

## **Pavilion 1431**

### **Chapter 1431 You Know Too Much (3)**

As soon as he finished speaking, a loud explosion sounded between heaven and earth.

In an instant, a myriad of sword lights filled the sky!

Endless sword lights came from beyond the heavens and earth, shattering the entire world. Then, like endless meteors, they enveloped the huge snake transformed by Zhenyang Immortal Lord and the golden hammer above its head.

Endless sword lights came from beyond the heavens!

After staying in Ten Thousand Magnificence City for a long time, he only had eyes for Ten Thousand Magnificence City, but he had completely forgotten that Ten Thousand Magnificence City was just a city in the Heavenly Abyss.

Ten Thousand Magnificence City meant nothing outside the Heavenly Abyss.

Golden sword lights converged, forming a giant golden sword.

"With the Heavenly Sun Sword as a guide, I nurtured the power of the blazing sun for thousands of years.

"If my sword light goes against the flow in the dead land, its power increases tenfold.

"Unless you, Immortal Lord Zhenyang, have 10 times my strength, you will definitely die today."

A powerful Immortal Lord, destined to die!

He killed an Immortal Lord with one strike!

Among those of the same level, he was invincible.

How many people in the world possessed such means?

The surrounding cultivators all widened their eyes, staring at the slowly dissipating sword lights.

As the sword lights dissipated, Immortal Lord Zhenyang was nowhere to be seen.

Fallen!

Immortal Lord Zhenyang, the fourth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City's Zhenyang Building. Such a powerful force, yet it couldn't withstand a single sword!

Yang Dingtian, a powerhouse in the world, a master of the Sword Dao, was the real powerhouse!

Many people quietly turned their heads and looked at Du Yiran and others in the distance, who had gloomy faces.

Without Immortal Lord Zhenyang in the Zhenyang Building, even if there were still three other Immortal Lords, it was already impossible for them to exist.

With his hands behind his back, Yang Dingtian looked up at Gao Duanyue not far ahead.

"He's a disciple of an Immortal Venerable, but he doesn't dare to face me directly. What a joke."

Gao Duanyue's expression changed. He wanted to fly forward, but he suddenly stopped.

Killing intent flashed in his eyes as he stared at Yang Dingtian. "Are you here for me today?"

Yang Dingtian's combat strength had surpassed Immortal Lord Zhenyang by countless times. He should have attacked earlier or later, but he chose to attack now. Gao Duanyue was not stupid.

His eyes widened as his thoughts raced.

"You, and them!"

Why was he the only one here today?

Why did Third Senior Brother only arrange for him to come?

Conspiracy!

He flew up, and a golden armor appeared on his body. A golden saber in his hand exuded the power to shatter the void as he slashed down.

In front of him, a golden door of light appeared. He took a step forward and entered the door of light.

He had escaped!

An Immortal Lord mighty figure, a mighty figure who controlled Ten Thousand Magnificence City, had fled without even attacking!

How was this possible?

That was the disciple of an Immortal Venerable, the leader of the Ten Thousand Magnificence City!

Yang Dingtian laughed and thrust his sword. A golden torrent was triggered and crashed into the door of light that was about to close.

"Girl, I'll leave the matters here to you."

As his voice fell, he rushed straight into the door of light.

Seeing Yang Dingtian rush into the door of light, Huang Zhihu looked ahead.

In front, Du Yiran, Cao Jianqiu, and the others' faces were pale.

Around him, countless cultivators turned to look.

At the Zhenyang Building.

Zhenyang Building without an Immortal Lord!

"Boom—"

An immortal light smashed down from the Essence Transformation Cauldron.

At this moment, countless immortal lights rushed towards Zhenyang Building.

The wall collapsed, and the crowd pushed!

There was no need for Huang Zhihu to take action. The Zhenyang Building would definitely be destroyed that day!

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"Buzz!"

In the void outside Ten Thousand Magnificence City, a golden light flashed.

Gao Duanyue, who was holding a long saber, landed with a panicked expression.

After getting his bearings a little, he took a step forward.

However, he had only taken a step when a sword light slashed down in front of him.

"Clang—"

The golden sword light turned into a torrent, knocking away the long saber and shattering his armor.

However, when the torrent dissipated, there was only a broken armor and half a long saber in the void. The aura of an Immortal Lord was gone.

Yang Dingtian appeared from the void with a long sword in his hand and a look of disdain on his face.

"An Immortal Venerable's disciple is so timid."

He gripped his sword and was about to turn when he paused slightly.

The void trembled, and the powers of heaven and earth gathered.

Ahead, six figures were standing there.

"The fifth disciple of an Immortal Venerable who is in seclusion, a Sword Dao expert, and an Immortal Lord Sheng Yao."

"Immortal Venerable's disciples, Immortal Lord Zhi Ling, Immortal Lord Bai Ji, Immortal Lord Wu Sheng, Immortal Lord Tai Yan, and Immortal Lord Zhi Yang."

Yang Dingtian raised the sword in his hand and smiled, his eyes flashing with solemnity.

"Six Immortal Lords, you really think highly of me."

As soon as he finished speaking, a sword light rose.

The golden sword light turned into a torrent and triggered the power of the sword light.

Sword cultivators never spoke nonsense.

"Boom—"

The sword light collided with the six rays of immortal light.

A thousand miles away, Gao Duanyue, covered in tatters, and with a pale face, turned around and looked at the flashing Immortal light.

"Hmph, an outsider like you dares—"

Before he could finish his words, he shook violently and looked to his side.

Not far away, Immortal Lord Zhu Huan stood with his hands behind his back.

"Senior Brother."

Gao Duanyue quickly lowered his head and bowed respectfully.

"Thank you, Senior Brother, for coming to the rescue."



He looked respectful.

He didn't know if it was his Senior Brother's scheme that almost killed him, or if he had just happened to be there.

Fortunately, he had already escaped, but Yang Dingtian was surrounded.

With six Immortal Lords, no matter how strong Yang Dingtian was, it was impossible for him to break out.

He was dead meat!

"Hmph, you fled in panic in front of outsiders. You've embarrassed my Ten Thousand Magnificence City and Master." Immortal Lord Zhu Huan did not turn his head and only looked at the void in front of him.

Gao Duanyue's expression changed slightly as he said in a low voice, "Senior Brother, I was weak."

At this point, he looked up and gritted his teeth. "Senior Brother, leave Yang Dingtian's soul to me. I won't let him die even if I have to—"

#### **Chapter 1432 You Know Too Much (4)**

Gao Duanyue, who wanted to say more, suddenly trembled.

He sensed the killing intent coming from his side.

It was strong, pure killing intent!

He slowly turned around and saw a golden and black demon-subduing staff in Immortal Lord Zhu Huan's hand.

The God Slaying Demon-Suppression Staff!

This was a treasure left by the master, the ultimate treasure that suppressed the entire Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

Within this Demon Suppression Staff was sealed the power controlling the entire Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

With this treasure in hand, Immortal Lord Zhu Huan was invincible.

"Senior Brother, you, you—"

Gao Duanyue couldn't believe that his senior brother would have murderous intent towards him.

Zhu Huan pointed the Demon Suppression Staff at Gao Duanyue with a calm expression. "Junior Brother Gao, if you don't die, how can we have a reason to encircle Yang Dingtian?"

"He's not without backing."

Gao Duanyue's eyes widened and he trembled all over.

He retreated in panic. "Zhu Huan, you're crazy. Master won't let you off if you kill your fellow disciples.

"Last time, I even gave you the origin power. Why would you—"

At this point, shock flashed across his face. "You, you want to replace Master!"

"Boom—"

The answer to him was the thunderous sound of the black and gold Demon Suppression Staff falling.

In the endless void, the interweaving of the silent death aura was stirred by the Demon Suppression Staff, forming a vortex.

The fifth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City shook. After the golden power was extracted, it returned as a nourishment.

The cultivation strength of an Immortal Lord was completely transformed into the power of the array.

Gao Duanyue, the eighth disciple of Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan, died.

"You know too much."

Immortal Lord Zhu Huan sneered as he retracted the Demon Suppression Staff.

Then he moved and rushed towards the void.

"Yang Dingtian killed Junior Brother Gao Duanyue. Junior Brothers, you can't let this lunatic Yang Dingtian go—"

Zhu Huan's voice was filled with rage, causing ripples in the void.

Gao Duanyue had died!

Countless divine senses flickered and intertwined rapidly.

The disciple of Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan of Ten Thousand Magnificence City had died!

This was a major event that affected the entire Ten Thousand Magnificence City!

In the surrounding world, many experts retreated.

Ten Thousand Magnificence City would inevitably besiege Yang Dingtian.

If Yang Dingtian wasn't killed today, the prestige of Ten Thousand Magnificence City would suffer a great blow.

As long as Yang Dingtian died here that day, Ten Thousand Magnificence City would still be Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

"Boom—"

As the Demon Suppression Staff, carrying the mighty power to shatter the heavens and the earth, split the silence, it triggered the array of Ten Thousand Magnificence City to turn into an arrow, shooting towards Yang Dingtian's chest.

No Immortal Venerable could withstand such a blow!

Yang Dingtian looked up, his eyes flashing.

He raised the sword in his hand and slashed forward.

"Boom—"

The golden torrent collided with the arrow, causing the Heavenly Abyss to tremble. Countless cultivators who were in the Heavenly Abyss could not stabilize themselves and fell.

This blow shattered the silent death aura in all directions.

Yang Dingtian retreated quickly. His face was pale and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

The immortal light in the hands of the six Immortal Lords condensed into a rope that covered Yang Dingtian's head.

Battle intent flashed in Yang Dingtian's eyes as he raised the sword in his hand.

"Kill—"

With a shout, sword light shone for thousands of miles.

The golden sword light gathered again and cut the rope. Then his figure rushed through the void and flashed away.

"Hmph, Yang Dingtian, even if you can leave, can your Scarlet Flame Sword Sect escape?"

Immortal Lord Zhu Huan stood in the void with the Demon Suppression Staff in his hand and shouted.

Although the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect still had two Immortal Lords presiding over, they would definitely not be able to defend without Yang Dingtian.

"Zhu Huan, you can try.

"If you dare to touch them at all, the day I return will be the day your Ten Thousand Magnificence City collapses.

"Do not say that I did not warn you—"

The void trembled, and Yang Dingtian's voice spread throughout the city.

Having killed an Immortal Venerable's disciple, the powerful Yang Dingtian escaped, leaving behind harsh words.

Being able to escape under the siege of several Immortal Venerable disciples showed the strength of Yang Dingtian's cultivation and combat power.

Immortal Lord Zhu Huan's expression changed as he stared at the void in front of him.

"Senior Brother, if we don't touch the people from the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect, we can take down those third-level rebels first."

The black-robed Daoist standing beside Zhu Huan said in a low voice.

Zhu Huan nodded, his eyes flashing coldly.

"Be it those rebels, the Zhenyang Building, or the disciples under Gao Duanyue, kill them all."

"When my Ten Thousand Magnificence City does things, we won't let anyone have a pretext for gossip."

He moved and turned to leave.

However, just as he moved, his body suddenly trembled.

A golden divine light gathered in front of him and turned into a golden divine pattern.

The divine pattern appeared as a Daoist in a green and red robe.

"Master!"

Zhu Huan and the people behind him exclaimed.

### **Chapter 1433 Han Muye's Return**

Dressed in a green robe with a slight white beard, an air of mystery surrounded him.

Who else could it be but the owner of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan?



The master of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, Zhu Huan, and the others.

"Zhu Huan, what about the Origin that Han Muye handed over?" Venerable Chen Yuan's gaze landed on Zhu Huan as he asked coldly.

Zhu Huan's body trembled. He did not dare to be negligent and hurriedly raised his hand to take out the green Origin.

Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan reached out and took the origin in his palm.

"I'm in seclusion, but there's actually such chaos in this city." After retracting the origin, Venerable Chen Yuan's eyes turned stern. "Zhu Huan, you've disappointed me too much."

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone standing in front of Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan felt as if a power of slaughter had descended from the world, making them tremble.

The dignity that had been accumulated by Immortal Venerables for countless years made them not dare to raise their heads.

Zhu Huan's face turned pale and he knelt on one knee.

"I'm incompetent. Master, please punish me."

"Master, Third Senior Brother was protecting the dignity of our Ten Thousand Magnificence City," an old man in a black robe behind Zhu Huan quickly said.

"That's right, Master. You're in seclusion and everyone in Ten Thousand Magnificence City is constantly probing. Many people have ill intentions—" Another Immortal Lord's words were interrupted by Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan's cold snort.

"Hmph, if I take you in as my disciples and you can't even suppress Ten Thousand Magnificence City, what's the use of having you?" With Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan's words, everyone lowered their heads.

"After Zhu Huan returns to the city, go into seclusion to reflect.

"If not for the Twelve's messages, I wouldn't have known that such a big thing had happened in the city.

"That traitor, Gao Duanyue, actually dared to collude with Zhenyang Building. Truly unforgivable."

Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan's tone was filled with resentment.

His words confused everyone.

Was Gao Duanyue a traitor?

Did Wu Twelve say that?

Was it Wu Twelve who reported the news to his master?

As if unwilling to give everyone a chance to think, a mysterious glint flashed in Venerable Chen Yuan's eyes as he said indifferently, "I'm still a step away from cultivating. I'll come out of seclusion within a hundred years.

"Twelve will be in charge of everything in the city for the next 10 years."

With that, his body turned into a golden rune again. He activated the Heaven and Earth powers and dissipated.

"By the way, Han Muye has contributed greatly by handing over the Origin. I'll give him the foundation of the Zhenyang Building."

Only a faint sound was left in the void.

It was not until all the voices dissipated that Immortal Lord Zhu Huan looked up with a gloomy expression.

The white-haired and golden-crowned Immortal Lord Bai Ji behind him frowned and said, "Why did Master leave everything in the city to Wu Zhen?

"Wu Twelve must be stirring up trouble in front of Master," Immortal Lord Zhi Yang, who was beside him, muttered with a cold expression.

The others shook their heads and looked at Immortal Lord Zhu Huan with helplessness.

Their master was an Immortal Venerable expert. He was the one in charge of everything in Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

This was the rule when he said that Wu Twelve would preside over the matters in the city.

They did not dare to disobey.

As for Immortal Lord Zhu Huan, he was already being generous to his master by entering seclusion and not directly retracting the God Slaying Demon Suppression Staff that could control the Ten Thousand Magnificence City's array formation.

"Third Senior Brother, Master's orders can't be disobeyed..." Immortal Lord Sheng Yao, who was carrying a long sword on his back, sighed.

He was the fifth disciple of the Immortal Venerable. Even if Zhu Huan was in seclusion, he should be the one in charge of Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

However, Wu Twelve was the one reporting to his master this time. What happened in the city?

"I'm going into seclusion. You can look for Wu Twelve for the rest." Immortal Lord Zhu Huan waved his hand and disappeared without looking back.

Everyone in the void looked at each other and shook their heads with complicated expressions.

This time, they, the disciples of the Immortal Venerable, suffered a huge loss of face.

"Fortunately, Master has returned. As long as Master's true body appears in 10 years, he can suppress everything," Immortal Lord Wu Sheng said softly.

"Master's return is the reason why Third Senior Brother is frustrated." Immortal Lord Bai Ji, who was beside him, shook his head and flew away.

"Gao Duanyue's origin is actually in Third Senior Brother's hands. Hehe..." Immortal Lord Sheng Yao laughed and his body turned into nothingness.

Some things were better left unsaid.

Third Senior Brother was not loyal either.

The others looked at each other and dispersed.

At this moment, Immortal Lord Zhu Huan, who had already landed outside the city, looked up at the fifth floor of the city that was covered in dense fog.

His gaze flickered with coldness, and he no longer had the respect he had in front of Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan.

"Why did you come back? Why did you come back..."

Gritting his teeth, a force of silence that was difficult to suppress flashed on him.

....

In the void, a green and white immortal light exploded, revealing the figure of Wu Zhen in a green robe.

Wu Zhen stood there and turned to look at the silent abyss in front of him.

In the Heavenly Abyss, the force of silence surged, and then a black figure stepped out.

In the hands of the black figure, there was a mysterious green light cluster.

If Zhu Huan and the others were here, they would definitely be extremely surprised.

The light cluster representing the power of the Origin had clearly been handed over to Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan. Why was it now in the hands of this black figure?

"Buzz!"

The black figure raised his hand, and the light cluster flew out.

Along with the light cluster, there was also a green token.

"I return this token to you, and the Origin is a gift from Yunlan Sword Immortal."

The voice of the black figure was like the clash of gold and iron, harsh and resonant.

Battle Puppet.

God-slaying Battle Puppet.

This black figure was actually the God-slaying Battle Puppet guarding Han Muye.

Wu Zhen took the Origin, and put away the token representing the authority of Ten Thousand Magnificence City. He looked at the God Slaying Battle Puppet and sighed. "Your methods are truly amazing. If I hadn't seen your changes with my own eyes, I'm afraid I would have believed you were my Master."

## **Chapter 1434 Han Muye's Return (2)**

Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan who had appeared in front of Zhu Huan and the others previously was simply a transformation of the God Slaying Battle Puppet.

The techniques of the Battle Puppet were ever-changing.

Using the power in Wu Zhen's token to conceal himself, even Immortal Lord Zhu Huan and the others, who were extremely familiar with Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan, were deceived.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet stood where it was and did not answer.

Wu Zhen laughed, nodded, and said, "Fellow Daoist, don't worry. If the Heaven Measuring Ruler is on the fifth floor, as long as we find it, it will definitely be handed over to Yunlan Sword Immortal.

"As for Yunlan Sword Immortal's relatives and disciples in the city, I'll also take good care of them with all my might. Not the slightest harm would befall them."

He turned his gaze in the direction of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, narrowed his eyes, and said in a low voice, "Zhu Huan can't sit still.

"I told you that he would return in 10 years, and he will definitely open the passage to the fifth floor and sneak in within 10 years.

"We just have to wait for this opportunity."

At this, he lowered his head and lowered his voice, as if only he could hear himself.



"I also want to know if Master can return."

The God Slaying Battle Puppet did not stay with Wu Zhen for long. It shattered the void with a punch and disappeared.

He was a battle puppet and was not interested in these schemes.

He just had to complete what Han Muye had arranged.

Seeing the God Slaying Battle Puppet disappear, Wu Zhen's expression slowly turned solemn.

"Is the Battle Puppet really someone from the Divine Realm?"

....

In the Heavenly Abyss, the power of deathly silence interweaved.

Yang Dingtian, who was holding a long sword, flashed and moved forward quickly.

He had suffered considerable damage in the previous clash with Zhu Huan's Demon Suppression Staff.

Most importantly, the Heavenly Sun Sword in his hand could not withstand the power of the Demon Suppression Staff and was also injured.

This was what truly distressed him.

He flew away, his expression changing.

"Who?"

As soon as he landed on a floating 10,000-foot boulder, he suddenly raised his eyebrows and shouted.

He pointed his sword forward.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal wants to see you."

There was a harsh sound of metal rubbing against each other.

A God Slaying Battle Puppet in black armor walked out from behind the rock.

Seeing the God Slaying Puppet, Yang Dingtian's expression changed.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal is from the Black Armor Sect?"

The Heavenly Desolation Battle Puppet that Xiang Lingshuang was controlling was clearly at the Infinite Region level.

In the Heavenly Cycle Divine Realm, only the Black Armor Weapon Refinement Sect had so many Heavenly Desolation Battle Puppets, right?

The God Slaying Battle Puppet seemed unwilling to say anything else. It only raised its palm and punched.

"Boom—"

A dark crack appeared.

This strike made Yang Dingtian's pupils constrict.

What powerful strength!

This was the use of pure power. It was a powerful method that even the power of death here could not suppress.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet stepped into the crack.

Yang Dingtian hesitated slightly and also stepped in.

In the void.

Breaking through the silence meant nothingness.

With the help of the fold of the land of nothingness, he could travel thousands of miles.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet punched and shattered the world in front of it.

Every time it appeared, it was a hundred thousand miles away.

In less than two hours, Yang Dingtian had followed him to the bottom of the Heavenly Abyss.

In front of a black mountain range, the God Slaying Battle Puppet stood still, then paused slightly and disappeared.

Yang Dingtian looked up and saw Han Muye standing there in a light gray robe.

"Sect Master Yang, thank you for your help."

Han Muye chuckled and cupped his hands.

Yang Dingtian's gaze landed on Han Muye, and his expression turned to surprise.

"You—"

At this moment, he clearly could not see through Han Muye's cultivation or his aura!

How was this possible!

Yang Dingtian could even see through a peak Immortal Lord.

Unless it was an Immortal Venerable.

But Han Muye couldn't be an Immortal Venerable.

If Han Muye was an Immortal Venerable, there was no need to go through so much trouble. He could just attack directly.

Apart from Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan, who else could stop another Immortal Venerable in Ten Thousand Magnificence City?

"Sect Master Yang can tell." Han Muye shook his head and said softly, "My current situation is a little special. My true body can't be revealed for the time being."

"About three to five years."

This was not his true body. It would take another three to five years for his true body to appear.

Yang Dingtian suppressed the surprise in his heart.

To be able to make the Yunlan Sword Immortal in front of him spend three to five years, it was either to refine a supreme treasure or a huge opportunity.

No matter which it was, as long as this true body appeared, his combat strength would probably improve greatly.

Previously, his Primordial Spirit could already fight him. When his true body came out of seclusion in three to five years, he would probably really be able to suppress him.

"Sect Master Yang, are you asking for the Vast Heaven Golden Crow?" Han Muye's words made Yang Dingtian tremble slightly.

He nodded and said, "Yes."

If he wanted to completely refine his Heavenly Sun Sword, he needed an extremely strong Yang attribute power.

He searched the world before obtaining news about the Golden Crow.

This Vast Heaven Golden Crow was the pinnacle of time-attribute power.

Looking at Han Muye, Yang Dingtian said calmly, "I also had the intention to ask Yunlan Sword Immortal to help me find the Golden Crow."

He had helped Huang Zhihu and the others not entirely because of their talent.

At the Immortal Lord Realm, all talent was useless.

Only true treasures could allow them to obtain the opportunity to step into the Immortal Venerable Realm.

The Heavenly Sun Sword was related to Yang Dingtian's cultivation opportunity. He could not give up.

"The true body of the Golden Crow should be on the fifth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City," Han Muye said.

"Within 10 years, the fifth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City will definitely have a chance to reopen."

Han Muye said firmly.

Although Yang Dingtian didn't know why Han Muye was so sure, he didn't ask.

Han Muye would not lie to him about such matters.

### **Chapter 1435 Han Muye's Return (3)**

"Ten years. I can afford to wait," Yang Dingtian said in a deep voice.

Han Muye nodded and said, "But as far as I know, the soul of the Golden Crow is not on the fifth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City."

Golden Crow Soul!

An uncontrollable blood essence power surged from Yang Dingtian's body as he stared at Han Muye.  
"Where is the Golden Crow's soul?"

He had never thought of the Golden Crow's soul!

Although the Golden Crow's body was good, it was only a dead thing.

The Golden Crow soul was the soul of a true ancient mighty figure. It could control the power of time.

The power of such a mighty figure's soul could even suppress an Immortal Venerable.

Yang Dingtian had never thought of obtaining the Golden Crow's soul.



But Han Muye's words made his heart surge.

If he could really obtain the Golden Crow's soul, even an Immortal Venerable would be afraid of his Heavenly Sun Sword!

"The Ruins Realm." Han Muye's expression was calm as he said softly, "Perhaps you've heard of that Ruins Realm."

"The Great Desolate Ruins Realm."

Yang Dingtian was stunned.

He had heard of it.

Legend had it that in the depths of the Heavenly Abyss, there was a Ruins Realm that had been passed down from an unknown era.

It was said that some of them had already experienced dozens of calamities.

These Ruins Realms were filled with decay and the power of the calamity that was difficult to resist.

Even an Immortal Venerable did not dare to say that he could come out alive from these Ruins Realms.

The Great Desolate Ruins Realm was a dangerous place.

"How do you know that the Golden Crow soul is in the Great Desolate Ruins Realm?"

Yang Dingtian asked in a low voice.

"Because Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan entered the Great Desolate Ruins Realm and hasn't returned for 300,000 years."

Han Muye looked into the dim depths of the Heavenly Abyss in the distance and said softly.

There was such a secret!

Yang Dingtian stared at Han Muye.

At this moment, he was not even sure if Han Muye was telling the truth.

How could outsiders know the secret of an Immortal Venerable?

"How about this? I also want to go to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm to take a look." Han Muye laughed and looked at Yang Dingtian.

"I'll see you outside the Great Desolate Ruins Realm in three months. How about that?"

"If you find the Golden Crow soul, give it to Sect Master Yang."

Three months later, they would enter the Great Desolate Ruins Realm.

The light in Yang Dingtian's eyes changed. After a moment, he nodded and said, "Okay."

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Watching Yang Dingtian fly away, Han Muye's gray robe slowly turned into a broken black armor.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet appeared beside him.

"Are you really going to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm?"

The God Slaying Battle Puppet looked at Han Muye, its voice piercing.

"The Great Desolate is an existence second only to the Primordial Era.

"It's said that it was a place that did not shatter after experiencing several calamities."

It was second only to the Primordial Era.

After experiencing the calamity, it did not shatter.

Unfortunately, everything was in the past.

There was still only one Ruins Realm left in the Great Desolate.

"To repair the Primordial Armor, we need to find the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron."

"Perhaps only a place like the Great Desolate Ruins Realm has a divine item like the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron that has been passed down since the Primordial Era."

Han Muye reached out to press down on his black armor and whispered.

To repair this armor and restore its true power, he needed to find the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron.

He had to go to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm.

"Mystic Divine Iron." The God Slaying Battle Puppet nodded, and there seemed to be a hint of emotion in its voice. "The biggest difference between the Heavenly Desolate Battle Puppet and the Primordial Battle Puppet is that the Primordial Battle Puppet is made of Mystic Heaven Divine Iron."

Han Muye nodded.

He did not dare to promise to find the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron in the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, nor did he dare to say that he would help the God Slaying Battle Puppet improve.

This was not something he could do now.

He told Yang Dingtian that it would take three to five years for his real body to take action. It was not the truth.

He was here in his true form.

However, because the Primordial Armor on his body had yet to be completely refined and he could not completely control the power inside, it felt illusory, as if it was not his true body.

To Han Muye, it would take another three to five years to completely refine this armor.

However, he was not prepared to refine the matter just like that.

The Primordial Battle Armor was a powerful treasure that could compete in the calamity.

The armor he had refined no longer had that power.

It did not even have 1/10,000 of that power.

If he wanted to reproduce the power of this armor, he needed to obtain the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron.

He had seen all of this from the memories of this armor.

He had seen where the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron was from the memories of the armor.

He had to go to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm.

However, before going to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, he had to return to Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

The next time he came to Ten Thousand Magnificence City, it would probably be a huge battle.

It would also be when they left the Heavenly Abyss.

It did not matter to him. To Mu Wan and the others, it was time to go to the Ruins Realm to find opportunities.

The battle robe turned into a gray robe, and the God Slaying Battle Puppet turned into a black scale armor attached to his back. Then Han MuYe disappeared.

By the time he returned to Ten Thousand Magnificence City, the situation in the city had already been decided.

A chaotic battle that affected the second and third floors of Ten Thousand Magnificence City had been characterized.

It was rumored that Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan intervened, forbidding his disciple Zhu Huan Immortal Lord from leaving seclusion.

The authority in Ten Thousand Magnificence City was handed over to the twelfth disciple, Immortal Lord Wu Zhen.

Immortal Lord Wu Zhen designated Zhenyang Building as the rebel of Ten Thousand Magnificence City. On the other hand, the owner of the Cloud Dragon Pavilion was the hero who handed over the Origin of the Ruins Realm.

The businesses of the Zhenyang Building were all handed over to the owner of the Cloud Dragon Pavilion.

As for Huang Zhihu and the others, they were not held responsible at all.

Yang Dingtian and his Scarlet Flame Sword Sect violated the rules set by the Immortal Venerable and were fined 10,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls.

Yang Dingtian was not allowed to enter Ten Thousand Magnificence City again.

10,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls were a large sum for many experts.

However, for the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect with an Immortal Lord, they handed them over in three days.

When Han Muye returned, there was no one in the Cloud Dragon Pavilion who had followed him.

#### **Chapter 1436 Han Muye's Return (4)**

"Fellow Daoist Han, no, Yunlan Sword Immortal." Seeing Han Muye, Hu Yunlong's face revealed a look of emotion.

He did not expect that his family's investment would stir up a storm in the city.

Be it his cultivation, combat strength, or background, the person in front of him was probably extraordinary.

Han Muye only stopped at the Cloud Dragon Pavilion for a while and promised that Hu Yunlong and the others could look for him on the fourth floor if they encountered any problems in the future, so he went straight to the fourth floor.

The original Zhenyang Building had already been renamed the Sword Pavilion.

When Han Muye arrived, he saw Huang Zhihu, clad in armor, leading a group of sword cultivators practicing formations.



"Foster father!" Jin Huo exclaimed excitedly.

This call made Huang Zhihu tremble and turn to run.

Han Muye raised his hand, and Huang Zhihu's entire figure was frozen in place.

She turned around with difficulty and looked caught between laughter and tears.

"Foster father, I, I'm just here to have some fun..."

She had secretly come to the Heavenly Abyss and even trained an army of sword cultivators. All of these things went against her foster father's orders.

Given her foster father's strictness, she would either be grounded or punished.

"Not bad," Han Muye said softly as he patted Huang Zhihu's shoulder.

With that, he raised his hand and took out a golden jade box. It floated in front of Huang Zhihu before walking towards the Sword Pavilion.

"Not bad?"

Huang Zhihu was a little stunned.

Was this recognition of her?

In her impression, her godfather had really never praised her like this.

Tears welled up in her eyes and she almost cried.

"Sister, quickly take a look at what Foster Father rewarded you with." Jin Huo came over and looked at the golden box with a smile.

Hearing his words, Huang Zhihu immediately stopped crying and reached out to grab the jade box in front of him.

Golden Fire gently opened it and whispered, "Foster father is indeed rich."

There were at least 30,000 golden pearls in the jade box.

Heavenly Abyss Pearl.

"I like Foster Father's simple gifts." Huang Zhihu put away the jade box and turned to walk away with a smile.

"Um, Sister, can you give me a few pills?" Golden Fire chased after her. "I've taken a fancy to a cauldron recently—"

"What cauldron do you want? Do you even know how to refine pills?"

....

When Han Muye walked to the Sword Pavilion, Lin Shen and the others were already standing at the door.

"Senior Brother Han, you're back." Lu Gao looked excited and whispered.

Lin Shen, Lu Gao, Liu Hong, Gao Changgong, Zeng Daniu...

This time, they had all attacked in Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

Without Han Muye, they independently withstood the crisis.

Han Muye chuckled and patted Zeng Daniu's shoulder, his gaze falling on the equally excited Xiang Lingshuang.

This kid was growing the fastest now.

After refining the Heavenly Desolation Battle Puppet, he had the strength to fight an Immortal Lord alone.

Walking up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, the fragrance of medicine filled the air in front of Han Muye.

When he saw Mu Wan and Yunjin again, Mu Wan's expression was calm, and Yunjin's eyes turned slightly red.

"Senior Brother, did this trip go smoothly?" Mu Wan asked in a low voice.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

"Senior Brother, we've refined a lot of pills these days, and—"

Before Mu Wan could finish, Han Muye had already raised his hand, and a golden curtain enveloped the entire third floor. Mu Wan and Yunjin's bodies were covered by the golden light screen, and they lost control and fell towards Han Muye.

"Never mind those pills; let's talk about something else first." Han Muye reached out.

....

With the return of the Sword Pavilion Master, many forces on the fourth floor of the Ten Thousand Magnificence City were guessing if it would lead the Sword Pavilion to continue expanding.

Many rumors circulated, claiming that the owner of the Sword Pavilion was unparalleled in sword cultivation.

Fortunately, after Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, there were no actions. Instead, he secluded himself, and even the forces with good relations with the Sword Pavilion who came to visit didn't see him.

He wasn't in seclusion; instead, he settled on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, collecting the various swords sent by Zhao Chen and carefully examining their memories.

To go to the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, he needed a better understanding of the things within it.

"Senior Brother Han, this sword was exchanged from a mysterious sword cultivator. According to him, this sword came from the Great Desolate Era." Bai Suzhen handed a long sword to Han Muye and spoke in a low voice.

Han Muye asked Bai Suzhen, who was in charge of the Nine Mystic Sword Pavilion's transactions, to issue a mission to find the swords of the Great Desolate Era. At this moment, there was finally news.

After receiving the sword that cost 30,000 divine crystals, Han Muye focused his gaze on it.

Rust stains covered it, and the divine light had faded.

Would there still be any memories left in such a sword?

After Bai Suzhen left, he took a deep breath. The sword intent in his palm flashed as he gently held the hilt of his sword.

"Boom—"

Images as bright as the galaxy crashed into his mind.

In an instant, Han Muye's body trembled, and his face turned red before turning pale.

In the sword's memories, a long sword slashed down at his head!

**Chapter 1437 True Spirit Realm, Great Wasteland Void World!**

What kind of sword was this?

The sword light seemed to traverse time, directly stabbing into the depths of his heart.

A fear came from the bottom of his heart, causing his body to tremble.

Under this sword, his divine soul would definitely collapse!

Looking at the sword stabbing at him from the depths of his mind, Han Muye gritted his teeth, not allowing his eyes to shift a bit.

All the sword techniques in his memories flashed.

One Mystic Sword Technique, standing alone.

Five Mystic Sword Techniques, flames raging continuously.

With his sword technique that dominated the mortal world, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Primordial Spirit Sword.

Immortal Dao Sword Technique.

Divine Realm Sword Technique.

....

Thousands of sword techniques combined into one and gathered in front of his eyes, turning into a sword light that went against the flow.

"Clang—"

The two swords collided, and the sword light flashed for thousands of miles!

The rising force wasn't the sword gathered by Han Muye's sword technique but a sword in the hands of an elderly Daoist in a green robe, adorned with a jade belt and jade-colored Daoist shoes.

It was the rusty sword in Han Muye's hand.

However, the sword in his mind was clear and dazzling. Every immortal pattern was clearly visible.

The two swords crossed. The swords in the hands of the two green-robed Daoists collided, causing the surrounding void to sizzle.

This was because the power of the sword was too strong, and it had already triggered the backlash of the power of heaven and earth.

Han Muye focused all his attention on the two Daoists' swordsmanship.

He had never seen such profound swordsmanship.

Every move was a test at the edge of the collapse and backlash of the power of heaven and earth.

Killing was no longer the goal of this sword technique.



"Clang—"

The two swords collided, and the two Daoists retreated.

A green vortex rose where their swords collided.

"Oh no, I didn't control my strength and triggered a void calamity." The green-robed Daoist shook his head and waved his hand. A golden lotus flower petal scattered.

The elderly Daoist holding the long sword also raised his hand, and golden spirit materials fell from his palm.

"Myriad Tribulations Golden Lotus."

"Mystic Heaven Divine Iron."

Han Muye recognized these two treasures from the memories of the Primordial Battle Armor.

The Myriad Tribulations Golden Lotus, a divine object that survived countless calamities, could transform into the essence of heaven and earth, the best adhesive for alchemy, refining, and cultivation techniques.

The Mystic Heaven Divine Iron, one of the toughest treasures in the world, used to forge armor that could withstand calamities.

Among the endless treasures of the battling powerhouses in the countless calamities, traces of Mystic Heaven Divine Iron could be found.

The materials needed to repair the Primordial Battle Armor in Han Muye's hands included Mystic Heaven Divine Iron.

It was hard to imagine that such precious treasures, which were rare in the world, were now being casually thrown by the two Daoists.

The piles of treasures made even a wealthy person like Han Muye envious.

The problem was, he didn't have any of these treasures.

The Mystic Heaven Divine Iron and the Myriad Tribulations Golden Lotus collided and turned into golden streams of light that merged into the green vortex.

In just a moment, the green vortex was eliminated.

"The power of the calamity can be suppressed." Han Muye felt a tremor throughout his body.

In his understanding, the power of calamity shouldn't be the strongest in the world. Wasn't there any force that could suppress it?

"Let's go, let's go. This place is probably going to become the origin of a calamity." The elderly Daoist muttered, raised the long sword in his hand, took a glance, shook his head, "This sword is useless now, what a pity."

Saying that, he threw the long sword into the already faint vortex and left.

The Daoist in the green robe and green hat sighed, pointed out a few golden runes in front of the phantom of the calamity, sealed it, and then left on his own.

The long sword sealed in the calamity floated, experiencing countless years, finally shook after the outbreak of the calamity, falling into a dark place.

At the bottom of the Heavenly Abyss.

"Scarlet Flame Divine Sword, from the ancient Primordial era, the sword of the True God of Scarlet Flame.

"This sword is refined with the Primordial Scarlet Flame Stone as the foundation and mixed with the Mystic Heaven Divine Iron and the essence of all spirits.

"The sword is complete, engraved with 49 true spirit runes."

Han Muye murmured, his open eyes filled with endless brilliance.

True God.

True spirit.

These were titles only possessed by powerhouses in the Primordial era.

These titles had long been lost in the ancient inheritance.

"True Spirit Sword Technique."

Slowly getting up, Han Muye gripped the hilt of the sword in his hand.

The sword technique that True God Chi Yan used was the True Spirit Sword Technique.

The sword technique that True God Yue Yang cultivated was also the True Spirit Sword Technique.

True Spirit Sword Technique, Fire Shower.

True Spirit Sword Technique, Moon Illumination.

He restrained his aura, leaving only a faint Origin aura.

He slowly extended his sword.

"Buzz!"

The void began to shake.

The shadow of a phoenix appeared.

The True Spirit Sword Technique condensed the Primordial True Spirit, using the power of the True Spirit to break through heaven and earth.

After this sword was extended three inches, Han Muye chuckled and retracted it.

The phoenix shadow dissipated.

He was not so extravagant as to consume his Origin power to practice his sword techniques.

The True Spirit Sword Technique apparently required the power of the Origin to activate!

Even an Immortal Venerable wouldn't be willing to squander his Origin in such a way, right?

The True Spirit Sword Technique seemed to surpass the realm of Immortal Venerable and reach the cultivation realm of the ancient Primordial era.

Looking down at the sword in his hand, Han Muye raised his hand, and the Five Elements Furnace appeared.

"Boom—"

The Mystic Heaven Divine Fire rose under the Five Elements Furnace.

The Five Elements Furnace was not in the state of unity yet.

A moment later, fiery red streams of light lit up on the Five Elements Furnace.

Han Muye looked down at the sword in his hand.

Scarlet Flame Sword.

The power within this sword had long dissipated, with no possibility of condensing again.

The current value of this sword was probably only for smelting, and extracting the materials within.

**Chapter 1438 True Spirit Realm, Great Desolate Ruins Realm!**

The expert who obtained this sword before also had such thoughts, but unfortunately, the ancient refining methods were different from now.

If this sword was refined according to the current methods of this world,

Raising his hand, Han Muye threw the long sword into the Five Elements Furnace, and his aura resonated.

His palm extended, and the power of the Origin surged in the palm, gathering at the fingertips.

"Buzz!"

His fingers drew in the void, and golden runes flashed one after another.

This was the Dao Heaven Essence Fusion Technique that he had seen from the memories of the Scarlet Flame Sword.

Using the True Spirit Divine Talisman as a guide, he disintegrated the power of the runes in the Scarlet Flame Sword and returned it to its origin, turning it into spiritual materials again.

This technique was not only useful to the Scarlet Flame Sword in front of him, but also to the remaining treasures of the ancient era.

As the True Spirit Divine Talismans landed, the swords in the Five Elements Furnace began to slowly melt.

As soon as the sword fused, a vast power rose from the Five Elements Furnace.

The Five Elements Furnace buzzed, as if it was extremely happy.

Han Muye could feel that this was a desire and sense for extremely precious spiritual materials to be smelted.

To the Five Elements Furnace, the higher the level of the treasure refined, the more its strength could be increased.

Unfortunately, in the countless years of the Mystic Armor Sect, the level of the treasures it refined became lower and lower. The power of the Five Elements Furnace was also reduced to the limit, and it no longer had the dignity of a treasure.

At this moment, the other four Five Elements Furnaces in Han Muye's divine treasure began to tremble.

After pondering for a moment, Han Muye raised his hand, and four Five Elements Furnaces flew out.

The four Five Elements Furnaces shook and collided with the furnace in front of them.



The Five Elements became one!

"Haha, I knew there would be good stuff.

"Oh my, a Harmonious Spirit Divine Talisman. I've never seen such a thing in a calamity.

"I'll be damned—wait, wait, I'll help you melt this sword. I'll help."

Watching the Five Elements Furnace steadily refine the sword, Han Muye dispersed the golden runes in his hand.

If this furnace continued to spout nonsense, he would definitely break it down again.

The last one who talked too much was Daoist Dayan, and now that guy was probably hiding in some corner of the Fuyu Immortal Realm, not daring to come see Han Muye at all.

With the help of the Five Elements Furnace, Han Muye felt much more relaxed.

As long as he replenished his origin power from time to time, he could activate the Five Elements Furnace and quickly refine the swords inside.

Three days later, the Five Elements Furnace shook.

Han Muye raised his hand and three balls of light flew out.

The largest one was the size of an egg. It had a green silver light and a faint fiery red color circulating in it.

"This is the Primordial Scarlet Flame Stone?" Han Muye muttered as he held the warm oval stone.

"Of course. In the primeval era, this item was the basic spiritual material for refining various weapons and treasures. It's not very precious in the primeval era. Now—Sigh, I won't say anymore. Don't—"

"Bang—" A Five Elements Furnace turned into five and was then stored in Han Muye's divine storage.

The spirit of the Five Elements Furnace was also suppressed.

The Primordial Scarlet Flame Stone was not considered precious in the Primordial Era. Many weapons and treasures were used as the foundation for refinement.

The other two golden light spheres.

One was the size of a pigeon egg with a hazy phantom halo, and the other was the essence of all spirits that revealed a jade-like light in the golden color.

Han Muye shook his head regretfully.

Too little.

These two treasures were extremely precious in the current era.

The Scarlet Flame Sword had experienced too much time, suffered too much wear and tear, and after being melted down, only this much remained.

"Buzz!"

With a light sound, Han Muye's black battle armor appeared in front of him.

The front chest of the battle armor was severely damaged, with cracks appearing, and there was even a through hole in the chest.

Looking at the battle armor, Han Muye's eyes showed a lot of brilliance at this moment.

Having comprehended the Dao Heaven Essence Energy Fusion Technique and witnessed the ancient process of refining swords, he had more confidence in the refining and repair of this Primordial Battle Armor.

Especially the divine patterns on the Primordial Battle Armor.

These were clearly the True Spirit Divine Patterns!

At this moment, Han Muye could see through the secrets of these divine patterns at a glance.

In his palm, the power of the origin turned into golden divine patterns and pressed down on the battle armor.

The battle armor vibrated, as if surprised, and then each scale of armor emitted a pleasant light sound.

On the battle armor, many originally broken divine patterns shimmered, slowly repairing themselves.

Han Muye's palm, the golden Mystic Heaven Divine Iron turned into liquid gold, flowing along those divine patterns.

After a moment, a large piece of divine pattern, about the size of a palm, repaired the largest wound on the chest of the battle armor.

Regretfully, Han Muye raised his hand, and the power of the origin in his palm retracted.

There was too little Mystic Heaven Divine Iron, and he could only do this much.

"Boom—"

The re-repaired battle armor covered his body, and a flush of redness flashed across his face.

This was because the power was too strong, exceeding the limit he could bear, causing discomfort just now.

"This power..."

Han Muye closed his eyes and spoke softly.

If the previously unrepaired battle armor could only exert 1/10,000 of its full power, then at this moment, it had been greatly improved.

It could now unleash about 1/9,000 of the power of the Primordial Battle Armor at its peak.

Such an improvement could bring about unimaginable combat strength.

Clenching his fists gently, Han Muye smiled.

He was certain that as long as Immortal Venerable Chen Yuan did not return, he could sweep through the entire Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

The battle armor transformed back into a dark gray robe, concealing Han Muye's aura.

He calculated and felt a bit distressed.

From the time he comprehended the True Spirit Sword Technique to the time he smelted the Scarlet Flame Sword, he had lost a lot of Origin power.

The Origin was the fundamental aspect when contending with powerful individuals.

Be it an Immortal Lord or an Immortal Venerable, they valued the Origin.

### **Chapter 1439 True Spirit Realm, Great Desolate Ruins Realm! (3)**

"It seems that I have to find more origins." Muttering softly, Han Muye came out of seclusion and walked out of the quiet room.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet standing at the door turned around and was slightly stunned to see him.

"I can feel that your power, no, the power of the Primordial Battle Armor, has been repaired a lot."

After all, the Battle Puppet was so sensitive to the power of the Primordial Battle Armor.

Han Muye chuckled and raised his hand. An egg-sized rock fell.

The God Slaying Battle Puppet reached out and caught it. Its expressionless face actually changed slightly.

"Scarlet Flame Stone?"

Without hesitation, he pressed the Scarlet Flame Stone against his chest. The God Slaying Battle Puppet's voice was ear-piercing.

"If I had 3,000 catties of this thing, my strength would increase a level. At that time, I would be able to sweep through Immortal Lords."

3,000 catties?

Han Muye turned and walked away.

He only had three taels.

This was a treasure from the Primordial Era. Did he think it was cabbage?

Seeing Han Muye turn around and walk away, the God Slaying Battle Puppet spread its hands.

A faint golden proficiency flashed on his body.

Han Muye found Mu Wan, who was refining pills with Yun Jin, and handed her the essence of all spirits.

In Mu Wan's hands, this item could help her refine a pill that she could not refine previously. It was very useful.

Unfortunately, treasures like the Scarlet Flame Sword were not common.

For the next few days, the swords that Bai Suzhen sent over did not have such precious spiritual materials.

Five days later, Zhao Chen reported that he had a guest.

Two Immortal Lords.

One was the Immortal Lord Ye Hua, the owner of the Heavenly Night Tower, and the other was the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect's Elder, Shangguan Po.

The two of them did not come by appointment, but they were both here to visit Han Muye.

On the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye and the two Immortal Lords sat opposite each other in a quiet room.

Although the Heavenly Night Tower was not implicated in the previous battle, they were still implicated.

As for the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect, they directly attacked.

These three parties were now considered allies.



"Yunlan Sword Immortal, my sect master sent a message asking us to await your arrangements."  
Shangguan Po glanced at Immortal Lord Ye Hua, who was sitting at the side, and said directly.

The sect master of the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect, Yang Dingtian, was chased out of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, but he was able to escape from the siege of six Immortal Lords. His combat strength could be said to be monstrous.

No faction in the city dared to offend the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect.

If you dare to touch the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect, unless you don't leave Ten Thousand Magnificence City in the future.

Otherwise, Yang Dingtian would take your life.

Didn't he see that the disciples of the Immortal Venerable and the people in charge of Ten Thousand Magnificence City were all ignoring the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect?

Han Muye nodded and turned to look at Immortal Lord Ye Hua.

Immortal Lord Ye Hua cupped his hands and said in a low voice, "Fellow Daoist Han, Senior Brother and I will remember the kindness of the Sword Pavilion for protecting our Heavenly Night Tower last time."

If Mu Wan had not stopped them last time, Jin Yuntian and the others would have already sent people to the Heavenly Night Tower to kill Su Zhe and the others.

If Jin Yuntian and the others really killed Zuo Yan, Su Zhe, and the others, the Heavenly Night Tower would not be able to survive on the third floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

Looking at Han Muye, Immortal Lord Ye Hua said, "My Senior Brother asked me to send this item over. Perhaps Fellow Daoist Han can use it."

There was a jade slip in his palm.

Han Muye took it and scanned it with his divine sense. His expression changed.

"Is this the experience of the Immortal Lord Tian Yun in the various ruin realms?"

This was a rare treasure.

Moreover, there were all kinds of things he had seen and heard in the Great Desolate Ruins Realm.

This item was even more advanced than an immortal treasure in Han Muye's hands.

"Fellow Daoist Han, my Senior Brother asked me to tell you that if you go to a few dangerous places, I hope you can accompany me."

Immortal Lord Ye Hua said.

Han Muye held the jade slip and pondered.

Previously, when he was on the third floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City, he had seen Immortal Lord Tian Yun.

He understood that the Immortal Lord Tian Yun valued his luck.

For the search for treasures in the Ruins Realm, every item needed luck to support it.

Otherwise, he might have missed the treasure.

"Alright."

Han Muye looked up at Immortal Lord Ye Hua and Shangguan Pu and said in a low voice, "We'll set off in a month."

He didn't say where they were going or what they needed to prepare.

But these two understood that what Han Muye wanted to go to was the Heavenly Abyss, the ancient ruins realms with a long history within the Heavenly Abyss.

Shangguan Pu nodded, stood up, cupped his hands, and left.

Yang Dingtian had instructed him, so he knew what he had to do.

Immortal Lord Ye Hua also stood up and left.

When Han Muye walked downstairs, he saw that Zhao Chen and the others were all there.

"Zhao Chen, I have a mission for you."

Han Muye looked at Zhao Chen.

The mission was very simple. Within a month, he would try his best to collect Heavenly Abyss Pearls and various treasures from the Heavenly Abyss.

In a month, they would quietly leave Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

In the future, even if they returned, it would probably be a chaotic battle.

After all, it was not easy to obtain the Heaven Measuring Ruler hidden on the fifth floor of Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

Sweeping goods?

Looking at the storage bags and jade boxes that Han Muye took out, Zhao Chen's eyes lit up.

Doing business was his favorite thing.

Zhao Chen brought a vast number of immortal spiritual rocks and divine crystals to sweep the goods. Huang Zhihu, Golden Fire, and the others chose sword cultivators who could leave with them.

Although Huang Zhihu, Yunduan, and the others had recruited hundreds of thousands of cultivators, not all of them were truly loyal and were willing to leave Ten Thousand Magnificence City with them.

In a month, only 100,000 sword cultivators left.

The remaining people only wanted to stay in Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

Most of these people had been here their entire lives and had never seen the vast cultivation world outside, nor were they willing to see it.

It was not a secret that the Sword Pavilion Master had taken out a huge number of divine crystals and immortal spiritual rocks to purchase Heavenly Abyss Pearls and various treasures in the Heavenly Abyss.

There were often forces in Ten Thousand Magnificence City who were preparing to leave. They would gather their treasures and leave.

**Chapter 1440 True Spirit Realm, Great Desolate Ruins Realm! (4)**

Zhao Chen operated for a while, bringing back 300,000 Heavenly Abyss Pearls, tens of thousands of treasures containing the power of deathly silence and the power of the Origin.

Mu Wan and Yunjin refined enough pills to ensure that 100,000 sword cultivators would stay in the Heavenly Abyss.

As for Han Muye, he gained some memories about the Great Desolate Ruins Realm from several weapons.

Combining this information with the messages from Immortal Lord Tian Yun of the Heavenly Night Tower, he gained a deeper understanding of the Great Desolate Ruins Realm.

"Buzz!"

The void trembled, and flying ships rushed out of Ten Thousand Magnificence City.

The Sword Pavilion, the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect, and the Heavenly Night Tower followed closely behind.

The three factions had a total of 300 flying ships of various colors that covered the sky.

Watching these flying ships depart, many people in Ten Thousand Magnificence City had complex expressions.

"Senior Brother, the owner of the Sword Pavilion is the famous new sword cultivator in the myriad worlds, Yunlan Sword Immortal," Immortal Lord Sheng Yao, who was standing behind Zhu Huan, spoke in a low voice.

Being a sword cultivator himself, he couldn't help but feel a surge of combat intent towards Han Muye, who was also a sword cultivator.

"Yunlan Sword Immortal." Immortal Lord Zhu Huan's eyes flashed. He turned to look into the distance and said indifferently, "What is Wu Twelve doing now?"

"Him?" Immortal Lord Sheng Yao shook his head and said disdainfully, "He's just trying to rope in the various parties in the city."

"As the disciple of an Immortal Venerable, an Immortal Lord expert doesn't care about Master's face at all."

Immortal Lord Zhu Huan did not speak again, but the divine light in his eyes became even deeper.

—

300 flying ships crossed hundreds of millions of miles and took two months to stop in the depths of the Heavenly Abyss.

This was already the deepest place at the bottom of the Heavenly Abyss. Grayish-black mountains could be seen everywhere.

These mountains were all Ruins Realms.

It was like a tomb.

The tomb of a world.

The power of death collided, and every flying ship shone with golden light.

If not for the fact that the 300 flying ships were connected and the array formation was guiding them, they would definitely not be able to withstand the corrosion of the silent power in the void.

Many people looked at the silent power outside the light shield with pale faces.

They would probably not be able to withstand such a dense power of death for even 15 minutes.

Fortunately, the Sword Pavilion distributed a lot of pills to resist the power of death and many treasures for them to protect themselves.

The people from the Scarlet Flame Sword Sect and the Heavenly Night Tower had also made preparations.

"We're here."



In the void ahead, the Pavilion's Immortal Lord spoke.

In front of the flying boat was a towering mountain range.

These mountains were vaster than anything he had seen before.

"This is the Great Desolate Ruins Realm."

"It's said that there's a Primitive World ahead after passing through here."

After pointing at the mountain range, Immortal Lord Tuan Yun said in a low voice, "It's just that the silent power there is already close to the calamity. Even Immortal Lords can't withstand it."

"Perhaps only the Immortal Venerable can detect what's there."

Even Immortal Lords could not withstand the power of death.

Han Muye looked ahead and suppressed his curiosity.

It was better not to be curious about such a place.

"Set off and enter the Primitive World. Remember this mark." Han Muye's voice sounded.

In midair, the shadow of a golden sword appeared, shining.

Illusory streams of light scattered and were held by every cultivator.

This stream of light condensed in their palms and turned into a faint golden sword mark.

In the Great Desolate Ruins Realm, using this phantom as a mark was a method for everyone to recognize each other.

Flying ships stopped in the void. Apart from the cultivators guarding the flying ships, everyone else flew down.

Golden light flashed on their bodies.

This was the halo triggered by the collision of treasures and pills against the power of death.

The speed at which this power was consumed made everyone on the flying ship click their tongues.

Previously, he had thought that he could resist for 15 minutes. He had thought too much.

The power of death here was not something that anyone below the Golden Immortal Realm could come to.

Han Muye looked at Mu Wan, Yunjin, and the others.

"A powerful Ruins Realm like the Great Desolate Ruins Realm can't be entered with a soul clone. We can only infiltrate with our true bodies, so we have to be more careful."

"We will enter and merge with our respective bloodline powers into the groups, and then find opportunities to regroup."

Opening his palm, a small golden sword flickered in his palm.

Mu Wan and Yunjin also spread out their hands and nodded gently.

In their hands, the sword light also gleamed.

Behind him, Huang Zhihu, Golden Flame, Xiang Lingshuang, Lu Gao, and the others all had golden lights shimmering in their hands.

"Senior Brother Han, take care." Lin Shen cupped his hands and shouted before flying down.

The others also cupped their hands in laughter and flew down.

All of them entered the Ruins Realm with their true bodies, and life and death were unpredictable.

"Senior Brother, we're going too." Mu Wan and Yunjin held hands and jumped down.

Watching them fly down, Han Muye quietly raised his hand, and the God Slaying Battle Puppet transformed into a black scale armor, falling directly.

With the God Slaying Battle Puppet around, it would definitely be able to protect them.

Having no more worries, Han Muye took a deep breath and looked at the mountains below.

He took a step forward, and a surge of wind and thunder erupted.

Landing on the mountains, the scene in front of Han Muye changed.

Illusory shadows appeared in front of him.

Baxia.

The Kui.

Dragon crocodile.

Humans.

Four figures rushed towards him.

Which one should he choose to integrate into the Great Desolate Ruins Realm?

Narrowing his eyes, Han Muye spread his hands.

In his palm, a blazing golden flame shone.

"Boom—"

He disappeared.

Those four illusory shadows stood still for a moment, then slowly dissipated.