

## **Pavilion 1091**

### **Chapter 1091 - 1091 Solo Battle in the Strongholds of the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls**

#### 1091 Solo Battle in the Strongholds of the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls

If possible, Han Muye also didn't want to reveal his full strength.

But since it had come to this, as a sword cultivator, why fear revealing his full strength!

The sword light was like a dragon. The longsword nurtured in the Infinite Unity Sword Case formed a sword formation. Although it was not the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, it was an array formation that Han Muye had deduced himself and could unleash the power of 10,000 swords.

At this moment, the sword transformed into the shape of a dragon, swirling around him, and with just a single rotation, it killed the surrounding demonic beasts.

Without hesitation, Han Muye led the dragon-shaped longsword to fly forward, leaving behind only a trail of blood in his original position.

Those Sword Sect disciples who were observing in the Spirit Illumination Formation could only utter faint sighs before they saw golden light enveloping Han Muye as he descended to the next level.

Level 81, slaying a hundred black-armored double-headed iron crocodiles, each one possessing divine transformation strength.

Han Muye's longsword formed a formation, and grinding down 10,000 swords, he caused the double-headed iron crocodiles with unparalleled defense to sink into a quagmire of blood and flesh.

To pass this level, it took half a day.

Level 82, killing 50 four-winged Bijie Cloud Sparrows, each one possessing incredible speed and flame-wrapped divine abilities capable of burning through a world.

Han Muye transformed the 10,000 swords into an ice river, colliding with the power of flames and icy cold, and covering the heavens and earth. It was impossible for outsiders to observe; they were only able to hear the terrified screams of the Bijie Cloud Sparrows.

To pass this level, it took a day and a half.

...

In the 99th level, Han Muye's longsword in his hand merged with the dragon formed by the surrounding longswords, ultimately transforming into a magnificent illusion of a sword tower.

Before him were three golden five-level sword towers.

Beneath the sword tower, three solemn-looking sword cultivator disciples appeared.

Every single one of them was at least at the supreme realm.

When the three towers appeared, there was an uproar outside the Spirit Illumination Array.

“It’s actually the Three Towers! Shouldn’t this round only appear after the 100th level?”

“The Trial of the Three Towers, we finally see this stage again!”

“The Three Towers suppress the heavens. No matter who wins or loses, this battle will be exciting.”

“Unfortunately, we can’t see it.”

Behind the Spirit Illumination Array, the sword cultivators in the trial hall muttered regretfully.

According to the rules of the trial grounds, the Trial of the Three Towers was a trial of the three halls. Once one passed, one would be considered an elite of the three halls.

However, in the past, this level would only appear after the 110th level.

Because very few people passed through, usually, as long as the trial disciples reached the 100th level, the Zhantian Hall would come and invite them to join.

But unexpectedly, Han Muye's Trial of the Three Towers appeared in the 99th level, 10 levels ahead of others.

The Trial of the Three Towers involved the sect's secrets, so the Formation Spirit would block outsiders' perceptions.

The sword sect disciples behind the Spirit Illumination Formation could only watch as Han Muye manipulated the longsword's dragon, transformed into a sword tower, and gradually disappeared.

All the Spirit Illumination Formations were ineffective.

In the end, whether Han Muye could pass and how long it would take, only the Formation Spirit, the true upper-level experts of the Sword Sect, and Han Muye himself knew.

In the Yunlu City Trial Hall, Wang Minghe had a smile on his face as he watched the elder who held a golden scroll step forward.

"Wang Minghe, we, holding the Sword Sect's Golden Decree, officially notify you of your removal from the position of guarding Yuze Province. Yuze Province will be temporarily managed by five elder officials until a new guardian is finally selected."

The white-robed elder holding the golden scroll looked at Wang Minghe and spoke aloud.

Behind him were Xiong Ke, Wu Chaoshen, and a few experts from the Zhenxuan Hall and the Zhenhuang Hall.

This procession was an official handover ceremony.

“Elders, please wait a moment. I need to bathe, change clothes, and organize documents. It will take three days,” Wang Minghe chuckled and spoke, slowly adjusting his robes but not reaching out to accept the scroll.

Hearing his words, the old man holding the scroll frowned.

“Wang Minghe, you should know the rules of the Sword Sect. Once the formal handover takes place, you must surrender the Guardian’s Heart Seal within a quarter of an hour,” Xiong Ke stared at Wang Minghe and said in a low voice.

Beside him, Wu Chaoshen’s gaze fell upon the illusory light screen of the Spirit Illumination Formation, his expression serious.

“He’s stalling!” he uttered in a low voice, taking a step forward and slamming his palm towards the formation.

Chen Qiu, who stood by Wang Minghe’s side, raised his hand, and sword light shimmered around him.

“Enough, stop!” the elder holding the golden scroll coldly shouted, and golden light radiated from the scroll, blocking Chen Qiu and Wu Chaoshen.

“Wang Minghe is still a Guardian of a Province after all. He should still maintain some dignity,” the elder snorted, looking at Wang Minghe. “Two hours.”

Wang Minghe nodded with a smile.

On the opposite side, Wu Chaoshen's face darkened.

"Everyone, please wait for me outside the hall."

Wang Minghe smiled and raised his hand.

A green immortal light pushed everyone out of the Trial Hall.

When the Trial Hall was empty, he turned around, his face showing a touch of desolation.

"Two hours, this is my last chance to fight. Han Muye, I hope you..."

...

Two hours later, Wang Minghe handed over all his seals, removed the immortal-patterned robe that represented his position as a Province Guardian, and returned the golden crown.

The Sword Sect Elder named Su Yunong read out the sect's decree. He, Chen Qiu, Xiong Ke, Wu Chaoshen, and another Elder from the Zhenxuan Hall, Yu Ze, formed a temporary guardian elder group to manage the matters in the Yuze province.

“Wang Minghe, the Guardian of Yuze province, concealed the fact that he was unable to overcome the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, lacked the ability to suppress the local forces, and caused a backlash from powerful enemies. His guilt is undeniable. He shall be imprisoned in the Sword Tower, awaiting the final decision of the Supreme Elder Council.

“Zhang Zhenbiao, the Guardian of Sanhuo City, knew but did not report, triggering the great calamity in Sanhuo City. He has both merits and crimes. He shall be imprisoned in the Sword Tower, awaiting the decision of the Elder Council.

“The Wanshen Trading Company has been colluding with the great demons of the Bitter Immortal Realm, causing harm to the interests of our Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. Effective immediately, all affiliated businesses shall be suppressed, and all individuals involved shall be detained.”

#### **Chapter 1092 - 1092 Solo Battle in the Strongholds of the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls (2)**

##### 1092 Solo Battle in the Strongholds of the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls (2)

“The trial disciple, Han Muye, associated with the Wanshen Trading Company and the town guard, Zhang Zhenbiao of Sanhuo City, are suspected of being involved with the Gale Bandits. Immediately interrupt the trial and detain him in the Sword Tower.”

Commands were issued one after another, and a golden Sword Tower gleamed.

The eight-story Sword Tower was the strongest force in the provincial guard, the symbol of the Sword Sect's identity.

A golden chain locked Wang Minghe in place, and then Xiong Ke delivered a punch, smashing into Wang Minghe's chest.

“To prevent Wang Minghe from resisting, it’s better to suppress his cultivation first.”

As the words fell, the golden fist shadow had already collided with Wang Minghe’s chest.

Wang Minghe’s figure trembled and suddenly shattered into pieces.

Everyone in the hall had a look of panic.

Chen Qiu stood there, his face showing a complex expression.

“Junior Brother Wang Minghe knew he couldn’t escape his guilt, so he already disarmed himself, leaving only an avatar. Originally, he intended to reveal various matters, but unexpectedly, Elder Xiong, you... sigh...”

Wang Minghe chose to disarm himself, and his avatar knew everything. Now that the avatar had been shattered, it meant that their group of five elders would be unable to obtain any information regarding matters concerning Yuze Province.

Wang Minghe shouldered everything by disarming himself!

In the grand hall, Wu Chaochen, Su Yunong, and others had extremely dark expressions, while a trace of astonishment flashed across Xiong Ke’s face, followed by furious glares at Chen Qiu.



Chen Qiu must have known all of this, but deliberately kept silent, waiting for him to make a move and shatter Wang Minghe's avatar before taking action!

As a result, not only could they not obtain any information they needed about Yuze Province, but Xiong Ke would also have to bear the blame for it.

"Terminate the trial!" Wu Chaochen shouted, and Xiong Ke's expression changed. He took a step forward, his body radiating golden light as he collided with the trial hall's formation.

"Buzz!"

The formation reversed, and figures appeared one after another.

The disciples who entered the trial with Han Muye stood there with bewildered expressions.

Some still wielded their long swords, while others looked around with lingering fear, their faces filled with vigilance.

They had no idea why their trial had been interrupted.

Wu Chaoshen's gaze swept over, and his expression became even darker.

He turned his head to look at Chen Qiu, who remained indifferent, and gritted his teeth. "Elder Chen, what is going on?"

Chen Qiu's expression did not change as he said calmly, "Elder Wu, what are you talking about?"

"Where's Han Muye?" Wu Chaoshen stared intently into Chen Qiu's eyes, his body condensing with battle intent.

Su Yunong, Xiong Ke, and Yu Ze, who were following behind, all looked at the intermediate disciples who had returned.

As expected, there was no sign of Han Muye.

At that moment, the trial disciples also realized that Han Muye was missing.

"Elder Wu, are you questioning me?" Chen Qiu's body also emitted a gathering sword aura as he stared unwaveringly at Wu Chaoshen.

"Perhaps Han Muye died in the trial grounds, and yet you come to question me as if you have the right."

He snorted and turned to look at the trial disciples.

"We are at fault for interrupting your trials.

"As compensation, I, as an elder, grant all of you the status of official inner sect disciples."

His words brought joy to the faces of the trial disciples.

Most of them had not even reached the 10th level of the trial grounds yet, but now they were immediately recognized as inner disciples, saving them a great deal of effort.

Among the hundred people, not everyone had the confidence to enter the 10th level and become inner sect disciples.

Xiong Ke was about to speak when Su Yunong raised his hand to stop him.

“However, your trial hasn’t been completed yet. I’ll send you to the Yunteng Wasteland, which borders the Bitter Immortal Realm, with Zhang Zhenbiao, the former guardian of Sanhuo. You won’t be able to return for a hundred years.”

Chen Qiu turned to look at Su Yunong and the others, lightly laughing. “Everyone, the Sword Sect is currently in conflict with the Bitter Immortal Realm. It is a time of need. Let Zhang Zhenbiao make amends and let them continue their trials. Isn’t this a good solution?”

Was it good or not?

Wu Chaoshen, Su Yunong, Xiong Ke, and Yu Ze looked at each other.

Chen Qiu was one of the five temporary members of the Elder Council, and Yu Ze was stationed with him in the Zhenxuan Hall.

“Elder Chen’s words are absolutely correct,” Yu Ze spoke up first.

Su Yunong hesitated for a moment, then nodded. “Indeed, he is a useful person. This arrangement is also appropriate.”

He had no grudges with the Zhenhuang Hall or the Zhenxuan Hall, or with Wang Minghe.

Since there was no longer any leverage over Wang Minghe, It was better to go with the flow.

Furthermore, they would soon form the Elder Council governing Yuze Province. By showing Chen Qiu his favor now, their future collaboration would be smoother.

In the past, being in charge of a province was nothing remarkable, and even Immortal Realm powerhouses were not interested.

But now, it was a chaotic time, with conflicts against powerful demons from the Bitter Immortal Realm and the struggle for control over the Ascension Platform with other sects. Those who governed a region would have many opportunities.

Of the five temporary members of the Elder Council, three agreed, while Xiong Ke and Wu Chaoshen, though displeased, did not speak up again.

That settled the matter.

Chen Qiu laughed, shook his head, and walked out of the trial hall.

The trial disciples hurriedly left as well.

“Everyone, the affairs of the sect are of utmost importance. Let us work together to guard Yuze Province,” Su Yunong said, looking at Yu Ze and Elder Wu, among others.

“That goes without saying,” Wu Chaoshen nodded, then turned and walked out of the trial hall with Xiong Ke.

“Find out where Han Muye is and also the whereabouts of Zhang Zhenbiao,” Wu Chaoshen stood on the stone steps and spoke in a deep voice.

The two sword cultivators in green robes, standing below on the stone steps, nodded and swiftly departed.

“Junior Brother Xiong, go and see if Zuo Baichou from the Wanshen Trading Company is still around. I will pay a visit to the Lingzhao Hall and meet Uncle-Master Fu Yu,” Wu Chaochen said, heading towards the direction of the transmission array.

After Wu Chaoshen finished speaking, he headed towards the teleportation array.

Xiong Ke nodded and turned around to look for the Wanshen Trading Company’s base in the city.

Unfortunately, when he arrived, Zuo Baichou was no longer there, and he didn't know where he had gone.

In Yunlu City, everything was in disarray. The disciples who were originally under the jurisdiction of Wang Minghe either secluded themselves or did not return from their missions. Xiong Ke and the others had no leads to follow in order to understand the situation.

After three days, when Wu Chaoshen returned in frustration from being denied entry to the Lingzhao Hall, Xiong Ke had still made no progress.

It wasn't until half a month later when Chen Qiu took action, wielding the token left by Wang Minghe, that the information began to converge through various channels.

During that half month, many things had happened.

Most of the disciples stationed throughout Yuze Province took advantage of this time to settle their affairs. Eighty percent of them remained in their positions and were not replaced.

The elites arranged by the various halls could not effectively control their respective territories and were reduced to being mere operatives for completing tasks.

In half a month, the Wanshen Trading Company had already shed their own responsibilities and sent a high-grade spiritual treasure as a gesture of understanding.

It was said that Zuo Baichou had been assigned by the firm to a location near the Bitter Immortal Realm, balancing his merits and faults, starting anew.

As for the elite trial participant Han Muye, whom everyone was concerned about, his whereabouts and arrangements were known only to the late Wang Minghe.

Unfortunately, Wang Minghe's avatar had been shattered by Xiong Ke.

The fate of Han Muye had become a secret.

In reality, it wasn't much of a secret.

After all, Wang Minghe had made arrangements during the last hour, quietly allowing Han Muye to leave Yunlu City. With a bit of effort, everything could have been traced back.

However, in the end, Han Muye's traces disappeared from the Yunteng Wasteland.

Zhang Zhenbiao, Zuo Baichou, and even Zhao Chen from the Jujin Trading Company, seemed to have gone to the Yunteng Wasteland.

Although the Yunteng Wasteland was under the jurisdiction of Yuze Province, it was an area bordering the Bitter Immortal Realm, beyond the reach of the power of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Here, it was a semi-autonomous state.

Now that the Bitter Immortal Realm was in chaos, the Yunteng Wasteland was naturally in chaos as well.

This was what Han Muye saw when he arrived at the Yunteng Wasteland.

However, upon setting foot in the wilderness, he temporarily had no time to appreciate the scenery or deal with the chaos in the wilderness.

Standing in front of him were two sword cultivators who demanded his serious attention.

“Xuntian Hall, Zhu Yong.”

“Zhantian Hall, Gong Shu.”

The two sword cultivators cupped their hands and spoke at the same time.

Behind Han Muye, Zhang Zhenbiao and the others all looked at the two legendary experts from the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls in surprise.

“How many levels have you passed after the Trial of the Three Towers?” Gong Shu stared at Han Muye, his fighting spirit surging.

Zhu Yong also looked at him with rapt attention.



Han Muye shook his head.

“You didn’t pass?” As soon as Gong Shu finished speaking, his body trembled and he quickly retreated.

Han Muye’s figure flickered, his sword radiance resembling two long dragons that could cleave the heavens and the earth.

“It’s boring to ask too many questions. Let’s find out by trying,” Han Muye said lightly as the two sword shadows simultaneously slashed towards Zhu Yong and Gong Shu.

Single-handedly, he fought against the two powerhouses of the Xuntian Hall and the Zhantian Hall!

#### **Chapter 1093 - 1093 Fourth Hall, Zhanshen!**

1093 Fourth Hall, Zhanshen!

Whether it was Zhang Zhenbiao and the others who had followed Han Muye, or Zhu Yong and Gong Shu opposite Han Muye, they did not expect Han Muye to be so direct.

“Good, this is the peerless sword immortal of the Trial Grounds!”

Zhu Yong shouted loudly, and a sword light soared from his body.

Gong Shu also laughed and raised his sword, colliding with Han Muye's dazzling sword light.

"Clang—"

The sound of the sword resounded for thousands of miles.

Zhang Zhenbiao and his group couldn't see anything in front of them, only a bright light.

The explosive vortex caused by the collision of the swords enveloped them and dragged them dozens of miles away.

"So this is a true master of the sword..." Zhao Chen looked up, watching the three sword lights in front of him colliding like tornadoes, stirring up surging immortal energy.

Behind him, Elder Chu nodded with a complicated expression.

"With such cultivation, they are no ordinary sword masters," murmured Zuo Baichou with a glimmer in his eyes. "This is... a sword immortal."

Achieving immortality through the sword path.

Although Han Muye had not yet achieved immortality, his strength was no different from an immortal.

When one person battled against the powerhouses of the Xuntian Hall and the Zhantian Hall, how could he not be called a sword immortal?

“Boom!”

In front of them, the three long sword lights collided, dispersing into countless sword shadows that filled the sky.

The raging sword light illuminated the ever-changing expanse of the heavens.

Zhang Zhenbiao squinted his eyes, staring at the scattered sword lights, and muttered, “So that’s how it is.”

Zuo Baichou nodded. “This battle has shaken the entire wasteland, and it’s Han’s way of asserting dominance over all factions in the wasteland.”

No wonder Han Muye drew his sword so decisively.

What could be more awe-inspiring than the current monumental battle?

From this day forward, Han Muye would have a place in the Yunteng Wasteland!

“Brother Zhang, I’ve always been curious. With your qualifications as the guardian of a major city, why did you come to the Yunteng Wasteland with Brother Han?”

Zuo Baichou turned to look at Zhang Zhenbiao and asked, “And why serve as his assistant?”

Outsiders didn’t know about Han Muye’s encounter with Wang Minghe after breaking out of the Trial Grounds.

But Zhang Zhenbiao, Zuo Baichuan, and the others knew.

With a surviving Pioneer’s Decree in his hand, Wang Minghe appointed Han Muye as the pioneer guardian of the Yunteng Wasteland.

This Pioneer’s Decree dated back hundreds of thousands of years when the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and the Blood Battle Sect competed for territory.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect issued a hundred Pioneer’s Decrees to recruit powerful individuals, successfully seizing half of the territory from the Blood Battle Sect’s grasp.

The enmity between the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and the Blood Battle Sect was also established at that time.

Later, these Pioneer’s Decrees were gradually recalled and became rarely known in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

However, since the Pioneer’s Decree was issued by the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, it was always recognized.

As long as one held the Pioneer's Decree and expanded the territory beyond the direct control of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, they would be acknowledged and protected. If necessary, the Sword Sect would even provide support.

The Pioneer's Decree of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was considered a rare treasure by various forces in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

Wang Minghe had this decree in his possession and handed it to Han Muye, allowing him to become a distinguished disciple of the Zhenxuan Hall in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. He was entrusted with this decree to pioneer and expand the Yunteng Wasteland.

According to Wang Minghe's plan, Han Muye had to leave the Yuze Province and the areas completely controlled by the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect to have a chance to soar to the sky.

Otherwise, as an elite genius, he would inevitably be embroiled in the conflicts of the Zhenxuan Hall and the Zhenhuang Hall, facing constant disturbances and too many constraints on his cultivation.

Han Muye also didn't want too many entanglements, so he took the Pioneer's Decree and left Yuze Province directly.

As for the favor owed to Wang Minghe, he would repay it when the opportunity arose.

"Some people are destined to become peerless powerhouses," Zhang Zhenbiao murmured softly, his gaze fixed on the constantly colliding sword lights, intertwined between illusion and reality.

“I believe my choice won’t be wrong.”

He tightened his grip on the hilt of his sword, then relaxed it.

“Brother Zuo, aren’t you making a similar choice?” He chuckled and turned to look at Zhao Chen. “And you, betting your future and fortune on this?”

“You severed ties with your father. Aren’t you afraid he’ll send people to break your legs?”

His words made Elder Chu behind Zhao Chen, as well as the people around them, smile.

Zhao Chen nodded, his expression serious. “I’m afraid I won’t succeed if I don’t go all out and risk breaking my legs.”

The Jujin Trading Company had also invested a lot this time. Not only had their young master sent it over, but he had also quietly sold half of the entire trading company’s assets and handed them to Zhao Chen.

Although Zhao Chen’s father was the head manager, the Jujin Trading Company wasn’t controlled by just one person.

From this perspective, the Jujin Trading Company had placed its bet on Han Muye.

Either Zhao Chen would soar to the sky alongside Han Muye, and the Jujin Trading Company would prosper along with it.

Or everything would be lost.

Zhao Chen looked at the collision of the magnificent and dazzling sword lights in front of him and turned his head slightly.

Whether it was himself or Zhang Zhenbiao, the trial disciples, Zuo Baichou, and the Wanshen Trading Company behind him, even Wang Minghe himself, who didn't place their bets on Han Muye?

Thinking about betting, a thought flashed through his mind as he looked up at the shining sword lights in the sky.

Those two powerhouses, the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls, probably didn't just block their way and inquire about how deep Han Muye had ventured into the Trial Grounds, right?

Perhaps, like himself, they had come to place their bets too!

Even the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls thought highly of Han Muye!

Zhao Chen's mouth curved upward, and he noticed that Zuo Baichou beside him had the same smile.

Indeed, great minds think alike.

"Boom!"

The three long sword lights collided once again, causing the immortal energy within thousands of miles to tremble and ripple.

The influence of the sword light affected the forces of heaven and earth. On the wasteland, many cultivators and hidden demonic beasts in various places had already started to panic.

#### **Chapter 1094 - 1094 Fourth Hall, Zhanshen! (2)**

##### **1094 Fourth Hall, Zhanshen! (2)**

Han Muye stood under the sword light, his expression calm as if he was casually conversing rather than engaging in a sword fight.

On the opposite side, Zhu Yong and Gong Shu still exuded a strong fighting spirit, but it was not as overwhelming as before.

“Great swordsmanship. With your skills, you can earn a place in my Xuntian Hall,” Zhu Yong looked at the sword light above Han Muye’s head, a hint of admiration appearing on his face.

Only through actual combat could one perceive the strength of Han Muye’s swordsmanship, which was as deep as an abyss and as vast as the sea.

It was currently two against one, with Gong Shu and himself. They weren’t exerting their full power, but their cultivation level was suppressing Han Muye to some extent. However, Han Muye appeared just as relaxed and at ease, clearly still concealing a lot.



“Not bad. In terms of swordsmanship alone, there aren’t many in my Zhantian Hall who surpass you,” Gong Shu said, then turned to look at Zhu Yong.

Both of them nodded, their expressions turning solemn.

“Han Muye, are you willing to join my Xuntian Hall?” Zhu Yong slowly spoke.

“My Zhantian Hall also welcomes your joining,” Gong Shu’s voice came, filled with some expectation.

Elite of the Three Halls!

Han Muye smiled.

Joining the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, becoming a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, completely whitewashing his identity.

This was the best choice for him when he still didn’t have the ability to confront those powerful beings.

And the elite of the Sword Sect’s Three Halls would provide an extra layer of protection for his yet-to-mature self.

“I couldn’t ask for more,” Han Muye slightly bowed after cupping his hands in greeting.

After speaking, he cupped his hands again and said, "Han Muye greets the two senior brothers."

Fellow senior brothers in the same hall.

Zhu Yong and Gong Shu showed delighted expressions, laughed heartily, and also cupped their hands, "Greetings, Junior Brother Han."

...

The three of them had sword light constantly shining above their heads, rolling forward, enveloping the surrounding hundred thousand miles of land and sky, stirring up the immortal energy and creating a tide.

As for themselves, they stood under the sword light and spoke softly to each other.

The duty of the Xuntian Hall was to patrol and inspect the internal and external affairs of the entire Sword Sect, as well as any disturbances from various factions.

In terms of strength, only the Zhantian Hall could compare within the Sword Sect.

The five Deputy Hall Masters who lived in seclusion were all at the Golden Immortal realm.

“Our Xuntian Hall’s Deputy Hall Master, Guan, has been in seclusion for 10,000 years. The Xuntian Token has not appeared for many years, otherwise the reputation of the Xuntian Hall would be even greater.”

Zhu Yong said with some regret.

The actual strength of the Xuntian Hall, both in public and in secret, was something they themselves couldn’t clearly state..

The only ones who knew were probably the five Deputy Hall Masters and the Hall Master, Guan Dongyun, who was in seclusion.

As for the Zhantian Hall, its power intersected and overlapped with that of the Xuntian Hall.

Most of the people who could become members of the Zhantian Hall were elite fighters from the Xuntian Hall.

“Because my Zhantian Hall has another important mission outside of patrolling. ” Gong Shu stared at Han Muye and grinned, “To contend with various factions in the immortal world.””

He paused, seeing no change in Han Muye’s expression, and chuckled, “And also to compete with other immortal realms beyond the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

“You should also know that the true core of our Sword Sect is not in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.”

“Have you been there, Senior Brother?” Han Muye looked at Gong Shu.

Although Han Muye had never been to that core place of the sect, Guan Dongyun had.

From the token left by Guan Dongyun and the memories in the Sword Tower, Han Muye had seen the appearance of the gathering place of the sect's powerful beings.

"Me?" Gong Shu shook his head and smiled bitterly, "Without the potential to become a Hall Master, the sect wouldn't send me there."

Zhu Yong beside him also shook his head.

They didn't have that qualification yet.

The Xuntian and Zhantian Halls were more like the Sword Sect's violent organizations.

In the cultivation world, only true powerhouses had the right to decide everything for others.

That was how it was with the Xuntian and Zhantian Halls.

Zhu Yong and Gong Shu did not stay long in the Yunteng Wasteland.

After explaining some rules of their respective halls, leaving behind tokens and giving Han Muye an identity token, they quietly left.

“By the way, Junior Brother Han, what level did you step into in those two hours?”

Before Gong Shu left, he turned around and asked unwillingly.

Han Muye chuckled and said, “Do you really want to know, Senior Brother?”

He slowly raised two fingers and gestured slightly.

“Damn, two levels in two hours. Impressive.” Gong Shuyi shook his head and muttered, “I shouldn’t have asked.”

Zhu Yong narrowed his eyes and stared at Han Muye’s two fingers. “Could it be 20 levels?”

Gong Shu’s eyes widened. Seeing Han Muye’s indifferent expression, he couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

“My cultivation is really f\*cked up...”

Zhu Yong shook his head and cupped his hands. “Junior Brother, take care. If you need any help, the Xuntian Hall will arrange it immediately.”

With that, his figure moved and transformed into a sword light that flew away.

Gong Shu waved his hand and was about to leave when he heard Han Muye whisper behind him, "Not 20, 200."

Gong Shu staggered. The sword light he set up swayed in the sky and almost fell.

To outsiders, it would appear that he was seriously injured.

A faint smile appeared on Han Muye's face as he watched the two streaks of light disappear. His eyes sparkled brightly, then he lowered his head and looked not far ahead.

A white-bearded old man wearing a green Daoist robe and carrying a long sword on his back was looking at him.

"If Gong Shu knew that when you mentioned 200 levels, it wasn't just stepping onto the 200th level, but actually surpassing it, he would probably fall straight down from the sword light," the old man stared into Han Muye's eyes and spoke calmly.

Han Muye's smile on his face receded, and he bowed respectfully.

In the entire Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, only a few powerful figures who held great authority in the sect could witness the process of the trials after the Trial of the Three Towers.

**Chapter 1095 - 1095 Fourth Hall, Zhanshen! (3)**

1095 Fourth Hall, Zhanshen! (3)

Each one of them was at least a Golden Immortal!

“The inheritance of Guan Dongyun.” The old man looked at Han Muye and said softly, “The Xuntian Token, is it in your hands?”

Xuntian Token!

He even knew about that!

A hint of surprise flashed across Han Muye’s face.

But he remained calm in his heart.

After all, some things were intentionally displayed by him in the trial grounds.

With his extraordinary sword potential, he would definitely be valued.

After being valued, there would be an investigation.

Han Muye couldn’t withstand scrutiny.

But his other identity could.

He was the direct disciple of the Master of the Xuntian Hall, Guan Dongyun, and the future successor of the Xuntian Hall.

A golden light flashed in Han Muye's hand, and a golden token appeared.

The moment this token appeared, the aura on the old man's body surged but was eventually suppressed.

"Sigh, Old Guan has really fallen..."

The old man shook his head and looked at Han Muye again, with a hint of kindness on his face.

"I am Qi Tianyu, an elder of the Sword Sect, one of the five deputy hall masters of the Xuntian Hall, and also an elder of the Zhantian Hall."

Speaking of this, he waved his hand.

"Put away the Xuntian Token. Whether you can take charge of the Mystic Spirit Heaven Hall depends on your own abilities.

"I came to find you to tell you something.



“Are you interested in entering another hall?”

Seeing Han Muye look up at him, Qi Tianyu said softly, “In our Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, there is another hall that only true core disciples have the opportunity to join.

“Zhanshen Hall.”

—

The Yunteng Wasteland spans billions of miles in all directions, several times larger than the Transient Wasteland.

The Yunteng Wasteland borders the bitter immortal realm, and within it, the forces of the Blood Battle Sect, the Heavenly Radiance Gate, and the Iron Armor War Gate intersect, with a very blurry boundary line.

Back then, near the Yunteng Wasteland, several factions had fought.

Compared to the Yunteng Wasteland, the chaos in the Yuze Province in the Transient Wasteland was nothing more than child’s play.

After three days, the sword light that ravaged the edge of the Yunteng Wasteland for 10,000 miles finally dissipated.

When the powerful individuals from various parties carefully investigated, Han Muye and his companions had already disappeared without a trace.

The strength of that sword light concealed all traces and secrets.

Outsiders only knew that a formidable swordsman had come to the Yunteng Wasteland, but they had no idea who it was, why they came, or where they went.

As for the Sword Sect's investigation, the experts sent by the Yuze Province stopped here.

When the news returned to Yuze Province's Yunlu City, Chen Qiu smiled and shook his head. Xiong Ke and Wu Chaoshen's faces were even more gloomy.

"Forget it. Don't waste resources on such a small matter," Chen Qiu said calmly. He looked at the others. "Let's talk about the Gale Bandits."

"Han Muye captured Cheng Linhui, the leader of the 37th team of the Gale Bandits. How should we deal with this guy? Should we release him or not?"

Han Muye's contribution.

This matter made Xiong Ke grit his teeth.

At this moment, while Xiong Ke gritted his teeth in resentment, Han Muye had already arrived in a small town within the Yunteng Wasteland.

“Yunlan Town? A good name.”

Looking at the cultivators and powerful demons coming and going ahead, Han Muye smiled softly. “Then let’s start from here.”

As his words fell, a sword light soared into the sky.

Zhang Zhenbiao stepped forward behind him, already drawing his sword and rushing towards the town.

Zhao Chen looked ahead and muttered, “Damn, I came here to do business, but how did the first thing I do become like a bandit?”

“I hate bandits the most.”

Speaking of this, he saw the sword light on Han Muye gathering into a long dragon, attracting the power of heaven and earth to intertwine. He couldn’t help but grin.

“Hey, it feels pretty good following Big Brother Han as a bandit.”

## **Chapter 1096 - 1096 The Beginning of the Immortal World's Rise, Yunlan Town**

1096 The Beginning of the Immortal World’s Rise, Yunlan Town

Bandits.

There were no rules on the Yunlan Wasteland.

These scattered small towns simply followed the rules of balance, engaging in their own transactions and spontaneously forming.

Perhaps there were some powerful individuals suppressing them, but not many.

For example, at this moment, Zhang Zhenbiao swung his long sword and slaughtered all the immortal cultivators and great demons blocking his path. Those whose cultivation was insufficient could only meet their demise, and even those who could withstand it quietly retreated.

Although Zhang Zhenbiao and his companions were not wearing the robes of the Sword Sect, the aura of their swordplay clearly resembled that of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was a dominant force throughout the entire Fuyu Immortal Realm. Who would dare provoke them?

The 100 trial disciples did not hesitate and followed behind Zhang Zhenbiao, rushing into the small town.

After forming a simple sword formation, the combined strength of these trial disciples and Zhang Zhenbiao was enough to sweep through this small town, which wasn't very big.

No one dared to resist.

After all, Han Muye's sword light hung high.

Besides, Yunlan Town was just a makeshift residence assembled by various forces. Who would be willing to risk their lives for a place that had no real ownership?

In less than two hours, Zhang Zhenbiao and his companions took control of the entire town.

In truth, it was meaningless for cultivators and the great demons to have control over this town.

If they took control, the residents would leave and never return.

It was likely that today the town was under control, but by tomorrow, Yunlan Town would disappear, and these people would gather elsewhere.

That was the Yunteng Wasteland.

It was precisely because of this lack of focus that various forces couldn't establish strongholds or truly control the wasteland.

Here, it was only when resources were truly demonstrated to their fullest extent that everything mattered.

Next to the central square of Yunlan Town, Han Muye sat upright in a two-story small attic.

In front of him were a few cultivators in green and gray robes. Among them were two half-demons and a Heaven Realm manifestation demon.

Half-demons were cultivators who cultivated the bloodline technique of the demon race. Their combat strength was mainly based on the power of the demon race, and they were known collectively as cultivators who kept transforming into demons.

In a sense, Han Muye was actually a half-demon cultivator.

He had refined the bloodline power of Baxia and Kui.

However, he did not seek to transform into a demon, nor did he mainly cultivate the power of the demon race.

At this moment, although these people stood there with a respectful expression, their eyes revealed no trace of submission.

“Everyone, my surname is Han. I came to Yunlan Town to accomplish something,” Han Muye looked up at the indifferent group of experts and spoke softly.

These people were the strong individuals in Yunlan Town, gathered here for various reasons.

The strongest among them was already a peak Human Immortal Heavenly Venerable.

That greater demon was also at the peak of the Half-Sage realm.

However, Han Muye's words fell on deaf ears.

Their expressions remained unchanged.

They were all people who had been in the wasteland for a long time and would not commit themselves unless success was certain.

Naturally, Han Muye had gathered them together because he wanted to subdue them and make them serve him.

But this was the Yunteng Wasteland, and there were some things that were simply impossible.

Zhang Zhenbiao, who was standing on the side, emanated a strong sword intent.

However, it didn't intimidate these people at all.

Eliminating all the strong individuals in an attempt to control a place would cause everyone to disperse. It would be difficult to maintain control then.

Han Muye waved his hand and lightly tapped the hilt of a green-colored broken sword.

On the long table in front of him, there were more than 10 long swords of various styles.

After Han Muye finished speaking, he fell silent and continued to explore the images in his mind, summarizing the information he obtained from these swords.

In the pavilion, the atmosphere grew slightly heavy, with only the sound of Han Muye's fingers tapping on the sword hilt.

After 10 minutes, the great demon couldn't help but say in a low voice, "What exactly do you want?"

Behind him, a green wolf shadow appeared.

Although the others did not move, they were all on guard.

Han Muye slowly withdrew his finger and then raised his hand to give it a pat.

"Boom!"

A stream of green immortal light turned into a torrent and directly hit the chest of the great demon, sending it flying out of the pavilion.



“Hu Liaochi, go back and tell your Wasteland Green Wolf Clan that they have three days to get out of the area within a radius of 100,000 miles from Yunlan Town. Otherwise, I will wipe you all out.”

Han Muye’s voice resounded throughout the town, causing everyone’s expressions to change.

Hu Liaochi, that was a great demon of the Green Wolf Clan.

Although the Green Wolf Clan was not a dominant force on the wasteland that could suppress a region, they were considered local tyrants within a radius of millions of miles.

Various forces had no choice but to tolerate the various demon tribes on the wasteland and let them be.

After all, the Yunteng Wasteland bordered the Bitter Immortal Realm, and it was possible that there were arrangements by the Immortal Demon Kings of the Bitter Immortal Realm behind them.

Now, Han Muye was actually threatening them and demanding that the Green Wolf Tribe leave the area within a hundred thousand miles.

Even if the Green Wolf Tribe wanted to comply,

it would be impossible to leave within three days.

As Hu Liaochi was sent flying and his body expanded, transforming into a 30-foot-long green wolf with bared teeth and a pervasive demonic aura.

Both the cultivators inside the attic and those watching from outside quietly retreated.

In Han Muye's hand, strands of green spiritual light converged, eventually forming a thousand-foot-long light screen that appeared in the sky above the central square of the town.

On that light screen, various lines crisscrossed, and there were small dots in green, blue, gold, and red.

"This is a map of the area within a hundred thousand li around Yunlan Town!" someone recognized what was displayed on the light curtain and couldn't help but exclaim.

"The lines look somewhat like trade routes in various places, but the dots..." someone murmured in confusion.

"The green dots should represent the town's strongholds. I can see where Yunlan Town is located, and the blue and gold dots..."

## **Chapter 1097 - 1097 The Beginning of the Rise of the Immortal World, Yunlan Town**

1097 The Beginning of the Rise of the Immortal World, Yunlan Town

Speculations arose, but no one could say what it was exactly.

Han Muye slowly got up and walked to the attic window.

“The blue represents the surrounding small towns, the green represents the gathering places of various small forces, and the gold represents the confirmed mineral deposits in various locations.”

Han Muye looked down and spoke slowly.

He had compiled information about the surrounding forces from those swords and transformed it into a detailed map.

With this map as a reference, he could do many things.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on Hu Liaoichi. “The red represents the forces of the Green Wolf Clan and other powers I intend to expel and eliminate.

“In one month, I want these red dots to disappear.”

Within a radius of 100,000 miles, these nearly 100 red dots had to vanish.

The expressions on many people’s faces turned into fear.

Each of these red dots represented a power stronger than Yunlan Town itself.

Who exactly was this person in front of them, and what was his background, that he dared to have such arrogant thoughts?

Would his proclamation bring disaster to the entire Yunlan Town?

Many people quietly retreated, ready to leave Yunlan Town and the surrounding area of 10,000 miles while the chaos had not yet erupted.

Han Muye scanned the surroundings, observing everyone's actions.

Driving away evil and avoiding calamity was justifiable.

He turned to look at Hu Liaochi below.

"You don't have much time left."

Han Muye waved his hand, and a golden incense, about 10 feet tall, ignited.

He pointed at the nearest red dot on the light screen closest to Yunlan Town.

"In three days, we'll destroy this place first."

Hu Liaochi turned around and stared at the red dot on the light screen. His figure returned to the appearance of a black-robed man.

A murderous intent gleamed in his eyes as he slowly turned his head to look at Han Muye. "The encampment of the Green Grass Ridge. Alright, I'll wait for you there.

"You come and kill me."

After speaking, he transformed into a wolf and let out a long howl, summoning nearly a hundred voices from inside and outside the town. Then, green giant wolves gathered together and fled with him.

Chaos erupted in the town.

Han Muye stood in the attic with a deep gaze.

"What is the meaning behind Han Brother's actions?" Zhao Chen asked, puzzled, as he looked at Han Muye standing in front of him.

"To establish dominance," Elder Chu, who seldom spoke, said softly.

"We have been immersed in the business path for too long, accustomed to prosperity through harmony," Zuo Baichou nodded and whispered as he looked at the chaotic cultivators ahead.

"That's right, if we want to suppress a party, we must exert both kindness and power." Zhang Zhenbiao pointed to the blue and red dots on the light screen.

“There’s a golden dot next to the encampment of the Green Grass Mountain Range, which represents a mineral mine.

“If we drive the Green Wolf Clan away, this mineral deposit will naturally fall into the hands of our Yunlan Town.

“With the benefits from this mineral deposit, we can bring back those who left.”

Zhang Zhenbiao had been holding down the fort for more than a thousand years, so he was very familiar with such methods.

But he knew that if it were him, he wouldn’t dare to do such things.

Because this wasn’t the Transient Wasteland or under the rule of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

This was the Yunteng Wasteland, where there were no rules.

Only strength mattered.

And Han Muye happened to possess that strength.

He looked up at Han Muye, whose face was calm and had a faint flow of sword light, with a glimmer of anticipation in his eyes.

He had placed everything on this Junior Brother Han, hoping he hadn't made a mistake.

"Boom!"

Half a day later, there was a rumbling sound coming from the western sky.

A greenish-gray demonic light flashed and tore through the flowing clouds in the sky, descending towards Yunlan Town.

The surging gusts it caused were like thunder.

Everyone within a hundred miles of the town looked up.

At this moment, only 20 percent of the people in the town remained in the town.

The rest were outside the town, watching from a distance.

"It's the Demon Sage of the Green Wolf Clan."

Becoming a sage through demonic cultivation.

Such an expert was already a presence that could suppress an area of thousands of miles.

“I know that there are three demon sages on Green Grass Mountain. Among them, the most violent one is the green wolf demon, Chu Jiwu.”

Outside Yunlan Town, an old man in a light golden robe narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, “Let’s stay away. The battle between Sages will cause mountains to collapse and the ground to crack.”

The world in the Immortal World was stable and it was difficult to break through the void.

However, these powerhouses who had reached the Human Immortal Realm were already extremely powerful. It was easy for them to move mountains and crush mountains with a single strike.

“Kid, you really have a death wish by provoking our Green Wolf Sacred Clan...”

The howls of wolves could be heard from the void, followed by a loud shout.

The phantom of a 1,000-foot-long green wolf smashed down from the sky and headed towards the center of Cloud Water Town.

Han Muye stood there, and the sword light on his body had already appeared, luring the demon to find it.

Zhao Chen and the others looked at each other and retreated to the side.



If Han Muye wanted to establish dominance, he naturally had to take action himself.

He hadn't made a move during the occupation of Yunlan Town before.

"Clang—"

The sound of a long sword being unsheathed resonated.

Its melodious tone could be heard for hundreds of miles.

"What a good sword!"

"At least a treasure!"

"Could it be an elite from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect?"

All eyes and spiritual senses turned towards the source of the sword light.

A 1,000-foot-long sword light, with a faint golden cold gleam amidst the green.

Even from a hundred miles away, this sword light sent chills down people's spines."

“Sword Immortal!”

“Not just a Sword Immortal, this sword contains the power of thunder, fire, and earth. Once unleashed, it will surely destroy heaven and earth.”

The sword flew out.

Everyone wanted to witness the battle between this Sword Immortal and the Great Demon.

A battle between such a sword immortal and a demon sage in the wasteland undoubtedly would be an extraordinary spectacle.

Such a battle might not be seen in a hundred years.

The higher one’s cultivation, the less likely one was to provoke conflicts lightly.

“Good timing—”

The green wolf, shrouded in demonic aura, shouted loudly and extended its claw.

The 100-foot-long wolf claw slammed down at the sword light, as if it wanted to shatter it into pieces.

**Chapter 1098 - 1098 The Beginning of the Rise of the Immortal World, Yunlan Town (2)**

1098 The Beginning of the Rise of the Immortal World, Yunlan Town (2)

“Clang—”

There was a crisp sound.

Then, the black wolf’s claws broke.

The sword light followed, stirring everything up.

Blood and demonic light dyed the boundless sky.

The clouds dissipated and the fog dispersed.

There seemed to be echoes of wolf howls echoing in the void.

But the Demon Sage who emitted the wolf howl had already met his demise.

One strike to slay Demon Sage Green Wolf!

Within a radius of hundreds of miles around Yunlan Town, a collective gasp filled the air.

This sword was truly powerful and domineering to the extreme!

It appeared casual, yet it directly killed a Green Wolf Demon, not only preventing any resistance but even annihilating its divine spirit.

What did it mean to be ruthless?

This was it!

After the sword strike, the world fell silent.

Han Muye raised his hand and waved. The sword returned, and the sword light dissipated, leaving only a three-foot-long green peak.

He raised his hand and caressed the sword, then shook his head and said lightly, "Too weak."

Too weak!

A Demon Sage of the Green Wolf Clan was actually called too weak.

Was this arrogance, or was he really strong and disdainful?

Amidst the silence, those cultivators who had originally planned to leave quietly halted their steps.

On the wasteland, one could only go farther by attaching themselves to the strong.

If Han Muye could display a convincing power, they wouldn't mind staying in Yunlan Town.

For two days, no one from the Green Wolf Clan came to Yunlan Town.

However, news gathered from various sources along the merchant road revealed that some powerful individuals from the Green Wolf Clan had headed towards the Green Grass Ridge.

In this case, they were waiting at the Green Wolf Clan's residence in the Green Grass Ridge for Han Muye.

It was unclear what the current situation was, and whether this mysterious powerful individual who arrived in Yunlan Town dared to go.

"That golden incense is about to burn out, and he hasn't made a move. I'm afraid he won't go." Someone whispered as they looked at the square where only a faint glow remained from the golden incense.

"So what? After all, deception is a part of war. With his ability to slay a Demon Sage with one sword, he has already shown formidable strength. Even if he doesn't go to Green Grass Ridge, it's understandable for him to wait here." Some people began speaking up for Han Muye after witnessing his sword.

“The incense is done.”

“Boom!”

In the moment when the golden incense burned out, a sword light soared into the sky from Han Muye’s body, piercing through the clouds.

The long sword stirred up a raging tide, causing turbulent winds and clouds within a radius of thousands of miles, transforming into a gigantic sword spanning a hundred miles.

Under the astonished gaze of everyone, the long sword traversed thousands of miles and beheaded with a single strike.

When the long sword transformed into a three-foot green blade, swaying and returning, then silently suspended in the sky above Yunlan Town, the world remained silent.

Half a day later, news arrived.

“Green Grass Ridge was razed to the ground by one sword.

“The 180,000 members of the Green Wolf Clan, eight Demon Sages, and three Human Immortal Heavenly Venerables were all killed by that sword.”

When Zhao Chen heard the news, a spiritual material in his hand fell to the ground.

“Is my Big Brother Han really that fierce...”

The merchant across from him flickered a gleam in his eyes and whispered, “Young sir, if you want to know the location of the Jade Iron Three Ring Mine, I can sell it to you.”

He had been reluctant to sell it before, but now he was willing to sell it immediately?

Zhao Chen smiled.

At this moment, Elder Chu stepped forward from behind him, standing by Zhao Chen’s side as a golden halo emanated from his body.

In the sky, clouds surged and gathered, and a massive claw descended from above, seemingly intent on crushing the entire Yunlan Town in a single strike!

Han Muye stood in front of the square made of bluestones, looking at the giant wolf claw coming down. A faint smile appeared on his face.

What was meant to happen would always come.

In the Yunteng Wasteland, where he had slain three to five Heavenly Venerables, who could be intimidated?

“After today, the Yunteng Wasteland shall have a place for me, Han Muye.”

Han Muye murmured softly, then took a step forward, directly entering the boundless void and reaching out to grasp the suspended long sword.

“Now that I’ve come, I shall leave my mark.”

### **Chapter 1099 - 1099 Slaying the Great Demon of the Void, Seizing the Void**

#### 1099 Slaying the Great Demon of the Void, Seizing the Void

“Stay back!”

Han Muye’s voice thundered.

Matching the thunderous sound was the gleaming sword in his hand.

The world of immortals and heavens was stable, and few powers could penetrate the void.

But that didn’t mean there weren’t any.

For example, the sword thrust by Han Muye at this moment!



“Slash—”

The sword radiated a brilliant and translucent light, transforming into a lightning bolt that seemed to tear through fabric, ripping apart the azure sky.

It possessed an unparalleled and devastating power, cleaving the heavens and earth with a single swing.

As the sword tore through the sky, it naturally shredded the wolf claw that appeared from nowhere.

The broken wolf claw fell to the ground, shattering a section of buildings in Yunlan Town.

The pervasive blood energy enveloped the entire town.

The demonic cultivators hiding in the town greedily absorbed the dissipating demonic energy.

With just one breath, it was equivalent to several days of cultivation in the past!

What kind of mighty demon could possess such surging blood energy!

The surrounding cultivators all looked up, their faces filled with astonishment.

To cleave open the sky with a single sword and sever a demon's claw, how powerful was this sword?

This is what it means to be a true sword immortal!

“Roar—”

The sound of a painful roar echoed, causing the void to tremble as if a great demon was fleeing from thousands of miles away.

“You wait, I'll bury you with me—”

The raging roar stirred up turbulent waves of demonic energy, filling the sky like rolling tides.

The intensity of that demonic energy made all the creatures within a hundred miles of Yunlan Town tremble in fear.

Even cultivators who had reached the Heavenly Realm couldn't stand firm under this power.

This was a powerful demon of at least the Heaven Immortal Realm, and a formidable one within that realm.

The realm of Human Immortal cultivation was divided into three stages: Half-Sages, Sages, and Heavenly Venerables, just as the Heaven Immortal Realm was also divided into three stages.

Void Hollowing, Void Refining, and Void Transformation.

Three stages, three phases, totaling nine levels of cultivation.

As a Hollowing Heaven Immortal, one could already open up an immortal realm in the void and control a portion of heaven and earth.

A Refining Immortal could refine the essence of heaven and earth into his body, becoming a transcendent being free from the constraints of heaven and earth.

A Void Transformation Immortal, on the other hand, prepared for achieving the Golden Immortal stage. At its peak, one could incarnate the world and control the fundamental power of the immortal world.

As for the power of a Golden Immortal, it was the tracing of the Heaven and Earth powers. At the Zenith Heaven realm, one's body would fuse with the Zenith Heaven's Heavenly Cycle and live as long as the world, immortal and indestructible.

In the Heavenly Cycle of the Divine Realm, Zenith Heaven was also the pinnacle of existence.

These were the cultivation realms that Han Muye came to know after entering the Immortal World.

The power of spiritual energy was not solid enough to support cultivators in reaching higher realms.

Only immortal qi could lead one to the Zenith Heaven Realm.

In the Endless Sea of the mortal world, countless Heavenly Venerables had heaven-defying Immortal Ascension and transcended with great perseverance. They combined the power of spiritual energy and resentment to become existences that exceeded their level.

Becoming an immortal by defying the heavens was much more difficult than becoming an immortal in accordance with the heavens.

“At the peak of Hollowing, one can hide in the void of heaven and earth. This is an extraordinary demon.” Outside Yunlan Town, someone focused their gaze on the horizon and whispered with a grave expression.

A Hollowing Immortal was beyond the reach of ordinary means to harm.

With a grudge against such a powerful being, Yunlan Town would inevitably be unable to survive in the Yunteng Wasteland.

A powerful being who could open up their own immortal realm had countless methods to trouble cultivators below the Immortal Realm.

“Alas, when the strong contend, it’s best for us not to get involved.” In Yunlan Town, a cultivator dressed in a grayish-green Daoist robe shook his head and spoke softly.

Several people behind him nodded in agreement.

Their cultivation levels were not low, at least reaching the peak of the Heavenly Realm.

The person ahead was obviously a master at the level of a Sage.

However, even so, they were not qualified to participate in the Heaven Immortal dispute.

“If this person can withstand the Hollowing Immortal Demon for a hundred years undefeated, we can come back.” The Daoist turned around and headed towards the outskirts of Yunlan Town.

For cultivators like them, there was no need to risk their lives and destinies on anyone.

“Ah, it seems, young master, our deal may not continue.” In front of Zhao Chen, the cultivator in the gray robe with an ordinary face spoke softly and retrieved the jade slip he was holding.

He was willing to trade the secret of the mineral vein with Zhao Chen because he had confidence in Han Muye and Yunlan Town.

But if a Hollowing Immortal demon had a deadly grudge against Han Muye, the entire Yunlan Town would never be peaceful again.

“If young master Han didn’t act so fiercely, he could actually have some chance of controlling Yunlan Town.”

The merchant shook his head, a tinge of regret flashing on his face. “In the Yunteng Wasteland, is there really a town that can be controlled individually?”

Hearing his words, Zhao Chen was shocked.

He had underestimated his Big Brother Han!

There was truly no place in the Yunteng Wasteland that could be completely controlled, so there were no rules to speak of.

For ordinary cultivators, everyone wanted a place of refuge, but they roamed the wasteland without finding one.

The reason why Brother Han was so determined to make a move was not only because of his identity as a sword cultivator, but also because he wanted to build a true city in the Wasteland with his own rules.

The Pioneer Token in his hand gave him the authorization of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect to build a large city that could suppress the wasteland!

“Don’t be anxious. Perhaps my Brother Han is different from others?” Zhao Chen turned to look at Han Muye, who was holding a long sword in the sky.

His words caused the merchant opposite him to pause for a moment, then look up.

In the sky, Han Muye stood with a sword, his sword radiance restrained.

However, what outsiders could not see was the brilliance in his eyes.

“Hollowing Immortal?”

“Perceiving the heavens and earth, opening up an immortal realm in the void. No wonder the power of space is one of the strongest forces in the world.”

Han Muye pointed his sword forward and slashed gently.

“Slash—”

A black crack appeared between heaven and earth.

### **Chapter 1100 - 1100 Slaying the Great Demon of the Void, Seizing the Void (2)**

#### **1100 Slaying the Great Demon of the Void, Seizing the Void (2)**

“I told you, if you dare to come, you’ll stay here.”

His voice was indifferent. Han Muye took a step forward and entered the void crack.

This scene made everyone widen their eyes.

“Where did he go?”

“No, he couldn’t have entered the void, the Immortal Realm Void?”

“How is that possible? Entering an Immortal Realm Void created by a Void Hollowing Heaven Immortal is seeking death—”

“Slash—”

A sword light tore open the slowly converging crack in the void once again.

Han Muye held a sword which was dripping with blood.

In his other hand, he held the head of a dark green wolf, the size of a dustpan!

Standing in midair, Han Muye threw the wolf head at the entrance of Yunlan Town below.

“The head of this Great Demon in the Void will be hung on the town gate from now on.”

Within a radius of a hundred miles, silence prevailed!

Entering the void realm, slaying the Immortal Demon, and returning!



Such methods were unheard of!

Han Muye didn't look at the astonished cultivators. He simply raised his hand, and a pale gray halo enveloped his palm.

"These are all the treasures from the realm of that Great Demon of the Green Wolf Clan. I'm not interested in demonic treasures. I wonder if any demon clan is willing to inherit them?"

The treasures from the realm of an Immortal Demon were casually displayed!

Zhao Chen looked at the hazy halo and felt his heart ache.

How many spiritual rocks were there...

"Impressive!" The merchant standing in front of Zhao Chen showed a hint of delight on his face.

"Instead of keeping the treasures of these Heaven Immortals that are not very useful, it's better to give them away and attract the demons to join us.

"In that case, this sword immortal won't need to directly contend with the demons, at least for the next 30 to 50 years."

Treasures stirred the heart.

Moreover, it was the treasure trove of a powerful Heaven Immortal.

Whoever obtained it would save countless years of accumulation and soar to the heavens.

For this opportunity, there would undoubtedly be many demonic clans vying for it.

And Han Muye only needed to choose one among these people, allowing them to face the pressure from other demons.

Just as the merchant said, Han Muye did not have to worry about the demons for the next 30 to 50 years.

However, Zhao Chen still felt that a Heaven Immortal treasure trove that only ensured peace for 30 to 50 years was not a worthwhile deal.

Of course, he knew that Han Muye had his own thoughts.

But as someone from a merchant's background, he couldn't help but feel a pang of pity.

When he returned to the residence, Zhao Chen's expression caught the attention of Zuo Baichou, who smiled and said, "Do you think Brother Han's display of the treasure trove was too extravagant?"

Zhao Chen nodded.

“With Brother Han’s strength, as long as Yunlan Town remains peaceful for the next 30 to 50 years, he can soar to the sky.

“At that time, even if he earns back several treasure troves, isn’t it worth it?”

A gleam of brightness shone in Zuo Baichou’s eyes as he whispered, “Willingness to let go, that’s the terrifying aspect of Brother Han.”

He shook his head, sighed lightly with some admiration, and said, “I can’t let go either.

Three days later, a group of nearly 10,000 Green Wolf Clan members arrived at Yunlan Town.

Their leader was the supreme powerhouse of the Green Wolf Clan, Yu Yang.

This young-looking expert from the Green Wolf Clan, who appeared to be in his thirties, was recognized by many as an illustrious elite within the clan and even the acting patriarch of the majority of the Green Wolf Clan from thousands of miles away.

“I will serve you for 30 years.”

This was the first thing Yu Yang said when he saw Han Muye.

“After 30 years, we’ll see.”

This was Yu Yang's second sentence.

Then, Han Muye handed over the treasure trove of the Great Demon's realm to Yu Yang.

"I, the elder of the Zhen Mountain's Green Wolf Clan, can guarantee that for 30 years, they won't come to disturb Yunlan Town."

Yuyang, who received the treasure trove of the realm, bowed and spoke to Han Muye.

One treasure trove of a realm, ensuring peace for 30 years in Yunlan Town.

This was what all the cultivators gathered in Yunlan Town and the surrounding demonic clans wanted to see.

This was also what all the Green Wolf Clan members within tens of thousands of miles outside Yunlan Town were willing to see.

Han Muye had already terrified the surrounding Green Wolf Clan with his feat of slaying the eighteen Green Wolf Demons at Green Grass Ridge.

Now, by slaying the Immortal Demon, he directly caused fear among the Green Wolf Clan, and many of them were considering migrating.

When Yu Yang arrived and promised 30 years of peace, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

According to Han Muye's words, no Green Wolf Clan would be allowed to settle within a radius of a hundred thousand miles around Yunlan Town.

However, Yu Yang also understood the need for flexibility, directly summoning surrounding clans and gathering nearly a million Green Wolf Demons to serve Yunlan Town.

For a while, all the trade routes within a hundred thousand miles around Yunlan Town were escorted by the Green Wolf Clan.

Even a few hundred miles outside Yunlan Town, the Green Wolf Clan's wolf beasts would help pull carts for free.

This delighted all the merchant caravans coming to Yunlan Town.

They naturally didn't know that these measures were all thought up by Zhao Chen and Zuo Baichou while drinking with Yu Yang.

Currently, Han Muye didn't have many experts under him in the wasteland. Zhao Chen, Zhang Zhenbiao, and others were considered his most trusted core members.

How to help Han Muye stabilize Yunlan Town and let him cultivate in peace was their duty.

In just a month, Yunlan Town had attracted many caravans from the surrounding areas, and many scattered cultivators were willing to come here and take a look.

In a month, Yunlan Town transformed from a town with only 3,000 to 5,000 cultivators to a small city with a constant flow of about 300,000 cultivators residing daily.

During this month, Han Muye had not appeared.

Various merchants could only speculate about Han Muye's identity, but they couldn't confirm it.

They knew his surname was Han.

They knew he was an immensely powerful sword immortal.

Invincible Han of Yunlan Town.

This became the new name circulating among the merchant caravans.

But Han Muye, who was in seclusion in the attic in the center of the town, had no knowledge of this.

He was in seclusion in the pavilion in the center of the town while Zhang Zhenbiao led the Sword Sect disciples on duty.

Over the past few days, Han Muye had been studying the Immortal Void power he had obtained from the Heaven Immortal demon of the Green Wolf race.

All the treasures in the realm were given to Yu Yang.

The power of the realm was the power of space.

However, it was different from the use of spatial power in the mundane world. This power of the realm relied on the power of the heavenly and earthly realms in the immortal world to create space.

This space was similar to the Dao domain in the mundane world.

Compared to the Dao domain, it was more concealed.

“Isn’t it easier for a realm to be transformed into a world?” Han Muye gained some understanding as he assimilated the power of a realm and obtained an illusory realm with a radius of 10 miles.

No wonder there were countless realms in the immortal world and divine realm, claiming to be endless.

These realms were clearly formed when a powerhouse above the fallen Immortal demon had his own realm collapse!

As he observed the realm operating within the illusion, Han Muye narrowed his eyes slightly.

Cultivators relied on the Immortal World for cultivation, but in the end, countless experts fell in this world, returning all their cultivation from their entire lifetime.

The number of realms in the Immortal World was increasing.

Could this be a method of cultivation in a world of realms?

This world, using cultivators for cultivation?

This thought frightened Han Muye.

It was hard to imagine that countless powerhouses were just resources of the heavens and earth, tools for constructing realms in the Immortal World.

Then, could an Immortal Sovereign escape this fate and restraint?

Perhaps he could only get an answer by talking to an Immortal Sovereign in person.

By assimilating the realm, Han Muye gained another layer of power at his disposal.

His own cultivation of immortal qi had been suppressed at the pinnacle of Nascent Soul for a long time and was on the verge of breaking through.



However, relying solely on this immortal qi power was far from enough. When facing true powerhouses, he still needed to utilize the sword techniques with the distinctive symbols of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Now that he had a realm, he could use it to contain immortal qi and activate its power.

Unfortunately, at the Void Realm, he still couldn't move the realm. Only as a Void Immortal could he carry the realm with him.

When Han Muye emerged from seclusion, he placed the realm in the illusory realm above Yunlan Town.

From now on, within a radius of a thousand miles around Yunlan Town, Han Muye would be a Void Sword Immortal.

The Green Wolf Clan's Heaven Immortal greater demon had given him a huge gift.

"Junior Brother Han, we discovered a rather precious mineral vein. However, the demon beasts inside are formidable, making it difficult to eliminate them for now."

Zhang Zhenbiao approached Han Muye as he emerged from seclusion and reported various matters happening in Yunlan Town. Then, he took out a fiery red stone and spoke softly.

Han Muye reached out and took the stone, a gleam of light flashing in his eyes. He smiled and said, "Fragment Gold? This is a valuable item that can be exchanged for 100,000 spiritual rocks per catty.

“Where is the mineral vein? Yunlan Town will take this treasure.”