

## **Pavilion 1171**

### **Chapter 1171 - 1171 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance (4)**

#### 1171 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance (4)

“Senior Chen, having immersed myself in the business Dao for so long, there were times when I could even deceive myself,” Han Muze said softly as he watched Chen Zhulong enter the grand hall.

As his words fell, a burst of golden aura erupted from his body.

Lightning flashed above the grand hall!

Kui bloodline!

The power of the Great City Protection Formation instantly enveloped the City Lord's Hall, isolating it from the outside world.

The golden lightning struck down on Chen Zhulong, who was standing at the entrance of the hall.

Qin Zhaoyuan's face was filled with astonishment as he took a step back.

Chen Zhulong's expression remained unchanged. A profound and mysterious aura rose from him, generating a bluish-gray halo around his body to block the lightning.

But since the power of thunder had been unleashed, it wouldn't be so easily thwarted.

With a low shout from Han Muye, the entire hall of thunder turned into a golden longsword and cleaved downward.

"Boom!"

The halo around Chen Zhulong's body was cleaved apart, and the lightning transformed into a sword of light that pierced toward his forehead.

The force behind this strike was majestic and grand.

Qin Zhaoyuan, who was standing at the side, clenched his fists as the power of the Purple Sun Lion's bloodline surged.

In his view, it was clear that Han Muye intended to slay Chen Zhulong with a single sword.

Was it because the Zhulong Trading Company was involved in trading sentient beings from the Bitter Immortal Realm?

"Good sword technique!"

Chen Zhulong exclaimed, his gaze fixed on the sword aiming for his forehead. He took a step back and a golden flame condensed between his eyes.

Torch Dragon Flame, Heaven Burning Raging Flames!

As this flame rose, a small golden-red bird emerged from behind Han Muye.

The flame transformed into a short blade and clashed with the lightning sword of Han Muye.

“Slash—”

The sword light broke through the flame, advanced further, and dissipated abruptly amid the shifting expressions of Chen Zhulong.

Chen Zhulong tightened his fists and stared at Han Muye without uttering a word.

The merchant’s aura that had emanated from him had already faded away, replaced by an ancient beast-like aura that seemed to choose and devour its prey.

This profound power made Qin Zhaoyuan beside him feel like he couldn’t meet it directly, causing his bloodline power to tremble.

“Lord Qin’s injuries haven’t healed yet, Senior Chen should still hold back.”

Han Muye waved his hand, and the Kui phantom behind him dissipated. The golden fire landed on his shoulder and he stared at Chen Zhulong, his lively eyes flickering with flames.

Chen Zhulong looked at Golden Flame with surprise.

The aura on his body slowly dissipated.

“Senior Chen is right. My sword technique is stronger than the power of my bloodline.”

Han Muye stood at the head of the table and looked at Chen Zhulong.

A sword cultivator was a sword cultivator.

In the end, he was still a sword cultivator.

Chen Zhulong nodded.

“City Lord’s swordsmanship is divine—”

Before he could finish, Han Muye suddenly said, “If I were to hand over all the information about the trading of sentient beings from the Bitter Immortal Realm within the city to you, what would you do?”

Trading sentient beings from the Bitter Immortal Realm!

Chen Zhulong trembled all over, and the power he had restrained burst forth in an instant.

“Roar—”

A deep roar was heard. Behind Chen Zhulong, the shadow of a three-headed torch dragon appeared.

This was a manifestation of turbulent emotions and unrestrained bloodline power.

It was evident how much impact Han Muye’s words had on Chen Zhulong.

“Why?” Chen Zhulong stared into Han Muye’s eyes and asked in a low voice.

Qin Zhaoyuan also looked at Han Muye.

In the Wasteland, this business was a lucrative avenue.

Most cities would never hand this business over to others.

Most forces controlled several commercial routes themselves or even organized manpower to participate.

However, now Han Muye was saying that he would give Chen Zhulong all the information about the trading of sentient beings from the Bitter Immortal Realm within the city. What was his plan?

“The Bitter Immortal Realm is a place of suffering for both human and demonic races. It’s already a place of misery, so why should they further harm each other?” Han Muye shook his head, his aura receding, and a trace of complexity in his expression.

He had been contemplating this issue since he returned from the trading square.

But he knew that, with his power alone, it was just a drop in the ocean for the sentient beings in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

He might be able to rescue the beings being sold at the trading square in that city, but then what?

After that, the flow of trade caravans in Yunlan City would greatly diminish, and this business would shift elsewhere.

It was as simple as that.

His sword could sweep all before it.

But how many lives could he save?

Looking at Han Muye, the phantom of the Torch Dragon behind Chen Zhulong slowly dissipated.

After a moment of silence, he spoke softly, "I wonder, if the City Lord hands this business to me, what would be the conditions?"

Although Han Muye had only said a few words, Chen Zhulong could already sense that he genuinely wanted to help the sentient beings in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

"Move the trading location outside the city, prohibit the trading of bloodlines and flesh, only allow the signing of contracts."

After a pause, Han Muye raised his hand, and a golden talisman appeared in his palm.

Immortal qi poured into the talisman, and golden patterns appeared on it.

The complexity of these patterns was dazzling.

Chen Zhulong and Qin Zhaoyuan both gazed at the runes, examining them closely.

"Soul imprint?"

Chen Zhulong frowned and looked at Han Muye.

"Is this mark going to enslave the demons and beasts?"

From this imprint, it was discernible that if it were imprinted on the soul of a demon, it could subjugate them.

Was this a method to utterly enslave demons?

Qin Zhaoyuan also had a strange expression on his face. He looked at Han Muye without saying anything.

With such methods, was he helping the demons or destroying them?

“From what I know, the Bitter Immortal Realm occupies only two of the thirty-six provinces of the Fuyu Immortal Realm, and its power, both human and demonic, is far from being able to compete with the various sects.

“But the demons have never been exterminated and have even become a future problem for the various sects. It seems somewhat unreasonable, doesn’t it?”

Han Muye spoke softly.

Chen Zhulong’s eyes flickered with a glint of light, yet he didn’t respond to his words.

### **Chapter 1172 - 1172 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong's Alliance (5)**

1172 Contract Talismans, Chen Zhulong’s Alliance (5)



“Actually, the biggest threat to the demons in the Bitter Immortal Realm has never been the Iron Armor War Sect, which has the most borders with them, or the Heavenly Radiance Sect, which has the bloodline of the demons.”

Han Muye’s gaze turned towards Chen Zhulong. “And it’s definitely not the sword cultivators.

“These great demon kings constantly fighting each other are the true reason why the demon clans are unable to live in peace.

“The true enemies of the Bitter Immortal Realm are them, right?”

Golden flames flickered behind Han Muye, and a faint dark halo of fire surrounded him.

This firebird seemed to understand Han Muye’s words, yet it also seemed to understand nothing at all.

Chen Zhulong’s eyes shimmered with divine light as he looked at Golden Flame, then back to Han Muye.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, shouldn’t the real enemies in the Bitter Immortal Realm be those great demon kings?”

“These Demon Kings are constantly fighting. This is the true reason why the demon clans are unable to live in peace.”

The turmoil in the Bitter Immortal Realm this time was caused by the competition between two great demon kings, igniting conflicts from all sides.

Han Muye shook his head. "That's just the nature of the Yao tribes. It's a survival strategy based on the principle of 'survival of the fittest'."

"What we can do is try to keep as many living beings alive as possible."

Han Muye's words once again brought silence to the hall.

Whether it was Qin Zhaoyuan or Chen Zhulong, all three of them possessed the power of the demon bloodline.

They were close to the demons.

However, their power was fundamentally insufficient to change the dire situation of the demon clans in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

In fact, even the Zhulong Trading Company and Yunlan City relied on this business to make a fortune.

"Can you guarantee that this talisman won't become a source of calamity for the demon clans?" Chen Zhulong looked at the golden talisman again and asked in a low voice.

He was intrigued.

If there could be a talisman to bind an agreement between humans and demons, the casualties among the demons would be greatly reduced.

Just as Han Muye had said, the ones who really hurt the demons and demon beasts were the people from the Daoist sect and the Blood Battle Sect.

If living demons were more useful than dead ones, then those demons would have a higher chance of survival.

“This talisman is a transformation of soul imprints and requires the agreement of both parties to the contract.

“Although this talisman is led by one party, the blending of the strengths and souls of both parties is long-lasting. If one party falls, the other will also be damaged.”

Han Muye raised his hand and tapped the talisman, deciphering the runes within it.

The fusion of soul and physical bloodline power, activating the combination of demon tribe strength and human strength.

The role of the demon clans was no longer just materials for alchemy and crafting, but true partners, covenant-bound beings who could trust each other with life and death.

The talismans were actually not that complicated.

Han Muye had drawn inspiration from numerous talismans in the mortal world, combined with his understanding of bloodline and soul power, to create this contract talisman.

During the research of this talisman, he had been reminded of the massive collective soul connection imprints of the Fragment Gold Ants.

“Buzz!”

A rune appeared in front of Chen Zhulong.

He raised his hand to press the talisman he had drawn and closed his eyes slightly.

The power emanating from the talisman surged, not different from what Han Muye had described.

Perhaps, by sending out this talisman, it could offer a glimmer of hope for the surviving demon clans in the Fuyu Immortal Realm, providing them with more opportunities to live?

“Alright, I agree.” Chen Zhulong’s body surged with power that far exceeded the Heaven Immortal Realm.

It was only at this moment that he revealed his true strength.

This wasn’t a display of arrogance or a threat, but an honest meeting.

Beside him, Qin Zhaoyuan's eyes flickered as he lowered his head slightly.

Chen Zhulong, the owner of the Chen Zhulong Trading Company, had cultivation strength that surpassed his perception.

A Golden Immortal expert.

The pinnacle of cultivation in the Immortal Realm, yet he mingled with young cultivators in the Wasteland.

"As long as Yunlan City continues to provide protection to the demon race, I, Chen Zhulong, will become an ally of the Zhulong Trading Company." Chen Zhulong was silent for a moment before saying in a deep voice, "The Heavenly Radiance Sect and the Soaring Dragon Territory of the Bitter Immortal Realm will become your allies."

Chen Zhulong's words made Qin Zhaoyuan, who knew more about the Bitter Immortal Realm and other forces, widen his eyes.

The Zhulong Trading Company was one thing, but the Heavenly Radiance Sect was a major sect that monopolized an area in the Fuyu Immortal Realm. The Soaring Dragon Territory was a power that could compete with immortal demon kings in the intermediate realm of the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Chen Zhulong could represent so many forces to form an alliance with Yunlan City!

Looking at Chen Zhulong, Qin Zhaoyuan felt a chill in his heart.

The Thunder Bandits had roamed the Bitter Immortal Realm for countless years, but they did not know about the complicated connections behind the Zhulong Trading Company.

It seemed that there were more secrets in the Bitter Immortal Realm that they did not know.

The Thunder Bandits had suffered an unjust defeat.

“As a sword cultivator, my words are spoken without regret,” Han Muye’s face remained calm as he spoke loudly.

His words were as sharp as a sword, spoken with no regrets.

Chen Zhulong smiled.

“Sixth Master Qin, you can go to the Bitter Immortal Realm, and you can go along with the Chen Zhulong Trading Company,” Han Muye looked at Qin Zhaoyuan and said.

Qin Zhaoyuan gave Chen Zhulong a respectful bow.

Chen Zhulong looked at him and said, “This matter isn’t difficult.”

With the matter settled, the two of them walked out of the hall. As they saw the doors of the hall close behind them, Chen Zhulong spoke, “Are you thinking of rescuing the other Thunder Bandits members?”

Qin Zhaoyuan nodded and said, "We're brothers, we can't abandon each other."

Chen Zhulong didn't say anything more. After walking a few steps, he suddenly stopped and asked, "Is the City Lord going too?"

Qin Zhaoyuan did not answer.

But there was no need for an answer.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, truly an extraordinary person," Chen Zhulong murmured to himself. He then stepped out of the City Lord's Mansion.

Qin Zhaoyuan turned to look at the hall and then walked out as well.

"Kid, are you trying to leave this old man behind?" In the distance, on top of a tavern, Li Yungang sneered, placed a large wine gourd on the table, and swung it onto the table.

"Fill this gourd for me, I'm heading out for a while."

Upon hearing his words, the innkeeper who caught the gourd could hardly keep up with a wry smile and said, "Elder, if you fill this gourd to the brim, even all the wine in the city wouldn't be enough..."

...

Outside Dongyuan City, in front of Dongyuan Mountain, Han Muye stood in front of a thatched pavilion, clad in a green robe and carrying twin swords.

Zhao Pingyu, dressed in an eight trigrams Dao robe, smiled.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal really believes in people.”

Han Muye clasped his hands and nodded. “Senior Thousand Arrays, shall we set off?”

Hearing his words, Zhao Pingyu shook his head and whispered, “No rush, let me move Dongyuan Mountain first.”

### **Chapter 1173 - 1173 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation**

1173 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation

Zhao Pingyu raised his hand, and countless streams of golden light descended.

The clouds scattered, and the sky and earth became clear, with the azure dome high and distant.

Outside Dongyuan City, the towering peaks became visible.



The mountains stood tall and rugged, covered with chaotic rocks and red flowers and trees resembling burning flames.

This was the second appearance of Dongyuan Mountain.

The first time was when Han Muye came to Dongyuan City and fought with the Three Streams Sword Immortal, Huang Huan, causing the mountains to tremble.

On that day, Sword Immortal Huang Huan comprehended his own sword path and left Dongyuan City.

Today, another expert in Dongyuan City was about to leave.

Standing on the stone steps outside the City Lord's Mansion, the City Lord Su Zisheng revealed a complex expression as he let out a sigh.

He knew that this day would come.

In the end, all the cultivators in the world would have to go their own ways.

If they wanted to find his own Dao, they would have to leave.

"Boom!"

The world resounded with thunderous vibrations as the towering mountain transformed into a palm-sized, bluish stone with three peaks, landing in Zhao Pingyu's palm.

This mountain was a precious treasure.

"Heh, big brother, I've lived in Dongyuan City for so many years, and I don't have much to give you."

Zhao Pingyu looked towards Dongyuan City, and with a tap of the blue stone in his hand, it split into three pieces.

He waved his sleeve, sending one of them towards Dongyuan City.

The mountain peak expanded to a 10,000-foot object in midair, suspended there.

"Ah, being a big brother, there's not much I can give you. Sword Immortal Yunlan, as long as you can help our second brother find the inheritance of the Formation Dao predecessor, from now on, Dongyuan City will merge into Yunlan City and become its defense."

Su Zisheng's voice echoed, causing Zhao Pingyu to shiver.

Dongyuan City was Su Zisheng's life's work!

He turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded.

Although Su Zisheng's cultivation wasn't top-tier, his demeanor and decision-making were beyond reproach.

Back then, inviting Han Muye to Dongyuan City and directly offering so many treasures as an enticement had won the favor of many sword cultivators.

Today, for the promise made to Han Muye, he was even willing to stake Dongyuan City.

It was no wonder that Huang Huan and Zhao Pingyu were both willing to live in seclusion in Dongyuan City.

"Haha, I'm leaving." Seeing Han Muye nod, Zhao Pingyu chuckled and turned into a breeze.

Han Muye followed suit, flying on his sword.

Outside Dongyuan City, in the thatched hut at the foot of Dongyuan Mountain, several Daoists in blue robes bowed lightly in the direction that Han Muye and Zhao Pingyu were leaving.

As they flew, Han Muye and Zhao Pingyu's speed was exceptionally fast.

Zhao Pingyu was known as Zhao Qian Formation and had a deep understanding of teleportation formations.

He set up a few array formations in the Wasteland and activated the teleportation power of the surrounding cities.

In just 10 days, the two of them had traversed the entire wasteland and arrived at the edge of the Yunteng Wasteland, not far from the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Despite the vast desolation, there were many deserts, and under the scorching sun, the light appeared ethereal.

Several giant beasts lay around, their surging vitality indicating their strength.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, since this area borders the Bitter Immortal Realm, it’s best not to hunt and kill these monsters,” Zhao Pingyu pointed to those leisurely giant beasts. “These are the blood sources raised in the Bitter Immortal Realm.”

Blood food, food.

Many demon tribes didn’t like directly devouring monsters with the same bloodline; instead, they raised them, then extracted and refined their bloodline’s power.

“The Blood Battle Sect likes to sweep through the borders of the Bitter Immortal Realm and hunt demons there for training.”

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the huge skeleton on the mountain not far away.

It was obvious that the bodies of these mutated beasts that had yet to rot away had traces of the Blood Battle Sect's killing power on them.

"Boom!"

In the distance, a rumble sounded.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, let's not—" Before Zhao Pingyu could finish speaking, he saw a faint fighting spirit rising from Han Muye and shook his head with a bitter smile.

"I was wrong. I'm an array cultivator. I always retreat."

"You're a sword cultivator. If there's anything, you should rush forward..."

His words made Han Muye smile.

"Haha, it's rare for me to see the experts of the Blood Battle Sect and the Iron Armor Battle school fight. I should take a look." Han Muye had encountered a few experts of the Blood Battle Sect, including the Three Streams Sword Immortal, Huang Huan.

The Blood Battle Sect only wanted to win, to win every battle.

Han Muye had never seen an expert from the Iron Armor War Sect.

This large sect kept a low profile and monopolized the seven states, but it did not have much interaction with the other sects.

As far as Han Muze knew, the main force of the Iron Armor War Sect was held back in Soul-Severing Valley.

Of these three lands in the Fuyu Immortal World, only Soul-Severing Valley was supported by the strength of a family.

The other Immortal Burial City and Dripping Blood Cliff were jointly controlled by the various sects of the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

According to the memories of Golden Immortal Shu Ming's sword, the Immortal World opposite the Soul-Severing Valley also focused on Body Tempering and had powerful physical strength.

Be it the Dao Sect or the Sword Sect, it was strenuous to fight against them. Only the Iron Armor War Sect, which also cultivated the Body Tempering Dao, could withstand them.

Because the Iron Armor War Sect held a solitary position in a forbidden area, during normal times, other sects didn't engage in conflicts with them.

"Boom!"

In the distance, a thunderous sound echoed.

This was at least a battle between two Heaven Immortal experts.

Observing such a battle between experts was very beneficial to cultivators of the same realm.

Seeing Han Muye leave on his sword, Zhao Pingyu became interested. He raised his hand and landed a green mountain under his feet, while the other hung above his head. Then he took a step and disappeared.

After flying for a hundred miles, he saw Han Muye hovering quietly in front of him.

At this moment, Han Muye's eyes were shining as he looked at the two figures fighting in the Wasteland below.

On the other side was a burly man more than 10 feet tall, half-clad in greenish-black armor, and bare-handed. Every punch he threw shook the mountains and rivers.

#### **Chapter 1174 - 1174 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (2)**

##### **1174 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (2)**

On one side was a Blood Battle Sect expert clad in blood armor and wielding a long spear with the power to shatter the void.

The clash of fists and spear caused ripples in the void, dispersing black cracks.

The 1,000-foot space around the two of them seemed like a spider's web, ready to shatter at any moment.

They had gathered their power, suppressing it within a 10,000-foot radius, as the overwhelming power within that range was too turbulent.

"Kill!"

The Blood Battle Sect expert holding the spear sensed the arrival of Han Muye and Zhao Pingyu. With a low shout, he swung his long spear fiercely at the iron armored warrior in front of him.

The burly man lowered his waist slightly and threw a punch.

"Clang—"

Indeed, living up to its name, the iron armor resounded crisply as the fist collided with the spear.

With the force of this strike, the Blood Battle Sect expert retreated 100 feet, then suddenly swept his spear sideways.

"Pa!"



A hillside beside them was lifted, and a purple-black leopard that had been crouching there shivered and rolled down to the ground.

The long spear exuded a chilling radiance, bursting like stars, pressing down towards the purple panther.

The burly man from the Iron Armor War Sect roared in anger, charging over to protect the leopard's body, allowing the spear's radiance to strike his back, causing a burst of blood.

He let out a low groan, reaching out to restrain the trembling purple leopard that was trying to leap away.

This purple leopard was clearly injured and no match for the Blood Battle Sect expert.

"Hmph, sentimentality."

The Blood Battle Sect expert snorted coldly, raising his long spear. His gaze swept over Han Muye, who remained motionless.

"Kid, are you here to snatch the Bloodlight Purple River Carriage?"

Bloodlight Purple River Carriage?

Han Muye's gaze landed on the purple leopard.

Indeed, the Bloodlight Purple River Carriage was a commonly used spiritual medicine in the cultivation world.

It was formed from the placenta of many creatures, containing a trace of innate immortal energy.

However, many people, in order to preserve the immortal energy within it, would directly take the whole embryo along with the placenta, acting cruelly.

From the looks of it, the Bloodlight Purple River Carriage was a rare treasure nurtured by this purple leopard.

But Han Muye had no interest in such things.

As the City Lord of Yunlan City, he never cared about any treasures in his cultivation.

Saying this might make many Golden Immortal experts jealous to the point of madness.

But this was the truth.

Hearing the Blood Battle Sect expert's words, the burly man from the Iron Armor War Sect turned to look at Han Muye, a cautious look in his eyes.

With one hand restraining the restless purple panther, his gaze shifted between Han Muye and the Blood Battle Sect expert.

Although Han Muye seemed carefree and relaxed in such a situation, he was undoubtedly not an ordinary weakling.

How many of the sword cultivators who could walk in the Wasteland were weaklings?

"I'm not interested in the Purple River Carriage." Han Muye shook his head, slowly raising his hands and gripping the hilts of the two swords behind his back.

The moment he gripped the sword handles, the blood light on the Blood Battle Sect expert holding the spear suddenly burst.

Sensing the strength of a formidable opponent!

The clash of battle intent!

The collision of killing intent!

"Clang—"

The spear blocked in front of him and collided with the sword edge. The Blood Battle Sect expert's expression changed and he quickly retreated.

"Clang—"

He raised his hand, and a sword edge appeared above his head.

Another retreat.

“Clang—”

Sword blades appeared in front and beside him at the same time.

“Hmph!” His eyes were filled with fighting spirit. With a twist of his spear, the tip of the spear transformed into a millstone-sized spear flower that deflected the longsword in front of him.

“Suppress!”

With a low shout, the blood-colored baleful qi in front of his spear turned into spiritual qi. His body rolled, and he opened his mouth to bite the sword that appeared again. Then, his head exploded.

Han Muye’s figure finally appeared, landing 30 feet away, holding a sword in each hand.

The spirit accumulated by the blood fiend qi was sensitive to killing power. It would be meaningless even if they attacked again. They would definitely be discovered.

Of course, Han Muye had never planned to defeat a Blood Battle Sect master through a surprise attack.

“Jia Lintao of the Blood Battle Sect, who are you?” The expert of the Blood Battle Sect pointed his spear at Han Muye and said coldly, “There aren’t many sword cultivators in the Wasteland who possessed such sword techniques.”

The burly man from the Iron Armor War Sect slightly lowered his body, a hint of seriousness in his eyes.

Han Muye chuckled and slowly pointed his two swords forward.

“Only those who can withstand my swords have the qualification to know my name.”

As he finished speaking, his swords were already thrusting forward.

Swift!

There was nothing else but speed!

Although the sword’s edge seemed to press forward inch by inch, it had actually pierced out with countless swords, thousands upon thousands.

Every strike was just a ray of light.

However, tens of millions of sword lights overlapped, causing the sword lights to tear through the void.

Jia Lintao's expression changed drastically as he shouted in a low voice, "Peak of the Void Hollowing Realm!"

Not just the peak of Void Hollowing, based on his experience, even someone at the peak might not be able to execute such swordsmanship!

When did such a powerful sword cultivator appear in the Wasteland?

He did not dare to be negligent and slammed the spear in his hand against the sword edge.

Strength increased with every inch.

If that sword edge reached him, he would undoubtedly be unable to withstand it.

"Heavenly wind, bloody battle—"

The long spear was accompanied by a fierce gale as it collided with the sword shadows.

Blood-red energy permeated the area, and the long spear seemed unable to withstand the force of the countless sword edges, continuously trembling and retreating.

But blood-red malevolent energy surged from Jia Lintao's body, his face twisted with ferocity as he pressed forward with his spear

Even if it meant damaging the spear's edge, he wouldn't retreat!

The name Blood Battle was indeed well-deserved.

“Slash—”

The tip of the sword left a long mark on the spear's shaft, severing the immortal patterns on it.

Then, the second long sword flickered and thrust straight out.

“Clang—”

The long sword's tip struck the spear's shaft, hitting the exact spot where the immortal marks had been severed.

Jia Lintao's expression was gloomy. He reversed the spear in his hand and ignored the long sword stabbing towards his chest. He directed the spear's edge at Han Muye's neck.

With every inch gained, his strength grew stronger.

“Clang—”

**Chapter 1175 - 1175 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (3)**

### 1175 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (3)

The spear failed to reach Han Muye.

Because Han Muye flicked his wrist, his long sword struck again, targeting the weak point where the long spear's enchantment was fractured, directly breaking the top-notch treasure that had already touched the edge of becoming a divine artifact.

Sword shattering divine artifact!

From beginning to end, the clash didn't last a breath, and a powerful Blood Battle Sect Heaven Immortal expert's spear was broken!

Jia Lintao gritted his teeth and took a step back. He held the broken spear and stared at Han Muye.

Not far away, the burly man from the Iron Armor War Sect had an extremely solemn expression, and his fighting spirit surged.

"Weak." Han Muye shook his head, took a step forward, and suddenly swept the sword in his hand.

Jia Lintao threw the broken spear in his hand at Han Muye's head, then moved and took a step back. He landed on a black spatial crack and disappeared.



Han Muye slowly sheathed his sword, looking disappointed.

He thought that he was an expert from the Blood Battle Sect, but he didn't expect him to be a Heaven Immortal from the Blood Battle Sect who didn't have much fighting spirit left.

The strength of Blood Battle Sect experts lay in being undefeated, in facing the challenges and emerging stronger each time, in the surge of battle intent before every fight.

Jia Lintao was not like that.

Just like the Three Streams Sword Immortal Huang Huan, this guy also lacked the will to fight and the determination to risk his life.

Han Muye wanted to challenge the true strength of the Blood Battle Sect.

He turned around and looked at the burly man from the Iron Armor War School who was slowly standing up.

"Let's fight."

The burly man cupped his hands at Han Muye and advanced shouted, "Iron Armor Battle School's Wu Changhe."

Han Muye looked at Wu Changhe, who had signed up. “You know that I want to fight you?”

Wu Changhe punched out and said loudly, “The sword maniac I’ve encountered is not the only one.”

These words made Han Muye laugh. He retracted the sword in his hand, and then a thick-backed sword condensed in his hands.

On his body, the aura of an ancient primordial divine beast condensed, and the Kui phantom turned into a faint halo.

“Ho—”

The huge sword in his hands slashed down fiercely.

“Boom!”

A sword strike that was like a collapsing mountain directly sent Wu Changhe’s body flying.

The purple leopard lying on the ground flew up and rushed towards Han Muye.

“No!”

Wu Changhe exclaimed.

Han Muye raised the sword in his hand, turned it upside down, and slammed the sword spine down on the head of the purple leopard, pressing it down.

This sword was unexpectedly heavy, pressing down on the purple leopard, preventing it from getting up despite its struggles.

“You, don’t hurt it.”

Wu Changhe looked at Han Muye with a hint of nervousness.

Han Muye slowly sheathed his sword and looked at Wu Changhe. “You and this purple leopard are both injured. There’s no point in fighting you.”

The sword in his hand dissipated, and Han Muye turned to walk back.

To him, it was fine as long as he personally experienced the methods of the experts from the Blood Battle Sect and the Iron Armor War Sect.

When he had the time, he would carefully analyze these two moves and should gain some insights.

“Wait a minute.” At this moment, Wu Changhe suddenly spoke.

Han Muye turned to look at him.

A trace of reluctance appeared on Wu Changhe's face, then he said, "Your cultivation and combat power are stronger than mine, and you also possess the bloodline power of the demon race."

After a pause, he looked at Han Muye. "You still have the power of the demon bloodline."

Han Muye looked at him but remained silent.

"I... I want to entrust Ziyue to you."

Ziyue.

The purple leopard lying on the ground raised its head, its lively eyes filled with unwillingness and reluctance.

"Ziyue, you're about to have children of your own. It's not safe in the Wasteland."

"I, you know what will happen if you bring the children back to the sect."

Wu Changhe clenched his fists and looked at the purple leopard as he spoke in a low voice.

He raised his head and said softly, "I want you to take you to the Bitter Immortal Realm."

The Bitter Immortal Realm?

Han Muye understood that Wu Changhe regarded him as a great demon of the Bitter Immortal Realm.

And rightfully so, with his bloodline power of the demon race, appearing on the edge of the Bitter Immortal Realm, what else could he be if not a great demon?

“Woo—”

A hint of pain came from the purple leopard’s low whimper.

Han Muye looked over and shook his head. “Let’s wait until it gives birth.”

Finishing his words, he raised his hand and tossed a faint golden pill.

The pill dissolved immediately, enveloping the purple leopard.

“Do you know how to deliver babies?” Han Muye looked at Wu Changhe.

Wu Changhe’s face stiffened.

Han Muye shook his head. “Neither do I.”

“Well, I did have one or two experiences back then...” Zhao Pingyu, who had flown down, said with a smile.

...

Half a day later, in a low cave under a hill about a hundred miles away, Golden Fire was covered in flames, serving as a campfire.

With curiosity, it kept sizing up the three little purple leopards suckling in the arms of the one named Ziyue.

However, Ziyue had half-closed eyes, a hint of weariness in them, and a trace of vigilance, seemingly afraid that Golden Fire would get too close and harm her and her cubs.

Not far away, Han Muye, Wu Changhe, and Zhao Pingyu sat opposite each other.

Wu Changhe held a wine gourd in his hand, took a big gulp, and a blush spread across his face.

“I know that we, as cultivators, should base our strength on our own abilities, especially those of us from the Iron Armor War Sect, who despise those who rely on external forces for cultivation.

“I never intended to use Ziyue’s power to cultivate.

“We met in a major battle all those years ago. At that time, she spared my heavily wounded self, fought by my side, and helped me break through the encirclement.”

Perhaps everyone who cultivated the Body Dao was the same. Wu Changhe did not hide anything from Han Muye and told him about how he got to know Ziyue and how they cultivated together.

Thanks to Ziyue’s help, his combat strength had improved significantly.

With his help, Ziyue would also have enough resources for cultivation.

“You know, originally, I was supposed to accompany Ziyue back to her clan.”

After taking a sip of wine, Wu Changhe shook his head.

Ziyue had returned to her tribe once, only to come back decades later, heavily wounded, and pregnant with cubs.

#### **Chapter 1176 - 1176 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (4)**

#### **1176 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (4)**

According to the divine sense communication, Wu Changhe knew that Ziyue’s clan had encountered a great calamity and that the entire clan had almost been wiped out.

The strongest among them fought against powerful enemies with all their might, eventually being gravely injured and falling in battle. The rest of the tribe members were also slaughtered, and in a critical moment, Ziye managed to escape with the protection of fellow tribe members.

This was because it carried the bloodline of the clan's strongest member within its womb.

"In these years, due to its inability to exert its own combat strength and the fact that many within the sect coveted its unborn offspring, I brought it here to this wasteland."

Wu Changhe explained with a complex expression on his face.

He couldn't protect Ziye's three children.

If they returned to the sect, these three cubs would inevitably be handed over to the sect and then distributed elsewhere.

Unlike other sects, the Iron Armor War Sect had strict rules, reminiscent of military discipline and regulations.

The disciples in the sect had to turn in their gains to the sect on a regular basis for redistribution.

After all, the Iron Armor War Sect excelled in structured combat, and the camaraderie among fellow disciples was strong.



However, surrendering everything, even something as precious as these cubs, was not easy.

Wu Changhe had his selfish reasons; he couldn't bear to hand over Ziyue's offspring, which was understandable.

Zhao Pingyu turned his head towards the purple leopard mother and her cubs and lowered his voice, "Taking care of them won't be easy, but I can sense that their bloodline strength is formidable."

It wouldn't be easy for these three young purple leopards to grow up.

But if they grew up safely, their combat strength would undoubtedly be exceptional.

Wu Changhe nodded, a hint of anticipation flashing across his face.

"If you're just looking for a safe place for them to grow, I can recommend a place," Han Muye said after a moment of contemplation.

Wu Changhe looked up at him.

Han Muye said softly, "The Bitter Immortal Realm is in turmoil now. It's not a good place to go."

"Crossing the wasteland, there's a city called Yunlan City. There, you can live safely."

Yunlan City?

Wu Changhe thought for a moment and said, "I've heard of it. It's said that the City Lord of this city is a sword cultivator. His combat strength—"

He was stunned for a moment and looked at Han Muye. "It's you?"

A smile appeared on Zhao Pingyu's face. "This is Yunlan Sword Immortal, the invincible City Lord of Yunlan City.

"Yunlan City under the rule of the Invincible City Lord is probably really a rare place in the world that can accept you."

Upon hearing Zhao Pingyu's words, Wu Changhe's expression turned solemn. "I've heard of Yunlan Sword Immortal and admire him greatly.

"Can Yunlan City really accommodate us?"

Whether it was the wasteland or other places, finding a safe haven for demon beasts wasn't easy.

Especially since the purple leopard mother and her cubs didn't possess much combat strength due to their recent birth.

In any place, they were prime targets in the eyes of many.

“I can’t guarantee that there won’t be any killing in Yunlan City, but be it demons or beasts, they will be treated equally in Yunlan City.”

Han Muye’s expression was calm as he looked at the purple leopard, which had its eyes slightly closed and was actually listening attentively.

As if sensing Han Muye’s gaze, the purple leopard opened its eyes and looked at Han Muye, then turned to look at Wu Changhe.

The purple leopard let out a few soft moans and lowered its head to lick the newborn purple leopard.

Golden Fire danced at the side, causing warm light to flicker.

“Since Ziye is willing, I’ll take them there,” Wu Changhe said without hesitation after seemingly communicating with the purple leopard through telepathy.

“Rest assured, if Yunlan City becomes a permanent home for them, Ziye and I will surely show our gratitude.” Wu Changhe stood up and bowed to Han Muye.

As for his gratitude, Han Muye wasn’t particularly concerned.

However, it was a good sign for Yunlan City that Wu Changhe could bring the purple leopard to Yunlan City.

Even people from the Iron Armor War Sect were willing to entrust demon beasts to Yunlan City, indicating its freedom and tranquility.

“Your injuries have yet to heal, and your combat strength cannot be restored in the short term.”

Han Muye looked at Wu Changhe, raised his hand, summoning a golden talisman.

A contract talisman.

“You can try forming a contract with Ziye, mutually borrowing each other’s strength. This way, your recovery will be quicker.”

A contract?

Wu Changhe took the talisman and sensed the power in it with his divine sense. He frowned slightly and contemplated its implications.

Han Muye ignored him. He stood up, reached out, and summoned Golden Fire to his shoulder. Then he flew onto the cliff and looked into the distance.

Zhao Pingyu smiled and followed suit.

“That’s where the ancient formation left by the predecessors is located. Although it’s not visible, I can sense the distortion of the power of heaven and earth.” Zhao Pingyu pointed towards the distant horizon.

Han Muye nodded, a glint of thought in his eyes. “Blood Battle Sect seems to have sent people there too?”

Zhao Pingyu also noticed a few columns of blood-red smoke and nodded solemnly.

The people from Blood Battle Sect didn’t conceal their actions; those columns of smoke seemed to want to taint the entire world in blood.

Han Muye was about to extend his divine sense when he suddenly raised his eyebrows.

Within his hidden realm of consciousness, there was a faint tremor of spiritual energy.

It was done.

The contract was formed.

Below on the cliff, a golden halo shimmered, enveloping Wu Changhe and the Purple Leopard. Visible to the naked eye, the halo interwove intricate patterns.

This was the contract between a human and a demon beast, binding their minds and strengths even more closely.

Of course, as the creator of the talisman, Han Muye wasn't without gains.

The most direct benefit was that, during the formation of the contract, he, as the witness and creator, discreetly assumed the impartial responsibility that should have belonged to the laws of heaven and earth.

With responsibility came rewards.

For every contract formed, his spiritual energy hidden within his realm would gain a little benefit.

One contract or two might not produce any visible changes, but what about 1,000, 10,000, or even 100,000 contracts?

#### **Chapter 1177 - 1177 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (5)**

1177 Iron Armor War Sect, Grand Formation (5)

In the future, there would really be a million Dao contracts. As the creator of the contract, Han Muye's soul power was so rich that even he did not dare to imagine it.

As he descended, the golden light below had already vanished.

Wu Changhe stood beside the purple leopard in high spirits, a smile on his face.

“Thank you, Invincible City Lord.” The surging power within him brought peace to his heart.

With the help of the contract, the purple leopard’s power had healed all his injuries.

This was Ziyue’s choice. After all, Ziyue did not have much combat strength now. It was better to lend its strength to Wu Changhe.

With the combination of their powers and the added strength of their demonic bloodlines, Wuchang He’s fighting prowess not only remained intact but also increased several times over.

The miraculous power of this contract amazed Wuchang He, filling him with joy.

Of course, he and Ziyue were inseparable in life and death; without this bond, they couldn’t have reached this stage.

The conversion of these two powers wouldn’t have been so smooth if there wasn’t mutual trust.

“This is my identity token in the sect. Brother Han, you might need it when you go to the Iron Armor War Sect in the future,” Wu Changhe said as he handed a green-black token to Han Muye.

Han Muye didn’t stand on ceremony and accepted the token.

The Iron Armor War Sect had limited interaction with other sects, usually being more exclusive. This token held significant importance.

Wu Changhe left with Ziye and its cubs, heading towards Yunlan City.

With his strength and status as a master of the Ironclad Battle Gate, crossing the wasteland posed no difficulty.

As long as he reached Yunlan City, he could let the purple leopard raise the little purple leopards safely.

Seeing Wu Changhe leave, Han Muye turned to look at Zhao Pingyu.

“Senior Thousand Arrays, let’s go.”

Zhao Qianzhen nodded. He raised his hand and enveloped the green immortal light, turning his body into nothingness.

The power of array formations.

This place was not far from the remains of that array formation senior. The power of the array formation led them to arrive faster.

An hour later, the two of them arrived at a turbulent illusory space.



This was the power of array formations changing the surrounding void, allowing the void power to fuse with the power of array formations. It was as if a Grotto-heaven had been established and existed alone here.

“Using the power of array formations to simulate the Void Transformation technique. Although this Senior Array Formation hasn’t stepped into the Golden Immortal realm, this technique isn’t much worse.”

Zhao Pingyu looked at the agile illusion around him and said in a low voice.

Indeed, this was a space created with the power of array formations, but it had the environment of the Void Transformation Grotto-heaven. It could be seen that its methods were extraordinary.

Unfortunately, this expert had not taken that step and become a Golden Immortal mighty figure.

If he became a Golden Immortal, the level of his strength would definitely be different.

“The Blood Battle Sect seems to use the power of arrays to temper themselves. These people deliberately stepped into the illusion and activated their power to break the array.”

Han Muye looked at the illusory blood-colored pillar of smoke in front of him and said softly.

On the other side, several Blood Battle Sect masters were fighting with all their might.

Actually, there was nothing in this array that could stop them. It was just an illusion array.

These Blood Battle Sect experts had deliberately trapped him in an illusion array and then killed him inside.

This sensation was much like the challenges on the practice platform.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

With the Blood Battle Sect's belligerence, the Immortal Ascension Platform and the practice platform were truly precious grounds for them.

From the looks of it, the Blood Battle Sect would probably go all out to seize control of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

If the Blood Battle Sect continued to control the Immortal Ascension Platform, it would not be good news for Han Muye and the cultivators of the Yuantian Starfield.

"Boom!"

Ahead, a blood-red spear point thrust toward Han Muye and Zhao Pingyu.

The spear exuded a chilling murderous intent, condensed into a bloodthirsty aura that made the heart tremble.

Without any reason, they were merely hunting within this illusion.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a green sword edge emerged from his fingertip.

“Clang—”

The sword edge shattered the spear point.

The void trembled, and more smoke pillars gathered in front of them.

“Follow me.” The rune immortal light in Zhao Pingyu’s hand flickered, opening an illusory path and leading Han Muye in.

The columns of smoke followed them, continuously converging.

Three days later, in front of Han Muye and Zhao Pingyu, stood a green hall.

In front of the hall, a formation of golden-armored soldiers stood in line.

“A puppet battle formation. Judging from this, the inheritance of this formation senior must be quite extraordinary.” Zhao Pingyu stared fixedly at the formation, clenching his fist with a trace of excitement in his eyes.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, to enter the hall, you need to break this formation.” He turned to look at Han Muye.

He had invited Han Muye along for this very moment.

This formation required true power to break; there was no room for fanciness.

Han Muye turned to look at the column of smoke behind him.

Twenty blood-colored smoke columns had already come within a hundred miles and could arrive within 15 minutes.

“Fifteen minutes is enough.”

Muttering softly, Han Muye took a step forward and landed in front of the hall.

All the golden-armored soldiers instantly opened their eyes and pointed their spears at Han Muye.

“Time is of the essence, and the mission is important. Everyone, I won’t hold back,” Han Muye muttered softly, and a green-black sword gathered in his hand.

The sword was five feet long, as wide as a door panel, and exuded a divine light.

In front of the hall, the sound of an explosion echoed, the formation surged, power converged, forming a golden-striped white tiger that roared toward the sky.

“White Tiger?”

“I have experience dealing with white tigers.”

Han Muye chuckled, and his blood and energy flowed like a river, turning into thick smoke columns. With his great sword lifted, he leaped forward, bringing down his blade.

“Split, Abyss—”

#### **Chapter 1178 - 1178 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword**

1178 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword

Sword technique, Abyssal Split.

The sword light turned into 1,000 feet long and quickly slashed down with the immortal qi in the void.

The world was like an abyss that cracked when it encountered a sword!

This was the sword move that Han Muye had condensed his battle intent and sword intent. It was the sublimation of the power of the Sword Dao after stepping into the Heaven Immortal Realm.

The 1,000-foot-long sword light connected with the large sword in Han Muye's hand and slammed into the white tiger's forehead.

The white tiger trembled and its body exploded.

But in the next moment, the second white tiger reformed.

Moreover, this white tiger's body was even more robust than the previous one.

The golden immortal patterns on his body became even more agile.

The white tiger's aura also became more solemn.

This was the power of a formidable array, not only could it cycle endlessly and absorb attack energy, but also merge with itself.

Han Muye had experienced this method on the platform of battle techniques.

The more he fought, the stronger he became.

Clearly, the array formation here was inextricably linked to the Heavenly Cycle Formation and the array formation on the platform.

If it were any other time, Han Muye would be willing to slowly sharpen himself to see the limits of this array formation and try some of the new sword techniques he had comprehended.

However, there was only 15 minutes left, and he had no intention of holding back.

His gaze landed on the white tiger phantom that had gathered again. Han Muye's figure moved, and with his sword in hand, he charged forward.

"Shatter, Abyss!"

The long sword condensed into a thousand feet long, and the sword light emitted a chill. Wherever it passed, it instantly froze.

"Bang!"

With a slash of the sword, the white tiger's body shattered with a sound, and its shattered body was frozen into pieces of ice that scattered on the ground.

The puppet soldiers in the golden armor within the hundred zhang space below also shattered along with it.

Before the white tiger's form could reform, Han Muye had already landed within the formation, sweeping his long sword.

“Boom!”

The sword light turned into a golden light wheel, cutting down all the soldiers’ bodies within a 1,000 foot-radius.

Slashing, swinging.

With every slash, there was a shattering sound.

Ten breaths later, the third white tiger phantom that had yet to completely condense collapsed.

The formation was broken, and the white tiger could no longer reform.

From the moment Han Muye flew out to the moment the military formation shattered, less than a hundred seconds had passed.

Han Muye stood with his sword in hand, and the surrounding golden-armored soldiers slowly retreated.

Zhao Pingyu landed beside Han Muye and looked at the retreating soldiers with a complicated expression.

“If someone is still intermediately commanding this formation and guiding the power of the array formation, it will probably be 10 times harder to break through.”



The power of array formations was ultimately limitless. Seeing such a large array being broken so easily by Han Muye, as an array formation cultivator, Zhao Pingyu naturally could not calm down.

In terms of combat strength, array cultivators were indeed far inferior to sword cultivators.

“If a Void Transformation Realm Array Dao cultivator presides over, it will take me a lot of effort to break this array.” Han Muye nodded, and the sword in his hand dissipated, his gaze landing on the hall in front of him.

With a Void Transformation Array Formation cultivator holding down and preside over, it would take more effort.

The corner of Zhao Pingyu’s mouth twitched. He shook his head and strode forward.

People couldn’t be compared with one another.

Around him, green mountains floated, emitting immortal light in all directions.

Immortal light enveloped tens of thousands of feet, illuminating layers of space.

Here, one wrong step and one would be teleported to an unknown place.

Han Muye followed closely behind. In a moment, the two of them disappeared from the square outside the hall.

“Boom!”

Outside the square, a towering pillar of blood-colored smoke smashed down.

A middle-aged man wearing blood-colored armor with a murderous look on his face and a long scar that stretched across his entire face stepped on the limestone tiles and shattered them. His eyes shot out golden light as he scanned the surroundings.

More than a dozen Blood Battle Sect experts, similarly clad in blood armor, landed and dispersed in all directions.

In just a moment, everyone had returned, holding the scattered bodies of the golden soldier puppets in their hands.

These bodies made of metal were all mixed with superior-class spiritual materials and were worth a lot.

“The break is simple, it’s broken in one strike.”

“The Immortal Qi is locked in the body, not depleting its power to break the array.”

“There are traces of the convergence of Sword Dao power.”

“To be able to break the array in such a short period of time, I’m afraid it’s the sword cultivator expert Jia Lintao mentioned.”

Several people spoke up, their information converging, revealing much of Han Muye’s identity.

After all, they were all experts. They could see through everything from the tiniest clues.

“Hmph, a person like Jia Lintao is not worthy of being a deacon of the Nine Blood Hall.” The burly man in the lead looked up at the hall in front of him with disdain in his eyes.

He took a step forward and raised his fist.

“Boom!”

The fist shadows smashed through the layers of space and were blocked by the light screen rising from the stone steps outside the hall.

The visible layers of space, once entered, would transport them who knows where. The light screen that blocked his fist was even more formidable.

“What a powerful array formation.”

Beside the big man, an old man with a black beard showed a look of surprise.

The others also had solemn expressions.

Blood Battle Sect's Nine Blood Hall's Jiang Jin.

They knew how powerful the First Deacon of the Nine Blood Hall was.

In the Void Transformation realm, there weren't many who could surpass him.

His fist had been blocked just like that. The grand hall could stop everyone under the Void Transformation realm.

"We in the Blood Battle Sect aren't well-versed in array techniques, and I'm not interested in getting tangled in this formation," Jiang Jin shook his head, took a step back, and then sat cross-legged on a green stone pillar.

"We wait."

His words drew chuckles from the others.

What were the Blood Battle Sect best at?

It wasn't exploring mysteries or searching for treasures. It was seizing treasures halfway from others.

That was their forte.

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Within the grand hall, as Han Muye stepped in, Zhao Pingyu's figure had already disappeared from his sight.

### **Chapter 1179 - 1179 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (2)**

#### **1179 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (2)**

However, he was not in a hurry.

This was the burial ground of a senior in the formation Dao. For Zhao Pingyu, this was a treasure land and a place of opportunity.

Zhao Pingyu disappeared here, indicating that he might have gained the recognition of the senior.

As for Han Muye, he didn't value the inheritance of array formations too much.

He had mastered the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation and was not interested in ordinary array formations.

He looked up and saw that the large formation had locked the space with the power of formations, appearing as a hall with a diameter of 10,000 feet, giving a sense of vast emptiness.

On both sides of the hall stood tall stone statues, each 100 feet tall and clad in golden armor.

These statues had round eyes and held large swords, resembling warriors ready for battle at any moment.

Han Muze walked forward slowly, observing the swirling clouds and fleeting immortal lights around.

With a lift of his hand, a small green jade sword fell into his palm.

This small sword was only an ordinary spiritual weapon with an immortal pattern engraved on it.

Han Muze held the sword, infused it with immortal aura, and immersed himself in the sword intent.

Various scenes appeared in his mind.

The Green Mystic Jade Sword formed a part of the Green Mystic Sword Formation.

100,000 swords could fuse into an immortal treasure sword that could kill immortals.

Unfortunately, this immortal treasure sword had already been shattered.

The reason for the shattering was—

Han Muye raised his head and looked at the stone statues slowly converging around him.

Using formations to break swords.

Countless years ago, two formidable formation experts fought here—one based on a stone statue formation, the other on a sword formation.

In the end, the sword formation was defeated.

So, was this hall meant to lead him, Han Muye, here?

Looking at the stone statues that had already raised their swords, a hint of realization flashed across Han Muye's face.

Outside the hall, he had broken the formation with his sword.

“Boom!”

The 3,000 stone statues simultaneously unsheathed their swords, and the space within a radius of 10,000 feet turned into nothingness.

Endless streams of light shimmered, enveloping the entire space.

When Han Muye steadied himself, he found himself in a verdant wilderness.

Around him were endless mountains, lush grasslands, and extensive bamboo forests.

In the distance, blood qi surged, dominating the landscape.

“Kid, you have six hours to prepare. After six hours, if you can’t withstand the Tu Yuan’s army, you’ll turn to ashes.”

An old voice came from behind Han Muye.

He turned his head and saw a middle-aged Daoist in a green and white robe, carrying a green jade sword on his back.

The Daoist had an otherworldly demeanor, and sword qi surrounded him.

However, his figure seemed somewhat ethereal.

“Did you figure it out?” The old man smiled faintly as Han Muye’s gaze fell on him. “In the battle against Tu Tianzhen back then, I was ultimately defeated by his Tu Yuan Formation.



“However, he’s not much better. His cultivation has dissipated, leaving only his soul to fuse with the battle formation.

“I am Xu Mingjian, holding the Clear Rain Sword in my hand, adept in the way of sword formations.

“Sigh, I’m afraid there aren’t many juniors who can remember me...” The elder muttered and shook his head gently.

“Sword Immortal Clear Rain, one of the Hall Masters of the Xuntian Hall, renowned for sword formations. Who in my Xuntian Hall wouldn’t know the name of the senior?” Han Muye spoke softly.

His words made the old man tremble all over, and he stared at Han Muye intensely.

“Clang—”

The green jade sword was unsheathed and split into three, thrusting towards Han Muye’s chest.

The sword light flashed and, with just a movement, it was within three feet of Han Muye.

Within three feet of a sword cultivator was their final line of defense.

If the sword light penetrated within three feet, it indicated a vast difference in cultivation and combat power, making it impossible to resist.

A tinge of disappointment appeared on Xu Mingjian's face. He was about to retrieve his sword but suddenly widened his eyes.

Han Muye had lifted his right hand, his index and middle fingers close together. A slow, green sword light emerged from his fingertips.

The motion was incredibly slow.

So slow that Xu Mingjian was getting anxious for him.

Yet, it was this leisurely sword that landed on the three sword shadows, shattering them instantly.

"Three consecutive strikes with one sword?"

"Good move!"

"Great technique!" Xu Mingjian's face showed delight as he stared at Han Muye. "Whose legacy do you carry?"

Han Muye didn't speak. With a flip of his palm, the sword tip on his fingertip flicked and flew out.

He pointed with his finger, and sword light flashed continuously like a meteor, instantly locking the space around Xu Mingjian.

“Falling Snow, Clear Breeze, Soul Break, God Annihilation... You’re the inheritor of Senior Brother Guan?” Xu Mingjian drew his sword, blocking several sword lights, then looked at Han Muye.

“Has Senior Brother Guan broken through to the Immortal Lord Realm?”

Immortal Lord?

Han Muye shook his head.

Guan Dongyun’s combat strength might be comparable to a Golden Immortal, but his cultivation was far from sufficient.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have perished in the mortal world.

“He has fallen.”

Han Muye said softly.

These words made Xu Mingjian’s body tremble, and a trace of sorrow flashed in his eyes.

“Senior Brother, he’s fallen...”

“He, he was the one in our Xuntian Hall with the greatest potential to become an Immortal Lord.”

Perhaps because the news was too shocking, Xu Mingjian was momentarily distracted.

But in the blink of an eye, he regained his clarity.

“We can discuss this later. You’ve broken Tu Tianzhen’s army formation and triggered his Tu Yuan battle formation. If you can’t withstand it, you’re bound to die.”

Xu Mingjian’s gaze shifted into the distance as he murmured, “Over the tens of thousands of years, many sword cultivators have fallen within this formation, and not one has left alive.”

A trace of gloom flashed across his face.

“The power of the sword formation might really be inferior to the Dao Soldier Array.”

At this point, he took off the sword behind him, raised his hand, and guided it to land in front of Han Muye.

“This sword is my Clear Rain Sword, an Immortal Treasure Sword. It’s just that it lacks nourishment and its combat strength is much weaker.”

“Use this sword to set up an array and mobilize the Heaven and Earth powers to resist the Tu Yuan Battle Formation with all your might.”

Taking a deep breath, Xu Mingjian’s eyes lit up.

### **Chapter 1180 - 1180 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (3)**

1180 Senior’s Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (3)

“I’ve been entangled with Tu Tianzhen for so many years. It’s time to end it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, before Han Muye could speak, his figure had already dissipated, turning into countless green sword lights.

These sword lights flashed and transformed into layers of space in the void.

In every illusory space, there was a sword phantom.

Who knew how many swords there were in this layer of space?

Han Muye raised his hand and held the Clear Rain Sword in front of him.

With his hand on the hilt, green immortal light poured in, and a faint sword intent surged in.

After all, it was an immortal treasure with an owner. It was not suitable to refine it directly, but it was fine to search some memories, right?

As the memory flashed, Han Muye smiled.

Fortunately, he had taken a second look.

There were many things that might not be true.

Only this sword would not lie to him.

“There are still six hours. It’s indeed not enough.” Han Muye turned to look at the space around him and muttered softly.

Slowly closing his eyes, a faint sword light emitted from his body.

These sword lights gathered and gently fluttered, brushing across the endless grassland.

Six hours passed in an instant.

Along with the roar, the army of red cavalry and black armor on the distant hill surged over like a tide.

Blood Qi filled the sky, blocking the sky.

The dense blood light collided with the green immortal light, stirring up a dazzling cold light that was like a meteor.

Xu Mingjian's sword formation had already clashed with the opponent's Tu Yuan Battle Formation.

The sword formation turned into a light screen, blocking the surging cavalry.

"Boom!"

The war cavalry was like a landslide and a tsunami, pressing forward.

Nothing could stop this cavalry, be it sword light or sword formation.

The vast army advanced rapidly.

Pieces of grass and wasteland were trampled, and the forest was covered, turning into a faint yellow.

"Boom!"

An explosion sounded, and the light screen blocking the military formation in front of them collapsed.

Defeated.

“Kid, it’s up to you.”

Xu Mingjian’s voice sounded, and then all the sword lights exploded, landing in the bamboo forest behind him.

In an instant, the bamboo leaves in the bamboo forest turned into endless green sword lights and floated in the air.

On the other side, the army gathered and also stopped in front of Han Muye.

The pale yellow aura of the battle formation was clearly different from the green immortal light sword qi.

Han Muye stood in the middle, as if giving him a chance to choose.

“Hehe, arrays, sword arrays.”

Han Muye smiled and looked at the Clear Rain Sword in his hand.



“Senior, if it weren’t for the fact that I know the secrets of the Xuntian Hall and know that there was a commotion in the Xuntian Hall back then, and that the Clear Rain Sword, Xu Mingjian, has another identity—” Han Muye smiled and let go of the hilt.

The Clear Rain Sword vibrated and turned into bamboo leaves.

“What do you know?” Xu Mingjian’s voice sounded.

“Of course I know. Xu Mingjian was Tu Tianzhen to begin with. It’s just the difference between his main body and his clone, between a sword spirit and a formation spirit.” Han Muye’s voice came softly, but it shook the entire world.

Han Muye knew more.

From the Clear Rain Sword, he knew that Xu Mingjian was an array formation expert from another immortal world.

After he came to the Fuyu Immortal Realm, he concealed his identity and cultivated the Sword Dao again. In the end, he became a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and became a member of the Xuntian Hall.

However, from the beginning to the end, he had been choosing between Sword Dao and Array Dao.

The Tu Yuan Battle Formation was extremely powerful and its combat strength was monstrous.

However, this battle formation was defeated by the Sword Dao in the original Immortal World. The entire sect was destroyed, leaving him alone to escape.

He wanted to learn the sword and take revenge with the power of the sword formation.

But in the end, the sword path he cultivated could not block his array formations.

Therefore, he was at a loss.

The clash of the two forces caused him to fall into a trance.

Of course, that was not the reason why he died here.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked into the distance.

Tu Tianzhen had died here because he had participated in the battle against two mighty figures above the Golden Immortal realm.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal, Zhu Ming, had come to assassinate Immortal Lord Cang Yun, who was in seclusion.

Due to the formidable power of the Formation Dao, Tu Tianzhen was invited to join the fight by Zhù Míng. In return, Zhù Míng promised great rewards if they succeeded.

Killing an Immortal Lord, for Tu Tianzhen, was an opportunity worth risking.

In the end, Immortal Lord Cang Yun and Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Zhu Ming perished together. Tu Tianzhen was implicated, retreating from the Bitter Immortal Realm, and ultimately succumbing to fatal injuries.

But before his fall, he had laid many plans to leave behind his legacy.

Unfortunately, his struggle between the Formation Dao and the Sword Dao had left his soul in turmoil, divided into two.

“Sword spirit, formation spirit...” Xu Mingjian whispered softly.

On the other side, on the vast battle formation, a figure in a light yellow robe appeared and stood in the air.

“Then tell me, is the array formation stronger or the Sword Dao stronger?”

The figure in pale yellow robes shouted loudly, and atop the war formation, all the cavalry let out a low roar in unison, stirring the aura of bloody evil and surging it forward, pressing down mightily.

“Tell me, is the array formation stronger or the Sword Dao stronger?” Behind Han Muye, the green bamboo leaves transformed into green jade swords, all pointing at him.

Which was stronger, the array formation or the Sword Dao?

Until his fall, Tu Tianzhen hadn't been able to figure it out.

To admit that Formation Dao was stronger meant all his persistence had been in vain, as his Formation Dao was defeated by the Sword Dao.

To admit that Sword Dao was stronger meant his cultivated Sword Dao was evidently weaker than his own Formation Dao.

"Actually, in cultivation, there's no inherent hierarchy of strength." Han Muye shook his head, his gaze turning to the figure in pale yellow robes on the distant war formation.

"Clang—"

A sword cry resounded through the world!

A sword!

It was not Xu Mingjian's Clear Rain Sword, nor was it the tens of thousands of bamboo leaves, but grass.

Countless blades of grass shot up, forming countless half-foot-long swords, soft and light in their emerald green.

With a raise of Han Muye's hand, these half-foot-long swords converged into a massive sword reaching tens of thousands of feet high. Its brilliance flashed, and golden celestial patterns shimmered on its surface, lively and elusive.