

## **Pavilion 1201**

### **Chapter 1201 - 1201 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies**

1201 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies

Where was the legacy hidden?

The Nine Spirit Demon King stared at Han Muye. “Why should I believe you?”

A smile appeared on Han Muye’s face as he rotated a jade-colored disc gently in his palm.

The Dao Forging Disk.

This item carried the Great Dao and possessed a natural sensitivity to various treasures within heaven and earth.

With this disc in hand, they could definitely locate the legacy.

What’s more, this treasure was a remnant left by an Immortal Lord.

With this treasure, it indicated that Han Muye had obtained a part of the Immortal Lord’s legacy.

“Alright.”

The Nine Spirit Demon King nodded and looked towards a distant figure, the Ba Snake.

He opened his mouth, and a mysterious power resonated within him.

The Ba Snake on the other side roared and transformed into a burly armored man, holding a golden hammer.

“Old Nine, aren’t you lying to me?” The burly man looked at the Nine Spirit Demon King and asked in a deep voice.

Nine Spirits glanced at Han Muye and moved, already standing with the burly man transformed from the Ba Serpent.

Chen Zhulong and Zhou Sheng also retreated to Han Muye’s side.

Han Muye quietly explained his speculation and the matter regarding the Immortal Lord’s legacy.

It wasn’t the legacy of Immortal Lord Cang Yun; it was the legacy of a Divine Realm Immortal Monarch.

The legacy of Immortal Monarch Cang Yun was already in Han Muye’s hands; he couldn’t share it with others.

As for the legacy of that Divine Realm Immortal Lord, it was likely not easy to obtain.

“Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian was indeed besieged by Li Yungang and their siege.” Zhou Sheng’s eyes flickered with a hint of insight.

The rise of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian had posed a threat to the plans of various major sects.

Aside from the unification of the Bitter Immortal Realm, which wasn’t good news for various sects, the chaos within the Bitter Immortal Realm had already affected many beings scattered in all directions.

Business was suffering.

Therefore, experts from all sides came to surround and kill Heaven Immortal Soaring.

However, he did not expect Heaven Immortal Demon King Soaring’s strength to exceed his imagination.

“As you said, experts from major sects do intend to kill Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian. But they didn’t expect that he had already touched the edge of the Immortal Lord’s realm. Now, everyone is caught in a difficult situation.

“Nevertheless, each sect has dispatched powerful individuals carrying treasures.

“As long as those treasures arrive in the Bitter Immortal Realm, Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian will undoubtedly be captured.”

Zhou Sheng said softly.

The power held within treasures in the hands of experts was unimaginable when those powers were harmonized.

Many sects didn't possess Immortal Lord-level experts, yet they still stood tall in the Immortal Realm. This was due to the compatibility of their treasures with their sect's heritage, greatly amplifying their combat strength.

"The legacy of a Divine Realm expert. No wonder Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian rose so rapidly in such a short time."

Upon hearing Han Muye's words, Chen Zhulong's eyes gleamed, and he spoke in a hushed tone.

Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian relied on a supreme treasure to dominate the Bitter Immortal Realm.

It turned out that this was a treasure left behind by an Immortal Lord.

If they could obtain this legacy of the Immortal Lord, even without the same exceptional abilities as Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, they would not be much weaker.

On the other side, the two demon kings, Snake Cultivator and Nine Spirit, had already reached an agreement.

As powerful Demon Kings, Snake Cultivator and Nine Spirit couldn't completely submit to Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian.

The Nine Spirit Demon King turned around at this moment, aiming to seize the Immortal Lord's legacy while Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian was away.

"Alright, let's look for the treasure first. As for the ownership of the treasure, it will depend on our own abilities." The burly man transformed from the snake cultivator let out a low shout, and the golden hammer in his hand turned into golden wings.

Nine-Spirit also transformed into nine illusory figures, eight of which were like ethereal clouds drifting.

The wine gourd in Zhou Sheng's hand became 10 feet tall. He flipped over and landed on it, unable to move.

Behind Chen Zhulong, golden wings unfurled, transforming into flowing golden light.

Everyone was prepared, turning their gazes toward Han Muye.

Han Muye rotated the jade disc in his hand, conjuring a golden halo, and then flew forward.

Transforming into a sword-like light, Han Muye followed the jade disc.

Everyone followed suit.

They swiftly passed the former Wind Roar Ridge's location without halting.

Only after traveling a thousand miles did Han Muye stop his sword-like light on a barren plain.

"This is the location of the Immortal Lord's legacy."

Han Muye whispered softly, raising his hand and pressing it down.

"Boom!"

The jade disc collided with the divine light, causing a shockwave of immortal energy to spread across the thousand-mile area, pressing down on the half-mile-wide Wasteland below.

The half-mile area burst open instantly.

A dark passageway appeared there, and immortal light and dense divine light intersected.

"Divine light!" The Nine Spirit Demon King's figure moved and he had already flown down.

The Ba Snake followed closely, taking a step forward.

“Be cautious.” Looking at the black column of light, Zhou Sheng whispered to Han Muye before descending.

Chen Zhulong nodded at Han Muye, then charged into the column of light.

Since it was the Immortal Lord’s legacy ahead, who would hesitate?

Upon reaching the realm of a Golden Immortal, one’s determination was unparalleled, unmatched.

Watching them enter the column of light, Han Muye stowed away the jade disc before controlling the sword-like light to fly into it.

As he entered the column of light, he felt a powerful energy pouring into his body.

Divine Source Qi.

This was a power that one could only obtain after refining the purest Immortal Qi.

For a Golden Immortal powerhouse, Immortal Qi wasn’t enough to further one’s cultivation. Only Divine Source Qi was the source of refinement after reaching the realm of a Golden Immortal.

Beyond the realm of a Golden Immortal, one’s strength was no longer solely tied to the laws of heaven and earth but was governed by one’s own rules.

Han Muye only sensed this power and set of rules after his soul power entered the Golden Immortal realm.

“Buzz!”

Dim divine radiance surged around him, pouring into his body.

This Divine Source Qi condensed, causing his immortal qi to continuously condense.

In a place imperceptible to others, traces of Divine Source Qi landed in his mind, flowing into the killing sword in his possession.

### **Chapter 1202 - 1202 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (2)**

#### **1202 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (2)**

The sword of slaughter vibrated, and the condensed spiritual energy continued to purify.

This was a sublimation of endless power.

Divine patterns appeared on the sword.



It seemed that this was the true appearance of this sword.

The aura of the divine source was truly a good thing for Han Muye.

Like a fuse, it completely changed the nature of the power within him.

As he continued to cultivate, his strength would unknowingly increase countless times.

“Boom!”

Up ahead, a roar echoed.

Sword light and demon light began to collide.

Han Muye knew that Zhou Sheng and the others were taking action.

Their alliance was very fragile. Once they entered the Immortal King’s legacy, no one would abide by agreements anymore.

Just as the Snake Demon King had said, treasures depended on opportunities.

And weren’t opportunities just strength?

“Clang—”

A sword light tore through the black space, allowing Han Muye to see the scene ahead.

A vast empty hall hung in silence. On top of the hall, numerous black puppet generals stood tall.

Outside the hall, there were 99 layers of golden steps. On the steps, red divine patterns shimmered as if alive.

Scattered on the steps were long swords, spears, and battle knives.

In the center of the hall, a gray-blue cauldron floated.

Deeper in the hall, at the top of the throne, was a multicolored feather fan.

At this moment, Zhou Sheng, Nine Spirit and the others were fighting on the square in front of the steps.

Every clash between the four Golden Immortal experts caused the black pillars of light around them to tremble.

Han Muye’s figure moved, landing on the golden stone steps and reaching out to grip a golden longsword.

The sword was three feet long, the blade radiating colorful light, with a halo unlike any seen in the immortal world's refining tradition.

The sword energy flowed, and scenes flashed through Han Muye's mind.

A ceremonial sword from the divine realm, from the Luo Yuan Divine Realm in the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm, crafted by the Ten Thousand Armory.

This sword was a standard ceremonial sword of the Luo Yuan Divine Realm's Dang Yuan Sect, which controlled the authority of law enforcement in the sect.

This sword had once possessed the power of a spiritual treasure but had been damaged later.

Images flashed through Han Muye's mind.

"So that's how it is."

Gripping the sword hilt tightly, Han Muye turned to look at the hall, his eyes revealing a trace of fear and relief.

"Immortal Lord Ming Yuan, First Elder of the Dang Yuan Sect."

He whispered softly as he retreated.

Although Immortal Lord Cang Yun had schemed against Immortal Lord Ming Yuan and caused him to die here, this powerful being in the divine realm had also made some arrangements at the last moment.

Like this place.

Like the cauldron and the feather fan.

The biggest plan was Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian and the demons under him.

If Han Muye hadn't seen these memories, he would have set foot in the hall immediately.

Now, he chose to step back.

"Boom!"

Behind him, an illusory figure appeared and slammed a palm towards him.

It was a clone of the Nine Spirit Demon King.

Since Han Muye had come this far, he couldn't let him escape unscathed.

Moreover, Han Muye had treasures in his possession that the Nine Spirit Demon King and the Snake Demon King were unwilling to let go of.

“Buzz!”

Han Muye raised his hand and stabbed with his sword, meeting the clone’s palm.

This sword blocked the attack of a Golden Immortal expert’s clone.

This sword exceeded the strength a Heavenly Immortal should possess!

“Buzz!”

The sword light flickered, and Han Muye stood still.

His appearance changed the tense situation on the battlefield.

Whether it was the Nine Spirits Demon King or Zhou Sheng’s group, they all scattered, flying onto the stone steps, picking up several treasures, then rushing towards the hall.

The real treasures were inside the hall.

Now was not the time for fighting; obtaining more treasures was the real goal.

“Buzz!”

As the Nine Spirit Demon King entered the hall, the black-armored puppets in the hall opened their eyes all at once.

A blood-red divine light instantly enveloped the Nine Spirit Demon King’s body.

The Snake Demon King, Zhou Sheng, and Chen Zhulong, who followed closely behind, were enveloped in divine light, surrounded by the black-armored puppets.

Han Muze landed outside the hall and did not move forward, just staring ahead.

The secrets he saw in the longsword made him extremely cautious at this moment.

He did not want to easily step into the trap set up by an Immortal Lord expert.

Turning his gaze to the stone steps below, a profound light shimmered in his eyes.

“Bang!”

A strike from a black-armored puppet was blocked by the golden hammer in the Snake Demon King’s hand, and then his figure retreated.

“Such strength!” The Snake Demon King exclaimed.

He had the Ba Snake bloodline and could easily withstand the impact of a mountain.

However, at this moment, facing the puppet’s strike, he felt his hands weaken.

“Hmph.” The Nine Spirit Demon King’s figure split into nine, directly passing through the encirclement of the black-armored puppets and flying towards the throne at the center of the hall.

On the throne was a multicolored feather fan.

By mastering the black and white fan, the Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian could rise to become the strongest demon king in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

This multicolored fan was obviously even more extraordinary than the black and white fan.

Seeing the Nine Spirit Demon King go for the multicolored fan, the Snake Demon King’s expression changed. Taking a step forward, he raised the golden hammer in his hand and smashed down fiercely.

“Boom!”

The black-armored puppet in front of him shattered.

The Snake Demon King charged out and followed closely behind the Nine Spirit Demon King, heading for the throne.

Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong exchanged a glance. They were about to chase after them but suddenly trembled and turned to look at Han Muye at the entrance.

Han Muye shook his head slightly.

Hesitation flickered on their faces, but they still stepped back.

However, in that instant, the figures of the Nine Spirit Demon King and the Snake Demon King suddenly halted in front.

A golden light radiated from the gray-black cauldron in front of them, enveloping them.

“Myriad Spirit Refining Light!”

Zhou Sheng’s face turned pale as he exclaimed softly.

“Why is Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian’s famous technique here?” Chen Zhulong also showed surprise, speaking softly.

**Chapter 1203 - 1203 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (3)**



### 1203 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (3)

The great cauldron trembled, and golden light shimmered upon it.

The Nine Spirit Demon King and the Snake Demon King roared, fear evident on their faces.

Yet, they couldn't break free from the suppression of the golden divine light.

"Hmph, you dare to betray me with just your strength?" A voice sounded from the head of the hall.

A figure dressed in pale golden robes descended before the throne, raising a hand to grasp the colorful feather fan.

"Heavenly Cycle Cloud View Fan. Hehe, I've been waiting for this treasure for 100,000 years."

The figure in the pale golden robes produced another feather fan, black and white in color. Turning his head, he looked with a smile at Han Muye, who stood outside the hall and had not entered.

"Kid, I must thank you.

"If you hadn't opened this place, how could I have entered?"

With a slim face, sharp eagle-like eyes, and long brows, endless starlight flickered within his eyes.

Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong's expressions changed drastically as they exclaimed, "Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian!"

Fear flashed across their faces.

Heaven Immortal Soaring let out a long laugh and ignored the Nine Spirit Demon King and the Snake Demon King. He raised his hand and fused the two feather fans.

"Buzz!"

The originally colorful feather fan combined with the black and white one, turning into a seven-colored fan.

The seven-colored fan soared to the top of the hall, condensing into a dazzling hundred-zhang-wide rainbow glow.

"Boom!"

The rainbow glow descended, echoing with the golden light on the bluish-gray cauldron.

Qi and blood were drained from the Nine Spirit and Snake Demon Kings, leaving behind two ethereal shadows.

The bloodline of ancient divine beasts was directly stripped away!

The two of them bent over and turned into two demon beast skeletons.

A Golden Immortal realm demon king who had touched the Zenith Heaven realm was actually killed just like that.

The two balls of golden light flickered and merged into a faint purple light before landing in the light above his head.

The seven colors turned into eight colors!

Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian let out a long laugh. Layers of wings spread out on his back, and his body transformed into a white golden-winged bird with golden eyes.

“Gale!” Zhou Sheng held his long sword and said warily.

The ancient divine beast, Gale.

It was said to be a divine bird that could control the changing winds and clouds between heaven and earth.

The Gale also possessed Phoenix bloodline and was said to be the brother of the Phoenix, belonging to the same lineage as the Peacock.

“Hehe, let’s catch up after I refine your bloodline powers and transform them into the ninth scene in my Heavenly Cycle Cloud View Fan,” said Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian with a smile.

Raising his hand, he suppressed the entire hall with intertwining divine and immortal lights.

The divine light within the divine cauldron burst, shattering the entire hall.

The hall turned into a flowing bluish-gray light, enveloping Zhou Tian, Chen Zhulong, and Han Muye, who stood at the entrance.

With the Immortal Demon King’s intervention, the three of them had no means of resistance.

The power of an Immortal Lord compared to that of a Golden Immortal was like a difference of countless worlds.

“Kid, what other tricks do you have up your sleeve?” Zhou Sheng’s sword vibrated in his hand, and his entire body shone with sword light. He gritted his teeth and shouted.

Chen Zhulong also gritted his teeth and looked at Han Muye.

The lightning of the Kui around Han Muye flashed, and sword light flashed on his body.

He looked around and shouted, “Senior Zhu Ming, Han Muye, a junior disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, please attack!”

Senior, please attack!

Zhu Ming!

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s Zenith Heaven Sword Immortal, Zhu Ming!

Zhou Sheng’s body trembled and his eyes widened.

“Buzz!”

With a loud bang, the surrounding space turned into a greenish-gray sword light.

“Hehe, I was invited by Senior Brother Cang Yun to come to the Bitter Immortal Realm to exterminate the intruders from the Divine Realm.

“After years of preparation, today it finally bears fruit.”

With a chuckle, all the swords in the void fused into one.

A green sword descended from the sky and slashed down, shattering the eight-colored light.

All the light scattered and landed in the huge cauldron.

The expression of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, who was originally filled with excitement, changed drastically. The wings on his back spread out, and a burst of lightning and gusts of wind exploded.

“Xiang Tian, your opponent is me.” A voice sounded, and a green longsword pierced through the void.

Li Yungang.

Dressed in a green robe, Li Yungang’s face was filled with arrogance. He took a step forward, and the power that only a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal could unleash surged from his body.

“Elder Zhu Ming, it’s been a long time.” Li Yungang shouted, then lifted his sword, colliding with the thunder and wind.

In front of him, Heaven Immortal Soaring snorted coldly. His wings flapped, and lightning and astral winds continued to surge.

“Li Yungang, you’re seeking death.”

Li Yungang burst into laughter, melding with the residual sword light left by Zhu Ming. His aura grew stronger, and he thrust his sword, shattering the void.

The shattered void cracked, enveloping both Li Yungang and Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian.

With a cold snort, Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian spread his wings and tangled with Li Yungang's sword light.

Zhu Ming's sword light also merged in.

A battle beyond the realm of the Zenith Heaven Realm took place, transcending this world.

If a Zenith Heaven powerhouse went all out in the Immortal Realm, it could lead to the collapse of heaven and earth.

But more likely, it would provoke an attack from this world.

Even Immortal Lords wouldn't dare to face the power of a whole world by themselves.

Only the void was the battlefield of the Zenith Heaven.

In an instant, this vast space was left with only Han Muye, Zhou Tian, and Chen Zhulong.

Han Muye's gaze fixed on the multicolored glow shimmering on the large cauldron.

Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong also looked at the cauldron.

"This treasure..." Chen Zhulong shook his head, taking a step back and saying, "I don't have the confidence to claim it."

Hearing his words, Zhou Sheng furrowed his brows and said, "Is this related to alchemy?"

"I know nothing about alchemy."

After speaking, he turned to Han Muye, a hint of strangeness on his face. "You wouldn't understand alchemy, right?"

Fate in the world sometimes had such strange ways.

Han Muye did understand alchemy.

He even understood the attribute of the pills being refined within the cauldron at this moment.

**Chapter 1204 - 1204 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (4)**

1204 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (4)



He fused the nine ancient bloodline powers into one and transformed them into a powerful bloodline.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a ball of golden-red blood appeared in his palm.

Azure Dragon bloodline.

He extracted the Azure Dragon bloodline from Golden Immortal Ye Ming.

As long as this item was fused into the cauldron, the bloodline in the cauldron would complete the fusion and turn into a powerful bloodline pill.

Swallowing this pill would grant the bloodline power, allowing one to directly step into the Golden Immortal realm and be constantly nurtured, then transcending the Zenith Heaven and surpassing the Immortal Lord realms. There would be no limit.

As long as the bloodline power was integrated.

Furthermore, other bloodlines could be integrated in the future, continuously improving and replacing it.

The use of this bloodline power was unique to the divine realm and was also the source of the primordial bloodline being extracted.

Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian had been searching for sufficiently powerful bloodlines.

Seeing Han Muye walk forward with the blood bead in his hand, Zhou Sheng widened his eyes and muttered, "Seriously, this opportunity is really given to him..."

Chen Zhulong opened his mouth but didn't say anything.

Wasn't the opportunity delivered to Han Muye?

Among these three individuals, only Han Muye understood alchemy.

The blood bead in Han Muye's hand floated quietly.

He looked at the cauldron in front of him, the cauldron shimmering with a faint light, gently trembling.

As long as he pressed down the blood bead, he wouldn't need to do anything further.

This was truly an opportunity delivered into his own hands.

"Opportunity?"

Han Muye spoke softly, his eyes deep.

“Everyone desires such opportunities, but it might not necessarily be for me...”

Han Muye raised his hand, retracted the Azure Dragon blood bead, and then slammed his palm down fiercely.

“Bang!”

The cauldron vibrated, and the eight-colored lights on it seemed to be on the verge of exploding!

Reject the opportunity; destroy this opportunity!

“Buzz!”

The cauldron shook as if it was about to shatter with a single strike. The golden flames below the cauldron swayed unsteadily.

“Kid, you’re really ruthless...” A voice sounded in Han Muye’s ear.

Han Muye’s expression did not change. He only whispered, “Immortal Demon King Hun Tian?”

Immortal Demon King Hun Tian had the phoenix bloodline and was a divine beast with mastery over the power of flames.

The voice fell silent for a moment, then sighed, "Impressive, I've hidden so deeply, yet you managed to find me.

"Let me ask you, are you really willing to help the demons?"

Helping the demons was what Han Muye had been doing since his time in Yunlan City.

The contract talismans and the cooperation with the Zhulong Trading Company were all to help the demon creatures.

Han Muye nodded slightly, looking at the cauldron without moving.

On top of the cauldron, the faint light reassembled, becoming more condensed.

"Good, remember your original intention," the voice of Immortal Demon King Hun Tian paused for a moment, then said softly, "I'll leave that little fellow to you.

"The experts from all sides have already arrived. There's not much I can do. The rest depends on you."

As soon as Immortal Demon King Hun Tian finished speaking, golden light shone on the cauldron in front of Han Muye, and golden flames wrapped around it.

A stream of golden-red blood poured into the cauldron.

The faint light within the cauldron instantly transformed into a kaleidoscope of nine colors!

The converging nine-colored lights solidified into a golden blood bead.

Just at this moment, Han Muye suddenly reached out his hand and struck the cauldron fiercely again!

“Bang!”

The nine-colored light instantly shattered, turning into countless drops of blood that scattered.

“How dare you!”

“Kid, have you gone mad!”

“Stop!”

Voices rang out from the surrounding void.

Powerful individuals radiating immortal light descended.

There were Daoist sects, demons, and sword cultivators.

Han Muye's gaze swept across, and a smile appeared on his face.

"I knew it. If the Head of the Zhantian Hall could make it, why wouldn't the experts from other sects be here?"

All these people were the experts from various sects who had gathered to besiege Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian this time.

Li Yun arrived, so of course they had as well.

However, seeing that Han Muye was about to refine the pill, they weren't in a hurry to take action.

They would wait until the pill was refined before making their move to seize them.

"Hmph, refine the bloodline power into the cauldron and produce the pill," a Daoist in a black robe looked at Han Muye and snorted.

Beside him, a golden-armored cultivator holding a blood-red spear pointed it at Han Muye, "Kid, you have a hundred seconds. Attack."

Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong moved, positioning themselves in front of Han Muye.

“Daoist of the Blood Battle Sect, Tao Renhe, do you think our Sword Sect is afraid of you?” Zhou Sheng shouted coldly, his body radiating sword light.

The golden-armored cultivator across from them remained silent. A Daoist beside him, who carried a long sword on his back, frowned and said softly, “Junior Brother Zhou Sheng, don’t be rash. This matter is not insignificant.”

The Daoist took a step forward and looked at Zhou Sheng. “With the activation of this bloodline pill, the power of the Longevity Puppet in the Burial Immortal City can increase again.”

The Burial Immortal City was one of the forbidden grounds of the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

There were also arrangements made by Immortal Lord Cang Yun back then.

This setup was a powerful puppet.

Longevity should actually be a myriad of beasts.

This puppet was inherited from the divine realm and was based on the primordial beast bloodlines, able to unleash the power of a mid-stage Immortal Lord Realm.

Without an Immortal Venerable taking action, this puppet could roam unchecked.

It stood guard over the Immortal Burial City, burying countless foreign enemies.

However, the operation of this puppet required tremendous consumption, and the resources supplied by various sects were precious.

This time, they were focusing on the Bitter Immortal Realm, all for the sake of this treasure pill that could enhance the Longevity Puppet.

“Senior figures, you might be mistaken.” Han Muye looked at the experts from various sects on the opposite side, his expression calm as he spoke loudly.

Mistaken?

Everyone was puzzled.

“The Immortal Lord powerhouse who came from the divine realm has already been killed by our Sword Sect’s Senior Zhu Ming. His divine soul has fallen, leaving only remnants. He intends to resurrect and possess someone.

“As for the so-called bloodline divine pill in this cauldron, it doesn’t exist at all.” Han Muye’s gaze swept around, and he said softly, “It’s the legacy left behind by Senior Zhu Ming of our Sword Sect...”

### **Chapter 1205 - 1205 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (5)**

1205 Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian Dies (5)



Did the Immortal Lord who fell want to be resurrected?

There was no bloodline pill in the cauldron, but the legacy of a senior of the Sword Sect?

Zhou Sheng turned to look at Han Muye with a strange expression.

Chen Zhulong's mouth twitched as well.

This was really telling bald-faced lies...

Zhu Ming was only at the Zenith Heaven Immortal Lord Realm. How could he possibly kill an Immortal Lord?

"Zhu Ming's legacy?" The leading Daoist across from them showed disdain on his face, coldly saying, "What kind of legacy does a sword cultivator like him have—f\*ck!"

Han Muye slapped the cauldron, and more than 20 beams of immortal light exploded and flew out of it!

Immortal treasures, they were all immortal treasures!

In an instant, these immortal treasures flew away with long tails.

The scattered blood beads also turned into streams of light and disappeared.

Was there really a legacy?

“Attack!” someone shouted lowly and soared into the air.

“Good treasures.” someone took a step forward, a net appearing in their hand, covering a demon-subduing staff.

“My Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s treasure, stay.” A sword cultivator flew up and his sword light exploded.

“Pfft, the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect is so poor that it makes clanking sounds. You call these treasures?” Someone shouted coldly, causing immortal light to flicker.

For a time, the surrounding space churned, countless halos flowed.

Zhou Sheng and Chen Zhulong were dumbfounded.

Where did these treasures come from?

And where did the colorful strand of light go just now?

Han Muye’s face revealed a light smile, shaking his head, and raised his hand to wrap the empty cauldron around him and put it into his dantian.

Trading 20 immortal treasures for this one divine treasure with the same attributes as the Essence Refining Cauldron was not a loss after all.

Moreover, the nine-colored light was the real divine item.

Even if most of them had already been taken away by Heaven Immortal Demon King Hun Tian, the remaining treasures, whether they were used for refining tools or alchemy, were also unimaginably precious.

Looking at the turbulent world around him, Han Muye felt somewhat pleased.

Five million years ago, he had told the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign that only treasures could move people's hearts.

At that time, the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign had scattered his treasures and allowed his inheritance to be scattered throughout the Heavenly Cycle and the myriad worlds without perishing, and he himself had survived because of it.

The powerful beings of the divine realm captured him but didn't directly kill him because his inheritance hadn't been extinguished. Otherwise, the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign would probably have fallen long ago.

Today, Han Muye was replaying what he had said back then.

Each one of these treasures contained the inheritance of a Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign. Should he take it or not?

Once the inheritance was taken, could he still explain himself later?

These powerful beings from the Fuyu Immortal World were still involved.

These were all precious immortal treasures, practical things that could truly enhance their own strength and the foundation of their sects. Why not seize them?

Opportunity was before them. Who wouldn't seize it? Whoever hesitated would be left behind.

This was understanding the rules of the world.

Of course, not everyone could make such a move.

Twenty immortal treasures would require even a major sect to go all out.

"Sigh, what a pity..." Looking at the commotion around him, Zhou Sheng muttered with regret, a disappointed look on his face.

He did not have any divine treasures in his hands, so he was not qualified to snatch such a treasure.

Chen Zhulong also shook his head slightly.

He did not have the qualifications either.

Half a day later, the turbulence around them finally dissipated, and the figures disappeared from the sky.

Gone.

“It’s a pity that most of Senior Zhu Ming’s treasures were snatched by these guys.” The green-robed cultivator who had landed with a flight turned his face, a trace of anger in his expression.

He and several other sword cultivators had one or two treasures in their hands.

When it came to snatching things, sword cultivators still had some advantage.

“Han kid, this is Mu Huan, the Hall Master of the Xuntian Hall of our Sword Sect. His cultivation has already reached the pinnacle of the Zenith Heaven Realm. He wields the Heavenly Cloud Sword, and can contend against Immortal Lords.”

Zhou Sheng looked at Han Muye and spoke softly.

The others left, but several of the Sword Sect’s members stayed behind to meet Han Muye and the others.

Han Muye hurriedly bowed and Mu Huan waved his hand, saying, "We Sword Sect don't have those empty courtesies."

A small green and yellow sword appeared in his hand, falling in front of Han Muye. "Take the opportunity that belongs to you. This sword was what I used when I was in the Heavenly Immortal realm. I'm giving it to you."

Obviously, he believed that the treasures in the large cauldron were the legacy that Senior Zhu Ming had left for Han Muye. Now that they were scattered, it was as if they had taken away Han Muye's opportunity.

He was indeed a sincere senior.

Han Muye accepted the long sword.

It was not an immortal treasure, but the sword of a Zenith Heaven expert. In Han Muye's opinion, this sword was even better than an immortal treasure.

"Kid, Senior Brother Zhu Ming was also one of the Hall Masters of our Xuntian Hall back then. With the opportunity you've gained from him, when you have a chance to return to the sect, make sure to leave his legacy behind."

Mu Huan looked at Han Muye, his voice heavy and meaningful.

Zhu Ming's legacy holder.

With this, Han Muye's identity in the Sword Sect was confirmed. He wasn't the successor of Guan Dongyun, but the disciple of Senior Zhu Ming.

For Han Muye, who had been troubled by his identity all along, this was a good thing.

"Boom!"

Heaven and earth shook as a pitch-black pillar of light appeared, tearing the entire world apart.

Li Yungang, covered in injuries, had just fallen to the ground and looked up at the sky, a complex expression on his face.

"Chief Li, how is it?" Mu Huan looked at Li Yungang and spoke in a deep voice.

"Xiang Tian, no, this guy is the remnant soul of an Immortal Lord." Li Yungang shook his head and stood up.

"His physical body was shattered by the sword intent of both Senior Zhu Ming and me, but unfortunately his remnant soul escaped."

He turned around and looked at Mu Huan with a gloomy expression. "At the critical moment, it was the Daoist Faction who helped him escape."

Dao Sect!

Everyone's face showed a trace of shock.

However, Han Muye, who had already known about the connection between Dao Sect and Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, didn't show much change on his face.

"Kid, this is the sword Senior Brother Zhu Ming left for you." Li Yungang handed a green sword to Han Muye and said softly, "Don't let Senior Brother Zhu down."

That Senior Zhu Ming had really left his inheritance to him was unexpected for Han Muye.

He held the sword with both hands and nodded heavily.

Whether it was Senior Zhu Ming or the others, the integrity and determination displayed by these senior sword cultivators were extraordinary.

Han Muye admired these senior sword cultivators.

Li Yungang took out a wine gourd, took a gulp of wine, and said loudly, "Kid, comprehend it well, and let's have a battle in a few days."

Hearing his words, the surrounding sword cultivators lowered their heads.



What he feared the most was this Green Vine Sword Immortal's challenge.

Han Muye smiled bitterly and said, "Chief Li, you've already defeated Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian. So why are you still looking for me to fight?"

His words made Li Yungang grin.

But in the next moment, Li Yun's face turned serious again, shaking his head. "Suppressed to the same level of cultivation, I'm really not your match."

"Next round, I'll use the power of the Void Refinement Realm."

Void Refinement Realm versus Void Hollowing Realm?

Li Yungang, the Green Vine Sword Immortal, admitted that he was no match for Han Muye, a junior of the Sword Sect, at the same level.

Mu Huan and the others looked surprised, and their gazes fell on Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and did not refuse this time.

"Seniors, let's go. I'm afraid this trip to the Bitter Immortal Realm will cause even more chaos." Han Muye's figure moved and left.

The others exchanged glances and followed suit.

As Han Muye had said, powerful experts from various major sects in the Fuyu Immortal Realm gathered together to kill Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian. The powerful experts under his command were annihilated, his physical body shattered, and his divine soul disappeared.

After this battle, the Bitter Immortal Realm, which was on the verge of unification, once again fell into turmoil.

The major demon lords were eager to take advantage of the situation and become the next demon king.

With the collapse of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian's army, the subordinate demon kings who had pledged allegiance once again split up and each took control of a region.

The ones who really suffered were the low-level living beings of the Bitter Immortal Realm.

All of this was what the large sects of the Fuyu Immortal World wanted to see.

As for Yunlan Sword Immortal, who had personally participated in all of this, he didn't receive much attention.

His level was still too low.

"Golden fire?" Han Muye, who had left the Bitter Immortal Realm, stood in the vast heavens and earth and turned around, looking at a golden flame behind him.

From within the flame, a 13 or 14-year-old child dressed in a golden robe walked out.

His eyes shone with golden immortal light, and immortal patterns flickered all over his body.

The child's body surged with flames that even Golden Immortals had to retreat from.

A phoenix.

This was pure Phoenix bloodline, the true king of fire among all the fires in the world.

"Greetings, Foster Father." The child bowed to Han Muye with a solemn expression. "Without Foster Father's help, Golden Fire wouldn't have been able to purify his body, undergo Nirvana, and start over."

#### **Chapter 1206 - 1206 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province**

#### **1206 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province**

Looking at the bowing Golden Fire in front of him, Han Muye pondered for a moment.

He knew why Golden Fire was here.

The Heaven Immortal Demon King Hun Tian fused his nine-colored bloodline power with the golden flames, and in the end, he obtained the golden flames of a reborn human.

The current golden flame was the entrustment of Immortal Demon King Hun Tian, but it was not his reborn body.

“How is Heaven Immortal Demon King Hun Tian?” Han Muye asked softly.

Golden Fire cupped his hands and said loudly, “Foster father, in the future, there will only be Jin Huo in the world.”

Heaven Immortal Demon King Hun Tian became a thing of the past.

The Phoenix Clan was the same.

After the Nirvana Bead’s rebirth, it did not retain memories from its past life; this life was its only focus.

“Very well, if you encounter difficulties in the realm of bitter immortals in the future, you can come to Yunlan City to find me.” Han Muye nodded and raised his hand, a sword light falling in front of Jinhuo.

Then, his figure flashed and left directly.

Jin Huo looked at his back with a complicated expression.

“I thought you would want to form a contract with me.”

Taking a deep breath, he turned to look at the Bitter Immortal Realm behind him, “Very well, then I’ll stay in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

“What Xiang Tian couldn’t accomplish doesn’t mean I can’t.”

...

Han Muye crossed the Yunteng Wasteland and returned to Yunlan City.

Along the way, he saw that there were already many demons from the intermediate realm of the Bitter Immortal Realm in the wasteland. Some were wandering in all directions, while others were wreaking havoc everywhere.

Perhaps this was what the various large sects wanted to see. The Bitter Immortal Domain no longer had the power to coalesce.

Upon returning to Yunlan City, he immediately began seclusion.

This made Li Yungang, who had rushed over, grit his teeth in anger.

A golden light barrier rose in the hall of the City Lord’s Manor, and two swords appeared in front of Han Muye.

One was the sword of Mu Huan, one of the hall masters of the Sword Sect's Xuntian Hall, and the other was a longsword that contained the inheritance of Zhu Ming, a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

These two swords were both precious items, and they had the background of the Sword Sect behind them.

With Mu Huan's sword in hand, he would have someone to rely on in the Sword Clan in the future.

Zhu Ming's sword represented the inheritance. In the future, he would be the junior of a big shot in the Heaven Patrolling Hall. He was not someone without connections in the Sword Sect.

His gaze landed on the two swords, and Han Muye raised his hand to hold the green and yellow Mu Huan's sword.

This sword was not an immortal treasure, but the immortal light surging on it was thick. It could be seen that it had been nurtured very well.

With the infusion of sword intent, the memories in the longsword surfaced and appeared in his mind.

The sword's name was Guanzhi, and it was a high-grade spiritual treasure sword. The sword was eight inches long and weighed 30 catties. It was refined from the Chaos Yang Jade Marrow and contained traces of three flowers' light iron. It had been nurtured for a thousand years.

The first owner of the Guanzhi Sword was not Mu Huan, but a Senior of the Sword Sect.

This senior's swordsmanship was exquisite, focusing on continuous, delicate strikes like threads.

In Han Muye's view, this type of swordsmanship was similar to the accumulative power of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal, just with different applications.

One burst forth with all their power instantaneously, the other turned limited power into prolonged sword intent.

Long and explosive, the sword intent swirled in Han Muye's mind, fusing the two concepts.

A stream of green light gradually appeared around him, transforming into a river.

The long river flowed back and forth before turning into a green ribbon that tied around his hair.

This ribbon seemed ordinary, fluttering in the wind.

But it was actually the manifestation of Han Muye's sword intent, continuously accumulating and layering.

If this sword were drawn, it could cause mountains to crumble and the earth to split.

Who could have thought that this gentle ribbon contained the power to shatter heaven and earth?

After observing the senior's sword intent and seeing Mu Huan's sword techniques, Han Muye's sword intent became even more solid.

Every individual who achieved Heavenly Immortality, every accomplished swordsman, possessed qualities worthy of admiration—both in cultivation and temperament.

Studying the sword techniques, the sword lights around Han Muye gradually dimmed, as if his strength was undergoing another baptism.

Three days later, he put down the Guanzhi Sword with an expression of admiration on his face.

For someone like him, becoming the disciple of a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Heaven Immortal was an unparalleled treasure.

Putting away the Guanzhi Sword, he shifted his gaze to the other long sword.

Reaching out, he grasped it, causing the sword light to tremble and sword intent to surge.

“Buzz!”

The image of a green-robed Daoist appeared in his mind.



“Kid, among the younger generation of Sword Sect disciples, you are the most intelligent and have the highest comprehension,” the Daoist said, his expression solemn.

“You are still the inheritor chosen by Immortal Lord Cang Yun. Naturally, I won’t be stingy.

“Watch closely. My whole life has been devoted to the sword. This sword represents the pinnacle of my lifelong learning!”

As his voice fell, the sword light brightened.

A green sword light turned into an endless blade, filling Han Muye’s mind space.

Sword light filled the sky!

This kind of sword seemed to trap people in a quagmire, making it impossible to escape.

“In terms of ferocity, my sword is inferior to the Senior Brothers of Zhantian Hall.

“In terms of gentleness and length, my sword is inferior to the Senior Brothers of the Xuntian Hall.

“But my sword excelled in unwavering perseverance.

“Let it be as strong as it wants. A gentle breeze supports the mountain summit.

“The Heaven and Earth powers are imperceptible, and the sword beams are endless.”

Zhu Ming’s voice sounded arrogant.

The sword light in front of Han Muye kept compressing, covering all the space.

“Strike!”

Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

In front of him, the trapping sword formed by the immortal Dao primordial spirit appeared.

The sword light transformed into billions of paths that filled the space in front of him.

“If, and it’s a big if,” Han Muye stared at the sword light before him, his eyes gleaming, “if I were to directly set up the Heavenly Cycle Array of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign...”

It was possible.

But this was not something he could consider at the moment.

The Heavenly Cycle Array Formation encompassed the entire Heavenly Cycle Myriad Worlds and used innumerable treasures as its foundation.

## **Chapter 1207 - 1207 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (2)**

### 1207 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (2)

Relying solely on a trap sword, it was impossible to accomplish.

However, what if it was simplified billions of times?

Perhaps, that would be possible.

Sword light intertwined and divided, filling the space in front of Han Muye.

This scene was similar to Zhu Ming's sword intent, yet it was different.

The long sword gleamed with sword light, seemingly more agile.

Han Muye closed his eyes, letting the long sword whirl and merge with his own sword intent.

An epiphany.

For cultivators, a once-in-a-lifetime epiphany was difficult to come by in thousands of years, but for Han Muze, it wasn't hard.

As long as he was willing to comprehend it carefully, it was fine.

Five days later, the sword light around him dissipated.

The primordial spirit sword in front of him returned to the divine treasure, and the sword light on it became even more magnificent, almost endless.

When he opened his eyes, there was a flash of sword light in them.

The inheritance of two great Sword Dao cultivators made his Sword Dao foundation even deeper.

"Buzz!"

The sword light receded, and in front of him appeared two great cauldrons.

One was a supreme treasure, the Essence Refinement Cauldron that could assimilate all things.

The other was a huge cauldron obtained from Immortal Lord Ming Yuan of the Dangyuan Sect, who had died in the Bitter Immortal Realm.

These two cauldrons shared the same origin of power.

The two cauldrons floated, their powers intersecting, as if echoing each other.

The Essence Transformation Cauldron.

This great cauldron, which could be considered a rare treasure even in the divine realm, had an overbearing name.

This cauldron could merge various fragmented powers into one.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a nine-colored ray of light reformed within the alchemical cauldron.

This was formed by fusing the power of nine divine beast essences, capable of elevating the power of divine beast bloodlines to unimaginable levels.

Unfortunately, this elixir had lost most of its power due to being taken by the Phoenix. Now, only a trace of power remained, needing to be re-refined in the Essence Transformation Cauldron.

However, this trace of power was already sufficient.

Back then, when Han Muye taught Mu Wan how to refine the Qi Condensation Pill on the Nine Mystic Mountain, he used a wisp of spiritual energy as a guide.

Now, with this nine-colored light as a guide, it was enough.

Raising his hand, streams of bloodline power descended into the refining cauldron.

The Essence Refinement Cauldron assimilated all things, and all the bloodline powers that fell into it were merged and turned into one.

Ever since Han Muye was in the Heavenly Mystic World, he had been gathering various bloodline powers, from the Southern Wasteland to the Central Continent, and even in the Desolate Wilderness, he would leave a trace of any encountered bloodline.

His Baxia and Kui bloodlines were both preserved.

At this moment, these bloodlines merged into one, forming a golden blood sphere within the Essence Refinement Cauldron.

This was the fusion of the various bloodlines in Han Muye's hands.

He raised his hand to guide the blood ball into the Essence Transformation Cauldron and was immediately enveloped by the nine-colored light.

In the cauldron, divine light vibrated.

Beneath the nine-colored light, a golden pill was brewing.

If this pill succeeded, its grade would be unimaginable.

Han Muye watched the light circulate in the cauldrons, raised his hand, and put away the two cauldrons.

They didn't have enough bloodline power to refine this pill right now.

To refine this pill, it would take all the bloodline powers of the divine beasts in the Bitter Immortal Realm, and even that wouldn't be enough.

If this pill could be refined so easily, Immortal Lord Ming Yuan from the divine realm wouldn't have been unable to be reborn. He could only gather bloodline power with the help of the power of the Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian.

"Essence Refinement Origin Cauldron, Essence Transformation Cauldron, if Junior Sister possessed such treasures, her alchemical cultivation would surely advance rapidly." Han Muye murmured as he looked at the large cauldrons in front of him.

He had been in the Fuyu Immortal World for more than 10 years. In less than 20 years, the Immortal Ascension Platform of the mortal world would open.

That would be the time for Han Muye to return to the mortal world.

Putting away the two supreme treasure cauldrons, Han Muye raised his hand and dispersed the light screen outside.

“Buzz!”

A sword light flew over from outside the hall.

Li Yungang, Zhantian Hall’s Chief.

The sword was so fast that it arrived in an instant.

The power gathered in this sword had also surpassed the Void Realm.

Li Yungang did as he said and really challenged Han Muye with the power of the Void Refinement Realm.

Looking at this sword light, Han Muye did not raise his hand.

In front of him, a Primordial Spirit Sword appeared.

Then, the sword directly turned into billions of sword lights.

Li Yungang’s sword had only reached 30 feet in front of Han Muye when he was already wrapped in sword light.



“What’s—”

With a low shout, Li Yungang raised his hand to shield himself.

Because countless swords had already pierced within three feet of him.

Trapped.

In an instant, Li Yungang was trapped in a quagmire of countless sword lights and couldn’t escape.

This was a sword technique born from Zhu Ming’s sword intent and mixed with the power of the Trap Sword.

Or rather, it was a sword formation.

No need to worry, as long as it could showcase his sword techniques.

Watching Li Yungang struggling in the sword light quagmire, unable to break free, a smile appeared on Han Muye’s face.

This was a Sword Dao technique that he could openly use.

With this method, he could head to the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect and witness the convergence of myriad sword techniques.

“Boom!”

A sword light soared from Li Yungang’s body, shattering the surrounding sword lights.

All the sword lights returned to Han Muye and transformed into the Essence Soul sword again.

He raised his hand and waved, causing the sword to dissipate.

“Chief, your strength is impressive. You’ve won,” Han Muye clasped his hands and spoke.

Li Yungang’s face turned red.

Above his head, an illusory world appeared.

Grotto-heaven power.

He had won.

However, he had used the power of the Grotto-heaven to unleash power far beyond the Void Refinement Realm.

Could this really be considered his victory?

“The inheritance of Elder Zhu Ming is truly extraordinary,” Li Yungang looked at Han Muye, his gaze sweeping over the ribbon hanging behind him.

“Indeed, I’ll come again in a few days.”

With that, his figure flickered and disappeared from the hall.

Han Muye shook his head and was about to walk out of the hall when Li Yungang turned around again.

“I forgot to mention an important matter.”

Li Yungang’s expression turned slightly solemn as he said in a deep voice, “The turmoil in the Bitter Immortal Realm this time has already affected the Yunlan Dao Sect.”

### **Chapter 1208 - 1208 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (3)**

1208 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (3)

Did it involve the Yunlan Dao Sect?

Han Muye frowned.

The Bitter Immortal Domain did not have much to do with the Yunlan Dao Sect, but it involved the arrangements of Immortal Lord Ming Yuan from the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.

“Is it because of Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian?” Han Muye asked.

“Yes, the Yunlan Dao Sect has shown signs of division, and there are disputes among the factions within the sect,” Li Yungang just spoke in a hushed tone.

Upon closer examination, it’s actually quite simple. The Yunlan Dao Sect was debating whether their own sect should adhere to the Dao of the immortal world and remain independent from the divine realm or sway towards the divine realm.

Originally, these two viewpoints were constantly entangled within the sect.

But this time was different.

When the remnant soul of the Immortal Lord fell into the hands of the Dao Sect, they knew more about the divine realm.

Moreover, this remnant had made some promises, enticing even the powerful members of the sect.

“Now, our sects have to be careful.” Li Yungang’s eyes revealed a trace of worry.

The Dao Sect was too powerful.

If the Dao Sect cooperated with the Divine Clan, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Perhaps, the split within the Dao Sect might be beneficial for the Sword Sect and other sects as well?

Could the Sword Sect be behind this push?

“Also,” Li Yun just hesitated a bit as he looked at Han Muye, “This time, when you finally shattered the bloodline essence in that giant cauldron, the Dao Sect and the Blood Battle Sect took offense.”

Han Muye shattered the pill formed from the nine-colored rays of light in that inheritance hall.

This prevented the puppets in the Burial Immortal City from advancing.

This blame was placed on the Sword Sect.

The various sects’ challenges were somewhat balanced by the fact that the Heavenly Radiance Sect and the Iron Armor War Sect stood behind the Sword Sect this time.

However, the Sword Sect had to pay a price.

“So, for the reinforcements going to the Burial Immortal City this time, is it only our Sword Sect?” Han Muye’s face showed a trace of coldness.

He didn’t want to implicate the Sword Sect.

Because he had always impersonated a disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, he felt ashamed inside.

The Sword Sect’s actions were straightforward, and its senior sword cultivators had high moral standards, without any hidden motives.

But unexpectedly, this time, both the Dao Sect and the Blood Battle Sect intentionally sought trouble with him.

Even if he hadn’t shattered the nine-colored rays of light, Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian would have attacked.

“In the Burial Immortal City, numerous experts from our Fuyu Immortal Realm have been buried,” Li Yungang just nodded, whispering, “Comparatively, the danger in the Soul-Severing Valley is somewhat smaller.”

Han Muye had been punished for offending the Dao Sect by guarding one of the three forbidden lands.

The Soul-Severing Valley was where the Iron Armor War Sect was stationed and wasn’t open to outsiders.

However, if Han Muye went there, relying on the power of his Kui Bloodline, he might be able to survive for another 10 years.

But the Burial Immortal City was not so simple.

“You once exchanged a strike with Golden Immortal Spirit Sword. If you go to the Immortal Burial City, I’m afraid you really have to fight that guy.” Killing intent flashed in Li Yungang’s eyes.

Sword cultivators detested such schemes the most.

For them, it was better to settle things with a straightforward sword strike than to engage in intricate calculations.

“Burial Immortal City it is then.” Han Muye nodded, looking into the distance.

“When will you go?”

Back then, he had agreed to go to the three forbidden lands in 10 years with Golden Immortal Shu Ming. While the agreed-upon time hadn’t come yet, Han Muye had basically finished his business in the Bitter Immortal Realm in the wasteland.

He did not need to fully attend to Yunlan City in the future either.

There were plenty of experts in the city.

“In a year.” Li Yun just raised his hand, producing a nine-level sword tower.

“Kid, I’ll lend you this tower for now. When you come back, we’ll have a few battles,” he said, tossing the sword tower to Han Muye.

With that, he threw the sword pagoda at Han Muye.

This was his reward for challenging Han Muye.

He had promised to give this tower to Han Muye in the first place.

As for the temporary lending, powerful figures like Li Yungang just had no reason to take back something once it was given.

Han Muye smiled and took it, then said calmly, “Chief Li, next time, just use your Golden Immortal strength directly.”

These words made Li Yungang’s face flush red.

He snorted coldly and turned to leave.



After taking a few steps, he stopped. “You have to quickly condense your Grotto-heaven. Otherwise, you won’t be able to withstand it in the Burial Immortal City.”

Condensing a Grotto-heaven?

Seeing Li Yungang leave, Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

He was preparing to condense a Grotto-heaven, but not in the Wasteland.

After Li Yungang left, he raised his hand and a golden rune turned into a stream of light that flew into Yunlan City.

A moment later, figures landed outside the hall.

Zhao Chen, Zuo Baichuan, Zhang Zhenbiao, Xie Chaoyan, and the others walked into the hall with solemn expressions.

Han Muye looked over. Qin Zhaoyuan, Du Qiang, and the others were also there.

Even Wu Changhe, an expert from the Iron Armor War Sect who had come with Purple Leopard to Yunlan City, and Zhao Pingyu, who had inherited the teachings of the seniors, were present.

There were even a few powerful individuals that Han Muye didn’t recognize but were already in the Heaven Immortal Realm.

“Greetings, City Lord.”

Everyone bowed, showing respectful expressions.

The world of cultivation was like this—only the strong received respect.

The power Han Muye had displayed by now had made everyone look up to him.

Because of the Yunlan Sword Immortal’s presence, the entire Yunlan City became one of the few large cities in the entire Wasteland.

Moreover, Yunlan City wasn’t supported by Yunlan Sword Immortal alone.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect clearly supported Yunlan City.

The Zhulong Trading Company and its backer, the Heavenly Radiance Sect, also cooperated with Yunlan City.

Just a contract rune could make Heavenly Radiance Sect fully support Yunlan City.

Wu Changhe’s presence in Yunlan City represented the relationship between the Iron Armor War Sect and Yunlan City.

To the Iron Armor War Sect that never cooperated with the major sects, Wu Changhe's presence here represented everything.

Zuo Baichou stepped forward and reported the recent developments in Yunlan City.

"City Lord, there are already nearly 10 million cultivators from various factions, making it one of the top 10 cities in the Wasteland."

#### **Chapter 1209 - 1209 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (4)**

##### **1209 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (4)**

"There are 160 teleportation arrays leading to various places. They are arranged in all four directions outside the city.

"There are 332 Heaven Immortals stationed in the city. Among them, 43 are at the Void Refinement Realm and six are at the Void Transformation Realm. Two Golden Immortal experts are willing to give offerings in name. Senior Li Yungang wants to fill the city with fine wine as compensation...

"There are tens of thousands of merchant houses of various sizes in the city, trading billions of dollars and all kinds of supplies every day. The caravans connect to the Bitter Immortal Domain and the other major sects."

...

At this moment, Zuo Baichou's demeanor and speech were no longer the appearance of the heir of the Wanshen Trading Company.

In front of him, the Wanshen Trading Company did not even have the qualifications to look him in the eye.

In charge of the administrative affairs of a large city like Yunlan City, he controlled the life and death of countless living beings. Unknowingly, Zuo Baichuan had also become an expert who could decide the life and death of a Heaven Immortal with a word.

All of this came from Han Muye's trust and his choice back then.

Not only him, but Zhang Zhenbiao and Zhao Chen also had unimaginable power.

The Jujin Trading Company in Zhao Chen's hands controlled the transactions with the Sword Sect. The profit of the caravan was billions of spiritual rocks.

The current Jujin Trading Company was a large trading company that ran rampant in the Yuze state.

Not only had Zhang Zhenbiao's cultivation increased countless times, but he also had many experts under him. The resources he casually mobilized were unimaginable in the past.

After Zuo Baichuan reported, Han Muye nodded and asked the others some questions.

Qin Zhaoyuan led the remaining Thunder Bandits Guards to protect the City Lord's manor of Yunlan City.

Due to a reversal in her bloodline, Qin Ziyue transformed into a Heaven Devouring Lion and could no longer take human form.

However, through a symbiotic contract with Qin Zhaoyuan, her strength had become even greater than before.

They had only chosen to use runes to form a contract after seeing the contract between Wu Changhe and Ziyue.

"I'll wait for Ziyue's child to grow up before returning to the sect." Wu Changhe smiled and said loudly, "The sect has agreed."

"I'll be stationed in Soul-Severing Valley for a hundred years in the future."

Using Soul-Severing Valley to guard for a hundred years in exchange for Ziyue and her child's growth.

Who said that humans and demons could not coexist?

Sometimes, such a contract was more reliable than any alliance.

Outside of Yunlan City, the market managed by the Zhulong Trading Company was much more bustling than other markets.

Those who wanted to purchase demon beast protectors only needed to have true compatibility and form a contract, instantly doubling their strength.

To find demon beasts that were compatible and willing to form contracts in the market, many people would go to great lengths.

Demon beasts obtained in this way were not treated as slaves by anyone; they were considered life-and-death brothers.

Zhao Pingyu stayed in Yunlan City partly because he needed to slowly digest the inheritance of arrays and partly because Yunlan City had a large number of businesses.

Setting up so many formations not only allowed him to practice but also brought substantial rewards.

This was doable.

Xie Chaoyan's trading company's business was quite good. Of course, the Demon Luo clan also had many experts living in Yunlan City.

Among the heavenly immortal powerhouses serving in Yunlan City, more than half of them were from the Demon Luo clan.

Han Muye was highly esteemed in the Demon Luo clan, and Yunlan City was their own home.

It was rare for them to have their own faction in the wasteland. All members of the Demon Luo clan were willing to protect Yunlan City.

The prosperity of the entire Yunlan City completely exceeded Han Muye's expectations.

When he first came to the Yunteng Wasteland, he never thought he could achieve this level.

Yunlan City had unexpectedly become his greatest reliance and bargaining chip in the Fuyu Immortal World.

"Everyone, I'm leaving the wasteland in a few days and heading to the Burial Immortal City." Han Muye's words silenced the hall.

Everyone exchanged glances, not daring to speak.

They knew they couldn't interfere in these matters at all.

They understood that everything in Yunlan City was dependent on the Yunlan Sword Immortal. If Yunlan Sword Immortal was powerful, Yunlan City would prosper.

To ordinary cultivators, the three forbidden grounds of the Immortal World were untouchable places throughout their lives.

But for Yunlan Sword Immortal, that place might be where he honed his sword Dao.

"I'll go to the Burial Immortal City with the sword cultivators of our sect. The affairs of Yunlan City will be left to all of you." Han Muye looked at Zuo Baichou and the others, speaking softly.

Zuo Baichou raised his head, looked at Han Muye, and bowed, saying, "City Lord, rest assured, we will carefully guard Yunlan City."

The others also followed suit and bowed.

The summoning meeting didn't last long, and Han Muye wouldn't leave immediately.

He distributed the rights of each person within the city, set down rules, and then let everyone depart.

Zuo Baichou and Du Qiang stayed behind.

"City Lord, these are all the resources in the city's storeroom. Take a look and decide what you need for your trip to the Burial Immortal City."

Handing a jade slip to Han Muye, Zuo Baichou said, "If there's anything you lack, we'll gather it as quickly as possible."

Du Qiang also handed over a jade slip from the side and smiled, "As long as it exists in the wasteland, we can find it for you within three days."



This was the benefit of Yunlan City becoming a large city in the wasteland.

Not only did it possess endless wealth, but it also held boundless authority.

In the cultivation world, all of this could be turned into resources.

Han Muye did not stand on ceremony. He directly selected hundreds of types of spiritual medicines and pills, along with many spiritual materials and swords, armor, and even took away half of the spiritual rocks from the storeroom.

Half was 80 billion.

This was wealth that a middle-sized sect wouldn't be able to accumulate in tens of thousands of years, yet Yunlan City had acquired it in a short period.

Fortune was on their side.

Without the turmoil in the Bitter Immortal Realm, without Yunlan City's fortuitous circumstances, Han Muye wouldn't have been able to amass such wealth.

"Du Qiang, tell Senior Zhulong that I want to gather a batch of demon beasts willing to accompany me to the Burial Immortal City."

**Chapter 1210 - 1210 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (5)**

## 1210 Guarding the Burial Immortal City and Returning to Yuze Province (5)

Han Muye looked at Du Qiang and said in a deep voice, “Your cultivation must not be lower than the Immortal Realm.”

A demonic beast not weaker than the Immortal Realm.

This was something that he did not dare to imagine before.

Du Qiang cupped his hands and said, “City Lord, don’t worry. My Zhulong Trading Company will definitely settle this matter.”

After the two of them left, Xie Chaoyan quietly arrived.

“Your Excellency.” Xie Chaoyan bowed.

Han Muye nodded and looked at him. “Are there members of the Demon Luo Clan in the Burial Immortal City?”

The Demon Luo Clan was said to be spread throughout countless realms, so there should be members everywhere.

However, given the dangerous nature of the Burial Immortal City, only strong individuals could stay there, and Han Muye wasn’t sure if there were members of the Demon Luo Clan in the city.

“Yes, but not many.” Xie Chaoyan was prepared and handed over a piece of golden jade slip, then whispered, “Your Excellency, the elders of the clans have discussed and are ready to send a group of experts from the clan.”

Experts from the Demon Luo Clan.

For Han Muye, whether they were from the Demon Luo Clan didn’t matter, as long as their strength was sufficient.

He had to make full preparations for this trip to the Burial Immortal City.

“Good, let them make the arrangements.”

Han Muye nodded.

With the affairs in the city settled, Han Muye quietly left Yunlan City.

He didn’t go far, just to the vein where he used to nurture the Fragment Gold Ants.

Now, the distance between this vein and Yunlan City was only a few hundred miles, and the Fragment Gold within it had already been devoured by the Fragment Gold Ants.

Fortunately, Han Muye had prepared well. He had brought a large amount of ore from the Murong family back then, and it was all piled up there.

Entering the mine tunnel, countless Fragment Gold Ants emitted faint vibrations, as if responding to Han Muye.

“Buzz!”

Han Muye raised his hand, and three pieces of green jade plates appeared.

The Dao-Engraving Plates could carry Dao items.

Naturally, collecting the Fragment Gold Ants in this mine tunnel was no issue.

A stream of green light enveloped them, and countless Fragment Gold Ants were placed into three green jade plates.

These Fragment Gold Ants were spiritual creatures that Han Muye used to nourish his divine soul. Each one might not be much, but when gathered in the millions, they were significant for nurturing his divine soul.

Han Muye’s divine soul cultivation had already reached the realm of a Golden Immortal, and every bit of advancement required a massive accumulation.

After collecting the Fragment Gold Ants, Han Muye moved and flew straight up into the sky.

Beyond the sky, a golden light appeared, revealing mountains and rivers.

This was a Grotto-heaven, the one that Han Muye had claimed from that powerful Green Wolf Clan demon back then, and he had hidden it here.

Although Han Muye had already refined this Grotto-heaven, it wasn't of much use.

Now, Han Muye used the Dao-Engraving Plates to collect the paradise and nurture the Fragment Gold Ants.

The Grotto-heaven rumbled, and golden light shimmered, then it transformed into a jade plate, depicting mountains and rivers like a miniature landscape.

Countless golden light spots shuttled through it.

The drawback of not being able to carry a Grotto-heaven for Void Realm experts was directly solved in front of precious treasures.

Of course, Void Realm experts weren't qualified to possess precious treasures in the first place.

...

Ten days later, outside Yunlan City, a transmission array was guarded by a team of black-armored cavalry within a radius of 10 miles.

These were the Gale Guards of the city, once known as the Gale Bandits.

As the most mobile cavalry in the city, when the Gale Guards acted, it meant that important figures were arriving in Yunlan City.

Surrounding cultivators gathered to watch, curious about who was arriving this time.

Dressed in a green robe, with a sword case on his back, and a hairband tied around his hair, Han Muye stood calmly in front of the light array.

Behind him, a group of Immortal Cultivators in green armor stood solemnly.

These were guards sent by the Demon Luo Clan, each of them at the Immortal Realm.

After the guards, there was a group of imposing figures.

These were formidable demons brought by the Zhulong Trading Company, currently in humanoid form.

The key was that all these demons were at the Immortal Realm.

The Bitter Immortal Realm was in chaos. Their cultivation wasn't particularly strong, numerous demonic creatures and beasts were caught between various forces.

Chen Zhulong personally arranged the gathering of hundreds of Immortal Realm demonic creatures, and Han Muye was to take these experts to the Burial Immortal City.

"Everyone, I entrust Yunlan City to you." Han Muye turned around, his gaze sweeping over them as he spoke softly.

Zuo Baichou and the others bowed in response.

Zhao Chen stood beside Han Muye with a smile on his face.

Behind him was Old Chu, who was wearing a green-gray robe.

Beside Old Chu was a half-demon man carrying a broad ax on his back.

This person was named Song Zhong, a powerful Immortal Realm expert from the Heavenly Radiance Sect. He was hired by Zhao Chen from the Jujin Trading Company as a guest protector, also doubling as his personal bodyguard.

"Let's go." Seeing that Han Muye had finished instructing and stepped into the light array, Zhao Chen waved his hand and led the caravan guards behind him into the array.

The great formation flickered with golden light, drawing out immortal light that soared into the clouds.

“Fortunately, we made it.” Holding a gourd of wine and with disheveled hair, Zhou Sheng appeared outside the array with a long sword on his back.

“I happen to be returning to the sect to report my duties. I’ll borrow your array formation to get back. Do you have any objections?”

Zuo Baichou and the others quickly shook their heads.

Zhou Sheng happily strode into the teleportation array.

...

From Yunlan City to the jurisdiction of the Sword Sect, he passed through a total of 12 teleportation formations and traveled another 15 million miles.

Fortunately, they were all experts this time. The three flying ships flew across the sky and only took three days to reach Yuze province under the rule of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

Standing at the bow of the ship, looking at the vast expanse of mist and rain, a touch of nostalgia crossed Han Muye’s face.

“Haha, back home.” Zhao Chen’s face bore a smile as he spread his arms.



To Zhao Chen, Yuze Province and Yunlu City were his hometown.

However, to Han Muye, the Immortal World might be good, but it wasn't his home.

"Buzz!"

An arrow of light shot over and fell towards the bow of the ship.

"Enemy attack—"

Shouts rang out on the bow as a screen of light shattered the arrow.

Zhao Chen waved his hand, unfurling a banner on the bow.

The words 'Jujin Trading Caravan' glittered brightly.

"Damn it, haven't been back for years, and as soon as I return, this is the welcome I get?" Zhao Chen's eyes widened as he looked ahead at the scattered cultivators who were gathering, blocking their path.

"Yuze Province is in turmoil too..." Han Muye shook his head, sighing softly.

Since the departure of Wang Minghe, who defended Yuze Province, the power of the province had fallen into the hands of five Elder Guardians, and turmoil had spread throughout the province.

“Jujin Trading Caravan?”

What a fat sheep!

“Is the bone too hard to chew?”

Ahead of the flying ship, the scattered experts in the Immortal Realm muttered.

A Daoist wearing a black robe and at the Immortal Venerable Realm stepped forward, his eyes flashing with a sinister light..

He raised his hand and behind him, dozens of black-armored puppets stepped forward.

“Jujin Trading Caravan?”

“We, the Wasteland Bandits, have suffered enough from your Jujin Trading Company over the years. Today, we happened to intercept your caravan. Not a single one of you will be left alive!”

Transient Wasteland, rampant bandits.

Zhao Chen opened his mouth wide, looking back at Han Muye with an amused expression.

Back then, when they left Qingyun Town, they had killed many Wasteland Bandits along the way...

“Big Brother, these are our old enemies.” Zhao Chen raised his hand, and several figures flew out from behind him.