

Pavilion 1301

Chapter 1301 - 1301 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal

1301 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal

Immortal light that pierced through the void flickered.

Daoist Chen Xu personally led 300 cultivators from the Immortal World across the void towards the Immortal Source World.

Behind them was an army of nearly ten million cultivators from the Four Spirits World.

These individuals had been hastily summoned and forcibly assembled.

According to Chen Xu and his group, these armies of cultivators were meant for cleaning up the battlefield.

After breaking through the void and spending a hundred days, the army finally arrived outside the Immortal Source World.

However, just as they arrived outside the Immortal Source World, Daoist Chen Xu and the others felt that something was amiss.

Although the Immortal Source World seemed ordinary at first glance, the barrier of this world appeared unusually thick, and the flickering light on it was exceptionally dazzling.

“This Immortal Source World seems different from other realms,” remarked a Daoist clad in azure armor, furrowing his brow.

Chen Xu nodded and a gleam of insight shone in his eyes.

“Perhaps, why have they already made arrangements in this world?”

His words stirred the emotions of the others.

Could it be that this Immortal Source World really had some fortuitous encounter?

Daoist He Qu raised his hand and waved it. A green-armored Daoist flew up and slashed with the long saber in his hand.

“Boom—”

The saber light hit the world wall, triggering a trembling stream of light.

Then, the flowing light dissipated, and the wall of the world absorbed the power of the saber beam.

That was all.

Everyone's expressions changed again.

This attack from his fellow sect member could directly kill a Heavenly Venerable.

It was not difficult to break through the heavenly barrier of the mortal world.

The heavenly barrier of the Immortal Source World seemed completely different?

He Qu snorted coldly and flew up.

The immortal light on his body turned into a war spear.

Heaven Immortal cultivation, Void Refinement!

Since he was sent to find He Qu, his cultivation level was naturally high enough.

"Bang!"

The spear collided with the heavenly barrier and tore a hole.

Streams of immortal energy dissipated from the hole.

Immortal Qi!

This mortal world actually had immortal energy!

Everyone looked surprised.

How could there be immortal energy in the mortal world?

Could it be that He Qu and the others had really discovered an incredible treasure in this world?

Daoist Chen Xu did not stay any longer and flew into the slowly closing hole.

The others also hurriedly rushed in.

Unfortunately, the 10 million troops behind had just arrived when the heavenly barrier had already closed.

As soon as Daoist Chen Xu entered the world, bolts of lightning descended.

This was the repulsive power of the Heavenly Dao in this world.

Not only him, but the 300 cultivators were also enveloped by lightning.

The power of the lightning was so strong that they had no choice but to resist it with all their might.

“Suppress your cultivation below the Heaven Immortal Realm,” Daoist Chen Xu shouted in a low voice. He slowly suppressed his cultivation and turned it into the Heavenly Venerable Realm.

Indeed, if one’s cultivation level was lower than a Heaven Immortal, no lightning would descend.

The others hurriedly suppressed their cultivation.

The lightning slowly dissipated.

“Immortal Realm. Isn’t this Immortal Source World a mortal world? How can it be the Immortal Realm?” Behind Daoist Chen Xu, a black-bearded old man whispered with a solemn expression.

With their strength, they did not dare to rashly invade an Immortal World.

Daoist Chen Xu revealed a deranged expression and laughed. “It’s the Immortal World, but it’s not.

“The Heaven and Earth powers in this world aren’t truly powerful yet. It must be an Immortal World that was raised through mystic techniques.”

He raised his hand and felt the immortal qi around him surging. Daoist Chen Xu's eyes revealed absolute pride. "Everyone, let us conquer this world!"

Conquering a new immortal world!

The three hundred cultivators revealed wild joy on their faces.

If they could become the masters of this world, they would definitely obtain endless treasures and resources.

In the future, their cultivation would definitely be smooth sailing.

"Conquer this world?"

"Who gave you the confidence?"

A voice spoke.

In the distance, a sword light flashed.

"Clang—"

With a slash of the sword, the light screen that rose in front of Daoist Chen Xu was directly torn apart.

It was not until he swept with a long saber that he blocked the sword light.

He was only a Human Immortal and a Sword Saint, but his combat strength had already crossed two realms and could fight a Heavenly Venerable.

He was only a Human Immortal and a Sword Sage, but his combat strength had already crossed two realms and could fight a Heavenly Venerable.

“Are you under He Qu?”

“Where’s He Qu? Let him see me.” Daoist Chen Xu held a long saber and looked at the young man who was wielding a sword in front of him.

“He Qu?” The young man smiled, and another sword rose in his hand.

“Are you people from the Immortal World’s Yunting Dao Sect?”

“That guy is hiding in a remote corner and doesn’t dare to show himself.”

As he spoke, the young man’s sword had already pierced forward.

The sword light of the two swords intersected, sealing off the heavens and the earth.

One person dared to challenge Immortal Realm experts single-handedly!

“Remember this well, the one who will slay you is Heavenly Mystic cultivator, He Xuanqi.”

As he moved with his sword, the sword radiance burst.

The dazzling interweaving of sword radiance made it seem as if resistance was futile.

This sword could already harness the power of heaven and earth.

Daoist Chen Xu’s expression darkened as he raised his longsword.

The fact that He Xuanqi could harness the power of heaven and earth indicated that he had gained recognition in this foreign world.

This world already had a master!

“Kill—”

Chen Xu shouted, and the army formation behind him took shape. A thousand-zhang-long blade descended towards He Xuanqi's sword light.

However, at this moment, countless bolts of lightning descended from the sky.

The punishment of heaven and earth!

This world didn't permit them to wield combat power exceeding that of Heavenly Venerables.

Once they used it, they would attract lightning which would either seal their power or cause them to perish in battle.

Daoist Chen Xu gritted his teeth and looked at the sword light that was approaching. He shouted, "Retreat—"

They could slay their opponent, but the lightning could also kill them.

It wasn't worth it.

He Xuanqi laughed heartily, and his sword radiance transformed into wings of light, chasing after the figures above who were shrouded in lightning.

Ten days later, news arrived that powerful Immortal Realm experts had descended and were being pursued by the elites of the Sword Pavilion.

Chapter 1302 - 1302 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal World (2)

1302 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal World (2)

The various factions in the Immortal Source World quickly mobilized their forces to surround him.

However, they were experts from the Immortal World after all. Daoist Chen Xu and the others fled everywhere. As long as they suppressed their strength, they would not be devoured by the power of the Heavenly Dao.

After escaping and fighting for three years, Daoist Chen Xu and the others actually did not suffer any injuries.

However, this world was not friendly. It was difficult to refine the immortal qi. Their strength could only be replenished with the immortal spiritual rocks they carried with them.

In the past three years, they had also reached the point of running out of ammunition and food.

“Senior Brother Chen Xu, we can’t escape like this anymore,” a pale-faced Daoist said softly in the void.

The others beside him also had solemn expressions and their faces were very pale.

In the past three years of escaping, no one had had a good life.

Daoist Chen Xu nodded and took a deep breath. He turned around and looked at the sword light that was already shining in the distance.

“Let’s go to the realm ahead and find a hidden place to send a message to the sect.”

Regret flashed across his face as he said in a low voice, “Unfortunately, I can only share this world with the sect.”

Once he sent a message to the sect, he would definitely be able to attract experts.

However, this world was not something they could control.

What a pity...

They nodded.

It was better than being hunted down like this.

Daoist Chen Xu led everyone to a desolate world before taking out a golden formation disk, array disk.

Everyone threw a drop of blood into it, causing the formation disk and array disk to flash with immortal light.

Daoist Chen Xu heaved a sigh of relief as he watched streams of light dissipate in the void.

“Everyone, it won’t be long before the experts of my sect descend.”

Hearing his words, the others heaved a sigh of relief.

After waiting for three days, there was a loud bang in the void.

A miserable figure flew down.

“He Qi!”

Daoist Chen Xu’s expression darkened when he saw who it was.

If not for He Qu, how could they be in such a miserable state?

“Senior Brother Chen Xu!” Tears welled up in He Qu’s eyes.

“What took you so long...”

“Do you know how I spent these hundred years...”

A hundred years.

Hiding and hiding, being hunted down by all sides.

They did not dare to reveal their identities or reveal their strength.

He was constantly locked onto by the Heaven and Earth powers. Not only was he unable to obtain any augmentation from the Heaven and Earth powers, but his immortal qi was also constantly being extracted.

In the past hundred years, He Qu had wanted to die countless times to end everything.

He Qu's tragic appearance stunned Daoist Chen Xu and the others.

In the next moment, an immortal light in Daoist Chen Xu's hand turned into a rope that locked He Qu and pulled him in front of him.

He gritted his teeth and stared at He Qu.

"What's going on in this Immortal Source World?"

At this moment, he already understood that the Immortal Source World could not be controlled by He Qu.

But it must have something to do with He Qi.

“Senior Brother, can you think of anyone with 100 billion Immortal spiritual rocks?” He Qu looked at Daoist Chen Xu with a complicated expression.

Daoist Chen Xu opened his mouth and a trace of confusion flashed across his face.

100 billion.

Immortal spiritual rocks.

“I know Senior Brother doesn’t believe me, but... but it’s true...”

Someone shattered 100 billion immortal spiritual rocks to create such an Immortal World.

He Qu’s words were simply the most ridiculous joke in the world.

However, He Qu’s confident and lifeless expression did not seem to be a lie.

“Senior Brother, is his soul deranged?” a Daoist asked in a low voice.

Soul disorder?

Perhaps, who could resist such pressure without losing their soul?

He Qu shook his head and muttered bitterly.

This was really the appearance of a deranged soul.

Suddenly, his expression changed.

“Senior Brother, it’s been three days since you transmitted the message with the power of your bloodline, right?”

“I came as soon as I sensed it.”

“What about the sect?”

His words left everyone bewildered.

The Yunting Dao Sect wouldn’t leave them alone with so many people.

The moment they received the message, they would send someone over.

At the very least, it would send a message.

With the sect's methods, coming to this realm wouldn't be difficult.

So why hadn't they come in three days?

"Senior Brother, were the ones chasing you sword cultivators?" Hu Qu suddenly asked in a low voice.

Chen Xu nodded.

He Qu's face turned pale as he said softly, "Is it a group of sword cultivators from the Heavenly Mystic?"

Chen Xu nodded again.

He Qu's face was pale as he shook his head and said, "It's over..."

Chen Xu grabbed his collar and growled, "Explain yourself!"

He Qu whispered weakly, "That's a group of sword lunatics. They're probably already fighting with the experts of the sect..."

Fought with the sect's experts?

A group of newly ascended immortals from the mortal realm?

That was impossible.

Hu Qu must have truly gone insane.

Chen Xu pushed him away and raised his hand to summon a golden array disc, injecting his bloodline power into it.

“Buzz!”

Golden light flashed as several messages were transmitted from the array disc.

“Chen Xu? Where are you?”

“How could there be an ambush? Chen Xu, are you still alive?”

“Senior Brother Shensi has died. Let’s retreat first.”

“Not good, we—”

“Chen Xu, where are you? Why did you attract powerful enemies to attack our Cloud Court Dao Sect?”

“Chen Xu, it’s all your fault that our Cloud Court Dao Sect suffered heavy losses...”

...

One message after another left Chen Xu and the others dumbfounded.

What was happening?

The Dao Sect was besieged?

Their Yunting Dao Sect had countless experts, and there were even Immortal Lords overseeing it. How could anyone from the mortal realm dare to attack them?

“Bang!”

The golden array disc in front of Daoist Chen Xu shattered.

Not far away, streaks of sword light descended.

In the heavens and earth, the sword light shone so brightly that it was blinding.

“Sword, arise—”

A low shout, and thousands of longswords scattered like rain.

Sword formation.

Chen Xu shouted, and the immortal light on everyone’s body exploded. They no longer dared to be careless and activated their immortal light to form a defensive barrier.

Chapter 1303 - 1303 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal World (3)

1303 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal World (3)

Even if the lightning of the world descended, they couldn’t care less.

If they could not stop this sword formation, they would all die.

“Bang!”

The sword light collided with the protective barrier, and countless bolts of lightning descended.

After all the lightning and sword light dissipated, only seven or eight streams of immortal light escaped, leaving the others forever on this lonely starry world.

“Chase them. The leader has ordered the siege and annihilation of the reinforcements from the Yunting Daoist Sect in the Immortal Realm. They are of no use anymore.”

A voice echoed, and countless sword lights turned into streaks of light, chasing after them.

At this moment, in the void, countless armies assembled and surrounded the Daoists with immortal lights.

Those Immortal Realm experts who were at least at the Void Transformation Realm had serious expressions.

The experts from the Immortal World who had come with them had already died.

Even a Heaven Immortal in the Void Transformation Realm could not withstand the army’s sword formation.

If not for their strong cultivation, they would have died under the sword formation’s slash that tore through the void.

“Who are you people?”

The army in front of them was not composed of cultivators from the Immortal Realm.

Although they also had immortal lights shining on them, overall, the immortal lights were faint.

Many of them had not stepped into the Heaven Immortal Realm.

However, such a military formation forced them into such a sorry state and caused them heavy losses.

What kind of enemies had He Qu and Chen Xu attracted?

“Yunting Dao Sect, submit. Hand over the passageway that connects you to the Immortal World.” A clear voice sounded. Huang Zhihu, who was wearing golden armor, held the sword at his waist and took a step forward.

Immortal light shone brightly from her body.

Heaven Immortal Realm.

“Immortal World passageway?” The leader of the Yunting Dao Sect’s Void Transformation experts had a gloomy expression.

Such passages were not common.

Usually, the various immortal worlds used the Immortal Ascension Platform to control the mortal world.

This kind of passage was illegal. It was against the rules.

Moreover, this passageway could reach the Yunting Dao Sect directly. If outsiders found out, it would probably be a huge disaster.

“You’re not going to tell me?” Huang Zhihu chuckled and unsheathed the longsword in his hand.

The sword light transformed into a long dragon.

“Kill.”

Tens of thousands of sword lights converged. With just a horizontal slash, he killed the few Ethereal Form experts, leaving only one with injuries all over his body and barely holding on.

“If you don’t tell me, I can take your soul and slowly search it.” Huang Zhihu raised his long sword, and the green dragon gathered again.

“I’ll speak.” The Daoist priest covered in wounds vomited blood and muttered softly.

Huang Zhihu laughed and waved his hand. Two sword lights flew out and locked the Daoist’s figure.

Ten days later, at the peak of the Nine Mystic Sword Pavilion.

Li Yungang and Su Xinghe were both present on a jade slip in front of Han Muye.

Countless Heavenly Venerables who rarely came to the Upper Heavenly Domain were also present.

At this moment, countless Heavenly Venerables were already at the half-step Golden Immortal realm.

Thanks to the advancement of the entire world, countless Heavenly Venerables no longer had bottlenecks in their cultivation, and their cultivation increased even faster than Su Xinghe's.

"An immortal realm. Kid, what do you think?" After reading the contents of the jade slip, Li Yungang frowned.

This was the Immortal Realm, not a small place.

"Chief Li, there are only three Immortal Lords holding down the Immortal World. They're not strong," Han Muye said in a low voice with a sm

There were only three Immortal Lords.

Wasn't three Immortal Lords enough?

Li Yungang's expression changed and he looked at Han Muye.

"I can deal with one of the three, but what about the other two?" Li Yungang said angrily.

Moreover, just because there were only three Immortal Lords did not mean that there were no Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals.

There were even more Golden Immortal experts.

"You don't have to worry about the others. You just have to deal with an Immortal Lord. Are you confident in taking him down?" Han Muye reached out and held the jade slip, speaking softly.

Only dealing with one Immortal Lord?

Back then, Li Yun had killed the Immortal Demon King Hun Tian.

He was also an Immortal Lord expert.

Now that he had obtained many good swords in the Sword Pavilion, his Sword Dao had become even more perfect, and his combat strength could be said to have doubled.

The key was that the other party was only a small immortal world.

Even if there were Immortal Lords in such an Immortal World, their strength was not considered powerful.

“Alright,” Li Yungang replied straightforwardly.

Fighting an Immortal Lord would be beneficial for perfecting his path of cultivation.

As a swordsman, how could he not fight?

“Alright, let’s move now.” Han Muye turned to look at Su Xinghe and the Endless Heavenly Venerables.

“This time, we’ll mobilize the entire Immortal Source World and take down the enemy’s Immortal World.”

Taking down an Immortal World!

This realm had only been promoted for a hundred years. What gave them the confidence to do so?

Su Xinghe and the Endless Heavenly Venerables were stunned.

They had thought that Han Muye was planning to intercept and kill someone, but they hadn’t expected that he intended to directly swallow the enemy’s world.

Such a bold idea was truly astonishing.

“Don’t worry, I’ve already contacted helpers,” Han Muye said softly.

Helpers?

No wonder.

Su Xinghe and the Endless Heavenly Venerables heaved a sigh of relief.

After they left the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye raised his hand and activated a light screen.

On the light screen, rays of immortal light flashed, and golden words appeared.

“I’ve received the reward. I’m already waiting outside the Tonghe Immortal World.”

“Our sect has 30,000 sword cultivators in place. We’re just waiting to rush into the Tonghe Immortal World.”

“I’ve already obtained the immortal treasure sword. The sword is not bad. It’s enough.”

...

In the Tonghe Immortal World, at the Yunting Dao Sect.

Several senior elders of the sect were arguing in the main hall.

At this moment, there were no Golden Immortal Elders presiding over the hall, nor were there any Zenith Heaven Grand Elders. The sect master had already entered seclusion.

The people in the hall were arguing about whether to ask the sect master to come out of seclusion.

This was because a deacon in the sect had recently gone to the mortal world, but they had cut off contact.

This situation was somewhat baffling.

There was no one in the mortal world who could kill a Void Transformation expert.

Why had these people lost contact?

“Humph, the Sect Master is in seclusion, and the elders have many matters to attend to. But worldly matters are not worth their worry,” an elder with a white beard said coldly.

Chapter 1304 - 1304 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal World (4)

1304 Conquering and Integrating the Immortal World (4)

“Worldly matters? Have they lost contact with the Transcendent Realm, or is it about worldly matters?”
The middle-aged man in the black robe on the opposite side questioned with a low voice.

“That’s also a worldly matter. Maybe they gained some opportunity, which is why they deliberately—”

The hall was noisy, and many people’s bodies flickered with immortal light.

“Boom—”

At this moment, there was a tremor in the void.

Beams of sword light shot out from a thousand miles away.

“Yes, Immortal Worldly Array!”

“Why would a sword cultivator come from the Immortal Worldly Array?”

The hall was in a daze.

“Who is it that dares to barge into our Yunting Dao Sect?” With a low shout in the void, an old man in a Daoist robe that flickered with immortal light appeared.

“First Elder!”

Everyone in the hall cried out in panic.

Even the First Elder, who was in seclusion, was alarmed. What happened to the Immortal Worldly Array?

“Swoosh—”

In the sky, a sword light directly pierced through the rising defensive array light screen and slashed down at the First Elder’s head.

The sword light was dazzling and magnificent. As soon as it appeared, the sword intent wrapped around it made the disciples of the Yunting Dao Sect below unable to raise their heads.

Immortal light flickered on the First Elder’s body, and the power of a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal erupted, transforming into a huge tree that supported the sky. Its branches and leaves closed and collided with the sword light.

“Boom—”

With a loud bang like the collapse of the world, the giant tree phantom behind the First Elder shattered, and the sword dimmed.

This sword light could actually compete with the First Elder!

“Ring the alarm bell and call the sect master out of seclusion.” The First Elder’s voice was trembling.

Immediately, the bell rang and the horn sounded long and drawn-out.

The deacons and elders gathered in the hall flew into the air and finally saw the enemy clearly.

Sword light.

Thousands of sword lights tore through the world and formed a large array.

There were still people coming incessantly. The halo rising from the Immortal Worldly Array transformed into a pillar that supported the sky.

“What exactly is going on?” The First Elder looked at everyone with a cold expression.

None of the deacons dared to face him directly.

“First Elder, perhaps they came from the mortal world.” It was only when the First Elder’s gaze landed on a white-bearded elder that he had no choice but to report in detail.

The disciple Elder went to the mortal world to search for treasures, but he was disappointed.

A distress message came, and the reinforcements also cut off the news.

The First Elder's expression turned uglier.

"Why didn't you report such an important matter?"

"If the other sects find out that something happened to the Immortal Worldly Array, they will probably cause trouble." The First Elder gritted his teeth and looked at the sword cultivators' battle formation gathered in front of him.

His eyes were filled with killing intent.

"Fortunately, you're from the mortal world. If you dare to come to my Yunting Dao Sect, leave your life behind."

"If we can seal the news, we can still salvage the situation."

He turned his head and looked around.

"Don't be in a hurry to attack. Mobilize the disciples of the sect to surround them and seal the news."

"When the sect master comes out of seclusion, we'll strike like lightning and directly wipe out these invading mortal sword cultivators."

The First Elder sneered.

“A mere mortal world dares to defy the heavens? Ridiculous.”

At this moment, several array masters around the Immortal and Mortal Array were doing their best to stabilize the array.

Immortal spiritual rocks and divine crystals were filled in the array formation, stabilizing the temporary teleportation array formation.

Han Muye, Li Yungang, and the others had already arrived quietly.

Apart from the sword cultivators from the Immortal Source World, there were also hundreds of cultivators with different figures and bearings.

These people were all Sword Dao experts that Han Muye had traded sword intent and swords for.

The two strongest among them flashed with sword light, making Li Yungang want to challenge them.

Immortal Lords.

Sword Dao Immortal Lords.

Such an expert was worth fighting.

“Fellow Daoist Yun Lan, can we attack now?” Beside Han Muye, a 50-year-old Daoist with a long sword on his back said calmly.

His body was surging with the power of a Sword Immortal.

The others also turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “There’s no hurry. Let the sword array charge again.”

Coincidentally, there were not many experts in this world, so it was perfect for training soldiers.

This battle was not about righteousness, and it even went against his own sword Dao.

He would not participate in the battle.

However, as a way to sharpen the sword cultivators and increase the overall combat strength of the Immortal Source World, he knew that what he had done was not wrong.

In the cultivation world, good and evil originated from strength.

As long as he did not indulge in power and was controlled by it, he would eventually achieve the path of the Dao.

“Boom—”

In front, the sword formation army commanded by Huang Zhihu finally broke through the light barrier and charged towards the Yunting Dao Sect.

In the teleportation formation that supported the sky, Fangzheng gathered one after another.

At this moment, 30 million troops had quietly arrived in the Immortal Source World.

Huang Zhihu held a longsword in her hand and activated the power of the sword formation. With a single attack, she could tear open a world.

Half a day later, she had already rushed to the main hall of the Yunting Dao Sect.

On the other side, the Sect Master of the Yunting Dao Sect and a few Grand Elders who had just come out of seclusion stood in midair with gloomy expressions.

“Tell me, what will it take for you to leave my Yunting Dao Sect?”

The Sect Master of the Yunting Dao Sect, who was dressed in a gray robe and covered in immortal light, looked at Huang Zhihu and said in a low voice, "Immortal spiritual rocks? Treasures? State your price."

Huang Zhihu's answer was a sword strike in mid-air.

The swordlight blended with the battle formation and turned into a colossal sword that descended.

This sword strike made the expressions of the experts of the Yunting Dao Sect turn somber.

They had joined forces to block this strike, but when they looked again, several swordlights were already descending from the sky.

"Bang!"

The main hall of the Yunting Dao Sect shattered in response.

The group of experts had no choice but to retreat.

"Ring the alarm bell. Our Yunting Dao Sect has caused a great deal of trouble to the Immortal Realm..."
The Sect Master of the Yunting Daoist Sect, with a dispirited voice, gazed at the endless battlefield and whispered.

"Dong—"

“Dong—”

The sound of the bell rang out, echoing throughout the entire Immortal Realm.

Chapter 1305 - 1305 Nether River Ferryman

1305 Nether River Ferryman

The power of the Immortal World was far from what the Immortal Source World could compare to.

When the warning bell sounded, the Heaven and Earth powers descended. All the cultivators in the Immortal Source World clearly felt their strength being suppressed.

However, the Heaven and Earth powers in this world were clearly not powerful enough. They could not be suppressed above the Void Transformation realm.

The sword formation in front only waved the light sword and broke through the last defense of the Yunting Dao Sect.

Whether it was the Sect Master of the Yunting Daoist Sect or the Zenith Heaven Realm Grand Elder, none of them dared to resist. They could only lead the disciples of the sect to slowly retreat.

They could sense that there was an absolute expert behind the sword formation.

If they dared to move, they would definitely attract a lightning strike.

Retreating slowly and luring the other party to attack before slowly wearing it down was the correct path.

To a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal who had cultivated for countless years, some gains and losses were nothing. The sect was nothing either. His life was the most important.

“It’s an existence that has cultivated for countless years after all.” Seeing the Yunting Dao Sect give up their sect, Han Muye chuckled.

With a wave of his hand, the cultivators of the Immortal Source World began to occupy the entire Yunting Dao Sect.

After occupying the Dao Sect, the first thing they did was to find the cultivation method of the Yunting Dao Sect.

According to Han Muye’s instructions, everyone quickly cultivated a cultivation technique of the Yunting Dao Sect.

With the help of the medicinal pills that they had prepared previously, everyone cultivated the most basic cultivation technique of the Yunting Dao Sect in a day.

Once the cultivation technique was completed, everyone felt the pressure on their bodies ease.

After cultivating the cultivation techniques that belonged to this world, one would be recognized as a person in this world and would not be suppressed by this world.

This was a common method used by many cultivation worlds to invade other worlds.

This was also the reason why many cultivation inheritances would not be cut off.

This was the method used in the Heavenly Mystic Dao Competition back then.

In the end, the Immortal Spirit World was swallowed up by the Heavenly Mystic World.

“Who are you? How dare you invade our Tonghe Immortal World?” A voice sounded from the void.

After a day of buffer, mighty figures finally descended.

Immortal Lord!

His voice traveled thousands of miles and could control the world in a night. He was an Immortal Lord of this world and had already fused with the power of the world.

Sword light rose from Li Yungang’s body.

The eyes of the two Immortal Lords also flickered.

“Chief, don’t be anxious. I’ll do it this time.”

Han Muye spoke softly and took a step forward.

The sword intent that he had been suppressing suddenly burst forth.

From the initial Heaven Immortal Void Refinement Realm, he directly entered the Void Refinement Realm. After another revolution, he was already at the Void Transformation Realm.

The sword intent suppressed the peak of the Void Transformation Realm, but his soul clearly far exceeded that of a Heaven Immortal and reached the Golden Immortal realm.

Not only Golden Immortals, but Han Muye’s soul power was also revealed. He was at least at the Zenith Heaven Realm!

In the sky behind him, rays of sword light intertwined and transformed into a sea of swords.

The Primordial Spirit Sword rushed into the sky and condensed into a ten thousand feet long green sword.

To deal with an Immortal Lord, he naturally had to use his full strength.

“Zhihu,” Han Muye growled.

Huang Zhihu flew up, and the longsword in her hand triggered the power of the sword formation below, gathering into endless sword light that overlapped with the Essence Soul sword above Han Muye's head.

Han Muye's eyes flickered with a light that no one could look at directly.

At this moment, with the support of the sword formation and the power of the Primordial Spirit Sword, he finally had the qualifications to face an Immortal Lord for the time being.

"This Fellow Daoist Yun Lan is indeed extraordinary," said the Sword Dao Immortal Lord standing beside Li Yungang behind Han Muye.

The other one also nodded gently.

They had originally thought that Han Muye was just Li Yungang's junior, the person Li Yungang had pushed to take charge of worldly affairs.

From the looks of it, Han Muye clearly had the qualifications to be on equal footing with them.

"Hehe, this kid is really surprising..." Li Yungang also sighed softly.

At this moment, Han Muye clearly had the qualifications to fight him at full strength.

How long had it been?

As expected, he was a fellow who carried the opportunities of heaven and earth with him.

“An ant-like existence dares to challenge me.” In the void in front of him, a cold snort sounded and a Daoist holding a horsetail whisk appeared.

The Daoist’s voice was cold and disdainful, but his hands did not stop moving.

The horsetail whisk in his hand mobilized the Heaven and Earth powers to transform into a roaring blood-colored demon wolf that pounced at Han Muye.

This blood wolf was covered in demonic light. It was clearly a powerful demon that had been refined and suppressed in the horsetail whisk.

A horsetail whisk equivalent to an immortal treasure suddenly attacked. Even Immortal Lords of the same level had to be careful.

Someone like Han Muye, who could only fight an Immortal Lord with the help of the sword array, definitely could not withstand this attack.

The Daoist watched as the blood wolf pounced on Han Muye with a smile.

The other party had three Immortal Lords, but they were invading and fighting.

As long as he dealt with them carefully and used the Heaven and Earth powers to help, he might be able to keep them all in this world.

If an Immortal Lord died and the Heaven and Earth powers nourished him, he might be able to advance to a higher level.

“Kill.”

In front, Han Muye watched the blood wolf pounce and shouted.

He raised his hand and the long sword on his back stood upright in the air, slashing down ruthlessly.

In a battle of this level, without matching strength, one could not even withstand a single blow.

When one’s cultivation level reached the Immortal Lord Realm, there was no need to consider combat skills.

The only thing he needed was strength.

His battle intent was already surging.

Killing intent filled his heart.

He had already accumulated an unknown amount of sword intent.

Since comprehending the technique of storing sword energy as a Sword Immortal, Han Muye had never stopped accumulating a single sword strike.

At this moment, this sword was the sword that he had accumulated since the Immortal Burial City!

“Boom—”

The sword slashed down, and the world shattered!

This sword could not only shatter the Tonghe Immortal Realm but even the heavenly barrier of the Divine Realm!

Nothing could withstand this sword.

Chapter 1306 - 1306 Nether River Ferryman (2)

1306 Nether River Ferryman (2)

Even Immortal Lords couldn't stop it!

The bright sword light cleaved the Blood Wolf into pieces.

The sword light spun and headed straight for the Immortal Lord from the Tonghe Immortal World.

His immortal treasure could not withstand a single strike!

This seemingly insignificant person was unexpectedly powerful to such an extent!

The Daoist trembled, and his figure rushed forward, transforming into a gigantic dark gray dragon.

“Clang—”

The long sword clashed with the twin horns, and the sword light rebounded, forming the next cycle.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword in his hand became even more dazzling.

There was no time to wait any longer! Fear flashed in the eyes of the Black Dragon.

A dragon’s roar resounded, and it spewed out endless gray mist in an instant, shrouding Han Muye and the sword formation beneath him.

“Let me see how you escape my intrinsic smoke and dust.” The Black Dragon roared, causing ripples in the surrounding void and drawing the power of heaven and earth.

The Black Dragon was actually born and bred in this world. It could tap into the world’s natural forces.

This level of power was rare among peers.

Li Yungang frowned, his hand slowly resting on the hilt of his sword.

But before he could make a move, two Immortal Lords appeared not far away.

Immortal Lords!

The other two Immortal Lords from this realm had arrived.

Their powers were locked in place, and whoever made a move now would attract a lightning strike.

The two Sword Dao Immortal Lords beside Li Yungang exchanged glances, their hands on their sword hilts but not yet moving.

They were here to make a deal, not to risk their lives.

“Buzz!”

Ahead, there was the sound of a sword struggle within the clouds.

It seemed as though a long sword was being suppressed and struggling desperately.

Li Yungang was momentarily stunned, a smile appearing on his face. “Haha, I knew this kid had a way.”

He chuckled and turned to look at the Immortal Lord who had appeared to his side.

“This guy’s mine.”

As he spoke, he had already taken flight.

With a wave of his long sword, he tore open the void and sent the sword light towards the Immortal Lord.

The other two Sword Dao Immortal Lords glanced at each other, and with a swift movement, they disappeared from their original positions.

When they reappeared, they were already in front of the last Immortal Lord of the Tonghe Immortal World.

Three Immortal Lords attacked at the same time!

“Crack—”

At this moment, Han Muye, who had been suppressed by the clouds, no longer waited. He shouted, and the sword of his soul transformed into countless streams.

Immortal Trapping Sword, a formation formed by a myriad of swords.

Once the sword formation was formed, all the clouds and smoke were suppressed.

The power of heaven and earth was torn apart by the sword light, and cracks appeared in the surrounding void.

“Swoosh—”

A purple short sword cut through the void and appeared above the black dragon’s head.

The black dragon raised its head. Just as its horns blocked the sword light on the short sword, it felt a pain in its lower jaw and a green sword had already pierced into it.

Two immortal treasure swords launched a silent sneak attack!

The black dragon was terrified and turned around, trying to escape.

Han Muye took a step forward, and a golden phantom appeared behind him.

The Kui.

The ancient divine beast stepped on the black dragon's neck.

"Bang!"

The black dragon's entire body trembled as it tumbled in midair.

This attack had already injured his foundation.

Han Muye didn't stop. He raised his hand and waved, and a bolt of lightning descended.

"Boom—"

The lightning struck the top of the black dragon's head, causing the black dragon's body to shake.

In the next moment, countless bolts of lightning were attracted, trapping the black dragon.

The sword light shuttled through the lightning, piercing in and then flying out.

Many of the sword cultivators below were extremely familiar with this scene.

Back during the Dao Competition, Han Muye had done the same, using them to refine the quality of their swords by using their blood.

At this moment, it was so similar.

“Why haven’t you drawn your swords yet? What are you waiting for?” Han Muye shouted.

The hundred thousand sword lights below penetrated directly into the sea of lightning.

The roars within the sea of lightning turned into miserable howls.

Han Muye remained unfazed, his eyes filled with indifference.

If he didn’t draw his sword himself, he wouldn’t be entangled in karma.

The karma of killing an Immortal Lord was shared by a million sword cultivators. Not only would they not be harmed, but they could also use such power to temper themselves.

Li Yungang had done the same in the past, and the same had happened in the Immortal Burial City.

Fighting with experts was extremely beneficial to one’s cultivation.

The black dragon was submerged in the sea of lightning and eroded by the million sword lights, terrifying the other two Immortal Lords.

However, one of them had to face two Sword Dao Immortal Lords of the same level, while the other was entangled by Li Yungang, the master of the Mystic Spirit Sword Sect's Zhantian Hall.

They had no chance to save him.

A few Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals wanted to attack, but Han Muye stood there with a sword in his hand, his battle intent and killing intent intertwining.

Suppressing an Immortal Lord with a single sword strike and watching as the Immortal Lord was killed, Han Muye stood there with an aura that made people not dare to look straight at him.

The Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals watched helplessly as the surging blood qi in the sea of lightning became weaker and weaker.

"Buzz!"

Han Muye raised his hand and the sea of lightning dissipated.

However, the sword formation of a million sword cultivators had already been set up, suppressing a black dragon that was only left with its skeleton.

The power of the sword formation to suppress and kill the black dragon had already reached its limit. Whoever approached and triggered a backlash from the power would be able to destroy the world.

The power of the sword formation to suppress and kill the black dragon had already reached its limit. Whoever approached and triggered a backlash from the power would be able to destroy the world.

Even Immortal Lords did not dare to face the current sword formation head-on.

Han Muye turned around and looked in the direction of Li Yungang and the two Sword Dao Immortal Lords.

The battle between the four Immortal Lords had already caused the Heaven and Earth powers to tremble.

"I'll leave the rest to you." Han Muye turned to look at Huang Zhihu.

Huang Zhihu nodded.

Suppressing the Immortal Lords and slowly eroding them with sword light.

The other armies had already stabilized their positions, but it would still take a long time to truly attack and conquer this world.

However, one of the three Immortal Lords on the other side had already been suppressed here, with no possibility of resistance.

The remaining two were also suppressed. They either fled in defeat or perished.

Han Muye had no need to stay in this place any longer.

He hadn't prepared to quickly conquer this world.

Chapter 1307 - 1307 Nether River Ferryman (3)

1307 Nether River Ferryman (3)

With the power of the Immortal Source World, it was very difficult to completely swallow this connection with the Immortal World.

It would take time.

Han Muye was in no hurry.

He only wanted to let the cultivators of the Immortal Source World experience the cruelty of the Immortal World battles in advance.

Turning around, he quietly left the battlefield and entered the already stable Immortal Worldly Array.

He returned to the Immortal Source World and went straight to the Nine Mystic Sword Pavilion.

After the battle against the Immortal Lords, he had accumulated and consolidated enough strength.

His soul was already at the Zenith Heaven Realm.

His body had long surpassed the Golden Immortal realm and was firmly in the intermediate Zenith Heaven realm.

The strongest was actually his Sword Dao cultivation.

This kind of comprehension had already reached a level that he did not even dare to imagine.

However, because of the division of his two primordial spirits, his cultivation had become his shortcoming.

Otherwise, his cultivation would have long broken through the Void Transformation Realm and entered the Golden Immortal realm.

For a whole decade, Han Muye hadn't stepped out of the Sword Pavilion.

Apart from Mu Wan and Yunjin occasionally visiting, the rest of the time was spent studying swordsmanship with Mo Yuan.

After mastering the Return of 10,000 Swords, even heaven and earth became his swords.

When his swordsmanship reached the pinnacle, every step was a scene.

Ten years later, Mo Yuan left with a long laugh.

Han Muye also walked out of the Nine Mystic Sword Pavilion.

Outside the Sword Pavilion, he met someone he had not seen for a long time.

Bai Suzhen, who was wearing a green robe, exuded a hint of demonic aura.

“Sword Ancestor Muye.” Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye and bowed slightly with a complicated expression.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand, saying softly, “Why does Storeowner Bai appear so distant from me?”

He pointed to the familiar faces in the Sword Pavilion behind him, “You can see that many of the people here in my Sword Pavilion are acquaintances, and Storeowner Bai should recognize most of them.”

Bai Suzhen nodded.

She had already met Huang Six and Lin Shen before.

It was because of these old acquaintances that she had waited for some time.

“Since Han Senior Brother cherishes old friendships, I’ll be straightforward.” Bai Suzhen sighed lightly and handed a black jade plaque to Han Muye.

“My father was lost in the Nether River.”

The Nether River?

Han Muye took the jade plaque and stared at the blood-red patterns on it, scenes of illusions appearing before him.

In the abyss of heaven and earth, there were shadow fiends and demons.

The Nether River was the source and end of the power of death in the world.

The Nether River was beneath the Endless Sea.

That was a world that belonged to the shadow demonic cultivators.

Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Han Muye understood.

The Nether River was the place where Immortal Venerable Minghe had fallen. It was the manifestation of the Venerable's legacy.

He did not expect Minghe's message to appear in front of him.

Wasn't He Qi, who was connected to the Immortal Realm, here for the Nether River?

"When did Senior Li Mu lose his life in the Nether River?"

Han Muye held the jade token and asked.

Bai Suzhen sighed softly and recounted her father's experiences.

Although the Heavenly Mystic World experts didn't admit it, they had to admit that there was an insurmountable mountain in the world of cultivation that couldn't be moved.

That mountain was Han Muye.

Sword Ancestor Muye.

Such an expert who dominated the past and present made the cultivators who were in the same world as him unable to raise their heads.

Li Mubai had thought this way since he started from the Western Frontier.

Later on, he had also been looking for ways to increase his strength.

Over the years, his cultivation had indeed increased a lot.

According to Bai Suzhen, Li Mubai had already cultivated to the Half-Sage realm.

Demonic Half-Sage.

His cultivation was already formidable.

However, compared to Han Muye, it was really too inferior.

A hundred years ago, Han Muye returned and raised the level of the entire Immortal Source World to the Immortal World.

This was a huge blow to Li Mubai.

The jade plaque in Han Muye's hand was related to Li Mubai and was a treasure that could sense his current situation.

From the intermittent vibrations transmitted by the jade plaque, it seemed that Li Mubai was in a very bad situation.

Judging from the vibration of the intermittent power transmitted from the jade token, Li Mubai was probably in a bad state.

"Do you want me to go to the Nether River?" Han Muye asked, holding the jade pendant.

Bai Suzhen whispered, "I don't have anything else to offer, so I can only shamelessly ask for your help."

Perhaps only Han Muye had a chance to enter the Nether River and rescue Li Mubai.

Other powerful figures might be able to do it, but Bai Suzhen was powerless to persuade them.

Han Muye was an old friend after all.

"Alright." Han Muye agreed decisively.

Bai Suzhen didn't leave, and when Mu Wan arrived, they greeted each other with joy.

Mu Wan, Jin Yuan, and Bai Suzhen were currently in the Heavenly Mystic World, mainly researching various pills with Jiang Ming. They lived carefree lives.

Mu Wan and Bai Suzhen were also extremely emotional when they talked about the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Han Muye, on the other hand, found Huang Six.

“To the Nether River?” Huang Six shook his head.

“I’ve heard of that place. It’s the most chaotic place in the world. All kinds of fiendish demons run rampant there.”

“I’m not interested in that place.”

Huang Six looked at Han Muye and widened his eyes. “Why are you going there?”

“You don’t cultivate the demonic path.”

“If you go there, you’ll probably be surrounded.”

Han Muye nodded and said, “So I’ll ask Sixth Brother if he’s willing to go.”

“Just because of Li Mubai?” Huang Six frowned and said, “Although Shopkeeper Bai has some relationship with us, it’s not worth it for you to go to the River Styx for this.”

Han Muye took out the blood-red mist he had obtained from He Qu’s battle spear.

The place where the Immortal Venerable Minghe fell.

The legacy of an Immortal Venerable.

Huang Six chuckled, “I knew there must be a great benefit that could tempt you.”

He rubbed his chin, nodded and said, “Okay, I’ll go with you.”

--

The Nether River was located beneath the Endless Sea.

They didn’t actually have to dive into the Endless sea, but rather, they had to penetrate the deep heavens and earth beneath it.

They would tear open the heavens and earth using a secret technique, and then use an object imbued with the power of the Nether River as a guide to enter the domain of the Nether River.

Chapter 1308 - 1308 Nether River Ferrymen (4)

1308 Nether River Ferrymen (4)

This was a realm that belonged exclusively to a region.

When Han Muye and Huang Six arrived at the Nether River, only then did they understand why demon cultivators gathered here.

The Nether River flowed like a sea of blood.

Among them, the surging power stripped away resentment and pure blood essence power.

However, this Qi and blood was not the power of the demons' cultivation. Instead, it could devour everything and prevent people from approaching.

"Eighty million miles of the Nether River, nothing floats," Huang Six muttered as he looked at the Nether River.

The power of the Nether River was formidable, capable of eroding the power of heaven and earth, turning this place into a land devoid of the forces of nature.

In this way, there was no order in this world.

For demon cultivators accustomed to causing havoc and chaos, this place was a treasure trove.

And by immersing their own blood and energy in the Nether River for refinement, they could gain benefits.

When Han Muye and his group arrived, many demons and monsters in the vicinity had already noticed them.

At this time, Han Muye wore a black robe, a half-faced dragon scale mask, and carried a gray longsword on his back.

This longsword was specially chosen by him and was filled with a demonic aura.

As for his body, it was concealed by a magical treasure, making him appear to be a typical dark path cultivator to outsiders.

"I once interacted with a demonic cultivator. That guy came from the Nether River." Huang Six looked into the distance and pointed at the bank of the Nether River.

He took out a bone flute and placed it to his lips, blowing it.

"Woosh!"

The low, melancholic sound was filled with a haunting tenderness that made it difficult to suppress the sadness in one's heart.

When this flute sound rang out, the faces of the demons and monsters in the vicinity changed dramatically, and they fled in all directions.

Han Muye's face also showed a hint of surprise.

Ahead, on the blood-colored Nether River, a 1,000-foot-long bone-colored sailboat swayed gently.

"Didn't they say that nothing floats on the Nether River?" Han Muye turned to look at Huang Six.

This statement was just made.

"Well, I guess he's capable." Huang Six raised his hand and looked at the bone flute in his hand.

This bone flute was made of the same material as the bone boat.

"But Sixth Brother?"

A voice sounded from the ship. A young man in a black robe and covered in fiendish light stood at the bow.

“Are you here to see my sister?”

Huang Six looked a little unnatural.

Han Muye looked up at him.

“Ahem, I guess so...” Huang Six replied, then lowered his voice. “They’re the Nether River Ferryman. If you want to find someone in the Nether River, you can only look for them.”

Hearing Huang Six’s answer, a black ladder had already stretched out from the bone boat.

Han Muye and Huang Six jumped onto the ladder.

The two of them slowly walked forward. When they reached the front of the ladder and hung above the Nether River, Han Muye’s expression suddenly changed.

All the Immortal Dao power in his body was lost.

At this moment, he was like a mortal. Apart from the blood essence power in his body, he could not even mobilize his sword intent.

Fortunately, the power of the soul could still be used, and the Essence Soul Sword in the divine treasure could also sense it.

The Nether River actually had such a strange power.

It was no wonder that Huang Six was unwilling to come.

“This is my brother, Han Muye.”

Stepping onto the deck, Huang Six pointed at Han Muye, then raised his hand and patted the shoulder of the young man on the deck.

“Kid, you’ve grown so big.”

Huang Six turned to look at Han Muye and said, “Do you remember the power of the Demon Dragon that I triggered when I stepped into the Demon Realm?”

“That’s his sister.”

Back then, Huang Six mobilized his demonic aura and stepped into the demonic path world.

Back then, Huang Six had invoked a body full of demonic energy and entered the world of the dark path. He wore a suit of demonic armor and attracted a Demon Dragon, becoming known as the Great Sage who treads the heavens.

Unexpectedly, there was such a connection with the Nether River.

Back then, Han Muye had heard from Huang Six that in the end, he chose to send the Demon Dragon away and retire with Sixth Sister-in-law.

Could there be a story behind this?

“My name is Ke Yang, and I’m the young clan leader of the Ferryman Clan on the River Styx.”

“You’re Sixth Brother’s brother, so you’re naturally my brother.”

The young man covered in demonic light and with his hair tied up high nodded at Han Muye.

“By the way, since I’ve come out, I can’t go back empty-handed.” After Ke Yang finished speaking, he raised his hand and summoned black demonic shadows that scattered in all directions.

“The Nether River Ferry, traversing between yin and yang.”

“Now that you’ve seen yin and yang, hand over your souls—”

Ke Yang let out a low shout, and a strange power vibrated in the void.

The power stunned the fiendish demons one after another. Their eyes were lifeless as they straightened their bodies.

The black shadows that had scattered fell onto these demons and monsters, extracting their soul power and then holding it in their hands before offering it to Ke Yang.

Ke Yang raised his hand, and the jet-black flow of light flickered at his fingertips as he integrated this soul power into the sail at the front of the boat.

With the integration of his soul, the entire bone boat began to slowly move forward.

“In this world, the most persistent thing is the soul, and the most contemptible thing is also the soul, and the heaviest thing is still the soul.

“My bone boat uses my soul as a sail, so I can travel through the Nether River.”

“Let’s go. I’ll show you around the Nether River.”

Ke Yang smiled, waved his hand, and set the bone boat on a faster course.

Above their heads, the souls let out agonizing howls.

“Don’t look, there are no good people in this Soul-grinding Banner, those captured by it are all deeply sinful guys.”

Huang Six shook his head and looked at the surging blood-colored river in the distance.

The waves surged, as if they were about to devour heaven and earth.

“In fact, it would be great if there really were a river in this world that clearly distinguished between good and evil...”

Just as he finished speaking, a huge black shadow rose from the river in front of them.

Ke Yang’s face changed, and he muttered, “Damn, could we be so unlucky that we encountered a River Beast right after coming out?”

Chapter 1309 - 1309 Nether River Ferry

1309 Nether River Ferry

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and his gaze landed on the mutant beast that had darted out of the river.

Its entire body was grayish-white, and it was a thousand feet long. Its two horns were black, and its eyes were red, like a fish with four legs. Its long claws flickered with a cold light.

Its long and narrow body twisted, raising huge waves.

There were no fins on its back, but there was a pile of transparent wings attached to it.

“Don’t use your soul to investigate. This thing will come after you if it senses your soul,” Ke Yang warned, his eyes fixed on the creature writhing on the blood-red river’s surface. “The creatures in the Nether River feed on souls.”

Devouring souls?

If a person lost their soul, they would be a walking corpse.

“Sigh, what a loss, what a loss.”

Ke Yang muttered and raised his hand. On the sail above his head, specks of pure soul scattered and turned into golden beans.

This was condensed from pure soul power.

These beans could be directly fused into the soul to increase the power of the soul.

Such a pure soul was worth at least a hundred immortal spiritual rocks.

The key was that even alchemy would find it difficult to condense this item.

Ke Yang waved his hand and threw the golden soul crystals onto the river 100,000 feet behind him.

As the soul crystal fell, the dark beast was instantly attracted. It flapped the waves and slowly spread the wings on its back before rushing over.

This time, Han Muye could see clearly that those wings, when fully extended, were 100 feet wide, completely disproportionate to the creature's bulky body.

But with these slender wings, it could carry the creature into the air.

"Nothing floats in the Nether River. The Nether Beast is an anomaly, and this one is only a cub. A true adult Nether Beast is 10,000 feet long, and its wings cover the sky."

"It's said that there are also Eight-Winged Dark Beasts in the Nether River. That's..." Ke Yang shook his head, fear flashing in his eyes. "Anyway, I've never seen them before. Everyone I've seen is dead."

Han Muye nodded.

Not many people could escape from such a powerful exotic beast on the Nether River.

The Nether Beast was attracted by the few soul crystals, and the river slowly returned to calm.

The divine souls that Ke Yang had attracted previously could not condense so many divine soul crystals. It was no wonder he said that he had suffered a loss.

Han Muye turned to look at the ship's sails.

“This sail is refined from the dark beast’s wings, and the hull is the bone of the dark beast.” Ke Yang seemed to know what he was thinking and said with a smile.

As expected.

“The Soul Grinding Banner is a secret treasure of our Nether River Ferryman Race. Only the Patriarch knows how to refine it.

“Many people had designs on our race, but in the end, they all fell in the Nether River.

“The Nether River is the shackle of our race, fate, and our strongest guardian.”

Ke Yang sighed with emotion.

Huang Six suddenly said, “Is your sister the matriarch of your clan now?

“I remember when she wanted to return to the Nether River, it was because the race was unguarded.”

Ke Yang nodded with a complicated expression.

As the sailboat moved forward, the three of them did not speak.

In this dark Nether River world, there was also skylight, reflecting the blood-red river and showing some resplendence.

Han Muye saw that the black shadows on the ship were all skeleton-like. They wore black robes and did not have any soul fluctuations. They only knew how to operate the sailboat mechanically.

This reminded him of the battle puppets in the intermediate city.

The shadow on the ship was very similar to the Battle Puppets, except that its appearance was different and it lacked armor.

“We’re here.” Ke Yang’s voice sounded.

He turned to look ahead and saw a small island appear.

The island looked to be only 10 miles in circumference, and from afar, it was lush green.

Closer, they were all flowering trees.

Flowers bloom like brocade.

In this blood river, there was also a small green island and ten miles of flowers. It was indeed rare.

On the greenish-black reef, a female cultivator in a pale white dress stood there.

“Sis, look who’s here!” Ke Yang shouted.

The female cultivator chuckled and looked at Huang Six.

Huang Six also looked emotional and nodded gently.

“Ke Xue, it’s been a long time.”

The female cultivator nodded and turned to Han Muye.

She actually recognized Han Muye and chuckled. “So it’s Senior Brother Han. Senior Brother Han is still as elegant as ever.”

So they were acquaintances.

But why didn’t Huang Six introduce her to everyone back then?

When Han Muye turned around, he saw Huang Six turn his head away.

On the island, there were not only Ke Yang and Ke Xue, but also more than a thousand clansmen.

According to Ke Xue's introduction, the Nether River Ferryman had their own mission, which was to guard the Nether River.

Every 100,000 years, the Nether River would churn, and the ferryman needed to step in to appease it.

There were also powerful Nether Beasts in the Nether River that they needed to hunt.

"There's a Nether River Holy City deep in the river. To go there, you need a ferryman to send you off on a sailboat."

"The person you're looking for probably went to the Holy City."

Looking at the jade token Han Muye took out, Ke Xue said.

The Nether River Holy City held the secret of reversing life and death.

It was said to have the power to summon the person you wanted from the endless sea of souls.

There, countless cultivators who had reached the end of their paths sought a place to avoid reincarnation and start anew, because in the Nether River Holy City.

It was said that as long as you paid the price, you could replace your decaying body and soul, rejuvenating yourself.

Looking at it this way, Li Mu Bai might already be in the Holy City.

Ke Xue said they would have to wait a while to go to the Holy City; there would be a large ship going there.

The Nether River had thousands of ferryman clansmen, and they would gather people from various places and send them to the Holy City.

As Han Muye wandered around the island, Huang Six seemed to have disappeared and couldn't be found for several days.

Chapter 1310 - 1310 Nether River Ferry (2)

1310 Nether River Ferry (2)

There were also outsiders on the island. After paying the price, they were extradited to the island and waited to go to the Holy City.

These people could only rest in a ringed stone house.

Han Muye had gone to take a look. Most of them were demonic cultivators who were nearing the end of their lifespan or whose cultivation had cut off their future.

There were also two cultivators among them who looked old.

These people were extremely envious that Han Muye could walk nonchalantly, casually, and indifferently on the island.

“Brother, didn’t you want to know how the Soul Grinding Banner was refined?”

“Let’s go. Ke Xue has already agreed to show it to you.”

When he appeared again, Huang Six looked energetic. He pulled Han Muye’s sleeve and left.

When he reached the top stone house on the island, Han Muye saw a huge stone platform in the middle.

On the stone platform, a pair of greenish-gray transparent wings unfolded.

These were the wings of a dark beast.

This wing was even larger than the dark beast wings he had seen in the river.

Dressed in white, Ke Xue stood beside the stone platform, holding a golden needle in her hand.

There were golden threads on the back of the golden needles, but the threads were connected to her own body.

“Spirit as a thread?”

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

It was not difficult to condense one’s spirit into a line, but it was not easy to continuously implicate it.

Not everyone was as abnormal as him, who could forge a longsword with his soul.

Ke Xue nodded and raised her hand. A long golden needle pierced through the wings.

At this moment, the wings flashed with a green light and attached the golden thread to it.

“Cover the entire wing with your soul. Ten wings in front and behind, cover it ten times.”

“To make a sail, you need at least five of these wings.”

“If you see that ship, you will know why that treasure can carry thousands of people.”

His soul pulled out threads and slowly knitted them on his wings. The hardships were unimaginable.

Ke Xue knitted one needle after another. Her soul was devoured by the wings, and her face revealed a trace of paleness.

She stopped and a golden soul crystal appeared in her palm.

The crystal melted and entered her body, slowly refining.

It was hard to imagine how much time and soul this sail would take.

Of course, the refinement of a sail was also unimaginably rich in tempering the soul.

“With your race’s thorough research of the soul and the immense power of controlling the soul, if you leave this place, you will definitely be able to gain a foothold,” Han Muye suddenly said.

Ke Xue’s body was not just displaying spiritual lines.

This kind of delicate control over the Spiritual Soul, in a battle, could not even withstand a blow from Minghe’s ferryman unless the Spiritual Soul power was abnormally strong.

Not everyone in the Nether River Ferryman race had such a thick divine soul power. Only Ke Xue could refine sails here.

“Leave?” Ke Xue looked up at Han Muye, then turned to Huang Six.

“Brother said so too.”

“But this is our destiny.”

Ke Xue shook her head and looked into the distance.

“The ship is about to arrive. You can leave now.”

“Sixth Brother, if you have time in the future, you can come and see me again.”

Why did this voice sound a little bitter?

Huang Six sighed, nodded, and walked out of the stone house.

“Actually, you can take my sister with you.” Outside the stone house, Ke Yang looked at Huang Six.

“I can also refine sails.”

“You can suppress the Nether River?” Huang Six turned to look at Ke Yang.

Ke Yang was stunned for a moment before disappointment appeared on his face.

His cultivation could not suppress the waves when the Nether River rioted.

If they couldn't suppress it, the island where their clansmen lived would be devoured.

"The Nether River Ferryman live above the Nether River and are protected by it. Outsiders dare not harm them, nor can they."

"If they leave this place, countless demonic cultivators will attack and devour their souls."

Huang Six's gaze landed on the blood-colored river as he spoke softly.

Minghe suppressed power other than Spiritual Soul and Qi and blood. Those demonic cultivators were nothing in front of Minghe.

On the other hand, if the ferryman left the Nether River, those demonic cultivators had countless methods to kill them.

Just as Ke Xue had said, this might be fate.

"Actually, it's not impossible," Han Muye whispered.

He didn't continue.

He had some memories of Immortal Venerable Minghe and knew some secrets.

Perhaps if he really obtained the legacy of Immortal Venerable Minghe, he would be able to leave this place.

“Woo—”

Ahead, horns sounded from the river.

A huge ship that was 3,000 feet long and 500 feet tall appeared.

Eighteen thousand-foot-tall sails, each emitting a golden stream of light.

This was at least an immortal treasure, and it was a supreme-grade immortal treasure.

Just these 18 sails, when unfurled, could capture even the soul of an Immortal Lord.

He did not expect there to be such a powerful treasure in the Nether River.

Well, without such treasures, the Nether River Ferryman wouldn't have survived.

“The Nether River Ferry. Boarding it can take you to the Holy City, can reverse life and death...” An old man in a gray-black robe walked out from one of the stone houses below, his face filled with excitement.

There was an uncontrollable decay in his body.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man.

This was an expert who had failed to break through the barrier of Human Immortals and Heaven Immortals and was blocked outside of the Heaven Immortal realm.

The Five Decays of Heaven and Man referred to the five stages of decay that occurred in a cultivator’s body as they approached the end of their life.

The cultivators in the stone houses walked out and stared longingly at the approaching the Nether River Ferry.

“Let’s go, I’ll send you guys onto the ship,” Ke Yang said in a low voice.

The big ship stopped 10 miles away.

Ke Yang drove the sailboat and sent the 23 cultivators stationed on the island, as well as himself and Huang Six, onto the large ship.