

## Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 296-300

### Chapter 296: Divine Sword

“The key to the treasure vault on Saint Arrival Mountain is kept by the mistress of Si Family, which is also the saintess of our sacred cult,” Shan Youxin said.

“The finances of our sacred cult are all managed by Si Family and all properties must go through their hands. If Cult Master wants to touch the treasure vault, you will have to fetch the key from the saintess. As long as we take out the natural materials and treasures, refining eight thousand sword embryos won’t be too difficult. It will actually be quite quick when using this factory!”

Si Family was a big family that had an illustrious position in Heavenly Devil Cult, and the saintess was usually from it. The saintess of this generation was Si Yunxiang, which meant that the key to the treasure vault was with her.

Qin Mu found her, and his words astonished her. “Sword pellet refined from eight thousand swords! Can Cult Master lift so many swords?”

Qin Mu’s face blackened. He was also slightly worried that he wouldn’t be able to carry a sword pellet made from so many flying swords.

Si Yunxiang took in his expression and chuckled. “You’re the cult master sacred teacher so using the cult’s materials and treasures to refine a spirit weapon is only natural. However, all of them had been accumulated by the disciples of the cult throughout a long time. By sending disaster relief, we had spent most of our money, so the treasury vault has no more money. If anything happened, it would be quite troublesome to deal with the problem without money.”

Qin Mu smiled. “I know your troubles, I still have a million great abundance coins here so why don’t I offer them to the sacred cult. You can also use them in times of trouble.”

Si Yunxiang burst with joy and smiled. “Even though a million great abundance coins is a lot, with a million disciples, everyone can only get one great abundance coins at most. Since Cult Master is refining a sword for himself, he will no longer need Junior Protector Sword...”

Qin Mu’s face blackened, and he passed over his Junior Protector Sword to her.

Si Yunxiang then reminded him in goodwill, “There’s still some other treasures in Cult Master’s taotie sack, for example, Thousand Banners Pagoda and some other stuff which could be used to refill the treasure vault...”

Qin Mu took his taotie sack and pulled out Thousand Banners Pagoda and the burnt guqin. But suddenly, he was alerted and said, “That’s not right, I’m only refining a spirit weapon that’s on the Six Directions Realm, so why do you want my cult master level treasures? The worth is not the same! Saintess, are you trying to fool me?”

Si Yunxiang sneered at him. "Cult Master, the materials in the sacred cult's treasure vault are enough to refine dozens of treasures! Cult Master wants to use these treasures to refine a sword pellet, but he shouldn't leave the sacred cult's treasure vault empty just like that, right?"

Qin Mu gave it some thought, and it was indeed logical, so he could only give her all the cult master level treasures he had. All of them had been stolen from Rolan's Golden Palace so he wasn't too pained by losing them.

"Cult Master, you still have the star pearls that you scavenged from the shrine in the east sea, right?" Si Yunxiang's eyes were shining. "There were three thousands of them!"

Qin Mu's face blackened as he said, "Saintess, they're all I have left!"

Si Yunxiang smiled. "You're the sacred cult master, and I'm not taking those treasures of yours for myself, I'm just safekeeping them in the treasure vault of the sacred cult, so won't they still be yours? Our Si Family manages the finances, but isn't it that a tough job? We can only see but we cannot use so no matter how much treasures we collect. Don't they all it still belong to Qin?"

Qin Mu thought that what she said was very logical, but he still felt that something wasn't right. In the end though, he took out the three thousand luminous pearls.

Si Yunxiang took a sneaky glance at his taotie sack and said, "There are also the two huge eyeballs..."

"No way!" Qin Mu's face turned black, and he had the urge to kill.

Si Yunxiang probed, "That dragon qilin of Cult Master..."

Qin Mu let out a sigh of relief and smiled. "If you can raise him, you can take him away."

Si Yunxiang immediately laughed. "I'm just joking, Cult Master. That glutton should remain with Cult Master. Even Patriarch doesn't want him, disliking him for eating too much. Let me go and find the elder of my Si Family to fetch the treasures from Saint Arrival Mountain to refine the swords for Cult Master."

Qin Mu put away his empty taotie sack with a black face. He felt that he was standing naked after being plundered by the little maiden.

'That woman is addicted to money, I can't win against her. I need to let Ling'er handle the finances; otherwise, I will be stripped naked and get my bone marrows sucked out by that saintess!' Sacred Cult Master Qin thought to himself.

Si Yunxiang ran to the side and took out a mirror. It floated in the air and spun two rounds. Another mirror then appeared in the mirror and behind it was an old woman who asked, "What is Saintess Xiang looking for me?"

Si Yunxiang told her about how Qin Mu was going to refine his swords and said, "The spirit weapon that the sacred cult master is refining is no small matter. May great grandma please take out the best quality materials in the treasure vault and send them to the manufacturing factory in Mill Prefecture."

The old woman frowned and said, "Si Family never does business that sustains a loss. Cult master is still young and his cultivation is still low, so why does he need the best quality treasures..."

"It's a steal!" Si Yunxiang immediately showed all the treasures she had scammed from Qin Mu and made the eyes of the great grandma of Si Family shine brightly.

"So many treasures of the cult master level, Saintess sure has a way with housekeeping! Good, good, as expected of the one I've taught, you didn't learn from your aunt! Your aunt only knows how to splurge money like flowing water, but not how to calculate it and is a wastrel!"

The one she meant was Granny Si. She never cared about money and always bought what was expensive and not what was right.

The great grandma of Si Family said, "The best quality materials for refining swords are usually extremely heavy. A chunk that is the size of a thumb usually weighs dozens of pounds. Furthermore, we don't have enough materials in the treasure vault to refine eight thousand swords. To make treasures of the cult master level, it's enough to refine twenty-seven swords, each one weighing around ten thousand pounds."

"What about a grade lower?" Si Yunxiang asked.

The great grandma of Si Family said, "One grade lower is also not enough, it's at most enough for a hundred swords."

Si Yunxiang frowned and asked, "Another grade lower?"

"Another grade lower would be Winter Iron Essence, Black Gold Essence, and Black Copper Essence. They are more than enough to make eight thousand swords."

Si Yunxiang said, "Then could great grandma please bring all the highest quality and a grade lower ones over, while using Black Gold Essence for the rest to make up for the lack. The highest quality ones should be enough to open up the edge for the spirit swords."

The great grandma of Si Family asked suspiciously, "Winter Iron Essence is three times lighter than Black Gold Essence so why are you asking for it and not Winter Iron Essence?"

Si Yunxiang smiled sweetly, and the great grandma of Si Family rolled her eyes at her through the mirror. "You little wench, trying to be mischievous again, be careful of cult master smacking your bum sore when he can't lift it up! I'll send the items to Harmony Prefecture, so get the bandit with the surname Fan to drive his ship over."

Si Yunxiang acknowledged it and spun the bronze mirror two rounds in the opposite direction. The mirror in the mirror then vanished without a trace.

After two days, Fan Yunxiao came from Harmony Prefecture, transporting all the materials Qin Mu needed to refine his swords. The manufacturing factory in Mill Prefecture immediately got busy again.

It wasn't too much of a trouble to forge the sword embryos as it was only shaping the metal into the initial shape of a sword, but even so, the sword embryos had to be refined up to a thousand times, hammered and cast over and over again.

After refining the sword embryos, the body of the sword would be a flat club. The grinding of it into the shape of the sword required Qin Mu to do it personally with hard work and numerous refinements.

Qin Mu picked up one sword embryo, and his expression wasn't pleasant. Si Yunxiang went up to act concerned. "Cult Master, what's wrong?"

"It's a little heavy," Qin Mu said resentfully. "It's two to three times heavier than what I imagined. Now that one sword is three hundred pounds, after refining all of them into a sword pellet, eight thousand swords..."

Si Yunxiang burst out laughing. "Cult Master wanted materials of the best quality so they naturally are slightly heavier. The materials for the edge are better, heavier, sharper, and harder to forge than the treasured swords emperor grants to his first-ranking officials! The so-called great crafts will need no skill, Cult Master will just be able to throw his sword pellet over and you smash a whole bunch of people to death without any need for sword moves."

Qin Mu's face went black as he said, "I will still need to be able to throw it, the eight thousand swords..."

Si Yunxiang was overjoyed and said, "I've heard that when one refines an artifact to its maximum, its weight will change according to one's will. Cult Master is an expert in refining treasures so he will definitely refine the sword pellet to such a step!"

Qin Mu turned away while carrying the sword embryo and said some difficult to understand words. It was something like 'hundred creation hundred forge divine transformation technique' and 'power to remove mountains'.

Si Yunxiang blinked and felt happy in her heart.

In the factory, Shan Youxin wanted to stay to observe Qin Mu refining his sword, but Crown Prince Ling Yushu had to handle the government affairs in the other prefectures so he could only order the disciples of Heavenly Crafts Hall to come and help. Meanwhile, he and the officials of Ministry of Works had to follow Ling Yushu to the next prefecture.

With the disciples of Heavenly Crafts Hall helping, the speed of refinement wasn't slow. However, to forge all eight thousand swords to completely match the form of Qin Mu's spirit weapon was still a huge project.

It was especially so because the natural materials Si Yunxiang had transported were extremely good. It was quite exhausting to refine them until they could change their size at will. Qin Mu also had to continuously mark the spirit weapon and imprint all kinds of markings on the bodies of the swords. After a few months like this, he was a lot thinner from exhaustion.

Ling Yuxiu and Si Yunxiang had remained to help, and the two girls had learned numerous forging techniques from Qin Mu. They also added some high-quality materials to their Nine Dragons and Thousand Silks, increasing their quality.

Qin Mu finished refining seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine swords, which left only the last sword – the mother sword of the sword pellet. It had to be made from the best materials, or it wouldn't be able to unite all the child swords.

To refine the mother sword, Qin Mu spent a lot of thought and effort. He had put aside the highest quality material for it, and this was a metal that he had never seen before. It was only the size of a fist, but such a chunk was already ten thousand pounds in weight. Si Yunxiang said that it was an object that came from outer space.

However, this chunk of metal was only enough to refine the blade and not the complete mother sword.

Qin Mu took out the broken sword which came from Rolan's Golden Palace. Si Yunxiang had seen that it was only a fragment and so hadn't scammed it away from him.

Qin Mu held the chunk of unknown metal in one hand and the broken sword in the other, waving them around. Suddenly, he heard a clang. The broken sword and the chunk of unknown metal actually attracted each other and collided!

This was out of Qin Mu's expectations, and he saw the broken sword giving off a brilliant glow. Golden lights also flowed out from the fist-sized metal. It seemed like swords were flowing in the air, revolving in a large circle around Qin Mu, with him acting as the center. The dazzling radiance lighted up every corner of the manufacturing factory, and the brilliant rays also shot out from the doors and windows!

Clanging sounds rang continuously, and Qin Mu saw the rays from the metal colliding with the glow of the broken sword. Each time that happened, his arm would go numb from the tremors.

After countless collisions, the chunk of metal suddenly fell to the ground and scattered into ashes.

Meanwhile, the broken sword in Qin Mu's hand was shining brilliantly. But how was it still a broken sword?

It had actually absorbed the gold qi from that metal and grew out its blade, looking completely new!

The body of the sword had strange markings that were wiggling about like dragons and snakes. Those markings lighted up and dimmed down right away, but Qin Mu still saw the word that was formed by those markings.

'Carefree!'

## **Chapter 297: Carefree Sword**

'Carefree?'

Qin Mu's heart stirred slightly, but when he took a look at the markings on the sword again, he could no longer see the word carefree. It was as if the markings that were flowing earlier had been just a hallucination on his part. However, it wasn't a hallucination, the word carefree had really appeared!

'This sword that's called Carefree, is it related to Carefree Village?'

He sunk into deep thoughts. Could Carefree Sword have come from Carefree Village?

However, how did it become a broken sword?

Why did this broken sword return back to normal when it met that chunk of unknown metal?

All of this seemed to be destined by fate. It was destined that the broken Carefree Sword would land in the hands of Rolan's Golden Palace and destined that Heavenly Saint Cult would get hold of that chunk of metal. It was destined that Qin Mu would steal the broken sword from Rolan's Golden Palace and destined that he would put it near that metal. It was destined for Carefree Sword to return back to normal!

When there's too much coincidence, it cannot be a coincidence anymore. Instead, there has to be a kind of power that could have facilitated this kind of coincidence.

"Sister Xiang, that chunk of metal is from outer space? When did it arrive?" Qin Mu asked.

Si Yunxiang's mouth was agape, and she couldn't come back to her senses after being astonished by the turn of events for a time. When she calmed down though, she rolled her eyes at him.

"It's from outer space but I'm not clear on when it had exactly arrived, I will have to get my great grandma to check it out. Don't call me Sister Xiang. When you said it so affectionately, I feel like you are using sweet speech and honeyed words while thinking of getting rid of me in your heart."

Qin Mu mumbled, "In that case could Saintess help me check the origin of this chunk of metal."

Si Yunxiang took out her mirror and spun it two rounds. A mirror appeared in the mirror and the great grandma of Si Family appeared on the other side. Si Yunxiang made inquiries and the great grandma of Si Family was astonished. "Something like that actually happened? Give me a moment, let me check. Such a divine metal should have been recorded."

Not long later, the great grandma of Si Family came back with a book and said, "That divine metal came from outer space. It appeared sixteen years ago. The record states that on the winter sixteen years ago, a divine light streaked across the sky and descended into Ghost Valley. Disciples of the cult went forth to investigate and found dozens of casualties. They picked up this chunk of divine metal there and offered it up to the treasure vault."

"Sixteen years ago?"

Qin Mu was slightly stunned. Since the time he had been picked up by Granny Si, fifteen years had passed, while this chunk of divine metal that repaired the broken sword had appeared in the winter sixteen years ago. This was very close to when he was picked up.

“In that case, were there any people from Rolan’s Golden Palace in the surroundings then?” Qin Mu asked hurriedly.

The great grandma of Si Family was bewildered and looked at him while asking, “How did Cult Master know this? Ghost Valley is located at the back of the Duck Tongue Zone that’s in front of Qingmen Pass. Back then, the disciples of our sacred cult were guarding Qingmen Pass when the divine light flew down.

“The disciples of our sacred cult saw the light and immediately entered Duck Tongue Zone. It borders Barbarian Di Empire which had great shamans and shaman kings from Rolan’s Golden Palace on guard, so they also went forth to investigate. The sacred cult lost a hall master and dozens of divine arts practitioners while Rolan’s Golden Palace also lost a great deal of people. I’ve heard that the situation was quite bitter.

“They suffered disastrous damage and had no choice but to retreat from Ghost Valley. The great shamans and shaman kings of Rolan’s Golden Palace seemed to have gotten a broken sword...”

Qin Mu’s heart was stirred. So that was it!

The broken sword and divine metal were both from sixteen years ago. Heavenly Devil Cult got the divine metal while Rolan’s Golden Palace got the broken sword. They were both actually one once, so when these two treasures were put together, they became complete!

Great Ruins’ Ghost Valley!

‘I must definitely go there and have a look!’ he thought to himself.

The great grandma of Si Family said, “The Ghost Valley in Duck Tongue Zone is very treacherous. The sacred cult had gone to search it a few more times but the place was ridden with dangers so they retreated without heading in deeper.”

Qin Mu thanked the old woman. Even though Si Yunxiang was the saintess, the mistress of Si Family, this old woman, was the one that was actually in charge of Si Family. She had an extremely high position in Heavenly Devil Cult, having once been a saintess, before giving up her position to Granny Si.

Si Yunxiang put away her bronze mirror and took a glance at the sword in his hand. “Great Cult Master, your sword...”

Qin Mu immediately tightened his grip on Carefree Sword and said alertly, “This is the mother sword of the sword pellet, I can’t give it to you.”

Si Yunxiang burst out laughing. “I didn’t say I wanted it, I just wonder if after you spent so much time and energy on this, if your sword pellet can be finished.”

“Sword pellets have the word pellet which means a circular shape. Piecing several thousand swords together into a circular shape requires extremely great calculations. The arc of the bottom of the hilt has to be a circular ball that’s split into eight thousand portions. Each portion will have to be exactly the

same and must be accurate to the Mo Hu digits!" Qin Mu was rather arrogant. "My calculations have always been good."

Ling Yuxiu and Si Yunxiang pouted at him.

Qin Mu laughed and tightened his grip on Carefree Sword, sending his vital qi into it. Instantly, the mother sword and the child swords connected, sensing each other. The sharp swords whooshed through the air, and in a split second, sword lights filled the inside of the manufacturing factory.

Qin Mu vibrated his sword, and countless of sword lights whizzed toward him. As they collided, they vanished one after another.

Qin Mu's face became redder and redder as he grunted. His thighs and arms trembled.

Suddenly, the stone slab under his feet cracked, and his shoes were crushed by the pressure.

There were still countless sword lights flying over with a rumble when Qin Mu vanished. He had sunk into the ground from the pressure and created a huge hole in the manufacturing factory!

Ling Yuxiu and Si Yunxiang were both shocked. They immediately leaped forward and said in loud voices, "Come quickly and save the cult master!"

The other disciples of Heavenly Crafts Hall that was in the manufacturing factory hurried over and heard rumblings from underground. The sword pellet was simply too heavy and was continuously pressing Qin Mu down into the ground. From the rumblings below, he had to have sunk close to fifteen yards down by then.

Everyone was planning to excavate a hole to save Qin Mu when his dull voice came from underground. "I'm okay, the sword is too heavy, everyone make way!"

Everyone immediately scattered when they saw countless flying swords spewing out from the huge hole as if it was a spring. Eight thousand swords danced in the sky before stabbing themselves into the ground, making the sword hilts tremble endlessly.

Qin Mu leaped out from the huge hole and landed on both his feet. However, his legs were still trembling and his complexion wasn't too good.

He shook his sword once again, and countless flying swords came whooshing over. However, Qin Mu had learned his lesson and moved to stand on a pile of black iron chunks in the factory while pointing the tip of the sword down. The eight thousand swords merged together and formed a sword pellet.

Just as he had said, the bottom of the sword hilts from so many swords could form a huge circular ball. It was perfect but for errors at the digits of Mo Hu.

However, this sword pellet was unexpectedly big. It had a radius of six yards.

"It's rare to see such a huge sword pellet..." Ling Yuxiu couldn't help saying when she walked to and fro around the sword ball with her head raised to examine it.



“Shrink!”

Qin Mu executed his magic power, and the huge sword pellet began to shrink. When it shrunk to its limit, it still had the radius of three feet.

Qin Mu’s vital qi was already mobilized to his limits, and his face was red from holding his breath, but he still couldn’t shrink it any more than that.

His eight thousand flying swords were all able to shrink to an inch, but because there were too many swords, the sword pellet was still very big.

“The time I used to refine them is too short, they still require more nourishment and refinement. If I could refine them until they are as fine as natural silk, I would be able to form a sword pellet that’s the size of a pigeon egg.

Qin Mu let out a shaky breath and gripped the sword hilt of Carefree Sword with both of his hands. With a sudden spin, the seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine swords instantly expanded outwards. They hung in the air with the tips of the swords pointing to the center of the circle.

He activated Carefree Sword again, and the flying swords flew over and collided with it with a hum before vanishing into the mother sword.

The collisions became faster and faster as more and more flying swords disappeared from the air.

Everyone gave a cry of astonishment. Qin Mu was now using another refinement method for a sword pellet.

There were two methods to make a sword pellet. The first was to piece all of them into a pellet with the tip of the sword facing the center of the circlet. This refinement method had a high requirement for algebra and many sword sects from Dao Sect’s factions used this kind of method to refine their sword pellets.

The second kind was to use the mother sword to swallow the child swords. Keeping all the child swords in the mother sword was the refinement method used mostly by the sword sects of the south.

The second variant required the mother sword to be extremely flexible. After entering all the child swords inside, the two hands would just have to rub the body of the mother sword and it would turn into a sword pellet. This didn’t need a high requirement for algebra.

Both methods had their own advantages. Sword pellets made by the first method had an easier time executing sword skills and was quicker in making a move, laying out sword formations at any time.

The second method of swallowing swords could direct the power of the child swords to the mother sword, allowing it to explode with abnormally powerful strength.

These two refinement methods were not flexible. It was either one or the other.

But at that moment, Qin Mu had tried to accommodate both methods, and he actually succeeded. It was truly extraordinary!

“A well-deserved reputation of the world’s number two in refining weapons.” Si Yunxiang sighed. “How I wish I could witness how the number one expert in the world refines weapons, how brilliant must his techniques be...”

Qin Mu had collected over two thousand swords when he started to feel that he couldn’t bear the weight anymore. After operating so many swords repeatedly, his vital qi was completely emptied out.

He stopped holding onto the swords and shook his taotie sack. Countless flying swords immediately flew over like fish and went inside.

Even though his sword pellet was done, the only thing he could only use his taotie sack as a storage bag since the swords’ weight was simply too great. A sword pellet that had a radius of three feet was just too shocking, and he wouldn’t be able to lift it either

“I was originally a little envious of the cowherd’s sword pellet, but now I don’t feel anything of the kind,” Ling Yuxiu said in a low voice while holding back her laughter. “Even though his spirit weapon is good, he won’t be able to use it.”

Si Yunxiang nodded. “Even if he could lift them, his vital qi will be gone after a few swings.”

Qin Mu hung the taotie sack back on his pants. However, even though taotie sacks were said to be able to dismiss magnetic forces, his was not made from a real taotie skin. Because of that, some of the magnetic forces still affected the flying swords. The taotie sack came to weigh a hundred pounds and dragged his pants down.

Great Cult Master Qin undid the taotie sack with a black face and fetched some golden thread rope to make two straps to the taotie sack. This allowed him to carry it on his back like a small backpack.

“Piak!”

A clear smacking sound rang out, and Si Yunxiang’s face turned red as she rubbed her buttocks. Qin Mu had given a tight slap to her behind when no one looking. The great cult master knew she had played some trick on the materials used for refining the swords to make them so heavy.

Ling Yuxiu looked over in bewilderment but didn’t ask anything. She said, “My brother has already been gone for a few months, so I’m afraid that he has already reached the southern borders. Are we still going to hurry over?”

Qin Mu shook his head. “I’m not going to find the crown prince. Qingmen Pass is right to the north of Great Thunderclap Monastery and is not far from here, so I will visit Ghost Valley.”

## **Chapter 298: White Bats**

“Visit Ghost Valley?” Ling Yuxiu hesitated and said, “The great grandma of Si Family said that Ghost Valley is very treacherous and even the experts of Heavenly Saint Cult as well as the great shamans and

shaman kings of Rolan's Golden Palace had encountered disastrous casualties when they explored that place. So what can we do there by ourselves?"

Qin Mu didn't change his intentions."That place might be related to my birth, so no matter what, I have to visit it. This is my personal matter and is unrelated to the sacred cult, as it is unrelated to the two of you. I'll be fine going there by myself."

He walked out of the factory and called the dragon qilin over. The dragon qilin, who had been sleeping outside, immediately stood up when he heard Qin Mu. He pulled himself together and asked, "Is it the next day already? Is it time to eat?"

Qin Mu leaped onto his back and said unpleasantly, "It's not the next day! What can you do other than sleep and eat? Let's go to Qingmen Pass!"

The dragon qilin yawned and fire clouds grew under his feet as he began sprinting to the north. "Cult Master, you have gotten fatter again, you're two hundred pounds heavier than before."

Qin Mu was furious and scolded, "Bullshit! Just to refine those swords, I slimmed down these days. Besides, the swords in my sack are at most a hundred pounds or so. You are the one who has clearly gotten fatter!"

Ling Yuxiu and Si Yunxiang ran out to see the dragon qilin already in mid-air and over ten miles into the distance.

Si Yunxiang frowned. "Even if you really want to go, you should prepare for it. The one that herds cows is too reckless, he's underestimating the dangers of Ghost Valley.

Si Yunxiang rubbed her buttocks again. Qin Mu's slap had been hard, and she still felt her buttocks searing with pain. "How would there be a lack of experts in Heavenly Saint Cult? Ever since we were kidnapped by Long Jiaonan, Heavenly King Yu and Heavenly King Shi no longer felt at ease so they are definitely nearby. Don't worry, if he meets any danger, they won't sit by and do nothing. What a pity..."

She fell into a daze and suddenly said, "If the sacred cult master died in Ghost Valley, the saintess would naturally succeed him. What a pity I didn't go along with the cult master, otherwise the sacred cult master would have certainly died in Ghost Valley..."

Ling Yuxiu became alert and sneered, "Little vixen, if you dare to touch the one that herds cows, I'll break your legs!"

Si Yunxiang chuckled. "Little hussy, I've long seen you as a thorn in my side. You've become a hindrance to me by sticking around the cult master with those big breasts of yours, taking away my chance to strike when I wanted to."

The two girls stared each other in the eyes and found the other really annoying. The two of them then turned away, standing with their backs facing each other.

Si Yunxiang's gaze flickered, and Thousand Silks quietly spread out and tunneled into the ground like fine spirit snakes, sneaking towards the direction of Ling Yuxiu.

At this moment, Nine Dragons behind Ling Yuxiu's back also quietly stretched their bodies, and the dragon scales shifted their positions silently. Sharp blades popped out from the dragon claws, and the dragon-shaped spirit weapons secretly flew towards Si Yunxiang.

"I've long found you annoying!"

The two girls burst forth at the same time and ruthlessly executed their moves. Ling Yuxiu's dress was split apart by Thousand Silks as she narrowly avoided becoming minced meat. In the meantime, Si Yunxiang's body fluttered around like a butterfly, avoiding the combined attacks of the nine dragons.

Ling Yuxiu's body flipped continuously, until she slammed her palm on the ground. Terrifying magic power burst forth, and the ground trembled violently as stone pillars broke through the earth, forcing Si Yunxiang to fly into the air.

Ling Yuxiu soared into the air with a few steps and stretched her hand to grab Nine Dragons Weapons. Instantly, lightning and flames gathered on the Nine Dragons Hammer, and she smashed down with it!

"I said I'll break your legs and I'll definitely not eat my words!"

Si Yunxiang chuckled, and Thousand Silks came stabbing at Ling Yuxiu's back. The silver sword threads suddenly expanded and slashed towards Ling Yuxiu's head like incomparably fine snakes. "How are your abilities compared to those of Fozi? Going to break my legs? I'll chop off your head first!"

Numerous disciples of Heavenly Crafts Hall walked out of the factory and raised their heads to take a look. They could see two women fighting fiercely in the sky, then Si Yunxiang being smashed down, giving all the disciples of Heavenly Crafts Hall a shock. They did not know if they should go and help.

They then saw Si Yunxiang becoming invisible and appearing behind Princess Yuxiu, causing her to vomit blood.

"This is not something we can bother with," an incense master said. "With regards to matters of jealousy, no matter which side we help, we won't be able to justify ourselves to the cult master, so let's just treat it as we didn't see anything."

Everyone nodded and left.

The dragon qilin's leg speed wasn't slow, and he reached Qingmen Pass by evening. However, the atmosphere there was oppressive. Commander in Chief Bian Zhenyun of Qingmen Pass was old friends with Qin Mu and immediately came to welcome him. "How did Divine Physician have the time to come here?"

"I plan to visit Ghost Valley," Qin Mu explained. "It's getting dark now so I can't enter Great Ruins, so I want to rest at Qingmen Pass for a night. General, what's the situation here now?"

Bian Zhenyun shook his head with a grave expression. "The situation is grim. These few months, Barbarian Di Empire has been increasing the number of their troops, and more strong practitioners have been appearing in Rolan's Golden Palace. I've heard that the envoys of Barbarian Di Empire have secretly gone back to the prairie, so it looks like Barbarian Di Empire is planning to send their army against Eternal Peace when we are weak.

"In the last few days, I've seen some people on the other side of the border that looked like they'd come from Wolf Store Country. Recently, the mounted scouts of the barbarian tribe have even frequently come out to run about the area between our two borders with arrogant aura. I'm afraid..."

He had a worried expression. "I've already sent people to report to the emperor as fast as possible. If the barbarian tribe attacks, the military power of Qingmen Pass alone won't be enough to defend. Divine Physician Qin, by right, I should be sending experts to escort you to Ghost Valley, but I really can't mobilize anybody."

Qin Mu smiled. "General should attach the most importance to the general situation, there's no need to worry about me. I'm just going to Ghost Valley and not the prairie, so I won't have any conflict with the barbarian tribe."

The sky was already dark, the darkness having invaded the land. Qin Mu looked into the distance and saw the brilliant rays shining into the sky from the enemy encampment a hundred miles away, penetrating through the darkness like daylight.

When it came to the morning, Qin Mu woke up and washed up before eating breakfast and feeding the dragon qilin. Bian Zhenyun sent him out of the pass while saying, "Divine Physician, I won't be able to send you off any farther; otherwise, the enemy will take this chance to mobilize its troops. I can only have my mounted scouts follow you from afar as an escort. Be careful on your journey."

Qin Mu gave his thanks and sat down on the dragon qilin's back, sprinting towards Duck Tongue Zone that was between the two empires.

Behind him, the mounted scouts of Qingmen Pass followed from afar while riding on all kinds of strange beasts and came to Duck Tongue Zone that was in the center of the two lands. The opposite side also had sent out a few more men and horses that were dressed queerly. They rode on the strange beasts that looked like camels with wings. They were most likely the mounted scouts of Barbarian Di Empire.

The two sides discovered each other and made their moves at almost the same time. Sword and knife pellets filled the sky and clanged as they collided.

The mounted scouts of Qingmen Pass suddenly opened up a few bottle gourds, and clouds instantly poured out, covering a radius of over ten miles. A person's gaze then could only see a distance of thirty yards or so.

Both sides instantly lost track of each other and a rare silence fell on the battleground.

Qin Mu opened Green Heaven's Eyes, and his gaze penetrated through the fog to help him determine his path. The dragon qilin went towards the back of Duck Tongue Zone under the cover of the fog.

“The emperor had indeed listened to my suggestion and kept the clouds and lightning to be used as a weapon. Even with so many soldiers stationed in Barbarian Di Empire, it will probably be quite difficult for them to break through Qingmen Pass.”

Duck Tongue Zone was very long and stretched for a thousand miles, all the way to Great Ruins. When it came to night time, this was a barrier that separated the two empires.

When entering Great Ruins, the greatest danger was the darkness. Qin Mu was an abandoned person that was born in Great Ruins and naturally knew the things he had to look out for, thus he surveyed the passing scenery for things like ruins and stone statues.

If he couldn't return back to Qingmen Pass before it turned dark, he would have to spend the night in Great Ruins, so he had to find a place to settle down.

Duck Tongue Zone was very quiet. Not even a bird could be seen along the way.

Qin Mu had a grave expression. If not even a bird could be seen, it meant that there was no safe place here. Not even the strange beasts of Great Ruins could live here when it came to night time!

He went past a lake which was azure like a sapphire. The surface of the lake was incomparably serene and had no ripple at all.

This was a dead lake and there were no fish or prawn inside.

‘There's also no place to avoid the darkness in the lake.’

Qin Mu composed himself and continued forward. Without him noticing, the dragon qilin walked out of Duck Tongue Zone and the mountains in the surroundings gradually became precipitous. A ravine appeared in front of them.

Qin Mu sat on the back of the dragon qilin and saw that the trees in the ravine were growing vertically and horizontally. Some of them were growing on the cliffs, seemingly escaping from the earth's magnetic force. The trees that grew horizontally covered the sky above the ravine.

It seemed like he'd entered a world flipped upside down, where the cliff was the ground.

The thick trees were extremely ancient and some couldn't even be hugged by dozens of people. The roots of these trees intertwined like dragons and phosphorescence of will-o'-the-wisps could be seen under the roots. There were bones of huge beasts there, but Qin Mu couldn't recognize who they belonged to before.

What was peculiar was the corpses and bones were on the cliff and not at the bottom of the ravine.

The falling leaves were also not floating down to the bottom of the ravine but landed on the cliff. This ravine was strangely clean without any fallen leaves or branches in sight.

Thump.

The dragon qilin accidentally bumped into a huge rock floating in the air, and that rock spun to one side but still remained floating in the air.

In the ravine in front, rocks of all sizes floated.

“Cult Master, we should be entering Ghost Valley, right?” the dragon qilin asked in a low voice.

Qin Mu nodded. “We should. There are no other lifeforms here which makes me uneasy...”

Just as he said this, he heard a voice coming from in front of them. “... you always like to eat them raw, but I like them medium done, having been roasted on the fire as oil dripped down, ending up tender inside. There have been some people coming over these few days and they’ve all tasted great, yet you want to eat them raw. Aren’t you too dirty?”

“Medium well is not nice, there’s no fresh and tender feeling. It’s best to roast them on the fire for a moment until their hairs are burned off. It’s the most delicious when they squeal as you eat them...”

“Bullshit, medium is the tastiest... Shhh, silence, someone is here.”

...

Qin Mu executed Mars’ Fire Marquis True Technique and transformed into the form of Mars Sovereign. The dragon qilin carried him forward, coming to the place from which the voice had come. Qin Mu looked around and was slightly stunned.

The voices had come from here, but he couldn’t see anyone that could have been talking. There was only a large fire pit on the cliff with a great shaman from Rolan’s Golden Palace being roasted. That great shaman had a profound cultivation and was not yet dead. However, his strength had been exhausted by being roasted, and he opened his eyes weakly to take a look at Qin Mu and the dragon qilin.

Whoosh.

The trees suddenly moved, and two huge, white-furred bats hung down from one tree. With their heads below and feet above, they looked at Qin Mu from right in front of him. The two white-furred bats were extremely strong, with muscles all over their bodies. Their arms were crossed in front of their chests, while their eyes revealed white lights that seemed like white flames flowing in their eyes.

Qin Mu’s heart leaped slightly. These two huge bats were variants and very terrifying ones at that. They had no more demon air around their bodies, having replaced it was an aura that was like that of gods or devils. They had to be the descendants of gods or devils!

“They’re not humans.” One of the huge bats pulled itself back into the crown of the tree. “Killjoys. I thought there were more humans.”

The other huge bat also pulled its body back, and Qin Mu hurriedly asked, “Two Dao friends, how do you do!”

The leaves rustled, and the two huge bats hung down again. They still had their arms crossed in front of their chests and said in unison, "How do you do! However, this is not for you, we caught him ourselves! If you have the ability, go and catch your own humans, there's still some in the valley."

Qin Mu immediately smiled. "This little Brother has been a vegetarian since birth."

The two huge bats were immediately put at ease, and Qin Mu said, "This little Brother is from outside. The two Dao friends, is the valley safe to stay at night?"

One of the bats smiled and said, "No wonder you look unfamiliar. The valley is very safe."

Qin Mu sighed in relief and thanked the two bats. They shrunk their bodies and appeared beside the bonfire once more, waiting for the great shaman to be cooked.

"Just now that cow seemed to have the bloodline of Mars, but a pity he wouldn't be delicious. Humans are the best, tasty and juicy," one of the bats said while staring at the fire.

The other bat snickered and said, "So why are you harming him? You clearly know how treacherous the valley is..."

### **Chapter 299: Weird Thing**

"From what the two white bats said, there seems to be quite a number of great shamans coming from Rolan's Golden Palace. I will have to guard against them."

Qin Mu's expression was grave as he opened up a small opening in the taotie sack on his back so he could draw his sword out if anything bad happened.

"Cult Master, those two fellows just now were very strong." The dragon qilin walked forward and avoided the huge rocks floating in the sky while saying, "Those two fellows are not weaker than me and they are extremely ancient."

Qin Mu looked around and said in a low voice, "They should be offsprings of some god, descendants of gods or devils. You're bragging by saying they are not weaker than you. Ten of you couldn't beat either of the two bats. Their aura is too strong."

The dragon qilin was rather unconvinced and said resentfully, "That's because I'm still young. Once I reach adulthood, ten of them won't be able to beat one of me. I'm very useful!"

Qin Mu ignored the dragon qilin that had become as fat as a ball and yet still wanted to brag. He pondered and said, "Strange, why are there still such creatures like white bats in Great Ruins? Could they have been left behind by the bat gods from before the catastrophe? Had the descendants of gods and devils survived the disaster?"

There were temples in Great Ruins worshiping divine statues of bat gods as they were gods of prosperity, blessing the people.



He had once seen a stone statue of a bat god in Border Dragon City. That statue had had a bat head and a human body, with flesh wings and a membrane growing under the arms. The appearance of that bat god was slightly similar to these two white bats, but these two looked more primitive. If not for the head and wings of the bat, the bat god looked like a human.

If those two white bats were the descendants of the bat god before the catastrophe, could there be other descendants of gods and devils in other places of Great Ruins?

However, Qin Mu had never seen any of them in Great Ruins. He thought of something then and asked, "Fatty Dragon, where were you living at before you met Patriarch?"

"Great Ruins." The dragon qilin recalled the past and was filled with reminiscence as he said, "Not long after I was born, my mother disappeared. I was giddy-headed from all the starving and was almost dead when I met Patriarch. I saw that he was quite handsome and was swindled by a spirit pill. It was a single slip up that caused everlasting sorrow."

Qin Mu was between laughter and tears. "Clearly Patriarch saw you there so pitiful from hunger that he gave you a spirit pill which made you cling to him, shamelessly sticking around and making him unable to shake you off! But come to think of it, Fatty Dragon, you're also considered an offspring of a god, right? Could the offspring of gods before the catastrophe have become the strange beasts of Great Ruins today?"

He had a weird expression. Great Ruins had to have been an incomparably prosperous era in which gods and humans lived together. Because of that, their descendants also lived here. Then, the great disaster struck, and the gods went extinct while their descendants slowly transformed into the current strange beasts.

This guess was truly shocking, but it wasn't impossible.

In the ravine in front, the two sides of the cliffs were covered in dense vegetation. Forests growing on the cliffs gave people an extremely preposterous feeling while the rocks floating in the air clearly showed the distortion of the magnetic force here.

Suddenly, Qin Mu felt movement from his taotie sack, and his heart stirred slightly. He opened his taotie sack and saw Carefree Sword gently trembling, giving off a crisp and clear sword cry.

Qin Mu's vital qi went in and brought out the sword.

He had planned to use Carefree Sword as the mother sword, refining it into sword pellet, so he had not made a sheath for it. However, it wasn't convenient to hold Carefree Sword in his hand all the time, so he stretched out his hand and Carefree Sword flew up to chop off a branch of an ancient tree.

"What a durable wood!"

Qin Mu cut off a branch and tried to use his vital qi thread to slice the wood, but he couldn't do so, which made him exclaim in astonishment. The quality of this wood could be compared to black iron.

He executed Carefree Sword to shave the branch and soon made a wooden sheath, in which he inserted the sword. The blade was still trembling, but it was no longer as eye-catching.

'Seems like it wasn't only the broken sword and divine metal that dropped from outer space sixteen years ago. There is still another item which is resonating with Carefree Sword!' Qin Mu thought to himself.

The people of Rolan's Golden Palace had already entered Ghost Valley, so would they find that item a step ahead of him?

They two came to the end of the ravine, and the area in front of them suddenly widened. Qin Mu walked in there without a hurry and looked around himself in alertness. At the two ends of the ravine were two huge stone statues that were carved along the mountain ranges. These two statues were as high as the mountains.

The two sculptures had solemn expressions and looked dignified and divine. Their gazes were deep and each of them stood upright with their swords propped.

The bubbling of water came from afar, and it the sound of streams flowing down the sculptures' shoulders. The power of those waterfalls was immense as they surged three thousand yards down, landing onto the hands of the sculptures before flowing down the swords and gathering below to form a river.

Two rivers flowed down from the legs of the sculptures and formed the image of two dragons in the forest before vanishing into the center of the valley.

The two sculptures had bat heads and human bodies. They were no one else but the bat gods.

'Two bat gods guarding Ghost Valley? What's the relationship between these god statues of two bat gods and those two white bats earlier?'

Qin Mu looked into the distance, stunned. 'Could these two rivers flow into the ground? Cyan Heaven's Eyes, awaken!'

Another heaven instantly appeared in Qin Mu's pupils, and he looked at the place in which the two rivers vanished. He couldn't help frowning when his vision seemed to be blocked by something. He couldn't see clearly what was there in the distance.

"Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes, awaken!"

Qin Mu gathered his vital qi and formed the rune formation of Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes, making a circular vermilion red marking in his pupils. Another layer in, it was a cyan green color of Cyan Heaven's Eyes, and another layer in was the green of Green Heaven's Eyes. One more layer in was the Heaven's Eyes that were formed by white light, while the middle contained the pupil.

Blind had imparted Nine Heavens Eyes Awakening Skills to him, and he had already learned them. However, with his cultivation, he could only awaken Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes at most, and the consumption during their use was very huge. He would not use this skill on a normal day.

In an ordinary situation, Green Heaven's Eyes were enough, so there was no need to awaken Cyan Heaven's Eyes and Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes.

However, even if it was Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes, he still couldn't see what was at the place where the two rivers vanished.

"Eh..."

Qin Mu's heart trembled slightly when he saw a few corpses in front of the forest. They belonged to Rolan's Golden Palace's great shamans. The corpses were not far from each other, but the strange thing was that some of them were vivid and lifelike as though they had just died while the others had rotted until only bones were left, yet their clothes were perfectly fine.

As Qin Mu's gaze went deeper into the forest, he saw another few corpses. It was obvious that those people had encountered misfortune and died unnaturally!

With Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes, he suddenly saw something moving beside one corpse before vanishing in a split second. His Heaven's Eyes suffered a violent impact, and layers and layers of them rapidly closed one after another!

Qin Mu was left dizzy by the impact. He felt as if there were countless miserable screeches in his brain, nearly tearing his soul apart!

Luckily for him, he had already succeeded in cultivating primordial spirit and could endure this attack head-on.

However, he didn't manage to see what had attacked him.

"Amida amida, maha amida!"

The miserable screeches in Qin Mu's brain became louder and louder, so he immediately executed Rulai's Mahayana Sutra. The buddha rays around his body shone brilliantly as the gods and buddhas of the six heavens appeared behind his head to chant loudly in unison. As the buddha voice lingered around him, it instantly purified the peculiar screeches that were attacking his soul.

The soil under his feet sizzled as green smoke rose with a stink from the soil. Qin Mu stretched his hands out. As he hugged the void in front of him, a rumble sounded out as his vital qi transformed into an emerald green Bodhi Tree descending from the sky, crashing onto the land in front of him. Thousands of branches and roots slammed into the ground with the trunk and the roots flailing as they tunneled into the soil.

Miserable shrieks came from underground, and the ground in front of Qin Mu started to roll as though there was something escaping there. When it passed by the huge tree, it rustled loudly from being shaken by something below it.

"Even my Bodhi Saha divine art can't kill this creature?"

Qin Mu gave a low shout and suddenly his body became like jade, sparkling and translucent. A Bodhi Tree faintly appeared behind his back, and he looked like a bull-headed buddha which was achieving enlightenment under the tree.

In Great Thunderclap Monastery, he only received Rulai's Mahayana Sutra's teachings and not the divine arts. However, the teachings were enough for him to start mulling over the divine arts.

Rulai's Mahayana Sutra's divine arts were actually included in the twenty heavens of Rulai's Mahayana Sutra with Thunderclap Eight Strikes being one of them. Thunderclap Eight Strikes was a divine art that belonged to Sakra Realm and was considered a top-notch divine art that was only inferior to Brahma divine arts.

Bodhi Saha divine arts belonged to Bodhivirksa Devata Heaven. The fourteenth heaven counting from the top down and the seventh heaven counting from the bottom up.

Even though Rulai's Mahayana Sutra was not Qin Mu's main in cultivation, he had not neglected his comprehension of it even if we didn't spend more time on it.

What he was executing now was the true body of Bodhi Jade Buddha, using buddha nature to suppress the weird creature under the ground, preventing it from coming near.

That strange creature was one moment there and the next over there, moving at an extremely fast speed. Furthermore, what's strange was that Qin Mu could feel that creature splitting and gathering from time to time. Sometimes it would tunnel into the tree and even the corpses.

"What exactly is that thing?"

At this moment, two breaths closed in from behind, and the Carefree Sword on Qin Mu's back came out of its sheath, transforming into Wave Sword Form to swirl around his body.

The two breaths went around, flying at him from two sides. It was the two white bats.

They separated and came to the top of the two sculptures. They hung down from their nostrils, and one of the white bats chuckled. "The foolish bull doesn't know that there's a large troop coming from behind, a few hundred experts have entered..."

"Silence!" The white bat on the nostrils of the other sculpture grumbled, "What are you warning him for?"

'Large troop? Few hundred experts?'

Qin Mu was astonished. The ones coming in were definitely not the troops of Eternal Peace Empire. The military power of Qingmen Pass was okay, but they didn't have additional troops to deploy into Ghost Valley!

'It's the troops of Barbarian Di Empire!'

Qin Mu could no longer hesitate and immediately walked into the forest, rushing to the center of Ghost Valley.

Clashing with the army of Barbarian Di Empire was definitely seeking death. That country's soldiers were wild and overbearing. The cooperation between the troops was very good, and they had the support of battle formations. When Qin Mu had followed Chancellor Ba Shan into Rolan's Golden Palace, they had met the troops of the prairie and seen their extremely powerful abilities. Eight hundred people could then fight against a cult master level existence such as Ba Shan.

Upon hearing the bats' words, Qin Mu could only avoid the several hundred experts from Barbarian Di Empire.

"The foolish bull is going to die!" The two bats on the sculpture laughed in unison. "Collapse, collapse!"

The buddha rays lingering around Qin Mu's body protected him and the dragon qilin, so he didn't collapse.

The two white bats were bewildered, and one of them flew down from the nostrils of the sculpture. It grabbed onto a branch and hung in front of Qin Mu while asking in bewilderment, "Why are those things not attacking you?"

Qin Mu raised his head. "Dao friend, what's under the ground?"

The white bat was about to reply when it suddenly flew toward the nostril of the white bat god's sculpture without a word. Several hundred soldiers of Barbarian Di Empire and dozens of brilliant gold great shamans and shaman kings walked into the entrance of Ghost Valley.

"Prince Pangong Tso, please!"

A shaman king bowed, and Pangong Tso slowly walked out from the back. With his gaze sharp as lightning, he swept through Ghost Valley and saw Qin Mu who was sitting on the dragon qilin's back. He couldn't help being stunned and revealing a smile.

"I trust you have been well since we last met, Cult Master Qin?"

His voice was soft and immature, but it was loud and clear, exhibiting his incomparably dense cultivation.

Qin Mu heard him, and his heart trembled slightly. 'His cultivation speed is even faster than mine! When we had clashed outside the capital city, even though he was on the same realm as me, his cultivation wasn't as dense as mine, but now he's already caught up!'

"I'm well." Qin Mu laughed and said, "I'm very well! Little Prince looks good as well, I was quite worried that those couple knives might have chopped you to death at that time. I'm now relieved to see that you're still alive."

Pangong Tso smiled. "Cult Master might have been well earlier, but not now."

A shaman king raised his head and said after examining the bat gods' sculptures, "Prince, there are two bats up there."

Pangong Tso said nonchalantly, "Kill them."

### **Chapter 300: Strange Ghost Valley**

Several hundred experts of Barbarian Di Empire didn't say a word and just drew their spirit weapons. In an instant, several hundred gleaming knife pellets rose into the sky. Countless knife lights swept like waves toward the nostrils of the bat gods' sculptures in mid-air.

The divine arts practitioners worked together to form a formation, drastically increasing the power by making their moves together. It was truly stunning!

Back then, Chancellor Ba Shan had defended against eight hundred soldiers on the prairie by himself, and his divine art, Heavenly Spirits Escarpment, had been broken numerous times. However, that was because the troop had some experts of the prairie on Celestial Being Realm and Life and Death Realm.

Even though the experts Pangong Tso had brought from the army were all divine arts practitioners, the ones with the strongest cultivation were still the four shaman kings that had cultivated to Celestial Being Realm and Life and Death Realm. These four shaman kings didn't make their moves, so even though the formations' power was immense, it couldn't be compared to what Chancellor Ba Shan had faced.

The two white bats flew out in a hurry and opened their mouths. Circular sound waves came bombarding at the soldiers, the divine art they executed being one that used sound waves. However, what was weird was these sound waves couldn't be heard when they reached the ears.

In the sky, countless curved knives were bombarded by the sound waves and came clanging down to the ground. The several hundred experts from the army below were struck by the silent sound waves and instantly turned into a complete mess.

Suddenly, the heads of Barbarian Di Empire's soldiers grew bigger and bigger before exploding with a bang. The noise rang in the air without stopping, as the heads of the soldiers exploded one after another. The blood splattered in all directions, making the situation really shocking.

The two white bats flew down from the sky and rushed toward the army with sound waves coming out from their mouths without stop.

Suddenly, one of the shaman kings snorted and took out a white banner. He shook it at the two white bats, and they instantly felt their souls wavering. They fell from the sky and landed among the troops.

The still-alive soldiers felt the pressure in their heads suddenly vanish and hurriedly controlled their knife pellets. Countless curved knives slashed toward the place where the two white bats had descended, and the clanging rang endlessly!

After a wave of knife rain, everyone controlled their curved knives back into the knife pellets that were spinning in the sky rapidly.

The place where the two white bats had landed had been carved into a huge pit by the countless curved knives. Even the rocks were sliced into fine powder.

Two divine arts practitioners from Barbarian Di Empire went forward to check if the white bats were dead when dust suddenly filled the air from the pit. The two white bats flew out from the dust and flapped their wings, coming to the two divine arts practitioners in a flash. Their speed was so fast that no one could react, allowing them to grab the two soldiers before flying away.

A shaman king saw this and jolted his shoulders. Golden rays shone brilliantly behind his back as they transformed into two golden wings. With a flap, he rose into the air and chased after the two white bats.

While flying, that shaman king grew a bird's head and six arms. He wielded a vajra scepter in his hand, which he smashed toward the two white bats with the rumbling of thunder. The speed of the bats who carried two divine arts practitioners was greatly decreased. The shaman was about to close in on them because of that, so the white bats could only throw their prey away. With an increase in speed after, they shook off their pursuer.

The shaman king transformed his vital qi into a huge hand that caught the two divine arts practitioners. At that moment, he saw that these two people had already been sucked dry of their blood and died from unnatural causes.

The two white bats landed on huge trees with their mouths open. Silent sound waves came from again and turned their pursuers into a complete mess.

One of the shaman kings raised a mirror and hung it in the sky. When the light from the mirror shone onto the body of one of the white bats, both of them fell from the trees.

Whoosh!

Knife lights came down like rain and slashed toward the place where the white bats had fallen. One of the shaman kings shook his body and transformed into a golden giant with an elephant's head. He raised a huge rock that was like a small mountain and threw it where the two white bats had fallen.

The primordial spirit of another shaman king showed its form behind him, and his vital qi transformed into a huge palm. With a mudra smashing down, the huge rock was smashed into smithereens, and the ground trembled endlessly as the trees in the surroundings got blown away.

"Now they should be dead, right?"

Everyone didn't even have to time let out a sigh of relief. As the troops rushed over, the two white bats flew up again before they even got there. They flew into the forest in a drunken manner, but were not yet dead.

A shaman king shook the white banner once again, and the souls of the two white bats were bombarded once again. They fell down, and the knife rain landed on them once more.

When the wave of attack was over, the two white bats flew up again. Even though their bodies weren't stable, they were still not dead.

"Pretty impressive."

Pangong Tso couldn't help being astonished. These two white bats had truly thick skin and flesh. Even the most famous knife pellets of the prairie couldn't injure them. The only ones dealing damage to them were the shaman kings of Rolan's Golden Palace.

The white bats withstanding the attacks of the shaman kings and not dying right away was actually out of his expectation.

Qin Mu, who had already gone into the depths of the forest, smiled and asked to the dragon qilin, "Fatty Dragon, do you still think you are an opponent for these two white bats?"

The dragon qilin snorted. "They are very strong, but aren't they still getting the crap beaten out of them?"

The soldiers of Barbarian Di Empire had already rushed into the forest of Ghost Valley to chase after their prey. The two white bats were heavily injured and were flying up and down in the forest from time to time. The divine arts practitioners of Barbarian Di Empire scattered and searched for them in all directions.

At this moment, a rustle came from the forest, and a divine arts practitioner from Barbarian Di Empire executed his knife pellet in alert. It spun round and round, making fine curved blades fly out and revolve around itself. Some of those curved blades were big and some small.

The rustling suddenly stopped, but that divine arts practitioner still didn't dare to relax. As he walked over carefully, more and more fine curved knives came out, sometimes bright and sometimes dark.

He walked into a forest that was full of fruits. Most of them were apples that were the size of a fist.

The divine arts practitioner carefully walked in deeper, until he heard the rustling coming from his back. He immediately turned around, yet he still didn't see anything. The rustling then came from his front.

He suddenly wrung his head to look before himself, but he still didn't see anything. The next moment,, the sound came from his back once more.

However, he was a perceptive person. Without a change in his behavior, a curved knife appeared in front of his face and gradually became larger. Since the blade was shiny to the point of being mirror-like, it reflected the situation behind the man.

The apples on the trees were currently turning their 'heads' over to face him. On one side, they actually looked similar to human faces. They had noses, eyes, and mouths with strange smiles aimed at the man.

The divine arts practitioner shuddered, and all the curved blades flew out from the knife pellet, slashing toward the apples all around him!



Whoosh!

The red apples suddenly fell from the trees as the leaves swirled in the air. Countless apples flew towards the divine arts practitioner, but he was strong. His knife lights rained heavily and sliced apart countless apples. In a split second, the ground was filled with sliced apart apples which were giving off a fruity fragrance.

Right then, an apple suddenly rolled on the ground. It avoided the knife light aiming at it and pounced to bite the man's leg.

The divine arts practitioner felt his leg go numb and lost all feeling in it. Then, half of his body turned numb. When he was about to chop the apple that was on his leg, his head was also paralyzed, and so all the curved knives dropped to the ground.

The other apples rose back into the air and returned to their trees. The apples turned their heads back and looked at the collapsed divine arts practitioner with strange smiles.

The man couldn't move at all, and his heart was thumping violently. He felt that his neck was very itchy, and then saw a face growing out from there.

That new face had a nose and mouth which opened wide to gasp for breath while smiling. "Caught you, caught you!"

The face squirmed and grew outwards. Soon, there were two necks and heads on the man. Then, an upper torso grew out for the new head.

The divine arts practitioner felt tearing pain and opened his mouth to scream, but he couldn't make any noise. Meanwhile, the man that was born from that apple was crawling outward with both his hands, dragging himself out. His crawling speed was quick, and more body parts soon emerged.

Finally, the two people were completely separated. The newborn one was identical to the divine arts practitioner, but for the fact that he was naked. Picking up a curved knife from the ground, the newborn person stabbed it into the man's chest before stripping off the clothes on his body.

"Hehe, freedom!"

The apple man grabbed the knife pellet and skipped out of the forest while the other apples watched him leave in envy.

Miserable shrieks came from the forest. All of the divine arts practitioners of Barbarian Di Empire who had entered the forest of Ghost Valley had encountered all kinds of unimaginable dangers.

Among them, some encountered strange insects that were translucent and looked like jade. They could fly around with great agility and tunnel into people's nostrils before reaching their brains to take control of their bodies. There was only death waiting for the people who ended up like that.

There were some incomparably tiny leeches that hid in the dew on the tree leaves. When a droplet landed on a divine arts practitioner's body, the person wouldn't find anything abnormal at first. They would only feel their body becoming heavier and heavier while they themselves became giddy.

On their backs, there would be a huge leech that was continuously sucking them out. After a moment, that leech would grow a face and four limbs yet still remain on the person's body. The leech would look exactly like their host, and it would seem as if a human was carrying another human.

Once the essence and blood of the divine arts practitioner were sucked clean, he would collapse dead while the leech would run away happily.

The serene forest was full of danger. The arrival of Barbarian Di Empire excited the dangerous inhabitants there, and many people that had barged in lost their lives.

Even though the divine arts practitioners of Barbarian Di Empire had remarkable abilities, they had no way to guard against this place!

Qin Mu walked through the forest with incomparable alertness. He used the true body of Bodhi Saha to protect the dragon qilin and himself, so they've been safe this far.

At this moment, he saw a monk sitting cross-legged under a tree. It was unknown when he had died, but his body had not yet decomposed. Behind him was a Bodhi Tree, and it had brilliant lights and vibrant colors. It was evident that it had been transformed by an unusual treasure.

'The Bodhi Saha True Body of this eminent monk was even stronger than mine, but he still died. Rulai's Mahayana Sutra can't counter the danger here!'

Qin Mu's skin crawled, and he immediately dispersed Bodhi Saha True Body. With both of his hands spread out before himself, he intertwined his fingertips as he gently moved them through the air, with one hand raising to the heaven and the other hand facing down to earth!

The first form of Dao Sword, A Dot Threading the Vast Movements, Yin and Yang Come and Go Within Two Modes!

The vital qi threads on his hands transformed into swords when an incomparably complicated calculation was launched. The sword lights transformed into two faces of the taiji diagram, with one on top and one below, protecting the dragon qilin and him in the middle!

The sword lights continuously flickered as the taiji diagrams swirled, changing yin and yang over and over again. Trails of sword lights also hung from the borders of the two taiji diagrams!

"Foolish bull isn't that foolish after all."

The Bodhi Tree rustled as two white bats covered in wounds hung down from the crown of the tree. One of the white bats coughed up blood and phlegm. In a weak breath, it said, "This bald donkey barged into this place over ten years ago. By relying on the blessing of buddhism, he thought he could enter this place without worry but ended up dying from tree insects."

“Tree insects?” Qin Mu was slightly stunned.

“They’re the seeds of a type of tree. Akin to insects, they leap and frisk about. They hide underground and tunnel into people’s anus when they encounter them, planting their roots into the flesh. The muscles of this bald donkey have long been devoured, so only his skin is left. The tree insects have already germinated in his body.

The other white bat stretched out its claw to slice at the eminent monk’s head, and exuberant foliage burst out from the eminent monk’s head, turning into a small treetop.

“This is the tree insect; however, it has already grown into a tree.” That white bat was quite clever, and it looked at Qin Mu. “Foolish bull, we’re injured. If you can protect us, we can point out the safe path for you so you don’t meet danger!”

Qin Mu smiled. “Two Dao friends, actually, I’m also an apothecary that’s proficient in curing injuries. Why don’t I treat your injuries so both of you can protect me after you have recovered?”

The two white bats looked at each other and landed onto the ground from the Bodhi Tree. They asked in bewilderment, “Physician Bull Head? There are physicians in your Mars Family? Aren’t you always sticking your noses up to the sky and spewing fire everywhere?”

Qin Mu stuck his bull nose toward the sky and spewed out two trails of flames while saying, “How’s my suggestion?”

“Great!” The two white bats agreed right away while thinking to themselves, ‘After Physician Bull Head cures us, it won’t be too late to fall out with him!’

Qin Mu’s gaze flickered as he thought to himself, ‘The best time to poison a person is while treating their injuries. These two fellows will no longer have a choice then and have to listen and protect me!’