

Pavilion 1181

Chapter 1181 - 1181 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (4)

1181 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (4)

The sword gathered its energy and swung directly towards the vast battlefield.

“Great swordsmanship,” a faint yellow figure on the battlefield exclaimed, activating the entire formation. The previously stationary cavalry instantly surged forward.

The cavalry charged like waves advancing.

A towering golden-armored warrior's phantom appeared, wielding a long spear, colliding with the descending long sword.

This strike stirred the power of heaven and earth behind it, converging into a massive spear.

“Bang!”

The longsword shattered, the spear turned into nothingness, and the golden-armored general collapsed.

They were evenly matched!

The might of a single sword was actually able to contend against such a formidable battle formation, achieving a balance of power.

The green jade swords behind trembled slightly, seemingly in disbelief.

Who could possess such swordsmanship that could withstand a blow from the Tu Yuan Battle Formation!

“Buzz!”

At that moment, the shattered sword fragments dispersed and transformed into numerous verdant small swords, floating in the air.

This appearance was remarkably similar to the bamboo leaf-shaped swords in the rear.

“There’s still strength for one more battle...” Xu Mingjian’s voice echoed from among the cluster of green jade swords.

He hadn’t expected that the collapsed sword still held such capabilities.

Countless small green swords drifted down like threads of rain.

All the cavalry were covered by this rain-like mist, their bodies dissolving, then returning to silence.

Vast expanses of lush green grass covered the ground, seemingly endless.

The grasslands that were trampled before had been restored.

The faint yellow figure also turned into nothingness within the rain-like mist.

The Tu Yuan Battle Formation was broken.

Han Muye turned slowly, gazing at the green bamboo behind him.

“The Sword Dao is the Dao of Breaking Establishment. If the Tu Yuan Battle Formation can be broken, the Sword Dao can be established.”

“Leaving the original grass, one year’s withering and flourishing.”

He gently pressed his palm down, and countless proficiency lights flickered in Han Muye’s eyes. “Senior, do you think the Sword Dao is stronger or the Formation Dao is stronger?”

“Sword Dao...” Xu Mingjian said blankly, causing the small green jade swords to tremble.

“Sword Dao?” Han Muye chuckled and raised his palm. “Senior, look—”

“Boom!”

The grass turned into a long sword again, and a 10,000-foot blade slashed down.

The green bamboo leaves also condensed into a sword, clashing forcefully with the grassy long sword.

Both swords shattered simultaneously, and while the bamboo leaf sword scattered into leaves on the ground, the grassy swords remained suspended.

“This, this is the power of the sword formation?”

“No, this is—” Xu Mingjian, dressed in green robes, appeared with an excited expression on his face.

“This is the Tu Yuan Battle Formation!”

Each one of those grassy swords represented a cavalryman!

Using swords to form a formation, turning swords into a battle formation!

Xu Mingjian’s body trembled as he stared at the sword light that was slowly gathering power. He muttered, “Why didn’t I think of it? Sword formation, battle formation, sword, formation...”

Why distinguish between the Sword Dao and the Formation Dao?

Tu Tianzhen had devoted his entire life to verify which Dao was stronger, the Sword Dao or the Formation Dao, and which could grant him the power of revenge.

But it wasn't until now that he realized, had he taken one more step back and integrated the knowledge of formations he had learned into the already formed sword formation, his strength would have been completely different!

But humans always hold on to their attachments.

His attachment to the sword Dao and the formation Dao differed, causing confusion within him. And until his fall, he couldn't merge these two forces.

"Buzz!"

The green bamboo sword formation soared, transforming into green-robed sword cultivators, each wielding a long sword.

The sword cultivators lined up in formation, and sword light gathered in their hands.

At this moment, the brilliance of this sword light was countless times stronger than the previous Clear Rain Sword.

"I understand..."

Xu Mingjian's figure slowly dissipated.

"This sword is for you."

The green long sword landed in front of Han Muye.

An immortal treasure, the Clear Rain Sword.

Han Muye reached out and grasped the long sword, space around him continuously shifting until it eventually turned into clouds and mist.

An empty grand hall.

Zhao Pingyu, holding a half-foot-tall golden-armored puppet, raised his head and saw Han Muye, his expression slightly frozen.

However, his gaze landed on the green sword in Han Muye's hand, and he smiled.

"Senior Brother Han, Senior Tu once said that someday I will go with you to the Snowfall Immortal Realm."

Both having received the inheritance of Tu Tianzhen, Zhao Pingyu calling Han Muye Senior Brother wasn't inappropriate.

Tu Tianzhen came from the Snowfall Immortal Realm. Since his sect was destroyed back then, he had longed for revenge.

After Han Muye obtained this Clear Rain Sword, he naturally had to make a trip to the Snowfall Immortal Realm in the future.

There was no need for any promises. If he had the ability to take revenge, he would take action.

Han Muye nodded and looked around.

The grand hall's formation had gathered due to the power of two treasures. After the Clear Rain Sword and the golden puppet were taken away, the grand hall lost its suppressing force and began to collapse.

"Let's go." Holding his sword, Han Muye moved and stepped out of the hall.

With a smile on his face, Zhao Pingyu walked out with the golden-armored puppet in his palm.

The magnificent hall collapsed behind them.

Standing on the stone steps, they gazed at the blood-red columns of smoke rising ahead.

Twenty pillars of smoke soared into the sky and blocked the already shattered limestone square.

“In this world, opportunities are for those who find them.

“Our Blood Battle Sect has always been magnanimous. Leave that sword, and also the puppet.”

The voice sounded with a hint of mockery.

“By the way, your green stone and the two swords on your back.

“With such a grand hall, you must have made a fortune. Sharing a few treasures with us shouldn’t be too painful, right?”

Twenty columns of smoke surrounded Han Muye and Zhao Pingyu, and the aura of bloodthirst spread, seeming to suppress even their souls.

The Blood Battle Sect was a major sect with formidable strength in the Fuyu Immortal World. Who would dare to confront them directly?

They had carried out these half-robbery acts too many times; it had become a habit for them.

As for those who wanted to resist, all the better.

Chapter 1182 - 1182 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (5)

1182 Senior's Legacy, Clear Rain Sword (5)

"Blood Battle Sect." Han Muye looked at the 20 experts in blood armor surrounding him.

Jia Lintao, the expert from the Blood Battle Sect whom he had met last time, no longer had the confidence to win every battle.

This time, it seemed different.

Their fighting spirit was palpable.

Han Muye's body radiated sword light and battle intent, merging into a powerful energy.

"Attack!" The leading expert from the Blood Battle Sect shouted, his long spear thrusting towards the oncoming longsword.

The other 19 Blood Battle Sect masters attacked at the same time.

Zhao Pingyu chuckled, his golden-armored puppet growing to 100 feet tall, brandishing a golden spear.

“Bang!”

The spear repelled half of the Blood Battle Sect experts, while the rest, led by Jiang Jin, the first steward of the Nine Blood Hall, surged forward and encircled Han Muye.

The Clear Rain Sword in Han Muye’s hand shook and turned into green bamboo leaves.

The bamboo leaf flickered, and the power it emitted enveloped a thousand feet of space.

“Be careful!” Jiang Jin’s expression changed, and the war spear in his hand smashed down fiercely.

However, the spear was blocked by the green sword light before it could land more than three feet.

The other Blood Battle Sect masters were covered in green bamboo leaves that flickered with blood-colored light.

“Slash—”

The bamboo leaves pierced their bodies, releasing trickles of fresh blood.

As Han Muye’s longsword reformed, only three Blood Battle Sect experts remained standing in front of him; the others had all retreated with pale faces.

On the other side, the golden-armored puppet forced the remaining Blood Battle Sect experts to retreat with its long spear.

“Clear a path!” Jiang Jin’s voice lowered, and his blood and qi transformed into a blood-red dragon as it slithered around him. His long spear broke into two short spears in his hands, which he extended.

Two blood dragons followed the short spears’ thrust, winding towards Han Muye from both sides.

This strike directly cut off Han Muye’s retreat.

Moreover, the strike contained blinding lights, blood-red haze, and even suppressed his spiritual power.

To survive, Han Muye had to fight.

This was the Blood Battle Sect.

Fight to live, or die.

Han Muye raised the Clear Rain Sword in his hand, his expression solemn.

Jiang Jin was truly formidable.

This was getting interesting.

His longsword thrust forward, emitting a green sword light that guided the two blood dragons, then he swung the sword again. The shadow of the green sword light flickered, tearing through the space in front of him.

It wasn't entanglement; it was directly tearing through space!

The sword's edge appeared three feet in front of Jiang Jin in an instant.

Jiang Jin let out a low shout and punched down.

"Clang—"

The tip of the sword vibrated.

The two of them were 30 feet apart. The spear in their hands stabbed and slashed with their swords, causing the surrounding Heaven and Earth powers to gather.

Astral winds exploded, Zhao Pingyu and the others had no choice but to retreat.

30 feet.

300 feet.

3,000 feet.

30,000 feet!

“Boom!”

The green sword light and the blood-colored spear collided and exploded.

The spear light shattered, revealing the true appearance of the spear.

The sword light shattered, and green leaves floated.

“Wind, disperse.” Han Muye raised his hand, and countless green bamboo leaves transformed into a battle formation. With a sweep, they enveloped Jiang Jin.

This attack came suddenly and strangely. Jiang Jin’s eyes widened, but he couldn’t come out for a moment.

“Kill—”

Jiang Jin’s shout rang out as he charged out of the green battle formation. His body was covered in blood, and his hands were trembling.

Han Muye guided the sword in his hand, turning it into a green light screen.

Then, he slowly raised his hand, and the two swords on his back condensed into a cold sword with battle intent and sword intent.

Killing intent began to surge.

Energy, essence, and spirit gathered. Killing intent, sword intent, and battle intent condensed into one sword!

Jiang Jin looked up at the sword in Han Muye's hand, took a deep breath, gritted his teeth, and took a step back.

Retreat!

The Blood Battle Sect masters all widened their eyes.

The number one deacon of the Nine Blood Hall, Jiang Jin, who had always won every battle, had actually taken a step back today!

"Jiang Jin from the Nine Blood Hall," Jiang Jin looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice.

"Haha, this is Yunlan City's Yunlan Sword Immortal," Zhao Pingyu said with a smile.

Zhao Pingyu had long heard of the Nine Blood Hall's Jiang Jin.

Who would have thought that such an expert would take a step back in front of Yunlan Sword Immortal today?

This step meant that Yunlan Sword Immortal's combat strength had already suppressed the deacons of the Nine Blood Hall and was approaching that of an elder powerhouse of the Nine Blood Hall!

Just how strong was Yunlan Sword Immortal?

"Yunlan City, Yunlan Sword Immortal. I'll remember that." Jiang Jin nodded. Blood light flashed on his body as he retreated.

He wasn't confident.

Without confidence in victory, the battle would have to be postponed for now.

For the experts of their Blood Battle Sect, having a powerful enemy in front of them was a good thing.

Temporarily lacking a path to victory was also a good thing.

Surging fighting intent filled Jiang Jin's heart, his eyes blazing like flames.

His next target was to defeat Yunlan Sword Immortal!

Watching the Blood Battle Sect experts slowly retreat, Han Muye turned to look at Zhao Pingyu.

“Senior Thousand Arrays—”

“Hey, Junior Brother, it’s Junior Brother.” Zhao Pingyu waved his hand and said with a smile.

Han Muye shook his head and chuckled. “Then Junior Brother, Junior Brother Zhao, I’m going to the Bitter Immortal Realm, so I won’t be traveling with you.”

Hearing Han Muye say that he was going to the Bitter Immortal Realm, Zhao Pingyu’s expression turned solemn. He nodded and took out a golden formation disk.

“Senior Brother, I’ll be a burden if I travel with you. This is a formation disk that can withstand a peak Void Transformation expert’s attack and teleport over great distances. Please take it to protect yourself, senior.”

He tossed the formation disk to Han Muye and turned to leave.

Han Muye took the formation disk, and without any hesitation, his figure transformed into a sword light.

Zhao Pingyu turned his head slightly and looked at the sword light that instantly crossed a thousand miles. Envy flashed across his face.

“How impressive...”

In the distance, the Blood Battle Sect members also looked up.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal is truly powerful,” one Blood Battle Sect expert, whose face was pale and bloodied, murmured softly.

Jiang Jin nodded, his fighting spirit surging.

Han Muye, who was flying in the air, took out a golden talisman. Immortal light seeped into it, causing a blood-colored spiritual light to flash.

“Found it,” Han Muye said softly. Following the guidance of this spiritual light, he turned around and flew forward.

In front of him, there was an endless mountain range that emitted a distant aura.

In the sky, Han Muye, with Golden Fire perched on his shoulder, lifted his head. His eyes glowed with brilliance.

Over there was the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Chapter 1183 - 1183 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er

1183 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er

Stepping into the Bitter Immortal Realm, Han Muye was immediately shaken to his core.

The vast and boundless aura of desolation struck him, causing the power in his veins to tremble.

The phantom of the Kui behind him appeared and faded.

The Baxia bloodline hidden deep in his body quietly stretched out and absorbed a trace of Heaven and Earth powers.

The Heaven and Earth powers in the Bitter Immortal Realm actually had traces of the ancient primordial era.

“How is that possible?” wondered the Divine Lords.

Unless—

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

Unless this was once the Grotto-heaven of a Primordial mighty figure who fell here.

This also explained why there were traces of primordial power here and why there were so many demons here.

Ahead, flying demonic beasts intercepted. Han Muye's figure moved, shaking them off.

In the sky and on the ground, chaotic battles between demonic beasts could be seen everywhere.

There were also some demons in human form with powerful auras. From afar, one could see demonic lights soaring into the sky.

Guided by the blood-red spiritual light, Han Muye flew for five days and landed outside a lush, large city.

The large city in the Bitter Immortal Realm was different from the Yunteng Wasteland. The entire city was like layers of high mountains, stacked up layer by layer and reaching tens of thousands of feet.

Green vegetation enveloped the entire city, and demonic lights flickered from various places, giving it an aura of prosperity.

Outside the city where Han Muye landed, there was an endless procession of merchant caravans heading toward the city.

People were no longer surprised to see someone like Han Muye descending from the sky.

However, someone still shouted, "Where are you from? Get in line."

Han Muye turned and saw that the speaker was a four-armed man who was 20 feet tall, covered in green skin, and had a head and face like a toad.

The giant carried a large wicker basket on his back, filled with dark gray ores that looked incredibly heavy.

Just by looking at the size of the wicker basket, it could probably hold several thousand catties of weight.

Behind the giant were several similarly robust figures, each carrying a large wicker basket.

They were all carrying large wicker baskets.

"The Greensack Clan?" Han Muye whispered.

The Greensack Clan was a low-level race in the Bitter Immortal Realm. They were usually in charge of transporting ores.

They had a slightly higher status than human slaves.

Coincidentally, Han Muye was human.

Therefore, this burly man from the Greensack Clan dared to glare at Han Muye.

Seeing Han Muye look up at him, the burly man snorted coldly. One of his four arms stretched out and slapped Han Muye's head.

If this strike landed, Han Muye would definitely turn into meat paste.

However, since Han Muye had flown over on his sword, how could he not even withstand this attack?

He narrowed his eyes and a faint golden sword light flashed.

“Slash—”

With a sweep of the sword light, the arm of the burly man from the Greensack Clan was cut off, and greenish-black blood splattered on the ground.

The sword was so fast that the surrounding people only saw a sword light before it caused a splash of blood.

“Ah—”

“Murder—”

“Stop—”

The giant, now missing an arm, slumped to the ground, roaring in pain.

Not far away, several figures flew over and floated quietly in the air.

Wearing blue robes and black armor, with two horns on their heads, they held long spears and stood on dark golden flying wheels beneath their feet.

This private army seemed to belong to a powerful demon, showing considerable combat prowess.

“Who dares to ambush the mining team of the Four Spirit Demon King?” The leading figure in the blue robe and black armor pointed his spear at Han Muye, and his demonic aura condensed into a black goat covered in cloud-like patterns.

Other soldiers in black armor also watched Han Muye warily.

Although the burly man whose arm had been cut off was trembling in pain, the corners of his mouth curled up, and a smug expression appeared on his face. He reached out and grabbed the broken arm, reattaching it to his shoulder.

On the broken arm, green silk sacs connected to the wound on the shoulder like stitches.

However, in the next moment, the burly man’s face turned pale.

The Greensack Clan's tried and tested Broken Limb Rebirth technique had lost its effect!

The silk sac on the broken arm could not reach his shoulder no matter what.

Faint golden sword shadows flashed on his shoulder, severing all the silk bags.

This arm was really broken!

The leading general in the air frowned and stared at Han Muye.

The Bitter Immortal Domain was the territory of the demon race, but it did not mean that there were no powerful humans here.

"Who the hell are you?"

The general shouted in a low voice and pressed down with the spear in his hand, preparing to form a formation to take down Han Muye.

To injure the people from their mining team in front of them was provoking the Demon King.

Looking at the spear formation, Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and sword light gathered in his palm.

At this moment, a low shout came from not far away, "Scram."

His voice turned into a golden lightning shadow that exploded with a bang, knocking the group of generals 100 feet away.

Qin Zhaoyuan, who was wearing a purple robe, took a step forward and landed beside Han Muye. He cupped his hands and said in a low voice, "Greetings, City Lord."

Han Muye had come to the Bitter Immortal Realm as promised, so he had to follow the agreement and serve Han Muye as his master.

As for helping save people and finding the Immortal Monarch's treasures, that was another agreement.

"That's the caravan under the Four Spirit Demon King. They specialize in doing hard work."

"Since they've offended the City Lord, I'll kill them." Qin Zhaoyuan took a step forward. The faint purple lightning light emitted from his body made the Greensack clansmen tremble.

Qin Zhaoyuan's accumulated power and killing intent could turn them into ashes in an instant.

Sixth Master Qin's domineering aura was fully revealed at this moment.

There were no rules in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Killing a lot and being ruthless was the rule.

Purple Lightning, Thunder, and Gale—all had once firmly been in his control.

“There’s no need for Sixth Master to do anything.” At this moment, a burly man in a black robe strode over with a long saber in his hand. He looked at the Greensack Clan members, then raised the long saber and pointed it at the black-armored soldiers who were just standing up.

“Go back and tell the Fourth Spirit Demon King that these troublemakers have upset our esteemed guests of the Zhulong Trading Company.” Gathering golden light on his long saber, the man’s blade emitted a deep aura as it shone and vanished in an instant.

Chapter 1184 - 1184 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (2)

1184 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (2)

“He should have known what to do.”

The words of the big man made the face of the black-armored war general change. Nodding his head, and not daring to stay in place, he turned around and left in the flying wheel.

“Zhulong Trading Company!” someone in the queue shouted.

“The Zhulong Trading Company is a large trading company that dominated the Bitter Immortal Realm. Even the Four Spirit Demon King may not dare to offend them.” A long-necked demon with four ears and four eyes on its head whispered.

“Don’t you know? A hundred years ago, the Four Spirit Demon King offended a manager of the Zhulong Trading Company. He was chased by the company and almost died,” someone muttered.

The Greensack clansmen were all trembling, not daring to lift their heads.

“Lord Sword Immortal, Sixth Master, there’s no need to bother with these ants. The Four Spirit Demon King will naturally give you an explanation.”

The black-robed man turned around and bowed to Han Muye and Qin Zhaoyuan.

“My name is Du Qiang, and I’m currently in charge of the caravan.

“The chief shopkeeper ordered that on this trip, our lives are entrusted to Sword Immortal.”

Du Qiang lowered his voice and spoke respectfully.

Han Muye and Chen Zhulong’s alliance was based on the creatures of the Bitter Immortal Realm in Yunlan City, and with that contract talisman as the foundation, it could be said to be an unbreakable alliance.

It was normal for Chen Zhulong’s subordinates to be so respectful to Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded, looked around, and said, "Where is this place, and how should we proceed?"

Du Qiang gestured to a few people behind him, and they dispersed the surrounding crowd of demons.

"Lord Sword Immortal, this is Wanchong City, one of the 32 large cities in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

"There are actually not many cities in the Bitter Immortal Realm, and most of them are inhabited by demon tribes.

"There's also a treasure place here, where a strong individual is worshipped as a demon king."

Du Qiang explained in a low voice.

The Zhulong Trading Company's caravan was supposed to stay in this city for a few days before moving on to the next location.

Qin Zhaoyuan followed their caravan, partly to conceal their tracks and partly to use the power of the trading company to gather more information.

Chen Zhulong had already instructed that the trading company would not interfere in Han Muye and the others' matters and would cooperate fully.

If necessary, they would not hesitate to wipe out the entire army.

“The army under Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian is not far from here, so Wanchong City is so busy now.

“Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian has already occupied one of the two states of the Bitter Immortal Realm. The other demons can only join forces to resist.”

Du Qiang’s expression was slightly solemn.

Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian’s killing intent was extremely strong. If he really ruled the entire Bitter Immortal Realm, the other races would definitely be slaughtered.

The countless years of freedom in the Bitter Immortal Realm would also be broken.

Although the Zhulong Trading Company did not openly stand against Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian, they had been helping the other demon kings deliver all kinds of supplies over the years.

“It’s said that Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian obtained an ancient treasure that doubled his combat strength. Even Heaven Immortal Demon King Hun Tian was severely injured by him and underwent nirvana,” Qin Zhaoyuan said with a dark expression.

Their Thunder Bandits were defeated by the strong under Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Immortal’s command, had traitors among them, and ultimately disbanded, with even several strong members falling.

Speaking of which, apart from the Purple Lightning Bandits, the Thunder and Gale Bandits had already been defeated by Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian's subordinates. They no longer had the strength to dominate the Bitter Immortal Realm.

"Let's enter the city first. We'll talk about other things later," Han Muye pondered for a moment and said.

Since he had come to the Bitter Immortal Realm, he had to find the Immortal King's legacy before leaving.

As for the chaotic battles in the Bitter Immortal Realm, he would avoid participating if possible.

"Alright, Zhulong Trading Company has brought eighty thousand sets of semi-magic weapons of war, enough for various factions to vie over." Du Qiang's face showed a hint of arrogance.

This was their confidence.

The reason why the Zhulong Trading Company dared to confront even Daemon Kings was because they controlled powerful armaments.

This was what everyone in the Bitter Immortal Realm needed.

Sure enough, Du Qiang led Han Muye and the others straight into Wanchong City, and no one stopped them.

The city even sent a team of cavalry to protect the merchant company's large carriage and directly entered the city.

The vegetation on the city walls seemed to be sentient.

Han Muye could tell that once these green tree vines formed a formation, their strength was incomparably terrifying.

As they walked along the main road in the city, they could see many shops with all kinds of strange signs.

Unlike human shops, these shops did not display their goods. There were only some soul imprints left on their signs.

If he wanted to trade, he had to enter the shop and communicate with the shop owner.

Pills, weapons, and various spiritual materials were sold in the shops here. The items sold here were much fewer than in the large cities in the wasteland, let alone under the rule of the various large sects.

The name of the Bitter Immortal Realm came from the fact that cultivation resources could not be used, highlighting the barrenness.

After all, to the demons, many resources were useless and would not be used.

No race in the world was as agile as the human race, and no race was as intelligent as the human race.

As long as humans occupied any place, they could develop it into a prosperous world.

At the top of the city, the caravan was arranged to be in a large residential yard.

Han Muye and Qin Zhaoyuan both had a quiet courtyard.

Along the way, although Han Muye was not tired, he still entered seclusion to organize his Sword Dao.

After obtaining Chen Mingjian's Sword Dao inheritance and fighting with the experts of the Blood Battle Sect, his gains were not small.

The extraction of the various memories in the Clear Rain Sword was enough for him to digest.

The comprehension of the cultivation system in another immortal world allowed him to gain enlightenment regarding the improvement and optimization of his cultivation methods.

When he came out of seclusion, Du Qiang was already waiting outside the small courtyard.

Behind Du Qiang was a burly man in black armor who was 10 feet tall and had four horns on his head.

Chapter 1185 - 1185 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (3)

1185 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (3)

"Haha, this is the distinguished guest of the Zhulong Trading Company?" Seeing Han Muye walk out, the burly man smiled, stretched out his hands, and strode forward.

"Since you're an honored guest of the Zhulong Trading Company, you're naturally an honored guest of my Niu Siling."

The burly man wanted to hug Han Muye's arm, but he was blocked 10 feet away by the sword light surging from Han Muye's body, and a trace of embarrassment flashed across his face.

"Lord Sword Immortal, this is the Fourth Spirit Demon King."

Du Qiang walked forward, bowed to Han Muye, and whispered.

Demon Kings were at least experts at the Transformation Void who could rule a region and be called Demon Kings.

As a Void Transformation expert, this guy was actually so attentive. It was unknown if he was afraid of the Zhulong Trading Company or if he was good at scheming.

At the very least, for most cultivators, a Demon King could be ignored as long as it was not a life-and-death conflict.

“Haha, what demon king? Brother Du, I don’t like your words.” Seeing Du Qiang’s respectful attitude towards Han Muye, Niu Siling rolled his eyes and smiled.

He looked at Han Muye and grinned. “But I know that even if I kill those guys, my esteemed guest won’t care.”

He looked at Han Muye and grinned. “But I know that even if I kill those guys, esteemed guests won’t care.”

As he spoke, he reached out and took out a small wooden box.

“Brother Du said that the esteemed guest is a great Sword Dao cultivator. Coincidentally, I have an ancient sword in my hand.

“I’m a boor and don’t know how to use a sword. I’ll give this to you as an apology.”

The wooden box was not big, only three feet long.

The greenish-black patterns revealed a hint of mystery.

Niu Siling held the wooden box in his hand and looked at Han Muye.

Du Qiang’s expression did not change, as if he did not see this scene.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and smiled. "Alright, since it's a gift personally sent by the Four Spirit Demon King, I'll accept it."

He raised his hand to take the wooden box and opened the greenish-black lid, revealing an ancient and heavy short sword that was more than two feet long.

Although there was no visible immortal radiance on the sword, there were faint immortal patterns that activated the flow of sword intent.

The quality was not bad, at least a top-grade magical treasure, or a semi-spiritual treasure.

Such a treasure was nothing in the Wasteland cities, but in the Bitter Immortal Realm, it was already a rather precious gift.

Not to mention those few Greensack clansmen, even the lives of 10,000 of them could not compare to this ancient sword.

Han Muye finally understood why this Four Spirit Demon King could escape from the pursuit of the Zhulong Trading Company and resolve the grudge.

This guy was willing to give.

Niu Silin didn't linger in Han Muye's courtyard for long, just invited Han Muye to visit his territory sometime, then left with a smile and a polite gesture.

“He knows that our caravan brought 800,000 soldiers and armor, so he wants a share.”

Du Qiang watched as Niu Siling left and spoke in a low voice.

Now with the Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian’s army pressing on, the only way to increase one’s chances of winning was to improve one’s own strength and the strength of one’s subordinates.

If they were to suffer a real defeat, at least they would have more chips in their hands.

How Du Qiang managed the trade was none of Han Muye’s concern; that was the business of their Zhu Long Trading Company.

The ancient sword was quite something, so he put it away first.

He came out of seclusion because he had other things to do.

Walking out of the small courtyard alone, he walked forward from the top floor of the city until he was 50,000 feet away from the city. Han Muye walked straight into a shop with a sign selling pills.

“We don’t have any Blood Condensation Pellets left, but we still have a few Bone Accumulating Pellets.”
An old voice came from the dark shop.

Han Muye stood at the counter and looked up at the disheveled old man.

The vigorous sword intent on Han Muye's body made the old man frown slightly.

"Sword cultivator..." The old man shook his head and muttered.

"Deacon Zhou Sheng of the Zhantian Hall in the Bitter Immortal Realm actually looks like this," Han Muye said calmly, his expression unchanged.

His words caused sword light to appear on the old man's body.

The sword light flashed and landed three feet in front of Han Muye, then retreated.

"Who told you about my identity?"

Looking at Han Muye, the old man's eyes revealed a hint of laziness.

"Are the juniors of the Sword Sect so ignorant of respecting the old and loving the young now?"

Respect the old and love the young?

When did the cultivation world have such a rule?

Moreover, the older these cultivators were, the stronger their combat strength was.

Who would dare to be disrespectful?

Han Muye shook his head, raised his hand, and took out his identity token.

This token was half a finger long and looked like a small green-black sword. There was a faint golden immortal rune flowing on it.

Four sword lights flashed.

Seeing the token, Zhou Sheng moved slightly and sat up slightly. A golden halo appeared in his eyes.

“An elite of the four halls. It was no wonder.” The sword light on his body converged, and Zhou Sheng looked at Han Muye. “When did our Sword Sect have a genius like you among the juniors?”

In the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, those who could have the status of four palaces at the same time were absolute elites.

This was especially true for the mysterious God Slaying Hall. Only the top geniuses who were one in a million had the chance to enter.

“Tell me, what are you doing in the Bitter Immortal Realm?” As Zhou Sheng spoke, he stood up and stretched his waist. He muttered, “I’m most afraid of you guys coming. Nothing good will come from your arrival.”

With a wave of his hand, the door of the shop closed. Then, the scene changed, turning into a verdant courtyard.

He walked to the stone table in the small courtyard and sat down. Zhou Sheng took out a small wine gourd, took a sip, and looked at Han Muye.

"I received news that it concerns the legacy of an Immortal Lord. It might require the strength of the sect."

Han Muye's words made Zhou Sheng, who had just taken a sip of wine, blush and cough.

Chapter 1186 - 1186 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (4)

1186 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (4)

"Immortal Lord, cough, do the younger disciples nowadays have such great ambitions?" Zhou Sheng took a few more sips, seemingly trying to calm himself down.

"Go on, continue. Let's see what else can give me a headache." Zhou Sheng stuffed the wine gourd and looked up at Han Muye.

"I promised Sixth Master Qin that I would help him save the Thunder Bandits."

Han Muye spoke calmly.

“Thunder Bandits?” Zhou Sheng straightened his body and glared. “You want to go against Heaven Immortal Demon King, Xiang Tian?”

Han Muye said nothing. Golden Fire hidden behind his shoulder poked its head out.

“Damn, Phoenix...” Zhou Sheng’s hand trembled, he unconsciously opened the wine gourd, took another sip, trying to calm himself.

Han Muye shook his head, a green light flashed in his hand, and a blue sword appeared.

“Clear Rain Sword?” Zhou Sheng stood up and frowned.

“Senior Xu Mingjian has already died. I obtained this sword and specially came to report,” Han Muye said loudly as he released the hilt.

A trace of regret flashed in Zhou Sheng’s eyes as he nodded and said, “Back then, when Senior Brother Xu’s bloodline imprint disappeared, we were all prepared for it.”

Looking at the sword, he sighed softly, “As sword cultivators, it’s better to die outside than waste our years.”

His gaze returned to Han Muye, with a touch of seriousness in his eyes.

“Don’t worry, as long as it’s a disciple of the Sword Sect, the sect will protect them even if they come to the Bitter Immortal Realm to overturn the heavens.

“It’s just that in the future, when the sect needs your help, just remember the sect’s friendship.”

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was an alliance of Sword Dao cultivators. Disciples did not have much of a master-disciple relationship. Instead, they supported each other and relied on the power of the sect to obtain more resources.

After using the Sect’s resources, there was an expectation to repay them in the future.

In the sect, the more elite disciples there were, the more resources they could mobilize.

Because the greater the investment, the greater the return.

As these elite disciples grew, their strength and influence were all accumulated by the sect.

“Alright.”

Han Muye put away his sword and token and nodded at Zhou Sheng. He glanced at the wine gourd in his hand, then turned and left.

After he walked out of the small courtyard, Zhou Sheng’s originally straight posture relaxed.

He licked his lips and looked at the wine gourd in his hand. "The wine is good, just a bit lacking..."

"It's quite a lot. Half of Yunlan City's wine is in this calabash." The green-robed Zhantian Hall's Chief, Li Yungang, walked out.

"This kid is very smart. He probably knows that I'm here just by smelling the wine." Shaking his head, Li Yungang also took out a wine gourd and took a sip. "I was careless."

Zhou Sheng smacked his lips and nodded and said, "Yunlan Sword Immortal, this kid's sword intent is quite strong."

"However, if he's really as formidable as you say, are you even itching for a fight?"

Zhou Sheng had tested him earlier, and he didn't seem exceptionally strong.

"Itching for a fight?" Li Yungang's eyes gleamed, his voice lowered, "In the past 30,000 years, there haven't been many who could make me chase them for a challenge."

His words made a smile appear on Zhou Sheng's face. He clapped his hands, straightened his body, and then reached out to break off a half branch from a withered tree next to him, waving it a few times.

"He's an interesting one. Just don't die in the Bitter Immortal Realm."

"Coincidentally, that guy Xiang Tian has been causing quite a stir lately."

Saying this, he suddenly paused, looked up at Li Yungang, and asked, “Are you in the Bitter Immortal Realm for this kid, or for Xiang Tian?”

Li Yungang laughed and didn’t answer. He picked up the wine gourd and turned to leave.

Zhou Sheng glanced at his back, and the wooden branch in his hand turned into a slim, dark green sword, which he slung across his back.

Tossing his messy hair, he walked out of the small courtyard. “I’m going to take a walk. I need to find a few helpers and inform various parties...”

...

After leaving Zhou Sheng’s shop, Han Muye didn’t head straight back to his own residence. Instead, he continued walking down toward the lower parts of the city.

The higher up in Wanchong City, the neater it became. The residents were all strong cultivators. As one descended, things grew more chaotic, filled with lower-rank demons.

Wanchong City was a major city in the Bitter Immortal Realm, and both demon and human races could be seen there.

Han Muye, with his sword on his back, didn’t look too out of place as he walked along the streets.

However, most human cultivators were disheveled, unlike Han Muye, whose appearance was tidy enough to discourage others from approaching.

“Hey, handsome human, care to stay at my Chrysanthemum Pavilion? Don’t worry, we’ve got plenty of spirit stones.” On a three-story pink building, a provocatively dressed female cultivator waved her hand, trying to attract his attention.

“That appearance is not bad. I wonder if it’s some big demon in disguise?” On a building opposite, a demon with a body as large as a bucket, covered in dark blue fur, rubbed his hands together, his gaze fixed on Han Muye.

Han Muye didn’t pay attention to these people and kept walking briskly.

He only stopped in front of a simple two-story building.

“Customer, the Flying Silver in the Clear Water Crossing of the Spirit Slaying Pavilion is a masterpiece. We also have Three Spirits and Four Immortals, all top-notch. Would you like to try them?”

A horse-faced demon with a green headscarf approached politely.

Outside the small building, a rich aroma wafted through the air.

It had been many years since Han Muye had felt any kind of hunger.

But now, after taking a whiff, he felt a faint desire.

He nodded, and followed the attendant into the building. Inside, he saw many tall demons hunched over, feasting heartily.

The air was filled with the aroma of various meats.

As he entered the building, no one looked up to see him.

“Sir, the upper floor is quieter.” The horse-faced attendant seemed unperturbed by his presence as he led Han Muye to the second floor.

Chapter 1187 - 1187 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (5)

1187 My Hometown is in Hulun Bai'er (5)

Sure enough, there weren't as many people downstairs. Several small wooden tables were spaced far apart, with only three or four people sitting around each.

Han Muye sat down at a wooden table near the window and said, “Bring us your signature dishes, all of them.”

The waiter bowed happily and left the room.

Han Muye glanced at the others on the second floor. The two tall human immortal cultivators opposite him nodded slightly at him.

On the other side, a wild bull tribe member with a mane of hair and two human individuals emitting a demonic aura were sitting together.

Han Muye turned his gaze to the window, where various races of the demonic clan were bustling on the streets, creating a cacophony of shouts.

Han Muye turned to look out of the window again. Demons of different shapes and sizes walked on the streets, shouting.

Such exotic scenes were indeed interesting.

In a short while, several waiters brought various dishes to the table.

Clear soup contained lively silver fish that swam about. A tap with bamboo chopsticks caused the fish to transform into a rich fairy aura that wandered around.

This was the signature dish, Clearwater Crossing Flying Silver.

Other dishes were also unique, combining colors, fragrances, and flavors.

Han Muye ate more than usual and finally put down the chopsticks.

By now, the customers on the second floor had changed.

“Guest, are you enjoying the food?” The horse-faced waiter who had been waiting by the stairs approached with a smile on his face.

Han Muye nodded, raised his hand, took out a middle-grade spiritual rock, and placed it on the table. Then he said, “These dishes are somewhat similar to those in my hometown. You might help me find your chef. I want to ask a few questions.”

One middle-grade spiritual rock!

This table of dishes looked very immortal. If it was outside the Bitter Immortal Realm, it might be worth 10 spiritual rocks.

However, in the Bitter Immortal Realm, five spiritual rocks was enough.

Han Muye’s generosity made the waiter tremble. He quickly took the spiritual rocks and nodded and said, “I’ll invite the chef over now.”

Han Muye nodded. After a while, he saw a burly man from the Green Ox Clan in a black robe with an apron tied around his waist and a fierce face walking upstairs.

The burly man glared around, grinned, and walked to Han Muye’s table.

He was too tall and strong, so he could only bow slightly.

“Sir, did you eat well?”

“I heard that your hometown is also in the Hulun Bai’er Prairie?”

Han Muye nodded and tapped his fingers on the table. He said softly, “That’s the closest place to the sky. The blue sky and white clouds are unforgettable.”

The Green Ox clansman’s gaze landed on Han Muye’s finger, and his big eyes revealed a hint of seriousness.

“Indeed, the last thing our race can forget is our homeland, the grassland.”

With that, he grinned and said, “Well, we’re really from the same hometown. How about this? Leave some space for me. When my shop is done, I’ll bring a few side dishes to find you for a drink.”

Han Muye stood up, handed over a jade slip, and walked downstairs.

When he went downstairs, the horse-faced waiter from before came to the side of the burly man from the Green Ox Clan and asked curiously, “Brother Da Zhuang, you have such a generous fellow countryman from your hometown?”

Hearing his words, the burly man grinned and crushed the jade slip.

“What fellow countryman? I’ve been in the Bitter Immortal Realm for 3,000 years and have long forgotten what the grassland looks like. I was just chatting with him just now.

“Don’t miss out on my share of the spiritual rocks.”

With his hands behind his back, the burly man bowed and left.

The horse-faced shop assistant shook his head and muttered a few words. Then, he put on a smile and went to attract other customers.

Han Muye left the small building and did not stay in the lower city. He quickly returned to his small courtyard in the upper city.

A golden light screen rose. He sat cross-legged and took out the wooden box given by Niu Siling.

“Buying pearls and returning pearls, how interesting.” He placed his palm on the wooden box and chuckled softly.

Golden Fire behind him also flew down and stood on the wooden box, chirping softly.

“Is this the Primordial Sycamore Tree, a wood-type supreme treasure that’s as famous as the Sky-Reaching Tree?”

Pressing on the wooden box, traces of green immortal energy surged in Han Muye's palm.

When Niu Siling took out the wooden box, the golden flame hidden on his shoulder sent a message.

To the Phoenix Clan, the Primordial Sycamore Tree was an extremely important treasure.

It was said that there was a Sycamore Tree in the Cloud Nest Ridge in the Western Frontier of the Heavenly Mystic World.

The Sycamore Tree was ignited and could provide blazing flames. It could also sutra for a long time and last for 10,000 years.

This flame could not only provide power to the phoenix's nirvana, but also stimulate its own fire attribute power.

Of course, this small piece in front of him was definitely not enough.

It was not bad to let Jin Huo play with it.

Putting down the wooden box, Han Muye's gaze landed on the clueless short sword in the wooden box.

He reached out and grabbed the hilt of the sword.

The short sword was slightly heavy in his hand. The hilt was rough and ancient.

“Clang—”

When he pulled out a section, it could be seen that there were profound immortal patterns on the sword.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the immortal pattern, and his eyes flickered.

He raised his hand, and a few golden pages appeared on the table.

The legacy page of the Supreme Venerable.

Han Muye pointed at the paper and drew a few streaks of immortal light, and golden immortal patterns appeared.

“These are not immortal patterns. They are divine patterns of the Zenith Heaven Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.”

Gripping the hilt of the sword, Han Muye’s eyes gleamed with anticipation. He infused the faint immortal light and sword intent into the short sword.

“Let me see where this sword came from.”

The sword intent surged, and scenes flashed through his mind.

“Buzz!”

There was a soft sound.

The scene froze.

“Junior Brother...”

“Master said that if I came to the Fuyu Immortal Realm, I would be able to see you. It’s true.”

A middle-aged Daoist in a green and yellow Daoist robe with immortal light shining around him looked up and chuckled.

Han Muye recognized this Daoist.

Five million years ago, when the Immortal Venerable preached the Dao.

Chapter 1188 - 1188 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again

1188 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again

Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

Back then, Han Muye had seen it in the Nether Mystic Sword that Golden Immortal Ye Ming had given him.

Now, seeing it again, he finally remembered the time five million years ago when he had listened to the teachings under the Immortal Sovereign's seat alongside this figure.

At that time, this person was not even an Immortal Lord.

He was only a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

It seemed that the inheritance opportunity of the Immortal Sovereign was extraordinary, allowing him to achieve the position of Immortal Lord.

However, he died here because of the Immortal Sovereign. It was really karma.

Listening to the teachings under the Immortal Sovereign's seat, the address of 'Junior Brother' was quite impactful for Han Muye.

In his mind, Han Muye's figure condensed into a phantom. He cupped his hands and said, "Han Muye greets Senior Brother Cang Yun."

“The Baxia from back then.” Immortal Lord Cang Yun nodded and looked at Han Muye’s condensed figure. “So it’s you.”

Back then, when Han Muye listened to the Dao under the Immortal Venerable, he revealed Baxia’s true body.

All these years, the direct disciples of the Immortal Sovereign that everyone was looking for were also looking for Baxia.

Who knew that Han Muye was actually a real human?

Immortal Lord Cang Yun was an outstanding figure under the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign, but in the end, he died in the Fuyu Immortal World, leaving only this remnant soul phantom.

He did not hide anything and recounted everything he had seen and encountered in the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.

The Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm was a world of a higher level than the Immortal World. There were many experts in it, and even Immortal Lords couldn’t easily dominate there.

Only the Immortal Sovereign was a true powerhouse.

Han Muye knew all this, but hearing it from an Immortal Lord’s perspective still made the world feel vast and boundless.

“The cultivation method of my Master, it made the divine beings of the Zenith Heaven Heavenly Cycle fear,” Immortal Lord Cang Yun said in a low voice, his eyes shining brightly.

The Heavenly Cycle Array could shake the foundation of the rule of the god race.

After continuously studying the cultivation method of the Immortal Sovereign, Han Muye discovered some clues.

To overcome the strong with the weak, to accumulate power.

The Immortal Sovereign’s mastery of power had reached its peak, a grand formation capable of increasing one’s combat strength by tens of thousands of times.

How terrifying was this technique?

For the lofty divine beings, they weren’t afraid of others becoming strong; they feared weak individuals standing shoulder to shoulder with them, challenging their authority.

The Immortal Sovereign was imprisoned in the divine realm, and although the divine realm wanted to eradicate his legacy, they couldn’t.

Because the Immortal Sovereign had taken Han Muye’s advice and scattered all kinds of treasures.

The inheritance could be forsaken, but must treasures also be surrendered?

Who would be willing to give up the treasures they held?

Since they possessed treasures that held the inheritance, who would believe that they wouldn't cultivate the Immortal Sovereign's legacy?

This was truly an unsolvable dilemma.

Whether in the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm or various immortal realms, the Immortal Venerate's legacy became increasingly restricted.

"I was too impatient and didn't listen to Master's advice," Immortal Lord Cang Yun's face showed a trace of regret.

He had taken action in the divine realm, attracting powerful enemies' pursuit, ultimately fleeing with heavy injuries to the Fuyu Immortal Realm, taking refuge in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

"Did someone from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect do it?" Han Muye frowned and whispered.

According to the memories within the Clear Rain Sword, it was the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Zhu Ming from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect who came to assassinate him, ultimately perishing alongside Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

Han Muye had temporarily left the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and was now a disciple of the Sword Sect. From the actions of the Sword Sect that he had seen so far, the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was still considered an orthodox sect in the Immortal World.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, he did not want to become enemies with the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

He adhered to a righteous path in his swordsmanship, with his own principles.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect treated him well, so he didn't want to fight them head-on.

However, back then, the Sect Master of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had also listened to the Dao under the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign. If the Sect Master of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect betrayed the Immortal Venerable and attacked Han Muye, Han Muye would not hold back.

Counterattacking when cornered was to uphold justice.

"Zhu Ming?" Immortal Lord Cang Yun shook his head and said in a low voice, "He once heard the Dao under the Immortal Sovereign's seat as well, so he has some connection with us."

"He came to the Bitter Immortal Domain to help me."

"If he hadn't come, I wouldn't have had the time to set up my plan and kill the divine realm experts chasing after me."

"It's just a pity that Zhu Ming died because of me."

Sighing softly, Immortal Lord Cang Yun looked regretful.

Zhu Ming was a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal, and his cultivation and combat strength were among the best in this part of the Immortal World.

If it wasn't for Immortal Lord Cang Yun's entanglement, how could Zhu Ming have perished?

"However, I've completed my plan."

A gleam of light flickered in Immortal Lord Cang Yun's eyes as he looked at Han Muye. "Isn't there an Burial Immortal City in the Fuyu Immortal World now?"

"Doesn't the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect have a God Slaying Hall?"

"Hasn't the Iron Armor War Sect completely blocked the enemies outside Soul-Severing Valley?"

Han Muye couldn't have imagined that the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's God Slaying Hall, one of the three most dangerous places in the Fuyu Immortal World, the Burial Immortal City, and the Iron Armor War Sect that dominated that region were all related to Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

It made sense, however. Immortal Lords possessed immense power. If they were to plan, they could naturally influence an entire immortal realm.

A thought crossed Han Muye's mind as he spoke, "So what about the divine realm experts pursuing Senior Brother Cang Yun?"

Hearing his words, Immortal Lord Cang Yun burst into laughter. “Haven’t you noticed any differences between the Bitter Immortal Realm and other places?””

Differences.

Primordial force!

That formidable expert had also been slain here, and even the primordial world he had integrated into himself had been incorporated into the Bitter Immortal Realm.

That was why the Bitter Immortal Realm was filled with pervasive primordial force.

“”I used the self-detonation of my Grotto-heaven World to suppress Immortal Lord He Yuan, shattering his essence soul and Grotto-heaven.”

There was a hint of smugness in Immortal Lord Cang Yun’s words.

With his heavily injured body, he was still able to kill an expert of the same level in return. Such a feat was naturally worthy of self-satisfaction.

Cang Yun only had a remnant soul imprint left. After communicating with Han Muye for a moment, he dissipated.

This imprint could no longer be reborn; it could only transmit his thoughts.

Chapter 1189 - 1189 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (2)

1189 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (2)

Han Muye went to revisit the memories within the ancient sword, gaining a deeper understanding of the scenes witnessed by Immortal Lord Cang Yun in the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm and the Bitter Immortal Realm.

He seemed to transform into a powerful Immortal Lord, engaged in battles with the formidable experts of the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm, carrying the inheritance of an Immortal Lord, spreading it far and wide.

Refining various treasures, once again infusing the inheritance within them.

This method was exactly the same as the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign back then.

The memories and legacy of a great Immortal Lord were indeed worth Han Muye's contemplation and study.

Among the treasures of Immortal Lord Cang Yun, many also caught his interest.

The Essence Refinement Tripod, capable of refining all the myriad forces of the world into unity, was a supreme treasure of alchemy.

The Heaven Slaying Battle Halberd, seized from the hands of the divine realm's experts, contained techniques for refining the body, enabling one to temper the flesh and melt the power of the bloodline.

The Dao Forging Disc, a top-tier Immortal treasure crafted by an ancient Immortal Lord, comprised 18 pieces in a set. Unfortunately, only three remained as they were scattered.

This treasure could safeguard against all worldly forces and contained the essence of the path of time, allowing the fusion of myriad paths within the 18 discs.

A branch of the Sky-Reaching Wood was at least 100 feet long and as thick as an embrace.

...

This was the true treasure trove, incomparably richer in comparison to what Golden Immortal Ye Ming had obtained, countless times over.

Even a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal would be tempted by this, and no Immortal Lord would let such wealth slip through their fingers.

Through the memories within the short sword, Han Muye had already pinpointed the true location of this treasure trove.

His gaze fell upon the sword in his hand, a smile playing on his lips.

This sword, gifted by the Four Spirit Demon King, had excellent quality. After refining the immortal energy and sword intent, its true appearance was revealed – shimmering with golden light, interweaving brilliance atop divine patterns.

Mistaken Cloud Nine Forging Technique.

A divine realm's crafting method.

Although Han Muye wasn't proficient in crafting, his mastery of these techniques was no less than that of alchemy.

Stones from another mountain can be used to polish jade; all accumulations eventually become stepping stones for his Dao of sword cultivation.

Accumulate and then flourish.

With the investigation complete, he sheathed the short sword and looked outside the small courtyard.

With a wave of his hand, the array light in the small courtyard dissipated.

"Come in," he said lightly.

At the door, a middle-aged cultivator in a black robe walked into the small courtyard.

He moved slowly, his aura constantly changing. He first transformed into a tiger-like giant over 100 feet tall, then into a bull-headed figure with bulging muscles.

This was the Green Bull Clan chef that Han Muye had seen in the small building before, the one from the vast Hulun Bai'er Prairie.

By the time he reached Han Muye, he had turned into a 50-something old man wearing black armor, with two demonic patterns on his back resembling wings.

Seeing the golden token in Han Muye's hand, the old man's face showed respect as he clasped his fists and bowed. "Nalan Xun greets Your Excellency."

Two demonic patterns of the Demon Race and a pair of wings. This was already an extremely noble bloodline.

But the power of his bloodline was still far inferior to the bloodline power of the token held by Han Muye, the power of Zhu Ling.

Not to mention that Han Muye was the inheritor of an Immortal Lord, the master of the entire Demon Luo Clan.

"Xie Chaoyan has already told you that I came to the Bitter Immortal Realm, right?" Han Muye put away the token and said softly.

He had already arranged this with Xie Chaoyan, the ruler of the Demon Race in the Bitter Immortal Realm, in advance.

The strength of the Demon Race in the Bitter Immortal Realm was stronger than in other places.

The situation here was chaotic, and no one cared which clan belonged to the Demon Race.

Han Muye needed information from the Bitter Immortal Realm, and with the Demon Race's help, he could gather more accurate intelligence.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Nalan Xun nodded and said, "All the clansmen in our realm will listen to your orders."

"Tell me all the information about Heaven Immortal Soaring," Han Muye said with narrowed eyes.

Whether it was to rescue the Thunder Bandits group or to find the Immortal Lord's treasures, he would eventually clash with the Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian.

Moreover, with the nirvana body of the Golden Fire in his hand, Han Muye was naturally on the opposite side of Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian.

Nalan Xun nodded and whispered everything he knew about Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian and the Demon King.

Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian was a divine bird demon, but the specific clan was unclear even to the Demon Race.

However, Nalan Xun knew about Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian's cultivation methods.

A feather fan radiating immortal light, black and white divided, capable of extinguishing all things.

"The Thousand Treasures Heavenly Magnetic Fan?" Han Muye's eyes flickered, and he whispered.

He had seen such a treasured fan in the memories of Immortal Monarch Cang Yun's short sword.

It wasn't among the treasures that Immortal Lord Cang Yun distributed, but rather a treasure held by the divine realm expert he had slain.

Among them, the methods were unique to the divine realm and could suppress the power of the Immortal Realm.

No wonder it could suppress the Immortal Demon King Hun Tian's rebirth.

If it was that treasure, Han Muye had to be cautious in dealing with it as well.

The power of the Thousand Treasures Heavenly Magnetic Fan, its ability to erode, was extremely restraining for sword cultivators.

Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian rose to power after obtaining the treasured fan.

Because the forces under his command were weak, they relied entirely on plundering to sustain themselves.

Even the relatively balanced Bitter Immortal Realm was thrown into chaos, and countless lives suffered.

“Under the command of the Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, there are several other powerhouses, all with ancient primordial bloodlines.”

Nalan Xun described the powerhouses under Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian’s command in a hushed voice.

Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian was just one individual; even if his strength was overwhelming, he couldn’t possibly dominate the entire Bitter Immortal Realm.

The several demon kings under his command, along with the formidable army, were the true forces capable of swallowing the entire Bitter Immortal Realm.

“Serpent Demon King, the bloodline of the ancient divine beast, the Basilisk, can devour the world.”

The Basilisk, in fact, was an ancient ferocious beast that enjoyed killing.

During the ancient primordial era, the Basilisk lay dormant for a hundred thousand years without emerging. When it raised its head, it would swallow an entire state and millions of creatures with a single bite.

Chapter 1190 - 1190 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (3)

1190 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (3)

The serpent's sinister nature was evident.

"There is also a Nine Spirit Demon King who can create eight avatars. He is already one of the top figures among the Demon Kings of the Bitter Immortal Realm. I wonder why such powerful beings would submit to Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian."

Nalan Xun murmured, shaking his head lightly.

Although the Demon Clan was versatile and could take on various forms, they still couldn't get close to the true powerhouses and uncover the secrets of the Demon Kings.

Eight clones?

Could it possibly be nine clones?

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

Ancient Spirit Foxes could also have nine tails and nine lives, but they couldn't be considered powerhouses among divine beasts.

To become a strong Demon King in the Bitter Immortal Realm, it would require the bloodline of the Nine Infants.

Ancient ferocious beasts, nine heads and nine bodies.

The key was that both the Nine Infants and the serpent were the suppressed spirits of the powerful beings from the Divine Realm who had chased Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

Behind Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian was a powerful Immortal Lord?

If it was truly a mighty Immortal Lord, it was beyond his current capabilities to intervene.

Did Zhou Sheng and the others of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect know about this?

But that's not all. According to Nalan Xun's information, the Heaven Immortal Demon King's army had already arrived millions of miles away.

Even if the army didn't advance swiftly, if the powerhouses were to sweep through, they could reach the outskirts of Wanchong City in an instant.

After all the reports were given, Han Muye waved his hand.

“Your Excellency, I’ll arrange for two quick-witted clansmen to follow you. If you need any information, I’ll let them pass it on.” Nalan Xun bowed and said.

Then he turned and left, and by the time he walked out of the courtyard, he had once again transformed into his original human appearance.

The illusionary methods of the fiend and demon races were indeed difficult to distinguish.

After Nalan Xun left, Han Muye stood up and walked out of the small courtyard.

He wanted to find Zhou Sheng and ask him about the experts behind Heaven Immortal Soaring and see if the information about the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect could be more detailed.

As one of the major sects in the Overwhelming Rain Immortal World, it was impossible for the Profound Spirit Sword Sect to not know anything.

Just as he walked out of the small courtyard, Han Muye frowned.

In the distant sky, countless demonic qi surged!

The experts under Heaven Immortal Soaring had arrived!

“Clang—”

The sound of the golden bell resounded, and countless figures soared into the sky.

Han Muye saw a sword light flash among the figures.

Zhou Sheng also followed.

“City Lord.” Qin Zhaoyuan, who had stepped out of the courtyard beside him, quickly walked over and bowed to Han Muye.

Du Qiang and the others also gathered around with solemn expressions.

“How’s the sale of the caravan’s supplies?” Han Muye looked at Du Qiang.

Hundreds of thousands of armors and weapons were not a small number.

“Most of them have already been reserved, but...” Du Qiang’s face revealed a hint of gloom as he shook his head and said, “I’m afraid we won’t be able to collect them in time.”

Heaven Immortal Xiang Tian attacked directly. It would be fine if he could withstand it, but if he could not, there was no need to sell the armor and weapons.

“Lord Swordsman, material matters are minor. They won’t delay your important matters,” Du Qiang clasped his fist and said in a low voice, “Does the lord have any orders?”

The head of the trade caravan had already instructed them that they should follow the orders of Yunlan Sword Immortal.

In the current situation, the caravan naturally had to follow their lead.

Even if they didn't conduct this business, and even if they suffered losses, it wouldn't affect Han Muye's affairs.

To the trading companies, losses were considered investments.

Even if they didn't conduct this business, and even if they suffered losses, it wouldn't affect Han Muye's affairs.

Han Muye turned his head to look at the demonic light in the sky and pondered for a moment before saying, "We were originally planning to use your caravan to cover our journey to the territory of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian. But now, it seems that it won't work."

"You should deliver your goods first, then leave the city and meet up with us." Han Muye looked at the chaotic scene below the city walls and shook his head.

Many demons had already fled from Wanchong City.

No matter the city's strength, it was difficult to remain intact when confronted with the clash of Golden Immortal powerhouses.

Not everyone had the intention to coexist with the city.

The city's inhabitants obviously knew this as well, as they watched the city gates begin to close.

Du Qiang quickly bowed and waved his hand, sending out several golden symbols.

The guards of the caravan began to act, carrying the large crates and moving them out.

Groups of military officers and a few extraordinary high-ranking demon clan experts came running, ready to collect the armors and weapons.

"The Great City Protection Formation is about to be activated," Qin Zhaoyuan turned to look at the green leaves around him and whispered.

The entire Wanchong City was in motion, covered by countless green leaves.

Streaks of green demonic light flashed, about to condense into a green light screen.

As long as the light screen was sealed, there would be no more passageways in the void.

"Let's go." Han Muye nodded and moved, turning into a green bolt of lightning.

He activated the power of the Kui and combined it with the power of the demon bloodline to leave before the Great City Protection Formation sealed the city.

Qin Zhaoyuan also flew away.

They hadn't come to the Bitter Immortal Realm to fight with the Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian here. There was no need to be trapped in the city.

After flying a hundred miles out of the city, they could already hear the rumbling.

Turning back to look, the entire Wanchong City was covered by the green light curtain, flashing with infinite lights. Illusory branches and leaves swayed, as if trying to break through the sky.

This light screen was formed by the city's protective formation, drawing upon the power of all living beings in the city.

If Han Muye and Qin Zhaoyuan hadn't left, they would have also been drained of their power at this moment, becoming a part of the foundation of this large formation.

"This is the Bitter Immortal Realm." Qin Zhaoyuan's expression was complicated as he looked at the city of Wanchong, which was now sealed off and inaccessible. He spoke softly, "Endless chaos, low-level beings are forced to be embroiled in it, without any choice."

The suffering of the Bitter Immortal Realm lay in the fact that low-level beings had no say in the matter.

In the Fuyu Immortal World, only the Bitter Immortal Realm was in perpetual chaos and couldn't find a moment of peace.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and nodded gently.