

Pavilion 891

Chapter 891 - 891 This Is Huang Six's Daughter, Huang Zhihu

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The Divine Transformation Realm cultivator holding the seal did not know who Huang Zhihu wanted to show her ability to.

However, at this moment, he really did not want to look.

He, Du Yuming, had come here to make a name for himself. He wanted to defeat Huang Zhihu before she arrived with her army of sword cultivators.

Defeating an expert on the Heavenly List was a rare opportunity to showcase his abilities.

By virtue of this merit, if he sought refuge with the Immortal Spirit World, he would definitely receive many benefits.

But how could he have expected that the Huang Zhihu in front of him had a sword cultivation that was not inferior to array formation techniques?

As for killing Huang Zhihu, he did not dare to do so.

She was the adopted daughter of Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic.

Even though Du Yuming came to the Dao battlefield a little late, he knew that there were certain people there who could not be offended.

Han Muye, ranked ninth on the Heavenly List, might not even be among the top 100 on the list in terms of combat strength.

But how many people on the Heavenly List dared to say that they could definitely crush this Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic?

On the Dao battlefield, Han Muye made three appearances and swept across the Immortal Spirit World with three immortal treasures, forcing even the Divine Venerables to retreat.

With such a vengeful temperament, if someone harmed his adopted daughter, he would probably pursue them to death.

The sword in Huang Zhihu's hand turned, and all of the sword intent and entwined sword qi converged into an invisible state.

"This sword technique was taught to me by my foster father. There are ways to harm the soul in sword techniques." Huang Zhihu looked up at Du Yuming with a calm expression and warned, "Be careful."

Be careful.

A junior who was only at Out of Body Eighth Realm held a sword and told a Sixth Realm Divine Transformation Realm cultivator to be careful.

Not only Du Yuming, but even the other Divine Transformation Realm cultivators present had solemn expressions.

Because this sword technique was passed down by Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic!

That person who only existed in legends, whom few had truly witnessed making a move, and was known as the Sword Dao Immortal, Minister Han!

“Ah, I gave this little girl too little. She received more guidance from Brother Han.” In the void, in front of a light screen, someone sighed softly.

A trace of worry flashed across her face as she stared at Huang Zhihu’s sword on the light screen.

“Brother Zhenxiong, will Zhihu be alright?”

“That’s a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.”

Brother Zhenxiong.

Huang Zhenxiong.

He was Heaven Trampler, the subordinate of the Divine Venerable, the Ancestral Demon Star of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy outside the dam.

At this moment, Huang Six was wearing black demon armor, with a cold and stern face, and a tall and straight figure like a battle spear.

Hearing Lu Qingping’s words, Huang Six said calmly, “Sister Ping, don’t worry. He’s just at the Divine Transformation Realm.”

Among the group of black-armored demon cultivators behind him, the weakest was at the Divine Transformation Realm!

The Ancestral Demon Star Grand Sage had Divine Venerables behind him and countless demon sect cultivators under his command.

When Huang Six came to the Dao battlefield, he brought enough power with him.

On the light screen, Huang Zhihu had already drawn her sword. Her light yellow dress fluttered like a butterfly. The sword light was not dazzling, but flowed with a green and bright color.

The sword left a mark, tearing the void as if it was being ripped apart, freezing each of the sword shadows in place.

The sword was there, the shadows were there, and this sword move was there.

In an instant, the space within a thousand feet was filled with sword shadows.

Such a sword move allowed one to clearly see its trajectory.

It was one thing to see it clearly. It was another thing to be able to block it and crack it.

To outsiders, the trajectory of this sword was clear, and it only took lifting a hand to block it.

As for Du Yuming who was facing the sword head-on, his expression was solemn. He did not retreat, and the spiritual light of the seal in his hand kept surging but did not solidify.

He was actually unable to make a move!

In his eyes, every frozen sword shadow was real.

These sword shadows had countless possibilities in each of their moves.

To block the sword's edge, he needed to block countless possibilities.

This was karma. Only a Half-Sage could master the power of karma.

Under this one sword, there was countless karma.

Standing before this sword, there was simply no way to respond.

"Why didn't Du Yuming attack?" In the void not far away, a Daoist in a green-gray robe with a golden jade talisman hanging on his waist frowned and asked.

He looked to be around 50 years old, with a faint spiritual light covering his body, making it impossible for outsiders to probe.

"Attack?" The middle-aged sword cultivator standing next to the Daoist laughed and shook his head.

"This sword is infused with the power of karma. In the face of this sword, Du Yuming sees countless sword lights. How can he attack?"

"No one, not even Wang Zidong at the eighth level of Divine Transformation Realm, can block this sword," said the man.

Can't block it?

The Daoist was puzzled but did not retort.

He had a higher cultivation level than the other, but he was not a sword cultivator.

Only a swordsman could see through another swordsman.

"It's really terrifying. I don't know what kind of person that Sword Dao Immortal Han is. He can actually integrate the power of karma into the Heaven Realm swordsmanship—"

The middle-aged sword cultivator's eyes widened suddenly as he finished speaking.

"That's not right!"

At this moment, his spiritual light was in turmoil, and he forgot to conceal his figure.

He widened his eyes and stared at the sword that was about to land on Du Yuming's chest.

"Did Huang Zhiyu just say that there is a soul power in this sword?"

Although he did not know why the sword cultivator beside him was so excited, the Daoist nodded and said, "Yes, that's what she said."

Sword light rose from the sword cultivator's body as he charged forward.

"This sword is much more powerful than I thought!

"Besides karma, there's also the power of the soul. Not only Du Yuming can't block it, but we've also been deceived!"

He unsheathed his sword and crossed the void, slashing down at Huang Zhihu's head.

He didn't hold back with this sword strike, as if he intended to directly kill Huang Zhihu.

This sudden sword strike caught everyone off guard, and no one could have anticipated it.

A sword suddenly appeared on the light screen. Lu Qingping exclaimed in panic, her face pale.

"It's alright, it's alright. Brother Han's swordsmanship is not as simple as it seems," Huang Six said, patting Lu Qingping's shoulder and speaking softly.

A faint glint of cruelty flickered in his eyes.

"But my precious daughter, Huang Zhihu, is not afraid to stand up to anyone."

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Looking up, Huang Six cast his gaze into the void.

At this moment, the entire place seemed to be filled with violent demonic qi.

"Is that Huang Six?" A Dao Ancestor probed with his divine sense in the void and sent it over.

"Huang Six? Haha, he's at least at the level of Dao Ancestor. When he returned to the Dao battlefield, he even alarmed several Divine Venerables who were sitting in power."

A divine sense replied.

Although Divine Venerables were involved and in control of the Dao competition, the monitoring and witnessing on a regular basis were still done by the Dao Ancestors who were previously involved, with the addition of some Dao Ancestors from various major factions.

"I really don't know where he came from. He actually has such a demonic cultivation." Even in the Upper Three Heavens, they had never heard of someone like Huang Six.

"It's unclear who exactly is behind Heavenly Mystic. From the Endless Divine Venerable to the Qilin Divine Beast, it's simply an endless stream of pleasant surprises."

"Pleasant surprise? It's also possible to be shockedf*ck!"

Demonic qi surged and sealed the void for thousands of miles!

In the eyes of those Daoist Ancestors who witnessed the struggle of the Dao, the demonic qi on Huang Six's body suddenly exploded.

The demonic qi condensed into substance and the spiritual qi melted away.

This was why Huang Six was able to become a Demon Sage so quickly!

He used his own power to directly suppress spiritual qi, devouring and melting all the world's powers.

Within a radius of 10,000 miles, whether it was a Heaven Realm or a Half Sage, or even an almighty who had already entered the Sage Realm and controlled the Dao, all were powerless to resist Huang Six's demonic qi.

This power of this demonic qi was actually comparable to the existence of immortal qi that could directly crush spiritual qi!

Even the Endless World could feel the suppression.

This place was not far from the Divine Court Treasury, and the strong gathered here were all shocked.

'When did such a powerful demonic sect appear in the Dao competition?' someone whispered, his eyes flashing with agility.

The demonic sect was not in the same league as most cultivators here. It could be either an enemy or a friend.

"Such a domineering demonic intent. This person's cultivation level must be at the Heaven-Reaching level. It's uncertain whether it's good or bad for such a person to come here to compete for the treasure trove," someone looked around worriedly and muttered to himself.

Many in the demonic sect were people who killed without restraint, and he was afraid they would not hold back during the competition for the treasure trove.

In that case, the competition for the treasure trove this time would probably be extremely tragic.

"I wonder who provoked such an expert?" More people were puzzled.

Although the demonic aura was restricted for thousands of miles, it did not block the detection of divine sense.

In an instant, everyone perceived that within the void, which had been restricted by demonic qi, there was a hundred-mile area without any demonic qi.

This hundred-mile area seemed like another world, without a trace of demonic qi present.

What was even more strange was that this hundred-mile area seemed completely unaware that the outside world had already been sealed off.

"Heavenly Mystic's flying ship That's the Heavenly Mystic's Huang Zhihu." Someone recognized the Heavenly Mystic's emblem and spoke in a low voice.

"What a stunning sword technique. It actually cultivates both karma and divine soul power," exclaimed a sword cultivator, his eyes shining with admiration.

"Who is that? Even a cultivator at the sixth level of the Divine Transformation stage can't withstand a single sword strike from Huang Zhihu?" someone frowned, watching as Du Yuming couldn't even make a move in front of Huang Zhihu.

“Block it?” someone sneered, “If he could block it, that half-sage sword cultivator wouldn’t have shamelessly attacked already.”

“This woman’s sword strike is not simple,” someone remarked.

“In the end, why did that demonic cultivator seal off 10,000 miles?”

Amidst the discussions of the crowd, Huang Zhihu withdrew the sword that was aimed at Du Yuming and turned around to strike with another move.

This sword strike was fast and casual.

The sword’s edge brought up a stream of light and blocked the sword that was swung at Huang Zhihu’s back.

After the strike, the middle-aged sword cultivator’s figure landed a hundred feet behind Huang Zhihu, with a solemn expression on his face.

At this moment, Du Yuming, who had been holding back all this time, showed a look of madness on his face. He suddenly threw out a seal from his hand, which flew towards Huang Zhihu’s head!

Since Huang Zhihu had drawn her sword, he had been suppressed by a vague and intangible force of karma.

It was not until Huang Zhihu turned around and struck with her sword that all the power of karma was redirected, and only then did Du Yuming have the ability to strike.

And this strike, because of the previous sword strike from Huang Zhihu, even carried a hint of karma.

“She can understand karma even before breaking through to the Heaven Realm. This child is remarkable,” someone remarked.

Someone’s eyes lit up in the void.

“Not bad, not bad. If this child is guided properly, I’m afraid that in the future”

Future?

As the seal stirred up spiritual qi and smashed towards Huang Zhihu, all the previously frozen sword shadows in the void instantly shattered.

It wasn’t just shattering!

All of the sword shadows actually transformed into sword lights and formed a sword formation that spun and stirred, shattering the seal directly!

Karma!

Indeed, throughout the fight, Huang Zhihu had been using the power of karma to guide her swordsmanship. The power accumulated in this attack had reached its peak and could not be exceeded.

Indeed, if Du Yuming hadn’t taken action, all the sword shadows would have dissipated, and the karma would have been resolved.

But Du Yuming did take action.

All the power accumulated in this sword was instantly triggered, and a magic treasure was shattered with one strike!

The life-bound magic treasure was shattered, and Du Yuming's face turned pale. He spat out a mouthful of blood, and the power of his soul and spirit shook. Even his primordial spirit had wounds criss-crossing all over.

This strike had damaged his foundation!

A sword strike and the entire void within and beyond a thousand miles fell into a deafening silence.

What could be said about such a stunning sword strike that didn't even allow for evaluation?

"How's my sword move?"

Huang Zhihu's expression did not change. She stood with her sword in hand and spoke calmly.

This is not opening up an old wound, is it?

Countless people pondered in their hearts, and then all of them turned pale.

This sword, no matter who it was, as long as he hadn't become a sage, he couldn't stop it!

"Good, well done, this is how Heavenly Mystic's Zhihu's sword should be."

A voice sounded, filled with joy.

Huang Six and Lu Qingping landed side by side in front of Huang Zhihu. Lu Qingping hurried forward anxiously and wanted to reach out to check if Huang Zhihu was injured, but then hesitated and didn't move.

Huang Six, on the other hand, had lost the cold and stern expression of a Demon Sage on his face. He was all smiles, with his eyebrows and eyes full of humor. He opened his hands and alternated between clenching and relaxing his fists.

This appearance was exactly the same as the Huang Six who guarded the Sword Pavilion on the Nine Mystic Mountain back then.

Gao Xiaoxuan landed quietly.

Not far away, on the flying ship, Yunduan sized up Huang Six curiously.

Huang Zhihu raised her head and gripped her sword tightly.

"Zhihu, quick, this is your father." Lu Qingping reached out to tug at Huang Zhihu's sleeve.

At the moment when the father and daughter met but didn't recognize each other, she also became confused and flustered.

Her own daughter had always been determined. Although she had no resentment towards Huang Six as her biological father ordinarily, there was no guarantee that something wouldn't happen at this moment.

"Father, I didn't embarrass you, did I?" Huang Zhihu sheathed her sword and looked up at Huang Six.

Huang Six felt a tremor in his heart.

This was his daughter.

In her heart, he was a hero.

Sister Ping kept saying that when this girl didn't know that he was alive, she always said that when her cultivation was high enough, she would go outside the Heavenly Mystic World to look for him.

After realizing that he was alive and would return, she became competitive in every aspect, fearing that she would embarrass him and his Brother Han.

A girl who carried too much pressure, but was far away from him beyond the dam. Besides sending her magical treasures, spiritual rocks, spiritual materials, and medicinal pills, he really couldn't give her much else.

"No, no." Huang Six grinned and looked up at the surrounding void.

"Everyone, let me introduce. This is my daughter, Huang Zhihu.

"Take care of her from now on.

"I, Huang Six, am generally easy to talk to."

No one knew who he was talking to.

But at this moment, whether it was the space sealed off for thousands of miles, or the powerful ones thousands of miles away, or even the Dao ancestors who witnessed the struggle for the Dao tens of thousands of miles away, they all felt that Huang Six was talking to himself.

"Controlling the power of space!" Someone cried out in alarm.

Only by controlling the power of space could one ignore distance like this.

The world and space had already surpassed the power of sages. They belonged to another level.

"Another supreme expert"

In the void, a divine sense replied in a low voice.

In fact, there was not much difference between cultivators and ordinary people. Huang Six was at such a level of cultivation that if he spoke up, not responding would be like not giving him face.

For a supreme expert who controlled the power of space, respect had to be given.

Unless Huang Six died in this Dao Competition, no one in this world would dare to offend Huang Zhihu again.

"Hehe, I'm very curious as to who dares to lay their hands behind my precious daughter's back." The smile on Huang Zhihu's face disappeared, and a cold expression appeared on his face.

"Boom!"

The magic clouds for thousands of miles rolled and directly turned into a demon dragon coiled up for thousands of miles!

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The silent roar of the demon dragon caused the earth to shake for thousands of miles, and Du Yuming and others who had quietly retreated all spat blood and collapsed, their bodies completely weak.

The half-sage sword cultivator who had previously stabbed a sword behind Huang Zhihu trembled all over. Unable to hold the sword in his hand, he dropped it immediately.

The expression of the Daoist who had been standing shoulder-to-shoulder with this sword cultivator changed. He turned around and fled.

However, just as he moved, his entire body suddenly trembled and slowly turned into a blood mist.

Spiritual light rose.

A half-sage cultivator had died just like that!

How many half-sages were there in this world?

The void was silent.

Huang Six's ruthless methods were terrifying.

Regardless of whether it was his smile or his friendly request to take care of his daughter, it could not hide his identity as a demonic cultivator.

A demon was a demon after all.

Among these people, the only one who was not shocked but happy was Lu Qingping, who was standing beside Huang Six.

Seeing that Huang Six was so protective of his daughter, Lu Qingping heaved a sigh of relief.

After killing the half-sage Daoist, Huang Six slowly turned his head and looked at the sword cultivator who had attacked before, then at Du Yuming.

"You can choose to say who ordered you to do this.

"Or not."

Who ordered these people to come and intercept the Heavenly Mystic flying ship?

The surrounding cultivators were also very curious.

Is it the Immortal Spirit side, or is there someone else behind it? they wondered.

The pale Du Yuming looked at the sword cultivator with fear in his eyes.

The sword cultivator glared at him and slowly closed his eyes.

Just as he closed his eyes, Du Yuming suddenly shouted, "I said, it's—"

As soon as the words were spoken, the sword cultivator who had closed his eyes opened them and stabbed his sword out!

The sword slashed through the void and came straight through, cutting off Du Yuming's head immediately!

But that was not all. With a stir of his long sword, a vibration rippled through the void, revealing a trace of divine soul power.

His soul was shattered.

After stabbing out this sword, the sword cultivator finally turned around and looked at Huang Six with a calm expression.

"Alright, you can make your move now. Let me see what kind of ability a demon sect Great Sage really has."

He raised his hand and pointed the sword at Huang Six.

"You can imprison my soul after killing me and see if I will submit."

The sword cultivator indeed has the spine of a sword.

His words were full of pride.

Such provocation was truly courting death.

The surrounding cultivators shook their heads.

Now it was up to Huang Six to kill him.

But in front of a Demon Sage, there was only one way to die. It didn't matter how he sought it.

"Girl, how do you think I should kill him?" Huang Six turned to look at Huang Zhihu and asked.

"Should I suppress him under the demonic tower and dismember him for 10,000 years, or should I directly absorb his soul and pour it into the demonic pool?"

"Why don't we infect him with demonic qi and turn him into a demon?"

Huang Six's voice was cold, making everyone who heard it shiver.

These methods would not allow him to die quickly.

Even the sword cultivator couldn't help but feel his heart palpitate for a moment.

If that was the case, he might as well be killed.

Taking a deep breath, the sword in his hand began to shine with a bright light.

"Father, do as you see fit." Huang Zhihu looked at the sword light and shook her head.

Huang Six laughed and suddenly waved his hand.

The illusion of the 10,000-mile demon dragon dissipated, and the imprisonment of the 10,000-mile space was lifted just like that.

All the demonic qi transformed into a black demonic bead, hovering above the head of the sword cultivator.

“If I don’t kill you, I’ll let you live.”

Huang Six said calmly, “With my demonic pearl, you won’t die even if you want to.

“I’ll let you live until the end of the Dao Competition. I’ll see with my own eyes the destruction of the powerful forces that you think are invincible.

“Aren’t you keeping quiet because you think they’re so powerful that no one can defeat them?”

As Huang Six spoke, the sword cultivator’s expression darkened.

By the time Huang Six finished speaking, his face was pale.

Huang Six laughed and led the demon cultivators and the Heavenly Mystic flying ship to fly away, leaving only the sword cultivator with the demonic pearl above his head.

As for the other people who came with this swordsman, they had already been devoured by the demon dragon and had long disappeared without a trace.

On the Heavenly Mystic’s flying ship, Yunduan, who was wearing a royal robe, stood up and bowed to Huang Six. “Junior Yunduan greets Senior.”

Lu Qingping quietly sized up Huang Six’s expression.

She did not know if Sixth Brother was satisfied with the son-in-law she had chosen.

Huang Six’s expression did not change as he waved his hand.

“I don’t care about your Heavenly Mystic business, but that’s Brother Han’s business.”

He looked at Huang Zhihu. “Girl, are you still lacking any treasures in the Divine Court Treasury? Tell Father what you are lacking.”

Yunduan’s mouth twitched.

Gongsun Qingfeng and the others standing at the back also showed envy in their eyes.

How great would it be if my family has such a domineering father...

Huang Zhihu, who was holding onto Lu Qingping, shook her head and said, “Father, even if we don’t lack treasures, we can’t let others have them, right?”

Huang Six nodded.

“That’s true.

“However, this Divine Court Treasury is the bait that Brother Han has put out. Don’t eat too much, or else you won’t be able to catch the big fish.”

Han Muyu had information about the Divine Court Treasury in his hand, and this was not a secret.

Although this time the treasure trove was released by the Immortal Spirit World, whether there was Han Muye's involvement was something that many people were speculating about.

Huang Zhihu quickly nodded and looked at Huang Six. "Father, where is Foster Father now?"

Han Muye had not returned to the Heavenly Mystic World for decades, and there was no sign of him at the Dao battlefield.

Fortunately, the three immortal treasures were still there, and the soul imprints on them were still intact, which at least indicated that Han Muye did not encounter any mishaps.

"Brother Han is probably doing something important." Huang Six did not answer Huang Zhihu directly.

He did not know where Han Muye was.

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"Buzz!"

A rumbling sound came from the void.

Tens of thousands of miles away, there seemed to be a battle.

Huang Six turned to look at the void and said coldly, "It's not easy for my family to be reunited. These guys just won't stop."

Just as the demon dragon appeared, it had already transformed into thousands of feet long, and then it smashed through the void and disappeared.

Huang Six, who stood in the void, had a rising demonic intent in his eyes, and his body seemed to exude a demonic qi that could penetrate heaven and earth.

"What's the use of snatching the fragments of the Divine Emperor's sword?"

"If you guys don't stop messing around, I will just take this piece of junk and melt it down directly."

As the words fell, there was a loud explosion and the sound of the demon dragon's roar echoed for tens of thousands of miles away.

Then, all the sounds and spiritual and magical lights slowly dissipated.

"Wow, even the Dark Shadow Divine Venerable didn't dare to make a move in front of the demon dragon. Just how strong is this Huang Six?" A divine sense transmitted from the void.

"To shatter an 80,000-mile void with a single strike, can the Dark Shadow Divine Venerable do that? Zhao Zhenghe only has better hiding and escape skills, everything else is just mediocre." Someone chuckled and whispered.

"Mediocre? But he's still a Divine Venerable"

The Dao battlefield opened the Divine Court Treasury, and all the strong gathered there.

The list of treasures in the Treasury had already been circulated earlier, and many elites from the Immortal Source World came for their own chances of cultivation.

Many powerful cultivators were also paying attention to the Divine Emperor's Sword, which was said to be related to the treasures in the Treasury.

For a moment, various forces in the Dao battlefield were all affected by the Divine Court Treasury.

Not here, though, he thought.

It was another place.

"The vast void was divided into thousands of pieces when the Divine Court Treasury collapsed.

"Within 10,000 miles around the Heavenly Mystic World, there were three Divine Court Treasuries. If you say that this was not deliberately arranged by powerful individuals, I absolutely do not believe it."

Daoist Dayan standing in front of Han Muye looked at the space filled with scattered meteorites and spoke softly.

He was originally following Han Muye's divine beast avatar. This time he entered the Dao battlefield to deliver treasures to Han Muye.

Grass whip.

Every time he comprehended the sword Dao of time and space, it required a massive amount of spiritual qi as its foundation.

Han Muye had consumed an unimaginable amount of high-grade spiritual rocks and various treasures to cultivate his main body.

Therefore, he ran out of spiritual rocks.

If outsiders knew that Prime Minister Han, who was known to be as rich as a large sect in the Upper Three Heavens, had run out of spiritual rocks, they would probably be shocked.

Back then, so many powerful individuals watched as Han Muye claimed a divine court treasure trove for himself.

Many Dao ancestors even sent their own forces to the Dao battlefield, just to obtain the treasures of the Divine Court.

Over the years, many treasures in the Heavenly Mystic World had been sold at high prices in exchange for large amounts of resources.

"Perhaps the Immortal Source Sword Deity deliberately arranged it back then," Han Muye said calmly, holding the grass whip in his hand.

There were three Divine Court treasure troves within a radius of 10,000 miles in the void. Han Muye also felt that this could not be a normal phenomenon.

Looking at the chaotic void in front of him, Han Muye's figure transformed into a sword light.

Daoist Dayan quickly turned into a breeze and followed.

Han Muye could only roughly determine the location of this Divine Court Treasury, which was derived from the trajectory of its fall.

At this moment, he needed to use the grass whip to activate the immortal qi and sense it.

There are also many mutated beasts hidden among the rubble, and when Han Muye searched, he came across a nest of mutated beasts, some of which were incredibly powerful.

He did not fight with these beasts, but quietly turned around.

At this moment, he was covered in immortal qi, and he used a treasure like the grass whip, a treasure that could protect him, to avoid being discovered by others.

With his body covered in immortal qi and equipped with treasures like the grass whip, Han Muye ensured that even the Dao ancestors and Divine Venerables who presided over the Dao Competition could not detect him.

This was also the reason why he could cultivate peacefully all these years.

After flying and searching for several days, the immortal qi around Han Muye suddenly trembled.

The grass whip at the side also vibrated slightly.

Daoist Dayan appeared with a look of joy on his face.

“Found it.”

He flew towards a green stone wall that was thousands of feet tall.

“Pa!”

Daoist Dayan, who could pass through soil and rocks invisibly, slammed into the stone wall, looking miserable.

Instead of being angry, he was delighted. He leaned against the stone wall and examined it carefully.

“If it wasn’t for the immortal qi sensing this place, I really wouldn’t have been able to find it.” The Daoist Dayan proudly rubbed his hand against the stone wall.

He had a natural obsession with treasures.

For no other reason, just because he liked them.

Han Muye stood in front of the rock wall, squinting his eyes.

The last time he seized a Divine Court Vault, he directly broke it open, and many treasures flew out.

This time, it could not be like that.

If he directly broke through the treasure trove, the treasure spiritual light inside would definitely be discovered.

Reaching out and pressing his hand on the stone wall, Han Muye’s eyes shone.

The power of time!

At this moment, his eyes seemed to see through time, and the stone wall in front of him slowly transformed from a blue thousand-foot stone wall into a large array that emitted endless spiritual runes.

“Buzz!”

With a soft sound, Han Muye shuddered and retracted his hand.

A thousand years in a glance required an unimaginable amount of power to be expended.

With just that glance, all the spiritual qi in his body was exhausted.

Several pills were suspended in front of him, and he directly burst them open, then swallowed the spiritual qi and medicinal power.

After a brief recovery, Han Muye closed his eyes.

In his mind, the large array that had just flashed before him slowly came to a stop.

This was a magnificent grand array, which was the foundation of the ancient divine court.

Facing such a formation, even the ancient powerful beings could only choose to break through it with their extraordinary strength.

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Because it was an immortal formation.

A formation passed down from the Immortal World.

Han Muye stood in front of the stone wall, with a faint green immortal aura enveloping his body.

Daoist Dayan flew to his side and carefully looked around.

Han Muye was deducing the formation, and he couldn't be disturbed.

Over the years, Han Muye's comprehension and talent had already convinced Daoist Dayan.

He felt that those days when he followed Han Muye were carefree and happy.

The key was that the treasure hunt was what truly made him unable to give up.

Immortal patterns. Han Muye opened his eyes, and a hint of a smile appeared in them.

He had seen immortal patterns before.

During the refining process of the Divine Emperor's Sword, he had seen many immortal patterns.

The immortal formation in front of him was also based on immortal patterns.

That made it easy, he thought.

Sitting cross-legged, he began to deduce slowly.

With a full level of intelligence, he only needed to see it once to deduce the power of these immortal patterns.

He closed his eyes and sat cross-legged. From time to time, he would raise his hand and gently draw his fingertips across the stone wall.

A faint blue immortal pattern appeared.

At first, in Daoist Dayan's eyes, these were not immortal patterns at all, but random scribbles or childish doodles.

But gradually, a faint immortal light appeared in these immortal patterns.

When it landed on the stone wall, the immortal patterns dissipated.

After that, the immortal patterns on the stone wall took a long time to fade away. Moreover, it was obvious that they were connected to some kind of power on the stone wall, constantly flashing and interweaving.

Seven days later, immortal patterns criss-crossed around Han Muye, turning into a green robe.

He opened his eyes with a calm expression, and slowly stood up, then pressed his hand on the stone wall.

"Let's go."

Han Muye walked in.

Daoist Dayan rubbed his hands together in excitement and followed quickly.

This was the treasury of the Divine Court!

They stepped through the shining doorway, the light twisting and turning as if they were traversing endless worlds.

"This Divine Court Treasury is not in this world, right?" Daoist Dayan asked, his eyes flashing with excitement as he spoke in a low voice.

"It's close to nothingness, but not exactly in a void. If I'm not mistaken, it should be in the overlapping space between this world and the world of immortals."

Only the power of the immortal world can suppress this world.

And only the power of the immortal world can keep the Divine Court Treasury hidden and rarely found by outsiders.

The space shook, and Han Muye and Daoist Dayan appeared in an empty area.

They looked around to see green wooden shelves filled with luminous items, all locked in place.

This was the norm for the Divine Court.

If one were to use brute force to break through the formations, most of the treasures would be destroyed, leaving only the most valuable items scattered in pieces.

The last time Han Muye found a Divine Court treasure trove, that was exactly what happened. The first formation had already been broken, leaving only the array formation of the second small pavilion.

Compared to the previous one, this Divine Court treasure trove was intact with its formations completely preserved and protected by the formations themselves.

Daoist Dayan was practically drooling as he rushed to one of the shelves.

“Jade Flowing Gold. Haha, this thing has long been extinct in the cultivation world. Such a large piece is worth at least 3,000 supreme-grade spiritual rocks.”

These ancient treasures were completely invaluable and could not be measured by anything less than supreme-grade spiritual rocks.

Even with supreme-grade spiritual rocks, they could not be sold.

The most precious treasures were often traded between cultivators with other treasures.

Of course, most cultivation powerhouses use these treasures as a foundation to be treasured and used in critical moments.

As soon as Daoist Dayan’s hand touched the spiritual light outside the jade flowing gold, his body was sent flying.

A dark golden blade light slashed down, grazing Daoist Dayan’s fingertips.

“Damn it, I knew it wouldn’t be so easy to get the treasure...” Daoist Dayan muttered as he looked up at the long saber.

The golden saber was held in the hand of a Divine General in pale golden armor.

The divine general’s face was ancient, and his body was somewhat illusory.

“Golden Armor Guards of the Divine Court, I’m very curious. Why would the Golden Armor Guards guarding the Divine Court Grand Hall be here in the treasure trove?”

Han Muye’s eyes gleamed as he spoke softly.

Facing him, the Golden Armor Guard wielding the long saber flashed with spiritual light and flew forward to strike Han Muye on the head with a single blow.

The strike was fast and fierce, carrying a howling energy.

Daoist Dayan’s expression changed drastically.

In the instant when the long saber struck, he sensed the changes in the surrounding space.

The power of the formation within the treasure trove gathered in an instant, transforming into endless power, suppressing Han Muye’s body.

The power of the Divine Court treasure trove’s formation was even more vast and powerful than the power of a realm.

Han Muye’s body was suppressed by the formation, trembling and seemingly on the verge of collapse.

If he didn't possess the power of the divine beast Baxia, he would have been crushed to powder by the formation.

A long sword hung over Han Muye's head, and his body was imprisoned.

Daoist Dayan was anxious, but he had no means to help Han Muye.

At this moment, even a Divine Venerable would not be able to save him!

"Bang!"

It was not the saber light that shattered Han Muye's body.

It was a green grass whip that struck the chest of the Divine General.

The whip appeared out of nowhere and blocked the path between Han Muye and the divine general, striking the latter.

The grass whip hit the divine general's golden armor, shattering it.

It then rose and struck him again.

"Bang!"

The divine general took three steps back, and the spiritual radiance on his body dimmed slightly.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

...

In Daoist Dayan's eyes, each strike of the grass whip made the divine general's figure fade a little.

After 10 strikes, the whip struck empty space.

The divine general's figure disappeared, leaving only a long sword that fell to the ground.

Just as Daoist Dayan was about to reveal his joy, a green-gray figure appeared and grabbed the whip.

"Haha, so it's this treasure!"

A thin, elderly man dressed in green-gray robes and a black veil hat was overjoyed.

The whip continued to vibrate but could not escape his grasp.

In his palm, a dark golden light shone and formed the character 'suppress', immediately sealing the grass whip.

Then he looked up at Han Muye.

"You intruded into the Divine Court Treasury, so I can directly kill you."

He glanced at the Daoist Dayan. "And this treasure-hunting rat, I will also send it back to the Imperial Beast Department."

He lifted his hand and the formation that had suppressed Han Muye turned into a chain that bound his body.

“Speak up, where is your master? How did you get your hands on the whip and run wild?”

“Is it Cao Yi or Marquis Zhengyang, Du Quan?”

“Don’t lie, I personally handed over the whip to Cao Yiguo.”

“He said that this treasure was a token of the marriage alliance between the Cao and Du families.”

The old man with the black veil hat narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye. “I am Zhou Bangyu, the guard of the Divine Court Treasury. You should have heard of me.”

At this moment, Daoist Dayan was utterly confused.

Han Muye, who was bound by the chain, slowly raised his head.

“Lord Zhou, the Divine Court has already perished.”

Chapter 896 - 896 Divine Court Treasury, Nine-Story Sword Pavilion

The Divine Court had perished.

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, Daoist Dayan’s expression changed.

Because the entire treasure trove of the divine court emitted a sense of oppression, and a chill spread through the space in an instant.

Originally wearing a smile on his face, Zhou Bangyu’s expression slowly faded, and a hint of icy killing intent emanated from him.

“Young man, the dignity of the divine court cannot be compromised. Even if you are of noble birth and have a distinguished background, you cannot slander the divine court. As an official—”

Zhou Bangyu’s words were cut off as Han Muye spoke again, “The Divine Court is no more.”

This time, the hand that Zhou Bangyu had been clasp began to tremble, and his entire body and arms were visibly shaking.

His eyes gradually turned bloodshot as he stared at Han Muye, and behind him, a black scroll slowly unfolded.

“42,3671 years ago, the divine emperor fell, the divine court collapsed, and the treasury I guarded shattered.

“The Divine Court is no more.”

Blood filled Zhou Bangyu’s eyes, and a bloody aura surged around his body.

On the black scroll behind him, figures with powerful strength, towering mountain ranges, and strange beasts were all displayed.

This scroll seemed to depict a separate world on its own.

However, the aura in the scroll was all dark and permeated with an eerie power.

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier that you are a member of the Cao family?”

“Why didn’t you tell me that Cao Yi had only gone into seclusion and had not fallen?”

“Why did you bring a whip with you, but have no reverence for the Divine Court in your heart?”

The black scroll behind Zhou Bangyu completely unfurled, and a figure with a black silhouette stepped out, wielding a black long sword. He flew towards Han Muye, striking down at him!

He did not hold back!

Compared to the sword held by the previous Golden Armored General, this one was faster, more powerful, and the killing intent within it was more concentrated.

Before this sword, even the mountains and peaks of the world would be shattered!

He couldn’t understand why his own master couldn’t just say a few other words to deal with the old man in front of them. Why go to such extremes? he thought.

There was clearly something wrong with this old man’s head. Could it be that his master was also... that?

It was really frustrating...

“Buzz!”

With the long sword pointed at him, Han Muye suddenly looked up.

The chains that bound him directly transformed into a large green hand, which grabbed hold of the black long sword and the black figure.

“Bam—”

The long sword and figure were both shattered, then turned into a black aura and returned to the scroll.

Zhou Bangyu showed a hint of surprise on his face as he looked at Han Muye.

“The formation here is quite intact. It took me some extra time to seize control of it.” Han Muye spoke, explaining his delay to Zhou Bangyu.

Han Muye moved his body slightly and spoke softly.

“Seizing control of the formation!”

Han Muye raised his hand, and a dark golden rune gathered in his palm.

This rune resonated with the power in the entire Divine Court Treasury, gently vibrating.

“If it weren’t for the collapse of the Divine Court, the collapse of your own cultivation and faith, and the loss of your divine soul, Lord Zhou, you wouldn’t have been manipulated by that scroll and abandoned your duty of guarding.” Han Muye said, addressing Zhou Bangyu.

A trace of regret appeared on Han Muye’s face as he turned to look at a long table not far away.

Green immortal qi surged and a skeleton emerged behind the long table.

The skeleton was dressed in a green robe and a black veil hat.

"How could this be? My cultivation has already reached the peak. How could I die?" The skeleton spoke in disbelief.

"It's impossible. I've already stepped beyond the Heaven Realm, surpassed the Human Immortal Realm, and escaped the cycle of karma to reach the realm of Divine Venerable. I can't die..." The skeleton continued to mutter, refusing to believe its own demise.

As Zhou Bangyu muttered under his breath, green immortal qi ignited around him, enveloping his entire body and setting him ablaze.

Han Muye raised his hand and a golden thunderbolt shot out towards Zhou Bangyu's burning figure.

"Boom!"

The thunderbolt suppressed the green immortal qi, causing it to entangle with the thunderbolt.

As Zhou Bangyu was enveloped by the thunderbolt, the blood color in his eyes receded a bit, and a hint of sadness and relief appeared on his face.

"In fact, I knew that Cao Yi and the others had the intention to betray the Divine Court. Otherwise, I wouldn't have given away the grass whip and several treasures," Han Muye said calmly.

"But there is no way to cultivate, no way to the Immortal World. Our cultivation path is cut off, where is the hope..."

Looking up at Han Muye, Zhou Bangyu smiled.

"You are good, both in mental cultivation and comprehension.

"If you go to the Immortal World one day, please take me with you to have a look."

His figure slowly dissipated into nothingness, leaving only a perennially gray ink brush and the previously sealed grass whip hanging quietly in midair.

The black scroll slowly rolled up and turned into a scroll.

Han Muye reached out and put away the grass whip, then beckoned the ink brush and scroll.

"Mountain and River Brush.

"Social Stability Map."

When spiritual qi and sword qi were poured into these two treasures, Han Muye muttered.

Two treasures no less than the whip grass.

The Mountain and River Brush, infused with the power of the heavens and the earth gathered by the Divine Court, had the will of the Endless World as its tip. Every stroke and dot represented mountains and rivers.

The Social Stability Map, by drawing all living things from this world, could seal the 10 directions of the world and absorb the power of the stars.

The Mountain and River Brush was kept in the Divine Court Treasury and guarded by the stewards of the Divine Court treasury throughout the ages. As for the Social Stability Map, it was also stored in the treasury.

When Zhou Bangyu fell with the Treasury here, his spirit was shaken, his faith collapsed, but he did not choose to sacrifice himself to control the treasure trove. Instead, he chose the Mountain and River Brush and the Social Stability Map.

It was obvious that he also had the intention to escape.

However, he did not expect that he would be killed by the formation after giving up on it. He left a trace of resentment in the treasure trove and wandered around for countless years.

The Mountain and River Brush was still alright. As long as he refined it, he would be able to unleash a portion of its power.

As for the Social Stability Map, although it was a supreme treasure, it was difficult to refine because it had been tainted by Zhou Bangyu's resentment for countless years.

Chapter 897 - 897 Divine Court Treasury, Nine-Story Sword Pavilion (2)

However, it could be used as a demonic treasure.

If this thing fell into Huang Six's hands, even suppressing a Divine Venerable would be easy for him.

After putting away the two treasures, Han Muye finally looked around.

The immortal pattern in his palm vibrated, and the halo circulated throughout the entire treasury. All the dust dissipated, and the immortal light and spiritual qi intertwined, translucent and crystal clear, as if they had come to life.

The endless spiritual light shone, blinding Daoist Dayan.

"This place is great, really great."

A trace of dullness could be seen in Daoist Dayan's eyes as he muttered to himself.

This was exactly the kind of place he had been longing for...

"Wuyuan Sand, Three River Jade, Nine Spirits Crane Cry Iron..."

"Rolling Spirit Pearl, Broken Gold Water, White Feather Jintang Blood..."

Looking at each label, touching each treasure, Daoist Dayan felt like he could stay in this place for a lifetime.

Han Muye shook his head, walked to the long table, bowed towards the remains of Zhou Bangyu, and then raised his hand to make a gesture. An immortal pattern wrapped around it, turning it into a green bead which he then put away.

Zhou Bangyu had said that if Han Muye went to the immortal realm, he would take him to see it.

After putting away the remains, Han Muye picked up the books and scrolls on the long table.

There were formations sealing them, and after hundreds of thousands of years, the books and scrolls in this divine treasure trove were still well preserved.

Of course, the books and scrolls themselves, with their soft and delicate touch, were treasures.

As he opened the books and scrolls, he could see that they contained records of various treasures that were collected in the Divine Court Treasury.

As the guardian of the treasure trove, Zhou Bangyu naturally had the general record of all the treasures here.

The entire treasury was divided into twelve areas, each with various grades, separated by formations that could shatter and separate at critical moments.

For the complete formation protection, it required guidance from immortal qi, as well as the correct method to activate the formations. Otherwise, 90 percent of the treasures in the treasure trove would be damaged.

The books and scrolls on the long table not only recorded the treasures collected in each area, but also Zhou Bangyu's hand-drawn maps of scattered locations.

There were a total of 3.56 million treasures of various grades in this treasure trove.

The lowest level was the supreme-grade spiritual rock, with a total of 500,000 pieces.

From the records, 500,000 supreme spiritual rocks should be a collection of rare treasures from each of the treasure troves.

500,000 supreme-grade spiritual rocks were completely enough for cultivation.

Han Muye looked happy.

"Nine-Story Sword Tower?" In the treasury, an immortal treasure second only to the supreme treasure caught Han Muye's attention.

He scanned with divine sense and sensed the appearance of the Nine-Story Sword Tower recorded in the book.

The nine-story tower was shining with spiritual light and sword energy, and in each level, there was a sword-mending platform for nurturing sword artifacts.

Isn't this the Nine-Story Sword Pavilion?

As his divine sense swept over, Han Muye discovered that there were four Nine-Story Sword Towers and several Seven-Story ones in the Divine Palace Treasury, but only one Nine-Story Sword Tower remained now.

"General Shao Yuan.

“Divine Venerable Duan Chengzi.”

There was another one that Han Muye did not find a record of receiving the sword tower.

He didn’t know if it had been deliberately erased or if there were other reasons.

“So, the strong person in charge of the Nine-Story Sword Tower in the Upper Three Heavens is either Divine Venerable Duan Chengzi or General Shao Yuan, or their successors, and of course, it is also possible that it is the third person.”

It was not difficult to find out who it was. The first two had Divine Court backgrounds, and there must be people who knew them.

Moreover, there were records of the other seven-story sword towers receiving it.

“Interesting. According to the records, a seven-story sword tower was handed over to the treasury under the care of Dang Wuyou.”

The Seven-Story Sword Tower was already was the pinnacle of spiritual treasures. Its sword tempering and sword Dao force could match that of a Divine Venerable.

If the Nine-Story Sword Tower of the Upper Three Heavens did not appear, then the great swordsmen who presided over the Seven-Story Tower would suppress the Sword Dao of the Immortal Source World.

Putting away the book, Han Muye turned to look ahead.

Daoist Dayan was excitedly searching around, taking note of various treasures.

“I’m rich, I’m really rich this time...”

Daoist Dayan muttered to himself, clutching several treasures tightly, his eyes filled with a hazy color.

Han Muye ignored him and simply moved his body, passing through layers of wooden frames and landing in front of a 30-foot-high platform.

Above that platform, a golden spiritual light locked the nine-story sword tower, which was five feet tall and three feet in diameter.

Han Muye had refined the Three-Story Sword Pavilion in the Nine Mystic Mountain and the Six Stalwart Pavilion on Scattered Stars Island.

The Nine-Story Sword Tower looked the same as the Three-Story Sword Pavilion and the Six Stalwart Pavilion, but the sword aura that shimmered on it was much clearer and concentrated.

When Han Muye was refining the Six Stalwart Pavilion, he had seen the Nine-Story Sword Pavilion controlled by a powerful being in the Upper Three Heavens.

It looked exactly like the tower in front of him now.

There was a description about the sword tower in front of the high platform.

The Nine-Story Sword Tower was a sword cultivation inheritance of the Nine Element Immortal Sect in the Immortal Realm. It belonged to a practice that could directly enter the Immortal Realm along with the 37 immortal realm inheritances of the Divine Court.

Within this Nine-Story Sword Tower, there was a storage of all kinds of sword cultivation methods in the world. When the cultivation was perfected, one could use this to ascend to the Immortal Platform and directly enter the Immortal Realm, becoming a disciple of the Immortal Sect.

There were 38 inheritances in the Divine Court. Including the direct disciples of the Divine Emperor, there were a total of 39. Every one of them said that they could enter the Immortal Realm directly.

However, for countless years, no great cultivator has returned from the Immortal Realm after ascending to the Immortal Platform.

There wasn't even a single bit of information returned from the Immortal Realm.

No one knew whether these Immortal Realm inheritances were true or false, and whether they could really enter the Immortal Realm sect.

Han Muye took a step onto the high platform and raised his hand to touch the light shield.

The golden imprint in his palm shattered the light shield, and his palm touched the Nine-Story Sword Tower.

Sword light flickered, and Han Muye's figure was instantly submerged in sword shadows.

Countless swords stabbed towards him.

"Buzz!"

Without hesitation, he flew the long sword out of the sword box behind his back. With both swords in his hands, the sword shadows flew around, and all the incoming swords were blocked by the sword edges.

Within three feet, he was invincible.

The two swords turned into a halo of light, and no sword light could penetrate within three feet in front of him.

At this moment, Han Muye's eyes shone with brilliance.

The sword intent left behind by the countless previous residents of the Nine-Story Sword Tower were all the sword techniques that dominated the world in the ancient times.

At this moment, he seemed to be fighting with countless ancient sword cultivators. Amidst the flashing sword light, he figured out a set of ancient sword techniques that had been passed down for generations.

All the sword techniques in the world had their own origins.

The more sword techniques Han Muye comprehended, the more powerful he became, and the sword Dao flowed freely in his hands.

“Dang, dang, dang—”

The shattered sword lights hit the sword tower, and the tower slowly lit up.

Daoist Dayan, who was searching for treasures in the distance looked up and then widened his eyes, watching Han Muye’s long sword slowly pressing against the sword light of the tower and constantly striking back.

“This fellow is a sword maniac...”

Daoist Dayan muttered to himself, then turned to look elsewhere.

The dazzling sword light was almost blinding his eyes.

He didn’t know that his master’s sword technique had already surpassed his ability to perceive.

He didn’t know what else he could do to help his master besides being somewhat useful in finding treasures.

Will I be abandoned again like I was by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian when I was abandoned with the sword?

Feeling a little disappointed, Daoist Dayan looked down at the wooden frame in front of him.

On the wooden rack, a green and yellow light flickered.

“If I could refine this treasure, the power of the earth attribute will have unexpected changes...” Daoist Dayan’s eyes brightened as he quietly reached out his hand.

On the distant high platform, the first level of the Sword Tower in front of Han Muye was already fully lit.

Han Muye could feel that he had gained some control over this Nine-Story Sword Tower.

It became much closer to him.

The sword lights in his hand continued to transform from passive defense to active attack.

The sword shadows were dazzling, and each sword strike on the Sword Tower could produce resonance.

The speed at which the Sword Tower was lit also became faster and faster.

From the basic sword moves of stabbing, sweeping, and chopping to the Sword Dao that integrated sword intent, controlled time and space, and even to the sword technique of breaking and standing...

The second level of the Sword Tower lit up.

The third level of the Sword Tower lit up.

...

The light rising from the eighth level of the Sword Tower suddenly stopped.

One more inch and the entire Sword Tower would have been lit up to the ninth level.

But at this moment, Han Muye's dual swords slowly stopped.

He had already used all the sword techniques he had learned.

Looking at the Sword Tower that was so close yet distant in front of him, a halo of light shone in Han Muye's eyes.

If others could refine the Sword Tower to the ninth level, why couldn't he, Han Muye?

The sword was raised.

Chapter 898 - 898 He is Heavenly Mystic's Prime Minister, Han Muye!

898 He is Heavenly Mystic's Prime Minister, Han Muye!

The sword techniques of this world had been practiced to perfection. What about those that did not belong to this world?

Han Muye held a sword in his hand and drew a circle in the air.

"Slash—"

It was a very ordinary sword move, with a dim sword light.

However, this sword move did not belong to this world.

It was the sword move that Han Muye saw from the sword of the Divine Emperor, which was used by the swordsmith who refined the sword when he tested it.

The sword move was not outstanding, but it had the unique characteristics of the swordsmanship in the immortal realm.

When the sword was thrust out, a halo and flowing light appeared before the sword's edge.

When using spiritual qi and sword intent to control the swordsmanship, the sword's edge would leave a mark after the halo.

But when using immortal qi to control the sword, the immortal qi moved first, and the sword's edge followed afterwards.

With these two methods of controlling the sword, it was difficult to say which had the advantage, but they were indeed two different directions of cultivation.

"Slash—"

The green immortal light collided with the eighth level of the Nine-Story Sword Tower, and the spiritual light flickered, revealing a green color.

The entire Nine-Story Sword Tower trembled, with halos intersecting each other, and countless immortal patterns appearing.

Han Muye pointed his finger, and all the stored immortal qi poured out.

He used immortal qi to control the sword.

The ninth level of the sword tower instantly shimmered with a green light, turning the entire floor green.

The Nine-Story Sword Tower was originally an inheritance from the immortal world, and it should be controlled by immortal qi.

The immortal light turned into threads, interweaving on the sword tower and turning into immortal patterns.

These immortal patterns were similar to those used during the refining of treasures, and had similarities with the immortal patterns in the treasure trove array.

Han Muye squinted his eyes, continuously infused with the immortal light, while quickly deducing and perceiving the changes in the power of the sword tower.

In the world of cultivation, all the paths of refining artifacts and pills were auxiliary to cultivation.

However, the sword tower in front of him was different.

Or rather, in the immortal world, the inheritance of artifacts was also the main cultivation path.

This sword tower was the main cultivation path of the artifacts path, integrating the sword path, rather than the sword path being auxiliary to the artifacts path.

The changes in the primary and secondary forces determined the methods of controlling the sword tower.

It was born to hide swords and ruled by swords.

To control this sword tower was to be the pinnacle of both the Dao of the Sword and the Dao of Artifacts.

The nine levels of the Sword Pavilion lit up, and Han Muye felt a connection between his heart and the sword tower before him.

Blood refinement artifact.

No, this was another weapon refinement technique, Heart Refinement.

By using one's own blood to cultivate swordsmanship and match it with the object in front of them, they could mutually recognize each other and obtain a power that was hard to find in the world.

"Buzz!"

The nine-story sword tower turned into an illusion and then appeared behind Han Muye.

The sword tower was completely invisible to outsiders, only existing within the illusion.

At this point, Han Muye finally understood that even the owner of the Nine-Story Sword Tower in the Upper Three Heavens did not use the Heart Refining Technique to refine the tower.

If he had, he would not have been able to sense the existence of the tower in the first place.

Without the Heart Refining Technique, one could not obtain the true inheritance within the tower.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a blue spiritual light appeared in his palm.

The immortal light was agile, and there were several sword lights that swam like fish in it.

This was the inheritance within the Nine-Story Sword Tower. There were not many methods, but it was indeed the swordsmanship of the immortal world.

Standing on the high platform, Han Muye showed a trace of doubt in his eyes.

Even in the Nine Elements Immortal Sect of the immortal world, the Nine-Story Sword Tower was not something that ordinary disciples could possess. Instead, it was a direct disciple inheritance.

Those disciples who had received the inheritance within the Nine-Story Sword Tower should have been highly valued and became true disciples of the Immortal Sect.

The Ascension Platform should have the ability to lead cultivators into the immortal realm.

However, when he saw those cultivators who were lost in the Spirit Transformation Pool in the Divine Emperor's sword, he knew it was not true.

There must be some hidden secrets.

Moreover, if the Immortal Ascension Platform was truly a one-way trip, and the immortal world inheritances were all frauds, then those powerful beings would not have wanted to reopen the Ascension Platform.

They were not fools.

Shaking his head, Han Muye turned around and flew down from the platform.

The Nine-Story Sword Tower behind him disappeared.

This was the advantage of the Heart Refining Technique. No one would be able to detect the whereabouts of the treasure.

This Nine-Story Sword Tower, which was comparable to a divine treasure, would follow him from now on and become his protective treasure.

Compared to a divine treasure, the Nine-Story Sword Tower was more suitable for his sword cultivation and could better unleash his combat power.

As long as the sword artifacts stored in the Nine-Story Sword Tower were of high enough grade and strength, even divine treasures could be broken.

Han Muye didn't lack sword artifacts in his hands.

If he collected some good swords later on, he would definitely turn his Nine-Story Sword Tower into a treasure that even those powerful beings will fear.

He was not interested in exploring the treasure trove like Daoist Dayan.

He quickly circled around the treasure trove, took out the treasures he urgently needed and the ones he liked, and then looked for the top-quality spiritual rocks.

There were too many treasures in the Divine Court treasure trove, and even exploring it casually took a lot of time.

When he and Daoist Dayan finished moving all the treasures out of the treasure trove, it was already a month later.

Instead of leaving the treasure trove immediately, Han Muye went into seclusion for nearly a hundred days.

He refined the inheritance from the Immortal Realm in the Nine-Story Sword Tower and comprehended the time and space sword path by smashing 100,000 top-quality spiritual rocks.

When he emerged from seclusion, his own aura had become extremely strong.

His sword cultivation had reached an unimaginable level, and his comprehension of time and space power had surpassed those of the Divine Venerables.

However, his spiritual qi cultivation was suppressed by the Dao and his soul, body, and even his state of mind were far from being matched with his sword cultivation.

Although his sword cultivation was strong, he could not fully unleash his power.

At this time, if he calculated, the Divine Court treasure trove on the side of Dang Wuyou should also be opening soon.

That treasure trove was different from this one, and there was no specific opening location or method. Various parties would fight over it, and it was likely to be very fierce.

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899 He is Heavenly Mystic's Prime Minister, Han Muye! (2)

Originally, Han Muye planned to take advantage of everyone's attention being on the other side to open the treasure trove in this area.

However, he didn't expect that the treasure trove here would be opened smoothly, and all the treasures would be taken. In that case, he could also go and see the other treasure trove.

From the registration book, there were some treasures in the treasure trove that he could use.

For example, the seven-story sword tower.

Quietly leaving the Divine Court Treasure Trove until he passed through the green stone wall, Daoist Dayan still felt a little confused.

Of course, Han Muye collected hundreds of thousands of treasures in the treasure trove, but he also gave many treasures to Daoist Dayan.

After all, this guy's nature was like this. Shiny treasures could keep him awake at night.

He had saved quite a few good things in his small treasury.

"Master, shall we go directly to the next Divine Court Treasure Trove, or wait for you to transform and come?" Daoist Dayan held a golden and shining spiritual pearl in his hand and spoke softly.

He was already a little impatient.

Han Muyu nodded and said, "I am only one step away from fully integrating with the power of the divine beast through transformation cultivation. Let's go to the Divine Court Treasure Trove first."

He had been cultivating the Divine Beast Transformation outside the Dao battlefield for decades, and his strength had infinitely approached the peak.

Once the final integration was completed, he would be able to surpass the power of the divine beast Baxia that once ruled the world.

Because the divine beast Baxia did not have unparalleled sword cultivation like Han Muye.

Turning around, he looked at the ordinary thousand-foot green stone.

Who would have thought that this green stone was where the Divine Palace Treasure Trove was located.

Even though the treasury had already been emptied by now, it was still a rare treasure.

The formation based on immortal patterns was extremely difficult to come by in the world.

He raised his hand, and immortal patterns flashed, wrapping around the green stone.

The green light flickered and the green stone slowly shrank, transforming into a palm-sized piece of green jade, on which immortal patterns shimmered.

This was the foundation of an immortal formation.

Breaking through the meteorite layer, Han Muye did not conceal his own traces this time.

"Boom!"

The strength of this power instantly drew the attention of countless experts.

"What a fast speed. Who is this?" someone wondered.

"The sword light is solid. When did such a sword cultivator appear in the Dao battlefield? Who's on the Heavenly List—" Someone began to speculate.

Almost all the experts in the Dao Contest had been marked, and the Heavenly List had captured the vast majority of them, with few exceptions.

"Han Muye! Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic!" A cry of surprise echoed through the void.

In an instant, the divine senses intertwined with each other.

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao competition before were extremely familiar with Han Muye. Now upon closer inspection, this was indeed Han Muye, Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han!

Most of the later Dao Ancestors only heard of Han Muye's name and were extremely curious about the ninth-ranked expert on the Heavenly List.

The Divine Venerables lurking in the rear quietly lowered their divine senses.

"Buzz!"

A sword light rose around Han Muye.

The sword light exuded a frightening chill, and with just one turn, it shattered all the divine senses that came to investigate.

"Gentlemen, Han Muye pays his respect."

Han Muye said calmly, his voice seeming to be right next to the ear.

Spatial power!

Controlling the power of space, ignoring distance!

This was a power that even Divine Venerables were comprehending and pursuing, and it is the key to the Dao Ancestors achieving their own great Dao.

Previously, in the Dao battlefield, Huang Zhenxiong, the Great Sage who trampled on the sky, was a powerful expert who had mastered the power of space.

Unexpectedly, the Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han was also such a powerful expert!

All the probing divine senses dissipated.

This was a sign of respect for a powerful cultivator.

The power that could break through space was worthy of respect no matter where it was.

Although the divine sense no longer pursued, at this moment, all the powerful beings had a bit of their attention on Han Muye.

Han Muye didn't mind, as long as he didn't let the divine senses detect him.

As he flew away quickly, his divine sense spread out, and in just a moment, he understood all the recent events that happened in the Dao battlefield, and all the information was under his control.

The biggest recent event in the Dao battlefield, of course, was the opening of the Divine Emperor's treasure trove.

The Divine Emperor's treasure trove was opened 10 days before.

The strongmen who came from the Upper Three Heavens still had methods. The way to open the treasure trove was not through violence, but by using formations upon formations. 18 formations were used to seal off the area within 3,000 miles, suppressing it layer by layer.

Finally, the treasury of the Divine Court was opened, and 70 percent of the treasures were preserved.

The treasures inside the treasury scattered throughout the 3,000 miles of space, and the powerhouses and elites who entered it had to compete with each other and let things be.

Then, some remaining guarding methods were left in the treasury, many scattered killing formations, and some puppet god soldiers, all of which were extremely dangerous.

The treasury was open for 10 days, and currently, only two to three hundred experts had left. It was unclear whether they got their own needed treasures or felt the danger and gave up the competition.

At this moment, there were still over a million cultivators in the three thousand miles of land, each of them a powerful person, all confident of obtaining treasures.

“Brother is back?” Han Muye smiled.

He knew Huang Six’s cultivation and combat strength. He was considered an expert in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

With his strength, it would be easy to compete for treasures.

“Boom!”

The flowing light roared and turned into a brilliant meteor.

Half a day later, Han Muye crossed millions of miles and arrived at the place where the Divine Court Treasure Trove was opened.

“An expert is here!” Someone exclaimed when he saw the starlight.

“It’s a sword cultivator. Aren’t most of the sword cultivator powerhouses on the Heavenly List already inside?” Someone questioned while watching the rapidly approaching sword light.

“Such a sword light. Is it Chu Yuntian, the 31st Wind Cloud Sword, or Liu Yi, the 96th on the Heavenly List?”

There were many swordsmen on the Heavenly List, most of whom had already been fighting for treasures inside the treasury. There weren’t many left who hadn’t come yet, and few had such a brilliant sword light.

Chapter 900 - 900 He is Heavenly Mystic Prime Minister Han Muye! (3)

“Buzz!”

The sword light broke through several interceptions of spiritual light and directly hit the formation outside of the sealed town before coming to a stop.

Han Muye, dressed in white with a sword sheathed on his back, stood in the air.

“What’s—”

Someone’s eyes widened.

“Minister-Minister Han!” someone exclaimed in surprise.

Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han, Sword Dao Immortal and the 9th on the Heavenly List!

In an instant, Han Muye's name spread throughout the surrounding area, reaching a distance of three thousand miles.

The expressions of the experts guarding the treasure trove changed.

The treasure trove opened, and there were as many as eight million cultivators who came to this place.

However, only one million actually entered the sealed area of three thousand miles, and the rest were all outside providing support.

The competition for treasures wouldn't be won just by having more people, but by true powerhouses who could dominate.

"Minister Han!" Gongsun Qingfeng and the guards behind him quickly bowed.

"Senior Brother Han." Lu Qingping's face showed excitement, and the black-robed demonic cultivators behind her all bowed respectfully.

"Ninth on the Heavenly List, he's the ninth on the Heavenly List!" Many of the cultivators who arrived here later had a glimmer in their eyes.

A cultivator who had been hiding for decades and never made a move, but held the name of being ninth on the Heavenly List.

Today, seeing the strength of the sword light, it was hard to say whether he had the strength of the ninth on the Heavenly List or not.

The appearance of the Heavenly Mystic's Han Muye meant that the competition for the treasures would become even more exciting!

"Sixth Sister-in-law." Han Muye nodded to Lu Qingping and transmitted his thoughts to her, then looked at Gongsun Qingfeng and the Mystic Sun Guards behind him.

Han Muye looked up and scanned his surroundings, his eyes flashing with a divine light.

His figure flickered, and he disappeared immediately from his original position, flying into the sealed area.

"Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic is also here to compete for the Divine Court Treasure Trove." Many people whispered as they watched Han Muye enter the formation.

"Heavenly Mystic's Wen Mosheng and Immortal Spirit Dang Wuyou didn't come. In the competition for the Divine Court Treasure Trove, Han Muye has a great advantage." Someone sighed with emotion.

Wen Mosheng and Dang Wuyou aimed to lay out their plans and wouldn't come in person.

However, if they wanted any treasure, they would definitely have a way to obtain it.

"Yuling Dao Palace's Dao Lord Duan Yun is ranked fourth on the Heavenly List. He's here." Someone's eyes flashed with excitement.

"In that case, the 23rd on the Heavenly List, Bai Yuming, and the 17th on the Heavenly List, Yuling Dao Palace's Sun Jiusheng are all here. Hehe, this is going to be fun."

“Ninth place on the Heavenly List. How good is he? Let’s see if he can win this time.” Someone’s eyes flickered.

The Heavenly List’s strong players were all based on their combat power. Han Muye had not made a move in any battle, so it was difficult for him to convince others.

“Be careful, if the three immortal treasures of the Heavenly Mystic arrive, everyone will have to be careful.” Someone shook his head and laughed lightly.

The three treasures of the Heavenly Mystic were all under the name of Han Muye, the nominal owner.

This remark made the expression of the person who spoke change slightly, and the people around laughed out loud.

In any case, the arrival of Han Muye added more variables to the already intense competition for the treasure trove.

The onlookers of the competition were looking forward to it even more.

Han Muye’s figure landed in the competition area of the Divine Court treasure trove and looked around.

Broken stones were scattered all over the void, and all kinds of flowing light shone.

The sound of an explosion rang out.

Daoist Dayan rubbed his palms together, his eyes shining.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “Throw out the Yang Dragon Chalcedony and the Divine Seal Heavenly Spirit Fluid.”

Daoist Dayan was stunned.

Han Muye already had several treasures flying out of his hand and scattered into the void.

“These things are urgently needed by the elites of the various factions. They have to gain something from this competition.

“If they don’t quickly improve their growth, how can this competition be interesting?”