

Pavilion 911

Chapter 911 - 911 The Means of Dang Wuyou

911 The Means of Dang Wuyou

Controlling the power of karma was already a force beyond the world, existing in a mysterious realm.

Once one grasped the power of karma, they could see through the karma of the world, turning the impossible into possible.

All things developed along a traceable path.

A Heaven Realm cultivator in the world was at the peak of the Soul Formation realm. He could gather enough power to pluck the stars from the sky. What he sought was the power of karma, to seize control of his own destiny.

To master karma was to become a half-sage.

To break the cycle of causality after mastering it was to enter the cycle of reincarnation.

In the world, above karma, history always repeated itself.

In the mysterious workings of fate, there was always a heavenly will.

This heavenly will was the cycle of reincarnation, the Dao of the universe, the path of the heavens and the earth.

To master this path was to transcend beyond all things, to become a sage who lived as long as the heavens and the earth.

To obtain the Dao of the universe and practice it in harmony, to control the cycle of reincarnation and not die.

The realm of the sage was extremely profound.

To control a cycle of reincarnation was to become a sage, to establish a cycle of reincarnation was to become a Dao Ancestor.

The Dao Ancestors in the world were all people who had established a cultivation Dao.

Whether this Dao was the grand or the small, whether one had to cut through thorns or take shortcuts.

Only when one reached the level of Divine Venerable was one truly above all things.

The heavens and the earth revered together.

It was said that to advance from Dao Ancestor to Divine Venerable, one needed to control 18 Great Dao and become a body of 18 Dao Ancestors.

No matter what Dao one controlled, there was one law among them that had to be understood, which was the power of time and space.

Only by comprehending the path of time and space could one step into the realm of the supreme, becoming the unparalleled Divine Venerable.

Because it was said that when the 18 paths were gathered, they needed to be integrated into the world.

There were two ways to achieve this.

One way was to use the power of time, to travel back in time and inscribe one's Dao onto the river of time.

The degree to which one controlled the power of time and space determined the strength of their power after achieving the pinnacle.

A supreme being who inscribed their Dao in the ancient era far surpassed one who did so in a mere three to five hundred years in terms of combat power, by billions of times.

When Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, Zhao Zhenghe, stepped into the Divine Venerable realm, he took a shortcut and used a treasure containing the power of space to replace his own power, merging it into the world line.

Therefore, his combat strength was not enough among Divine Venerables.

He also knew his limits. He never treated himself as a true Divine Venerable expert. He only focused on finding various treasures and hanging out with low-level cultivators.

In the end, the power of time and space was the power that those Dao Ancestor experts were pursuing.

The reason why the Heaven Trampling Sage, Huang Zhenxiong, was valued by so many mighty figures was because he controlled a trace of spatial power.

Such a person only needed to cultivate step by step and was a proper Heavenly Venerable.

The strong only cared about those of the same level as themselves.

No expert would be accustomed to looking down on others.

“Time reversal, this is already controlling the power of time to a pure degree!” In the void, there was a cry of surprise with a changed tone.

At this moment, the Dao Ancestor who witnessed the Dao competition no longer concealed his identity and spoke directly.

“I went back in time for a total of three breaths just now, with a range of a hundred feet, the power...” The voice of calculation stopped, and then trembled, “I can’t calculate it...”

The power of the instantaneous time reversal was so strong that it was difficult to imagine.

The divine sense in the void conveyed a message, and the surrounding space seemed to be suppressed, and no one dared to make a sound.

Bai Yuming, who was suspended 10,000 feet away, opened his mouth but didn't know how to speak.

The Han Muye he thought he knew was not the same as the current Han Muye.

How many people in the Upper Three Heavens Sword Sect could have such methods?

To be able to cultivate the power of the world to such a degree outside the Immortal Source World was truly amazing.

As long as such a figure did not die, he would definitely be a Divine Venerable powerhouse!

The way everyone looked at Han Muye changed instantly.

Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic was truly extraordinary!

Han Muye stood with his sword in hand, his expression indifferent.

The experts surrounding him turned pale and trembled uncontrollably.

What was he even doing here?

Ranked ninth on the Heavenly List, a powerful being who could manipulate time, and yet only ranked ninth?

Perhaps even in the entire Immortal Source World, he could still rank among the top?

Anyone who would try to ambush such a person must have been kicked in the head by a donkey...

“Go to hell—”

A roar echoed in the void.

A golden-black dragon instantly roared down.

Behind the black demon dragon, countless magic lights flashed, revealing a scene that covered the sky.

Sixth Brother Huang did not hold back.

The void shook for tens of thousands of miles, and the heavens and the earth were sealed.

At this moment, all the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle were blasted away.

Controlling the void for tens of thousands of miles!

Sixth Brother Huang was his demon armor and took a step forward, raising his hand and slapping down.

“Han Muye is my brother.”

“Boom!”

With one slap, spiritual lights rose up.

With the power of the demon dragon, he surpassed the Sages and took control of the authority of the heavens and the earth with the power of the treasure. He turned the void for tens of thousands of miles into his demonic domain. No one could withstand this attack.

Even if the Supreme Being were in front of him at this moment, he would still be severely injured.

With one strike, there was nothing left in front of Han Muye.

Looking at Huang Six’s fierce expression, Han Muye shook his head.

This guy always shows up at the critical moment.

That's nice.

He had stolen all the limelight.

Unfortunately, Han Muye still had not been able to force out who was behind the scenes manipulating the power of the array, and who had taken the Divine Emperor's sword.

Oh well, no matter how many dark schemes there are, they cannot compare to a single strike.

Seeing Sixth Brother Huang kill hundreds of experts with a single palm strike, Han Muye suddenly had a realization.

This was the law of the cultivation world.

Didn't the mighty figures in the world who advanced to the Nine Heavens treat them the same?

No matter how many schemes there were, they were just a single blow.

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In the end, it all came down to having enough strength.

This was true cultivation.

Huang Six killing these people was more intimidating than Han Muye himself.

As Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, Han Muye had to be more cautious about killing. It wasn't an easy thing to do.

Huang Six was different. He was a demonic cultivator, and what demonic cultivator didn't kill?

Han Muye decided that in the future, he would let Huang Six handle these dirty jobs more often.

He had taken care of Huang Six's daughter for such a long time. Wasn't it only fair to ask him to do these things?

"Social Stability Map!"

A cry rang out in the void, and a pair of illusory hands reached out towards the scroll behind Huang Six.

Divine Venerable!

Zhao Zhenghe took a glance at those hands, moved his body, and silently left.

This was the attack of a Divine Venerable!

It was a precious treasure that attracted the covetous eyes of the Divine Venerables.

Huang Six looked up and grinned.

The Social Stability Map rolled back and wrapped around the illusory hands, then tore them apart.

“How dare you—”

A panicked scream echoed through the void.

Huang Six laughed loudly. The demon dragon rolled and crashed into the void.

“Bang!”

In the void, the Divine Venerable who had come from who knew where made a decisive move, directly cutting off the pair of spiritual Qi-transformed hands and retreating.

The Social Stability Map wrapped around the broken hands, rolled them up lightly, and turned them back into their original form, landing in Huang Six's palm.

Huang Six had just fought against a Divine Venerable across space, and he had won!

Treasure.

With a single immortal treasure, one could stabilize a major power and become a sect's treasure.

With an ancient treasure that could suppress the luck of the Divine Court, who in the world could compete with it?

Endless halos oscillated in the void, and countless divine senses interweaved.

Huang Six laughed heartily and nodded towards Han Muye before flying away.

As long as he hid behind the scenes and let people know that anyone who dared to mess with Han Muye was messing with him, it was enough.

With a treasure in his hand, Huang Six's combat power was probably only second to the top three on the Heavenly Rankings.

Not right!

At this moment, the second-ranked on the Heavenly Rankings was under siege. If they couldn't escape and perished, then Huang Six might become the second-ranked on the Heavenly Rankings.

Moreover, the earlier display of the power to turn back time with a single sword by Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han, who was ranked ninth on the Heavenly Rankings, was clearly insufficient.

The void was already in chaos.

First, there was Han Muye's sword, followed by Huang Six's supreme treasure appearing out of nowhere.

Today was destined to be a day that shocked countless people.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the still roaring sky in the distance.

Dang Wuyou was being surrounded and killed.

There were Sages, and Half-Sages among the attackers.

Under such a siege, an ordinary Sage Realm cultivator could only perish.

But Han Muye knew that Dang Wuyou was not as weak as he seemed. As the second-ranked on the Heavenly Rankings, Dang Wuyou must have his own means of survival.

As if sensing Han Muyao's gaze, a burst of light and shadow exploded in the distance.

"Boom!"

A golden Buddhist light rose into the sky.

The pillar of light shot into the sky.

A Great Sage had fallen.

"Immortal Artifact!"

Someone exclaimed.

In the distant sky, a golden armored figure stood tall at a thousand feet, holding two golden hammers that were hundreds of feet long. With a sweep of his hand, the void trembled.

The golden armored warrior wore a golden helmet and had scales on his body. His chest plate was adorned with mountain patterns that shimmered with dark golden light. His shoulder armor covered his mouth, and a wide golden belt was around his waist. His face was orange-red, his eyes round and staring, radiating a divine light.

"It's the guardian puppet of the Divine Court, Dang Wuyou. He has taken control of the inheritance of the Divine Court!"

Only the inheritance of the Divine Court could control the guardian puppets of the court. They were one of the 18 strongest puppets guarding the main hall.

Each of these puppets possessed no less than the power of a Divine Venerable. If they were to form a formation, with a great force to command them, their combat power would be pushed to the limit, and almost no one in the world could stop them.

This was also the last barrier of the Divine Court back then.

He narrowed his eyes.

No wonder Dang Wuyou was here.

It turned out that he was the one who snatched the Divine Emperor's sword from behind and stole the power of the Divine Court's treasury formation.

If he hadn't intervened and helped Zhao Zhenghe to control the Divine Emperor's sword, Dang Wuyou might have taken the Divine Emperor's sword and controlled the Divine Courts secret guards, coupled with this puppet of the Court, his power would have been unmatched.

Unfortunately, he had ruined Dang Wuyou's plan. Not only did he not manage to snatch the Divine Emperor's sword, but he had also suffered a backlash and exposed himself.

This had led to his interception.

In the end, all the karma fell on Han Muye.

After figuring all this out, Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

This was the karma of the world.

Even if one could cut off one's own karma, one could not escape the karma of heaven and earth, the karma of a divine court's treasury, and the karma of countless people fighting for treasures.

If one truly wanted to transcend everything, one probably needed to follow the path of the Endless Divine Venerable, with great perseverance, to step onto the path of transcendence.

Only by transcending all the powers in the world could he sever karma with all the powers in the world.

"Boom!"

The puppet general smashed down with its hammer, and three spiritual lights rose.

The vibrations in the void turned into tides that surged in all directions.

The Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao Competition could only maintain it with all their might to prevent the space from shattering.

Dang Wuyou's strength was completely on par with a Dao Ancestor, and even this puppet warrior of the Divine Court's combat power could fight against a Divine Venerable.

Sure enough, he was second on the Heavenly Rankings.

Xuanji died, and most of the strongmen who surrounded Dang Wuyou fell, leaving only a few fleeing for their lives.

Dang Wuyou did not pursue them but instead focused on the thousand-foot-tall divine general on which he landed, his gaze directed towards Han Muye.

The controller of the Immortal World and a strongman who controlled a puppet of the Divine Court.

Heaven Mystic Prime Minister Han possessed a sword dao cultivation that transcended time.

Would these two men directly engage in battle today?

If these two were to fight today, the outcome of the fight would be determined!

In the void, a murderous aura spread.

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913 The Means of Dang Wuyou (3)

Countless people tensed up.

No one could escape the decisive battle of the Dao.

This was a matter of life and death. Who could remain calm?

Han Muyeo lifted his head and his gaze met Dang Wuyou's, even though they were separated by thousands of miles. Their divine consciousness clashed in the void.

The sky and the earth shook and exploded.

Bai Yuming kept retreating. He felt that his palms were sweating so much that he could not hold his sword anymore.

He had faced many life and death situations in his cultivation, but he had never experienced such danger before.

He could imagine that if Han Muyeo and Dang Wuyou fought, the area for thousands of miles around them would become nothingness.

One was a swordsman who controlled the power of time and the other was a powerful puppet master representing the forces of the Heavenly Mystic and Immortal Spirit.

This battle...

“How’s the preparation?” Han Muye’s voice came through.

There was no hint of hostility in his voice.

“Okay, it’s going smoother than I imagined,” Dang Wuyou’s voice was also devoid of hostility.

These two had no intention of fighting at all!

In the void, countless people heaved a sigh of relief.

No one wanted to be embroiled in a battle now.

Even a Divine Venerable wouldn’t be able to withstand such a battle.

Whoever came would die.

“If there’s anything you need help with, just say it,” Han Muye said softly, his figure slowly fading.

“Same goes for me,” Dang Wuyou’s golden-armored puppet took a step forward and flew off into the distance.

It wasn’t until the two of them really left that the void slowly became noisy again.

“This is the world of the strong...” Someone muttered, momentarily losing interest.

It was only when facing a worthy opponent that a strong person would show respect.

Their every word and action determined the life and death of countless people.

However, did they care about the lives and deaths of these countless people?

No, in their eyes, there were only the people who could be their opponents.

They did not care about the lives and deaths of others at all.

“The Dao Conflict, I’m afraid this is just the beginning of the Dao Conflict...”

Someone murmured, a look of concern flashing across his face.

The various factions had already displayed an overwhelmingly powerful force that was difficult to resist even before the real Dao Conflict had begun.

Time, space, supreme treasures, and divine court puppets.

Who could fish in troubled waters in this Dao Conflict?

“Martial Uncle, what should we do?” Bai Yuming looked at the old man with a sword on his back.

The others turned their heads at the same time.

They came from the Upper Three Heavens Sword Sect and regarded this old man as their master.

Luo Wuming, known as nameless, but left a name in the world.

At this moment, Luo Wuming’s expression was solemn, and divine light intersected in his eyes.

“This Dao Conflict is even more dangerous than I thought,” he whispered to the group of disciples around him.

Dangerous.

They had originally prepared to obtain benefits from the Dao conflict and retreat unscathed.

From the looks of it, this plan was probably going to fail.

“Whether it’s the Heavenly Mystic or the Immortal Spirit, they have both displayed enough power to sweep across this world.”

Luo Wuming retracted his battle intent, not letting a trace of it escape.

Be it Dang Wuyou, Han Muye, or Great Sage Heaven Trampler, each one of them had a power that made him feel fearful.

As a swordsman, he had a hunch that it would be difficult to leave unscathed in front of these three!

“Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic controls the seven-story Sword Pavilion. According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, we should fully assist them,” said Luo Wuming, and everyone around him nodded.

If they could only choose one side, then the Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han would be the best choice for them.

“Let’s go. Since you’ve decided, don’t hesitate,” said Luo Wuming, as the six-story Sword Pavilion emerged behind him.

Everyone flew up and headed towards the Heavenly Mystic World.

Ten days later, a message came from the void.

The Immortal Spirit army of 80 million swept through the void with the Saints, Sages, and Half-Saints.

Under Huang Zhihu's lead, tens of millions of sword cultivators from the Heavenly Mystic swept through the void.

Those who obeyed prospered, and those who resisted perished.

In the midst of the battle, there were only allies and enemies.

Three days later, the Sword Pavilion's Luo Wu Ming defected to the Heavenly Mystic.

A month later, the Yuling Dao Sect formed an alliance with the Immortal Spirit World.

The land of the Dao Conflict was in chaos.

Chapter 914 - 914 The Deal with the Spiritual Armored Demons

914 The Deal with the Spiritual Armored Demons

Those cultivators who found treasures in the Divine Court's treasure vault and were preparing to seclude themselves in a remote place found that there was no peace in the entire void.

No matter where they hid, he would be found and forced to submit.

If they didn't submit, they would be attacked immediately.

There was no way out.

At this moment, everyone finally felt what it meant to fight for the Dao.

At this moment, the Heavenly Mystic's Zhihu's sword formation displayed an overwhelming dominance that made people unable to face it directly.

The 15th on the Heavenly Rankings, Dao Lord Xuanyu, who was in the realm of a sage of the Mystic Dao Sect in the Upper Three Heavens, and his 300 elite disciples were besieged on a dead star.

If they did not surrender for three days, the sword formation would kill them and destroy the world.

This battle made it clear to the world that no matter how powerful an individual was, it was nothing but chaff in the face of the struggle for the Dao.

In this era of great strife, what was being fought for was momentum.

Only when the momentum was achieved could the power that was hard to find in the world be achieved.

After this battle, the forces on the Heavenly Rankings were rearranged.

The first on the Heavenly Rankings, the Heavenly Mystic's Wen Mosheng.

The second place on the Heavenly Rankings was Dang Wuyou.

Third on the Heavenly Rankings, Great Sage Heaven Trampler Huang Zhenxiong.

Fourth on the Heavenly Rankings, Luo Wuming of the Sword Pavilion.

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Ninth on the Heavenly Rankings, the Heavenly Mystic's Han Muye.

Huang Zhihu's ranking entered the top 100, and those experts who relied solely on their individual combat strength were pushed back.

However, after the 300th place on the Heavenly Rankings the last time, there were another 300 Earthly Rankings.

Most of the strong individuals on the Earthly Rankings had benefited from the last opening of the Divine Court Treasury.

With these treasures, their cultivation and strength could be rapidly improved.

In terms of individual combat strength, these people might be able to enter the top 200 of the Heavenly Rankings

The name list on the Earthly Rankings changed very quickly.

Many strong individuals who had just entered the Earthly Rankings soon lost their reputations.

They were either killed for their treasures or wiped out by the Immortal Spirit and the Heavenly Mystic.

In the vast void, there was only one place that was safe.

The trading place with a radius of 3,000 miles.

This was what Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic had personally said. They were not allowed to attack within a radius of 100,000 miles.

After the Heavenly Mystic and Immortal Spirit swept through the void, this 100,000 mile radius became the last sanctuary for itinerant cultivators.

But everyone knew that this kind of sanctuary wouldn't last too long.

Even if the Immortal Spirit and Heavenly Mystic Sects didn't attack, there would still be ways to infiltrate.

After the Immortal Spirit World returned, it ruled over the four directions, firmly grasping the power in its hands. Whether it was Sun Youdao or others, they didn't dare to go against it.

Even the various strongmen who were later recruited and surrendered did not dare to cross the line in front of the Divine Court puppets.

On the other hand, the Heavenly Mystic was more relaxed.

Han Muye went into seclusion directly, and Wen Mosheng's whereabouts were unknown.

The war was led by Huang Zhihu and Lu Yang, while the emperor and those senators governed the world. Regardless of whether they were Confucians or Daoists, they all practiced on their own.

Compared to the tension and danger in the void, the Heavenly Mystic World was the most stable.

Whether it was the various sects or the cultivators who submitted, they could cultivate their own way.

If not for the fact that there was not much time left for the Dao struggle, such a peaceful cultivation time would really make people happy.

Even those cultivators who came from the Upper Three Heavens could practice safely in the Heavenly Mystic world.

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Endless Sea.

The turbulent waves rolled around the Scattered Stars Island.

Bai Zeyu stood in the void, his eyes shining.

“Boom!”

A sword light resounded and split the void.

He flew up and blocked the sword light in the void with his sword, but that sword light instantly turned into countless thousands of sword lights, which pushed him back and caused him to fall into the seawater.

Baize Yu rose up from the water and then looked at the figure that had fallen down with a wry smile.

“Shui Yue’er, are you trying to murder your husband?”

Hearing his words, Shui Yue’er, who was wearing a jade-colored dress, widened her eyes and blushed.

"If you have something to say, just say it." Although her voice was cold, she was not really angry.

Bai Zeyu shook his head and said, "I'm fine."

Shui Yue'er raised her brows, and Bai Zeyu raised his hand and pointed. "He has something to tell you."

Shui Yue'er turned around and saw Han Muye standing a thousand feet away in a white robe with a sword box on his back.

She had no idea when Han Muye arrived.

But she wasn't surprised.

She knew how powerful he was, and he was someone that even the Water Spirit Palace Master had warned not to offend.

"It's you?" Looking at Han Muye, Shui Yue'er frowned and said, "You have a deep grudge with my Water Spirit Palace."

A faint sword intent flickered on her body.

Han Muye had killed many experts of the Water Spirit Palace on the Scattered Stars Island.

“Ahem, Yue’er, Han Muye is my friend.” Bai Zeyu coughed lightly and said with his hands behind his back.

Shui Yue’er ignored him completely.

Bai Zeyu shrugged awkwardly and said, “Look, I’ve already done my best to ask her out.”

Han Muye nodded and looked at Shui Yue’er. “I want to visit the Water Spirit Palace.”

Visiting the Water Spirit Palace?

Shui Yue’er was taken aback.

Isn’t Han Muye asking for trouble with his grudge against the Water Spirit Palace?

Bai Zeyu grinned.

This guy was even bolder than him.

When he was looking for Shui Yue’er, he did not even dare to go to the Water Spirit Palace directly.

Shui Yue'er took a look at Han Muye and nodded, "I can inform the Palace Master for you, but I cannot guarantee whether it can be arranged or not."

Han Muye nodded.

Shui Yue'er's figure flashed and disappeared from her original spot.

Bai Zeyu clicked his tongue, "Ah, too bad..."

Han Muye waved his hand and tossed out a piece of icy jade pendant.

Bai Zeyu caught it and smiled. "Not bad, not bad. This treasure can make me ask Shui Yue'er out seven or eight times."

He paused for a moment, with a hint of shyness on his face, and leaned in closer to whisper, "I heard that your alchemy skills are particularly high, and you've even researched pills that can increase bloodline power..."

Chapter 915 - 915 The Deal with the Spiritual Armored Demons (2)

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A spiritual light flashed in Han Muye's palm, and several jade bottles appeared.

Back then, he and Mu Wan had indeed studied the power of bloodlines and refined many such pills for Cuicui and Shao Datian.

“Be careful when using them; the side effects are not small.”

He cautioned as he saw Bai Zeyu’s face light up with excitement.

Bai Zeyu grinned and didn’t take his words to heart.

For a divine beast like him, what side effect could harm him?

Although Bai Zeyu was not known for his combat strength, he was still a divine beast, right?

In the void, a burst of light flickered, and Shui Yue’er’s figure appeared.

“This is the access token. Master said that you can go to the Water Spirit Palace to see her,” Shui Yue’er said as she handed a green jade token to Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded. With a flash of spiritual light, the stream of light on the token wrapped around his body and disappeared.

Shui Yue’er had just turned around when Bai Zeyu grabbed her arm.

“Um, Yue’er, we haven’t seen each other in a long time...”

Shui Yue’er turned to look at him. After pondering for a moment, she said in a low voice, “I’ll give you 15 minutes.”

“15 minutes is not enough...”

“When did you last more than 15 minutes?”

...

Spiritual light flashed, and Han Muye looked around.

The water was bright and the ice crystals shone.

The name Water Spirit Palace was indeed fitting.

“Boom!”

As soon as he landed, a green stream of light struck his chest.

This stream of light was filled with killing intent. It was obvious that the person had not held back.

Heaven Realm.

“Slash—”

The long sword pierced through a body, and with a sweep of the blade, a pillar of spiritual light rose.

One strike to slay a Heaven Realm expert.

“How dare you!”

“How dare you kill someone in my Water Spirit Palace!”

“Die!”

Countless angry shouts sounded, but no one landed.

Han Muye chuckled and his sword vibrated.

Ice-cold blood splattered on the crystal-like ground.

He dragged his sword away, leaving a long scar on the edge of the sword.

The long sword made an ear-piercing sound on the crystal ground, but no one dared to make a sound.

Ahead, a woman dressed in palace robes appeared. She frowned as she saw Han Muye holding a sword and said, "If you're here to see our Palace Master, you should behave yourself."

"If you have no business with our Palace Master, you may leave. Otherwise, the Water Spirit Palace will seek revenge for any harm done to our own."

The Palace Master of the Water Spirit Palace was a powerful figure.

This was a great cultivator who could stand firm on the Scattered Stars Island and stand shoulder to shoulder with the Qilin and the Yuling Dao Sect.

According to the Qilin, the combat strength of the master of the Water Spirit Palace was at least the level of the Dao Ancestors.

Without such cultivation, it would be impossible for him to support one of the three palaces, the Water Spirit Palace.

"The Palace Master might be mistaken about something."

Han Muye looked up and said calmly, "I'm not here to beg the Palace Master."

The woman in a palace dress frowned, about to speak, but Han Muye's voice interrupted her again.

"You don't have the right to decide what I'm talking about."

"Boom!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the power of the Water Spirit Palace lord exploded, and the aura and coldness directly pressed down on Han Muye's head.

A great being with at least the level of Dao Ancestors had taken action, and the chilling aura froze the space instantly.

The bone-chilling coldness could freeze both the spiritual qi and blood in the body.

Even the Primordial and Nascent Soul would collapse.

Han Muye didn't seem to notice. He just raised his hand and swung his sword down.

"Slash—"

The Water Spirit Palace's Palace Master widened her eyes and raised her hand in disbelief.

There was a long tear on her sleeve.

This sword pierced through time and tore through her sleeve before she could freeze space.

Not to mention her, even a Divine Venerable would be wary of such a sword.

As the cold air dissipated, the Water Spirit Palace Master looked at Han Muye in fear.

If Han Muye's sword could tear her sleeve, it could tear her body apart as well.

With his swordsmanship that controlled the way of time, his combat power was beyond her imagination.

No wonder even the Endless Divine Venerables treated him as an honored guest.

Taking a deep breath, the Water Spirit Palace Master looked around and said indifferently, "Follow me."

Han Muye put away his sword and followed the Water Spirit Palace Master to the hall.

"Why did you come to my Water Spirit Palace?" Turning around, the Water Spirit Palace Master looked at Han Muye.

"I'll make a deal with your spiritual armor demons." Han Muye's words made the Water Spirit Palace Master's expression change.

Although the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan had already established a foothold in this world and even became a powerful force, revealing their identity to the public was still too risky.

The cultivators of this world had always been hostile to the Spiritual Armored Demons.

Of course, it was also true that the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan was taking up the resources of the cultivation world and competing for living space.

“What kind of deal?” The Water Spirit Palace Master stared at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head and said lightly, “I told you, you don’t have the authority to know.”

The Palace Master’s face twitched, and her aura was a little messy.

There was a fierce power surging from her body.

But Han Muye remained unmoved.

After a moment, she snorted and waved her hand. “Wait for me here.”

After that, the figure dissipated.

Han Muye stood where he was without looking up.

About a hundred breaths later, the figure of the Water Spirit Palace's Palace Master returned.

She was holding a golden scale in her hand.

"My clan elder invites you."

The scale in her hand flashed and turned into a dark golden light gate.

Without any hesitation, Han Muye took a step forward and landed in the light gate.

The moment this door of light appeared, a faint wave rose in the Endless Sea and then fell.

"This kid is really idle." Endless Divine Venerables muttered before disappearing.

As Han Muye passed through the light gate, he saw that the surroundings were filled with lush spiritual plants and various trees.

It was a mountain valley, with undulating mountains and flowing streams.

In front of a thatched cottage, three to five old men in gray robes were either playing chess or fishing, looking relaxed.

Han Muye walked slowly towards them.

As soon as he moved, the scenery in front of him disappeared and was replaced by towering waves, with surging clouds and rolling tides crashing down.

He shook his head with a calm expression and stepped forward.

The waves dissipated, and the surrounding grass was still green.

He took another step forward. Before his foot landed, a sharp sword intent surged through his body.

When he looked up, his eyes were full of fighting spirit.

"I'm here to talk business. If you keep probing, I can show you what a real sword cultivator is capable of."

As soon as he finished speaking, the old men looked up.

He landed on the ground, the clouds light and the wind gentle, and the valley still lush.

Han Muye walked to the straw hut and swept his gaze across it, then looked at the old men sitting fishing.

“Let’s make a deal.”

“Are you going to the Immortal Realm?”

With Han Muye’s words, the surrounding thatched houses, the old men playing chess, the valley, and the stream all dissipated.

Only a hunched old man in a black robe with a fish head and a human body was left sitting on the spot.

The old man turned around, his muddy eyes flickering with spiritual light.

“You mean the Immortal Realm?”

Han Muye’s expression did not change. “Don’t tell me you don’t know the Immortal Realm.”

“Don’t tell me you don’t even know that those people from the Upper Three Heavens are sacrificing to reopen the Immortal Ascension Platform.”

The old man was about to speak when Han Muye’s voice sounded again. “I’m not here to discuss it with you. I’m here to tell you that if you want to go to the Immortal Realm, listen to me.”

In his palm, a ball of immortal light flickered.

“The Immortal World has the Spirit Transformation Pool. Without Immortal Qi, going there is a dead end.”

From the moment Han Muye came, everything he said made the old man’s expression change.

Spiritual light flashed in his turbid fish eyes.

“I don’t lack immortal energy...”

The old man whispered.

“Without the cultivation technique of the Immortal World and the refinement of immortal qi, do you think you can pass through the Spirit Transformation Pool just by absorbing a few strands of immortal qi?”

“After dissolving your spiritual qi and leaving only your immortal qi cultivation technique cultivation level, how many days can you live from scratch?”

Han Muye’s voice was filled with determination that was difficult to answer.

The old man looked up at him and the corners of his mouth twitched.

Han Muye did not speak again.

The surrounding void changed and they returned to the thatched cottage valley, but there were no old men playing chess.

“Heavenly Mystic Minister Han, hehe, please take a seat.” The old man in white robe raised his hand and said, “I’m Ao Jin, an elder of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.”

Han Muye walked to the stone stool and sat down. He said calmly, “I don’t care where you Spiritual Armored Demons come from, nor do I care what faction is behind you.

“This time, when the Immortal Ascension Platform opens, sacrifice all living beings. I’ll help you step into the Immortal Realm.”

Chapter 916 - 916 Reentering the Dam, Third-Ranked Divine General

916 Reentering the Dam, Third-Ranked Divine General

Sacrificing living beings.

He stepped into the Immortal World.

Ao Jin’s expression turned cold as he frowned and said, “Sacrificing living beings? At least tens of millions of creatures are involved in this. The power of our Spiritual Armored Demon Race—”

Before he finished speaking, Han Muye interrupted, "Don't tell me your Spiritual Armored Demons have that many living beings.

"If I didn't know your clan well, I wouldn't have come here."

Under Ao Jin's shocked gaze, Han Muye said, "What you Spiritual Armored Demons yearn for the most is to return to the Immortal World."

Return!

Their clan came from the Immortal World to begin with!

"Who exactly are you!" Ao Jin's expression turned vicious, and a monstrous force descended upon Han Muye.

However, as soon as the force appeared, the immortal energy in Han Muye's palm had already risen and formed a shield.

The shield enveloped them, blocking all of Ao Jin's qi and blood and spiritual energy.

Han Muye sat there calmly.

Ao Jin's expression changed several times, and he eventually withdrew all his qi and blood and spiritual energy.

Han Muye shook his head.

The Spiritual Armored Demons came from the Immortal World, or rather, they were reared in the Immortal World. He had seen this from Zhou Bangyu's records of the Divine Court Treasure Vault.

The Heavenly Emperor of the Divine Court still held a power that specifically monitored the growth of these Spiritual Armored Demons.

It was said that the Spiritual Armored Demons were an experiment of a Beast Taming Sect in the Immortal World.

The ancestor of the Spiritual Armored demons had the bloodline of an immortal beast in the Immortal World.

"The Immortal World..."

Ao Jin's face showed a touch of nostalgia, shaking his head and saying, "Even if we know that we will only be enslaved when we go back, the longer we live, the more we want to go back and take a look."

Looking at Han Muye again, Ao Jin's expression was calm.

"Tell me, how can we cooperate?"

...

Watching his figure disappear, Ao Jin's smiling face slowly turned serious.

"Big Brother, how much of what this kid said is true and how much is false?" An old man in a blue robe appeared beside Ao Jin, looking doubtful.

"That's right. We don't know much about the Immortal World. How can he know so much?" Another old man with the same build landed on the other side.

"Yes, I don't believe his words. No one in this world could understand the Immortal World so well." A gray-robed old man spoke with conviction.

Ao Jin shook his head, narrowed his eyes, and said lightly, "No, there is someone in this world who understands the Immortal World."

The old men were stunned and turned to look at Ao Jin.

Ao Jin's face was indifferent, and he said softly, "The Divine Emperor."

"That's impossible. The Divine Emperor has long fallen..." The old man speaking hesitated.

"Rebirth, possession, incarnation, and remnant soul... all of these are actually possible..."

The others' expressions became solemn.

Ao Jin smiled and waved his hand. "No matter who he is, the deal can still be done.

"We can use the power of the sacrificial offering to ascend our entire clan to the immortal realm."

"As long as those old fellows really offer sacrifices, we will really ascend."

Everyone looked at each other with excitement on their faces.

The Immortal World!

It was a place they had dreamed of for so long!

When Han Muye walked out of the hall of the Water Spirit Palace, whether it was the palace lord or anyone else, they all looked at him with a little more fear.

The bloodline power of the Spiritual Armored Demons originated from the bones.

The suppression of this race determined the strict hierarchy.

Since Han Muye could trade with their elders, he would naturally be respected by them.

That valley was not in the Endless Sea. It was connected by the power of space.

It seemed that the Spiritual Armored Demons were still afraid of the Endless Divine Venerables.

Han Muye had known for a long time that although the Spiritual Armored Demons had strong members, they did not have the strongest.

Their race relied on the vigorous reproduction of their bloodline.

It was also because of this that they didn't care about the life and death of their race.

When he returned to the Endless Sea, Han Muye did not see Bai Zeyu.

However, an invitation from the Endless Divine Venerable came.

Han Muye swept his divine sense over the Imperial View Sword Shop and the Six Stalwart Pavilion, and then he flew down into the Endless Sea.

Unlike the last time he came, the Endless Sea was more clearly divided this time.

It seemed that the Endless Divine Venerables' 18 hells were very effective.

As expected, when he saw the Endless Divine Venerable again, Han Muye felt the power coming from the other party's body, vast and surging.

This was a major advancement in cultivation, difficult to suppress for a time.

It was possible that the Endless Divine Venerable hadn't even thought about suppressing others.

His cultivation breakthrough was meant to be a benchmark for those who wanted to transcend. Not suppressing them was to make it clearer for them.

"You went to look for the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan?" Looking at Han Muye, the Endless Divine Venerable asked.

Han Muye nodded.

"I never thought that the Dao Conflict would turn into a great conflict," the Endless Divine Venerable shook his head with a hint of emotion on his face.

"Reopening the Immortal Ascension Platform. These guys are really crazy."

The Endless Divine Venerable had already taken the path of transcendence, so he didn't care whether the Immortal Ascension Platform was opened or not.

But for others, who had no way to transcend, the desire to ascend to the immortal realm was still unparalleled.

Even the Endless Divine Venerable's transcendence might be the catalyst that solidified the determination of those great beings.

However, these things could only be guessed and couldn't be said for sure.

Han Muye did not tell the Endless Divine Venerable why he was looking for the Spiritual Armored Demons.

The Endless Divine Venerable did not ask either.

They did discuss some things about the structure of hell and the arrangement of the divine positions.

The Endless Divine Venerable promised that when the Dao Conflict began, the Endless Sea would definitely support the Heavenly Mystic and stand on their side.

However, if they really had to sacrifice someone, the only thing he could do was to do his best to rescue Han Muye himself.

Chapter 917 - 917 Reentering the Dam, Third-Ranked Divine General (2)

917 Reentering the Dam, Third-Ranked Divine General (2)

The person who dared to sacrifice one world, even the Endless Divine Venerable wouldn't dare to offend easily.

For Han Muye, having this promise was already the best outcome.

As he walked out of the Endless Divine Venerable's hall, he saw Bai Zeyu walking towards him with unsteady steps.

"Haha, Brother Han, Brother." Bai Zeyu's enthusiasm surprised Han Muye.

Soon, a smile appeared on Han Muye's face. "I still have a few bottles of pills left. Do you want them?"

Bai Zeyu laughed heartily. "I want the ones with the biggest side effects. The bigger, the better."

Han Muye shook his head and threw the jade bottle over with a laugh.

For him now, the value of these pills was no longer worth mentioning.

He used only top-grade spirit stones from the Divine Court's treasure trove for his cultivation.

After leaving the Endless Sea, Han Muye did not return to the Dao Battlefield.

Originally, he had planned to use his Divine Beast Avatar to enter the Dao Battlefield directly and merge with his main body, thereby enhancing his strength to its peak.

But now, he realized that the crisis in the Dao Battlefield was not internal, but external.

Even if he had strong power, he could not convince those powerful beings to not sacrifice the Dao Battlefield.

No matter how strong an ant was, it was still an ant.

His main body went into seclusion, and his Divine Beast Avatar crossed through space and headed towards the dam.

The dam was his third visit.

The first time he passed through the dam to the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, he encountered many strange beasts, and even encountered the Wood Deity Palace, obtaining the precious Grass Whip.

The second time, he returned from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy and had a great battle with the Divine Generals, obtaining many treasures guarded by them, and even saw the scattered Divine Court's treasure trove from their memories.

The Divine Court's treasure trove was his chance to rise.

This time, what he had to do was to re-enter the dam.

“Boom!”

As he entered the dam for 3,000 miles, a flying bull with a single horn and double wings crashed into him.

In this dam that prohibited spiritual energy and soul power, it was not strange to encounter beasts with strong physical strength and strange shapes.

The bull, which was 100 feet tall, was sent flying.

“What tough cowhide,” Han Muye murmured, looking at the howling flying bull.

He flew up and punched and kicked non-stop.

In just a moment, the flying bull was already on its last breath.

In Han Muye’s palm, a faint green immortal light enveloped it, and a trace of lightning entered the flying bull’s body.

“Slash—”

The flying bull trembled, and a hint of clarity could be seen in its blood-red eyes.

The immortal light and lightning surged, and the flying bull howled in pain, with a hint of submission flashing in its eyes.

When Han Muye let go, the flying bull was already standing obediently in front of him.

Han Muye took a step forward and landed on the back of the flying bull.

The flying bull raised its four hooves and spread its wings, running through the rubble-filled dam.

With the flying bull as his mount, Han Muye saved himself a lot of trouble.

At least there were fewer beasts intercepting him.

Even the ancient divine generals who had lost their spiritual intelligence and only knew about killing had not come looking for him again. He wasn't sure if it was because of the flying bull or because he himself had not taken action and kept his breath from leaking.

For three consecutive days, the flying bull traveled 800,000 miles.

"Boom!"

A slash came down from above and blocked Han Muye's path.

The flying bull couldn't dodge in time and had one of its wings cut off by the slash.

A black-armored general with an ancient look stood with his long sword in hand.

The robe and armor on this general was actually the armor of a third-ranked Divine General of the ancient Divine Court.

Third-ranked Divine Generals in the ancient Divine Court commanded a million-strong army and were able to sweep across the world.

"Beasts flying above the Divine Capital shall be beheaded."

Shouting in a low voice, the Divine General raised his sword and slashed at his head again.

The sword was bright and clear. With just one slash, the blade had appeared at Han Muye's waist.

Spatial transcendence!

This slash was imbued with spatial power!

Han Muye moved his body and disappeared in place, reappearing a hundred feet away.

If it were an ordinary Dao Ancestor, or even someone who had just entered the Divine Venerable realm, they would probably not be able to block this Divine General's sword.

If not for Han Muye's deep comprehension of time and spatial power, he would not have been able to withstand it.

With just this slash, this person in front of him could fight a Divine Venerable.

Han Muye's gaze fell on the long sword, and then he furrowed his brows.

"Dark Nether Saber..."

In Zhou Bangyu's treasure trove records, there was this blade.

"You are Yu Jun, the commander of the Imperial Guards of the Divine Court."

This saber was obtained by the commander of the Imperial Guards.

Hearing Han Muye's words, the Divine General, who was about to slash again, was slightly stunned, and his blood-colored eyes revealed a trace of intelligence.

"Court Guards, Court Guards..."

“Protect the Divine Court, fight to the death, fight to the death...”

The Divine General’s eyes suddenly turned bloodshot. He clenched the long saber in his hand and slashed at the surrounding void.

He did not look for Han Muye again and just slashed in the void.

Illusory saber beams tore through the layers of space, and from time to time, saber beams appeared out of nowhere and disappeared.

This was the disorderly appearance of spatial power.

If this person was sober, he would definitely be an expert among Heavenly Venerables.

Han Muye’s eyes flickered as his figure slowly melted.

When Divine General Yu Jun slashed down and retreated, Han Muye suddenly appeared behind Yu Jun and punched out.

Activating it with the power of time, it landed where he had been standing previously.

“Bang!”

A punch emitting lightning landed on Yu Jun's waist, causing his entire body to stiffen.

However, Han Muye also looked pained.

A knife mark appeared on his arm.

The saber light with spatial power tore a hole in his arm.

This avatar of his had the body of a divine beast, Baxia. Even with such defense, it could not withstand this saber.

"Boom!"

Surrounded by lightning, Yu Jun's body surged with a murderous aura.

The Vitality Force on his body instantly spread out and transformed into a blood-colored cloak.

This was the aura of a Divine Court general.

"Who are you?" Looking at Han Muye, Yu Jun's eyes were cold.

“General Yu, it doesn’t matter who I am. What’s important is that the Divine Court has already collapsed. You’re trapped here and can’t escape.”

Sword light rose from Han Muye’s body.

A hint of pain appeared on Yu Jun’s face, and blood appeared in his eyes.

Han Muye raised his hand, and green immortal light and lightning wrapped around him as he flew forward.

Yu Jun reached out and grabbed the ball of light, crushing it with his palm.

“Bang!”

Lightning radiance and immortal energy interweaved, circulating around his body.

He heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Han Muye, his expression becoming more relaxed.

“Can you tell me what’s going on outside?”

The creatures in the dam did not directly lose their intelligence. They had also struggled.

They also knew their situation.

Han Muye nodded and roughly recounted what he knew.

Yu Jun had a complicated expression on his face and he sighed from time to time.

As a divine general of the Divine Court, he had feelings for the Divine Court.

“If it weren’t for the elders who left without a trace on the Ascension Platform, how could the Divine Court collapse...”

Yu Jun shook his head.

“What happened to the Immortal Ascension Platform later?” he asked.

Han Muye then talked about the Ascension Platform being sealed and how someone was preparing to reopen it until now.

“Reopen the Immortal Ascension Platform?” Fear flashed across Yu Jun’s face.

“Do they really want this world to be destroyed?” Yu Jun whispered, looking at Han Muye.

“What about you? Why did you come here?”

Han Muye's expression was calm as he whispered, "I want to see the Wood Deity."

Wood Deity.

It was not the Wood Deity Palace.

Upon hearing his words, Yu Jun's expression became complicated as he nodded and said, "The Wood Deity is here. He's severely injured and in seclusion in the Wood Deity Palace."

Speaking of this, he looked around and said, "Since the Ascension Platform is going to be reopened, we shouldn't stay here either."

"You're from the Heavenly Mystic in the Dao Battlefield, right?"

"After I wake up those old brothers, I'll go to the Heavenly Mystic."

Han Muye didn't know how many old brothers Yu Jun had here, nor did he know if they were all as strong as him.

However, based on the principle that more allies were better, he took out several treasures containing immortal spirit qi and a few magic weapons that could stimulate lightning power.

Yu Jun pointed Han Muye towards the Wood Deity Palace.

Watching him leave, Yu Jun stood rooted to the ground, his eyes revealing a trace of profoundness.

“I’m afraid only the Divine Emperor can awaken my original power...”

“Who are you exactly?”

...

Following Yu Jun’s guidance, Han Muye finally saw the Wood Deity Palace again after five days.

However, there were no wooden puppets in front of him. Instead, there were dilapidated palaces.

There were also countless mutated beasts besieging the main hall.

Golden Wolves.

Countless golden giant wolves pounced on the green light-wrapped main hall.

Chapter 918 - 918 The Most Complicated Thing in the World Is the Human Heart

918 The Most Complicated Thing in the World Is the Human Heart

The dilapidated palace was on the verge of collapse under the impact of the giant wolves.

Two figures stood before the palace.

One held a decaying wooden staff, the same person who had given Han Muye the whip, and wore a green dress as the master of the Wood Deity Palace. The other wore black armor with a golden wolf on its shoulder pad, the Golden Wolf Demon God who howled at the sky.

The Golden Wolf Demon God thrust his long spear, shining with a hint of chill, while the master of the Wood Deity Palace's wooden staff glowed with a greenish-gray halo. Every time it struck, several green giant tree shadows flew out, crashing a hundred feet away.

The Golden Wolf Demon God's spear lifted the golden wolf, and the ones hit by the giant tree shadows cried out in pain before falling.

The two of them could barely withstand the attacking the golden wolves, and some of them had already rushed into the palace.

Don't let them disturb the Wood Deity!" The master of the Wood Deity Palace shouted, and her wooden staff flew out towards the palace.

"Peng peng—"

Several golden wolf shadows flew out from the gap in the palace.

However, the master of the Wood God Temple's strength dropped sharply without the wooden staff, and a golden wolf flew up and tore her sleeve with one claw.

"Get out of here!" The Golden Wolf Demon God shouted and punched the golden wolf away.

More golden wolves pounced over.

"Zhu Qiu'an, come out!" The Golden Wolf Demon God roared, with golden light emitting from his body. His eyes shone with a blood-red halo.

"Big Brother, why bother?" A voice sounded in the void.

A young man in green armor appeared.

As soon as this young man appeared, all the golden wolves stopped in their tracks.

This scene made the Golden Wolf Demon God pause, and he narrowed his eyes.

"Big Brother, you saw it.

"Now I'm the god of the Golden Wolves Clan.

“There can only be one Wolf King. This rule was set by you.”

The young man smiled, but his expression gradually turned cold: “How could my Wolf Clan need a spineless Wolf King?”

The Golden Wolf Demon God stared at him but did not speak.

He looked around, and his breath became heavy.

The master of the Wood Deity Palace nodded, with a hint of bitterness on her face.

“It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have sent the whip out.”

Upon hearing his words, the Golden Wolf Demon God shook his head and grinned: “Mu Xue, you haven’t seen it clearly. Even with the whip, today is still a dead end.”

“A mere Zhu Qiu’an is not qualified, nor does he have the guts to come to the Wood Deity Palace.”

“With his temperament, he would have lost his mind long ago.”

Indeed, at this moment, Zhu Qiu’an showed no signs of confusion.

Upon hearing the Golden Wolf Demon God's words, Zhu Qiu'an laughed and lifted his icy long sword.

"He's my big brother after all. He knows me the best.

"Today I came, as I was instructed..."

As he said this, he let out a cold snort and swung his long sword down.

The other golden wolves also charged towards the Golden Wolf Demon God.

The Golden Wolf Demon God let out a roar and transformed into a hundred-foot giant wolf, smashing the golden wolves around him with a single paw. Then he flew towards Zhu Qiu'an, crashing into him.

"Boom!"

Zhu Qiu'an's long sword was sent flying, but he was not afraid. Instead, he laughed out loud.

The other golden wolves surrounded the giant wolf, but did not advance.

The giant wolf roared wildly, and his aura began to become chaotic

This was a dam.

The chaotic force within the dam was the biggest obstacle and pressure for all living beings.

“The Master is right. You really can’t hold on any longer.”

Zhu Qiu'an chuckled and looked towards the collapsed temple in front of him.

“Wood Deity... or should I say the Pastoral Deity.”

“You were responsible for nurturing countless divine beasts and creatures, and governing all the plants and creatures in the world.

“Today, I want to see if this mighty figure is still alive or has already died.”

Zhu Qiu'an walked forward.

The golden wolves cleared the way for him.

The Golden Wolf Demon God let out a long howl, pushing away the golden wolves around him and charging towards Zhu Qiu'an.

Zhu Qiu'an shook his head, and a cold light radiated from his hand, covering the Golden Wolf Demon God.

"Frost Ring!"

The owner of the Wood Deity Palace, who was standing in front of the stone steps, exclaimed.

Looking at the frozen giant wolf, Zhu Qiu'an smiled as he looked at the jade ring on his finger.

"Indeed, it is a treasure of the immortals. It can even freeze a demon god comparable to the Divine Venerable.

"The Master did not deceive me."

He raised his hand, and his finger slowly pointed towards the master of the Wood Deity Palace in front of the stone steps.

"Mu Xue, I know that you were once known as the kindest nurturer under the Great Patriarch.

"Unfortunately, kindness has nothing to do with cultivation."

A green light flew out and rushed forward.

Mu Xue's face showed a trace of despair, and she took a step forward and rushed towards the ice.

In the void, a divine thought suddenly arose.

"Kid, make your move."

This voice rang in everyone's ears.

But Han Muye knew that it was meant for him.

Before the sound even dissipated, he had already landed in front of Mu Xue and punched.

"Boom!"

The ice-cold light shattered with one punch.

The shattered ice crystals flew around and fell on the golden wolves around them, freezing their bodies.

The power emitted by the treasure in Zhu Qiu'an's hand was absolutely powerful.

Looking at the shattered ice-cold light, Zhu Qiu'an was still stunned and absent-minded.

“How is this possible? How can the power of this Frost Ring block...”

He looked at his own palm.

Han Muze ignored him and raised his hand to punch.

The golden light hit the Golden Wolf Demon God.

“Boom!”

The ice shattered and lightning flashed.

The ice crystals on the Golden Wolf Demon God’s body broke, and the lightning made his soul clear, and the blood color in his eyes dissipated.

Chapter 919 - 919 The Most Complicated Thing in the World Is the Human Heart (2)

919 The Most Complicated Thing in the World Is the Human Heart (2)

“Amazing control over space,” remarked the Golden Wolf Demon God.

He looked towards Han Muze and said in a low voice, “I didn’t expect that in just a few decades, you would already have such strong control over the power of space.”

When Han Muye first left the Wood Deity Palace years ago, he was still cautious and careful.

But now that he had returned, he no longer felt any fear.

Neither the Golden Wolf Demon God nor the Wood Deity behind him posed any threat to him.

This was due to his own confidence, which had been bolstered by his increased strength.

For a cultivator, strength was the greatest reliance.

“Spatial power? It was no wonder...” Zhu Qiu’an finally reacted and looked at Han Muye with a solemn expression.

Those who could control the power of space were all truly strong.

At least, he himself did not have that ability.

“Kid, follow me and together we’ll follow the boss.

He’s about to sweep through the dam, break the barrier of this world, and the radiance of the Divine Court will soon illuminate the heavens and earth.”

Zhu Qiu'an's words were full of fanaticism, and his own face was also filled with an expression of fervor.

This fervor infected the surrounding Golden Wolves, who all let out a wild howl.

Han Muye shook his head.

Even if the Wood Deity hadn't called out to him earlier, he still would have acted.

The whip grass had given him too much help.

Besides, he came here this time to see the Wood Deity.

Or, the Pastoral Deity.

"Get lost—"

The Golden Wolf Demon God shouted and transformed back into the Black Armored Warrior, punching down.

Zhu Qiu'an raised his hand to block, and his body uncontrollably flew backwards.

“Hmph, the master is about to arrive, you can’t escape.” Zhu Qiu’an didn’t look back and, using the force of the punch, turned around and fled.

In front of the Wood Deity Palace, there was only chaos.

The puppet guards of the Wood Deity Palace had already shattered, and the other guardians had also fallen.

A trace of sadness flashed across Mu Xue’s face as she looked around.

The Golden Wolf Demon God beside her also looked up.

Han Muye nodded and walked quickly into the palace.

Han Muye nodded and strode into the palace.

The palace was decayed and broken.

“Will he be the person the Wood Deity is waiting for?” The Golden Wolf Demon God looked at Han Muye’s back and spoke softly.

Mu Xue shook her head, squatting in front of the stone steps with a look of loneliness on her face.

She didn't know.

"I also don't know how long we still have to wait."

...

The hall was dark.

The wooden structures around were already decayed, leaving only the stone framework.

The further they walked, the more they could see the withered branches scattered on the ground.

On the stone platform ahead, there was a tall tree, its trunk decayed, and a golden spear was inserted into the trunk.

Han Muye stood a thousand feet away from the tree.

"Kid, how is Wenqu now?" A phantom appeared in front of the tree.

White-bearded and white-robed, his hands were tucked into his sleeves.

Although it was only a phantom, there was still a power on this old man that made people want to bow and kneel.

This was the majesty that had been accumulated over countless millennia.

This was the unique aura of a mighty figure.

Or it could be called luck.

Such a mighty figure's words and actions were connected to a world.

Their actions and thoughts were the fate of the world.

And all living beings were affected by this tide.

Some were born under favorable circumstances, while others fell against the tide.

Han Muye had a faint realization in his heart.

Today, he was just a jumping ant, a tiny rebellious thing, in the eyes of those who controlled the world.

He was struggling to survive, but also to change his fate.

"Senior, I don't know who is Wenqu—"

Before he finished speaking, he interrupted himself: "Are you talking about Wen Mosheng, Minister Wen, Senior?"

"Hehe, Wen Mosheng?" The senior nodded and smiled lightly. "That's him."

Wen Mosheng is Wenqu?

The Divine Court that controlled the fate of officials in the world and helped the Divine Emperor manage thousands of officials of the Divine Court back then?

When Wen Mosheng was the prime minister of the Heavenly Mystic, he could easily command the world. It turned out that he had experience long ago?

No wonder Minister Wen could suppress the Heavenly Mystic for 10,000 years.

"I have been in seclusion since I was seriously injured, and I don't know what's going on outside. Can you tell me?"

The Wood Deity said in a low voice with a benevolent expression.

Han Muye nodded and briefly explained what was happening outside the dam.

Han Muye didn't believe that just because the Wood Deity was in seclusion, she knew nothing about the outside world.

Countless cultivators passing through the dam would bring all kinds of news.

The Wood Deity asked him about the outside world just to understand his own position.

Han Muye was also frank and told him everything about the struggle of the Dao and the events outside of the Dao.

Including the conflict in the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World and the possibility of reopening the Immortal Ascension Platform.

A complicated expression appeared on the Wood Deity's face. She shook her head and sighed softly.

"In fact, when we sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform back then, we knew that one day it would reopen..."

The Wood Deity looked up when she saw Han Muye looking at her and pointed to her chest, whispering, "Human heart.

"The most complicated thing in the world is ultimately the human heart."

The human heart was the most complicated. Han Muye had long known this.

Even those mighty figures could not resist the ambition in their hearts.

Back then, they could work together to seal the Immortal Ascension Platform, and now they could work together to open it.

What remained unchanged were these great powers, what changed was their hearts.

“Kid, there are some things that you can’t participate in with your cultivation level.” The Wood Deity looked at him and smiled.

“Although I participated back then, I’m powerless now.”

The Wood Deity turned her head to look at the big tree and the long spear nailed to it, shaking her head. “My body was already injured to the root by this immortal treasure spear. Currently, I can only slowly recover through sleep.”

“If I hadn’t been hiding in this dam, I’m afraid I would have been dug out by someone long ago.”

A glimmer of light flashed in the Wood Deity’s eyes as she whispered, “Now, I’m afraid I can’t even sleep peacefully.”

It was impossible for there not to be any great power behind the golden wolves’ siege of the Wood Deity Palace.

As for who the great power behind it was, the Wood Deity was also unclear.

Han Muye and the Wood God not only talked about the place where the ancient gods had fallen and the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, but they also talked about many things that happened in the Divine Court back then.

Many secrets that Han Muye didn't know before were now revealed, giving him a feeling of clarity.

Back then, everyone in the Divine Court was in danger. The oppression of the Divine Emperor eventually led to rebellion from all sides.

"The human heart.

"Once the hearts of the people are in chaos, it's hard to lead the team.

"The Divine Emperor always thought he could suppress the Immortal World and no one would dare to act.

"He didn't know that once cultivators have a thought in their hearts, they cannot be suppressed even if he tried." The Wood Deity's words were resolute.

In those days, she was also the one who couldn't be suppressed.

Rebellion was born out of fear of ascending to the Immortal World, disappointment with the Divine Court, and fear of the Divine Emperor.

All these things converged and eventually became a towering tree, overturning the Divine Court that had suppressed the world for countless years and sealing the Ascension Platform.

“Then what if cultivators lose their worldly thoughts?” Han Muye suddenly spoke up.

The Spiritual Transformation Pool!

Cultivators who ascended in the Immortal World all had a Spiritual Transformation Pool.

Was the Spiritual Transformation Pool absorbing Spiritual Qi or spiritual nature?

Hearing his words, the Wood Deity pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, “I don’t know either.

“Back then, the Divine Emperor inadvertently said that when he went to the Immortal World, he would not miss this world anymore.

“It was also this sentence that made us determined to overthrow the Divine Court.”

Once in the Immortal World, there was no more attachment to this world.

Han Muye didn't know about others, but he still had a lot of attachments.

Mu Wan, the people from the Nine Mystic Mountain's Sword Pavilion, Huang Zhihu, Sixth Brother Huang, and many people he had befriended in the Imperial City.

If life and death were inevitable, he might mourn, but if he were asked to forget them directly, he couldn't do it.

What if the Spiritual Transformation Pool could dissolve all these attachments?

Han Muye was silent for a moment.

"You came here to ask me these things, right, kid?" The Wood Deity smiled and said, "This place is probably not safe anymore. I'm also leaving."

As the golden wolves besieged them, the situation in the dam became turbulent.

Han Muye looked up at the long spear stuck in the withered tree.

"Hehe, you want this spear?" The Wood Deity shook her head and sighed, "I would thank you if you could pull this spear out."

"This spear has consumed 80 percent of my strength."

“The power of the Immortal World is really terrifying.”

Han Muye stood up and walked towards the withered tree.

A gleam of light shone in the Wood Deity’s eyes.

Han Muye walked up to the tree and reached out to grip the spear handle.

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“Bang!”

The spiritual energy in his palm had just appeared when it shattered.

The long spear lightly trembled, and there was a green fairy energy flowing on it.

Han Muye had no choice but to put his palm on the spear handle.

The Wood Deity shook her head.

This immortal treasure was not an ordinary object.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief and gripped the spear handle again.

This time, a burst of green fairy light erupted from his eyes, and immortal qi flickered in his palm.

Within the immortal light, a trace of sword intent was directly infused into the long spear.

“Buzz!”

The spear trembled slightly, and the Wood God’s eyes showed a hint of surprise.

Han Muye closed his eyes slightly, and the images in his mind rapidly flowed.

The selection of materials for the long spear.

The method of refinement.

The method of tempering.

All were controlled by the powerhouses in the Immortal World.

Elder Tie Wuqing of the Blood Battle Sect, a large sect in the Immortal World, traveled three million miles with this battle spear.

For the first time, the forces of the Immortal World appeared in front of Han Muye.

After so many years, Han Muye finally saw what the Immortal World was truly like.

It lacked the grandeur of this world and was instead more ancient in style.

There were also no flashing spiritual lights and swirling immortal qi everywhere like in this world. The green immortal qi only filled the space between heaven and earth, and it needed to be slowly absorbed through cultivation techniques.

Perhaps due to the nature of their cultivation methods, the Immortal World sects were more practical and down-to-earth, with less grandiose Daoist techniques like those in the cultivation world.

Even in combat, they placed more emphasis on close-range melee attacks and had fewer long-range magical spells.

Spells did exist, but they required the use of immortal energy to take shape or to command, and their combat power was not as great as that of various close-range techniques.

Those experts who could fly and travel thousands of miles in an instant and whose attacks could cover hundreds of miles were all top powerhouses of a dominant force.

Golden Immortals.

Zenith Heaven.

These were the titles of the strong in the Immortal World and also the cultivation realm.

According to the memories in the spear, the cultivation techniques of the Immortal World far exceeded the mortal world. If Golden Immortals and Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals descended to the mortal world, they could destroy a world with a burst of strength.

The Blood Battle Sect's Elder, Tie Wuqing, was still a step away from becoming a Golden Immortal. The spear that was injected with immortal qi broke through the barrier between the two worlds and struck down from the Immortal Ascension Platform to suppress the Wood God.

Immortal Ascension Platform.

Han Muye searched for the records of the Immortal Ascension Platform in those images.

The various large factions in the Immortal World controlled the Immortal Ascension Platform.

There were a total of 18 Immortal Ascension Platforms in the entire Immortal World. They were a method to recruit experts from countless worlds and continuously send fresh blood to the Immortal World.

However, cultivators who had just entered the Immortal World could not adapt to the Immortal Qi in the Immortal World and had to be cleansed in the Spirit Transformation Pool.

It washed away the spiritual qi in his body and converted it into immortal qi.

Then, he washed away the shackles of the mortal world and transformed into an immortal bone.

The entire process of cleansing spiritual qi required a thousand years. Only cultivators with extremely strong temperament and talent could complete the cleansing in advance.

Those cultivators who left the Spiritual Transformation Pool in advance would be valued by the various large sects.

A thousand years.

Such a time could indeed allow cultivators to slowly temper their temperament.

Han Muye slowly searched for information about the Spirit Transformation Pool. Suddenly, his body trembled and he almost exclaimed.

The Spirit Transformation Pool. He thought that it was the real Spirit Transformation Pool, but it turned out that it was not!

Instead of calling it the Spiritual Pool, it was better to call it the Spiritual Realm!

The 18 Spiritual Transformation Pools looked like ponds in the Immortal World, but they were actually 18 worlds.

All the living beings who ascended had to survive in it.

“The timeline isn’t right...”

His fingers trembled slightly.

He finally found the biggest difference between the Immortal World and this world.

Timeline.

The Immortal World was supported by Immortal Qi and its power was extremely stable, so the timeline moved slowly.

The Spirit Transformation Pool was also an extension of the power of the Immortal World, so the timeline was the same as the Immortal World.

However, the timelines in the mortal world were different.

300 years in some worlds were equivalent to a year in the Immortal World

100 years in other worlds were equivalent to a year in the Immortal World.

1,000 years in the Spirit Transformation Pool could be 100,000 years in the mortal world!

Therefore, the Immortal Ascension Platform opened once every 100,000 years.

It was to replenish the living beings in the intermediate pool.

After a thousand years in the Spirit Transformation Pool, those who could leave would become members of the various sects in the Immortal World. Those who could not leave would eventually disappear.

But Han Muye knew where they would go.

Their souls would lose their consciousness because of the interweaving of immortal qi and spiritual qi. In the end, they would be used by the people of the Immortal World to refine various immortal treasures.

In the eyes of the people in the Immortal World, cultivators who had not passed the Spirit Transformation stage were not considered their own kind.

Only the materials.

From the looks of it, it made sense that the Divine Emperors from the Immortal World looked down on the living beings of this world.

Without passing through the Spirit Transformation Pool, they were not of the same kind.

When a cultivator who had ascended from the mortal world cultivated in the Spirit Transformation Pool for a thousand years and walked out to become a cultivator of the Immortal World, he no longer had any thoughts about the mortal world.

It had been a thousand years in the Immortal World and a hundred thousand years in the mortal world. The people they cared about had long ascended to the Spirit Transformation Pool.

Hence, those who ascended the Immortal Platform would never turn back again.

There was no need to do that.

Moreover, if they wanted to return to the mortal world, it meant that their spirit transformation was not thorough enough. They would be recognized as a traitor of the Immortal World.

The scene in Han Muye's mind circulated, revealing a strange and grand cultivation world.

This world was thousands of times crueler than the mortal world.

His fingertips trembled slightly. Han Muye looked at the scene in his mind and slowly let go.

“It’s a pity that I’m powerless to pull out this spear,” Han Muye shook his head and said softly.

Hearing his words, the Wood Deity looked regretful.

“Forget it, I also know that this spear is powerful.” The Wood Deity looked up and said in a low voice, “If there’s chaos in the dam, I’ll find a peaceful place to live in seclusion in the future.”

Han Muye quickly cupped his hands and said, “Senior, don’t worry. I won’t disturb you in the future.”