

Pavilion 1051

Chapter 1051 - 1051 Between Conformity and Reversal, All Can Become Immortals

1051 Between Conformity and Reversal, All Can Become Immortals

The sword's name was Wu Yue. It was two feet long and weighed three and a half pounds. It was made of refined jade-black steel, infused with three-star Yunmo stones, blue gold, and Huan wood shavings...

Wuyue Sword was originally a sword carried by an itinerant cultivator in the Immortal World. This cultivator traveled billions of miles across the heavens and earth, with no fixed abode for 3,000 years, experiencing a rich and colorful array of sights and sounds.

These memories were naturally observed one by one by Han Muye.

Wang Jintai obtained this sword from his clan uncle Wang Minghe, who was stationed as a steward in the Yuzhe Prefecture.

This sword accompanied Minghe for several decades and then spent over five hundred years in the hands of Wang Jintai. It not only contained many memories of various cultivation practices in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, but also their own experiences.

All of this was exactly what Han Muye lacked.

Under the pretext of secluding himself to recuperate, Han Muye stayed in the small attic arranged for him by Wang Jintai for three days.

Of course, he was indeed recuperating.

With the help of elixirs, within three days, he activated his immortal qi and elevated his cultivation realm to the peak of the Earth Realm, just one step away from forming a golden core with immortal qi.

Because it was similar to spiritual energy cultivation, his mental state was completely adapted to the cultivation realm. He could step into the Golden Core realm and become a Nascent Soul, or even reach the Heaven Realm.

However, the Essence Soul and body needed more tempering to be compatible with the immortal qi of the Immortal World. He still needed to slowly fuse with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth in the Immortal World and use it to comprehend the Dao of Heaven and Earth before recreating his own Dao.

Achieving the Heaven Realm was good and relatively easy, but to step into the Human Immortal Realm after that, one needed to comprehend the great Dao and transcend ordinary boundaries to become a sage.

In the mortal cultivation world, the great Dao was scarce. Whether it was comprehending the Dao to become a half-sage or mastering a single Dao to become a sage, it was not difficult.

Even becoming the progenitor of a Dao or integrating one's own path into the heavens and earth, becoming a venerable powerhouse, was much simpler for the Immortal World.

The Immortal World was completely different.

Heaven Realm was easily achieved, but transcending into a Human Immortal is difficult, with only one in 10,000 reaching the level of a Heavenly Immortal.

This is because the heavens and earth are stable, and the power of immortal qi is formidable. It is not difficult for cultivators in the immortal realm to achieve the Heaven Realm. However, comprehending the Heavenly Dao and mastering the Great Dao is countless times harder than in the mortal cultivation world.

Moreover, the Heavenly Tribulation is terrifyingly strong.

From Wang Minghe's memories, Han Muye saw that Wang Minghe had already reached the peak of the Sage Realm but hesitated to cross the Heavenly Tribulation and step into the realm of the Heavenly Venerable, the pinnacle of the Human Immortal.

He had been stationed in Yuzhe Prefecture for thousands of years, just to earn enough merit to exchange for the sect's assistance in crossing the tribulation.

As for transcending from the realm of Human Immortals to Heavenly Immortals, it required overcoming the difficulty of the Heavenly Human Tribulation.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man posed a life-or-death challenge.

Countless Human Immortals ultimately fell at this obstacle, turning into dust and bones.

In the immortal realm, there is a large number of Human Immortals, but when it comes to Heavenly Immortals, their numbers suddenly decrease, with hardly one remaining, all because of the difficulty of the Heavenly Human Tribulation.

“Between conformity and reversal, all can become immortals?”

To Han Muze’s surprise, he discovered a method to overcome the Heavenly Human Tribulation.

By following the will of the Heavenly Dao and enduring the arrival of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, one could calmly face the challenge of life and death.

If one succeeded, one would be reborn and achieve the realm of Heavenly Immortal. However, it would be a silent and serene ascension, as one’s physical body would perish and one’s Dao would vanish.

If one did not wish to follow this path, one could defy fate.

One could transcend with one’s own power.

Without experiencing the Five Decays of Heaven and Man and without entering the realm of Heavenly Immortals, one could accumulate the power of Heavenly Immortal cultivation. With one’s overwhelming strength, one could forcefully break through.

Such methods were only dared to be used by the direct disciples of major sects and the core descendants of various influential forces.

Without sufficient resources, this kind of cultivation path leads to a dead end.

Even with abundant resources, without the support of a major force, one would be even more clueless about how to survive.

In fact, not only in defying the heavens during cultivation, but even in conforming to the heavens before reaching the realm of Heavenly Immortal, one needs the protection of a powerful force behind them.

Otherwise, when the Five Decays of Heaven and Man weaken one's power, they will undoubtedly be targeted and killed by others for their treasures.

After cultivating for countless thousands of years to reach the pinnacle of Human Immortal, who doesn't have a few enemies?

"The method of transcending seems quite intriguing in the Endless Heavenly Venerable's inheritance," Han Muye muttered to himself.

Although the Endless Heavenly Venerable always claimed to have originated from the mortal cultivation world, his cultivation method was truly remarkable.

From the short sword, Han Muye saw many sect disciples going to the Spirit Transformation Pool and the various mortal cultivation worlds by accepting missions.

For example, tasks like guarding the mortal cultivation world, as done by Murong Zheng.

There were also disciples of the Heaven Patrol Hall tasked with capturing criminals in the mortal cultivation world.

The weak power of the Heavenly Dao in the mortal world was a trick for Heaven Realm disciples who could not comprehend the Great Dao in the Immortal World.

He would take a trip to the mortal world or the Spiritual Realm and comprehend the Great Dao first. If he could not break through when he returned, he would use the Dao he comprehended to replace the Heavenly Dao of the Immortal World and step into the Human Immortal realm.

This cultivation method was looked down upon by the orthodox cultivators of the Immortal World and was called a “pseudo-immortal”.

This was because the Great Dao these people controlled could not be compatible with the Dao of the Immortal World. Their combat strength was more than 10 times lower than cultivators of the same realm.

These people could only bully ordinary Heaven Realm experts.

After walking through the Spirit Transformation Pool and entering the Immortal World, those who directly entered the Human Immortal realm were all turned into pseudo immortals.

Transcendent immortals had no status in the Immortal World.

However, it was not absolute.

Some individuals with great perseverance could re-cultivate the path of immortality, regain mastery of the Great Dao, and possess even stronger power than cultivators of the same level.

Such individuals existed in various sects of the Immortal World and were regarded as elite disciples, receiving more attention.

Within three days, Han Muye not only grasped the general situation of various forces in the Immortal World through the Wuyue short sword but also gained a thorough understanding of the surrounding environment through Wang Jintai's memories.

This region of the Immortal World was called the Fuyu Immortal Realm, consisting of 36 provinces, each with a radius of billions of miles. Barren wastelands were widespread, and the vast majority of cultivators only cultivated within their own provinces.

Chapter 1052 - 1052 Between Conformity and Reversal, All Can Become Immortals (2)

1052 Between Conformity and Reversal, All Can Become Immortals (2)

The Yuze prefecture was a remote state under the rule of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had eight states in the Fuyu Immortal World, making them a dominant force in the region. It was said that they had a true main sect in other immortal realms.

The Blood Battle Sect controlled five territories in this realm and was currently in charge of the main sect on a rotating basis. They had the authority to handle the Immortal Ascension Platform.

However, they would soon step down, and the various sects were gradually giving up control of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

It was said that the next sect to take control of the Immortal Ascension Platform had not been fully decided.

The Yunlan Dao Sect held 13 territories and is the dominant force in the Fuyu Immortal World.

However, the Yunlan Dao Sect was not the strongest sect in the Fuyu Immortal World. It occupied the seven territories and used its physical strength to dominate.

Although it was only a state's territory, the Tianyao School, a large half-demon sect that could pass through the wasteland without any obstruction, was an existence that no one in the Fuyu Immortal World dared to provoke.

The remaining two territories were chaotic and complicated. They were completely controlled by the demons of the wasteland, and cultivators could only sneak in.

The Great Demons were also powerful and not inferior to the major human sects.

After Han Muye left seclusion, he stayed temporarily in a place called Qingyun Town, practicing and meditating every day, or going out for a stroll.

He didn't go far, just around the town.

Because he carried the Wuyue Sword at his waist, all the external sect cultivators who took on missions would respectfully salute him when they encountered him.

The inheritance of a large sect in the Immortal World was relatively strict. If one wanted to enter a sect, not only did one have to accumulate merit points to exchange for the sect's cultivation technique, but one also had to cultivate the cultivation technique to a sufficiently strong level and pass the sect's trial.

Completing various missions, obtaining one or two cultivation techniques, becoming an outer sect disciple of a large sect, and then constantly running around to prepare for the trial test was almost a microcosm of the life of an immortal cultivator.

For those cultivators who had yet to join a large sect, joining a large sect and having someone to rely on for their cultivation was their motivation.

As for those who have already become disciples of a major sect, they have various difficult tasks to complete and need to accumulate various resources in order to cultivate peacefully.

These were the various experiences that Han Muye heard from his conversations with Du Sanzhen, Zhang Yunji, and others.

Cultivation in the Immortal World many worries and troubles, similar to those of ordinary people.

"Uncle-Master Han, the black gold beast they're going to catch today is considered a specialty of the Fuliang Wasteland.

"This beast is skilled in swallowing clouds and rainbows. It grows in marshy areas, devouring various spiritual materials and immortal medicines, which transform into the essence of the five elements and eventually condense into a piece of black gold brick."

On a hill, Zhang Yunji stood beside Han Muye and introduced in a low voice.

Black gold was a valuable auxiliary material for refining magical treasures and weapons.

Many cultivators in Qingyun Town accepted missions to hunt black gold beasts and exchange them for merit points and spiritual rocks.

Having stayed in Qingyun Town for half a month, Han Muye has gained favor from various parties due to his generous actions and formidable sword cultivation.

Due to Han Muye's guidance, Zhang Yunji's sword techniques had improved a lot, and he was even more respectful to Han Muye.

Today, he was invited by several outer sect Junior Brothers to take charge and invited Han Muye to join them.

As long as they took charge, they would have a share in capturing the black gold beast.

Although Han Muye might not like this benefit, it was always about camaraderie.

Han Muye looked down the hill where five outer sect disciples of Mystic Spirit Sword Sect stood in formation, each holding a long sword, enclosing a marshy swamp with a radius of no more than 100 feet.

In front of them, there were more than 10 cultivators wielding knives and swords, with various talismans emitting flickering blue light, cautiously investigating.

These people were from the outer sect who had accepted the mission.

Han Muye saw that Du Sanzhen, who had come to look for him many times in Qingyun Town and chatted with him a few times, was also among them.

Today's mission was considered simple. It was basically a free merit. It seemed that Du Sanzhen had also gotten along much better because of him.

"Buzz!"

A slender cultivator dressed in a green Daoist robe raised his hand, and a golden talisman turned into a net, hanging in the air.

Three cultivators around him formed hand seals, and golden arrows shot into the mud swamp.

"Bang!"

The mud swamp exploded, and a three-foot-tall grayish-green beast covered in mud burst out, its alert eyes scanning the surroundings.

It had a body covered in dark gray scales resembling large copper coins, emitting a dull halo. Its head resembled a black rat, its tail like a long snake, and it had sharp claws and a slender, pointed tongue.

Black Gold Beast.

That was the target of this hunting expedition.

Although it appeared small, its scales provided strong defense, and its value was second only to the black gold brick it produced.

In this hunting expedition, the disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect only took the black gold brick, while the scales of the Black Gold Beast served as rewards for the outer sect disciples.

This set of scales could be exchanged for nearly 100 merit points.

Peeling off these scales could be exchanged for nearly a hundred spiritual rocks.

Although the immortal qi contained within these spiritual rocks was limited, they solidified into tangible form, and absorbing them was faster than cultivating through meditation and breath control. They were the common currency in the Immortal World.

100 spiritual rocks could sustain a cultivator in the Golden Core realm for a couple of months. Even if divided among a dozen or so people, each person would have enough for three to five days.

Han Muye also had some spiritual rocks in his hands, but for him, he didn't need to use them for cultivation. He simply treated them as pocket money.

The main reason he joined Zhang Yunji and the others in hunting the Black Gold Beast was to observe the attacking methods in the Immortal World.

Seeing those recorded scenes in his memories was not the same as experiencing them firsthand.

“Roar—”

The golden net descended, and the black gold beast let out a roar. Waves of black light emerged around its body, transforming into sharp blades as it broke through the net and slashed at its surroundings.

The cultivators were well-prepared, and various magical techniques turned into protective barriers in front of them, blocking the blades.

In the rear, Du Sanzhen and the others acted in an orderly manner, launching sword lights and magical techniques. They pierced through the barriers and struck the black gold beast.

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The clash between the sword light and the black gold beast’s scale armor created bursts of flowing light.

Although it did not cause much damage to it, it still made the black gold beast roar in pain.

“Woo—”

The black gold beast struggled while emitting an indistinct whimper. The scattered rocks and mud in the quagmire formed a 30-foot-tall mud puppet which rammed through the light screen.

The group of cultivators stepped back steadily, forming a battle formation.

“Buzz!”

Five disciples of the Sword Sect in the rear flew their longswords out, blocking the mudstone puppet.

Their attacks and retreats were well-balanced.

The five longswords intersected, and green light formed into ropes, locking the mudstone puppet. A force as heavy as a mountain pressed down, making the mudstone puppet unable to move its legs and only able to continuously swing its arms to defend against the longswords' attacks.

Zhang Yunji, standing on the hill, turned his head slightly and looked at Han Muye with a hint of a smile on his face.

Han Muye's Sword Dao cultivation was powerful. As long as he became a sect disciple, he would definitely be placed in an important position. If he built a good relationship with him now, he would definitely obtain opportunities in the future.

In fact, at present, Zhang Yunji had already gained many benefits from Han Muye.

Some small items as rewards and casually imparted sword techniques were all things that Zhang Yunji had never had before.

“Uncle-Master, what do you think of their sword formation?” These disciples were all under his command, and they were considered his staunch followers.

For ordinary missions, it was always these disciples who accompanied him.

This also established Zhang Yunji’s dominant influence.

“The sword formation is passable,” Han Muye nodded and spoke softly.

Zhang Yunji’s smile grew wider on his face.

“However, the cooperation lacks smoothness. It seems they haven’t experienced the trials of life and death,” Han Muye’s gaze fell on the muddy swamp ahead, a glint of sharpness flashing in his eyes.

Zhang Yunji nodded with a smile, “Indeed, cultivation is not easy. I don’t want them to end up like those disciples from the outer sect—”

Before he could finish his sentence, a loud explosion echoed from the front, and debris flew in all directions.

A 100-foot-tall puppet stepped out of the mire, shattering the longsword blocking its path with a punch.

The Sword Sect disciple who controlled the flying sword trembled, blood oozing from his mouth.

The coordinated efforts of the five disciples were disrupted, and their suppression over the 30-foot-tall puppet vanished.

The 30-foot-tall puppet let out a roar and leaped towards the cultivators on high alert in front.

The cultivators' expressions changed, unwilling to confront it head-on, and hastily retreated.

This puppet already possessed the strength of a peak Heaven Realm Nascent Soul. Not to mention these cultivators, even the five disciples of the Sword Sect would be unable to withstand it without forming a formation.

As they retreated, the five disciples of the Sword Sect were instantly exposed.

Facing the two puppets of different sizes, the Sword Sect disciples' faces turned pale.

On the hill, Zhang Yunji's figure moved, and the sword in his hand slashed down at the 100-foot-tall puppet's head.

Han Muye, who was standing in place, shook his head.

The ability to gather the 100-foot-tall puppet was the key, what was this puppet compared to it?

Zhang Yunji was still worried.

His gaze shifted to the muddy swamp behind the puppet, where a 10-foot-long black gold beast quietly grinned, its scales turning into sharp blades.

A single strike from those blades would undoubtedly turn Zhang Yunji into fragments.

"Boom!"

Zhang Yunji swung his sword, shattering the 100-foot-tall puppet into pieces.

The disciples around him were filled with joy, and the retreating cultivators looked at him with admiration and longing in their eyes.

This was the power of a disciple of the main sect. By becoming a disciple of the main sect, they too could possess such strength.

A smile appeared on Zhang Yunji's face as well.

However, in an instant, his smile froze.

Below, an unknown black gold beast appeared, slowly opening its mouth as the mud from the slain puppet scattered.

"Swoosh—"

Countless sharp blades shimmered within a 30-foot radius.

On the hill, Han Muye narrowed his eyes, raised his hand, and drew the longsword from the scabbard on his back. **Chapter 1054 - 1054 Black Gold Mine, Immortal Dao Cultivation Technique, Water Control Technique**

1054 Black Gold Mine, Immortal Dao Cultivation Technique, Water Control Technique

It was fast.

The sword, reaching its extreme speed, crossed a distance of three zhangs with scattered blades, slicing the Wujin beast in half before Zhang Yunji's body, its wide mouth open.

Due to its speed, the bisected Wujin beast still had a fierce and triumphant glint in its eyes.

"Boom!"

The sword light cleaved the black gold beast's 10-foot-long body and reached down another 100 feet, completely splitting the muddy marsh.

Within the marsh, a dark golden light flashed, only to be covered again by surging mud.

"Pa!"

Two pieces of the black gold beast's body fell to the ground, and two black fist-sized black gold bricks rolled to the ground. The cracks on the black gold bricks could be seen clearly.

The extraordinarily tough black gold stone, which required secret methods to refine, was severed with a single sword.

The power of this sword was terrifying.

The five Mystic Spirit Sword Sect disciples were still in a panic. They ran forward in fear. When they saw that Zhang Yunji, who looked a little afraid, was unscathed, they heaved a sigh of relief.

They were all dependent on Zhang Yunji. If something happened to him, their survival in this place would be a hundred times more difficult.

The fleeing cultivators hurriedly stepped forward and worked together to surround the three-foot-long black gold beast.

Zhang Yunji shattered the 100-foot-long puppet, and Han Muye killed the ten-foot-long black gold beast with a single strike. The remaining black gold beast no longer had any fighting spirit. It activated the 30-foot-long puppet to barely protect itself and fled in all directions, but it was surrounded.

Zhang Yunji's gaze fell on the black gold beast that had been cut in half, and his pupils constricted slightly.

As a swordsman, he could see just how fast and lethal that sword strike was.

That sword strike on himself was no different from the one on the Black Gold Beast.

His Uncle-Master Han's Sword Dao cultivation was stronger than he had imagined!

On the black gold stone that had been cut in half, the light flickering from the broken part was unique and unparalleled.

Could Wang Jintai, the uncle who guarded Qingyun Town, exhibit such a sword strike?

“Thank you, Uncle-Master.” Zhang Yunji flew down and bowed to Han Muye.

This was a life-saving favor. No matter how respectful he was, it was not too much.

Han Muye waved his hand, and the sword in his hand instantly flew out, shattering the 30-foot-tall puppet.

Then, he sheathed his sword.

The 30-foot-long puppet shattered, and the black gold beast could no longer withstand it. It was surrounded and killed by Du Sanzhen and the others.

Ignoring the gratitude of the cultivators, Han Muye looked at the quagmire.

A violent sword intent surged from his body.

The power of wind and lightning.

This was the basic sword technique power of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. At least half of the dozen or so people present had cultivated this Sword Dao power.

However, the power of their Sword Dao combined was not even a fraction of Han Muye's current strength.

Was this the power of a great cultivator?

"I'm afraid this Senior Sword Sect's Sword Dao has already entered the outer fringe," an old man in his fifties beside Du Sanzhen said in a low voice with a solemn expression.

"Hehe, Young Master Han's Sword Dao is naturally powerful." As soon as Du Sanzhen spoke, the expressions of the surrounding people changed.

Obviously, this fellow recognized the expert of the Sword Sect in front of him!

"Old Du, you're not practical."

"Brother Du, I'll treat you to a drink in Widow Chang's courtyard tonight."

The whispers around him made Du Sanzhen smile.

In front, the five disciples of the Sword Sect waved their hands. Everyone went forward and skillfully peeled off the skin and bones of the black gold beast. All kinds of claws, teeth, tendons, and flesh were sorted and gathered.

These cultivators from the outer sect had done this countless times.

After the battlefield was cleaned up, they did not stay any longer and quietly retreated, leaving only five outer sect disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect there. They picked up the three black gold bricks and sent them to Han Muye and Zhang Yunji.

“Senior Brother Yunji, this—” A middle-aged sword cultivator carrying a black sword had a shocked expression on his face. He held the black gold stone that Han Muye had cleaved open with both hands.

This fist-sized black gold stone was extremely heavy.

When the few of them were collecting the black gold beast, they had already been shocked by the fact that it was bisected with a single sword strike. Now, seeing the sword marks on the black gold stone, their hearts were even more shaken and overwhelmed.

Zhang Yunji reached out and picked up the two pieces of black gold stone. He put them together, his eyes shining.

“Uncle-Master, give this black gold stone to Yunji. I’ll pay 10 times the price.”

By inviting Han Muye, one of these black gold stones would belong to Han Muye.

It was Han Muye who killed the Black Gold Beast. These two Black Gold Stones should have all belonged to Han Muye.

However, Zhang Yunji sensed sword intent from the intermediate sword mark.

The sword intent left on the black gold stones was a hundred times more valuable than the black gold brick itself!

He often observed this sword move. Even if he could not cultivate this sword intent, it was also an opportunity to comprehend the basics.

Not only Zhang Yunji, but the five outer sect disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect also quietly looked at Han Muye.

They didn't have the qualifications to keep the black gold stone, but they also hoped that Han Muye would agree.

Han Muye chuckled and waved his hand. "It's just a black gold stone. Why talk about 10 times the price? It's a gift for you."

Having said that, without waiting for Zhang Yunji to respond, he had already taken a step forward and set foot on the edge of the muddy marsh.

"I'm more interested in this black gold mine deep in the mud."

Black Gold Mine!

Han Muye's words stunned everyone.

Zhang Yunji couldn't care less about the black gold stone in his hand. With a sweep of his green aura, he put it away and stepped forward, landing three feet above the muddy marsh.

"Uncle-Master, you said that there's a black gold mine here?"

If the Black Gold Mine could really be discovered, it would mean a huge fortune.

The two fist-sized black gold bricks in his hand could be sold at a price of 100,000 spiritual rocks or exchanged for more than 1,000 merit points.

If it was a mineral vein, no matter how small it was, it would not be less than a million spiritual rocks.

A million spiritual rocks could be used to purchase middle-grade artifacts or spiritual materials or spiritual herbs of the same value.

Chapter 1055 - 1055 Black Gold Mine, Immortal Dao Cultivation Technique, Water Control Technique (2)

1055 Black Gold Mine, Immortal Dao Cultivation Technique, Water Control Technique (2)

A third or fifth level Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator only had so much wealth.

Sword cultivators were even poorer.

Whether in the mortal world or the immortal realm, cultivation always consumed resources.

No one kept treasures and wealth in their storage bags.

The only true path was to transform one's own cultivation and combat power.

Five sword cultivator disciples also rushed forward, their gazes fixed on the muddy swamp.

If there was really a black gold mine, they would definitely obtain a lot of benefits.

Han Muye did not speak but reached out directly.

"Buzz!"

The muddy swamp ahead trembled, and strands of water vapor filled the air and condensed.

"Qi immortal condensation as a sword, Water Vein Sword Technique!" Zhang Yunji hurriedly retreated and looked at the green sword light that had been condensed into a long sword.

Extracting the water vapor from the muddy swamp and turning it into a long sword, leaving only dry sand and soil in the swamp.

As the sword formed by the water vapor struck down, dust flew, stones scattered, revealing a large pit 100 feet deep and 300 feet wide below.

“This sword can be used like this?”

“Is this a sword technique, or a magical technique...”

The few people standing beside the deep pit all showed surprise.

Swordsmanship should be used for attack and killing.

But today, they witnessed a different usage.

“The various sword techniques and cultivation methods in the world have different paths leading to the same destination.

“The sword is lifeless, but people are alive.”

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the walls of the deep pit as he calmly said, “Using sword techniques like this is better than getting covered in mud and dust, isn’t it?”

Just to avoid getting covered in mud and dust?

In the world of cultivation, different paths led to the same destination. Was this the reason behind such a Great Dao?

Zhang Yunji felt a severe headache.

The feeling of seeing such a magnificent path before him being trampled into the mud by others was truly uncomfortable.

For himself, the great path he needed a lifetime to seek, others were only concerned about not dirtying their clothes...

"It seems that the reserves of this Black Gold Mine are not small," Han Muye's words woke Zhang Yunji up, and a look of joy appeared on his face.

At the bottom of the 100 feet, there were traces of greenish-gray light. If it wasn't Black Gold Mine, what was it?

Who would have thought that there was actually an undiscovered black gold mine in the wasteland not far from Qingyun Town?

This mine was even bigger and richer than expected.

After Zhang Yunji went down to the bottom of the pit and took a look around, he came up with a delighted expression and told Han Muye that they would be rich.

Instead of immediately starting the mining, they reported it to Wang Jintai.

Wang Jintai was the disciple stationed here, and such matters had to go through him.

This was the advantage of being a stationed disciple, where they could profit from any situation.

Wang Jintai personally came to investigate, and then with a smile on his face, he told Han Muye that with the discovery of this mine, there would be at least two spiritual treasure swords without any problem.

Spiritual treasures were extremely valuable and could only be wielded by human immortal powerhouses.

Such treasures could no longer be exchanged with spiritual rocks. They needed to be bartered.

Black Gold Stone was a treasure that was qualified to be traded.

Han Muye did not participate in the specific mining process.

Wang Jintai assured him that Han Muye wouldn't lose out, and Zhang Yunji privately assured Han Muye that he would personally oversee the mining.

To Han Muye, not to mention a black gold mine, even if it was a treasure 10 times more valuable, he would not pay much attention to it.

Cultivation was his main focus.

Encountering such a good opportunity but remaining as usual, Han Muye's behavior impressed Zhang Yunji and the others even more.

"Uncle-Master, what you said that day about different paths leading to the same destination in cultivation has deeply touched me." After reporting the mining situation of the vein today, Zhang Yunji quietly presented a jade slip.

During these days, he had been flattering Han Muye everywhere, all for the cultivation technique recorded on this jade slip.

"This is the cultivation method I exchanged for with 8,000 merits from the sect." Brightness shone in Zhang Yunji's eyes as he whispered, "Originally, I planned to carefully study the cultivation method in Qingyun Town and perhaps have the opportunity to become an elite disciple in the future."

Only the elite disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect were qualified to hold their own territory.

Without holding their own territory, how could one accumulate enough resources?

Being a lackey for others would lead to a dead end.

In cultivation, there should always be some dreams.

Han Muye nodded lightly and said, "That's right. Having such aspirations is not in vain for your cultivation."

Hearing these words, Zhang Yunji's face flushed with excitement, then blushed slightly and whispered, "Uncle-Master, it's a pity that I'm too foolish. I can't cultivate this technique successfully..."

Han Muye frowned and looked at him, saying, "Have you not sought advice from Senior Brother Wang?"

Wang Jintai was the disciple stationed here, and his cultivation level was also at the Heaven Realm. He should be familiar with the sect's cultivation techniques.

"Uncle-Master, this cultivation technique is worth 8,000 merit points. I am reluctant to simply hand it over to Senior Brother to read." Zhang Yunji showed a trace of helplessness on his face, lowering his voice.

The sect's jade slips had restrictions, allowing only two people to read them.

After two spiritual souls read it, the jade slip self-destructed.

Of course, it was not prohibited to teach others after cultivating techniques or sword art.

If you had the time to teach your disciples, the sect would welcome you.

After all, your disciples were also disciples of the sect, right?

In the end, the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was more like an alliance of sword cultivators.

It wasn't just the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. The sects of the other Immortal Worlds were also like this.

Only the core direct disciples within the sect were the true inheritance and succession, where there was a master-disciple relationship.

The connections among other disciples were quite weak.

Although Zhang Yunji and the others followed Wang Jintai to guard Qingyun Town, when it came to significant benefits, they still had considerations.

Just like this jade slip. Zhang Yunji was unwilling to take it out and share it with Wang Jintai.

"Then why did you bring out this jade slip today?" Han Muye's gaze fell on the jade slip in Zhang Yunji's hands, his voice turning indifferent.

Chapter 1056 - 1056 Black Gold Mine, Immortal Dao Cultivation Technique, Water Control Technique (3)

1056 Black Gold Mine, Immortal Dao Cultivation Technique, Water Control Technique (3)

Zhang Yunji's relationship with Wang Jintai was much stronger than his senior uncle who had arrived not long ago.

"Uncle-Master, you're different." Zhang Yunji shook his head with a sincere expression.

"You saved my life."

Han Muye looked at him, his expression unchanged.

Savior?

Whether it's the Immortal World or the cultivation world, he never believed in such things.

"Actually, this cultivation technique specializes in water lineage, while Uncle-Master Wang Jintai practices the earth lineage cultivation method. That day, I saw Uncle-Master display the sword technique of the water lineage..." Zhang Yunji muttered.

Is that all?

Han Muye looked at Zhang Yunji.

"You are destined to soar high and not stay in this place for long," Zhang Yunji said softly.

That was the real purpose.

Because there wouldn't be much intersection of interests, Zhang Yunji dared to come and seek advice.

Han Muye shook his head and made a gesture, and a jade slip fell into his hand.

The cultivation technique of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was also scarce for him.

Until now, he still did not have a suitable immortal energy cultivation technique, so absorbing immortal energy was extremely slow.

It was not that he really did not have any cultivation techniques, but he did not have the one from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. Now that he wanted to act as a disciple of the sect, he couldn't practice techniques from other sects.

With the jade slip in his hand, his divine sense penetrated, and a green immortal qi poured in.

In Han Muye's mind, golden words flowed.

Around him, streams of green water emerged, and the pleasant sound of trickling water could be heard.

Zhang Yunji's eyes widened.

He succeeded just like that?

No, his Uncle-Master must have cultivated this cultivation technique himself.

It was impossible for anyone in the world to cultivate a new cultivation technique so quickly.

How could anyone in the world have such comprehension?

“So it’s the Mystic Spirit Water Control Technique,” came Han Muye’s voice.

This was the cultivation technique of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, using immortal qi to transform into water, merging with the meridians, and purifying the body as a cultivation method.

This technique was considered quite good within the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The key was that this technique was gentle, and it could refine both the body and the soul during cultivation.

This technique was inherited in the Heaven Patrol Hall, and Han Muye knew its name from Guan Dongyun’s memories but had never seen it before.

Today, he finally saw it.

One breath to observe, three breaths to comprehend, 10 breaths to achieve success.

The water flowing around his body was transformed by immortal qi, entering his body and becoming his cultivation of immortal qi.

After today, Han Muye could truly practice the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's techniques and participate in the trials, securing his position as a disciple of the sect.

The fabricated identity he had used before could be used if necessary, and if not, with the techniques and swordsmanship he now possessed, along with the tokens from Wang Jintai and the others, he could still participate in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect trials.

At this point, he could truly establish himself in the immortal realm.

Thinking about Jia Wu and Shui Ling, who were still wanted with a bounty of thirty merits, Han Muye smiled.

"Uncle-Master, are there any tricks or tips to cultivate the Water Control Technique?" Zhang Yunji looked at Han Muye, his face filled with longing.

Han Muye nodded gently. "Water is the most gentle, and a hundred virtues lie beneath it. In this wasteland, even if you spend another hundred years, you won't be able to cultivate it."

"Have you seen a mighty river rushing, seen boundless blue waves, seen the vastness of the sky and the sea?"

With each question Han Muye asked, Zhang Yunji's expression became more and more bewildered.

After Han Muye finished asking, Zhang Yunji opened his mouth and shook his head. "Uncle-Master, there are only muddy swamps and foul ponds in this wasteland. There are no mighty rivers or vast seas."

"I understand now. Practicing the Water Control Technique in a foul pond is foolish of me."

He stood up, bowed to Han Muye, and turned to leave.

A slight smile appeared on Han Muye's face as he looked at the jade slip in his hand.

You can't cultivate the Water Control Technique in a foul pond?"

"Who said that?"

Chapter 1057 - 1057 Immortal Cultivation Technique, Second Essence Soul Sword

1057 Immortal Cultivation Technique, Second Essence Soul Sword

"Sir, are you looking for a marshland with abundant water and grass?"

Du Sanzhen thought for a moment and replied, "I know of one. It's called Yunqi Swamp, located 30,000 miles west of Qingyun Town. It covers an area of thousands of square miles."

The marshland within such a large radius had abundant water vapor.

A day later, Du Sanzhen and the others received a task to hunt down a Yunxi Turtle and headed towards Yunqi Swamp.

Han Muye decided to join them, using the excuse of wanting to explore and appreciate the scenery of the wilderness.

Wang Jintai had never restricted Han Muye's movements, and now he was busy with the exploitation of the Wujin Mine. When he heard Han Muye mention Qingyun Town, he readily agreed.

"Junior Brother Han, the wilderness is not only filled with powerful monsters but also many sinister cultivators."

Wang Jintai lowered his voice and pointed to the Wuyue Sword hanging from Han Muye's waist. "If you encounter a strong enemy, activate the secret technique stored in this sword to send a distress signal to the sect."

This was a method exclusive to formal disciples.

If it weren't for Han Muye, Wang Jintai would never have mentioned it.

Although Han Muye had only recently arrived and hadn't even participated in the trials, Wang Jintai knew that he would undoubtedly become a disciple of the sect.

"Thank you, Senior Brother."

Han Muye nodded and grasped the hilt of his short sword at his waist. "If I encounter an enemy, I'll test the effectiveness of this sword first."

His words made Wang Jintai burst into laughter.

This was how sword cultivators should be.

Watching Han Muye walk out the door, Wang Jintai's expression slightly softened.

He had no conflict with Han Muye. Once the Black Gold Mine was exploited, he would let Han Muye leave and go for his trials. Perhaps in the future, they would have another connection within the sect.

Perhaps he would have another connection in the sect in the future.

...

Traveling 30,000 miles only took half an hour with the sword's flying speed.

By the time they stopped and stood with their swords, a vast expanse of lush greenery lay ahead.

The swampy area rippled slightly, emitting a hint of muddy and indescribable odor with the water vapor.

The green immortality merged with the water vapor, spreading throughout the area like mist and clouds.

This was Yunqi Swamp, spanning a thousand miles.

As Han Muye descended, Du Sanzhen and the others behind him visibly turned pale.

There was still a trace of shock in their eyes.

The speed at which this senior of the Sword Sect flew with his sword was truly astonishing. If it weren't for Du Sanzhen's flying sword artifact, they would have been left far behind.

The key was that Han Muye wasn't even flying at full speed. He was casually flying as if taking a leisurely stroll.

"I'll venture deeper into the swamp. You all stay near the edges."

Han Muye looked at the dozen or so cultivators with different figures and spoke loudly, "Your tasks are of no importance. I'll cover any losses."

Du Sanzhen and the others quickly bowed.

With a swift movement, Han Muye stepped into the mist and clouds.

“Brothers, did I deceive you this time?” Du Sanzhen turned around and grinned when he saw Han Muye leaving.

They all nodded as they looked at each other.

Du Sanzhen’s smile faded, and his gaze swept across everyone’s faces, his expression becoming serious. “I have some information. Han Muye will be leaving Qingyun Town soon.”

“I plan to follow him. A person like him shouldn’t handle everything personally; he needs someone to handle the rough tasks.”

His words made everyone’s eyes shine.

“Haha, Old Du, are you satisfied with the drinks at the Widow’s place these days?”

“Brother Du, if you can have a good background by following the young master, I’ll definitely buy you a half-demon girl as a concubine.”

Laughter erupted as everyone spoke, their faces filled with joy.

The fact that Du Sanzhen could bring them along with Han Muye was already self-explanatory.

As newcomers to this place, Han Muye needed some people to assist and run errands for him.

They were the most suitable for such tasks.

Following Han Muye would undoubtedly lead to good opportunities.

As for leaving Qingyun Town, it didn't make much difference to them as low-level cultivators.

Seeing everyone in agreement, Du Sanzhen smiled and clasped his hands. "It's settled, then."

"Come on, we have nothing better to do. Let's hunt a few Yunxi Turtles for real."

"We can't let the young master compensate for our losses, can we?"

The words received nods and smiles from everyone.

If they weren't going to follow Han Muye, it wouldn't matter if Han Muye compensated them with spiritual rocks.

But if they wanted to follow Han Muye, they should at least demonstrate some abilities, right?

If they couldn't even hunt a few Yunxi Turtles, others would likely look down on them.

"Alright, we're all veterans of the wilderness. It's a joke if we can't even complete our own tasks on this trip." An old man wearing a black robe ahead chuckled lightly and looked towards the mist and clouds.

He extended his hand and whispered, "Over there."

No one spoke, but they converged silently, concealing their presence.

They were accustomed to cooperating; no words were needed.

At this moment, Han Muye had already traveled three hundred miles ahead and found himself deep in the water marsh.

"Roar—"

A 30-foot-long, black figure emerged from the tangled grass, leaping up and causing a splash of water.

Before the body reached, a vast and desolate aura rushed forward, mixing with the bloody scent and the unique bloodthirsty power of the beast.

This power froze one's blood, instantly immobilizing ordinary cultivators, rendering them unable to move.

Han Muye, standing in mid-air, fixed his gaze on the approaching 30-foot creature.

Four limbs, long tail, sharp teeth, and a body covered in black scales.

It was an ordinary crocodile-like beast, but its prolonged existence in this place had imbued it with some demonic power.

Immortality infused the body, while demonic power emerged naturally.

Opening its large mouth, the beast clearly intended to snap Han Muye in half with a single bite.

“Slash—”

Before reaching Han Muye, the creature’s body was already severed in two by a single sword strike.

Chapter 1058 - 1058 Immortal Cultivation Technique, Second Essence Soul Sword (2)

1058 Immortal Cultivation Technique, Second Essence Soul Sword (2)

Blood and qi splattered, scattering all over the ground.

Below, in the marsh that was originally filled with murky water vapor, the mud suddenly churned, and crocodile-like beasts emerged.

Each of them was 30 feet tall, and their eyes emitted a ferocious killing intent.

These crocodile-like beasts tore apart the bodies of their fellow kin that were severed by Han Muye while glaring at him. Some of them became impatient and leaped into the air.

Han Muye's sword swept through the air, killing each crocodile-like beast that charged at him.

The deaths of these beasts aroused the ferocity of other members of their kind. They all roared and pounced towards Han Muye.

Around Han Muye's body, the sword light turned into shooting stars.

Within three feet, he was invincible.

By the time he crossed another hundred miles, there were only a few marsh creatures approaching him.

Bloodshed filled the entire journey of a hundred miles.

"Pa!"

The last serpent-like creature, measuring five zhang in length, fell to the ground. Han Muye looked around.

There were still a few powerful monsters hiding in the clouds and mist, reluctant to reveal themselves.

He did not make another move. With a slight movement of his body, he silently entered the mist ahead.

Behind him, several roars sounded, and then the clouds and mist began to churn.

Those powerful monsters had started heading towards the location where Han Muye had killed the other monsters.

It was a perfect opportunity for them to feed.

Listening to the chaotic roars behind him, a smile appeared on Han Muye's face. He restrained his aura and swiftly ran until he reached the central area of the true water marsh, a hundred miles away.

The water here had already turned into a vast lake, with ripples and mist pervading the surroundings, obscuring the view within 10 feet.

Han Muye plunged into the water, and the power of the divine beast, Baxia, slowly recovered in his body.

Baxia could control water, and he himself had maxed out his water affinity.

At this moment, entering the water was more comfortable than being on the shore.

The water was not deep, only a thousand feet deep.

He did not stop. The power of Baxia around him turned into a faint light screen, pushing away the water and mud. He dived another 3,000 feet before stopping on the bluestone.

This was the real bottom of the water.

At this moment, Han Muye's surroundings had already been cleared by a hundred feet, and only immortal energy could penetrate it.

Taking a deep breath, the swirling immortal energy around him transformed into flowing water.

The Art of Water Manipulation.

The cultivation technique of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The true method of cultivation..

The surging immortal energy transformed into water, flowing into his body. This power collided with the spiritual energy in his meridians, entangling the green immortal energy with the spiritual energy.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, a profound light shining through them.

This was the disadvantage of not entering the Spirit Transformation Pool.

The Spiritual Realm had existed for a thousand years. After completely transforming all the Spirit Qi in his body, he would cultivate the Immortal Qi. Naturally, there was no resistance.

Otherwise, the hard-earned spiritual energy cultivation would clash with the immortal energy, making cultivation extremely difficult.

Should he dissipate his spiritual energy cultivation?

Han Muye shook his head.

That was impossible.

Spiritual energy cultivation was the foundation, the support for one's cultivation realm.

If he were to dissipate it, he would become an ordinary person with only a realm and physical strength.

In order to cultivate again, it would require consuming a long period of time.

Moreover, his immense spiritual energy cultivation was so massive that even if he wanted to dissipate it, it would be impossible to do so without attracting attention.

If he were to dissipate his spiritual energy cultivation in this Yunqi Marsh, it would likely cause upheaval within a million li, with radiant spiritual lights shining.

Fortunately, Han Muye had made preparations when he chose this place for cultivation.

He sat cross-legged, allowing the surrounding immortal energy to transform into mist and swirl around his body, slowly cleansing his physique.

In his dantian and Qi Sea, all of his spiritual energy cultivation converged and merged with the primordial spirit.

The sword had already been deeply hidden in his mind, imperceptible to others.

This sword was imbued with the inheritance power of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign and was not meant to be revealed in the Immortal World.

Now, merging and gathering his spiritual energy cultivation with this sword was just right.

As a result, his body became empty, with his meridians, dantian, and Qi Sea all devoid of energy.

One by one, small jade bottles appeared in front of him. He reached out his hand and crushed the jade bottles directly.

Vigorous immortal energy transformed into a torrent.

The Art of Water Manipulation.

With the cultivation technique in hand, he could finally utilize the previously gathered immortal energy.

Each bottle of immortal energy was the foundation to support an ancient divine herb garden.

One bottle of immortal energy was enough for a pinnacle Heaven Realm cultivator to cultivate in the Immortal Dao.

Immortal qi circulated in his meridians and followed the cultivation formulation of the Water Control Technique to break through his acupoints and stabilize his foundation.

Foundation Establishment.

Core Formation realm.

Nascent Soul.

After three days, a new long sword had condensed above Han Muye's head.

This green sword was his Nascent Soul sword.

It was refined and condensed by gathering his strength with the foundation of immortal energy

When this sword reached its pinnacle and manifested its own Dao, it would exist just like the Sword of Slaughter in his mind.

When this sword cultivator reached the limit and condensed his own Great Dao, it would exist like the Killing Sword in his mind.

There was still more than half a bottle of immortal energy left.

Back then, Murong Zheng guarded a universe world and exchanged most of the gathered treasures for immortal energy, which was used to cultivate divine medicines in the medicinal garden.

This immortal energy was the accumulation of a universe treasure for cultivation.

"Condense the sword of the primordial spirit directly?" Han Muye whispered softly, then shook his head.

Maintaining the cultivation of the Sword of Slaughter was already an extremely draining task.

His Immortal Dao cultivation was not stable enough, and his soul power was insufficient to refine the second primordial spirit sword.

Instead of forcibly condensing the sword of the primordial spirit and entering the out-of-body realm, it was better to stabilize his foundation.

In front of him, golden light shimmered, and pages of paper appeared.

These were the legacies left by the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign in the Heavenly Stele.

They were not specific cultivation methods but rather the Immortal Sovereign's insights and understandings of cultivation.

"The Art of Water Manipulation may not be part of the Immortal Sovereign's inheritance system, but the Immortal Sovereign's legacies scattered throughout the world are indistinguishable."

Chapter 1059 - 1059 Immortal Cultivation Technique, Second Essence Soul Sword

1059 Immortal Cultivation Technique, Second Essence Soul Sword

Following Han Muye's advice, the Heavenly Ascension Immortal Sovereign respected the suggestions and used treasures as a way to spread their own heritage throughout the divine and immortal realms.

No one dared to say that their cultivation had not been integrated with the inheritance of the Heavenly Ascension Immortal Sovereign

In Han Muye's mind, light circulated, and the Water Control Technique fused with the Immortal Sovereign cultivation system.

"Triple-layered cultivation technique?"

Han Muye shook his head regretfully.

If he had the complete inheritance of an Immortal Sovereign, he could obtain a more perfect cultivation method with a little deduction.

Now, he could only stack the Water Driving Technique three times.

Of course, he did not cultivate the three stacks three times. Instead, he optimized the cultivation method of the Water Manipulation Technique three times. Each time, his cultivation strength was three times that of before.

One-three, two-nine, the third superposition. When cultivated to the peak, the original power of the Water Manipulation Technique would be stacked to 27 times.

If there was a complete inheritance, the Water Control Decision could stack up to 99 times.

The strength of that would be unimaginable.

No wonder the cultivation method of the Immortal Respect was feared by the divine realm.

“Buzz!”

As the technique circulated again, Han Muye’s body trembled with the resonance of all the forces within him, and he felt the Nascent Soul sword shatter in an instant.

This was the result of the compression of power. His cultivation could not support it.

Surprisingly, Han Muye raised his hand and poured all the remaining immortal energy into his body.

Three days.

After exhausting the three bottles of immortal energy, Han Muye’s cultivation level had already stabilized to the peak of the Nascent Soul realm.

This was the Triple Layer Water Manipulation Technique. Its cultivation and strength were 27 times stronger than cultivators of the same cultivation level.

With this cultivation level, he could already sweep through the Immortal Dao Heaven Realm and fight even Soul Formation cultivators.

Moreover, Han Muye’s combat strength was never measured by cultivation.

His combat strength came from the Sword Dao.

After stabilizing his cultivation, he did not come out of seclusion. Instead, he took out another bottle of immortal qi and washed the swords in his sword case one by one.

The swords that were commonly used and the long swords used to execute the sword formation were all refined with immortal qi and completely transformed into immortal swords.

By the time he came out of seclusion, it had been 10 days since he arrived at the Yunqi Swamp.

In the past 10 days, he had completely transformed himself into a cultivator of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Cultivation techniques, sword techniques, and swords.

They were all methods of the Immortal World.

When he stepped out of the water, he restrained his aura and lightning flashed above his head.

Lightning tribulation.

His Immortal Dao cultivation level went from the Core Formation realm to the Nascent Soul realm. There was lightning tribulation at every level.

He had suppressed the power of these tribulations until now.

Looking up, instead of directly crossing the tribulation, he moved his body and appeared outside the periphery of the Yunqi Swamp in just a moment.

He stopped. Not far ahead, Du Sanzhen and the others surrounded a black-armored demon beast that was 10 feet long and were fighting with all their might.

They were leisurely observing behind the water pool, several cultivators dressed in green robes.

Han Muye's arrival startled everyone.

The thunderclouds filled the sky, as if the heavens were pouring down.

One person treaded on nothingness, unaffected by the thunderous light.

"Young Master Han!"

Du Sanzhen, who was sweating profusely, let out a low cry. Everyone was pleasantly surprised.

The black-armored monster lifted its head in fear, trembling at the sight of the thunderous sky.

“Is this a killing tribulation or an ascension tribulation?” On the water not far away, a young man standing in the front stared at the lightning above Han Muye’s head, furrowing his brows and murmuring softly.

“Young Master, this person’s cultivation is formidable. Shouldn’t we retreat first?” A white-bearded old man behind the youth reminded in a low voice.

The others subtly shifted their positions to protect the youth.

“It’s fine. This place is under the rule of Qingyun Town. My Jujin Trading Company has a good relationship with the garrison of Qingyun Town.”

The young man shook his head and turned his gaze from the tribulation lightning to Han Muye. Then his eyes turned cold, but he smiled.

“The Wuyue Sword? Then there’s no need to go any further.”

Han Muye also glanced around and stopped paying attention to outsiders. Instead, he looked at Du Sanzhen and the others.

Although they had surrounded the black-armored monster, they were unable to defeat it.

If not for the fact that this demon beast was afraid of the few people on the lake, it would have killed Du Sanzhen and the others long ago.

“Guard the Kun position.

“Ignite the fire to transform the thunder, accumulate clouds to cross the water.”

Han Muye spoke calmly, his voice echoing in the void.

Delight appeared on the faces of Du Sanzhen and the others. Without hesitation, their figures moved according to Han Muye’s instructions, and the spells and sword moves in their hands began to change.

“Buzz!”

As the formation changed, the power of heaven and earth instantly shifted. With the help of the thunder above Han Muye’s head, several lightning snakes struck the black-armored monster, knocking it down and causing its body to convulse.

The people, who were initially unable to protect themselves, instantly multiplied their combat power with just a few pointers. This caused the people on the water to narrow their eyes in surprise.

The leading youth’s eyes gleamed brightly.

“Thank you, sir!” Du Sanzhen and the others quickly rushed over, paying their respects to Han Muye.

However, just as they moved, Han Muye had already waved his hand, and an immortal aura turned into a light screen 10,000 feet away to protect them.

“Don’t worry, I’ll cross the tribulation first.”

Chapter 1060 - 1060 Heavenly Tribulation, Making Acquaintances, Leaving Qingyun Town

1060 Heavenly Tribulation, Making Acquaintances, Leaving Qingyun Town

Heavenly Tribulation.

Han Muye’s leisurely manner made people forget that the surging clouds above his head were the tribulation lightning of the Heavenly Dao.

“Heavenly Tribulation?” A middle-aged Daoist in a green robe trembled behind Du Sanzhen.

His cultivation had already reached the peak of the sixth level of the Golden Core realm, but he did not dare to step into the late-stage Golden Core realm because he was not confident of transcending the Heavenly Tribulation.

Now, hearing the words ‘Heavenly Tribulation,’ his heart was filled with panic.

Not only him, but all cultivators were afraid of the Lightning Tribulation.

But the way Han Muye looked now, how could it be like he was undergoing a Heavenly Tribulation? It was more like taking a leisurely stroll.

He was very relaxed.

Everyone looked up at the rolling thunderclouds that seemed to swallow the sky.

What level was this lightning tribulation at?

“Old Chu, what kind of tribulation is he undergoing?” The young man on the water’s surface frowned as he looked at the thunderclouds and asked.

He had seen thunder tribulations before.

But Han Muye’s tribulation was truly strange.

Layer upon layer, some strong, some weak.

It was as if more than a dozen cultivation tribulations were piled up together to be crossed at once.

Of course, that was impossible.

“Young Master, I can’t tell either. It’s not a cultivation tribulation, nor is it a calamity for refining weapons and alchemy.” The white-bearded old man behind the young man shook his head and said, “It’s most likely a killing tribulation.”

Excessive acts of killing and slaughter would also attract lightning tribulations.

But if this thunder tribulation is indeed caused by acts of killing, why doesn't this person emit a strong aura of bloodthirst?

The lightning tribulation was fearless. With just a few words, it could double the combat strength of those low-level cultivators.

Such a person was interesting.

The young man's gaze turned to Du Sanzhen and the others who were blocked by the light screen. His figure moved and he flew over.

"Fellow Daoists, I'm Zhao Chen from the Jujin Trading Company. I want to ask you something." A few dark green spiritual rocks appeared in the young man's hand.

A piece of middle-grade spiritual rock contained 100 times more immortal energy than ordinary Immortal Spirit Stones.

These few middle-grade spiritual rocks were worth hundreds of ordinary spiritual rocks.

Although spiritual rocks were good, they were not easy to obtain.

The few of them looked at each other and quietly turned to look at Du Sanzhen.

Unknowingly, Du Sanzhen had gained the right to speak among them.

“Young Master, we don’t know much.” Du Sanzhen smiled and cupped his hands. He said softly, “However, if Young Master Jujin asks, we will definitely know what to say.”

The Jujin Trading Company was the largest trading firm within a radius of millions of miles, supported by disciples from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and powerful forces from other sects.

Zhao Chen was the young master of the Jujin Trading Company. It was said that he was a rare business genius.

In the past, Du Sanzhen and the others would never have had the opportunity to interact with such a person.

Du Sanzhen also knew that Zhao Shaodong’s friendly conversation with him was entirely for the sake of Young Master Han, who was currently undergoing the tribulation.

He also knew what to choose between Zhao Shaodong’s few spiritual rocks and Young Master Han.

“Sure, sure.” Zhao Chen smiled and threw the spiritual rocks in his hand forward. “I just want to know what I can know.”

Du Sanzhen raised his hand and grabbed the spiritual rocks, nodding gently.

...

“Boom!”

The tribulation lightning in the void turned into a snake of light that flickered and descended upon Han Muye.

Within this tribulation, there was a terrifying power that made people tremble.

The few people watching from the water pool all had solemn expressions.

The power of this tribulation lightning was so strong that even a Heaven Realm Out of Body Realm expert would find it difficult to resist it.

If Han Muye couldn't resist and the tribulation scattered, they would also be affected.

If Han Muye could withstand this thunder tribulation, it would demonstrate his profound cultivation. However, it was also dangerous for them to be here at this moment.

Since their young master did not leave, they could only quietly move behind Du Sanzhen and the others, remaining vigilant.

At this moment, Han Muye was probably the only one among the people present who felt completely at ease.

Although the tribulation lightning was powerful, to Han Muye, who had stepped into the Dao Ancestor realm with the Sword Dao, it was just like a drizzle.

Furthermore, with his divine beast body, even if he did not block it at all, the tribulation lightning would not be able to injure him at all.

But now, he had better methods.

The tribulation lightning descended, and a faint Kui phantom appeared behind Han Muye.

“Buzz!”

As soon as the Kui phantom appeared, the thunderclouds that filled the sky instantly sensed it.

The thunderclouds, which seemed to be crashing down with anger, appeared as if they had encountered a loved one.

Du Sanzhen and the others widened their eyes and watched as the Kui phantom behind Han Muye raised its head and swallowed all the light snakes and the surging tribulation clouds in the sky.

The Kui, who had swallowed the thundercloud, seemed to be unsatisfied. It burped and the lightning around it shattered, causing the surrounding void to ripple like water.

Then, the phantom dissipated and everything returned to calm.

Until Han Muye raised his hand and dissipated the light screen in front of Du Sanzhen and the others, no one had recovered from their shock.

Even the knowledgeable young master of the Jujin Trading Company, Zhao Chen, had a look of disbelief and confusion on his face.

No matter how small the lightning tribulation was, it was still lightning tribulation!

Even Golden Core cultivators would have a slim chance of surviving the cultivation tribulation.

However, the person in front of him did not take the tribulation lightning seriously at all.

That method of resisting the lightning tribulation made people not want to watch it a second time.

That was the Heavenly Dao Lightning Tribulation, augmented by the power of heaven and earth. Was he so shameless?

The Kui phantom had swallowed the tribulation lightning. To be honest, it was really not satisfying for Han Muye.

If it weren't for the fact that there were outsiders around, he might have provoked them and attracted the tribulation lightning that had already dissipated back to explode for a while.

Swallowing this lightning was still beneficial to refining the body.

Unfortunately, it was too little and could only tickle him.

"You were looking for me?" Han Muye flew down and stood in front of Zhao Chen, speaking calmly.

Perhaps it was because he had just passed the accumulated lightning tribulation, but there was still a trace of power that was compatible with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth flashing on his body.