

## **Pavilion 1071**

### **Chapter 1071 - 1071 I'll Give You a Chance to Die a Glorious Death in Battle (3)**

#### 1071 I'll Give You a Chance to Die a Glorious Death in Battle (3)

But in the next moment, the Ascendant Tiger Guard, who was 100 feet tall, smashed down with a punch, hitting Zhang Zhenbiao in the back.

Zhang Zhenbiao was smashed to the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust.

The sword beams and golden pagodas that blocked the array cover in the void also fell pitifully.

With this blow, even if Zhang Zhenbiao didn't die, he would be seriously injured.

"Buzz!"

In mid-air, gusts of wind swirled and flickered, with a dark golden halo circulating on them.

This was some kind of secret communication mark of the Gale Bandits.

Zuo Baichou said with a gloomy expression, "The Gale Bandits have attracted experts here. If we don't stop the blood sacrifice, the experts of the Gale Bandits will come and slaughter the city."

Zhao Chen opened his mouth, frustration flashing across his face.

He was too greedy.

Otherwise, he would have left this troublesome place long ago.

“Clang—”

The golden tower that had fallen to the ground soared into the sky, emitting a dazzling golden light.

The sound of sword humming resounded.

“What he said is true,” Han Muye, standing in front of the attic window, spoke softly.

He watched as the gathering dark clouds reappeared in front of him, his eyes shimmering.

The transmission from the golden tower was a call for help and a warning.

According to the message conveyed by Zhang Zhenbiao, if this blood sacrifice were completed, it would awaken the soul of a great demon suppressed by the underground geothermal fire.

Whether it was the Nine-Death Insects or the blood sacrifice, it was all for the sake of that great demon's soul.

Was it the divine beast that had been hidden in the convergence of the geothermal fire?

Was that the suppressed soul of a great demon?

If it really was a divine beast rising up, Han Muye was confident he could escape unharmed.

However, he had no idea how many of the cultivators in the city would survive.

Looking at the sword tower flickering with golden light in the void, Han Muye restrained his aura, and a faint sword intent flashed.

"Young Master, the Sword Tower of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect has issued a warning, and all the forces under our jurisdiction must respond, otherwise they will be considered rebellious." Elder Chu's figure flashed below the attic and landed behind Zhao Chen, speaking in a low voice.

Zhao Chen smiled bitterly and nodded. He raised his hand and a golden flag of gathering gold appeared..

In this situation, they couldn't afford to remain idle.

Even if the opponent was the formidable Ascendant Tiger Guard or Dao Lord Peng Ming, who controlled the grand formation.

“Boom!”

Behind Zuo Baichou, two figures dashed out of the attic, crashing through the dome and heading towards the gathering dark clouds.

Elder Chu reached out and took the golden flag of gathering gold. Stepping forward, he collided with a Nine-Death Insect.

The flag wrapped around Nine-Death Insect’s body.

At this moment, figures flew out from within Sanhuo City, either pulling the suppressed Gale Bandits or holding onto the Nine-Death Insect. Several experts with at least the Nascent Soul stage of cultivation went to resist the dark clouds.

No one wanted to die.

They didn’t want to be part of the blood sacrifice, didn’t want to see their city destroyed, and didn’t want to be held accountable by the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Low-level cultivators were like this, struggling for their meager lives.

Originally, they only wanted to cultivate in peace and pursue their own paths, but they couldn’t find a truly peaceful place.

Matters that had nothing to do with them ended up entangling their lives.

“They’re just ants.” In the sky, Dao Lord Peng Ming, who was surrounded by three avatars and his main body, snorted coldly. He raised his hand and caused the canopy in the sky to slowly descend.

Every time the canopy fell, the entire city of Sanhuo seemed to be weighed down by a heavy object, and the pavilions collapsed.

Every cultivator felt their body ache and their limbs felt heavy, as if weighed down by thousands of catties.

While the cultivators were suppressed, the Ascendant Tiger Guard was not.

They moved swiftly, their blades and spears slashing and sweeping, each strike clearing out a space of a hundred feet.

This was a massacre.

The defensive formation of Sanhuo City, in turn, became a killing formation that suppressed all the cultivators in the city!

Zhao Chen’s face was pale as he held a green pearl of light in his hand.

Zuo Baichuan also floated the three short swords in front of him, his body emitting traces of sword intent.

It was unusual that this guy was actually a sword cultivator.

Who would have thought that Zuo Baichou, known for his expertise in business strategies in the Wanshen Trading Company, was actually a swordsman?

However, whether it was Zuo Baichou or Zhao Chen, their expressions were extremely grave.

They had no confidence in escaping under the suppression of the grand formation.

“Actually, there’s no need for all this trouble.”

At that moment, Han Muye, standing in front of the window, suddenly spoke up.

As soon as he finished speaking, his figure moved slightly and appeared in midair.

Raising his hand, the four-layered golden sword tower trembled.

As Zhang Zhenbiao’s sword tower shook, it landed in Han Muye’s hand.

“Gather.”

Han Muye shouted, and the swords scattered all over the city vibrated.

The swords converged into a dragon, let out a roar towards the sky, and then rushed into the sword tower.

The four-story golden sword tower flickered with sword light, transforming into a colossal golden longsword.

The blade of the longsword was grayish-green, with shimmering dark golden patterns, and the hilt bore the mark of a golden sword tower.

“How can you behave atrociously under the rule of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect?”

Han Muye’s low voice reverberated through the air, shaking the void.

At this moment, the space for thousands of miles was filled with the sound of swords humming!

The authentic cultivation technique and sword Dao of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect!

Below, Zhang Zhenbiao, coughing up blood, crawled out of the ruins and looked at Han Muye, who wielded the sword tower in the sky like an immortal being. He shouted, “Zhang Zhenbiao requests Senior Brother to slay the enemy—”

He tossed his longsword into the air, soaring towards the sky!

Han Muye raised his hand and grasped the longsword, calmly saying, "Good."

Good!

This one word epitomized the arrogance of a swordsman!

So what if there were formidable enemies?

So what if the situation was perilous and unsustainable?

With the sword in his hand, blood was burning.

The lives and deaths of millions, the honor and disgrace of the sect, all encapsulated in this one word of commitment.

"A true sword immortal..." Zhao Chen stared at Han Muye, who held his sword aloft, his eyes widening as he murmured to himself.

"Truly a sword immortal's bearing!" Zuo Baichou's face flushed with excitement as he fixed his gaze on Han Muye.



With a single word, Han Muye swept across the sky like a hurricane, engulfing everything.

Radiant immortal light shimmered above Sanhuo City.

He raised his sword, and with a single strike, he slashed towards the boundless canopy in the sky.

There was wind and thunder in the sword!

This was the Sword of Wind and Lightning inherited by the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, and it was also the power of lightning that Han Muye had condensed from the divine beast Kui.

Amidst the rolling wind and thunder, even before the sword light arrived, the canopy had already been lifted up.

“Boom!”

A sword light exploded like a thunderclap, tearing apart the canopy formed by the array.

The interweaving immortal runes were cut in half.

Zhang Zhenbiao's 13 sword lights could only barely block the canopy, but it was cut in half just like that.

“Clean and neat, wind and clouds turning into lightning, good sword technique!” Zhang Zhenbiao, who was holding a broken wooden fragment, raised his head, his eyes shining.

This swordsmanship was rare even among the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s immortals.

Below, countless cultivators looked up.

In front of Zuo Baichuan, three sword lights vibrated, as if they were frightened by this sword.

“Since I borrowed the power of Sanhuo City’s geothermal fire, naturally, I must return it.” Han Muye looked at the stunned and trembling Dao Lord Peng Ming, calmly speaking.

As soon as he finished speaking, he swung his sword once again.

“Slash—”

Streaks of flowing light tore through the Huagai, transforming into flames that fell to the ground.

As these flames descended, they ignited the dormant geothermal fires within the city, and flickering flames illuminated the sky with intense brightness.

The once blazing and dazzling light and heat, at this moment, appeared so familiar and comforting to everyone.

Sanhuo City should be surrounded by such fireworks!

The power of the geothermal fire returned, the grand formation dissipated, and the power suppressing the Gale Bandits and Nine-Death Insects disappeared.

The Nine-Death Insects and the Gale Bandits in their black armor and on their black-armored steeds stood up from the ground.

Han Muye slowly lowered his sword, his gaze sweeping around. He exuded a majestic aura and a profound sword intent that made it impossible to look directly at him.

“Under the jurisdiction of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, any act of rebellion will be met with no mercy.”

Where the sword pointed, clarity emerged in the heavens and the earth!

Whether it was the immortal cultivators, the Gale Bandits in black armor, or the squirming Nine-Death Insects, all came to a slow halt.

Life and death hung by a thread in the face of the sword!

Han Muye slowly raised his sword and pointed it at the trembling Dao Lord Peng Ming, then slowly pointed it at the hundred-foot-tall Ascendant Tiger Guard standing on the Qinghong Square.

The Ascendant Tiger Guard, who was wearing green and gray armor, clenched his fists tightly. His expression was solemn, and his eyes were filled with boundless battle intent.

No certainty, but compelled to fight.

Because the sword in Han Muye's hand condensed a power that made people have no choice but to fight.

"A tiger guard under the command of the exalted Heavenly Demon King of the Bitter Immortal Realm?"

The sword in Han Muye's hand flashed with green light.

"Spanning billions of miles in the heavens and earth, you must have a task that must be completed here.

"I'll give you a chance to die a glorious death in battle."

"Receive my strike."

### **Chapter 1072 - 1072 Ten Steps to Kill a Person, Leaving No Trace for a Thousand Miles**

1072 Ten Steps to Kill a Person, Leaving No Trace for a Thousand Miles

The city was filled with smoke, and a sword pierced the sky.

Whether it was the Gale Bandits who ran amok in the Bitter Immortal Realm or the powerful Nine-Death Insects in Flames, they all bowed their heads in front of this sword.

The Ascendant Tiger Guard and Dao Lord Peng Ming, who had gathered the power of an entire city's array formation, were all ignored.

Only the Ascendant Tiger Guard expert who injured the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's guardian disciple, Zhang Zhenbiao, with that punch was qualified to receive that sword.

Of course, Han Muye said that he deserved to die a glorious death.

Arrogance?

It was arrogance pushed to the extreme.

But at this moment, not a single cultivator in the city dared to make a sound. They all raised their heads and looked at the figure standing in the sky, watching the long sword flickering with a green light.

"Roar—"

The 100-foot-tall Ascendant Tiger Guard let out a loud roar, his fists condensing green immortal light, intertwining with the bloody aura.

A 1,000-foot tall white tiger phantom appeared, with golden demonic patterns shimmering on its body, each one exuding boundless power.

As soon as the white tiger appeared, a fierce and evil aura instantly pervaded, stirring up the immortal energy within a hundred miles and turning it into a vortex.

Gathering the power of the immortal light for a hundred miles, this was a power that surpassed the Heaven Realm.

The white tiger roared lowly, just raising its head, already on par with Han Muye in the sky.

The giant tiger opened its mouth, and the fierce and evil aura exploded as its front paw slammed down directly.

This strike stirred the power of wind and thunder, carrying a surging gust of wind, descending upon Han Muye's head.

The mighty Ascendant Tiger Guard had already used all his strength.

Whether it was Zhao Chen's bodyguard Elder Chu or the two bodyguards of Zuo Baichou, their expressions became solemn as they quickly retreated.

This strike had already exceeded their ability to withstand.

The gust of wind howled, terrifying everyone's hearts.

Within a radius of 100,000 feet, no one could maintain their composure.

It was impossible to imagine who could withstand such a strike.

In the distance, a faint smile appeared on Peng Ming's face.

Below, Zhang Zhenbiao, holding a broken piece of wood, flashed a complex expression in his eyes. He tightly gripped the wooden staff in his hand as his faint blood and immortal light gradually converged.

"I have some experience in killing tigers," Han Muye muttered as he looked at the white tiger phantom's attack.

He released the sword in his hand.

The long sword that was released instantly shone with sword light that soared into the sky, turning into a thousand-foot-long sword.

"Kill!"

"Slash!"

The long sword descended from the sky like a huge pillar.

This sword seemed to be imprinted in everyone's minds, accompanied by their astonished gazes. It descended from the sky and struck the forehead of the hundred-foot white tiger.

"Bang!"

The white tiger's body trembled slightly and was split open by the sword light.

Under that strike, its enormous body was severed in half, shattering into demonic light and evil aura.

The raised tiger tail gently swayed for a moment before finally disintegrating.

Below, the powerful Ascendant Tiger Guard stood on the stone square, tightly clenching his fists, gritting his teeth, and glaring at Han Muye.

"Bam—"

The 100-foot-tall body crashed to the ground!

One strike!

Under the strike of the sword, the formidable Ascendant Tiger Guard, who seemed to dominate the heavens and the earth, fell on the spot.



Just as Han Muye had said, receiving one strike after another would give him a chance to die in battle.

“Buzz!”

After killing the Tiger Guard expert, the sword in Han Muye’s hand trembled slightly. He raised it and pointed it down.

The eyes of the Ascendant Tiger Guards who were running over were bloodshot. They clenched the sabers and spears in their hands and stared at Han Muye.

But that sword made them hesitate.

Their leader, the formidable being like a demon god, couldn’t withstand a single sword.

They were even less qualified.

“Put down your weapons and I’ll give you face.”

Han Muye’s eyes were indifferent.

Dignity had nothing to do with life or death.

Since they stepped into the domain of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect from the bitter immortal realm and wreaked havoc in Sanhuo City, their fate was already sealed.

It was a matter of life and death.

The Ascendant Heaven Tiger Guards looked at each other. Without their leader, they were at a loss.

“Fight to the death and sacrifice!” At that moment, Dao Lord Peng Ming shouted from afar. The incarnations of the three greater demons around him roared, unleashing a surge of demonic light into the sky.

The three incarnations exploded, causing both immortal light and demonic light to scatter and fall to the ground.

The dormant underground fire in Sanhuo City began to rumble and surge once again.

“Fight to the death!”

The Ascendant Tiger Guards roared loudly and rushed towards Han Muye.

The demonic light formed a grand formation, connecting with Dao Lord Peng Ming’s power. Halos intertwined, drawing out a strange force from the depths of the earth’s fire.

As this force emerged, Zhang Zhenbiao’s face turned pale, and he muttered, “It’s over...”

“Blood sacrifice?” Han Muye narrowed his eyes. The sword that had flown out had already turned into a three-foot blade again and was held in his hand.

“Then I’ll make you give up hope.”

With a move, Han Muye appeared in the vast sky.

Then, he held the sword upside down and descended straight down.

Harnessing the power of wind and thunder, he transformed into the fierce and domineering Kui phantom, and the hooves of the Kui stamped down fiercely.

The fusion of swordsmanship and bloodline power!

The sword represented wind and thunder, and the power of the Kui was also wind and thunder.

By combining divine sword techniques, this technique drew inspiration from the inheritance methods of the Heavenly Venerable.

With the accumulation of power, the manifestation of wind and thunder, it was like a massive hammer smashing down.

“Boom!”

The flames exploded and the ground collapsed.

Under the Kuis hooves, the space 1,000 feet deep collapsed, triggering a spreading chain of explosions.

Threads of the void shattered, and the power of the earth fire gathered in Sanhuo City completely dissipated.

A mournful cry echoed from within the earth fire, and a golden flame burst out.

The flames soared 10,000 feet, transforming into a phoenix with nine tails and dual wings, adorned in colorful radiance.

However, this phoenix was clearly injured by the Kui's ground-stomping attack just now. It spread its wings and mourned, its body twisting continuously.

"The power of the phoenix's divine soul.

"The phoenix that undergoes rebirth and is immortal."

The Kui's body slowly subsided, and Han Muye, holding the long sword, radiated a gleam in his eyes.

This was a phoenix that belonged to the same category as the Qilin, Baxia, and Kui.

## **Chapter 1073 - 1073 Ten Steps to Kill a Person, Leaving No Trace for a Thousand Miles (2)**

### 1073 Ten Steps to Kill a Person, Leaving No Trace for a Thousand Miles (2)

However, the phoenix's divine soul remained, suppressed here, absorbing the power of the earth fire.

Now that the earth fire has been completely dispersed, the phoenix's divine soul is also severely injured and can no longer sustain itself. Its body slowly dissipates, leaving only a faint golden bead floating in mid-air.

The Ascendant Tiger Guards who were roaring for a 'death battle' and a 'blood sacrifice' stared blankly at the dissipating phoenix. Their faces were filled with confusion.

They fought to the death, blood sacrifice, all to draw out this power, right?

However, this formidable avian power was drawn out but couldn't withstand a single sword strike!

Dao Lord Peng Ming looked at the phoenix, which had turned into a fiery red bead, with despair evident on his face.

"How did this happen? How did this happen...?"

"This is the soul of an Immortal Demon King, an Immortal Demon King..."

He raised his hand, wanting to draw upon the power of the array in the city, but at this moment, the earth fire dissipated, and the power of the array fell silent.

He was left alone.

All his calculations, all his expectations, turned into nothingness.

Han Muye spread out his hands, and the fiery red bead fell into his palm..

“Dao Lord Peng Ming, you should know the consequences of betraying the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

“Gather all the cultivators in the city. When the experts of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect arrive, you might still have a chance of survival.”

Han Muye threw the long sword in his hand back down, and Zhang Zhenbiao instinctively caught it.

When he looked up, Han Muye was already gone.

Ten steps to kill one person without leaving a trace for a thousand miles.

With the matter settled, he brushed his clothes and left, hiding himself and his name.

In the entire city, no one knew who broke the formation with a single sword, who was the sword cultivator that beheaded the Ascendant Tiger Guard was.

All people knew was that this person had a connection with the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, could wield the Golden Tower, and was called Senior Brother by Zhang Zhenbiao.

All the Gale Bandits were arrested and their cultivation suppressed.

Those Ascendant Tiger Guards who wanted to fight to the death lost their will to resist and gave up.

Their fate had been decided.

As for the Nine-Death Insects in Flames, they were gathered by the experts in the city and handed over to the guardian deacon of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Zhenbiao.

In the end, Dao Lord Peng Ming succumbed, obediently manipulating the remaining power of the earth fire, pulling the strength of the array, and rebuilding Sanhuo City.

He still wanted to live.

Han Muye said that if he obediently listened, there might be a glimmer of hope.

To a grand sect like the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, as long as they were useful, they could live.

The experts from various factions in Sanhuo City quickly gathered together, using their magical techniques to excavate the earth fire and restore the refining furnaces.

If Sanhuo City lost its refining furnaces, it would lose its vitality.

All of this didn't require Han Muye's intervention.

He simply returned to the already dilapidated inn to rest and cultivate.

The battle above the bluestone square had given him inspiration on combining his swordsmanship with his qi and blood power.

However, his greatest gain was the breakthrough in his soul cultivation technique.

With the intimidating power of swordsmanship, he stirred the minds of countless cultivators.

This imperceptible power converged into a river, being drawn and infused into his body like how immortal cultivation absorbed celestial energy, imbuing his being.

For the past few days, Han Muye secluded himself in the inn, surrounded not only by the immortal energy he drew, but also by strands of faint golden spiritual power, or rather, the power of belief.



This power had a similar effect to the power of incense from the mortal world, which could be directly assimilated into the divine repository, then condensed into spiritual power.

Han Muye secluded himself in the city, and rumors about him spread throughout the entire city.

These rumors that stirred the minds became nourishment for his spiritual cultivation.

The significance of harvesting these spiritual powers was even greater to him than the phoenix nirvana bead.

The fiery red bead was a phoenix nirvana bead containing the power of the phoenix's divine soul.

The function of this bead was to absorb various flames' power, gradually grow, gather a trace of phoenix metamorphosis, and become an opportunity to transform into the divine bird, the phoenix.

The divine bird, the phoenix, possessed the power of immortality and was known as an immortal existence in the world.

After being killed, its divine soul would transform into a phoenix nirvana bead, absorbing the power of flames, giving it a chance to be reborn.

To increase the chances and speed of rebirth, the phoenix would transform the phoenix nirvana bead into dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of beads.

These phoenix nirvana beads contained the power of rebirth, the power of immortality, and the power of the phoenix's lineage.

Of course, only those with phoenix bloodline could unleash their power.

At this moment, even though the bead in Han Muye's hand contained immense power, he couldn't exert even a bit of it.

He could only either watch it or treat it as an ordinary fire vein treasure bead for forging magical artifacts.

Han Muye had no shortage of magical artifacts in his hands, so he naturally wouldn't use this precious item for forging.

After investigating the phoenix nirvana bead, he made his spiritual cultivation the priority.

By the time he emerged from seclusion, his spiritual power had reached a new level.

"Young master, Zhang Zhenbiao, the steward-in-command, personally came and said that when you emerged from seclusion, he would like you to pay him a visit." Du Sanzhen stood guard outside Han Muye's meditation room and, upon seeing Han Muye come out, bowed respectfully.

Han Muye nodded and walked out of the inn.

In the end, it was a city of cultivation. In just a few days, the signs of battle had become scarce, and even the buildings had been repaired and looked brand new.

Even the bluestone square, where the battle was the fiercest and the damage the most severe, had been restored to its original state.

Of course, the depleted earth fire would probably never recover.

“Brother Han.” Han Muye arrived at the headquarters of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect where Zhang Zhenbiao was already waiting at the gate, bowing with clasped hands.

If Han Muye hadn’t taken action, he would undoubtedly be dead.

This act of saving his life deserved a bow of gratitude..

Furthermore, Han Muye had demonstrated his combat strength and the inheritance techniques of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. As long as he didn’t die, he would undoubtedly become an elite of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

This bow represented a developing relationship.

Regarding Han Muye’s identity, Zhang Zhenbiao had already learned the details from Zhao Chen and Du Sanzhen over the past few days.

**Chapter 1074 - 1074 Ten Steps to Kill a Person, Leaving No Trace for a Thousand Miles (3)**

### 1074 Ten Steps to Kill a Person, Leaving No Trace for a Thousand Miles (3)

Du Sanzhen and his companions didn't hide anything. Whatever they knew, they would tell Zhang Zhenbiao.

"Brother Zhang, this is your Sword Tower. That day, due to significant personal exhaustion, I urgently went into seclusion to recover and took the Sword Tower with me. I hope you understand."

Han Muye held the golden four-layered Sword Tower in his hands and returned it to Zhang Zhenbiao.

A trace of excitement flashed across Zhang Zhenbiao's face as he nodded and accepted it.

This was something he relied on for his livelihood; he couldn't afford to lose it.

Han Muye's claim of needing seclusion due to exhaustion was just an excuse. With this Sword Tower, he had explored numerous sword artifacts and gained many insights about the Immortal World.

In the past few days, he had gained a deeper understanding of the immortal realm through the Sword Tower.

Han Muye returned the Sword Tower, and Zhang Zhenbiao felt delighted.

As they entered the garrison, the conversations between the two of them became more relaxed, with less estrangement.

Although the fire city suffered heavy losses this time, they had ultimately defended the city and had made significant contributions against the Gale Bandits and the Ascendant Tiger Guards.

Zhang Zhenbiao was afraid that he would gain unexpected benefits from this disaster. His meritorious deeds were truly remarkable.

He didn't hide anything and told Han Muye about it.

"Han Brother, I'll hold onto these merits for now. You haven't become an official disciple of the sect yet, so you can't exchange them for rewards."

"When you become an official disciple, I will return all the merits to you."

As Zhang Zhenbiao spoke, he handed over three palm-sized stones of golden-red color.

These stones contained the power of flames and a hint of strange energy.

"These are the Immortal Stones condensed by the Nine-Death Insects in Flame. They are quite useful."

Lowering his voice, Zhang Zhenbiao whispered, "If you want to nurture the Nirvana Pearl, these Immortal Stones can be used."

Nirvana Pearl.

According to Zhang Zhenbiao's account, the Nirvana Pearl was secretly brought by Peng Ming and had been hidden in the underground geothermal fire of Sanhuo City for thousands of years.

Over the course of a thousand years, this pearl had been absorbing the power of the geothermal fire in Sanhuo City, slowly accumulating the power of nirvana.

Peng Ming also explained that when he fused with the third incarnation, he had visited the Bitter Immortal Realm and obtained a powerful demon incarnation that happened to contain a Nirvana Pearl.

For many years, he had wanted to undergo the nirvana process with this pearl and awaken the power of the divine bird within it.

If he could obtain an immortal incarnation, Dao Lord Peng Ming would dominate the immortal realm.

"In the past, the previous generation of the Immortal Demon King encountered a formidable expert and managed to escape by undergoing nirvana rebirth.

"This Nirvana Pearl is what was left behind after their dispersal."

Each Nirvana Pearl contained a trace of Phoenix soul power, preparing for the process of nirvana.

In theory, each Nirvana Pearl could transform into a Phoenix.

However, once one pearl undergoes rebirth, it becomes extremely difficult for the others to have the opportunity.

“The current generation of the Immortal Demon King is collecting the scattered Nirvana Pearls. As the archenemy, the Ascendant Tiger Guards naturally won’t miss this opportunity.

“The Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow brought out by the Wanshen Trading Company is used to attract the Nirvana Pearls.”

“The Gale Bandits and the Ascendant Tiger Guards that followed are there to seize the power of the Nirvana Pearls.”

Peng Ming had attracted the Ascendant Tiger Guards because the Great Demon incarnation was related to the demons under the Ascendant Heaven Immortal Demon King. He wanted to use their strength to activate the power of the Nirvana Pearl.

For the Immortal Demon King, being able to control another Phoenix power and undergo rebirth, competing against the Immortal Demon King, would be a great achievement.

Zhang Zhenbiao’s eyes revealed a profound light, and his sword intent surged in secret. “Daring to enter my Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s territory and wreak havoc, this matter will not be left unresolved.”

Han Muye nodded.

He certainly understood that the authority of a major sect was not to be trifled with.

“Zhang Brother, let’s discuss something,” Han Muye said in a soft voice, looking at Zhang Zhenbiao.

## **Chapter 1075 - 1075 Ten Thousand Swords Against Ten Thousand Arrows**

### 1075 Ten Thousand Swords Against Ten Thousand Arrows

Zhang Zhenbiao blinked slightly, quickly sat up straight, and nodded, “Please, Brother Han, go ahead.”

Han Muye had formidable cultivation and battle prowess. He had previously saved Zhang Zhenbiao’s life, so as long as the request wasn’t excessive, Zhang Zhenbiao would agree to it.

As a swordsman, he naturally had his own principles of gratitude and grudges.

As a guardian of a region, he also had sufficient power.

Han Muye spoke softly, “I hope Brother Zhang won’t spread information about my identity, about me.”

Zhang Zhenbiao was taken aback for a moment.

Han Muye smiled, “It wouldn’t be good for your reputation, Brother Zhang, if news were to spread about an aspiring cultivator who hasn’t become an official disciple yet, trying to turn the tide.”



Those words made Zhang Zhenbiao blush.

But he knew that Han Muye was telling the truth.

He was a guardian of a region, yet he almost destroyed Sanhuo City. He needed someone who wasn't an official disciple to come to his rescue.

"If you don't mention it, Brother Han..." He was about to continue speaking, but Han Muye waved his hand, "Just say it was a fellow disciple who made a move, and that it was your good friend. There's no need to let other details spread."

It was much better to say that a fellow disciple and good friend had made a move than to reveal that Han Muye didn't have the official disciple status.

Moreover, it would highlight Zhang Zhenbiao's extensive connections and strong background.

Han Muye's request was completely considerate of him!

Zhang Zhenbiao looked at Han Muye, concealing his inner joy, and whispered, "Brother Han, is this not too unfair for you?"

After Han Muye made his move that day and left without leaving his name, Zhang Zhenbiao also didn't publicize his identity too much.

He just didn't want his own reputation to be tarnished.

"It doesn't matter. In the hidden depths of the sword, there will eventually come a time to shine upon the world." Han Muye spoke calmly, his eyes filled with endless depth.

In the hidden depths of the sword, there would eventually come a time to shine upon the world!

This was the true nature of a swordsman!

If such confident words were spoken by an outsider, it would be seen as arrogance.

But when Han Muye said these words, it seemed completely natural.

Having the ability to slay the leader of the Ascendant Tiger Guards with a single sword, he had the capital to say such things.

Thinking of the Ascendant Tiger Guards, Zhang Zhenbiao's heart stirred slightly.

Did Han Muye not want the news of killing the Ascendant Tiger Guards to spread and attract the pursuit of the Bitter Immortal Realm?

Also, the Nirvana Pearl was naturally taken by Han Muye.

Perhaps he did not want outsiders to know about this pearl?

When Han Muye walked out from Zhang Zhenbiao's place, Zhao Chen and Zuo Baichou came to visit.

The three of them sat together on the rooftop of a small building.

"Brother Han, one more day and the teleportation array will be repaired. We can leave Sanhuo City and head directly to Yunlu City," Zhao Chen looked at Han Muye and spoke.

He added with some regret, "It's a pity that the underground fire in Sanhuo City has been depleted to such an extent. It's impossible to restore it to its former prosperity.

"And it's impossible to produce the smelted Black Gold ores for now."

Be it the immortal world or the mortal cultivation world, it was the same.

Between prosperity and decline, there was only a thin line.

Who could guarantee eternal prosperity?

"This is the Black Gold ore that was smelted in advance. Big Brother Han, this portion is for you," Zhao Chen raised his hand and took out a watermelon-sized lump of ore, placing it on the table.

Such a large cart of ore, and only this much was smelted.

Han Muye didn't hesitate either.

He wouldn't return to Sanhuo City for this bit of Black Gold ore. Instead, the Jujin Trading Company had a base here, and he could get it anytime.

"Brother Han, I don't have any immediate tasks, and I also want to visit Yunlu City," Zuo Baichou looked at Han Muye and spoke softly, "I wonder if I could accompany you?"

Although the chaos in Sanhuo City this time had little to do with the Wanshen Trading Company, there were still some implications.

The Red Sandalwood Stone Marrow that attracted the power of the Nine-Death Insects and the Divine Bird was brought by him.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect would investigate this matter, and it would inevitably lead to the Wanshen Trading Company.

On this trip, Zuo Baichou also had to find a way to seek help from a powerful member of the Sword Sect who was familiar with the trading company to clear the company's name.

Of course, wanting to travel with Han Muye, he also had his own personal motives.

The strength displayed by Han Muye's sword had also caught his interest.

Befriending such powerful individuals might become a pillar of support for Zuo Baichou in the future.

"Traveling together is certainly not a problem," Han Muye said with a smile.

For Han Muye, trading companies like the Wanshen Trading Company also held some significance.

Zuo Baichou thanked him again with a cupped hand gesture and then brought out some spirit fruits and immortal wine.

These valuable treasures were hard to come by for outsiders, but the three of them casually tasted them while discussing the anecdotes of the immortal realm in hushed voices.

Han Muye had gained many memories from the sword hidden in Zhang Zhenbiao's sword tower.

Listening to the stories told by the other two, he could still participate in the conversation.

Although the Jujin Trading Company behind Zhao Chen only traveled within a radius of millions of miles, he had traveled around extensively since he was young and had extraordinary experiences.

Zuo Baichou had even broader knowledge. He had set foot in almost every region of the three provinces, and he could talk about the various forces and experts in each place.

Which powerful individuals in the Bitter Immortal Realm should be avoided, who were the true experts under the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's control, and the deeds of those famous elites—they could discuss all of that.

“Have you been to the Blood Battle Sect's territory?” When Zuo Baichou mentioned how difficult it was to do business with the Blood Battle Sect, Han Muye's expression changed, and he asked.

Zuo Baichou nodded, “The Blood Battle Sect mostly consists of battle maniacs who don't reason well.”

Lowering his voice, he whispered, “In recent years, the Blood Battle Sect has taken control of the Ascension Platform and the Spirit Transformation Pool, and there have been fewer pseudo-immortals causing trouble in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.”

Coming to the immortal realm and gaining many memories from the swords, Han Muye truly understood the functions of the Spirit Transformation Pool and the Ascension Platform.

The spread of immortal realm legacies required more realms.

Many disciples would go to the mortal cultivation world to gain experience.

Various resources would also be gathered from the mortal world.

Controlling the Ascension Platform meant controlling a massive amount of resources.

**Chapter 1076 - 1076 Ten Thousand Swords Against Ten Thousand Arrows (2)**

## 1076 Ten Thousand Swords Against Ten Thousand Arrows (2)

However, these resources could not be exploited indefinitely.

But the Blood Battle Sect obviously disregarded this and used the Spirit Refining Pool to refine living beings, and employed those ascending powerhouses to form military formations and launch campaigns everywhere.

Having governed the Immortal Ascension Platform for five thousand years, the strength of the Blood Battle Sect had expanded significantly.

Now, their relationship with the Xuanling Sword Sect and several other sects had reached a breaking point.

“Blood Battle Sect has only controlled the Ascension Platform for less than thirty years. When they step down, which sect will have the best chance?” Han Muye asked.

No one knew the answer to such a question.

At least low-level cultivators could not possibly know.

However, Zuo Baichou had traveled far and wide, and he knew quite a bit from rumors and secret information, as well as his own judgments.

“Brother Han, the control of the Ascension Platform in the Immortal Realm changes every five thousand years. This time it should be the Iron Armor War Sect.

“However, as you know, if the Iron Armor War Sect wants to seize the opportunity to control it, they still have to contend with the Yunlan Dao Sect and several other sects.

“The Cloud Mist Dao Sect took control in the previous five thousand years. As the largest sect in the Raincover Fairy Realm, they are not willing to let go of this opportunity easily.”

The Divine Court Emperor Murong Zheng is from the Cloud Mist Daoist Faction.

The Cloud Mist Dao Sect was the faction that had been in charge of the Immortal Ascension Platform for the longest time in the Rainfall Immortal World.

The Heavenly Brilliance Gate and the Iron Armor War Sect only have the opportunity to control it once every hundred thousand years.

“The Profound Spirit Sword Sect, the Blood Battle Sect, and the Misty Cloud Dao Sect are all possible.” Zuo Baichuan voiced his judgment, and then he said, “It’s mainly to see which family is determined to seize it.”

After all, it was only a chance to control it for five thousand years, and it was just the Ascension Platform, not the entire Immortal Realm.

It would also depend on whether it was worth risking everything for this place.



Zuo Baichou's statement was similar to what Han Muye perceived from his memories of sword techniques.

"The Gale Bandits, the Immortal Demon Kings of the Bitter Immortal Realm, and the Profound Spirit Sword Sect are entangled with this, and they're probably having a headache," Zhao Chen whispered softly from the side.

Zuo Baichou nodded.

Han Muye squinted his eyes and suddenly turned his head to look out the window.

"Buzz!"

A thunderous roar came from the distant sky.

The booming sound was like a stampede of tens of thousands of horses .

"Gale—"

In the void, a howling battle cry resounded.

Gale Bandits!

Arrows.

Countless arrows shot out from a hundred miles away, covering the sky.

“Defend!”

In the City of Scattered Fire, the voice of Zhang Zhenbiao rang out. A golden sword tower appeared, hovering in the void, towering thousands of feet high.

The sword tower emitted flowing streams of light, colliding with the oncoming arrow rain.

A faint and thin palace canopy appeared, combining its power with the sword tower, forming a barrier that pressed down upon the area where the arrows rained down.

Dao Lord Peng Ming activated the remaining power of the formation, displaying some strength as well.

It seemed that he truly wanted to atone for his sins, hoping to receive leniency from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

“Bang!”

The clash of sword light and arrow rain resounded, and the arrows that managed to pass through collided with the light screen formed by the defensive formation, making a loud sound.

The visible and faint light screen was pierced by the arrows one after another, embedding themselves into the newly rebuilt structures of the city.

The wooden buildings were directly pierced through, and each arrow seemed to contain immense force, causing them to explode with a thunderous blast.

“Pa!”

One arrow shattered in front of the small building where Han Muye and the others were gathered.

Elder Chu stepped forward, wielding a long sword, his expression solemn.

“It’s the Gale Pirates’ Gale Arrow Formation.”

Elder Chu flew to Zhao Chen’s side and spoke in a low voice.

“Only by gathering tens of thousands of Gale Bandits can this formation be formed.”

“At a hundred miles away, with ten rounds of arrow rain, even a peak Human Immortal would be unable to withstand it.”

The gale swept across, clouds churned, and the heavens and earth shook.

The Gale Bandits could rampage with their overwhelming numbers, relying on their powerful battle formation.

They traveled freely, spanning thousands of miles.

“Gale Bandits, dare you to attack the city under the jurisdiction of our Mystic Spirit Sword Sect? Are you seeking death?” Zhang Zhenbiao shouted loudly as golden light condensed on the four-tiered sword tower.

A 1,000-foot-tall Primordial Spirit appeared, holding a long sword and standing in the air.

He was also a master at the half-sage realm of Human Immortals, with his strength concentrated and his sword techniques formidable.

With his appearance, the previously chaotic City of Scattered Fire immediately became much calmer.

The previous turmoil had already made many people fearful.

The rain of arrows had stopped.

“Unstoppable,” Zuo Baichou looked towards the distance and whispered, “The Gale Bandit’s Sword Formation is stronger with each round.”

“In the second round of arrow rain, even if it can’t destroy Sanhuo City, it will defeat Zhang Zhenbiao.”

As he said this, he suddenly paused, his expression changing in urgency. “Brother Han, the teleportation array.”

The arrow rain would destroy the teleportation array!

Zhao Chen’s expression changed.

Han Muye nodded, and a faint sword intent emerged from his body.

He didn’t want to get involved in these matters, but unfortunately, he couldn’t stay out of it.

Without the teleportation array, how could he go to Yunlu City?

“Buzz!”

The void trembled.

It was the power gathered by the second volley of arrows.

The longbows were drawn, but the arrows carried a power that intimidated the mind.

This gathering power caused the entire Sanhuo City to tremble slightly, and the immortal energy couldn't condense, seemingly absorbed by the battle formation a hundred miles away.

Zhang Zhenbiao, standing in mid-air, had a solemn forehead and gritted his teeth. He shouted in a low voice, "Gale Bandits, what do you really want?"

The previous imposing majesty of the sect had turned into an inquiry at this moment.

The power of the sect ultimately wasn't their own power.

In the face of life and death, it still depended on oneself.

"Bang!"

The answer to Zhang Zhenbiao was the second round of arrow rain.

No words.

"Kill!"

Zhang Zhenbiao shouted loudly, and the golden light on the sword tower shone brightly as it rushed forward.

Following closely behind was the power of the formation activated by Dao Lord Peng Ming

“Boom!”

The scattered arrow rain in mid-air transformed into a ten-thousand-foot-long arrow that collided with Zhang Zhenbiao’s golden tower.

The golden tower resonated with a loud sound, shattering into pieces of golden fragments.

A three-inch tall gray-green small tower flew back and collided with Zhang Zhenbiao’s primordial spirit shadow, causing it to fall along with its physical form.

This disciple guarding the City of Scattered Fire, after just a few days, was once again heavily injured.

The 10,000-foot arrow that shattered the golden tower plunged straight down, embedding itself into the recently repaired stone square, causing a shower of debris and sinking deep into the ground.

“Buzz!”

That arrow reverberated, emitting a piercing and soul-shaking roar that slowly dissipated after a hundred breaths.

This arrow filled the city with fear.

“Release my Gale Bandit brothers and compensate with one trillion spiritual rocks.

“Hand over the person who captured my Gale Bandit brothers.”

From the void, a cold and indifferent voice resounded.

There was a hint of murderous intent in the voice, as if a sea of corpses and mountains of blood were present.

“Impossible—” Zhang Zhenbiao muttered, his injuries causing him to cough up a mouthful of blood.

“I’m not negotiating with you.” The voice in the void sounded again.

“You’re not qualified to negotiate with me.”

In the cold voice, there was the authority of a superior.

“I’ll give you one hundred breaths.”

One hundred breaths!



Life and death of the entire city rested on these hundred breaths!

Many cultivators panicked and flew away from the city, escaping to the outside.

As the guardian of Sanhuo City, Zhang Zhenbiao would never give up the face of the sect and submit to the Gale Bandits.

Sanhuo City was destined to fall!

Zhang Zhenbiao held his long sword, supporting the gray-green small tower, his expression changing.

He looked up at the sky.

“For sword cultivators like us, life and death are but a fleeting moment.”

He let out a long roar to the sky, the sword intent within him bursting forth, his face filled with resolute determination to die.

“Brother Han, Zhang Zhenbiao swears to live and die with Sanhuo City. When the sect members arrive, please inform them that I, Zhang Zhenbiao, have not disgraced the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s honor.”

Within a hundred breaths, both Han Muye and Zhang Zhenbiao could escape.

But Zhang Zhenbiao was the steward of Sanhuo City. If he left, the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's reputation would be ruined.

His life and death were already bound to his duty.

But Han Muye could leave.

In the attic, Zhao Chen and Zuo Baichuan both looked at Han Muye.

The Gale Pirates would launch the third round of arrow rain after a hundred breaths, which was enough time for them to leave the city.

"A hundred breaths?"

Han Muye took a step forward, and the sword light on his body trembled, causing the void to shatter slightly.

In mid-air, Han Muye nodded towards Zhang Zhenbiao.

"Just wait for me for 10 breaths."

Ten breaths?

For what?

Zhang Zhenbiao was slightly stunned and hadn't spoken yet when his eyes widened.

Behind Han Muye, a long sword flew out of the scabbard, transforming into a dragon of sword light, soaring across the sky, carrying Han Muye hundreds of miles in an instant.

Man and sword, shining in the air.

"I'll give you all a chance."

The dragon of sword light roared as Han Muye slowly pointed his sword downward.

Countless cavalymen stood in formation, their longbows fully drawn.

"Let me see how capable the notorious Gale Bandits of the Bitter Immortal Realm truly are."

Below, within the battle formation, a loud shout came, "Fire—"

Ten thousand arrows were released, blotting out the sky.

A gleam of excitement flashed in Han Muye's eyes as he swung his sword.

The dragon of sword light erupted with a thunderous explosion.

Ten thousand swords.

Against ten thousand arrows!

### **Chapter 1077 - 1077 The Trial of Yunlu City, The Beginning of Soaring**

1077 The Trial of Yunlu City, The Beginning of Soaring

Why did he practice swordsmanship?

Han Muye knew from the moment he held the hilt.

With the sword in hand, the sword was in his heart.

With a sword in hand, his heart remained calm.

With a sword in his heart, he cared not for formidable enemies in front of him; he would simply slay them with a single strike.

Even if a rain of arrows fell from below, swift as the wind, converging with the force of a piercing cone.

Even if the name of the Gale Arrow Formation resounded throughout the Immortal World and rampaged through the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Even if he stood alone with a sword, facing 10,000 arrows simultaneously.

He would unleash this strike!

The myriad sword lights collided with the swiftly shot arrows, breaking through their shadows before plummeting straight down.

It wasn't just one sword that did this.

It was as if all the swords in the world did it!

As a swordsman, if he couldn't control each sword light he unleashed, then what was the point of practicing the sword?

But compared to Han Muye's previous technique of 10,000 swords and 10,000 methods, this was already a hundred times easier.

The myriad sword lights cleaved the myriad long swords in half, and then the sword lights continued relentlessly, descending directly.

This strike, unexpectedly fell straight onto the top of the arrow formation, intending to shatter it.

If the arrow formation shattered, the 10,000 Gale Bandits would definitely die.

“Defend—”

With a loud shout, the leader in black armor sitting at the forefront of the arrow formation leaped up, wielding a nine-foot-long spear in hand.

Blades transformed into a thousand green serpents, blocking the sword lights.

The arrow formation below changed, with everyone raising their longbows, drawing the bowstrings taut, causing a faint halo of light to appear, floating silently in mid-air.

The Gale Arrow Formation not only excelled in long-range attacks but also in close defense. It was truly remarkable.

Han Muye’s gaze fell upon this forbidden battle formation, his expression unchanged, only slightly reducing the force of his sword in hand.

“Bang!”

Ten thousand swords slashed down, and the thousand Dao dragons led by the Gale Pirates shattered. The sword light collided with the spear in his hand, causing the sound of metal colliding.

A single strike.

1,000 swords.

The spear shattered.

Like a torrential flow, the sword lights sent this expert at the Sage realm crashing to the ground, then they thunderously struck down towards the light curtain rising from the arrow formation.

“Bang!”

The light curtain shattered, the sword lights exploded, and the longbows in the hands of the Gale Bandits also fractured and crumbled.

The defensive formation, broken by a single sword!

In the void, Han Muye held his sword with a calm expression.

“It’s a pity I didn’t get to witness the ten rounds of simultaneous shooting by the Gale Arrow Formation.”

The tip of his sword exuded a cold aura.

Below, the leader of the Gale Pirates, who had been knocked down, slowly stood up. He removed his face mask, revealing a scarred and weathered face.

“I am Chang Linhui, the commander of the Gale 37th Formation. Let them go. I’ll bear all the blame.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the battle formation behind him surged with vitality and blood. The phantom of a wind leopard with a towering stature emerged.

Its body was grayish-blue, covered in golden spots, with a long tail and a slender body. Its eyes radiated a mesmerizing purple light.

The phantom of the wind leopard roared lowly at Han Muye.

“Do not provoke him!” Chang Linhui shouted, opened his hands, and removed the iron armor from his body.

“I surrender.”

Han Muye glanced at him, his figure moved, and he disappeared in mid-air.

Chang Linhui looked up, let out a sigh of relief, his face turned pale at first, then flushed, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. His body went limp, and he knelt on the ground.



“Impressive, such a formidable swordsman...”

Behind him, a group of Gale Bandits rushed to support him, but he waved them away, shaking his head.  
“Go, I said I would surrender.”

Just as the people behind him were about to persuade him, Chang Linhui shouted, “Get lost! Do you want to die here?”

“The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s army is about to arrive. If we don’t leave now, we’ll all die!”

The people behind him looked at each other, clasped their fists, bowed, and then triggered the arrow formation to split into hundreds of torrents, rushing away.

At this moment, Han Muye had already returned to the attic.

From the time he left to the time he returned, exactly 10 breaths had passed.

“So, this is what you called ‘10 breaths,’ Brother Han...” Zhao Chen’s face flickered with fanaticism as he spoke softly.

Behind him, Elder Chu looked at Han Muye again. Apart from a solemn expression, there was a hint of respect.

Standing on the bluestone square, Zhang Zhenbiao raised his head and looked at the sky that had regained its light.

Was the difference between people really that great?

He had been cultivating in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect for over 8,300 years, reaching the realm of a Sage, overseeing his own domain, living carefree.

In the past thousand years, his cultivation had not advanced much.

But that was nothing. The sect had countless Sages who had been practicing for ten thousand years or even a hundred thousand years.

At this level, progress was like grinding water.

He had thought that everyone was like this.

Today, Han Muye's ten breaths had made him understand that humans were really different.

Traces of battle intent appeared on his body.

"It's time to leave the city..." After muttering to himself, he turned around and left slowly.

For 10 breaths.

The pressure outside the city dissipated.

Whether it was the cultivators who fled out of the city or those who stayed in the city to watch, they all widened their eyes in disbelief.

A Gale Thief 10,000-man battle formation collapsed just like that. Within 10 breaths!

The dazzling sword light wreaked havoc, breaking through the arrow formation and defeating the Gale Pirates head-on.

Was this the true strength of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect?

Truly a dominant force in the realm of cultivation, a hegemon in the Immortal World.

This one sword, these 10 breaths, truly displayed the methods of a great sect.

From this day forward, the strength of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect would be etched into the hearts of everyone.

As for the powerful figure who wielded the sword, knowing that he was from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was enough.

With such a mighty force as the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, perhaps any random expert could easily sweep away the renowned Gale Bandits?

“Ten breaths means ten breaths. F\*cking amazing!” A burly man carrying a large sword had a look of admiration in his eyes as he clapped his hands and cheered.

“I’m impressed, this is what a true swordsman looks like!” An old man, covered in smoke and with slightly disheveled hair, gazed at the calm horizon and murmured to himself.

### **Chapter 1078 - 1078 The Trial of Yunlu City, The Beginning of Soaring (2)**

#### 1078 The Trial of Yunlu City, The Beginning of Soaring (2)

Within the city, there were sighs of emotion everywhere.

Invisible forces drifted through the void and were then gathered by a certain power.

This was the best nourishment for cultivating the power of the divine soul.

Han Muye wasn’t one to be polite.

“Boom!”

A rumbling sound came from the void.

Fifteen minutes later, hundreds of sword lights descended from the sky and scattered throughout the city.

The city gate, city wall, and several large armament furnaces were all suppressed by sword lights.

“Buzz!”

In the void, sword lights rose and transformed into a colossal phantom of a towering sword.

The sword formation was complete, and all the cultivators in the scattered fire city breathed a sigh of relief, feeling as if they had been given a new lease on life.

Half a day later, a sword light crossed the sky, carrying a thousand-foot illusion, and directly slammed into the central square of the scattered fire city.

As the sword light fell, a powerful force enveloped an area of thousands of miles.

This was a top-tier expert in the way of the sword, and this sword light was already capable of suppressing the power of heaven and earth.

Fifteen minutes later, a loud shout resounded through the world, causing the land to rumble. “The Gale Bandits attacking Sanhuo City is a provocation to my Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

“I, Xiong Ke, the Elder of the Zhenxuan Hall in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, hereby issue a decree to eradicate all Gale Bandits in the Transient Wasteland.”

An eight-story sword tower floated in the air, with sword lights sweeping through the surrounding void.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect issued a mission to exterminate the Gale Bandits!

Although all the cultivators in Sanhuo City knew that the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect would seek revenge, they didn’t expect it to be so severe, directly launching an extermination campaign.

Moreover, a deacon Elder dared to issue an order to exterminate the powerful Gale Bandits. The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect did not take the Gale Bandits seriously at all.

Various discussions filled the city, but instead of fear, more people felt a sense of relief.

The unknown expert from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect could break the Ten Thousand Cavalry Array. Now, a steward elder has arrived, and it is only natural for them to confront the Gale Bandits scattered throughout the Transient Wasteland.

Zhang Zhenbiao, pale-faced, stood respectfully in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s stronghold.

In front of him stood an old man in a black robe, carrying a green longsword on his back.

The old man had long eyebrows like swords, and it seemed like sword energy surged in his eyes.

On both sides of the hall, several tall figures, their bodies intertwined with sword intent, stood motionless.

In the lower part of the hall, Dao Lord Peng Ming was slumped and trembling, kneeling on the ground.

“Elder, the trial disciple that Senior Zhang mentioned has already left the newly repaired teleportation array.

“Just a quarter of an hour ago, he was accompanied by Zuo Baichou from Wanshen Trading Company and Zhao Chen from Jujin Trading Company.”

A middle-aged swordsman wearing half-body armor and carrying three longswords strode in from outside and respectfully reported to the elder at the head.

Hearing his words, the black-bearded elder frowned.

Below, Zhang Zhenbiao lowered his head. His eyes flickered with joy.

“Zhang Zhenbiao.” The old man’s eyes were like lightning as he spoke in a low voice.

“Elder, I’m here,” Zhang Zhenbiao bowed.

Xiong Ke was an ultimate expert at the peak of Human Immortal realm and the Elder in charge of the Zhenxuan Hall.

However, Zhang Zhenbiao was from the Zhenhuang Hall and did not belong directly under Xiong Ke's command.

Today, he showed respect because he was respectful towards the elder's identity and his arrival for rescue.

"Our sect's disciples have suffered casualties, and the scattered fire in the city has been extinguished, causing extensive damage. As the guardian disciple, you have a responsibility," Xiong Ke's voice sounded indifferent.

Zhang Zhenbiao did not defend himself. He simply bowed his head and remained silent.

If the elder truly wanted to punish him, he would have already taken action when interrogating Dao Lord Peng Ming.

At this point, Han Muye had already left, so there was no reason to suppress him.

Indeed.

"Although you cannot escape from your guilt, your contributions are not insignificant," Xiong Ke's voice carried a hint of gentleness.



“One hundred Ascendant Tiger Guards, 20 Nine-Death Insects, and the Gale Bandits both inside and outside the city,” Xiong Ke shook his head, a sense of emotion in his voice. “Even I can’t fathom how you managed to defend the city in such a situation.”

His words made the surrounding disciples of the Sword Sect show a hint of admiration as they looked at Zhang Zhenbiao.

According to the information they had gathered, Zhang Zhenbiao had been seriously injured and fought desperately several times, even having the intention to perish with the city.

He fulfilled his duty of defending the territory.

Moreover, he was able to maintain stability in such a perilous situation. Zhang Zhenbiao indeed had skills.

“Elder, you flatter me. It is the prestige of our sect and the overall situation of our Sword Sect that I rely on,” Zhang Zhenbiao raised his head, displaying an imposing righteousness.

Zhang Zhenbiao looked up with a righteous expression.

“Furthermore, Brother Han is also a disciple of our Sword Sect. His actions are a testament to the prosperity of our sect and the existence of countless powerful individuals.”

His words were eloquent.

Whether it was upholding the righteousness of the sect or pointing out Han Muye's identity, he stood on the side of the sect.

Truly deserving of being a disciple responsible for defending the territory..

Xiong Ke nodded, a smile appearing on his face. "As for the disciple with the surname Han, he does not yet have an official status in the sect. It would be better to credit you with the achievements."

"The accomplishments of capturing a leader of the Gale Bandits, hundreds of Gale Bandits, and the merits of the Ascendant Tiger Guards are sufficient for you to exchange for meritorious service and directly reach the level of Sword Sage."

This was a great achievement.

The other disciples around him wore expressions of envy.

As long as Han Muye's contributions were erased, everything would be attributed to Zhang Zhenbiao.

A glimmer of longing flashed in Zhang Zhenbiao's eyes, but he shook his head.

"Elder, it is Brother Han's accomplishments. I will never erase them."

Upon hearing his words, Xiong Ke's expression darkened. "Have you thought it through? Without significant achievements, your guilt will not be light."

Zhang Zhenbiao laughed heartily, cupped his hands, and said loudly, "Elder, rest assured. When my senior brother from the Zhenhuang Hall arrives, I will relinquish my duty of defending the territory and go to the Zhenhuang Hall's headquarters to accept punishment."

After speaking, he bowed slightly. "I have injuries to attend to, so I will go for treatment first."

He turned around and left.

Xiong Ke's expression changed.

The disciples looked at each other, and someone helped Peng Ming, who was lying on the ground, to leave.

"Elder, why did you want to erase the achievements of that disciple surnamed Han?" the middle-aged swordsman who had just reported earlier looked around and asked in a low voice.

Others were also curious.

They had already investigated the city and asked for information.

That disciple from the Han Sword Sect had powerful combat strength and defeated his enemy with a single strike. The entire city was filled with rumors about him.

Such a person could greatly increase the prestige of the Sword Sect.

Moreover, as long as this person became an official disciple, he would definitely grow into an elite in the sect.

“What do you know?” Xiong Ke’s expression was gloomy as he shouted in a low voice, “This person is close to Zhang Zhenbiao. After becoming an official disciple, he will also join the Desolate Suppression Hall.”

“Our Profound Suppression Hall and the Hall Masters of the Desolate Suppression Hall are not on good terms. How can we increase the number of elite experts of the Desolate Suppression Hall?”

His words made everyone’s expressions stiffen.

Xiong Ke waved his hand and shook his head. “You don’t have to worry about this matter. The news of this city will eventually spread. Zhang Zhenbiao won’t be able to escape his credit, and he won’t be able to escape responsibility.”

“As for that disciple with the surname Han, what if he fails to become a disciple of our Sword Sect...”

...

At this moment, Han Muye, who was being talked about throughout the scattered fire city, had quietly arrived in Yunlu City through the teleportation array.

He didn't want to confront that powerful expert from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. He simply didn't want any trouble.

"Brother Han, I will go and find a Sword Sect expert who is acquainted with our Wanshen Trading Company," Zuo Baichou clasped his fists and whispered to Han Muye, "Our company will definitely shoulder some blame for this mess."

The red sandalwood stone marrow was brought by Zuo Baichuan. If they didn't investigate thoroughly, it would be fine, but once they did, Wanshen Trading Company would be unable to provide a clear explanation.

Zuo Baichou had to settle everything within the Wanshen Trading Company before the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect took action, ensuring that their company remained unscathed.

Breaking the bank to avoid a disaster was something those in the business world were accustomed to.

"Brother Han, it would be best for you to establish your identity as soon as possible to prevent complications in the long run," Zuo Baichou whispered softly to Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand. "Very well, I will go to the Trial Hall and establish my identity."

After Zuo Baichou left, Han Muye, Zhao Chen, and Du Sanzhen didn't linger and headed straight for the Trial Hall in Yunlu City.

This was the first time Du Sanzhen and the others had come to Yunlu City, and they were awestruck by the magnificent pavilions and grand halls that stretched out around them, shining with golden light.

“Now this is what a major city in the cultivation world looks like!” a senior beside Du Sanzhen exclaimed softly.

Yunlu City was 80 million miles away from Qingyun Town, and most cultivators from that area had never been here before.

The Transient Wasteland was difficult to traverse, and the teleportation arrays were too expensive.

With stone pavements and golden towers, Yunlu City’s central area was filled with towering halls.

Those halls were all properties of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

“That’s the Trial Hall of the Sword Sect,” Zhao Chen pointed forward to a triple-layered grand hall, excitement evident on his face. He turned and bowed to Han Muye.

“Zhao Chengong wishes Brother Han success!”

Du Sanzhen and the others also bowed and chanted softly, “Congratulations to Young Master on soaring to the sky!”

As soon as Han Muye stepped into the grand hall and passed the trial, he would obtain the official disciple status of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

With this identity, he would truly establish himself in the Immortal World.

Han Muye smiled and nodded gently.

### **Chapter 1079 - 1079 Refreshing Trial Records Begin**

#### **1079 Refreshing Trial Records Begin**

It was just a trial.

All around, curious gazes were cast over.

There were many people who came to the trial hall, some were full of confidence, some were ambitious, and many others were nervous and anxious.

Like Han Muye, there were also people congratulating him, but they were few.

Not everyone could gather a force around them before becoming a disciple of the Sword Sect.

Those who had their own influence early on had generally passed the trial.

After all, the Sword Sect's trial required strong individuals, right?

Outside the main hall, there were already dozens of sword cultivators wearing the outer robes of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

“Identity jade token, technique records, proof of inheritance, trial fee, all prepared.”

“Queue up and enter the hall, no noise allowed.”

One by one, the cultivators participating in the trial formed a long line and slowly moved forward.

Most of them were sword cultivators, but there were also some cultivators with the scent of fireworks or pills on them.

Although the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was a sword sect, it didn't exclusively recruit sword cultivators.

Han Muye hid his aura and stood in the crowd, not attracting much attention.

Those sword cultivators in front and behind him were all filled with fighting spirit.

Walking to the stone steps in front of him, Han Muye handed over several jade tokens.

These were his identification documents and various inheritance records.

Wang Jintai had already taken care of them in Qingyun Town.



There was also a dark golden token, the trial fee, which was handed over with the jade tokens.

The trial gold was worth 1,000 spiritual rocks.

This could be sold by disciples guarding various towns.

Whoever sold them could also receive a commission from it.

This trial fee was given to Han Muye by Wang Jintai, without any spiritual rocks exchanged.

A trial disciple was worth 1,000 spiritual rocks. This business was very good.

At least a thousand people had come to the trial hall today.

The green-robed disciple checked the jade tokens and trial fee, found no issues, and returned them to Han Muye.

“Go inside and hand them over to the senior disciples in charge, they will arrange the trial.”

The outer sect disciples didn't have the authority to make decisions; this was just the first checkpoint.

Han Muye took the jade tokens and walked up the stone steps into the hall.

Upon entering the hall, he saw seven or eight inner disciples sitting behind a long table, waiting for the participants of the trial to approach.

Han Muye walked forward and placed the jade tokens and trial fee on the table.

The sword cultivator, who appeared to be in his thirties, glanced at Han Muye and then held the jade tokens.

“Han Muye from Qingyun Town, proficient in Wind Thunder Sword Technique, Water Control Technique, and cultivation at...” The disciple paused for a moment, then whispered, “Peak of Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Stage.”

With such cultivation, passing the trial was already a sure thing.

The other sect disciples turned their heads to look at Han Muye.

Even the cultivators waiting for the trial in the hall turned their heads.

This seemingly unimposing guy turned out to be a powerhouse at the Heaven Realm?

He had already reached the Heaven Realm and then came to participate in the trial. This guy was really composed.

“Qingyun Town, if I remember correctly, it’s where Senior Brother Wang Jintai is stationed, right?” said a middle-aged sword cultivator sitting at the front table, looking at Han Muye and speaking softly.

Han Muye nodded.

The sword cultivator’s eyes flickered with a glimmer. “Do you know Wang Jintai, Senior Brother?”

Han Muye nodded again and took out a letter.

“Senior Brother Wang wrote me a letter of recommendation.”

He showed the front of the envelope. On it were the words ‘Respectfully from Jintai’ written on it.

Seeing the envelope, the sword cultivator stood up with a smile on his face. He cupped his hands and said, “Since you’re recommended by Junior Brother Wang, you’re one of us.”

The other inner disciples responsible for the trial also had smiles on their faces.

Wang Minghe, who guarded the Yuzhe Province, was an elder of the Zhenxuan Hall. In the vast Transient Wasteland, most of the disciples guarding were from the Zhenxuan Hall.

However, this was not absolute.

“Don’t make hasty decisions before participating in the trial. The Qi Yuan Hall also welcomes elites to join,” said a sword sect disciple in a green robe, standing up from behind the long table and looking at Han Muye.

“I also welcome elites to join the Qi Yuan Hall.”

It was unclear how many halls the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had, even the disciples of the sect couldn’t say for sure.

Because many lineages had been lost, a hall might have fallen into silence and ceased to exist.

But there were also those that quietly rose and established their own hall.

However, the truly renowned halls that supported the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect were only a few.

Zhenxuan Hall, Zhenhuang Hall, Zhenxian Hall, Zhenling Hall, and also the Xuntian Hall and Zhantian Hall.

Xuntian and Zhantian were special existences. Disciples from other halls could join, but they had to pass extremely rigorous trials.

It was said that even the elites from other halls were not guaranteed to pass the trials for Zhantian and Xuntian Halls.

The Four Great Halls of Mystic Wilderness and Immortal Spirit encompassed the main power of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Han Muye hadn't heard of the Qi Yuan Hall, but he didn't directly refuse their offer to recruit him. He just nodded without speaking.

Han Muye hadn't heard of the Qi Yuan Hall, but he didn't directly refuse their offer to recruit him. He just nodded without speaking.

A sword cultivator in his thirties, dressed in a green robe, took the time to accompany him and explain the rules of the trial.

Han Muye not only had the letter of recommendation but also had the identity of a peak Heavenly Realm Nascent Soul cultivator. Even if he couldn't become an elite disciple, he was guaranteed a secure position within the inner hall.

"Junior Brother Han, the trial ground is teleported over. It will take a total of 30 days. As long as you obtain enough merit points, you can become a disciple of the sect."

Hu Jie, the inner hall sword cultivator, handed a jade token to Han Muye and whispered, "However, if you want to become an elite disciple, you'll need to stand out, even grab attention."

Han Muye nodded. Through the jade token, he had already gained some understanding of the trial.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect controlled the eight states, and there were tens of thousands of people in this kind of trial every day.

## **Chapter 1080 - 1080 Refreshing the Trial Records Begins (2)**

## 1080 Refreshing the Trial Records Begins (2)

Among these people, only one in ten thousand could truly stand out.

That was true. If there were really so many genius experts, then the entire Mysterious Spirit Sword Sect should be filled with elites at this moment.

A true elite could be displayed in the intermediate trial.

Such a person would be invited by all parties.

Although the trial was said to be 30 days, it was actually 300 days in the trial ground.

In these 300 days, as long as he accumulated enough merit points, he would be teleported to the next level.

It was said that there were people who went one level a day in the trial grounds and passed through 100 levels in 300 days to enter the elite level.

Those who could become elites in the trial had to clear at least the 80th level.

Not only could one pass through the trial grounds with sufficient cultivation and combat strength,

Han Muye was treated well, and the other disciples participating in the trial could only be envious.

Not everyone could come up with a recommendation book.

Moreover, the prince, king, and monarch, Jin Tai, were the grandnephews of Ming He, the guardian of Yuze state.

Their relationship was very strong.

A hundred people gathered in the hall. An inner sect disciple took out the token in his hand, and a golden stream of light activated the array in the center. A light screen rose and enveloped the hundred people.

When the light screen dissipated, Han Muye and the others had already disappeared.

“Senior Brothers, in the past trials, when you encounter important people, you will activate the Spirit Illumination array formation. Is this array activated today?” Hu Jie turned to look at everyone in the hall and smiled.

At this moment, besides the eight Sword Sect disciples responsible for the trials, there were also several hundred trial disciples standing on the side, waiting for the activation of the grand formation.

Upon hearing about the Spirit Illumination Formation, everyone’s eyes lit up.

The Spirit Illumination Formation was a means to observe the trial grounds through the formation.

It facilitated the exploration of elite talents that each trial hall was concerned about.

For disciples who had not yet participated in the trials, seeing the situation in the trial grounds in advance would greatly benefit them.

“Hehe, it has been over two years since the Spirit Illumination Formation in my Yunlu City was last activated, hasn’t it?” The black-bearded old man sitting in the middle nodded and chuckled.

His name was Zhao Xu, and he was a deacon in the Trial Hall. He had a lot of authority.

If someone outstanding emerged from the grand hall trials, he would have contributed to it.

“It’s been two years and three months,” the disciple from Qiyuan Hall, who spoke earlier, said.

“Very well, then let’s activate the Spirit Illumination Formation.” Zhao Xu nodded, squinted his eyes, and said calmly, “Choose the location where Han Muye landed as the spot to illuminate with the formation.”

He had activated this array to see Han Muye’s performance in the trial.

When the grand formation was activated, it naturally focused on him.



As for revealing Han Muye's methods, this was very normal. Sword cultivators were afraid of not being noticed.

Zhao Xu spoke, and everyone nodded. They all raised their hands and shot out a golden light.

The golden light collided in the center of the hall and turned into a light screen.

A vast space appeared in the intermediate light screen.

"This is the trial ground!" Someone among the trial disciples exclaimed softly.

"Look, cut the crap." In front of them, a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect in a green robe turned around and shouted.

Everyone immediately fell silent, quietly observing the ever-changing scenes within the light screen.

Every trial disciple who entered the trial grounds from this place had already received a mark in the trial hall.

Han Muye naturally had one too.

Spiritual light flashed on the light screen, and then Han Muye appeared.

At this moment, Han Muye stood in a desolate plain, looking up at a golden eye 30 feet above his head.

This was the Spirit Illumination Array.

The intermediate jade token that Hu Jie gave him contained an introduction to the Spirit Illumination Array.

In fact, even without the Spirit Illumination Array, all the scenes of the trial disciples in the trial could be reviewed.

Therefore, certain methods couldn't be used.

Han Muye nodded, then looked ahead.

The people who landed in the trial grounds with him had already scattered, with most of them wielding their swords and going their own way.

There were also dozens of trial disciples who chose not to move and instead followed behind Han Muye.

Now, seeing the golden eye above Han Muye's head, joy appeared on their faces.

For most trial disciples, as long as they didn't fall within these three hundred days and passed through the first five levels of the trial grounds, they would become outer disciples of the Sword Sect.

Passing the 10th level of the trial grounds would make them inner sect disciples.

The disciples following behind Han Muye didn't think that far ahead; as long as they could make it to the fifth or sixth level, they could relax afterwards.

When they arrived here just now, everyone had already paid their respects to Han Muye and obtained his permission to stay by his side.

Now, seeing Han Muye being focused on by the Spirit Illumination Formation, clearly being regarded as an elite seed, how could they not be delighted?

Which elite seed didn't easily pass through dozens of levels of the trial grounds?

"Boom!"

Ahead, the sword cultivators who rushed forward had already unsheathed their swords.

Sword light shimmered as they killed the black wind wolves that appeared on the desolate plain.

According to the records in the trial jade slip, the first level of the trial grounds only required killing a hundred Foundation Establishment-level Wind Wolves.

This level was easy.

Han Muye opened his hand, and in his palm was a dark golden round jade.

Currently, the divine light on the jade stone was dim, but once he passed the first trial, the divine light would appear, teleporting him to the second level.

The trial grounds of the entire Mystic Spirit Sword Sect were considered a relatively perfect closed system.

“Let’s go.” Without hesitation, Han Muye took a step forward.

Since he had reached this point, he would no longer hide.

His strength had already been revealed in Qingyun Town and Sanhuo City. Now, why bother concealing it?

It was just an entry-level trial!

Sword light converged, and behind Han Muye, numerous long swords floated in the air.

It was rare to see dozens of disciples forming a formation and advancing in the trial grounds.

“Buzz!”

A green eye appeared above Han Muye's head.

"This is the Eye of the Formation Spirit of the trial grounds!" Behind Han Muye, someone exclaimed.

In the trial hall of Yunlu City, there were also people who exclaimed in awe.

Indeed, an extraordinary individual. Just a hundred breaths into the formation, and he has already attracted the attention of the Formation Spirit's Eye," Hu Jie smiled.

Activating the array spirit's eye would attract the attention of the other trial halls.

This way, Han Muye could directly gain fame.

Their Yunlu City could also bask in his glory.

"Even before striking a single sword, he has already garnered the attention of the Formation Spirit. In the past, only the direct disciples of the elders or those elite individuals who came incognito had such treatment."

Zhao Xu chuckled and stroked his beard.

As long as Han Muye could show his strength a little, he would benefit from it and gain considerable merit.

“Who was the fastest to pass the first level of the trial in our Yunlu City before?” Suddenly, a disciple next to Zhao Xu spoke up.

The others were slightly stunned.

“It seems to be Senior Chen Si, who passed the first level 185 years ago.”

“After 16 hours on the first level, after 300 days on the 84th level, you will directly enter the elite and become a disciple of the Zhenxuan Hall. It’s a pity they didn’t enter the Xuntian and Zhantian levels.”

A middle-aged disciple beside Hu Jie spoke in a low voice.

He passed the first level in 16 hours.

Whether it was the few Sword Sect disciples or the disciples waiting for the trial, everyone’s faces showed reverence and envy.

Zhao Xu nodded and didn’t say anything.

Who knew that today?

“Boom!”

On the light screen, Han Muye's sword floated in the air, turning into a thousand-foot-long sword light that slashed down at the charging Wind Wolves.

The sword was incomparably sharp!

With one strike, at least 30 Wind Wolves' bodies shattered.

The sword light killed the Wind Wolves and spun, turning into a 10,000-foot-long vortex. The sword shadows shattered the scattered Wind Wolves.

There were also many Wind Wolves trapped, slashed by the sword light, and covered in blood.

The mission of killing a hundred Wind Wolves with one sword strike was completed.

Not only did he kill a hundred Wind Wolves with a single strike, but he also trapped more than a thousand Wind Wolves.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the jade stone in his palm had become translucent. As long as he infused it with immortal energy, it would transport him to the second level.

"You have a quarter of an hour. After a quarter of an hour, proceed to the second level of the trial grounds." Han Muye held the jade stone and spoke calmly.

A quarter of an hour to the second level!

In the trial hall of Yunlu City, everyone was stunned.

Han Muye's sword completely refreshed everyone's understanding of the trial.

How could the entrance trial of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect be so easy?

"What a pity. If I hadn't waited for this quarter of an hour!" Zhao Xu muttered softly with a hint of regret on his face.

"Perhaps Senior Brother Han doesn't want to reveal too much of his edge?" Hu Jie whispered, his eyes fixed on Han Muye within the light screen.

Reveal too much of his edge?

Wasn't that single strike just now enough?

A quarter of an hour went by.

The trial disciples following behind Han Muye killed the Wind Wolf imprisoned by Han Muye's sword light. Then, golden light flashed on their bodies, and they disappeared from the first level of the trial with Han Muye.



On the second level, golden light shimmered.

Above Han Muye's head, five golden and green eyes appeared.

Han Muye raised his head slightly, took a look, and looked ahead calmly.

One by one, fiery red bulls that were 10 feet long came charging towards him.

Han Muye slowly raised the sword in his hand.

The trial disciples following behind him had fanatical expressions.

In the trial hall of Yunlu City, Zhao Xu unconsciously clenched his fists.

How long would it take to pass this level??