

Pavilion 1401

Chapter 1401 - 1401 Incarnation Into the Ruins Realm, Battle of the Three Spirit Mountains

A surging power that belonged to a Heaven Immortal's Void Refinement cultivation surged, and a 10-foot-tall black-armored phantom appeared behind him.

However, before he could attack, a voice sounded.

"Chen Jinyu, Commander Zhihu and the others have just fought a huge battle and are very tired. If you want to find someone to spar with, I'll accompany you."

Qi Yuanwu.

Chen Jinyu turned around. Qi Yuanwu, who also had a black armor phantom on his body, stood there.

His armor was noticeably more solid.

Qi Yuanwu had come to recruit Zhihu, but she had scolded him and now was provoking him. However, Chen Jinyu didn't dare to engage in a real battle.

In the rankings of elite disciples in the Guyang Sect, Qi Yuanwu was above Chen Jinyu in terms of cultivation and combat strength.

He excelled in both aspects.

“Hmph, another time,” Chen Jinyu coldly snorted, dissolving his phantom and walking away.

After he left, Qi Yuanwu put away his phantom and then looked at Zhihu.

“Commander Zhihu, I am willing to cooperate with you.”

Cooperation?

Huang Zhihu raised her eyebrows.

“With your strength as the leader, you won’t just want to stay at this level.

“Coincidentally, I don’t want to stay at this level for long either.”

Qi Yuanwu lowered his voice, glanced around, and a hint of disdain crossed his face. “These Guyang Sect people have no ambition; they think everyone is like them.

“Outside the Ten Thousand Magnificence City beyond the Heavenly Abyss, there is an infinite world.”

He turned his head and looked at Huang Zhihu. “You came from beyond the Heavenly Abyss, right?”

Huang Zhihu was a little surprised.

Qi Yuanwu was much more knowledgeable than others.

Not only in terms of cultivation but also in his desire to explore beyond the Heavenly Abyss.

“Beyond the Heavenly Abyss is the true world of cultivation, right?” Qi Yuanwu had a look of longing on his face.

“Yes, beyond the Heavenly Abyss is the world of cultivation,” Zhi Hu nodded.

Even if Ten Thousand Magnificence City was powerful, it couldn't compare to the real world beyond the Heavenly Abyss with its countless illusory realms.

“In Ten Thousand Magnificence City, Heavenly Abyss, I'll do my best to help you.” Qi Yuanwu looked at Huang Zhihu and said in a low voice, “When you leave Ten Thousand Magnificence City, take me with you.”

Zhi Hu looked at Qi Yuanwu and asked, “I'm curious, why are you so sure that we will leave?”

“If you were a solitary cultivator who came here with no ties, perhaps you would stay in Ten Thousand Magnificence City,” Qi Yuanwu shook his head. “But you are not.

You can't stay in Ten Thousand Magnificence City forever.”

His words made Huang Zhihu smile.

“Alright.”

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Watching Zhihu and her group stop in front of a chaotic cliff and begin to set up camp on the screen in front of him, Han Muye on the flying ship finally withdrew his gaze and raised his hand to dispel the screen.

After a moment, he walked out of the cabin, and Hu Yulong, who was standing on the deck, turned around and smiled, “Fellow Daoist Han, have you finished your cultivation?”

“We still have a three-day journey to the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.”

Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

The Ruins Realm was the name for the illusory worlds in the Heavenly Abyss.

There were the will and soul remnants of fallen powerhouses in these Ruins Realms.

In fact, these Ruins Realms were similar to the Grotto-heavens in the cultivation world. However, there were still the wills of mighty figures in these Grotto-heavens, and it was extremely dangerous.

Before coming, Hu Yulong had already told Han Muye all the information about the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

The information about this Ruins Realm alone was worth more than 100 Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

The Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm was the place where an ancient tiger demon had fallen.

It was home to numerous Tiger clans, many of whom were powerful.

Over the years, various forces from Ten Thousand Magnificence City had launched numerous campaigns to exterminate the Tiger clans in this realm, and they had obtained many treasures.

Some special products in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm that could be refined into cultivation pills to increase one's blood essence.

Especially the tiger bones and tiger skins. The bones and skin of powerful Tiger Demons, could directly enhance the physical strength of cultivators.

"This time, our mission is to hunt tiger demons on the Three Spiritual Mountain in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm. The Cloud Heaven Demon King on the Three Spirit Mountain is a Golden Immortal expert. He has many Heaven Immortals under him and several Zenith Heaven Golden Immortals behind him."

Hu Yulong revealed a solemn expression and said in a low voice, "If Fellow Daoist Han can kill the Cloud Heaven Demon King, my senior brothers and I are willing to buy its bones."

He extended his hand and gestured a number.

“3,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls.”

This was a significant sum.

The key was that the 3,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls represented not only wealth but also the recognition of Han Muye’s strength.

“Very well, I’ll do my best,” Han Muye nodded.

He looked ahead.

Over there, a divine beast was flying towards them.

The astral wind it stirred tore apart the surrounding desolation, as if it was about to rend the heavens and earth.

Hu Yulong squinted his eyes and threw a punch.

His qi and blood merged with immortal energy, forming a net of light that enveloped the approaching divine beast.

“Bang!”

The divine beast’s claws, which collided with the net of light, tore it apart and continued to charge forward. The mutated beast that had collided with the net of light raised its claws and tore it apart. Then it flew forward.

Its speed was so fast that it had already closed the gap and was a thousand feet away from the flying boat in an instant.

Hu Yulong narrowed his eyes.

Han Muye’s face remained unchanged, and he gathered his sword energy in his palm.

A green immortal sword appeared, and he raised it.

“Buzz!”

The sword energy cleaved through a thousand feet of empty space and shredded the approaching divine beast.

This sword might have looked casual, but it was incredibly swift.

After the sword strike, Hu Yulong looked surprised.

He couldn't have blocked that sword!

"Excellent swordsmanship!" Hu Yulong couldn't help but exclaim.

They say that sword cultivators are invincible at the same level, and it seems to be true.

He turned to the cabin where several cultivators in green robes were standing and nodded to them.

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Hu Yunlong waved his hand, and several young disciples flew out to drag the slain beast's body back.

This beast was powerful, and it possessed extraordinary power.

Such exotic beasts had significant value.

Although Han Muye didn't appreciate the bodies of exotic beasts, he didn't refuse.

After all, he was the one who had taken the initiative to kill them, so the spiritual materials would belong to him.

This was the distribution principle of this mission.

If it weren't for the agreement that the rewards from the mission would go to him, he wouldn't have participated.

As the flying ship continued on its way, many cultivators came to talk to Han Muye.

Among them, two sword cultivators, Daoist Mingyuan, was at the peak of the Heaven Immortal Void Transformation Realm. He cultivated an immortal sword and was extremely powerful. The other was Hu Yulong's Senior Brother, Golden Immortal Chuanling.

Han Muye exchanged experiences with these two senior sword cultivators who had been in the Heavenly Abyss for a long time and gained a lot.

However, for these two sword cultivators, they were increasingly astonished.

Because Han Muye's talent in the sword Dao was exceptionally outstanding, and his accumulation in the sword Dao was simply unfathomable.

Golden Immortal Chuanling privately said that if Han Muye could become an Immortal Venerable's disciple, his progress would be unimaginably fast.

Three days later, the flying ship stopped in front of a black mountain peak.

The mountain peak was tens of thousands of feet high, with a vast expanse of blackness and silence.

In the depths of the Heavenly Abyss, countless such peaks stood tall.

“This is the Ruins Realm. Defeat the guardian Ruin Beasts and enter.

“You can choose to enter directly, or you can choose to enter with your incarnation.

“Both options come with risks and benefits.”

Golden Immortal Chuanling stood by Han Muye’s side and explained the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm to him in a low voice.

If he entered directly and retained his original body’s cultivation and combat strength, it would trigger the resistance of the Heaven and Earth powers and cause the experts within the realm to besiege him.

Only those with absolute combat strength would dare to do so.

As for incarnation, it involved investing a portion of his primordial spirit into this realm and merging with the living beings within this realm.

With the power of the living beings in this world, he could comprehend the world and not be rejected.

The advantage was that he could blend into this world, but the disadvantage was that he might die if he was not strong enough.

The damage to his primordial spirit could also be uncomfortable. The consumption was not small.

The Ruins Realm is an illusory place where the flow of time inside is different from the outside. In some Ruins Realms, time flows 10,000 times faster than outside.

However, cultivation in the Ruins Realm was illusory. One's cultivation could not be brought out. Even if one's Primordial Spirit Incarnation entered it, it could not increase one's Primordial Spirit power at all.

But there were some insights and special items that could be brought out from the Ruins Realm.

Among them, the spoils of hunting could also be brought out.

"How do you plan to proceed, senior?" Han Muye turned to look at Golden Immortal Chuanling.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling laughed and said, "I already have an incarnation in this world. Now, I've already cultivated to the Void Refinement Realm.

"Among my disciples, many have invested their primordial spirits into my incarnation and quietly cultivated."

At this point, he looked at Han Muye with a smile.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, "Alright, then I'll invest my primordial spirit into this world too."

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It was not difficult to invest one's divine power into the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

As he landed on the black mountain peak, he felt like he had stepped into an illusory world.

In this place, the world around him churned, and there were countless black and white energies rushing towards him.

Calamity!

Han Muye's face showed a hint of surprise.

This was the power of the calamity.

Indeed, the Heavenly Abyss was known as the final resting place of the calamity, so it was natural for the power of the calamity to exist here.

The Ruins Realm here had experienced countless calamities without being destroyed, so it was normal for it to contain the power of calamities.

He raised his hand and absorbed the dissipating power of the calamity into his palm.

This power of calamity had the power to destroy everything. Even this trace made Han Muye's body seem to be about to be torn apart.

If not for the fact that he already had the power of calamity on him, he would have died instantly.

As a trace of the power of the calamity entered his body, he felt something different.

It turned out that not all calamities were the same.

The calamity he had in his hand was the previous calamity. The power of destruction had a special suppression on the wood attribute power of the Sky Reaching Tree. At the same time, it provided a mysterious transformation power.

However, at this moment, the power of the calamity contained at least two calamities, as well as a trace of violent bloodthirsty power.

It was very complex.

But Han Muye could understand that the Ruins Realms here had experienced two calamities, and the power of the rule they contained had a bloodthirsty aura.

He also understood why so many powerful beings knew about the Heavenly Abyss but didn't come here.

To Immortal Lords and Immortal Venerables, going to the Heavenly Abyss was an extremely dangerous matter.

Once they landed in the Ruins Realm, they might accidentally trigger the power of the calamity, leading to certain death.

Therefore, even if there were many Immortal Lords in Ten Thousand Magnificence City and Immortal Venerable Chenyuan presiding, very few Immortal Lord powerhouses ventured outside the city.

“Roar—”

In front of Han Muye, a stream of blood Qi turned into a white tiger and pounced at his head.

It was not very strong. It was only at the Half-Sage realm.

If he were to enter the Void World in his true form, he could easily slay this white tiger.

But if he wanted to incarnate his primordial spirit avatar into the Ruins Realm, he needed to subdue this white tiger.

Han Muye decided to send his primordial spirit into it. At this moment, a sword light struck down and shattered the white tiger's form.

His body quietly merged into the mountains below, leaving only the sword of his divine power to fly out.

At the moment the white tiger's form shattered, the sword of his divine power merged into its body, and then crashed into the world ahead.

His incarnation entered the Ruins Realm.

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In the Tiger Spirit World, the Tiger Clan was revered.

Han Muye transformed into a muscular young tiger.

The virtual image of the white tiger and the sword of his divine power merged seamlessly and entered this realm without any hindrance.

"Three Spirit Mountain."

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When he incarnated into this realm, he had already sensed the entire Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm and chose to descend to the closest place to the Three Spirit Mountains.

Unlike the other incarnations, his Primordial Spirit Sword was incredibly condensed, and his strength was not greatly suppressed in this realm.

This was because his Primordial Spirit Sword was originally cultivated as a pure and powerful force.

Upon entering the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm, Han Muye didn't seek out the force established by the incarnation of Golden Immortal Chuanling, but chose to cultivate alone.

After spending ten years, he fused his own swordsmanship with the power of the Tiger Clan, stabilizing his combat strength.

In front of outsiders, his incarnation was called Hu Yuan, the Immortal Lord Hu Yuan of the Immortal Burial City.

In his hand, a sword made him invincible in a radius of a thousand miles.

Later, he was recruited by a demon king in the Three Spirit Mountains.

Among the three demon kings in the Three Spirit Mountains, the strongest was Demon King Yun Tian who had the Wind Spirit Bird bloodline. The remaining two demon kings were Demon King Shi Zheng, who had the White Tiger bloodline, and Demon King Qing Fu, whose true form was a night bat.

Han Muye was recruited by the Demon King Shi Zheng and practiced under his command.

Han Muye's progress in cultivation was swift, and in less than a hundred years, he had achieved formidable strength, reaching the Void Refinement Realm.

This was the scene that outsiders saw.

In fact, with his Primordial Spirit Sword as a foundation, his incarnated combat strength was more than enough to contend with a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal.

At the Void Refinement Realm and with his talent in the Sword Dao, Han Muye rose to prominence under the command of Demon King Shi Zheng and became one of his four major generals within a hundred years.

“Fifth Brother, stop practicing and come for a drink,” the deep voice of Demon King Shi Zheng rang out from the mountain peak.

Han Muye, who was practicing his sword, chuckled and sheathed his sword, then looked at the young Tiger Clan warriors in front of him. “You can practice your sword techniques on your own. Only after a hundred repetitions can you disperse.”

The dozen or so young Tiger Clan members quickly bowed in agreement.

Fifth Master Han was the strongest swordsman in the Stone Heaven Stronghold and even in the entire Three Spirit Mountains.

Receiving his guidance was a great blessing, and no one dared to be lazy.

Han Muye’s figure moved, and a white tiger phantom appeared behind him. With a few flashes, he had already reached a pentagonal pavilion on the mountain peak.

Inside the pavilion, a tall man with a golden 'King' character on his forehead and dressed in a white brocade robe was Demon King Shi Zheng.

On the other side, there were two elderly men in black armor.

"Big Brother, Third Brother, Fourth Brother," Han Muye greeted them with cupped hands.

"Hu Yuan, are all sword cultivators so hardworking?" The person who spoke was Daoist Chang Yang, the fourth-in-charge of the Stone Heaven Stronghold, who was at the Void Transformation Realm.

He practiced Daoism and had considerable combat power.

The other, Song Tao, shook his head and said, "The youngest brother is still young and full of vigor, unlike us. Otherwise, why would the big brother value the youngest brother so much?"

Han Muye was familiar with them and ignored them. He simply sat down at the table and picked up the already filled wine cup.

Demon King Shi Zheng laughed heartily and raised his wine cup.

"Big brother, is it time for the Three Spirit Mountains' hunting season?" Han Muye put down his wine cup and looked at Demon King Shi Zheng.

Demon King Shi Zheng nodded and looked at the distant mountains.

The Three Spirit Mountains' hunting season.

It was both a chaotic battle among the three demon kings and the beginning of the competition for territory and resources in the Three Spirit Mountains.

Every 500 years, the Three Spirit Mountains' hunting season began, and the ultimate victor would become the ruler of the Three Spirit Mountains, controlling the land's blessings.

It was a place where the Heavenly Abyss Pearls were produced.

The Heavenly Abyss Pearl was one of the reasons why countless cultivators were willing to incarnate into the realm.

In every realm, there were many places where Heavenly Abyss Pearls were produced.

In Han Muye's view, the Heavenly Abyss Pearl was a product of the interaction of the world's power and the souls that entered the realm.

The number of Heavenly Abyss Pearls produced in a realm depended on the strength and number of souls within it.

The Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm was not particularly strong, and there were not many Heavenly Abyss Pearls that could be taken out.

There were only about 100,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls at a time.

It was said that in powerful realms, a million Heavenly Abyss Pearls could be produced in one go.

Han Muye had tried cultivating with the Heavenly Abyss Pearl, and although the qi and blood power in different Heavenly Abyss Pearls were the same, their effects on soul refinement varied.

There was a Void World Illusion in the Heavenly Abyss Pearl that could increase the power of the soul.

Of course, this improvement also required a large number of Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

When one's soul cultivation reached the Zenith Heaven Realm, it was difficult not to increase at all. The Heavenly Abyss Pearl could increase one's soul, blood, and qi. It was already a rare treasure.

"Second Brother is about to come out of seclusion. When the time comes, the five of us will attack together and kill him."

Demon King Shi Zheng raised his wine bowl and shouted.

Han Muye, Chang Yang, and Song Tao also raised their glasses.

The second member of the Stone Heaven Stronghold, Bloodstone, had been in seclusion for several decades, and Han Muye had little communication with him.

He even suspected that Bloodstone, like himself, was an incarnation from outside the realm.

Unfortunately, it wasn't easy to determine whether someone was an incarnation, and he had no interest in investigating too much.

All he needed to do was to seize the opportunity during the Three Spirit Mountains' hunting season to kill Demon King Yun Tian and obtain his body.

After a hundred years of cultivation in the realm, he had already gained an understanding of this form of exploration in the realm.

He had already refined the tiny bit of calamity power in the outside realm.

He did not gain much from staying in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

After drinking a few glasses of wine, Han Muye continued to practice his sword techniques.

Watching him leave, Daoist Chang Yang's expression turned cold.

"Big Brother, there aren't many Sword Dao inheritances in the Tiger Spirit World. Hu Yuan is basically the incarnation of the Heavenly Demons outside the realm. Do you really want to keep him?"

Daoist Song Tao also had a gleam in his eyes as he looked at Demon King Shi Zheng.

“It’s not like my Tiger Spirit World doesn’t have any Sword Dao inheritance.” Demon King Shi Zheng shook his head with a calm expression. “I believe in Fifth Brother.”

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Han Muye walked back to his dwelling place. As he reached the stone house, his footsteps came to a halt, and he slowly placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

“Fifth Brother, are you preparing to meet Second Brother with your weapon?” A voice came from the courtyard.

Han Muye released his grip on the sword hilt.

He entered the courtyard and saw a black and slender middle-aged man dressed in crimson armor, sitting there.

Bloodstone, the second-in-command of the Stone Heaven Stronghold, a peak expert in the Void Transformation Realm. He was the most renowned powerhouse under the Demon King Shi Zheng within the Three Spirit Mountains.

“Second Brother is back?”

Han Muye walked up to the stone table and sat down. His gaze fell on Bloodstone, and he said, "It seems Second Brother has made great progress in his cultivation and is ready to showcase his skills during the Three Spirit Mountains' hunt."

Upon hearing his words, Bloodstone revealed a smile, "Let's make a deal."

A deal?

Han Muye looked up.

"I know you came here for one of the Demon Kings of the Three Spirit Mountains."

"Me too."

There was a hint of seductiveness in Bloodstone's eyes, and a crimson aura instantly enveloped his body.

"We'll work together and get what we want."

These words were so straightforward that he was just short of saying that he was an incarnation.

At the same time, he was certain that Han Muye was an incarnation of the outer realm.

“I wonder who Second Brother wants to kill?”

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he spoke softly.

He didn’t argue. It was an admission of his identity.

Hearing his words, Bloodstone laughed. He raised his hand, dipped it in tea, and wrote the word ‘Shi’ on the table in front of him.

Demon King Shi Zheng?

Han Muye frowned.

“What, are you saying you lack loyalty towards the illusory creatures in the Ruins Realm?” Bloodstone sneered.

Demon King Shi Zheng treated his brothers well.

After Han Muye accepted his recruitment, he got along well with him.

But as Bloodstone had said, the living beings in the Ruins Realm were actually illusory and couldn’t exist beyond the Ruins Realm.

Many things here were not real.

“You can choose another one,” Han Muye said to Bloodstone.

A cold expression crossed Bloodstone’s face.

With a snort, he stood up and walked away.

For more than ten days, Han Muye did not see Bloodstone again until the hunt began.

Now, he stood beside the Demon King Shi Zheng, radiating an aura of divinity.

Besides Chang Yang and his group, there were many other powerful individuals who had joined Demon King Shi Zheng.

Demon King Shi Zheng was from the tiger race and belonged to a large clan in this world.

A total of nearly 100,000 tribes had followed Demon King Shi Zheng into the depths of the Three Spirit Mountains.

“Boom—”

The void ahead trembled, and a dark flow of light descended.

Countless black birds darted through the air.

“It’s the people of the Demon King Qing Fu.” Chang Yang spoke softly.

As the army continued forward, they encountered various demon beasts along the way, and many powerful individuals also made their moves to intercept and kill them.

Han Muye also took action several times, slaying some demon beasts.

“We’ve reached the Spirit Pool.”

In a valley of the Three Spirit Mountains, a vast pool of emerald water appeared.

Green lotus flowers could be seen swaying in the water.

On each lotus flower, there was a golden bead.

Heavenly Abyss Pearl.

It turned out that Heavenly Abyss Pearls grew from this pool.

“Shi Zheng, I heard you want to become the ruler of the Three Spiritual Mountains?” A sharp voice sounded from the steep mountain peak in front.

Han Muye looked up and saw a young man dressed in green and white, with long white feathers on his head and face.

Demon King Yun Tian.

On the mountain peak, figures radiating demonic energy appeared, their bodies filled with bloody light.

On the other side, a black figure with a hint of darkness also arrived.

The three demon kings arrived. The hunt had begun!

Demon King Shi Zheng laughed and flew up, rushing towards the green pool in front of him.

He stepped on a lotus flower, causing the golden bead on it to vibrate and catapult his body into the air.

Prohibition on Space, Prohibition on Techniques!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

This pool actually prohibited all powers and could only be conquered through physical strength.

“Swoosh—”

A sharp whistling came from the void, and Demon King Qing Fu had already spread his wings and shot towards Demon King Shi Zheng.

Behind him, dozens of bat demon clansmen with dark bodies and sharp wings descended, extending their long claws towards Shi Zheng’s head.

Demon King Shi Zheng burst into laughter, reached out, and grabbed one of the approaching bat demons, throwing it directly into the pool.

“Pa!”

As the figure fell into the pool, the bat demon’s body dissipated, and then a lotus flower bud appeared.

Was this the process of condensing the Heavenly Abyss Pearl?

A demon whose strength was at least at the Heaven Immortal Realm had spawned a lotus flower and condensed a Heavenly Abyss Bead?

“Kill.” Daoist Chang Yang shouted in a deep voice and flew onto the green lotus.

Other experts from Stone Heaven Stronghold also followed suit.

Bloodstone turned to look at Han Muye.

Coincidentally, Han Muye also looked at him.

A trace of a cold smile appeared on Bloodstone's face. He raised his hand to his neck and made a gesture, then he moved and stepped onto the blue lotus.

Han Muye tightened his grip on his longsword and looked ahead at the Demon King Yun Tian on the mountain cliff.

"Immortal light?"

He was stunned.

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Was he also an immortal cultivator from outside the Ruins Realm?

If he was a cultivator from outside the Ruins Realm, why would he become the target of Hu Yunlong and his team?

Narrowing his eyes, Han Muye had a thought.

Who said that outsiders could not be targets?

In the Ruins Realm, danger didn't only come from within!

People from outside the realm were also enemies!

His gaze swept over Bloodstone, and between his raised hand, blood lights turned into ropes, locking all the demons blocking their way and then pulling them into the pool.

This cultivation technique was evil.

Taking a deep breath, as he looked at the constantly falling figures around him, Han Muye took a step forward.

Landing on the green lotus, he could feel the power beneath his feet.

No wonder these strong cultivators had to step on the green lotus for a life-and-death battle.

The Heavenly Abyss Pearls on the green lotus hadn't been collected yet, and the power on them was still pure, able to directly stimulate the Qi and blood of those who landed on it.

Landing on the green lotus meant cultivating.

However, this also meant consuming the power of the Heavenly Abyss Pearls, and one pearl wouldn't last long.

But before they could achieve victory in the decisive battle, they couldn't pick the Heavenly Abyss Pearls on the green lotus, or else the green lotus would wither, and there would be nowhere to land.

“Whew—”

A bat clan member with a pair of wings rushed toward Han Muye, wielding a black short blade and aimed it at his neck.

The speed was astonishing, with at least at the peak of the Heaven Immortal Realm.

As soon as the bat appeared, another figure rushed up from behind.

There were actually two figures coming at the same time, and the other one seemed to have a stronger cultivation.

“Fifth Brother, be careful. That's the Red Feather Demon General under Demon King Qing Fu. He's quite powerful.” Demon King Shi Zheng's voice sounded.

Han Muye nodded and gripped the hilt of his sword, and with a swift movement, he took a step forward, and a sword light rose.

“Slash—”

The long sword, stained with black blood, pierced through the first bat clan member's body, then directly severed the short blade in his hand.

It was fast.

Ruthless.

With this sword light, the surrounding demons who wanted to surround him retreated.

This strike was at least at the Demon King level!

Not far away, Bloodstone narrowed his eyes, killing intent flashing in them.

The second bat who rushed towards Han Muye was stunned. He formed hand seals with both hands, and a puff of flames smashed down on Han Muye's head.

Dao technique?

A spell?

How could there be spells in this place?

Han Muye's expression did not change. He stabbed his sword forward, passing through the flames and cutting off the bat's finger.

It was just an illusion.

The bat clan member with severed fingers had a distorted face. He retreated, clutching his arm.

Han Muye ignored him and turned to look at the black shadow.

Just as he attacked, a figure quietly approached.

This time it wasn't an illusion.

The bat clansman holding a short sword looked up and was stunned when he saw Han Muye looking at him.

He was confident in his stealth technique. Even Golden Immortals would find it difficult to discover him.

Han Muye's long sword pierced out, and the bat clan member with the short sword instinctively thrust it at an angle, creating a sword light.

Realm-crossing sword technique!

The two sword lights clashed, and Han Muye's smile didn't change, but the bat clan member holding the short sword had a look of horror in his eyes.

The power transmitted by the long sword was so strong that he couldn't put up any resistance.

This was a peerless sword immortal!

"Fellow Daoist, please spare me..."

He uttered a low cry, but it was already too late.

His figure tumbled and fell into the pool, swallowed by the water, and then a green lotus with a faint red stigma emerged from the water.

In the blossoming petals were three Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

"That's the Heavenly Demon True Body entering the realm!" The nearby Daoist Song Tao looked at Han Muye and said, "When the Heavenly Demon Primordial Spirit enters the realm and perishes, it will give birth to two Heavenly Abyss Pearls."

"Fifth Brother, gather two of them first."

When a cultivator's true body entered the realm and perished, it would produce two more Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

If one's primordial spirit entered here, there would be one more.

Could the accumulation of an outsider cultivator only yield one Heavenly Abyss Pearl?

It seemed that most of the power was being absorbed by the Ruins Realm, turning into the support for this realm.

"Boom—"

In the distance, the phantom of a 100-foot-long white tiger appeared behind Demon King Shi Zheng. Then it pounced forward, tearing apart several powerful bat clan members in front of it.

Han Muye could see that as long as the bodies didn't fall into the water, they wouldn't turn into green lotuses.

There were also a limited number of green lotuses in the pool. As long as they collected the mature Heavenly Abyss Beads first and then grew them again, the hunt would be over.

However, before the three Demon Kings determined the outcome, no one dared to collect too many Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

Otherwise, if they were all collected, there would be no place to land.

In this forbidden space, falling into the water would result in being transformed into a green lotus.

It was no wonder that Demon King Shi Zheng, as a member of the Tiger Clan, did not become the master of Three Spirit Mountains.

Demon King Yun Tian and Demon King Qing Fu had significant racial advantages.

The bat clan and the flying birds didn't need to land on the green lotus. They circled around, making it difficult for the demons standing on the green lotus to defend themselves.

Han Muye swung his sword and cut down several figures in front of him, quickly making his way towards Demon King Shi Zheng.

At this moment, Bloodstone, holding a long spear in his hand, suddenly turned around, his face showing a murderous intent.

“Swoosh—”

Demon King Yun Tian, who had been waiting in midair, flew over.

Demon King Qing Fu who was fighting with Demon King Shi Zheng seemed to have agreed on something. He suddenly shot out several blood-red light beams and blocked the White Tiger phantom behind Demon King Shi Zheng.

“Brother, be careful!” Daoist Chang Yang shouted in panic, but he retreated.

With the two demon kings joining forces, no one dared to stay beside Demon King Shi Zheng.

“Are you going to save him?”

“A demon king?”

Bloodstone blocked in front of Han Muye, his face full of disdain.

Chapter 1406 - 1406 A Thousand Years, Meeting the Immortal Venerable Again (2)

“How about this? I’ll take 500 Heavenly Abyss Pearls and leave this world. Before I leave, I’ll help you take the position of the head of the Stone Heaven Stronghold.”

Looking at Han Muye, Bloodstone’s long spear in his hand shimmered with a bloody light.

“I believe you’ll be able to obtain more Heavenly Abyss Pearls on your next hunt.”

500 Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

Just for 500 Heavenly Abyss Pearls?

But thinking about it, for cultivators like Bloodstone, 500 Heavenly Abyss Pearls was indeed a considerable amount.

He was only at the peak of the Void Transformation Realm.

Even if this was only his incarnation, it could be seen that his true cultivation level would definitely not reach the Golden Immortal Realm.

“500 Heavenly Abyss Pearls?”

Han Muye shook his head and looked at Demon King Shi Zheng, who was suppressed by the two demon kings and whose shadow had dimmed a lot.

“Fifth Brother, leave quickly!” Demon King Shi Zheng shouted.

Demon King Shi Zheng did not call Han Muye to come forward to save him. Instead, he urged Han Muye to leave.

In his view, Han Muye’s swordsmanship is strong, but it is not enough to resist the level of a Golden Immortal King.

Instead of tempting fate, it was better to leave.

At this moment, Demon King Shi Zheng did not let Han Muye and his demon tribe go forward to their deaths.

Han Muye's eyes flashed as he unsheathed his sword.

“Clang—”

The sound of the sword being unsheathed echoed through the heavens and the earth.

The strike was not fast.

However, when this sword slashed out, the originally forbidden world in front of him was directly sealed.

No one could stop him!

Bloodstone trembled all over, staring with wide eyes.

He growled for mercy.

Han Muye didn't hesitate at all.

The sword was already unsheathed. When had he ever hesitated?

A green light flashed, and Bloodstone's body in front of him shattered.

The scattered figures fell into the spirit pool.

Three Heavenly Abyss Pearls shimmered with golden light above the green lotus.

Is this Bloodstone's true body?

Han Muye reached out and collected Heavenly Abyss Pearls, flying towards the black and white figure with outstretched wings.

One strike!

It was still one strike!

A peak Void Transformation expert, the second-in-command of the famous Stone Heaven Stronghold in the entire Three Spirit Mountains, was killed with a single strike!

Killing Bloodstone with one sword shocked everyone around.

They looked at Han Muye with fear.

Even the demon clan powerhouses who were besieging Demon King Shi Zheng retreated unconsciously.

Outside the spirit pool, several figures revealed bright eyes.

“It’s that sword cultivator!”

“Seems to be surnamed Han. I remember that Golden Immortal Chuan Ling and the others trust him a lot. Today, I have truly witnessed his skills.”

Several figures quietly stepped onto the green lotus.

Immortal light flashed on their bodies.

Since Han Muye had made a move, he did not wait any longer.

With one step, he appeared directly on the battlefield where Demon King Shi Zheng was being besieged.

“Buzz!”

Sword light flashed on the sword.

The sword carried a 10,000-foot-long green sword light. With a forward thrust, the Demon King Yun Tian's body was sent flying.

This strike was too powerful!

The strongest demon king of the Three Spirit Mountains could not resist this sword!

"Who are you—"

Demon King Yun Tian shouted in panic, and the power of the Golden Immortal Realm surged in his body.

A shadow appeared behind him.

Golden robe, cold eyes.

"I'm the disciple of Immortal Venerable, Golden Yun Tian. Which faction are you from?"

An Immortal Venerable's disciple?

Weren't Hu Yunlong and the others also disciples of the Immortal Venerable?

It seemed that there was some scheming among them.

Han Muye held the sword in his hand.

Hearing Demon King Yun Tian's words, many of the surrounding figures hesitated and turned pale, not daring to move forward.

"Boom—"

Not far away, the sound of wind and thunder erupted. A burly man holding a black war hammer flew up and smashed it towards Golden Yun Tian's head.

"What does it matter if you are a disciple of the Immortal Venerable? In the struggle of the Ruins Realm, identity is not considered."

The burly man was obviously the true body that came here. The immortal light on his body flashed.

Half a step into the Golden Immortal realm, coupled with the top-grade spiritual treasure war hammer in his hand, a single blow caused the surrounding void to tremble.

This blow could hurt the Golden Immortal!

"You have a death wish!"

Demon King Yun Tian shouted coldly, raised his hand, a black iron chain swung out, blocked the war hammer, and then the long chain flew horizontally, locking the body of the burly man.

Peak spiritual treasure.

Even if he entered this realm with an incarnation, he still had a peak spiritual treasure in his hand.

This was the foundation of being an Immortal Venerable's disciple!

Being a disciple of the Immortal Venerable not only represented cultivation, but also knowledge, foundation, connections, and endless resources.

"Attack!" The locked burly man showed fear on his face, turned his head and shouted at Han Muye.

Unfortunately, Han Muye didn't move at all.

What did it have to do with him?

He didn't know this person.

"Bang!"

The long chain smashed the burly man's body into the water pool, and then a green lotus appeared, with three golden pearls flashing halos.

Raising his hand to put away the golden pearls, the Demon King Yun Tian looked at him and said calmly, "You have some self-awareness.

"Which faction are you from? After leaving this realm, go to the fourth floor of the Golden Maple Tower to find me."

After speaking, his figure moved, turning into a large blue and white bird, and flew towards Demon King Shi Zheng.

"Help me kill this Demon King Shi Zheng together. The spiritual materials on his body are of high quality."

Before the words fell, his figure suddenly stopped, and the long chain smashed down towards Han Muye.

But the long chain hit the empty air.

"Buzz!"

The void trembled.

There was no trace of Han Muye in front of him.

How could this be?

Escaped?

His primordial spirit had left this world?

“Demon King, be careful—”

A cry of alarm came from not far away.

Demon King Yun Tian looked up in panic.

Above his head, Han Muye stood still, with a faint green immortal light shimmering on the long sword in his hand.

Isn't there a flight prohibition law here?

Golden Yun Tian looked confused.

The long sword fell

There was a faint green light on the long sword.

Such a sword, slow and seemingly powerless to break through the air.

Chapter 1407 - 1407 A Thousand Years, Meeting the Immortal Venerable Again (3)

Within this sword lay unimaginable power!

Such a sword immortal was an extremely powerful existence even beyond the realm!

Demon King Yun Tian opened his mouth, but he could not make a sound.

The blue sword light directly shattered his divine incarnation.

Then the sword light lightly picked up the peak spiritual treasure long whip and then pierced through the body of the Wind Spirit Bird.

Raising his hand, he grabbed the Wind Spirit Bird's long claw and dragged it away.

Demon King Yun Tian, the number one expert in the Three Spirit Mountains, could not withstand a single strike from Han Muye!

How strong was the fifth head of the Stone Heaven Stronghold?

There were exclamations around the spirit pool!

Countless demons fled.

The figures who landed on the green lotus also retreated warily.

Demon King Qing Fu turned around and fled. Demon King Shi Zheng laughed loudly. The white tiger phantom behind him pounced forward and blocked his body. His claws slapped down.

“Bang!”

Demon King Qing Fu’s wings were shattered, and his body fell into the water immediately. A huge fiery red lotus flower rose, and six golden pearls shone in the lotus flower.

A Golden Immortal had six pearls?

A Golden Immortal expert had only exchanged for six pearls?

How dark.

Han Muye landed beside the spirit pool.

Demon King Shi Zheng, who had killed the Demon King Qing Fu, also put away the golden pearl and landed in front of Han Muye.

“Brother, are you leaving this world?” Demon King Shi Zheng looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded.

His mission was complete.

Demon King Shi Zheng raised his hand, and a green tornado rose, plucking all the golden pearls from the surrounding green lotuses.

Less than a thousand.

Holding all the golden beads in his palm, he looked at Han Muye. “Brother, if your real body is here, take these beads and leave.”

“If you come again in the future, remember to come to the Three Spirits Mountain Rock Heavenly Fortress.”

“If you’re not here with your true body and have nothing to do, why don’t you stay in the Three Spirit Mountains first?”

Looking around, Shi Zheng grinned and said, "From now on, you'll be the bandit chief."

Stay on the Three Spirit Mountains?

He had only been in this world for a hundred years. It had not been long since he was outside the realm.

If he stayed in this world, he could find more resources.

He could also learn more about the Ruins Realm.

Moreover, Han Muye still needed an explanation from Golden Immortal Chuan Ling and the others.

After pondering for a moment, he looked at Demon King Shi Zheng and said, "Alright, I'll stay, but the bandit chief is still you, Big Brother."

Hearing this, Shi Zheng laughed and waved his hand. "Let's go. We won a big battle. Let's go drink."

....

During the hunting battle of the three demon kings of the Three Spirit Mountains, Demon King Shi Zheng used the power of the powerful Sword Immortal Hu Yuan under him to sweep through the other two sides and kill the two demon kings, Yun Tian and Qing Fu.

After this battle, Stone Heaven Stronghold became the master of the Three Spirit Mountains.

Demon King Shi Zheng and Sword Immortal Hu Yuan controlled the entire Three Spirit Mountains.

The control of the spiritual pool on the Three Spirit Mountains belonged to Stone Heaven Stronghold.

After a little reorganization, the army of the Three Spirit Mountains spread out and began to expand their territory.

For a moment, a battle began within a million miles.

Sword Immortal Hu Yuan, who was holding a long sword, could be said to be invincible.

The fastest way to gather wealth in the world was through war.

Han Muye had obtained a lot of Heavenly Abyss Pearls and various supplies.

In a hundred years, Demon King Shi Zheng had already ruled millions of miles and had countless generals under him.

Han Muye's identity was special, and everyone respected him greatly. His identity was almost on par with Demon King Shi Zheng.

The young men that Han Muye had trained in Stone Heaven Stronghold back then were also powerful now. They were his helpers in sweeping through the world.

Unknowingly, Han Muye became a known figure in the entire Tiger Spirit World.

Sword Immortal Hu Yuan was absolutely powerful.

Three Spirit Mountains.

In a continuous hall, Han Muye, who had transformed into a tiger, sat opposite an old man from the green-robed tiger race.

“Fellow Daoist Han’s methods are really impressive.” The old man looked at Han Muye with a sigh.

He was the Golden Immortal Chuan Ling who had split his primordial spirit into the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

Now, his avatar’s cultivation level had also reached the peak of the Void Transformation Realm.

However, this was the accumulation of countless years. His incarnation had always been in this world.

All these years, with the help of their disciples, they had occupied a territory and had a small spirit pool. They could collect more than a thousand Heavenly Abyss Pearls every 500 years.

However, compared to Han Muye, his achievements were insignificant.

Now his split soul had reached the peak of virtual transformation after countless years of accumulation. However, this achievement was insignificant compared to Han Muye's, who could amass wealth just through the spoils of war brought back by his army.

“Senior Chuan Ling, you can also submit to Demon King Shi Zheng. He's a good person.”

Han Muye nodded.

This was the good thing about Shi Zheng. He did not reject cultivators from outside the realm.

According to him, as long as those from outside didn't wantonly kill the living beings in this realm, he wouldn't mind.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling indeed had the intention to seek refuge with Han Muye.

Han Muye had agreed to let them submit to Demon King Shi Zheng, so he was naturally happy.

At least under Demon King Shi Zheng's command, their gains would be much greater.

“Fellow Daoist Han, you know that the Demon King Yun Tian was also a disciple of the Immortal Venerable.” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling showed a trace of emotion on his face.

Who would have thought that Han Muye could easily kill Demon King Yun Tian so easily?

A Golden Immortal Demon King was killed with a single strike.

“Will his true self come to trouble me?” Han Muye squinted his eyes.

So what if he was a disciple under the Immortal Sect? He was just a Golden Immortal.

As long as it wasn't the Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan personally taking action, Han Muye had no fear.

“Hehe, even if he comes to cause trouble, we will naturally block him,” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling said with a smile.

Under the Immortal Venerable, disciples were not a united force; instead, they were divided into many factions.

There were at least more than 10 disciples at the Immortal Venerable's level under his command, and each of these individuals possessed their own influence.

Chapter 1408 - 1408 A Thousand Years, Meeting the Immortal Venerable Again (4)

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling spoke in a hushed tone.

All disciples of the Immortal Venerable would compete for the origin of the Ruins Realm.

The so-called origin of the Ruins Realm is the remnant divine soul of ancient powerhouses within this realm.

And also, the faint power of the rules left in this realm.

Without the support of the power of the divine soul and the power of the rules, there would be no Ruins Realm.

Take away the power of the divine soul and the power of the rules, and the Ruins Realm would naturally collapse.

When a realm collapsed, the living beings within it turned into nothingness, and their power was swallowed by the silent force of the Heavenly Abyss. Those who contributed to the destruction of the realm could gain many benefits.

Scattered treasures, as well as insights from the moment of the world's destruction.

The rules and divine souls taken out could also be exchanged for treasures in the hands of their seniors.

Even Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan had issued tasks to collect divine souls and rules.

“Fellow Daoist Han, we didn’t dare to think about it.” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling sighed softly.

They were just a group of disciples mingling in the third layer of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, how could they dare to think about destroying a realm?

But with Han Muye and Demon King Shi Zheng having the power to sweep through a realm, it gave them hope.

If they could defeat the other parties and obtain the control of this world, obtain the soul and rules of the mighty figures of this world, they would be able to soar into the sky.

“Fellow Daoist Han, if we succeed, you can keep all the rewards, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling looked at Han Muye and whispered, “With this achievement, we can gain recognition from the elders and step into the fourth layer.”

The rewards might be substantial, but compared to the future path of cultivation, it was still more profitable.

Destroying this realm?

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

He knew this was an illusory world.

The Ruins Realm was not a real world in the first place.

But after so many years in this realm, did they really want to destroy this world?

Seeing his hesitation, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling smiled and shook his head.

If the true self entered this realm, many would be assimilated by the world of this realm.

Fortunately, Han Muye only came in the form of an incarnation.

His true self was outside and would eventually awaken.

There was no need to rush.

800 years.

Whether intentional or not, in the eight hundred years within the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm, Stone Heaven Stronghold had become Stone Heaven City, and the Demon King Shi Zheng had become one of the strongest kings of the Tiger Clan.

His cultivation and combat strength kept increasing, and he was already at the Zenith Heaven Realm.

This was the limit of this side of the Ruins Realm.

But his achievements were no longer measured by the Golden Immortal realm.

But his achievements were no longer measured by the Golden Immortal realm.

Ten years ago, he joined forces with the Demon King Shi Zheng, slaughtering the Earth Dragon Demon King who occupied the northwest half of the Tiger Spirit World, shaking the world.

Stone Heaven City, Stone Heaven Hall.

Han Muye and Demon King Shi Zheng sat opposite each other.

“Brother, you’ve been in this world for a thousand years, right?” Picking up his wine glass, Demon King Shi Zheng looked at Han Muye and said softly.

Han Muye also lifted the wine cup in front of him, nodding, “Indeed, it has been a thousand years.”

“A thousand years,” Demon King Shi Zheng’s gaze turned towards outside the hall, holding the wine cup in his hand, a hint of longing in his eyes, “In the thousand years of my Tiger Spirit World, it’s only been about a month for you outside, right?”

As one of the strongest demon kings in this world, Demon King Shi Zheng knew almost everything about this world.

Cultivators from outside the realm, the Heavenly Abyss, and even the Ruins Realm.

“I really want to go out and take a look...”

Demon King Shi Zheng muttered.

Han Muye said nothing.

Living beings within the Ruins Realm could step out into this world.

The Ruins Realm was not supposed to exist in the world; it was a place left behind by the calamities.

When the living beings in this world stepped out, they would die and turn into nothingness.

Demon King Shi Zheng raised his hand and took out a pale golden wooden staff.

“Demon King Ci Yang, Demon King Wu Zhan, and King Tu Shen have all issued the hunting decree.”

Looking at Han Muye, a gleam of excitement appeared in Demon King Shi Zheng’s eyes.

“Brother, help me this once.”

Han Muye knew what he meant.

Demon King Shi Zheng had told him a long time ago.

The bloodline inheritance of Demon King Shi Zheng was once the most prestigious bloodline in the Tiger Spirit World, but due to various conflicts, he ended up in Three Spirit Mountains.

To Demon King Shi Zheng, reuniting with the glory of his ancestors was his dream.

“When I become the only king in this realm, whatever you want, I can help you get it.”

“From now on, only you can enter and leave this realm, and all the treasures in this realm will be open to you.”

He handed the golden wooden staff in his hand to Han Muye with a solemn expression.

“This item is a treasure left by my ancestors, and it is something you can take out.

“As my promise to you.”

Han Muye took the wooden staff.

It felt heavy in his hands. It was called a wooden staff, but it seemed to have the sense of gold and iron.

“I’ll do my best.”

Standing up, Han Muye took a deep breath and spoke softly.

Demon King Shi Zheng laughed.

Holding the staff, Han Muye walked out of the hall.

In the palm of his hand, a faint divine soul power entered the staff.

Images flashed in his mind.

“Buzz!”

Endless memories rushed in, and then, it seemed like a colorful light appeared before his eyes.

Although not as intense as the memory shock when watching the ancient dragon-crocodile, it was still immense and majestic.

Such memories were only possessed by ancient Immortal Venerable powerhouses.

The former owner of this wooden staff was a powerful Immortal Venerable.

Sure enough, Han Muye saw the collapse of the heavens and earth, the rise of the tribulation, the countless clashes of primordial battle puppets, and the charge of powerful divine beasts.

A towering white tiger body rushed out of the void.

The white tiger turned slowly, and its gaze fell on Han Muye.

“Boom—”

This was the power that transcended countless millennia!

Chapter 1409 - 1409 Today I Dared to Challenge You Again

Crossing through time!

The last time he met such a gaze was when he met the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign.

At that time, Han Muye was directly brought back five million years ago and received the inheritance of the Immortal Venerable.

This time, when he appeared, he was in the wilderness.

In front of him, a small black-and-white tiger the size of a palm whimpered.

Looking around, Han Muye took a deep breath.

This was not the Primordial World, but it was a world he had never seen.

In fact, this was not even the calamity he was in.

Because in this world, he sensed a familiar power.

Raising his hand, a green-white rule power jumped in his palm.

This was the power that belonged to the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

Or rather, this world was the Tiger Spirit World!

The Tiger Spirit World from countless years ago!

The power of law in his palm came from the same source as the fundamental power of this world.

With this power, Han Muye was invincible in this world!

“Boohoo—”

The little tiger lay on Han Muye's feet and whimpered softly.

Han Muye smiled and raised his hand to hold the little tiger in his palm.

"Little guy, from now on, you'll follow me.

"Tiger Spirit World. From now on, you'll be called Tiger Spirit."

....

Walking in this world, Han Muye had encountered many demons and experts.

Unknowingly, the little tiger grew up and cultivated continuously. The bloodline power in its body became stronger and stronger.

The Tiger Spirit manifested in a hundred years and became a Demon King in a thousand years. After 3,000 years, it was already a peak Immortal Lord.

In 10,000 years, the Tiger Spirit became the number one person in this world below Han Muye.

As for Han Muye, he had not made a move for countless years, and not many people knew of his existence.

Until one day, Han Muye faced the tiger spirit in black armor.

“Brother, if you want to become an Immortal Venerable, you have to control the Heaven and Earth powers and become the master of this world.”

The tiger spirit looked at Han Muye and took a deep breath. A green and white divine light shone on its body.

His cultivation level was already at the peak of the Immortal Lord Realm, so he could not advance further.

But that was the rule of the world.

Either he wasted time at the level of Immortal Sovereign, or he challenged Han Muye, became the number one in the world, and then took a step out to become an Immortal Venerable.

“Come on, let me see how capable you are now.” Han Muye chuckled, raised his hand, and the sword in his hand drew out.

“Boom—”

The divine light shimmered, and rays of light interwove between heaven and earth.

A 10,000-foot-long white tiger phantom appeared and collided with the sword.

This battle lasted for a hundred years.

Until Han Muye's long sword pressed against the forehead of the white tiger.

"Hehe, after all, you're my big brother..."

The Tiger Spirit, covered in blood, looked pale. He looked at the green sword, smiled, closed his eyes, and bumped into it.

"Buzz!"

The green-white power of heaven and earth entwined his body.

He showed a horrified expression.

When he opened his eyes, a mysterious rule power had already been added to his body.

In the realm of Immortal Sovereign, with the power of the rules in hand.

He became the master of this realm, possessing the rule power that ordinary Immortal Sovereigns did not have.

With this power in hand, he could withstand the calamity!

This power was given to him by Han Muye.

The original power of the Tiger Spirit World, the power of the rules.

“Big Brother...”

The Tiger Spirit looked at the empty sky and earth in front of him, revealing a sorrowful expression.

“Big Brother—”

He howled towards the sky, and the power on his body caused the entire sky and earth to tremble.

....

In the hall, Han Muye opened his eyes.

The golden wooden staff in his hand had turned into a jade-white long bone.

It was a white tiger rib.

This was a rib bone of the ancient divine beast, the White Tiger.

This time, he didn't know if it was all real or illusory.

Just like the last time he received the guidance of the Heaven Ascension Immortal Sovereign, he dared not confirm its existence.

The power of an Immortal Venerable could completely change one's memories.

"Tiger Spirit..."

Holding this rib bone, Han Muye whispered softly.

His eyes flickered.

In this rib bone, a faint power of the rules was transmitted!

This power came from the same source as the Rule Force in his hand!

Was it the pull of power that had given him that memory, or was everything real?

Was the power of the rules in the Tiger Spirit Realm left by himself back then?

Was the inheritance of the Tiger Spirit World the little tiger?

“Perhaps this is what those above the Immortal Venerable level want?”

Time, space, and luck.

The combination of the three seemed to have a mysterious pulling force.

However, Han Muye could not comprehend it yet.

He raised his hand, and a golden stream of light flew out.

Three days later, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling arrived.

“Fellow Daoist Han, it’s been more than a hundred years.” Seeing Han Muye, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling sighed.

Over the years, with the help of Han Muye’s power, he and his disciples, including Hu Yunlong, have earned unimaginable wealth.

Han Muye also handed over the various treasures he had obtained to Golden Immortal Chuan Ling and the others to send out of the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

“Fellow Daoist Chuan Ling, it’s time for you to leave.” Han Muye took out a jade-colored box and handed it to Golden Immortal Chuan Ling.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling was stunned.

Han Muye whispered to him about the decision of the four great Demon Kings to determine the ownership of this realm through a hunting expedition.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling opened his mouth with a regretful expression.

According to their plan, relying on Han Muye and the Demon King Shi Zheng, they could continue to earn treasures and wealth, right?

But the war between the four Demon Kings was something he and his disciples did not qualify to participate in.

In this big battle, they could only retreat.

As for Han Muye letting them leave first, he also understood the meaning.

On the one hand, it was dangerous, and on the other hand, no matter who became the master in this realm, it would probably trigger changes in the power of heaven and earth.

Chapter 1410 - 1410 Today I Dared to Challenge You Again (2)

Anything could happen in the Ruins Realm.

“Alright.” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling hesitated for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Greed was the most taboo thing in the world of cultivation.

Greed can lead to a person’s demise with no burial ground.

“Fellow Daoist Han, do you still remember what I told you back then about obtaining the origin of this world?” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Previously, he had mentioned the plans of their lineage.

After destroying the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm, he would obtain the origin power and give it to the Immortal Venerable.

All the rewards belonged to Han Muye.

Han Muye looked into the distance and didn’t speak.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling glanced at him and sighed softly. He cupped his hands and turned to leave.

In this world, no foreign expert could destroy the world.

Only Han Muye might have the ability.

However, with Han Muye and Demon King Shi Zheng's relationship, he probably couldn't bear to attack, right?

However, when his true body and avatar's comprehension intertwined a few more times, the entanglement would become more and more chaotic. He would eventually make a choice.

There was no need to rush.

In a few days, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling and the cultivators under him quietly left this world.

A hundred days later, a roar sounded between heaven and earth.

He flew up and turned into a green sword light, walking side by side with Demon King Shi Zheng.

"Brother, if I die in the hunt this time, leave this world."

Looking at Han Muye, Demon King Shi Zheng spoke softly.

“Alright.”

Han Muye said nothing else.

Demon King Shi Zheng laughed and turned into a 10,000-foot-long white tiger that rushed forward.

In front of him, three demonic lights flashed.

“Boom—”

A battle broke out between heaven and earth.

Han Muye tightened his grip on his sword.

Immortal Slaying Sword.

It was condensed from endless blood essence power and was powerful. It could kill Immortal Monarchs and injure Immortal Venerables.

A sword light crossed thousands of miles and forced back a black-robed old man.

Flying out, Han Muye's sword was extremely fast.

At this moment, he displayed the demeanor of a true sword immortal.

He suppressed the two demon kings with his sword.

Demon King Wu Zhan transformed into a black 10,000-foot-long snake. He opened his huge mouth and swung his long tail. Every strike shattered a mountain.

Demon King Tu Shen transformed into a 10,000-foot-long wooden puppet. He waved the wooden staff in his hand and attracted countless green trees around him before exploding.

Each of the flying wooden thorns could shatter the body of a Golden Immortal.

The combat strength of these two powerful demon kings was already at the top of this world.

But they could not block Han Muye's sword.

Han Muye, who was not prepared to hold back, cut off Demon King Wu Zhan's long tail with a sword light.

The killing intent from the Immortal Slaying Sword slashed horizontally, and wooden thorns exploded.

Demon King Wu Zhan, who had lost his long tail, fled for his life.

Han Muye turned around, and the sword in his hand condensed into a 10,000-foot-long sword light. He slashed open the wooden puppet formed by Demon King Tu Shen.

But in the moment when the wooden puppet's body exploded, a grayish-green streamer enveloped Han Muye's body.

Possession.

Taking over.

This Demon King Tu Shen was not a creature in this realm; it was an incarnation of an outsider!

"Stop!" Demon King Shi Zheng, who was battling the black giant ape, shouted.

But he couldn't break free.

Han Muye was possessed by a green stream of light, and a green figure landed in his mind.

"Hmph, this Immortal Lord has been planning for countless years. I almost failed because of you."

“The matter of coming to this Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm, I have already reported to Immortal Lord Chen Yuan. If you ruin my great plan, when I go out, I will find your true body and destroy you.”

The green figure revealed resentment, lifted his hand, and countless green streams dispersed towards Han Muye’s divine storage.

When these streams occupied the divine storage, it was the moment when he controlled Han Muye’s body.

Once he controlled Han Muye’s body, with the help of Han Muye’s swordsmanship, he could sweep away everything.

“Kill!”

A violent shout, the streams converged, and a brutal force surged out.

However, this power was blocked by a sword light.

Immortal Slaying Sword!

“Primordial Spirit Sword!” The green figure widened his eyes and stared at the green sword.

“Who—who the hell are you?”

“How can there be an expert like you in Ten Thousand Magnificence City?”

The green figure moved and was about to rush out of the divine treasure.

In a battle of primordial spirits, what kind of primordial spirit could be stronger than an extremely condensed primordial spirit sword?

“Buzz!”

The sword of the primordial spirit flashed and shattered the green figure.

“You’re dead!” The reshaping green figure fluctuated, gritting its teeth and speaking.

“Slash—”

He slashed out again, and the sword light shattered it again.

“Just you wait. When I find your true body, I’ll definitely—”

“Slash—”

“Have mercy...”

“Slash—”

When Han Muye opened his eyes, the green light on his body had already dissipated.

A clone of an Immortal Lord was just giving some nourishment to his Immortal Slaying Sword.

In the distance, the white tiger exerted all its strength, trying to break free from the giant ape and rush towards him.

With a smile on his face, Han Muye waved his sword.

“Boom—”

The sword light collided with the giant ape, pushing it back.

The giant ape’s expression changed drastically, and the white tiger roared towards the sky.

Han Muye rose into the air, leading the sword light to surround and kill the giant ape.

This battle affected an area of 100,000 miles.

It seemed like the entire heaven and earth were about to be torn apart.

In the end, with the joint efforts of Han Muye and Demon King Shi Zheng, the giant ape was killed.

At the moment of killing the giant ape, a rich blood energy surged from Demon King Shi Zheng's body.

His cultivation broke through to the unprecedented peak in this realm.

Immortal Lords!

A hundred days later, Demon King Shi Zheng made a move, fighting and killing the tailless snake demon hiding in the underwater area of a blue sea.

Thus, the three Demon Kings fell.

In the entire Tiger Spirit world, only one Demon King remained.

Demon King Shi Zheng.