

Pavilion 831

Chapter 831 - 831 Heaven-Defying Battle, Challenge the Sword Dao Sage! (3)

He looked into the distance and nodded. "Gather with all your might for three days. Everyone, return after three days."

Three days.

Although he couldn't gather the entire star in three days, he could still obtain an immeasurable amount of spiritual materials.

Qian Yiming looked at Han Muye, hesitated for a moment, and said in a low voice, "Minister Han, in three days, I'm afraid the Immortal Spirit Army will come..."

When they conquered the other stars, they left in a day.

Even if the people of the Immortal Spirit World wanted to pursue and besiege them, they could not catch up to them.

But now, they were going to stay on Crimson Star for three days.

If the army of the Immortal Spirit World did not arrive in three days, it would not be the Immortal Spirit World anymore. They would not even be qualified to fight for the Dao.

"Don't worry about it."

Han Muye waved his hand and looked ahead calmly.

"Three days it is."

Qian Yiming nodded, bowed, and flew down.

Looking at the stars in front of him, golden spiritual light began to slowly gather on Han Muye's body.

The sword intent on his body gradually solidified.

A day later, more than 300 Heaven Realms flew over from outside of Crimson Star.

These people surrounded the star and looked at Han Muye in the void, but they did not attack.

The next day, there were a million troops surrounding them. There were already two thousand Heaven Realm experts.

Among them, there were eight Half-Sages.

On the third day, the encircling military formation stretched out and completely surrounded Crimson Star.

There were already nearly 5,000 Heaven Realm experts.

A sword sage in a green robe and a Buddhist sage in a red cassock stood in front.

They were waiting.

Waiting for the Heavenly Mystic cultivators on Crimson Star to return.

“Buzz!”

A beam of spiritual light rushed out of the sky of Crimson Star. Qian Yiming, who was wearing black armor, looked around and his expression darkened.

Spiritual light flashed behind him.

When everyone saw the scene outside the Star, their faces turned pale.

If they didn’t know that Han Muye would never betray them, they would have thought that Han Muye had betrayed them.

There were actually so many enemies gathered outside the Star!

“Kill.”

The green-robed Immortal Spirit World’s sword cultivator Sage spoke indifferently. All the military formations and those Heaven Realm experts flew towards the Heavenly Mysterious Realm that had just rushed out of Crimson Star.

He struck halfway across the river.

Taking advantage of the fact that the cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic World had yet to gather, this attack would definitely be able to defeat them in one fell swoop.

Seeing the army charging over, Qian Yiming and the others did not hesitate and flew to meet it.

If they did not make a move, they would not have another chance.

“Clang—”

At this moment, a sword cry sounded.

In the sword box on Han Muye’s back, a long sword was unsheathed.

The sword in the Infinite Unity Sword Case instantly turned into sword light that filled the sky.

Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation!

Tens of thousands of sword lights enveloped the void within a radius of 100,000 miles, and the swords turned into stars.

The power of the universe ruled over the myriad worlds!

“I’m very curious. Today, I killed two Sages in a row and destroyed 3,000 Heavenly Realms in your Immortal Spirit World. Can I directly defeat your Immortal Spirit?”

“Or rather, can the nourishment of such power allow me to reach the heavens in a single step?”

Han Muye walked leisurely with his hands behind his back.

In front of him, all the military formations and Heaven Realm experts were blocked.

The two Sages looked solemn as they looked up at the sword light that covered the world.

For the first time, the Infinite Unity Sword Case, the most precious inherited treasure of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect that he had obtained from the Scattered Stars Island, displayed its strongest power.

The sword light that filled the sky suppressed the world.

This was a true Sword Cultivator!

Han Muye raised a long sword in his hand and looked at the green-robed Sword Dao Sage in front of him.

“Heavenly Mystic, sword cultivator, Han Muye.”

His voice was accompanied by a sword cry and matched the sword shadow.

Fighting against the heavens and challenging a Sword Dao Sage!

At this moment, Han Muye had been waiting for a long, long time!

Chapter 832 - 832 Slaying a Sage, Refining Weapons with Stars

There were countless inheritances of the Sword Dao in the world. Sword strength, sword intent, magic sword, close combat sword, sword control, entering the Dao with a sword, turning the Dao into a sword...

The path of a sword cultivator was the condensation of the Great Dao of cultivation in the world.

On the path of a sword cultivator, Han Muye had already walked very far!

At this moment, with the long sword in his hand and the sage in front of him, his blood was boiling.

Along the way, from the beginning of the Mystic Element Sword Technique, to the convergence of sword intent, to the sword formation, to the sword control, to the condensation of the sword of the primordial spirit, he had seen the endless glory of the path of the sword.

He had comprehended the myriad sword techniques of time.

He used 10,000 swords to form one sword.

He turned one sword into 10,000 swords.

He had traveled 100,000 miles and created countless sword techniques.

He should have become a Sage with the Sword Dao long ago.

Sword in hand, blood burning!

“Boom!”

The sword light that reached the heavens directly shattered the earth and sky, and the Crimson Star below the sky shattered in response to the brilliance of the sky.

The sword light burned fiercely, as if it wanted to burn through all obstacles and burn through the world!

Han Muye slashed out, and the expression of the Sword Dao Sage in front of him turned solemn.

The sword in his hand pointed out without hesitation, blocking Han Muye's sword.

"Clang—"

When the long swords clashed, a crisp sword cry resounded.

The sword light in Han Muye's hand broke, then disappeared.

The sword of a Sword Dao Sage was not something his current cultivation level could withstand.

If it weren't for the rules of the Dao Competition, he and the sword in his hand would have turned into smoke.

"Buzz!"

The sword in Han Muye's hand vibrated, then turned into a clear long sword.

Spiritual treasure.

This was the spiritual treasure nurtured by the Infinite Unity Sword Case. It was formed from the convergence of 10,000 swords. A myriad of swords, one sword remained unbroken.

The sword in Han Muye's hand reassembled, causing the expression of the Sword Dao sage opposite him to change.

"Spiritual treasure!"

With a low cry, his eyes were filled with greed as he stared at Han Muye. "Remember, the one who killed you is me, Bai Zhanye."

Bai Zhanye.

Sword Dao Sage.

Han Muye raised his hand, the sword in his palm, and pointed the tip forward.

Without a word, his sword light condensed into a line.

When fighting such an expert, he directly used the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

The sword light turned into a green line that pierced through the void and stabbed towards Bai Zhanye's chest.

This sword carried an explosive halo.

As the sword light moved forward, all the voids shattered.

Bai Zhanye's eyes widened as he stared at the sword light landing in front of him.

With difficulty, he raised the sword in his hand and thrust forward, mixing with the sword light.

Han Muye's sword light shattered, scattering into sword lights that exploded and wrapped around Bai Zhanye.

“With such a sword technique, you are qualified to be my opponent!” Bai Zhanye shouted as he was enveloped by the sword lights.

The sword in his hand transformed into a wheel of light. Facing the sword lights head on, he recklessly swung at the sword lights, layer upon layer.

The sword blocked all of Han Muye’s sword lights.

“Boom!”

After 10 breaths, the sword light dissipated, and Bai Zhanye, who was holding a long sword, stood where he was.

This was the first time Han Muye had encountered someone breaking through the first level of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique in 10 breaths.

“What’s the name of this technique?” Bai Zhanye looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

“Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. This sword was created by Master Mo Yuan to open a path for low-level sword cultivators in the world,” Han Muye said loudly.

“Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.” Bai Zhanye nodded and raised the sword in his hand. “I have such a technique too. Take a look.”

He let go of the sword in his hand, and the tip of the sword turned into a hummingbird.

The hummingbird had just taken shape, but it had already transformed into tens of millions of clones!

One sword turned into 10,000 swords!

Han Muye’s eyes flashed like lightning.

The Great Dao of the world had the same destination!

He took a step forward and the sword light slashed down.

With one sword, tens of thousands of sword lights followed.

One sword turned into 10,000 swords!

“Slash—”

He slashed at the hummingbirds with his sword, and then tens of thousands of sword lights enveloped all the hummingbirds.

All the hummingbirds were shattered.

However, these hummingbirds did not disappear. Instead, they turned into more hummingbirds.

Every hummingbird had a sword aura.

Just like the sword intent gathered in Han Muye’s qi sea back then, a sword intent could transform into 128,000 sword qi.

In an instant, Han Muye was surrounded by countless hummingbirds.

A smile appeared on Bai Zhanye's face.

"Fellow Daoist Zhanye's swordsmanship is truly breathtaking. This poor monk has only seen it before." Behind Bai Zhanye, a Sage Monk in a cassock put his palms together and spoke softly.

Covered by the sword lights, it was impossible for Han Muye to escape.

This battle was over.

Bai Zhanye laughed and said calmly, "This kid has some talent in swordsmanship, but unfortunately..."

Before he could finish speaking, his expression suddenly froze.

In front of him, the hummingbirds trembled and turned into golden lotuses!

Armed with 100,000 golden lotuses, Han Muye slowly walked out.

Bai Zhanye's sword intent was directly transformed by Han Muye!

"How, how is this possible..." Bai Zhanye's eyes widened as he exclaimed.

Han Muye's expression was calm. He raised his hand and stabbed out again.

This was his third thrust.

The first strike, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

The second strike turned one sword into 10,000 swords.

At this moment, the third strike was ordinary. It was just a faint sword light moving forward.

When fighting a true sword cultivator, be it Han Muye or the other party, there was a limit to the methods they could use.

This was also the reason why it took 10 to 100 years for experts to fight each other.

Han Muye stabbed out with his ordinary sword. Bai Zhanye moved and quickly retreated.

"You've already comprehended the Sword Dao to such an extent!"

Staring at the golden lotus around Han Muye, Bai Zhanye shouted in panic, "Master Shi Ming, attack with me. This child's talent in the Sword Dao is too heaven-defying. We can't let him live!"

His talent was too heaven-defying. He could not be left alive!

These words stunned the sage monk behind Bai Zhanye.

What kind of person could be evaluated by a Sword Dao Sage like this?

Chapter 833 - 833 Slaying a Sage, Refining Weapons with Stars (2)

He was talking about Han Muye's natural talent in the Sword Dao!

"We sword cultivators cultivate step by step and comprehend the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth until we become extraordinary.

“However, there are talented people who cultivate sword techniques to see through the truth of sword techniques.”

Bai Zhanye’s voice was filled with fear.

He raised the sword in his hand and blocked Han Muye’s third strike with all his might.

However, just as the sword was drawn, his face turned pale.

“As expected!”

With a low cry, he gave up the sword in his hand and retreated a thousand feet!

“Boom!”

Han Muye’s sword wrapped around his sword, swallowed it, and reversed!

Monk Shi Ming’s eyes opened and closed, and there was a golden light flashing in them.

He flew forward and landed in front of the sword light. He pressed his palms together and chanted a Buddhist proclamation. A golden bronze bell shielded him in front.

“Slash—”

The long sword collided with the bell, producing dazzling sparks.

Monk Shi Ming’s expression changed instantly as he stared at the sword light in front of him.

“Without the reincarnation of karma, this sword is the Dao of breaking through the world!”

Sword Dao, the Dao of breaking through the world!

Han Muye cultivated the sword and had long seen through the essence of the Sword Dao.

His sword had long surpassed the concept.

Bai Zhanye had entered the Sage Realm with the Sword Dao, but he had only entered the Sage Realm. He was far from being able to break through the world with the Sword Dao.

This was the reason why his expression changed when he saw Han Muye’s third strike.

Han Muye’s second sword turned his hummingbirds into a golden lotus. He already felt that something was wrong.

He didn’t dare to receive the third strike.

If he accepted it, he would have to face the destructive power of a world.

The key was that this power needed him to resolve it with his own Sword Dao.

Unfortunately, he had yet to comprehend it to such an extent and was completely powerless to neutralize this strike.

“Boom!”

The bell in Monk Shi Ming's hand shattered. He took a few steps back and stood beside Bai Zhanye.

Bai Zhanye and Shi Ming both looked regretful.

Shi Ming regretted that one of his treasures had been destroyed just like that.

Bai Zhanye, on the other hand, was regretful that his sword cultivation was not high enough to comprehend Han Muye's sword.

If he could comprehend this sword technique with his own cultivation, he would not be a Sword Sage, but a Sword Ancestor!

"What a pity..."

Bai Zhanye sighed softly.

Shi Ming nodded painfully.

Han Muye stood 3,000 feet away, sword in hand.

Above his head, the sword radiance of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation shone like stars.

At this moment, the Heavenly Mystic Realm experts on Crimson Star had already arrived one after another. Everyone looked at the sword lights that filled the sky and Han Muye, who was standing in the air, with wide eyes.

With a single sword, he suppressed millions of troops and resisted 5,000 Heaven Realm experts.

What was even more terrifying was that there were two Sages standing in front of Han Muye.

This level of combat power was something that even the literary minister could not achieve, right?

"Grandmaster Shi Ming, we must kill him today." Bai Zhanye gritted his teeth as another sword appeared in his hand.

Shi Ming nodded. The golden staff in his hand vibrated and emitted a hazy Buddhist light.

Han Muye turned around and glanced at the cultivators from the Heavenly Mystic World walking out of Crimson Star.

It was almost done.

He raised his hand and Bai Zhanye's previous sword landed in his hand.

Sword qi poured in, and a scene flashed.

Bai Zhanye came from a powerful faction. The power behind him and the sword techniques he cultivated all appeared.

"10,000 Elements World, Elemental Force Sword Sect."

Han Muye's eyes shone.

This Sword Sage was not from the Immortal Spirit World. Instead, he was someone who had come to search for opportunities outside the Dao Competition.

However, he chose the Immortal Spirit World.

That was true. Judging from the current situation in the Dao battleground, there were not many people who did not choose immortal essences.

The strength displayed by Heavenly Mystic was really too weak.

He had comprehended the technique of the Elemental Force Broken Sword Technique.

He had comprehended the 13 Spiritual Essence Swords Technique.

He had comprehended the Realm Sealing Sword Technique.

...

Han Muye focused all his attention on Bai Zhanye's sword technique inheritance and quickly deduced.

If he knew himself and his enemy, he would win every battle. Only by mastering the other party's sword technique could he be invincible.

In the void, sword light and blood qi intertwined.

Han Muye, who was originally blocking the army with the sword array, suddenly raised his hand.

"Boom!"

All the sword light retracted, and a hundred feet around him shone like stars.

With the enhancement of the sword array and the spiritual treasure in his hand, Han Muye's eyes were full of fighting spirit.

"I want to kill a Sage. I'll leave the rest to you. Is that okay?" Han Muye's voice was filled with a fighting spirit that made one's blood boil.

Slaying a Sage!

Killing a Sage with a sword!

At this moment, all the Heavenly Mystic cultivators behind him were filled with surging battle intent.

Be it Confucianism or Daoism, at this moment, they were all Heaven Realm experts from the Heavenly Mystic World..

At this moment, they were all fighting alongside Han Muye.

At this moment, they wanted to witness Han Muye kill a Sage with his sword!

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

"Yes!"

Qian Yiming bowed and shouted.

"Yes!"

All the Confucian cultivators in long robes and sleeves bowed.

“No—”

The Daoist Heaven Realm experts cupped their hands.

At this moment, outside the sky, the spiritual light and blood essence condensed into a golden dragon. This dragon shadow was millions of feet long and enveloped most of the crimson star.

“Ang—”

The long dragon roared and charged towards the assembled army.

Han Muye laughed and pointed his sword at Bai Zhanye.

Bai Zhanye and Shi Ming looked at each other with solemn expressions. They raised their staffs and swords at the same time.

Han Muye’s sword array, spiritual treasures, and his own cultivation and comprehension of the Sword Dao left them no choice but to deal with him carefully.

“I once traveled 50,000 miles and created 36,000 sword techniques.

“Actually, in the end, sword techniques in the world are just offensive skills.”

Han Muye muttered and took a step forward, stabbing out with his sword.

This strike brought tens of thousands of hummingbirds towards Bai Zhanye.

Bai Zhanye was stunned, his eyes opened wide in shock, “Essence Transformation Sword Technique, how is that possible...”

This was his sect’s signature sword technique. He had only comprehended a superficial portion of it himself. How could the other party use it so easily?!

Chapter 834 - 834 Slaying a Sage, Refining Weapons with Stars (3)

834 Slaying a Sage, Refining Weapons with Stars (3)

However, this sword technique was light and graceful. Phantoms of birds appeared. If it wasn’t his sect’s sect-guarding sword technique, what was it?

Seeing this sword technique, Shi Ming was stunned. Golden light condensed in his eyes as he quietly retreated.

The moment he retreated, the hummingbirds that were charging at Bai Zhanye turned around and crashed into Shi Ming.

As expected!

Shi Ming's expression darkened. He waved the staff in his hand and turned into a golden stream of light.

"Bang!"

All the hummingbirds were stopped.

The hummingbird crashed into the staff and shattered.

However, in the next moment, the shattered bodies of these hummingbirds gathered together and turned into golden geese!

It wasn't like Bai Zhanye who had split into tens of thousands like before. They condensed into even stronger geese.

Hong Yan's speed was extremely fast. He turned around and wrapped himself around Bai Zhanye.

Bai Zhanye was stunned by the sword light. At this moment, he was flustered and used all his strength to block the blow.

“Boom!”

A goose was sent flying by the sword in Bai Zhanye’s hand.

Hongyan’s body crashed into the Crimson Star’s heavenly barrier.

The originally solid light screen exploded, and the entire star began to tremble!

It was just a goose, but it had the power to shatter a world!

The Heavenly Mystic cultivators behind were dumbfounded.

This was a true battle between great cultivators. A single sword light could shatter an entire world!

Wouldn’t the thousands of sword lights shatter thousands of worlds!

Was this Han Muye’s true strength?

With such combat strength, Han Muye could actually suppress Heavenly Mystic and fight countless experts alone.

It turned out that the reason he brought Heavenly Mystic Heaven Realm experts to the outside world was really just to give everyone an opportunity!

It was only at this moment that everyone saw clearly that the Dao Sects that had dominated Dongnan in the Heavenly Mystic was a joke in front of Han Muye, the new Prime Minister Han.

The world of such an expert was completely beyond their imagination.

“Boom!”

All the geese were shattered by Bai Zhanye’s sword.

However, his expression became even more solemn.

In front of him, the golden fragments blended piece by piece, transforming into golden hawks with a hint of blood red!

With a stature over 10 feet tall and wingspans of 30 feet, each of the hawks emitted a cold light from their claws and beaks.

“Slash—”

A hawk’s long claw blocked Bai Zhanye’s long sword.

Bai Zhanye retreated.

In an instant, it was 1,000 feet.

However, when he looked up, his body trembled and he almost couldn't hold the sword in his hand.

Those hawks did not chase after him at all!

They charged towards Shi Ming without hesitation.

Only at this moment did Han Muye smile.

He used Bai Zhanye's inherited sword technique to split the alliance between Bai Zhanye and Shi Ming.
He also used the power of the sword light to push Bai Zhanye back.

However, from the beginning to the end, the person he wanted to kill was not Bai Zhanye, but Shi Ming!

Bai Zhanye, who he had already figured out, was no longer a threat to him.

"Boom!"

The hawks crashed into Shi Ming.

Shi Ming's face turned red, and the shadow of a golden Buddha condensed in front of him.

This was his Immortal Soul avatar, a transcendent being.

If not for the suppression of the Dao Competition, this incarnation could directly suppress Han Muye.

However, at this moment, this incarnation could not block the impact of the three dove eagles.

"Bang!"

When the three hawks shattered, the Buddha's shadow shattered.

Shi Ming let go of the golden staff in his hand. The staff turned into Buddhist banners which stacked up in front of him.

He chanted scriptures as a Buddhist light enveloped his entire body, turning him into a golden-armored general.

At this moment, Shi Ming's strength had reached the peak of Heaven Realm.

Such a powerful defense could not be broken in the Dao battleground.

It was not until golden dragon shadows appeared in front of him and the light of scriptures intertwined that Shi Ming heaved a sigh of relief.

He looked up and saw Han Muye smiling.

What did that mean?

His gaze fell on the hawks who had stopped moving. Shi Ming couldn't help but tremble.

The hawks collided with each other and turned into a 100-foot-tall peacock.

This peacock exuded a power that could dissolve all things!

It was born from geomagnetic forces, but it far exceeded any power in the world.

“Swoosh—”

The peacock opened its mouth, and a five-colored halo wrapped around Shi Ming before directly devouring him.

A sage was swallowed just like that!

Shi Ming put his palms together, closed his eyes, and fell into the peacock's body. Then he disappeared with the peacock.

Without the nourishment of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, Shi Ming did not die immediately.

However, at this moment, the Sage of the Buddhist Sect was already nowhere to be seen.

Han Muye turned to look at Bai Zhanye, whose body was like a shaking sieve.

"Myriad Magnetic Charm Sword Technique, this, this is the lost sword technique of my Tuyuan Sword Sect. How can you, how can you..."

This sword technique had been lost.

Bai Zhanye had only cultivated incomplete parts.

However, Han Muye had obtained a more complete and powerful sword technique with this incomplete sword technique.

The Five-Color Peacock used the power of magnetism to directly devour a Sage.

Who wouldn't be afraid of such a sword technique?

Han Muye raised his sword.

Bai Zhanye's face was pale. He paused and retreated crazily.

Escape!

A Sword Sage had actually escaped from a sword cultivator's sword!

In front of an army of ten million, in front of countless Heaven Realm experts, a Sage was fleeing crazily.

At this moment, it was as if the world had collapsed. The originally magnificent military formation's blood qi instantly shattered.

Even the Sages had fled. What could they do?

"Kill!"

Without hesitation, Han Muye shouted.

The 10,000 Heaven Realm dragons behind him rushed out.

No one dared to disobey Han Muye's will!

"Boom!"

The long dragon smashed through the army formation and shattered countless soldiers.

At this moment, Han Muye turned around and looked down at Crimson Star.

Bai Zhanye escaped.

If Bai Zhanye did not escape, he would be able to sense the fluctuation of Han Muye's aura.

Han Muye's spiritual energy cultivation had only just reached the Semi-God Realm. Relying on his sword techniques and sword techniques to suppress a Sage was already his limit.

If Bai Zhanye had attacked just now, Han Muye would have had to give up on suppressing Shi Ming.

Although he said that he wanted to kill two Sages, he was just saying it.

It was too difficult to kill two Sages.

But at this moment, Bai Zhanye escaped.

Han Muye looked at Crimson Star in front of him and smiled.

Back then, the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor used a 100-mile star to refine the Dao Essence Cauldron.

Crimson Star was much wider than the 100-mile star, and the light metal was much more valuable.

Moreover, he had suppressed a Sage.

If he didn't come to refine weapons at such a good opportunity, he would be struck by lightning.

With a world of stars as the foundation and a Sage as the spirit, the treasures refined could move those watching Dao Ancestors.

Han Muye looked up into the depths of the void.

Although he could not see, he knew that countless Dao Ancestors and Almighties were looking at him.

"Treasures are tempting. I don't believe you won't leave early."

Han Muye raised his hand and waved. The long dragon formed by the power of 10,000 cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic Realm attracted endless blood qi and turned into flames that enveloped Crimson Star below.

In his palm, a Buddha phantom was enveloped by a five-colored light and smashed down.

“Constellation refining, sages entering the spirit, lunatics...” A low voice sounded in the void.

Chapter 835 - 835 Immortal Treasure!

835 Immortal Treasure!

This was crazy!

From the void, countless divine senses surged over.

In this world, there was actually someone who dared to use a Sage to refine weapons!

What was a Sage?

He had surpassed the Three Realms of Heaven, Earth, and Human. He had stepped into the peak of the Human Immortal Realm and grasped the Karma Reincarnation.

Such an expert was already at the peak of this world, only below Dao Ancestors and Divine Venerables.

A Sage could control a world. His Dao was one with heaven and earth, immortal and indestructible.

Such a powerful body and soul were used to refine weapons?

It was not unheard of.

In ancient times, experts were rampant. Many desolate wilderness mutants were refined into spiritual treasures, becoming immortal treasures that surpassed spiritual treasures.

However, ever since the collapse of the ancient divine court and the collapse of the myriad worlds, very few sages had died, and legends of them being refined into weapons were unheard of.

Today, Han Muye was going to use a Sage to refine weapons. Such a major event made all the Dao Ancestors who were witnessing the battle turn their divine senses over.

“That’s Shi Ming from the Everlasting Fate Buddha Sect, right? He used Shi Ming to forge a weapon. Isn’t this kid afraid of the 10,000 Buddhas Great Formation of the Everlasting Fate Buddha Sect?” An old voice came through the divine sense.

“Haha, let’s talk about it after we get the 10,000 Buddhas Great Formation inside,” someone muttered in disdain.

Most of them were looking forward to it.

If such a treasure was really refined, should he snatch it?

Ignoring the disputes, Han Muye's gaze landed on Crimson Star that was already engulfed in flames.

Buddha phantoms interweaved above the flames.

Refining an entire star was something that even he himself felt extremely crazy about.

However, the more he deduced, the more certain he was.

If he did not refine it today, he would regret it.

"Boom!"

The flames turned golden and enveloped the entire star.

This was the convergence of 10,000 Heaven Realm power and the soul, qi, and blood power of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had been killed.

Han Muye only activated it slightly and turned this power into flames that refined stars.

If it was any other time, he would not have been able to activate such a majestic power to refine weapons.

However, at this moment, he had suppressed a Sage with a single strike and scared off another Sage. Such dominance had completely subdued those 10,000 Heaven Realms.

If he wanted to refine weapons, no one would not cooperate.

The flames burned, and the sound of the stars shattering could be heard.

At this moment, everyone was staring at the star wrapped in flames in front of them, wanting to see what kind of treasure Han Muye could refine.

Who wouldn't look forward to the outcome of such a crazy move?

Standing in front, Han Muye's eyes flickered.

He raised his hand, and the golden Spirit Qi turned into a huge hand to suppress the flames.

Visible to the naked eye, the entire star was shrinking.

This was to refine the impurities in the stars and purify them.

A day later, the star turned into a sphere with a radius of 50 miles and was enveloped by golden flames.

"Minister Han, the Immortal Spirit Army has gathered and is coming in our direction," Gongsun Shu walked forward and said in a low voice.

The army of 10 million was defeated. The two Sages were suppressed and the other fled.

If the Immortal Spirit World did not take revenge this time, their morale would definitely decrease greatly.

The army that gathered again was definitely much stronger than before.

At this moment, Han Muye was focused on refining weapons. The 10,000 Heaven Realm cultivators also invested their strength in it.

If they fought again, they would not be able to unleash much combat strength.

The situation was critical.

Han Muye nodded and looked ahead.

Spiritual light gathered. It was indeed an army gathering.

“Let’s see how this brat deals with this. Such a treasure is already half refined. If we give up, it would truly be a pity.” In the air, someone muttered.

This was an exchange of divine thoughts between Dao Ancestors. No one other than Dao Ancestors would be able to detect it.

“Is his life more important or the treasure more important? He should be able to tell,” someone said coldly.

There were only two paths in front of Han Muye now.

He could either give up on this half-refined treasure and run back to the Heavenly Mystic.

In this way, although all his previous efforts would be in vain, he would still be alive. Moreover, this trip was already very rewarding. Even if it was not perfect, he would not lose much.

They could either defend here and refine treasures with all their might. However, with the encirclement of the immortal spirit army, who knew how many people in the 10,000 Heaven Realms could return alive.

“Let’s go.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Leave?

Everyone was slightly stunned.

What decisiveness!

Be it the Dao Ancestors’ divine senses in the void or the Heaven Realm experts behind Han Muye, they all trembled when they heard Han Muye’s words.

To be able to give up on a supreme treasure, one could see how decisive he was.

Only such a person could live a long life.

In the cultivation world, geniuses who lived long were the true geniuses.

“What is this kid’s temperament...” The voice in the air stopped.

Han Muye raised his hand, and golden flames wrapped around the 100-mile star, roaring.

He wanted to take away the half-refined treasure!

Everyone stared, not knowing what to say.

How could he escape with such a heavy object?

It was not until Han Muye held the star and ran quickly in the void that Qian Yiming and the others reacted and followed behind.

“Sigh, I’m too greedy.” A low sigh sounded from the void.

Over the past few days, Han Muye’s strength and decisiveness were indeed stunning.

But now, his choice caused many Dao Ancestors to shake their heads.

“That’s how the cultivation world is. Treasures move people’s hearts. The saying ‘money is the root of all evil’ applies not just to ordinary people.”

“Let’s wait and see. Such a choice will probably be in vain in the end.”

In the void, there were many regrets.

It was a pity that the treasure couldn’t take shape and that a genius had fallen.

When Han Muye chose to leave with the treasures, the outcome was already decided.

His speed was extremely fast. Even if he flew with a star, he could travel a thousand miles in a breath.

But how long could this speed last?

He was not the kind of divine beast who could carry a mountain on his back.

Chapter 836 - 836 Immortal Treasure! (2)

“Boom!”

Behind him, a few powerful beings from the Immortal Spirit World chased after him. They landed behind him, causing spiritual qi to surge.

They were not in a hurry. They just hung on.

As long as Han Muye could not hold on, it would be his death.

All the Heavenly Mystic Realm experts had tense expressions as they followed closely behind Han Muye.

If not for the prestige Han Muye had built up these days, their mentality would have collapsed long ago.

Instead of fleeing with all his might, he was flying with such a huge star. How could he escape?

In the void, Han Muye flew ahead with a star.

Ten thousand Heaven Realm experts followed behind him.

Behind them was an endless army of Immortal Spirits and several sages.

The chase lasted for three days.

By the third day, even the observing Dao Ancestors could sense that something was amiss.

Han Muye's speed did not slow down at all.

He carried a star and ran for three days without stopping. Was this a human or a divine beast?

"Boom!"

In front of them, a rumbling sound came from the void.

"That is the place where the Desolate Wilderness was besieged!" Someone cried out in alarm.

Spiritual light and blood energy illuminated half of the world, one could see numerous battle formations entangled.

On the other side, the battle continued.

"So this kid is here to break out of the situation!"

"What a crazy guy. Does he never know fear?"

In the void, divine sense was transmitted.

Not only did Han Muye not escape back to the Heavenly Mystic World, but he also activated the 10,000 Heaven Realms behind him and headed in the direction of the besieged wilderness.

On the other side, tens of millions of troops were gathered to fight. Every moment, countless soldiers from both sides were dying.

"Buzz!"

The star in Han Muye's hand trembled, and flames flickered, turning into a long dragon.

What appeared was a huge alms bowl with a radius of 100 miles.

In the alms bowl, a Buddha phantom sat cross-legged. Its entire body was covered in golden Buddhist patterns.

"Has this treasure been successfully refined?" A soft exclamation came from the void of space.

This was an immortal treasure that surpassed spirit treasures. How could it be so easy to refine it with a sage's spirit?

"The immortal treasure embryo, if a sage enters the spirit, whether it can unleash its combat strength depends on whether the artifact spirit is willing to control it.

"Otherwise, it would take at least a hundred years to reforge the weapon spirit."

Dao Ancestors who trained in the Dao of Artifacts explained with their divine will.

Over the past few days, almost all the Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao Competition had focused their attention on Han Muye.

"This child is indeed extremely talented. Be it in refining weapons or alchemy, his swordsmanship is also superb. I wonder how he broke through this situation." The Dao Ancestor who was originally disappointed in Han Muye was now a little curious.

“This kid must have planned this long ago. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have come here,” someone said firmly. “However, I can’t think of a way to make the sage’s spirit in this Immortal Treasure Embryo submit.”

To make a Sage willing to become an artifact spirit was simply harder than ascending to the heavens.

In today’s situation, even if Han Muye led the 10,000 Heaven Realm experts behind him, they would at most meet up with the Heavenly Mystic army and would not be able to really break out of the situation and save them.

Moreover, the army of the Immortal Spirit World had arrived.

If things went wrong, the entire team would be in danger of being wiped out.

Ten million troops of the Heavenly Mystic Realm were gathered here, as well as the experts of the Desolate Wilderness. Together with Han Muye and 10,000 Heaven Realm experts, if they were all killed here, the Dao Competition could end early.

“Boom!”

Endless lightning struck the alms bowl.

The refinement of immortal treasures had completely exceeded the limits of the world.

The power of an immortal treasure was something that even a Dao Ancestor would find difficult to resist.

This was an existence that gathered the power of the stars in an entire world and refined sages into spirits.

Above Han Muye’s head was a sea of lightning.

A golden dragon coiled around it. The golden-red alms bowl spun, and an endless sea of lightning covered it.

Han Muye strode forward and flew straight towards the wilderness.

No one dared to stop him.

All the immortal spirit troops hurriedly retreated.

Who could stop a star?

Who could stop 10,000 Heaven Realm experts?

The mighty Heaven Realm experts carried the astral winds, as if they wanted to tear apart everything within a radius of 10,000 miles.

The rumbling shook the sky.

At this moment, all the battle formations stopped fighting.

Everyone raised their heads and looked at the person in the sky.

“Granduncle...” Lu Yang grinned.

Not far away, Xiang Lingshuang slowly put away his two crescent moon swords and raised his head. His eyes flashed with excitement.

“Senior Brother Han...”

In the Desolate Wilderness, the demons looked up.

In their eyes, Han Muye was like a god as lightning struck from above.

“Venerable, it’s a Venerable!”

“The Venerable is here to save us!”

The originally silent wilderness erupted into cheers.

At this moment, not only in the Desolate Wilderness, but all the Heavenly Mystic Battle Formation also shouted.

“Minister Han—”

“Greetings, Prime Minister Han...”

He only knew that the Heavenly Mystic new minister was a great scholar who had created the Cloud Qi Pill and the Sword Core. It was said that he was also a Sword Dao expert, but very few people had met Han Muye, let alone knew him.

No one expected Han Muye to personally come to this bloody battle.

What was even more unexpected was that Han Muye stepped into the sky. Behind him were 10,000 Heaven Realm experts, and above his head were seas of lightning and stars, like an ancient demon god!

At this moment, the morale of the Heavenly Mystic World soared!

“I’ll bring you home,” Han Muye said calmly as he stood in front of the desolate ruins.

Go home!

In the wilderness, countless demons cried.

The qi and blood of the army formations turned into soaring dragons.

Heavenly Mystic Kingdom’s blind date was to bring everyone back to Heavenly Mystic!

Behind Han Muye, the 10,000 Heaven Realms watched silently.

At this moment, their hearts trembled. A strong fighting spirit surged.

There were tens of millions of troops fighting here, and the citizens of Heavenly Mystic were surrounded.

They didn’t know anything about this in the Heavenly Mystic world.

The Daoist Faction even fought over a small territory for the so-called competition.

This was the true battle of the Great Dao!

“Bring my Heavenly Mystic soldiers and citizens home!” Gongsun Shu shouted from behind Han Muye, and a sword light rose from his body.

Beams of Great Spirit and Spiritual Light flashed and merged with his sword light.

In the distance, the army and experts of the Immortal Spirit World gathered and slowly surrounded them.

But at this moment, no one was afraid.

In this battle, he would bring his people back to the Heavenly Mystic World without regrets!

Spiritual light vibrated in the void.

The Dao Ancestors’ divine senses continued to interweave.

The battle here might be the end of the Dao competition!

“The Heavenly Mystic’s Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi can’t come over. The outcome of this battle is already decided.” In the void, a Dao Ancestor asserted.

It was obvious.

The Heavenly Mystic cultivators were weaker than the Immortal Spirits to begin with, and now that they were surrounded by the Immortal Spirits, how could they fight?

“This kid, Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic, is probably not an ordinary person,” someone whispered.

Perhaps the only change in this battle was Han Muye?

At the very least, ever since Han Muye led 10,000 Heaven Realm experts out of the Heavenly Mystic Realm, his combat strength and decisiveness had given people a new surprise. He had never disappointed anyone.

Since he had led the army here, there must be a deeper meaning.

Under everyone’s gaze, Han Muye slowly turned around.

The Immortal Spirit Army surrounded them. Five sages, no less than 8,000 Heaven Realms, and at least 30 million troops surrounded the Desolate Wilderness.

The Heavenly Mystic army under Lu Yang’s command was less than 10 million. There were many monsters and Heaven Realm experts in the Desolate Wilderness, but they fought on their own, and their combat strength was limited.

Without a battle formation, no matter how strong they were, they would not be able to withstand the combined attack of a million troops.

There was no chance of winning.

With the power of the Heavenly Mystic Realm and the chips in Han Muye's hands, it was impossible for him to escape.

"Grandmaster Shi Ming, let's make a deal."

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Shi Ming?

The Buddhist Sage that he had refined in the alms bowl above his head!

Make a deal with Shi Ming?

How is that possible? the Divine Lords wondered.

Before the Dao Ancestors could speak, Han Muye's voice sounded again.

"In the Endless Sea, I discussed the path of transcendence with countless Divine Venerables. Endless Divine Venerables chose to build 18 layers of hell to wear down their resentment. Hell is not empty, and the Divine Venerables will not leave.

"If you want to achieve the Great Dao, you need great perseverance."

The path of the Divine Venerable Transcendence!

Han Muye's words caused the world to tremble, and the Dao Ancestors' divine senses intertwined crazily.

The bowl above his head also rumbled and vibrated.

"Master, let's make a deal."

"During the Dao Competition, you will control it for me. After the Dao Competition, you will refine all the souls and bodies taken by the alms bowl and step into the Dao Ancestor Realm.

"If you don't want to become an ancestor, I will send this alms bowl to the 10,000 Buddhas Temple.

"The Everlasting Fate Buddha Sect possesses an Immortal Artifact, so its inheritance will definitely flourish."

Chapter 837 - 837 Awakening of the Divine Beast in the Desolate Wilderness

By achieving great things within less than 100 years, they would have the opportunity to become a Dao Ancestor!

What did all the cultivators who came to the Land of the Dao Competition want?

It was just an opportunity!

It was not difficult to enter the alms bowl as a spirit compared to relying on a faction.

Moreover, Buddhist cultivators were more sacrificial. It was really difficult for Shi Ming to refuse Han Muye's offer to send the alms bowl immortal treasure back to the Everlasting Fate Buddhist Sect after the Dao competition.

“Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic, what great wisdom...” In the void, a Dao Ancestor sighed.

“It’s not just wisdom. An Immortal Artifact as a bargaining chip. I’m afraid even Dao Ancestors like us are unwilling to part with such a treasure.”

From the kid at the beginning to Minister Han now, from being on the sidelines to winning people’s respect and admiration, Han Muye had the right to be valued in front of the Dao Ancestors.

“Buzz!”

The alms bowl above Han Muye’s head shook, and Buddhist light dissipated, covering a thousand miles.

Buddha Into Spirit!

The immortal treasure was formed!

Countless Buddhist runes intertwined with heavenly lightning on the purple-gold alms bowl. It shrank from a hundred miles in size to the size of a palm.

The purple alms bowl landed in Han Muye’s hand, surrounded by golden light.

Han Muye strode forward with the alms bowl in his hand.

In front, the five sages of the Immortal Spirit World looked at each other and subconsciously retreated.

With the sages retreating, the Heaven Realm experts did not dare to stay.

Lu Yang waved his hand, and the Heavenly Mystic Army followed behind Han Muye.

The Desolate Wilderness also began to move, slowly drifting in the direction of the Heavenly Mystic World.

No one dared to stop Han Muye, who was holding the bowl in his hand.

Not to mention sages, even Dao Ancestors would not dare to do so.

The power of the immortal treasure was unknown. Whoever dared to step forward would definitely suffer a lightning strike.

The more powerful an expert was, the more he cherished his life.

Even if he did not die, he would have to pay a huge price to recover from an injury.

Participating in the Dao Competition was for opportunities, not for losses.

Moreover, wasn’t this Dao competition still decades away? Why was there a need to fight to the death now?

At this moment, everyone in the Immortal Spirit World wanted to retreat.

Han Muye led the Heaven Realm and army behind him to break through the encirclement and fly out of the wilderness.

Seeing that Han Muye and the others were about to leave, an Immortal Spirit sage in black armor gritted his teeth and shouted, “Kill—”

He had spoken of the Immortal Spirit World. If he did not make a move today, it would be difficult to explain when he returned.

Besides, how could he be willing to let Han Muye and the others go just like that?

“Boom!”

Army formations surrounded the desolate land again.

Splitting up and surrounding them like this was even more dangerous than surrounding and killing the entire Heavenly Mystic army.

If they were separated and attacked, the Heavenly Mystic army would not be able to unleash enough combat power and could be destroyed in one battle.

The only change now was Han Muye.

Turning around, the alms bowl in Han Muye’s hand flew up.

Immortal treasures.

The alms bowl spun and transformed into a 1,000-mile-long spiritual light that directly enveloped the million-strong immortal spirit army that was blocking the Desolate Wilderness.

A flash.

When all the spiritual light dissipated, the million-strong immortal spirit army had already disappeared.

Devour!

The power of this alms bowl was devouring!

The spiritual light pillar that was not killed appeared. The power of this treasure was to devour the enemy and turn it into its own power.

The stronger the power stored in such a treasure, the stronger its combat strength.

The five Sages of the Immortal Spirit World looked at each other with solemn expressions.

“Attack.” The black-armored man raised the long saber in his hand and flew up.

The other four also moved.

The immortal alms bowl devoured a million troops and definitely needed some time to refine.

If he took advantage of this time to attack, not only would he be able to win, but he might even be able to snatch the immortal treasure.

If an Immortal Artifact was in the hands of a sage, then even a Dao Ancestor would have to avoid it.

Killing and seizing treasures!

At this moment, even the Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao Competition were tempted.

If they could control this immortal treasure, they would be invincible among peers.

“Minister Han, you go first.” Lu Yang shouted and flew up to block Han Muye.

His combat strength had already reached the Semi-God Realm. In the Land of Dao Competition, the Semi-God Realm was already the top.

Not only Lu Yang, but Gongsun Shu, Dongfang Shu, and the others also flew over.

No matter what, Han Muye must not die.

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he glanced at Lu Yang and the others.

“When do I need you to save me?”

With that, Han Muye raised his hand and put away the alms bowl.

The Immortal Treasure had just been formed and didn’t even have time to nurture it. The stored power depended on Shi Ming, who had turned into a Weapon Spirit.

Just as outsiders thought, refining a million troops required time.

This treasure could not be used for the time being.

However, when the million-strong army refined it, the power would be terrifying.

“In the end, I’m still a sword cultivator.” Han Muye smiled.

In a flash, he had already appeared on the Desolate Wilderness.

A Star Spiritual Pearl appeared in his hand.

“Seniors, it’s been a long time.

“He Tianzhen, wake up!”

When the Spiritual Pearl landed, the power stored in it turned into a torrent.

At this moment, the Desolate Wilderness emitted a terrifying power.

“Boom!”

A mountain range collapsed, and a 100,000-foot bull stepped out.

“Boom!”

A huge river surged, and a crocodile roared.

“Boom!”

A 10,000-foot golden tiger slowly rose from the desert.

...

The power in the Star Spiritual Pearl woke up the hibernating beasts.

These divine beasts and strange beasts that had exhausted their strength to carry the desolate land all looked up ahead.

“Baxia.”

Han Muye had the power of Baxia.

“Haha, Baxia, you’re still alive.”

“We’re both alive.”

The vast power turned into a demonic light that enveloped a million miles.

This was the power of the Desolate Wilderness Divine Beast, which had already surpassed the limits of this world.

Chapter 838 - 838 Awakening of the Divine Beast in the Desolate Wilderness (2)

The moment these strange beasts and divine beasts woke up, the power of the Heavenly Dao in the Desolate Wilderness condensed and turned into the phantom of a black tiger.

The black tiger looked at Han Muye with excitement in its eyes.

The Heavenly Dao of the Desolate Wilderness was created by Han Muye.

Facing Han Muye, the Heavenly Dao was filled with endless admiration.

If Han Muye had not nurtured this Heavenly Dao, how could the wilderness have returned to the Heavenly Mystic World?

Han Muye raised his hand and gently stroked the void, as if he was stroking the top of the black tiger’s head.

“Let’s go home.”

Turning around, Han Muye strode out.

He did not even look at the sage of the Immortal Spirit World who was frozen in midair.

The demonic light interweaving above the Desolate Wilderness was already so powerful that even the world could not suppress it.

Even the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle had no choice but to suppress the world with all their might. They did not have the time to pay attention to this place, let alone a few small sages.

The 30 million-strong army retreated, and the sages and Heaven Realm experts retreated.

Countless experts from the Immortal Spirit World watched helplessly as Han Muye led the wilderness towards the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

Who would dare to stop him?

A sage?

A Dao Ancestor?

Or was it a Divine Venerable?

No one could stop so many Desolate Wilderness beasts.

Back then, several Divine Venerables had attacked the Desolation at the same time.

“This child, Prime Minister Han, is amazing...” Finally, the power of the world’s destruction was suppressed. A Dao Ancestor whispered.

“So it turns out that his trump card has always been here.” Someone said with a light sigh.

Whether it was gathering Heaven Realm experts or roaming the immortal world, it was not his goal.

Han Muye’s ultimate goal was to bring the wilderness back to Heavenly Mystic.

If he did not come, Lu Yang and his army would not be able to return even if they took another hundred years.

“Since there are so many trump cards in the Desolate Wilderness, why didn’t he come directly?” Someone asked in puzzlement.

“That’s right. This Dao Ancestor has already met quite a few old acquaintances. Back then, we had quite a few dealings,” someone replied.

“Is it to subdue those 10,000 Heaven Realm experts? It’s just Heaven Realm, it can’t be...”

...

No one knew why Han Muye had gone through so much trouble.

Everyone could only see that from the beginning until now, Han Muye had traversed the Heavenly Mystic Realm, plundered the Immortal Spirit World, refined an immortal treasure, and then led the wilderness and ten million troops back.

It was as if everything was within his calculation.

The army did not stop until they reached a million miles into the Land of Profound Heavens. Countless troops of the Profound Heavens formed a line.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a purple-gold alms bowl appeared in the sky.

The alms bowl turned into a thousand-mile-long spiritual light that floated indefinitely.

“Minister Han, aren’t you bringing this treasure back to the Heavenly Mystic World?” Seeing that Han Muye had left the immortal treasure alms bowl here, Gongsun Shu asked in a low voice.

Han Muye nodded. “This immortal treasure is far from being formed. It will take at least decades to refine.”

“Furthermore, this treasure requires a large amount of energy to be injected into it. If it stays here, it can continuously devour the experts of the Immortal Spirit World.”

How could an immortal treasure be refined in a few days?

Previously, Han Muye had only used Shi Ming’s power to unleash less than 10% of the combat strength of an immortal treasure to intimidate the other party.

In any case, no one knew how powerful immortal treasures were.

“Mountain Elder, aren’t you afraid that this treasure will be seized by the experts of the Immortal Spirit World?” Dongfang Shu asked in confusion.

This was an Immortal Artifact!

Hearing his words, Han Muye chuckled and said, “This treasure has Master Shi Ming as its artifact spirit. Master can do whatever he wants.”

The Dharma treasures in Han Muye’s hands, Daoist Dayan and Zhao Yunlong, had their own intelligence. They did not need him to do anything.

How could such a precious treasure be controlled by someone else?

It could only be said that if someone controlled it, the power of the Immortal Treasure would be stronger.

Now that Han Muye had placed this treasure here, it could be used as an army.

The power of this treasure could stop the combined forces of several sages.

When the million-strong army refined it, the power of the immortal treasure would truly be revealed.

“Senior Brother, this is the Ten Thousand Demons Token.” Xiang Lingshuang, who was tall and strong, strode over with two swords on his back. He held the Ten Thousand Demons Token in both hands and bowed to Han Muye.

Han Muye took the Ten Thousand Demons Token and patted Xiang Lingshuang’s arm.

“Kid, you’ve grown up.”

At this moment, Xiang Lingshuang was no longer the little brat of the Elephant Clan who did not even dare to kill back then. Instead, he had become a decisive and powerful cultivator.

He led the Desolate Wilderness back to the Heavenly Mystic, surviving all kinds of dangers along the way.

When Han Muye said that he had grown up, Xiang Lingshuang’s eyes turned red.

This made Han Muye laugh.

“Granduncle, why didn’t you destroy the Immortal Spirit Army in one battle?” Lu Yang looked at the divine beasts and strange beasts that were shining with demonic light on the Desolate Wilderness and asked in a low voice.

With the help of these divine beasts, they could completely wipe out an army of tens of millions of immortal spirits in a single battle and even kill their sage experts.

In this way, the Dao competition was almost over.

Lu Yang’s words made the others nod.

Han Muye smiled but said nothing.

Qian Yiming, who was standing at the side, had a glint in his eyes. He glanced at Han Muye and then at the wilderness.

“Minister Han, those newly awakened ancient divine beasts probably don’t have much combat strength, right?”

They did not have much combat strength.

His words stunned everyone.

The demonic qi soared for thousands of miles. The demonic beasts that covered the sky did not have any combat strength?

“That’s right.” Han Muye nodded and chuckled. “If these seniors really recover their strength, I don’t mind flattening the Immortal Spirit World in one battle.”

In fact, the great demons and divine beasts in the Desolate Wilderness had yet to recover their strength!

Everything that happened before was just a bluff!

Chapter 839 - 839 Awakening of the Divine Beast in the Desolate Wilderness (3)

Therefore, Han Muye did not fight. Instead, he led the wilderness back to Heavenly Mystic.

When this news spread, the experts of the Immortal Spirit World were all dumbfounded.

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle were speechless.

No one expected that in the end, Han Muye would swagger back to Heavenly Mystic with his bluff.

“Boom!”

A rumbling sound came from the void.

Countless immortal spirits began to attack the Heavenly Mystic battlefield.

Han Muye’s expression did not change. He turned around and led the desolate land towards the Heavenly Mystic World.

The Heavenly Mystic Realm had established a line of defense outside the realm for so many years. If it was so easy to break through, Wen Mosheng would not have been qualified to sit firmly in the position of literary minister for 10,000 years.

Attacking the Heavenly Mystic defense line by force would cost the Immortal Spirit World 10 times their lives!

In front of the Heavenly Mystic World, Han Muye stood quietly.

Behind him, the Heaven Realm cultivators remained silent.

Previously, when he left Heavenly Mystic, he did not take a closer look. Now that he looked at it again, the Heavenly Mystic world was lush and lush.

He made a trip to the Immortal Spirit World and conquered several worlds. Now that he looked at it again, the Heavenly Mystic World was his root. It was the place that he truly felt close to.

“Is it worth it for countless lives to protect this dazzling star?”

Han Muye muttered.

No one answered.

At this moment, there was no need for an answer.

The answer was in his heart.

The 10,000 Heaven Realm experts behind Han Muye wanted to return to the Heavenly Mystic Realm the most.

Home.

No matter how good an immortal spirit was, it was not his home.

Protecting the Heavenly Mystic Realm without any regrets.

A golden seal condensed in Han Muye’s hand.

The Ten Thousand Demons Token appeared in his other hand.

A fragment of the Demon Gathering Bell and the seal that controlled the Heavenly Mystic Realm appeared at the same time, causing the light in the sky outside the Heavenly Mystic Realm to surge.

“Boom!”

The desolate land wrapped in spiritual light crashed into the Heavenly Mystic.

With Han Muye’s guidance from several seals and the Ten Thousand Demons Token, the desolate land crashed into the Heavenly Mystic Realm without any obstruction.

“Xiang Lingshuang, lead the seniors to the Southern Wasteland to recuperate.”

“In the future, I will still need the help of the seniors in the Dao Competition.”

Han Muye looked at Xiang Lingshuang and spoke loudly.

Xiang Lingshuang bowed and flew back to the desolate land.

He could not wait to return to the Southern Wasteland to see his clan and the elders.

The divine beasts and beasts on the desolate wilderness looked at Han Muye, nodded, and flew towards the Southern Wasteland with the entire land.

This was the Desolate Wilderness.

This world had the special power of the desolate land.

After entering the Heavenly Mystic World in the Desolate Wilderness and combining it with the Southern Wasteland, the demons of the Southern Wasteland would definitely be incomparably powerful in the future.

It was just that so many divine beasts needed too much strength to recover their strength.

Han Muye had a headache.

I can't possibly provide for them myself, right? he thought.

Then I'll go bankrupt.

"Let's go home."

Not thinking about how to let those divine beasts recover their strength, Han Muye waved his hand and led the ten thousand Heaven Realm experts behind him back to the Heavenly Mystic World.

As soon as they entered the Heavenly Mystic World, endless spiritual light enveloped their bodies.

At this moment, golden pillars of light appeared on everyone's bodies.

At this point, who didn't support Heavenly Mystic?

Everyone who had followed Han Muye out of Heavenly Mystic looked excited.

Returning home in glory.

As long as they brought back the huge amount of wealth on them, they would be able to increase the power behind them.

Ten years.

In just 10 years, their sects and families would be able to rise.

In 10 years, everyone had the confidence to raise their cultivation to an unimaginable level.

When wealth, law, companionship, and land were gathered to the extreme, many things would happen naturally.

Most of the time, one could do whatever they wanted with wealth.

"Welcome back, Prime Minister Han..."

From the void of space, Yunduan's voice sounded.

Outside the Imperial City, cultivators bowed.

The sky was golden.

Yunduan did not know what method Han Muye had used to make all the Heavenly Mystic Realm experts firmly support the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

However, she was not prepared to investigate further.

She could not see through Prime Minister Han's abilities at all.

She only wanted to go to the Immortal Ship to see her sister and then dance.

Han Muye landed outside the Imperial City and bowed.

He turned around and looked at the Heaven Realm cultivator behind him.

“Everyone, cultivate well. I might appear in the Heavenly Mystic World at any time.”

With that, Han Muye strode into the Imperial City without waiting for a response.

Another Heavenly Mystic!

All the Heaven Realm cultivators smiled.

They couldn’t wait to plunder the Heavenly Mystic 10 or 100 times in the future!

“Haha, Fellow Daoist Su Sheng, you can come to my Daming Mountain as a guest when you’re free.”

“Brother Wang Yuan, remember to come to the Sword Mausoleum Lake. I’ll take care of you.”

The Heaven Realm experts greeted each other and flew away.

Fighting side by side, be it Confucianism, Spiritualism, Daoism, or the generals, they were all comrades.

The strongest thing in the world was nothing more than a wandering piece from beyond the sky.

The Desolate Beast of the Southern Wasteland had descended, and the Imperial City’s Heaven Realm had returned.

With the news, endless wealth gathered in Heavenly Mystic.

In the month since Han Muye returned to the Heavenly Mystic, the concentration of spiritual energy in the entire Heavenly Mystic World had increased tenfold.

After plundering so many treasures from the world of stars and bringing them back to the Heavenly Mystic World, the spiritual energy of the Heavenly Mystic Realm would naturally increase. Moreover, the power in the Desolate Wilderness was even stronger.

Han Muye was in seclusion in the Imperial City and only came out a month later.

The first thing he did after coming out of seclusion was to go straight to the Imperial City Academy and gather the instructors and students of the academy. He selected 3,000 Confucian scholars to form a council of senators to handle state affairs.

According to him, there were too many little things in Heavenly Mystic. Other than the local government affairs, there were also tens of millions of troops from the outside world that needed to be dealt with.

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The 3,000 senators were only temporary. He needed to recruit more people from the various forces in the Heavenly Mystic and the Outer World army to gather 10,000 people.

In the future, all matters in Heavenly Mystic would be handled by these tens of thousands of participating officials. Each of them would have his own duties, and when something big happened, it would be decided by the new emperor, Yunduan.

As for himself, he had to cultivate.

In the battle of the Dao, one's strength came first. Without enough strength, one could not win the battle of the Dao. Everything else was nonsense.

This was Han Muye standing in the main hall of the Imperial City, refuting the words of the generals and civil servants.

Using a council of senators to handle government affairs, the civil and military officials would naturally be dissatisfied if their authority was deprived.

But Han Muye didn't care.

On the other hand, the Heavenly Mystic Royal Family strongly supported Han Muye's decision.

After all, Han Muye was still in charge of the new emperor.

In a year, the situation in Heavenly Mystic Imperial City changed drastically.

The Imperial City Academy's participating officials, as well as the generals who had returned from the frontlines, and the representatives sent by various factions to deal with matters of the Heavenly Mystic Realm were orderly.

The first three to two months were a little chaotic.

Many times, even Yunduan could not make a decision and had to consult Han Muye.

Han Muye's judgment about these things was that since he could not make a decision, it would depend on whether both sides had selfish motives.

Those with selfish motives were directly expelled from the Heavenly Mystic and became soldiers at the front line.

If there were no selfish motives, then it would depend on which side's suggestion was more useful for the Heavenly Mystic to win the Dao competition.

If they couldn't win the Dao Competition, everything would be nonsense.

Three months later, after the exile of 300 senators, Han Muye did not need to interfere in any matters in the Imperial City.

Other than cultivating in seclusion, he returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion and sat behind the counter in a daze.

"Foster Father, you'd better not come to the Pill Destiny Pavilion in the future. If you continue to stay here, our Pill Destiny Pavilion will go bankrupt." Huang Zhihu, who was wearing a yellow dress, looked at Han Muye and complained.

"Look at Yuting and the others' pills. How long has it been since they were sold?"

"You're the prime minister. If you sit here, who would dare to buy medicinal pills?" Huang Zhihu muttered angrily.

Zuo Yuting, who was standing at the door, smiled.

There was not a single grasshopper outside the door.

"Do you think that I can't fool around outside if I keep a fat tiger like you in the Pill Fate Pavilion?" Han Muye looked up and said calmly.

"Stop fooling around. Your Brother Xiaoxuan will be back in a few days.

"He'd be coming with a gift from Sixth Brother."

Hearing the gift, Huang Zhihu's face revealed a trace of anticipation.

Han Muye kept saying that her father would send someone back, but she didn't know if it was true.

Could her father really return after transforming into a demon and leaving the Heavenly Mystic?

At the entrance of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, a young boy climbed in.

Huang Zhihu reached out to hug her. "Little Five, did you come here yourself?"

The little guy with the tiger head whimpered a few times. A voice came from behind. "Sister, I'm Little Five. He's Little Six."

At the threshold, there was also a tiger head, but the kid with slightly longer eyebrows looked up.

Huang Zhihu nodded and muttered, "It can really give birth..."

Han Muye smiled and looked outside. The Southern Wasteland Snack Shop next door was doing well. Shao Datian and Cuicui had already given birth to a nest of little fellows.

If Junior Sister Mu Wan is still in the Pill Destiny Pavilion, will I have a child too?

Looking at Huang Zhihu in front of him, the smile in Han Muye's eyes deepened.

This little girl had grown up in the blink of an eye. He could finally answer to Sixth Brother.

"Minister Han, the sixth sister-in-law of the Western Frontier's Jinyang City has arrived at the Imperial City." Qian Yiming's voice sounded from the door.

Han Muye stood up. Huang Zhihu threw the kid in her arms and ran out.

"Zhihu, Sixth Sister-in-law was picked up by Princess Yunjin and has already entered the palace to see the Emperor," Qian Yiming shouted from behind.

"Oh," Huang Zhihu replied and turned to run towards the palace.

Han Muye stood at the door, his gaze on the avenue.

On the main road, a figure in a green robe with a long sword on his back slowly walked over.

Qian Yiming's entire body trembled. He wanted to go forward and stop him, but he felt that he could not stop him at all.

"I've finally returned to the Imperial City.

"Mortal world..."

Gao Xiaoxuan carried his sword on his back, his eyes filled with vicissitudes.

"Kid, why are you so emotional?" Han Muye glared at him and sized him up. "Is the demonic nature suppressed?"

Gao Xiaoxuan grinned. "Almost. We'll have to wait for your pills."