

## **Pavilion 161**

### **Chapter 161: Ancient Heaven Realm Soul Formation Great Cultivator's Sword**

Sword Master Yuan Tian.

Han Muye looked at the figure in his mind who seemed to be surrounded by stars and had monstrous sword intent.

Who else could it be but Sword Master Yuan Tian?

The ancient Sword Dao expert who had rampaged the Western Frontier and killed without hesitation was really related to the destruction of the ancient sect, the Blazing Sun Palace.

"Foolish."

Sword Master Yuan Tian raised his hand and a sword pill flew out.

"Hong Chaoyang, if you can survive three strikes from me, I'll give your Blazing Sun Sect a chance to continue your legacy."

Swordsmanship, Hidden Void.

Han Muye had comprehended this sword technique in the sword pill nurtured in his dantian countless times.

With this sword technique, Sword Master Yuan Tian had killed countless experts.

The sword pill seemed to be unpredictable. It tore through the void and arrived in front of the person holding the sword in a flash.

“If the Sword Master says three strikes, then Hong Chaoyang will receive three strikes!”

The person holding the sword laughed. The sword light in his hand turned into a fire dragon and swallowed the sword pill.

Blazing Sun Palace’s sect-protecting sword technique, Heavenly Dragon.

Whether it was the Sword Dao Hidden Void or the Sword Dao Heavenly Dragon, they were no longer something that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could measure.

In Han Muye’s opinion, if the Hidden Void was the pinnacle of sword control, then the Heavenly Dragon was the pinnacle of qi control.

Sword Master Yuan Tian’s sword cultivation was powerful. The sword pill contained the Unforged Sword Intent, while Hong Chaoyang’s spiritual energy cultivation was dense. When his sword appeared, the fire dragon seemed to want to devour the world.

“Bam—”

The fire dragon that devoured the sword pill exploded. The sword pill had transformed into a double-pointed sword without a hilt. It thrust toward Hong Chaoyang.

It was fast.

The advantage of the sword pill was its unparalleled speed.

Too fast to react.

“Clang—”

Hong Chaoyang blocked the sword pill with his sword and half of the blade flew out.

Hong Chaoyang was also sent flying, blood spurting from his mouth.

“Haha, one more strike!”

Hong Chaoyang looked up at the sky and laughed. The spiritual light on his body turned into a pillar of light.

Above his head, the shadow of a thousand-foot-long golden armor appeared.

“If I, Hong Chaoyang, can withstand three strikes from Sword Master Yuan Tian and not die, I can also smile proudly in front of you in the future!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the golden armor phantom above his head exploded, turning into an endless torrent that collided with the hiltless flying sword in front of him.

“Self-destruct your primordial spirit? Alright, Hong Chaoyang, if you don’t die, I won’t come to the Blazing Sun Palace in the next 3,000 years.”

Sword Master Yuan Tian’s voice rumbled. The sword light formed by the sword pill condensed into a 10,000-foot-long line that intertwined and circulated.

He had controlled his sword intent to the limit. In an instant, the Void World was filled with nodes!

In the cabin, Han Muye, who was holding the broken sword, closed his eyes and trembled.

Even though it had been countless years, seeing such a sword technique still made his blood boil.

This was a true sword expert!

“Boom—”

The torrent formed by Hong Chaoyang’s primordial soul collided with the net of sword light and was shattered inch by inch.

Ten breaths later, the sword light disappeared and the torrent dissipated.

Hong's face was ashen.

"I won't set foot in the Blazing Sun Palace for 3,000 years."

Sword Master Yuan Tian's voice faded.

"Palace Lord!"

"Palace Lord!" Angry voices sounded.

Figures rushed to Hong Chaoyang's side and supported his swaying body.

"Hehe, what's there to be sad about? I have no regrets dying after receiving three strikes from Sword Master Yuan Tian. In protecting the Blazing Sun Palace for 3,000 years, I die a worthy death."

In Han Muye's mind, Hong Chaoyang's vitality slowly dissipated.

After that, the broken sword was kept in the collection of the Blazing Sun Palace.

And after that, the palace was destroyed with a loud bang, and the broken sword was buried.

The scene that followed was of the broken sword being found by Guan Chaosheng countless years later.

After a battle, Guan Chaosheng killed a few of his companions and returned with his sword.

He was the final victor.

After that, he went to explore the ruins several times, but he found nothing.

The sword was quiet and rusty in his hand.

The sword of the ancient Heaven Realm Soul Formation cultivator, the lord of the Blazing Sun Palace, Hong Chaoyang!

Han Muye looked down at the broken sword.

At this moment, the broken sword had completely changed.

The sword was less than two feet long and carried a clear and transparent halo.

The spiritual light on the sword wrapped around all the cuts.

With the infusion of sword intent and the spiritual energy cultivated by the Golden Sun Technique, this sword returned to its former glory after being silent for countless years.

Even if it was a broken sword now.

Before this sword broke, it must have been a magic treasure-level sword.

Furthermore, it was a high-quality Dharma treasure!

Feeling the dormant sword intent in the broken sword, like the power of a sleeping tiger, Han Muye felt a little emotional.

If Guan Chaosheng had activated the power of this sword previously, he could really dominate the Western Frontier.

With his Soul Awakening cultivation, he was invincible in the Earth Realm.

However, Guan Chaosheng was not a sword cultivator and did not cultivate the cultivation technique of the Blazing Sun Palace. He really could not restore the true features of this sword.

“Hum—”

Just as Han Muye was lamenting, his expression suddenly changed.

The sword pill in his dantian trembled. Then the broken sword in his hand trembled slightly, as if it was frightened.

*Well—*

He widened his eyes and felt the domineering aura of the Sword Pill in his dantian as if it was declaring its sovereignty. Han Muye smiled bitterly.

Just now, he was still lamenting that Guan Chaosheng did not have any opportunities.

But now, it seemed that this sword was clearly not fated with him.

Between Sword Master Yuan Tian's sword pill and the sword of the Lord of the Blazing Sun Palace, he could only choose one.

A sentient sword had its own choice.

For Han Muye, was there a need to choose?

He had already used the spiritual mineral lineage of the Cao Family to nourish the sword pill. It was about to become a Dharma treasure, and it was a sword cultivation treasure that dominated the world in ancient times.



Although this broken sword was also a treasure, it was still much inferior to the Sword Pill.

With a soft sigh, Han Muye put the broken sword away.

He would nurture this treasure first. In the future, whether he handed it to the sect to exchange for merit points or sell it, he would be able to earn a sum.

Feeling a little depressed, Han Muye put away his sword. He checked the small cloth bag that Bai Suzhen had handed over and smiled again.

This cloth bag was a small storage treasure. There was about a square space inside.

At this moment, the space was filled with all kinds of spiritual materials.

There were all kinds of spiritual crystal ores, all kinds of high-grade spiritual herbs, and many high-grade spirit stones.

According to Bai Suzhen's estimation, the treasures in this bag were worth 1.3 million spiritual rocks.

Indeed, it was better to refine high-grade medicinal pills.

How many Cloud Qi Pills did he have to refine to earn so much?

Besides, what Han Muye really earned was not these goods.

Putting away the cloth bag, he carefully took out a jade bottle.

In this jade bottle were two immortal-grade Purple Jade Pills!

This was the greatest gain!

Han Muye felt that he had to think of a way to motivate Bai Suzhen in the future.

Even a little sweetness would do.

Only by helping him attract more business could he obtain more high-grade pills.

If he had to collect spiritual herbs and refine pills himself, he probably wouldn't be able to refine a single batch in 10 years.

When the flying boat returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain, the sun was setting.

Han Muye strolled over to the Sword Pavilion and saw Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan, and Lu Gao sitting around the wooden table in front of the Sword Pavilion.

"Back so soon?"

Seeing that Han Muye had returned, Huang Six shook his head. "I thought you wouldn't come back tonight."

Han Muye sat at the table and snatched Gao Xiaoxuan's bowl and chopsticks, making the little white fox in Gao Xiaoxuan's arms bare its teeth.

After eating and drinking his fill, Han Muye reached out and took out a small cloth bag.

"We've earned a lot today. Those who see it will get a share."

He reached out and took out seven to eight high-grade spiritual rocks.

The little white fox, who was originally glaring at Han Muye, immediately changed its gaze.

Gao Xiaoxuan let Huang Six take a look. Huang Six chuckled and reached out to grab three high-grade spiritual rocks.

The others did not stand on ceremony. They grabbed the spiritual rocks and dispersed.

Han Muye went straight to the third floor and sat down to cultivate.

After refining pills today and nourishing the sword, not to mention consuming his sword intent, the spiritual energy in his dantian was already mostly empty.

He took out a high-grade spiritual rock and held it in his palm. Then he swallowed two top-grade Cloud Qi Pills. He closed his eyes and began to circulate the Golden Sun Technique.

In his dantian, sword qi lingered, and the sword bone in his body flickered with jade-colored spiritual light. In his divine treasure, the sword light condensed from soul sword qi kept spinning.

When the spiritual energy of a high-grade spiritual rock was exhausted, Han Muye pondered for a moment, took out the jade bottle containing the Purple Jade Pills, and poured out one of them.

To an Earth Realm Spirit Awakening Realm expert, the Purple Jade Pill was a high-grade spirit medicine that could communicate with the power of heaven and earth and guide the fusion of the soul and the power of the Great Dao.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, the effect of this pill was to increase the power of the soul.

The pill was wrapped in spiritual energy in his palm and slowly dissipated.

When it reappeared, it had already landed in his divine treasure.

A purple spiritual fog constantly emitted a halo, enveloping the soul sword and slowly nurturing it.

This was the correct use of an immortal-grade pill.

After refining it, he would store it in his dantian's sea of qi or divine treasure to nurture and stimulate its power.

Such a treasure would consume all its power immediately in order to break through.

His divine sense swept through the entire Sword Pavilion through the black sword in his hair. Han Muye realized that Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan were both on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six was surrounded by a few shattered spiritual rocks. The spiritual energy in them had been absorbed.

To be able to absorb the spiritual energy in high-grade spiritual rocks, Huang Six's cultivation should not be weak.

To think that this fellow pretended to be an ordinary person and strolled around the mountain every day, causing those disciples of the Sword Sect to sigh with admiration.

*He's also a sly one.*

"Clang—"

"Clang—"

The bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain rang.

Han Muye stood in front of the Sword Pavilion and received the long sword from Fengshou Mountain.

This batch of swords was mostly from He Xuanqi and Wang Hui.

It was obvious that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was deliberately building the reputation of these two disciples.

The Impossible Sword Technique became a popular technique in the sect.

Even the story of Han Muye guiding He Xuanqi in front of the Sword Pavilion and letting him combine his swords with Wang Hui spread in the Sword Sect.

He held the hilt of his sword and infused it with sword qi. Through the image in his mind, Han Muye saw the battle in front of Fengshou Mountain.

The owner of this sword was the sword of the former disciple of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Under the leadership of their sect master, the remaining forces of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect joined the Southern Wasteland and fought with the various sects of the Western Frontier on Fengshou Mountain.

The Southern Wasteland also had human forces.

It was just that these human forces respected the demons and submitted to the demon clans.

Actually, there were demon forces in the Western Frontier who also submitted to the human sects.

For cultivation, for survival, there was no right or wrong.

However, from the images of the sword, it could be seen that the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was not having a good time after joining the Southern Wasteland.

In Han Muye's opinion, he could only blame himself.

From this sword, Han Muye also saw that many experts from the Southern Wasteland had arrived.

On Fengshou Mountain, the battle was probably going to be even more intense.

He sent the sword to the pavilion and registered it. When Han Muye came out, a tall bald man was standing at the door.

Zhao Pu.

"Brother Han, let's go to the secret place while we have nothing to do. When I get back, I'm going to Fengshou Mountain. The battle with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect is about to end. The experts of our Nine Mystic Sword Sect are already slowly retreating."

Zhao Pu looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye nodded and said, "I'll tell Sixth Brother."

After saying that, he turned to look at Lin Shen. "Instructor Lin, are you ready?"

### **Chapter 162: Heaven and Earth Barrier, isolating the Central Continent**

Lin Shen nodded.

Zhao Pu turned to look at Lin Shen and sized him up. "Alright, let's go together. This mystic realm was discovered by Senior Brother Lin Chongxiao and the others."

Han Muye walked into the Sword Pavilion and saw Huang Six sitting behind the long table. Gao Xiaoxuan was writing at the side, and the little white fox was lying in front of the inkstone, dozing off.

He did not know what method Huang Six used to make Gao Xiaoxuan learn how to write from him.

"Sixth Brother, I'm preparing to go down the mountain. Instructor Lin will accompany me."

Han Muye looked at Huang Six.

Huang Six looked up at him. "You have the final say in the Sword Pavilion now."



After saying that, he shook his head and said softly, "But I don't know how long I can help you guard this place. In the end, you're the one guarding the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye knew what Huang Six meant.

Huang Six was determined to go down the mountain to be an ordinary guard and accompany Sixth Sister-in-law.

The Sword Pavilion Elder had already instructed that Han Muye would be in charge of the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six waved his hand. "Forget it. The sooner you go, the sooner you'll be back. It's safer on the mountain."

What he said was the truth. Now that the Southern Wasteland was attacking, the Western Frontier was really in chaos.

"I have nothing to do in the future. I will stay in the Sword Pavilion." Han Muye nodded and said softly.

This time, he had to find the follow-up to the body tempering technique.

Otherwise, with his personality, why would he run around at the foot of the mountain?

He wished he could stay in the Sword Pavilion forever.

Han Muye and Lin Shen changed their clothes and quietly went down the mountain with Zhao Pu.

This time, there was no need for Lin Shen to drive the flying boat. Zhao Pu, who had stepped into the Earth Realm, sat in the cabin and drove the flying boat with his divine sense.

In the Earth Realm, his divine sense was powerful enough.

Han Muye roughly calculated that his current soul power was not inferior to a cultivator like Zhao Pu who had just entered the Earth Realm.

However, the power of his soul was used to condense the soul sword qi and turn it into combat strength, but he lacked the power to investigate and control it.

In the cabin, Zhao Pu's body shone with green light, and the power of earth and stone spread out.

At the Meridian Opening Realm, one's body could communicate with the power of heaven and earth.

He was from the Earth Rock lineage, so he naturally communicated with the power of the Earth Rock lineage.

This power fused with the spiritual energy and passed through his meridians and dantian. Then it surged up and gathered in his Qi Sea.

When the power in his Qi Sea could condense into a pill, it would be to reach the Golden Core realm and step into the Core Formation realm.

“That mystic realm was explored by Senior Brother Lin Chongxiao and the others. They also brought back the Iron Bull Strength and some other cultivation techniques and treasures.”

Zhao Pu looked at Lin Shen as he spoke.

Lin Shen nodded and said nothing.

He did not want more people to know that Lin Chongxiao’s remnant soul had survived.

“That secret place is located in the Green Wheat Mountain. There are demon beasts roaming around, and it’s possible that we might encounter people from other sects.

“When you meet in the wild, others don’t care if you’re a disciple of a large sect.

“When it comes to killing people for treasures, the people from the bigger sects are more likely to be fat sheep.”

As Zhao Pu spoke, he turned his gaze to Han Muye. Seeing that his expression did not change, he laughed and said, “Of course, as disciples of a large sect, if we could be injured by a small sect’s disciples and rogue cultivators, then we wouldn’t be called a large sect.”

The disciples of small sects and itinerant cultivators did not have any resources or cultivation techniques. They also had few protective treasures.

If they could not even defeat such a person at the same cultivation level, it would really be a disgrace to the large sects.

Neither Han Muye nor Lin Shen said anything.

Among the three people present, Han Muye was confident that he could easily defeat Zhao Pu.

As for Lin Shen, he had yet to completely fuse with the Heaven Realm Jade Bone. His combat strength should not be stronger than his.

“Don’t worry, I’m at the Earth Realm after all. I’m already an elder-level expert in other sects. It won’t be a problem to protect you.”

Zhao Pu gaze swept over Han Muye and Lin Shen again, and he grinned.

In his opinion, Lin Shen was better. After all, he had been in the sect for so many years. Although his cultivation level was not enough, he was relatively experienced.

Han Muye was really a rookie.

What Zhao Pu valued was Han Muye’s talent in comprehension and unparalleled alchemy.

*Battle, this should be considered a non-combatant.*

“Hum—”

Green bull shadows appeared behind Zhao Pu.

Just like Han Muye, before he found the path of the Nine Bulls Fusion, he did not cultivate the follow-up of the Iron Bull Strength.

“I’ve read the ancient books in the sect. Among the body-tempering cultivation techniques, those who can condense the strength of nine bulls should not be low-level.

“According to those ancient books, there were cultivators from the Central Continent who came to the Western Frontier and prepared to establish a sect. For some reason, they chose to leave.”

Han Muye had already found many of Zhao Pu’s secrets in the library.

He was a direct disciple and was qualified to read books there.

There was also a lot of information about the Western Frontier in the small village.

The spiritual land was used to nurture the top elite disciples of the sect, so this information was naturally indispensable.

According to Zhao Pu, Han Muye and Lin Shen added a few words from time to time.

Fortunately, the three of them cultivated body tempering techniques and had a common language.

The more they discussed, the stranger Zhao Pu felt.

Han Muye was blessed with enlightenment. Many cultivation theories were easy to understand. He couldn't be envious.

But since when did Junior Brother Lin have an incomparably deep understanding of body refinement cultivation?

Of course, he did not know that Lin Shen had fused with the jade bones of a great cultivator. The jade bones were the pinnacle of physical cultivation.

Understanding his jade bones was the process of cultivating his body.

Experiencing it firsthand was more practical than any theory.

"I really didn't expect Junior Brother Lin to have such a deep understanding of body refinement cultivation."

Looking at Lin Shen, Zhao Pu said with a complicated expression, "It seems that Senior Brother Chongxiao was right to ask you to train the swords. Your perception is also superb."

The corners of Lin Shen's eyes twitched. He turned to look at Han Muye. In the end, he didn't tell Zhao Pu that he had already fused with a great cultivator's jade bones.

After all, this news would be a little shocking.

The three of them took the flying boat and crossed tens of thousands of miles in 10 days. They headed east until they reached a lush mountain range.

"This is the Green Wheat Mountain."

Stepping out of the flying boat and standing at the bow, Zhao Pu pointed at the tall peak ahead, the continuous mountain range.

"The Central Continent is beyond the mountains."

Zhao Pu raised his hand and pointed at the shining spiritual light in the sky. He said in a low voice, "That's the Heaven and Earth Barrier."

The Heaven and Earth Barrier isolated the four regions.

The Central Continent was a cultivation resource. The cultivation world was far stronger than the four regions.

Not only could the Heaven and Earth Barrier protect the spiritual energy of the Central Continent, but it also indirectly protected the four regions.

If the Central Continent's forces crossed this barrier and expanded to the four regions, it would really be a nightmare for the cultivation world of the four regions.

"It's said that one has to reach the Core Formation realm to pass through this Heaven and Earth Barrier."

Lin Shen's gaze landed on the stream of light and he spoke in a low voice.

In fact, not only Earth Realm Core Formation cultivators or powerhouses who had comprehended concepts, but there were also people who could enter with the entry tokens distributed by the large factions in the Central Continent.

Han Muye had a token in his hand.

It was the Patriarch of the Mu family who had handed it to him and promised to make a trip to the Central Continent 10 years later.

Looking at the colorful sky, Han Muye shook his head and said, "The Central Continent. If you have the chance, go there. Let's go to the mystic realm first."

Zhao Pu laughed and said, "Brother Han is really ambitious. There are only one in a million cultivators in the Western Frontier who have been to the Central Continent."



To enter the Central Continent, one had to reach the Core Formation realm first.

There were countless cultivators in the world. Among thousands of people, it was rare for one to reach the Core Formation realm.

The three of them did not stay in the sky. They flew down and stepped into the forest.

This mountain range was lush, and the trees were tall. When they landed on the branches, Han Muye's body was as light as a swallow.

"Hum—"

A jade plate spun in Zhao Pu's hand and emitted a faint green light as it flew in a direction.

"Let's go."

Zhao Pu spoke and stepped onto the top of the tree, covering a distance of 50 to 60 feet with each step.

Han Muye followed him, turning into smoke.

Lin Shen carried his sword on his back and straightened his body. He took a step forward and landed 10 feet behind Han Muye.

He was the Sword Guardian of the Sword Pavilion and had the responsibility of protecting Han Muye, the successor of the Sword Pavilion.

Moreover, both he and Lu Gao would stand in front of Han Muye without hesitation when he was in danger.

In front, Zhao Pu turned around slightly and looked back. Then he did not stop. He chased after the jade plate and ran quickly.

After traveling for several hours, Zhao Pu stopped.

He reached out and grabbed the jade plate, his gaze on the rocky ground ahead.

On the gray stone wall, an ape-like demon beast stuck its head out.

Its fangs were half a foot long and it had strong legs. It jumped up from the stone wall and stood on the mountain rock. Its eyes were cold as it looked at Zhao Pu, Han Muye, and the others.

Zhao Pu looked at the demon beast and did not attack. Instead, he said, "It's a Cold Wood Ape, a common demon beast in Green Wheat Mountain.

"It's fast and powerful.

“This demon beast is also a spiritual creature of the earth and wood lineages. It can control the power of earth and stone.”

Zhao Pu raised his hand and pointed at the tall stone wall in front of him. He said in a low voice, “This stone wall is actually this guy’s weapon. It can use it at will.”

With that, he looked at Han Muye. “Brother Han, this demon beast has the power to condense qi. Do you want to give it a try?”

He had never seen Han Muye make a move before. This time, he could take a look at him and have a good idea of Han Muye’s combat strength.

“Let me do it.”

Before Han Muye could speak, Lin Shen spoke.

Zhao Pu nodded.

Lin Shen strode forward and stood under the cliff.

When the Cold Wood Ape saw him walking forward, it bared its teeth and let out a strange cry, as if it was threatening him.

“Click—”

When Lin Shen walked to the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, the Cold Wood Ape could not help but fly down and claw at Lin Shen's head.

As expected, it was extremely fast. Its long claws whizzed and flickered.

Lin Shen stood where he was and looked up, but his hand did not draw his sword.

That made Zhao Pu frown.

As a sword cultivator, he was too careless to not hold his sword before the enemy.

Even if Lin Shen's cultivation was higher than this Cold Wood Ape, he couldn't underestimate it like this.

Zhao Pu gently raised his hand, and a palm-sized round iron block appeared in his palm.

However, before he could attack, Lin Shen had already moved.

"Ho—"

Lin Shen shouted in a low voice. His figure suddenly rose. Without even drawing his sword, he flew towards the Cold Wood Ape immediately.

His speed was even faster than the Cold Wood Ape!

“Bam—”

Only when his body rushed into the air did the ground explode.

Countless rocks scattered.

In midair, Lin Shen punched the Cold Wood Ape’s forearm. Then, with a crack, the Cold Wood Ape screamed and fell off the cliff.

Lin Shen chased after it and stepped on its head before it could get up.

“Clack.”

The demon beast’s head sank into the gravel.

...

As they continued forward, a strange expression appeared on Zhao Pu’s face.

“Junior Brother Lin, it seems like your cultivation has really improved...”

Zhao Pu couldn't help but speak in a low voice when he recalled the scene of Lin Shen dealing with the Cold Wood Ape.

“Still too weak.”

Lin Shen shook his head, a trace of helplessness flashing across his face.

Zhao Pu felt that Junior Brother Lin was not honest and was actually being humble.

He didn't know that Lin Shen was really just expressing his feelings.

What Lin Shen could use now was less than one hundredth of the Jade Bones.

Really, he was too weak.

“Someone's here.”

In front of him, Zhao Pu muttered as he suppressed his aura to the limit.

In the wild, only a fool would activate his aura without holding back.

**Chapter 163: Hundred-year-old Mu Jinlan, Mystic Sun Guards**

Ahead, seven or eight cultivators in green robes had already discovered them.

They also restrained their auras and carefully checked them out.

“I’m a cultivator who came to the Green Wheat Mountain to hunt. Where are you from?”

A voice came from the other side.

“So are we.”

Zhao Pu pointed at the huge demon beast that Lin Shen was carrying and shouted.

Whether it was its flesh, blood, tendons, or bones, this demon beast could be used to refine weapons.

The carcass of a Cold Wood Ape was worth hundreds of spiritual rocks.

Hearing Zhao Pu’s words, the people on the other side looked at each other and whispered before slowly walking over.

They stood warily a few feet away.

Han Muye glanced at them.

They were indeed itinerant cultivators.

He had interacted with many itinerant cultivators recently and could tell at a glance who were itinerant cultivators and who were sect cultivators.

When the sect cultivators looked at people, they first looked at their clothes and figures.

Be it their standing or their bearing, the sect cultivators had their own rules and conformity.

On the other hand, whether it was their clothes or their posture, the aura of the itinerant cultivators was a little vigilant.

This was the result of a long period of training.

At this moment, Zhao Pu and the other two stood with Zhao Pu in front. He was tall and took the lead.

Han Muye was in the middle, his hands hanging low.

Meanwhile, Lin Shen, who was carrying the demon beast, stood beside Han Muye and protected him.

He was definitely not an itinerant cultivator.



What Han Muye could understand, the itinerant cultivators could understand even more.

“So it’s a fellow cultivator who came to hunt. It seems that your harvest is not bad.” The 50-year-old man in the lead swept his gaze across. When he saw the demon beast that Lin Shen was carrying, his eyes narrowed slightly.

Neither side had any intention of chatting with the other. On the other side, an old man surnamed Zhu communicated with Zhao Pu for a while and reminded him of the route. Then he led the team and carefully passed by.

Neither side had any intention of cooperating with the other.

Those who traveled in the wilderness with strangers were definitely not cultivators.

How could such a cultivator live long?

“Everyone, we will carry this demon beast with us. Are you willing to take it with you?”

After the team took a few steps, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

At his words, everyone on the other side turned.

“Fellow Daoist, how are you going to sell this Cold Wood Ape?”

We're also here to hunt. We didn't bring any wealth with us." Old Zhu cupped his hands and looked at Han Muye.

"You picked the magnolias, right? Three magnolias."

Han Muye held up three fingers, then added, "But they have to be more than 10 years old."

Zhu turned around and said with a smile, "So you're an alchemy master. We picked the magnolias."

It was only polite to say that they were masters. However, since he could sense that they had picked spiritual herbs, they were definitely not weak alchemists.

In the cultivation world, especially among the itinerant cultivators, alchemy cultivators and artifact cultivators had a good reputation.

It was synonymous with being suckers.

He did not lack spiritual rocks and was generous.

Just like this transaction, three spiritual herbs worth less than a hundred spiritual rocks were exchanged for the carcass of a Qi Condensation demon beast.

If he went back and dealt with it properly, he could exchange it for at least 500 spiritual rocks.

Watching Han Muye and the others walk away, Old Zhu smiled and waved his hand. "Let's go back to the base to rest. I didn't expect such a surprise on this trip."

The others smiled and carried the demon beast's carcass away.

"Elder Zhu, they seem to be heading towards the Eagle Cliff?" A burly man with a longbow turned around and frowned. "Those people who asked us yesterday are also going to the Eagle Cliff, right?"

His words made Zhu frown.

"Let's go. We won't return to the base. We'll leave Green Wheat Mountain immediately. We'll come back when all these outsiders have left. I have a feeling they're not ordinary cultivators."

As Zhu spoke, he led the way and quietly led everyone away.

...

Han Muye and the others didn't care what these hunting itinerant cultivators thought. The three of them quickly walked through the dense forest.

"This magnolia is an important ingredient for refining an eighth-grade Harmonization Pill. After refining the Harmonization Pill, it's worth at least three to five thousand spiritual rocks."

It was not unreasonable for alchemists and blacksmiths to be generous.

Since he had the energy and time to haggle over the price of the spiritual herbs, he might as well refine pills properly and produce high-quality pills. He would earn back a few spiritual herbs.

“Senior Brother Han, I’ve long heard of your alchemy methods.”

Zhao Pu turned around and looked at Han Muye. He grinned and said, “I heard that you even sponsored a lot of core disciples in the sect? When I go to Fengshou Mountain, you must lend me a few good pills.”

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

It was a simple matter.

When those core disciples in the sect borrowed medicinal pills and returned to the sect, they had to pay double with merit points, spiritual rocks, and spiritual materials.

Han Muye had earned a lot from this business.

As for the disciples who had died, that could only be considered a loss in investment.

There were always risks in doing business.

“Whew—”

A voice came from the forest ahead, and a violent aura rushed toward them.

Zhao Pu shouted in a low voice and turned into a green light as he charged over.

“Bam—”

A gray light flashed, and a 10-meter-long figure broke into several pieces.

Han Muye and Lin Shen walked over and saw thick tree roots scattered on the ground.

“It’s a Wood Demon.”

Zhao Pu looked around and said in a low voice, “This wood-type demon is the most difficult to deal with. Moreover, this demon has a huge root system. I suspect that the forest within a few miles is its territory.”

In the cultivation world, demon beasts were not the only ones who could cultivate to become demons. Many plants could also absorb the spiritual energy of heaven and earth and transform into demons.

Such a demon was no worse than those demon beasts.

Some with special talents were even extremely difficult to deal with.

“It looks like a magnolia branch has become a demon?” Crouching down, Han Muye held a broken piece of wood and smiled.

“This magnolia branch will condense a kind of magnolia flower and hide under the main root. A magnolia flower is worth 10,000 spiritual rocks.”

*10,000 spiritual rocks?*

To the people in the Sword Pavilion, it was not a big deal.

However, even Zhao Pu, who was at the Earth Realm, was tempted.

“Is it really worth 10,000 spiritual rocks?”

He looked at Han Muye and rubbed his hands.

“Really, I’ll just take 10,000 spiritual rocks.” Han Muye nodded.

“Haha, good. Then let me pick this flower.” Zhao Pu laughed, and the vigorous power of earth and stone appeared on his body.

He stood up and punched the mountain rock in front of him.

“Boom—”

Within a radius of 10 miles, the mountains, rocks, and trees trembled.

Clumps of earth and stone began to shake.

Old Zhu and the others, who were dozens of miles away, turned around and ran without hesitation.

This power was at least at the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm. They could not afford to offend him.

“Buzz buzz buzz—”

Within ten thousand feet of Zhao Pu, countless thick wooden roots danced and wrapped around his head.

He laughed and threw another punch. It hit the dirt in front of him again.

“Bam—”

The roots of the mountain sprang out of the ground, tangled together, and trembled.

“Listen carefully. I just want that flower. Give it to me. Otherwise, my fists won’t be polite.”

Looking at the pile of tree roots that looked like mountains, Zhao Pu exuded the aura of the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm as he walked forward, step by step.

The trembling wooden roots kept retreating. After Zhao Pu took 10 steps, a slender wooden root carried three verdant stamens to him.

The stamen emitted a faint spiritual light and a light fragrance.

Peach blossom-sized petals overlapped, with a warm halo inside.

Zhao Pu grinned, took the stamen, and turned to Han Muye.

“Not bad. Three hundred-year-old magnolias.”

Han Muye smiled and carefully placed the stamen in a jade box. Then he took out seven or eight high-grade spiritual rocks and handed them to Zhao Pu.

“Hundred-year-old magnolias are worth that much.”

This was a pleasant surprise. Zhao Pu’s face was full of smiles. He rubbed his bald head and took the spiritual rocks with both hands.



He turned around and looked at the wooden root that was slowly delving into the rocks and soil. He threw a spiritual rock over.

“I didn’t take your stuff for nothing.”

The wooden root took the spiritual rock and waved it gently a few times before slowly disappearing.

About an hour after Han Muye and the others left the forest, a group of cultivators in black robes quietly arrived.

There were a total of nine people. The leader looked old, but he was tall and straight with a black sword hanging from his waist.

The others were all young, and their auras were restrained. They could still feel the surging power.

The old leader looked around and raised his hand. A burst of spiritual light exploded.

In the spiritual light, a scene of Zhao Pu fighting with the wooden root appeared.

A thin young man’s eyes lit up as he said in a low voice, “He suppressed a Wood Demon who has cultivated for hundreds of years with two punches. This guy’s cultivation is not bad.”

“He’s just so-so. He’s just someone who has just entered the Earth Realm.” Another young man curled his lips and said indifferently, “Isn’t such a cultivation level everywhere in the Central Continent?”

Central Continent.

“It’s only magnolias. It seems that the person accompanying him is an alchemist.”

“They gave a high-grade spiritual rock. These three are cultivators from the sect.”

It was a female cultivator in a black robe and a hood.

“Moreover, these three sects are not bad in the Western Frontier.

“Otherwise, he wouldn’t be willing to take out a high-grade spiritual rock.

“There are very few supreme-grade spiritual rocks in the Western Frontier. High-grade spiritual rocks are very precious.”

The female cultivator’s words made everyone around her nod.

“It’s said that the nine great sects of the Western Frontier are the strongest.” A young man laughed and said, “I wonder if the so-called great sects here have the strength of a county overlord in the Central Continent?”

The others were also smiling.

The Western Frontier was just wilderness. If it wasn't for the Mystic Sun Guards' trial mission, how could they have passed through the barrier and come here?

In front of them, an old man in a black robe with a black sword hanging from his waist said coldly, "Don't underestimate anyone, let alone the four regions."

His words made the expressions of the people behind him change. They hurriedly bowed and cupped their hands.

This envoy of the Mystic Sun Guards was the person who verified the success or failure of this mission and was also the expert of the Mystic Sun Guards who protected them.

No one dared disobey him.

"Let's go. The last place that rebel army disappeared was at the cliff ahead. Finding their ruins proves that this rebel army has no chance of passing on its legacy. This is also the key to your trial mission."

Then the old man strode forward.

The black-clothed female cultivator caught up and whispered, "Sir, what if... what if the rebel army's inheritance is still there?"

The black-robed old man stopped.

## **Chapter 164: Red Flame Pillar, Demon Bull Technique**

“Remember, you’re only here to participate in the Mystic Sun Guards training. You’re still far from being the official Mystic Sun Guards. There are some things that you don’t have to worry about.” The old man swept his gaze across everyone and said calmly, “You don’t have to take matters into your own hands.”

With that, he moved and floated towards the forest ahead.

The black-clothed female cultivator turned to look at the others. They nodded at each other and followed him forward.

...

At this moment, Han Muye, Zhao Pu, and the others had already arrived at the foot of the cliff.

The jade plate in front of Zhao Pu stopped in front of him and slowly rotated.

“When Senior Brother Chongxiao and the others left, they set up a concealment array here. It seems that the array formation hasn’t been broken after so many years, and no outsiders have stepped into that secret place.”

Zhao Pu smiled and spoke softly.

This was good news.

He raised his hand and slapped the jade plate in front of him. The jade plate spun, and then spiritual light spread out.

A limestone platform appeared in front of the originally messy stone wall.

Behind the stone platform was a rather wide and deep cave.

Zhao Pu reached out and called the jade plate back. Seeing that the jade plate was already covered in cracks, he shook his head, put away the jade plate, and led the way into the cave.

That jade disc was the spirit-seeking disc obtained by the sect. It was part of their sect's inheritance.

Now that he had found the array formation set up by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's disciples and broken it, he had completed his mission.

Han Muye and Lin Shen followed Zhao Pu into the cave.

The cave was 30 feet tall and 20 feet wide. The further they went, the wider it became.

"Back then, Senior Brother Lin and the others said that this place was like a training ground. Now that I look at it, it's true."

A jade-colored ball of light floated in front of Zhao Pu, illuminating the surroundings.

He looked at the surrounding stone walls and spoke.

These stone walls showed traces of mining activities.

He walked forward. Various stone tables, chairs, and hammer locks were scattered.

Most of them were to refine the body.

Han Muye squatted down and reached out to pick up a piece of rusted armor.

Such armor plates were scattered everywhere.

“Iron armor.”

Lin Shen frowned and said, “I don’t think I’ve heard of any sect having such a team with iron armor.”

The Western Frontier was vast, and there were ordinary cities under the rule of various sects.

But there was no country in the Western Frontier.

The various towns in the Western Frontier were guarded by various sects.

There were scattered cultivators in iron armor in the Western Frontier, but there were no iron armor armies in the Western Frontier.

“The Elder of the Sword Pavilion said that this Iron Bull Strength is related to the Central Continent. This army is probably from the Central Continent.”

Standing up, Han Muye looked at the empty space in front of him.

“We’re just here to find the follow-up cultivation technique of Iron Bull Strength. We don’t have to worry about anything else.”

It was unknown how long the ruins here had been around. It involved the Central Continent, so it was useless to bother about it.

Zhao Pu and Lin Shen nodded. The three of them walked through the stone chamber.

After searching around, other than seeing a lot of scattered armor, he did not see any weapons.

This disappointed Han Muye, who wanted to use the sword to retrace the scene and obtain the cultivation technique.

He searched through the collapsed stone buildings but did not find anything useful.

“Brother Han, I’m afraid there’s no useful information here. Either the people here eventually died out, or they left and took everything they could find with them.”

Zhao Pu looked around and patted a thick stone pillar.

Back then, Lin Chongxiao and the others had already explored this place.

They did not think too much about this trip. They just wanted to find clues about the cultivation method.

Unfortunately, there were really no clues.

Lin Shen shook his head in shame.

Lin Chongxiao had once told him about a secret place in exchange for Han Muye's help.

This secret place had no value. Lin Shen was also regretful.

Han Muye turned and looked at Zhao Pu.

To be precise, he looked at the stone pillar that Zhao Pu was slapping.

There were seven or eight such stone pillars scattered around the cave.

"Brother Han..."



Seeing Han Muye staring at him, Zhao Pu was a little confused.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and walked to the stone pillar. He reached out and gently rubbed the stone pillar.

Seeing him like this, Zhao Pu also pressed his hand on the stone pillar. Then, a strange expression appeared on his face.

“This stone pillar is used to temper the body and practice the fist technique...”

In his palm perception, there were dense depressions on the surface of the stone pillar.

These depressions were caused by the impact of the finger bones.

It was clearly an extremely rare spiritual material refinement.

Even the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have the stone pillars refined from these spiritual materials.

“Whew—”

Standing in front of the stone pillar, Han Muye gave a punch which hit the stone pillar.

His knuckles happened to fit a depression on it.

With a punch, his body seemed to have been activated. He moved his feet and punched again. His entire body turned into a shadow and circled around the stone pillar.

“Body-tempering Cultivation Technique...”

Looking at Han Muye’s figure, Zhao Pu muttered blankly, “He comprehended it just like that? Really, one can’t compare with others...”

Lin Shen, who was standing at the back, nodded.

Indeed.

He had seen Han Muye’s abnormal comprehension ability.

At this moment, Han Muye was walking in front of the stone pillar. Every time he swung his fist, he was comprehending fist techniques and deducing body tempering techniques.

In his mind, he could see figures with bare upper bodies who were constantly punching.

These figures that clearly looked like soldiers surrounded the stone pillar and used all their strength to train their bodies.

Iron Bull Strength.

Most of the fist techniques were Iron Bull Strength.

“After the Iron Bull condensed, if you want to advance further, cultivate the Red Flame Army’s Demon Bull Technique.”

On the screen, a figure who was also bare-chested and had the shadow of a dark golden ox floating on his body appeared.

“Ho—”

The burly man punched the stone pillar, and cracks appeared on it.

Demon Bull Technique.

The Red Flame Army.

It was indeed the legacy of the Central Continent.

Han Muye was about to stop when the voice in the image sounded again.

“The commander led us out of the Central Continent because there was a better way out in the Western Frontier.”

*Betraying the Central Continent!*

*What kind of temptation could make the orthodox army of the Central Continent betray the imperial court?*

Han Muye’s fists whizzed as he stared at the stone pillar in front of him, sensing the changes in the patterns on it. Images continued to flash in his mind.

“Everyone in the world thinks that the Central Continent is the cultivation holy land of the Heavenly Mystic World. Actually, the Western Frontier was not inferior to the Central Continent in the ancient times. The inheritance of the Western Frontier comes from outside the Heavenly Mystic World!”

The big man shouted as a gray-black halo flickered around him.

The golden bull shadow behind him turned into a bronze color, as if it was made of bronze and was completely solid.

“This is a cultivation technique that the commander found from the inheritance of the Western Frontier. After fusing it with the Iron Bull Strength, he called it the Demon Bull Technique. Demon Bull Treads the Sky—”

The burly man shouted. The bronze bull shadow behind him turned into a fist and slammed into the stone pillar in front of him.

“Boom—”

A large depression appeared in the stone pillar.

It was the depression in front of Han Mu.

The spiritual materials used to refine this stone pillar were special, and the absorption of physical strength was extremely powerful.

The impact of ten thousand pounds left only a faint mark on the stone pillar.

The burly man’s punch was 10 times stronger than before!

The Demon Bull Technique was indeed powerful.

“We’ll all cultivate this cultivation technique. When we master it, we’ll destroy the sects guarding the outer realm passage and leave the Heavenly Mystic World. The commander said that only if we look outside the Heavenly Mystic World do we have a chance for longevity!”

Longevity.

When this word appeared, Han Muye's heart skipped a beat.

*Isn't cultivation for longevity?*

In the records of the Heavenly Mystic World, there were Heavenly Realm experts and extremely powerful cultivators.

But no one said they could live forever.

*Beyond Heaven Mystic, is there longevity?*

"The commander is here—"

The image in Han Muye's mind trembled. He wanted to see the commander's face clearly, but before he could, the image shattered.

He could only slowly retract his fist.

"How's that?"

Seeing Han Muye retract his fist, Zhao Pu spoke in a low voice.

"I gained something. When I return to the sect, I'll be able to cultivate," Han Muye said softly with a smile.

Be it the Bull Strength or the Demon Bull Technique, they both gave him guidance.

He might not know these two body-tempering cultivation techniques, but he knew how to choose the direction of deduction.

"Alright, then we'll go back to the sect—" Zhao Pu said and suddenly frowned.

He looked up in the direction that led out of the cave.

A few figures had quietly arrived.

"The Red Flame Pillar. Looks like we're in the right place."

A voice spoke.

Zhao Pu did not look at the person who spoke. He only stared at the black-robed old man who was leading the way.

All the qi, blood, and spiritual energy in his body were suppressed and surging, as if he had adjusted his essence, energy, and spirit to their optimal state.

Prepare for battle!

Lin Shen subtly moved his feet in front of Han Muye to protect him.

Han Muye's gaze also fell on the old man.

The lining of the black robe was black armor.

That sword was in a black sheath.

Mystic Sun Guard!

This old man was one of the two Great Guards of the Central Continent Imperial Court.

This was not the first time Han Muye had seen a Mystic Sun Guard.

In the memories of the sheathed black sword on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye had seen the Mystic Sun Guards countless times.

In the darkness, uphold the light.

Mystic was Heavenly Mystic, and Sun was Righteous.



"Are you related to this place?" The old man looked at Zhao Pu, then at Han Muye and Lin Shen. Then he asked calmly.

Zhao Pu shook his head and said, "Not really, but we found this place first."

Hearing Zhao Pu's words, the old man narrowed his eyes and pondered for a moment. "Since you have nothing to do with this place, you can leave."

*Leave?*

Zhao Pu turned to look at the thick stone pillar beside him.

These things were treasures.

If he brought it back to the sect, he could at least exchange it for a lot of merit points.

Zhao Pu was unwilling to leave just like that.

Moreover, as a disciple of a major sect in the Western Frontier, he had his pride.

Even if the other party's strength seemed to be unfathomable, he wouldn't just turn around and leave with a word, right?

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not so weak.

“We came first. You’re the ones who should leave.” Zhao Pu pressed his hand against the stone pillar beside him.

His thumb pressed down gently.

Lin Shen, who was standing behind him, slowly pushed down.

He was ready to attack.

“It seems that you are indeed from a big sect in the Western Frontier,” the old man opposite him said softly. Then he raised his hand and said, “Aren’t you interested in the Western Frontier cultivators? Try them”

Three impatient figures flew out and rushed towards Zhao Pu, Lin Shen, and Han Muye.

“Get back!”

Zhao Pu, who was tall and muscular with a shiny bald head, shouted and punched. A white tiger appeared behind him.

The shadow of his punch immediately struck the three people charging at him.

Lin Shen pressed his hand on the hilt of the sword and stared ahead.

Han Muye looked at the white tiger phantom behind Zhao Pu.

This guy was really meticulous. He knew that it was best not to use the Iron Bull Strength here and deliberately displayed the earth lineage cultivation technique of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

As soon as this white tiger phantom appeared, some knowledgeable cultivators in the Western Frontier thought that they had encountered someone from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, the other party was not from the Western Frontier.

They were from the Central Continent.

And they were the Mystic Sun Guards.

Han Muye looked at the old man with the black sword hanging from his waist.

The outcome of today's situation depended on this person.

### **Chapter 165: Senior, Are You Really Going to Attack?**

“Boom—”

Zhao Pu punched down, and the white tiger phantom roared.

A 10-meter radius was filled with sharp sword light.

Although it was a fist wind, it was a sword shadow!

The three figures on the other side dispersed and faced the sword light from three directions.

Among the three of them, one was holding a short sword, one was holding a long sword, and the other was holding a black iron fan that emitted a faint spiritual light.

The three of them were close to each other and worked together. Sword light scattered, neutralizing Zhao Pu's fist wind.

The three of them had yet to reach the Earth Realm, but when faced with Zhao Pu, they were not afraid. Instead, they faced him head-on.

"Slash—"

The young man with the short sword moved and rushed in front of Zhao Pu. The short sword silently stabbed at Zhao Pu's ribs.

The young man holding the sword followed closely behind. The sword light in his hand condensed into a dazzling light, intending to attract Zhao Pu's attention.

In the distance, the spiritual light on the young man holding the iron fan turned into nothingness. A sparkling white arrow was pointed at Zhao Pu's forehead.

In the blink of an eye, they switched from defense to offense. These three people's combat awareness was extremely strong.

Zhao Pu snorted coldly and opened his palm. The White Tiger Fist from before turned into a huge sword and landed in his palm.

With the sword in hand, his aura soared!

The black-robed old man turned around and frowned.

"Zhao Yijia, retreat!" A female cultivator shouted from afar.

The young man with the short sword stepped back without hesitation.

But the sword in Zhao Pu's hand had already slashed down.

From an outsider's point of view, the sword strike was silent, as if it were an understatement.

The young man named Zhao Yijia felt as if the sky had collapsed.

When this sword hit his body, his bones and tendons would turn into powder!

“Slash—”

The young man with the sword extended his sword light forward and blocked Zhao Pu’s sword.

However, as soon as he attacked, his expression changed drastically.

Zhao Pu’s white tiger sword smashed onto his long sword, and the boundless force sent the long sword flying.

“Hum—”

The large sword smashed the long sword away and flipped back, shattering the sword spell that was in front of him. Then it continued to slash at Zhao Yijia, who had just retreated 10 feet away.

Zhao Yijia, who was holding a short sword, turned pale. He could not retreat even if he wanted to.

The sword light in Zhao Pu’s hand would definitely kill him before he retreated.

“Ho—”

Zhao Yijia shouted, and the image of an Iron-armored Barbaric Bull appeared on his body. A green light condensed on the short sword in his hand and went against Zhao Pu's sword.

"Bam—"

Zhao Pu's sword smashed into the green light condensed by the short sword, shattering it. Then he hit the young man holding the short sword and he slid 30 feet back on the ground, hitting a stone pillar.

With one strike, the three young experts from the Central Continent retreated.

Among the group of people opposite him, all eight people other than the old leader had solemn expressions.

As the reserve elites of the Mystic Sun Guards, they knew their level.

The three of them worked together and easily dealt with those below the fifth level of the Earth Realm.

But the person in front of them today had forced them back with a single strike.

How powerful was this combat strength!

“This is the earth realm. If you underestimate your opponent, you might have to pay with your life. If this fellow Daoist from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect hadn’t held back, Zhao Yijia, you would already be dead.”

The old leader turned to look at the three young men who had attacked and said calmly.

After saying that, he looked at Zhao Pu with a smile on his face. “The nine great sects of the Western Frontier indeed have some foundation. With your ability, even if you come to my Central Continent, you’ll be considered above average among your peers.”

As the supervisor of this mission, this old man clearly knew the various sects in the Western Frontier very well.

Based on Zhao Pu’s punch just now, he had already determined that Zhao Pu was from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Zhao Pu looked up at the old man and whispered, “Central Continent?”

With the barrier between heaven and earth, it was not easy for the people of the Central Continent to come to the Western Frontier.

The person in front of him could bring junior disciples here. His cultivation level was at least at the Core Formation realm.

Zhao Pu was confident that he could fight above his level, but he was not confident that he could defeat a Core Formation expert.



Seeing Zhao Pu's cautious expression, the old man opposite him smiled and waved his hand. "The three of you can spar with this fellow Daoist again. This is a rare opportunity. This fellow Daoist has just broken through to the Earth Realm."

He had just broken through to the Earth Realm and already had such combat strength!

Hearing his words, the three people who had attacked earlier were even more shocked. They looked at each other and flinched.

Zhao Pu clenched and unclenched his left hand behind his back.

They broke through with all their might.

When the disciples of the Sword Sect were on missions, there would be hand gestures and marks.

Lin Shen took a step forward and turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head.

It wasn't to the point of needing to escape.

Besides, it was hard to say who needed to escape!

He looked across and said calmly, “Instructor Lin, it’s rare to meet a Central Continent expert. You should exercise your muscles too.”

He stretched his muscles.

Lin Shen’s eyes lit up. He nodded and strode forward.

Previously, the three of them were together. It was obvious that Zhao Pu’s cultivation was the strongest. Lin Shen was more like a guard.

As for Han Muye, he was basically a neglected non-combatant.

At this moment, Lin Shen walked forward, and the suppressed aura on his body slowly rose.

In one step, he went from Qi Condensation to Foundation Establishment.

In two steps, his aura rushed to the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm.

Zhao Pu, who was raising his sword, looked surprised.

He knew that Lin Shen was hiding his cultivation, but he didn’t expect—

At this thought, his eyes lit up.

With another step, Lin Shen had already revealed his Earth Realm aura!

An Earth Realm expert!

*How did Lin Shen, who had been fooling around in the outer sect and wandering in the Sword Pavilion, become an Earth Realm cultivator?*

*How was this possible!*

Zhao Pu, who felt that he had broken through to the Earth Realm and was a true elite of Three Stones House, was extremely shocked.

“Lin Shen of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Taking another step, Lin Shen’s aura rushed into the fifth level of the Meridian Opening Realm. He raised his hand and slowly pulled out the broken sword on his back.

Although the sword was broken, the moment it was pulled out, even the old leader narrowed his eyes.

The aura of Lin Shen drawing his sword was like a mountain!

“The five of you, together. This fellow Daoist’s swordsmanship is extraordinary. Be careful,” the black-robed old man said in a low voice.

All five together.

This was how much he thought of Lin Shen.

Not only did he think highly of Lin Shen’s cultivation, but he also thought highly of his swordsmanship.

The five young men looked at each other, nodded, and rushed towards Lin Shen.

Lin Shen held his sword and slashed down.

The bright light shone through the cave!

This sword light seemed to want to split the world in front of him!

The five young men who flew over quickly interweaved the spiritual energy and sword light on their bodies and collided with the sword shadow.

“Boom—”

Lin Shen took a step forward and raised his sword again.

The five young men took a few steps back.

If not for the five of them joining forces, they would definitely be severely injured and unable to escape!

This ordinary-looking sword-wielding man was actually so much stronger than the Earth Realm expert just now!

The five of them had solemn expressions. They split up and carefully rushed towards Lin Shen.

The sword in Lin Shen's hand shone again.

It was still a heavy slash that could destroy mountains!

The five young elites of the Central Continent did not dare to clash head-on at all. They could only wander around and could not approach at all.

In the cave, Zhao Pu and Lin Shen walked the same path in swordsmanship.

With one strike, he broke through the technique.

However, Lin Shen's sword light was even more concise and domineering than Zhao Pu's.

His cultivation was also deeper.

He drew his sword and shattered mountains and rocks.

It was only when his cultivation reached the Earth Realm that this sword technique became extraordinary.

No one dared to stand before his sword!

Han Muye's gaze swept across the field.

The eight youths from the Central Continent were all at the fifth level of Foundation Establishment. Their sword techniques were also very outstanding.

After watching a few moves, Han Muye comprehended three sets of good sword techniques.

Short Sword Technique—Flowing Wind Sword Technique.

This sword technique was light and agile. Every strike was accompanied by the sword, and there was no pause at all.

This sword technique was roughly equivalent to the level between the Three Mystic Sword Technique and the Four Mystic Sword Technique.

There were also two sword techniques, the Hard Wall and the Abyss Break. They were both Three Mystic level sword techniques. They were both fast and strong. At the same time, they condensed the sword aura of a cultivator.

From these three sets of sword techniques, it could be seen that the Mystic Sun Guards' sword techniques were stable and agile.

He wondered what level this sword technique was at among the Mystic Sun Guards.

The Central Continent was too far away, and the Western Frontier knew too little about it.

Han Muye looked around and smiled.

If these eight people were of the same generation in the Western Frontier, other than the elites of the few large sects, the others would not be their match at all.

However, these eight people were probably going to suffer a blow today.

Lin Shen and Zhao Pu's disciples all had deep cultivation and domineering combat techniques. In this stone chamber, they were completely suppressing the eight of them.

Han Muye chuckled and turned to look at the black-robed old man. Coincidentally, the black-robed old man also turned to look at him.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is ranked third among the four great sword sects in the Western Frontier. Their sword technique and foundation are really solid.”

The old man looked at Han Muye and said.

*Third among the four major sword sects?* Han Muye thought.

*It seems that his information is still a little behind.*

Han Muye smiled, his gaze falling on the sword at the old man’s waist. “Wearing darkness, upholding light. The Mystic Sun Guards of the Central Continent Dynasty are indeed extraordinary.”

His casual words made the old man’s expression turn solemn.

The old man looked around before turning his gaze to Han Muye.

This time he looked very carefully.

When his gaze landed on the small black sword stuck in Han Muye’s hair, he was stunned.



“You’re the gatekeeper—”

He paused and then nodded. “It seems that your Nine Mystic Sword Sect has nothing to do with this place.”

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the battle ahead, and he said softly, “Senior, we’re here to investigate some news. There’s no need to continue fighting, right?”

Lin Shen and Zhao Pu’s sword lights swept across, suppressing the eight Central Continent elites.

There was no longer any doubt about this battle.

If they continued to fight, they would be asking for abuse. Why bother?

The old man narrowed his eyes and chuckled. “I’m very curious why you’re so calm in front of an Earth Realm Core Formation cultivator.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the old man moved and appeared beside Han Muye.

He raised his hand and pressed it against Han Muye’s shoulder.

Only by capturing Han Muye would this battle truly end.

However, just as he raised his arm, the old man's expression changed. His figure flashed and he took three steps back.

Han Muye held a purple short sword in his left hand. If the old man hadn't retreated quickly just now, he would have stabbed his chest.

He lowered the sword and reversed it.

This reverse sword technique could be said to be a close combat technique.

Back then, Han Muye had used this sword technique to finish off the Great Spiritual Sword Sect's Earth Realm expert, Qin Yuanhe, in one move.

"Good move!"

The old man growled and raised his hand again.

Zhao Pu and Lin Shen had already turned around.

Zhao Pu swept his sword, and the sword light exploded, blocking all eight Central Continent elites.

"Get out of the way!"

Lin Shen flew back and shouted, swinging the sword in his hand.

This sword light was like a falling meteor that smashed towards the black-robed old man.

The black-robed old man raised his hand and waved. A dark aura exploded, blocking Lin Shen's sword.

A Core Formation expert, an expert of the Central Continent's Mystic Sun Guards, indeed had extraordinary methods.

Just as he was about to attack again, a faint soul sword qi rose from Han Muye's body.

"Senior, are you really going to attack?"

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Behind him, the illusory sword of the soul carried a dark halo.

### **Chapter 166: Is Little friend Han Also Interested in Joining the Mystic Sun Guards?**

Soul Sword Qi!

The old man's body trembled, and sword intent rose from his body, enveloping him.

The threat that the soul sword aura posed to him was much greater than that of Lin Shen and Zhao Pu.

The cold sword qi seemed to be able to cut off his soul!

The old man glanced at Han Muye and retreated into the distance.

At this moment, the battle in the stone chamber dispersed. The eight young men in black panted and retreated to the old man's side with gloomy expressions.

Zhao Pu's face was not red and he was not panting. It was obvious that he did not use much strength.

Lin Shen held a large sword in his hand, and his body was filled with fighting spirit.

Excitement flashed across his face.

It turned out that if he fought with all his might, the speed at which he fused with the jade bones of a great cultivator would be many times faster!

The old man on the other side pondered for a moment, then cupped his hands at Han Muye and said, "I'm Xia Yi, the supervisor of the Mystic Sun Guards in Shuxi County. This time, I'm taking the eight of them to participate in the trial mission. The mission is to find out where the 3,000 Red Flame Army rebels of Shuxi County went a thousand years ago. Back then, under the lead of their commander, Gao He, the 3,000 rebels passed through the Heaven and Earth Barrier and disappeared from the Western Frontier."

Han Muye didn't expect this inspector named Xia Yi to say this to him.

However, what Xia Yi said matched what Han Muye knew.

This place was the encampment of a Central Continent Red Flame Army rebel army.

However, no one knew where the rebel army went or what the commander planned.

It had been a thousand years. It was unknown if this matter had already been buried.

Han Muye turned to look at Zhao Pu.

Today, they were strong enough to make the other party lower their status and treat them with respect.

Otherwise, this would definitely not be his attitude.

“Fellow Daoists of the Central Continent, I’m Zhao Pu, a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Three Stones House. These are Junior Brother Lin Shen and Junior Brother Han Muye. Although the Western Frontier doesn’t have much contact with the Central Continent, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is a large sect in the Western Frontier. We have no conflict with the Central Continent Dynasty.”

Zhao Pu cupped his hands and spoke loudly.

He naturally knew that the Central Continent Dynasty was a colossus. He would not offend them if he could.

Furthermore, Xia Yi was a Core Formation expert.

“Hehe, the three fellow Daoists of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect have extraordinary sword cultivation. It can be seen that the cultivation world of the Western Frontier is flourishing.” Xia Yi smiled and nodded, then looked at Zhao Pu, Han Muye, and the others.

“Fellow Daoists, if you have time in the future, you can come to my Central Continent as guests.”

Han Muye knew that Xia Yi was just being polite. He only said that because the three of them had decent cultivation and combat strength.

But he was definitely going to the Central Continent.

“Even if Senior didn’t say anything, I would go to the Central Continent.”

Han Muye nodded with a smile, looking extremely confident.

The Central Continent was known as the holy land for cultivation. How could he not go?

Hearing Han Muye’s confident words, the young people around Xia Yi took a few more glances at him.

In the end, might is right in the cultivation world.

Zhao Pu and Lin Shen's strength subdued the other party's youths.

Han Muye's soul sword aura also made Xia Yi afraid.

When they chatted again, their communication was much smoother.

These young people were the backup candidates for the Mystic Sun Guards selected by the Central Continent. They needed to complete a few missions before they could be chosen as new Mystic Sun Guards.

This time, their mission was to track down the traces of the Red Flame Army's rebels.

Zhao Pu and the others were also honest. It was just that the sect had found some information that was not considered precious before. This time, they were here to investigate.

After Zhao Pu promised to return to the sect to read through the books and send these rebel troops to the Central Continent, Xia Yi gave them two Red Flame Pillars.

This Red Flame Pillar was a standard military weapon used by the Red Flame Army to temper the bodies of soldiers. It was not considered much in the Central Continent, but in the Western Frontier, it was a good treasure.

Xia Yi put away the remaining pillars and brought them back as mission proof.

“Senior Xia, does bearing the Mystic Sun Sword make one a Mystic Yang Guard?”

When his companion walked out of the cave, Han Muye said softly.

Hearing his words, Xia Yi revealed a solemn expression and nodded. “That’s right.”

“Every Mystic Sun Sword has the mark of the Prime Minister. If this sword falls into the hands of someone whose heart is not right, the sword will self-destruct. If you uphold justice in your heart and obtain the approval of the Mystic Sun Sword, you will be a natural Mystic Sun Guard.”

At this point, Xia Yi looked at Han Muye and said, “Little friend Han, are you also interested in joining the Mystic Sun Guards? If you’re willing to come, I can give you this sword.”

As he spoke, Xia Yi reached for the sword at his waist.

This scene stunned the eight young men.

*Why is the inspector so generous to this disciple of the Western Frontier Sect?*

To the Mystic Sun Guards, the Mystic Sun Sword that they carried with them should not be given away just like that.

Zhao Pu and Lin Shen also turned to look at Han Muye.



From Xia Yi's words, they knew that the Mystic Sun Sword was extremely precious. *How could such an identification sword be given away so easily?*

*Besides, is inviting Han Muye to be a Mystic Sun Guard considered poaching?*

*Poaching the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Sword Pavilion.*

*However, the legitimate identity of a military guard of the Central Continent Imperial Court is indeed tempting...*

Lin Shen looked at Han Muye with a strange expression.

If it were anyone else, they might consider abandoning everything in the Western Frontier and following Xia Yi to the Central Continent.

But Brother Han definitely wouldn't.

How could outsiders know Brother Han's background and status in the Sword Pavilion?

Indeed.

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, "I've seen the Mystic Sun Sword before. His Lordship, the Prime Minister invited me."

The Prime Minister invited him!

Xia Yi trembled and his eyes widened.

The eight young men also stared at Han Muye as if they had seen a ghost.

“Senior Xia, everyone, if it’s fate, we will meet in the Central Continent.” Han Muye cupped his hands and turned to leave.

Zhao Pu and Lin Shen also cupped their hands and left.

After they left, the black-robed female cultivator whispered, “Sir, is what Fellow Daoist Han said true?”

Holding the Mystic Sun Sword in his hand, Xia Yi’s expression changed. Then he said in a low voice, “Every Mystic Sun Sword has the mark of the Prime Minister who might be able to communicate with the sword wielder’s soul through this sword.”

All the eight young men knew about this.

The Prime Minister was the number one person in the imperial court’s Confucian Dao. His soul power was extraordinary.

The imperial court’s Mystic Sun Guards were under his control.

“However, to be able to obtain the soul communication of the Prime Minister, such a person’s talent must be heaven-defying, right?”

Zhao Yijia spoke in a low voice.

If anyone could attract the attention of the Prime Minister, his lordship would not have time to deal with the major matters of the world.

“Indeed, how can someone who isn’t heaven-defying attract the attention of the Prime Minister and be invited to join the Mystic Sun Guards?”

Xia Yi narrowed his eyes and clenched the sword in his hand. He looked into the distance and said, “The last person who was invited by the Prime Minister was the commander of the three counties of the Mystic Sun Guards, Lu Yang.”

“Lu Butch—” The young man with the iron fan had barely finished speaking when he was glared at by Xia Yi.

Butcher Lu.

Commander Lu Yang of the Three Counties was known as the number one killing god among the younger generation of the Mystic Sun Guards. He was half a step into the Heaven Realm and had peerless combat strength.

This person had slaughtered more than a handful of sects.

Could Han Muye be compared to Butcher Lu?

The young men looked at each other and suppressed their surprise.

Xia Yi shook his head and did not say what he had just discovered.

The black sword in Han Muye's hair and the soul sword qi that made his heart palpitate.

He believed what Han Muye said.

After returning to the Central Continent, he would report these matters.

In the cultivation world, karma and opportunities were important.

Whether Han Muye would become a Mystic Sun Guard or not depended on karma.

"Let's go. This mission is considered completed. With these Red Flame Pillars, you should be able to smoothly enter the next level."

Perhaps what happened today had shocked Xia Yi a lot. As the Inspector, he made an exception and said a few more words.

These two words made Zhao Yijia and the others cheer. They beamed all over with joy.

God knew how much they had sacrificed to join the Mystic Sun Guards.

...

At this moment, Han Muye and the others were already dozens of miles away.

“Brother Han, that’s the legitimate lineage of the Central Continent Imperial Court. It’s a huge opportunity.” Zhao Pu turned his head and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “Let’s talk about it later. From what I know, the Mystic Sun Guards can have two identities.”

For sect cultivators, they did not have to choose between the sect and the Mystic Yang Guards.

There was no conflict between joining the Mystic Sun Guards and one’s own sect.

The three of them moved forward. When they reached a wide space, Zhao Pu cast out the flying boat and the three of them flew up.

Previously, he wanted to hide himself in case he attracted the attention of outsiders.

Now that he was back at the Nine Mystic Mountain, he no longer needed to care about others' attention.

Just as the flying boat was about to fly away, Zhao Pu suddenly pointed below and said, "There's a battle over there."

Following the direction he pointed, they saw several cultivators being surrounded by dozens of people in black robes who were attacking them.

Those black-clothed people's cultivation and combat strength were powerful. The few cultivators had only come into contact with them, but more than half of them were already injured.

"It's those hunting itinerant cultivators." Lin Shen frowned.

These people were the hunting itinerant cultivators who had exchanged spiritual herbs and demon beasts with them.

At this moment, there were only four itinerant cultivators left.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and shouted, "Save them!"

With that, he shot forward.

Seeing him fly down, Zhao Pu and Lin Shen also jumped off the flying boat.

It was best not to meddle in such wild disputes.

Cultivators were not so hot-blooded.

However, Han Muye could tell that the sword technique used to kill those itinerant cultivators was the inheritance of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

The people of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were either taken in by the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect or fled to the Southern Wasteland to fight the Western Frontier Sect at Fengshou Mountain.

Why were the people from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect here?

“Clang—”

The Purple Flame Sword flew out and turned into a crescent moon.

A purple stream of light with a cold flame tore through the void and circled the battlefield below.

Several figures flew out.

He killed three people at the seventh level of Qi Condensation with one strike.

When Han Muye landed in the battlefield, the men in black who had surrounded the itinerant cultivators had retreated a few feet and were watching carefully.

These people were all masked and armed with swords. Their eyes were vigilant.

At the front were two middle-aged men in gray linen clothes with long swords on their backs. Their gazes landed on Han Muye.

“Boom—”

Lin Shen and Zhao Pu landed beside Han Muye and protected him.

“Elder Zhu!”

Han Muye and the other two came to the rescue. The four surviving itinerant cultivators shouted and helped Old Man Zhu up.

However, the old man raised his hand and moved it slightly before his head tilted and he dropped dead.

Han Muye looked up ahead and said calmly, “I’m very curious why the remnants of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect would appear here.”

Great Spiritual Sword Sect!



Zhao Pu's eyes lit up. He laughed and took a step forward. "Really? That's a battle achievement!"

Hearing him mention battle achievements, the two gray-robed middle-aged men opposite him looked at each other and flew up.

"Leave no one alive!"

The two of them shouted, and all the men in black behind them rushed forward with swords.

Earth Realm!

These two were actually Earth Realm experts.

Zhao Pu laughed. A white tiger phantom appeared on his body, and he slashed the sword in his hand downwards.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword that belonged to the black-clothed man that he had killed earlier landed in his hand.

This sword was no more than an ordinary weapon, but it was not the sword that Han Muye wanted.

It was the memory images in the sword.

He held the sword in his hand and infused it.

Images appeared in his mind.

“Surround and kill the Central Continent’s Mystic Sun Guards?”

“Rebel against the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“Hu Taisheng!”

#### **Chapter 167: Double Sword Intent! Killing a Core Formation Cultivator with One Strike!**

The purpose of these people coming to the Green Wheat Mountain was to kill Xia Yi and the Mystic Sun Guards he led.

Experts were already there. The others were sweeping away all witnesses and sealing off the news.

From the long sword, Han Muye also saw the activities of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Several sects that had previously come into contact with the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were threatened and had no choice but to participate.

This time, the person who instigated the rebellion was the great demon, Hu Taisheng.

Back then, the First Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley was someone Tuoba Cheng wanted to kill.

“Boom—”

There was a distant rumble.

The direction was where Han Muye and the others had left.

The experts of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had attacked Xia Yi and the others!

Han Muye looked up at the men in black who were surrounding him. His eyes narrowed, and a cold light surged in them.

Xia Yi and the others must not get into trouble in the Western Frontier.

He had seen the power of the Mystic Sun Guards of the Central Continent Dynasty from the Mystic Sun Sword.

If the Central Continent forces stepped into the Western Frontier, the Western Frontier would be even more chaotic.

“Senior Brother Zhao, Instructor Lin, let’s end this quickly!”

Hu Taisheng is gathering the various sects in the Abyss Valley. Go and kill him.”

Han Muye shouted in a low voice, and then sword energy floated up from his body.

Hearing his words, the sword lights on Zhao Pu and Lin Shen exploded!

Hu Taisheng!

Who did he want to kill the most?

Hu Taisheng!

“Kill!”

The two of them shouted in unison and attacked!

Zhao Pu’s sword light transformed into a huge white-browed tiger. It roared at the sky and immediately collided with the burly man in front of him.

Lin Shen was even more straightforward. The broken sword in his hand emitted a 100-foot-long sword qi. The sword light slashed down, and thousands of sword qi caused the world to collapse!

The two Earth Realm experts were forced back by Lin Shen and Zhao Pu.

“We can’t leave anyone alive!”

The leader of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect gritted his teeth and shouted. The sword in his hand carried a green light as he rushed out again.

“Boom—”

In the distance, the rumbling began again.

“Fellow Daoist from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, please help.” Xia Yi’s voice came from afar.

As a Core Formation realm expert, the Central Continent’s Mystic Sun Guards actually asked for help!

Han Muye swept his gaze forward and stepped into the air.

“I’m going to save the people from the Central Continent.”

Lin Shen nodded and raised his sword to block all the people who wanted to chase after Han Muye.

Although he had never seen Han Muye use his full strength, Lin Shen knew that Han Muye’s combat strength was definitely powerful.

Back in the ancient cultivator's cave abode, Han Muye had given him the jade bones.

Zhao Pu looked back and whispered, "Brother Han, can you do it?"

Lin Shen grinned and said, "I'm a man. Of course I can."

With that, he looked ahead, his battle intent soaring.

"Senior Brother Zhao, let's see who kills faster."

Zhao Pu laughed and took out the White Tiger Scroll that Han Muye had given him.

"Let's do it. You said it."

The White Tiger Scroll unfolded, and endless sword qi turned into a White Tiger that rushed towards those black-clothed people.

Then he waved his sword and surrounded the Earth Realm expert in front of him.

"Let's end this quickly. Then, we'll go to the Abyss Valley and kill Hu Taisheng!"

Lin Shen flew up and shouted, “Kill Hu Taisheng—”

...

At this moment, Han Muye had already flown dozens of miles and landed on Eagle Cliff.

Below, nearly a hundred black-clothed cultivators surrounded Xia Yi and the eight trial disciples he brought.

In the middle of the battle, Xia Yi fought against four Earth Realm experts alone.

These four sword lights shone, and their cultivation levels were not inferior to Xia Yi. They were all Core Formation experts.

If not for Xia Yi exchanging injuries for injuries and fighting to the death, he would have lost.

If one was not an absolute powerhouse, would one dare to say that one would fight four people of the same level alone?

“Little Friend Han, please take them away. Save whoever you can!”

Below, Xia Yi shouted.

Zhao Yijia and the other eight Central Continent trial disciples were surrounded at this moment, and several experts attacked.

The eight of them formed a battle formation and worked together, barely managing to resist one or two attacks.

Xia Yi shouted. Ten figures in black had flown into the sky, holding swords to kill Han Muye.

This was the cultivation world.

A life-and-death battle was on the line.

The hundreds of years of cultivation in the sect might be destroyed at this moment.

Seeing the figure rushing over, Han Muye slowly raised his hand.

The short sword in his left hand shone with purple flame.

The Green Destiny Sword in his right hand was dazzling.

With both swords in hand, the sword qi condensed on his body.

‘It’s just murder!’



He drew his sword.

The Green Destiny Sword slashed down with a 30-foot sword light.

As the sword moved, the person arrived.

The two figures in the lead did not expect Han Muye's sword light to be so fast. They were about to raise their swords to block, but they were already shattered.

The other eight people paused and saw that Han Muye's sword light had dissipated. He was already in the battle circle.

"Clang—"

The purple flames of the short sword drew a strange arc, reversed, and floated lightly, sprinkling blood!

With one strike, eight Qi Condensation cultivators of the same level died!

It had only been a breath since the battle ended.

"Expert!"

Someone below exclaimed.

What kind of expert could kill 10 Qi Condensation cultivators with one strike?

Han Muye reappeared on the stone platform below, in the battle circle.

“Hum—”

The Green Destiny Sword shook, and sword qi poured into it. Han Muye knocked the sword off the hand of the Foundation Establishment sword cultivator in front of Zhao Yijia.

His footsteps didn’t stop. His sword flashed.

After circling around, Han Muye knocked down the swords of the Foundation Establishment experts surrounding the eight people!

To Han Muye, there were no secrets about the swordsmanship of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

From entry-level sword techniques to the sect’s sword techniques, he studied and deduced them. He could grasp every flaw.

“Clang—”

With a shake of his sword, Han Muye stood in front of the eight Central Continent elites.

Whether it was the eight Central Continent elites or the men in black outside the battle circle, they all widened their eyes and looked at Han Muye, who was holding a sword with both hands, in shock.

With 12 strikes, he sent the 12 Foundation Establishment sword cultivators flying.

As long as the sword was there, the person would be there. The sword is life.

If Han Muye could send their swords flying, he could take their lives!

“Holy sh\*t, that’s fierce...”

Behind Han Muye, the black-clothed female cultivator blushed when she spoke.

The other male disciples looked at each other and nodded.

How f\*cking fierce!

“Formation, formation two, three, three. He Jin, Zhao Yijia, follow my sword.”

Han Muye raised his sword with both hands and shouted.

The eight Central Continent elites did not hesitate and quickly set up a formation. Zhao Yijia, who was holding a short sword, and He Jin, who was holding an iron fan, stood on each side of Han Muye.

At this moment, their expressions were solemn.

In their opinion, although Han Muye's swordsmanship was shocking, he was facing too many enemies today.

There were still several Earth Realm experts blocking the way.

It would be difficult to fight his way out.

"Haha, Little Friend Han's sword skills are peerless. When you enter the Central Continent in the future, you will definitely be famous!"

Although Xia Yi was already covered in blood, he still laughed.

"Don't worry and attack today. As long as you take one of them away, my Mystic Sun Guards will definitely repay your Nine Mystic Sword Sect's kindness."

"It's easy for me to help you become the number one sect in the Western Frontier!"

Xia Yi shouted, and the sword light in his palm intensified.

Han Muye didn't answer, but the two swords in his hands did.

"Hum—"

The Green Destiny Sword slashed horizontally with a thirty-foot-long sword light. The purple short sword flew out and drew a curved crescent moon that flashed.

Two swords, two sword techniques.

There was a sense of magnificence and a strange lightness.

Before the black-clothed person in front of him could attack, he was already slashed apart by the purple sword light.

"Let's go."

Han Muye shouted in a low voice and reached out to grab the Purple Flame Sword that had flown back. He took a step forward.

The eight Central Continent elites followed closely behind. Their sword lights exploded as they rushed forward.

“Block them!”

Someone among the Core Formation realm experts surrounding Xia Yi shouted.

Three Earth Realm experts with dense auras drew their swords and flashed in front of Han Muye.

Earth Realm experts.

Han Muye pointed his swords forward, and the spiritual energy and sword qi in his body condensed and merged.

If they wanted to fight, it would naturally be on the battlefield!

He thrust his sword and closed the distance in one step.

One against three, crossing realms to fight an Earth Realm!

At this moment, images appeared in Han Muye’s divine treasure.

He seemed to be a bystander as he watched himself, who was holding two swords, kill three Earth Realm sword cultivators in close combat.

The sword technique used by the black-robed middle-aged man on the right was the Three Spirits Sword Technique, Wind Rain.

This sword technique turned into wind and entered the water. The sword carried light clouds. When the sword was thrust, thousands of sword qi followed. When the sword qi entered the body, one would either die or be injured.

To break this sword technique, he needed one strike.

In the green forest of the Cloud Crane Sword Sect, a sword transformed into a green forest. The sword light disappeared and shot through the forest.

The sword rose, and blood surged.

The skinny old man on the right was at the peak of the Earth Realm. The sword in his hand was a semi-spiritual weapon.

This person's sword cultivation was simple and not fancy.

If he wanted to kill this person, he had to get close and slash down.

He took a step and released the sword in his right hand.

A purple stream of light passed through his chest, causing blood to spray.

He drew his sword and held it. The two swords crossed. In front of him, there was only one person left.

Time passed. A third of a breath.

He slowly raised his hand and pointed the sword forward.

The last first-stage Soul Awakening Realm sword cultivator's muscles trembled, and his shoulders subconsciously trembled.

His heart was no longer fighting.

This was what it meant to have godlike swordsmanship!

For some reason, this term appeared in the minds of those Central Continent elites.

With his pure swordsmanship, he could kill a person with a single strike.

If this wasn't swordsmanship, what was?!

"I'll kill this person."



Someone among the four people surrounding Xia Yi spoke. Then he paused and stepped out of the battle.

The sword followed him.

Before he came, the sword light had already transformed into a 100-foot-long stream that descended!

Sword Control with Will!

Half-step Sword Intent!

Second level of the Core Formation realm, half-step sword intent.

One could not fight such an expert unless one was at the same level!

Han Muye seemed to be suppressed by the pressure of the sword intent and could not move at all.

The old man sneered and shouted in a low voice, "You have some talent. Killing you amounts to killing 10 people from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

The sword light swept down like the autumn wind sweeping away fallen leaves. In a hundred breaths, it was above Han Muye's head.

The eight Central Continent elites were completely helpless against this sword light and could only watch helplessly as it descended.

They could not dodge such a sword light!

Han Muye wasn't going to hide either.

A mysterious aura emanated from his body.

The old man's expression changed. His eyes widened, and his sword light became faster.

Sword intent!

How could there be sword intent!

How could one cultivate sword intent before reaching the Earth Realm?!

Whether it was the eight elites or the Core Formation elder, they all widened their eyes as they watched Han Muye's swords emit a profound and grand sword intent.

"Clang—"

The Green Destiny Sword was raised. The sword that was infused with sword intent was dazzling and easily blocked the old man's sword light. The Purple Flame Sword had already disappeared.

When it appeared again, it was at the old man's neck.

Blood splattered everywhere!

Double Sword Intent!

He killed a Core Formation cultivator with one strike!

With the two swords in his hands, Han Muye pointed his long sword forward and said calmly, "Charge."

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly turned around and flew towards Xia Yi and the three Core Formation sword cultivators.

Since he dared to save the people from the Central Continent, he naturally had to save them all.

After killing one Core Formation cultivator, killing three more was not difficult!

### **Chapter 168: The Peerless Swordsman**

From the time the Core Formation elder flew out of the battle ring to the time Han Muye killed him with one strike, it had only been three breaths.

The change was too fast, causing the entire battlefield to pause.

Core Formation experts could be called patriarchs. They lived for a thousand years and established sects.

One strike!

Fall!

Even the top mighty figures of the Western Frontier, who were at the half-step Heaven Realm, did not dare to say that they could kill such a person with a single slash.

It was not until Han Muye flew towards the battlefield where Xia Yi was surrounded that the people around him came back to their senses.

“Charge out!” The black-clothed female cultivator among the eight elites shouted.

Only after they rushed out of the encirclement could the Inspector and Senior Brother Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect attack with all their might.

As long as they could break out of the encirclement, the plan of those interceptors would be broken.

“Kill—”

Eight sword auras gathered into one and charged forward.

The men in black who were encircling them were at a loss.

Why did a killing god suddenly appear on a mission they were confident of succeeding in?

They had not even started, but they had already suffered heavy casualties. Even an elder and two deacons had died.

No one had dared to stop the eight of them!

The battle situation instantly changed. The offensive and defensive positions had switched.

“This person must die!”

Among the three Core Formation experts surrounding Xia Yi, two of them looked at each other and then stepped out to face Han Muye.

Xia Yi waved his sword and was about to restrain him when a violent aura rose from the remaining Core Formation expert in front of him.

The soaring clouds and spiritual light combined as if they were about to shatter the world!

Self-destructing Golden Core!

At the cost of being unable to advance further, he shattered his Golden Core in exchange for a moment of powerful combat strength.

At this moment, even a half-step Heaven Realm expert had to treat this person carefully.

In front of an expert of the same level who had shattered his Golden Core, Xia Yi had to stop and confront him with his sword.

In front of Han Muze, two Golden Core experts were fighting!

In midair, he pointed his two swords at the two Core Formation experts.

Swords in hand, blood burning!

At this moment, he finally felt the joy of being a sword cultivator!

How could it not be satisfying to kill with a sword?

Cultivation and wielding the sword were all for this moment!

What longevity? What carefree? Nothing could defeat this sword!

He loosened his grip and the purple flames turned into a crescent moon.

Qing Ming raised his swords.

The two sword intents that had been exhausted previously transformed into countless sword qi that wrapped around the two long swords, interweaving and circulating.

“Moon Essence Sword Sect’s sword technique!”

The short-bearded old man on the left shouted in a low voice. He held his sword with both hands, and his sword light was like a water dragon, blocking the Purple Flame Sword.

When the swords touched, the old man’s expression changed again.

The power of the Purple Flame Sword was not inferior to his.

Sword intent!

The sword was infused with sword intent!

“Boom—”

The water dragon exploded, and the Purple Flame Sword danced like a sparrow.

The old man on the right slowly raised the slender sword in his hand. The sword turned into a storm and got tangled up with the sword light of Han Muye's Green Destiny Sword.

"Ding—"

With a soft sound, the two swords separated.

"Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Metal Sword Technique!"

The old man narrowed his eyes and stared at Han Muye warily.

The Purple Flame Sword turned around. Han Muye crossed his hands. He retracted the Purple Flame Short Sword in his right hand, and held the Green Destiny sword in his left hand. He held both swords sideways as he stood in the air.

He blocked two Golden Cores by himself.

"What a peerless swordsman..."

After rushing out of the encirclement, the black-clothed female cultivator looked up and muttered.



The others stared silently at Han Muye, who was fighting against two people without retreating.

Even if they didn't admit it, their admiration of Han Muye took root in their hearts.

Such a sword technique was really like a sword immortal. They had to look up to him!

The two Golden Core cultivators had solemn expressions. One on the left and one on the right, the aura on their bodies condensed into substance. Their long swords were sharp as they stabbed and slashed at Han Muye.

"Great Spiritual Sword Sect's Peak Reversal Sword Technique."

Han Muye shouted, and the Green Destiny Sword swept out.

The old man who had been called out by Han Muye had a gloomy expression. It was too late for him to change his move.

"Clang—"

The two swords collided, and the sword qi exploded.

Sword against sword.

Han Muye laughed and waved his right hand that was holding the Purple Flame Sword.

“Let’s see what I can do. How about that?”

At this moment, his right hand was clearly using the Peak Reversal Sword Technique of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!

However, the sword light converged and turned into a lone peak. As soon as it appeared, it felt like it was impossible to climb.

Compared to the Golden Core elder who had attacked previously, this sword move was much more profound.

When this move appeared, the two Golden Core experts of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect widened their eyes in shock.

“Who the hell are you!”

The short-bearded old man gritted his teeth. The sword in his hand emitted a bright sword qi as he stared at Han Muye.

*It would take at least a hundred years to cultivate a technique to this level.*

*Could this person be the reincarnation of a senior from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect?*

*Otherwise, how could there be such a sword technique!*

“Boom—”

The lone peak exploded, knocking the sword-wielding Golden Core elder half a step back.

Han Muze spread out like a golden eagle in the air, shooting straight ahead.

The two swords were meant to distract the opponent.

This sword strike was meant to kill!

The two swords intersected, and the spiritual light transformed into a 10-foot fire dragon.

Prairie Fire!

Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire!

This Prairie Fire was jointly used by the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran outside the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The sword lights intertwined and fused into a dragon of wind and fire.

This sword technique could fight against a Heaven Realm expert in the hands of a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

When the fire dragon appeared, the white-bearded old man's expression had already changed.

Sword techniques had spirit, and there was power in spirit!

Although he had yet to form a sword momentum, he already had the embryonic form of a sword momentum.

Such a sword technique could not be blocked!

"Junior Brother Hao, leave quickly!"

He shouted, and the sword in his hand exploded. A shadow appeared outside his body, and then the sword light rushed towards the fire dragon.

Force against force?

Suppressing others with the power of a Golden Core?

Han Muye shook his head gently.

If he challenged with his own strength, with his cultivation at the Qi Condensation Realm, he would indeed not be able to withstand the power of the Golden Core.

However, this Prairie Fire was executed with the remaining power of the sword intent.

The sword intent combined, and the wind and fire were formed. It could not be blocked!

“Roar—”

The fire dragon that was originally 10-foot long became 300-foot long and swallowed the white-bearded old man in one bite. Then it roared into the sky, and its dragon roar shook the sky over a hundred miles!

The fire dragon roared and swung its long tail, sweeping the fleeing Golden Core to the ground. Then it spat out a strong flame breath and forced all the black-robed cultivators to retreat before slowly turning into nothingness.

The Golden Core Realm cultivator who was swallowed by the fire dragon also disappeared.

This was Prairie Fire.

The might of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s fire lineage sword technique!

Even Golden Cores could only be used to fuel the flames!

As the fire dragon dissipated, Han Muye stood with his sword in hand. A thousand feet in front of him, everything was charred.

Of the two Golden Core experts who fought, one had already died, and the other had fallen to the ground. It was unknown if he was dead or alive.

How powerful was this Sword Dao!

A sword cultivator wanted a sharp sword.

If the sword in his hand was not good, how could he kill, protect, and fight against the heavens?

Han Muye turned around and slowly looked at the old man who was confronting Xia Yi and shattered his Golden Core.

At this moment, the old man's face was red and his eyes were bloodshot.

"Die! Go to hell, all of you—"

He roared at the sky, and the spiritual light on his body turned into a pillar of light that slammed into his surroundings.

Self-destruct!

The explosion of a Golden Core was so powerful that even a half-step Heaven Realm expert would have a headache.

Xia Yi's expression changed and he shouted, "Little friend, retreat!"

If a Golden Core expert self-destructed, everyone within a 10-mile radius would be injured.

If Han Muye and the others were too close, their bones would shatter and their souls would turn into nothingness even if they didn't die.

A solemn aura rose from Xia Yi's body as he raised the Mystic Sun Sword.

"Sword in hand, Mystic Sun, uphold the righteous path!"

He shouted, and the sword light on his body condensed into a light barrier that pressed forward.

Han Muye shook his head.

It couldn't be stopped.

Xia Yi wanted to use his spiritual energy and sword intent to suppress the power of self-destruction and restrain it to a certain range.

Unfortunately, his cultivation was not enough.

Unless he was at the half-step Heaven Realm, how could he suppress the self-destruction of a Golden Core cultivator?

“Little friend, I only have 10 breaths of strength. Take them away.”

Xia Yi’s expression was solemn, and his eyes revealed determination and determination.

“As the inspector of the Mystic Sun Guards, this is my duty. When we uphold justice, there will naturally be bloodshed and sacrifice.”

Rays of light flashed on his body.

He was burning his soul power to activate his Golden Core.

Initially, he wanted to see what the Mystic Sun Guards were capable of. Unfortunately, before he could see much, he had to go all out.

Han Muye shook his head, put away his swords, and pointed.



“Swoosh—”

A shrill scream tore through the air, and a stream of light flashed.

The three-foot-long sword pierced through the old man’s Golden Core power and shattered it.

Like fireworks rising, endless spiritual energy surged into the sky.

However, this spiritual energy was really just spiritual energy. It was not lethal at all.

His soul had been broken and he could not control the power of the Golden Core, so he naturally let the spiritual energy dissipate.

“The Sword Pill...”

Xia Yi muttered as he looked at the hiltless sword that Han Muye had retracted into his palm and turned into a white jade pill.

“So, so powerful...”

“Is this still the Western Frontier?”

In the distance, the eight Central Continent elites looked up and whispered.

Even in the Central Continent, such methods were rare.

*Is the swordsmanship inheritance of the Western Frontier this powerful?* they wondered.

Han Muye slowly landed on the bluestone and looked around.

The men in black who were holding swords were all trembling.

There were also two Earth Realm sword cultivators whose faces were ashen.

If a Golden Core couldn't withstand a single strike, what could they do?

"Boom—"

At this moment, there was a loud bang on the cliff. Countless green rocks flew down.

The entire cliff began to shake.

A wave of energy washed over him.

Xia Yi's expression changed and he shouted, "It's a great demon!"

A great demon.

Not only was it a great demon, but its aura was at the perfected Earth Realm.

He was half a step into the Heaven Realm!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the collapsing cliff.

"Run—"

The men in black fled in panic.

"Slash—"

Not far away, a wooden root appeared and wrapped around a man in black and swallowed him into the ground.

Then, countless wooden roots danced and pulled the fleeing black-clothed people underground.

This was a powerful Wood Demon!

The eight Central Continent elites turned pale and rushed to Xia Yi's side.

Xia Yi held the Mystic Sun Sword in his hand and looked at the slowly descending cliff and the endless wooden roots. He said in a low voice, "This great demon is at least at the half-step Heaven Realm. I'm afraid he won't be able to leave this place today."

His words alarmed the eight elites even more.

There was great fear in life. It was only between life and death!

Han Muye turned his head and looked into the distance.

The Golden Core expert of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, who had been injured by his Prairie Fire, was already dragged underground by a wooden root.

"Little friend, I'll detonate my Golden Core and the Mystic Sun Sword later and block this demon with my greatest strength for a moment."

Holding the hilt of his sword, Xia Yi looked at Han Muye.

"Leave on your own. You might have a chance to live."

Hearing his words, Han Muye shook his head.

He took a deep breath and slowly raised his head. His gaze fell on the cliff walls pressing down on him.

With one hand behind his back and the sword sphere in his right palm, he floated into the air.

Flying Sword, Sword Qi Against the Heavens!

He really looked like an immortal!

A sword aura condensed behind Han Muye.

“I have a move called Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. I wonder if this Wood Demon Senior is willing to give me some pointers?”

### **Chapter 169: Huang Six leaves the Sword Pavilion**

So what if he was half a step into the Heaven Realm?

The sword intent of the soul fused with the sword intent. Gu Jianwan used the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. The outcome was unpredictable!

At this moment, the battle intent on Han Muye was enough to break through the clouds above his head.

A Qi Condensation Sword Cultivator could fight against a peak-level Earth Realm demon.

*No matter how strong the enemy is, I have my own sword.*

*This is a sword cultivator!*

“He, he wants to challenge a half-step Heaven Realm demon...” Zhao Yijia, who was standing beside Xia Yi, shrank his neck and his face was pale.

*H-how dare he!*

That was a half-step Heaven Realm demon. Not to mention in the Western Frontier, even in the Central Continent, it was a peerless mighty figure in the world!

How dare he draw his sword in front of such an expert?

“Sword cultivators have swords in their hands and swords in their hearts.”

“This is a true sword cultivator.”

Xia Yi looked up and sighed.

Sword cultivator.

A half-step Heaven Realm expert dared to attack in front of a Heaven Realm expert!

Taking a deep breath, Xia Yi looked at the people beside him.

“Did you see that?”

“There are countless cultivators in the world. Those who can’t join the Mystic Sun Guards are the true top geniuses in the world.”

“A genius who dares to fight. A cultivator should be like this.”

With that, he flew up and rushed to Han Muye’s side.

“Brother Han, I’ll fight alongside you today.”

The eyes of the black-robed female cultivator below lit up as she flew up with her sword.

“Miao Ziyu will fight alongside Brother Han!”

“I’m coming too. Cao Dagang is here.”

“Xiao Jinyuan is here.”

“Zhao Yijia is here too!”

...

The eight Central Continent elites soared into the sky and stood side by side with Han Muye and Xia Yi.

Although this bit of combat power was not worth mentioning, it was not a disgrace to the Central Continent’s elites.

The steep stone wall slowly pressed down. When it reached a thousand feet, it stopped.

A blurry face appeared on the stone wall. It looked at Han Muye and the others before slowly retreating.

Retreated.

Xia Yi and the others heaved a sigh of relief.

It was crazy to challenge a half-step Heaven Realm demon!

Han Muye shook his head regretfully, and then the sword energy on his body slowly converged. The sword pill disappeared and fell into his dantian to be nurtured.



In the battle just now, he had exhausted two sword intents.

Fortunately, he could fight with a Golden Core cultivator. This experience was even more rewarding.

“Do you need magnolias?”

A voice spoke from below.

Han Muye and the others turned around and saw a young girl in a green dress standing in front of the forest below.

The girl stared at Han Muye and asked again, “Do you want magnolias?”

Han Muye nodded.

“You’re doing an exchange again?”

The girl spoke again.

*Exchange?*

Han Muye recalled that Zhao Pu had taken three magnolias and returned a high-grade spiritual rock.

Exchange!

Han Muye waved his hand and dozens of high-grade spiritual rocks fell.

This was hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks.

At this move, Xia Yi and the Central Continent elites had strange expressions on their faces.

*His sword intent is powerful, his sword technique is divine, and his wealth is so immense...*

*This is how the direct descendants of the big families in the Central Continent Imperial City are, right?*

The girl in green raised her hand to receive the high-grade spiritual rock. A smile appeared on her face as she counted twice before turning around and disappearing into the forest.

*She fled with the money?*

Zhao Yijia and the others turned to look at Han Muye with strange expressions.

*Isn't this a huge loss?*

Han Muye didn't say anything as he landed on the bluestone.

It didn't matter if he was cheated of his spiritual rocks. It was just a few dozen high-grade spiritual rocks.

He had no shortage of those.

Fortunately, the girl returned in a moment.

The girl who returned held a large handful of magnolias that flashed with light.

These magnolias had a golden halo. Spiritual light flowed and fragrance overflowed.

*A thousand-year-old spiritual herb.* Han Muye's eyes lit up.

A thousand-year medicinal effect was completely different from a hundred years.

The changes in the medicinal properties were not in order.

When it came to thousand-year-old spiritual herbs, spirituality could greatly increase the possibility of refining high-quality medicinal pills.

After carefully receiving the magnolias, Han Muye hesitated for a moment. With a flip of his palm, dozens of high-grade spiritual rocks appeared.

“Little Fellow Daoist, your magnolia is a thousand years old. I didn’t have enough spiritual rocks just now. This is to make up for the difference in price.”

*Make up for the difference.*

There were so many high-grade spiritual rocks.

Miao Ziyu and the others were completely numb now.

The girl in the green dress revealed a happy expression and took the spiritual rocks. With a flash of light, she put them away.

“You’re a good person. Granny Lan said that if you still need good spiritual herbs, you can come to Green Wheat Mountain to trade with us.”

As she spoke, the girl plucked a strand of hair and handed it to Han Muye.

“My name is Tantan.”

Han Muye took the hair and saw that it had already turned into a purple branch.

“My name is Han Muye.”

...

When Han Muye, Xia Yi, and the others walked out of the Green Wheat Mountain, Miao Ziyu and the others looked at Han Muye with a strange expression.

“Brother Xia, everyone, I still have something on in my sect. Goodbye.” Han Muye turned around and cupped his hands at everyone.

Xia Yi nodded and reached out to remove the Mystic Sun Sword from his waist.

“Brother Han, if you go to the Central Continent in the future, it will be much more convenient to carry this sword with you.”

It was not that he was invited to join the Mystic Sun Guards, but that this sword was convenient.

Han Muye hesitated, then took the sword with both hands.

“Alright, when I have the chance, I’ll go to the Central Continent and drink with everyone.”

After Han Muye finished speaking, he held his sword and flew into the sky.

Watching him leave, Miao Ziyu and the others were filled with emotions.

"I didn't expect such a person to exist in the Western Frontier." Cao Dagang, who was holding a sword in his hand, whispered.

"That's true. If I didn't know that he was from a sect in the Western Border, I would have thought that I had met a direct descendant of the Central Continent Imperial City and experienced the hardships of the cultivation world." Miao Ziyu shook his head, his eyes sparkling.

"This guy looks quite..."

"Let's go," Xia Yi said.

"When we return to Shuxi County, I will report what happened in the Western Frontier. Today's encounter is a rare experience for you."

It really was a test of life and death.

Everyone who had been lingering before the cycle of life and death sighed.

Xia Yi turned around and looked in the direction that Han Muye had left in. He turned around and strode away.

Miao Ziyu and the others were not experienced enough, so they did not know what Han Muye's swordsmanship meant.

But he knew.

With such talent in the Sword Dao and a pure heart, even his literary appearance was valued!

Such a person would definitely soar into the sky when he entered the Central Continent in the future!

Today's friendship might be their opportunity in the future.

Wasn't fate all about karma?

...

Han Muye returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain and no longer concealed himself.

From the swords of those men in black, he obtained the information that the remaining forces of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect wanted to deal with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

It did not matter how these sects who had been instigated to defect caused trouble for Han Muye.

He couldn't make a big wave.

There were experts stationed everywhere in the Sword Sect. There were also many disciples of the sect who were on missions to eliminate demons. Whoever dared to cause trouble was courting death.

Lin Shen and Zhao Pu had already headed to the Abyss Valley. With their combat strength, it was not impossible for them to deal with Hu Taisheng.

What Han Muye was afraid of now was that if Clear Wind Temple participated in the turmoil and implicated Lu Qingping, Huang Six's Dao heart would probably collapse.

Thinking of this, Han Muye flew even faster on his sword.

For two days and two nights, Han Muye used pills and spirit stones to replenish his spiritual energy. Without sleeping or resting, he flew tens of thousands of miles and returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

When he was 10,000 miles away from the Nine Mystic Mountain, he saw sword lights interweaving and flying down.

He intercepted an Earth Realm elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and asked him about the state of affairs. The news made his heart sink.

A day ago, 12 sects under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect rebelled.

The Duanhua Sword Sect, the Suyang Sect, and a few sects that Han Muye knew of previously were all rebels.



As for Clear Wind Temple, it was still unknown if they had rebelled.

Han Muye rode his sword to the limit and returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain half a day later.

“Senior Brother Han is back!”

When he reached the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao’s surprised voice sounded.

Han Muye walked up the stone steps and glanced into the Sword Pavilion. Then he said in a low voice, “Do you know what happened at the foot of the mountain?”

Lu Gao nodded. “I heard that many sects rebelled. Because the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect took advantage of the frontline battle.”

Lu Gao often worked with the servants in the sect and would help Han Muye obtain a lot of information.

This was what Han Muye had asked him to care about, so he naturally knew.

“Have you heard that Clear Wind Temple has turned against you?”

Han Muye spoke softly.

*Clear Wind Temple?*

*Sixth Sister-in-law's sect?*

Lu Gao shook his head and said in a low voice, "I haven't heard anything about it yet."

"Is Little Han back? How was it?"

Huang Six's voice came from the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye shook his head at Lu Gao and strode into the Sword Pavilion.

He stepped into the Sword Pavilion and saw Huang Six walking over from the wooden frame with a piece of linen in his hand.

"That tired?"

Huang Six looked up at Han Muye's face and frowned. "Hurry up and rest. Why are you so tired?"

If he rode the sword for two days and two nights without stopping, even an Earth Realm expert would be exhausted.

"Sixth Brother, there's trouble at the foot of the mountain." Han Muye looked at Huang Six and said in a deep voice.

Huang Six nodded and waved his hand. "Don't worry about these things. I'm going down the mountain to take a look in two days. These guys really don't stop."

Han Muye was about to speak when a voice came from the door.

"Brother Lu, is Senior Brother Han here?"

It was Bai Suzhen's voice.

"I need to speak to him urgently."

Bai Suzhen's voice was filled with urgency.

Han Muye and Huang Six walked out of the Sword Pavilion and saw Bai Suzhen and the gray-robed Treasure Store Shopkeeper He standing at the bottom of the stone steps.

Shopkeeper He was holding a sword in his hand.

Seeing this sword, Han Muye and Huang Six's expressions changed drastically.

Huang Six took a step forward and landed in front of Shopkeeper He. He reached out and grabbed the sword in his hand.

“Why is this sword in your hands?!”

At this moment, a violent aura rose like a primordial beast from Huang Six’s body. A sharp sword qi seeped out of his body, as if it wanted to tear Shopkeeper He apart.

His eyes were filled with suppressed flames.

Shopkeeper He took a step back and looked at Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen said in a low voice, “Sixth Brother, this sword was sold to my Bai family’s shop by Sixth Sister-in-law. Coincidentally, Uncle He recognized this sword and sent it over.”

Standing on the stone steps, Han Muye said in a deep voice, “Explain yourself.”

Bai Suzhen nodded and turned around. “Uncle He, give Sixth Brother and Senior Brother Han the information.”

Shopkeeper He nodded and said, “This sword was sent from Mingyuan Town Market 3,000 miles away. I have an impression of this sword because Young Master Han bought it when he was appraising it.”

At this point, he looked at Han Muye and then at Huang Six. “I asked. Five days ago, a few female cultivators went together and bought a lot of pills, talismans, and other things.

“The female cultivator who sold the sword used the spiritual rocks she exchanged for to buy many spirit pills to ward off poison and increase her cultivation.

“By the way, that female cultivator also said that if we go south, we might be able to return in the future. We have to prepare more pills. There’s no use keeping this sword.

“Because the female cultivator mentioned that she bought this sword from the Zhenling Treasure Shop, so they sent it over.”

*To the south?*

*Southern Wasteland!*

Clear Wind Temple, which had been instigated by the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, was going to the Southern Wasteland!

“South,” Huang muttered. He gripped his sword and lowered his head.

After taking a few steps, he turned around and looked at the Sword Pavilion behind him and Han Muye, who was standing in front of it.

“Brother Han, I’m leaving. I’m not coming back.”

#### **Chapter 170: An Astronomical Bounty, Who is Sixth Sister-in-Law?**

Standing on the stone steps, Han Muye watched Huang Six leave.

Everyone had their own path.

Huang Six had left the mountain today to seek his own path.

Looking at Huang Six's back, Han Muye felt envious.

*With an obsession in his heart, he passes through the mortal world.*

*What's life and death?*

“Storeowner Bai, people will want the immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill, right?”

On the stone steps, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Bai Suzhen looked up and saw Han Muye holding a small jade bottle.

Han Muye raised his hand and threw the jade bottle at Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen took it and probed it with her divine sense. Her eyes widened.

Immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill!

This item was worth millions of spiritual rocks.

Senior Guan Chaosheng consumed this pill and entered seclusion. He was about to break through his shackles and advance his cultivation.

When he came out of seclusion, the news about the effect of the immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill would spread, and the price of this pill would increase by 30%.

“This pill...”

Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye.

She did not know why Han Muye took out this pill.

“With this pill as the basis, I want to protect Sixth Brother and Sixth Sister-in-law’s lives.”

Han Muye put his hands behind his back, his expression indifferent.

With this pill as the basis!

If he could refine this pill, he could also refine other immortal-grade pills of the same level.

In the cultivation world, those who could use such a pill were experts above the Earth Realm.

With this pill as the basis, how many Earth Realm experts would be enticed to help?

Bai Suzhen couldn't imagine!

She opened her mouth wide and looked at Han Muye.

*What does he want...?*

"You know my level of alchemy. I trust you have the means to pass on my request?"

Han Muye's gaze fell on Bai Suzhen's face, and he said softly, "Storeowner Bai, you'll be touched by the relationship between Sixth Brother and Sixth Sister-in-law, right?"

Bai Suzhen held the jade bottle in her hand tightly and nodded softly.

She knew more about the people in the Sword Pavilion. Huang Six and Han Muye paid the most attention.

She knew a little about Huang Six and Lu Qingping.

In the cultivation world, love was not worth mentioning, but Huang Six regarded it as a treasure.



Perhaps some people called Huang Six stupid.

But Bai Suzhen admired him.

How many women in the world would not want to have such a husband who only cared about them?

For some reason, Bai Suzhen's heart ached.

Wasn't her mother the same back then?

"Young Master Han, are you really willing to take out such a pill?" Shopkeeper He, who was standing beside Bai Suzhen, suddenly asked.

"Since when did my words not count?" Han Muye said calmly.

In front of others, this pill was extremely precious.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, pills and swords were unimportant.

What was most important was that things go smoothly and unhindered.

Was it not worth it to help Sixth Brother with some pills?

“Haha, then I must make a trip there.” Shopkeeper He laughed, cupped his hands at Han Muye, and turned to leave.

Who wouldn’t want such a pill?

Bai Suzhen shook her head with a bitter smile. She put away the pill and said softly, “Senior Brother Han, don’t worry. I’ll explain this matter.”

Then she too turned to leave.

“Senior Brother Han, why don’t I go with you to protect Sixth Brother?”

After Bai Suzhen and the others left, Lu Gaofang walked forward and spoke in a low voice.

“Lu Gaoxiu’s Sword Technique fused with a spiritual weapon long sword. His combat strength was not inferior to the Earth Realm,” Han Muye muttered to himself.

“Senior Brother Han, I’ll go accompany Sixth Brother.” At this moment, a voice sounded from the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye turned around and saw Gao Xiaoxuan carrying a small bag and carrying a short sword at his waist.

This sword was Huang Six's.

"Do you know how to kill people?" Han Muye looked at Gao Xiaoxuan and asked softly.

Gao Xiaoxuan looked confused. Then he shook his head and said, "I don't know."

"However, I won't let anyone hurt Sixth Brother."

Hearing his words, Han Muye nodded and raised his hand. A small bag appeared in his palm.

"There are pills for cultivation in this bag. I've prepared them. They are meant for Sixth Brother. Help me pass them to him."

In this bag were supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills, supreme-grade Spirit Fusion Pills, and an immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill.

These pills were enough for Huang Six to quickly increase his cultivation.

Of course, although Han Muye did not know Huang Six's cultivation level these days, he knew that Huang Six's combat strength was definitely not weak.

Gao Xiaoxuan took the small bag and stuffed it into his bag. Then he strode down the world and ran away with the little white fox.

Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming, who were originally cultivating, were alarmed by the incident at the door and quietly came behind Han Muye.

“Yang Mingxuan, go to the sect mission hall.”

Han Muye clasped his hands behind his back and looked into the distance.

His eyes shone brightly.

“Announce a mission to protect Sixth Sister-in-law. Reward, 1,000 merit points, to be split equally.”

He paused, and a smile touched his lips.

“The issuer will be fire lineage’s Su Yuan.”

Since he could not get the 1,000 merit points back, it was just right to use them now.

Now that Patriarch Tao Ran was not in the Sword Pavilion, even if Su Yuan understood that Han Muye was the one who taught the Prairie Fire Sword Technique, he would not say it out loud.

After the storm passed, this matter would be over.

When Patriarch Tao Ran came back and asked about it, they would feign ignorance.

Yang Mingxuan nodded and walked out of the Sword Pavilion to the Mission Hall.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Lu Gao. "Brother Lu, just guard the Sword Pavilion well. Sixth Brother doesn't lack people."

With that, he turned back to the Sword Pavilion and stepped onto the third floor.

It was only at this moment that he felt exhausted.

At the entrance to the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao nodded and stood there like a sword.

...

In the inner sect of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, at the fire lineage base.

A middle-aged man in a green robe stood outside the hall with a book in his hand.

His name was Qiu Shaolin, and he was a deacon of the Sword Sect's Mission Hall.

He came here to confirm something with the fire lineage elder, Su Yuan.

The fire lineage had already declined and was about to be annexed by the other four lineages.

However, who would have thought that Patriarch Tao Ran would return and Elder Su Yuan would cultivate the Prairie Fire Sword Technique?

The fire lineage that was originally at the bottom of the five lineages instantly glowed with vitality and actually had the strength to suppress the other four lineages.

In the past, Qiu Shaolin, who was a deacon of the Mission Hall, ignored the fire lineage disciples. Now, he had to wait outside the door to have an audience with them.

“Deacon Qiu, why are you looking for my master?”

Shen MUYANG, who had walked out of the hall, looked at Qiu Shaolin and frowned.

After the rise of the fire lineage, too many people came to build ties with Su Yuan, and it had already affected his cultivation.

If it was not something really important, Su Yuan would not have appeared.

“Senior Brother Shen.”

Qiu Shaolin cupped his hands and looked at Shen Muyang. "Someone issued a mission in the Mission Hall today in the name of Elder Su.

"A reward of 1,000 merit points. This mission reward is considered a huge sum. I came to confirm it."

*Bounty mission?*

Shen Muyang's expression changed. He snorted and said, "How is that possible! My master has been in seclusion for the past few days. How could he have issued a mission?"

Then he turned and walked away.

Qiu Shaolin shook his head, put away his book, and turned around.

*As expected, the person who issued the mission is unreliable.*

*The fire lineage is so prosperous now, so why would it need to issue a mission to protect Sixth Sister-in-law?*

*Who is Sixth Sister-in-law?*

"Wait a minute."

Just as Qiu Shaolin took a few steps, Shen MUYANG, who had already walked into the hall, suddenly spoke and walked out.

“You said, it was 1,000 merit points?”

Qiu Shaolin nodded and said, “It’s a mission to save Sixth Sister-in-law.”

*What is this mission?*

Although Shen MUYANG did not know what this mission was, he knew that the fire lineage owed someone 1,000 merit points.

“Junior Brother Qiu, wait for me for a moment.” Shen MUYANG cupped his hands at Qiu Shaolin and turned to leave.

*What’s wrong?*

Qiu Shaolin stood there blankly.

Shen MUYANG quickly walked into the backyard and saw Su Yuan watching his new disciple, Qi Tao, cultivate his sword technique.

Qi Tao’s talent was not bad. Coupled with Ling Jue Sect’s foundation, his cultivation of the Fire Lineage Sword Technique was extremely fast.



Shen Muyang walked forward and reported the mission in a low voice.

Su Yuan's eyes lit up.

"1,000 merit points."

Nodding, he said in a low voice, "Although I don't know who Sixth Sister-in-law is, I have to pay this debt."

"Master, I think I know who Sixth Sister-in-law is."

Hearing Su Yuan's words, Qi Tao, who had sheathed his sword, bowed and said, "She's the sweetheart of Huang Zhenxiong from the Sword Pavilion. He's known as the Unparalleled Sixth Brother Huang. It's said that Sixth Brother gave up cultivation for his childhood sweetheart and is willing to return to his hometown."

*Sword Pavilion!*

Su Yuan narrowed his eyes and stood up.

"No wonder..."

There you go, he thought.

No wonder his master lived in the Sword Pavilion the moment he returned to the sect.

It turned out that Master's plan back then was in the Sword Pavilion!

Su Yuan turned around and looked at Shen MUYANG.

"MUYANG, hand over 1,000, no, 2,000 merit points to the Mission Hall. I've issued this mission."

At this point, he looked at Qi Tao.

"Qi Tao, you can't just focus on cultivation.

"Lead my disciples below the Fire Lineage Foundation Establishment realm down the mountain to save this Sixth Sister-in-law.

"There are debts to be paid.

"All the more reason to return the favor."

...

When Han Muye woke up, it was already a day and a night later.

After walking down from the Sword Pavilion, he exchanged a few words with Lu Gao and Yang Mingxuan before remembering the mission that Yang Mingxuan had issued yesterday.

“Senior Brother Han, this mission is a little troublesome.”

Hearing Han Muye’s question, Yang Mingxuan said in a low voice with a bitter expression.

*Troublesome?*

Han Muye frowned.

*Did fire lineage not recognize the 1,000 merit points?*

*If they refuse to recognize it, I would give them these 1,000 merit points.*

*It’s only 1,000 merit points.*

Seeing Han Muye frown, Yang Mingxuan said hurriedly, “Senior Brother Han, it’s like this. Elder Su of the fire lineage has set the reward at 2,000 merit points.

"2,000 merit points is considered a low-level sect mission in the Sword Sect. The mission has to be publicized throughout the sect and the alliance sects.

"Also, someone knows about Sixth Brother's trouble and told others about this.

"Last night, more than 10,000 people from the inner and outer sect went down the mountain."

10,000...

Han Muye looked up at Yang Mingxuan.

*Is it that bad?*

"Senior Brother, completing sect missions can earn one the bonus of the sect mission book.

"And there's Brother Six's reputation."

A hint of emotion appeared on Yang Mingxuan's face as he said softly, "Those senior and junior brothers who went down the mountain said that if Sixth Sister-in-law is injured, they won't be able to face Sixth Brother."

"That's right." Lu Gao, who was standing at the side, said, "There are also many brothers from the servant hall who want to go down the mountain to help Sixth Brother save Sixth Sister-in-law."

Han Muye nodded.

He wondered if this was karma.

Reputation was nothing. It was just icing on the cake.

If he really needed it, it could be of great use.

In the cultivation world, most people were ordinary people.

How many ordinary people like Sixth Brother were on the Nine Mystic Mountain?

Today, they were helping Sixth Brother. Or rather, they were helping themselves.

Just as Master Mo Yuan had said, cultivators with ordinary talent in the world also had the chance to achieve the Great Dao.

The creation of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was to give ordinary cultivators a chance.

No matter how ordinary a person was, he should have the qualification to pursue the Great Dao.

Even if that qualification was illusory and unreachable.

For example, Huang Six sat in the Sword Pavilion and dreamed of returning home with Sixth Sister-in-law every day.

“Senior Brother Han, Master asked me to ask about Sixth Brother.”

Outside the Sword Pavilion, the white-robed female cultivator, Jin Yuan, arrived.

“Master said that the medical hall can help. Should I offer a few Void Meridian Pills as a reward?”

Jin Yuan looked at Han Muye with a strange expression and whispered, “Master also told me to ask if you’re really offering the immortal-grade Purple Jade Pills?”