

King Hall 1171

Chapter 1171: Lending a Hand in Cultivation! Informing Mother of the News!

"Is it really normal?"

Jian Ruyan heard Mu Jinyu's words and looked up at him, the disappointment in her eyes growing stronger.

She had originally been comforting herself that perhaps Wen Rou received some help from Mu Jinyu during her cultivation, which allowed her to break through to the Fanxu Realm in one go.

But with Mu Jinyu's words, her self-consolation was instantly shattered.

Seeing the inevitable disappointment in Jian Ruyan's expression, Mu Jinyu opened his mouth to comfort her, "There's no need for this, Xiao Yanzi, although your cultivation talent is slightly inferior to Wen Rou's, it's not this bad. There's a reason for it."

"Firstly, when Wen Rou was cultivating earlier, I helped her resolve the accumulated medicinal power of spiritual medicine in her body, which allowed her to be stronger than you and directly impact the Ninth Layer of the Divine Transformation Realm. Then, you know her physique aligns with mine, and when I'm assisting her cultivation, it accelerates her progress, which led to her breakthrough to the Fanxu Realm."

"Yes, that's right. Sister Ruyan, you should let Little Mu help you, and you definitely wouldn't be like this..." Wen Rou quickly nodded upon hearing Mu Jinyu's explanation, offering words of comfort.

Mu Jinyu wasn't deceiving Jian Ruyan by just comforting her.

Earlier, after Jian Ruyan had left the room, giving them a private moment, the two weren't just long-separated lovers but had also never been close.

Naturally, after the initial excitement and joy, there was a state that surpassed newlyweds.

Last year, after Mu Jinyu activated his Dragon Clan's bloodline, following the end of the dark chaos, he shared a room with Wen Rou, discovering that cultivating together not only significantly enhanced Wen Rou's cultivation but also improved his own cultivation.

And now, it was the same; with his Dragon Clan's blood refined by the Silkworm King's essence blood, transforming into Divine Dragon Blood, its effects were naturally more mystical.

With these accumulated benefits, it led to a situation where after Wen Rou's soul returned to her body, she was no longer constrained by soul seizing, regaining her cultivation talent. She leaped from the Fifth Layer of the Divine Transformation Realm to the First Layer of the Fanxu Realm!

"Come, let me help resolve the accumulated medicinal power of spiritual medicines in your body, and then try cultivating with one major heavenly circuit again."

Mu Jinyu walked behind Jian Ruyan, raised his hand to press against her back, and said.

"Okay."

Jian Ruyan didn't want to be much weaker than Wen Rou. Hearing Mu Jinyu's words, her eyes lit up with hope, and she nodded.

Then, she closed her eyes and started cultivating again.

Mu Jinyu began to channel his True Yuan to help dissolve the untransformed medicinal power accumulated in her body from various spiritual medicines consumed over the past year, assisting her practice.

If someone had consumed so much spiritual medicine back then and allowed the medicinal power to burst all at once, it would have been unbearable.

But these medicinal powers had been stored in Jian Ruyan's body for over a year, nurtured to resemble her True Yuan attribute. Hence, when they were suddenly detonated to breach her cultivation

bottleneck, her body could bear it. There wouldn't be instability in her foundation after breaking through her cultivation.

Moreover, Mu Jinyu's cultivation had reached the Fourth Layer of the Unity Realm Stage, which is a formidable level. His assistance in resolving medicinal power was both safe and reliable.

Thus, after half a day of cultivation.

Jian Ruyan's cultivation level finally broke through from the Seventh Layer of the Divine Transformation Realm, advancing to the Eighth Layer, and ultimately reached the early stage of the Ninth Layer, before stopping.

"It really is like this..."

Jian Ruyan opened her eyes, full of joy.

Although the Ninth Layer of the Divine Transformation Realm was still insignificant in front of Mu Jinyu and could hardly help him, she was confident that if she continued cultivating, she wouldn't become a burden to them in the future.

Whenever Mu Jinyu fought, she would neither be of any help nor a hindrance.

That's what made her happy.

"Well then, could you help me reach the Fanxu Realm too?"

Jian Ruyan then turned to look at Mu Jinyu, asking hopefully.

She thought, since Wen Rou could reach the early stage of the Fanxu Realm with Mu Jinyu's help, and her foundation was stable, although her talent wasn't as good as Wen Rou's, with Mu Jinyu's help she might also reach the Fanxu Realm. While her stability might not be as good, investing more time to stabilize her realm would still be better than the Divine Transformation Realm, right?

Upon hearing Jian Ruyan's words, Mu Jinyu's expression turned strange. He leaned over to Jian Ruyan's ear and explained the second method of assisted cultivation.

Just after hearing half of it, Jian Ruyan's fair face turned crimson red at a speed visible to the naked eye, like dripping blood.

She trembled all over, obviously furious. Then she slapped Mu Jinyu and roared angrily:

"Go to hell!"

Mu Jinyu was prepared; seeing Jian Ruyan's outrage, he quickly dragged Wen Rou with a laugh out of the room.

"This guy, how dare he make a move on me!"

Jian Ruyan, seeing Mu Jinyu run out of sight, stood at the doorway, looking at the sky, her pretty face both embarrassed and angry, she said hatefully.

...

On the other side, Wen Rou was being pulled along by Mu Jinyu. Knowing the reason behind Jian Ruyan's outrage, she turned to look at Mu Jinyu, curiously asking, "Little Mu, are you really going to be with Sister Ruyan too?"

She wouldn't mind having another sister, just worried that Gu Xiyan and the others might mind.

"No, her, I can't handle." Mu Jinyu shook his head immediately, "She just teased me, so I wanted to tease her back."

"What?" Wen Rou blinked her big eyes, curiously asking.

Mu Jinyu chuckled, "You don't know? Just now when I switched you both back to your bodies, she was the first to wake up. Then she pretended to be you to scare me. I thought I messed up your souls, which was for nothing, scared to death. So, I teased her back; she seemed quite happy just now too."

Wen Rou: "..."

"Alright, that's it. Actually, I think Sister Ruyan is pretty good too. If you like her..." Wen Rou shook her head, then laughed.

Mu Jinyu shook his head and said, "No need for that. By the way, do you know who I ran into when I came back?"

Seeing Mu Jinyu wasn't interested in continuing the topic, she switched topics and didn't press on, "Who did you encounter? Outstanding Uncle, or other Divine Rankings seniors?"

"No, it was your mother..." Mu Jinyu shook his head, finally revealing the news he had withheld earlier.

"My... my mother..." Hearing Mu Jinyu's answer, Wen Rou was stunned, her whole body froze.

She knew Mu Jinyu wasn't swearing at her and was also aware her biological mother was alive. When she encountered her at the Dragon King Hall before, she remembered she was from the Kunlun Ruins.

She had been pondering whether to find her mother if she had free time once Mu Jinyu's trials were over and her and Sister Ruyan's bodies were back to normal.

She didn't know where the Chen Family was and hadn't fully decided, so she hadn't mentioned it to anyone.

Unexpectedly, Mu Jinyu had already met her mother.

"Where did you meet her?"

After a while, Wen Rou regained her senses, her eyes complex as she looked at Mu Jinyu, pressing her lips together slightly, she whispered to ask.

Chapter 1172: Return to the Chen Family! Mother and Daughter Reunited!

"It's actually the Southwest Chen Family. The three people I subdued earlier, that Chen Family Ancestor, can actually... be considered your ancestor too..."

Mu Jinyu felt a bit awkward while explaining, but he still braced himself and spoke.

"Him?"

Wen Rou had met those three people before but hadn't expected that the old man who was so submissive in front of Mu Jinyu would turn out to be her maternal ancestor.

"Yes, do you want to go see your mother?" Mu Jinyu asked.

Having opened up, Mu Jinyu also felt less awkward, as when he subdued the Chen Family Ancestor, he wasn't aware of the relation to Wen Rou. It was indeed the ancestor who first provoked him, leading to the subjugation as a servant; he couldn't be blamed.

He was rather grateful now, for not having killed those three people then, but leaving them alive.

Otherwise, if he accidentally killed the Chen Family Ancestor, although Wen Rou wouldn't blame him, he would still feel bad.

"Hmm..."

Upon hearing Mu Jinyu's inquiry, Wen Rou pondered for a moment, then looked up at Mu Jinyu and asked, "Our purpose of coming to the Kunlun Ruins is essentially accomplished, next we plan to go back home, right?"

"Yes." Mu Jinyu nodded.

Leaving Huaxia and coming to the Kunlun Ruins has taken more than a year.

His two objectives in coming to the Kunlun Ruins, to switch Wen Rou and Jian Ruyan back to their bodies and investigate Xiang Mantang's blood feud, have both been fulfilled now.

He had no reason to continue staying in the Kunlun Ruins without returning.

Although the Spiritual Energy here is more abundant, there are still more people he cannot forget back on the Huaxia side, Gu Xiyan, Mei Yinxue, Lin Qiaoxia, Yu Linglong, Xu Qingya, and his mother Su Zijin among others...

He separated from them for more than a year and has long wanted to go back to see them.

Moreover, when he took Wen Rou and Jian Ruyan away from Huaxia, the Earth was facing the transformation after the dark turmoil ended, amidst a Spiritual Energy Revival.

Countless beasts absorbing the essence of the Heaven, Earth, and the sun and moon turned into terrifying ferocious beasts and demon beasts, rampaging everywhere, creating chaos, and he doesn't know how it's over there now.

He did pass on a Cultivation Method to the authorities before leaving, implementing a plan of universal martial cultivation, but he can't guarantee no accidents will occur.

"Alright, since that's the case, let me go meet them then..."

Wen Rou pursed her lips and said softly.

She knows that after leaving the Kunlun Ruins, it's not impossible to come back, but certainly, she'll rarely return.

Avoiding the large-scale entry of cultivators from the Kunlun Ruins into Huaxia, causing unforeseen changes.

And since she's going to leave, she's also prepared to see her mother again completely, resolving her inner knot.

...

Half a day later.

Mu Jinyu took Wen Rou and Jian Ruyan, leaving the Heavenly Sword Faction, not bringing the sect leaders from the Wuji Sect and Baiyang Palace, but letting them return to their respective sects.

After all, his initial purpose in subduing them and keeping them by his side was to have assistance if the upper echelons of the Heavenly Palace came en masse to hunt him, preventing him from being unsupported.

But now the crises from the Heavenly Palace have ended in his favor, and there's nowhere in the Kunlun Ruins he cannot go, so there's no need to keep them any longer.

Returning to the mountain range where the Southwest Chen Family is located, the Chen Family Ancestor and others had already come ahead to greet them following Mu Jinyu's notification.

Of course, not wanting to become the focal point of the Chen Family's attention, Mu Jinyu only allowed the Chen Family Ancestor and a few top figures to come out—none of the Chen Family Descendants would be bothered.

"Welcome back, Master..."

The Chen Family Ancestor immediately led the ceremonial greeting, speaking respectfully upon seeing Mu Jinyu accompanied by the two women arriving at the Chen Family.

Mu Jinyu felt awkward hearing this, especially now the identity is already revealed that he's actually the ancestor of Wen Rou's maternal family, calling him Master just feels too awkward.

"You don't need to call me that anymore; I'll remove the Restriction for you."

Mu Jinyu couldn't stand it and took the initiative to remove the Restrictions from the Chen Family Ancestor, freeing his life from being tied to a single thought of his.

Wen Rou stood aside, casting a look of gratitude towards Mu Jinyu.

She knew the resentment between the Chen Family Ancestor and Mu Jinyu was quite substantial. He originally survived by serving, which was already lenient, but because of her, Mu Jinyu chose not to pursue the past grudge of chasing and killing and opted to completely let him go.

"Great thanks to Young Master Mu..."

The Chen Family Ancestor didn't act coyly, didn't say something like being a servant for life; if possible, why would he willingly let his life be controlled by another? He was only forced to be.

Thus, after Mu Jinyu lifted the Restrictions on him, he immediately changed his address from Master to Young Master Mu, though the tone was still full of gratitude.

Afterward, he also cast a grateful glance toward Wen Rou.

He understood that escaping the punishment of servitude was possible all because of his Chen Family descendant.

Wen Rou saw the Chen Family Ancestor's gaze turn towards her, forcing a smile, not knowing what to say.

After all, she wasn't raised in the Chen Family from childhood, she feels nothing for it, and if her mother wasn't a Chen Family member, she might not have come specifically.

The Chen Family Ancestor didn't mind; he promptly called them in.

Mu Jinyu held Wen Rou's hand, giving her an encouraging look.

Wen Rou took a deep breath, also gathering courage, following Mu Jinyu inside.

The Chen Family Ancestor was shrewd and obviously knew Mu Jinyu brought Wen Rou over, not to visit him or the Chen Family, but for Chen Shuyi.

Thus, he didn't fuss about leading them to the Chen Family Ancestral Ground, but directly took them to find Chen Shuyi.

Arriving at the entrance of Chen Shuyi's newly changed courtyard, the Chen Family Ancestor called out inside, then respectfully spoke to Mu Jinyu, courteously taking his leave.

"Creak."

The courtyard door opened. Chen Shuyi came out, with a slightly haggard face, looking at Wen Rou with extremely complex eyes.

There was regret, guilt, relief, and surprise...

"Xiaorou, I..."

Chen Shuyi opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but finally sighed deeply, her tone full of apology, "Mom is sorry."

She knows that whatever she says doesn't have much meaning, so it's better to simply apologize.

Different from Su Zijin's justified departure from Mu Jinyu, understandable once the truth was known.

She left Wen Rou's family not being able to stay in the Wen Family and truly chose to abandon Wen Rou, for more than ten years afterward not once returning to see Wen Rou, even missing her daughter infrequently, almost forgetting she actually still had a daughter.

If not for the Chen Family Clan Elder's divination, she wouldn't have gone out to find Wen Rou a year ago.

Knowing about the changes in Wen Rou and Mu Jinyu now, her heart is extremely conflicted, but she doesn't have a heart of exploitation, only filled with guilt.

"Mom..." Wen Rou opened her mouth, then also with a complex expression called out to Chen Shuyi.

Mu Jinyu looked at this scene, also detecting Chen Shuyi's genuine remorse, smiled slightly, and then quietly took Jian Ruyan away from here, not disturbing their mother and daughter's reunion.

Chapter 1173: The Divine Silkworm Princess Awakens! Upheaval in the Hanchi Tribe!

Jian Ruyan silently followed Mu Jinyu out of the courtyard and stood with him on a mountaintop, gazing blankly at the horizon.

Mu Jinyu glanced sideways at her, noticing her bewildered expression, with a trace of envy in her eyes.

He knew she was envious after seeing Wen Rou reunite with her mother.

Although the relationship between Wen Rou and Chen Shuyi couldn't be considered good, a mother is still a mother, and she is alive. The conflicts between mother and daughter aren't so significant; once they are resolved, they can enjoy family happiness.

But her parents, after all, had completely left her!

Mu Jinyu didn't know how to comfort Jian Ruyan. After some thought, he sighed, "You don't need to be too sad or envious. You still have your brother who loves you, which is enviable too."

Upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words, Jian Ruyan's body shook, and the confusion on her face vanished.

"Hmm, thank you..." Jian Ruyan turned her head to look at Mu Jinyu, her expression relieved and determined as she spoke.

Although her parents had left her, now that her parents' revenge had been avenged, she shouldn't remain in this confused state. She doesn't need to envy others; she still has her loving brother, and she should find a way to save him.

"You're welcome..." Mu Jinyu smiled, intending to comfort her a bit more.

"Gugu..."

At this moment, a Little Ice Silkworm crawled out from Mu Jinyu's arms, blinking its confused big eyes and looking around.

This was the Divine Silkworm Princess, who had fainted from crying, unable to accept the fact of the Silkworm King's death.

Since her fainting, she had been unresponsive for several days, and unexpectedly, she woke up today.

"You're awake." Seeing the Little Ice Silkworm regain consciousness, Mu Jinyu said with surprise.

The Little Divine Silkworm Princess's prolonged unconsciousness had been worrying him, afraid something might happen to her. Her awakening today finally reassured him.

"Where is my father? Where did he go?!"

At this moment, a childish voice echoed in Mu Jinyu's mind, filled with anxiety and unease.

Mu Jinyu was startled and then saw the Little Ice Silkworm staring at him with its big eyes, immediately realizing this was her Spiritual Thought transmission.

He soon understood because he had also received help from the Silkworm King and could understand some of their ancient language. It was normal for the Divine Silkworm Princess, with her father's help, to speak their current language.

Finally able to communicate normally with her, Mu Jinyu was very pleased. However, thinking about the Silkworm King's fate, he felt melancholic again.

"He... the Silkworm King has passed away..." Mu Jinyu sighed and conveyed with his thoughts.

"Impossible, my father is so powerful, he... he can't be dead..."

When the Divine Silkworm Princess heard Mu Jinyu's words, she was initially stunned, then her big eyes revealed confusion and pain again. It seemed she recalled what she saw that day but still refused to accept the truth, shaking her head in denial.

Though unwilling to accept the truth, large tears kept rolling down from her eyes.

"Waaah... Father can't be dead..."

Upon seeing the Divine Silkworm Princess awaken and start crying, Jian Ruyan was somewhat confused, looking at Mu Jinyu and asking, "What's wrong with her?"

She had met the Divine Silkworm Princess before and liked this powerful yet adorable little one, but she didn't understand why she was crying so sadly, causing Jian Ruyan to feel distressed as well.

Mu Jinyu, who had returned from the Extremely Cold Hell, had shared some of his experiences with them. But regarding the Silkworm King and the Divine Silkworm Princess, he hadn't mentioned it yet. Hearing Jian Ruyan's inquiry, he sighed and then shared the story of the Divine Silkworm Clan with her.

After listening, Jian Ruyan's expression also turned complicated and regretful.

She didn't expect such a powerful Silkworm King to exist in the Extremely Cold Hell.

The Divine Silkworm Princess had stealthily followed them for the Emperor Dragon Corpse Mu Jinyu had placed in the Bi Fang Cauldron at that time, intending to save her father's life.

Unfortunately, it ultimately failed. The deceased could never be resurrected.

Just like she with her parents, they could never meet again.

"Waaah..."

The endlessly crying Little Ice Silkworm suddenly seemed to think of something, burrowed back into Mu Jinyu's arms, and then dragged out an ancient Bronze Lamp.

She then floated before Mu Jinyu's finger and took a bite.

"Hiss!"

Mu Jinyu's expression changed slightly, inhaling sharply, "So painful."

With his strong physical body, ordinary Spiritual Treasures couldn't harm him now, but the Divine Silkworm Princess's teeth were very sharp, directly breaking his skin with one bite.

After biting through Mu Jinyu's finger, the Divine Silkworm Princess didn't drink his blood. Instead, she released her grip and guided a small Blood Bead to ooze out, dripping onto the Bronze Lamp that had no more lamp oil.

"Whoosh!!"

Under her control, Mu Jinyu's Divine Dragon Blood was forcibly ignited, causing the lamp wick to flicker with a faint flame.

"Soul... come back..."

The Divine Silkworm Princess called out, her voice childish yet containing endless sorrow.

Witnessing this, Mu Jinyu, though knowing the Silkworm King was definitively deceased, his Soul scattered, and couldn't be revived by the Divine Silkworm Princess, still showed hopefulness in his expression.

Regrettably, after flickering for over a dozen seconds, the flame finally extinguished, and the Silkworm King's soul presence never reappeared.

"Waaah..."

The Divine Silkworm Princess wept in grief and then floated away towards the direction of the Northern Region.

"Not good..."

Mu Jinyu remembered his promise to the Silkworm King to take care of the Divine Silkworm Princess and immediately chased after her, simultaneously transmitting to Jian Ruyan, telling her not to follow but to wait for him at the Chen Family with Wen Rou.

Just as he finished speaking, seeing that the Divine Silkworm Princess's figure was almost out of sight, Mu Jinyu hastily pursued her.

...

Northern Region.

Hanchi Tribe.

At this moment, a tremendous battle was taking place, killing intent soaring to the skies, with blood and bones strewn everywhere.

"Kill!"

"Kill all these Blood Witches!"

"Damn Shi Kui Tribe, actually colluding with the Blood Witch Clan!"

"Kill!!!"

The opponent of the Hanchi Tribe this time was not the Barbarian Tribes living in the Northern Plains but the Blood Witch Clan!

The Blood Witch Clan is not a branch of the Barbarian Tribe. Instead, they have a deep-seated hatred with the Barbarian Tribe because the cultivation of the Blood Witch Clan requires powerful blood, and casting cursing techniques requires using Soul Spirits as a medium.

Due to the innate physical strength of the Barbarian Tribe, their blood naturally contains certain Secret Power. Generations of Barbarian Kings have called it the Barbarian God's Blood. Although the Barbarian Tribe doesn't specially cultivate the Soul, their inherent physical strength makes their soul naturally much stronger than the Human Race and Demon Race.

Therefore, an inevitable vendetta naturally arose between the two sides.

Once the Barbarian Tribe encounters the Blood Witch Clan, they will spare no efforts to eradicate them completely.

Although the Blood Witch Clan, like street rats, is constantly hunted and killed, they still seize any opportunity to secretly prey on the Barbarian Tribe, using their blood and soul spirits to cultivate, and once strengthened, continue to slaughter the Barbarian Tribe.

"Die!!"

The Barbarian King of the Hanchi Tribe, wielding a Big Bone Stick, violently smashed it down, immediately crushing a Blood Dragon that was lunging towards him into a spray of blood.

"Awooo!!"

The blood splattered everywhere, but quickly, under the manipulation of a group of elderly figures dressed in strange costumes, the blood coagulated and transformed back into dozens of hungry wolves, leaping towards the Barbarian King again!

Chapter 1174: Barbarian Tribe Blood Meal! Truly Despicable!

"Puchi!"

"Crack!!"

In the fierce battle, the Barbarians of the Hanchi Tribe were valiantly resisting the invading Blood Witch Clan, but there was still a significant strength gap, and the Blood Witchcraft Curse was quite strange, leaving them defenseless. As a result, the Hanchi Tribe had already suffered hundreds of casualties.

"Roar!!"

"Screech!!"

The blood and bones on the snowy ground, under the manipulation of the Blood Witch Clan, transformed into blood-colored ferocious birds and beasts, relentlessly slaughtering the Barbarians.

"Kill!!!"

The Barbarian tribes shouted in the sky, their vigorous Qi-Blood made them increasingly courageous as they fought, fearless of death, wielding bone tools and stone soldiers, swinging and smashing the bizarre and brutal Blood Beasts.

"Hmph, it's all because of the stupidity of the Barbarians from the Shi Kui Tribe, they ruined our trump card. Otherwise, wiping out a mere Hanchi Tribe wouldn't demand so much effort from us," someone impatiently remarked.

Standing on the outskirts of the battlefield, five Blood Witch Tribespeople dressed in bizarre attire watched as the Hanchi Tribe fiercely battled with the Blood Beasts they summoned, one of them said with some impatience.

"Forget it, it doesn't matter. This Hanchi Tribe is weak. Without the crushing force of the Blood Beasts, it'll just take more time," another Blood Witch said indifferently.

According to their original plan, they were going to use the Shi Kui Tribe's hands to nurture the most terrifying Blood Witch Beast, then flatten the entire Northern Region, using all adult Barbarians as blood food for their cultivation.

As for the young Barbarians, they would be penned up, waiting until they matured to extract their blood and Soul Spirit for cultivation!

Unfortunately, the people of the Shi Kui Tribe were too foolish, provoking a Divine Silkworm of unimaginable origin, which ate the most terrifying Blood Beast.

Upon discovering this, they were terrified for fear that the Divine Silkworm would find them and devour them all.

Shortly after, they discovered that dozens of Unity Realm Stage experts had come to the Northern Plains, which frightened them.

Finally, they watched as this group entered the Extremely Cold Hell, from which only a few returned alive.

After patiently waiting for a few days, they decided to quickly deal with the nearby Barbarian Tribes and then leave the Northern Region.

The Northern Region was now too dangerous; they couldn't stay long.

"Hoo!"

The five Blood Witch Tribespeople, while chatting, kept an eye on the fierce battle in the field. Seeing the Blood Beasts being hammered to death by the Barbarians, they began chanting the Cursing Technique, lifting their Witch Staff, and waving it toward the battlefield.

Instantly, five crimson blood lights surged into the battlefield!

"Crack!"

"Bang..."

With the influx of the five crimson blood lights, the fragmented bone shards on the ground were devoured by blood mud, and then the blood mud squirmed, transforming into ferocious Blood Beasts that continued to charge relentlessly at the Hanchi Tribe's Barbarians!

"Damn it!"

The Barbarian King swung the Bone Club, smashing two Blood Lions and a Blood Elephant to death, and cursed angrily.

Then, his face changed several times before he spoke loudly, "Brothers, if any of our tribespeople fall in battle, do not leave corpses, burn them, to prevent the damn Blood Witch Clan from using them to harm us again!"

His tone contained frustration and sorrow as he shouted painfully.

"Yes!!"

"Kill!!!"

The tribespeople of the Hanchi Tribe, their eyes bloodshot from slaughter, watched as they shattered Blood Spirits from Blood Beasts multiple times, preventing them from re-forming into blood beasts. Yet, the Blood Witch Clan began using the corpses of their fallen brothers to summon new Blood Beasts to fight them.

They wished they could rush forth, skin those Blood Witch Tribespeople alive, and let them form Blood Beasts that devour themselves!

They knew that in this situation, the best approach was to immediately destroy their sacrificed brothers' corpses when they fell, leaving no chance for the enemy to exploit them.

But those were their brothers; it was truly difficult to destroy the skeletal remains of fallen heroes rather than burying them.

Hearing the Barbarian King's shout, even unwillingly, they knew that if they wanted more tribespeople to survive, they had no choice but to do so!

"Kill!"

"Wipe out those beasts hiding behind shooting cold arrows!"

"Blood Witch Clan, if I survive today, I'll annihilate your clan!!"

The Barbarians cried blood tears, roaring in fury, attacking the oncoming Blood Beasts more ferociously.

Each time when a tribesman was about to fall, they acted immediately, igniting their hot blood, burning away the fallen Barbarian Warriors' bodies, leaving no blood or bone for the Blood Witch Clan to use.

"Hehe..."

The five Blood Witch Tribespeople stood outside the battlefield, their lips curled in a cold smile, surprisingly unmoved by the scene.

They weren't at all worried that after they stopped, once this last batch of Blood Beasts was killed by the Barbarians, they'd have no way to deal with the battle-crazed Hanchi Tribe.

"No wonder they are brute simpletons, do they really think this will help?"

"Let them kill each other, once they see our means, they'll know what cruelty is!"

"Hehehe, let's hope the surviving Barbarians, as blood food, will satisfy us."

The five sneered coldly and even seemed a bit eager.

"Boom!!"

The Barbarian King, covered in blood, swung his Bone Club, shattering a crimson Great Python, blood splattering, unable to coalesce into a new Blood Beast.

"Ugh!"

The Barbarian King and many Barbarians of the Hanchi Tribe raised their heads, faces smeared with bloody filth, eyes glaring red at the five Blood Witch Tribespeople, roaring like ferocious beasts.

"Kill!"

"Die!!"

Hundreds of Barbarian Warriors raised their Stone Soldiers and bone tools high, charging toward the five Blood Witch Tribespeople.

"Boom!!"

Their Qi-Blood erupted, enveloping the entire world, filling the mountains and rivers with blood colors, imprisoning the heavens and earth, preventing those Blood Witch Tribespeople from escaping!

"Hehe..."

Seeing this, the five Blood Witch Tribespeople weren't afraid, smirking coldly, waving their Witch Staffs in unison.

"Buzz!!"

A series of blood lights shot forth from their staffs, hitting a dozen Barbarians charging ahead.

"Boom!!"

Immediately, these dozen Barbarian Warriors turned crimson as if cooked shrimp, and then with a boom, their bodies exploded!

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!"

Upon their deaths, a mass of crimson Blood Orbs emerged from the smashed flesh, rushing toward the five Blood Witch Tribespeople.

"Ah, really satisfying!"

With the Blood Orbs entering their bodies, the Blood Witch Tribespeople's faces glowed red, rejuvenating them significantly; they licked their lips, swinging their staffs again.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!"

This time, clusters of pale white light emerged from the corpses.

If observed closely, there were silhouettes, writhing in agony, faces twisted with pain.

These silhouettes were exactly of the deceased Barbarian Warriors!

"Indeed, blood food brewed in agony and torment, amidst screams, is the most delectable!"

A Blood Witch Tribesperson opened his mouth to swallow a white Soul Sphere, exclaiming in admiration.

"Kill!!!"

"Die!!"

Seeing this, the Barbarians' eyes truly were filled with wrathful bloodlust, having never imagined the reason the five Blood Witch Tribespeople hadn't acted directly previously was this.

To torment them sufficiently, inflame their fury, before devouring their Essence Blood!

Truly damned!

Chapter 1175: The Five Shamans Unite! The Barbarian King's Peril!

"Hoo..."

Mu Jinyu followed the Divine Silkworm Princess all the way to the depths of the Northern Plains.

"What a vicious and bloody smell!"

When they were not far from the Extremely Cold Hell, they smelled a very strong bloody scent from afar, causing Mu Jinyu's expression to change involuntarily.

This bloody scent was different from that caused by ordinary slaughter; it was unusually vicious and terrifying. Mu Jinyu vaguely remembered smelling it somewhere before.

Then, his eyes narrowed, and he immediately thought of the blood beast created by Shi Kui in the Kui Dragon Tribe that day.

At that time, the bloody scent emanating from that blood beast was equally bizarre, carrying a terrible corrosive and cursed aura.

"Hmm?"

The Divine Silkworm Princess, who was running wildly ahead, also smelled the bloody scent and couldn't help but stop.

She turned her head to look at Mu Jinyu and transmitted a message: "There are bad people coming out, let's go take a look."

After saying this, she dashed toward the location of the Hanchi Tribe.

Seeing this, Mu Jinyu followed.

...

"Boom boom!!"

"Bang!"

A one-sided massacre was occurring at the Hanchi Tribe.

The Barbarian Warriors used their terrifying blood qi to seal the land, originally intending to besiege the five Blood Witch tribespeople. But who could have thought that, under the opponent's witchcraft, they

couldn't even get close and were instead trapped, making it impossible for them to leave this blood-colored world.

From then on, a one-sided massacre began.

Whenever they laboriously broke through the blood qi barrier and rushed to the five Blood Witch tribespeople, just a single wave of a staff would cause a group to lose control and explode.

Then, rich blood orbs emerged one by one, pouring into the bodies of the Blood Witch clan, nourishing their cultivation.

"Ah!!"

"Dammit!"

The Barbarian King and some of the trapped Barbarian Warriors watched in dismay as their tribespeople were trapped like livestock, unable to charge at the Blood Witch clan. And when the Blood Witches digested the blood qi soul they devoured, they released a small portion of the tribespeople to continue the slaughter, making their hearts bleed!

Some young Barbarian Warriors, who had never been so humiliated, didn't utter a sound of pain even when having an arm torn off in battle. But at this moment, they couldn't help but cry out in agony.

"Hate, despair, wail! Only souls brewed like this are the materials our Blood Witch clan needs! Jie jie jie..."

The Blood Witch clan remained unmoved as they watched the young barbarians wail in pain, their faces curling into cruel smiles.

"Ah!!"

"Break free for me!!"

The Barbarian King, strong enough with a Fourth Layer Hedao Realm cultivation, had been the main target of the Blood Witches' combined entrapment, but he struggled desperately and finally burned a hundred years of lifespan to break free from the blood qi shackles!

"Hah!!"

"Die!"

The Barbarian King, finally regaining his freedom, held a bone club, eyes bloodshot, and leapt to the front of the five Blood Witches, smashing down, reversing the universe!

"Boom!!"

The snow collapsed, causing an earth-shattering avalanche on the distant Great Snow Mountain.

But the five Blood Witches narrowly dodged the deadly strike!

"Jie jie jie... Barbarian King, it's useless. Though you have Mid Hedao Realm cultivation, how can you stand against the five of us alone?!"

"Indeed, though we five brothers only have First Layer Hedao Realm cultivation, together we're far stronger than Mid Hedao Realm. Stop resisting vainly and become our blood meal!"

"Die!"

The five Blood Witches spoke, three of them verbose, one merely let out a cold shout, while the last two stayed silent, murderous aura rising to the sky!

At the same time, they all gave up continuing to devour blood meals to advance their cultivation and aimed at the freed Barbarian King!

"Hah! Ten Thousand Corpse Paths!"

One roared, and with the sound of silken fabric tearing, his garment ripped apart, revealing a massive gash in his abdomen as if a thousand-year-old corpse had been disemboweled, leaking foul, black corpse fluid.

"Boom boom boom!!"

Twelve terrifying corpse arms, over three zhang long, full of decayed flesh, black brown corpse blotches, and twisted bone spurs, smashed at the Barbarian King!

"Vast Blood Sea!"

One sternly shouted, forming a spell with his hands, then spewed an unending torrent of blood.

This blood was eerily corrosive, more terrifying than lava, scorching the snow and earth as it crept toward the Barbarian King, trying to trap him and grind him down alive in the blood sea!

"Bone Vein Sky Slash!"

One lightly cried, pointing ten fingers, sending out finger bones to entwine the Barbarian King!

The finger bones started thin like willows but quickly widened to over three chi, like ten bone dragons striking from above!

"Eternal Night Capital!"

One hoarsely shouted, a gleaming white light flashing on his forehead as he shot a black ray outward!

"Boom!"

Instantly, the sky darkened.

To the Barbarian King, the world lost all color, leaving him blind to his surroundings.

This made dodging the bone dragons, corpse arms, and blood sea even harder.

Simultaneously, he slowly realized this darkness was corroding his Sea of Consciousness and attacking his soul!

"Night Parade of One Hundred Demons!"

The final aged voice rang out, and countless malicious and hateful auras swept the area!

It was as if Hell's Gate had been opened, releasing endless evil ghosts!

"Hoo..."

"Swish swish..."

"Jie jie jie..."

Countless mournful screams and cold laughs echoed, chilling the trapped Barbarian Warriors and making them feel powerless!

"Ah!"

Though the Barbarian King had Mid Hedao Realm cultivation, he found it difficult to contend with the Blood Witch's five-person deadly strike, and in a moment of soul daze, countless evil ghosts invaded his Sea of Consciousness, causing him to roar in fury!

"Swish swish!!"

With the Barbarian King eroded by the Night Parade of One Hundred Demons, the ten bone dragons wrapped tightly around his left leg and waist, making it impossible to break free!

"Boom!"

"Bang!!!"

The sound of an explosion like a cannon firing roared as twelve terrifying corpse arms smashed into the Barbarian King's chest, tearing it open and disemboweling him!

Nearly ripping him in half!

"Hoo!"

The blood sea surged to envelop the Barbarian King, ready to rinse him inside and out with fresh blood.

"A rare Merging Paths Barbarian, perfect for making a blood puppet! Jie jie jie..."

The five Blood Witches sneered coldly, their venomous eyes filled with greed.

Just as the blood sea was about to engulf the Barbarian King's disemboweled guts, from a distance came a sharp whistling!

"How daring!"

A young man's voice rang out, filled with overwhelming rage.

Then, with a thundering sound, a blinding bolt of lightning, like the first strike of a Heavenly Tribulation, rushed at them at unimaginable speed!

"Hoo..."

The blinding thunder light shot forward, causing the blood sea to part, unable to erode the immobilized Barbarian King!

Chapter 1176: Reaping What They Sow! Lending a Helping Hand!

"Boom!!"

The blinding thunder light seemed to carry a faint dragon's roar as it split the blood sea like silken fabric, tearing it into two within moments, making it impossible to enclose again.

The ten-fingered Bone Dragon coiled around the Barbarian King's body, along with twelve ferocious corpse arms, were also shattered under this thunder light, turning into ashes!

It was truly devastating, leaving nothing unbroken in its path!

"Ah!"

The two Blood Witch Tribespeople who released the Bone Dragon and corpse arms screamed in extreme agony as their creations were destroyed.

They immediately held their heads tightly, rolling on the ground without the ability to continue attacking the enemy.

This was the result of backlash after their forbidden curse technique was broken.

"How could this happen?!"

The remaining three watched the scene in shock and disbelief. The one who cast the vast blood sea was bleeding from all seven orifices, experiencing heavy backlash as well. They didn't expect the sudden arrival of a terrifyingly powerful enemy to aid the Barbarian Tribe!

Their forbidden curse technique could not be used lightly; if broken, the backlash could result in severe injury or even life-threatening danger!

Had they not calculated that the five of them combined could take down a fourth layer Hedao Realm Barbarian King without being severely injured, they would never have unleashed such forbidden cursing techniques recklessly!

Who could have thought, at the cusp of the Barbarian King's doom, another challenger would emerge, disrupting their siege on the Hanchi Tribe, causing two of their brothers to suffer terrible backlash, on the brink of death!

"How could this happen, quickly cancel the forbidden cursing technique!"

The remaining three were visibly unsettled, angry and fearful with a slight hint of dread.

But witnessing the fate of those two, they no longer dared to gamble on "Eternal Night Capital" or "Night Parade of One Hundred Demons" being unable to break the forbidden soul attacking curse, and quickly sought to cancel their respective forbidden cursing techniques to avoid further backlash.

Another wave of backlash and they'd have no power to resist, risking the five of them perishing there today.

"Rip!!"

Yet, it was too late...

As another rippling sound reverberated.

The black domain, approximately a mile in radius, truly split like a sheet of fabric, revealing the figure of the Barbarian King within!

"Ah!!"

A Blood Witch Tribesperson let out a heartrending scream as their head exploded!

The backlash he suffered was too terrible, causing immediate death!

"Boom!!"

Then, the two remaining conscious Blood Witch Tribespeople saw the figure within the thunder light.

It was a long spear, dragon-like in form, exuding chilling arrogance, with dragon-head spitting out spear-edge. Its pair of golden dragon eyes sparkled, like a living True Dragon!

"Shoo!"

The Dragon Spear swung, slaughtering the scattering figures of "Night Parade of One Hundred Demons" completely!

"Ah!!"

As the evil ghosts were exterminated, the Blood Witch Tribesperson who cast the forbidden "Night Parade of One Hundred Demons" curse screamed miserably, his eyes rolling up and mouth foaming, a foolish grin forming on his lips.

He was rendered completely idiotic by the backlash!

"No..."

The last person was filled with terror, trembling hands trying quickly to make hand seals to dissolve the split blood sea.

"Boom!!"

Just at that moment, a colossal cauldron descended from above.

Dragon-phoenix soared, and Yin Yang resonated, transforming into Chaos Qi, forcibly evaporating the blood sea packed with filth, resentment, and curses.

"Ah!!"

The last Blood Witch Tribesperson let out a hoarse scream as, amidst the invigorating and excited gazes of the barbarians, he burned up his essence blood and fell like a mummy!

"How wonderful!"

"These Blood Witch Clan are truly deserving of this fate!"

"Kill them!"

With five Blood Witch Tribespeople injured or dead, the blockade preventing the Barbarian Warriors from advancing disappeared. Hundreds of Barbarian Warriors, eyes filled with overwhelming resentment and anger, were about to rush forth and tear those five's bodies apart!

"Hoo!"

Mu Jinyu descended slowly from the sky, saying, "Hold for now."

"Hmm?!"

The Barbarian Warriors initially didn't know who came to rescue the Barbarian King and helped avenge them. Upon hearing a somewhat familiar voice, they looked up.

They saw a handsome young man clothed in white, with a Divine Cauldron featuring dragon-phoenix suspended above his head, surrounded by a spearing godly spear.

It was none other than Mu Jinyu, who fought alongside them, finally exterminating the Kui Dragon tribe!

"It's Brother Mu!"

The warriors of the Hanchi Tribe smiled joyfully upon seeing Mu Jinyu's appearance, with the gloomy and rage-filled looks temporarily faded away.

Mu Jinyu glanced at the reduced numbers of the Hanchi Tribe, a trace of regret flashing in his eyes as he spoke, "Don't be hasty in killing these people, let's search their souls first to see if they have any other tribespeople, then it's not too late to act."

Upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words, the previously blood-boiled Barbarian Warriors, whose minds were clouded by hatred, all sobered up, realizing they shouldn't immediately tear the Blood Witch Tribes to pieces in rage, but rather try to extract their remaining value.

"Let's first save the Barbarian King!"

Since they couldn't vent their rage by tearing apart the Blood Witch Tribespeople, the Barbarian Warriors quickly decided to check the Barbarian King's injuries.

Mu Jinyu followed them.

The Barbarian King was severely wounded; not only was his Sea of Consciousness breached by strange soul attacks, but he was also invaded by endless evil ghosts, nearly turned into a living idiot.

His physical injuries were equally severe!

The blood and flesh on his left leg and the waist and back were shredded by the ten-fingered Bone Dragon, revealing the white bone beneath stained with bloody threads...

His abdomen was torn open by corpse arms, nearly split into two halves!

Such injuries would make survival almost impossible for ordinary cultivators, even those at the Fanxu Realm.

But the Barbarian King was a mighty Unity Realm cultivator, enduring until Mu Jinyu's arrival due to his unique physique, still holding onto a breath.

"With a breath still in him, handling it becomes much easier."

After examining the Barbarian King's injuries, Mu Jinyu's furrowed brows slightly relaxed.

He then placed his palm against the Barbarian King's back, channeling Profound Skill, allowing Life Source Energy to flow into the heart, safeguarding the final undamaged heart vein.

Next, Mu Jinyu began dispelling the curses, Blood Fiend, and evil spirits within the Barbarian King's body using Life Source Energy, finally healing the horrific abdominal wound and shredded flesh.

"Amazing..."

"The Barbarian King is saved! Wonderful!"

The shocked Barbarian Tribe members, previously thinking the heavily injured Barbarian King was doomed to die, exclaimed in joy as they witnessed the Barbarian King's wounds healing and wisps of black smoke carrying GUI Lian being expelled from within.

After repairing the physical injuries, Mu Jinyu took out two spiritual medicines given by his mentor Mu Shao'ai.

These two spiritual medicines were effective in cleansing the soul's impurities and restoring purity.

Originally intended for Jian Ruyan and Wen Rou, but with the help of the Mystical Little Tree, these medicines were eventually unused.

Jian Ruyan and Wen Rou smoothly returned to their bodies, seemingly well-functioning.

Currently, Mu Jinyu cannot extract the Barbarian King's soul from his Sea of Consciousness to his own for healing, given the extreme fragility from continuous soul attacks, risking collapse.

Using those two spiritual medicines to treat the Barbarian King seems more prudent.

Chapter 1177: Awakening the Barbarian King! The Blood Witch Calamity!

Mu Jinyu drew out the medicinal liquid from two spiritual medicines, his Divine Sense departing from his body and slowly invading the Sea of Consciousness of the Barbarian King.

This process was indeed very dangerous, because the Barbarian King's cultivation was comparable to Mu Jinyu. If the Barbarian King were to retaliate, using his Sea of Consciousness as the main battlefield, it could cause significant harm to Mu Jinyu.

But Mu Jinyu knew the Barbarian King's condition, knowing he couldn't consciously attack him, so he boldly invaded directly.

"Hoo!"

"Whoa whoa!"

"Jie jie jie..."

As soon as he entered the Sea of Consciousness of the Barbarian King, several deeply hidden evil ghosts rushed out, attempting to attack Mu Jinyu.

"Humph!"

Seeing this, Mu Jinyu's eyes flashed coldly and he snorted softly, causing the evil ghosts to scatter into smoke, dissipating into a wisp of black mist!

"Hmph!"

The Blood Witch tribesperson, already dazed, with the last remaining evil ghosts exterminated, suddenly grunted a few times, flipped his head, and fainted.

Mu Jinyu ignored these and, after obliterating the evil ghosts, he looked at the Barbarian King's Soul, which was bare-chested and stiff in the Sea of Consciousness.

The Barbarian King's Soul was wrapped in a lot of black smoke at this time, covered all over with countless ferocious ghost faces, appearing like tattoos imprinted onto his Soul.

This was the damage caused by being eroded by the Night Parade of One Hundred Demons. If not treated promptly, even if his Physical Body's severe injuries were healed, he wouldn't be able to awaken, only turn into a living dead.

"Sizzling!!"

Mu Jinyu waved his hand, bringing him into a kind of Spiritual Liquid in the Barbarian King's Sea of Consciousness, splashing it onto the Barbarian King's Soul.

It was akin to pouring hot oil over cold meat, the sizzling sound continued.

The black smoke around the Barbarian King's Soul grew thicker, like a pillar of smoke rising straight up.

And the various ferocious ghost faces originally imprinted on his Soul, as if painted on a Green Stone table, were washed clean by heavy rain.

"Go!"

Seeing the Barbarian King's Soul, which had become riddled with holes after losing the ghost face imprint, Mu Jinyu waved his hand and sprinkled the second Spiritual Liquid onto the Barbarian King's Soul.

Immediately, the Soul, nourished by the Spiritual Liquid, quickly became full and vibrant, brightening considerably.

"Mu... Brother Mu?"

The Barbarian King finally gained consciousness, seeing Mu Jinyu's Spiritual Thought silhouette appear before him, he weakly asked.

"Mm, it's me, don't worry, I can heal you quickly." Mu Jinyu softly spoke, then waved his hand and gathered the billowing black smoke emitted from the healed Barbarian King's Soul, before retreating from the Sea of Consciousness.

These black smoke were a kind of curse and resentment, although no longer imprinted on the Barbarian King's Soul like parasites, but if left in the Sea of Consciousness, would still pose a significant threat.

Therefore, Mu Jinyu had to take them away before leaving.

"Brother Mu, how is it? Will the Barbarian King be saved?"

With Mu Jinyu's consciousness returning, a Barbarian tribesperson immediately asked with concern.

"He will wake up soon."

Mu Jinyu replied while waving his hand, dispersing a wisp of black smoke.

"Ugh..."

As soon as he finished speaking, the previously motionless Barbarian King emitted a painful groan, then regained consciousness.

The Barbarian King opened his eyes, his gaze extremely weak, he looked at Mu Jinyu with a pale face and gratefully said: "Thought I'd kick the bucket today, regretted not taking those five bastards with me before dying, but didn't expect Brother Mu to save my life in the end..."

"With our friendship, there's no need for such formality." Mu Jinyu laughed.

Not to mention their life-and-death camaraderie exploring the Extremely Cold Hell together, and jointly counterattacking the Shi Kui Tribe, the Nether River Flowers collected from Shi Kui Tribe, the Barbarian King directly gave them to him, helping him a great deal.

These kindnesses were enough to make up for the two spiritual medicines used to save the Barbarian King.

Moreover, for friends, if it's within his power, he would help with all his might, without counting costs.

The Barbarian King laughed heartily upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words: "Great, tonight we brothers won't stop until drunk."

Mu Jinyu shook his head: "That won't do, given your injuries, a little drinking is fine, but if you get drunk, it won't be good for your body."

The Little Ice Silkworm flew over, perched on Mu Jinyu's shoulder, blinking big eyes at the Barbarian King, seeing he was okay, she transmitted her voice to Mu Jinyu: "Let's go, find my father!"

Her voice was very tender, yet firm, determined to return to the Extremely Cold Hell to search for her father!

"Wait a moment." Mu Jinyu saw the Divine Silkworm Princess's emotions stabilize, unlike when she first woke up wanting to charge to find the Silkworm King, she followed him here to check the situation, so he patiently persuaded.

"Wait for what?" The Divine Silkworm Little Princess asked curiously.

Mu Jinyu calmly said: "Later, we're going to perform Soul Search on these Blood Witches, see if there are any remaining threats, their methods are too vicious, they must be exterminated entirely."

"Alright then." The Divine Silkworm Princess blinked her eyes and agreed.

"Mm!"

Mu Jinyu responded, then stood up, stepping towards the two Blood Witch tribesmen who had fainted due to destruction of corpse and bones.

The other three either died instantly, were burnt to ashes becoming dry corpses, or turned into idiots.

The first two were completely dead, making Soul Search impossible, the last idiot likely had broken memories, making it difficult to uncover anything of value.

Therefore, his targets were the two Blood Witches who had fainted.

Kneeling beside the two Blood Witches, Mu Jinyu placed a hand on each of their foreheads, then began to perform the Soul Searching Secret Technique!

"Mm-hmm!"

"Ugh-hmm!"

As Mu Jinyu's Soul Searching Secret Technique unfolded, the two of them immediately groaned, their bodies spasming from pain, blood began to flow from their seven orifices!

"Poof!"

Finally, Mu Jinyu concluded the Soul Searching, also utterly destroying their Soul, causing them to suddenly open their eyes wide, their bodies shuddered as they spouted a large spray of blood mist, their pupils' focus dissolved abruptly.

No breath!

"How's it?"

Including the Barbarian King, all the warriors of the Hanchi Tribe looked curiously at Mu Jinyu, eager to know the result of his Soul Search.

Mu Jinyu frowned slightly: "There are over twenty Blood Witch remnants, they are very ambitious, planning to kill off all the Northern Region Barbarians first, then push south after enhancing their cultivation!"

"How many of these remnants are in the Unity Realm Stage?" The Barbarian King furrowed his brow and urgently asked.

If there were many powerful cultivators in the Blood Witch Clan, the situation would be dire.

And if there's another Supreme Sect Master Level figure at the late stage of the Unity Realm, even the vast Northern Plains of the Barbarians might not withstand the Blood Witch Clan's resurgence and revenge.

Chapter 1178: The Origin of the Blood Witch! Notify the Heavenly Palace!

"There's someone they call the Shaman Ancestor, their cultivation seems to be at the Eighth Level of the Unity Realm Stage!"

Mu Jinyu frowned slightly and said slowly.

"The Shaman Ancestor at the Eighth Level of the Unity Realm Stage?"

The people from the Hanchi Tribe were taken aback by Mu Jinyu's response.

The Barbarian King's expression also showed a trace of unease.

The Blood Witch Clan's Shaman Ancestor at the late stage of Unity Realm is indeed not someone they can easily resist. This time the Barbarian Tribe is likely in trouble.

"These damn things are really good at hiding!"

The Barbarian King sighed deeply and cursed angrily.

The Barbarian Tribe and the Blood Witch Clan are mortal enemies, and they have always known that the Blood Witch Clan hasn't been completely annihilated. For over a thousand years, they've been searching for traces of the Blood Witch Clan but never found any clues.

They never thought that once they found a clue, the other party would already be a terrifying entity they couldn't contend with!

"Well, I'm actually quite curious. Why do the Blood Witch Clan keep targeting your Barbarian Tribe and refuse to leave the Northern Plains to kill and cultivate with the Demon Race or Human Race?"

Mu Jinyu pondered for a moment and suddenly asked.

The Barbarian King looked up at Mu Jinyu, his brows tightly knitted, and revealed a bitter smile, saying, "It's a long story. Actually, a long time ago, our Barbarian Tribe and Witch Tribe had a very good relationship."

Mu Jinyu's heart was stirred upon hearing the Barbarian King's words, noticing the different phrasing. He mentioned the Witch Tribe, not the Blood Witch Clan.

The Barbarian King continued, "Back then, our Barbarian Tribe and Witch Tribe lived together in the Northern Region. Our Barbarian Tribe honed our bodies, strengthening ourselves against cold and wind, while the Witch Tribe was like human cultivators, absorbing the essence of the sun and moon to cultivate witchcraft. Both parties lived harmoniously."

"But a thousand years ago, a rebel emerged within the Witch Tribe. He felt that relying solely on absorbing the sun and moon's essence to cultivate witchcraft was too slow, so he resorted to committing an act of great betrayal. He dug up their ancestral grave to absorb lost souls for witchcraft cultivation."

Mu Jinyu was startled to hear this, guessing that this rebellious figure might be the ancestor of the Blood Witch Clan.

The Barbarian King continued with a sigh, "The rebel dug up the ancestral graves of their tribe to cultivate witchcraft, but he was soon discovered by the elders of his tribe because of his strange behavior!"

"Naturally, the elders were furious and immediately wanted to cleanse their ranks!"

"Unexpectedly, though he had only been absorbing the spirits of lost souls to cultivate witchcraft for just a few months, his power had already surpassed any elder within the tribe. Ultimately, he forcefully broke through the encirclement and defected from the tribe!"

"In the midst of this fierce battle, while attempting to absorb blood and resentful souls to perform witchcraft, he realized this method was far more effective than absorbing spirits from graves..."

The Barbarian King looked up at Mu Jinyu, let out a long sigh, and said bitterly, "Thus, you can imagine, the Blood Witch Clan was born."

"After the Blood Witch Ancestor successfully destroyed his tribe, the other tribes of the Witch race contacted our Barbarian Tribe leaders to jointly hunt down this traitor. We, of course, didn't want to see this evil Witch Tribe grow stronger, and knowing the fate of betrayal between lips and teeth, we set out with the Witch Tribe to hunt down the Blood Witch Clan."

"In the end, the Blood Witch Ancestor died, leaving only a few remnants who escaped. Both our Barbarian Tribe and the Witch Tribe were severely weakened and couldn't search inch by inch for traces of these remnants in the Northern Plains!"

"In the following hundreds of years, the Blood Witch Clan kept retaliating against the Witch Tribe until they were completely extinguished. For centuries after, there was no news from the Blood Witch Clan, and we thought the remnants had perished along with the Witch Tribe. But unexpectedly, they've been persistent enough to endure until now before revealing themselves!"

"And as for why the Blood Witch Clan doesn't leave the Northern Plains to find the Human Race and Demon Race for cultivation, the reason is very simple. At the time, the Blood Witch Ancestor, surrounded by our two major tribes, made a Witch Oath before dying, vowing that unless the Witch Tribe and Barbarian Tribe were completely exterminated, the Blood Witch Clan would never leave the Northern Plains!"

The Barbarian King finished speaking, letting out another long sigh, his brows furrowing even tighter.

Despite the Barbarian King lightly glossing over the outcome of that battle, Mu Jinyu could still imagine how tough that battle was—how much blood was shed, how many corpses piled up—before they successfully exterminated the Blood Witch Ancestor.

Mu Jinyu pondered, knowing that the turmoil caused by the Blood Witch Clan affected not only the survival of the Barbarian Tribe.

The Blood Witch Clan has endured for over a thousand years. After extinguishing the Witch Tribe, they have lurked, aiming to destroy the Barbarian Tribe completely. Now they have emerged, clearly confident in annihilating all the Barbarian Tribes in the Northern Plains.

Once the Barbarian Tribe is exterminated, the consequences would be dire, with the Blood Witch Clan ready to leave the Northern Plains and spread their destruction across the entire Kunlun Ruins!

At that time, the devastation would be immense, and he could not stand by idly.

Little Ice Silkworm lay on Mu Jinyu's shoulder, unable to understand what they were discussing. Its large eyes blinked in confusion a few times. Seeing them not speaking, it transmitted to Mu Jinyu to urge him: "Alright, let's go quickly."

"Hmm?" Mu Jinyu snapped out of his reverie, remembering his original purpose for coming to the Northern Region was chasing after the Divine Silkworm Princess.

Now the Divine Silkworm Princess didn't want to linger here any longer. If he insisted on staying to deal with the Blood Witch Clan first and Little Ice Silkworm disappeared in a fit of rage, it would be troublesome.

But the matter with the Blood Witch Clan couldn't be ignored either.

Mu Jinyu pondered for a moment and transmitted to Little Ice Silkworm: "Wait for me a moment, I'll let someone handle the situation here."

He realized his status was different now.

Previously, he was hunted down by the Heavenly Palace, fleeing everywhere, but now his master was the Master of Heavenly Palace. He could completely notify his master to dispatch people to deal with the Blood Witch Clan.

It's not necessary for him to handle it personally.

Taking out the Heavenly Palace Token, Mu Jinyu sent a message to Mu Shao'ai, informing him of the situation in the Northern Plains.

Mu Shao'ai quickly replied, saying he would personally come to handle it and reassured him.

Putting away the Heavenly Palace Token, Mu Jinyu spoke to the worried people of the Hanchi Tribe: "Don't worry, I've already notified my reinforcements. My master will also come personally to guard. The Blood Witch Clan won't be able to stir up any trouble."

"Really?" The Barbarian King was both startled and delighted upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words, quickly asking who Mu Jinyu's master was?

In his view, Mu Jinyu was already very strong, and a master who could teach such an outstanding disciple must be even more formidable.

Mu Jinyu smiled slightly and said, "The Master of Heavenly Palace."

"This..." The Barbarian King was instantly stunned upon hearing this.

Although their Barbarian Tribe lived in the harsh Northern Plains, it didn't mean he was unaware of the situation with the Heavenly Palace.

The Heavenly Palace was the strongest power in the entire Kunlun Ruins, and the Master of Heavenly Palace could be considered the true god of Kunlun Ruins, supposedly with cultivation beyond Unity Realm.

For such a super power to be the mentor of Mu Brothers... his master?!

Chapter 1179: The Blood Witch Ancestor's Burial Ground! Return to the Extremely Cold Hell!

"Brother Mu, are you kidding?"

The Barbarian King stared blankly at Mu Jinyu, finding it hard to imagine that he could be the Young Master of the Heavenly Palace.

"Of course not." Mu Jinyu shook his head and said, "Do you think I'm not worthy?"

"No, no..." The Barbarian King hurriedly shook his head, suppressing the shock in his heart, and said, "I just didn't expect that Brother Mu, your background is so grand."

"Well, I have something to do, I need to leave first. Be careful, it's best to leave the Hanchi Tribe for now. In about half a day, people from the Heavenly Palace will come to help you deal with the Blood Witch Clan."

After giving the Barbarian King some advice, Mu Jinyu followed the Divine Silkworm Princess in the direction of the Extremely Cold Hell.

After Mu Jinyu left.

A few young people from the Hanchi Tribe suddenly spoke with worry and doubt:

"Barbarian King, could it be that Brother Mu doesn't dare to stay and help us fight against the Blood Witch Clan, so he made up a lie and left on his own?"

"I feel the same way, if the Heavenly Palace is really going to send people to help us, why wouldn't he stay with us for half a day? Just leaving like this, isn't he afraid that the Blood Witch Clan will send people to attack us again during this time!"

"..."

The Barbarian King heard their words, his face darkened, and he shouted, "Shut up!"

"Is this how you talk about your benefactor?"

The young barbarian men immediately fell silent, but their expressions clearly showed that they still doubted Mu Jinyu's actions.

The Barbarian King said coldly, "First of all, Brother Mu doesn't owe us anything. On the contrary, he saved our Hanchi Tribe twice. Even if he really doesn't want to help us, we have no position to criticize him."

"Secondly, haven't you noticed that Brother Mu was communicating with that Divine Silkworm through sound transmission just now? And think about why he suddenly returned to the Northern Plains?"

"People return to the Northern Plains for things to do, they just happen to pass by our Hanchi Tribe, so they came to help us out. Since they saved us and have informed people to come help us, they have urgent matters to attend to, why can't they just leave?!"

"You want him to stay with us to prevent the Blood Witch Clan from attacking us again? Only leaving after people come? What kind of nonsense logic is that?!"

"Don't let me hear such words again, otherwise, even if Brother Mu doesn't hold you accountable, I will drive you out of the Hanchi Tribe!"

The Barbarian King said coldly.

"Yes..."

"Sorry, we were wrong!"

The young barbarian men, hearing the words of the Barbarian King, also felt that their previous attitude was indeed wrong, and they hurriedly apologized with shame.

"Alright, let's hurry and leave the tribe too, so as to avoid the deaths of those five Blood Witches causing that Eighth Level Shaman Ancestor to come, which wouldn't be good."

The Barbarian King then followed Mu Jinyu's advice and began organizing the tribe for relocation.

...

Meanwhile, Mu Jinyu, following the Divine Silkworm Princess towards the Extremely Cold Hell, was not far, so he could hear the conversation between the Barbarian King and those young men.

Upon hearing the final scolding from the Barbarian King, Mu Jinyu smiled slightly, without any big reaction.

He indeed had to coax the Little Ice Silkworm first to prevent this little one from getting upset and running deep into the Extremely Cold Hell and never coming out again; he might never find her again, and he wouldn't be able to fulfill the promise he made to the Silkworm King.

As for the side of the Hanchi Tribe, he had soul-searched the Blood Witches before; the Blood Witches only had a few remnants left, besides that Shaman Ancestor, there was no other Unity Realm cultivator.

If that is the case, as long as the Shaman Ancestor does not come personally, the Hanchi Tribe is unlikely to have any trouble.

From the soul-searching of those two Unity Realm Blood Witches, he learned that their Shaman Ancestor seemed to have a major event to handle recently and likely would not have time to come, so after notifying his master, he asked him to send people over and then left with the Divine Silkworm Princess.

As for the complaints from those young people, he could understand them and wouldn't take them to heart.

"Hoo hoo..."

The Little Ice Silkworm continued flying ahead, and soon they arrived at the entrance of the Extremely Cold Hell.

Watching the Little Ice Silkworm fly underneath the ice cave, Mu Jinyu followed and jumped down.

...

Northern Plains, deep inside an ice mountain.

A girl with snow-white skin, almost translucent enough to see her veins, draped in a fox fur coat, walked slowly through the snow expressionlessly.

The cold wind blew, slightly lifting the fox fur coat, revealing that her stomach and arms were imprinted with numerous strange blood-colored runes, vaguely forming several grimacing ghost faces.

"According to the legends, the place where the Blood Witch Ancestor fell should be here, but I've been looking for several days without finding his remains?"

The girl slightly furrowed her beautiful eyebrows, stopped her steps, and looked somewhat agitated.

She was the current Witch Lord of the Blood Witch Clan, Jing Wang!

Recently, she had been searching for the burial site of the Blood Witch Ancestor to cultivate using his lost soul!

"Hmm?!"

Just then, the ghost face formed by blood-colored runes on the back of Jing Wang's neck suddenly heated up slightly, causing her expression to change.

"What's going on? Why did Ah-He and Xue Li all die?"

"The five of them working together aren't even a match for the Fifth Layer of the Unity Realm. How could a Fifth Layer Barbarian King appear in the entire Northern Barbarian Tribe?"

Jing Wang's face looked bad; her eyes as clear as glass were filled with malice, exuding evil Qi, and she said, "Could it be those human cultivators rushing to the Extremely Cold Hell made a move again? How infuriating!"

While speaking, she couldn't control her anger, stamping her snow-white jade foot on the ground.

"Boom, rumble!!"

Suddenly, the ground cracked, and the ice wall shattered, revealing a giant chasm.

"Boom!!"

As this chasm appeared, a sullen aura filled with endless resentment, hatred, and murderous intent erupted like a volcanic explosion.

"This is..."

Seeing the appearance of this aura, Jing Wang's eyes didn't show fear but joy, and she laughed, "Hahaha... Heaven does not disappoint those who persevere, I finally found the burial site of the Blood Witch Ancestor!"

"Just wait, once I successfully cultivate the witchcraft, Barbarian Tribe, Human Race, all of you will become my sacrificial offerings!"

After speaking, Jing Wang jumped without hesitation into the chasm that exuded an imposing evil Qi reaching the sky.

...

Extremely Cold Hell.

Mu Jinyu, following the Divine Silkworm Princess, once again arrived at the three-way fork in the path.

The Divine Silkworm Princess directly chose the path on the left, and Mu Jinyu followed.

Soon, they arrived at the ice cave where Mu Jinyu had ambushed those who pursued him to this location.

"Father..."

The Divine Silkworm Princess weakly called out as she flew towards the depths of the ice cave, wanting to reach the place that once connected to the Divine Silkworm Phantom Realm.

But when she arrived there, there was no misty light curtain or any terrifying cold wave preventing her approach; only a broken ice wall remained.

"Father..."

The Little Ice Silkworm floated mid-air, gazing suddenly at the ice wall, tears the size of soybeans continuously streaming down from her eyes as if at no cost.

Reaching here, she could no longer feel any trace of the Silkworm King's presence, coming to terms with the fact that her father had truly passed away.

Chapter 1180: The Divine Silkworm Princess's Farewell

Mu Jinyu looked at the Little Ice Silkworm, feeling quite uncomfortable but didn't know how to comfort the little creature.

"Da da da..."

At this moment, the sound of slow, gentle footsteps came.

Mu Jinyu turned his head and saw a purple Kirin as large as an ox, slowly emerging from around the corner.

"Crackle pop!"

The Purple Kirin's scales seemed carved from purple jade, exceptionally beautiful, marked with Taoist Patterns. Purple Qi was faintly rising, intermixed with crackling purple lightning, strikingly mystical.

Seeing the appearance of the Purple Lightning Kirin, Mu Jinyu's expression showed no surprise, for he had seen it before.

The people who besieged him, in the end, three of them tried to escape from the depths of the Ice Cave but directly ran into this Kirin beast, one was even devoured by it.

So seeing it again, Mu Jinyu was not surprised.

"Princess, you shouldn't have returned..."

The Purple Lightning Kirin glanced at Mu Jinyu, then spoke to the Little Ice Silkworm.

"Uncle..."

The Little Ice Silkworm turned, looking pitifully at the Purple Lightning Kirin, speaking in a sorrowful tone.

They spoke in an ancient language, which Mu Jinyu could not originally understand but after being empowered by the Silkworm King, he could now comprehend these words.

'Uncle?'

Mu Jinyu thought about how the Divine Silkworm Princess referred to the Purple Lightning Kirin, surprised in his heart, could it be that this Purple Lightning Kirin was the brother of the Silkworm King?

No, it shouldn't be, and it wouldn't be a subordinate who followed the Silkworm King; it should be their descendant! Otherwise, it couldn't have survived till now.

However, the other party likely contains some Divine Silkworm Bloodline; otherwise, it wouldn't have a similar aura to the Little Ice Silkworm.

Then, Mu Jinyu thought of the Nine Divine Silkworm Transformations, could this Purple Lightning Kirin eventually transform into a Divine Dragon?

While Mu Jinyu was contemplating, the Purple Lightning Kirin continued advising the Little Ice Silkworm, "This place is already filled with curses and grievances because of the Divine King's failure; it's long unsuitable for cultivation anymore. Even I can't leave. If I try to leave, I will certainly be reduced to ashes."

"But Princess, you are different because the purest Divine Blood of the Divine King flows within you. Leaving here is not dangerous for you, but if you linger here too long, entangled by the curse, there may be no way for you to leave in the future."

The Purple Lightning Kirin advised earnestly.

Back when the Divine Silkworm Princess was in a frozen state, because of the special nature of the layer of ice, the Curse Force of the Extremely Cold Hell couldn't erode the Divine Silkworm Princess.

But now that she has broken free, due to the special nature of her bloodline, staying temporarily in the Extremely Cold Hell is fine, but staying too long would lead to big trouble.

Otherwise, considering her noble status as the only bloodline of the Silkworm King, the Purple Lightning Kirin wouldn't let her leave with Mu Jinyu.

When Mu Jinyu first came to the Extremely Cold Hell, he could never have let the other party leave alive.

"Uncle, I just want to look here once more..."

The Little Ice Silkworm's young voice carried the weight of sadness but weakly said.

This time, because she already knew the answer in her heart, she simply didn't want to accept it temporarily, so when she discovered the Silkworm King had truly perished, she wasn't overwhelmed by grief.

"Alright, but this will be the last time. Once the Princess leaves, I will completely close the entrance here."

Facing the Little Ice Silkworm's pitifully sorrowful expression, the Purple Lightning Kirin finally sighed, still agreeing to let the Little Ice Silkworm linger in the Extremely Cold Hell for a while longer. After saying this, it retreated and disappeared.

The Little Ice Silkworm lifted its head, lingered eyewear glancing at the broken ice wall in front of it, realizing it wouldn't see its father again. Suddenly, its gaze became much stronger.

She then shook off her tears and started wandering around the Ice Cave.

Mu Jinyu naturally followed.

Afterward, Mu Jinyu, circling around, saw many creatures frozen in solid ice.

There were purely beast-shaped beings like Kirins, Flood Dragons, Fire Phoenixes, Xuanwu, White Tigers, and there were some Half-Beast Spirit tribe members similar to the dragon humans in the central passageway.

Mu Jinyu already knew that the Half-Beast Spirit tribe were some followers of the Silkworm King, though their strength was not comparable to the true Spirit Clan or the Divine Silkworm Clan, they were still terrifying.

Due to the gap in bloodline, most of the Half-Beast Spirit tribe could not survive the frightening cold wave when the Silkworm King fell. Only a small portion of the Half-Beast Spirit tribe luckily got encased

in ice, and under the Curse Force, those dead Half-Beast Spirit tribe members could not leave this place, existing in a lost soul state within.

However, the Little Ice Silkworm viewed them impartially, with no discrimination against the Half-Beast Spirit tribe, nor did she favor those Spirit Clan members in the forms of Divine beasts, she addressed all visible souls as uncles or aunts, bidding farewell to each.

And at the Little Ice Silkworm's request, Mu Jinyu played Soul Soothing Melodies, allowing some lost soul-state Half-Beast Spirit tribe members they encountered along the way to be liberated and leave.

Eventually, they left the left passage and arrived at the central passage, bidding farewell to the dragon humans encased within.

Exiting the central passage, the Little Ice Silkworm lay on Mu Jinyu's shoulder, saying earnestly with her young voice, "One day, I will become strong, return, and help them lift the curse so they can see the daylight again."

"Mm, you can do it." Mu Jinyu nodded, also feeling relieved by the little one's high spirits.

Then, he saw that the Little Ice Silkworm didn't go to the right passage but intended to leave the Extremely Cold Hell altogether.

He couldn't help but ask curiously, "Why not go to the right passage?"

The Little Ice Silkworm shook her head, "There is no one there, it's an absolute zone, there's no need to go."

Hearing the Little Ice Silkworm's words, Mu Jinyu was shocked, then felt a surge of relief.

Thankfully, when he and the Barbarian King came to the Extremely Cold Hell, they chose the middle passage instead of the right one; otherwise, he might have been in serious trouble.

At last, they left the Extremely Cold Hell, leaping out of the Ice Cave.

As they left, it seemed under the control of the Purple Lightning Kirin, the entrance of the Extremely Cold Hell started freezing over with an ice wall.

In no time, the entrance was completely sealed off, preventing anyone from entering.

Although Mu Jinyu did not attempt it, he felt that the ice layer was probably too strong for even a Void Breaking Realm expert like his master, Mu Shao'ai, to break.

After all, the Silkworm King's cultivation was extremely high, and his Unity Realm was just the most basic low-level realm in the other's eyes; even a level higher than Unity Realm, what could a Void Breaking Realm be considered?

And the Purple Lightning Kirin was the only living being that survived in the Extremely Cold Hell, and although it couldn't leave, it was still terrifying to know its capability.

The Little Ice Silkworm turned her head, taking a deep look at the now ice-sealed entrance, a lingering look of attachment fleeting past her eyes, turning to resolve, then burrowed into Mu Jinyu's embrace, murmuring, "I need to focus on cultivation now, you go handle your affairs, if it becomes unmanageable, then call for me."

"Alright."

Mu Jinyu found the Little Ice Silkworm's actions somewhat amusing.

Afterward, he sensed the marks left on the Barbarian King and others, heading east to meet up with them to resolve the Blood Witch calamity.