

Pavilion 871

Chapter 871 - 871 Behind the Scenes is a Sacrifice

“Boom!”

Thunder rumbled in the void.

This was because the convergence of power was too strong, directly surpassing the reaction of heaven and earth after the suppression of the Dao Battleground.

Every time this happened, it meant that an Almighty had taken action.

When the lightning struck, the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao Competition all had a change in expression.

“An Almighty from the Heavenly Mystic Sect has appeared!”

“The void is shaking. An army is crossing the void and entering the place where the Dao fights are taking place!”

“That’s a Qilin!”

“Desolate Wilderness Divine Beast, Desolate Wilderness, Han Muye’s resort is the Desolate Wilderness!”

There were not many things that could surprise the Dao Ancestors. The army of the Desolate Wilderness had broken through the void and arrived. The Qilin that stood in the sky with two immortal treasures in his hands was something that shocked everyone.

No one had expected that the Desolate Wilderness, which had disappeared from everyone’s sight, and the ancient divine beast Qilin would appear in such a way.

In the void, mountains and rivers shattered one after another, smashing through the rifts and entering the battlefield where the Dao was contested.

Countless demon armies soared into the sky and went to meet the immortal army.

The demonic light and blood Qi intertwined, and the sky was filled with red and black lights.

The Qilin held a saber and a spear and slowly walked forward.

“The Endless Divine Venerable and the Divine Venerable experts from the Immortal Spirit have reached an agreement not to use immortal treasures to attack.” A Dao Ancestor narrowed his eyes and stared at the Qilin whose aura was getting stronger and stronger.

“Could it be that the Qilin wants to use his own death to destroy the Immortal Spirit army in exchange for the survival of the Desolate Wilderness?” Someone was puzzled as a low voice sounded from his divine sense.

It was not impossible.

“Hehe, you’re thinking too much.”

“Isn’t Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic already a star?”

“Now that the Qilin has attacked, it can’t be considered attacking. Instead, it’s protecting itself.”

Self-preservation.

At this moment, the Immortal Spirit Army had already broken into the Heavenly Mystic camp.

Using immortal treasures was not against the rules.

“Don’t you think that Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic has always been on the verge of provoking the Divine Venerables?” A Dao Ancestor transmitted his divine thoughts.

Provoking the Divine Venerables.

Indeed, he kept displaying his strength, and one divine treasure after another in his hands. If he was not disabled, he might directly sweep across the Immortal Spirit World.

He attacked the Immortal Spirit World again and again, inflicting heavy losses, and even wreaking havoc on Immortal Spirit Star.

In such a situation, no matter who stood behind the Immortal Spirit World, they would feel that they lost face.

“Perhaps he’s really provoking us” A trace of divine sense was transmitted through the void. The other Dao Ancestors remained silent.

At this moment, these Dao Ancestors could no longer see through Han Muye’s thoughts.

“Boom!”

The spear in Qilin’s hand stabbed out, bringing with it the power of heaven and earth and the unique suppression power of immortal treasures, directly causing three military formations to collapse.

If not for the 100 Heaven Realm experts blocking it together, just a spear immortal treasure would be enough to sweep through the army.

However, he did not only have this spear in his hand!

Two immortal treasures!

A powerful almighty used his own strength to activate two immortal treasures. The monstrous power destroyed the suppressive power in the void.

The Qilin’s expression did not change. He raised his hand and slashed down with the Dark Jade Saber with a blood-colored stream of light.

The saber light turned into a blood dragon that roared and tore through the void!

The Heaven Realm experts in front of the army changed their expressions.

They could not block this attack at all.

If they wanted to retreat, the army behind them would definitely be killed by a single slash.

If they didn’t retreat, they would be the ones killed.

Everyone stared at the Dark Jade Saber, waiting for the most difficult choice.

The saber beam pressed down and sealed the void.

Should they block this saber and shatter themselves, or should they flee and let the army behind them be killed?

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle all stared at the Dark Jade Saber.

This attack had already exceeded their suppressive power.

Only a Divine Venerable could block this attack.

If there was a Divine Venerable in the Immortal Spirit World, then they would know who was behind the Immortal Spirit World.

If he did not make a move and let these Immortal Spirit World experts die, there would be no suspense in this battle.

“Boom!”

In the void, a ray of spiritual light shot out and blocked in front of the Dark Jade Saber.

A greenish-black arrow smashed into the saber beam and shattered.

The saber light also stopped.

An arrow shot from an immortal treasure long bow!

The almighty figure behind the Immortal Spirit World attacked!

The Qilin’s eyes were full of killing intent, as if he wanted to pierce through the deep sky.

“The Divine Slaying Battle Bow, Divine Venerable Hun Ling, you had a part in dividing my Desolate Wilderness.” The Qilin gritted his teeth, and his blood and demonic energy coalesced into a mass around his body.

The true form of the Qilin appeared behind him. His horns were pointed at the sky, and his entire body was covered in flames. His four hooves floated in the air.

“Hehe, if you want to settle the score from back then, we’ll talk about it when the time comes.” A voice came from the void and then faded away.

The army of the Immortal Spirit World also slowly retreated.

However, under this calmness, there was a surging wave!

Divine Venerable Hun Ling was one of the five Divine Venerables of the Upper Three Heavens Dao Sect’s Yuling Dao Palace. He was the top expert in this world.

Yuling Dao Palace had five Divine Venerables and 18 Dao Ancestors. There were countless Sages within the sect.

The Daoist sects of the Upper Three Heavens respected the Yuling Dao Palace.

This was a giant of the Daoist Faction in this world, a power that ruled the world.

It turned out that behind the Immortal Spirit World was the Upper Three Heavens' Yuling Dao Palace.

The Heavenly Mystic was actually going against such a powerful force!

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle were speechless.

What was the point of this battle?

No matter how strong the Heavenly Mystic World was, it could not compare to the Yuling Dao Palace.

No wonder the Immortal Spirit World was fearless.

No wonder the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor said that he was forced by a great power when he initiated the Dao Competition.

Upper Three Heavens, Yuling Dao Palace.

Who could resist the threat of such a colossus?

The Immortal Spirit army retreated, and the 32 tribes of the Desolate Wilderness slowly converged. They did not enter the Heavenly Mystic World, but floated in the void, forming a barrier for the Heavenly Mystic World.

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If 32 worlds entered the Heavenly Mystic World at the same time, it would be difficult for the Heavenly Dao to control the Heavenly Mystic World.

The Heavenly Mystic front was filled with joy. Countless soldiers who thought that they would not survive roared.

Lu Yang stood in front of the formation with a complicated expression.

As expected, Minister Han had a trump card that belonged to him.

The military formation in his hands was not the true trump card of the Heavenly Mystic.

From the beginning to the end, the Heavenly Mystic World had other choices.

"The Confucianist Alliance, an ally of the Sword Dao, and the return of the Desolate Wilderness. Now, so many Desolate Wilderness demons have arrived." Xiao Lingshan looked at the sky and said softly, "It's Minister Han after all"

Every time, Han Muye revealed a trump card that was beyond everyone's expectations.

Be it Xiao Lingshan, Lu Yang, or those happy soldiers, they knew nothing about how powerful the enemies of the Heavenly Mystic were.

The Qilin, who was standing in the air, let go of the saber and spear in his hands. He slowly turned around and looked at the calm Han Muye behind him.

"Did you already know?"

The Qilin stared at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head, then nodded. "I made a guess, but I was not sure who it was.

"I didn't expect it to be the Yuling Dao Palace either."

The top forces of the Daoist Faction had suppressed the entire place where the Ancient Gods had fallen for countless years.

The thought of becoming enemies with such a force was terrifying.

A golden stream of light landed in front of Han Muye.

He reached out to catch it and probed with his divine senses.

"Minister Wen?

"It seems that Minister Wen is also afraid that I will lose my confidence and want to reveal some Heavenly Mystic trump card to me." Han Muye chuckled and disappeared.

Following the guidance of the golden light, he flew quickly as if he was going to pass through the void.

The void was the void, but it was not the void. The void was filled with stars and countless meteors and demons. The void was the void.

That void was the true destruction of this world.

"Boom!"

A spiritual light exploded, and the faint immortal light around Han Muye raised a barrier.

In front of him, the explosions never stopped.

This place between nothingness and the void was actually where countless strong warriors were fighting!

Wen Mosheng, who was dressed in white, held a green folding fan in his hand. When he opened and closed it, clouds surged for thousands of miles, transforming the world.

A monk's staff blocked it, shattering the mountains and rivers.

Every spear in Chen Qingzhi's hand could pierce through endless worlds. In front of him, several Daoists used spells and divine powers to manifest worlds.

The battle here was the true main battlefield!

Compared to the battle between armies, every strike here could destroy the world and cause the land of the Dao Competition to collapse.

Chen Qingzhi and Wen Mosheng were not fighting alone.

Beside them, there were many sword cultivators and Daoists in green robes. There were also many Confucian cultivators. Every one of them was above the Heaven Realm.

This was definitely not something that the Heavenly Mystic could have.

Sword Pavilion.

The sword light flashed, and the phantom of the six-story pavilion was the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion.

Was the Nine-Story Sword Pavilion behind the battle in the Upper Three Heavens?

An ink brush appeared in Wen Mosheng's hand. The ink stained the world, and the world in the void suddenly became colorful.

The ink was divided into five colors, and the world seemed to have a spirituality.

This attack was similar to his Sword Dao.

Heaven and earth were shattered and mountains and rivers were established again.

The Dao of Breaking and Building.

The cultivation world had always been a cycle. There was always a balance between breaking and building.

But between this balance, who was the sacrifice?

Han Muye's eyes flickered.

If the Land of the Great Dao could not win, it would be directly destroyed and turned into nothingness. The Land of the Great Dao would manifest and become a new world.

The old world would be abandoned.

This was a true battle between Almighties.

Between gains and losses was the life and death of a world.

Han Muye thought that he was shouldering the Heavenly Mystic World, but it turned out that the Heavenly Mystic World was already dispensable to the mighty figures.

Was he still too weak?

"Do you still have the confidence to fight against Yuling Dao Palace?" Wen Mosheng's voice sounded. A figure in a white robe landed in front of him. He put away the folding fan in his hand and looked calm.

The battle in front of them had temporarily stopped. Chen Qingzhi also flew down.

"Hehe, I didn't expect you to do this either."

"Endless Divine Venerables, 32 tribes of the Desolate Wilderness. Even we can't do it." Chen Qingzhi's eyes were filled with admiration.

Han Muye felt that these two guys were playing the good cop and bad cop now, afraid that he would run away.

If the Heavenly Mystic was really hard to support, he would run to the Endless Sea and leave behind a mess. He would see if these two guys could still be so carefree.

Han Muye glanced around and said calmly, "So the Dao competition is just a show. The real battle has already begun in the Upper Three Heavens?"

Wen Mosheng smiled. Beside him, a sword cultivator with a long sword on his back nodded and said, "That's right. Yuling Dao Palace wants to sacrifice this world to open the seal of the Immortal Ascension Platform."

"What we can do is to protect this world. Otherwise, no one knows what will happen if the seal on the Immortal Ascension Platform is broken."

When the seal on the Immortal Ascension Platform was lifted, the experts of the Immortal World would descend. The cultivators of this world would also be summoned and ascend to the Immortal World.

However, the key was what the Immortal World looked like. What would happen to those cultivators who ascended?

For the unknown, choosing to be conservative was also a good choice.

Therefore, the Sword Pavilion objected to opening the seal.

It was funny to say that the Yuling Dao Palace, which had always been conservative, was about to open the seal.

However, after thinking about it carefully, it was normal.

The Sword Pavilion might be strong, but their strength lay in being invincible against those of the same level.

There was only one true pinnacle expert in the Sword Sect who had reached the Ninth Level of the Sword Pavilion.

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On the other hand, the Daoist Faction had more top-notch powerhouses. Yuling Dao Palace had five Divine Venerables.

There was no way to transcend, and it was a cultivation technique in the cultivation world. Of course, he had the intention to open the seal.

Han Muye looked up at Wen Mosheng and then at the other cultivators.

They already knew the outcome.

Whether it was the Heavenly Mystic or the Immortal Spirit, they would all be sacrificed.

However, they were still holding on with all their might.

Since the outcome would not be changed, what was the point of all this?

Whether it was the Heavenly Mystic or the Immortal Spirit, they were destined to be sacrificed for a hundred years.

What was the use of winning or losing?

“In the Upper Three Heavens, there are still different opinions, which is why there’s this battle. Otherwise, we would have worked together to break the seal long ago,” the sword cultivator said in a low voice.

That was the truth.

The sacrifice of a world, the living beings of a world, was nothing to the Almighty cultivators.

What they cared about were the thoughts of the other experts.

Sacrifice with Daoism, this was the result of the final compromise.

“Therefore, your battle can’t be exposed.” Han Muye looked at the Sword Pavilion expert.

This battle in the void could only be a secret battle between two large factions. The casualties here could only be unknown.

Being able to use the Dao as a sacrifice was already the outcome of this game.

However, just by fighting in this land of nothingness, could he protect the Heavenly Mystic and the Immortal Spirit World from being sacrificed?

In Han Muye’s opinion, such a sacrifice was actually meaningless.

When the Dao Competition began, it meant that the Heavenly Mystic and the Immortal Spirit had been abandoned.

“Minister Wen, what are you insisting on?” Han Muye looked at Wen Mosheng.

The battle in the Upper Three Heavens could not have started suddenly.

The debate over whether to open the seal could go back tens of thousands or even 100,000 years.

Han Muye recalled that Wen Mosheng had been guarding the Heavenly Mystic for 10,000 years. Chen Qingzhi said that he had sacrificed a lot and refused to leave.

“Everyone has their own obsession.”

Wen Mosheng looked at Han Muye and smiled. “If that day really comes, help me take Gao Xiaoxuan and Wuhen away.

“You know, he’s me.”

Gao Xiaoxuan?

“In that battle 10,000 years ago, the Heavenly Mystic was almost consigned to eternal damnation. It was Minister Wen who held on,” Chen Qingzhi whispered and sighed.

Ten thousand years ago.

Ten thousand years ago, Minister Wen was prepared to send Gao Xiaoxuan and Bai Qingyu away.

“Han Muye, don’t worry. If you’re really doomed, I’ll guarantee that you won’t die,” Wen Mosheng said calmly, his eyes flickering.

With that, he raised his hand and waved. Han Muye and the world behind him kept changing.

When he looked up again, he was already standing on the flying ship.

Nothingness and the Void might be separated by a thin line, but they existed on different planes of existence.

Han Muye's strength was still a distance away from that level.

"The battle in the Upper Three Heavens?" Han Muye smiled.

"Then wouldn't it be more interesting to lure the forces outside the dam?" After saying this softly, he turned around and walked into the cabin.

"Oh my, you didn't even knock when you came in.

"Ahem, tell me, why are you looking for me?" The disheveled Mo Shenghua pretended to be calm and looked at Han Muye.

Behind him, Sun Yuru, who had tidied up her clothes, also blushed.

"I'm here to look for Martial Aunt Sun." Han Muye ignored Mo Shenghua.

Sun Yuru was stunned and looked up at Han Muye.

Mo Shenghua frowned.

Was it because of Sun Yuru's Immortal Spirit identity?

"I want to ask Martial Aunt to return to the Immortal Spirit World and help me deliver a letter to Senior Sun Youdao." Han Muye raised his hand, and a light purple cloth appeared.

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Deliver a letter to Sun Youdao?

Mo Shenghua and Sun Yuru were stunned.

Mo Shenghua sized up Han Muye and narrowed his eyes. "What's the background of the Divine Venerable behind the Immortal Spirit World?"

That was the key.

Sun Yuru also looked up at him.

"The Upper Three Heavens' Yuling Dao Palace in the Immortal Source World is the strongest faction of the Dao Sects in this world." Han Muye did not hide anything and directly pointed out the identity behind the Immortal Spirit World.

The strongest force of the Daoist Faction.

Mo Shenghua's lips twitched.

Sun Yuru's eyes flickered as she looked at the cloth in Han Muye's hand.

If not for the fact that they knew that Han Muye was the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic and the most determined person in the Heavenly Mystic, they would have thought that he was going to join the Immortal Spirit World.

I have studied you," Sun Yuru looked at Han Muye and whispered, "Given your character, it is impossible for you to seek reconciliation with my father.

Beside her, Mo Shenghua muttered, "That might not be the case"

Han Muye smiled and shook his head. The cloth in his hand flew towards Sun Yuru.

With that, he turned and walked out of the cabin.

In the cabin, Mo Shenghua and Sun Yuru suddenly fell silent.

“Um, why don’t you go and not come back” After a moment of silence, Mo Shenghua’s voice sounded.

Sun Yuru raised her head and stared at him.

“The strongest faction in the Daoist Faction. No matter how I look at it, our Heavenly Mystic has no chance of winning. How about this, leave a descendant for me”

“Pa!”

Mo Shenghua’s voice was interrupted by Sun Yuru’s slap.

With a cold expression, Sun Yuru flew out of the cabin and left.

“No, you haven’t” Mo Shenghua looked out the window and muttered.

On the deck, Han Muye watched Sun Yuru leave, his expression unchanged.

No one was a fool.

Whether it was the Heavenly Mystic World or the Immortal Spirit, they might all be powerless in front of those almighty cultivators.

However, even weaklings wanted to live!

“Since you treat us as weaklings, I’ll show you the power of weaklings.” Han Muye’s eyes revealed a deep spirituality, and he restrained his aura.

Qin Suyang, Gongsun Shu, and the others left one after another.

Xu Shen and the others also returned to the Heavenly Mystic.

Lin Shen, Li Three, Jiang Han, and the others had to return to their respective army camps. Lu Yang also led the army back to his own camp.

The previous battle seemed to have disappeared without a trace.

However, Han Muye knew that the situation in the void had changed.

More astute cultivators chose to join the Immortal Spirit World.

The expert behind the Immortal Spirit World was the true leader of the Dao Sect. There was no hope of victory in the Heavenly Mystic World.

It wasn’t just these cultivators. The Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the changes also changed.

The disciples they sent into the Dao Competition were clearly closer to the Immortal Spirit World.

Someone who was experienced could sense the subtle signs of change in a situation.

Twenty days later, Sun Yuru returned.

This made Mo Shenghua a little excited and reproachful.

“Didn’t I tell you not to come back?” Mo Shenghua looked at the tired Sun Yuru and whispered.

Sun Yuru ignored him and handed a golden array disc to Han Muye before walking back to the cabin. Mo Shenghua quickly leaned over.

Han Muye held the array disc and a spiritual light flashed on his body.

He flew back and activated the protective array formation to cover the surrounding divine senses.

Actually, it was not a secret that Sun Yuru had returned to Immortal Spirit to meet Sun Youdao.

Of course, those who paid attention to this matter would know.

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao Competition were all curious about what news Han Muye had asked Sun Yuru to pass on.

“Boom!”

In front of Han Muye, spiritual light slowly gathered and turned into two halos.

The halo slowly gathered and formed an illusory figure.

“Senior Dang Wuyou?”

Han Muye chuckled and said, “I didn’t expect Senior to come personally.”

In the Heavenly Mystic world, Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi had governed for 10,000 years, while in the Immortal Spirit World, Dang Wuyou, Xuanji, Sun Youdao, and others were in charge.

As the number one immortal, Dang Wuyou had absolute prestige in the Immortal Spirit World.

Compared to Wang Wuyou, the spiritual light on Sun Youdao’s body was much dimmer.

“Kid, is what you said true?” Sun Youdao stared at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Han Muye smiled and did not answer.

Compared to Sun Youdao, Dang Wuyou knew more.

In the void, Dang Wuyou had personally fought Wen Mosheng and the others.

Since Dang Wuyou came personally, she had no doubts about what he said.

Seeing that Han Muye did not say anything, the anger on Sun Youdao’s face disappeared.

“Since you know that the Daoist Faction is behind my Immortal Spirit World, if you submit” Before Sun Youdao could finish speaking, Han Muye said calmly, “Senior, why probe?”

Sun Youdao’s expression changed and he stopped talking.

Beside them, Dang Wuyou said lightly, “I have had dealings with Wen Mosheng for 10,000 years. Compared to him, you know how to be flexible.

"I've long wanted to make a deal with Wen Mosheng, but he rejected me."

Dang Wuyou raised his hand, and an illusory wooden table appeared. He sat down in the chair next to the table and spoke, "In front of the Upper Three Heavens, both you and I are mere ants."

Han Muye chuckled and walked forward to take a seat at the wooden table.

"They treat everything outside of the Upper Three Heavens as ants. This situation has been going on for countless years.

"Their pride is ingrained in their bones.

"I didn't expect Senior to have the intention to preserve the Immortal Spirit."

The fight between the Immortal Spirits and the Heavenly Mystic Dao was originally about the life and death of all living beings.

However, for mighty figures like Dang Wuyou, they had already escaped into the void and would not be restricted by the power of the Dao.

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As long as they watched this sacrifice, they could completely stay out of it.

"The Heavenly Mystic is your home, and the Immortal Spirit is my home." Although Dang Wuyou's voice was indifferent, there was a hint of suppressed emotions.

Facing the pressure of Yuling Dao Palace, the leader of the Immortal Spirit had his own ideas.

Sun Youdao was silent for a moment before sitting down beside Dang Wuyou.

The Immortal Spirit World was also his home.

"Whether it's the Immortal Spirit World or the Heavenly Mystic World, both sides have been abandoned as sacrificial objects.

"Although the Sword Pavilion is said to be in dispute, I am not optimistic."

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, "Be it the Sword Pavilion or the Yuling Dao Palace, they are all forces of the Upper Three Heavens. To them, we can be abandoned in the end.

"It depends on how much you give and how much you benefit."

Han Muye's words made Dang Wuyou and Sun Youdao look gloomy.

He was telling the truth.

Whether the Upper Three Heavens abandoned them depended on their efforts and gains.

Dang Wuyou had interacted with the Upper Three Heavens and knew that the other party did not think much of him.

"What do you want to do?" Dang Wuyou looked at Han Muye.

"Everything remains the same." Han Muye's words made Dang Wuyou and Sun Youdao slightly stunned.

Sun Youdao chuckled, "Then what's the point of finding us?"

Han Muye spread his hands and said calmly, "Of course it's useful.

"If I don't inform you, I'm afraid you won't be adequately prepared. In the final battle, you won't even be able to withstand a wave."

Dang Wuyou and Sun Youdao frowned. Just as they were about to speak, Han Muye spoke again. "I've already contacted the Spiritual Armored Demons. My Heavenly Mystic will become their ally."

Spiritual Armored Demons!

Sun Youdao and Dang Wuyou's faces sank.

Back then, they had also come into contact with this faction.

"Spiritual Armored Demons? Hehe, you better not suffer a backlash," Dang Wuyou said coldly.

"In fact, these powerful beings who have already been eroded by chaotic forces can also cooperate."

The powerhouses in the dam!

Dang Wuyou narrowed his eyes at Han Muye.

"I didn't expect you to even come into contact with the dam."

Taking a deep breath, Dang Wuyou said, "I'll attract the experts from the surrounding regions and the factions from the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World.

"Of course, my Immortal Spirit World will also pay a price."

It was probably not a price.

In the Middle Three Heavens, there were still experts from other worlds. Without enough benefits, it was impossible to move them.

"Han Muye, although the foundation of the Immortal Spirit World is quite strong, it can't compare to the Divine Court back then." Dang Wuyou looked at Han Muye and narrowed his eyes.

"I want a Divine Court treasury."

After a pause, he said in a low voice, "The opportunity to open a Divine Court Treasury."

Han Muye's expression did not change. He said calmly, "I wonder what Senior is willing to pay?"

Dang Wuyou was silent for a moment before saying softly, "Information about the Divine Emperor's sword."

The Divine Emperor's Sword.

The divine sword that was cut off by the Divine Emperor.

Han Muye roughly deduced where the sword landed, but he could not determine where it landed.

He was prepared to search slowly, but he did not expect Dang Wuyou to have news of this sword.

If he could obtain this sword, Han Muye would be able to know what the Immortal World looked like and deduce whether the opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform was a blessing or a curse.

“Okay.”

Han Muye nodded.

“Buzz!”

As he nodded, the golden formation plate in front of him shook and slowly dissipated.

Far away on Immortal Spirit Star, Sun Youdao and Dang Wuyou stood side by side.

“Xuan Ji is bent on joining the Upper Three Heavens. He won’t hesitate to bury all the disciples of the Immortal Spirit Temple.

“We don’t have many allies.”

Dang Wuyou looked into the distance and said softly, “Heavenly Mystic Han Muye, this is an unexpected gain.”

Sun Youdao nodded. “There are no eternal enemies in this world. This child is indeed terrifying.”

He had completely lost to Han Muye.

Han Muye’s combat strength and schemes were completely out of his league.

Most importantly, it seemed that Han Muye could choose to cooperate with the Immortal Spirit World in the Dao Competition to deal with the sects of Upper Three Heavens.

To be able to deal with the situation of the Daoist sects in Upper Three Heavens so actively, such a temperament was terrifying.

Sun Youdao felt that if it were him, knowing that the entire world would be sacrificed, he would probably only feel despair.

“How much of what Han Muye said do you think is true?” A golden spiritual light spun in Dang Wuyou’s hand as he asked softly.

Han Muye said that he would cooperate with the forces in the dam and the Spiritual Armored Demons.

Both sides were powerful forces, and their true strength was immeasurable.

“If he’s in contact with the Spiritual Armored Demons, we can do the same. The Spiritual Armored Demons have always been greedy.” Sun Youdao narrowed his eyes.

“As for inside the dam...

“We can’t touch the inside of the dam, but we can pull it out.” Dang Wuyou’s eyes flickered.

“With this Divine Court treasury, we can attract those factions with the glory of the Divine Court.”

The spiritual light in his hand was the location of a Divine Court treasury that Han Muye had given him.

Of course, how to open this treasure vault would depend on the final battle.

Dang Wuyou did not value the items in the treasure vault.

Having a world, he did not lack any treasures.

Once the news of the Divine Court Treasury was released, it would attract the attention of all parties. Even many forces would enter the Upper Three Heavens.

The timing to release the news of the Divine Court Treasury became crucial.

Dang Wuyou's body turned into a ray of light, "There's a Dao. You're still in charge of Immortal Spirit Star. I'm going to the void to talk to Wen Mosheng. He's the reincarnation of a true Almighty. If I can figure out his thoughts..."

...

On the flying ship, Han Muye smiled and looked at the thumb-sized piece of golden spiritual iron in his hand.

He got what he needed and passed it on to the other party.

They were all ants fighting for their lives.

He would not believe everything that Dang Wuyou said, and what he said was not true.

He was not interested in forming an alliance with the Spiritual Armored Demons, but he could let the Immortal Spirit World come into contact with them.

As for the world inside and outside the dam, they could be considered allies.

He had what these forces needed.

Divine Court Treasury, Ancient Divine Herb Garden.

If he could give one to Dang Wuyou, he would be able to take out another ten to attract the competition of various parties in this world.

Since Upper Three Heavens had the intention to sacrifice the land of the Dao Competition, he would turn the land of the Dao Competition into purgatory.

Didn't the Upper Three Heavens treat everyone as ants? Then he would attract countless powerhouses to gather and turn this world into a nest of ants.

Since the scheme had already begun, let's see who could last until the end!

Han Muye slowly walked out of the cabin, and countless divine senses descended from the void.

Although these Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the battle knew that Han Muye must have come into contact with the immortal spirits, they did not know what they had said.

She wondered what Han Muye would do next.

"This child, Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic, is becoming more and more unfathomable..." A Dao Ancestor whispered as he sent a message through his divine sense.

“The Dao competition is no longer something we can control.” Another divine sense sounded helpless. Originally, it had only been a hundred years, but now, it had become a battleground for various factions. These Dao Ancestors, who had witnessed the struggle for the Dao, had no idea where they would end up.

“Han Muye.” A voice sounded from behind Han Muye, who was standing on the deck of the flying ship. He turned around and saw Ying Yang standing there in black.

“Senior.” Han Muye nodded.

Ying Yang had a complicated look in his eyes as he said in a low voice, “I was going to look for Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, but it seems like I won’t have the chance in this life.”

“The Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation is Yuan Tian’s strongest cultivation technique, but this sword formation is far from perfect.” Ying Yang looked at Han Muye, and a faint golden sword pill flickered above his head.

This was his Intrinsic Sword Pill.

“My origins are all above this sword pill. Perhaps there are some things you want to know.” After saying that, Ying Yang’s figure moved and turned into a spiritual light that faded away.

Back then, he had promised Han Muye that he would give him this sword pill.

Even though Han Muye no longer needed this sword pill, he still kept his promise and took it out.

After a moment of silence, Han Muye reached out and grabbed the sword pill.

“Buzz!”

Spiritual light flashed as sword Qi surged.

Images flashed through his mind.

“Clang—”

The sound of a sword being unsheathed could be heard as a sword light slashed down.

He shuddered, eyes wide.

This sword came from the ancient times, passing through time and space, directly slashing at his soul!

There was actually such a sword in the world!

Chapter 876 - 876 Comprehending the World’s Strongest Sword

The forces of the world, time, and space had intertwined to encompass the power of the world.

This was a more direct and domineering power than karma and reincarnation.

There was no way to dodge this sword.

This sword was the pinnacle of the power of the Sword Dao in this world!

Facing such a sword, not to mention Han Muye, even a Divine Venerable could only watch helplessly as the sword cut him into pieces!

This was the absolute power of the Sword Dao!

Han Muye stood there in a daze. His body seemed to be completely imprisoned and he could not resist at all.

However, a sword light lit up in his divine treasures!

As a sword cultivator, if a sword was in front of him, he would attack!

The feedback speed of his consciousness could not compare to the speed of the sword slash.

As soon as the consciousness of the sword was formed, the Sword of the Soul took action.

This was a sword cultivator who had condensed a Sword Dao Primordial Spirit.

The sword was the person, and the person was the sword.

His life had already fused with the sword.

The sword shadow that pierced through the divine treasures and qi sea dantian met the sword directly and collided with the sword that slashed down.

“Clang”

A crisp sword hum sounded, and Han Muye’s Essence Soul sword shattered.

The Primordial Spirit Sword that he had condensed into a physical body did not have the slightest resistance before the sword that crossed time and space.

This was the suppression of the power of the Sword Dao. Han Muye’s Sword Dao Primordial Spirit was thousands of miles away from that sword.

His spiritual soul trembled and seemed to dissipate into nothingness.

A single strike.

Han Muye’s soul shattered and he was on the verge of death.

However, in the next moment, his consciousness recovered.

It was as if the moment of life and death was just an illusion.

In his divine treasures, there was nothing but his Sword of the Soul.

There was nothing in front of him except the sword pill in his hand.

The previous sword seemed to have never slashed down.

Is there really such an expert in the world who can control time and space at the same time? Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the sword pill in his palm.

He knew that a sword had just shattered his soul.

However, after that sword, he used the method of time reversal to recover his soul.

This was the first time Han Muye had seen such power.

Life and death were beyond his control.

He could not imagine what kind of expert could control this.

In front of such an expert, who would not lose?

So swords could be used like this!

At this moment, the sword qi in Han Muye's body surged.

All the sword qi vibrated and his Primordial Spirit Sword appeared behind him. The sword intent on it intertwined and turned into spiritual light.

The ancient Sword Dao powerhouse probably did not expect that Han Muye had max-level comprehension and could deduce the power contained in that sword.

The spiritual qi in Han Muye's body was quickly consumed. In an instant, his Primordial Spirit Sword was as thin as paper.

However, in the next moment, pieces of supreme-grade spiritual rocks appeared around him.

The incomparably precious supreme-grade spiritual rocks displayed their value and quickly replenished the consumption of his primordial spirit.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and clenched the sword pill in his palm.

A sword qi was infused into the sword pill, and that sword which shattered souls reappeared.

"Boom!"

His soul shattered again under this sword, and then recovered.

This time, his primordial spirit was more condensed than before.

"Between life and death, there are great horrors and great gains," Han Muye muttered, his face revealing a divine light of surprise.

Life and death severed karma!

Life and death stopped reincarnation!

Each transition between life and death was a process of eliminating the obstacles of the karmic cycle.

If not for the Dao Competition, Han Muye would have already broken through to the Semi-God Realm and entered karma. He would have stepped through reincarnation and become a Sword Dao Sage.

With a chuckle, Han Muye gathered another pile of top-grade spiritual rocks around him.

This was true cultivation.

Wasn't the accumulation of wealth for the present?

Sword qi filled the air and entered the sword pill.

This time, Han Muye did not wait for the sword to appear and took control of his Primordial Spirit Sword to meet it.

By controlling karma, he could predict the appearance of karma.

Sword qi poured into the sword pill and then the sword appeared. Wasn't this karma?

"Clang"

His Nascent Soul was still shattered without any obstruction, but Han Muye saw the figure of the person who attacked.

"Sword Venerable Yuan Tian"

Even after his soul recovered, Han Muye still looked confused.

How could Sword Venerable Yuan Tian master such a sword technique?

Although Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's sword cultivation was superb, he was far from being able to cut through time and space with a single strike.

Moreover, this sword was clearly left behind from ancient times.

"Yuan Tian, Yuan Tian, Sword Venerable, Sword God" Han Muye's eyes were filled with shock.

In the Immortal Source World, there was once a great sword cultivator who became a God of swordsmanship and surpassed the Divine Venerable Realm. Then he broke through and stepped into the Immortal World, never to return.

This sword pill was the inheritance of the Immortal Source Sword Deity!

But what about the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian?

Han Muye had no idea.

Ever since he saw this sword that transcended time and space, he had become more respectful of the cultivation of the world.

It turned out that he still had a long way to go.

No one knew where he went.

—

In the Immortal Source World, in the void outside the Nine Heavens.

Han Muye, who was wearing a white shirt, was sitting in a huge chariot pulled by a void beast. On both sides of the chariot were sword cultivators in green robes and green armor.

The lowest cultivation level of these sword cultivators was at the third level of the Golden Core stage.

However, none of them had stepped into the Heaven Realm.

Han Muye, who had transformed into Gu Yuening, came to the Immortal Source World to find Sword Venerable Yuan Tian without bringing with him the strongest forces in Wanming City.

Those sword cultivators still needed to be trained slowly before heading to the place where the Dao Competition was held.

Chapter 877 - 877 Comprehending the World's Strongest Sword (2)

877 Comprehending the World's Strongest Sword (2)

Even if the place was destined to be sacrificed, Han Muye would not give up.

The land of life and death was supported by the Great Dao.

The more he comprehended that sword, the more determined Han Muye became.

"Young Master, there's a battle ahead."

Someone reported in front of the carriage.

Han Muye slowly opened his eyes and looked at the void ahead.

A hundred miles away, sword light and spiritual light intertwined.

Several sword cultivators were surrounded by a group of Daoist cultivators.

Originally, Han Muye did not need to care about such things. Along the way, he had already encountered countless battles in the void.

Ever since he arrived at the Nine Heavens of the Immortal Source World, he had searched many places with the mark left behind by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, but he did not find anything.

This time, he saw a glimmer of hope.

He raised his hand, and a sword light flew a hundred miles away.

"Clang—"

The sword vibrated and swept away all the spiritual light.

The group of Daoist cultivators retreated quickly, their expressions solemn.

"The Mingyuan Dao Sect is here to capture the rebels. Who will stop them?" The Daoist standing at the front waved his hand, and a dark golden chess piece kept moving.

It was a supreme-grade spiritual weapon, a half-dharma treasure that had its own spirituality.

With this treasure, this half-step Heaven Realm Daoist could fight against a third level Nascent Soul Realm expert.

The Immortal Source World was vast and prosperous, but Heaven Realm was still Heaven Realm.

In the Immortal Source World, Heaven Realm experts were also considered experts.

The three sword cultivators who were surrounded were pale. They looked around and their auras were unstable. Clearly, they were injured.

“Buzz!”

The floating sword vibrated.

The leader of the Mingyuan Dao Sect disciples sneered. He raised his hand and quickly retreated.

The others also retreated.

The three sword cultivators who were surrounded heaved a sigh of relief and bowed to the long sword. “Guangyuan Sword Sect disciples thank you for saving us, senior.”

The sword vibrated and turned into a stream of light.

The three sword cultivators turned around and saw a war chariot stepping in the air.

The young sword cultivator standing in front of the war chariot stepped forward and calmly said, “My young master is the young master of the Gu Clan of the Wanming City of the Chen Yue Star of the Azure Travel Realm. He has come to the Immortal Source World to look for a friend.”

Azure Travel Realm?

Young Master of Wanming City?

What place in the world could compare to the Immortal Source World?

The three disciples of the Guangyuan Sword Sect looked at each other. If the other party had not helped them, they would have turned around and left.

The leading disciple cupped his hands and said in a deep voice, “Young Master Gu, the Mingyuan Dao Sect is a force in the Fifth Heaven. There are Half-Sages in the sect and they are also related to many large sects.”

“We will remember your kindness today. Please leave first, Young Master Gu.”

Originally, he thought that it was a Sword Sect expert from the Immortal Source World who came to save him. He did not expect that it was just someone from an inconspicuous family in another realm.

How could such a person withstand the attacks of the sects on the fifth day?

It was better to let the other party leave first. With the three of them here, even if they died, they would not implicate others.

“Guangyuan Sword Sect?” There was a glint in Han Muye’s eyes as he said calmly, “Is your sword technique a sect inheritance?”

Swordsmanship?

The Guangyuan Sword Sect disciple who had spoken looked up at Han Muye sitting on the carriage and frowned.

Han Muye did not show any powerful strength and looked young.

Judging from the guard's appearance, he was indeed a young master from a noble family.

"Young Master Gu, of course the sword techniques we cultivate are direct disciples of the sect."

He nodded patiently.

"Alright, lure me to the Guangyuan Sword Sect," Han Muye said calmly, his expression unchanged.

To the Guangyuan Sword Sect?

The disciple's expression changed. The other two took a step forward.

The three of them stood in a triangle formation and unsheathed their swords.

"The Guangyuan Sword Sect is not a secret. Many people in the Immortal Source World want to destroy our sect, but not many dare to go."

"Young Master, are you really going?"

"The Guangyuan Sword Sect is not a secret. Many people in the Immortal Source World want to destroy our sect, but not many dare to go."

As soon as the three of them stood in formation, there was already a strange look in the eyes of the sword cultivators on both sides of Han Muye's carriage.

Three-Star Sword Formation.

Wasn't this the most basic formation of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation that his Young Master had taught him?

Could it be that the Guangyuan Sword Sect was the place where his Young Master was looking for a friend?

"Lead the way." Han Muye did not explain and only waved his hand gently.

It was impossible for the three Golden Core disciples to know too many secrets.

Han Muye only needed to confirm the location of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

His main body was in seclusion, constantly sensing the sword that transcended time and space. The power of his divine beast avatar was constantly changing.

The power of this place would be suppressed, but this was an Immortal Source World.

His main body could not unleash the power of comprehension in the land of the Dao Competition, but this divine beast avatar could.

At this moment, the realm that his main body had comprehended was constantly fusing with his clone, causing a strange void to appear around him.

This made his figure seem a little illusory.

He quietly comprehended the changes in his power. If he had not met the people of the Guangyuan Sword Sect, he would not have bothered to speak.

The three disciples of the Guangyuan Sword Sect looked at each other. After a moment of silence, they turned around and left.

Whether it was this young master from the Azure Travel Realm or his accompanying guards, they all had unfathomable power.

These people had extraordinary combat strength.

Of course, it was far from enough for these people to become enemies with their own sects.

The Guangyuan Sword Sect was the gathering place of the sword cultivators in the world.

Even the major sects of the Immortal Source World had to be wary.

Perhaps these people also wanted to join their sect?

They carefully led the way ahead, passing through the meteorites from time to time.

Sometimes, they would even circle around a certain star.

Han Muye didn't care and just sat in the chariot.

The 400 Golden Core sword cultivators accompanying him were only cautious guards and did not do anything else.

After seven consecutive days, they had already traveled a million miles and crossed three stars.

When the group flew past a rocky void, spiritual light surged ahead.

"Someone from Daoism," the leader disciple of the Guangyuan Sword Sect exclaimed.

His name was Zhang Qi, and the other two disciples were Wu Cheng and Song Ziyuan.

They had all clashed with the Dao Sect when they were completing their sect missions and were then hunted down.

In fact, even if there was no conflict with the Daoist Faction, they would still be hunted down.

The Guangyuan Sword Sect had taken in too many unorthodox sword cultivators, many of whom were wanted by various sects.

In the entire Guangyuan Sword Sect, 70% of the disciples were wanted traitors by the sects of the Immortal Source World.

"Boom!"

A 10,000-foot net of light descended from above.

The net of spiritual light enveloped the three sides and the spiritual light on it made one's scalp tingle.

“Retreat!”

Zhang Qi let out a low shout and flew into the air with Song Ziyuan and the others on their swords, heading towards the gravel behind them.

But Han Muye’s carriage did not move at all.

All the sword cultivators guarding the carriage raised their swords in an extremely orderly manner.

Han Muye’s narrowed eyes slowly opened, but he was not looking ahead. Instead, he was looking in another direction.

“Slash—”

A sword light rose from the left and tore the net of light apart.

A white-haired Daoist who was dragging his sword across the ground had blood-colored killing intent in his eyes.

“You killed a disciple of the Guangyuan Sword Sect 100,000 miles away from Guangyuan Mountain. How much do you look down on the Guangyuan Sword Sect?”

The Daoist’s gaze landed on the figure behind the net of light.

He raised the long sword in his hand and gently tapped it. “Fortune Bright Dao Sect, Mu Han Immortal Sect, Qiyun Daoist Temple. Good, they’re all powerful forces in the Fifth Heaven.”

“It seems that I have to ask my fellow disciples to go to the Fifth Heaven and take a look at your sects.”

The Daoist’s words caused the expressions of the Daoist cultivators to change.

“Zhuge Lu, you should know the rules of the Immortal Source World. Bounty missions have nothing to do with the sect,” a Daoist in an eight-trigram robe said in a low voice.

Spirit Qi rose from the bodies of the Daoist masters behind him and condensed into one.

The Daoist of the Guangyuan Sword Sect called Zhuge Lu snorted and turned to Han Muye and the sword cultivator guarding him. Then he crossed the carriage and looked at the rocky void.

“You can’t even see through such a simple trick. You’re really embarrassing the Guangyuan Sword Sect.”

As soon as the Daoist finished speaking, he waved the sword in his hand.

“Boom!”

The sword light turned into a dragon and shattered the rocks, wrapping around Zhang Qi and the other two and pulling them in front of him.

The dragon of sword light swept past, and several Daoist masters in black robes stood among the rocks with awkward expressions.

“Zhuge Lu, the dignity of Daoism will not be trampled on.”

“The Guangyuan Sword Sect has done many evil deeds. You will get your just desserts.”

“Wait, just you wait.”

The people from the Daoist sects left behind some harsh words before slowly retreating.

A cold smile hung on Zhuge Lu’s face as he stood there and watched the people from the Daoist Faction leave.

After the people from the Daoist Sect walked away, he glanced at Han Muye and the others, then glared at Zhang Qi and the other two. He waved his sleeve and said, “Alright, let’s go back to the sect.”

Zhang Qi quickly took a step forward and whispered a few words.

Zhuge Lu frowned and slowly turned his head. “You want to come to my Guangyuan Sword Sect?”

Fierce sword intent exploded from his body.

In an instant, the sword light seemed to pierce through everything within a radius of 10,000 feet.

A pressure that belonged to a Heaven Realm Out of Body cultivator descended from the sky and pressed down on Han Muye’s head.

“Clang—”

A sword light rose.

Chapter 878 - 878 Crossing Sword Arrays with Sword Venerable Yuan Tian

878 Crossing Sword Arrays with Sword Venerable Yuan Tian

A hundred sword lights flew out at the same time and blocked Han Muye’s head.

The sword light condensed into a line and intertwined with the sword to form a sword barrier.

Zhuge Lu’s Heaven Realm pressure collided with the barrier and shattered.

He could resist a Heaven Realm.

Zhuge Lu was slightly stunned. His gaze fell on the hundreds of swords that had reformed into an array.

“Sword control, sword formation, something.”

He narrowed his eyes as sword intent surged from his body.

Zhang Qi and the other two retreated.

Zhuge Lu looked at Han Muye, who was sitting upright on the chariot, and glanced at the sword case on his back.

Be it his main body or his clone, Han Muye carried a sword case on his back and placed a sword inside.

The spiritual treasure, Infinite Unity Sword Case, controlled by the main body could nurture swords. Its combat strength was powerful. The clone carried the Dao Swords and a few other magic treasures in the sword box.

“I know of the Azure Travel Realm.” Zhuge Lu retracted his sword intent and said calmly, “It’s a place where the inheritance of the Sword Dao flourishes.

“With 400 Golden Core sword cultivators guarding you, the clan behind you must not be bad.

“If you don’t know the reputation of the Guangyuan Sword Sect, you can ask around.”

With a smile on his face, Zhuge Lu chuckled. “We’re not swordsmen who can dominate the world. We’re rats.”

Han Muye waved his hand, and the hundred swords above his head instantly returned to their sheaths.

This time, he personally guided the 400 sword cultivators he had brought along, from their cultivation to their swordsmanship.

They were already extremely proficient in the cultivation of sword formations and Heavenly Cycle Formations.

With the power of the sword formation, it could surround and kill an Out of Body cultivator.

In the Azure Travel Realm, these 400 sword cultivators were Han Muye’s true direct descendants.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have brought them to the Immortal Source World.

They followed orders in an orderly manner.

Zhuce Lu’s eyes sparkled. He was even more curious about this Young Master Gu from the Azure Travel Realm.

“Young Master Gu, do you know anything about chess?”

“There are still 100,000 miles to the Guangyuan Sword Sect. Why don’t we have a round?”

As he spoke, he had already waved his hand and placed a chessboard down. The black and white chess pieces landed on both sides of the chessboard.

He raised his hand and placed a black chess piece on the chessboard.

From the flying chariot to the chessboard, Zhuge Lu moved like flowing water.

“Haha, you’re a guest from afar. I’ll go first. Young Master Gu, you don’t object, right?”

As soon as the piece landed, Zhuge Lu looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye’s expression did not change. He raised his hand and grabbed a white chess piece. He closed his eyes and casually threw a chess piece down.

His nonchalant attitude made Zhuge Lu frown slightly.

However, since the white piece was placed, Zhuge Lu patiently placed another piece.

As soon as the black piece landed, the white piece flew out.

Zhuge Lu's face was cold as he quickly pressed the black piece down.

For a moment, black and white chess pieces flew around on the chessboard.

In less than a hundred breaths, the black and white dragons had already intertwined.

Zhuge Lu held a black piece in his hand. He raised it in the air, but there was nowhere to place it.

He looked up at Han Muye, who was silent with his eyes closed.

He had lost.

In a hundred seconds, the outcome of the game was clear.

The black chess piece and the dragon were killed. It did not matter if he let go of the black piece or not.

The chess game entered the sword formation. He had completely lost this time.

Taking a deep breath, Zhuge Lu said in a low voice, "I was too careless this round.

"It's a long road. Let's play another round."

With a wave of his hand, the black and white chess pieces returned to their positions.

Glancing at the indifferent Han Muye, he gently placed a black chess piece on the chessboard.

Han Muye, who had his eyes closed, did not even move his hand. A white piece had already flown down. Then the second piece hung in the air, and the third moved gently.

Zhuge Lu snorted coldly. The black piece fell again. When he raised his hand, the second white piece happened to break beside his chess piece.

Zhuge Lu's raised hand was slightly stunned. He flipped his palm and pressed down a black chess piece.

Just as the chess piece was about to be placed on the board, he paused and with a flick of his finger, moved the piece three spaces away without touching it.

"Slap."

A white piece landed in front of the black piece.

"Break."

Zhuge Lu felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His eyes widened as he stared at the chessboard in front of him.

The black chess piece between his fingers could not fall.

This chess piece represented his strongest sword move, but he did not know how to use it.

Wherever the sword landed, it would lose its power.

“Dong—”

Zhuge Lu slowly raised his head.

Ahead, mountain ranges extended endlessly, with a towering jade-colored archway suspended high above.

Guangyuan Sword Sect.

“Martial Uncle, you’ve been sitting on this chariot for 10 hours...” Zhang Qi came over and whispered.

10 hours?

He looked down at the chessboard in front of him.

There was still a black chess piece between his fingers. A white chess piece floated gently on the chessboard.

“Martial Uncle, you didn’t win this round?” Zhang Qi asked softly.

With a cough, Zhuge Lu stood up and turned to look at the empty carriage and its surroundings, saying calmly, “It was just a casual conversation, my friend.”

As he spoke, he threw the black chess piece in his hand forward.

The moment the chess piece landed, Zhang Qi, who was behind him, widened his eyes.

Because when the black piece landed, the white piece had already landed on the chessboard.

The white piece broke before the black piece!

The corner of Zhuge Lu’s eyes twitched as he stepped down.

However, at this moment, he lost his balance and almost fell.

Zhang Qi quickly followed.

“What about Young Master Gu?” Zhuge Lu asked calmly.

“When we arrived at the mountain gate, there were already disciples waiting. I heard that they were invited by First Elder Yuan Tian.”

Zhang Qi revealed a strange expression.

First Elder Yuan Tian.

Zhuge Lu nodded. After stepping into the mountain gate, he looked at the hall in the distance and turned to walk to the other side.

He quickly passed through a few mountains, stopped at a green square, and then walked into a small hall.

“Why? It’s rare for Zhuge Chess Sage to come to my Broken Cloud Palace.” A white-bearded elder raised his head and smiled.

Chapter 879 - 879 Crossing Sword Arrays with Sword Venerable Yuan Tian (2)

Zhuge Lu’s expression was solemn. He walked to the old man and sat down. Then he said in a low voice, “Old Chen, let’s play a round.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he quickly put down the chessboard.

Spiritual light gathered around him and turned into figures.

“Zhuge Qi is crazy about playing chess with me. It’s been decades since we last met.

“Hehe, Zhuge is still willing to come and play chess at Broken Cloud Palace. How rare.”

Zhuge Lu did not speak. He raised his hand and placed a black chess piece on the chessboard.

The white-bearded old man chuckled and placed a chess piece down.

Before he could place his chess piece, Zhuge Lu had already placed the next black stone.

"Eh?" The old man opposite him revealed a strange expression and slowly put down the white chess piece in his hand.

This time, Zhuge Lu's black pieces were even faster.

Strange expressions flashed across the faces of the surrounding people.

The white-bearded old man frowned and looked at Zhuge Lu.

Zhuge Lu closed his eyes. The black and white chess pieces outside the chessboard flew everywhere. When they filled the chessboard, he had nowhere to place a black chess piece.

"142 moves to determine the universe, but the clues were already evident by move 34. Zhuge, this person's prowess in formations and tactics surpasses yours by quite a bit," the white-bearded elder gazed at the chessboard and spoke softly.

The surrounding figures also lowered their heads and looked at the chessboard carefully.

"The Guangyuan Sword Sect is well-versed in the sword formation, and the Great Elder is the best in it. You, Zhuge, are also one of the best. To be able to defeat you in 34 moves, could it be that you are playing against the Great Elder?" A black-robed old man said.

On the other side, an old man shook his head and said, "With such Array Dao power, I'm afraid he's no weaker than the Great Elder."

Zhuge Lu shook his head and did not answer. He raised his hand and swept all the chess pieces back into place. Then he placed another chess piece.

The white-bearded old man pondered for a moment before placing a chess piece down.

However, just as he placed his chess piece, a black chess piece had already landed on the chessboard.

The white-bearded old man was stunned.

When the white pieces fell, Zhuge Lu placed a black piece in the air and shook his head. "I can't deduce this step either..."

He looked up and was slightly stunned.

Whether it was the white-bearded old man opposite him or the surrounding onlookers, they were all staring at him.

"I don't understand this chess game." Zhuge Lu threw the black chess piece away regretfully.

The white-bearded old man's expression was solemn as he slowly placed the white piece in his hand in front of the black piece.

"Zhuge, you comprehended karma before entering the Divine Transformation Realm. You are not bad." The white-bearded old man said softly, causing Zhuge Lu's entire body to tremble.

"Karma?"

"This is karma?"

His cultivation had only just reached the stage of nascent soul, and he had never thought he would one day comprehend the power of karma.

He had just replayed the chess game between Han Muye and him.

Now that he thought about it, there seemed to be a mysterious power in it. He wanted to grasp it, but he couldn't find it.

"Congratulations.

"Sigh, the opportunity has really arrived."

The surrounding people were envious.

Although the Guangyuan Sword Sect had many powerful experts, there were few who had stepped into the realm of the heavens and comprehended the cycle of karma.

Among these people, only an old man in a green robe with a sword on his back had comprehended karma and stepped into the Sword Dao Half-Sage realm.

"Zhuge, this is your opportunity. As long as you study it carefully, this game will definitely help you achieve karma."

The green-robed elder smiled and said softly.

The Guangyuan Sword Sect was like this. The relationship between the sect and other sects was much more harmonious.

Zhuge Lu nodded and looked at the chess piece in his hand.

"Senior Brother Yang Xian, if, if we calculate the position of the chess piece after 10 hours, is this still karma?"

Ten hours later, he would casually toss the chess pieces.

Hearing his words, the surrounding people shook their heads.

How could there be such a person in the world?

The green-robed elder shook his head and laughed. "This isn't karma.

"I'm afraid you'll have to comprehend the supreme power of time and space."

At this point, he waved his hand. "I'm afraid that the top powerhouses of the Upper Three Heavens are not even worthy of carrying the shoes of such a powerhouse."

With that, his figure slowly dissipated.

The others did not stay in the Broken Cloud Palace.

As for what Zhuge Lu said, they did not take it to heart.

It was impossible for such an expert to exist in this world.

Zhuge Lu would not have really met such an expert.

However, they did not know that Zhuge Lu's heart was already in turmoil.

The supreme beings wielded power over time and space.

Did the chess piece that landed 10 hours later really travel through time and space?

He suddenly stood up and stepped out of the Broken Cloud Palace.

The white-bearded old man in Broken Cloud Palace shook his head and slowly put away the chess piece in front of him.

"This Zhuge Qi is so unruly..."

Zhuce Lu flew straight to the Guangyuan Sword Sect's hall. As soon as he landed in the hall, he saw the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and Han Muye standing opposite each other.

Sword lights flashed around them.

"What a coincidence."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian said calmly.

"What a coincidence."

Han Muye whispered.

"Boom!"

Zhuce Lu's body went out of control, and he was suspended in the middle of the hall by the sword light.

His face was pale as he looked at the boundless sword radiance rising from Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

The Great Elder wanted to kill him with his sword...

Turning around slowly, he saw an endless stream of light that he had never seen before.

This Young Master Gu also wanted to kill him?

"Clang—"

The long sword vibrated, and the sword radiance on the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's body stabbed towards Zhuce Lu.

Zhuce Lu closed his eyes in despair.

"Clang—"

The sound of two swords colliding could be heard.

Zhuce Lu gently opened his eyes and saw two swords intertwined in front of him.

Then he regretted opening his eyes.

Countless streaks of light slashed down from the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's body.

Every sword seemed to want to cut him into pieces.

Did the Great Elder's sword need to go through so much trouble to kill him?

"Clang—"

"Clang—"

Countless sword radiances clashed against Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's sword.

Sword light intersected between heaven and earth.

Zhuge Lu would never forget this scene.

Countless swords collided in front of him.

These sword lights had no trajectory, no origin, and no end.

"No, karma..."

With his eyes wide open, Zhuge Lu stared at the sword lights.

These swords seemed to have appeared out of nowhere and were untraceable.

There was no cause and effect.

Breaking through space.

A quarter of an hour went by.

Two hours.

One day.

A year.

A hundred years!

Zhuge Lu felt like he had stood in the sword light for a hundred years.

"Boom!"

The sword light shattered and dispersed, and the wind and clouds were light.

Han Muye and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian stopped at the same time.

Zhuge Lu slowly landed, then looked at Han Muye and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian in confusion.

His eyes revealed endless vicissitudes.

"Go. It's your opportunity to comprehend as much as you can." Sword Venerable Yuan Tian waved his hand and Zhuge Lu's figure was already outside the hall.

He turned and looked at the stone steps in front of him.

At this moment, he seemed to have seen through the growth and dryness of the grass on the stone steps.

Karma.

Comprehension!

“Martial Uncle, why aren’t you entering the main hall? I think you’ve been standing here for 15 minutes.”

Behind him, a green-robed disciple whispered.

Standing here for 15 minutes?

From the beginning to the end, he did not step into the hall.

Those hundred years of time were all illusory?

He turned around and looked at the green-robed disciple.

“You’re not bad.” Zhuge Lu raised his hand and handed over a long sword before slowly leaving.

Not bad?

The disciple was at a loss as he looked at the middle-grade spiritual weapon in his hand.

Is Martial Uncle Zhuge actually so generous? he wondered.

Is he rich?

...

In the hall, Han Muye and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian sat opposite each other.

“Time and space. I didn’t expect you to have already grasped the trajectory of this layer of power.”

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked at Han Muye with a strange expression. “Other than the Upper Three Heavens and a few hidden Divine Venerables who have such a realm, no one else in this world has such ability.”

“I’m curious. Who did you meet?”

Who did I meet?

Han Muye looked up at Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

The same face, the same temperament.

The only difference was that Sword Venerable Yuan Tian in front of him could not use the sword that could easily shatter his soul.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian did not have the upper hand when the two of them fought.

Instead, Han Muye used the Sword Dao sensed in his soul to break Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s sword array.

Transmigrating through time and space, even if it was just a superficial grasp, could break the sword formation of the mighty swordsmen in the world.

“Perhaps you’ve met that person before, Sword Venerable. Perhaps we’ll meet again in the future.”

Han Muye shook his head, and a ball of golden light flashed in his hand.

“Sword Venerable, the ancient Divine Emperor’s sword and the treasure vault of the Divine Court. Which one do you think will allow the ninth heaven of the Immortal Source World to enter?”

Chapter 880 - 880 Setting Up the Most Elaborate Scheme

The ancient Divine Emperor’s sword, the Divine Court Treasury.

The cultivators in the world had never heard of or even thought of these two things.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s gaze landed on Han Muye and he slowly said, “Legend has it that the Divine Emperor of the Ancient Divine Court has a sword in his hand that can slay all mortals in the world. It’s called the Heaven Slaying Sword.”

Heaven Slaying Sword.

Han Muye said nothing.

If the rumor was the same as what he saw in the memory of the Divine General, it was this sword.

“A few treasure vaults of the Divine Court have been opened in the Immortal Source World.” Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s eyes flashed as he said in a low voice, “Every fight is a bloodbath.”

After a pause, he said calmly, “Every time the treasure vault opens, it’s accompanied by the rise of a large faction.”

In addition to their own inheritance, the few large sects in the Upper Three Heavens also accumulated various treasures and resources.

Among them, the resources of the stars had been occupied for a long time. The real wealth was the treasury of the Divine Court that had been passed down from ancient times.

This treasure trove gathered wealth from the entire world, plundering countless riches over tens of thousands of years.

“So you mean both of these things can stir up action from all corners of the Immortal Source World?” Han Muye’s eyes sparkled with a bright light as he spoke softly.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian shook his head.

“These two things are different.

“The Divine Emperor’s sword will attract the powerhouses of the Upper Three Heavens. Only those who were interested in the Divine Court back then will participate.

“The treasury of the Divine Court can attract various factions, but no true experts will gather here.

“Who are you trying to lure?”

Looking up at Han Muye, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian frowned slightly. “The Dao competition in the Heavenly Mystic World has actually reached this level?”

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor had a connection in spreading their teachings. Yuan Tian also had the intention to participate in the Heavenly Mystic Dao Competition.

The Guangyuan Sword Sect had gathered the anti-cultivation swordsmen of the Immortal Source World. If they really wanted to recruit them to the Dao Competition, it would only take a word from Yuan Tian.

However, from what Han Muye said now, they actually wanted to use the Divine Emperor's sword and the Divine Court Treasury for a mere Dao competition.

He did not even use these treasures himself, but used them to stir up a storm.

What kind of power was involved in the Battle of the Dao?

The power of the Dao competition involved the strength of a Divine Venerable. Behind it was the game between the two sides of the Upper Three Heavens.

The Dao competition was related to the opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's expression changed.

He did not expect that a Dao competition would be connected to the momentum of the entire world.

"Yuling Dao Palace, even such a situation is involved..."

He whispered and looked up. "It's normal for the Sword Pavilion to stand with Wen Mosheng."

The Heavenly Mystic was the Immortal Source World in the past, and the Source Heaven Sword God had once dominated the world.

The Heavenly Source Sword God was the master of the Sword Pavilion.

That was why the Sword Pavilion of the Upper Three Heavens stood behind the Heavenly Mystic World. Of course, the Dao competition was a game between the Sword Pavilion and the Dao Sect. The Sword Pavilion would always stand on one side.

Hearing Sword Venerable Yuan Tian mention the name of the Heavenly Sword God, Han Muye said, "Sword Master, how much do you know about the Heavenly Source Sword God?"

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian shook his head, "Such a senior is only known in legends. It's a pity that I'm not fated to meet him.

"I wonder if he will live or die after he breaks through the sky."

Han Muye glanced at him and didn't mention it again.

There were many things in the world that could not be explained.

It was impossible for him to say that the Heavenly Source Sword God was similar to SSword Venerable Yuan Tian, nor could he explain why he knew about this.

Other than the few almighty beings left behind from ancient times, it was impossible for anyone in the world to have seen Sword Venerable Yuan Tian Sword Sovereign.

Thinking of this, he was stunned.

Among the ancient powers, had they ever seen Sword Venerable Yuan Tian?

What would these people think and do when they saw Sword Venerable Yuan Tian?

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was famous for his sword. Was there any connection between him becoming the Great Elder of the Guangyuan Sword Sect outside the Immortal Source World?

Han Muye did not ask what kind of opportunity Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had encountered.

Everyone had their own fortuitous encounters. This was not something that outsiders could easily pry into.

There was no need for Han Muye to investigate this.

“Are you really willing to take out these treasures?” Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked at Han Muye.

The Divine Emperor’s sword, the Divine Court Treasury.

Such a rare treasure represented the strongest opportunity in this world. Would Han Muye really take it out?

“No matter how precious a treasure is, it’s just a worldly possession,” Han Muye said calmly.

At his level of cultivation, what he needed was not only those treasures, but also the accumulation of his mental state.

The Dao competition was already closely related to his cultivation.

The battle of Dao was related to his life and death.

If the land of the Dao Competition was sacrificed, even if Han Muye could live alone, his cultivation would not improve in the future.

The Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was also silent.

He knew that Han Muye was right.

Wen Mosheng had never left the Heavenly Mystic World because of his connection with it.

Back then, he had warned Han Muye not to get too involved with Heavenly Mystic, but he did not expect Han Muye to be involved in the Dao competition instead of taking the initiative to involve Heavenly Mystic.

The things in the world were more unpredictable.

“Since you’re willing to take out these treasures, let’s go all out.”

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian stared at Han Muye, his face glowing faintly.

“Coincidentally, you’ve also comprehended the power of time and space.”

Han Muye looked at him and nodded gently.

...

Ten days later, a few rare spiritual materials were discovered in a chaotic meteorite field outside the Immortal Source World.

The Lower Three Heavens cultivators who found these treasures thought that their value was average, but when they took them to the market, they actually alarmed the major factions in the Middle Three Heavens and even the Upper Three Heavens.