

## **Pavilion 1191**

### **Chapter 1191 - 1191 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (4)**

#### 1191 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (4)

The suffering in the Bitter Immortal Realm was a result of the inherent nature of the demon race, but it was also intentionally stirred up by various other forces.

Behind every chaotic battle, there were instigators and hidden agendas.

The ones truly powerless were the lower-level demons and cultivators.

At this moment, he had a slight comprehension of the inheritance of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign.

Accumulation combined to form the Heavenly Cycle Array, capable of overturning heaven and earth.

This was what the powerful beings, who held themselves high above and didn't value the lives of lower-level cultivators, feared.

The strength of ants.

"City Lord, this is information about the place where the Senior passed away."

Qin Zhaoyuan raised his hand and handed a jade slip to Han Muye.

Han Muye took the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

“Spirit Enlightenment Province’s Wind Roar Ridge?”

“Is this the stronghold of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian?”

The location marked in the jade slip was evidently the foundational site of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian before his rise to power.

Coincidentally, the experts of the Thunder Bandits were also imprisoned here.

Han Muye had discussed with Immortal Lord Cang Yun before, and there had been no other Immortal Lord’s fall within the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Apart from the remnants left behind by Immortal Lord Cang Yun, there was also Zhu Ming’s final setup.

Perhaps, it was the plan left behind by the powerful being from the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm before their fall.

“If that fellow has any tricks up his sleeve, you have to be careful,” Immortal Lord Cang Yun instructed with a solemn expression.

An Immortal Lord's backup arrangements were beyond the reach of a cultivator like Han Muye, who hadn't yet reached the Golden Immortal realm.

Looking at the location Qin Zhaoyuan had given him, he wondered if it was related to Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian and the fallen expert of the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm?

"Lord Sword Immortal, Du Qiang leads a caravan with 32 guards to join us," Du Qiang, wearing black armor, approached with a bow.

Behind him, there were dozens of cultivators, all in black armor, concealing their auras.

There were both humans and demons.

Han Muye took a moment and handed the jade slip back to Qin Zhaoyuan.

"You all should go there first and gather information for me.

"I still have a few matters to attend to."

Regardless of whether the Immortal Lord's legacy was genuine or not, he would go and investigate.

Before that, he needed to activate the treasure left behind by Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

If he went to Wind Roar Ridge and conflicted with Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, he might not have another chance to stay in the Bitter Immortal Realm and search for the Immortal Lord's legacy.

Qin Zhaoyuan and Du Qiang had no objections to Han Muye's arrangements.

In moments, everyone discreetly flew away.

Han Muye also chose a direction. His sword light turned invisible and vanished.

As he flew, he could see demons in disarray everywhere.

Perhaps the battle had begun. Constant roars resonated in the distance. No one paid attention to the figures soaring through the sky. Han Muye's sword light was at its utmost speed, traversing millions of miles in a day.

Three days later, he landed before a mountain range spanning thousands of miles.

The mountain peaks were a greenish-gray, surrounded by cliffs.

At the foot of the mountain, faint sparks and flames flickered.

This was a volcano, a volcano that could erupt at any time.

Surrounding it, there were no major demon tribes, only scattered demons taking refuge in the geothermal activity.

Even if it was unknown when the earth fire would erupt, once it did, their lives would be in danger. These low-level demons would still stay here.

This was the helplessness of low-level creatures.

The power of heaven and earth was an unstoppable existence in front of them.

Stepping onto the mountain range, Han Muye raised his hand, and two swords appeared.

One was the Nether Mystic Sword that Golden Immortal Ye Ming had compensated him with, the other was the ancient sword gifted by the Four Spirit Demon King.

The swords hovered, slightly trembling, then shot forward after a gentle vibration.

The flying swords' speed was incredible, covering thousands of kilometers in half an hour.

The flying swords' speed was incredible, covering thousands of miles in half an hour.

Here was already deep within the mountain range, with intertwining smoke, clouds, and flames that turned the sky fiery red.

The two swords paused, suspended over the churning lava.

However, their positions were slightly different now.

The Nether Mystic Sword trembled slightly, as if it wanted to move forward.

The ancient sword, on the other hand, pointed downward, as if ready to plunge into the lava lake.

Han Muye stood there, his eyes shining.

Taking a deep breath, he raised his hand.

The swords returned to his grasp.

“Senior Ye Ming, we’ve found the location. Why don’t you reveal yourself?” Han Muye spoke calmly, his head slightly lowered.

Ye Ming.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming!

As soon as he finished speaking, a figure emerged from the smoke and landed before Han Muye.

“That’s true. Let me handle the rest.”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming chuckled and turned his gaze downward. “Boil the vast expanse. So, it’s a volcano. I’ve been setting up everywhere in the wastelands, hoping to find a place to refine all things.”

Raising his hand, golden immortal light shone, pressing down onto the seething lava. Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s smile grew wider.

“After all these years of searching, I’ve finally acquired all the Immortal Monarch’s legacies.”

Around him, treasures shimmering with immortal light appeared.

“Compared to the real Immortal Monarch’s legacy, what are these trinkets worth?” Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s face twisted with a hint of arrogance, as if he had finally released years of pent-up frustration.

He seemed to have found someone to confide in.

“If outsiders find out that I only obtained a treasure left behind by an Immortal Lord and don’t really have an expert backing me, how miserably will I die?”

“Do you know how agonizing it is to carry a massive secret inside, unable to share it with anyone?”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming's face displayed a hint of distortion.

Han Muye nodded.

He truly understood the torment of carrying a secret that could never be divulged to outsiders.

His transmigrated identity.

### **Chapter 1192 - 1192 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (5)**

#### **1192 The Legacy of an Immortal Lord, Meeting Golden Immortal Ye Ming Again (5)**

He had the identity of an Immortal Lord's disciple.

Various cultivation techniques that couldn't be displayed in front of outsiders.

"You don't understand!" Golden Immortal Ye Ming gritted his teeth, raising his arms. "I could have dominated a realm, but I intentionally set up a layout in the wasteland, making others wait patiently until the moment I unlock the treasure.

"Everyone lay in wait, only to drain me dry."

There were no eternal secrets in this world.



The major forces hadn't taken action against Golden Immortal Ye Ming because his value wasn't yet enough to make them confront their fabricated mighty beings.

However, once the layout of the Wilderness drew out top-secret treasures, experts would definitely snatch them.

But once the layout in the wasteland revealed the extremely secret treasure, strong ones would surely make their move to seize it. At that time, Golden Immortal Ye Ming would become expendable.

So he was afraid.

He feared waking up one day to find his abode sealed by a powerful array.

"These many years of roaming the wasteland have indeed been arduous," Han Muye nodded again, speaking softly.

Just like himself, he only dared to roam the Wasteland.

They were the same kind of people.

"Haha, it's different now," Sword Immortal Ye Ming said, looking at the magma below, his frenzied expression hard to conceal.

“As long as I obtain the true treasures of the Immortal Lord, I can rampage through the Fuyu Immortal Realm like a storm.

“At that time, let’s see who still dares to have designs on me.”

He raised his hand and pointed at Han Muye.

“You, excuse me, can disappear now.”

“Boom!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden light descended from the sky and landed on Han Muye.

A golden net, countless starlights.

To a Golden Immortal expert, Han Muye was only a Heaven Immortal.

That was all.

“You once fought Golden Immortal Shu Ming.

“You also exchanged sword strikes from a distance with the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal.”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming smiled, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes as he said lightly, "Let me see if you really have the ability to fight against a Golden Immortal."

Immortal Shu Ming was one of their own at the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

The power of that sword was something outsiders didn't know.

The Spirit Sword Golden Immortal attacked in the Burial Immortal City. No one knew how far his sword had spanned or how much power it had.

In Golden Immortal Ye Ming's opinion, Han Muye had even stolen his sword back then, although he had deliberately given it away.

Now that Han Muye had no more value to exploit, he could die.

Only a dead Han Muye could keep a secret.

"Buzz!"

The golden net enveloping Han Muye vibrated and contracted.

Ten feet.

Three feet.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming narrowed his eyes.

When the net shrank to within three feet of Han Muye, he looked relaxed and disdainful.

A sword cultivator's limit was within three feet.

Once the bottom line was broken, so what if he was a Sword Immortal?

Life and death were in his grasp.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming raised his hand.

Then he slightly froze.

Han Muye, who was enveloped by the net in front of him, also raised his hand.

Both swords pointed forward at the same time.

"Slash—"

The golden net was lifted by the sword edge, and golden proficiency light flashed. The sword light spun and wrapped the net around the sword, turning into golden immortal patterns.

A rare immortal treasure, consumed like this?

A look of astonishment flashed across Golden Immortal Ye Ming's face. He had yet to clench his open hand.

In front of a Void Heaven Immortal, he, a Golden Immortal, was surprisingly at a loss.

"So, this is a volcano..."

Han Muye looked around, his expression revealing an indescribable emotion that made Golden Immortal Ye Ming's heart tremble.

"This is the arrangement left behind by Senior Brother Cang Yun back then as a method to suppress the experts of the Divine Realm at the last moment.

"Unfortunately, it was never used."

Senior Brother Cang Yun!

Suppressing the experts of the Divine Realm!

Golden Immortal Ye Ming widened his eyes.

Could these words be spoken by a mere Void Heaven Immortal cultivator?

“Who, who exactly are you?” He looked at Han Muye, his voice trembling.

“Who, who am I?” Han Muye whispered.

Even he found this question hard to answer.

If possible, he wished he hadn’t transmigrated.

If possible, he wished he was still the sword caretaker on the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier.

If possible, he wished he could peacefully cultivate with his Dao companion in the Heavenly Mystic World.

If possible, he didn’t want the inheritance that spanned five million years.

But since everything had already happened, it was now in his hands!

As a sword cultivator, all opportunities were seized with the sword in hand.

He couldn't abandon his opportunities either.

“Clang—”

Both swords soared.

Golden sword light, infused with the power of the absorbed immortal treasure, flickered, already surrounding Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

No more words.

Neither Han Muye nor Golden Immortal Ye Ming spoke.

Both of them had revealed their greatest secrets. Today, only one of them could leave.

“Clang—”

Han Muye's sword was blocked by the three shields in Golden Immortal Ye Ming's hands.

Then, 3,000 green-gray mountain peaks smashed down on Han Muye's head.

Ten bursts of gusty wind exploded, forming black palms that slammed down on Han Muye.

A green rope appeared around Han Muye, morphing into a thousand-foot-long serpent.

The techniques of a Golden Immortal were shown without restraint.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming, a formidable one who had roamed the Wasteland for countless years, was lethal when he attacked.

But Han Muye, who was in front of him, was no longer hiding.

It was impossible to hide from a Golden Immortal in front of him.

"Boom!"

The Kui phantom was beside him.

Innumerable longswords transformed into a dragon, and a nine-story sword tower lined up.

Sword intent.



Battle intent.

Killing intent.

Spiritual energy turned into a thread.

The Primordial Spirit Sword floated in the air.

10,000 swords merged as one.

In this moment, with this one sword, Han Muye displayed his strongest strike!

The sword light condensed and slashed down.

No matter your techniques, I'll only attack with only one strike.

In that instant of the sword's condensation, the magma below began to boil and surge, like waves stirred.

"I—I know who you are—"

Golden Immortal Ye Ming widened his eyes and let out a resounding roar as he watched the sword advance forward, breaking through everything in its path.

“Boom!”

The sword fell.

### **Chapter 1193 - 1193 Inheritance and Transcendence**

#### 1193 Inheritance and Transcendence

Sword light gleamed, instantly appearing above the head of Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

“Boom!”

Space shattered, inch by inch, space piled up, then twisted.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s expression changed dramatically. In his hand, a piece of ancient bronze-colored copper ring transformed into a blue dragon, colliding directly with the sword light.

The bronze ring on the Demon Gathering Bell.

The yellow dragon collided with the long sword and instantly shattered.

The sword light continued to descend, cutting through layered space.

This sword spanned only dozens of feet, yet it had already traversed countless spaces, slicing through vast stretches of emptiness.

This sword was the opposite of the sword struck by the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal initially, but it carried a similar resonance.

The Spirit Sword Golden Immortal's strike was executed from millions of miles away, while Han Muye struck from a distance of merely a hundred feet.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming's expression was ugly as he stared at the sword light above him, and his hair ornament turned into a golden lotus flower.

The sword light that shattered the blue dragon collided with the golden lotus transformed from Golden Immortal Ye Ming's hair ornament, and layer after layer of petals clashed with the long sword, ultimately breaking apart.

"Bang!"

The golden lotus petals turned into scattered fragments, and Golden Immortal Ye Ming's ash-white hair scattered.

The sword light did not diminish and was about to split him in half.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming gritted his teeth and raised his hands.

Two golden dragon scales spun in his palm, emitting a blazing light.

These two dragon scales seemed to have extraordinary origins. A pair of dragon claws emerged from the blood-colored light and blocked the longsword.

The sword light and the blood light eroded each other.

“Bang!”

The dragon scales shattered as the sword beam struck Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s chest and slowly dissipated.

Impacted by this strike, Golden Immortal Ye Ming was sent back 100,000 feet by the sword. His face was pale as he spat out a mouthful of golden blood.

He raised his hand and waved. The void behind him surged.

He summoned the power of the Grotto-heaven World into his body to heal.

“Space blockade?” His expression became even grimmer.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming, who initially intended to utilize the power of his Grotto-heaven World to heal his injuries, suddenly realized that he could not draw its power here.

The space here was unexpectedly sealed off.

What kind of power could lock down the space of a Golden Immortal?

He looked up at Han Muye and lowered his voice. “Immortal Venerable’s disciple? An Immortal Lord’s setup.”

This entire volcano was set up by Immortal Lord’s hand, specifically to intercept powerful beings from the Divine Realm.

Here, all spatial forces were cut off.

Even the Grotto-heavens of Divine Realm Immortal Lord-level experts couldn’t be invoked here.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s expression turned serious, and around him, golden pills emerged one by one.

He didn’t possess the strength of an Immortal Monarch, and it was even less likely that his Grotto-heaven could break through the sealing of heaven and earth.

At this moment, the only option was to fight, to kill Han Muye, to escape alive.

That was good too. This place was isolated from the world, making it impossible for even an Immortal Lord to ascertain what was happening here. This allowed him to use the means he couldn't reveal elsewhere.

"Hehe, Grotto-heaven Heaven Immortal, an ant."

A pale yellow dragon shadow appeared on Golden Immortal Ye Ming's disheveled hair.

Golden dragon horns grew on his head, and his bare palms were covered in golden dragon scales.

Ancient Azure Dragon Bloodline!

But this Azure Dragon Bloodline was significantly thicker than the one of the Heavenly Mystic Marquis Wu.

A true primordial bloodline!

A killing intent appeared in Han Muye's eyes.

This was the Primordial Azure Dragon bloodline being extracted and refined into his body.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming had slain an Ancient Azure Dragon before.

Such a heinous act had to be avenged!

Sword light converged once more around Han Muye.

This strike was even more intense than the previous ones.

“Roar—”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming charged forward.

Behind him, immortal light flashed. Immortal treasures mobilized the Heaven and Earth powers and surrounded Han Muye.

Even if this space was locked, the Heaven and Earth powers within 5,000 kilometers were still present.

As a Golden Immortal expert, Golden Immortal Ye Ming immediately controlled the Heaven and Earth powers.

As a Golden Immortal, killing a Grotto-heaven Heaven Immortal and drawing the Heaven and Earth powers was already akin to an eagle hunting a rabbit.

“Clang—”

The sword light gathered in Han Muye’s hand clashed with the claws of the Azure Dragon and shattered.

Golden Immortal Ye Ming reached out with his hand, and the sword light rose again.

The sword light in front of Han Muye gathered for the third time.

This time, the sword light was even more brilliant and icy than the previous two times.

“Clang—”

Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s Azure Dragon phantom was killed, and the outstretched dragon claw was blocked by a sword.

The sword light shattered once again.

One strike, two shattered sword lights. Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s strength clearly suppressed Han Muye.

However, at this moment, Golden Immortal Ye Ming’s expression grew even graver.



With the power of a Golden Immortal, he could barely suppress a Void Heaven Immortal. Could there really be such a formidable Void Heaven Immortal in the world?

Moreover, Han Muye's sword light was clearly getting stronger and stronger!

"Golden Immortal Spirit Sword?" Golden Immortal Ye Ming looked at the sword light gathering for the fourth time, uttering a surprised whisper.

This sword light had already become so intense that it was almost blinding to look at.

Such a sword could even kill a Void Transformation expert with a single strike.

This was only the fourth gathering. What about the fifth, sixth, seventh?

I can't wait any longer! he thought.

Taking a deep breath, Golden Immortal Ye Ming raised his hand.

With his qi and blood concentrated, he used his hand to fix the immortal treasures floating behind him.

Each of these treasures, if used appropriately, could kill Void Transformation Heaven Immortals.

Yet, Golden Immortal Ye Ming, despite having so many treasures in his possession, hadn't fully harnessed their combat strength.

This was because he hadn't gained their complete acknowledgment.

That was why, over these years, he had been searching for the Immortal Lord's inheritance.

Only by obtaining the legacy of a true Immortal Lord could one obtain the recognition of an Immortal Lord and refine these immortal treasures.

Even if he could completely refine just one immortal treasure, his combat strength would be much more formidable.

"Buzz!"

The 31 immortal treasures shook, causing the void to shatter.

The power of these treasures seemed to be on the brink of breaking through the spatial blockade.

"Go to hell," Golden Immortal Ye Ming shouted, and the treasures locked onto Han Muye, crashing down with a resounding boom.

Gathering the power of 31 treasures, he directly blocked all of Han Muye's retreat paths.

**Chapter 1194 - 1194 Inheritance and Transcendence (2)**

## 1194 Inheritance and Transcendence (2)

Even Golden Immortal experts of the same level as Golden Immortal Ye Ming could not withstand this strike.

Furthermore, the space here was sealed. Without the augmentation of the Grotto-heaven World, how could it withstand the attack of 31 treasures?

Only then did Golden Immortal Ye Ming heave a sigh of relief.

Today's battle could be said to be the most difficult and dangerous for him in tens of thousands of years.

Not only did he use all his methods, but he was also suppressed by aVoid Heaven Immortal.

Fortunately, now that he had locked onto the other party with a treasure, everything would end after this attack.

When he thought about the true legacy that he would soon obtain, his heart burned with passion again.

He looked up at Han Muye with surprise.

It was too calm.

At this moment, Han Muye was not flustered at all.

Could it be that he still had a backup plan?

This fellow was just a Void Heaven Immortal. He was simply like an Immortal Lord

Immortal Lord!

Golden Immortal Ye Ming widened his eyes.

He saw Han Muye slowly raise his hand.

The 31 immortal treasures suddenly trembled, then as if they had heard an order, they remained motionless.

A war halberd imbued with a dark blood-red glow flashed out from the lava, already positioned before Han Muye.

A halberd with a dark blood light flashed from the lava and was already in front of Han Muye.

"If not for these treasures, it wouldn't have been easy for me to find the real legacy," Han Muye finally said.

The 31 treasures directly caused the true treasures to fly out.

However, the refined essence tripod that could smelt everything in the world was the foundation of this volcano.

The Heaven Slaying Battle Halberd was a treasure of the Divine Clan. The murderous aura within it blocked all detection.

“Buzz!”

The void trembled, and three green jade discs rotated into view.

The Dao Forging Disc was activated by this treasure. It combined with other treasures to seal the space.

From the beginning of this battle, it wasn't Han Muye who was in control but rather the countless years of planning by the Immortal Lord Cang Yun.

Not to mention Golden Immortal Ye Ming, even a Divine Realm expert could only die.

“Slash—”

The dark red war halberd flickered and collided with Golden Immortal Ye Ming's chest.

Blood light enveloped Golden Immortal Ye Ming, as if a cocoon of blood shivered continuously.

Han Muye extended his hand, extracting a strand of blood thread from the halberd.

The threads of blood intertwined, slowly condensing into a golden blood drop with flying golden dragon shadows.

Azure Dragon bloodline.

When the blood drop reached the size of a fist, the cocoon in front of it exploded.

The emaciated form of Golden Immortal Ye Ming, reduced to mere bones, slowly lifted his head and glanced at Han Muye, then at the treasures swirling around him.

“Hehe, in the end, everything is just an illusion...”

As his voice fell, his body slowly dissipated.

A Golden Immortal who once roamed the wastelands fell in an unknown corner of the Bitter Immortal Realm.

Han Muye watched him leave, and the light in his eyes slowly faded.

In the world of cultivation, life and death were fleeting.

Yet, to dissipate after a lifetime of cultivation, how cruel that was.

However, over the countless years, Golden Immortal Ye Ming's countless years of using any means necessary, causing so much senseless slaughter, extracting power from the Azure Dragon bloodline to refine his body—given today's outcome, it seemed almost preordained.

Karma?

Upon reaching the realm of Human Immortals, one can sever karma. Looking at it now, that was merely the first layer of karma.

The longer one cultivates, the more entangled their karma becomes, ultimately leading to their downfall.

The Great Dao was like chains, and the heavens and earth were a cage.

At this moment, surrounded by numerous treasures and with the power of Immortal Lords at his disposal, Han Muye had a realization that far exceeded the scope of his own cultivation.

The comprehension of an Immortal Lord!

This was the comprehension of a mighty figure who had reached the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Realm and was only a step away from the peak of the world.

“No wonder Immortal Lord Cang Yun still listens to the teachings of the Immortal Sovereign and seeks the elusive future.”

Being in it, he had no choice but to accept it.

On Han Muye’s body, a dormant fighting intent radiated, like a sword that could pierce the sky.

Sword light gleamed, causing all the treasures around him to resonate.

It turned out that whether Golden Immortals or Immortal Lords, they weren’t beyond reach!

Just like everyone else, they were trapped within the cage of the heavens and earth!

At this moment, the power of Han Muye’s divine soul continued to rise, far surpassing his own realm of cultivation.

He had already used the power of the Fragmented Gold Ants to refine his divine soul’s power, making it much stronger than his cultivation level.

The instant he comprehended the mindset of an Immortal Lord, his divine soul’s power instantly entered a mysterious realm.



Heaven Immortal, perfected!

This was the power of his divine soul that touched upon the realm of Golden Immortals.

Faint divine light emanated from the treasures around his body, intertwining with Han Muye's divine soul radiance.

The golden divine soul light intertwined, enveloping Han Muye's entire body, as if undergoing continuous sublimation.

Indeed, since entering the Fuyu Immortal Realm, Han Muye's divine soul power had never experienced such a rapid advancement.

Within his mind, within the divine treasure, the sound of a mysterious murmur echoed.

Standing with closed eyes, Han Muye was surrounded by radiance, blending continuously.

Preaching the Dao.

Instruction.

Clarification.

With the assistance of these treasures, Immortal Lord Cang Yun, also a disciple of the Immortal Monarch, conveyed his own path of cultivation to Han Muye.

His countless years of cultivation and insights were freely given to Han Muye without reservation.

When Han Muye opened his eyes, the radiance around his body had already vanished.

All the treasures sank into his dantian's sea of qi, gradually nurturing them.

The lava below slowly receded, and the clouds between the heavens and earth around him dissipated.

"Thank you, Senior Brother."

Han Muye bowed gently to the empty expanse of heaven and earth, speaking softly.

It was precisely due to countless cultivators like Immortal Lord Cang Yun in the world that the path of cultivation can continue without end.

Even the weakest in the world can defy the heavens and reach the Ninth Heaven, all because of these legacies.

**Chapter 1195 - 1195 Inheritance and Transcendence (3)**

### 1195 Inheritance and Transcendence (3)

Since he was born into this world, why couldn't he step into the sky?

Since he arrived in this cultivation world, why couldn't Han Muyue also reach the pinnacle of that world, to catch a glimpse of the scenery?

The aura all over Han Muyue turned faint, dissipating the accumulated bloodthirsty aura.

What he sought was the grand Dao of heaven and earth, to observe the worldly scenery, not to engage in ruthless battles with others.

Cultivation was not just about killing. It was also about upholding justice.

Ever since he came to the Fuyu Immortal World, the battles he had fought along the way and the killing power he had accumulated, all converged into the sword in his mind.

The sword vibrated and roared, the sword light converged, transforming into a simple and unadorned green-black sword, plain and unpretentious.

Treasures keep themselves hidden.

Han Muye displayed his robe, his figure moved, and the sword light shot straight up into the sky.

Having concluded matters here, it was time to head to the Wind Roar Ridge in the Qiling Province.

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The forceful gusts of wind swirled and howled, the sound was piercing between heaven and earth.

Amongst the undulating mountains, there were scattered boulders, resembling the hilt of a broken sword.

This was the Wind Roar Ridge.

“Boom!”

A sound of explosion, a golden blade light gleamed.

Then, faint purple lightning intertwined with the blade light, colliding and shattering the blade light.

“Big sister, hurry and go!”

A loud shout, Qin Zhaoyuan, his body covered in purple lightning, threw a punch that sent the black-armored leopard-headed giant man in front of him flying tens of thousands of feet away.

Behind him, dozens of figures shielded a woman who was covered in blood and had a pale face, rushing out.

It was said that everyone in the Thunder Bandits were orphans. They were raised by an elderly man with the surname Qin when they were young. After the old man passed away, his only daughter, Qin Ziyue, took on the responsibility of caring for the orphans.

Qin Ziyue was also respected as the eldest sister by the group of Thunder Bandits.

At this moment, Qin Zhaoyuan was doing his best to save Qin Ziyue, who was imprisoned in the Wind Roar Ridge.

With the help of the Zhulong Trading Company, they were lucky enough to deal with the guards and save Qin Ziyue, whose cultivation was restricted. However, they were intercepted halfway as they tried to leave.

Wind Roar Ridge was Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian's foundation. It was too difficult to save people in such a place.

The army intercepted them. If not for Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian taking the experts away, they would have been captured.

Qin Zhaoyuan's strength was formidable, but it wasn't enough to break through the interception.

"Boom!"

Qin Zhaoyuan struck out with another punch, and a roaring purple lion's shadow manifested. Three magnificent beams of light descended from the front, shattering the shadow of his fist, then forming a net of light that ensnared the lion.

"Disperse!" A cold voice sounded.

"Bang!"

The golden net of light directly shattered the lion's shadow.

Qin Zhaoyuan's face turned pale, and he staggered back a few steps.

"Purple Lightning Heavenly Net!"

He looked astonished, watching the three figures descending.

Three individuals clad in leather armor, holding pale golden spears in their hands, stood solemnly and calmly.

"Qin Ziyue, you can't escape." The person in the lead looked at Qin Ziyue, who was being supported, with coldness in his eyes.

Qin Ziyue looked up with a hint of disdain on her pale face.

“Purple Lightning, Thunder, Gale. We Thunder Bandits are as renowned as you Purple Lightning Bandits. What a shame.”

With a cold laugh, Qin Ziyue said, “This supposed dominance in the Immortal Domain is nothing more than being hounds for Xiang Tian.

“Or maybe I should say, you’ve been well-trained by Xiang Tian.”

Her words caused anger to surface on the faces of the Thunder Bandits around her.

Be it Gale or Thunder, although they had the support of forces behind them, they were not at the mercy of others.

Originally, Purple Lightning was the same. They were unique and seen as a model for resisting oppression in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

However, when Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian swept through the Bitter Immortal Realm, the inhabitants realized that there were traces of the Purple Lightning Bandits within the Immortal Demon King’s army.

These Purple Lightning Bandits, who wielded purple war spears, were fast and powerful, serving as scouts and reconnaissance for the Immortal Demon King’s forces, putting forth their utmost effort.

Such performance caused quite a stir in the entire Bitter Immortal Realm.

“Xiang Tian’s hounds?” The leading Purple Lightning Bandit expert shook his head and said indifferently, “Ignorant ants, how do you know how noble our Purple Lightning Guard is?”

“Hmph, of course these worms from the lower realm can’t—” The Purple Bandit beside him stopped mid-sentence.

“Kill.”

Without hesitation, three purple lightning bolts flashed and smashed towards Qin Zhaoyuan.

“Sixth Master, be careful.”

Du Qiang, who stood behind, shouted, and his figure appeared beside Qin Zhaoyuan. He waved a golden folding fan in his hand.

The folding fan collided with Qin Zhaoyuan’s fist, hitting the three strands of lightning.

Du Qiang was sent flying, while Qin Zhaoyuan’s body was locked by three bolts of lightning.

“Scattered remnants of primordial bloodlines, not very useful. Let’s collect them first.” The leading Purple Bandit said with a low growl. He manipulated a strand of dark gold lightning with his spear and sent it towards Qin Zhaoyuan.

Behind Qin Zhaoyuan, a group of Thunder Bandits and the guards of the Zhulong Trading Company shouted and rushed forward, but they were stopped by a bolt of lightning.



In front of him, dozens of Purple Lightning Bandit experts, who were also wearing leather armor and holding purple battle spears, appeared.

“Quickly protect Big Sister and leave this place!” Qin Zhaoyuan gritted his teeth. Lightning surged from his body, turning into a lightning ball.

This was the reversal of his bloodline’s power.

The power of the Purple Lightning Lion bloodline worked like this: when it raged, it could gather ten times or even dozens of times the strength, fierce and unyielding.

But after one battle, his strength dissipated, and his bones were shattered.

Among the Thunder Bandits, several experts had died like this.

The courage of the Thunder Bandits in their fearlessness of death.

“Sixth Brother...” Tears welled up in Qin Ziyue’s eyes, but she was powerless to intervene.

Her strength was suppressed, her Grotto-heaven shattered. If it wasn’t for her bloodline still having some utility, she might have already been slain.

The ball of light around Qin Zhaoyuan blazed brightly, finally enveloping him and transforming him into a 100-foot-tall purple lion.

#### **Chapter 1196 - 1196 Inheritance and Transcendence (4)**

#### 1196 Inheritance and Transcendence (4)

The raging lion roared, its anger converging into thousands of lightning balls.

In front, whether it was the skilled Purple Lightning Bandits experts or the generals under the command of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, they all had to retreat.

“Reverse your bloodline, transform into an ancient beast of chaos, not content with being human, yet acting like a beast.”

“Hmph, stubborn fool.”

A voice sounded, and a middle-aged cultivator in a purple robe and radiating golden immortal light descended.

Behind him, 13 purple war spears floated.

“It’s you!” Qin Ziyue exclaimed softly when she saw the figure flying down.

“Yunlan Dao Sect’s Bai Yunzi, are you the Purple Lightning King?”

Bai Yunzi, an elite of the Yunlan Dao Sect, was known as the strongest of the younger generation to reach the level of a Golden Immortal.

Such a figure turned out to be the most mysterious Purple Lightning King among the Purple Lightning Bandits!

With Bai Yunzi's arrival today, the alliance between the Dao Sect and Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian was no longer concealed, was it?

"Wanchong City has already been taken, and 70 percent of the Bitter Immortal Realm is already controlled by Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian. Do you think you still have a chance to escape?"

Bai Yunzi's gaze fell on the purple lion that Qin Zhaoyuan had transformed into, and his eyes gleamed with insight.

"The Mad Lion "The Furious Lion is best suited for guarding, and I still need a guardian beast for my cave. Come with me, and I'll spare your life."

Turning to look at Qin Ziyue, Bai Yunzi said lightly, "If it weren't for the fact that the Immortal Demon King needs the power of your bloodline, I might consider taking you with us."

"Roar—"

Qin Zhaoyuan, transformed into a purple lion, leaped into the air, and the purple lightning balls around him smashed toward Bai Yunzi.

The violent lightning unleashed by these lightning balls turned the surrounding void into nothingness.

In the sky, Qin Zhaoyuan's Grotto-heaven emerged, filled with thunder and lightning that merged with the purple lightning balls, crashing down towards Bai Yunzi.

Without the power of Void Transformation, a Heaven Immortal would definitely not be able to withstand this strike.

"Hmph, it's just the power of an ant." Watching the scattered lightning, Bai Yunzi coldly snorted, raised his hand, and 13 purple spears flew out directly.

The electric lights and lightning balls on the spears collided.

Those lightning balls were instantly dissipated.

Crushed!

The lightning formed from the ancient lion's bloodline, before the purple spear, was completely suppressed and absorbed.

"Little Six, he's using the Dao Sect's Lightning Fire Technique, condensing the clouds and lightning of heaven and earth. Your bloodline power is thin, you can't block it."

Qin Ziyue shouted, her eyes flashing with purple golden light.

She took a step forward, and monstrous lightning surged around her.

The lightning transformed into a giant hand, grabbing Qin Zhaoyuan's body and gently pressing down.

Qin Zhaoyuan reverted to his human form, a look of sorrow on his face.

"Big sister!" He gritted his teeth and cried out.

"Little Six, from now on, I'll leave Thunder Bandits to you," Qin Ziyue said softly, and the lightning on her body became intense.

The shadow of a 10,000-foot-tall purple lion appeared and dissipated.

When she reappeared, she had already transformed into a purple ancient lion divine beast, the Thunder-Devouring Lion.

This was a powerful bloodline that could stand at the forefront even in the chaos, the ancestral origin of the Purple Thunder Lion, possessing formidable flesh and control over the power of thunder.

"Hehe, this is what the Demon King needs." Bai Yunzi chuckled, a smug expression on his face.

“General Scarlet Feather, the bloodline of the Heaven-Devouring Thunder Lion has been activated. I’ll leave the rest to you.” Golden lightning flashed on Bai Yunzi’s body.

On the Wind Roar Ridge, a fire cloud descended.

A bird-headed general clad in scarlet battle robes transformed his twin blades into a chain thousands of zhang long and wrapped it around the Thunder-Devouring Lion.

“Take the others away, as promised by the Demon King.” The bird-headed general spoke with a low growl as the chain bound the Thunder-Devouring Lion.

“Scarlet Feather Demon King, this, a great demon king has submitted...” Du Qiang looked at the general who had locked the lightning lion in place with a single strike and muttered to himself, his face pale.

A Grand Demon King was at least at the peak of the Void Transformation level.

Would such a powerhouse also submit?

“Haha, then I won’t stand on ceremony. My Dujin Valley is currently lacking miners.” Bai Yunzi laughed and waved his hand.

Purple spears descended one after another, igniting purple lightning and forming a golden net.

Whether it was the Thunder Bandits or Du Qiang and the other experts of the Zhulong Trading Company, they were all locked in electric light.

The intertwining electric light dragged everyone and flew towards the sky.

At this moment, a voice sounded.

“Do you think you can take away the people of my Zhulong Trading Company just because you want to?”

A dragon claw smashed down, shattering the lightning.

“Clang—”

On the other side, a sword beam tore through the sky and slashed down at Scarlet Feather’s head.

“Birdman.” A scolding voice sounded.

#### **Chapter 1197 - 1197 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord**

1197 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord

Sword light, dragon claws.

The dragon claws were swift, but the sword light was even swifter.

Golden sword shadows flashed as they tore through the void and slashed at Scarlet Feather's head.

"Bang!"

The body of Scarlet Feather transformed into a thousand-foot-long golden-winged bird. His body was covered in flames as he opened his mouth to bite the sword.

However, the sharpness of the sword light completely exceeded his imagination.

With a slash of the sword, the thousand-foot-long golden-winged bird's body was split into two!

On the other side, the dark dragon claw tore apart the lightning with a single claw.

"Zhulong Trading Company's Chen Zhulong!"

"The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Zhou Sheng!"

Two figures descended, causing Bai Yunzi and Zi to exclaim in surprise.

He was not the only one. The demons under the Purple Lightning Bandits and Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian retreated in panic.



To be able to slay the Scarlet Feather Demon King with a single sword, such strength in battle, who would dare to face it directly?

The Zhulong Trading Company and the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect were a large trading company that dominated the Bitter Immortal Realm. The other was a top sect in the Fuyu Immortal Realm. Regular people wouldn't dare provoke either of them.

"Bai Yunzi, you're quite disappointing." Zhou Sheng brushed his hair aside with a disdainful expression. "Dao Sect, bah!"

Bai Yunzi's face turned red, but he didn't speak.

Chen Zhulong snorted coldly and turned to look at the nearby Wind Roar Ridge.

"Scarlet Feather, since we're here, there's no need to hide.

"I know you're about to step into the realm of Golden Immortals. Why bother with a mere incarnation?"

Chen Zhulong's voice resounded, suppressing even the endless gusts of wind.

The entire Wind Roar Ridge trembled and reverberated.

“Chen Zhulong, hehe, Torch Dragon.” In the void, the previously slain Scarlet Feather Demon King’s figure reappeared, emanating mysterious demonic light, illuminating the surroundings.

“Zhou Sheng, impressive sword technique.” Scarlet Feather, dressed in fiery red armor, fixed his gaze on Zhou Sheng, his eyes filled with hatred.

“So, you really want to kill me...”

Hearing his words, Zhou Sheng raised his sword and said coldly, “Birdman.”

The Scarlet Feather Demon King’s body surged with intense demonic energy and bloodthirsty aura. With a long roar, he spread his wings from his back.

“Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, once Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian rules over the Fuyu Immortal World, your Mystic Spirit Sword Sect will definitely be the first to be destroyed!”

A fiery light turned into a blade of light and exploded. Thousands of streams of light flew down and enveloped Zhou Sheng’s body.

Each of the light blades seemed to be compressed by the power that tore through the mountains before appearing, gathering the Heaven and Earth powers.

Each blade of light emitted a greenish-purple stream of light behind it.

Just this light blade alone could directly shatter a Heaven Immortal’s Grotto-heaven.

As expected, Scarlet Feather had already reached the threshold of the Golden Immortal realm!

Below, all the immortal cultivators and demons who had yet to reach the Void Transformation realm trembled.

Qin Ziyue, who had transformed into the Heaven Devouring Lion, turned around. The lightning on her body condensed into a light screen that enveloped the pale-faced Qin Zhaoyuan and the others.

Chen Zhulong also raised his hand to protect all the people from the Zhulong Trading Company.

Bai Yunzi raised her hand, and the purple war spear behind her mobilized the power of the Purple Lightning Bandits, forming a wall of lightning.

The battle between the two Golden Immortal experts was so close. Who would dare to treat it carelessly?

As the blade of light descended, Zhou Sheng's expression remained unchanged. With a swing of his sword, he blocked all the streams of light.

"Boom!"

The exploding stream of light tore apart a radius of 10,000 feet.

The entire space turned into a black void.

“Zhou Sheng, you will stay in my Wind Roar Ridge today!” Scarlet Feather roared. Far away, on Wind Roar Ridge, a golden demonic light poured into his body.

He was using the power of the array to strengthen himself.

The foundation of Heaven Immortal Soaring was the array formation’s strength. After enveloping Scarlet Feather, a second pair of scarlet feathers immediately spread out behind him.

“Bai Yunzi, restrain Chen Zhulong.” The flapping wings of Scarlet Feather roared at the sky as he pointed his two sabers at Zhou Sheng.

“Once I take down this old thing, I’ll capture everyone in the Zhulong Trading Company in one fell swoop!”

With a tremor of his twin swords, he unleashed the power of heaven and earth.

Zhou Sheng spat, his expression slightly solemn. He thrust his sword, entangling it with the twin swords.

“Bai Yunzi, are you really going to provoke Zhulong Trading House?” Chen Zhulong radiated golden light. An arrogant dragon shadow appeared behind him as he turned his head to look at Bai Yunzi, speaking in a deep voice.

“Senior Chen, you shouldn’t have come.” Bai Yunzi raised the war spear in his palm.

Behind him, a purple-gold lunar wheel emerged.

“Purple Lightning Guards, gather the lightning.” With a low shout, all the Purple Lightning Bandits behind him flew over. The lightning on their bodies melded with their power and formed a battle formation.

“You Daoists are crazy.” Chen Zhulong gritted his teeth and raised his hands. The golden dragon claws reappeared.

Behind him, an illusory world appeared. In the world, countless dragon shadows roared.

“Gone mad?” Bai Yunzi sneered, a boundless fighting intent emanating from his spear. He pressed down on Chen Zhulong, a true Golden Immortal.

“The Heavenly Radiance Sect think they are the legitimate successors of the demon tribes, but they don’t know that Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian is the true one!”

“How could you know the might of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian?”

“Boom!”

The long spear clashed with the dragon claw. Bai Yunzi and the lightning behind him exploded, and the dragon claw became faint.

After this strike, instead of being daunted, Bai Yunzi revealed a pleased expression.

“Immortal Demon King, please help me defy the heavens and slay the immortals!” With a wild roar, the purple full moon wheel behind Bai Yunzi transformed into countless talismans, each of which emitted a bolt of lightning.

“Cloud Lightning Heavenly Wheel, the Yunlan Dao Sect has entrusted this treasure to you.” Chen Zhulong’s expression turned grave. He took a deep breath, his blood and qi roiling. The dragon claw between his palms solidified.

“Buzz!”

Between heaven and earth, countless blood-red demonic lights suddenly flickered, descending like layers of layers of gauze.

#### **Chapter 1198 - 1198 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord (2)**

#### 1198 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord (2)

Seeing the demonic light appear, both Bai Yunzi and Scarlet Feather revealed looks of joy.

This was the power bestowed by Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian’s divine power!

The demonic light descended, and Zhou Sheng’s sword visibly slowed down.

On the other side, Chen Zhu Long let out a muffled grunt.

Conversely, the Scarlet Feather Demon King's blade glowed even more intensely.

With the enhancement of the demonic light, Bai Yunzi's electric radiance became dazzling to the extreme.

"Daoist Heavenly Wheel, endless cloud lightning. This is the pinnacle of Heaven and Earth Lightning Dao!" Bai Yunzi, empowered by the demonic light, summoned a bolt of lightning to strike down.

Chen Zhulong gritted his teeth and struck out with his palm, colliding with the lightning.

Then, he was enveloped by the lightning, and his dragon scales cracked all over.

"Roar—"

His body uncontrollably transformed into the illusion of a towering Torch Dragon phantom.

This was a manifestation of his power being shaken to the point where he couldn't control it.

Surprisingly, this lightning could harm him, an accomplished Golden Immortal!

“Haha, Heavenly Cloud Lightning, the pinnacle of all lightning. Today, I...” Bai Yunzi laughed arrogantly and brought down the lightning with both hands.

However, before he could finish his words, a sword light descended from the sky, slashing toward him.

He sneered and knocked the lightning away.

The power of lightning and thunder was the nemesis of sword cultivators.

What sword cultivators in the world did not dare to face head-on was the power of lightning and thunder.

A sword cultivator who dared to attack in front of his lightning bolt had a death wish!

“Boom!”

The lightning enveloped the sword light.

Lightning flashed.

In the next moment, all the lightning disappeared, and Han Muye, wielding a long sword, stepped forward.



The lightning dissipated.

A moment of silence engulfed the whole world.

Bai Yunzi's mouth hung open, his face filled with confusion.

Chen Zhulong clenched his fists slightly.

Qin Zhao Yuan's excitement showed on his face, muttering softly, "I knew he would come..."

Beside him, Qin Ziyue, who had transformed into a lion, had a glint of determination in her eyes.

"This kid actually came..." Zhou Sheng murmured, a few faint halos of light appearing around his sword. His aura also gained a touch of seriousness compared to before.

"The pinnacle of all lightning?" Han Mu Ye's expression remained calm as he looked at Bai Yun Zi, pointing his sword forward. "Purple Lightning King?"

Bai Yunzi snorted coldly, and lightning gathered in his hand again.

He did not believe that there was a sword cultivator in the world who could break his Cloud Lightning Heavenly Wheel.

“Lightning.”

As he spoke, endless lightning turned into a sea of lightning, descending from the heavens.

This was the Daoist cloud lightning, empowered by the strength of the demon clan.

Within this sea of lightning, all things could be refined!

Looking at the sea of lightning, Zhou Sheng narrowed his eyes.

Even a Golden Immortal sword cultivator wouldn't have an advantage against this sea of lightning; they would be suppressed.

Dragon shadows surged around Chen Zhulong's body as he stared at Han Muye.

“Lightning?” Han Muye shook his head gently, then stepped into the sea of lightning.

“Boom!”

Behind him, the phantom of a Kui appeared.

The lightning turned into whirlpools, drawn between the two horns of the Kui, then descended upon its head.

“Buzz!”

“Roar—”

The Kui phantom materialized and roared at the sky.

For thousands of miles, the world trembled!

Streaks of lightning struck down, enveloping the entire Wind Roar Ridge.

The power from the array that had been reinforced earlier withdrew, transforming into a golden light screen, resisting the lightning from the sky.

“Kui!”

“Divine beast bloodline!”

“Lightning Dao Divine Beast!”

Cries of astonishment rose from below.

The lightning on Bai Yunzi's purple spear was guided by the power of the Kui, converging forward.

Behind him, the power of the Cloud Lightning Heavenly Wheel surged forward uncontrollably.

The Dao Sect's Cloud Lightning and the pinnacle of the lightning Dao became a joke.

Bai Yunzi's face twisted in disbelief.

"How is this possible..."

He was hailed as the Purple Lightning King, and all his cultivation was in the Dao of lightning.

Be it the Bitter Immortal Realm or the Dao Sect, the tyranny of the lightning Dao was something that outsiders did not dare to touch.

Yet now, his proud lightning Dao power was nothing against the opponent.

No, everything had become the opponent's nourishment.

"Go to hell—"

With a low roar, Bai Yunzi soared into the air, thrusting his long spear toward Han Muye's head.

Even without using the power of the lightning Dao, he was an unparalleled expert in the world, the Purple Lightning King capable of contending with a Void Transformation expert!

The spear pierced through the clouds.

Radiant rays of light surged for thousands of feet.

In an instant, he had broken through and was within three feet of Han Muye.

Chen Zhu Long's expression changed, about to make a move, but he saw Han Mu Ye slowly raise his arm, index and middle fingers held close together.

"Break."

With a gentle word, the cyan sword light at his fingertips blended together.

"Ding!"

The sword light on his fingertip collided with the spear.

The purple spear trembled, and the spear shattered inch by inch!

Bai Yunzi's face flushed red, and the void in front of him suddenly expanded before exploding.

With a single finger, Han Muye pierced through his spear, shattering all of his attacks!

The strength of this finger was beyond imagination!

"Good!" Chen Zhulong shouted, his eyes shining.

"Fine sword." Zhou Sheng smiled and stared at the slowly dissipating green sword light on Han Muye's fingertip.

"Boom!"

Only now did the lightning in the sky clash with the defensive light on Wind Roar Ridge.

Layer upon layer of light shields shattered.

The lightning directly broke through the defense, turning Wind Howl Ridge into ruins.

This scene caused the troops under the Purple Lightning Bandits and Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian to tremble in fear.

If this strike had landed on them, they all would have died.

“Boom!”

The lightning continued, pouring like torrential rain.

At this moment, not only did the sea of lightning in the sky not dissipate, but it also became even more magnificent.

Zhou Sheng frowned and looked at the increasing sea of lightning. “That’s not right. This lightning...”

Others stared in astonishment at the lightning sea, then at Han Muye.

Wasn’t this lightning too powerful?

The Scarlet Feather Demon King turned around, gazing at the lightning with a slight tremor in his body.

A stray bolt of lightning fell toward him.

His expression changed, he didn’t try to block it, but instead retreated hastily, grabbing a demon clan warlord and shielding himself.

**Chapter 1199 - 1199 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord (3)**

### 1199 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord (3)

“Pa!”

The general, who wasn’t injured much, showed confusion on his face. He turned his head to look at the serious expression of the Scarlet Feather Demon King.

It was just a bolt of lightning. There was no need, right?

“You haven’t crossed the Heaven and Earth Tribulation yet?” In the distance, Han Muye’s voice sounded. “Then let me send you one.”

“Boom!”

Endless lightning shone, enveloping the Scarlet Feather Demon King.

The Scarlet Feather Demon King’s body of blood-red flames burst, biting his teeth, giving a low shout, his figure transforming into a golden thousand-foot-long bird as he turned around and left.

Not taking it on?



Han Muye chuckled and pointed with his finger. Countless bolts of lightning turned into sword light that instantly caught up to the thousand-foot-long bird and stabbed into it.

“Slash—”

The lightning turned into chains.

The chain instantly shattered.

But the lightning sea in the sky seemed angered or perhaps had discovered an interesting prey. The lightning that had already covered thousands of miles swelled again.

“Tribulation Lightning!” Only then did Bai Yunzi come to his senses. He stared at Han Muye and gritted his teeth.

“You, you harnessed the power of my Cloud Lightning Heavenly Wheel and summoned tribulation lightning?”

Lightning tribulation was the convergence of the power of heaven and earth, something not just anyone could attract.

Not everyone had the qualifications to trigger the Heavenly Tribulation.

The Yunlan Dao Sect held the dominant position in the Daoist trend of the Fuyu Immortal Realm, occupying 13 states alone. It was a Daoist sect recognized by heaven and earth.

Only such major sects had the qualification to bring down heavenly tribulations.

In other words, the sword cultivator in front of them had set a trap for Bai Yunzi!

“Who are you?” Bai Yunzi gritted his teeth and roared.

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, “An elite of the Yunlan Daoist Sect, the Purple Lightning King who runs rampant in the Bitter Immortal Realm. It’s only now that you ask who I am.

“Should I say you have no brains, or that you’ve been arrogant for too long, thinking you’re unmatched?”

He raised his hand, and the Kui behind him roared again.

The lightning waves stirred and surged, covering the heavens and earth.

All the demons under the command of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian were trembling.

Demons were more afraid of lightning tribulations than humans.

Because they acted according to their nature, there was no lack of killing.

“Boom!”

The 1,000-foot giant bird formed by the Scarlet Feather Demon King’s body was locked in place by the lightning. A blood-colored light exploded and flames scattered.

He flapped his wings in pain. The lightning in the sky not only didn’t dissipate but instead grew stronger.

His cultivation level had reached the peak of the Heaven Immortal realm, and he was only a step away from becoming a Golden Immortal.

However, he was not a Golden Immortal yet and was not prepared to trigger the lightning tribulation.

At this moment, he had no fighting spirit in the face of this tribulation lightning.

“Swoosh—”

The blood-colored firebird broke through the lightning and fled into the distance.

A Grand Demon King was forced to flee by the lightning tribulation.

Behind Han Muye, Golden Fire quietly concealed itself, spread its wings, and disappeared.

The squads of demons retreated and then fled.

The army under Heaven Immortal Xiang, who was originally prepared to capture Qin Ziyue and the others, immediately lost their fighting spirit.

Groups of demons retreated and fled.

The lightning in the sky had already put pressure on them, and the escape of the Scarlet Feather Demon King was the final straw that crushed them.

Bai Yunzi's expression changed. He wanted to escape, but he couldn't control his war spear, nor could he mobilize the Heavenly Wheel held by the lightning.

This Heavenly Wheel gathered the power of the Heavenly Dao and triggered the lightning tribulation.

At that moment, lightning surged, the manifestation of the Heavenly Dao's might. How could this Heavenly Wheel be taken away?

Han Muye turned around and looked at Bai Yunzi with a smile.

Bai Yunzi's shoulder trembled, looking up at the flickering purple Heavenly Wheel.

"Purple Lightning King, do you want to stay?" Han Muye spoke softly.

Sword light converged on him, a long sword appearing in his palm.

Previously, he had shattered Bai Yunzi's spear with just the sword light from his fingertip. Now, as he drew his sword, his fighting spirit and killing intent intertwined. If Bai Yunzi didn't leave, he probably wouldn't be able to leave.

Bai Yunzi's footsteps shifted slightly.

"Remember, the one who killed you is Invincible Han from Yunlan City!" Han Muye shouted, swinging his long sword.

However, before he could even raise his hand, Bai Yunzi had already "whooshed" and escaped.

This scene brought laughter from below, from Zhou Sheng and others.

Han Muye shook his head, sheathing his sword. His expression wasn't relaxed, but rather solemn.

"Qin Zhaoyuan, you guys go first." He shouted, his gaze turning towards Wind Roar Ridge.

Go first?

Qin Zhaoyuan was slightly puzzled, turning to look at Qin Ziyue by his side.

Qin Ziyue, who had transformed into the Heaven Devouring Lion, nodded slightly and strode away.

Chen Zhulong also whispered a few words, allowing Du Qiang and others to go first.

“Kid, you handled that lightning quite well.” Zhou Sheng moved in a flash, landing beside Han Muye, then lowering his voice: “Why don’t you go first?”

Chen Zhulong also landed beside Han Muye, speaking, “Wanchong City has been breached. The strength of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang surpasses everyone’s expectations.

“Although he hasn’t become an Immortal Lord yet, his strength isn’t much inferior to an Immortal Lord’s.”

Offending an Immortal Demon King was entirely different from offending an Immortal Lord.

In the Fuyu Immortal World, Immortal Lords were already the top experts.

Entering the realm of Immortal Lords meant being the strongest existence in this realm; only those of the same level, other Immortal Lords, could defeat them.

“Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, huh,” Han Muye shook his head, a deep and profound light shining in his eyes, “Perhaps he still is.”

Zhou Sheng frowned, about to speak, when his expression suddenly changed.

He turned his head, squinting his eyes.

In the distance, the Wind Roar Ridge was rising.

The entire Wind Roar Ridge was gradually ascending.

All the lightning gathered, smashing down toward Wind Roar Ridge.

However, the Wind Roar Ridge continued to rise.

“Roar—”

A faint roar echoed as a dark head rose beneath the Wind Roar Ridge.

This head carried the entire Wind Roar Ridge!

## **Chapter 1200 - 1200 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord (4)**

1200 Ba Snake, Nine Infants, and the Remnant of the Immortal Lord (4)

This was a formidable demon!

The Wind Roar Ridge was built right on top of the massive creature's head.

"Ba Snake!" Chen Zhulong tensed up and said in a deep voice, "It's the Snake Demon King under Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian."

Zhou Sheng nodded slightly, the sword light behind him flickered, and he whispered: "Has he broken through to the Golden Immortal realm and stepped into the Zenith Heaven Realm, so—"

He turned to Han Muye. "You know?"

Because he knew, he triggered the lightning tribulation, catching the Snake Demon King off guard and letting him enjoy the exhilaration of being struck by heavenly lightning before he was ready.

Even if this lightning tribulation couldn't harm the Snake Demon King, it blocked his path and forced him to come out of seclusion.

This breakthrough at least turned his cultivation of 10,000 years into nothing but an illusion.

"Roar—"

The agitated snake head lifted, malevolence and cruelty gleamed in its eyes.

This snake head was actually hundreds of miles in circumference.



Though it couldn't compare to the imposing dominance of Baxia that carried an entire realm on its back, this Ba Snake was still among the largest creatures of divine origin.

Legend has it that the Ba Snake could devour the heavens and the earth, which was probably not far from the truth.

"Snake Demon Monarch, haha, with the Snake Demon King taking action, you're dead meat!"

The demons in the distance roared.

As direct descendants of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, they had never imagined they would end up in such a miserable situation.

Today's battle was truly a disgrace for them.

Fortunately, with the Snake Demon King making a move, it was certain that they could devour all their enemies.

The Snake Demon King, the strongest under the command of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian!

"Roar—"

The snake head below Wind Roar Ridge roared, and a towering snake shadow appeared behind it.

When this snake shadow emerged, everyone felt enveloped in a layer of red halo, their bodies incredibly heavy.

“Ba Snake Devours the Heavens.” Zhou Sheng soared into the air, his sword transforming into a colossal length, slashing toward the red curtain of light.

“Be cautious, don’t actually get devoured by it.” Chen Zhulong also shouted to Han Muye in a low voice, then his form transformed into the Torch Dragon, covered in black scales and with a single horn, and he triggered a black stream of light, shooting into the sky.

“Ba Snake?” Han Muye squinted, gazing at the massive figure that covered the entire Wind Roar Ridge.

Sword light flashed around him as he suddenly turned around.

“Since the Ba Snake appeared, the Nine Infants should not be absent.”

Countless streams of sword light swept through, cutting open the surrounding void.

An illusory figure flickered and vanished, reappearing a thousand feet away.

“You’re quite clever, little one.” The ethereal figure drifted, its voice not revealing its gender.

But the nine arranged figures clearly revealed their identity.

Nine Spirit Demon King.

Ancient ferocious beast, Nine Infants' bloodline.

"I'm quite curious, how does someone like you know so much?" Among the nine figures, one of them moved, taking a step forward.

"The Kui is a top-notch ingredient..." another one muttered, then its form flickered and appeared behind Han Muye.

Nine voices kept resonating, their forms appearing in various places.

Han Muye didn't turn around, but stared straight ahead.

Above his head, Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong, two Golden Immortal powerhouses, were already engaged in battle with the Ba Snake.

The clash of their sword light and dragon-shadow power caused the Ba Snake to roar incessantly.

Although the Ba Snake's cultivation had almost reached the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Realm and it was much stronger than Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong, it couldn't use his full strength because of the thunderbolts.

For a while, the Ba Snake fought against the two Golden Immortals, churning the thunder sea and shattering the surrounding tens of thousands of miles of sky and earth.

“I’m quite curious, since the Ba Snake was cultivating in hiding and Nine Infants have returned, where’s Immortal Heaven Demon King Xiang Tian?” Han Muye’s eyes gleamed, and he spoke softly.

Where was the Immortal Demon King?

The nine figures suddenly gathered into one and transformed into a thin Daoist in his fifties dressed in a green robe.

“What exactly do you know?” The Daoist looked at Han Muye and said coldly.

“I think the Immortal Demon King must have been held back by the powerhouses of the major sects, right?” Han Muye chuckled lightly, then he looked calmly at the Daoist in front of him.

“You’ve come back for the Immortal Lord’s legacy, haven’t you?”

With just one sentence from Han Muye, Nine Infants’ expression changed drastically.

But the next sentence from Han Muye instantly suppressed the surging killing intent within him.

Because what Han Muye said was: “I know where the legacy is hidden, so how about we cooperate?”