

Pavilion 1121

Chapter 1121 - 1121 Are You Interested in Joining the Blood Battle Sect? (2)

1121 Are You Interested in Joining the Blood Battle Sect? (2)

“Unfortunately, the opportunity to defeat Xia Jun was taken by Yunlan Sword Immortal,” someone said, their eyes gleaming, but before they could finish their words, they widened in surprise.

The dispersed primordial spirit reassembled and reappeared in front of Xia Jun.

However, this reappeared primordial spirit wasn’t in the form of a sword but a blood-red war spear!

Blood Battle Spear!

Blood Battle Sect!

The disciple of the Blood Battle Sect, one of the dominant sects in the Yunteng Wasteland and a prominent sword cultivator for thousands of years, turned out to be Xia Jun!

If the Yunlan Sword Immortal hadn’t intervened and shattered Xia Jun’s primordial spirit sword, who would have known that Xia Jun was a disciple of the Blood Battle Sect?

The Blood Battle Sect was one of the overlords in this realm, and it was the type of overlord one shouldn’t mess with.

Many people looked at the blood-red spear and involuntarily stepped back.

The tyranny of the Blood Battle Sect had already deeply rooted itself in the hearts of all cultivators in the Fuyu Immortal World.

The name 'Blood Battle' was earned through countless battles fought to the death.

Anyone who opposed a disciple of the Blood Battle Sect had to be prepared for endless pursuit and killing from the sect.

"Impressive technique, you are the first one in thousands of years to turn the divine sword into a spear," Xia Jun said, raising his hand to grip the spear's handle, his eyes full of killing intent as he looked at Han Muye.

"The last person who did this was Du Ming Sword Immortal He Qu."

"Killing him is really difficult."

Du Ming Sword Immortal He Qu!

This name elicited gasps from those around.

That famous lone sword immortal in the wasteland, an expert who had already reached the Void Refinement Realm, had disappeared for 10,000 years. Many people guessed that he had broken through in seclusion and was preparing to step into the Void Transformation Realm.

But as it turned out, he was killed by the sword of Xia Jun, the Godless Sword Immortal!

Above Xia Jun's long spear, blood energy gathered to form a blood-colored wolf shadow.

The wolf shadow had three heads, and its body was illusory, surrounded by a black halo.

"Hope you don't disappoint me and become the fourth soul cast in my Blood Battle Spear!"

No longer hiding his identity, Xia Jun's voice boomed, and he thrust the spear forward.

The spear's edge whistled, piercing through the void.

A tenth of an inch of space was broken open in an instant.

Gathering strength at a point, directly tearing through the void!

An inch long, an inch strong!

The might of the spear was not inferior to a sword.

The prestige of the Blood Battle Sect was not inferior to that of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Xia Jun's spear was stronger than his sword!

At the moment when this spear was thrust out, countless people around widened their eyes, their hearts pounding.

Even a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal would not dare to take such a spear head-on!

"Boom!"

The spear collided with Han Muye and wrapped around his body. Blood-colored streams of light intertwined and turned into a cocoon of light.

Devouring.

With the power of bloodthirst, it directly engulfed Han Muye.

The Blood Battle Sect grew stronger through battle, and it never stopped fighting.

Once this long spear devoured Han Muye's soul and flesh, it would be able to reforge another spear soul.

Those three wolf heads would become four.

Watching the surging blood light, Xia Jun's face revealed a hint of a smile.

"Blood Soul Devouring, no wonder."

"Xia Jun is a powerful member of the Blood Battle Hall, proficient in devouring souls. The Godless Sword Immortal, what an ironic title..."

The Blood Battle Sect had three halls: Blood Kill, Blood Soul, and Blood Seal. Blood Kill was the most ferocious, Blood Soul the most ruthless, and Blood Seal the cruelest.

When a Blood Soul expert made a move, they would extract the opponent's soul to refine it, which was why Xia Jun gained the title of Godless Sword Immortal.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal will probably be nameless from now on..."

Many gazes fell upon the blood light, their expressions complex.

The major sects were major for a reason; their background, heritage, and methods were not something ordinary cultivators could match.

The Blood Soul Devouring of the Blood Battle Sect was simply unbreakable.

Otherwise, the Blood Battle Sect wouldn't have become one of the overlords in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

As the blood light surged, Xia Jun turned his gaze towards the Yunlan City ahead.

In a while, he would become the master of this city.

If it wasn't for the sect's mission that brought him here to suppress the possible Yunlan Sword Immortal from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, he might not have taken action.

But now, looking at Yunlan City, perhaps he had come to the right place?

With a smile on his face, he extended his hand.

The blood-colored cocoon enveloping Han Muye began to collapse.

However, just at this moment, his smile slowly disappeared.

The next instant, his face was filled with fear, as if he had seen something incredibly terrifying!

The blood energy that consolidated all his cultivation was actually completely out of control!

The power of the Blood Soul was breaking apart!

The Blood Soul Hall of the Blood Battle Sect relied on the power of the Blood Soul to suppress all directions. If the Blood Soul's power was broken, then the Blood Soul Hall of the Blood Battle Sect would be rendered useless.

The change in Xia Jun's expression also caused the powerful experts paying attention to the situation to change their faces.

Those with keen divine senses had already sensed that something was amiss.

It seemed that the Blood Soul power didn't directly kill Invincible Han?

"Boom!"

The power of the Blood Soul that enveloped Han Muye exploded, and three blood-colored streams of light shot up into the sky and landed on the Deity List of Yunlan City.

Then, three golden shadows appeared.

"That's Chen Siyuan, a powerful member of the Blood Battle Sect. He once served as an elder in the Blood Soul Hall of the sect. How could he be inside Xia Jun's blood soul..." someone said, puzzled, as they saw the figure standing in the forefront.

“Traitor!” In mid-air, the golden figure standing at the forefront glared at Xia Jun, whose face had turned pale, and shouted angrily.

A traitor!

Xia Jun’s legs went weak.

“I remember now. Elder Chen Siyuan once had a closed-door disciple named Xia Yucheng!”

“Yes, he was a talented cultivator, said to have reached the peak of Human Immortal within a thousand years. He was a genius among the younger generation of the Blood Battle Sect. Unfortunately, he disappeared without a trace later for some unknown reason.”

Xia Yucheng was Xia Jun, the Godless Sword Immortal!

But how could his master be within his blood soul?

“Xia Jun, no, Xia Yucheng, did you not expect that I have a secret technique to communicate with the Blood Soul?” Han Muye stood there, looking at the weakened Xia Jun, and calmly spoke.

“You betrayed your master and annihilated your ancestors, attacking your closed-door master while he was in seclusion, and refining him into your blood soul. Even the other two blood souls are fellow disciples of the Blood Battle Sect.”

“No wonder you hid your identity and came to the Yunteng Wasteland. You must have been afraid that your evil deeds would be discovered if you stayed in the Blood Battle Sect, right?”

Han Muye’s words felt like heavy blows landing on Xia Jun’s head.

He trembled and looked at the three furious figures.

“Yes, all of you forced me...

“When a man faces the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, and I have nowhere to be buried, I don’t want to die, so the only option is for all of you to die!”

Gritting his teeth, Xia Jun slowly stood up, and blood energy condensed around him.

A blood-colored war spear appeared in his hand again.

However, when the battle spear appeared again, the surrounding experts who were watching exclaimed.

“Demonic light!”

“He has joined the Bitter Immortal Realm!”

“This is the Blood Demon Qi, only a few people practice this path in the Bitter Immortal Realm.”

Several figures flew out and charged towards Xia Jun.

Setting aside their grudges for the moment, if they could take down Xia Jun now, they could at least gain some favor with the Blood Battle Sect.

The Blood Battle Sect wouldn't tolerate its own traitors.

Although the Blood Battle Sect acted recklessly and arrogantly, they were not an evil sect.

“Boom!”

Xia Jun raised his spear, and a bloody light exploded. Then, his body was wrapped in the bloody light and flew away.

Several sword lights followed closely behind and chased after him.

Han Muye looked at the distant stream of light and did not attack.

There was no need.

He did not expect that this Sword Dao expert who had dominated the Wasteland for 30,000 years was actually a disciple of the Blood Battle Sect.

And more importantly, a disciple who betrayed the sect.

This time, the Blood Battle Sect's reputation was going to take a hit.

He looked up at the three figures enshrined on the Deification List and a faint smile appeared on Han Muye's face.

Naturally, he did not have the ability to communicate with Blood Souls.

However, when he touched Xia Jun's primordial spirit sword previously, he had already seen the process of condensing his bloodsoul.

He was well aware of Xia Jun's cultivation method.

Relying on his complete understanding of the highest level of comprehension, he deduced the flaws in Xia Jun's blood soul cultivation.

Though the Blood Soul was powerful, Xia Jun's refinement was insufficient.

As long as he disintegrated the soul during the blood soul devouring, he could break the power of the blood soul.

When Xia Jun was enveloped by the blood soul just now, he had already used his primordial spirit sword to shatter Xia Jun's blood soul and rescue those three refined souls.

There was no need for him to do anything else.

One day later, Xia Jun was attacked and his soul was taken by a powerful member of the Blood Battle Sect.

The prestige of the Blood Battle Sect could not be offended.

Yunlan City, City Lord Hall.

Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe, looked at the stern-looking middle-aged cultivator in front of him with a calm expression.

"Junior greets Elder Hengtian of the Blood Battle Sect's Blood Soul Hall."

Elder Hengtian, a Void Transformation Realm expert of the Blood Soul Hall, had crossed billions of miles in a single day to kill the traitor Xia Jun.

The strength of the Blood Battle Sect was evident.

“Do you have any interest in joining the Blood Battle Sect?” Elder Hengtian said, standing with his hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on the Deity List hanging in the sky, speaking indifferently.

Chapter 1122 - 1122 Three Years of Challenges, Renowned in the Wasteland

1122 Three Years of Challenges, Renowned in the Wasteland

Join the Blood Battle Sect?

The Blood Battle Sect was powerful and formidable, one of the overlords in the Fuyu Immortal World.

For outsiders, receiving an invitation from a senior elder of the Blood Battle Sect would naturally be seen as an opportunity not to be missed.

However, Han Muye did not hold the Blood Battle Sect in high regard.

From Xia Jun’s memories of the Sword of Elemental Spirits, Han Muye saw the darkness and cruelty within the Blood Battle Sect.

The entire sect thrived on constant warfare, truly living up to its name.

They could use the souls and blood of enemies and even their own members as nourishment.

Xia Jun's own mentor and fellow disciples were refined into soul ingots; it was not an isolated case.

But such matters could be done discreetly, not revealed openly.

Since Xia Jun had been exposed for betraying his mentor and annihilating his own ancestors, he could only be eradicated.

Given such a sect, Han Muye had no interest in joining.

Besides, he had already joined the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Between the two sects, Han Muye believed that the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect suited him better.

Once his identity was revealed, all the forces in the Immortal Realm would likely hunt him down with full force.

Once his identity was revealed, all the forces in the Immortal Realm would likely hunt him down with full force.

This was the will of the Divine Realm.

As for the Blood Battle Sect, with its accumulated grudges from the mortal world, it would inevitably become an enemy in the future.

“Senior, you jest. I have self-awareness and wouldn’t dare to reach for something beyond my grasp,” Han Muye said calmly and with a clear voice.

As his words fell, the entire hall suddenly turned into a freezing cold place.

Heng Tian turned around slowly, hands behind his back, his eyes filled with killing intent.

“Are you sure?”

This sentence carried a murderous aura.

Han Muye didn’t respond verbally, but the sword aura trembling around him and the golden light of the Deity List fluttering in the city were his answer.

At most, they would fight.

So what if he was a Void Transformation expert!

The blood-colored aura on Hengtian’s body became heavy, and his eyes narrowed.

In the hall, it seemed like a great battle was about to erupt.

But three breaths later, the icy atmosphere in the hall dissipated. Heng Tian snorted coldly and said, "Since you're unwilling to join my Blood Battle Sect, so be it. But what you perceived from the Blood Soul must not be leaked to the outside world."

Turning to look at Han Muye, Hengtian coldly continued, "Xia Jun said before he died that you sensed the secrets of my Blood Battle Sect from his Blood Soul."

"I should kill you to protect the secrets of my Blood Battle Sect."

"But the rise of the wasteland is not easy, and it's a turbulent time. There's no need to lose a talented member of our human race."

These words were very dignified.

Han Muye didn't argue, he just stood there and listened.

"Give me the souls of Chen Siyuan and the others' souls."

"The souls of the people of our Blood Battle Sect cannot fall into the hands of outsiders."

Heng Tian spoke again.

Three Spiritual Souls in the hands of outsiders represented the prestige of the Blood Battle Sect.

But how could Han Muye send away those who had already been listed in the Deity List?

If these three souls were taken away by Heng Tian, they would undoubtedly be refined into soul ingots again.

On the Divine List, these three Void Refinement experts could play a significant role.

“Senior, Chen Siyuan and the others willingly entered my Yunlan City’s Deity List to guard it.

“They have already perished, leaving only their souls,” Han Muye said calmly, his expression indifferent.
“They were loyal to the Blood Battle Sect during their lifetime. Do you really need their souls?”

Not handing them over!

The blood-colored aura around Hengtian intensified.

“Alright,” he replied coldly. With a move of his body, he disappeared.

Han Muye watched him leave and turned to look into the void ahead.

A figure flashed past.

“The experts of Heaven Battling Hall are indeed powerful.”

Without the experts of Heaven Battling Hall by his side, how could Heng Tian just leave?

“Boom!”

Hundreds of miles away from Yunlan City, booming and explosive sounds erupted.

Then, the turbulent waves of clouds surged and eventually dissipated.

No one knew what had happened.

“Kid, you didn’t embarrass our Heaven Battle Hall.” An old and relaxed voice sounded in Han Muye’s ears.

“Don’t worry, this guy won’t come to Yunlan City again for thirty to fifty years.”

The Blood Battle Sect and the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had been old rivals. The clash between the Battle Heaven Hall’s experts and Hengtian was probably just a probe, not a full-blown battle.

Among the great cultivators at the Heaven Immortal realm, there were still very few who truly fought to the death.

However, since the experts from the Battle Heaven Hall said Hengtian wouldn’t return for three to five decades, it was certain that they had injured him.

It seemed that the Blood Battle Sect had suffered a loss this time and had been calculated both overtly and covertly.

Leaving the remnants of three Blood Battle Sect experts in Yunlan City had already been a considerable embarrassment for the Blood Battle Sect.

Moreover, the previous exposure of Xia Jun's actions of refining his mentor's soul, betraying his mentor, and destroying his ancestors had severely damaged the Blood Battle Sect's prestige in the wilderness.

All these things would be recorded in the Sword Sect's ledger of accomplishments.

However, Han Muye's current identity was hidden, so outsiders remained unaware.

Apart from not mentioning the merits and benefits that couldn't be made public, Han Muye had won two consecutive major battles. In the first one, he used his superb sword skills to convince Sword Immortal Luo Yuan , helping him safely pass the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

The second battle exposed the identity of Xia Jun, the undefeated Sword King of 30,000 years, causing his reputation to crumble and meet his demise.

Especially the second battle, which attracted strong spectators from various parties and shook the surrounding forces for a million miles.

Initially, everyone thought that Yunlan Sword Immortal would incur the Blood Battle Sect's wrath for revealing Xia Jun's identity and collecting the remnants of Blood Battle Sect members. They expected the Blood Battle Sect to retaliate.

However, over 10 days passed, and there was no sign of any action from the Blood Battle Sect, even after Yunlan Sword Immortal left Yunlan City.

This made various parties even more in awe of Yunlan City.

Many cultivators quietly gathered there to trade and cultivate

And the fame of Yunlan Sword Immortal spread throughout the area of a million miles.

Chapter 1123 - 1123 Three Years of Challenges, Renowned in the Wasteland (2)

1123 Three Years of Challenges, Renowned in the Wasteland (2)

Invincible Han was indeed invincible.

No one cared about Han Muye's real name anymore.

Han Muye left Yunlan City and took the temporary teleportation array that was about to collapse to Luming City.

From now on, Yunlan City would establish a long-lasting teleportation array.

After Han Muye left Yunlan City, the purpose of his trip was also spread, thanks to the deliberate publicity of the Jade Deer Trading Company.

After Han Muye left Yunlan City, his purpose for this journey was also spread, thanks to the deliberate publicity by the Jade Deer Trading Company.

The news of the Swordsmanship Challenge naturally attracted many interested parties and spectators.

Immediately, many cultivators rushed to Luming City.

Among these people, there were advanced Heaven Immortal experts with unfathomable cultivation levels, as well as ordinary cultivators who were only at the Heaven Realm and had used everything they had to exchange for the right to teleport.

When they arrived at Lu Ming City, they received news that Invincible Han had bought an inferior-grade numinous treasure sword worth 30 million immortal Spirit Stones from the Jade Deer Trading Company.

With this sword as a bet, Han Muye had already gone to Seven Stars City, 300,000 kilometers away from Lu Ming City, to challenge the Qiming Sword Immortal, Xu Qiming.

Venus Sword Immortal Xu Qiming was an expert at the Heaven Immortal realm. His Sword Dao was famous, and his Star Transformation Sword could evolve the stars in the sky.

10,000 years ago, Xu Qiming fought a Peak Void Refinement Realm cultivator.

That battle lasted for 30,000 miles and took three years. In the end, Xu Qiming broke through his original realm and his combat strength soared. The other party had no choice but to retreat and leave the wasteland.

This battle was the battle that made Xu Qiming famous.

“Hurry up and go to Seven Stars City!”

“If I can watch the battle between Xu Qiming and Invincible Han, I will definitely gain something.”

300,000 miles was not considered far. It would not take long for him to fly at full speed.

By the time the group of immortal cultivators arrived near Seven Stars City, the battle between Han Muye and Xu Qiming had already begun.

This battle was in the wasteland 3,000 miles outside Seven Stars City. The two Sword Dao experts fought with their Sword Dao, and the clouds 1,500 meters away were stirred, turning into astral winds.

The sounds of explosions did not stop. The astral winds swept up the sword light, spreading and intertwining between heaven and earth.

This battle lasted for three days and three nights, and the final outcome was unknown.

However, Han Muye was invited to Seven Stars City by Xu Qiming. It was said that they chatted happily and even exchanged swords.

Han Muye used the inferior-grade numinous treasure to exchange for a better-quality sword from Xu Qiming.

At the same time, the City Lord of Seven Stars City also came and reached an agreement with Zuo Baichuan, who was with Han Muye. Seven Stars City and Yunlan City became allies and built teleportation arrays to connect.

With such an agreement and exchange, outsiders guessed that Yunland Sword Immortal Invincible Han must have convinced Sword Immortal Qiming with his Sword Dao.

Unfortunately, even until Han Muye left Seven Stars City, there was no definite news. No one knew who would win.

“Senior Brother, Invincible Han went to Luo Jia City to challenge him. What do you think the chances of him defeating Luo Jia City’s Cast Nether Sword Immortal are?” In the Seven Stars City’s City Lord Hall, City Lord Du Shang looked at Xu Qiming, who was wearing a green robe and had a calm expression.

“Sword Immortal Zhu Ming is a little stronger than me. With the Sword Dao displayed by Junior Brother Han, I think he can win,” Xu Qiming said softly.

His words stunned Du Shang slightly.

Xu Qiming turned around and looked at Du Shang. “You just want to know who won the battle between Junior Brother Han and me, right?”

These words made Du Shang touch his head awkwardly.

“There’s no need to care about victory or defeat. Junior Brother Han’s cultivation in the Sword Dao is far above mine. He’s an absolute elite among the younger generation of my Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.”

“I gained a lot from fighting him and was inspired by him. I’m preparing to enter seclusion to comprehend it.”

Xu Qiming shook his head, retracted his aura, and disappeared from the hall.

“Congratulations, Senior Brother...” Du Shang watched him leave with an envious expression.

“Although there have been many experts among the younger generation of the Sword Sect recently, there doesn’t seem to be such a person. Could it be a hidden figure from the sect?”

Du Shang muttered, but he could not figure out the reason.

However, he was still very concerned about Han Muye going to Luoja City to fight the Nether Casting Sword Immortal.

Two days later, news arrived that the Nether Casting Sword Immortal of Lujia City had accepted the challenge from Yunlan City’s Sword Immortal, Invincible Han.

The battleground they chose was Mingtang Mountain, 8,000 miles outside of Lujia City.

Mingtang Mountain, a desolate mountain, was only 3,000 feet tall but already the tallest mountain within thousands of miles.

Upon receiving the news, various powerful experts rushed to the scene.

“Boom!”

As soon as they arrived outside Mingtang Mountain, the sound of sword clashes resounded in the void.

Two streams of black and white sword light collided, stirring up immortal energy and causing the surrounding space to become chaotic, making it impossible for divine senses to probe.

It seemed that these two were unwilling to be scrutinized by outsiders.

This was quite normal.

It was rare for Han Muye to recruit experts from all over the world to watch the battle outside Yunlan City.

The battle between Invincible Han and Sword Immortal Zhu Ming lasted for a day. In the end, Mingtang Mountain, which was a thousand feet tall, collapsed. Sword Immortal Zhu Ming was no match for him and bowed his head to admit defeat.

However, Invincible Han also spoke up, saying that the Sword Dao of the Zhuming Sword Immortal was pure and that there was still a lot of room for improvement in his combat strength. In time, he would definitely soar into the sky.

He also commented on Sword Immortal Zhu Ming's own sword techniques. There were a few points that made him nod excitedly.

At this moment, the battle had already ended. The surrounding clouds dispersed, and his divine sense was no longer isolated.

This scene made many experts sigh.

It was really the law of the cultivation world that the waves behind surged.

Another veteran Sword Dao expert was treated as a stepping stone.

Sword Immortal Zhu Ming took out a middle-grade numinous treasure in exchange for the sword in Han Muye's hand. Then, Luo Jia City and Yunlan City formed an alliance and connected to the teleportation array.

Under the attention of countless people, Yunlan Sword Immortal once again embarked on the path of challenge.

Three years.

In three years, Han Muye had challenged more than 50 Sword Dao experts. Among them, there were Sword Dao cultivators who were famous for thousands of miles, and there were also Sword Dao experts who held down and presided over.

Han Muye had never lost a battle with these Seniors of the Sword Dao.

In three years, the name of Han Muye, Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, spread throughout the Jade Deer Trading Company. Under the secret propaganda of the fiend and demon races, it completely spread throughout the Yunteng Wasteland.

The images of his few battles were spread and landed in the hands of various large factions.

Many experts in the Wasteland were studying Yunlan Sword Immortal's sword techniques.

"In three years, his combat strength has at least doubled," someone whispered in a hall as several Daoists in green robes watched the two phantoms collide in front of them.

"I can't wait any longer. If I give him a hundred years, it will be really difficult for my Essence Demon Sect to kill him again."

A cold voice filled with killing intent sounded in the hall.

On the light screen in front of him, the scene froze at the moment Han Muye swung his sword.

The sword light was dazzling.

There was silence in the hall.

“Actually, there’s no need for us to—” Someone hesitated to speak, but his voice was interrupted.

“This is the will of the Dao Sect,” a loud voice said.

Everyone turned to look at the head of the hall.

On the other side, the tall purple-robed Daoist shook his head, his eyes emitting a deep glow.

“Let’s not talk about the grudge we formed with him previously. Just his identity as a sword cultivator is enough for us to kill him.

“The Daoist Faction has sent news that this person is inextricably linked to the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.”

The Daoist’s gaze landed on Han Muye’s figure on the light screen, and killing intent appeared on his face. “For this news, the Dao Sect lost dozens of experts.”

The hall was gloomy and cold.

“I’ll attack together with Elder Luo Yang to ensure that nothing goes wrong.”

“Guard the sect and defend yourselves.” The tall Daoist stood up and said in a deep voice, “You have to pay attention to the attacks and revenge of the Sword Sect.”

“After Elder Luo Yang and I kill this person, I’m afraid we have to think of a way to escape the pursuit of the Sword Sect.”

“The Mystic Spirit Dao Sect will definitely not let the matter rest after losing such an elite junior.”

...

In Tuobai City, three million miles away from Yunlan City, Han Muye held a jade slip in his hand and bowed in front of a green-robed Daoist.

“The Essence Demon Sect wants to attack me, and it’s the sect master, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, and Elder Luo Yang?”

The information in the jade slip was not simple. Han Muye frowned slightly and looked at the Daoist in front of him.

“Your Excellency, the clansmen hiding in the Essence Demon Sect risked their lives to spread the news. It can’t be fake. The Elder of the clan asks Your Excellency if we should send the experts of the clan to help.” A demonic light flashed on the Daoist’s body, revealing his identity as a demon.

Chapter 1124 - 1124 Interception from the Gale Bandits and the Essence Demon Sect

1124 Interception from the Gale Bandits and the Essence Demon Sect

The Essence Demon Sect belonged to Zhenyuan Temple, and this matter was revealed by Han Muye while he was suppressing Zhan Tianming in the Yunteng Wasteland.

The major sects unexpectedly supported a sect with an ambiguous allegiance in the Yunteng Wasteland

This matter didn't harm Zhenyuan Temple's reputation, but it tarnished the name of the orthodox sects in the Daoist community for many years.

Among the sects that valued strength above all else, this matter was no secret, and no one cared.

However, there were plenty of private jokes, especially among low-level cultivators, which further damaged the reputation.

Han Muye knew that it was possible for them to come and intercept him because of this matter.

Fortunately, Zhenyuan Sect's Golden Immortal had left a thousand years ago, weakening Essence Demon Sect's strength considerably; otherwise, he would have had a hard time dealing with a Golden Immortal.

The strength of a Golden Immortal was something he couldn't handle at his current level.

“We don’t need the Demon Clan to step in for now.”

Han Muye shook his head, then narrowed his eyes and whispered, “Have you found any traces of Golden Immortal Ye Ming? Any news?”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming was the powerful figure who laid down the Fleshless Bamboo Forest in Zhulin Town.

In Han Muye’s view, such a Golden Immortal who operated outside the major powers was the one to be truly vigilant against.

Upon hearing his words, the Daoist in front of him shook his head and cupped his hands. “Your Excellency, there’s no news of this expert yet.”

He paused for a moment and spoke softly, “If a Golden Immortal expert wants to conceal their traces, even our clan’s elders would find it difficult to detect.”

A Golden Immortal was already one of the rare strong beings in the Immortal Realm, capable of traversing the entire world of immortals.

Unless a Zenith Heaven appeared, the Golden Immortal was considered the strongest in the Immortal World.

Golden Immortals could control a trace of the Immortal Realm’s power, making Heaven Immortals utterly powerless against them.

The crushing power of such strength was beyond reason.

Moreover, Han Muye's cultivation level was still far from that of a Heaven Immortal.

Over the past three years, he constantly challenged others to refine his own swordsmanship.

Through exchanges with others and obtaining many secret messages, he learned about various sword arts circulating in the Immortal World.

Interestingly, in the Immortal World, at least in the Fuyu Immortal World, the reputation of the Heavenly Venerable wasn't bad, and many legacies were left behind.

Although almost no one knew the name of the Immortal Venerable, the various combined techniques he left behind were widely used in the Immortal World.

Just as Han Muye had suggested back then, spread the inheritance and let the Immortal World continue. Even if the experts of the Zenith Heaven's Heavenly Cycle wanted to sever the inheritance of the Immortal Venerable, they were helpless.

Waving his hand and sending the Daoist from the Demon Clan away, Han Muye's expression turned indifferent.

The conflict with the Essence Demon Sect was irreconcilable.

Since that was the case, he would resolve it once and for all.

“Buzz!”

A buzzing sound emerged as a green longsword appeared before him.

It was a longsword that flickered with immortal qi. Exalted Immortal patterns intertwined and emitted a mysterious glow.

Over the past three years of challenges and constant exchange of swords, Han Muye had finally defeated the First Elder of Tuobai City three days ago and obtained this Immortal treasure sword three days ago.

Grasping the hilt of the sword, he immersed himself in the sword’s intent and saw various scenes within the blade.

The name of the sword was ‘Sorrowful Autumn’. It was forged from the fusion of three rivers and heavenly water with the branch of the Sky Reaching Tree.

This was the first time Han Muye had seen the Sky Reaching Tree in the Immortal World.

The sword contained seven extraordinary water and wood divine techniques. When wielded, as long as one’s cultivation was sufficient, it could flood an entire world.

If properly used, the power of an Immortal treasure could indeed suppress a region in the Immortal World.

However, in the Immortal World, even Golden Immortal experts did not dare to say that they could suppress an entire region.

More people would use an Immortal treasure as a treasure to suppress their own Grotto-heavens.

This could be considered suppressing a region.

Within the Autumn's Sorrow, various scenes flashed in Han Muye's mind.

He acquired this sword from a great demon king in the Bitter Immortal Realm. The demon king had slain a formidable sword cultivator.

And that slain cultivator originally came from outside the Fuyu Immortal Realm...

Although Han Muye had only been in the Fuyu Immortal Realm for less than five years, his understanding of the realm was broader than many great cultivators who had lived there for tens of thousands of years.

From the swords wielded by various powerful beings, he witnessed the grandeur of the Immortal World.

This was what cultivation should be like.

The melody of the sword softly played, and the Autumn's Sorrow was put away.

Next time, this sword would be taken out as a bet against another expert.

Come to think of it, the next person he wanted to challenge was a peak Void Refinement Sword Dao expert.

A strong fighting spirit almost solidified in Han Muye's eyes.

On his body, a green Primordial Spirit Sword slowly appeared and rotated.

The last realm of the Human Immortal realm, the Heavenly Venerable realm.

At this point, his Immortal cultivation had reached the final stage of the Human Immortal realm – the realm of Heavenly Venerable.

At this stage, other cultivators would start preparing to pass the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

However, Han Muye didn't think that way.

Because he wanted to defy the heavens and become an Immortal!

Once he defied the heavens and reached the realm of Heaven Immortal, along with the already assimilated Grotto-heaven, he could quickly enter the Void Refinement stage.

At that time, even if he faced a Golden Immortal, he would dare to confront them head-on.

“There’s still time. There’s no hurry.”

Clenching his fists, Han Muye whispered softly.

30 years in the Immortal World and 3,000 years in the mortal world.

When the 3,000-year Immortal Ascension Platform opened, he would return to the mortal world.

After all, there were still his Dao companions in the mortal world, as well as so many of his fellow disciples and friends.

According to the news from the Profound Spirit Sword Sect, various parties were already fighting for the ownership of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

The worst-case scenario was that the Immortal Ascension Platform would continue to be controlled by the Blood Battle Sect. When the Immortal Ascension Platform in the Yuantian Star Region opened and the experts of the Blood Battle Sect descended, a huge battle would probably be inevitable.

He was not qualified to participate in the battle for the Immortal Ascension Platform.

However, he would do his best to increase his cultivation and return when the Immortal Ascension Platform opened.

A day later, Han Muye left Tuobai City.

This time, he did not go elsewhere to challenge. Instead, he directly turned through the three intermediate teleportation arrays and rushed to Lu Ming City.

Establishing the teleportation array was not a success. Currently, the only teleportation array connecting Yunlan City to the outside world was Luming City.

The other 20 teleportation arrays would be set up in the next 100 years.

“The teleportation array between Zhenchao City and Luming City is damaged. It will take another three months to reach Lu Ming City?” When Han Muye arrived at Zhenchao City, which was only 300,000 miles away from Luming City, he received this news.

“Yes, Zhenchao City was attacked by Gale Bandits some time ago. Some experts raided the city and destroyed the teleportation array.”

The soldier in charge of guarding the teleportation array bowed and reported.

Those who could pass through the teleportation array were not people that low-level cultivators like them, who were only at the Foundation Establishment realm, could offend.

Not long ago, a fellow robed cultivator was killed by a grand cultivator with a flick of his sleeve because his report was not respectful enough.

Who could he reason with about this?

Low-level cultivators were inferior to ants.

Han Muye nodded and turned to leave.

However, it wouldn't take long to fly over 300,000 miles.

The speed of his sword light was so fast that few people in the Wasteland could catch up.

"The Gale Bandits. Looks like the Bitter Immortal Realm is going to make a move."

Flying out of the city, Han Muye looked at the wasteland and spoke in a low voice.

The Gale Bandits were scattered in the Bitter Immortal Realm and split into dozens of groups to plunder everywhere.

The furthest was already the Transient Wasteland.

There were traces of Gale Bandits in the other factions.

From all the information gathered, it was clear that the Gale Bandits had the shadow of a human faction behind them, but no one knew which faction it was.

Anyway, it couldn't be the Sword Clan.

Dao Sect.

Or was it the Blood Battle Sect?

Or was it the Heavenly Radiance Sect?

Han Muye transformed into a sword light and shot into the sky.

Two figures appeared on the city wall behind him.

"Elder Luo Yang, this kid has already fallen into the trap. Whether you can trap him or not will depend on you."

The tall Daoist in a green robe looked ahead and said softly.

Beside him was a Daoist in a red robe.

Elder Luo Yang was an Elder of the Essence Demon Sect. His array formations were top-notch and his combat strength was powerful.

The tall Daoist was naturally the Sect Master of the Essence Demon Sect, Heaven Immortal Spirit Essence.

A Void Transformation Heaven Immortal expert.

The Void Refinement Heaven Immortal had already touched the Heavenly Dao of the Immortal World. His Grotto-heaven had fused with the void world, and his combat strength was unimaginable.

“Rest assured, Master. Last time, he used that treasure to resolve the grudges and broke Fourth Junior Brother’s Resentment Formation. This time, I’ll see how he breaks my formation,”

Daoist Luo Yang, who was wearing a red robe, said coldly, exuding an illusory light of the Dao.

The Essence Demon Sect had many ways to control resentment, with the strongest being the Resentment Formation.

Tu Rensi’s methods were not bad, but unfortunately, he encountered the Divine Soul Sealing Method and not only had his formation broken but also ended up trapped in Yunlan City.

This matter was a shame for the Essence Demon Sect.

This time, Daoist Luo Yang would still use resentment to trap Han Muye.

“Boom!”

Thousands of miles away, the sound of explosions could be heard.

Countless cultivators looked up.

Sword light converged in the sky.

“Someone is attacking in the wasteland, and it’s a grand sword cultivator!” someone exclaimed softly and flew up into the air.

This was not just to watch the excitement.

Cultivator battles might come with unimaginable opportunities.

In the past, outside Guanyue City, Yunlan Sword Immortal had fought with the city lord and then took out the city lord’s Grotto-heaven as a reward for recruiting a guest.

This was fate.

“Boom!”

The longsword in Han Muye’s hand blocked a green battle spear, and he looked calmly at the middle-aged Void Heaven Immortal in black armor in front of him.

The power emanating from the spear carried a freezing cold that seemed to freeze the entire body.

“Gale Bandits?”

Han Muye’s gaze landed below, where a group of cavalymen dressed in green armor and wearing black grimacing masks were standing in formation in the wasteland.

Although this group numbered less than a hundred, the qi and blood power they gathered was at least at the peak of the Human Immortal realm for each individual.

Such experts were already top-tier overlords in the mortal world.

The expert wielding the long spear had a green disc in front of him, shining with a faint halo of flames.

His eyes were fixed on Han Muye, and a fighting spirit surged within them.

“Hand over the Nirvana Pearl.”

Nirvana Pearl.

The Nirvana Pearl formed by the nirvana transformation of an Ascendant Immortal Demon King in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

He narrowed his eyes.

The Gale Bandit expert in front of him didn't recognize him as the one who snatched the Nirvana Pearl in Sanhuo City.

It seemed that the Gale Bandits had a secret method to locate the Nirvana Pearl.

From the looks of it, the Gale Bandits were probably related to an Ascendant Immortal Demon King.

And then, they were also related to a human force.

It was a complex situation.

“Nirvana Pearl?”

Han Muye slowly raised the sword in his hand and said softly, "Let's see if you have what it takes to take it."

He had nurtured the Nirvana Pearl for a long time, expending a lot of Fire Vein Power. How could he just hand it over like that?

Moreover, it was just a group of Gale Bandits, and they were not qualified to take the Nirvana Pearl from him.

Han Muye's words caused the Gale Bandit expert's expression to change. He coldly snorted and thrust his long spear forward.

"Then I'll come and get it myself!"

The long spear transformed into a wandering dragon, and the qi and blood on the battlefield instantly condensed, merging with the dragon to form a green dragon. It spewed out a large patch of flames.

The flames seemed to have no heat, but they emitted a fleeting halo that could burn one's soul to ashes.

Flames that could burn one's soul!

Without hesitation, Han Muye slashed down with his sword.

“Float in the void, be endless.

“Transform into nothingness.”

The sword light scattered and exploded.

The flames were triggered by the sword light and exploded into nothingness.

The commander of the Gale Bandits, who was holding a spear, stared at Han Muye with a gloomy expression and slowly spoke.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han.”

Han Muye nodded faintly, and the sword in his hand pointed forward slowly. “I’ll give you a chance.

“If three strikes don’t kill you, I’ll let you go.”

As his words fell, his aura condensed, and a towering sword light shone out.

After three years of challenges, his swordsmanship had reached its peak.

With a sword in his hand and a sword in his heart, who in this world could not be defeated?

“First strike, Seventh Moon.”

Chapter 1125 - 1125 Eighth Moon Fulfillment, Ninth Moon Abundance

1125 Eighth Moon Fulfillment, Ninth Moon Abundance

Seven crescent moons floated in the air, and the cold moonlight enveloped an area of tens of thousand feet.

The power of moonlight.

It was a type of celestial power, not icy, but chilled to the core.

In the world, there were countless types of power, varying in strength and weakness.

But even the strongest power in the hands of a weaker individual would be powerless.

Conversely, even the weakest power in the hands of a strong cultivator could become a force capable of sweeping across the world.

Just like the chilly moonlight at this moment.

When the seven crescent moons covered the area, the leader of the Gale Bandits changed his expression.

Because at this moment, moonlight was also descending in his own Grotto-heaven.

Crossing through space, it fell into his Grotto-heaven!

What a terrifying power!

You see, he was only a Void Heaven Immortal, and his Grotto-heaven was not something he carried with him but was hidden in a concealed location thousands of miles away, through a secret technique.

Yet the moonlight shed by the seven crescent moons actually penetrated through the void, broke through his secret technique, and directly illuminated his Grotto-heaven thousands of miles away!

In other words, this Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, could shatter his Grotto-heaven in an instant.

What kind of sword cultivator was he?

Before the leader of the Gale Bandits had time to be amazed and think deeply about it, the seven crescent moons flickered and appeared directly in front of him.

This crescent moon was like a sharp blade, lightly swirling, aiming to tear his body apart.

The sharpness emanating from the blade forced him to raise the long spear in his hand.

Without going all out, he would only end up dead!

“Kill—”

A low drink, and a faint golden bead at his neck shattered.

A sealed power of the Grotto-heaven seeped out of the bead.

The long spear activated the power from the Grotto-heaven, condensing into a thousand dark blue spear tips that struck outward.

“Clang—”

The spear tips collided with the crescent moons, and then shattered.

In an instant, a deafening explosion occurred, and all the spear tips were cut to pieces by the seven crescent moons!

Seventh Moon.

This was the Seventh Moon Sword Art.

Seven crescent moons, sealing the opponent's surrounding space, making escape impossible.

"Bang!"

The long spear collided directly with the crescent moons, and then the seven crescent moons condensed into one, rapidly rotating and entangling, leaving traces of shattered space that looked like black threads.

The space around the leader of the Gale Bandits seemed to be directly torn apart.

What was terrifying was that the shattering of his surrounding space also began to shatter the Grotto-heaven thousands of miles away.

This sword was filled with irresistible spatial power!

The pale-faced leader of the Gale Bandits tightly stared at the crescent moon that sealed his surrounding space and gritted his teeth, "Quick, run!"

Run.

However, below, the Gale Bandits forming the battle formation were not intending to run. The leading Gale Bandit cavalryman pulled off the mask covering his face, revealing a weathered face.

“Save the leader—”

He shouted loudly, and behind him, his qi and blood condensed into a black-gray wolf.

The other members of the formation didn’t hesitate either. They solidified their qi and blood and collided with each other, transforming into a thousand-foot-long wolf that pounced towards Han Muye.

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged. As the Seventh Moon moved, it condensed into a line, and a full moon appeared.

“Eighth moon.”

“Slash—”

The revolving full moon made an impact, directly shattering the gray wolf.

All the Gale Bandit cavalrymen spewed blood and retreated.

Two sword techniques.

Seventh Moon Unyielding, Eighth Moon Fulfillment.

Han Muye's fingers lifted gently.

He still had a third sword move.

The leader of the Gale Bandits turned pale, staring fixedly at Han Muye's fingers.

The third strike would mean certain death for him and his subordinates!

The Yunlan Sword Immortal's sword was so strong that it was impossible to resist!

The leader of the Gale Bandits did not dare to hesitate. With a loud shout, he swung the long spear in his hand directly at Han Muye and then descended.

The long spear transformed into a blood-red dragon, roaring towards Han Muye.

"Run—"

His scattered qi and blood connected to the battle formation, and the leader of the Gale Bandits stirred up a gust of wind, activating the formation's power, and rushed towards the back.

The speed was so fast that only a blur of green light was visible.

This was the strength of the Gale Bandits; their formation was assembled, and their fleeing speed was extremely fast.

In the Bitter Immortal Realm, even if a Demonic King made a move, it would be impossible to completely annihilate the Gale Bandits.

Han Muye did not pursue, he just raised his hand, and the crescent moon enveloped the blood-red dragon, colliding with it repeatedly.

He had mentioned three moves, but the leader of the Gale Bandits couldn't even withstand one move, and even the strength of the battle formation couldn't stop his second move.

If he used the third move, these Gale Bandits would be doomed.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, the Gale Bandits were famous for their numbers in the Bitter Immortal Realm and were difficult to deal with.

However, in Han Muye's eyes, the Gale Bandits were notorious for their large numbers and tenacity in the Bitter Immortal Domain. Killing them today would likely invite continuous harassment from the remaining Gale Bandits in the Yunteng Wasteland in the future.

Especially Yunlan City.

It would be troublesome.

But sparing the opponents didn't mean that Han Muye intended to let go of the long spear that had fallen into his hands.

"Buzz!"

The blood-red dragon shook and transformed back into a long spear.

The spear was about 80 feet long, with a cold spear tip, dim flowing light, and exuding immortal patterns.

A middle-grade spiritual treasure.

Connected by the moonlight, it formed a net and entangled the middle-grade spiritual treasure.

But it was obvious that this treasure was connected to the leader of the Gale Bandits' Grotto-heaven. Empowered by the Grotto-heaven's energy, the long spear kept clashing.

Han Muye snorted coldly, raised his hand, the crescent moon pointed, and tore through the space.

The leader of the Gale Bandits, who had been fleeing hundreds of miles away, suddenly trembled and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"What a ruthless method!"

He gritted his teeth, his face full of fear.

His aura was also turbulent and unpredictable.

Having his life treasure refined, his foundation was severed.

However, what was even more terrifying was that he felt his connection with his Grotto-heaven rapidly weakening!

“Commander!” The armored cavalryman turned his head and his expression changed.

At that moment, the aura of the Gale Bandit commander had clearly fallen below the Heaven Immortal realm!

“That Invincible Han has separated me from my Grotto-heaven. I shouldn’t have left the War Soul Spear behind—” He hadn’t finished speaking when another mouthful of blood was expelled, and then his aura became weak and he muttered, “Escape quickly...”

Chapter 1126 - 1126 Eighth Moon Fulfillment, Ninth Moon Abundance (2)

1126 Eighth Moon Fulfillment, Ninth Moon Abundance (2)

But as soon as he finished speaking, his eyes suddenly widened.

In front of him, a Daoist in a red robe stood there.

The Daoist chuckled and a jade-colored formation disk flew up in his hand, enveloping all the Gale Bandits.

The light flames in the formation disk and array disk descended, igniting all the nearly hundred Gale Bandit Cavalry.

The Gale Bandits, who were already injured in the battle with Han Muye, were unable to retaliate at all under this sneak attack. Their blood qi was ignited and turned into torches.

“If you want to keep your soul, lend me your blood qi,” Daoist Luo Yang said with a loud laugh and looked at the only Gale Bandit commander who could still move.

After all, he was a Heaven Immortal expert and was not ignited like those Gale Bandits.

“Essence Demon Sect, do you want to fight the Gale Bandits to the death?” The Gale Bandit commander gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

His aura fluctuated, and he could no longer control it.

“You know, when my Essence Demon Sect takes action, we usually leave no room for negotiation.”

The voice behind him drowned out the pitiful cries of the Gale Bandit Cavalry who were set on fire.

The Sect Master of the Essence Demon Sect, who had appeared behind him at some point, clapped his hand down.

“Bang!”

A blood-colored stream of light exploded.

Hundreds of miles away, Han Muye frowned.

The spear in front of him, which was covered by the crescent moon, trembled, and the spirituality on it instantly dissipated.

Did the owner of the long spear perish?

Even if he stripped away the Grotto-heaven of the owner of the spear, the Gale Bandit, he did not injure him.

Now, the leader of the Gale Bandits had fallen.

Moreover, nearly a hundred Gale Bandits had fallen with him.

This method was extremely ruthless.

To silence them?

Or to frame him?

A glint of killing intent flickered in Han Muye's eyes, and his sword intent started to surge.

He did not believe that the killing of the Gale Bandits had nothing to do with him.

Grabbing the spear, sword light flashed on his body.

The memories in the spear quickly flowed through his mind.

"These Gale Bandits are indeed under the command of the Demon King, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, and they are also associated with the Daoist Faction.

"Gale, Thunder, and Purple Lightning all have connections with both humans and demons."

Han Muye tightened his grip on the long spear and looked ahead.

There, black halos rose like demonic qi that filled the sky.

Resentment!

This resentment seemed to have a direction and was shooting directly at him.

Within the resentment, there were halos of blood and qi, merged into a blood-colored wolf.

It was none other than the Gale Bandits who had fled earlier.

But now, they only had their blood qi condensed into a wolf, and their lives were almost burned out.

“Essence Demon Sect.”

A deep look flashed in Han Muye’s eyes as his sword intent slowly circulated.

If he hadn’t severely injured those Gale Bandits, these people wouldn’t have died so easily.

Therefore, their resentment gathered and surged towards him.

The Essence Demon Sect made a move and schemed against him from behind.

He had formed an enmity with the Gale Bandits.

As a sword cultivator, he believed in the sword in his hand and hated this kind of plotting the most.

“Resentment Formation, Ethereal Formation expert.”

Through the gray-black resentment, Han Muye saw two figures standing behind the resentment.

A Daoist manipulating the resentment and a Daoist wearing a green robe with a golden crown.

The Sect Master of the Essence Demon Sect, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, and Elder Luo Yang of the Essence Demon Sect.

“Kill—”

Without any hesitation, Han Muye slashed down with his sword.

The sword light tore through the resentment formation!

This strike was unbelievably powerful!

Even a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal shouldn’t possess such formidable strength!

Under Luo Yang's terrified gaze, the sword light descended.

The formation of resentment was shattered by a single sword.

The icy chill on the sword blade was spread recklessly, as if it could directly cut into the soul.

Despair appeared on Luo Yang's face.

He couldn't stop it; all his means were useless against such a swordsman.

This was the true strength of a swordsman—unrelenting in his sword strikes!

“Clang—”

A golden shield blocked the sword three feet in front of Luo Yang, stopping the descending strike.

In front of the sword, the immortal patterns on the shield flickered, as if it had exhausted all its power to barely withstand the slowly dissipating sword light.

Luo Yang retreated in panic and glanced at the Essence Demon Sect's Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan with a burning rune in his hand, and showing gratitude on his face.

“Thank you, Sect Leader...”

Without the Sect Leader's intervention, he would have already perished.

How long had it been since he experienced this kind of life-and-death struggle

A thousand years?

Ten thousand years?

Or maybe... Luo Yang lowered his head, and a barely noticeable black light flickered in his eyes.

"Invincible Han, what an invincible sword immortal," Sword Immortal Ling Yuan shouted in a low voice. His figure moved, and the runes in his hands intermediated to fuse into a golden banner.

The banner enveloped the space for thousands of feet.

The more condensed the power, the less likely it was to dissipate.

At this moment, in this thousand-foot space, the golden immortal light on the large banner condensed into substance and slowly pressed down like long sabers.

"Eight Schools Five Element Banner?"

“Zhenyuan Temple’s immortal treasure, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, you don’t even want to conceal it?”

Han Muye raised his hand, pointing the long sword in his hand forward and spoke coldly.

An immortal treasure and a Void Transformation Heaven Immortal.

Such formidable enemies, even the top figures in this immortal realm, had to be treated seriously.

The sword light that had been condensing on Han Muye’s body also began to materialize.

Swords.

A green longsword appeared.

This was the manifestation of his Immortal Dao cultivation, even if the power displayed on this green sword was only at the peak of the Human Immortal realm.

A green sword appeared in Han Muye’s hand.

Destiny.

The Green Destiny Sword that had always followed Han Muye back then.

The current Green Destiny Sword was no longer the one that barely reached the level of a magical treasure.

Now, the Green Destiny Sword had incorporated dozens of spiritual treasure sword weapons, and its spirituality was comparable to that of an immortal treasure.

Enough.

A genuine immortal treasure, and yet Han Muye currently couldn't fully unleash its power.

Just like an immortal treasure and the supreme treasure above it, the power was strong enough, but it could only unleash a trace of its might, resulting in tremendous consumption, far inferior to the extremely familiar Green Destiny Sword.

With the Green Destiny Sword in hand, Han Muye's aura condensed into substance. Without waiting any longer, he thrust his sword.

"No Edge, Breaking Illusions."

Han Muye whispered softly, and a mysterious halo emanated from the sword in his hand.

When this sword was thrust, there was no sensation of sharpness, as if it were just a wooden staff being extended, without even stirring up a trace of qi.

But this sword seemed like thunder surging before Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan.

An invisible force was gathered, turning into ten thousand green dragon shadows that wreaked havoc within a thousand feet.

Edgeless sword, and edgeless sword moves.

However, the sword in the world was the sharpest weapon, so how could it not have a sharp edge?

Edgeless, but against sharpness.

The sharp aura gathered by the Eight Schools Five Element Banner was scattered by this sword and was enveloped by the sword light.

With a single strike, he broke the imprisonment of the immortal treasure.

“An edgeless sword against a sharp sword. I’ve seen such a technique from a Tianzhan Hall expert of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect 300,000 years ago.”

Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan’s expression was solemn. Grabbed the trembling Eight Schools Five Elements Banner, he stared at Han Muye. “No wonder the Dao Sect wants to kill you.

“A swordsman like you is not allowed to exist.”

Dao Sect.

Not allowed to exist.

Han Muye didn't know whether to panic or be proud.

Without enough strength and potential, he couldn't catch the Dao Sect's attention.

But being listed as a target to be eliminated by the Dao Sect, his future path would probably be extremely difficult.

How strong was the Dao Sect?

"The Dao Sect? Bring it on," Han Muye said lightly, raising his sword again.

In front of an Ethereal Formation expert, he could not slack off at all. Moreover, being targeted by the Dao Sect had filled him with a strong will to fight.

He had never feared anyone since he started wielding the sword.

If there was a fight, then it was a fight!

“Eighth Moon, Fulfillment.”

“Ninth Moon, Abundance.”

Full moon signified abundance.

The green sword light transformed into a full moon, and then scattered into threads of sword aura.

Green sword threads seemed to fill up all of space.

Transforming swords into threads was the basic technique of sword cultivation.

However, in Han Muye’s hands, this basic sword technique had an unimaginable power.

Each sword thread could pierce through a 100,000-foot-tall mountain range and kill an azure dragon!

Moonlight Sword Technique, Ninth Moon, Abundance.

Before such a strike, the Void Transformation Heaven Immortal, the Sect Master of the Essence Demon Sect, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, had no choice but to take a step back. Behind him, a Grotto-heaven world that had already transformed into the void appeared.

“Good sword technique. Let me see if you can block the power of my Grotto-heaven with this sword.”

Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan shouted coldly. Countless golden talismans descended from the Grotto-heaven behind him, and every golden talisman transformed into a general in golden armor.

The endless battle formation condensed into a long saber that was 10,000 feet long.

The power of a Dao weapon!

Chapter 1127 - 1127 Fallen Void Transformation Heaven Immortal, Arrival of the Golden Immortal

1127 Fallen Void Transformation Heaven Immortal, Arrival of the Golden Immortal

“Slash—”

The sword threads collided with the golden saber.

The green sword threads intertwined, layer upon layer, almost endless.

However, the power of the Dao soldiers in the Void Transformation Grotto-heaven had become so strong that it could directly cut through the void.

The green sword threads folded and deformed before the golden saber, eventually breaking one by one.

They couldn't block his army's advance.

But Han Muye's face revealed a faint smile.

His sword threads were already enough to hold off a Void Transformation expert's Grotto-heaven for three breaths.

On the contrary, the expression of Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan opposite him became even more solemn.

"Good sword technique," Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan growled. Runes appeared between his hands.

The Zhenyuan Sect was a top sect in the Dao's runic arts, with over tens of thousands of different runes handed down in its heritage.

At this moment, the runes in the hands of Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan shot out and fused with the long saber that had already slashed down.

The power on the long saber instantly surged, and the intersecting and exploding halo suppressed the thousands of feet of space.

Han Muye's sword threads all shattered.

Even the round full moon was crushed by the power of the long saber.

A Void Transformation expert, who had cultivated the path of runes for countless years, truly deserved to be a powerhouse who could suppress an area.

“Sun and Moon, Heavenly Radiance.”

Han Muye moved and stabbed out with the Green Destiny Sword again.

This time, the moonlight dissipated and the dazzling light of the sun burst forth.

This sword unexpectedly ignited the power of the previous moonlight, transforming it into the radiance of the blazing sun!

Between heaven and earth, radiance turned into a sword!

The stronger the suppression of Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, the brighter the sun.

This sword was the accumulation of the previous strike, gathering all the previous strength to drive the transformation of the sun and moon.

This strike involved the birth of two different forces and the fermentation of two identical forces.

Elder Luo Yang, who was standing on the side, looked puzzled and panicked.

“This, this is the path of the Immortal Venerable...”

As he muttered, fanaticism flashed in his eyes.

In front of this blazing sun, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan had no choice but to retreat quickly.

With a single step, he retreated 100,000 feet. Only then did he activate the power of the Grotto-heaven and fuse it into the saber before colliding with the blazing sun.

“Boom!”

The 100,000-foot-long space shattered, turning into a black collapsing ground.

Countless turbulent forces interweaved in the space, seemingly about to crash into this world.

Exceeding the world’s tolerance, it triggered the collapse of space.

It was fine if they were Void Transformation Heaven Immortals. They had already come into contact with this level of power. When they became Heaven Immortals, they would nurture their own world.

However, the blazing sun formed by Han Muye’s sword light could actually collide with such power.

He hadn't even stepped into the Heaven Immortal realm yet!

Looking at the slowly falling sun in front of him, the killing intent in Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan's eyes could no longer be concealed.

If he didn't kill Yunlan Sword Immortal today, he would definitely become a great threat in the future!

"Buzz!"

The Eight Schools Five Elements banner reformed, turning into a golden flame.

The flame spun and condensed into a golden 1,000-foot-long firebird.

"Divine Bird Bi Fang?"

Han Muye stared at the bird, but his divine sense fell on the Nirvana Pearl hidden in his palm.

As fellow fire-magic divine birds, the power of the phoenix was above Bi Fang.

However, at this moment, there was only a trace of phoenix origin power left in the Nirvana Pearl. Compared to Bi Fang, it was insignificant.

The desire conveyed by the Nirvana Pearl made Han Muye squint his eyes.

The Eight Schools Five Elements banner was a treasured artifact of the Zhenyuan Temple, which refined the power of fire to become a sharp banner of refined fire and gold.

The guardian spirit of this treasure was the ancient divine beast Bi Fang.

If he could devour this divine bird, the possibility of Nirvana for the Nirvana Pearl would greatly increase.

Moreover, if he could break the power of this divine beast Bi Fang, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan would be injured, and he might retreat.

Without using any hidden methods, Han Muye could not do anything to a Void Transformation Heaven Immortal.

Since that was the case, he would take a gamble!

“Wind and Fire, Prairie Fire.”

Han Muye’s purple flame sword appeared in his left hand.

The two swords clashed, and the Five Mystic Sword Technique’s flames appeared again.

However, the sword technique this time was no longer Five Mystic's Fire Beacon Prairie Fire, but the wind and fire that could fight a Heaven Immortal, Prairie Fire.

Wind and fire merged, instantly pulling out a 10,000-foot-long fire dragon.

Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan snorted coldly. The divine bird, Bi Fang, stepped out and opened its mouth to let out a long cry.

The sound was sharp and piercing, causing the void for thousands of miles to tremble, making it impossible for one's soul to calm down.

When Bi Fang cried out, it could shatter the souls of countless living beings and was known as a bird of calamity in the world.

Bi Fang's long cry suppressed the dragon formed by wind and fire.

But in just an instant, the dragon coiled and exploded!

Since it was the power of a prairie fire, it naturally had to explode. By utilizing the moment of space rupture, it ignited the burning of the entire world's power.

In the end, it was still borrowing power.

The exploding fire dragon caused Bi Fang, who was within reach, to emit flames all over its body.

A self-damaging technique?

Looking at the exploding fire dragon, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan sneered.

He had only displayed a few tricks, forcing Yunlan Sword Immortal to self-detonate the fire dragon. The next move could directly annihilate him.

Reaching out, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan injected the power stored in the Grotto-heaven.

With the help of the Grotto-heaven's power, the divine bird Bi Fang spread its wings and flames gathered around its body.

In the next attack, this flame would directly burn through the surrounding void!

Now!

Han Muye suddenly moved and took a step forward. At some point, he put away his sword, leaving only a golden-red pearl in his palm.

Nirvana Pearl!

He pressed the Nirvana Pearl on the Bi Fang's head in one motion.

The power of Nirvana instantly wrapped around the Bi Fang, turning it into a fiery red cocoon of light.

Nirvana!

The divine bird Bi Fang was pulled into the realm of Nirvana!

However, among the countless living beings in the world, apart from phoenixes, who could undergo Nirvana?

Once pulled into the realm of Nirvana, Bi Fang would undoubtedly die, and all its power would be swallowed and gathered by the Nirvana Pearl, turning into the power of its next Nirvana.

Bi Fang, the guardian spirit of the Eight Schools Five Elements Banner, which condensed the power of the Grotto-heaven and the power of immortal treasures, was directly drawn into the cocoon of light.

Chapter 1128 - 1128 Fallen Void Transformation Heaven Immortal, Arrival of the Golden Immortal (2)

1128 Fallen Void Transformation Heaven Immortal, Arrival of the Golden Immortal (2)

Heaven Immortal Yuan Ling let out a miserable cry. His face was pale, and purple halos swirled in his eyes.

The artifact spirit was trapped, and the flames exploded, affecting his divine soul.

Han Muye moved and rushed in front of Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan, extending a short sword with his left hand.

A close-range sword!

The Yunlan Sword Immortal's close combat sword had killed the Heaven Immortal realm City Lord with a single strike back in Guanyue City.

Heaven Immortal Yuan Ling was a Void Transformation Heaven Immortal. Everything about him had already transformed into the void and was hidden in the Grotto-heaven. He was not afraid of this sword attack at all.

However, at this moment, his soul was in turmoil. Due to the pull of the Eight Schools Five Elements banner, he was momentarily unable to respond to this sword.

"Elder Luo, protect me for a moment."

Heaven Immortal Yuan Ling shouted, and countless talismans flew between his hands, forming a set of golden battle armor.

That battle armor was clearly formed from his own Grotto-heaven that had merged into the void.

Just one moment, and he would be able to recover.

This was the terrifying aspect of a Void Transformation expert.

When he regained his strength, it would be the moment when Invincible Han perished!

Behind him, Daoist Luo Yang nodded and spoke, forming a green-gray light that turned into a defensive array and enveloped Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan.

Was this a defensive array formation?

Not right!

When the power of the array fell on him, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan widened his eyes.

This was the power of resentment, which triggered the agitation of his blood and divine soul!

At this moment, the power of the array formation restrained all his strength for a split second.

That was enough.

The purple short sword in Han Muye's hand pierced through Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan's armpit.

Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan's body turned into an illusion.

The soul and body of a Void Transformation expert could already be hidden in the Grotto-heaven, nearly indestructible, except when the Grotto-heaven shattered.

In the next moment, Han Muye raised his hand and pushed the cocoon behind him directly.

“Boom!”

The cocoon collided with the void and disappeared in a flash.

Then, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan's soul mark landed in his Grotto-heaven!

“Boom!”

Han Muye retreated a thousand miles, and Elder Luo Yang behind him also spurted blood as he fled.

The thousand miles of space shattered, and the world almost turned into nothingness!

The Grotto-heaven collapsed!

A thousand miles of heaven and earth appeared and then collapsed inch by inch within the burning flames.

“Swoosh—”

A loud scream resounded for tens of thousands of miles. A phoenix with nine long tails and spread wings flew out from that thousand miles of space.

Phoenix Nirvana!

Using the power of the immortal treasure and merging with the divine bird, Bi Fang, it absorbed all the power of a thousand miles of the Grotto-heaven realm and was reborn through the Nirvana of the divine bird Phoenix!

The overwhelming demonic power surged in all directions.

Even if it was only at the Nirvana Realm, this phoenix already had the strength of a peak Heaven Immortal.

With its wings spread, the nine-tailed colored phoenix soared in the sky and then disappeared with a single flap of its wings.

Countless divine senses probed the area, but they sensed nothing.

The power of the divine bird Phoenix was beyond what was perceivable by anyone below a Golden Immortal.

“My Lord, Nalan Luo Yang pays his respects.”

Elder Luo Yang, who had a hint of demonic aura on him, lowered his voice, “I am a disciple of the Immortal Lord and sensed the power of the Immortal Lord’s inheritance in your swordsmanship.”

He looked up at Han Muye, and a trace of fanaticism flashed in his eyes.

“My Lord, you must be the direct heir of the Immortal Lord!”

Han Muye hadn’t expected that the inheritance of the Immortal Lord he had integrated into his swordsmanship could be sensed by Luo Yang.

This also allowed Luo Yang to help Han Muye kill the powerful Void Transformation realm Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan at the critical moment.

If it weren’t for Luo Yang’s intervention, Han Muye might not have been able to defeat Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan even if he used all his abilities.

Han Muye nodded.

Nalan Luo Yang’s action against Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan had already proven everything.

“Did you send the message to the Demon Luo Clan?” Han Muye looked at Luo Yang and asked.

Although Luo Yang was not a member of the Demon Luo Clan, he clearly inherited the Immortal Lord's teachings and considered himself a member of the Immortal Lord's faction.

The Demon Luo Clan under the Immortal Lord's command was an ally to him.

Luo Yang nodded and sighed, "Although I don't know your specific identity, the elders of the Demon Luo Clan instructed us to pay attention to your arrival."

The Mo Luo Clan excelled in infiltration and could approach many powerful figures.

Luo Yang had obtained a lot of conveniences and assistance through his relationship with the Demon Luo Clan.

"Your Excellency, leave quickly. Behind the Essence Demon Sect is Zhenyuan Temple. Although the Zhenyuan Temple's Golden Immortal has left the Yunteng Wasteland for closed-door cultivation, once Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan falls, he will definitely return."

"The Sword Immortal Golden Immortal, the peak expert of the Zhenyuan Temple who reached the Golden Immortal realm through the Sword Dao, is the strongest among the Zhenyuan Temple."

Luo Yang looked at Han Muye, his face showing panic.

Golden Immortal, that was not something that their Heaven Immortals could handle.

A Golden Immortal was truly a Golden Immortal.

“Leave?” Han Muye shook his head.

“If a Golden Immortal is chasing after me, leaving the wilderness won’t do any good.” Han Muye shook his head and looked at Luo Yang.

“Go back.” As soon as he finished speaking, a green sword light slashed down from his body.

Primordial Spirit Sword!

With this slash, Luo Yang’s entire body froze and trembled.

With a single strike, his memories and soul were all damaged.

Such injuries would cause chaos when others investigated, and they wouldn’t be able to see what they wanted to see.

In that case, outsiders would not know that Luo Yang had participated in killing Heaven Immortal Yuan Ling.

Luo Yang’s expression changed as he retreated 1,000 meters. In the end, he bowed and turned to leave.

His Excellency's methods were truly unimaginably powerful.

Even Golden Immortals might not be able to master such a divine power that attacked the soul.

It was better for him to return to the Essence Demon Path Sect than to leave it.

The resources of the Essence Demon Sect could allow him to cultivate peacefully.

By hiding in the Essence Demon Sect, he could obtain more information.

Watching Luo Yang leave, Han Muye turned to look at the slowly recovering world in front of him.

A thousand miles away, the Grotto-heaven became a part of the Immortal World.

More power was drawn away by the rebirth phoenix.

One figure after another landed, but they were unable to investigate what was happening within a thousand miles.

However, through the perception of power, it had already made everyone's expressions solemn.

More people were shocked.

“The collapse of the thousand-mile Grotto-heaven is at least at the peak of the Void Refinement Realm. Which great cultivator died?” Looking at the falling world, someone muttered.

“Void Refinement? I’m afraid it’s the Void Refinement Realm, right? I’m afraid there’s going to be a change in the wasteland this time.” Someone looked at the remaining trace of blazing flames with a complicated expression.

The last level of the Heaven Immortal Realm, Void Transformation Realm expert.

It was an almost indestructible existence.

Such an expert could be killed?

Who did it?

Half a day later, a message came. The person who was killed was the Sect Master of the Essence Demon Sect, Heaven Immortal Ling Yuan.

This Void Transformation Realm cultivator was killed by Invincible Han with a single strike when he intercepted the Yunlan Sword Immortal.

Elder Luo Yang of the Essence Demon Sect, who was traveling with them, had his soul severely injured and barely escaped.

The sect master of the Essence Demon Sect was killed, and his immortal treasures were destroyed. The Grotto-heaven that had transformed into the void collapsed.

No one would dare to imagine such news if they had not seen the world with their own eyes.

How could they believe that?

A Void Transformation Heaven Immortal who had dominated the wasteland for countless years had died just like that?

The entire Wasteland was in an uproar.

Countless cultivators secretly went to Yunlan City to investigate. Unfortunately, Yunlan City only had one teleportation array now, which was connected to Luming City.

For more than 10 days in a row, the teleportation array in Luming City was filled with people.

Countless people went to Yunlan City to see if the Yunlan Sword Immortal had returned safely.

However, no one knew that Han Muye was in Luming City.

“It’s fine to eat meat, but can you not be so picky?” Sitting in a private room of a restaurant, Han Muye helplessly looked at the mess on the table in front of him.

The table was filled with dishes, regardless of whether they were rich in immortal energy or thin. As long as they were meat, they would be eaten up, and the rest would be picked aside.

The one who did this was a palm-sized light red bird.

Han Muye did not expect the phoenix to find him and follow him.

This was a phoenix, a fire-type divine bird!

The overlord of the Bitter Immortal Realm, Immortal Demon King Hun Tian, was also a phoenix.

There was actually an overlord divine bird following him?

This little bird, which Han Muye named Golden Fire, could eat a lot.

Han Muye had been eating with this guy in Luming City for several days.

This guy only ate meat.

It was quite difficult to serve.

However, when he thought about how this guy was a phoenix, he decided to bear with it.

Han Muye clapped his hands. The waiter at the door came in and walked out a moment later.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, you’re really elegant. Everyone is going to Yunlan City to look for you, but you’re raising a small firebird in Luming City and not leaving.”

When the door of the private room opened again, an old man in a green robe slowly walked over.

The old man held a plate in his hand and gently placed it on the table before sitting down.

He looked at the golden flame with a strange expression and a hint of greed.

“How about it? You destroyed my bamboo forest and cut off the roots of the fleshless bamboo I planted. You can use this little guy as compensation.”

He stretched out his hand and pressed it down on the little firebird that was eating meat with its head lowered.

“You can try.”

Han Muye’s palm pressed on the table, gently speaking.

“Senior Golden Immortal Ye Ming, I have been waiting for you for a long time.”

Chapter 1129 - 1129 The Divine Sword Immortal Behind Han Muye

1129 The Divine Sword Immortal Behind Han Muye

Golden Immortal, Ye Ming!

He was one of the top experts in Yunteng Wasteland, a rare lone wanderer.

In the past, before he achieved the status of a Golden Immortal, he single-handedly fought a Heaven Immortal monster in the Bitter Immortal Domain, attracting the pursuit of countless demons from that realm.

At that time, many powerful figures among the human race extended olive branches to Ye Ming, offering their help if he chose to join them.

Some even promised that if Ye Ming joined their faction, he would immediately become an elder with real power.

However, Yea Ming declined all their offers.

He spent thousands of years fleeing in the Bitter Immortal Realm, pursued by three Demon Kings, until he finally broke through to the realm of Golden Immortal and fought a fierce battle with the three Demon Kings, resulting in mutual injuries.

After that, Golden Immortal Ye Ming came to Yunteng Wasteland and stayed there.

No one knew what he was doing in the Wasteland.

“Wait for me?” Yea Ming, with his thin face, slowly retracted his hand and looked at Han Muye.

“Young man, do you know the gap between you and a Golden Immortal?”

Looking at Han Muye’s calm face, he shook his head and said calmly, “You don’t know.

“Young people these days lack reverence.”

His expression seemed to be pained, as if he was looking at an outstanding junior making a mistake.

The little firebird, Golden Fire, who was devouring meat with its head down, raised its head and looked at Ye Ming, then turned to Han Muye with some confusion.

It flapped its wings and flew to Han Muye.

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he looked at the mess on the table caused by Golden Fire’s pecking and said softly, “Just like how you were in the Bitter Immortal Realm back then?”

Back then, Ye Ming became famous in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

But at that time, he also showed no fear of powerful beings.

Ye Ming laughed heartily and waved his hand.

The entire building transformed into a lush forest.

Spatial Shift!

This was a method that only Golden Immortal experts had. They could directly teleport an Immortal World space to their Grotto-heaven and also teleport this space into the void.

Only those Golden Immortals who reached the peak of Heavenly Immortal, transcending into the Golden Immortal realm, could control the void like this, gaining recognition from the world's immortal forces and mastering such manipulation.

Even a peak Heaven Immortal at the Void Transformation Realm could not move space in the Immortal World.

This method of directly dragging someone into one's own Grotto-heaven or banishing him to the void was extremely terrifying.

“How about it? You can be a sword immortal guarding my Grotto-heaven.”

Looking at Han Muye, Ye Ming turned to the little firebird perched on his shoulder. “You can also stay here too. Here—”

Before he could finish speaking, the little firebird flapped its wings and chirped in protest.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “Senior, it’s unwilling. It says there’s no meat here.”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming grinned and glared at Golden Fire, and used a green light that turned into a rope to wrap around Jinhuo’s body.

“I can roast you and see if your meat tastes good.”

Golden Fire made a low growl, seemingly afraid to resist.

Just as a smile appeared on Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s face, he heard Han Muye’s voice again. “It means that you can roast it as much as you want. If you don’t roast it, you’ll be a loser.”

Golden Fire suddenly turned to look at Han Muye.

The smile on Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s face froze.

He raised his hand, and a golden flame rose up.

“Back then, I refined a fire bird in the Bitter Immortal Realm. Although it was not a prehistoric divine beast, it was still a fire-type precious bird.

“Do you want this fire?”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming did not look at Golden Fire. Instead, he looked at Han Muye. “I can kill it first, and then you can decide.”

As the words fell, the golden flame swirled and charged toward Han Muye.

Han Muye prepared to retreat, but he suddenly stopped.

This was the Grotto-heaven of a Golden Immortal. Here, he did not even have the strength to escape.

Seeing the flame coming at him, Han Muye took a deep breath and raised his finger.

A sword light appeared.

“Clang—”

The sword light collided with the flame with a crisp sound.

The flame turned into a greenish-gray long feather.

A clear sword appeared in Han Muye's hand.

"To be able to block my flame with your sword, you do have the right to be arrogant."

Looking at Han Muye, Sword Immortal Ye Ming's eyes flickered.

He raised his hand, and five greenish-gray feathers flashed in his palm.

The golden flame wrapped around the feathers, transforming into a tornado.

The fiery tornado was so intense that it ignited the surrounding space, turning the area into a sea of fire.

"Chirp—"

Golden Fire let out a long cry, struggling to fly in the fire sea.

Seeing its appearance, Yea Ming's greed intensified.

"Little guy, just follow me..."

He opened his palm, releasing the tornado.

The tornado slammed into Han Muye, pressing him down from head to toe.

Han Muye swung the long sword in his hand, but he could only break the tornado; he couldn't make it dissipate.

The power of a Golden Immortal was beyond his ability to resist.

This suppression came from both the divine soul and the physical body.

However, Han Muye could feel that Yea Ming hadn't truly used his full power nor displayed any intention to kill.

Golden Fire seemed to realize that Han Muye was suppressed and flapped its wings, trying to fly over.

But it, too, was pinned down by Ye Ming and was helpless.

In Han Muye's eyes within the fiery tornado, there was a brilliant light.

Use all his means to fight Golden Immortal Ye Ming with all his might?

It was futile.

Even if he exposed his secrets, used the power of two spirit swords, and tapped into the strength of two divine beasts, he still wouldn't stand a chance against a Golden Immortal.

This was a gap in power level.

Surrender?

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

Just because Golden Immortal Ye Ming did not have any killing intent did not mean that he would not kill him.

Truly surrendering and putting his life in someone else's hands was simply impossible.

Chapter 1130 - 1130 God Slaying Sword Immortal Behind Han Muye (2)

1130 God Slaying Sword Immortal Behind Han Muye (2)

Fortunately, he always had a backup plan in everything he did.

He raised his hand, and a golden token appeared in his palm.

The golden light on the token flickered and transformed into a golden gate.

On top of the gate, golden light interwove into immortal patterns. The immortal patterns were dim, but no one could look at them directly. Every immortal pattern seemed to be alive and kept moving.

Behind the gate was a continuous illusory palace.

“God Slaying Hall!” Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s expression changed as he retreated hurriedly.

But at this moment, a long sword flew out from the school courtyard.

The greenish-black longsword was simple and unadorned, but the vast power emitted by the sword light made people completely unable to control their blood, qi, and soul.

With a flash, the sword light broke through the fire tornado that was suppressing Han Muye.

When he reappeared, he was already behind Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

“Slash—”

The sword tore through Golden Immortal Ye Ming's robe and flew out, brushing past the oily skin on his back.

A white-haired Daoist in a green robe stepped out of the school courtyard and raised his hand to hold the flying sword. Then, his gaze landed on Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

"Little Golden One?"

"Are you going against my Mystic Spirit Sword Sect?"

"Alright, my sword already thirsts for blood."

At this point, the Daoist turned to look at Han Muye and then at Golden Fire.

Golden Fire seemed to be very afraid. It quickly flapped its wings and landed on Han Muye's shoulder, hiding its head behind him.

"Han Muye greets Uncle-Master Shu Ming. According to the agreement with Uncle-Master, I attracted a Golden Immortal expert."

Han Muye cupped his hands at the Daoist and spoke loudly.

It attracted Golden Immortal experts.

This Daoist Shu Ming was the person who had accepted Han Muye into the God Slaying Hall.

Only the elites of the three halls had a chance to join the most secretive hall of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

God Slaying Hall.

This was a Hall of Legacy that even the people of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect didn't know about, and it represented the strongest strength of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

For example, Daoist Shu Ming in front of him.

His mission for Han Muye was to lure a Golden Immortal into the trap.

Back then, he had said, "Kid, when you encounter an expert you can't deal with, summon me. However, it has to be a Golden Immortal, right?"

Looking at the Daoist in front of him, Ye Ming's aura changed and he finally shook his head.

"Golden Immortal Shu Ming of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, Senior, if you want to teach me a lesson, just come. Why bother Little Friend Han?" He smiled bitterly and said softly.

However, just as he spoke, his figure had already moved. The halo around him exploded, and a void wave crashed towards Han Muye and Daoist Shu Ming.

“Boom!”

The void trembled, and the entire 5,000 kilometers Grotto-heaven rumbled.

This was the Heaven and Earth powers possessed by the owner of the Grotto-heaven.

He had used the Heaven and Earth powers to teleport the other party out.

However, Daoist Shu Ming seemed to grow there and did not move at all.

He stopped walking in someone else’s Grotto-heaven.

A trace of surprise flashed across Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s face, and his expression turned solemn.

“Senior, do you really want to fight?”

Green immortal light gathered on his body and condensed into a three-foot-long bronze mace.

The bronze mace was covered with light green immortal patterns, and there were dark patterns of various colors on all four sides. The faces of divine beasts and beasts could be seen.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming nodded and raised the sword in his hand, pointing it at Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

“You know the rules of our God Slaying Hall. We have to support our juniors and show them our methods.”

Every elite qualified to be recruited into the God Slaying Hall was proud.

To these elites, empty talk about how strong the God Slaying Hall was had no appeal at all.

Only by directly displaying his methods could he convince them and give them a sense of belonging to the God Slaying Hall.

Was there anything more direct than crushing a Golden Immortal expert?

“So, I’m the person whose methods were revealed?” A proud expression appeared on Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s face as he swung the bronze mace.

“I want my face too, okay?”

As soon as he finished speaking, the sword in Golden Immortal Shu Ming’s hand had already cut open the space in front of him and stabbed straight at Ye Ming’s chest.

Apart from being fast, this sword move was straightforward without any fancy moves.

Han Muye's expression did not change, but the deduction of the scene in front of him in his mind had reached its limit.

Observing a Golden Immortal attack was an extremely rare opportunity.

The scene in his mind kept lengthening and disintegrating. The sword in Golden Immortal Shu Ming's hand began to turn ethereal before slowly turning into a beam of light.

This was a real sword.

Because this strike was too fast, it looked like the mark of a sword.

In fact, this sword was just a speck of starlight.

This reminded Han Muye of the illusory long tail that escaped when a meteor streaked across the sky.

The sword broke through the void, so this sword produced an illusory sword shadow.

What would happen if a sword that could pierce through the void landed on him?

Also, when this sword pierced into the void, the power it brought out had already suppressed the void. Ye Ming, who was standing in front, had to withstand the power to shatter the void of a world.

Therefore, if Ye Ming wanted to dodge this sword, he needed to block the power of shattering the void.

With a solemn expression, Ye Ming raised his hand and placed the bronze mace horizontally in front of him.

“Clang—”

The tip of the sword collided with the bronze mace, emitting a crisp sound.

Han Muye stared at the bronze mace.

The grade of this treasure was actually already higher than the sky.

Immortal treasures were supreme-grade immortal treasures.

This was a supreme treasure!

Moreover, Han Muye could tell where this supreme treasure came from.

Demon Gathering Bell.

Back then, the Primordial Treasure, the Demon Gathering Bell, was shattered, and countless demons were scattered everywhere.

Han Muye had a Demon Token refined from the Demon Gathering Bell fragment.

He did not expect to see an ancient divine item here again. Of course, this was also a fragment.

However, the fragment in Ye Ming's hand was originally a complete component of the Demon Gathering Bell. Now, it had transformed into a bronze mace.

"Clang—"

Golden Immortal Shu Ming stabbed out again.

Just like before, it left an illusory trajectory.

However, this time, Golden Immortal Ye Ming's expression became even more solemn. He took a step back and raised the bronze mace in his hand to smash down ruthlessly.

"Boom!"

The sword light collided with the bronze mace, and the exploding sword light enveloped Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

Han Muye clearly saw that the force of the stab just now had split into 100,000 sword light stabs.

It was similar to his Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, but this sword move gathered countless sword techniques and condensed them into a sword.

“Kid Han, can you see the profundity of my sword strike?” Golden Immortal Shu Ming said proudly as he looked at Ye Ming, who was wrapped in the sword light.

“If you can see through it, you can at least reach the peak of the Heaven Immortal Realm in your Sword Dao cultivation in the future.”

“If I can see through 30 percent of it, I’ll be able to attain the Golden Immortal Great Dao.

“If—”

Before he could finish, he had already raised his hand.

Because a long sword appeared behind him.

Han Muye had drawn his sword.

The sword light was bright and clear, and the sword mark was illusory.

The sword stabbed out, bringing with it a faint vibration in the void.

He was not as sloppy as Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

When the sword light shattered in the void, it had already consumed too much strength.

However, Golden Immortal Shu Ming's expression was extremely shocked. He raised his hand to block the sword light, and then a light screen flashed, dividing the sword light.

Streaks of sword light collided with the light screen, transforming into starlight dots that flickered.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming stared at the light spots and counted, "3,100, 5,000, 8,000, good, 10,000...

"36,000. Good, good."

He slowly raised his head to look at Han Muye, and Golden Immortal Shu Ming's eyes shone brightly. "He could see through my sword and directly comprehend it. He even unleashed 36,000 sword lights.

"Kid Han, when you've accumulated enough merits, you must come to the Sword Technique Pavilion of the God Slaying Hall

"That's where you need to go the most."

With that said, he laughed and turned to look at Golden Immortal Ye Ming, who was wrapped in sword light.

“Kid, if you don’t come out, I’m going to tear down your Grotto-heaven.”

These words startled Ye Ming, who was wrapped in sword light. Then, the divine beast phantoms on the bronze mace knocked away the light cocoon.

His face was slightly pale. He looked at Golden Immortal Shu Ming and shook his head. “If I had known that this kid had the God Slaying Hall behind him, I wouldn’t have found trouble with him.

“It’s my bad luck. The fleshless bamboo that I set up for so long was destroyed by him.”

He muttered a bit, expressing his dissatisfaction.

However, what awaited him was another strike from Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

“I don’t care about you. Let’s have a good fight first.”

The sword edge shattered Ye Ming’s body and slashed open the entire Grotto-heaven.

Ye Ming’s expression became even uglier when he gathered his body again.

He had no choice but to raise his hand. Another green rope flew out and collided with Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

Han Muye stood where he was and watched the battle between the two Golden Immortal experts. The images in his mind kept churning.

The Great Dao was the simplest.

The stronger one was, the easier it was to fight.

However, the power contained in this simplicity was not simple at all!