

## **Pavilion 1221**

### **Chapter 1221 - 1221 Burial Immortal City**

#### 1221 Burial Immortal City

The Six Mystic Heavenly Essence Formation spread throughout the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's base within three days.

From the sect elders, hall masters, and elites from all over the world, the Sword Sect disciples who had just entered the sect were all studying this array formation.

Experts above the Golden Immortal realm dismantled array formations and explored the mysteries of this array formation.

The more they analyzed, the more they found it incredible that Yunlan Sword Immortal could share such a powerful and convenient formation.

As for Zhou Sheng and Mu Huan, they were even more vexed.

If they had brought Han Muye to the Xuntian Hall back then, then it would have been the hall that first researched this formation.

"This kid, why doesn't he differentiate between family and friends..." Zhou Sheng muttered as he held the wine gourd and drank it.

“Buzz!”

The sword formation was formed, and the sword light rushed into the sky.

The power displayed by the six Golden Immortals could be said to be overwhelming.

Looking into the distance, the continuous city walls were filled with sword light.

Which hall wasn't studying the sword formation now?

It was fine if they were ordinary disciples, but it was fine even if they could not comprehend it for a moment.

However, for those elite disciples who wanted to head to the Burial Immortal City, who was the fastest to form the formation and who was the fastest to become proficient in the formation was related to their reputation and whether they could head to the Burial Immortal City.

More importantly, those experts whose cultivation and combat strength had always been ranked at the front of elite disciples.

What they wanted to compete for was not just the order of formation.

What they wanted to compete for were the five positions to form the array with Yunlan Sword Immortal!

“Good move...”

Outside the clouds, an Immortal Lord mighty figure muttered softly as he watched Li Yungang and the five Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals form a formation.

“It was originally a chaotic selection. He didn’t need to appear himself and directly mobilized everyone’s emotions.”

“Even—”

The white-haired Immortal Lord did not finish his sentence.

In fact, the entire sect was helping to choose.

Which hall’s sword light was more resplendent and which elite’s sword formation was more proficient and coordinated would be observed and sensed by countless people.

In the end, the one chosen would definitely be a true expert.

“Where’s that kid?” An Immortal Lord in a black Daoist robe asked angrily.

“He’s probably in seclusion. Right now, he’s probably the freest person in the Sword Sect.” The old man in front of him chuckled and shook his head with a smile on his face.

Everyone was busy practicing the sword array, but the creator of the sword array, Yunlan Sword Immortal, was idle.

He was not in seclusion. Instead, he quietly shopped everywhere with Zhao Chen.

In a vast square, Zhao Chen looked around timidly.

This was the place where the various resources of the Sword Sect were traded.

Basically, it was the disciples of the sect who bought it.

However, the square had been very empty these few days, leaving only the disciples and deacons in charge of selling.

“Big Brother, everything here is good, but I can’t eat much here.” Looking at the swords, armor, various pills, and combat equipment placed on the stalls, Zhao Chen muttered.

“We’re not buying this place.” Han Muye nodded, letting Zhao Chen heave a sigh of relief.

Behind him, Elder Chu and Song Zhong chuckled.

There were also businesses that his young master didn't dare to talk about.

"Let's go over there." Han Muye pointed at the hall in front of him.

Zhao Chen shrunk his neck and hurriedly grabbed Han Muye's sleeve. "Brother, that's the trading ground of the upper echelons of the large sects. With my meager wealth, they won't even pay attention to me."

It was the Trading Hall. Not only were there shops of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, but there were also shops of other sects.

This hall was actually a place for the various large sects to communicate. They walked through large transactions and ordinary disciples were not welcomed.

"I'll be your major shareholder." Han Muye patted Zhao Chen's shoulder and said loudly, "No matter how big the business is, we can talk about it."

With that, he strode forward.

Any kind of business could be negotiated?

Zhao Chen's body trembled. His eyes widened and he rubbed his hands, his face flushed with excitement.

"Alright, let's negotiate then."

He gave a long laugh and hurried after him.

When the two of them arrived outside the resplendent hall, a group of Sword Sect disciples in green robes had already stepped forward.

“Do the two of you have a sect purchase order?” The leading disciple of the Sword Sect looked at Han Muye and frowned slightly.

This person seemed familiar, but the memory was hazy.

Procurement order?

Nothing.

Zhao Chen turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand and a golden scroll appeared in his palm.

What the hell is this?

The disciple looked confused.

“Senior Brother, if you haven’t seen the sect’s purchase order, you can go to the Foreign Affairs Hall to take a look,” said a green-robed disciple carrying a black sword with a smile.

The others also smiled.

What scroll was this? It had nothing to do with the procurement order.

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with anyone else. He just threw the scroll in his hand into the arms of the leading disciple.

The disciple frowned and opened the scroll.

If not for the fact that Han Muye had some aura and a team of green-armored guards behind him, as if he had an extraordinary status, he would not have looked at this scroll.

After guarding the hall for so many years, how many tokens had he seen?

Opening the scroll, the golden words on it came into view.

“Transfer order!”

“Hiss—

“Yunlan Sword Immortal!”

The disciple trembled all over and closed the scroll. He held it with both hands and respectfully handed it to Han Muye with an excited expression.

“Please, Sword Immortal Yunlan, please take back the transfer order.”

He took a step back and raised his hand. “Sword Immortal, please—”

Han Muye nodded and led Zhao Chen straight into the hall.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, is that really Yunlan Sword Immortal?”

“Wow, I’m actually seeing the living person...”

Outside the hall, there was an uproar.

The guarding disciples all looked up at Han Muye’s back.

“Stop looking. The Yunlan Sword Immortal is here to purchase supplies for guarding the Burial Immortal City!”

**Chapter 1222 - 1222 Immortal Burial City (2)**



## 1222 Immortal Burial City (2)

“Guarding the Immortal Burial City...”

...

Han Muye and Zhao Chen stepped into the main hall, immediately drawing many curious gazes.

“A big deal!” Someone had already recognized Han Muye’s identity and greeted him with a smile.

“Haha, Yunlan Sword Immortal comes here, of course it’s a big deal.”

The shopkeepers of the various sects and shops surrounded Han Muye with smiles.

Han Muye raised his hand and a golden storage bag landed in Zhao Chen’s arms.

“I don’t understand business, but my brother does.”

Zhao Chen took the storage bag and grinned as he probed it with his divine sense.

Then his face turned pale, and he almost dropped the storage bag.

“Big, big brother, this, this much?”

Han Muye waved his hand, walked to the side as he said, “Spend it all, don’t leave any.”

Zhao Chen nodded and carefully held the storage bag, as if he was afraid of losing it.

80 billion spiritual rocks.

The pile of eight peaks almost made Zhao Chen collapse.

He had never seen so many spiritual rocks before.

The shopkeepers around also looked curiously at Zhao Chen’s storage bag.

Just how many spiritual rocks could make this seemingly somewhat merchant-like youngster so shocked?

“Young brother, I have top-quality swords—”

“Top-quality? How good are they? Immortal treasures?”

“Well, there are immortal treasures—”

“Bought, wrap them up, don’t ask so many questions, I have plenty of spiritual rocks.”

...

Han Muye didn’t bother with how Zhao Chen acquired the treasures; he was just wandering around the main hall.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect sold the most swords, with various grades of swords available, some of which he himself was somewhat tempted by.

But before he could approach, those swords were being carried by several attendants, joyfully sent over to Zhao Chen.

Apart from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, another unexpected seller was the Iron Armor War Sect.

Although the quality of their swords was not very high, the spiritual materials they used were top-notch, and many of them were polished with pure spiritual materials.

It was a waste of natural resources.

However, it didn’t matter. After a while, a group of burly men carried these swords to Zhao Chen.

The shops of the Heavenly Radiance Sect were filled with all kinds of spiritual materials, while the shops of the Dao Sect were filled with talismans and pills.

In the various shops, the emphasis was on quantity.

As the main hall was spacious, Han Muye walked deeper into it. He noticed a remote shop with many broken swords and weapons displayed in front.

These armors were definitely of good quality before, many of them radiating immortal light.

However, the higher the quality, the harder it was to repair once damaged.

The shop was filled with these broken swords and weapons, and only a few older attendants at the entrance were listlessly looking on.

Han Muye walked up and reached out to pick up those swords and knives, but no one paid attention.

As he held a broken sword, a faint sword intent infused into his palm.

The sword was named Zhenyang, crafted through the Hundred Refinements and Myriad Fusions Technique, measuring three feet one inch long and weighing 356 catties.

Images flashed in Han Muye's mind.

Hu Jintai, a peak Human Immortal disciple of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, cultivated the Dao of Heaven and Earth's Taiyang. His sword technique was masculine and he entered the Dao with the sword.

In the scene in his mind, the bearded Daoist in a golden robe shone with sword light. His sword techniques were wide open, and every sword strike shattered the black halo around him.

At the age of 13, he cultivated the sword.

Reaching the Earth Realm at the age of 18.

At the age of 58, he entered the Heaven Realm and became an elite among his peers.

As he advanced, he entered the Human Immortal realm at 380 years old and reached the peak of the Human Immortal realm at 1,520 years old.

For the next 10,000 years, he wasted time in the mortal world and wandered in the wilderness. In the end, he accepted a mission to guard the Blood Drop Cliff. 300 years later, he stepped into the Five Decay of Heaven and Man. He failed to pass it and died regretfully.

He once roamed the world with his sword.

They had once accompanied each other in the mortal world.

He once raised his cup in a toast with friends, and his sword cut down his enemies.

Once.

Ultimately, his path was severed, turned into dust.

This was cultivation.

“My life has been worth it...”

The figure that walked forward with a sword in hand, slowly approaching Dripping Blood Cliff, where he ultimately shattered his sword, lingered in Han Muye’s mind.

He wasn’t an expert, nor did he have any truly profound sword techniques.

His cultivation level was not top-notch either.

Such people were abundant in the world of cultivation.

But whose life wasn’t exciting?

Life and death, wielding a sword.

Carefree.

“How much is this sword?”

Han Muye held the broken sword and spoke softly.

This sword no longer had any spirituality.

The spiritual materials used in its forging had also lost their power.

This was a truly useless sword.

However, in Han Muye’s opinion, this sword was a treasure.

Whose life wasn’t a treasure?

A few attendants who were previously seated got up from their seats.

“This sword, 100 spiritual rocks?” A white-haired old man hesitantly offered.

“Sir, as you know, the things in this hall are not for sale.”

“The things in our shop are all ownerless armor gathered from various places. Perhaps there are some opportunities, but they are not easy to obtain.”

Han Muye was not very old, but he had an extraordinary bearing. As if he was afraid that Han Muye would be deceived, the old man said softly, “If you’re interested, just pick one or two to play with.”

Play?

Looking at the broken sword in his hand, Han Muye’s expression was calm.

Just as well.

This sword, which had once been used by a peak-stage Human Immortal to kill enemies with his sword and slay demons and fiends, was now only an item for the younger generation to play with.

Perhaps this is what Senior wants to see, right?

Wasn’t it good for them to fight to the death in exchange for the peace of the younger generation?

“I want everything here.” Han Muye raised his hand and pointed at the various broken armor piled in the intermediate shop.

You want them all?



The waiters looked at each other with smiles on their faces.

“Young Master, please wait a moment. We’ll bring out our cherished items from the back.”

...

In total, Han Muye spent a total of 30 million spiritual rocks to acquire all the swords and armors in the shop.

### **Chapter 1223 - 1223 Immortal Burial City (3)**

#### 1223 Immortal Burial City (3)

No wonder the things here never sold. Who would be willing to spend millions of spirit stones to buy mountains of scrap?

Only someone like Han Muye, with an endless fortune and the ability to view memories in swords, would take these things.

Having cleared the shop, Han Muye didn’t linger any longer and turned to leave.

By the time he reached the center of the hall, there were no more shopkeepers around Zhao Chen.

However, the shopkeepers who had surrounded Zhao Chen were not in the hall. They seemed to have left.

“Brother, is everything settled?” Zhao Chen, holding two storage bags, smiled and looked at Han Muye, raising his hand to hand over the bags.

Was the deal already negotiated?

Han Muye reached out to take the storage bag and frowned.

The storage bag he had given Zhao Chen before, containing 80 billion spirit stones, was now missing less than ten percent.

On the other hand, the other storage bag was filled with various materials worth at least 30 billion.

There were hundreds of swords of immortal and spiritual grade among them.

Did these hundreds of swords not equal one hundred billion spiritual rocks?

“Big Brother, let’s go back and talk.” Zhao Chen signaled and turned to leave.

Once they were out of the hall and far from the square, Zhao Chen let out a satisfied laugh.

“Brother, how’s the business going?”

How was it going?

Before Han Muye could speak, Zhao Chen began to explain.

He had spent six billion spiritual rocks as a deposit to buy various treasures worth five hundred billion.

Because he had shown the eight billion spiritual rocks and asked a question.

“Everyone, considering the resources and means of Yunlan Sword Immortal, do you think this reinforcement will bring gains?”

Gains.

In the three forbidden areas of the Fuyu Immortal World, every place was a sacred ground.

Outside the Dripping Blood Cliff was an expanse of wilderness, and the bloodline bones of various void beasts slain there held extraordinary value.

There were many foreign races from other immortal worlds in Soul-Severing Valley, fearless of Dao laws, with formidable strength. Killing these foreigners could yield treasures from their respective realms.

As for the Immortal Burial City, there were divine items that were dropped.

What did the cultivators in the Immortal World yearn for the most?

Wasn't it just various treasures in the Heavenly Cycle Divine World?

According to Zhao Chen, Yunlan Sword Immortal's trip to the Immortal Burial City was for plundering.

Pooling the strength of the strongest disciples from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, they naturally intended to plunder.

He signed a contract with everyone and would send back treasures worth at least 100 billion spiritual rocks from the Immortal Burial City every year.

Half of the loot from the first three years would be used as investment returns, and from then on, the annual treasures would be sold to the contracted allies at a 20% discount.

"So, you see, these spiritual rocks haven't been spent yet."

Zhao Chen's face was filled with smiles.

Everyone was an investment, not a transaction.

Of course, spiritual rocks wouldn't be spent.

After contemplating for a moment, Han Muye felt like he might have been played.

"Brother, since there's still some time, I'm planning to visit other sects." Zhao Chen looked at the storage bag in Han Muye's hand, a hint of madness in his eyes.

"If we can do some good business this time, we could also live more comfortably in the Immortal Burial City in the future."

Was it not enough to sell once? Did they need to sell multiple times?

Han Muye smiled.

Sometimes, the power of merchants was unimaginable.

Every time he was sold, he would pull in a group of allies.

If he was sold ten times, he would have countless allies.

None of these allies wanted him to die in the Immortal Burial City.

Because many of them might have their fortunes riding on him.

“Alright, take this transfer order with you.” Han Muye tossed the order to Zhao Chen.

“I’ll find a skilled protector for you.”

The expert Han Muye found was truly formidable.

Zhu Yong of the Zhu family, Void Refining Sword Immortal.

Zhao Chen and the expert named Zhu Yong left, heading to various sects for business. Han Muye, on the other hand, returned to the Zhenxuan Hall and began seclusion.

He took out the swords he had collected and placed them in front of him one by one.

He grasped them, and the essence of the swords flowed into him.

Memories and scenes unfolded.

Some people dedicated their lives to cultivation, passing away eventually.

Some dominated with their swords, but ended up dead in the end.

Some pursued swordsmanship for their beliefs but abandoned those beliefs in the end.

Some cultivated for love, only to be abandoned by their loved ones.

Life's myriad facets.

Observing the swords of predecessors, he cultivated his own Dao.

Understanding the swords of predecessors, he cultivated his own Dao.

Despite the turmoil outside Zhenxuan Hall, Han Muye remained within, observing swords and understanding life.

What he observed was the sword, and what he comprehended was life.

Seven months later, as he emerged from the hall, his posture was slightly bent, and his eyes had a hint of haziness.

With one step, he strode forward like a sword.

With another step, his sword aura shot into the sky.

No matter how many lives there were, they did not belong to Han Muye.

After observing countless swords, he was still himself, Han Muye.

“Let me see who’s worthy of accompanying me.”

With a low shout, Han Muye shot straight into the sky.

His sword pierced through the sky like a long blade before he stood still.

“Let’s fight.”

Sword cultivators had always spoken with their swords.

“Boom!”

Sword formations converged, forming swords that followed closely behind Han Muye, shooting toward the sky.

This time, however, was different from the last. Only nine sword formations truly reached the sky.

In these seven months, the strongest formations emerged from various battles.



Nine formations stood out.

Within these formations, the elite swordsmen of the sects had all reached the Void Transformation Realm, and each was at least an elite disciple of the third hall.

They coordinated seamlessly, their understanding of the sword profound.

The determination and strength they displayed made even the seniors of the sword sects marvel.

With the kind of motivation Yunlan Sword Immortal provided, the sword sects' strength would undoubtedly surpass the rest.

"Hehe, I wonder what gains this kid got during his year-long seclusion," Li Yungang spoke softly, holding a large gourd in his hand.

#### **Chapter 1224 - 1224 Immortal Burial City (4)**

#### **1224 Immortal Burial City (4)**

The others also had smiles on their faces as their gazes landed on Han Muye.

"Boom!"

In the sky, sword lights surged chaotically.

Han Muye burst into laughter, the sword in his hand transforming into a flame-engulfed dragon.

“Incinerate the mountains and rivers!”

A resounding shout, and the flame-engulfed dragon formed by the sword light condensed into a towering volcano, collapsing with a deafening roar.

A mountain crumbled, myriad mountains collapsed.

The sky within thousands of miles shattered completely, and all sword lights were swept away.

“It’s, it’s Senior Brother Jiwu’s ‘Heaven Incineration Sword Technique’!” Someone exclaimed from a distance within the void.

“Senior Brother Chen Jiwu presided over the ‘Heaven Incineration Sect’, but later fell, and the inheritance of this supreme technique was lost. I never expected...”

“That, is that the Heaven Incineration Sword?” Li Yungang said softly.

People gazed at the broken sword in Han Muye’s hand. The blade was rusty, covered in spots, cracks running through its divine patterns. This sword was only slightly stronger than a fire poker.

Yet, with just this sword, the sky within thousands of miles shattered, and endless immortal light collapsed.

“Senior Brother Jiwu’s ultimate technique has reappeared. Good, good...”

Someone sighed before suddenly widening his eyes.

This was because the sword in Han Muye’s hand had changed, replaced with a half-foot-long broken sword of greenish-gray color.

The broken sword descended, causing a dazzling burst of golden light.

“Slash—”

In the void, the sword was split into two!

“Void Slash!”

“It’s Uncle-Master Jin Hao’s Void Slash!”

“Back then, Senior Brother Jin Hao died in the Immortal Burial City. His ultimate technique, Void Slash, was lost. Many of our fellow disciples felt it was a pity...”

Around them, a commotion arose.

No one had expected Yunlan Sword Immortal to display both of these lost supreme techniques.

“Could this kid have been studying these lost sword arts of the Sword Sect during his seclusion?” Li Yungang muttered softly while watching the ever-changing sword light in Han Muye’s hand.

“Where did he learn all these sword techniques?”

“Boom!”

In the sky, waves of clouds gathered and dispersed.

With another strike, a bloody color could be discerned.

Another round of astonished cries ensued.

Every sword light Han Muye executed was a lost sword technique.

Some were renowned techniques of past Sword Sect predecessors that had eventually faded away.

Others were obscure predecessors, their entire lives spent cultivating in obscurity, without fame. Yet, now their sword techniques shone brilliantly in Han Muye's hands, each strike suppressing elite opponents.

"Su Jiansheng cultivated for 3,800 years in his life, entered the Heaven Realm, and created the Three Spirits Cloud Soaring Sword Technique."

"Bai Yuhe has stepped into the the Heaven Immortal Void Realm and died outside Soul-Severing Valley. She was good at the Storm Sword Technique."

"Zhan Tianqi, the Hall Master of the Heaven Enlightenment Hall of the Sword Sect. He cultivated the Heaven's Equal Sword Technique his entire life and once fought valiantly and undefeated against a Zenith Heaven Sword Immortal. He died 3.52 million years ago."

...

With each sword technique Han Muye executed, he softly murmured their names.

It was as if a series of phantoms appeared around him.

These images of predecessors floated, clashing with the sword techniques of countless generations of Sword Sect disciples under Han Muye's guidance.

Unknowingly, Han Muye seemed to hear hearty laughter.

These predecessors were able to witness the glory of the Sword Sect today, engage in battle with their descendants, and perhaps they felt content in their hearts.

Han Muye's spiritual soul rapidly advanced, surging like a torrent from his initial state as a Golden Immortal.

In three days, the sword lights in his hand didn't stop, and beneath him, no one could breach his sword formation.

In three days, his spiritual soul achieved a perfect Golden Immortal state. His body had also stabilized through cultivation and defined the Void Interpretation Stage of the Heaven Immortal Realm.

His spiritual soul had grown stronger by an entire realm, compared to his own Dao cultivation.

Such a unique form of cultivation was likely unimaginable to outsiders.

"Clang—"

Swords clashed, and Han Muye finally stepped back, countless sword formations rising toward the sky below.

Numerous elite disciples of the Sword Sect cried out, their sword lights transforming into meteors.

In the midst of the void, sword lights intertwined, no longer distinguishing who was Yunlan Sword Immortal. They simply rushed at whoever still had an intact sword formation.

As for those whose formations were shattered, they quickly sought out their fellow disciples and formed new formations.

And so, chaos reigned as formations were established and broken.

Sword lights weaved through the void, beyond the recognition of those ancestral spirits, who could only watch intently.

In seven days, a few formations gradually stabilized, becoming impregnable.

The strongest sword formation directly crushed all the sword formations and stood alone in the void.

Zhenxuan Hall's Yunlan Sword Immortal Invincible Han Xuntian Hall's Wind Spirit Sword Immortal Su Jian, Zhantian Hall's Bai Yue Sword Immortal Bai Tu, Luhe Hall's Clearwater Sword Immortal Chen Sishui, Sanjin Hall's Golden Jade Sword Immortal Yu Shuling, and Zhenhuang Hall's Heaven Roar Sword Immortal Daoist Ku Xu.

Even the Chief of Zhantian Hall of Swords Sect, Li Yungang, couldn't break the Six Mystic Heavenly Essence Formation formed by the six sword immortals.

Witnessing this formation dominating the void, Li Yungang couldn't help but feel an itch in his hands. Encouraged by a few old folks beside him, he moved forward to break the formation.

He ended up suffering a great loss of face.

After the battle within the formed void, the list of names Han Muye intended to take to the Immortal Burial City was finalized.

The six companions chosen by him weren't the strongest, but they were the ones who could cooperate with him to suppress the void.

As for the other formations, they weren't composed of disciples who had practiced together in the past. Surprisingly, many of them were unfamiliar to one another. Yet, at this moment, they were able to fight side by side as fellow disciples.

After this battle, many people realized that the Sword Sect's sword art legacies could complement each other.

For example, when Han Muye and the others formed the array, the Sword Technique of the Zhenxuan Hall that Han Muye used and the Sword Immortal of the Zhenhuang Hall, Daoist Ku Xu's Sword Technique of the Zhenhuang Hall actually resonated with each other and stacked up.

With just the two of them, the power of the formation doubled.

After the battle, the Sword Clan was suddenly engulfed in a wave of seeking sword companions.

Perhaps everyone had a group of companions they had been separated from for many years, and were destined to fight side by side.

**Chapter 1225 - 1225 Immortal Burial City (5)**



## 1225 Immortal Burial City (5)

Outside the Zhenxuan Hall, golden light transformed into a curtain of light that covered the heavens and earth.

Han Muye wore a light green Daoist robe, with flashes of immortal light on his body.

This attire was a treasure from the Zhenxuan Hall.

At this moment, there were hundreds of elite attendants standing before him.

Not far away, a hundred powerful demons who had come with Han Muye sat in meditation.

“Everyone, this is the unique contract talisman created by me from Yunlan City.

“With this talisman, you can form a contract with the demon race, and your qi and blood cultivation can be shared, rapidly boosting your strength.”

In Han Muye’s hand, golden talismans appeared one by one.

These were all contract talismans.

“Those of you who are interested can seek out powerful demons to form contracts with,” Han Muye looked at the crowd and said solemnly, “Once the contract is formed, it’s life and death together.”

The method of the contract was to enhance one’s combat power with the power of the demon beasts.

The elite members of the Sword Sect below glanced at each other, mostly remaining silent.

For sword cultivators, what they valued was their own sword cultivation, and they didn’t care much about other things.

“I’ll give it a try.” After a moment, a 30-year-old sword cultivator in a blue robe raised his hand and summoned a golden talisman.

With the talisman in hand, he turned to look at the powerful demons.

“I’m Peng Shi from the Tieyun Hall. I’m at the Void Refinement Realm. I excel in speed and strength and enjoy fighting with enemies.”

His figure moved, sword light danced in Peng Shi’s hand, revealing gusts of wind and thunder with every swing.

He landed on the blue stone square, a golden talisman floating in his palm. Then he said, “I wonder if there’s anyone willing to form a contract with me?”

The powerful demons over there exchanged glances and after a moment, three sturdy men stepped forward.

“Roar—”

One of them transformed into a Golden Wind Hou and said with his divine sense, “I have the Golden Wind Hou bloodline, and our speeds can complement each other.”

Another one transformed into an armored mole, its eyes gleaming with golden light.

“I can condense a body of golden armor to resist attacks under the Void Transformation.”

The last one transformed into a 30-foot-tall iron bull.

“My strength can empower you.”

Peng shi pondered for a moment and raised his hand to strike the talisman, landing it on the Golden Wind Hou’s head.

The Golden Wind Hou let out a low roar and did not resist, allowing the talisman to fall.

Two golden streams of light intertwined between their bodies. The Golden Wind Hou turned into a golden light and landed on Peng Shi’s arm.

“Buzz!”

Peng Shi moved, and he was already outside the blue stone square.

“So fast!”

The people around were stunned.

Peng Shi himself was also stunned, he reached out and touched his own arm, a smile appearing on his face.

Being empowered by a demon beast could actually lead to such an improvement!

Many people’s eyes lit up.

In no time, dozens of elite members of the Sword Sect each chose a powerful demon that suited them.

Not all sword cultivators were willing to form contracts with demon beasts.

Han Muye didn’t pay attention to them either, he raised his hand and brought out a pile of swords and various treasures.

“Since you’re willing to accompany me to the Immortal Burial City, you’re my brothers in life and death. You can choose whatever suits you from these items.”

Spiritual treasures, immortal treasures.

Pills that shone with immortal light, garments, armors.

There were also extremely strong defensive formation disks and treasures that could enhance one’s attributes.

The treasures glittered, and the hall was filled with immortal light.

The elite members of the Sword Sect were all excited.

Did they lack treasures?

Not really.

But the treasures Han Muye brought out were genuine treasures, many of which they didn’t possess.

Moreover, since they were going to the Immortal Burial City with Yunlan Sword Immortal, what was the harm in taking his treasures?

With white hair and a solemn expression, Zhenhuang Hall's Heaven Roar Sword Immortal, Kuxu Daoist, stepped forward and grabbed a flaming longsword, saying softly, "This sword resonates with my strength, I'll take it."

Others were also not polite and reached for items one after another.

...

At the end of the one-year period, Zhao Chen returned.

He headed straight for the Zhenxuan Hall, tossed five storage bags and the dispatch order into Han Muye's arms, then turned and ran.

"I'll go gather more treasures."

In the five storage bags were various immortal treasures.

Most notably, there were a large number of powerful formation disks.

When combined, they could withstand attacks from Golden Immortals and Zenith Heavens, and even block a strike from an Immortal Lord.

There were also all kinds of extremely lethal crossbows.

“The Skybreaker Crossbow, this is a weapon for defending cities.” Han Muye’s face lit up as he looked at the 1,000-foot-long crossbow shining with immortal light.

With these 3,000 crossbows, there were at least 100,000 crossbow bolts.

Different in form and markings, they were clearly collected from various major sects.

Just this Skybreaker Crossbow was worth more than billions of spiritual rocks.

How many times had Zhao Chen sold himself?

Three days later, the continuous immortal light turned into pillars of light.

Resolute expressions adorned the faces of the Sword Sect’s powerful cultivators as they stood in meditation.

“Escort the disciples of the Sword Sect to the Immortal Burial City to guard it.”

“May you all achieve great deeds and be invincible wherever you go—”

With a loud shout, the immortal light in the void connected into a line.

One by one, sword lights stepped into the teleportation array, their figures disappearing.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, I hope you won’t disappoint us.”

A faint voice sounded from the void.

2,456 Sword Sect disciples of the Sword Sect, along with 300 accompanying individuals, entered the Immortal Burial City.

“Boom!”

Stepping out of the teleportation array, golden light and blood-red light exploded in front of Han Muye.

Boundless divinity entered his body.

The Immortal Burial City was situated at the intersection of the Divine Realm and the Immortal Realm

So, there was divine power here.

“Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s Han Muye has led 2,456 Sword Sect disciples to reinforce the Immortal Burial City.”



Han Muye held the transfer order in his hand and shouted loudly.

“Clang—”

With a sword cry, a sword light descended from the sky.

Han Muye was familiar with this sword light.

Back outside Yunlan City, there was such a sword that slashed down from countless miles away.

Spirit Sword Golden Immortal!

Looking at this head-on sword, Han Muye smiled, and ribbons danced behind him.

“Senior Spirit Sword, how about this strike of mine?”

### **Chapter 1226 - 1226 Immortal Burial City (6)**

#### **1226 Immortal Burial City (6)**

Han Muye’s strongest combat power, which he could display and demonstrate in front of outsiders, consisted of two swords.

The first sword, Sunken Sword, could withstand countless other swords. The second sword could trap enemies within a sword formation, preventing them from escaping.

The other sword was the sword technique he developed through the legacy of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal and Zhu Mingqing's Clear Rain Sword.

It could create an unending drizzle or concentrate the power of a myriad of swords, making it stronger than any single sword.

A year ago, Han Muye had used this sword move.

That sword directly confronted the 32 elite sword cultivators in the Lingyun Formation.

However, the sect master of the Sword Sect made a move and used the power of time to reverse the attack.

The power stored in that sword had remained until now!

All for this moment!

When Spirit Sword Golden Immortal's sword was swung a year ago, it crossed thousands of miles to strike. Today, as Han Muye entered the Immortal Burial City, he naturally wanted to reclaim that sword.

Back then, Spirit Sword Golden Immortal had said that he would wait for him in the Immortal Burial City.

Today, he, Han Muye, came.

“Buzz!”

The green ribbon scattered and turned into a three-foot-long green jade-like sword light.

The sword light was as gentle as water, as if it had no power at all.

Above his head, the vast sword light was about to cut through the world.

The jade sword appeared like swaying grass before it clashed with the sword radiance that slashed through the sky.

“The people from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect who came this time don’t seem too impressive,” someone whispered from the distant city gate.

“Perhaps they’re showing weakness. They can’t just directly overpower the local powers, can they?” someone else chuckled, looking at the two sword radiance about to collide.

There were powerful beings within the city. They couldn’t let the reinforcements from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect be slain the moment they stepped out of the teleportation array, right?

Many people subconsciously turned to look at the towering building at the center of the city.

At this moment, at the top of the tower, five figures of different sizes stood side by side.

“Immortal Lord Zi Yu, aren’t you going to attack? This is a junior of your Sword Sect.” A long-bearded Daoist wearing a light green jade crown chuckled with his hands behind his back and an indifferent expression.

On the other side, the burly man in his forties clenched his fists and snorted coldly. “Spirit Sword has always been arrogant. This time, it’s over.”

The others did not speak, but the corners of their eyes turned to the side, looking at the tall 30-year-old sword cultivator with a black sword on his back.

These five people were the top figures guarding the Immortal Burial City, the five Immortal Lords.

Immortal Lord Yu He of the Dao Sect’s Clear Lotus Dao Sect.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect’s Immortal Lord Zi Yu.

Heavenly Radiance Sect’s Immortal Lord Hu Yuan.

Blood Battle Sect’s Immortal Lord Tie He.

The last one was a rare Immortal Lord of the demon race, Demon King Tu Tian.

They had guarded this Immortal Burial City for nearly 100,000 years. Although they had different standpoints and were more or less dirty, they had a 100,000-year friendship and got along well with each other.

It could be said that they had entrusted their lives to each other.

“This kid is interesting,” Immortal Lord Zi Yu muttered softly as his gaze landed on Han Muye’s sword light.

Was he really not going to make a move?

The others were slightly stunned.

Although Immortal Lord Yu He used words to mock Immortal Lord Zi Yu, she did not really leave him in the lurch.

With the personality of Immortal Lord Zi Yu, although he was arrogant, it was not impossible for him to not attack at this time, right?

“Spiritual swords are never merciful. Why don’t we save them?” The thin-faced Demon King Tu Tian, who was wearing a feather coat, said in a low voice.

However, Immortal Lord Zi Yu actually did not move.

Eh?

Someone's eyes lit up.

In front of him, the two sword lights had already collided.

"Boom!"

The sword light collided with the sword light, but as everyone had expected, the sword light of Spirit Sword Golden Immortal shattered Han Muye's green jade sword light with a single strike.

The sword light intertwined and the two swords intertwined. The green jade sword light and the majestic sword light intertwined and actually kept colliding with each other.

Blocked?

It was blocked!

Countless people widened their eyes.

Everyone in the Immortal Burial City knew who the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal was.

When he attacked, it was always a one-hit kill.

Even if he did not use the power of the Immortal Burial City's array formation, this strike was not as powerful as an ordinary Golden Immortal.

The Mystic Spirit Sword Sect disciple whose cultivation level clearly had not reached the Golden Immortal realm could actually block a sword strike from Spirit Sword Golden Immortal!

"Good sword technique!"

In the void, there was an advanced shout.

The sound of metal colliding reverberated.

The voice of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal.

Spirit Sword Golden Immortal actually praised someone else's sword technique!

This was something that had never happened even in the Immortal Burial City

Even Immortal Lord Zi Yu, one of the five guarding Immortal Lords, had not received the praise of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal.

Who exactly had come from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect this time?

Immortal Lord Zi Yu's eyes flickered.

"Haha, good kid. You can make Spirit Sword suffer." The advanced and muscular Immortal Lord Hu Yuan punched his palm and roared with laughter.

The others' eyes also flickered.

"At last, the reinforcements from the Immortal Burial City show some promise." Immortal Lord Tie He's expression remained unchanged as his gaze swept over the sword cultivators behind Han Muye, his voice cold.

Although his words were cold, the others smiled.

If even Immortal Lord Tie He said they were promising, then they must truly be something.

"Alright, Spirit Sword, the battle is dangerous. Don't be distracted," Immortal Lord Yu He, who was standing in front, said calmly.

In the void, rays of immortal light shone, suppressing the entire world.

The sword light of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal dissipated.



“Kid, that was a good sword strike. Survive for two more months and come find me for a sparring session,” the voice of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal echoed, and then the sword radiance disappeared entirely.

Han Muye chuckled and cupped his hands. “Yunlan accepts the order.”

He stood up and raised his hand. The green jade sword light returned to his back and turned into a streamer.

When the sword light landed behind him, Han Muye’s expression changed slightly.

Not only had the sword intent gathered over the past year not been exhausted, but it had also become even more vast and mighty!

The Spirit Sword Golden Immortal did not exhaust his sword intent. Instead, he injected more sword intent into him.

## **Chapter 1227 - 1227 Immortal Burial City (7)**

### **1227 Immortal Burial City (7)**

Han Muye smiled.

Indeed, he was a senior of the sword Dao, providing guidance to the juniors.

The power of this sword was actually comparable to half a year of Han Muye's own accumulation...

...

The sword of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal immediately made Han Muye and the other reinforcements the focus of the Immortal Burial City.

Apart from the large army fighting in the front, discussions were happening everywhere else.

To be able to withstand a strike from the Spirit Sword Immortal, one couldn't help but wonder how long they would survive in the Immortal Burial City?

---

After walking into the Immortal Burial City, Han Muye and the elites of the Sword Sect behind him finally understood why this place was called the Immortal Burial City.

The city was full of mottled colors, and the walls were covered with green stone slabs.

On these green stone slabs, names and surnames were engraved.

“The names left on these stone walls are the names of the Immortal Realm cultivators who have stationed here in the Fuyu Immortal World who have been stationed here for countless years since the establishment of the Immortal Burial City for countless years.

“Among these names, 99% of them left their lives in the Immortal Burial City.”

99% of the people left their lives in the Immortal Burial City!

Just this statement alone caused the expressions of many people behind Han Muye to change.

99% meant that out of the 2,400 plus of them, perhaps only a dozen or so would be able to leave here alive.

The Daoist leading Han Muye’s group into the city had a slight smile on his face as he pointed forward and said, “Because of these names, whether they are exotic beasts or powerful beings from the divine realm, none have broken through this place and stepped into the Fuyu Immortal World.

“Carve your own names on the city wall.

“This may be the only thing you can leave behind in this city.”

After a pause, he said softly, “It’s also your honor.”

It was an honor to be able to carve one’s name on the stone wall of the Immortal Burial City.

At the very least, it was recognition for those who had come to this place.

You were here.

Han Muye stepped forward, his gaze fixed on the inscriptions on the wall.

“Fuyu Immortal Calendar Year 35,000,000, Cloud Crane Dao Sect, Zhu Guangshou.

“Fuyu Immortal Calendar Year 45,860, Blood Battle Sect, Lin Tong.

“Fuyu Immortal Calendar Year 55,341, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, Jin Hao.”

...

He raised his hand and placed his palm on the names.

The mottled marks on those names exuded a sense of weightiness.

This was honor.

Leaving one’s name in the Immortal Burial City was an honor.

Leaving one's life in the Immortal Burial City was an honor.

A green sword light appeared on his fingertip, and a line of words was left on the wall.

"Fuyu Immortal Calendar, 64,361 years, Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, Han Muye."

Behind him, the elites of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect stepped forward and carved their names on the stone wall.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Su Jian.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Bai Tu.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, Chen Sishui.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Yu Shuling.

Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Ku Xu.

...

Zhao Chen hesitantly walked forward and leaned against Han Muye. “Brother, um, should I leave my name on this stone wall?”

“Up to you,” Han Muye said calmly as he retracted his arm.

After hesitating for a moment, Zhao Chen retracted his body. “Forget it, I’m here to do business.”

The Daoist who led them into the city did not mind. He led them forward and explained.

“The Immortal Burial City should actually be called God Burial City.

“We call it that ourselves, but it’s not to be spread outside.

A touch of pride could be heard in the Daoist’s voice, “This city was built to resist those occasional intruders from the divine realm.

“This is where they’re buried.”

The entire Immortal Burial City was massive, occupying more land than a province; it was more like a gathering place for a huge army than a city.

The three billion living beings of the Fuyu Immortal World formed military formations and lived in this large city. They offered their strength to provide the source of the defensive array formation for the city.

As for this source, it needed to be hunted and seized.

The Daoist named Wu Ji spoke of the origin. He raised his hand, and a ball of golden divinity flickered in his palm.

“This is it.”

Divine Source Qi.

Half of the Immortal Burial City was built within the crack of the Heavenly Cycle Divine World, so it could absorb divine power.

Zhao Chen looked at this divine power, his eyes shining.

If this thing was transported to the Fuyu Immortal World, it would be priceless.

Even a tiny bit of it would trigger fierce competition from various sides.

Although they continued forward for thousands of miles, the cityscape remained endless, but signs of desolation were already apparent.

Only a small portion of the living beings in the Immortal Burial City were cultivators from various sects who came to support the defense.

Many of the powerful beings chose to stay within the city and pass on their legacies.

Many experts from all sides chose to stay in the city and inherit it.

According to Daoist Wu Ji, many experts who had once guarded the Immortal Burial City and left later would choose to die here when their cultivation path was severed.

This was also one of the origins of the name of the Immortal Burial City in the Fuyu Immortal Realm.

“Who can let go of a place that has spilled blood?” Wu Ji looked ahead and sighed softly.

Streams of light could already be seen in the sky ahead.

In the sky, divine light and immortal light rumbled.

Over there was the battlefield.

One could see rays of divine light that cleaved through heaven and earth, seeming to shatter the Immortal Burial City.

Seeing the radiant half of the sky, many people’s bodies emitted a faint sword light.

However, Han Muye’s group didn’t rush to the frontlines immediately.



As Wu Ji had said, they still had 10 days to prepare.

“The battle is dangerous. Take care.” Before Daoist Wu Ji left, he cupped his hands with a grave expression.

Dangerous.

After today, how many of these 2,000 people would still be alive?

With Daoist Wu Ji’s departure, Han Muye’s group of Sword Sect reinforcements were left stranded here, stranded.

Even though each of them was a powerful sword immortal and an elite of the Sword Sect, in the eyes of the powerful beings here, they were nothing more than cannon fodder sent to their deaths.

### **Chapter 1228 - 1228 Immortal Burial City (8)**

#### **1228 Immortal Burial City (8)**

Out of more than two thousand people, less than half of them could live for more than two months.

Behind Han Muye, the atmosphere was solemn.

“After ten days of rest, we might be able to adapt to the power attributes here,” a young sword cultivator not far behind Han Muye said in a low voice.

He was Su Jian, the Wind Spirit Sword Immortal from the Xuntian Hall. Because he knew that Han Muye had the inheritance of the Xuntian Hall, they were naturally closer.

Moreover, as a team of six, they had a good understanding and spoke with less restraint.

Hearing Su Jian’s words, the others looked up.

The floating divine power was also a treasure to them. Absorbing it into their bodies could increase their physical strength and fuse with immortal energy.

However, this also made it difficult for them to adapt.

This was the part that made it difficult for them to fully unleash the power in their bodies.

Many people had solemn expressions on their faces as they sensed the pressure outside their bodies.

Ten days would at most allow him to adapt to the power here, but it would take at least a year for him to fully unleash his combat strength.

But how many of them could live for more than a year?

“Set up the camp first,” Han Muye said softly.

There were empty houses everywhere, and he could live there as he pleased.

But while stationed here, there were occasional rumblings in the sky, and divine light and immortal radiance intersected, making it impossible to rest assured during recovery.

Even with people on guard, they probably wouldn’t be able to truly relax.

With just 10 days of rest, it would be an accomplishment if their combat power didn’t decrease, let alone increase.

However, Han Muye pointed towards a chaotic and barren wilderness ahead and said, “Zhao Chen, have them set up the camp.”

They set up camp.

Since they were assembling a large army, they naturally needed their own camp.

Zhao Chen grinned and waved his hand, leading the cultivators who were following the army.

These individuals were both guards for the caravan and auxiliary troops for the army’s logistics.

Otherwise, how could they qualify to come to this Immortal Burial City?

In the distance, someone peeked out, then withdrew.

On the city walls farther away, some people's gazes fell upon Han Muye's group.

"The reinforcements from the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, aside from that leader Han Yunlan who seems to have some skills, the rest of them look pretty clueless; they're probably here to die," a burly man in heavy armor said loudly, squinting his eyes.

Beside him, a young man in blood-red armor exuded a sinister aura from his eyes, shaking his head as his gaze shifted towards the sky, "Here come these fledglings, and we're in for more trouble."

On the distant city wall, someone's eyes flickered as he stared at Han Muye and the others to see how they set up camp.

"Senior Brother, should we go to a few people and tell them which houses can be lived in and which can't?" A 50-year-old Daoist in a green robe with tattered clothes asked softly.

He carried a black sword on his back.

Behind him, there were more than 10 thin sword cultivators in green robes.

From their clothes, one could vaguely see the insignia of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect.

In front of him was a square-faced Daoist wearing half-armor and restraining the sword light on his body.

The Daoist held a sword in his hand. The sword was three feet long and flickered with green light.

On the sword, there seemed to be traces of blood fiend aura flashing and lingering.

“Let them experience some hardship; otherwise, when they go onto the battlefield in ten days, they’ll probably collapse at the first touch.”

The square-faced Daoist shook his head and then added, “If they lack anything, we can send them some supplies.”

Pausing, he continued, “Considering they’re newcomers, they should be prepared and shouldn’t be lacking much.”

“It’s best to remind him that Jian province is useful.”

The 50-year-old Daoist nodded and smiled. “Then I’ll go and tell them that he’s a junior of the Sword Sect after all.”

“In that case, it’s been more than 8,000 years since such a formation of reinforcements, and the disciples of the Sword Sect haven’t come for more than 10,000 years, right?”

“Sigh, there are only a dozen of us left out of the 500 disciples we had back then...”

The Daoist muttered and stepped onto the city wall, preparing to fly towards Han Muye and the others.

However, just as he lifted his feet, he was suddenly stunned.

A golden array disk appeared in the wasteland.

The array disk was 100 feet in diameter, golden all over, radiating immortal light.

Such a large array disk was at least a main protective array for a large city.

This kind of array disk would cost at least tens of millions of spiritual rocks.

“Buzz!”

On the formation disk, immortal light burst forth and spread in all directions.

The immortal light was like a huge tent, enveloping a radius of 1,000 feet.

“You’ve even brought such good things. It seems that the Sword Sect has invested a lot this time.”  
Someone chuckled and looked at Han Muye.

“The Sword Sect values this kid.”

The Daoist in the blue robe smiled with a hint of sarcasm, “If it were me, I would concentrate the power of the grand array and turn it into a spatial barrier capable of protecting thousands of yards, instead of wasting it like this.”

“With the grand array fully activated, it could withstand a blow from a Void Transformation realm cultivator.”

The other Seniors of the Sword Sect shook their heads.

He had just arrived here and really didn’t know how precious power was.

“What a waste, they shouldn’t have taken out this array disk.” The square-faced Daoist sighed, wiping a piece of linen gently on his sword.

“Buzz!”

Ahead, an immortal light rose again.

This time, it was the second golden array disk.

Similar to the first one.

This caused a commotion around them.

“What are these guys doing? Can these array disks be taken out so easily?”

“They’ve got quite a fortune; two array disks, I wonder if they can bring three—”

The third array disk appeared.

Then came the fourth, and the fifth.

The 18 formation disks formed a circle, and in the middle, a thousand-foot-wide formation disk appeared.

The golden light on the formation disk connected with the 18 Dao formation disks, transforming into a 100,000-foot-long golden light that covered the surrounding space.

### **Chapter 1229 - 1229 Immortal Burial City (9)**

1229 Immortal Burial City (9)



The senses of everyone outside began to blur and distort. They could only rely on their eyes to see.

At this moment, the surrounding city walls were speechless and stunned.

With 19 formation disks connected, even a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal wouldn't be able to crack the array formation's power.

"Brother Zi Yu, this junior of yours is not ordinary rich..." Demon King Tu Tian's gaze landed on the array with a sigh.

"When this array is set up, it will cost at least 100,000 spiritual rocks a day.

"This kind of burning spiritual rocks is not your Sword Sect's style."

As he spoke, Demon King Tu Tian's eyes drifted towards Immortal Lord Yu He.

Immortal Lord Yu He belonged to the Daoist sects. The cultivators of the Daoist sects under him were considered extravagant.

However, he had never seen anyone so ostentatious.

As for sword cultivators, weren't sword cultivators always the poorest?

“Hmph, let’s see what happens on the battlefield. This formation might be useful if it’s moved to the front line. Here, hmph.” Immortal Lord Yu He snorted and turned her head away.

The golden light barrier isolated his divine sense, as well as the rumbles coming from the distant battlefield.

Immediately, the Sword Sect elites who came with Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief.

“Senior Brother Han’s generosity is extraordinary...” The thin Zhantian Hall’s Bai Yue Sword Immortal Bai Tu chuckled as he looked at the nineteen Dao formation disks in front of him.

This had already exceeded all his assets, including the sword he had obtained from Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han is the Yunlan City Lord. Before I came, I asked around. Yunlan City earns at least hundreds of millions a day in the wasteland,” a Sword Sect disciple in a jade-colored robe said softly. “I should try to curry favor...”

The formation disks and tents were erected.

There were small formations in each tent that were connected to the big formations.

All kinds of supplies were prepared in each tent, allowing six disciples to live there.

Such extravagant and thoughtful preparations made those elites of the Sword Sect who were used to living hard lives feel slightly uncomfortable.

Sword cultivators only needed swords in their hands.

After asking the elites of the Sword Sect to find their tent, Zhao Chen walked over with a smile.

“Brother, this tent is not bad, right?”

“I bought it from the Five Ridges Dao Sect. There are eight array formations in each.”

Zhao Chen proudly pointed at the tent in the middle.

“Brother, that’s your tent.”

Han Muye shook his head and turned to look at Bai Tu and the others. “They can fix it, but we don’t need it, right?”

These words caused their expressions to change.

“As expected of Yunlan Sword Immortal.” The Golden Jade Sword Immortal, Yu Shuling, who was dressed in a light red outfit, laughed, her eyes sparkling.

Han Muye waved his hand, and a few guards in black armor stepped forward.

Glancing at Zhao Chen, Han Muye said, "Protect Brother Zhao and walk around the city to check out the situation."

These black-armored guards were all of the Demon Luo Clan. They needed to contact their clansmen in the Immortal Burial City.

It was just nice to protect Zhao Chen in the city.

Then, a trace of sword light emitted from Han Muye's body. "The battlefield is in front. How can I not take a look?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned into a streak of light.

Behind him, Daoist Ku Xu and the others looked at each other and turned into sword lights.

The six sword energies left the formation and flew toward the battlefield.

"Good lord, we're going to the battlefield just like that?" Someone on the distant city wall exclaimed softly.

"Not bad. You know you have to go to the battlefield to take a look," someone said with a smile, a hint of admiration in his voice.

Although the expressions of the Immortal Lords who had been paying attention to Han Muye and the others did not change, the light in their eyes changed.

From the moment Han Muye and the others arrived at the Immortal Burial City, they gave them a completely different impression.

With the ability to withstand a strike from Spirit Sword Golden Immortal, set up camp on their own, possess luxurious formation disks, and even enter the battlefield at a moment's notice...

This was unlike the previous reinforcements and the usual behavior of Sword Sect disciples.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal? Quite intriguing," muttered Demon King Tu Tian. He extended his spiritual sense, following Han Muye's group of sword lights to the battlefield ahead.

Han Muye and the others' sword lights streaked across the sky, covering thousands of miles in an instant.

However, as they flew, they noticed that the farther they went, the greater the pressure in the void.

After 3,000 miles, the sword light was already suppressed and scattered, making it difficult for them to proceed.

Han Muye frowned slightly, and the others' expressions were extremely solemn.

Han Muye's body was strong enough to withstand this pressure, thanks to his divine beast bloodline.

No one else had the strength of his body.

“Senior Brother Han, is this the pressure from the boundary between the divine realms?” Bai Tu’s voice came from behind Han Muye.

The Immortal Burial City spanned both the Immortal World and the God Realm, so the pressure changed as they crossed over.

The pressure at the boundary between the realms was almost unbearable.

As he flew forward, not only did the pressure not decrease, but the city walls on the ground were also shattered, and very few were intact.

This was in contrast to the dilapidated but not broken city on the other side.

“This is what the Immortal Burial City does. It blocks formidable enemies on this side. If those foreign experts used to this pressure cross into the Immortal World, their strength will explode,” Wind Spirit Sword Immortal Su Jian explained.

The pressure had already significantly reduced their combat abilities.

However, on the other side, those enemies who had adapted to this pressure and then entered the Immortal World would experience a boost in power. That would be a disaster.

“Boom—”

A 10,000-foot-long saber beam sliced through the gray-red sky ahead.

Through the saber marks, the scene beyond the sky unfolded.

A section of the city wall appeared, marked with splatters of blood. The walls were battered and only uneven stone fragments remained.

#### **Chapter 1230 - 1230 Immortal Burial City (10)**

##### **1230 Immortal Burial City (10)**

Numerous black 100-foot-tall battle puppets were stationed on the city walls, interspersed with cultivators.

These cultivators emitted dim immortal light, dressed in various shattered armors, wielding weapons or magical treasures, surrounded by an aura of bloodthirst.

Each strike was executed with the utmost efficiency.

Beyond the city walls, there were phantoms.

These figures seemed ethereal, reminiscent of the ancient demons Han Muye had seen before.

However, it was evident that these void creatures were far more formidable than those ancient demons.

Each phantom flew as swift as the wind, its long claws leaving brilliant trails on the city walls with every flash.

Such a strike, if in the immortal realm, could rupture space, at the very least comparable to a Void Refinement Realm attack.

These powerful phantoms were densely packed beyond the city walls, countless in number.

Among them were towering, robust beings covered in dark-blue battle armor.

Their expressions were ferocious, wielding broad-bladed swords dozens of feet long or massive war hammers. Every swing carried a formidable force that howled like a tearing tempest, seemingly ripping through heaven and earth.

Only the black battle puppets could withstand these powerful beings. The cultivators would retreat upon encountering them, avoiding a direct confrontation.

If it were just these two alien races, the dangers on the city wall would not be too great.

The most terrifying thing was the flash of saber light and spells.



Just like the recent slash that tore through the sky, it was unleashed by the figure in a black robe standing in the void.

As if sensing Han Muye's probing, the black-robed figure holding the long blade raised his hand, revealing a smile.

His blade shimmered with blood-red hues and divine radiance.

Divine race!

Han Muye had encountered them in the memories of the long swords. These ruthless beings enveloped in divine light, hailing from the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm.

They appeared human, but their cultivation methods differed, accumulating divinity within them, measuring their strength with divine power.

The slash that tore through the void from the divine being's blade was equivalent to a Golden Immortal's power, yet it was still not considered a formidable attack among the divine race.

It was said that the divine race possessed beings who could condense a divine heart, condensing their vital essence into a radiant star. Descending from the heavens, they were akin to meteors obliterating the world.

Facing such a cataclysmic force, the combined power of the entire Burial Immortal City was needed to counter it.

“That’s the frontline battlefield,” Sword Immortal Qingshui, Chen Sishui, said softly. The longsword in his hand shone brightly.

Though the others remained silent, their battle intent surged.

They had come, so they would fight.

Han Muye’s figure flickered as he soared into the sky.

Behind him, the five sword immortals’ sword lights formed a line.

Sword formation.

“Kid, be careful.”

In the void, the voice of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal sounded.

The voice sounded like the clash of iron and gold, carrying genuine concern.

“Even the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal is speaking up, who is this person?”

"I think he's a sword cultivator. Reinforcements have come recently, right?" "Seems like a sword cultivator. Have reinforcements arrived recently?"

Divine thoughts interweaved above the city walls.

More divine thoughts enveloped Han Muye and his companions.

Humans, demons, otherworldly beings, and the divine race were all present.

Stepping through the barrier between realms, an endless blend of bloodthirst and resentment surged forth, accompanied by an immensely heavy pressure from the heavens and earth.

The six streams of sword light descended upon the city walls.

Finally, they understood why Heavenly Immortal-level strength was required for the frontline battlefield.

Without such strength, even the pressure would be unbearable, let alone resisting the aura of bloodthirst.

Coming here would be akin to seeking death.

Han Muye and his companions arrived on the city walls, and the black-armored puppets around them naturally made way, creating a space of about 30 feet.

“Get closer. Don’t rush forward. If you can’t block it, retreat. The God-Slaying Puppet Fighter will fill the gap,” a black-robed Immortal Cultivator, whose patterns could no longer be seen and whose spear was blood-red, turned around and whispered.

Fragments of divinity coalesced around him.

“Don’t rush to pick up these trinkets. Beware of remnant souls and dark demon beasts.” The black-robed cultivator continued to speak as he raised his spear and deflected a sudden appearing phantom with a swift jab.

This was a dark demon beast.

Similarly, a Daoist held a long banner on the other side, without speaking. He simply took a small step, closing the three-zhang gap toward Han Muye and his companions.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, “Thank you.”

He held a long sword in his hand, and the tip of the sword was pressed against the limestone on the city wall as he dragged it step by step.

The friction produced a long trace.

The other five sword immortals didn’t need to speak; their steps were coordinated and silent as they advanced.

“Swoosh!”

A black phantom materialized in front of Han Muye. Its dark claws lunged toward his head.

Crimson eyes, narrow pupils, a sharp visage with small, pointed teeth.

Han Muye raised his head, meeting the gaze of the Dark Demon Beast.

His sword remained lowered in his hand.

“Clang—”

A sword light pierced out from his shoulder and blocked the long claw that was grabbing at his head.

Bai Yue Sword Immortal Bai Tu’s sword.

“Swoosh—”

A sword slashed down from behind Han Muye, sweeping towards the Dark Demon Beast’s neck.

The sword of the Wind Spirit Sword Immortal, Su Jian.

Silently, a sword appeared on the back of the Dark Demon Beast and slashed down fiercely.

Clearwater Sword Immortal, Chen Sishui.

Three swords attacked.

Two swords defended.

The sword in Han Muye's hand did not move.

"Pa!"

The Dark Demon Beast's long claws were shattered, and there was a sword mark on its neck and its back was pierced.

A gray divine essence, the size of a fingernail, fell and broke into several smaller beads.

"Your coordination is not bad. It seems that you have mastered it," a Daoist holding a long banner muttered.

Not far away on the city wall, many cultivators turned slightly to look in their direction.

The seamless cooperation between them during this sword exchange was truly remarkable.

“Not bad, as long as they hold their ground, avoid clashing with the Immortal Slaying Emissary and the divine race, they’ll survive.” A heavily armored man carrying a three-pointed, two-edged spear commented, stroking his chin and speaking softly.

“The Sword Sect has finally sent some decent disciples.” An elderly man holding a golden gourd that spewed flames mumbled. He was about to continue, but his eyes widened suddenly.

“Is he mad?!”

“This... Is he seeking death?”

In everyone’s eyes, Han Muye took a step forward and stepped on the shattered pearl, crushing it into powder. Then he took another step and stepped out of the city.

Exiting the city!

“Come back quickly!”

“Once you leave the city, you will be surrounded by Dark Demon Beasts!”

“Be wary, the Immortal Slaying Emissary might target you!”

From the city walls, cries of concern rang out.

Han Muye raised his sword without looking at the circling phantoms or the hulking giants charging with massive hammers. He pointed his sword at the black-faced divine being wielding the long blade.

"I'm coming." He whispered and the sword in his hand emitted a dazzling, illuminating sword radiance.