

Tales of Herding Gods Chapter 861-865

Chapter 861: Unparalleled Fierceness and Might

Qin Mu was filled with excitement as he walked towards the River Tomb Academy. He understood the deeper meaning of the actions of Saint Woodcutter and Heavenly Teacher Zi Xi.

After the Primordial Realm broke through its seal, all kinds of powerful forces emerged. Amongst them, Eternal Peace was just a drop in the bucket. It was looked down upon and was deemed a pushover.

When all the other forces deem you a pushover and all come running to pick on you, you will really be crushed.

In order for Eternal Peace to survive in the danger-filled Primordial Realm, simply relying on the strength of the former subordinates of Founding Emperor wasn't enough—it first needed to make a name for itself.

As for the title of the saint that appears once every five hundred years, the various major heavens of the Primordial Realm wouldn't consider it a big deal. In comparison, the title of the unrivaled Overlord Body of Eternal Peace was more striking, thus selling Qin Mu's reputation was only natural.

What was more crucial was the Pact of Little Earth Count.

Little Earth Count was the Son of Youdu, the other "self" within Qin Mu's body—his older brother Qin Fengqing.

Saint Woodcutter and the gods of the northern heavens laid down the Pact of Little Earth Count, meaning they were swearing to Qin Fengqing, and thus also to Qin Mu. If the powerful individuals of the northern heavens defeated Qin Mu, even if Eternal Peace Empire didn't surrender, Qin Mu would also not do anything to Woodcutter.

In restraining his brother Qin Fengqing, Qin Mu was still sure he could do it. Qin Fengqing would definitely grumble about it, but Qin Mu had confidence that he could convince him.

On the other hand, should the gods of the northern heavens lose and not intend to honor the Pact of Little Earth Count, the consequence was naturally to be eaten by the high-spirited Qin Fengqing.

The constant source of worry for Qin Mu, which was the issue of his brother's diet, would thus be instantly resolved.

More crucially, Eternal Peace Empire was an ante; Woodcutter and Zi Xi only had a single bargaining chip to gamble with the heavens of the north. The heavens of the north were in the hundreds, and this gamble would most likely get them something valuable in exchange for nothing!

This exchange yielded definite profit with no risk, so of course the two crafty and tricky heavenly masters, Woodcutter and Zi Xi, would be able to come up with it.

River Tomb Academy.

This academy was designed by Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor, and it wasn't built within River Tomb County. River Tomb County was commerce-based and didn't have much land for academic development. Hence, Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor built the River Tomb Academy along the Gold River delta.

At the delta, Eternal Peace Imperial Preceptor had invited the strong workers of Eternal Peace Empire to move several huge mountains and then built the academy by the mountains.

He also invited the likes of Blind, who were formation experts, to build a few floating palaces. He used a connected rope-way to surround the mountain with the palaces, like the petals of a flower.

Apart from this, there were disciples of the academy who would test the formations, leaving imprints of all kinds of formations on rocks and mountains, causing the academy to be surrounded by giant floating rocks.

Some scholars who were too lazy to walk would then choose to leap across the giant rocks instead—it could also be considered a unique sight of River Tomb Academy.

Qin Mu arrived with Celestial Venerable Yu. Looking from afar, they saw that River Tomb Academy was bustling with activity. There were youths in spells combat on the river surface, fighting unusually intensely. Waves were exploding out of the surface of the river, and divine arts burst out, making the roaring noises of giant beasts. It was stirring up havoc within the river.

Suddenly, the huge waves atop the river's surface transformed into enormous icebergs. The icebergs flew out and spun around, making striking and explosive noises nonstop. Numerous ice swords grew out of the icebergs and flew out in all directions, attacking the surroundings!

More icebergs rose from the river, producing a spectacular sight. The ice swords flew alongside the iceberg, and the sword techniques were so wonderful that they made everyone gasp in amazement.

Qin Mu stopped in his tracks, exclaiming his admiration endlessly.

Although River Tomb Academy was quite accomplished in its attainments of formation spells, it was still most well-known for its sword techniques. This Glacier Sword Technique was considered a rare ultimate skill that integrated eighteen foundational sword techniques.

'Imperial Preceptor has produced many outstanding figures. The one executing the sword techniques is most likely an academician of sword studies from the academy.'

Qin Mu looked to the heart of the formation, only to see it was a woman in her twenties who was executing the sword techniques. However, he didn't recognize her—she was likely a rising star of Eternal Peace.

At this very moment, a furious roar could be heard from the iceberg sword formation. A half-god giant several yards tall in height had held up the sword formation and was dashing towards the sword studies academician.

His corporeal body was monstrous; he had four arms and carried a shield and hammer. He smashed the icebergs and shattered the ice swords. As the hammer made contact with the shield, it exploded with magic power, and circles of formation markings radiated in all directions, shattering all the flying swords in his way.

The four-armed half-god dashed towards the woman, leaping into the air and smashing his big hammer down mercilessly with abnormal courage.

In regard to the exquisiteness of their divine arts, the half-god couldn't rival this academician of sword studies from River Tomb Academy. Yet, as a half-god, he was physically overpowering, and his powers were also much stronger than those of the human race.

In addition, half-gods had the bloodline of ancient gods and had certain special natural gifts of the ancient gods. Compared to the human race, they already had a very huge innate advantage purely due to their bloodline, and in close combat, they could even make use of their large physiques to break through their opponent's divine arts.

This four-armed half-god struck down with his huge hammer, causing the river water to burst apart. The woman bounced outwards into the sky, and although she was losing, she didn't lose her composure. Waving her hand, innumerable droplets of water from the river floated out and transformed into a water mirror that stood upright in the air.

Rays of sword flashes emerged from the mirror and shot at the half-god together. The half-god cried out, shattering the floating water mirror into pieces. He shoved his shield forwards, and a thick and heavy wall of water immediately emerged from the Gold River's surface, stretching upwards to a hundred yards tall and then smashing towards the woman.

The sounds of cheering rang out from all around.

"This divine art of Qiu Xiaoyi is definitely going to make this little maiden not be able to get up!"

"River Tomb Academy has already lost a dozen rounds, where is the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace? Is he still not going to come out and embarrass himself?"

"Get your Imperial Preceptor who appears once every five hundred years to come out and receive his death!"

...

Qin Mu looked in the direction of the voices and saw many half-gods standing at the mountain gate of River Tomb Academy. There were apparitions of all kinds floating in the air; it was a bustling sight.

There were also some half-gods who had cultivated to the god realm, and their divine glow pierced the heavens. Although there were gods in River Tomb Academy, their auras were weaker compared to these half-gods.

These gods were confronting each other, and the gods of River Tomb Academy were being overwhelmed by them; it was a huge blow to the morale of those in River Tomb Academy.

Some of the scholars in River Tomb Academy were also looking dejected, perhaps due to the blockade of the half-gods from the northern heavens. They had also lost more than they won against them, so their morale was on the decline.

On the basis of divine arts, these scholars were naturally exceptional, but there was too wide a difference in innate advantage. As a result, it would be difficult for the scholars of the human race to win when they fought in the same realm.

Geniuses like Qin Mu, Xu Shenghua, and Zhe Huali, who walked at the forefront of their era and led the advancements of the era, wouldn't be able to sense the gap between the human race and the half-gods. However, to the other divine arts practitioners, this difference was only too apparent.

Moreover, River Tomb Academy had sent a scholar from the academy to go up against the cream of the crop from the hundreds of heavens from the north!

One could only imagine how much stress the River Tomb Academy was put under.

Qin Mu's heart wavered slightly, and he walked towards the River Tomb Academy.

Beside him, the river slowly rose up, and portions of water floated in the air, rising higher and higher. Gradually, the river surface that was almost a dozen miles wide had flown up and floated into the air.

Before River Tomb Academy, the River Tomb scholars and the northern heavens half-gods, gods, and devils all raised their heads up to look towards the magnificent sight before their eyes with dazed expressions.

The Gold River had flown into the air, and within the river were numerous enormous fish several yards in length that were swimming in the air; they were lifted up by an invisible force as they swam towards the air.

There were also sinister and fierce-looking river monsters and water demons who were now waving their limbs around, following the Gold River, and flying into the air.

The huge cargo ships that were sailing on the Gold River were now also flying in the air; they continued to sail on the river's surface, the pill furnaces in the boats were still in operation, the turbines still turning. The divine arts practitioners who guarded the ships all came to the side of the ships, sticking their heads out to look downwards; clearly, they also didn't know what had just happened.

The four-armed half-god and the academician who were in combat previously were also lifted up by this force. The two of them were rolled up by the force and rendered immobile. They could only watch as the force restrained them, and they floated on the river surface involuntarily.

The Gold River levitated at several hundred feet in the air, flying above the mountain peaks of the surrounding mountains of River Tomb Academy and to a distance of several miles beyond. It drew an arc in the sky and then finally returned to the river path of Gold River, continuing to surge forwards.

This sight made everyone feel their hearts palpitate.

“Is the god of Eternal Peace here?”

One of the gods from the heavens of the north raised his head to look at the sky, sneering. “He has some abilities, but he’s just a show-off.”

He retracted his gaze and looked forward. At the bottom of this breath-taking river, a youth was stepping on the air and walking towards River Tomb Academy in a leisurely manner.

Behind this youth was a dragon qilin and a water qilin, and there was another youth with a chubby face who was looking around curiously.

The sound of the waves and water flowing from the air could be heard distinctly.

Although the footsteps of the youth walking in the front were slow, his speed wasn’t slow. As he walked towards River Tomb Academy, the skies suddenly darkened ominously, and it continued to grow even darker.

An imposing gate appeared behind the youth, growing more distinct. The huge gate of darkness then opened up, and the devil qi of Youdu surged outwards, dyeing the skies black.

“Disciples from the heavens of the north.”

The gate was like an enormous mouth that could swallow up heaven and earth, and from it came a blood-curdling voice that reverberated from heaven to earth. The sound waves crashed forwards, and the skin on the faces of the half-god divine arts practitioners from the northern heavens, who had stood at the front of the mountain gates, were creased up and blown backwards.

“There’s not a single one who can fight!”

The sound waves surged forward again, everyone’s hair flew about messily, and their clothes fluttered backwards.

A few half-gods with lower levels of cultivation couldn’t hold their ground and were flung into the air by the sound waves, falling backwards like windmills.

The voice was filled with demonic aura, it was as if it could bring out the most terrifying feeling within one’s heart. When the voice emerged, it made one feel like they had fallen into Youdu and were continuously sinking into the darkness!

The half-gods of the northern heavens were now sweating profusely, their legs trembling in fear.

Suddenly, the apparition disappeared, and the Gold River split into two streams and descended gradually, flowing by the two sides of the River Tomb Academy.

The darkness in the sky retreated in an instant and disappeared into the towering gate. The gate became faint and then disappeared completely. Very soon, the skies became bright again.

The youth had already reached the mountain gate before River Tomb Academy. He was all smiles, and he looked at the half-god divine arts practitioners by the mountain gate who had yet to recover from their shock with a small smile.

A half-god god with a radiance in his eyes looked at the youth and shouted with rage, "A god coming here and inciting trouble, intimidating the divine arts practitioners from the heavens of the north, is this how Eternal Peace treats their guests?"

At this very moment, world-shaking laughter erupted from within River Tomb Academy. "Scholars, follow me out of the academy to greet Eternal Peace's Overlord Body Qin!"

There was a commotion within the academy, and a white-haired old god with a radiant face led the thousands of scholars of River Tomb Academy out of the academy. The old god bowed, and his voice was like thunder, causing violent tremors in the Gold River as he said, "Substitute Grand Chancellor of River Tomb, Duke Wei, along with the scholars, are here to welcome Eternal Peace's Overlord Body Qin's arrival!"

The voices of the thousands of scholars were even louder than Duke Wei as they cried out in a world-shaking voice, "We welcome Eternal Peace's Overlord Body Qin's arrival!"

Everyone straightened up, and Duke Wei bowed again, smiling. "Heavenly Saint Cult's Heavenly King Wei pays my respects to Cult Master Sacred Teacher!"

Qin Mu laughed out loud, holding onto his arms. His voice was a lot lower than Duke Wei's as he smiled and said, "What Saint Woodcutter did, he didn't inform me of. That's why I have arrived a few days late. Duke, these few days must have inconvenienced you. From the heavens of the north, who are the ones who want to challenge me?"

Qin Mu looked around him, his gaze like lightning, and light emerged from his eyes. In this split second, the several miles around River Tomb Academy were lit up brightly. Only when Qin Mu retracted his gaze did everyone's vision return to normal.

There was a sea of silence, and only the sounds of heavy breathing and teeth clattering could be heard. Not a single half-god divine arts practitioner dared to speak up.

Chapter 862: Awe-Inspiring Evil

After quite some time, a bull-headed, human-bodied devil god from the northern heavens spoke in a solemn voice, "Is the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace a god? That old fox Wen Tiange didn't mention that the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace has already cultivated to the god realm! If you're a god, then we will naturally choose an expert of the god realm to challenge you!"

Qin Mu's aura was overwhelming. He opened his divine treasures for everyone to look at clearly, and he shook his head in reply. "I've only just opened my seventh divine treasure recently."

A formless aura shrouded River Tomb Academy like a suppressive dark cloud over a city, and at this moment, everyone felt a sense of breathlessness.

It was as though a god had unrestrainedly released his imposing aura, and it was likely that even beyond thousands of miles, the terrifying pressure of his aura could still be felt!

Luckily, Qin Mu didn't overdo it—after releasing some of his aura, he exercised restraint.

Village Chief and the others in the village had always reminded him to keep a low profile. If there was no special situation, he would normally not reveal his full abilities at the first moment.

'This time, I've only revealed 40 percent of my cultivation, it should be considered low key enough.'

Qin Mu looked around his surroundings and was all smiles, thinking to himself, 'I've not laid out all my cards. I haven't taken off the willow leaf on the heart of my brows, and I haven't revealed my divine treasures of the devil path.'

The many devils and gods of the northern heavens frowned at this. Looking at the divine treasure apparitions floating behind Qin Mu, the corners of their eyes twitched.

This person was truly too powerful, so powerful that he was almost inhuman, and unlike a divine arts practitioner!

This sort of overbearing power wasn't the power of the path, skills, and divine arts, it was solely that of strong magic power.

Qin Mu's magic power was on par with the gods who ascended the celestial palace and stood before the Southern Heavenly Gates, and it was possibly even more powerful than theirs!

Such formidable magic power led one to believe that if he walked through the Southern Heavenly Gates, he would most likely be able to endure the pressure of it and become a real god directly!

Of course, the higher the level of cultivation, the greater the pressure to be endured when entering the Southern Heavenly Gates. Therefore, they also felt it likely that when Qin Mu walked through the Southern Heavenly Gates, it was possible that he would be crushed into pieces instead.

What was more frightening was that Qin Mu's divine treasures were unique and were actually connected as one, there were no barriers between the divine treasures!

They were unable to make out his seventh divine treasure, they couldn't tell if it was the huge towering tree of the Six Directions Land or the celestial river that flowed out of the celestial palace.

'What kind of freak is this?'

A few of the gods and devils looked at each other, thinking in unison, 'So this is the Overlord Body?'

The young experts from the northern heavens, despite being the cream of the crop who had been selected carefully, were still no match against such a terrifying fellow!

However, Duke Wei understood Qin Mu's intentions. When Qin Mu arrived at River Tomb Academy, he had directly demonstrated his power by levitating over the Gold River, revealing his superb abilities.

Based on Duke Wei's understanding of Qin Mu, Qin Mu wasn't solely trying to show off his might as the Overlord Body, he was also trying to scare off a portion of the challengers—he didn't want to battle those of lesser ability.

Although Qin Mu had always been kind and pleasant in his treatment of others, he was actually very arrogant. If one had a low level of cultivation and was of lesser ability, he wouldn't be interested in fighting them.

'However, looking at this situation, Cult Master isn't scaring off a portion of the challengers, he's scaring off all the young experts from the northern heavens.'

Duke Wei looked around his surroundings, thinking to himself, 'The young experts of the northern heavens may be strong, but they aren't strong beyond reasonable levels. Even if they all attacked at the same time, I fear it wouldn't take much time for them to be slaughtered by Cult Master.'

"Hahaha! The Overlord Body of Eternal Peace truly lives up to its reputation!"

The devil god with the bull head suddenly laughed out loud, saying in a loud voice, "Overlord Body Qin is truly exceptionally powerful. We, the envoys, have already seen what you can do. You have the right to compete with the northern heavens. We aren't here to challenge Overlord Body Qin, but instead, are here to deliver the letter of challenge."

Having said that, the other gods and devils of the northern heavens revealed expressions of incomprehension.

They had clearly thought of Eternal Peace as an easy target and had come forth to bully it and this Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, wanting to seize Eternal Peace as well while they were at it.

Without changing his expression, the devil god with the bull head said with awe-inspiring righteousness, "We previously witnessed the abilities of Eternal Peace's divine arts practitioners and were worried that the Overlord Body would merely be of such standards. But now that we have seen what you can do, we feel that you are qualified to accept the letter of challenge from the northern heavens!"

The rest of the gods and devils came to a sudden realization. 'So this is what he meant. The divine arts practitioners that we brought are of no match for this fierce fellow. If we say we were actually only here to deliver the letter of challenge, we can still redeem our faces.'

The devil god with the bull head had a solemn expression as he continued with a deep voice, "The northern heavens are unified under the name of Mahakala. Since Overlord Body Qin has the capabilities, then we invite Overlord Body Qin to head to the northern heavens, we will be waiting for your arrival there!"

The other gods and devils nodded their heads, exclaiming, "We await your arrival!"

Duke Wei asked curiously, "Where is your letter of challenge?"

With his expression unchanged, the devil god with the bull head replied, "Eternal Peace is just a small country, there is no need for an actual letter of challenge. We are just delivering a message."

Duke Wei smiled scornfully.

The devil god was extremely thick-skinned, and he continued, "The letter of challenge has been delivered. We shall now return to the northern heavens, we hope that Overlord Body Qin comes soon. Let's go—"

He turned around, intending to lead the divine arts practitioners of the northern heavens to make their exit.

"Hold on." Qin Mu's voice rang out from behind them.

The back muscles of the devil god with the bull head tensed up, and he hurriedly turned around just in case Qin Mu sneaked up on him.

Qin Mu smiled pleasantly. "The seniors of the northern heavens have no etiquette. You say you are here to deliver a letter of challenge, yet you didn't deliver it. However, Eternal Peace cannot be as rude, I will have to reply with a letter of challenge. When you go back, let the heroes of the northern heavens take a look at it."

The devil god was relieved, smiling. "Overlord Body Qin, please go ahead!"

Zhng—

From within Qin Mu's taotie sack flew out Carefree Sword. Qin Mu pressed his fingers together and pointed outwards, and Carefree Sword pierced into the sky with a "Chi" sound.

Qin Mu moved his feet around, and his sword fingers changed in position, pointing about continuously. Carefree Sword moved about continuously as well, drawing in the air the figure of a high spirited youth with a long sword on his back.

Very soon, Qin Mu had finished drawing this image with Carefree Sword.

He had copied Deaf's painting of the Sword God; however, the person drawn within wasn't Village Chief in his youth, it was Qin Mu himself.

"This is my letter of challenge."

Qin Mu gripped Carefree Sword. Gently shaking his hand, he cut out the image from the air. He pressed on it, and the image was now half a foot long.

Duke Wei ordered someone to bring an invitation card over; Qin Mu placed the sword picture inside the card and said, "When you return, select young experts, and then open my letter of challenge. Also, those of low levels of cultivation must not look at the letter of challenge. When I sense that the sword

picture within the letter of challenge has been destroyed, I will personally head to the northern heavens and pay each and every one a visit.”

He hesitated for a moment, then continued with great sincerity, “For the sake of your lives, you must not open this letter of challenge. Only when you have selected the strongest divine arts practitioners of each realm can you open it. In addition, outsiders must not see the contents of the letter of challenge, as it is very dangerous! Bear this in mind, bear this in mind! Everyone, you may go now.”

The devil god with the bull head had a grave expression; taking the letter of challenge, he shouted, “Let’s go!”

The gods and devils, along with the divine arts practitioners of the northern heavens, quickly took their leave.

When they were far away from the River Tomb Academy, one of the divine arts practitioners asked, “Teacher, is this letter of challenge really so powerful? Could you open it to let us take a look?”

The devil god with the bull head shook his head. “It must not be opened so lightly. The sword picture within the letter of challenge contains his divine arts. Once it’s opened, it will trigger his divine arts.”

Another devil god laughed. “You’re overstating it. The sword picture he drew, although it hides his divine arts within, if the divine arts burst out when it’s merely opened once, won’t the letter of challenge be destroyed? In my opinion, as long as we don’t utilize our vital qi, then we won’t trigger his divine arts. Opening it up to take a look wouldn’t be much of an issue.”

The other gods and devils laughed in reply. “Know yourself and know your enemy so that you will be victorious in every battle!”

The devil god with the bull head hesitated for a while. Taking out the letter of challenge, he said, “You can take a look at it then. But there must not be any fluctuation of the vital qi so as to not trigger his divine arts. I still need to take this letter of challenge to see Mahakala. Amongst our heavens, we don’t have such a terrifying expert, only under Mahakala are there powerful individuals who can be his match.”

He opened the letter of challenge carefully, and indeed, Qin Mu’s divine arts didn’t burst out. With a sigh of relief, he said, “You can come forward to look at it now.”

Everyone came forward, looking at the sword picture within the letter of challenge.

Qin Mu had used Carefree Sword as a brush, drawing in the air and imprinting his sword techniques on it.

To achieve this step, one would be required to have the abilities of a god. Only a god could imprint divine arts into space, letting it stay there for a very long time.

Everyone came to view the sword picture. The Qin Mu within the picture looked exactly like a real person, it was three-dimensional and looked realistic and vivid.

“This Overlord Body of Eternal Peace is really a man of many talents. If he went to the streets to sell his paintings, he would definitely be very successful!” Everyone laughed.

The devil god with the bull head hurriedly exclaimed, “I didn’t show you this to let you judge his drawing skills, it’s to let you all look at the path of his sword techniques, so as to see his true skill level! Who knows, we might even be able to find his divine arts from this painting so that we can find something to deal with him.”

Everyone was solemn now, looking to the picture carefully.

Suddenly, a half-god cried out loudly. His aura exploded, and the sound of divine treasures opening rang out from his body. Both of his arms were outstretched as though trying to shield himself, and he cried out, “He’s coming at me with his sword!”

The expression of the devil god with the bull head changed drastically. Just as he was about to block him to stop his vital qi’s fluctuation from striking the letter of challenge, suddenly the heart of the brows of the half-god split open—his primordial spirit was slaughtered by a formless power, instantly his soul dispersed and he died from this unnatural event.

The bull head devil god was taken aback by this. He went forward to inspect, only to see a wound the shape of a sword stab between the brows of the half-god. However, this force hadn’t come from an external source, it came from inside of him.

“What kind of divine art is this?”

The moment he thought about it, another few half-god divine arts practitioners went into a frenzy, utilizing their spirit weapons to attack their surroundings as they cried out, “He’s attacking me!”

Before they could finish what they wanted to say, there were sharp noises that rang out from the bodies of these half-gods—there were numerous blood arrows shooting out from all over their bodies. Their bodies shook violently, and following that, their primordial spirits were destroyed, and they all collapsed!

“Don’t look at the letter of challenge!”

The devil god with the bull head had a sudden realization, and he hurriedly closed the letter of challenge and put it away.

However, it was too late.

The divine arts practitioners that had followed them to Eternal Peace to challenge the Overlord Body had, one by one, as though falling into a state of insanity, started to attack their surroundings with divine arts and spirit weapons. It was like they were engaging in a deathmatch with an invisible enemy!

The other gods and devils quickly came forward and tried to control them, yet despite being suppressed, these half-gods were still filled with thousands of holes. All of them had their primordial spirit destroyed, and they were all dying one by one.

The devil god with the bull head, along with the rest of the gods and devils, all felt a chill in their spine. They looked around their surroundings in a daze, and at their feet was a ground covered with corpses.

“Sinister!”

A devil god cried out in a shrill voice, “This is goddamn sinister!”

The other gods and devils were pale. Qin Mu hadn’t fought these challengers from the start till the end. He merely demonstrated his powers before River Tomb Academy, intimidating the divine arts practitioners from the other heavens.

Yet, although Qin Mu hadn’t done anything, his letter of challenge had killed all of these divine arts practitioners!

“What’s the reason for this? What divine art is this?” One of the devil gods asked with a trembling voice.

“Sword skill.”

The devil god with the bull head replied in a hoarse voice, “The sword skill to enter the path! When you see the sword skill, you will imprint his sword skills in your heart. This kind of sword skill is too sinister, it attacks your spirit and will. When your spirit and will crumble, it will steal your powers, and using your own powers, it will unleash the powers of the sword skills within your body. The spirit and the will of these practitioners couldn’t defeat the will of the sword path hidden within the picture, and that is why they died. We are beings of the god realm, so the will of the sword path within the picture didn’t have any effect on us.”

A chill went down the spines of the many gods and devils.

The bull head devil god shouted out sternly, “Go! Let’s go see Mahakala!”

The others followed after him hurriedly. One of the gods couldn’t help himself, and he asked, “How could his sword picture hide such a terrifying will of the sword path? Could such a powerful will exist in this world?”

“This isn’t willpower, it’s undying god consciousness.”

At the Mahakala celestial palace, darkness seeped out of this legendary palace, enshrouding its surroundings. However, inside, it was brightly lit. The back of Mahakala’s head had a black sun, and he sat upon the throne and opened up Qin Mu’s letter of challenge. Looking at it closely, he said in a leisurely manner, “This type of undying god consciousness came from the Crimson Light Era. It’s the technique of the first fake emperor Crimson Emperor of the Crimson Light Era. If you all don’t recognize it, it’s only natural. Even the celestial heavens didn’t have the skills of Crimson Emperor. This sword picture isn’t sinister at all. On the contrary, it’s upright and magnificent.”

Chapter 863: The Fragrance of a Sword

“Apart from the undying god consciousness, there’s still divine arts like the Sword Dao and creation.”

Mahakala continued to inspect the sword picture with a smile of rumination on his face.

Black aura entered and exited the black sun on the back of his head. The black aura was the source of the darkness that stretched for thousands of miles around Mahakala's surroundings.

"Yet what's peculiar is that beings of the god realm cannot trigger his undying god consciousness, nor sense his Sword Dao and creation's level of cultivation. His divine art was only targeted at divine arts practitioners. We are unable to sense his paths, skills, and divine arts, and only looking at it with the naked eye would make it difficult for us to be able to comprehend the essence of his divine art."

Mahakala revealed a smile that wasn't quite a smile and praised, "This Overlord Body of Eternal Peace definitely has some ability. Destroying his letter of challenge is easy, but to break through his divine art is very difficult."

Within the palace of Mahakala, the gods of the northern heavens looked from one to another.

At River Tomb Academy, Qin Mu had used his sword as a brush and the air as paper to draw his sword picture and make his letter of challenge.

Qin Mu drew it in a relaxed and leisurely manner, yet now that the sword picture was sent here, it made even the high and mighty gods feel extremely troubled.

"Go back to your own heavens and select the most outstanding divine arts practitioners. Their level of cultivation doesn't matter."

Mahakala closed the letter of challenge, continuing, "Gather these people and send them here. The one and only condition for them to be sent here is that they have to have entered the path. If the young divine arts practitioners have yet to enter the path, sending them here will only result in their death."

The gods of the northern heavens looked at each other uneasily, and one devil god exclaimed boldly, "It's extremely difficult to enter the path. We have over 300 heavens in the north, and each heaven has a population of over a billion. Yet, asking us to pick even one divine arts practitioner who has entered the path is truly making things difficult for us."

Mahakala replied indifferently, "Why are there so many divine arts practitioners who have entered the path in Eternal Peace?"

"This..."

"War!"

Mahakala stood up, and it was as though numerous threads had flown out of the black sun behind his head to connect to the darkness. As he walked, the black aura that surged out of the sun had a silk-like texture, tugging on the darkness to follow behind him and move as he moved.

"Eternal Peace has experienced 800 years of war, and those who live on that small land have had no other choice but to attempt all methods to advance themselves. Their divine bridge was severed so they

wouldn't be able to ascend to the celestial palace. Thus, they could only seek breakthroughs from alternate avenues."

Mahakala continued solemnly, "And war became the best melting pot for their breakthroughs! The heavens of the north have been peaceful and stable for far too long—it has made all these little fellows lead a befuddled existence, and resultantly, divine arts practitioners who have entered the path are few and far between. Let them fight and kill. As though rearing poisonous insects, put them inside a basin and let them kill each other until there's only one or two left. The last one standing would then be the most poisonous."

The gods of the northern heavens felt chills down their spines.

The devil god with the bull head spoke carefully, "Under Mahakala, there are many strong and powerful disciples..."

Mahakala gave him one look and seemed to laugh. "You all went behind my back and laid down the Pact of Little Earth Count with Wen Tiange, that crafty heavenly master. Now that you cannot defeat him, you still want me to clean up after your mess. The ruler of the northern heavens, is it you all or me? Get lost and make an honest selection. One month later, I want to see the strongest poisonous insect that you have reared!"

The gods took their leave and returned to their own heavens.

In Hoar Frost Heaven, there was an expanse of ice and snow, and within an enormous basin, there were numerous divine arts practitioners moving about stealthily, in hiding and engaging in fierce combat in this snow-covered world. What was initially a pleasing sight of snow was now a snowy sight riddled with plum blossoms-like bloodstains.

Snowflakes drifted down from the sky, gradually covering up the bloodstains.

Apart from this ice valley, there were numerous others that similarly had divine arts practitioners in fierce combat. The divine arts practitioners within the same ice valley were all of the same realm.

In an attempt to select the most outstanding divine arts practitioner, the gods of Hoar Frost Heaven had gathered tens of thousands of them together, letting them engage in internecine combat. It was similar to rearing poisonous insects and was solely for the goal of picking the strongest and most powerful divine arts practitioner and forcing them to enter the path through this life and death battle.

This was merely a single heaven of the north.

In the north of the Primordial Realm, there were over 300 heavens of varying sizes. Some had a huge population, and some had a small population—the smallest still had a few billion, whereas the bigger ones could reach over a few hundred billion in population size.

Within the period of a month, the divine arts practitioners of the few hundred heavens had suffered great casualties, but the results were striking as well. There were numerous powerful divine arts practitioners who had been selected from the process.

Amongst them, there were about a dozen practitioners who had entered the path, and their abilities were formidable.

The gods of the northern heavens brought their selected divine arts practitioners to Mahakala's celestial palace to see Mahakala as scheduled.

The over 300 divine arts practitioners stood outside the palace in an orderly manner. They were all the elite of the elites, filled with murderous intent and fighting spirit, and they had incomparable confidence.

"There are still too many who have yet to enter the path."

Mahakala didn't let them into the palace, he issued a decree instead, "If we let these fellows view the letter of challenge from the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, we will just make a fool of ourselves. Is it your intention to let the country-bumpkins of Eternal Peace mock me? Let them continue to battle it out until only the ones who have entered the path remain. Even if we can only produce one more practitioner who has entered the path, it will be sufficient."

The command was laid out outside the palace, and the 300 plus divine arts practitioners instantly burst into motion, their divine arts exploding as they lit up the surrounding darkness!

With every bright ray of light that tore through the darkness, a divine arts practitioner collapsed and died.

After a long while, Mahakala issued another decree from within the palace, "Stop!"

The remaining divine arts practitioners stopped fighting and looked towards the brightly-lit palace of Mahakala.

There were only 17 people left now. They were the half-gods of half-gods, with incomparably formidable power from their bloodlines. They were also all experts who had entered the path, and they had unrivaled drive and a raging desire for battle!

"Mahakala!"

A devil god bowed and exclaimed out loud, "Out of the 316 heavens of the north, and the thousands of billions of divine arts practitioners, we have selected 17 practitioners who have entered the path! A single selection process has resulted in millions of corpses! All this just to view the letter of challenge from the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, is it worth it? The millions of divine arts practitioners would have been able to raze Eternal Peace Empire to the ground countless times!"

"Ignorant fool!"

Mahakala's voice came from within the palace as he replied coldly, "I am saving your lives! If you hadn't laid down the Pact of Little Earth Count with Wen Tiange, obliterating Eternal Peace could be done with a snap of my fingers! However, now that you have laid down the Pact of Little Earth Count with him, even if it were tens of millions of people, much less millions, they would still have to die!"

Within the palace, the darkness surged, and Mahakala walked towards them as the black sun on the back of his head tugged at the darkness. It swallowed up the flames of the furnaces that lined the two sides of the palace, and the furnaces could no longer emit any light.

“Earth Count was formed of the Great Dao, and Little Earth Count is the Son of Youdu, he has the power of the ancient gods and the capabilities of the lifeforms after the beginning. I am the first devil god born of Youdu who achieved the Dao, and I know very well how powerful the Son of Youdu is. To make an oath to Little Earth Count, you are all incredibly audacious!”

Mahakala took out Qin Mu’s letter of challenge, and with a hard tug, he hung the letter in the air and yelled, “Look at it!”

The 17 half-god divine arts practitioners all looked towards Qin Mu’s letter of challenge. In the letter, Qin Mu wore a sword on his back, smiling at them silently.

After a short period, the eyes of one of the divine arts practitioners who had entered the path bulged out, his body trembling vigorously. Suddenly, he cried out loud—his body tore into several pieces, and he died from the unnatural cause!

After another short while, another divine arts practitioner unsheathed his sword and waved it around. His sword techniques were like light and lightning, and he seemed almost berserk.

“Great sword technique—”

He suddenly retracted his sword and stood still, a ray of sword light shooting out from between his brows. There was a sword wound on the heart of his brows, and blood flowed out of it steadily.

Another one had a steady aura that revolved around him fervently, while the strange sounds of a huge bell rang out incessantly. The runes around him transformed into an enormous bell, and the bell tremored continuously. His divine art was exquisite.

Suddenly, blood rays emerged from within the bell, dyeing the entire bell that was formed of the runes red with blood.

The bell dissipated, and the runes collapsed, leaving behind a corpse that was filled with thousands of holes.

There were fewer and fewer practitioners left, and very soon, there were only six remaining from the seventeen.

These six half-god divine arts practitioners had managed to block the undying god consciousness within Qin Mu’s letter of challenge, and as though having just undergone great training and achieving realization, the six of them felt their spirits refreshed and full of vigor. Their abilities had undergone another huge advancement!

Upon seeing this, the gods and devils of the various heavens all let out a sigh of relief.

“From our northern heavens, there are six who are able to rival this Overlord Body of Eternal Peace. At least we can still salvage some of our dignity.”

“These six divine arts practitioners have aptitudes that surpass most, and their ability in comprehension is extraordinary. They were able to make use of the sword picture to advance themselves and can finally face the challenge from the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace!”

“After this battle, our northern heavens will have six more geniuses who will shock the world. The future achievements of these six will most definitely set the heavens on fire!”

...

At this very moment, Mahakala opened his mouth and spoke, “This is the first stage of the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace’s letter of challenge’s test. You have passed the first stage of the test.”

The gods and devils of the northern heavens were astonished, and Mahakala continued, “When the sword picture within the letter of challenge has been destroyed, only then is it considered accepting the letter of challenge. This Overlord Body of Eternal Peace is considerably fair, the letter of challenge hides his consciousness, and whichever level of cultivation you are at, the sword god within the sword picture will then execute the corresponding level of cultivation to fight with you. Thus, you don’t have to worry that he might bully you with a difference in realm. Now...”

Mahakala looked around, his gaze sweeping past the six divine arts practitioners who had entered the path, and he said coldly, “Come up one by one and use your own vital qi to trigger the letter of challenge!”

One of the divine arts practitioners came forward, triggering the sword picture with his vital qi. The Qin Mu within the sword picture unsheathed his sword, and in an instant, sword rays filled the sky, and he pierced out of the picture!

The divine arts practitioner roared out loud and executed his own divine art of the path.

The two divine arts of the path crashed into each other, and the forces swept outwards in all directions, causing a violent wave that only subsided after a long time.

Before the palace of Mahakala, the gods hurriedly came forward to look, only to see that divine arts practitioner standing there with an awe-inspiring presence, not moving at all.

Suddenly, he fell backwards and took his last breath on the spot!

The gods of the northern heavens felt the hairs on their backs stand up as they looked to the sword picture. The figure of Qin Mu within the sword picture was still incredibly distinct, looking vivid and realistic, and his sword was still in its sheath.

Mahakala said coldly, “Next!”

Another divine arts practitioner who had entered the path came forward—this was a powerful individual who had entered the path with knife skills. He didn’t use his vital qi to trigger the sword

picture and had directly pulled out his knife. He executed his ultimate skill of entering the path with the knife, cleaving down at the sword picture.

There were knife lights and sword shadows that flashed by instantaneously, leaving behind only thin black lines in the air—they were the wounds of space caused by the sword skills and knife skills that had ripped into it.

These thin black lines only disappeared after awhile.

The corners of the eyes of the half-god who had entered the path with knife skills trembled. He lowered his head to look down at his waist, and blood flowed out of his mouth.

An extremely thin line of blood appeared at his waist – his upper body and lower body were gradually separating from each other.

“You’re quite good. You didn’t die under his sword, you can be groomed further.”

Mahakala continued indifferently, “Next!”

A god hurriedly came forward and carried the divine arts practitioner, helping him stop the bleeding. His legs and bottom fell to the ground, and the god quickly carried his lower body away as well, sending him for medical treatment.

Another divine arts practitioner came up and faced Qin Mu’s sword picture directly.

His divine arts burst out with terrifying might!

...

There were two more corpses on the ground, and another one was crippled. However, out of these six divine arts practitioners who had entered the path, there was a half-god youth who remained unscathed. He had warded off the attacks from Qin Mu’s sword picture, and even managed to obliterate the sword picture with force!

“What’s your name?” Mahakala looked at the youth, revealing an expectant expression.

The youth bowed and replied, “Disciple is a divine arts practitioner from Splendid Bloom Heavens. My surname is Feng, and my name is Huayu. My ancestor is the Hundred Flora ancient god.”

Mahakala nodded approvingly. “Your bloodline is extremely noble, your level of comprehension is also excellent, and your aptitude is outstanding. You could use the divine art of the path to go up against the attacks of his sword picture and then obliterate the sword picture. This is no small matter. You entering the path through divine arts already means that you have abilities that are extremely rare to find in the Primordial Realm. However, to compete against the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, you are still lacking in some areas.”

Feng Huayu’s gaze flickered. He seemed to be reluctant to accept this opinion.

“However, there is a way to make up for it.”

Mahakala turned around and walked into the palace. “Follow me. The letter of challenge from the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace has been destroyed by you. He has already sensed it and, at this moment, has probably started to make his journey here. For him to reach this palace will take him at least three months. In these three months, I will impart to you my Emperor’s Throne ultimate technique, the Dark Mo Jia Sutra. I will teach you personally, and within three months, it will allow your cultivation to improve tremendously!”

Feng Huayu was surprised and elated, he hurriedly followed Mahakala into the palace.

“Send someone to invite Khan Ruandi over!”

Mahakala spoke in a low voice, “Khan Ruandi once surrendered to Eternal Peace and learned the results of Eternal Peace’s reforms. When he imparts the results of Eternal Peace’s reforms to you, you will then be able to compete against the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace! Ruandi is my disciple now, and his abilities are already quite strong. He can definitely allow you to advance even further after you have cultivated my ultimate technique!”

...

At River Tomb Academy.

Qin Mu had been studying in the academy all along, learning the reform results of River Tomb Academy diligently.

Unknowingly, a month had since gone by. Qin Mu had finished his studies and was sparring with Duke Wei when all of a sudden, he sensed something in his heart. Qin Mu stopped what he was doing and smiled. “There’s already a figure from the northern heavens who has accepted my letter of challenge. Heavenly King Wei, based on the agreement, I shall head there now.”

Duke Wei’s heart jolted, and he hurriedly said, “Cult Master, the heavens of the north are of the enemy’s forces, and Mahakala is the ancestor of the devil path. Even Martial Arts Heavenly Teacher is no match for him! For your journey there, how many experts does Cult Master need to accompany you?”

Qin Mu smiled. “Just the dragon qilin is sufficient.”

Duke Wei’s eyes widened, and his heart was full of anxiety. “How can you only bring along that glutton? Cult Master, please wait for a few days, I will get the cult disciples to look for the four great heavenly teachers and the four great heavenly kings to accompany and guard you!”

Qin Mu shook his head and laughed. “Why would the Overlord Body of Eternal Peace require the guardianship of the heavenly teachers and heavenly kings of Founding Emperor? Wouldn’t this destroy the name of Eternal Peace? Take care of Brother Yu first, let him study well, I shall go now!” At this, Qin Mu ordered Yan’er to stay behind to take care of Celestial Venerable Yu’s daily needs. He called for the dragon qilin and headed towards the north.

Duke Wei was uneasy and immediately took out a mirror to contact Si Yunxiang. "Cult Master is headed to the heavens of the north for his appointment. Quickly ask the four great heavenly kings and the four great heavenly teachers of Founding Emperor to head towards the northern heavens too!"

Si Yunxiang knew that this was of great urgency, and she immediately informed all the hall masters of Heavenly Saint Cult to look for the whereabouts of the four great heavenly teachers and the four great heavenly kings.

The dragon qilin sprinted in the direction of the north while Qin Mu hid within the mirror to continue researching the ancient gods' runes and the imprints of the Great Dao that Dao Ancestor had given him in the Guardian Pavilion.

Unknowingly, more than two months had gone by, and they arrived at the north of the Primordial Realm. In the sky, there were multi-colored rays of light pulsating gently. These were the apparitions that were formed by the northern heavens that hung above the Primordial Realm.

The dragon qilin continued forwards. On this day, a huge mountain that was thousands of yards in height suddenly rumbled noisily, transforming into a mountain divine being. He questioned out loud, with a voice that sounded like rolling thunder and lightning, "Is the one who comes forth Qin Mu of Eternal Peace, Overlord Body Qin?"

The dragon qilin stopped in his tracks and said, "Cult Master, a mountain god is calling for you."

Qin Mu crawled out of the mirror, raising his head to look over. He bowed to pay his respects and smiled. "I am Qin Mu of Eternal Peace."

The mountain god returned his respects, speaking in a muffled voice, "Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, Mahakala has issued an order. Overlord Body need not visit the heavens of the north, you may just head straight to the palace of Mahakala. The powerful individual of the northern heavens is awaiting your arrival in the palace!"

He raised an arm and pointed in the direction of the palace of Mahakala. "Overlord Body, please head in that direction!"

Qin Mu nodded gently. "Thanks for the trouble. Fatty Dragon, change your course for the palace of Mahakala."

The dragon qilin hurriedly changed his course of direction.

After walking for two days, they saw that up ahead, darkness had enshrouded the whole area, even sunlight was unable to shine in.

In the darkness, on the peak of an enormous mountain, a devil god of ten thousand yards spread his wings like a huge bird, shouting out, "Is the one who comes forth Qin Mu of Eternal Peace, Overlord Body Qin?"

The dragon qilin stopped walking, and Qin Mu raised his head with a smile. "It is I."

“This is the territory of the palace of Mahakala.”

The devil god with the head of a bird shouted out again, “Mahakala was afraid that you wouldn’t know the way and ordered me to wait here so as to point out the path for you.”

“Much thanks.”

Qin Mu bowed and ordered the dragon qilin to continue moving forward. They hadn’t walked far when they saw a divine glow piercing the heavens. There was a divine being standing tall in the darkness, and he called out, “Overlord Body Qin of Eternal Peace, Mahakala ordered me to point you the way from here!”

Qin Mu expressed his thanks.

After another few miles, there was another devil god with flames blazing around his body. He shouted out, “Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, please come this way!”

As the dragon qilin continued forwards, there were actually a hundred thousand devil gods welcoming them along the way. They lined from the edge of the darkness all the way to the front of the palace of Mahakala. This sight made the dragon qilin’s heart thump wildly.

Mahakala ruled the 316 heavens of the north, and the hundred thousand elite devil gods under him were now lined up along the path to welcome them. This scene frightened the dragon qilin, and he wanted nothing more than to take to his heels and escape.

Qin Mu remained indifferent, and he ordered the dragon qilin to continue moving forward.

When they reached the front of the palace of Mahakala, they saw innumerable gods and devils with their auras bursting out, and there were apparitions in the thousands. There were quite a few devil gods of the Jade Pavilion, Jade Capital, and Numinous Sky Realm. In the sky, their apparitions formed different celestial palaces that were towering above. The bodies of the various gods and devils stood tall atop the mountains while their primordial spirits sat in their respective celestial palaces. The skills of these gods and devils were unnaturally powerful. It was a spectacle of gods and devils dancing!

The palace of Mahakala sat in the midst of all the apparitions. There was a narrow laddered path that led straight to the palace and to the brightly-lit main hall!

The dragon qilin’s heart palpitated as he carried Qin Mu and climbed up the stone steps. He forced himself to make his way to the palace of Mahakala, and on both sides of the pathway were the menacing-looking gods and devils of the northern heavens.

Qin Mu stood on his forehead, his expression indifferent.

The dragon qilin finally reached the peak of the mountain and came before the palace of Mahakala.

At the front of the palace, the flames were like torches. At the back of the palace, in the darkness, one could actually faintly see the texture of the mountains of the giant stars. It was indescribably frightening.

Qin Mu paid no attention to the apparitions that surrounded him, speaking loudly, "Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, Qin Mu, is here to meet the hero of the northern heavens. Dare you enlighten me?"

The door of the palace opened widely, and a figure with a giant black sun floating behind his head could be indistinctly seen sitting within.

"Feng Huayu, the Overlord Body has arrived."

The voice of the figure rang out, speaking at a normal pace. "After three months of cultivating, you are no longer what you were before. Now, are you confident?"

"I am!" The voice that came from within the palace was like thunder.

"Go forth!"

Qin Mu's gaze landed on the figure that emerged from the palace, it was a youth that walked out of the palace of Mahakala, and the fragrance of flowers greeted Qin Mu's nostrils.

"Divine arts practitioner of Splendid Bloom Heavens, Feng Huayu!" The youth bowed.

Qin Mu walked down from the dragon qilin's head, smiling slightly. "Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, Qin Mu. Please."

"Please!"

Feng Huayu's aura exploded. Shifting his body, he leaped at Qin Mu, and rays that filled the sky surged around.

Qin Mu gripped his sword pellet, his body trembled, and he transformed into a three-headed, six-limbed form. His sword flashes were filled with magnificent rays in that instant!

The brilliant rays shifted, and the sword flashes moved while the fishes and dragons danced before the palace of Mahakala. The humming of the sword was incredibly crisp and clear. Suddenly, the sword flashes vanished. Various types of flourishing blossoms that surpassed brocades rained down from the sky.

All around the palace of Mahakala, the gods and devils raised their heads to look up. The flourishing blossoms were of poignant beauty as they descended from the darkness above, ever-increasing in number.

The flower petals drifted down, and as though it had just rained flowers, there was a deluge of heavenly flowers.

The flower petals descended, collecting more and more, burying the corpse of Feng Huayu within.

The youth from Splendid Bloom Heavens had already been buried halfway by the flower petals.

Qin Mu retracted his sword, bowing to pay his respects to that existence that sat unmoving in the palace of Mahakala. He then turned around and walked to the dragon qilin.

Qin Mu sat on the dragon qilin's big head and said indifferently, "Fatty Dragon, we can go back now."

Chapter 864: Sleazy Wen

The dragon qilin really wanted to be as calm and composed as Qin Mu—to adjust and turn his body around in a carefree manner, smacking his own bottom with his tail, and leisurely stroll out of this place. However, the dragon qilin's four legs were quivering, and his tail was starting to be not of his own.

Normally he could whip his tail up with ease, but now his dragon tail was a little numb, and only half of it could be raised up—the other half of it drooped on the ground.

The dragon qilin took three months to carry Qin Mu over, making the long journey by foot from River Tomb to this place. He had only just found his footing, and now everything was already over.

Only, was it really possible for them to return home just like this?

The dragon qilin's legs were still weak, and there was a silence permeating the surroundings—it was incredibly stifling. The gods and devils that surrounded the palace of Mahakala were high and mighty, their corporeal bodies and faces radiating divine rays in the darkness. Only the sound of heavy breathing could be heard, and no one spoke up.

The dragon qilin finally turned himself around, doing his best to tell himself to be stable and not to take an infirm step and end up rolling down the mountain from the palace of Mahakala. Despite this, he was unsure if he could even prevent that from happening.

On the two sides of the stone pathway were the huge corporeal bodies of the gods and devils. They looked as though they were carved from meteorites, their forms and bodies were grotesque, and their faces were even more sinister looking. They stared at Qin Mu and the dragon qilin with fierce expressions.

The dragon qilin lifted his feet and was about to walk down the stone steps.

'Or possibly roll down...' he thought to himself.

At this moment, smoke spewed out of the nostrils of a devil god that was standing on the dragon qilin's left side. The devil god's huge palm reached towards the devil god weapon that was at his waist.

The other gods and devils all made their own moves as well—the tremoring sound of divine weapons and devil god weapons could be heard.

The dragon qilin finally composed himself, the muscles all over his body gradually tightening as he prepared to rush out of this place with explosive might whenever the time came.

Just previously, the dragon qilin was feeling a little anxious, yet now that he had to fight for his life, he no longer had any other thoughts—if they wanted to escape, he would have to put his whole heart into escaping.

On this matter, he was adept.

At this very moment, a voice emerged from the palace of Mahakala. “Hold on.”

Upon hearing this, the gods and devils of the northern heavens successively lowered their palms.

Qin Mu pat the dragon qilin on the forehead. Instantly, the dragon qilin understood his intentions, and he stopped in his tracks, turning around.

Qin Mu looked straight at the ancestor of the devil path who sat within the palace.

In the palace, Mahakala stood up and said, “Overlord Body of Eternal Peace truly lives up to his reputation. The northern heavens have suffered an overwhelming defeat. You have won fair and square.”

Qin Mu revealed a smile. “The gods of the northern heavens have laid down the Pact of Little Earth Count with Heavenly Teacher Woodcutter and Heavenly Teacher Zi Xi. If they went back on their word and tried to kill me, they would have already become corpses at this moment.”

The gods and devils that surrounded the palace of Mahakala started to yell angrily one after the other, asking him to shut up.

Mahakala’s expression darkened, and he spoke coldly, “You’re the ones who should shut up!”

His voice forced the angry yelling and scolding sounds of these gods and devils down directly. They weren’t able to say anything to that.

Mahakala slowly moved forward, the black sun behind him followed along, swallowing up all the lights within the palace.

Very soon, he was at the front of the palace.

Qin Mu looked at this ancestor of the devil path carefully. He had heard stories regarding Mahakala’s origins.

It was rumored that Mahakala was the first devil god born of Youdu. Youdu was the place where the dead went after death, so when death existed in this world, Youdu was also born. Earth Count carried the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth and was thus born. He was in charge of death, punishing evil and rewarding the good.

However, even Earth Count had to follow the law of Youdu, and he couldn’t do things purely based on his own judgment.

As more and more souls came to be within Youdu, negative emotions like the resentful thoughts and greedy thoughts of the dead began to give rise to the horrifying demonic nature of Youdu. There were also incomplete broken souls and spirits that wandered about the dark within Youdu, and thus the demonic nature of Youdu grew exponentially day by day.

Youdu monsters were born from such fate. These monsters didn't have much consciousness and were formed from the filthiest and most vile thoughts that had merged with the devil qi of Youdu.

These monsters cannibalized each other, eventually becoming devil gods.

Mahakala was a devil god that was born of this. He was the first devil god of Youdu, and like the Son of Youdu, he too had something extraordinarily special.

He was born before Dragon Han, with the Dragon Han Celestial Heavens having yet been built then. It was still an extremely ancient and uncivilized era.

After the appearance of Mahakala, then there was the devil race.

There were also some who said that in its true sense, the devil race was actually the daughter of Earth Count. The devil race that was known in the world was merely a fake devil race. However, there weren't many who held this perspective.

The devil race venerated him as the ancestor of the devil path, the ancestor of the thousands of devils, the ruler of the devil race. In actuality, the real first ancestor of the devil path and of the devil race should be Earth Count. However, Earth Count had few descendants, and thus the devil race was, in fact, created by Mahakala and the successive generations of devil gods who were later born of Youdu. There wasn't much relation with Earth Count.

Mahakala was the first devil god born of Youdu, so it was only natural for him to be revered by the devil race to such an extent.

Qin Mu noticed that Mahakala actually shared some similar physical attributes to Earth Count—he too had two curved and long bull horns. However, because he didn't turn around, Qin Mu couldn't tell if he too had a bull's tail like Earth Count.

"You're all audacious."

Mahakala looked around, feeling a bit pained. "Laying down the Pact of Little Earth Count and still intending to not honor it, you're truly audacious. Do you all not know that Wen Tiange is one of the four great heavenly teachers of Founding Emperor and has the nickname Sleazy Wen? If he proposes a gamble, you directly reject it so that you won't lose. If you accept it, you'll definitely lose. You were all scheming against Eternal Peace, thinking that it was easily obtainable, but he was also scheming against the northern heavens! What should I do about it?"

Around the palace of Mahakala was nothing but absolute silence.

Mahakala sighed. "The three hundred and sixteen heavens of the north were painstakingly conquered by the soldiers under me. Yet, just because you were greedy for a momentary gain, we will have to give up the northern heavens to another. Sleazy Wen truly has great strategies!"

"Can we break the pact?" a devil god asked in a quavering voice.

Mahakala glanced at him, and the devil god's face turned ashen.

"Breaking the pact means facing Little Earth Count directly."

Mahakala continued indifferently, "Although I'm not afraid of him, breaking the pact would definitely ruin my reputation and honor. I would be mocked for being untrustworthy. From the ancient and uncivilized era until now, the devil race grew stronger day by day under my rule, yet the devil race ultimately still cannot achieve meteoric success. In hindsight, it's probably due to the fact that I used to be too cunning in the past, always going back on my words. Now that I'm successful, I should make some changes."

His gaze landed on Qin Mu. Smiling slightly, he said, "Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, do you dare to accept my offer for a gamble?"

Qin Mu looked up at this high and mighty Emperor's Throne powerful being and probed, "If I don't accept Mahakala's gamble, what will you do?"

"I definitely cannot give up my three hundred and sixteen heavens of the north. I will just have to let Little Earth Count eat them."

Mahakala continued resolutely, "Throwing away the lives of these fools, I can still groom other gods and devils to rule the heavens."

Qin Mu revealed a smile. "If I were you, I would do that too. These rulers of the various heavens, they are just servants who help Mahakala guard the heavens. If they die, they die. It's the population that's the most important. Only with such a massive population can there be endless geniuses born of it, and you will be able to groom even more powerful individuals. That way, Mahakala's rule will be stable."

Mahakala laughed. "So, are you going to accept it?"

Qin Mu replied calmly, "What would Mahakala like to bet on?"

"Bet on me not breaking the pact. If you win, the three hundred and sixteen heavens will belong to Eternal Peace."

Mahakala continued, "If I win, the previous pact will be nullified."

Qin Mu broke out in laughter. "I won't gamble with you."

Mahakala frowned. "Why not?"

“When I win, if Mahakala wants to break the pact, you will still do it without hesitation. If I lose, then the favorable circumstance that the two great heavenly teachers fought for will achieve nothing.”

Qin Mu laughed. “The three hundred and sixteen heavens, compared against the reputation of Mahakala, which is more important?”

Mahakala stared at him, and after a while, he replied, “The three hundred and sixteen heavens are more important. My reputation is worth nothing. In the last millions of years, I have long lost all my reputation!”

Qin Mu was full of smiles. “That’s why I’m not gambling.”

Mahakala’s brow furrowed deeply. Suddenly, he asked in a polite manner, “Dare I ask who your teacher is?”

Qin Mu replied with a straight face, “Sleazy Wen.”

Mahakala’s expression changed slightly, and he laughed out loud. “It really is him. No wonder you could see through my little trick. Since this is how it’s going to be, then we’ll change what we bet, we’ll bet on your life.”

He continued indifferently, “When you win, I’ll let you walk out alive in the thousand of miles surrounding the palace of Mahakala. Beyond this boundary, I’ll allow any of the gods and devils to come after you. If you lose, then you’ll die together with all the rulers of my three hundred and sixteen heavens.”

As he said this, the expressions of the various rulers of heavens changed in unison.

Mahakala was ruthless and decisive, and he bore a grudge against them for laying down the Pact of Little Earth Count with Wen Tiange without informing him prior. Now, it seemed he was determined to use their lives to break the Pact of Little Earth Count!

Qin Mu stayed silent. Looking around him, he couldn’t see what there was in the dark.

Mahakala laughed. “Are you looking for Wen Tiange that old sleaze? They haven’t entered the boundaries of the palace of Mahakala. If they step into the darkness, I’ll sense it.”

Qin Mu broke into a smile. “Has Mahakala decided to deal with me personally?”

Mahakala shook his head. “Logically, I should deal with you myself. However, I still want some face. The one who will deal with you will only be selected from my disciples or those who are no older than you are. You don’t have to worry.”

Qin Mu let out a breath of air, replying solemnly, “Then, Mahakala, please lay your terms!”

Mahakala laughed out loud, sweeping his sleeve and turning around, he said in a loud and clear voice, “Straightforward! Overlord Body of Eternal Peace, please wait for a few days. You can also stay to see the elites within my palace!”

Qin Mu walked down from the dragon qilin's head, following him into the palace. He smiled. "Mahakala, you are my senior..."

Mahakala shook his head. "Senior, I'm not your senior. Your origins, I already know of it. You probably still don't know that the four great provincial governors of Youdu are all my juniors."

Qin Mu's heart jumped, and he narrowed his eyes.

'So that also means that Mahakala knows my identity as the Son of Youdu. So why must he insist on gambling with me?'

The dragon qilin followed behind him anxiously, looking to the two sides of the palace cautiously. He saw the lights waning, and there seemed to be countless monsters hiding amongst the shadows.

"I will give you extra food later," Qin Mu said.

The timidity within the dragon qilin's heart immediately vanished. He was now filled with courage, raising his head up high and lifting his chest, he walked forward with broad steps in an awe-inspiring presence.

Mahakala called for a demoness and gave his order, saying, "Let Overlord Body stay behind the palace. You must treat him well."

The demoness complied, leading Qin Mu to the back of the palace and arranging a room for him. With a tender gaze, she said, "Young Master Qin is an honored guest. If you have any needs, you can always give me the order. I can do anything..."

She was good looking, her eyebrows like silk, and her gaze was somewhat fervent.

Qin Mu's eyes lit up. "Sister can do anything?"

The demoness blushed bashfully, nodding her head gently.

Qin Mu handed her a prescription. "Sister, help me to refine a few hundred batches of spirit pills. Fatty Dragon, you're in for a treat!"

Chapter 865: Dark Mo Jia Sutra

Qin Mu stayed within the palace of Mahakala at ease. He spent the days either cultivating or wandering around leisurely, it was very relaxing. He didn't seem to have any guardedness against Mahakala or the terrifying and sinister palace.

The lights were brightly lit within the palace of Mahakala, but outside of it was entirely dark. It was as though all light had been devoured by the darkness, one couldn't see much beyond.

Qin Mu had walked out of the palace several times, and no one had stopped him. However, after walking into the middle of the darkness, Qin Mu would quickly turn around to return on his own, all smiles, seeming to be very happy.

Only the dragon qilin was very unhappy. He was very stern with the demoness who refined his spirit pills, criticizing the spirit pills' taste and flavor, the purity of the spirit medicine, and the methods she used to refine—he was very picky.

Finally, after being scolded to tears more than a dozen times, the demoness could no longer bear it, and she ran away crying with her face in her hands.

“Cult Master, this girl has a bad attitude.”

The dragon qilin ate the spirit pills and continued, “She will do anything, but she can’t do anything. She can’t even refine spirit pills well.”

Qin Mu pinched a spirit pill over and tasted it, nodding in reply. “Her method of refining pills isn’t right, she didn’t purify the spirit medicine. Even areas like control of fire, timing, and portioning have some small problems. This resulted in the marginal differences in taste, flavor, and medicinal effects.”

The dragon qilin felt very well-understood, replying, “She made a mistake, yet she still has the face to cry. How shameless.”

At this very moment, a voice came from outside, yelling in rage, “Who dares to bully my cousin? Don’t cry cousin, I’ll go beat the fellow to death to avenge you!”

Qin Mu smiled. “Trouble is here.”

The dragon qilin was puzzled. “Cult Master, what do you mean?”

The demoness who had been chided till she cried came towards them, bringing a youth from the demon race with her. She pointed towards Qin Mu, and, with a choked voice, she said, “It’s him!”

The youth from the demon race looked to Qin Mu. Laughing coldly, he said, “You bullied my cousin? Even if you’re the guest of my master, Mahakala, I cannot tolerate you. I must bring you to justice today!”

Qin Mu ignored him, turning to the dragon qilin to explain. “Mahakala hasn’t done anything in the past few days. He made me stay in the palace, wanting to gamble with me. However, he really doesn’t have the confidence that he can beat me. Even with the disciples that he groomed and promoted personally, he has no certainty that they will be able to defeat me. Thus, he needs to stir up some trouble.”

The dragon qilin still didn’t fully understand.

Qin Mu laughed. “If a disciple takes the initiative, finding an excuse to challenge me, then this challenge won’t be counted in the gamble. Even if his disciple dies in my hands, it won’t count as a loss for him in our gamble. Furthermore, his other disciples will be able to take the opportunity and view the fight, observing my paths, skills, and divine arts from afar so as to find a way to counter me.”

The dragon qilin suddenly came to a realization, and the demon race youth who had rushed in with a formidable presence was also astonished.

The dragon qilin glanced at the youth, replying, "Then, Cult Master, the first of Mahakala's disciples who comes to stir up trouble, what will be his fate?"

Qin Mu sighed. "He will be made to come and receive death by his senior and junior brothers."

The expression on the demon race youth's face changed dramatically, and he clenched his fists tightly.

Qin Mu continued indifferently, "When he's dead, his senior and junior brothers will have observed some of my divine arts, and after studying it, they will send out the next one to die. He will use the techniques they have researched to continue to challenge me."

The dragon qilin asked curiously, "Cult Master, what happens after?"

Qin Mu continued leisurely, "Then the second one will die. He will be killed easily using the flaws that were left behind purposely when I killed the first challenger. When I kill the first challenger, I will purposely leave some loopholes behind. They will study my loopholes, and thus the second one will be killed in a much simpler manner."

The youth was pale now, and he looked lost. He turned around to look behind him helplessly, unsure if he should still follow the plan and continue challenging Qin Mu.

The dragon qilin ate his spirit pills and replied, "So, will Cult Master really kill the disciples of Mahakala within the palace of Mahakala?"

"Some people always imagine me to be too merciful. They see me as the Cult Master of the Heavenly Saint Cult, yet they don't realize that the Heavenly Saint Cult is also the Heavenly Devil Cult."

Qin Mu smiled slightly. "A single letter of challenge of mine was sent to the northern heavens. To solve the letter, I'm not sure how many divine arts practitioners of the northern heavens have died, but surely the disciples of Mahakala should be aware. So many divine arts practitioners have already died because of my single letter of challenge. Thus, if I personally kill a few of Mahakala's disciples, can I still be considered vicious?"

The devil race youth turned ashen, and he looked at Qin Mu as though he was looking at a horrifying devil king that was choosing his prey.

The youth had come with great aggression, yet at this instant, he no longer had any desire to battle.

To be able to become a disciple of Mahakala, one would naturally have to be a youth with the most outstanding aptitude selected from the hundreds and thousands of others within the northern heavens. He would have to go through numerous life and death trials and tribulations, stepping on the innumerable corpses of his peers. Only then could he be highly regarded by Mahakala.

Thus, the abilities of every disciple of Mahakala were even more formidable than that of Feng Huayu!

They were all extraordinary and outstanding in their own way, and they were extremely confident and arrogant.

Yet, at this moment, the arrogance and confidence of this demon race youth had vanished, leaving behind only fear, loss, and helplessness.

He felt that he was like a newly-born little lamb and that Qin Mu was a menacing and vicious black dragon preying on him. In the dark, thunder and lightning crossed as heavy rain poured down, drenching the youth with penetrating coldness.

At any time, he could possibly become the appetizer of this vicious dragon!

Qin Mu spoke in a leisurely manner, "This senior brother, aren't you here to lead the way?"

The face of the youth was now twisted, his body trembling.

Qin Mu gave him a look. "How indecisive, you're making it difficult for me."

The youth was drenched in perspiration. He suddenly raised his head and gritted his teeth. "If I leave, my Dao heart will be finished. My teacher Mahakala will also kick me out of the sect. I will never be able to raise my head again in the northern heavens, and my entire life will be destroyed!"

His voice was hoarse, and he hissed, "So I must fight. Even if I'll die, I must fight! Only through this can I stabilize my Dao heart and stabilize my position within the northern heavens, and not be ridiculed by others. Only if I can withstand your attacks can I continue to move forward with determination!"

Qin Mu revealed an expression of admiration. "What's your name?"

The devil race youth replied, "Mo Santong!"

Qin Mu nodded and asked, "Mo Santong, what are you most competent in? What did you use to enter the path?"

Mo Santong was stumped for a while, replying, "I followed Teacher Mahakala in cultivating the Dark Mo Jia Sutra, comprehending Mahakala's fighting techniques, and entered the path with divine arts. Then I followed Senior Brother Ruandi in researching the results of the reforms of Eternal Peace, so I have some understanding of the Eternal Peace reforms."

"Dark Mo Jia Sutra, Mahakala's fighting techniques, entering the path with divine arts."

Qin Mu laughed. "It's already not too bad. I didn't enter the path with divine arts myself. It's very difficult to accomplish. At the moment, I have only succeeded in entering the path with sword skills and martial arts. However, the Eternal Peace reforms that Khan Ruandi learned are far too old, the reform results that he guided you with are long obsolete. Execute everything that you have learned and attack me. I will block them with divine arts. I admire you greatly. After you survive, go back and answer to your senior and junior brothers."

Mo Santong's eyes lit up, his aura bursting out.

Behind him, numerous demonic wheels emerged, floating upright. His primordial spirit appeared at the front of the enormous demon wheel, gradually standing up, becoming more and more imposing.

This was a primordial spirit with the form of a fat devil god. He had four arms, with four pairs of eyes across his forehead in one straight line. Numerous ribbons formed of Youdu runes fluttered about in all directions.

Using his primordial spirit to execute his divine arts while still being able to unleash the power of the divine arts to the extreme—it seemed that on entering the path through divine arts and unleashing his primordial spirit, the youth had extraordinary levels of attainments!

Mo Santong gave a loud roar, and the four-armed and eight-eyed devil god primordial spirit executed Mahakala's fighting technique and attacked Qin Mu!

At this instant, the power of the Dark Mo Jia Sutra was demonstrated without restraint!

The devil path divine art was already unpredictably strange, yet the Dark Mo Jia Sutra actually had a powerful and magnificent side!

The four-armed eight-eyed devil god primordial spirit utilized his divine art. It was numerous demonic wheels rolling at Qin Mu following the movements of his four arms. In addition to that, within the eight eyes of the devil god primordial spirit, there were also numerous demon wheels that flew at Qin Mu.

There were incredibly complicated Youdu runes within these demon wheels, and the power hidden within them were extremely horrifying!

Qin Mu raised his arm, the divine art he executed was the great divine art of magnetism that Granny Si had founded. Behind and in front of him, the galaxy surrounded him, and the magnetic force exploded, colliding into Qin Mu.

Qin Mu hadn't entered the path with divine arts, but Granny Si was a great expert who had entered the path through the divine art. He merely learned the great divine art that Granny Si had used to enter the path, executing it with ease.

Storms brewed instantly within the courtyard of the palace of Mahakala. Within the storm, Mo Santong flew backwards, slamming hard into a thick and enormous pillar.

Following immediately was the sound of a loud crash. Mo Santong was crushed until he was lying flat on the ground, and a huge hole that spanned several yards in radius and depth suddenly emerged in the ground!

The power contained within the magnetism divine art could distort space. It stretched out and squashed flat his corporeal body and primordial spirit at random, the different forces interchanged about instantaneously countless times. It was unusually unbearable for Mo Santong, who was at the bottom of the pit, and he was almost torn apart.

Qin Mu dispersed his divine art, and the galaxy that surrounded him vanished as well. Striding towards the huge pit, he said, "My divine arts aren't as exquisite as yours, I'm just many times stronger than you in terms of magic power. However, because you entered the path through divine arts, it's difficult for me to kill you using a divine art. Now, you can go back and answer to your senior and junior brothers."

Mo Santong stood up with great difficulty. Walking out of the pit, he bowed towards Qin Mu.

Qin Mu returned his respects slightly. "You lack a little in your Youdu runes, so you're unable to fully execute the power of Youdu's Great Dao runes."

Mo Santong was initially about to take his leave, but upon hearing this, he jolted slightly and bowed towards Qin Mu. "Dare I invite the Overlord Body to enlighten me."

Qin Mu replied gladly, "It's not a big deal for me to guide you. Execute your devil god primordial spirit again and utilize Mahakala's fighting techniques."

Mo Santong did as he was told. Qin Mu came to the side of his primordial spirit, plucking out several dozen Great Dao runes from the demonic wheels. Qin Mu's mind shifted, transforming his own vital qi into devil vital qi. Then, he tweaked the structure of these Great Dao runes. He turned to Mo Santong and said, "Try executing your great divine art again."

Mo Santong executed Mahakala's fighting techniques and instantly felt as though the power of his great divine art had actually increased by twenty to thirty percent. He was astonished and delighted, and he quickly sought guidance, asking, "Dare I ask, Overlord Body, why did you make such changes?"

Qin Mu looked around. Noticing that it was a mess, he smiled and said, "It's too chaotic here, let's find a cleaner place to talk it through slowly."

Mo Santong walked with him into a pavilion within the palace. Mo Santong wanted to execute his Mahakala fighting techniques again, but due to his lack of cultivation, he was unable to do it.

Qin Mu refined a cauldron of demonic vitality pills for him and said, "After you take this, utilize the Dark Mo Jia Sutra, it will help you recover your cultivation quickly."

Mo Santong did what he was told, and indeed, his cultivation was quickly restored. He was full of admiration for Qin Mu.

Qin Mu guided him on Youdu's Great Dao runes, and Mo Santong felt that every word he said was as valuable as a pearl. His admiration for Qin Mu grew even more. He brought up all the problems he had faced in cultivation, and Qin Mu thought about them quickly and easily gave him solutions.

Mo Santong was completely in awe of him.

The two of them conversed for half a day, and Mo Santong was long won over. He stood up and bowed towards Qin Mu. "Your great reputation is truly justified. Overlord Body Qin is knowledgeable beyond measure, I'm completely convinced."

Qin Mu quickly grabbed him up, smiling as he said, "I have to thank you as well. You can go back to see your senior and junior brothers now."

Mo Santong was bewildered, but he felt that he shouldn't probe, so he turned to take his leave.

Traveling through several long corridors, Mo Santong was quickly stopped by some of his senior and junior brothers. He quickly said, "He guided me for half a day, and my divine art is even more perfect now than it was before!"

After a short while, a voice filled with rage could be heard, and it yelled out, "Overlord Body Qin of Eternal Peace, you bullied my junior brother, I'm here to seek revenge for him!"

Qin Mu stood up, smiling as he said, "May I ask who you are?"

The tall and sturdy being from the demon race that had rushed over with wide steps placed his hands on his hips, sneering. "Disciple of Mahakala, Xue Taidou!"

Qin Mu smiled slightly. "Brother Xue, what did you enter the path with?"

Xue Taidou replied coldly, "I entered the path with the demon knife."

Qin Mu revealed a troubled expression. "I haven't entered the path with knife skills. How about this, Brother Xue can execute the divine art you used to enter the path, and I will retaliate with knife techniques."

Xue Taidou looked at him with widened eyes, suddenly breaking into a huge smile. "After you defeat me, will you also guide me a little?"

...

In the main hall of the palace of Mahakala, Mahakala sat in the main seat, drinking tea leisurely. The loud noises of divine arts bursting out intermittently could be heard by his ears. In front of him, an enormous black pool appeared. The pool was like a mirror, and it revealed the exact scene of Qin Mu fighting his disciple with absolute clarity. The viewing angle could also be adjusted such that he was able to observe every single side of Qin Mu's divine arts.

"Mahakala, even though he's guiding your disciples, in reality, he's learning your Dark Mo Jia Sutra in secret."

Suddenly, a young-sounding voice laughed out. "It can't be that you really can't tell?"

Mahakala put down his teacup, frowning slightly, the darkness in his eyes brewing. "We are trying to see his paths, skills, and divine arts, yet he's trying to learn my ultimate art from my disciples. Can there really be an Overlord Body in the world?"

"Regarding the Overlord Body, it has long been spoken of."

The youthful voice in the dark drew closer. "Back in the first year of Dragon Han, there were already rumors of the Overlord Body. This Overlord Body Qin is truly very formidable. These disciples of yours have gotten his guidance, but he will also quickly figure out your Dark Mo Jia Sutra!"

Mahakala gave a smile that wasn't quite a smile, replying, "Yet, he thinks that I'm using my disciples to deal with him. He doesn't realize that it is, in fact, you that I will be using to deal with him. His scheming against my Mo Jia Sutra is just a waste of his efforts. He has actually just helped me to guide my disciples."

The young man walked out of the darkness completely and looked at the figure of Qin Mu within the black pool with interest, smiling. "You are old and scheming, that's why you could survive from the ancient era until now."

His face was lit up, and he looked exactly like Celestial Venerable Yu, Lan Yutian, just marginally thinner.

This Celestial Venerable Yu laughed. "If you let him continue to play, your Mo Jia Sutra will be completely revealed to him. If that happens, your Mo Jia Sutra will be worthless."

Mahakala called for someone to come, giving his orders in a hushed tone, and the person hurriedly took his leave.

"You searched about for the Emperor's Throne technique, didn't you long want to obtain my Mo Jia Sutra?"

Mahakala smiled. "This is an opportunity for you. If you defeat him, I'll give you my Mo Jia Sutra!"

That Celestial Venerable Yu stared at the Qin Mu within the black pool. There was no one around Qin Mu now. Within the black pool, Qin Mu was actually executing the Dark Mo Jia Sutra, and there were numerous black wheels spinning around behind him. Following that, the black wheels became more and more concentrated, and they actually transformed into a huge black sun, looking similar to Mahakala's own black sun!

Even the skin on Mahakala's face started to twitch uncontrollably as he stared straight at the Qin Mu within the pool.

At this very moment, the Qin Mu within the pool seemed to have sensed something. He suddenly raised his head and looked towards them, meeting their gaze.

The fake Celestial Venerable Yu was astonished. He watched as the black water rose up from the pool, gradually transforming into the form of Qin Mu before them!

That Qin Mu strode forwards, walking out of the black pool. The black water on his body retreated like black oil, and it quickly vanished.

"Mahakala, the helper that you have invited is here?"

The black oil on his body had completely disappeared, and he revealed a smile as he looked towards Mahakala and the fake Celestial Venerable Yu.

The two of them stared at him intensely, unable to tell if this Qin Mu who walked out of the black water was real or fake.

Suddenly, from outside the palace came Qin Mu's voice. He laughed and said, "Since he has arrived, then, please!"

Both of them were shocked. They watched as the Qin Mu before them gave a weird smile before collapsing and transforming into a pool of black oil.

"The Overlord Body is unpredictability mysterious, you must be careful!"

Mahakala continued solemnly, "I have never seen such a sinister being! He's even more sinister than the devil gods!"