

## Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 716-720

### Chapter 716: Ruler and Ministers as One

Qin Mu and the rest came to Imperial Preceptor's manor, but he wasn't there. Imperial Preceptor's wife was currently teaching her child, and she hurriedly led her child out to welcome them. "My husband has gone to meet the emperor, and he hasn't been back for quite a few days. Yunjian, come greet godfather!"

The child beside her was only three to four years old, and he called Qin Mu godfather with a baby voice.

Qin Mu's complexion turned red, and he muttered, "Sister-in-law, I have yet to marry, so how could I be a godfather?"

Imperial Preceptor's wife said with a smile, "When Yunjian was just born, he already paid his respect to you as your godson, is Cult Master denying it now?"

Qin Mu gave some thought, and he took out a huge wing from his taotie sack. He plucked a flaming feather from the wing and said, "This is the feather of a vermilion bird, it's the feather of a strong practitioner on God Execution Stage, after all, let Yunjian play with it. I can't give you this wing, as it's too heavy and dangerous, while the feather is very light instead. Wait a moment, let me suppress the Vermillion Bird Sacred Fire in this feather."

He used the runes from the Great Dao of Heavenly Fire to seal the Vermillion Bird Sacred Fire and only then did he pass the feather of the vermilion bird that was three feet long to Jiang Yunjian. The child swung the feather at the stone lion in front of the door, and a beam of fire sliced the stone lion into two halves.

Imperial Preceptor's wife jumped in shock and hurriedly grabbed the feather away. "I'll let you play with it once you become older!"

Qin Mu brought Woodcutter, Di Yiyue, and First Ancestor to the imperial palace. The Empress said, "Imperial Preceptor kidnapped his Majesty. He said they were going to Imperial College, but after so many days, he has still yet to send His Majesty back. It's the crown prince who is supervising the empire now and handling the politics."

They traveled to Imperial College, and Gu Linuan shook his head. "His Majesty and Imperial Preceptor aren't here either. They came for a period of time and gathered scholars for building Sun Ships and Moon Ships, they then brought numerous scholars to the manufacturing factories in River Tomb. His Majesty had followed over."

Di Yiyue said with a smile, "This Majesty actually doesn't just sit on his dragon throne; he keeps running around."

They then went to River Tomb, and that place was Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor's hometown. It had the most manufacturing factories, and there was about a hundred of them.

Before they could even see Emperor Yanfeng and Imperial Preceptor, they saw numerous huge ships sailing to and fro. They were ferrying huge and intricate parts towards the biggest manufacturing factory in River Tomb.

Those parts were likely the parts for Sun Ships and Moon Ships.

The Sun Ships and Moon Ships during Founding Emperor Era were forged using rocks, and when it came to their time, they were created with metal. It was quite a huge strain on their financial resources.

Qin Mu even saw numerous women of West Earth's True Heaven Palace helping out there, and the young maiden in the lead was someone he was familiar with. It was Xiong Xiyu's daughter, Xiong Qi'er.

He hadn't seen her in years, and Xiong Qi'er had turned eight to nine years old. She was casting spells in the manufacturing factory and bringing every part to life, allowing the huge parts to float up by themselves and assemble themselves automatically.

"Brother Cult Master!"

Xiong Qi'er was very happy to see him and was even happier to see the dragon qilin. She ran over in a hurry and threw Qin Mu aside to hug onto the dragon qilin's whisker.

Qin Mu was avoided by the little girl and saw her climbing onto the dragon qilin's tail. The dragon qilin lifted his tail up, and she slid all the way down to his head while giggling non-stop.

"Every part of the Sun Ship that Imperial Preceptor and the emperor are making seems to be coming from the same mold. Every manufacturing factory is in charge of creating a dozen components which would then be assembled together."

Qin Mu was astonished, and he went forward to examine the components. The runes on the parts could be interlocked, and they were extremely intricate. With the spell of West Earth in which all things have spirits, the parts could be assembled quickly.

"This is a good method to mass produce Sun Ships and Moon Ships!" Qin Mu exclaimed endlessly.

Saint Woodcutter designed the Sun Ship and Moon Ship, but the two heavy artifacts that were created during Founding Emperor Era were intricate; thus, the ships had varying sizes and the time taken to create one ship was slightly longer.

With the manufacturing factories in River Tomb, they could create Sun Ships and Moon Ships at a rapid speed!

When they found Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor and Emperor Yanfeng, both of them had fallen asleep in the manufacturing factory. The people of Earth Traveler were currently rushing out all kinds of components, and the god race of not even five feet moved quickly around each component.

"You guys are looking for the country bumpkin emperor?"

Madam Tu stroked her beard, and her voice boomed like thunder. "They are lying stiff like corpses over there!"

Qin Mu, Woodcutter, and the rest looked where she was pointing and saw two men sprawled out in a corner of the manufacturing factory. Deafening sounds of forging were ringing out in the factory, yet both of them slept soundly.

Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor and Emperor Yanfeng were both handsome men, and even though they were middle-aged, they still paid attention to their dressing and appearance.

However, both of them had stubbles at that moment, and their clothes were dirty and worn out. Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor had his feet on Emperor Yanfeng's face while Emperor Yanfeng hugged Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor's leg to sleep soundly.

Beside them were also numerous officials from the court and scholars from Imperial College. They were all sprawled out in the corners of the manufacturing factory and all slept soundly.

Di Yiyue was silent for a moment, and she suddenly smiled. "Now I know why Big Heavenly Teacher has such high hopes for them. Such an emperor, such an imperial preceptor, they are indeed the heads of the reform."

Saint Woodcutter said, "Do I need to wake them up?"

"No need, they are gods, yet they could still be so exhausted, which means that they have truly been working hard for the past few days."

Di Yiyue said, "I have never thought that an emperor would personally tend to such trivial matters and I have also not thought that the imperial preceptor that's in charge of the reform would attend to everything personally. This imperial preceptor is doing much better than you from back then."

Saint Woodcutter said with a smile, "I had only fiddled with certain stuff and let other people do it. I'm actually scared of trouble, so I rarely handle things personally."

Di Yiyue said, "You are a saint; you are too far from the people."

Saint Woodcutter was silent, and he said astringently, "Heavenly King is right. Back then, when the disaster erupted, I led everyone to defend against it, but the army fell like crumbling mountains. It was then I realized I was too far from the people; I was too far from the army. As a heavenly teacher, I had to operate from a strategically advantageous position, but I also had to enter the army, to enter the mortal realm. I was too far away, and I made my moves without careful consideration, resulting in a huge defeat. Come to speak of it, I'm even inferior to Prince Qin Wu."

First Ancestor Human Emperor was slightly stunned and gave him a look of disbelief.

Saint Woodcutter said, "Actually, even though I wasn't willing to meet him for the past twenty thousand years, I have always admired him. In that period of chaos, even though he had become an army deserter, he had still hardened himself and took up the responsibility when he saw the people suffering.

He protected the people, and he fought with his life and used his life to protect them to Eternal Peace. If there were no Prince Qin Wu, there would be no Eternal Peace in the future.”

First Ancestor Human Emperor’s eyes became teary, and he turned his head over to wipe his eyes secretly.

Saint Woodcutter saw everything and said, “But he had still fallen into depression and blamed himself. He could never walk out of his shadow of being an army deserter, which was why I looked down on him. Now that he has walked out, I’m very gratified. Actually, he has always done better than me in the disaster.”

Di Yiyue smiled and said, “There’s no need to alarm them. let’s go.”

They walked out of the manufacturing factory. After fooling around for a moment, Xiong Qi’er got back to work and finally finished assembling a huge ship.

The little girl took out the White Tiger Bead and gently tapped on the bead. The huge land ship gradually stood up, and the ground trembled non-stop.

In the manufacturing factory, Emperor Yanfeng and Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor were jolted awake. They ran out in a hurry, and when they saw the huge ship coming to life, they hugged each other in laughter and tears.

Qin Mu summoned the dragon qilin and left into the distance with Di Yiyue and the rest. Emperor Yanfeng saw the dragon qilin from far away, and he said bewilderedly, “When has Minister Qin come? Why has he left? How dare he not greet us when both me and Imperial Preceptor are here! Someone, fetch me my brush and ink! Today is a joyous day, and I’m feeling energized and refreshed, I’m going to draw a big tally for him!”

Woodcutter quickly left, and he said, “I’m still trying to find the farmer and contact other people, I can’t stay here. Angler, let’s go.”

Elder Angler left with him.

First Ancestor Human Emperor also bade farewell. “I have things to do.” After saying so, he left in a hurry.

Qin Mu blinked his eyes and saw them off. He thought to himself, ‘It’s normal if Teacher Woodcutter is busy, but why is First Ancestor busy as well? What is he busy with?’

Di Yiyue looked at him and said with a smile, “Brother, are you busy as well? If you aren’t, why don’t you follow me to find Heavenly King Tian Shu and help King Yama rebuild Fengdu? We can then take a visit to Goddess of Heavenly Yin, and after paying our respects to her, big sister shall bring you around to pay your respects to Heaven Duke, Earth Count, and the other experts on Emperor’s Throne. It’s hugely beneficial to you!”

Qin Mu’s was pretty moved.

If he was able to follow a strong practitioner on Emperor's Throne like Di Yiyue to pay his respects to the natural born sacred gods around, his horizons would definitely expand!

"I still have a sword pellet to refine..."

Qin Mu hesitated and said, "Big sister, why don't you meet Goddess of Heavenly Yin first. After I finish refining my sword pellet, I'll go to Fengdu and find you."

Di Yiyue said with a smile, "That will do as well. I shall go find this Tian Shu, he's timid, so I don't know where he's hiding now. After you finish refining your sword, if you can't find us in Fengdu, go to Heavenly Yin World."

Qin Mu nodded his head, and Di Yiyue also floated away.

"Fatty Dragon, let us go to the manufacturing factory on Mud River!"

Qin Mu jumped onto the dragon qilin's head, and the dragon qilin immediately brought him over.

In the manufacturing factory, the hundred yards sword pellet was had become only thirty yards, and even the giant machines couldn't refine it any smaller.

Qin Mu took out the vermilion bird's wing and used Vermillion Bird Sacred Fire to refine the sword pellet. His primordial spirit went up personally to hammer the sword pellet, and he used the power of Vermillion Bird Sacred Fire to imprint his own runes into the sword pellet.

After a dozen days, the sword pellet had become three feet big, but it still couldn't flow like water.

Qin Mu kept the wing and used heavenly fire divine art to refine the sword pellet. Another half a month passed by, and the sword pellet became one foot.

After trying to execute it, operating vital qi was very strenuous, and he had to exhaust quite a long of energy to transform the sword pellet into flying swords to slay an enemy.

'I cultivate both god and devil together, so maybe I still need to use devil fire to refine..."

Qin Mu's heart stirred. "What will happen if I use my cultivation on the devil path to execute heavenly fire?"

He blinked his eyes and immediately got to experimenting. He suddenly remembered something and moved the sword pellet out of the factory and chose a desolate place before taking out the prism of heavenly fire. His divine treasures reversed and instantly, devil qi filled his body.

Qin Mu executed the prism of heavenly fire and activated the power of the heavenly fire.

Outside the factory, the dragon qilin was sleeping soundly when he suddenly heard an astonishing explosion. He hurriedly raised his head and barely opened an eye. He saw black fire pouring into the sky, dozens of miles away.

The dragon qilin yawned and stood up shakily. He walked two steps forward before collapsing back down to sleep. He mumbled, "Cult Master shouldn't die so easily..."

## **Chapter 717: Old Bull**

A hundred miles away from the center of the explosion, Qin Mu crawled out from a massive pit, battered and exhausted. His clothes were ragged, and he patted the flames that were still burning on his body. The fire sizzled and gave off the fragrance of cooked meat as they burned him.

When he used devil vitality to light up the heavenly fire earlier, the explosion happened, and there were no warning signs at all.

Luckily, he was careful and only used a trace of devil vitality to execute the heavenly fire, so the explosion wasn't too fierce. It had merely blasted him a hundred miles away.

Even so, he also suffered terribly from the explosion. Luckily for him, because he had cultivated Crimson Emperor and Light Emperor's creation techniques, he preserved his life.

'Youdu belongs to the devil path, and Xuandu belongs to the god path; if I use Youdu devil qi to ignite Xuandu Heavenly Fire, it looks like things will go wrong.'

The youth extinguished the devil flames on his body and turned his head back. There were several huge holes in his clothes which revealed half of his snow-white buttocks.

The clothing was made by Yu Zhaoqing and the experts of the Heavenly Feather Race. It was very fitting, and its size could change accordingly. It could even change colors according to his mood, so it wasn't too plain.

He had always worn it, but he couldn't wear it any longer.

'I can only find Sister Yu's help to make a few more sets.'

He rose into the sky and felt the cool air brushing against his buttocks.

Qin Mu returned to the center of the explosion and found the sword pellet. During the explosion earlier, he had aimed the fire energy at his sword pellet so his sword pellet had suffered the collision of both devil fire and heavenly fire. He didn't know if it was spoiled from being burned or exploded.

"Eh—"

Qin Mu gave a soft cry of astonishment as his sword pellet shrunk numerous times again. It was only the size of a fist, but he didn't know if part of it was vaporized or if it was truly refined to be smaller.

At that moment, the sword pellet gave off a tranquil glow like a luminescent pearl. The glow wasn't too intense, but it was like flowing water as it flowed out from the inside of the sword pellet. Containing the light and not releasing it made the sword pellet look like it was formed by light.

He stretched his hand to hold the sword pellet in his hand, and it was extremely heavy. Its weight hadn't changed from behind, which meant the explosion of devil fire and heavenly fire didn't vaporize the sword pellet.

Qin Mu was slightly stunned. The refinement from the combination of god fire and devil fire could refine the sword pellet into the standard of flowing water. However, with that intense explosion from the combination of devil fire and heavenly fire, it was truly unimaginable that the sword pellet could still be refined into the state of flowing water under such a situation.

He grasped the sword pellet forcefully, and in the sword pellet, the sword was like flowing light and slipped through his fingers. It curved and flowed according to his will.

That kind of sword light was very quiet and mysterious. It streaked across the sky without any sounds, and when he slashed quickly, there was no sound of sword slashing through the air—the silence was terrifying.

Yet when Qin Mu touched the sword light gently, he could feel the ice-cold texture from the body of the sword.

That characteristic meant that the flexibility of the sword had already reached the level of flowing water. The strength of the sword body was also abnormally high!

The flexibility and strength of the sword pellet had already reached a perfect standard!

'My forging and smelting technique are still not on this level yet. Even Grandpa Mute might not be able to achieve this level yet, so what is going on?'

When other people refined their treasure, once they succeed, it meant that they had succeeded and they wouldn't delve into thinking about the reason behind why they had succeeded. Yet such a situation made him even more curious and interested.

'I wonder about the wear resistance?'

Qin Mu rummaged through his taotie sack and found the Heavenly Funeral Bell. The Heavenly Funeral Bell was a treasure of Mingdu. In Heavenly Yin World, the disciple of Mingdu had once used the treasure to hit him and cause him quite some trouble.

The Heavenly Funeral Bell was a treasure forged by gods, and it was also made by Metal of Heavenly Yin. It was similar to the sword pellet in Qin Mu's hands, but Qin Mu's sword pellet had some more Buddha Vitality Crimson Chromium.

Qin Mu raised the bell and used the mouth of the bell to grind the sword pellet. After a long while, he saw a small chunk being ground away at the mouth of the bell but the sword pellet was still perfectly fine.

'Its wear resistance is extremely high!'

Qin Mu was stunned. From the forging method, he was indeed very superior, but he was still far being so superior.

'The effect of heavenly fire and devil fire? It might be that, but there's a higher possibility that the explosion earlier had created abnormally intense heat and impact.'

Qin Mu frowned slightly. 'Explosions can also be used for tempering and forging? Why hasn't Grandpa Mute taught me this before... Wait a moment! When refining treasure, we have to hit repeatedly with a hammer during the smelting process. The manufacturing factory uses huge mechanical giants to hammer, exploding forth with a pressure that was several millions of pounds in an instant. However, a god like Grandpa Mute could raise the pressure to hundreds and thousands of times more than what a mechanical giant could! The instant when he hammered down, the temperature could be raised to the temperature of the sun's surface. However, an explosion could result in a similar effect, and it might even bring greater pressure!'

His eyes lit up, and he walked to and fro. He said with a soft voice, "The explosion when the heavenly fire and devil fire collide creates high temperature and pressure that even a god like Grandpa Mute can't reach; thus, my sword pellet was refined into the perfect state in an instant! Refining treasure with explosions is highly possible!"

Qin Mu's five fingers opened up, and the sword pellet suddenly rang to split into eight thousand swords. The tip of the swords pointed towards the center of the circle.

His heart stirred, and the sword pellet vanished to transformed into two long knives. Qin Mu wielded the knives and tried to execute Midnight Battle Across Stormy Cities, but he could only execute half a move before gasping heavily for his breath. He nearly knelt on the ground.

'The sword pellet is too heavy; it's fine if I use vital qi to control it, but if I hold it in my hands, I can't execute one move.'

Qin Mu's heart stirred, and the two long swords vanished. They combined back into a sword pellet the size of a fist, and he placed it in his taotie sack. However, that just placed more pressure on his belt and kept pulling his pants down.

The guards of the capital city noticed the explosion here and rode a black-feathered and red-crested bird to hurry over. When they saw Qin Mu in tattered clothes, they were astonished and hurriedly asked, "Lord Qin, what happened here?"

Qin Mu waved his hand and said with a smile, "Minor incident, you guys don't have to worry. I'll return to Mud River Manufacturing Factory first. Level out the pit that was caused by the explosion earlier." After saying so, he walked towards the manufacturing factory.

The guards looked at one another in dismay and saw Lord Qin, who was renowned throughout the capital city, walking back with difficulty. As he walked, he even showed half of his snow-white buttocks.

"Should we give the lord a shirt to cover up?" a soldier asked softly.



The leader hesitated and shook his head. "I've heard rumors that Lord Qin is a tailor too, they were even gentry looking for him to tailor their clothes in the early days; he was very popular. This set of clothes is most likely one of Lord Qin's special creation; he tailored out an outfit of a beggar..."

When Qin Mu returned to the manufacturing factory, he shook his head as he saw the dragon qilin was still laying down flat on the ground with his limbs stretched straight out.

A disciple of Heavenly Works Hall in the manufacturing factory quickly took out a set of clothes and said, "Cult Master, we don't have any nice looking clothes here, they are just all ordinary clothes made from coarse cloth; Cult Master, please put up with them."

Qin Mu wore the clothes and said with a smile, "I was just planning to experiment with some stuff, so the clothes need not be too good. Prepare a few more sets; I might still need to change several times later. That's right, is Heavenly Works Hall Master here? Ask him to come over quickly!"

The disciples of Heavenly Works Hall hurriedly informed Heavenly Works Hall Master who asked in astonishment, "What does Cult Master plan to do?"

"Refining treasures with explosions!"

Heavenly Works Hall Master was originally in River Tomb and was forging Sun Ships and Moon Ships with Imperial Preceptor and the emperor. The problem was solved, so he quickly took a fast ship over when he heard the news. He finally reached as the sun went down.

Qin Mu, Heavenly Works Hall Master, and numerous disciples of Heavenly Works Hall went into the factory. After ten days, explosions kept coming from the manufacturing factory, and it caused the houses in the capital city to shake. The people were angry.

Finally, the empress and the crown prince couldn't sit still any longer and hurried to the factory. When they reached the factory, they saw numerous divine arts practitioners surrounding a huge furnace that was over thirty yards tall. All kinds of runes were being imprinted on the furnace.

The furnace was different from an ordinary furnace. There was no opening for air, and all kinds of flame markings were on the outside of the furnace. The structures were incomparably complicated.

"Empress, Your Highness!"

Heavenly Works Hall Master's face was all sooty, and he hurriedly greeted them. "To actually alarm Empress and Your Highness, I deserve to die!"

The empress said with a smile, "I see you guys causing explosions from here every day and it's so noisy that the people can't have a proper sleep, so I've come to take a look. Where's Lord Qin, what strange things has he got you guys to do again?"

"Cult Master has gone to the southern borders; he said he was going to Chief Yu to make new sets of clothes."

Heavenly Works Hall Master Shan Youxin said with a smile, "Cult Master brought us to experiment refining treasures with explosions. This furnace is used to refine treasures with explosions. Empress, Your Highness, this furnace could quickly refine a divine weapon to a stage it could be used. On this furnaces are runes of the vermillion bird and runes of the heavenly fire. After igniting them, the powerful explosion would push the hammer inside the furnace to hammer the divine metal. It would then be finalized with one strike, and it is extremely fast!"

Ling Yushu and the empress were both stunned, and they cried out, "Refining divine weapons can be so quick as well?"

Shan Youxin said with a smile, "It's extremely hard to refine divine metal and Mud River Manufacturing Factories are one of the few places that can refine divine metal. Even so, we can't refine much divine metal every day. To make their divine weapons, the gods in our Eternal Peace have already queued all the way to the next year and the next-next year! However, with this kind of furnace, we will be able to refine the divine metal needed by the gods in just two months!"

Ling Yushu remembered Emperor Yanfeng's instructions, and he hurriedly asked, "Are the medicinal stones required to activate the furnace high in number? Cult Master Qin is usually rich, and the Sunshot Divine Cannon he had forged uses up too many medicinal stones according to father. In the past, after firing just one shot, father couldn't have a good sleep for three months because of the heartache."

Shan Youxin hesitated for a moment. "The consumption isn't too much, yes, it isn't too much..."

At Li River Academy, Qin Mu found Yu Zhaoqing and asked her to help him tailor several sets of clothing. She hurriedly gathered all of the experts in the Heavenly Feather Race and said with a smile, "Your Highness, I've reared silkworms in the academy and found quite some good materials, Your Highness just needs to be at ease, I will definitely tailor the best for you. Does Highness want a dragon robe?"

Qin Mu hurriedly shook his head and said, "Stop joking. I'm not trying to rebel."

Yu Zhaoqing felt some pity and said, "I can make two sets for you to keep in times of need."

Qin Mu shook his head and went to find Chancellor Ba Shan. The senior and junior brothers sat in the hall to drink wine. Hu Ling'er was also in the south, and she was cultivating alongside Fox Immortal. When she heard the news, she ran over and whined for wine, only to see the dragon qilin beating up the green bull outside the hall. The bull moored miserably.

"Big sister, I'm also your sworn brother, save me!" the green bull cried out.

Hu Ling'er shook her head and ignored him. She slipped into the hall to drink with Qin Mu and Ba Shan.

After several days, Yu Zhaoqing finished the sets of clothes, and Qin Mu was very satisfied after trying them out. He then used golden and silver threads to decorate the clothes with heavenly fire markings and Youdu writings.

The two runes could ensure that his clothes wouldn't be destroyed when they encounter that level of powerful explosion again.

“Your Highness, these days, Heavenly Feather Clansmen are starting to miss their homeland, and they always think of returning to Heavenly Feather World.”

Yu Zhaoqing carefully tested out Qin Mu, and she said with a smile, “Now that there’s no more threat of natural disaster in Eternal Peace, is it time to think about the other worlds?”

Qin Mu understood what she wanted and replied, “Now, Eternal Peace is just starting to stabilize and there are many things waiting to be done; the emperor still doesn’t have enough military power to take back Heavenly Feather World. Heavenly Feather World is like the Great Ruins, it’s still normal in the day, but at night, darkness invades. Since the darkness still isn’t quelled, why doesn’t big sister just wait a while more? When Goddess of Heavenly Yin completely gets rid of the remaining danger in Heavenly Yin World, you guys will be able to return to Heavenly Feather World.”

Yu Zhaoqing could only say, “I will wait for news from Your Highness.”

Qin Mu drew a geographical map and said, “Chief can bring some young men and young women of the race to Heavenly Yin World first. Goddess of Heavenly Yin is currently lacking manpower, and if you reach there, you will be valued highly by Goddess of Heavenly Yin, there will be many benefits. When the other races start to make their way in, there won’t be as many benefits. I will still have to go Fengdu, so I’m afraid I won’t have the time to bring you guys there.”

Yu Zhaoqing was delighted, and she hurried away to take care of that.

Qin Mu bade farewell to Chancellor Ba Shan and Hu Ling’er before heading straight to the Great Ruins.

When he reached the Great Ruins, he entered Fengdu and let the dragon qilin wait outside. However, he didn’t see Di Yiyue and Tian Shu. Fengdu still looked the same and didn’t seem to have been changed.

‘Could Sister Di Yiyue still be finding Heavenly King Tian Shu?’

Qin Mu was puzzled, and he boarded Daoist Ling Jing’s small boat to leave Fengdu. He saw the dragon qilin bruised all over and looking quite miserable.

Qin Mu hurriedly asked him, and the dragon qilin said, “I met an old bull that was plowing the land. He looked similar to the green bull, so I wanted to bully it. I ended up getting beaten.”

Qin Mu was stunned and asked, “Where is this old bull?”

The dragon qilin brought him back to seek revenge, and they came to the vicinity of several fields. From afar, Qin Mu could see an old cow sitting down on its buttocks and under the shade of a tree. Its hind legs were propped up against the ground like a human as it sat down while its forehoof was grabbing on a water pipe. It puffed out white smoke leisurely as it gazed across the fields with narrowed eyes.

Beside it was a tiny stone table and on the stone table was tea being boiled.

Qin Mu walked up and greeted him, “Dao brother.”

## **Chapter 718: Rolling in the Ditch**

That old bull took a look at him before taking a glance at the dragon qilin who was cowering behind him. He couldn't help bursting into laughter. "Blockhead can't beat me, so you've found yourself a helper. No matter which helper you have, you can't do anything to me. Are you here to stand up for blockhead?"

"Blockhead?"

Qin Mu was slightly stunned. 'Could he be referring to Fatty Dragon?'

"Dao brother, if Fatty Dragon had offended you earlier, I seek your pardon."

Qin Mu continued to uphold his etiquette and asked, "May I ask if Farmer is around?"

That old bull scratched the scales on its belly, and they were dragon scales. Only then did Qin Mu notice that the old bull was indeed similar to the Chancellor Ba Shan's green bull. Both of them seemed to be breeds of dragon, and they were both covered in muscles.

However, the green bull loved to eat peony, liked flowers and plants, and loved to show off his muscles. On the other hand, the old bull before him was carrying a water pipe to smoke and drank tea on the side.

'Could this old bull be somehow related to the green bull?' he thought to himself secretly.

The old bull gave off a puff of smoke and took a glance at him. "You look young, so you shouldn't know who my old master is. Who are you, and why are you looking for my old master?"

Qin Mu said with a smile, "I'm the disciple of Heavenly Teacher Woodcutter, one of the four heavenly teachers of Founding Emperor Celestial Heavens. I've met Fisherman as well, and there are still two heavenly teachers I have yet to meet. Could Dao brother please introduce him to me?"

"Old master is just a farmer; what else is there to see?"

That old bull poured away the tobacco and said, "Some days ago, a woodcutter came to find him and got injured by him. He has been lying in the smelly ditch outside the village for a month without moving. Since you are his disciple, you can just call me senior brother, there's no need to call be Dao brother."

"A woodcutter?"

Qin Mu jumped in shock. "Teacher Woodcutter is injured? He hasn't moved for a month? Which village?"

The old bull stood up, and his forehooves landed on the ground. He swished his tail and said, "Let me bring you there, but you can forget about pulling him up. Old master said to let him rot in the ditch, and whoever dares to pull him out will have to suffer three punches from old master. Old master's three punches can even open up three holes in the sky!"

Qin Mu called the dragon qilin to follow up, but he seemed to be unwilling to tag along. He was afraid of the old bull, but the old bull had quite a big heart. He said with a smile, "Big dog, there's no need to be afraid of me, you are still young. When you grow up, you can easily press me down and beat me up."

The dragon qilin's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Just kidding."

The old bull drank up the tea on the stone table and with a sweep of his tongue, both the teacup and teapot vanished. He continued to walk ahead calmly. "You are too young, even if you cultivate another thousand years, I can still fight three of you with one hoof. I've fought countless true dragons and qilins, much less a small child like you. Our village is right in front; it's a small mountain village."

The dragon qilin hung his head down in disappointment.

Qin Mu said with a smile, "Senior Brother Bull, even though Fatty Dragon is still young, you can't underestimate him. I've imparted him Ancestral Dragon Supreme Mystery Technique, it's a technique on Emperor's Throne, and his cultivation is improving at godspeed. He might just be able to surpass you in the future."

"My name is Niu Sanduo."

The old bull swished his tail and said, "It's not whether the technique is strong or weak; it lies in whether it's yours or not. His technique isn't his, and he still has the bloodline of a qilin. Ancestral Dragon Supreme Mystery Technique should be a technique of the dragon race, am I right? He can only cultivate half of it, and the other half is full of flaws. It would be a wonder if he's able to defeat me. If you don't carve out your own path, cultivating any technique is just a waste of time."

Qin Mu's heart stirred slightly. 'The horizons of this Senior Brother Niu Sanduo surpassed numerous gods, look like Heavenly Teacher Farmer is truly the Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher, to be able to train even a bull to such an extent that he is not inferior to a ruler of a world such as Fu Riluo.'

They arrived at a small mountain village in the Great Ruins, and it was a six to seven-mile journey from the fields.

Qin Mu examined the scenery of the mountain village and saw the small mountain village had limpid waters and verdant hills. It was beside a mountain and had fresh spring water flowing down from above. There were a hundred villagers in the village, but there wasn't a stone statue at all.

"Take a look, see if the one lying in the ditch is your teacher or not." The old bull swayed his buttocks and walked into the village.

Qin Mu went to the ditch at the village entrance and indeed saw a man lying face up in the smelly ditch. He got soaked by the smelly water until his face was turning white.

Waves of stench emanated out from the ditch and could cause one to retch. The man who was dressed like a woodcutter had his arms and legs broken. From the looks of his body, numerous other bones seemed to be broken as well. Only his skull seemed to be intact.

Qin Mu looked for a moment, and the man lying in the ditch finally noticed him. He flipped around and buried his face in the smelly water. On his head were even a few pieces of decomposed cabbage and stabbed in his buttocks was a cleanly gnawed chicken bone.

Qin Mu squatted beside the smelly ditch and said calmly, "Why has teacher fallen so miserably as to be floating in a ditch like a capsized ship?"

Saint Woodcutter splashed as he flipped around and even his stubbles were white from being soaked too long. He said slowly, "The weather was unpredictable, the wave too huge, and thus the ship capsized."

Qin Mu said with a smile, "Can teacher get out from the ditch?"

"My bones are all broken, and my cultivation is sealed; I can't even struggle."

Qin Mu asked again, "Does teacher have a grudge with Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher?"

Saint Woodcutter said, "We were never on good terms."

Qin Mu nodded his head and stood up. He walked towards the village and said loudly, "Founding Emperor's One Hundredth and Seventh Descendant Qin Mu Qin Fengqing, seeks an audience with Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher!"

The farmers in the village stopped what they were doing and look at him. An old, big, sturdy yet slightly short farmer was currently brushing the hair on the old bull's neck, and his ears twitched when he heard what Qin Mu said. He also turned to look at him.

Qin Mu brought the dragon qilin into the village, but there were no sounds in the surroundings. There were only a hundred people staring at them.

The dragon qilin's heart was beating wildly as he followed closely behind Qin Mu with quick steps. He suppressed his voice and said, "Cult Master, this village is strange, other than that old farmer, there are no elderly or children; they are all young people..."

Qin Mu smiled as he looked forward. He walked towards the old bull and the robust yet short farmer while explaining softly, "Fatty Dragon has grown up, you have started to notice such details. It is indeed strange that this village doesn't have any elderly and children."

"Could the old bull have eaten all of them?" The dragon qilin shuddered.

Qin Mu took down the willow leaf on the heart of his brows and gave a sweep at the surroundings. He shook his head and said, "Of course not. The reason why there is no elderly is that none of them can grow old. How could gods age?"

"Gods?"

The dragon qilin jumped in shock and looked timidly around him. There were a hundred people staring at them. Could everyone in the village be a god?

'Cult Master's teacher is truly tired of living for daring to come here to pick a fight!' the dragon qilin thought to himself secretly.

In Qin Mu's third eye, the divine treasures and celestial palaces of the villagers appeared, and their divine bridges were complete. The divine bridges stretched out from their divine treasures and reached the celestial palaces.

And among the celestial palaces of the villagers, abnormally tall and majestic primordial spirits stood in the depths of the celestial palaces. He couldn't see the accurate location where the primordial spirits were standing at, but he could see that the person with the lowest cultivation was also on Jade Pavilion!

He looked at that old farmer, but he couldn't see his cultivation. He also couldn't see through that old bull either!

"Looks like what the old bull said is true, Fatty Dragon won't be able to fight him even if he cultivates another thousand years."

Qin Mu stuck the willow leaf properly and walked to the front of the old bull and the old farmer. He bowed and greeted, "Founding Emperor Qin Family Son Qin Mu pays my respects to Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher."

The wrinkles on the old farmer's face were very deep. His black skin gave off a red glow, and it looked like he had to suffer from the harsh weathers daily. The tendons in his arms were also raised high, and his finger joints were thick and seemed to be full of strength.

His eye sockets were sunk in, and his eyelids were hanging down. He continued to brush the hair of the old bull, and his voice was loud like a bell. "There is no Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher here; we are all farmers. You have found the wrong person."

Qin Mu said with a smile, "Since Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher isn't willing to admit your identity, can I bring back my teacher, who is the person in the ditch?"

That old farmer clenched his fist tightly, and rumbles of thunder burst forth. Qin Mu raised his head, and the sky suddenly became dark. Lightning flashed, and thunder rumbled as streaks of lightning tore through the sky. One could faintly see a fist that was like a black mountain appearing in the sky above.

"If you want to bring the old fraud away, take three punches from me first!"

That old farmer took a glance and shook his head. "But your body can't take it."

Qin Mu composed himself and pulled back his gaze. "Heavenly Teacher is the one with the strongest martial power among the four heavenly teachers, would you cause trouble for a junior of the Qin family?"

That old farmer opened up his fist and continued to brush the hair of the bull. He said indifferently, "Is the bloodline of Founding Emperor remarkable? Back then, there were also evil-doers among the sons and daughters of Founding Emperor, and I've killed a few of them. The first among the four great heavenly teachers isn't me, so what use is martial power? It's still inferior to that person in the ditch that only knows how to use his mouth."

Qin Mu's heart jumped, and a drop of cold sweat appeared on his sideburns. To even dare to kill the sons and daughters of Founding Emperor directly?

The Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher was truly daring!

"What does Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher need to let Teacher Woodcutter off?"

Qin Mu suddenly said righteously, "The martial world has rules of the martial world, and the imperial court has the rules of the imperial court. Since I've come to the martial world, let us go by the rules of the martial world! Junior Qin Mu is here to save my teacher, may Heavenly Teacher lay your terms!"

That old farmer raised his drooping eyelids and chuckled. "Rules of the martial world? Very well! I want to see how much talking big can teach you! The wretched woodcutter relied on talking big to become the number one among the four great heavenly teachers; you shouldn't have just learned how to talk big from him, right?"

Qin Mu laughed loudly, and his clothes flapped without any wind. "I'm ashamed to say, but ever since junior started my cultivation journey, I've always solved my problems with fists. I have fought my way over, and I've never lost to anyone!"

The old farmer examined him and burst out in laughter. "You haven't even cultivated out your martial soul, and your fists have vital essence but no spirit; you are merely a fellow that hasn't achieve the Dao yet your words can shake the heavens. Come, open up the Bullfighting Palace!"

In the mountain village, the farmers stood up and roared in unison as they punched out together.

Behind the village, the mountain moved horizontally, and space got ripped open to reveal a majestic celestial palace. The celestial palace sat among a piece of vast heaven.

The world opened up with the sun, the moon, and the radiant stars hanging high up in the sky. There was actually quite a sizable country inside.

"Let's go to the Bullfighting Palace, the rules of the martial world!"

The old farmer chuckled. "Regardless of Life and Death!"

Qin Mu's scalp crawled, and the dragon qilin secretly turned around. He planned to slip away, but his tail got stomped by Qin Mu, almost scaring him to death.

**Chapter 719: Cultivating Primordial Spirit with Martial Arts**



“Bullfighting Palace should be one of the thirty-six celestial palaces of Founding Emperor Celestial Heavens. Those that could possess celestial palaces were all extremely remarkable and powerful people in Founding Emperor Era.”

Qin Mu followed the villagers to enter the Bullfighting Palace, and in comparison, the celestial palace looked very complete. It didn't seem like it had gone through the flames of war.

On the other hand, Jade Brightness Palace in Hall of Human Emperors and Sand Border Palace in Fengdu had both been worn down from the battle during Founding Emperor Era. As for the other celestial palaces, Qin Mu hadn't seen them before, but he could imagine most of them were destroyed in the flames of war.

“So why is Bullfighting Palace able to be preserved completely?”

He couldn't help feeling bewildered. ‘Could Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher have become an army deserter back then too? The reason why he was able to preserve his strength was that he escaped with the Bullfighting Palace?’

Bullfighting Palace was different from all the other celestial palaces that Qin Mu had seen before. Jade Brightness Palace in Hall of Human Emperor had the smell of books and was a place to teach students among the celestial palaces. Numerous disciples of gods continue learning the ultimate arts there.

Even though Qin Mu was the human emperor of Hall of Human Emperor, he didn't stay there for long. He had only been there once with First Ancestor Human Emperor and didn't manage to get a complete tour.

Qin Mu had never entered Sand Border Palace. King Yama hid it at the deepest end, and while he could only see god cities from afar, they appeared dilapidated and old.

Right then, they entered the world of the Bullfighting Palace. Bullfighting Palace slowly became clear, and he could see the entirety of the Bullfighting Palace.

Closest to them was a majestic door, and in front of them was a jade pool behind layers and layers of palaces. Two trails of blood red baleful air weaved in the sky like dragons, swirling continuously.

Behind the God Execution Stage, there was a squarish god city which should have been the Jade Capital. The most majestic palace inside the Jade Capital should have been the Luminous Sky Hall.

Qin Mu was stunned. The layout of the constructions in the Bullfighting Palace was slightly similar to the celestial palaces of gods.

His gaze pulled closer, and he looked at that gate. He saw a rainbow bridge connected to the land of the world. The bridge was very long and floated alone in the sky, and it was the only path leading to the Bullfighting Palace.

Qin Mu looked at the land of that world, and his heart trembled slightly.

The land of that world was actually squarish, and five mountain ranges stretched across from south to north. Every mountain range had tall mountains standing upright while six great rivers rushed throughout the land. The rivers were either from east to west or north to south; however, none of the rivers flowed into the sea.

There was no sea there. The six great rivers just flowed into the land and vanished into an underground abyss in the center of the world—which was immeasurably deep.

Qin Mu raised his head to look around and saw the sun, moon, and stars below the Bullfighting Palace. The sun rose and the moon descended to swap between day and night.

He blinked his eyes. If the land was the spirit platform, the five mountain ranges would be the five elements. The six great rivers should have been transformed by the six directions. The sun, moon, and stars were the seven stars, and below the abyss was Youdu, the Life and Death Divine Treasure. Which meant the bridge was the divine bridge that led to the celestial palace.

In that case...

‘This heaven is formed by the corporeal body of a strong practitioner on Emperor’s Throne?’

His gaze swept around to search. ‘There’s still a celestial being missing. The primordial spirit is cultivated in Celestial Being Realm, and if the primordial spirit enters the Luminous Sky and ascends the Emperor’s Throne, there’s indeed no need for it to be located in the land. Could there be a primordial spirit on Emperor’s Throne sitting on the Emperor’s Throne in the Luminous Sky Hall... There’s another possibility, and that is that this heaven is forged according to the layout of an Emperor’s Throne’s divine treasures and celestial palaces! After all, there aren’t too many strong practitioners on Emperor’s Throne, and it’s impossible for Founding Emperor Era to have so many experts on Emperor’s Throne.’

Bullfighting Palace was one of the thirty-six celestial palaces of Founding Emperor Era, and the most famous palaces of the thirty-six celestial palaces were the four great celestial palaces which the Four Great Heavenly Kings were stationed in. Bullfighting Palace wasn’t part of them.

Founding Emperor couldn’t have killed an Emperor’s Throne just to forge the Bullfighting Palace, right?

“Go and prepare,” the old farmer instructed the villagers, “Tell the children that the Bullfighting Palace is open today, get them to come forth and train.”

Those villagers immediately flew up. Some flew into the Bullfighting Palace while others flew into the other lands in the heaven.

The old farmer brought the old bull, Qin Mu, and the dragon qilin to walk up the divine bridge. The divine bridge was very narrow, and while Qin Mu still felt fine standing on the bridge, it was a little constricting for the dragon qilin.

The old farmer stopped in his footsteps and looked around his surroundings to admire the scenery.

Qin Mu also looked around and took in the mountains and rivers in his vision. Admiring the scenery from there was truly carefree and relaxing.

“Wen Tiange’s disciple, you are on the Celestial Being Realm, right?”

The old farmer said calmly, “Of the Four Great Heavenly Teachers of Founding Emperor Celestial Heavens, Woodcutter is the first, and I’ve always been unwilling to accept him. What abilities does he have to climb above my head? Among the Four Great Heavenly Teacher, he is number one, I’m number three, and Scholar Zi Xi is number two. I’m able to accept that, but what rights does Woodcutter have? He just relied on his glib tongue to climb above me, Scholar, and Fisherman. That is why I don’t accept him.”

Qin Mu looked down at the lands in the heaven and saw numerous sturdy youths rushing over. Those people leaped as though they were flying, and their speed was very fast.

“Teacher Woodcutter still admires Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher.”

Qin Mu said seriously, “Teacher mentioned you. He said your martial prowess is number one, the strongest existence among the Four Great Heavenly Teachers. In the Eternal Peace’s reform, Teacher immediately came to find you after his plan to save Di Yiyue. That shows that in Teacher’s heart, Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher’s position is not inferior to Di Yiyue.”

“My abilities weren’t much inferior to Di Yiyue to begin with,” the old farmer said indifferently, “Twenty thousand years ago, Di Yiyue was slightly stronger than me, she was the head of the Four Great Heavenly Kings. I fought with her before, and I was won over from her beatings. However, twenty thousand years have passed, and it’s hard to say who’s stronger and who’s weaker. After all, even if she’s revived now, she was still delayed twenty thousand years of cultivation.”

Qin Mu’s heart jumped, and his scalp crawled. ‘Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher has already cultivated to Emperor’s Throne Realm! I really can’t take on his three punches. I reckon older brother can’t either...’

The old farmer sneered and said, “I’ve fought with scholar before, and he’s able to mess with me every time even when his martial prowess is weaker than mine; therefore I admire him. He truly has the abilities, but Woodcutter just knows how to talk; thus, I’m unable to accept him climbing over our heads. When he came over to invite me out of the mountain, he didn’t do anything except make hand signs here and there. In the end, before I even used any power, he was already lying in the ditch.”

Qin Mu had a smile on his face, but cold sweat had beaded out on his forehead.

He could imagine how miserable Saint Woodcutter must have been.

Even when right, a scholar could never win an argument with a soldier.

When those divine arts practitioners of the lands closed in, Qin Mu was slightly stunned. He saw that they should be divine arts practitioners from the countries of the lands, but the weird thing was that not one of the divine arts practitioners was truly a human.

There were people with a bird head and human body, some with a beast head and human body, some wore a tortoise shell on their back, some grew the fur of beasts, some had three heads and six arms, and some had many heads and many eyes.

'The god races of Founding Emperor Era!'

Qin Mu narrowed his eyes. He even saw a few divine arts practitioners of the White Bat God Race!

The people in the Bullfighting Palace were actually the descendants of Founding Emperor Era's god races.

"Cult Master, there are girls in White Bat God Race!"

The dragon qilin suppressed his voice and whispered, "Fu Yuqiu and Fu Yuchun in Ghost Valley are going to be overjoyed."

Qin Mu remembered the two white bats in Ghost Valley and revealed a smile. Soon, the smile turned into a frown.

The old farmer pulled along the old bull to head towards the Southern Heavenly Gate. He said calmly, "Don't be so happy yet. If you want to go by the rules of the martial world, then you will have to test if you have the rights like them. Let's go, walk with them through Southern Heavenly Gate and fight your way up to Luminous Sky Hall."

Qin Mu hurriedly said, "Heavenly Teacher, I'm still on Celestial Being Realm, I can't go through Southern Heavenly Gate! How is this a fair fight?"

"Fair fight?"

The old farmer looked back, and his face full of wrinkles revealed a look of scorn. "How has the battle between the extraterritorial celestial heavens and Founding Emperor Celestial Heavens been fair before? If you fight your way up to Luminous Sky Hall, I let you take Woodcutter away!"

On the divine bridge, numerous god races from all lands followed after the old bull, and they all look very respectful. The old bull slowly walked towards the Southern Heavenly Gate as he followed the old farmer.

Qin Mu was also in the crowd, and he secretly peeled off his willow leaf to take a look at the god races. He couldn't help being stunned. The god races were actually all on Life and Death Realm!

Everyone was extremely sturdy, and their cultivation was extremely high. However, none of them had cultivated their divine bridge!

Everyone's divine bridges were broken, and their divine bridges were even more broken than the divine bridges of the divine arts practitioners in Eternal Peace!

The divine arts practitioners of Eternal Peace still had divine bridges even though they were broken. As long as they cultivated the Three Secrets of Divine Bridge that was imparted by Qin Mu, they would be able to patch the divine bridge and fly across Southern Heavenly Gate.

Yet the god races residing in the Bullfighting Celestial Palace all had their divine bridges completely broken. There was no Divine Bridge Realm!

Without Divine Bridge Realm, not even the Three Secrets of Divine Bridge could help them patch up their divine bridge, and they could never cultivate into gods!

Which also meant that all the god races that were living in that land would forever be trapped on Life and Death Realm.

‘What is going on?’

Qin Mu was bewildered. ‘Why would their divine bridges be so broken?’

He was very puzzled, and those god races were also very curious about him. When they saw he actually had an eye on his forehead, they couldn’t resist a few extra glances.

A few girls whispered in each other ears and kept looking at them. They were saying something and started giggling.

“Cult Master, they said you look ugly.” The dragon qilin’s ears were sharp, so he whispered to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu’s face turned dark, and the dragon qilin shuddered. He raised a claw to slap his mouth before continuing on his way obediently. He thought to himself, ‘I will have to starve for a few days before Cult Master is appeased.’

Even though the divine bridges of the god races were completely broken and they were trapped on Life and Death Realm, every one of them was terrifyingly strong. Their abilities were not inferior to an expert on Divine Bridge Realm!

Finally, they reached the outskirts of Southern Heavenly Gate. The old farmer led the old bull to enter Southern Heavenly Gate first before stopping. He turned around to look at everyone.

All of the god races stopped in their footsteps and stood outside the gate respectfully.

Qin Mu also stopped in his footsteps to examine the Southern Heavenly Gate.

He had seen the Southern Heavenly Gate of the Great Ruins before, and it was majestic and tall. It was like a gate standing tall into the heavens. Even though it was already worn-out, it still had an indomitable aura that showed its simplicity and imposing appearance.

The Southern Heavenly Gate before him was much more delicate, but even so, it was also tall and majestic. It was like a gate that was carved out from a mountain that was a hundred thousand feet tall.

The Southern Heavenly Gate was covered in all kinds of markings which should have been rune markings. They formed all kinds of dazzling pictures that glimmered.

“Your divine bridges are broken, and they cannot be repaired. You have no hopes of reaching Southern Heavenly Gate in this life and cultivating into gods. However, you are the hopes of everyone who has broken divine bridges.”

The old farmer’s voice was resounding as he said solemnly, “For twenty thousand years, the descendants of the deceased gods have died of old age batch after batch. But as long as one lives, there’s hope! You guys don’t have divine bridges, but it doesn’t mean that you can’t use your martial path to cross the void of the divine bridge. Since there’s no path, forge a path out!”

“Since there’s no path, break through Life and Death and use the martial path to carve out a path, use your martial soul to reach the celestial palace!”

Qin Mu’s heart trembled. He finally understood the motive of the test.

The descendants of the god race in the Bullfighting Palace had their divine bridges broken, and Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher was hoping to use the martial path to connect to the celestial palace. He wanted them to use their martial soul to replace that Divine Bridge Realm that didn’t exist, to let the bloodline of the god race continue and forge out a new path!

Since Divine Bridge Realm didn’t exist, they could rely on their martial soul to cross that realm and reach the celestial palace directly, cultivating into gods.

The martial soul was the primordial spirit of the martial path; it was the martial path primordial spirit that was able to cross the void of the divine bridge!

The primordial spirits of other divine arts practitioners had divine bridges for them to cross and enter the celestial palaces.

Even though Eternal Peace’s divine arts practitioners had broken divine bridges, they could still use Three Secrets of Divine Bridge to finally enter their celestial palaces.

And for the descendants of the god races in Bullfighting Palace, they had no divine bridges so they could only rely on their own primordial spirits to fly through the void forcefully!

If they couldn’t fly over, they would fall into Youdu in the Life and Death Realm, killing them and wiping out their Dao!

The reason why Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher had hidden in the mountain village for twenty thousand years was probably to groom the descendants so that they could continue to cultivate!

“Cultivating primordial spirit with martial arts, that’s martial soul. When the martial soul enters the path, that’s martial path!”

The old farmer shouted and led his bull forward. “Enter the gate! Test your martial path! I’ll be waiting in Luminous Sky Hall!”

**Chapter 720: Even the Best Painter Can’t Draw Out the Spirit of People**

'What exactly is the so-called martial path and martial soul?'

Qin Mu examined the descendants of the god races, and they indeed had an abnormal bearing and aura. They had a spirit that seemed to be advancing courageously and smashing all obstructions that were in their way.

It was different from the blazing spirit of the divine arts practitioners of Eternal Peace Empire.

Even though the divine arts practitioners of Eternal Peace were brave and bold, their auras and spirits were dynamic and had numerous variations. It was like a pot of boiling oil, every bubble had a different color, and that was the spirit gifted to them by the reform of the era. Talents bloomed everywhere, and a hundred schools of thought contended.

On the other hand, the spirit of the god races wasn't the spirit of an era; it was the spirit of martial arts.

That kind of spirit wasn't full of emotions like Butcher, the knife expert. It wasn't dynamic and reserved like Village Chief, the sword expert. It was also not quick-witted and strange like Granny Si, the divine arts expert. It wasn't similar to Deaf whose talents lie in his art. It was different from Blind who could see through everything and was unruly and free. It was also different from Mute's blazing fire that was hidden within the volcano furnace.

They were like ascetic monks; they were like Old Ma, who had yet to become Buddha.

Qin Mu's eyes sparkled.

That was right, just like Old Ma!

Old Ma of Disabled Elderly Village.

Back then, Old Ma wasn't good with words and laughter. He had a serious expression at all times and did everything seriously. Qin Mu's seriousness was learned from him.

Even though Old Ma's body was straight, he gave off a feeling that he was carrying a burden while walking forward. It was like he was carrying a Mount Meru and the mountain was pressing down on his shoulders.

That kind of pressure became his motivation.

Of course, pressure turning into motivation was only the situation when one didn't get crushed. If the pressure was too heavy, one would be completely crushed.

Old Ma had been crushed for a period of time. Only after Qin Mu arrived at Disabled Elderly Village did he finally resist the pressure and continue to fight on.

The young descendants of the god races were like Old Ma. They were also a bunch of martial arts practitioners that were holding up against immense pressure.

However, their pressure wasn't from Mount Meru; it was because the divine bridges of their races had been completely broken. With Divine Bridge Realm not existing at all, they felt the despair of being unable to become gods.

That kind of despair would become their motivation to force them to continue moving forward, making them search for a solution.

It would also become a huge mountain that could completely crush their spirit and will.

'It's martial arts practitioners!'

Qin Mu's gaze shone brighter and brighter. He revealed a smile. "Once upon a time, before I had cultivated divine arts, I was also a martial arts practitioner like this. But after I opened up my Spirit Embryo Divine Treasure, I gradually forgot this spirit."

Martial art practitioner was the term for people who had yet to enter the path of cultivation. Martial arts practitioners could only rely on low-level methods such as their fists, legs, and weapons. Old Ma's state in Disabled Elderly Village was also similar to a martial arts practitioner, creating effects of divine arts through battle techniques from their corporeal body. Furthermore, the power was even stronger and fiercer!

Finally, everyone started to enter Southern Heavenly Gate. Qin Mu stood on the spot and didn't move. He didn't understand the intention of Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher to get them to enter Southern Heavenly Gate. What did entering the path with martial arts have to do with entering the celestial palace?

Under Southern Heavenly Gate, a girl suddenly gave a dull grunt as the immense pressure broke her bones and snapped her tendons. She was completely squashed by a huge chunk. She laid on the ground and coughed up blood continuously!

Another youth continued walking, and his thigh bone just snapped.

Some people even had holes bursting open from their bodies. Fresh blood spewed out and flowed from everywhere.

Some people even suddenly vomited out huge mouthfuls of blood as their five viscera and six bowels burst apart from the pressure.

On the other hand, others seemed to be carrying a Southern Heavenly Gate, and some of their corporeal bodies slowly shrank as they walked forward while enduring the pressure. The pressure would suddenly increase drastically with each step they took and soon, they were no taller than five feet.

As they continued forward, their body became smaller and smaller. Soon, they were no taller than one foot.

Some people got crushed and knelt down, pressing down on the ground with their arms while coughing up huge mouthfuls of blood. Even their arms couldn't endure the pressure of Southern Heavenly Gate, and the bone snapped.



More people roared and swung their fists and legs to use corporeal body divine arts to defend against the pressure of Southern Heavenly Gate. Their fists and legs were like heaven splitting ax, which split apart the pressure to allow them to walk forward.

Qin Mu frowned and looked at Southern Heavenly Gate in doubt. Could the gate really be the gate of an Emperor's Throne, could the pressure really be the pressure which only a true god could withstand?

How could divine arts practitioners on Life and Death Realm withstand that kind of strong pressure?

If it was the Southern Heavenly Gate of an Emperor's Throne, only true gods could possess the ability to cross. Those that had yet to cultivate to true god would probably be crushed!

Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher couldn't be using that kind of method to eliminate them, right?

'The runes on Southern Heavenly Gate aren't completely lit up.'

Qin Mu observed for a moment, and not even one percent of the markings on Southern Heavenly Gate were lit up. That meant that the pressure was far from the level of a true god.

It was obvious that Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher was still in check.

Even though the god races had walked for a long time, Southern Heavenly Gate was too tall and too wide; they hadn't even crossed half of the distance, and the pressure was only growing. Just that gate alone was going to eliminate more than half of the divine arts practitioners.

Qin Mu took off his shirt and was topless. Tying the end of his pants, he said with a smile, "Fatty Dragon, you don't have to go in, help me look after my clothes."

He handed his shirt and taotie sack to the dragon qilin. With his empty hands, he didn't bring along any weapons.

The dragon qilin let out a sigh of relief and took the clothes. "Cult Master doesn't need your sword pellet?"

"I don't!"

Qin Mu gave a low shout and raised one hand up and lowered one hand down. The markings of a green dragon appeared on his back and gradually transformed into a big green dragon. The green dragon flew out from his body and coiled around his corporeal body.

He stretched his body once again, and his bones crackled. The green dragon dispersed and the markings of a white tiger appeared on his back. A white tiger leaped out from his back, and the roar of the tiger rang throughout the forest.

With one leg stretched back and one leg bent forward, the markings of black tortoise appeared, and under his feet rose a huge tortoise that had a dragon-head and a tortoise-body. It stepped on the black sea and a malicious looking thousand-winged serpent coiled around it.

Qin Mu opened his arms and the black tortoise dispersed. Flames rose behind him, and a vermillion bird flapped its wings to rise from the flames.

“I want to pick up the martial arts spirit and fight my way in!”

He threw aside all of his distracting thoughts and forgot all about divine arts. He forgot his sword skills and sword path, ignoring all of the disputes and troubles on the outside. He forgot about Eternal Peace and let his spirit returned to when he was young, during the days he had cultivated diligently in Disabled Elderly Village. He returned back to the time where he was cultivating diligently with Old Ma, Blind, and Butcher.

Back then, he followed the elders in the village to train his body. When he could relax, he would herd the cows and play his bamboo flute.

His thoughts became incomparably pure as though he had transformed back into that cowherd boy. Yet, he was different as well.

In the past, his thoughts were pure as white paper, and at that point, his mind had finally settled after experiencing all kinds of dangers.

On his neck, the wisdom beads gifted by Sakra Buddha suddenly opened up. The wisdom beads fell off, and for every wisdom bead that fell off, another wisdom bead would form and take its place.

Those were wisdom beads that were formed by his wisdom.

Every bead was the size of an egg, and every wisdom bead was smooth, round, and translucent. They flowed continuously around his neck and seemed to be able to penetrate into the hearts of others.

Qin Mu walked into Southern Heavenly Gate with wide steps, and just as he entered, he felt an invisible pressure on him that caused his bones to give off popping sounds.

The pressure on the corporeal body was still considered light; the pressure on the primordial spirit was the fiercest one!

Qin Mu roared and executed Overlord Body Three Elixir Technique and defended against the pressure while walking forward.

The more he walked forward, the stronger the pressure was. Waves of dragon roars came from Qin Mu's body, and they were the Eight Voices of Ancestral Dragon vibrating and ringing throughout his entire body with his qi and blood.

He had already caught up to the first batch of people and raised his hands to lift them up. He threw them out of Southern Heavenly Gate. If he left them under Southern Heavenly Gate, they would only be crushed to death, and he couldn't bear to see that.

The pressure grew stronger and stronger, and qi and blood leaked out from Qin Mu's body and became denser and denser.

His qi and blood was close to berserk and formed a torrent behind him, and his eyes were becoming brighter and brighter.

Behind him, the torrent of qi and blood sometimes transformed into a green dragon which rumbled with thunder. It sometimes transformed into a black tortoise, creating waves on the black sea. Sometimes it would transform into a vermilion bird with flames overflowing into the sky. Other times, it would transform into a white tiger that was fierce and brave.

All kinds of apparitions changed behind his back to help him slash everything in his way, allowing him to advance courageously!

Finally, he caught up to the people in front, and everyone had already been squashed into three-inch humans. Even so, none of them moved back, and they continued to walk forward.

Fresh blood kept pouring out from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, yet they kept fighting against the pressure and tried to walk out of Southern Heavenly Gate.

Qin Mu also pressed down until he was only a foot tall. He walked in front of the others and suddenly laughed, releasing his restraints. "Even the best painter can't draw out the spirit of people!"

He used his Eight Voices of Ancestral Dragon to sing loudly with the Sanskrit of Buddhism, and he continued to walk forward with his bare feet. He chanted loudly, "How could mere records write down the thoughts of sages! With wings lighter than powder and thinner than silk, fluttering in joy while being led by flowers."

The people behind him listened, and they were subconsciously infected by his voice. The qi and blood in their bodies surged and connected with one another. They were motivated by Qin Mu's spirit.

"I don't know if I believe in Nirvana so how could I send myself to death for my celestial palace?"

Qin Mu took off the willow leaf on the heart of his brows and trembled to show his three heads and six arms. A golden light shot from the three vertical eyes in the hearts of his brows. His faces broke into smiles, and he said, "Moonlight shine through the pines like broken pieces of gold, wind blow on the river water creating waves like an avalanche! Stepping through the heavenly gate and seeking an audience, sitting on the ancestral court and smiling at the heroes!"

"Good!" A descendant of the god races couldn't help cheering when his spirit was roused.

His song was heroic and unrestrained, fusing everyone's essence, vitality, and spirit into one as he brought them to walk forward.

Everyone's spirit connected, and the unity of will was an impregnable stronghold. They actually defended against the pressure of Southern Heavenly Gate. The qi and blood behind them were like a sea that was raging with waves.

At that moment, the old farmer had already led the old bull to Numinous Sky Hall. They were about to walk through the hall when they sensed something and looked back. They saw the blood light at Southern Heavenly Gate rushing into the sky of the Bullfighting Palace and shaking the stars!

The old farmer was astonished. He looked at the sight and saw Qin Mu leading everyone below. Everyone was actually taking wide steps, and their bodies were gradually growing taller and taller. The pressure of Southern Heavenly Gate was useless to them!

“Old master, this one hundredth and seventh descendant of Founding Emperor seems to be quite remarkable.”

The old bull said, “His enthusiasm is infectious, he’s heroic, and he’s like Founding Emperor back then. There were few that could pass Southern Heavenly Gate in the past and now that he’s here, there are probably over a dozen people that can pass through Southern Heavenly Gate.”

“Southern Heavenly Gate is merely the first test. The danger still lies at the back.”

The old farmer was expressionless as he walked into Numinous Sky Hall. “You shall guard Numinous Sky Hall. I want to see if they can fight their way in!”

The old bull stood on his hind legs and shook his body. His green dragon scales rustled and he said with a smile, “Old master, this is bullying them. However, if they don’t defeat old master, who can fly to the celestial palace with a realm missing?”