

Pavilion 861

Chapter 861 - 861 Sword Cultivators, Out of the Heavenly Mystic

When Lin Shen and Han Muye walked out of the Qiyang Sword Sect, Huang Zhihu quickly welcomed them.

Upon seeing that Lin's level of cultivation was damaged, she immediately expressed concern and asked about it.

Lin Shen waved his hand and said that he was fine.

They left in Zuo Lin's carriage. After Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei came out to send them off, they directly handed the sect master token of the Qiyang Sword Sect to Zhu Tianlun.

Bi Yun and Bi Chong had no intention of taking over the sect.

Compared to the Gongsun family's strength, the Qiyang Sword Sect was nothing.

Moreover, be it their cultivation or combat strength, they were already incomparably powerful. The right path was to venture out of the Heavenly Mystic and make contributions.

The family of four packed up and left the sect directly for the Imperial City.

In the Imperial City, there was still a residence given by the Gongsun family that had never been lived in.

Watching the four of them leave, the disciples had complicated expressions.

Even Zhu Tianlun did not have the joy of taking over the sect.

Bi Wuhe's family actually had a deep relationship with Minister Han.

Bi Wuhe's two legitimate sons were actually disciples of the Sword God and students of the Imperial City Academy.

Compared to the money in Zhu Tianlun's hands, Minister Han's relationship with the Gongsun family was more long-term.

Furthermore, even the Mystic Sun Guards' Zhihu was familiar with the Bi Clan and had visited them many times.

For the disciples of the Qiyang Sword Sect, giving up the opportunity to enter the Heaven Realm in exchange for millions of spiritual stones was either a missed opportunity or a deliberate choice.

Lin Shen and Han Muye returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion and walked straight into the quiet room.

Huang Zhihu stood guard outside.

"The Heaven Realm Jade Bone is a means to support the cultivation of the body. Once the Jade Bone is damaged, the body will not be able to support the powerful Nascent Soul power and will collapse."

Han Muye looked at Lin Shen, who was sitting cross-legged, and then took out a long black horn.

Kui Horn.

The ancient divine beast Kui was powerful and controlled the power of lightning.

Han Muye had fused with the Kui's soul inheritance and no longer needed this Kui Horn.

"Boom!"

Lightning flashed, and the black horn crashed into Lin Shen's body.

A golden lightning pattern appeared on Lin Shen's forehead.

Lin Shen, who was sitting cross-legged on the spot, trembled. Bolts of lightning wrapped around his body.

Han Muye was not worried that Lin Shen would not be able to refine the black Kui horn.

A person who could draw tens of millions of swords would definitely be able to refine this Kui Horn.

Leaving Lin Shen to refine the bull horn in the quiet room, Han Muye walked to the small courtyard and saw Huang Zhihu standing at the door.

"Godfather." Huang Zhihu hurried forward and bowed.

Han Muye sized her up and glared at her. "You don't dress like a girl at all."

Huang Zhihu's face immediately fell.

Why didn't I think of this?

"Uncle Xiaoxuan said that I look more like my father in black armor" She lowered her head and muttered.

"Hmph, when your father comes back, you can wear whatever you want." Han Muye shouted angrily and walked out of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Huang Zhihu stomped her feet and snorted. She turned around and went to her room to change.

My foster father is good in every way, but his thoughts are too rigid.

He's always thinking about being accountable to my father and controls me too tightly.

I don't even know when my biological father will return.

Looking at the jade slip, my father seems to be very powerful. Heaven Trampler, can he fight my foster father?

Han Muye naturally did not know that Huang Zhihu was thinking about Huang Six coming back to teach him a lesson. When he returned to the Prime Minister's residence, Xu Wei came to see him personally.

Xu Wei had already impressed the senators with his knowledge and had become a leader among the senators.

Many people in the imperial court privately referred to Xu Wei as 'Vice Prime Minister'.

"Minister Han, there's news from the Immortal Spirit World."

Xu Wei handed a jade slip to Han Muye with a solemn expression.

As his divine sense swept by, Han Muye's brows furrowed.

In the Immortal Spirit World, several Divine Transformation Realm experts set out to hunt down a sword cultivator.

If it were anyone else, Han Muye would not care.

However, this sword cultivator who was being pursued was called Mo Shenghua.

3,000 years ago, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion was in charge of secretly heading to the Immortal Spirit World and controlling a galaxy.

To be able to control a world, even if one was not a Sage, one would at least have the combat power of a Half-Sage.

Previously, Han Muye had seen this senior being chased from a sword.

However, judging from the situation at that time, this senior from the Sword Pavilion was not in danger.

However, looking at the information in the jade slip, the Immortal Spirit World was really going to kill this senior with all their might.

Whether it was the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion or the event that destroyed the Immortal Spirit World, Mo Shenghua did not deserve to die.

Han Muye held the jade slip and pondered for a moment.

It was not easy to go deep into the Immortal Spirit World to save people.

Even he himself did not dare to say that he would definitely succeed.

If he didn't know that there was a Divine Venerable behind the Dao Competition, he would still be confident.

Knowing that there was a Divine Venerable One behind the Dao Competition, he was even more cautious than before.

"Please ask Seniors Gongsun Shu and Qin Suyang to wait outside the realm."

Han Muye's eyes flickered as he spoke in a low voice.

These two were the most respected swordsmen in the Heavenly Mystic.

If he wanted to save Mo Shenghua, he would ask these two to come along.

Xu Wei nodded and left the Prime Minister's residence to draft an edict and send it out of the borders.

Han Muye sat in the hall and slowly closed his eyes, his body flickering with spiritual light.

At this moment, his cultivation level was already at the third level of the Semi-God Realm. His combat strength could already face the ninth level of the Semi-God Realm head-on.

In the Land of the Dao Competition, such combat power was already at its peak. Even Half-Sages and Sages only had this level of power.

Moreover, he was good at killing. With all kinds of sword techniques and treasures, he could even defeat a Sage.

However, one could not dominate in the battle for the Dao with just this level of power.

Last time, he gathered the power of his subordinates to kill several Divine Transformation Realm cultivators with a single spear, an immortal treasure.

Chapter 862 - 862 Sword Cultivators, Out of the Heavenly Mystic (2)

In the battle for the Dao, the individual's strength was limited. In the end, it still depended on the overall strength.

Apart from his cultivation and combat strength, Han Muye also had a spiritual treasure sword case, sword cores that could set up the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, and a magic treasure sword.

These were all methods to increase his combat strength.

It was a pity that the Dao Sword Mountain and the other treasures such as the grass whip were with the divine beast clone.

The immortal alms bowl was suppressed at the front line.

However, he could bring the immortal treasure spear that was currently placed in the palace.

However, it took a lot of effort to control this immortal treasure. He would probably have to bring a few cultivators with him.

A spiritual light flashed in his hand, and a golden light shone from Han Muye's fingertips.

In just a moment, several purple divine lights flew out of the Imperial City.

After doing all this, he began to enter seclusion.

This time, apart from sorting out his combat strength, he also familiarized himself with the various treasures.

His various treasures were more compatible with his cultivation techniques.

While his main body was in seclusion, the divine beast clone set off from the Azure Travel Realm towards the Immortal Source World.

He needed to find a senior sword cultivator from the Western Frontier.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

This senior brother from the same sect had powerful combat strength and had a faction in his hands.

If this person could take action at the critical moment of the Dao Competition, he would more or less have a chance of winning.

Moreover, although the Three Upper Heavens in the Immortal Source World was where true experts gathered, it did not mean that there were no experts in the Middle Three Heavens and Lower Three Heavens.

There were quite a number of Divine Transformation Realm cultivators in the Middle and Lower Three Heavens.

Han Muye had the treasures obtained from the Divine Court's treasure vault. Any one of them could tempt a Semi-God Realm cultivator.

In the Dao Competition, if they piled up Divine Transformation Realm cultivators, he did not believe there was no chance of winning.

Baxia's incarnation led a group of sword cultivators to the Immortal Source World in Gu Yuening's name. It took a lot of time to travel through the void.

There were also all kinds of dangers in the void. Strange beasts would intercept and kill them, and those wandering experts might also attack.

More than a month had passed by the time his clone arrived at the Nine Heavens of the Immortal Source World.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was in seclusion in the Imperial City of the Heavenly Mystic World, finally retracted his main soul power and walked out of his seclusion.

"Sect Master Tuoba, Ancestor Tao Ran.

"Master Mo Yuan."

Han Muye turned his gaze to the side and smiled.

"Ying Yang, you're here too."

The black-robed Ying Yang had a solemn expression as he nodded lightly.

Standing beside Ying Yang were the tall and strong Deng Chungang and a white-robed Zhao Yunlong.

Zhao Yunlong was transformed from Han Muye's Cloud Dragon Sword. Although his combat strength was not particularly powerful, he was a spiritual treasure that could be of great use at critical moments.

Deng Chungang's cultivation had already reached the Out of Body realm, and the sword qi in his body dissipated.

After the Dao Competition began, the power of Heaven and Earth in the Heavenly Mystic World changed. It was much easier for his cultivation to increase than before.

After the Desolate Wilderness was brought into the Heavenly Mystic World, countless treasures were brought back. The spiritual qi in the Heavenly Mystic World was much richer. Whether it was low-level cultivators or Heaven Realm experts, it was easy for them to break through.

Among the people who arrived at this moment, Patriarch Tao Ran's seventh level Nascent Soul cultivation was the lowest.

Tuoba Cheng was at the ninth level of the Nascent Soul realm.

“It’s rare for you to think about me when something good happens,” Patriarch Tao Ran muttered.

He had heard in the Western Frontier that the Central Continent Heavenly Realm and many experts had followed Prime Minister Han out of the Heavenly Mystic Realm twice and obtained endless wealth each time.

Even the Heavenly Mystic Spiritual Qi changed due to the abundance of wealth.

However, as Prime Minister Han’s birthplace, the Western Frontier did not receive any benefits.

This made the disciples of the Nine Mystic Mountain feel complicated emotions.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head as he looked at the other cultivators.

The three sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea were all great cultivators who had reached the Half-Sage Realm with the Sword Dao.

The Grand Elder of the Eastern Sea Tang Mountain Sword Sect, Zhen Yangzi.

The Sect Master of the Eastern Sea Cloud Sea Sword Sect, Xu Shen.

The Grand Elder of the Eastern Sea Dongming Sword Sect, Xuan Jin.

In addition to the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea, there were two other sword cultivators of the Central Continent’s Daoist Faction who were Half-Sages.

The Sect Master of the Endless Sword Sect, Zhao Mingshu, a Half-Sage sword cultivator.

Qian Chengyuan, the Grand Elder of Qicheng Sword Sect, was a sword cultivator who was known as ‘One Sword to Challenge the Entire Dongnan’ and remained undefeated in a battle against Gongsun Shu.

These two had already crossed paths with Han Muye twice before, and they had both obtained a large number of treasures outside the realm.

Seeing Han Muye again, the two of them smiled.

“Everyone, this trip out of the Heavenly Mystic is different from the previous two. Perhaps there won’t be any advantages and there will be many dangers.” Han Muye looked at the people in front of him and said in a low voice.

Hearing his words, Qian Chengyuan laughed and said, “Minister Han, don’t worry. Before I left, I’d already told you all the important matters of the sect. It doesn’t matter if I don’t return this time.”

He was not lying.

When he received the edict from Han Muye, he quietly asked a few experts from other sects. Only Zhao Mingshu, who was also a great cultivator of the Sword Dao and whose combat strength was not inferior to his, also received the edict.

This mission must be extremely dangerous, which was why Minister Han only invited him and Zhao Mingshu.

However, Zhao Mingshu and he did not hesitate at all. Instead, they came gladly.

This was glorious!

There were countless cultivators in the world. There were only two people in the Central Continent who could be recruited by Prime Minister Han!

Although this news was secretive, it was also circulated among a few top cultivators.

Those great cultivators were all extremely envious.

At their cultivation level, after two more trips to the Outer World, their lives suddenly had no goals.

With endless wealth, the sect had already achieved success.

There was no motivation for cultivation.

On the other hand, as soon as Han Muye's recruitment arrived, his blood immediately boiled.

It wasn't just Zhao Mingshu and Qian Chengyuan. Even the other Heaven Realm cultivators felt the same way.

Cultivation had no motivation.

The two raids outside the realm had really made their hearts wild.

Han Muye turned to look at the others, who nodded.

Han Muye recruited them to go out of the world. Before leaving, they all arranged their future matters.

Han Muye held a banquet at the Prime Minister's residence. Everyone chatted about sword cultivation and rested early.

The next morning, everyone followed Han Muye to the lightning platform.

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Seeing Han Muye, Tuoba Cheng, and the others come, Lin Shen bowed.

At this moment, the sword light on Lin Shen's body converged. His cultivation had already broken through to the Leaving Aperture realm, and faint lightning intertwined and flashed.

Among the junior disciples, there was another one who surpassed him.

It was fine if Deng Chungang and Han Muye surpassed him, but now, this usually stupid Lin Shen's cultivation level far exceeded his.

"Since Instructor Lin has come out of seclusion, let's go together."

"Let's go rescue a senior from the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye spoke softly, then led everyone straight into the lightning platform.

On the Lightning Drawing Platform, Huang Zhihu had already led a group of Mystic Sun Guards to guard the surroundings.

“Sword formation cultivation cannot be neglected.”

“Heavenly Mystic’s momentum must be suppressed.”

“Be a girl.”

Han Muye instructed three times, then raised his hand and waved. The sky split open, and a staircase descended.

He flew up and directly rushed out of the sky.

Tuoba Cheng and the others followed closely behind without hesitation.

This time, the reason why Han Muye and the others left the Lightning Attracting Platform was because it was difficult for outsiders to investigate and know the secret.

This time, they were going to save people, not send out an army with great fanfare.

It was impossible for the Heavenly Mystic World to not have spies from the Immortal Spirit World.

After leaving the Heavenly Mystic Realm, Han Muye threw out a flying ship.

Everyone landed on it. Lin Shen consciously went forward to control the flying ship.

Although his cultivation level was not the lowest, he was the lowest among the people present. If he did not control the flying ship, could he let Ancestor Tao Ran and his sect master control it?

“It seems that you have a lot of opportunities. Your Qi and blood are condensed, and your cultivation is so powerful,” Deng Chungang said with a smile as he slowly walked over and poured spiritual energy into the flying ship.

The last time they communicated was when Deng Chungang returned to the Western Frontier.

At that time, Deng Chungang invited Lin Shen to cultivate in the Northern Region. Lin Shen did not go and stayed in the Sword Pavilion.

Lin Shen grinned and whispered about his experiences over the years, including battles in the Central Continent and beyond the borders.

Only battles could truly temper a person. Lin Shen had fought in countless battles, and his cultivation and combat abilities naturally improved rapidly as a result.

Coupled with the Kui Horn that Han Muye had given him this time, he achieved great success in a short period of time.

The flying ship sailed forward, crossing through the void. Han Muye was inside the cabin and occasionally directed the flying ship to change direction.

Three days later, the flying ship stopped.

In front, several figures stood there.

Gongsun Shu, who was dressed in white, had a calm expression. Beside him stood Qin Suyang in a green robe with big sleeves.

Behind the two of them were Li Three, who was dressed in black, Jiang Han, and others. Their expressions were solemn, and their killing intent soared.

Upon seeing Li Three, Deng Chungang couldn't help but flinch.

Han Muye smiled as he walked out of the cabin.

"Minister Han."

Up ahead, everyone bowed together.

Chapter 863 - 863 Coming to Save My Nine Mystic Sword Sect Senior

Qin Suyang, Confucian Dao, and Alchemy Path Half-Sage.

His Sword Dao was at the last step, and it was only a step away from sharpening.

Gongsun Shu's Sword Dao had reached the Half-Sage Realm. He was already at the peak of the Sword Dao in the world. If he had the opportunity, he could directly become a Sword Dao Sage.

In the Land of the Dao Competition, these two were invincible beings.

What kind of mission was it that even these two had to take action together?

Behind Li Three, Zhao Youzhi, who only had one arm, stood there. If one did not pay special attention, one would not have seen him.

At this moment, Zhao Youzhi's spiritual qi was restrained, and not even a trace of sword intent could be seen.

But he stood there, and if one looked closely, it would make one's heart feel a chill.

Without lingering in the void, everyone boarded the flying ship and moved forward silently.

Jiang Han and the others went to the bow and accompanied Lin Shen in piloting the flying ship. From time to time, they talked about their experiences over the years.

In the cabin, Han Muye, Qin Suyang, and the others sat opposite each other.

"Actually, when the Pill Destiny Pavilion opened, I was wondering if Minister Wen would give up his position to you."

Qin Suyang said softly with a smile.

Gongsun Shu chuckled.

It was impossible for ordinary people to have a visit from Minister Wen when they were tempering their hearts in the mortal world.

If he did not really value Han Muye, he would not have made a public appearance.

Actually, back then, Wen Mosheng had deliberately let everyone know of his arrival because he wanted to test them.

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

Although he and Wen Mosheng were from the same sect, there were not many true feelings between them.

Wen Mosheng had given him the Heavenly Mystic World because he valued his ability to deal with people and control them.

Ever since Heavenly Mystic was handed to Han Muye, be it strength, foundation, or allies, there had been unimaginable changes.

Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi definitely had many trump cards in their hands, but the situation in Heavenly Mystic today was something they would never have imagined.

He had swept across the Heavenly Mystic twice and plundered countless wealth.

There were also Divine Venerable allies.

Who in the Heavenly Mystic could have such energy?

“Minister Han, you sent a message saying that you wanted to save a fellow Daoist from the Heavenly Mystic. I wonder what the exact situation is?” Gongsun Shu looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Although he and Qin Suyang were waiting outside, they did not know what the specific mission was.

“Thousands of years ago, Mo Shenghua from the Western Frontier’s Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion left the Heavenly Mystic on a mission to the Immortal Spirit World.

“Now that he controls a world, he’s being hunted down by the Immortal Spirit World.”

Han Muye whispered and recounted what he knew.

A great cultivator who controlled a world was indeed a great force in this battle. It was only right for them to go and save him.

Moreover, according to Han Muye, he was an elder of his sect.

No wonder most of the sword cultivators attracted to this mission were from Han Muye’s sect.

After the mission was set, everyone rested in the cabin.

When Han Muye walked out of the cabin to the deck, he happened to see Li Three standing on the side.

“Why? Isn’t Third Sister going to see Senior Brother Deng Chungang?” Han Muye asked with a smile when he saw Li Xixi.

Li Three shook her head.

“Now that I’ve cultivated to this point, I’ve become indifferent to some things.

“The scenery above the Heaven Realm is dazzling. I still want to see more.”

With that, she turned around and walked into the cabin.

In front, Deng Chungang, who was driving the flying ship on the deck, trembled and revealed a bitter expression.

Han Muye slowly walked forward. Lin Shen, Deng Chungang, Jiang Han, and the others all turned around.

“Boss Deng, this is all I can help with,” Han Muye said.

Deng Chungang forced a smile and said, “In fact, after I left the Western Frontier back then, I already knew that there were some things that I couldn’t go back to after I left.”

As he spoke, he heaved a sigh of relief and said, “That’s good. The path of cultivation is so long. Third Sister’s talent is better than mine. She will definitely live a long life in the future.”

Among the Nine Mystic Mountain disciples present today, there was the genius from back then, Deng Chungang, as well as Jiang Han and the others who had mingled in the outer sect.

At this moment, they were gathered in the outer world and found it unbelievable.

Thinking back to what happened on the Nine Mystic Mountain back then, they were extremely emotional.

Who would have thought that Senior Brother Han had already become Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic?

Among them, there were several Heaven Realm experts.

Heaven Realm. Back then, there was no Heaven Realm being on the entire Nine Mystic Mountain.

To defend the Heaven Realms, the Sword Pavilion was dedicated to create weapons capable of protecting them.

“Junior Brother Zhao, is your arm not going to recover?” Han Muye looked at the one-armed Zhao Youzhi.

Although Zhao Youzhi had restrained his aura, he could tell that Zhao Youzhi had already stepped into the Heaven Realm.

Even though he had just entered the Heaven Realm, he was still a true Nascent Soul cultivator and could reconstruct his body.

Hearing his words, the others also turned to look at Zhao Youzhi.

Zhao Youzhi shook his head and said softly, “The path of cultivation depends on one’s heart. It doesn’t matter if the body is incomplete or not.”

He raised his head and looked ahead. There was a resplendent halo circulating in his eyes.

“I think the sword in my left hand suits me better.

“If I need to cultivate the right-hand sword technique one day, I’ll reconstruct my body then.”

The powerful Zhao Youzhi with the sword in his left hand had a strange killing intent.

Among them, Zhao Youzhi's combat strength was second only to Li Three.

The others nodded.

Hearing Zhao Youzhi say that cultivation was in the heart but not in the body, Han Muye smiled.

Cultivation cultivated the heart. Only by comprehending the heart could one cultivate without any bottlenecks.

"Cultivation is a path of spiritual baptism." When Han Muye returned to the cabin, Mo Yuan, Tao Ran, and the others were sitting on wooden stools, their expressions calm.

Mo Yuan's aura was also heavy. He was already at the fifth level of the Nascent Soul Stage.

Chapter 864 - 864 Coming to Save My Nine Mystic Sword Sect Senior (2)

This level of cultivation was even lower than Patriarch Tao Ran's, but the unstoppable Sword Dao in his body made people feel that he was much stronger than Patriarch Tao Ran.

On the side, Tuoba Cheng's Sword Dao power was weaker, but his blood qi was strong, and the power of the ancient divine beast, the White Tiger, surged.

It seemed that he had chosen to take the Pure Bloodline Pill that Han Muye had left for him.

When Han Muye came to the Central Continent, he had handed a few medicinal pills to Tuoba Cheng.

Among them were pills that purified the bloodline.

The flying ship moved forward and slowly left the Heavenly Mystic defense line.

No one knew that the experts on this flying ship were all at the peak of the Heavenly Mystic Sword Dao.

After leaving the Heavenly Mystic defense line, the flying ship became even more concealed.

In the cabin, Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and a faint spiritual light flickered on his body.

The immortal alms bowl tens of thousands of miles away suddenly shook.

The Heavenly Mystic army stationed under the alms bowl immediately took action.

In less than two hours, Lu Yang led three million troops to follow the alms bowl and charge into the army formation of the Immortal Spirit Army.

"Boom!"

The golden Buddhist light shone and suppressed the Immortal Spirit Army.

Golden military formations appeared one after another.

These were all Immortal Spirit armies that had been devoured and refined by the alms bowl over the years.

These soldiers were now covered in golden light. They held sabers, spears, and swords in their hands and rushed towards the military formation without hesitation.

They were fearless and obeyed orders.

This was a puppet army that did not feel pain and only knew how to charge.

Moreover, as the military formation attacked, the Buddhist light expanded more and more.

In just a moment, hundreds of thousands of immortal spirits were devoured.

In this battle, the Immortal Artifact Alms Bowl finally revealed the might that an Immortal Artifact should possess.

The army could not resist this treasure at all.

Only when experts gathered together could they resist the devouring with their own combat strength and resist the Buddhist light.

The army of the Heavenly Mystic marched straight in and swept across a million miles.

The alms bowl immortal treasure devoured a million troops.

With two million puppets that could not feel pain in front of them, a huge hole was torn in the Immortal Spirit Front.

This was the first time the Heavenly Mystic took the initiative to attack.

This battle invigorated the hearts of the people and made all the frontline troops of Heavenly Mystic have the desire to counterattack.

For a moment, the frontlines were filled with fighting spirit.

The Heavenly Mystic army had been suppressed for so long that they had forgotten to counterattack.

If this continued, how could there be any hope for the Dao Competition?

The frontlines shook, and the Immortal Spirit World army had no choice but to mobilize to block the gap.

"Alright, we can leave," Han Muye said calmly as he watched the Immortal Spirit army in the void in front of him leave.

Who would have thought that the Heavenly Mystic army's formation was just to create an opportunity for them to cross the front line?

Actually, even Qin Suyang and the others did not know what Han Muye meant.

Was it to let the frontline counterattack, or was it really to save people?

From the looks of it, the victory at the front line seemed to be more useful than them saving people.

"Buzz!"

With a flash of spiritual light, the flying ship's speed was activated to the extreme.

Qin Suyang raised his hand, and a Great Spirit turned into a cloud barrier that covered the surrounding void.

When the cloud barrier dissipated, the flying ship was long gone.

The immortal spirit army stationed in the void did not detect the existence of the flying ship from the beginning to the end.

This was a flying ship. If the army really advanced, it would be impossible to rely on this concealment method.

This was also the reason why both sides did not carry out such a strategy.

The Dao Competition was a fair and square suppression. It was useless to rely on one or two beheadings and destruction.

Moreover, the true upper echelons of both sides were all top-notch experts.

The flying ship moved forward and followed the direction Han Muye remembered.

After traveling for tens of millions of miles, he could only move forward slowly.

Even the Half-Saints couldn't find out where Mo Shenghua was.

In the void, the effects of divine thoughts were not as great as imagined.

Once his divine sense spread out, not only would he not be able to detect the person he was looking for, but he would also expose his location.

"300,000 miles ahead, there are Out-of-body Divine Telekinesis cultivators investigating," Qin Suyang narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice.

At this moment, all the experts stood on the deck of the bow and stared ahead.

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand for Lin Shen and the others to fly the flying ship towards a place dense with meteorites.

With the meteorite shielding them, they wouldn't be exposed for the time being.

The flying ship landed on the meteorite, and everyone restrained their auras.

"Zhao Youzhi, kill a sword cultivator and bring back his sword," Han Muye said calmly as he stood in front of the deck.

Since they were at the frontline, this was a military order.

Zhao Youzhi nodded and bowed before disappearing.

The few cultivators' expressions changed.

This method was not a cultivation method, but one's strength had already seeped into one's bones. It was really like those demons who had inherited concealment methods in their bloodlines.

Not long after, Zhao Youzhi flew back with an unsheathed sword in his hand.

"Not bad." Zhao Mingshu's gaze fell on Zhao Youzhi as he nodded lightly.

Zhao Youzhi did not seem to see it. He just walked forward and handed the sword to Han Muye.

Han Muye reached for the sword and the sword Qi surged into it.

Images appeared in his mind.

“Move forward at full speed. There’s no need to hide.” Han Muye’s eyes turned cold as he shouted.

“Boom!”

The spiritual energy on the flying ship exploded and broke through the void.

In an instant, divine senses descended from the void.

Sword light slowly rose from Han Muye’s body.

On the deck, everyone adjusted their strength.

This was the hinterland of the Immortal Spirit World. Even a Half-Saint expert like Qin Suyang did not dare to say that he would definitely be able to return alive.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

A series of explosions sounded.

“Haha, again”

“I, Mo Shenghua, have never been afraid of sword cultivators in the world!”

The long laughter and sword howls intertwined.

In front of him, spiritual lights and sword lights flashed, shattering meteors one after another.

A blood-red figure in a long green robe weaved between the meteors.

The sword light followed.

This sword light was resplendent and green, like immortal light.

Behind him, hundreds of sword lights and spiritual light turned into chains. With every attack, the green sword light became thinner.

“Come on! I, Mo Shenghua, am the only sword in my life. Let’s see which one of you can break my sword!”

“Damn it, is that all you’ve got? You’re not even worthy of carrying my shoes with this sword!”

Amidst the laughter, blood splattered.

The green sword light could not block all the swords, but the sword light pierced through the green robe. However, Mo Shenghua, who was running with the sword, did not seem to have injured himself.

“Slash”

Even in this adversity, he still forcefully drew his sword and counterattacked.

A middle-aged sword cultivator in golden armor was too fast. He was pierced by the sword light and fell into the void.

The others slowly gathered around.

Mo Shenghua was covered in blood, and blood was gushing out of his mouth.

He stood on top of a meteorite, his long sword propped up.

"I've killed to my heart's content.

"Mo Shenghua from the Sword Pavilion of the Heavenly Mystic Western Frontier's Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Who wants to kill me?

"Aren't all of you afraid of the whereabouts of the Immortal Artifact, Dark Jade Saber?

"Who wants to kill me? Take my soul and search it.

"Let's see if my soul is as hardy as the sword in my hand."

Mo Shenghua's eyes were full of determination as he laughed out loud.

"Kill." An old voice sounded from the void.

Three sword lights collided with Mo Shenghua.

"Sun Youdao, you f*cking coward. I'm sleeping with your daughter. What can you do to me" Mo Shenghua laughed and raised his sword with difficulty.

"Clang"

With one strike, all three sword lights shattered.

Qin Suyang, who was wearing a green Confucian robe, took a step forward and stood in front of Mo Shenghua.

"Heavenly Mystic, Qin Suyang."

Qin Suyang looked at the figure hidden in the clouds in front of him and said calmly.

At this moment, the sword light on his body exploded and turned into endless sword clouds.

"F*ck, a Sage in Sword Dao." Mo Shenghua's eyes widened. Envy flashed across his face, but his entire body was in pain, and his muscles and bones were twitching.

"The Heavenly Mystic Sages and the Great Sword Cultivators. I didn't expect to catch such a big fish." Sun Youdao, who was wearing a green robe, slowly walked forward with a calm expression.

"Let me see who has come to save this piece of trash from the Heavenly Mystic."

Sun Youdao's gaze turned to the flying ship, and his expression turned solemn.

"Boom!"

Streaks of sword light were like heavenly pillars that pierced through heaven and earth, sweeping away the darkness in the void.

“Heavenly Mystic Sword Cultivator, Zhao Mingshu, has come to save my fellow Heavenly Mystic sword cultivator.”

“Heavenly Mystic Sword Cultivator, Qian Chengyuan, has come to save my fellow Heavenly Mystic sword cultivator.”

“Heavenly Mystic Sword Cultivator, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Tuoba Cheng, is here to save our senior.”

“Heavenly Mystic Sword Cultivator, Deng Chungang of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, is here to save my senior.”

“Heavenly Mystic, Han Muye.” Sun Youdao looked at Han Muye, who was standing at the bow, with a trace of surprise in his eyes.

“To be able to kill you today, no matter how great the loss is, it’s worth it.”

He waved his hand and countless spiritual lights lit up in the void.

The army surrounded them.

Chapter 865 - 865 Han Muye’s Last Resort

Heaven Realm.

The Heaven Realm figures of the Immortal Spirit World quietly appeared.

If it was just Heaven Realm cultivators, it would be fine. Countless military formations appeared on the flying ships one after another, occupying the surrounding void.

“I knew that someone would definitely come to the Heavenly Mystic, but I didn’t expect it to be you.” Looking at Han Muye, Sun Youdao smiled.

“Minister Heavenly Mystic, you’ve already wreaked havoc in my Immortal Spirit twice. How dare you come again?”

“Who gave you the courage?”

Sun Youdao smiled and waved his hand. The army surrounded Han Muye and the people around him.

At this moment, everyone in the Heavenly Mystic looked extremely solemn.

This was a battle between two worlds. It did not matter whose cultivation level was higher or whose combat strength was stronger.

In front of an army, even Saints could not withstand the combined attack of a military formation.

Back then, Han Muye led more than 300,000 alchemists to form a formation with sword cores and chased after Mo Wuxie in the Immortal Spirit World.

Today, when the army surrounded them, no one present could escape.

“Kill.”

Han Muye didn't waste his breath.

Before the general trend, combat strength was the only thing that mattered.

A golden war spear appeared above his head.

Immortal treasure!

He raised his hand and injected spiritual qi into the spear, causing it to become thousands of feet long and pierce through the sky.

“Boom!”

The spear collided with the Blood Qi stimulated by the army, causing the void to tremble.

Under the attack, Han Muye retreated.

To be able to fight against a million-strong army alone was already a rare expert in the world.

A smile appeared on Sun Youdao's face as he sneered, “Although I didn't expect you to come personally, this immortal treasure is still within my calculations.”

He raised his hand, and the Heaven Realm expert behind him stepped forward. A blood-colored spiritual light formed a formation in his hand.

“That's the Blood Fiend Formation. It's the best treasure to break through,” the pale-faced Mo Shenghua growled.

Han Muye nodded, and the immortal treasure spear froze.

“Boom!”

Qin Suyang flew up and the sword light in his hand transformed into ten thousand streaks that slashed down.

Hundreds of Heaven Realm cultivators stood in formation to defend against his sword rays. The army behind him borrowed the force to form a light screen.

The power of the military formation was comparable to that of a Saint.

Gongsun Shu and the others also flew out and rushed towards the battle formation.

They were all sword cultivators here today. Sword cultivators had no regrets about life and death and were fearless when they attacked.

For a moment, thousands of sword intents crisscrossed, turning all the surrounding defenses into sieves.

Sun Youdao snorted coldly and took a step back.

The army gathered and blocked the empty space.

This time, the Immortal Spirit World was fully prepared. They had to surround and kill the Heavenly Mystic experts who were involved.

Otherwise, how much prestige would the Immortal Spirit World have left if the Heavenly Mystic experts came to kill and plunder time and time again?

In order to set up the trap, a Sage had directly attacked the Immortal Spirit World.

Sun Youdao mobilized all the experts in his sect just to catch a big fish.

From the looks of it today, it was really a big fish.

“Boom!”

The Sword Dao power on Qin Suyang’s body gathered a sword light and shattered the light shield in front of him.

Countless soldiers spat out blood and retreated, but more troops stepped forward to fill the gap.

In terms of military power, the Immortal Spirit World was not inferior to the Heavenly Mystic Realm. In fact, it was even stronger.

“Kill”

Countless soldiers roared and slowly narrowed the encirclement.

Sun Youdao sneered and stood behind the military formation.

Mo Shenghua’s face was pale. He turned to look at everyone. “Which one of you is in charge of the Sword Pavilion?”

Hearing his words, Tuoba Cheng said in a low voice, “Han Muye is in charge of the Sword Pavilion. Now, he is the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic World.”

“Minister?” Mo Shenghua grinned and pulled at the wounds on his body. “Wen Mosheng actually chose someone from the Western Frontier to be the minister?”

“You’re Minister Han, right?”

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he nodded.

He looked around at the battle situation and the Heaven Realm cultivators in front of him.

These Heaven Realm experts who set up the Blood Fiend Formation were specially used to deal with his immortal treasure spear.

“Why don’t I go?” Zhao Yunlong, who had transformed into his human form, took a deep breath and said softly.

What he meant was that he would activate the Blood Fiend Array and create an opportunity for Han Muye to break the array.

However, in the face of this Blood Evil Battle Formation, if he was trapped in it, his spirituality would definitely be wiped clean.

“If the Blood Fiend Array was so easy to break, I wouldn’t have been chased so badly.”

Mo Shenghua's voice sounded.

"The spirituality of my two magic treasures and swords has been destroyed by this array formation."

He said with a pained expression.

"Clang"

In front of him, Qian Chengyuan's longsword was blocked by a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator. Then, his body fell back to the ground.

Not only him, but the attacks of the others were also limited to a small area and slowly retreated.

This was the strength of the Immortal Spirit World.

If they really attacked, there would be more experts in the Immortal Spirit World than in the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

"We can't rush out." Gongsun Shu turned around and stood behind Han Muye.

The other great cultivators also flew back.

"If we really can't leave, we'll protect Prime Minister Han and open up a bloody path." Xu Shen held his long sword and said in a low voice, "The Heavenly Mystic can't do without Prime Minister Han."

Li San and the others nodded and moved closer to Han Muye.

"Since you're in charge of the Sword Pavilion, you've investigated the secrets of the Sword Pavilion, right?" Mo Shenghua stared at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "I'll break open the space with all my might. You can teleport with the dao mark and leave this place."

Dao mark.

Han Muye had set up several road signs inside and outside the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

With the guidance of the dao mark, he could travel through the void.

However, now that the power of the Land of Dao Contest had locked onto him, the power of space was also suppressed. If he wanted to pass through the void, he had to first break through the void.

Back then, Mo Shenghua had controlled the Sword Pavilion and comprehended the spatial power within. That was why he said that he wanted to break through the void.

This was to break the suppression of the Dao Ancestor and help Han Muye leave instantly.

If Han Muye left, the others would probably have no chance of survival.

"Senior Mo, you might not understand me."

Chapter 866 - 866 Han Muye's Last Resort (2)

Han Muye's expression did not change. He said calmly, "I'm not like you, who have nothing better to do than touch the butt of a Saintess."

These words made Mo Shenghua's pale face instantly turn red.

“I, I, when”

Could such a thing be said on such an occasion?

Han Muye looked at Sun Youdao opposite him.

Sun Youdao’s expression flickered.

Han Muye was too calm.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic always planned before taking action.

There was something wrong with his behavior this time.

“Senior Sun, it seems like the other Immortal Spirit Sages aren’t here.”

Han Muye’s voice rang out.

Sun Youdao frowned.

“If I kill Senior Sun today, do you think half of the Immortal Spirit situation will collapse?”

“Senior Sun is in charge of 30 percent of the Immortal Spirit Dao Sects.”

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, the spear above his head vibrated.

“Let me see if this Blood Fiend Formation can really break immortal treasures.”

“Boom!”

The Immortal Treasure Spear turned into a 100,000 feet long. Green immortal qi filled the air, carrying endless power.

Immortal Qi!

Immortal treasures naturally needed immortal qi to control them!

This was what Han Muye relied on!

When he was in seclusion, he had already figured out the power of immortal treasures. Using immortal spirit qi to control immortal treasures was the strongest state of immortal treasures.

Even Dao Ancestors and Divine Venerables would be wary of such a state and not dare to face it head-on.

Of course, Han Muye did not have so much immortal qi to squander.

But it was enough to kill a Sage.

Previously, he did not use immortal qi because he did not dare to.

Without Endless Heavenly Venerates to explain the situation of the experts in the world, he did not dare to easily use his immortal qi.

He didn’t even know the consequences of using immortal qi to control immortal treasures.

But today, he had no choice but to use it.

“Boom!”

Immortal light flashed, and the green halo froze the void.

Immortal qi suppressed spiritual qi. This was a power that exceeded the scope of this world.

As soon as the immortal energy appeared, even the power of the Dao Ancestor was knocked away.

Just like the teleportation power of the endless Divine Venerables, even the Dao Ancestors were helpless.

Sun Youdao’s expression changed drastically as he quickly retreated.

Without the suppression of the power of a Dao Ancestor, he could unleash the power of a Sage within a radius of 5,000 miles.

Han Muye raised his hand and waved it, stabbing his spear at Sun Youdao.

Sun Youdao gritted his teeth. The Great Dao around him turned into a barrier.

“Bang!”

The spear shattered the Great Dao on Sun Youdao’s body and then shattered his shoulder.

Sun Youdao let out a miserable cry. His Primordial Spirit left his body and flew away.

However, the void within a radius of 10,000 miles was swept away by the celestial spiritual energy. Without the suppression of the Dao competition, a saint’s primordial spirit left his body and instantly landed 10,000 miles away.

“Let him go. After all, he’s my father-in-law” Mo Shenghua’s voice sounded behind Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand, turned his spear, and swept.

“Boom!”

The Heaven Realm array that gathered the blood fiend qi was directly broken, and everyone spat out blood and flew away.

The spear turned again and broke through the three military formations, then flew back to Han Muye.

At this moment, Han Muye’s face turned pale.

Using Immortal Treasures consumed a lot of energy.

“Boom!”

The immortal qi between heaven and earth dissipated, and the suppressive power of the Dao Ancestor reappeared.

Without needing Han Muye to speak, Qin Suyang and the others flashed. The sword light in their hands turned into a thousand feet and slashed out.

Without Sun Youdao's command, without the restriction of the Blood Fiend Formation, the military formation was also broken through. To the current Heavenly Mystic sword cultivators, this was a massacre.

The sword light was unstoppable.

With a wave of the sword light, it was 10,000 feet long.

In the void, endless streams of light flashed.

Han Muye stood where he was, and Mo Shenghua, who was pale, looked up at him.

Han Muye took a deep breath, put away the spear, and looked at the illusory place in the sky.

A golden spiritual light flashed in his palm.

"Boom!"

In the sky, a golden spiritual light blasted down.

When this spiritual light descended, the void within a radius of 100,000 miles was suppressed. Not even a mosquito could move.

All the sword lights were frozen.

At this moment, the Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao Competition became a joke.

That golden light completely surpassed the power of a Dao Ancestor. Even these Dao Ancestors were powerless against it.

Spiritual light descended on Han Muye's head and turned into a huge subordinate.

If even a Dao Ancestor could not resist it, Han Muye naturally could not either.

At this moment, the golden power in his palm exploded and turned into a light screen.

"Yu Daozi? It's been a long time.

"Why? Do you want to be my guest in the Endless Sea?"

An Endless Divine Venerable's voice came from behind Han Muye.

This was Han Muye's true reliance!

The Endless Divine Venerable attacked to block another Divine Venerable's attack!

The golden spiritual light in the void paused and an old voice sounded, "Endless Divine Venerable?

"You are free in the Endless Sea, why bother"

Before he could finish speaking, the golden light curtain covering Han Muye's body turned into a three-pronged fork that flew up, pierced the spiritual light in the sky, and shattered it.

"Yu Daozi, have I given you face?"

“Do you want me to capture your main body from the corner of the Upper Three Heavens and suppress it in the 18th level of hell to feel my transcendence path?”

A spiritual light vibrated in the void.

The spiritual light hand from before had disappeared without a trace, leaving not a single fart behind.

Divine senses rushed down to resist the endless power of the Divine Venerable.

After a moment, all the divine senses dispersed and the voice of the Endless Divine Venerable sounded again.

“Han Muye, in the future, you can’t use these two immortal treasures outside the Heavenly Mystic Realm.”

“Also, immortal qi cannot be used again.”

With that, the golden light transformed by the endless Divine Venerables dissipated.

Han Muye smiled lightly, and the green immortal light around him disappeared.

As expected, behind the struggle for the Dao, there was a scheme that even countless Divine Venerables feared.

The last time they had discussed it with Endless Divine Venerable, the two of them had wanted to probe.

This time, he was just putting it into action.

“No need, no need.” Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

Immortal qi had already attracted the covetous eyes of those powerful cultivators.

As for immortal treasures, for Heavenly Venerables who were biased, they naturally had to forbid Han Muye from using them.

It seemed that it was not enough for him to pull in endless Divine Venerables.

This Dao competition involved the Upper Three Heavens, but he knew too little about Upper Three Heavens.

He did not know which major factions in Upper Three Heavens were plotting and what they were asking for.

“Let’s go.” Han Muye raised his hand, and the flying ship floated in the air. Everyone dispersed the Immortal Spirit army and quickly turned around.

It was a situation of certain death, but he did not expect to win in the end.

However, everyone’s expressions were extremely solemn.

If not for what they had seen today, they would have thought that their cultivation was already at the top.

This was especially true for many experts of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Sects. After obtaining a huge amount of resources, they no longer had a goal to strive for.

After today's battle, they finally understood that there was still such a supreme power in the world.

The Immortal Treasure suppressed everything in a single strike.

When a Divine Venerable attacked, the world within 100,000 miles was locked down.

In front of these experts, they were just weaklings.

The world was so vast.

The flying ship turned around and moved forward. No one spoke.

The shock today was too great.

This was cultivation!

"Han Muye, let's make a deal," Mo Shenghua suddenly said as the spaceship flew thousands of miles.

Han Muye turned to look at him.

"I'll tell you the location of the Dark Jade Saber. After obtaining the immortal treasure, follow me to Immortal Spirit Star."

Immortal treasures.

Immortal Spirit Star.

Immortal treasures were alluring, but Immortal Spirit Star was the native land of the Immortal Spirit World. How could he go there?

Beside Han Muye, the expressions of Qin Suyang and the others changed.

"Don't worry. Dang Wuyou, Xuanji, and the other Sages are all confronting Wen Mosheng, Chen Qingzhi, and the others in the void. There was originally Sun Youdao guarding Immortal Spirit Star, but this time, Sun Youdao was seriously injured."

A smile appeared on Mo Shenghua's face. "I will be dissatisfied if I don't do something big."

He wanted to make it big.

Han Muye's eyes flickered.

Mo Shenghua's words made sense.

Sometimes, the balance of the scales could be easily tipped.

Mo Shenghua's words made Han Muye nod.

"You have two immortal treasures, but they are now forbidden.

"But they didn't stipulate that you can't obtain a new immortal treasure."

Mo Shenghua's voice was seductive.

An immortal treasure that wasn't within the scope of the rules.

The rules were set by the Divine Venerable, but Han Muye also had the Divine Venerable backing him.

As long as he did not go overboard, the other party would have nothing to say.

"Alright, I'll obtain the Immortal Artifacts first before heading to Immortal Spirit Star."

Han Muye looked at Mo Shenghua and said calmly, "If the power on Immortal Spirit Star is too strong, I won't barge in.

"Our lives are more important than any treasure."

Upon hearing his words, Mo Shenghua laughed. "Xuanji's Spirit Emergence Temple has a secret technique that can allow a Golden Core to quickly break through to the Heaven Realm. Do you want to snatch this method?"

Chapter 867 - 867 The Third Immortal Treasure, Dark Jade Saber

Han Muye finally understood why this senior of the Sword Pavilion was able to go crazy and go beyond the world of the Heavenly Mystic back then.

This guy was an adventurous lunatic.

Mo Shenghua was actually bold enough to plunder even the main star of the Immortal Spirit World.

However, Han Muye liked immortal treasures too!

If there was really a way to quickly transform a Golden Core into a Heaven Realm cultivator on Immortal Spirit Star, he would not be polite.

The flying ship turned around and sped away.

In the void, the Dao Ancestors who witnessed it did not know where Han Muye was going. They only used their divine senses to investigate and follow him.

In today's battle, the faces of these Dao Ancestors who witnessed the competition of the Dao were all lost. Han Muye controlled the immortal treasures with immortal qi and directly repelled their power for thousands of miles.

Later, the Divine Venerables attacked and destroyed the fairness of the Dao Competition, but they could not do anything.

In such a situation, they had lost all prestige in the Dao Competition.

However, for these Dao Ancestors who had lived long enough, face was not important. The most important thing was the substance.

Divine Venerables were participating in this Dao Competition, and there was more than one of them.

The fact that they could bear witness to such a large-scale Dao competition and obtain the benefits in the end was exciting.

Moreover, they could be said to be invincible. They did not need to participate in the Dao Competition personally. They only needed to maintain the order of the Dao Competition.

Even if the order could be broken by both sides at any time.

“Endless Divine Venerables are personally participating. The final outcome of this Dao Competition is hard to predict” A Dao Ancestor’s divine sense whispered, filled with emotions.

“That depends on who the opponent is.” On the other side, another Dao Ancestor’s divine sense rang out.

“That’s right. The major sects of the Upper Three Heavens. Hehe, the outcome of this battle is really hard to predict.”

Han Muye’s flying ship ignored the Dao Ancestors’ conversation and flew quickly in the void under Mo Shenghua’s guidance.

When they encountered the army of the Immortal Spirit World, they did not hide anything and directly charged over.

After crushing the ambush set up by Sun Youdao, the side of the Immortal Spirits no longer had a large army to respond.

This was something he had not expected.

Sun Youdao intentionally opened the door to welcome Han Muye and the others, but then closed the door and trapped them like a dog.

However, in the end, he himself became a loser, and as a result, the ambush was dispersed and the area was empty.

“We’re here.”

Mo Shenghua raised his hand, and the flying ship immediately stopped.

Figures appeared on the deck.

There were not many twists and turns along the way.

There weren’t even any decent battles along the way.

Was it really that simple to find an immortal treasure?

“Here?” Gongsun Shu looked ahead and frowned. “This place looks like an ordinary dead star. If there was an immortal treasure, it would have been discovered long ago.”

Immortal treasures had spirits, so logically speaking, they wouldn’t be hidden on the dead star.

Mo Shenghua chuckled and pointed at the star. “Gongsun, what you see is the star, and what I see is the Dark Jade Saber.”

His words stunned Gongsun Shu.

Qin Suyang narrowed his eyes and said softly, "It's not the right way to nurture a weapon with a world's Great Dao."

The method of using the Great Dao of a world to nurture immortal treasures, which absorb the power of heaven and earth, can cause the collapse of the Heavenly Dao of the world.

Such a method is not in line with the principles of the orthodox Spiritual Dao.

"Who said that this Dark Jade Saber is a treasure of the orthodox path?" Mo Shenghua laughed, and his eyes lit up. "It can cut through the body and destroy the soul. This immortal treasure should be a demonic treasure.

"In the Immortal Spirit World, Mo Wuxie only has 30% of the inheritance of the demonic path. The remaining 70% is actually all on this Dark Jade Saber.

"Think about it. This saber draws blood. Whether you want to take it or not depends on you." After Mo Shenghua finished speaking, he leaned against the side of the ship.

On the deck of the flying ship, everyone looked at each other and then at Han Muye.

Whether or not they wanted to take this saber depended on Minister Han.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He said calmly, "Weapons are immortal treasures. Use the Dao to follow the Dao, and use the Demon to follow the Demon.

"Since I'm here, of course I have to accept it."

Hearing his words, Mo Shenghua laughed and said, "Wen Mosheng was right to let you inherit the Heavenly Mystic Realm. You're not as pedantic as him."

With that, his body moved and flew up, heading straight for the star in front of him.

"Dark Jade, did you hear that?"

"How about I choose a master for you?"

"Clang"

What answered Mo Shenghua was a saber beam.

Mo Shenghua laughed and quickly retreated.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and his blood essence condensed as he flew up.

A phantom of Baxia appeared on his body.

"Boom!"

He punched out and collided with the saber light. The world shook and spiritual light surged within a thousand miles.

The saber light and fist shadows intertwined. The two different powers mixed together, causing the surrounding spiritual qi to become chaotic.

On the star, there was a rumbling sound.

Mo Shenghua stood at the bow of the ship with his eyes wide open. "F*ck, you gave in so easily? I've been fighting for a hundred years, but I haven't even touched the hilt."

In the void, Han Muye stood still and said, "Senior Mo was wrong just now."

"I'm not trying to be your master."

"What I want is an immortal treasure that can attack on its own and be controlled by everyone in the Heavenly Mystic."

An immortal treasure for everyone to control?

Mo Shenghua was stunned.

Immortal treasures were immortal treasures, and immortal treasures ought to have their own pride.

Wasn't it an insult to immortal treasures to have everyone order them around?

As expected, as soon as Han Muye finished speaking, a saber light flashed on the star.

A 100,000-foot-long blood-colored saber slashed down.

Han Muye raised his hand and clenched his fist. "I'm not here to discuss it with you," he said in a low voice.

The fist shadow turned into a long dragon. With a whistle, it directly wrapped around the saber light.

"Buzz!"

The long saber vibrated, but it seemed like it could not break free from the dragon shadow.

Chapter 868 - 868 Third Immortal Treasure, Dark Jade Saber (2)

There were traces of immortal qi circulating in the long dragon.

Although Han Muye might have used immortal qi, he did not use immortal qi to fight enemies. He was collecting treasures.

If all the Divine Venerables had to take part because of this, they might as well come and destroy the Heavenly Mystic Sect.

Han Muye knew that there must be Divine Venerables behind the Heavenly Mystic World. Other than the Endless Divine Venerables he had found, there must be Divine Venerables supporting them in Upper Three Heavens.

However, the Divine Venerables behind the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestors would be at a disadvantage. Otherwise, they wouldn't have let the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestors fight to the death.

The seemingly thin dragon shadow wrapped around the saber, and the immortal qi seeped into the saber, making the saber vibrate.

"I can promise you that I'll give you a strand of immortal qi every hundred years."

Han Muye's voice softened.

The long saber stopped trembling. After a moment, all the blood shadows dissipated and turned into a five-foot-long saber.

The handle of the saber was two feet long and the blade was three feet long. It had a thick back and a wide blade. The blade was cold and there were golden dark patterns on it.

"This is the Dark Jade Saber" Mo Shenghua looked at the saber and muttered.

He stared at the blade and could feel its power to attack the soul.

For cultivators whose cultivation level was not high enough, this saber was an extremely deadly weapon.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed, placing the long saber in front of the flying ship.

"Let's go to Immortal Spirit Star."

Lin Shen and the others who were piloting the flying ship nodded. The flying ship flew away and turned into a straight line that pierced through the void towards Immortal Spirit Star.

At this moment, the Dao Ancestors outside the void were speechless.

"Back then, Prime Minister Han was the Great Dao Seed right?"

An old voice sounded.

Han Muye had always been favored by the Heavenly Mystic Great Dao and had all kinds of opportunities.

However, that was the Heavenly Mystic Dao. At this moment, they were in the Immortal Spirit World.

Moreover, treasures like immortal treasures had always been obtained by those who were fated.

He'd refined an Immortal Treasure, and the Divine Court's Treasure Vault obtained an Immortal Treasure. Now, he'd directly subdued one.

With three Immortal Artifacts in hand, who in the world would be able to obtain such a fortuitous encounter?

Even the major sects of the Upper Three Heavens did not have three immortal treasures, right?

"Sigh, it's a pity that he wasn't born in the Upper Three Heavens and was trapped in a fight for the Dao." Someone sighed softly.

If such a person was in the Upper Three Heavens, he would probably be a direct disciple of a large faction and a target to be nurtured.

A thousand years later, he might be a pivotal figure in the Upper Three Heavens.

However, if he landed in the land of the Dao Competition, he would not have a chance to grow much before the hundred-year Dao Competition ended.

Even if he won the Dao Competition, would he really have enough chances?

Some things were already destined when they were born.

“Minister Han Heavenly Mystic is also decisive. He really went to kill Immortal Spirit Star.” A calm voice sounded with a hint of surprise.

These Dao Ancestors could clearly see that Han Muye’s flying ship was moving in a straight line, and its target was Immortal Spirit Star.

Just like the Heavenly Mystic World, even if a Sage came, he would not dare to directly descend.

As the place where Wen Mosheng achieved his Dao, even if Wen Mosheng was not in Heavenly Mystic, he could still control the suppression of Heavenly Mystic Great Dao.

“Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi are holding Sage Immortal Spirit back in the void. It’s very likely that he’ll be robbed this time.” Someone gloated.

The other Dao Ancestors chuckled as well, watching with interest.

As witnesses of the Dao Competition, they could see more clearly as they watched from the side.

Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic brought them even more surprises and joy.

In front of the high and mighty Dao Ancestor powerhouses, those who had not become Dao Ancestors and had not attained the Great Dao could only bring them some fun.

Witnessing the Dao Competition was also watching a grand dispute.

Not many people would really be trapped in it.

“Boom!”

A military formation was directly knocked away by the immortal boat.

In front of the immortal boat, Mo Yuan, who was holding a long sword, slowly turned around.

Endless sword lights intertwined on his body.

“This is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?” Mo Shenghua’s expression was solemn as he nodded and said, “It’s indeed not bad for a disciple of my Nine Mystic Mountain to be able to create such a Sword Dao.”

Mo Shenghua was not the only one. The other sword cultivators also had solemn expressions.

Mo Yuan was making friends with the Sword Dao. The power displayed by this sword was something they had never seen before.

“There are many ordinary cultivators in the world after all.” Xu Shen turned to look at the people around him. Suddenly, he smiled and said, “However, none of you are so troubled.”

Everyone present had heaven-defying talent in the Sword Dao.

The sword cultivators who were chosen by Minister Han to attack immortal spirits were all outstanding talents of their realm.

Deng Chungang, who was standing in front of the deck, looked up and said in a low voice, "Senior, actually, our talents are only ordinary."

Beside him, Lin Shen, Jiang Han, and the others nodded.

Perhaps they had once felt that their talent in the Sword Dao was extraordinary.

However, after seeing Han Muye's talent, they no longer had that arrogance.

In the world of cultivation, who's talent could compare to Han Muye?

Hearing Deng Chungang's words, Xu Shen subconsciously looked at Han Muye.

For some reason, everyone turned to look at Han Muye.

"Ahem, actually, my talent is average." Han Muye coughed lightly and looked into the distance. "Back then, when I cultivated the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, Master Mo also taught me in all ways."

All sorts of teachings.

The corners of Mo Yuan's mouth twitched.

Back then, if Han Muye had not enlightened him and given him another sword intent, he, Mo Yuan, would not have been able to create the true Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Without this move, Mo Yuan would not have the pride to run amok in the Eastern Sea.

Cultivators in the world were like this. Without extraordinary means, one could only become an ordinary person.

Only by cultivating diligently and soaring into the sky, leaving behind ordinaryness, could one stand high and see far. One would naturally have pride in their hearts.

"Buzz!"

A rumbling sound came from the void.

Countless spiritual light phantoms collided with the flying ship.

They could already see the distant Immortal Spirit Star from here. The Immortal Spirit World also reacted and did its best to stop Han Muye and the others from heading to Immortal Spirit Star.

The suicidal obstruction of the enemy had begun a day ago.

Without waiting for Han Muye to speak, Zhao Mingshu and Qian Chengyuan had already flown up, and the sword light in their hands scattered.

A Half-Sage cultivator who had become a sage in the Way of the Sword. Such a powerful cultivator's sword light was so intense that it cut through the air thousands of miles ahead.

"Fellow Daoist Qian's swordsmanship has indeed improved greatly," Gongsun Shu said in a low voice as he looked at the sword light in Qian Chengyuan's hand.

Back then, he had fought with Qian Chengyuan. In the end, that battle was won.

But at that time, he held back.

After seeing Qian Chengyuan's swordsmanship today, his cultivation had improved greatly.

Han Muye smiled.

A great sword cultivator had gone out to battle with him twice in a row. Whether it was the treasures or experiences he had obtained, if his cultivation and combat strength could not improve greatly, he would not be qualified to travel with him.

The flying boat moved forward. No matter what kind of obstruction it was, it was killed.

The self-destruction of the Heaven Realm and the gathering of an army of a million soldiers, and the attack of a Divine Transformation Realm Half-Sage, could not stop the Sword Dao cultivator on the flying boat or the Xuanyu Saber that was good at killing.

When they were 100,000 miles away from Immortal Spirit Star, the Heaven Realm and Half-Sages led by the five Sages blocked the flying boat.

Although these five Sages were not Sages who had attained Dao in the Immortal Spirit World and their combat strength and cultivation were slightly inferior, they were still Sages.

However, these five Sages could not withstand a single slash from the Dark Jade Saber controlled by everyone on the flying ship.

In theory, immortal treasures could only be used by mighty figures with immortal qi to unleash their strongest power.

Everyone on the flying ship gathered their strength and could only unleash 60% of the saber's power.

Sixty percent was enough.

The five Sages fled. Several Half-Sages were seriously injured, and many of the other Heaven Realm experts were either dead or injured.

The Dark Jade Saber absorbed the Blood Qi, and the blade became brighter and brighter.

"Dark Jade Saber. This saber should have been a supreme treasure of the demonic path back then, the Blood Jade Saber, right?" A Dao Ancestor whispered in the void.

"Back then, the Blood Jade Saber was brought to the Immortal Source World. Later on, it disappeared without a trace. So, it's here."

"It seems that the Immortal Spirit World is related to the Heavenly Mystic World."

In the void, all kinds of divine thoughts were communicating as they watched the saber move.

"Boom!"

A 10,000-foot saber beam blasted down, cutting open the void of a 100,000 miles.

Han Muye stood in the air and waved his hand. Everyone on the flying ship flew away and headed straight for Immortal Spirit Star.

As the Prime Minister of Heavenly Mystic, Han Muye would not land on Immortal Spirit Star.

If he entered Immortal Spirit Star, the Heavenly Dao of Immortal Spirit Star would kill him even if it had to self-destruct.

This was the invasion of the power of the Great Dao. There was no reason to explain it.

Just like how the Sages of the Immortal Spirit World would not directly enter the Heavenly Mystic World.

“Sun Yuru, come with me. Your father can’t hold the fort anymore.” Mo Shenghua’s arrogant voice echoed in the void.

“How is it? Am I riding a seven-colored auspicious cloud and wearing golden armor to marry you?”

“Look at this Immortal Spirit Star, who dares to stop me”

“Evil creature, I’m here to take your life!” With a loud shout, a huge monk in a red kasaya rushed towards Mo Shenghua.

Chapter 869 - 869 King of the Desolate Wilderness

“Dark Jade, kill this baldy!”

Mo Shenghua stood in the sky with his hands on his hips. He raised his hand and pointed.

There was no reaction from the Dark Jade Saber.

Mo Shenghua’s expression froze. The Buddhist light on the monk’s body had already surged up.

Han Muye shook his head and waved his hand.

The Dark Jade Sword emitted a loud ringing sound as it pressed down.

The radiance of the sword was dazzling, and the sky was stained with blood!

Under this slash, his soul and body were imprisoned, and his flesh and blood trembled uncontrollably.

The Dark Jade Saber was the Blood Jade Saber.

This saber was a demonic blade.

When the monk saw the saber coming, he was so frightened that his face turned ashen. He turned and left.

However, he had already activated the power of the immortal treasure. How could he leave just like that?

The saber light turned into a blood dragon and shattered his cassock. Then it collided with his body and shattered it.

The saber light dissipated, and the pale-faced monk gathered his body in the distance. His figure was much thinner.

After all, he was a Buddhist cultivator and was in the Immortal Spirit World blessed by the Heavenly Dao. If he fled with all his might, he would really survive.

However, only he knew how much he had to pay.

Mo Shenghua laughed and pointed at the monk. The monk shivered and ran away.

He was really scared.

At this moment, the entire Immortal Spirit Star was already shining with sword light.

The long sword pierced through the air, shaking everything within thousands of miles.

The sound of the sword covered the clouds.

Especially in the direction of Immortal Spirit Temple, a Buddhist sect on Immortal Spirit Star, the sword light had already illuminated the world.

Actually, there were still experts on Immortal Spirit Star. For example, Sun Youdao, who had returned seriously injured. If he borrowed the power of the Great Dao of Immortal Spirit Star, he could suppress Qin Suyang and the others who were wreaking havoc on the star.

But he didn't dare.

Han Muye and the Mystic Jade Saber hung in the sky.

“That Mo Shenghua really has nothing better to do.” A female cultivator dressed in a pink long dress next to Sun Youdao gritted her teeth and spoke in a low voice, her face full of coldness but her eyes full of smiles.

The pale-faced Sun Youdao turned to look at the female cultivator.

“Yuru, are you really going to follow him?”

The smile on the female cultivator's face disappeared. She pondered for a moment and nodded.

Sun Youdao revealed a bitter expression and sighed softly. “Forget it. I've never been able to control your matters.”

With that, he turned around and slowly walked to the back of the hall.

“Father, it's hard to predict life and death in a battle of Dao. In fact, you also want me to follow him, right?” Sun Yuru's voice sounded from behind.

Sun Youdao's figure paused for a moment, but he didn't speak. He simply walked away.

It was hard to predict who would win in the Dao Competition. Instead of defending one side to the death, it was better to place bets on both sides.

Sun Yuru stood in the hall, her expression slowly turning solemn.

She bowed to the front of the hall, then turned around and stepped out.

“Mo Shenghua, you're quite bold. I didn't sleep with you for nothing.”

The corners of Han Muye's mouth twitched as he watched the female cultivator fly over.

They are really a family

The battle on Immortal Spirit Star only lasted for two hours before everyone left.

A few sects of the Immortal Spirit Temple had been demolished, and some outer sect mountains had been destroyed.

Even the top sword cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic couldn't destroy a sect.

The mountain-protecting array that had been passed down for countless years was really not something that could be broken easily.

However, there were many treasures that were plundered everywhere. After all, it was the Immortal Spirit Star, the main star of the Immortal Spirit World. There were all sorts of spirit ores, spirit materials, and spirit medicines on it. Moreover, the markets outside the sect had all been plundered.

Everyone gathered. The flying ship tore through the air and disappeared into the void, leaving behind the desolate Immortal Spirit Star.

Some people roared, while others cried.

This was how cruel the Dao competition was. They were irreconcilable.

The law of the jungle between cultivators was vividly displayed here and now.

"Senior Brother Han, I didn't let you down." Zhao Youzhi quietly appeared in the cabin of the flying ship with a golden Buddha head in his hand.

The Buddha's head shone with golden light and its eyes widened.

Han Muye reached out to take the Buddha's head. Spiritual qi was poured into it, and one could see the Buddhist patterns.

"Using the Buddhist Sect's enlightenment technique to break through the barrier of the Sky Breaking Realm, this method is nothing special."

Han Muye shook his head and muttered in disappointment.

Buddhist cultivators were different from other cultivators.

The devotion of Buddhist cultivators was unparalleled.

Therefore, during the empowerment, the recipient would not resist at all. The person who performed the empowerment also had a spirit of sacrifice and was willing to consume his own cultivation.

However, this method was almost impossible to achieve in other cultivation paths.

"Are you suggesting that the swordsman abandon his vigilance and accept the initiation instead?"

"It'd be better to have him break his sword."

"However, there's something to learn from."

Han Muye muttered softly to himself as he probed the methods in the Buddhist light.

The empowerment was not enough, but it could be administered with medicine.

There was a medicinal garden within the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, with countless spiritual medicines that could be used without any restraint.

After learning about the legacy of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, the possibility of it continuing in the Divine Court, and the existence of powerful beings lurking within, Han Muye's thoughts changed once again.

Outside the cabin, Mo Shenghua and his Dao companion from Immortal Spirit Star were flirting with each other as if no one was around.

This made Lin Shen, Deng Chungang, and the other juniors of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect feel awkward and a little envious.

"Boom!"

Experts blocked the way in front of the flying ship. Heaven Realm experts from the Immortal Spirit World rushed up, and Qin Suyang and the others flew out with their swords.

Today, everyone on the flying ship was a Sword Dao expert.

Condensing combat strength, sword cultivators were invincible.

The sword light pierced through thousands of miles and directly pierced through the army blocking the way.

At this moment, the dominance of the Heavenly Mystic Sword Dao was completely displayed.

If he wanted to block the path of a sword cultivator, he needed 10 or 100 times more strength.

During this time, there were at least 300 bloody battles.

Ten battles a day.

At the most dangerous moment, even Han Muye's Dark Jade Saber could not repel the encircling army.

Chapter 870 - 870 King of the Desolate Wilderness (2)

The fearless Immortal Spirit army had already gone crazy.

Han Muye and the others had attacked Immortal Spirit Star and angered everyone in the Immortal Spirit World.

If they didn't keep them here, where would the dignity of the Immortal Spirit World go?

Fortunately, they were already at the edge of the battlefield. Huang Tingji and Yan Zhen led the Divine Dao army over and used the Deity Roll Call to suppress them, forcing the Immortal Spirit army back.

Even so, the Immortal Spirit army did not retreat completely. Instead, they slowly gathered and began to press forward.

“Minister Han, if we want to fight a decisive battle, our Heavenly Mystic army needs to gather.” Xiao Lingshan and Lu Yang came to the front line to see Han Muye with heavy-hearted expressions.

The Immortal Spirit army had gathered in the tens of millions. This was a decisive battle.

However, the reserve strength of the Heavenly Mystic World was insufficient. The battle prowess of the various star worlds stacked together could not stop this army of tens of millions.

Unless they mobilized the Heavenly Mystic’s Heaven Realm experts like last time.

However, the Immortal Spirit Army was a regular army and could be perpetually stationed at the front line.

The experts of the Heavenly Mystic couldn’t be on the defense all the time.

In the end, the overall strength of the Heavenly Mystic was relatively weak.

It would take time for the army to gather. The Immortal Spirit World might not give the Heavenly Mystic army time to gather.

Han Muye needed to make a decision.

Should he give up on the frontline defense line or go all out?

“Draw a boundary with the star and tell them that if they dare to come, they will not return,” Han Muye said calmly as he looked at the void ahead.

Come but not return?

Lu Yang was stunned for a moment. He looked up at Han Muye. Why will they come but not return?

Seeing Han Muye turn around and leave, Lu Yang’s expression was extremely solemn.

This was the life and death of millions of generals. How could it be child’s play?

“Lu Yang, how long have you been in charge of the Mystic Sun Guards?” Xiao Lingshan, who was standing beside Lu Yang, suddenly asked.

Lu Yang was slightly stunned and said in a low voice, “It’s been hundreds of years since I joined the Mystic Sun Guard.”

Xiao Lingshan nodded with a smile on his face. “The time is still too short. You’ll be able to see it clearly after some time.”

See clearly?

Lu Yang frowned and said in a deep voice, “General Xiao, are you saying that you can see through life and death?”

He doesn’t care about the lives of tens of millions of people? Lu Yang thought.

No matter how long he was a general, Lu Yang could not do it.

Xiao Lingshan waved his hand and looked into the distance, saying lightly, "In the world of cultivation, the number of people does not determine one's success.

"The Heavenly Mystic is the Heavenly Mystic of Minister Wen, the Heavenly Mystic of Minister Han. It isn't yours or mine, or the million-strong-army's."

Turning around, Xiao Lingshan's gaze landed on Lu Yang. He lowered his voice and said, "It's easy to get lost when you're in charge of an army. You'll feel that you're really invincible in the world when the military formation is erected.

"The cultivation world is not like this."

Even after Xiao Lingshan left, Lu Yang did not really understand what he was trying to say.

When the army gathered, the combat power of 10,000 soldiers turned into strange beasts. The power of the battle formation could kill sages.

Wasn't this the strongest power in the world?

Even if the Dao Ancestors were in front, a million troops might not be enough. But with 10 million troops, trillions of troops, they should be able to surround and kill them, right?

Could the experts of the world really withstand the siege of a world's army?

Although he was surprised, Lu Yang did not violate Han Muye's military order.

The frontline retreated 300,000 miles and declared that they could not go beyond the Heavenly Mystic World.

However, this display of weakness was not intimidating at all to the Immortal Spirit World that had gathered an army of tens of millions.

The army crossed the star realm and surrounded the Heavenly Mystic frontline.

At this moment, the Heavenly Mystic army could not gather and could only retreat in defeat.

Without Prime Minister Han's orders, the Heavenly Mystic World did not have any experts recruited, nor did it have an army gathered.

At this moment, the Heavenly Mystic seemed to have given up resisting.

This surprised the Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the battle for the Dao.

Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic wouldn't be so cowardly, right?

"Do you guys think the Immortal Spirit World can defeat the defense of the Heavenly Mystic with a single battle?" A Dao Ancestor's divine sense transmitted.

Many Dao Ancestors agreed. They were extremely optimistic about the Immortal Spirit World, and many had other opinions.

“In the cultivation world, it all depends on who survives to the end. Even though Prime Minister Han’s previous battles were extremely dazzling, he actually overdrafted his Heavenly Mystic combat strength and revealed all his trump cards.”

“Although the Heavenly Mystic has gained a lot of wealth, it will take at least a hundred years to condense into combat power. But there is less than a decade left in the struggle for the Dao. They have no chance anymore.”

For the Dao Ancestors who were not optimistic about the Heavenly Mystic, its decline was obvious.

As for the Dao Ancestors who thought highly of the Heavenly Mystic, what they really appreciated were Han Muye’s unexpected and unrestrained performances.

“If cultivators only look at the comparison of strength, they might as well put up all their treasures.”

“Cultivation depends on luck.”

“Heavenly Mystic Minister Han is the son of the Great Dao in the Dao Competition.”

If Han Muye heard these arguments, he would definitely say that these Dao Ancestors were just worried.

At this moment, in the cabin, Han Muye was sitting opposite a middle-aged man in a white robe.

The Dao Ancestors didn’t notice this middle-aged man.

As a divine beast and an auspicious beast among divine beasts, the Qilin had a cultivation that was even more profound than that of a Dao Ancestor. It also had a bloodline power that could conceal the Heavenly Dao.

“The Ten Thousand Demon Palace on Scattered Stars Island and the 32 tribes behind them, 90 million tribes in total. I’ve brought them all.”

The Qilin stared at Han Muye with a solemn expression.

“I’ve been to the Desolate Wilderness and met those old brothers from back then.”

“The bloodline fusion method you used should be the only chance for us demons to continue.”

The Qilin’s eyes revealed a trace of loneliness.

He looked out of the flying ship and said in a low voice, “The Desolate Wilderness has collapsed and it’s impossible for us to gather again. Without the top experts, we can’t regain our glory.”

“Survival is our only goal.”

At this point, the Qilin looked at Han Muye. “I’ve seen the Old Dragon too.”

Azure Dragon, Chen Qingzhi.

“What did Marquis Wu say?” Han Muye asked in a low voice, his expression unchanged.

The Desolate Wilderness of the ancient era had the fierce races of the Azure Dragon, the Qilin, and Baxia, all of which were able to assert their dominance over a territory due to their strong bloodline powers.

However, now their races had declined, and their own power was also weakening.

After the collapse of the Desolate Wilderness, the decline of the demons was inevitable.

“Chen Qingzhi said that you’re one of the few people who won’t be biased against the Demon Race. The fate of our Demon Race can be entrusted to you.”

Staring at Han Muye, the Qilin said in a low voice, “When you fuse with the body of the divine beast Baxia, I will give you all 32 tribes of the Desolate Wilderness.

“You will become the only king of our Desolate Wilderness Demon Race.”

The King of the Desolate Wilderness.

The previous Desolate Wilderness King had fallen, and the realm had collapsed.

Only the rise of a new king could give the Desolate Wilderness demons hope of continuing their lineage.

“After the Dao competition, I hope you can bring us to the depths of the Desolate Wilderness.

“A lot of the secrets buried back then are there.”

The Qilin looked at Han Muye and said softly, “The Divine Monument of the Baxia Clan is also there.”

The suppressive power of the Divine Monument could purify Baxia’s power. With the Divine Monument, Baxia’s power would be much purer.

This was the choice of bloodline power.

For tens of thousands of years, it was natural selection.

Han Muye nodded and did not refuse.

From the moment he took charge of the Sword Pavilion, he had already understood that he was already wrapped in a surging river and could not turn back.

Perhaps there was a powerful figure plotting behind him, but in the past, he was just a powerless being. He did not even have the right to resist.

The chosen weakling was lucky. If he struggled and resisted, another lucky weakling would take its place.

The only thing he could do was to make himself stronger and gather more strength.

Taking over the Heavenly Mystic, trading with the endless Divine Venerables, leaving the dam, and agreeing to inherit everything from the Desolate Wilderness.

The more chips he had, the more authority he had.

As for the Dao competition, he was not worried.

If the Dao Competition only stopped at the Dao Ancestor Realm, then there would be no suspense in this battle. He could gather all his strength and destroy the world of immortals in one battle.

If only the Divine Venerables were involved in this battle, with endless Divine Venerables behind him, he would not be defeated.

If there were more schemes behind this battle, then he would not die.

This was because the mighty person who might be the Wood Deity had told him that they would meet again.

How could they meet if they couldn't pass the Dao competition?

Therefore, as long as he kept increasing his strength, he did not need to consider anything else.

"Woo"

In the void, the horn of the Immortal Spirit Army sounded.

Han Muye looked at Qilin and raised his hand. A golden spear and a jade-colored saber floated quietly in front of him.

"Senior, I'll leave this battle to you."

Qilin's expression did not change as he looked at the saber and spear in front of him.

An empty pledge of loyalty was ultimately inferior to a pledge of loyalty.

If the 32 tribes of the Desolate Wilderness wanted to submit to Han Muye, they had to show their sincerity.

This battle was a show of sincerity.

"Okay."

Qilin slowly got up and raised his hand, saber and spear in his hand.