

Pavilion 1161

Chapter 1161 - 1161 The Allegiance of the Gale Bandits, the Thunder Bandits, Sixth Master Qin (4)

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Unless they were bandits from the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Han Muye squatted down and looked at a burly man cowering on the ground.

“Fellow Daoist, you seem to be interested in this guy. Look, his cultivation level is not low. He’s at least at the Human Immortal Realm. If his body hadn’t been shattered and his spirit damaged, he would be challenging to capture.”

A middle-aged man in a gray robe hurriedly walked over and spoke with a smile.

Human cultivators didn’t sell well in this market.

After all, they were of the same race and were not easy to enslave. Many cultivators were unwilling to buy them.

The bestsellers were those charming female demons.

Smooth.

“Were they all captured from the Bitter Immortal Realm?” Han Muye said casually.

His voice made the curled-up man, whose eyes had been closed, suddenly open them wide.

Seeing Han Muye’s face, the burly man widened his eyes.

“Yes, Fellow Daoist, you’re right. They were all taken from the Bitter Immortal Realm,” the gray-robed middle-aged man quickly replied.

The humans captured in the Bitter Immortal Realm were different from those captured elsewhere.

Only creatures from the Bitter Immortal Realm could be traded as commodities; others couldn’t.

“I’ll take him.”

Han Muye stood up and spoke calmly.

Though he dressed plainly and didn’t reveal his cultivation, the aura of a powerful cultivator inadvertently emanated from him due to his long periods of seclusion.

Just by standing there and speaking, he made people dare not look directly at him.

Hearing his words, the middle-aged man in the gray robe showed a pleased expression and was about to give a price, but the burly man interjected, "You should buy my brothers too."

He looked up at Han Muye. "I was defeated by you back then. My life should have been yours."

"I want to take my brothers with me."

Take with me.

His words made everyone around look up at Han Muye.

Some people widened their eyes, while others looked puzzled.

"And him," the burly man pointed to a fellow cultivator lying nearby, covered in blood and on the brink of death.

"Please save him."

The burly man implored Han Muye.

As Han Muye remained silent, the burly man lowered his voice and said, "He's different from us."

“Okay,” Han Muye finally said.

A look of joy appeared on the burly man’s face, and a trace of relief flashed through his tired eyes as he let out a low sigh.

The gray-robed middle-aged man’s face was filled with smiles.

This was a huge deal.

He quickly waved his hand and signaled an assistant behind him to come over, muttering a few words.

The shop assistant turned and hurried away.

In just a moment, a group of seven or eight cultivators with different figures quickly walked over.

“Haha, are you interested in the goods of my Zhulong Trading Company, fellow Daoist?”

“Come, come, we can talk in detail, in detail.”

At the front was an elderly white-haired old man in a grayish-black brocade robe.

When the old man saw Han Muye, he suddenly frowned.

“Brother, Brother Han?” A cry of surprise came from beside him.

Zhao Chen, whose eyes were wide open, looked at Han Muye in confusion.

Hearing his voice, the old man trembled and looked at Han Muye with a smile.

“Hehe, so it’s Fellow Daoist Han.”

“I’m Chen Zhulong, the head of the Zhulong Trading Company.”

He reached out and patted Zhao Chen’s shoulder. He smiled and said, “We have a close friendship.”

Han Muye looked at Zhao Chen and nodded.

Zhulong.

Torch Dragon.

An ancient divine beast.

This was a ferocious beast as renowned as the Phoenix and the Qilin.

“So it’s Senior Zhulong.”

“I want to buy all of them. Please name your price,” Han Muye said softly.

Upon hearing Han Muye’s words, Chen Zhulong smiled and said, “Since it’s fellow cultivator Han, you can have these people for free.”

Saying that, he waved his hand, and the group of cultivators who had accompanied him began to remove the suppressing runes from the captured human cultivators.

Without the suppression of the talismans, many people could struggle to get up.

The burly man on the ground also loosened his muscles and bones and turned to look at the fellow cultivator who had been lying motionless.

“Senior, friendship is friendship, business is business.” Han Muye waved his hand and looked at Zhao Chen.

“Zhao Chen, you handle the business negotiation with Senior Zhulong for me.”

“Don’t let Senior suffer a loss.”

Hearing his words, Zhao Chen grinned and said, "I know."

Han Muye nodded at Chen Zhulong, then disappeared.

Seeing him leave, Zhao Chen turned to look at Chen Zhulong. "Brother Chen, how is it? My brother has always been generous. If you do business with us in Yunlan City, you won't suffer any losses."

Chen Zhulong nodded, narrowed his eyes, and looked in the direction Han Muye had left.

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"The Zhulong Trading Company is the top trading company under the rule of the Heavenly Brilliance Sect. The head of the trading company, Chen Zhulong, has extremely strong cultivation and possesses the bloodline power of a divine beast. He can hold sway both in the Bitter Immortal Realm and the Heavenly Brilliance Sect."

"The Zhulong Trading Company seems to have been involved in the turmoil in the Bitter Immortal Realm, but which side they belong to is still uncertain."

In the main hall of the City Lord's Mansion, Zuo Baichou reported in a low voice.

"Zhao Chen values the strength of the Zhulong Trading Company and is making every effort to establish connections."

"If this trading company really settles in Yunlan City, it will be beneficial for us as well."

“The Heavenly Brilliance Sect is indeed formidable.”

As Han Muye sat motionless, Zuo Baichou whispered.

Heavenly Brilliance Sect.

Bitter Immortal Domain.

Han Muye tapped his finger on the long table in front of him.

He was prepared to make a trip to the Bitter Immortal Realm.

The legacy of Immortal Lord Cang Yun should be in the Bitter Immortal Realm. With the current turmoil there, it was a perfect opportunity to infiltrate quietly.

For him, the legacy of an Immortal Lord was an opportunity that could shape his future.

If he could connect with Zhulong Trading Company, he might be able to enter the bitter immortal realm silently.

“Chang Linhui greets Yunlan Sword Immortal.”

A moment later, Zhao Chen led the cultivators he had bought in the market to the hall. The burly man following behind him bowed to Han Muye.

Chapter 1162 - 1162 The Allegiance of the Gale Bandits, the Thunder Bandits, Sixth Master Qin (5)

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Chang Linhui, the 37th commander of the Gale Bandits, was captured by Han Muye in the Transient Wasteland outside Sanhuo City.

As they had only captured Chang Linhui and not all the Gale Bandits, Zhang Zhenbiao and the others were blamed.

Zhao Chen and his group were implicated in this matter and had to come to the Wasteland.

Speaking of this, Zhao Chen looked at Chang Linhui with a strange expression on his face.

“From the looks of it, you’re a lucky general.”

Lucky general.

If it weren’t for Chang Linhui’s situation, how could they be enjoying these carefree days today?

Chang Linhui was captured and sent to Yunlu City, where he was supposed to be further detained.

Later, the Gale Bandits gathered in the Wasteland. The five elders of Yunlu City had different opinions. In the end, Chang Linhui was miraculously released unscathed.

Chang Linhui did not stay any longer and returned to the Bitter Immortal Realm.

However, last year, after Immortal Demon King Hun Tian died, their Gale Bandits were completely dispersed, and Chang Linhui was seriously injured and captured again.

This series of events made everyone in the hall sigh.

Han Muye had the backing of the Sword Sect, and Zuo Baichou and the others attached themselves to him, which allowed them to rise rapidly.

Chang Linhui, on the other hand, kept going in circles and remained a prisoner.

Perhaps it was the sorrow of low-level cultivators.

Without the support of a large faction, it was really extremely difficult.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, from now on, these brothers and I will serve you.” Chang Linhui bowed to Han Muye.

The Gale Bandits had become history, and those who were disbanded and bought by Han Muye were better off than others as they could stay in Yunluan City.

“I have said that Yunluan City is the home of wandering cultivators in the world. If the Gale Bandits have nowhere to go, Yunluan City can accommodate them.”

Han Muye nodded and looked at Chang Linhui. “But once you enter Yunluan City, you must abide by the rules of Yunluan City.

“The name Gale Bandits must be abandoned.”

The Gale Bandits were now a thing of the past.

Chang Linhui and the others had complicated expressions on their faces.

But that was the reality.

“I’ll pass on the City Lord’s words to those old brothers.” Chang Linhui cupped his hands and pondered for a moment before saying softly, “From now on, we’ll be called the Gale Guards.”

The Gale Guards.

The Bitter Immortal Realm was a bandit, and Yunlan City was a guard.

“Alright, in the future, you can form city patrol guards under the city guards.” Han Muye nodded.

The guards of Yunlan City were severely lacking in strength, but they did not dare to expand too much.

Zhang Zhenbiao’s cultivation and combat strength were still far inferior.

Having an army of Gale Bandits could increase the combat strength of the city.

“City Lord, Sixth Master Qin is a member of the Thunder Bandits. If there is a chance to save him, please take action, City Lord.” Chang Linhui looked around and then lowered his voice to say.

Purple Lightning, Thunder, Gale.

The three major bandit groups in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Purple Lightning for speed, Thunder for courage, and Gale for group.

It was said that the Thunder Bandits numbered less than 100, but they were incredibly powerful.

However, recently, it was rumored that the Thunder Bandits had also suffered heavy losses.

“Sixth Master Qin?” Han Muye looked at the figure carried by the Gale Guards.

“If Sixth Master Qin wants to survive, I can help.

“But if Sixth Master Qin has no desire to live, I won’t waste my time being a good person.”

Han Muye’s voice was very soft, echoing in the hall.

The figure lying on the ground slowly moved and stood up.

His face was covered in scars, bloodstains scattered, and his facial hair was tangled, making it difficult to see his appearance clearly.

But just by standing up, one could sense a faint aura gathering around him.

Despite wearing simple clothes, he exuded a valiant aura.

This was an expert.

Not one with high cultivation, but one who had experienced battles and displayed strength that others couldn’t compare to.

Powerhouses.

The fact that the Thunder Bandits could dominate the Bitter Immortal Realm with just over a hundred people indeed showed their extraordinary abilities.

“We Thunder Bandits have roamed the Bitter Immortal Realm for hundreds of thousands of years. We brothers and sisters were united and shared hardships together.”

“Now, they’re actually falling apart and killing each other. What’s the point of me, Qin Zhaoyuan, living an ignoble life...”

Qin Zhaoyuan staggered to his feet. His voice was hoarse and filled with despair.

“Sixth Master, if it weren’t for you, these brothers and I would have died.” Chang Linhui looked at Qin Zhaoyuan and said softly, “You know Yunlan Sword Immortal’s reputation.

“Sixth Master, if there are other brothers of the Thunder Bandits in danger, perhaps only Yunlan Sword Immortal has the ability to rescue them.”

Rescue?

Qin Zhaoyuan was taken aback for a moment, then looked up at Han Muye at the top.

“Buzz!”

A strong aura of blood and death spread from him.

In the hall, blood colors surged instantly.

The phantom of a purple battle lion appeared. It roared at the sky and charged at Han Muye.

“Ancient Purple Lightning Lion? So that’s the bloodline he possesses.”

Han Muye muttered and pointed with his hand.

A sword light shot out and hit the forehead of the lion.

The lion’s body exploded, and the blood color in the hall dissipated.

Qin Zhaoyuan stared at Han Muye intently. “Yunlan Sword Immortal, if you can help me rescue my big sister, the Thunder Bandits will bow to you from now on, and you will be our leader.”

Han Muye waved his hand and shook his head. “Not enough.”

The person who could capture the Big Sister of the Thunder Bandits must be a powerful demon in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Han Muye was not interested in confronting a big demon in the Bitter Immortal Realm just for a promise.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Qin Zhaoyuan's eyes darkened. He pondered for a moment and said softly.

There was no sound.

Without making any sound, his words reached Han Muye's ears: "Yunlan Sword Immortal, we, the Thunder Bandits, discovered a place where an Immortal Lord fell, which led to us being chased by the Heaven Immortal Demon King."

"If you can help us save Big Sister, we will offer you the Immortal Lord's falling place with both hands."

Immortal Lord's falling place?

He narrowed his eyes.

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Immortal Lord Cang Yun's legacy site?

If it was really this place, it would save a lot of effort in searching.

Even if it's not, the legacy of another Immortal Lord who perished should be worth making a move for.

After pondering for a moment, Han Muye looked at Qin Zhaoyuan and said, "I can make a move, but I can't guarantee that I will definitely succeed in saving the person."

Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian was an expert who had a chance of unifying the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Han Muye didn't dare to say that he was confident in saving someone in the hands of such an expert.

Upon hearing his words, Qin Zhaoyuan nodded and said, "If Immortal Sword Yunlan is willing to make a move, I am already grateful."

At this point, he finally breathed a sigh of relief, but his face turned pale, and he collapsed to the ground.

Although he looked extremely weak, Chang Linhui and the others smiled.

No matter how severely injured a Heaven Immortal expert was, as long as he did not want to die, he would not die.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed. A green immortal light wrapped around a pill and flew down.

Qin Zhaoyuan reached out to catch it, a strange look on his face.

This pill was actually a rare good pill.

Han Muye had been in the Immortal World for so long and had almost never refined pills.

He had obtained this pill from the Grotto-heaven of a Heaven Immortal expert he had killed.

He was a little nostalgic about the time he spent refining pills with Mu Wan in the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion every day in the Heavenly Mystic Imperial City.

Just because Han Muye agreed to help didn't mean that he would go immediately.

Qin Zhaoyuan also needed to recuperate.

He had to investigate the situation in the Bitter Immortal Realm first.

In the next few days, Chang Linhui attracted many Gale Bandits.

On a desolate hill outside Yunlan City, Han Muye stood there. In front of him were dozens of green-robed cultivators with rich blood qi and deep immortal light.

Each of these people exuded a powerful cultivation, and most of them were at the Heaven Immortal realm.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, you can ask us brothers to submit to you.” The black and thin middle-aged man in green armor, exuding a bloodthirsty aura, stared at Han Muye.

“However, I have a question. Please answer it truthfully, Yunlan Sword Immortal.”

Looking at Han Muye, his suppressed fighting spirit surged.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, let me ask you, did you have something to do with the deaths of more than a hundred of my brothers from the Gale Bandits?”

A group of Gale Bandits had been killed in the Yunteng Wasteland. The Gale Bandits had gathered in the Wasteland and had been searching for the murderer all these years.

After the dark and thin middle-aged man finished speaking, the others beside him stared at Han Muye with complicated expressions.

Chang Linhui, who was standing in front of Han Muye, slowly turned his head, looking nervous.

The Gale Bandits had always dominated the Bitter Immortal Realm and the Wasteland with their numbers.

They had the advantage in numbers because they were loyal and could gather people’s hearts.

Even if they were severely injured this time and had to leave the Bitter Immortal Realm, their brothers would still support each other and protect each other with their lives.

Chang Linhui had invested in Yunlan City. This time, he had recruited his old brothers to find a way out for everyone.

After all, without a backer, the Gale Bandits could no longer run amok in the wasteland.

Looking at Han Muye, Chang Linhui gritted his teeth.

He was afraid that Han Muye would admit it.

If Han Muye had something to do with killing his brothers, then the Gale Bandits would never submit.

He didn't know where to go either.

"Their disappearance is indeed related to me." Han Muye's voice sounded, making Chang Linhui's eyes reveal despair.

The knights in green armor emitted a bloodthirsty aura.

“You’re Yunlan Sword Immortal after all. You’re straightforward.” The dark and thin middle-aged man’s expression remained unchanged as he said in a deep voice, “In the past few years, I’ve already found some clues.”

“Those brothers died when they tried to kill you, and their souls were shattered.”

Clenching his teeth, the black and thin middle-aged man spoke word by word, “Yunlan Sword Immortal, you tell me, is all of this your doing?”

Did you do it?

The atmosphere slowly froze.

Everyone looked at Han Muye.

If that was the case, he would fight to the death today.

So what if it was the Yunlan Sword Immortal?

No matter who it was, they had to pay the price for killing their brothers.

The Gale Bandits emphasized righteousness.

Chang Linhui gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"I didn't do it."

Han Muye spoke again.

He disdained lying.

And he wouldn't take the blame for something he didn't do.

"I didn't!"

The Gale Bandits who were looking at Han Muye felt their bodies relax.

The dark and thin middle-aged man took a deep breath and was about to speak again when Han Muye raised his hand.

A spear flew out from his palm.

War Soul Spear!

This was the War Soul Spear used by the Gale Bandit brothers!

Didn't they say that the deaths of those brothers had nothing to do with him?

Han Muye waved his hand again, and golden phantoms appeared.

Remnant souls!

Looking at these familiar yet unfamiliar remnant souls floating in the air, Chang Linhui and the others' expressions slowly turned into pleasant surprise.

"Brother Zijian!"

"Baldy!"

"Erhe!"

The battle intent that had gathered collapsed.

A group of Gale Bandits rushed forward, and the remnant souls also flew down excitedly.

Han Muye remained silent and stood aside.

Parting with life and death, separated by life and death.

Now, all that was left were these residual souls.

Looking at these Gale Bandits laughing and roaring, Han Muye's heart was filled with indescribable emotions.

As a human being, he could not escape these pains.

Wasn't it because of these regrets that he needed to cherish life more?

To seek freedom and invincibility in his life was just to compensate for these regrets, seize more opportunities, and hold onto everything he might lose.

This was the purpose of cultivation.

Unknowingly, a seed of determination was sprouting in Han Muye's heart.

The sword in his hand was for protection.

Cultivation was for protection.

What was the Great Dao?

What was beyond the Great Dao?

Could everything he cared about not be considered his Dao?

Chapter 1164 - 1164 Golden Immortal Sword! (2)

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The hearts of people were filled with righteousness and evil, wasn't that his own path too?

Golden halos burst forth from Han Muye's body one after another.

These golden halos were invisible to others, but they seemed to be bathed in warm sunlight for those lingering souls.

They turned around, looked at Han Muye, and bowed slightly.

If Han Muye had not protected them back then, their remnant souls would have long dissipated.

If not for Han Muye, they would never have seen each other again!

The actions of these remnant souls made the laughing Gale Bandits stop.

The dark and thin middle-aged man who had questioned Han Muye slowly walked forward and stood in front of him.

He lowered his head and knelt down on one knee.

A gesture of submission.

There was no such thing as kowtowing in the cultivation world.

It could only be found in the mortal world.

“Jiang Zheng has cultivated for 238,000 years and ascended from the lower realms. He went against the laws of the immortals and entered the Bitter Immortal Realm as a thief. He has never submitted to anyone.”

A pseudo-immortal who ascended as a mortal, a heaven-defying immortal, and a thief in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Of course, such a person would not have any thoughts of submitting.

If not for the fact that he was unwilling to submit, how could he defy the heavens and become an immortal?

In fact, many cultivators who ascended from the lower realm looked down on the immortal cultivators in the Immortal World.

Immortal cultivators felt that the cultivators of the mortal world were wasting their time, but cultivators felt that these people did not have enough comprehension of the Great Dao.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal fought against billions of miles for a promise.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal left a home for us homeless cultivators.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal left a trace of remnant soul for my Gale Bandit brothers.

Jiang Zheng pressed his hand on a short knife. The blade cut across his palm, and blood sprayed out.

He sprinkled the blood at Han Muye’s feet and then touched his head to the ground.

“Today, I, Jiang Zheng, submit to Yunlan City’s Yunlan Sword Immortal. I have no regrets in this life.”

“Today, I, Du Shensi, submit to Yunlan City’s Yunlan Sword Immortal. I won’t regret it in my life.”

“Today, I, Yu Cheng, submit to Yunlan City’s Yunlan Sword Immortal. I have no regrets in this life.”

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One by one, the Gale Bandit experts bowed and kowtowed to Han Muye, scattering the blood in their hands at his feet.

If such a blood oath had any restrictions, it was actually not big.

However, this oath that came from the heart was a shackle in the heart of every cultivator.

This was more useful than any constraint.

“I can’t promise you anything.”

Han Muye looked up into the distance, then his gaze landed on the remnant souls.

“I can only tell you that one day, I can reach the peak of the world and reverse the Yin and Yang of the world. I will give you a chance to be reborn.”

The peak of the world!

Reversing Yin and Yang!

This was not a promise!

To Jiang Zheng and the others, no promise could compare to this sentence!

It was a chance for their brothers to be reborn!

These Gale Bandits, who only had remnant souls left, could not even be reborn.

Only experts who had stepped into the Zenith Heaven Realm could reverse time, reverse Yin and Yang, and give them a chance to be reborn.

Han Muye's words represented his position in the world. In this life, he would definitely reach the Zenith Heaven Realm!

This was something that no Golden Immortal dared to think or say.

Yunlan Sword Immortal actually had such aspirations!

If Yunlan Sword Immortal could cultivate to such an extent and follow the Gale Bandits who had submitted to him, he would definitely be able to reach a cultivation realm that he never dared to imagine.

Only by following a true expert would cultivation be carefree!

Han Muye stood there. When he said this, he felt much better.

It turned out that he had always had such ambitions, but he had never revealed them!

“City Lord, the Essence Demon Sect intercepted my Gale Bandit brothers. We definitely can’t let them off.”

Jiang Zheng stood up and spoke in a low voice.

Han Muye nodded and said calmly, “I’ll give you three days.”

Three days was enough.

The Essence Demon Sect did not have any experts holding down the presidency. Only Daoist Luo Yang, who had some ability in array formations, was present.

Daoist Luo Yang was the successor of the Immortal Venerable and had already secretly submitted to Han Muye. When the Gale Bandits arrived at the base of the Essence Demon Sect, they found a reason to leave.

In a day, the Essence Demon Sect was surrounded and killed by the Gale Bandits, and the entire sect was destroyed.

This sect, which was originally indistinguishable from heretic, heretical, evil, sinister, had a pile of black materials dug out.

Killing in the Wasteland, secretly trading with the demons of the Bitter Immortal Realm, and manipulating the exchange of resources.

Under the sunlight, the actions of the Essence Demon Sect could wipe out 10 sects.

“I really didn’t expect that the Essence Demon Sect would actually do all sorts of bad things.”

“Haha, Zhenyuan Temple, what a joke.”

The Zhenyuan Temple, which was known as the main sect of the Daoist Faction, and the Essence Demon Sect, which they secretly supported, actually did all sorts of dirty things.

This was a joke of the Daoist Faction.

However, jokes sometimes also depended on one’s strength.

On the second day after the Gale Bandits destroyed the Essence Demon Sect, three Heaven Immortal Void Refinement cultivators from Zhenyuan Temple came and chased after them. Hundreds of thousands of Gale Bandits were defeated.

If it was still back in the Bitter Immortal Realm with the support of the Immortal Demon King Hun Tian, the Gale Bandits would have dared to fight the three Void Refinement Realm experts.

It was even possible to kill these three with all his might.

However, the current Gale Bandits did not have the strength, the courage, or the confidence.

However, the Gale Bandits were good at gathering and fleeing. A day later, the army gathered again.

The place they gathered was a thousand miles outside Yunlan City.

"I heard that Yunlan Sword Immortal once said that those who have no home in the world can come to Yunlan City as their home.

"Today, we, the Gale Bandits, have nowhere to go. We're willing to submit to Yunlan Sword Immortal. I wonder if Yunlan City is willing to take us in?"

Jiang Zheng, who was standing in front, shouted loudly, his voice spreading for thousands of miles.

Beside him were a few knights in green armor with complicated expressions.

"Fifth Brother Jiang, if Yunlan Sword Immortal refuses to take us in, we'll really die without a burial place," a pale-faced young man said in a low voice.

Chapter 1165 - 1165 Golden Immortal Sword! (3)

1165 Golden Immortal Sword! (3)

“That’s right. Ever since Big Brother and the others died and the Immortal Demon King was reborn, we Gale Bandits have been hated by everyone. There’s no longer the—” The burly man who spoke could not continue. He could only grit his teeth and clench the war spear in his hand.

The value they once had was gone.

Would Yunlan City really confront Zhenyuan Temple for their sake?

“Zhenyuan Temple, hehe.” Jiang Zheng turned around and looked at the three rays of immortal light that shot into the sky.

“You don’t understand. Yunlan Sword Immortal doesn’t take Zhenyuan Temple seriously at all.”

An expert who swore to step into the Zenith Heaven Realm would not take any faction in the Immortal World seriously.

Their target was the Zenith Heaven’s Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm!

“Hmph, no matter where you run today, you won’t survive!”

“The Gale Bandit. No one will mention this name again.”

A cold voice sounded from the void of space.

The three immortal lights transformed into a tornado that attracted the Heaven and Earth powers and swept towards the gathering place of the army.

This power was so strong that it made the Battle Cavalry tremble.

At this moment, even Jiang Zheng tightened his grip on the spear in his hand.

A thousand miles away, countless divine senses descended.

Perhaps today, they would witness the destruction of a faction that had dominated the Bitter Immortal Realm for countless years?

“I, the City Lord, always keep my promises.” At this moment, a voice sounded.

Yunlan Sword Immortal!

Yunlan City’s City Lord!

Yunlan City was willing to accept the Gale Bandits!

“Invincible Han, are you going to make an enemy of our Zhenyuan Temple?”

“Hmph, you’re really arrogant. Do you really think you’re qualified to face our Zhenyuan Temple just because you can escape under the rule of the Dao Sect?”

“Ignorant.”

Three voices responded. The tornado did not stop and continued to collide with the military formation.

There was no turning back.

It was impossible for Zhenyuan Temple to retreat.

No one would have thought that the City Lord of Yunlan City would actually fulfill his promise and accept the Gale Bandits.

Would all the Immortal Cultivators in the city support this decision?

In Yunlan City, countless people looked up.

Many people had complicated expressions.

Yunlan City was powerful and dared to compete with Daoist sects. Of course, they were happy.

But what if Yunlan Sword Immortal lost?

“Back then, City Lord, you challenged a Sword Dao expert from a land of 500 meters and established the foundation of Yunlan City.”

“I wonder how far the City Lord can go now?”

Zuo Baichou, who was standing beside Han Muye, said softly with a smile.

At this moment, everyone in Yunlan City who was familiar with Han Muye looked relaxed.

Along the way, Yunlan Sword Immortal had never disappointed them!

Back then, everything in Yunlan City was fought back by the City Lord sword by sword. Today, he would defend it sword by sword.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal is gambling this time.”

In the distant horizon, someone muttered.

“Yes, he’s betting on Daoism’s attitude.”

“As long as the Golden Immortal of Zhenyuan Temple doesn’t appear, he will win.”

Someone’s eyes lit up as he stared in the direction of Yunlan City.

As long as Han Muye could win this match, not only would he be able to protect the Gale Bandits with unlimited resources, but he would also be able to showcase his strength.

At that time, there were only a handful of large cities in the entire Wilderness that could stand shoulder to shoulder with Yunlan City!

As long as Yunlan City won, countless cultivators in the Wilderness would submit to Yunlan City.

Today, Yunlan Sword Immortal would stand up for the Gale Bandits. In the future, Yunlan Sword Immortal would also stand up for him.

As long as Yunlan City won this battle, the hearts of the people in Yunlan City would be united and indestructible!

“Haha, after today, there will be no Gale Bandits in the world, only Gale Guards.”

“Yunlan City, Gale Guards.”

Jiang Zheng laughed loudly and raised his intermediate spear, pointing it at the three tornadoes.

“Storm, fight—”

“Storm, fight—”

Countless sounds rang out, and the Gale Bandits Battle Formation instantly condensed. Numerous black ferocious tigers rushed towards the tornado.

Just because they ran all the way didn’t mean that they didn’t have the strength to fight.

Now that they had Yunlan City as their backing, they dared to fight!

If he couldn’t let Yunlan City see his combat strength, how could he let them take him in?

Was he really a useless person who only came to seek protection?

The Gale Bandits had not fallen to such a state!

“Kill!”

Jiang Zheng flew up and the aura of a Void Refinement expert surged from his body.

There were no top-notch experts among the Gale Bandits, and several Void Transformation experts had perished in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

However, there was still the Void Refinement Realm!

“Boom!”

The power of the battle formation collided with the tornado and tangled with the three tornadoes.

Above the wind, the three gloomy-looking Daoists had no choice but to deal with it with all their might.

The Gale Bandits had the strength to fight.

Yunlan Sword Immortal didn't need to do anything.

The situation today was actually like this!

It was as if Yunlan Sword Immortal had made an agreement with the Gale Bandits!

Could it be that Yunlan Sword Immortal had really made an agreement with the Gale Bandits to scheme against the Essence Demon Sect?

“Eh? Back then, the Essence Demon Sect's Sect Master was killed by Yunlan Sword Immortal, right?”

“That’s right. Zhenyuan Temple didn’t come looking for trouble with Yunlan Sword Immortal at that time.”

It was only at this moment that someone recalled what happened back then.

It was no wonder that the cultivation world had no memories. It was mainly because what happened today was related to the Gale Bandits and had nothing to do with Yunlan City.

If no one had mentioned it, who would have thought that Yunlan Sword Immortal, a righteous sword cultivator, would scheme against the Essence Demon Sect?

“Boom!”

Three gusts of wind were shattered by the military formation, and the three gloomy-looking Daoists stopped in midair.

Three Void Refinement Realm experts could not take down the Gale Bandits!

If they couldn’t take it down today, they would directly go against Yunlan City when the Gale Bandits entered.

If they couldn’t take down the Gale Bandits today, no matter how many people came tomorrow, they wouldn’t be able to!

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, do you really want to become enemies with our Zhenyuan Temple?!”

The leading Daoist of Zhenyuan Temple gritted his teeth and looked in the direction of Yunlan City as he advanced and shouted.

Today, their Zhenyuan Temple would probably lose all their face outside Yunlan City.

However, at this moment, he was caught between a rock and a hard place and could not retreat!

“Antagonize Zhenyuan Temple?”

“Then.”

Chapter 1166 - 1166 Golden Immortal Sword! (4)

1166 Golden Immortal Sword! (4)

“Again.”

“As.”

“What.”

Word by word.

Han Muye stepped forward and appeared in the Gale Bandits Battle Formation.

“Greetings, City Lord!”

Jiang Zheng shouted.

“Greetings, City Lord!”

“Greetings, City Lord...”

The sound shook for thousands of miles, and the heavens and earth trembled, with clouds and waves surging.

Outside Yunlan City, boundless power churned.

At this moment, everyone’s gaze turned to Han Muye.

In the battle formation, Han Muye was dressed in a white robe, his hair tied up with a golden crown. He carried a sword box on his back and stood with his hands behind his back.

“They can’t fight anymore...” Looking at Han Muye standing in the air, someone said softly, “The name of Yunlan Sword Immortal has already intimidated the Elder of Zhenyuan Temple. Today...”

With Yunlan Sword Immortal’s appearance, even Zhenyuan Temple had to retreat!

Many people’s eyes burned with passion.

Today, they did not witness the destruction of the Gale Bandits, but they witnessed the rise of Yunlan City!

With Zhenyuan Temple as a stepping stone, Yunlan City ascended to the peak of the Wasteland, standing shoulder to shoulder with several major sects.

“Alright, Yunlan Sword Immortal. Alright, just you wait.” The Daoist from Zhenyuan Temple, who was standing in front, flicked his sleeves and retreated.<segment 106

Indeed, in today’s situation, Yunlan City and Zhenyuan Temple would not engage in battle.

The Daoist faction always acted cautiously.

For Void Refinement Realm Heaven Immortals who had cultivated for countless years, they would only do things with confidence.

He would never participate in an unprovoked battle.

Zhenyuan Temple chose to retreat.

Everyone looked at Han Muye, who was standing in midair.

“The City Lord is mighty—”

Jiang Zheng laughed loudly and raised his arms.

“The City Lord is mighty—”

The Gale Bandits shouted.

“The City Lord is mighty—”

Countless cultivators in Yunlan City shouted.

Yunlan Sword Immortal forced back three Void Refinement Realm Heaven Immortals of Zhenyuan Temple and subdued the Gale Bandits, one of the three three major bandits in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Today, the name of Yunlan Sword Immortal rose again in the Yunteng Wasteland.

It was different from the previous battles with swords. Today's Yunlan Sword Immortal could suppress the Daoist sects without a single strike.

Such might belonged to Yunlan City and everyone in Yunlan City!

Countless people looked at Han Muye eagerly.

Han Muye shook his head, raised his hand, and pressed it down. Then he looked ahead and spoke softly.

"Senior Spiritual Sword Golden Immortal, as the number one expert of Zhenyuan Temple, Senior Sword Dao, if you don't use your sword today, I'll be disappointed."

Golden Immortal Leading Sword!

The number one powerhouse of Zhenyuan Temple!

Disappointed?

Han Muye's voice fell.

There was silence in the void for thousands of miles.

Whether it was the cultivators under Yunlan City or the Gale Bandits who had submitted to them, whether they were those who were close to Yunlan City and hoped for its rise, or those who looked on from afar with ill intentions towards Yunlan City, at this moment, they all wore expressions of astonishment and confusion.

Yunlan Sword Immortal challenged the number one expert of Zhenyuan Temple, the Golden Immortal Sword of the Sword Dao!

The Spirit Sword Golden Immortal was one of the few powerhouses in the Daoist community who became a Golden Immortal with the Sword Dao. With an immortal sword in hand, he dominated the Fuyu Immortal World.

This was a Sword Dao expert who had fought against countless Sword Dao experts of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect back then, never falling into a disadvantage in sword techniques.

If it weren't for the fact that the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal had been in seclusion all these years, Zhenyuan Temple's reputation would probably be even greater.

It was precisely because the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal was absent from the Wasteland that the Essence Demon Sect had restrained itself.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, are you crazy..." A middle-aged Daoist in a green Daoist robe said softly above the clouds in the distance. His hands were tucked into his sleeves, but his arms couldn't stop trembling.

"Gone mad? Sword lunatic, sword lunatic, how many sword cultivators aren't a bit crazy?" An elderly man beside him shook his head and sneered, "These kinds of eccentricities are rare."

Even if sword cultivators were crazy, they wouldn't completely forget who they were.

A Heaven Immortal challenging a Golden Immortal, especially one who had just stepped into the Heaven Immortal level and hadn't even condensed a grotto-heaven.

It wasn't courage.

This was arrogance!

"Hehe, when Yunlan Sword Immortal was under the Daoist sect's rule, he once fought with his own Golden Immortal Shu Ming."

"I guess it's that sword that made him arrogant?"

Someone shook his head and chuckled.

It was that sword that had made Yunlan Sword Immortal famous.

But that was his elder. Didn't he know what was wrong with that sword?

"He directly challenged a Golden Immortal powerhouse. I hope that person—here he comes!"

Here he came!

The sword of a Golden Immortal from Zhenyuan Temple flew over!

Above the sky, the sword light cleaved through endless clouds and waves, and under a golden sword light, the entire heaven and earth seemed to be split apart!

Without a single word, it was just a sword!

This sword carried the force to overturn the heavens and earth, coming from billions of miles away. The sword light was brilliant, but it also carried a chilling edge.

The sword was a killing weapon.

The sword came only to kill!

This sword was meant to kill the Yunlan Sword Immortal!

A sword that slashed across thousands of miles, making everyone in Yunlan City shiver, their very souls suppressed.

For thousands of miles around Yunlan City, all the clouds and waves were shattered, and on the ground, gales swept through.

This sword carried the power of heaven and earth and came with the might of the Dao Sect!

If this sword wasn't blocked, Yunlan Sword Immortal would definitely die!

If this sword wasn't blocked, Yunlan City would be destroyed with a single strike!

If this sword wasn't blocked, the Daoist Faction would have an advantage in its rivalry with the Sword Sect!

"To this point..." A Daoist with white hair trembled as he muttered.

"Sword cultivation is truly fierce like this..." A young man with a long sword on his back looked at the descending sword light, clenched his fists, and his shoulders trembled unconsciously.

Whether it was brutal or gentle, if Yunlan Sword Immortal could not withstand a single strike from a Golden Immortal, everything would be over!

"Golden Immortal Sword." Han Muye looked at the sword light above his head, his eyes bursting with endless brilliance.

What he was waiting for was this sword!

To outsiders, it might seem like arrogance, intentional provocation.

However, since yesterday, this sword had already taken form.

Yesterday, a sword light locked onto his soul.

Chapter 1167 - 1167 Golden Immortal Sword! (5)

1167 Golden Immortal Sword! (5)

This sword came from within the void, condensed in the world of emptiness.

This was a Golden Immortal sword cultivator who struck out with his sword in his Grotto-heaven, first severing the soul, then breaking the physical body.

It was impossible to dodge such a sword.

Only a battle could ensue.

Since a battle was inevitable, it was better to face it boldly than to hide.

Han Muye raised his hand, and in his palm, a nine-layered sword tower appeared.

Today, he represented the Sword Sect.

In this battle, he couldn't hold anything back anymore.

Other than the power of the Baxia Divine Beast that could not be revealed, he would exert all his strength.

Nine-story Sword Tower.

Endless sword light.

Kui Bloodline.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Below, the power of the Gale Bandit Battle Formation transformed into a black sword light that soared into the sky and landed on the sword tower.

Behind him, the power of the Yunlan City's city-protecting array was activated, turning into a green sword light that fused with the sword light in front of Han Muye.

In the sky, the golden soul power on the Deity Roll transformed into a golden sword and landed in front of Han Muye.

Above Han Muye's head, the sword of the soul formed by his immortal cultivation appeared.

Fight.

Battle intent surged.

Thousands of sword lights converged into one.

Killing intent condensed.

His essence, qi, and spirit condensed into a sword.

The long sword hung in the air and did not stop. It directly collided with the sword light that streaked across the sky.

Facing a Golden Immortal sword cultivator, he was not waiting for death, but blocking the sword with his sword.

As a sword cultivator, even if he died, he had to die after drawing his sword!

The outcome of this strike determined the life and death of the entire Yunlan City!

Ultimately, in the world of conflict, it all came down to life and death.

“Fight!”

A furious roar came from somewhere.

“Fight—”

Countless voices sounded throughout Yunlan City.

Fighting for survival.

Han Muze transformed into a sword, yet his mind remained clear.

It had been a long, long time since he had risked his life with the sword in his hand.

The sword was really his life...

At this moment, his sword emitted a green light.

A sword for survival, without hesitation.

“Clang—”

The two swords collided with a crisp sound.

The collision of sword lights stirred the surging clouds and waves of the world, causing gusts of wind to scatter and giving rise to the power of the land and the heavens, transforming into whirlpools.

No one below the Heaven Immortal Realm could stand firm.

Above the Heaven Immortal Realm, everyone's hearts trembled and their faces turned pale.

The power of heaven and earth drawn by this sword was not magnificent, and it was even less intense than the collision between peak Heaven Immortals.

However, the killing intent of the divine soul contained in this sword had already surpassed the level of a Heaven Immortal.

This was a clash between two Golden Immortals!

The Spirit Sword Golden Immortal was a Sword Dao Golden Immortal powerhouse, but Yunlan Sword Immortal was actually so powerful.

No wonder he dared to face a Golden Immortal directly!

"Boom!"

The power of heaven and earth transformed into a torrent that surged in all directions like waves.

Han Muye's figure reappeared, holding a sword in his hand. His expression remained unchanged as he stood in the air.

"Spirit Sword Senior, how about this strike?"

How about?

This was provocation!

Within the void, silence reigned, only the gusty wind howled and immortal qi roared like tides.

Yunlan Sword Immortal could withstand one strike from a Golden Immortal spiritual sword, but could he withstand a second or third strike?

Impossible!

Yet within the void, there was no trace of sword light.

"Kid, I'll wait for you in the Burial Immortal City."

A voice that was neither loud nor soft resounded in the void.

Burial Immortal City.

One of the three most dangerous places in the Fuyu Immortal World.

This Golden Immortal of the Sword Dao actually attacked from far away in the Burial Immortal City!

Such a method was truly terrifying!

“Alright.”

Han Muye declared loudly.

The sword light that filled the sky dispersed, and the three Void Refinement Realm Heaven Immortals of Zhenyuan Temple retreated. The Gale Bandits lined up in formation and returned to Yunlan City.

All returned to silence as the gusty wind gradually calmed down.

However, everything had changed completely!

“If Yunlan Sword Immortal can block this sword, it’s impossible for the spiritual sword Golden Immortal to attack again.” Seeing Han Muye disappear in midair and the Yunlan City array dissipate, a white-bearded old man’s eyes lit up.

“The Daoist Faction is shameless. Moreover, the Sword Sect is not a pushover that can be easily bullied.” The middle-aged sword cultivator beside the old man revealed a smile.

“The Golden Immortal of the Sword Sect should have arrived as well, right?”

Looking at Yunlan City, someone whispered.

Indeed, the Golden Immortal of the Sword Sect had arrived.

Yunlan City, in the main hall of the City Lord’s Residence.

Zuo Baichou and the others stood below with their heads lowered, not daring to breathe loudly.

Han Muye stood in front. At the head of the table was a Daoist in his forties wearing a green and white robe with a green sword hanging at his waist.

The Daoist appraised Han Muye, his expression calm.

“Senior Shu Ming said you act with prudence.

“Is this what you call prudence?”

The Daoist placed his hand on the hilt of the sword at his waist and said calmly.

“When a sword cultivator acts, one only needs to consider the sword in hand. What does that have to do with prudence?” Han Muye spoke loudly.

In the hall, Zuo Baichou and the others couldn’t help but twitch their mouths.

When facing a Golden Immortal, couldn’t he be a bit more diplomatic?

The Golden Immortal of the Sword Sect did not seem to expect Han Muye to answer so bluntly. He glared and snorted.

“What a troublemaker...”

His words were much milder.

“In any case, you haven’t brought disgrace to our Sword Sect.

“Much better than those b*stards.

“Senior Brother Shu Ming is the same. Back then, when you were under the tutelage of the Daoist Sect, you should’ve just slashed that guy, Su Yunzi, with a single sword instead of going through all that trouble.

“Your strike today was impressive. I know the capabilities of that Spirit Sword guy; he doesn’t spare many who stand in his way...

“Speaking of which, how did you achieve the fusion of essence, qi, and spirit? There aren’t many juniors in the Sword Sect who have achieved this.”

...

Zhang Zhenbiao and the others were dumbfounded.

The same Golden Immortal expert who exuded sword intent and a chilling aura just moments ago was now chattering away like this?

“I’m Li Yungang, the Chief of Tianzhan Hall, though that’s just a title.

“Kid, how about we have a match?

“I’ll suppress my cultivation to the Void. What do you say?

“Watching you draw your sword makes my hands itchy.

“Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing. I won’t hurt you.”

Chapter 1168 - 1168 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance

1168 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance

Han Muye had really heard of Li Yungang, the head of the Zhantian Hall.

The other halls of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had their own hall masters, and there were more than one or two hall masters. They were also on par with each other, and there was no need to determine the ranking.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had never been the kind of sect that had an order of seniority and strict hierarchy.

However, the Hall Master of Zhantian Hall was ranked in equal order.

According to Golden Immortal Shu Ming, the Green Vine Sword Immortal of Zhantian Hall, Li Yungang, spent 100,000 years defeating all the hall masters of Zhantian Hall and became the first seat.

The combat strength of the others was also ranked according to the number of victories and defeats with Li Yungang, ranging from the Second Hall Master to the Ninth Hall Master.

“In the future, if you encounter the Green Vine Sword Immortal, don’t fight him.

“This guy’s name is Green Vine. It means that he can pester people endlessly.”

Golden Immortal Shu Ming had instructed Han Muye like this back then.

In the path of cultivation, battle and rest complemented each other.

However, who wouldn’t be annoyed to encounter a fellow who pestered you every day and didn’t give you a chance to cultivate?

“Eh, did Shu Ming tell you my name, Green Vine?” Seeing Han Muye ponder, Li Yungang glared and asked directly.

“Senior Green Vine is the master of Zhantian Hall. I’m just a junior disciple of Zhantian Hall. How can I dare to fight the master?” Han Muye shook his head and said softly.

He had too many secrets.

He was also unwilling to fight with a Golden Immortal who liked to pester him.

“What Chief and disciple? Our Zhantian Hall doesn’t have so many rules.” Li Yungang waved his hand, and a sword light appeared in his palm.

The sword light was bright and clear. With a sweep of the sword, Zuo Baichou and the others in the hall were swept away by the sword.

Then, the door of the hall closed with a bang.

Everyone looked at each other.

This person had previously said that he had to be steady, but this was it?

“Clang—”

In the hall, the sound of swords clashing could be heard.

“Good sword technique!”

Li Yungang let out a strange laugh.

Then, a golden immortal light shone outside the hall. With the help of the light barrier descended by the power of the city-protecting array, it isolated everyone’s perception.

“Is the City Lord going to get serious?” Xie Chaoyan asked in a low voice, a strange expression on his face.

“I wonder how the City Lord compares to this Zhantian Hall’s Chief,” Zuo Baichou whispered.

He shook his head and turned around. “Forget it, this has nothing to do with us.

“City Lord, block the sword of the Spiritual Sword, Golden Immortal, and protect our Yunlan City.

“In the future, Yunlan City will probably become a holy land in the Yunteng Wasteland. Everyone will be busy.”

Busy.

It was good to be busy.

Everyone smiled.

After today, Yunlan City would truly be accepted by all the forces in the Wasteland and truly integrate into the lives of all the Immortal Cultivators.

Countless cultivators would come to Yunlan City to make their home.

To help manage such a city as the City Lord, the sense of responsibility on their shoulders was heavy, but how gratifying it was!

In the hall, Li Yungang, who was holding a long sword, had a solemn expression.

In front of him, Han Muye had his hands behind his back, and a sword light floated in front of him.

By controlling the sword with his will, he could make Li Yungang, whose cultivation was suppressed at the Void Realm, unable to attack.

Li Yungang had only felt the aura of such an expert from the top five people in Zhantian Hall.

“The condensation of your sword intent is definitely not something a nameless disciple can possess.”

Li Yugang pointed his sword forward and shouted.

The sword light in his hand turned into a green stream of light that flashed and stabbed at Han Muye’s neck.

This sword was so fast that its trajectory could not be seen. How was it like what he had said before?

If Han Muye could not react in time, he would probably lose his life.

Who was the sword lunatic?

Who was the one who wasn’t prudent enough?

This Zhantian Hall's first seat was clearly a guy who did what he said.

However, before the sword could reach ten feet in front of Han Muye, Li Yungang's eyes turned cold, and he had no choice but to swing his sword horizontally.

Because Han Muye, who was standing motionless with his hands behind his back, had already controlled his sword with his will and slashed at the top of his head.

This fellow, who had become a junior disciple of Zhantian Hall, actually had no respect in his eyes. His sword was even faster than his, the Chief!

The key was that this kid still had his hands behind his back. It was obvious that he had not used his full strength.

How much did he look down on people?

Who could withstand such contempt?

"Clang—"

Li Yungang sent the sword above his head flying and took a step forward.

However, just as he moved, his body stopped and his expression changed.

Beside him, the longsword carried a cold light as it spun gently, blocking his path forward.

“Are you able to see through my sword technique, or are you able to control space and time?” Li Yungang, who had a solemn expression, repelled the sword blocking his way, looked up at Han Muye, and asked in a low voice.

Han Muye did not give him an answer at all.

He just clasped his hands behind his back and remained silent.

Couldn’t be bothered?

If it were any other powerful Golden Immortal, they probably wouldn’t want to stay here under such circumstances; they would have turned and left.

But the Green Vine Sword Immortal was different.

He seemed to be used to being treated so coldly.

Li Yungang’s face twitched slightly. He raised his hand, summoning a nine-level sword tower.

“Kid, I know you also have a sword tower in your hands. This thing is also a rare treasure in our Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.”

“So, why don’t you have a good fight with me? If you do, I can give you this sword tower.”

Nine-story Sword Tower.

Han Muye already had four of them.

However, to conceal his identity, he kept one of them in the mortal world to suppress the fortune of the Great Dao. He hadn’t used the other three either.

He first used this tower in the immortal realm under the rule of the Daoist Sect.

At that time, he felt that he was worthy of the sword tower, so he made a move.

The value of the sword tower was hinted at by Golden Immortal Shu Ming from his sword hilt.

Combining nine sword towers indeed could make it a precious treasure, even some sort of token.

Chapter 1169 - 1169 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance (2)

1169 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong’s Alliance (2)

It was just that back then, the sword towers were scattered everywhere and brought into the mortal world. He had never thought that they could become one.

Over the years, the Nine Essence Sword Tower was more of a symbol of the Sword Sect.

Many disciples of the Sword Sect cultivated sword formations and refined a sword tower to carry with them.

The rules of the mortal world that distinguished the cultivation level of sword cultivators by the number of levels of the Sword Tower were also recognized by many people in the Immortal World's Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

At the very least, being able to control a nine-story Sword Tower meant that his cultivation level was strong enough.

Looking at the sword tower in Li Yungang's hand, Han Muye nodded.

It was not easy to obtain a sword tower.

Moreover, Han Muye had already displayed a sword tower. If he was not tempted by this sword tower today, Li Yungang would suspect that he had other motives.

"Chief Green Vine, it's best if you don't suppress your cultivation."

Han Muye's words made Li Yungang's expression turn ugly.

People cared about their face, and trees about their bark.

Confronting him face-to-face, was this deliberate?

“Don’t worry, kid. I won’t take advantage of you.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he flipped his palm and put away the sword tower in his hand. The sword light turned into a dazzling stream of light and pressed down on Han Muye’s head.

This strike had indeed not exceeded the range of the Void Heaven Immortal’s strength.

However, the understanding of the Sword Dao revealed by this sword was definitely not something that a Void Heaven Immortal could grasp.

Within a hundred feet, the sword light tore through the void.

He still said one thing and did another.

He said that he wouldn’t take advantage of him, but when he attacked, he clearly took advantage of her cultivation realm.

But Han Muye, who had his hands behind his back, only shook his head.

Void Sword Immortal?

He had long looked down on the Sword Dao of the same level.

Ever since he stepped into the Yunteng Wasteland, he, Han Muye, only had one name.

Invincible Han.

Invincible under the sword!

Without moving his hands, Han Muye controlled his sword with his will, and his green sword edge broke through Li Yungang's sword light.

"Clang—"

The tip of the sword went three feet in front of Li Yungang and stopped for a moment. Then, with a tremor, it retreated.

Three feet in front of a sword cultivator was the last line of control that a sword cultivator had.

Li Yungang held the sword in his hand. The corners of his eyes twitched, and battle intent surged from his body.

But he didn't attack again.

With the strike just now, Han Muye had already given him face and held back.

He suppressed his cultivation before attacking, but the outcome was the same.

"Breaking through the face with a thread? This sword is interesting. I still underestimated you."

Li Yungang muttered and took a step back, staring at Han Muye.

"Why? Senior, you're not fighting anymore?" Han Muye looked up at him.

"Yes, of course." Li Yungang put away his longsword, stroked his beard, and disappeared, leaving only a faint sound.

"However, I want to study it again. Your methods aren't too bad.

"Let's go. I'll come back tomorrow, no, the day after."

The city-protecting array that could block a Golden Immortal could not stop this Zhantian Hall's Chief.

There was an explosion outside the hall, and the golden light barrier had already dissipated.

Gone.

Han Muye shook his head.

This Green Vine Sword Immortal really lived up to his name. He was having a headache.

He had to be even more careful in the future.

Raising his hand to close the dissipating light screen, Han Muye did not walk out of the hall. Instead, he sat cross-legged on the high seat.

Streaks of sword light appeared around him.

After exchanging a few moves with Li Yungang, he did not feel anything.

However, the previous confrontation with the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal was the real rare opportunity.

Slowly closing his eyes, images swirled in his mind.

The clouds gathered and dispersed, and the sword light tore through the world. The image of the sword light of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal appeared again.

The sword slowly disintegrated, and every trace of the sword light froze in his mind.

The phantom of Han Muye's soul appeared. Holding a long sword, sword shadows shattered the sword lights.

"Boom!"

Three breaths later, the image in his mind exploded.

"After 38,000 swords, I was defeated."

He murmured softly and closed his eyes again.

Around him, the immortal qi and soul power gathered by the city-protecting array began to gather.

As the lord of Yunlan City, he could gather the immortal qi and soul power of the entire city.

This was an unimaginable power, a power even coveted by Golden Immortal experts.

This was the result of Han Muye's efforts over the years in the Yunteng Wasteland.

In the entire Wasteland, there were only a few large cities that could accumulate such resources.

However, no city was like Yunlan City, where the power of an entire city was gathered in one body.

Feeling the surging power around him enter his body, Han Muye had a realization.

Heroes were created in times of crisis.

Heroes and the times were inseparable.

He had only been able to build the foundation of Yunlan City by relying on the changes in the situation in Yunteng Wasteland.

Change the timing, the location, or the person, and such an opportunity would be impossible.

Since the opportunity was in his hands, he had to seize it!

How could there be so many opportunities in the world of cultivation?

Closing his eyes again, the sword light in Han Muye's mind appeared again.

His figure landed in it again, and his longsword flew out.

“After 43,000 strikes, I was defeated.

“Again!”

...

Han Muze stayed in seclusion in the hall for an entire month.

In the past month, Zhantian Hall’s Chief, Li Yungang, had visited him 10 times.

Each time, he saw the formation in the hall unchanged and could only shake his head and leave.

It was just a sparring session, and there was no enmity between them. How could he disturb someone’s seclusion for no reason?

Every time, Li Yungang would shake his head, stomp his feet, and leave with a cold expression.

Zuo Baichou and the others did not dare to provoke him, afraid that they would get into trouble.

During this month, even more cultivators flocked to Yunlan City than in the previous year.

Moreover, many of them were experts.

There were seven or eight Heaven Immortal Void Realm Experts.

These people were here for Yunlan Sword Immortal's strength and the potential of Yunlan City.

Chapter 1170 - 1170 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance (3)

1170 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance (3)

With the addition of experts, more immortal cultivators gathered, and the strength of the entire Yunlan City rose to a higher level.

Of course, Zuo Baichou and the others became even busier.

Business expanded, growing larger.

"Kid, let me see what you've gained from your month of seclusion!"

As the doors of the Yunlan City palace hall opened, Han Muye heard the subdued roar of Li Yungang suppressing his anger.

Then, a long sword with unrestrained sword light entered the hall.

The sword light emitted a green immortal light, and one could see phantoms. It seemed to move the surrounding void, creating a space that appeared real and unreal.

This time, Han Muye didn't stand with his hands behind his back.

He raised his hand.

He did not draw his sword.

He pointed with his finger.

A three-inch blade emerged from his fingertip.

Three inches!

The three feet in front of a sword cultivator was his bottom line.

However, Han Muye actually waited until Li Yungang's sword was three inches away before pressing his finger down.

"Boom!"

Li Yungang's figure entered the hall quickly and retreated even faster.

Moreover, it seemed like he had lost control of his posture.

"Senior, I told you, you really don't have to suppress your cultivation." Han Muye's voice sounded.

Li Yungang, who landed outside the hall, blushed.

"Hmph, not bad. You've learned a trick or two from the Spirit Sword.

"Kid, your comprehension is not bad.

"I'll come back in three days."

Without giving Han Muye a chance to speak, Li Yungang flew away.

Han Muye smiled.

Just now, he had used Li Yungang to test his sword.

The effect was not bad.

The Spirit Sword Golden Immortal struck out in the Immortal Burial City. His sword crossed countless miles, and he gathered his strength for a day.

The power contained in such a sword disintegrated, allowing Han Muye to gain a lot.

In a month's time, he went from being defeated after 30,000 strikes to winning with only 10,000 strikes.

Then, he gathered his sword intent and condensed it into his own sword.

Just now, Li Yun suppressed his cultivation, yet under this sword, he had no chance to resist.

This sword strike was considered successful.

Looking at it this way, it wasn't bad to have a powerful sword cultivator at the Golden Immortal realm to test his skills.

A moment later, Zuo Baichou, Zhao Chen, and the others arrived at the hall.

They had all seen Han Muye send Li Yungang flying with a single strike, so they only dared to come to the hall after Li Yungang left.

"The City Lord's swordsmanship is divine; even that senior Golden Immortal can be defeated." Xie Chaoyan bowed and spoke with a pleased tone.

Han Muye was the disciple of an Immortal Venerable and the Supreme Lord of their Luo Demon Clan. He was naturally happy to see that Han Muye was powerful.

“That’s right. Brother Han, your sword technique is incredible. That old guy was able to knock down Brother Zhulong with just one strike.” Zhao Chen also looked at Han Muye in surprise, his face filled with admiration.

Chen Zhulong had fought with Li Yungang?

That made sense. This Green Vine Sword Immortal was someone who wanted to test his skills against experts.

But Chen Zhulong would never fail to defend against Li Yungang’s single sword strike.

Presumably, he didn’t want to get entangled with the Green Vine Sword Immortal.

Zuo Baichou and the others reported the various matters in Yunlan City from the past month and then presented a pile of jade slips.

A city of 10 million people generated numerous intertwined messages in a month.

Han Muye looked at the pile of jade slips but did not take them.

“You guys handle these things.” He waved his hand and looked at Zhang Zhenbiao, Zuo Baichou, and the others.

“I’m only responsible for dealing with the threat of those experts to Yunlan City. As for the matters in the city, you guys can take care of them.”

A bitter expression flashed across everyone’s faces.

However, there was clearly a smile in their eyes.

This was Han Muye’s trust in them.

Among the forces of the cultivation world, the division of labor had always been like this.

The strong were in charge of cultivation and self-preservation.

The others dealt with all the miscellaneous matters, ensuring an environment conducive to peaceful cultivation.

Just like the current Yunlan City, Han Muye didn’t need to concern himself with city affairs at all.

He just needed to be invincible.

“City Lord, before Senior Thousand Arrays returned to Dongyuan City, he left this letter for you.”

Zhang Zhenbiao took out a letter.

Han Muye took it and saw that it contained information left to him by Zhao Pingyu about exploring the senior’s array together.

Back then, Zhao Pingyu had agreed to set up a formation in Yunlan City because Han Muye had promised him that he would accompany him to explore the ruins of the senior’s array.

Looking at the letter, Han Muye’s expression changed.

“Alright. Back then, when I invited Senior Thousand Arrays to set up a city-protecting array in Yunlan City, I made him a promise. Now it’s time to fulfill it.

“How about this? I’ll make a trip to Dongyuan City tomorrow.”

After leaving Yunlan City, he would be able to avoid Li Yungang’s challenge, right?

Han Muye was about to leave Yunlan City. Zuo Baichou and the others looked at each other and quickly reported some important matters on hand, and seeking advice on uncertain matters.

After everyone finished discussing and left, Han Muye tapped his fingertip, and a few golden runes flew out of the hall.

After a while, Qin Zhaoyuan, who was wearing a green robe, stepped into the hall.

Although the injuries on the Sixth Master of the Thunder Bandits were not fully healed, his complexion was much better than before.

“City Lord, are you going to the Bitter Immortal Realm?” Qin Zhaoyuan bowed to Han Muye, a hint of anticipation in his eyes.

Han Muye nodded and said, “I plan to make a trip, but there are some matters that need to be dealt with recently.

“You go to the Bitter Immortal Realm first, and after I’ve sorted things out, I’ll come to find you.”

He raised his head and looked outside the hall. Chen Zhulong, who was wearing a brocade robe, had arrived.

“Haha, I, Chen, greet the invincible City Lord. City Lord is mighty, suppressing a Golden Immortal powerhouse with a single strike.”

Chen Zhulong said loudly with a smile on his face.

If not for the fact that he knew that Chen Zhulong had the Torch Dragon bloodline and was definitely powerful, Han Muye would have believed him.