

## **Pavilion 1411**

### **Chapter 1411 - 1411 Today I Dared to Challenge You Again (3)**

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

He patted his chest and looked at Han Muye. "As long as you ask, I'll give you my life."

"What do I want..." Han Muye looked up at his surroundings.

At this moment, he realized that the world of the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm was exactly the same as the world he had seen in that rib.

Really, everything was the same.

He turned and looked at Demon King Shi Zheng.

Shi Zheng, Tiger Spirit.

His face lit up and he nodded gently.

"This world is not bad."

Raising his hand, Han Muye handed a jade-colored rib to Demon King Shi Zheng.

Demon King Shi Zheng reached out and caught it. The mysterious green halo on his ribs wrapped around his body.

When the green light dissipated, he looked up excitedly, but Han Muye was already gone.

“Big Brother!”

“You’re back. You’re back...”

“The Tiger Spirit has waited here for two calamities. I finally see you again...”

Looking up at his surroundings, Demon King Shi Zheng’s face was covered in tears.

He clenched the ribs in his palm, his eyes flashing.

“Brother, wait for me. I’ll come and look for you.”

Outside the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm, Han Muye appeared on a black mountain range.

He opened his eyes, and there was a hint of mystery in them.

Looking down at the mountains below, he had a complicated expression.

After retracting his Essence Soul Avatar, his cultivation in this world dissipated.

Only some of his treasures were brought back.

The treasures he had obtained in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm had basically been brought out by Golden Immortal Chuan Ling and the others.

In the future, he did not need to come here again.

The Ruins Realm was a world that had long been destroyed.

His involvement with this world was illusory.

However, the thousand years he had lived in the Ruins Realm and the infinite world he felt in his ribs was so real.

Shi Zheng, Tiger Spirit. Was this Void World just waiting for him?

Taking a deep breath, a green-white stream of light appeared on his fingertips.

This was the origin of heaven and earth in the Tiger Spirit World.

It was the power of the Tiger Spirit Immortal Venerable in this world.

This power, combined with the power of the original calamity in his hand, directly turned into a faint blue light column.

Rule power.

The Heaven and Earth powers fused with the power of the calamity and turned into rules.

This rule was what Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan and the other mighty figures had been seeking for but could not obtain.

With a move, Han Muye flew into the air, soaring into the sky, and landed on the flying ship suspended in the sky.

“Fellow Daoist Han, you’re finally back.”

Hu Yunlong excitedly approached, glanced at Han Muye, and then smiled, “How does it feel to explore the Ruins Realm?”

Han Muye nodded, a touch of emotion flashed across his face.

The Ruins Realm left him with many feelings.

These feelings were of great benefit to his cultivation.

“Haha, Fellow Daoist Han has returned. We can also return to Ten Thousand Magnificence City.” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling walked forward with a smile.

He handed a golden storage bag to Han Muye and said softly, “Fellow Daoist Han, this is your treasure, returned in its original form.”

Over the years, the treasures accumulated by Han Muye in the Ruins Realm were all here.

After taking the storage bag, Han Muye nodded and said, “Thank you.”

“Haha, we should be the ones thanking Fellow Daoist Han.” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling laughed.

On the deck, other cultivators nodded and smiled.

The gains from this trip were more than a hundred times in the past.

This was thanks to Han Muye’s help in the Ruins Realm.

With Han Muye back, the flying ship started not long after and turned back.

One after another, the flying ships passed through the void, leaving behind streams of light.

Han Muye closed his eyes and cultivated in the cabin, first digesting his insights into cultivation in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

When he woke up from enlightenment, it was already several days later.

Then, he opened the storage bag given to him by Golden Immortal Chuan Ling and counted the treasures inside.

There were over 10,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls, the most numerous.

These had been accumulated in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm for countless years, and he had quietly accumulated some.

Various spirit materials and the bodies of demonic beasts all contained profound power.

The main feature of these spirit materials was that they contained the power of heaven and earth that was not present in the calamity of this world. For cultivators, they could be used as materials for enlightenment and could be refined into treasures.

The power of these treasures was different from the power of the calamity in this world, and they possessed unexpected properties.

Han Muye found that the Five Elements Divine Furnace and other treasures in his hands all had such properties that did not belong to the calamity of this world.

Treasures.

So, this was the difference between treasures and immortal treasures.

Immortal treasures, treasures of this calamity, and treasures, either not refined from the tribulation of this world, or were not originally treasures of this tribulation, containing strange powers.

The grass whip and the Mountain and River Brush were all the same.

After sorting out the treasures one by one, Han Muye collected them.

These treasures brought back to Ten Thousand Magnificence City could exchange for at least 200,000 Heavenly Abyss Beads.

“Boom—”

With a bang, the flying ship shook.

Han Muye rushed out of the cabin.

On the deck, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling, Hu Yunlong, and the others stood in front with solemn expressions.

The light screen on every flying ship had already been raised.

The golden light screens connected together, protecting all the flying ships.

Cultivators on each flying boat infused their power, supporting the formation on the flying ship.

“Senior Chuan Ling, what’s going on?” Han Muye walked up and spoke softly.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling’s face was solemn, and a gleam of light flashed in his eyes, ‘Formidable enemy.’

A formidable enemy?

In the Heavenly Abyss, the strong were rampant, and they wouldn’t care whether you were a disciple of the Immortal Sect or not.

They had gained a lot from this trip. If they intercepted them, it would be a windfall.

**Chapter 1412 - 1412 Today I Dared to Challenge You Again (4)**



“Fellow Daoist, if you have any difficulties, I’m willing to offer 100 Heavenly Abyss Pearls.”

A hundred Heavenly Abyss Pearls was not a small sum.

However, that was true. Those who could block the flying ship’s path were definitely experts. It was worth it to spend 100 Heavenly Abyss Pearls to settle it.

“100 Heavenly Abyss Pearls?”

A voice sounded in the void, and a thin black Daoist in a green robe took a step forward.

The void trembled, as if the world was about to be torn apart.

Immortal Lords!

To be able to stir the Heaven and Earth powers in the Heavenly Abyss and expel the power of death, he must be an Immortal Lord mighty figure.

An Immortal Lord expert had come to intercept him?

Even an Immortal Lord was so embarrassed?

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling's expression was solemn. The others' faces were pale.

There were many experts on the fleet, but even if they were combined, they could not withstand an attack from an Immortal Lord.

Immortal Lords were Immortal Lords. They ruled the world.

Han Muye's eyes flashed.

He recognized the person in front of him.

Demon King Tu Shen.

Or rather, the Essence Soul incarnation of the Immortal Lord in front of him was Demon King Tu Shen of the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm.

"Immortal Lord Yuan She!"

"You're one of the five Immortal Lord Elders of the fourth floor of the Zhenyang Building, Immortal Lord Yuan She!"

"Zhenyang Building, one of the top forces on the fourth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City."

On the flying ship, exclamations sounded.

Someone recognized this Immortal Lord.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling, Hu Yunlong, and the others looked at each other and frowned.

Why did the Immortal Lords in Ten Thousand Magnificence City come to kill them?

“I’m already here.” Immortal Lord Yuan She stood in the void. The power of death around him flashed and turned into a green-gray light screen that was knocked 100 feet away.

“If you have the ability to go against me in the Ruins Realm, why don’t you dare to stand up now?”

Immortal Lord Yuan She’s voice penetrated the light screens on all the flying ships.

Opposing an Immortal Lord in the Ruins Realm?

Everyone on the flying ship was stunned.

Looking at each other, many people subconsciously looked up at the flying ship at the front.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling also trembled and looked at Han Muye.

In the fleet, there was probably only one person who had the ability to go against an Immortal Lord, right?

He just did not know how this incarnation of an Immortal Lord was.

As he spoke, he raised his hand and quietly gestured to Han Muye beside him to step back.

“Fellow Daoist Han, let’s settle this matter,” Hu Yunlong also whispered.

No matter what, Han Muye had helped them earn a lot and even ruined the plans of their fellow disciples.

Now that a powerful enemy had come, they naturally had to stand in front.

“Ahem, Immortal Lord Yuan She, there might be some misunderstanding.” Golden Immortal Chuan Ling looked up and cupped his hands. “If you suffer any losses, we’re willing to compensate.”

Compensate?

Han Muye smiled.

This was probably not easy to compensate.

In front, when he heard that he had to pay, Immortal Lord Yuan She gritted his teeth and his face was ashen.

As an Immortal Lord mighty figure, his incarnation was actually killed in the Ruins Realm.

How could he compensate for this?

With what?

Seeing that Immortal Lord Yuan She was silent, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling's heart trembled.

Could it be—

“Boom—”

In front of him, Immortal Lord Yuan She had already propped up the immortal light on his body. Green divine light flashed.

The green light collided with the light shield on the flying ship, causing all the flying ships to shake, as if they were about to be overturned.

“Do I lack your Heavenly Abyss Pearl?”

“This Lord, This Lord.” His gaze landed on Han Muye, as if it was about to materialize. “This Lord wants you dead!”

His incarnation had been planning in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm for countless years and had become one of the four Demon Kings, about to gain countless benefits and obtain the source of this realm.

But all of this was ruined by this guy in front of him.

This was an irreconcilable grudge against the Dao.

“Boom—”

The surging Immortal light on him surged out again.

The magnificent Immortal light shimmered, imprisoning the heavens and earth for thousands of miles.

This scene made everyone’s expression change.

Immortal Lord Yuan She was really going to attack!

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling clenched his fists, and immortal light surrounded his body.

Hu Yunlong hesitated. His face was pale as he took a deep breath.

This matter could not be settled amicably.

“As an Immortal Lord, aren’t you afraid of being punished by the Immortal Venerable for implicating the innocent?”

At that moment, a voice sounded.

“Clang—”

A green sword appeared in midair and tore apart the power that imprisoned the world.

Han Muye flew out and was in the void. The sword light had already stabbed out.

“I dared to cut down your incarnation in the Ruins Realm, and today I dare to challenge you again!”

The sword light flashed and stabbed in front of Immortal Lord Yuan She.

Immortal Lord Yuan She raised his hand to block it. When he looked up, Han Muye had already flown hundreds of miles away on his sword light.

Ant!

He actually dared to publicize the matter of killing his incarnation!

Immortal Lord Yuan She revealed a furious expression. He roared and rushed towards Han Muye.

“S-slay an Immortal Lord’s incarnation?” Hu Yulong said with difficulty.

Golden Immortal Chuan Ling narrowed his eyes and looked in the direction Immortal Lord Yuan She was chasing.

#### **Chapter 1413 - 1413 Deja vu, Primordial Battle Armor!**

Taking a deep breath, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling looked at Hu Yulong and lowered his voice. “This matter is not over since Immortal Lord Yuan She dared to kill our Immortal Venerables.

“When you get back, go to Cloud Dragon Pavilion to hold the fort.

“I’ll go to the fifth floor and report to the Immortal Venerable.”

With that, he turned away from the deck and went straight back to his cabin.



It was not until a golden light array rose in the cabin that he carefully spread his hands.

There was a green ball of light lingering in his palm.

This light mass was illusory, exuding an endless mysterious power. It seemed that just one more glance would make people lose their minds.

“Origin...”

This was the power of the origin in the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm!

Just now, at the moment when Han Muye flew out, he handed this thing to him.

Han Muye obtained the origin that the Immortal Venerable wanted. Now he was being pursued by Immortal Lord Yuan She.

Was a Primordial Soul Immortal Lord trying to snatch the origin of an Immortal Venerable?

“Zhenyang Tower, just you wait.” Putting away the origin, Golden Immortal Chuan Ling gritted his teeth and muttered.

Outside the cabin, on the deck, Hu Yunlong’s expression changed.

On the other flying ships, the cultivators were silent.

The incarnation of an Immortal Lord was killed by Han Muye, who was traveling with them.

Now that an Immortal Lord was chasing after him, Han Muye chose to deal with it alone.

No one could tell how they were feeling.

Sadness?

Helplessness?

Indignation?

Perhaps it was both.

The majority of cultivators in this fleet had benefited from Han Muye's help in the Ruins Realm.

Han Muye's combat power in the Ruins Realm was strong, and they acknowledged it.

Now, Han Muye chose to sacrifice himself, shocking them.

“Fellow Daoist Yun Long, what can we do?”

From a distance, an old man in a blue robe with divine light behind him spoke loudly.

“Yeah, does the struggle in the Ruins Realm allow Immortal Lords to do whatever they want?” On another flying boat, a middle-aged man in blue and red battle armor shouted.

Hu Yulong nodded, saying loudly, “Rest assured, Senior Brother Chuanling will surely take it into account.

“With Fellow Daoist Han’s methods, even an Immortal Lord might not be able to do anything to him.”

Everyone nodded and steered the flying ship towards Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

At this time, Han Muye had already flown tens of thousands of miles away.

He stopped, and the sword in his hand flashed with a deep halo.

Behind him, Immortal Lord Yuan She had already arrived.

“You’re dead—”

Immortal Lord Yuan She shouted.

“Clang—”

Han Muye turned around and slashed.

Immortal Slaying Sword.

Origin power!

In this Heaven Abyss filled with the power of death, the power of heaven and earth suppressed, and the lethality of the Immortal Trapping Sword was greatly reduced. Only the Immortal Slaying Sword and the origin power could display enough combat strength.

With the Immortal Slaying Sword enhanced with its origin power, it could even fight an Immortal Lord!

“Clang—”

The sword was blocked by a black saber in Immortal Lord Yuan She’s hand.

The black saber exuded a decayed aura. Under the impact of the sword light, more cracks appeared on the saber.

Immortal Lord Yuan She retreated uncontrollably under this sword.

His eyes revealed horror.

“Your sword technique is actually so powerful!” Killing intent surged from his body. Behind him, a 100-foot-tall phantom in shattered black armor appeared.

As soon as the phantom appeared, the surrounding power of death no longer steamed, but gathered on his black armor.

This black armor was a treasure!

Moreover, it was a treasure that was constantly soaked in the power of the world in the Heavenly Abyss.

With the enhancement of the black armor, not only would Immortal Lord Yuan She’s combat strength not be damaged in the Heaven Abyss, but it would also increase several times!

Han Muye’s expression turned solemn.

This was not the first time he had faced an Immortal Lord head-on.

However, this was the first time he was fighting an Immortal Lord alone.

He had to admit that every Immortal Lord expert possessed profound foundations and abundant resources.

He had been too careless.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye slashed down with the Immortal Slaying Sword.

The sword light was extremely fast. One of the dazzling sharp lights flickered and collided with the broken black armor.

“Clang—”

A golden light flashed on his black armor, knocking Han Muye and his sword back.

Immortal Lord Yuan She revealed a violent killing intent.

“The power of death has entered your body. It seems that it won’t be easy for you to use this treasure.”  
Han Muye shouted and turned to leave.

He thought that Immortal Lord Yuan She could already control this powerful treasure, but it turned out that he had not completely refined it.

It wasn’t that he couldn’t, but he didn’t dare.

This black armor had clearly fused with the power of death. Refining this armor meant assimilating the power of death into one’s body.

If he activated the phantom armor, Immortal Lord Yuan She would be corroded by the power of death.

He wouldn't be able to last long.

"Die—"

Immortal Lord Yuan She roared, his face contorted with violence, and the black-armored phantom's arms enveloped him as he flew towards Han Muye.

Han Muye rode his sword at an incredible speed.

However, the black-armored phantom moved strangely in the dead land, appearing in front of Han Muye without needing to activate any power.

"Clang—"

Han Muye slashed down, then turned and walked away.

He was not afraid of fighting an Immortal Lord, but fighting this black armor that controlled the power of death in a dead place was not fun.

"Boom—"

The free hand of the black armor grabbed towards Han Muye's head.

It tore through the void, shattering the surrounding world.

Han Muye paused and flashed away in an impossible place.

The two of them chased after each other in the Heavenly Abyss, their sword light and black armor intertwining.

"Boom—"

The collision between heaven and earth intensified.

In front of a broken city wall, Huang Zhihu, leading a group of Phoenix Forest Stronghold disciples searching for various dilapidated treasures, suddenly looked up at the distant sky.

#### **Chapter 1414 Deja vu, Primordial Battle Armor! (2)**

Beside her, Zhao Chen also furrowed his brows, looking towards the distant and deep dark abyss.

"Foster father?" The gloomy sword intent on Huang Zhihu's body began to slowly surge.



"Big Brother is fighting someone?" Zhao Chen turned around and asked in a low voice.

He was asking about the God Slaying Puppet that had been silent.

"Yes." The God Slaying Puppet nodded.

Huang Zhihu moved and walked forward quickly, the sword in her hand clenched.

"Don't leave without permission during the mission!" Not far away, a figure rushed over.

Guyang Gang, Chen Jinyu.

At this moment, Chen Jinyu was holding a long whip in his hand. The golden whip flashed with the sound of tearing the void.

This strike was actually going to leave Huang Zhihu behind.

"Go away."

Huang Zhihu unsheathed the sword in her hand and pulled the blade diagonally. The cold light from the sword directly cut off the golden whip.

This whip was not low-grade and was already a superior-grade numinous treasure. It was a treasure refined with Chen Jinyu's blood and sweat.

At this moment, the treasure was broken. Her body trembled and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

"How dare you!"

A voice sounded. A large black hand descended from the sky and grabbed at Huang Zhihu's head.

Huang Zhihu looked impatient and gripped the hilt of his sword.

"Hmph!" With a cold snort, a puff of flames rose above Huang Zhihu's head.

"Ssss—"

The flames burned through the black hand and rolled back, wrapping around the body of an old man in a black robe in the distance.

The old man panicked. He used all kinds of spells, treasures, and methods, but he could not extinguish the flames on his body.

"Help!"

"Senior Brother, save me—"

The old man screamed in panic.

The flames had an unimaginable heat and a strangeness that he could not put out.

In the distance, several streams of light descended. All kinds of spells and treasures fell, but they could not extinguish the flames at all.

"What fire is this?"

"It's at least an immortal flame!"

"Does Fenglin Stronghold want to become enemies with my Guyang Gang?"

The panicked crowd exclaimed.

Jin Huo snorted and raised his hand. The flames were retracted.

This flame was the Mystic Heaven Divine Fire that Han Muye had given him. It was the fire of destruction.

Not to mention these people from the Guyang Gang, even an Immortal Lord had to be careful.

"How dare you—"

With an advanced shout, a figure flew down and stood not far from Huang Zhihu.

"Commander Zhi Hu, if you have something on, go ahead. Our Guyang Gang has yet to reach the stage where we have to control our allies." Qi Yuanwu, who was holding a short spear in his hand, turned around and looked at the experts of the Guyang Gang.

"Everyone, if there's anything, I, Qi Yuanwu, will bear it."

Take care of it?

"Qi Yuanwu, can you handle the injuries suffered by Senior Brother Su Ji?" Chen Jinyu shouted, raising the broken whip in his hand, "My spiritual treasure has been broken—"

"You brought this on yourself," Qi Yuanwu shouted coldly.

"You—" Chen Jinyu's pale face turned red. He was about to speak when a sharp scream came from the distant sky.

"Swoosh—"

Dazzling sword light flashed, bringing with it a strong wind that wanted to tear the world apart.

As the sword light passed, another rumbling sound followed.

A clash of mighty powers!

The people below turned pale.

The most feared thing in the Heavenly Abyss was the clash of powerful beings, which could easily affect all sides.

When these powerhouses made their move, the stray sword energy might shatter the protective forces around countless people.

They were at least 10 days away from Ten Thousand Magnificence City. If their protective treasure was broken, they would only die here.

For a moment, everyone was terrified.

Huang Zhihu narrowed her eyes.

Was her adoptive father being pursued?

A murderous intent rose from her body.

The murderous intent soared into the sky, and the sword light was endless!

At this moment, the sword intent on her body broke through the deathly silence around her!

The black-armored phantom chasing after Han Muye paused, his protective battle intent triggered by this sword intent.

"It's over..."

When the Guyang Gang members and experts saw the black-armored phantom stop, their bodies trembled.

Just looking at such a powerful being was enough to make no one survive here!

"It's over. We're all going to die..." Chen Jinyu, who was in front of Qi Yuanwu, trembled and shouted hysterically.

Qi Yuanwu's face was also pale.

He did not understand why Huang Zhihu would participate in such a powerful clash.

"I'll do it."

Behind Huang Zhihu, the voice of a God Slaying Battle Puppet sounded.

"Boom—"

The God Slaying Puppet stepped into the void, triggering a burst of mighty wind. His figure was like a released arrow, instantly rushing towards the black-armored phantom in the sky.

"Bang!"

Without hesitation, he punched.

The black-armored phantom raised its hand to block.

Then his body was sent flying.

The God Slaying Puppet followed closely.

"Bang!"

A punch connected.

In the void, the thunderous sound of the punches echoed.

lightsnovel.com Below, whether it was the members of Guyang Gang or the disciples of Phoenix Forest Stronghold subdued by Huang Zhihu, all stood dumbfounded.

How powerful was this?

In a clash of mighty beings where everyone dared not move, this figure directly intervened and seemed to be suppressing the opponent?

It turned out that their side still had such a hidden expert...

Qi Yuanwu quietly turned his head and glanced at Huang Zhihu.

It was unimaginable that they had such a powerhouse hidden.

It seemed that he had made the right bet.

Looking at Chen Jinyu, his face was already pale, as if he was about to die.

He chuckled and walked to Huang Zhihu. "Commander Zhihu, is there anything I can help you with?"

Huang Zhihu gripped the hilt of her sword and shook her head.



She had already sensed that she was powerless to participate in the battle in the sky.

"Don't worry, Big Brother is so strong and has the help of the God Slayer. He'll be fine," Zhao Chen said softly.

Qi Yuanwu did not know who the big brother Zhao Chen was talking about was, but he knew that the silent expert who had attacked just now had been following behind Huang Zhihu and was known as the "Slaughter God".

### **Chapter 1415 Deja vu, Primordial Battle Armor! (3)**

From the looks of it, there are even stronger individuals behind Huang Zhihu and the others!

What exactly is their background?

"Buzz!"

A sword cry came from the void.

Then there was another roar.

Slowly, the sword light and the roar faded into the distance.

The Guyang Gang members looked at each other and dispersed with lingering fears.

When they looked at Huang Zhihu again, they looked much more careful.

lightsnovel.com As for the people of Phoenix Forest Stronghold, they were overjoyed.

There's actually such a powerful expert behind them!

At this moment, thousands of miles away, Han Muye swung his long sword, unleashing its sharp edge along with the God Slaying Battle Puppet, besieging the black-armored shadow.

The black-armored shadow had already activated a thick and silent power of death, transforming its entire body from illusion to reality.

Every punch of the God Slaying Battle Puppet had the supreme power to blast open the world.

In Heavenly Abyss, which was filled with the power of death, perhaps only a battle puppet could not be suppressed at all and its combat strength was not damaged at all.

No matter how solid the black-armored phantom was, it could not block the fist of the God Slaying Puppet.

With every strike, it was forced back.

Han Muye's sword light and the battle puppet's fist shadows were simply seamless, leaving the black-armored phantom with no room to turn around.

"Bang!"

The battle puppet punched the chest of the black-armored phantom, and the phantom trembled as if it was about to shatter.

"Roar—"

The black-armored phantom roared, and endless silent power surged, gathering the silent power in the surrounding world.

This power was so vast that it was like an abyssal sea, causing Han Muye and the battle puppet to temporarily retreat.

The power on the black-armored phantom expanded again, already suppressing before.

Immortal Lord Yuan She's face was pale, as if he had withered.

However, his eyes were filled with killing intent and violence.

He was controlled by the power of death.

This was Heavenly Abyss. Even an Immortal Lord might die.

At this moment, even if Immortal Lord Yuan She could return to Ten Thousand Magnificence City alive, he would become a walking corpse and be controlled by Black Armor.

"Kill..."

Immortal Lord Yuan She muttered in despair.

"I feel a familiar power." With a punch, the God Slaying Puppet shouted.

'A familiar power?'

Han Muye looked at the broken black armor and had a thought.

The two methods that the Black Armored Weapon Refinement Sect was best at.

Battle Puppet, Battle Armor.

Back then, the Black Armor Weapon Refining Sect had inherited the inheritance left behind by the Heaven-Changing Pavilion. The top battle puppets among them were the Primordial Battle Puppets that could dominate the calamity.

The armor inheritance must be extraordinary.

Therefore, this armor was also an inheritance of the Black Armor Weapon Refining Sect?

"Battle Puppet of Everlasting?"

"Hehe, long time no see, little thing," Immortal Lord Yuan She, who was wrapped in black armor, said. His voice was hoarse and rotten, as if it came from the abyss.

"Primordial Armor?" The God Slaying Battle Puppet seemed to finally remember the black armor in front of him and shouted, "Han kid, this is the Primordial Armor, on the same level as the Primordial Battle Puppet that dominated during the Calamity!"

On the same level as the Primordial Battle Puppet that dominated during the Calamity?

Han Muye was also stunned.

What kind of powerful being was this?

Even an Immortal Venerable mighty figure could not withstand a single strike from the Primordial Battle Puppet.

Then it shouldn't be difficult to kill an Immortal Venerable with this armor.

"Haha, there are actually memories from before the calamity. How rare." A voice came from the black armor, illusory and ethereal.

"This kid has a good body, and your soul is delicious.

"Submit to me."

The intermediate voice in the black armor was eager. The black phantom on it exploded and locked Immortal Lord Yuan She's body, slowly turning him into a skeleton.

"Slap..."

The sound of bones cracking could be heard.

Immortal Lord Yuan She's body turned into shattered bones.

If it was outside Heaven Abyss, the ability of an Immortal Lord would definitely not be so unbearable.

However, this was the Heavenly Abyss, the place where the myriad worlds fell.

Once one was tainted by the power of death, there was nothing they could do to reverse the situation.

Looking at the skeleton in front of him, Han Muye had a glimmer of understanding.

There was really no room for luck in cultivation.

If Immortal Lord Yuan She had not borrowed the power of this black armor, he would not have died.

"Be careful. The Primordial Armor is very strong." The God Slaying Battle Puppet's voice was solemn.

He took a step forward, and a faint golden light burst out of his body. A golden battle spear landed in his hand.

This battle spear was a battle weapon compatible with the battle puppet. It was comparable to an immortal treasure and could injure an Immortal Lord.

"Roar—"

The black-armored phantom seemed to be infuriated by the battle puppet's response, or perhaps it was the last obsession of Immortal Lord Yuan She. It roared angrily and pounced at the battle puppet.

"Clang—"

The spear collided with a black battle spear in Black Armor's hand.

The sound of weapons colliding spread in all directions.

At this moment, the power of death within a radius of 5,000 kilometers was triggered and turned into a vortex.

Han Muze was not far away, his expression extremely solemn.

The black-armored phantom was too powerful.

In Heavenly Abyss, this was its home ground.

"Hurry up and leave," the battle puppet shouted.

The battle puppet needed to consume immortal spiritual rocks and divine crystals. There were many of these things in reserve.

However, even though the God Slaying Battle Puppet had grown up in the Immortal Burial City for countless years, it was still at the Heavenly Desolate Realm.

It could not block the Primordial Battle Armor.

"Boom—"

The black-armored phantom attacked again, and the battle puppet retreated again.



Han Muye narrowed his eyes and whispered, "It's not that strong..."

It was not as strong as he had imagined.

This armor was Primordial Chaos Armor. It should have shattered the Primordial Realm battle puppet in one strike.

However, although the God Slaying Puppet was suppressed, it did not collapse.

Han Muye's gaze fell on the black-armored phantom.

The black-armored phantom was broken, and there was a spear wound on its chest. Its shoulder armor was also broken. It must have fallen with great force.

There are various wounds on the battle armor caused by stabbing and slashing with swords.

### **Chapter 1416 Deja vu, Primordial Battle Armor! (3)**

However, all the injuries were on his chest and abdomen. His back was unscathed.

"Kill—"

Sensing Han Muye's prying, the black-armored phantom shouted and rushed over.

Han Muye stabbed out with his sword and hit the black armor, unscathed.

He moved and turned to crash into the black mountain range below.

It was a mountain with a faint illusory shadow.

There were countless such mountains at the bottom of the Heavenly Abyss.

Ruins Realm.

Han Muye landed on the mountain and instantly fused into it.

The battle puppet behind him hesitated for a moment before stepping in.

lightsNovel com "Pa!"

The black-armored phantom punched down and collided with the illusory black mountain range, causing a loud bang.

The Ruins Realm was formed by the power of death and other calamities that had yet to disappear, fusing with the obsession of the soul of a mighty figure.

The power of the Ruins Realm and the power of death were repulsive and wanted to attract each other, but they came from the same source.

The black-armored phantom's attack collided with the mountain and was directly absorbed.

"He entered the Ruins Realm with his real body?"

The black-armored phantom muttered.

"Alright, then I'll enter the Ruins Realm and kill you."

"Everything you have is mine."

He crashed into the Ruins Realm, leaving only a broken black armor that quietly fused into the mountains and disappeared.

When Han Muye landed in the Ruins Realm, he had already sensed the situation here.

The power of the Ruins Realm was about to be exhausted, and it was difficult to condense the Heavenly Abyss Pearl. Even the various resources were basically exhausted.

This place was only a few days away from Ten Thousand Magnificence City. If not for the fact that there were no benefits, countless people would have come.

The power of heaven and earth in this Ruins Realm could only be maintained for about 300 times the time in the outside world. The place was even smaller, only a million miles wide.

This was much weaker than the Tiger Spirit Ruins Realm that had existed for 10,000 years.

In this Ruins Realm, the strongest power could only be a peak Heaven Immortal?

Han Muye, who had entered the Ruins Realm with his real body, smiled.

That made things easier.

"Boohoo—"

The voices of a group of wild monkeys could be heard. Han Muye looked around and his gaze landed on a pale golden monkey.

When he stepped into this place just now, he deliberately followed closely behind the soul of the Puppet Fighter.

The soul of the battle puppet was the remnant soul of Wu Zhiqi back then and had its own consciousness.

At this moment, his soul transformed into a golden monkey.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand, guiding the little monkey onto his arm.

"This place is beautiful, how about calling it Flower Fruit Mountain?" He looked at the little monkey and said, "So, what should I call you?"

"Sun Wuju. How about it?"

In any case, the little monkey did not know how to speak. If he said that Sun Wuju was not afraid, so be it.

In the Ruins Realm, Han Muye led the little monkey around.

There were three dynasties in the Ruins Realm, and there were a few cultivation forces.

When he entered the Heavenly Tang Empire, he first trained in the martial world and became known as the Heavenly Sword Venerable. Then, he stepped into the royal court and became a consecrated figure of the Heavenly Tang Empire.

In 60 years, the name of the Heavenly Sword Venerable spread throughout Heavenly Tang. Among the three countries, he was invincible.

A hundred years later, Heavenly Sword Venerable no longer took action. The golden boy under him, Sun Wuju, walked the martial world with his sword.

Heavenly Tang, Mystic Qin, Mochu.

In the martial world of the three countries, Sun Wuju fought with his sword alone.

A fearless Sword Sage.

This was the name Sun Wuju had left behind in a hundred years.

A hundred years later, Sun Wuju returned with his sword.

In the Heavenly Tang City, by the side of the Xuanyuan Sword Pool, a young man in a white robe stood with a sword on his back.

Beside him was a burly man in black armor.

"Luo Kun, don't worry. My master is actually very easygoing.

"In my hundred years of traveling the martial world, you're the only one who has my temper.

"I brought you into my master's sect. In the future, your cultivation and strength might surpass mine."

The young man looked relaxed as he looked at the three-story attic behind the Sword Pool in front of him.

In the attic, Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged, opened his eyes.

His gaze fell on the black-armored man.

Primordial armor.

Interesting.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet did not have its own memories after entering the Ruins Realm because it was formed by Wu Zhiqi's remnant soul.

From the looks of it, the phantom in the Primordial Armor should also be the remnant soul of some powerful being?

"After returning from the sword martial world, you're still a young man. You're fearless. Have you comprehended anything after a hundred years of cultivation?"

Han Muye moved and landed on the sword pool, hovering in mid-air.

"I have some understanding." Sun Wuju nodded.

"They're all too weak. How boring."

He looked at Han Muye and spoke very seriously.

Beside him, the black-armored man grinned.

"All right, from today on, I will teach you the true art of cultivation." With a single sentence, Han Muye made Sun Wuju and the big man in black armor light up.

"Do you want to learn too?" Han Muye asked, looking at the big man in black armor.

The big man eagerly nodded.

Han Muye glanced at the two of them and said calmly, "Tell me, what do you want to learn?"

#### **Chapter 1417 Reintegration Rules, Refining the Primordial Armor**

'What do you want to learn?'

Sun Wuju looked confused.

"Well, senior, no, master, I want to become stronger." Luo Kun, taking a deep breath, looked towards Han Muye and hesitantly spoke.



"I..." Sun Wuju shook his head and said in a low voice, "I want longevity."

Longevity.

Luo Kun turned to look at Sun Wuju and was stunned for a moment.

Is there such a thing as longevity in this world?

"Becoming stronger and seeking longevity," Han Muze nodded, "they are not contradictory.

"Not strong enough, how can one achieve longevity?"

"Since seeking longevity, one must naturally be perpetually strong."

Han Muze raised his hand, and the water in the sword pool in front of him shone.

This was the activation of the power of heaven and earth, radiating an awe-inspiring force.

At this moment, the entire world shook.

Sun Wuju and Luo Kun had cultivated in the Sword Pool for 10 years.

After 10 years, Luo Kun returned to Mystic Qin, and Sun Wuju presided over the Heavenly Tang Sword Pool, and took over Han Muye's position as the Heavenly Tang Guardian.

Han Muye floated down the river on a boat and entered Mochu.

The lone boat floated down the river aimlessly.

Until it docked at a small fishing village.

Outside the fishing village, a group of children gathered around a half-foot-long wooden boat.

"Xu Jue, this is too dangerous."

"Yeah, where in the world is a boat that can move without sails and oars?"

The children anxiously advised the 11 or 12-year-old boy on the small boat.

But the boy was unmoved, raised his hand, and slapped the rear of the small wooden boat.

In the stern, there was a creaking sound of wood hitting wood. Then the leaves under the boat spun, pushing the boat towards the center of the river.

The boat was not fast, but it really had no sails, and no one was rowing or paddling.

"Really, there's no need for oars..." Looking at the boy sitting leisurely at the bow of the boat, the children shouted excitedly.

"Xu Jue, amazing."

The boy at the bow stood up and extended his hands with a smile. "See? I, Xu Jue, want to become the strongest craftsman in the world—"

As soon as he finished speaking, the boat swayed and he fell into the river.

"Hurry up and save—"

"It's over. Xu Jue is a landlubber!"

....

When Xu Jue woke up, he was already on a small boat.

In front of him, the green-robed Han Muye was holding a green bamboo fishing rod and leisurely fishing.

"Thank you, sir, for saving my life."

Xu Jue, who had rolled over, bowed to Han Muye.

Han Muye turned to look at him.

This glance seemed to be able to see through his soul.

"Do you like these craftsmen's techniques very much?" Han Muye pointed at the half-broken wooden boat hanging by the boat.

It was the rear half of the wooden boat, still connected to a few pieces of wooden leaves.

Xu Jue nodded.

"Good," Han Muye looked at him and said softly, "I'll take you to the Mochu Academy and let you apprentice under the divine craftsman Qu Tianyang.

"In a century, if you can become a new divine craftsman, come find me at the Heavenly Tang Sword Pool."

The light boat moved forward, and Han Muye taught Xu Jue some cultivation techniques.

Three months later, Han Muye left the imperial capital of Mochu and wandered the world.

Xu Jue cultivated in the Mochu Academy and under the number one person in Mochu, the Divine Craftsman, Qu Tianyang.

Thirty years later, the Mystic Qin Army swept through the world.

The Mystic Qin Ninth Prince, the Mystic Qin Battle God Luo Kun, led a million troops to sweep through Tiantang.

The Heavenly Tang army retreated in defeat.

From the Heavenly Tang Guardian, Sun Wuju, took action and fought with Luo Kun at the Sword Pool, but in the end, Sun Wujue was seriously injured and departed.

Half of the Heavenly Tang was destroyed, and the guardian Sun Wujue escorted the imperial son to Mochu.

Ten years later, the Mystic Qin army set out for Mochu, facing each other across the river with the Mochu and Heavenly Tang armies.

In this battle, the new Divine Craftsman of Mochu, Xu Jue, displayed his might. A hundred iron-armored warships attacked and knocked the million-strong Mystic Qin army down the river.

Luo Kun, who had already inherited the throne of Mystic Qin, was furious. He personally led 100,000 Mystic Qin Iron Cavalry, traveled 500 miles, and arrived at the river.

Sun Wuju and Xu Jue joined forces, but they could not stop the Mystic Qin army, nor could they stop the overwhelmingly powerful Luo Kun.

But this battle was forced to stop a day later.

Several people who claimed to be from the Lingxiao Heavenly Sect attacked and injured Luo Kun before taking Sun Wuju and Xu Jue away.

In order to stop them from taking Sun Wuju away, Luo Kun attacked with all his might, but in the end, he was no match and fled with heavy injuries.

Without Luo Kun's suppression, the Mystic Qin collapsed, and the flames of war rose in the country.

"Master, I was wrong." In front of the Sword Pool, Luo Kun, who was covered in broken iron armor, bowed and knelt, touching the ground with his head.

"Oh?" Han Muye, who had arrived at some point, said calmly, "Tell me, what did you do wrong?"

Luo Kun raised his head, his eyes seemingly about to emit flames. "My mistake is that I haven't become powerful or attained longevity, but I'm already arrogant and don't know it.

"Being unafraid of the longevity I seek is the true Great Dao."

He would live forever before becoming invincible.

But he was not invincible before attaining longevity.

If he wanted to be invincible, he had to kill countless enemies.

This process was arduous.

"Actually, you're not wrong." Han Muye shook his head and looked into the distance.

"The mistake is that you're not strong enough."

Luo Kun bowed and shouted, "Master, please save Wuju.

"In this life, he's my only brother."

Looking up, he saw Han Muye looking at him.

Han Muye's gaze seemed to transmigrate the power of time and space.

Luo Kun seemed to have seen something and comprehended something from this gaze, but when he wanted to see it clearly, it was as if it was covered by a fog.

"Let's go."

Han Muye muttered and raised his hand. Thousands of sword lights flashed and flew out of the Sword Pool, turning into a 10,000-foot sword dragon.

Han Muye flew onto the head of the sword dragon and reached out to guide Luo Kun to land behind him. The sword dragon let out a long sword cry and rushed into the sky.

#### **Chapter 1418 Reintegration Rules, Refining the Primordial Armor (2)**

A long dragon traversed the world, from the Sword Pool all the way to the shores of the Eastern Sea.

The entire world was stunned by this scene.

"Senior Heavenly Sword!"

"It's the Heavenly Tang Guardian, and the Mystic Qin Emperor—"

Countless people looked up and exclaimed.



"Are there really immortals in this world..."

This time, everyone witnessed the presence of immortals up close.

Standing on the horizontally suspended long sword, wasn't that an immortal?

"Boom—"

Endless swordlight broke through a barrier in the sky.

Spiritual light flashed above the Eastern Sea, and immortal energy surged.

"Which demonic being dares to attack my Lingxiao Heavenly Sect?" a majestic voice echoed.

Countless warriors in golden armor flew towards the scene.

The long dragon of swordlight roared, shattering the golden-armored formation.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a long sword landed in his hand.

With a wave of his hand, the swordlight cut through the sea ahead, creating waves that spread for miles.

This strike made the remaining golden-armored warriors tremble and retreat.

On the way, Luo Kun was already astonished by Han Muye's methods.

This was an unprecedented power of immortality!

This was the power of an immortal that had never been seen in the world!

"To dare to take away even my disciple, your Lingxiao Heavenly Sect doesn't need to be left alive."

Han Muye's voice rang out.

One man, one sword.

Every swing of the swordlight caused the earth and sky to shatter.

On a solitary island three thousand miles away, golden light turned into a curtain, beneath which stood an extensive hall.

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

In front of the hall, Xu Jue, who had lost his arms, knelt.

"Master, fearless senior brother, he was—" Xu Jue spat out a mouthful of blood, his body limp on the ground.

In Han Muye's eyes, a killing intent flickered. With a thrust of his sword, the barrier blocking his way shattered.

"Despicable—"

"Our Lingxiao Heavenly Sect is in charge of this world. Its dignity cannot be violated!"

"Ancestors in the heavens, our Lingxiao Heavenly Sect has held the dao for millions of years, and now, in the face of evildoers, we pledge to die—"

Figures rushed towards Han Muye and the long sword light.

They were willing to die, as if seeking a swift end.

Han Muye's sword did not pause for a moment.

With one swing, it shattered these figures and the hall behind them.

What immortal? What person? It was just a sword.

After shattering the hall, he paused slightly.

In the hall, a 30-foot-tall alchemy furnace emitted a radiant glow.

"Five Elements Furnace..."

How similar was this to the Five Elements Furnace in his hands?

Back then, Wu Zhiqi was suppressed under the Five Elements Furnace.

Luo Kun leaped into the air, kicking the alchemy furnace.

Within the furnace, a faint red halo fell.

"Master..."

Sun Wuju's voice came from within the halo.

"No fear!" Luo Kun gritted his teeth and stared at Sun Wuju, who was only left with a ball of light.

"Master, I finally understand," Sun Wuju's ethereal figure emerged from the halo.

He looked at Luo Kun, then at Han Muye, who had landed in front of him, and said softly, "Longevity is not what I seek.

"I just want to be a human."

Raising his head, he looked at the sky with a smile on his face. "Being human is truly wonderful..."

As his words fell, his figure slowly dissipated.

"Master, please save Wuju!" Luo Kun looked at Han Muye in panic.

Far away, Xu Jue, who had lost both arms, also showed a look of urgency.

"Do you both want to save him?" Han Muye looked at Luo Kun and Xu Jue.

They both nodded quickly.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a golden bead landed in his palm.

Heavenly Abyss Pearl.

There was no longer a Heavenly Abyss Pearl in this world.

Han Muye clenched his fist, and the Heavenly Abyss Pearl shattered, releasing its power into the world.

This power infused into the dissolving figure of Sun Wuju, making him seem more solid.

Han Muye raised his hand, and countless Heavenly Abyss Pearls appeared.

"Take care of these Heavenly Abyss Pearls."

"Whether he can be saved depends on you."

Han Muye said softly and disappeared.

Luo Kun and Xu Jue looked at the Heavenly Abyss Pearls in front of them and then at the only remaining phantom of Sun Wujue.

300 years passed, and Han Muye had not returned.

But the world's forces were constantly changing.

50,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls merged into the world, revitalizing it.

One hundred years ago, at the former site of Lingxiao Heavenly Palace in the Eastern Sea, a spirit pool appeared.

A hundred years later, within the spiritual pool, over a hundred green lotus plants blossomed.

Five hundred years later, this world had become a radiant place.

The cultivation methods spread from the Eastern Sea created numerous cultivators in this realm.

The legacy of Qi Refiners reappeared.

When Han Muye returned to the Lingxiao Heavenly Palace, he saw Sun Wuju, Luo Kun, and Xu Jue.

At this moment, Sun Wujue looked handsome, with a long sword on his back and silver battle armor.

Luo Kun was clad in black armor, exuding a profound aura.

As for Xu Jue, he had golden wooden arms, agile and extraordinary.

Seeing Han Muye again, the expressions of the three were incredibly complex.

"Senior God Slayer, it's time to leave." Han Muye looked at Sun Wuju and spoke softly.

Sun Wuju nodded.

He turned to look at Luo Kun.

"Are you really not leaving?"

Hearing his words, Luo Kun nodded and laughed. "I'm not leaving."

His gaze fell on Xu Jue, and there was a hint of emotion in Luo Kun's expression.

"From now on, I'll stay in this realm."

He reached out, and in the palm of his hand was a black scale.

It was a scale from the Primordial Armor.

"I fell before the 11th heavenly tribulation, leaving only my remnant soul in the Primordial Armor."

"Later, the force of death and silence eroded, and my divine soul lost consciousness."



Luo Kun remembered his own memories.

Entering the Ruins Realm, he escaped the suppression of the force of death and silence.

In this realm's cultivation, unconsciously, his memories awakened.

### **Chapter 1419 Reintegration Rules, Refining the Primordial Armor (3)**

"Just as one seeks fearlessly, living, being human, is truly good," Luo Kun said softly.

"The Primordial Armor contains the power of deathly silence. Master, be careful."

With this scale, it is possible to collect the damaged Primordial Armor, but the power of deathly silence within the Primordial Armor is extremely strong. Whether it can be collected is still unknown.

"Master, if one day I can refine a war puppet that can leave this place, I will go with Luo Kun to find you," Xu Jue said quietly, looking at Han Muye.

He was born in this world. It was impossible for him to leave.

He raised his hand, and a green-black jade ruler appeared in his palm.

This jade ruler is illusory, with a mysterious aura.

Origin.

This jade ruler carried the origin power of this world.

Originally, the source of this world was about to dissipate, and it was Han Muye who brought it back from the brink of collapse with the Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

Looking at Xu Jue, Han Muye nodded.

Xu Jue was the incarnation of the powerful soul force in this realm.

Three years later, Han Muye and Sun Wuju left this world.

When they appeared on the black mountain range of the Heavenly Abyss, their expressions were complicated.

"I think some memories might be true." The God Slaying Puppet stood beside Han Muye and said in a deep voice.

"It's as if I've been through all this before."

Han Muye didn't know how to answer him.

This journey in the Ruins Realm, like a dream, seemed to contain unimaginable mysteries.

This was an intangible situation.

He did not know if the existence of the Ruins Realm was due to the inability of the force of fate to be destroyed or intentionally left behind.

"Buzz!"

The jade ruler in his hand moved slightly and turned into a green mysterious aura.

This aura fused into his fingertips. Just like the other auras, it collided with the power of the calamity and turned into rules.

In this way, Han Muye already had control over four Rule Forces.

The previous rules were obtained from the hands of Immortal Venerables Minghe and Blood River Immortal Venerable, and the Sky-reaching Tree.

These rules are all fused with the power of fate and can differentiate into the power of the world.

To Immortal Venerables, this was the foundation of their cultivation.

With the power of four rules, Han Muye was qualified to face an Immortal Venerable head-on.

Putting away the Rule Force, he took a deep breath and took out the black scales that Luo Kun had given him.

Immortal energy poured in, and the black scales trembled.

In front of him, a broken black armor appeared.

Only then did the armor appear, and endless power of death crashed towards his body.

Around Han Muye, the power of the calamity and blood qi surged and wrapped around the black armor.

"Senior, please protect me.

"I'm going to refine this armor."

--

In ten years, there have been tremendous changes in the first level of Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

The originally three-way power struggle in the first level of Ten Thousand Magnificence City was disrupted.

Phoenix Forest Stronghold, which was affiliated with the Guyang Gang but did not join it, led 100,000 sword cultivators and swept through the entire first floor.

No matter which power it was, they were no match for the army of sword cultivators.

Even the experts from the second and even the third floors were defeated.

Fortunately, the Phoenix Forest Stronghold had no intention of controlling the first level.

After the army swept through, the 100,000 sword cultivators stepped into the second floor under the lead of Yunduan.

Accompanying them were some elite experts from the original Guyang Gang.

Under the instigation of Qi Yuanwu, these people pledged allegiance to the command of the Phoenix Forest Stronghold and fought for it under the leadership of Huang Zhihu.

In the cultivation world, attaching oneself to a stronger force was an ironclad rule.

The Phoenix Forest Stronghold's entry into the second level aroused fears from all sides.

But Huang Zhihu and the others didn't care.

The resources in their hands were enough to equip a powerful army.

As long as they practiced a little more, they could rise within the second level.

In less than 10 years, they would be qualified to enter the third floor.

In Ten Thousand Magnificence City, with the assistance of the Tianyuan Bead and the treasures found in those realms, Huang Zhihu and the others quickly improved their cultivation.

Huang Zhihu personally went to one of the realms, and the kind of enlightenment through the separation of a clone was exactly what she needed.

They had suffered before because their cultivation time was too short, and their state of mind was not deep enough.

In recent years, most of her time was spent in the realms, searching for treasures and opportunities, and honing her own spiritual and mental state.

Phoenix Forest City.

This was the name of the Phoenix Forest Stronghold army on the second floor.

Now the master of Phoenix Forest City, Yun Duan, who commanded 300,000 troops, was in the city.

Huang Zhihu's army of sword cultivators was here, and her command tent was also here.

"Uncle Zhao, why are you in a hurry to call us back?" Huang Zhihu, who had strode back to the military tent, looked at Zhao Chen and frowned.

Zhao Chen looked anxious. He raised his hand and placed a golden light in the military tent to block the investigation from the outside world. Then he said in a low voice, "Big Brother hasn't returned. Someone in Ten Thousand Magnificence City wants to harm Sister-in-law and the others."

"Someone wants to harm Aunt Wan and the others?" Huang Zhihu's body emitted a flash of sword intent, and it seemed that there were sword lights bursting in her eyes.

Zhao Chen nodded.

For ten years, Han Muye and the God Slaying Battle Puppet had not returned.

Huang Zhihu and her companions were still doing well. The sword cultivator army's combat prowess was steadily increasing. With the aid of the sword array, even Golden Immortals dared not underestimate Huang Zhihu.

The golden flames were particularly fearsome. The moment they were unleashed, they became apocalyptic flames, instilling fear in everyone.

On the third level, he had once clashed with a Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal, who ultimately returned defeated and pallid.

While Huang Zhihu and her companions could hold their ground, Cloud Dragon Pavilion on the third level attracted the covetous attention of many formidable foes.

Especially the pills sold in Cloud Dragon Pavilion, which could allow individuals to stay in the Heavenly Abyss for a hundred days, became the focal point of countless experts vying for it.

In recent years, Zhao Chen had frequently visited the third level, delivering some swords to Cloud Dragon Pavilion to stay informed about the situation there.

#### **Chapter 1420 Reintegration Rules, Refining the Primordial Armor (4)**

Han Muye had not returned. Under the Immortal Sect, disciple Hu Yunlong took the lead to preside over the Cloud Dragon Pavilion.

Originally, Han Muye had gone on a mission with Hu Yunlong and others. Later, he was intercepted by an Immortal Lord, leading to the loss of the Heavenly Abyss.

Hu Yunlong and others also considered friendship. Once back in Ten Thousand Magnificence City, they guarded the Cloud Dragon Pavilion, protecting Mu Wan and others brought by Han Muye.

However, recently, several forces on the fourth level made their move, and both Hu Yunlong and the forces behind him couldn't withstand the pressure.

"Immortal Venerable disciple Jin Yuntian threatened to flatten the Cloud Dragon Pavilion.



"And the Zhenyang Tower from the fourth level appeared, asking for an explanation from the Cloud Dragon Pavilion. The fall of their elder was related to the big brother."

Jin Yuntian was the disciple of an Immortal Venerable, at the Zenith Heaven Realm.

Several Immortal Lords had died in the Zhenyang Tower.

Jin Yuntian's avatar had been killed by Han Muye in the Ruins Realm. Now, he wanted to use this as an excuse to blame them.

The former Immortal Monarch of Zhenyang Tower was such a powerful force that the Yunlong Pavilion, without Han Muye, couldn't resist.

Such a large faction was not something that Yun Longxuan could resist without Han Muye presiding over it.

Zhao Chen was in a hurry to find Huang Zhihu because of this.

"The current plan is either to find Sister-in-law and the others to kill their way out of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, or—"

Before Zhao Chen could finish, Huang Zhihu shook her head and said, "That's impossible. Without the protection of experts, we can't kill our way out."

Even if Huang Zhihu and the others' cultivation levels increased rapidly, they were still unable to deal with Immortal Lord experts.

An Immortal Lord expert could wipe them out and quietly die in Heaven Abyss.

Zhao Chen looked at Huang Zhihu and lowered his voice. "Then exchange the pill formula for the protection of the Immortal Venerable."

The other parties coveted the Stabilizing Pill because they could tell that there was no one behind the Cloud Dragon Pavilion.

If the person behind the Cloud Dragon Pavilion was an Immortal Venerable, who would dare to move?

Zhao Chen had been in the business Dao for a long time and could tell the pros and cons at a glance.

"Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan?" Huang Zhihu's eyes flashed.

In Ten Thousand Magnificence City, the strongest person was Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan.

As long as he gave the formula for the Stabilizing Pill to Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan, not only would no one dare to covet it anymore, but he could also use the power of the Immortal Venerable to find Han Muye.

"No." Huang Zhihu shook her head.

No?

Zhao Chen was taken aback.

"The Immortal Venerable won't care about the conflict between his disciples, nor will he care about the battles between the various parties in the city.

"Even if we give up everything, we're just useless things in his eyes."

Huang Zhihu said softly.

An Immortal Venerable was no longer something outsiders could figure out.

Zhao Chen nodded thoughtfully.

Indeed, with his experience, he was taking it for granted to scheme against an Immortal Venerable.

"Uncle Zhao, help me contact Senior Yang Dingtian."

Huang Zhihu narrowed her eyes, and the sword intent on her body surged.

Yang Dingtian?

On the way to Ten Thousand Magnificence City, Yang Dingtian had said that Huang Zhihu and the others could look for him if they needed anything.

Now, Yang Dingtian was already domineering on the fourth floor. The sword cultivators of the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect in the Scarlet Heaven Immortal World were strong enough, and the two Immortal Lord sword cultivators who came with Yang Dingtian were also powerful.

According to the calculations of all parties, Yang Dingtian probably had a motive in Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

"Alright, I'll go find Yang Dingtian." Zhao Chen took a deep breath and strode out of the military tent.

"Boom—"

A sword light rose from the tent and exploded.

"Boohoo—"

The horn sounded.

The army gathered.

Golden Fire had yet to return to the Ruins Realm. Yunduan presided over Phoenix Forest City, and summoned the army that had gathered in the Heavenly Abyss to accept the mission.

A day later, the 20,000 sword cultivators in Phoenix Forest City stepped onto the third floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City with Huang Zhihu.

"Boom—"

On Garden Street, in front of Yun Longxuan, Hu Yunlong was punched back by an old man in a green robe in front of him.

His face turned pale and he spat out a mouthful of golden blood. His aura declined.

"Hu Yunlong, you can't protect them." Behind the old man in the green robe, Jin Yuntian, wearing a golden robe and a fierce expression, spoke with gritted teeth.

"You killed my clone and ruined my plan. I want all of them to pay the price."

He pointed towards the Yunlong Pavilion behind Hu Yunlong.

At the entrance of the Yunlong Pavilion, Lu Gao, Lin Shen, and others held their swords, standing still, waiting.

Hu Yunlong's expression changed, but he did not retreat.

If he retreated today, all the previous efforts would be in vain.

Not to mention the gains Han Muye had brought in the Ruins Realm, even the fact that he and the experts behind him had contributed to the death of Immortal Lord Yuan She.

As long as Han Muye returned alive, there would definitely be unimaginable rewards.

Moreover, back then, Chu Ling, a Golden Immortal, brought the origin of the Ruins Realm to offer to the Immortal Sect.

With such merits, the Immortal Sect would not sit idly by and let the people behind Han Muye fall.

"Jin Yuntian, if it weren't for relying on the power of Senior Jinwu, you wouldn't be worth mentioning."  
A middle-aged man in a black robe behind Hu Yunlong snorted.

Hearing his words, Jin Yuntian laughed, took a step forward, and his blood surged.

"You're right. I came this time with the consent of Senior Jinwu.

"I want to take away the people in the Cloud Dragon Pavilion and the pill formula."

Senior Jinwu!

Hu Yunlong and the other disciples under the Immortal Sect were shocked.

Senior Jinwu, an Immortal Sect disciple at the peak Zenith Heaven Golden Immortal realm!

Such a powerful figure came forward to snatch the prescription.

"Hu Yunlong, step aside." Jin Yuntian waved his hand casually and spoke lightly.