

Pavilion 1061

Chapter 1061 - 1061 Heavenly Tribulation, Making Acquaintances, Leaving Qingyun Town (2)

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In the face of this power, Zhao Chen found it difficult to look directly and instinctively lowered his head.

“Fellow Daoist Han, I am Zhao Chen from Jujin Trading Company. Meeting in the wilderness is a matter of fate,” Zhao Chen coughed lightly and spoke while cupping his hands.

Having been in the business world for a long time and having met countless people, Zhao Chen was somewhat anxious facing Han Muye at this moment.

However, he had just heard Du Sanzhen’s introduction and knew that Han Muye had not yet passed the trial of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and was not an official disciple.

This was indeed an excellent investment opportunity.

“My Jujin Trading Company has some industries in Qingyun Town. This time, I came here to take stock of the industries and pay a visit to Senior Brother Wang Jintai,” Zhao Chen said.

His gaze fell on the Wuyue Sword at Han Muye’s waist.

Sure enough, Han Muye’s expression eased slightly when Wang Jintai was mentioned.

“Since you are acquainted with Senior Brother, let’s go to Qingyun Town together.”

As Han Muye spoke, a sword light appeared around him, preparing to fly on his sword.

Zhao Chen quickly raised his hand, and a 100-foot-long flying ship appeared.

The style of this flying ship was slightly different from the ones in the mundane cultivation world. Its appearance was more similar to a pleasure boat on the Yongding River.

The spatial stability in the Immortal World limited both flying on swords and using tools, reducing their speed significantly.

As a result, the flying ship no longer pursued speed but instead had more emphasis on carrying capacity and enjoyment.

“Senior Brother Han, since you have just crossed the Heavenly Tribulation, perhaps you need to meditate and recuperate,” Zhao Chen said, but he himself was slightly stunned after finishing his words.

This guy in front of him was full of vitality and energy. Did he look like he needed to rest?

Fortunately, Han Muye did not refuse. He nodded and flew down onto the deck.

Du Sanzhen and the others also benefited from it. They organized the slain monsters from these days and followed them onto the ship.

The flying ship moved forward, slower than when they came to Yunqi Swamp, but it was stable. A thin light shield enveloped the entire hull, blocking the strong winds generated during the flight.

“Senior Brother Han, taste the Yunsheng fruit I brought from Quyun City,” Zhao Chen smiled and invited Han Muye to sit in front of the window in the cabin. He then presented several jade-colored fruits.

Inside the quiet room, besides two maids dressed in pink dresses, there was only the white-bearded old man sitting not far away, his aura restrained.

Obviously, he was the personal guard of the young master of Jujin Trading Company.

Han Muye didn’t care about these things. He took a bite of the fruit and gazed at the clouds outside the flying ship.

There were more clouds in the Immortal World than in the mundane world.

Because the power of immortal qi was stronger, it stirred up even more powerful forces.

The power accumulated in his body at this moment, compared to cultivators of the same level in spiritual cultivation, was countless times stronger.

No wonder those powerful cultivators wanted to ascend to the Immortal World.

In the mundane cultivation world, it was already impossible for a powerful cultivator to make any further progress. But when he obtained a trace of immortal qi and discovered that its power was a hundred times stronger than spiritual cultivation, who could remain calm?

No matter how many means and competitions there were, it was not excessive.

“Cough, Senior Brother Han, my friend Du Sanzhen told me that you are new to Qingyun Town and have not yet obtained the formal disciple status of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect?”

Watching Han Muye treat the valuable Yunsheng fruit, which he himself couldn’t bear to eat, as ordinary fruit, Zhao Chen’s mouth twitched, and he spoke softly.

Han Muye turned his head, looked at Zhao Chen, and slowly finished the remaining half of the fruit.

The atmosphere in the cabin became somewhat heavy.

“I have dealt with many people from commercial houses and also hold power in a certain force in the mundane cultivation world.”

Han Muye spoke indifferently, his gaze fixed on Zhao Chen.

Zhao Chen looked up and saw the depth in Han Muye’s eyes, causing an inexplicable tremor in his heart.

This guy seemed to be able to see through people's hearts.

"Senior Brother Han, although I am in a trading company, I am not—"

Zhao Chen felt the need to explain.

Han Muye waved his hand. "I have no prejudice against the path of merchants."

These words, to Zhao Chen's ears, unexpectedly touched him deep inside.

Various powers in the immortal realm were not enthusiastic about commercial affairs because they had an abundance of resources and lacked nothing in the hands of major forces.

Only small forces would gather wealth and resources through commerce.

They also wanted to devote themselves to cultivation wholeheartedly, but they could only travel all the time without rest.

If reality were not like this, who wouldn't want to be a carefree immortal cultivator?

"Brother, I don't intend to invite you to join the trading company. I just—" Han Muye said he had no prejudice against the path of merchants, but Zhao Chen was afraid he would misunderstand.

For Zhao Chen, given Han Muye's cultivation and status as an elite disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, it would have a greater impact than joining the trading company.

He wanted to invest and make connections with the disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, not to recruit a powerful escort.

However, before he could finish his sentence, Han Muye nodded. "Merchants are good at leveraging power, and naturally, I will join the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect."

Speaking with an intelligent person, it was true that a few words could convey everything.

Zhao Chen even felt that even if he didn't say anything, this person in front of him would understand everything.

"I also need some resources now." Han Muye looked at Zhao Chen with a calm expression on his face.

It was the first time they met, yet he was so straightforward about seeking benefits. Zhao Chen had truly never seen such a thing before.

But Han Muye's words made a smile appear on his face.

"Brother, you can rest assured..."

...

The journey that originally took half an hour to fly on a sword took most of the day on the floating ship.

By the time Han Muye and Zhao Chen walked out of the cabin, they were already like sworn brothers, appearing as if they had been separated for many years.

Looking at the undulating mountains and the scattered buildings of Qingyun Town in front of them, Zhao Chen spoke sincerely, "Brother Han, rest assured, during this trip to Yunlu City, you just focus on cultivation, and my trading house will take care of everything else."

"As soon as you become a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, we will work with all our efforts to secure the maximum benefits for you."

Zhao Chen had encountered for the first time a cultivator in the Heavenly Realm who had a deeper understanding of the commercial path, broader knowledge, and above all, an incredibly profound cultivation.

The extensive knowledge displayed by Han Muye made him feel a sense of embarrassment and unease when facing such a powerful cultivator.

Although there were also Heaven Realm cultivators in the Jujin Trading House, in Zhao Chen's eyes, their cultivation strength might be good, but their social skills and conduct were extremely lacking.

Privately, both he and the other elite members of the Jujin Trading House looked down upon these powerful cultivators.

However, the trading house needed these cultivators to stay and had to spend a huge amount of resources to support them.

“Very well, I’ll leave them to you then.” Han Muye nodded and looked at Du Sanzhen and the others who were standing respectfully on the deck.

Zhao Chen smiled and looked over, nodding. “Brother, rest assured, I will make proper arrangements.”

Han Muye did not land in Qingyun Town with the flying ship. He flew directly away and returned to his own residence.

The flying ship landed in the central square of Qingyun Town, and Wang Jintai personally came to greet them.

Zhao Chen brought various supplies that were lacking in Qingyun Town and would also take away the products from here.

In the world of low-level cultivators, the exchange and circulation of such goods were inevitable.

As the young master of the Jujin Trading House, Zhao Chen was quite influential in the circle of low-level cultivators.

Arrangements were made for the exchange and procurement of goods, and at Wang Jintai’s invitation, Zhao Chen attended a banquet.

Han Muye was also invited.

During the banquet, the topic naturally turned to the Black Gold Mine and Han Muye's trial in Yunlu City.

"Senior Brothers, rest assured, the Black Gold Mine that is extracted will be handed over to me, and I guarantee that the price will be higher than the market value. Consider this trip as a favor from me, Zhao Chen, to the two brothers."

Zhao Chen patted his chest and spoke loudly.

These words brought a smile to Wang Jintai's face, and he quickly said, "Young Master Zhao, how can I have the authority to assign tasks to you?"

"The price will be whatever it should be."

It was impossible for the trading house to make no profit, but since Zhao Chen had spoken, Wang Jintai wouldn't let himself be at a disadvantage.

This was actually a good thing.

After finalizing the Black Gold Mine, when it came to Han Muye's trial, Zhao Chen mentioned that their trading caravan would set off and head to Yunlu City.

After discussing with Wang Jintai, Han Muye decided to accompany them as well.

After all, it was better to conduct the trial earlier and be more secure.

“Junior Brother Han, as someone who has been through it, I can tell that you are definitely not an ordinary person.” After Zhao Chen left, Wang Jintai stood up, looked at Han Muye, and spoke softly.

Han Muye cupped his hands, and Wang Jintai showed a trace of emotion on his face as he whispered, “When you go to Yunlu City, I will write a letter to recommend you.”

“You should also make your own efforts. Take some of the profits from the Black Gold Mine. If you can exchange it for a position of guarding a town, perhaps we brothers can reunite in the grand hall of the sect in 300 to 500 years.”

Chapter 1062 - 1062 Black Gold Mine, Wasteland Bandits

1062 Black Gold Mine, Wasteland Bandits

Wang Jintai’s grand uncle, Wang Minghe, was the big boss guarding the entire wasteland for the Black Gold Mine.

Wang Jintai himself guarded Qingyun Town, and the resources he collected were sufficient for cultivation.

For him, there was no problem entering the Hall of Immortals in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, which only people in the immortal realm could enter, 300 to 500 years later.

He was willing to write a recommendation letter for Han Muye and also advised him to use the resources obtained from the Black Gold Mine to establish connections, showing that he valued Han Muye's cultivation and combat power.

This was similar to Zhao Chen's high regard for Han Muye and early investment.

Cultivators could not only look at the immediate future. They had to look at the long term.

Three to five hundred years were but a blink of an eye.

"Senior Brother Wang is right," Han Muye nodded.

Han Muye's temperament was somewhat indifferent to worldly matters.

Regardless of Wang Jintai's motives, whether it was writing a recommendation letter or helping him establish connections, it was considered a gesture of care and goodwill, and Han Muye would not refuse.

It was said that in recent years, most of the cultivation practitioners caught in the wasteland were sent to the Bitter Immortal Region for mining, and a few unlucky ones were even executed.

The main reason why Han Muye was able to thrive in the immortal realm was because he assumed the identity of a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The Immortal World had been searching for him, this Heavenly Venerable, for five million years, and for now, it is still safer for him to remain a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The Black Gold Mine was indeed rich and in the end, they extracted enough ore to fill 20 large carts.

These unrefined Wu Jin ores took up a lot of space and were extremely heavy. If they were to be transported by flying ships, it would likely require significant effort.

On the other hand, it would be more cost-effective to use the demonic beasts, Flame Horses, to pull carts.

As for using storage bags to directly fly thousands of miles for trading, as Zhao Chen suggested, was it worth it?

The space in the Immortal World was stable, and his storage space was also suppressed.

Storage bags that could hold so many heavy spiritual materials were already quite valuable and only high-level cultivators were qualified to possess them.

If a Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivator used his personal storage bag to transport these items thousands of miles away for trade, it could work, but he would need a million in compensation.

In fact, whether in the immortal realm or the mortal cultivation world, the path taken by merchants and low-level cultivators was still one that relied on numbers.

True powerful experts of higher levels no longer cared much about material possessions, as wealth and techniques were all with them at all times.

The world of high-level cultivators was different from that of low-level cultivators.

Three days later, under the escort of hundreds of cultivators, including the five carts purchased from the Jujin Trading House, a total of 25 carts slowly left Qingyun Town.

Han Muze, Zhao Chen, and others also rode the Flame Horses as they departed together.

Flame Horses could travel thirty thousand miles in a day and carry a weight of 100,000 catties.

Outside Qingyun Town, Wang Jintai stood in front of the cobblestone road, watching the caravan move away.

Behind him stood Zhang Yunji and others.

“If my judgment is correct, Junior Brother Han is bound to soar to new heights.”

As the convoy moved farther, Wang Jintai turned to look at Zhang Yunji.

“Yunji, if you have any questions about your cultivation, you can come to me for guidance.”

Zhang Yunji trembled all over, a happy expression appearing on his face as he bowed, saying, “I understand.”

This was the benefit of befriending Uncle-Master Han!

Because he had been close to Han Muye during these days, he was now also valued by Wang Jintai.

In the future, if Han Muye had the opportunity to establish his dominance or gain enough power within the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Yunji would have even more opportunities.

The other Mystic Spirit Sword Sect disciples beside him had envy in their eyes.

In Qingyun Town, Wang Jintai was the sky.

—

The vast and boundless Transient Wasteland was teeming with various mixed demonic beasts.

Just as they had left Qingyun Town for thousands of miles, the merchant convoy had already slain seven or eight demonic beasts.

These low-intelligence demonic beasts had mediocre strength and only charged forward following their sense of immortal energy. The result was naturally being skinned and dismembered.

Cultivators had little interest in carnal desires, but it didn't mean they couldn't indulge in them.

For example, the steaming hot meat broth at the moment, with its qi and demonic energy swirling within. Eating a bowl of it was no different from swallowing a medicinal pill for replenishing energy.

The alchemy and artifact refining paths were not flourishing in the Immortal World, and there were not many who excelled in both disciplines.

One reason was that resources were abundant, and many immortal herbs could be directly ingested to enhance cultivation. Many spiritual materials could be refined into weapons.

Secondly, low-level cultivators were not highly regarded, and the major sects would not invest resources in them.

The resources for alchemy and artifact refining were held by major powers.

"Big Brother Han, the city we're heading to now, Sanhuo City, is a major city in the Transient Wasteland mainly focused on artifact refining.

"All kinds of ores from various places are transported there and then smelted into spiritual materials suitable for crafting treasures and spirit tools."

Sanhuo City was about 300,000 miles away from Qingyun Town, which wasn't considered far. With the speed of the Flame Horses, they could arrive in about 10 days.

That was why Han Muye chose to travel with the merchant caravan.

After delivering the Black Gold ores to Sanhuo City, Han Muye would directly use a teleportation array to go to Yunlu City.

Traveling eight million miles and crossing the Transient Wasteland was not difficult for Han Muye, but others dared not attempt it.

Without reaching the peak of the Heaven Realm, who would dare to cross the wilderness alone?

Han Muye chose to use the teleportation in Sanhuo City because he didn't want to attract too much attention.

Zhao Chen originally planned to visit several other town-guarded cities, but he changed his plans in order to accompany Han Muye to Yunlu City.

Du Sanzhen and others gathered together, meditating and recuperating while remaining vigilant of their surroundings.

Among the 20 carts of black gold ores, one cart belonged to Han Muye, and Du Sanzhen and his group were responsible for guarding that particular cart.

Although they had mined 20 carts of Black Gold ores, with so much extraction, both Wang Jintai and Han Muye could only claim half of half, resulting in five carts each.

Chapter 1063 - 1063 Black Gold Mine, Wasteland Bandits (2)

1063 Black Gold Mine, Wasteland Bandits (2)

The remaining 10 carts of ore had to be handed over to the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, accounting for 90 percent.

The profits from one cart were used to appease various parties, and Zhang Yun and his disciples received a share.

Han Muye sold four carts to Zhao Chen, just like Wang Jintai, in exchange for eight million spiritual rocks. He kept one cart for himself and took it to Sanhuo City.

One cart of ore was worth two million spiritual rocks.

Once transported to Sanhuo City, the profit could increase by 30 percent.

Han Muye wasn't particularly concerned about that 30 percent profit; he was more interested in the refining techniques of Sanhuo City.

Eight million spiritual rocks was already a huge sum that ordinary Heaven Realm cultivators couldn't afford.

Han Muye had the background of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, which was why Wang Jintai agreed to split the ores with him.

If it were an ordinary cultivator from an external sect, it would be considered good if they could offer a few hundred thousand spiritual rocks.

The Immortal World was controlled by a large sect. Not everyone could mine resources just because they wanted to.

As the caravan continued, they encountered some demonic beasts and itinerant cultivators along the way.

The guards of the caravan wouldn't take action unless the demonic beasts attacked.

As for the itinerant cultivators, some would follow behind the caravan and travel together, while others would quietly depart.

"The dangers in the wasteland are not just these demonic beasts; there are also people." Zhao Chen spoke in a deep voice while riding on a black Flame Horse and watching three cultivators fleeing in the distance.

"The three Lu brothers are Heaven Realm cultivators at the second stage of the Nascent Soul. They don't have a good reputation on the wasteland trade route." Behind Zhao Chen, a middle-aged man wearing half armor revealed a hint of killing intent in his eyes.

Life was not easy for low-level cultivators.

They struggled with various tasks every day, and a slight misstep could lead to their demise.

Han Muye looked ahead, a faint smile appearing on his face.

“Boom!”

Those three brothers were fast in their retreat as well.

A team of black riders surged like a tidal wave, chasing after the three figures.

At the front of the caravan, two middle-aged guards wearing half armor exchanged glances and galloped forward. “This is the Jujin Trading Caravan, halt right there—”

A golden flag was unfurled, bearing the words ‘Jujin’ in bold letters.

The golden letters emitted a faint immortal glow.

This flag was also a precious treasure.

Streams of flowing light shimmered, protecting the rear of the convoy.

A soothing power enveloped the bodies of the fiery horses pulling the large carts, calming their restlessness.

"It's the Wasteland Bandits." The white-bearded old man behind Zhao Chen squinted his eyes.

There were always people doing unscrupulous business in the wasteland.

The Wasteland Bandits were one of them.

"We've only traveled 20,000 miles from Qingyun Town, and we already encountered such bandits?" Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he spoke softly.

Upon hearing his words, Zhao Chen shook his head helplessly. "Big Brother Han, the major sects won't pay attention to these matters."

As long as they didn't harm the interests of the major sects, whether it was the demonic beasts or the bandits, they were merely whetstones for cultivation.

Han Muye, as someone in a position of power, had already seen through this.

When he left the Source Heaven Star Domain, didn't he also arrange for the invasion of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan as a trial for the cultivation world?

The Jujin flag unfurled, causing the fleeing Lu brothers to hesitate for a moment.

But the violent aura from behind crashed into them, and the three of them exchanged glances as a hint of killing intent flickered on their bodies.

If they didn't charge forward, they would be crushed by the force of the massive army of the Wasteland Bandits gathering behind them.

"Move aside!"

The leader of the Lu brothers shouted angrily as a surge of immortal energy erupted from his body. His Nascent Soul appeared, and he held a long black spear in his hand, charging directly towards the Jujin flag ahead.

The white-bearded old man behind Zhao Chen's eyes flashed with brilliance.

Zhao Chen had a relaxed expression on his face as he lightly tapped his fingers on the saddle.

"Boom!"

The long spear collided with a faint light screen, and the Jujin flag rolled up, enveloping the spear.

The Lu brother holding the spear had a drastic change in his expression. He tried to let go, but he found that he couldn't release his grip at all.

"Attack!" he shouted, and several talismans flew out from his body, exploding towards the front.

The other two Lu brothers also made their moves simultaneously, striking with a long knife and a folding fan.

However, three guards from the convoy rushed out in front of them, forming a defensive formation.

“Bang!”

The talismans around the leader of the Lu brothers exploded, but they couldn’t harm the Jujin flag. The long spear had already been wrapped by the flag, and its glow was shaking, on the verge of breaking.

The leader of the Lu brothers turned pale, but he couldn’t release his hands. The flag rapidly drained his blood and immortal energy.

“Roar...”

A black-armored warrior on a warhorse charged closer, and a massive army stood tall, stopping a thousand feet away.

“Jujin Trading Caravan?”

“Haha, same old rules. Leave behind 30 percent of your goods, and the caravan can pass.”

A muscular middle-aged man dressed in black armor, holding a large sword, laughed loudly. His gaze swept across the convoy and then focused on the flag entangling the Lu brothers' spear.

Behind him, figures began to gather.

Thirty percent, the same old rules.

In the business world, harmony brought wealth.

Handing over 30 percent of their earnings meant there was basically no profit left, but it was still better than losing their lives.

Several guards standing by Zhao Chen's side turned their heads slightly, their aura becoming solemn as they looked at Zhao Chen.

If it weren't for the young master leading the way, the caravan might have engaged in some negotiation and ended up giving away around 20 percent of their goods before passing through.

But today, with the young master leading the way, they didn't know if they would have to give up even more.

"Thirty percent is too much. How about one million spiritual rocks?" Zhao Chen raised his head and said calmly, "Since we're talking about rules, let's stick to the rules."

As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his hand and made a gesture.

“Bang!”

The Jujin flag directly shredded the Lu leader’s spear, then rolled up and completely enveloped his body.

The Lu leader was also in the Nascent Soul stage, but being wrapped up by the flag, he couldn’t even escape with his Nascent Soul. His body turned into a pile of bones.

This change happened in an instant. The other two Lu brothers’ faces turned pale, and as they turned to flee, two golden arrows from the convoy shot out, pinning them down.

The white-bearded old man behind Zhao Chen slowly put away his longbow with a cold expression.

One bow and two arrows killed two Nascent Soul stage cultivators.

The Lu brothers, who roamed the trading route, Nascent Soul stage cultivators, had their lives ended in an instant.

After killing the three, the white-bearded old man drew his longbow again.

The Wasteland Bandits, who were 10,000 feet away, were in a panic. The leader, a burly man in black armor, had a serious expression. He raised the big sword in his hand, and the green-black immortal qi on his body condensed into the appearance of a 100-foot black bear.

Beside him, several Heaven Realm Wasteland Bandits also connected their qi and blood with the immortal light.

The white-bearded old man's longbow gave them a lot of pressure.

"Bang!"

The longbow shot out a golden arrow and stuck it 5,000 feet away.

The arrow sank three feet into the ground, leaving five feet vibrating.

"According to my rule, to claim these one million spiritual rocks, you need to make it to me alive," Zhao Chen raised his hand and threw a storage bag onto the ground in front of the Flame Horse.

Provocation!

This was a provocation to the Wasteland Bandits!

With just a few words from Zhao Chen, the initial panic of the Wasteland Bandits turned into anger.

The swordsman in front slowly raised his large sword, pointing it at Zhao Chen.

"So, you're the young master of Jujin Trading Caravan.

“That’s more than 30 percent now.”

A look of arrogance appeared on his face as he raised his hand lightly. His dark warhorse took confident strides forward.

“If I catch you, I’ll demand 30 million from Jujin Trading Caravan to redeem my life!”

“Boom!”

The black warhorses converged, with the black-armored man as the tip of the arrow, forming a triangular cone shape, instantly charging out 1,000 feet.

More than 10 guards behind Zhao Chen dashed out, forming a formation of three by three, standing ready in a strict formation.

The white-bearded old man’s large bow transformed into a semi-circle, with one golden arrow shining with dazzling spiritual light.

The cultivators recruited from Qingyun Town all maintained their positions, holding their weapons defensively.

Du Sanzhen and the others had already surrounded the heavily guarded caravan, their gaze fixed on the front.

They saw Han Muye sitting upright, seemingly unconcerned about the approaching horde of black-armored bandits.

Zhao Chen turned his head slightly to glance at Han Muye.

In the past, he would follow this rule when encountering bandits, but he wouldn't directly provoke them like today.

He was really offering one million spiritual rocks.

This time, he needed to demonstrate his own strength.

Whether it was trade or cooperation, equal strength was required.

Han Muye had already displayed his strength in crossing the tribulation at the Yunqi Swamp. Now, Zhao Chen needed to show Han Muye that Jujin Trading Caravan and Zhao Chen himself were qualified to call him "Brother Han."

"Bang!"

The white-bearded old man shot the long arrow.

In front, the Jujin flag dissipated in an instant, turning into golden light that attached to the shot arrow, piercing through the void and aiming at the charging black-armored warhorse at the forefront.

“Good archery.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Zhao Chen chuckled.

“Boom!”

The arrow flew over 5,000 feet and collided with the arrow formed by the black-armored warhorse.

A golden light pierced through the battle formation.

Chapter 1064 - 1064 Thunder, Purple Lightning, Gale, Bitter Immortal Realm

1064 Thunder, Purple Lightning, Gale, Bitter Immortal Realm

A single arrow.

Three hundred iron riders collapsed instantly.

The long arrow pierced through thousands of feet, penetrating the bodies of 31 Wasteland Bandits, and then embedded itself in the sandy ground, soaked in blood.

The leading commander, a burly man with a black bear phantom enveloping his body, was pierced through the chest by an arrow. His entire body exploded, leaving only his large sword spinning and falling to the ground.

The bandit cavalry formation completely collapsed 2,000 feet away from the caravan and fled in all directions.

Without their leading bandit chief, they couldn't even protect themselves, let alone attack the merchant convoy.

Most bandits were like this. With strength in numbers, once they lost their leader, they immediately lost their fighting spirit and could only flee.

For the lone bandits left behind in the wasteland, their fate wouldn't be much better than dying in battle today.

The might of a single arrow wiped out 300 Wasteland Bandits.

The great trading company capable of traversing millions of miles truly possessed formidable strength.

As they watched the chaotic fleeing bandits, the cultivators standing near the large carriage revealed a hint of a smile and silently breathed a sigh of relief.

As for Du Sanzhen and the others, they were equally delighted.

When traveling through the wasteland, having powerful individuals accompanying them was undoubtedly a good thing.

Zhao Chen paid no attention to the gazes of others, his gaze quietly fixed on Han Muye's expression.

Unfortunately, Han Muye's face remained indifferent, revealing no trace of any emotions.

This made Zhao Chen feel slightly regretful.

Well, in such a situation, how could Han Muye, who faced lightning tribulation with ease, regard it as a big deal?

The convoy guards went to collect the armor and weapons of the slain bandits, and the personal belongings of the Lu brothers were also brought forward.

Accompanying them was the large sword of the bandit chief.

Zhao Chen swept his gaze over them and lightly smiled, saying, "Everyone present deserves a share. Brother Han, pick something."

Among these weapons and treasures, the most valuable were the two semi-magical treasures of the Lu brothers, and the bandit chief's large sword also had some appeal.

Han Muye didn't hesitate either. He raised his hand and made a gesture, gripping the large sword in his hand.

The sword was heavy, with a grade equivalent to a high-grade spiritual weapon.

"I am a sword cultivator and have some interest in this sword," Han Muye spoke lightly as he infused the immortal energy and sword intent from his palm directly into the sword.

Various scenes appeared in his mind.

A sword in the hands of a bandit leader who roamed the wasteland, and the hidden memories within it were quite intriguing.

The other side of the Immortal World, which Han Muye had never understood before, slowly unfolded before him.

He rode on silently, not uttering a word, carefully digesting all the information about the hidden aspects of the Immortal World.

"Brother Zhao, what kind of place is the Bitter Immortal Realm?" Han Muye suddenly spoke, turning his head.

The Bitter Immortal Realm?

Zhao Chen was slightly taken aback.

“Brother Han, do you want to know about the Bitter Immortal Realm?” Shaking his head, Zhao Chen said, “That place is very difficult for our human cultivators to survive in.

“The Bitter Immortal Realm is dominated by powerful demons, and only the half-demon cultivators from the Heavenly Radiance Sect can set foot there.”

Compared to the wilderness where humans and demons lived, the Bitter Immortal Realm was truly a forbidden land for humans.

Among the 36 provinces of the Fuyu Immortal Realm, the two provinces occupied by powerful demons are known as the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Interestingly, although the Bitter Immortal Realm was forbidden for humans, many people still venture into it.

Some were sold into the Bitter Immortal Realm and became slaves of the demons, practicing alchemy and refining tools, or mining resources.

These people would never attain freedom in their lifetime, but at least they could survive.

Some of them were hunting and mining teams organized by various sects, plundering and seizing resources in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Behind these people were major sects, aiming to snatch resources and cause trouble for the demons. If they were caught, they would certainly lose their lives.

However, if they could return alive, not only would they have gained valuable experience, but they would also have accumulated many resources, making it easier to succeed in the future.

As for the third type, it was the scenes that Han Muye saw from the long sword.

Many loosely affiliated cultivators formed alliances and transformed into bandits, wandering in the Bitter Immortal Realm and various wastelands.

These people had no foundation and no backing, and they would never see the light of day in their entire lives.

The only thing they had was freedom.

Freedom in life, and freedom in death.

“Many cultivators who have smuggled from the lower realms are sent to the Bitter Immortal Realm for mining,” Zhao Chen whispered. “Among those who return alive from the Bitter Immortal Realm, not even one in a hundred survives.”

The name of the forbidden land was no joke.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Have you heard of the Gale Bandits?"

Zhao Chen's expression froze for a moment, and he said in a deep voice, "The three great bandits of the Bitter Immortal Domain: Thunderstruck, Purple Lightning, and Gale. Thunderstruck is brave, Purple Lightning is fast, and Gale is numerous."

"Although the Gale Bandits are not as powerful as Thunderstruck and Purple Lightning, their numbers pose a threat. Every trading company fears them."

Zhao Chen furrowed his brows and looked at Han Muye. "Han brother, are you saying that these Black Rider bandits are the Gale Bandits?"

"The Gale Bandits are in the Bitter Immortal Realm, billions of miles away from the Transient Wasteland. It's unlikely for them to come here, right?"

Han Muye shook his head and said nothing.

The main force of the Gale Bandits would naturally not be here, but there were indeed some members of the bandit group among this team.

At least the leader of this group was a former member of the Gale Bandits.

When the Gale Bandits encountered a siege by powerful demons in the Bitter Immortal Realm, they split into dozens of teams. Some of them left the Bitter Immortal Realm and arrived under the jurisdiction of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

This information hadn't spread yet, but presumably, it wouldn't be concealed for too long.

When the Gale Bandits arrived under the jurisdiction of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, it would likely cause a headache for the sect.

Although Han Muye didn't speak, Zhao Chen's expression had already turned serious.

There were plenty of secret techniques in the world, and Han Muye obtained the sword of the leader, which allowed him to uncover some secrets. It was not difficult.

Since Han Muye brought up this matter, there must be a reason behind it.

Sure enough, as the caravan continued its journey, they encountered a hill on the second evening.

The hill was littered with corpses.

"These are the remnants of an intercepted caravan. There are at least 300 people," Zhao Chen said with a grim expression.

Chapter 1065 - 1065 Thunder, Purple Lightning, Gale, Bitter Immortal Realm (2)

1065 Thunder, Purple Lightning, Gale, Bitter Immortal Realm (2)

The guards who went forward to investigate reported back with extremely grave expressions.

Their team consisted of only a hundred or so people, and while there were strong individuals among them, they had no idea how they compared to the slaughtered merchant group.

A merchant group of 300 people couldn't possibly be without powerful individuals.

Zhao Chen's gaze fell ahead, and he pondered slightly.

At this moment, they were only a little over fifty thousand li away from Qingyun Town.

If they really wanted to return on their flying swords, it wouldn't take long.

Even traveling to Sanhuo City wasn't considered too far, with true sword-flying speed, it wouldn't take a day.

"Brother Han, why don't you—"

Zhao Chen's words came to a halt as he turned around to look at Han Muye.

Because Han Muye was already slowly urging his horse forward.

“In my hometown, there’s a custom of burying the dead. After all, they are human beings. It wouldn’t be right to leave their bodies exposed in the wilderness.”

Han Muye’s voice came.

Compassion of a woman?

Not necessarily.

Zhao Chen turned to glance at the guard, Old Chu, who shook his head.

They couldn’t figure it out.

According to reason, a powerful sword cultivator shouldn’t have such compassionate thoughts.

A sword cultivator should be the most determined, the most skilled in killing, and the hardest-hearted.

Du Sanzhen and the others had already rushed over and, together with Han Muye, collected and buried the corpses, building a mound of earth.

Han Muye also set up a formation on top of it to ward off wild beasts.

Turning around, he took out his sword and split a 30-foot long piece of green stone, then pressed it onto the grave mound.

“When paths cross, it’s all the worldly wanderers.”

Han Muye sighed softly, raised his hand, and the gleam of his sword shone as a line of large characters fell onto the stone monument.

Worldly wanderers.

Who wasn’t one?

Each of those words exuded a sword intent that made one’s heart tremble.

The guards of the merchant group and the cultivators who saw these characters all had solemn expressions on their faces.

Just looking at these words seemed to affect one’s mind, as if one could see sword radiance filling the sky.

“Great words,” Old Chu, who was following behind Zhao Chen, spoke up and uttered two words.

This was the first time he had directly praised Han Muye after such a long time.

Zhao Chen nodded.

These characters were a display of Han Muye's own power.

He was telling himself that he could move forward with his sword.

That was how a sword cultivator should be!

The merchant group proceeded with caution as they continued on their journey.

The guards who scouted ahead formed two teams and never stopped for a moment.

However, for three consecutive days, they encountered no one obstructing their path.

Not even any demonic beasts.

"Either we are being watched, or..." A trace of fear flashed in Zhao Chen's eyes as he lowered his voice, "the Gale Bandits have really arrived."

The Gale Bandits.

The Jujin Trading Company had yet to muster the courage to confront the Gale Bandits head-on.

The atmosphere grew increasingly tense.

Many hired cultivators had already lost their confidence.

If they abandoned the caravan, gave up the mission, and fled with all their might, their speed would not be slow.

Fortunately, everything remained normal.

It wasn't until they saw the massive city stretching for dozens of miles in the desolate plain ahead, with flames soaring and staining the sky, that Zhao Chen finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Not only him, but everyone else also relaxed slightly.

The journey had been too oppressive.

Han Muye turned his head and looked into the distance.

He was also curious why the other party hadn't made a move.

Combining the memories from the great sword and the subsequent perception, there should be quite a few Gale Bandits on this wasteland, including some strong individuals.

However, these Gale Bandits haven't made a move against the merchant group, which is unexpected.

Perhaps the caravan was not their target?

Sanhuo City remained familiar to Zhao Chen and the others. It was a city built with red and green stones, with tall city gates.

The main road, paved with red and green bricks, extended beyond the city.

Even the soil and stones on the ground seemed to have a tinge of red and green.

It seemed to be a characteristic of the city.

At the entrance, they saw numerous large carts carrying various spiritual rock ores.

"Oh, Jujin Trading Company, what good things have you brought this time?" A cultivator holding account books welcomed them at the city gate.

These people had been watching early on and approached as soon as they saw the merchant group.

"Black Gold Ore, the quality is good. I'll take it. 2.3 million spiritual rocks for each cart." A middle-aged man with a bulging belly lifted a corner of the tarp covering his cart, his eyes gleaming.

“Old Zhu, you’re pushing the price down. Don’t you see who has arrived? It’s Zhao Shadong.” An elderly, thin man who came from behind saw Zhao Chen and his face slightly froze before he chuckled lightly.

The name Zhao Chen was known to these businesspeople.

Instead of selling the Black Gold ore from the carts at the city gate, Zhao Chen took them to the smelting furnace in the city, where Jujin Trading Company collaborated.

Half of the 20 carts were sold directly, with each cart fetching 2.8 million spiritual rocks. The rest were entrusted to be smelted.

After these ores were smelted, they would be sold elsewhere or used to forge treasures, doubling their value.

After these ores were smelted, they would be sold elsewhere or used to forge treasures, doubling their value.

The remuneration paid to those guards and cultivators did not exceed a million.

Including the losses along the way, the remuneration of the experts accounted for the most.

These cultivators didn’t lose out either. They were just on edge during the journey, but there wasn’t a single battle. Instead, they received some scattered rewards along with thousands of spiritual rocks as compensation.

The hired caravans and cultivators were dismissed, leaving only the guards. Han Muye, Du Sanyu, and the others found an inn to stay in.

Originally, Zhao Chen invited them to the trading company's residence, but Han Muye said he wanted to stroll around the city.

Besides, the ores from his cart were already handed over for smelting and wouldn't be ready for a while.

Sanhuo City was truly a city suitable for resident blacksmiths, with several earthfire veins converging.

Unfortunately, these earthfires had low quality and were somewhat violent, suitable only for smelting ores. They weren't ideal for refining fine artifacts.

"Brother Han, there's a caravan from outside the wasteland in the city. They are said to have brought many treasures," Zhao Chen said to Han Muye, his eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"They will be selling the treasures in the central square three days from now."

With a radius of 80 million miles, Zhao Chen considered himself knowledgeable about the Transient Wasteland, but he had rarely ventured outside of it.

A caravan bringing treasures from outside the wasteland meant that they could make a huge profit by reselling them.

A caravan from outside the wasteland?

A spark glimmered in Han Muye's eyes.

Seeing his expression, Zhao Chen had already guessed something and whispered, "Han Brother, do you think they might be Gale Bandits in disguise?"

Whether or not they were in disguise remained uncertain.

But it was just at this time that Gale Bandits appeared nearby. It was hard to believe there was no connection.

If they were indeed Gale Bandits posing as a caravan and bringing treasures, were they genuinely looking to trade, or did they have ulterior motives?

"Although Sanhuo City is not small, it doesn't hold much significance in the eyes of the Gale Bandits, right?"

"And the city doesn't possess any real treasures. Would the renowned Gale Bandits pay attention to a small city like Suddenfire?"

Zhao Chen furrowed his brows and spoke in a low voice.

“So, here’s the plan: after we’ve seen their treasures, if there’s anything worth taking, I’ll buy it directly, and then we’ll leave through the teleportation array,” Zhao Chen said, pondering for a moment before speaking again.

“Let’s leave the smelted ores here for now.”

It had to be said that as a merchant, Zhao Chen’s caution and keenness were extremely rare qualities.

If they didn’t take the smelted ores with them, they wouldn’t receive any of the profits from this trip and would incur significant losses.

However, Zhao Chen made the decisive call to leave and abandon that wealth.

However, in Han Muye’s eyes, Zhao Chen still fell short.

If it were him, there were two paths he could take right now.

The first was simple. He had to leave as soon as possible.

The second was to gather the city’s forces and respond immediately.

Unfortunately, Zhao Chen’s insights and judgment were not comparable to someone who had experienced power struggles and ruled over a substantial force like Han Muye.

“Brother Zhao, you can send someone to check if the teleportation array in the city is still functional,” Han Muye’s words made Zhao Chen’s expression change.

“And also, find out the situation with the recent merchant caravans that entered the city.”

Teleportation array.

The caravans that had recently entered the city.

Zhao Chen stood up and left.

After half a day, Zhao Chen returned with Chu Lao, followed by two guards dressed in black robes.

Zhao Chen’s expression was extremely grim.

“Brother Han, the teleportation array had an accident during a teleportation half a month ago, and it’s being repaired. It will take at least 10 more days to fix.”

Indeed.

Han Muye’s expression did not change.

Without damaging the teleportation array, any scheme would be meaningless.

“So, you mean that the recent arrivals in the city, aside from the nearby small caravans, are people we haven’t seen before?”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Zhao Chen nodded.

Chapter 1066 - 1066 Red Sandalwood Jade Essence, Nine-Death Insects in Flames

1066 Red Sandalwood Jade Essence, Nine-Death Insects in Flames

In the past month, the caravans entering and leaving Sanhuo City seemed to have no significant changes, but as Han Muye had said, there were indeed more small caravans from the nearby area.

However, there were hardly any caravans traveling long distances of millions of miles.

And even if there were, many of them had unfamiliar faces.

Normally, these caravans should be composed of experienced merchants who were accustomed to traveling the trade routes.

“Are they really targeting Sanhuo City?” Zhao Chen whispered, looking at Han Muye.

“There are also several strong individuals residing in Sanhuo City. Should we inform them first?” he asked.

Although this news was shocking, it was better than doing nothing.

Han Muye nodded and said, “You can report what you have observed along the way and make some speculations.

“As for whether the Gale Bandits have any intentions towards Sanhuo City, only they know.”

From the memories of the great sword, Han Muye had only glimpsed a few fragments. It seemed that the Gale Bandits were searching for something.

The man’s cultivation level and position within the Gale Bandits were too low, so his knowledge was limited.

Zhao Chen went to find the powerful individuals in the city to report, as this would be considered a personal favor and beneficial to the trading business.

Meanwhile, Han Muye secluded himself in the inn to cultivate.

His cultivation in the path of immortality had reached the peak of the ninth level of the Nascent Soul realm. His Nascent Soul had transformed into a green longsword, swirling around his body.

He was just one step away from condensing and merging his refined divine soul with the longsword, forming his own divine consciousness.

However, he already possessed one divine soul sword, and refining a second one would consume a significant amount of his soul's power.

Even though he had no shortage of heavenly treasures, accumulating the power of the divine soul was not an overnight process.

This made Han Muye somewhat nostalgic for his days as a Heavenly Mystic scholar.

Cultivating the divine soul with the power of righteousness was truly easy.

Thinking of the power of righteousness, a thought arose in his mind.

Perhaps using the power of Confucianism to refine his divine soul would be a good method.

Even if he successfully condensed the second divine soul, his future cultivation would still require a great demand for divine soul power..

Controlling two divine soul swords would also require unimaginable power from the divine soul.

However, how to adapt the Confucian cultivation methods from the mortal world to the immortal realm would require careful consideration.

The power in the immortal realm was stable and different from the mortal world.

The means of Confucianism, which almost involved stealing the power of heaven and earth, would be extremely difficult to execute in the Immortal World.

The cultivators in the immortal realm were also not like the mortals in the mortal world, easily collecting the power of incense.

The sword of the Nascent Soul floated, locking the surrounding space.

Subtle golden lights flickered in Han Muye's eyes.

An illusory image of the Kui appeared behind him.

Sensing.

The illusory image of the Kui appeared. Through the power of the Kui's lightning, he sensed the presence of a strange power.

The power of fire.

It was a power belonging to a divine beast as well.

Was there a fire-veined divine beast in Sanhuo City?

Not quite right.

That power was weak.

Han Muye's gaze fell ahead, seemingly piercing through the window, seeing through the entire Sanhuo City.

"The gathering place of the underground fire veins in the city."

Under the central square of the city was where the fire veins gathered.

That power of the fire-veined divine beast was clearly quietly absorbing the power of the underground fire veins in Sanhuo City.

Was Sanhuo City using the power of the earth veins to nourish the divine beast?

But with just the limited firepower of Sanhuo City, the power would likely be depleted. It wouldn't be of much use to a fire-veined divine beast, right?

The illusory image of the mythical ox appeared, and the fire-veined divine beast seemed to sense it, but it only slightly moved before restraining itself.

Unbeknownst to him, three days had passed.

When Han Muye emerged from seclusion, Du Sanzhen and the others stood solemnly outside the door.

“Young master, Zhao Shaodong instructed us to guard the seclusion carefully for you.”

Du Sanzhen bowed and whispered, “He said that there might be unrest in the city.”

During these three days, a few more caravans arrived in the city, bringing with them many treasures.

However, apart from the nearby caravans, there were still none from afar.

The Jujin Trading Company acquired quite a few items, and Zhao Chen noticed that some of them were actually spiritual materials and ores produced millions of miles away.

Could these items be obtained by the nearby caravans?

When Han Muye walked out of the inn, Zhao Chen arrived once again.

This time, behind him, in addition to Old Chu, there were also two teams of guards wearing half armor.

“A few cultivators who came with us to Sanhuo City returned to Qingyun Town ahead of time. I had them carry a letter to Senior Brother Wang Jin on my behalf, leaving a secret mark on them.”

Walking side by side with Han Muye, Zhao Chen spoke in a low voice.

“The secret mark has stopped moving, thousands of miles away.”

The secret mark had stopped moving.

It was either halfway through their journey, remaining stationary, or they were dead.

Han Muye knew it was definitely the latter.

Sanhuo City was surrounded, with no way in or out.

Squinting slightly, Han Muye looked at the greenish-red square in front of him.

Did the Gale Bandits come here for that fire-veined divine beast?

The square, spanning thousands of feet in diameter, was now filled with crowds of people.

Wooden platforms had been set up in the central area.

On those platforms, there were all sorts of treasures from millions of miles away, even tens of millions of miles away.

Spiritual materials, immortal medicines, and various well-crafted armors were all present.

While these things might be ordinary elsewhere, their value doubled when they changed hands.

Many members of caravans, shopkeepers from the city's stores, and even the resident blacksmiths and furnace masters in the city had come over, bustling around and selecting items.

Han Muye and Zhao Chen looked around, and Zhao Chen's eyes sparkled with a hint of brilliance. He occasionally raised his hand, signaling the guards behind him to take down some selected spiritual materials and treasures.

"The backing behind this trading company must be considerable. They can even produce treasures like the Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow."

Zhao Chen spoke in a low voice when he saw a piece of translucent purple jade on one of the wooden platforms ahead.

The treasure, marked with the name Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow, and priced at 30 million spiritual rocks, was the subject of discussion among many people.

Chapter 1067 - 1067 Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow, Nine-Death Insects in Flames (2)

1067 Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow, Nine-Death Insects in Flames (2)

The Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow was a treasure that could be used to refine numinous treasures and even immortal treasures.

Such a valuable item only needed to be nurtured in the flames of the earth, gradually gathering firepower, and when forging treasures, it could be blended in to enhance the spirituality of the treasure.

“Purple Sandalwood Stone Marrow?” Han Muye’s gaze fell upon the intertwining purple halo of the stone marrow.

If this item were to be purchased by a strong individual from Sanhuo City, would it be sent into the flames of the earth?

“I want this stone marrow,” Zhao Chen said loudly.

The surrounding cultivators who were watching immediately stepped back, making way for him and Han Muye.

Hearing Zhao Chen’s shout, a green-robed cultivator standing by the wooden platform smiled with joy and quickly approached.

However, just as he moved, another voice sounded beside him, “Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow, this item is useful to this old man.”

Everyone turned to look. A white-haired old man in a gray robe with swirling smoke and fire aura approached briskly.

Zhao Chen frowned.

“It’s Master Zheng Yi, the great alchemist of the Wutai Furnace.”

“Master Zheng rarely comes to trade, so the item he’s interested in must be extraordinary.”

Those who recognized the old man spoke softly.

Those who controlled the Great Melting Furnace in Sanhuo City were all well-off in terms of spiritual rocks, and their cultivation level was at least at the seventh or eighth level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul realm.

The green-robed cultivator who was originally approaching Zhao Chen’s side paused, a smile on his face, glancing at both sides, but remained silent.

This kind of situation was common among business cultivators.

The highest bidder would win.

“It’s Senior Zheng, I presume,” Zhao Chen clasped his hands together and shifted his gaze to the stone marrow on the platform. “Are you interested in this stone marrow, Senior?”

Zheng Yi, dressed in a gray robe, remained unchanged in expression and nodded, "Recently, I have refined a batch of Hundred Spirit Gold, and this stone marrow happens to be a perfect match for forging a treasure, the Hundred Spirit Sword."

Refining weapons.

The alchemists in Sanhuo City rarely practiced alchemy because the local flames were not suitable for it.

But that doesn't mean these alchemists didn't know how to practice alchemy.

Melting ores, where else can you earn such great profits from refining treasures?

When they heard Zheng Yi say he wanted to refine a magical treasure, many people around them had a sparkle in their eyes.

Most of the people who came here were businessmen. If they could get their hands on a magical sword, they could make a good profit by selling it.

"Senior Zheng, I can give up this stone marrow, but—" Zhao Chen smiled and looked at Zheng Yi across from him.

When he heard Zhao Chen say he could give up the stone marrow, Zheng Yi laughed and said, "I understand what Young Master Zhao means. Once I forge the Hundred Spirit Sword, it will be given priority to the Jujin Trading Company.

Priority.

Just having that priority was already enough.

Zhao Chen's intention to buy the stone marrow was also to make a profit. If he could exchange it for a magical sword, it wouldn't be considered a loss.

The two of them reached an agreement, and everyone was happy.

The green-robed cultivator handed the stone marrow and handed it to Zheng Yi, who reached out to take it and then handed over a storage bag.

After the green-robed cultivator inspected it, he raised his hand, enveloping the storage bag in divine light, and swiftly exchanged the spiritual rocks inside it before returning the bag.

Due to the stable space in the Immortal World, storage equipment was quite valuable.

After Han Muye stepped into the Immortal World, the storage bags on his body had been reinforced. Otherwise, they would have shattered long ago.

He studied the Dao of Space and was quite comfortable with this matter.

After Zheng Yi took the stone marrow and left, the onlookers around the wooden platform dispersed.

Zhao Chen, Han Muye, and their companions turned around and walked a few steps when someone chased after them from behind.

“Fellow Daoist, are you interested in the Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow?” The green-robed cultivator who had just sold the Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow to Zheng Yi approached and clasped his hands together. He looked at Zhao Chen and asked in a low voice.

Zhao Chen glanced at Han Muye and then replied, “Naturally, such a treasure is of interest.”

The green-robed cultivator was overjoyed. He looked around and lowered his voice. “Fellow Daoist, please follow me.”

He turned and led the way ahead, with Zhao Chen and Han Muye following behind. Old Chu and the others quietly followed as well.

After a moment, they passed through the central square and arrived at a three-story attic.

They walked straight up to the attic, where a young man in his thirties dressed in a gray robe was waiting.

“Young Master Zhao of the Jujin Trading Company?” The young man cupped his hands and glanced at Han Muye and Zhao Chen. Then he chuckled and said, “Zuo Baichuan of the Wanshen Trading Company.”

Zhao Chen’s body trembled. He looked up and said in a low voice, “There’s nothing I can do?”

The young man laughed heartily. "That's the love among peers."

A blush appeared on Zhao Chen's face as he clasped his hands and said, "Zhao Chen greets Brother Zuo."

He turned his head and said, "Brother Han, this person in front of us is one of the two young masters of the Wan Shen Trading Company, a major business spanning three states, Zuo Baichou."

After a pause, he said softly, "There's a rumor among our trading companies that the two young masters of the Wanshen Trading Company, Chen Yichou and Zuo Baichou, have never missed out on any benefits."

Doing business without letting any opportunity slip through their fingers. How could others compete?

Regardless of whether they were at their wits' end or were struggling to survive, these were not good words.

It was no wonder that Zhao Chen Zhao Chen blushed earlier. It was embarrassing to have someone say that in front of you.

"This is my brother Han, an elite disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect."

Zhao Chen paused and said loudly, "I'll be right there."

Right there?

Not yet, then?

Zuo Baichou looked at Han Muye, scanning him, but couldn't find anything unusual.

The more it was like this, the more seriously he had to treat him.

Zhao Chen, the young master of the Jujin Trading Company, was not an ordinary person. He could address someone who wasn't even an elite disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect as his brother, indicating that this person was truly extraordinary.

"Brother Han, Brother Zhao." Zuo Baichou raised his hand to gesture for the two of them to sit down. Then he said softly, "I still have some Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow in my hand. I wonder if the two of you are interested?"

Chapter 1068 - 1068 Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow, Nine-Death Insects in Flames (3)

1068 Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow, Nine-Death Insects in Flames (3)

He had more Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow.

Zhao Chen smiled.

"Brother Zuo, how much do you have?"

Zuo Baichou raised his hand and extended three fingers.

“300 catties?” Zhao Chen nodded, pondered for a moment, and said, “Then I’ll offer 80 million spiritual rocks—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Zuo Baichou said softly, “30,000 catties.”

30,000 catties!

Zhao Chen’s shoulders trembled.

30,000 catties of marrow would be worth at least tens of billions of spiritual rocks.

At such a critical treasure level, it was not just about settling with spiritual rocks.

If the Jujin Trading Company could obtain such a treasure, it would be beneficial to the entire trading firm.

A treasure worth tens of billions of spiritual rocks could be exchanged for an immortal treasure.

With the addition of an immortal treasure reigning over them, the strength of the Jujin Trading Company would at least double.

To bet or not to bet?

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Zhao Chen looked at Left Baichou. "Brother Zuo, do you really want to part with such a valuable treasure?"

Zuo Baichou nodded.

He raised his hand, and a dark golden stone with a purple glow appeared in his palm.

"The Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow can only be found in rich mines."

Zhao Chen recognized the value of the item, and his eyes gleamed with excitement.

Taking a deep breath, Zhao Chen slowly stood up.

"If—"

Just as he finished speaking, Han Muye suddenly said, "This mine is in the Bitter Immortal Realm, right?"

Zhao Chen paused, while Zuo Baichou remained unfazed and nodded, "That's right."

“The Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow Mine is considered valuable even in the Bitter Immortal Realm. It’s impressive that your trading company managed to bring out so many treasures,” Han Muye said softly.

These words made Zhao Chen’s expression change slightly.

Impressive tactics?

Perhaps only forces that had allied with powerful demons could bring out so many treasures, right?

A large trading company that spanned across the three provinces was actually backed by a powerful demon?

“Well, in business, nothing is shameful,” Zuo Baichou said calmly, looking at Han Muye. “Does it bother you, Brother Han?”

Such an open admission caught Zhao Chen off guard as well.

After all, Han Muye was a prospective elite disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, and the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and the demons of the Bitter Immortal Realm were enemies.

“I don’t mind doing business,” Han Muye shook his head, a hint of depth in his eyes as he turned to look outside the window. “I’m just curious, what kind of divine beast are the demons in the Bitter Immortal Realm feeding the Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow to?”

Feeding divine beasts!

Zuo Baichou's expression changed abruptly, and he stood up suddenly.

But before he could speak, a loud bang came from outside the attic.

"Boom!"

In the vast square, a golden flame soared into the sky, burning fiercely and reaching the clouds.

The great refiner, Zheng Yi, who was covered in flames, held the shattered red sandalwood stone marrow in his hand and fled in panic.

However, after he had flown a thousand feet, a long tail emerged from within the flames, grabbing hold of him and dragging him in.

A cultivator at the Heaven Realm, a renowned alchemist in Sanhuo City, had perished just like that.

The square erupted in commotion as countless cultivators scattered and fled.

But the flame seemed to be particularly interested in cultivators, as one after another, long tails emerged and swept towards the surroundings.

"The Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow is very attractive to an ancient fire-veined exotic beast." Han Muye's gaze fell on the flames as he spoke softly. "The Nine-Death Insect in Flames."

Zuo Baichou's expression instantly turned grim. He lowered his voice and stared intently at the flames where the long tails emerged. "Born from fire, with the power of life and death rebirth, it is the nourishment for the ancient divine beast, the Phoenix.

"So, they are after the rebirth power of the Nine-Death Insect.

"Hehe, it turns out that the mighty merchant group that dominates three provinces is nothing more than laborers delivering food."

Looking at the intertwining gold and purple jade marrow in his hand, Zuo Baichou flicked his hand and threw it out directly!

"Roar—"

The ball of flames exploded, and a 1,000-foot-long body with countless fiery red worms trailing behind it pounced at the jade marrow.

At this moment, several figures in black armor descended from the void.

Gale Bandits!

Chapter 1069 - 1069 I'll Give You a Chance to Die a Glorious Death in Battle

1069 I'll Give You a Chance to Die a Glorious Death in Battle

Out of Body realm!

The three Out of Body realm Gale Bandits stood in front of the insect that had gone through nine deaths in the raging flames. With their black blades, they swung down with full force.

“Boom!”

Explosions erupted as flames burst forth. The three souls trembled and were pushed back 30 feet, while the insect, having flames surging from its head, let out a painful roar and retreated.

With the insect’s roar, flames soared throughout the city.

The underground fire veins surged, and the giant smelting furnaces that had been pressed down at the mouth of the underground fire instantaneously shattered.

At this moment, the entire city was enveloped in dense smoke and intertwining flames. Rolling torrents of fire ignited one building after another.

“Boom!”

The ground collapsed one after another, and flames soared into the sky. Distorted Nine-Death Insects rushed out.

Not just one, but at least 20!

Twenty ferocious insects rampaged, burning and ravaging flames, roaring and exploding. It seemed as if the entire city was about to turn to ashes!

Not only the insects, but black-armored figures also burst out from various locations in the city. They rode on black horses, galloping along the streets, colliding with everything in their path.

The cultivators who couldn't evade in time were either cut in half or crushed into powder.

In an instant, the entire city turned into a purgatory on earth!

"Hmph, Sanhuo City is a stronghold of the Transient Wasteland, under the jurisdiction of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. How dare you act so recklessly?"

A thunderous shout came from the void.

A thousand-foot-long phantom in a golden robe appeared in the sky above the city. Raising its hand, golden streams of light converged and formed a massive canopy, pressing down towards the ground.

After all, how could a large city not have protective formations?

Under this canopy, both the Nine-Death Insects and the Black-Armored Gale Bandits were suppressed.

The flames on the bodies of the insects were compressed inside, revealing their grotesque and ugly forms.

Their thin tails, resembling fluffy fur, emitted a dark light as they continuously wriggled.

Their bodies, emitting black smoke like worms, twisted and contorted in a bizarre manner.

These were the powerful Nine-Death Insects, and the Gale Bandits with their black armor and horses were already pressed to the ground, unable to lift their heads.

The hooves of the black warhorses were shattered, and their spines were broken. They lay on the ground, twitching and struggling.

“Haha, it’s Dao Lord Peng Ming!” someone exclaimed outside the square, filled with surprise.

“The True Lord has made a move, activating the city’s grand formation. We have nothing to worry about,” someone followed, sighing with relief and laughing.

The fleeing cultivators slowed their pace slightly, looking around with lingering fear.

Sanhuo City was indeed a large and prosperous city, and the arrangement of the city’s defensive formation was exceptionally well done.

With this formation, not only did it suppress the Nine-Death Insects, but it also suppressed the black-armored bandits.

Regardless of the origins of those bandits, these Nine-Death Insects were precious treasures!

Many people's eyes lit up as they looked at the wriggling creatures on the ground.

The Nine Deaths Insect were the favorite food of the divine beast Phoenix because their bodies contained undying flames.

These undying flames were also valuable to cultivators, as they could be used to temper the body and refine treasures.

Although Sanhuo City had suffered heavy losses this time due to the invasion of the Nine-Death Insects, if they could collect these insects, not only would it compensate for the losses, but they might even make a fortune.

"If we could capture one or two Nine-Death Insects..." Zhao Chen murmured, his gaze falling on the struggling long insect on the Qinghong Square ahead.

Beside him, Zuo Baichou's expression was still somewhat solemn, but as he looked at those Nine-Death Insects, a glint of brightness flashed in his eyes.

As a fellow merchant, he naturally calculated the gains and losses as well.

"If we can capture these Nine-Death Insects, the losses to Sanhuo City wouldn't be too great," Zuo Baichou turned his gaze to the distance, where the gushing flames were slowly extinguishing.

After all, this grand formation was originally designed to suppress the underground fire.

“If that’s the only calculation, why go through so much trouble?”

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

His words stunned Zhao Chen and Zuo Baichou.

Before the two could speak, a sharp scream rang out.

The piercing scream seemed to fall from the sky, accompanied by thunderous explosions.

A green sword light suddenly appeared, cleaving through the massive canopy that covered the sky, and then twisted, stabbing into Dao Lord Peng Ming’s body, where divine light flickered.

“Bang!”

The sword light pierced through his body, causing Dao Lord Peng Ming to tremble all over, shattering like porcelain.

But in the next instant, he reappeared in the void, tens of thousands of feet away.

The torn-in-half canopy also spun around, completely restored.

“Zhang Zhenbiao, since you have already left Sanhuo City to investigate the ambush of the merchant caravan, why have you returned now?” True Lord Peng Ming’s face turned gloomy, his body slightly transparent as he looked at the emerging sword in front of him, speaking in a cold and low voice.

A long sword floated in mid-air, and then a middle-aged sword cultivator, wearing a blue robe with a stern expression, stepped forward.

He reached out and gripped the long sword, and it seemed that there were shining halos flickering in his eyes.

“Zhang Zhenbiao is entrusted with guarding Sanhuo City and has a responsibility to defend the territory. How could I not come?”

The sword cultivator’s voice was loud and resembled the singing of a sword.

He turned his head slightly, looking at a building outside the Qinghong Square that had been destroyed by the underground fire.

“Peng Ming, who gave you the audacity to do this when there are still 32 disciples of our Mystic Spirit Sword Sect stationed here?” In his eyes, a killing intent condensed into countless black miniature swords, as if they were about to burst out directly from his gaze.

That building was the residence of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. It had been completely destroyed, and the disciples stationed there no longer emitted any signs of life.

“Ah, Brother Zhang, we have jointly guarded Sanhuo City for a thousand years. I lured you out of the city because I didn’t want to see you die. Unfortunately...”

Dao Lord Peng Ming shook his head and sighed softly.

The sudden turn of events in the air left everyone below dumbfounded.

Chapter 1070 - 1070 I'll Give You a Chance to Die a Glorious Death in Battle (2)

1070 I'll Give You a Chance to Die a Glorious Death in Battle (2)

Many people had already recognized that the sword cultivator was Zhang Zhenbiao, the powerful guardian of Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, and he was a half-sage with eight layers of sword cultivation.

Zhang Zhenbiao and Dao Lord Peng Ming were both powerful guardians of this place. Zhang Zhenbiao was a disciple in charge of Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, representing the sect’s suppression, while Dao Lord Peng Ming controlled the grand formation and was also an expert in refining weapons.

These two had always been on good terms, so why did they become enemies today?

“Buzz!”

The long sword in Zhang Zhenbiao's hand was already raised, and sword radiance converged, forming a four-story golden sword tower.

Under the blessing of the sword radiance on the sword tower, 13 beams of sword light, each 100-foot-long, condensed and soared again, crashing into the rotating canopy.

As for Zhang Zhenbiao himself, he held the long sword in his hand, his figure moved, and he rushed towards Dao Lord Peng Ming.

Seeing Zhang Zhenbiao charging, Dao Lord Peng Ming flicked his sleeve, his figure flashed, and he descended 10,000 feet away, then shouted, "Why don't you make your move!"

"Boom!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a 100-foot-long body flew out and collided with the longsword in Zhang Zhenbiao's hand.

A resounding shock that echoed for a hundred miles, the long sword wailed, Zhang Zhenbiao's face turned red, and he flew back 10,000 feet.

"A great demon?"

He gritted his teeth and growled.

The 100-foot-tall figure was clad in iron armor, with a tiger's head and a human body. The iron fists, the size of millstones, were covered with scattered black and gloomy gauntlets, emitting a bloody glow.

"The Ascendant Tiger Guard!"

Inside the attic, Zuo Baichou's face changed drastically, and he lowered his voice, "These are the personal guards under the command of the Ascendant Immortal Demon King in the Bitter Immortal Realm!"

Immortal Demon kings were different from demon kings.

There were countless demon kings of various sizes in the Bitter Immortal Realm, but only those few Zenith Heaven experts who ruled a region could be called 'Immortal'.

Each of the Zenith Heaven Demon King experts could suppress a region and contend against the major Immortal Dao sects.

"The Ascendant Immortal-Demon King is a great demon who commands the avian race in the Bitter Immortal Realm and stands side by side with the Phoenix-blooded Ascendant Immortal Demon King." Zhao Chen looked at Han Muye and explained in a low voice.

"The Phoenix-blooded Ascendant Immortal Demon King is said to possess the bloodline of the Phoenix."

The Phoenix-blooded Ascendant Immortal-Demon King, who possessed the bloodline of the Phoenix, did not come, but instead, the subordinates of the Ascendant Immortal Demon King arrived. This was somewhat strange in itself.

On the other side, the Gale Bandits' motive for coming here was also hard to predict.

"In that case, your Wanshen Trading Company isn't relying on these two immortal demon kings?" Han Muye turned around and looked at Zuo Baichuan.

Upon hearing his words, Zuo Baichou smiled bitterly and said, "Brother Han really overestimates our Wanshen Trading Company. Even if it's not an Immortal-Demon King, as long as there is a Golden Immortal powerhouse supporting us from behind, we wouldn't be in such dire straits."

Human Immortal, Heaven Immortal, Golden Immortal, Zenith Heaven.

The Immortal World was also a world for the strong.

Without powerful individuals presiding over it, it would be impossible to gather sufficient wealth.

A Zenith Heaven Immortal Monarch mighty figure above the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Realm was a top expert who dominated the various immortal realms. Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals were already the overlords of an immortal realm.

The Immortal Demon Kings of the Bitter Immortal Realm had the strength of Zenith Heaven, enough to rampage through.

Of course, the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had unparalleled powerhouses behind them, certainly not inferior to the Immortal Demon Kings.

However, at their level, without sufficient interests at stake, they wouldn't engage in senseless conflicts.

It was enough for low-level cultivators to fight and kill each other.

“Boom!”

The Ascendant Tiger Guard struck again with a punch, and Zhang Zhenbiao blocked it with all his might, then retreated 1,000 feet, his face turning red.

The strength of the Ascendant Tiger Guard was unexpectedly stronger than that of the guardian disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect!

“Roar—”

A roar echoed, and within Sanhuo City, the figures of a hundred Ascendant Tiger Guards appeared.

These individuals stood over three zhang tall, with tiger heads and human bodies, clad in grayish-blue iron armor, wielding long knives and spears. With a single strike, they could reduce anyone or anything within 100 feet to pieces.

For a moment, chaos erupted among the cultivators in the city who had thought they were safe.

“Kill!”

Zhang Zhenbiao roared furiously and disregarded his own safety. The sword in his hand emitted a green light as he clashed with the 100-foot-tall Ascendant Tiger Guards.

His golden sword tower guided thirteen beams of sword light and continued to suppress the rotation of the grand canopy above with all its might.

Indeed, he was a powerful guardian disciple, displaying extraordinary methods. If he were to face the Ascendant Tiger Guards or Dao Lord Peng Ming alone, it would probably be effortless for him.

While the Ascendant Tiger Guards fought against Zhang Zhenbiao, Dao Lord Peng Ming was not idle.

He saw that although his strength had been weakened, he could still suppress the Nine-Death Insects and the Gale Bandits' array formation in the city. He raised his hand, and talismans scattered, turning into ropes that trapped the Nine-Death Insects.

After binding the Nine-Death Insects, his gaze turned to the Gale Bandits in black armor.

"Just based on you crawling insects, you dare to come to my Sanhuo City?" He sneered, and three illusory figures appeared around Dao Lord Peng Ming.

The three avatars consisted of humans, demons, and a puppet exuding a golden iron aura.

The four figures stood side by side, and with a palm strike from Dao Lord Peng Ming, streams of black and dark flow flashed towards the Gale Bandits.

At this moment, suppressed by the city's defensive formation, the Gale Bandits were completely powerless to resist. They could only watch as the black streams of light descended upon them.

"Gale—"

A low shout echoed in the void.

A grayish-blue wind silhouette appeared in mid-air, blocking all the black streams of light.

However, these black streams of light seemed to possess intelligence. With just a turn, they passed through the wind vortex and continued to descend.

Two Gale Bandits wearing black armor gritted their teeth. Radiant immortal light emanated from their bodies as their nascent spirits manifested, transforming into a web that collided with the black streams of light.

But as soon as they made contact with the black streams of light, the two of them let out a cry of despair, trembling all over before falling down.

These black streams of light were actually capable of damaging the divine soul!

"This is the Blood Sacrifice Spirit Light. If he completes it, everyone in the city will die!" Above, Zhang Zhenbiao shouted and slashed out with his sword. After forcing the Ascendant Tiger Guards back, he flew down.

“Bang!”

He shattered three black lights with a single slash, causing Dao Lord Peng Ming’s face to turn pale.