

Pavilion 1231

Chapter 1231 - 1231 Leaving the City, Slaying Gods!

1231 Leaving the City, Slaying Gods!

The void was dark, and the sword light was dazzling.

With the sword in front of him, it was as if blood was burning!

This strike was fast.

This strike was resolute.

This strike was unrivaled!

Outside the Immortal Burial City, how many years had it been since a sword cultivator stepped out of the city walls and struck with a sword?

Outside the Immortal Burial City, how many years had it been since someone walked against the sky and slashed a god with a sword?

“God slaying!” Someone on the city wall exclaimed.

“God slaying.” In the center of the Immortal Burial City, Immortal Lord Zi Yu’s eyes gleamed with a bright halo, and the intent of his sword seemed to be stirred, resonating ceaselessly.

“This kid wants to slay a god?” Immortal Lord Hu Yuan of the Heavenly Radiance Sect displayed a hint of astonishment on his face as he turned to look in the direction outside the city.

“In my Immortal Burial City, how many years has it been since such a valiant youngster appeared?” Immortal Lord Tie He of the Blood Battle Sect flashed a trace of admiration in his eyes.

The Blood Battle Sect had always pursued the concept of invincible battles. Han Muye’s fierce demeanor suited Immortal Lord Tie He’s disposition.

On the city wall ahead, all the cultivators stationed there were closely watching the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

“Is this guy really that formidable?”

“He wants to slay a god the moment he arrives. Where did this ferocious person come from?”

“God slaying...”

“Boom—”

The sword light crossed tens of thousands of feet and directly landed in front of the god who held a long saber.

He didn't care about the Immortal Slaying Emissary or the Dark Demon Beast. With a sword in hand, he aimed to slay only one god!

The intensity of the sword light made people close their eyes.

This strike Han Muze unleashed completely outshone all other sources of light.

There was brilliance in his heart, and divine light in his sword.

The godly expert holding the long blade showed surprise on his face as he lifted his blade.

In the gloomy void, blood-colored and golden lights flickered.

This saber beam emitted a deadly aura, summoning 10 eerie bone dragons that clashed against Han Muze's sword light.

As a godly expert who had guarded outside the Immortal Burial City for thousands of years, he had hunted and killed countless cultivators. He knew what to do on a day like today.

If a sword cultivator who dared to step out of the city wall to fight was allowed to return alive, it would greatly affect the morale of the frontline troops.

“Kill!”

The 10 ancient dragons exploded, entangling the sword light and concealing it beneath their might.

The light outside the city wall merely flickered and then fell silent.

Just like that.

The godly expert with the long blade chuckled.

Let them see the light and then let the light disappear.

On the city wall, all the cultivators felt a sinking feeling in their hearts.

As expected.

Slaying a god was not that easy...

Around Han Muye, 10 illusory figures had already closed in.

A 100-foot-tall Immortal Slaying Emissary holding a sledgehammer raised it and smashed down.

But Han Muye didn't even blink.

He raised his hand and formed a sword gesture with his fingertips.

“Boom—”

The 10 bone dragons exploded!

The sword light they had surrounded transformed into myriad strands, instantly enveloping the godly expert who held the long saber!

Trap Sword!

This was formed by his Primordial Spirit Sword. He knew how powerful his sword was.

Not to mention the ten bone dragons that had gathered in a hurry, even a hundred of them would not be able to withstand it.

His sword had light.

He held his sword and walked forward.

“Boom—”

The sledgehammer that came crashing down was blocked by a long sword.

Bai Yue Sword Immortal Bai Tu, was not known for overwhelming might, but his sword was long enough.

He blocked the massive hammer, redirecting it to the side.

Three strands of sword light shone, encircling the 10 illusory figures.

Three Sword Immortals stood before Han Muye, obstructing the space.

Wind Spirit Sword Immortal, Su Jiufeng, stood beside Han Muye, and 10 sword lights spun around him.

He was the fastest, able to offer the best protection to Han Muye.

Sword formation.

In just an instant, the tide of battle turned.

It was as if he was surrounded by an impenetrable fortress.

The godly expert, however, was trapped by the sword light.

“Slay the gods.”

Han Muye said softly.

“Slay the gods!” Several Sword Immortals shouted loudly, and the sword light blazed even brighter.

“Kill the gods!” A loud shout came from the top of the city wall.

There was an uncontrollable excitement in his voice.

“God Slaying!”

Countless cheers sounded in the intermediate city.

In the former Immortal Burial City, whenever the city wall was burning, experts would attack and kill the celestials to intimidate them.

At that time, the entire city was cheering.

How long had it been since he had seen such a scene?

“God Slaying...” A voice that sounded like metal rubbing against each other sounded.

Spirit Sword Golden Immortal.

“I really want to slay God.” The sword light on the Immortal Lord Zi Yu’s body converged into a dense beam, and his eyes revealed a crystalline light that pierced through space.

“God Slaying? Is he also a member of my God Slaying Hall?” Immortal Monarch Yu He whispered softly.

God Slaying Hall.

The other Immortal Lords were slightly stunned.

“Is he going to complete the ancient ritual of the God Slaying Hall and slay the gods to enter the hall?” The Heaven-Trampling Demon King slowly turned his head and widened his eyes.

There were legends about the Hall of God Slaying. Only those who truly slew a god could be considered part of the Hall.

By killing gods and spilling divine blood, one would forever stand in opposition to the gods.

Such people were true members of the God Slaying Hall, free from the possibility of betrayal.

In the entire Fuyu Immortal Realm, the God Slaying Hall was not only in the Sword Sect, but the people there were not exclusively sword cultivators.

However, how many people had truly slain gods now?

The new initiates of the God Slaying Hall only needed sufficient cultivation and potential.

But as for actually slaying gods, it had long become a legend.

“Kill—”

In front, Han Muye, who was forming a sword technique, suddenly shouted loudly.

The intense sword light spun, grinding and killing the gods trapped in it.

Visible to the naked eye, their divine nature was dissipating.

It was truly a god-slaying technique!

At this moment, everyone in front of him was stunned.

Everyone silently watched this scene unfold.

“Arrogant.”

A voice sounded in the void, and a magnificent saber beam slashed down at Han Muye.

This saber beam was even more magnificent than the one that had slashed through the heavens and earth before!

At the very least, it wasn’t an ordinary Zenith Heaven cultivator; this was the work of a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

This slash was likely unstoppable.

Chapter 1232 - 1232 Leaving the City, Slaying Gods!

1232 Leaving the City, Slaying Gods!

Above the city walls, a sword aura was brewing.

“Senior Spirit Sword Golden Immortal, it seems like you’re going to help this God Slayer today.” Seeing the sword beam, someone chuckled.

“Senior Spirit Sword loves fellows who dare to fight the most.” Another person nodded on the side.

Immortal light seemed to be gathering in the city.

Today, there was no way that he would let this saber light kill Han Muye.

“Prepare.”

Han Muye said softly.

Around him, sword beams that had swept away the 10 phantoms converged, and the Wind Spirit Sword Immortal, Su Jian, followed with a graceful movement.

Five long swords merged into a thousand-foot-long sword light that soared into the sky!

“Boom—”

The sword light clashed with the saber light, then shattered instantly.

However, as the saber beam pressed down, a second sword light rose from below.

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth!

The sword light seemed endless, gradually wearing down the Zenith Heaven Realm saber light.

“What a formation!”

“Beautiful!”

From atop the city walls came cheers.

Five sword cultivators formed a formation, blocking the saber of the Zenith Heaven Saber.

Such tactics would be hailed anywhere.

“Buzz!”

Sword light resisted, and Han Muye’s sword light spun even faster.

Among them, more and more divinity was slashed off.

The intense divinity dissipated, turning the surrounding space golden.

Several Immortal Slaying Envoys seemed drawn to this divinity, subconsciously moving towards it.

A group of phantoms drifted past unnoticed.

“Hmph.”

A cold snort echoed in the void as a figure dressed in black robes appeared outside the sword formation.

The God Clan.

The second God Clan member!

No, it was the third!

This one did not have a long saber in hand.

“Boom—”

In the void, a second saber light descended.

Then, on the other side, the third blade light followed closely!

Two powerful God Clan experts attacked simultaneously.

The Puppet Fighters were the only ones on the city walls who could withstand such saber lights.

However, the Puppet Fighter would not leave the city.

“Retreat!”

Someone shouted from the city walls.

Retreating back to the city walls would let the Puppet Fighters handle the powerful saber lights.

By retreating to the city walls and utilizing the grand array, the two saber lights could be blocked.

Of course, retreating meant the god slaying wouldn’t continue.

But at this moment, with three God Clan members facing them, continuing to slay gods was no longer possible for the god slayer.

Being able to reach this point, even if they hadn’t slain their opponents, was already enough to be proud of.

Atop the city walls stood an elder in a gray robe, messy hair, holding a golden sword in his hand, his eyes shining brightly.

“Kid, let me see if you have that courage.”

The elder murmured, the sword light around him converging, the sword in his hand gleaming brightly.

In the city behind, Immortal Lord Z Yu moved and flew 100,000 feet.

At his side, several Immortal Lords also took to the sky.

“Their Immortal Lord hasn’t taken action yet.” Immortal Lord Yu He whispered.

“Who cares? This kid is to my liking anyway.” Immortal Lord Hu Yuan grinned and gently twisted his wrist, revealing a hint of fanaticism.

“It’s been a long time since I left the city.

“Damn, this kid who hasn’t been here for even a day has guts.”

His words caused the expressions of the others to change slightly.

Needless to say, they had not left the city for a long time.

Being stationed in the Immortal Burial City, even the five strongest Immortal Lords had not left, let alone the others.

“We must protect this kid today,” Immortal Lord Tie He gave a low growl, his figure moving, stepping forward in one stride.

If Han Muye died today, the loss to the Immortal Burial City wouldn’t be as simple as just the loss of a sword immortal.

The loss would be the morale of the entire Immortal Burial City!

“Not only can he not die,” a fierce battle intent flashed in Immortal Lord Zi Yu’s eyes, his sword light erupting, “he also cannot retreat.”

He could not retreat!

It seemed like stepping back wouldn’t matter, but to a sword cultivator’s Dao heart, to all the cultivators of the Immortal Burial City, it was a blow.

The God Clan was invincible?

Then, let’s see if they could be slayed!

“Kid, give it your all to slay the gods.” Immortal Lord Zi Yu’s voice echoed in Han Muye’s ears.

“This Immortal Lord guarantees that you won’t die.”

Han Muye smiled.

Finally, he caught the attention of these Immortal Lords and experts.

In that case, he would have a good battle today!

Taking a deep breath, he ignored the two saber beams above his head and his Essence Soul sword dispersed with a bang.

“Buzz!”

Sword light enveloped everything!

The newly arrived God Clan expert, several Immortal Slaying Envoys, and hundreds of phantoms were all locked in by the sword light, trapped within it!

Instead of retreating, he was now aiming to slay the second God Clan member!

The changes on the battlefield outside the Immortal Burial City left everyone wide-eyed.

“This guy is so fierce...”

A Daoist in a green robe muttered.

“Is it because he truly isn’t afraid of death, or—” A hint of brilliance shone in the eyes of a green-armored cultivator as he clenched his fist. “—because of his strength?”

“Boom—”

The interweaving sword light locked down a region, tearing apart the surrounding void.

Two gods at least at the Zenith Heaven Realm were suppressed, and the Immortal Slaying Envoys and Dark Demon Beasts were all worn down by the sword light.

Divinity converged visibly.

Except for the two God Clan members, be they Immortal Slaying Envoys or Dark Demon Beasts, none could withstand this sword light; they were already directly slain.

This sword formation was remarkably powerful.

On the city walls, envy showed on the faces of the immortal cultivators.

“Treachery.”

A dark red divine light smashed down on the sword formation.

“Divine General Tu Yu, why bother with a junior?” A voice sounded on the city wall. Demon King Tu Tian, who was wearing golden armor, laughed heartily and said loudly, “How about you and I get closer?”

As his voice fell, his form transformed into a huge golden-winged bird that was 100 feet tall. Golden light flickered in his eyes, and every feather emanated streams of light that tore through the void.

Chapter 1233 - 1233 Leaving the City, Slaying Gods! (3)

1233 Leaving the City, Slaying Gods! (3)

The mighty demons of the Immortal Lord realm stood atop the city walls. In the Immortal Realm, such a being was the strongest existence, and its aura shielded the entire wall.

The powerful members of the God Clan across from them seemed to be suppressed by the imposing aura and words of the Demon King Tu Tian. The divine light from that side did not descend for a moment.

“Boom—”

Han Muye’s head had two streams of saber light converging above it.

Below, five beams of sword light soared, intersecting with them.

This time, the sword light directly shattered. Bai Tu, Su Jian, and the others trembled and their faces turned pale.

It was impossible for their sword formation to block the joint attack of two Zenith Heavens at once.

In a direct confrontation, the sword formation could only barely suppress a Golden Immortal and fight a Zenith Heaven.

Of course, up until now, this sword formation was still incomplete.

However, the moment the sword light shattered, streamers floated behind Han Muye.

The sixth sword light!

Sword light flashed and fused into the shattered sword formation.

Six Mystic Heavenly Essence Formation.

This sword formation was born from the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation and had even greater combat strength.

The advantage of this formation lay in gathering stronger power with fewer people.

This was a formation best suited for deploying by formidable experts.

“Boom—”

The sword light condensed from the six sword energies easily blocked the saber beam in the sky.

The sword light trembled and spun continuously, wrapping around the saber light and then wearing it down.

Just like Han Muye’s Essence Soul Sword.

Of the four cultivators of the God Clan, two were suppressed, and two were blocked by the saber light.

There was also an Immortal Lord of the God Clan hiding behind, but his aura was blocked by Demon King Tu Tian.

Outside the city today, an unexpected equilibrium was reached.

No, the Immortal World had the upper hand!

Everyone stared blankly at the scene in front of them.

When had such a spectacle appeared outside the Immortal Burial City?

Was it 100,000 years ago? A million years ago?

It was said that the Immortal Burial City back then could face the God Clan head-on and not fall.

“Kill!”

Someone on the city walls shouted.

“Kill—”

Countless shouts condensed into the phantom of a black giant beast that appeared in the sky above the Immortal Burial City.

This giant beast bore a resemblance to those black-armored battle puppets but had the appearance of a divine beast.

“Water Goblin,” Han Muye whispered as his gaze landed on the huge beast.

An ancient divine beast, proud in battle, in a constant state of combat from birth.

It was said that the Water Goblin could shatter the heavens and earth with a single punch, and had led the ancient divine beasts in attacks against the God Clan.

“Clang—”

The sword light above Han Muye’s head was blocked.

Two God Clan experts clad in black robes and outer armor had gloomy expressions, their long sabers intersecting.

“They can’t be allowed to survive.” One of the God Clan experts shouted coldly, raising his hand.

In the rear, countless Dark Demon Beasts roared and charged.

Below, the robust 100-foot-tall figures swung their long hammers and battle blades, surging forward.

“Protect them,” someone shouted.

A silence fell over the city walls.

All the cultivators looked at each other.

How should they protect them?

Cast a few spells, unleash a sword?

Or—

“I’ve been in the Immortal Burial City for 38,600 years. My fellow robed comrades died in battle, yet I never stepped out of the city.”

“F*ck, today, I’m leaving the city!”

A loud cry rang out as a burly man with a disheveled beard swung a demon subduing staff and took a step forward.

“Haha, Old Egg Zhao, Senior Brother will avenge you today!” A tall and slender black-armored cultivator soared into the sky, wielding a long banner.

“Haha, let’s go out of the city!”

“Get out of the city!”

Figures rushed out from the city walls, charging towards those phantoms and Immortal Slaying Envoys.

Streams of immortal light scattered.

This was a brilliance unseen outside the Immortal Burial City.

“Hehe, it’s been so many years since I’ve seen these youngsters so spirited...” A Golden Immortal of the Spirit Sword Sect stood up on the city walls and turned to look at the sky above the Immortal Burial City.

“Old Sun, it’s been many years since you had a good killing spree.”

The Water Goblin phantom seemed to have heard his words, and its huge eyes flickered with a halo.

The divine light clashed with the illusory shadows, and sword techniques enveloped the Dark Demon Beasts.

The two God Clan experts exchanged a glance and slashed down with their long sabers.

Outside the city was the domain of the God Clan.

Cultivators shouldn’t set foot here.

Han Muye looked up, past the two gods, and into the void behind.

There, at least one God Clan Immortal Lord was hiding.

“Immortal Lord.” With a murmur, Han Muye raised his hand.

“Slash—”

The sword light flickered, erupting with a resounding explosion.

Chapter 1234 - 1234 First in Merit, Fight Again!

1234 First in Merit, Fight Again!

One strike to stab an Immortal Lord!

Immortal Lord Assassin!

A sword cultivator who was only a Heaven Immortal used his sword to stab an Immortal Lord!

It was like an ant raising its arms to challenge an elephant.

The strength didn't matter; the key was that a humble ant raised its arms against a colossal elephant.

This was provocation!

This concerned the dignity of an Immortal Lord!

The sword light only pierced out for a thousand feet before turning into nothingness.

Enough.

“Kill!”

A violent shout.

A sword light flashed, illuminating the world!

The sword in the Immortal Lord Zi Yu's hand pierced through the sky and tore through the void!

Han Muye had already challenged him by drawing his sword. As Han Muye's elder, how could he possibly wait?

If he didn't draw his sword, would he wait until Han Muye was killed and suppressed?

He had said that he would keep Han Muye alive.

That meant no matter the formidable enemy ahead, he must keep Han Muye alive!

"Haha, decisive action! I like it!" Immortal Lord Hu Yuan let out a long laugh and flew up. Golden light flashed on his body as golden armor appeared.

Demon King Tu Tian, who had been in a standoff with the divine general, didn't hesitate either. He spread his wings and shot into the void.

Three Immortal Lords attacked at the same time!

This scene suppressed everything within and beyond the city walls, imprisoning the void.

The power of Immortal Lord experts made the void tremble, as if it was about to shatter at any moment.

The Immortal Burial City hadn't seen such a scene in how many years!

Three Immortal Lords had never appeared in at least 10,000 years.

"Ants, ants!"

From within the void came the roar of the God Clan's strong Immortal Lords.

What awaited them was the shattered sword light of Immortal Lord Zi Yu.

"Ants?" Immortal Lord Zi Yu's expression was cold. The sword beam reflected the coldness and froze the space in front of the sword.

"Not backed by the divine realm, mere divine generals are nothing more than ants before this Immortal Lord."

The sword light tore through the void, revealing the figure of the Divine General.

Clad in black armor, he wielded a three-foot longsword. His complexion was pale, and the black armor on him seemed to tremble like scales.

He raised his long saber and slashed out with all his might.

He had the combat strength of an Immortal Lord after all. He blocked Immortal Lord Zi Yu's longsword with a single slash.

However, the long saber blocked Immortal Lord Zi Yu's longsword. Divine General Tu Yu's expression turned even uglier. His body trembled and he retreated uncontrollably.

“Boom—”

Immortal Lord Hu Yuan punched down, causing the void to tremble.

Divine General Tu Yu trembled and spat out a mouthful of golden divinity.

He didn’t stop at all. With a slash of the long saber in his hand, he tore through the void and retreated.

If he didn’t leave now, Demon King Tu Tian’s attack would take his life.

Seeing him retreat in defeat, Demon King Tu Tian let out a long laugh. He spread his wings and spread out a silver-gray light screen, enveloping the two stunned God Clan experts.

Silver light fell, turning the two divine clan figures into gray stone pillars, taken away by Demon King Tu Tian.

“Slash—”

In the distance, Han Muye’s sword formation finally killed the two divine clan members trapped within.

The pervading divine aura violently spread in all directions.

“Slay the gods!”

“Slay the gods!”

Outside the city, someone shouted.

The figures that flew out from the city walls all brandished their weapons, stirring up strands of immortal light.

With no God Clan experts to hold the line, all those outside the city were enemies, to be slaughtered without mercy.

Bai Tu and the others exchanged glances, then moved, flying to surround and kill the Dark Demon Beasts and Immortal Slaying Envoys.

As for Han Muye, he lightly retracted his longsword enveloped in divinity, quietly absorbing the flourishing divine energy. Then he flew down outside the city.

Stepping outside the city, the ground was a dark gray expanse, covered in gravel, debris, and countless skeletal remains.

Bending down, Han Muye picked up a broken section of a longsword hilt that was only half a foot long.

The corroded broken sword could no longer have its original appearance. It only had patches of rust, seemingly containing traces of immortality, along with a swirling malevolent aura.

Han Muye grasped it, and sword qi entered.

“Boom—”

Images appeared in his mind.

Sword light, all sword light.

Slaughter.

Within the shattered memories, there was only slaughter.

This was a sword filled with killing intent.

“For my immortal realm, kill—”

An aged roar resounded, and the longsword thrust without hesitation.

Shattered.

The shattered longsword watched as its owner was torn apart by a black claw.

The sword fell to the ground and was stomped by a black beast's foot, then shattered into several pieces.

Han Muye lowered his head and looked at scattered broken weapons and some jade bones emitting flickering immortal light.

The broken bones here left their names on the stone walls of the Immortal Burial City.

Grasping the broken sword, Han Muye walked to the place in the sword's memory where his master had fallen and reached out to grab a broken jade bone.

"Junior Han Muye will bring Senior back to the Immortal Burial City."

Holding the jade bone and broken sword with both hands, Han Muye turned around and walked towards the Immortal Burial City.

Several Dark Demon Beasts appeared and pounced at him.

A flash of his trailing ribbon behind Han Muye shredded these Dark Demon Beasts.

The power converged in the trailing ribbon had become unimaginably formidable.

An Immortal Slaying Envoy wielding a war hammer flew toward him, swinging it down.

The gentle trailing ribbon coiled around, enveloping the Immortal Slaying Envoy, who was 100 feet tall and could kill Void Refinement cultivators with a single hammer strike, and then strangled him continuously.

When the blood-streaked trailing ribbon gently floated back behind Han Muye, the 100-foot-tall Immortal Slaying Envoy had already turned into pieces.

Stepping forward, before Han Muye was the towering city wall, mottled gray-green bricks and stones covering it, with countless marks of bombardment.

Many places had already shattered, covered in green algae that looked like moss.

But the immortal light and patterns shimmering on the entire city wall indicated its sturdiness.

The thousand-foot-tall city gate was massive and solid.

Black iron traces were visible, along with mystical imprints.

Chapter 1235 - 1235 First in Merit, Fight Again!

1235 First in Merit, Fight Again!

Han Muye slowly walked forward, and the thousand-foot-tall heavy iron door slowly opened.

“Creak—”

The city gate emitted an ear-piercing friction sound because it had not been opened for countless years.

In the gate tunnel, black Battle Puppets and Immortal Cultivators stood side by side.

Everyone stared at Han Muye.

“Senior, we’re back,” Han Muye said softly. Holding the jade bone and broken sword in both hands, he strode into the gate tunnel filled with the scent of decay.

“Roar—”

A Battle Puppet suddenly roared.

The other Battle Puppets also let out continuous howls.

They seemed to be welcoming the returning warriors.

“Kid, Old Sun likes you quite a lot.” The voice of the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal rang in Han Muye’s ears.

Old Sun?

Who is it?

Han Muye looked up and saw at the pinnacle of the Immortal Burial City. The gaze of the enormous divine beast, Water Goblin, fell upon him, and then the entire figure slowly dissipated..

Behind him, the city gate of the Immortal Burial City slowly closed.

Figures descended from the city walls.

“Slay the gods!”

Someone shouted.

“Slay the gods—”

Countless voices cheered.

The shouts shook the heavens, slowly turning into silence.

Gradually, suppressed weeping sounds emerged.

On the city walls.

And within the city.

Han Muye turned around. On the city wall, Immortal Lord Zi Yu nodded slightly with a solemn expression, and then his figure flashed.

Immortal Lord Hu Yuan, who had transformed into a half-armored man, grinned and flew away.

Folding his wings, the Tu Heaven Demon King, brimming with celestial radiance, descended back onto the city wall. He smiled at Han Muye and said, "I've brought two God Clan members under our wings, one for each person.

He raised his hand and flicked a gray-black mud column in front of Han Muye.

"If you don't use the divine attributes you obtained, you can exchange it in the city for meritorious achievements by finding the God-Slaying Battle Puppets."

"Tsk ts, the divine nature of two God Clan junior generals can earn you quite a bit of merit."

As soon as he finished speaking, Immortal Lord Tu Tian no longer stayed where he was and flew away.

As they left, joy gradually spread across the city walls.

In today's battle, not only did Han Muye successfully slay a god, but the others also killed many Dark Demon Beasts and many Immortal Slaying Envoys with rich divine attributes.

Whether for cultivation or exchanging for merit, these divine attributes were significant gains.

Su Jian and the others flew behind Han Muye with smiles on their faces.

They had also gained a lot from this trip.

Moreover, for them, the biggest gain wasn't the divine attributes that had dropped from the slain enemies but rather the immense self-confidence they had gained from this battle.

It turned out that the God Clan outside the Immortal Burial City was only so-so.

With such confidence, they could live longer than others.

Han Muye glanced at the city wall and said softly, "Let's go back to the camp."

...

Returning to the camp, Han Muye buried the jade bones and broken sword outside the camp and went straight into the tent.

A golden array light barrier rose, and two clusters of divine attributes floated in front of him.

The divinity of the two God Clan Junior Generals, who had the combat power of Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals, emitted a golden glow as they twisted like living creatures.

Han Muye pressed his palm on one of the clusters, feeling the surging power.

Divine attributes could strengthen the body's resilience and increase personal power.

Combined with Immortal Qi, cultivation and combat strength could be significantly enhanced.

Pressing his palm down, the cluster of divine attributes shattered into 5,000 fragments the size of fingernails.

One Dark Demon Beast harbored roughly the same amount of divine attributes as one of these fragments.

In other words, this God Clan expert with Zenith Heaven combat strength was equivalent to the strength of 5,000 Dark Demon Beasts.

If one exchanged merit points in the Immortal Burial City, one fragment was equivalent to one merit point, and this god expert was equivalent to 5,000 merit points.

However, this kind of event, where one ventured outside the city to kill gods, hadn't occurred in thousands or even tens of thousands of years. Many cultivators accumulated their merits through tasks stationed on the city walls.

For most Immortal Cultivators, there were not many opportunities to hunt Dark Demon Beasts.

Feeling the power of the divine attributes, scenes of Han Muye slaying the gods replayed in his mind.

The God Clan was very strong and fast, but they did not last long in front of his sword formation.

This was because these God Clan experts hadn't fully utilized their power.

Though their bodies were robust and their strength immense, they hadn't refined the use of their power.

If that were the case, the God Clan who appeared to have formidable combat strength was actually not so terrifying.

As for the Dark Demon Beasts, they were fast and ubiquitous, but their destructive power was somewhat lower.

The Immortal Slaying Envoys were primarily used for siege warfare and, in one-on-one combat, weren't difficult to deal with.

The scenes of the sword formation, the battles, and various analyses replayed in his mind until half a day later, Han Muye finally stood up.

Leaving the main tent, Han Muye raised his hand, conjuring a golden talisman.

Zhao Chen and the others quickly arrived.

“These are divine attributes, obtained from killing foreign clans.

“These divine attributes can be exchanged for city merits or directly used to aid cultivation.”

Han Muye raised his hand and threw out the divinity of the God Clan experts that had shattered into 5,000 pieces.

Two pieces per person.

He turned around and looked at Su Jian and the others.

“Lead everyone in practicing the formation and simulating the battlefield outside the city.”

As top-tier experts, reviewing was necessary.

Bai Tu and the others nodded.

With determination from today's battle, they had the confidence to stand firm on the city walls.

"Starting tomorrow, half of us will be on the city walls to familiarize ourselves with the battlefield."

With a single statement, Han Muye caused everyone's bodies to tremble.

They hadn't expected that, after agreeing to rest for 10 days, they wouldn't even get a single day's respite?

However, thinking of Yunlan Sword Immortal and the others leaving the city to battle, slaying gods and returning victorious, excitement filled their expressions once again.

Establishing their accomplishments, this was the right time.

For a moment, more than 2,000 elites of the Sword Sect rubbed their palms together, all eager to be selected to go to the city walls.

Chapter 1236 - 1236 First in Merit, Fight Again! (3)

1236 First in Merit, Fight Again! (3)

Han Muye turned and invited Zhao Chen to head towards the central location of Immortal Burial City.

The immortal light flew for four hours before reaching the tall city tower.

Countless immortal cultivators entered and left the tower that was shining with immortal light.

There were no guards here, only Battle Puppets in black armor providing protection.

“This city uses divinity as a bargaining chip.”

Zhao Chen was very interested in these things. He walked around and came back disappointed.

“This city uses divinity as trading currency.

“The spiritual rocks we brought are useless.”

There was a use.

But the price of exchanging one piece of divinity for a million spiritual rocks left Zhao Chen uninterested.

As far as he knew, divinity was also a rare commodity in the Fuyu Immortal Realm, but the exchange rate was still only a million spiritual rocks.

This meant that there was no opportunity to profit from arbitrage.

“I just asked, to prevent excessive depletion of divinity here and reduce the strength of the Immortal Burial City, the major sects control the price of divinity,” Han Muye said with a smile.

“However, exchanging divinity for merit and then using merit to exchange for unique treasures not found in the immortal realm is the way to go.”

Han Muye’s words brightened Zhao Chen’s eyes, and he hurriedly said, “Big brother, let’s exchange.”

“We’ve just arrived in the Immortal Burial City, and you’ve already completed a God-slaying mission. If we exchange for treasures and send them back, we can definitely attract more support, just as you said.”

Han Muye nodded with a smile, and the two of them quickly entered the continuous grand hall ahead.

Upon entering the hall, they saw towering dark and black pillars that looked like furnaces.

There was a black Battle Puppet guarding in front of each large pillar.

“Are you looking to exchange merit?” a slender Daoist in a blue robe walked up and clasped his hands.
“Please show your merit badge first.”

Merit badge?

Han Muye didn't actually have one.

Upon hearing Han Muye's answer, the Daoist's eyes lit up, and he looked at Han Muye, saying with a smile, "So you are the Yunlan Sword Immortal who slayed the gods today."

He pointed to a jade wall in front of them, "Sword Immortals can directly record their names on it to receive their merit badges.

"It doesn't have to be your real name; it can be a pseudonym."

A code name would do; it didn't necessarily have to be their real names.

Han Muye stepped forward and looked at the constantly flashing text on the jade wall.

At the top were the names of five individuals, including Immortal Lord Zi Yu and Demon King Tu Tian. There were no specific numbers, but they were at the very top, and their names were in purple.

Below were dozens of golden names.

'Heaven Breaking Sword, 328,600 merit points.'

‘Jiangnan Misty Rain, 319,400 merit points.’

‘Potatoes, 38,100 merit points.’

‘Zhao Jinhe, merit points 286,355.’

...

There weren’t many with merits over 100,000, just a few dozen.

The majority had merits ranging from 10,000 to 30,000.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal. There’s no need to look at those tens of thousands of names. They’re all powerhouses who have been stationed in the city for more than 100,000 years.

“Some are no longer in the city, and many have already died.”

The green-robed Daoist pointed to a jade-colored pillar next to the wall, “This is the ranking of the past thousand years.”

Han Muye and Zhao Chen turned to look, and at the top were three names in green.

‘Qin Baijian, 8,654 merit points.’

‘Tao Zhu, merit points: 7,463.’

‘Daoist Jiu Yue, merit points: 7,320.’

The names below in light green generally had merits ranging from several thousand to several hundred.

That made sense.

With the state of defense in the Immortal Burial City, only those Immortal Lords had a chance of earning over 10,000 merits.

Han Muye raised his hand and left his name on the jade wall.

“Invincible Han.”

From the Yunteng Wasteland, his invincible title had been spreading.

Now, he wanted the name of invincibility to spread throughout the Immortal Burial City.

With a flash of immortal light, a green jade badge fell into Han Muye’s hand.

His name, Invincible Han, was engraved on the jade token.

As his divine sense landed on it, some information was transmitted.

Zhao Chen also curiously raised his hand and left his name on the jade wall.

“Zhao Million.”

After receiving his merit badge, Zhao Chen’s face showed a surprised expression.

“God Realm Meteoric Iron Stone, a piece the size of 100 catties only costs three merit points, but such treasures are worth millions of spiritual rocks in the Immortal Realm.

“Universal Spirit Source Crystal, this is a great material for refining spiritual treasures. It’s worth 10 pieces for just one merit point.

“White Jade Cold Frost Branch, can directly increase one’s cultivation, right? Three merit points for one, this can be exchanged for three million spiritual rocks when sent back to the Immortal Realm.”

Han Muye didn’t care where Zhao Chen was excitedly shouting. Holding the merit badge, he took out the divinity in his hand.

The black-armored Battle Puppet took the jade badge and divinity, pressing them onto the dark bronze pillar.

With a flash of divine light, the divinity disappeared.

Numbers appeared on Han Muye's jade badge.

"11,163 merits, exchangeable for 5,000 merit points."

As this number appeared, his name also appeared on the nearby wall.

And as soon as it appeared, it surpassed everyone on the thousand-year ranking list, directly reaching the top.

In that instant, all the strong individuals in Immortal Burial City felt the changes on their merit badges.

"Wow—straight to the top. Who is this?"

"Invincible Han? The Yunlan Sword Immortal, right? Completing a god-slaying mission upon entering the city, deserving of this top honor."

"Invincible Han, this name is quite arrogant."

"Arrogant? This is confidence. The name Invincible is probably not meant for within the city, but outside the city."

Countless people in the city were discussing. Some were curious, some excited, and many had a fierce look in their eyes.

“For the first time in ten thousand years, a powerful individual has ventured out of the city to hunt down the God Clan,” said the Daoist in the blue robe, who had been standing in the back. He wore a look of admiration on his face.

Chapter 1237 - 1237 First in Merit, Fight Again! (4)

1237 First in Merit, Fight Again! (4)

Merit was determined based on hunting data, but the merit points from divine exchanges were the real deal.

Han Muye had 5,000 merit points, so he directly exchanged them for various resources in front of the blue stone pillar.

There were not many that could be used directly.

Han Muye could tell that most of the exchanges in the city were for raw materials, gathered from the divine realm.

In the entire Immortal Burial City, there were many cultivators residing, and many of them were skilled in alchemy and artifact forging, fully capable of assisting in refining.

However, the commissions charged were not cheap.

Han Muye didn't intend to directly refine these resources. Instead, he handed them over to Zhao Chen.

He handed them over to Zhao Chen.

"It costs 30 merit points to activate a material teleportation. It's really expensive," Zhao Chen muttered.

There was a teleportation array nearby that connected to the divine realm, and it consumed a staggering amount of merit points.

30 merit points were worth at least 30 million spiritual rocks.

For most cultivators, they couldn't afford such a high price, so it was better to keep these resources in the Immortal Burial City.

"Fortunately, the things I got from this teleportation far exceed 30 merit points."

Zhao Chen smiled and took out a jade slip. Then, he placed the storage bag filled with resources on a jade tray in front of him.

Han Muye took out his merit badge and exchanged the merit points.

Immortal light flashed, and the jade slip and resources disappeared.

The two of them watched the immortal light dissipate and then turned to leave.

Someone from the Immortal World would deal with the rest.

In the central trading hall of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, a recently arranged large formation suddenly emitted divine light.

The cultivators stationed by the formation were momentarily stunned.

“Is, is this a message from Young Master Zhao?”

“So soon?”

“Young Master Zhao and Cloudscape Immortal, they’ve only been in the Immortal Burial City for half a day, right?”

As they watched the divine light, several elderly figures flew over with solemn expressions.

In the hall, more figures descended.

This large formation was specifically designed to connect with the Burial Immortal City, or more precisely, it was designed for Yunlan Sword Immortal and his group.

Under Zhao Chen's coordination, the investment from various parties had reached a staggering amount.

Everyone was afraid of losing their investments without any returns and was hesitant to act rashly.

This formation was established to obtain information from the Immortal Burial City as quickly as possible.

"What kind of news could come so quickly in such a short time? Is something wrong over there?" someone said with a grave expression, speaking in a low voice.

"Young Master Zhao is skilled in business dealings. Could he be asking for something again? Will he give or not?" an old man in gray robes frowned, watching as a piece of jade slip appeared amidst the swirling divine light.

"Transferring resources from the Immortal Burial City costs a fortune. If it's not urgent, we shouldn't activate the formation," an elderly man said with an unpleasant expression, speaking in a low voice. "That Zhao Chen, he's not cautious enough."

"It's here."

An old man in a green robe and a jade crown raised his hand and waved, and a jade slip landed in his palm.

As a Golden Immortal powerhouse, only the hall had such matters as waiting for the teleportation array.

As he took the jade slip, he probed it with his divine sense.

“Hiss—

The old man trembled all over, nearly dropping the jade slip.

“Elder Xu, what’s going on?”

“Old Xu, did Zhao Chen ask for something outrageous?”

“Elder Xu, could it be that Yunlan Sword Immortal couldn’t even last a day?”

The people around him spoke anxiously.

Old Xu tightly held the jade slip, raised his head, and looked at the still-flashing divine formation with an indescribable brightness in his eyes. “Don’t worry, they’re coming.”

Coming soon?

What?

“Buzz!”

The formation shook, and a storage bag appeared.

It seemed that the items in this storage bag were extremely valuable, and the formation could barely support the teleportation power.

Without waiting for the storage bag to fall, Old Xu had already reached out and grabbed it.

As he probed with his Divine Sense, his expression changed and a smile appeared on his face.

“Haha, Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, Invincible Han!”

“What an invincible being in the world!”

With a jade slip in one hand and a storage bag in the other, Elder Xu looked around and shouted, “Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, has entered the Immortal Burial City, gone straight to the city’s highest point, and fought outside the city, slaying two members of the God Clan!”

Slaying gods!

The hall fell silent.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

This news was too surreal.

This news was just too incredible, no matter what they had expected. The news of Yunlan Sword Immortal entering the city and immediately slaying gods couldn't possibly be true...

Old Xu laughed heartily, covered the jade slip with divine light, revealing the words on it.

Then, he shook the storage bag, and the resources obtained through the exchange of over 4,000 merit points scattered on the ground, forming a mountain!

"Divine Realm Meteorite Iron!"

"Universal Spirit Crystals!"

"Wow, how many Frost Branches are these!"

"It's amazing..."

Expressions of amazement filled the room.

For these cultivators who were involved in business and controlled various trade routes, Han Muye's remarkable merits were less important than these tangible resources.

These were the real assets that could benefit them.

"Quick, inventory the resources. We need to convert these treasures into wealth as soon as possible."

"Such a harvest in a day. We must supply Yunlan Sword Immortal with whatever he needs as soon as possible."

"Send messages quickly. Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han, with his unparalleled achievements in the Immortal Burial City, killed two members of the foreign races in a single day!"

Cheers erupted, and the entire hall became noisy.

Everyone had their own interests and backers.

But now their interests were the same.

To make Yunlan Sword Immortal famous and to turn their businesses into profits.

Han Muye, who was far away in the Immortal Burial City, did not care about the actions in the Immortal World.

He let Zhao Chen return to the camp while he headed straight for the city's main hall.

The halls were stacked on top of each other, and without guidance, Han Muye wouldn't have been able to find his way.

Chapter 1238 - 1238 First in Merit, Fight Again! (5)

1238 First in Merit, Fight Again! (5)

"Senior Zi Yu."

Stepping into the hall filled with purple immortal light, Han Muye bowed.

The Immortal Lord Zi Yu beckoned with his divine sense.

Han Muye naturally had to be respectful to this Senior of the Sword Sect.

In the future, this person would be his greatest backer in the Immortal Burial City.

At the top, the Immortal Lord Zi Yu, who was dressed in a light purple robe and covered in sword intent, stood with his hands behind his back.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, Invincible Han.”

Han Muye looked up and saw the deepness in the Immortal Lord Zi Yu’s eyes, like the stars in the universe shining.

His entire body trembled, and the power of his soul, which was as strong as a Golden Immortal’s, shook, causing his mind to freeze.

“Golden Immortal divine soul, so this is your true strength.”

Immortal Lord Zi Yu nodded and his expression softened slightly.

If he had the soul of a Golden Immortal, then going out of the city to fight would not be courting death, nor would he use Immortal Lords like them as bargaining chips.

“Your swordsmanship is not bad, and your cultivation is not bad. What’s rare is that you have the courage to fight.”

“I heard that you came to the Immortal Burial City because you caused trouble for the Dao Sect.”

The Immortal Lord Zi Yu looked at Han Muye and said softly, “I’ll make peace for you and let the Dao Sects stop pursuing the matter. You can leave this place.”

Leave?

Han Muye looked up at the Immortal Lord Zi Yu.

“From today onwards, as long as you go up the city wall, there will be gods hunting you. I can protect you for a day, but I can’t protect you for a thousand days.”

The Immortal Lord Zi Yu’s expression was calm.

This was the truth.

In today’s battle, Han Muye had greatly raised the morale of the Immortal Burial City, but he had also become someone the God Clan had to kill.

“Also, the battle on the city wall in the future will be ten times or a hundred times more intense than before, and the injuries will be much greater. There will be many people who will hate you.”

Immortal Lord Zi Yu said indifferently, “So I advise you to go early.”

It was easy to become famous in one battle, but the retaliation and revenge of the Protoss was the real headache.

Even if there was an increase in morale in the city, how long could such an increase last? How many injuries could it sustain?

The atmosphere in the hall was slightly gloomy.

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, "Senior, Junior won't leave."

Immortal Lord Zi Yu's eyes flickered with a profound light.

"Give me a reason."

As long as he did something, he had a request.

There had to be a reason for Han Muye to stay in the Immortal Burial City.

"I want to compete for the Immortal Ascension Platform."

Immortal Ascension Platform.

The sword light on the Immortal Lord Zi Yu's body trembled slightly.

But he said nothing.

Enough.

As long as there was a reason.

As for the reason, it was Han Muye's own business.

"Then be careful."

The Immortal Lord Zi Yu nodded and pondered for a moment before saying in a low voice, "Spirit Sword, you can befriend him."

Spirit Sword Golden Immortal.

Han Muye finally learned who the Spirit Sword Golden Immortal was in this place.

The Spirit Sword was a Spiritual Sword.

A sword with a spirit.

This Senior's sword was left here to help guard the Immortal Burial City.

The spiritual sword had a strange temper and was difficult to get close to.

But Han Muye seemed to understand his disposition.

When Han Muye left the hall of the Immortal Lord Zi Yu, he happened to encounter Immortal Lord Yu He, who was wearing a green robe.

“Not bad, kid.”

Han Muye nodded and bowed respectfully.

--

Inside the large tent, dozens of elite disciples of the Sword Sect stood before Han Muye.

These were the strong individuals selected to lead various formations.

“Starting tomorrow, mobilize 1,200 disciples from our sect to enter the city.”

Han Muye looked at them with a solemn expression. “This battle is dangerous and may be even more perilous than today.”

Tomorrow’s battle was undoubtedly more perilous than today’s.

Even Immortal Lord Zi Yu had advised Han Muye to leave, indicating that the upcoming battles would be challenging.

Han Muye scanned the crowd and then said softly, "Are you all willing?"

Willing?

In the large tent, everyone stood up, their swords emitting brilliance.

There was no need to speak; their clasped fists and respectful bows were their response.

Since they had come to the Immortal Burial City, there was nothing they wouldn't dare.

Han Muye nodded and looked at Zhao Chen, who was beside him.

"Since you all are determined to fight, we must make thorough preparations."

"Tomorrow, let's go out of the city and fight."

Exiting the city!

Everyone was shaken.

Zhao Chen stood up and jovially took out several storage pouches.

“Practice well, keep a low profile, low profile, huh.”

The disciples who received the storage pouches were wide-eyed when they sensed the contents with their divine senses.

“This... Brother Zhao, I’m afraid there’s no way to keep a low profile...”

...

“Woo—”

In the void, the sound of attack horns echoed.

Then, golden light rose and formed golden light screens.

Everyone in the entire Immortal Burial City looked up at the city wall ahead.

The invaders were coming.

From the sound of the horns, it was evident that a large army was gathering.

“Sigh, who knows how many Fellow Daoists are going to fall on the city wall...” Someone said in a low voice with a complex expression.

Yesterday’s battle had provoked the retaliation of the God Clan, and from today onward, there would undoubtedly be continuous battles on the city wall.

“Let’s go. Prepare to go up the city wall,” someone shouted, and immortal light flickered on his body.

The array formations behind him began to activate their own strength, providing energy to the array formations of the Immortal Burial City.

“Boom—”

A sword light soared into the sky.

The cultivators who had been keeping an eye on Han Muye’s camp were immediately astonished.

“Yunlan Sword Immortal!”

“Yunlan Sword Immortal and the others are going up the city wall today!”

When more than 1,200 sword lights rose, numerous cries of astonishment echoed.

“Are they crazy? Going up to the city wall today is suicide!”

“Yunlan Sword Immortal, are you using the blood of your fellow disciples as stepping stones to pave your own path?”

“Ah, achievements can blind one’s judgment...”

Everyone watched as more than 1,200 sword lights landed on the city wall.

“Roar—”

Outside the city, countless roars and furious howls rang out.

“Kill.”

His authoritative voice was short and powerful.

The robust Immortal Slaying Envoys and Dark Demon Beasts rushed towards the city wall.

Divine light soared into the sky from the black-armored formations.

“Be careful, that’s the God Clan formation.”

“Our Immortal World’s military formation can’t stop their formation. We can only defend.”

On the city wall, nervous reminders echoed.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the formation, and he slowly drew his sword.

Behind him, everyone’s eyes shimmered.

“Get out of the city!”

With Han Muye’s command, amidst the astonished exclamations of those on the city wall and behind them...

1,206 figures stepped onto the city wall.

On the second day of Yunlan Sword Immortal’s arrival in the Immortal Burial City, they once again left the city to confront the God Clan’s formation head-on.

Chapter 1239 - 1239 Killing an Immortal Lord!

1239 Killing an Immortal Lord!

“It’s over...”

On top of the city wall, an old man with a head full of white hair and wearing tattered armor, wore a look of despair on his face.

It wasn’t just him. On the city walls, many people had a sense of regret and loss in their eyes.

Yesterday, Yunlan Sword Immortal’s departure from the city to battle had boosted morale throughout the Immortal Burial City.

Even if the city walls were under continuous battle starting today, as long as the morale remained high and rotations continued, the city walls wouldn’t be in great danger.

But now, Yunlan Sword Immortal had left the city, leading over a thousand sword cultivators to battle outside.

If they all perished outside the city, it would be a massive blow to the Immortal Burial City.

Look, how strong Sword Immortal Yunlan was, and yet, in the end, he only lived for one day?

Today, with Yunlan Sword Immortal dead outside the city, the morale in the city would drop, and it was likely that all the cultivators on the city walls would have to face death again.

“This kid is really not giving us any peace...” Immortal Lord Hu Yuan, who was far away in the central hall of the Immortal Burial City, muttered. He turned his gaze to the Immortal Lord Zi Yu.

Invincible Han was his junior, so he wouldn't just stand by and watch, right?

"Old Sun, this kid is a little wild. Doesn't he remind you of yourself back in the day?"

Behind the city wall, Spirit Sword Golden Immortal in a grayish-black robe also muttered, his gaze landing on Han Muye and the other sword cultivators.

"Boom—"

In front, 1,200 sword lights shattered the illusory figures surrounding the city walls and crashed down on the ground outside.

When the 1,200 sword lights landed, six of them remained suspended in the air.

The sword light formed a formation and transformed into a blood-colored sword that looked like a battle flag.

The longsword soared through the air as if it was challenging him.

"Roar—"

Outside the city, countless roaring Immortal Slaying Envoys roared and rushed towards the sword formation.

The black-armored God Clan army in front shifted their positions and began to press forward.

The momentum rolled forward, and an endless pressure descended.

Han Muye, holding the longsword, had a calm expression in his eyes.

Behind him, the five sword immortals with long swords in their hands had indifferent expressions.

The battle yesterday had already dispelled the fear in their hearts.

Below, 1,200 sword energies stood still, waiting quietly.

Only the sword projection that shot into the sky tore through the air.

10,000 feet.

5,000 feet.

1,000 feet!

The Dark Demon Beasts charging at the front were already 300 meters away from the sword formation.

However, the solemn sword cultivator did not move at all.

Outside the city wall, the atmosphere of the battlefield was so strange that it made one's heart palpitate.

What made these 1,200 sword cultivators brazenly die?

What made these 1,200 sword cultivators so fearless in such a desperate situation?

Could it be that Yunlan Sword Immortal really had a backup plan?

"Today, if these 1,200 sword cultivators die because of Invincible Han's arrogance, he will be a sinner."

On the city wall, someone gritted his teeth and looked at the sword formation that was about to be swallowed.

He did not dare to step out of the city wall to save them.

On the city wall, no one dared to.

Yesterday, an Immortal Lord attacked. Everyone had attacked with passion.

Today, the God Clan's military formation was in front, and there would definitely be a God Clan general leading the army at the back. Even Immortal Lords probably wouldn't leave the city.

In such a situation, everyone could only watch helplessly as the sword cultivators outside the city were crushed into dust.

"Invincible Han, I hope your reputation as invincible is not for nothing..." An old man holding a sword stood on the city wall, the sword in his hand trembling continuously.

With great fear before death, he did not dare to leave the city.

He admired these sword cultivators who had stepped out of the city wall. He did not want them to die before his eyes.

But in this situation, what could he use to survive?

"That kid moved." In the void, it seemed someone whispered.

Moved.

Above the sword formation, Han Muye pointed his sword forward.

"Formation."

He muttered.

With that said, a formation disc that was 10 feet wide, appeared under the feet of the 1,200 sword cultivators below.

The jade-colored formation emitted a divine light that instantly enveloped everyone.

“Bang!”

The Dark Demon Beasts rushing forward collided with the formation’s barrier, shattering it with a resounding explosion.

Formation.

Each of the 1,200 formation disks was a powerful defensive array.

With so many formations overlapping, even a Golden Immortal would find it hard to break through.

But these formation discs were worth millions of spiritual rocks each.

1,200 of them amounted to 120 billion?

On the city wall, everyone was dumbfounded.

Was he burning money?

“Break.”

Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

In front of the 1,200 sword cultivators, black lightning pearls appeared.

“Damn, those are Heaven Shaking Pearls!”

“This... isn’t this something that’s only used in major battles?”

“Each one costs 300,000 spiritual rocks, isn’t he just throwing money around?”

Countless exclamations came from the top of the city wall.

In everyone’s eyes, the black Heaven Shaking Pearls were pushed out.

“Buzz!”

An oppressive lightning was brewing and expanding.

The 100,000 feet of space in front of him began to collapse.

“Boom—”

The world collapsed.

Endless black lightning scattered and shattered, wrapping the Immortal Slaying Envoys in front and tearing them into pieces.

Golden lightning and golden divinity intertwined, turning the space outside the city into a golden hue.

This attack had killed at least 100 Immortal Slaying Envoys.

As for the Dark Demon Beasts, there were probably more than a thousand of them.

This was a feat only achievable in a major battle.

Before the cultivators on the city wall could recover, Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

“Attack.”

Attack!

As soon as he finished speaking, he moved forward.

The six Sword Immortals formed a formation and advanced.

The 1,200 sword cultivators standing on the formation discs below moved forward, forming a conical battle formation.

Then, crossbows appeared one after another.

“F*ck, Sky-Breaking Crossbow!”

On the city wall, Spirit Sword Golden Immortal exclaimed.

“Geez, is this kid really going all out?” Immortal Lord Hu Yuan, who had landed on the city wall, grinned and rubbed his hands as he looked ahead of the city wall.

Over there, it seemed that there was a power brewing in the void.

Chapter 1240 - 1240 Killing an Immortal Lord! (2)

1240 Killing an Immortal Lord! (2)

The cultivators on the city wall were already speechless.

There were heaven-breaking crossbows on the city wall of the Immortal Burial City.

And there were quite a few of them, at least 10,000.

But they were spread out to defend the entire city wall, with only one every few hundred miles.

This crossbow was worth at least 30 million spiritual rocks.

The key reason for the rarity of this item was that the process of refining it was difficult, and it was not commonly used. In the Immortal World, only a few major refining sects knew the method of crafting it.

In the past, the three Wasteland regions and a few large cities would purchase dozens or hundreds of them every few hundred years.

There was another reason why this treasure was rarely used. That crossbow bolt that could cut through the void cost a million spiritual rocks.

However, this thing's killing range was less than a hundred miles. If it was set up on the city wall, who would go up for no reason?

If someone tried to operate the Heaven-Breaking Crossbow, wouldn't they run away when they saw it?

Even a Heaven Realm expert could escape the range of this crossbow before it was activated, let alone a Void Transformation Realm expert.

However, today, the situation was different.

There were 1,200 Heaven-Breaking Crossbows, and they were less than ten miles away from the frontlines of the God Clan formation.

With such a formation of crossbows, wouldn't one volley tear apart the God Clan formation?

Would he dare to activate the crossbows?

That was what everyone was thinking at this moment.

But before this thought could fully form, the thunderous sound of arrows being fired drowned it out.

The 1,200 Heaven-Breaking Crossbows were fired without hesitation.

Thousand-foot-long arrows tore through the sky and instantly descended upon the military formation in front.

“Freeze—”

With a long roar, the figure of a God Clan member in silver armor appeared in the front army formation. He raised his hands and held up golden divine light.

An Immortal Lord powerhous.

Only an Immortal Lord could withstand the power of 1,200 arrows.

The 1,200-foot-long arrows condensed into a shadow that resembled a fire dragon and collided with the God Clan expert, causing the void to shatter inch by inch.

Below, although the God Clan army did not face the arrows head-on, they were still affected by this attack. The formation became disorganized, and it seemed difficult to maintain.

“This is truly insane...” Many people on the city wall couldn’t help but exclaim as they watched the disarrayed military formation and the God Clan Immortal Lords struggling under the barrage.

Suppressing Immortal Lords with crossbow arrows, such a crazy thing would be unimaginable if not witnessed firsthand.

Even now, it felt unreal.

“Insects, seeking death!”

The God Clan powerhouse holding back the arrows gritted his teeth and let out a low shout. Behind him, divine light surged, revealing a fractured space.

Inside that space was another world.

However, it could be seen that harnessing the power of this world was not easy for the experts of the God Clan.

That world was located far away in the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm, and the spatial distance was too vast.

But once the power of this space arrived, it could erupt directly, doubling their own strength.

With the augmentation of the world’s power, no Immortal Lord in the Immortal Burial City would be a match.

In the past, very few Immortal Lords of the God Clan had been pushed to this extent.

Using the power of their Heavenly Cycle World from such a great distance would result in enormous consumption, something they were reluctant to bear.

However, after being pushed to this extent today, this divine general couldn't hold back any longer.

If he couldn't make a move to kill Han Muye and slay all the sword cultivators who had left the city, where would the dignity of the God Clan be?

"Kill—"

Another roar, and the divine general had completely withstood the power of the arrows.

Next, he would dissipate the power of these arrows, then make his move to come and kill Han Muye.

A sword cultivator who was only at the Heaven Immortal realm was nothing before an Immortal Lord.

On the city wall, Immortal Lord Zi Yu, who had arrived at some point, pressed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Immortal Lord Hu Yuan had a solemn expression as well.

There was more than one Immortal Lord hiding in the void.

At this moment, it was extremely dangerous for them to face an Immortal Lord who was using the power of his own Grotto-heaven and deal with other Immortal Lord experts of the God Clan.

“This kid is really causing us trouble...”

Immortal Lord Hu Yuan shook his head and slowly retracted his aura.

If he wanted to attack, he had to gather all his strength and leave no flaws.

Immortal Lord Zi Yu did not speak, but the sword light in his hand slowly disappeared.

Not far away, the eyes of Spirit Sword Golden Immortal shone as his figure condensed into a faint sword light.

“Attack.”

At this moment, Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

With his voice, the 1,200 sword cultivators below raised their hands.

The Heaven-Breaking Crossbow, which had fired the arrows, flashed with immortal light again.

The immortal light was dazzling, as if it wanted to imprison the surrounding space.

The arrows, each exuding a terrifying power, appeared once more.

And there were more!

More arrows!

Each crossbow on the city wall of the Immortal Burial City was only equipped with one or two crossbow bolts, but there were actually 1,200 of them!

“Boom—”

1,200 crossbow bolts flew out.

Their target was the black military formation.

He couldn't block them anymore!

The Immortal Lord, who had been facing the first wave of arrows could only roar in frustration as he was forced to retreat.

He couldn't withstand this second wave of arrows.

No Immortal Lord in the world could resist this second wave of arrows in such a hasty situation!

“Divine General Fu Ji, please retreat. I will protect the military formation in the future.” A voice sounded, and a divine general in silver armor and holding a spear descended.

The spear turned into a light screen, flashing with cold light as it struck the arrows.

“Invincible Han requests the assistance of Senior Spirit Sword to slay the gods!”

At this moment, Han Muye shouted loudly.

He raised his hand, and the descending arrows suddenly changed direction, directly covering the first Immortal Lord!

Two waves of arrows, a total of 2,400, descended together!

From the beginning to the end, Han Muye’s target was not the military formation.

It was—

The Immortal Lords and Divine Generals!

“You have a death wish—”

The second God Clan Immortal Lord flew up.

“Kill—”

On the city wall, Spirit Sword Golden Immortal’s sword slashed down at the head of the God Clan’s Immortal Lords.