

Pavilion 1211

Chapter 1211 - 1211 Two Thousand Elite Disciples of the Sword Sect Sharpened Their Swords to Greet Each Other

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Several peak Human Immortal Guards from the Jujin Trading Company took action, and with just one strike, they dispersed these wasteland bandits.

The leader, a wasteland bandit leader with cultivation at the level of a Heavenly Venerable, had his mouth full of fresh blood. His face was filled with despair as he was bound by golden ropes and dragged onto the deck.

“The wasteland bandits on the Transient Wasteland are countless and unending,” the big man, realizing his impending death, roared through clenched teeth.

Why were there so many low-level cultivators, and why were all the resources controlled by the major sects?

If the low-level cultivators didn’t resort to robbery, what were they to do?

“At our Jujin Trading Company, we believe in harmony for prosperity,” Zhao Chen stepped forward, patting the big man’s shoulder.

He took out a brilliantly shining high-grade spiritual rock and stuffed it into the big man’s clothes.

“Remember, I’m the young master of the Jujin Trading Company, Zhao Chen. You can come to Yunlan City in the Yunteng Wasteland to look for me in the future.” Lifting the burly man’s collar, Zhao Chen threw him off the flying ship.

With his Heavenly Venerable cultivation, he would be fine even if he fell from the sky.

But being sealed by talismans, he was bound to suffer injuries from this fall.

Looking at the rolling waves below the flying boat, Zhao Chen suddenly turned around and looked at Han Muye, “Brother Han, take me to the Burial Immortal City.”

His words stunned Old Chu and Song Zhong.

Ever since Zhao Chen followed Han Muye to Yunlan City, he had never shown the demeanor of someone who would dare to fight.

His business acumen and social skills were decent, but he lacked the tactics and abilities to control the overall situation like Zuo Baichou.

The Jujin Trading Company in Yunlan City was far inferior to the prosperity of the Wanshen Trading Company.

In the eyes of Elder Chu and the others, Zhao Chen did not have much ambition. To be able to meet a benefactor like Cloud Water Sword Immortal was enough in this life. He did not lack wealth and had a backer.

According to their hypothesis, in the future, Zhao Chen would basically interact with the Sword Sect in Yunlan City and control this continuous business route.

He never expected Zhao Chen to say that he wanted to follow Han Muye to the Burial Immortal City.

Was that a place where an immortal cultivator who had yet to reach the Heaven Immortal realm could go?

The name of Immortal Burial was not a joke.

“Why?” Han Muye also looked curious.

He knew Zhao Chen well.

This guy was very afraid of death.

“Look, the Wasteland Bandits who gave us a headache back then now look like pitiful people.” Zhao Chen pointed into the distance with a sigh.

“This cultivation world has to see more and further before it’s interesting.”

Turning to look at Han Muye, Zhao Chen said solemnly, “Brother, I’m afraid that when you go to the Burial Immortal City and return in the future, I won’t even be qualified to travel with you.”

The qualification to accompany!

Elder Chu and Song Zhong shuddered and looked at each other.

So, their young master possessed such wisdom!

Although Zuo Baichou was in charge of Yunlan City, he had given up the opportunity to travel with Yunlan Sword Immortal.

In the future, when Sword Immortal Yunlan returned to Yunlan City, Zuo Baichou probably wouldn't have the qualification to accompany the Sword Immortal anymore!

When you have opportunities in hand, if you don't strive for them, you'll be eliminated!

Han Muye looked at Zhao Chen.

One had to admit that this guy, despite being unconventional at times, was indeed sharp-witted.

As his cultivation grew, the number of people who could accompany him became fewer and fewer.

Unknowingly, he had befriended Golden Immortal mighty figures and even Zenith Heaven cultivators above the Golden Immortal realm.

Those who had followed him back then, there were already few who could keep up with his footsteps.

Who among the people in the mortal world could accompany him on his journey?

“Alright, I won’t stay at the Sword Sect for long. You need to prepare quickly,” Han Muye said in one breath.

One sentence from Han Muye made a smile appear on Zhao Chen’s face.

“Haha, good!”

“Burial Immortal City, haha, I’ll have my chance to go there too!”

“Old Chu, don’t tell my parents about this, or they’ll break my legs...”

The flying ship continued on, encountering some bandits along the way.

However, as the banner of the Jujin Trading Company unfurled, most of them retreated when they realized the difficulty.

Five days later, the merchant convoy had reached the outskirts of Yunlu City in the Yuze Province.

When the flying ship landed, there was already a team of sword cultivators waiting outside Yunlu City.

As soon as Han Muye stepped into the territory of Yuze Province, he had already sent a message as a disciple of the Sword Sect to Yunlu City.

When activating various teleportation arrays, he needed to show his identity.

“Han Muye of the Zhenxuan Hall?” The green-robed sword cultivator holding a scroll looked up at Han Muye as he disembarked from the flying ship.

“I am here on orders from the Elder in charge to ask you some questions.”

The sword cultivator raised his hand, and several swordsmen behind him took flight.

Han Muye hadn’t moved, but sword lights had already risen behind him.

A black-robed swordsman took a step forward, and a surge of sword energy burst forth from him, confining the surrounding space.

The few swordsmen who had flown towards him were sent flying back.

The leader of the green-robed swordsman, with an unsightly expression, looked at Han Muye with a mix of surprise and fear, "I know you. Back then, you were rampant in the Trial Hall. But you should know that you're also a disciple of our Sword Sect!"

He was just at the Human Immortal Sage level and couldn't withstand a single blow in front of the powerful swordsman before him.

But as a disciple of the Sword Sect, he couldn't possibly turn and run away.

Han Muye waved his hand, and the Demon Luo Clan swordsman stepped back.

Han Muye hung a light gold badge on his chest.

A badge marking his identity as a disciple of the Zhenxuan Hall.

The green-robed swordsman across from him and the few behind him were all disciples of the Zhenhuang Hall.

Back then, Han Muye's trial in the trial grounds had been interrupted due to the interference of the Zhenhuang Hall.

Conversely, it was Wang Minghe and the others from the Zhenxuan Hall who had helped him then.

"Beard Wei, it's not your place to interfere in the matters of the Zhenxuan Hall's disciples." Not far away, there was a shout, and several figures arrived with their swords.

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1212 Two Thousand Elite Disciples of the Sword Sect Sharpened Their Swords to Greet Each Other (2)

Looking at the person in front, Han Muye smiled.

“Senior Brother Wang, you’re well.”

Wang Jintai, the disciple stationed in Qingyun Town whom Han Muye had encountered.

It was Wang Jintai who recommended Han Muye and caught the attention of his uncle Wang Minghe, providing him with the opportunity to become an elite member of the fourth halls and gain a chance in the Yunteng Wasteland.

Speaking of it, Wang Jintai could also be considered Han Muye’s benefactor.

But for Wang Jintai, Han Muye was also his opportunity.

It was Han Muye who caught the attention of the Zhenxuan Hall, giving him the chance to be summoned back to Yunlu City.

Over the years, Wang Jintai had lived well in Yunlu City, with several strong individuals from the Zhenxuan Hall watching over him.

“Haha, I heard from the previous message that you were returning from the Yunteng Wasteland, so a few elders asked me to come and pick you up.” Wang Jintai laughed heartily, walked forward, and saw a few guards behind Han Muye who had restrained their aura, making his smile even brighter.

“How is it in the Wasteland? In the past few years, the Bitter Immortal Realm has been in turmoil. It’s said that many elites from various sects have ventured into the Yunteng Wasteland.

“I heard that the Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, single-handedly turned the Yunteng Wasteland upside down. Have you been to Yunlan City?”

Turning his head to look at Zhao Chen, Wang Jintai’s face was full of smiles. “Young Master Zhao, has my brother caused you any trouble in the Wasteland?”

Trouble?

Zhao Chen shook his head with a strange expression.

Nowadays, the world only knew about the Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, in the Wasteland, but seemed to have forgotten Han Muye’s real name.

When it came to Yuze Province’s Yunlu City, even Wang Jintai didn’t know that Invincible Han was actually Han Muye.

After all, the Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, was too famous, and Han Muye was just a disciple of the Sword Sect with some potential.

The Yunlan Sword Immortal could dominate the Immortal World, and was also highly regarded by the big shots of the Sword Sect.

Han Muye, on the other hand, was just a slightly troublesome elite disciple of the Zhenxuan Hall, possibly even just a member of two halls.

“Wang Jintai, Han Muye’s escape back then was related to the chaos in Sanhuo City.” The disciple of the Zhenhuang Hall over there shouted loudly, pointing at Han Muye.

“Today, now that he’s back, he should be detained first.”

Detained?

Zhao Chen turned around and coldly shouted, “Get lost!”

Behind him, Song Zhong’s immortal aura erupted, directly sending those Sword Sect disciples flying.

Seeing this scene, a hint of envy flashed across Wang Jintai’s face.

Jujin Trading Company had connections to Yunlan City in the wasteland, supposedly with the backing of the elders. From now on, Jujin Trading Company’s business under the Sword Sect’s rule would be taken care of.

Young Master Zhao had become a highly sought-after figure in the Sword Sect, to the extent that even the supervising elders wouldn't dare offend him, let alone just punishing some junior disciples like today.

Looking at Han Muye, envy arose in his heart.

It seemed like he had associated with the right person.

Following Young Master Zhao, Han Muye would have plenty of opportunities in the future.

"Don't mind them. Elder Chen Qiu and Elder Yu Ze are hosting a banquet. They invite both Young Master Zhao and Brother Han to attend." Wang Jintai bowed to Zhao Chen and spoke loudly.

A banquet hosted by the Elders?

If it were before, Zhao Chen would have wanted to experience this feeling of returning home in glory.

But now that he had to follow Han Muye to the Burial Immortal City, how could he have the time to attend a banquet?

He needed to quickly prepare the supplies required to go to the Burial Immortal City.

"Forget it, I won't go." Zhao Chen waved his hand, glanced at Han Muye, smiled, and turned to leave.

Han Muye turned his head to look at the Demon Luo clan guards who followed closely behind him and said softly, "You guys go with Zhao Chen."

Hearing his orders, those guards and the burly men transformed from demonic beasts followed Zhao Chen and left.

A hint of regret crossed Wang Jintai's face.

He had been planning to establish some connections with the Jujin Trading Company.

Now it seemed that Han Muye probably didn't hold much weight under Zhao Shadong's command.

That was indeed a pity.

"Let's go." Wang Jintai nodded to Han Muye and led him to fly towards Yunlu City.

In Yunlu City, there were five elder supervisors. Chen Qiu and Yu Ze were from the Zhenxuan Hall, while Wu Chaoshen and Xiong Ke were from the Zhenhuang Hall.

The other elder, Su Yunong, didn't belong to either hall; he had always been a mediator.

Because of this, the Zhenxuan Hall and the Zhenhuang Hall were often in conflict, leading to constant entanglements in the affairs of Yunlu City, causing unrest throughout Yuzhe Province.

Combined with the current changes in the situation, conflicts were even more prevalent.

When Wang Jintai led Han Muye to the front of the main hall, he suddenly thought of something and turned to say, "Brother Han, how are Du Sanzhen and the others doing now?"

Du Sanzhen and the others had all left Qingyun Town and were somewhat familiar with Wang Jintai.

"They're doing well," Han Muye replied softly.

Indeed, they were doing well.

Du Sanzhen was already a Human Immortal who had entered the Sage Realm. He was not far behind Zhang Zhenbiao. Their cultivation had improved more than a hundredfold over these years.

As for the resources they had on hand, they were much richer than before.

In Yunlan City, they all had their own businesses and were still working in the military.

"That's good." Seeing Han Muye's casual response, Wang Jintai didn't press further.

The Yunteng Wasteland was much more dangerous than the Transient Wasteland. Du Sanzhen and the others' cultivation levels were probably not too good there.

In front of the hall, Chen Qiu, Yu Ze, and Su Yunong, the three Guardian Elders, were waiting.

“Reporting to the elders, Han Muye has been brought here,” Wang Jintai quickly bowed.

Han Muye also cupped his hands.

At the very least, if it weren’t for Chen Qiu and Wang Minghe guarding the trial hall back then, he probably wouldn’t even have the chance to pass the 100th stage in the trial.

“This sword intent is condensed. Looks like I’ve had a good experience in the wasteland.” Chen Qiu sized up Han Muye with a smile.

Yu Ze and Su Yunong also smiled and nodded.

Chapter 1213 - 1213 Two Thousand Elite Disciples of the Sword Sect Sharpened Their Swords to Greet Each Other (3)

1213 Two Thousand Elite Disciples of the Sword Sect Sharpened Their Swords to Greet Each Other (3)

To be able to return from the Yunteng Wasteland, he must be extraordinary.

Moreover, Han Muye of the past had broken the trial record of Yunlu City, and was truly a remarkable elite.

“It’s all thanks to Senior Wang Minghe and the elders for their help back then, otherwise I wouldn’t be here today.” Han Muye raised his hand and saluted, speaking softly.

Returning to Yunlu City, he did feel quite a bit of emotion.

In the over 10 years since he left Yunlu City, he had hardly stopped killing on the wasteland.

It was also during these 10 years that his cultivation advanced by leaps and bounds, with various opportunities arising constantly.

The accumulation in Yunlan City had given him the foundation to rise in the Immortal World.

“We’re all fellow disciples. It’s only right.” Han Muye’s attitude satisfied Chen Qiu, who smiled and extended his hand to invite him into the main hall.

The main hall was already filled with delicacies and wine.

To be honest, such delicacies were truly rare in the wasteland.

Even though Yunlan City was a large city in the wasteland, it still lacked many of these luxuries.

Han Muye didn’t stand on ceremony either, toasting and drinking heartily.

Chen Qiu and the others exchanged glances and couldn't help but chuckle.

Life in the Wasteland was tough...

From time to time, they asked him questions, and Han Muye tried his best to answer.

Of course, the questions they asked the most were about Yunlan City and the Yunlan Sword Immortal.

Han Muye's answers were, "Yunlan City is considered a large city, but it's not as prosperous as Yunlu City.

"There's no such good wine in Yunlan City.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, so be it."

...

In Wang Jintai's view, Han Muye clearly didn't truly understand the rising city in the wasteland; otherwise, he wouldn't respond so casually.

As an elder of the sect, Chen Qiu and the others knew more about the internal affairs.

Invincible Han was also a disciple of the Sword Sect. It was said that he was very likely an elite of four halls.

Perhaps, as fellow elite disciples of the Sword Sect, one had already risen to become a prominent figure while the other was still struggling. That might be why Han Muye spoke so lightly about Yunlan City and the Yunlan Sword Immortal?

“By the way, Han Muye, how many levels did you finally pass through in the trial grounds back then?” Yu Ze suddenly looked at Han Muye with curiosity and asked.

Invincible Han might be an elite of four halls.

The person in front of them was said to be an elite of two halls, and there was even a possibility of becoming an elite of a third hall.

However, the exact number of levels he had passed through was unknown to outsiders.

How many levels?

Han Muye put down his wine glass and pondered for a moment. He was about to speak when he suddenly paused.

“Bang!”

The door of the hall was kicked open, and an angry sword cultivator strode in.

“Xiong Ke, are you here to make trouble?” Yu Ze frowned and said coldly.

Chen Qiu, who was beside him, also had a cold expression.

Su Yunong, on the other hand, looked somewhat embarrassed.

Normally, he wasn’t close to either the Zhenxuan Hall or the Zhenhuang Hall.

“He hasn’t settled the matters from back then, but he can just openly become an honored guest as a hall elder? Isn’t that inappropriate?” Xiong Ke’s gaze swept around, looking at Han Muye and sneering.

Chen Qiu snorted and slapped the long table in front of him. He stood up and said, “Xiong Ke, my Zhenxuan Hall and your ZhenhuangHall will have a clear outcome in this trial. You don’t need to pick a fight at this moment.”

“Han Muye is from the Zhenxuan Hall. If you want to find trouble with him, you can come to me directly.”

Xiong Ke turned to look at Chen Qiu, his fighting spirit surging.

However, he had no intention of attacking now. He only sneered, “Fine, we’ll see the outcome of the trial.”

He glanced at Han Muye again, laughed, and turned to leave.

In the process of entering and leaving, the atmosphere had turned cold.

“Ahem, well, I have something to attend to, so I’ll leave first.” Su Yunong shook his head, arched his hand, and left.

The atmosphere in the hall became somewhat stifling for a moment.

“Ah, what’s the point of being a town elder? It would be better to stay in the sect and enjoy yourself.” Yu Ze muttered, picked up his wine glass, and downed it in one gulp.

Chen Qiu also shook his head, sighing, “Our cultivation relies on the sect. Nowadays, when the sect needs us, how can we not give our all?”

Looking at Han Muye, and seeing his calm expression, Chen Qiu whispered, “On your journey back, you must have seen the chaos in Yuze Province, right?”

Han Muye nodded.

“Not just the Yuze Province, but all the other states as well,” Chen Qiu said in a low voice.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect governed the seven states, each state being guarded by several Heaven Immortals, totaling more than 30 powerhouses.

This didn't even include arrangements in some important areas.

While the sect's powerhouses were spread out everywhere, they hadn't really been able to govern each region properly.

These Heaven Immortal powerhouses weren't as effective as the disciples who used to guard these regions.

When Wang Minghe was around, he had managed Yuze Province with great efficiency.

"Nowadays, there's chaos within the Dao Sect, so our Sword Sect also needs to gather its strength. Therefore, the various halls have discussed and decided to assign power based on the trial." Yu Ze looked at Han Muye, his eyes deep and profound as he spoke softly.

It was simple.

This time, precisely because of the matter with Yunlan City, the Sword Sect needed to send disciples to guard the Burial Immortal City.

The various halls were determining the positions of the state guardians based on the performance of their disciples in the Burial Immortal City.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect had many inheritances, and there were only a few truly powerful halls.

“So, are the two elders asking me to represent Zhenxuan Hall in this?” Han Muye put down his wine glass, smiled, and spoke with a hint of amusement.

Chen Qiu and Yu Ze looked at each other and nodded.

There was no need for them to hide anything anymore.

Now that Han Muye had returned, Zhenxuan Hall discussed it and decided to send him to the Burial Immortal City to complete the trial he had failed to complete before.

“Ahem, sending you to Burial Immortal City is a bit unreasonable. If the two elders have any requests, feel free to make them.” Chen Qiu lowered his voice and gestured a character that looked like ‘immortal.’

Immortal treasures.

Han Muye could receive an immortal treasure.

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1214 Two Thousand Elite Disciples of the Sword Sect Sharpened Their Swords to Greet Each Other (4)

This reward was not small.

“Forget it.” Han Muye shook his head, stood up, and looked out of the hall.

“The task of reinforcing the Burial Immortal City this time was caused by me. I was also going to the Burial Immortal City. I’ll go on behalf of the Zhenxuan Hall.” After Han Muye finished speaking, he nodded to Chen Qiu and Yu Ze.

“I’m going to find the reincarnation of Senior Wang Minghe, so I’ll take my leave.”

With that, he moved and disappeared.

In the hall, Chen Qiu frowned and slowly looked at Yu Ze.

Yu Ze’s expression was also solemn.

“He said that this mission was caused by him?” Yu Ze asked in a low voice.

Chen Qiu nodded, “This defending task is because Yunlan Sword Immortal, the city lord of Yunlan City in Yunteng Wasteland, disrupted the schemes of the Burial Immortal City, so—”

Yunlan Sword Immortal!

Yu Ze's eyes widened as he slowly turned his head and looked out of the hall.

"So, he, he's Invincible Han?"

"Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, Han Muye..." Chen Qiu's face slowly turned red.

He reached out, grabbed the wine pot in front of him, and gulped it down.

"Haha, this feels great!"

On the other side, Yu Ze also laughed loudly.

Who could have imagined that the elite junior they had helped just because they valued him would come to this level!

Yunteng Wasteland's Yunlan City's city lord, a big shot in the Immortal World, was able to participate in the schemes of the Bitter Immortal Realm. He disrupted the plans of various major sects, and the Sword Sect helped shoulder all the responsibilities.

Such a character had grown up under their watchful eyes.

Refreshing!

Han Muye didn't stay in the main hall but left Yunlu City directly, walking at a leisurely pace.

Ahead was a small village with spirit fields around it, and many cultivators were working in the fields.

Han Muye walked through the fields and saw a group of eleven or twelve-year-old children wielding wooden swords on a flat ground.

Beside them, a white-bearded old man held an iron sword and was shouting instructions.

"Chen Zi, you're too slow.

"Wang Dahe, your hands are like chicken claws. Where's your strength?"

The old man's voice was powerful, and the children swung their swords nervously.

Han Muye stood outside the flat ground, watching as the old man taught the basic sword techniques of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

It wasn't until half an hour later that the old man waved his hand, and the children left to play.

"So, interested in any of them?" The old man, who had noticed Han Muye earlier, walked towards him at a slow pace and asked.

Han Muye had the badge of the Zhenxuan Hall on his chest.

"Wang Zijian," Han Muye said softly.

"Haha, good eye." The old man laughed heartily, put away the iron sword in his hand, and a proud expression appeared on his face.

"Among these ten or so little fellows, only Wang Zijian's cultivation will be stronger in the future."

"This kid has a natural affinity for the sword."

With a nostalgic look, the old man looked at Han Muye. "You can take him away, but you need to get his consent."

He slowly raised his hand and held the longsword horizontally. The old man's expression was solemn. "Defeat me in front of them."

The children who were scattered also noticed the situation here and slowly gathered around.

“Look, the person in front is an official disciple of the Sword Sect, with the identity badge of a disciple.”
The old man spoke loudly.

The children’s gazes fell on the badge on Han Muye’s chest, envy evident on their faces.

“Today he wants to take a disciple with him. I made a deal with him that as long as he can defeat me in a swordfight, I’ll let him choose freely.” The old man shouted again.

Select a disciple?

An official disciple of the Sword Sect was looking for someone to be his disciple?

The children’s eyes became even more eager.

Even the cultivators who had come over upon hearing the news looked on with envy.

Everyone here was just an outer disciple of the Sword Sect; no one was qualified to become a disciple of the Sword Sect.

These children would participate in trials when they grew up, but whether they could become disciples of the Sword Sect, it wasn't clear if even one or two could achieve that.

Becoming a disciple of the Sword Sect was a matter of luck.

Han Muye glanced around and nodded.

"Clang—"

The old man unsheathed his sword and turned into a whirlwind, slashing at Han Muye's neck.

This sword was fast and went straight for Han Muye's vital points, giving him no chance to dodge.

"Clang—"

A sword light emerged from Han Muye's hand, blocking the strike.

Without retracting his sword, the old man utilized the momentum of the attack to swing again.

Han Muye's sword's edge swept lightly, and the two swords continued to clash.

The clash of the two swords created a symphony of sword cries.

The old man kept pressing forward, but he couldn't breach the three-foot range in front of Han Muye.

"Clang—"

With a long cry, the old man retreated in mid-air, holding his long sword and looking at Han Muye.

"Indeed, you are a disciple of the Sword Sect. Your swordsmanship is exquisite; I can't compare." The old man arched his hand and then raised his long sword. "Please, strike me once so that I can witness the skills of a disciple of the Sword Sect."

Throughout, Han Muye hadn't taken the initiative to strike.

At this moment, he nodded, his sword turned into a whirlwind, and in a flash, he was already in front of the old man.

The old man raised his sword to block, but he missed. The edge of the sword left a mark on his collar before returning to the scabbard.

“Thanks for your humility.” Han Muye arched his hand, then looked at a 12 or 13-year-old child nearby.

“I want to take him with me.”

The child looked up nervously at Han Muye, then turned to look at the old man, and then at a middle-aged cultivator in a gray robe.

“Zijian, quick, kowtow to Master!” The middle-aged man in the gray robe, who had noticed this, exclaimed hurriedly.

The child hesitated for a moment, about to kneel down, but Han Muye raised his hand to stop him.

“I have important matters to attend to. I won’t be in Yunlu City for the time being. I’ll take him to the city and have a senior disciple teach him.”

Han Muye raised his hand and tossed a storage bag to the gray-robed cultivator. **Chapter 1215 - 1215 Two Thousand Elite Disciples of the Sword Sect Sharpened Their Swords to Greet Each Other (5)**

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“You can visit him in the city in the future.”

The gray-robed cultivator took the storage bag and probed it with his divine sense. His body trembled and his eyes widened.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, he looked up blankly, the corners of his mouth trembling, and nodded.

100,000 spiritual rocks!

These were spiritual rocks that he could never earn in his lifetime!

No matter what, it was worth it to be able to take out 100,000 spiritual rocks as a settlement fee.

“May I ask why that strike just now was different?” As Han Muye was leading the child away, the white-bearded old man asked anxiously.

“Your sword lacks the Dao.” Han Muye shook his head and disappeared with the child.

If he hadn’t realized that this old man’s swordsmanship hadn’t attained the Dao, he wouldn’t have taken Wang Minghe’s reincarnation away so soon.

“No Dao...” The old man trembled all over, looked at the sword in his hand, and was momentarily dazed.

“Yes, I was wrong. I knew it back then, but I never changed...”

“Senior Brother, I was wrong...”

...

When Han Muye told Wang Jintai that the child in front of him was the reincarnation of Wang Minghe, Wang Jintai was stunned.

They had also searched, but they hadn’t found him.

If not for the Dao Forging Disc, Han Muye wouldn’t have been able to find it this time.

“Junior brother, if it’s really the reincarnation of Granduncle, we will protect him more, teach him carefully, and wait for him to awaken his memories from his previous life.” Wang Jintai spoke solemnly.

“Wang Senior Brother, this is something I left for the seniors. Let’s discuss other matters when I come back from the Burial Immortal City.” Han Muye handed over a storage bag to Wang Jintai and then left.

Burial Immortal City

Wang Jintai looked surprised at Han Muye’s departing figure.

He looked at the storage bag in his hand, entered it with his divine sense, and widened his eyes even more.

Magic treasures, spiritual treasures, spiritual rocks, pills...

The treasures in this storage bag were worth at least a hundred million spiritual rocks!

Even the Elder in charge wouldn't be able to produce so many treasures!

Turning his head to look at Wang Zijian, who was standing nervously there, a hint of a smile appeared on Wang Jintai's face.

"Wang Zijian? What a good name. Come, let me take you to meet the Elder of my Wang Family first and see how talented you are in your cultivation."

A day later, Han Muye and Zhao Chen stood in front of the transmission array outside Yunlu City.

Behind them, apart from Chu Lao and Song Zhong who followed Zhao Chen, were Han Muye's guards and a hundred powerful demons.

Not far away, Chen Qiu, Yu Ze, Wang Jintai, along with the elders of the Wang family, stood still. Wang Zijian stood to the side, looking somewhat uneasy.

On the other side, several elderly people from the Jujin Trading Company and a woman with tear streaks on her face wiped her tears.

“Ah, I told you not to tell my mother.” Zhao Chen scratched his head and glared at Old Chu.

“Mother, rest assured, I’m going to do business, not something else.” Zhao Chen waved to the woman over there.

Upon hearing this, the woman’s face became even more sorrowful. She was about to struggle over but was stopped by an elderly man in his fifties who bore some resemblance to Zhao Chen.

Seeing the old man holding back the woman, Zhao Chen angrily said, “Old Zhao, if you dare to bully my mother, I won’t let you off!”

He rolled up his sleeves and waved his arms.

A smile appeared on the old man’s face as he let go.

The woman at the side broke free and wanted to go forward again.

Zhao Chen hurriedly said, “Mother, I’m doing a big deal. Look, I have Brother Han to take care of me. I’ll be fine.”

Zhao Chen looked at Han Muye with a pleading expression.

Han Muye nodded, raised his hand, and saluted, “Auntie, please rest assured.”

As his voice fell, a soaring sword light burst forth from him, tearing through the heavens and earth!

This sword light was so magnificent that it changed the colors of the entire Yunlu City and stirred up immortal energy within a radius of 10,000 miles!

A peerless sword immortal!

Such a powerhouse was a dominant force even within the Sword Sect, a presence that ruled over a side of the immortal realm!

Walking alongside Zhao Chen was actually such a mighty expert in sword cultivation!

The dazzling sword light caused the entire Yunlu City to tremble.

The members of the Wang family, the Jujin Trading Company, and everyone else stared blankly at the sword light.

Several other sword lights flashed in the distant Yunlu City, but they were suppressed by this sword light, unable to even fly away.

Behind Han Muye, twenty guards in azure armor revealed their aura.

Each of them a Heaven Immortal!

Twenty Heaven Immortals!

The aura of these Heavenly Immortals caused the surrounding void to tremble.

What kind of power was this?

Even in the Sword Sect, only the inheritance of a hall could possess such grand might, right?

With 20 Heaven Immortals accompanying him, this was the ostentation of the Yunlan City Lord.

A smile appeared on Chen Qiu's face. Just as he was about to speak, he suddenly trembled and widened his eyes.

Right in front of him, behind Han Muye, demonic light soared into the sky from the hundred burly men.

Each of them a Heaven Immortal!

They were all Heaven Immortal demons!

Is he crazy?

In an instant, the power of heaven and earth surged, directly confining the surrounding area of a hundred thousand miles.

“Mother, are you relieved now?”

“I’m really going to do big business.”

Zhao Chen cleared his throat, struggling a bit under the pressure of those Heavenly Immortals’ auras, and then shouted loudly before waving his hand and stepping into the teleportation array.

Han Muye’s sword light receded and also landed in the teleportation array.

Behind him, everyone followed closely. They restrained their auras and stepped into the teleportation array.

“This kid has really grown up...” Zhou Sheng, who had landed outside the teleportation array, muttered. He stepped into the array and activated the immortal light.

“This, this might...” Yu Ze and Chen Qiu revealed emotional expressions.

Yunlu City’s Lord, accompanied by over a hundred Heavenly Immortal powerhouses, was a truly formidable figure in the immortal realm.

“Haha, I, Zhao Yao, knew it. I gave birth to an amazing son. Look, he has the protection of such a mighty figure.” On the side of the Jujin Trading Company, the old man beside Zhao Chen’s mother laughed proudly.

In the distance, Elder Xiong Ke and Wu Chaoshen, who were flying over, had gloomy expressions. Su Yunong, who was following closely behind, had a look of regret.

...

“Buzz!”

The immortal light of the teleportation array dissipated, and Han Muye stepped out of the array. There was already a row of sword cultivators in white robes waiting in front of him.

The person in front smiled.

“Senior Brother Han, how have you been?” Zhan Yong, an elite disciple of the Xuntian Hall, stood there, bowing respectfully to Han Muye.

“Senior Brother has found Uncle Zhu Ming’s inheritance and is a benefactor of our Zhu family. When you have time in the future, please visit our Zhu family.”

Behind him, everyone bowed in unison.

Han Muye smiled and nodded, looking at the crowd in front of him, then gazing at the distant towering buildings and city walls, and said with a smile, "It seems that the sect welcomes my return."

Hearing his words, Zhan Yong raised his head, his expression solemn, "We welcome you. 2,320 elites of the sect are here to greet you."

Chapter 1216 - 1216 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight!

1216 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight!

2,320 elite disciples of the Sword Sect sharpened their swords in anticipation!

With a single word from Zhu Yong, Han Muye's sword intent soared into the sky.

Sword light converged, shooting straight into the heavens.

Behind him, the 20 Heaven Immortal guards and 100 Heaven Immortal demons all unleashed their power, forming a blood and energy column that covered the sky.

One person came forward, followed by 120 Heaven Immortals.

"Invincible Han of Yunlan City, such grandiosity." A voice sounded from afar atop the city's gate.

Above the continuous buildings and gates of the city, sword light sparkled, transforming into towering sword pillars that solidified into a heaven wall.

Waiting for the swords to be honed.

The blood and energy column collided with the heaven wall, shattering with a resounding boom.

The strength of 2,000 elite disciples of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect was not just a match for a mere 120 Heaven Immortals. Even 10 times that number would be like snow meeting scorching sun.

Behind Han Muye, the blood qi of the 120 Heaven Immortal experts trembled uncontrollably.

The combat strength of the Sword Sect disciples was monstrous.

“Display of dominance?” Han Muye whispered softly, taking a step forward. The sword light swirling around him converged and transformed into the Essence Soul Trap Sword.

The hairband on his back turned into a green short sword.

With two swords in hand, his body transformed into a sword light, covering a distance of hundreds of miles in an instant.

“Haha, this is what a sword cultivator should look like.” A voice came from the city ahead. A sword cultivator in his thirties holding a long sword stood in the air.

“Du Mingqi from Muxue Hall awaits you!”

The sword cultivator lifted his sword, causing delicate and gentle sword light to drift like white snow. His strike seemed effortlessly executed.

However, a thousand feet in front of Han Muye, a snow-capped mountain appeared. The mountain was towering and covered in glistening snow.

“What a good move, Thousand Mountains Sunset Snow!”

Han Muye burst into laughter, tossing his short sword: “Witness my technique, Clouds Covering Miles!”

The sword turned into clouds, clouds converged into a sea, the sea of clouds surged and collided with the snow-capped mountain.

Mountain and sea of clouds merged, turning into a stream of azure immortal energy.

Breaking sword momentum with sword momentum.

This was a sparring between fellow disciples, unrelated to cultivation level, only comparing their comprehension of the Sword Dao.

“Good, good sword technique.”

Astonishment flashed across Du Mingqi's face. He stepped back and clasped his hands, "Yunlan Sword Immortal's swordsmanship is unparalleled. Du Mingqi admits defeat."

Han Muye did not stop. He brushed past him and said calmly, "You're too kind."

Since his cultivation and combat strength had already reached this level, Han Muye no longer felt the need for excessive modesty.

He had not thought of hiding his strength when he came to the Sword Sect today.

Stretching out his hand to retract his short sword, a sword light had already followed closely behind.

"Clang—"

The trap sword in Han Muye's hand struck out, turning into thousands of Daos that locked the opponent's sword.

Countless swords intertwined, the long sword within them wailed, its sword spirit trembling.

"Yuling Hall's Zhu Cun admits defeat!" A gray-robed 40-year-old sword cultivator flew over and hurriedly cupped his hands.

It was just a sparring match that he was bound to lose. If his treasured sword were to be damaged, it wouldn't be worth it.

Han Muye raised his hand and retracted the trap sword. He nodded and continued forward.

Zhu Cun also recalled his long sword, pouring his sword intent into it and letting out a breath of relief.

Luckily, there was no damage.

Looking up, he saw Han Muye shattering two more sword lights with his two swords.

“To be able to gain fame in the Yunteng Wasteland, indeed not just due to luck.” Zhu Cun’s face revealed a sense of wonder, muttering to himself. A glint of brilliance shone in his eyes.

“Big Brother, Impressive...” Looking at Han Muye’s sword, Zhao Chen, who was outside the city, showed an envious expression.

“Young Master, Yunlan Sword Immortal’s swordsmanship is the result of hundreds of undefeated battles in the Yunteng Wasteland.” Chu Lao’s voice sounded from behind.

“I know, I don’t have that ability, so it’s hopeless for me in this lifetime.” Zhao Chen waved his hand, no longer looking up. He turned and walked towards the city gate.

“I’d better think about how to earn spiritual rocks.”

Elder Chu shook his head and sighed softly before walking over.

This young master of his had grown up under his care, learning his cultivation from him. His talents weren't lacking, but unfortunately, his heart wasn't in it.

"Is that Invincible Han?" In the distance, in front of a hall floating among the clouds, a white-bearded old man asked softly.

Beside him were several old men in green robes.

"Yes, Senior Brother Zhu Ming's successor," Zhou Sheng, who had arrived at some point, said loudly with a wine gourd hanging on his waist.

"Yes, that continuous method of gathering sword intent is indeed Senior Brother Zhu Ming's path." An old man looked at the gentle and continuous sword light in Han Muye's hand and nodded.

The others also recognized the sword intent contained in this sword move.

"But I heard that Li Yungang is also very concerned about this kid?" The old man in the lead turned to look at Zhou Sheng.

The others also turned to look at him.

Zhou Sheng grinned and reached out to stroke his beard and hair. Then, he patted the wine gourd at his waist.

“That guy gave me a lot of good wine.”

His words made the leading old man frown slightly.

Others also turned to look at Han Muye.

At this moment, Han Muye had already shattered 14 sword lights in succession, forcing back 14 elite disciples of the Sword Sect.

“I wonder how many trials he passed in the trial grounds back then. However, with his Comprehension, the God Slaying Hall should take notice.” Mu Huan, once a visitor to the Bitter Immortal Realm and now at the peak of the Great Luo stage, and the master of the Xuntian Hall, looked toward the empty sky.

It was as if he could see an empty hall over there.

The most mysterious hall of the Sword Sect, the God Slaying Hall.

The God Slaying Hall was not a real hall, but a mission.

Only true elites, true transcendent Sword Sect disciples, had the qualification to enter the God Slaying Hall.

Has Han Muye already gained the qualification to enter the God Slaying Hall?

Around the sky, hundreds of divine thoughts descended silently, all observing Han Muye and his sword artistry.

Chapter 1217 - 1217 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (2)

1217 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (2)

None of these people were below the Void Refinement Heaven Immortal Realm.

There were also dozens of divine senses that drifted without leaving any traces. They were clearly Golden Immortal experts who had already surpassed the Heaven Immortal realm.

“Boom!”

A sword shattered the sword formation in front of them, sending the elite disciples of the Sword Sect flying. Han Muye’s twin swords crossed, condensing his battle intent.

“This kind of battle isn’t satisfying at all.”

He shouted to the sky, soaring upwards.

The induced sword light turned into waves that surged and shook, breaking through the sky.

“Those below the Void Refinement Realm, don’t come.

“Those above the Void Refinement Realm, attack together.”

His voice reverberated as he merged with his sword, knocking aside billions of layers of clouds and crashing into the void.

Only those above the Void Refinement Realm were qualified to fight after entering the void!

Han Muye’s words caused ripples among the surrounding divine senses. Many people directly couldn’t contain their own power, explosively shattering.

Madness?

Arrogance?

This was a true sword cultivator!

With fear in his heart, how could he be called a sword immortal?

Which sword immortal wasn’t arrogant?

Countless sword lights lit up and shot into the sky!

Within a radius of 100,000 miles, the sword shone like stars.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, the number one Sword Dao sect in the Fuyu Immortal World.

“Great! Our Sword Sect hasn’t seen such arrogant Sword Immortals in tens of thousands of years! This battle, I must watch closely.” An old white-haired swordsman burst into laughter, transforming into a green sword that soared into the sky, breaking into the void.

There were many elders of the Sword Sect like him.

Sword cultivators were belligerent to the core.

With a sword in hand, why say anything?

Fight!

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, you’re indeed arrogant and domineering, truly exceptional and arrogant. Don’t let our Sword Sect’s glory be lost.” A voice sounded out in the sky, and it was old and dignified.

“Here.”

A group of sword immortals above the Void Refinement Realm flew away and broke through the sky.

But as fast as they came, they retreated even faster.

“Bang!”

A sword light descended, pressing the first three Refining Void Sword Immortals beneath the sky.

Han Muye’s two swords crossed the sky and blocked everyone’s path.

“If you want to fight in the void against me, let me see if you have the qualification.”

Han Muye raised his sword and pointed it forward.

“If you can’t even withstand a single strike from me, don’t come.”

Only by catching a sword could one qualify for a void battle!

What kind of disdain was this?

“Clang—”

A sword light flashed, carrying a power that could shatter a world, and stabbed towards Han Muye's chest.

Strong.

It was fast.

As soon as the sword light appeared, endless waves were swept up, as if the sky was collapsing.

However, the sword light was blocked by a green headband.

With a twist of his headband, he shattered the sword light and led the pale-faced Sword Sect elite to fall to the ground.

"Yunchen Hall's Tao Tianyu, peak Void Refinement Realm. With a sword of stars in one hand, he can fight against the Void Transformation Realm."

"Can't stop a single sword!"

The elites of the Sword Clan gathered in the Heavenly Gate were in an uproar.

The elders of the Sword Sect in the distance all had solemn expressions.

“Watch the sword.”

With a deep shout, a sword light transformed into a dragon, mobilizing the power of heaven and earth, and roared out.

By the time this sword appeared, it had already shattered half of the sky, the dragon extended its claws, swooping down towards Han Muye’s head.

Transformation Void!

This sword was already the power to transform into the void and fused with the Grotto-heaven hidden in the void. The power of convergence was not something that the Void Refinement Realm could withstand.

Han Muye raised his hand, the green headband transformed into a short sword, cleaving down.

The sword he held in his right hand shattered into countless sword lights, forming an array that locked onto the dragon.

“Bang!”

The headband shattered the sword light, the fragmented sword swirled around, wrapping around the disciple who attacked, and tossing them out of the sky.

No retreat.

No letting up on the sword!

“Even the elite of three halls, Gu Ming, can’t break through the void...” The elite disciples of the Sword Sect, who were ready to draw their swords, looked on in shock.

Twin swords in the air, Han Muye’s battle intent and sword intent converged, a faint hint of killing intent intertwined.

“Concentrate your spirit and energy into one sword; no wonder even Chief Li Yun just now couldn’t withstand his single sword.” Not far away, an old man in a gray robe said, his eyes flickering with light.

“I always feel that his sword technique isn’t so simple.” Another elderly man frowned at Han Muye, softly speaking.

“First provoke the fighting spirit of the elite disciples of the Sword Sect with the overall situation, then challenge with a single sword to display his brilliance,” a plainly dressed old man smiled lightly. “And now, another sword crosses the sky.

“Step by step, poised to win. No wonder he managed to accomplish something that others couldn’t achieve in tens of thousands of years or even longer in the Yunteng Wasteland in just 10 years.”

Outside the sky, several figures stood side by side.

However, the immortal light on their bodies was dim, making it impossible for others to detect them.

Li Yungang, a Zenith Heaven expert who could defeat Heaven Immortal Demon King Xiang Tian, was also among them, but he could only stand at the back. Moreover, his face did not have the arrogance that Chief Li had.

Because before him stood several individuals, each of them surpassing the Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal Realm!

Immortal Lords.

Sword Dao Immortal Lords.

These people were the true core of the Sword Sect. Each of them was a powerhouse who dominated the Immortal Realm.

“Gathering momentum, disrupting momentum, controlling momentum. The power of 2,320 elites is manipulated by a single mind, and the method is not bad.

“Can this child be considered a backup?” A man in a coarse robe spoke softly.

He looked at Han Muye with an indifferent expression.

“The Burial Immortal City needs a ruler, but he...” Another old man shook his head, whispering softly, “He’s too weak.”

Weak.

In the eyes of these mighty figures, Han Muye's sword strike was too weak to defeat all the elites of the Sword Sect.

The others did not refute.

"The Spiritual Sword can control a third of the God-slaying Puppet Fighter. If he can gain the recognition of the Spirit Sword, perhaps there's still a chance." A man in a green robe spoke up.

"Hope is faint." The old man standing with his hands behind his back in front sighed, his eyes deep and starry.

Chapter 1218 - 1218 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (3)

1218 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (3)

"This time, the momentum of the Dao Sect has been severed, but the next time the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm takes any action, I'm afraid we won't be able to stop it.

"God-Slaying."

The old man's voice was filled with an irresistible will.

“If he can take control of the Burial Immortal City and the God-Slaying Puppet Fighters, then when I leave, the Sword Sect can be entrusted to him.

“It’s just that he has to stop the Blood Battle Sect.”

Li Yungang, who was standing at the back, had a complicated expression.

Once upon a time, he was also a candidate.

Unfortunately, he failed.

Now, as he looked at that sword light blocking the sky, with no one stepping forward, he couldn’t help but feel his blood boiling.

Back then, if he had chosen to face the challenge head-on and not retreat, would he have stepped into an unimaginable realm now?

For so many years, he had been challenging everywhere, but he could no longer make up for that initial retreat.

The more he challenged, the more his past weakness was revealed.

The sword light in front of him scattered and thousands of elites of the Sword Sect could not take a step forward. He was a true sword immortal!

“This kid might really have a chance...” Li Yungang muttered, his eyes shining.

It had been many years since the Sword Sect had an expert who suppressed his peers with a single sword strike and made all swords bow down!

One day and one night, no one could take a step out of the sky.

The Sword Dao elites that charged out ranged from one person with a sword to three people forming a formation to ten people gathering their strength.

The sword formation in front of Han Muye also began with a trapping sword, and at this moment, a nine-story sword pagoda floated.

The sword light condensed on the green short sword in his hand was already dazzling to the point where it could not be looked at directly.

With the sword before him, no one could get close.

Such was the demeanor of a Sword Immortal.

This appearance was the essence of swordsmanship.

Han Muye alone blocked the Heavenly Gate with a sword, and the elite disciples who were blocked not only weren't annoyed but were filled with battling spirit. Countless observing disciples and seniors admired and respected him, without jealousy.

This was a sword cultivator.

To cultivate the sword, one had to have a clear heart and the heart must be as one with the sword.

At this moment, the 32 peak Void Refinement sword immortals attacked at the same time.

The sword light condensed into a green sword light dragon that broke through the Heaven Wall and crossed a thousand miles.

"Boom!"

32 sword lights slashed through the sword formation set up by the Trap Sword in front of Han Muye.

The 32 sword lights did not stop. With a whistle, they slashed down at Han Muye's head.

This was the strongest lineup of the Sword Sect's elites.

This one sword was already the strongest combination of 2,320 elite individuals.

No matter how strong a Void Transformation Sword Immortal was, they could still attack together. However, they could not gather the Heaven-Sweeping Soaring Clouds Sword Formation formed by 32 sword immortals with similar cultivation levels.

The Heaven-Sweeping Cloud Sword Formation had the power of 32 Void Refinement Sword Immortals. It could kill Golden Immortals and rival Zenith Heavens!

At this moment, tens of thousands of Sword Sect disciples and Sword Sect powerhouses all focused their attention on Han Muye.

Whether he could withstand this sword or not, he would become the strongest elite disciple of the Sword Sect in tens of thousands of years.

The name 'Han the Invincible' was well deserved.

"Watch closely. If he has a follow-up move, it'll be in this strike." The strong figures of the Xuntian Hall converged their sword lights.

Han Muye was a disciple of Zhu Ming and had the qualifications to become one of the leaders of the Xuntian Hall. He couldn't afford to be injured under this strike.

"Heh, actually, several elders have been paying attention to this battle for a while. Even the Sect Master is likely to manifest his divine sense. Why should we worry?" Zhou Sheng shook his head, seeming unconcerned.

“Everyone knows that it’s impossible for him to be injured by this strike today, but if we don’t show some effort, this kid will be snatched away by the Zhantian Hall.” Up ahead, Mu Huan gave him a glance and spoke.

Zhou Sheng opened his mouth and looked at Han Muye, who was already enveloped by sword light.

That sounded quite reasonable, but why did it sound so strange?

Han Muye looked up and watched as the 32 sword lights converged into one.

This strike was incredibly powerful.

This was the will of a Sword Dao expert, a sword that condensed the overall situation.

Even if they were allowed to make this strike again, it would still be impossible.

This sword was a contest over the future direction of the Sword Sect.

Han Muye could retreat.

He didn’t need to take this strike.

Because over this day and night, no one had been able to take a step beyond the sky, proving himself.

But he had to take this strike.

The sword in his heart, the sword of the great path he pursued, was becoming impatient!

His fighting spirit had reached its peak.

Taking a step forward, he raised his short sword.

His eyes were clear, and he murmured softly.

The voice was low, audible only to himself.

“I, Han Muye, have a sword in my hand. I have to protect the Dao in my heart. Immortals and gods of the world, who can break my sword?”

The sword thrust forward.

The green sword light was gentle and elegant, like a headband.

But this sword pierced through the void.

Broke through.

Broke through the space of one world.

Broke through the space of two worlds.

Broke through the space of three worlds.

Broke through the space of countless worlds, the sword light transformed into a brilliant radiance, devouring the long sword formed by the thirty-two sword intents.

“Condense myriad realms into one sword. This is... the method of the Spirit Sword!” In front of the Xuntian Hall, the sword light on the old man’s body surged, and he exclaimed in a low voice.

“The Spirit Sword, he used it when he made a move in the Burial Immortal City. This kid took that strike.” Zhou Sheng’s eyes flickered.

In the void, Li Yungang widened his eyes. “Condensing the intent of a sword with the Spirit Sword technique. Back then, he took this strike.”

“Being able to comprehend it in just one strike is impressive.” A powerful expert from the front spoke with a booming voice, his body surrounded by sword light.

“Integrate Zhu Ming’s extensive sword intent, and then secretly condense the sword of the Spirit Sword technique from the myriad worlds.” The old man who had been standing with his hands behind his back

in front spoke with a hint of admiration in his voice. "In just this day and night of accumulating power without releasing it, he has great restraint."

Chapter 1219 - 1219 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (4)

1219 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (4)

"The nature of those who scheme for the general trend and become the sword of the general trend. Not bad."

The old man's gaze landed on the nine-story sword tower in front of Han Muye and he said softly, "It's rare that even the Nine Essence Tower chose him."

The old man slowly turned his head and swept his gaze across the group of Immortal Lord experts. "Then, what's the alternative?"

Everyone bowed and cupped their hands. "As Sect Master commands."

The old man nodded and waved his hand, his figure dissipating.

As it dissipated, the sword light in front of Han Muye also dissipated.

The 32 sword lights scattered, and the sword that Han Muye condensed also recovered, turning into a dazzling sword light again.

This sword that gathered thousands of sword intent returned to his hand, as if he had not stabbed out at all just now.

“To be able to mobilize such power through the backtracking of space and time, even an Immortal Lord would find it difficult, right?” Han Muye turned the short sword into a dazzling headband and whispered.

He knew how powerful that strike just now was. Even a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal could not easily resolve it.

Although no one said who attacked, since someone stopped the battle, the battle ended.

The more than 2,000 elites of the Sword Sect dispersed, and Han Muye flew down.

The surrounding Sword Sect disciples who were watching were filled with reluctance. They sighed and turned around.

The improvement in his Sword Dao on this day was unimaginable.

Seeing the peaks of the mountains, one’s heart would be filled with admiration.

Han Muye’s invincible sword cultivator appearance would be remembered by countless disciples of the Sword Sect.

This was how a sword cultivator should be in his life.

When Han Muye landed outside the city gate, an old Daoist in a green robe, who was at the Heaven Immortal Insightful Emptiness Realm, was waiting for him.

“Han Muye, I’m Elder Xuan Ji of the Zhenxuan Hall. Chen Qiu sent a message saying that you agreed to go to the Burial Immortal City as a disciple of the Zhenxuan Hall.

“If you represent my Zhenxuan Hall, you can head to the Zhenxuan Hall’s encampment to rest first,” the old Daoist looked at Han Muye and said softly.

He had arrived early and was originally prepared to receive Han Muye to the Zhenxuan Hall.

However, he did not expect Han Muye to fight the elites of the Sword Sect as soon as he left the teleportation array.

This battle also made his heart turn cold.

How could such an expert, Invincible Han of Yunlan City, represent the Zhenxuan Hall?

It was just a formality to ask now.

The people from the Xuntian Hall and Zhantian Hall were probably already here.

“Alright, then I’ll follow the Elder to the Zhenxuan Hall.” Han Muye nodded.

“Alright, I understand—go, go to the Zhenxuan Hall?” Elder Xuan Ji was stunned for a moment, and his dazed expression slowly revealed ecstasy.

“Are you really going?”

Han Muye nodded. “Of course I’m really going.”

Elder Xuan Ji laughed loudly and hurriedly stopped laughing. He raised his hand and threw out a small green-gray flying ship before saying in a low voice, “Leave, leave quickly.”

After the flying ship flew away for a moment, Zhou Sheng ascended and landed. He looked around and asked curiously, “Where did this kid go?”

Looking up, the figure of a cultivator from the Zhantian Hall flashed past.

...

There were a total of 16 Heaven Immortals and Golden Immortal Elders in the Zhenxuan Hall who had yet to enter seclusion.

Among them, the one with the highest cultivation was Elder Xuan Qing, who had already reached the Zenith Heaven Realm.

At this moment, a group of Elders sat around and quietly looked at Han Muye in front of them.

“Do you Elders have any more questions?” Han Muye cupped his hands and spoke loudly.

“Uh, no, no.” The Elders shook their heads.

They had spent quite some time surrounding Han Muye and asking questions, covering all that they could and couldn’t ask.

“Ahem.” Elder Xuan Qing, who was dressed in a gray Daoist robe, coughed lightly. “Yunlan, you can represent my Zhenxuan Hall to guard the Burial Immortal City. Going out represents the face of my Zhenxuan Hall.”

The others nodded.

Elder Xuan Qing raised his hand, several sets of armor emitting a divine light, as well as some moon-white Daoist robes, cyan jade belts, dust brushes, and footwork techniques, fell in front of Han Muye.

Two green longswords flashed with clear light.

Fine sword treasures.

Immortal treasures.

“Tell me, what else do you need?” Elder Xuan Qing smiled at Han Muye.

Originally, they had promised him an immortal treasure.

However, with the strength that Han Muye had displayed, an Immortal treasure was no longer suitable.

Han Muye looked at the robes and treasures marked with the emblem of the Zhenxuan Hall, and he collected them with his hand.

“I would like to reside in the Zhenxuan Hall and observe the sword techniques of my predecessors.” Han Muye spoke.

“Of course,” Elder Xuan Qing agreed with a smile.

They wouldn’t be pleased if Han Muye wanted to go elsewhere.

“If another elite disciple of the Sword Sect comes, I can exchange insights with them. But if other predecessors come, I hope that the Elders can stand up for me.” Han Muye spoke again.

“Alright.” Elder Xuan Qing nodded.

Han Muye actually had many connections in the Sword Sect. He was also a disciple of the Zhantian Hall and the God-Slaying Hall.

If he had enough time, he was willing to stay in the sect and study the various Dao inheritances and various Senior sword techniques.

But now, there was less than a year's time, and what he needed to do was to push his own strength to the limit.

The Burial Immortal City was not a good place.

For a month, Han Muye did not leave the Zhenxuan Hall at all.

After his battle with the elite disciples of the Sword Sect, he gained a deeper understanding of the sect's sword techniques.

"Buzz!"

Sword lights flashed, and long swords appeared in front of him.

Countless sword lights intersected and locked the space in front of him.

Sword formation.

Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

This was one of Han Muye's methods in the mortal world.

However, from the looks of it, the power of this sword formation was already insufficient.

The sword light split and converged into 3,000 streams of light.

This time, the space in front of him was even more turbulent, forcing him to raise his hand and prop up a light screen.

Chapter 1220 - 1220 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (5)

1220 Only Those Above the Void Refinement Realm Are Qualified to Fight! (5)

This was the grand formation of the Zhenxuan Hall, specially granting Han Muye control authority.

3,000 streams of light were still too many.

It was impossible to have 3,000 sword immortals neatly lined up in formation.

Hesitating for a moment, Han Muye raised his hand and divided the 3,000 sword lights, transforming them into 10 formations of 300 people.

The sword light emitted by each small array shone brightly and became even more agile.

Not enough.

Even with 300 sword immortals, it wasn't something that could be gathered at will.

The small formations further split into formations of 30 people each.

"It makes sense for 32 people from the Sword Sect to form a formation." Han Muye whispered as he looked at the sword formation before him.

His sword formation was not as strong as the Lingyun Formation.

"What if it's further divided?"

The formation of 30 people split, with the number of people constantly changing.

"A formation of six, connected in three formations.

"The six-man formation and the 18-man formation are the basics."

Looking at the sword light flashing in front of him, Han Muye smiled.

This deduction of the sword formation took him three months.

He was also very satisfied with this result.

The six-person formation could unleash the greatest combat power. When the power of the sword technique was stacked, it could even become a dazzling immortal sword.

If the three formations were connected, he could fight those at a higher level.

When Han Muye came out of seclusion, Elder Xuan Qing, who was guarding outside, heaved a sigh of relief.

“Yunlan, if you don’t come out of seclusion, I wouldn’t know what to say.” He forced a smile and took out a golden scroll.

“The Sword Sect has ordered the Yunlan Immortal, Invincible Han, to lead the elites of the sect to reinforce the Burial Immortal City.”

With this order, it meant that Han Muye, as the leader of this reinforcement, had absolute command and dispatch authority.

Moreover, the order also mentioned that Han Muye had the autonomy to choose.

Any elite of the Sword Sect could be selected.

Such authority could be described as significant.

This transfer order was issued three months ago, when Han Muye was in seclusion.

Once the order was issued, waves were stirred in all directions.

For the past three months, elites from various factions came to visit Han Muye, wanting to know how he would arrange things and who he would choose to go to the Burial Immortal City.

The Burial Immortal City was a dangerous place, and survival there was uncertain.

However, for disciples of the Sword Sect, there should be no fear of battle.

As long as Invincible Han chose them, it meant he valued their strength.

In the past three months, the atmosphere had been brewing non-stop. The elites from all sides were fighting openly and secretly, and they were already at each other's throats.

"Yunlan, hurry up and choose. Otherwise, a fight will really break out," Elder Xuan Qing said softly.

"No rush." Han Muye put away the order, shaking his head.

Accompanying the order was a jade slip emitting a golden light.

The information recorded in the jade slip was about the current elite disciples of the Sword Sect within the sect.

Their cultivation levels, combat strengths, and their proficiency in sword arts were all registered.

It might not be the most comprehensive and accurate, but it was definitely the most official record.

After taking the jade slip and transfer order, Han Muye returned to the hall and slowly studied it.

This stunned Elder Xuan Qing for a moment.

Time was of the essence, and without selecting and coordinating, when would he wait until?

News of Han Muye emerging from seclusion spread, and the waiting elites from various factions discreetly inquired.

“Don’t worry, Senior Brother, your cultivation level is profound. You will definitely be invited by the Yunlan Sword Immortal.” In an empty hall, a few Sword Sect disciples sat around. Someone looked at the Daoist in his thirties and chuckled.

“Of course. Senior Brother Gu Tang is the number one elite of our Wuyun Hall, so he will naturally be invited.” A disciple below echoed.

The Daoist at the head smiled, and a gleam of light flashed in his eyes.

For a moment, everyone was waiting to see who Han Muye would invite first.

However, as time passed, Han Muye left the hall three days later, but he did not invite anyone. Instead, he handed a jade slip to Elder Xuan Qing.

“Elder, please announce the cultivation method of this sword formation.

“I am asking those fellow disciples who are willing to go to the Buried Immortal City to form their own formations.

“At that time, I will select people based on the strength of their formations.”

Sword formation?

A puzzled expression appeared on Elder Xuan Qing’s face.

Was it the sect’s Lingyun Formation?

This formation was not easy to set up.

There were 32 experts in the Sword Dao who were of the same level and had similar combat strength. They would also need to coordinate, which wasn't something that could be accomplished in a short time.

If they were to select this way, it was likely that not many people would be chosen.

He reached out to take the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

Eh?

"The Six Xuan Heavenly Origin Formation, six people can form a battle formation, ingenious!

"Interlocking layers, balanced strength, and most importantly, the power of slaughter stacking. If three formations are connected, there will be a formidable power."

Xuanqing Elder's eyebrows lifted, his thoughts raced, and he became excited. "What a great formation!"

He looked at Han Muye, somewhat pained, and muttered, "With such a formation, are you really going to make it public?"

Once it was made public, this formation would spread throughout the entire sect.

According to common sense, such a good formation should be kept secret, not disclosed.

“Elder, if the fellow disciples of the Sword Sect follow me to the Buried Immortal City, where life and death are uncertain, can I really be unwilling to share a formation?” Han Muye’s face remained calm as he spoke loudly.

These words shook Elder Xuan Qing, who nodded, saying, “Yunlan, you are truly kind-hearted.

“Alright, I’ll spread this formation.”

Once this formation was spread, the sect would undoubtedly study it.

Those elite disciples who wanted to follow Han Muye to the Burial Immortal City would also practice it seriously.

In this way, as Han Muye had said, selecting based on formation strength would indeed be feasible.

This kind of selection would eliminate the previous competition, balancing the resentment among the sect’s elites.

Looking at Han Muye, Elder Xuan Qing smiled and said, “Your methods are extraordinary. You’ve put an end to the internal disputes among the sect’s elites.”

Han Muye looked outside the hall, a deep and profound light shining in his eyes.

“Elder, please help me send a message. I need five fellow disciples to form a formation together, and an additional twelve fellow disciples to form three formations.

“The hundred Heaven Immortal demons accompanying me also need to find their respective contract partners.”

Looking at Xuanqing Elder, who was staring with wide eyes, Han Muye smiled faintly. “Elder, is it difficult to send out this message?”

Not difficult?

Once this news was spread, the elites of the Sword Sect would likely be fiercely competitive for a chance to form a formation with Yunlan Sword Immortal!

“I’ll, I’ll do my best.” Xuanqing Elder’s lips trembled, muttering under his breath.