

Pavilion 931

Chapter 931 - 931 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (7)

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Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

A powerful being from ancient times, known as the God of Swords.

Back then, this mighty figure split the heavens and earth with a single sword and ascended to the Immortal World.

It was also this same figure who cut off a branch of the Sky Reaching Tree with a sword and refined it into whipgrass.

The swordsmanship and art of refining of this powerful being were incredibly formidable.

Since Han Muye received the sword pellet from Ying Yang and handed it over to him, he had been guiding the sword radiance of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian within it, shattering his own primordial spirit and then reverting it back.

This comprehension of sword techniques imbued with the power of time and space allowed Han Muye's own combat strength to skyrocket.

It seemed to Han Muye that this sword was a blade that transcended time.

Every time his divine soul was shattered, it would regenerate again.

This sword traveled through time and space, coming from countless millennia ago.

However, Han Muye knew that this sword could also directly traverse space.

For example, at this moment.

With a mysterious halo, Han Muye swung the sword in his hand, and the entire space in front of him shattered.

All the supreme-grade spirit stones around him were completely crushed.

Endless power converged, causing the spiritual light on his body to soar.

The sword radiance shone brilliantly.

Piercing through the ripples in the void, the sword cut the clear and bright river in two!

The river tried to evade, but it was utterly impossible to escape.

Even the divine court puppet, an ancient mighty figure that could devour a hidden saber Dao mighty figure with a single strike, was slashed into two by this sword.

What kind of sword strike was this!

The sword traversed endless space, severing it and entering the void.

Within the void, a startled cry could be heard: “Yuan Tian, you’re not dead—”

“Buzz!”

The sword light in Han Muye’s hand vibrated, and the cold sword edge condensed into a 100-foot-long halo.

“Die? Even if you loaches die, I won’t die.”

A deep voice faintly emerged and resounded in the surrounding void.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian!

The spiritual light in Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

It was the voice of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

The one who had long ago split the heavens and earth and ascended to the immortal realm.

However, the voice at this moment was not the real Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

The water ripples shook, and the Water Lord seemed extremely panicked, dissipating from the void.

Other yet-to-appear powerful beings also seemed to vanish directly.

The Immortal Spirit army that attacked the Heavenly Mystic retreated in disarray, not daring to make any moves even for a hundred thousand miles.

With Dang Wuyou's fall, the Immortal Spirit side was left without a leader.

Dang Wuyou possessed the Divine Court puppet, which could suppress all sides.

But now, with Dang Wuyou's demise, the puppet was also devoured, and no one in the Immortal Spirit world, regardless of who they were, could suppress those powerful beings of the Upper Three Heavens.

However, nobody paid attention to these matters. Everyone was immersed in astonishment, unable to regain their clarity for a while.

With the appearance of ancient powerful beings, the involvement of the Ancient Ascension Platform after the Dao Struggle, the existence of the Immortal Realm above this realm, and the multitude of chaotic information, it left everyone's minds in disarray.

These pieces of information were no less than a mental earthquake, causing the faith of many cultivators to teeter on the verge of collapse.

It turned out that Heavenly Venerables were not the strongest in this realm. There were still powerful beings like the Water Lord in this realm.

Furthermore, according to the Divine Court puppet, after ascending to the Immortal Realm through the Ascension Platform, everyone became spiritual materials and spiritual herbs.

After a lifetime of arduous cultivation, they could only serve as materials for others.

Wasn't it rumored that the ancient cultivators never returned after ascending?

Wasn't it said that the collapse of the Divine Court back then was because the connection between the Immortal World and this realm was severed?

With various chaotic messages, it was unclear what was true and what was false, but each one overturned previous understanding.

Who was lying, after all?

The sky of the Heavenly Mystic World slowly closed.

The shattered heavens and earth slowly restored themselves.

Han Muye stood in the void, looking ahead with a calm expression, a glimmer of brilliance in his eyes.

In his hand, he held the Divine Court puppet, a saber given to him by Wang Zhengwu, the ancient expert in the saber Dao.

Within the saber resided the cultivation inheritance of Wang Zhengwu, as well as his various experiences, and the process of his thousand-year cultivation in the transformation pool, ultimately being refined into a puppet.

For a thousand years in the transformation pool, Wang Zhengwu was unrivaled in the saber Dao.

However, he was unwilling to give up his spiritual cultivation. In the end, when the thousand years had passed, a pair of large hands took him and directly integrated him into the puppet's body, sending him to this realm as a guardian puppet of the Divine Court.

There were many others sent to various realms as guardian puppets alongside him, and his return to this realm was just a coincidence.

The immortal realm had sects skilled in refining sword weapons and various immortal treasures, as well as various sects skilled in puppet refinement, including the likes of the Blood Battle Sect, a renowned sect of slaughter and battle.

The 18 Spiritual Transformation Pools were guarded in turns by these major sects, resembling inexhaustible resource repositories.

Fortunately, the sealing of the Immortal Ascension Platform in this realm was not a big deal for the Immortal World.

After all, a transformation pool connected hundreds or thousands of worlds, so the loss of one or two worlds was normal.

The information seen within the long saber was not unfamiliar to Han Muye.

He had seen it among various treasures circulating in the Immortal World before.

For example, the spear that the Blood Battle Sect expert used to break the Wood Deity's defense.

"Minister Han, although the Immortal Spirit army has temporarily retreated, they won't give up on attacking," Xu Wei's voice sounded beside Han Muye.

A glimmer of light flashed in his eyes as he spoke in a low voice, "All orders have been issued on the frontlines. The Immortal Spirit Star cannot withstand the onslaught of the two powerful beings."

"If even the Heavenly Mystic World cannot be preserved, we can evacuate early."

The two Heavenly Venerable mighty figures, Sixth Brother Huang and Zhao Zhenghe, had taken action on the Immortal Spirit Star, and they possessed extremely powerful treasures.

No one could possibly withstand their attacks.

As long as the Immortal Spirit Star was shattered, the Immortal Spirit army would undoubtedly collapse.

Chapter 932 - 932 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (8)

932 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (8)

At that time, when the frontlines were surrounded, in this decisive battle of the Dao Struggle, the Immortal Spirit side completely collapsed, with no chance of winning.

At that time, even if the Immortal Spirit had powerful individuals supporting them, they could at most stabilize their own situation and not be defeated so quickly.

Moreover, with Dang Wuyou's fall at this moment, the Immortal Spirit army was left without a leader and was unable to organize a defense line.

"So, are you suggesting that we also give up on the Heaven Mystic World too?" Han Muye looked ahead and said softly.

With so many powerful individuals from the Immortal Spirit side launching a sudden attack, even with Dang Wuyou's fall, they would certainly not give up on attacking the Heavenly Mystic World.

As long as Han Muye was killed and the Heavenly Mystic World was captured, the crisis caused by Dang Wuyou's fall would be resolved.

This group consisting mainly of the Upper Three Heavens experts would then be able to gain control over the Immortal Spirit World.

"Yes, give up on the Heavenly Mystic. We will retreat as far as we can, and when the frontlines converge, we will be in an unbeatable position," Xu Wei paused for a moment and whispered, "You cannot die."

"I can't die, so everyone else can die?" Han Muye said softly.

Xu Wei remained silent, but his expression was firm.

"The Heavenly Mystic is home to countless lives. Are the lives of ordinary people that insignificant?" Han Muye shook his head. "If that's the case, what differentiates us from those people?"

Xu Wei didn't speak.

Once a person's mind had made a choice, it was not easily changed.

Moreover, Han Muye was a sword cultivator.

To make a swordsman change his thoughts, it would be best to break his sword.

“Since you’re unwilling to retreat, then mobilize the power of the stars in the Heavenly Mystic, gather all the power of belief,” after a moment of silence, Xu Wei said calmly, “Sacrifice the heavens and the earth.

“After all, even without sacrifice, we will die.”

In the end, sacrifices had to be made.

It was just that the process of sacrifice was different.

One was giving up, the other was sacrificing.

Han Muye turned his head to look at Xu Wei.

Since he was going to make a sacrifice, he naturally had to start with himself.

Looking up at Han Muye, Xu Wei whispered, “Minister Han, please make a decision.”

Pausing for a moment, he lowered his voice. “If Prime Minister Han can’t make a choice, I can issue a military order on your behalf.”

He didn't care about life and death.

That was how Xu Wei was from the beginning, showing no concern for his own life in the face of obstacles.

Back then, on the Yongding River, he didn't care about his cultivation, easily giving it up.

As long as there was determination in his heart, as long as the sacrifice was worthwhile, he hesitated not.

This was Xu Wei, Xu Green Vine.

"Mr. Green Vine, in the Dao Struggle, the grand trend is the struggle for life. If I cannot give the living beings of the Heavenly Mystic World a chance at life, what am I struggling for?" Han Muye looked at Xu Wei and spoke softly.

Han Muye looked at Xu Zhi and said softly.

What's the point of the struggle?

Was it truly just for a chance to reach the peak?

To cultivate oneself at the expense of countless lives, Han Muye couldn't bring himself to do such a thing.

He was engaged in the Dao Struggle to protect.t.

His sword was for protection.

Turning his gaze to the distant void, the Immortal Spirit army gathered once again, with spiritual light shining and illuminating the heavens and earth.

The Immortal Spirit army attacked once more.

The sword light on Han Muye's body rose and he slowly raised his hand.

He turned his head and looked towards the Heavenly Mystic World.

“Since the Dao Struggle has been initiated, there must be a few cards to play, don't you think?”

Whispering under his breath, he swung his sword.

The power of space.

The radiance of this sword traversed countless miles of heaven and earth, directly landing on the Cloud Nest Ridge of the Heavenly Mystic in the Western Frontier.

“Boom!”

The entire Cloud Nest Ridge exploded, and a chaotic black vortex appeared.

A spatial passage.

This passage leading to the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, the spatial channel that Han Muye personally sealed off back then, was now being opened by his own hands.

“Buzz!”

Countless figures formed formations within the spatial passage.

Military formations.

One sword cultivation formation after another, led by Heavenly Venerable Qi Yang, stepped into the Heavenly Mystic.

“Immortal Source Realm, hehe, it’s been a long time...”

Heavenly Venerable Qi Yang, descending from the void, looked around and whispered softly.

Behind him, the sword cultivators of the Qiyang Sword Sect soared into the sky.

Tens of thousands.

Millions.

Tens of millions.

After tens of millions of sword cultivators, demonic formations floated up, spreading malevolent energy.

The demonic army on the Ancestral Demon Star.

One military formation after another surged out, instantly filling the sky.

“Buzz!”

The spatial passage roared and trembled, causing the entire Western Frontier to become turbulent.

A tyrannical force of qi and blood emanated from the spatial passage.

An army in golden armor stepped out.

Before these military formations stood an old man clad in golden armor with white hair.

“Cao Yi!”

A cry of astonishment echoed in the void.

“Hehe, there are still people who recognize this old man.” The white-haired general looked up, a hint of cold laughter on his face.

“I wonder if you recognize the Butcher Cao Yi or the Imperial Uncle Cao Yi?” The old general looked towards the sky and said calmly, “Which old comrades are here to welcome this Imperial Uncle?”

His voice reverberated through the sky.

The vast expanse of the void trembled.

However, at this moment, not a single voice responded.

Those mighty figures were intimidated by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s sword, and none of them dared to show themselves.

Cao Yi shook his head and sneered. “As expected, you’re all like loaches.”

“If this Imperial Uncle had been present when the Divine Court collapsed, I would have slaughtered you like dogs.”

With a wave of his hand, countless armies rushed out of the spatial passage, charging towards the sky.

Blood qi and spiritual qi gathered on the military formation, condensing into the phantoms of golden tigers.

The power of these military formations completely revealed the suppression of the forces of heaven and earth, causing cracks to appear in the void.

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao Struggle could only exert all their efforts to suppress and prevent the collapse of this world.

Cao Yi’s expression remained unchanged as he flew up and landed beside Han Muye.

Chapter 933 - 933 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (9)

933 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (9)

“Kid, what you said, would lead me to see the emperor.”

A bloody aura surged from Cao Yi’s body.

Han Muye nodded and waved his hand, saying, "Imperial Uncle, don't worry. Since I've brought you to the Heavenly Mystic, naturally, you can see the Divine Emperor."

A gleam flashed in Cao Yi's eyes, and he nodded, looking ahead.

At this moment, the powerful experts from the Upper Three Heavens had already retreated.

The initial ambush had turned into a head-on clash, and no one was willing to directly fight against this Endless army.

Many people had already recognized that the army in front of them came from beyond the dam.

The battle between the Immortal Source World and the forces beyond the dam was not a one or two-time occurrence.

The strength of the army beyond the dam was far beyond what the Immortal Source World could handle.

If it weren't for the support of powerful individuals and the embankment blocking the way, the army of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy would have long invaded the Immortal Source World.

Moreover, among the leaders was Cao Yi, who had led an army to sweep across the world in ancient times.

For hundreds of thousands of years, the Imperial Uncle Cao Yi had commanded his army to invade the Immortal Source World several times, causing it to suffer heavy losses.

The name 'Butcher Cao Yi' came from this.

The surprise attack by the Immortal Spirit World's army had no choice but to hastily retreat.

Unfortunately, once these powerful experts gathered their formidable strength and left, the side of the Heavenly Mystic's side was unable to pursue.

Even if it was the army from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, they could engage in a frontal battle, but chasing after these powerful experts would be seeking death.

Even Cao Yi did not propose to pursue.

There was no need to pursue.

The struggle of the Dao was about the overall situation.

The overall situation had already been won, so why pursue further?

Ten days later, a message came from the front void. Huang Six and Zhao Zhenghe joined forces to shatter the Immortal Spirit Star.

A grand main star of a vast world, ruling over thousands of starry worlds, was directly shattered by the two powerful experts.

As the Immortal Spirit Star crumbled, the army that had besieged Huang Zhihu retreated without any achievements.

Every sword cultivator in the tens of millions carried a sword pill, and their fighting strength remained unbroken even under the attack of an army several times their size.

Afterward, the frontline Heavenly Mystic army surrounded them.

The frontline powerful individuals self-detonated two Immortal Treasures, burying dozens of military formations of the Immortal Spirit, causing numerous powerful individuals to fall or be seriously injured.

The Immortal Spirit army had no choice but to retreat again.

At this time, news of Dang Wuyou's demise had already spread.

The Immortal Spirit army had lost all fighting spirit and suffered a complete defeat.

The only thing the powerful individuals from the Upper Three Heavens who retreated from the Heavenly Mystic World could do was forcibly break through the encirclement, gather the besieged Immortal Spirit army, and then gather the cultivators who were fleeing on the Immortal Spirit Star.

Three months later, the first major battle between the Immortal Spirit and the Heavenly Mystic armies came to an end.

With lightning-fast warfare, the Heavenly Mystic World besieged the Immortal Spirit World and shattered the Immortal Spirit Star.

The Immortal Spirit's attempt to surprise attack the Heavenly World failed, and the ruler of the Immortal Spirit World, Dang Wuyou, fell.

In the entire battle, whether it was the duel between experts or the battle of the armies, the Heavenly Mystic emerged as the clear victor.

On the Immortal Spirit side, the surviving army barely held on to one-tenth of their previous territory, relying on the powerful individuals from the Upper Three Heavens to stabilize their position.

On the other hand, the Heavenly Mystic side, despite losing two Immortal Treasures, held an absolute advantage and established the overall situation of the Dao struggle.

Furthermore, with the opening of the spatial passage to the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, the arrival of the Ancient Divine Court's army, the strength of the Heavenly Mystic side had expanded a hundredfold.

The struggle of the Dao entered the next stage.

The Heavenly Mystic and the Immortal Spirit forces confronted each other, and all military operations were planned by the councilors.

Han Muye, on the other hand, went into seclusion once again.

His current task was to integrate his avatars and take a step into the realm of the Sages.

Chapter 934 - 934 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (10)

934 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (10)

The realm of the sage was the beginning of condensing one's own Great Dao.

When one's own Great Dao could become a lasting path between heaven and earth, that was the realm of the Dao Ancestor.

Although Han Muye had already mastered the dao of time and space, he had not merged it with his own Great Dao. His physical body and avatars were not unified with his primordial spirit, unable to reach the realm of the sage.

The upcoming battle was no longer a large-scale army clash, but a confrontation between the powerful.

Without reaching the realm of the sage, he didn't even have the qualification to participate.

Cao Yi had already gone to meet Wen Mosheng, and Han Muye didn't know the specifics of their conversation, but it seemed that Cao Yi no longer had the same conviction to rebuild the Divine Court as before.

Outside the battleground of the Dao Struggle, in the void, Han Muye's divine beast avatar confronted a figure.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

At this moment, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's face revealed a hint of complexity.

"If those guys knew that Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, who made them afraid to move, looked like this, would they laugh like crazy?"

Looking towards the front, Yuan Tian shook his head and whispered, "All I can do to help you is this."

"Using the sword left behind from that year, crossing the river of time."

"Now, I can't even display 1/10,000 of the power of this strike."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, Immortal Source Sword God.

He cut through the heavens and ascended to the Immortal World, but ultimately fell, leaving behind only a remnant of his soul in this world, along with a sword light from that year.

Han Muye continuously stimulated the sword light, allowing Yuan Tian to have a sense of it and regain the memories of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

However, his power was no longer existent.

Now, there was only Sword Venerable Yuan Tian in the world, and the Immortal Source Sword God Yuan Tian no longer existed.

“The Wood Deity, the Water Lord, and Marquis Zhenyang are all experts who suppressed an area during the ancient divine court era. It’s very difficult for you to reverse their request.”

Looking at Han Muye, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian whispered.

As a powerful being who existed in the same era, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had knowledge of these people and understood the cultivation methods at this level.

Regardless, once the decision to open the Immortal Ascension Platform was made, it would not change.

Otherwise, it would be easy to lose the will to cultivate and ultimately fall.

Many powerful beings reached a point where they could no longer advance, their powers lost, and they had to be reborn to start over.

“I know,” Han Muye nodded, determination shining in his eyes.

He understood what Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was saying.

From the beginning to the end, all his efforts were not to stop the sacrifice and the opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

Even though the Spiritual Pool after ascending would leave only one out of 10 cultivators alive, it was still a way out.

Better than having no way forward at all.

For top cultivators in this realm, opening the Immortal Ascension Platform was an opportunity, a good thing.

“Senior, during the Dao Struggle, if the Immortal Ascension Platform is truly reopened, will you go to the immortal realm?” Han Muye turned his head to look at Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and asked.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was briefly taken aback. “Of course.”

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

That was his answer.

The former Divine Emperor, now Wen Mosheng, had made a mistake.

By sealing off the Immortal Ascension Platform and separating the two realms, he cut off the connection between the immortal and mortal realms.

This seemingly protected the living beings in this realm but blocked the path of ascension for those powerful beings.

In any world, it was not the endless living beings that truly controlled the world, but the topmost powerful individuals among them.

Only by maintaining a balanced position with these powerful beings could everything be suppressed.

When this balance was broken, the result was the destruction of the Divine Court that had ruled this realm for countless years and the fall of the Divine Emperor.

Those powerful beings had sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform in the past, but in the end, they would reopen it.

Han Muye didn't linger any longer. He took a step forward and charged into the battleground of the Dao Struggle.

Watching his figure disappear, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian let out a soft sigh and looked up at the empty sky above.

"Every era has those chosen by heaven and earth. I was one back then, and now, it's you..."

With a soft whisper, he disappeared from the spot.

Without the battle prowess of the Immortal Source Sword God Yuan Tian, his presence in the battleground of the Dao Struggle would not only be useless but could also invite unforeseen calamities.

The only thing he could do was to continue being Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

Let the legend of the Immortal Source Sword God Yuan Tian continue to be passed down.

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In the battleground of the Dao Struggle, within the void, a bolt of lightning suddenly appeared.

The golden lightning transformed into the shadow of a dragon, soaring between heaven and earth.

The entire vast void was filled with golden thunderclouds.

“When a sage appears, the heavens and earth tremble!” Someone exclaimed in the void.

“It’s the attainment of void sanctification, not earth sanctification. After the collapse of the divine court, are there still people in the world who can achieve sanctification in the void?” Among the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao Struggle, someone muttered in confusion.

With the suppression of the divine court, the power of the void in this realm was stable. To achieve sagehood, one needed to attract the tribulation thunder of the divine court and solidify their Dao body.

However, without the divine court gathering the tribulation thunder, one could not solidify their physical body to its strongest and merge with the Great Dao.

The cultivators who aimed to achieve sanctification in the void ultimately failed.

Many had to seek another realm, bestow their own Great Dao upon it, and become the sage of that realm.

After the collapse of the Divine Court, over 90 percent of the sages were achieved in this manner.

The remaining ten percent merged their own grand dao with the cultivation methods they practiced. For example, Huang Six achieved himself by merging with demonic cultivation methods, becoming the Heaven Trampling Great Sage.

Such sages possessed formidable battle prowess, but their foundations were not stable enough, lacking sufficient accumulation.

“In this realm, there is someone with such ambitions to achieve sanctification in the void. It must be Han Muye of the Heavenly Mystic.” Someone stared at the dragon shadow and spoke in a deep voice.

“Boom!”

Chapter 935 - 935 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (11)

935 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (11)

Amidst the lightning, a divine beast that was a million feet tall appeared.

The incarnation of a divine beast!

The divine beast Baxia floated in the air, channeling the boundless power of its life force, causing thunderous light to surge between heaven and earth as it headed towards Heavenly Mystic World.

The power emanating from Baxia was too strong, shattering the void.

Countless stars were crushed.

He moved forward in a straight line.

Protected by the thunderous light.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, Han Muye, dressed in a white robe, soared into the sky.

The soaring sword light condensed into a line.

The sharpness of that sword light seemed capable of tearing the entire world apart.

The Dao ancestors who witnessed the Dao Struggle all activated their own power, stabilizing this battleground with all their might.

An avatar.”

“The divine beast Baxia’s avatar. It was no wonder that Han Muye of the Heavenly Mystic could obtain the support of the Desolate Wilderness divine beast.”

“I should have known that he was the one who led the Desolate Wilderness into the Heavenly Mystic.”

Han Muye possessed the body of a divine beast, which allowed him to receive assistance from the divine beast Qilin.

Han Muye possessed a divine beast clone, allowing him to both stay in the battleground of the Dao Struggle and gather countless allies outside of it.

Countless Heavenly Venerables and the various factions of the Scattered Stars Island, the sword cultivators of the Green Touring Realm, and the experts and armies of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy outside the dam.

No wonder Han Muye secluded himself for decades, and no wonder the important matters of the Heavenly Mystic World were handled by the consul.

Because Han Muye had more, even more important things to attend to.

If it weren't for the Ancient Cloud Galaxy's army and the Imperial Uncle Cao Yi, the Heavenly Mystic would have suffered heavy losses in this battle. They wouldn't have won such a huge victory.

"Buzz!"

In the void, there were waves of divine thoughts rumbling, as if the heavens and earth were being suppressed.

The Dao ancestors who witnessed the Dao Struggle all had changing expressions.

They didn't need to personally enter the battleground of the Dao Struggle; as long as they issued orders, there were plenty of people to carry them out.

Sure enough, dozens of figures flew out from the Immortal Spirit World.

Similarly, in the neutral territory left behind after the opening of the divine court's treasury, nearly a hundred figures flew out.

"They are all experts ranked on the Heavenly and Earthly Rankings." Some murmured as they watched these figures.

“Han Muye is ranked ninth on the Heavenly Rankings, and with that formidable divine beast clone, even experts ranked on the Heavenly and Earthly Rankings would be useless if they came.” Someone stared at the rapidly converging divine beast avatar and Han Muye’s main body and spoke in a low voice.

As long as Han Muye’s main body and avatar fused and transcended the Saint, the Void Lightning Tribulation, and stepped into the Saint realm, his combat strength would definitely increase by a hundred times!

Once Han Muye stepped into the realm of the Sage, it was feared that no one would be able to contend with him in the battleground of the Dao Struggle!

“Coming!”

Everyone watched as a Daoist in black robes blocked the path before Han Muye’s main body.

A blood-colored aura emanated from the Daoist, obviously a condensed malevolent energy.

“I’ll handle this.” A voice resonated in the void as Mo Yuan, dressed in a green robe, stepped forward with a long sword in hand.

“You and I share a master-disciple bond. In this battle today, I’ll take your place.” Mo Yuan spoke softly, and his sword immediately transformed into countless sword lights, thrusting towards the Daoist in black robes.

The aura around him continued to converge, and his power seemed about to explode.

The Daoist in black robes had to concentrate and raise his hand, colliding with the black light on the long sword.

Han Muye's figure remained unchanged as he swiftly flew away from the battlefield.

Meanwhile, in the realm of the Heavenly Mystic, figures intertwined in the void.

The Heavenly Mystic occupied 90 percent of the battleground, and the powerful defenders from various locations made their move, rushing towards the practitioners who were attempting to intercept Han Muye.

In the neutral territory, countless figures also flew out.

"We may not participate in the Dao Struggle, but Han Muye of the Heavenly Mystic once established this neutral territory for us to hide and cultivate."

"We cannot forget this favor."

A sword cultivator gripped his sword and charged towards the figures trying to intercept Han Muye.

Others also bravely joined the fight.

Perhaps those trying to intercept Han Muye were all formidable, but there were too many interceptors from various directions, and their goal was only to engage in combat.

At that moment, only about a dozen people were able to truly break free from the entanglement.

Each one of them was highly ranked on the Heavenly Rankings.

The Yuling Dao Palace's Sun Jiusheng.

Dao Lord Yun Lin of the White Cloud Temple.

Three Sheep Sword Sect's Xun Muyue.

...

True power can only be resisted by the powerful.

Fortunately, the side of the Heavenly Mystic now also has its share of strong individuals.

Huang Six held the emblem of the state and a sword high in the air, standing in the middle of the road, blocking three top-ranked individuals on the Heavenly Rankings.

Zhao Zhenghe wielded the Divine Emperor's Sword in his hand, and behind him, the faceless dark guards changed their forms, enclosing two top-ranked experts on the Heavenly Rankings.

“This path is blocked.” Yan Zhenqing, holding a brush in his hand, swung his large sleeves, and the ink color stained the heavens and earth. Behind him, the divine light on the Investiture of the Gods shimmered.

“Pure Qi fills the universe—,” Huang Tingshu, dressed in a robe radiating divine light, turned the ink color into clouds and plum trees, each ink plum blossoming and encompassing the heavens and earth.

“If you want to harm Minister Han, ask about the sword in my hand.” Qin Suyang’s sword emitted a piercing scream, tearing through the heavens and earth

Using the sword to attain the Dao and the sword to become a Sage. At this moment, Qin Suyang had already become a Sage of the Alchemy, Confucian, and Sword factions. His combat strength was so strong that he could sweep through a region.

One by one, the experts of the Heavenly Mystic World appeared in the void, blocking the powerful individuals trying to intercept Han Muye.

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he swiftly rushed forward.

“Boom!”

A thousand-foot-long arrow descended from the sky and stabbed at Baxia’s avatar.

“Bang!” The Qilin, holding a ball of flame in its hand, flew down and shattered the arrow.

"I am here." The Qilin gazed towards the depths of the void, speaking lightly.

What does an immortal treasure matter? What does a Heavenly Venerable mean? Today, they will not pass.

In the void, countless figures flew in, and countless figures stood in the way.

Amidst the thunderous sky, Han Muye's Avatar and main body were separated by thousands of miles, blocked by three figures.

Fifth on the Heavenly Rankings, Dao Lord Duan Yun of the Yuling Dao Sect.

Sixth on the Heavenly Rankings, Dao Ancestor Ming Sheng, the Sect Master of the Xuanling Dao Sect.

Seventh on the Heavenly Rankings, Dao Ancestor Yun Lin, the master of the White Cloud Temple.

The three powerhouses from the Upper Three Heavens were all powerful and ranked among the top of the Heavenly Rankings.

But it wasn't just these three.

In the void, two faint shadows also appeared.

These shadows actually pushed aside the power of the Dao Struggle between heaven and earth, existing between nothingness and the void.

Unwilling to be involved in the Dao Struggle yet appearing in this place, such individuals were at least Heavenly Venerables.

“Heavenly Venerable Xing Di, the Grand Elder of the Yuling Dao Palace.

“Heavenly Venerable Mu Ran, Vice Sect Master of the Spirit Moon Dao Sect.”

In the void, the Dao Ancestors who presided over the witnessing of the Dao Struggle could only give their full support.

The intervention of the two Upper Three Heaven’s mighty Heavenly Venerables pushed this battleground to the brink of collapse.

If the battleground were to collapse, these Dao Ancestors would be consumed by the backlash.

Of course, the Heavenly Venerables behind them would also be involved.

“Buzz!”

A sword light rushed towards Han Muye first. It was Dao Ancestor Yun Lin from the White Cloud Temple.

Han Muye had intercepted several powerful individuals from the White Cloud Temple, and his grudge with them ran deep.

The sword in Dao Ancestor Yun Lin's hand emitted traces of spatial power. The immortal light shining on the blade was endless and illusory.

"This strike is not bad. I'll take it." Heavenly Venerable Qi Yang drew his sword from its sheath, swung it, and clashed his sword light against the long sword.

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he took a step forward, crossing over the sword light and advancing a hundred miles.

A golden light net descended upon Han Muye's head.

Dao Ancestor Mingsheng was sixth on the Heaven Rankings.

The Ancestor of the Dao, naturally skilled in the Dao.

The light net gathered the Heaven and Earth powers and was condensed over 100,000 years. It was an immortal treasure that could travel through the river of time.

Before the light net could descend, a burst of demonic light exploded above Han Muye's head.

“Good treasure. I like such demonic objects.” The Ancestral Demon chuckled, his demonic light intertwining in his hand.

At this moment, Dao Lord Duan Yun of the Yuling Dao Palace held a golden seal in both hands, watching the Divine Beast Baxia’s relentless steps.

“Steady.”

The golden seal transformed into millions of feet in size, floating down and smashing towards the Divine Beast Baxia.

But in the void, the golden seal continued to swirl and couldn’t come crashing down.

A green dragon appeared above Baxia’s head, its blood and qi surging as it let out a long roar towards the sky.

Chen Qingzhi, the Marquis Wu of the Heavenly Mystic, possessed the body of the Azure Dragon, capable of toppling the heavens with his strength.

In front of Han Muye, there remained only two illusory figures in an 800-mile void..

But these two were Heavenly Venerables, the pinnacle of this realm, and true mighty beings from the Upper Three Heavens.

Divine light enveloped their bodies, clearly indicating the presence of immortal treasures.

Against such powerhouses, Han Muye would undoubtedly be unable to resist.

“Will Wen Mosheng, the first on the Heavenly Rankings, make a move?” Among the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao Struggle in the void, someone whispered.

“The first on the Heavenly Rankings has yet to make a move. I wonder if he will this time.”

“We don’t know about the first on the Heavenly Rankings, but if the Imperial Uncle Cao Yi makes a move, they can directly suppress the situation.”

The Dao Ancestors deduced the balance of power between the two sides.

There were experts behind the Heavenly Mystic.

“It’s impossible. If such a powerhouse were to make a move, this battleground would directly collapse, possibly attracting several mighty beings to directly confront each other.”

“But in this situation, if Cao Yi, the Imperial Uncle, and Wen Mosheng don’t make a move, who else can come to the rescue?”

Chapter 936 - 936 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (12)

936 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (12)

Who could save Han Muye before the two Heavenly Venerable mighty figures of the Upper Three Heavens?

A Heavenly Venerable of the Upper Three Heavens who controlled immortal treasures was already the strongest being in this world.

Apart from the hidden ancient era powerhouses who managed to survive, the Heavenly Venerables of the Upper Three Heavens stood at the pinnacle of this realm.

Behind Han Muye, apart from Cao Yi and Wen Mosheng, who else could resist them?

With a distance of three hundred miles between Han Muye's two bodies, within the void, two Heavenly Venerables from the Upper Three Heavens appeared, their hands radiating immortal light.

If Han Muye could merge his two bodies, overcome the tribulation, he might be able to barely resist a Heavenly Venerable expert in this place.

However, it was impossible for him to face two Heavenly Venerables at this moment and hold his ground.

"It's a pity. If Han Muye could achieve enlightenment on the spot, he would undoubtedly be a formidable powerhouse." A powerful Dao ancestor shook his head and whispered softly.

What cultivators pursued the most were opportunities.

Fortuitous encounters were opportunities, and life and death were also opportunities.

What use was there for a genius who couldn't survive until the end?

Han Muye lifted his head, his gaze fixed ahead.

In the face of such formidable Heavenly Venerables, whether he lived or died depended solely on the sword in his hands.

“Buzz!”

The Sword Pavilion shook as numerous long swords flew out, transforming into long dragons.

The divine beast Baxia roared mightily, and its blood condensed into a crimson armor.

In the face of a formidable enemy, a desperate fight was the only option.

“Senior Brother Han, let me handle this.” Just then, a voice sounded behind Han Muye's main body.

Han Muye shuddered and turned his head gently.

Behind him, dressed in a blue robe, with a cold and stern expression, Gao Xiaoxuan held a long sword, exuding an indescribably mysterious aura.

Behind him, a faint phantom appeared.

Wearing a tall hat and a long robe, with a golden belt and a jade scepter, his countenance ancient and solemn, his eyes radiating divine light.

It seemed as if the starlight from the entire sky was gathered by this phantom.

In the void, cries of astonishment rang out.

“He is Wenqu, the chief of the ancient Divine Court!”

“How is this possible? Wen Mosheng is supposed to be Wen Qu—”

In the void, countless divine thoughts collided, causing the entire realm of emptiness to tremble.

The ancient powerhouses, the Dao Ancestors who witnessed the battle for Dao, all showed signs of excitement.

Wen Mosheng was not Wen Qu!

Then, who was Wen Mosheng?

“Boom!”

In the void, countless spiritual lights erupted and collided.

It seemed as if numerous powerful beings were about to descend upon this world.

The entire battleground shook, and cracks appeared in the void.

The revelation of Gao Xiaoxuan’s true identity as Wen Qu caused those hidden powerhouses to make their move directly!

“Hmph, it seems they no longer care about hiding their true faces.” A low growl resounded in the void.

Imperial Uncle Cao Yi, wearing golden armor and wielding a golden spear, stood proudly in the air.

“If you dare to come, I, the Imperial Uncle, will dare to kill you.

“Back then, I failed to exterminate you rebels, but today, I can do it again.”

A faint golden halo emanated from the golden spear, and waves of green immortal light surged in all directions.

Many people's movements came to a halt upon seeing this spear.

Han Muye was very familiar with this spear.

He had personally touched this spear before.

Wood Deity.

This spear had once been inserted into the Wood Deity's main body.

As a formidable adversary behind the Upper Three Heavens, the Wood Deity should have been an enemy of Imperial Uncle Cao Yi, yet now this spear was in Cao Yi's hands.

Did Cao Yi kill the Wood Deity?

Or was the Wood God collaborating with Cao Yi?

Standing tall in the air, Cao Yi directly deterred all directions, causing the approaching mighty figures from the Upper Three Heavens to slowly retreat.

"Senior Brother Han once used poetry as his sword, and today I shall use the sword as my poetry."
Ahead, Gao Xiaoxuan took a step forward, his sword emitting an endless aura of Confucianism and Daoism.

This Great Spirit penetrated heaven and earth, traversed the river of time, and came surging from ancient times!

It was the mighty aura that existed in the ancient Divine Court, the power of heaven and earth in the ancient era.

“Wen Qu...”

The combination of the sword and the poem triggered the Great Spirit to penetrate the river of time. This was the mighty power of Wenqu, the chief of the ancient Divine Court!

A golden aura of majesty emanated from Gao Xiaoxuan’s sword as he thrust it towards the void.

“Han Senior Brother, can we complete the verses of the ‘Northern Kingdom’s Scenery’ today?”

Gao Xiaoxuan said loudly.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, “Okay.”

Upon hearing his words, Gao Xiaoxuan burst into laughter. The phantom of the tall hat behind him instantly merged with his own form, and the sword evoked the Great Spirit, transforming into a sky-supporting ink brush.

“The Scenery of the Northern Kingdom.

“A thousand miles of ice.”

“Ten thousand miles of snow drifting.”

...

Countless ice and snow froze the void. Even the lightning in the heavens was frozen.

Immortal light flashed in the hands of the Heavenly Venerable mighty figures blocking in front of him as they struggled to protect themselves.

At this moment, the entire world was filled with boundless Great Spirit.

When the verse “The land is so beautiful, it attracts countless heroes to bow in homage” resounded through the air, the immortal treasure in the hands of the Heavenly Venerables shattered.

The Great Spirit in Gao Xiaoxuan’s body soared into the sky and condensed into a golden body that was 100,000 feet tall.

Han Muye’s expression turned solemn as he looked at this golden body.

When this golden body condensed completely, it would be the return of the ancient powerhouse Wen Qu.

At that time, Gao Xiaoxuan would completely disappear.

Although Gao Xiaoxuan was Wen Qu, he was also not Wen Qu.

Han Muye looked at the figure in front of him and suddenly fell silent.

“Hehe, Senior Brother Han, the world is so beautiful. I also want to go and see.

“This life has been brilliant, and I have few concerns in my heart. The only regret is Wuhen. If we can win the battle for Dao, let her roam freely in the world...”

Gao Xiaoxuan thrust his long sword forward, transforming it into towering characters that covered the sky.

Between heaven and earth, golden words covered the sky. Endless Great Spirit Qi completely enveloped the Heavenly Venerable mighty figures in front of him.

“Heavenly Venerable Xing Di, why aren’t you attacking—” Heavenly Venerable Mu Ran, who was enveloped by the Great Spirit, exclaimed. Immortal light and spiritual qi surged from his body as he resisted the encirclement of the Great Spirit with all his might.

Chapter 937 - 937 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (13)

937 The Final Battle of Dao Struggle (13)

On the other side, the expression of the Grand Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect, Heavenly Venerable Xing Di, who was blocking in front of Han Muye, changed. In the end, he raised a nine-layer cloud dragon in his hand and collided with the golden words formed by the Great Spirit.

“Boom!”

The Great Spirit in the void vibrated, and the words were struck by the immortal treasure, as if they were about to shatter.

Holding his sword, Gao Xiaoxuan turned to look at Han Muye.

There were no subsequent verses. The power condensed by the Great Spirit was incomplete, unable to suppress the Heavenly Venerables.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye whispered, “Gone are the days when we were all outstanding. Let’s focus on the present.”

Focus on the present!

A bright light shone through Gao Xiaoxuan’s eyes, and his body radiated endless brilliance. The Great Spirit qi surged into the sky, and a line of characters directly manifested in the void.

The power of heaven and earth trembled and shone.

“Boom!”

Heavenly Venerable Mu Ran, who was wrapped in the Great Spirit, was directly suppressed under the words, and the immortal light around his body shattered.

Each and every word was heavy and forceful.

The power of one word could suppress the world.

The power of the ancient magnificent force that came from the Divine Court today displayed a power that made the entire world tremble.

Heavenly Venerable Xing Di, who was originally attacking the golden words, had a drastic change in expression. He retracted his immortal treasure and tensed up.

At this moment, the golden characters in front of him seemed like an insurmountable barrier, and he felt as small as an ant.

“Boom!”

The golden body on Gao Xiaoxuan shattered.

A faint golden silhouette emerged.

“You were right about focusing on the present.” The figure dressed in a robe and adorned with a tall crown looked at Han Muye, revealing a hint of nostalgia on his face.

“I thought that I could protect the Divine Emperor and build a new Divine Court, with the Great Spirit reigning over heaven and earth.

“Looking at it now, I was wrong.”

Turning his head, the silhouette’s gaze fell upon Gao Xiaoxuan, and a smile appeared on his face.

“You’re right, the world is bustling. We should go and see it.

“Go and see it for me.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the silhouette completely shattered.

The Great Spirit that came from the ancient times reversed time, and brought the suppressed Heavenly Venerables back to the ancient Divine Court.

It had only been two hundred breaths since the Great Spirit pierced through the River of Time and returned.

However, everyone seemed to have experienced a hundred years in that time.

In 200 breaths, a Heavenly Venerable was suppressed.

In 200 breaths, the soul of an ancient Divine Court mighty figure finally dissipated.

When the Great Spirit qi in the void completely dissipated, the entire void fell into silence.

Wen Qu, the chief official of the ancient Divine Court, departed in a different way and was reborn.

Now, Gao Xiaoxuan is just Gao Xiaoxuan.

In the void, the divine beast avatar and the true body of Han Muye were separated by a hundred miles.

Heavenly Venerable Xing Di, who was holding the nine-layer cloud-like treasure, radiated spiritual and immortal light, and his gaze was fixed on Han Muye.

At this moment, the lightning between heaven and earth had turned golden, and the intertwined halo in the void seemed to transform all the stars into flames.

Heavenly Venerable Xing Di swung the nine-layered cloud-like treasure down upon Han Muye's head.

The Heavenly Venerable made a move!

The vast void was directly imprisoned.

Just like when the Endless Heavenly Venerables attacked back then, this hundred-mile radius became a separate world outside the struggle of the Dao.

It cut off the exploration of divine consciousness and became an independent world. Outsiders couldn't perceive any movement within it.

No one could break this world until Heavenly Venerable Xing Di died.

Unless, with a single strike, Heavenly Venerable Xing Di was slain!

At this moment, only Han Muye's two bodies faced Heavenly Venerable Xing Di alone in this world.

"Buzz!"

The nine-layered cloud-like treasure transformed into nine jade-white long dragons, entwining Han Muye. "Let's see if anyone else can come to your rescue."

"Rescue?" The sword in Han Muye's hand emitted a golden spiritual light, and 30 million sword lights gathered.

“With just you, you can’t stop me.” The divine beast avatar let out a low roar, and its powerful body broke through the imprisoned space, standing side by side with the true body.

The divine beast’s body collided with the cloud dragons, shattering them one after another.

As the nine cloud dragons shattered, the gathering clouds outside the divine beast’s body converged into ropes, binding it.

Even though it could bear the weight of a world, the divine beast Baxia was now immobilized and unable to move.

Heavenly Venerable Xing Di laughed heartily as a golden spiritual light in his hand collided with the sword light thrust out by Han Muye’s true body.

“Boom!”

The sword light collapsed and spiritual light flashed.

“Do you know why I didn’t kill you publicly?” Heavenly Venerable Xing Di looked at Han Muye and said softly.

Before Han Muye could answer, he had already reached out and pointed at him. “Because I want you.

“The person favored by heaven and earth, if I can possess your body and devour your divine soul, I can obtain the great fortune condensed in this realm.

“Do you know how many tens of thousands of years I have waited for this opportunity?”

A vibrant immortal light radiated from Heavenly Venerable Xing Di’s body, forming a set of green immortal armor around him.

Mysterious immortal patterns appeared on the immortal armor.

Behind him, an illusory and ancient figure appeared.

“You’re familiar with the Wood Deity, so you should have heard of my name.”

“I know.” Han Muye nodded and looked at the figure that appeared behind Heavenly Venerable Xing Di.
“Marquis Su Ming of Weiyuan, the general guarding the ancient Divine Court.

“The collapse of the Divine Court and the sealing of the Immortal Ascension Platform were all thanks to you.

“Everyone thought that you died on the Immortal Ascension Platform. It turns out that you were reincarnated.”

At this point, Han Muye said calmly, “I understand why you had to seal the space before making your move.

“If Imperial Uncle Cao Yi sees you, he’ll tear you apart alive.”

When the ancient Divine Court collapsed, Marquis Su Ming, who guarded the divine court, made significant contributions.

As a trusted marquis of the Divine Emperor, he had betrayed the Divine Emperor and led a few mighty figures to attack the Divine Court.

Just as Han Muye had said, if he knew that Su Ming was still alive, Cao Yi would definitely not let him off.

“Hehe, it doesn’t matter. In a moment, Xuming will disappear.

“From now on, there will only be you, Han Muye, in the world.”

Su Ming laughed heartily as he swung a golden long sword horizontally towards Han Muye.

The sword’s radiance was peculiar, instantly suppressing Han Muye’s body and penetrating his divine soul.

Like the secret guards of the Divine Court, this sword disregarded spiritual and immortal radiance, directly injuring the divine soul!

This was a unique technique of the Divine Court, and countless experts had met their end under this soul-slashing sword.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and a smile appeared on his face.

Behind him, the hidden nine-story sword tower slowly emerged.

His sword Dao's primordial spirit condensed, and his longsword swept through the air.

“Nine Essence Sword Pagoda!”

Su Ming let out a low cry and widened his eyes.

In the world, only the Upper Three Heavens Sword Sect possessed a Nine Essence Sword Tower. How could Han Muye possibly have one in his hand?

“Buzz!”

The nine-story sword tower merged with Han Muye's primordial spirit, emitting a dazzling sword light that directly collided with Su Ming's long sword.

The golden long sword instantly shattered.

The primordial sword and the nine-story sword tower merged together, and the power unleashed directly shattered Su Ming's immortal weapon.

The direction of the sword and the sword tower remained unchanged as they descended from above.

Su Ming stared at the sword tower, his eyes wide open, and panic filled his voice as he muttered, "I know, I know who you are, don't kill me, I know—"

As the sword tower descended, it passed through Su Ming's illusory body, directly severing his divine soul.

The nine-story sword tower, the primordial sword, such formidable power could only be withstood by the strongest individuals of the Upper Three Heavens.

Su Ming's reincarnation and abandonment of his past power left him powerless to resist this primordial sword.

"Buzz!"

The moment Su Ming fell, the entire imprisoned void collapsed, and all the power surged towards Han Muye.

Between heaven and earth, lightning flashed.

Han Muye looked up, took a step forward, and the colossal divine beast's body fell in front of him.

The primordial sword flashed and landed within the divine beast's body. The primordial spirit trembled, causing the two bodies to merge instantly.

The strongest physical body in the world, the divine beast's body, the power of the primordial sword, and the comprehension of the sword Dao combined with the power of time and space.

In the void, endless lightning enveloped Han Muye's body.

“Boom!”

In the void, a sea of lightning formed.

All the experts slowly stopped fighting.

The power of the sea of lightning had already affected the surrounding void for thousands of miles.

Experts within and outside the boundaries of the realm stared intently at the sea of lightning.

Among them, a top-tier powerhouse was being conceived.

The question remained: Was it truly Han Muye or the Upper Three Heavens' Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect, Heavenly Venerable Xing Di?

Had Han Muye truly been slain during the moment when the power of heaven and earth was imprisoned?

Could he really survive and trigger the heavenly calamity in the face of a Heavenly Venerable?

At this moment, everyone was waiting.

Waiting for the figure emerging from the sea of lightning, undergoing rebirth.

Chapter 938 - 938 The End of the Decisive Battle

938 The End of the Decisive Battle

If Heavenly Venerable Xing Di emerged from the sea of lightning, the Heavenly Mystic faction would crumble and fall apart.

It was Han Muye who gathered the powerful beings and armies of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, serving as the intermediary to bring together allies from all sides.

With the fall of Han Muye, it was impossible for the allied forces to unite again.

If Han Muye had not died and had suppressed a Heavenly Venerable, forcefully transcending his tribulation, then when he emerged from the Lightning Sea, it would be the moment when the Heavenly Mystic would dominate this vast expanse of heaven and earth.

With his formidable strength, he commanded the various forces of the Heavenly Mystic in the decisive battle, and no one could resist him.

“Do you think those powerful beings would give Han Muye a chance to grow?” One of the witnesses of the Dao struggle turned his head and whispered softly.

Whether it was Xing Ditianzun or Han Muye who emerged from the Lightning Sea, were they important to those powerful beings?

Everyone looked at the turbulence in the Lightning Sea, remaining silent.

“Boom!”

Lightning flashed, and the atmosphere was tumultuous.

The previously empty void unexpectedly gave birth to violent gusts of wind.

Both the witnesses of the Dao struggle and the powerful beings of the Heavenly Mystic and the Immortal Spirit in the vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly void were filled with astonishment.

“The wind is rising...” A Heavenly Mystic realm cultivator who was standing in the void looked up with a blank expression.

Wind?

Where did the wind and rain come from in the void?

Unless... there had been an unprecedented change in this vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly void.

“Woo—”

As if it were the whispers of the heavens and earth, a long and melodious chant resounded in the void.

As soon as this sound emerged, all living beings trembled.

It was a deep-rooted panic, a fear that came when facing an impending calamity that one was powerless to resist.

It was the wailing of this heavenly and earthly realm!

The powerful beings did not wait for the final outcome of the Dao struggle and chose to offer themselves as sacrifices directly!

All living beings in this realm of the Dao struggle were sacrificed!

They had witnessed this event only to realize that all living beings had become sacrifices!

The so-called struggle for the Great Dao, the chance for the ultimate victor, it was all a lie!

At this moment, everyone became spectators, only able to helplessly watch as the vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly void was tightly sealed, with no chance of escape.

Imperial Uncle Cao Yi, holding a long spear, had a solemn expression, radiating an overwhelming divine light.

“Indeed, they want to offer this realm as a sacrifice and unveil the Immortal Ascension Platform.”

“Back then, countless lives were sacrificed to seal the Immortal Ascension Platform, and today, countless lives will be sacrificed to reveal it.”

The Qi and blood in his body condensed as he raised his hand and waved.

The Heavenly Mystic army formations began to gather, and on these formations, the shadows of ancient mythical beasts condensed.

The power of their qi and blood resisted the gusts of wind in the void, and the resounding echoes of their shaking qi and blood overwhelmed the murmurs in the void.

Countless army formations surged with determination, prepared to resist the forces coming from beyond the heavens and earth.

The Heavenly Mystic faction had long been prepared, but the powerful beings on the Immortal Spirit Sect's side were in chaos.

They had heard from the Heavenly Mystic side that the Upper Three Heavenly realms intended to sacrifice this realm, but they trembled when they realized it was true.

They were part of the Upper Three Heavens, even powerful figures with real authority. How could they be sacrificed?

They were their own people, why weren't they notified in advance?

“Boom!”

On the vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly realm, a golden interwoven array emerged.

The golden radiance on this array was so dazzling that one could hardly open their eyes.

It was the array that sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform!

Countless eons ago, it served as a connection between this realm and the immortal realm.

Later, ancient powerful beings took action and sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform.

This grand array, established by gathering the power of countless living beings, was now going to be sacrificed by this realm, breaking through the array.

The mighty figures of the Upper Three Heavens offered sacrifices in this realm of the Dao struggle!

“Buzz!”

In the void, mysterious forces began to extract the power of the heavenly and earthly realm.

In the vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly realm, various unseen forces were gathered and surged towards the pinnacle of the void.

“Boom!”

The first to surge towards the grand array was the deathly silence within the vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly realm.

An essence devoid of spirituality, the accumulated power of deathly silence from countless millennia was drawn to the grand array and collided with it directly.

The murky aura of deathly silence crashed against the golden radiance of the array, causing the array to tremble slightly and dissolve all of these energies.

The power of deathly silence had no effect on the sealing array of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

“Woo—”

The chanting in the void pierced through the world. Whether it was the Heaven Mystic army or the Immortal Spirit experts, their minds seemed to be entangled by this voice, and their faces showed expressions of anguish.

The converging power on the army formations gradually loosened, and the mythical beast shadows became fainter.

Seemingly extracted, strands of divine souls turned into a cluster of bluish-gray clouds in the void, rushing towards the array in the sky.

Within these clouds were the souls of countless beings from this realm. Even if it was just a trace, when gathered together, it became an enormous entity.

“Boom!”

The light array in the sky shook, golden streams of light that pierced through the cloud clusters, and then, as if evaporating mist, dissipated the entire cloud mass.

As the cloud mass dissipated, a howl reverberated through the vast expanse of the heavenly and earthly void.

This was the direct annihilation of the soul power of countless beings.

At this moment, the powerful beings from the Immortal Spirit World all had ashen expressions.

The entire heavens and earth were being sacrificed, and no one could escape!

Those powerful beings showed no mercy, sparing no one!

They were all mere ants.

In the eyes of those powerful beings, everyone and every living being here were nothing but ants!

Although the cloud of divine souls was broken, the array in the sky visibly dimmed slightly.

The sacrificial power could indeed affect the array, causing it to shatter!

“Buzz!”

Within the void, a shadow resembling a gigantic palm pressed down, seemingly intending to crush the entirety of the heavens and earth into a ball and then collide it against the celestial array in the sky.

Chapter 939 - 939 The Final Battle

939 The Final Battle

As long as all the creatures of this parallel world were sacrificed, the seal could definitely be broken.

In the instant the giant palm appeared, the heavens and earth trembled, and all living beings lost control of their bodies, trembling uncontrollably.

This was the terror before life and death!

When this huge palm descended, the lives of the living creatures here would be reaped!

Life and death, hanging by a thread!

“Break!” Imperial Uncle Cao Yi shouted. The qi and blood in his body intertwined with spiritual radiance. He wielded a long spear enveloped in celestial light and thrust it towards the illusory palm shadow.

“Kill—”

Amidst the Heavenly Mystic army, cries rang out.

Sword lights converged in the void, forming a towering sword. Then the sword shadow slashed towards the giant palm in the sky.

At this moment, all the creatures who wanted to fight for their lives gathered their strength and collided with the giant palm that appeared in the sky.

Even if they couldn't resist, at this moment, everyone fought with all their might for their lives.

Unwilling.

Who would be willing to be sacrificed?

But even with a powerhouse like Cao Yi in the front, it was impossible to stop the illusory giant palm pressing down from the sky.

The entire world seemed to be on the verge of collapse.

Sacrifice only involved qi, blood, and the soul. Life and death were irrelevant.

At this moment, throughout the vast expanse of the world, it seemed that there was no chance of survival.

Including Han Muye, who was in the sea of lightning.

"Wood Deity, did you see that?" In the sea of lightning, Han Muye, who was standing above the surging lightning, asked softly.

In front of him, the intertwined celestial light gleamed on the grass whip.

At this moment, he had already merged his original body and clone, reaching the realm of a Sage with his cultivation.

He did not step out of the sea of lightning.

Because even with his power added, it was impossible to break the sacrifice performed by the three powerful beings of the Upper Three Heavens.

Back then, in order to seal the Immortal Ascension Platform, the ancient powerhouses actually sacrificed half of the Desolate Wilderness!

He narrowed his eyes.

He was speculating on what price they had paid for sealing the Immortal Ascension Platform back then.

“Wood Deity, you said that you would stop the sacrifice,” Han Muye whispered.

Contacting the Wood Deity once again, they communicated through the spiritual connection of the grass whip. In the end, Han Muye obtained the Wood Deity’s promise.

The Wood Deity also handed over the battle spear left behind by the Blood Battle Sect powerhouse to Imperial Uncle Cao Yi.

However, Han Muye couldn't be sure if the Wood Deity, as a powerhouse of that caliber, would eventually change her mind.

After all, for such powerful beings, even a multitude of living creatures were nothing but ants.

Would the Wood Deity be willing to antagonize those powerful beings and risk his wrath to save these ants?

Han Muye stared at the grass whip in front of him.

If the Wood God was unwilling to take action, he could only gamble once.

Self-detonating a treasured item or using a treasured item that could unleash all his power might be somewhat effective, right?

"Kid, if you have the chance to go to the Immortal World, remember to come find me at the Blood Battle Sect," the Wood Deity's low voice came through, filled with determination.

The Blood Battle Sect.

The Wood God had already decided to go to the Blood Battle Sect.

At this time, the Blood Battle Sect was in control of the realm in the Immortal Realm where the Transformation Pool of this parallel world was located.

The Wood Deity contacted the Blood Battle Sect and promised to bring the experts of this world to ascend.

The Blood Battle Sect needed to replenish its ranks with strong beings from this realm.

This was the deal between Han Muye and the Wood Deity.

Everyone was a bargaining chip, the living beings of this parallel world, as well as those powerful beings.

“Buzz!”

The grass whip in front of Han Muye trembled and emitted a green celestial light.

This was the power of the Wood Deity.

As an ancient powerhouse, it unleashed a power that far surpassed that of a Heavenly Venerable.

The grass whip transformed into a branch tens of millions of feet long and directly collided with the sky.

“Boom!”

The green branch struck the light formation in the sky, instantly halting the sealing formation of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

The power of the ancient Sky Reaching Tree prevented the operation of the formation.

“Fellow Daoists, let’s go.”

The voice of the Wood Deity came, and then a towering verdant tree collided with the void.

The tree struck the light formation, utilizing the force of its vibrations to break through the seal of the formation and enter the Immortal Ascension Platform.

“Clang—”

Between heaven and earth, the sound of a golden bell resonated.

The Ascension Bell!

The golden bell on the Immortal Ascension Platform rang, shedding earthly attachments and stepping beyond the mortal realm.

After countless silent years, the sound of the Ascension Bell finally resounded in this parallel world. Someone had finally stepped onto the Immortal Ascension Platform and entered the Immortal Realm!

The Wood Deity was the first to leave!

No one had expected that a powerful being hidden behind the scenes would directly step onto the Immortal Ascension Platform and leave this parallel world.

Abandoning the sacrifice.

“The power of the Sky Reaching Tree can support a hundred breaths. After a hundred breaths, the power of the Sky Reaching Tree will be depleted, and the Immortal Ascension Platform will be sealed once again.” Han Muye stepped out of the sea of lightning, looked at the sky, and shouted loudly.

In his body, his qi, blood, spiritual energy, and primordial spirit merged, transforming into a thousand-foot-long sword.

If he wanted to leave, he would leave. If not, he would fight again.

The lightning radiance on Han Muye’s body had not dissipated, and the endless thunder and wind surged.

Within a hundred breaths.

Within a hundred breaths, he could rely on the power of the Sky Reaching Tree to leave this realm and step onto the Immortal Ascension Platform.

The giant palm that was descending from the sky began to disintegrate.

Figures rushed towards the Immortal Ascension Platform.

If they could leave the Immortal Ascension Platform without the need for sacrifice, why bother with the arduous task of sacrificing?

The Wood Deity had already left, so what were they waiting for?

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

...

In the void, the sound of the Ascension Bell echoed.

Those powerful beings hidden behind the world, one by one, stepped onto the Immortal Ascension Platform and directly left this parallel world.

From the Upper Three Heavens, countless figures soared into the sky.

For countless years, the Immortal Ascension Platform had been sealed, preventing many powerful beings in this parallel world from advancing further.

Ten streaks.

A hundred streaks.

A thousand streaks.

Ancient supreme powerhouses.

Heavenly Venerables.

Dao Ancestors.

One by one, these immensely radiant figures ascended to the sky, passed through the light formation, and departed from this realm.

Chapter 940 - 940 The Final Battle (2)

940 The Final Battle (2)

“Buzz!”

The light formation in the void began to tremble.

The Sky Reaching Tree formed by the grass whip emitted a creaking sound under the heavy burden.

Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

“Boom!”

The Sky Reaching Tree dissipated, and the light formation in the sky blocked countless figures.

The path to the heavens was thus severed.

The Immortal Ascension Platform was sealed once again, and the array of light radiated golden brilliance, forcing any approaching figures to retreat.

Had the opportunity for ascension been cut off?

Figures turned around and looked down at the battlefield below.

With the absence of the majority of Dao Ancestors and Heavenly Venerables who witnessed the battle, the power at the battlefield could no longer be suppressed.

Two illusory figures appeared.

The Dao Ancestor of the Heavenly Mystic had a complex expression on his face, while the Immortal Spirit Dao Ancestor wore an expression full of pain..

The battle ended prematurely, and the victorious party did not obtain the chance to become a Heavenly Venerable, while the defeated party did not perish as a result.

The Dao battle was a lonely one.

Raising their heads, everyone gazed solemnly at the sky.

That light formation blocked numerous powerhouses, emanating a murderous intent and an insane determination.

The lightning around Han Muye's body flashed, tearing apart the surrounding void.

The originally scattered army formation gathered and stood in readiness.

“Sacrifice.”

In front of the light formation, someone shouted.

If others could step onto the Immortal Ascension Platform, if others could go to the Immortal Realm, then they too would leave!

Since those mighty beings could sacrifice this battlefield, they could do it as well.

In front of the light formation, the suppressed powerhouses were enveloped in a spiritual radiance.

The light and shadows once again transformed into a giant palm, pressing down towards the battlefield below.

This strike was fiercer and more frenzied than any previous strikes by the mighty beings.

This strike was intended to directly kill everyone, offering their souls and life essence as a sacrifice, shattering the grand formation above their heads.

The elites who belonged to the Upper Three Heavens looked at this giant palm in panic and roared with anger.

Why would their own senior sect members make a move against them?

“Sigh...”

Han Muye let out a soft sigh as he looked at the giant palm in the sky.

“You see, this is the human heart,” said Wen Mosheng, who appeared by Han Muye’s side at some point, speaking softly.

The human heart.

What was truly destroyed and sacrificed was the human heart.

Those mighty beings sought to leave. If they left, the crisis in this realm should have been resolved.

But human desires were insatiable.

Who among the powerhouses blocked by the light formation could willingly accept their departure?

This moment was the true calamity of the battlefield!

Madness would destroy everything!

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand to put away the grass whip that had turned into a withered wooden staff.

A green sword appeared in his hand.

“Boom!”

The sword slashed down, not at the huge palm in the sky, but at the void in front of him.

The void shattered, and countless figures rushed out from within.

Black Armor.

Demonic aura.

Countless Spiritual Armored Demons from the Endless Sea burst out from the cracks in the void, colliding with the giant palm in the sky.

Flesh, blood, soul, and all their power were shattered beneath the giant palm.

The torrent of Spiritual Armored Demons surged toward the firmament, bravely embracing death.

All the figures collided with the sky and finally turned into blood-colored balls of light.

Sacrifice.

He was willing to be sacrificed.

The sacrifice of the Spirit Armor demons replaced the living beings in the land of the Dao Battle.

Endless blood qi and demonic qi surged towards the array in the sky.

In front of Han Muye, the black-robed demon elder turned to look at Wen Mosheng, then at Han Muye.

“I did what I promised.”

“The sacrifice of the soul and flesh of the spirit armor demons has been completed. What about sending us to the Immortal World?”

Han Muye looked up at the sky.

The elder also looked up.

“Boom!”

The ball of light that gathered the qi, blood, and soul power of the spirit armor demon collided with the seal. The light array shook and slowly dimmed.

“Your chance is here,” Han Muye said calmly.

There was no need for him to remind her.

The elder of the Spirit Armored Demon Race had already flown up. His body turned into a black-armored fish demon that was a million feet tall. He knocked through all the obstacles and rushed towards the light array.

“Boom!”

A hole was torn in the light array.

The huge body of the black-armored fish demon crashed into it and broke through the light net.

The figures of the spirit armor demons gathered into a torrent and headed for the Immortal Ascension Platform.

The panicked powerhouses who were initially pushed aside followed in a state of chaos. Outside the array of light of the Immortal Ascension Platform, it resembled a bustling marketplace.

At this moment, the cultivators rushing towards the Immortal Ascension Platform, aiming for the Immortal Realm, were no different from ordinary mortals.

“These cultivators, how many of them can pass through the Pool of Transformation and step into the Immortal Realm?” Wen Mosheng asked softly.

“Why bother? The Immortal Realm is not as wonderful as imagined.”

Han Muye nodded and smiled. “But they’re all true cultivators.”

“They are pursuing the opportunities they seek.”

This was what cultivators were like.

Putting aside their standpoints, who wasn’t such a cultivator?

Striving with all their might for their own slim chances.

“Yes, we’re all trying our best to live.” Wen Mosheng turned to look at Han Muye.

“Live well.”

He turned around and looked at the sky.

“Cao Yi, you should leave too.”

Cao Yi’s face showed a hint of complexity as he nodded.

Wen Mosheng stood with his hands behind his back, his expression calm.

On the Heavenly Mystic World's side, Cao Yi, Zhao Zhenghe, the Heavenly Venerable Demon, and the others flew towards the light formation.

Leaving this realm and heading towards the Immortal Realm.

This was the path of Dao that cultivators sought.

“Buzz!”

At this moment, the void began to tremble.

In the distant heavens and earth, it seemed that a fierce wind was blowing.

“The dam...”

It collapsed.

The dam that had previously blocked the fallen land of the Ancient Gods and the Ancient Cloud Galaxy collapsed!

Countless qi, blood, and spiritual lights shimmered, converging into a torrent.

Countless living beings sealed within the dam in ancient times had returned!