

## **Pavilion 1281**

### **Chapter 1281 - 1281 Meeting Old Friends Again, Mu Wan, Huang Six, Lu Gao... (3)**

1281 Meeting Old Friends Again, Mu Wan, Huang Six, Lu Gao... (3)

Han Muye walked slowly through the Medicine Valley, feeling a sense of nostalgia in his heart.

The first time he came to Medicine Valley, it was under siege, and he had helped to break the siege.

Later, when Medicine Valley surrendered, he had lived there for a while.

His steps quickened as he felt a burning sensation in his heart.

In this Medicine Valley, someone was waiting for him.

She had waited for 2,000 years.

“Who are you? You’re not allowed to barge into the Saintess’s cultivation place!

“Quick, someone has intruded into the Wood Spirit Grass Hut where the Saintess resides.”

Figures flew towards him, but Han Muye’s figure disappeared completely before their eyes.

He was gone.

They had clearly seen someone rushing towards the Wood Spirit Grass Hut just moments ago.

The onlookers looked at each other, momentarily bewildered.

“I’ll report to the Elder,” a gray-robed alchemist muttered and turned to leave.

In front of the grass hut, Han Muye stood outside a lush bamboo forest.

Around the bamboo forest were numerous alchemy furnaces, and bamboo buildings stood tall.

This place was very similar to the alchemy hall on the Nine Mystic Mountain back then.

“It’s so easy to refine the Rainbow Colored Jade Pill. How clueless.”

“I’ll only refine it once this time; if I fail again, so be it.”

“It’s just a fourth-grade pill. Watch carefully...”

Flames rose from the alchemy furnaces in front of the bamboo building, and several female disciples in blue robes sat around. A female cultivator in a moon-white Daoist robe waved her arms, and medicinal herbs were thrown into the furnace.

“If the boss lady were to take a shot, this pill would directly become a second-grade one. Remember, don’t be too rigid in your alchemy,” she said while refining pills. When she looked up, her entire body froze.

She trembled and stared at Han Muye with wide eyes.

Han Muye chuckled and waved his hand to suppress the trembling alchemy furnace.

If he didn’t, it would explode.

“Is your father okay?” Han Muye asked softly.

Tears streamed down the female cultivator’s face as she nodded repeatedly.

Han Muye slowly walked forward and said, “Is the lady boss inside?”

Still shedding tears, the female cultivator nodded..

Han Muye smiled and slowly walked past the pill furnace, crossed the path, and walked deeper into the bamboo forest.

In front of the pill furnace, the disciples hurriedly stood up.

“Master, should we inform someone?”

“Master, who is this person? Aren’t male cultivators forbidden from entering our grass hut?”

“Master, should we call for help?”

Amidst the chaos, the female cultivator shook her head. Excitement flashed across her face as she raised her hand to wipe her tears.

“Inform who?”

“This is the shopkeeper coming back...”

At this point, a smile appeared on her face as she said excitedly, “I have to tell Father and Zuo Yulong.”

With that, her figure flashed and she flew away.

Only the female disciples were left with blank expressions.

“Shopkeeper?”

“I remember that Master was the Saintess’ maid when she was in the Heavenly Mystic Imperial City back then. At that time...”

“Sword Ancestor Muye!”

Someone exclaimed.

Sword Ancestor Muye.

This was the legend of the entire Immortal Source World.

Legend had it that more than 2,000 years ago, a mysterious sword cultivator walked out of the Heavenly Mystic World and swept through the myriad worlds.

This great cultivator of the Sword Dao called Han Muye used the Myriad Sword Array and the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords to dominate the Heavenly Realm without any opponent.

Even the Sword Pavilion and Yuling Dao Sect chose to submit.

This legendary Sword Ancestor Muye had united all the forces in the Immortal Source World, bringing an end to the chaos.

Legends, everything was just a legend.

None of the disciples here had seen Sword Ancestor Muye before.

It was said that he had been in seclusion for 2,000 years.

Many people in the world suspected that Sword Ancestor Muye had already perished.

However, the forces left behind by Sword Ancestor Muye had already suppressed the Immortal Source World, and no one dared to rebel again.

“Sword Ancestor Muye has returned. Saintess, she didn’t wait in vain...” A female cultivator looked into the depths of the bamboo forest and whispered softly with a sigh.

Others nodded in agreement.

The Saintess had waited for more than 2,000 years!

In the serene bamboo forest, Han Muye stopped in front of a verdant small building.

In front of him stood Mu Wan, dressed in white and wearing a gentle smile.

“Senior Brother, you’re back.”

Those soft words almost made Han Muye lose his composure.

This woman before him was the one who had once concocted pills for him on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

This woman had quietly left the Nine Mystic Mountain to find a solution for his lifespan issue.

She accompanied him from the Southern Wasteland to the Imperial City.

She had been with him in the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion for decades.

For fear of burdening him, she had left during the Dao battle and waited patiently in the Upper Three Heavens.

Just like now, she had unknowingly waited for 2,000 years.

How many 2,000 years did this woman have?

Han Muye reached out and gently embraced Mu Wan.

At this moment, he felt an unparalleled sense of tranquility in his heart.

All the worldly competition, the struggle for supremacy in the immortal realm, the battles among the gods, all seemed to dissipate like smoke.

He found it somewhat amusing.

How could the immortals and gods know the beauty of the world?

If the mortal realm were truly free and untroubled, why would anyone become an immortal in the Nine Heavens?

“Senior Brother, you’re back, and that’s all that matters,” Mu Wan reached out and grabbed Han Muye’s robe.

She looked into his eyes as she spoke.

“I have so much to tell you...”

Han Muye nodded and whispered, “I do too.”

...

The Valley Master of Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, Li Qing, learned of Han Muye’s return a day later.



At first, he couldn't believe it.

But when he saw the formation outside the Wood Spirit Grass Hut open, he didn't dare to step inside.

For seven consecutive days, the formation in the bamboo forest remained active.

Outside the bamboo forest, many figures slowly gathered.

When Han Muye and Mu Wan walked hand in hand out of the bamboo forest, smiles appeared on their faces.

Huang Six and Lu Qingping.

**Chapter 1282 - 1282 Meeting Old Friends Again, Mu Wan, Huang Six, Lu Gao... (4)**

1282 Meeting Old Friends Again, Mu Wan, Huang Six, Lu Gao... (4)

Gao Changgong and Xiao Yueli.

The Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony.

Lu Yuzhou, Lu Yang.

Mo Yuan.

Lu Gao.

Instructor Lin.

...

These people who had walked alongside him all stood there with smiles on their faces.

They smiled at each other.

This smile, spanning 2,000 years.

Outside the bamboo forest, a long table was placed. Everyone sat around it and sighed as they talked about the Nine Mystic Mountain and the Heavenly Mystic World.

Huang Six's cultivation level was already at the Heavenly Venerable realm, a Demon Dao Heavenly Venerable.

Lu Qingping's cultivation was weaker and she also had a Heaven Realm Soul Formation cultivation.

Heaven Realm. Everyone present was at least at the Heaven Realm.

Mo Yuan, Lu Gao, and Instructor Lin had already entered the Sage realm and were only a step away from becoming the ancestor of the Sword Dao.

On the other hand, Gao Changgong and Xiao Yueli's cultivation levels had yet to reach the Sage realm.

Lu Yuzhou was a Half-Sage back then, but it was difficult for the Confucian Dao to produce a Heavenly Venerable. Even now, he was only a Sage.

"I don't know where that Gao Xiaoxuan is, but he's always been very carefree," Huang Six raised his wine glass and muttered softly.

Gao Xiaoxuan, the true Wen Qu.

Accompanied by the White Fox, he roamed the world and paid no attention to the affairs of the Heavenly Mystic and the Immortal Source World.

"Sword Venerable Yuan Tian left the Immortal Source World," Mo Yuan said softly. "He awakened his original memories and said that he wanted to go to the Immortal World again."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's original self was Sword God Yuan Tian back then. He broke through the sky with a single strike and entered the Immortal World, but he accidentally died.

Now that Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had regained his memories, he decided to return to the Immortal World again, perhaps to find the opportunities he had missed before.

Everyone had their own opportunities.

The demons in the Desolate Wilderness were also extremely powerful now.

The Martial Marquis, Qilin, and the others stayed there. Xiang Lingshuang, who had followed Han Muye back then, was no longer inferior to the Dao Ancestor.

Two thousand years.

In the past 2,000 years, everyone had their own experiences and growth.

Han Muye sat beside Mu Wan and listened quietly.

His thoughts drifted, as if he'd never been absent.

Images appeared in his mind.

In this scene, he was walking freely in this mortal world with everyone.

His state of mind quietly changed.

What was an immortal?

Heaven Immortals and Golden Immortals, advancing step by step. Was it not just for the moment when they looked back on these experiences and smiled as they did now?

This was the beauty of cultivation!

Many people came to see Han Muye.

Deng Chungang, who had never been able to be with his third sister Li Xixi.

Daoist Dayan, who had come quietly.

Back then, the Confucian Dao Half-Sage, Qin Suyang, and Qin Wuyuan, who had received Han Muye's guidance in alchemy.

"Shopkeeper," when Zuo Lin saw Han Muye again, he was in a state of excitement, aging but full of vigor.

With the support of medicinal pills, his cultivation level had reached the Heaven Realm.

However, he did not have any cultivation foundation and only relied on Zuo Yuting's medicinal pills to live for 2,000 years.

Seeing Han Muye again was already a great satisfaction for him.

The elders of the Five Sheep Pavilion also came to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to greet Han Muye.

They brought a pile of jade slips that recorded various benefits.

Han Muye took a look. In the past 2,000 years, the Five Sheep Pavilion had accumulated various treasures. Supreme-grade spiritual rocks were worth trillions.

With so many treasures and wealth, it supported the expansion of the power of the Heavenly Mystic faction.

The sword cultivator army that supported Huang Zhihu.

Currently, there were tens of millions of sword cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic.

These 10 million sword cultivators formed military formations, and the weakest among them was at the Earth Realm Soul Awakening.

Under the command of Huang Zhihu, such an army attacked cities and conquered star worlds one after another.

“Ah, that girl has such a combative nature, I still can’t figure her out,” speaking of Huang Zhifu, Huang Six couldn’t help but shake his head.

Even after 2,000 years, his girl was still a girl.

Even though Huang Zhihu was already a half-step Heavenly Venerable and controlled an army of 10 million sword cultivators, she was invincible in the world.

At this moment, Huang Zhihu had yet to return.

She led an army and was fighting a battle with the cultivation world.

In the past few hundred years, the Heavenly Mystic sword cultivator army had occupied most of the stars in this world.

Han Muye stayed in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley for half a year before leaving with Mu Wan for the Heavenly Mystic World.

There were too many memories of them in the Heavenly Mystic World.

Imperial City, Yongding River outside the Imperial City.

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Upper Heaven Region, Sword Pavilion's encampment.

Li Yungang and Su Xinghe walked side by side.

"This is really the inheritance of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect."

Looking at the sword cultivators everywhere, Li Yungang asked curiously.

After staying in the Endless Sea for a while, they looked around while heading to the Sword Pavilion.

"Sigh, these juniors really don't have much cultivation." Su Xinghe looked around and shook his head regretfully.

When he left the Sword Pavilion back then, there were more than 10 Sword Ancestors in the sect and four Heavenly Venerables.

Now, there was only one Heavenly Venerable in the entire Sword Pavilion, and there were only five Sword Ancestors.

The difference in strength was not just a little.



“Such dense spiritual energy, but there’s only one Heavenly Venerable among the junior disciples. Their cultivation is really subpar,” Su Xinghe snorted, and a sword light emanated from his body.

The sword intent emitted by the sword light caused the surrounding swords to vibrate.

“Who’s—”

“Buzz!”

Streams of sword light converged towards Su Xinghe and transformed into the shadow of a thousand-foot-long sword.

The sword cultivators around watched this sword with expressions of astonishment.

With such a technique, he was at least at the level of a Sword Ancestor!

“Who dares to be impudent in my Sword Pavilion?”

A voice rang out, and Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu, who was wearing a white Daoist robe, descended.

However, when he saw Su Xinghe beneath that long sword, he was completely stunned.

“Xinghe, Pavilion Master...”

Qi Yu had never seen Su Xinghe before.

However, as a Heavenly Venerable who presided over the Sword Pavilion, he had seen Su Xinghe’s image.

The person in front of him was the pavilion master of the Sword Pavilion, Su Xinghe, who had stepped into the Immortal World back then.

#### **Chapter 1283 - 1283 Meeting Old Friends Again, Mu Wan, Huang Six, Lu Gao... (5)**

1283 Meeting Old Friends Again, Mu Wan, Huang Six, Lu Gao... (5)

Wasn’t it said that after entering the immortal realm, they would never return?

“Hmph, you still know this sect leader,” Su Xinghe looked at Qi Yu and then said in a deep voice, “Are you the current sect leader?”

Qi Yu shook his head, “If you’re talking about Sect Leader Xinghe, the current sect leader is Sword Ancestor Muye.”

At this point, his heart skipped a beat. He looked up and said, “Sword Ancestor Mu Ye has already come out of seclusion. Do you want me to invite him over?”

Sword Lord Mu Ye?

Su Xinghe was stunned.

“Han Muye?” Li Yungang asked in surprise.

Why didn’t this kid say that he was the master of the Sword Pavilion?

Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu looked at Su Xinghe and then at Li Yungang.

The Senior who came with the Galaxy Pavilion Master must also be from the Immortal World.

This person actually recognized Sword Ancestor Mu Ye?

“Senior is right. Sword Ancestor Mu Ye is Han Muye,” he said respectfully.

Su Xinghe was stunned.

Li Yungang laughed.

Su Xinghe was about to reprimand him, but at this moment, he lost his temper.

What could he say?

Han Muye was the current master of the Sword Pavilion. What right did he have to reprimand an expert who could compete with the Chief of the Sword Sect's Zhantian Hall?

"Forget it. He knows we're here, so he'll definitely come." Li Yungang looked around and said, "Let's wait here."

The news of the Pavilion Master of the Sword Pavilion returning from the Immortal World 300,000 years ago spread throughout the Upper Three Heavens in less than a month.

Whether it was the Daoist sects or other large sects, they all sent people to ask if the matter was true.

Although Su Xinghe no longer had any emotional attachment to this world due to his transformation into a spiritual being, the Sword Sect's legacy still existed, so he had stepped in a few times.

One time, he casually made a move and suppressed five experts at the Dao Ancestor realm.

Afterward, under the influence of some interested parties, Su Xinghe and Li Yungang stepped onto the demonstration platform.

Li Yungang was quite interested in the demonstration platform, but unfortunately, the power on the platform was still too weak; even when he restrained his own power, he could easily break through it.

After breaking through the demonstration platform five times in a row, he left with a sense of unfulfillment.

However, he did not know that his performance had already shocked countless people.

Did the once most astonishing Sword Ancestor Muye have such a performance?

Speaking of Sword Ancestor Muye, many powerful figures who knew about Han Muye's emergence from seclusion were shaken.

Two former Sword Sect experts who had entered the immortal realm were now returning. What would happen when Sword Ancestor Muye met these two?

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Yuling Dao Sect.

The two Grand Elders, Heavenly Venerables Yu Zhen and Yu Zhi, sat at the head, with several Dao Ancestors below them, as well as many powerful Daoist sect cultivators.

At this moment, everyone's expressions were solemn.

“The Sword Sect has a powerful figure returning from the immortal realm; this is a variable,” Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen looked around and then whispered, “For our Daoist sect, this could be both a blessing and a disaster.”

The two experts who had returned from the Immortal World had cold personalities and did not have much to say to outsiders and disciples of the Sword Pavilion.

Now, all the sects were guessing if the Sword Pavilion would use the power of these two experts to stir up trouble in the Immortal Source World once again.

“In my opinion, this matter still depends on Sword Ancestor Muye,” a white-haired Daoist said softly.

The others nodded slightly.

Heavenly Venerables Yu Zhen and Yu Zhi exchanged a glance.

All the forces were waiting for the confrontation between Sword Ancestor Mu Ye and Sword Pavilion, two powerhouses who had returned from the Immortal Realm.

Such discussions were held in all major sects.

All the forces were waiting for the confrontation between Sword Ancestor Muye and Sword Pavilion, two powerhouses who had returned from the Immortal Realm.

Three years later, news arrived.

Sword Ancestor Muye had returned with his Dao Companion to visit the Sword Pavilion.

For a moment, all eyes in the entire Immortal Source World were focused on the Sword Pavilion.

They were waiting for the confrontation between the three peerless experts.

Was Sword Ancestor Muye, who had been in seclusion for 2,000 years, stronger, or was the ancient mighty figure who had returned from the Immortal World stronger?

**Chapter 1284 - 1284 Flattened the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage?**

1284 Flattened the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage?

Han Muye wasn't the only one heading towards the Sword Pavilion.

A thousand-foot-long flying ship carried not only Lu Gaolin, who was on his way to the Heavenly Mystic World, but also Princess Yunjin, who had finally left the Yongding River after 2,000 years.

After 2,000 years, even if she didn't become Han Muye's Dao companion, Yunjin was willing to be his confidante.

The flying ship crossed the void and entered the Upper Heaven Region, heading towards the Sword Pavilion.

For a moment, countless divine senses followed the flying ship, and figures quietly followed.

Everyone wanted to see if Han Muye, who had been able to sweep the Immortal Source World 2,000 years ago, could stand against the ancient powerhouses.

“It’s strange that Sword Ancestor Muye didn’t mobilize the Heavenly Mystic army to follow him,” someone said softly when they saw that Han Muye was only using a single flying ship.

“Perhaps Sword Ancestor Muye has given in?” Someone chuckled, his eyes flickering with wisdom.

For cultivators, longevity was their number one priority.

If a powerful figure from the Immortal Realm returned to the Sword Pavilion, and Sword Ancestor Muye submitted to such a person, it wouldn’t be shameful at all.

Even if it were, was face really that important to figures like them?

The flying ship continued on its way. When it was 10,000 miles away from the Sword Pavilion, a figure flew out from it, and sword light flashed.

The sword radiance and the figure were in harmony, and a clear and sonorous voice could be heard.

“It’s Qin Suyang. He has already stepped into the realm of the Sword Ancestor!”



Exclamations could be heard.

Among the Heavenly Mystic experts, Qin Suyang, who dual cultivated the Sword Dao and the Confucian Dao and had become a Sage in alchemy, was a legendary figure.

His swordsmanship was also famous in the Upper Heaven Region.

“Clang—”

In front of Qin Suyang, an old man in a white robe blocked the sword light with his sword.

The two wielded their swords quickly, unleashing the power of heaven and earth in their clashes.

“Sword Ancestor Suyang’s sword techniques are becoming more and more exquisite,” Yunjin, who was wearing a green dress beside Han Muye, said softly.

“To be able to fuse the Sword Dao with the alchemy and Confucian Dao, only Sword Ancestor Suyang has such methods.” Mu Wan, who was on the other side of Han Muye, nodded slightly.

“Good sword technique.” On the deck of the flying ship, Instructor Lin, who was carrying a longsword on his back, took a step forward, and sword light soared from his body.

Behind him, Bi Chong and Bi Yun’s bodies also flashed with sword light.

On the other side, a sword light that could no longer hold back flew up.

Bi Chong and Bi Yun's master, the number one sword cultivator in the Heavenly Mystic, Gongsun Shu.

The current Gongsun Shu's Sword Dao cultivation had also stepped into the Sword Ancestor realm. When his sword flew out, it had its own Great Dao intertwined.

"It's another Sword Ancestor!" The surrounding people exclaimed.

The combat strength of the two Sword Ancestors was enough to shock everyone.

Apart from the few major factions in the Immortal Source World, no one could resist the two Sword Ancestor experts.

His Sword Dao could be said to be invincible among his peers. Only Heavenly Venerables could suppress the two Sword Ancestors.

"Buzz!"

Sword light flashed in the direction of the Sword Pavilion, and another Dao Ancestor Realm expert held his sword and walked out.

Unlike Gongsun Shu's grand sword light, this Sword Ancestor's sword technique was small and nimble.

The two sword lights collided, and the dissipating streams of light seemed to want to shatter the world.

Around him, the divine senses retreated in all directions.

The Sword Pavilion was the Sword Pavilion. Two extremely powerful Sword Ancestor experts could easily resist it.

Only the Sword Pavilion had such strength.

“How can I not participate in such a grand event?” Instructor Lin let out a long laugh and flew up with the sword in his hand.

Sword light soared from his body. He was clearly already a Sword Dao Sage, a Sage!

After entering the Sage Realm for 2,000 years, Instructor Lin’s cultivation didn’t increase too quickly, but the power displayed by his sword was surging and shocking.

Behind Instructor Lin, figures flew out one after another, and the sword light in their hands exploded.

Mo Yuan, Lu Gao, Deng Chungang, Tuoba Cheng...

The sword light on each of them was incomparably magnificent.

Sage Realm!

Every one of them was at the Sage realm!

The surrounding void was in an uproar.

Sword Ancestor Mu Ye not only had Sword Ancestor experts beside him, but more than 10 Sword Dao Sages had already gathered.

In the Sword Pavilion, Li Yungang looked at the sword lights and said softly, "Goodness, this kid still has such a foundation in the mortal world."

He could tell that be it Lin Shen, Lu Gao, Mo Yuan, or Deng Chun Dipper, their cultivation in the Sword Dao was extremely profound.

This was the expression of someone who loved the sword and was extremely devoted to it.

If these people stepped into the Heaven Immortal Realm and their Sword Dao cultivation increased, they would have unexpected achievements.

If these people went to the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect, they would at least be at the elite level of the two halls.

In the mortal world, there were not many people who could cultivate the Sword Dao to such an extent.

“Come, let me play.” Unable to hold it in any longer, Li Yungang flew up and transformed into a dazzling sword light, stabbing out.

“Clang—”

In the void, the vibrating sword light flashed.

Lin Shen raised his hand and slashed down heavily with his sword.

“Draw 10 million swords, split heaven and earth...”

The sword light turned into a thousand feet long, and the spiritual patterns on it intertwined, exuding a grandeur that made one’s heart palpitate.

“Alright!” Li Yungang let out a long laugh and twisted his sword to block Lin Shen’s sword. Then, he turned around and landed in front of Lu Gao.

Lu Gao’s expression did not change as he stabbed out with his sword.

This strike was fast.

Li Yungang blocked with his sword and glared, "Turning your body into a sword? Good temperament."

When he landed in front of Mo Yuan, Mo Yuan had already raised his hand and pointed.

Thousands of sword lights gathered at one point and enveloped Li Yungang.

Li Yungang let out a strange cry and retreated 10,000 feet.

"This sword technique is amazing!"

His eyes gleamed.

As soon as he finished speaking, his figure flashed and disappeared from where he was. When he appeared, he was 30 feet away.

Turning around, the one-armed Zhao Youzhi stood there with a long sword in his hand that emitted a clear halo. A trace of pity flashed across his face.

"To cultivate sword techniques and leave behind a broken body, this temperament..." Li Yungang looked at Zhao Youzhi and nodded and said, "Even among the elites of my Sword Sect, there are very few people like you."

## **Chapter 1285 - 1285 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage? (2)**

1285 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage? (2)

He moved swiftly, engaging in battles with various Heavenly Mystic sword cultivators.

The more he fought, the more surprised he became.

These people might not have high cultivation levels, but the Sword Dao methods and comprehension they displayed and their persistence in the Sword Dao completely exceeded Li Yungang's imagination.

The more he fought, the more excited he became. His long sword was like the wind, encircling everyone.

"Awesome—"

With a hearty laugh, his sword aura stirred up chaos in the world.

Han Muye shook his head and raised his hand to break through the world. The flying ship crossed the void of battle and landed outside the Sword Pavilion.

"Pay our respects to the Sword Master!"

Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu bowed.

Behind him, the group of sword cultivators bowed.

Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu had asked Su Xinghe.

After all, Su Xinghe was the previous Pavilion Master of the Sword Pavilion and was a true member of the Sword Pavilion, unlike Han Muye, who suppressed the Sword Pavilion with his sword techniques and entered the Sword Pavilion.

If Su Xinghe was willing to regain control of the Sword Pavilion, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu and the others were willing to acknowledge him as the Pavilion Master again.

However, Su Xinghe's words stunned everyone.

At that time, Su Xinghe smiled bitterly and shook his head. "Do you think I'm strong just because I returned from the Immortal World?"

"With my cultivation and wealth, I'm not even worthy of carrying his shoes in the Immortal World."

When Su Xinghe said this, Li Yungang nodded and muttered, "That's true. This kid is also a freak. That family business can probably be said to be the wealthiest in the Fuyu Immortal World."

The wealthiest person?

A hundred years in the mortal world and a year in the immortal world.



Even though Su Xinghe and the others said that Sword Ancestor Muye had gone to the Immortal Realm more than 2,000 years ago, he had only been in the Immortal Realm for a little over 20 years.

What could you achieve in just over 20 years?

Could you become the wealthiest person in a certain corner of the Immortal Realm?

If Li Yungang hadn't said it himself, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu and the others wouldn't have believed it.

However, Su Xinghe had privately warned him that Chief Li was an expert who could do whatever he wanted in the Immortal World and that he could not be offended.

Such a person couldn't joke about such matters.

A few days ago, Sword Ancestor Muye sent a message that he wanted to visit the Sword Pavilion.

Following Su Xinghe's instructions, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu and the others did not dare to be negligent.

Today's reception was exceptionally respectful.

"This is the Sword Pavilion, the endless and vast Heaven Ascension Pavilion." Han Muye looked at the mysterious jade plaque in front of him and said softly.

Mu Wan and the others had never been here.

“This is Senior Su Xinghe, who returned from the Immortal World.”

Han Muye looked at Su Xinghe and spoke softly.

Su Xinghe nodded and looked at Mu Wan and the others beside Han Muye. He smiled and said, “Are these your Dao companions and relatives?”

As he spoke, his hand flashed with immortal light as he took out treasures one after another.

There were long swords that shone with immortal light, gems that flickered with immortal spiritual light, and some jade boxes containing immortal spiritual rocks.

This greeting gift was quite generous.

Mu Wan and the others quickly showed their respect and accepted these treasures.

After all, they were gifts from their senior, and they might even be special products from the Immortal Realm.

“Ahem, it’s nothing compared to your Yunlan’s wealth; these are just some trifles I can’t use,” Su Xinghe said very seriously.

Really.

Han Muye smiled and said, "Senior, you're too modest."

In the past three years, he had given Mu Wan and the others many treasures.

They were not lacking in treasures for their cultivation.

"Chief Li, are you ready to play?" Han Muye turned his head, lowered his voice, and raised his hand, sending a sword aura shooting towards Li Yungang.

The sword light instantly collided with Li Yungang and knocked him away.

This sword made Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu, who was standing in front of Han Muye, tremble all over.

This strike also stunned countless cultivators in the surrounding void.

An expert who could overpower all sword cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic with a single blow was forced back by Sword Ancestor Muye with one sword!

How strong was Sword Ancestor Muye's cultivation?

It was no wonder he dared to lead the flying ship here.

Sword Ancestor Muye probably had the ability to compete with the mighty figures who had returned to the Immortal World!

Li Yungang, who had been forced away by Han Muye's sword, smiled and shook his head before flying down.

Everyone entered the Sword Pavilion and entered the hall. Han Muye introduced Li Yungang and Su Xinghe to Lin Shen and the others.

An expert from the Immortal World, a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

He was the head of a large faction in the Immortal World.

There was also a Sword Dao expert who ascended 300,000 years ago and left. Now, he was already at the Heaven Immortal realm.

Even though Han Muye had already mentioned it to Lu Gao and the others, everyone was still shocked to see the two immortals.

"Haha, your Sword Dao has its merits." Li Yungang looked at Mo Yuan and the others, his eyes shining.

"You must stay in the Sword Pavilion for a few more days. Let's spar."

Sparring?

With such an expert, it was naturally something that he could not ask for more.

Mo Yuan and the others were about to agree when Han Muye coughed lightly and said, "Senior Li, they're all busy."

Busy?

In front of a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal, a few mortal Sages were very busy?

Li Yungang glared and raised his hand, scattering immortal spiritual rocks.

"Don't you think I know what you're thinking?"

He looked at Han Muye disdainfully. "I wonder why you left so many immortal spiritual rocks."

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand to send the immortal spiritual rocks that Li Yungang had thrown out to Mo Yuan and the others.

Immortal spiritual rocks were good things for Lin Shen and the others. They could be used to cultivate sword techniques or increase their cultivation.

Sword Ancestor Muye remained in the Sword Pavilion and still held the position of Sword Pavilion Master.

This news spread throughout the Upper Heaven Region, shocking countless people.

Who could have imagined that Sword Ancestor Muye's strength and cultivation level would be no less than those of the Immortal Realm's senior experts who had returned to the Sword Pavilion?

Looking at it this way, Sword Ancestor Muye was probably more than just a Sword Ancestor!

However, Han Muye had never revealed his true strength, nor had he publicized his cultivation level. No one knew how far he had already progressed.

#### **Chapter 1286 - 1286 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage?**

1286 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage?

After staying in the Sword Pavilion, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu returned the Nine Essence Tower that Han Muye had left behind.

"Sword Master, this is the treasure you left behind in the Sword Pavilion to suppress."

It was only at Su Xinghe's reminder that Qi Yu learned that Han Muye wanted to take back this treasure.

Han Muye nodded, raised his hand, and put away the last Nine Essence Pagoda. Then immortal light appeared in his palm.

A green longsword appeared.

This was an immortal treasure sword.

Such a treasure was also a rare treasure in the Immortal World.

Han Muye did not lack immortal treasures.

“This sword is called Magnolia, and it’s an immortal treasure.

“This sword is enough to suppress the luck of the Sword Pavilion.”

Handing the sword to Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu, Han Muye said calmly.

It was not a loss for the Sword Pavilion to exchange the Nine Essence Pagoda for an immortal sword.

Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu left happily with his sword.

He somewhat believed that the Sword Master had a wealthy status in the Immortal World.

Someone who could casually take out an immortal sword was definitely not an ordinary person.

After Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu left, Han Muye's palm trembled, and a Nine Essence Tower appeared.

"Buzz!"

The ninth nine-element pagoda fused with the golden tower that had already gathered in front.

Golden light shone, and a nine-story golden tower appeared in front of Han Muye.

Dao sword light seeped out of the golden tower.

Raising his hand to press down on the golden pagoda, Han Muye could sense the power of the Sword Dao contained within.

This golden pagoda was a treasure refined by the Heaven Ascension Immortal Supremacy back then. It was refined according to the Heaven Switching Pavilion.

At this moment, Han Muye could sense countless sword intent from the golden pagoda.

The sword intent was stored in the tower.



At the same time, it actually had the effect of exchanging for the Heaven-Changing Pavilion.

However, this golden tower could only exchange swords and sword intent.

There was more than one golden tower that combined the nine elements.

From the senses on the golden tower, he could discover that there were many golden towers that controlled more than just Sword Dao cultivators.

Han Muye raised his hand and pressed down on the golden tower. A golden light flashed in front of him, and golden words appeared.

“Seeking to purchase a divine fire attribute sword, willing to pay 30,000 condensed sword intents.”

“Offering a spiritual treasure from the God Clan for exchange, 3,000 condensed sword intents.”

“Please comprehend the insights of the Water Lineage Heavenly Sword Technique, 5,000 sword intents.”

...

Through this golden tower, these sword cultivators could communicate and trade with each other.

This golden tower was truly a treasure that could connect the myriad realms!

Han Muye smiled.

He did not lack sword intent.

He also had many swords.

He had also accumulated many cultivation techniques.

But who would reject having more of these things?

In the future, he could fully use this golden tower to obtain more sword intents and swords.

This golden tower was clearly a treasure for sword cultivators to communicate in countless worlds!

As expected, there was an unexpected surprise when the nine elements of the Nine Essence Tower fused into one.

Looking at the golden tower in front of him, Han Muye's heart skipped a beat.

The Sword Dao cultivators behind the Nine Essence Tower were probably more or less related to the Heavenly Venerable.

In the entire cultivation world, countless people from the Immortal World, the mortal world, and even the Divine World had obtained the treasures of the Heavenly Venerate and his inheritance.

From the looks of it, it was no wonder that the Heaven Ascension Immortal Supremacy was suppressed but not killed.

There were countless forces entangled behind the Venerable Master, so no one dared to kill him rashly.

Of course, the Venerable Master probably had other cards to make those divine clan powerhouses fear and not dare to directly kill him.

Looking at the golden tower in front of him, Han Muye contemplated for a moment.

The golden pagoda was modeled after the Heaven-changing Pavilion. The power of the Heaven-changing Pavilion far exceeded this golden tower.

Then, what faction was behind the Heaven-changing Pavilion?

The Black Armor Weapon Refinement Sect's strength was nothing in the divine realm, and they did not really control the Heaven-changing Pavilion.

Had the power that set up the Heaven-changing Pavilion back then really disappeared?

Who was behind these pavilions?

His current cultivation was not bad, and his combat strength was even stronger. He also had a foundation in an Immortal World.

His cultivation had already reached a high level, and he had established a foundation in one of the immortal realms.

However, when he thought about it carefully, he realized that he was still far from understanding the top-level cultivation world.

Many formations were still beyond his comprehension.

For what reason were these formations set up?

Perhaps, only when he became an Immortal Lord, an Immortal Venerable, could he truly understand these things?

Han Muye, who had settled down in the Sword Pavilion, was much more relaxed. Besides cultivating every day, he also engaged in activities he enjoyed with Mu Wan, Yunjin, and the others.

He had long been able to finely control his own body, and he could now do things he couldn't do before.

As for Instructor Lin and the others, Li Yungang just sparred with them, rapidly boosting their cultivation.

This kind of training was something few people in the world had the opportunity to experience.

Even in the Immortal World, only the elite direct descendants of major sects had a chance to receive the guidance of a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

In five years, Qin Suyang and Gongsun Shu stepped into the Sword Dao Heavenly Venerable realm.

Within the Sword Pavilion, another Sword Ancestor, Zhao Jinyuan, also stepped into the Sword Ancestor Realm under Su Xinghe's guidance.

Lin Shen and the others quietly entered the realm of the Sword Ancestor.

However, compared to them, Mu Wan cultivated in alchemy and spells, and cultivated against the heavens. She had already stepped into the Heaven Immortal Void Realm.

Yunjin had jumped directly from the Heavenly Realm to the Dao Ancestor realm.

Regarding their advancement in cultivation, Li Yungang just said, "This kind of cultivation method is something only wealthy people can afford. We poor sword cultivators should stop dreaming."

--

The boundless void was filled with fleeting, dazzling lights.

When they collided, the force that seemed to tear apart the void emitted a palpable shockwave.

On each sword formation, thousand-foot-long sword beams swept through, cutting down the approaching black figures.

These figures included void beasts, heavenly demons, and cultivators alike.

#### **Chapter 1287 - 1287 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage? (4)**

#### **1287 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage? (4)**

There were many, too many.

It seemed like they couldn't be killed.

Even if the sword formation formed a united front, and the power of the sword light converged, it still couldn't kill these figures.

In the rear of the army, a calm-looking Huang Zhihu with a long sword hanging from her waist.

Beside her, the former commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, Lu Yang, and many Heaven Mystic generals were also present.

The expressions of the crowd were filled with tension.

“Huang Zhihu, you have some means to support yourself in such a dire situation,” a long laugh echoed from the void.

A Daoist in a gray-blue robe, radiating immortal light, stepped forward, followed by a group of cultivators with similar immortal light flashing around them.

Immortal light enveloped them, a phenomenon only achievable by Heaven Immortals.

All these people in front of them were all at the Heaven Immortal realm!

In the mortal world, only Human Immortals, and Heavenly Venerables were considered the pinnacle of the world.

But now, so many Heaven Immortals had suddenly appeared.

“The Four Spirit Realms summoned us from the Lower Realms with the power of one realm and gathered a large army from the Nine-Directional Realms to surround your army of sword cultivators.

“You, Huang Zhihu, are really extraordinary.”

As the Daoist moved forward slowly, he chuckled.

The immortal light around him separated the space thousands of feet around him, as if the battle of the army had nothing to do with him.

His gaze fell on Huang Zhihu, and his eyes lit up. "I am He Qu, an elite disciple of the Cloud Court Dao Sect in the Immortal Realm. Are you willing to be my Dao companion?"

He waved his hand and said loudly, "As long as you are willing to serve me in this mortal world, I will give you the Four Spirit Realms as a gift.

"When I return to the Immortal Realm, I can take you with me.

"Don't worry, although I have a Dao companion in the Immortal Realm and cannot give you a formal status, I can still make your life in the Immortal Realm comfortable."

There was eagerness in the Daoist's eyes.

The cultivators behind him were already smiling.

It was rare to be able to subdue such a large army effortlessly.

Moreover, not only did Huang Zhihu possess extraordinary commanding abilities, but she was also a beauty.



Huang Zhihu looked up.

“Go away.”

Her voice was calm.

In the void, He Qu frowned.

Anger appeared on his face.

He waved his hand, tearing apart the void in front of him, and his figure descended, with a golden talisman emerging from his palm, heading straight for Huang Zhihu.

Beside Huang Zhihu, Lu Yang and the others felt their bodies sink and struggled to draw their swords and activate their sword lights, but they couldn't break through the immortal light flashing on the golden talisman.

“The Heaven-Sealing Talisman, even Heaven Immortals can be suppressed by it. None of you can escape,” He Qu sneered and activated the talisman again.

“The Heaven-Sealing Talisman?” Huang Zhihu muttered, drew her long sword, and then said in a low voice, “Slash.”

“Boom—”

The originally scattered Sword Formation instantly merged, and the 365 sword lights converged into one.

This sword emitted a sinister aura.

3,650,000 sword cultivators gathered into the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation!

This sword formation was Huang Zhihu's greatest reliance and her true means of sweeping through the world.

"You—"

He Qu widened his eyes and raised his hand, using one golden talisman after another to block in front of him.

The cultivators behind him also panicked, and various immortal lights intertwined to form barriers.

"Do you dare to draw your sword?"

"After today, I will shatter your sword formation and bring about the destruction of your world—"

He Qu stared at the sword light that was about to hit him, trembling all over, and roared through gritted teeth.

This sword light was so strong that he had no confidence in resisting it.

With a determined expression, Huang Zhihu raised her hand without hesitation and swung her sword down.

The sword light tore through the heavens and earth, cutting the void into nothingness.

All the immortal lights and talismans in front of He Qu were torn to shreds.

He was terrified.

Truly terrified.

This sword light was so powerful that his strength was completely unable to withstand it.

Gritting his teeth, he took out a half-blood-red spear from his waist.

As soon as this spear appeared, a majestic force surged, transforming into a red crocodile.

The 100,000-foot-tall crocodile raised its head, and there was a surge of killing intent in its blood-red eyes.

“Boom—”

The sword light collided with the crocodile and slowly dissipated after shattering it.

He Qu was also sent flying by this strike, spitting out blood containing golden immortal light from his mouth.

“All of you, all of you must die...”

He gritted his teeth and roared frantically.

Huang Zhihu raised her hand again.

He Qu hesitated for a moment, then turned and fled.

The other cultivators followed suit and fled.

The figures surrounding the sword formation below slowly retreated.

In the distance, several strong figures from the Four Spirit Realms, wearing Daoist robes and fine clothes, shook their heads and sighed.

They had spared no effort to arrange this ambush, but they didn't expect it to end in failure.

"Hehe, it's fine. After today, Huang Zhihu will face off against this elite of the Cloud Court Dao Sect, and we'll have an easier time."

An old man with a white beard shook his head, his face filled with regret and a trace of luck.

"But why does this Cloud Court Daoist Sect need so many living beings as blood sacrifices when they come to the mortal world?" another Daoist in a blue robe and a golden crown asked in a low voice.

The others shook their heads.

In the front, the sword formation slowly closed.

Huang Zhihu's face was pale as she sheathed her sword.

"Commander, what should we do now?" The person who spoke was He Xuanqi, who was wearing light armor and carrying two long swords on his back.

The technique's goal was to attempt the impossible.

He was now with Huang Zhihu's army and could preside over a region.

In the army, there were many experts like him from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

In their opinion, Huang Zhihu was Senior Brother Han's adopted daughter, and she was the one they were supposed to protect.

Joining the army was not about gaining merit or achievements; it was about protecting Huang Zhihu.

"Uncle He, Brother Lu Yang, order the army to retreat." Huang Zhihu lowered her voice and gritted her teeth.

Her gaze was fixed on the direction in which those cultivators were fleeing.

Retreat?

This was the first time Huang Zhihu had issued an order to retreat.

**Chapter 1288 - 1288 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage? (5)**

1288 Crush the Immortal Source World? Who Gave You the Courage? (5)

For two thousand years, the Sword Formation had never voluntarily retreated.

“The Immortal World’s powerhouses are not something we can resist,” Huang Zhihu shook her head and whispered, “Lead them to the Immortal Source World.”

“But our Immortal Source World also has Immortal World powerhouses.”

Immortal World powerhouses!

Everyone was stunned and came to a realization.

Several years ago, they had received news that Senior Han had returned, and two powerhouses from the Immortal World had returned with him to the Immortal Source World.

They were fighting outside and could not return to see Senior Brother Han for a while.

However, Huang Zhihu was already considering how strong the experts who returned from the Immortal World were.

Now, there were also Immortal World powerhouses in the Four Spirit Realm, so could they use them to test the abilities of the two in the Immortal Source World?

“Woo—”

The horn sounded, and the army assembled and slowly retreated.

In front of them, He Qu and the cultivators with him, who had been hiding in the void, slowly revealed themselves.

“Thinking of leaving?”

“Perfect, I will take you and your world behind you together and refine them into mine—”

He Qu gritted his teeth and clenched his fists tightly.

In front of him, the blood on the half-broken spear had faded considerably, and a shimmering halo danced upon it.

...

Outside the Sword Pavilion.

A black streak of light pierced the heavens and the earth.

The disciple on duty flew up and grabbed the stream of light. His expression changed as he quickly turned around and entered the mountain gate.

After a while, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu, who was holding a black short sword, requested to see Han Muye.



“The Heaven Trampling Demon Venerable sent news that the sword cultivator army led by Huang Zhihu was ambushed in the Four Spirits Realm. Now, they are fighting and retreating, preparing to retreat to the Immortal Source World.”

“Boom—”

A thunderous explosion, a sword light tore through the sky.

Han Muye’s face showed a murderous intent as he took a step forward.

Beside him, Mu Wan, Yunjin, and the others looked anxious.

During these years when Han Muye was absent, this little girl, Huang Zhihu, would come to visit them whenever she returned.

They had truly come to regard her as their daughter.

“Has Sixth Brother gone alone?” Han Muye frowned when he saw the message on the black short sword.

He feared that even Huang Six might not be able to deal with Immortal World powerhouses who could repel an army of sword cultivators.

“Senior Brother, you must go and rescue them quickly,” Mu Wan urged.

Han Muye nodded, and a series of sword lights danced in front of him, eventually forming a long sword.

With a single sword strike, the void shattered, and a dark portal appeared.

“Such a formidable technique, breaking through the void with a single sword strike. Your mastery of spatial manipulation has become quite profound!” Li Yungang, who had flown over, exclaimed in amazement as he stared at the portal.

This single sword had shattered countless worlds.

In a situation where power in this realm couldn’t surpass that of Immortal Realms, gathering and erupting power while using spatial manipulation was the most direct manifestation of one’s cultivation strength.

Han Muye took a step forward and landed in the endless void.

Another step, and he was on the edge of the heavens.

At this moment, countless sword lights rained down, and a black spear appeared in the sky.

Huang Six, who was wielding a battle spear, was engulfed in flames, blocking the two Immortal World cultivators whose Immortal Qi was shining brightly.

Under the guidance of Huang Zhihu's sword light, the sword formation below tried its best to resist the various talismans that broke through the void.

In front of the shattered void, countless figures rushed towards the Immortal Source World.

In this moment, the overwhelmingly powerful Immortal Source World finally met its match, and the invincible army of sword cultivators was also suppressed.

Behind him, Dao figures rushed over and gathered behind the military formation.

As cultivators of the Immortal Source World, everyone knew what the outcome would be once the Outer World army breached this realm.

What awaited everyone was definitely a massacre.

"Dare you resist us, even though you're just a small mortal world?"

"I'm going to crush your Immortal Source World today!"

In the void, a voice filled with cold determination resounded.

Hé Qū took a step forward, the blood-colored spear in his hand turned into a blood-colored crocodile, and he roared to the sky.

“Crush the Immortal Source World?”

“Who gave you the courage?”

A faint voice echoed through the heavens and the earth.

Han Muye’s sword light shone brightly in his hand.

### **Chapter 1289 - 1289 Spending 100 billion Immortal Spiritual Rocks to Upgrade the Immortal Source World**

1289 Spending 100 billion Immortal Spiritual Rocks to Upgrade the Immortal Source World

“Foster father!”

Huang Zhihu turned around and saw Han Muye standing in the air.

It had been two thousand years, but his adoptive father still looked the same.

At this moment, Huang Zhihu felt like she had returned to her days at the Imperial Academy, where she had practiced tirelessly just to not disappoint her adoptive father.

Compared to her biological father, Huang Six, her adoptive father held a more special place in Huang Zhihu’s heart.

Her father was a hero, but her adoptive father had been strict with her and had given her the best of everything in the world.

From the moment she started cultivating, Huang Zhihu knew that she was different from others.

Whether it was in the Western Frontier or the Central Continent, in the Sword Dao, or the Confucian Dao, she had strived to become someone others would look up to.

She always remembered that before she started cultivating, her adoptive father had brought her through the Desolate Wilderness, stepping over mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Huang Zhihu and he nodded with a faint smile.

With just that smile, Huang Zhihu's eyes welled up with tears.

"Senior Brother Han!"

"It's Sword Ancestor Muye!"

A cry of astonishment came from the sword formation below.

Even though many sword cultivators under Huang Zhihu's command had changed over the years, the core members were still those whom Han Muye had helped assemble.

They had experienced the struggles, witnessed the collapse of the Immortal Source World, and watched Sword Ancestor Muyue rise to prominence.

In their eyes, Sword Ancestor Muyue was unbeatable.

Han Muyue nodded and looked at the chaotic foreign army below and the cultivators hovering in the sky.

Immortal energy radiated.

He Qu also looked at Han Muyue.

Although Han Muyue didn't emit immortal energy, his calm demeanor and the cheers of all the Tianxuan cultivators indicated that he was a true powerhouse.

As a Heaven Immortal, He Qu feared no one in the mortal world.

However, the Heaven and Earth powers of the mortal world suppressed the power of Heaven Immortals. It would be very troublesome for him to unleash power that exceeded this world.

If he was in the Immortal World, he could easily crush everyone here with a wave of his hand.

They were all mere ants.

With a cold snort, He Qu decided to take action directly.

Since this man was the one others had placed their hopes on, killing him in front of everyone would shatter their morale.

With determination, he raised his hand and pushed the blood-colored crocodile that Broken Spear had transformed into forward.

The blood-colored crocodile roared and charged at Han Muye.

Its body was huge, and it crashed through the void, causing rifts.

The power of this blood crocodile exceeded the limit of this world.

The power of this blood crocodile had exceeded the limits of this world, at least possessing the strength of the Void Refinement Realm.

No wonder Huang Zhihu had led her sword formation back to the Immortal Source World.

The sword formation alone wouldn't be able to withstand the impact of this blood crocodile.

This was the suppression of power.

As the blood crocodile charged into the Immortal Source World, the entire world trembled.

It was the world's inherent forces struggling against the power of the blood crocodile, producing a deafening roar.

Unfortunately, the blood crocodile's power was too overwhelming; it ignored even the world's forces and headed straight for Han Muye.

Below, sword lights rose from the sword formation.

Around them, many cultivators activated their spiritual energy.

Could Sword Ancestor Muye withstand such an attack?

"A broken immortal treasure, and he dares to show off." Watching the blood crocodile charging towards him, Han Muye muttered and raised his sword.

The sword energy transformed into a dazzling galaxy, instantly cleaving the blood crocodile in half.

"Boom—"

The shattered starry sword light pierced through the heavens and caused the entire sky to collapse.



“Bang!”

The blood-red broken spear shattered into countless streams of vengeful blood, spreading out in all directions.

One strike!

With a casual swing of his sword, Han Muye had shattered the blood crocodile that seemed as unstoppable as the heavens.

Everyone had thought it would be a fierce battle, but it turned out to be this simple.

“How could—”

He Qu’s eyes widened as he stared at the broken spear.

That was an immortal treasure, an opportunity he had obtained from the sect.

It was precisely because of this opportunity that he could cultivate to the Heaven Immortal realm.

It was also this opportunity that had brought him and a group of sect disciples to the mortal world.

But his true opportunity had not yet been realized, and this immortal treasure had been cleaved in two?

How was that possible!

Behind He Qu, the cultivators from the Immortal World also panicked.

They were well aware of the immense power of this treasure.

In a previous encounter in a mortal world, this treasure had directly shattered half of the world and devoured the life force of its inhabitants.

“This sword is too strong!” The cultivators from the Four Spirit Realms all exclaimed in shock, instinctively stepping back.

With such a powerful figure in the Immortal Source World, no matter how many of them came, they would all die.

Several Heavenly Venerable cultivators quietly retreated.

“The Sword Ancestor is already so powerful!” Many people in the Heavenly Mystic Sword Formation widened their eyes.

They had always known that Han Muye possessed formidable combat power, and he had never disappointed them.

But they hadn't expected him to become this powerful.

The blood crocodile, which had forced them to retreat all the way, had been cleaved in two with a single sword.

Not far away, surprise flashed in Sixth Brother Huang's eyes.

"This fellow is still so strong..."

Since his days at the Sword Sect, Huang Six had known that he couldn't match up to Han Muye.

Later on, he entered the demonic Dao world and fought. He was lucky enough to become the Heaven Trampling Demon King with powerful combat strength.

He had hoped that his strength would intimidate Han Muye, but he didn't expect Han Muye to be even stronger.

Now, after 2,000 years, the strength Han Muye had displayed was beyond his comprehension.

"Mm, looks like I'll have to take Sister Ping to the Immortal World with me."

Huang Six's eyes shone brightly as he whispered.

"Buzz!"

In front of Han Muye, the heavens and earth collapsed and shattered, becoming tainted with blood and turning into a blood-red world.

He Qu, who was about to turn around and escape, suddenly stopped in his tracks. He looked ecstatic.

"Haha, the Blood Sea Tide is the awakening of Patriarch Blood Sea!"

### **Chapter 1290 - 1290 Spending 100 billion Immortal Spiritual Rocks to Upgrade the Immortal Source World (2)**

1290 Spending 100 billion Immortal Spiritual Rocks to Upgrade the Immortal Source World (2)

"Haha, I didn't awaken Patriarch Blood Sea even after devouring all the living beings in the world, but you actually helped me awaken him!"

He Qu stared at Han Muye with a ferocious expression and roared, "Today, I'll see how you die!"

"You're not the only one who will die. Your entire world will be buried with you and become the blood feast of Patriarch Blood Sea!"

As if echoing his words, the churning blood began to vibrate.

The world's collapse was getting faster and faster.

Heaven and earth were devoured by the blood-colored color, and they were completely unable to resist.

The entire Immortal Source World was wailing, as if it had encountered something extremely terrifying.

The entire Immortal Source World was wailing, as if encountering something extremely terrifying.

This was the sorrow of heaven and earth!

Han Muye had experienced this feeling before.

This was the sorrow of a world that was about to fall and was powerless to resist.

That's right. How could a mortal world resist when it was shattered by that strike and devoured by blood that far exceeded the ordinary level of strength?

Wasn't this the case in low-level worlds?

Weaklings.

Han Muye recalled when he was in the Western Frontier in the Heavenly Mystic World.

When his cultivation level was not strong enough and his combat strength was not advanced enough, he was like an ant in front of those grand cultivators.

The Immortal Source World had been nurturing countless living beings since the ancient divine court era.

All kinds of chaos had happened here. The world had collapsed and the world had been cut open by a mighty figure.

However, this world had always silently provided a cultivation place for all living beings.

Even at this moment, Han Muye slashed open the world with his sword, and there was no resentment in the world.

“The Dao is all-encompassing.

“My sword is just.”

Han Muye whispered.

Even though his cultivation and strength had far exceeded this world, he still felt the power of heaven and earth.

It didn't come from his body, but from his mind.

This was comprehension from the depths of the soul.

This world had been here for countless years, silently nurturing it without saying a word.

This was a form of cultivation.

Compared to this world, his own cultivation was incredibly insignificant.

Looking quietly at the collapsing world, Han Muye felt his state of mind rapidly elevating.

"Zenith Heaven."

So this was the state of mind of a Zenith Heaven cultivator.

It was all-encompassing, and the world was in his heart.

The world was the Zenith Heaven.

When one's cultivation reached the state of the Zenith Heaven, they could merge their strength with the Grotto-heaven, becoming one with the Grotto-heaven world, and the world would be them.

To outsiders, it seemed that Han Muye had been stunned by the sight of the collapsing heavens and earth.

Such a scene was the destruction of the world.

"Hurry, retreat, this world is about to collapse!" Someone in the rear panicked.

"Zhihu, take them away first," Huang Six shouted in a low voice, his gaze fixed on the sea of blood before the world collapsed.

Huang Zhihu shook his head and said in a low voice, "I'm not leaving."

He Qu stood there and laughed out loud. "Mortals like you will never understand how powerful Patriarch Blood Sea is.

"What's above Heavenly Venerable?

"Heaven Immortal!

"There are Golden Immortals above Heaven Immortals!



“Patriarch Blood Sea’s master was once a mighty Golden Immortal!

“He can destroy your world with a wave of his hand!”

The blood sea surged, and more of the heavens and earth were tainted.

The shattered world that fell into the void also continued to expand.

The Immortal Source World was truly collapsing.

This collapsing force was transmitted into the distance, and the entire Immortal Origin World felt it.

This was a warning from heaven and earth to let those experts leave.

“Buzz!”

A sword light tore through the void.

A 100,000-foot crack appeared, and Li Yungang, who was holding a long sword, appeared behind Han Muye.

Looking at the sea of blood in front of him, he frowned. “How did this happen?”

A flying ship rushed out of the crack.

Su Xinghe stood at the bow of the ship. The other Heavenly Venerable Qi Yu, Mu Wan, Yun Jin, and the others were all there.

No one expected the world to become like this.

“Let’s go, the power of devouring the heavens and earth exceeds what this realm can bear. Even if we destroy it, this world will still collapse directly.”

Li Yungang shook his head with a regretful expression.

His life in this world was quite interesting. He did not expect this world to be destroyed so quickly.

Perhaps this was a price predetermined by fate?

This world had nurtured an expert like Han Muye and suffered a backlash.

“Go?”

Han Muye smiled.

“Why leave?”

Li Yungang shook his head and sighed lightly, “The world is collapsing, there’s no turning back, let it go.”

He knew that Han Muye was unwilling to let go of this world.

However, this world could no longer be saved.

“The world is collapsing, there’s no turning back?” A hint of immortal radiance emanated from Han Muye, and he looked around, saying calmly, “Then today, I’ll mend the sky with one hand!”

The world was incomplete?

The world was collapsing?

It was just because one’s power was insufficient.

If one had enough power, even a dead and silent world could be awakened.

A more profound smile appeared on Han Muye’s face.

He was very fortunate to finally have such wealth.

He raised his hand and a clear immortal spiritual rock landed in midair.

The immortal spiritual rock shattered, releasing its immortal energy.

Li Yungang frowned.

Then, his eyes widened, and sword light flashed on his body as he stared at Han Muye. “You, you, what are you doing?”

Han Muye held a storage bag in his hand and chuckled. “Didn’t Chief Li guess it?”

Guessed it?

What for?

Whether it was Mu Wan or Huang Six and the others, they were all puzzled.

In such a situation, what else could Han Muye do?

The storage bag in Han Muye’s hand shook.

Pieces of spiritual rocks fell and then shattered, turning into immortal light.

At this moment, the immortal light shone, spreading outwards, and the blue immortal light illuminated the heavens and earth.