

## Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 326-330

### Chapter 326: Yearn Most For

Mu Yingxue stood with a dazed expression. A huge piece of wood came flying down, crashing down toward her. However, she forgot to dodge, so Qin Mu pounced over and dragged her away.

Just as they left, that piece of huge wood landed, and the airwave threw the two of them away.

Soon after, they came to a halt, and Qin Mu placed the woman down. When he turned his head back to have a look at where she had stood earlier, he saw a huge pit where the huge piece of wood had crashed. The soil and rocks had flown in all directions.

Mu Yingxue had yet to recover from her shock when she suddenly came to her senses. She took out a couple jade bottles and said in a hurry, "There's poison on my body, so you might have gotten poisoned when you carried me."

"No need."

Qin Mu quickly matched a few antidotes to detox himself.

The two of them looked around, unable to help the slight numbness that entered their hearts. The valleys in the surroundings had all piled up with black wood, which accumulated into mountains.

Under their feet were the roots of the root demon. They were countless as they lay twisted and motionless.

Qin Mu then immediately looked toward the dragon qilin and the rest. When the unimaginably huge tree collapsed, they who were at the roots were lucky to not end up injured or buried.

"You've won." Mu Yingxue's expression turned dim as she said dejectedly, "The number one poisoner of West Earth still cannot compare to a little brother from Great Ruins. I'm ashamed to be the number one in West Earth."

Qin Mu shook his head and said, "You don't have to be sad since I've picked up a bargain this time. There's Rolan's Golden Palace's shaman poison in my poison, and in addition, you had poisoned the root demon beforehand and injured its vitality. Only then was I able to poison it to death."

"It had swallowed the Green Dragon Bead and could restore its vitality at any time, so I was not of any help," Mu Yingxue said in a bleak voice.

"Actually, I'm not that proficient in poison and am more skilled in curing illnesses and saving people. Furthermore, I'm not just anybody, my reputation is quite loud," Qin Mu explained in consolation.

Mu Yingxue suffered another blow from this. He wasn't proficient yet he had still defeated her?

“You might as well not console me,” she said coldly. “Now that you have won, how are you going to deal with me?”

Qin Mu was bewildered and shook his head. “Why do I have to deal with you? I’m very happy that the two of us got to compete and in the process got rid of this strong foe that is the root demon. We are both from the same path, so exchanging pointers is something we should do.”

Mu Yingxue stared at him with her shiny black eyes, then suddenly tiptoed to kiss him on the lips. She then stuffed a small bag in his hands and turned to leave while chuckling. “I’ve poisoned you now with the poison of yearning! If you go to West Earth, don’t forget to find me, but don’t walk through the front door. You need to flip in through the window!”

Qin Mu stared blankly, feeling that the lips of the girl had been wet, soft, and fragrant. His head was slightly blank.

However, this wasn’t due to poison.

As a young divine physician from Eternal Peace Empire, Qin Mu knew his body like the back of his hand, so he was calmly analyzing his condition. ‘These are the symptoms of lack of blood to the brain. When I got kissed by her, my heart stopped for a beat, causing the brain to have no blood flow, so my mind is all blank.’

Mu Yingxue went straight for the dragon qilin, Xiong Xiyu, and the rest, so she surprised Qin Mu hurriedly gave chase.

The Green Dragon Bead had popped out from the root demon’s body when it crumbled and landed in the middle of everyone. Xiong Xiyu, this Nai Kui of True Heaven Palace, was struggling with all her might to move her body toward it.

The two white bats were also crawling over. The poison in their bodies that had been planted by Mu Yingxue had gradually faded away, so they could move once again.

On the other side, the effects of Lost Fragrance on Yu Bochuan and the rest were also fading away. Thus, they were also crawling toward the Green Dragon Bead, trying to grab it before the other side could do it.

The dragon qilin crawled the fastest. This behemoth with an obese body was very lazy and would only move when fire was burning his buttocks, but at this moment, he looked like he had to get this Green Dragon Bead no matter what. He forced himself forward with great effort, surpassing the rest.

However, his endurance was lousy, and he began panting for breath after crawling for a short while. His speed then gradually slowed down.

The two groups of people were getting closer and closer to the Green Dragon Bead. An expert on Celestial Being Realm was the closest to it, so he stretched his hand out, trying to grab it.

The dragon qilin saw the situation and immediately opened his mouth to stretch out his tongue. His tongue grew longer and longer, getting closer to the Green Dragon Bead. From the looks of it, he was going to sweep it up.

When Mu Yingxue came to this place, Qin Mu was a step late. Yet he waved his hand and his vital qi flew out, sweeping the Green Dragon Bead up.

Mu Yingxue didn't make a move to snatch it, but instead swept her sleeves to collect Yu Bochuan and the rest, sending them to the back of the white elephant.

The woman in black stamped her feet, and her body floated upward to stand on the nose of the huge white elephant that was raised up. She waved at Qin Mu. "The master of Yu Family is my benefactor so I'm bringing them as well! The young man that I yearn most for, come to West Earth as soon as possible!"

Qin Mu was in a daze. He waved back at her with a weird emotion in his heart.

The small bag that Mu Yingxue stuffed into his hand wasn't big, similar to a scented bag. However, it was black. On the side of it, a pair of mandarin ducks swimming beside a lotus with their necks together were embroidered in a gold thread.

Qin Mu opened the scented bag to find a handful of bright red beans. They were like ripe apples, but way smaller.

"The red bean grows in southern lands, their slender tendrils twining together in spring?" Xiong Xiyu stumbled to her feet and looked at the red beans in his hand while chanting softly, "Gather for me some more I pray, of fond yearning is this the sign. Cult Master Qin, Poisoner is inviting you for a visiting marriage."

Qin Mu sniffed the red beans and shook his head. "There is poison in the red beans, so she is probably trying to poison me! Could it really be Yearning Poison? That's right, she kissed me on the lips. Hers was a little wet, so there has to have been some kind of medicine there that once fused with the red beans becomes deadly... Yes, that must be the case!"

Xiong Xiyu was flabbergasted. This previous palace master of True Heaven Palace stared at the cult master of Heavenly Saint Cult with shiny black eyes, her heart full of doubt. 'Isn't red beans used to express yearning and love? How did this Great Cult Master Qin link it to poison? Even suspecting Mu Yingxue of trying to poison him?'

She finally realized that this Great Cult Master Qin had some misunderstandings in regards to the feelings between men and women. Furthermore, they were quite severe!

'He seems to have been taught wrongly by someone.' Xiong Xiyu thought to herself.

However, Qin Mu still put the poisonous red beans back into the black silk scented bag and put it away with care, making Xiong Xiyu feel that he wasn't beyond redemption.

Qin Mu raised the Green Dragon Bead up and examined it. He saw that the color of the green dragon's body was that of jade, having a sparkling and translucent feeling to it. The whiskers were also green in color as if it was a jade dragon.

The soul happily swam around in the bead.

This was the dragon soul of a true dragon, not a mixed breed like the hen dragon, dragon qilin, or the green bull. Instead, it was a pure-blooded green dragon whose abnormally powerful divine energy Qin Mu could feel even from within the bead.

Even though the root demon had absorbed part of the energy in the Green Dragon Bead, this item seemed to be able to continuously absorb the vital qi lingering in nature, replenishing itself. It was very strange.

'Truly a great treasure. Could the dragon soul inside belong to a dragon god?'

Qin Mu circulated his Overlord Body Three Elixir Technique, and his vital qi automatically transformed into Green Dragon Vital Qi. He then tried to mobilize the energy in the Green Dragon Bead, but he soon realized that he couldn't do it. This puzzled him, and he said, "I guess only by using the unique technique of True Heaven Palace could I be able to control the energy of the Green Dragon Bead. My Green Dragon Vital Qi is probably just food for the green dragon soul."

To use the power of the Green Dragon Bead, he would need to communicate with the green dragon soul inside. To do it, the technique of all things having spirit and soul might be the only way.

'The sacred ground of West Earth is pretty remarkable!' he exclaimed to himself.

The poison in the dragon qilin's body had decreased quite a bit, and he could finally stand up. He then immediately swung his long tail to and fro, raising dust behind him as he shouted, "Cult Master, give me the bead!"

Qin Mu didn't pay attention to him and threw the Green Dragon Bead to Xiong Qi'er, that little girl, with a smile. "For you to play."

Xiong Qi'er caught the Green Dragon Bead and smiled sweetly. "Thank you, big brother!"

The dragon qilin's saliva flowed down continuously, and he wagged his tail at Xiong Qi'er. "Big sister, let me play with the bead! Don't worry, I won't eat it, I promise you!"

Qin Mu immediately fetched a couple jade bottles to collect the dragon saliva and thought to himself, 'I should collect a few more bottles to sell in the capital city so I would have money... Right, I'll have to return to the village first to fetch Ling'er back. She's much better at managing finances than me.'

He collected over a dozen bottles until Xiong Qi'er placed the Green Dragon Bead into her undergarment. Only then did the dragon qilin stop drooling.

Qin Mu threw a glance at the little girl. Even though Xiong Qi'er was still small, she was very intelligent. She took out the Green Dragon Bead again, and the dragon qilin's tail began to swing again, his saliva flowing down like a waterfall once more.

After collecting over twenty bottles of dragon saliva, Qin Mu was finally satisfied. He was afraid that the quality would be affected if too much flowed out, so he signaled for Xiong Qi'er to put away the Green Dragon Bead.

The two white bats and Xiong Xiyu had also recovered their strength, so Qin Mu brought them to head east.

Xiong Xiyu had been too deeply poisoned. If it was something simple, the toxicity would be mild and curing her would be very easy. However, the Coiling Poison had penetrated deep into her divine treasures, so it was difficult to remove it.

To others, this could be considered beyond cure, but Qin Mu felt that she was still savable.

He searched for spirit herbs throughout the journey to refine spirit pills, and after using ten kinds of spirit pills and changing the prescription ten times, he finally got rid of the Coiling Poison in her Spirit Embryo, Five Elements, Six Directions, and Seven Stars Divine Treasure.

After walking for over ten days, they didn't encounter Yu Bochuan or any of his people. It was probably because the Green Dragon Bead had been snatched away, so they felt that they weren't a match for Qin Mu and the rest anymore. Because of that, they should have gone back to West Earth for reinforcement.

Suddenly, the sound of bubbling water came from the front, and Qin Mu's eyes lit up as he smiled. "We have reached the source of Surging River."

Not long later, they saw steam coming from above a cliff while below it was a several thousand feet deep drop. Xiong Xiyu and the rest immediately looked around and saw Great Ruins stretching from the west to the east from where the land had suddenly broken off, forming a natural moat spanning thousands of miles from north to south.

The natural moat had split Great Ruins into two, and the West Great Ruins was thousands of feet higher than East Great Ruins.

"What kind of power could have formed these sections?" Xiong Xiyu muttered.

"A huge earthquake." There was no expression in Qin Mu's face as he spoke. "An unimaginable earthquake."

Xiong Xiyu couldn't help shuddering.

Qin Mu jumped down from the cliff, and his feet landed on air, walking down step by step. Xiong Xiyu brought her daughter to catch up, and when they reached the middle of the cliff, they saw that the first stream merged with other streams that came pouring down from the sky, forming a huge waterfall. As they went farther down, they saw that the crashing of water had formed a huge pool below.

The river poured out from there, but it wasn't wide. Its beginning was only ten yards wide, but as it continued forward, other rivers flowed into it, speeding up the current and widening the riverbed.

Xiong Xiyu turned back to take a look and saw that from the natural moat, which was the cliff behind them, there were countless waterfalls pouring down. The flowing water would then gathered below to form a huge river.

Surging River!

### **Chapter 327: Echoes of History**

They had reached Surging River.

Qin Mu examined the surroundings. When Village Chief had brought him to search for Carefree Village, they had come near here, so that village where the messenger of death was guiding the souls shouldn't be too far from this place. It would be a five to six days journey at most, and then they could return back to Disabled Elderly Village.

It was close to the end of the eighth month, so the sun was scorching. With it burning high up in the sky, the road was quite a bumpy one. When Qin Mu had come out with Crown Prince Ling Yushu, it had been the season of spring and now it was already the end of summer. Another season later, he would have to go back to the village for New Year again.

All the encounters he'd had on his journey could be considered legends.

As they headed down the river, water vapor suddenly blew over on the surface of the river. Pure white fog then sealed it off, preventing them from seeing anything in their surroundings.

Qin Mu immediately halted, and the rest also stopped in their footsteps, standing on the river surface motionlessly.

Xiong Xiyu's heart tightened, and she asked in a low voice, "Monster?"

Qin Mu shook his head. "Doesn't look like it. It should be a kind of peculiarity in Great Ruins."

At that moment, Carefree Sword, which was in the wooden sheath behind him, began trembling, and Qin Mu's heart moved slightly. Carefree Sword rarely gave out sword hums. The last time it did so was when he met his father Qin Hanzhen on the treasured ship.

Carefree Sword trembled continuously, and the clamor of troops could gradually be heard from the fog. There seemed to be countless of people passing by here.

Look under our feet, the water is gone!" Xiong Qi'er exclaimed.

Qin Mu immediately lowered his head and saw that Surging River had vanished from under their feet. Replacing the river was a dry and parched yellow land.

The fog gradually became fainter and fainter, so they could see moving figures around them.

Qin Mu, Xiong Xiyu, and the rest couldn't help being stunned. Their bodies froze when they saw a barren desert surrounding them, the yellow sand filling the horizon. Tens of thousands of divine arts practitioners wearing olden style clothing were leading huge beasts to construct large buildings.

These buildings didn't look like houses for humans to stay. They were tall, with pagodas reaching the clouds and gold and jade palaces radiating glorious splendor. All of them looked like places in which giants or heavenly gods would reside.

On the tall altars stood brilliant golden heavenly gods. All of them had human bodies, but their heads were varied. Some were bird-like, while others matched different beasts. They all wore golden armor, and their divine eyes were shining brightly.

They were living gods, and it seemed like here would be eternal radiance where their bodies stood.

Tens of thousands of divine arts practitioners were building palaces for gods under their supervision, making the scale of the construction grand and spectacular.

However, wasn't Qin Mu and the rest walking above Surging River?

How could this place then be a desert?

A few hornless dragons dragged a treasured carriage through the sky, and the group could hear a voice rumble through the sky. "By the orders of High Emperor: Ministry of Works shall construct West Palace and open up irrigation works and transportation!"

Qin Mu was slightly stunned. 'High Emperor? The third move of Sword Picture that Village Chief imparted to me is Calamity of High Emperor! What relation does the High Emperor from Calamity of High Emperor have with the High Emperor from the orders mentioned just now?'

A god with a dragon's head standing on an altar bowed to receive the orders. His body then trembled as he transformed into an azure dragon, summoning clouds and rain, drawing water over to water the barren desert.

At the same time, another god that held onto a bronze plow transformed into a giant, cutting into a mountain and digging a canal for the irrigation works.

Another god then took out a treasured vase which floated in midair. It pointed downwards and vegetation instantly flooded out, turning the desert into a grassland with dense forests that grew frantically.

There was also another god, who took out a huge cauldron. When it landed on the ground, a mountain range rose from the land, changing the terrain. In no time, the desert turned into a green mountainous region.

Qin Mu and the rest stared blankly at this sight. The boundless abilities that the gods of High Emperor Era used to change the heaven and earth, a blue sea into mulberry fields, did not seem to cost them much effort.

“This huge river should be Surging River, right?”

Qin Mu was stunned. He saw that a god that was wielding a bronze plow was opening up a main river stream. It was very long and surging toward the east.

The shape of this huge river was slightly similar to that of Surging River, but the path wasn't exactly the same.

At that moment, fog surged over once again and drowned out everything. While the group was distracted by this, they could feel the land tremble violently and heard huge rumbles that sounded like the sky crumbling and the earth rending. Within the fog was a sight of an apocalypse. The sky was swirling, and the earth was flipping over. Volcanoes, meteors, thick smoke, lightning flooded the once grand palaces, burying a civilization.

The group heard a rumbling behind them, and when they turned back to look, a natural moat was gradually rising up, blocking off the land.

The fog gradually dispersed, and the time and space gradually changed. The natural moat slowly regained clarity, and the waterfalls began to pour into Surging River once more.

The yellow sand under everyone's feet turned back into flowing water, flowing day and night toward the east.

Pssh, pssh.

The two white bats that were hanging under the dragon qilin's chin were stunned. Losing their firm grips, they fell into the water. They immediately flew out and hugged each other while shivering. “Great Ruins are too strange! Cult Master Qin, quickly send us back to Ghost Valley!”

Qin Mu didn't know whether to laugh or cry. “Fu Brothers, you two are also part of the strange things in Great Ruins and you still say that Great Ruins are strange? You brothers have scared god knows how many explorers in Ghost Valley.”

The two white bats looked at each other in dismay. “We are also strange?”

Qin Mu was angry yet at the same time found it funny. These brothers didn't have the least bit of self-awareness. They had no idea how terrifying was the strangeness of Ghost Valley, which was filled with all kinds of strange life forms. Even Celestial Beings couldn't say that they would definitely manage to pass through that place unscathed. On top of that, the brothers were the guardians of Ghost Valley, and so the strangest of all things there.

The fog in the surroundings didn't disperse completely. When looking at the natural moat, everything was hazy.



Suddenly, clouds of the fog floated over, and when they came close, they showed up to be gray figures that passed right through them.

Everyone hurriedly turned around and saw the fog gathering together again. A voice then came from it. "What happened in the High Emperor Era? Why did this magnificent time pass? Was what happened just now an echo of history? A record of what has happened, replaying a scene from times past due to coincidence and fate? This land is truly wonderful, and the people of the ancient empire are also admirable."

"Your Majesty, Dao Sect and Great Thunderclap Monastery have some records that were passed down throughout the years. Your Majesty just has to give an order to send them over."

"Excellent, have them send them over. I don't want to bother with these monks and Daoists that keep interfering with my reforms. Without a reform, how can we change the lives of the people. I don't want to see them."

The fog walked toward the natural moat, saying, "I don't want our Founding Emperor Era to end up in the same predicament, we have to learn from the lesson of our predecessors. How could such a magnificent empire, with gods ruling the mortal world and working for the people, ended up in ruins? Such a powerful and rich era..."

...

With excitement, Qin Mu looked toward the fog. Founding Emperor?

On the family register of Qin Family, the one in the first position was Founding Emperor. He was the ancestor of the Qin Family!

Qin Mu immediately chased after that human-shaped fog, but its speed was really fast, leaving him behind in just a matter of a few steps. Qin Mu executed Heaven Pilfering Divine Legs and ran as fast as lightning, but the fog had still suddenly disappeared.

He stopped in a daze.

Founding Emperor.

Founding Emperor Empire.

The empire before Great Ruins should have suffered a calamity, but how was Founding Emperor Empire related to Carefree Village?

Xiong Xiyu and the rest caught up. The woman looked around before asking, "Cult Master Qin, that sight earlier?"

"An echo of history." He then composed himself and said, "There are many weird things at the source of Surging River. This place is connected to numerous worlds, so when night falls, many weird things happen around here. Yet never did I expect weird things to happen during the day as well. From the

echo of history earlier, this place should be where one of High Emperor's temporary imperial residence rested. We may find some ruins from that era here."

"An echo of history?"

Xiong Xiyu and the rest were stunned. How could things that had happened show themselves again?

Yet Qin Mu had seen an echo of history before. On the treasured ship, he had seen the scene of when his father Qin Hanzhen had been ambushed.

This kind of echo of history was usually the mark left behind in time by strong practitioners. Echoes of history were usually activated by a person, object, or incident that was related to the original, and had a strong sense of coincidence.

The echo of history on the treasured ship that time was due to Qin Mu and Carefree Sword, so what could have caused the echo of history this time?

'It was two echoes of history this time!'

Qin Mu suddenly came to a realization that it could be said that they'd seen an echo of history within an echo of history.

When Founding Emperor came to this place, he had activated the first echo of history and saw the incident when the gods under High Emperor had changed the desert in the ancient times. Then, the second echo of history was when Founding Emperor and the rest had appeared on Surging River.

The first echo of history was part of the second echo of history which got recorded by time as well.

'Then what had activated this echo of history? Could it be Carefree Sword again?'

Behind Qin Mu, Carefree Sword had already quietened down and no longer let out any sword hums. The echo of history had also completely dispersed. There was no more fog on the river surface, and the sky was clear with the sunlight blazing intensely.

The fog had come out from nowhere and left in the same manner!

'Too strange, why is strange stuff happening here... Wait a minute, the echo of history had also happened on father's treasured ship. At that time, it was stuck between Youdu and the real world, with the beehive seals sealing the entrance. If the circumstances are the same, then the echo of history here must have also been because there's an entrance to another world somewhere around here!'

Qin Mu pondered about it. Maybe, the echo of history was reflected on the barrier between worlds and once it was activated, past events would be shown.

He and Village Chief had met the messenger of death near here and entered the living realm of the dead of Fengdu. The second time he came here, he had also met the messenger of death and entered the living realm of the dead to borrow Moon Ship.

The living realm of the dead was close, so Youdu should be close as well.

‘The source of Surging River seems like an important node that connects the worlds. Maybe there’s a divine art here that goes to other worlds? There are definitely nodes that connect things to other worlds!’

Qin Mu regained his composure, and layers of lights swirled in his eyes, revealing Cyan Heaven’s Eyes. Looking around, he didn’t discover any abnormalities.

He raised his head to look upwards, and after a moment, he saw a trace of abnormality.

The sky was the same blue, but he actually saw two clouds meeting each other and passing through one another.

According to his knowledge, when two clouds met, they would converge. Yet even though these two clouds had passed through each other, it was as if they had never touched anything!

This situation looked more like two clouds existing in different time and space so they couldn’t meet and collide!

This meant that there were two skies that were overlapping above their heads!

‘No, it may be three!’ Qin Mu leaped up and sprinted high into the sky. Suddenly, a wind blew over and made him shiver. ‘It may also be four overlapping skies or even five...’

### **Chapter 328: Old and New Sword God**

The directions of the clouds and wind were different. One was heading left, while the other was heading right. And in the sky where the two clouds were, the direction of the wind was completely different. It was unexpectedly blowing downwards.

The only reason behind such a situation could be that the two clouds and the wind existed in a different space. From the clouds and wind, there were at least three layers of it!

If the skies of Youdu, which was always in the darkness, or the hazy Fengdu had appeared, they would definitely be black or gray.

Even though they weren’t such, Qin Mu was certain that those two worlds were close by!

This meant that the source of Surging River might have five worlds overlapping one another!

When night fell, darkness would invade, and the worlds would appear one after another, coming onto the bustling stage!

‘When I have time, I will definitely need to go to the place where West Earth connects to Great Ruins. The darkness comes from there, so I might discover more secrets in that place.’

Qin Mu came down from the sky with his head aching. What exactly were those echoes of history? What were the worlds that were connected to the source of Surging River? Where were the connecting points?

There were many secrets in Great Ruins, and there also seemed to be quite a number of them in Surging River.

'Some secrets are something I can't touch or solve. If I tried to do it by force, our lives would be put in danger. Let's go back to the village first.'

As they headed down the river, Xiong Xiyu couldn't help sizing Qin Mu up. She couldn't resist asking curiously, "Cult Master Qin, did you really grow up in Great Ruins?"

Qin Mu nodded and asked with puzzlement, "Why are you asking this?"

"How did you survive in such a dangerous place? There are all kinds of strange beasts in Great Ruins, all kinds of strange things, dangers, and even the invasion of darkness at night, when devils and monsters wreak havoc. There are even other worlds overlapping with Great Ruins frequently. It's truly unimaginable for you to have survived up until now!"

Qin Mu smiled. "Big Sister Palace Master, you're mistaken! Great Ruins are actually very safe, much safer than the outside. The real danger lies outside. When I first walked out of Great Ruins and came to Eternal Peace, I stayed in an inn beside the river, and an incident happened that very night. That place was called Dyke River County, and the people in the entire county died. Only me and Ling'er managed to escape. I had never met with such an incident in Great Ruins."

Xiong Xiyu didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "You can't say that Eternal Peace is more dangerous than Great Ruins just because of that. It was only a coincidence."

"Ever since I entered Eternal Peace, I've suffered murderous intents and killings, as well as assassination attempts. In comparison, Great Ruins are much safer. The greatest danger I encountered in Great Ruins was also caused by the outside people barging in. Thus, Great Ruins is the safest place," Qin Mu explained with a calm expression

Xiong Xiyu was puzzled. She didn't understand how he could feel that Great Ruins were safer than the outside world.

The dragon qilin chuckled. "Palace Master might not know, but when Cult Master goes out, he doesn't even dare to use his real name. This is because the moment he used his real name, people rushing to kill him would line up all the way from Eternal Peace Empire to Disabled Elderly Village. The righteous practitioners are all itching to kill him."

Qin Mu gave him a stare and immediately explained to Xiong Xiyu, "Our Heavenly Saint Cult is actually very righteous, so don't be misled. That's right, once we reach the village, I'll be able to get rid of your poison. What do you plan to do after that?"

Xiong Xiyu was in a daze. Return to True Heaven Palace?

Now that only her daughter was left, she didn't have the confidence to return to True Heaven Palace to seize the power and the position of the palace master back. On top of that, she was worried about Xiong Qi'er's life.

However, she couldn't accept giving up the foundation of her ancestor.

Qin Mu caught the expression she made and smiled. "Even though I can get rid of your Coiling Poison, your cultivation won't recover straight away, I'll still need to help you recuperate and assist you in recovering your vital qi. If you can't make a decision, I have a suggestion. Why don't you follow me to Eternal Peace Empire for some time? I'm the academician of Imperial College so I can recommend you to teach at Imperial College."

Xiong Xiyu's beautiful gaze was like clear water as she looked deeply into his eyes, subconsciously giving off the aura of a mistress of a sacred ground. "I'm the mistress of True Heaven Palace, and you are asking me to teach in Imperial College?"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and said, "Then why don't you come to our Heavenly Saint Cult's School Hall to teach?"

Xiong Xiyu didn't know whether to laugh or cry and said, "Let me go to Imperial College first."

Five days later, they finally reached Disabled Elderly Village. Qin Mu first went to find Hu Ling'er, and a few white foxes came out of her room, speaking the human language. "Young Master, Big Sister has gone to Eternal Peace Empire to look for you, and she has been gone for a few months!"

Qin Mu inquired about the details, and the white fox in the lead said, "Great Demon King came to force Big Sister to marry him, so she beat him up. Great Demon King then called his dad over who Big Sister couldn't defeat, so she ran away, saying she would find Young Master in Eternal Peace Empire."

Qin Mu bade farewell and brought everyone toward Disabled Elderly Village. When it came in sight, Qin Mu became excited and shouted out loudly, "Grandpa Village Chief, Grandpa Apothecary, I'm back!"

Xiong Xiyu looked at this small village and saw an old man with a scraggly beard sitting on a recliner at the village entrance. He had no arms or legs, and the beard on his face was very unkempt. His hair was messy as well.

There was a flock of chickens patrolling in the village, looking very awe-inspiring.

"Oh, Mu'er is back? You've grown taller again." The messy old man swayed in his recliner, looking at Xiong Xiyu and the two white bats while basking in the sun. After a moment, his expression changed to that of astonishment. "This girl is very pretty and her cultivation is also very strong. A pity she's poisoned. The two white bats are a little interesting."

The two white bats went to hang upside down from the tree above his head and sized Village Chief with interest. "You're very strong as well!"

Qin Mu couldn't help frowning upon examining Village Chief. He then ran into the village to fetch a Pig Slaughtering Knife before going into Granny Si's room to find a white cloth and coming back. In a basin of hot water, he wetted the towel, then covered Village Chief's face.

/After a while, Qin Mu uncovered the towel and used a Pig Slaughtering Knife to help him shave his beard. "Village Chief, where are the people from the village? Grandpa Apothecary? He's not in the village? Take a look, your beard is almost dragging on the floor."

"Apothecary had ran away." Village Chief sighed and said, "A few women found their way here and scared him off, leaving me here alone. I don't have any limbs so I can't crawl back into the room."

Qin Mu jumped in shock and cried out, "Village Chief, how long have you stayed here at the village entrance?"

"Almost two months."

Qin Mu was speechless. This old man had actually not moved for two months, staying at the village entrance motionlessly, allowing himself to be windswept and battered by rain, even letting the darkness surround him!

This should be considered as having achieved a new realm in laziness!

Xiong Xiyu also jumped in shock. From the layout of the stone statues in the village, the rays from them wouldn't have shone until here. Then this messy old man who had lain here for two months without dying, was he a god?

Or were the strange things in the darkness not interested in him?

Qin Mu shaved off Village Chief's beard and washed his face for him. He then cut off his messy white hair and groomed him before carrying the old man into his room, changing the clothes on his body into a new set before going to wash the old ones.

He then carried the old man out to place him back on the recliner, pouring a pot of tea for him before asking, "Grandpa Ma and the rest haven't returned?"

"Old Ma came back once. Dao Master and Old Rulai had also found their way over. The latter said he wasn't Rulai anymore and severed one of his arms. He told me that he couldn't return Old Ma his children, but he could still return him an arm."

Qin Mu cried out, "Old Rulai severed his own arm?"

"That's right. Old Rulai's arm was pecked at by the hen dragons. It's in the chicken coop, though, since the hen dragon couldn't eat it."

Village Chief sighed. "Old Ma may look cold and hate the world, but when Old Rulai severed his arm to give it to him, he was still moved and cried. He went to Great Thunderclap Monastery to oversee it, saying that he would return once a new rulai came. I reckon he won't be coming back. He plans to wait for the new rulai, but once he will sit down on the seat of Rulai, he will discover that he's Rulai."

In a daze, Qin Mu said, "I'm going to Ghost Valley, so I can find him on the way there. Where's Grandpa Cripple? Isn't he always inseparable from Grandpa Ma?"

"They are inseparable, so he naturally went to be a guest at Great Thunderclap Monastery. He said he was afraid that Old Ma would be at a disadvantage." Village Chief revealed a worried expression. "I'm afraid that after Old Ma becomes Rulai, he will discover that his entire mountain is an illusion."

Qin Mu also didn't see Butcher, Blind, and Mute so he asked about them as well. Blind and Butcher had run off with Old Dao Master and Old Rulai, saying that they wanted to take a look at Little Jade Capital. Mute didn't seem to have had any plans to leave the village, but just before the day Apothecary escaped, Mute suddenly went crazy, picking up his belongings and rushing into the darkness, chasing after something. He had yet to return.

Granny Si hadn't yet returned. She had to still be at Eternal Peace Empire, suppressing her heart devil and sharpening her nature.

Qin Mu tidied up the village and put all treasures and things that looked like treasures into his two taotie sacks. He then came to the herb garden at the village entrance and stretched his hand out. Flying swords stabbed into the surroundings and tunneled underground, slicing something underneath the soil.

Qin Mu raised both his hands as if lifting something, then the entire herb garden flew upwards and was put into Pangong Tso's taotie sack.

It was much better than Qin Mu's own, and the space inside could even store a piece of land.

Qin Mu picked Apothecary's herb basket and placed Village Chief inside it. Village Chief was instantly angered. "Rascal, what are you doing? Put me down!"

"I can't let you stay here." Qin Mu tightened the herb basket to his back while saying, "What if something happens to you, who will know? From now on, Grandpa Village Chief will follow me wherever I go!"

Village Chief was silent for a moment, slightly moved in his heart. He smiled. "Put me down. Silly child, I'm old, I can't move around anymore. I even promised Yama to go to his living realm of the dead after death. When I die, a bird god will come and fetch me."

Qin Mu instantly felt the herb basket becoming incomparably heavy as though he was carrying a mountain. He knew Village Chief wasn't willing to leave Great Ruins and blinked before saying, "Doesn't Grandpa Village Chief want to meet Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor? Does the old sword god not want to meet the new sword god? Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor is being acclaimed as the saint that appears once every five hundred years, so he is definitely worth meeting."

The herb basket on Qin Mu's back instantly became lighter, and Village Chief's tone seemed to gain a hint of heroism. "The new sword god? Oh well, it's also a good thing to meet him before I die. Go, let us meet Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor!"

## **Chapter 329: Sea of Blood**

## Sea of Blood

In Great Thunderclap Monastery, the bell rang non stop. It was the bell to welcome visitors.

While Qin Mu carrying Village Chief up the mountain, he saw a dignified Rulai leading all the monks to welcome them. At this moment, the youth was slightly depressed. The cold-faced yet heartwarming Ma Wangshen had still become the Rulai of Great Thunderclap Monastery, a buddha.

Old ma couldn't let go of the place he had grown up in even if the monks from there had killed his wife and children. It was not Old Rulai's intention, after all, just what the monks under him had done.

He was Old Rulai's disciple, so the two of them knew each other very well. Old Rulai was old and couldn't control the monks under him anymore. The arhats of Arhat Cloister had gone down the mountains with monks from other cloisters, and so Old Ma's wife and children had lost their lives.

Old Rulai severed his arm and gave it to him. Even though this wouldn't resolve the hatred in his heart, he still had to succeed his master's cassock and alms bowl; he couldn't let Great Thunderclap Monastery disappear just like this.

When he returned to his homeland and sat on the throne of Rulai, the wind swept azure clouds past his body. When that wind dispersed, he suddenly achieved true enlightenment, breaking through the last realm of Rulai's Mahayana Sutra and succeeding in cultivating Brahma.

From Sakra to Brahma was a moment of enlightenment, a kind of perfect awakening.

On the golden peak of Great Thunderclap Monastery, Qin Mu looked at Old Ma who had educated him on how to be an adult and had all kinds of emotions in his heart. In the end, he called him senior brother.

This Rulai of Great Thunderclap Monastery had cultivated to the highest realm, the realm of Brahma. His corporeal body, spiritual sense, and tathata were perfected and had twenty heavens behind him, with Brahma sitting in the lotus position while gods and buddhas of all sizes surrounded him, giving off radiance like perpetual daytime, looking sacred and merciful.

"Senior brother," Old Ma greeted him in return.

Qin Mu face turned dim. Now that Old Ma was sitting in this position, he was no longer the Old Ma from the past—he was Rulai. He had to put down his worldly affairs and let the four elements be vanity.

Cripple was nearby. Even though he had said he would just go to attend the ceremony, he had actually been worried about Old Ma's safety. He was afraid that the monks of Great Thunderclap Monastery would harm him.

However, now that Old Ma had cultivated to the highest realm in Rulai's Mahayana Sutra, there was no need for protection, so Cripple was also itching to move. There were treasures everywhere in this Great Thunderclap Monastery, and they made this old rogue unable to sit still. He wanted to steal, but he



wouldn't be able to face his conscience then, so when he saw Qin Mu and Village Chief, he couldn't resist suggesting to leave as soon as possible.

Qin Mu wanted to stay for a few days, but when night came, he saw bright lights coming from the north, the Qingmen Pass. With such glorious lights lighting the sky, one thing was certain—the battle at Qingmen Pass was very intense.

Beside Qingmen Pass was Ghost Valley where the two white bats lived. It wasn't considered too far from Great Thunderclap Monastery.

Early next morning, Qin Mu bade farewell and brought Village Chief, Xiong Xiyu, Cripple, and the rest to leave.

“When I met Old Ma, he was the most famous constable in the world known as Divine Constable Ma. He almost caught me.”

Cripple looked back at the golden peak of Mount Meru, which was shining brilliantly as resonating buddha voices rang in the air. They materialized into words, into a lotus, and into apparitions of buddhas surrounding the sacred ground.

Cripple fell into a daze and said in a low voice, “He caught me many times, and we fought many times. The one I was afraid of and respected the most was him. When I was young, I was an orphan with nothing at all, begging for food everywhere. When I couldn't endure my hunger, I would steal. I didn't dare to snatch cause I was thin and frail.

“Sometime later, I was caught by an old constable who didn't send me to see the official and only made me stop stealing. He taught me crafts and was like a father to me. I followed him and fantasized about being a constable like him one day. Old Ma reminds me of him, I feel like Old Ma looks especially like him when he's stern...”

Qin Mu sat on the dragon qilin's back, not saying anything as he listened to Cripple talking about his past with Village Chief and the rest.

“I didn't have a dad, so I always felt that the old constable was my dad. During the years I followed him, I was especially hard working and happy. But one day, the old constable died.”

Cripple's eyes relaxed, and his tone became calmer. “At midnight, his enemies came to find him. I was asleep then, but shouts from outside woke me up. He barged into my room and sent me out of the house with his life. He told me, ‘Child, be a good man... Run!’ I wasn't wearing any clothes then, so I just ran butt-naked. I ran and ran until my speed became faster and faster, faster and faster. I cried for help but no one came, no one...”

A thin, frail, and butt-naked boy had been helplessly running, crying for help, yet no one came to help him.

Cripple ran from night until day and covered over ten thousand miles. When he came to his sense, he returned to the residence of the old constable, but it had already been razed to the ground. He could only dig out the charred bones of the old constable.

“He wanted me to be a good man like he’d been throughout his life, but how had he ended up? I don’t want to be a good man! He didn’t want me to steal so I shall steal.”

In a lonely voice, Cripple continued, “I stole while I ran, and as I did that, my reputation rang louder and louder, until I was referred to as Thief God by the people. All the bullshit seals and forbidden arts were nothing in my eyes. I ran past the wind, past the clouds, past the lightning, and stole throughout the whole world. Whatever sect, whatever sacred ground, I stole from all of them.

“At one point, I found his enemies and stole their heads. When I paid my respects to the old constable again and wanted to become a good man, I had already caught the bad habit of stealing and no matter what I did, I couldn’t quit. After that, I met Old Ma. He reminded me of the old constable, so I feared him a bit, and I respected him. Now that he has become Rulai, his merciful look reminds me if the old constable had become a buddha...”

Village Chief popped his head out from the herb basket. “Old Ma won’t become buddha. When a new rulai comes one day, he will take down his cassock and become the Old Ma from the past.”

Cripple raised his head to gaze at the sky. “I hope so.”

Qin Mu let out a shaky breath and said in a low voice, “Old Ma will definitely come back...”

Along this journey, he had gotten rid of the poison in Xiong Xiyu’s body and even prescribed a few types of spirit pills to nourish her vital qi. After that, they finally came to Ghost Valley, and the two white bats flew into the ravines of Ghost Valley. They hung down on one tree and bade farewell to Qin Mu and the rest.

“Cult Master, come over and play when you’re free, we won’t eat you!” Fu Yuqiu said.

Qin Mu laughed loudly and waved goodbye. The two white bats immediately flew into Ghost Valley while shouting, “Let’s wake the old ancestors up and make them give birth to a few girls so we can breed!”

“Even if they give birth to them, they’ll be our great grandmas, so how are we going to breed? Furthermore, what if both of the old ancestors are male?”

“Shut up!”

...

The dragon qilin left Ghost Valley, and they soon came to a battlefield that unfolded before them on a magnificent scale. The forest in the Duck Tongue Zone had already been razed to the ground. Duck Tongue Zone stretched throughout close to a thousand miles, and the woodland and mountainous region had all been flattened by the two parties, becoming the battlefield of Barbarian Di Empire and Eternal Peace Empire!

When Qin Mu and the rest came to this place, a large-scale battle was on the way. Tens of thousands of soldiers in the mountain passes on both sides were rushing forward with their earth-shattering divine

arts. Huge strange beasts stepped forth and brought countless divine arts practitioners with them, once they landed on their backs.

Below the mountain-sized strange beasts were martial arts practitioners wielding knives and swords. They rushed forward frantically and collided with the enemies on land. In a split second, flesh and blood filled the sky.

Above the heads of the strange beasts, flying ships filled the sky, their flags fluttering. Cannons fired for days on end, and lines of light that were as thick as water barrels bombarded the enemy army with destructive force, vaporizing everything they touched!

There were also countless knife and sword pellets spinning rapidly in midair, the lights from which pierced flesh.

There were also some great shamans of Rolan's Golden Palace who had transformed into golden-colored bird-headed mutants. Once they flapped their wings and shook their hands, countless rays shot off in all directions.

On the ground, there were golden elephant-headed giants charging forward furiously.

On both sides of the mountain passes were huge mirrors that shone into the sky, on the souls of divine arts practitioners. Next to them were huge flags that swept to the side and changed the wind and clouds, causing lightning to rain down on the battlefield.

There were also huge cloud chariots being pulled by topless giants into the battlefield and causing blood and flesh to fly wherever they went. Upon reaching the frontline of the battlefield, the giants suddenly stopped the cloud chariots and opened them up. Countless bottle gourds were placed within them, and when the chariots were opened, venomous insects buzzed out and covered the sun and the sky. They entered the bodies of the enemy army to gnaw on them.

There were also sacrificial altars that got pushed out, and the golden great shamans of Rolan's Golden Palace cast some kind of shaman spells to kill the generals of Eternal Peace Empire, causing the opposite side to have no leader.

Eternal Peace Empire, in the meantime, had sent out groups of divine arts practitioners that were proficient in sword techniques to cut their way through thistles and thorns into the battlefield to kill the golden great shamans on the sacrificial altars.

This sight was truly shocking. Both sides had obviously killed numerous people, for the flowing blood had turned into a river, turning Duck Tongue Zone into something like hell.

It was Qin Mu's first time seeing such a grand spectacle, and his heart palpitated. This was the battlefield of men, the place where men died.

While carrying Xiong Qi'er, Xiong Xiyu, whose face was pale, asked in a low voice, "How do we cross such a place? My cultivation has not yet recovered..."

She had only recovered to the standard of Celestial Being Realm, and in this kind of battlefield, the strength of a Celestial Being Realm was simply insignificant. In the battlefield, a strong practitioner of this realm could die at any moment under a killing formation formed by soldiers of Seven Stars Realm.

Even strong practitioners of Life and Death Realm would find it hard to protect their lives if they just barged through a battlefield like this.

Xiong Xiyu was an existence of cult master level, and upon looking over, she could see that whenever thirty to fifty people gathered together, formation markings would light up. These formations markings would either be on the ground or floating in the air, changing continuously. It showed that even though the battlefield was big, and there were many people, the formations were never messed up.

If someone barged in, they would be minced by a battle formation, and even if one didn't kill them, they would be killed by another one after taking a couple of steps.

Qin Mu tightened the herb basket on his back, and in the herb basket, Village Chief smiled. "Just walk over. Mu'er. You have mastered Sword of Founding Emperor Sea of Blood, right? Let me execute it once more for you to see."

Qin Mu's heart moved slightly, and boundless sword lights burst forth toward the fighting. In a split second, they shrouded the battlefield in front of the two mountain passes, bathing the countless soldiers in the sea of swords. Those sword lights circled and coiled around them, making them not dare to make the slightest movement!

Most of the soldiers standing on the two mountain passes felt their scalps crawl as they looked down. The place had become a sea of sword lights, and everyone was drowned within it!

"Beat the gong to recall the troops!" people shouted out from the city towers on both sides.

However, everyone in the battlefield stood still, not daring to move. None of the troops retreated, and even the flying ships in the sky froze in place.

If they moved, it would mean death.

If these sword lights moved, there would be a sea of blood!

"An expert has arrived!"

On the city tower of Qingmen Pass, a middle-aged man walked out and looked down to see a huge dragon qilin walking unhurriedly through the sea of sword lights.

"Imperial Preceptor!" all of the soldiers greeted the man in the tower.

### **Chapter 330: A Meeting That Surpassed Countless Others**

The middle-aged man on the city tower had a pale white face, and it was obvious he had injuries which were yet to heal. This middle-aged man was none other than Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor who had

been injured in a battle with a god. Even though Qin Mu and Little Poison King Fu Yuanqing had worked together to cure him, he had still been wounded by a god, so he was yet to recover.

Barbarian Di Empire had taken this chance to invade Eternal Peace. The situation at Qingmen Pass was of utmost importance. Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor knew that Eternal Peace Empire had suffered great losses in strength after two huge calamities, and in addition to that, he and Emperor Yanfeng had yet to recover to their peak strength. Emperor Yanfeng's injuries were even heavier than his.

He was afraid of Barbarian Di Empire barging straight in, so he had mobilized the troops to guard Qingmen Pass to the death.

He even didn't hesitate to personally come to the battlefield to command the army.

When Village Chief unleashed his swords, the shocking sight of one sword suppressing the struggles on the whole battlefield caught his eye.

Actually, this wasn't a simple shocking sight. Instead, it was having the ability to turn the entire battlefield into a sea of blood, intimidating the soldiers and cavalry on both sides.

The lives of everyone on the battlefield laid in his hands.

This kind of sword skill was no longer part of sword skills, but closer to a profound path. This let Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor see an even higher level, the level of the sword path.

The sword lights unleashed Village Chief's move were uncountable, but the truly terrifying thing was that the movement of each and every sword light was different, restraining every martial and divine art practitioner. This was something that was nearly impossible.

There were tens of thousands of people on the battlefield, and the cultivation of each and every person was different. The martial and divine arts they learned also had differences. Furthermore, with the battle formations having a myriad of changes, if he wanted to restrain everyone, he had to restrain all of their divine arts, martial arts, spirit weapons as well as formations. The number of things to be calculated was at an unimaginable level!

To be able to reach such a level, one could be called god, the god of the sword!

'Sword of Founding Emperor Sea of Blood, I've seen this kind of sword skill before. It was in the painting of Art Saint.'

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor focused his gaze toward the dragon qilin and saw Qin Mu and the rest standing on the creature's back. Even though these people were all very strong, they didn't catch his attention.

'I could see the extremes of sword skill from that painting, and I had studied the sword technique of the man in the painting for the past two hundred years. I would have new gains whenever I observed this painting for a long time. When I no longer could see anything new, I thought I had already reached his level.'

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor reminisced about the painting and tried to look for the man in the painting, but he couldn't find him. His gaze then landed on Qin Mu's back.

The youth was carrying a herb basket within which he could see a white-haired old man that had no limbs.

This old man didn't look like the man in the painting. That person was a sword god in his heyday. His acute spirit burst forth like a sword that had just drunk blood.

The old man in the herb basket, however, was in the last of his days. He looked as if his light could be extinguished at any moment. There was no sight on him of the high spirits of the sword god in the painting.

However, Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor was certain that this handicapped old man was the sword god from back then!

After all, the enlightenment for his sword skills came from the sword god in the painting.

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor's body trembled slightly, and he let out a shaky breath before instructing the people around him, "Welcome the guests!"

The city gates opened, and the soldiers in the city lined up on both sides. The dragon qilin walked in with his head held high. At that moment, all the sword lights in the battlefield poured over like a flood at Qin Mu, going into the herb basket behind his back.

Village Chief popped his head out and saw a middle-aged person coming over to welcome him. He was the man who was said to be the saint that appears once every five hundred years, the man that was said to be the number one practitioner under the gods, the man that was acclaimed to be the current generation's sword god!

The gaze of the two people met, and ripples billowed in their hearts.

The sword god of the previous generation and the sword god of the current generation had finally met!

Next to the battlefield, the beating of a bronze gong came from the city towers on both mountain passes. It was the sound of retreat, sending orders to the soldiers on the battlefield to withdraw.

The tens of thousands of soldiers felt as if a huge burden had been lifted off their shoulders. Everyone instantly felt their bodies drenched in sweat.

In Qingmen Pass, Village Chief, who had been in the herb basket, flew out. As if he had grown arms and legs, he walked toward Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor, and the two strongest men of their respective generations met!

"You have learned sword?" Village Chief asked.

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor did a disciple greeting and said respectfully, "Disciple has learned sword in his early years, but haven't done that since reaching one hundred and sixty years old."

“You understood sword at one hundred and sixty years old?” Village Chief asked.

“I had read extensively through all the techniques and ultimate arts in the world and comprehended boundless divine arts, thus I understood sword and started to create my own sword skills,” Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor answered solemnly.

Village Chief smiled. “Display your sword skills for me.”

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor drew his sword, and sword light filled the heaven, lighting up the world. His sword skills had countless changes, were as complicated as the numerous stars in the sky, yet simple like the counting rods. Some were straight, some were winding, as if they could transform into all the skills in the world, giving others an indescribable feeling.

There was a kind of bearing that pressed forward in his sword skills, a spirit that was like a blazing fire tearing through the bright flowers coming from the reform. It seemed to want to set all the things in the world ablaze, changing the inherent heaven and earth, the never changing great Dao, to reform everything that is trite, tear open and reveal the ugly faces of the degenerates of the old generation!

This man wanted to use his sword to change the empty and trite paths of this world, to open up new paths and let the world enter a new age!

His sword skills had already surpassed technique and become skills which incorporated his philosophy. Just one step, and he could reach the realm of the path!

With philosophy, life was given to sword skills, so his sword skills already had life. Since the path was in front of philosophy, only by surpassing it could he see the path.

With only a step forward, he would be able to see the path.

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor pulled his sword back and gasped for breath. His injuries were still not yet healed, so his cultivation wasn't like it was before. However, before the previous generation's sword god, he was like a student wishing to show his most perfect sword skill and looking forward to hearing his evaluation.

“Superb sword skills,” Village Chief praised. “No doubt you're the number one man under the gods, the saint that appears once every five hundred years. Before death, I have finally met someone who I can interact with. I've come out this time just to meet you, to let you witness the path.”

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor then said solemnly, “Today at Qingmen Pass, there are a million soldiers stationed, many of whom are my students; however, I'm your student. There are also numerous scholars from Imperial College who had come here to lend their strength in the face of the empire's disaster, so may teacher please expound his wisdom and dispel our doubts!”

Village Chief smiled. “I dare not, it's just an interaction.”

The two of them walked side by side with Qin Mu following behind them. Xiong Xiyu raised her head to look at a man approaching old age and a man at his robust years with a bizarre gaze while saying under

her breath, “In my West Earth’s True Heaven Palace, there are no such outstanding men. With the women of our West Earth in charge, the men are all yes-men, doing whatever they are told to do. If the men of West Earth were as bold and as capable as them, why would us women need to be in charge?”

They walked into the city, and Qin Mu saw numerous scholars from Imperial College. All of them were sitting cross-legged and waiting quietly. They were unable to hide the excitement that was on their faces.

Now that Barbarian Di Empire was launching a full-scale invasion on Eternal Peace Empire after it had just gone through a massive rebellion and snow disaster, there was no way for people to make a living. The population was declining, and the people were mostly destitute and homeless. Before the empire could settle down, the rations were also in short supply. Even in the army, the rations were lacking, so many scholars from Imperial College could only save on food after coming here, not daring to eat till they were full.

Qin Mu saw Wei Yong, Qin Yu, and the rest. Wei Yong was originally a big fatty, but now he had slimmed down quite a bit from starvation.

Only when they reached fall’s harvest could this hard-pressed situation turn slightly better.

Village Chief and Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor sat down, and Village Chief said in a pace that was neither too fast nor too slow, “The purpose of my visit is not to talk about sword skills. I shall only talk about the path. The sword path. As for how much you can take from my speech, it will depend on your comprehension. There was no such thing as a sword path in this world before, but ever since weapons such as a sword were created, a sword path came to be.”

Numerous soldiers that had come back from the frontlines walked over. Some of them took off their armor to sit on the ground while some just stood and listened.

Many people revealed puzzled expressions when they heard the lecture of this elder. Someone said in a low voice, “Could the great Dao of heaven and earth be created? Aren’t we divine arts practitioners cultivating the natural great Dao of heaven and earth?”

Qin Mu’s heart stirred slightly. He recalled his conversation with Heavenly King Yu, about how the great Dao of heaven and earth had changed.

The creativity of humans had born numerous great Dao of heaven and earth that didn’t exist in the world at the start. It was also that same creativity that had changed the old Daos into something new.

When a great Dao is changed, the skills would also change, thus it was known as a reform.

Heavenly King Yu felt that reforms could touch the benefits of gods and devils.

However, what Village Chief said was much more profound.

Everyone was puzzled because they were all people who had cultivated qi and their inherent knowledge was to learn the paths, skills, and divine arts that were passed down to them. Furthermore, divine arts



relied on a path and skills, so if they changed their inherent understanding, one could well imagine how big of a blow it would be to their hearts!

“How is a great Dao created?” asked Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor.

“Walk to the extreme and it will be created. Imperial Preceptor, have your sword skills reached their extremes?”

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor was slightly stunned and said, “Just a little more.”

Village Chief revealed a smile. “Let me help you.”

He stabbed at Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor, and the scenery around them changed. Thousands of mountains and rivers came flooding in his face, and in a split second, their surroundings no longer looked like Qingmen Pass or a battlefield with blood flowing in a red river. Instead, it looked like a whole new world that had fresh green mountain ranges overflowing with greenery, rivers rolling into the distance. Each and every wave looked extremely clear and real, while the veins of each and every leaf on the trees and bushes were complicated, without any two being alike.

Everyone stood up, and there were even some people that climbed the mountains while some jumped into the river. There were even some that plucked the flowers formed by sword lights while Qin Mu stretched out his hand to catch a drop of dew trickling down from a leaf.

Sword Treading Mountains and Rivers.

This was the Sword Treading Mountains and Rivers that Village Chief had executed. It was clearly a move that had supreme power, but in Village Chief’s hand, it was completely harmless. Instead of dealing damage, it brought everyone into a bizarre world.

It was as if this place was a real world, one formed by a sword path.

Even though this situation had a huge impact on them, it was the strongest on Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor. His body trembled, and his soul palpitated. He squatted and caressed the ground, then raised his head to look up at the starry sky. Village Chief had shown him the true face of the path, allowing him to touch the sword path.

Suddenly, he felt that a door had been blown open, and he stood there motionlessly with a blank gaze.

Village Chief saw this sight and exclaimed to himself, ‘The saint that appears once every five hundred years indeed has much better aptitude than Mu’er, comprehending the path in such a short time.’