

Pavilion 1141

Chapter 1141 - 1141 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm (4)

1141 Embracing the Righteous Sword Dao, Entering the Heaven Immortal Realm (4)

Indeed, without the background of the Sword Sect, how could he rise in just a few years?

There were countless cultivators in the Yunteng Wasteland. How many of them could rise as quickly as Invincible Han?

“A long dragon of sword light, a technique of the Sword Sect. So Yunlan Sword Immortal is an elite expert of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect!” Someone in Dongyuan City looked up at the long dragon and exclaimed softly.

“The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. From the looks of it, Yunlan City is going to prosper...” An old man in a green brocade robe’s eyes flickered.

Dongyuan City was not far from Yunlan City. Everyone knew that Yunlan City had unlimited potential.

However, without a powerful background, Yunlan City alone would still have a long way to go if it wanted to continue developing.

However, if Yunlan City had the Sword Clan behind it, its rise was right in front of them.

For a moment, countless cultivators looked at Han Muye in the sky with different gazes.

“I hope Yunlan Sword Immortal can last for three breaths...”

No matter how much potential Yunlan City had, it depended on whether this Yunlan Sword Immortal could travel smoothly.

If he couldn't block Sword Immortal Three Stream's sword today, then there was no need to talk about the development of Yunlan City.

“Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, good.” Huang Huan's figure stepped out of the blood river. The blood light on his body condensed into armor, and the longsword in his hand was more like a short spear than a sword.

The hilt was two feet long, and the blade was two feet long.

Holding the sword with both hands, golden light and blood intertwined on the green and red sword edge.

“Among my three defeats, one of them was when I encountered the elites of the three halls of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. I fought bitterly for three days and finally lost.”

The battle intent in Huang Huan's eyes materialized. The sword in his hand guided the three blood-colored rivers behind him, turning them into vortexes.

“Let's see if my thousand years of cultivation can break your Sword Sect's formation!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the blood-colored vortex exploded and transformed into a thousand blood-colored swords. Each of them was 100 feet long, and they stabbed towards Han Muye's head like blood-colored fish.

1,000 100-foot-long swords with agile sword light. Every sword contained an irresistible killing intent that made one's heart palpitate.

Since the sword had attacked, it naturally had to kill with a single strike.

This killing intent was exactly what Han Muye did not have.

He did not expect to gain such a benefit from fighting Huang Huan!

Looking at the killing intent condensed on each sword, not only was Han Muye not afraid, but the suppressed battle intent on his body surged!

Killing intent, battle intent, and sword intent.

The three rivers of blood were known as the three streams. They were the combination of these three concepts.

Huang Huan's Sword Dao was intermediate from the Blood Battle Sect's cultivation principles.

Han Muye's sword intent was monstrous and completely crushed the other party.

His fighting spirit could not be inferior.

However, his killing intent was completely incomparable.

Where did the killing intent come from?

Looking at the blood-colored sword light approaching, Han Muye held his sword and did not move.

He was wondering why he didn't have any killing intent.

Because he was strong enough, no one could trigger his killing intent.

This was because he had cultivated carefully all the way and did not encounter true experts. He also did not encounter life-and-death danger and could not draw out killing intent.

Also, he did not have much karma on him.

Such a cultivation method would be fine if he was in Daoism, but being a sword cultivator was really not pure.

Without the courage to fight to the death, how could he be a sword cultivator?

He didn't even have killing intent and didn't even dare to kill. What was the use of the sword in his hand?

Kill who?

Killing intent condensed on Han Muye.

Everyone who went against him?

Everyone who was a threat to him?

Or was it all living beings?

Who in this world had not killed before?

Even ants would attack the weaker Floating Firefly Worms.

Not right!

As the sword light approached, Han Muye suddenly laughed.

In that instant, he almost fell into a trance!

What was killing intent?

Killing intent was to defend the Dao in one's heart!

The sword had a sharp edge and a spine.

The sword spine was one's own Dao, and the sword edge was the guardian Dao.

Anyone who wanted to break the Dao in his heart must be killed!

"The Dao in my heart is the good and evil in my heart.

"To uphold good and evil, to uphold justice for the living beings of the world."

It was just upholding good and evil. This rule, which had been agreed upon in the mortal world, had long been abandoned in the world of cultivators.

However, this was the morality in Han Muye's heart that had never been broken!

If he drew his sword, it would be justice!

With righteousness in his heart, he was filled with killing intent!

Han Muye looked up at the sky and laughed. The sword light on his body burned directly, turning into a 100,000-foot-long dragon that guided the Thousand Sword Dragon. With a roar, it shattered the blood-colored sword that was descending from above.

The Blood Battle Sect's battle intent, sword intent, and killing intent were very strong, but Han Muye's morality was firm and righteous. He had no regrets in life and death!

"Boom!"

All the swords were shattered by Han Muye's long sword light.

Huang Huan retreated 30,000 feet and looked up at Han Muye in front of him in shock.

Sword light wrapped around him, and the golden path of justice on Han Muye's body made it impossible to look at him directly.

How powerful was the Sword Dao and how deep was the accumulation?

The most important thing was that this Sword Dao was simply invulnerable when the sword fused with the mind!

If he wanted to break through Yunlan Sword Immortal's Dao, he had to break through all the justice in the world.

Was that even possible?

Although this world had always been one where the strong preyed on the weak, justice would always exist.

As long as justice was not destroyed, the Sword Dao would not be destroyed!

Looking at the sword light on Han Muye's body, Huang Huan looked envious.

This was the true Great Dao...

"Thank you for your guidance, Sword Immortal Three Streams. I've gained something. I'll return to Yunlan City to enter seclusion now."

"Brother Huang and City Lord Su will come to my Yunlan City in the future. I'll wait for you."

Han Muye shouted, and his figure turned into a dragon of sword light that crossed the world and flew away.

Between heaven and earth, the power of the Sword Dao that was filled with justice had yet to dissipate, causing the clouds above Dongyuan City to circulate.

Sensing the remnant sword intent, countless cultivators fell silent.

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Killing intent condensed into justice.

Who could defeat such a sword cultivator?

After fighting for three breaths, no one cared about the final outcome.

With his impromptu breakthrough, Yunlan Sword Immortal's cultivation might really defy the heavens.

"Big Brother, I've also gained some insights from today's battle." Huang Huan lowered his head to look at Su Zisheng, who had already flown over, then turned to look at the distant sky.

Su Zisheng smiled and said, "I know that Dongyuan City won't become a rope that binds you.

"I only hope that you can come back to Dongyuan City one day and visit me again."

He turned to look in the direction Han Muye had flown in and sighed softly. "I no longer have your sharpness. Otherwise, I really want to adventure again."

A battle between sword cultivators who had no regrets in life and death, and a righteous Sword Dao.

This was what the cultivation world looked like.

Huang Huan bowed to Su Zisheng and looked outside the city. "Second Brother, I'll take my leave first."

Outside the city, clouds surged, and a tall mountain appeared.

Dongyuan Mountain.

A mountain of tens of thousands of feet.

This was the first time tens of thousands of tall mountains had appeared in the wilderness.

"Haha, looks like you're also very emotional, Second Brother." Huang Huan let out a long laugh. His figure moved, causing a river of blood to soar into the sky.

Su Zisheng looked at the river of blood, then turned to look at the tall mountain with a complicated expression.

News of the battle in Dongyuan City spread.

Sword Immortal Three Streams Huang Huan was from Blood Battle Sect and his Sword Dao cultivation was extremely strong.

Zhao Qianzhen, who lived in seclusion on the Dongyuan Mountain, had actually hidden the mountain tens of thousands of feet away by himself.

Both of them were extremely powerful.

However, this was nothing compared to Yunlan Sword Immortal Invincible Han.

Yunlan Sword Immortal actually had the background of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Moreover, his Sword Dao was the most difficult sword to find in the world.

When Han Muye's Sword Dao spread, countless low-level cultivators within a radius of millions of miles advanced towards Yunlan City.

To be able to cultivate the righteous sword, there was no need to worry about such a person's character and temperament.

Yunlan City would definitely prosper.

Han Muye did not care about the news from the outside world at all.

At this moment, he was already in seclusion in the City Lord's Mansion.

Zhang Zhenbiao and the others led the experts in the city and guarded the City Lord's Mansion layer by layer.

Their City Lord had gained something in Dongyuan City and had returned to seclusion. This was a great thing.

Whether it was the wasteland or other places in the cultivation world, without experts holding down, the factions could not go far.

In the City Lord's Mansion of Yunlan City, sword light surrounded Han Muye.

He had already set up dozens of array formations around him, blocking all the probing.

At this moment, two long swords floated in front of him.

One was a green sword light, a killing sword interwoven with Exalted Immortal patterns.

The other was naturally his second primordial spirit, the Trap Sword.

The halos on the two swords scattered and connected with the blood essence and spiritual light all over his body.

“Straighten up.”

Han Muye muttered.

Killing intent.

Killing all injustice and injustice in the world.

Sword light surged on the two long swords, causing the blood in his body to surge.

Baxia’s body, which had never appeared, appeared, and the phantom of the Kui appeared.

The light of Qi and blood and the light of lightning collided with the sword light and turned into a dazzling light.

“Heaven-defying Immortal Ascension.”

Han Muye’s eyes shone with endless light.

It had finally come to this.

He had accumulated countless resources during his cultivation and had the enhancement of extreme comprehension.

To him, cultivation did not matter how long it took. The only thing he needed was choices.

Among the thousands of Great Dao, choose one that he could persevere on.

Now, he had found it.

Using the righteous sword to defy the heavens and achieve Immortal Ascension!

“Buzz!”

The sword intent collided with the two primordial spirit swords. Silently, golden halos surged and transformed into light cocoons that surrounded him.

The Phoenix Golden Fire landed outside the cocoon of light, its lively eyes revealing a trace of envy.

...

Han Muye was in seclusion in Yunlan City. Immortal cultivators from all over Yunlan City had gathered, bringing all kinds of news from the Wasteland.

The Gale Bandits had already gathered hundreds of thousands of troops and were not at a disadvantage when they collided with several large factions in the Wasteland.

The experts of the Heavenly Radiance School attacked and shattered a large city of the Dao Sect. The battle between the Dao Sect and the Heavenly Radiance School was about to begin.

Several elites of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect fought with the experts of the Blood Battle Sect in the Wasteland. Both sides won and lost, and the conflict between the two sects intensified.

In the Bitter Immortal Realm, the Immortal Demon King Hun Tian was confirmed to have died. His Nirvana Pearl was scattered everywhere, and the entire Bitter Immortal Realm was fighting for it.

The various factions under Immortal Demon King Hun Tian were being pursued, and many of them had already come to the wasteland to take refuge.

One of the three bandits of the Bitter Immortal Realm, the Thunder Pirate, appeared in the Wasteland.

It was said that a team of Thunder Pirates had wiped out a demon tribe in the wasteland and were heading towards the lake. No one knew why.

These major events attracted the attention of countless people. On the other hand, the Great City Protection Formation of Yunlan City only took three years to set up under Zhao Qianzhen's hands, so no one cared.

Wasn't it normal for a large city's Great City Protection Formation?

Even when millions of cultivators quietly gathered in Yunlan City and built more than 10 teleportation arrays to become the largest trading city within a radius of 300 miles, not many people investigated further.

Yunlan City had the backing of the Sword Sect, and the Yunlan Sword Immortal cultivated the Righteous Sword Dao. Of course, it could attract countless cultivators.

As for Yunlan Sword Immortal's seclusion, this was even more normal.

In the cultivation world, who wouldn't enter seclusion?

However, what no one knew was that Han Muye was no longer in the wasteland.

After three years of seclusion, he quietly came out of seclusion and stepped into the rule of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect with the Murong family's caravan.

This was because Murong Fu had brought the token he had given to the City Lord's Mansion of Yunlan City to ask for help.

The Murong clan was besieged and in danger of being destroyed.

Han Muye, whose cultivation had just stepped into the Heaven Immortal Realm and needed to consolidate the Great Dao, personally went.

Straighten up.

Guarding the front.

As long as the Murong family was on the side of justice, Han Muye didn't mind making a move.

On the deck of the Greenwood Flying Ship, Murong Fu, who was wearing a green robe, pointed ahead and said softly, "Senior Brother Han, that's the city where my Murong family is located, Puyuan City."

He did not expect Yunlan Sword Immortal to personally follow him to Puyuan City.

His Murong clan had already fallen, and the strongest person in the family clan was only an Earth Immortal who presided over it. How could he have the qualifications to invite Yunlan Sword Immortal personally?

He had taken the token to seek help. He had originally thought that it would be a blessing to be able to lure a Heaven Immortal expert to Puyuan City.

Han Muye nodded, his gaze landing on the large city within a radius of nearly a hundred miles.

Under the rule of the Daoist Faction, it was prosperous.

Even a hinterland city could be so magnificent and resplendent.

“Boom!”

In front of him, a bolt of lightning exploded, and then several immortal lights collided and rumbled.

The expressions of everyone on the flying ship changed drastically.

“It’s the Murong family’s flying ship. Stop it.”

“The Patriarch is besieging Murong Chi. No one from the Murong family is allowed to go over.”

“Since they’re from the Murong clan, just kill them.”

Several immortal lights smashed down on the deck.

Murong Fu’s face was pale, and the Murong family disciples behind him were trembling.

Murong Chi was the last of the Murong clan to preside over the Earth Immortal Realm. He was the Murong clan’s last reliance.

If Murong Chi died, the Murong family would definitely perish!

Chapter 1143 - 1143 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City, Immortal Burial City

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The immortal light descended, bringing with it violent winds that seemed to overturn the immortal boat.

A few of the spells that could shatter mountains exuded a terrifying power that even Murong Fu could not resist.

A smile appeared on the opponent's face.

The Murong clan no longer had any masters. After countless years of accumulation, all parties were tempted.

Most importantly, something had happened to the Murong Family because they were guarding the mortal world, causing the Dao Sect to be furious. They had already lost the protection of the Dao Sect.

In the territory of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect, without the protection of the sect, everyone knew what it meant.

It was already very rare for the Murong family to last until now.

"Boom!"

All the spells and immortal light collided, but they were shattered by a sword light.

On the immortal boat, Han Muye, who was standing on the deck, raised his sword, and his Exalted Immortal light flickered.

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han.”

The pale-faced Murong Fu spoke gratefully.

Behind him, the Murong family disciples who had survived the calamity looked at Han Muye.

Some of these people knew Han Muye’s identity, and some only knew that he was an expert invited by Murong Fu.

Seeing that he had broken through all the attacks with a single strike, he immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

If not for this sword, all of them would have died.

“There’s an expert.

“He’s not from the Murong family. This strike is not much worse than Murong Chi’s.

“Hehe, there’s still someone who dares to help the Murong clan. They really have a death wish.”

A figure appeared in front of him. There were no Heaven Immortals, but there was one Human Immortal Heavenly Venerable and three Sages.

With such power, it was enough to destroy the Murong family, not to mention that they were not the masters who surrounded and killed Murong Chi.

Why would the already defeated Murong Family still need to use such a formation?

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the leading Heavenly Venerable expert.

The other party also looked at Han Muye.

“Fellow Daoist, it’s best if you don’t interfere in the Murong family’s matters.”

The old man in luxurious robes, who looked to be in his fifties, shook his head and said calmly, “The Murong family offended Senior Brother Zhu Yun. We’ll definitely destroy them this time.”

Senior Brother Zhu Yun?

“He’s the Dao Sect’s guardian of the three cities here. He’s rarely in Puyuan City.” Murong Fu frowned and said in a low voice, “My Murong family has never offended him.”

The guards of the three cities naturally had good cultivation levels.

The key was that the disciples of the Dao Sect had the true backing.

If the Murong clan's power was still there, a mere three-city garrison was nothing.

However, the current Murong family definitely did not dare to offend the guardian of the three cities, Zhu Yun.

"Of course not. It's just that some time ago, Murong Chi killed a Sage who offended the Murong family. Senior Brother Zhu Yun took a fancy to the numinous treasure in his hand."

The gaze of the Heavenly Venerable expert in front landed on the banner of the Murong family on the immortal boat. He said softly, "A starving camel is still bigger than a horse. The Murong family's foundation is really deep..."

He would not reveal his wealth.

It was a crime to possess a jade.

The Murong family had done nothing wrong, but their own strength and foundation were not compatible. This was a mistake.

Murong Fu knew his family's situation. Apart from a few treasures that could suppress the family clan's lifeline, everything else had already dissipated.

Otherwise, he would not have led a group of juniors to the wasteland trade route to gather immortal Spirit Stones.

However, outsiders did not know about this.

Even if the Murong family opened up all their assets, no one would believe that they really had nothing.

What should we do?

Murong Fu looked at Han Muye.

Yunlan Sword Immortal was a friend of Murong Zheng's granduncle and promised to save the Murong Family.

However, he did not dare to say how far this friendship could make Yunlan Sword Immortal go.

Moreover, the Yunlan Sword Immortal was a member of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. The Sword Sect and the Daoist Faction were not enemies, but they were not allies either.

The Yunlan Sword Immortal probably wouldn't dare to use his full strength under the rule of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect.

"Senior Brother Han, I—"

Murong Fu took a deep breath. Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye had already raised his hand.

The sword in his hand was surrounded by immortal light as he took a step forward.

This step directly caused the world within a radius of 50 miles to tremble!

"I'm old friends with the Murong family and have specially come from the Yunteng Wasteland. How can I leave you in the lurch?"

Han Muye's voice was not loud, but it caused the surrounding immortal energy to surge and disperse.

His words carried the law.

No, this was a combination of will and heaven and earth!

Heaven Immortal Realm!

The expression of the Heavenly Venerable expert standing in front changed. Without hesitation, he turned around and left.

In front of a Heaven Immortal expert, every word was nonsense.

He was not qualified.

“Boom!”

In the city ahead, an explosive immortal light rose.

A 100-foot-tall golden hammer flew up.

“Murong Chi thanks Senior Han for coming to our rescue. If Senior doesn’t abandon us, please take my Murong family’s juniors away.” A sword light surged in the endlessly oppressive immortal light, and a voice came from the city.

The golden hammer was at least a numinous treasure.

This was a treasure Murong Chi had thrown out as a reward for asking Han Muye to protect the Murong family’s juniors and leave.

The Murong family indeed had a foundation. They could take out a numinous treasure just like that.

“Leave?” A voice sounded. An old man in a green Daoist robe flew down and grabbed the golden hammer.

“The Three Essence Heaven Shaking Hammer is the Hu family’s most precious treasure. So it was taken by your Murong family.” Another figure in black armor flew into the sky and chased after the golden hammer.

In Puyuan City, dozens of figures soared into the sky.

Immortal light also flew out of Puyuan City.

“Immortal treasures. This item should belong to Senior Brother Zhu Yun.” A voice sounded as a Daoist holding a horsetail whisk slapped down.

A numinous treasure activated all the experts within a 100-mile radius.

There were dozens of Heavenly Venerables.

There were five Heaven Immortals.

Such strength was all hidden in the city. If not for the appearance of the numinous treasure, they would not have attacked.

A numinous treasure was worth showing up for.

Chapter 1144 - 1144 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City, Burial Immortal City (2)

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“Senior, leave quickly!” Murong Chi’s voice sounded again. A green-gray sword light shot out from the city and collided with the figures charging at the golden hammers.

“You have a death wish.”

“Murong Chi, you overestimate yourself.”

“Murong Family, do you really want your inheritance to end?”

Shouts rang out as immortal light exploded outside the golden hammer.

The sword light could not stop the surrounding figures at all and was shattered by an old man’s palm.

However, the old man seemed to be afraid of others, and he seemed to have thought of something. He turned to look at Han Muye, who was standing in front of the immortal boat.

Although the others all had indifferent expressions, they were actually quietly paying attention to Han Muye.

The Murong family disciples standing on the flying ship shuddered.

With so many powerhouses present, would Han Muye, who had come today, step forward for the sake of the Murong Family?

Murong Fu stared at Han Muye's back with a complicated expression.

He knew Han Muye's identity, but he couldn't be sure whether this unrivaled swordsman, Invincible Han, would confront so many powerhouses for the Murong Family.

Han Muye watched as Murong Chi's sword light was shattered, and raised the sword in his hand again.

Clear.

The sword light was very bright.

In an instant, it surpassed all the immortal lights and even suppressed the halo of the numinous treasure golden hammer.

This strike immediately made all the powerhouses turn their heads.

"A sword cultivator."

“Sword Immortal, be careful.”

“The Murong Family still has such a trump card!”

If a sword immortal expert was stationed in the Murong clan, who would dare to offend him?

Even Daoist Zhu Yun was unwilling to offend a sword immortal, right?

“Clang—”

The sound of swords clashing rang out.

Light gathered on the tip of the sword.

“He’s... he’s drawing his sword!”

“”He’s crazy! With so many of us here, he still dares to draw his sword!”

“Sword Maniac.”

No one expected Han Muye to draw his sword.

It was possible that Han Muye would support the Murong Family, speak up for them, or even hold a position in the Murong Family.

But at this moment, to snatch a spiritual treasure with a direct attack on so many cultivators here?

Was he insane?

“In my heart, I hold righteousness, and at this moment, the sword is my righteousness.”

Han Muye muttered.

Various masters were besieging Murong Chi, and countless powerhouses were encircling the Murong Family; this contradicted Han Muye’s sense of righteousness.

If it violated righteousness, he had to draw his sword!

This sword carried killing intent.

The sword struck out an inch, and sword intent gathered.

The sword struck out three feet, shrouded in killing intent.

No intention to fight.

These mere ants were not worthy of gathering his fighting intent to strike.

Enough.

The sword was 100 feet long, and the cold killing intent emitted from the tip of the sword had already made the Half-Sage Immortal cultivators 100,000 feet away unable to fly and fall directly.

Falling into the void would be miserable without a physical body.

Among Daoist cultivators, not many practiced cultivating their physical bodies.

When the sword extended to 1,000 feet, the immortal light on the sword's edge condensed into a hundred-zhang-long sword and slashed horizontally.

The brilliance of this sword was so intense that people dared not look at it directly.

He couldn't block it!

No one could withstand the sword of a Sword Immortal!

The two Heaven Immortal experts in the lead did not attack. Instead, they turned around and tried to leave.

However, just as they turned around, their expressions changed.

They couldn't escape!

The killing intent gathered and locked onto their souls!

"It's not righteous to bully the weak and fear the strong and abandon your companions," Han Muye muttered.

If someone was unrighteous, he should be killed!

“Attack! He wants to kill us!”

“This person is crazy!”

As the sword light approached, the immortal light converged into a wooden staff.

A talisman transformed into a 100-foot-long shield.

A 100-foot-long phantom in green armor appeared, standing in front of the sword light.

A horsetail whisk emitted immortal light, drawing out threads.

...

Under the Daoist system of cultivation, the use of immortal energy and the power of heaven and earth was incredibly proficient.

The powers of these techniques had different attributes but could coexist without contradiction.

The techniques were deployed, but Han Muye's sword light did not hesitate. With a single flicker, it descended.

"Slash—"

The sword light tore through the puppet armor in front of it.

A Daoist dressed in a Bagua robe trembled all over, his face turning pale.

This was his protective treasure which could withstand a Heaven Immortal for a moment.

Yet at this moment, it was torn to pieces by the sword light, unable to withstand it even for a moment.

The sword light continued, shattering the large shield and then obliterating the whisk.

Next, the sword light pierced through the body of a black-robed elder amid his terrified screams, completely annihilating his Nascent Soul.

Murder.

This sword was truly a tool for killing!

In an instant, the cultivators who had been standing in front of the golden hammer dispersed and fled.

However, the sword light would not let them off.

The longsword spun gently, and the 1,000-foot-long sword light slashed down several bodies.

Then, the sword light slashed towards the two Heaven Immortal experts.

Who on earth could possess such a sharp sword light!

The expressions of the two Heaven Immortals were grim, while the Daoist who had lost his whisk glared at Han Muye with a dark expression.

“Cloud Heavenly Dao Talisman, Transformation...”

“Myriad Transformation Ruyi, Spirit Sealing...”

The two Heaven Immortals attacked at the same time. A golden immortal light flashed and a talisman blocked the sword, and a green ruyi smashed down towards Han Muze's head.

Sword Immortals were indeed invincible at the same level, but could this person simultaneously resist two Heaven Immortals in a head-on battle?

Since he had condensed killing intent and killed several people, he must be relentless.

"Boom!"

When the sword light hit the light screen formed by the talisman, it first trembled. Then, the immortal runes on it flowed. With a flicker, it pierced through the talisman.

An immortal talisman that could block a numinous treasure was actually shattered by a single strike!

Who could face such a sword technique head-on!

The Daoist who had used the golden talisman dodged repeatedly, and his Grotto-heaven manifested behind him.

He was originally from Puyuan City, and his Grotto-heaven was hidden in the sky.

The moment the Grotto-heaven appeared, he heaved a sigh of relief and took a step forward, landing in front of it.

Turning his head, he looked at the long sword with a hateful expression as it closed in.

Come to my Grotto-heaven if you dare!

Gritting his teeth, he stared at the sword and retreated into the Grotto-heaven. **Chapter 1145 - 1145 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City, Burial Immortal City (3)**

1145 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City, Burial Immortal City (3)

Right then, the sword chasing after him crashed into the Grotto-heaven space without hesitation.

Had he really rushed into the Grotto-heaven?

Another Heaven Immortal expert looked at Han Muye, who was where his Ruyi had smashed down.

Was this Sword Immortal arrogant or ignorant?

No matter how strong his Sword Dao was, he couldn't enter someone else's Grotto-heaven to hunt them down, right?

A hint of ruthlessness flashed across his face as his finger moved lightly.

This person's sword had entered the Grotto-heaven. Wouldn't it be easy for him to kill that sword immortal without a sword in hand?

Since that was the case...

His fingers trembled and he suddenly looked up in fear.

In the sky, a dark crack had appeared at some point.

The floating illusory Grotto-heaven was torn open by the crack. A long sword rushed out and slashed at him.

This was his last remaining memory.

With a flash of sword light, he was pierced by the sword before he could even summon his Grotto-heaven.

The sword tip turned around and struck the ruyi, shattering it.

“Buzz!”

The sword vibrated and landed in Han Muye’s hand.

Refreshing!

Kill all the enemy bandits!

The killing intent and sword intent on the sword surged into his body, causing Han Muye’s eyes to glow.

After entering the Heaven Immortal realm, apart from cultivating in the Grotto-heaven, there was also the accumulation of one’s Great Dao.

At this moment, he had killed his enemy with a single strike, and the increase in Sword Dao power was several times greater than he had imagined.

With such cultivation, even Golden Immortals were not unattainable existences!

Han Muye slowly raised his head and looked at the scattered cultivators in the distance.

Whether it was the Daoist who represented the Dao Sect and had his horsetail whisk shattered by Han Muye, or the other experts in Puyuan City, they all scattered and fled for their lives.

Without chasing after it, Han Muye raised his hand and waved, putting the floating golden hammer into his palm.

Spiritual treasure.

Not bad.

Turning around, Murong Fu and the others respectfully drove the flying ship over.

Below, several immortal lights flew over.

...

The Murong Family, which was supposed to be destroyed, attracted a Sword Dao expert at the last moment.

This sword immortal expert killed the Hu family's Heaven Immortal Patriarch and destroyed his Grotto-heaven.

The First Elder of the Su family in Three Forests City was also killed with a single strike.

Other experts who besieged the Mu Family suffered heavy losses.

After this battle, the overall strength in Puyuan City plummeted.

But all of this had nothing to do with the Mu Family.

Even if they held back, did these attackers not intend to kill them and leave a way out for the Mu Family?

In Puyuan City, a group of cultivation family clans quietly left the city.

The Murong clan seemed to have won a great victory, but Daoist Zhu Yun, who guarded the three cities, would not give up easily.

It was impossible for the Cloud Mist Dao Sect to lose face just like that.

“So, are you choosing to let me take the descendants of the Mu Family away?” In the main hall of the Mu Family, Han Muye, who sat at the head, turned to look at the black-robed swordsman sitting below him.

Murong Chi.

He looked to be in his forties. His face was pale, and the sword intent on his body surged, making it difficult to suppress.

He was a sword cultivator who wanted to use the Sword Dao to go against the flow. His cultivation level had just entered the Heavenly Venerable realm and he was invincible among his peers, but he was very far from being a Heaven Immortal expert.

He couldn't even find his own path to transcendence.

If it weren't for the fact that he had the Murong family's clan-protecting treasure, the Murong family wouldn't have been able to last until now.

However, he did not protect the Murong family's confidence in front of the guardian of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect.

Daoist Zhu Yun would not let the matter rest.

The next time he came, it would probably be the day the Murong family was destroyed.

Even the Cloud Water Sword Immortal in front of him could not stop it.

Murong Chi had already heard Murong Fu's report.

The new rising powerhouse in the Cloudveil Wasteland, the friend of Murong Zheng's granduncle back then, was also an elite of the Mysterious Spirit Sword Sect.

If it were anywhere else, such an expert would naturally be able to protect the Murong clan.

However, this place was under the rule of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect.

How could Sword Immortal Yun Lan, who did not have the background of the Dao Sect, protect the Murong Family?

Moreover, this Yunlan Sword Immortal had drawn his sword and killed someone. He had already angered all parties, and he did not know if he could leave Puyuan City.

“Senior Yun Lan, Daoist Zhu Yun is the guardian of the three cities. He can mobilize the forces of the three cities and even issue a recruitment order.”

Murong Chi revealed a serious expression and shook his head. “Besides, Daoist Zhu Yun is a Heaven Immortal expert to begin with. He’s not an ordinary guardian.”

Just like the Sword Sect, the Cloud Mist Dao Sect also sent their elite experts down to prepare for the control of the Immortal Ascension Platform. At the same time, they dealt with the chaos in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Daoist Zhu Yun was the expert who came to control the three cities five years ago, the Heaven Immortal Void Refinement Realm.

“You should know that I am a sword cultivator,” Han Muye waved his hand, interrupting Murong Chi’s words.

Turning around, Han Muye looked at Murong Chi and said calmly, "Your sword lacks sharpness. With this level of cultivation, it's impossible for you to defy the heavens and achieve Immortal Ascension."

Murong Chi's expression darkened.

He knew what Han Muye said was true.

But for the sake of the family, he could only continue like this.

"Your Mu Family's experts have been missing for 3,000 years. Haven't you gone to look for them?"
Seeing Murong Chi's expression, Han Muye changed the topic.

Murong Chi sighed and nodded. "Naturally, we have searched for them.

"The Seniors of my Murong clan are all at the Dripping Blood Cliff, resisting the attacks of the Chaotic Source Void and the Snowfall Immortal Realm.

"Casualties, heavy casualties."

Dripping Blood Cliff.

Han Muye frowned.

If it weren't for investigating many sword memories in the immortal realm over the years, Han Muye wouldn't have known the name Dripping Blood Cliff.

He had seen the name Dripping Blood Cliff from a spiritual treasure sword.

There were also battles and attacks between different realms, and the strange beasts in the void would rush into the immortal realm through some special places.

Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City.

These three major battlefields were the greatest consumption for several major forces.

Most of the Heavenly Immortals and Golden Immortals from the Fuyu Immortal Realm were stationed in these three places.

Chapter 1146 - 1146 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City, Burial Immortal City (4)

1146 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City, Burial Immortal City (4)

Whatever power one possessed, one must bear corresponding responsibilities.

For those large factions, their fate has already become intertwined with Fuyu Immortal Realm. If this realm was breached, they would be the first to suffer.

To Heaven Immortals, their cultivation intersected greatly with the Heavenly Dao. If the Heavenly Dao summoned them, they could not refuse.

“More than 300 seniors of my Murong clan went to Dripping Blood Cliff. There are less than 11 who can still sense the bloodline spirit cards.”

Murong Chi looked miserable.

The powerhouses of the Murong clan had been exhausted at the Dripping Blood Cliff, and they really had no chance to rise again.

“If there’s a chance to go to the Dripping Blood Cliff, I’ll look for the seniors of your Murong family,” Han Muye nodded and said softly.

From the intersection of the mortal world and Minister Wen, their karma with the Murong family had already formed.

Now that he had come to Puyuan City and had already taken action, he would not do things halfway.

“I’ll stay in Puyuan City for some time. If your Murong family really wants to leave, then follow me to Yunlan City.”

Han Muye said.

Without the suppression of powerhouses, the Murong clan was destined not to grow. Even continuing their inheritance would be difficult.

It was better to let them go to Yunlan City with him.

Murong Chi didn't immediately agree but said he would discuss it with the clan.

Han Muye did not rush him and just turned around to enter seclusion.

If Murong Chi was really determined, he would not just be an Earth Immortal who could not transcend.

Han Muye had gained a lot from his battle with the Daoist cultivators.

The greatest gain was naturally the tempering of his Sword Dao.

This was his first battle since stepping into the Heaven Immortal Realm.

Cultivating both spiritual and celestial energy to enter the Celestial Realm allowed his strength to increase many times.

Now he himself dared not estimate his own combat power.

From the way he killed those Heaven Immortal experts, even Void Refinement Realm experts had the confidence to win.

However, there was still a gap with Golden Immortals.

The confirmation of his cultivation and combat strength made him happy.

To be able to directly step into the Heaven Immortal realm after three years of seclusion was far too lucky compared to the Endless Heavenly Venerables cultivating bitterly for countless years without transcending.

Of course, with such extraordinary cultivation, Han Muye also sensed the drawbacks.

In the Heaven Immortal realm, his future cultivation would be much more difficult than others.

The Heavenly Dao of the Immortal World would quietly send a calamity.

Fortunately, he was a sword cultivator.

Countless tribulations were nothing but a single slash!

“Boom!”

A rumbling sound came from the void, which was the impact of Dao techniques gathering.

Han Muye, who was in seclusion, flew out and landed in midair.

In the sky, the immortal light on Murong Chi's 1,000-foot-long cyan sword dimmed, and the light array in front of him shattered.

With a pale face, Murong Chi retreated. Dozens of immortal lights in the void in front of him turned into ropes and descended on his head.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and raised his hand.

"Clang—"

A sword cry sounded, and a sword light directly cut off the ropes.

Murong Chi was about to bow when Han Muye took a step forward.

Sword light rose.

A clear sword light slashed into the void.

"Clouds rise, winds whirl.

“Untraceable Slash.”

The killing intent and sword intent instantly fused.

The clouds in the void gathered into a sword that fused with Han Muye’s sword light. With a spin, a bloody mist seeped out.

“Bang!”

A Grotto-heaven exploded and countless treasures rained down.

Murong Chi widened his eyes and looked at Han Muye, who had shattered the Grotto-heaven with a single strike.

What kind of sword immortal could kill a Void Illusion Heaven Immortal like a dog?

Although he knew that Yunlan Sword Immortal was extremely powerful, he was still shocked when he saw him draw his sword.

In Puyuan City, the Murong family disciples and the cultivators who stayed behind all flew up to chase after the flying treasures.

The collapse of every expert’s Grotto-heaven would always be accompanied by various opportunities.

“Knowing that I’m here, yet daring to come and attack, this is harboring malicious intentions and deserves death.”

Seeing the sword retract, Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged. He held the hilt and retracted his surging killing intent.

He used killing to uphold justice.

The accumulation of killing intent made his fighting spirit begin to activate.

However, in an instant, he suppressed his battle intent. Sword intent circulated, and his entire body’s aura was calm.

He looked up at the sky with a smile on his face.

Indeed, the Heaven and Earth powers were quietly affecting his mind.

However, his divine soul was firm, and his sword intent unwavering, impervious to outside influences.

With a flash, he returned to his place of seclusion.

For three consecutive days, several experts arrived. Some attacked directly, while others threatened with vicious words.

To those who directly attacked, Han Muye did not stand on ceremony and ended the battle with a single strike.

For those who spoke too much nonsense, he simply let the sword light and killing intent rise, causing them to flee with their tails between their legs.

For a while, news spread across Puyuan City that the Murong family was rising, and with powerful individuals guarding it, no one could provoke them.

The Murong family disciples cheered and beamed with joy.

However, Murong Chi, Murong Fu, and the others had worried expressions.

“Uncle Chi, we can’t hesitate anymore,” Murong Fu whispered as he looked at Murong Chi standing in front of the hall.

The other white-haired elders looked at each other with complicated expressions.

Murong Chi nodded and said softly, “The Murong family has been in Puyuan City for 100,000 years. It’s time to leave.”

Turning around, he looked up at the memorial tablets at the head of the hall and said in a low voice, “Murong Chi is incompetent. He can only do his best to protect the continuation of the inheritance.”

In the hall, everyone's expressions were solemn.

For the past three days, with so many powerhouses attacking, the Murong family had no way out.

If Puyuan City continued to stay, the entire clan would be destroyed.

He could only leave with Yunlan Sword Immortal and go to the Wilderness to see if he had a chance to live.

"I'm afraid Daoist Zhu Yun won't let us leave so easily..."

Chapter 1147 - 1147 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City (5)

1147 Dripping Blood Cliff, Soul-Severing Valley, Burial Immortal City (5)

An elderly man with white hair looked worried.

Indeed, they had already shed all pretense of cordiality. It was really difficult for the Murong family to leave safely.

Han Muye had no objections to the Murong family's arrangements.

For the continuation of the family clan, enduring humiliation, fleeing, and protecting was the right thing to do.

When Murong Chi, Murong Fu, and the others came to ask Han Muye to take them away, Han Muye, who was gently wiping his sword, simply said lightly,

“Okay.”

--

“The Murong clan left Puyuan City and took a flying ship to the Wasteland?”

In the main hall of the City Lord’s Mansion in Sanlin City, which was 30,000 miles away, a Daoist in a green robe with a purple-gold crown on his head frowned.

As he whispered, everyone in the entire hall felt the atmosphere suddenly become oppressive.

An oppressive force appeared.

“The Murong family has been under the rule of our Cloud Mist Dao Sect for hundreds of thousands of years. Such an escape is a betrayal of the Dao Sect,” an old man with a square face and a black beard shouted in a low voice.

Beside him, an old man in a green and gray Daoist robe also said, “Lord Guardian, this is a defection.”

In the hall, seven or eight cultivators with different figures but extraordinary bearings spoke up.

These people were filled with righteous indignation and wished they could immediately send troops to kill the Murong family.

“The Murong Family has been a family clan under our Dao Sect for a long time, but now, they have no choice but to escape. Does this mean that I have mismanaged the region and caused a rebellion?” The Daoist looked up and spoke calmly.

These words silenced the entire hall.

Everyone was stunned.

“Lord Guardian, are you going to let them leave?” The white-haired Daoist who had spoken previously muttered in a daze.

Daoist Zhu Yun, who guarded the three cities, was a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal expert and an elite of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect.

Would such a powerful figure still hesitate and not dare to take action against the Murong family?

“Leave?” Hearing the white-haired Daoist’s words, Daoist Zhu Yun slowly stood up, his eyes filled with killing intent.

“If they leave alive, doesn’t that mean that I can’t even keep a mere Murong clan here?”

“If there is chaos in the region of the Three Cities, then let it be even more chaotic.”

“The Murong clan was intercepted and killed by bandits. Wouldn’t it be a great merit for me to eliminate the bandits from the Wasteland?”

Slowly turning his head, Daoist Zhu Yun’s gaze landed on the people in the hall.

Everyone felt a chill run down their spines.

“Rest assured, I won’t cause too many casualties. I will act prudently,” he said with a wave of his hand.

“Go on.”

Daoist Zhu Yun waved his hand.

Go.

He ordered them to go and intercept the Murong family, pretending to be bandits.

And after the deed was done, Daoist Zhu Yun himself would take action to suppress them.

However, no one in the hall dared to question it, let alone resist.

The Dao Sect was the heavens.

The words of the Lord Guardian were like heavenly decrees.

Who would dare to defy the heavens?

They could only hope that Zhu Yun Daoist would keep his promise and minimize the casualties.

...

There were a total of 12 flying ships that were 1,000 feet long, and all the Murong clansmen were on them.

Everyone who wanted to leave the Murong family followed suit.

Murong Chi looked at Han Muye, who was standing solemnly on the deck, and said softly, "Senior Yunlan, let's go to Fragment Gold City to pick up the disciples guarding the mineral vein and then leave directly.

“As for the vein, Senior can take it all.”

The Murong family was decisive in their departure, taking everything they could with them.

Coincidentally, this mineral vein was the Fragment Gold ore, and Han Muye was somewhat interested in it.

He wanted to nurture the Fragment Gold Ant, so the more Fragment Gold Ore, the better.

For the Murong family, giving away a vein they couldn't take with them was not a big deal.

The flying ship's speed was not fast, mainly because many low-level clansmen could not withstand the astral winds and the speed of travel.

“Someone is attacking the small town ahead.” Han Muye, who was standing on the deck, frowned. He scanned with his spiritual sense and said calmly, “Go and rescue them first. I'll guard the flying ship.”

Immortal light flashed above the town a hundred miles ahead. Han Muye had already sensed several Heavenly Venerables making their move.

The Murong clan didn't have any experts, but Murong Chi and a few elders could still resist Heavenly Venerables with the help of the clan's guardian treasures.

Han Muye hadn't left the fleet because he had something to do.

Murong Chi and the others did not dare to hesitate. They flew towards Fragment Gold City, while Han Muze turned around and looked behind him.

Three figures descended from the sky.

"It's rare to have such a large caravan. I don't want much. 30 percent, I'll only take 30 percent," the advanced black-robed man who had his face covered by a mask shouted.

"Haha, I only want 30% too."

Another aged voice that was clearly covered by a secret technique sounded.

"I'll take 30% as well." A cold voice sounded again.

30%, 30%, 30%, that was 90%.

Taking 90% and keeping 10%?

Was there such a robber in the world?

In the void, three illusory worlds appeared.

Grotto-heaven.

They had moved the Grotto-heaven over.

Three Void Illusion Heaven Immortal experts.

Robbers were probably not as extravagant as three Heaven Immortals, right?

Seeing the three Heaven Immortal experts intercept, many of the Murong family disciples on the flying ships revealed looks of despair.

Someone looked at Han Muye on the deck in front of them, and someone turned to look at the Murong family experts heading towards Fragment Gold City.

Perhaps, they were the bait, to stall the enemy and give a chance for the elite experts of the family to survive?

For the life and death of the Murong family, everyone, fight to the death!” An old man in a gray robe flew up, and a green light emanated from the wooden staff in his hand as he charged towards the three Heaven Immortals.

First level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm.

In front of a Heaven Immortal expert, such a cultivation level was nothing more than an ant.

So what if there were many ants?

Nearly a hundred Murong clansmen rushed up with the old man.

Nascent Soul, Golden Core, Soul Awakening.

In front of Immortal Realms, all these cultivations were insignificant.

“Generously give your life, and your heart will be just.”

Han Muye looked at these figures rushing towards the Grotto-heaven and spoke softly.

The longsword in his hand appeared.

Killing intent gathered in the sword light.

“Bandits are evil, kill them.”

Killing intent appeared and sword intent fused.

Battle intent suddenly rose!

With this combination of wills, the Sword Immortal was invincible!

A sword light flashed from the deck. In the next moment, it pierced through the three Grotto-heavens and circled around, cutting down the three Heaven Immortals.

who were sacrificing themselves to charge into the pseudo Immortal Realms had their eyes wide open as they crashed into the three broken Grotto-heavens without owners.

Chapter 1148 - 1148 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Sword

1148 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Sword

One slash to kill three Void Refinement Realm cultivators!

Breaking three Grotto-heavens with a single strike!

Han Muye's sword made the Murong family members on the 12 flying ships widen their eyes in disbelief.

Was there really such a powerful sword immortal in the world?

Han Muye stood with his sword in hand. The killing intent and battle intent from the sword in his hand caused the sword light on his body to surge.

Guarding with the sword, justice dwelled within.

Just standing in mid-air, Han Muye could feel the surging power of the Sword Dao.

The continuous accumulation of this power made him have the impulse to roar toward the sky.

All kinds of cultivation and hardships in the Sword Dao in the world were all for the sake of holding the sword in his hand and protecting the Dao in his heart.

The sword light rushed into the sky, and a halo flashed for a thousand miles.

Fifteen minutes later, the three Grotto-heavens collapsed. The spatial power on Han Muye's body flashed, and he obtained another Grotto-heaven spatial power.

The nearly 100 Murong family experts who had returned before the Grotto-heaven collapsed were all beaming with joy. They bowed to Han Muye and thanked him, then spread out their gains.

At this moment, Murong Chi and the others flew back from Fragment Gold City.

Murong Chi looked at Han Muye and bowed. "Senior Yunlan, all the Murong family disciples have withdrawn from Fragment Gold City."

Separated by only a hundred miles, Murong Chi and the others naturally perceived the scene where Han Muye cut three Grotto-heavens with a single strike.

At this moment, their respect for Han Muye grew even deeper.

This was a heaven-defying sword immortal, and the life and death of the Murong family depended on this powerful individual.

Han Muye nodded and rushed out of the flying ship.

“You guys go first. Don’t wait for me.”

Han Muye’s voice echoed.

Murong Chi raised his head and looked at the green sword on the top of the flying ship.

Although Han Muye had left, he left behind this spiritual treasure longsword to suppress the area.

Outsiders naturally did not know that this treasure that looked like a numinous treasure-level sword was actually Han Muye’s second Essence Soul, the Trapping Sword.

This was the condensation of Han Muye’s Immortal Dao cultivation and the convergence of Heaven Immortal combat strength.

“Let’s go.”

Seeing Han Muye leave, Murong Chi nodded and raised his hand to guide the twelve flying ships forward.

He turned to look at the various treasures displayed on the flying ship with a smile.

“These are the opportunities that the senior has given you, keep them.”

They were all treasures from the Grotto-heaven of Heaven Immortal experts, and every one of them was of extraordinary value.

If it were elsewhere, Murong Chi would naturally choose to store these treasures in the family clan’s treasury.

But now, what could be used in his hands were treasures, and what was stored in the warehouse were just lifeless items.

Moreover, these treasures were the opportunities bestowed by the Yunlan Sword Immortal. He couldn’t take them away.

Murong Chi’s words made the descendants of the families who were only in the Heaven Realm and Earth Realm cheer.

To them, these treasures were the capital to settle down in the future.

The flying ship turned around and left, and Han Muye had already landed in Fragment Gold City filled with the aura of metal.

Previously, not only were there disciples of the Murong family in the town, but there were also many immortal cultivators gathered everywhere.

There was a huge battle, and ruins were everywhere.

Han Muye did not stay and rushed straight into the mine in the mountains not far away.

When he stepped into the mine, the golden and iron aura of shattering metal and stone had already filled the air.

After stepping 100,000 feet, broken metal could be seen everywhere in the mine.

If the Murong clan was here in the past, they could slowly mine the ores in this mine and earn a lot of spiritual rocks.

Now, Han Muye would take all these ores away.

As he stepped forward, the space around him continuously collapsed, and all the shattered metal and stone were absorbed.

The further he went, the more surprised Han Muye became.

This mineral vein was more abundant than expected.

It wasn't until he had gone 3,000 miles and 1,000 feet underground that all the mineral veins were collected.

With so many ores, it was a hundred times larger than the mineral vein outside Yunlan City.

With so many Fragment Gold Ants, it was enough for him to raise even more broken metal ants.

If he mixed in some other spirit ores to raise them, he could raise even more Fragment Gold Ants.

To Han Muye, the Fragment Gold Ants represented the power of the soul.

At the end of the mineral vein, Han Muye moved and rushed out of the ground. A sword light drove him in the direction of the 12 flying ships.

At this moment, the flying ship that had flown 3,000 miles away was blocked by a group of cultivators with different figures and black robes covering their faces and bodies.

Immortal light soared into the sky. These immortal cultivators were clearly from the Daoist sects.

Their formation was orderly, and their immortal radiance intertwined as they slowly brought the speed of the flying ships to a halt.

With methodical Dao arts, they invoked powerful forces to attack all the Murong family members.

If this attack landed, the 12 flying ships would directly collapse, and no one from the Murong family would survive.

Everyone watched in horror as the spell formation collided with them, and their gazes turned to the longsword floating on the deck in front of them.

Only the Yunlan Sword Immortal could save them.

“Senior, please save us!” Murong Chi, who was standing in front, gritted his teeth and shouted at the sword.

The green longsword vibrated, and sword light lit up.

“Half-way through the Dao, dispel evil.

“Keep the sword righteous and cut it down.”

Han Muye’s voice rang out.

The magnificent sword light on the long sword turned into a thousand feet and rushed into the sky.

“Block this sword!”

“Form the Magnetic Array of 10,000 Objects!”

“Lightning.”

The Daoist Faction was also experienced in dealing with sword cultivators.

Streams of immortal light formed a formation, and the light formation that was emitting geomagnetic power transformed into a net that headed towards the sword light barrier.

Clouds of various colors descended from the sky and struck the longsword.

Unfortunately, this sword was formed from a Primordial Spirit, not a metal weapon. What was the use of magnetism?

Immortal light flashed.

The sword weapon that wasn't made of gold or iron didn't trigger the thunder and lightning. Instead, it flickered among the rolling thunder clouds and made a sudden stab, shattering the formation attacking the flying ships.

“Suppress immortality, invoke calamity.

“Shock the world with turbulent waves.”

Chapter 1149 - 1149 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (2)

1149 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (2)

The Primordial Spirit Sword broke through the array and rolled back, enveloping dozens of bodies.

Every time the sword light flashed, it took away one or two lives, leaving a trail of blood behind.

It coiled around him and slashed at those near him.

“So murderous.”

On the Murong family’s flying ship, everyone watched as the long sword shuttled between the black-robed immortal cultivators. Every time it flashed, it took away one or two lives.

This kind of straightforward killing made one shiver.

“Do you think there’s no one in our Daoist sect?” A voice sounded ahead.

A Daoist wearing a gray Daoist robe and golden lotus flowers circling under his feet let out a low shout. The jade talisman in his hand turned into pieces of golden light and fell towards the flickering sword.

“All living things, borrowing the techniques of the universe...

“Seal—”

The golden light from the jade talisman flew down and transformed into 36 1,000-foot-long talismans that enveloped the sword.

No matter how the longsword clashed everywhere, it could not break out of the talisman array.

This scene made the people of the Murong family panic.

The black-robed cultivators who were afraid of being killed gathered slightly and looked at the longsword spinning in the intermediate array formation in fear.

“It’s the Three Gold Talisman Formation of the sect. That’s the sect master of the sect, Heaven Immortal Feng Yuan.”

Murong Chi let out a low cry and stared intently at the Daoist who was using the jade talisman to seal the longsword.

Beside him, the masters of the Murong family were all pale.

Heaven Immortal Yuan Feng was a famous array formation expert in a radius of a million miles, a Heaven Immortal expert.

Even the Murong family had to treat such a person seriously before they fell, let alone now.

“We can’t let him seal Senior Yun Lan’s sword,” Murong Fu shouted in a low voice. The green saber in his hand slammed forward with a phantom.

He had attracted the Yunlan Sword Immortal to save the family clan and had made considerable contributions. He had obtained the approval of a group of Elders and was in charge of an inferior-grade numinous treasure, the Chiyuan Saber.

This saber could unleash the power to slash through the Heaven and Earth powers. If used appropriately, even Heaven Immortals could withstand it.

However, Murong Fu’s cultivation was too weak and could only unleash less than 20 percent of the saber’s power. Not to mention a Heaven Immortal, even an Earth Immortal could not withstand it.

He slashed with his saber, and the power he mobilized could not even pass through the broken array formation that had been broken by the long sword.

Murong Chi and the others could only watch as he was pushed back.

“Senior Yunlan...”

Murong Chi muttered and turned around, only to see that Han Muye had returned at some point. He was looking at the longsword suppressed by the talisman array in front of him.

“Senior, my Murong family still has a numinous treasure sword. If you need it—” Before Murong Chi could finish speaking, Han Muye had already waved his hand.

“Mere rune arrays are not worth mentioning.”

Han Muye clasped his hands behind his back and took a step forward, colliding with the remaining array.

“Boom!”

The battle formation formed by hundreds of at least Human Immortal Realm experts was shattered by Han Muye’s foot.

His physical strength was actually not inferior to the power of the Sword Dao.

If he could use the power of the Baxia Divine Beast, he could crush everyone into pieces with this stomp.

“Get lost—”

With a low shout, Han Muye sent all the cultivators blocking the Dao flying and landed in front of the talisman array.

Heaven Immortal Feng Yuan, whose jade talisman was shining in his hand, looked at Han Muye and sneered. "Sword Immortal? You shouldn't have come under my Dao Sect's rule.

"So what if your sword is stronger?

"Today, I seal your sword. Let's see you..."

Before he could finish, he saw Han Muye raise his hand.

Streaks of sword light rose from the sword case on his back.

A sword.

Ten swords.

A hundred swords!

Hundreds of long swords floated in the air and pointed at Heaven Immortal Feng Yuan.

The formation technique of the Mystic Sword Sect was known as 'Myriad Swords Formation,' a formidable technique that could rival even the power of heaven and earth.

He was indeed a disciple of the Sword Sect!

The jade talisman in Heaven Immortal Feng Yuan's hand trembled.

He could not block the sword in front of him.

Han Muye snorted, and Heaven Immortal Feng Yuan's body trembled. The jade talisman in his hand shook, and the 36 golden Dao talismans returned to him.

With a resounding buzz, the long sword, which had been suppressed in the array, flew back and merged into Han Muye's body.

The golden talismans around Heaven Immortal Feng Yuan intertwined and exploded.

When the talisman dissipated and the golden light dissipated, he was already gone.

He cherished his life very much.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the retreating black-robed cultivators in front of him.

These people were even more terrified, all of them flying away with immortal light.

On the immortal ship behind them, the Murong clansmen smiled.

Since the decline of their family clan, it had been a long time since they had seen outsiders retreat in defeat in front of their family.

Han Muye put away his sword and flew to the deck.

“Let’s go.”

He looked at the surrounding sky and closed his eyes.

The 12 flying ships tore through the air, leaving behind long shadows.

In the distant sky, several figures stood side by side, but they did not move.

“What a powerful sword,” muttered a Daoist who was also dressed as a sword cultivator. The long sword on his back emitted a green light.

“It’s not just a sword. This person is clearly a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.” Another white-bearded elder shook his head with lingering fears. “If we had attacked, we would probably have died by now.”

The others nodded.

“But what about the orders from the Lord Guardian?” An azure-robed Immortal cultivator in his thirties said in a low voice.

If they didn’t make a move, they couldn’t explain themselves to the Lord Guardian.

Attack. This sword immortal’s sword was so powerful. How could they attack? Were they courting death?

However, if they did, how could they handle such a powerful sword immortal without courting death?

The others exchanged glances and nodded slightly.

After a while, several flying ships charged toward the 12 Murong family’s ships.

Standing on the deck, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

“You guys handle this.”

He waved his hand.

Murong Fu and the others nodded and flew up to confront the incoming boats.

The opposing cultivators were not particularly strong, and with their treasures, Murong Fu and the others could hold their ground.

Both sides engaged in a mock battle, making it seem like a real conflict as they continued flying forward.

As that cultivator had said, they were just putting on a show.

Chapter 1150 - 1150 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (3)

1150 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (3)

In the distant sky, Daoist Zhu Yun, who was wearing green armor and a golden crown, had a gloomy expression and muttered coldly, "Did you see that? This is the face of the aristocratic families and those small sects under my Daoist sect's rule."

Behind him, a row of Daoists in similar green armor stood there motionlessly. Their bodies were filled with immortal light and they were imprisoned by the explosive power.

"The Bitter Immortal Realm is in turmoil, and we can't tolerate these pests destroying the struggle for control of the Ascension Immortal Platform."

A manic crimson appeared on Zhu Yun's face, and endless starlight flickered in his eyes.

He raised his hand, and a golden rune flickered in his palm.

“Order: Under the rule of the Three Cities, eradicate the Murong family with all your might. Those who are negligent will be punished together.”

“Report: The Murong family is colluding with the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, betraying the Daoist sect. Various forces under the Daoist sect are collaborating to besiege them.”

The runes multiplied into millions and dissipated like shooting stars in all directions.

Zhu Yun looked ahead with a cold sneer. “They think they can make me personally face a swordsman just by slacking off at work?

Foolish.”

The green-armored Daoists behind him also smiled.

“Indeed, our Dao Sect controls more than half of the territory of the Fuyu Immortal Realm and has countless cultivators under our rule. Aren’t these ants used to consume?”

Daoist Zhu Yun laughed and looked into the distance.

On the other side, after the golden runes landed for a moment, several figures rushed towards the flying ship.

Then, a dazzling sword light rose.

“What a good sword technique...”

“The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect is the greatest obstacle to our Dao Sect unifying the Fuyu Immortal World,” Daoist Zhu Yun gritted his teeth and muttered.

No one answered him.

...

The flying ship traveled for 13 days and escaped tens of millions of miles, already leaving the territory of the Three Cities.

However, the number of pursuers among the cultivators didn’t decrease but increased.

Han Muye wielded his sword every day, killing nine Heaven Immortals, and the number below that was countless.

A strong killing intent surged from his body, making Murong Chi and the others not dare to approach him.

At this moment, the flying ship slowed down.

Ahead, hundreds of powerful cultivators blocked their path in the clouds.

Behind, the flying boats extended for hundreds of miles, surrounded by immortal light.

There were formidable enemies in front and pursuers behind.

Han Muye, who was standing in front of the deck, slowly raised his head, and the battle intent he had been suppressing slowly gathered.

His fingers trembled slightly.

It wasn't fear.

It was excitement.

It was as if the blood in his body was burning.

After cultivating for countless years, he finally had the desire to kill.

It was not a massacre, but the desire to fight as a sword cultivator.

A sword cultivator should be like this!

He felt that the previously untouchable barrier between himself, his primordial spirit, and his sword had disappeared.

Whether it was the sword of his primordial spirit in his mind, the sword intent and sword energy in his dantian, or the countless long swords in his sword sheath on his back, they all trembled slightly at this moment.

They yearned for the battle too!

“The Murong family betrayed the Daoist sect. Today, I’ll capture them. Innocents, step aside.”

In the clouds ahead, a big man clad in black armor stepped forward, and a chilling blue-black aura shimmered on the giant ax in his hand.

Behind him, several other burly men in black armor lifted their battle axes.

Connected by blood, the immortal light formed a black 1,000-foot-tall tiger shadow roaring towards the sky.

Daoist soldiers.

With the formation of Daoist soldiers, their combat power was boundless.

With the Daoist soldiers in front, there were naturally Daoist Sect experts behind.

A green immortal light lingered. A black-bearded Daoist in a green Daoist robe stood behind the battle formation. He held a horsetail whisk, a jade bottle, and three jade tokens and talismans floating.

“I am Zhu Mu. I came here by order.”

The Daoist spoke softly and then raised his hand.

One of the three jade plaques flew out, turning into a light curtain that enveloped the entire Murong family’s flying ship.

Then, the second jade plaque flew out, activating countless immortal lights, forming numerous fiery-red spears floating in mid-air.

The third jade plaque condensed into an immortal thunder, hovering in the sky, seemingly selecting its target to devour.

This immortal thunder exuded a power that could destroy souls, resonating with the heavens and earth. It was a heaven and earth divine thunder.

“The Daoist sect’s Three Pure Ones Pursuit Order: Wind, Thunder, and Fire. They really want to exterminate my Murong family...” Upon seeing the methods displayed by the three jade plaques, Murong Chi’s face revealed despair.

He was not the only one. On the 12 flying ships, the Murong clansmen all turned pale.

Surviving under the rule of the Daoist sect, their fear of the sect had become deeply ingrained.

Nobody could escape the Daoist sect's Three Pure Ones Pursuit Order.

Throughout countless years, only a few had been subjected to this pursuit order by the Daoist sect.

From this perspective, the Murong family could indeed be proud.

"I said that I would take the Murong family to Yunlan City in the Wasteland."

Han Muye's battle intent was suppressed, and the killing intent diminished. The sword intent seemed to fade away as well.

His words were calm, as if an old friend was whispering softly.

Yet, when his voice echoed in the void, it carried a chilling coldness.

It was a strange feeling.

Daoist Zhu Mu's expression changed, and the jade bottle in his hand flew up, turning into a golden river swirling around him.

Still not reassured, he activated the power of heaven and earth with the feather duster in his hand, and a Grotto-heaven appeared in the void above his head.

A Void Refinement expert with two immortal treasures in hand.

With such power, who could stop him?

“My heart is bright, upholding the righteous path.” Han Muye’s voice resounded.

His voice was ethereal, yet firm.

Incredibly firm!

At this moment, the infinite heavens and earth seemed to be moved by his words, and a golden lotus bloomed between heaven and earth.

“Where can one find someone who forges the Dao?” Millions of miles away, a Daoist with a golden lotus shining on his head opened his eyes, revealing deep wisdom within them.