

Pavilion 1041

Chapter 1041 - 1041 Rebuilding the Divine Court? The Return of the Spiritual Armored Demons

1041 Rebuilding the Divine Court? The Return of the Spiritual Armored Demons

The Yuling Dao Sect was the number one sect in the Upper Heaven Region and the holy land of the Daoists.

The Yuling Dao Sect had controlled the Daoists of the cultivation world for at least a million years.

For countless millennia, the Yuling Dao Sect had exerted its dominance over the cultivation realm. Even within the Divine Court, they were like feudal lords.

“The Yuling Dao Sect’s grand elder? How is that possible...” Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan muttered in confusion as he held the scroll.

It wasn’t just him; the elders of the Limitless Dao Sect were all bewildered.

This news completely overturned their understanding.

With the pride of the Yuling Dao Sect, how could they let Han Muye be their Grand Elder?

Back in the battle for the Dao, Han Muye had personally killed Heavenly Venerable Xing Di of the Yuling Dao Sect.

Such enmity had always kept the Yuling Dao Sect at odds with Han Muye and the forces behind him.

Even though the two sides had managed to coexist peacefully in recent years, they had never truly cooperated.

And now, they suddenly claimed that Han Muye was actually the long-hidden Grand Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect?

“Could the information from the Five Sheep Pavilion be fake...” A senior elder stared at the scroll and then glanced at the jade box.

The jade box was sealed with spiritual runes and would be destroyed if opened in advance.

As for the possibility of the information sold by the Five Sheep Pavilion being fake, it was also possible.

The cost, however, would be the disappearance of the Five Sheep Pavilion from the cultivation realm.

For the Five Sheep Pavilion, they would never deliberately falsify information that was sold with such solemnity.

“Master, esteemed elders, in my opinion, this matter should be true,” Dao Lord Zhu Wu looked at the crowd and spoke softly.

In terms of cultivation and combat strength, he was already at the pinnacle within this great hall, and most of the elders were not his match.

However, due to seniority, he had not been appointed as an official elder.

In the Limitless Dao Sect, Zhu Wu was already the next sect master.

“Zhu Wu, tell me about it.” Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan finally came back to his senses and looked at Dao Lord Zhu Wu.

He was quite satisfied with his disciple.

Zhu Wu’s abilities were evident, as he had entered the realm of Dao contention and brought tremendous benefits to the entire Limitless Dao Sect.

All the Elders looked up at Dao Lord Zhu Wu.

“Master, esteemed elders, I personally witnessed the might of the Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han and Sword Ancestor Muye,” Zhu Wu said in a low voice, his eyes filled with fear and reverence.

“If he had been willing to leave, he could have done so back then.”

Indeed, Han Mu Ye could have directly left for the Immortal World if he wanted to.

His power and treasures were already top-notch in this realm.

“Now, Sword Ancestor Muye has surpassed the Endless Heavenly Sovereign and become the strongest in this realm. Whatever he intends to do, we cannot stop him, nor can the Yuling Dao Sect.”

Dao Lord Zhu Wu’s words made Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan narrow his eyes.

Strength was always the determining factor in the cultivation world.

If Han Muye could dominate the cultivation world, he would attract countless followers.

With just a word from him, annihilating a sect would be a trivial matter.

This convergence of power had no reason or righteousness.

It was the primitive law of the strongest.

“The Yuling Dao Sect also needs to bow down,” Dao Lord Zhu Wu turned his head and looked at the elders in the hall.

If the Yuling Dao Sect needed to bow down, then their Limitless Dao Sect also needed to bow down...

Everyone fell silent and slowly turned their heads to look at Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan.

The glory, dignity, and accumulated power of a major sect over countless years were not achieved overnight.

This was also a form of power.

There were two ways to destroy these unseen but palpable forces.

One was for the sect to abandon them voluntarily.

The other was to prevent their destruction.

“Hehe, if the Yuling Dao Sect has made its choice, why should our Limitless Dao Sect insist?” Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan chuckled lightly, and his aura became even more relaxed.

He glanced at everyone and then looked up outside the hall, smiling as he spoke, “All along, Sword Ancestor Muye and the forces behind him have remained motionless, but like a sword hanging over our heads.

“Especially Sword Ancestor Muye. His talent is unparalleled, and his actions are unpredictable. He has his own principles, both internally and externally.

“To be enemies with such a person requires constant vigilance.

“Although our Limitless Dao Sect has never been an enemy of Sword Ancestor Muye, we have stood opposite the Yuling Dao Sect together in the Sword Pavilion.”

It was different in the past. The Sword Pavilion and Han Muye had a connection, but they were not truly united.

But now, things had changed.

Han Muye had become the leader of the Sword Pavilion.

The opposing force of the Sword Pavilion became the enemy of Han Muye.

In the hall, both Dao Lord Zhu Wu and the elders had serious expressions.

“In that case, Zhu Wu, represent me and make a trip to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley. Make a grand display.”

Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan turned around, and a golden token appeared in his hand.

The token emitted a golden radiance, exuding the unique power of the Limitless Dao Sect.

“You will represent me and unite with the Heavenly Mystic.”

Unite, it sounded nice, but in reality, it meant surrender, it meant pledging allegiance.

A barely audible sigh echoed in the hall.

No one wanted to be enemies with Han Muye and the Sword Pavilion behind him, and the Heavenly Mystic World.

Cultivation was not easy, so they cherished what they had achieved.

Dao Lord Zhu Wu nodded and received the token with both hands.

He didn't want to be an enemy of Han Muye either.

From the battle in the realm of Dao contention, he had already seen Han Muye's strength. After various powerful beings departed for the immortal realm, no one in this realm could suppress him anymore.

Being an enemy of Han Muye would lead to no good outcome.

The Limitless Dao Sect made their choice., and three flying ships set off towards the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley with great fanfare. The news of the Limitless Dao Sect joining forces with Sword Ancestor Muye spread.

Chapter 1042 - 1042 Rebuilding the Divine Court? The Return of the Spiritual Armored Demons (2)

1042 Rebuilding the Divine Court? The Return of the Spiritual Armored Demons (2)

At this moment, be it the Upper Heaven Region or the Middle Heaven Region, the sects that had received the news had no time to express their astonishment or surprise.

One by one, the sects sent representatives to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, and various forces gathered there. Those who arrived late would probably not even have a seat.

Han Muye stood tall and motionless in the Sword Pavilion, while the cultivation world was in a state of turmoil.

Even the various factions of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, the powers that remained from the ancient era, were paying attention to the changes in the Upper Heaven Region.

Some keen ones even went directly to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to seek refuge.

But interestingly, the entire cultivation world seemed tumultuous on the surface, but it covered the tranquility behind the scenes.

On the surface, the various forces took sides, and the confrontation between the Sword Pavilion and the Dao Sect became even more intense.

Countless cultivators were being pushed by the overall situation, making their own choices, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the great battle.

There were also many people eagerly waiting for an opportunity to stir up a chaotic war that would sweep through the entire cultivation world and rise to power.

The Daoist Faction and sword cultivators were constantly gathering their strength.

Every day, the cultivation world was filled with news of certain sects joining the Sword Pavilion or the Dao Sect.

Every day, the teleportation arrays were busy, and countless people exhausted all their efforts to travel to various realms in search of resources.

In the process, more and more legends of sudden wealth were born.

Duan Chengzi was invited to set up teleportation arrays in various realms.

Because of the various rumors about the Five Sheep Pavilion, once the Sword Pavilion and the Dao Sect started fighting, the teleportation arrays in various places would definitely be closed.

The sects with decent strength took advantage of the calm before the great battle to set up as many teleportation arrays belonging to their own sects as possible, so as not to be left behind in transactions in various places in the future.

Countless cultivators in the entire cultivation world were in a state of excitement, practicing desperately in the hope of surviving the great battle.

In such a chaotic war that would affect the entire cultivation world, who could escape unscathed?

The rise of a major power inevitably accompanies endless bloodshed. The decaying old forces would become stepping stones for the new forces to ascend to the throne.

The rise of a large faction would definitely be accompanied by endless blood. The decaying old faction would become a stepping stone for the new faction to step onto the throne.”

Who said that time would bury everything? Sometimes, if one chose to fight with one’s back against the wall and throw everything away, one might be reborn.

The storm might come more violently...

...

The hustle and bustle in the cultivation world couldn’t truly shake the judgment of the decision-makers.

For example, at this moment, Han Muye was sitting in a small pavilion on the back mountain of the Yuling Dao Sect, drinking tea and chatting with the two Heavenly Venerables, Yu Zhi and Yu Zhen.

On the side, Qi Yu, the Dao Ancestor, Zhang Jiyang, the shopkeeper of the Five Sheep Pavilion, Zhang Jiyang, and Dao Ancestor Chu Yuan of the Limitless Dao Sect were also present.

This tea was a variety brought by the Divine Emperor from the Immortal Realm. It takes fifty thousand years to grow near the foot of Mount Yuque.”

Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen served cup after cup of tea, speaking softly.

The tea exuded a misty aura, appearing incredibly soothing.

Both Han Muye and Qi Yu remained silent, quietly savoring the tea.

After everyone set down their teacups, Yu Zhen and Yu Zhi exchanged a glance, then turned to look at Qi Yu and the others beside them. Finally, their gazes landed on Han Muye.

“Sword Ancestor Muye, the current situation in the cultivation world, where should we go from here? Please make a decision.” Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen and Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi stood up and bowed to Han Muye.

“If the Sword Ancestor wants to rebuild the Divine Court, our Dao Sect will definitely be the first to respond.”

Rebuilding the Divine Court.

This is a topic that has almost spread throughout the cultivation world nowadays.

Cultivators from all sides couldn't help but speculate and discuss stories about the Divine Court whenever they met.

Those who could speak about the various titles and military ranks within the Divine Court back then would be invited to sit in prominent positions at the grand taverns.

What did the Divine Court look like?

How did it wield its authority over the world?

If they were to rebuild the Divine Court, would they oppose or join?

...

All decisions lay within this small pavilion.

To be precise, they rested in the hands of Han Muye, who was sitting in the pavilion at this moment.

As long as he nodded, the Divine Court would be rebuilt from today onwards.

The Dao Sect, the Sword Cult, the former officials and their descendants from the Divine Court, as well as the powers that guarded various regions in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, would all participate in the rebuilding of the Divine Court.

Like it or not.

In the small pavilion, Dao Ancestor Qi Yu, Zhang Jiyang, and the others restrained their auras and looked at Han Muye.

“Why do we need to rebuild the Divine Court?” Han Muye slowly raised his head and gazed at the crowd.

Why rebuild the Divine Court?

With the Divine Court in place, it could dominate the world, and the entire cultivation world would have only one voice.

Rebuilding the Divine Court would allow for the consolidation of all the wealth and resources in the world, wielding control over the life and death of countless individuals.

Once the Divine Court was rebuilt, the forces from all corners of the cultivation world would gradually be worn down, without any power to resist.

Whether it was Dao Ancestor Qi Yu, Yu Zhen, Yu Zhi, or the others, they knew the countless benefits of rebuilding the Divine Court.

They and their respective sects would be the first to integrate into the Divine Court, becoming the influential factions within it.

Perhaps the sects would perish, but these individuals would gain more opportunities.

After all, wasn't cultivation ultimately for the sake of opportunities? For one's own power, for eternal life and ascension to the immortal realm.

However, when Han Muye posed his question, everyone fell silent, with no one answering.

The question Han Muye asked wasn't meant to elicit a response from anyone.

He didn't need an answer.

In the cultivation world, the one who could see through the benefits of rebuilding the Divine Court the most was Han Muye himself.

With his identity and understanding, he had long calculated and made his own decisions numerous times.

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1043 Rebuilding the Divine Court? The Return of the Spiritual Armored Demons (3)

Today's question was simply for everyone to have a clear outcome.

"If I were to rebuild the Divine Court, there would indeed be changes in the cultivation world."

"But these changes are not necessarily good."

Han Muye shook his head and spoke softly.

A profound divine light shone in his eyes as he said in a low voice, "The ancient Divine Court suppressed the world, and for millions of years, the cultivation power of the entire cultivation world regressed not just tenfold.

"There are reasons for the departure of the strong, and the cultivation world tends towards peace, devoid of conflicts, and practitioners lose their motivation to cultivate."

Han Muye's gaze swept over the crowd. "All opportunities are not gained through competition but through the blessings of the Divine Court."

"Such cultivation can only produce strong individuals unexpectedly."

Cultivation, cultivation, how can one obtain resources without fighting for them? How can one have a smooth journey without striving?

Cultivation is about cultivating a heart that contends with heaven, earth, and all things. Rewards obtained through bending and begging cannot create powerful beings.

Han Muye's words resonated like a resounding bell, causing the people in the small pavilion to become solemn.

"In that case, may I ask what Sword Ancestor Muye means?" Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen looked up at Han Muye.

“The current situation of the confrontation between the Dao Sect and the Sword Cultivators seems favorable to me.” Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

“If this can continue for a thousand years, there will undoubtedly be numerous powerful beings emerging in the entire cultivation world.”

A thousand years like this?

“How is that possible?” wondered the Divine Lords.

The overall situation in the world is already hanging by a thread. With just a spark, it can ignite and engulf the entire cultivation world.

The imminent great battle between the Dao Sect and the Sword Cultivators was about to erupt.

Even if they wanted to suppress it like this, there would still be countless opportunists stirring up trouble.

On that day, it seemed that everyone would be swept up and forced to get involved.

“Sword Ancestor, this confrontation between the Sword Cultivators and the Dao Sect in the cultivation world may not continue as you wish,” Dao Ancestor Qi Yu said softly.

Yu Zhen and Yu Zhi's expressions were also complicated.

Even though they held great power in the Sword Cultivators and the Dao Sect, they knew that once the situation reached a certain point, it would be difficult for them to control it.

Han Muye waved his hand. "The Sword Conference is about to begin. We will shift the pressure on the Sword Cultivators by using this conference."

He turned to Zhang Jiyang beside him. "I will provide several ancient library buildings from the ancient Divine Court. They contain various precious ancient scriptures."

"You, Five Sheep Pavilion, spread the news about this matter and let the Dao Sect compete to explore them. Among them, the Dao Sect will have the upper hand in obtaining opportunities."

By shifting the attention of the Sword Cultivators through the Sword Conference and using the ancient library buildings from the ancient Divine Court, the power of the Dao Sect will be drawn in.

In this way, the ignited passions of various factions will be guided elsewhere.

Both Qi Yu and Yu Zhen were slightly stunned.

They initially thought that Han Muye did not want to rebuild the Divine Court and only wanted to maneuver among various factions, controlling them like walking on a tightrope.

But they didn't expect that Han Muye would bring up opportunities again.

For the Dao Sect, these library buildings were indeed rare opportunities and treasures that everyone cared about.

“Sword Ancestor, even so, even after the exploration of the library buildings and the conclusion of the Sword Conference, the accumulated grievances between the Sword Cultivators and the Dao Sect cannot be resolved,” Zhang Jiyang in the purple robe shook his head and spoke softly.

Whether it was the library buildings or the Sword Conference, they were just delaying tactics.

It delayed the outbreak of the great battle while allowing various forces to gather their strength.

Zhang Jiyang didn’t understand why, in the current situation, as long as Han Muye acknowledged himself as the Grand Elder of Yuling Dao Sect and united the power of the Dao Sect and the Sword Cultivators to rebuild the Divine Court, all the problems would be solved.

Why was he unwilling to do this?

Was he unwilling to get too entangled with the Dao Sect, or was he unwilling to spend his own time and energy on rebuilding the Divine Court?

In the small pavilion, everyone looked at Han Muye quietly.

How many resources could he provide?

Once, twice, or countless times?

“The Sword Conference can be held once every five hundred years, and Heaven Realm powerhouses can participate. Other realms can conduct their own selections, whether it’s every one or two hundred years or two or three hundred years.”

“I will provide the rewards for it.”

Han Muye declared loudly.

“As for the Dao Sect, the medicinal garden that was once in the void, along with the hidden treasures that were buried when the Divine Court collapsed, I will open one or two of them every hundred years.”

Han Muye offered rewards for the Sword Conference.

He would initiate various opportunities to strengthen the Dao Sect.

The decision that would determine the overall trend of the entire cultivation world sounded like a child’s play.

Could such matters be solved just by throwing money around?

“Sword Ancestor Muye, why have you made this decision?” Qiyu Daozu furrowed his brow and asked softly.

He couldn’t understand it at all!

Was Han Muye using his own treasures to support the entire cultivation world?

Even if these opportunities and treasures were remnants from the ancient Divine Court, in Han Muye’s hands, they belonged to him personally.

Whether used to support his own power or enhance his cultivation, these things were more worthwhile than quietly supporting the entire cultivation world.

“Cultivation is earned through competition. Without rebuilding the Divine Court, keeping everyone in a constant state of competition is what keeps the cultivation world perpetually vibrant,” Han Muye looked ahead and spoke calmly.

A stagnant cultivation world will eventually decline.

This was the result of his countless deductions.

“After a thousand years, strong cultivators will gather in the cultivation world, and after three thousand years, various powerful beings will vie for supremacy. At that time, it will be the day to reopen the Ascension Platform!”

Han Muye's words made everyone hold their breath.

Reopen the Immortal Ascension Platform!

This was something they had never considered!

"Do you all think that I will stay in this realm forever?" Han Muye turned his head and looked at the crowd.

"I see!"

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1044 Rebuilding the Divine Court? The Return of the Spiritual Armored Demons (4)

If the Immortal Ascension Platform was truly going to reopen, then when Han Muye left, the more experts he took with him, the stronger their forces would be when they reached the Immortal World.

He deliberately fostered conflicts within the cultivation realm in order to cultivate more powerful individuals.

Was this the true calculation of those in power?

Using the entire cultivation world as a chessboard!

In the small pavilion, everyone bowed.

Han Muye's figure moved and disappeared.

"Sword Ancestor Muye is really unfathomable..." Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen shook his head and said softly.

The others nodded with complicated expressions.

Han Muye had clearly transcended the power struggles within this cultivation realm and focused his gaze on the layout of the Immortal World.

Pity that they still cared about rebuilding the divine court in this realm and still clung to the power within this world.

Even if the power within this world was overwhelming, what difference would it make?

How much could they take away?

"Haha, he's gone. I never expected that the Sword Ancestor's layout would extend to the Immortal Realm." Dao Ancestor Qi Yu's eyes sparkled, and a sword intent radiated from his body.

“From this day forward, I will strive to advance and aspire to reach the realm of Heavenly Venerable. In the future, I will follow the Sword Ancestor into the Immortal World.”

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu laughed heartily, and the sword radiance on his body exploded, shattering the small pavilion.

“Haha, the Dao Sect, what an extraordinary Dao Sect—”

The brilliance of the sword and the long sword shimmered, obliterating the Yuling Dao Sect’s rear mountains for thousands of miles before flying away.

Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen and Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi exchanged a glance, snorted coldly, and raised their hands to ignite a stream of spiritual light, pursuing them.

A great battle ensued, causing an almost irreparable rift between the Dao Sect and the sword cultivators.

It was also this battle that led to the discovery of the ruins of an ancient divine court’s library, which was occupied by powerful figures from the Dao Sect such as Yu Zhen and Yu Zhi, attracting various sects and forces to explore it.

Meanwhile, Dao Ancestor Qi Yu, who displayed astonishing combat power, returned to the Sword Pavilion and entered seclusion.

Three months later, Dao Lord Qi Yu achieved the position of Heavenly Venerable.

The various sword cultivators in the cultivation realm were itching for a fight, expecting the newly promoted Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu to lead them in a decisive battle against the Dao Sect. However, Han Muye's decree shattered all their plans.

Just as the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan vanished from the cultivation realm, Han Muye, the Sword Ancestor, invited the Endless Venerables to investigate together.

During Han Muye's absence, all factions within the cultivation realm were forbidden from engaging in chaotic battles. Any sword cultivators or the Dao Sect who dared to provoke a conflict involving over a million people would be suppressed by the Sword Pavilion and the Yuling Dao Sect together.

As soon as this order was issued, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu of the Sword Pavilion immediately responded, dispersing the large army gathered at various locations of the Sword Pavilion to groups of less than a million people.

The Dao Sect's Yuling Dao Sect and the Limitless Dao Sect also responded one after another, reducing their forces.

But this reduction was clearly in response to the Sword Ancestor's decree.

They didn't start a battle involving over a million people, but what about the hundreds of thousands of people?

Three years after Sword Ancestor Muye left the Upper Heaven Region, small-scale battles erupted among various factions in the Upper Heaven Region.

However, the powerful sword cultivators were all preparing for the Sword Dao Conference, and the Dao Sect was fully focused on exploring the library, so they didn't truly participate in the small-scale battles.

As a result, in these small-scale fights, many low-level cultivators had the opportunity to train and create their own opportunities.

The various factions in the cultivation realm were also unaware of Han Muye's whereabouts after he left the Upper Heaven Region.

At this moment, Han Muye was standing in front of a sealed barrier together with Jia Wu, the incarnation of the Endless Heavenly Venerable, and Patriarch Bai Ze, who had turned into a white body.

Behind them, there were also Bai Zeyu, who carried a long sword on his back, and Shui Yue'er, who was wearing green armor.

"This is the sealed passage leading to the Spiritual Armored Demons."

Shui Yue'er's face revealed a complex expression as she looked at Han Muye. "Sword Ancestor Muye, are you really going to reopen this sealed barrier and allow the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan to return to this realm?"

She couldn't believe that Sword Ancestor Muye would find her and ask her to lead everyone to this place.

The Spiritual Armored Demon Clan was a headache in various cultivation realms, and it took a great effort from Han Muye to sacrifice most of the Spiritual Armored Demons in this world. The experts went to the Immortal World to wreak havoc.

But now, Han Muye was actually planning to reopen the sealed barrier and bring back the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.

“To prevent the cultivation realm from becoming stagnant and attracting external enemies, it is the best choice.”

Without needing Han Muye to answer, Patriarch Bai Ze had already spoken.

Han Muye nodded and said calmly, “It’s not just the Spiritual Armored Demons. I’ve already discussed it with the Heavenly Venerable. After a thousand years, when the boundless resentment of the Endless Sea erupts, it will provoke the onslaught of hell’s tormented souls on the cultivation realm.”

Chapter 1045 - 1045 This is the Immortal World!

1045 This is the Immortal World!

The Spiritual Armored Demons had come to the cultivation world.

They also caused the eruption of countless tormented souls in the Endless Sea.

Both of these actions were wicked deeds that brought suffering to the creatures in the cultivation realm, calamities that led to the downfall of numerous cultivators.

Only a true villain, someone who truly opposed the cultivation realm, would do such things.

But Han Muye, the successor of the Divine Emperor and the number one figure in this realm, took on these tasks.

And he did them without any remorse.

Bai Zeyu furrowed his brows slightly but remained silent.

His cultivation and status were not qualified to judge Han Muye.

“So, there are certain things that can only be understood from that position,” Bai Zeyu’s ancestor glanced at Bai Zeyu and said softly.

“Sword Ancestor Muye needs to consider the prosperity of the entire cultivation realm. Only by constantly facing external enemies and enduring hardships can strong individuals continue to emerge.”

“Comfortable lives cannot produce strong individuals.”

Strength could only be forged through hardships and countless trials.

Merely accumulating resources would never be enough to cultivate true strength.

Bai Zeyu nodded. He knew that what his Patriarch said was true, but from his perspective, he couldn’t help but feel uncomfortable.

Han Muye didn't offer any explanation either.

There was no need to explain.

He had his reasons for doing these things.

Unconsciously, he was no longer the young sword cultivator from the Western Frontier of the past.

He was Sword Ancestor Muye, the master of the Sword Pavilion, the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, and the first Grand Elder of Yuling Dao Sect.

Every word he spoke, every decision he made, affected the life and death of countless cultivators in the cultivation realm.

If he were still the young cultivator from the Western Frontier, Han Muye would choose to allocate more resources and pave the way for more cultivators.

But now, he wouldn't.

Instead, he needed to create more difficulties for the cultivation world.

Only strong individuals who could fight their way out without fear could overcome any challenge.

From his current standpoint, many unreasonable things in the cultivation realm actually seemed reasonable.

For example, why the Spiritual Armored Demon clan had never been completely eradicated, why there were still constant wars despite the Divine Court's high authority.

And why the low-level disciples of various sects suffered great losses, and the lives of countless low-level cultivators were lost on the path of cultivation.

It was to pave the way for the strong with the lives of numerous low-level cultivators.

Perhaps, it was a ruthless approach.

But now, when Han Muye made such a decision, there were no ripples in his heart.

"Boom!"

With a swing of his sword, the intertwined spiritual light of the seal was directly split open, creating a crack that spanned thousands of feet.

Han Muye unsheathed his sword, and Jia Wu beside him narrowed his eyes, a slight tremor at the corner.

Patriarch Bai Zeyu had a solemn expression, and golden lights flickered in his eyes.

With one strike, he broke the seal of the mighty figure back then.

Han Muye's mastery of the sword had reached such a level!

Spiritual Armored Demons rushed out one after another. When they saw Han Muye and the others in front of them, they were stunned.

Shui Yue'er flew up and landed in front of the elder wearing black scale armor.

She cupped her hands and muttered.

The old man's expression changed, then he turned to look at the crack that was split open by a single sword, nodded, and cautiously stood to the side.

"Let's go."

Han Muye's gaze fell on the members of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan. He looked at Jia Wu and said calmly, "The armored demon clan needs restraint."

Jia Wu nodded and charged into the spatial rift.

Han Muye also flew into it.

Patriarch Bai Ze turned to look at Bai Zeyu and Shui Yue'er.

Bai Zeyu and Shui Yue'er looked at each other with complicated expressions and bowed to Patriarch Bai Ze.

"Hehe, we've cultivated for countless millennia. Life and death, honor and disgrace, have long been insignificant to us.

"It's enough to have lived a carefree life."

Patriarch Bai Ze waved his hand and a golden spiritual pearl flew out from his palm, landing in front of Bai Zeyu.

The pearl was vibrant, emanating a profound and mysterious power.

As long as one's gaze fell upon the pearl, dizziness and bewilderment would set in, as if one's consciousness were being absorbed by it.

"This is the treasured inheritance of my Bai Ze clan. Remember, don't look at what you shouldn't, and don't speak of what should not be spoken." Patriarch Bai Ze's eyes revealed a trace of reluctance. He smiled lightly and turned, stepping into the rift.

Bai Zeyu reached out and grasped the pearl, a halo shimmering around him. When he opened his hand, the pearl was gone, leaving only a mark resembling a closed eye in the palm of his hand.

“Boom!”

In front of them, a resounding tremor echoed through the void.

Shui Yue’er reached out and grabbed Bai Zeyu’s arm.

Not far away, the Spiritual Armored Demons all looked up, watching as the halo in the void burst open.

At this moment, the world beyond that void was already suppressed by a dark aura.

Behind Jia Wu, a hundred-foot shadow appeared.

On the black crown, there was a circular mirror radiating a black halo from its seven surfaces.

A black light.

The dark aura emanated from the seven-faced mirror, imprisoning the entire world.

“Let me see where these small fries are hiding.” Patriarch Bai Ze took a step forward, his eyes emitting golden light.

The golden light pierced through the darkness, shooting straight ahead, as if penetrating the entire world.

“Found it.”

He murmured softly, and then a golden long arrow appeared in front of him, shooting straight ahead.

Han Muye flashed his figure, following the arrow.

“Boom!”

In the sky, lightning flashed.

It was the fury of the heavens in this realm, unleashing thunder tribulation.

The lightning converged into a dragon and collided with the seven-faced mirror on Jia Wu’s crown.

However, before the lightning dragon could descend, Han Muye had already drawn his sword.

“Slash—”

A single strike.

The sword descended from the sky, stirring the surrounding spiritual energy into countless sword lights, obliterating the lightning dragon into numerous fragments.

The vast expanse of thunderclouds continued to distort and gather. Suddenly, a towering figure of a bull with a body spanning thousands of feet appeared behind Han Muye. It let out a roar to the sky and swallowed all the lightning that had just formed in the sky in one gulp.

Chapter 1046 - 1046 This is the Immortal World! (2)

1046 This is the Immortal World! (2)

The Kui bloodline inheritance was not weaker than the Baxia Divine Beast inheritance.

Han Muye rarely used this inheritance because Baxia had refined it with his true body and its power was more condensed.

Now, without using the power of Baxia's body, he would use the Kui. On one hand, he was more familiar with its combat techniques, and on the other hand, it was more effective against the Heavenly Dao lightning.

After swallowing the lightning, the Kui behind Han Muye was covered in lightning, turning into a golden armor that covered his body.

Breaking through the lightning, Han Muye followed the trajectory of the long arrow in front of him, and the colossal image of the Kui turned golden, shining with thunderous golden armor.

Whenever the lightning gathered in the sky, the Kui would howl to the sky, swallowing it whole.

Devouring the lightning, it triggered the intertwining of electric currents throughout his body. With one impact, it directly shattered the restraints of heaven and earth.

“Slash—”

The sword in Han Muye’s hand thrust out, and the green sword light pierced through the vast emerald sea below.

The calm sea stirred violently.

Streams of fresh blood gushed out from beneath the sea surface, like a spring.

“Roar—”

A Spiritual Armored Demon burst out from the water’s surface, its body covered in blood, wounds from numerous long swords.

This was a 10,000-foot-long demon whose Qi and blood had already condensed to the level of a Half-Sage.

Stirring the vapor, the waves on the sea surface transformed into countless illusory figures, crashing towards Han Muye.

However, before these illusions could take flight, a sword light exploded from beneath the water's surface, shattering the giant monster and all the illusions.

The Kui roared, absorbing all the power from its blood and qi, refining it with lightning.

Layer after layer of blood-red battle armor appeared around Han Muye's body.

Standing at the pinnacle of the 10,000-foot water surface, Han Muye pointed his long sword forward.

This corner of the world had already been imprisoned by the boundless gloomy aura of the Endless Heavenly Venerables. At this moment, those who could escape this restraint were true great monsters, at the very least surpassing the Heaven Realm.

Ahead, figures appeared one after another.

"Buzz!"

The void trembled as divine senses were transmitted over.

Some divine senses transmitted anger, some posed questions, and some expressed confusion.

“Do we, the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan, have any grudges with you? Why did you come to our territory and slaughter us?”

A towering black figure flashed, transforming into a man wearing black armor, standing 10,000 feet ahead of Han Muye, and he spoke with a low, commanding voice.

His gaze landed on the phantom of the Kui behind Han Muye and he said in a deep voice, and cultivation of spiritual energy techniques... It seems you also hail from one of the cultivating realms in some immortal world.”

Neither the Immortal World nor the Divine Realm cultivated spiritual energy. Only the lower realms were rich in spiritual energy.

This world they were in, just like where Han Muye and the others were, belonged to a lower realm.

The burly man’s gaze turned towards Han Muye. Looking at the sword light emanating from him, he squinted his eyes.

“The Sword Dao is truly formidable.

“Are you going to invade this world?”

With a sneer, the man with black armor said coldly, “If you knew about our Spiritual Armored Demon Clan, you would know that our place of existence leaves no resources for you.”

Wherever the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan passed, not even a blade of grass could grow.

It was precisely because of this that the cultivation world made every effort to expel the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.

“Boom!”

Jia Wu shattered the void and landed by Han Muye’s side.

Following closely behind was Bai Ze, whose white robe was unfurled and whose eyes had a golden radiance.

Whether it was White Ze or Jia Wu, both exuded a terrifying power.

The man in black armor took a slight step back, warily watching them.

“You are not qualified to speak with us,” Han Muye shook his head, his gaze passing over the man in black armor and looking towards the distant gloomy sky and earth.

“You are the king of the Spiritual-Armored Demon Tribe in this world, aren’t you?”

The King.

The man in black armor's expression changed, turning his head to look, and a figure slowly walked through the void.

She was wearing a white long dress, with three lotus flowers on the hem of the skirt.

Those lotus flowers seemed to open and close, each step appearing as the destruction of a world.

Her green hair was tied up high, held in place by a pale green pearl.

The pearl emitted a divine light, and with each flicker, it carried the power to tear apart the surrounding void.

This female cultivator was extremely beautiful and exuded a suffocating charm.

Her facial features were like a painting, and her eyes radiated a seven-colored halo.

The seven-colored spiritual light in her eyes flickered slightly, seemingly capable of melting one's soul.

"Fellow Daoists, why have you come to my Cloud Water Galaxy?"

Glancing at Han Muye and Jia Wu, the female cultivator bowed slightly. "Shui Ling greets the two esteemed friends."

The king of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan, with a cultivation at the level of the Heavenly Venerable, and the accompanying lotus and pearl, were both at least Immortal-level treasures.

Such powerhouses could dominate a region of the world and indeed suppress the fortune of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.

“Shui Ling, a beautiful name,” Jia Wu chuckled lightly, turning his head to look at Han Muye by his side.

Coming to this place was at Han Muye’s invitation. All the arrangements depended on Han Muye.

On this trip, he only had to make a move when he needed to.

The cultivation and strength of this Shui Ling in front of him was not bad. To be able to see his identity at a glance and say the words “Fellow Daoist” was really not simple.

That was true. If he didn’t have enough strength, he wouldn’t have been able to suppress a galaxy and become the king of the Spiritual Armored Demons.

“I’m here to make a deal with your Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

“A deal?” Shui Ling originally thought that Jia Wu was the one in charge, but she didn’t expect the one speaking to be this seemingly inferior sword cultivator in front of her.

However, just as she spoke, her expression changed.

In front of him, Han Muye suddenly stretched out his sword.

“Boom!”

The void within a thousand feet shattered.

Cracks appeared in the void.

The three green lotuses under Shui Ling’s feet flew out and transformed into three light barriers.

However, the light barrier condensed by the three immortal treasures could not block Han Muye’s sword light for a second.

Chapter 1047 - 1047 This is the Immortal World! (3)

1047 This is the Immortal World! (3)

The three light barriers shattered instantly.

Shui Ling's expression changed, and just as she was about to step back, she felt a chill on her back. Slowly turning around, she saw a long sword floating three inches away from her neck, just outside her collar.

The silent approach of the long sword was not the most terrifying thing.

The fact that the long sword shattered three barriers was not the most terrifying thing either.

For Shui Ling, the long sword was already three inches away from her, bypassing her protective treasure, a green spirit pearl, without any reaction.

This was an immortal treasure, a supreme treasure that could even defeat a Heavenly Venerable. Why couldn't it block this sword and why didn't it even show the slightest reaction?

"Excellent swordsmanship." Multicolored radiance shimmered in her eyes, and a blush appeared on Shui Ling's face.

Trying to see through this sword forcibly caused her Qi, blood, and power to recoil.

"In the mortal world, there are still people who can control the power of time to such an extent. Impressive."

The sword seemed to be right in front of her, but it remained fixed three breaths ago.

The protective treasure could defend against enemies face-to-face, but it couldn't stop enemies from the past.

How could she block an attack from three breaths ago?

One sword shattered space.

One sword flew into the river of time, backtracking three breaths.

Could such swordsmanship exist in the mortal world?

Even in the immortal realm, would such techniques only be possessed by top-tier experts?

Shui Ling's gaze returned to Han Muye.

He claimed to have come to discuss a transaction, yet he first used such swordsmanship to intimidate her.

"Friend, I wonder if we can still have a good discussion about this business?"

Was this business still fair?

How could one negotiate a business deal with a sword?

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as the long sword returned to its sheath in an instant, and the shattered void in front of him was restored as if it had never been struck by that sword.

He really hadn't used that sword!

Only now did Shui Ling's eyes widen.

Even Jia Wu and Patriarch Bai Ze turned their heads, their eyes flashing with fear.

From beginning to end, Han Muye hadn't drawn his sword.

He had only used his powerful sword intent to stimulate the backlash of space in this world, then broke through the river of time and swept away the thousand feet of space around Shui Ling.

What Shui Ling experienced were all illusions in the river of time.

If she had really fought to the death, in that instant just now, she would have been directly drowned in the river of time, with no chance of returning!

This was the terror of controlling the power of time and space!

You didn't even know how the other party would make a move or when.

"I want your clan to propagate in the world I control, but you must not encroach upon the living space of other creatures."

Han Muye looked at Shui Ling and spoke calmly.

Upon hearing these words, a smile appeared on Shui Ling's face. She gently shook off the green lotus at the corner of her dress and reached out to touch the green pearl on her head.

"Fellow Daoist, you're not the first person to say this.

"Tell me, what price can you pay? Or should I say, what price are you offering?"

The nature of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan made them suitable to be used as whetstones.

Without top-notch experts, this clan wouldn't truly intimidate other worlds.

Over countless years, many powerful beings from various worlds had come to lure the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.

Clearly, Shui Ling had experienced too much. Even Han Muye's control over time and space couldn't make her retreat.

Business was business.

“You can choose between the two options.”

“First, an immortal treasure.”

Han Muye looked ahead and spoke softly.

Immortal treasures.

This deal was no small matter.

Even though Shui Ling already had two immortal treasures in her possession, it didn’t mean she didn’t need more.

Han Muye directly offered an immortal treasure, which caught her attention.

However, she didn’t immediately agree. Her eyes remained fixed on Han Muye.

“The second option is that we will go to a world and you can come with us.”

Go to a world.

Just a single world?

Shui Ling's gaze swept over Han Muye and then looked at Jia Wu.

"If it weren't for my research on the power of the divine soul, I would probably have chosen the first option without hesitation."

A smile appeared on Shui Ling's face, with a hint of longing in her eyes.

"For experts like you, using the Immortal Ascension Platform to step into the Immortal World and wasting a thousand years in the Spirit Transformation Pool is definitely not something you want.

"Therefore, the place you're going to must be directly to the Immortal World."

At this moment, Shui Ling no longer exuded the same profound and mysterious aura as before. Her face was filled with desire.

"Take me there."

80 million Spiritual Armored Demons of various cultivation levels were arranged to go to the world where Han Muye and his companions were located.

After arriving there, they needed to obey the commands of Shui Yue'er and Bai Zeyu for control and coordination.

These eighty million Spiritual Armored Demon Clan members couldn't engage in indiscriminate slaughter. They could only exist as whetstones in the cultivation realm.

Shui Ling personally took out a token containing her bloodline power and handed it to the elderly leader who commanded the eighty million clan members. The elder would then pass it on to Shui Yue'er.

After that, Han Muye, Jia Wu, Patriarch Bai Ze, and Shui Yue'er, who was wearing a set of green armor, quietly left.

This world was connected to many other worlds by barriers, and as long as they were broken, they could traverse through them.

The four of them traveled through more than thirty cosmic domains, engaging in battles with numerous powerhouses. It wasn't until three years later that they finally stopped in an empty galaxy.

"The timeline here is the same as our Source Heaven Star Domain, and it's far from the corresponding Immortal Ascension Platform.

Han Muye looked at the surrounding void, and beams of spiritual light flashed, transforming into stars.

Every star was the heart of a star, the source power of a world of stars.

Only with such immense power could a grand array be set up to traverse between the immortal and mortal realms.

With the 36 Dao stars as the foundation, pieces of top-grade spiritual rocks flashed.

Even before the grand array was activated, Shui Ling was already amazed.

What kind of background did this guy have?

“Buzz!”

Spiritual lights intersected in the 100,000-foot array.

At this moment, the entire array began to shimmer, and the space was torn apart.

A black and gray void appeared.

“Senior, after breaking through this void, I’ll step into the Immortal World with you. However, I won’t stay for long.”

Turning to look at Jia Wu, Han Muye said loudly, “A year in the Immortal World is a hundred years in the mortal world.

“The Immortal Ascension Platform will open in 3,000 years. It’s only 30 years for the Immortal World.

“I’ll leave when the Immortal Ascension Platform opens.”

Han Muye had put in so much effort to nurture experts for the day when he could utilize them.

Naturally, he wouldn’t just quietly go to the Immortal World.

Moreover, with Mu Wan and the others present, he wouldn’t go to the immortal realm alone.

However, he wanted to take a look at the immortal realm by opening the teleportation array.

“Heh, kid, you’re worrying too much.

“It’s good to go to the Immortal Ascension Platform.” Jia Wu shook his head and chuckled.

The Transformation Pool of the Immortal Ascension Platform could rid them of worldly affairs in a thousand years. For cultivators like Han Muye, it was actually a good thing.

“Let’s go.” Han Muye raised his hand, and the pillar of light in the array instantly tore through the void.

He took a step forward and disappeared into the void.

Jia Wu and Patriarch Bai Ze wore the same expression on their faces, took a deep breath, and followed suit.

Shui Ling's eyes flashed, "Immortal World, here I come..."

"Boom!"

When Han Muye stepped into the solid space, lightning descended from above.

Countless lightning bolts transformed into chains that struck directly.

"For intruders from the mortal realm who trespass into the Immortal World, the punishment is a ten-thousand-year sentence in the Bitter Immortal Realm for mining!"

A loud shout echoed, and the green immortal light intertwined and entangled with the lightning chains around his body.

Han Muye's heart stirred, allowing the lightning to bind him.

Behind him, Jia Wu and Patriarch Bai Ze immediately flew in two different directions, their bodies radiating spiritual light, transforming into green immortal auras.

"Han kid, take care of yourself!" Jia Wu's voice came through, but he was already gone.

This was the Immortal World, and he had no intention of helping Han Muye.

Besides, he did not believe that Han Muye would be captured so easily.

Just as Shui Ling arrived, she flickered and disappeared, protected by the immortal light.

“Caught one out of the three trespassers. This is quite a good mission.”

“Let’s see if there’s any benefit to be gained.”

A figure landed in front of Han Muye and reached for his collar.

But as the man in black armor extended his hand, he muttered to himself and retracted it.

A golden light shimmered on Han Muye’s body, transforming into a golden sword.

“Oh, so you’re a high-ranking member of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. You should have said so earlier. We’re on the same side.

“I’ll release you from the bindings, sir.”

Han Muye deliberately chose this location as a crossing point to the Immortal World, which was under the jurisdiction of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

He had the token of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Heaven Patrol Hall Master and also the inheritance. When the protective sword light appeared, he was naturally recognized as a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

"Let's go, take me to meet the Sect's Chief Guard." Han Muye released the chains, adjusted his clothes, and spoke aloud with his hands behind his back, the sword aura on his body shimmering.

The man in black armor quickly bowed and raised his hand, summoning a green sword before landing on it, leading the way ahead.

With each step Han Muye took, the sword aura entwined around his feet.

It was only at this moment that he looked up, took a deep breath, and surveyed this world.

This was the Immortal World!

Chapter 1048 - 1048 Immortal World, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect

1048 Immortal World, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect

Han Muye wasn't seeing the appearance of the Immortal World for the first time.

Among several treasures passed down from the Immortal World, he had seen the appearance of the Immortal World before.

Immortal energy lingered, and divine Buddhas filled the ground.

But those were all various memory scenes, ultimately different from experiencing it firsthand at this moment.

Immortal qi, little strands of it entered his body, carrying the power to tear through his meridians, that was immortal qi.

Unlike absorbing the stored immortal qi in the mortal world, at this moment, this immortal qi entered his body, directly circulating through his meridians, capable of arousing the power in his entire body's bloodline.

Moreover, Han Muye discovered that as this immortal Qi flowed through his meridians, it brought the power unique to immortal Qi even without activating any cultivation techniques.

This subtle power would quietly change his body, meridians, and even his soul.

This was a power completely superior to spiritual qi, and the difference between them was not even in the same order of magnitude.

The power contained in a trace of immortal qi could be a hundred times that of the same amount of spiritual qi cultivation.

It was no wonder that the Immortal World was above the mortal cultivation world. Countless cultivators aspired to ascend to the Immortal World.

Cultivating with the immortal qi in the Immortal World could truly transform a person, granting him stronger power.

Who wouldn't be infatuated with power?

"Buzz!"

A faint immortal light enveloped Han Muye.

The burly man leading the way quietly turned his head and heaved a sigh of relief.

Indeed, he was a disciple of the Mystic spirit Sword Sect, only here to complete a mission in the mortal world.

If he was not from the Immortal World, how could he directly activate the power of the Immortal Qi?

"You don't have a good flying sword?" Han Muye moved and walked side by side with the black-armored man.

The burly man's expression changed. Looking at the sword light under Han Muye's feet, his eyes were filled with envy. "Young Master, I'm only a guard in the outer sect of the Sword Sect. How can I be qualified to use a good sword..."

The sword under Han Muye's feet was a superior-grade treasure, capable of swift speed, especially when infused with a little spiritual energy, it could demonstrate incredible swiftness.

Just now, Han Muye had tested it out. After circulating the internal immortal qi, the speed of the sword instantly increased by more than 10 times, and the hindrance that was originally felt disappeared.

In the Immortal World, the power of spiritual energy was suppressed by the power of the world to a great extent, reducing its strength by more than 10 times, and it was difficult to replenish.

This was indeed a problem.

His own spiritual energy had become a consumable, using a little meant having less, while the fairy energy, for the time being, could only be absorbed in small amounts, as if he was just starting out as a low-level cultivator.

No, an immortal cultivator.

Han Muye was a little curious. How much immortal qi did the two avatars of the endless Heavenly Venerables and Shui Ling of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan have to support being hunted?

As for himself, he wasn't worried. He had a massive reserve of immortal qi.

"Here, take this sword, and give me your broken sword." Han Muye raised his hand, and the low-grade spiritual weapon-level long sword beneath the black-armored big man's feet flew into his hand.

A high-grade spiritual sword flew out from his hand.

The black-armored big man caught the long sword, his face filled with delight.

A high-grade sword spirit weapon was worth a hundred times more than his own low-grade spiritual weapon.

“Du Sanzhen thanks the young master for his generous gift.” The big man bowed gratefully to Han Muye.

“Hurry up and refine it.” Han Muye waved his hand and held the burly man’s sword. He had a nonchalant expression and waved his hand impatiently.

In Du Sanzhen’s eyes, this clearly meant that he found his flying speed too slow.

Indeed, he was a disciple of a major sect. Just because his speed was slow, he was directly rewarded with a top-grade spiritual weapon!

He quickly gripped the long sword and activated his own internal immortal energy to assimilate it. As for the disappearance of his connection with the long sword that he had cultivated for countless years, he didn’t care.

Disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had countless methods to sever their connection with their sword.

He was solely focused on quickly assimilating the long sword in his hand. He didn't bother to think about why the senior disciple Han Muye had exchanged swords with him and why he had severed his connection with the long sword.

Holding the sword in his hand, Han Muye realized that the sword contained a trace of immortal energy.

His immortal qi circulated and sword intent surged into it, destroying the will in the longsword. All the memories were displayed in his mind like flowing water.

The sword's name was Changming, and it was refined from clear iron essence. Ten Thousand Purity Gold was added to it and refined using the Three Origins Return Technique.

The sword was three feet and two inches long and weighed nine catties. The edge of the sword was engraved with spiritual patterns.

This surprised Han Muye.

He originally thought that the swords in the Immortal World should all be engraved with immortal patterns, but he did not expect them to only be spiritual patterns in the mortal cultivation world.

He had immortal treasures and treasures from the Immortal World that were engraved with immortal patterns.

However, he also understood that activating immortal patterns consumed too much immortal energy.

The power of spiritual runes was not as good as immortal runes, but it was better when activated with immortal qi. The consumption was very small and was suitable for low-level cultivators.

From the Changming Sword, Han Muye finally had enough understanding of the cultivation world in the Immortal World.

There were several large sects jointly in charge of this Immortal World, including the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and the Blood Battle Sect, which currently ruled the lower realm.

The Immortal World was vast, spanning countless billions of miles, and cultivators rarely ventured beyond their respective regions. If they wanted to travel to distant places, they relied on teleportation arrays.

However, for cultivators like Du Sanzhen, who were at the Golden Core stage, they couldn't afford the spiritual rocks required for the teleportation arrays.

The low-level cultivators in the Immortal World are also divided into three realms: Heaven, Earth, and Human. They cultivated immortal energy, which was even more difficult to cultivate than the spiritual energy in the mortal realm, resulting in even fewer cultivators.

As a result, the Immortal World was vast and sparsely populated, with abundant resources. Most sects gathered around their mountain gates and abandoned the wilderness.

Those wastelands had become a paradise for all kinds of immortal beasts and demon beasts.

Chapter 1049 - 1049 Immortal World, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect (2)

1049 Immortal World, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect (2)

Disciples like Du Sanzhen, who belonged to the so-called external sects, relied on the major sects to undertake various suppression missions and earn spiritual rocks for cultivation.

There were many itinerant cultivators like this in the Immortal World.

Du Sanzhen's cultivation and knowledge were limited to this place called the Yuze Prefecture, and the strongest individuals he had encountered were only a few peak experts at the Immortal Realm.

Among them was a disciple guarding the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Yuze state.

This disciple, named Wang Minghe, made a move in the wilderness and killed a peak-stage demonic beast with three strikes of his sword.

He comprehended the sword technique of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, River Tune Listening to the Wind.

Although it was only three moves, Han Muye had already roughly figured out the sword technique trajectory of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

In addition to the two sets of basic sword techniques from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect that Du Sanzhen had exchanged as mission rewards, Han Muye could now truly display the sword techniques of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

After Du Sanzhen gradually refined his long sword, his speed of flight increased several times.

Han Muye followed behind him, neither fast nor slow, as if he was strolling leisurely, which earned Du Sanzhen's admiration.

On their way, Han Muye continuously absorbed and processed the information he obtained from Du Sanzhen's long sword.

The Immortal World was vast, with various layers of intertwined information, making it difficult to distinguish between truth and falsehood.

However, because of this, he could easily fabricate his own origin, his sword techniques, and so on.

"Buzz!"

Ahead, Du Sanzhen's sword suddenly paused, and Han Muye stopped in mid-air above a scattered pavilion on a small hill.

Various sword lights and floating spells could be seen in the surroundings.

Du Sanzhen took out a jade token from his hand, infused it with a faint immortal aura, and after a moment, three sword lights descended.

These sword lights were fast and emitted a clear immortal aura.

The person at the forefront was wearing a blue half-armor, with a translucent long sword on his back, a bun holding his hair on top of his head, and a short beard on his chin. He appeared to be around forty years old and had a cultivation level of at least the Heaven Realm.

Behind him were two young men with a vigilant expression, both carrying long swords and emitting a faint green light.

“Disciples of our sect?” The 40-year-old sword cultivator’s gaze swept over the jade token in Du Sanzhen’s hand, then looked at Han Muye who was following closely behind.

Han Muye had a faint, thin sword light emanating from him, accompanied by a lingering green aura.

However, based on this alone, it couldn’t be determined that he was a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Du Sanzhen turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded, and a green sword light appeared around him.

This time, the sword light not only contained the hidden mark of being a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect but also the blessing of the basic sword techniques of the sect.

Sure enough, as the sword light appeared, the expressions of the three individuals in front of him eased.

The middle-aged sword cultivator nodded and said loudly, "I am Wang Jintai, the guardian of the Sword Sect stationed in the Fuliang Wilderness.

"Just relying on this mark is not enough to determine your identity. Come with me."

With a movement of his figure, he turned and headed towards a towering four-story green pavilion below.

Sword Pavilion, or rather, Sword Tower.

It was a sword tower similar to the one in the Upper Heaven Sword Pavilion, but with slight variations in its form.

This sword tower appeared more aggressive, not just a place for hiding swords like the Nine Mystic Mountain.

To the disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, the sword tower was their own dojo, their own sword domain.

Entering the sword domain of an outsider's dojo was impossible without 10 times the strength.

Of course, there was no need to worry about danger if it was their own people.

Han Muye did not hesitate, his figure moved, and he directly descended onto the Sword Tower.

One of the young sword cultivators followed him, while the other turned to Du Sanzhen and said, "Whether you are a disciple of our sect or not, your mission reward won't be reduced."

After saying that, without waiting for Du Sanzhen to express his joy and gratitude, he had already left.

Before Han Muye flew onto the Sword Tower, he stepped inside and immediately felt a surge of sword intent penetrating his body.

There was also a faint probing of his spiritual power.

Fortunately, both the sword intent and the spiritual power were just testing, and they did not provoke a counterattack from the power within Han Muye.

Wang Jintai, the middle-aged sword cultivator, stood in front of the Sword Tower, staring at Han Muye, holding a green long sword in his hand.

"In our Sword Sect, we acknowledge the sword first, then the person."

He looked at the young sword cultivator who had come behind Han Muye and nodded slightly.

"Zhang Yunji is here to seek guidance."

The long sword was unsheathed, and the sword followed the person.

Being a disciple of a major sect, as soon as this sword was unsheathed, it stirred the sound of wind and thunder, displaying a formidable presence.

In the realm of immortals, sword techniques and cultivation methods also emphasized the state of mind.

“Wind and lightning?” Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he raised his hand, and the long sword in the scabbard behind his back was unsheathed.

He didn’t turn around but let the long sword emit a trace of green immortal energy. With a twist, it collided with the surging clouds and sword light coming from behind.

The Wind and Thunder Sword Technique was one of the basic sword techniques of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

One of the two basic sword techniques Du Sanzhen cultivated was this Sword of Wind and Thunder.

Previously, when he was guarding the weak space in the wasteland, he had used the Wind and Thunder Sword to activate the power of the array formation.

“Bang!”

The clash of swords produced a muffled thunderous sound.

""What a brilliant display of Cloud and Thunder!" Zhang Yunji's eyes brightened, and he swung his sword to the left, forming an arc and revealing a golden lightning.

Han Muye still did not turn around.

The sword advanced three inches, but the longsword in his hand did not move at all.

A cold light flickered in Wang Jintai's eyes.

This made Zhang Yunji frowned, and he swung his sword even faster.

Just as the sword was three feet behind Han Muye, Han Muye's sword finally moved.

"Buzz!"

The person followed the sword, accompanied by a gentle breeze!

This sword also carried the sound of wind and thunder, but it was like a person being a gentle breeze, and the sword radiating with lightning.

"Slash—"

The long sword in Han Muye's hand clashed with Zhang Yunji's sword. Zhang Yunji trembled all over, took a step back, and with the help of the force, Han Muye's figure became twice as fast. In a blink of an eye, he appeared behind Zhang Yunji.

Chapter 1050 - 1050 Immortal World, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect (3)

1050 Immortal World, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect (3)

His sword was three inches away from Zhang Yunji's back.

In an instant, an icy sword intent penetrated his body, and Zhang Yunji could only feel his vest drenched in sweat.

The spatial stability of the Immortal World was many times superior to the mundane world, and the speed of cultivators was greatly suppressed.

The speed displayed by Han Muye just now was something Zhang Yunji couldn't hope to achieve even after a hundred years of cultivation.

After all, he was only at the eighth level of the Golden Core realm.

It was obvious that Han Muye was at least at the Heaven Realm.

“Not bad. To achieve such speed in Wind Thunder Movement, it would take at least a hundred years of effort,” Wang Jintai nodded ahead, watching as Han Muye sheathed his sword. As he spoke, he raised his hand, signaling Han Muye to accompany him.

Han Muye stepped forward, passing by Zhang Yunji, and whispered, “Your Cloud Thunder Art is three times slower. You need to gather the power of the Cloud Thunder to its fullest.”

Han Muye’s words shook Wang Jintai, who was in front.

Zhang Yunji’s shoulder trembled, contemplating for a moment, and a flash of delight crossed his face. He bowed respectfully and said, “Thank you for your guidance, Senior.”

Entering the Sword Tower, the layout was different from the ordinary mundane Sword Towers, with fewer sword storage areas and more distribution of various formation platforms.

This Sword Tower was obviously intended to be used as a means of attack and killing, not for storing swords.

Turning around in front of a long table, Wang Jintai smiled and asked, “I don’t know your name, and which hall of the sect are you from?”

Referring to him as a junior brother naturally recognized Han Muye as a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The strength Han Muye displayed just now was at the level of the Heaven Realm, weaker than Wang Jintai, and he also appeared younger in terms of vitality.

“Han Muye greets senior brother.” Han Muye clasped his hands and then said loudly, “I come from the Heaven Patrol Hall.”

Speaking of this, he paused, a somewhat regretful expression appearing on his face. “I am a trial disciple accepted by my master. I only know that my master came from the Heaven Patrol Hall but I don’t know his name.

“My master fell in the mundane world and, in a moment of crisis, sent me to the Immortal World using a teleportation array.”

From the memories of Du Sanzhen’s longsword and the token from the Hall of Self-Examination, Han Muye knew about the rules of inheritance in the Mystic Sword Sect. Disciples needed to be recognized by their master before they could be accepted as disciples.

Named trial disciples were not qualified to know the name of their master.

Moreover, the Heaven Patrol Hall was a hall with the combat strength of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect ranked at the front. Among them, there were 18 hall masters at the Heaven Immortal realm.

The Heaven Patrol Hall was responsible for matters of battle and extermination, and the casualties are also significant.

Many experts had died outside, and there had been no news for countless years.

“Heaven Patrol Hall...” Wang Jintai’s face showed a trace of regret as he whispered, “I also wanted to join the Heaven Patrol Hall back then, but unfortunately, I didn’t pass the test.”

With their identities recognized, the two of them talked again, and the atmosphere became much more harmonious.

Although Han Muye seemed unfamiliar with the Immortal World, his insights into swordsmanship and his knowledge of the secret transmissions of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and the Heaven Patrol Hall impressed Wang Jintai.

Obviously, Han Muye’s master in the Heaven Patrol Hall was not an ordinary disciple.

Of course, being able to activate the teleportation array and send his disciple back to the Immortal World meant that his identity was extraordinary.

“Junior Brother Han, although your identity has been recognized, you still need to undergo a trial to be recognized as a disciple of the sect.”

“The trial takes place in Yunlu City, eighty million miles away. Flying on the sword requires crossing the entire Fuliang Wilderness.”

Wang Jintai looked at Han Muye and whispered, “The wilderness is dangerous. It’s better for you to stay here temporarily until more people gather before you go.”

Han Muye nodded, stood up, and clasped his hands, saying, “I will follow senior brother’s arrangements.”

With that, he raised his hand, and a blue longsword flew into his palm from the scabbard on his back.

It was a magic treasure sword, one level lower than the high-grade magic treasure behind Wang Jintai.

“Junior brother, this sword is a gift for senior brother as a token of our meeting.”

A magic treasure longsword!

This gift was a significant gesture for Wang Jintai.

A smile appeared on Wang Jintai’s face as he took the longsword, hesitated for a moment, and then handed out a two-foot short sword.

A meeting gift shouldn’t be just received without giving one in return.

Whether in the Immortal World or the cultivation world, the rules of mutual exchange of favors were generally the same.

“Although this sword of mine is only a medium-grade spiritual weapon, it represents my identity.”

“Within a radius of a million miles, it can ensure that junior brother travels unimpeded.”

Han Muye smiled as he received the sword.

Whether he could travel unimpeded or not didn't matter to him; what he wanted was the memories contained within this sword.