

Pavilion 1031

Chapter 1031 - 1031 Killing Sword Unsheathed, No Return Until Death (3)

1031 Killing Sword Unsheathed, No Return Until Death (3)

Han Muye felt that his bloodline power was being drawn, as if Baxia's power was being extracted.

This suppression of bloodline power indicated that the opponent had reached a higher level in the cultivation of bloodline strength.

He couldn't resist with the power of the divine beast!

Han Muye's figure moved, and the power of the divine beast Baxia dispersed into his body, then he leaped into the air.

"Clang—"

The long sword was unsheathed, gathering sword light, shining with a sharp edge, stabbing towards the young man standing in mid-air.

"Interesting," the young man said with a faint smile, raising his hand and flicking his finger.

"Clang—"

The long sword clashed with the fingertip, Han Muye's figure paused, his face turned red, and he spurted out a mouthful of blood.

The young man also trembled slightly and involuntarily took a step back.

Surprised, the young man looked up at Han Muye and said, "In this low-level world, there is still a master who has cultivated the sword path to such an extreme level."

"It's rare."

After a pause, a cold light erupted in his eyes. "I hate sword cultivators the most."

His palm reached out and tore through the void, appearing on Han Muye's shoulder.

This strike was not only fast but also broke through the limitations of space.

Han Muye was completely unable to dodge.

With that palm holding him, he was undoubtedly going to die.

"Break."

Raising his long sword, Han Muye shouted, and the void burst with a loud explosion.

In an instant, the void within a radius of 100 feet became chaotic.

The hand that had fallen on Han Muye's shoulder slapped three feet away, creating a rippling wave in the void before dissipating.

The strike that shattered the void did not succeed, and a hint of seriousness flashed in the young man's eyes as he looked at Han Muye.

The wings on his back trembled slightly, and a slender black-feathered sword emerged in his hands.

"The last person who asked me to attack was that guy from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

"In this lousy place, there's someone who can make me draw my sword. Damn it, what a pain in the ass."

Impatience showed on the young man's face as he swung the sword towards Han Muye's head.

This sword seemed casual and effortless.

But not far away, Qilin and the others were all wide-eyed.

In front of them, Han Muye's body was folded countless times in space and then torn apart.

But the torn void instantly restored itself.

The overlapping of time and space showed them a glimpse of the scene one in a millionth of a breath later.

"That guy couldn't even block this strike. If not for the power of the Nine Essence Tower, I would have skinned him alive." The young man snorted and looked at Han Muye under the black sword light.

In the next moment, he froze.

Behind Han Muye, a nine-story sword tower appeared.

On the nine-layered sword tower, a faint sword light resisted the folding of space and absorbed that power within it.

"F*ck, the inheritance of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect..."

"That's not right!"

Before the young man could finish his sentence, he was already wide-eyed, staring intently at the golden light flickering on Han Muye's sword spirit.

His whole body trembled, his wings directly wrapped around his body, he let go of the black sword in his hand, and cried out, “Young master, spare me—”

In front of him, Han Muye’s sword spirit emerged.

On the gray-black sword body, there were remnants of intersecting golden patterns.

These patterns were transformed from the writing on the golden page pierced by the long sword.

Han Muye had once lightly recited these writings.

“Spiritual Wind, Heavenly Net.

“Three Divisions, Primordial Movement.”

“Boom!”

The air was filled with a pervasive aura of slaughter, and the golden spiritual light burst, causing the entire world to tremble.

The killing intent that emerged from the depths of his heart drained the young man’s already pale face of any trace of blood.

“The sword condensed with killing intent, this inheritance—”

The young man gritted his teeth, his face filled with regret. “I’m damn despicable. Killing sword unsheathed, no return until death.”

He shouted to the sky, “With my demonic spirit, I offer this sword—”

At that moment, countless beings from the entire primeval wasteland blocked Han Muye’s sword spirit through layers of stacked space.

“Slash—”

The grayish sword pierced through the endless void, staining the sword with the blood of countless beings, which was then devoured by the long sword.

The long sword pressed against the young man’s forehead, making him tremble.

“Young Master, do you still remember the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign who imparted his teachings to you five million years ago?

“We, the Demon Luo Clan, were under the command of the Immortal Sovereign.

“I... I have come to seek your leadership over the Demon Luo Clan, to ascend to the Heavenly Divine World, and to rescue the Immortal Sovereign imprisoned in the Divine Source Heavenly Palace!”

The young man trembled and whispered as he looked at Han Muye and the sword pressing against his brow.

Chapter 1032 - 1032 Crossing Over Five Million Years

1032 Crossing Over Five Million Years

Five million years.

Han Muye never expected that the previous teleportation would span five million years.

He had been transported through the River of Time by the Heavenly Stele of Baxia five million years into the past and experienced an unimaginable stroke of luck.

Slowly sheathing his sword, the blood-colored longsword trembled lightly.

The stacked void trembled and scattered.

But at least half of the creatures in that space were slain by a single sword.

Han Muye had just killed half of the living beings in the desolate wilderness with a single strike!

By sacrificing this half of the creatures to refine the sword in his hand, Han Muye could feel the majestic and surging power emanating from the long sword.

This was a power even he found difficult to comprehend.

It was also because of the tyrannical power surging in the long sword that he believed the young man's words.

Under his sword strike, the young man not only did not resist but instead sacrificed countless creatures that had invaded throughout the years to consecrate his own sword.

After the consecration, the power surging from the sword was already enough to directly slay the young man.

"The Immortal Sovereign is imprisoned?" The long sword dissipated and returned to Han Muye's mind.

He frowned and looked at the young man.

Even if he didn't take him as a disciple, the debt of imparting knowledge was still a karmic bond.

For example, when he learned the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords from Mo Yuan, Han Muye had always respected Mo Yuan as his master.

If the Immortal Sovereign was truly in trouble, he wouldn't ignore it.

The young man nodded and turned his head to look at Qilin and the other divine and mythical beasts, his eyes filled with killing intent.

"They are all my closest friends," Han Muye said in a low voice.

Xiang Lingshuang, wielding curved twin swords, rushed forward, and the other Qilin and the others also took a step forward, standing beside Han Muye.

Their souls were under attack, and it was already difficult for them to resist.

They only saw Han Muye and the other party clash with their swords and then withdraw.

They couldn't discern the outcome.

They only saw Han Muye fight the other party head-on and stop.

They could not tell who would win.

"Master, let's change the location to talk," the young man whispered to Han Muye. Then he spread his hands, and a pale green halo converged behind him, transforming into a lush grassland.

Within the grassland, several tall stone palaces stood.

“It’s the Wilderness of the Reckless Bulls!

“Back then, the largest grassland in the wilderness was a fertile land with abundant water and grass that all major tribes have been pursuing.”

Behind Han Muye, many divine beasts recognized the grassland and exclaimed.

Many of them had a nostalgic look on their faces.

The young man raised his hand and slightly bowed to Han Muye.

Han Muye didn’t hesitate either. He took a step forward and landed in the wilderness.

An ancient and vast aura rushed towards them, with the fragrance of the grass intertwining with a pure and violent power.

Outside the stone palaces, many exotic beasts roamed leisurely, basking in the sun. When they saw Han Muye approaching, they raised their heads in vigilance.

The young man landed behind Han Muye and whispered, “Please follow me, Master.”

He took a step forward, leading Han Muye directly into the grand hall.

Qilin, Di Ting, and the others landed, took a deep breath, and then looked with excitement at the various divine and mythical beasts outside the hall.

“Roar—”

“Roar—”

Chaotic roars resounded, and those divine and exotic beasts also rushed forward in excitement.

Some manifested human forms, while others charged on all fours with loud roars.

“Haha, I can’t believe there are still surviving members of my Jade Rhino clan!” An old man with a horn on his head had tears in his eyes as he shouted.

“This, this is the descendant of my Golden Sword Antelope Clan? How is this possible? Didn’t they all die when the desolation collapsed...” An old man with a hunched figure and turbid eyes trembled as he muttered.

These divine beasts and strange beasts that were chasing after the desolate ancient land only wanted to come back to find some treasures. They had never thought that there would be their own clan in the desolate ancient land.

Back then, when the desolation collapsed, they had watched their clans get destroyed and their homes shatter.

Most of them were protecting the elites of the various races as they entered the Desolate Forgotten Grounds. Once they left, they never returned.

“Di Ting, what’s going on?” Qilin turned to look at Di Ting, excitement flashing across its face.

In front of them, several members of their clan slowly walked over.

The Qilin Clan in the world still existed.

How could one not be delighted?

“Some things, who can explain them clearly?” Di Ting shook his head and turned to walk away.

He felt a little desolate.

There was no Di Ting Clan among the clans here.

The Di Ting clan was a rare species to begin with. Back when the Desolation was complete, there weren’t many of them.

“Di Ting? Your clan elder’s resting place is up ahead. He left you a message.” All of a sudden, a strange beast with a branch-like horn on its head looked at Di Ting and shouted.

Di Ting trembled as it turned around and slowly turned around, its face filled with surprise and excitement.

“It was no wonder, Elder...”

He moved his body and ran forward.

In the hall, Han Muye stood behind the stone steps and watched as the divine beasts and beasts of the various races met.

“You didn’t protect these races just to see such a scene one day, right?” Han Muye’s expression didn’t change as he said calmly.

Behind him, the young man chuckled and nodded. “Young Master is right. I have to protect the purity of their bloodline so that I can continue to be tainted and obtain my own family.”

It was very direct and frank.

It was also very cruel.

No one was giving charity for no reason.

These desolate races could survive only because they were still useful.

Han Muye said nothing.

Be it in the cultivation world or the mortal world, which thing was not so pale and cold when the veil of warmth was removed?

“Di Ting, what’s going on?” Qilin turned to look at Di Ting, excitement flashing across its face.

Chapter 1033 - 1033 Crossing Over Five Million Years (2)

1033 Crossing Over Five Million Years (2)

A clan could survive, just like that.

Unless you could become the one in control of everything.

“Let’s talk about the matter of the Immortal Sovereign,” Han Muye turned his head and walked towards the depths of the grand hall.

The grand hall was made of huge bluish-gray stones, weathered and rough, with a simple and unadorned appearance.

Many of the stones were engraved with various runes, profound and mysterious, with faint traces of power emerging.

This hall should be the legacy of a certain clan during the Desolation Era.

“Young master, my name is Zhu Ling, and I am from the Demon Luo Clan.

“In fact, our clan was simply expelled from the divine realm by the major sects of the divine realm and wandered around.”

The young man called Zhu Ling stood in the hall and told Han Muye everything he knew.

The divine realm, that was the true center of cultivation, the known origin of the cultivation world, and the most powerful place in the known cultivation universe.

“The Immortal Realm? They are just pitiful people trapped outside the divine realm,” Zhu Ling paused slightly and shook his head, “my Demon Luo Clan is the same.”

Within the divine realm, there are various major powers, and the strongest among them is the realm of Immortal Sovereign, surpassing the realm of Great Luo Golden Immortals.

“In this realm, there are only Human Immortals. Those who can surpass Human Immortals and step into the realm of Heavenly Immortals are extremely rare.

“As for the Immortal Realm, Heavenly Immortals are considered top experts, but above them are Golden Immortals and Great Luo Immortals.

“In the intermediate Heavenly Cycle of the Divine World, Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals can control a faction. Zenith Heaven Immortal Lords are experts. Above Zenith Heaven Immortal Lords are Immortal Sovereigns, Zenith Heaven Immortal Sovereigns.”

Zhu Ling’s face revealed a look of longing but also a bitter smile, “It’s too far away, I dare not imagine.”

Human Immortals were the end point of this realm, a few people can surpass it, like powerful figures such as the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

Heaven Immortal, Golden Immortal, Zenith Heaven.

The Zenith Heaven Realm was known as the Overarching Heaven Exalted Immortal. It was divided into Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals, Zenith Heaven Immortal Monarchs, and Zenith Heaven Immortal Venerables.

Every realm was like a separate world.

Han Muye had been intercepted and killed by several Immortals in the Listening Dao Land, and at least one of them was a Heavenly Immortal.

The overwhelming oppressive power, from the physical body to the soul, was completely beyond his ability to contend with.

The magnitude of this power was unimaginable.

“Young Master, the Immortal Sovereign is imprisoned, and it has some connection to you,” Zhu Ling looked at Han Muye, his face revealing a hint of complexity and a faint smile.

The Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign Tao Hongjing was an anomaly in the divine realm.

He had roamed for countless tens of thousands of years but never established his own force.

The heavenly formation he inherited was said to have the power to suppress the divine realm, but he couldn't set it up at all.

Because the cost was too great.

The Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign wandered around the divine realm, spreading his teachings to various parties, and after compromises were made, he would transmit his teachings once every 128,000 years.

Originally, such a powerful Immortal Sovereign roaming around the divine realm was left alone, nobody cared, at most causing some trouble when transmitting his teachings.

The Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign taught without discrimination. Most people who listened to his teachings considered it a stroke of luck.

But five million years ago, something different happened during one of his teachings.

After that particular teaching, the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign suddenly became generous, forging good relationships, and distributing all kinds of treasures he had collected for setting up the heavenly formation.

The treasures that even Immortal Sovereigns coveted were considered precious existences in the eyes of other cultivators.

Listening to his teachings was one thing, but receiving rewarded treasures was something else entirely.

The Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign freely roamed both inside and outside the divine realm, visiting various immortal realms and transmitting teachings while gifting treasures.

The name of Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign, the Multi-Treasure Immortal Venerable, spread throughout the immortal realms, becoming well-known within the divine realm.

Hearing Zhu Ling's words, Han Muye squinted his eyes slightly.

The idea of distributing treasures was suggested by Han Muye himself.

Unexpectedly, the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign actually accepted the suggestion and distributed countless treasures that had been gathered for many years, providing various opportunities.

Over the course of more than a million years, without realizing it, people from various immortal realms who considered themselves disciples of the Immortal Sovereign became numerous.

Powerful individuals who possessed various treasures and opportunities connected with each other, and behind them, various forces united, gradually becoming a formidable entity.

By the time the major powers in the divine realm reacted, the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign had already become an existence that everyone feared.

“In that battle, 10 immortal domains were shattered, and a corner of the divine realm was obliterated,” Zhu Ling’s eyes flickered with excitement, as if he had witnessed that earth-shattering battle.

Countless immortal realms besieged the divine realm, breaking through the barrier between immortals and gods. The hidden forces within the divine realm responded, and the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign utilized the power of the treasures he had scattered in the past to set up a half-heavenly formation.

In the end, 13 Immortal Sovereigns took action and shattered the heavenly formation.

The Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign was also imprisoned in the Divine Source Heavenly Palace.

However, with the barrier between immortals and gods broken, the hidden experts who entered the divine realm, no one knew when the next upheaval would occur.

Who possessed the treasures of Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign, who received his inheritance, who came from the hidden depths of the immortal realm, no one could say for sure.

Practically every 10,000 years, cultivators gathered outside the Divine Source Heavenly Palace.

The reason the powerful beings of the divine realm imprisoned Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign was twofold. On the one hand, the Immortal Sovereign was too powerful, and killing him directly without knowing how many tricks he had left could potentially lead to even greater chaos.

On the other hand, the immense power displayed by the heavenly formation made everyone desire to obtain its complete inheritance.

Unfortunately, the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign remained silent.

“Some have pointed out that when you, Young Master, listened to the Immortal Sovereign’s teachings, you might have obtained his complete inheritance.”

Zhu Ling looked up at Han Muye and spoke softly.

Someone pointed it out?

He narrowed his eyes.

Chapter 1034 - 1034 Crossing Over Five Million Years (3)

1034 Crossing Over Five Million Years (3)

He crossed over five million years ago to listen to the Immortal Sovereign’s teachings. Besides those who were present at the time, who else knew he was there?

Not only did those people snatch away his opportunities, but they also tried to exterminate him.

“Young master, the entire divine realm and all the immortal realms have been searching for you for over three million years,” Zhu Ling grinned.

Who could have imagined that this hidden figure had been around for five million years?

In the entire cultivation universe, even if the heavens collapsed and the earth shattered, no matter how deep they dug, they couldn’t find any news about him.

Among the people who received the teachings together with Han Muye back then, some secretly joined the ranks of the divine realm and gained significant positions and influence in the immortal realm.

These people were also searching for Han Muye.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was one of the major sects in the Celestial Realm above this world. One of the experts fought with Zhu Ling and returned with serious injuries. Zhu Ling was also suppressed by the Heavenly Stele.

Zhu Ling could not tell where the Heavenly Stele came from.

It was unknown when the legend of the Heavenly Stele of the Baxia Clan had started.

“The nine essence pagoda is an opportunity bestowed by Immortal Sovereign.

“The Sect Master of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect listened to the Dao under the Immortal Sovereign back then.”

Zhu Ling’s words reminded Han Muye of the sword cultivator who listened to the Dao with him.

I wonder if this is him?

Han Muye also never expected that he would become the person sought after by countless worlds, and it had been five million years of searching.

Indeed, extraordinary opportunities are always accompanied by extraordinary trials.

Thinking about going to the immortal realm or the divine realm and having his identity exposed, Han Muye couldn’t help but feel a chill down his spine at the thought of the formidable enemies he would encounter.

Even though he was a sword cultivator and not afraid of challenges, he didn’t want to single-handedly challenge the entire cultivation universe...

In the Wilderness of Reckless Bulls, which still had millions of miles in radius, some of the divine and exotic beasts that had followed Han Muye chose to stay here.

Qilin and the others chose to leave with Han Muye.

However, he did not use a flying ship to cross the void to leave this place. Instead, he used the teleportation array Han Muye had set up to teleport over a long distance.

The clans that were teleported away would settle in a stellar world outside the Upper Heaven Region and then gradually search for suitable stellar worlds to thrive and multiply.

Han Muye did not care much about the rest. Chen Qingzhi and the others were more concerned than Han Muye.

After teleporting directly back to the Upper Heaven Region, Han Muye immediately entered seclusion in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

This trip to find the Heavenly Stele had really affected him too much.

The opportunity bestowed by the immortal venerable, the hostility from almost the entire divine realm and immortal realm—Han Muye needed to contemplate and sort out his path of cultivation from here on.

Seated in a quiet room, his sword radiance converged, a gray-green sword floating in front of him. Golden streams of light shimmered on it, accompanied by faint traces of blood-like fluctuations.

Deep halos radiated from Han Muye's eyes.

Han Muye had only used this long sword filled with the intent to kill once up until now.

With a single strike, he had severed the lives of countless creatures in the desolate and ancient land, nearly killing Zhu Ling, who was already at the Heavenly Immortal realm.

The Sword of Slaughter could slay immortals.

However, now, this sword could no longer be revealed.

This was because back at the place where the Immortal Sovereign preached the Dao, Han Muye had once used this sword to break the palm of the immortal who wanted to kill him and break the cushion.

Someone in the Immortal World recognized this sword.

Not only this sword, but even his Baxia bloodline could not be used anymore.

Back then, those people had seen his body.

Fortunately, after five million years had passed, those individuals were already high and mighty, residing far above in the immortal and divine realms, and they wouldn't pay attention to him, a mere mortal cultivator.

"Buzz!"

Before Han Muye, a golden nine-story sword tower materialized.

Chapter 1035 - 1035 Visiting the Sword Pavilion, Crossing 300,000 Years with One Sword

1035 Visiting the Sword Pavilion, Crossing 300,000 Years with One Sword

The Nine Essence, when the nine of them fused into one, could become a supreme treasure bestowed by the Heavenly Venerable.

It was an existence that surpassed immortal treasures.

Such a treasure was also considered an inheritance treasure in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Han Muye did not understand why such a treasure would be scattered in this world and stored in the divine court's treasure vault.

Moreover, there were four of them.

Back then, an expert from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect from the Immortal World came to this world. Because he had a deep relationship with the Divine Emperor Murong Zheng, he even obtained a Nine Essence Tower.

However, for some reason, the name of the expert who had taken the Nine Essence Tower from the treasure vault had been erased.

From the looks of it, it was best not to reveal the Nine Essence Tower to outsiders.

The Nine Essence Tower, Baxia's body, and the Slaughter Sword formed by his Essence Soul. Without the manifestation of these most powerful forces, Han Muze's own combat strength would be reduced by more than 80 percent.

But he had no choice but to make this decision.

He was a sword cultivator, and whatever he sought, it was all about seizing it with his sword.

However, sword cultivators were not fools.

He could surpass his cultivation level and fight against stronger opponents, but he couldn't possibly be the match for those powerful beings from five million years ago.

Back then, those powerful beings could kill him with a single palm, and now, it would probably only take a finger.

To live a long life, to reclaim his own opportunities, he needed to be patient and keep a low profile.

Once the day came when he could protect himself and wield his sword to ascend to the divine realm, then he could speak.

Looking at the nine-layered sword tower in front of him, Han Muze contemplated for a moment and raised his hand to strike.

“Buzz!”

The sword tower trembled, and the 30,000 long swords stored within it transformed into streams of sword light rushing out.

The sword case behind him opened, and streams of sword light fell into the sword case.

The Infinite Unity Sword Case could also nourish swords and gather the power of long swords. However, compared to the power of the sword tower, it was more than a level inferior.

After all, the Infinite Unity Sword Case was only a numinous treasure and could not compare to the Nine Essence Sword Tower at the immortal treasure level.

The 30,000 swords entered the sword box, causing the sword light on the sword box to shine, as if it was about to undergo a qualitative change.

However, the Infinite Unity Sword Case itself was limited by the spiritual materials used. If he wanted to upgrade it to an immortal treasure, he still needed opportunities.

Han Muye decided that in the future, unless he had no choice, he would not even use the Nine Essence Sword Tower.

However, there were many people in the world who knew that he had the Nine Essence Sword Tower. There were even more people who knew that he had Baxia’s true body.

This needed to be considered.

“Sword Pavilion!”

Han Muye’s eyes flickered as he spoke in a low voice.

The Nine Essence Sword Tower was related to the Sword Pavilion. He had promised Dao Ancestor Qi Yu that he would make a trip to the Sword Pavilion.

The sword light on his body converged, and then golden halos flickered.

Half of the broken Heavenly Stele appeared.

This was an opportunity given by an Immortal Venerable, but Han Muye could not protect it himself.

Currently, there were only a small number of pages containing the ultimate words of the Great Dao in the Heavenly Stele.

Han Muye did not look at these pages. He did not know if rashly taking them out would cause any changes.

He did not know if he would be able to withstand the damage to his body and soul if he looked at these pages with his current cultivation strength.

His current cultivation level was still too low.

Putting away the Heavenly Stele and checking the various treasures, Han Muye's eyes flickered.

He wasn't lacking in treasures for protection.

He was generous to those around him, readily giving various treasures and precious items.

What he lacked the most now was a rapid advancement in cultivation.

But this was not something that could be achieved in a short period of time.

Taking a deep breath, his blood qi and spiritual qi circulated, and green immortal qi surged in his meridians and dantian.

In this world, no one could compare to Han Muye in terms of immortal energy storage.

The opening of the ancient herb gardens one after another, and the immortal energy accumulated in them was taken away by Han Muye.

These were all immortal energy bestowed by the Divine Court to the Immortal World.

The Divine Court could not bear to use it either. They placed the immortal energy in the herb garden and nurtured more immortal herbs.

In addition to the celestial energy within his body, there was also a faint residual power of the origin within Han Muye's meridians. It was the remnant of that half piece of the cushion.

With this power, his cultivation could be accelerated.

After double-checking everything, Han Muye stood up.

With a swift movement, Han Muye traversed several tens of miles in an instant, appearing in the residence of the Sword Pavilion's disciples within the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

"It's Prime Minister Han!"

"Sword Ancestor Muye!"

The Sword Ancestor.

The Ancestor of the Sword Dao.

It was no longer a secret that Han Muye had become an ancestor with the Sword Dao. He had become the number one in the world on the stage. Countless people had long guessed that he had broken through the bottleneck and found his own Dao.

Even now, with his aura restrained, his displayed Sword Dao cultivation still shone brightly for those sword cultivators, like a beacon.

It was a natural emanation of the power of the ancestor, and for many sword cultivators, personally observing it was an opportunity.

“Han, Sword Ancestor.” Zhao Yu, upon hearing the news, caught sight of Han Muye and hesitated for a moment before addressing him as “Brother Han” but ultimately settled for “Sword Ancestor.”

The disparity in their levels created an intangible pressure.

“Sword Ancestor Muye.” Bai Yuming clasped his fists and bowed to Han Muye, his eyes filled with fervor.

He held several stone imprints of Han Muye’s sword light dominating the Performance Platform.

For him, Han Muye was no longer a target to catch up to but a revered existence, the embodiment of his belief in the Sword Dao.

He didn’t dare to dream of reaching the heights of Han Muye.

But the Sword Dao cultivation displayed by Han Muye allowed him to see the strength and profoundness of the Sword Dao.

Choosing the Sword Dao enabled him to see the path ahead.

Han Muye was like a lighthouse for the Sword Dao.

And it wasn't just Bai Yuming.

In the current cultivation world, after Han Muye broke through the performance platform and became the number one person in the world with the Sword Dao, countless cultivators chose to cultivate the Sword Dao.

Of course, to Han Muye, this also involved a trace of karma.

Chapter 1036 - 1036 Visiting the Sword Pavilion, Crossing 300,000 Years with One Sword (2)

1036 Visiting the Sword Pavilion, Crossing 300,000 Years with One Sword (2)

Proxy Connection Failed!

The choice of the path of cultivation in a world changed because of him alone.

This is the Heavenly Dao.

The Heavenly Dao can be vast or small, ranging from a small world to the entire cultivation universe.

The profundity of the Heavenly Dao is incomprehensible to anyone.

“Zhao Brother, Yuming, I want to pay a visit to the Sword Pavilion.” Han Muye reached out and patted Zhao Yu’s shoulder, speaking softly.

Go to the Sword Pavilion!

Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming both showed surprise on their faces.

The connection between Han Muye and the Sword Pavilion is indescribable.

Han Muye, who controlled the nine-level sword tower and had a seven-story sword tower in his hand, was too important to the Sword Pavilion.

However, Han Muye had never gone to the Sword Pavilion. This not only made outsiders guess, but even the elders and disciples in the Sword Pavilion were at a loss and uneasy.

Didn’t Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming stay in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley for so long to lure Han Muye to the Sword Pavilion?

“Sword Ancestor, when are you leaving?”

Bai Yuming cupped his fists and looked at Han Muye as he asked loudly.

If it were up to him, they would depart right now.

However, he also knew that Han Muye's identity was special. It was impossible for him to go to the Sword Pavilion so easily.

Zhao Yu pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, "Brother Han, are you going to fly over on your sword or teleport over directly?"

The Heavenly Cycle Array had a teleportation array that connected to the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion also asked Duan Chengzi to set up a teleportation array.

It wasn't difficult to travel from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to the Sword Pavilion.

Flying with a sword would take several tens of days.

Even if he changed a few teleportation arrays, it would only take three to five days.

But the significance was different.

Flying with a sword represented the Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han, with Muye Sword Ancestor personally visiting the Sword Pavilion, symbolizing the close relationship between a major power and the Sword Pavilion.

Using the teleportation array was secretive and swift but lacked some intimidation.

For Han Muye, the teleportation array was the most convenient, while for the Sword Pavilion, flying with a sword was the most impactful, showcasing their strength.

The choice was in Han Muye's hands.

"Let's fly with the sword," Han Muye's words made Bai Yuming and Zhao Yu's eyes twitch, and even their shoulders trembled slightly.

Flying with a sword meant that from now on, the two powerful forces in this cultivation realm would officially unite.

Three days later, Han Muye flew with his sword out of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, accompanied by 3,600 sword cultivators led by Huang Zhihu.

All the disciples of the Sword Pavilion stationed in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley protected him.

Along the way, all the disciples of the Sword Pavilion and experts of the sects under the Sword Pavilion were recruited.

From the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to the Sword Pavilion, he attracted countless cultivators along the way.

The Grand Elder of the Sword Pavilion, Qi Yu, and the other three elders in charge of the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion all left the sect. The disciples of the sect welcomed them.

When Han Muye entered the Sword Pavilion, sword cries filled the sky, and endless sword light illuminated the world.

This was the Sword Pavilion showcasing its own strength.

This scene made the Upper Heaven Region and other forces cautious and incomparably panicked.

Although they had long understood Sword Ancestor Muye and the power behind him, and knew that he had the heart to rule the cultivation world, they were still shocked to see Han Muye step into the Sword Pavilion.

Compared to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, the Sword Pavilion was the true major sect in the Upper Heaven Region.

The sprawling palaces, scattered stone carvings, and history everywhere.

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu led Han Muye forward, with the other elders accompanying them, observing the scenery and explaining the history of the Sword Pavilion.

Behind them were the vast numbers of sword cultivators, including disciples of the Sword Pavilion and Huang Zhihu, and others.

“This cliff sword carving was left by the former master of the Sword Pavilion 300,000 years ago.

“He used the sword in his hand to carve the stone as a mark and left behind these 32 sword lights.”

Qi Yu pointed at a 100-foot-tall green stone and spoke aloud.

He was currently dressed in a green robe, wearing a golden crown, surrounded by a sword aura, standing tall and straight, resembling a towering sword.

Not only him, but everyone from the Sword Pavilion stood tall and proud.

Today was a long-awaited day for them.

Han Muye looked up. On the 100-foot-long limestone, 32 agile sword lights seemed to be swaying with the breeze.

Although these sword lights were dim, they appeared to be deeply engraved in the stone.

If it were an outsider, perhaps they would think the same.

However, Han Muye, who had cultivated time and space, could see at a glance that these sword lights were actually engraved on the timeline, and what he saw was still the sword shadows from 300,000 years ago.

“Impressive,” Han Muye said softly, then turned around and said, “Zhihu, take a look. How many sword lights can you comprehend?”

Being able to engrave the lines of time, these sword lights were opportunities as long as one could grasp even a hint of understanding.

This stone carving was also a treasure within the Sword Pavilion. If it weren't for Han Muye's visit, Qi Yu and the others would never have displayed it.

Today, the Sword Pavilion showcased various stone carvings and relics along the way, all to demonstrate the heritage and legacy of the Sword Pavilion, in order to attract Han Muye.

At the very least, along the way, the sword cultivators behind Han Muye were already filled with reverence.

The reputation of the Sword Pavilion as the sacred land of swordsmanship had spread for hundreds of thousands of years.

Huang Zhihu took a step forward, her eyes fixed on the green stone ahead.

Although she was not wearing black armor, she looked extremely valiant with her long white sword and black hair tied up.

The Sword Pavilion's people quietly observed her as well.

Han Muye's adopted daughter, the leader of the Heavenly Mystic sword cultivator army, and the only daughter of the Heaven Trampling Sage. She possessed extremely strong innate talent.

Although Huang Zhihu was a junior, not many people dared to treat her as one.

Huang Zhihu stood there, with sword light flickering around her as it slowly gathered.

The sword lights that originally wandered in the surrounding void transformed into strands of sword threads, swirling and encircling her.

After 10 breaths, 12 strands of sword lights appeared around Huang Zhihu.

Chapter 1037 - 1037 Visiting the Sword Pavilion, Crossing 300,000 Years with One Sword (2)

1037 Visiting the Sword Pavilion, Crossing 300,000 Years with One Sword (2)

Twelve sword lights, that was already the limit.

The sword lights around her dissipated. Huang Zhihu shook her head regretfully and bowed to Han Muye. "Foster Father, I can only comprehend 12 sword lights."

Hearing her words, whether it was Dao Ancestor Qi Yu or the other accompanying Sword Pavilion disciples, the corners of their mouths twitched and their faces showed a slight distortion.

Only able to comprehend twelve sword lights?

In the past 300,000 years of the Sword Pavilion, what was the most someone had comprehended at once?

Eight.

200,000 years ago, the genius of the Sword Pavilion, the previous First Elder, brought the Sword Pavilion to the peak of the Sword Dao Heavenly Venerable Du Gongsheng in three days. It was because he comprehended eight sword lights at once that the Sword Pavilion shook.

“Miss Zhihu’s talent in sword dao is truly rare in the world.” Dao Ancestor Qi Yu sighed lightly, his face showing a trace of expectation.

He couldn’t easily suggest to Han Muye to let Huang Zhihu enter the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Zhihu’s identity and the power she held were too significant if she were to join the Sword Pavilion.

But if Huang Zhihu could become a disciple of the Sword Pavilion, it would also be a joyous occasion for the Sword Pavilion.

The others from the Sword Pavilion also looked at Huang Zhihu.

They hoped that Huang Zhihu would speak up and join the Sword Pavilion.

“Senior, you overpraise me. When it comes to talent in sword dao, who in this world can compare to my master?” Unfortunately, Huang Zhihu seemed to have misunderstood Qi Yu’s intention and instead turned to look at Han Muye, her tone full of arrogance.

When it came to talent in sword dao, no one could surpass Han Muye.

That was the truth.

No one would doubt Huang Zhihu’s words.

Being first on the demonstration stage was proof of that.

The gazes of everyone turned to Han Muye, their faces showing a hint of anticipation.

Not everyone had witnessed what happened on the demonstration stage.

Today, would there be a chance to witness Han Muye demonstrate his own talent?

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu and the three Sword Pavilion Elders looked at each other.

“Sword Ancestor Muye—” Before Qi Yu could finish speaking, 32 sword lights surrounded Han Muye.

Comprehending 32 sword lights at once, was there really such a genius in the world?

In front of the green stone inscription, an instant silence fell, with only the gentle sway of the 32 sword lights.

Han Muye looked at the inscription, his eyes shining with depth, as if he could see through the river of time and meet the gaze of the predecessor who left the inscription all those years ago.

“After the passage of 300,000 years, the sword lights remain. I admire you, junior.” Han Muye spoke softly, then his body shimmered with sword lights as he crashed into the inscription with a resounding impact.

“Clang—”

The 32 sword lights plunged into the inscription, colliding with the 32 sword lights within it.

Was this Sword Ancestor Muye really challenging the sword master from countless millennia ago with his own swordsmanship?

Was it arrogance or confidence?

The faces of the disciples from the Sword Pavilion showed complex expressions as they watched the collision of the 32 pairs of sword lights.

Dao Ancestor Qi YuHe stared at the entangled sword lights, his mouth trembling, and the sword intent swirling around his body, as if he had encountered something extremely terrifying.

“How is this possible? This, this sword light...”

He stared at the entangled sword lights, his mouth trembling, and the sword intent swirling around his body, as if he had encountered something extremely terrifying.

“These sword lights have traversed time!”

The thirty-two sword lights had traversed 300,000 years to clash with the sword master of that era!

It wasn't a clash with the sword lights left behind by the former master of the Sword Pavilion, but a direct confrontation with the sword's strongest practitioner of that time, using his own swordsmanship to cross 300,000 years!

The sword dao of Sword Ancestor MuYe had reached such an overwhelmingly powerful level!

As Qi Yu watched the battling sword lights, he tightly clenched his fists.

Challenging the former master of the Sword Pavilion across 300,000 years, who would emerge victorious?

Chapter 1038 - 1038 Taking Control of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye

1038 Taking Control of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye

“Buzz!”

The sword light shook, and the 32 pairs of sword light on the bluestone scattered, as if shattered directly.

The disciples of the Sword Pavilion around had complicated expressions, their mouths wide open, but they dared not even breathe.

Could it be that the treasured possession of their sect was destroyed like this?

Their cultivation was not enough, their vision was insufficient, and they couldn't see the significance of these colliding sword lights.

Qi Yu stared at the sword light, his heartstrings stretched tight, almost on the verge of snapping.

Han Muye's sword light, which had crossed 300,000 years, could actually compete with the sword light of the previous Sword Lord, and both were destroyed?

“Buzz!”

The sword light vibrated.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and his gaze penetrated through time and space to face a black-haired Daoist in a light purple robe.

“Young disciple, to have someone like you, my Sword Pavilion shall prosper,” said the Daoist, looking at Han Muye with a smile on his face.

He raised his hand, and 99 sword lights transformed, shuttling and exploding, like millions of auroras flickering.

“How about this strike?” the Daoist asked softly.

Han Muye nodded.

This strike was countless times stronger than the previous 32 sword lights.

This was the true heritage of this senior.

“I’m Su Xinghe. I hope we can meet again in the Immortal World.” The Daoist smiled and waved his hand. All the scenes in front of him dissipated.

The halo in Han Muye's eyes also turned into nothingness.

He shook his head. The 32 sword lights dissipated and condensed into one with the sword lights on the bluestone.

He left his power in the bluestone, making the shattered sword light even more solid.

After 300,000 years, his sword light fought with Senior Su Xinghe, the Sword Pavilion Master who had long stepped into the Immortal World.

Crossing 300,000 years, his sword light clashed with the Sword Pavilion's former lord, Su Xinghe, who had long stepped into the immortal realm.

He was a Senior expert after all. His methods were indeed extraordinary.

The sword light on the limestone was still there, and it was even more condensed than before. This made all the Sword Pavilion disciples heave a sigh of relief.

Qi Yu turned to look at Han Muye, nodded slightly, and bowed slightly.

He saw more than others.

Others only saw 64 sword lights, but he saw the 99 sword techniques that were as resplendent as the galaxy.

This Sword Ancestor Muye had obtained the inheritance of the Sword Master from 300,000 years ago.

It had been a long time since the Sword Pavilion had a Sword Master.

The Elders of the various factions held the authority of the Sword Pavilion.

The most important reason was that no one could surpass the entire Sword Pavilion and obtain the ancient inheritances.

Could it be that this person was truly the chosen one?

As they traveled, they experienced the profound heritage and vicissitudes of the Sword Pavilion. Dao Ancestor Qi Yu led them to a mottled hall.

The Hall of Self-Examination.

The vigorous and ancient handwriting seemed to be carved with a sword in every stroke.

Looking at those large characters, it felt as if standing beneath a starry sky, dissecting one's own heart.

What was the purpose of cultivating in this life?

“Please.” Qi Yu raised his hand and gestured for Han Muye to ascend the steps.

The elder disciples of the Sword Pavilion who followed behind Qi Yu showed excitement and a hint of worry on their faces.

The Hall of Self-Examination, the sword cultivators who entered this place, 90 percent of them joined the Sword Pavilion.

However, there were also a tenth of them who eventually experienced the collapse of their sword paths, losing their spiritual souls.

Would Han Muye become a member of the Sword Pavilion or encounter an accident upon entering the Hall of Self-Examination today?

Huang Zhihu and the others glanced at each other but did not step onto the stone steps.

The Hall of Self-Examination was the core place of the Sword Pavilion, and not many were qualified to enter.

Even for Qi Yu and the other elders of the Sword Pavilion, they would only enter the hall once in their lifetime.

“All the secrets of our Sword Pavilion lie within this place. Han Muye, take care,” Qi Yu respectfully announced, cupping his hands.

Han Muye didn’t look back, just stood on the stone steps, nodded, took a step forward, pushed open the bronze 100-foot bronze gate with his hand, and disappeared in front of the grand hall.

Everyone waited quietly in front of the nine stone steps.

As Han Muye stepped into the grand hall, he was greeted by an endless sea of sword light.

From the moment he stepped into the hall, he was surrounded by a sea of sword light.

“Slash—”

A sword light condensed into a long sword and slashed towards his neck.

Han Muye did not stop and walked forward.

“Clang—”

A sword flew out from the Infinite Unity Sword Box and blocked the sword.

The two swords collided, shaking off the surrounding sword light.

This strike seemed to be the trigger.

In an instant, countless sword lights solidified, tracing numerous profound streams of light, and collided towards Han Muye.

Each sword contained a sword intent and power that could directly slay a Sword Dao Saint.

Could it be that the Hall of Self-Examination concealed such terrifying strength?

A burst of brilliance radiated from Han Muye's eyes.

"Buzz!"

The long and short swords from the Infinite Unity Sword Case fell into his hands, with the long sword pointing forward and the short sword protecting his body.

At this moment, his figure merged with the sword light, and he walked with the sword.

"Clang—"

A sword, three feet in front of him, was flicked away by the long sword, crashing into several swords behind and creating a path.

Han Muye took a step forward, made a horizontal slash with the sword in his hand, deflected the incoming sword from the left, and collided with the suspended sword, creating an opening.

Step by step, there was not a single sword that could fall within three feet in front of Han Muye.

The short sword protected his body, deflecting any sword that came from behind, sending them all flying.

Ten steps.

A hundred steps.

A thousand steps.

Ten thousand steps.

As he advanced 10,000 steps, all the swords in the void were struck down.

Before Han Muye, the sword light resembled a dragon, the green long sword whirling through the air, and the purple short sword slashing horizontally, intertwining without end.

After 10,000 steps, the swords in the void only flashed briefly, and were no longer gathering.

However, these flashing long swords already possessed the power of space, and each time they appeared, their positions were cunning and bizarre.

Sometimes, a sword would disappear 100,000 feet away and appear behind Han Muye.

Chapter 1039 - 1039 Taking Control of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye (2)

1039 Taking Control of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye (2)

Sometimes a sword would descend sharply but suddenly disappear, only to reappear under Han Muye's feet.

There were also elusive and unpredictable swords that couldn't be traced.

Such swords were beyond the realm of the founder of swordsmanship and couldn't be resisted.

If Dao Ancestor Qi Yu were here, he would have been cut open and defeated by the long sword's defense long ago.

Among those who could reach this level in the cultivation world's path of swordsmanship, perhaps only Han Muye remained.

The two swords in Han Muye's hands were steady and agile.

As long as a sword appeared within three feet, it would be sent flying in the next moment.

No sword could stay three feet around him.

Within three feet, he was invincible.

“Boom!”

A long sword was sent flying, and Han Muye suddenly took a step forward, then soared into the air, reaching a height of a hundred feet.

He was in the air, and the Infinite Unity Sword Case on his back was opened. Thousands of sword lights rained down.

All the long swords converged into a dragon and collided with the void ahead.

“Clang—”

With a bang, a nine-story sword tower appeared in front of Han Muye.

Sword tower!

Nine-story sword tower!

This sword tower was none other than the Nine Essence Sword Tower that Han Muye thought had been taken away!

This sword tower within the Sword Pavilion had not been removed but had been left behind.

This was the true trump card of the Sword Pavilion!

In this world, if any faction dared to attack the Sword Pavilion, they would probably end up bleeding in front of this sword tower!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and watched as his long sword dragon collided with the nine-story sword tower.

On top of the sword tower, sword lights converged and transformed into a mighty dragon.

In the eyes of outsiders, this was a collision of swords.

However, only true Sword Dao cultivators knew that every sword here was a sword technique and a sword intent.

Ten thousand swords against ten thousand swords, ten thousand against ten thousand.

The Sword Pavilion's Sword Dao foundation was actually so strong!

"Bang!"

The long dragon of sword light collided. Han Muye raised his hand and waved, and all the swords returned.

On top of the sword tower, the long swords gathered again.

Han Muye's gaze landed in front of the sword pagoda.

There was a sword cultivator in a green robe.

The sword cultivator looked up, and the divine light in his eyes collided with Han Muye.

"It's you!"

The sword cultivator looked at Han Muye, astonishment flashing across his weathered face.

Han Muye bowed slightly and cupped his hands.

He had seen this person before.

When he collected the Six Stalwart Pavilion on the Scattered Stars Island, he had seen it in the sword memories of the Six Stalwart Pavilion and faced this person head-on.

“To think that in this world, there would be such a talented individual like you. In such a short time, you’ve grown into a formidable opponent even I can’t fully comprehend.”

Staring at Han Muye, the sword cultivator spoke softly.

The sword cultivator scrutinized Han Muye and suddenly said, “You are the heir of Murong Zheng, aren’t you?”

Murong Zheng, the Lord of the Divine Court in this realm.

Han Muye nodded.

Indeed, he could be considered the inheritor of the Divine Emperor.

Most of his opportunities came from inheriting the Divine Court.

The various treasures in his possession, the resources gathered from various sources, all were remnants of the Divine Court.

“Sigh, Murong hasn’t given up yet.” The sword cultivator sighed softly and looked at Han Muye with a smile.

“I have to say, you do have some chances.”

“Come, I’m Guan Dongyun of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. I once took charge of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s Heaven Patrol Hall and was ordered to hunt down the fiends and traitors of the Luo race. Unfortunately, I died in this world.

“After passing my test, you will control the Nine Essence Sword Tower and obtain the inheritance of my Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.”

The sword cultivator shouted and his body dissipated.

The moment he dissipated, phantoms appeared around Han Muye.

The green phantom emitted the suppressive power unique to immortal qi.

This was a suppression of spiritual energy cultivation. Even if it was just a trace, it could make a Heaven Realm expert helpless.

The power emitted by every figure formed by immortal energy was comparable to Han Muye’s cultivation.

“Buzz!”

Swords descended upon Han Muye's head, one after another.

The speed of those sword lights reached the extreme.

The sword lights tore through the void, shredding Han Muye's figure along with it.

But as soon as his body shattered, it instantly restored itself.

"Conscience, is this what it means to be conscientious?"

Shaking his head, Han Muye slowly walked forward.

No matter how the swords pierced into his body and the immortal energy wreaked havoc, his expression did not change at all.

His figure was torn apart and restored.

"Bang!"

After 10 steps, all the green figures dissipated, leaving only a dark golden token on the long table in front of them.

In the Heaven Patrol Hall.

There were three golden words on the token, and mysterious patterns intertwined.

All the illusions came from this token.

Han Muye didn't know what others saw here and what they would eventually encounter, but he saw this token.

This Hall of Self-Examination had a Sword Dao array and inheritance, but its foundation was the power left behind by a Senior expert.

Guan Dongyun, an expert of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect who had chased after Zhu Ling all those years ago, had died from serious injuries, leaving behind this test.

Be it the Nine Essence Sword Tower or the other inheritances, they had long been taken away by the Sword Pavilion's Senior.

In the past tens of thousands of years, Han Muye could not be the only one who could reach this place.

As for the previous scenes, they were all illusions.

However, this illusion was not inferior to the real Nine Essence Sword Tower.

Without the power to destroy the Nine Essence Sword Tower, he could only die.

However, for Han Muye, it was a good thing that he had obtained a token instead of a sword tower.

A Nine Essence Sword Tower was far inferior to the order of the Heaven Patrol Hall Master in his hand.

With this item, he would be able to become a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

With this identity, he stepped into the Immortal World, entered the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, and quietly cultivated.

Who would have thought that the disciple sought by the various immortal realms of the divine realm for five million years, the one who had reached the heavens, would turn out to be a member of a sword sect in the immortal realm?

Chapter 1040 - 1040 Taking Control of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye (3)

1040 Taking Control of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye (3)

Holding the golden token, Han Muye had a smile on his face.

After a moment of contemplation, he raised his hand, and a nine-story Sword Tower appeared.

In his hand were three nine-story Sword Tower, one splitting off while the other two remained.

He rarely used this treasure anyway.

Holding the nine-story Sword Tower in his hand, Han Muye walked briskly out of the main hall.

When he appeared on the stone steps in front of the Hall of Self-Examination, everyone stared at the nine-story sword tower.

“Fellow Daoists of the Sword Pavilion, back then, I obtained the sword tower from the inheritance of a senior predecessor of the Sword Pavilion.

“Today, I stepped into the Hall of Self-Examination and passed Senior’s test to obtain recognition.”

Holding the Nine Essence Sword Tower in his hand, Han Muye glanced around.

Passing the test and obtaining recognition!

Even though the disciples of the Sword Pavilion knew in advance that Han Muye possessed the Sword Tower and knew his purpose in coming here, their hearts still stirred.

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu and several others beside him exchanged glances, took a deep breath, and bowed slightly towards the stone steps.

Holding the nine-story Sword Tower in his hand, Han Muye raised it and threw it, and the tower flew far away, transforming into a towering nine-story structure spanning thousands of feet.

This nine-story sword tower had appeared in the Sword Pavilion before.

However, it hadn't been seen for tens of thousands of years.

Some of the elders in the Sword Pavilion Elders knew that this nine-story sword tower had originally belonged to the Great Elder and had been taken to the Immortal World.

They just didn't expect that the tower would end up in Han Muye's hands.

Was it really an opportunity given to Han Muye by the First Elder?

None of the ordinary disciples knew that the Nine Essence Sword Tower was not in this world. When they heard Han Muye's words and saw him place the Nine Essence Sword Tower back in the Sword Pavilion, they all cheered excitedly.

With the suppression of the Nine Essence Sword Tower, the Sword Pavilion would be the number one faction in the world, invincible!

"Greetings, Sword Master!"

Someone shouted.

“Pay our respects to the Sword Master!”

Countless voices echoed.

Qi Yu and others bowed and exclaimed, “Pay our respects to the Sword Master!”

Han Muye stood in front of the Hall of Self-Examination with a calm expression and accepted this title.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic and Sword Ancestor Muye inherited the position of Sword Master in the Sword Pavilion and became the Sword Master of the Sword Pavilion, Sword Master Muye.

As the strongest cultivator of sword dao in this realm, he became the wielder of the greatest power in the realm of cultivation.

The entire cultivation world was in an uproar.

Countless forces in the Upper Heaven Region were watching closely.

Now that Han Muye had become the Lord of the Sword Pavilion, would he proceed to unify the Upper Heaven Region?

Countless eyes turned to the Yuling Dao Sect.

In the main hall of the Limitless Dao Sect, several core elders surrounded Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan.

“Sect Master, the Yuling Dao Sect has yet to respond. With the current situation in the Upper Heaven Domain, what should we do?” A white-bearded Daoist spoke with a low voice, a touch of worry on his face.

The others wore similarly complex expressions.

No one was willing to accept the addition of another divine court atop their sect.

But Han Muye’s dominance had been established. Quietly taking control of the Sword Pavilion, he was already heading towards the reconstruction of the divine court, imposing his authority over the realm of cultivation.

If there were to be any resistance, the only option was to join forces with the Yuling Dao Sect and the other sects to counterattack.

However, until now, the Yuling Dao Sect had remained silent, causing panic and unease among all parties.

“I have already sent Zhu Wu to the Five Sheep Pavilion. When he returns, we will have news.” Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan shook his head and said softly.

Zhu Wu, a disciple of Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan, was also the strongest among the second generation of the Limitless Dao Sect.

Initially, Zhu Wu sought opportunities in the disputed territories of the dao and soared to great heights upon his return to the Upper Heaven Region.

Hearing Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan's words, many people heaved a sigh of relief.

In the realm of cultivation, the only place where one could still obtain news from all sides was the Five Sheep Pavilion.

As long as they could get accurate information and have a sense of the future direction of their sects, no matter how much they had to pay, it would be worth it.

After all, the current situation was such that with one misstep, the sects would face the danger of annihilation.

"Master, I have obtained news from the Five Sheep Pavilion!" A voice sounded in the void, and Zhu Wu, who was exhausted, stepped forward.

Now, he was already Dao Lord Zhu Wu.

Dao Lord Zhu Wu held a jade box sealed with dao patterns, and he presented it to Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan

All the elders of the Limitless Dao Sect held their breath, watching as Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan unsealed it and took out a thin piece of paper.

“Hiss—

Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan unfolded the paper, he took a sharp intake of breath, his whole body trembling, his eyes widening as surges of spiritual energy surged uncontrollably.

The faces of the elders changed, unable to help themselves from crowding forward. They saw only a few lines of sparse words on the paper.

“Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect, Sword Ancestor Muye.”