Pavilion 1151

Chapter 1151 - 1151 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (4)

1151 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (4)

“Heaven-defying Immortal Ascension, abiding by righteousness. Who could possess such character?” On a distant land shrouded in celestial aura, a Daoist in a cyan robe sat cross-legged in a grand hall, speaking in a low voice while gently tapping his fingers.

“Can’t figure it out?”

“Is it the protection of the Heavenly Dao here, or…” The Daoist’s eyes flickered with a dark light as he clenched his fists.

“Controlling the authority of a realm in the immortal world truly poses countless dangers…

“Alright, in this game, I’ll withdraw for now.”

…

No one knew that Han Muye’s words had given rise to countless speculations among powerful figures.

Han Muye himself no longer concerned himself with these matters.

He felt a mysterious connection between himself and the power of heaven and earth.

He couldn't believe it.

Ascending against the heavens might bring calamities accompanying the path to becoming an immortal.

Before becoming a Golden Immortal, or at least at the Void Transformation realm, it was impossible for Heaven Immortals who cultivated in defiance of the heavens to receive the blessing of the power of heaven and earth.

However, now Han Muye clearly felt the proximity of the power of heaven and earth, pouring into him like surging waves.

Was the Heavenly Dao going crazy?

His divine sense turned, and a bright light shone in Han Muye's eyes.

It wasn't that the Heavenly Dao was going crazy.

Instead, the Heavenly Dao made its own choice.

To uphold righteousness.

To abide by the Dao.

The crimes of ascending against the heavens were vanishing!

A brilliant light burst forth from Han Muye's eyes as he raised his hand, and immortal light gathered on the sword in his palm.

"Heaven and earth uphold righteousness."

"My sword adheres to heaven and earth."

When there was righteousness in the heavens, the sword followed the path of heaven and earth!

Han Muye's voice thundered, causing the entire Rain-Enveloped Immortal Realm to tremble for billions of miles!

"Sword cultivator?"

"The Heavenly Dao of the Fuyu Immortal Realm has made a choice!"

"Hmph, is the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect really going to become the next ruler of this world?"

“Holding to righteousness? It’s just someone who has nothing better to do.”

Countless powerful figures whispered, and countless forces were shaken. The grand scheme of the entire Fuyu Immortal Realm shifted due to Han Muye’s low voice.

Han Muye was unaware of this.

He didn’t care either.

He was not qualified to care.

He just happened to be there, wielding a sword, becoming a catalyst that heaven and earth needed.

But he was also lucky.

The opportunity to have the power of the Great Dao imposed upon oneself was something countless people in the world desired.

Even Golden Immortals and even stronger beings would yearn for the chance to comprehend the Great Dao up close.

“To uphold righteousness, one may kill the unrighteous.”

Han Muye thrust his sword forward.

The sword light flickered, and a green immortal light enveloped it, interweaving with the long spear's light, directly colliding with the light curtain formed by the jade pendant talisman.

"Pa!"

The light curtain trapping the Void Refinement Heaven Immortals shattered with a sound.

The sword light remained unchanged as it flashed through the formation of long spears.

In the sky, thunderbolts swirled and descended.

But when the thunderbolt struck the sword light, it not only failed to disperse it but instead made it even brighter, with flashes of thunderous light surrounding it.

With the power of the thunderbolt adding to it, how could the sword that held the principles of heaven and earth be shattered?

The lightning automatically attached itself to the sword.

The sword light became even more resplendent.

“Retreat!”

Daoist Zhu Mu exclaimed in shock.

He was not an ignorant cultivator.

As an expert from the Dao Sect, his perception of the Heaven and Earth powers was much stronger than others.

As a powerful figure from the Daoist Sect, his sense of heaven and earth’s power was much stronger than others.

This was even scarier than winning or losing for himself.

That was because the Dao Sect might have lost the recognition of the Heavenly Dao!

“Boom!”

The longsword collided with the head of the battle formation black tiger.

With a flash of sword light, the black tiger was split apart.

Countless qi and blood surged and scattered.

A Dao weapon was naturally a weapon of slaughter, and it had killed countless beings.

The sword upheld righteousness and aimed to kill those who perpetrated countless killings.

The blood light of slaughter dissipated, and the halo on the sword light became so bright it was impossible to look directly at it.

A formation that could trap Void Refinement Immortals could not withstand a single sword and was directly shattered!

Countless cultivators who were paying attention to this battle were all shocked at this scene.

The power of this sword was unimaginable!

“This sword has already established the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth and is compatible with it!”

“Didn’t they say that only Golden Immortals can forge the Dao?”

Thousands of miles away, someone widened his eyes and roared.

Others looked incredulously as the sword light directly shattered Zhumu's jade pendant, causing him to be seriously injured and retreat. Then, with a sweep of the sword light, it broke through the hole in the sky and shattered the celestial abode.

"The Great Dao repairs the heavens.

"This sword is enhanced by the Great Dao. The Grotto-heaven is a target in front of it."

A white-bearded Daoist's hands trembled like chicken claws, and his eyes widened like fish eyes.

At this moment, almost everyone who saw this sword couldn't help but tremble.

This was the backlash of the Heaven and Earth powers!

All the Void Refinement Heaven Immortals could not resist this sword at all!

A Grotto-heaven?

The Great Dao broke through your Grotto-heaven.

Unless one had already refined the Grotto-heaven into the void and became a Void Transformation expert.

However, even a Void Transformation Heaven Immortal might be able to break through the void and enter the Grotto-heaven?

Who is this person?

Only at this moment did someone finally ask.

As the top sect in this realm, the Daoist Sect had countless geniuses.

They had no interest in knowing the name of a cultivator from an external sect without any fame.

“It’s said that he’s a newly risen Sword Dao expert in the Yunteng Wasteland.”

“I think he’s called Yunlan Sword Immortal.”

“Yunlan City, Invincible Han, an undefeated Sword Dao expert.”

“He might be a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.”

When Han Muye broke Daoist Zhu Mu’s Grotto-heaven and severely injured him, news began to gather everywhere.

The Dao Sect was the Dao Sect after all, and its power was formidable when fully deployed.

Regarding Han Muye's identity, about 70 to 80 percent was discovered within half a day.

"Why didn't you report such an expert in the Yunteng Wasteland?"

Chapter 1152 - 1152 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (5)

1152 A Sword Swept Across Billions of Miles, Holding the Righteous Sword (5)

"Shouldn't you be treating such a Sword Dao expert with courtesy when he comes to the Murong family?"

"What's wrong with the Murong family?"

…

Taking advantage of the differing opinions within the Dao Sect, the Murong family's flying ship crossed 80 million miles and passed through the territory of three states.

However, when the flying ship was less than 10 million miles away from the Yunteng Wasteland, the Dao Sect finally issued the order to chase and kill them again.

“Annihilate the rebels.”

The powerful Dao soldiers standing before the flying ship uttered these words.

Countless Dao soldiers’ formations pressed forward.

The Murong family disciples on the 12 flying ships were in complete despair.

The Dao Sect’s most powerful order for pursuit was to “annihilate the rebels.”

The Murong clan was labeled as rebellious.

“Senior Yun Lan, you should leave…” Murong Chi looked at the battle formation in front of him that had transformed into 18 black tigers that were 1,000 feet tall. Despair was evident on his face.

“I thought the Dao Sect would consider the friendship my Murong family has had with them for so many years and turn a blind eye to this.

“It seems that this time my Murong family is truly doomed…”

He was not the only one who thought so.

The Dao Sect was the strongest faction in the Fuyu Immortal World, ruling over all.

Having grown up under the Dao Sect's rule, they knew its strength. This was deeply embedded in their bones.

Being labeled as rebels by the Dao Sect shattered their Dao hearts.

"My heart holds righteousness."

Han Muye looked at the black tiger in front of him and murmured softly.

He raised his left hand, and a second sword appeared.

Green Destiny, Purple Flame.

The two swords that had been refined into immortal treasures were now tru;y immortal treasures.

With the swords in hand, Han Muye's suppressed battle intent erupted completely.

Cultivating sword techniques, comprehending the Sword Dao, and becoming a sword cultivator—all for the sake of having a sword in hand to uphold what was righteous in the heart.

He wanted to protect the Murong family to repay Minister Wen's kindness and Murong Zheng's favor.

This was righteousness.

The Murong family had done nothing wrong, yet the Dao Sect was persecuting and pursuing them unjustly.

Protecting the Murong clan was upholding justice.

At this moment, a solid sword intent enveloped Han Muye.

A sword that could reach the heavens and the earth emerged.

Behind him, countless swords flew out from the sword box and fused with the huge sword.

With the sword as the tower, this tower was thousands of times heavier!

Han Muye's eyes flashed with determination as the tower of swords behind him slowly rotated, transforming into a nine-story sword tower.

It was time for this treasure to appear.

If this treasure didn't appear, how could he make the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect take him seriously?

If he wasn't valued enough by the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, he probably wouldn't be able to take the Murong family clan away by himself.

Nine-story sword tower!

The Nine-story sword tower appeared, and the world shook.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword tower was launched directly.

Countless sword lights tore the black tigers blocking their way into pieces.

Before absolute power, the power of the battle formation could not be unleashed at all.

Dao soldiers' battle formations were no match for a sword formation.

"Yunlan City, Invincible Han."

Ahead, a Daoist in a light golden Daoist robe held a golden seal in his hand and looked at Han Muye.

"The Nine-story Sword Tower of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect."

“This is the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect provoking our Dao Sect.”

The golden seal in the Daoist’s hand floated up.

The golden seal expanded to 100,000 feet, and three ancient divine beast phantoms condensed on it.

Qilin, Sky-Rending Condor, Desolate Heaven Crocodile.

Apart from these three divine beast shadows, countless other exotic beast shadows gathered.

This golden seal had refined the spirits of various divine and exotic beasts from the Primordial Era to be its spirit.

The power of their bloodline was revealed, and the members of the Murong family on the 12 flying boats collapsed on the deck.

Even those Dao soldiers turned pale one by one, and their already injured vitality was absorbed by the golden seal.

This golden seal was a treasure that suppressed bloodline power.

Han Muye squinted his eyes, and his two swords crossed each other.

The oppressive force and the power of the Kuiniu and Underlord no longer surged within him.

Anger.

Extreme anger.

It was the rage from the power of his bloodline.

The anger at the Primordial Era divine beasts being enslaved.

“Kill!”

At this moment, he didn’t seek righteousness; he only sought to kill!

Han Muye’s figure flashed, and he appeared at the top of the golden seal.

The Green Destiny Sword in his hand slashed down at the golden seal.

The Daoist laughed, raised his hand, and a golden halo enveloped Han Muye.

“The Dao Sect sent me here because they know that you have a divine beast bloodline.”

“My Primordial Four Symbols Golden Seal is is missing one aspect, so you can become the spirit of this aspect!”

The Daoist’s body trembled, and a Grotto-heaven emerged behind him, revealing the bodies of various Primordial Era divine beasts.

This Daoist had actually refined a part of the Primordial Era as his own Grotto-heaven!

“The Dao Sect’s Heaven Immortal Wan Shou is said to be able to suppress half of the Heavenly Radiance Sect alone. He is an expert that the Bitter Immortal Realm and Heavenly Radiance Sect have been chasing.”

“Heaven Immortal Wan Shou obtained a Primordial Fragment by chance back then and refined it into a Grotto-heaven. It controls the power of all beasts and is so powerful that he can battle against Void Transformation Realm experts.”

“Void Transformation Realm? Don’t you know that back then in the void, this person chased after two Void Transformation Realm experts until they had nowhere to run?”

Countless voices sounded in the surrounding sky.

A true expert from the Dao Sect had arrived.

Indeed, although the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was strong, it could not stop the experts of the Dao Sect.

The master of the nine-story sword tower was also suppressed by Heaven Immortal Wan Shou.

Golden halos enveloped him, and Han Muye's body was imprisoned as blood-colored halos were extracted.

In front of him, the figure of Heaven Immortal Wan Shou appeared.

"The power of a Kui? This is good stuff…"

Seeing the power extracted from Han Muye converge into a roaring Kui, Heaven Immortal Wan Shou laughed.

He raised his hand and pressed it towards the Kui phantom.

However, just as he pressed his palm down, he was stunned.

Around Han Muye, the phantom of a divine beast appeared.

"You, you still have a divine beast bloodline!"

Four Symbols couldn't become Five Symbols.

Baxia!

Divine Beast Baxia!

Han Muye, who was originally imprisoned, moved and crossed his swords.

“Slash—”

Heaven Immortal Wan Shou’s phantom was directly shattered.

“Let me see what means can suppress the divine beast bloodline.”

Han Muye raised his hand and waved. The shattered immortal light of Heaven Immortal Wan Shou turned into a brick and a stack of pages with golden light flowing on them.

“The remnant tablet of the Heavenly Stele of Baxia that the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign left for me, the inheritance page hidden in the tablet.”

He reached out and grabbed the page. The broken tablet flashed and returned to Baxia’s back.

A burst of brilliance radiated from Han Muye’s eyes.

“Boom!”

The golden light that trapped him exploded, and the entire Four Symbols Seal shattered into pieces.

Under everyone's shocked gazes, Han Muye looked up at the Grotto-heaven formed by the Primordial Fragment.

He raised his hand and slapped out.

All the divine beasts imprisoned in the Four Symbols Seal crashed into the Grotto-heaven.

Then, he raised his sword and pointed it forward, whispering softly.

"I'll give you your freedom."

Chapter 1153 - 1153 Murong's Loyalty, Go Home, Go Home!

1153 Murong's Loyalty, Go Home, Go Home!

Returning all divine and exotic beasts to freedom.

Entering the Grotto-heaven, what about freedom?

Entering the Grotto-heaven was certainly not freedom.

What if even the Grotto-heaven was banished to the void without any restraint?

After Han Muye sent those divine and exotic beasts into the Grotto-heaven, he slowly turned around.

The sword in his hand was incomparably dazzling.

The sword pointed at the pale-faced Heaven Immortal Wan Shou.

“You, you have the bloodline of divine beasts.

“You, you’re related to those ancient heritage clans.

“You, the Bitter Immortal Realm…”

Just now, in the space of the Four Symbols Seal, the soul of Heaven Immortal Wan Shou saw many things.

These were all secrets that belonged to Han Muye.

Therefore, Han Muye did not give Heaven Immortal Wan Shou a chance to say more.

Since he had revealed two divine beast bloodlines, Heaven Immortal Wan Shou was destined to die.

The killing intent materialized, the sword edge flashed, and the green sword light tore through the void, directly slashing at Heaven Immortal Wan Shou.

Heaven Immortal Wan Shou's body froze, and his whole body was cut in half, half of it covered in blood and the other half turning into nothingness.

In the next moment, his body appeared a thousand feet away.

"Do you think you can kill me with your strength—"

Just as he spoke, he suddenly paused and looked down at his chest.

At some point, the edge of a purple short sword had pierced through his chest.

A sword pierced through his chest?

He looked up at the Grotto-heaven above him.

"How did you manage to put the sword into me, my… Grotto-heaven…"

This short sword was clearly thrown into the Grotto-heaven and then, taking advantage of Heaven Immortal Wan Shou's lack of attention, suddenly stabbed out.

However, for the owner of the Grotto-heaven, even a mosquito falling into it would be noticed.

How could he not know about a sword?

Spatial power!

The spatial power that Heaven Immortal Wan Shou had been unable to comprehend all along, only this could conceal itself from his perception of the Grotto-heaven.

Not to mention him, how many Heaven Immortals in the world could control the power of space?

Only the strong among the pseudo-immortals who come from the mortal world have the possibility of possessing spatial power.

Pseudo-Immortals?

Pseudo-Immortals!

Heaven Immortal Wan Shou's eyes turned to Han Muye, wanting to speak, but unable to say anything.

He understood that the person in front of him was a pseudo-immortal, someone who ascended from the mortal world.

This was a hidden figure from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

He saw that the person in front of him possessed two bloodlines of divine beasts.

He wanted to reveal all these secrets.

Unfortunately, his divine soul shattered.

All his memories were fragmented.

Han Muye couldn’t let him reveal the secrets.

In the sky, the Grotto-heaven rumbled.

Han Muye raised his sword and severed the connection between the Void Refinement Grotto-heaven and the Immortal World.

Everyone watched as the illusory Grotto-heaven flashed and fell into the void.

A Grotto-heaven refined by a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal from the fragments of the primordial chaos had disappeared like this, falling into the void.

In the future, this Grotto-heaven would transform into a new world in the void.

However, no one knew where and when it would appear.

“Freedom.” Han Muye looked at the fading world, feeling a vigorous power pouring into his body, and whispered softly.

At this moment, the bloodline in his body surged.

It was a mysterious feeling.

Because the fragments of the primordial chaos had regained their freedom, because those ancient bloodlines had regained their freedom, his bloodline was excited.

Not only him, even the Golden Fire Phoenix hidden by him also felt the bloodline throbbing, seemingly triggering the enhancement of bloodline power.

This was joy from the depths of his bloodline.

“This is the fastest way to cultivate…”

Cultivating, cultivating the sword, wasn't it just doing whatever one wanted to do?

Turning around slowly, Han Muye's gaze fell below.

With Heaven Immortal Wan Shou killed, who else dared to block his way?

In an instant, the path ahead was clear.

The pursuers behind had dispersed.

"Let's go."

Han Muye declared loudly.

On the 12 flying ships, the disciples of the Murong family shouted and drove the flying ships to follow Han Muye.

Since they were no longer accepted by the Daoist Sect, they would leave.

Anyway, the order to kill the traitors had been given, so they would go as far as they could.

For thousands of miles, Han Muye led the flying boats forward.

Ever since Heaven Immortal Wan Shou was killed, he faced one ambush after another.

There were not many Heaven Immortals, but half-step Heaven Immortals and Human Immortal experts arrived like moths to a flame.

Kill.

Since the sword had been unsheathed, he would kill all the way!

Tens of thousands of miles forward, killing countless enemies.

Ten thousand miles forward, slaying one Heaven Immortal and five Heavenly Venerables.

One million miles forward, breaking through 100,000 Dao Soldiers array.

Three million miles forward, the four Heaven Immortals surrounded him and were all defeated by one strike.

…

Breaking through the encirclement, protecting the Mourong family and leaving the territory of the Daoist Sect, the name of Yunlan Sword Immortal spread through billions of miles.

Among the sword immortals in the world, could there really be one who could uphold righteousness, with a person as a sword, and a sword as proof of the heart?

In the cultivation of the sword, could one truly uphold the righteousness of the heavens and the earth?

Countless people pondered, observed, and silently followed.

Cultivation in the world had always been for oneself. Was there really someone who could be entrusted with his life?

Unknowingly, a strange emotion was brewing among countless cultivators.

Everyone wanted to know if this sword immortal could complete a magnificent feat that no one in the Fuyu Immortal World had ever accomplished.

Leading a family clan away from the rule of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect.

Yunteng Wasteland was in sight.

Han Muye stopped in his tracks.

“You’ve already done your best to protect them here.” A voice sounded in front of Han Muye.

A green-bearded Daoist in a green robe and a golden lotus crown stood in front of the sky, taking a step forward.

In the void, spiritual lights and immortal lights flickered, and countless golden lotuses and jade bamboos gently swayed.

Golden Lotus Jade Bamboo, the peak of the Heaven Immortal Realm.

This was an expert second only to a mighty Golden Immortal figure who had already stepped into the peak of the Heaven Immortal realm.

Such an expert was the strongest existence below the Golden Immortals who held down and presided over the Immortal World.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, it’s rare for you to be able to hold your sword upright among the elites of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect. You’ll definitely be able to have a place in the Sword Sect in the future.”

Chapter 1154 - 1154 Murong Pledged Allegiance and Returned Home, Returned Home! (2)

1154 Murong Pledged Allegiance and Returned Home, Returned Home! (2)

The Daoist at the peak of the Heaven Immortal Realm looked at Han Muye with an indifferent and gentle expression. He said softly, “I’m Su Yunzi, a good friend of Guan Dongyun, the Master of the Xuntian Hall of the Sword Sect.”

Speaking of this, he paused and shook his head, “You might not know Guan Dongyun’s name.”

Han Muye said nothing.

How could he not know Guan Dongyun’s name?

He still had the token of the Xuntian Hall Master that Guan Dongyun had left for him.

Moreover, Han Muye had seen Su Yunzi, who claimed to be Guan Dongyun’s good friend, from Guan Dongyun’s memories.

That was really a good friend. If not for Su Yunzi’s trap, why would he carry out a mission in the mortal world as the hall master and be killed by the demon experts of the Demon Luo Clan?

Han Muye was silent. The smile on Su Yunzi’s face did not fade. He raised his hand and threw out a green invitation.

“This is the invitation to the elite meeting in the Fuyu Immortal World in 300 years. You, Invincible Han, are qualified to come.

“Only the top figures of this world are qualified to obtain this invitation and give it to the younger generation.”

Han Muye reached out to catch the invitation and looked up at him.

Su Yunzi laughed and waved his hand. He said softly, “Go. Go to Yunlan City in the Yunteng Wasteland and enter seclusion for 300 years. After 300 years, you will soar into the sky. At that time, don’t forget my friendship today, haha.”

Why did he cultivate?

Longevity.

Fame and fortune.

Having traveled hundreds of millions of miles and protected the Murong family clan with a single strike, Han Muye had gained both fame and fortune.

At the very least, in these billions of miles, all the cultivators knew that the Yunlan Sword Immortal, Han Muye, had traveled hundreds of millions of miles to protect the Murong Family towards the Yunteng Wasteland. Such a reputation was rare even for ordinary elites to fight for 10,000 years.

Today, the Dao Sect took out a precious invitation, allowing Han Muye to have the opportunity to soar into the sky 300 years later.

This was a real benefit.

With fame and fortune, it would be a hundred times easier for him to seek longevity in the future than others.

At this moment, it was time to let go.

Standing on the deck, Murong Chi's expression was calm as he straightened his clothes.

Behind him, the Murong family disciples tidied up their robes.

Now that they were outside the Wasteland, Yunlan Sword Immortal's feelings could no longer be borne.

With a peerless Heaven Immortal expert in front of them, their Murong Family could not drag Sword Immortal Yunlan down.

"Senior Yunlan, our Murong family is already extremely grateful for this billion-mile trip." Murong Chi raised his hand, and three treasures appeared in his palm.

One was the greenish-black longsword he held, the other was the saber held by the elders of the clan, and there was also a greenish-gray ancient bell.

The three treasures were all immortal treasures.

This showed how deep the Murong family's foundation was.

"These three treasures are no longer useful to our Murong clan. I'll give them to you, Senior."

Murong Chi raised his hand and pushed the three treasures towards Han Muye.

Su Yunzi's eyes flashed, but he didn't say anything in the end.

Three treasures and an invitation.

Coupled with the Golden Hammer numinous treasure from before,

Han Muye had gained a lot from this protection trip.

In the surrounding void, many intermediate thoughts were filled with envy.

"It's really a win-win situation…" someone whispered softly.

"Hmph, gain both fame and fortune? You have to have the ability. Apart from this Invincible Han, who else can protect the Murong family for billions of miles?" Someone said coldly.

Invincible Han could kill a Void Refinement Heaven Immortal with one strike to ensure the safety of the Murong family.

If it was an outsider, they would have been killed before they could leave Puyuan City.

“Forget it. If he knows what’s good for him, he should let go,” someone said softly with a chuckle.

“If he doesn’t let go, does he want to die? The Sword Clan hasn’t sent any experts yet. Let’s see what he can do.”

Someone said disdainfully.

Such a genius in the world, the dazzling light belonged to him. Who wouldn’t be jealous?

“Treasures, reputation,” Han Muye whispered in the void.

It was really tempting.

As long as he took a step back, everything would be fine.

His name, Invincible Han, had already spread throughout the path of slaughter. In the next hundred years, it would resound throughout the entire Fuyu Immortal World.

Cultivation was not for fame and fortune, but for longevity, how could there not be fame and fortune?

At this moment, he reached out and turned around, obtaining everything.

However, what price did he have to pay?

Han Muye smiled.

He didn't need to pay anything.

All he needed to do was sever his own sword Dao.

The Sword Dao in his heart was upright. If he abandoned the Dao and left now, it would be impossible for him to improve even if he entered seclusion for 3,000 years, let alone 300 years!

Su Yunzi was just like Guan Dongyun he had tricked back then, sinister and cunning.

Without reaching out to accept the treasures offered by the Murong family, Han Muye raised his head and looked at Su Yunzi, who was smiling.

"Senior Su Yunzi, we sword cultivators have a saying, I don't know if I should say it or not."

Su Yunzi's expression remained unchanged as he said softly, "Go ahead and say it."

Han Muye looked at the long sword in his hand and slowly spoke, "As sword cultivators, if we can't obtain something with our own swords, then we shouldn't expect to obtain it through other means."

Looking at Su Yunzi's slowly darkening expression, Han Muye said softly, "Senior, do you think what I said is right?"

Right?

Su Yunzi's expression became extremely ugly.

He handed over an invitation, but what he received was a question, "Is it right?"

"Okay, okay.

Su Yunzi's aura surged and turned into endless immortal light.

A golden-black banner appeared in his hand.

"Everyone says that sword cultivators are lunatics.

"Back then, Guandong Yun was, and now, I encounter another one.

"I wonder if this will be your burial ground, just like Guan Dongyun's fate."

With a wave of the banner, Su Yunzi made his move.

On the golden banner, countless divine lights turned into golden-armored warriors, forming an array that blocked the entire sky.

Divine Dao techniques.

Dao Army Formation.

There were divine path inheritances in the Fuyu Immortal Realm, but they were controlled by the Daoist sect and used to refine Dao soldiers.

Chapter 1155 - 1155 Murong Pledged Allegiance and Returned Home, Returned Home! (3)

1155 Murong Pledged Allegiance and Returned Home, Returned Home! (3)

Enslavement.

Above the long banner, all were armors formed from the remnants of souls, fierce and unafraid of death.

These divine souls turned into Dao soldiers. With the guidance of the long banner, their power gathered and could instantly transform into the power to blast the sky.

This long banner was probably already a supreme treasure of the world.

“Heaven Sweeping Banner!”

“The Cloud Mist Dao Sect’s Heaven Sweeping Banner has been refined by thousands of immortals, fiends, and demons.”

Countless exclamations came from all directions.

There were countless treasures in the world. Those who could leave their names behind were those who had truly entered the battlefield and had valiant battle records.

Just like this long banner.

Slaying demons, exterminating monsters, every time it was used, it would influence the great situation of this world.

“One of the seven treasures of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect’s three banners. You really think highly of me.” Han Muye gripped the sword in his hand tightly, his expression unchanged as he flew towards the soul battle formation.

Since that was the case, let’s fight!

He waved his sword, and his battle intent and killing intent combined. His sword intent condensed into a thousand-foot-long light sword that shattered a thousand golden-armored Dao soldiers with a single strike.

However, these shattered dao soldiers only swayed their bodies before returning to their original state, triggering the golden spear to turn into a net that pressed down on Han Muye's head.

"Clang—"

"Clang—"

The dense sounds of longswords slashing together formed a line.

The golden spear broke inch by inch before slowly pressing down.

Han Muye's eyes flickered, and the sword light around him was as resplendent as the sun.

The golden net of light could only reach a hundred feet away from him, unable to press forward no matter what.

This Heaven Sweeping Banner was the suppression of divine soul power, and it could crush countless divine souls.

However, what Han Muye was least afraid of was soul power.

The soul power gathered on his two Primordial Spirit swords was countless times stronger than cultivators of the same level.

He had been enshrined as a god twice, cultivated the Grand Righteous Qi in the mortal world, and his soul was condensed in millions of Fragment Gold Ants.

At this moment, when the soul-crushing power of the Heaven Sweeping Banner descended, not only did his soul not collapse, but the previously loose soul power became even more solid under this pressure.

The sword edge turned into a light wheel, slowly shrinking from 100 feet to 90 feet.

This consumed a whole day.

Su Yunzi was not in a hurry.

mHe wanted everyone to watch how a Sword Dao genius elite was slowly crushed under the immortal treasures of the Dao Sect.

How could he show off the Dao Sect's methods by killing the Yunlan Sword Immortal so easily?

Three days later, the golden net became 50 feet long.

The green and red sword light in Han Muye's hand was already fast to the extreme before he could block this huge force that seemed to split the sky.

The power of his Sword Dao became stronger and stronger, and so did the power coming from the Heaven Sweeping Banner.

The Murong clansmen could only be imprisoned on the flying ship and watch helplessly as Han Muye was suppressed, but they had no way to save him.

It was impossible for them to even take a step forward in a battle between such great cultivators.

Three days later.

The space of sword light around Han Muye was only ten feet.

Within ten feet, the sword light was dazzling.

Three days later.

The space of the sword light was still 10 feet.

Three days later, the space of the sword light was still 10 feet!

Su Yunzi's expression had turned serious.

The various cultivators watching around them were whispering among themselves.

Could it be that even the top treasures of the Dao Sect could not defeat a junior elite of the Sword Sect?

How strong was this Sword Dao elite?

Su Yunzi slowly turned his gaze to the Murong clan's 12 flying ships.

"Kid, you're very strong."

Su Yunzi's voice sounded in Han Muye's ear.

Han Muye ignored him and swung his long sword.

These days, under the suppression of the Heaven Sweeping Banner, his sword light and soul power had become at least 10 times more condensed!

He forcefully suppressed his own strength, not intending to break free from the suppression of the Heaven Sweeping Banner, but rather wanting to hone his power slowly.

Such an opportunity was rare.

"Actually, there's no need for me to kill you.

“Now, I’ll wipe out the Murong family and let you go.

“I’ve punished you enough these days.”

With that, Su Yunzi let out a long laugh and triggered the power of the Heaven Sweeping Banner to become even more violent. The power of the surrounding Dao Soldiers rumbled like thunder.

Within the 10-foot space, Han Muye’s body was shining with golden light.

Then, Su Yunzi’s voice sounded in the void.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, my Dao Sect has punished you enough. I won’t take your life.

“The Murong family will be wiped out and refined into the Heaven Sweeping Banner. You can leave on your own.

“A minor punishment and a major warning, let’s see if there will be anyone in your Sword Sect who dares to disrespect my Dao Sect in the future.”

As his voice fell, Su Yunzi raised his hand slowly.

Finally, it was time to take action against the Murong family!

This scene made countless surrounding immortal cultivators whisper, but they did not dare to speak loudly.

Everyone knew that Su Yunzi had no choice but to resort to this method because he could not take down the Yunlan Sword Immortal.

Such methods were despicable.

But at this moment, who would say anything to stop him?

Who would dare offend the Dao Sect for irrelevant people?

In this vast Fuyu Immortal Realm, who had the ability and qualifications to do so?

The Dao Sect wiped out the Murong Family and punished the traitors to demonstrate their dominance.

Moreover, they punished the disciples of the Sword Sect while sparing their lives, showcasing their methods and maintaining restraint.

Even though many onlookers felt disdain for Su Yunzi's actions, who would dare to say a word in front of the greater situation?

In the world of cultivators, the words of the strong were the truth.

“My Murong family has a heritage of 328,000 years, and our clan members have been loyal to the Dao Sect countless times. Yet, we now end up being slaughtered like cattle.”

“The heavens are unjust.”

“The heavens are unjust!”

On the deck, the restrained Murong Chi shouted at the top of his lungs.

Other members of the Murong family also shouted.

However, these words could not move anyone.

This was the cultivation world.

If the blood wasn’t cold, who could live forever?

Su Yunzi watched coldly. When he saw the Murong clansmen shouting, he slowly pressed his palm down.

His palm, shining with immortal light, transformed into a mountain that seemed to topple the heavens, smashing toward the 12 flying ships.

Chapter 1156 - 1156 Murong Pledged Allegiance and Returned Home, Returned Home! (4)

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Under this palm, the flying ship was nothing more than a tiny speck and shattered with a single crush.

“Young man, even we sword cultivators have our limits when it comes to our strength,” came the familiar voice from Han Muye’s ear as he was suppressed by the Heaven Sweeping Banner.

Golden Immortal, Shu Ming, a powerful figure from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s God Slaying Hall.

The people from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had arrived.

“If your Dao heart is steady, you can handle the situation today.

“But to avoid any estrangement between you and my Sword Sect, I’ll ask you one question.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming’s voice was solemn.

“Do you want me to lend a hand in saving people?”

The Golden Immortal expert of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect arrived under the rule of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect to rescue the rebellious members of the Dao Sect who were leaving.

This was going to expose the truth and lead to a real confrontation between the Dao Sect and the Sword Sect.

Even a Golden Immortal powerhouse wouldn't dare to act recklessly in such a matter.

Shu Ming, the Golden Immortal, asked seriously because he valued Han Muye's potential.

If Han Muye needed help in rescuing someone, then Shu Ming would assist him.

But the subsequent series of challenges after the rescue would require Han Muye and Shu Ming to face them together.

"Saving people?"

Han Muye continued wielding his sword, speaking softly.

The heaven-toppling palm was about to crush the Murong family's flying ship.

"I was waiting for you, but not to ask you to save someone."

Han Muye's words stunned Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

Then he had his answer.

Han Muye, who was wrapped in the golden light formed by the Heaven Sweeping Banner, slashed out. The sword light tore through the treasure that suppressed the luck of the Dao Sect and burst out.

The sword light was like the sun, and all the sharpness in the world gathered here!

Han Muye broke through the golden light net with his strike, and the sword's edge gathered endless brilliance, directly colliding with Su Yunzi standing in the void.

A sword that represented a flourishing age and could withstand endless brilliance!

This strike was fast.

As fast as it could be in the world.

This sword was fierce.

All the killing intent converged into one sword.

This sword was precise.

Countless sword intents, but it only aimed at one person.

The sword was released, and Su Yunzi's expression changed drastically!

The sword light locked onto his soul, seeking to kill him!

He, Su Yunzi, was the one being targeted!

In front of this sword, his soul trembled.

It was fear from the depths of his heart, fear of death.

This sword couldn't be stopped.

This sword meant certain death!

The Yunlan Sword Immortal used the Murong family as bait and drew on his own power to strike at the critical moment, ensuring a single sword would kill even a peak Heaven Immortal!

After this sword today, the Yunlan Sword Immortal's name would spread throughout the Fuyu Immortal Realm!

This was what a true sword cultivator was!

Endurance.

Determination.

Ruthlessness!

Countless people redefined what it meant to be a sword cultivator in their hearts.

What fame and fortune mattered when compared to the sword in their hands?

They didn't care about preserving a reputation that spanned billions of miles; they weren't afraid of the responsibility of killing a top Heaven Immortal from the Dao Sect. All they cared about was honing the sword in their hands!

Today, they could kill a top Heaven Immortal in defiance, and in the future, they could assassinate a Golden Immortal!

Sword immortals cultivated killing methods to begin with!

"Slash—"

The light screen that Su Yunzi had hastily set up in front of him instantly shattered.

Han Muye's sword was a hundred feet away.

Their eyes met and Su Yunzi saw the resolute killing intent in Han Muye's eyes.

His heart trembled. He raised his hand and blocked the Heaven Sweeping Banner that Han Muye had broken.

However, before the long banner could activate its power, it broke into two with a sad cry.

The Heaven Sweeping Banner, one of the Dao Sect's top ten treasures, was broken!

The sword edge drew nearer.

50 feet!

Trembling all over, Su Yunzi spread his hands, and the mountain peak that had pressed down on the Murong family's flying ship turned into a five-foot green stone, blocking in front of him.

"Snap—"

The green stone on the mountain peak was broken by a sword.

At this moment, nothing could stop this sword!

This was a sword cultivator.

Life and death in one sword!

Han Muye's spirit, killing intent, sword intent, and battle intent all converged into this one strike.

This sword was unstoppable!

Despair appeared on Su Yunzi's face.

When the sword was 30 feet away, he opened his mouth to shout.

He wanted to beg Han Muye for mercy.

He wanted to call for the Dao Sect's Golden Immortals to save him.

But as he watched the sword edge inch closer, he couldn't make a sound.

No one came to help.

It turned out that he had been abandoned…

The Golden Immortal in charge wanted to help, and he could do so in an instant.

But he didn't.

Who wasn't a pawn?

Who wasn't an abandoned pawn?

Su Yunzi closed his eyes in despair.

He remembered the time when he had used his friend Guan Dongyun to kill a powerful expert from the Blood Battle Sect, causing a fierce battle between the two sects. Eventually, Guan Dongyun took on a secret mission and left the immortal realm, never to return.

Back then, he had asked Guan Dongyun, and Guan Dongyun had said that when he wielded his sword, it was only for the pleasure in his heart and had nothing to do with others.

Today, he finally understood.

When a sword cultivator wields his sword, he seeks only the pleasure in his heart.

He himself was nothing more than the bait that led the sword cultivator to draw his sword!

“Sigh…”

A soft sigh echoed.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming, who was wearing a green robe and holding a sword, landed in front of Su Yunzi.

At this moment, he finally understood what Han Muye meant just now.

Save the Murong family?

He didn’t need to do that.

However, he did need to intervene to block this deadly sword and save the people of the Dao Sect.

Looking at the sword edge in Han Muye’s hand, Shu Ming, the Golden Immortal, appeared somewhat grave.

This sword, even he had to treat it with great seriousness!

This was the pinnacle of swordsmanship in the world!

Gathering the power of 10,000 swords, condensing all the sharpness in one's body.

Sword cultivator, cultivating the sword.

In the Endless world of cultivation, what he cultivated was this sword condensed from killing intent!

The long sword was thrust forward, and the sword edges collided.

The green sword lights intertwined with each other.

The three-foot space shattered entirely.

The space in front of Han Muye and Golden Immortal Shu Ming shattered inch by inch.

A smile appeared on Han Muye's face as he watched Shu Ming, the Golden Immortal, losing his grip on his sword. With a flick of his hand, the sword broke and was caught by him.

Then, Han Muye's own body couldn't withstand the force of this sword, and he rapidly retreated, blood gushing from his body.

After suppressing the power of the Heavenly Beast King's bloodline, he could only draw on the power of the Kui, which couldn't bear the force of this sword.

Chapter 1157 - 1157 Murong Pledged Allegiance and Returned Home, Returned Home! (5)

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He had to give the Senior Sword Immortal some face.

Shu Ming, a Golden Immortal of the sword, was shattered and flew away, while Han Muye, the younger generation, remained unscathed. Wasn't this a slap in the face?

Han Muye flew back 100,000 feet, then stood with his sword, covered in blood.

He unceremoniously put away Golden Immortal Shu Ming's sword.

Watching Han Muye stand tall in the air with a fierce fighting spirit despite being covered in blood, the surrounding crowd gasped.

"This… This is a truly peerless Sword Immortal!"

"Amazing! To witness such a sword with my own eyes, this journey was not in vain!"

“Golden Immortal Shu Ming, Yunlan Sword Immortal, actually exchanged a strike with Golden Immortal Shu Ming and won!”

Countless exclamations rang out.

No one paid attention to the Murong family.

No one cared about Su Yunzi, whose Dao Heart had collapsed and whose entire body was trembling.

Everyone only saw the clash between the Yunlan Sword Immortal and the Golden Immortal expert of the Sword Sect.

In the world of cultivation, only the strong were worthy of attention.

Han Muye said nothing.

There was no need.

On the 12 flying ships, the Murong family members were already in tears.

“After today, my Murong family will no longer pledge allegiance to the Cloud Mist Dao Sect.”

Murong Chi clenched his teeth, staring at Han Muye covered in blood ahead.

“From now on, my Murong family will only pledge allegiance to one person.”

On the 12 flying ships, everyone looked up at the figure hanging quietly in front of them.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal!”

“Yunlan Sword Immortal!”

Countless voices echoed.

At this moment, no one doubted the Murong family’s choice.

Their lives were saved by the Yunlan Sword Immortal at the risk of his own life.

Was it wrong to pledge allegiance to such a person?

Was it wrong for the Cloud Mist Dao Sect to kill all the way and betray the Dao Sect?

In the void, silence prevailed.

“Hehe, Fellow Daoist Lu Ji, aren’t you going to thank me for saving your Dao Sect?”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming, who was standing in front of Su Yunzi, suddenly chuckled.

As his words fell, the void trembled slightly, and a figure descended.

A 50-year-old Daoist wearing a white Dao robe and a green jade Dao crown took a step forward. His body shone with golden light, causing everyone around him to look sideways.

“Golden Immortal Lu Ji, guardian of the Cloud Mist Dao Sect!”

“It’s Golden Immortal Lu Ji. This is a being known as a Golden Immortal of the Dao Sect. Will he fight Golden Immortal Shu Ming?”

“How is that possible? Can the Dao Sect still have the face to intervene now?”

The whispers around did not change the expression of the Golden Immortal expert in front of him at all.

Golden Immortal Lu Ji looked at Han Muye, then turned to look at the smiling Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

“Thanks a lot.”

With such a casual sentence, the smile on Golden Immortal Shu Ming's face widened.

This represented the gratitude of the Dao Sect, the Cloud Mist Dao Sect, and the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

"Haha, the Sword Sect's Dao Sect has always been helping each other. Fellow Daoist Su Yunzi is an elite of the Dao Sect. How can I leave you in the lurch?" Golden Immortal Shu Ming laughed for a long time, then turned to Han Muye.

"Young man Han, take my sword and lead your subordinates to Yunlan City.

"It's not easy to find loyal subordinates. You must protect them well."

Having said that, he turned to look at Golden Immortal Lu Ji and said softly, "Fellow Daoist Lu Ji, there are still some matters I need to discuss with you."

Lu Ji turned to look at Han Muye and the Murong family behind him, then said calmly, "Sure, please."

With two Golden Immortals present, the importance of the Murong family and Han Muye became inconsequential.

With Shu Ming Golden Immortal here, Lu Ji would not make a move.

The two Golden Immortal experts fighting over the insignificant Murong family members would probably leave less than half of the Immortals in the Immortal Realm.

With Shu Ming Golden Immortal representing the Sword Sect and the Dao Sect's Golden Immortal also making a move today, the remaining matters were not significant.

The rest was not important.

Han Muye bowed to Golden Immortal Shu Ming and Lu Ji, then flew down to the deck.

"Let's go."

Han Muye sat cross-legged with a calm expression.

He was covered in blood and looked exhausted.

Murong Chi and the others bowed excitedly.

"Let's go!"

Twelve flying ships flew into the sky and headed towards the Wasteland.

Countless cultivators watched the flying ship slowly leave. They turned to look at the pale Su Yunzi and then in the direction of the two Golden Immortals who had disappeared at some point.

Yunlan Sword Immortal.

After today, this name would definitely spread throughout the Fuyu Immortal Realm!

For the sake of his promise, he protected the Murong family for millions of miles.

For the Sword Dao, one sword could fight a Golden Immortal.

Such a person could be called a prodigy!

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han. From now on, there will be another prodigy in our Fuyu Immortal World.”

Someone looked in the direction where the flying ship disappeared and whispered.

“Yunlan City and the Yunteng Wasteland are undergoing changes. This is where our opportunities lie.” Someone’s eyes flickered with a gleam as they spoke softly.

Many people flew along with the flying ship and quietly headed towards the Yunteng Wasteland.

In the cultivation world, only with a sharp sense of smell could one obtain opportunities.

With the rise of Yunlan Sword Immortal and the rise of Yunlan City, whoever could invest early and bet early would receive sufficient returns.

“This is Yunteng Wasteland.”

As the flying ship flew over the endless wasteland, Han Muye spoke softly.

Wasteland.

He left the rule of the Dao Sect completely.

Murong Chi and the others turned around and looked at the void in the distance with complicated expressions.

As the flying ship moved forward, countless cultivators on the wasteland came to greet and welcome it.

The City Lord of Yunlan City, Invincible Han, had led his troops across billions of miles from the Cloud Mist Dao Sect. This was the glory of the Wasteland!

In an instant, hundreds of thousands of cultivators gathered outside the 12 flying ships.

Ten days later, a large city was in sight.

An old man in a brocade robe stood in the air and looked at the flying ship. He smiled and bowed slightly.

“Greetings, Yunlan Sword Immortal.”

“Welcome back to Yunteng Wasteland, Sword Immortal, to spread the reputation of our Wasteland.”

Raising his head, he looked at the 12 flying ships and said softly, “The teleportation array to Yunlan City has been set up. Everyone, you can go home.”

Go home!

From now on, Yunlan City would be their home!

Everyone from the Murong clan slowly stood up with excited expressions.

“Okay, then let’s go home.”

Han Muye cupped his hands at Tao Zihe and looked ahead.

On the other side, Zuo Baichou, Zhang Zhenbiao, Zhao Pingyu, and the others were waiting with smiles.

To be able to set up a teleportation formation that led to Yunlan City in such a short period of time, Zhao Qianzhen's means were indispensable.

"Welcome back to Yunlan City, City Lord!"

Luo Baichou shouted, lifting his hand in a gesture.

Behind him, the light of teleportation rose into the sky.

This was a temporary teleportation array.

Han Muye took a step forward and landed outside the teleportation array.

He didn't directly enter the array but turned around, looking at the countless fellow cultivators around him.

"My Yunlan City welcomes all Fellow Daoists.

"Those who have no home in the world can call Yunlan your home."

Chapter 1158 - 1158 The Allegiance of the Gale Bandits, the Thunder Robber, Sixth Master Qin

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Yunlan was home.

Did Immortal cultivators have homes?

They had.

There were very few itinerant cultivators who had no one to rely on. Most cultivators either had the backing of sects or family clans, so they could always gather some forces.

However, in front of a large faction, a faction of three to five Heaven Realms and seven to eight Human Immortals was completely insufficient.

Just like those trading companies, they seemed to be quite famous among the small forces and controlled many resources.

However, in front of a large faction, these trading companies were only tools.

Countless small factions could only hang below large sects and be outer sects, exchanging their cultivation and lives for some resources.

These small factions and low-level cultivators seemed to have no home.

But after today, things seemed to be different.

In the Yunteng Wasteland, a place called Yunlan City was willing to accept low-level immortal cultivators from all over the world and small factions.

Making Yunlan their home.

What qualifications and confidence did Yunlan City have?

It had.

Yunlan City's Yunlan Sword Immortal protected the Murong family for hundreds of millions of miles, all the way to Yunlan City.

Throughout this journey, the Sword Immortal Yunlan swept through everything with his sword, bowing the heads of both the Void Hollowing or Void Transformation cultivators.

One man and one sword fought against the first sect of the Fuyu Immortal World, the Jade Cloud Dao Sect, without taking a step back.

Keeping a promise, he held the sword upright and protected morality.

This journey of millions of miles was a path of seeking Dao.

When Han Muye returned to Yunlan City, countless cultivators followed.

If Yunlan City could give them a home, they would not mind entrusting everything they had here.

When the immortal light from the teleportation flashed, countless figures appeared in Yunlan City.

This brand new city also made the eyes of countless people sparkle.

After the Murong family arrived at Yunlan City, they were well taken care of.

This was Han Muye's loyal supporter, even more loyal than the disciples of the Sword Sect who had come with Zhang Zhenbiao.

Although the cultivators who came to Yunlan City in an endless stream were not loyal enough to Yunlan City for the time being, as long as they stayed in the city permanently, they could slowly integrate into it.

This was a city filled with countless opportunities.

Han Muye didn't need to personally do these things.

Throughout the bloody battle, his Sword Dao had been honed. It was more beneficial than fame and fortune.

He comprehended in seclusion, and every battle kept circulating in his mind.

When the sword light collided with the immortal light, the power circulated.

After killing Heaven Immortal Wan Shou, the sword appeared in the Grotto-heaven, and space turned into nothingness.

The battle against Su Yunzi, the confrontation with Shu Ming, the fusion of spirit, energy, and soul, turning into a peak sword strike.

…

Unconsciously, the battle intent and killing intent on his body intertwined. With the sword intent as the foundation, his Sword Dao became stronger.

The Sword Dao cultivation that he had been cultivating all this time had finally accumulated and become his food for advancement.

“Although mortal sword techniques are powerful, they have disadvantages in the Immortal World.

“In the end, techniques are inferior to techniques, and techniques are inferior to the Dao.

“The Sword Dao uses the sharpness of the sword as the tip of cultivation.

“I’ve never been defeated in a hundred battles. I have a sword in my heart and hold the upright Dao.”

This time, Han Muye went into seclusion for three years.

In the past three years, he had not taken a step out of the City Lord’s Mansion.

In these three years, his cultivation in the Sword Dao had undergone a tremendous change.

Back then, under the suppression of Su Yunzi’s Heaven Sweeping Banner, his soul power was infinitely condensed.

The power of the Sword Dao also became sharper, allowing it to be invincible against Golden Immortal Shu Ming’s sword.

In the past three years, he had continuously absorbed the comprehension of the Sword Dao. If he attacked again, he was confident that he would not be defeated in at least 10 moves with Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

The difference between a Heaven Immortal and a Golden Immortal was an insurmountable chasm.

Moreover, Han Muye had only been a Heaven Immortal for a few years and had not even condensed his Grotto-heaven.

With such a cultivation level, it was unimaginable for an outsider to fight ten moves with the Sword Dao against a famous Golden Immortal expert of the Sword Sect.

“Keep the invitation that Su Yunzi gave you. You need to represent our Sword Sect in the Battle of Geniuses 300 years from now.”

“This is a great opportunity. Don’t miss it.”

When Han Muye came out of seclusion, Golden Immortal Shu Ming was actually in Yunlan City.

According to him, Han Muye should have come out of seclusion by now.

Regarding this once-in-three-hundred-years event, Shu Ming was quite enthusiastic in talking about it.

The Battle of Geniuses held every 300 years not only determined the ranking of the elite geniuses of various sects but was also a grand event for the elites of the entire Immortal Realm.

“That grand event is arranged by the Zenith Heaven Heaven Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.”

“You don’t need to know what the Zenith Heaven Heavenly Cycle is. You just need to know that if you can rank in the top 10,000 at that Golden Summit, you can soar into the sky.”

Shu Ming looked at the distant waves and sighed with some regret, “Back then, my senior brothers and I fought with all our might, but in the end, we could only rank below the 31,000th place in the Golden Summit.”

“The strength of my Fuyu Immortal Realm has always been behind in the Immortal Realm.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming was not worried that Han Muye would not have a chance to participate in the Golden Summit, because with his current combat strength, he would definitely stand out in the battle of elites 300 years from now.

This was the first time Han Muye had heard news about the Zenith Heaven Heavenly Cycle World from the people of the Immortal World.

The Immortal World and the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm had always been related.

Only the top figures of the major factions in the Immortal World knew about the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.

The fact that Shu Ming could tell him about this meant that he recognized Han Muye.

Of course, even if Shu Ming didn’t mention these things, Han Muye knew everything.

Shu Ming’s treasured sword, named Colored Cloud, was still in his hands.

Through this sword, Han Muye had already seen many memories.

The Fuyu Immortal World.

Chapter 1159 - 1159 The Allegiance of the Gale Bandits, the Thunder Bandits, Sixth Master Qin (2)

1159 The Allegiance of the Gale Bandits, the Thunder Bandits, Sixth Master Qin (2)

In various realms.

Even the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.

The memories of a Golden Immortal expert were naturally extremely exciting.

Sword Immortal Shu Ming did not say that he wanted this sword back, nor did Han Muye say that he wanted to return it.

“Okay.” Han Muye nodded gently.

Sooner or later, he would go to the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.

“As a disciple of the Sword Sect, going to the Cloud Mist Dao Sect and traveling millions of miles is disrespectful to the Dao Sect.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming looked at Han Muye with a smile.

Disrespecting the Dao Sect was an affirmation of the prestige of the Sword Sect.

If such things could happen more often, those old bones of the Sword Sect would probably be delighted.

“But the situation is different now,” the smile on Shu Ming’s face slowly receded, and he said in a low voice, “The Sword Sect and the Dao Sect are going to join forces to deal with the chaos in the Bitter Immortal Realm and the Blood Battle Sect.”

“So, how do you plan to punish me?” Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he spoke softly.

Back in the Heavenly Mystic World’s Western Frontier, the Sword Pavilion had to break its own long sword in order to cope with various pressures.

However, it was impossible for the Sword Sect in the Immortal World to sacrifice Han Muye.

Because the Sword Sect was strong enough.

Because Han Muye was valuable enough.

Among the junior disciples of the Sword Sect, there were not many who could travel millions of miles with a single sword like Han Muye.

“Hehe, naturally, there will be punishment.

“Your choice.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming smiled and extended his palm.

“First, go to the Sword Sect’s encampment and enter seclusion for a hundred years.”

A hundred years of seclusion?

Han Muye would not do this.

He still had to return to the mortal world for a while. A hundred years in seclusion would mean missing that time.

Seeing Han Muye’s expression, Golden Immortal Shu Ming shook his head and said, “I know you won’t choose to enter seclusion now. The second option is to cultivate in the Dao Sect for 50 years.”

Fifty years.

For cultivators, 50 years was just a blink of an eye.

However, it was impossible for Han Muye to go to the Dao Sect to cultivate.

Golden Immortal Shu Ming smiled and waved his hand. “I know you definitely won’t choose these two options, so let’s look at the others.”

“Pick one place among the Dripping Blood Cliff, Buried Immortal City, and Soul-breaking Valley to garrison for 10 years.

“That suits your taste, doesn’t it?”

The three most dangerous places in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

For outsiders, these places were the last they would dare to venture into.

But for Han Muye, they were the places he needed to go the most.

His sword needed to be sharpened between life and death.

Han Muye smiled and nodded, “When should I go?”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming waved his hand and said, “Anytime within 10 years.”

Within 10 years, and then another 10 years, that would be 20 years.

Han Muye calculated that it had been almost 10 years since he came to the Fuyu Immortal World. Coupled with these 20 years, it was 30 years before he returned to the mortal world.

The timing was just right.

“You have a Nine Essence Tower in your hand, right?

“It’s a rare opportunity to obtain the Nine Essence Tower.”

“There are many people in the Sword Sect who want this treasure. Don’t fail to protect it.”

Han Muye had deliberately revealed that he had the Nine Essence Tower in the Dao Sect. Now, it seemed that this pagoda was compatible with his elite status.

At the very least, Golden Immortal Shu Ming did not say that he wanted to take it away.

As for whether he could defend it or not, it depended on the sharpness of the sword in his hand.

Han Muye had always been confident in his sword.

When Golden Immortal Shu Ming left, Han Muye agreed to go to the God Slaying Hall five years later and then go to one of the three danger zones.

At the moment, Han Muye had yet to choose where to go.

From the information he had seen from some sword artifacts, all three places were dangerous.

It was a place where even Golden Immortals could die if they were not careful.

After Golden Immortal Shu Ming left, Han Muye summoned Zuo Baichou and the others to the hall.

Over the past few days, Zuo Baichou had been in charge of the matters in the city and knew everything about the city.

As for what happened outside Yunlan City, Xie Chaoyan and the others knew more.

The Demon Luo Clan's accumulation of information was completely incomparable to other races.

In three years, Yunlan City had become a true large city in the Yunteng Wasteland.

There was a permanent population of five million people, and caravans came in and out every day. The city had been expanded several times, covering a radius of nearly three million miles.

There were already more than 60 teleportation arrays connected to other distant cities.

The furthest was Egret City, which was 80 million miles away.

Yunlan City had already become a legend in the Yunteng Wasteland. In less than ten years, it had built a top-notch city.

Of course, the true legend was the Yunlan Sword Immortal.

The vigorous development of Yunlan City was inseparable from Yunlan Sword Immortal's invincibility.

It was also inseparable from the turmoil in the Wasteland and the Bitter Immortal Realm.

"City Lord, the Immortal Demon King Hun Tian of the Bitter Immortal Realm has fallen, and the Nirvana Pearl is scattered in all directions. The entire Bitter Immortal Realm is searching for it.

"Various forces have dispatched experts to the Bitter Immortal Realm.

"Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian's cultivation level has improved greatly, and he has the power to unify the Bitter Immortal Realm. Several demon kings were killed.

"The Thunder Bandits were intercepted and killed. They suffered heavy losses.

"The Gale Bandits have left the Bitter Immortal Realm. Currently, many of them are scattered in the Wasteland."

Most of the matters in the Yunteng Wasteland were related to the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Although Xie Chaoyan's report was about the general trend, it involved business opportunities.

For example, when the Bitter Immortal Realm was in chaos, many treasure lands were lost. Experts from various places intercepted them and found many treasures.

Spirit materials, ores, immortal herbs, and even demon bloodlines, and body parts.

This increased the number of caravans in the Wasteland by several times.

Moreover, the chaos in the Bitter Immortal Realm caused many forces to quietly send various weapons, talismans, and pills.

Since ancient times, the best way to get rich was through war.

Xie Chaoyan told Han Muye that there was a large trading market in Yunlan City that specialized in selling demon slaves in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Although this matter was cruel, for those demon clansmen and demon beasts, if they could preserve their lives, it would be a bargain even if they were sold.

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Otherwise, he would have been killed long ago.

Similarly, more powerhouses were gathering in the Wasteland. On the one hand, they were dealing with the possible engulfment of the Bitter Immortal Realm, and on the other hand, they were secretly making a fortune.

“In terms of getting rich, the City Lord has good taste.” Zuo Baichou chuckled.

These words made everyone in the hall smile.

A large city where tens of millions of people came to stay had a huge number of transactions every day.

Whether it was collecting taxes or other controlled transactions, they were unimaginable wealth.

If not for this huge amount of wealth, Yunlan City would not have been able to set up so many teleportation arrays.

In the past three years, just setting up the teleportation array had almost exhausted Zhao Qianzhen to death.

Of course, he also made a lot of money.

Yunlan City was different from other places. There were many things to be done, and there were not many experts to support it.

Every spiritual rock earned here could be used.

Whether it was Zhang Zhenbiao or Zuo Baichou, everyone who followed Han Muye did not have to worry about cultivation resources at all.

Freedom of wealth.

Power was in his hands.

This kind of cultivation was truly carefree.

Zhang Zhenbiao's cultivation in the past three years had also improved rapidly.

"Brother Han, all the broken metals and fire-attributed spiritual materials you asked me to find are in the storeroom."

"I marked everything I couldn't bring back."

Zhao Chen proudly handed a jade slip to Han Muye.

His Jujin Trading Company had been linked to the transactions between the Sword Sect and the Yunteng Wasteland for three years.

Through Yunlan City, he earned a hundred times more spiritual rocks than the Jujin Trading Company in Yuze Prefecture.

Currently, the Jujin Trading Company had already shifted its focus to Yunlan City.

Zhao Chen also became the next manager of the Jujin Trading Company.

Of course, for the current him, a mere head shopkeeper was really not worth his attention.

He could only reluctantly accept it.

From the jade slip, Han Muye saw that crushed gold and stone and a few other ores that could be eaten by broken gold ants were piled up like mountains in the warehouse.

As for some of the flames that the golden flames liked, he also found quite a few.

“Alright, you can double these things from the intermediate warehouse to exchange for other resources.” Han Muye waved his hand and put away the jade slip.

Zhao Chen grinned.

Unknowingly, they were no longer worried about wealth.

Thinking back to the difficult and uneasy times when she followed Han Muye to the Wasteland, such days were simply like a dream.

After hearing the report and collecting some needed resources, Zuo Baichou and the others went to do their own things.

Han Muye stood in the hall and looked up at the Deity Roll floating in the city.

There were countless remnant souls of the various races in the Deity Roll.

They were all willing to guard this place and cultivate.

Han Muye did not refine them into Dao weapons like the Daoist sects.

Thinking of the Dao weapon, Han Muye pondered for a moment and raised his hand to throw a golden light into the Deity Roll.

These were a few Dao Soldier cultivation techniques.

He did not need dao weapons, but that did not mean that Yunlan City did not need them.

These itinerant Divine Path cultivators also needed it.

Once formed into a large array of Dao soldiers, their combat power could increase countless times.

After sending the hand seal into the Deity Roll, Han Muye ignored it.

Whether they cultivated or not depended on the choices of those remnant souls.

He stepped out of the hall and landed on the bustling street.

On the street, cultivators were coming and going in a hurry,

Many of them were sword cultivators with swords.

No, many of them were just for show.

Perhaps, knowing that the City Lord of Yunlan City, Invincible Han, was a Sword Immortal, they deliberately brought swords when coming to this city?

Han Muye walked along the main street, looking at the small town from a few years ago that had now grown into a massive city spanning hundreds of miles. He felt a bit emotional.

Spirit herbs, immortal herbs, spiritual materials, superior-class ores, various medicinal pills, weapons, talismans, armor…

As long as it was needed in the cultivation world, Han Muye could see it.

However, he also noticed that there weren't many genuine treasures.

It made sense. The Bitter Immortal Realm and the Wasteland needed large amounts of consumables, not real treasures.

Who would dare to sell spiritual and immortal treasures in the Bitter Immortal Realm? They would probably be hunted down by the entire human race.

On the main road, Han Muye also saw many members of the demon race.

Some of them were carrying heavy loads as laborers, while others were shackled and driven forward.

Arriving at a square, he saw many members of the demon race.

There were Bull Tribe warriors, 30 feet tall, with soul-sealing talismans pasted all over their bodies, making them rigid.

There was also a Leopard Tribe soldier, tall and slender, with both hands locked in iron chains.

With four-armed and six-legged strange beasts, and numerous other types of demons, the square was bustling with people shouting.

“Green-tailed Wolf Tribe warriors of the Three Forests Division with Foundation Establishment cultivation. A group of 100 people, 30,000 spiritual rocks. No bargaining.”

“Jade Bone Fox Clan, five female members, with half-human and half-transformed forms, each priced at 30 spiritual rocks. They can be used as handmaidens and are self-sustained.”

“Elite warriors from the Yellow Jade Battle Bull Tribe, all at the Earth Realm, only 20 of them, priced at one million spiritual rocks, no taxes included.”

…

Han Muye strolled through the square, observing this cruel yet peculiar trading market.

This was the Yunlan City that he guarded.

But was this trading something he protected?

In this city, all these living beings were mere commodities.

He knew that being sold was better than dying directly.

But the bloodline of the divine beast in his bones still churned.

No matter what, he still had the bloodline of a divine beast.

As he slowly walked forward, Han Muye suddenly stopped.

Turning around, he saw dozens of burly men sitting in front of a stone platform, their bodies covered in black cloth and bloodstains.

In this trading market, there were very few human cultivators being sold.