

## Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 491-495

### Chapter 491: Revenge for the Severed Arm

The chest went silent, to the extent that no sound, not even that of breathing could be heard!

Qin Mu could move freely in the darkness, and silently as well.

A drop of sweat dripped down into a pool of blood with a slight sound. The owner of that sweat immediately moved, but pain rushed through their heart. It seemed to have been pierced by a bamboo cane.

Qin Mu pulled out the bamboo cane and advanced silently. The sound of the corpse collapsing came from behind him.

It immediately brought out violent reactions, and the extraterritorial devils in the surroundings attacked, exploding with divine arts and bright spirit weapons toward the area from which the sound had come.

Between the flashes of the divine arts and spirit weapons, Qin Mu moved inside the chest like a phantom, and divine arts practitioners died one by one under his hands. When the light vanished, and darkness returned while the corpses of the divine arts practitioners swayed and collapsed.

The surroundings regained silence once more.

The interior of the chest had a radius of three hundred yards, which was an area of about ten hectares or so.

If several hundred people were scattered over such a space, they wouldn't much feel it, even if one of them was a behemoth like the dragon qilin. Yet to the divine arts practitioners, the space seemed incomparably tightly filled.

Divine arts could reach anyone in an instant, and some powerful ones could even sweep through all corners of the space.

When Qin Mu pulled them all into the chest, everyone had panicked and immediately began to fight, which was why the chest had trembled violently at the start.

Darkness had brought chaos to the group, and to protect themselves, everyone attacked whoever was nearest to them. Because of that, quite a number of strong practitioners died under the hands of their own.

The chaos didn't last for too long though, since their leader was a strong practitioner of Celestial Being Realm who ordered them to stay calm.

That strong practitioner of Celestial Being Realm was smart, but he was killed by Qin Mu the next instant, and chaos ensued once more. Qin Mu used his bamboo cane to kill people, and even strong practitioners of Celestial Being Realm couldn't escape from battling him in close quarters.

After the chaos was quelled, someone tried to open the chest to let in some light, but he was stabbed by Qin Mu.

In the meantime, there were a few more life-and-death struggles. Everyone still alive in the chest was fearful for their own safety. They suppressed their breaths, heartbeats, and even the wounds. They didn't want their blood to flow out and notify Qin Mu of their location.

They even had to close their eyes so they wouldn't betray their location in the darkness.

As divine arts practitioners, everyone usually cultivated pupil divine arts which gave off light. Those spots of brightness in the dark world were no doubt the best target for Qin Mu!

He was like a bat in the darkness, appearing and disappearing unpredictably. Any sound would catch his attention and bring its owner death.

In such suffocating darkness lay a devil king who could take lives at any moment!

When the chest opened up to spit out a few more corpses, light shone from above and everyone felt their blood run cold. They all moved, no longer daring to remain in the same spot. After a moment, sounds of divine arts colliding and corpses falling could be heard. Some more people died in the chaos.

"I can't take it anymore!"

One of the 'extraterritorial devils' finally couldn't endure the terrifying atmosphere any longer and mentally broke down. He threw all kinds of divine arts and spirit weapons in all directions while shouting fiercely! "Die, all of you! Die!"

Their power was great and easily covered three hundred yards of space. His spirit weapon was also abnormally sharp. It swept in all directions, forcing the people in the darkness to defend.

In the chest, chaos erupted once more, and fierce shouts rang throughout the place. All kinds of spirit weapons and divine arts rushed around randomly.

After a long time, the divine arts practitioner who had gone crazy panted heavily and stopped. There were no more sounds in the surroundings except for his pants.

"Dead?" The man was stunned. He was surprised and delighted as he laughed loudly. "You guys are all dead! All dead! I've survived, only I'm alive!"

Swish!

A bamboo cane stabbed his mouth and came out the back of his head.

The chest opened, and its four sides spread out. Light shone down on the three hundred yards of space. Yet within it, there was only Qin Mu, Pangong Tso with a pale face, as well as the dragon qilin who was shivering in a corner.

He had shrunk to the size of three yards and was hiding behind a bunch of racks. His thick skin and flesh were fine, but spirit weapons of all sizes covered his body. Among them, there were even a few swords that obviously belonged to Qin Mu. It was obvious that quite a number of attacks had hit him in the chaos.

He was large. Even if he tried his best to shrink his body, he still didn't lack attacks that accidentally landed on him.

The whole ground was strewn with corpses, each one having died differently. Some were stabbed by a bamboo cane, some had their heads split by knives, some were hung in paintings and had their heads erased. There were even some cows and goats as well as divine arts practitioners who were stabbed into porcupines. There were also people who were crushed by the sword pellet and even by the true dragon's nest.

However, most of them had died under the hands of their own.

The situation had simply been too chaotic. To protect themselves, everyone had no choice but to kill one another. The ones that died under Qin Mu, Pangong Tso, and the dragon qilin's hands were actually in the minority. They made up at most thirty percent.

Pangong Tso wiped away the bloodstains on his face, still feeling a lingering fear.

In the pitch black darkness, Qin Mu had collided with him once. If he hadn't executed the ultimate art of Rolan's Golden Palace so the youth would realize it was him, he might have also been erased by Qin Mu.

In the chaos, he had suffered numerous injuries and gotten rid of quite a number of opponents, but the most dangerous time was still when Qin Mu had gotten close to him.

He had almost lost his life then!

Even though Pangong Tso had escaped from Qin Mu's sure-kill attack, the pit of his stomach still had a bloody hole from a bamboo cane. This came from him avoiding getting stabbed in the heart. His neck had also been forced to bend at a shocking degree to avoid Pig Slaughtering Knife..

Qin Mu might not have attacked him again after recognizing his divine arts, but Pangong Tso had a suspicion that the brat had known it was him from the start. In the chaos of battle, he simply thought to get rid of him as well.

Of course, Pangong Tso didn't have any proof for that so it wouldn't be good for him to bring it up.

Covered in bloodstains, Qin Mu was dragging the corpses out of the chest one by one. He had also suffered numerous injuries and been in an incomparably dangerous situation. He had almost died under the attacks sent wildly in all directions.

Among the opponents, there had been a few strong practitioners of Celestial Being Realm. Their divine arts were even stronger than those of others, and the attacks from their primordial spirit were incomparably terrifying. If a single attack had hit, he would have definitely died even if he was using True Dragon Overlord Body.

Still, he had been struck by numerous other divine arts and spirit weapons. If it wasn't for the 'extraterritorial devil' who had suddenly gone crazy, it would have been hard for him to be the last one standing.

Pangong Tso came forward, and the two of them threw the corpses out into the darkness in silence.

Not long later, the chest was cleaned out. Qin Mu hadn't thrown the spirit weapons of the 'extraterritorial devils' out and now put them all into his taotie sack. After that, he called back the spirit weapons he had abandoned during the fights.

Chi, chi, chi.

Lines of blood spurted out from the dragon qilin's body as a few flying swords pulled themselves out and merged with Qin Mu's sword pellet.

The dragon qilin looked at the open wounds that were still spurting blood before looking at Qin Mu. "Cult Master, you struck me?"

"I didn't, don't say nonsense; it was an accident." Qin Mu just denied it.

Pangong Tso hesitated for a moment, then took the chance when the dragon qilin was licking his wounds to execute his knife pellets. A few knives came off the dragon qilin's butt and merged into his knife pellets.

The dragon qilin was furious. "Grandmaster, you also struck me?"

Pangong Tso coughed up blood and looked at Qin Mu who pretended not to see anything. "Accident, it must have been an accident..." He hesitated for a moment, then said, "Cult Master Qin, do you still have dragon saliva? Give some to me, I'm also hurt."

Qin Mu flipped open his taotie sack and took out a few bottles of dragon saliva. Pangong Tso hesitated but didn't dare to take them. He scratched his head. "I suddenly feel frightened of using Cult Master Qin's dragon saliva to treat my injuries. I can't be sure if it'll treat my wounds or if I'll drop dead from poison."

"Don't use if you don't want to." Qin Mu opened up the dragon saliva and smeared it on his wounds.

Pangong Tso looked at the dragon qilin who was currently executing qilin fire to melt the rest of the spirit weapons on his body. When the dragon qilin saw him walking over shamelessly, he was instantly angered and turned his butt to face him, revealing a few deep wounds. "Is licking wounds fun? You want me to lick your wounds? Come, lick my wounds first!"

Pangong Tso's face turned black as charcoal, and he said carefully, "I just want to borrow some dragon saliva, and am not asking you to lick. If you could pity me..."

The dragon qilin's heart softened. He couldn't bear it and spat out a huge mouthful of dragon saliva. "Lick it yourself!"

Pangong Tso scooped it up and smeared on his wounds.

They treated themselves, and Qin Mu took out some more dragon saliva to smear the wounds on the dragon qilin's butt. But even after resting for quite a while, their legs were still sore.

In the darkness, sounds of footsteps reached them, and Qin Mu struggled to get up. He executed Cinnabar Heaven's Eyes, and a figure with a blood-red cape showed up in the darkness.

Pangong Tso also stood up shakily and opened the huge bottle gourd behind him. A waterfall of blood flew up and hung in the sky.

The dragon qilin tried to push himself up, but his weak limbs couldn't hold up his body. He felt better sitting down so he just remained like that and breathed his true fire.

Qin Mu's arms hung down, unable to raise the sword pellet. He could only flick his finger so that Carefree Sword would fly out to float near his fingertip. It was incomparably fine.

A youth was walking over with a long knife on his back. However, he didn't walk all the way to them. Instead, he stopped and looked carefully at the hundreds of corpses between them.

In the darkness, the monsters disregarded him. It seemed to only be effective against the people of this world. To a visitor from outer space like him, they were no threat.

"To kill a troop of scouts of my celestial heaven's Spirit Elite Guards, you are very powerful!" The youth carrying the long knife shook his cape which was full of fresh blood. He looked at Qin Mu across the darkness and said solemnly, "I'm Luo Wushuang of Spirit Elite Guards. Does your distinguished self dares to announce their name?"

Pangong Tso chuckled. "Luo Wushuang, Spirit Elite Guards? Never heard before. Little brat, you seem capable, come to your death!"

The youth with the long knife was indifferent. "I admire everyone here, to actually kill so many experts by relying only on two people and a pig. Your abilities can't be weak to have achieved that, but they were just scouts. Spirit Elite Guards is the army which selects the best from the elites among the younger generations of the celestial heavens and is not something to which these scouts could compare.

"You guys, the ground beetles of High Emperor, having such abilities is truly worthy of respect so I've asked for your names to let your reputation live on after you die. But since you guys don't want that..."

He pulled out his blade and slashed down against the wind. The knife light seemed like it was practiced thousands of times as it landed down against the wind. It grew from one to two, to four, to eight, to sixteen, dividing in sequence. When the whole bunch came in front of Qin Mu and the rest, they already filled the sky with knife lights!

Pangong Tso shouted furiously and closed his palms together. The blood waterfall transformed into a blood buddha which faced the knife lights. They shattered it. However, with the impact of the blood buddha, the knife lights were unstable for an instant.

Yet Pangong Tso sat down on the ground and panted heavily. He had no more magic power left.

Qin Mu flicked his finger up, and Carefree Sword flew out, stabbing through the net of knives and coming to the youth's side in an instant.

He tried to use the last of his strength to execute his sword move since he could no longer defend himself. The dragon qilin roared, and the scales on his body flew out. They were like tens of thousands of huge shields that rose up before Qin Mu.

The youth was moving unpredictably to avoid the sword light as he raised his knife to defend. His knife skills had reached perfection, and there was a grandness to it.

Qin Mu used up the last of his strength and vital qi to move his sword. The eighteen sword forms changed unpredictably, and when the last move was executed, the youth gave a grunt; his arm which had been holding the knife was severed.

He grabbed it and immediately retreated, getting a mile away in an instant.

"Who are you? Report your names!" he shouted out sternly.

Qin Mu speculated that his vital qi was about to be exhausted and couldn't reach a mile away, so he just called back his sword. Carefree Sword swirled quickly around him, making it seem as though he still had strength remaining.

"Heavenly Saint Cult Master, Qin Mu." He smiled and added leisurely, "Beside me is Grandmaster of Rolan's Golden Palace."

Pangong Tso's expression changed slightly.

#### **Chapter 492: When We Create History**

Luo Wushuang turned to leave, and his voice came from afar. "Heavenly Saint Cult Master Qin Mu, Rolan's Golden Palace Grandmaster, when I gain success to some extent in the future, I will definitely repay both of you greatly, taking revenge for my severed arm. Don't die too early!"

He then vanished in the dense darkness.

Qin Mu continued to stand straight as before, with Carefree Sword circling around him.

He didn't relax and stared into the darkness. After a moment, he finally left out a sigh of relief.

Pangong Tso's face turned bitter and he grumbled, "Cult Master Qin, why did you have to announce our names? What should we do now?"

"If we didn't say our names, he might not have retreated." Qin Mu's aura suddenly weakened, and he collapsed into a sitting position. Carefree Sword fell onto the ground, and he didn't even have the

strength to move it anymore. "If he remained to fight to the death, we really couldn't have won against him. Only after hearing our names would he leave."

Pangong Tso struggled to get up while looking at him with a calculating gaze. A lump of blood popped out from his Bloodshed Calabash as he calculated if he should take the chance to attack Qin Mu now while pretending to be angry. "You could have said fake names!"

Qin Mu raised his eyebrows, and Carefree Sword which was beside his feet secretly raised its tip while he said weakly, "When I do things, I never say my fake name. What's more, we are returning back to thirty to forty thousand years later, so how could he even find us?"

Fury blazed in Pangong Tso's heart as he gritted his teeth. "Cult Master Qin, how is Qin Mu, this name, real? You never say your fake name? How shameless of you to say that."

More blood came out from the calabash and floated up silently.

He narrowed his eyes and changed to a different expression. He said pleasantly, "However, Cult Master is logical. Who knows, even though this scoundrel Luo Wushuang is slightly capable, he's too arrogant so he definitely won't live until thirty to forty thousand years later. Maybe he has already died in the war. Cult Master Qin, do you need me to help you up?"

Qin Mu raised his head with a sincere expression. "Good, my body is now exhausted. If you didn't lend me a hand, I really wouldn't be able to get up."

Pangong Tso suddenly shuddered and hurriedly moved back with a chuckle. "Men should not touch hands. It's best if I get farther away so there will be no gossip."

Qin Mu was unconcerned and propped himself up with Carefree Sword. "Luo Wushuang has retreated so we need to leave as soon as possible as well. He might bring the army of Spirit Elite Guards. We can't stay here for long."

The dragon qilin pulled his dragon scales back and crawled out of the chest's area. He heard a few bangs, and the chest closed up once again, becoming neither large nor small.

The dragon qilin climbed onto it while panting from exhaustion. Qin Mu also climbed up with difficulty before turning around to smile. "Grandmaster, come up as well."

Pangong Tso shook his head and went under the chest, hugging one of its legs. "I'm fine here."

Qin Mu kicked the dragon qilin and burst into laughter. "You are too careful. We're using the same chest for transport and have the same enemies, sharing life-and-death together. Do you really think I would still lay my hands on you?"

The dragon qilin raised his front claws which were like blades. The moment Pangong Tso came up, he would be stabbed to death.

"Thank you, Cult Master, for your magnificent hospitality, but I'm used to being careful so I never trust anyone. Cult Master can let Fatty Dragon retract his claws."

The chest began to walk through the darkness. Qin Mu closed his eyes to take a nap with a sword in his hands while Pangong Tso below was full of energy, trying his best not to sleep. He secretly took out a few spirit pills to stuff them into his mouth to regain his cultivation as soon as possible.

After some time, he felt some of his vital qi recovering, and his gaze flickered. He secretly executed Bloodshed Calabash. 'This guy is extremely hurt, so it's the best time to get rid of him...'

Suddenly, he smelt a medicinal fragrance and abandoned all thoughts of attacking.

Qin Mu had one hand in his taotie sack and secretly refined a few furnaces of spirit pills which he stuffed into his mouth from time to time. He then refined a few furnaces for the dragon qilin to eat secretly as well, not making any noise.

However, the medicinal fragrance still couldn't hide from Pangong Tso's nose.

'If I want to scheme against him, it's a little difficult,' he thought to himself.

Finally, light could be seen in the distance; they had reached the relay station.

There was a god in there, so numerous people were resting in that area. Bai Qu'er looked around anxiously until she finally saw a bloodstained chest carrying a youth and a fat dragon qilin over.

The chest took wide steps and was crossing the mountains without delay.

Bai Qu'er's heart pounded with a new emotion. She hurriedly welcomed them while carrying the son of Bai Qingfu. Qin Mu jumped down from the chest and stretched his body, cracking his bones and asking in doubt, "Why haven't you guys left?"

"Everyone can't move anymore. These people don't have much cultivation and are dragged down by their families, the old and the weak are in the majority." Bai Qu'er suppressed her feelings in her heart and said in a low voice, "The gods of the relay station are no longer here, so I reckon they left to rescue Hundred Prosperities City. With their state unknown, there are only us in the relay station now."

Qin Mu looked around and saw numerous people sleeping on the ground. Some weren't though, and under the glowing light of the Dragon God Bead, their eyes were sometimes bright and sometimes dark. They were all quiet, however.

Most of those who had escaped with them were common people. The rich of Hundred Prosperities City had escaped faster, so most of them had gone with that god earlier. Their group was probably a complete wipeout.

The common people had weaker cultivation, so they had escaped a step later and went with them.

"We can't stay here for long," Qin Mu muttered. "Why don't we put them into my chest, let me bring them as far away as possible."



Bai Qu'er was slightly stunned as she looked at the chest. "Where's the other person that went with you? He..."

"I'm here." Pangong Tso showed up from under the chest and chuckled. "Lucky to not have to disappoint you and be still alive. Thanks for your concern."

Qin Mu had the dragon qilin jumped down and said, "Sister Qu'er, wake them up. We really can't stay here any longer. Since there's no god to protect us, we have to move so that the pursuers won't be able to catch up."

Bai Qu'er nodded and woke everyone up. Qin Mu spread open the chest so they could enter. Pangong Tso also wanted to enter the chest, but Qin Mu shook his head. "If the pursuers catch up to the chest and there's no one to defend, we will all be wiped out. Let's stay outside."

Even though Xing An's chest was very sturdy, it couldn't attack and had no offensive power. If everyone hid inside and an 'extraterritorial devil' came around, they would all die miserably.

Pangong Tso held back his anger and sneered. "Cult Master Qin, if we do as you say, it will be hard for us to survive in this chaotic world! We are escaping for our lives from Xing An and don't have time save other people!"

Qin Mu laughed loudly and shook his head. "Grandmaster, I just want to preserve a little innocence and kindness in these times of chaos."

Pangong Tso snorted and went under the chest while saying angrily, "Call me when the enemies come!"

Bai Qu'er also stayed outside. Together with Qin Mu, she sat on the chest. The dragon qilin also jumped up and lay down quietly. He fell asleep after a while.

"Why does Grandmaster like to be under the chest?" Bai Qu'er was puzzled.

"He is protecting us from divine arts that would come from underground," Qin Mu explained.

Bai Qu'er finally understood it and said, "Grandmaster is thoughtful."

The chest walked toward the east on light feet, and Qin Mu looked at the girl beside him. Bai Qu'er had just experienced a huge change, becoming destitute and homeless. She had been young and immature before, but in the span of a night, there was a look of unwavering determination in her eyes, and her gaze had become bright and clear. She had thrown away her former weakness.

Only now did Qin Mu notice that she wasn't exactly a normal human, but had some characteristics of the dragons. Hidden in her hair were two small dragon horns which were covered by her beautiful hair secured with two hairpins.

He had cupped her face the first time he met her, but he hadn't noticed the pair of small horns.

On her face was a look of anxiousness that was yet to disperse. She wanted to find someone to rely on, but could only force herself to be strong.

She wasn't the type of girl that Qin Mu liked. Ever since he was young, he had been taught by the nine elders of Disabled Elderly Village that girls had to be plump to be beautiful. Village Chief, Apothecary, and Butcher told him that a girl had to have a round face, thick waist, and huge buttocks.

Bai Qu'er definitely didn't fit those characteristics. However, the sight of her finding strength in her weakness stirred his heart.

"Are you tired?" Qin Mu chased away his thoughts and said, "If you are tired, you can lean on me and rest for a while."

Bai Qu'er nodded and gently leaned on his shoulder. The dragon qilin's soft snores could be heard behind them.

Yet she couldn't sleep. When she closed her eyes, it was the devastation of Hundred Prosperities City, the figures of her mother and uncles fighting against the extraterritorial devils, the battles in the darkness, the countless people dying miserably, and also the smiles when her brother and sister-in-law when they turned back before going to fight the devils rose in her mind's eye. From time to time, there were malicious faces of the monsters in the darkness suddenly appearing in her nightmares.

"That's right, I haven't asked you, but when we first met, you said you had time traveled here." Bai Qu'er opened her eyes and asked in a strong voice, "Is it true?"

Qin Mu nodded.

"Where are you from? The past or the future? Is that place at peace?"

"Very far in the future, some thirty-forty thousand years. Over there, it's still peaceful for now, but it's hard to say how long it will last."

"Thirty-forty thousand years?" The girl leaning against his shoulder became silent for a moment. "I don't know if I can still live for that long. The days here are too bitter, so bitter that it's hard to live on..."

"You need to live on, the people in the chest still need you." Qin Mu smiled at her and said in a soft voice, "You're much stronger than I had imagined. Many people, even men, would have long broken down when faced with such a situation. I know living is very difficult, but you have to carry everyone's hopes, and also the hopes of your brother and sister-in-law as well as their child."

Bai Qu'er trembled, then nodded lightly.

"Will you walk down with me?" she asked.

Qin Mu was silent for a moment.

"The sky is almost bright." He looked toward the east. Because of the whole night of fighting, his voice was hoarse and had a unique masculine quality to it. "After the day breaks, I will probably vanish. I had come here because of a wonderful chance, but I don't know what it means. You might have to lead them for the rest of the journey. Live on..."

Bai Qu'er raised her head and looked at the sky that was suffused with white on the east.

Qin Mu stood up and said with a smile, "Good sister, I probably won't be able to help anymore, so you will have to walk the rest of the journey by yourself."

Bai Qu'er's heart was full of mixed feelings. She stood up in a daze and looked at Bai Qingfu's son who was still in her arms. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Qin Mu cupped her face and used his purest smile to encourage her. "Live on, you must live on!"

Bai Qu'er's heart was incomparably confused. She hugged him tightly with one hand while trembling. "Don't go, I'm afraid I can't persevere for long enough..."

"All traces of me will probably be wiped clean in this prehistory and nothing I brought over will be left behind. However, I can leave behind a phrase that once moved me."

The sky gradually brightened, and the first rays of the sun lit up the horizon in the east. The light landed on the mountain, and the darkness around them retreated rapidly.

Qin Mu wrapped one hand around the young girl while motioning at a cliff with his other. Carefree Sword flew out and moved like dragons and snakes, leaving behind his words in stone.

His treasure sword flew back, and Qin Mu tightly hugged the girl who was about to face the dangers before the sunlight reached him. Bai Qu'er hugged him back as if she could keep relying on him like that forever.

A ray of sunlight sprinkled down, and Qin Mu who was in her embrace vanished like smoke.

The chest also vanished, leaving behind a bunch of people who were at a loss.

Bai Qu'er was stunned. She suddenly turned her head back to look at the cliff and saw the words left behind by Qin Mu's Carefree Sword.

Human lives are greater than heaven!

Bai Qu'er suddenly felt the immense weight of the phrase. The hope of all the people next to her lay on her shoulders, and their hopeful gazes became a terrifying pressure and source of motivation for her.

"Follow me!" She raised her arm spoke with a voice full of vigor while carrying the child. "I will bring you guys out of desperate straits and find a place where we can survive!"

Hope was renewed in everyone's heart, and they followed her into the distance.

'You are from thirty to forty thousand years later?' Bai Qu'er turned back to look at the cliff where Qin Mu had left his words before turning around again. She brought everyone in the direction of the rising sun. 'I will live on, and I will find you! Wait for me! I will... reunite with you here.'

'It will be a reunion that crosses ten thousand years, so wait for me. When you left, I didn't manage to say I like you, so when we reunite, I hope to not leave any regrets behind again.'

### **Chapter 493: Engraving Tablet to Leave Words Behind**

Time swept through the mountains and lands, bringing away the people in the past. Only memories and forgotten histories were left behind.

Time was like a song, and one that was definitely tragic.

Qin Mu stood on the chest while embracing the girl when sunlight shone down on them like time. When the rays landed on them, the young girl in his embrace became flying sand which flowed back with the darkness.

The penetrating sunlight sprinkled the golden desert and shone upon the scale-shaped dunes. The place had been a valley once. Even though the mountains in the surroundings weren't high, they created an enchanting scenery.

Yet the passage of time only left behind a sky full of yellow sand.

Qin Mu jumped off the chest. Even though he had known that it would happen, it was still hard to not feel depressed.

The chest opened its cover and threw the dragon qilin out. The chest also seemed to be puzzled, though. There was clearly several hundred people in its stomach earlier so how had they suddenly vanished.

The dragon qilin was terrified and uneasy. He was very superstitious and extremely afraid of ghosts. Now he was so frightened that he buried his head in the sand.

Qin Mu raised his head and looked at the bare cliff in front of him standing alone in the yellow desert. After tens of thousands of years of sandstorms, it hadn't eroded or crumbled.

On the cliff, there were the writings that he had left behind tens of thousands of years ago.

"Human lives are greater than heaven!"

Qin Mu was stunned. He had really left something that belonged to him in history.

Everything that happened last night wasn't an echo of history or even a dream. He couldn't understand the marvelous experience he had this night, couldn't explain how he had returned to thirty-four thousand years ago and why he would experience a darkness invasion with the people of Hundred Prosperities City.

He also couldn't explain why he had returned to the present and why High Emperor Era would vanish after the darkness.

Yet everything had truly happened!

He had fought together with the people of tens of thousands of years ago, saw how they laid down their lives and what suffering they faced. He also saw the other celestial heavens about to destroy the celestial heavens of High Emperor Era, and the deaths and devastation that caused.

‘The era of High Emperor was destroyed and the era of Founding Emperor was also destroyed. Is it the same celestial heavens that made it happen?’

He had a guess in his heart, but he didn’t have any solid evidence to prove it.

‘Maybe, the ones that want to destroy Eternal Peace are the same celestial heavens? If so, where are they from?’

Beneath the chest, Pangong Tso got out silently and raised his head to look at the lone cliff in the desert. He examined those words on and said leisurely, “Cult Master Qin, you must be very disappointed and sorrowful now, right? Maybe that girl from Bai Family liked you and you might have liked her very much too, but she knew that you would have to leave, which is why she didn’t say it out. Time is too ruthless...”

His gaze flickered, and the calabash behind him suddenly opened so a lump of blood silently floated up. It made no sound.

Pangong Tso stared at Qin Mu’s back. The lump of blood in the sky was like a venomous snake wiggling its body. His voice was also like a venomous snake tunneling into Qin Mu’s heart, gnawing onto his soul and destroying his Dao heart. This made his youth reveal a flaw.

“If you had remained in that era, maybe your life would be completely different from now.”

Pangong Tso slowly moved forward while adjusting his breath, making his voice more and more bewitching. He told him about a reality that was completely different. “You two might have fallen into the river of love, might have had a lot of children. You might have been faced with numerous setbacks and dangers, but your lives would have been so much more interesting. The come and go of history would be filled with gorgeous colors that you little husband and wife would have experienced... What a pity.”

His tone suddenly changed and became toxic. “What a pity you two had to separate. Separation of tens of thousands of years. Whatever love or liking, whatever future would all become yellow sand throughout such a long time, transforming into fabrication!”

He revealed a strange smile, and his voice also became warped along with his strange smile. “That girl of Bai Family might already be long dead. After you left, she most likely died in the hands of the pursuers! Even if she escaped, she might have already married someone else, given birth to children, and become an old lady. Only when her beauty would have started to fade would she sometimes remember that youth who had suddenly appeared and cupped her face! Cult Master Qin, do you have sorrow in your heart? Is it gnawing at your soul, poisoning it?”

Pangong Tso went closer and closer to him. His voice was strange, like that of the devil king whispering from outer space, luring a person into falling from grace. “She has died, becoming dust. Thirty to forty thousand years ago, in this desert that hides history, other than you, this sentimental boy, no one even

remembers her anymore. Just like that, she has drowned in the dust of history and is buried under the rolling yellow sand.”

He chuckled and said, “When young, you never know the taste of woe or sorrow, and up to the top floor you loved to go. Up to the top floor, you loved to go! Now sorrow and woe you’ve tasted, and the bitterness withal, to speak, you wish, and yet you stall! Cult Master Qin, your inner heart is just that brittle, let me end it...”

He was about to make a move, but behind him, the dragon qilin’s body grew larger and larger. He suddenly raised his huge claws and pushed him to the ground.

Pangong Tso hurriedly rose, but was smacked back again. The dragon qilin smacked over and over again, causing him to cough up fresh blood. “Talk some more, talk some more!”

Pangong Tso was suddenly angered. “Fat pig, do you think I’m really afraid of you?”

The dragon qilin’s claws which as sharp as knives suddenly flicked, preparing to slice his belly open.

Suddenly, Qin Mu’s peaceful voice rang out. “Fatty Dragon, no need to beat him up, let him leave.”

The dragon qilin was slightly stunned. He asked in puzzlement, “Cult Master, this guy is truly evil. He is first class in escaping for his life, and he even wants to harm you! If we let him go now, it will be even harder to catch him in the future!”

“We fought together, and he also helped a lot to save those people, risking his life. He deserves a chance to live.” Qin Mu put his hands behind his back and looked at the writings on the cliff. His expression was calm. “Grandmaster, I won’t kill you, so just go. Next time we meet, I’ll take your head.”

Pangong Tso climbed to his feet and patted off the sand on his body. His gaze flickered as he said, “You sure you are letting me go this time and not just lying to me? You won’t kill me when I turn around, right?”

Qin Mu looked at him indifferently. “Too many people died last night, and I don’t want to kill anymore today.”

Pangong Tso turned around and moved back step by step. He stared at Qin Mu’s movements while thinking, ‘Even though this experience was full of danger and filled with life-and-death struggles, it’s not like I didn’t receive any benefits. I’ve got two divine legs at least... Wait a moment, these two divine legs...’

His eyes lit up when he realized that Qin Mu was still standing with his back to him. He couldn’t help growing excited. ‘With these two legs, why should I still be afraid of this brat? I have the divine legs and my escaping abilities are number one in the world. If I can’t defeat him, I can just run! Besides, with my speed being first in the world, my battle power will also rise in a straight line. I can get rid of him!’

He was so excited that his heart was pounding heavily. An ominous glint flashed in his eyes, but just as he was about to stop and make a move, he felt something and hurriedly leaped into the air.

A sword light flew out from the desert and cut off his right leg from the root!

Pangong Tso gasped in pain as he shouted in midair, "Cult Master Qin, you didn't keep your word!"

Qin Mu turned around and said indifferently, "I did. I only cut off one of your legs last time, so I can return you one. However, I won't let you have two divine legs. Grandmaster, I won't see you off."

Still in midair, Pangong Tso lowered his head to look at the divine leg that had fallen down. He wanted to pick it up, but the yellow sand below had already swallowed it.

Down there, countless sword lights appeared and disappeared like silver needles weaving in and out, protecting the divine leg. It was the eight thousand sword form from Qin Mu's sword pellet. It was obvious that when he was trying to bewitch Qin Mu, the youth had already sent the sword pellet into the yellow sand.

Pangong Tso immediately knew that he had lost the opportunity and gritted his teeth. A lotus that was almost as high as a human appeared behind him.

He retreated inside it, and they disappeared together.

"Cult Master Qin, the next time we meet, I'll take your head!" His voice came from farther and farther away before vanishing into the depths of the yellow sand.

"Grandmaster is becoming very courageous and insightful." Qin Mu turned around, and countless flying swords flew out from the desert, sending the divine leg to the chest. He said softly, "This is a good thing. Once he has courage and insight, it won't be that exhausting to kill him next time."

The chest was excited and hurriedly opened its cover to add the leg to its collection.

Qin Mu looked at the writing on the cliff and said in a low voice, "If you are still alive, will you come to find me? Are you still alive? Tens of thousands of years with trials after trials, would they have resulted in the death of a fair lady, turned you into a pink skeleton..."

He waited quietly under the cliff, not leaving.

The mountains in the surroundings had all been eroded, so why was this one still standing?

The hope in his heart hadn't yet died.

"Cult Master, there's a big stone tablet beside the mountain!" Suddenly, the dragon qilin had a discovery.

Qin Mu's heart moved slightly, and he hurried over to take a look. The dragon qilin was standing near a stone tablet. It was half covered by the yellow sand, and it was at the foot of the mountain so it was hard to discover if one didn't look closely.

The stone tablet seemed to have mysterious power to defend against the wind and sand, so it wasn't corroded.

There were some words on it.

Qin Mu looked at it and was slightly stunned. The handwriting was aggressive, and the words read: 'Heavenly Devil Cult Master Qin Mu, Rolan's Golden Palace Grandmaster, buried...'

The writings below were hard to read since they were buried under the yellow sand. The dragon qilin was about to go forward and push it aside, but Qin Mu warned him in a hurry, "Fatty Dragon, it's a trap! Don't touch the sand on the tablet!"

When the dragon qilin heard trap, he hurriedly fell back and didn't dare to stay close even for a second more.

Qin Mu sneered and said, "Using such a method to lay a trap, he's truly underestimating me. The words below the stone tablet are definitely none other than buried right here. If I moved the sand, I would activate his trap and die a miserable death!"

The dragon qilin shuddered and said, "If it was my name on it, I would definitely go forward to check..."

Qin Mu looked around in all directions and saw that the yellow desert was truly desolate. Other than them, there were no other life forms, so there was no chance that anyone was lying in wait nearby.

"Truth be told, I'm actually slightly curious."

His gaze flickered and he sized up the stone tablet buried under the yellow sand. The dragon qilin instantly had a bad feeling about it and said, "Cult Master, don't do anything silly!"

Qin Mu rapidly fell back and said with a smile. "I want to see if the person that left this stone tablet in a scheme against me and Grandmaster left his name. He's such an arrogant person that he would definitely do it. Let's retreat a hundred miles and I shall execute a spell to move the sand from the bottom of the stone tablet!"

#### **Chapter 494: High Emperor's Survivor**

Qin Mu's plan was already set, and he stopped when he was a hundred miles away. The chest and the dragon qilin were right next to him.

A hundred miles was far enough. Even if the power of the trap was extremely strong, it would have a hard time trying to threaten them from such a distance.

Qin Mu grabbed a handful of yellow sand and gave a gentle blow. The sand formed into a three-inch human which landed on the ground.

This 'sand giant' opened its mouth to roar with a fierce look. The yellow sand around its lower body swirled, and the small sand giant rushed toward the mountain cliff that was a hundred miles away, overflowing with murderous intent.



The dragon qilin was full of anticipation, but after a moment, his anticipation started to wane. He still stared into the distance, but there was still nothing happening to the cliff.

Qin Mu jumped onto his head and looked into the distance at the 'sand giant'. That tiny thin had just flipped across a sand dune and was trying its best to reach the cliff.

The dragon qilin yawned and roused his spirit. "Cult Master, it's almost there, right?"

Qin Mu calculated for a moment, then said, "About an hour more or so and it will reach the place."

The dragon qilin laid down and muttered, "Let me sleep for a while first, call me when it reaches."

About an hour later, Qin Mu kicked this behemoth awake, and the dragon qilin hurriedly rose up while asking excitedly, "Has it reached?"

"It will reach in about half an incense's time!" Qin Mu smiled and said, "Let's go up into the air first. If something happens, it'll be easier for us to escape!"

The chest climbed onto the dragon qilin's back as well. The fatty immediately stepped on fire clouds to rise into the sky while looking into the distance. From a hundred miles away, a small thing could be faintly seen rushing toward the stone tablet while roaring fiercely. If it wasn't for his good eyesight, he would have found it hard to differentiate it from all the sand around it.

On the other hand, Qin Mu could see it clearly. That small sand giant roared for half a day and finally came to the bottom of the stone tablet, still full of vigor.

Then, it tried its best to clear the sand away while roaring.

Qin Mu was speechless. The dragon qilin opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he closed it again to wait quietly. He thought to himself, 'If I'm insensitive and mention this, I reckon I won't have anything to eat tomorrow.'

After a moment, the sand dune giant dug out a small pit and the words under the stone tablet were finally revealed. Before Qin Mu could even see what was written, the sand churned in the sandpit like raising rainbows, drowning out the tiny sand giant.

Not only was that it swallowed up, the area of dozens of miles around turned into a terrifying killing field. Yellow sand churned and covered the desert like an earthy yellow pot. From inside this earthy yellow ball came the sounds of knives crying!

The hair and scales on the dragon qilin's body were all standing straight up from the shock. Even Qin Mu felt his hair standing on ends.

The trap was actually even more terrifying than he had imagined. Luckily, he was careful and had suggested going a hundred miles away before activating it.

In the earthy yellow pot, knife lights flew in all directions, cutting, slashing, hacking, and slicing. All kinds of transformations filled up the space of dozens of miles!

“This kind of knife skills...”

Qin Mu was slightly stunned. He suddenly had a bad feeling, like he'd seen something like that before!

But it wasn't in Eternal Peace. It was last night, the night thirty to forty thousand years ago when he'd faced that youth called Luo Wushuang of the celestial heaven's Spirit Elite Guards!

The knife skill that Luo Wushuang had executed actually had similarities with the knife lights in the sandpit!

“The one-armed youth is still alive? Grandmaster said that the brat won't live for too long so I need not worry...”

Qin Mu burst out laughing, but his smile gradually froze. Not long later, his complexion turned green.

The divine art trap that Luo Wushuang had laid here was powerful. It was so unbelievably powerful that even Xing An might not have such boundless magic power.

This meant that not only did Luo Wushuang live on, he even lived quite well. He seemed to have become very strong, a god!

He had to have kept onto the hatred for his severed arm and once stumbled upon the cliff while roaming about after becoming a god. When he saw Qin Mu's handwriting, he had left behind a stone tablet.

If Qin Mu found his way here, he would definitely want to know what was written and suffer from the attack!

‘I really shouldn't have said my real name and made up a fake name... However, the good thing is that we can bear the misfortune together. Luo Wushuang is too petty. Grandmaster also had a leg chopped off by me, and it was even the same leg twice, but he didn't say anything.’

The divine art that Luo Wushuang had left behind didn't last for long, and soon, the power dispersed. The yellow sand in the sky was sliced into dust and filled the air, fluttering in all directions when the wind blew.

Qin Mu narrowed his eyes, secretly astonished

Yesterday night, when he and Luo Wushuang had clashed, even though Luo Wushuang's knife skills were incomparably exquisite, they were still inferior to his.

Luo Wushuang used Fission Knife Skill: one splitting into two, two into four, four into eight, and so on. When this knife skill split the tenth time, it would have one thousand and twenty-four knife lights. When it split until the fourteenth time, it could be as much as sixteen thousand.

Yet, there was a very huge flaw to this kind of knife skill, and that was Luo Wushuang's magic power being fixed. The more times the knife lights split, the weaker the power of each individual one would become. The more splits there were, the lower the offensive power was.

Luo Wushuang could act mighty in front of other experts, but when faced with someone like Qin Mu who was a sword skill expert and a knife skill expert at the same time, he would find it hard to gain an advantage.

Because of that, even though Qin Mu's magic power had been almost completely exhausted and he was injured, he was still able to sever one of his arms.

However, Qin Mu saw that Luo Wushuang's knife had improved to a terrifying realm.

In a radius of dozens of miles, yellow sand had filled the sky, but the true danger still lay in the knife lights hiding within it.

It looked like there were knife lights everywhere within a radius of dozens of miles. Yet it seemed like there was only one knife light instead of many as it should have been according to Fission Knife Skill.

When a knife light slashed a grain of sand, it would reflect and bounce off. Because the speed was too fast, it created the illusion that the knife light was everywhere. Yet Luo Wushuang had only slashed once!

Qin Mu guessed that after Luo Wushuang became a god and came here, he saw the words left behind on the stone wall. From the writings, he recognized Qin Mu's sword skill and decided to erect a stone tablet.

While standing in front of it, he probably slashed his knife down into the yellow sand, hiding its will and divine art in the yellow sand!

Some years later, when Qin Mu came to this place and activated them, they would explore with great power!

'His knife skills have reached the realm of path.'

The corners of Qin Mu's eyes twitched, and he walked into the dust. He braved the suffocating air and walked toward the cliff.

Luo Wushuang's knife skills had already reached the realm of path, and like Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor, he was a terrifying existence on the realm of path!

To have entered the path with knife, his comprehension on the knife path would definitely not be weaker than that of Butcher. The more terrifying point was that the density of his cultivation was definitely far superior!

Qin Mu was slightly stunned. The cliff in front of him was still there, and his writings were still there. The cliff was actually not damaged at all. It was as though Luo Wushuang's divine art had purposely avoided it.

Qin Mu didn't think much about it and looked at the stone tablet.

It was still around, not damaged at all either.

The words on the stone tablet were revealed, but what came next wasn't 'right now' as Qin Mu had guessed. Instead, there was another sentence written in smaller handwriting.

"You think this is a trap, you think my knife skill here was to kill you? Wrong. Even if you had stood here, you would have been unharmed.

"I'm waiting for you, Heavenly Saint Cult Master. I've experienced twenty thousand years, the entire Founding Emperor Era, yet I never found any traces of Heavenly Saint Cult. That was until Founding Emperor Era ended.

"Founding Emperor's survivors founded Heavenly Saint Cult and only at that point did I realize that the person I was waiting for didn't exist in the past, but in the future!

"Heavenly Saint Cult, having the word 'saint' but, in fact, walking the devil path. Heavenly Saint Cult Master Qin Mu is actually Heavenly Devil Cult Master Qin Mu!

"Once you activate my trap, my divine art will inform me that you're here! I've waited so long for you to come..."

Qin Mu's face became grim, and he let out a shaky breath. He jumped onto the dragon qilin's back and shouted, "Go quickly! We cannot stay here any longer!"

The dragon qilin immediately sprinted out, and the chest followed behind him as they ran for their lives.

Qin Mu's face turned calm and collected.

It hadn't been a trap.

Even though it looked majestic, the trap was only that Luo Wushuang would sense his divine art being activated and would know that Heavenly Saint Cult Master had arrived. It was just that!

Luo Wushuang was an old monster who had lived since thirty to forty thousand years ago and had held a grudge against Qin Mu for severing his arm during all that time. To Qin Mu, this was something that had happened last night, but to him, it was something that had happened thirty to forty thousand years ago!

He'd harbored a grudge for that long yet the trap he lay down wasn't to kill Qin Mu but to inform him of his presence. Luo Wushuang was truly frightening!

He made his trap useless just so he could take Qin Mu's life personally!

Qin Mu brought the chest to escape far away through the afternoon as the sun was going down in the west. The sun above the yellow desert wasn't the same as the sun in Eternal Peace, and the whole world didn't seem to be the same.

They sprinted frantically through the desert, but there seemed to be no end to it. The horizon couldn't be seen, and the end couldn't be reached.

Qin Mu couldn't even find the crack through which they had entered.

Sweat rolled down his forehead. If he couldn't walk out of here, then he'd die in this weird place even before Luo Wushuang came to kill him!

He could die from thirst, hunger, by becoming crazy from loneliness, or even from old age.

'Don't panic, don't panic, think...'

He calmed himself and thought back to the way they had come. In the vast desert, the path that he had taken had long disappeared. Even if he could find it, he couldn't backtrack no matter what.

'Xing An didn't manage to catch up to us, so he will definitely wait at the entrance of that crack, hoping for me to send myself to him.' Qin Mu's gaze flickered, and he raised his head. 'At the source of Surging River, where broken cliff stretches from east to the west of Great Ruins, I saw five layers of sky overlapping! This means that there are other exits in this world, and I should be able to return to Great Ruins through them!'

The layers of formation markings swirled in his pupils as he rode with lax reins, letting the dragon qilin run west while he just looked at the sky.

When night came, the dragon qilin didn't dare to head forward so he just jumped onto the chest while Qin Mu laid on it, still looking at the pitch black sky. The chest crossed sand dunes and continue running into the distance.

When daytime returned, Qin Mu looked much more haggard, and his eyes were bloodshot. Yet he still continued staring without slacking even the slightest.

Finally, he saw a cloud.

The world they were in was a desert without any water vapor yet a cloud had inexplicably appeared. It looked small at first, but it grew bigger and bigger the closer they got!

Qin Mu's spirit was roused, and he jumped up while laughing. "Heaven never bars one's way; it's mostly humans themselves barring their own way by giving up hope! I never give up so I can make my way out alive!"

He placed the chest onto the dragon qilin's back who rose toward that cloud.

As they did so, divine light came from the cliff. On the other side of it was a colorful world with tall vegetation and huge, brightly-colored flowers.

The divine light flowed out from the cliff like a waterfall, connecting the two worlds together.

An apparition of a young girl stepping on flowers walked over from the other world and looked at the writings on the cliff while muttering to herself, "There's still two hundred more years to forty thousand years, but you should already be born, right? I'm still waiting for you."

Her face carried some hidden bitterness as she said in a low voice, "I've lived on, but over these forty thousand years, I could never forget you... I don't dare to grow old in fear you won't recognize me..."

Suddenly, the stone tablet at the side rose and resonated as stones split apart, forming an arched door.

"Heavenly Devil Cult Master Qin Mu, my wait is finally over!" A one-armed figure appeared on the other side of the door with a long knife on his back. The man laughed, but it sounded like he was weeping and complaining.

When the gazes of the young girl in the divine light and the one-armed figure met, their hearts trembled.

"Survivor from the High Emperor's era!"

"Extraterritorial devil!"

#### **Chapter 495: God's Plans Supersede Our Own**

Under the cliff, two doors leading to two different kinds of worlds had opened, and each of them had their own restraints.

It wasn't the first time the two people had met, and it wasn't their first time clashing. They had fought in the past, in the period that High Emperor Era was about to be buried.

After that, they had fought numerous times, but it had been Founding Emperor Era by then!

At the mountain cliff, they had fought numerous times.

Both of them by then had left the desolate world, and it was merely their apparitions that were fighting. Their realms were too high and their abilities were too strong. If there wasn't an opportunity, their true bodies couldn't enter this world.

There were no more lifeforms in this world and nothing else that could survive here.

It was the Great Ruins of High Emperor Era.

A place that was even harsher than Founding Emperor Era's Great Ruins.

Great Ruins at least still had stone statues of gods to protect the people, allowing lifeforms to survive. However, there was only a desert here, and when the darkness invaded at night, there was no place to hide.

There were no more lifeforms left since thirty to forty thousand years ago, only gods.

During the early period of Founding Emperor Era, the gods had left one after another. They went off to other worlds, and the two now fighting were the last two gods to have left.

“Woman of Bai Family from forty thousand years ago, are you here to find the person who left the writing?”

The one-armed god had a tall body, and the long knife behind him hummed. The knife will seemed to be able to penetrate through time and space, slicing into another world. He sneered and said, “Looks like you had also received news of him coming into being. I long knew your sword skills had problems. They surpassed High Emperor Era and even surpassed Founding Emperor Era, but I hadn’t considered that you were actually related to Heavenly Devil Cult Master!”

The body of the woman in the divine light trembled, and delight filled her heart. She was completely unconcerned about his enmity. “He really came? The him who had time traveled had really appeared here?”

“You can’t block me!” The one-armed god in the stone door was incomparably arrogant. “I want to kill him, and you want to stop me. We’ve fought for so many years, but it was all a mess after all. Neither of us could do anything to each other. The reason I left my broken arm as is was to be able to fight him one day and take revenge for my severed arm, to take revenge for the hatred of disgracing my path.”

“If I can’t break his sword skills with my knife skills, I’ll never find it easy to speak my mind, to let my knife path advance another step! For this day, I’ve already waited almost forty thousand years!”

The woman in the cliff’s divine light walked out of the rays and stood on the desert. She was just an apparition and said faintly, “Whatever you say is useless if you can’t come to this world.”

The one-armed god turned around, and his blood red cape trembled to cover the entire door. Suddenly, where the cape was trembling, a knife light sliced apart the barrier between the two worlds!

The knife will was boundless and incomparably terrifying. It had actually sliced open the barrier between the two worlds!

The knife light rang out and burst out from the stone door. Two sand waves were lifted into the air. In the center was a precipice that was raised three thousand yards high, and it stretched for hundreds of miles!

But when the man wanted to step into this world, an invisible force from heaven and earth bounced him back.

The young girl walked back into the divine light and vanished into the cliff. “With your strength, your true body will find it impossible to pass through, give up on this thought.”

The one-armed god in the stone door pulled back his knife and turned to leave. The stone door gradually crumbled. “I will return to this world, just a world barrier is no trouble for me!”

The dragon qilin carried Qin Mu and the chest to the cloud. It was clearly day earlier, but the instant they passed through the cloud, the sky became incomparably dark. The crashing of water could be heard in the dark night, and Qin Mu looked in the direction of the sound. He saw the scattered light on the broken cliff shining through the night.

They had returned to Great Ruins, to the source of Surging River.

It was still that heavenly moat that had stretched from east to west of Great Ruins and the cliff that had a huge drop in elevation separated Great Ruins into east and west. This was also the source of Surging River, and the waterfalls pouring down from the cliff, the water source was worth thinking about.

‘The water of Surging River may come from the other worlds and might even enter some others through the cracks. Maybe there is a different story here...’

Qin Mu looked at the broken cliff, and his heart suddenly skipped a beat. He saw a headless person standing at the crack!

Xing An!

His hair couldn't help standing on ends. Xing An was guarding the entrance to the world he just left and waiting for him to walk right into him!

The world of the yellow desert was a world without any lifeforms, a world that was completely dead.

That fellow had actually plucked his head off and left his headless body to stay guard there. When Qin Mu thought about it, the other's head and eyes were probably still flying randomly in the yellow desert in search of them!

The dragon qilin also noticed this and silently landed. The chest gave off faint light that forced the darkness back, protecting them.

When the dragon qilin reached the ground, Qin Mu crawled silently down his back, keeping himself low.

The dragon qilin tried his best to shrink his body size and climbed onto the chest. Qin Mu also got onto the chest which took wide steps to slowly get close to the river.

The river water here was the source of Surging River. Because the bed wasn't too wide, the flow rate wasn't too rapid, so it couldn't be considered upstream.

The chest entered the river, and its legs gently pushed against the water as it swam silently downstream.

Qin Mu let out a sigh of relief. Xing An had left his head in that world so he would have lost the ability to monitor the surroundings of his body, making it easier for them to remain undiscovered. As long as they got farther, the chances of finding them would become extremely slim.



At that moment, there was a thump as the chest hit a reef. This sound wasn't loud, but it sounded very ear piercing in the dead of the night.

They weren't yet far from the waterfall nor Xing An.

Qin Mu turned back to look and saw Xing An who was standing at the crack without any change. His heartbeat calmed, and he smiled. 'I'm too careful and forgot that Xing An's head is not here. Without ears and eyes, even if we walked right in front of him, he wouldn't be able to see or hear us.'

The dragon qilin let out a sigh of relief and smiled. "The sound of the waterfall is so loud, so we have no need to worry he will hear us... Cult Master?"

Qin Mu's expression suddenly changed drastically, filling with astonishment. In the crack of the cliff, Xing An's headless body suddenly turned, and his neck seemed to be very long. On each side of it, there was an ear.

His corporeal body was god-like so it was giving off divine light and was extremely eye-catching in the dark.

Xing An had cut off his ears and planted them on his neck!

At this moment, the two ears trembled in the wind and became even larger than the ears of Rolan's Golden Elephant!

Qin Mu immediately made his decision and used his consciousness to transmit his voice. "Run! Don't take the waterway! Onto the shore!"

The speed of the chest swimming in the water was much slower than sprinting on land. In the darkness, they needed to rely on the chest to defend against the darkness so its speed was their speed.

The chest was silent in the water, but its footsteps would make some noise when it went ashore. However, now that Xing An had already heard them, escaping for their life on land was the best choice.

In the crack of the cliff, the headless body suddenly flew up and pounced right where Qin Mu and the rest were!

At the same time, an eyeball hurriedly flew over from the crack. When it did so, it stopped in midair. Divine light burst forth from the eyeball and lighted up the surroundings so it could first determine its surroundings

A light pillar then shone down from the divine eye and lighted up a radius of seven hectares while moving forward!

"Crap..."

Qin Mu's blood went cold. The chest could defend against the darkness, but its speed wasn't very fast. Now that it was in the water and not on land, its speed was even slower, but they couldn't abandon it and leave!

Thump!

The headless Xing An landed on the water, not too far away from them. He tilted the ears on his neck and stood motionlessly. The pair of ears became even larger.

Suddenly, the light in the sky shined down like a pillar on the headless Xing An's body. It then swept forward and shone onto Qin Mu and the dragon qilin who was on the chest, looking extremely nervous.

Qin Mu smiled, and the chest beneath his feet also stopped, freezing on the spot. Qin Mu smiled and said, "Brother Xing An, if I help you break free of the hidden symptoms of your body, can you let me off alive?"

On Xing An's neck, two ears suddenly began flapping, and the eye in midair also flew forward.

"Your shamelessness astonishes me. You still have the face to mention this?"

When Xing An's voice came over, a head flew out from the darkness behind his body and landed on his neck.

At the same time, the two ears also flew over and stuck to his ear holes.

Another eye came flying, but it didn't enter its eye socket. Instead, it remained in the air above Qin Mu, monitoring his movements.

Xing An raised his head and said coldly, "Now I can answer you, no. Great Divine Physician Qin is too crafty. When I wasn't paying attention for a moment, you even stole my chest. I'm worried about letting you treat me, for you just might steal my life as well! Such a crafty person, only by turning you into a corpse can I be at ease."

On the river, a wave of fog surged over to them. The water vapor here was very concentrated, and dense fog would frequently spread unchecked.

Qin Mu looked at the dense fog, and his heart shook slightly. He smiled and said, "Brother Xing An is too careful. Actually, you aren't bad, you are just too attached to immortality. You haven't been to Eternal Peace during this period of time, right? I have already patched the divine bridge and established its space algebra model. As long as you cultivate it, you will be able to patch the divine bridge completely. Literally, everyone knows about this in Eternal Peace Empire except for you who are still trying to extend your life with other people's body parts."

Xing An was about to get rid of him, but he was stunned upon hearing what he had said. He sneered and said, "You're lying! If you really have this kind of technique, why wouldn't you keep it to yourself and spread it instead? You're Heavenly Devil Cult Master so you would naturally impart this technique to the followers of Heavenly Devil Cult instead, strengthening the abilities of your cult! Furthermore, Grandmaster was beside me for some six-seven days, so why would he not mention this to me?"

Qin Mu laughed and said, "Grandmaster wanted to borrow your hands to get rid of me and even wanted you and Shaman God Kui to suffer, so how would he tell you about this? Besides, keeping it for myself... You're underestimating my breadth of mind."

"If you seek immortality, you can absolutely throw away everything in the chest and abandon the body parts of others. You just have to learn my three techniques: Secrets of Magpie Bridge, Secrets of Mysterious Guide, and Secrets of Divine Crossing. Once your divine bridge is formed, you will be able to cross it and enter the celestial palace, becoming an undying god. Truth be told, someone is already a step ahead of you. Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor has already become a god."

The dense fog became thicker and thicker, drowning the both of them out.

Xing An's eyes were still in the sky and getting closer. They continued to stare at Qin Mu and even with the dense fog, they could still see him clearly.

Xing An's voice came from the dense fog as he sighed and said, "You are indeed remarkable to have such breadth of mind; I've underestimated you. However, you are also underestimating me by thinking I'm taking other people's body parts just for immortality. My aim is to become a true god, so I will still kill whoever I have to kill, and I will steal seize other people's body parts. Your divine bridge's space algebra model is very useful to me so I thank you, but since you've already imparted this to everyone..."

Light shot out from Qin Mu's eyes, and his body suddenly sank into the ground. His vital qi burst forth and transformed into countless runes, wrapping him, the dragon qilin, and the chest!

"What's the point of leaving you?"

Light shone brightly from Xing An's eyes and sliced apart the runes around Qin Mu. Yet the youth smiled and pulled out his knives, swinging them like a storm. With each knife, each and every rune that was shattered by the compression of space lighted up again.

Knife lights surrounded him from all directions, and even Xing An couldn't help exclaiming in admiration. "Your abilities aren't bad; you aren't inferior to me in the past."

His corporeal body rushed in to attack, but just as he was about to strike Qin Mu down, the world swirled and his expression couldn't help changing drastically. "Crap!"

Swoosh!

His two eyes vanished. His corporeal body had been relying on them to see, so now that they were teleported away by Qin Mu, his sight became a rapidly spinning and moving world!

"Weurgh—"

Xing An opened his mouth to vomit while forcing his primordial spirit to suppress the confused vision. He felt his whole body spinning yet it was just a misperception brought by his sight!

"In the past? Xing An, you aren't even fit to carry my shoes!" Qin Mu laughed loudly, and runes lighted up again around him.

Xing An heard his voice and immediately rushed over. The moment he moved, he instantly knew it had been a bad idea. A loud crash rang out the next moment as he rushed out dozens of miles into a cliff!

His divine eyes provided him vision, so now that they were spinning rapidly, his sense of space had vanished and he couldn't determine the direction!

Qin Mu's vital qi burst forth and runes appeared again. He executed teleportation divine art once more and disappeared with the chest and the dragon qilin!

'I can teleport Xing An's eyes dozens of miles away yet when I bring the dragon qilin and the chest along, I can teleport us four miles away at most. But as long as I don't make any sound, I should be able to escape into the riverbed and slip away...'

Qin Mu who was in the mid of teleportation suddenly heard a loud rumble. His teleportation divine arts failed, and he crashed into a skeleton mountain that had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Countless bones flew into the sky upon the collision.

This immediately stunned Qin Mu, leaving him at a loss.

A flailing skeleton flew past him while crying out, "Are you blind or something?"