

## **Pavilion 921**

### **Chapter 921 - 921 Marquis Zhenyang, Mission to Find the Crown Prince of the Divine Court**

921 Marquis Zhenyang, Mission to Find the Crown Prince of the Divine Court

As he spoke, his gaze fell upon the golden spear, and he said softly, "Senior, I hope you can escape the calamity."

When Han Muye walked out of the hall, Mu Xue and the Golden Wolf Demon God at the door looked at him.

He didn't say anything else. He just cupped his hands and left.

It was not until he was 30,000 miles away that his expression slowly became serious.

He did not pull out the golden spear because the golden spear did not need to be pulled out!

The Wood Deity had already refined the golden spear!

This powerful being who had come from the ancient times, whose cultivation had long surpassed that of the Divine Venerable, was not seriously injured as he had imagined.

From the golden spear, Han Muye saw the Wood Deity communicating with Tie Wuqing in the Immortal World through the golden spear.

These two had long planned to reopen the Immortal Ascension Platform.

Or rather, the Wood Deity was also involved in the reopening of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

However, Han Muye did not know what method the Wood Deity used to contact the Immortal Source World.

Perhaps a mighty figure like her had another identity?

These old fellows were really too terrifying.

The farther Han Muye went, the colder he felt in his heart.

Indeed, as the Wood Deity said, the most incomprehensible thing in the world is the human heart.

Back then, the Wood Deity had personally destroyed the Divine Court and sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform.

But now, was she going to open the Ascension Platform herself?

Thinking of this, he paused slightly.

To reopen the Immortal Ascension Platform, tens of thousands of void creatures would have to be sacrificed.

What about sealing the town back then?

What price did the Immortal Ascension Platform have to pay?

Why did no one mention it from beginning to end?

What kind of secrets were hidden back then?

Zhu Qiu'an, dressed in a blue robe, stood in front of him.

Golden wolves slowly surrounded him.

Han Muye looked up, killing intent appearing in his eyes.

"My lord wants you to see him."

Zhu Qiu'an's face revealed a trace of disdain as he spoke calmly.

Then he turned and walked away.

The golden wolves around him followed.

Han Muye pondered for a moment, then took big steps to catch up.

Divine thoughts could not penetrate into the dam, only the physical body and blood energy could be used.

There were also some peculiar powers, such as lightning power and immortal energy, which could be used in the dam.

Lightning power was rare, and as for immortal energy, no one would be extravagant enough to use such a precious thing.

Following the golden wolves, after traveling 3,000 miles, Han Muye came to a mountain range that spread over 3,000 feet.

The mountains were lush and covered in spiritual grass.

This was rare.

With the chaotic power erosion within the dam, for such a patch of spiritual grass to grow, either there was a great array supporting it, or there was a great power sitting here.

Han Muye leaned towards the possibility of both.

“My lord is waiting for you upstairs.” Zhu Qiu’an glanced at Han Muye, then stood at the foot of the mountain.

Han Muye strode forward. When he stepped onto the mountain in front of him, he frowned.

How was this a mountain? It was clearly a strange beast.

The body of a strange beast turned into a mountain.

This kind of strange beast was probably on par with the Divine Beast Baxia.was surely an ancient and wild species.

Stepping onto the mountaintop, a figure dressed in light blue armor and with a helmet placed beside him sat cross-legged.

“Sit,” an old voice came.

Han Muye walked over and sat by the stone platform.

The old man by the stone platform slowly turned to look at Han Muye.

A hint of surprise appeared on Han Muye's face.

"You know me," the old man with an ancient appearance said lightly.

The Marquis of Zhenyang, Du Quan.

Marquis Zhenyang, who was married into the Cao family.

The whip grass was the token of the marriage alliance between the two families.

"Marquis Zhenyang?" Han Muye whispered.

The old man chuckled and a hint of nostalgia appeared on his face. "The Divine Court has been destroyed. How can there still be a Zhenyang Marquis?"

That was true.

If not for the fact that he was still thinking about the past, why would he be wearing this suit of armor?

"Marquis, why did you summon me here?" Han Muye didn't dwell on Lord Zhenyang's identity and asked in a low voice.

“Qiong Qi came to find me.” Marquis Zhenyang smiled.

He looked at Han Muye and lightly said, “God Deity didn’t ask you to do anything, did she?”

Han Muye shook his head.

He was the one who awakened Qiong Qi. At that time, Qiong Qi said he would use all his strength to awaken other creatures in the dam.

As for the Wood Deity, Han Muye felt that it was best for him to stay away from her in the future.

“That’s right. Their arrangements should be more or less complete. There’s no need to do anything else.” Marquis Zhenyang looked into the distance and said lightly, “The Immortal Ascension Platform is about to reopen, right?”

Although this kind of thing was not a secret among the powerful,

Han Muye didn’t understand why something that was originally secretive was now known to everyone.

Marquis Zhenyang even knew that the Wood Deity was involved.

“Hehe, you should know that when our cultivation reaches our level, each one of us suppresses the world’s fortune in this realm.”

“As soon as a major change occurs in this world, we will all sense it.”

Marquis Zhenyang shook his head and chuckled.

Sensing?

So, it's really impossible to stop the reopening of the Ascension Platform?

Han Muye looked at Marquis Zhenyang.

“I knew you were caught up in the Dao battle, running around for this matter,” Lord Zhenyang smiled and said, “I’ll show you the way.”

The smile on his face disappeared and his expression turned serious.

“If you want to survive the Dao battle, the only way is to reunite the Divine Court.”

“Those old guys destroyed the Divine Court back then and sealed the Ascension Platform, throwing the fate of this world into chaos. Only by reuniting the Divine Court and sorting out the world can we have a glimmer of hope.

Han Muye looked up at him.



Marquis Zhenyang's expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, "Do you think I will lie to you?"

Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, "The Marquis won't lie to a junior like me.

"I'm just curious. What methods do those mighty figures have to scheme against them?

"Even if the Divine Court is reunited, it will only collapse again."

They broke even the Divine Court that suppressed the world, so how could a reunited Divine Court resist?

Hearing his words, Marquis Zhenyang waved his hand and lowered his voice. "What if the time they reopen the Immortal Ascension Platform is when they become immortals?"

The ascension of the powerful beings!

The corners of Han Muye's eyes twitched.

If all the mighty figures who suppressed the fate of this world ascended, the Heavenly Venerables and Dao Ancestors in the remaining world would be at their peak.

With such a world, Han Muye was confident he could suppress it with a massive army!

Han Muye looked up at Marquis Zhenyang.

He was also suppressing the fate of this world.

“Hehe, you doubt what I said because I have no reason to do so, right?”

Marquis Zhenyang chuckled and looked at the mountains below with a complicated expression.

“Do you know why the Divine Emperor was killed and the Divine Court fell back then?”

“That’s because the Divine Emperor has the intention to stay in this world and not return.

“So someone among his fellow disciples and the immortal sects of the immortal realm instigated those old guys to make their move.

“But they didn’t expect that the Divine Emperor also had a backup plan, leaving this world’s dam to protect the endless beings here and the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.”

“It’s just an Immortal Source World, even if it is transformed into the Nine Heavens. It’s just a clown.”

Disdain flashed across Marquis Zhenyang’s face as he said in a deep voice, “The Ancient Cloud Galaxy has suffered heavy losses after several sieges against the Immortal Source World.”

He was telling the truth.

But with those powerful beings sitting here, the losses were still borne by the place where the ancient gods fell.

“When the Divine Emperor took Cao’s daughter as his wife and Cao Yi as the imperial uncle and led his army to suppress the four directions, he had a heart to establish an independent world.

“This violated the rules of their sect’s defense and brought about a fatal disaster.

“At the critical moment, the Divine Emperor sacrificed himself to protect the beings in this world, and most importantly, he wanted to protect Cao Guifei and the Divine Court Prince.”

Han Muyao knew nothing about these secrets that Lord Zhenyang was revealing.

He did not know that the Divine Court collapsed, the Divine Emperor fell, and the Immortal World was involved behind the scenes.

From the looks of it, the so-called separation between the Immortal World and this world was also fake.

It was just a fabrication to quell the suspicions of future generations.

The Spiritual Transformation Pool had already cut off most of the connections between the two worlds. Coupled with some fabricated information, it could indeed confuse people.

“Han Muye, Wen Qu was reborn and reincarnated to cultivate again. He’s in the Heavenly Mystic World.

“I need you to do something.”

Looking at Han Muye, Marquis Zhenyang’s eyes lit up.

“Find the crown prince who landed in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy and take out the sword of the Divine Emperor who suppressed the dam. Send them to Wen Qu.”

The crown prince of the Divine Court.

The Divine Emperor’s Sword.

Han Muye stood up and took a step back.

“Senior, I’m afraid I can’t do anything about your mission.”

How could he take on such a matter?

Marquis Zhenyang looked at him, and his aura slowly condensed.

A bloodthirsty aura began to spread.

## **Chapter 922 - 922 Dao Struggle, Let the Decisive Battle Begin**

### 922 Dao Struggle, Let the Decisive Battle Begin

There was a faint sword intent gathered and condensed around Han Muye.

This was a dam, where both spiritual energy and soul power were sealed off. Even if facing a peak powerhouse, Han Muye was not afraid to fight with him.

With his divine beast Baxia's clone and his proficiency in swordsmanship, he had the power to fight even against such a formidable opponent.

Suddenly, the atmosphere within the void became tense.

A hint of ferocity intertwined, causing the chaotic power within the embankment to tremble.

It seemed that as long as a spark was ignited, this whole world would explode.

A moment later.

The expression on Marquis Zhenyang's face gradually softened from being stern to peaceful, and his aura dissipated.

"Not bad, you're very cautious."

Marquis Zhenyang looked at Han Muye and spoke softly.

Han Muye stabilized his aura but did not speak.

In front of an ancient Divine Court battlefield marquis, being cautious was always the right thing to do.

"You've seen the Divine Emperor's Sword before, so you don't care, right?"

"In that case, let me tell you, as long as you bring the Divine Emperor's Sword and the Crown Prince to Wen Qu's side, your Heavenly Mystic World will stand undefeated."

Looking at Han Muye, Marquis Zhenyang squinted his eyes, with a glint of brilliance in them.

"Behind the Ancient Cloud Galaxy is a great army controlled by the former Imperial Consort Cao Yi's Uncle."

"Cao Yi is in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy."

Cao Yi was the uncle of the crown prince of the Divine Court.

If the Crown Prince was in the Heavenly Mystic, Cao Yi's army would undoubtedly ensure its safety.

Although Han Muye had only seen a glimpse of the power of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, its strength was already apparent.

If the Ancient Cloud Galaxy supported the Heavenly Mystic World, it might really change the situation of the Dao struggle.

With that, Marquis Zhenyang stared at Han Muye.

Han Muye's expression was solemn as he pondered for a long time before speaking softly, "Is what you're saying true, Lord Marquis?"

Using the power of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy?

He had thought of it before.

Han Muye's divine sense stirred, and he said, "Marquis, since the Crown Prince is stranded in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, why didn't Uncle Cao Yi look for him personally?"

"With his power, it shouldn't be difficult to support the Crown Prince, right?"

Although the Ancient Cloud Galaxy had a strong force, there was no sense of righteousness among them.

They often crossed the dam to attack the fallen land of ancient gods, just to revive the glory of the glory of the Divine Court.

If the Crown Prince was here, there would be no need to attack, they could just support him.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Marquis Zhenyang chuckled. "If the Crown Prince were so easy to find, he would have been killed by the people of the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World long ago."

Raising his hand, a black long sword appeared in the palm of his hand

Marquis Zhenyang handed the sword to Han Muye. "With this sword, you will sense the Crown Prince whenever you meet him."

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, Marquis Zhenyang said softly, "The karma of the world is difficult to find. I think you can find him."

In the end, everything in the world depended on chance.

Han Muye was a person with great fortune.

Han Muye's gaze fell on the black sword.



The Mystic Sun Sword.

He had seen this sword since he was in the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, everyone in the Mystic Sun Guards carried this sword.

The spiritual patterns infused into this sword were personally drawn by Minister Wen himself and could discern one's heart.

Perhaps, it not only discerned one's heart but also discerned the person?

Han Muye reached out and took the sword. He nodded and said, "Alright, I'll do my best to find the Crown Prince and bring him back to Heaven Mystic."

Marquis Zhenyang chuckled and turned to look into the distance. "We're all old. This world is ultimately yours.

"If the Divine Court is to be rebuilt, you will have the merit of safeguarding it."

Han Muye didn't care about the merit of safeguarding it.

However, if the Crown Prince could save the Heavenly Mystic and ensure its victory in the Dao struggle, that was what he wanted..

Seeing Han Muye leave, the smile on Marquis Zhenyang's face disappeared. He said calmly, "Listen, from now on, you will put all your thoughts and energy on him."

The green mountain under his feet vibrated as if in response.

When Han Muye was thousands of miles away from the mountains, he felt a hint of solemnity in his heart.

He couldn't fully trust Marquis Zhenyang's words.

Was Marquis Zhenyang really seeking the Crown Prince to rebuild the Divine Court, or was he sacrificing him by sending him into the Dao battlefield?

He kept walking, raised his hand, and the black long sword appeared in his palm.

The Mystic Sun Sword.

Perhaps the answers he needed were in this sword.

Without using his divine sense, Han Muye directly infused the sword with sword qi.

If Marquis Zhenyang had other intentions, he must have tampered with the sword. If his divine sense probed it and there was a trap, Han Muye would be at a disadvantage.

The loss of sword qi was negligible.

As the sword Qi entered the sword, Han Muye's body trembled slightly.

This Mystic Sun Sword was actually an immortal treasure-level sword.

The entire sword was refined from 120,000 catties of Mystic Sun gold marrow.

Although it was made in this world, it also used immortal methods, and many spiritual materials were brought from the immortal world by the Divine Emperor.

This was a sword that the Divine Emperor had made for himself.

However, the Divine Emperor never carried this sword and the sword had been hidden in the Divine Court all along.

Later, when the Divine Court collapsed, and the sword was taken away by Marquis Zhenyang.

In the scene, the sword was basically always in the dam.

No secrets?

Han Muye smiled.

No secrets were the biggest secret.

Ancient powers had many means, and it was normal to tamper with the memory of the sword.

But as long as they tampered with it, there would be traces.

These traces were invisible to outsiders, but in front of him, Han Muye could see them at a glance.

With his full-level comprehension, as long as he pondered carefully, he could surely see through the mystery.

As he ran through the dam, Han Muye continuously explored the tampered scenes within the sword, turning sword qi into sword intent, and then infused the sword with a hint of immortal aura.

“Buzz!”

A sound rang out, and the scene in the sword’s body changed completely!

**Chapter 923 - 923 Dao Struggle, Let the Decisive Battle Begin (2)**

## 923 Dao Struggle, Let the Decisive Battle Begin (2)

“Your Majesty, please leave quickly, the traitors have already invaded the Divine Palace!” A cry echoed through the grand hall.

“Heh, leave?”

“I’m the Divine Emperor. How can I abandon the Divine Court?”

The voice was deep and carried a hint of sadness and loneliness.

He could not see the figure in the image, but he could guess that it was the Divine Emperor.

“Du Quan, can I trust you?”

A voice sounded in the hall.

“Your Majesty, I would die without hesitation!” The voice of Marquis Zhenyang was resolute, with a tinge of sorrow.

“Good, you protect the Crown Prince and go to my uncle. if I die, you shall crown the Crown Prince and rebuild the Divine Palace.”

An eight or nine-year-old child dressed in a bright yellow robe was brought to Marquis Zhenyang, who wore black armor. The Mystic Sun Sword was bound to the child's back.

Marquis Zhenyang led a group of guards out of the Divine Palace, pursued from all directions. He fought to the death to finally escape.

But shortly after leaving the Divine Palace, it fell, and the Endless World turned into a dam. He was also implicated.

The Crown Prince was separated from him, leaving only the Mystic Sun Sword in his hands.

All these years, he sent out many troops to search, but they could not find the whereabouts of the Crown Prince.

Even his reincarnation body could not be found.

In the scene, Du Quan laid out various formations in the dam world, all waiting for the Crown Prince to return.

His strength was extremely strong, and all kinds of ancient creatures and many strong people could be summoned as long as he called them.

The reason why Du Quan tampered with the intermediate memories of the Mystic Sun Sword was because he did not want outsiders to see the strong power in his hand.

Everything in the scene seemed to provide an explanation for everything.

Nearly seamless.

“If it weren’t for the Divine Beast, I would have believed it.” Han Muye shook his head and dissipated all the scenes.

This was the first time he had encountered a method that could completely change the memories of a sword.

Normal.

Divine listening was listening to the soul and mind.

The scene that Han Muye saw was altered by divine listening.

However, sometimes things are not just facts based on what is seen.

Peeling away the mist beyond the scene, Han Muye could see through everything.

The Mystic Sun Sword could indeed find people.

The Crown Prince of the Divine Court might still be alive.

If they could find this Crown Prince, perhaps Cao Yi's army could be used by the Heavenly Mystic.

But in all of this, whether it was Marquis Zhenyang Du Quan or the Imperial Family's Cao Yi, they all had their own demands.

Even these demands conflicted with what Han Muye and the Heavenly Mystic sought, which was why they were altered.

If there was no conflict, why bother changing it?

Even if they were not enemies, they were definitely not friends.

Han Muye's expression was solemn as he looked ahead.

The more allies he attracted, the more he saw, the more he felt the pressure mounting.

The scheming of the ancient powers, the clash of various forces.

Whether it was the Heavenly Mystic or himself, they could only go with the flow.

Like a swimming fish, he was unable to control his own direction.



Up ahead was the edge of the dam.

Beyond it was the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Han Muye took a deep breath and flew out of the dam.

Trapped in the net, he had to break through with all his might!

“Boom!”

A rumbling sound came from the void.

Han Muye didn't stop for a moment, spending half a month to arrive at the Qiyang Sword Sect.

When Divine Venerable Qiyang saw Han Muye, he was a little stunned.

“Did something happen in the Dao Battlefield?”

When Han Muye left the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, he had many dealings with Divine Venerable Qiyang's Qiyang Sword Sect.

Over the years, Qiyang Sword Sect had provided the Heavenly Mystic with millions of standard swords.

Qiyang Sword Sect had also made considerable progress thanks to the various pills that Han Muye had crafted using the wooden puppets.

Their cooperation had been quite pleasant.

Han Muye didn't waste any time and took out the Mystic Sun Sword.

"The Mystic Sun Sword of Wen Mosheng?" Heavenly Venerable Qiyang was stunned when he saw this sword.

After receiving the sword, Divine Venerable Qiyang frowned.

"This sword doesn't belong to Wen Mosheng.

"An immortal treasure sword, only the Divine Court may possess it."

Divine Venerable Qiyang's expression turned solemn. "If Wen Mosheng also has the Heavenly Mystic Sword, then his origin is related to the Divine Court."

At this point, he looked at Han Muye. "Does your main body still have a chance to leave the Dao Battlefield?"

“If you can leave, I suggest you just abandon that mess.”

If Wen Mosheng was originally a member of the Divine Court, the Upper Three Heavens of the Immortal Source World were also from the Divine Court.

Whether it was in the dam or the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, it was ultimately the struggle of various factions in the Divine Court in the past.

As an outsider, why should Han Muye get involved?

Could he leave the Dao Battlefield?

If Han Muye hadn't condensed the Sword Dao avatar, he could have watched as so many creatures in Heavenly World were eventually sacrificed.

But he was a sword cultivator.

With a sword in his heart, there was no turning back.

He could not leave just like that.

Besides, could he really leave now?

Years ago, Yuan Tian, the Sword Venerable, had said that it was best not to get entangled with the will of heaven.

But in the end, he couldn't escape.

And who knew if Sword Venerable Yuan Tian himself had truly escaped?

"Senior, since we're already in the game, how can we give up halfway?" Han Muye chuckled.

Divine Venerable Qiyang opened his mouth and sighed softly.

Leaving had its benefits, but staying behind also had its rewards.

Not to mention the world-shaking opportunity that the Dao conflict ultimately fought for, the countless opportunities in the Dao conflict were also envied by outsiders.

Without the Dao conflict, how could three divine treasure vaults be opened?

Without the Dao conflict, how could so many powerful beings enter the fray?

Without the Dao conflict, the ancient medicinal gardens in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy would never have been discovered.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” Divine Venerable Qiyang asked softly.

### **Chapter 924 - 924 Dao Struggle, Let the Decisive Battle Begin (3)**

924 Dao Struggle, Let the Decisive Battle Begin (3)

He did not want to personally enter the game, but he wouldn't refuse to help Han Muye.

This could be considered as benefiting from the Dao struggle, borrowing a bit of opportunity.

“Senior, I'm preparing to open 10 more herb gardens.”

Han Muye's words left Heavenly Venerable Qiyang stunned.

After a moment, he could only smile bitterly and shake his head.

“Indeed, your actions are already beyond what I can imagine.”

Previously, when he opened a herb garden, it directly caused a huge change in the alchemy path of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, and even the cultivation rules changed.

If another 10 herb gardens were to be opened, the entire Ancient Cloud Galaxy would probably be mobilized.

Even those powerful beings hidden in the background wouldn't be able to sit still, right?

"Alright, I'll help you with this matter."

Divine Venerable Qiyang was a Divine Venerable after all, and he was considered a strong presence in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

With him taking action, it could relieve some of the pressure on Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands.

Mutual benefit.

Opening herb gardens, Divine Venerable Qiyang naturally wouldn't work for nothing.

"Haha, let's go." Divine Venerable Qiyang laughed loudly, handed the Mystic Sun Sword back to Han Muye, then flew away.

A month later, the void shook, and an ancient divine herb garden was opened.

Han Muye didn't hesitate and directly collected the immortal aura within it.

Without the grass whip, the speed of gathering immortal aura was much slower.

When all the immortal aura was collected, the void roared, and the ancient divine herb garden appeared in the void.

Countless cultivators flew over and began plundering the spiritual herbs within the ancient divine medicine garden. There were simply too many, and they couldn't collect them all.

Various major factions also dispatched experts to either buy or forcibly seize them.

But before they could gather much of the spiritual herbs, news came that another ancient divine herb garden had been opened.

Various major sects mobilized and fought against Divine Venerable Qiyang, who was guarding the medicine garden. In the midst of the battle, the Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon, who had cooperated with Han Muye before, arrived and joined forces with Divine Venerable Qiyang.

The reward wasn't much, only 10 stalks of immortal herbs per person.

This time, Han Muye didn't even distribute the immortal aura.

Ten days later, the immortal energy was completely absorbed, and the herb gardens appeared in the void. Cultivators from all sides rushed up.

At this moment, Han Muye had already quietly left with Divine Venerable Qiyang and the Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon.

For the next year, Han Muye did not appear.

When he appeared again, another herb garden had opened.

The cultivators of the entire Ancient Cloud Galaxy went crazy.

Because several herb gardens opened one after another, countless spiritual herbs poured out, and various pills emerged endlessly.

Improving one's cultivation and increasing one's combat power, alchemy became the most popular choice in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

If you couldn't refine pills, you were ashamed to call yourself a cultivator.

Two years later, a team of elite disciples from the Qiyang Sword Sect quietly crossed the dam and entered the Dao battleground.

After crossing through the void, they stepped into the Heavenly Mystic World.

"Zhang Chao and Xu Jin from the Qiyang Sword Sect. Greetings, Minister Han."



Two young men in martial robes with long swords on their backs stood in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded.

The two glanced at each other, took out the jade boxes on their backs, and presented them with both hands.

Zhang Chao bowed and said, “Han Xiang, fortunately we didn’t disappoint you. 50 million standard swords have been delivered safely.”

Xu Jin also said excitedly, “Minister Han, 1.8 billion various pills, not one less, have been safely delivered.”

Both of them heaved a sigh of relief.

With such a huge amount of treasure, traversing the dam and the battleground, the dangers and responsibilities they bore could be imagined.

Huang Zhihu standing beside them opened her mouth wide.

Even Huang Six sitting on the side had a twitch at the corner of his mouth.

This brother of his was really generous.

Han Muye raised his hand and took the jade boxes. He nodded and said, "Thank you for your hard work."

Pressing his hand on the jade boxes, a deep and profound light shone in his eyes as he looked towards the sky ahead.

"I can't wait any longer.

"Let the battle of the Dao begin."

## **Chapter 925 - 925 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle**

### 925 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle

The decisive battle of the Dao struggle had begun!

With Han Muye's words, everyone in the hall trembled slightly.

Even though they knew this day would come eventually, the reality of it still shook them to their core.

The decisive battle of the Dao meant a battle of life and death.

How many of them would still be alive after this battle?

“Boom!”

The spiritual energy soared, and countless blood and qi turned into smoke pillars that formed into a flying dragon in the sky above the Heavenly Mystic’s Imperial City.

“Under the orders of the Prime Minister, all Heaven Realm cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World are to be recruited, trained, and deployed to the army.

“The imperial command has been issued. All Earth Realm cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World are to be recruited, trained, and wait for deployment.

“The imperial command has been issued. All cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World are to be prepared for training and to stabilize the region.

“The imperial command has been issued. The Imperial City Academy will send out 3,000 instructors and 30,000 students to the Heavenly Mystic World!

...

“The imperial command has been issued. The 130,000 disciples of the Central Continent’s Tianming Dao Sect are to be recruited and sent to the Heavenly Mystic World!

...

“The imperial command has been issued. Eight million troops from the Southern Wasteland demon tribe are to be recruited and sent to the Heavenly Mystic World!

...

With this command, billions of living beings were set into motion.

At this moment, the entire Heavenly Mystic seemed to come to life.

Countless cultivators gathered together, and the stairways to the Heaven Realm emerged one after another.

There were 300 Heaven Ascension Stairs in the Central Continent, 30 in the Eastern Sea, 50 in the Southern Wasteland, 20 in the Western Frontier, and 10 in the Northern Region.

With Han Muye’s order, the Heavenly Mystic Army gathered overnight. In three days, 380 million troops left the Heavenly Mystic World and dispersed into 30 different military camps in the void.

Countless troops gathered, and their blood and qi condensed into a red hue, dyeing the entire void world in blood.

“Have they gone mad? The Heavenly Mystic has actually launched a decisive battle!” In the void, all the powerful Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao War exclaimed in shock.

To launch an attack without waiting for a hundred years to pass, do they think they are not weak enough?

“Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic is really decisive,” someone muttered as they looked at the blood dragon that had already illuminated the sky.

With this decisive move, the war between the worlds began. Those who possessed such strength of character were even stronger than the Dao Ancestor.

“After a hundred years of delay, today marks the true beginning,” a voice whispered in the void.

Today marked the beginning!

All the powerful beings who witnessed the battle of the Dao dropped their divine thoughts and looked at the army in the void.

At the front line, the moment when Han Muye issued the order Huang Zhihu immediately turned back to the void, presiding over millions of sword cultivators.

The millions of sword cultivators did not stop for a moment, heading straight for the Immortal Spirit World.

The millions of sword cultivators formed three large arrays, each consisting of countless sword lights that converged into a fierce long sword. With one sweep, a star world would collapse.

No one could stop the sword cultivator arrays that were rampaging in the void.

In 13 days, millions of sword cultivators traveled eight million miles, destroying 1,030 stars.

The defense line of the Immortal Spirit World was torn apart, and the entire army was forced to retreat.

No one expected that the Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han would launch a decisive battle 20 years before the end of the 100-year war.

Whether it was the Immortal Spirit World or the forces behind it, including the itinerant and neutral cultivators in the void, no one knew what to do.

The millions of sword cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic rushed directly for one and a half million miles, almost cutting the Immortal Spirit World in half, before being stopped by the Immortal Spirit Army.

The Immortal Spirit Army of 80 million soldiers formed a formation, with 180,000 soldiers in the Heaven Realm, and took out a fairy treasure obtained from the Divine Court's treasure house, as well as 3,000 top-grade magic weapons, to rebuild their defense line.

However, three days later, it was destroyed by Huang Six, who rode a Demon Dragon.

Huang Six, who held the supreme treasure, the Social Stability Map, invoked the power of the Demon Dragon and destroyed the Immortal Treasure, the Thousand Teeth Knife, with a single blow, devouring the three formations of millions of soldiers, and pushing the Dao War to its climax.

The Heavenly Mystic army advanced another 10 million miles!

The whole army advanced even faster than lightning.

It was only at this moment that the Immortal World understood that the Heavenly Mystic had really launched a decisive battle.

But before they could gather their army, the 300 million Heavenly Mystic army had already reached the front line and began to besiege the stars of the Immortal World.

Kill.

Only submission, otherwise it would be a complete eradication.

The iron will displayed by the Heavenly Mystic army was chilling.

After sweeping away one star, all resistance disappeared.

After a hundred stars, the army had already engulfed more than three billion lives and rolled forward to the front line.

The Immortal Spirit Army could only retreat before the endless and powerful army.

From Han Muye's launch of the decisive battle to the occupation of nearly half of the Immortal Spirit World, dividing the overall situation of the Immortal Spirit World, it took less than a year.

This speed left all the powerful witnesses of the Dao War speechless.

No one understood how Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic commanded such a huge army of billions.

Even if a great cultivator had a strong mind and a stable soul power, it would still be difficult to plan the attack of such a large army.

"Do you think that the Heavenly Mystic army, advancing like this, will soon surround the Immortal Spirit Star?" In the void, a powerful Dao ancestor who witnessed the Dao War was asking.

Given the current momentum of the Heavenly Mystic, it was clear that they had the intention of swallowing up the Immortal Spirit World.

"But behind the Immortal Spirit World are the top three sects of the Upper Three Heavens supporting it. I'm afraid it won't be that easy to attack the Immortal Spirit Star, will it?" Watching the army gather and sweep across, a Dao ancestor whispered.

The Heavenly Mystic and the Sword Dao united, with thousands of sword cultivators rampant.

However, the Dao sects behind the Immortal Spirit were actually stronger.



The Yuling Dao Sect of the Upper Three Heavens and a few other sects were all behind the immortal Spirit. If the Immortal Spirit Star could be captured so easily, then the prestige of the Dao sects would also be trampled underfoot by the Sword Dao.

Various parties speculated that how the real battle would be fought would depend on the Heavenly Mystic's choice.

Or rather, it would depend on Minister Han's decision.

Among these Dao ancestors who witnessed the Dao war, there were not many who truly knew that this Dao war was related to the opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

#### **Chapter 926 - 926 The Battle for the Dao**

##### **926 The Battle for the Dao**

Most of them still held out hope, wanting to see the outcome of this battle for the Dao.

At this moment, in a grand hall in the Imperial City of the Heavenly Mystic World, a dazzling light screen floated in mid-air.

Outside the hall were countless protective arrays. Even the divine senses of the Dao Ancestors could not penetrate them.

If anyone were to see the light screen at the center of the palace, they would surely be thrilled and amazed.

The light screen was none other than a star map of the Immortal Spirit World and the surrounding void.

This map was displayed in solid form within the palace. Outside of the light screen, nearly 10,000 officials of the Heavenly Mystic dynasty sat in front of long tables, buried in calculations.

“Formation number 3,520 is too far forward, it needs to retreat 30,000 miles,” a young man in front of various calculation tools rubbed his forehead and muttered.

At his side, a servant recorded his words and sent them forward.

Naturally, cultivators recorded this message, marked it, and sent it directly to the front line.

This was a military order.

No one could have imagined that the commander of a million-strong army would be an inconspicuous official in the rear palace.

“I’ve calculated it. The supply lines of thirteen formations on the left flank will become critical in twelve days. We must either abandon thirty million troops or get supplies from the rear.”

The young man in blue robes said, lowering his head to think.

Behind them, a warrior in black armor stepped forward. His gaze fell on the light screen as he pondered for a moment before turning his head and saying, "Abandoning the army will leave the front line too weak, and the supplies from the rear may not arrive in time."

Hearing his words, the three young men remained calm and said, "A compromise: abandon ten million troops and let the remaining troops hold out for 20 days."

"The three sages in the rear can increase support and ensure the continuity of supplies."

The fate of ten million soldiers was spoken of so lightly by these three young men who seemed to be in their twenties.

The warrior in black armor nodded and said in a low voice, "Please make a decision, Your Majesty."

In less than 15 minutes, three proposals were placed on the desk of Yunduan, the emperor.

"Zhao Jinming, 24 years old, a student of the imperial college. Zhu Yizeng, 28 years old, recommended by the southeastern Daoist sect. Zhang Zhen, a student of the White Deer Mountain Academy."

Sitting by Yunduan's side, Princess Yunjin opened the book in her hand and read aloud the records on it.

"Three officials who are not even thirty years old decide the fate of millions of people with just a few words. It's truly terrifying,"

Princess Yunjin closed the book and sighed softly, looking up at Yunduan.

As soon as she finished speaking, Yunduan opened her eyes and said, "Order the five sages to go directly to the front line and stay there after delivering the supplies.

"Abandon the 10 million Immortal Spirit soldiers. and kill.

"Order the 19 leading generals on the left wing to review and correct themselves, and forbid them from engaging in private battles, complete the encirclement."

The fate of millions of soldiers hung in the balance.

The five sages were mobilized.

The 19 leading generals were rewarded or punished.

Watching Yunduan's firm determination in her eyes as she made life and death decisions, Yunjin opened her mouth but ultimately chose to remain silent.

She turned her head to look outside the main hall, her eyes flashing with complexity.

She didn't know where that guy was. Since he had launched the decisive battle, why wasn't he taking charge?

“Sister, Minister Han said that although the struggle for the Dao is the general trend, the real determining factor is the life and death struggle between the strong.

“I only need to grasp the general trend, and leave the rest of the struggle to Minister Han and the others.”

Yunduan’s voice rang out.

Life and death struggle.

Yunjin shivered all over.

...

Outside the Heavenly Mystic World, on a vast star, Han Muze stood on a towering green stone.

“You’re more daring than I imagined.”

The voice of Wen Mosheng sounded.

Dressed in a green robe, Wen Mosheng stepped forward with a refined and scholarly air.

The two stood in the air, silent for a moment.

“To be honest, if it weren’t for the desperate situation, I wouldn’t have involved so many innocent lives,” Wen Mosheng sighed, looking up at the sky.

“There’s no such thing as innocence in the struggle for the Dao.”

“Senior’s support of the Heavenly Mystic for so long has given us a chance to revitalize ourselves.”

If it weren’t for Wen Mosheng’s support of the Heavenly Mystic for thousands of years, it would have long been swallowed up by the Immortal Spirit World.

If it weren’t for Wen Mosheng fighting with a group of experts in the void, the Dao battleground would not have been able to last until the great struggle of the Dao.

Looking at Wen Mosheng with resolute determination in his eyes, Han Muze’s face remained calm as he said softly, “Senior, opening the Immortal Ascension Platform is a chance and a crisis for true powerhouses.

“With Senior’s wisdom, why did you stop it?”

Wen Mosheng had always been firmly opposed to opening the Immortal Ascension Platform.

This actually contradicted his status.

He was also a great cultivator in the current era and was ranked first on the Heavenly Rankings.

Wouldn't such a figure want to ascend to the Immortal Realm?

"Immortal Ascension Platform?" Wen Mosheng's expression showed a hint of melancholy, as he said in a low voice, "The Immortal Ascension Platform, the Spiritual Transformation Pool, a life-and-death gamble that forgets the future.

"The Immortal Ascension Platform is nothing more than a passage for those great sects in the Immortal Spirit World to gather their forces..."

At this point, he slowly turned around and looked at Han Muye.

"They all say that I am the reincarnation of Wen Qu, and you also believe that, don't you?"

As the chief of the officials of the ancient Divine Court, he controlled the Divine Court on behalf of the Divine Emperor.

The position of Wen Qu was the most prestigious position in the Ancient Divine Court.

Han Muye was slightly stunned, his thoughts rapidly changing.

Wasn't he Wen Qu?

Both the Wood Deity and Marquis Zhenyang had told Hàn Mùyě that Wen Mosheng was Wen Qu.

According to his own deduction, it was highly probable that Wen Mosheng was the same person as Wen Qu, the former grand supervisor of the Divine Court.

But at this moment, he was not Wen Qu...

Hàn Mùyě widened his eyes and whispered, "Gao Xiaoxuan is Wen Qu!"

Gao Xiaoxuan!

Until now, Gao Xiaoxuan had only shown his sword skills.

However, he was quick to learn anything he was exposed to.

And from the beginning to now, every time Han Muye saw Gao Xiaoxuan, he was just a trace of the residual soul of Wen Mosheng.

Even back then, Wen Mosheng had told Han Muye that if he failed in the Dao battle, he should send Gao Xiaoxuan and Bai Wuhen out.



Han Muye thought that Wen Mosheng wanted to send his own residual soul away.

It turned out that was not the case!

Looking up at the Wen Mosheng voice in front of him, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

"You're—"

Wen Mosheng nodded and said calmly, "I have always been here."

!!

This self-address was only used by emperors.

At this moment, the person standing in front of Han Muye was not Minister Wen of the Heavenly Mystic, but an emperor.

The Divine Court, the Divine Emperor!

Gao Xiaoxuan was Wen Qu. He used his chance to reincarnate to help the Divine Emperor reincarnate quietly.

He sacrificed himself and gave every opportunity to the Divine Emperor.

There was no Crown Prince of the Divine Court in the world. There was only the reincarnation of the Divine Emperor and Wen Qu.

So when Marquis Zhenyang asked Han Muye to find the Crown Prince, he was actually referring to the reincarnation of the Divine Emperor!

But no one knew that Wen Qu had hidden the reincarnation of the Divine Emperor with his own sacrifice. Everyone knew him as Wen Qu, and they were all waiting for the reincarnation of the Divine Emperor to return and meet Wen Qu.

Including this battle for the Dao, which was held in the Heavenly Mystic and the Immortal Spirit, dragging Wen Mosheng here was also to attract the reincarnation of the Divine Emperor.

But who could have thought that the Divine Emperor had been here all along!

“I had been in charge of the Divine Court for 300,000 years, and I intended to stay in this realm and not return to the immortal realm.

“But this violated the iron law of the immortal realm, which required guarding the mortal world.

“I made various plans to promote the sealing of the Immortal Ascension Platform and isolate the immortal and mortal realms.

“Unfortunately, my efforts were in vain.”

Because he wanted to stay in this realm, the Divine Emperor deliberately allowed all kinds of rumors about the immortal realm to spread.

Because the Divine Emperor wanted to promote the sealing of the Immortal Ascension Platform, he deliberately intensified the opposition between this realm and the immortal realm.

The human heart.

At this moment, Han Muye had a realization.

In the mortal world, the strongest power was not cultivation, but the human heart.

The allure of the mortal world was captivating.

Even a Divine Emperor who guarded the mortal world would have the thought of never returning to the Immortal World.

“My plan is flawless, but it can’t beat the turmoil of people’s hearts.”

“Wood Deity, Water Deity, Divine Lord Changming, and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian suffered a backlash from several mighty figures suppressing this world. The Divine Court collapsed.

“The only fortunate thing is that the Immortal Ascension Platform has been sealed.”

Looking at Han Muye, Wen Mosheng's eyes lit up.

"I didn't seal the Immortal Ascension Platform for myself.

"The Immortal Ascension Platform has always been controlled by the various sects in the Immortal World.

"The next sect to control the Immortal Ascension Platform and guard this world is the Blood Battle Sect.

"The Blood Battle Sect is known for its bloody battles, and never cares about the lives of countless living beings.

Looking at Han Muye, Wen Mosheng said in a low voice, "If the Blood Battle Sect guards this world, at least half of the living beings in this world will die."

### **Chapter 927 - 927 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (3)**

#### **927 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (3)**

After guarding this world for 300,000 years, the Divine Emperor already had thoughts of this world.

He didn't want to leave, and he certainly didn't want to hand it over to the battling sects.

Looking at Wen Mosheng in front of him, Han Muye was momentarily speechless.

Indeed, there was no right or wrong in the world.

People in this world were not inherently good or bad.

From the moment cultivators embarked on the path of cultivation, they had overcome all obstacles along the way. They had stepped on the bones of others to advance.

Which cultivator hadn't spilled blood on his hands?

Good people?

Good people didn't last long in the world of cultivation.

The Divine Emperor who had suppressed this world couldn't possibly be a good person.

The Wood Deity, Marquis Zhenyang, and the powerful figures of the Upper Three Heavens were not good people.

What about himself?

Han Muye shook his head.

He couldn't be considered a good person either.

For his cultivation path and the path of longevity, he had already killed countless cultivators and living creatures.

"So, are you going to use this battle to rebuild the Divine Court?" Han Muye looked at Wen Mosong.

Some people wanted to open the Ascension Platform, while others wanted to send off the ancient powerhouses while it was open. Still others wanted to rebuild the Divine Court.

Countless people had countless thoughts.

"Rebuilding the divine court?" Wen Mosheng shook his head.

"If you want to rebuild it, I can give you a few relics from the Ancient Divine Court. Perhaps some old officials who have a fondness for the glory of the past will come forward to follow you."

There were many such old officials.

But rebuilding the Divine Court was another matter entirely.

No one had suppressed this world with the Divine Court for countless years, and who would want to bear the burden of the yoke on their shoulders?

"I have no desire to rebuild the Divine Court," Han Muye paused and said softly. "I just want to cultivate well and see the scenery that I have never seen before."

The more he cultivated, the more afraid he was of life, and the more he wanted to climb to the lonely peak.

This was the driving force behind why so many strong cultivators pursued their goals and broke through barriers.

Unconsciously, Han Muye had already adopted the mindset of a strong cultivator.

"Since you don't want to rebuild the Divine Court, what do you want?" Han Muye asked Wen Mosheng.

To seek revenge against the ancient powers who destroyed the Divine Court back then?

The Divine Emperor couldn't do it then, and the Divine Emperor couldn't do it now.

"I have my own goals," Wen Mosheng shook his head and looked at Han Muye.

"Kid, we will do everything we can in this Dao battle, but the outcome will be determined by fate."

"If the ancient powers of the Upper Three Heavens offer the Heavenly Mystic World as a sacrifice, just do your best to protect the people you need to protect and take them away with you."

“I know you have a Dao sword that can carry millions of creatures through the void.”

After Wen Mosheng finished speaking, he raised his hand and tossed out a green jade seal.

“This is the seal of my sect. If you have the chance to go to the Immortal World, please bring it back for me.”

Han Muye reached out to take it and saw the words ‘Murong Zheng’ below the seal.

The Divine Emperor’s name was Murong Zheng.

This was his name in the Immortal Realm’s sects.

Now, he was Wen Mosheng.

When Han Muye looked up again, Wen Mosheng was already gone.

He tightly held the jade seal and a glint of light shone in his eyes..

With a movement, he traversed space and descended into the Heavenly Mystic Imperial City.



In the main hall of the Imperial City, tens of thousands of councilors were diligently calculating and strategizing, predicting the outcome of the impending war in front of the starry light screen.

Han Muye's arrival did not interrupt their work.

"What are our chances of winning?" Han Muye stood in front of the light screen and asked in a low voice.

"According to the current battle situation, the Heavenly Mystic is sure to win." Behind him, Xu Wei's voice sounded.

Xu Wei was the head of the councilors.

In the hall, everything was under his jurisdiction.

And in crucial moments, he could give orders directly, bypassing the bureaucracy.

"Based on the current situation." Han Muye's gaze fell on the light screen in front of him.

In it, the Heaven Mystic army had already surrounded and divided the various forces of the Immortal Spirit, forming three blockades around the Immortal Spirit Star.

If it were just a matter of military conflict, this battle would already be over.

The lightning attack launched by the Heavenly Mystic caught the Immortal Spirit army off guard, preventing them from launching an effective counterattack.

For over a year, these 10,000 councilors in the hall had worked tirelessly, planning for all possible scenarios and strategizing the military tactics to the fullest extent.

It resulted in the current situation.

“What’s our next move?”

Han Muye asked without moving his gaze.

“Encircle and kill,” Xu Wei said directly.

Encircle and kill the Immortal Spirit Star.

Not by directly attacking the Immortal Spirit Star, but by using the military to slowly wear it down.

Exhausting all the life force of the Immortal Spirit World.

This kind of battle was not exciting at all.

However, it was the most effective way to win the Dao War.

The Dao War was a battle of life and death, and the temporary outcome was not important.

What mattered was the complete annihilation of the opponent.

“What countermeasures will the Immortal Spirit World have?” Han Muye asked again.

This time, Xu Wei did not speak. Instead, he raised his hand and beckoned to someone.

A scholar in a green robe stood up and bowed to Han Muye.

“Tiger Head? You’re a councilor now?” Han Muye looked at the youth with a hint of innocence in his eyes.

Isn’t this Shao Datian and Cuicui’s kid?

“Reporting to Prime Minister Han, Shao Tianfeng joined the Council through his own knowledge and was selected as a councilor,” Xu Wei said with a light laugh.

Han Muye nodded.

Shao Tianfeng, the tiger follows the dragon, and the wind follows the tiger. This name was sought by Shao Datian after consulting with many people.

## Chapter 928 - 928 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (4)

### 928 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (4)

“Minister Han, we have planned 78 times and have come up with three possible countermeasures against the Immortal Spirit World. Shao Tianfeng said loudly, with determination in his voice.

Han Muye turned to look at him.

“The first one is to gather a large army and counter-surround us, dividing our Heavenly Mystic army.”

“We have no advantage in absolute strength, and as long as the Immortal Spirit army has the determination to fight to the death, the likelihood of breaking the encirclement is extremely high.”

“To deal with this situation, our army’s mobility needs to be tripled, and the most important thing is for the thousands of sword cultivators to suppress the enemy’s vanguard at any time.”

Shao Tianfeng did not hesitate and explained the speculated battle situation in a loud voice, along with the corresponding countermeasures.

Seeing Han Muye remained silent, he continued, “The second possibility is that a powerful force from the Immortal Spirit World strikes from behind, targeting our Heavenly Mystic commanding officers, especially the commander of the Thousand Sword Cultivators, Huang Zhihu.”

Huang Zhihu, who controlled the thousands of sword cultivators, was the first combat power of the Heavenly Mystic army.

If Huang Zhihu was assassinated, the combat power of the Heavenly Mystic army would probably be halved.

“The third one is to attack the Heavenly Mystic World directly?” Han Muye said calmly.

“Minister Han is right.” Shao Tianfeng nodded.

“Minister Han, do we need to recall a large army to the Heavenly Mystic World?” Xu Wei looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, “It’s too late.”

Too late!

With just one sentence, everyone in the entire hall was shocked.

“Boom!”

A loud noise resounded in the void.

The great formation above the imperial city was instantly triggered.

“Report, the Immortal Spirit Army has gathered in eight locations and is attacking from all sides. The front line cannot be surrounded.”

“Report, Immortal Spirit experts are besieging the sword cultivators’ army. There is a large formation suppressing them, and the commander of the Thousand Sword Cultivators, Huang Zhihu, is besieged.”

“Prime Minister Han, 30 flying ships of the Immortal Spirit World have already rushed 100,000 miles away beyond the Heavenly Mystic World. The vanguard has reached beyond the sky!”

One urgent report after another sounded outside the hall.

The officials who were still calculating the data in front of them looked up.

“How is it? Do we have a chance of winning?” Han Muye turned to him and asked in a soft voice.

Xu Wei’s face was as calm as water as he shook his head gently.

The power of the Immortal Spirit World itself was several times that of the Heavenly Mystic World.

After that, with the support of the Upper Three Heavens, they had the power to crush the Heavenly Mystic World.

If it weren't for Han Muye's lightning strike, when it came time for the decisive battle of the hundred-year Dao War, the Heavenly Mystic would have had no chance of winning.

At this moment, the Immortal Spirit World reacted. The three countermeasures had all been seen through the Heavenly Mystic's strength.

The frontline army was insufficient, the sword cultivators' formation was powerful, but needed a backbone to command, and the Heavenly Mystic World was even more empty.

With the three-pronged approach, the Immortal Spirit World was extremely brilliant.

But in a moment, the situation had already reversed, from a sure victory for the Heavenly Mystic to having no chance at all.

"Yes, no matter how meticulous the planning of worldly affairs, in the end it depends on the strength of one's power.

"Who would want to use an egg to strike a rock?"

Han Muye spoke softly, looking forward, his eyes filled with a strong fighting spirit: "But if you don't go and take the egg to collide with the stone, they will reach out and crush all your eggs!"

"Boom!"

Another loud bang echoed through the void.

A rift appeared in the sky.

The experts of the Immortal Spirit World came in droves, while the Heavenly Mystic World was extremely empty.

The sky was torn apart, and the entire Heavenly Mystic shook.

“The Immortal Spirit army is here to kill the evil-doer Han Muye, and it has nothing to do with anyone else.” A voice sounded from the void.

Only to kill Han Muye!

In the eyes of Immortal Spirit Realm experts, a single Han Muye was worth more than a constellation in the Heavenly Mystic World.

As long as Han Muye was killed today, the frontline army of the Heaven Mystic World would definitely inevitably disintegrate.

Just like how they had surrounded Huang Zhihu.

“Imperial Decree, Imperial City Guards, follow me to battle. We must not let the outside world hurt the living creatures of our Heavenly Mystic...”



Yunduan's voice rang out.

Above the Imperial City, flying ships gathered.

Outside the Imperial City, the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship that looked like an immortal city left the Yongding River where it had been docked for nearly a hundred years and flew straight to the Imperial City.

Princess Yunjin, wearing golden armor, stood side by side with Yunduan, who also wore golden armor and carried a long sword.

Looking at the palace below, Yun Jin's eyes showed a hint of complexity.

"If I can come back alive, I wonder if I can dance for you..."

With a soft whisper, she turned around.

Beside her, Yunduan's lips moved slightly, but in the end, she did not say anything.

"Woo—"

The horn sounded, and the flying ships rushed toward the void.

Below, several Confucian Dao cultivators in long robes and wide sleeves flew into the air.

In the distance, experts from the Daoist sects held down, presided over, and rushed into the clouds.

Further away, the Eastern Sea sword cultivators, the Southern Wasteland monsters, and the Western Frontier, dressed in a moon-white dress, with a green sword in her hand, Bai Suzhen flew up. Demonic qi lingered around her body.

At this moment, the sky cracked, and countless figures rushed into the sky to fight for the Heavenly Mystic.

Below, countless commoners raised their heads and looked at the dark sky, praying softly.

Streams of power of faith began to gather.

The phantoms of golden-armored generals appeared and rushed into the sky.

Han Muye stood on the stone steps in front of the hall and looked into the void.

“Dang Wuyou, Yuling Dao Sect, and White Cloud Temple are all major sects in the Upper Three Heavens.”

The battle intent in Han Muye’s eyes condensed.

“Inform the frontline army to surround Immortal Spirit Star at all costs.

“Use the three immortal treasures to suppress the frontline and detonate the immortal treasure spear and the Dark Jade Saber.

“Let Dark Shadow Heavenly Venerable and Huang Zhenxiong attack together and shatter the Immortal Spirit Star.

“Tell Huang Zhenxiong that Huang Zhihu will be fine.”

In the sky, the sounds of battle rang out as the spiritual light pillars of the fallen cultivators intertwined.

The Heavenly Mystic cultivators were using their lives to form a city wall to resist the attacks of the Immortal Spirit experts.

In front of these true experts, no one in the Heavenly Mystic World, who had already been transferred away from the experts, could stop these experts' footsteps.

The lives of those who died could not even be slowed down.

“Boom!”

A long arrow pierced through the sky, directly bursting dozens of flying ships.

The Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship was split into two by an arrow and fell from the void.

In the void, streams of light like tornadoes ravaged, and with a single blow, thousands of Heavenly Mystic cultivators perished.

At this moment, the brutal reality of the Dao War was revealed before the Heavenly Mystic World.

Life and death were in this moment!

Han Muye's fighting spirit finally erupted as he took a step forward.

No amount of restraint or planning could withstand a battle of life and death!

Even if this battle meant death!

With a wave of his hand, Han Muye rescued Princess Yunjin, covered in shattered golden armor, from under a long sword.

"Ahem, I'm willing to wear a long dress for you, and sing and dance on the immortal ship...

"I can also put on armor for you and fight in the sky...

"It's a pity that you won't look at me and listen to my song."

Princess Yunjin, with blood dripping from her mouth, looked desolate.

Yunduan, who was protected by a group of personal guards and had fought her way out of the encirclement, flew over. Seeing that Yunjin was not dead, she heaved a sigh of relief.

She turned her head, sadness flashing across her face.

“Qingfeng has fallen.”

Gongsun Qingfeng had protected her for decades and had always been loyal.

Even though she knew that the imperial guards were loyal to the emperor, how could she not be saddened after spending so many years with him?

Han Muye gave a pill to Yunjin, then sent her to Yunduan’s side.

“You, you have to live...”

Princess Yunjin gritted her teeth and spoke softly.

Beside her, Yunduan shuddered and lowered her head.

Han Muye's expression was calm as he took a step forward and soared into the sky.

Bai Suzhen, whose white dress was stained with blood, looked up with a sad expression.

Countless cultivators looked at Han Muye.

The Immortal Spirit powerhouses who had been besieging the Heavenly Mystic slowly turned around.

The foundation of the Heavenly Mystic World was still too shallow.

There were too few people who could hold the big picture.

"Senior Dang Wuyou, it seems that you're determined to kill me." Han Muye slowly walked forward and looked ahead with a calm expression.

Dang Wuyou, who was wearing a green Daoist robe, flew down. A divine court puppet appeared behind him.

Looking at Han Muye, Dang Wuyou said softly, "Han Muye, you're the only genius I've seen."

"Whether it's cultivation or managing a region, your talent and temperament are impeccable.

“Unfortunately, you were born in the wrong era.”

Born in the wrong era.

Han Muye looked at Dang Wuyou.

There was no joy on Dang Wuyou’s face that they were going to kill Han Muye.

He was born in the wrong era. Did that mean that Dang Wuyou was born in the right era?

Was such a battle what they hoped for?

Figures began to appear in the sky.

The powerhouses of the Upper Three Heavens watched with cold and solemn expressions.

In the eyes of these experts, whether it was Han Muye or Dang Wuyou, they were just clowns, insignificant fellows who stirred up the world.

These two men had taken everything that should have belonged to them.

In today's battle, Han Muye was destined to die.

The Heavenly Mystic was destined to fail.

No matter how much planning there was, it was impossible to turn the tables.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword in his hand flashed.

Behind him, the seven-story Sword Pavilion appeared.

No matter what, nothing was as sharp as the sword in his hand at this moment.

Since the situation had already reached this point, he would fight to the death!

### **Chapter 929 - 929 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (5)**

#### **929 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (5)**

With his own power, he faced the army of the Immortal Spirit World!

Behind Han Muye, the cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic World were filled with grief and indignation.

If their own cultivation was strong enough, they would also be willing to fight to the death.



But with so many great cultivators present, sacrificing their lives would be meaningless.

There was only one person in this world who could stop the Immortal Spirit army.

Han Muye.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic.

“Buzz!”

Without any hesitation, Dang Wuyou immediately controlled the Divine Court Puppet and swung his sword towards Han Muye.

The power controlled by the Divine Court Puppet was even stronger than that of the Divine Court guards. With one swing of the sword, the surrounding thousand miles of empty space were instantly frozen.

If this sword couldn't be stopped, not only Han Muye, but also the many Heavenly Mystic cultivators behind him would perish.

It was said that only Han Muye was to be killed, but if he fell, how could the cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic world be spared?

Honour and shame, life and death were shared.

The long sword in Han Muye's hand shone brilliantly.

Behind him, the seven-layered Sword Tower lit up layer by layer.

In the illusion, another nine-layered Sword Tower also appeared with golden radiance.

However, the nine-layered Sword Tower was hidden in the illusion and could only be seen by Han Muye himself.

At this moment, the sword light in the Sword Tower behind Han Muye transformed into a starry sky, including 30 million standard long swords and hundreds of thousands of swords of various levels collected over the years.

For a hundred years, he had concealed his sword, all for this moment.

Just like the time when he was in the Sword Pavilion on the Nine Mystic Mountain, practicing sword techniques, one sword per cycle of the 60-year cycle, to confront the Heaven Realm experts.

It turned out that the path of cultivation remained the same.

When Han Muye raised his sword, the clarity in his eyes was like that of the time when he condensed his soul into a sword to resist the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

It turned out that this heart had never changed in cultivation.

“I’m a sword cultivator.

“There’s a sword in my heart.

“There’s a sword in my hand.”

“My sword.” Han Muye’s voice echoed as he thrust his sword forward and charged ahead, “to protect everything I want to protect.”

The Sword Dao was a way of breaking and establishing. Able to break everything, but what was established?

It was the thought in his heart, protecting the peace in his heart.

With his hand on the hilt of his sword, his heart was at peace.

After he thrust his sword out, Han Muye’s spirit rapidly transformed.

He had a feeling of transforming into a sword, combining person and sword.

His sword intent had already condensed into the sword of his soul. If his primordial spirit and physical body merged, that would be even further, stepping into the realm of the sage.

“Clang—”

The long sword collided with the long scabbard, resonating and undulating, and the waves of clouds and shattered miles.

The Heavenly Mystic World shook, and various powers interwove in the sky, shining brightly.

Han Muye stood still, pointing his sword forward.

The towering body of the Divine Court puppet was pushed back to 10 miles away before stopping.

In the void, whether it was the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao War or the powerhouses from the Immortal World who attacked, they all looked at Han Muye, who did not move, in shock.

Was there really someone in the world who could force back a Divine Court puppet with a single strike?

The Divine Court puppet was a powerful being that controlled immortal treasures and could fight a Heavenly Venerable alone.

Even though this world could only display the power of the sage realm due to the Dao War's sealing, the combat power of the Divine Court puppet was still at the pinnacle of the sage realm.

"Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic has become so strong?" A Dao Ancestor muttered somewhat absent-mindedly.

From presiding over the Dao War to now, although Han Muye was often outside of monitoring, how could Han Muye improve to such a level in less than a hundred years?

The other Dao Ancestors were silent.

In their eyes, Han Muye could be said to have grown step by step.

Even watching such a genius grow was a joyous thing.

"Unfortunately, no matter how strong he is, he will definitely die today..." A Dao Ancestor shook his head and felt regretful.

He felt regretful for Han Muye's death.

Ten miles away, Dang Wuyou narrowed his eyes as a faint killing intent surged from his body.

The spiritual light in his hand turned into threads that penetrated the void.

Behind him, a hint of intelligence appeared on the originally dull face of the Divine Court puppet.

In the void, the Upper Three Heavens cultivators on the flying ships had cold expressions as they looked at the battlefield in front of them.

The sword in Han Muye's hand condensed again.

“Boom!”

The puppet of the Divine Court, shrouded in wind and thunder, flew towards Han Muye with a horizontal slash of its long sword, followed by a blood-red dragon, directly enveloping him.

The blade tore through the void, its radiance transforming into the image of a dragon.

The sound of the dragon's roar echoed, and the blade light pierced directly into Han Muye's heart and soul, stunning his senses.

The restraint of Qi, blood, and spiritual energy – this was the pinnacle of swordsmanship in the world.

With just one slash, the Divine Court puppet made countless people's faces turn pale.

There were few cultivators in the world who could master this level of swordsmanship.

“In ancient times, there was a sword expert named Wang Zhengwu, who swept across the world with his long sword. Later, this senior ascended to the Immortal World...”

A Dao Ancestor who witnessed the battle widened his eyes, murmuring in his mouth, his divine sense momentarily in chaos.

The expert in Sword Dao.

Ascending to the Immortal World.

“Impossible, absolutely impossible...” Someone muttered in a daze. He gritted his teeth and stared at the puppet.

“Wang Zhengwu had a move called ‘Mountain and River Severing’. That one slash could sever the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, blocking off a world.” Someone closely watched the puppet, their soul trembling and their mind tense.

The long sword slashed horizontally, and Han Muye extended his sword once again.

“Clang—”

Within a radius of thousands of miles, spiritual energy was directly shaken into nothingness, and countless Heavenly Mystic cultivators were unable to stabilize their bodies and fell.

Even the flying ships of the Immortal Spirit World had to retreat.

The sword Qi on Han Muye's body shattered, and his whole person flew backward, while the sword light on the seven-layered sword tower on his back flickered, as if it was about to dissipate at any moment.

### **Chapter 930 - 930 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (6)**

#### 930 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (6)

The Divine Court puppet holding the long saber stood in place and raised the long saber in its hand again.

Dang Wuyou's murderous aura rose from his body, slowly fading into the puppet, as if merging with it.

"Han Muye, I have never been afraid to fight against Wen Mosheng for 10,000 years.

"Because he's too complacent and lacks sharpness.

"But you're different." Dang Wuyou's eyes glinted with a solid killing intent as he looked at Han Muye.

It didn't matter if it was appreciation or cooperation.

In the end, they would still have to meet in life and death.



Since it was a matter of life and death, there was no way to hold back.

Dang Wuyou was a powerful and formidable figure.

He had been able to suppress the Immortal Spirit World for countless years, relying not only on his formidable combat power, but also on his ruthless means.

At this moment, his ambitious and ruthless aura was on full display.

“Han Muye, let me tell you a secret.

“I’ve already reached an agreement with the Spiritual Armored Demons. If the Upper Three Heavens sacrifices this world after the Dao War, they will attack.

“With the power of their clan, they can definitely hold off the Upper Three Heavens and make the sacrifice in vain.

“Our Immortal Spirit World will exist forever.

“Unfortunately, you won’t be able to see any of it.”

Perhaps it was because it was the final battle, and with Han Muye’s sword light shattered behind him, Dang Wuyou became more confident in his words.

His killing intent finally condensed into a thread, merging with the puppet behind him.

The long sword was raised, and the killing intent and fighting intent merged into a terrifying aura, transforming into a white tiger.

“Ancient Sword Intent.”

“Mountain and River Severing, it’s really Mountain and River Severing...”

“How could this Divine Court Puppet be an ancient powerhouse who had already ascended to the immortal world...”

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao battle all exclaimed in surprise.

An ancient powerhouse who had already ascended to the Immortal World. Why would he become a puppet and appear in this world?

Mountain and River Severing.

Although Han Muye did not recognize this sword move, he could sense the ancient powerhouse’s willpower it carried.

The killing intent that had condensed on the sword made his whole body shiver.

This slash was extremely powerful.

If he couldn't block this saber, the Heavenly Mystic World behind him would be directly shattered by it.

The mountains and rivers could be shattered.

It was only interesting to fight against such a strong opponent.

Han Muye squinted his eyes and a faint smile appeared on his face.

He pointed his long sword forward, and behind him, the sword lights on the seven-story sword tower converged again.

In his back, 30 million sword weapons in the nine-story sword tower trembled and turned into a long dragon of sword lights.

"Senior, I have a sword. It was formed from the inheritance of the ancient Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and was fused with Master Mo Yuan's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

"I named this sword move the Star Tribulation."

The dragon of sword lights coiled, and 30 million sword lights shone like endless stars, illuminating the sky.

The sword in Han Muye's hand turned from dazzling to agile. From the inheritance of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, sword light broke through time and space and merged into the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords that he learned from Mo Yuan.

The Sword Dao that broke through time and space was the pinnacle of the Sword Dao in the world.

10,000 swords becoming one was the peak of the accumulation of sword technique power in the world.

At this moment, the sword in Han Muye's hand was also the pinnacle of sword cultivation in the world.

The pinnacle of sword cultivation in the world clashed with the pinnacle of the ancient saber Dao.

In the void, all auras were sealed.

All the power surged and turned into a collision of sword and saber.

Before making a move, the saber and sword intent had already begun to collide.

The saber cut through mountains and rivers.

Sword, Star Tribulation.

"Boom!"

The collision of sword and saber lights caused the void to continuously shake for millions of miles.

Countless saber beams and sword intent tore through the void, turning the world into nothingness.

The power that had been sealed in the world was now shattered.

Those Dao ancestors who witnessed the battle had to fully protect the space.

If they didn't protect it, the blockade of the battle would collapse.

"Boom!"

The collision of saber and sword in the void turned into a loud noise and the power entangled and finally transformed into a constantly rotating black hole.

They shattered the power of the battle!

"Steady."

A voice sounded from the void.

Beams of spiritual light turned into a golden net of light that pressed down on the shattered hole and slowly dissipated.

A Heavenly Venerable mighty figure attacked!

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao Competition were all silent. They lowered their heads and did not speak.

Even the powerful ones who witnessed the Dao dispute were crestfallen when the seals of the two Daoists were broken.

Is this the power of the Dao Ancestors?

“All of them are monstrous geniuses...” After a long time, someone said softly.

Be it Dang Wuyou, who was controlling a Divine Court puppet, or Han Muye, who had triggered the peak of the Sword Dao with a single strike, they were both rare geniuses in the world.

Such people were rarely seen in a millennium.

But who could have imagined that such people would all appear in the place of the Dao dispute?

The Heavenly Venerable made a move, and the void in the sky was slowly repaired. Han Muye held a long sword and stood facing Dang Wuyou.

“Buzz!”

The saber light vibrated, and the golden puppet’s figure slowly turned illusory, but Dang Wuyou’s figure became even more illusory.

“Ahem, you’re very strong.” Dang Wuyou looked at Han Muye and sighed. “You’re the second person I’ve seen who has cultivated the Sword Dao to the extreme.”

A nostalgic look appeared on his face as he said softly, “The first was Yuan Tian.”

Slowly raising the long saber in his hand, Dang Wuyou raised his hand and lightly flicked it. “Dang”

The blade vibrated.

Han Muye looked at Dang Wuyou, was silent for a moment, and whispered, “Farewell, Senior Dang Wuyou.”

Farewell.

Dang Wuyou’s divine soul had completely dissipated. At this time, what stood before him was not the Divine Court Puppet, no, it was the ancient expert in the way of the sword.

Wang Zhengwu.

“Buzz!”

The saber light in Dang Wuyou’s hand surged as he turned around and looked at the sky.

“Wood Deity, Water Lord, I know you’re all here.

“I want to tell you that after ascending to the Immortal Ascension Platform, the spiritual energy will be cleansed in the Spirit Transformation Pool. All cultivation in this world will be destroyed.”

Holding his long saber, Dang Wuyou shouted to the sky.

“If you cannot ascend to the immortal realm by refining your spirit in the Spirit Transformation Pool, you will be regarded as materials for refining immortal treasures by the Immortal World.” A look of sorrow appeared on Dang Wuyou’s face.

“I’ve cultivated for countless years. In front of those cultivators from the Immortal World, I was nothing more than a spiritual medicine or spiritual material.

“This is the Immortal World you yearn for. This is the Immortal World you want to open the Immortal Ascension Platform and ascend to!”

Dang Wuyou’s voice echoed in the void.



Whether it was the powerful ones in the Upper Three Heavens or the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao battle, they all listened silently, their expressions changing.

Many cultivators knew nothing about what Dang Wuyou had said.

However, just imagining it sent a chill down his spine.

He had cultivated for countless years, but it turned out that he was only a spiritual herb in the eyes of others.

The longer one cultivated, the older the spiritual herb.

That was all.

“Deceiving the masses with false words.”

A voice sounded from the void of space.

A green river appeared in the void.

“Water Lord!” Dang Wuyou shouted.

The long river rolled back, and the waves wrapped around Dang Wuyou’s body.

Dang Wuyou's expression changed drastically. He raised his hand and threw the long saber in his hand at Han Muye.

Han Muye caught the long sword and fixed his gaze on the river ahead.

In the void, the river swept past, and Dang Wuyou's figure disappeared from where he stood.

An ancient powerhouse, a master of the way of the sword, and a returning cultivator from the immortal realm, all swallowed up by the river.

The river churned and produced waves that crashed down on Han Muye.

An ancient powerhouse made a move.

These waves loomed before him, but there was no way to avoid them.

This was the way of time and space, and the river had existed since ancient times.

If one were swallowed up by the river, one would be erased from the river of time, and it would be impossible to exist in this world.

Facing such an attack, only a powerhouse who truly mastered the power of time and space could resist.

Before these waves, let alone Han Muye, there were few powerhouses in this world who could withstand them.

This was the ancient powerhouse, who would never hold back once he made a move.

What use was talent and pride? They would be directly wiped out.

At this moment, everyone looked at Han Mu Ye with complex expressions.

“Water Lord.” Han Muye’s eyes gleamed as he looked at the waves ahead.

He had controlled the power of water in this world since ancient times, and he had mastered the power of heaven and earth during the Divine Court era. He was a powerhouse whose fate was connected to the world.

Taking a deep breath, an endless stream of sword light burst forth from Han Muye’s body.

He held a sword pill tightly in his hand.

Sword qi poured into the sword pill, and the sword light flashed in his mind.

Pieces of supreme-grade spirit stones appeared around him and exploded with a bang.

“Please make a move, Senior Yuan Tian.”

In Han Muye’s mind, a long sword slashed down from the sky.

This sword light combined with the sword light in Han Muye’s hand and slashed at the long river in front of him.