

## Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 151-155

### Chapter 151: Inept

With Chancellor Ba Shan's shout, a wall of light which was dozens of yards high and literally had no thickness appeared in front of them.

This escarpment gave off an orange glow and had a width of six hundred yards. There were strange markings covered all over it and in the center of every marking was a burning star. There were a total of thirty-six patterns on the entire escarpment and there were thirty-six flaming stars which looked like a star atlas.

Just as Chancellor Ba Shan executed Heavenly Spirits Escarpment, cries of slaughter suddenly came in front of them as a battlefield came shifting towards them.

Hundreds of divine arts practitioners came whizzing over as they sat on huge beasts that roared as they sped along and came face to face with this escarpment which popped out unexpectedly between the heaven and earth.

The faces of those barbarian divine art practitioners turned pale white and an old barbarian general with white hair shouted loudly, "Quick, crumble it!"

Countless divine arts surged towards the escarpment and rumbles sounded out continuously.

There were also flying swords which gave off ear-piercing screeches as they stabbed at the escarpment, however, the tips of the swords could often more than not, penetrate through this escarpment before being fixed in place in the boundless escarpment. The swords could neither go forward nor be collected back.

Hum, hum, hum. Heavenly Spirits Escarpment vibrated continuously from the attacks and there were hundreds of swords that were added to the wall. At the back, there were still divine arts bursting forth and smashing the escarpment.

Those few hundred barbarian divine arts practitioners collided onto the wall. This, plus the divine arts into the fray, made cracks begin to form continuously on this escarpment. Chancellor Ba Shan shouted as he pushed his hands forward again and a hum was heard. Another Heavenly Spirits Escarpment was created which merged with the escarpment in front which had started cracking.

The amount of pressure he was withstanding was unimaginable as he was constantly forced to retreat. Among these few hundred divine arts practitioners, there was no lack of strong practitioners of Seven Stars Realm, Celestial Being Realm and even Life and Death Realm. With all of them cooperating and putting the pressure on him, it was already extremely terrifying for Chancellor Ba Shan to be able to use Heavenly Spirits Escarpment to contend against them and not let them crush the escarpment.

"Sacrifice the knife pellets!" that old general shouted sternly.

Whoosh!

Balls of knife pellets flew into the sky and spun in front of the escarpment. Suddenly, countless of knife lights shot towards the escarpment and the crisp clanking sounds rang incessantly. In a split second, the escarpment was completely pierced by over tens of thousands of treasure knives.

Chancellor Ba Shan's expression changed hugely and he moved back ten steps from the pressure coming from the escarpment. His Heavenly Spirits Escarpment continued to shrink from being pressured by the terrifying power.

"Junior brother, princess, we're going to enter the barbarian's battlefield!"

Chancellor Ba Shan shouted, "Both of you be careful!"

Qin Mu's heart trembled slightly and he suddenly heard the toot of a bugle horn from the depths of the prairie. Another army had managed to catch up in their chase.

That old barbarian general was helpless and shouted sternly, "Face the enemies!"

It was a huge army that had come chasing over and it was formed up of most divine arts practitioners and martial arts practitioners of the barbarian tribe. Martial arts practitioners were foot soldiers while divine arts practitioners were the cavalry that rode huge strange beasts. Other than that, there were also huge birds spreading their wings in the sky and some soldiers from Barbarian Di Empire were standing on the backs of the birds. However, they were all women that wore rainbow-colored feathers on their heads and threw spells and sharp swords downwards.

Qin Mu looked through the escarpment and saw a barbarian general that had a majestic appearance sitting on a white elephant. That white elephant was a chunk taller than the other strange beasts and was no inferior to this green bull that was under their feet.

That young barbarian general swept his gaze over here and revealed an astonished expression when he saw Heavenly Spirits Escarpment. He instantly regained his composure and shouted, "Wind!"

A troop immediately came forward and took down the huge bottle gourds on their backs. Slamming them down heavily, they opened the mouths of the bottle gourds that were in front of them and black air immediately rushed out from the huge bottle gourds. The black air turned into tornadoes which grew larger and larger as if it was a dragon with its head in the sky and its tail on the ground, wreaking havoc wherever they swept across.

Meanwhile, those officers who had released the wind immediately leaped into the sky and stepped on the wind direction to rush towards the old general's army, sweeping countless of divine arts practitioners into midair.

When the soldiers of this barbarian tribe got swept into the sky, those officers made their moves on them and slashed at them with their knives, slaughtering the barbarian soldiers one by one.

That general on the white elephant shouted deeply, "Rain!"

Another troop rushed forward and placed down the earthen jars they were carrying on their backs. When they opened the lids, clouds of mist flew out from the jar. These barbarian officers rose into the air by stepping on the mist and heavy rain came pouring down.

These officers cast spells in the clouds, turning the raindrops into rain swords and stabbed them downwards. The barbarian soldiers below had no time to dodge and their heads got pierced through by the raindrops, turning them into sieves!

That young general shouted again, "Thunder!"

The female barbarians on the backs of the huge birds started to beat their drums which gave off rumblings of thunder. The thunder pounded down from above and causing the barbarian soldiers who were defending against the wind and rain to space out from the vibrations. This caused their defenses to subconsciously slack off and more of them got swept into the wind and rain, dying on the spot.

With the wind, rain and thunder three troops casting their spells, there were not many barbarian soldiers that were left alive. Those that were left alive were all strong practitioners that could hardly be hurt by normal spells.

That old barbarian general knew he wasn't a match for them and couldn't escape thus he hurriedly kneeled on the floor and stated loudly, "General Torimu, I surrender, surrender! I beg General Torimu to let me survive!"

Upon seeing this, the other twenty plus strong practitioners of the barbarian tribe also knelt down even though they were unwilling to do so. Surviving was more important to them, "We're willing to surrender!"

A cold light flashed across the eyes of General Torimu as he sneered, "You, the Tiermu Tribe tried to start a rebellion and you still want to live? Khan has ordered not to accept any surrender!"

The expression of that old general changed hugely and was about to turn violent when that General Torimu stretched out his arm and pointed. A sword pillar that was as thick as a thumb stabbed through the air and even though the two of them were three hundred yards apart, that sword pillar arrived in a flash and absolutely didn't give that old general time to dodge it, penetrating through his skull directly.

That sword pillar nailed itself onto the wall of light formed by Heavenly Spirit Escarpment and penetrated a tiny hole in this divine art of Chancellor Ba Shan.

Chancellor Ba Shan raised his eyebrows and dispersed Heavenly Spirits Escarpment. They only saw the army of General Torimu slaughtering their way over as they slaughtered every single barbarian of the rebel army, leaving not even one alive.

Most of the barbarian officers cut off the heads and hung them around their waists while cheering endlessly.

There were still some that snatched the human heads and arguing who was the one that had killed them.

Qin Mu frowned. Even if it was in Great Ruins, there was no social custom of snatching human heads.

“Collect all their souls and offer them to the golden palace!”

That General Torimu rode his white elephant forward and greeted Chancellor Ba Shan, “Could that be Martial Khan?”

Chancellor Ba Shan nodded his head.

The eyes of General Torimu twinkled and was eager to give it a try, “Martial Khan blocked eight hundred divine arts practitioners with the power of one man, your ability sure is extraordinary. However, you aren’t as powerful as they have mentioned in the legends. It seems like your title of Martial Khan can’t be maintained anymore.”

Chancellor Ba Shan chuckled as he stood steadily on the bull.

Radiance shot out from General Torimu’s eyes as he suddenly stood up on the back of the elephant. The sword glow in his hand expanded sharply and his sword qi broke through the air as it stabbed towards Chancellor Ba Shan, covering the entire sky with sword lights in a split second!

Chancellor Ba Shan stretched out his hand to pull out his knife and gave a slash. The sword lights suddenly vanished and only a knife was left slashing horizontally across the heaven and earth. A loud rumble sounded out and the knife light vanished, along with that General Torimu who was on the back of the elephant.

There were still other barbarian generals standing on the white elephant and they were all shocked. They could only hear a long “ah” coming from behind them and they hurriedly turned their heads back to see General Torimu flying further and further away.

“His ability is not bad. However, his discernment is lacking.”

Chancellor Ba Shan sheathed his knife and after a moment, General Torimu returned. The armor on his body had been split into two halves and his gaze had new found respect when he looked toward Chancellor Ba Shan.

“Martial Khan, your fame for fighting prowess has been passed down in the prairie until today.”

Torimu knelt down on one knee and placed his palm on his chest, “Is Martial Khan going to the golden palace? Grand Shaman has already given the order for us to treat Martial Khan generously.”

Chancellor Ba Shan nodded his head, “I understand, stand up. Back then Grand Shaman had conferred me the title of Martial Khan. From the looks of it now, since he was the one who had conferred it, he naturally has to take it back personally. There should be more heroes appearing on your prairie otherwise why would Grand Shaman look forward to me going forth to Rolan’s Golden Palace?”

Torimu stood up and said, “The heroes we have on our prairie are as many as the stars in the sky, therefore we naturally have people who could defeat Martial Khan.”

Hu Ling'er giggled, "This general, I like how you shoot the bull."

"Shoot the bull? Who dares to shoot me?"

The green bull sneered and he suddenly saw that white elephant. He immediately moved closer to her and nudged the elephant's body while laughing mischievously, "White elephant, are you male or female?"

That white elephant swang her trunk at it. The green bull ended it with his nose bloodied.

"It's a female." Hu Ling'er prone beside the green cow's ear and whispered.

The green cow raised his spirits and chuckled at the white elephant, "Your skin is so white, I like you, do you eat tree peony? I have some here, they're so tender you can squeeze water out from them..."

Torimu led the army to escort them to Rolan's Golden Palace. Qin Mu sized up this army and was slightly curious.

The military strategy that this army had used to eliminate the rebel army was very unusual. It was very similar to Eternal Peace Empire's military strategy, therefore, he didn't know if it was Eternal Peace Empire who had learned the tactics of the barbarians or if it was the barbarians who had learned the tactics of Eternal Peace Empire.

After one battle, Torimu respected them deeply and offered food and drinks on their journey, being extremely deferential to them.

Chancellor Ba Shan didn't avoid him when he taught Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu the fusion of battle techniques and spells, however, when he taught them to the crucial parts, he would have to transmit his voice.

Six to seven days later, they had come to the deepest part of the prairie and they were not far from Rolan's Golden Palace. Torimu didn't escort them anymore and had instead led his army to return to their own tribe.

Chancellor Ba Shan frowned and let out a murky breath, "It seems like Grand Shaman is pretty meticulous about my arrival. This time he will definitely take back the title of Martial Khan. I'm afraid when I reach the golden palace, I'm the one who would be challenged. If that's the case, I would be too busy to steal back teacher's lower body."

Qin Mu became eager to try and said, "Senior brother, I had learned before the methods of stealing."

Chancellor Ba Shan shot a glance at him and shook his head, "Rolan's Golden Palace is the sacred grounds on the prairie which is equivalent to the sacred grounds like Dao Sect, Great Thunderclap Monastery. There are countless of mechanism and all sorts of seals inside. Your methods of stealing are completely useless. You can't break or solve the seals and mechanism inside."

"The person who taught me to steal is very powerful."

Qin Mu said seriously, "He's Grandpa Cripple of our village, even though he had lost a leg, however..."

Chancellor Ba Shan shook his hand and raised his spirits, "His leg was even chopped off by other people, this only means he is inept. You don't have to think about how to steal back teacher's lower body, I'll settle this matter. Both of you just have to keep your minds on blocking the mountain gate of Rolan's Golden Palace! Leave the rest to me."

### ***Chapter 152: Rolan's Golden Palace***

He didn't give Qin Mu a chance to say his words and muttered, "I'm just afraid Grand Shaman this fellow will play a shell game on me and find people to fight me one after another, keeping me busy and unable to get away... This is getting slightly difficult."

Not long later, Rolan's Golden Palace finally appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

Qin Mu looked in the distance and saw a lake suddenly appearing in the boundless prairie. With bluish green ripples undulating, the lake was so vast that it was like an ocean in the prairie.

Qin Mu looked into the distance and could faintly see huge mountains extending forever into the distance. These mountains were wrapped in silver and piled up with snow.

Meanwhile, in the middle of the towering mountains, there was a golden mountain shining gloriously. Qin Mu opened his Heaven's Eyes to take a look and finally saw that it wasn't a golden mountain but a golden palace in its glorious splendor.

There were simply too many palace halls which completely covered the entire mountain, therefore from afar, it looked like a gold mountain.

There was no fix currency on the prairie and only gold was accepted therefore they had used the gold ingots that General Bian Zhenyun had given to them to pay for their meals throughout the entire journey.

To the commoners on the prairie, gold was very rare and had an extremely high value, and the palace here was constructed out of entirely gold, it showed how luxurious the golden palace was.

Chancellor Ba Shan came to the lake and Qin Mu looked around. There was a wooden boat berthed there and there was a man who grew horns on his head on the boat. He was dressed in black and stood at the bow of the boat while leaning on the bamboo pole used for rowing the boat.

On the shallow water regions of the lake, there are also wooden poles stabbed there and on every wooden pole, there was a decomposed head hanging on it.

"The shamans' soul collection skills are even more devilish than our Heavenly Saint Cult."

Qin Mu looked at that man and the face of this man was like a mountain goat, although it was a brown mountain goat which was different from the usual white mountain goat. Furthermore, there was not much hair on his face.

“Goat-faced shaman?” Qin Mu was slightly stunned.

When he was in the capital city, he had treated a few soldiers who had suffered from shaman poison and heard the soldier said that they had met a barbarian that grew horns on his head. That barbarian had used a mirror to reflect them, making them fall into a coma.

Qin Mu had originally thought that the shaman had worn a mask and now that he had seen the shaman on the wooden boat, only then did he know that there were actually barbarians that grew horns on their heads.

That goat-faced shaman glanced at them and gave off a sharp voice, “Martial Khan, Grand Shaman has waited for quite some time! Please board the boat!”

Chancellor Ba Shan boarded the boat and smiled, “The water of this lake is weak water and has no buoyancy. Even feathers sink when they land on the surface of the river. We have to rely on the boat of Rolan’s Golden Palace to be able to cross. Let us get on the boat.”

Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu boarded the wooden ship along with the green bull and Hu Ling’er. The eyes of that shaman landed on Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu before sneering and pushing the boat over to the opposite shore.

Ling Yuxiu smiled, “If we can’t step on the weak water over, can’t we walk around it? We can also fly across it.”

That barbarian shaman laughed sarcastically, “Fly over? You can try the air here and see if you can fly? The air here is dead.”

“The air is dead?” Ling Yuxiu asked puzzledly.

The green cow beside her spoke in a low muffled voice, “The air here is indeed dead, you can’t fly here.”

He was good at controlling the tempest and he could feel that the air didn’t flow at all. When a person breathes normally, air would circulate when they breathe in and out. If the air doesn’t flow, the air under their nostrils would be emptied when they take in a breath, turning that space into a vacuum. When the air beside can’t be resupplied to the area under the nostrils, one would naturally suffocate.

This Weak Water Lake was as such. The air above the lake was fixed in place by an ineffable power and wouldn’t move at all. Only when the wooden boat slid forward, the people on the boat would move as well so they wouldn’t feel any peculiarity when they breathed. If the boat stopped, they would breathe in all the air under their nostrils and when this went on for a period of time, they would definitely suffocate.

If they executed skills of flying, it would be pretty impossible for them to fly above the lake. Skills of flying required one to vibrate the air to form an updraft. However, vibrating the air here would only form a vacuum, making one unable to fly.

Hu Ling’er also gave it a try and discovered that the spells to call the wind and summon the rain were completely useless here.

That barbarian shaman chuckled, "It's not impossible to walk around it. However, Weak Water Lake is too wide and if you walk around it, it will take you two days. Furthermore, when you reach the snow mountains, hehe, there aren't many who can walk out of it."

Ling Yuxiu was speechless.

Qin Mu secretly opened his Heaven's Eyes and Green Heaven's Eyes to look up at the sky. He could faintly see some indiscernible fog like muslin shrouding the entire sky above the lake, making his heart stirred slightly, "I guess it should be this muslin which made the air unable to circulate?"

This thin muslin couldn't be touched yet it really existed. This should be the restriction which Chancellor Ba Shan had mentioned.

He inadvertently looked down into the water and his heart trembled slightly. At the bottom of this lake were sets of white bones which made Ling Yuxiu gasped when she looked down.

Chancellor Ba Shan said, "These are all the slaves used by the shaman cult to refine their spells."

Qin Mu felt a bone-chilling cold.

The goat-faced shaman rowed the boat rather quickly as he had a unique secret method to travel around the surface of the lake like the wind. Even the weak water couldn't sink this boat.

Not long later, the wooden boat berthed at the bottom of the snow mountain. That goat-faced shaman laughed mischievously, "Martial Khan, please!"

Chancellor Ba Shan gave a smile and walked toward the golden mountain.

Toot toot.

A long and deep sound sounded out from the bugle horn. The sound was so deep and resounding that it vibrated the eardrums in resonance. In the distance, an avalanche suddenly happened on all the mountains, adding an imposing grandeur to it.

Chancellor Ba Shan laughed out loudly and suppressed the rumbles given off by the bugle horn and avalanche. Qin Mu and the rest couldn't feel any abnormalities but the qi and blood of the people on the mountain flared up from his laughter and everyone had their blood rushed to the heads, making them feel as if their heads were going to explode yet they couldn't suppress it down.

At this moment, a deep voice traveled out from the top of the mountain, "The vigor of Martial Khan's cultivation now has far surpassed the vigor of yours in those days. Was there a need to show off your strength the moment you have arrived? Martial Khan, please come up the mountain and meet me!"

This voice sounded very clear among Chancellor Ba Shan's laughter. The voice was old yet was full of power, therefore, it was obvious he was also an exceptional expert.

“Grand Shaman’s words, I naturally have no choice but to obey. However, the purpose of me coming today is to block your mountain gate and not to catch up on the past.”

Chancellor Ba Shan and the old voice spoke to each other leisurely from a distant, “I’ll go up the mountain right now!”

Qin Mu raised his head and saw a gold staircase laid all the way up to the mountain and after walking up for a brief moment, there was a golden gate erected there and the gate had no hinged barriers.

This gate which was formed from gold was over thirty yards in height and over sixty yards in width. It was embedded with precious jades and precious pearls and really luxurious.

Back then it was Butcher who had brought Chancellor Ba Shan here and blocked the gate for three months, defeating all the young talents of Rolan’s Golden Palace and the experts who had rushed in from every part of the prairie after they had heard the news.

Thus Chancellor Ba Shan was honored as Martial Emperor by the prairie.

Back then Butcher had also experienced a hundred or so battles of all sizes and gave all the older generation of Rolan’s Golden Palace a beating, receiving the fame of Heaven Khan, the Heaven Emperor.

Chancellor Ba Shan brought them to the front of the mountain gate and saw many shamans already waiting there. There were also strong practitioners of the prairie and they were not the disciples of Rolan’s Golden Palace but they were also guarding there. They must be the famous existences of the prairie and had rushed over when they heard the news.

“Bull bull!” Chancellor Ba Shan gave a shout.

The green bull moed deeply and his body suddenly swelled up. His muscles bulged and he grew taller and taller until he became a bull-head monster with a muscular human body. Taking great strides to the golden gate, he raised his shoulders upwards and uprooted that incomparably heavy mountain gate!

The barbarian shamans and strong practitioners at the side were all dumbfounded.

Chancellor Ba Shan said indifferently, “Bring the gate up the mountain!”

Qin Mu’s heart slightly trembled as he knew Chancellor Ba Shan’s intention. If they blocked the gate under the mountain, it would be difficult for them to enter the interior of Rolan’s Golden Palace. By carrying the gate up and blocking it in front of the main hall of Rolan’s Golden Palace, it would be much easier to steal the lower body of Butcher back.

However, by doing this, he had completely offended Rolan’s Golden Palace. They would definitely fight to the last gasp.

If they entered deep into Rolan’s Golden Palace, those strong practitioners just had to block the mountain path leading down and they would be trapped. In that case, they would be in a very bad situation.

Chancellor Ba Shan gave a cold grunt and walked forward, transmitting his voice to Qin Mu's ears, "After going up the mountain, it wouldn't be just you two blocking the mountain gate. They would probably make a move on me. Things are slightly different from what I have imagined..."

Qin Mu comforted him, "The person who taught me stealing is a cripple, he's really powerful."

"How did he get crippled?" Chancellor Ba Shan asked.

Qin Mu hesitated and said honestly, "It seems like he got one of his leg chopped off after getting caught stealing."

Chancellor Ba Shan laughed grimly, "When I heard that you said he was a cripple, I knew he got crippled after getting caught stealing. Have you stolen anything before?"

Qin Mu hesitated again and shook his head, "I haven't tried yet."

Chancellor Ba Shan completely lost his wishful thinking and his expression was mixed. Suddenly he stuffed a map to Qin Mu and said, "This is the geographic map of Rolan's Golden Palace, keep it with you first... however, I hope you won't have to use it. We'll have to take things step by step now. When we reach the golden palace, we'll have to adapt according to the situation. We just might be able to find the chance to steal back our master's lower body!"

The staircase of Rolan's Golden Palace was extremely long and stretched all the way up to the mountain peak. Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu followed Chancellor Ba Shan up the mountain and looked around. He could see numerous golden-bright and dazzling statues of gods. Each and every statue looked extremely weird. They were human and yet not human, devil and yet not devil, god and yet not god. They had the characteristics of human, devil and god all at the same time, having all kinds of variations in their appearances.

Walking on this kind of road, it made people feel even more stifling and even Hu Ling'er who liked to squabble the green bull had quieted down. Only the green bull incomparably heavy footsteps could be heard.

Qin Mu looked back and the eyes of the strong practitioners and the shamans were spewing fire as they followed them without a word.

In front, numerous golden-bright and dazzling palaces appeared and there were some strange and weirdly shaped humans standing under these palaces. Some of them had horns on their heads and some had wings on their backs. There were some that had heads of beasts and some that grew tails of snakes.

Yet, on the contrary, they weren't the demon race. The demon race had a demon air around, for example, Hu Ling'er had demon air and even though the demon air of the green bull was very faint, he still had it after all.

Meanwhile, these mutants had no demon air.

Hu Ling'er and the green bull were transforming in the direction of a human whereas the strong practitioners of Rolan's Golden Palace were transforming in the directions of a non-human.

That was a different cultivation mentality between Eternal Peace and beyond the Great Wall. Transforming to a non-human and becoming closer to devil and god meant shaman.

However, there were also some people looked like ordinary humans. These people should be able to control their bodies and transform freely using their divine arts.

There were also numerous cages in front of the hall which were stuffed with humans in ragged clothing. They should be the 'ingredients' that the shamans of Rolan's Golden Palace used for practicing their techniques.

Ling Yuxiu's expression changed slightly and got angry, "Those are the people of our Eternal Peace Empire!"

Qin Mu said nonchalantly, "Eternal Peace Empire has also captured the people of my Great Ruins and treated them as slaves."

Ling Yuxiu's body trembled and she kept silent.

"Young master, they not only use humans to practice their techniques, they also capture demons."

Hu Ling'er stuck her nose out and Qin Mu looked over in the direction to see some demons getting locked in a few cages.

Chancellor Ba Shan said, "The shaman cult has an unusual technique that could use souls to cultivate, to use them to change their bodies' structures. For example, by absorbing birds' souls, they could grow wings or even replace their heads with birds' heads. By absorbing the souls of goats, their bodies could transform to goats. Those who manage to cultivate divine arts are called great shamans while those that haven't are called shamans. Those who reach Celestial Being Realm are called shaman kings. Rolan's Golden Palace is the sacred grounds of the shaman cult and their technique is called Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures which is pretty extraordinary."

### **Chapter 153: I, Overlord Body**

When they came to the peak of the mountain, they could see the lavishness of this place. The buildings and palaces were all shining brilliant with golden light and the pillar of the main hall was so thick that it required two men to wrap their arms around it. There were even more golden statues of gods and numerous barbarians stood under the golden statues of gods.

Suddenly a golden statue moved and Qin Mu's heart leaped. Now then he knew that these were not golden statues of gods but great shamans!

The great shamans of Rolan's Golden Palace actually refined their bodies like pure gold, radiating off golden light!

In front of the golden palace and under the towering gate, the great shamans were like gods shining brilliantly in golden light, solemn and dignified. In the lead was an elder that had golden hair and a golden body which was tall and sturdy. He wore golden clothes and held a scepter in his hand. With a

feathered crown on his head, he asked with a resounding voice, "Martial Khan, you have been free and unfettered for so many years, why have you deliver yourself to our gate now?"

"Deliver to your gate is a good word. Green bull, put down the mountain gate!"

The green bull put down the mountain gate with a crash and Chancellor Ba Shan laughed loudly, "Grand Shaman, I've delivered the mountain gate. Most of these golden senior brothers seem to have been beaten by me before. When I blocked the gate for a hundred days back then, I injured and killed many people. I couldn't hold back when fighting the strong ones, therefore, I could only kill them while the weak ones had all survived in my hands. These weak ones are the ones present here."

The moment he said that, the entire mountain immediately broke into an uproar. All the strong practitioners of the older generation in Rolan's Golden Palace were unable to restrain their anger, saturating the air in an awful atmosphere.

Chancellor Ba Shan was sharp-tongued and instantly offended every single expert of Rolan's Golden Palace, provoking everyone's anger. Plus the fact that he had carried the mountain gate up the mountain, it would definitely be hard for them to leave the matter at that.

One of the great shamans had a solemn expression and sneered with his voice that was like metal striking stone, "Our injuries were long healed. Over these years, our golden palace has been honing our strength and we awfully wish to exchange blows with Martial Khan once more to erase our shame."

Chancellor Ba Shan gave a smile, "You'll have the chance. However, this time, I'm here to block the gate and not to beat you to death."

He brought Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu forward and came to the gate of the golden palace. He raised his head to sized up this mountain gate and recalled the past, sighing ruefully, "Back then I had followed teacher to the bottom of this mountain gate and beat many people to death..."

The eyes of the great shamans that were shining brilliantly like gods spewed fire as they stared at them. Chancellor Ba Shan looked back and winked at Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu, "And now, I'll leave this mountain gate to you two."

Ling Yuxiu was slightly worried and said softly, "Teacher, the rules here seem to be different from Eternal Peace."

Chancellor Ba Shan had a smile on his face and said with a soft voice, "Dao Sect and Great Thunderclap Monastery coming to Imperial College to block the gate is merely to compete against us and doesn't concern life and death. After fighting, everyone is still polite and amiable. As for this place, everyone fights to the death. You can leave the opponent alive but if you meet experts of the same level, you'll have to kill them because it would be hard for you to go easy on them. Back then I had met many experts who were on the same level as me and that's why many people had died."

Ling Yuxiu's scalp turned numb.

Qin Mu also composed himself and took in a long breath. Finally, it was the rules of Great Ruins.

Great Ruins had the same rules!

Grand Shaman walked over and came to the bottom of the golden mountain gate. His gaze landed on Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu while speaking neither too fast nor too slow, "We go with the previous rule for blocking the gate, fighting regardless of life and death. Other than that, I will also have to take back the title of Martial Khan, regardless of life and death!"

Chancellor Ba Shan's expression didn't change and said clearly, "Everyone, their cultivation is at Five Elements Realm."

"We understand the rules of blocking the gate."

Grand Shaman's expression remained impervious to emotions and knocked his scepter, "Listen up, disciples of the golden palace, compete with them on Five Elements Realm and fight regardless of life and death. Whoever dares to go pass Five Elements Realm, I'll take your life!"

His voice wasn't loud but it had spread throughout the entire mountain.

Once Grand Shaman had said it, he immediately looked at Chancellor Ba Shan and gave a smile, "Martial Khan, back then Heaven Khan had brought you forward to our golden palace to block our gate. Heaven Khan's remarkable abilities were boundless and naturally commanded respect. However, you're not Heaven Khan."

Chancellor Ba Shan's expression turned grim as he walked through the mountain gate, and his voice penetrated through Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu's mind, "Junior brother, princess, don't worry. As long as they don't kill me, they will still challenge you according to the rules. If I'm killed by them, then you two will be in danger."

The hearts of Ling Yuxiu and Qin Mu shivered.

Their safety depended on the life of Chancellor Ba Shan. If Chancellor Ba Shan was stripped of the title of Martial Khan and was gotten rid of and Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu were killed, no one would leak any news. This way, there would be no harm to Rolan's Golden Palace's reputation and the outside world wouldn't know about this challenge.

The strong practitioners of the prairie were all under the rule of Rolan's Golden Palace and as long as Rolan's Golden Palace gave the order, they would definitely not say anything out.

If they let Chancellor Ba Shan leave Rolan's Golden Palace alive, this matter would definitely be spread out by Ba Shan this loud mouth, not only would the entire prairie know about it, even the whole world would know about it.

Chancellor Ba Shan definitely had this ability.

When that time came, Rolan's Golden Palace's reputation would be totally lost.

Therefore, before Chancellor Ba Shan dies, Rolan's Golden Palace would definitely not gang up on Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu, but settle this matter according to the rules.

“Old master, don’t get beaten to death,” the green bull said loudly.

Chancellor Ba Shan stumbled and turned his back in anger, “We’ll be having beef after we go back!”

The green bull immediately shrank back his head.

“Two youths with daring guts. Do you know you’re blocking the gate of a sacred ground?”

Suddenly a voice came behind Qin Mu. Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu stood up and looked down the mountain only to see numerous weird-looking shamans walking up to block the path that was leading up.

One of the shamans took a stride forward and his body gave off a faint golden glow. He grew horns on his head, wings on his back and a beak on his mouth. This kind of cultivation method which transformed one into a non-human was indeed rarely seen.

“Senior brother,” Qin Mu and Ling Yuxiu greeted.

Yet that shaman of the golden palace didn’t return their greetings and said with a resounding voice, “Etiquette is something that belongs to your Eternal Peace Empire. Our Rolan’s Golden Palace doesn’t have that many rules. After killing both of you, I’ll absorb your souls to cultivate my divine arts. People like you are much stronger than those slaves and your souls are also incomparably tenacious. It couldn’t be better to use them to cultivate my divine arts!”

Qin Mu’s gaze wavered and said, “Sister, let me go first, I’ll test their techniques and divine arts.”

Ling Yuxiu nodded her head. Even though her abilities had rapid improvement along the journey, there was still some gap between her and Qin Mu. Not knowing the ins and outs of a shaman could make them easily be at a disadvantage fighting them.

Qin Mu let out a murky breath and said solemnly, “Green bull, bring my backpack over!”

The green bull came forward and took down the backpack on his back. Qin Mu first placed the knife sheaths on his back, crisscrossing the two Pig Slaughtering Knives. He then put on his sword case behind the knife sheaths, hang his big iron hammer, stuck in a bamboo cane and wore Junior Protector Sword on his waist.

The green bull leaked murderous intent and asked, “I’ve heard you had herd cows in the past. If you can’t even beat me, can you beat them?”

Qin Mu stretched his body and his body crackled while saying indifferently, “I’m an Overlord Body.”

The green bull shouted, “My old master has never been defeated under this golden palace!”

Qin Mu had a nonchalant expression, “I’m a natural born Overlord Body. In the whole world, no one can win me in the same realm.”

That bird wing shaman took out two golden pestles and his eyes sparkled as he laughed, "What bullshit is an Overlord Body, I've never heard it before."

Qin Mu moved his vital qi with Overlord Body Three Elixir Technique, causing his vital qi to circulate in an explosive speed, spreading throughout his entire body in a split second.

"I, Overlord Body!"

He raised his foot and a deep footprint was indented on the golden floor under his foot. Boom! His entire body rushed towards that bird wing shaman at such a fast speed that others could only see a series of afterimages.

"The matchless Overlord Body!"

The expression of the bird wing shaman changed hugely and he hurriedly flapped his wings. However, before he could even rise to the sky, he saw Qin Mu's fist smashing over. With the roars of a dragon, his pupils suddenly contracted as he saw a fierce looking dragon's head instead of a fist!

The next instant, he saw two dragon's heads, followed by three then four!

His wings flapped as he wanted to avoid them but it was already too late. In a hurry, he could only use the golden pestles to block his front.

The two golden pestles suddenly bent and the force of Qin Mu's punch actually smashed these two spirit weapons into a thin paper, as they were made of mud.

Whoosh.

That bird wing shaman rose into the sky and turned into a blood fog as he exploded with a bang. From the blood fog came roars of dragons and the blood fog turned into forty-five fierce looking dragons. It was as if it was these forty-five blood dragons and not Qin Mu's fist that had blown this bird wing shaman into pieces!

Meanwhile, on the golden stage in front of the mountain gate, Qin Mu suddenly calmed down from an incomparably intense movement. His violent vital qi had also suddenly quietened down and his face turned serene.

"Green bull, your old master need a hundred days to defeat Rolan's Golden Palace."

Qin Mu turned around and looked at the shamans below the golden stage with a cold gaze, "And I, only need a day."

He stood under the gate and his voice was like the rumbling of thunder, resounding throughout the entire Rolan's Golden Palace, "I just need one day and I can crush the spirit of all the disciples of Rolan's Golden Palace, crumble all their pride and step their dignity under my feet!"

"Presumptuous!"

A shaman erupted into anger and sprinted frantically towards Qin Mu. As he ran, his body underwent a complete transformation. His scalp and skin scattered in all directions and he grew an elephant's head. His body grew taller and more muscular, shredding the shirt on his body into pieces while his limbs grew as thick as an elephant's legs.

Golden glow emanated out from his elephant head and his human body as if he was like a god who had revived with sacrifice, possessing boundless strength!

His cultivation and ability were obviously much stronger than the bird wing shaman. That bird wing shaman's body had not turned golden yet while this shaman's body was like it was made of gold!

Boom!

A huge cauldron like fist smashed towards Qin Mu and his fist vibrated the air, caused thunderclaps to burst forth. The pure white air rings burst forth in all directions!

Behind Qin Mu, Hu Ling'er's snow white fur fluttered backward from the gust of wind, along with Ling Yuxiu's beautiful hair.

"Die!" that elephant head shaman bellowed.

Qin Mu leaped and avoided this incomparably overbearing punch from the side. Carrying his knives on both hands, he rushed to the front of the elephant head shaman with his knife lights lighting up.

Raising The Knife From Forbidden!

Qin Mu rosed into the sky and somersaulted backward. When he landed, he sheathed both his knives back. Meanwhile, that elephant head shaman's huge body split into halves and rolled down the mountain, staining the golden staircase red.

A shaman's eyes turned red with fury and suddenly pulled out a black banner to rush at Qin Mu, shouting sternly, "I'm going to refine your soul, die!"

Qin Mu used Heavenly Devil Nature Technique to seal his souls and spirits. Raising his hand and one finger, the sword case on his back opened up and a flying sword gave a piercing screech as it pierced through the heart of the shaman's brows.

Qin Mu's finger flicked up and the flying sword whooshed back, returning to his sword case with a trail of blood light.

## **Chapter 154: Destroying Wills**

"Kill!"

A female shaman with a leopard's head and a leopard's tail raised a mirror, pointing it toward Qin Mu, causing malevolent souls to appear in that mirror.

Ding.

A flying sword suddenly appeared in front of the mirror which tried to pierce through it. However, the surface of the mirror was incomparably solid and actually managed to block this flying sword. But the next moment, the sword span and changed into Drill Sword Form to pierce through the bronze mirror. The sword light shattered the mirror and pierced through the female shaman.

“What’s so scary about shaman poison?”

Qin Mu’s clothes fluttered in the wind and he raised his hand to retrieve his sword. Another shaman grew fur, claws, and tail of a tiger and pounced forward. He raised a gale as he pounced forward, not giving Qin Mu a chance to draw his sword.

Qin Mu punched sideways and both of them moved irregularly, resulting in endless sounds of collisions. That shaman shook his head and grew out a tiger’s head, giving out a thunderous roar continuously to bombard Qin Mu’s souls and spirits.

Qin Mu used his fists as a mudra and punched out Sunshine Refining Yang Soul In The Sky. Spreading his five fingers outwards, he unleashed Heavenly Devil Freedom Mudra. His fist and palm changed repeatedly, alternating between the path of buddha and devil. The shaman’s tiger roar only managed to sound three times before his souls and spirits got smashed into pieces, collapsing on the floor.

Another great shaman of Six Directions Realm suddenly pounced out and his cultivation was even stronger than the previous ones. He could use his divine arts freely and maintain the appearance and form of a normal human.

Even though he had sealed his Six Directions Divine Treasure, the moment he executed his technique, he immediately turned into a violent ape that wielded a golden club which was as thick as a pillar. With his boundless strength, he could sweep a thousand army troops while still being extremely agile.

Qin Mu stretched his hand to pull out his bamboo cane and used his bamboo cane to face the golden club. The two of them clashed like lightning and suddenly the golden club stopped. The shaman revealed an astonished expression when his chest got tapped by the cane.

However, he was still a great shaman of Six Directions Realm and not just a shaman. He immediately unsealed his Six Directions Divine Treasure and just as he had unsealed his divine treasure, his heart got pierced by the bamboo cane, causing his corpse to collapse on the floor.

Qin Mu pulled out the bamboo cane from his heart. Great shamans of Six Direction Realm were called divine arts practitioners in Eternal Peace. However, the only difference was how they had called them, there was actually not much difference between them.

If this divine arts practitioner didn’t seal his Six Direction Divine Treasure, it would be hard for Qin Mu to kill him. However, as long as they were in the same realm as Qin Mu, he would have the ability to kill his opponent, no matter if they were of Six Directions Realm or Seven Stars Realm!

Dong.

A golden strong man suddenly jumped onto the golden stage and landed heavily. On his back was a knife sheath that was over one and a half human tall. He suddenly roared at Qin Mu and knife lights swooshed out from his knife sheath and causing a sky full of knife shadows to crash towards Qin Mu.

At the same time, the golden strong man wielded knives on both hands, slashing them towards Qin Mu. The two knives were sometimes forward and sometimes backward, just like two huge pythons that were coiling him and rolling towards Qin Mu.

Qin Mu held a Pig Slaughtering Knife in a normal grip and held the other Pig Slaughtering Knife in a reverse grip while the flying swords flew out from the sword case on his back and faced the knife lights that were slashing downwards.

Every Cloud Has A Silver Lining!

Their bodies were one big and one small as the golden strong man was half a body taller than Qin Mu. As the two of them clashed together, there were two knife lights, one vertical and one horizontal. The horizontal one was the mountain that blocked the path forward while the vertical one was the knife that split the mountain. The blood red knife lights rose into the sky as if it was a giant swinging his knives and splitting a path out from the mountain cliff. That golden strong man's body was split into four pieces and was slain by this vertical and horizontal knife lights.

Qin Mu trembled his knife and shook off the blood on the knife. Holding both knives in a reverse grip, he sheathed them back. Suddenly he raised his hand and pointed, causing a flying sword to fly out of its sheath and penetrated through the heart of a shaman's brows who was trying to shoot him with a bow.

"Kill him and take revenge for our senior and junior brothers!"

There were still shamans who continuously poured forward and Qin Mu evaded them, twisting his body to give a back kick. He also used knife, sword, fists, and legs to slay every single one of the shaman who came to challenge him.

After a moment, there was no more sound in the surroundings. In front of the mountain gate of Rolan's Golden Palace, there were over forty bodies lying scattered on the golden staircase.

Qin Mu looked down the stage and below the stage were terrified faces and frightened eyes. When their gazes came into contact with his, they would avoid it and not dare to look at him.

These shamans were strong-willed, however, after Qin Mu had killed over forty people continuously, the spirit and will have unavoidably weakened. As long as it was weakened, it would continue on and grow into fear, the fear of being unable to defeat the opponent which would make them fear and respect Qin Mu!

What Qin Mu had seen along this road had made him harbored resent against Rolan's Golden Palace. When General Torimu had ordered the soldiers to collect the souls of the rebel army in order to offer them to Rolan's Golden Palace, he was still puzzled at that time. Now then he realized that Rolan's Golden Palace actually used souls to cultivate.

This time he had come to take back Butcher's lower body and not to block the gate. Since enmity between them had already been opened, he would just have to destroy the spirit and will of this sect, to crush their confidence in pieces and step on their techniques and skills. This was to let them know that their divine arts that used human souls to cultivate were worthless!

"Which of you have cultivated Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures?"

Qin Mu looked around with a cold expression and his lips slowly curled into a smile, "Come out, I would like to kill one."

Silence fell in front of the mountain gate.

Behind the mountain gate, the expression of the gold like great shamans gradually turned black in Rolan's Golden Palace. After a moment, a youth walked out and a middle-aged great shaman said in a deep voice, "Simuro, his weakness is at the second part of his left shoulder blade. This is the weakness of his technique which he couldn't cultivate."

That young great shaman replied solemnly, "I've already noticed it but I couldn't determine its exact location. Shaman King, much thanks for pointing it out."

Chancellor Ba Shan's face sank and sneered, "Shaman King, as a senior, isn't what you're doing a little despicable?"

"Martial Khan, please!"

That middle-aged great shaman acted blur and raised his hand, "Back then I was defeated under your hands and I pondered over the painful experience, resulting in my cultivation to improve rapidly these few years. I have always wanted to erase my past shame and the heavens must have taken pity on me to finally send you back."

Chancellor Ba Shan suddenly rose into the air and gave off a glow that was like a huge knife which was three hundred yards long and could split the sky. He moved far away and his voice came from a distance, "The cultivations of these people here are too low. I'm afraid they would die from the vibration from our clash, we shall fight on the snow mountains!"

That middle-aged great shaman looked at the grand shaman who stood up and said, "Go!"

Swoosh.

Rays of golden light broke through the sky and chased after that knife light which sprinted straight to the snow mountains.

Among the majestic mountains and boundless white snow, golden lights suddenly broke out and melted the snow. In the golden light, there were snow white knife lights flashing by and that was the place where the world-shaking battle was going on. However, when it traveled to Rolan's Golden Palace, only weak wave motions were left.

Under the mountain gate of the golden palace, Qin Mu turned around and looked at Simuro who was walking down from the sacred hall of the golden palace.

Chancellor Ba Shan had lured most of the experts in Rolan's Golden Palace away which probably made it easier for him to find the lower half of Butcher's body. However, there were still a few senior experts left in from of the sacred hall.

Simuro had a grave expression but his gaze revealed slight excitement. His body was also gold in color. When Qin Mu was exchanging blows with these shamans, he was observing from the side.

Other than trying to discover if Qin Mu had a weakness, the reason why he didn't go forward right away was to let these shamans fight Qin Mu one after another to exhaust Qin Mu's cultivation, giving him a greater chance of victory.

Now that he had already found Qin Mu's weakness and Qin Mu had defeated over forty people in a row, his chance had come.

Qin Mu's expression was like an old well that had no ripple as he sat there calmly as though he had not just experienced over forty fierce battles. Suddenly, both of their bodies moved at the same time. Vital qi burst forth under Qin Mu's feet, giving him an extremely fast speed which brought him straight to Simuro's face in an instant as he unleashed a punch.

Spring Thunder On The Lonely East Sea!

Simuro received a punch from him, however, the sounds of a huge bell burst forth from his body. Qin Mu immediately felt his fist force which was like the churning river surging into the sea hitting something like a bronze and iron wall, making not even the slightest force pass through.

It was as if Simuro's body was crafted out from the hardest metal and the kind that was very solid.

Simuro's body swayed and he suddenly turned into a human that grew a bird's head and wings. The pair of wings on his back were shining brilliantly in golden light and were formed by countless of gold swords. The gold swords hummed and sliced forward!

Qin Mu evaded and retreated while the flying swords flew out from the sword case on his back to face the sword feathers that were slashing over.

Suddenly he noticed that the two wings of Simuro were different from ordinary. Between every sword-shaped feathers, there was vital qi connecting them together which made his heart shudder and he knew that it was bad instantly.

Whoosh!

The sharp swords which formed Simuro's wings suddenly burst apart and flew out from the wings, stabbing towards Qin Mu in all directions.

On these golden swords, there were actually pitch-black eyeballs which rolled around, making them look strange and eerie. There was a spirit trapped within every single one of these swords which had become the spirit of the sword.

Qin Mu's gaze landed on those eyes and suddenly felt giddy. He knew it was bad and immediately closed his eyes while pulling out his knives.

Midnight Battle Across Stormy Cities!

His knife lights moved fast and nimbly as they surrounded his entire body to deflect the golden swords continuously. Midnight Battle Across Stormy Cities had the two words, midnight battle, which already meant that this move didn't require one to use their eyes to see the surroundings.

Simuro's swords were extremely peculiar and when one's gaze landed on his swords, they would have fallen into his trap, therefore, it was the correct decision to use this move.

"Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures sure is extraordinary, it's very demonic."

The knives in Qin Mu's hands clashed with the opponent's swords and he immediately felt that the power in the opponent's swords was inferior to his. The strong point of battle technique school lay in the weapons that one wielded which could unleash all of their strength.

Simuro's golden swords were forced back by Midnight Battle Across Stormy Cities and returned to his side, turning back into a pair of wings. With his wings swinging, he blocked down all of the sharp swords which Qin Mu had shot from his sword case.

Suddenly, both of Qin Mu's knives left his hands as he gave a punch which was like a huge sun in the sky, shining on the yang soul. Simuro got shone by his fist skill causing his mind to waver slightly, however, his moves weren't the least affected, although the eyes on his swords closed from the piercing sunlight and gave off miserable screams as they turned into green smoke.

Qin Mu executed Freedom Mudra with his other hand yet Simuro remained unmoved. Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures had used other people's souls as cultivation ingredients and refined his own souls to be incomparably stable.

His body was also incomparably tough that even Thunderclap Eight Strikes can't shake him up.

Qin Mu frowned slightly and suddenly pointed a finger out. Thirty-six swords flew out from the sword case and merged together to form Drill Sword Form as they stabbed towards Simuro!

### **Chapter 155: Unsealing The Talisman Treasure**

Simuro's wings swung up and down in front of his body and the swords that formed his wings continuously changed their positions, trying to block Qin Mu's attacks. However, the next moment, Drill Sword Form had broken through the defense of his wings.

Simuro was startled and felt a pain in his chest. His golden body was actually unable to block Drill Sword Form. He immediately flapped his wings and rose into the sky while raising a gale.

Whoosh!

Just as the gale brewed, Qin Mu immediately stepped on the wind and moved. Simuro gave an alarmed expression. The speed of Qin Mu sprinting in the sky was actually even faster than him flapping his wings to fly!

Cripple's Heaven Pilfering Leg Skills had matchless speed in the world. If he didn't flap his wings to raise a gale, it would be hard for Qin Mu to catch up to him in the sky but with the gale together, the air was like a flat ground to Qin Mu!

"Go!"

Simuro shouted and the golden swords flew out from the wings on his back, stabbing towards Qin Mu and trying to prevent him from closing up on him. His wings were emptied out in an instant and only two golden fleshy wings were left.

His figure immediately crashed towards the ground. At this moment, the knife lights were like waterfall colliding with the golden swords that rapidly stabbing over. A piercing sound sounded out when a golden sword broke through Qin Mu's waterfall and stabbed on his left shoulder, which was precisely at the second part of his shoulder blade.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu's body had also come to the front of Simuro and passed by him, smearing a snow-bright knife light across Simuro's neck.

That knife light was very thin and it seemed like it had cut through Simuro's neck before coming out from the back. However, it also seemed like it didn't give him any injuries at all.

Simuro landed on the ground and the golden swords came clattering back, forming two wings on his back.

Those two golden wings spread open and shot off golden rays in every direction.

"Well done, Senior Brother Simuro!" A voice cried out in surprise and delight.

The morale of the other shamans was boosted and they all shouted, "Senior Brother Simuro, screw this slave of Eternal Peace!"

"The people of Eternal Peace are all two-legged goats, they're only worth to be used for cultivation and are unworthy to live in this world!"

...

Qin Mu landed on the ground and the flying swords flew back one by one into his sword case.

The youth pulled out the golden sword from his shoulder and threw it on the ground. The clothes on his body were still perfectly fine. When this sword had come stabbing over, it was blocked by this embroidered clothes, however, the sword had stabbed into his shoulder blade along with his clothes.

What was called impervious to swords and spears actually couldn't block swords and spears completely. Even though his clothes made from Six Wings Golden Natural Silk had managed to block the golden sword, he was still injured.

Under the golden stage, cheers erupted. Meanwhile, Simuro was still spreading his wings opened majestically as if he was enjoying the cheers of everyone.

Qin Mu walked forward and the cheers gradually softened. Qin Mu raised his hands and sheathed both his knives and came to Simuro's side. However, Simuro didn't move at all and continued to spread his golden wings without putting up any guard.

Qin Mu raised his hand and grabbed his hair, pulling it up gently. Plucking his head off his neck, he threw it down the stage.

The cheers below the golden stage grew softer and softer. Only the shamans that were far away that couldn't see this scene were still cheering, sounding several times piercing to the ears. When the head rolled down from the stage and to the shamans' feet, the cheers were gone.

Simuro who had cultivated the Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures also died. Right when victory was at hand, his head was severed by Qin Mu.

Ling Yuxiu hurried forward and wanted to bind up his wound. Qin Mu shook his hand and said, "It's fine. I said I have to crush their will so I must do it. You can be at ease."

Ling Yuxiu frowned slightly and felt that Qin Mu was slightly overconfident.

"Cowherd, your shoulder is injured, the weakness on your shoulder would only grow bigger. If another great shaman who cultivates Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures appears..."

Just as she had said so, another young great shaman suddenly walked out from the sacred hall of Rolan's Golden Palace. Giving a smile on his face, he said, "Junior Brother Simuro is still too inexperienced and not calm enough, that's why he has died. I, Danbaro of Six Directions Realm, will seal my Six Directions Divine Treasure."

Qin Mu's expression turned solemn and his body floated backward. His feet tapped rapidly and leaped onto the roof of the golden palace hall.

Danbaro laughed loudly and chased him like a shadow. He wielded a big hammer and the head of the hammer was a giant skull. The skull had a dark gold color and there were actually seven bone spikes growing out from the skull. On each of the bone spikes, there was a small skull that was the size of the fist.

In the eye sockets of these eight heads, there were actually eyes inside that made them very terrifying.

Even though the head of the hammer was huge, the handle was very short and could barely fit in his hand.

Danbaro gently swung his hammer and the seven smaller skulls immediately opened up their eyes. The eyeballs rolled around inside the sockets and they suddenly opened up their mouths to spew out black smoke from the mouths of skulls. Seven trails of smoke traveled back and forth, rushing like black dragons toward Qin Mu who was on top of the golden palace hall.

Sharp swords flew out from Qin Mu's sword case. With the flick of his swords, he severed the heads of the black dragons. However, he lost control of his flying sword in the next moment and they dropped to the floor with a clank.

The seven flying swords landed on top of the golden palace hall and clanked as they bounced, In the sword, there was black qi shuttling back and forth.

Qin Mu instantly felt his vital qi getting tainted and he was startled. Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures seemed to be as all-embracing as Great Educational Heavenly Devil Scriptures as it had not only one kind of techniques. For example, what Simuro had cultivated was one type, taking the path of sword skill divine arts.

Meanwhile, Danbaro had cultivated another type, taking the path of spell divine arts. Even though both of them had cultivated Grand Shaman Ruda Scriptures, the paths they took were different.

Qin Mu evaded and the golden tiles of the golden palace hall exploded as the black dragons tunneled in and out of the golden palace halls as they attacked him.

The two figures leaped up like a rabbit and soared down like a falcon, sprinting on top of the golden palace hall. Even the walls were like flat ground to them.

Suddenly Qin Mu's body sank and he fell into that golden palace hall. Danbaro sneered and swung his big hammer to break open the golden palace hall to rush in.

Bang!

A human figure rushed into the sky and waved his hand to stab backward with his flying swords. Meanwhile, Danbaro followed closely after him as he stepped on a trail of black smoke. The black smoke continuously surged forward as he slaughtered towards Qin Mu.

Qin Mu crashed through the golden palace hall with a bang and entered another palace hall to avoid Danbaro's attacks. Danbaro followed behind aggressively, making the shamans and great shamans of Rolan's Golden Palace blew off steam and swept away their depressed moods.

The two of them sprinted of the golden palace halls and attacked each other mercilessly, moving further and further away from the mountain gate.

Danbaro's confidence grew stronger and stronger, causing his attacks to become more and more fierce. When Qin Mu had landed into a golden palace hall, he rushed into it straight away only to face magnificent mountains and rivers coming towards him.

Sword Treading Mountains And Rivers.

Danbaro felt as if he was rapidly growing smaller as he landed into that piece of mountains and rivers, making him flustered.

In front of the mountain gate, everyone looked nervously at the golden palace hall which both of them had landed in. After a moment, a golden figure suddenly leaped out from the golden palace hall and stood on the roof while holding a bone hammer. In his other hand, he raised a head high up in the sky.

Everyone in Rolan's Golden Palace erupted into deafening cheers while Ling Yuxiu's face turned ghastly white, seemingly out of her wits. The green bull also stared blankly along with Hu Ling'er.

"The one that herds the cow is dead..." Ling Yuxiu's mind was completely blank.

In front of the sacred hall, those few shaman kings gave a rare smile and looked at one another before nodding their heads gently.

"Danbaro is not bad, ruthless and steady, he's a great talent that surpasses normal talent."

An old shaman king asked in astonishment, "Why isn't he going back to the sacred hall?"

'Danbaro' brought that head and jumped back into the golden palace, not returning to the mountain gate. Another shaman king smiled, "He's most likely injured. Danbaro has a careful nature and would definitely recuperate himself once he is injured so as not to leave any hidden danger. This is also why we have high hopes for him. Now it's only this young girl left who would soon die as well. I wonder how's the situation in the mountains?"

The few shaman kings had the desire to check out the situation of the battle but they were ordered to stay here to guard the sacred hall and not to leave.

In that golden hall, 'Danbaro' threw away that head and took out a scroll, opening it up gently to take a careful look.

"Rolan's Golden Palace's treasury is right beside this main hall. I have not come to the wrong place."

He closed the geographic map of Rolan's Golden Palace and stood up to leave. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain on his shoulder and hurriedly took out a jade bottle. Taking a look, he put it back into his sleeves, "Almost taken out Lost Fragrance..."

He took out another jade bottle and carefully pour some dragon's saliva out to smear it on the wound on his shoulder, which was quickly healed without causing any more pain.

'Danbaro' put back his jade bottle and thought for a while. He took Junior Protector Sword in his hand and walked out of this golden palace hall and came to another great hall in a few steps.

In front of that great hall, a tortoise back golden man was wielding an axe to guard the place. He had a frog's mouth and a golden tortoise shell on his back, looking courageous and strong. When he saw him walking over, he asked in astonishment, "Danbaro, what are you doing here?"

The golden color on his body was even denser than 'Danbaro' but it was still fainter than those shaman kings. His position and ability should be inferior to a shaman king.

"Disciple killed the hoodlum that came to block our gate and received a treasured sword. I don't dare to keep it for myself and decide to offer it up to the sacred cult."

'Danbaro' offered up Junior Protector Sword with both his hands and smiled, "I don't cultivate sword so even though this sword is good, it's useless to me, therefore I would like to use this treasure to swap for another treasure."

That tortoise back guard took over Junior Protector Sword and pulled it out with a shwang, squinting his eyes from the cold reflection as he cried out in astonishment, "Superb sword! There aren't many treasures in Rolan's Golden Palace which could be equivalent to this sword! You actually received such a remarkable treasure, Grand Shaman will definitely reward you!"

He pulled open the door to the hall and 'Danbaro' immediately asked, "Can disciple go in to choose a treasure?"

The tortoise back guard gave some thought and smiled, "It may not be a bad idea. You have done a great deed and offered up such a treasure, Grand Shaman will definitely reward you well. However, when you come in, you can only see the treasures kept in our Rolan's Golden Palace and can't take it away. When Grand Shaman rewards you and unseals the seal, only then can you take it."

'Danbaro' was elated and immediately followed him into this golden palace hall.

The tortoise back guard stood in the middle of the hall and carefully opened up a few restrictions. He then walked two steps forwards and removed some seals before walking another few steps forward. He took out a talisman treasure. This was a squarish paper treasure with fourteen sides and twenty-four corners which was formed by overlapping runes. When vital qi entered it, the talisman treasure would float up and gradually light up.

When that talisman treasure lighted up, it started to spin continuously and shone out the runes on each side into the air.

'Danbaro' instantly saw that in front of them, the transparent air gradually started to change and became numerous translucent squares. Inside each cube, there was a person who was as big as a fist, looking very fiendish. The people paced around inside the cubes agitatedly as if they wanted to jump out and eat humans.