

## **Pavilion 841**

### **Chapter 841 - 841 The Immortal World is the Immortal World**

As Gao Xiaoxuan spoke, he took out a small storage bag and handed it to Han Muye.

Han Muye took it and checked it. He saw that it was all the spiritual herbs needed to refine demonic pills.

If not for the Ancient Divine Herb Garden as the foundation, he would not have been able to gather these herbs.

“Sixth Brother said that once he stabilizes his position on the Ancestral Demon Star, he will come personally.”

Gao Xiaoxuan said.

Han Muye nodded and led Gao Xiaoxuan into the shop and into the backyard.

After crossing the dam and returning, even with Han Muye’s diagram guiding him, Gao Xiaoxuan experienced many calamities.

In the backyard, Gao Xiaoxuan took off the long sword on his back and drew it.

Sword light flashed, and a few jade boxes appeared.

“These are the swords and pills that Sixth Brother asked me to bring.”

These swords were the standard swords outside the dam. Their characteristics and attributes were the same, having gone through the same refining processes.

Han Muye reached out to catch the jade boxes and examined them. There were three million long swords in the jade boxes.

After his incarnation left the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, Huang Six was in charge of all the transactions there.

This batch of most important swords and pills was personally delivered by Gao Xiaoxuan.

Each jade box contained three million swords, a total of 12 million swords.

Every single one of them was a middle-grade spiritual weapon. They could be nurtured slowly and upgraded.

The Qiyang Sword Sect behind Divine Venerable Qi Yang had refined them with all their might. Medium-grade spiritual weapons were the most cost-effective and the fastest to be refined.

If they pursued superior-grade spiritual weapons, the speed would be much slower.

In the other jade boxes were various healing pills that were urgently needed for the Dao Competition.

The Dao Essence Cauldron that Han Muye had left on Infinite Unity Star had a puppet cultivator who refined pills day and night.

“Senior Brother, where is your incarnation now?” Gao Xiaoxuan looked at Han Muye and asked curiously.

Han Muye smiled and said, “Don’t worry, my incarnation will naturally appear when needed.”

His incarnation had left the Ancient Cloud Galaxy earlier than Gao Xiaoxuan and returned through the dam.

However, the incarnation did not directly enter the place of the Dao Competition. Instead, it went elsewhere.

“I’ll help you refine the pills first before accompanying you to see Zhihu and Sixth Sister-in-law.” Han Muye turned around and walked into the quiet room.

He raised his hand and set up a light array. An illusory cauldron appeared.

Right now, he no longer needed to rely on the power of the pill cauldron to refine pills.

Spirit herbs appeared in front of him one by one. Among them, the main ingredient was an immortal fruit and twelve ten-thousand-year-old spirit herbs with rich medicinal power.

This pill formula was deduced by Han Muye. He had carefully deduced the compatibility between every spiritual herb.

After all, there was only one immortal fruit. This batch of medicine could only succeed.

The alchemic fire rose and the spiritual herbs entered the furnace.

It was much easier than he had imagined. In less than two hours, thunder rumbled in the sky.

Han Muye moved and landed on the lightning platform.

A skinny cultivator flew forward. When he saw Han Muye, he was first stunned, then his face turned red.

“These are spiritual rocks.” Han Muye raised his hand and threw out three million spiritual rocks.

Back when he was refining pills here, it was this skinny cultivator who received him.

“Han, Han...” The skinny cultivator held the spiritual rock in his hand, unable to speak.

He could not imagine that the alchemy cultivator he had received back then was the current Prime Minister Han.

If he had not seen the illusory image of Minister Han, he would not have believed that Minister Han would draw the lightning to refine pills here.

“Boom!”

This time, the lightning was more resplendent than all the lightning tribulations.

The formation on the lightning platform was activated to its limit.

The entire array above the Imperial City began to operate.

A portion of the power of the Imperial City Formation was absorbed from the Lightning Attracting Platform. The stronger the lightning, the more power the formation stored.

In the Imperial City, many great cultivators turned their attention over.

Prime Minister Han was refining pills...

In the palace, Yunduan frowned when she heard the servant reporting in a low voice.

"What is this guy doing..."

She whispered.

Beside her, Huang Zhihu, who was sitting upright, came over and said, "I'm also curious. Godfather rarely refines pills that trigger lightning."

The two of them sat close together and spoke softly. Lu Qingping, who was sitting in front, could not hear their conversation clearly. She could only see their intimate looks.

Yunduan was dressed in a royal robe. Although it was ordinary clothes, it was still very noble.

Huang Zhihu was wearing a yellow dress, looking youthful and beautiful.

Lu Qingping smiled and turned to look at Princess Yunjin, who was sitting at the side.

"Princess, I think the two of them are quite compatible. I wonder what Senior Brother Han thinks?"

They were a good match.

Yunjin was stunned and smiled.

Yunduan and Huang Zhihu were also stunned.

Yunduan smiled and reached out to pull Huang Zhihu's shoulder. "Zhihu, we're a good match."

Huang Zhihu leaned on her shoulder and lowered her voice. "Do you still want to be my godmother?"

The two of them laughed and joked.

Lu Qingping watched and could only sigh softly. Her daughter had grown up.

Her daughter had been with her adoptive father since she was young. She had never fulfilled her responsibility of raising and teaching her.

She knew that Huang Zhihu had suffered a lot. When she was a few years old, she followed Han Muye into the Southern Wasteland Mystic Realm and almost couldn't return.

Later on, she was very independent on White Deer Mountain.

With a smile, Lu Qingping looked at Huang Zhihu in front of her.

This girl was already in charge of the Heavenly Mystic Sun Guards and had tens of millions of sword cultivators behind her.

When Sixth Brother returned, he would also be gratified.

Thinking of Huang Six, Lu Qingping's heart warmed.

From Jinyang City to the Imperial City, she was escorted by many cultivators.

They were not ordinary cultivators. They were demonic cultivators from the Ancestral Demon Star in the distant Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

#### **Chapter 842 - 842 The Immortal World is the Immortal World**

These dead warriors under the Heaven Trampling Demon God had a single mission when they came to the Dao Battleground, and it was to protect her and Huang Zhihu.

They even brought news that Heaven Trampler Huang Zhenxiong would personally come to look for them.

They also brought some jade slips with Huang Six's phantom and what Huang Six wanted to tell her.

That night, Lu Qingping cried a few times.

Huang Zhenxiong was still alive and had already become a Great Sage of the demonic path.

She and their daughter were not alone.

The lightning dissipated, and a banquet began in the palace.

It was a family banquet. There was only Lu Qingping, Yunjin, Yunduan, and Huang Zhihu.

Not long after the banquet began, Han Muye and Gao Xiaoxuan rushed over.

At this moment, the spiritual light on Gao Xiaoxuan's body had already retracted. There was no longer any trace of demonic intent.

Everyone stood up and bowed to Han Muye.

Huang Zhihu and Yunduan also hurriedly gave up their seats.

"Sixth Sister-in-law." Gao Xiaoxuan looked at Lu Qingping.

"Xiaoxuan." Lu Qingping looked emotional and said softly, "You've grown up."

Gao Xiaoxuan was carrying a long sword on his back. He was handsome and delicate.

"Sixth Brother sent me to protect Sixth Sister-in-law and niece Zhihu." Gao Xiaoxuan's expression did not change. He turned to look at Huang Zhihu.

Huang Zhihu raised her head and sized him up. She muttered, "Didn't you say it's Brother Xiaoxuan? How did you become Uncle Xiaoxuan? Uncle ages easily..."

"Zhihu, quickly call Uncle." Lu Qingping glared at Huang Zhihu.

Huang Zhihu called out 'Uncle Xuan' in a voice softer than a cat.

At the side, Yunjin looked at Han Muye with some warmth, but she did not dare to meet his eyes.

The atmosphere of this banquet was a little strange.

At the end, Gao Xiaoxuan followed Lu Qingping and Huang Zhihu to the arranged residence. Han Muye returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion alone, while Yunjin stayed in the palace.

“Mother, you can tell, right? The way Princess Yunjin looks at Godfather.

“Mother, do you know the relationship between Uncle Xiaoxuan and Auntie Wuhen?

“Mother, I’ve seen the jade slip Father gave me. Goodness, Heaven Trampler, that valiant appearance of his is so domineering. Why did all of them say that my Father is Sixth Brother?”

...

Huang Zhihu muttered all sorts of things beside her mother. Gao Xiaoxuan’s expression did not change as he rode behind the carriage, as if he did not hear anything.

Lu Qingping stared at Huang Zhihu angrily.

“Tell me, why are you so close to the Emperor?

“Did he take advantage of you?

“What did your godfather say? Did he ask the royal family to propose marriage?

“Girls have to follow the rules. How am I going to explain to your father when he comes back?”

...

Whispers were heard in the carriage.

Gao Xiaoxuan and the group of demonic death soldiers brought all kinds of treasures.

These were all given to Lu Qingping and Huang Zhihu by Huang Six.

Lu Qingping didn’t care about the treasures. She just accepted them and said that she would give them to Huang Zhihu as a dowry in the future.

Huang Zhihu, on the other hand, chose some and used whatever she could use first.

Her cultivation level was about to reach the Heaven Realm, but she lacked accumulation and needed more training.

Three days later, Han Muye gathered the generals of the Mystic Sun Guards in the Imperial City. Huang Zhihu and the sword cultivator commanders under her were also summoned.

“From today onwards, the Mystic Sun Guards and the Eastern Sea Sword Dao cultivators will all switch to using the same standard sword.

“All military formations, practice the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.”

Han Muye’s gaze landed on Huang Zhihu.

“Tell me, how long will it take?”

Standard sword.

Practice the military formation.

The military formation drill had actually been going on for a long time.

However, because cultivators had different sword techniques and cultivation foundations, their cultivation levels were different, and the swords in their hands were different, it was difficult for them to form combat strength.

Only those sword cultivators who formed the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation using sword cores would have some sword formation power.

However, these sword cores only had the power of ordinary spirit weapons, so the combat power they formed was limited.

“Minister Han, the Eastern Sea sword cultivators have long been proficient in their military formations. It’s just that it’s difficult to configure the standard sword. I’m afraid it will take three years to achieve the power of the sword formation.”

Huang Zhihu thought for a moment and bowed.

At this moment, in the main hall, what she said was the truth.

Being able to form a formation in three years and unleash the power of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation was already the limit of what she could do.

This did not mean that all tens of millions of sword cultivators would participate, but a portion of them.

It was simply impossible for tens of millions of sword cultivators to form a grand array.

“These are 10 million standard swords, 2 million Mystic Sun Guards, and 10 million Eastern Sea sword cultivators.”

Han Muye raised his hand and placed a few jade boxes on the long table.

“I’ll give you 10 years to train the army.

“Ten years later, if the military formation fails, I will punish you severely.”

Han Muye’s voice was cold.

The generals below stood up and bowed. “Yes!”

Huang Zhihu was pleasantly surprised.

With so many standard swords, there was no need to worry about battle formations!

The thought of 10 million sword cultivators forming the Heavenly Cycle Formation made one’s heart surge.

After taking out the sword, Han Muye stopped caring about the court.

With 10,000 advisors, they could handle anything in the Heavenly Mystic.

He did not return to the Pill Destiny Pavilion. Instead, he went straight to the Xin Xiang's residence, stepped into a quiet room, and began his seclusion.

The Prime Minister's Mansion was enveloped by spiritual light as sword lights intertwined.

At this moment, Han Muye sat cross-legged with his eyes closed. The power of his soul quietly landed on the incarnation of a divine beast tens of thousands of miles away.

Before his main body and incarnation fused, if his soul power wanted to deal with the battle, he would have to enter seclusion and divert his attention.

At this moment, his incarnation was facing a huge battle. He had no choice but to enter seclusion with his main body and focus on supporting his incarnation.

Inside the dam.

When Han Muye's divine beast incarnation returned to the dam, he crossed tens of thousands of miles and met the golden-armored general that he and Daoist Dayan had robbed.

It seemed that this guy had remembered his aura and was waiting for him to come.

This time, Han Muye did not flinch.

He had already completely controlled the body of a divine beast. The combat strength of this incarnation was so strong that he was really not afraid of anything in the dam that suppressed the Dao.

"Boom!"

The golden-armored general's long saber was blocked by Han Muye's fist. Then he punched his armor and forced it back.

This was already the hundredth day of the battle between Han Muye and the golden-armored general.

Over the past hundred days, Han Muye had slowly gained the upper hand.

The Ancient Divine General's combat experience was indeed rich. Every move and style was pushed to the extreme.

In the beginning, even with the power of a divine beast, Han Muye could barely maintain his undefeated state.

During the battle, he kept comprehending the changes in the circulation of his power and even began to simulate his opponent's methods.

Two months later, their attacks had changed, and Han Muye was slowly escaping his suppressed position.

In the next month or so, Han Muye could already suppress the other party.

"Boom!"

With another punch, the golden-armored general's robe shattered.

When his armor shattered, the Divine General spat out a mouthful of blood mixed with gold.

His originally tyrannical and confused eyes revealed a trace of clarity.

His gaze landed on Han Muye. He seemed to be thinking or searching his memories.

“Divine Court, chaos, dam...”

A look of pain crossed his face.

“Transcendence, it’s all about transcendence.

“Everyone wants to go to the Immortal World!”

The Divine General’s eyes flickered with a blood-colored light as he looked up at Han Muye. “I’m all ants, all ants!”

Han Muye took a step forward and slashed down with his soul sword.

With a flash of the sword light, the divine soul of the divine general trembled, and his eyes regained some clarity.

“The Divine Court is a tool for the Immortal World to rule.

“We’re just domesticated dogs and horses. Even the Divine Venerable can’t escape.”

The Divine General grabbed Han Muye’s arm, his aura surging. “The Sky Reaching Tree. Only the Sky Reaching Tree has a chance...”

Before he could finish his messy words, the divine general had already cried out in pain, and divine light exploded from his body.

Fallen.

An Ancient Divine General whose combat strength was comparable to a Divine Venerable had died in this dam.

Beside Han Muye, Daoist Dayan looked excitedly at the pile of various treasures flickering with golden light in front of him.

Han Muye’s expression was calm as he reached out and picked up the long saber on the ground.

Taking a deep breath, he injected his sword qi into the saber.

“Boom!”

Endless streams of light appeared in his mind, and the magnificent scene of the Divine Court appeared again.

The Divine Court.

Divine General.

“The Immortal Realm recruits every 100,000 years. All the Dao Ancestors and Divine Venerables have to go, but they never return.”

“Where exactly is the Immortal World? What will happen if we head there?”



“Divine Emperor Wu Yan, you have to give us all an explanation today!”

A mighty voice sounded, and Han Muye felt that he almost lost his mind.

It was the voice of a Divine Venerable. The ray of spiritual light was the Divine Venerable.

“Divine Venerable?”

“He’s just a weakling. There’s no need to know too much.

“Do you want me to suppress everyone?”

An illusory voice sounded from the void.

This voice was like a mortal without any power, but it directly destroyed all the spiritual light.

“Disperse. The immortal energy will crush you. You won’t be able to withstand it.

“Immortals are immortals.

“The Immortal World is the Immortal World.”

### **Chapter 843 - 843 Vicious Beast Qiong Qi, Ancient Divine Court**

What was an immortal?

Han Muye had always thought that those who surpassed the Heaven Realm were immortals.

Those transcendent Grand Cultivators were Immortals.

He thought that he only needed to take another step forward to become an immortal.

Until he saw the scene in the Divine General’s saber.

Immortal light lingered as the sword slashed down.

Sages, Dao Ancestors, and Divine Venerables.

All the lives that Han Muye thought were already extraordinary trembled under this sword.

“Slash—”

With one sword strike, a Divine Venerable who was covered in spiritual qi and surrounded by the intersecting Great Dao was cut into two by the sword light.

The person holding the long sword was wearing a robe with five dragons coiled around it and a jade dragon crown on his head.

The sword was stained with blood as it slowly pointed forward.

“Tell me, who else wants to die?”

For a moment, all the experts retreated, not daring to speak.

The difference between an immortal and a mortal was like a natural chasm!

He sheathed his sword and said in a lazy voice, "Let's disperse. Isn't it good to let me finish guarding this batch?"

"Cultivate well. The Immortal World is a world you can't imagine."

...

This memory was engraved in the Divine General's mind. Even when he fell into the dam, he did not forget it at all.

The sword that killed the Divine Venerable also made Han Muye narrow his eyes.

As a sword cultivator, he was naturally sensitive to sword techniques.

However, he could not sense the source of the power in the sword that the Divine Emperor had used to kill the Divine Venerable.

It was as if this sword directly tore through space and cut off time.

Time!

This sword must be a technique to control time.

Not right.

The Divine Emperor's attack did not seem to have reached that level. Instead, it was the sword that had unimaginable power.

An immortal sword was definitely a sword of immortal treasures.

Memory images circulated in the long saber. Han Muye saw the Divine Court Treasure Vault guarded by the Divine Generals. Countless treasures emitted light.

There were also various precious spiritual materials and spiritual herbs, each of which was worth billions.

Top-grade spiritual rocks were piled up, and there were also immortal spiritual rocks that emitted immortal spiritual energy.

This should be the richest place in the world, right?

Even if Han Muye was knowledgeable, he almost lost his mind in front of this treasure vault.

Who could not be tempted by so many treasures?

The scene changed and suddenly became chaotic.

The shattered heaven and earth collapsed layer by layer.

"How dare you rebel? You're courting death..." The Divine Emperor's lazy voice became angry. There was a rumble and the sound of a sword hissing.

The secret to the fall of the Divine Court!

Han Muye stared at the image, not letting go of any details.

Unfortunately, from the beginning to the end, the only thing this Divine General could do was open the formation of the treasure vault, and then he carried some shattered treasures and ran to a corner.

The entire process was trembling.

It was a battle between supreme experts. Just the power that dissipated made his legs go weak and he could not control himself.

“Boom!”

The array formation of the treasure vault shattered. Countless treasures were wrapped in the remaining power of the array formation and divided into millions of pieces that scattered in the surrounding void.

At this moment, the entire Divine Court began to turn into a vortex.

Han Muye saw the Divine Emperor in the robe being thrown off his throne by a large hand.

The long sword that could cut through time broke, and a section of the blade flew out of the Divine Court.

Cracks appeared in the sky. Divine Venerables and Sages flew into the cracks uncontrollably.

“Seal the Heavens—”

In the void, the owner of the two hands shouted.

The shattered sky began to be locked by dense spiritual light.

“Audacious ant, how dare you go against the will of the Immortal World.”

“The next time the Immortal Ascension Platform opens, all living beings in this world will be killed.”

In the sky, a blood-colored war spear stabbed down and pierced through the body of the owner of the hand.

The owner of the hand flew away with the war spear.

At this point, all the images of the battle in the Divine Court disappeared, and the memories of the divine general began to become chaotic.

“It turns out that the collapse of the Divine Court and the will of the Immortal World caused the souls of the great cultivators of the ancient era to be lost.”

“If not for the dam protecting them, they would have gone crazy and their souls would have shattered.”

No wonder it was said that the dam was protecting these ancient remnants.

Without the protection of the dam, this divine general would directly collapse because his soul did not have the Great Dao.

“So, during the Dao Competition, the defeated party’s Great Dao will also collapse?” Han Muye’s expression turned solemn.

Previously, he had taken it for granted.

He thought that in the Dao competition, victory or defeat would be decided. As long as the loser submitted, he would survive.

From the looks of it, even if he survived, he would die along with the collapse of the Great Dao.

It turned out that the Dao competition was really endless.

Unless, before the final battle of the Dao Competition, he directly crushed the other party's Dao with the Great Dao and turned it into his own Dao.

This was a hundred times harder than when they were fighting for the Dao.

"If I'm not wrong, the owner of those big hands..." Han Muye's eyes flickered.

That pair of hands had once cut off the branches of the Sky Reaching Tree.

This person should be the person behind the rebellion.

Above the Divine Court was the Immortal World.

The big hands were resisting the Immortal World.

The Immortal Ascension Platform was opened once every 100,000 years. All the Divine Venerables, Dao Ancestors, and Saints had ascended to the Immortal World, but there was no news of them.

No one knew where the Immortal Realm was or whether those mighty beings were dead or alive.

"Maybe one of them knows."

Han Muye let go of the long knife and took a deep breath.

He looked into the depths of the empty dam.

There was only one person in the world who knew about the Immortal World, and that was the Divine Emperor who guarded the Divine Court back then.

The immortal sword in his hand knew the secrets of the Immortal World.

After that immortal sword was broken, most of it crashed down with the Divine Court, but there was still a damaged sword that flew away.

If he found this broken sword, he would be able to unlock the secrets of the Immortal World!

"Master, we're rich, we're rich!" Daoist Dayan was excited. He held a few storage bags and shouted happily around Han Muye.

#### **Chapter 844 - 844 Vicious Beast Qiong Qi, Ancient Divine Court (2)**

Even though the treasures of the Divine General had been looted by various parties in the dam, the remaining treasures were far beyond Daoist Dayan's imagination.

However, seeing Han Muye's indifferent expression, Daoist Dayan was a little discouraged.

With so many treasures, this was when he was the wealthiest.

He did not know that Han Muye had seen the treasure vault of the Divine Court in the memories of the Divine General.

Compared to the entire treasure vault, this little thing was just a drop in the ocean.

“Let’s go out of the dam first.”

Han Muye spoke softly, then slowly walked forward.

He didn’t walk fast. He focused his gaze on his surroundings.

In this place where divine thoughts and spells could not display their power, they could only rely on their eyes to observe.

“Roar—”

With a roar, a hundred-foot-tall black tiger covered in black armor rushed towards Han Muye.

Han Muye punched out and trembled.

The tiger retreated in defeat. He could not help but take a few steps back.

Their physical strength was comparable!

He had the body of a divine beast, Baxia. How many living beings in the world could have his strength?

Squinting, Han Muye stared at the black-armored tiger in front of him.

The ferocious tiger’s eyes revealed a violent and ferocious glint. He bared his teeth and slowly approached.

“Alien Beast Qiong Qi.”

Han Muye enunciated each word and stared at the tiger.

This mutated tiger must have the bloodline of Qiong Qi, one of the four ancient ferocious beasts, to have the strength to fight Baxia.

“Roar—”

The tiger pounced at Han Muye and opened its mouth, its claws flashing with a cold light.

Han Muye’s figure did not change. He took a step forward and punched fiercely.

If it was a real tiger, the forward lunge was fake, but the long tail was real.

However, this was not a ferocious tiger, but a Qiong Qi. He had to deal with the methods of the ferocious beasts to resist it.

Qiong Qi was evil, and its claws could tear apart the world.

Han Muye punched out, and the powerful blood essence power turned into a strong wind that blocked in front of Qiong Qi.

The astral wind turned into Baxia's shadow. There were spikes on its back armor as it charged towards Qiong Qi.

"Bang!"

Baxia's phantom shattered, and Han Muye took a step back. Qiong Qi retreated and bared its teeth.

What powerful physical strength.

Han Muye shouted and rushed forward.

This time, he did not punch with all his might. Instead, he moved and landed beside Qiong Qi, slapping it horizontally.

As soon as the palm shadow descended, his figure had already lightly spun behind Qiong Qi and ruthlessly kicked its butt.

Qiong Qi roared. Just as it turned around, Han Muye flew up and hit its neck with his elbow.

Speed.

In the confrontation just now, Han Muye had already discovered that Qiong Qi was powerful, but its speed was slower than his.

One point was enough.

"Bam!"

"Bam!"

"Bam!"

...

Han Muye flew up and down around Qiong Qi, punching and kicking.

Qiong Qi roared crazily. Its eyes were bloodshot, but there was nothing it could do.

It could not catch Han Muye at all.

"Roar—"

The black armor on its body shattered, and Qiong Qi that was dripping with black blood roared. A blood-colored demonic light appeared around its body.

Han Muye paused and stood where he was.

Qiong Qi's claw slammed down fiercely, as if it wanted to tear Han Muye's body apart.

Seeing this claw descend, Han Muye did not move. Instead, he raised his hand and clenched his palm lightly.

"Buzz!"

A dark golden horn appeared in his hand.

Kui Horn.

He had the long horn and bloodline power given to him by the beast Kui, but he didn't use them often.

After all, Baxia's body was more than enough for him.

"Boom!"

Qiong Qi's sharp claws collided with the Kui Cow Horn, and lightning wrapped around Qiong Qi's body.

The shattered black scales on Qiong Qi's body disintegrated into nothingness. Its originally pained expression turned into blankness.

The blood in his eyes slowly receded, and a pair of wings slowly spread out on his back.

This was the appearance of an ancient Qiong Qi!

"Baxia..."

Qiong Qi lowered its body and roared. Its old voice transmitted through its soul.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and stared at the changes in Qiong Qi.

As expected, the chaotic power in the dam could be removed.

Kui's Original Lightning could dispel this chaotic power.

"Boom!"

Han Muye punched Qiong Qi in the chest again.

The power of lightning wrapped around the fist made Qiong Qi tremble, but its eyes were filled with surprise.

Qiong Qi looked away from Han Muye and scanned its surroundings.

"How many years has it been since I've looked at this world in detail? It's so clear..."

Its eyes were clear now, no longer as brutal and confused as before.

Its body slowly turned into nothingness and condensed into a white-bearded old man in a gray robe.

The strength of the ancient divine beast was too strong. It could not transform and could only transform.

"Kid, your Baxia Clan's old ancestor and I call each other brothers."

After sizing up Han Muye, Qiong Qi grinned and said, "You don't even have a Heavenly Stele, yet you have such strength. Not bad."

With that, he raised his hand and waved. The illusory fog in front of him was torn open, revealing a path.

"Come, let's sit at my place."

With that, Qiong Qi strode forward.

Han Muye followed. Daoist Dayan looked around warily and turned around. Seeing that the path in the fog was about to disappear, he hurriedly followed.

After traveling for an hour, Qiong Qi stopped at the foot of a towering cliff.

"It's a little messy, haha."

Qiong Qi said in embarrassment.

It was more than just a mess. This place was simply a kennel.

Skeletons of various giant beasts, spiritual materials that shone with spiritual light, and some shattered armor...

Han Muye knew that under the influence of the chaotic power, the consciousness of the ancient creatures in the dam was extremely unclear.

The Qiong Qi simply followed its instincts and slaughtered everywhere.

He raised his hand and swept it. Qiong Qi swept out a flat piece of limestone and landed on it.

Han Muye moved and sat down opposite him.

Daoist Dayan looked around and his eyes lit up. He quietly looked in the direction of the spiritual light.

Qiong Qi did not seem to see it, nor did it seem to care. It just looked up at Han Muye. "Little friend, where are you from? Is the Divine Court still around?"

Clearly, Qiong Qi had encountered cultivators outside the dam and knew some things about it.

However, his mind was in a mess and he could not remember many things.

"The Divine Court should have been destroyed." Han Muye shook his head.

He roughly recounted everything that happened inside and outside the dam, as well as where he came from.

In the Immortal Source Realm of the Nine Levels of Heaven, where the Ancient Gods had fallen, the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, the desolation had long shattered, and the ancient divine beasts and strange beasts were almost extinct...

Qiong Qi listened quietly, its expression constantly changing.

When he heard Han Muye say that the wilderness was still there and that many divine beasts and beasts had woken up, he sighed.

"My Desolate Wilderness used to be a large faction of the Divine Court. I didn't expect it to fall to such a state.

"I'm afraid there aren't many of those old fellows left."

Han Muye nodded, looked at Qiong Qi, and whispered, "Senior, why did the Divine Court collapse back then?"



The collapse of the Divine Court was the main reason why the dam was formed, and also the reason why this cultivation world became like this.

“Divine Court...” A hint of fear flashed across Qiong Qi’s face.

“Who wants to be enslaved forever and have their descendants controlled?” Qiong Qi looked ahead and whispered.

Turning to look at Han Muye, Qiong Qi said softly, “If one day you are forced to go to a place where you don’t know the future or danger, will you be willing?”

Han Muye shook his head.

He knew that Qiong Qi was talking about the Immortal Ascension Platform going to the Immortal World.

“It seems that you know some secrets of the Immortal World,” Qiong Qi said when he saw Han Muye’s expression.

In the ancient era, a mighty figure descended from the Immortal World and ruled this cultivation world.

With the establishment of the Divine Court and the Immortal Ascension Platform, the experts of the living beings here could use the Immortal Ascension Platform to head to the Immortal World.

It was said that the Immortal Realm was a true cultivation world. There were cultivation methods that allowed one to live forever.

This was the path of transcendence of the Great Dao, far surpassing the level of this cultivation world.

The inheritance of the Immortal World was indeed much more brilliant than the crude cultivation methods in this world.

For a time, countless experts of this world fought to go to the Immortal World.

The Immortal Ascension Platform opened once every 100,000 years. Every time, experts from all sides had to fight to obtain the opportunity to ascend to immortality.

A hundred thousand years, a million years.

Later on, the number of top-notch experts in this world decreased, and the requirements to ascend to the Immortal Ascension Platform decreased again and again. Divine Venerables, Dao Ancestors, and even Sages could step into the Immortal World.

However, in the past few million years, the seniors who stepped into the Immortal World had never returned. They did not even leave a word.

“Later, everyone began to suspect.

“No one dared to ascend the Immortal Ascension Platform anymore.”

Qiong Qi’s eyes flickered with fear and hatred.

“And then, the Immortal World brought punishment.”

**Chapter 845 - 845 Goodbye, Xu Wei, and Welcome, Outer World Allies**

The Immortal World army swept through the entire cultivation world.

Cultivators above Sages and living beings of various races were captured. They were slaughtered if they resisted even a little. Their blood, qi, and souls were sealed and taken away.

This massacre caused the cultivation world to become desolate.

Later on, the Divine Court passed down various cultivation techniques and recruited various races to serve in the Divine Court. Gradually, the matter was settled.

However, after this battle, the entire cultivation world only feared the Immortal World and no longer yearned for it.

“The collapse of the Divine Court happened 300,000 years later. A few almighty experts who escaped the massacre in the Immortal World joined forces and killed the Divine Emperor, sealing the Immortal Ascension Platform.

“It’s just that the cultivation inheritance in the cultivation world has been tampered with. After the Immortal Ascension Platform was sealed and cut off from the Immortal World, the power of heaven and earth was in chaos, which resulted in this dam.”

Qiong Qi shook its head and looked around. “Without a dam, we ancient beings won’t be able to move.”

The dam imprisoned the ancient creatures and also protected those creatures with low cultivation realms back then.

Over the past tens of thousands of years, the cultivation inheritances of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy and the land where the Ancient Gods fell slowly evolved, slowly forming their own cultivation path.

When Qiong Qi mentioned what had happened in the Divine Court back then, Han Muye also told him what he had seen recently and speculated.

“Ancient God’s Fallen Land, Ancient Cloud Galaxy...”

Qiong Qi’s eyes lit up. He lowered his voice and said, “From the looks of it, one of these two sides must have been established by the remnants of the Divine Court.

“Back then, when the Divine Emperor fell, there were many people in the Divine Court who were loyal to the Immortal World.”

If the cultivation technique inheritance was modified, many people would indeed yearn for the Immortal World.

If that was the case, perhaps the cultivation inheritance of the fallen ancient gods was the inheritance of the Divine Court back then?

Could the Nine Heavens of the Immortal Source World be left behind by the Divine Court?

Many things had happened too long ago. Only those eminences knew.

“By the way, does Senior know about the Wood Deity?”

Han Muye looked at Qiong Qi.

“The Wood Deity...” Qiong Qi’s eyes shone with a bright light. It nodded and said, “That was one of the almighty experts who besieged the Divine Court back then.”

Besieged the Divine Court!

Han Muye recalled the scene he had seen from the grass whip.

Why was it that even the Golden Wolf Demonic God could not suppress the mighty figures who were attacking the Divine Court?

Suddenly, he was stunned.

Wood Deity.

This Wood Deity was different from the other Wood Deity!

The Wood Deity he saw did not represent the Wood Deity that Qiong Qi mentioned!

Perhaps that pair of hands was the real Wood Deity.

Han Muye did not stay long at Qiong Qi’s.

According to Qiong Qi, although Han Muye’s Kui power woke him up, it could only last for a short time.

He wanted to take advantage of this time to do something.

These ancient creatures couldn’t leave the dam. Because of the chaotic qi’s corrosion, their bodies had already been transformed.

If they left the dam, the best outcome would be their bodies collapsing and their souls decaying.

The greatest possibility was that their souls would turn into evil demons that had no consciousness and only knew how to kill.

When the Divine Court collapsed and the inheritance of the Immortal World was severed, countless living beings turned into demons that were scattered in the void.

It turned out that this was the origin of the alien beasts and demons in the void.

Han Muye led Daoist Dayan away.

Qiong Qi had told him that the power in the dam would unknowingly corrode his soul and body. If he stayed too long, he would unknowingly lose himself.

Han Muye could feel this.

He was becoming more and more obsessed with physical strength. This was not a good thing.

Before Han Muye left, Qiong Qi generously gave Han Muye a green immortal spiritual rock.

This immortal spiritual rock contained a trace of immortal qi.

Immortal qi could suppress spiritual qi.

Qiong Qi did not know that the immortal qi stored in Han Muye's grass whip was 100,000 times that of this immortal spiritual rock.

It was half of the immortal Qi in the Ancient Divine Herb Garden.

"The cultivation techniques of the Immortal World ultimately need immortal qi to sustain them. As long as one yearns for this immortal spiritual rock, it might be related to the Immortal World."

When Qiong Qi handed the immortal spiritual rock to Han Muye, he instructed him in a low voice.

Desire for immortal spiritual rocks?

Han Muye recalled that Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon had once absorbed half of the immortal spiritual qi.

Moreover, the Divine Venerables in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy seemed to be interested in immortal qi.

This puzzled Han Muye.

Between the Ancient Cloud Galaxy and the place where the Ancient Gods fell, which inheritance belonged to the Ancient Divine Court?

Han Muye passed through the dam and heaved a sigh of relief when he stepped into the place where the ancient gods had fallen.

After encountering Qiong Qi, Han Muye encountered many other ancient beasts and ancient factions.

One of the powerful cultivators in green robes slammed down with his palm, causing the world to collapse.

Even if Han Muye transformed into Baxia's body, his phantom was shattered by a palm.

If not for the Kui's lightning eruption, allowing this powerful cultivator to recover some consciousness, Han Muye would have died.

He dared not stay. Even if the powerful cultivator called out after waking up, Han Muye still escaped.

He talked to Qiong Qi because he was not afraid of him.

The power of this Almighty was too strong. He did not want to put his life on the line because he did not have any ill intentions.

After crossing the dam, Han Muye did not return to Heavenly Mystic directly.

He led Daoist Dayan to the Immortal Source Realm and walked around the Suwei World. After collecting all kinds of treasures, he returned to the Azure Travel Realm as Gu Yuening.

Chen Yue Star was already the Gu family's dominance. The next step was for Han Muye to recruit sword cultivators and practice the sword array before heading to the Heavenly Mystic.

...

In the Heavenly Mystic World, the quiet room in the Imperial City's Prime Minister Mansion opened. Han Muye, who had been in seclusion for three years, slowly walked out.

At this moment, his aura was restrained, and his entire body exuded a dignified aura that was difficult to look at.

### **Chapter 846 - 846 Goodbye, Xu Wei, and Welcome, Outer World Allies (2)**

The incarnation of the divine beast had returned from the battle. His true body had also gained a lot.

After three years of closed-door cultivation, his cultivation had stabilized at the Divine Transformation Realm.

“Minister Han, the entire Immortal Spirit World is under pressure. The pressure on the front line is too great. Minister Han, please make a decision.” Qian Yiming, who had been guarding outside Han Muye’s quiet room, bowed and reported.

Ever since Han Muye led 10,000 Heaven Realm experts to attack, wreaked havoc in the Immortal Spirit World, and saved the Desolate Wilderness, the Immortal Spirit World had not stopped.

Over the past three years, tens of millions of troops from the Immortal Spirit World had been attacking non-stop. The top experts had taken turns to attack.

The defense line of the Heavenly Mystic World had been reduced by 300,000 miles.

If not for Han Muye’s immortal treasure alms bowl at the front line, the army of the Immortal Spirit World would have probably broken through their first defense line.

When Han Muye arrived at the hall, Yunduan and the meeting officer in charge of the frontline military report rushed over.

According to the report, the pressure on the front line was huge.

The casualties sent by Lu Yang, Xiao Lingshan, and the other commanders made Yunduan afraid to look.

“Minister Han, we can’t deduce what kind of backup plan the Immortal Spirit World has, nor can we deduce if they really want to fight or if they’re just trying to regain their dignity.”

Below, a solemn-looking young man in a green Confucian robe cupped his hands.

His name was Zhuang Zizhong. Originally a student at the Imperial Academy, he was recruited as a councilor and had since demonstrated his military talents. He was now fully responsible for the military intelligence beyond the borders.

In the process of getting along with the officials and generals of the dynasty, those who were truly talented would stand out.

Some things could not be helped.

Even a general who had commanded an expedition for a thousand years might not have broader horizons than a student who had only studied military formations for three to five months.

Although many people criticized him behind his back, when it came to actual execution, his strategies on paper could really achieve victory in a single battle.

Winning a battle a thousand miles away was no laughing matter.

Over the past three years, the measures set by the military advisors had stabilized the situation on the front line.

A few exciting counterattacks also stabilized his position as a councilor.

On the long table in front of Han Muye, jade slips were placed.

In these jade slips, there were all kinds of developments in the Heavenly Mystic Army and the Heavenly Mystic World over the past three years.

The front line was suppressed, but it had not collapsed.

Overall, the outcome was still far from certain.

The Heavenly Mystic World was prosperous.

The wealth plundered from the Immortal Spirit World was quickly converted and circulated.

All kinds of treasures were refined, and the medicinal pills had long been transformed into cultivation.

In three years, the number of Heaven Realm cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World had increased by more than a thousand.

These were all achieved through the accumulation of resources.

During the Dao competition, each realm corresponded to a different level of heaven, and the Heaven realm has its own unique power.

The wealth of the Immortal Spirit World not only increased the cultivation of Heaven Realm experts, but also the cultivation and combat power of other Earth Realm and low-level cultivators.

The communication between the Central Continent Imperial City and the Dongnan Daoist Sects was also extremely frequent.

They had to do it frequently. The rise of the Southern Wasteland gave them too much pressure.

The Desolate Wilderness descended upon the Southern Wasteland. Hundreds of ancient divine beasts guarded it.

They had yet to recover their strength, but they could already suppress an area.

Every divine beast had at least the strength of a peak Heaven Realm Nascent Soul.

If not for the lack of resources in the Southern Wasteland, these demons would have long broken through to the combat strength above the Heaven Realm.

These demons often came to the Central Continent to borrow resources.

The key was that there was a loan that could not be returned.

Xiang Lingshuang, who was currently in charge of the Southern Wasteland, looked honest, but he was a demon.

He let the demon race come to the Central Continent, sign agreements, and sell themselves to various sects in the Central Continent.

It didn't matter how long they served, or which sect they belonged to. If they relied on a sect, they would never leave.

At the very least, they were powerful demons in the Earth realm. With their high daily consumption, how could they be supported?

As for forcibly expelling them, powerful demons would immediately come to resist such actions.

Among the great demons of the Southern Wasteland, there were also Minister Han's direct descendants. The Nine-Lives Cat Demon Clan was extremely good at assassination and hiding.

A few Heaven Realm demons directly entered the hinterland of the Central Continent's Dao Sect, left their marks, and left.

The threat posed by the demons of the Southern Wasteland was great, but it made the Central Continent even more united.

After reading all the jade slips, Han Muye sat upright and pondered.

If the great demons of the Southern Wasteland wanted to recover their strength, it was definitely not enough to rely on the support of the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

The front line was suppressed. Although the losses were still manageable, they could not continue to be like this.

After all, there were still many experts who had not chosen a faction and would choose a side according to the situation of the battle.

The power of these experts could not influence the final battle, but they were important bargaining chips.

Strive to gain as much support and allies as possible and win the final victory.

This had always been Han Muye's path.

Allies.

Han Muye's eyes lit up as he said calmly, "I already know and will make arrangements."

After the old man finished speaking, his figure flashed and disappeared.

In the hall, Yunduan and the others looked at each other and dispersed.

Prime Minister Han had just come out of seclusion. It was impossible for him to make a decision based on this information.

How could one take the overall situation of the world lightly?

Zhuang Zizhong and the others heaved a sigh of relief.

Prime Minister Han was not as the rumors said. The sword cultivators spoke and acted decisively.

This gave them more room to advance and retreat.

“Everyone, work hard.” Zhuang Zizhong cupped his hands and turned to walk towards the meeting room.

At this moment, Han Muye had already left the Imperial City and was standing by the Yongding River.

The Immortal Ship was still like an immortal city, but there were fewer pleasure boats.

The senators could control the political situation. The scholar carried his sword and ran amok in the world. He fought for power and returned from the wilderness. The Heavenly Mystic World was no longer the Heavenly Mystic World of the past.

The banks of the river were filled with young swordsmen in a hurry, dressed in various colors.

Seeing Han Muye look at the Immortal Ship, a green-robed scholar said, “Brother, don’t look anymore. From the beginning of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Competition, the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship only recruits people who can contribute to the Heavenly Mystic Dao.”

### **Chapter 847 - 847 Goodbye, Xu Wei, and Welcome, Outer World Allies (3)**

“If you want to board the ship, you have to go to the Outer World to train.”

With that, the green-robed scholar and his companions quickly left.

Han Muye shook his head and disappeared.

He did not board the Immortal Ship. Instead, he landed at a place where the pleasure boats gathered.

Green Vine Academy.

There were also many students in green robes here. Their expressions were much more solemn.

On the pleasure boat, the sound of books could be heard.

In front of Han Muye, Xu Wei, who was wearing a green robe, had an indifferent expression.

“Greetings, Mountain Wild Man Green Vine greets Prime Minister Han.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye smiled and said, “Mountain Wild Man? If you want to be an official, I’ll give my position to you.”

Xu Wei nodded and said, “I do want to be an official, but forget about your position.”

He raised his hand and led Han Muye forward. After taking a few steps, Han Muye stopped.

On a pleasure boat, an old man who was teaching Confucianism in front of a group of students turned to look at him and smiled.

“Mr. Tao teaches here?”

Han Muye was a little surprised.

Tao Zhixing, the Confucianist who was in charge of the Wen Yuan Pavilion on Scattered Stars Island, had come to teach in the Green Vine Academy?



“Brother Tao is knowledgeable and is willing to teach in my academy. How can I refuse?” Xu Wei laughed and pointed at the other pleasure boats.

“Many Confucianists from the Jinnan Star have come to teach here.”

Back when Han Muye was communicating with Tao Zhixing on Scattered Stars Island, Tao Zhixing said that he wanted to come to Heavenly Mystic personally to see Xu Green Vine.

Unexpectedly, not only did they come, but they also stayed here.

“Brother Tao and the others have been teaching here for more than two years. There will be many Confucianists and Daoists coming to Jinnan Star in the future.”

Xu Wei looked at Han Muye, his expression slowly turning solemn. “I know you’re under a lot of pressure now, so I want to be an official.”

With so many foreign Confucian cultivators, it was completely possible for them to fight outside the realm.

This was to share some of the pressure for Han Muye.

“Sir, your cultivation level...” Han Muye was a little hesitant as his gaze landed on Xu Wei.

Xu Wei had completely exhausted his cultivation. At this moment, he was only a mortal. If he fought outside the realm, he probably wouldn’t be able to hold on.

“With the Dao as a foundation, the universe exists within the mind,” Xu Wei said softly. A trace of the golden Great Spirit flashed on his body.

Re-cultivate the world?

Break through the maze?

Han Muye thought of the Confucian inheritance in the Jinnan Star Region. They were not afraid of mental confusion.

“Alright, in a few days, I’ll welcome the Confucianists of the Jinnan Star Region with you. Then, we’ll fight the army of the Immortal Spirit Realm.”

A trace of battle intent flashed in Han Muye’s eyes as he spoke in a low voice.

After Tao Zhixing and the others finished teaching, they met Han Muye.

Han Muye left after staying in Green Vine Academy for more than half a day and returned to the Imperial City.

Three days later, the edict was issued.

“Enlist the Green Vine Academy’s Xu Wei as the Advisor.”

“The Mystic Sun Guards’ Huang Zhihu personally led three million sword cultivators, the Southern Wasteland’s Xiang Lingshuang led a million demons, and the Central Continent’s Daoist Faction’s 30,000 cultivators came out of the Heavenly Mystic to welcome our Confucian allies in the Jinnan Star Region.”

Green Vine City was a place where the academy opened on the Yongding River outside the Imperial City. No one expected that the Confucian Daoist Great Hermit would accept Prime Minister Han's recruitment.

However, Xu Green Vine wore a green robe and went straight into the Imperial City, attracting the attention of the people in the Imperial City.

The 3,000 Confucianists in the city also welcomed him.

Xu Wei's entry into the Imperial City had caught the attention of the people in the Imperial City. Most of the generals and cultivators were concerned about the recruitment of various factions related to the Heavenly Mystic.

Three million sword cultivators, the forces of the Southern Wasteland and the Central Continent, allied their forces and came out of Heavenly Mystic to welcome their Confucian allies in the Jinnan Star Region.

So many experts gathered just to welcome him?

For a time, countless speculations abounded in the Heavenly Mystic.

The last time Prime Minister Han summoned the Heavenly Mystic to the Imperial City, the final outcome was still vivid in his mind.

Should he go this time?

#### **Chapter 848 - 848 Opening the Divine Court Treasury**

No one expected that after Han Muye's edict was issued, the Central Continent Dao Sect would be the first to take action.

Before the three million troops of the Mystic Sun Guards gathered, and before the million demons of the Southern Wasteland moved, the Central Continent's Daoist Faction had already broken their heads over 30,000 spots.

Several Half-Sages of the Daoist Faction personally went to the Imperial City and begged Han Muye to increase the quota from 30,000 to 50,000.

Even 50,000 was not enough.

There were a total of 10,000 people who went to the Heaven Realm outside the realm last time. Outside the Imperial City, there were about 2,000 people in the Dongnan gate.

Apart from more than a hundred people who had entered seclusion to break through, the rest of the 2,000 Heaven Realm cultivators signed up.

In the past three years, even those who had just advanced to the Heaven Realm and were still consolidating their cultivation were called and set off.

The remaining 40,000 spots were selected by the various Daoist sects and outer sects. They all gathered in half a month.

It was said that the scene was explosive and countless experts were competing.

It couldn't be helped. Everyone wanted this opportunity.

Every Heaven Realm expert who had returned from the Heavenly Mystic Realm had brought back infinite wealth.

What was infinite wealth?

It was wealth that could be freely spent and used by any sect without restriction.

A sect that was originally tight on resources spent three million spiritual rocks every year. The entire sect worked hard to earn spiritual rocks to keep the expenses.

However, after their sect master returned from the Outer World, he immediately announced that all the missions in the entire sect had been canceled. Everyone's only mission was to cultivate with all their might.

Then the sect master directly threw out treasures worth billions of spiritual rocks and piled them in the treasure vault. He turned around and went into seclusion. Before he left, he even said that if it wasn't enough, there were more.

If it was a sect, it would be fine.

The key was that the Heaven Realm experts who had returned from the various sects were all so arrogant.

Those sects with few disciples and many experts would immediately look for relatives after the Heaven Realm experts returned.

All those who had a good relationship with their sect and were not at the Heaven Realm were recruited.

Originally, many sect disciples had a backbone. How could they discard their own inheritance?

Then they gave in.

How could these disciples, who were only at the Earth Realm, reject 10 million spiritual rocks each?

Over the past three years, the cultivation world of the Central Continent had been rife with competition for wealth.

All the cultivators were envious and jealous of the Heaven Realm powerhouses who followed Minister Han to the Outer Realm.

However, he could not do anything to these people.

These powerhouses were allied with each other and controlled the top of the cultivation world. All of them were rich, and they often threw money at each other.

Many Earth Realm Golden Core experts who had cultivated for hundreds or thousands of years would criticize them in private.

How could one rely on spiritual rocks to cultivate?

If there were spiritual rocks, who wouldn't know how to accumulate cultivation?

The traditional virtues of the cultivation world were all ruined.

Of course, these Golden Core cultivators were the most enthusiastic in responding to Minister Han's recruitment.

They wanted to pass on the tradition of hardship and simplicity, let the glory of tradition shine on Prime Minister Han, and let everyone suffer together.

Therefore, he did not give in.

Han Muye did not care about the commotion outside. He simply opened the Heavenly Gate and stepped out of the Heavenly Mystic Realm after all the armies were gathered.

Behind Han Muye were the three million sword cultivators led by Huang Zhihu.

Gao Xiaoxuan stood behind Huang Zhihu without saying a word.

Beside Gao Xiaoxuan was Bai Wuhen, who was dressed in white and had two swords on his back.

The last time Han Muye summoned a Heaven Realm expert to go out of the world, Bai Wuhen had returned to the Southern Wasteland and missed it.

This time, she would follow Gao Xiaoxuan no matter what.

At this moment, the auras of the three million sword cultivators were connected, and sword qi lingered.

The long swords on their backs were all standard swords. There was no difference in their appearance.

After three years of working together, the power of the sword formation had long been formed.

Han Muye wanted to test the power of their battle formation this time.

Behind the sword formation, the million demons of the Southern Wasteland were in a mess.

But among the ranks of the demon horde were many ancient divine beasts and strange beasts, which was why Han Mu Ye summoned the demonic tribes of the Southern Wasteland.

On this trip, he wanted to restore the strength of the divine beasts and strange beasts of the Southern Wasteland as much as possible.

Behind them were the Daoist Faction experts with green eyes.

Among the 50,000 Daoist cultivators, the lowest cultivation level was at the fifth level of the Golden Core Realm.

This time, the experts of the Daoist Faction had already come out in full force.

Outside the realm, Han Muye led millions of troops.

"Minister Han, aren't you going to pick up the Daoists from the Jinnan Star Region?" Tao Zhixing looked at Han Muye and frowned.

Beside him, a few Confucian cultivators from the Jinnan Star Region also frowned.

They had come to the academy to teach two years ago. They knew a little about the last battle where Han Muye brought a Heaven Realm expert out of the Heavenly Mystic Realm, but they did not know the details.

Although those Heaven Realm experts in the Imperial City had obtained huge benefits, not many of them were ostentatious.

After all, the cultivators of sects and clans, Daoism and Confucianism had different attitudes towards cultivation.

Those Confucian Dao Heavenly Realm cultivators who returned were at most a little more extravagant, and their voices were a little louder when they drank.

“Brother Tao,” Xu Wei said with a smile, “since we’re out of the Realm and such a large army has been dispatched, how can Prime Minister Han just pick up fellow Daoists from the Jinnan Star Region?”

He turned to look at the Daoist Heaven Realm experts who could no longer suppress their excitement. Xu Wei pouted and said, “Look, do they look like they’re welcoming someone?”

Tao Zhixing and the others turned around and saw the Daoist cultivators with green eyes.

With this kind of attitude, even if they were welcoming a peerless beauty, they wouldn’t have this demeanor.

In the void, at this moment, countless divine senses interweaved.

## **Chapter 849 - 849 Opening the Divine Court Treasury (2)**

He was here.

Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic, who had been silent for three years, once again led countless experts out.

What was he going to do this time?

The Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao Competition all sent their divine senses over.

The power of the divine senses was so strong that the surrounding void trembled.

This situation made Tao Zhixing and the others terrified.

What was Prime Minister Han planning to do?

The Dao Ancestors were not the only ones paying attention to Han Muye.

The Immortal Spirit Realm also paid attention to him immediately.

The originally aggressive army quickly regrouped.

The army led by Han Mu Ye, consisting of powerful experts, was surging with strength. If they attacked with full force, they would surely sweep the front lines.

The army of the Immortal Spirit World gathered and waited to welcome Han Muye’s army.

However, it was strange that Han Muye did not lead the army to the Immortal Spirit World this time.

The army he led flew in the opposite direction of the Immortal Spirit World.

A month later, the army arrived at the edge of the Dao Battleground.

What's that for? everyone wondered.

The Immortal Spirit Realm was puzzled.

The Dao Ancestors were puzzled.

The army following Han Muye was puzzled.

Those armies wanted to plunder the Immortal Spirit Realm and make a fortune.

It wasn't like this.

What the Dao Ancestors wanted to see was what shocked Han Muye. They did not just watch him lead the army.

As for the Immortal Spirit Realm, the originally tense atmosphere had also become relaxed.

Many of the gathered troops continued to attack, and some slowly fell behind Han Muye's army.

In any case, it was obvious that Minister Han's goal this time would not be the Immortal Spirit Realm.

If he wanted to plunder the Immortal Spirit Realm, he could not have led his army so far.

At this moment, Han Muye had already led the army to a place dense with meteorites.

Meteorites intersected, and void cracks could be seen everywhere.

This was a dangerous place.

"Xiaoxuan, attack and sweep away these rocks," Han Muye shouted.

Gao Xiaoxuan nodded and raised his hand to unsheathe his sword.

"Boom!"

A thousand miles of rubble in the void was shattered by a single strike!

An empty sword mark pierced straight through the depths of the void.

"Let's go."

Han Muye shouted and flew forward.

Entering the depths of the void?

What for?

If not for Han Muye's prestige, those cultivators would have questioned him.

As Han Muye moved forward a thousand miles, Gao Xiaoxuan swung his sword again.

As they continued to open up a path, more and more spatial cracks appeared in front of them.

At this moment, many cultivators also felt that something was wrong.

Logically speaking, they should have left the meteorite area. Why were there still void cracks appearing?

“The folded space!” a black-robed cultivator whispered.

“Fellow Daoist Zhang, you’re saying that this is the location of a hidden strange world?” someone exclaimed.

The surrounding cultivators turned their heads.

“That’s right. In ancient times, many fragments of the Divine Court were sealed in the folds of space. The Divine Court was a legendary place!” The black-robed cultivator was also excited.

The last time Han Muye attracted the Desolate Wilderness. Was he going to find a fragment of the Divine Court this time?

This was a place that was countless times more precious than the Desolate Wilderness fragments!

Legend had it that the Divine Court had immortal qi.

The Dao Ancestors had discovered that something was wrong earlier than these cultivators.

They had sensed it the moment Gao Xiaoxuan broke through the void.

However, in the depths of the void, even their divine thoughts could not enter.

This made the Dao Ancestors extremely depressed.

This time, Minister Han must have discovered an incredible treasure.

“Boom!”

Gao Xiaoxuan slashed out again. The void in front of him split open, and a dilapidated pavilion appeared.

Around the pavilion was a ruin.

A faint green aura spread out.

Immortal Qi!

It was really Immortal Qi!

The extremely dense spiritual qi floated along with traces of green aura.

This space, which looked to be less than a hundred miles in radius, was filled with mystery.

“Let’s go.”

Han Muye flew to land in this 50-kilometer area. His aura moved, and he quietly absorbed the immortal energy into the grass whip.

This was a fragment of the divine court. It was deduced by observing the memory of the divine general and memorizing a trajectory.

All kinds of ancient treasures were scattered on the fragments of the Divine Court.

Any random spiritual material on the ground was priceless.

Without Han Muye's instructions, everyone began to search the ruins.

The surroundings were filled with joy.

Prime Minister Han was Prime Minister Han!

The treasures here were even more valuable than the last time he plundered the Immortal Spirit World!

"Heaven's Origin Dao Stone, this is the legendary Heaven's Origin Dao Stone!" A Daoist in a green robe held a green stone in his hand. His face was filled with surprise and his entire body was trembling.

"Is that the treasure that allows one to comprehend the Great Dao? A stone that allows one to comprehend a Great Dao and enter the Saint Realm?" The surrounding cultivators surrounded him excitedly.

"Haha, Primordial Spirit Gold, this is Primordial Spirit Gold!" A sword cultivator held a foot-long piece of metal and shouted excitedly.

"F\*ck, the Primordial Spirit Gold that must be refined into a magic treasure? You're too lucky." Someone gritted his teeth and cursed.

The value of such treasures could not be measured by spiritual rocks.

That's the spirit!

Prime Minister Han led everyone out of Heavenly Mystic. Last time, they had already accumulated so much wealth. This time, of course, it was something even better!

This was the real deal!

Han Muye, Huang Zhihu, Gao Xiaoxuan, and the others stood in front of the dilapidated building.

The other cultivators also spontaneously left this place.

Prime Minister Han had something that Prime Minister Han wanted.

This small building must have been requested by Minister Han.

In the world of cultivation, greed was the most taboo.

Prime Minister Han had already given them an unimaginable treasure. They should not touch anything else.

"There are some things that you can't get just because you want to."

"The treasure that Prime Minister Han is looking for might be fatal to us."

Everyone lowered their heads to look for treasures, wishing they could scrape the ground.



As for the great demons of the Southern Wasteland, those divine beasts and beasts were absorbing spiritual energy with all their might.

The spiritual qi in this space was extremely dense, suitable for them to recover their cultivation.

To them, treasures were worldly possessions. Only their cultivation and battle power were what they truly needed.

Of course, when Xiang Lingshuang transformed into a war elephant and swept a few supreme-grade spiritual rocks with his long nose, those divine beasts and beasts were still happy.

“So this kid is a treasure-hunting elephant.”

There was a spiritual light mark on the small building.

This mark flashed in the memory of the Divine General.

The seal of the Divine Court treasury.

With this array formation locking it, the small building could not move or open.

In the void, such a small building was actually thousands of meters long.

However, many of them had already been forcefully broken open and destroyed. Most of them were hidden by array formations in folded spaces.

Huang Zhihu turned to look at the treasures that had been picked up by other cultivators, and a trace of pain flashed across his face.

She turned to look at the small attic in front of her.

Hopefully, there were many treasures here that could compensate for the loss of standing here.

Han Muye slowly walked forward and gently pressed his palm on the attic.

In the pavilion, the power transmitted over was the seal of immortal spiritual energy.

Among them, there was also the augmentation of the mysterious array power.

Han Muye used all kinds of methods, but he could not undo the array.

Narrowing his eyes, he retracted his strength and slowly injected sword qi into it.

“Buzz!”

The small building shook, and the sword energy was extinguished.

However, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

The moment the sword qi poured in, he saw the process of setting up the array formation!

Spiritual light flashed in his eyes as sword qi surged into his palm.

Outside the small building, the sword light shattered.

The process of setting up this Heavenly Array appeared in Han Muye's mind.

Spirit Gathering Formation, Formation to suppress the outside world!

This formation used the myriad worlds as its foundation. The source of all power came from this world.

No wonder this small building could hide without being discovered.

The power of the formation was obviously beyond this world.

Han Muye's eyes flickered, and the green immortal energy around him intertwined into a cocoon of light.

The immortal Qi stored in the grass whip turned into a green key and condensed in his palm.

"In two hours, I will open the formation here."

"Once the array is activated, all the power that covers this place will disappear. At that time, the scattered treasures will attract the attention of the experts of the Immortal Spirit World."

"You have two hours to collect the treasures. After two hours, get into formation and wait."

Han Muye's voice rang out.

No one questioned him. They could only carry out his order silently.

Two hours of harvest was already something they did not dare to think about.

After today, these treasures could allow them to cultivate for ten lifetimes!

Spiritual light flashed and time passed quickly.

Two hours had passed.

Everyone silently turned around and stood still.

The green key in Han Muye's hand landed on the small building.

"Boom!"

Spiritual light exploded, and a monstrous divine light shone, making everyone unable to open their eyes.

The treasury of the Divine Court had been opened!

### **Chapter 850 - 850 Is Life So Hard in the Heavenly Mystic World?**

The brilliant spiritual light burst, making it impossible to open one's eyes!

The extremely dazzling spiritual light meant that it was the top spiritual material in the world!

Every spiritual light here represented a priceless treasure.

At this moment, thousands of spiritual lights interweaved into a pillar of light!

The spiritual qi was so dense that it was suffocating.

The faces of those sword cultivators with insufficient cultivation turned red.

The abundance of spiritual qi might make them the first cultivators in the world to be suffocated to death by spiritual qi.

“Boom!”

Streaks of light flew out of the building.

Treasures had spirits!

This was at least a magic treasure!

Most importantly, the treasure had been hidden in this small building for tens of thousands of years and could still retain its spirituality.

Han Muye flew up, and the green immortal light in his hand turned into a rope that wrapped around the treasure.

At this moment, the formation was activated, and the surrounding concealing power dissipated. Countless meteors fell, and the divine thoughts of the Dao Ancestors were projected over.

“The treasury of the Divine Court!” Dao Ancestors who had lived for countless years naturally recognized the treasury.

“This Heavenly Mystic Minister Han is looking for the treasure vault of the Divine Court!” The exclamation was no longer concealed.

“Fellow Daoists, I intend to send my disciples to the Dao battleground. Do any of you have any objections?” A voice sounded.

The treasures in the treasure vault were the most supreme treasures in the world. Even Dao Ancestor experts like him coveted them.

“Hehe, I need a Flowing Light Three Suns Stone to refine weapons. If I can obtain it, I can give you some opportunities in the future.”

Although a Dao Ancestor expert could not personally participate, he could send his disciples to enter the Dao Competition.

These Dao Ancestor disciples naturally wouldn’t be able to return during the Dao Competition. After the competition was over, life and death would depend on one’s own choice.

However, the treasures they had acquired could be given to the Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao Competition.

In just a moment, dozens of figures flew in from the void and headed for the Dao battleground.

At this moment, Han Muye has already gathered the scattered treasures in the small building. Then he waved his hand to collect all the treasures in the small building.

Previously, there was a rare supreme-grade spiritual rock, but now, it was being collected in piles.

There were mountains of spiritual materials for refining magical treasures.

All kinds of refined spiritual weapons were top-notch semi-dharma treasures.

This was unimaginable wealth. Any one of them could buy a sect.

At this moment, all the Daoist Sect experts knew why Minister Han looked down on their accumulation.

That was the real enormous fortune in his hands!

“Buzz!”

In the void, a spiritual light collided with Han Muye.

Gao Xiaoxuan raised his sword and shattered the spiritual light.

In the void, the army of the Immortal Spirit Realm had arrived.

Under the lead of a Sage, the five million-strong army formed a battle formation with a hundred Heaven Realm experts and chased after Han Muye and the others.

If they knew that the Divine Court’s treasury was here, they would definitely have sent an army to gather, not just these few people.

They had miscalculated!

Huang Zhihu took a step forward and shouted, “Set up the formation.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the sword formation was completed.

A sword light rose.

A long dragon emerged.

This was a sword formation!

At this moment, between heaven and earth, there was only a soaring sword aura and vastness spanning 10,000 miles.

The dazzling spiritual light was shattered by the sword light, and the sword formation of three million sword cultivators instantly woke up like a sleeping dragon.

This was a power that the world could not suppress!

“Boom!”

The long dragon of Sword Dao roared and shattered the sky. It triggered endless sword Intent and killed the Immortal Spirit experts that came.

Whether it was a Sage or a Heaven Realm expert, after one strike, there was only a pillar of light left.

The sword light tore through the sky for millions of miles, and 30 stars were immediately split into two!

The entire world shook. The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle turned pale and spiritual light erupted from their bodies.

The Dao battleground was triggered by the power of the sword light. It wanted to break through the suppression of the power!

This was a covenant that formed the power of heaven and earth. If the suppression of power was broken, these Dao Ancestors would suffer a backlash.

“Crazy! This guy is really crazy!” A red-faced Dao Ancestor roared. The power in his body intertwined as he used all his strength to stabilize the suppression of the world.

All the Dao Ancestors activated their powers to maintain this world.

At this moment, the power of the Dao battleground surged, as if it was about to shatter.

The sword light turned into a long sword that pierced through the world.

The sword condensed into a huge tree that reached the sky and emitted a green immortal light.

No one dared to move the sword.

The might of three million sword cultivators shook the world.

The army of the Immortal Spirit Realm collapsed.

It was just one strike.

Han Muye’s expression did not change. He looked at the small building in front of him, slowly raised his hand, and pressed his palm down.

“Buzz!”

From the small building, a long spear flew out, knocked Han Muye’s palm away, and flew into the sky.

The spear was so fast that no one could catch it.

“Slash”

The spear had already shattered a piece of meteorite and appeared a hundred miles away.

“Set.”

The spear only paused for a moment before it immediately broke free from the suppression.

However, with Bai Wuhen’s help, Han Muye’s figure also flew in front of the spear.

He reached out and grabbed the spear.

“Bang!”

The spear trembled and shook his palm away.

Even the power of Baxia could not suppress it directly!

“Immortal Artifact!”

In the void, the originally reserved Great Dao Ancestor cultivator could no longer hold back. His divine thoughts intertwined, and he wished he could come personally.

“Boom!”

Three streams of light attacked Han Muye from three directions.

They were three Divine Transformation Realm cultivators.

In the land of the Dao Competition, the power of the Divine Transformation Realm was already at the top.

Han Muye held the spear in one hand, his eyes flickering.

Even Dao Ancestors were tempted by treasures.