaven Realm experts' faces.

The Heavenly Mystic actually had such an army outside the realm.

If such a powerful army was summoned back to Heavenly Mystic, it would be easy for them to suppress Daoism.

"Fellow Daoist Zhang Yuan, this army is so strong..." a white-haired Daoist said in a low voice.

He was surrounded by Daoist Heaven Realm cultivators. The person closest to him was a middle-aged Daoist in a green robe with a short beard.

Hearing the white-haired Daoist's words, the Daoist named Zhang Yuan nodded and narrowed his eyes. "The army stationed outside Heavenly Mystic is naturally quite powerful."

"But it must be the strongest army in the Heavenly Mystic." He paused for a moment, and his eyes flickered. "Moreover, it's impossible for the Heavenly Mystic to have such a powerful military camp."

Hearing Daoist Zhang Yuan's words, the surrounding Daoist Heaven Realm experts nodded.

The others looked at each other. Some whispered, while others transmitted their divine senses, suppressing their originally restless thoughts.

This camp must be Han Muye's show of strength.

Han Muye did not enter the military camp. Instead, he led all the Heaven Realm experts to fly quickly.

The great cultivators of Confucianism in front of him formed a line, and then all parties cooperated to save a lot of spiritual qi.

The Daoist realm at the back was relatively loose, and very few people cooperated with others.

Chapter 828 - 828 10,000 Heaven Realms, Sweeping Across the Void (2)

Han Muye didn't care about this and simply moved forward.

In just 15 minutes, there was another camp in front of them. Endless Qi and blood soared into the sky.

"Heavenly Mystic Red Flame Army Huwei Camp welcomes Prime Minister Han..."

"Boom!"

The phantom of a golden tiger turned a million feet tall.

The military strength of this camp was even stronger than the Vermilion Bird camp.

The Heaven Realm cultivators who had just arrived outside the Realm were already shocked. Many of their faces turned pale.

Of course, the cultivators' faces were flushed.

How could those who were loyal to Heavenly Mystic not be happy when they saw Heavenly Mystic's strength?

On the contrary, it was fear.

As they moved forward, they saw a large camp every quarter of an hour.

The Vermillion Bird, Black Tortoise, and various divine beast phantoms rose.

No army could kill a Sage above the Heaven Realm.

Each of these military formations was invincible.

The power of karma and reincarnation was restricted in the Land of Dao Conflict, and the power of the military formation was already at its limit.

If they wanted to destroy such a formation, they could only use an army to surround and kill them.

If they dared to send two or three experts, they would definitely be killed.

The Dao Sect Heaven Realm cultivators who were originally suppressing their thoughts of rebellion were now trembling.

If he had known that Heavenly Mystic had deployed an army outside the realm, it was said that they were very powerful.

However, it was only now that they knew how powerful the Heavenly Mystic World was.

This power could destroy the Sky Extinguishing Mysterious Dao Sect a hundred times!

No, the power he saw was enough to destroy the Sky Extinguishing Mysterious Dao Sect a hundred times. There were still many things he didn't see...

"Wen Mosheng, so he has never looked at us Daoist sects..." A black-bearded Daoist with a complicated expression on his face spoke in a low voice.

The others also had complicated expressions on their faces as they nodded gently.

He thought that his family was very strong and wanted to overturn the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

However, in the eyes of the Confucian Faction, the Daoist Faction was just a joke.

The strength of the Daoist Faction was not even comparable to a military camp outside this world.

However, he saw dozens of military camps.

Not just a few dozen.

After flying for ten days, everyone saw more than three hundred military formations.

The closer they got to the frontlines, the stronger the military formations became.

With that condensed phantom, it caused those below the fifth level of the Heaven Realm to be unable to look directly at it.

The baleful aura and the light of blood qi intertwined and could hurt one's soul.

The originally relaxed 10,000 Heaven Realm experts were all silent.

What is he talking about? Shao Tianyi thought.

He was just a frog at the bottom of a well.

To the Heavenly Mystic, they were like clowns.

"That's the Immortal Spirit World." Suddenly, Han Muye raised his hand and pointed.

Immortal Spirit World?

All the Daoist Heaven Realm experts looked in the direction Han Muye was pointing.

Spiritual light flashed in the deep void.

"I'll bring you guys to take a look," Han Muye said calmly. His figure moved and he flew across.

Go to the Immortal Spirit World to take a look?

Everyone was stunned.

This was a new appearance of the Heavenly Mystic Realm. Was he going to the Immortal Spirit World just like that?

Could it be that this person was deliberately luring everyone here to join the Immortal Spirit World?

Han Muye was from the Western Frontier and cultivated the Sword Dao. He could be considered a member of the Dao Sect. Could it be that he actually wanted to join the Immortal Spirit World?

Behind them, the Heaven Realm experts were all imagining things.

Many Confucian cultivators' expressions turned solemn.

Could it be that Han Muye wanted to lure them here and then be surrounded and killed by the army of the Immortal Spirit World?

It was not that.

Han Muye unsheathed his sword.

A sword light flashed, and two figures in the void were directly cut into two. Then, spiritual light dissipated.

Two experts who were good at concealment were killed in one strike.

They were people from the Immortal Spirit World.

In front of him, a spiritual light rose.

The blood-colored military formation was revealed.

His combat strength was not inferior to the Heavenly Mystic army.

Han Muye was in the air, and he slashed down without hesitation.

“Boom!”

The long sword collided with the 100,000-foot-tall phantom on the military formation.

Sword light scattered and shattered the phantom.

This sword could actually suppress the power of a million soldiers!

How powerful was Han Muye, the new Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic Realm?

“Kill.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Behind him, those Confucian Dao Heaven Realm cultivators did not hesitate. The Great Spirit in their hands transformed into blades and spears that pressed down on the army formation that had been broken through.

In the distance, rays of spiritual light flew over. It was a Heaven Realm expert from the Immortal Spirit World coming to save them.

Han Muye waved his hand, and Qian Yiming and the other Heaven Realm soldiers went forward.

Han Muye turned around and looked at the Daoist Heaven Realm cultivators.

Some of them understood and flew out towards the military camp.

The others looked at each other and had no choice but to follow.

The strength of 10,000 Heaven Realm experts together was unimaginable.

Among them, there were also powerful Half-Sages.

To the tens of thousands of Heaven Realm experts, destroying a military formation that had been destroyed was just a wave of their hands.

After the experts who came to rescue died, the Immortal Spirit Army collapsed.

When the Heavenly Mystic Realm pressed down, the military formation exploded, and countless soldiers turned around and fled.

A military formation without any fighting spirit could not stop anyone.

The Heaven Realm experts in the Heavenly Mystic World did not really go all out to kill.

Only a few of the soldiers scattered in the void could return alive. Most of them would get lost in the void.

There were also many people who would be devoured by the scattered void beasts.

An army of a million soldiers and several Heaven Realm cultivators were easily slaughtered.

“The Immortal Spirit World doesn’t seem like much...” A Heaven Realm expert from the Heavenly Mysterious Dao Sect revealed a complicated expression.

The other Heaven Realm experts had the same thought.

An old man in an eight trigrams Daoist robe looked around and said in a low voice, “If we gather the power of 10,000 Heaven Realms, not to mention killing a million troops, even if there are more troops, we won’t be able to stop them.”

“I’m just curious. Isn’t the new Prime Minister Han afraid that our Daoist sects will band together like this? The power after gathering is extremely terrifying.”

Today, this power was like a wild beast released from a cage.

If the Dao Sects gathered together in the future, they would really have unimaginable combat strength.

Many Daoist Heaven Realm experts’ eyes lit up.

A Daoist with a golden crown and jade belt shook his head and said indifferently, “Who can gather the power of Daoism?”

His words were like ice water.

Who could gather everyone like today?

Even a Dao Ancestor wouldn’t be able to do it, right?

If he really had the power of a Dao Ancestor, there was no need for him to do this.

Everyone looked up at Han Muye with complicated expressions.

This new minister actually used a strange method to gather everyone together.

“Boom!”

In front of him, Han Muye slashed out. An old man in a black robe appeared from the void with a pale face.

The old man wanted to turn around and escape, but a sword light with an arc caught up and cut him down.

Han Muye’s sword had an unimaginable sharpness.

From beginning to end, Han Muye was merciless.

“Let’s go.”

With that, Han Muye led the 10,000 Heaven Realms forward.

At this point, no one doubted Han Muye anymore.

He really brought everyone to the Immortal Spirit World to take a look.

Tens of thousands of miles forward, they cut through eight military formations.

Killing more than eighty Heaven Realm experts, even a Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert would not be able to withstand ten thousand Heaven Realm experts.

If one looked from high up in the void, they would see a team that was like an arrow piercing through the defense of the Immortal Spirit World, tearing through the array formation layer by layer and heading towards the mainland of the Immortal Spirit World.

No one had expected that someone would be able to gather such combat strength and enter the place where the Dao Competition was held.

No one expected this army to be unstoppable.

No one could figure out what Han Muye wanted to do.

With these 10,000 Heaven Realms, so what if they attacked the Immortal Spirit World?

“Kaboom—”

Spiritual light exploded, and the heavenly wall of a world of stars was torn apart.

10,000 Heaven Realm experts of the Heavenly Mystic world rushed into this star and plundered it without restraint.

All kinds of spiritual materials, treasures of various sects, all kinds of refined spiritual weapons, magic treasures, medicinal pills...

This was the world of immortals.

He had to admit that the Immortal Spirit World was rich.

The resources in this outer world of stars alone made many Heaven Realm cultivators pleasantly surprised.

Since ancient times, robbery was the best way to get rich in the cultivation world.

When this star was completely snatched away, everyone flew away and gathered in the void. Their gazes subconsciously turned to the other star in front of them.

The star was even more resplendent.

“It won’t be a problem to take down this star in a day, right?” Han Muye said softly with a calm expression.

No problem!

No one answered, but the fighting spirit in them answered everything.

At this moment, everyone had forgotten that this was the Immortal Spirit World that the Daoist Faction had once yearned for.

At this moment, there was only fat sheep here!

Chapter 829 - 829 Heaven-Defying Battle, Challenge the Sword Dao Sage!

“Boom!”

Han Muye slashed down, and the light wall in the sky shook, but it did not shatter.

His expression didn’t change. “Get into formation and help me,” he growled.

As soon as he finished speaking, Qian Yiming and the others behind him quickly formed a battle formation. They gathered the qi and blood in their bodies and condensed them into a blood-colored sword.

Han Muye guided the sword light in his hand, and the blood-colored sword fused with the sword in his hand, then slashed down.

“Boom!”

The Heavenly Barrier shattered and the spiritual light exploded!

This was the power of gathering the power of hundreds of Heaven Realm experts.

At this moment, many people’s faces flickered.

If he could gather strength in 10,000 Heaven Realms...

They didn’t dare to think about it.

As the sword broke through the sky, Han Muye had already put away his sword.

With a wave of his hand, the Heaven Realm experts behind him charged into the world of stars.

This was already the eighth Immortal Spirit World star that had been broken through.

The Heaven Realm cultivators behind Han Muye had already snatched the riches they had never imagined in their lives.

Wealth, law, companionship, and land.

With the wealth they had now, he could not squander it no matter what.

These were only eight worlds. There were still countless worlds waiting for them ahead!

After plundering endless wealth, these Heaven Realm experts subconsciously began to exchange treasures.

If he could not use it, he would exchange it for what he urgently needed.

Whether it was the Daoist Faction or the Confucianists, Qian Yiming and the other generals, or the other rogue cultivators, they were all searching for the treasures they needed.

On this trip, everyone’s net worth exceeded the accumulation of their sects for countless years.

War was really the best way to get rich.

Unknowingly, the pillars of light on everyone in the 10,000 Heaven Realms behind Han Muye turned golden.

Even those Heaven Realm Daoist Faction Heaven Realm cultivators who didn't have firm thoughts were now covered in golden light.

Join the Immortal Spirit World?

His hands were stained with the blood of the cultivators of the Immortal Spirit World. How could he rely on them?

Besides, the Immortal Spirit World was so rich. How good would it be to snatch it?

Wasn't this kind of plundering of resources 10,000 times better than relying on others?

Everyone knew that if they joined the Immortal Spirit World and became a lowly person, they would definitely not be as rich as they were now.

"Mountain Elder, aren't you afraid that after feeding them, Heavenly Mystic will no longer be peaceful?" During the temporary rest, Dongfang Shu came to Han Muye's side and whispered.

Beside Dongfang Shu, the few Confucians, Gongsun Shu, Qian Yiming, and the others wore grave expressions.

The wealth accumulated by these Daoist Heaven Realm experts could not only smoothen his cultivation, but also increase the strength of his sect by 10 times.

The Immortal Spirit World was originally a rich world. There were many more treasures than the Heavenly Mystic Realm, and the spiritual qi was also rich.

The accumulation of these Daoist Heaven Realm cultivators was unimaginable.

Was bringing so many treasures back to Heavenly Mystic a blessing or a curse?

Han Muye turned to Dongfang Shu and chuckled. "Mr. Dongfang, you didn't see clearly. We're all Heavenly Mystic cultivators. Shouldn't we be happier the more wealth they have?"

At this point, the smile on his face disappeared and he said indifferently, "Or do you not treat Daoism as a part of Heavenly Mystic?"

Han Muye's words stunned Dongfang Shu.

The others also stiffened slightly.

Han Muye's words spoke of their secret.

From the beginning until now, Confucianism and Dynasty had unknowingly excluded Daoism.

In their eyes, the Daoist Faction was not on their side.

Seeing their expressions, Han Muye did not say anything else. He just slowly got up and walked forward.

"As expected, he's an extraordinary person..." Gongsun Shu looked at Han Muye and whispered.

To be able to stand at the top and see through everything, this was why Minister Wen wanted to hand over the position to Han Muye.

Han Muye's background determined that he could unite all the powers of the Heavenly Mystic Realm. Confucianism, Sword Dao, Alchemy Dao, and now Daoism.

In front, when Han Muye appeared at the gathering place of the Daoist Heaven Realm, cheers came from there.

At this moment, these 10,000 Heaven Realm experts could already work together when Han Muye attacked.

How terrifying was this?

Han Muye walked around and took out a sword core and a few treasures, exchanging them for a few good spiritual materials and two long swords.

When he returned to his base, he activated the array and held the long sword in his palm.

Sword qi poured in and spiritual light flashed. An image appeared in his mind.

The sword's name was Crimson. It was three feet long, two inches wide, three inches thick, and weighed five pounds.

This was an extremely thin sword made of light metal.

The spiritual patterns carved on it were mainly light and lively.

Han Muye was very interested in the forging method of this sword, so he spent about three million spiritual rocks to exchange for it.

The Daoist Heaven Realm expert was going to give him the sword.

It was just three million spiritual rocks. To these Daoist Heaven Realm experts, it was just a drop in the ocean.

Han Muye did not ask for this sword for nothing. He exchanged the two pieces of green jade steel for it.

Those two spiritual materials were worth about three million spiritual rocks.

This crimson sword was the sword of the sect master of a small sect in the Immortal Spirit World. There were many memories of inherited sword techniques on it.

The sword techniques in the Immortal Spirit World were different from the ones in the Heavenly Mystic. The sword techniques were not divided into different attributes. Instead, they focused on cultivating the sword intent.

In other words, the inheritance of sword techniques in the Immortal Spirit World was more about the condensation of sword intent.

Such a sword cultivator was truly powerful.

Observing the crimson sword gave Han Muye many ideas.

This sword was very suitable for assassination.

The Nine-lives Cat Demon Clan and the Nine-tailed Fox Clan that were left behind in the Desolate Wilderness were experts in close combat and had extraordinary assassination methods.

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If they could equip such a sword, their combat strength would definitely double.

However, this sword forging technique required specialized spiritual materials.

Lightweight metal was a specialty of a star in the Immortal Spirit World.

After looking at the other sword, Han Muye's gaze landed on the crimson sword.

Pondering for a moment, he stood up, held the crimson sword, put away the formation, and walked forward.

"Everyone, the sword in my hand is the Crimson Sword. The spiritual materials forged are specialties of the Immortal Spirit World. They can only be found on the Crimson Star."

Lifting his sword, Han Muye looked around.

"I want to take down Crimson Star. Can you help me?"

Take down Crimson Star.

He didn't know where this star was, nor did he know how strong it was.

If it were before, no one present would have answered Han Muye.

Those people from the Daoist Faction would probably ignore them.

However, just as Han Muye finished speaking, someone said loudly, "Since Prime Minister Han wants to take this star, we'll help with all our might."

As soon as he finished speaking, other voices sounded.

Be it Daoist Heaven Realm or Confucian cultivators, no one hesitated or refused.

Han Muye had led everyone to obtain such wealth. Now that he wanted to borrow strength, how could he refuse?

At this moment, surprise flashed across the faces of Gongsun Shu and the others.

This was Han Muye's way of gathering people's hearts!

Unknowingly, all the Heaven Realm cultivators who came from the Heavenly Mystic Realm would definitely follow Han Muye's lead.

"It seems that after this battle, we will return to Heavenly Mystic," Gongsun Shu said in a low voice.

Dongfang Shu and the others nodded.

The hearts of the people had already been gathered. There was no need to stay outside the realm anymore.

“Hehe, after this battle, we can return to Heavenly Mystic.” Seeing Han Muye turn around and leave, a white-bearded old man chuckled.

Beside him, someone looked at him in confusion.

“Old Gu, why do you say that?”

The white-bearded old man stroked his long beard and said lightly, “Gather the hearts of the people through a battle. After returning to Heavenly Mystic, the new Prime Minister Han will be able to stabilize the momentum of Heavenly Mystic.”

“Could it be that after today, everyone still has the intention to betray Heavenly Mystic?”

Betrayal?

Who would betray them?

With a lifetime’s worth of wealth, who would be willing to become a lowly person in the Immortal Spirit World?

“It’s good to return to the Heavenly Mystic World...” A third level Nascent Soul Realm Daoist said softly, slightly clenching his fists.

Beside him, many people had the same expression as him.

I can’t wait!

Especially those Heaven Realm cultivators from the families and small sects, they were already eager to return.

Yunjin returned home.

Gathering the wealth here and returning to their sects and families to increase the cultivation of their clansmen and condense their strength, they might be able to soar into the sky when the Dao competition started.

For a moment, many battle intents surfaced unknowingly.

One person’s battle intent was nothing.

However, it would be terrifying if 10 or 100 people, 1,000 or 10,000 people had solidified their fighting spirit.

Han Muye turned his head in front and smiled when he saw the floating blood-colored battle intent.

They could fight.

They moved forward again. This time, they did not try to snatch the stars.

It was hard to pick up money.

He was no longer interested in wealth.

10,000 Heaven Realms turned into arrows that pierced into the void in front of them.

Divine senses came from the void of space and then retreated in a panic.

10,000 Heaven Realms was not something that could be gathered easily even in the Immortal Spirit World.

No one from the Immortal Spirit World dared to stop him as he swaggered forward.

“Their target is Crimson Star!” In the void, a high-ranking general in black armor spoke in a deep voice.

There was a strong killing intent on his body.

“What should we do? The light metal on Crimson Star is a rare treasure,” a Daoist in a green robe said in a low voice.

The surrounding people also looked anxious.

The black-armored man shook his head, his eyes filled with killing intent.

“We wait.

“The Immortal Spirit Star’s army has already gathered, and most of the frontline troops fighting for the Desolate Wilderness have returned.

“Even if we abandon Crimson Star, these Heavenly Mystic cultivators won’t be able to eat it.”

The black-armored man stared straight ahead, where Han Muye was flying.

His face twitched as if he was trying his best to suppress his fighting spirit.

“According to the news, the commander-in-chief is the new minister of Heavenly Mystic, Han Muye.

“This guy is a sword cultivator.

“99% of the people he’s leading are Heaven Realms from the Heavenly Mystic world.

“As long as we leave them here, the Heavenly Mystic World will collapse on its own.”

Turning to look at the people around him, the black-armored man cast his gaze at the deep void behind him.

Over there, in the depths of the Immortal Spirit World, was its main star, the Immortal Spirit Star.

“Our Immortal Spirit Army is confident that we can bury all our enemies.”

...

“Boom!”

A single strike from a thousand Heaven Realm cultivators shattered a crimson starry sky.

The moment the sky was broken, the hundred Heaven Realm cultivators on the star fled in all directions.

They had already used all their strength to support the sky, but they could not withstand a single blow.

If he didn’t escape now, he would die together with this star.

“Everyone, all the light metal will be recycled at a price,” Han Muye said calmly as he looked at the star in front of him, which looked like a young girl whose clothes had been peeled off.

If he said the right price, then so be it.

Without hesitation, all the Heaven Realm experts flew towards the red star in front of them.

Han Muye stood in the void and waited quietly.

Half a day later, Qian Yiming flew back with a strange expression on his face.

“Minister Han, this star has too many reserves of light metal.”

Too many.

According to Qian Yiming, the entire star was made of light metal.

How many were the reserves of an entire star?

It was unimaginable.

Han Muye did not expect there to be so much light metal on this star.