

Pavilion 1081

Chapter 1081 - 1081 A Ruthless Sword!

1081 A Ruthless Sword!

The Crimson Flame Savage Bull, a creature that feeds on flames, possessed the power of fire within its bloodline.

It was a monster living in a different world, its entire body brimming with the power of fire, capable of turning its enemies into ashes.

Each Crimson Flame Savage Bull possessed the strength of an Earth Realm warrior, and when they gathered together, their power became even more terrifying.

At least 30 Savage Bulls charged towards Han Muye.

The flames converged into a beam of light that reached 1,000 feet in height.

However, compared to the sword light of Han Muye, this beam of light appeared dim, like a firefly!

A sword swung through the air, its light rippling like a river, advancing with the force of crashing waves.

The flames on each Savage Bull were enveloped by the sword light, transforming into flickering lights within the surging waves.

The pillar of flame shattered with a resounding boom!

“River Wind Listens to the Melody!” Behind Han Muye, a trial disciple wielding a longsword widened his eyes, his sword trembling incessantly in his hand.

“I can’t execute this strike... I can’t!”

He had also trained in this sword technique, but the difference in power compared to Han Muye’s sword art was like night and day.

“A splendid move that sweeps away the waves.” In the Trial Hall, located billions of li away from the Yunlu City, an old man with white hair lightly chuckled.

Beside him, a young swordsman in his thirties had a gleam in his eyes. “To break through the pillar of fire with a gentle wave, the depth of this sword cultivation is unfathomable.”

While saying ‘unfathomable,’ layers of battle intent clearly emerged from his body.

“Why, Zhuyong, is the elite of your Sword Sect’s Tianxun Hall interested in a trial disciple?” A towering man standing beside the young man smiled and spoke loudly.

The white-haired old man wore a smile but did not say anything.

The young man named Zhu Yong did not turn his head. He only looked at the pillar of fire that had exploded in the light screen and the sword light that had already drowned the raging bulls.

“Xuntian Hall only recruits elites.”

“Isn’t Zhantian Hall the same?”

His words made the burly man laugh.

The burly man’s expression turned arrogant as he looked at Han Muye on the light screen. “Whether he can enter the Zhantian Hall depends on whether he can pass the 100th level.”

“A momentary speed or slowness doesn’t mean much.”

Xuntian Hall, Zhantian Hall.

Surprisingly, these two were the strongest figures from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The disciples of the Sword Sect in the rear, as well as other disciples waiting for the trial, all had expressions of envy on their faces.

To be valued by the powerful figures of the Xuntian Hall and the Zhantian Hall at the same time, that trial disciple was truly extraordinary.

Of course, judging from his sword cultivation, which allowed him to reach the second level with a single sword strike, he deserved such recognition.

Outsiders may not know, but those Sword Sect disciples who had been to the trial grounds knew very well that there was suppression on their cultivation within the trial grounds.

Only those with exceptional sword cultivation could perform exceptionally in the trial grounds.

There was a well-known rumor in the Sword Sect about a powerful cultivator from another sect who concealed his identity and attempted to enter the Sword Sect's trial grounds, only to be stopped at the outer gate.

It was because his sword art was mediocre, despite his cultivation, he couldn't unleash his potential in the trial grounds.

The trial grounds were prepared for true practitioners of the sword path.

"Boom!"

On the second level of the trial grounds, the water light in front of Han Muye exploded, and the sparkling flames were extinguished.

One by one, the severely wounded Crimson Flame Savage Bulls collapsed to the ground.

A golden light shimmered on the jade stone in Han Muye's hand.

The second level of the trial, completed.

“A quarter of an hour.” Holding the jade stone, Han Muye spoke calmly.

The dozens of sword cultivators who followed him had already rushed out.

Han Muye watched as they hunted down and severely wounded the remaining Crimson Flame Savage Bulls, a glimmer of brightness shining in his eyes.

These Crimson Flame Savage Bulls seemed to have found the source of the fire from somewhere, and their flames actually caused a slight response in the Nirvana Pearl he possessed.

He absorbed a wisp of flame and infused it into the Nirvana Pearl, which devoured it without hesitation.

Unfortunately, the power of the bulls’ flames was still weak, and even if he were to slay tens of thousands of them, it would only be a drop in the bucket for the Nirvana Pearl.

Han Muye wasn’t interested in slaughtering bulls on this second level either.

The Nirvana Pearl was just an ordinary treasure to him, and if there was a chance to make it undergo nirvana and awaken his Phoenix Bloodline, that would be even better. If it couldn’t undergo nirvana, it wouldn’t affect him much either.

“The second level is completed.” In the Trial Hall of Yunlu City, Zhao Xu clenched his hands and let out a low roar.

In front of him, within the light curtain, Han Muye and the other trial disciples were enveloped in golden light and disappeared from their original positions.

Before a quarter of an hour had passed, they had already completed the trial task of this level.

The third level.

Green light enveloped a forested area.

Towering trees, hundreds of feet high, filled the surroundings, their canopies resembling magnificent pavilions.

Han Muye and the group of trial disciples landed in the forest, the golden light dissipating from their bodies, immediately drawing the attention of the black giant birds perched on the treetops.

These birds were three feet long with wingspans of nearly 10 feet. They were completely black, and their feathers radiated a greenish-gray hue.

Their long beaks shimmered with a metallic golden color, measuring two feet in length.

At the front of their pale yellow talons were sharp, five-inch-long claws.

“Caw!”

A piercing screech resounded, causing all the trial disciples who had followed Han Muye to tremble.

Surprisingly, this screech contained a spiritual attack!

Han Muye looked up, wielding his longsword with a swing. The sword light reached its extreme speed, a mere flicker, and the black giant bird was already cut in two.

A burst of blood-red brilliance.

Vitality instantly filled the air.

“Be careful!” Several trial disciples shouted.

“These are Iron Thornbirds. They hold grudges the most and will not rest until they kill. They will summon their companions with their blood qi!” One trial disciple looked towards the surging treetops not far away and spoke in a deep voice, “Senior Brother Han, you go ahead.”

Go ahead.

Three or four Iron Thornbirds were manageable for those present.

However, if these birds were to come in groups, no one would dare to face them directly.

Chapter 1082 - 1082 A Ruthless Sword! (2)

1082 A Ruthless Sword! (2)

“Hey, this kid is really arrogant. The Iron Thornbird has incredible speed, although its combat power is only at the Earth Realm, it’s extremely difficult to deal with.”

Inside a trial hall in a city, an old man wearing a white robe shook his head with some regret as he looked through the floating eyes above Han Muye’s head, observing the situation on the third level of the trial ground.

At this moment, there were already 13 floating eyes above Han Muye’s head.

“Shall we go?” Han Muye raised his sword and took a step forward.

“I’m afraid the Iron Thornbirds won’t come!”

With a low shout, Han Muye followed the sword and stepped onto the dense treetops, moving even faster than the Iron Thornbird.

It was obvious that the third-level space suppressed the power of flight, but Han Muye soared and stepped between the treetops as if walking on clouds.

“This is the manifestation of swordsmanship transforming into physical strength.” Inside a green-colored hall, a Daoist holding a green longsword watched Han Muye below with eyes shining.

“It must be the Floating Cloud Sword Intent. His body is like a light cloud, and his sword reaches the highest heavens.” A young man behind the Daoist spoke softly, “His mastery of this sword intent is so proficient that he could probably rank in the top ten among our disciples at the Tianyun Hall.”

The Daoist in front of him remained silent.

With so many eyes fixed on Han Muye above his head, how could their Tianyun Hall possibly seize him?

“Slash—”

Han Muye thrust his sword, piercing into the treetops, and when he flew out, he had already killed three giant birds.

As the giant birds fell, Han Muye’s figure flashed, and his swords moved lightly like floating clouds as he traversed between the treetops. With a low shout, he said, “I’ll give you all 15 minutes.”

Fifteen minutes!

It was still 15 minutes!

The onlookers below raised their heads and saw that despite the severe injuries, the fallen Iron Thornbird had not been killed!

“Senior Brother Han...” one of the trial disciples’ faces flushed with excitement, and he whispered, “It was us who held back Senior Brother Han.”

The others nodded.

“Don’t let Senior Brother Han’s goodwill go to waste. He has already attracted the siege of the Iron Thornbirds.”

One of the trial disciples shouted lowly, unsheathing his sword and cutting a fallen giant bird into two with a single strike.

In the sky, black giant birds were already swooping towards Han Muye.

In the distance, a swarm of black birds resembling a thick cloud was charging.

The combined power of their Qi and blood condensed into a 10,000-foot giant bird, spreading its wings and fiercely swooping down towards them.

This strike could directly shatter the mountains and forests within a 10-mile radius, turning them into dust!

At this moment, everyone's eyes were fixed on the sword in Han Muye's hand, behind the eyes above his head.

Since Han Muye dared to face the flock of Iron Thornbirds alone, he must have been confident about passing this trial.

However, how he would handle it made a big difference between passing smoothly and barely making it through.

"When I encountered the third level, it wasn't Iron Thornbirds but the much weaker Hundred Song Birds. Even so, it took me 13 days to barely complete the mission." In the trial hall of Yunlu City, Hu Jie shook his head and spoke softly.

The other disciples of the Sword Sect had concerned expressions on their faces.

From the third level onwards, the difficulty of the trial increased by more than tenfold.

Many of the disciples waiting for the trial had already turned pale.

They had witnessed the strength of the Iron Thornbirds, their speed, and their coordinated attacks.

For cultivators whose flight abilities were suppressed, it was extremely challenging to deal with such flying birds.

The trial ground was not a place where no one died.

On the contrary, the number of deaths in the trial ground was hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands of times more than the number of those who passed the trial.

“He’s moving!” someone whispered.

“His sword, his sword is flying!” someone widened their eyes.

“He, he’s controlling the sword!” In the trial hall where Han Muye was being observed, countless people shouted in excitement.

Han Muye released his grip, and the sword in his palm flew out.

A swordsman let go of his sword.

That sword, with its dazzling brilliance, cleaved down upon the giant bird formed by the flock of birds in front of him.

The sword light condensed into a hundred-zhang illusion, shimmering with divine patterns, incredibly sharp to the extreme.

With a single sword strike, hundreds of giant birds were torn apart by the sword light.

The formation of the giant birds was also split in half by the sword.

This sword strike exceeded everyone's expectations.

As a swordsman, it wasn't that they couldn't practice the art of sword control.

However, sword control was mostly used in one-on-one situations, and it was rare to release the grip on the sword in the face of a siege.

After all, for a swordsman, the sword in their hand was their greatest reliance.

"Without a sword in hand, but with a sword in his heart, has he reached such a level of cultivation?" In a trial hall, an old man who had been meditating slowly stood up.

Behind him, all the disciples of the Sword Sect had their eyes shining brightly.

"This kid, this sword is interesting." The big man standing next to Xuntian Hall's Zhu Yong shouted.

"This sword carries the shadow of my Xuntian Hall's swordsmanship." Zhu Yong stared at the long sword flying back into Han Muye's hand and whispered.

His voice was so soft, so soft that only he could hear it.

Han Muye retracted his sword, his figure did not retreat, and he went straight into the scattered flock of birds.

At that moment, the birds unable to regroup could only be slaughtered under his sword.

His body seemed weightless as he flew among the birds, and with each movement, a burst of blood followed.

With a light swing of his long sword, it swept across the neck of a giant bird, causing an Iron Thornbird to fall.

“Great sword intent. By utilizing the power of the bird’s wings, he moves freely, and not a single bird can come close to him even after the Iron Thornbird flock has been slain.” A middle-aged swordsman standing in the center of the trial hall had shining eyes.

“Find out who this person is, quickly.” He bellowed.

Two disciples of the Sword Sect glanced at each other, quickly bowed, glanced at Han Muye on the screen, and then exited the hall.

In the trial ground, not only was combat strength important, but also swordsmanship and sword intent.

If Han Muye’s displayed swordsmanship, the sword control technique, was exquisite to the utmost degree,

then the Floating Cloud Sword Intent he was demonstrating at this moment, floating like wisps of clouds among the countless giant birds, was truly marvelous.

The freedom and grace exhibited while maneuvering between the birds, appearing like drifting clouds but accompanied by a bewitching bloodlust with each flicker, intoxicated everyone.

“This is how we sword cultivators are supposed to be...” A trial disciple standing behind the disciples of the Sword Sect emitted a resolute sword light.

A swordsman should be able to wield his sword without any regrets, freely and unrestrained.

What Han Muye demonstrated in these three levels was exactly what low-level sword cultivators imagined.

“This is the true Sword Immortal!” Someone whispered.

Sword Immortal.

This term accurately described Han Muye, who was gracefully gliding among the giant birds like clouds!

“Slash—”

Han Muye swung his sword, and a ten-zhang sword light slashed out. Then, he descended directly to the ground.

In his hand, the jade stone emitted a golden light.

Fifteen minutes hadn't passed yet, but it was close.

He didn't wait, and the golden light emanating from the jade stone directly enveloped his body, causing him to disappear on this level.

There was no need to wait any longer.

The other trial disciples who came with him had already killed enough Iron Thornbirds.

It couldn't be said that they killed them; they only needed to use their swords to cut the necks of the fallen Iron Thornbirds.

"Boom!"

As soon as they entered the fourth level of the trial ground, a massive gray-yellow rhinoceros, 30 feet tall, charged directly at Han Muye.

The power surging through the rhinoceros was already at the level of a half-step Heavenly Realm, with surging Qi and blood resembling a long river.

At this moment, there were thirty-eight eyes of various colors floating above Han Muye's head, closely watching his every move.

“Senior Brother, you don’t need to worry about us, go all out!” One of the trial disciples standing behind Han Muye shouted lowly, then retreated towards the back.

“Senior Brother, we will definitely pass 10 levels and become inner disciples of the Sword Sect. We will meet again in the sect.”

A trial disciple holding a long sword shouted, with a fighting spirit surging within him, and charged towards the 30-foot-tall rhinoceros appearing on one side.

“Senior Brother Han, the Sword Sect awaits!”

“Senior Brother, the Sword Sect awaits!”

All the trial disciples didn’t want to hinder Han Muye and chose to step back.

Originally, they had followed Han Muye into the trial ground from Yunlu City, thinking they could go a bit farther in the trial with Han Muye looking after them.

They never expected that Han Muye would lead them into the fourth level of the trial ground in less than an hour.

They couldn’t hinder Han Muye any longer.

Now that countless people were paying attention to Han Muye, this elite seed, his energy should be focused on facing the trial, not leading them.

Han Muye turned to look, nodded, and said calmly, "Good."

As soon as he finished speaking, a sword light rose.

The dazzling light made all 38 eyes above his head only able to see a silvery-white glow.

"Damn, what a ruthless sword!"

Beside Zhu Yong, the big man slapped his thigh and shouted in excitement.

Chapter 1083 - 1083 Internal Sect Disciple, Nirvana Pearl Appears

1083 Internal Sect Disciple, Nirvana Pearl Appears

"Slash."

In the third level of the trial grounds, Han Muye's Floating Cloud Sword Intent left a deep impression on everyone.

His swordsmanship was as light as wisps of clouds, freely wandering within inches, truly resembling a sword immortal.

At this moment, Han Muye swung his sword, and the brilliance of the sword radiated as bright as the midday sun.

The intense sword light cleaved through the three-zhang-long rhinoceros in front, directly shattering its body into fragmented rocks.

The sword light remained undiminished, spanning thousands of zhangs, even splitting the rugged wasteland behind into a three-zhang-deep crevice.

“Fierce and unrestrained, this sword can be called violent.” Inside a stone hall, an old man holding a long sword spoke softly as he watched the dissipating sword light on the screen in front of him.

There were flashes of green light in his eyes.

“This sword technique is different from the inheritance of my Zhenling Hall, but it has some similarities.” The old man murmured, then gently rotated his sword in his hand, merging the green immortal aura around him with the sword light in the screen.

Behind him, several sword cultivators wearing green robes also had a gleam in their eyes.

Ferocious and magnificent.

When Han Muye swung his sword, whether it was the trial disciples who had retreated to the back or the Sword Sect disciples watching from various trial halls, or the crowd waiting for the trial, all of them fixed their gaze on the dissipating sword light.

“The defensive power of the Rolling Stone Rhinoceros is already considered top-notch among the same level, but it was easily killed with a single sword.” Someone looked at the rhinoceros body shattered into stone fragments and spoke.

“This level is filled with the power of earth and stones. The earth is solid, capable of splitting open the ground for thousands of li. The power of this sword definitely exceeds 100,000 catties.” The burly man standing beside Zhu Yong clenched his fist and whispered.

Zhu Yong ignored him and only looked at the screen, where Han Muye raised his sword once again.

“Boom!”

As the sword descended, the surrounding rocks rolled and countless dust filled the air.

Only the dazzling brilliance of the sword light couldn't be concealed by the thick dust.

Unlike the casual Floating Cloud Sword in the third level, the sword in Han Muye's hand at this moment carried the force of ten thousand catties with each swing.

The earth shattered.

Mountains and rivers cracked.

The rolling stone rhinoceros that had been charging towards him turned around and fled.

Even though they had low intelligence, they were not foolish, unless they wanted to die early under Han Muye's mountain-splitting sword light.

Sword after sword, the sword light danced with the dust, presenting a strangely beautiful scene of violence in front of everyone.

Although the sword light was not fast, it was incredibly steady.

As long as the rolling stone rhinoceroses were enveloped by this sword light, their attempts to flee would be shattered.

Just as the burly man beside Zhu Yong had said, Han Muye's sword was ruthless.

Fifteen minutes later, a loud roar echoed, and when the dust settled, Han Muye had already disappeared from this level.

At this moment, many people heaved a sigh of relief.

The pressure of that sword was just too strong!

"If one were to fight against such a swordsman, it's feared that under a single sword strike, even a formidable army would crumble, right?" A white-haired old man wearing armor and carrying a large sword spoke softly as he watched the screen.

Inside the screen, the scene changed, but the crisscrossing sword marks on the ground in the fourth level were still visible.

Such swordsmanship could rival an army.

“The fifth level, official disciple of the Sword Sect.” In the trial hall of Yunlu City, Zhao Xushu let out a sigh of relief and a smile appeared on his face.

Han Muye stepping into the fifth level of the trial meant that he had obtained the official disciple status of the Sword Sect.

Although he was only an outer sect disciple, he was still an official disciple!

“This young man is indeed impressive. Previously, Jintai specially sent a message through the spirit formation, and I thought he was making a big deal out of it.” A faint voice came from behind Zhao Xu.

The voice was not loud, but it carried a trace of authority, as if it sounded right next to the ear.

Zhao Xu looked pleasantly surprised. He turned around and bowed to a green-robed Daoist who had appeared at some point in time.

“Zhao Xu greets Guardian Minghe.”

The guardian of the Yuze Prefecture, the Elder of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Zhenxuan Hall, Wang Minghe.

Wang Minghe had been guarding Yuzhe Prefecture for tens of thousands of years until three hundred years ago when he stepped past the peak of the Human Immortal, passed through the Five Decay of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, and stepped into the Heaven Immortal Realm.

For so many years, he had rarely appeared before the world.

In fact, Human Immortals were rare in the Immortal World, and Heaven Immortals were even rarer.

Most Heaven Immortal cultivators who had stepped into the Heaven Immortal realm were mainly in seclusion.

The matters of the secular world had nothing to do with these experts.

Generally speaking, the elders who hold the position of guardians in a regional territory are at the pinnacle of the Human Immortal realm, the Heavenly Venerable realm.

Most people who really broke through to the Heaven Immortal realm would step down and leave.

It was rare to see someone like Wang Minghe, who entered the realm of the Heaven Immortal realm but chose to stay and not leave within the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

As Wang Minghe entered the hall, his gaze fell on the screen, watching Han Muye who had already stepped into a vast blue water area.

“The fifth level of the trial grounds tests the affinity of the trial disciples with water veins and their decision-making in the face of enemies.”

Wang Minghe squinted his eyes as he watched Han Muye walking on the waves, softly speaking.

The fifth level of the trial grounds was a sea area.

Han Muye descended into it, stepping on the wave crests, relying on his affinity with water veins to run on the waves directly.

This scene made many observing Sword Sect experts shine with excitement.

“This guy is clever. He knows that everyone is watching him, so he might as well show all of his abilities.” A Sword Sect expert who was observing Han Muye relying on the Spirit Illumination Formation smiled and spoke.

Anyway, nearly a hundred pairs of eyes were already fixed on him, observing his every move. It would be better to be generous and show all of his skills.

At least, his current progression on the waves was quite impressive.

Chapter 1084 - 1084 Internal Sect Disciple, Nirvana Pearl Appears

1084 Internal Sect Disciple, Nirvana Pearl Appears

“Boom!”

Waves surged, and a squad of black feathers burst out of the water.

Those black fish opened their huge mouths, revealing long, sharp teeth.

Their pointed teeth were chilling, and their spread fins gleamed with sharp cold light.

Also, the scales all over his body were emitting a green glow.

“The fifth level’s Turbulent Wave Green Snapper is not easy to deal with,” someone recalled their own experience of passing this challenge and shook their head.

Some memories were truly profound.

“Once you engage in battle, the Swallowtail Shark and the Water-Controlled Demon Cloud Beast will come from below. They are the rulers of the water,” someone stared at Han Muye, observing how he would handle the situation.

Not only was the defense of the Turbulent Wave Green Snapper astonishing, but it submerged in the water, making it impossible for previous sword intents like the Floating Cloud Sword or the Sword of Ten Thousand Catties to cause substantial damage to them.

This time, it all depended on how Han Muye would overcome this challenge.

“Zhu Yong, Gong Shu, what do you think? Will this guy still keep the completion time within 15 minutes?” the elderly man standing in the middle of the Trial Hall spoke without turning his head, hands behind his back.

Behind him, the young sword cultivator Zhu Yong nodded and said, “I think he will.”

The burly man beside him grinned and said, “Of course.”

Since he was a sword cultivator, he would have the arrogance of a sword cultivator.

Not to mention the fifth level, even Han Muye would probably break through the 10th level at the same time.

Until he was finally stopped and could no longer pass in 15 minutes.

“Fifteen minutes to cross the Burial Sea, how interesting,” the old man smiled and nodded softly.

Zhu Yong and Gong Shu exchanged a glance, and both of them were filled with battle intent.

The trial ground of the fifth level, named the Burial Sea, was primarily dangerous due to the hidden turmoil beneath the azure waves.

At first glance, it seemed as if the ferocious fish demons charging forward were the main threat, but in reality, the true unexpected powerhouses lurked beneath the water's surface.

The Burial Sea was the place where the most fallen disciples occurred among the previous levels.

At this moment, the Turbulent Wave Green Snapper had already created ten-zhang waves as it surged forward, carrying the water waves and pouncing towards Han Muye.

Han Muye held his sword in hand, standing on the water, his expression calm.

Behind the eyes above his head, there were many gazes staring at him, wanting to see how he would deal with it.

"This water demon really has some resemblance to the Spiritual Armored Demonic Race." Han Muye muttered softly with a slight smirk on his lips. Behind him, the illusory figure of a 100-foot-tall Kui appeared behind him.

Its long horns leaned against the sky, and its black body was filled with muscles. Golden lightning flashed in its eyes.

"What is it? The Divine Beast Kui? He has refined the power of a divine beast!" someone shouted in a trial hall.

The divine beast, Kui, controlled the power of lightning!

The power of such a divine beast was the most superior-class body refinement method in the world. It was also one of the most difficult cultivation opportunities to obtain.

“Boom!”

Everyone looked at the Kui and let out a long roar. Lightning exploded all over its body and it dived into the water.

The blue seawater surged, and a three-inch fish slowly floated up from the water with its white belly turned over.

If there was one, there would be a second.

If there were small ones, there would be big ones.

Everyone was stunned. They watched as the Turbulent Wave Green Snappers trembled and stiffened. Then, their bodies twisted uncontrollably and slowly turned their greenish-red bellies to the sky.

On the water under Han Muye’s feet, a few hundred-foot-long black shadows surged, as if they were resisting the power of lightning with all their might. In the end, they could not resist and slowly floated up.

"It's the Swallowtail Shark!" One of the intermediate Sword Sect disciples who was watching through the Spirit Illumination Array exclaimed with lingering fears.

"So dangerous. It seems that the Swallowtail Shark has lurked here. If a real battle were to ensue and the Swallowtail Shark were to launch a sudden attack, even peak Nascent Soul realm experts would meet their demise." A person's eyes showed admiration as they watched Han Muye whisper.

"This lightning power is the strength of the body. Logically speaking, it should be suppressed in the trial grounds. How can he knock out a Swallowtail Shark with this strength?" In the trial hall of Yunlu City, someone was puzzled and looked towards Wang Minghe, who was standing in front.

These words furrowed many brows, including several disciples around Zhao Xu. They also showed confusion.

A faint smile appeared on Wang Minghe's face, and he whispered, "Zhao Xu, please explain."

Zhao Xu nodded and looked at the scene where Han Muye casually wielded his sword to harvest the lives of the water demons amidst the rolling waves. He murmured, "Unity of sword and body, with the sword in the heart.

Unity of sword and body!

This meant that his swordsmanship had reached a level where the internal and external were one, and his comprehension of the sword had merged with the power of heaven and earth.

This Senior Brother Han's sword technique was really terrifyingly powerful!

"The last person who integrated the power of thunder and lightning into their swordsmanship and transformed it into a Thunderbird seems to be Jinyu Hall's Jin Yutang. He is now one of the elite disciples of Jinyu Hall and one of the three Grand Elders."

Looking at Han Muye, who was flashing with lightning, Wang Minghe sighed softly. "The power of the lightning Dao can suppress other forces no matter where it is."

Especially in these water waves, the trial disciples and Sword Sect disciples whispered in their hearts as they watched Han Muye effortlessly tread upon the waves.

From entering the fifth level to leaving it, Han Muye took less than half an hour in total.

And that was because he spent some extra time studying and observing while slaughtering those water demons.

From the trial grounds of the previous levels, he had discovered that most of these monsters were variants of the Primordial Demon Race.

For example, this Water-Controlled Demon Cloud Beast had a trace of the Water Vein Qilin lineage.

After quietly extracting a strand of the Demon Cloud Beast's bloodline power, Han Muye entered the sixth level.

Without holding back, he thrust his sword towards the green stone puppets in front of him.

The resolute blue stone puppets, with their astonishing defense, were one of the longest-standing challenges for the trial disciples.

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1085 Internal Sect Disciple, Nirvana Pearl Appears (3)

These stone puppets didn't have much attacking power, but they were difficult to kill.

Sure enough, Han Muye pointed his sword at the puppet's chest, only managing to push it back 30 feet, leaving a small white spot on the stone.

Many people stared at Han Muye curiously through the Spirit Illumination Array.

"On the sixth level, the fastest person in our Dangsha City was Shen Zhenyu from 180,000 years ago. He happened to land in the group of bluestone puppets and used a move called Sandstorm to mobilize the Heaven and Earth powers. He passed in half an hour."

An old man in an earthen yellow Dao robe said with a smug expression.

All the trial halls had their own glory.

The speed at which one passed through the various levels of the trial ground was determined by strength and luck.

Some people happened to excel in countering the trial methods of this place and could pass in an instant, while others were at a disadvantage and could only escape with great effort.

At this moment, eight stone puppets had already surrounded Han Muye.

These puppets swung their arms and smashed them down towards him.

Their speed wasn't very fast, but they carried a vigorous wind and stirred up surging green immortal energy, looking awe-inspiring.

Han Muye raised the sword in his hand and then returned it to its sword box.

Just as everyone was slightly stunned, a large sword emerged from the scabbard on his back.

The five-foot-long sword had a black blade that exuded a sense of heaviness and solidity.

With the great sword in his hands, Han Muye held it with both hands, let out a low shout, and flew up.

“Boom—”

The large sword came crashing down, shattering a stone puppet in front of everyone's dazed eyes.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

...

Like those strongmen in the mundane world who split mountains and rocks, the long sword transformed into a heavy hammer, ruthlessly cleaving down without any fancy techniques.

No skills were needed, just one sword after another facing off against the stone puppets.

The sword's roar echoed, and the stone puppets exploded.

"How can a sword cultivator..." A white-haired old man stared at the sword in Han Muye's hand, his lips trembling.

How could a sword cultivator be so careless about sword techniques, treating the long sword as a random chopping stick?

This was what many people wanted to say in their hearts.

“Good sword technique. I like it.” Gong Shu, a big man from the Zhantian Temple, watched Han Muye’s sword cleave and his eyes sparkled.

Beside him, Zhu Yong from the Xuntian Hall turned his head and said casually, “A heavy sword that lacks finesse, yet it has no weak points. With just his mastery of the sword, which seems effortless and heavy, he’s already at an elite level.”

“This sword weighs only a thousand pounds, but in his hands, it can deliver an overwhelming blow. The transition between light and heavy is truly taken to the extreme.” The old man standing in front nodded and spoke softly.

Han Muye swept through the formation of stone puppets on the sixth floor with absolute dominance.

On the seventh level.

The eighth level.

On the ninth level.

Under everyone’s expectant gazes, Han Muye stepped into the 10th level of the trial.

In the trial hall of Yunlu City, Zhao Xu, who was clenching his fists, laughed out loud.

Hu Jie and the others behind him were also overjoyed.

Stepping into the tenth floor meant that Han Muye had officially become an inner sect disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

In other words, Han Muye's trial was already considered a success. He only needed to stay in the trial ground for 30 days.

As for how many levels he reached later, that was up to him.

At least Zhao Xu and the others had completed their mission.

Wang Minghe stood in front and whispered, "Zhao Xu, when he finishes the trial, you can choose a city and become an official."

Choose?

Any city in the Yuzeh State, your choice!

This was the reward for Zhao Xu.

The reason was simple: Yunlu City's trial hall had produced at least an elite-level disciple.

Joy appeared on Zhao Xu's face, and everyone else looked at him with envy.

Guarding the trial hall, how many years would it take to have such an opportunity?

In the 10th level of the trial grounds, Han Muye drew his sword and killed a flying red bird with a single slash, then his expression changed as he raised his hand, revealing a fiery red bead.

“A Nirvana Pearl? How does he have that thing?”

“Phoenix Nirvana Bead? He wants to nurture his spiritual beast?”

“This thing is not easy to raise. How many people have gone bankrupt?”

Outside the Spirit Illumination Array, various sighs could be heard.

In the trial hall of Yunlu City, Wang Minghe frowned.

“Did the news from the Zhenhuang Hall turn out to be true?”

“Does this kid have any connection to the destruction of Sanhuo City?”

Chapter 1086 - 1086 Stepping into the Elite Ranks, Second Sword Emerged

1086 Stepping into the Elite Ranks, Second Sword Emerged

As the guardian of Yuze Prefecture, Wang Minghe was naturally well-informed about the affairs of the various cities under his jurisdiction.

He was well aware of the incidents involving the destruction of the teleportation array in Sanhuo City and the attacks by the Gale Bandits and the Ascendant Tiger Guards.

It was precisely because of this knowledge that he arranged for the rescue operation.

However, he did not expect that the situation in Sanhuo City would be more complicated than he had imagined, involving various forces.

There was the Immortal Demon King of the Bitter Immortal Realm, the Wanshen Trading Company that operated across three states, and the hidden Daoist figure who had been in Sanhuo City for thousands of years...

In particular, the elder Xiong Ke dispatched by the Zhenhuang Hall seemed to be intentionally causing trouble. The reports he submitted had the suspicion of exaggerating the situation.

Not only did he issue an extermination order against the Gale Bandits, but he also ordered an investigation into the Wanshen Trading Company and Han Muye, who was suspected to be involved.

Originally, Wang Minghe didn't care much about these matters.

For an elder of the Zhenhuang Hall to cling to the affairs of a small city like this was beneath his status and dignity.

But now, it seemed that Xiong Ke was deliberately causing him trouble.

The real intention was probably directed towards Han Muye.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Wang Minghe's gaze fell on the fiery red bead in Han Muye's hand in the sixth level of the trial ground.

"Is this meant to prepare me in advance?"

"This kid is quite interesting."

Shaking his head and whispering, a glimmer of shrewdness flashed in Wang Minghe's eyes.

As an elder who presided over a province in the absence of a Golden Immortal and under the suppression of a Heavenly Immortal, Wang Minghe already held substantial power.

They had enough authority in their hands.

Moreover, as a powerful figure who guarded the territory of a prefecture, he possessed sufficient insight and connections.

"Boom!"

Inside the light screen, the fiery red bead in Han Muye's hand devoured all the flames transformed from the fiery red bird that was about to be slain.

Han Muye could feel the longing conveyed by the pearl in his hand.

He looked up and smiled as he gazed at the birds in front of him, which seemed to have formed a sea of fiery red waves.

Wang Minghe was right. Han Muye wanted people to know that he possessed the Nirvana Pearl and what he intended to do.

The trial ground was not just a test of disciples' abilities; it also tested their character and desires.

Truly having no desires or aspirations would probably be inappropriate.

It was better to show what he sought.

With flames rolling, Han Muye unsheathed his long sword, slashing one bird while holding the fire bead in his hand. The flames accompanied him, creating a magnificent and brilliant display.

To be honest, the visual impact brought about by this scene was truly extraordinary.

“Quick, take a picture! Such a majestic sword immortal, enough to captivate anyone,” someone exclaimed in one of the trial halls.

“Captivate? More like captivate one’s entire fortune,” someone else chimed in with a laugh.

Although they said that, someone had already taken out their recording stone.

The interplay of light and sword, Han Muye’s tenfold kill with a single step, had granted him the qualification to cross the 10 levels of the trial ground in just a moment.

However, this time he didn’t leave immediately; instead, he stayed on the tenth level for nearly a day.

In that time, the flames accumulated from the birds he had slain could be considered an immense amount.

The flame power absorbed by the Nirvana Pearl was gradually transforming into its undying strength, slowly gestating.

Of course, relying solely on this flame power was far from enough to trigger the rebirth of the divine beast, the Phoenix.

Feeling the power within, Han Muye gained a deeper understanding of the Nirvana Pearl.

No wonder Dao Lord Peng Ming had wanted to nurture the Nirvana Pearl in the convergence of Earth’s veins.

The power required by this bead was so enormous that it was almost unimaginable.

He felt that to complete the Nirvana process, the flame power it consumed would probably be enough to destroy hundreds of stars.

Without wasting too much time on the 10th level, Han Muye finally left amidst the gaze of the multitude and rushed into the 11th level of the trial ground.

At this point, he no longer held back, fully displaying his swordsmanship. The sword light spun and swept away all obstacles.

Whether it was piercing through the air with a single sword, shooting across thousands of miles, or sweeping away all evil with a myriad of strikes.

Or traveling on a sword, the sword in his hand moving freely, fluttering like a butterfly, leaving no one able to approach.

Or wielding a sword, splitting mountains and shattering rocks, performing weighty dances, causing heaven and earth to tremble.

...

For the sword cultivators who were watching in the Trial Hall, it was an unparalleled visual feast.

Such a cultivator was truly showcasing the might of the sword to its utmost.

Although many people had no knowledge of Han Muye's identity, they already referred to him as the 'Sword Immortal.'

To witness the Sword Immortal break through the trial barriers, many people gave up the opportunity to enter the trial ground and waited in front of the grand formation.

Han Muye spent a day to reach the 10th level and, after lingering there for another day, continued forward. Within five days, he reached the 20th level.

After resting for two days, the sparkling eyes above Han Muye's head had exceeded 100.

By the time he spent a month to ascend to the 50th level of the trial ground, the number of Spirit Illumination Array Eyes above his head had reached more than 300. It had already included all the trial halls in the surrounding three provinces.

Stepping onto the 50th level of the trial was entering the realm of the elites.

To achieve this within a month, among these three hundred cities, one could be ranked in the top hundred for the past millennium.

"Senior Brother Chen, what did Elder Zeng Sheng say?" Wang Minghe whispered in the Trial Hall of Yunlu City.

In front of the current Trial Hall, only Wang Minghe and a middle-aged Daoist in a gray-green robe stood side by side.

The others stood far behind, their gaze fixed on the light screen.

Thirty days in the trial ground, only three days outside the trial.

Two days ago, when Han Muye reached the 20th level, Wang Minghe had already reported Han Muye's situation to the elder in charge of Zhenxuan Hall.

At first, the guard sent to investigate thought that Wang Minghe was making a big fuss and being overly cautious.

But by the time he arrived, Han Muye had already passed the 30th level, with his sword light shining like a dragon soaring through the heavens.

Chapter 1087 - 1087 Stepping into the Elite Ranks, Second Sword Emerged (2)

1087 Stepping into the Elite Ranks, Second Sword Emerged (2)

After flipping through the stone inscriptions, Chen Qiu, the Elder of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, greatly admired the powerful swordsmanship displayed in the stunning kills.

At that moment, when Wang Minghe asked, Chen Qiu nodded and said, "Elder Zeng has already seen the stone inscriptions and believes that this individual must be kept in the Zhenxuan Hall."

Turning to look at Wang Minghe, he lowered his voice, "Junior brother, you have not yet experienced the Five Decays of Heaven and Man. You may have to reincarnate and start anew. If this individual can rise within 3,000 to 5,000 years, by the time you return from your reincarnation, your path within the sect will be smooth."

A hint of joy flashed across Wang Minghe's face as he nodded slightly.

"I understand. I have already sent my nephew who is stationed in Qingyun Town. With their relationship, it won't be difficult to keep Han Muye in the Zhenxuan Hall."

He looked at the bright screen, where the sword light was at its peak, each flicker resulting in the slaying of a peak Out of Body Wind Wolf by Han Muye.

Never did he expect that his own casual arrangement of his descendant guarding a desolate and barren small town would prove useful at a critical moment.

As long as Han Muye could join the Zhenxuan Hall, his own matters of reincarnation would be much more secure with the friendship of an elite disciple.

Moreover, he had been sitting in the state for so long, and the breadth of his connections behind the scenes was unimaginable.

“I wonder if Han Muye will have a chance to become a disciple of the Xuntian Hall or the Zhantian Hall,” Chen Qiu said with a hint of surprise as he watched Han Muye’s sword pass through the neck of the Wind Wolf Beast in front of him.

They were currently on the 50th level of the trial ground, and every monster they encountered was extremely powerful.

These monsters were not easy to deal with, whether they fought individually or in groups.

However, Han Muye remained calm and composed, his sword light sweeping through the air without any hesitation.

Based on his current performance, he had great potential.

Chen Qiu’s words filled Wang Minghe with anticipation as well.

If Han Muye could truly gain recognition from the Xuntian Hall or the Zhantian Hall, coupled with his elite status in the Zhenxuan Hall, he would be a dual-elite.

Within the entire Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, individuals with such dual-elite status were few and far between, and each one was a rare sword genius who only appeared once every hundred years.

“Slash—”

Within the bright screen, Han Muye merged with his sword, moving like a wisp of smoke amidst the 10-foot-long ferocious wolf beasts.

His long sword pierced through the necks of these wolf beasts, their bodies as tough as fine steel seemed like thin paper, easily pierced with a single strike.

This was an extremely strange contrast.

Seemingly light and ethereal, the sword struck down the mighty wolf beasts.

“Gentle yet heavy, shifting between light and heavy—the swordsmanship of this fellow is terrifying,” Gong Shu of the Zhantian Hall spoke without the previous contempt.

Beside him, Zhu Yong of the Xuntian Hall nodded slightly, a hint of battle intent shining in his eyes.

“When this fellow joins the Xuntian Hall, I’d like to spar with him.”

Zhu Yong said, staring at the golden light that had already appeared in Han Muye’s hand.

Gong Shu turned his head and grinned, “Why can’t it be joining the Zhantian Hall?”

Zhu Yong remained silent.

The old man standing in front of them suddenly whispered, "Who was the last person to become a triple-elite?"

His words caught Gong Shu and Zhu Yong off guard.

Triple-elite.

That was a legendary being.

Among the disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, was there anyone who was valued by both the Xuntian Hall and the Zhantian Hall at the same time among a million people?

"Elder Zhao, perhaps only our Sect Master knows about such matters," Gong Shu spoke loudly, shifting his gaze to the bright screen.

If there were dual elites, then naturally there could be triple elites.

However, the identities and backgrounds of these individuals were all secrets known only to the upper echelons of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

It took Han Muye 12 days to step from the 50th level of the trial ground to the 60th level.

Among them, he defeated the Blazing Fire Puppet in one stage, and then took out the Nirvana Pearl, openly absorbing the power of the flames for three days.

This caused many people to grit their teeth in envy.

The 62nd level of the trial grounds.

Han Muye stood calmly on a green stone platform.

He was very familiar with this high platform.

The Performance Platform.

Although it was not the real platform, the structure of this green stone platform and the core formation power were no different from the actual platform.

At this moment, three phantoms appeared before him, identical to his own figure, holding swords in their hands, clad in white.

“The trial ground is ultimately for selecting elites.” Han Muye whispered softly as he looked at the three illusions before him, a bright light shining in his eyes.

The subtle power displayed by these three phantoms was at least 10 times more refined than that of the platform.

In other words, the phantoms on this green stone platform could more accurately replicate Han Muye's cultivation and combat power.

It was a summary of the Sword Dao sword techniques on the 61st level of the trial grounds.

Looking at the phantom in front of him, Han Muye's battle intent slowly condensed.

He did not know that the people in the 300 trial halls were already in an uproar.

"Self-Slaying Trial?" A white-haired old man widened his eyes and exclaimed, "Isn't this only available in the 100th level?"

Beside him, a green-robed Daoist turned his head and said softly, "Martial Uncle, what is the Self-Slaying trial?"

The other sword cultivators with swords on their backs also showed curious expressions.

"This is a test for true elites in the trial grounds." Beside the old man, the middle-aged man wearing a golden Dao crown said indifferently, "This formation will only appear when one's strength and cultivation level are recognized by the array spirit."

At this point, he paused, and a trace of regret flashed across his face. "Back then, I encountered the Self-Slaying Formation in the 103rd level. Unfortunately, I lost after three days of bitter fighting."

After clearing the 103rd formation, such a person was already an elite among elites.

The surrounding people looked at the middle-aged man with admiration and envy.

“103?” The old man in front nodded and said softly, “It seems that the timing of the appearance of this Self-Slaying Formation is also related to your cultivation strength.”

At this point, his eyes emitted a deep glow.

“The 62nd Formation is Self-Slaying. How terrifying...”

In another large city’s trial hall, dozens of sword cultivators of different figures stood in front of the light screen, sword intent surging on their bodies.

“Three Self-Slaying phantoms at a time. The formation spirit of the trial ground really thinks highly of this kid.”

A middle-aged sword cultivator shook his head and smiled bitterly. “Back then, when I was in the 98th level, I only faced one Self-Slaying phantom.”

“Hehe, I’ve heard that someone has faced three of the Self-Slaying phantoms before, but—” The person who spoke shook his head and finally chose to remain silent.

The others did not ask further.

He naturally couldn't say what he couldn't say.

"It's moving!" Someone looked at the phantom in the light screen and exclaimed.

On the light screen, a phantom 100 feet in front of Han Muye let go of the intermediate sword and pierced through Han Muye's chest.

The sword light was as fast as a meteor and arrived in front of him in a flash.

This sword technique was the sword control technique Han Muye had used before.

The sword light was sharp and cold.

"Clang—"

Han Muye raised the sword in his hand and twisted it gently to block the sword light. Then he moved and advanced instead of retreating.

This scene made everyone in the trial hall widen their eyes.

Was he arrogant or confident? He actually faced the three shadows that slashed at him head-on and did not retreat half-step?

“Boom!”

The phantom on the left flew out and slashed at Han Muye.

This sword seemed light and powerless, but it caused the void to tremble and explode. It was obvious that the power had exploded to the extreme.

At the same time, the phantom standing on the right also extended the longsword in his hand, bringing with it a stream of watery light.

In this watery light, there was the coldness of ice.

A sword light was as heavy as a thousand pounds, and a sword light was bone-chilling. Two completely different forces instantly pressed down on Han Muye’s head.

This scene made many people clench their fists unconsciously.

However, there were also people whose eyes were filled with fighting spirit.

These two completely different powers were both displayed by Han Muye at the previous trial levels.

How strong was Han Muye, who completely controlled these two powers!

“Interesting. I wonder what method he will use to deal with these Self-Slaying phantoms.” A white-bearded elder stroked his long beard and looked at the scene in the intermediate light screen.

“Use his true body to deal with them or show more—f*ck!” After tearing off three long whiskers, the old man widened his eyes and looked at the light screen. Han Muye slowly reached out.

The second sword.

He held his sword with both hands and attacked from both sides!

Chapter 1088 - 1088 Extreme Sprint, Chaos in the Wasteland

1088 Extreme Sprint, Chaos in the Wasteland

The light right-hand sword collided with an equally powerful weapon, creating a thunderous explosion.

The two identical ice-cold swords collided silently, and the coldness on the sword blades condensed, entwining the two swords together.

Using the exploding sword light from his right hand, Han Muye spun around with his left-hand sword as the axis, deflecting the incoming aerial longsword.

Dual swords, striking down the Slay-Me phantoms in three strikes!

This was a scene that no one had expected.

Some people thought that Han Muye would create a clone.

Some speculated that Han Muye would attack each one separately.

Some people felt that Han Muye was probably going to retreat first before advancing.

...

No one could have anticipated that Han Muye would actually block the three strikes of the Slay-Me phantoms with his dual longswords.

“Bang!”

The icy sword light shattered, and a flame burst forth.

The transition between ice and fire was naturally smooth.

The one controlling the strikes of the Slay-Me phantoms was none other than Han Muye’s own swordsmanship.

The Fire Vein Sword Technique had already been used by Han Muye several layers earlier.

The entwined swords separated, and the frost on the sword blades exploded and scattered, while the flames transformed into a dragon charging towards Han Muye.

However, Han Muye already had an identical dragon shadow appearing in his hand.

“Boom!”

On the other side, lightning exploded.

Without hesitation, Han Muye unleashed his own intertwined lightning.

Light and shadow flickered on the green stone platform.

Unknowingly, Han Muye had already displayed various sword techniques, such as water, fire, wind, clouds, lightning, and thunder. His Sword Dao cultivation was mixed but not chaotic.

On the entire platform, phantoms and figures intertwined, with sword light transforming into an invisible, shimmering brilliance.

Occasionally, piercing screams tore through the air, mingling with the clashing sounds of swords, disrupting the balance.

“In my Sword Sect, where sword cultivators wield dual swords with both hands, this person can rank in the top 30.” Inside a trial hall, a burly man with a beard gleamed with excitement as he fixed his gaze on the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

It was not until he stepped into the 62nd level of the trial that Han Muye finally displayed the might of his dual swords, a truly rare surprise.

Regardless of how others perceived it, Han Muye himself was immersed in the battle against the phantoms.

Facing him was a stranger yet familiar version of himself.

With each sword thrust and strike, it carried a familiar yet unfamiliar power.

Various scenes flashed through Han Muye’s mind.

So, there were still so many flaws in his swordsmanship.

So, his speed was still not fast enough, his strikes still not decisive enough.

So, the swordsmanship he mastered was far from reaching its peak.

“Slash—”

With a turn of the sword, relying on the images in his mind, he thrust his sword, deflecting the longsword of the phantom on the left and pressing the blade against its neck..

“He won—Damn it!” In front of the screen of a trial hall, a white-robed swordsman almost bit his own tongue.

He stared blankly as Han Muye withdrew the sword that was pressed against the neck of the phantom, then whispered softly, “Come again.”

Defeating the Slay-Me phantoms wasn’t enough; he had to come again?

In the screen, the sword in Han Muye’s hand became faster and faster.

Those sword moves seemed to make people more and more apprehensive.

It felt as if the killing intent hidden within the sword light could be sensed even through the screen.

Who could withstand a strike from such a sword face to face?

Dual swords against three strikes of the Slay-Me phantoms, starting with the initial clash of identical sword moves, but later dismantling and countering each move.

After three days, whenever the three phantoms made a move, Han Muye’s longsword would meet their chests and necks.

The three figures were squeezed together, maneuvering within a square inch of space.

The sword cultivators who had been observing through the Spirit Illumination Formation since yesterday had fallen into silence.

Not only did he suppress and defeat the Slay-Me phantoms, but he also triumphed so effortlessly, defeating them repeatedly.

What did that mean?

This meant that Han Muye, in his struggle against the Slay-Me phantoms, was constantly introspective. He broke through himself, thoroughly elevating his own swordsmanship.

Those outside the screen could also see that during these three days, Han Muye's swordsmanship within the screen had improved by more than one level.

"Such comprehension, truly terrifying..."

No one knew who whispered this, yet it seemed to resonate with others.

In almost every trial hall, such voices could be heard.

"Clang—"

Han Muye slashed with his sword, shattering the three phantoms. Disappearing from his original position, he was enveloped in a golden halo.

The 63rd level.

The 64th level.

The 80th level!

No level could hinder Han Muye's progress.

The powerful Mystic Spirit Sword Sect experts behind the Spirit Illumination Formation were all waiting, wanting to see how far Han Muye could go in this trial ground.

One had to know that after reaching the 80th floor, one was already qualified to become a disciple of the Xuntian Hall and become an elite of the two halls.

And this was achieved by Han Muye in less than a hundred days in the trial grounds.

With 200 days remaining, which level could he reach?

In Yunlu City, Wang Minghe and Chen Qiu walked out of the trial hall with gloomy expressions.

The trial disciples in the hall had already left, leaving only a few Sword Sect disciples like Zhao Xu.

Wang Jintai, who had hurriedly come from Qingyun Town, stood in front of the screen, his face full of emotions.

He couldn't have imagined that Han Muye would reach this point.

The 80th level of the trial grounds, the identity of an elite in the two halls.

He slightly turned his head to look at his own uncle who had walked out of the hall, and a serious expression appeared on his face.

The situation in Sanhuo City was more troublesome than he had imagined.

This time, Zhenhuang Hall was determined to make things difficult for Yuze Province and his own grand-uncle.

"Elder Xiong, since you issued the extermination order, why don't you arrange the tasks yourself instead of coming to seek our city's protection?" On the stone steps outside the trial hall, Wang Minghe stood with his hands behind his back, his face cold.

Beside him, Chen Qiu, who came from Zhenxuan Hall, also had a chilly expression.

Chapter 1089 - 1089 Extreme Sprint, Chaos in the Wasteland (2)

1089 Extreme Sprint, Chaos in the Wasteland (2)

“Senior Wang, I was going to eliminate the Gale Bandits, but this matter concerns the disciples guarding Sanhuo and also a disciple participating in the trial at the Trial Grounds.” Xiong Ke stood below the stone steps with a cold expression and spoke in a deep voice.

“Peng Ming has already confessed that he was raising those Nine-Death Insects in Flames with the consent of the guardian deacons of the city.

“Also, the disciple who resolved the crisis in Sanhuo City, I hope he can come forward and clarify.”

Xiong Ke’s eyes were filled with coldness. “His strength was so exceptional, why did he let the Gale Bandits go?”

It wouldn’t be difficult for Han Muye to keep the original 10,000-man formation of the Gale Bandits when he reached the Trial Grounds.

At the very least, if he had made a move, causing the death or injury of most of those 10,000 men would have been effortless.

But Han Muye not only spared their lives but also let them leave, only leaving their leader to turn himself in at Sanhuo City.

Xiong Ke seized onto this point and wouldn't let it go, wanting to find Han Muye and make him explain clearly.

However, at this moment, Han Muye was in the Trial Grounds. How could he explain clearly?

"Zhang Zhenbiao has merits and demerits. The town's authorities will handle it according to the sect's regulations.

"The trial disciple is still in the midst of the trial. According to the usual practice of the sect, we need to wait for him to finish the trial before asking." Wang Minghe waved his hand and said casually.

Xiong Ke's cultivation was not inferior to his, but he didn't have the identity of a city's authority, so being arrogant in front of him was useless.

If Wang Minghe wanted to protect Zhang Zhenbiao and Han Muye, it would be simply a matter of a few words.

In his opinion, let Xiong Ke make a fuss.

It would be best to wait until Han Muye came out of the Trial Grounds, and then Xiong Ke could make another scene, naturally pushing Han Muye to the Zhenxuan Hall.

He turned his head slightly to look at Chen Qiu beside him.

Sure enough, the expression that flashed in Chen Qiu's eyes at this moment conveyed the same meaning.

"Heh, Senior Wang Minghe, you're protecting the people from the Zhenxuan Hall, you're shielding and indulging them." Xiong Ke sneered and pointed at Wang Minghe.

"You were unable to overcome the calamity of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, your cultivation declined, and now you rely on secret treasures to cover it up. You are powerless to suppress the chaos in the Wasteland, allowing the Gale Bandits to run rampant. Wang Minghe, your situation is serious!"

With one sentence, Xiong Ke caused Wang Minghe's face to change drastically.

Chen Qiu by his side also had a dark expression.

The calamity of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man was supposed to be a time to relinquish the duty of being a town's authority and focus on overcoming the calamity.

Wang Minghe did not relinquish his duty, but quietly overcame the calamity, using secret treasures to conceal the changes in his cultivation.

It was only when he couldn't overcome the later calamity and faced the danger of a regression in cultivation that he reported it.

The several elders sitting in the Zhenxuan Hall were annoyed, but Wang Minghe was the one in charge of a whole province, holding considerable power. It would be inconvenient to replace him rashly.

Furthermore, the relationship between the Zhenxuan Hall and the Zhenhuang Hall was strained at the moment. If Wang Minghe were removed, the position of guarding Yuze Province might be contended for by people from the Zhenhuang Hall.

After discussing among themselves, the several elders in the Zhenxuan Hall decided to wait for the Master of the Hall to come out and make a decision. They would drag it out and see if Wang Minghe could safely overcome the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

If he couldn't overcome it, they would quietly find a reason to replace him.

The reason Elder Zeng Sheng immediately sent Chen Qiu was also to take advantage of the crisis in Sanhuo City and the achievements of the Trial Hall, so as to smoothly replace Wang Minghe and have Chen Qiu take over as the guardian of Yuze Province.

But now, Xiong Ke tore off the veil and exposed the decline in Wang Minghe's cultivation. It was clear that he didn't want things to end peacefully.

"Xiong Ke, you don't have the qualification to question me, the guardian." Wang Minghe snorted coldly, flicked his sleeve, and the power of heaven and earth in Yunlu City turned into a giant hand, reaching towards Xiong Ke.

Xiong Ke stood there, his expression unchanged, staring coldly at Wang Minghe.

"Then do I have the right to care about you?" A voice sounded. Wang Minghe's hand paused and turned into green immortal energy that dissipated.

He raised his head and looked at the figure that took a step forward in astonishment.

“Wu Chaoshen, weren’t you in seclusion—” Chen Qiu exclaimed softly, his eyes revealing a deep look. He stopped talking and nodded and said, “No wonder, you’ve already reached the Heaven Immortal realm.”

Behind Xiong Ke, a young man dressed in a white robe, with a black sheathed sword on his back, approached slowly.

The young man’s eyebrows met his temples, and there seemed to be starlight flickering in his eyes, giving them a lively and spirited look. He was eight feet tall, with broad shoulders and a well-proportioned figure, exuding agility.

As Wang Minghe looked at the approaching young man, his heart sank.

Regardless of the cultivation world, strength was what mattered.

This person in front of him was an elite of the Zhenhuang Hall. Back during the trial, he had directly entered the elite level, and in subsequent missions, he had stood out and outshined his peers.

Among the 72 Immortal elites below the Heaven Immortal level in the Zhenhuang Hall, Wu Chaoshen could rank in the top 10. He was an incredibly formidable individual.

Now that he had stepped into the Heaven Immortal realm, his combat strength was probably even more immeasurable.

However, why would someone like him come to deal with mundane matters of guarding a province?

Wang Minghe silently looked at Wu Chaoshen as they locked eyes.

“The Transient Wasteland has been infiltrated by the Gale Bandits, and all twelve cities of Yuze Province are under siege. Sanhuo City has been completely destroyed.

“The Wanshen Trading Company has connections with the great demons of the Bitter Immortal Realm, and they even act on behalf of the great demons.”

Standing in front of the stone steps, Wu Chaoshen’s body surged with suppressed power.

He raised his head and locked eyes with Wang Minghe. It seemed like starlight was about to penetrate his pupils.

“The matter of the Gale Bandits is not just chaos within Yuze Province. Which province around here doesn’t have problems?” Wang Minghe took a deep breath and spoke in a deep voice.

“As for the Wanshen Trading Company, did Zuo Baichuan plead guilty? Behind the Wanshen Trading Company is the senior disciple of the Lingzhao Hall, who is at the peak of the Heaven Immortal Realm. He’s just trying to find a way out for his own disciple.”

As the guardian of a province, Wang Minghe was naturally exceptional in his conduct and dealings.

The chaos caused by the Gale Bandits was not exclusive to Yuze Province.

The Wanshen Trading Company had a peak Heaven Immortal expert behind it.

Chapter 1090 - 1090 Extreme Sprint, Chaos in the Wasteland (3)

1090 Extreme Sprint, Chaos in the Wasteland (3)

The Zhenhuang Hall was looking for trouble, but couldn't find anything on him.

Even if Wu Chaoshen was an elite and in the realm of heaven immortals, how could they simply accuse him without evidence?

Sure enough, after he finished speaking, Wu Chaoshen didn't refute.

"Buzz!"

A light sound rang out, and a golden light flashed in front of Wang Minghe.

He reached out and grabbed it, revealing a communication golden talisman with the sect's emblem on it.

His divine sense probed into it, his face turned pale, and he exclaimed, "How is this possible!"

Beside him, Chen Qiu was about to speak when two communication symbols appeared in front of him as well.

He reached out and took them, his expression constantly changing.

“The Immortal Demon King of the Bitter Immortal Realm is suspected to have died from serious injuries. All the Demon Kings are fighting for the Nirvana Pearl.

“The experts of the Ascendant Tiger Guards entered the jurisdiction of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. Their deputy commander killed five Heaven Immortal realm Elders, and the Sword Sect has issued a mission to hunt them down.

“The Gale Bandits are gathering to rescue the captives held by Yuze Province, including Heaven Immortal realm experts.”

If these messages were still about external forces, the last two were about themselves.

“The defensive force in the Transient Wasteland is insufficient, so elite disciples from each hall will be deployed to defend it.

“The three provinces are corrupted. All the guards will be replaced. The person who completed the best mission this time will take over.”

Elite disciples would come to the Transient Wasteland to guard it.

The guards of the three provinces would all be replaced.

Such major events were actually not discussed beforehand and were directly announced through the sect's communication golden talisman.

This was an order that had already been set and could not be changed.

"How could this be..."

Chen Qiu held the golden talisman in his hand and whispered.

"With the death of the Immortal Demon King and the upheaval in the Bitter Immortal Realm, coupled with the invasion of the Gale Bandits, the Sword Sect not only wants to defend, but also wants to attack." Wang Minghe's eyes gleamed as he spoke.

Across from them, Wu Chaoshen's eyes brightened, and he nodded with a light smile.

Chen Qiu also nodded slightly.

After all, Wang Minghe had been serving as a defender for many years, so he could see things clearly.

The actions of the Sword Sect were not only to secure their own territory but also showed an interest in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

“As for the replacement of guards,” Wang Minghe’s gaze fell on Wu Chaoshen, noticing the unique aura of the Heaven Realm Immortals surrounding him, and he sighed slightly, “It’s for the sake of controlling the Ascension Platform, right?”

“It seems that this time my Mystic Spirit Sword Sect will have to fight.

He shook his head and whispered, “In the end, it’s because my own cultivation level is not enough.”

His words made Wu Chaoshen smile faintly. “You can see it clearly.”

Behind Wu Chaoshen, Xiong Ke whispered, “Senior Brother, about the investigation—”

Before he could finish speaking, Wang Minghe held the golden talisman in his hand and said loudly, “This communication golden talisman is only a message. The official order hasn’t arrived yet. My responsibility to guard the city hasn’t been removed.”

He turned and stepped into the hall behind him, his voice echoing, “You can deal with the affairs of Yuze Province, but wait until I am relieved of my duties.”

Xiong Ke still wanted to speak, but Wu Chaoshen raised his hand to stop him.

“There’s no hurry.” Wu Chaoshen shook his head and disappeared.

Wang Minghe, who entered the Trial Hall, had a solemn expression and turned to look at Chen Qiu, saying, “Senior Brother Chen, from the current situation, Han Muye’s trial will definitely be interrupted.

“Not only that, if he is accused, it will be difficult for him to obtain the status of an official disciple.”

With his gaze fixed, he said in a low voice, “Now, the only option is to communicate with him and let him fight against the odds, directly entering the 100th level of the trial ground.

“Once he enters the 100th level, he can enter the Zhantian Hall, and at that time, the elite disciple of the three halls will not be under the control of the respective halls but will have special status.”

Chen Qiugang was slightly stunned and whispered, “Is it possible to directly advance from the 80th level to the 100th level?”

Wang Minghe shook his head and said, “I can delay him for half a day, but the trial grounds will probably only last for 20 days.”

“One day, one level.”

It seemed that he himself didn’t believe that someone could break through one level per day after reaching the 80th level of the trial ground. Wang Minghe bitterly smiled and said, “We can only do our best and leave it to fate...”

He raised his hand and a golden rune fell onto the light screen in front of him.

Han Muye, who was fighting the demon beasts in the trial grounds, paused slightly.

In his mind, golden runes emerged from the golden eye on top of his head, conveying various messages.

The golden talisman appeared, and not only him, but also the thousands of people who were observing behind the Spirit Illumination Formation saw it.

“There’s chaos in the Transient Wasteland?”

“All the defenders in the three provinces are going to be replaced. This time seems unusual.”

“What is the Bitter Immortal Realm planning?”

“”So this person is from Yunlu City and also from our Yuze Province.”

“20 days, 20 levels, rushing to the 100th level of the trial ground. How is that possible? Wang Minghe must be delusional.”

“Is he crazy? Who can reach the 20th level in 20 days?”

“After the 80th level, even a peak Human Immortal wouldn’t dare to say one level per day.”

“What the hell is he planning?”

In the light screen, before the Spirit Illumination Formation, Han Muye slowly sheathed his sword behind him.

Then, the sound of sword chants resounded from the sword sheath on his back.

Sword lights flew out, forming a long dragon.

The methods of the Sword Sect, the convergence of 10,000 swords.

“If he really advances one level per day and breaks through the 100th level!” The Xuntian Hall’s Zhu Yong slapped his palm fiercely and roared lowly.

An extremely strong battle intent surged from his body.

“Good guy, if he steps onto the 100th level, I’ll immediately go find him.” Gong Shu from the Zhantian Hall clenched his fist tightly and gritted his teeth.

In front, the old man with slightly narrowed eyes looked at the sword light dragon, and a hint of a smile appeared on his face.

He gently clasped his hands together and muttered, “Elite of the three halls? In fact, my Sword Sect has another hall that no one knows about.”

“Kid, let’s see if you have what it takes...”