

Pavilion 1101

Chapter 1101 - 1101 Second Essence Soul Sword, Demon Luo Clan

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The Fragment Gold Mine was really not far from Yunlan Town. It was only 800 miles to the west.

This was the news that Zhao Chen had exchanged 300,000 spiritual rocks for.

He frequented Yunlan Town and was particularly enthusiastic about treasure hunting and exploring secrets.

The mineral deposits in Yunteng Wasteland were abundant.

News of various high-level cultivators' deaths, incidents of being besieged, and the discovery of hidden treasures could be heard everywhere.

The last time Zhao Chen bought a small mineral deposit, he made a profit of over three million spiritual rocks with just a single transaction.

This gave him a taste of success.

However, he and Elder Chu almost didn't make it out of the Fragment Gold Mine.

When Zhao Chen, wearing a pale blue veil hat and a swollen face, and Elder Chu, pale-faced, arrived in front of Han Muye, Han Muye almost burst out laughing.

It was truly a pitiful sight.

“Young Master Han, that’s a nest of fragment gold ants.” Elder Chu was still a little afraid as he recounted his encounter in the mine in a low voice.

It was only recently that Zhao Chen and the others had spent a fortune buying information about the mineral deposits in this wasteland.

In fact, Han Muye already had enough knowledge of the discovered mineral deposits in his hands.

“Fragment Gold Ants?” Han Muye narrowed his eyes and said softly, “Wasteland Green Wolves, Fragment Gold Ants, Cloud Sky Cranes, and Falling Water Fish, the four formidable beasts of Yunteng Wasteland.”

The Green Wolf Clan in the Wasteland had a massive population and roamed around. Ordinary cultivators indeed couldn’t provoke them.

The Fragment Gold Ants dwelled deep in the mineral veins, their reproductive power was extremely strong, and they moved in and out of the underground mineral veins like ghosts. Many cultivators could only watch as these creatures swallowed an entire mineral vein.

The Cloud Sky Cranes had an extremely fast flying speed, and when their group migrated, they would blot out the sky.

There were also several peak-level Heavenly Immortals among them. Who would dare to provoke them?

As for the Falling Water Fish, few people had ever seen them.

In the middle of Yunteng Wasteland, there was a sunken lake called the Falling Water Lake. Its depth was unknown, spanning at least 30 million miles in circumference.

The name Yunteng Wasteland came from the surging waves and billows in this sunken lake.

There were schools of fish in the lake called Falling Water Fish. Anyone, be it human or beast, who entered the water would be devoured.

No one had ever caught a Falling Water Fish.

Some said the Falling Water Fish were countless small fish the size of a palm.

Others said the Falling Water Fish was a 100,000-foot-long giant fish that could devour a whole mountain in one gulp.

The specifics of the Falling Water Fish were extremely mysterious, and no one could fathom them.

“Brother Han, this time I admit defeat. Let’s consider the 300,000 spiritual rocks as a waste,” Zhao Chen muttered in frustration, his swollen face muffling his voice.

“At present, Yunlan Town has already gathered various merchant caravans. Just by buying and reselling various spiritual materials and herbs, we have made quite a profit. Whether we have this mine or not, it’s not a big deal,” Zuo Baichou said with a smile.

“Those creatures are indeed formidable,” Yu Yang, dressed in a white robe and exuding a restrained demonic aura, spoke.

He had a good relationship with Zhao Chen, but he could not help him this time.

If the Green Wolf Clan entered the mineral vein, they would also be tortured.

“Let’s go take a look,” Han Muye said calmly with a wave of his hand.

He wasn’t particularly concerned about a mineral vein.

Instead, he was interested in the Fragment Gold Ants that no one dared to provoke in the wilderness.

Without inviting others to join, only Elder Chu accompanied him as they flew swiftly and arrived at the mineral vein in a moment.

This was a hill that was less than a hundred feet tall and had a radius of 10 miles. There were numerous cracks along the shattered and disorderly cliffs.

“We entered from here and were attacked by the Fragment Gold Ants about 1,000 feet in. We almost didn’t make it out,” Elder Chu said in a low voice, still shaken.

Elder Chu whispered with lingering fears.

Han Muye nodded and flew into the crack.

Elder Chu hesitated for a moment before following.

Upon entering the cracks, Han Muye could feel the aura of gold and iron emanating from within.

This power was quite surging.

Navigating through the rubble, Han Muye had only descended 1,000 feet when a dark golden figure directly collided with him.

“Ding—”

Raising his sword, a dark golden ant half a foot long was nailed to the edge of the sword.

It had a slender demon body and long, pointed legs.

Its whole body emitted a dark golden halo, and the piercing power transmitted from the long sword was at least equivalent to Foundation Establishment.

Just this one ant, if placed in the mortal cultivation world, could devour an entire village of mortals.

Indeed, the immortal realm was much more dangerous and terrifying than the mortal world.

“Slash—”

With just one ant impaled, Han Muye swept his sword horizontally, shattering three incoming Fragment Gold Ants.

This time, Han Muye felt something different.

The three Fragment Gold Ants were about half a foot apart but somehow connected in strength.

When his sword struck, he clearly felt a much stronger resistance compared to when he pinned down a single ant earlier.

Was this the troublesome aspect of the Fragment Gold Ants?

Stepping forward, Han Muye swung his sword.

A mesh of dark gold colors intertwined.

As expected!

When dozens of fragment gold ants gathered together, their power was no less than that of an Earth Realm Soul Awakening cultivator.

Narrowing his eyes, Han Muye's gaze fell on a golden stone wall ahead.

There, densely packed, were all Fragment Gold Ants.

"Young Master Han, when there are over a thousand Fragment Gold Ants gathered, they possess Heaven Realm combat strength."

"Over there, at least 100,000."

If more than a thousand of them gathered, they would have the strength of a Heaven Realm expert. It was no wonder Elder Chu got injured.

Han Muye nodded, observing the slowly surging mass of fragment gold ants coming in their direction.

"Let me try again." Han Muye's figure moved, rushing a thousand feet ahead, and thrust his sword forward.

“Clang—”

It was as if a long sword had clashed.

With that strike, he managed to kill three Fragment Gold Ants.

Indeed, the consolidated strength was already formidable.

Han Muye gripped his longsword, watching the Fragment Gold Ants that seemed to be provoked by him and rushing towards him. He pondered for a moment.

Although the Fragment Gold Ants were fierce, they couldn't harm him.

But in his view, directly slaughtering them might not be the best choice.

Gripping his longsword, a phantom of a Kui appeared behind him.

As soon as the Kui appeared, all those Fragment Gold Ants trembled, their bodies slightly recoiling.

A smile appeared on Han Muye's face as he swung his sword once again.

“Slash—”

Lightning intertwined in the sky and crashed forward.

Interweaving flashes of lightning dashed towards the front.

An interesting scene happened.

One fragment gold ant fell to the ground, and then tens of thousands of fragment gold ants were all struck by the lightning, lying limp on the ground, their long legs twitching.

Seeing this scene, the corners of Elder Chu’s mouth twitched.

So, these Fragment Gold Ants were afraid of the power of thunder and lightning.

Han Muye laughed heartily, flying towards the stone wall ahead. The light of his sword flickered, and the power of the Kui on his back manifested, transforming into a multitude of lightning.

Countless fragment gold ants were knocked down to the ground, convulsing and struggling.

“Squeak—”

A shrill cry rang out, and Elder Chu, standing in place, trembled all over, exclaiming, “Be careful, Young Master. This is the soul attack from a powerful Fragment Gold Ant.”

Han Muye nodded, his expression calm.

This soul attack did not affect him at all.

But for other cultivators at the Sage Realm, it would have shaken their spiritual consciousness.

Combining soul attacks with physical strength, it’s no wonder Fragment Gold Ants were known as formidable beings in the wasteland.

Han Muye raised his sword, pointing forward. The Fragment Gold Ants on the stone wall fell, revealing the figures hiding among them.

In the eyes of a three-foot-long giant golden fragment gold ant, a ferocious light gleamed.

However, at this moment, this Fragment Gold Ant, with at least Heaven Realm cultivation, slightly recoiled, seemingly extremely wary of Han Muye.

“Buzz!”

A visible faint translucent halo spread out in all directions.

On the bodies of those fragment gold ants, faint golden powers were being guided, merging with this halo, condensing into a dark golden spear that was 100 feet long.

Layers of golden immortal patterns could be seen on the spear.

As soon as the spear appeared, Elder Chu whispered, "This is a divine soul spear. It can even shatter the divine soul of a Heaven Immortal."

On the way here, Elder Chu had already explained that he was injured by a dark golden spear.

It seemed that this was the spear.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the spear, and his eyes flickered.

Soul power.

This was the power of his soul that he urgently lacked.

"Buzz!"

The spear trembled and thrust directly towards Han Muye's head.

Han Muye neither dodged nor avoided, allowing the spear to penetrate his body directly.

Behind him, Elder Chu was stunned. Before he could speak, he was forcefully pushed out of the mineral vein by a tremendous force.

“A breakthrough?”

“A breakthrough using soul power?”

Staring at the crack sealed by a golden halo, Elder Chu was slightly dazed.

Could one really make a breakthrough like this?

Was there truly such a person in the world, carrying opportunities with them?

Han Muye paid no attention to what Elder Chu was thinking.

At this moment, the soul spear crashed into the divine treasure. Han Muye’s strength burst out, and his cultivation, which had already gathered to the peak of the Nascent Soul realm, quickly increased.

The divine soul spear spun in his divine treasures and was shattered by a sword that appeared out of nowhere.

The three-foot-long Fragment Gold Ant on the stone wall trembled and rolled down the stone wall.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the golden ants, and a smile appeared on his face.

"So, you can condense soul power as well.

"Then, help me share some of it."

With a bang, the power of the soul surged out of Han Muye's divine treasure like a tide!

His soul power had already reached an extremely powerful level.

If it weren't for the concern of consuming too much energy in condensing the second Primordial Spirit Sword, he would have already broken through to the Nascent Soul stage.

Now, he finally found an opportunity in these fragment gold ants.

The fragmented souls dissipated, directly enveloping the mineral vein.

To his delight, the deeper into the vein, the more fragment gold ants there were.

At least three million!

The intertwined power of soul and the thunderous strength of the Kui formed a giant hand.

Fragment Gold Ants fell to the ground, trembling and shivering.

Whether they were half a chi long ordinary fragment gold ants or the ant king nearly 100 feet in length, they were all suppressed by the combination of lightning and soul power, unable to move.

Han Muye's soul power moved through the lightning.

Just like tempering sword qi in the Sword Pavilion in the past, when he retrieved his soul power, it had expanded slightly.

These Fragment Gold Ants could actually help nourish his soul.

The soul power each individual fragment gold ant could provide was meager.

But with three million gathered together, his soul power increased rapidly, even faster than condensing the power of incense.

The crucial point was that this way, he could break through in advance and condense the second Primordial Spirit Sword!

Han Muye's eyes emitted a deep glow as he looked at the golden ground in front of him. Immortal qi and soul power intertwined all over his body, slowly condensing into a three-foot-long blade.

As soon as this sword appeared, the Fragment Gold Ants all prostrated on the ground.

Submit.

Trembling all over, the Ant King underground didn't dare to look up either.

"From now on, this sword will be the Trap Sword."

The power of the Gold-Smashing Ants could be stacked continuously.

This Essence Soul sword condensed from immortal energy and soul could also have such power superimposed, allowing the opponent to fall into a quagmire and eventually die.

Of course, the Primordial Spirit had just formed. It would take a long time for him to truly possess this power.

Han Muye's figure moved, and his Essence Soul spread out, landing on the Fragment Gold Ants.

Using 3,000,000 Fragment Gold Ants to nurture his primordial spirit!

"From now on, you stay here."

Han Muye spoke calmly.

These metal-smashing ants seemed to understand, and all of them quietly crawled and did not move.

This place was less than 800 miles away from Yunlan Town. Han Muye could retrieve this Essence Soul sword at any time.

This was also the strongest power he could use at the moment.

When he returned to Yunlan Town with Elder Chu, Zhao Chen could only feel regret that Han Muye did not eliminate the Fragment Gold Ants.

“Junior Brother Han, a caravan from Luming City 100,000 miles away came to trade, but they have to visit you first,” Zhang Zhenbiao whispered to Han Muye, then held a golden spiritual talisman in his hand.

After receiving the spiritual talisman, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

This spiritual talisman was just an ordinary spiritual talisman.

But in his hands, it was different.

“It’s been a long time, Demon Luo Clan.

“Let them see me,” Han Muye said calmly as he crushed the golden talisman.

Chapter 1102 - 1102 Building a City, Fleshless Bamboo

1102 Building a City, Fleshless Bamboo

The Demon Luo Clan were under the command of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign.

In the mortal world, the expert who severely injured Guan Dongyun of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s Xuntian Hall and eventually died was Zhu Ling of the Demon Luo Clan.

Han Muye was the direct disciple of an Immortal Venerable, the young master who had obtained the inheritance of an Immortal Venerable.

Naturally, the entire Demon Luo Clan would respect Han Muye as their young master.

While Han Muye was planning to make a trip to the Immortal World, Zhu Ling informed him of the Demon Luo Clan’s gathering places in various Immortal Worlds and various communication methods.

The Demon Luo Clan excelled in transformation and concealment.

However, major forces had long been wary of the Demon Luo Clan and would not give them a chance to infiltrate the higher echelons.

On the contrary, the Demon Luo clan could often be found among many low-level cultivators in various minor forces.

In Yunlan Town, Han Muye had already sent a message to the Demon Luo clan using the secret method informed by Zhuling.

Now, they finally received a response.

“Luming City’s Jade Deer Trading Company’s Xie Chaoyan greets Young Master Han,” said a middle-aged man in a green robe with a respectful smile as he entered the attic.

Seeing Han Muye, traces of golden light flickered in the middle-aged man’s eyes, and he lowered his head.

Han Muye waved his hand, and Zhang Zhenbiao and the others left the attic.

“Young Master Han, our Jade Deer Trading Company is very interested in Yunlan Town and hopes to cooperate with you in the future. You know, our Jade Deer Trading Company is one of the best in Luming City—”

Before Xie Chaoyan could finish his words, he paused.

Between his fingers, Han Muye slowly rotated a pale golden talisman.

Within this talisman, a hint of golden-black halo emanated.

“I’m also very interested in the Demon Luo Clan.”

Han Muye’s words caused a change in Xie Chaoyan’s expression. Suddenly, golden light burst forth from his eyes, covering Han Muye.

It was the soul attack technique of the Demon Luo Clan.

This golden light possessed the power to directly shatter the soul of a Half-Sage.

However, as soon as the golden light appeared, the golden talisman in Han Muye’s hand had already turned into a flowing light and appeared above his head.

The golden talisman spun and emitted a dark light. It was like a dark bat with four wings spread open.

It looked like the wings on Zhu Ling’s back.

The number of wings in the Demon Luo Clan symbolized their status and bloodline.

Most Demon Luo Clan members did not have wings. Having a pair of wings was a sign of pure and noble bloodline.

Having two pairs of wings signified the royal family within the Demon Luo Clan, representing the purest bloodline.

It was said that there were even legends of Demon Luo Clan members with three pairs of wings, but it remained a mere myth within the clan.

“Buzz!”

As the talisman appeared, Xie Chaoyan’s expression changed on his face, eventually transforming into obedience, and the golden light in his eyes dissipated.

His middle-aged appearance began to change as well, with three faint purple demonic runes appearing on his forehead.

Among the Demon Luo Clan members without wings, having three immortal demonic runes indicated cultivation at the level of at least Human Immortal Heavenly Venerable, making their bloodline highly noble.

“Demon Luo Clan’s Duanmu Taye greets Your Excellency.” Xie Chaoyan, whose human name was just an alias, revealed his true name within the clan.

The golden talisman in Han Muye’s hand represented Zhu Ling’s identity, a powerful Demon Luo Clan member with two pairs of wings.

Within the Demon Luo Clan, Zhu Ling held a highly respected position, second only to the elders who suppressed and held authority over the clan.

Using Zhu Ling's identity was more than enough for Han Muye.

As for being the successor of an Immortal Lord and the Demon Luo Clan's young master, it was better not to publicize it.

Zhu Ling had warned Han Muye that people's hearts could change, and after being away from the Immortal Realm for so long, even Zhu Ling himself couldn't guarantee the loyalty of the Demon Luo Clan.

"Duanmu Taye." Han Muye nodded and put away the golden talisman. The atmosphere in the attic returned to normal.

"For the future trade between Luming City and Yunlan Town, I leave it in your hands."

Han Muye looked at Xie Chaoyan and said calmly, "No problem, right?"

Xie Chaoyan hurriedly bowed and said, "I understand."

At the moment, Han Muye didn't require much from the Demon Luo Clan.

As long as his sword was sharp enough, he could solve all the problems.

“I want to establish my foothold in the Yunteng Wasteland. I want to build a city in the Wasteland and go to the Bitter Immortal Realm.”

Han Muye exuded a hint of solemn authority, making it impossible for Xie Chaoyan to meet his gaze directly.

“I want all the information to be delivered to me without any omission.”

Information.

Although Han Muye could obtain information through various swords, it was impossible for him to have as timely and comprehensive information as the Demon Luo Clan, which was scattered throughout the Immortal World.

The main reason for summoning the Demon Luo Clan this time was for gathering intelligence.

The Yunteng Wasteland covered billions of miles, and there was also the vast and boundless Bitter Immortal Realm.

Without sufficient information, progress would indeed be extremely difficult.

The Mo Luo clan was spread throughout the Immortal World, controlling unimaginable information and resources.

"I will go back and gather information from various sources. In the future, I will leave a branch of the clan in Yunlan Town," Xie Chaoyan paused and said in a deep voice, "I will personally stay in Yunlan Town."

He was indeed a clever fellow.

When Xie Chaoyan left and saw Zhang Zhenbiao again, his enthusiastic manner even made Zhang Zhenbiao a little stunned.

This person is also on our side?

With the addition of the Jade Deer Trading Company behind Xie Chaoyan, the prosperity of the entire Yunlan Town increased visibly.

Within two months, eight major caravans arrived, and three of them decided to stay in Yunlan Town for various reasons, even announcing their intention to visit frequently in the future.

The arrival of these large caravans immediately attracted cultivators from thousands of miles around.

Various transactions caused a surge in the number of cultivators in Yunlan Town, bringing the population to nearly 500,000 in an instant.

Coupled with the millions of wandering Green Wolf Clan members in the vicinity, the town began to resemble a small city.

Chapter 1103 - 1103 Building a City, Fleshless Bamboo (2)

1103 Building a City, Fleshless Bamboo (2)

"It's not easy to build a city in the wasteland," whispered Xie Chaoyan, who often walked in the wasteland when Han Muye gathered Zhang Zhenbiao and Xie Chaoyan to discuss the matter of building a city.

"For one thing, to build a city, countless resources are needed. The wasteland is not lacking in soil and rocks, but it is not easy to gather the wood and various spiritual materials required for construction."

He was telling the truth.

There were no decent forests in the wasteland, so gathering enough wood would take time.

Also, when constructing a city for cultivators to reside in, various formations needed to be arranged. The formation base for these formations required a massive amount of spiritual materials, which could not be gathered quickly.

"Furthermore, after the city is built, we need a master of formations who is proficient in formation techniques to arrange defensive formations. This is also a significant expense.

"Even just a regular defensive formation consumes no less than a spiritual treasure."

Everyone was aware of the consumption of formations.

In the Immortal World, the true masters of formation techniques were controlled by major powers. Although there were strong formation practitioners in the wasteland, it was difficult to find someone capable of setting up a defensive formation for an entire city.

Xie Chaoyan's words made Zuo Baichuan and the others nod slightly.

Zhuo Baichou and Zhao Chen come from a commercial background and focus more on gains, losses, and the exchange of interests.

The resources that could be accumulated in a large city were countless times faster than in a small town.

However, the cost of building a large city was headache-inducing.

"You don't need to worry about the construction materials and resources for the city. As for the formation arrangements, I have already made plans for that."

Han Muye waved his hand and looked at everyone. "What I need you to do now is to spread the news that I'm going to build a city."

It was as simple as that.

Even after leaving the attic, Zhao Chen was still a little puzzled.

“Brother Han, are you going to provide the resources for building the city?”

“The consumption involved in this, I’m afraid it’s not small for him either, right?”

Although he did not know what Han Muye’s net worth was, the cost of building a city would definitely bankrupt a Heaven Immortal in the Void.

“Is there any other way to build a city on the wasteland?” Zuo Baichuan, who was walking in front, suddenly stopped and turned to look at Xie Chaoyan.

Xie Chaoyan was taken aback, then nodded. “Yes, there is.”

There was another way to build a city on the wasteland.

In the attic, Han Muye’s gaze landed on the light screen in front of him.

Within the light screen was a map of the surrounding 100,000 and 200,000 miles of Yunlan Town, covered with dense light dots.

“There is another method to build a city in the wasteland,” Han Muye pointed his finger at the nearest light dot to Yunlan Town on the light screen. “Rob.”

Rob.

This was the most direct and fastest method.

Han Muye had already walked out of the attic.

“Senior Brother Zhang Zhenbiao, gather the disciples. We’ll head to Zhulin Town in 15 minutes.”

Han Muye’s voice echoed.

Zhang Zhenbiao’s face lit up with joy, and he nodded. “I understand.”

Zhou Baichou and the others exchanged glances.

Indeed.

What Xie Chaoyan just mentioned was robbery.

Fifteen minutes later, a 1,000-foot-long flying ship rose into the air and flew northeast.

The speed of the flying ship was not particularly fast. It took three hours to travel 30,000 miles before stopping in front of a small town similar to Yunlan Town.

This small town was not as prosperous as Yunlan Town was now.

“Zhulin Town is similar to the original Yunlan Town, without an actual controller.” On the deck, there was a Daoist named Chuan Qian, who had come along.

He used to be a strong cultivator in Yunlan Town, with a cultivation at the pinnacle of Half-Sage. Before Han Muye took control of Yunlan Town, he was considered a formidable expert there.

Daoist Chuan Qian was quite knowledgeable about the situation around Yunlan Town.

“Senior Brother Han, do we go in directly and kill?” Zhang Zhenbiao sheathed his sword, and a fierce intent surged from him.

Last time, when they charged straight into Yunlan Town, he and the sword cultivators behind him had fought fiercely.

“I’ll go take a look with Daoist Chuan Qian first.”

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the dilapidated attic around them as he said softly, “It’s a shame to destroy them.”

These words made the people behind him grin.

Indeed, they would all have to move to Yunlan Town in the future and become part of it.

Daoist Chuan Qian led Han Muye into the town, which seemed a bit desolate.

That was normal since Yunlan Town had already attracted cultivators from the surrounding areas. People from other places naturally became scarce.

Daoist Chuan Qian had a few acquaintances in Zhulin Town and led Han Muye to meet them. When they saw the several cultivators at the Half-Sage and Sage realms, they were somewhat surprised.

They all thought that Daoist Chuan Qian had been killed.

Daoist Chuan Qian stepped forward and whispered a few words. The expressions on the faces of the four cultivators changed.

“Young Master Han, we acknowledge your strength, but we cannot decide on the merger of Zhulin Town with Yunlan Town.”

One of the cultivators, with a long ash-gray beard and a somewhat aged appearance, cupped his hands towards Han Muye.

“To the northwest of the town, there is a bamboo forest. This bamboo forest is the origin of the town, and within the bamboo forest lies the true controller of this small town.”

As the town closest to Yunlan Town, Zhulin Town was naturally aware of the changes in Yunlan Town.

Han Muye had slain a Heaven Immortal demon, and the green wolf head was still hanging on the city wall of Yunlan Town.

Now that Han Muye had come personally to Zhulin Town, he naturally couldn't be stopped.

But, as the old man said, there was still a true controller behind Zhulin Town.

In fact, it wouldn't be accurate to call it control. Zhulin Town was built based on that bamboo forest.

The hidden experts within the bamboo forest paid no attention to the affairs of the town.

But if they wanted to dismantle this town and move everything to Yunlan Town, they probably needed the approval of that powerful figure.

Han Muye looked up towards the northwest of Zhulin Town, and a profound radiance gleamed in his eyes. "Then I will pay a visit to this senior."

As soon as he finished speaking, he had already taken flight.

"Boom!"

Sword light appeared, and a 1,000-foot-long sword light towards the verdant bamboo forest 10 miles away.

The bamboo forest was not large, covering only an area of one square mile, surrounded by a white-walled enclosure.

Han Muye's sword triggered the sound of wind and thunder, with a powerful gust that seemed to tear through the heavens and the earth.

Everyone in the small town looked up, their expressions changing as they witnessed the sword radiance.

"Could it be a powerful sword cultivator arriving?"

"They're heading straight for the bamboo forest. Do they know that there's a powerful figure hidden within?"

"Perhaps they are enemies of the hidden powerhouse?"

Many cultivators who were merely bystanders cared more about the spectacle than the actual reasons behind it.

For countless years, rumors of a powerful figure hidden within the bamboo forest had circulated, but no one had ever witnessed their actions.

Many people were curious to see if this bamboo forest expert could withstand the mighty strike descending from the sky.

“Buzz!”

As the long sword approached overhead, the bamboo forest trembled, causing strands of immortal energy to transform into swirling green vortexes.

“Formation... No, it seems to be a convergence of spiritual power.” Han Muye’s gaze fell upon the bamboo forest, observing the radiant halo rising from it, layer upon layer, effectively blocking the long sword.

The clash between the sword radiance and the green immortal light stopped the supreme peak-level sword that could have slain with a single strike, suspended in the swaying bamboo forest.

Within the bamboo forest, it seemed that every lush bamboo swayed, and rays of immortal light intertwined on each bamboo leaf.

“Good move.

Accompanied by the sword, Han Muye calmly spoke.

He raised his hand, and the 1,000-foot-long sword shadow dissipated, leaving only a long sword firmly gripped in his palm.

“Good sword technique.”

A venerable voice resonated from within the bamboo forest ahead, followed by the trembling of the bamboo forest as a path suddenly materialized.

The power of space was intermingled with a hint of spiritual power.

There might even be a formation.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, focusing intently ahead.

“Fellow Daoist, let’s have a talk.” The aged voice sounded once again.

Stepping forward, Han Muye landed on the stone path and walked straight into the depths of the tranquil bamboo forest.

The shaded path was secluded and winding.

Golden bamboo stalks and verdant leaves adorned the path, exuding an elegant ambiance.

Han Muye reached the deep part of the bamboo forest, where an elderly man dressed in a green Daoist robe sat in front of a stone table. He didn’t lift his head but pointed at the chessboard on the table.

“Young friend, care for a game?” The old man smiled, placing a dark chess piece onto the board.

Han Muye approached the stone table, his gaze fixed on the chessboard.

On the crisscrossing golden lines, there were halos that could bewilder one's soul.

Han Muye didn't reach for a chess piece. Instead, he swung his sword down, shattering the stone table with a resounding noise.

The black chess piece was split in half by the sword, crumbling into a swirling mix of black and white halos that enveloped Han Muye.

"Rather starve without meat than live without bamboo."

As the black-and-white halos encased him, Han Muye slowly pointed his sword forward.

"Fleshless bamboo. It grows by devouring the souls and physical bodies of living beings. I wonder how many millions of lives have been consumed by these 10,000 bamboo stalks?"

"If I dig up your roots, let's see how many white bones lie beneath the ground."

Chapter 1104 - 1104 Invincible Han's Conquest Challenge Begins

1104 Invincible Han's Conquest Challenge Begins

With a single sword thrust, the entire bamboo forest instantly transformed.

In front of Han Muye, it turned into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, with a surging crimson tide.

Between heaven and earth, dark red bamboo branches emerged from all directions.

These bamboo branches had imperceptible barbs. If one could magnify them, there were even gray streams of light among the barbs.

“Is that all you’ve got?”

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he loosened his grip on the sword in his hand.

The long sword transformed into a streak of green meteor. In a flash, it severed all the bamboo branches within a 30-foot radius around him.

The severed bamboo branches instantly turned into black shadows and pounced towards Han Muye.

“Spiritual resentment, demonic shadows, they are all insignificant things.” Han Muye muttered impatiently, extending his finger to form sword seals.

“Focus the mind, exterminate evil.

“Expel desires, shatter illusions.”

“Boom!”

Ten golden lightning bolts descended from the sky, shattering all the bamboo branches into pieces.

The vast sea of blood instantly turned clear.

Sword radiance filled the sky, and faint golden flames descended upon Han Muye.

Within his spiritual soul, there was a slight tremor as he absorbed the flames.

“The purest soul flames in the world, a rare purifying substance for the mind.” Han Muye looked around and a smile appeared on his face.

The soul flames required the approval of shattered souls.

Han Muye shattered the illusionary formation of this place and rescued the trapped souls, earning their gratitude.

The bamboo forest within a one-mile radius had vanished.

Only scattered skeletons covered the ground.

Mountainous piles of white bones, their number unknown.

He reached out and a pale green bamboo shoot fell into Han Muye's hand from the pile of white bones in front.

"The Fleshless Bamboo, a refined treasure for nurturing the soul, could come in handy."

Treasures don't have a clear distinction between good and evil; it depends on how they are used.

If this Fleshless Bamboo were in the hands of an evil person, it would undoubtedly be extremely vicious.

But Han Muye felt that using this item to nurture his soul was also a good treasure.

He looked around and squinted his eyes slightly.

The appearance of the Fleshless Bamboo in this barren wasteland was unlikely. It seemed more like someone was taking care of it.

With a sweep of his divine sense, Han Muye disappeared from his original position.

"Boom!"

A sword light crossed a hundred miles, beheading a Daoist in a black robe.

Han Muye floated in mid-air, his gaze filled with a faint indifference.

“You... You’ve destroyed the arrangement of the Supreme Golden Immortal. You will undoubtedly have no burial ground.” The Daoist’s eyes revealed a cruel expression as he clenched his teeth and stared tightly at the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

Although his cultivation was not weak, he had no power to resist Han Muye.

The sword that crossed a hundred miles had already severed his foundation.

“The Supreme Golden Immortal?”

Han Muye said calmly, “Alright, I’ll wait for him.”

Supreme Golden Immortal was a general term for Golden Immortals.

Above that was the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal who dominated the world.

This Fleshless Bamboo was set up by a powerful Golden Immortal.

In this small town alone, he was going up against a powerful Golden Immortal.

Han Muye's eyes were filled with a fighting spirit.

So what if he was a Golden Immortal?

The sword in his hand swept down. The black-robed Daoist's body trembled and the blood qi in his body was severed.

When Han Muye returned to Zhulin Town, Zhang Zhenbiao and the others had already entered the town and taken control of key positions.

The bamboo forest that had suppressed this place for thousands of years had been destroyed. It was filled with ghastly white bones. It could be seen that it had devoured countless living beings.

And Han Muye's sword that crossed a hundred miles had demonstrated formidable strength.

Who would dare to face Invincible Han, the Sword Immortal of Yunlan Town?

Three days later, the entire Zhulin Town began to relocate.

Under Han Muye's leadership, those countless white bones were turned to ashes by a heavenly fire.

After all, the wasteland was not like other places; there were no rules. Leaving these dry bones here might attract powerful practitioners of dark arts.

Zhulin Town was relocated and merged into Yunlan Town, greatly strengthening its power.

Within three months, Han Muye made five moves, incorporating five surrounding towns into Yunlan Town.

As a result, the entire Yunlan Town transformed into a large town with a radius of hundreds of miles, housing nearly a million cultivators from various tribes.

Even so, many people were still observing and hesitant to settle in Yunlan Town, fearing the consequences. Otherwise, the population would at least double.

Yunlan City, which expanded several times based on Yunlan Town, began to take shape.

There weren't many rules in Yunlan City, as long as fair transactions were ensured.

Within a thousand miles around the city, random conflicts were not allowed.

The central trading market in the city was managed by the merchants recruited by Zhao Chen, ensuring fair transactions.

Other commercial routes were controlled by Zuo Baichou, gathering various resources.

Zhang Zhenbiao and the disciples of the Sword Sect were in charge of the security in the city and patrolled every day.

Du Sanzhen and the others, who had relatively low cultivation levels, were Han Muye's trusted immortal cultivators. Together with the Green Wolf Clan under Yu Yang, they assisted the guards.

"Young Master Han's power is still insufficient. Many people are watching but are reluctant to fully join," Xie Chaoyan's words hit the nail on the head.

It was not a good thing to stake one's wealth and future in a city and on a swordsman whom they were not familiar with, whose potential and strength were unknown.

Even the immortal cultivators who lived in the city did not really have the intention to rely on Han Muye. They were just weighing their options.

There would always be all kinds of opportunities in such a city.

"I know." Han Muye nodded, his gaze landing on the light screen in front of him.

"Two things.

"First, show your strength. Second, consolidate the city.

“Within a radius of a 100,000 miles, there are five cities the same size as Yunlan City. Among them, Guanyue City has several Heavenly Immortal powerhouses, possessing remarkable strength.”

Han Muye’s finger pointed towards Guanyue City, 80,000 miles away, and he said calmly, “We’ll devour it.”

Everyone was stunned when they heard Han Muye’s voice again. “City Conquest Challenge.”

The newly established Yunlan City’s City Lord, Yunlan Sword Immortal Han Wudi, wanted to challenge the City Lord of Guanyue City and send a business card to the city.

Betting on control of the city.

This matter was spread by various caravans and almost spread to a radius of millions of miles.

The rules of the City Conquest Challenge were set by the major factions hundreds of thousands of years ago. One side’s City Lord would challenge the other side’s City Lord. If they lost, they would lose the city.

Such a battle could minimize injuries.

100,000 years ago, there were challenges to seize cities almost every year in the wasteland.

Now, no one cared about this rule.

In the past thousand years, such a thing had never happened in the Yunteng Wasteland.

“Invincible Han must be familiar with the ancient rules of the wasteland. That’s why he chose to build the city first and challenge later.”

“Does he really want to gain a foothold in the Wasteland? You have to know that once the battle for the city begins, he won’t be facing a single enemy. There might be even more experts coming.”

Many people were curious about why Han Muye had issued a challenge.

If he dared to challenge today, he would welcome more experts in the future.

Without the support of a large faction, rashly launching a battle to seize the city would not end well.

“Perhaps there’s another faction behind him? A sword cultivator should be from the Xuanling Sword Sect?” Someone began to guess Han Muye’s identity.

“It does seem like a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, but the Sword Sect has never heard of such an expert.” Someone shook his head and muttered.

The elites of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect were famous even in this wasteland.

For someone like Han Muye to be invincible, he was definitely not a nobody in the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

No matter how hard one tried, they probably did not know that Han Muye was a new elite and had not even completed the trial.

Yunlan City's challenge invitation had been sent, and Guanyue City had also responded.

Fight.

On the day he received a response from Guanyue City, Han Muye left the city in white.

All the cultivators in Yunlan City, the scattered tribes around, and the people from the other towns all looked at Han Muye.

"Buzz!"

Han Muye was ten miles out of the city when a long saber slashed down from the sky.

From the moment Han Muye stepped out of Yunlan City, the challenge to seize the city had already begun.

He needed to walk to Guanyue City alive and in front of the City Lord.

The saber Qi of the long saber was a thousand feet long and flew over from a hundred miles away. The coldness in the saber light froze the surrounding void, and the green spiritual light seemed to be about to penetrate the surrounding space.

“Good saber technique!”

“This saber move must be the means of Mu Wuyin of Guanyue City.”

“There’s no need to guess. Guanyue City’s Mu Wuyin and his saber are silent. A half-step Heaven Immortal can fight against the heavens.”

“Guanyue City sent him to the first battle to open gambit, take someone notch down, establishing an imposing air or advantageous position for oneself. If Invincible Han can’t block this saber, his reputation as invincible will be broken, and he can forget about challenging the City Lord of Guanyue City.”

The surrounding people exclaimed and discussed as they watched the saber beam land on Han Muye’s head.

“It’s indeed a good saber technique.”

Han Muye also whispered.

Then, he raised his hand and unsheathed the sword from the Infinite Unity Sword Case on his back.

“Clang—”

A long sword flew out, turning into a meteor and flashing away.

It was not to block the saber above his head, but to stab forward!

This strike was extremely fast.

As soon as the sword was out, it was already a hundred miles away and stabbed straight into a huge tree standing on the wasteland.

“Bang!”

The tree exploded, revealing a middle-aged man hiding inside.

The burly man looked stunned. There was a sword in his chest, and his eyes were wide open, but he no longer had any strength.

“Pa!”

Han Muye raised his hand and dissipated the power above his head, holding the long saber that had fallen.

“Nice saber.”

Han Muye spoke calmly again.

It was a good saber technique. It was a long saber that was hundreds of miles away.

However, this saber was actually not as fast as Han Muye's later strike. Han Muye also pierced through his body from a hundred miles away.

Nice saber.

He didn't know if it was a real compliment or a fake one.

Han Muye took a step forward and landed 100 miles away, looking at Mu Wuyin, who had been killed.

He raised his hand, and a golden light turned into words and carved on the tree trunk in front of him.

"Invincible Han of Yunlan City, Heavenly Venerable Saber Slaying Dao, Mu Wuyin, is here."

Every word was clear and lively, with traces of golden sword intent circulating.

A Heavenly Venerable, a Saber Dao Heavenly Venerable, had died in one strike!

After the sword strike, no one within a radius of hundreds of miles dared to make a sound.

This was a true Sword Immortal!

Three hundred miles ahead, a Daoist in a gray robe stood on the main road with a ruyi jade in both hands.

“Invincible Han? You’re just a boorish fellow with an undeserved reputation.” The Daoist shouted coldly and smashed the ruyi jade in his hand.

The ruyi jade expanded to a hundred feet, and countless golden spiritual lights appeared on it. Numerous golden warriors descended upon Han Muye, blocking his way.

“Puppet technique?”

“Just a cheap trick.”

Han Muye gripped his sword in his palm and lightly tapped it forward.

“Disorderly Wind.

“Soul-Stirring!”

“Boom!”

The space within a hundred feet exploded with thunder and lightning!

Ten golden puppets shattered directly, and the 100-foot ruyi jade above disintegrated into nothingness.

“If you don’t go all out, I’m afraid you won’t be able to leave here alive.” Han Muye pointed his sword towards the Daoist in front of him.

Chapter 1105 - 1105 50,000 Miles, One Sword Breaks 100,000 Formations

1105 50,000 Miles, One Sword Breaks 100,000 Formations

“It’s the Puppet Daoist from Guanyue City!”

“The Daoist hasn’t presented his play for three days.”

Around them, the onlooking cultivators whispered or conveyed messages through divine thoughts.

The black-robed cultivator, who was being pointed at by Han Muye’s long sword, had a changing expression on his face but eventually snorted coldly, “Today, I, as a humble Daoist, am only here on someone’s behalf. Why must you push me so aggressively?”

With that, he moved and retreated.

No one was really willing to die.

For example, this Puppet Daoist.

His cultivation and combat power were not stronger than Mu Wusheng's.

If Mu Wusheng was slain by one sword, he wouldn't fare any better.

So, the display of power he showed just now was merely a facade, easily broken by Han Muye's sword.

At this moment, with Han Muye pointing his sword at him, he had no intention of fighting and instead retreated.

"Heh, I told you that you could leave, didn't I?" Han Muye whispered lightly, the coldness in his voice causing the puppet Daoist to tremble all over as he quickly raised his head.

Han Muye's sword silently brushed against his back and sliced it off.

"Ah—"

The Puppet Daoist let out a miserable scream as his body turned into a black smoke.

A black beast claw fell to the ground.

Not far away, a person covered in black demonic qi and wearing a colorful mask appeared. He had lost an arm.

“How dare you jump around in front of me with such a small trick?”

Looking at the trembling figure holding his severed hand, Han Muye shouted and took a step forward.

“Slash—”

The long sword pierced forward, and before the person with the severed arm could react, Han Muye’s sword in his hand flicked open the colorful mask on top of his head.

The colorful mask was lifted, revealing a constantly changing face.

“Faceless Demon Wolf!”

“It’s the faceless demon wolf who used to travel with the Six-Armed Demon Wolf. Back then, they were a notorious pair, wreaking havoc as powerful demons.”

“No wonder they were concealing their true form. So, this is what they are.”

“The Six-Armed Demon Wolf was severely injured back then and ultimately disappeared. Otherwise, if they joined forces, they might have been able to withstand Invincible Han.”

The cultivators who recognized the faceless demon wolf exclaimed in astonishment.

The faceless demon wolf, whose identity had been exposed, panicked as well. He let out a strange roar, then rolled his body, transforming into a small black beast, about three feet long, and swiftly maneuvered through the grassy heap.

Han Muye snorted coldly, raised his hand, and drew his long sword from the scabbard on his back. A sword imbued with a halo of flames spun in mid-air with a single flick and descended straight down.

“Bang!”

As the sword edge fell within a hundred feet, the ground turned into scorched earth.

A hint of meaty fragrance lingered in the air.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a set of charred characters was engraved on a nearby slab of bluestone.

“Invincible Han of Yunlan City, Heavenly Venerable Ying Huan of Guanyue City is here.”

Every word emanated a trace of fiery power, and from a distance, it appeared as if flames were ignited.

Retracting the two swords, Han Muye looked ahead and strode away.

“Good move.”

“He’s really a sword immortal. He’s ruthless.”

Although Puppet Daoist made a move, he couldn’t inflict any harm on Han Muye, and yet Han Muye still took his life with a single sword.

Such a ruthless style of attacking, leaving no survivors, was truly chilling.

Indeed, as Han Muye traveled another 3,000 miles, no one dared to block his path.

It wasn’t until 3,500 miles away that an old man, sitting by the road with a chessboard, appeared.

“I, on behalf of the Lord of Guanyue City, have been invited to stall you for a moment, young friend,” the old man looked up and spoke to Han Muye.

On the chessboard in front of him, there were already chess pieces scattered in a chaotic arrangement, intermingled in black and white.

"It's Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi. It's said that this person has already stepped into the Five Decays of Heaven and Man realm. Why is he still here?" Someone looked at the old man sitting behind the chessboard in confusion and whispered.

"Heh, as you can see, I have already reached the Five Decays of Heaven and Man realm, and my power is weakened to the extreme.

"If you want to kill me, you only need one strike."

Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi, holding a chess piece in his hand, had a calm expression. "If you can win this game against me, I will go into reincarnation and start my cultivation anew. I will gift you all my treasures.

"I've roamed this Yunteng Wasteland for thousands of years, and I have quite a few valuable things on hand."

With a gentle flick of his fingertip, the Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi lightly turned the chess piece, smiling as he placed the pitch-black piece onto the chessboard.

One game, and he would win all the treasures of a half-step Immortal.

This was a business he could continue.

Many people's faces revealed envy as they stared intently at Han Muye and the chess game before them.

Some were already calculating what techniques might be hidden within this game.

“Clang—”

Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi’s chess piece was still three inches away from the chessboard, it refused to fall no matter what he did.

Because he heard the sound of Han Muye unsheathing his sword.

The sword light was clear and bright, piercing through his chest.

That chess piece fell onto the chessboard, rolling and disrupting the layout.

Drops of bright red blood dripped from Han Muye’s sword.

Daoist Luo Qi struggled to lift his head, his face showing pain and disappointment.

“Why...?”

This was the same question others wanted to ask.

For a cultivator who had reached the Five Decays of Heaven and Man realm, there wasn’t much threat left to outsiders.

There were unspoken rules in the Immortal World. Cultivators who had stepped into the Five Decays of Heaven and Man realm usually wouldn't attack.

After all, if you were still below the Heaven Immortal Realm, there would always be a time when you stepped into the Five Decays of Heaven and Man realm, unless you cultivated a heaven-defying Dao.

However, this unspoken rule was ultimately an unspoken rule. Any cultivator who had entered the Five Decays realm would do everything to protect himself and minimize the chance of being discovered by outsiders.

Today, Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi, at the peak of the Five Decays realm, met Han Muye and set up this chess game, gambling with his countless years of treasures.

But the result was that Han Muye boldly drew his sword.

Chapter 1106 - 1106 50,000 Miles, One Sword Breaks 100,000 Formations (2)

1106 50,000 Miles, One Sword Breaks 100,000 Formations (2)

Why bother?

“I am not interested in your legacy,” Han Muye said as he shook the sword in his hand, and the blood beads on it fell off, leaving the sword gleaming.

With a sword in hand, what need is there for external things?

“Besides, if I desire something, I’ll take it with my sword. Why bother playing chess with you?”

Han Muye sheathed his sword and walked past Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi.

After taking a few steps, he halted and said calmly, “Killing someone who seeks death is meaningless, and it would needlessly damage my undefeated reputation.”

He raised his hand and left a line of words on Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi’s chessboard.

“Yunlan Town’s Invincible Han killed Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi here.”

Leaving the words behind, he walked away with big strides, leaving Luo Qitian in a state of confusion, murmuring to himself.

“A mind as resolute as a sword, no wonder, no wonder.

“I shouldn’t have hesitated...”

His voice lingered in the air. His head tilted to the side, and his life force was cut off.

The moment his life was cut off, all the scattered chess pieces on the chessboard shattered.

Endless streams of light crashed into the surrounding thousand feet of space, but they were suppressed by the golden inscription and could not escape.

“I understand!” someone exclaimed as they watched the fleeing chess pieces. “This Heavenly Venerable Luo Qi wants to directly lure Invincible Han into his Five Decays Trap and use his power to break out of the situation!”

“What a ruthless method. If Invincible Han covets his inheritance, he will be drawn into the trap and share the burden of the Five Decays with him.”

Watching Han Muye’s departing figure, many people showed complex expressions on their faces.

Indeed, there truly existed someone with such unwavering determination.

The treasures of a half-step Heaven Immortal expert did not move him at all.

“A swordsman like this is truly terrifying...”

Someone murmured as they looked at the sword light on Han Muye.

Others nodded, their eyes following Han Muye’s path forward.

With an unyielding mind, he seeks everything within the realm of the sword.

Such a swordsman would not be misled, nor would he yield.

To change his determination, one would have to break the sword in his hand.

For a swordsman with a mind as solid as a rock, who practices the grand path of the sword, to challenge the 8,000 miles journey to Guanyue City, each of his battles would undoubtedly be extraordinary.

Unconsciously, more people looked forward to seeing Han Muye's prowess.

To see how he would overcome the difficulties ahead on his journey.

They traveled for 10,000 miles.

"Boom!"

The sword light dissipated, and Han Muye dragged his long sword forward, leaving winding sword marks on the ground behind him.

"Invincible Han of Yunlan City, Zhao Chenggong, the Void Heaven Immortal of Guanyue City, were here."

A Void Heaven Immortal was killed with three strikes.

Within a radius of a thousand miles, sword light wreaked havoc, making people not dare to look up.

This battle only lasted for a hundred breaths, but left countless people stunned.

Han Muye held the sword he had snatched from the Heavenly Immortal powerhouse, infusing it with a trace of sword intent.

The Cloud Formation Sword, rooted in the myriad of nine heavens' dusk clouds, gathered water from the 33 heavenly rivers, tempered for thousands of years, and formed an ice-cold sword embryo weighing 300,000 catties.

The sword embryo was then nurtured by the Three Layers Flame for a thousand years, finally becoming this precious spiritual treasure.

A fine sword.

And the method of refining it was also exceptional.

Han Muye stood in place for six hours, comprehending all the memories of a Heavenly Realm cultivator.

The spiritual treasure sword in his hand transformed into a translucent jade-colored longsword.

This sword was forged using immortal world techniques, and it ran on immortal qi, making it even more handy than other swords.

Gripping the longsword, he gave it a slight shake and stepped forward.

“Boom!”

With a single step, he covered 10,000 feet and traversed a hundred miles in an instant.

This time, his speed was so fast that only an afterimage remained.

Over 13,000 miles, he used the Cloud Formation Sword to kill a Heavenly Immortal who had condensed a Dao realm.

The Heaven Immortal expert from the earth and stone lineage transformed into a thousand-foot-tall earth and stone giant, surrounded by the powers of heaven and earth.

Such a powerhouse might have somewhat weaker offensive abilities, but their defensive power was astonishing.

Clearly, Guanyue City’s strategy was to block Han Muye’s progress with high-level experts known for their extraordinary defense.

As long as Han Muye’s fierce momentum was stalled, he would lose the possibility of a swift advance into Guanyue City.

Once that momentum was dissipated, the outcome of this battle would become full of uncertainties.

However, no one expected that the Void Heaven Immortal of the Earth and Stone lineage, who was famous for his defense, would be beheaded by Han Muye with the Cloud Formation Sword.

The thousand-foot-tall giant collapsed with a bang.

A spell was broken with a single strike.

As they saw Han Muye leave a carved inscription on the shattered stones that had formed the giant, and then depart in great strides, the crowd erupted in astonishment.

This was a contest between the Daoist arts and the way of the sword, and in the end, the sword prevailed.

A Void Illusion Heaven Immortal expert was already the strongest combat force that Guanyue City could dispatch.

Even a stronger Void Refinement Heaven Immortal would not lower his status to intercept him along the way.

Such cultivators cherished their lives dearly.

Over 43,000 miles, he killed three half-step Heaven Immortals and one Void Heaven Immortal realm spell expert along the way.

Invincible Han's name attracted the attention of countless forces in the vicinity.

This kind of city-capturing challenge, advancing all the way with such momentum, had not appeared in the wilderness for many years.

There was no other swordsman who, with cultivation not yet reaching the Heaven Immortal Realm, could defy the heavens and slay an immortal.

The immortal aura cultivation that Han Muye revealed was only at the Out of Body realm.

This was the result of his breakthrough with the help of the Fragment Gold Ants in the Fragment Gold Mine.

Of course, his cultivation and combat strength were all focused on Sword Dao cultivation. His Immortal Qi realm was immeasurable.

Throughout this journey, he displayed a remarkable sword cultivation, leaving people in awe.

Lifting weights effortlessly.

He broke the spell with a single strike.

One sword technique.

All methods converged into one.

...

The brilliance of the sword path was all within the three-foot green edge in Invincible Han hands.

Han Muye continued forward, and more and more people paid attention to him.

Fifty-one thousand miles.

In front of Han Muye, on the barren land of a hundred miles, a cavalry of black wind wolves formed a formation, waiting.

One hundred thousand Black Cavalry, their murderous aura reaching the sky.

Different from the swift wind bandits, these cavalry wore black chain armor and held blood-red spears in their hands.

"The elemental demon soldiers that roam the wilderness have been invited here. I wonder what price Guanyue City paid this time." Looking at these cavalry, someone showed curiosity on their face.

Elemental demon soldiers were a powerful force in the wasteland, the outer sect disciples of the Elemental Demon Sect.

The Elemental Demon Sect claimed to be a Daoist sect, but in reality, they practiced demonic techniques.

However, they had intricate connections with several major Daoist sects in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

It was said that the Elemental Demon Sect was entirely formed by the Daoist sects to draw power from various other sects in the Yunteng Wasteland.

This Elemental Demon Path Sect did not have any scruples and only cared about benefits.

This way of dealing with matters was deliberate, aimed at distancing themselves from the Daoist sects and showcasing that they could not be under the Daoist sect's control, maximizing the benefits they could obtain.

After all, the Daoist sects would not actually spend resources to support such a distant sect in the Yunteng Wasteland that could not truly be accepted.

The Elemental Demon Sect could afford to hire even Golden Immortals to serve as their retainers, as long as they could pay the price.

Of course, that price was probably something that few forces in the wasteland could afford.

To enlist these 100,000 cavalry in front of them, Guanyue City must have paid an unimaginable price.

“Invincible Han?” In front of the cavalry, a middle-aged warrior holding a black longsword and wearing black armor said in a low voice.

On his body, there was an aura of blood and a faint demonic light surging.

And a trace of fighting spirit, connected with 100,000 troops behind him.

“Come and try my Elemental Demon Sect’s battle formation!”

The warrior laughed loudly and pointed his sword at Han Muye.

“Come and try my Elemental Demon Sect’s battle formation!”

The 100,000 troops roared, their voices resonating with the heavens and the earth, causing the immortal qi to surge like tides.

Within a radius of thousands of miles, the power of heaven and earth was directly disrupted.

This was the result of the power of living beings not being entirely in harmony with the power of heaven and earth, and being too vast, causing the power of heaven and earth to temporarily fall into disorder.

After all, it was just the power of a battle formation. Although 100,000 people joined forces, they couldn't completely synchronize their intentions.

If truly 100,000 people could unite their hearts and minds, then that would be a truly terrifying battle formation.

"With such a battle formation, Invincible Han is afraid..." someone panicked in their heart, watching the warrior speak in a low voice.

The aura of blood and demon qi emanating from the battle formation made it difficult for people to look directly at it.

Such a scene would even cause even the Void Heavenly Immortal who had opened up their own heavenly realm to be shaken in their heart and unable to remain calm.

"Give it a try, just give it a try." Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he raised the Cloud Formation Sword in his hand.

The sword light scattered, turning into patches of frosty clouds.

This was a unique divine ability of this spiritual treasure sword, which was also a divine ability that matched its attribute.

"So much blood and murderous aura, it must have killed countless beings."

A terrifying cold light flickered in Han Muye's eyes. No one saw the resonance of the slaughter sword in his mind.

This sword was the main instrument of killing and wanted to kill all these people and then absorb their blood and murderous aura.

The desire transmitted by the long sword caused a blood-red light to gradually appear in Han Muye's eyes.

"Kill—"

Chapter 1107 - 1107 80,000 Miles Away, the Blood Moon's Sword of Life and Death

1107 80,000 Miles Away, the Blood Moon's Sword of Life and Death

Intimidated by the divine power condensed in the longsword in Han Muye's hand, the black-armored general opposite him could not help but shout.

He raised his hand and led the battle formation behind him.

The black cavalry ran faster and faster, slowly turning into a surging black torrent that charged towards Han Muye.

The power of bloodlust sealed the surrounding world and stabilized the space, turning it into a blood-colored curtain that covered a radius of hundreds of miles, making it impossible for Han Muye to escape.

"I underestimated it. Invincible Han should have acted earlier to prevent the gathering of the formation's power," a half-armored old man stroked his beard and shook his head.

"Indeed, once the Essence Demon Sect's Dao Soldier Array is activated, they will fight to the death. Not to mention a heaven-defying sword immortal, even a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal will probably have to go all out."

The Heaven Immortal realm was just a step away, yet it spanned a distance of thousands of miles.

The Void Hollowing Realm and the Void Refinement Realm looked like they were only one level apart, but their combat power was worlds apart.

The strength of the Essence Demon Sect's Dao Soldiers had long been rumored throughout the wasteland.

At this moment, as he saw the rushing torrent of blood-red power, it truly seemed like an overwhelming force, dominating the battlefield with its terrifying aura.

"Good array formation."

Han Muye looked at the surging torrent and murmured softly, his gaze falling on the black-armored warrior who had spoken.

By this time, this general had retreated tens of thousands of feet, positioning himself at the center of the battle formation.

Quite clever, knowing the principle of catching the thief by catching the leader, he directly concealed himself in the center of the military formation, making it impossible for anyone to assassinate him.

Indeed, a Sword Immortal, no matter how powerful, could not directly confront an army of 100,000.

The only thing he could do was to launch a surprise attack and kill the leading general, causing the formation to collapse.

Unfortunately, Han Muye was not going to charge into the formation as they had expected.

A green sword appeared in his hand.

No one knew that this was his Essence Soul sword.

The Slaughter Sword.

The Sword Dao emphasized killing, and this sword was specifically condensed for that purpose.

“Kill.”

Han Muye took three steps forward and swung his hand down, instantly cleaving the soldier who had rushed forward with a long spear to pierce Han Muye's face into two halves.

Solidified blood energy scattered in all directions, causing the soldiers in the formation to have blood-red eyes and their blood and qi surging as if their bodies were about to burst.

Han Muye held a green sword in his hand, and with each collision with a soldier, three or five of them were horizontally slashed by a single sword.

The area 30 feet around him became a restricted area.

Traces of blood-colored murderous aura were guided and poured into the intermediate cloud sword that had turned into frost above Han Muye's head.

To outsiders, Han Muye seemed to use this frost-powered long sword to suppress and digest the Blood Slaughter aura that could disturb one's mind.

This method was very orthodox.

However, no one knew that more than 80% of the bloody aura gathered at this moment had been absorbed by the Essence Soul Slaughtering Sword in Han Muye's hand.

What outsiders saw was merely superficial.

The battle continued.

It was hard to imagine that Han Muye's choice was to engage in a battle within the war formation against the Dao soldiers.

Sword flashes flickered, and a continuous stream of sword shadows rose, accompanied by bursts of blood.

With each strike, several lives were taken.

The sword in Han Muye's hand became faster and faster. The corpses around him piled up into a mountain, forcing him to move forward.

After traveling for 10 miles, a 10-mile blood path was paved.

No one said anything as everyone looked at the killing field.

Who would have thought that Han Muye would choose to fight the Dao soldiers head-on with a single sword?

"His sword seems to be faster?"

Someone noticed something amiss.

As expected, the sword light in Han Muye's hand was a bit faster.

"It's also stronger..." someone said softly, a profound look in his eyes.

Previously, Han Muye had killed three to five battle formation soldiers with one strike, but now, every strike would take dozens of lives.

Could it be that killing would also make Invincible Han stronger?

That made sense. After all, he was a sword cultivator. It was normal for him to cultivate a few mystic techniques that increased his combat strength through the power of slaughter.

How could a sword cultivator not be good at killing?

"Change formation—"

As Han Muye continued for another 10 miles, he had unknowingly slaughtered 5,000 soldiers.

Five thousand soldiers accounted for half of the entire army in front of him.

So much slaughter in one go was jaw-dropping.

Many cultivators who specialized in Dao techniques and were slightly weaker in combat had already turned pale.

The killing intent would quietly affect one's mind, making it impossible for one to gather strength.

After half of their combat strength was killed, the Essence Demon Sect's Dao Soldier Formation had no choice but to change its formation.

"Boom!"

A 10,000-foot black bear phantom, condensed with the aura of slaughter, appeared.

It had a black body and shoulder armor that was covered in green flames.

In his hand was a green saber that was 1,300 feet long. The blade was like a door, but it was 3,000 feet wide.

This door could directly crush a huge mountain.

"Roar—"

The black bear roared and swung the saber in its hand, causing a forceful gust to shake and shatter the void beneath it.

Han Muye was the first to bear the brunt. Under the saber, his body was imprisoned and he could not move at all.

In fact, he had been carrying the power of imprisonment since he engaged the war formation.

He possessed the power of a divine beast, carrying an endless burden, yet still steadily moving forward.

At this moment, under this long saber, the restrictive power reached its limit, causing the space around him to shatter inch by inch.

This was a confrontation between his strength and the power of imprisonment, the two forces conflicting so immensely that the space could not bear it, resulting in cracks.

Han Muye raised his sword in his hand and, amidst the horrified gazes of everyone, faced the descending long saber head-on.

It was like an ant fighting an elephant.

Such a situation was an unimaginable contrast.

“Boom!”

The sword light and the saber light collided, producing a loud explosion.

However, Han Muye, who was like an ant under the long saber, did not move. The sword in his hand remained steady.

Chapter 1108 - 1108 80,000 Miles Away, the Blood Moon's Sword of Life and Death (2)

1108 80,000 Miles Away, the Blood Moon's Sword of Life and Death (2)

The long saber above his head was covered in cracks.

“The pure power of the Sword Dao is unparalleled. Invincible Han may not be able to contend with the Bloodthirsty War Bear head-on, but he can break through its gathered power.”

“If I didn’t see it with my own eyes, who would have thought that Invincible Han could directly confront the formation of the Essence Demon Dao Soldiers?”

In front, the War Bear’s long saber swung continuously, and Han Muye held his long sword, blocking every strike..

Unknown to outsiders, Han Muye had already activated his divine energy and soul power to the extreme, even utilizing the previously stored immortal energy.

Not for any other reason, but to conceal his own killing intent and then unleash the power of the Slaughter Sword, fully absorbing the essence of cultivation.

This was a rare opportunity to absorb and replenish the slaughter energy.

In the eyes of outsiders, the frost formed by the Cloud Formation Sword above his head was a way to absorb the aura of the Bloodthirsty, ensuring that Han Muye would not lose his sanity.

In fact, it was a cover-up for his full absorption of the Bloodthirsty aura.

With each strike, the War Bear's power was absorbed by Han Muye by 80 percent.

With every 10 slashes, the aura of Bloodthirsty on the War Bear's body would weaken slightly.

The commanding general of the army thought it was just normal consumption, driving the power of the army formation, stabilizing the War Bear's body, and then attacking again.

At this moment, the bloodthirsty aura on Han Muye's Primordial Spirit Sword was overflowing.

In his mind, the dense aura of slaughter also intertwined.

Enough.

Just the absorption this time was enough for him to refine for a long time.

One could not be greedy in cultivation.

Any more and the killing intent would affect his judgment.

“Boom!”

The War Bear swung down its sword, and Han Muye suddenly stood still, not even extending his long sword anymore.

Was he powerless to resist?

Perhaps.

Surrounded by the battle formation and facing the siege of 100,000 soldiers alone, who could escape?

This War Bear was so powerful that it could make one’s heart palpitate even from a thousand miles away, let alone being pressed in front of it and killed with one slash?

It was very likely that Immortal Han had exhausted all his strength and had no choice but to give up.

“What a pity—what is that!”

“Beast, no, divine beast, the power of a divine beast’s bloodline!”

In everyone's eyes, a 1,000-foot-long Kui emerged, its long horns raised and directly met the War Bear's long saber.

Then, the frost formed by the Cloud Formation Sword in the sky dissipated, merging with the lightning radiance on the Kui's head.

"Boom!"

Where was the power of bloodlust contained in the frost? It turned into blood-red lightning.

The lightning struck the War Bear's body, making it tremble.

Then, the Kui Cow behind Han Muye roared at the sky. The lightning between the two horns on its head flowed into the battle bear along the saber light above it.

The 10,000-foot-long battle bear condensed from the blood fiend qi collapsed.

Not only did it collapse, but all the lightning also spread into the battle formation along with the collapsed blood fiend qi.

This battle bear was the gathering of everyone's murderous aura in the battle formation. Lightning followed every source of murderous aura and came back.

“Pa!”

With a soft sound, a soldier in black armor fell to the ground and his soul shattered.

The bloodthirsty power hidden in the frost descended, transforming into blood-red lightning.

Even the black cavalry fell to the ground, losing all signs of life.

When these Black Flame Battle Cavalry galloped through the battle formation, they had committed many killings.

When the lightning dissipated, the area within a hundred miles finally returned to normal.

There was no trace of the blood fiend qi that had spread for thousands of miles previously.

Of the 100,000 Dao soldiers, only the leading general in black armor and holding a black sword stood there with a pale face.

“Kill—”

With a long roar, the exhausted general rushed towards Han Muye and the Kui Cow phantom he had condensed.

Han Muye took a step forward, and the Kui Cow behind him rushed out.

When the Kui Cow dissipated, the figure of the leading general was no longer in front of him. Only a black sword was in Han Muye's hand.

"Clang—"

Han Muye held the hilt of his sword and carved a line of words on the scattered rocks at the side.

"Yunlan City's Han Wudi killed 100,000 Essence Demon Dao Soldiers here."

Holding the longsword, he stepped forward.

Every step was 100,000 feet, and lightning surged behind him.

One person and one sword killed 100,000 Dao soldiers.

This was really happening in front of him.

"What a ruthless sword immortal..." Someone sighed softly.

Corpses filled the wasteland, indicating the ruthlessness of a Sword Dao cultivator.

Not only was Invincible Han invincible in the Sword Dao, but his oppressive killing intent was also invincible!

Their attacks were ruthless, not leaving a single person behind. This kind of killing was truly terrifying.

“He has the Kui bloodline to condense lightning. As long as killing doesn’t go against his heart, it won’t affect his state of mind. Terrifying.” A Daoist wearing a greenish-gray Daoist robe and a golden crown narrowed his eyes and whispered.

No matter how high one’s cultivation was, they would not dare to kill too much.

Because he had killed too many people, his state of mind would be affected by this blood fiend aura.

However, Han Muye had the power of his bloodline lightning to refine and dissipate the blood fiend, so he did not need to care at all.

That was the scary part.

This was also why Han Muye wanted to reveal the power of the Kui.

Outsiders thought he was using the Kui power to resist the bloodthirsty aura and dissolve it, but they didn’t know that he was using the Slaughter Sword in his mind to refine the bloodthirsty aura.

Compared to the blood fiend qi in his Slaughter Sword, what the 100,000 Dao Soldiers gathered was only insignificant.

“Yunlan City’s Invincible Han challenges Guanyue City’s City Lord. Don’t come and die...”

Han Muye shouted at the top of his lungs, his voice resounding for thousands of kilometers, causing the world to tremble.

His voice echoed. Everyone looked at the place where the 100,000 Dao Soldiers died and remained silent.

With 100,000 corpses paving the way, who would die for Guanyue City?

However, these 100,000 Dao Soldiers belonged to the Essence Demon Path Sect. Wasn’t Han Wudi afraid that the Essence Demon Path Sect would seek revenge by killing him here?

80,000 miles away, Han Muye stood in front of the magnificent city wall that hung high like the full moon.

This was Guanyue City.

It got its name because it could see the full moon’s brilliance here and could gather the power of the moon.

The 100-foot-tall wall was mottled and ancient.

This city had stood in the Wasteland for countless years.

On the city wall, soldiers in golden armor were everywhere. Every one of them was surging with blood qi, showing their battle intent.

Outside the city wall, golden light screens appeared. This was an extremely powerful Great City Protection Formation.

The foundation of a large city was extremely deep.

The white-bearded Daoist in a dark golden robe stood on the city wall and looked down. His aura fused with the entire city.

“Invincible Han of Yunlan City?”

“Hehe, you shouldn’t have come.”

The Daoist took a step forward, and a golden seal appeared behind him.

“I’ve been holding down Guanyue City for 30,000 years and have condensed an Earth Suppression Seal. I’m lacking the soul to suppress it. It’s good that you’re here.”

The City Lord of Guanyue City, a Heaven Immortal mighty figure at the Void Refinement Realm, had been in charge of this city for 30,000 years.

In the Wasteland, there were not many experts who could survive for a long time.

More people either left or disappeared.

When the Guanyue City Lord spoke, the golden seal was already hanging high in the sky.

As soon as he finished speaking, the seal shot out a thousand beams of light, turning into a cold moonlight that enveloped Han Muye's head.

"It's the Guanyue City Lord's Moonlight Seal!"

"This is a Dao Attainment Treasure. It's not inferior to an immortal treasure. With this treasure in hand, the Guanyue City Lord has been able to rule for so many years, and no one dares to challenge his position."

Treasures combined with immortal cultivators could unleash 10 times the combat power.

The Lord of Guanyue City was just like that. With the help of the condensed golden seal and his own cultivation, he ruled Guanyue City, and no one dared to provoke him.

"Yunlan City's Invincible Han, unparalleled in the Sword Dao, is a rising star in the wasteland. The Lord of Guanyue City has been a powerful figure for 30,000 years, a senior powerhouse.

“The battle between these two is probably the most exciting battle in the past thousand years.”

Looking at the golden seal in the sky, someone spoke excitedly with an expectant expression.

This battle concerned the ownership of the two large cities and affected the situation within a million miles.

This battle also affected countless factions. Whoever won would become the overlords of this place in the future.

“The power of the moon?”

Looking at the golden seal falling from the sky, Han Muye smiled.

“I haven’t used this sword for a long time...”

“I’ve forgotten that I’m still the sword cultivator who can determine life and death with one strike.”

His voice was light, and his figure disappeared.

When he appeared again, Han Muye was already beside Guanyue City Lord. He held a green short sword in his left hand and waved it lightly from below.

Reverse, Crescent Moon.

The blood color intertwined with the moonlight and pervaded the air.

One strike to determine life and death.

Chapter 1109 - 1109 Heaven-Defying Immortal Ascension, Moon Essence Sword

1109 Heaven-Defying Immortal Ascension, Moon Essence Sword

A Void Refinement Heaven Immortal, the Guanyue City Lord, was killed by a single strike!

With a close-range strike, a sword technique that only existed among low-level cultivators proved to be fatal in the battle of Heavenly Immortals.

How was this possible!

Countless onlookers, from powerful Heaven Immortals to Earth Realm cultivators, were all dumbfounded.

How difficult was it to kill a Heaven Immortal?

It was as difficult as ascending to the heavens!

Heaven Immortal experts with a void realm could use the power of heaven and earth to escape into their own pocket dimension at any time, or amplify their own power using the energy of their pocket dimension.

Especially for Heaven Immortals at the Void Refinement Realm, they had already integrated their pocket dimension with themselves, and one couldn't possibly know what kind of power was concealed within the Heaven Immortal's pocket dimension they were facing.

In the Immortal World, Heaven Immortals who could transcend the Five Decays were already high above the mundane affairs and rarely bothered with worldly matters.

In the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, the powerful Heaven Immortals were mainly focused on their own cultivation, leaving the guarding of various territories to those below them.

This time, they were vying for control of the Immortal Ascension Platform and dealing with the chaos in the Bitter Immortal Realm, which was why the Heaven Immortals got involved.

Wang Minghe governed a state, but he was only at the peak of the Human Immortal realm.

The position of the Yunteng Wasteland was special; it was a border region where several forces intersected, and the constant conflicts made it a chaotic land.

That was why there were many Heaven Immortal experts suppressing this area.

Although these powerful Heaven Immortals seemed to have no clear background or identity, who knew if they were from some major sects?

Among these powerful Heaven Immortals, there was an unspoken understanding, and they rarely fought with each other.

Even if they had to fight, it would be at most a contest of victory or defeat, without determining life and death.

It had been thousands of years since the lord of a city met with death in Yunteng Wasteland.

But no one could have expected that his fate would be decided by a single sword!

As a massive golden seal pressed down, the moonlight turned into silk-like threads, causing the power of heaven and earth to converge within thousands of miles.

In such a situation, Han Muye could still launch a close-range strike.

Most importantly, this sword technique was extremely mysterious and agile.

The Crescent Moon Reversal Technique, one strike, one life taken!

Today's incident would probably spread throughout the entire wasteland!

Could there really be such a peerless sword immortal in the world?

“Boom!”

After killing a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal with a single strike, the power of the Heaven Immortal collapsed, causing the surrounding tens of thousands of miles of immortal energy to surge and expand in all directions.

The Heaven Immortal returned to dust, and the Great Dao reciprocated!

The immortal energy containing the power of the Great Dao was a treasure that was a hundred times more concentrated than the naturally dissipating immortal energy between heaven and earth, and it could greatly assist in cultivation.

A territory with a radius of a hundred miles appeared in the boundless void, silently suspended, with cracks appearing on it.

Void!

The pocket dimension carried by Void Refinement experts would appear after their death and be disintegrated into a part by the Immortal World.

This process varied according to the size of the void. A hundred-mile pocket dimension would take 15 minutes to disintegrate.

Thousands or tens of thousands of miles might take even longer.

As for the stronger top mighty figures, when they died, the Void would directly transform into another cosmic world and become a part of the Heavenly Cycle Zenith Heaven.

When the Guanyue City Lord's pocket dimension appeared, several figures flew out and headed towards the sky.

The pocket dimension of a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal surely contained countless treasures.

This was fate.

As long as they entered the pocket dimension, they would surely gain some benefits.

“Clang—”

Han Muye took a step forward, his sword cleaving through the void, causing it to tremble and creating a dark crack.

The appearance of the pocket dimension had already damaged the void of the surrounding heaven and earth, and under the strike of the sword, it became even more fragile, with faint cracks appearing in the surroundings.

The sword marks stood before all the figures rushing towards the pocket dimension, acting as an insurmountable barrier, making everyone halt.

“Do you need my permission to enter the pocket dimension?” Han Muye pointed his long sword forward with a calm expression.

The experts he blocked were all at the Heaven Immortal realm.

However, no one dared to rush out and fight Han Muye head-on.

If they had such strength, they would not value the Guanyue City Lord’s pocket dimension so much.

Before the sword marks, the pocket dimension only lasted for a quarter of an hour, and every moment was extremely precious.

“Invincible Han, according to the rules of the wasteland, once a Heaven Immortal dies, this opportunity is shared.” The white-bearded old man standing in front stared at Han Muye, his gaze glancing at the pocket dimension wrapped in wisps of shattered space.

In fifteen minutes, the pocket dimension would collapse.

All the treasures within it would be crushed by the power of the Great Dao, returning to the origin of heaven and earth.

Cultivators who stepped into it naturally had to leave within 15 minutes. Otherwise, they would also be reduced to ashes.

After its owner died, the power in the pocket dimension world was chaotic. Even if a Heaven Immortal entered, it was not without danger. It was also very time-consuming to find treasures.

At this moment, who would be willing to be stopped outside the pocket dimension?

“Rules?” Han Muye raised his sword with a calm expression. “My sword is the rule.”

The sword was the rule!

Everyone’s expressions changed.

The cultivators below the Heaven Immortal level who were observing from a distance showed even more disappointed expressions. Even the Heavenly Immortal powerhouses were blocked, so how could they dare to approach?

“What exactly do you want?” In front of Han Muye, a burly man wearing half a blue battle armor, with a full beard on his face, held a long fork in his hand and stared at Han Muye while speaking in a low voice.

He had just entered the pocket dimension and had not yet formed his own pocket dimension world.

Now, a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal’s pocket dimension was right in front of him. If he didn’t seize this opportunity to explore it, he would regret it for a lifetime.

This was how cultivation worked. When opportunities were right in front of one's eyes, if one didn't seize them and compete for them, one would never have another chance to make progress.

Because many people would keep regretting and be unable to move on from the past, their state of mind would collapse.

"If you want to enter the pocket dimension, you need to come to Yunlan City as a guest Elder after coming out and holding down for a hundred years."

Chapter 1110 - 1110 Heaven-Defying Immortal Ascension, Moon Essence Sword (2)

1110 Heaven-Defying Immortal Ascension, Moon Essence Sword (2)

Han Muye glanced over the sky, where the heavenly world was wrapped in void cracks. He softly said, "You still have time, think it over."

Think it over?

Regretting even wasting a moment of time!

"I, Zhu Taisi, agree!" exclaimed the white-haired old man standing in front, as he flew up and directly entered that pocket dimension.

However, controlling it for a hundred years was just a brief moment for the Heaven Immortal experts with almost endless lifespans.

If they could obtain the legacy of a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal, it was worth it.

“I agree too.” The black-armored, bearded man shouted and took a step forward. “My name is Sun Jihu.”

After controlling it for a hundred years, he could exchange it for a chance to explore the Void Refinement Heaven Immortal pocket dimension?

There was still a need to consider this?

One figure after another shouted and soared into the sky.

The surrounding cultivators could no longer restrain themselves and shouted.

Even in Guanyue City, which had just lost its City Lord, dozens of figures flew out. They were all at least Human Immortal Realm experts.

This was the world of cultivation. Be it the Immortal World or the mortal world, what was most important was their own interests.

The Guanyue City Lord had already become a thing of the past. What he had to do now was naturally to squeeze out all his remaining value.

His pocket dimension naturally had to enter to find the treasures he needed.

“Boom!”

Just as more people flew up, Han Muye suddenly slashed out, slashing a Daoist in a black robe hundreds of thousands of feet away.

This black-faced Daoist, whose blood qi was surging, was clearly at the Heaven Immortal realm. He mingled with a group of Heaven Realm Soul Formation cultivators and almost entered the pocket dimension.

“You also want to serve me for a hundred years?” Han Muye pointed his sword at the black-faced Daoist.

The Daoist’s expression changed. Just as he was about to agree, he heard Han Muye say again, “Think it over before you answer. I’m not interested in the Demon Luo Clan.”

The Demon Luo Clan!

Han Muye’s words caused the expressions of the surrounding cultivators to change dramatically.

Everyone knew that the Demon Luo Clan roamed the Immortal World.

But no one knew where exactly the members of the clan were located.

Even among low-level cultivators, the Demon Luo Clan was a terrifying existence.

The Daoist's identity was exposed by Han Muye, and he no longer hid it. Demonic qi surged all over his body, and a demonic pattern appeared above his head. His figure flashed and disappeared.

Invincible Han truly lived up to his name as the Unrivaled Sword Immortal, with a resolute character and no tolerance for any nonsense.

The scene of Han Muye expelling the Demon Luo Clan's strong cultivators unfolded before the other cultivators, leaving many of them sighing.

"You still have half an hour. How many opportunities you can gain by entering among the Human Immortals and below depends on yourselves."

Han Muye sheathed his long sword and stood still in his place.

Those cultivators who were only at the Heaven Realm or below looked at each other and flew into the pocket dimension.

Fifteen minutes later, countless figures flew out of the pocket dimension, and then the hundred-mile heavenly world collapsed with a loud roar, turning into nothingness.

Streaks of green immortal light scattered in all directions.

This was a sign that the power absorbed by the Heaven and Earth powers was too overwhelming and immense, and could not be digested for a moment.

Most of the cultivators who flew out of the pocket dimension had smiles on their faces.

The treasures in the pocket dimension of a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal were not what they imagined.

Even though they had speculated before, they were still shocked by the gains.

This was an opportunity!

A strange look flashed across Han Muye's face.

Faint spatial power surged into his body.

A gift from heaven and earth?

How many years had it been since he had received such a gift from the world?

Back when he was still in the Western Frontier of the Heavenly Mystic World, he had received rewards from the Heavenly Dao.

Later, as his cultivation improved, the Heavenly Dao treated him equally, and there were no more rewards, only transactions.

It was quite interesting, and for Han Muye, the spatial power was more than welcome.

Golden light flashed around him as he directly absorbed the spatial power.

“Within three months, if anyone doesn’t come to my Yunlan City, I will personally go and invite them.” Han Muye scanned the surroundings and spoke loudly.

The Heaven Immortal experts looked at each other, then cupped their hands at Han Muye and turned to leave.

Within three months, they needed to take care of their own matters before rushing to Yunlan City. There was not much time.

They were all Heaven Immortals. Since they had agreed, they naturally would not go back on their word.

Besides, Han Wudi would be more than willing to kill a few more Heaven Immortals to establish his might.

“Invincible City Lord, Sun Jihu doesn’t have any mundane matters. I’ll return to Yunlan City with you.” The black-armored man with the long fork cupped his fists at Han Muye and shouted.

The few Heaven Immortal experts who turned around and walked away trembled.

This guy really knew how to seize the opportunity to show loyalty.

After all, he was going to serve Invincible Han for a hundred years, so he had already started to curry favor.

Following Sun Jihu's lead, quite a few others chose not to leave and stayed directly.

With Han Muye's formidable strength, he had cut through to the Guanyue City, beheading the City Lord under his sword.

With such capabilities, ruling a city under his command was not a humiliation.

With such capabilities, ruling a city under his command was not a humiliation. Besides, they had just gained their opportunities from him!

Invincible Han Wudi remained unmoved by the pocket dimension of a Void Refinement expert. How could he do such a generous and heroic thing without confidence?

When Han Muye flew to Guanyue City, there was no need for him to say anything.

Naturally, a group of experts who had been subdued appeared and gathered this large city that had stood for countless years.

Han Muye presided over Guanyue City for 10 days. There was no chaos inside or outside the city.

No one would have thought that he would be able to kill the Guanyue City Lord at close range.

No matter which force it was, under that single sword, no one dared to make a move.

Han Muye entered the city lord's mansion in the fifth-level high-rise and went straight to the grand hall that overlooked the entire Guanyue City.

The experts who had volunteered to follow him took over the defense of the City Lord Manor. Zuo Baichuan and a group of merchants who had rushed over from Yunlan City temporarily presided over various matters in the city.

The order in the city did not change much.

There was no commotion for 10 days. Han Muye announced that he would enter seclusion for three days before returning to Yunlan City.

For 10 days, there was no turmoil. Han Muye announced three days of seclusion before returning to Yunlan City.

As he looked at the closed grand hall in front of him, Han Muye's expression remained calm. He raised his hand, and a golden spiritual light flashed, forming a defensive formation.

This was part of Crown Moon City's defensive formation, and its power could withstand Heaven Immortals.

The Guanyue City Lord had underestimated him, thinking that the conflict with Han Muye would last for a long time. Little did he know that Han Muye would suddenly make a move and directly kill him with a near-assassination approach.

The Guanyue City Lord was probably the most aggrieved Heaven Immortal expert who had died in the Yunteng Wasteland in tens of thousands of years.

In the hall, Han Muye raised the light array and set up the defense around him. Only then did he activate his spatial power and activate the power of the Kui to cultivate.

There was no pressure on him along the way.

His Sword Dao was so powerful that even he could not measure it.

The condensation of the two Essence Soul swords allowed his Sword Dao comprehension to transcend.

Unknowingly, he had already embarked on his path of transcendence on the Sword Dao.

Heaven-defying Immortal Ascension.

Back in the mortal world, he had been searching for his Great Dao.

It was very difficult to defy the heavens, but it could avoid the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

Han Muye had already weighed the gains and losses.

A gentle soul light spread out from his body. This was the pure soul he had obtained from the Fleshless Bamboo.

This soul power could cleanse the mind and calm it down.

Along the way, there was endless killing. Although Han Muye's mind was firm, he did not care if he was covered in dust.

When Human Immortals stepped into the Heaven Immortal Realm, they would have the Five Decays of Heaven and Man because there was too much dust in their hearts.

Being in the mortal world, one would inevitably be entangled with worldly matters.

At first, one might not realize it, but upon transcending into an immortal, they would realize that there were still so many obsessions and concerns in their hearts, so much calculation, and so much reluctance...

This was the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

As for the path of transcendence, it meant that he would not give up.

“If I don’t give up everything in the past, I will still be me.

The difference between immortality and the Great Dao was endless. It was very difficult to cross this hurdle with one’s own strength.

As Han Muye used his soul to cleanse his mind and eliminate unnecessary distracting thoughts, he circulated the spatial power bestowed by the world and slowly refined it.

In his mind, the blood-red killing aura began to circulate.

The blood malevolent aura absorbed from the Essence Demon Sect’s Dao Soldiers could be refined for decades by his Essence Soul sword. He did not have to worry about not having enough strength.

If it weren’t for his supreme comprehension, Han Muye couldn’t possibly multitask like this.

Because of his unparalleled comprehension, he now had the time to gather a strand of starlight with a raise of his hand.

Guanyue City was named after its condensed moonlight power.

A green and yellow crescent moon appeared around Han Muye.

The sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect.