

## **Pavilion 1131**

### **Chapter 1131 - 1131 Golden Immortal Ye Ming's Compensation, Meeting the Murong family Again**

1131 Golden Immortal Ye Ming's Compensation, Meeting the Murong family Again

It was a rope used in ancient times to capture divine beasts. The immortal patterns on it contained divine power.

This power could imprison bloodline power and seal space.

What a treasure.

Bronze Mace, Green Vine Rope.

These two treasures were both supreme treasures.

It was no wonder that Ye Ming could dominate the Bitter Immortal Realm before he became a Golden Immortal.

With his cultivation and combat strength, coupled with these two treasures, apart from Great Demon Monarchs, who could resist him in the Bitter Immortal Realm?

“Boom!”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming slashed at the green vine rope and forced it back. Then, the sword light swept up and tore through Golden Immortal Ye Ming's robe, leaving only half of his underwear.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming seemed to be enraged as he took out another treasure.

It was a green wooden branch.

Sky-reaching tree!

It was completely unimaginable how this guy had so many treasures.

Every treasure was a supreme treasure.

Han Muye's expression changed.

Why didn't anyone come to intercept such a moving treasure vault?

Is the Fuyu Immortal World full of good people?

"Not everyone can use the treasures in the world, nor can anyone snatch them.

“This guy has an expert behind him that even our Sword Sect is afraid of.

“All I can do is teach him a lesson.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming’s voice sounded in Han Muye’s ear.

An expert that even the Sword Sect was afraid of.

That was at least a Zenith Heaven Immortal Monarch.

Even a Zenith Heaven Immortal Supremacy?

“Slash—”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming’s sword brushed past Ye Ming’s waist.

Ye Ming’s expression was ugly. He took a few steps back and wrapped the green vine rope around his waist.

“Old man, you want me to fall out with you?”

Holding his trouser pocket, he gritted his teeth and spoke.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming grinned. "Turn against me? I'm afraid you wouldn't dare."

Ye Ming shuddered, his previous rage disappeared, and a golden robe covered his body with a flash of light.

"Senior, how can this matter be considered resolved?" Ye Ming asked.

Resolved.

Even the experts of the God Slaying Hall could not cause any substantial damage to this Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming's smile turned solemn.

Looking at Ye Ming, he said loudly, "You should know the rules."

Ye Ming nodded and raised his hand. Treasures with flashing halos appeared in front of him.

Looking at Han Muye, he said calmly, "Pick one and let's forget about this matter."

Pick one.

Each of these treasures is at least a spiritual treasure.

Indeed, having a powerful backing is good.

Otherwise, why would Han Muye take out something to apologize and compensate when he had originally broken Ye Ming's fleshless bamboo formation?

Han Muye didn't hesitate either and set his eyes on those treasures.

The golden fire standing on his shoulder also looked curious.

Among those treasures were divine materials shimmering with immortal light and verdant green wooden branches.

There were armors, spears, and black axes that flickered with golden light.

Each treasure looked extremely powerful.

The two golden pages emitted halos, making Han Muye's heart tremble.

The inheritance pages of the Heavenly Immortal Venerable, the treasures that those experts had snatched from him before!

But as soon as his gaze fell on them, he quietly turned away.

He couldn't take those things.

Before having enough strength, he'd better not get involved with anything related to the Heavenly Immortal Venerable.

Besides, he still had many inheritance pages of other Immortal Venerables, he didn't need them.

Looking at a small green sword, Han Muye pointed at it, "I want this sword."

The small green sword seemed to be no more than a spiritual treasure.

However, Han Muye could feel the surging power in it.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Golden Immortal Ye Ming frowned slightly.

However, he did not say anything. He just raised his hand and pointed the small sword in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the small sword. Golden Immortal Shu Ming raised his hand, causing the surrounding space to rupture.

When they appeared again, they were already outside Luming City.

“Kid Han, Ye Ming has a powerful figure backing him, so none of us want to provoke him too harshly.

“As you can see, he has so many treasures that even I am envious.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming shook his head and muttered helplessly.

He had originally planned to display the dominance of the God Slaying Hall and demonstrate his strength, but unexpectedly, he encountered Ye Ming, resulting in only some minor confrontation without substantial gains.

This made Golden Immortal Shu Ming feel a little awkward.

“Having obtained one treasure is already enough,” Han Muye arched his hand and said loudly, “Thanks for your help, Uncle-Master.”

Shu Ming waved his hand and turned to look at Luming City not far away.

“There’s one good thing about Ye Ming. As long as it’s an Immortal Cultivator with a background, he won’t take the initiative to provoke them.

“He won’t bother you again in the future.”

Ye Ming had some formidable force backing him, so he didn't provoke any large factions.

As a result, he roamed freely in the Wasteland, unaffected by the various powers.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming did not stay long in Luming City.

For him, taking action once was already fulfilling his promise.

As a Golden Immortal powerhouse, he had his own matters to attend to, and he wouldn't meddle in the world of lower-level cultivators like Han Muye.

"Kid, cultivate well. The God Slaying Hall is unimaginably powerful, but we also have enemies you wouldn't dare to imagine," Shu Ming Golden Immortal advised.

"As a sword cultivator, you should engage in battles with such formidable foes.

"Hurry up."

After Golden Immortal Shu Ming left, Han Muye did not stay any longer and returned to Yunlan City from the teleportation array in Luming City.

He walked out of the teleportation array in a daze.



After three years away, Yunlan City had become a city covering an area of 300 square miles, with towering buildings standing tall.

The teleportation array square was hundreds of thousands of feet wide and was surrounded by immortal light, making it impossible for outsiders to know where people were coming from and where they were going.

Han Muye didn't disturb anyone and left, walking slowly along the road.

### **Chapter 1132 - 1132 Golden Immortal Ye Ming's Compensation, Meeting the Murong family Again (2)**

#### **1132 Golden Immortal Ye Ming's Compensation, Meeting the Murong family Again (2)**

On the wide road, people were bustling back and forth, many of them in a hurry.

The positioning of Yunlan City in the wasteland was straightforward: to serve as a commercial hub connecting various regions.

The rules set by the likes of Zuo Baichou, who controlled the city, were all designed to facilitate the merchants and traders.

In the past three years, Han Muye had not been in the city, and Yunlan City's development exceeded his expectations by tenfold.

Looking up, one could see floating airships in the sky and the golden Deity List at the top.

In these three years, the number of powerhouses on the Deity List had reached 10.

Every one of them was a Heaven Immortal Void Refinement Realm expert during their lifetime.

With these powerhouses presiding over the city, along with the Heaven Immortal experts they had gathered before, Yunlan City could function well even without Han Muye's presence.

Now, from thousands of miles around, various forces gathered resources in Yunlan City.

Yunlan City had become the trading center for resources in a thousand-mile radius.

What surprised Han Muye was that not only were there many human cultivators in the city, but also a considerable number of demon races.

The various demon races, with their distinct appearances, walked openly on the streets, no longer causing any surprise.

What was even more amusing was that there were very few exotic beasts pulling carriages in the city; most of them were the Wasteland Green Wolves.

The Wasteland Wolves led by Yu Yang were everywhere in the city. These green wolves' lives were actually quite comfortable. As long as they helped guide the way and pull the carriage, they could exchange for rewards and spiritual rocks.

These green wolves seemed to have grown accustomed to it and got along very harmoniously with the human cultivators on the streets.

“Hurry up, hurry up! This batch of green-yellow iron needs to be delivered to Wanshen Trading Company. Once we receive the payment, it should be enough for the family to get through this difficult time.” An anxious voice sounded from behind Han Muye.

A young immortal cultivator in his thirties, dressed in a green robe, was waving his arms, sweating profusely.

Behind him was a large cart pulled by seven or eight green wolves.

The five large carts were filled with greenish-yellow ores.

“Fifth Brother, don’t worry. As long as we bring back the spiritual rocks this time and the disciples in the clan continue to cultivate, our Murong family will be able to survive.”

An 18 or 19-year-old young man in a pale white robe reassured the 30-year-old young man, a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

Han Muye’s gaze swept over them, and he felt something stirring in his heart.

The faces of the 30-year-old youth and the 18- or 19-year-old youth bore some resemblance to the Divine Emperor Murong Zheng.

Murong?

Han Muye the nearby residence of Wanshen Trading Company and walked over.

The Wanshen Trading Company was undoubtedly the largest trading house in Yunlan City, followed by the Jujin Trading Company newly established by Zhao Chen.

He brought nearly half of Jujin Trading Company's resources to Yunlan City, and in just three years, it had grown by more than a hundred times.

However, he had not been in contact with his family, which was still located in the heartland of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Yunlan City's reputation had spread across the wilderness, but it was still unknown to Yunluo City, which was thousands of miles away in the Yuzhou State.

The scale of Wanshen Trading Company in Yunlan City was not small, with half a street filled with its storefronts.

When the Murong family's disciples arrived at Wanshen Trading House, many merchant caravans were in the process of making deliveries.

Various resources were traded here and then distributed to the factions in need.

That was the function of such a large city.

“We are not currently accepting green-yellow iron.”

A clerk at the front said, causing the Murong family members to change their expressions.

“Not accepting? What about the task you promised—”

“Why is this happening? Are you trying to lower the price?”

Several young disciples surrounded the clerk, but they couldn’t make him change his mind.

People from other merchant caravans nearby began to talk in low voices.

“Three days ago, a large merchant caravan brought 10 billion spiritual rocks of green-yellow iron.”

“It is said that a large vein of green-yellow iron was discovered hundreds of thousands of miles away in Huangyan City. Who dares to accept green-yellow iron now?”

These comments made all the Murong family members pale.

They had staked their fortunes and hoped that this transaction would turn things around for them.

“It’s over. Is this the will of heaven to exterminate my Murong family...” The leader of the group, the young cultivator in his thirties, showed a look of despair.

Han Muye looked ahead and walked slowly to the clerk, who was dressed in green and held a book, inspecting various resources.

“Currently, we only accept—” The clerk looked up and saw Han Muye’s face, trembling all over.

“City—”

Han Muye shook his head, waving his hand. “Do you recognize me?”

The clerk’s face turned red, and he nodded repeatedly. “I, I came to Yunlan City with Young Master Zuo Baichou.”

He belonged to Zuo Baichou’s direct lineage, no wonder.

Han Muye pointed towards the carts of the Murong family.

“I want a batch of green-yellow iron. Accept these for now.”

The clerk nodded hurriedly, bowed, and then walked to the front.

After a few simple words, all the Murong family members cheered.

In just a moment, the green-yellow iron from the carts was poured onto the square behind the trading house, and there were specialized alchemists responsible for smelting it.

“Thank you, Brother!” The leader of the Murong family, the young cultivator in his thirties, found Han Muye and cupped his hands. “Chen, the steward, told me that it was all thanks to you and your familiarity with the trading company that they accepted the green-yellow iron.”

With that, he bowed again. “I am Murong Fu.”

Han Muye nodded and looked at the Murong family disciple, whose cultivation level was only at the third level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul realm. He said, “I remember that the Murong family used to be under the jurisdiction of Yunlan Dao Sect, and you were a Dao Sect cultivator.”

Seeing Murong Fu looking puzzled, Han Muye continued, “In the past, I traveled with a senior from your family, and he told me a lot about your family.”

“My surname is Han.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Murong Fu was first delighted, then sighed softly.

“Master Han, what you said happened thousands of years ago.”

3,000 years ago, the Murong family's Elder, Murong Zheng, ruled the mortal world and did not return, violating the iron law of the Immortal World.

The Blood Battle Sect came to the Yunlan Dao Sect, resulting in a confrontation and a battle.

Murong Fu didn't know the exact outcome either, but after the Yunlan Dao Sect issued a decree, all the Heaven Immortals in charge of the Murong family holding down the presidency were summoned and didn't return for 3,000 years.

Without a Heaven Immortal to preside over, the entire Murong clan's strength declined by more than a thousand times.

After a few upheavals, even the Human Immortal experts had perished. The entire family clan was on the verge of extinction.

"If not for the support of a senior who cultivated in the opposite direction and stepped into the Earth Immortal Realm, our Murong family would probably have been exterminated," Murong Fu muttered with emotion.

Earth Immortal.

This was the name for those Heavenly Venerables who were inverse cultivators trying to break through to the Heaven Immortal realm.



This time, the so-called Earth Immortals had strength. After entering the Sage Realm, they began to prepare to cultivate in reverse. Their combat strength would be higher than their peers.

However, as long as they were unable to break through, they would never have the chance to become Heaven Immortal during their lifetime.

Even Heavenly Venerables were powerless to reach it.

Earth Immortals were an unorthodox group that was not recognized by the cultivation world. They were not even comparable to pseudo-immortals.

However, they had the combat strength to crush those of the same level.

If Han Muye wanted to defy the heavens and cultivate, he could also be called an Earth Immortal.

Unless he transcended the Five Decays of Heaven and Man and stepped into the Heaven Immortal Realm.

With the support of an Earth Immortal, the Murong family managed to eke out a living.

The cultivation resources of the younger generation were difficult to come by, so Murong Fu, who was considered an expert in the clan, led the caravan to the Yunteng Wasteland.

“Is that Senior of yours who made a huge mistake Murong Zheng?”

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Murong Fu's expression changed.

He nodded. "Young Master Han, do you know the name of my granduncle?"

If it weren't for this incident, Murong Zheng would have been nothing in the Murong family.

Previously, the Murong Family was also a large family clan in the Cloud Mist Dao Sect. They had a Heaven Immortal expert holding down and presiding over them.

"Murong Zheng and I are good friends."

Han Muye's eyes lit up. He turned to look at Murong Fu, whose expression had changed, and a golden token appeared in his hand.

That token was Murong Zheng's identity token.

Murong Fu looked at the identity card with a complicated expression. In the end, he bowed slightly and said to Han Muye, "Greetings, Senior."

Han Muye put away the token, nodded, and said, "Back then, Murong Zheng asked me to take care of your Murong family. Unfortunately, I didn't care about these mundane matters."

“I’m responsible for the decline of your Murong family.”

He raised his hand and pointed, and a green token appeared.

“If there’s anything you need my help with, feel free to look for me.”

After he finished speaking, his figure flashed and disappeared.

Murong Fu looked up and saw the token. His eyes widened and his entire body trembled.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible City Lord...

“Does my Murong family still have such a powerful backer...”

Slowly reaching out and holding the token tightly, Murong Fu didn’t even dare to breathe.

Feeling the heaviness in his palm, he said softly, “Elders, my Murong family won’t be destroyed.”

### **Chapter 1133 - 1133 Can We Fight Today?**

1133 Can We Fight Today?

Han Muye didn't care if Murong Fu would come looking for him.

To him, the Murong family was the Murong family, and the literary minister was the literary minister.

The authoritative figure in the Heavenly Mystic wasn't the Divine Court Emperor, Murong Zheng.

The one who nurtured him was Minister Wen, not the divine emperor who had controlled the Divine Court for countless years.

As for the Murong family, they did not have much to do with Murong Zheng in the mortal world.

Although the Murong family had fallen because of Murong Zheng,

Han Muye wouldn't refuse if Murong Fu sought his help for the Murong family.

If Murong Fu didn't come, Han Muye wouldn't take the initiative to intervene.

This was opportunity, this was karma.

Once he acted, it would inevitably involve karma.

When Han Muye returned to the City Lord's Residence, Zuo Baichuan and the others came to greet him.

From Zuo Baichuan, who managed the city's affairs, to Xie Chaoyan from the Yulu Trading Company, who was responsible for various transactions, from Zhang Zhenbiao, who now commanded 100,000 elite soldiers, to Zhao Chen, who had many connections, Han Muye met them all one by one.

Han Muye also took the time to visit Du Sanzhen and the others, making all the cultivators who came with him to Yunlan City feel extremely honored.

Du Sanzhen and the others lived a very comfortable life in Yunlan City. They could earn enough spiritual rocks for their cultivation by casually completing some tasks.

This was the benefit of being Han Muye's direct disciples.

Even if they did nothing, many people in the city would send them spiritual rocks.

In fact, once their cultivation and strength reached the level of Heavenly Immortals, their principles for dealing with mundane matters were similar.

Do not disturb mundane affairs.

How to manage Yunlan City and how to earn celestial spirit stones had little to do with Han Muye.

It was Zuo Bai Chou and the others who needed to worry about these matters.

“City Lord, the preparations for constructing the city-defense formation are almost complete,” Zuo Bai Chou reported with a smile, looking at Han Muye.

Yunlan City had never had a decent formation until now.

“Good, when I come out of seclusion, I will go to Dongyuan City to invite Master Zhao Qianzhen to set up the formation,” Han Muye nodded.

Zhao Qianzhen was a powerful expert in formation Dao who had reached the Heavenly Immortal realm in Dongyuan City. His real name was Zhao Pingyu, but everyone referred to him as Zhao Qianzhen.

Zuo Baichou and the others exchanged glances and nodded.

Han Muye personally going to invite him represented great respect.

Building a city-defense formation would consume a considerable amount of resources, so it deserved such respect.

“Big Brother Han, I’ve been in the wasteland for several years, and I’m planning to return to Yunlu City for a visit,” Zhao Chen approached and spoke softly.

When Zhao Chen came to the wasteland, he brought half of the wealth of the Jujin Trading Company.

Now that wealth had increased a hundredfold, he naturally wanted to return in glory.

Moreover, transporting many treasures from the wilderness to the cities under the control of the Sword Sect in Yunlu City would increase their value several times or even dozens of times, allowing him to earn even more.

Now that Yunlan City was stable, it was time to open up trade routes beyond Yunteng Wasteland.

The Jade Deer Trading Company basically dominated the trade routes in Yunlan City in the Wasteland.

Most of the businesses in the city were controlled by the Wanshen Trading Company.

Although Zhao Chen had earned a lot, compared to these two factions, he was just a small fish in a big pond.

As a direct disciple of Han Muye, Zhao Chen was naturally unwilling to remain insignificant.

So, he stayed behind to obtain Han Muye's authorization to open up trade routes from Yunlan City to beyond Yunteng Wasteland.

"Alright, but be careful," Han Muye nodded without rejecting his request.

His words brought a smile to Zhao Chen's face, and he said, grinning, "Rest assured, Big Brother Han, I'm just going there for business."

“I’ll go prepare the supplies now and form a caravan in a few days to return to Yunlu City.”

With joy written all over him, Zhao Chen quickly left.

Watching his figure, Han Muye shook his head with a light smile.

Ever since his cultivation level became higher and higher, he rarely had any emotional fluctuations.

Immortals had severed emotions and desires, and it was no mere rhetoric.

Raising his hand, a golden light enveloped the entire hall.

Then, a short sword appeared in his palm.

This was the compensation he had received from Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

He wanted this sword to see the memories contained within.

Holding the hilt, he infused a hint of sword intent.

Images appeared in his mind.



The sword's name was 'Mystic Abyss'. It was one foot three inches long and weighed 15 catties.

The sword body was engraved with 342 immortal patterns. It was made of Pure Origin Iron, with the fusion of 30 precious spiritual materials.

This refinement method was not circulated in the Fuyu Immortal World.

As he watched the process of forging and hammering in the images, a gleam of light flashed in Han Muze's eyes.

This forging technique seemed to be something only found in the ordinary world.

As expected, this sword came from a mortal world. A peak Human Immortal expert ascended to the Spirit World and stepped into the Immortal World. This sword was his sword.

However, this powerful heavenly immortal fell in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

The person who killed the ascended immortal named Zhu Yuansheng was not Golden Immortal Ye Ming, but a Daoist in a black robe.

After that, this expert, who was at least at the Heaven Immortal Void Transformation Realm, went around killing many powerful experts.

He had gathered many treasures, including a few that Han Muye had seen in the hands of Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

Then, this formidable individual met Golden Immortal Ye Ming in the Bitter Immortal Realm. They engaged in a great battle, and he perished, with Golden Immortal Ye Ming claiming all of his treasures.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming relied on these treasures to thrive.

After watching the images, Han Muye couldn't help but sigh.

It wasn't just about having many treasures; it was about whether they could be utilized effectively.

The most suitable treasures were the ones that mattered; one piece would be enough.

The same applied to techniques. Although the Immortal Ancestor left behind many inheritances—

Inheritance!

Han Muye trembled all over, and an expression of shock appeared in his eyes.

He looked at the small green sword in his hand, and his expression slowly became solemn.

There were no memories of Golden Immortal Ye Ming's Immortal Ancestor pages in this small sword.

How could such an important treasure not have memories?

The only possibility was that his memories had been tampered with!

### **Chapter 1134 - 1134 Can We Fight Today? (2)**

#### 1134 Can We Fight Today? (2)

Han Muye took a deep breath and stared at the short sword.

He had encountered a situation where the memories in such a sword had been altered once in the mortal world.

“Buzz!”

The green immortal aura wrapped around the sword intent as it collided with the small sword. His primordial spirit sword flashed, and a strand of his primordial spirit entered the small sword.

This time, the memories in the small sword were completely different!

The small sword did not ascend from the mortal world but came from the divine realm!

“Immortal Lord Cang Yun.”

One of the Immortal Supremacy’s disciples had powerful combat strength and was already at the Zenith Heaven Immortal Lord Realm.

Above the Golden Immortal Realm, one surpassed the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Realm and was only a step away from becoming a peak Immortal Venerable in the world.

Such an expert was an overlord even in the Zenith Heaven Heaven’s Heavenly Cycle.

The owner of this small sword was none other than Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

Immortal Lord Cang Yun was originally an expert in the Zenith Heaven Heaven’s Heavenly Cycle.

He was the direct disciple of the Venerable Master of Transcendent Heaven. He had powerful combat strength and countless treasures in his hands.

However, after the Heaven Ascension Immortal Venerable was suppressed, Immortal Lord Cang Yun rescued him. His identity was exposed to the gods of the Zenith Heaven’s Heavenly Cycle. Powerful experts pursued him, forcing him to escape to the Immortal World while suffering severe injuries.

But his injuries were too severe, and he perished in the Fuyu Immortal Realm before sitting in meditation.

Before he passed away, he split his various treasures into several portions and hid them.

Those who came later needed to be recognized before they could obtain his legacy.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming only obtained one part of it, which led to his rise in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

That was the true memory contained in this small sword!

An Immortal Lord, even though he had long perished, could still alter memories.

If it weren't for Han Muye's special abilities, he wouldn't have been able to explore all of this.

"Disciple of the Immortal Venerable?"

"Immortal Lord Cang Yun?"

Han Muye whispered as he watched the memories within the sword.

The legacy of an Immortal Lord also tempted him.

Moreover, among those legacies, he saw some treasures that he needed for his cultivation.

Ancient inheritance swords, supreme treasures from the Primordial World.

The ones held by the Golden Immortal Yeming were nothing more than scraps.

If Han Muye wanted to defy the heavens and become an immortal, there were only a few treasures that could help him achieve that.

Moreover, Immortal Lord Cang Yun's inheritance had unique features.

Perhaps he should make a trip to the Bitter Immortal Realm.

As he watched the sword's radiance flicker, a profound light shone in Han Muye's eyes.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming had been unable to break the veil of memories, so he couldn't find the second part of the Immortal Lord's legacy.

However, it was not as if Golden Immortal Ye Ming was completely unaware.

He had laid down various methods in the wasteland to search for traces of the legacy.

According to his own deductions, the second legacy should be in the Yunteng Wasteland.

It seemed that the altered memory had misled him.

The second part of the legacy that Han Muye saw was in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

After investigating the memories contained in this spiritual treasure sword, Han Muye did not come out but instead lured out Golden Fire hiding behind him.

This little creature had obtained the Bi Fang Flame in Golden Immortal Ye Ming's blessed land. Although not much, it was still a great opportunity.

Now the little creature was exhausted and clearly trying to refine these flames, but its spiritual power couldn't support it.

For a divine bird like Golden Fire, as long as it survived this period, its strength would undergo earth-shattering changes.

After settling Golden Fire, Han Muye began his true seclusion and cultivation.

The continuous battles had already brought his swordsmanship to its peak.

During this seclusion, he began to organize his cultivation path.

He needed to be fully prepared to defy the heavens and achieve Immortal Ascension.

Although he had formed some alliances with powerful individuals in the wasteland, he was still surrounded by enemies.

If he reached the stage of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, he would immediately die without a burial place.

Defying the heavens and becoming an immortal was his only choice.

While he was in seclusion, various pieces of information from the outside world slowly converged.

In the wasteland, a large army of Gale Bandits was intercepted and killed, drawing the wrath of powerful figures within the bandit group, who issued a kill order.

The influence of the Gale Bandits in the Yunteng Wasteland was not small, and they had assembled tens of thousands of troops in various locations.

For a time, shock and speculation spread throughout the wasteland about who dared to offend the Gale Bandits.

No one knew who could resist such a powerful enemy.

The news of the head of the Essence Demon Sect being slain by Invincible Han, the Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan City, and Elder Luo Yang being heavily injured and fleeing had completely spread.



After this battle, the name of the Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan, Yunlan City, became the top of the wasteland.

The Essence Demon Sect was a major sect in the wasteland, yet someone dared to kill Heavenly Immortal Ling Yuan. Han Wudi was truly audacious.

Strangely enough, the Essence Demon Sect did not seek trouble with Invincible Han again.

Those who were knowledgeable heard the reason—it was because Heavenly Immortal Ling Yuan had fallen, and the Essence Demon Sect was currently in chaos without anyone in charge. Internal strife kept breaking out, and there was no time to avenge Heavenly Immortal Ling Yuan.

However, it was said that the Zhenyuan Temple had sent a powerful figure to take charge.

Back then, the Essence Demon Sect had a Golden Immortal expert holding down and presiding over it.

It was unknown whether this powerful figure would come and attempt to kill the Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan.

And the strength of the Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan was recognized by countless people.

If there was a major event that shook the wasteland, then the appearance of Golden Immortal Ye Ming in the wasteland and his apparent clash with the Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan was even more terrifying.

This news spread from the city of Luming.

The authenticity of the news was hard to determine, but there were traces of spatial fragmentation outside the city of Luming and remnants of spatial teleportation within the city.

To verify this matter, only Golden Immortal Yeming himself and the Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan knew the truth.

However, both of them were hiding now, with no outsiders knowing the true story.

“Immortal Swordsman of Yunlan, this is probably the fastest-rising sword master in tens of thousands of years in the wasteland.” Some people murmured as they looked at the grandeur of Yunlan City.

Various powerful experts who came to Yunlan City heard about Invincible Han’s conflict with Golden Immortal Ye Ming and had the same sentiment.

A sword immortal with the combat strength of a Heaven Immortal actually dared to collide with a Golden Immortal and seemed to have escaped unscathed.

### **Chapter 1135 - 1135 Can We Fight Today? (3)**

#### **1135 Can We Fight Today? (3)**

If this person grew up, wouldn’t he become the overlord of the wasteland?

“Invincible City Lord, from what I see, several major forces in the wasteland have already taken notice of Yunlan City.”

When Zuo Baichou was summoned again, he held a book in his hands and opened it.

“Among the forces supported by the Yunlan Daoist Sect, the strongest is Fuyun City, with many powerful experts. It borders Luoyuan Prefecture controlled by the Yunlan Daoist Sect, and no one dares to provoke them.

“The Dangling City, gathered by disciples of Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, had a City Lord called Ling Wansheng. He is known as the Invincible Sword Immortal among the Golden Immortals.”

Being invincible at the same level was not a boast; it was all based on real achievements.

It seemed that this Sword Immortal Wansheng had once killed a Void Transformation Heaven Immortal.

“The Tianyao Sect has 13 cities directly under them in the Wasteland. Each of the 13 cities is larger than Yunlan City, and half-demon experts are gathered there.”

The demons had the best relationship with the half-demons in the Wasteland, and the Tianyao Sect had a natural advantage.

Moreover, since the Wasteland borders the Bitter Immortal Realm, the Tianyao Sect can travel freely in the Bitter Immortal Realm and be even more unrestrained in the Wasteland.

On the other hand, the Iron Armor War Sect did not have that much power in the Wasteland.

After all, they were the furthest from the Wasteland. It was said that they only controlled two or three cities.

Of course, the most significant force in the Wasteland is still the demons under the command of various powerful demons in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

These were the forces that spread throughout the Wasteland.

For example, the Wasteland Wolf Clan had a Demon King supporting them in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Most of the human forces in the Wasteland supported each other in order to survive.

“City Lord, only when you gain the recognition of these major forces can you and Yunlan City truly stand firm and not be expelled from the Wasteland for thousands of years.”

There was an uncontrollable excitement in Zuo Baichou’s eyes.

Being able to witness the rise of a small town to a big city and be part of it, Zuo Baichou was naturally excited, especially since he had put in his efforts as well.

As Yunlan City rose, he could also benefit endlessly.

Han Muye understood Left Baichou's meaning.

In the past, he was just a small fry. He did not even leave a name in the Yunteng Wasteland that spanned billions of miles.

Now, at least in those large factions, people knew about him.

However, this would also attract the attention of more true experts. The challenges and dangers were definitely not at the Heaven Immortal realm.

"It seems that I need to set up the Great City Protection Formation as soon as possible," Han Muye looked at the Deity Roll floating in the sky and whispered.

Once the Great City Protection Formation was completed, not only could it increase defense, but all kinds of investigative methods would also be more rigorous.

Most importantly, the Great City Protection Formation could be connected to the teleportation array, allowing it to be set up faster. It could also directly mobilize the power of the cultivators in the city to augment the array formation.

It was very difficult for a city left behind by a million cultivators to break through the defensive array from the outside.

Even a peak Heaven Immortal could not directly break through a Great City Protection Formation.

“We’ll go to Dongyuan City tomorrow,” Han Muye said softly with a wave of his sleeve.

Zuo Baichou nodded and bowed before leaving.

After he left, Han Muye did not enter seclusion. Instead, he quietly left the city and landed on a hill thousands of miles away.

There was a mine hidden here.

The Fragment Gold Ants were here.

He split his Essence Soul into the Fragment Gold Ant’s body, and now was the perfect time to collect it.

Stepping into the mine Dao, traces of coldness spread.

Han Muye was pleasantly surprised to discover that there were several times more Fragment Gold Ants here.

It seemed that the nourishment of the soul power was still beneficial to these Fragment Gold Ants?

With a thought, he retracted the faint power of his soul.

The soul power recovered from the million Fragment Gold Ants was equivalent to Han Muye cultivating for a hundred years.

The surging power of the divine soul fused into the primordial spirit swords, causing his two primordial spirit swords to tremble continuously.

Such a relaxed soul fostering method made a smile appear on his lips.

If he could expand the group of Fragment Gold Ants here by a few times, wouldn't he not have to cultivate his soul at all?

However, thinking about it, if the group of Fragment Gold Ants expanded to 10 million, it would definitely be discovered by other Immortal Cultivators.

Perhaps finding a few more mineral veins and raising a few groups of Fragment Gold Ants was the way to go.

However, this kind of mineral vein that no one had discovered was extremely rare.

Han Muye regretted not bringing Daoist Dayan to the Immortal World.

—

A day later, Han Muye, Zuo Baichuan, and Xie Chaoyan arrived at East Plains City.

Dongyuan City was a million miles away from Yunlan City. Luming City was the intermediate city and they rode a teleportation array there.

Although Zhao Qianzhen had a high status in Dongyuan City, he did not care about the matters in the city. Instead, he lived in seclusion on Dongyuan Mountain, 30 miles away from Dongyuan City.

Mount Shao in the Wilderness had a hill that was 300 meters tall. From afar, it looked quite imposing and stretched like a dragon.

There were light red flowers planted all over the mountain, and every tree had a bright red stamen.

From afar, these trees looked like they were burning.

Arriving at the foot of the Dongyuan Mountain, Zuo Baichou took out the visiting card he had prepared previously and handed it to the green-robed disciple on duty in the straw pavilion at the foot of the mountain.

The green-robed Daoist unfolded his invitation and hurriedly bowed respectfully to Han Muye before turning around and running to the top of the mountain.

A moment later, the Daoist returned and bowed. "Sword Immortal Yunlan, my master invites you up the mountain for a chat."

Han Muye nodded and waved his hand to ask Zuo Baichou and the others, who had followed him, to wait at the pavilion before stepping up the mountain.



The stone steps stretched on. When Han Muye landed on them, his eyes lit up.

Array formation.

Above this mountain rock was an array formation.

After landing on the stone steps, the stone path in front of him, which was originally less than a hundred steps, transformed into an endless path that stretched into the sky.

Han Muye shook his head, his expression unchanged as he walked forward step by step.

#### **Chapter 1136 - 1136 Can We Fight Today? (4)**

#### **1136 Can We Fight Today? (4)**

His footsteps were extremely fast, and in just a moment, he had already stepped into the thousandth level.

However, the stone steps in front of him seemed endless, and he could not see far ahead.

The surrounding flowering trees also stretched endlessly.

Han Muye walked forward, as if he didn't care how many steps there were.

He turned his gaze to the surrounding flowers and trees, looking at the stamens with a calm expression.

This journey lasted for six hours.

“Boom!”

After the 100,000th step, Han Muye took a step forward. A roar sounded as his feet landed on a piece of limestone.

The surrounding flowers and trees also disappeared, leaving only an empty hill, a small house made of bluestone, and an old man in a linen robe leaning on a wooden staff in front of the house.

“I'm very curious. If these stone steps continue endlessly, how long are you prepared to walk?”

The old man narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye, asking softly.

For six hours, Han Muye did not stop.

The old man was very curious about this temperament.

“I'll go as far as the stone steps are long.”

Han Muye looked at the old man and said loudly, "I'm here to see Senior Thousand Arrays, not to cross an array formation. The length of the stone steps has nothing to do with my purpose here."

These words stunned the old man for a moment before a smile appeared on his face. "Sword Immortal Yunlan is really extraordinary.

"Only a Sword Dao expert should have such determination."

Han Muye had come to see him, and the formation was just an obstacle. It was not like he would turn around and leave just because he was trapped in a formation.

Besides, Zhao Pingyu couldn't possibly keep him trapped for too long with his formation skills.

"From the moment I stepped onto the stone steps, I walked a total of 100,000 steps. Every stone step I saw was different.

"I saw 320,000 flowers on the surrounding trees, and each flower bud had subtle differences.

"In fact, Senior's formation concealed a mountain that was originally 10,000 feet high, making it appear only 100 feet tall.

"This technique that covers tens of thousands of feet is brilliant."

This cover-up even fooled Han Muye's gaze, and he only realized it after experiencing it himself.

For countless years, no one knew that there was a tall mountain outside Dongyuan City.

No one in the entire Wasteland had said anything about this.

It could be seen that Zhao Pingyu had deceived everyone with a grand array.

This level of Array Dao was truly unrivaled.

Han Muye's words brought a smile to Zhao Pingyu's face.

He was known as Thousand Arrays Zhao, but the work he was most proud of was the Dongyuan Mountain where he currently resided.

He used a grand formation to conceal and quietly moved mountains and rocks, turning this place into a 10,000-foot-high peak without anyone noticing.

"Sword Immortal Yunlan, good, good."

Zhao Pingyu's elderly demeanor disappeared as his gaze fell on Han Muye.

He stared at Han Muye and laughed. "You broke the array formations of Tu Rensi and Luo Yang in the Wasteland. I originally wanted to have a look at your formation skills as a fellow practitioner of formations. Now I see it, they deserved it."

With a wave of his hand, a stone table made of bluestone appeared, along with several stone stools.

"Please."

Zhao Pingyu walked to a stone stool and sat down. Then he picked up the spiritual light on the table and took a bite. "What kind of Great City Protection Formation does the Invincible City Lord want to build?"

Han Muye walked to the stone table and sat down, picking up a spiritual fruit without hesitation.

There was a light fragrance in his mouth, and traces of immortal spiritual energy poured in.

The fruit tasted good.

"The formation will block Golden Immortals," Han Muye said.

Zhao Pingyu stopped biting the fruit in his hand.

"Golden Immortals. Invincible City Lord, do you know what you're saying?"

“Which city in the Wasteland can stop a Golden Immortal?”

He flung his sleeves and shook his head. “You’re forcing me.”

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he looked around. “This place can stop Golden Immortals, right?”

These words made Zhao Pingyu’s expression change.

His expression changed as he stared at Han Muye. “So the Invincible City Lord is also a great array formation cultivator.”

Putting down the half-eaten fruit, he scattered a set of black and white chess pieces on the stone table in front of him.

“If the Invincible City Lord can use array formations to break my array formations, I can consider setting up an array formation that can block Golden Immortals for you.”

It was not that he could not set up an array formation, but he did not want to. He was unwilling.

As the chess pieces flew, they transformed the surrounding space into illusions.

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly raised his hand and placed his finger on a chess piece.

The entire illusory space instantly shattered.

He held the chess piece in his hand and looked up at Zhao Pingyu.

“There’s no formation in the world that can’t be broken.

“Only those who are invincible can be undefeated.”

Invincible and undefeated.

Zhao Pingyu’s expression was solemn.

Han Muye was right. No matter what array he set up, it would be broken in the end.

Just like how Han Muye was holding a chess piece.

No matter how Zhao Pingyu set up the formation, as long as that chess piece was held tightly, there would be a flaw in the formation.

However, Zhao Pingyu could not snatch the chess piece from Han Muye’s hand at all.

All of this came from strength.

Han Muye could firmly grasp the chess piece, and that was strength.

“I was shallow...” Zhao Pingyu shook his head with a complicated expression.

He was an array formation expert who had become a Heaven Immortal. No matter which faction he faced, he was a respected figure.

He knew that people feared him, but they didn’t truly respect him.

He didn’t possess the strength that could earn genuine respect from these powerhouses.

He was just an array formation cultivator.

“Sword Immortal Yunlan, what benefits can you give me if I help you set up an array formation?” Zhao Pingyu’s eyes flickered as he whispered.

“What do you want?” Han Muye looked at him.

Zhao Pingyu took a deep breath, stared at Han Muye, and whispered, “Sword Immortal, please do me a favor.”

“I want to explore a formation left behind by a senior, but its defense is too powerful for me to handle.”



Explore a formation left behind by a senior?

### **Chapter 1137 - 1137 Can We Fight Today? (5)**

#### 1137 Can We Fight Today? (5)

Whatever Zhao Pingyu considered significant would undoubtedly be important.

Perhaps there was a valuable treasure among them.

“Why do you want me to help you? There are many experts in the Wasteland.”

Han Muye asked.

Zhao Pingyu could actually resist exploring a Senior’s array formation until he, Han Muye, arrived?

“Hehe, outsiders can’t be trusted.

“You, Sword Immortal Yunlan, will not care about the inheritance of array formations.”

Zhao Pingyu looked at Han Muye and chuckled.

In his view, Han Muye's firm commitment to the Sword Dao meant that he wouldn't be tempted by anything outside of it..

That was precisely why he dared to ask Han Muye for help.

"Alright, Senior Zhao, help me set up an array formation in Yunlan City. I'll help you find the array formation inheritance. This deal is fair."

Han Muye nodded, picked up a spiritual fruit on the table, stood up, and slowly walked out.

As he stepped out, he landed on the stone steps adorned with flowering trees.

Zhao Pingyu stood up with a smile. "I'll go to Yunlan City in half a month."

Han Muye nodded, and with a move, he was already outside the thatched pavilion at the foot of Dongyuan Mountain.

This step caused Zhao Pingyu's expression to change.

"Great perception. He remembered all the intricacies just by walking through it once. An interesting fellow..."

As Han Muye descended the mountain, Zuo Baichou and Xie Chaoyan hurriedly approached.

“City Lord, is it settled?” Zuo Baichou asked in a low voice.

If Zhao Pingyu agreed to set up the array, he would need to gather various resources and prepare the site in advance.

Han Muye nodded and smiled. “Senior Thousand Arrays has agreed.”

These words brought smiles to Zuo Baichou and Xie Chaoyan’s faces.

A city with a defensive array and a city without a defensive array were completely different.

“City Lord, we heard that upon your arrival, the City Lord of Dongyuan City sent an invitation and several other sword masters in the city want to meet you as well.”

Xie Chaoyan took out a rather luxurious invitation and handed it to Han Muye.

Han Muye’s visit to Dongyuan City was not a secret; how could the City Lord of a city not know?

“It’s rare for me to visit Dongyuan City. I remember that the strongest swordsman in Dongyuan City is Sword Immortal Three Streams, Huang Huan, right?”

“Is he a disciple of the Blood Battle Sect?”

While Han Muye walked up the steps, he looked at Xie Chaoyan, who handed him the invitation.

Xie Chaoyan nodded, "Indeed, although it hasn't been confirmed, his cultivation techniques are all from the Blood Battle Sect."

"He doesn't hide this fact."

"Good, then I will go and meet this formidable swordsman of the Blood Battle Sect." Han Muye's eyes revealed a hint of fighting spirit.

Previously, he was reluctant to directly confront the major sects.

But now, at this level, being too timid would backfire.

He had the backing of the Sword Sect behind him, which he could show off a bit.

Upon entering Dongyuan City, Han Muye and Zuo Baichou went straight to the City Lord's mansion.

Outside the mansion, one could see sword lights shimmering, with sword masters arriving for the banquet.

"That's Sword Immortal Yunlan!" Someone exclaimed softly when they saw Han Muye.

“Invincible Han of Yunlan City. The City Lord invited him to a banquet today.”

“Senior Huang Huan is also here today. I wonder if these two top experts will have a battle?”

Eyes turned towards Han Muye, and whispers filled the air.

Han Muye didn't pay attention to them and looked ahead at the middle-aged man in a brocade robe who stepped out of the City Lord's mansion.

The City Lord of Dongyuan City was a Heaven Immortal Void Refinement Realm expert.

For a large city to stand firm in the Wilderness, both background and strength were indispensable.

The City Lord of Dongyuan City, Su Zisheng, not only had formidable personal strength but also had a wide circle of friends, including Zhao Pingyu, a master of formations, and Huang Huan, a master of swordsmanship, both of whom were considered his brothers.

There were also several powerful Heaven Immortals holding down, presiding over the city.

Dongyuan City had gained fame long before the past million years.

“Haha, Invincible City Lord, it's an honor to have you in my Dongyuan City. Haha...”

Su Zisheng laughed heartily as he approached, reaching out to pat Han Muye's shoulder and then smilingly pulling his sleeve, leading him into the main hall.

This kind of attitude immediately warmed everyone's hearts.

In the world of cultivation, such actions signified trust.

As they entered the main hall, all the sword masters sitting there slowly stood up.

"Come, let me introduce Invincible City Lord to everyone."

While leading Han Muye forward, Su Zisheng introduced, "This is Tao Yi, the Master of my Dongyuan City's Three Swords Hall. Brother Tao's swordsmanship is exquisite and has reached the pinnacle of the Immortal Realm."

"This is Zheng Lin, the venerated figure of the Golden Weave Trading Company. Brother Zheng's cultivation is profound, and his swordsmanship is extraordinary. In particular, his sword controlling technique, which can cut down enemies from a thousand miles away, is truly impressive."

...

Although Su Zisheng was not a sword cultivator, he knew every sword cultivator like the back of his hand.

The sword cultivators he introduced all smiled and bowed.

“This is my Brother Huang Huan. Brother Huang is the pillar of Dongyuan City. Haha, Invincible City Lord, you must be interested in Brother Huang’s sword techniques.”

Su Zisheng walked to the stone steps in front of him and pointed at a thin Daoist in a green robe with a longsword floating behind him.

Han Muye looked up. The Daoist’s eyes flickered, and sword intent surged on his body.

“Invincible Han? Rare to see you here.

“I’m curious, you challenge sword masters for hundreds of thousands of miles around, yet you haven’t set foot in my Dongyuan City for the past three years.”

“Are you looking down on me, Huang Huan, or are you afraid to come because you know you’re no match for me?”

Huang Huan’s words silenced the entire hall.

Everyone looked at Han Muye, who was standing beside the City Lord of Dongyuan City, to see how he would answer.

Did he look down on him or did he not dare to fight?

“Both,” Han Muye said softly, his expression unchanged.

Both!

He looked down on Huang Huan, but he also knew that he was no match for him!

The sword light that shot to the sky from Huang Huan’s body instantly exploded, and his eyes emanated a dazzling sword intent.

“Good, then can we have a fight today?”

### **Chapter 1138 - 1138 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm**

1138 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm

He looked down on Huang Huan.

And he knew he was not his match.

Was he here today for a battle?



Han Muye nodded, the light in his eyes unchanged. "If it wasn't for a battle, why would I come here?"

It was indeed for a battle!

As soon as he said this, everyone in the hall looked at Huang Huan.

This was a challenge!

Sword Immortal Three Streams, Huang Huan, had been famous for thousands of years, and his swordsmanship was extraordinary.

Only someone like him could pique the interest of Sword Immortal Yunlan and lead him to come for a battle.

Unconsciously, many people felt envious.

To be challenged by Sword Immortal Yunlan was a great honor for a swordsman, right?

This was the acknowledgment of strength.

Often, if you hadn't reached that level, no matter how hard you tried, you couldn't force your way in.

"Alright." Sword radiance flashed around Huang Huan, and a lonely look appeared on his face.

“Don’t be anxious, Brother Huang, Invincible City Lord. Let’s sit down and have a chat before fighting.” Su Zisheng reached out and pressed Huang Huan’s arm down, then grabbed Han Muye’s sleeve.

Although Han Muye and Huang Huan’s fighting spirit rose, they did not attack directly.

After all, there was no deep-seated enmity between them; they were just sparring. With the mediation of the Dongyuan City Lord, they naturally had to give face to each other.

“It’s rare for the Invincible City Lord and Brother Huang to be here today. I’ve also invited the Sword Dao experts in the city to sit together.” Su Zisheng looked at everyone in the hall and smiled. “Of course, we’ll discuss the Sword Dao first before competing in sword techniques.”

As he spoke, he waved his hand, and several treasures that shone with immortal light appeared in the hall.

Among them, there were long swords that were already emitting sword intent and immortal light. They were at least at the level of numinous treasures, top-notch spiritual materials, and 10,000-year-old immortal medicines.

There were also a few jade slips.

The items taken out by the Dongyuan City Lord were definitely extraordinary.

The value of the treasures floating in this hall was already something that a Void Heaven Immortal could not afford in his entire life.

The City Lord of Dongyuan produced so many precious treasures without even blinking.

“Whether it’s the sword technique spar between the Invincible City Lord and Brother Huang today or the Dao discussion between everyone, the rewards are all mine.”

Su Zisheng said loudly.

This forthrightness made the eyes of everyone in the hall light up, and they hurriedly cupped their hands in thanks.

Han Muye nodded. It was no wonder that Su Zisheng could have so many experts as friends and that Dongyuan City could gather so many experts.

With Su Zisheng’s generosity, he could attract experts from all over the world to submit.

Weren’t cultivators just seeking a happy heart?

With Su Zisheng’s generosity, many powerful beings were willing to go through fire and water for him.

“Invincible City Lord, you’ve challenged sword techniques everywhere, so you must have benefited from your Sword Dao. I believe there must be something you’re confused about. You’re a guest, so tell us what you’re confused about. We’ll participate together.” Su Zisheng looked at Han Muye.

Having Han Muye speak first about his doubts and then collectively understanding them was genuinely appreciated by Su Zisheng. Just with this one sentence, Han Muye's goodwill towards him grew.

Han Muye looked at everyone.

Everyone looked curious.

Even Huang Huan had a hint of surprise in his eyes.

A Sword Dao expert like Han Muye had returned from another round of challenges. What doubts would he have regarding the Sword Dao?

Han Muye turned his gaze outside the hall, which emitted a deep halo.

"I'm indeed a little confused about the Sword Dao."

He raised his hand, and Dao sword light circulated in his palm.

"In terms of Sword Dao power, I'm not inferior to anyone.

"I'm not inferior to anyone in terms of Sword Dao research.

"But in terms of strength, I feel like there's a barrier."

The sword light in his palm intertwined, and one could see the void being torn apart.

This level of swordsmanship was something countless people looked up to but couldn't achieve.

However, just as Han Muye said, at this moment, although the sword radiance was agile, it didn't emanate a formidable force.

No one present felt any killing intent or the power to slay in the sword's intent.

This wasn't something Han Muye deliberately controlled; it was an inherent flaw.

A sword was a weapon of slaughter, and swordsmanship was a means of killing.

Without killing intent, how could one kill?

This was also the realization Han Muye had during the process of refining his swordsmanship.

Though his swordsmanship primarily revolved around killing intent, he didn't rely solely on the act of killing for refinement.

Now, he was stuck at the Heavenly Venerable realm and Earth Immortal realm. He could not transcend the Five Decays of Heaven and Man to become a Heaven Immortal, nor could he directly defy the heavens and become an Immortal Ascension.

It was quite embarrassing.

If it was only his swordsmanship that was stuck at this level, it would be fine. The problem was that even his second elemental soul, the Sword Element, had reached such a bottleneck.

If it weren't for his powerful soul and the constant improvement of his swordsmanship, he would have suspected if he had taken the wrong path in cultivation.

"Not enough power?" Looking at the sword beam that shattered the void, a sword cultivator below grinned and said, "Invincible City Lord, could it be that you want to challenge a supreme Golden Immortal with your Sword Dao?"

Such strong sword radiance, and he said not enough power?

Then what were their swords?

But when the words came out, they looked at Han Muye's expression, and the faces of the crowd gradually turned serious.

Han Muye was not joking. He really wanted to challenge a Supreme Golden Immortal with just his swordsmanship.

Golden Immortals were completely different from Heaven Immortals. They were mighty figures who controlled spatial teleportation and could directly drag the battlefield into the Grotto-heaven.

Fighting a Golden Immortal was a completely hopeless situation for a Heaven Immortal.

At the top, Su Zisheng smiled and shrugged, "Indeed, the Invincible City Lord's ambitions are beyond our comprehension."

He turned around and looked at Huang Huan, who had a solemn expression on his face.

"Brother Huang, I'm afraid only you can answer the question of the Invincible City Lord."

Huang Huan's eyes revealed a solemn expression as he nodded and said, "Back then, after I stepped into the Heaven Immortal realm and condensed a Grotto-heaven, I also had this feeling."

"That's why I came to this Wasteland."

With sword radiance flashing around him, Huang Huan looked at Han Muye and said, "The Sword Dao is endless, but there is also a limit to its power."

### **Chapter 1139 - 1139 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm (2)**

#### **1139 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm (2)**

"After suffering three consecutive defeats, I finally gained enlightenment," he said with a soft sigh.

A trace of nostalgia appeared on Huang Huan's face as he continued, "Human strength has its limits; it will eventually run dry."

Human strength had its limits.

Sword cultivators were the most aloof creatures in the cultivation world.

As long as their swords remained unbroken and their will unshattered, they would not bow to anyone.

But once a sword cultivator lowered his head, would he still be a proud and aloof sword cultivator?

Just thinking about it, how could there be an undefeated sword cultivator in the world?

Huang Huan's words immersed everyone in the hall in contemplation.

Defeat?

Han Muye knew that sword cultivators were not invincible.

But what if he could be undefeated?

"Actually, there's another way." At this moment, Huang Huan's voice sounded again.



Han Muye looked at him and saw a hint of loneliness on his face.

“Fight to the end and never look back.

“Gather the will of battle and the intent of the sword, nourishing oneself through war, becoming stronger with each battle.”

Let the will to fight surge, never ceasing!

This was the cultivation method of the Blood Battle Sect!

The hall was filled with gasps.

It was said that the Three Streams Sword Immortal, Huang Huan, was a member of the Blood Battle Sect. Now that he was talking about cultivation methods, it was really the Blood Battle Sect’s method.

Sensing the astonishment of the crowd, Huang Huan said lightly, “Back in the day, I was defeated in a battle within the sect and was subsequently exiled.

“In the sect, there were those undefeated powerhouses, their will to fight gathering until it seemed capable of shaking the heavens and earth.”

Han Muye could imagine how majestic the invincible fighting spirit of the elite experts who had never been defeated was.

It was precisely because of this that many members of the Blood Battle Sect deliberately refrained from suppressing their agitation and arrogance, putting themselves in a state of excitement born from being invincible.

The Blood Battle Sect was composed of these undefeated powerhouses, which was why they grew stronger with every battle.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Huang Huan and he suddenly had a thought.

The core members of Blood Battle Sect were all elites who had never been defeated in a hundred battles.

But what about the losers other than the elites?

The losers could only be eliminated!

This was the world of immortal cultivators!

No matter what kind of expert you were, as long as you were defeated, you would slowly sink.

Only an invincible expert had a chance to step into the peak.

The Blood Battle Sect was like this, but wasn't the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect the same?

Which faction of the Daoist community or the demon race wasn't like this?

This was the Heavenly Dao of the Immortal World.

It was no longer a natural selection in the mortal world, but a true intermediate selection.

Therefore, the entire world was controlled by the strong, and the Great Dao in the world was also the thought of the strong.

The weak had no right to make any decisions.

Was he willing to accept this?

Who would be willing to be judged as a weakling?

However, so what if he was unwilling?

This was the Dao of Heaven and Earth.

The strong were always strong.

In the hall, Huang Huan's words were filled with a sense of oppression.

"Actually, there are more choices besides victory and defeat." Han Muye shook his head, but his body was condensed with battle intent.

He could choose other paths, but it did not mean that he would choose them himself.

Seeing the fighting spirit of the sword light on his body, Huang Huan said, "If you take a step back, the world will naturally be wide open. However, among all the choices in the world, sword cultivators always like to choose the most difficult ones, don't you think so?"

There was no need for an answer.

Not only was the sword intent and battle intent condensed from Han Muye's body a choice,

As a swordsman challenging the three million li undefeated mark, how could Han Muye not pursue the most challenging path?

Moreover, if it weren't for seeing through the Blood Battle Sect's methods, his belief in being undefeated might truly align with the cultivation method of the Blood Battle Sect.

If he went to the Blood Battle Sect, he might be a core elite.

“Brother Huang’s words of being undefeated in a hundred battles do conform to the rules of the cultivation world.”

“It’s a pity that our realms are still far inferior. There’s no way to figure it out...” Su Zisheng shook his head and muttered regretfully. Then, he raised his hand and handed a treasure to Huang Huan.

Huang Huan accepted it without hesitation.

After that, many people in the hall expressed their confusion. With the answer that made people’s eyes light up, Su Zisheng gave away the treasure.

Two hours later, only the two greenish-black swords were left floating in the hall.

Everyone looked at Huang Huan, who was sitting at the head of the table.

Of the two swords, one was the prize for the battle between Han Wudi and Huang Huan, and the other was naturally the reward for the Three Streams Sword Immortal, Huang Huan, asking his questions and answering them.

However, in this hall, wasn’t the Invincible City Lord the only one who could answer Huang Huan’s confusion?

“My name is Three Streams Sword Immortal. Actually, I should be called Three Breaths.” Huang Huan stood up and condensed sword intent on his body.

“My sword is fast and condenses pure power.

“This is an advantage, but it is also a disadvantage.”

Turning around, he looked at Han Muye. “Invincible City Lord should know what the drawback I’m talking about is.”

Han Muye nodded.

Huang Huan came from the Blood Battle Sect and pursued the speed of sword light and pure strength.

There was nothing wrong with that.

This was his greatest advantage when he had not lost a single time.

However, ever since he was defeated by someone else’s sword, Huang Huan had doubts in his heart. He felt that his sword was not fast enough or ruthless enough.

How much combat power could a sword have if its beliefs collapsed?

In the hall, some people could understand the disadvantages Huang Huan mentioned, while others could not.

All eyes were on Han Muye.

This question clearly wanted him to give an answer.

Han Muye looked ahead.

Huang Huan's question was both the same and different from his own.

The similarity lay in both of them facing the problem of their strength not being strong enough to match their desired power.

The difference was that Han Muye wanted to be stronger, while Huang Huan wanted to preserve his power.

### **Chapter 1140 - 1140 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm (3)**

1140 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm (3)

"Two options."

Han Muye held up two fingers.

Two options?

Huang Huan's eyes focused, and Su Zisheng revealed a look of joy as he stared at Han Muye.

Everyone in the hall also looked at him.

"First, like me, challenge with the sword. If you win, you win. If you lose, you lose.

"In this world, the most terrifying thing is not giving up.

"As long as you don't give up, there will be a time when you break out of the cocoon."

Not giving up.

Huang Huan's eyes flickered with divine light, and it was difficult to suppress the fighting spirit in his body.

"Then, what's the second option?" After pondering for a moment, Su Zisheng asked softly.

Not everyone was as proficient in the Sword Dao as Han Muye. If the second method was simpler, it was better to choose a simple path.

"The second option is to give up."



Han Muye said softly, "There are all kinds of cultivation in the world. Why treat this lousy sword as your life?"

"Step back, and you will have a vast expanse of possibilities."

Step back?

Huang Huan slowly stood up.

In the hall, all the sword cultivators stood up.

"The Invincible City Lord is right."

"We cultivators have countless paths to choose from, why place all our hopes on a broken sword?"

Huang Huan's expression was calm. He slowly raised his hand and drew the longsword on his back into his palm.

Below, the group of sword cultivators also had complicated expressions, but they were determined.

"But who would be willing to throw away this lousy sword?"

Could he bear to throw it away?

Laughter came from the hall.

Although the Sword Dao was difficult and the sword in his palm was broken, it was impossible to throw it away!

They could abandon their lives, but not this sword!

“Haha, I understand now.”

Su Zisheng stood up and said softly, “Cultivation in this world is about finding the right fit. Everyone has their own path to take.

“How can one be content without reaching the end of the road?”

“If your heart is not clear, why cultivate as an immortal?”

Looking at Han Muye, Su Zisheng smiled and said, “Invincible City Lord, you truly understand.

“Although it is said that there are two paths in cultivation, in reality, everyone has only one path to choose.”

No one could choose two paths.

Be it Huang Huan or Han Muye, in the end, it was all the same. After choosing to become a sword cultivator, there was no way out.

“This sword is your prize, City Lord Invincible.” Su Zisheng waved his hand, and the sword landed in front of Han Muye.

In the hall, only one sword remained suspended.

“Invincible City Lord, since you’ve discussed the Sword Dao before, are you willing to spar with me in terms of sword techniques?” Huang Huan no longer had the arrogance he had when they met previously. He looked at Han Muye and said loudly.

Only experts of the same level could be respected.

Whether it was the Immortal World or the mortal world, it was the same.

“It’s what I want.”

Sword light also rose from Han Muye’s body.

Didn't he come to Dongyuan City to attend the banquet for the Three Streams Sword Immortal, Huang Huan?

"Haha, please—"

Huang Huan flew up into the sky.

Han Muye's sword light was only a thousandth of a second slower.

"Boom!"

The two sword lights collided in the ninth heaven, and a resounding boom echoed, as if thunder had rolled down.

The Sword Dao experts in the hall did not stay any longer. All of them flew up into the clouds to observe this battle.

Su Zisheng looked at the empty hall and shook his head with a wry smile. He raised his hand and waved, revealing a light screen in the middle of the hall.

The defensive formation of Dongyuan City could monitor a radius of thousands of miles, and it was good enough to watch the sword fight in the hall. There was no need to follow them outside.

"Boom!"

In the light screen in front of him, the two sword lights collided again. The sword lights intertwined and actually produced millions of layers of halos.

This was because the level of power contained in the sword was too high, which was why it triggered the spiritual light wave.

Looking at the flickering light, Su Zisheng's eyes were filled with longing and yearning.

This was the charm of the Sword Dao.

The most resplendent move collided with the purest power. No one in the world could resist the temptation.

“Buzz!”

In the sky, three blood-colored rivers appeared.

The famous sword technique of the Three Streams Sword Immortal!

Su Zisheng did not expect Huang Huan to summon his blood-colored river in such a short time.

In the sky, Han Muye stood on the clouds, the sword in his hand as steady as a rock.

In front of him, three blood-colored rivers surged and roared like three blood dragons, causing the surrounding Heaven and Earth powers to tremble.

He could feel the blood qi in his body surging, as if it was about to be swept up by the blood-colored river.

In addition, the violent and chaotic nature carried by the long river was constantly corroding the soul.

This was the Blood Battle Sect's method. They attacked from all directions, from the soul and flesh aura.

"Invincible City Lord, you should know where my sword technique came from," Huang Huan, who was hidden in the blood river, said.

"I'll give you three breaths to prepare. After three breaths, if you can withstand three breaths, I'll give up my sword and admit defeat."

After three breaths, he took three breaths.

Those three breaths were equivalent to three breaths of heaven-shattering and earth-shattering breaths!

The surrounding sword cultivators and the immortal cultivators gathered in the city all heard Huang Huan's words and could not help but retreat.

The collision between the two Sword Dao experts was worth watching, and he had to be careful not to be affected.

He could not get close to the blood river that hung in the sky.

Three breaths of time to prepare.

Han Muye nodded.

Huang Huan's cultivation and the Blood Battle Sect's methods were both top-notch, so he had to treat them seriously.

"Clang—"

In the sword case on Han Muye's back, thousands of sword lights turned into a long dragon.

This was a technique from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect!

Although the sword formation was not unique to the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, it was definitely the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's sword technique that was used to compete with the Blood Battle Sect's sword technique!

Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, was a member of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Just like the Three Streams Sword Immortal, Huang Huan, who came from the Blood Battle Sect.

Below, Su Zisheng sighed and shook his head as he looked at the sword light dragon in the intermediate screen.

As expected, Invincible Han had a powerful background.