

## **Pavilion 1111**

### **Chapter 1111 - 1111 Deity Roll Call!**

Swordsmanship was dead, but people were alive.

The swordsmanship in the mortal world was no worse than that in the Immortal World.

The power of moonlight from the skies surged and poured into the main hall, landing on Han Muye.

The entire hall, once silent, seemed to come alive.

Endless clear moonlight power surged out from the surrounding curtains.

This palace hall was specially built to harness the power of moonlight, capable of storing its energy.

At this moment, Han Muye activated the millennia-old moonlight stored within the hall, and it surged like an ocean.

Around him, the moonlight energy condensed into a crescent moon.

As the moonlight circulated and gathered, the green-yellow halo floating like a crescent moon kept increasing, turning from one to a thousand.

Thousands of Moonlight Blades floated and rotated with soft vibrations.

The sword light vibrated, and the moonlight was cold.

Each of the Moonlight Blades possessed the power to shatter space.

Even Heavenly Venerables would not be able to do well in front of this Moonlight Blade.

Thousands of Dao light blades intertwined and turned into an oval, revolving around Han Muye without any blind spots.

“This move shall be called ‘Thousand Moons’.”

Han Muye murmured in satisfaction as he opened his eyes.

The defensive power, killing potential, and eruptive force were all remarkably rare.

This move, Thousand Moons, had great potential.

In the future, he could also use it to control his sword, making the sword itself a moon.

The millennia of precious moonlight stored in Guanyue City had ultimately benefited Han Muye.

This put him in a good mood.

With a wave of his hand, a greenish-black sword appeared in his palm.

Holding the sword hilt, he said softly, “Let me see who’s behind this Guanyue City.”

This sword was obtained from the city lord’s treasury, the personal sword of the Guanyue City Lord.

The city lord seldom used this sword and had not kept it in the pocket dimension.

“Buzz!”

Sword qi poured in, and an image appeared.

The sword was called the Thirteen Moons. It was forged from the Moon Shadow Stone and gathered the power of the moon. It was a numinous treasure-level magic sword.

A magical sword, in this context, didn’t rely solely on the power of the sword to fight but instead utilized the strength of the longsword to invoke the power of heaven and earth to perform Daoist spells and techniques.

Such longswords were not uncommon in the Immortal World, and many people preferred them because they could both defend and cast spells.

Within this longsword contained approximately 5,000 years of memories from the City Lord of Guanyue. It held various moonlight cultivation methods and hidden secrets that could be explored.

For Han Muye, the insights into the cultivation of a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal was a tremendous treasure.

“Silver Moon Demon Queen of the Bitter Immortal Realm?” Looking at the image, Guanyue City Lord sent the power of moonlight gathered in the city to the Bitter Immortal Realm every few decades to meet a Demon King expert. Han Muye understood.

It seemed that behind this Guanyue City was a demon king of the Bitter Immortal Realm.

However, Han Muye found it funny to see Guanyue City Lord being so respectful and flattering to the female demon queen with a cold voice and a white face.

From the City Lord of Guanyue’s memories, it was evident that he was deeply infatuated with that demon queen.

For so many years, he willingly collected moonlight for her.

If he had invested all that time and energy in his own cultivation, he wouldn’t have been stagnant in strength for tens of thousands of years.

But now that Han Muye had killed the City Lord of Guanyue, he feared that it might provoke the revenge of the Silver Moon Demon Queen.

Fortunately, the Bitter Immortal Realm was millions of miles away from this place, and it would take some time for the news to spread.

Moreover, Han Muye had already planned to go to the Bitter Immortal Realm, and if the Immortal Queen came looking for him, he could handle the situation again.

Considering everything, since Han Muye arrived in the Yunteng Wasteland, he had offended quite a few forces.

Many forces were also observing him.

After putting away the longsword of the City Lord of Guanyue, Han Muye's hand shimmered with golden light as a rune flew out.

Half an hour later, a young man in his thirties, dressed in a green robe, strode into the hall.

"Greetings, Your Excellency."

The young man's aura shifted, and a vertical mark appeared on his forehead, transforming his appearance into that of the demon clan expert who had been driven away by Han Muye before.

On that day in front of the pocket dimension, Han Muye had merely acted out a scene with the demon clan immortal cultivator named Qi Tutiandian.

Qi Tutiandian was the elder in charge of the Jade Deer Trading Company, rarely showing himself on ordinary occasions, and outsiders didn't know his true identity.

He had been summoned and brought to Guanyue City by Xie Chaoyan.

"Have you found out the identity of the powerful figure behind Zhulin Town?"

"What actions has the Essence Demon Sect taken?"

"After the battle for the city, how have the various parties in the surrounding area reacted?"

Han Muye looked at Qi Tutian and asked.

The demon clan possessed enough information to conceal their activities among low-level cultivators.

Han Muye only summoned Qi Tutian because he valued their ability to gather information from various sources

"Your Excellency, the Golden Immortal expert set up in Zhulin Town is likely the renowned independent expert in the wasteland, Golden Immortal Night Moon."

Qi Tutiandian quickly reported the information gathered by the Demon Luo Clan.

The Golden Immortal Night Moon came to the wasteland 100,000 years ago. He did not hail from the Fuyu Immortal World, but from another Immortal World.

Upon arriving in the Fuyu Immortal World, he had received invitations from many forces to join them, but he was not interested. Instead, he chose to wander to the Yunteng Wasteland and live in seclusion.

“He cultivates the ‘Fleshless Bamboo.’ This person is probably not a cultivator from the orthodox path; perhaps he practices some sinister techniques, which is why he doesn’t dare to join other major sects.” Qi Tutian quietly voiced his judgment.

Han Muye neither nodded nor shook his head in response.

However, he did not agree with Qi Tutian’s judgment.

In the cultivation world, as long as one’s cultivation level was high enough, who would really care about how one cultivated?

Whether you followed the orthodox path or the sinister path, as long as you became powerful enough, no one would dare to disrespect you.

However, if this Golden Immortal Night Moon was indeed a powerful figure from the sinister faction, then caution was warranted.

## **Chapter 1112 - 1112 'Deity Roll Call'! (2)**

1112 'Deity Roll Call'! (2)

“The Essence Demon Sect had already dispatched several experts to Guanyue City. However, they laid an ambush halfway on your way back to Yunlan City, Your Excellency,”

Qitutian reported while glancing at Han Muye.

Han Muye’s sword strike in Guanyue City made those strong cultivators from the Essence Demon Sect hesitant to make a move.

This was the advantage of strength.

As long as one’s strength was formidable enough, no one dared to do something provocative.

Han Muye had chosen to take over the city because of this consideration.

Firstly, by defeating the City Lord of Guanyue City, he could gain control over the large city and secure more resources for Yunlan City.

Secondly, by defeating the City Lord, he could make a name for himself as Invincible Han, the Peerless Sword Immortal, after conquering an 80,000-mile-long journey.

Now, both of these goals had been achieved.

However, Han Muye knew that he needed to prepare for more challenges.



Defeating the City Lord was only the first step to gaining recognition. To firmly establish his reputation, he had to face several more battles.

“Essence Demon Sect, very well,” Han Muye said in a low voice, his eyes revealing depth and excitement rather than fear.

Not only was he not afraid of such a large sect as an enemy, but he was also excited.

Sword cultivators were like this.

Only powerful enemies could ignite their fervor and passion.

While other forces were still observing, as long as Han Muye could overcome the Essence Demon Sect’s interception, he would be able to safely return to Yunlan City.

With a wave of his hand, Qi Tutian left the hall. Three dark golden tokens appeared in Han Muye’s palm.

The token was simple and ancient, and the intertwined immortal patterns on it were profound.

“Patrol the heavens, battle the heavens, and slay the gods.”

“When it’s time to borrow power, it’s better to borrow it.”

“Isn’t this how sects operate?”

With a light chuckle, Han Muye pointed to one of the tokens, and golden rays of light appeared, shimmering on its surface.

After a moment, a golden, illusory script coalesced on the token.

“Let’s go.”

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The Peerless Sword Immortal, Invincible Han of Yunlan City, after killing the City Lord of Guanyue City and staying in Guanyue City for half a month, returned to Yunlan City.

When he came, he was alone, advancing with just a single sword.

But when he returned, there was a vast procession of carriages and horses following behind him, stretching as far as the eye could see.

After a thorough search of Guanyue City, Zhang Baichou and others used threats and temptations to relocate nearly half of the city’s businesses and families to Yunlan City.

Among those who accompanied Han Muye to Yunlan City, only 30 percent were from Guanyue City.

Together with the city guards that he had subjugated, a total of nearly 100,000 people headed towards Yunlan City in a grand manner.

100,000 immortals and mortals surrounded by immortal light soared into the sky.

This spectacle intrigued many people.

“The rise of Yunlan City seems inevitable,” someone standing on the barren plain said softly.

“For countless years, Yunteng Wasteland has been without any ripples. Now, with the turmoil in the Immortal Domain, the rise of Yunlan City might just be the beginning.

“Sometimes, taking the first step means taking the lead in every subsequent step.

If Yunlan City can truly capitalize on this momentum, it will become a desirable place,” another person nodded, his eyes gleaming with profound wisdom.

“Let’s not rush to conclusions. Invincible Han still has many challenges to face,” someone else said, hesitating as they looked ahead.

“The Essence Demon Sect? Yes, that’s indeed a powerful force.”

Since the Essence Demon Sect was a demonic sect, they would undoubtedly act according to their demonic style

If their 100,000 troops were killed without recovering their reputation, they wouldn't be worthy of being called a demonic sect.

Although there was no news in Guanyue City, there were many rumors outside the city.

The experts of the Essence Demon Sect had already arrived, waiting for Invincible Han halfway.

"Do you think Invincible Han intentionally led the large group to move forward, knowing that the Essence Denon Dao Sect would ambush them halfway?" someone furrowed their brows and asked softly.

No one knew the answer to this question.

In theory, Yunlan Sword Immortal could have directly flown back to Yunlan City with his sword, covering the 80,000 miles in just half a day.

But now, he was leading so many cultivators towards Yunlan City

To him, this was a burden.

"It depends on whether he can make it back to Yunlan City alive."

Surviving the journey back to Yunlan City.

That was what many people were thinking.

As long as Invincible Han could cross the wilderness and return to Yunlan City, relying on the city's defensive strength, he could firmly establish his position in the Yunteng Wasteland and become a prominent figure in the region.

The return journey to Yunlan City was not slow.

They covered a distance of 20,000 miles in one day.

Three consecutive days passed, leaving only 20,000 miles before reaching Yunlan City. Just when all the cultivators who followed Han Muye let out a sigh of relief, the people from the Essence Demon Sect finally appeared.

There were only four of them.

Four figures, each wearing dark green robes, stood in front of the grand path, blocking the way.

"Invincible Han, you should know why we're here."

The thin Daoist in the lead Daoist spoke first, his gaze falling on Han Muye behind him as he said calmly, "The lives of these 100,000 people rest on your shoulders."

As his voice fell, black streams of light rose within a hundred miles.

And faint red halos began to converge.

"I spent a lot of effort to set up a resentful array here to gather the resentment of the 100,000 Dao Soldiers of my Essence Demon Sect that you killed.

"These 100,000 people will be refined into Dao Soldier puppets for me. You can return to Yunlan City alone.

"Or, you die, and they can leave."

Within a hundred miles, resentment gathered.

Several of the powerful Heavenly Immortals among the 100,000 cultivators who had followed Han Muye soared into the air and struck the resentment with their immortal light.

"Boom!"

However, the resentment just rolled and swallowed the power of their immortal light.

Even the power of the Heavenly Immortals couldn't disperse the resentment.

"If the Resentment Array could be broken like this, my reputation as a Prime Demon and Demon Slayer would have long dissipated in the wasteland." The thin Daoist smiled and looked at Han Muye.

"I'll give you 10 breaths to consider.

"You can try to see if your Thunderbolt Light can break through the resentment."

When Han Muye killed these 100,000 troops, he had used the power of Thunderbolt Light.

The Thunderbolt Light was one of the strongest forces in the world, capable of annihilating illusions.

Resentment belonged to the power of illusions and should be vulnerable to Thunderbolt Light..

"Resentment Array? This is a well-known array formation of the Essence Demon Sect." Sun Jihu, who had been following Han Muye, had a solemn expression.

"This guy's name is Tu Rensi. He's skilled in setting up killing formations and is well-known as a grandmaster of formations in the wasteland."

Sun Jihu stared at the smiling Tu Rensi and spoke in a low voice.

Han Muye nodded, his gaze falling on the surging resentment, but he didn't make a move.

"They died because of the lightning. If I use lightning again today, this Resentment Array will probably only really be activated, right?" Han Muye's words made the expressions of the four people opposite him change.

The Resentment Array attracted the resentment of 100,000 dead people, so it was not really strong.

However, Han Muye was the source of this grievance. If he used lightning to break through the resentment, it would trigger an abnormal change in the resentment, making it genuinely troublesome.

From then on, whether he was cultivating or fighting, he would unknowingly be entangled and affected by the resentment.

This was the scheme of the Essence Demon Sect.

Unfortunately, Han Muye didn't fall for their trap; instead, he saw through their intentions with just a few words.

"Besides, do you think those who dare to ambush me here would only have this one trick up their sleeves?"

Han Muye's gaze moved beyond the four experts of the Essence Demon Sect and landed ahead. "Isn't Senior Void Refinement going to show himself?"



Void Refinement!

The Essence Demon Sect actually sent a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal expert!

“Hehe, indeed worthy of the name Peerless Sword Immortal. Your keen perception is truly impressive,” a voice echoed in the void ahead, and then a young man dressed in a blue robe with a black longsword on his back stepped out.

“To be renowned for the way of the sword is also quite rare,” the young man looked at the sword case on Han Muye’s back, shaking his head with a tinge of regret.

“Unfortunately, you shouldn’t have taken my Essence Demon Sect lightly.”

With that, the young man unsheathed his sword.

A chilling aura shot out, piercing through the distance.

“Remember, it was Zhan Tianming from the Essence Demon Sect who killed you, Invincible Han!”

The voice and the sword arrived together, aiming straight for the space between Han Muye’s eyebrows.

This sword strike was incredibly fast, leaving behind numerous illusory afterimages.

“Zhan Tianming?”

“Good sword technique.”

Han Muye murmured softly, his gaze fixed on the sword’s edge, yet he still didn’t make a move.

However, a green sword edge appeared on his forehead.

“Clang—”

The two swords collided, and the sword edge conjured by Han Muye disappeared, while Zhan Tianming’s sword was knocked back.

He raised his hand and gripped the sword, but before he could make another move, he heard Han Muye’s voice.

“Choosing to set up a formation of resentment and then suppressing with sword techniques was a mistake.”

Zhan Tianming looked up and saw golden light shimmering on Han Muye.

A faint voice sounded.

“How many years has it been since I conferred the title of deity with the Great Spirit?

“Then let’s do it again.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the golden Great Spirit turned into a long scroll.

‘Deity Roll Call’!

### **Chapter 1113 - 1113 Defying the Heavens and Aligning with the Heavens, Deity List**

#### **1113 Defying the Heavens and Aligning with the Heavens, Deity List**

In the Immortal World, there were no divine altars.

Because the power of heaven and earth in the Immortal World was stable, and the strength of living beings was formidable, there was simply no soil for the growth of divine altars.

However, this did not mean that deities could not be honored in the Immortal World!

The Great Spirit transformed into the list of deities, gathering the blessings of the power of heaven and earth.

The grievances of countless souls directly flew and settled on the list, leaving behind names that were dimly golden amidst the darkness.

Countless figures with blank expressions appeared in the void.

These were the divine soldiers transformed from the souls of the wronged, reconstructed with the Great Spirit, eternally immortal.

They retained only the power of their divine souls, only one-tenth of their former combat strength, but they merged with heaven and earth, becoming beings belonging to this world and thus, able to receive the blessings of the power of heaven and earth.

How strong was the heavenly way that covered the immortal realm? Perhaps only those powerful beings above the Golden Immortal level knew.

“Boom!”

The formation of the divine soldiers emerged, adorned in golden helmets and armor, brimming with divine power, emanating dignity and solemnity.

On the list of deities, golden lights flickered, and with the power of this formation, it displayed an aura of turbulence and upheaval.

A pure surge of the power of heaven and earth poured into Han Muye’s body, accompanied by a soul power purer than the one he had received in Zhulin Town.

Wherever one resolved grievances for the heavens and earth, there would be a beneficial reward in return.

A golden scroll fluttered in the sky, and in an instant, 100,000 wronged souls were completely absorbed, transforming into the formation of divine soldiers, hovering in the sky.

In the mortal world, the list of deities could directly grant a title to a whole starry world.

In the immortal world, this divine power seemed no weaker than that in the mortal world, and perhaps even more wondrous.

On the entire desolate plain, countless gray auras drifted towards the golden list of deities.

This was the accumulated resentment of heaven and earth in Yunteng Wasteland for countless years, the grievances left behind by numerous living beings' deaths.

From the golden list of deities, faint golden beams of light emanated, shrouding the surroundings.

The warmth emitted by these beams made people feel as if they wanted to close their eyes and fall into a deep slumber.

However, Tu Rensi, Ji Heshi, Zhan Tianming, and others changed their expressions.

Bolts of lightning appeared above their heads.

The thunderbolts surged, accompanied by four-colored halos.

This was the power of the heavenly way, carrying out heavenly punishments!

The list of deities possessed the power of the heavenly way that covered the immortal realm!

“Boom!”

The golden lightning fell from the list of deities, striking the five members of the Essence Demon Sect.

The thunderous force of the lightning transformed into a majestic dragon, enveloping them.

The power of the heavenly Dao descended, its grandeur and majesty causing fear in people’s hearts.

The five individuals had no choice but to take action, using their sword techniques and magical spells to defend themselves.

The golden lightning clashed with their sword techniques and magical spells, creating a loud and shattering impact.

The scattered lightning caused the five people to retreat in a sorry state, their bodies convulsing from the electric shocks.

This golden lightning was extremely powerful.

“The Great Spirit of heaven and earth exists naturally, upholding the righteousness of heaven and earth, transforming into the heavenly golden lightning. It seems that you have committed quite a few sins,” Han Muye said calmly, his gaze shifting towards the second thunderbolt descending from the sky.

The deep red lightning struck and immediately knocked down the three individuals, except for Tu Rensi and Ji Heshi, leaving them seriously injured and their life force dissipating.

“There is karma in the world. Killing is the catalyst, turning into the blood lightning of the world. This lightning is so formidable, considering how many living beings have been unjustly killed,” Han Muye’s words echoed in the wasteland, making many onlooking cultivators shiver.

Who dared to claim that they had not caused any sins?

Having committed sins might trigger this lightning.

Many people hurriedly fled, fearing that their own aura would be caught by this lightning, leading to it striking them.

If even Heaven Immortal level experts could be severely injured by this lightning, then for others, wouldn’t they die from a single strike?

Tu Rensi’s face turned pale, and he deployed various fairy lights, setting up formations around him.

However, he had no confidence in facing another thunderbolt.

The tragic state of the three fellow sect members who came with him shook him to the core, and his fingers trembled.

They would not survive another heavenly thunderbolt!

He never expected that the formation he set up to draw grievances would be used by Invincible Han and become such a powerful means.

“Invincible Han, it seems you really want an endless feud with our Yuan Demon Sect!” Zhan Tianming shouted loudly, and sword light converged around his body as he charged towards the list of deities.

He had realized that the list of deities was not inherently strong; it only borrowed power to draw out the forces of heaven and earth in this world.

The power of heaven and earth contained countless years of grievances, even arousing the calamities accumulated by cultivators themselves, making it difficult to resist.

Who had never faced calamities?

To become a Heaven Immortal, one had to break through heaven and earth and form their own pocket realm.

If you were heaven and earth, would you be willing to be pierced with a hole and have things stuffed inside that hole?



The grudges of heaven and earth were fundamentally impossible to resolve.

Han Muye watched as Zhan Tianming's sword struck the list of deities, his expression unchanged.

If it were the list of deities from the mortal world, it would definitely not withstand this sword..

However, the list of deities in this world was not only infused with grand qi but also contained the accumulated grievances of the Wasteland.

The formation of grievances that Tu Rensi had set up gave Han Muye an inspiration.

At this moment, the two thunderbolts blocking the path to the list of deities were definitely not something Zhan Tianming could break through.

Before the list of deities, the formation of divine soldiers was arranged, the heavenly thunder surged, and they fell from the sky.

"Boom!"

The green lightning descended, and the surging immortal aura rolled.

"The heavenly immortal thunder is the gathering of the immortal realm's power, and only those recognized by the origin of the immortal realm can withstand it."

The lightning enveloped Zhan Tianming's body and directly submerged into it.

The faint demonic intent that originally shrouded Zhan Tianming's body dissipated, transforming into a pure Daoist immortal aura.

This scene caused countless people's expressions to change.

Dao Sect.

It was indeed a Daoist sect.

"The cultivation technique of Zhenyuan Temple. It seems that Zhenyuan Temple is behind the Essence Demon Sect."

"Zhenyuan Temple? That's the sect known for being strict and upholding the righteous path..."

**Chapter 1114 - 1114 Defying the Heavens and Aligning with the Heavens, Deity List (2)**

1114 Defying the Heavens and Aligning with the Heavens, Deity List (2)

"Pfft, you're lying to fools."

...

Zhao Tianming paid no attention to the discussions around him.

The third thunderbolt not only didn't harm him in the slightest, but it penetrated his abundant and pure immortal aura, causing his long-stagnant cultivation to start fluctuating.

At this moment, thunderous light surged around him, unexpectedly causing his cultivation to soar.

Was this immortal thunder a rare opportunity?

As the immortal thunder entered the pocket dimension, it rapidly accelerated the growth of the spiritual herbs and materials within.

Tu Rensi, who was below, looked confused as he stared at Zhao Tianming, whose body was shining with immortal light.

How did he break through?

Even the onlookers of the distant cultivators were somewhat puzzled.

Could this thunder be used to counter enemies?

When the thunder light dissipated, Zhao Tianming opened his eyes with a hint of regret.

His body was filled with an abundant immortal aura.

His expression changed as he sensed the intense thunder light within his body, then he looked up at the last faint blue thunderbolt.

What kind of thunderbolt was this?

Was this thunderbolt a chance to enhance his cultivation like the previous one, or did it possess some irresistible means?

Taking a deep breath, Zhao Tianming raised the sword in his hand and pointed it towards the descending blue thunderbolt.

A smile appeared on Han Muye's face.

some things weren't so easy to obtain.

Could opportunities really be obtained so easily?

"Boom!"

The ice-blue thunder descended, enveloping Zhao Tianming entirely, and layers of ice crystals wrapped around the sword in his hand.

“The heavenly thunder follows the power of the great Dao, supplemented by the aura of immortals, and transforms into the thunder of the great Dao.

“Alright, carry your opportunities with you, and you can ascend to the heavens in one step.

“Defy the heavens, embrace the calamities and challenges, and never give up.”

Han Muye looked at Zhao Tianming, whose expression was rapidly changing, and chuckled, “Senior, would you like to join my Deity List?”

The final move of the four thunderbolts was the Heavenly Dao Thunder!

The first two thunderbolts were merely eliminating those cultivators whose strength was insufficient.

The third calamitous thunder appeared to be an opportunity, and indeed it was. After all, as the thunder entered the body, cultivation soared.

But with benefits came costs.

The fourth thunderbolt integrated the power of the heavenly Dao into the body.

Those who followed the natural order and became immortals would be included in the Deity List as divine suppressors according to the will of heaven.

If they wanted to defy the heavens, hehe, they couldn't.

Han Muye watched Zhao Tianming struggle, and the smile on his face became more pronounced.

He was an Immortal Ascension cultivator who had transcended the Five Decays of Heaven and Man to become a Heaven Immortal. Furthermore, he had been infused with immortal qi from the Immortal Lightning just now. His cultivation was already connected to the Heavenly Dao. How could he go against it?

Now, as long as Zhao Tianming decided to defy the natural order, his cultivation would immediately collapse, and his pocket dimension would shatter.

The heavenly Dao was merciless and would not be lenient.

Those who opposed the will of the heavenly Dao would be directly eradicated.

Zhao Tianming's struggle was nothing more than his inner turmoil.

He couldn't give up on his cultivation, and he certainly couldn't choose to give up his life.

"Forget it..."

Zhao Tianming let out a soft sigh.

The immortal light surged on his body, as if it was about to burst open.

“The will of heaven and earth cannot be violated. I accept this divine decree.”

A golden halo enveloped him, and the originally ice-blue thunder transformed into a set of light blue battle armor.

Endless golden light condensed into a triple-layered cloud platform behind Zhao Tianming, and his cultivation surged, creating a vast pocket dimension with layers of colorful clouds and mist.

Void Refinement, peak!

At the pinnacle of Refinement, he had already stepped into the Void Refinement realm directly after gaining two opportunities from the thunder and joining the Deity List.

This scene left everyone dumbfounded.

“This is a fortuitous encounter, this should be a fortuitous encounter...” Tu Rensi muttered, a wry smile appearing on his face.

Who wouldn't want to step into the peak of the Void Refinement Realm and become an expert among the Heaven Immortals?

However, who would have thought that Zhan Tianming would become a peak Void Refinement cultivator in this way?

On the Deity List, the golden light shone once again.

With Zhao Tianming's presence, its power increased by a hundredfold.

The 100,000 armored soldiers on the Deity List had their divine power also enhanced, making the battle formation majestic and invincible.

No one could have expected that Han Muye had such means to counter the retaliation of the Essence Demon Sect.

Of the five Essence Demon Sect Heaven Immortal experts, three were severely injured, and one had entered the Deity List to preside over it.

Only Tu Rensi stood there in a daze.

Five of them came together, but four were lost...

Han Muye couldn't be bothered with them. He raised his hand and sent the golden Deity List flying 20,000 miles away to the city of Yunlan, where it floated above the city walls.



From now on, the Deity List would be the treasure guarding Yunlan City.

With a peak Void Refinement Realm presiding over it, not many would dare to have any ideas about Yunlan City.

The 100,000 divine soldiers settled within the Deity List, and Zhao Tianming bowed, his figure dissipating.

Han Muye took a step forward and headed towards Yunlan City.

From today onwards, Yunlan City would be the number one city within a radius of a million miles!

Countless cultivators' eyes sparkled as they watched Han Muye leading a large group of people forward.

It seemed that it was time to make a choice.

"Boom!"

Just at this moment, a blade light slashed down from the sky towards Han Muye.

The blade light was dark, with faint demonic energy surging within it.

Han Muye chuckled lightly and pointed his sword directly at it.

“Clang—”

The long blade shattered, and several figures flew backward.

“The Demon Luo Clan!”

“It’s the Demon Luo Clan’s ambush.”

Amidst the cries of alarm, Han Muye leaped into the air, chasing after those figures. Every swing of his sword brought forth a series of miserable screams.

More demonic shadows appeared around him.

It seemed that the Demon Luo Clan had dispatched quite a few experts to ambush Han Muye, but he was able to suppress and impede them with his sword.

This battle lasted for several days, spanning a radius of thousands of miles.

Han Muye, bathed in sword light, single-handedly fought against hundreds of experts from the Demon Luo Clan, not only without falling into a disadvantage but also inflicting serious injuries on several of them.

Later on, the immortal and mortal experts who had come with Han Muye to Yunlan City gathered under the leadership of Sun Jihu, rushing into the battle and finally dispersing the Demon Luo Clan.

This battle further demonstrated Han Muye's true nature as a swordsman, showing that he would never associate himself with evil forces like the Demon Luo Clan.

With the Demon Luo Clan defeated and no further obstacles ahead, Han Muye returned to Yunlan City unimpeded.

When he arrived outside the city, the entire Yunlan City erupted in cheers.

Han Muye stood at the city gate and announced a grand feast lasting three days. He then had Zuo Baichou and others inscribe Yunlan City's regulations and systems on the city walls.

Sword light flashed, and each word emitted a strong sword intent.

In the sky, the divine power of the golden Deity List intertwined with this sword intent.

From now on, if anyone with ill intentions towards Yunlan City was detected by the Deity List, the sword intent would automatically attack.

If anyone violated Yunlan City's rules, the sword intent and the power within the Deity List would also attack.

This sword intent and the Deity List would be Yunlan City's first line of defense.

As for the second one, Han Muye was still contemplating.

In the main hall of the City Lord's Mansion, Han Muye sat upright, while Zhang Zhenbiao and others stood respectfully before him.

Unknowingly, the hall had become a gathering place for heavenly immortals, mortal immortals, and powerful figures, exuding an atmosphere of prosperity.

"I plan to set up a large formation in Yunlan City."

Han Muye looked at the group and said, "Do any of you have any suggestions?"

A city must have a protective formation.

Without the protection of a large array, it was very difficult to maintain stability.

Upon hearing Han Muye's words, the others exchanged glances.

"Invincible City Lord, when it comes to other matters, I might have some knowledge, but as for formations, I am completely clueless," said Zhang Jihu, who had a full beard.

He turned to look at the others and grinned. "However, I know someone who might be able to help the City Lord.

"Tu Rensi."

His words made everyone's eyes light up.

Of course, Tu Rensi was a grandmaster of formations, renowned for his expertise in the Essence Demon Sect.

Han Muye nodded and waved his hand, sending out a golden rune.

In just a moment, Tu Rensi, who had his cultivation suppressed and was wearing a gray linen robe, was escorted into the hall by Du Sanzhen.

Tu Rensi looked at Han Muye but remained silent.

"Help me set up a protective formation for the city, and I'll let you go," Han Muye said calmly.

Set up a protective formation?

Tu Rensi hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

The atmosphere in the hall instantly grew heavy.

Tu Rensi, whose cultivation was suppressed, naturally couldn't bear this oppressive atmosphere and trembled all over.

"I'm powerless to set up a protective formation.

"However, I can recommend a grandmaster of formations."

Tu Rensi struggled to lift his head and looked at Han Muye.

His life and death were now entirely at Han Muye's mercy.

Han Muye nodded and waved his hand, dispersing the oppressive force in the hall.

"Speak up. If you want to live, you know what to say."

#### **Chapter 1115 - 1115 Challenge from Sword Immortal Luo Yuan**

1115 Challenge from Sword Immortal Luo Yuan

Tu Rensi didn't dare to remain silent.

With no cultivation base and his pocket dimension sealed, he couldn't even use his divine soul; he looked like an ordinary mortal.

At this moment, in order to survive, he had to say something that would satisfy Han Muye.

"In Dongyuan City, there's Zhao Pingyu, also known as Zhao Qianzhen. He is most skilled in setting up city defense formations and is renowned in the Wasteland."

Tu Rensi bowed slightly and reported in a low voice.

Although he could also set up formations, he dared not agree to help Yunlan City with their defense formation.

Jokingly, he was a prisoner at the bottom, and if he set up the formation, the day it was completed would likely be the day he died.

"Well, there is indeed such a person. However, Dongyuan City is millions of miles away from our Yunlan City, and not many people know about this formidable formation expert," said Hu Yuming, the elder of the former Guanyue City, who had reached the peak of the Immortal realm.

The closer one was to the peak of the Immortal realm, the less they dared to face the calamity of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man. They could only stay within their comfort zone and refrain from taking action.

Having spent thousands of years in Guanyue City, Hu Yuming's cultivation hadn't made any progress. Seeing that the Five Decays of Heaven and Man were approaching, he finally made up his mind to follow Han Muye to Yunlan City.

Han Muye's opportunity might be his only chance.

As Hu Yuming spoke, the others nodded slightly in agreement.

"I've been to Dongyuan City. We have stores there," added Xie Chaoyan, who stood nearby, cupping his hands.

That made things easier.

Han Muye nodded and waved his hand, saying, "As long as the city defense formation is in place, I will let you go back."

These words were directed at Tu Rensi.

Tu Rensi's face showed complexity as he nodded reluctantly, wanting to speak but hesitating. He then turned and left the hall under Du Sanzhen's guard.

Finding a formidable formation expert from Dongyuan City to set up the city defense formation was not something that could be resolved immediately.



The Jade Deer Trading Company would first come into contact with that array formation expert before anything else.

The priority now was not the city defense formation. With the Deity List, Yunlan City could still defend itself.

After this City Conquest Challenge, Yunlan City had firmly established its position in the Yunteng Wasteland.

The name of Han Muye, the Yunlan Sword Immortal, resounded across millions of miles.

Invincible Han.

No one bothered to pursue what Han Muye's real name was anymore.

Over the course of a year, Han Muye spent almost all his time in seclusion, leaving all city affairs in the hands of Zuo Baichou and others.

Whether it was Zuo Baichou or Zhang Zhenbiao, their cultivation levels were low, but they were Han Muye's direct line, naturally in charge of the city's authority.

With the power of the Deity List, not even Immortals dared to provoke them.

Moreover, there were quite a few powerful Immortals in the city now.

According to the agreement in Guanyue City, all cultivators who entered the main pocket dimension of Guanyue City were required to arrive in Yunlan City within three months.

Among them, Zhu Taisi, who had the highest cultivation, was appointed as the chief elder of the guests, and the other six Void Heaven Immortals, including Sun Jihu, were all guests.

As for those below the Heaven Immortal realm, from the Heavenly Venerable realm to the Half-Sage realm, there were more than 60 people in Yunlan City who were arranged to guard various places.

The Wasteland Green Wolves led by Yu Yang spread throughout the area around Yunlan City for 10,000 miles, guarding various commercial routes and leading any merchant caravan to Yunlan City.

This became a sight to behold.

Many Green Wolf Demons even voluntarily helped the merchant caravans by pulling carts and guiding the way.

They earned rewards with each trip, and they were quite content.

In one year, Yunlan City was bustling with activity, its reputation spreading far and wide, attracting more merchant caravans.

There were almost a million cultivators stationed here, and this did not include those from the merchant caravans.

Han Muye completely delegated his authority and focused on his seclusion, seeking a breakthrough in his own cultivation.

Since he was prepared to defy the heavens and achieve Immortal Ascension, he had to make preparations early on.

The sword he condensed with spiritual energy was the fusion of his own spiritual energy cultivation and sword dao, already suppressing the peak of the Immortal realm and moving toward transcending it.

The sword he condensed with Immortal energy was the combination of Immortal energy cultivation and sword dao, currently just breaking through the Heavenly realm, stepping into the Immortal Half-Sage realm.

If outsiders knew that Han Muye's Immortal energy cultivation was only at the Half-Sage level, they would surely be astonished.

However, his cultivation strength was not something that Immortal energy cultivation could measure. He had brought quite a bit of Immortal energy from the lower realm and could use it at any time. Moreover, he had a pocket dimension he had taken from a powerful member of the Green Wolf Clan.

Although this pocket dimension was not big and could only be fixed in Yunlan City, it was still a pocket dimension.

Refining this Void meant that Han Muye could use the power of a Heaven Immortal within a thousand miles of Yunlan City.

The more he cultivated, the more Han Muye realized that whether it was Immortal energy or spiritual energy, neither was truly necessary during cultivation.

In the cultivation realm, the most important thing was one's own comprehension.

His true reliance was the transcendence of the Sword Dao.

Back in the mortal world, he had already determined his cultivation path. He used his Sword Dao to transcend and defy the heavens to become an Immortal Ascension.

At this moment, Han Muye's Sword Dao had its own path to walk. When 10,000 swords formed the Dao, he could finally become an Immortal Ascension.

Thinking about transcending through sword dao and becoming an Immortal, Han Muye couldn't imagine how powerful his combat strength would be when he achieved the Void realm.

"A lot of sword experts are found in the Wasteland. Only through continuous challenges will there be opportunities for tempering."

He murmured softly as he looked at the flashing sword lights before him.

Stepping out of the secluded hall, after a year, every street and road in the city was extremely lively.

His gaze swept across the surroundings and led him to a sword hall.

This was a shop that sold swords, and there were not many long swords displayed, all of them placed on wooden racks.

The structure of this sword hall was no different from a sword pavilion.

“Customer, are you interested in buying a sword?”

“The swords offered by my Gu Cheng Sword Hall are all top-notch.” The attendant who approached was very attentive, with a smile on his face.

Although Han Muye only displayed the cultivation level of the Heavenly realm, his aura was extraordinary, his clothes neat, making him stand out from the other cultivators mingling in the Wasteland.

## **Chapter 1116 - 1116 Challenge from Sword Immortal Luo Yuan (2)**

### **1116 Challenge from Sword Immortal Luo Yuan (2)**

At first glance, it was obvious that Han Muye was not short of spiritual rocks.

Indeed, as the owner of a large city, Han Muye had an abundant supply of spiritual rocks.

The daily income of this city was enormous.

That's why so many peak-level immortal experts and even newly ascended heavenly immortals were willing to come and gather wealth under his rule.

Han Muye's hand passed over the hilt of a long sword on the wooden rack, and he probed some memory scenes.

Shaking his head, a golden rune flashed in his palm.

The attendant trembled all over, looked around, and whispered, "Senior Brother, please follow me."

What Han Muye took out was the identity token of an elite disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

It was evident that this sword hall was presided over by a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, but it was unclear who this person was and why he was here.

The attendant led Han Muye up to the second floor of the pavilion, where a 30-year-old sword cultivator dressed in a blue robe stood solemnly, waiting.

"Jin Gucheng greets the invincible city lord," the swordsman arched his hand, causing the attendant who led Han Muye upstairs to stumble and almost fall.

Was this person Invincible Han, Sword Immortal Yunlan?

The golden rune in Han Muze's palm flickered, and three faint patterns emerged.

Elite of the Three Halls!

The attendant who had just turned around widened his eyes, looking at the three golden marks on the rune.

Jin Gucheng smiled, once again cupping his hands, "I am Jin Gucheng, a disciple of the Xuntian Hall. I greet Senior Brother Invincible."

A disciple of the Xuntian Hall.

So he was one of them.

Jin Gucheng came to Yunlan City to open a sword hall on behalf of the Xuntian Hall as part of their sect's mission.

This was also one of the ways Mystic Spirit Sword Sect disciples collected information about swords.

According to Jin Gucheng, the Bitter Immortal Realm had become increasingly turbulent, attracting the attention of various major powers, and they had sent experts to intervene.

Many lone experts who roamed the Wasteland were also observing and investigating.

Immortal Demon King Hun Tian seemed to have the appearance of nirvana. If his forces were unstable, the Ascendant Immortal Demon King might annex his forces and cause chaos.

“The bloodline of the Ascendant Immortal Demon King is also an ancient divine beast. If he devours the Nirvana Pearl of the Immortal Demon King Hun Tian, his bloodline might evolve again. At that time, the Bitter Immortal Realm will become even more difficult to deal with.”

Jin Gucheng’s words expressed the concerns of various major forces in the Fuyu Immortal World.

However, Jin Gucheng didn’t know the specific situation in the Bitter Immortal Realm either.

For the time being, Han Muye had no jurisdiction over these matters. He came to find Jin Gucheng primarily to learn about the skilled swordsmen in the Wasteland.

And among them, how many were arranged by the Sword Sect.

Not all people associated with the Sword Sect were disciples of the sect or practiced its sword techniques.

There were also many swordsmen who were attached to the Sword Sect.

Han Muye’s words stunned Jin Gucheng.

“Senior Brother, you mean...”



What was the purpose of asking about the names of these sword experts?

“Sharpening the sword,” Han Muye said calmly.

Jin Gucheng shuddered.

He was really a Sword Dao lunatic.

When he came to Yunlan City, he had already heard many stories about Invincible Han. However, he didn’t expect that Han Muye was truly a person who lived and breathed sword cultivation.

“I will compile a list of the skilled swordsmen in the desolate lands and hand it over to Senior Brother.”

Jin Gucheng quickly took out several jade scrolls and used his divine sense to investigate and record the names.

As a Sword Dao sect, the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect naturally paid attention to Sword Dao experts.

Regardless of whether they were their own people or not, they wanted to know about them.

When Han Muye took the jade slip, he saw that it even contained records of himself.

“City Lord of Yunlan City, Sword Immortal Yunlan, Invincible Han, a sudden rise of a powerful figure in the Wasteland, his sword cultivation is suspected to be heaven-defying, and he has slain several heaven immortal experts, namely...”

The records also included the sword techniques he had used and achievements.

“Invincible Han might be a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, but his identity has yet to be confirmed.”

This entry was intriguing.

Han Muye’s divine sense probed the jade slip, and his eyes lit up.

“Xia Jun, the Sword Immortal Without a God, from Qiyuan City, is said to be capable of cutting divine soul imprints. His strength is formidable, and he can challenge heaven immortals.”

“Zhuwu City’s Sword Immortal, Chen Wanyu. A longsword with an Immortal Weapon. He has swept through millions of miles and has never lost in 3,000 years.”

“Wo Baijin, the City Lord of Baijin City, has achieved the heaven immortal level in sword cultivation. His sword domain contains 100,000 sword weapons, and his sword strikes are like dragons shaking the mountains and rivers for thousands of miles.”

...

These were all famous sword experts whose deeds had long spread throughout the Wasteland.

No one earned an unwarranted reputation; they all gained their fame through actual sword battles.

Such whetstones for his sword were truly interesting.

Han Muye put away the jade scrolls and nodded, "In the future, if there's anything in the city, you can look for Zhang Zhenbiao. He is also a disciple of the Sword Sect."

Then he turned and walked away.

Jin Gucheng hurriedly escorted him downstairs.

"So, the City Lord Invincible is actually an elite of the Three Halls, one of our Sword Sect's strong cultivators. Interesting," Jin Gucheng said, looking at Han Muye's departing figure, a smile on his face.

"It seems that our Sword Sect had planned ahead."

When Han Muye returned to the City Lord's hall, Zhao Chen came to him holding a jade box.

"Brother Han, someone wants to challenge you."

Challenge?

Han Muye was taken aback, a smile appearing on his face.

He was actually preparing to challenge others, but someone came to challenge him first.

He took the jade box, and inside was a challenge letter.

The writing was steady, and the essence of sword intent was evident.

“Peng Zhenyao from Guiyuan City challenges the Sword Immortal Yunlan, using his sword and 300 years of cultivation as the wager.”

The words revealed some real skill..

He was not far from becoming a Heaven Immortal.

“In fact, Peng Zhenyao had the intention to come to Yunlan City, but he couldn’t bring himself to lower his status. He wants some recognition,” Zhao Chen leaned closer and lowered his voice, “This guy has already revealed his background to me.”

Can you do that? Han Muye wondered.

He nodded and put away the jade box, gesturing with his hand, "Then you can arrange it."

Zhao Chen was thriving in Yunlan City. Relying on Han Muye's support, he had gained many benefits.

Han Muye ignored him.

When the water was clear, there would be no fish. Han Muye was a sword cultivator, and he only focused on cultivating his sword. Matters beyond the sword were naturally handled by others.

Though he hadn't been in the Immortal World for long, he felt much more at ease here compared to the mortal world, where there were so many calculations to be made.

As long as his sword was sharp enough, he could attain everything he wanted.

A day later, news spread throughout Yunlan City and the surrounding towns that Peng Zhenyao from Guiyuan City was challenging the Sword Immortal Yunlan.

Sword Immortal Yunlan had already agreed, and the time for the challenge was set for 10 days later.

The news created a stir.

Although the reputation of Sword Immortal Yunlan, Invincible Han, was much stronger than that of Peng Zhenyao, Peng Zhenyao had also accumulated fame over thousands of years with outstanding achievements.

The clash between these two sword experts was bound to be exceptionally exciting.

For a moment, various major forces once again turned their attention to Invincible Han, who had been silent for a year in Yunlan City.

“Peng Zhenyao has been famous for thousands of years, and the name of Sword Immortal Luo Yuan has shaken the region. This battle will undoubtedly be a fierce one,” some speculated.

“Invincible Han has even killed Refinement Realm experts. Although he did so by taking advantage of the situation, his record is genuine,” others offered their opinions.

In the battle at Guanyue City, many people criticized Han Muye for using close-range tactics, saying that he won unrighteously.

Outside Yunlan City, 20,000 miles away, he suppressed the experts of the Essence Demon Sect.

The true evaluation of Han Muye’s strength in the outside world was probably somewhere between the Heaven Immortal and Void Refinement Realm.

“Peng Zhenyao is already 200,000 miles away, gathering his sword aura. I’m afraid there will be more suspense in this battle.”

When the news came, countless experts came to the surroundings of Yunlan City.

In the sword path, there were those like Han Muye who fought up close and personal, and there were also those who gathered great momentum and delivered devastating strikes.

100,000 miles away, Peng Zhenyao triggered the anomaly of heaven and earth. His body turned into the phantom of a Divine Beast, and his blood qi soared to the sky.”

50,000 miles away, Peng Zhenyao’s sword light transformed into a dragon.

30,000 miles away, Yun Tao’s form had already taken shape, and 10,000-foot virtual shadow had solidified.

Thousands of miles.

Thousands of miles away from Yunlan City, the phantom of a 10,000-foot tall Sky-Rending Condor roared as a long sword cleaved through the air.

Those who were confident in Han Muye now had serious expressions on their faces.

The tyrannical power that needed to be revealed was no longer something that a Heaven Immortal could withstand.

Zhao Chen’s expression changed as he looked at the phantom. “Does this guy really want to fight my brother?”

He looked at Han Muye, who was standing on the city wall in front of him, and scratched his head. "Did I mess things up?"

"Guiyuan City's Peng Zhenyao is here to challenge Sword Immortal Yunlan. I hope you can teach me..."

A thunderous voice resounded from the void of space.

The phantom thousands of miles away took a step forward.

"Okay."

Han Muye said calmly. The sword light on his body gathered and condensed into a sword shadow that soared into the sky.

Countless divine thoughts and gazes landed on the sword shadow and the Sky-Rending Condor phantom that were about to collide. They held their breaths.

In this battle, who would emerge victorious?

"Peng Zhenyao from the Zhantian Hall greets Senior Brother Han. Will this battle be a real one or a fake one?" A soft laughter reached Han Muye's ears.

Han Muye didn't reply but simply raised his hand slightly.



The sword light fell, and a single sword tore through the heavens and the earth.

It was a real fight!

### **Chapter 1117 - 1117 In terms of Swordsmanship, I Fear No One**

1117 In terms of Swordsmanship, I Fear No One

A sword swung, and the roaring astral winds exploded!

With this strike, the immortal aura within thousands of miles instantly solidified.

All living beings sensed it and turned their heads towards the direction of Yunlan City.

A visible whirlpool appeared in the sky, descending towards the ground.

“Boom!”

Between heaven and earth, the sword’s radiance thundered and roared.

Above Yunlan City, a golden giant sword descended, fiercely colliding with the head of the Sky-Rending Condor.

The force of that sword caused the heavens and earth to tremble, and in everyone's eyes, it was as if the entire sky was collapsing and crashing down!

Who could stop such a powerful force?

Even Peng Zhenyao, who had gathered the power of a two-million-mile-long sword, couldn't withstand this heaven-piercing sword!

"Slash—"

The sword's brilliance flashed and passed!

The Sky-Rending Condor's body, stretching tens of thousands of feet, was directly cleaved in half, exploding into clouds of dust.

A single strike.

Ten miles outside Yunlan City, a middle-aged sword cultivator with a pale complexion and fear in his eyes held a long sword.

"Facing the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, daring to challenge fate—commendable courage," Han Muye's voice faintly reached his ears.

He was Peng Zhenyao, who had gathered the power of a two-million-mile-long sword.

Unfortunately, his sword was no match for Sword Immortal Yunlan, Invincible Han.

Invincible Han's sword shattered Peng Zhenyao's sword momentum, causing the heavens and earth to quake. At this moment, all the onlooker cultivators gasped in awe.

This figure, capable of challenging fate, couldn't even withstand the might of Invincible Han's single strike.

"I've lost..."

Peng Zhenyao shook his head with a look of disappointment on his face.

The sword momentum he had condensed was the essence of his Dao.

He had intended to rely on this Grand Dao Sword to overcome the Five Decays of Heaven and Man with the momentum to conquer the world.

However, Invincible Han saw through it.

Holding the longsword in his hand, Peng Zhenyao walked forward step by step.

With every step he took, his aura weakened.

After 10 steps, he appeared frail and aged, with weathered features.

“The Five Decays of Heaven and Man!” This scene made people exclaim in shock.

“He wants to gather his strongest power before the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, to challenge Invincible Han, Sword Immortal Yunlan, and to challenge himself.”

“What a pity...”

Looking at Peng Zhenyao’s elderly appearance, countless cultivators felt complex emotions.

This was the tribulation that stopped 99 percent of immortal cultivators—the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

Any cultivator who reached the peak of the Human Immortal Realm had to go through this step.

A once peerless immortal cultivator turned into an ordinary mortal, with all their strength dissipating. Who could bear such a predicament?

“Since I set foot on the path of immortality, I have never been slack, progressing steadily until today.”

“Unfortunately, I am still powerless to cross the realm of Heaven and Man, falling into this Five Decays.”

“Well then, I’ll be a mortal. So be it...”

Peng Zhenyao walked with the support of his sword, muttering softly. In his cloudy eyes, there was a hint of aging.

Why were there more powerful individuals and cultivators in the Dao sects?

Because the Dao sect’s cultivation methods were the easiest to pass through the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

Whether it was the demonic sect or the sword cultivators, they all represented a spirit of continuous advancement. Once their sharpness was worn down, it was difficult to regain their fighting spirit.

Among those who had passed through the Five Decays of Heaven and Man in the world of cultivators, there were even fewer sword cultivators than demonic cultivators.

Seeing Peng Zhenyao in such a state, many people shook their heads in pity.

With his current state of mind, it was impossible for him to pass through the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

As a sword cultivator, his karma was too heavy, and once his state of mind was tainted, he would never be able to rise again.

“Peng Zhenyao, where is your sword?” Just at that moment, Han Muye’s voice came from Yunlan City.

Sword?

The sword was in his hand.

“I started wielding the sword and killing at the age of 13. I cultivated swordsmanship, comprehended the way of the sword. For 130,000 years, the sword has been with me, accompanying me in my heart,” Peng Zhenyao said in a low voice, gripping the sword tightly in his hand.

For 130,000 years, the sword in his hand had become like an extension of his own body, inseparable from him.

“Is this sword truly yours?” Han Muye’s voice sounded again, tinged with indifference.

Peng Zhenyao, holding the hilt of the sword tightly, suddenly raised his head, lifting the sword in his hand. His aged face showed signs of excitement, flushing slightly.

“This sword has been with me for 30,000 years. It started as an ordinary treasure, nurtured over time, and has now become a middle-grade spiritual treasure. We have spent 30,000 years together—”

As he spoke, he suddenly trembled, and his face turned pale in an instant.

He had gambled with this sword and his 300-year life to challenge Invincible Han .

He had lost.

He had lost to both a person and the sword.

He trembled all over, his gaze falling on the sword in his hand.

When he made the bet, he was determined to go all out. If he won, he would break through the realm of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man in one go, becoming an Immortal Sword Cultivator.

If he lost, he would hand over the sword and face the Five Decays of Heaven and Man himself, possibly remaining dormant for three to 500 years.

His thoughts were firm and resolute at the beginning.

But now, as the moment approached to hand over the sword, he realized how reluctant he was.

“This sword is named Luoyuan, I hope City Lord Han will treat it well...”

Peng Zhenyao’s voice carried reluctance as his fingers slowly loosened their grip on the sword’s hilt.

He acknowledged his defeat.

The sword floated in the air as Peng Zhenyao closed his eyes slowly, not wanting to look at it.

The sword hummed softly, and to the other sword cultivators present, its sword song felt desolate and mournful.

“What’s a sword?”

Han Muye didn’t take the Luoyuan Sword, but spoke calmly, and his words echoed in the surroundings.

What was a sword?

The sword was a killing weapon.

The sword was the Dao of cultivation.

The sword was sharp.

For sword cultivators, there was no one who did not know what their sword meant to them.

The other sword cultivators around remained silent.



They looked at Peng Zhenyao, who had abandoned his sword.

Sword Immortal Yunlan's words were definitely meant for him.

For a sword cultivator to give up the sword in their hand, hearing such words would undoubtedly cause discomfort.

But he had already won, so why bother to taunt further with words?

### **Chapter 1118 - 1118 In terms of Swordsmanship, I Fear No One (2)**

#### 1118 In terms of Swordsmanship, I Fear No One (2)

Peng Zhenyao shook his head and said calmly, "Invincible Lord, since I have already admitted defeat in the bet, the sword is now yours. As a swordsman—"

"As a swordsman, the sword is our life," Han Muye's cold words echoed like thunder, resonating directly between heaven and earth!

The sword was life!

The sword was the life of a sword cultivator!

Peng Zhenyao, who was already disheartened, widened his eyes and stared at the long sword in front of him, his shoulders trembling.

He slowly raised the hand that had previously hung limply by his side, gripping tightly onto the sword hilt that he had released earlier.

Tears fell from his eyes.

“So, you’re my life.

“No, you are a treasure even more precious than my life.

“Just now, I almost lost something more precious than my own life.”

Gripping the sword hilt tightly, the decaying and aged aura around Peng Zhenyao gradually dissipated, replaced by a surging spirit.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, Peng Zhenyao, please enlighten me...”

A rematch!

With the sword in hand, how could he admit defeat with words!

Peng Zhenyao stepped forward, flying towards his opponent. The dazzling sword light radiated from his sword, brilliant and magnificent.

This strike may not have been as powerful as the one formed by the gathering of strength from a distance of 200,000 miles.

However, in the eyes of everyone present, it contained an even deeper sword intent.

It was the will unique to a swordsman.

Never admitting defeat.

Unyielding.

This was a sword cultivator!

“Good, this strike is what a true swordsman should look like,” Han Muye’s voice sounded again. His figure moved, and he landed in front of Peng Zhenyao, then pressed down with his sword.

“Clang—”

Peng Zhenyao was sent back tens of thousands of feet by this strike.

But this strike didn’t dishearten Peng Zhenyao; instead, it ignited his fighting spirit.

“Again!”

With a pull of his long sword, he advanced once more, the sword light turning into a sharp edge, thrusting toward Han Muye.

“Clang—”

“Again!”

...

This was a sword duel that seemed almost like a teaching session.

Peng Zhenyao, the renowned Sword Immortal of Luo Yuan, appeared before Invincible Han, the Yunlan Sword Immortal, like a junior. Each of his sword strikes was intercepted, and then he was forced back.

But Peng Zhenyao’s fighting spirit was like a volcano erupting, becoming even more intense.

The sword light in his hand sparkled like stars, illuminating the wasteland within a hundred miles. The fighting intent on his sword condensed into flames, making it difficult for people to look directly at it.

The decay that had previously afflicted him as he stepped into the realm of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man was long gone. What emanated from him now was only surging blood and a sharp sword intent.

He hadn't directly overcome the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, but he had withstood the calamities they brought upon him.

He used the power of the Sword Dao to suppress the Five Decays of Heaven and Man to ensure that his combat strength was not lost.

In the world of cultivation, there were countless peak-level experts, but very few could pass through the Five Decays of Heaven and Man with their combat strength intact.

For cultivators, in the end, it still came down to their own strength.

As long as one's combat strength was strong enough, even a mortal would be respected.

"This is really the method of a sword immortal..."

As they watched Peng Zhenyao, who was still charging towards Han Muye with each strike, envy and admiration appeared in some people's eyes, and they murmured softly.

Who would have thought that this battle would have such an outcome?

Originally, they expected a fierce battle, but it turned out to be completely different from what they imagined.

They had expected to witness the fall of a powerful cultivator and the rise of a great sword cultivator.

And that was indeed the case, but it also wasn't.

Peng Zhenyao, who had entered the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, retained his combat strength, while the Yunlan Sword Immortal's sword technique was unfathomably strong.

As they watched the two streams of sword light crisscrossing, everyone's eyes shimmered with light, lost in their own thoughts.

This battle lasted for five days.

It wasn't until Peng Zhenyao let out a long laugh, sheathed his long sword, and bowed to Han Muye that it finally came to an end.

Afterward, Peng Zhenyao admitted defeat and secluded himself in Yunlan City, spending his time both enduring the Five Decays of Heaven and Man and acting as an honored elder in Yunlan City.

This battle was like a rebirth for Peng Zhenyao.

This battle triggered deep contemplation in countless people.

What Dao were they seeking?

Would they be as lucky as Peng Zhenyao in the face of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man?

Or, if they could also be inspired and guided by a powerful figure like the Yunlan Sword Immortal, would they be able to pass through the Five Decays of Heaven and Man with their combat strength intact too?

If the Yunlan Sword Immortal had the ability to safely guide every peak-level cultivator through the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, how terrifying would that be!

Inside and outside Yunlan City, various thoughts spread, and countless cultivators were hesitating and making choices.

Meanwhile, after seven days of seclusion, Han Muye received another challenge letter.

“Qiyuan City’s Godless Sword Immortal, Xia Jun, wielding the Wanque Sword, will cross 800,000 miles and arrive in Yunlan City in three days.”

This urgent message was delivered by Xie Chaoyan’s orders.

To convey this message, three members of the Demon Luo Clan exposed their identities and had to leave the wasteland.

A true grandmaster of the Sword Dao, an undefeated powerhouse for thirty thousand years.

The name of Xia Jun was like that of a king among the sword cultivators in the wasteland.

In the main hall of Yunlan City's Lord's Mansion, as everyone looked at the jade-colored challenge letter suspended in the central position, their expressions were complicated.

Yunlan City was only recently established.

How many battles had the Yunlan Sword Immortal fought in the wasteland?

Yet, he had already gained the attention of a sword king. This not only represented the potential of Yunlan City and the Yunlan Sword Immortal, valued by the senior experts, but also meant that Yunlan City would likely face more challenges in the future.

This was a recognition of strength, but it also brought true crises.

Whether they could overcome it or not depended on the Yunlan Sword Immortal sitting in the hall.

"Invincible City Lord, should we test him first?" Xie Chaoyan stood below, cupping his fists and whispering, "We can engage in an interception battle in the wasteland."

"Right, now Yunlan City has many powerful experts. We can send a few Heavenly Immortal Realm experts to probe him out. Even if they can't defeat him, they can at least ascertain the Godless Sword Immortal's strength."



## **Chapter 1119 - 1119 In terms of Swordsmanship, I Fear No One (3)**

1119 In terms of Swordsmanship, I Fear No One (3)

“City Lord, I’m willing to fight the first battle.”

Below, several Void Illusion Heaven Immortals stood up.

They had already placed their own pocket dimensions in Yunlan City. As long as they fought within a thousand miles outside Yunlan City, even if they couldn’t defeat their opponents, they could retreat into their own small worlds.

How many people in the wasteland could enter their pocket dimensions to kill, just like the Invincible City Lord?

Now was the time to show loyalty.

Everyone looked at Han Muye expectantly.

Han Muye shook his head and stood up.

“As long as my sword is in my hand, there is no need for you to intervene.”

He squinted his eyes, and his gaze was profound, making it difficult for people to look directly at him.

“But when it comes to swordsmanship, I fear no one.”

Fear no one!

This simple phrase contained an unparalleled dominance!

What kind of confidence did it take to say such words!

A trace of excitement appeared on Zuo Baichou’s face as he turned to Zhao Chen and then to Xie Chaoyan, who had the same thought.

All three of them came from merchant backgrounds and were skilled at calculations.

With their manipulation, the atmosphere was brought to its peak when Peng Zhenyao came to challenge.

That battle earned Han Muye an immeasurable reputation.

Now, a swordsman with even greater fame and strength than Peng Zhenyao came to challenge him. If handled properly, the name of Yunlan Sword Immortal could resound throughout half of the Yunteng Wasteland!

“City Lord, the images of your battle with Elder Peng Zhenyao have spread for millions of miles, and many strong swordsmen are interested in your strength and sword cultivation,” Xie Chaoyan nodded along with Zuo Baichou and then looked at Han Muye.

“If the City Lord is confident of victory, you can invite other nearby sword experts to watch the battle with the Godless Sword Immortal.”

Taking the initiative to invite strong experts to watch the battle.

It was the fastest way to gain fame.

“Which renowned expert in the Wasteland didn’t have the aura of countless battles?”

If Han Muye wanted to gain fame quickly, he could only use this clever method of inviting observers.

“Do we have enough time?” Han Muye did not refuse but gently asked.

Not because he was worried about winning or losing, but he wanted to know if there was enough time.

This casualness exuded a strong sense of confidence, making the atmosphere in the entire hall relax.

The title of Invincible City Lord of Yunlan City was indeed well-deserved!

"I can have the temporary transmission array from the Jade Deer Trading Company set up from Luming City to Yunlan City," Xie Chaoyan said loudly.

A temporary transmission array would allow those strong swordsmen to travel from Luming City to Yunlan City to watch the battle.

If he didn't have the confidence to win, why go through so much trouble?

"Okay," Han Muye said calmly, then disappeared from the hall.

As the powerful figures in the hall looked at each other, a hint of joy flashed across their faces.

With his City Lord's attitude, what was there to worry about?

Half a day later, in a valley a hundred miles outside Yunlan City, boundless immortal light soared into the sky.

The transmission array with Luming City was set up.

Even though the array consumed a great deal of energy and could only last for a year, it was enough for Yunlan Sword Immortal's reputation.

With the array established, within two days, there were frequent flashes of sword light.

The sword light was formidable, reaching up to the clouds.

By the third day, nearly a hundred powerful sword lights surrounded Yunlan City from the outside.

At this moment, a deafening sound echoed in the sky.

A sword light came from the west, spanning heaven and earth, and stirred the tide of immortal energy as it slowly approached.

Unlike Peng Zhenyao, who gathered his momentum as he moved, this Godless Sword Immortal didn't need to gather his sword's power.

His arrival itself was the most powerful sword momentum!

When the sword came from the west, the world shook!

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han?"

"I still lack a young boy to hold the sword under my seat. How about you?"

A sword swept across the sky, its voice thunderous.

“Hold the sword?” Han Muye’s figure appeared on the city wall of Yunlan City, then he took a step forward, and his figure reappeared thousands of miles away.

“Let me see what kind of sword I need to hold.”

“How is this sword—” A voice sounded, and the sword light descended!

A 10,000-foot sword light attacked from thousands of miles away and slashed down at Han Muye’s head!

There was no trace of divine charm in the sword, only pure killing intent.

Han Muye had once sensed this killing intent in the memories of a long sword.

Blood Battle Sect!

A dominant sect in the Fuyu Immortal Realm, suppressing all other forces, and ruling over the Immortal Ascension Platform!

This was the first time Han Muye had seen someone from the Blood Battle Sect in the Fuyu Immortal World.

This Godless Sword Immortal Xia Jun did not come as a disciple of the Blood Battle Sect.

“Good sword.”

Watching the sword light descend, Han Muye whispered softly, and the sword intent converged around him.

His immortal cultivation was nothing to speak of in the presence of a true Heaven Immortal realm swordsman, but his swordsmanship allowed him to stand tall in front of anyone.

Behind him, an illusory pocket dimension appeared.

He chose to take action within a thousand miles outside Yunlan City because this was the edge where he could borrow the power of the pocket dimension.

With the power of this refined small world, he had the courage to face a Sword Immortal of the Heaven Immortal realm.

And he had the strength to do so!

“Sword.”

Come.

**Chapter 1120 - 1120 Are You Interested in Joining the Blood Battle Sect?**

1120 Are You Interested in Joining the Blood Battle Sect?

Han Muye's sword had always been in the sword box on his back. No one knew how many swords there were, but Han Muye had once gathered a long dragon of sword light, and there were many swords in the sword box.

Outsiders also speculated whether he was from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and whether he also had a respected Sword Tower.

However, he had never used the sword technique of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, making it difficult for people to determine.

Of course, whether or not he was from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was not the most important thing in this wasteland.

In the Yunteng Wasteland, it ultimately depended on one's own strength.

Just like now!

Han Muye shouted in a low voice. In the sword box behind him, tens of thousands of long swords were drawn, one after another, forming a dragon of long swords and a river of sword light.

Each longsword shone brightly, and when connected, they shone like stars in the Heavenly Cycle.

"Clang."



A longsword collided with the oncoming sword light and vibrated slightly, then fell to the ground.

They couldn't block his army's advance.

The Blood Battle Sect's technique was primarily based on malicious energy and had a strong suppressing effect on immortal light spirituality.

Han Muye's sword was completely unable to withstand even a bit when faced with the sword of the Godless Sword Immortal Xia Jun.

But Han Muye didn't release just one sword.

He released tens of thousands of long swords at once.

"Clang—"

"Clang—"

...

Every sword fell after colliding with the sword light of the Godless Sword Immortal.

One sword.

Ten swords.

A hundred swords.

A hundred swords.

The oncoming longsword finally slowed down slightly.

Thousands of longswords clashed against each other, finally slowing down the Godless Sword Immortal's sword light by a tiny bit.

As long as this sword slowed down even a little, it would be enough.

Countless sword lights surrounded the longsword like locusts, and there was an endless clanging sound.

When the long sword was about three feet away from Han Muye, it had completely lost its impact and was hanging quietly in the air.

It was a greenish-gray longsword that was three feet long and one inch long. It was covered in immortal patterns, with no light on the sword edge, and the dark golden sword hilt was engraved with mysterious thunderbird patterns.

There were no more swords blocking in front of Han Muye.

At this moment, he was facing the sword directly.

“He really blocked it!” A low cry of surprise came from the surrounding void.

The Godless Sword Immortal’s sword move spanned thousands of miles, and it was as magnificent as the collapse of a sky cloud, causing countless sword cultivators to tremble in their hearts.

And within this vast area, there were probably few who dared to claim they could handle it.

“This method really looks like the sword formation of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, but it’s not.” Someone stared at Han Muye and whispered.

If he were a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, with the prestige of the Sword Tower, he could completely control the sword formation and make it even sharper than Han Muye’s current sword light.

Of course, being able to unite thousands of swords as one and break the Godless Sword Immortal’s world-shaking sword already made him one of the strongest swordsmen among the sword cultivators.

“How exciting. This trip was not in vain.” A gray-haired old man in a black robe with a black sword on his back had bright eyes and wisps of sword intent emitted from his body.

This trip was not in vain.

Being able to witness this clash of sword techniques made this trip worthwhile.

Under everyone's gaze, Han Muye slowly extended his hand.

A faint sword light emanated from his fingertips and clashed with the long sword in front of him.

The sword light penetrated the longsword, and it suddenly trembled violently, as if it wanted to escape, but it was imprisoned and unable to leave.

"Come on—"

A furious shout echoed from thousands of miles away, accompanied by the roaring of wind and thunder.

The Godless Sword Immortal Xia Jun arrived through the void!

But crossing thousands of miles would take some time.

Han Muye's face carried a slight smile as the intent of his sword entered the long sword.

The scene in his mind almost made him burst out laughing.

How could this be just an ordinary sword?

This was clearly a sword formed from a divine soul!

The Godless Sword Immortal Xia Jun condensed his divine soul into a sword and used it to attack from thousands of miles away.

Now, by investigating the secrets within the sword, Han Muye could directly read his memories.

Moreover, as long as Han Muye infused his own sword intent, he could directly seize Xia Jun's sword soul, truly making him a 'Godless Sword Immortal'!

An old man in his fifties, dressed in a black robe and eight feet tall, covered in sword light and carrying strong winds, stood 100 feet in front of Han Muye, staring at him.

He raised his hand, palm outstretched, attempting to retrieve his longsword.

But under the infusion of Han Muye's sword intent, the sword no longer obeyed his command.

This made Xia Jun's expression extremely ugly.

"What's going on?" All the experts who had come from afar to witness this battle of sword techniques were full of confusion.

Why couldn't the Godless Sword Immortal retrieve his longsword?

To a sword cultivator, the sword was like his limbs, his very life.

If someone else controlled his sword, wouldn't that mean handing over his life?

"The techniques of this Yunlan Sword Immortal are terrifying." Some astute experts discerned a clue and whispered.

This sword wanted to leave, but couldn't!

In the future, anyone who wanted to fight against the Godless Sword Immortal must not use sword control techniques; otherwise, their swords might be taken away!

As they watched the trembling long sword, the Godless Sword Immortal gritted his teeth and then raised both hands.

"Buzz!"

The longsword vibrated and gradually transformed into a faint golden stream of light.

Soul power.

This sword wasn't a real sword at all; it was the transformation of his divine soul!

This was the true secret of the Godless Sword Immortal!

Countless exclamations sounded.

The name of the Godless Sword Immortal Xia Jun had been renowned in the wilderness for tens of thousands of years, but nobody knew that the long sword he used for long-distance attacks was actually formed from his Primordial Spirit.

This guy dared to directly attack using his own Primordial Spirit, without fear of being tainted by secret techniques and having his soul directly seized?

The agility of the Primordial Spirit was not something that any sword could compare to.

However, the Primordial Spirit was still a Primordial Spirit after all. It was not as stable as a true sword. Although the spirituality in it was strong, it was easily corroded.

If they had known earlier that Xia Jun's sword was formed from his Primordial Spirit, then it would have been impossible for him to remain undefeated for 30,000 years!