

## **Pavilion 1001**

### **Chapter 1001 - 1001 Activation Stage**

#### 1001 Activation Stage

Just now, on the Endless Sea, because of Bai Ze's words, the Endless Heavenly Venerable chose to give up a full-scale battle and instead cooperate with Han Muye.

At that time, Han Muye saw the flicker in Bai Ze's eyes.

"The advice I gave to the Celestial just now is our best future."

Looking at Han Muye, a profound and distant light shone in Bai Ze's eyes.

A slight smile appeared on his face as he softly said, "I cannot see your future, nor can I see your past, but I can discern the choices I should make."

What would have happened if the Endless Heavenly Venerable had truly engaged in battle at that time?

Han Muye didn't know.

Even with three Sword Towers in his possession, he didn't dare claim victory against a powerful being on the path to transcendence.

But he had confidence that he wouldn't die in the Endless Sea.

Afterward, he might directly confront the Endless Sea and mobilize forces from all sides to attack and seize its resources.

Indeed, using the Endless Sea as a target was the best choice.

If he could obtain the path to transcendence from the Endless Heavenly Venerable and control the cycle of reincarnation, the cultivation realm would flourish even more.

Han Muye shook his head gently, dispersing this thought.

The Endless Heavenly Venerable was not so easily slain.

Conquering the Endless Sea would likely result in both sides suffering heavy losses.

That was why Bai Ze said that the choice he offered was the best.

"The Endless Heavenly Venerable is a living being nurtured within this world and naturally has a special attachment to this realm.

"Whether it's the Wood Deity or the Water Lord, many of the past mighty beings were not born in this realm.

“In this cultivation realm, there aren’t many powerful beings who were truly nurtured by the heavens and the earth and ultimately became mighty. The Endless Heavenly Venerable is one, and the Source Heaven Sword is another.”

Bai Ze turned around and looked at the Endless Sea not far away with a sigh.

“Do you know how tragic it is to helplessly watch your own world being devoured, occupied, and wantonly destroyed, unable to do anything about it?”

“The Heavenly Venerable chose to fight through the cycle of reincarnation and plunge into the depths of the Endless Sea. That was already quite courageous. As for me, I was a deserter back then...”

“I’m very curious. Senior, what do you see in your own future?”

Watching as this world was ruled by the Immortal World and suppressed by powerful external forces, the Endless Heavenly Venerable’s pain could be imagined.

With such thoughts, it truly required immense determination for the Endless Heavenly Venerable to give up the battle against Han Muye at the last moment.

Today, killing Han Muye and seizing the dominion of this realm, even driving out all external forces, presented the best opportunity!

“The future,” Bai Ze looked around and whispered, “In the future, I will go to the Immortal World, but I won’t be myself anymore.”

Not be myself?

Han Muye shuddered.

Bai Ze waved his hand, a gleam of light flashing in his eyes.

“While I cannot see your future, I have glimpsed some timelines.”

“Remember, the Heavenly Stele Baxia has a big secret.”

With that, Bai Ze moved and nodded at Han Muye with a smile before disappearing.

Han Muye nodded, a complex expression passing over his face.

The next time he would meet Bai Ze, it wouldn't be Bai Ze anymore, but rather, a clone of the Endless Heavenly Venerable...

The advice Bai Ze gave today was the best choice for Han Muye, but it might not be the same for the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

Bai Ze could be considered as betraying the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

Therefore, his future had already been decided.

Han Muye didn't know why Bai Ze did this, whether it was truly because he couldn't see his own future or if he saw something else, or perhaps it was because of Baxia bloodline.

Han Muye's integration of the power of divine beasts was different from directly seizing someone else's body. He obtained the inheritance of divine beasts and slowly merged their bloodline.

His Baxia bloodline power was recognized among divine beasts.

Whether it was the Qilin or the other divine beasts, they all regarded Han Muye as one of their own.

In the distance, Bai Zeyu bowed to Han Muye and then departed.

Bai Zeyu possessed the bloodline of Bai Ze, but he didn't possess the same divine abilities as Bai Ze. What he saw was not as distant as what his Patriarch saw.

But he possessed the ability to ward off evil and avoid disasters.

The choice he made was also his best choice.

Han Muye's figure vanished on the nameless island as he swiftly flew away.

On Firefly Island, Han Muye did not directly enter the city to go to the Imperial View Sword Shop.

He landed from the coastline and walked through the small seaside village where Zeng Daniu once lived.

The seaside village remained the same as before, and the villagers who had lived here for generations continued to live their lives.

The departure of Dang Chun's family hadn't brought any significant changes to this fishing village.

However, there were some differences in the town several tens of miles away.

The patriarch of the Tao family, who had befriended Zeng Daniu, evidently had intentions. The town now had several additional buildings, including two shops specializing in high-quality weapons.

These treasures usable by cultivators brought popularity to the small town.

Inside the shops were spirit weapons, swords, and blades crafted personally by the master craftsman Zeng Daniu.

Each of these treasures could bring thousands of spiritual rocks in profits to the Tao family.

The town also had two academies and seven or eight blacksmith workshops.

These blacksmith workshops were filled with apprentices, reportedly locals who had gone to the city to learn the art of blacksmithing from Master Zeng Daniu and returned to benefit their hometown.

When Han Muye walked out of the small town, a smile appeared on his face.

The power of the cultivation realm could bring positive changes to ordinary people.

For the outsiders who were cultivators, they were welcomed in this small town.

The power of cultivation was a double-edged sword, and for ordinary people like ants, it could bring catastrophic disasters.

### **Chapter 1002 - 1002 Activation Stage (2)**

#### **1002 Activation Stage (2)**

However, if they could live in harmony, mortals could also benefit endlessly.

For example, a spiritual rock casually taken out by cultivators could provide food and drink for an entire family for a year.

“So, the Endless Heavenly Venerable is also struggling, unsure whether to let these foreign powers disappear or not.

“In fact, he himself knows that these foreign powers have already merged and integrated with this world, without distinction.”

As Han Muye walked outside the City of Firefly Island, he whispered softly.

Along the way, the power within him was also constantly changing.

The three Sword Towers merged, and the power contained within them didn’t just add up, but multiplied.

To control such power from the Sword Towers, he needed to mobilize even more power to harmonize with it.

Along the way, he also pondered whether he should leverage the power of the Sword Towers or not.

When he stood in front of the Imperial View Sword Shop, he had an answer.

At this moment, there were hundreds of cultivators gathered in front of the shop.

“Today, there will be a semi-treasure appearing in the shop. I wonder who will get it.

“The Three Palaces, Seven Halls, and Fifteen Floors. Besides them, who else can obtain such a treasure?



“Master Zeng has such remarkable means. He can attract so many treasures and hold auctions every few days.”

Han Muye stood on the main road, listening to the discussions around him.

Ever since Zeng Daniu and Shao Tianyi took over the sword shop, with the various relationships left by Han Muye, they managed the shop better and better.

In addition to the weapons refined by Zeng Daniu himself, the shop also had many treasures obtained through the operations of various major forces.

Relying on its extensive connections, the Imperial View Sword Shop thrived throughout the Scattered Stars Island.

Inside the shop, Shao Tianyi and Zeng Daniu were busy.

Shao Tianyi, who was originally holding account books in his hands, suddenly felt something and looked up towards the outside of the shop.

“Shopkeeper...”

Han Muye, standing on the main road, nodded slightly with a gentle smile towards the two of them, and then his figure dispersed.

He didn't enter the shop.

From now on, he wouldn't come here, or return to the Scattered Stars Island again.

This karmic relationship wouldn't be severed, but it would gradually fade with time.

Time, after all, was the most powerful force in the world.

Upon returning to the Upper Heaven Region, Han Muye informed Duan Chengzi and others about his deal with the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

However, he didn't disclose the specific details of the transaction, only mentioning that he had an agreement with the Endless Heavenly Venerable to borrow the power of the Endless Sea and activate the Myriad Worlds Array.

In fact, in the Endless Sea, Han Muye had already used the power of the Heavenly Venerable to repair some of the Myriad Worlds Array.

"Buzz!"

A golden tower appeared outside the hall, with streams of light interweaving.

Spatial channels formed by the Myriad Worlds Array emerged beyond the golden tower, becoming shining stars.

“How many worlds can the Myriad Worlds Array still connect? How many worlds remain intact? How many teleportation arrays can still be used? These are all unknowns.”

Han Muye turned to look at Duan Chengzi and said, “Senior, please organize and sort out this grand array.”

Duan Chengzi respectfully nodded.

This was his expertise.

The task was tedious but not difficult.

Han Muye then turned to look at Huang Zhihu who was standing beside him.

“Zhihu, lead your sword cultivators and occupy those desolate stars or worlds that have lost their cultivation power, using the teleportation arrays sorted out by Senior Duan Chengzi.

“Bring together the resources from those remote worlds.”

Only a few worlds truly prospered in the cultivation realm.

Rather than letting those declining worlds perish on their own, it would be better to directly intervene.

Throughout his journey, Han Muye had gained a different understanding of power.

Any power he obtained should be maximized.

The Sword Towers in his hands, the various legacies in his possession, and the power of the entire world were all included.

Instead of letting everything gradually decay, it would be better for him to go all out and accumulate all that power for himself.

He would start with those scattered worlds on the edges.

“Xia Zhenhu, when Senior Duan Chengzi has sorted out the teleportation array to enter and exit the Left Imperial Capital, lure the soldiers of the Left Imperial Capital out and head to various realms.

“There may still be remnants of the Divine Court in many worlds, so use them if you can. If not...”

Han Muye looked at Xia Zhenhu.

Xia Zhenhu cupped his fists and shouted, “I understand.”

If they couldn't be used, then they had no reason to exist.

Once the heart of betrayal arose, it would be impossible to submit again.

After such a long time, many worlds might have long lost any news about the Divine Court.

After assigning the tasks, Han Muye returned to the small courtyard, where Mu Wan had just finished refining some pills.

The two of them studied the characteristics of these bloodline pills and personally tested a few. Then, Mu Wan went into seclusion.

The two of them studied the characteristics of these Bloodline Pills, conducted personal experiments with several variations, and then Mu Wan went into seclusion.

Han Muye returned to the quiet room to stabilize his cultivation.

The three Sword Towers were external powers, but his own mastery of the sword was fundamental.

Over such a long period of time, he could feel that his swordsmanship had reached a realm he had never imagined before.

This was a mysterious realm. It was a deeper level of comprehension of the Sword Dao.

In the Endless Sea, it was with this comprehension that he killed the ancient Sword Dao mighty figure, Shao Yuan, with two strikes.

With the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords as the foundation and his own Sword Dao cultivation as the foundation, he walked his own Great Dao.

By taking this step, he would become a Sword Ancestor.

The Ancestor of the Sword Dao.

This was the Great Dao he had been seeking all along.

During this closed-door cultivation, Han Muye spent a full three years.

Indeed, the deeper the cultivation realm and the stronger the power, the more time was insufficient.

For those formidable experts, a single closed-door cultivation could last hundreds or even thousands of years.

### **Chapter 1003 - 1003 Activation Stage (3)**

#### **1003 Activation Stage (3)**

After three years of seclusion, Han Muye finally stabilized his own power, gradually accumulating his cultivation in the realm of sages.

His own swordsmanship had taken on the form of becoming the founder of a school.

Of course, even with his exceptional comprehension, it still took time for him to integrate the myriad swordsmanship practices into a single cultivation.

When he walked out of the secluded chamber, he could see spiritual herbs and flowers scattered throughout the courtyard.

Not only in the courtyard, but as he ventured outside, the entire Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley was adorned with colorful blooms.

It seemed that various spiritual herbs from the Imperial Medicine Garden had been planted here.

Before the grand hall of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, a nine-story sword tower towered into the clouds amidst endless illusions.

This golden tower was concealed within the power of space, visible only to Han Muye himself.

To outsiders, this place appeared as a realm of illusions.

Strands of spiritual light crisscrossed, and soldiers and sword cultivators hurriedly went about their business.

Han Muye stood outside the blue stone square and listened for a while, a smile appearing on his face.

Now, this place had already connected to many worlds, and these soldiers and sword cultivators were all heading to various worlds for exploration.

Wasteland reclamation.

Occupying lands with weak cultivation forces or completely desolate worlds.

Regardless of acquiring various resources or receiving the blessings of a whole new realm, these benefits were unimaginable.

Over the past three years, stories of incredible wealth had spread throughout the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

Even many alchemists had joined the exploration teams.

Han Muye entered the grand hall and summoned Li Qingshi and the others.

The Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley had thrived and prospered over the past three years, and everyone reported their time with joy.

Now, the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley had powerful demons from the Imperial Medicine Garden presiding over it, and all the profound principles of alchemy could be passed down.



It had become a holy land of alchemy.

Moreover, spiritual herbs and alchemical legacies obtained from various worlds were continuously delivered by the expedition teams.

Through the Myriad Worlds Array established by Duan Chengzi, many worlds had also been reconnected.

Following the plan, with the help of the Myriad Worlds Array, the glorious events of the cultivation world could be revived.

“Your Majesty, the forces in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy and the dam have besieged the Immortal Source World. The army has engaged in multiple battles.”

Duan Min, who was wearing golden armor, cupped his hands and reported in a low voice.

The Ancient Cloud Galaxy and the power sealed within the Dam.

These people no longer acknowledged the Divine Court but considered themselves as remnants of the Divine Court.

They wanted to conquer the Immortal Source World and used the name of rebuilding the Divine Court.

But it was impossible for them to rebuild the Divine Court.

“The Sword Pavilion and the Yuling Dao Sect have both sent people to contact you. However, you’re in seclusion, so we didn’t take any action,” Huang Six said.

“It’s actually not a big deal. For the cultivation world, the current situation is not as important as the Sword Dao Conference,” Xu Wei, holding a folding fan, chuckled.

He had come from the Heavenly Mystic two years ago.

It was Huang Six’s suggestion.

During Han Muye’s seclusion, as Han Muye’s brother and an unparalleled powerhouse, Huang Six took care of many matters, and when he got tired, he asked Huang Zhihu about Xu Wei.

That day, Huang Six sent people to the Heavenly Mystic World.

Unfortunately, the teleportation array between the Heavenly Mystic and this place had not been established yet.

“Minister Han, may I know where the stage for the Sword Dao Conference is?” Xu Wei looked at Han Muye and said loudly, “Once the stage is set up, those people will have no interest in fighting anymore.”

Everyone in the grand hall chuckled.

Han Muye nodded, a gleam of excitement flickering in his eyes.

“I came out of seclusion this time to prepare to open the stage.”

### **Chapter 1004 - 1004 Di Ting, It's Been a Long Time**

1004 Di Ting, It's Been a Long Time

The Performance Platform, located in the Ancient Divine Court, was equally famous as the Immortal Ascension Platform.

Like the Ascension Platform, the Performance Platform was also constructed by a powerful array formation. Countless experts once competed fiercely but couldn't break through its defensive formation.

The defensive array formation on the platform was second only to the main hall of the Divine Court Palace.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic invited strong individuals from various factions to join forces and activate the Performance Platform.

He sent a letter directly into the void, calling for a ceasefire between the two warring parties.

Whether it was the major powers in the Upper Heaven Region, the emerging forces within the embankment, or the formidable individuals in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, they all chose to remain silent and withdraw.

In recent years, Han Mu Ye didn't make many moves in the Upper Heaven Region.

However, his reputation resounded throughout the cultivation world, making all factions unwilling to underestimate him.

The power of the Heaven Mystic Realm had already surpassed the stage of Dao disputes, and the story of the great war of the Dao disputes had spread in the cultivation world.

During the Dao disputes, Han Mu Ye traveled across millions of miles, confronting the mighty and powerful. Immortal treasures shattered with a casual conversation.

Although Han Mu Ye's battle strength ranked ninth in the world, excluding the long-standing reputation of the Endless Heavenly Venerable, no one ranked ahead of him dared claim victory.

In recent years, the Heavenly Mystic Army swept across the void. No matter which powerful individual it encountered, none dared to face it directly.

Regardless of the faction, they all kept their distance and avoided the Heavenly Mystic.

The Heavenly Mystic Army numbered over three billion soldiers, forming a well-disciplined army. The commanding generals were decisive in their killings, and they had entanglements with various major forces, with deep and unpredictable backgrounds.

The sword formation of a Heavenly Mystic sword cultivator was said to be able to fight a Heavenly Venerable.

Even if the Heavenly Mystic's sword cultivators were transferred to the Upper Heaven Region with Huang Zhihu, the Heavenly Mystic Army's combat strength was still intact, and the power of the sword array still ran rampant in the void.

These were just the immense strengths behind Han Muye.

Han Mu Ye had been operating in the Upper Heaven Region for only a little over 10 years, yet his Dao companion had already taken control of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, restoring its position as the Holy Land of Alchemy that was once falling apart.

The Alchemy cultivators who had left the Medicine Valley before had no regrets.

Millions of sword cultivators sat in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, dominating that area alone.

Han Muye didn't seem to make many moves in the Upper Heaven Region.

However, his reputation in the Upper Heaven Region was getting greater and greater.

No one dared to verify this information.

Because the sects in the Upper Heaven Region that had once intercepted Han Mu Ye, as well as the Heavenly Venerable behind them, were directly annihilated by the Sword Cultivators under Han Muye's command, with only the Heavenly Venerable's divine soul escaping.

As for Han Muye's own battle strength, if anyone was fearless enough, they could try to challenge him.

As long as they could defeat the Sword Formation under his command, they might have a chance to stand before him as a worthy opponent.

When Han Muye sent a letter causing several major factions to retreat, it caused a stir in the cultivation world.

In a restaurant in a bustling market in the Upper Heaven Region.

"He's just a minister of the Heavenly Mystic Realm. Does he really think he's something special? Let me tell you, this time our major faction in the Upper Heaven Region will definitely eliminate Han Muye first." A middle-aged cultivator dressed in a black robe spoke coldly.

"Yeah, he's truly arrogant." Another person chimed in.

The others around them looked at each other and lowered their heads.

At the table, those few individuals looked at the silent crowd and their emotions surged, wishing they could directly challenge Han Muye in the Medicine Valley.

“Buzz!”

Just at that moment, a booming sound came from the void.

Groups of Sword Cultivators flew through the air, and an eight-story Sword Tower manifested, followed by five six-story Sword Pavilions.

Powerful Sword Pavilion cultivators!

The holder of the eight-story Sword Tower was Senior Elder Qi Yu of the Sword Pavilion, known as the number one Sword Cultivator in the world, a powerhouse ranked only below the Endless Heavenly Venerable in the cultivation world.

“It’s Elder Qi Yu, the Sword Pavilion is taking serious action!” The black-robed cultivator who had previously expressed grievances towards Han Muye had a delighted expression, excitedly exclaiming.

“That’s right. The Sword Pavilion must be mobilizing this time to eliminate the Heavenly Mystic sword cultivators entrenched in the Cloud Sky Medicine Valley. It’s fine if these people obediently submit, but if they don’t, hmp—” The arrogant young man opposite the black-robed cultivator sneered.

“Elder Qi Yu of the Sword Pavilion accepts the invitation of Han Muye, the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, to jointly explore the Performance Platform!” A resounding voice echoed in the void.

The sound reverberated through the heavens and earth.

In the market below, silence fell instantly.

On the top floor of the restaurant, the guests secretly looked up at the table of disgruntled cultivators.

The black-robed cultivator's expression was a mix of anger and frustration as he grunted and turned to leave.

The others at the table hurriedly followed suit.

"Hey, gentlemen, you haven't paid your bill yet!" a waiter from the restaurant called out from behind.

Laughter erupted on the top floor of the restaurant.

After the laughter subsided, everyone looked at each other, wearing expressions of astonishment.

The Sword Pavilion was the number one Sword Dao faction in the Upper Heaven Region, Dao Ancestor Qi Yu. With his Dao Ancestor cultivation, he controlled the eighth level of the Sword Pavilion. His combat strength could suppress Heavenly Venerables and his ranking was even higher than the two Heavenly Venerables of the Yuling Dao Sect.

Such a powerhouse actually accepted Han Mu Ye's invitation and personally went there.

How much importance did they place on Han Muye, the Performance Platform, and the Sword Cultivator Conference?



...

In the Upper Heaven Region, under the rule of the Yuling Dao Sect, the Wanhui Dao Sect.

At this moment, the sect master, Chen Zi Yu, and a group of elders sat in the main hall.

“The Heavenly Mystic’s Han Muye insists on participating in this battle. I wonder what he wants,” an old man in an Eight Trigrams Daoist robe said in a low voice on the left side of the hall.

This time, the Wanhui Dao Sect had placed a heavy bet on the battle and prepared all kinds of supplies. Unexpectedly, Han Muye stopped them as soon as the battle started.

This was a loss for the Wanhui Dao Sect.

“Hmph, Han Muye is hosting the Sword Dao Conference, yet he doesn’t even know where the Performance Platform is located. It’s truly laughable,” another person wearing a Bagua robe on the other side remarked, looking around and speaking loudly.

“If the Performance Platform cannot be found, let’s see how Han Muye will handle the situation.”

## **Chapter 1005 - 1005 Di Ting, It's Been a Long Time (2)**

1005 Di Ting, It's Been a Long Time (2)

The words of the Daoist provoked laughter from the crowd in the hall.

If they couldn't really find the platform for the performance, Han Muye would become the laughingstock of the entire cultivation world.

Perhaps all the sword cultivators in the world would hate him for the rest of their lives.

At the head of the table, the sect master of Wanhui Dao Sect, Chen Ziyu, waved his hand with a dark expression and looked at everyone. "What if all the major sects help him find the platform for the performance?"

The major sects providing assistance to find the platform?

In the hall, the Elders looked at each other.

"Sect master, it's impossible for the Yuling Dao Sect to attack just because Han Muye killed Heavenly Venerable Xingdi in the Dao Battleground," a white-bearded old man said softly as he stroked his beard.

The grudge between Han Muye and the Yuling Dao Sect could not be resolved.

A slight relief appeared on the faces of everyone in the hall.

With Yuling Dao Sect standing in the front, in the struggle between the Dao Sect and the Heavenly Mystic Sect, their small sects could take advantage of the situation.

“Buzz!”

A golden rune flashed in the void.

“Yuling Dao Sect’s transmission rune!” An Elder stood up with a solemn expression.

“Could it be that they are gathering all parties to break off relations with the Heavenly Mystic Sect?” Someone muttered, clenching his fists.

The atmosphere in the hall suddenly became serious, filled with a sense of impending bloodshed.

Chen Ziyu straightened his robe and walked forward, holding the rune in both hands.

The rune turned into a spiritual light, falling into the palm of his hand and then dissipating.

At the moment the rune dissipated, Chen Ziyu trembled all over, his eyes widened with disbelief.

Below, all the elders clenched their fists.

Could it be that Yuling Dao Sect had declared war on the Heavenly Mystic World?

Chen Ziyu lowered his head slowly with a hint of confusion in his eyes. He took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "The Yuling Dao Sect has ordered the various sects to defend and not cause trouble."

"Two Heavenly Venerables have personally come to the appointment. The leader will meet up with Heavenly Mystic Han to find the platform for the performance."

The two Grand Elders of the Yuling Dao Sect, Heavenly Venerable Yuzhen and Heavenly Venerable Yuzhi, were experts ranked above Han Muye in this world.

The hall was silent.

...

Almost at the same time, the powerful beings who emerged from the dam, the experts from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, personally rushed to the location mentioned by Han Muye.

Messages were spreading through the void, causing panic and confusion among various forces.

At a time like this, how would they choose sides?

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In the void, in the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

This was a place so dark that even light would be refracted.

It was said that this place in the void had always been forbidden for cultivators throughout history, a place where even powerful beings would get lost.

At this moment, on a floating meteorite with a circumference of 10,000 miles, Han Muye, dressed in white robes and with a sword box on his back, sat on a stone slab. In front of him was a chessboard.

On the chessboard, black and white pieces were intertwined, seemingly unable to separate from each other in terms of killing.

But Xu Wei, who stood behind Han Muye, frowned, while Huang Six beside him gritted his teeth.

The chessboard seemed chaotic, seemingly profound and difficult to determine, but in fact, the two players were just playing random notes on a musical instrument, and every move of the chess pieces had no order.

Han Muye placed his own pieces into his own positions without any logic, while the guy on the opposite side was just fooling around, sometimes even placing his pieces outside the chessboard.

But at this moment, both of them had solemn expressions. With each piece they placed, they concentrated and held their breath, as if they were really chess masters.

“Well, your layout power is truly admirable,” the old man on the other side whispered as he placed a black piece in a corner.

Han Muye solemnly placed a piece in the vital point of his own dragon, blocking it, and nodded. "My strength is not enough, so I can only plan and borrow power."

Xu Wei in the back had already gently opened his folding fan to cover his face, not wanting to watch anymore.

"Not enough strength, huh?" The old man on the opposite side of Han Muye placed a piece and looked up at him.

"When you and I join forces, we hold this world in our hands."

The words were casual, as if talking about something extremely simple.

Xu Wei, who had been covering his face, trembled all over, closed his fan, and looked at the seemingly ordinary old man sitting across from Han Muye.

A suppressed force surged within Huang Six, and he spoke softly, "Endless Heavenly Venerable."

"Fifth Uncle Jia, after transcending, perhaps it's not the end. The immortal realm is vast and boundless, but it may not necessarily be the ultimate destination," Han Muye shook his head and said softly.

Jia Wu.

The owner of the Imperial View Sword Shop on the Scattered Stars Island.

The incarnation of the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

Jia Wu placed the chess piece he was holding down and looked at the chaotic and unordered chessboard, nodding.

“I admit, you have great boldness.

“Cultivators should be like this, pursuing the pinnacle of the world’s Dao.”

Looking up at Han Muye, Jia Wu’s expression revealed a hint of complexity. “I hope that one day, we can still play like this.”

One day.

The Immortal World!

Whether it would be cooperation or hostility at that time, no one knew.

Moreover, Jia Wu at that time was no longer Jia Wu.

Han Muye's deduction of the Endless Heavenly Venerable's techniques resulted in numerous avatars and incarnations, each with its own connections yet independent.

But whenever the original body needed, these avatars and incarnations had to give up everything, including their independent divine souls.

This was completely different from the connection between Han Muye's original body and his other incarnations.

When the main body of the Endless Heavenly Venerable took over an incarnation, that was when Jia Wu disappeared.

The limitations of the path to transcendence for the Endless Heavenly Venerable meant that his original body could never leave the 18 Layers of Hell in the Endless Sea.

Only his avatars and incarnations could leave Hell.

Among them were Bai Ze and the current Jia Wu in front of them.

It was not until Jia Wu stood up and walked forward to look at the scene in the intermediate abyss that Han Muye, Huang Six, and the others in front of the chessboard slowly looked up.

"Endless Heavenly Venerables?" Xu Wei looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye nodded.



He stood up, left the chessboard, and walked towards the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

Xu Wei frowned and looked down at the chessboard.

“Boom!”

At that moment, the chess pieces in front of him transformed into deep mountains and endless rivers in his eyes!

Time, space, everything seemed to disappear at that moment.

There was no coming or going!

“Wake up.” With a low shout, Xu Wei’s body trembled, and his forehead was covered in cold sweat.

Huang Six patted his shoulder and turned his head away from the chess game.

Xu Wei exhaled with lingering fears and said softly, “Is this the world of mighty figures...”

...

In the void, ships arrived one after another.

One by one, mighty figures whose names could shock the entire cultivation world arrived outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

When these people arrived in front of the chessboard, some were silent, some were wide-eyed, and some were pale.

Even the expressions of the Grand Elder of the Sword Pavilion, Qi Yu, and the Grand Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect, Heavenly Venerable Yuzhen, changed in front of the chessboard.

Dozens of days later, more than a hundred experts from various factions gathered.

Not to mention the experts of the Sword Pavilion and the Yuling Dao Sect, Dao Ancestor Golden Rock of the Limitless Dao Sect, Dao Ancestor Yuanchen of the Chaos Heavenly Dao Sect, Dao Ancestor Fu Chen of the Azure Yang Sword Sect, and the others had personally arrived.

There were also experts in the dam, Qiong Qi, who had transformed into an armored man, Di Ting, who was dressed in a white robe and golden armor. When he saw Han Muye, he cupped his hands and bowed, but he did not address him as Your Majesty, General Qin Zhen.

There were also many experts in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. Although they were not top experts, they were still at the Dao Ancestor realm and had powerful combat strength.

When everyone saw Han Muye and Jia Wu, who was standing side by side with Han Muye, their expressions were unreadable.

Endless Heavenly Venerables, Heavenly Mystic Minister Han.

If these two joined forces, they could really overturn the entire cultivation world.

“Di Ting, it’s been a long time.” Jia Wu looked at Di Ting, who was dressed in a white robe, and chuckled softly, “Tell me, what kind of future do you foresee?”

Foreseeing the future was Di Ting’s divine power.

Just like Bai Ze, Di Ting was also an auspicious beast that drove away danger and avoided disaster.

“Heavenly Venerable, cultivation in the world is man-made. There are many changes. A mighty figure like you still believes in foreseeing the future?” Di Ting looked at the endless Heavenly Venerable and said softly.

Jia Wu laughed heartily as he pointed at Di Ting, but he didn’t say anything else.

Han Muye looked at the experts who had arrived, cupped his hands, and made a direct gesture.

“Boom!”

On the chessboard where the black and white chess pieces intersected, all the chess pieces flew up and crashed into the Sinking Wood Abyss.

In the sky above the illusory Sinking Wood Abyss, floating platforms appeared.

These high platforms were all 100 feet in diameter and floated in the void, enveloped by a light barrier.

“The performance platform!” someone exclaimed.

Everyone looked up at the countless floating platforms.

Jia Wu’s eyes flickered. The few mighty figures who had seen the performance platform in the ancient Divine Court Era had solemn expressions.

“Everyone, the performance platform is here. It’s about to open...”

A faint sword intent appeared on Han Muye’s body. Behind him, the Sword Dao Essence Soul condensed. “If you want to activate the platform, you have to break through it.”

### **Chapter 1006 - 1006 One Step, One Sword, Hundred Battle Platform**

1006 One Step, One Sword, Hundred Battle Platform

Break through the performance platform?

What did that mean?

“Minister Han, are you saying that we need to exert our full strength to break through the defensive formation of the performance platform?” An old man in a cloud-patterned Daoist robe and a purple golden light on his head cupped his hands and looked at Han Muye.

The others also looked at Han Muye curiously.

Breaking through the defensive formation of the performance platform was no easy task.

The defensive power of the platform was second only to the Imperial Palace Hall of the Divine Court.

Back then, in order to break through the defense of the Imperial City, more than 10 ancient powerhouses joined forces and succeeded.

Now, those ancient mighty figures had already ascended to the Immortal World. Even if the Endless Heavenly Venerable was not inferior to those people, he was not alone, right?

Even if the others were added together, they could never compare to the strength of those powerhouses.

The power of pure strength did not change qualitatively just by stacking up.

Huang Six narrowed his eyes and took a step forward.

Behind him, a towering shadow emerged, with a demonic dragon black armor and a soaring demonic aura.

Apart from the entangled demonic dragon, a black scroll floated, slowly unfolding with shining golden light.

Great Sage Heaven Trampler, the precious Royal Emblem Chart.

The power on Huang Six's body exploded, causing the void to tremble within a range of thousands of miles, and all the meteorites buzzed.

Those fragmented stones scattered in the void vibrated and turned into whirlpools, converging towards the center.

The Royal Emblem Chart seemed to cover the sky, directly sucking the boundless void into it.

The power of the Heaven Trampling Sage had already reached a terrifying level!

Whether it was the powerhouses from the various domains of the Upper Heaven Region or the talented experts who emerged from the embankment, their expressions changed at this moment.

Those powerhouses from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy seemed to be relatively better off.

When Huang Six was in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, his reputation was already considerable. Under the seat of the Ancestral Heavenly Venerable demon, he rampaged in all directions, constantly killing.

Huang Six let out a long laugh, and the Royal Emblem Chart turned into a towering long sword. He lifted it with his hand and slashed forward.

This sword seemed to overturn the heavens and the earth, directly pressing down and causing the void to roar and burst. The naked eye could see the compression, distortion, and fragmentation of the void.

With such a strike, even a star would instantly shatter like dust.

“Bang!”

A floating 100-foot cloud platform shattered.

Then followed by the second, the third.

In the illusory space, hundreds of cloud platforms collapsed and turned into dust.

Huang Six’s eyes gleamed, and he slowly raised his hand to retrieve the Royal Emblem Chart.

With this strike, he could shatter 375 battle platforms.

But that was all.

In front of him was the Abyss of Sink Wood, and there were countless battle platforms that were 30 feet tall.

After retracting the Royal Emblem Chart, Huang Six moved and landed behind Han Muye.

At this moment, no one spoke, all eyes fixed on the rolling clouds and mist ahead in the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

The shattered battle platforms began to recover at a visible speed.

“This is the power of the defensive formation of the platform,” Gao Xiaoxuan, who was holding the Mountain and River Brush in his hand, spoke calmly and loudly.

He did not make a move, but he was familiar with the power of the performance platform.

Once upon a time, he had also challenged the performance platform and left his name on it.

“The performance platform absorbs all the force of the attack, so theoretically, as long as one strike cannot directly shatter the formation within, it will never be possible to break through again.”

When the performance platform absorbed the force of one strike, the defensive power increased with the accumulation of subsequent forces.



If the first strike didn't break through, it became even more impossible for the following strikes.

Gao Xiaoxuan's words made the surrounding experts shake their heads one after another.

Almost all the top experts from this world had gathered here.

But few dared to claim that their combat power could surpass Huang Six's strike.

As for joining forces, it was even more impossible.

Everyone here had different thoughts. They came from different forces, so how could they work together?

"If we're talking about breaking through the defense of the performance platform with one strike, I can't do it either." Jia Wu spoke softly beside Han Muye.

Even the Endless Heavenly Venerable himself admitted that he was powerless to break through the performance platform!

Although they knew the result would inevitably be like this, hearing it directly from the mouth of the Endless Heavenly Venerable relieved many people.

So, the Endless Heavenly Venerable isn't as strong as imagined!

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he nodded.

A faint and ordinary aura suddenly surged from Jia Wu's body. At this moment, an indescribable force was triggered within the void.

Everyone felt difficulty in breathing, as if their bodies were being restrained.

It was as if, at this moment, they were immersed at the bottom of an abyss!

The resentment power of the Endless Heavenly Venerable!

Many people turned their heads in shock and looked at Jia Wu.

Although the Endless Heavenly Venerable claimed to be powerless to break through the performance platform, he was clearly gathering his strength.

This indicated that he still had confidence in breaking through its defense!

Could his individual power rival the combined strength of several ancient and even 10 great beings?

It was terrifying!

“Should I give it a try, or do you have a better idea?”

Jia Wu turned to look at Han Muye with a smile. “I know you definitely have a backup plan.”

Jia Wu and Han Muye had met on the Scattered Stars Island, where they drank and chatted, living ordinary lives.

Their carefree and unfettered demeanor revealed their true nature.

“You do understand me, Senior.” Han Muye chuckled and pointed ahead.

“There are two ways to break through the performance platform.

“The first is to use overwhelming force to shatter the defense of the platform with one strike. Although the platform will be damaged to some extent, it can still be recovered.

“The second is to ascend the performance platform and battle the illusory puppets on the platform.”

Han Muye looked around and spoke softly, “Just like the ancient beings who ascended in the past, defeating the illusory puppets and gaining the qualification to ascend to the Immortal World on the Immortal Ascension Platform.”

**Chapter 1007 - 1007 One Step, One Sword, Hundred Battle Platform (2)**

## 1007 One Step, One Sword, Hundred Battle Platform (2)

The so-called method of breaking through the performance platform was actually to defeat the puppets on the platform and obtain the qualification for ascension!

With Han Muye's words, all the surrounding experts in cultivation were filled with excitement, their faces showing a look of excitement.

So, this is the way to break through the performance platform!

Then does he have the qualification for this?

For a moment, countless people were filled with enthusiasm, eager to fly up to the performance platform and battle the illusionary puppets.

"Everyone, although there is no danger to life on the performance platform, it can still cause damage, and it hasn't been opened for countless millennia. No one knows if there will be any changes."

Han Muye's expression turned solemn as he said in a deep voice, "If you want to ascend the performance platform, you must be careful and act according to your abilities."

We know this, who doesn't know? Who can still listen to these words now? Just tell us when we can ascend the performance platform.

Almost everyone's eyes were filled with eagerness.

Han Muye looked around and said softly, "Everyone, take care."

Haha, we were waiting for you to say that!

The experts cupped their hands and flew towards the illusory platform in front of them.

As soon as a person landed on it, a virtual shadow solidified in front of them.

"Boom!"

Someone had already made a move, and the phantom couldn't withstand the attack, dispersing instantly.

Then, the expert on it transformed into a stream of light and entered the second battle platform.

In just a few breaths, someone had already broken through 10 high platforms.

"Hmm, it's interesting!" Someone in front of the high platform exclaimed.

The puppet in front of him made a move, and it actually had the same moves as its previous attack.

This performance platform clearly replicated oneself!

“The performance platform is preserved for practicing all kinds of techniques and laws in the world. The more high platforms one passes, the stronger the puppets one faces.

Gao Xiaoxuan looked at the countless shining battle platforms ahead, a hint of nostalgia in his eyes.

“Sometimes, the most difficult opponent to defeat is oneself.”

The most difficult opponent was oneself!

Jia Wu’s face revealed a hint of surprise, his gaze fixed on the battle platform ahead, lost in thought.

“This is quite interesting.” Huang Six grinned and said with joy, “I should let my daughter try it. Her foundation in cultivation is not yet stable enough, so it wouldn’t be bad if she could summarize her experience.”

In the ancient Divine Court era, only powerful and capable individuals were qualified to ascend the performance platform.

Not everyone had the privilege of being invited to ascend the performance platform.

For cultivators, it was an opportunity in itself.

“You can obtain the qualifications to ascend the Immortal Ascension Platform by breaking through the performance platform?” Jia Wu suddenly turned around and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye remained silent, but Gao Xiaoxuan beside him spoke up: “Indeed, it was the case in ancient times. The powerful experts of that era needed to break through the performance platform.

“Later on, there were fewer and fewer strong individuals in the cultivation world who could break through the performance platform, so the standards for ascending to the Immortal World had to be lowered.

“In the end, as long as one breaks through a hundred performance platforms, they can ascend to the Immortal World.”

Break through a hundred platforms?

Well, it seems like it's not easy.

In front, the fastest ones had already broken through more than twenty performance platforms.

But their speed had slowed down.

“Boom!”

A cultivator at the Sage realm was struck by an illusionary puppet and was sent flying, landing outside the performance platform with a pale face.

He looked grim, about to charge up again, but he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his entire body feeling weak and helpless as he sat down on a meteorite.

“Having fallen from the performance platform, one needs at least a day of rest and meditation to regain strength and reflect on oneself,” Gao Xiaoxuan said loudly, looking at the cultivator.

The other party looked up and nodded gratefully.

Jia Wu furrowed his eyebrows slightly and whispered, “Kid, with the power of this grand formation, I’m afraid it’s not as simple as breaking through a hundred performance platforms, right?”

Just because others couldn’t do it didn’t mean that this top-ranked powerhouse couldn’t.

Breaking through the performance platform couldn’t be that simple.

“The formation is currently operating on its own. To break through, one probably needs to go through each and every platform and defeat all the puppets on them,” Han Muye spoke softly.

Defeating all the puppets, just like those strongest experts of the past, crossing the performance platforms to obtain the qualification for ascension!



A gleam of excitement flashed in Jia Wu's eyes, a proud expression on his face. He laughed out loud and took a step, landing on the performance platform.

"Kid, let's compete to see who can step across first."

The competition was about who could step across first, not about who could break through the most.

The Endless Heavenly Venerable had this confidence in himself and in Han Muye!

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he nodded lightly.

"Minister Han, I'm very curious. Since it only requires passing through the performance platform to have a chance to gain control and obtain the opportunity for ascension, why did you gather these strong individuals?"

Xu Wei's voice sounded faintly from behind Han Muye.

With a gentle sway of his folding fan, Xu Wei looked at the void ahead. "To demonstrate the immense power of the Ninth in the world?"

"To make all the forces cease their conflicts?"

Xu Wei shook his head and said softly, "I think Prime Minister Han is not such a superficial person."

Han Muye laughed and slowly sat down. "You're right."

Xu Wei chuckled at him, then heard Han Muye say, "I'm such a shallow person."

Xu Wei, Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan all twitched their mouths.

Han Muye looked ahead with a smile on his face.

Although Jia Wu said he wanted to compete, he wouldn't go up on the platform right now.

As Xu Wei said, Han Muye had gathered strong individuals from various forces to this place, not just to let them watch how he would step onto the stage and break the formation, or to show his own strength, nor was it to intimidate others.

### **Chapter 1008 - 1008 One Step, One Sword, Hundred Battle Platform (3)**

1008 One Step, One Sword, Hundred Battle Platform (3)

Han Muye's intention was to learn secretly.

It had been more than 400,000 years since the collapse of the ancient divine court.

In such a distant time, the methods of cultivating time had undergone countless changes.

The cultivation techniques in the dam might still be ancient, but the cultivation methods, magical arts, Daoist arts, and swordsmanship in other ancient cloud galaxies and the lands where ancient gods fell were already significantly different.

Each sect had its own distinctive cultivation characteristics.

What Han Muye was doing now was similar to when he practiced the technique of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords back then, summarizing the strengths of various sects for his own use.

Sitting on the meteorite, he observed all the battles on the high platforms in front of him.

Some possessed immense magical powers, and every move and gesture they made had the power to shatter the heavens and the earth. Some moved with lightning speed, their figures flashing by, making it impossible for the naked eye to capture them.

Some had profound swordsmanship, with a single thrust causing the void to tremble. Some manipulated the power of the heavens and the earth with their Daoist arts, and their words turned into spells...

On each high platform, these experts demonstrated astonishing techniques.

Facing them were puppets that possessed various magical and Daoist techniques inherited from ancient times, as well as constantly absorbing and replicating abilities.

Han Muye sat there, and in his mind, the battles on each high platform appeared as vivid scenes.

The Dao techniques of the Yuling Dao Sect, the sword techniques of the Sword Pavilion, the combat techniques of the ancient puppets, the sword control of the Qingyang Sword Sect...

For a whole day, Han Muye did not make a single move.

On this day, Jia Wu had already crossed over 358 high platforms.

Among the other experts, there were five who had more than a hundred seats. Dao Ancestor Qi Yu, two Heavenly Venerables from the Yuling Dao Sect, and two Heavenly Venerable experts had all passed the hundred battle platforms.

Many others had passed over 80 or 90 platforms.

As for those who had fallen from the platforms, there were even more of them.

At this moment, whether it was the fallen cultivators or those who still stood on the high platforms, their expressions were all solemn.

The fallen individuals were reflecting on their gains and losses with all their hearts, while the experts still on the platforms were doing their best to deal with the powerful puppets in front of them.

Their strength not only came from their own power but also from the increasing number of techniques they exhibited.

“Boom!”

A Sage-level expert holding a spiritual treasure was punched off the platform by a puppet in front of him, and he landed pale-faced on a meteorite.

A flicker of fear flashed across his face as he slowly retreated.

The puppet’s strike just now almost killed him on the spot.

“Your refining of the spiritual treasure is not sufficient, and there are hindrances when you make a move at critical moments, especially when you use fire-based magical arts to activate it. In reality, you cannot fully unleash the power of this Green Jade Umbrella.”

Han Muye, who was sitting upright, suddenly spoke.

The Daoist holding the spiritual treasure, the Green Jade Umbrella, trembled all over and turned to look at Han Muye.

“I remember that the Senior from the Zuoning Daoist Temple has a fire-repelling five-tooth halberd in his hand. He himself was a cultivator of the water element. You can have a discussion with him.”

After Han Muye finished speaking, he slowly stood up amidst the Daoist’s astonished gaze.

All around, all the cultivators who had retreated from the battle platform looked at Han Muye.

How strong was this ninth-ranked Sword Dao mighty figure, Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, who had been designated as the successor by the Divine Emperor?

Han Muye took a step forward and unsheathed a green sword.

“Clang—”

The sword radiance surged and pierced straight into the high platform.

The puppet on the first high platform had not fully materialized before it was shattered by Han Muye’s sword.

His figure landed on the second high platform, his sword still held high. Taking another step forward, the sword’s edge pierced through the newly appearing puppet.

With another step, Han Muye lightly swept his sword on the third high platform, as if casually drawing his sword, instantly cutting the puppet in front of him into two pieces.

By the time he reached the fourth high platform, it was already his fourth step.

The sword followed his movement, and the fourth puppet didn’t even have a chance to raise its hand.

On the fifth platform.

On the sixth platform.

The seventh one.

The 10th one.

100!

From the first high platform to the 100th high platform, Han Muye took a total of 100 steps, and with his sword, he either thrust forward or swept diagonally, as if advancing effortlessly.

He took 100 steps forward, piercing through 100 high platforms!

Was this the true combat strength of Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, the ninth in the world?

Outside the platforms, everyone widened their eyes, their faces filled with astonishment.

Xu Wei's folding fan opened halfway but couldn't be closed, his face expressing astonishment.

"This guy, he's so strong?"

“No wonder...”

## **Chapter 1009 - 1009 Number One in Sword Dao, Competing with the Strongest**

1009 Number One in Sword Dao, Competing with the Strongest

100 steps, 100 battle platforms.

The sword light in Han Muye’s hand was extremely sharp.

None of the puppets in front of him could stop him even for a moment.

By the time he reached the 100th battle platform, he was already among the top 10 powerful contenders to have reached this place.

“As expected, Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic is really the ninth expert in the world.”

On the meteorite, a Daoist in a green robe and a green-skinned calabash hanging from his waist looked at Han Muye and said softly.

“It seems that it’s more than just being the ninth best in the world. Minister Han can surpass 100 battle platforms within 10 breaths.” A person’s eyes gleamed with brightness as they murmured softly.



Apart from the Endless Heavenly Venerable, who hasn't found it increasingly difficult on the battle platform?

Han Muye's speed in stepping onto the 100th battle platform was truly astonishing.

"The other cultivators are all comprehending the puppets' techniques on the fighting ring. Otherwise, they shouldn't be slow," another cultivator from the Upper Heaven Region said.

He looked at the Daoist who had passed through more than 130 battle platforms, a hint of complexity appearing on his face.

The other Heavenly Venerable experts have already reached beyond the 150th battle platform.

No one knows how long it will take for Han Muye to catch up to this person.

"After the 100 battle platforms, the puppet combat techniques are different. They will draw inspiration from the challengers—" The old man's words came to a halt.

How could Han Muye learn how to pass through a hundred battle platforms?

Everyone looked at Han Muye, watching him take a step forward.

"Boom!"

A long sword appeared directly above Han Muye's head.

On the 101st battle platform, the puppet had not fully transformed when a sword was already thrust out.

This strike was exactly the same as the sword light Han Muye had used previously!

Such a sword technique could be said to be profound!

How could Han Muye deal with such a strike himself?

Whether it was the experts from the upper Heavenly Domain or the experts from other domains, they were all staring at Han Muye.

By the time Han Muye landed on the battle platform, a sword had already been thrust out in advance.

This sword was faster and more perilous than the puppet's sword.

The blade pierced directly through the puppet's armpit, impaling its body.

"Bang!"

The puppet's body exploded, dissipating into clouds and mist.

As long as he was faster, he would become stronger.

It was as simple as that.

“Previously, Prime Minister Han held back too much with his sword.” A Daoist with a pale face whispered, gripping a long sword in his hand.

He tightened his grip on the sword hilt, and his eyes emitted a bright halo.

“Slash—”

He unsheathed his sword and thrust it out.

“No, this sword is too slow. Han Xiang’s previous strike was not from this angle...”

His eyes were fixed on Han Muye, who had already stepped onto the hundred and second battle platform.

As Han Muye set foot on the platform, the sword in his hand was no different from before, and the sword light flashed as he thrust it straight ahead.

“That’s it, that’s it, that’s it...”

The swordsman tightly gripped his sword, his sword intent solidifying. His eyes focused intently as he thrust out a sword.

“Boom!”

On the battle platform, the puppet in front of Han Muye shattered before the sword in the puppet’s hand could pierce him. Han Muye thrust his sword through the puppet’s body.

“Slash—”

Outside the battle platform, the swordsman unleashed a sword strike, and in the vast void ahead, a beam of sword light tore through, leaving behind a brilliant and dark sword mark.

Everyone on the meteorite turned their heads and looked at the swordsman who held a sword with a smile on his face.

“So that’s how it is, so that’s how it is!”

The sword cultivator smiled, sheathed his sword slowly, closed his eyes, and the sword intent on his body grew even stronger.

He comprehended it just like that?

Many people looked envious.

Those who had come here were all defeated experts, the strongest in this realm.

Their cultivation and swordsmanship had already reached the pinnacle that they could pursue and their innate talent could reach. Further progress would be extremely difficult, requiring opportunities.

Or rather, a great opportunity.

Today, this master of the sage realm in sword cultivation unexpectedly gained inspiration and enlightenment while observing Han Muye's sword strike. Who wouldn't wish for such an opportunity?

Unconsciously, many people cast their gaze upon Han Muye, hoping that the next one to gain an opportunity and enlightenment would be themselves.

Moreover, upon closer observation, many people discovered the difference between Han Muye and the other challengers.

Han Muye passed three trials and crossed three battle platforms, and he used only one sword.

With each battle platform, the speed of his sword strike increased.

Every strike hit before the puppet's sword could reach him.

Although it was risky, this level of control was truly breathtaking.

A hair's breadth difference could span an immeasurable distance.

“Boom!”

An old man in a green and gray Daoist robe had Dao intent intertwined on his body.

On the meteorite, all the observers turned their heads.

The previously turbid glow in the old man's eyes had now become clear and bright.

“I have been cultivating for 3,800 years and have entered the realm of the sage. It has been over 139,000 years since then.”

A mighty figure who had stepped into the Sage realm more than 100,000 years ago.

Such a formidable expert likely had numerous trump cards up his sleeve.

“Since becoming a sage and taking control of the sect, my cultivation progress has been slow, and it has been tens of thousands of years without significant breakthroughs.” The Daoist looked at Han Muye advancing onto another battle platform, once again thrusting out his sword. His eyes burst with brilliance.

“I thought that all Sages were the same. It turns out that I was wrong.”

Watching Han Muye’s sword pierce through the puppet, watching the puppet’s sword stop half an inch in front of Han Muye’s body, the Daoist’s face revealed a gentle smile. The intentions in his body transformed into a surge of fighting spirit.

“Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, ranked ninth in the world, has actually put himself in a life-or-death situation with his attack.”

“To live in the face of death, that is true cultivation!”

To live in the face of death!

On the battle platform, Han Muye left no room for retreat with his sword strikes.

Hearing the Daoist’s words, everyone stared at Han Muye, recalling every swift, ruthless, and accurate sword strike he made from the moment he stepped onto the battle platform until now, leaving no room for himself or the puppets to escape.

## **Chapter 1010 - 1010 Number One in Sword Dao, Competing with the Strongest (2)**

### 1010 Number One in Sword Dao, Competing with the Strongest (2)

This sword puppet did not break, and he was inevitably injured by the opponent’s sword.

If a real long sword was facing him, his life would be worry-free, and Han Muye would have been knocked off the battle stage.

With his status, if he was easily knocked off the battle stage, it would damage his reputation, comparable to a great disaster.

The most reliable approach would be to cross the battle stage with overwhelming combat power.

However, Han Muye clearly chose the most risky and insoluble path.

He was putting himself in mortal danger.

Only by facing death could one be reborn.

Therefore, when everyone looked at Han Muye again, it was different.

It was still a sword, but this sword was filled with vitality.

This sword possessed an edge and fierceness that one couldn't directly face!

This strike that could not be reversed was the persistence of the Sword Dao!

"To be an enemy of such a sword cultivator is truly terrifying..."



Someone whispered.

These words made everyone around nod silently.

An enemy who left no retreat for oneself, once hostilities were initiated, it meant a life-and-death struggle.

For the powerful beings who had come to this place, they had long been accustomed to being high above others, accustomed to controlling the life and death of others.

Now, having to personally engage in a life-and-death battle with others was indeed difficult to adapt to.

Han Muye was already at the pinnacle of the world, the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, so why was he so ruthless to himself?

“The Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic carries far more than I imagined.” A glimmer of light flashed in someone’s eyes.

Unless forced to a dead end, who would willingly go all out like this?

“Boom!”

In front, Han Muye thrust his sword, shattering another puppet.

His figure flashed, surpassing the 140th battle stage and overtaking the person ahead.

If he was on the stage, he would give it his all.

An hour later, Han Muye surpassed Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen.

He became the fourth-ranked expert.

Two hours later, Han Muye surpassed Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi in front, leaving only Jia Wu, who had reached the 500th battle stage, and Dao Ancestor Qi Yu on the 321st battle stage.

Han Muye's position was on the 293rd battle stage.

At this moment, Dao Ancestor Qi Yu held a long sword that flickered with green light. Every time the sword light flickered, it brought out grayish-black spatial cracks.

The sword in the puppet's hand also carried the power to shatter the void. Every time it collided with him, its body would tremble slightly.

After 10 strikes, the puppet paused and collapsed.

Standing on his sword, Qi Yu turned around and looked behind him.

Spiritual light flashed in his eyes.

Just dozens of battle stages away, Han Muye's sword was reaching its peak speed. He thrust his sword, piercing through the puppet's body before it could strike back with its own sword.

Just like before.

An hour ago, Qi Yu had already turned to watch Han Muye make his move.

Fast and ruthless.

This sword still unleashed the ruthlessness of this style of swordsmanship to the extreme.

Taking a deep breath, Qi Yu took a step forward, appearing on the next battle stage.

"Buzz!"

Behind him, a puppet suddenly appeared with a sword in its hand.

Qi Yu turned around and raised his sword.

“Clang—”

When the two swords collided, he took a step back slightly. The puppet landed 50 feet away. Then, he tapped his toes and attacked again.

The sword light flashed rapidly, and Qi Yu sent the sword flying again.

After three consecutive strikes, Qi Yu was suppressed and could only defend.

“Hmph.”

With a cold snort, an eight-story sword pagoda appeared behind him.

“Dao Ancestor Qi Yu has summoned the sword pagoda!”

“Let’s get serious!”

“The number one person in the Sword Dao, even he’s getting anxious.”

The cultivators who had already retreated stood on the meteorite and looked up at Qi Yu, who was shining in the Sword Pavilion behind them.

Han Muye’s speed was too fast, his swordsmanship too peerless, already threatening Qi Yu’s position.

As the number one in the cultivation world's swordsmanship, how much longer could Qi Yu hold on?

"Boom!"

The sword in the Sword Pavilion surged out like a flood and shattered the puppet.

Qi Yu stepped out of the fighting ring without hesitation and appeared on the next platform. Behind him, the Sword Pavilion floated. The sword light did not converge at all and directly shattered the puppet that had just appeared.

He passed through the 12 battle platforms until he reached the 335th battle platform. When Qi Yu stepped onto it, there was no sign of the puppet.

"Slash—"

A sword appeared in front of Qi Yu.

Spatial power!

This puppet actually controlled the spatial power that only Heavenly Venerable experts had the chance to master.

Clearly, the stage had already determined Dao Ancestor Qi Yu to be a Heavenly Venerable mighty figure.

“Clang—”

Qi Yu blocked the sword beam with his sword. Then, the sword beam from the sword pagoda behind him transformed into a dragon and swept back, shattering the puppet.

The sword tower emerged, Qi Yu was invincible, until he reached the 360th battle stage, where the puppet, with extreme speed and the guidance of the sword radiance dragon, blocked him.

This battle lasted nearly half an hour before the puppet was finally shattered by a sword.

When Qi Yu, slightly out of breath, looked up, his whole body trembled.

Unbeknownst to him, the number between him and Han Muye had decreased to only three battle stages.

Han Muye had already reached the 356th battle platform.

Although they were heading in different directions, separated by a great distance and the barrier of a formation, Han Muye, with a sword thrust, seemed to sense Dao Ancestor Qi Yu's gaze.

The sword radiance paused for a moment and then slowly retracted as Han Muye nodded towards Qi Yu before dispersing his figure.

On the next battle platform.

“Slash—”

Han Muye swept his sword horizontally, instantly cleaving the newly appeared puppet into two!

With one step, he had reached the next battle stage, and his sword swept from the left.

“Boom—”

The puppet shattered.

Another step, and the sword swept from the right, cutting off the puppet’s sword that blocked his path, and then shattering its body.

360 battle stages!

Han Muye stepped onto the 360th battle platform with Qi Yu!

They faced each other, separated by countless spaces, yet it held extraordinary significance.

It was a confrontation between two of the world’s top sword cultivators.

It represented that both sword experts had the opportunity to vie for the title of the number one in the Sword Dao, possessing the strength to sweep through the world.

For Han Muye, surpassing Qi Yu meant that he would be regarded as the second in the world, second only to the Endless Heavenly Venerable, and his swordsmanship would be universally recognized as the best.

“Clang—”

Han Muye didn’t strike, but simply raised his hand to block the puppet’s horizontal slash.

This was the first time since he stepped onto the fighting ring that he did not take the initiative to attack.

“Clang—”

The puppet’s thrusting sword was also blocked.

“Clang—”

Another strike, still blocked.

Han Muye stood in place, his sword protecting the three-foot radius around him, unmoving.



“Clang—”

“Clang—”

...

Endless sword chants filled the air.

In everyone’s eyes, Han Muye’s sword danced freely, turning the three-foot radius in front of him into a forbidden zone.

“It is said that in ancient times, the great sword cultivators were invincible within a three-foot range,” muttered a middle-aged person in a Daoist robe, staring at the three feet of green light before Han Muye.

“This is the invincibility within three feet,” exclaimed a young man, his back intertwining with sword radiance.

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu stared at the sword light in front of Han Muye, and the Sword Pavilion behind him shook.

He turned around, took a step forward, and entered the next fighting stage.

“Slash—”

In the instant he turned, Han Muye thrust his sword, shattering the puppet that had severed the sword radiance.

When his figure disappeared from the battle stage, the lingering sword radiance from the puppet’s strike still shimmered, creating a dazzling display on the platform.

“Boom!”

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu shattered another puppet, then turned his head to see Han Muye’s sword radiance still shining, blocking the three-foot space.

When he turned around, the puppet in front of Han Muye crumbled.

After 10 battle platforms, Dao Ancestor Qi Yu let out a soft sigh. He shattered the puppet in front of him with a sword strike but didn’t move forward. Instead, like many cultivators, he sat cross-legged.

At this moment, the cultivators watching outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood had complicated expressions.

The Supreme Elder of the Sword Pavilion, the number one expert in the Sword Dao, Dao Ancestor Qi Yu, gave up the confrontation with Han Muye and relinquished his position as the number one in swordsmanship.

This was the final choice of a veteran powerhouse, and it represented the rise of the ambitious newcomer, Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han, who became the number one in the realm of swordsmanship!

"Slash—"

The long sword shattered the puppet. Han Muye slowly turned around and cupped his hands at Dao Ancestor Qi Yu.

Then, he took a step forward. The sword will and battle intent on his body intertwined. The Primordial Spirit Sword that rushed into the sky caused the void to tremble. Stepping onto the battle platform, he cleaved through the protective formation with a single sword strike.

Han Muye looked up to the sky and let out a long roar. The sword in his hand emitted brilliant and dazzling radiance, as his figure traversed through one battle platform after another.

Fight!

At this moment, there was only one person in front of Han Muye.

Endless Divine Venerable!

After obtaining first place in the Sword Dao, Han Muye chose to fight head-on with the number one Heavenly Venerable in this world!

In an instant, whether it was the cultivators on the meteorites outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood In an instant, whether it was the cultivators on the meteorites outside

Today, perhaps they were about to witness the ultimate battle between the strongest experts in the cultivation world!