

Pavilion 181

Chapter 181: Two Realms

In the void, Han Muye whispered, and a sword appeared in his hands.

In his left hand, a cold light flashed.

The purple flame in his right hand and the red light of the short sword flashed.

Two swords appeared, and the sword intent and sword qi that he had originally restrained soared into the sky.

His sword was pointed forward, but his gaze was in the distance.

Over there, a figure flew over, carrying endless wind and lightning.

Tuoba Cheng.

“Boom—”

From Han Muye’s body, sword light rushed into the clouds and collided with the golden light of the Sword Pavilion, turning into a stream of light that exploded.

Today, he could have avoided using his sword.

Lu Gao still had the power of a sword. After blocking for a few breaths, Tuoba Cheng arrived.

But today, Han Muye was going to attack.

This strike represented the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion was not a dispensable vassal of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

The Sword Pavilion had been sacrificed countless times during the rise of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Every Sword Pavilion elder had lost their cultivation.

Even Gao Changgong had sacrificed the sword that he had condensed 60 years ago.

In the eyes of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's higher-ups, the Sword Pavilion should be sacrificed.

Including this time.

Does anyone care about Huang Six?

Did anyone mention Huang Six, who had gathered 200,000 cultivators around him for a meeting?

Nothing.

Today, he wanted to let those old men sitting on the Nine Mystic Mountain know that the Sword Pavilion was not just a Sword Heavenly Realm!

“Come fight—”

As soon as he finished speaking, the sword light condensed.

The Green Destiny sword was like a dragon. With a flash, light and shadow filled the sky.

Solitary.

One leaf.

Forest.

Float.

...

The sword techniques of the wood attribute contained a profound concept and a heavy sword intent that made Qin Lin, who was filled with demonic intent, widen his eyes.

“Wood-type swordsmanship... How—how did you get so many—”

He, Qin Lin, was an Elder of the Wood Lineage. Ever since he entered the Nine Mystic Sword Sect with a hidden identity, he had cultivated the sword technique of the Wood Lineage.

All these years, he had been a sword cultivator of the wood lineage.

However, this sword strike in front of him made him, a sword cultivator from the wood faction, completely unable to deal with it!

This level of attainment in the wood-attribute sword technique was even comparable to the Supreme Wood Lineage!

Gritting his teeth, Qin Lin crossed his hands. The two demonic trees behind him collided and turned into a black wooden sword.

The wooden sword reached forward and handed the sword light to Han Muye.

“This is how a sword cultivator should be.” Han Muye chuckled and extended the purple flame in his right hand.

Hu Taisheng, who was opposite him, had quietly landed beside him. He smashed his wooden staff fiercely.

The wooden staff boomed like a sword drawn from its sheath. It shrieked.

Hu Taisheng looked like a great demon who cultivated spells, but in fact, his swordsmanship was the real powerful one.

With this sword, he had at least a hundred years of cultivation!

Han Muye's eyes lit up, and flames rose from his Purple Flame Sword.

Spark.

Brilliance.

Ethereal Fire.

Smoke and dust.

Han Muye's sword light was still the same as every time he practiced in the small courtyard of the Sword Pavilion. There was no pattern, no trace, no meridians, and no way to resist!

His technique was timeless!

How could such a sword technique be used by a young sword cultivator who looked like he had yet to build his foundation?

Hu Taisheng stretched out his wooden staff, wanting to block the attack of the Purple Flame Dagger.

However, the sword light was in front of him. Endless streams of light exploded and the wooden staff rolled back, making him unable to hold it in his palm.

“Boom—”

Hu Taisheng was slashed in front of the stone steps. His body squirmed and turned into a gray demon fox.

However, there were two bone-deep sword marks on the back of this demon fox, cutting off his back.

On the other side, the leaves formed by the endless sword light wrapped around the dark demonic aura. No matter how Qin Lin resisted, he was finally suppressed.

“Bam—”

The black demon sword in Qin Lin’s hand exploded, leaving only half of the hilt.

He looked at Han Muye with resentment and was about to say something when his eyes suddenly widened. He lowered his head and looked at the sword that was stabbing his heart.

The blade was sharp, and the halo was clear.

Destiny.

The two swords killed two Earth Realm experts!

This was the true strength of the Sword Pavilion's Senior Brother Han Muye!

Lu Gao's face lit up.

He knew that Senior Brother Han's sword cultivation was extremely powerful.

He just didn't expect it to be so strong.

Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming, who were standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, opened their mouths wide.

The sword technique displayed earlier was too shocking.

What kind of person could have such swordsmanship?

When Tuoba Cheng landed in front of the Sword Pavilion, dozens of sword lights followed closely behind.

Bao Xu narrowed his eyes and looked at the mess in front of the Sword Pavilion.

“Senior Brother Han, what a good sword technique.” Bao Xu’s gaze swept across the dead Qin Lin and the half-dead Demon Fox before he whispered.

The wounds on the demon fox’s body could be seen.

The sword intent around Qin Lin had yet to dissipate.

With two swords, he suppressed two Earth Realm cultivators. Even with the help of the Sword Pavilion’s array formation, his sword technique was still extremely powerful.

Without top-notch sword techniques, no matter how much strength he borrowed, it was only a child’s sword dance.

Han Muye released the sword with both hands and let the two swords turn into small swords that fell into his sleeves. Then his figure slowly landed on the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion.

“I’ve always had good perception. Uncle-Master Tuoba Cheng knows this.” Han Muye’s expression was calm as he looked at Tuoba Cheng and said indifferently.

Tuoba Cheng looked at the gradually weakening Demon Fox on the ground, then looked up at Han Muye and said with a smile, "Kid Han has always had good perception."

He looked at Han Muye, and the smile on his face slowly disappeared, and the light in his eyes turned cold.

"You should have left him with me."

Killing Hu Taisheng was a knot in his heart. It was really difficult for him not to kill Hu Taisheng personally today.

Han Muye was so smart. How could he not have thought of this?

But Han Muye still attacked.

Looking into Tuoba Cheng's eyes, Han Muye's gaze was clear as he said calmly, "How could I not use this sword in front of the Sword Pavilion?"

Hearing his words, Tuoba Cheng remained silent.

Bao Xu stood at the side and was a little confused. His gaze kept sweeping across the two of them.

Naturally, he did not understand what they were talking about.

Tuoba Cheng blamed Han Muye for not letting him deal with Hu Taisheng. He was telling Han Muye that he should have given in to him.

‘You’re so smart, don’t you know how to give in?’

As for Han Muye’s answer, he had no choice but to draw his sword in front of the Sword Pavilion.

He would draw his sword when it concerned the Sword Pavilion.

Today or another day.

He wouldn’t let him.

At this moment, Han Muye spoke as the head of the Sword Pavilion.

Tuoba Cheng represented the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

When they finished, they didn’t say anything else. They were unwilling to give in.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

On the Nine Mystical Mountain, the bell rang.

It was melodious and loud.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Three Stones House’s Zhao Linshen joined forces to kill the great demon, Hu Taisheng, and returned with the demon bones...”

His voice echoed throughout the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Tuoba Cheng’s gaze landed on the two-tailed demon fox on the ground. His expression changed, and then he laughed. “Hehe, in the end, it’s just me who’s depressed.”

After saying that, he looked at Han Muye and said, “Kid Han, your swordsmanship is really good.”

Han Muye nodded and said softly, “I think so too.”

Blood, qi, and sword light rose from Tuoba Cheng’s body. Then, he smiled and said, “Senior Brother Gao didn’t choose the wrong person. It’s our Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s fortune to leave the Sword Pavilion to you.”

His body turned into a stream of light and left with the sound of wind and thunder.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was fortunate.

Fortunately, Tuoba Cheng chose to compromise in the end.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

If it wasn't for the sword move he displayed just now, would Tuoba Cheng, who represented the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, have finally retreated?

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's retreat meant that Han Muye could attack.

In the cultivation world, the sword in one's hand was ultimately disadvantageous.

If he did not show his strength, would the higher-ups of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect bother to look at him, the head of the Sword Pavilion?

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Bao Xu led the disciples of the Defense Hall to take away the dead demon fox and Qin Lin's corpse. They cleaned up the stone steps.

Then, Lu Gao walked forward and picked up the broken wooden staff and the sword hilt that Qin Lin had lost. He handed them to Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand to collect the two items, then looked up ahead.

Not far away, a figure ran over.

“Instructor Lin, your cultivation has improved again.” Han Muye smiled as he looked at Lin Shen, who was covered in sword qi and carrying a large sword on his back.

“Senior Brother Lin, Brother Lu.”

Lin Shen cupped his fists at Han Muye, Lu Gao, and the others, his face filled with excitement.

“Haha, it’s good to be back.”

Han Muye nodded and looked at Lu Gao. “Brother Lu, prepare a banquet to welcome Instructor Lin.”

...

In front of the Sword Pavilion, there was a feast.

Han Muye, Lu Gao, Lin Shen, Yang Mingxuan, and Jiang Ming sat down.

Liu Hong, who had gathered before the meal, sat at the bottom.

Lin Shen took a sip of the sad wine that Han Muye had poured into the wine glass in front of him and let out a long breath.

“Hum—”

Faint sword light rose from his body before it was suppressed.

This was the manifestation of his sword intent.

Lin Shen had drawn his sword thousands of times. Now that he had fought a huge battle, his sword technique had become even purer, and it already had the appearance of condensing sword intent.

His sword cultivation was considered top-notch among his peers.

Coupled with his Great Cultivation Jade Bone Fusion Body, his combat strength was definitely superior among his peers.

As they drank, they listened to Lin Shen talk about how to kill those rebellious sect experts and demon experts in the Abyss Valley.

Jiang Ming, who was a rogue cultivator, exclaimed repeatedly, and Yang Mingxuan’s eyes lit up.

This was a sword cultivator. With a sword in hand, he could kill countless enemies.

Lu Gao grinned and listened to Lin Shen as he drank.

Liu Hong stared at Lin Shen with a strange expression.

How could this instructor who had been in the outer sect back then be so powerful?

He could not figure it out. He looked at the others beside him. They were all very capable.

The sword light from the Sword Pavilion today had shattered the entire Nine Mystic Mountain's protective array.

What kind of opportunity did these people from the Sword Pavilion obtain?

Lin Shen was in a good mood. As he drank, he explained in detail how he and Zhao Pu had fought with all their might and finally broken through the Abyss Valley, causing the gathered rebel experts to flee in all directions.

Also, the Great Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley, Hu Taisheng, was killed by the two of them.

"This Hu Taisheng was a great demon of the fox race. He had the strength of two tails. We killed one demon body and another demon body escaped."

A trace of shame appeared on Lin Shen's face. He looked at Han Muye and Lu Gao. "If it weren't for Brother Han's impressive techniques, I wouldn't have the face to return if he really came to destroy the Sword Pavilion."

Earlier, Lu Gao had already told Lin Shen about Hu Taisheng coming to the Sword Pavilion and almost barging in.

That great demon was actually so bold to come to the Sword Pavilion to cause trouble.

Why didn't Lin Shen kill Hu Taisheng in the Abyss Valley?

After Lin Shen finished speaking, Han Muye raised his wine glass and said softly, "Instructor Lin, Uncle-Master Tuoba Cheng has mastered his cultivation now. If you return to Three Stones House, you will be placed in an important position."

Hearing his words, Lin Shen shook his head and said, "I'm in the Sword Pavilion. I'm not going anywhere."

Han Muye nodded and drained his glass.

After the banquet ended, Han Muye slowly walked up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Sitting in front of the long table, Han Muye raised his hand and placed a wooden staff and a broken sword hilt in front of him.

“Do you two need me to invite you out?”

Han Muye’s voice was calm.

The wooden staff shook, and Hu Taisheng’s long laughter sounded.

From the half of the black sword hilt, a black light crashed into Han Muye’s face.

Chapter 182: Han Muye goes to Fengshou Mountain

“Slash—”

The black light that collided with Han Muye was torn to pieces by a soul sword aura.

The sword hilt broke again.

Han Muye shook his head.

“Hehe, these demonic brats have become stupid from cultivating demonic techniques.”

The wooden staff turned into half a fox tail, then spun again and landed in front of Han Muye. It was Hu Taisheng.

Hu Taisheng looked at Han Muye and sighed. "I didn't expect there to be someone like you in the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye sat still and said indifferently, "Tell me everything you know. Whether or not I spare your life depends on whether what you say is valuable."

Hu Taisheng stiffened, then nodded.

Han Muye held the broken sword hilt in front of him, and wisps of sword energy poured into it. Images appeared in his mind, and then he quietly listened to Hu Taisheng.

They looked at each other.

Hu Taisheng knew Qin Lin's background very well.

Qin Lin was indeed a descendant of the Red Flame Army.

Not only Qin Lin, but many people from other sects were the same.

Back then, the Sect Master of the Three Qin Sword Sect and the elite of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were killed by Tuoba Cheng in the Blazing Demon Valley.

And Qin Yuanhe, who had attacked the Sword Pavilion last time.

The rebel army of the Red Flame Army had taken root in the Western Frontier and had been passed down continuously. It was unknown how many sects they were hiding among.

This matched what Han Muye had seen from the sword hilt.

“What they’re begging for is to open the door to the world outside of Heavenly Mystic World.”

Hu Taisheng’s gaze landed on Han Muye, and then he said, “As the gatekeeper, you don’t need me to explain, right?”

The Gatekeeper.

Back then, Xia Yi also called him that.

The head of the Sword Pavilion and a gatekeeper?

What gate am I guarding?

Han Muye’s expression did not change.

The image in the sword hilt gave him an explanation.

The Red Flame Army's rebel army was looking for the outer gate of the Profound Heaven World.

There was a way to live forever.

Those Red Flame Army rebels were scattered all over the place to inquire about the news of the various sealed sects.

There was a passageway leading to the outside of the Heavenly Mystic World under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Sword Pavilion was the gatekeeper.

All these years, those demonic cultivators had never stopped probing the Sword Pavilion.

Some transformed into ordinary disciples and entered the Sword Pavilion as sword caretakers.

These people were all dead.

Some attached their souls to the swords and entered the Sword Pavilion. These souls eventually dissipated.

The Sword Pavilion was still the Sword Pavilion.

“How many paths are there in the Western Frontier Gate Courtyard?”

Han Muye said calmly.

This question made Hu Taisheng smile.

“You do know.

“Other than the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Sect, no one dares to have any designs on the Spiritual Dao Sect.

“The key needed for the path on Fengshou Mountain has long been lost. Without the key, it won’t be easy to break through the gate.”

There were three gates in the Western Frontier that led to the outside world. They were all left behind from ancient times.

These three gates were respectively at the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Spiritual Dao Sect, and Fengshou Mountain.

The passage from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to the outside world was suppressed under the Sword Pavilion.

“It’s just a coincidence that the great demon of the fox race was suppressed here. Suppressing a great demon doesn’t require the power of a Sword Pavilion.”

Hu Taisheng was indeed very honest.

From the image in his mind, Han Muye saw that Qin Lin had barged into the Sword Pavilion to step into the courtyard.

He couldn’t wait.

He had to charge with all his might.

“Recently, the sealing power of that gate has weakened. Qin Lin and the other demonic cultivators can’t wait anymore.”

Hu Taisheng shook his head and whispered.

The sealing power weakened?

Han Muye remembered Huang Laoliu’s underground cultivation.

Could this be related to Huang Six?

“They’re begging for this court, and so are you?” Han Muye looked at Hu Taisheng and asked.

Hu Taisheng shook his head and sighed. “I’m doing this for the last chance of survival for my fox race.

“If we don’t retrieve the Patriarch’s jade bones, I’m afraid our fox race will really be destroyed.”

At this point, he looked at Han Muye and said, “You know about the Central Continent’s Mystic Sun Guards, right?”

Mystic Sun Guards?

What did this have to do with the extinction of the fox race?

“The South Emissary of the Mystic Sun Guards of the Central Continent, Qian Yiming, wants to compete with the new expert of the Mystic Sun Guard, Butcher Lu.

“Qian Yiming is prepared to suppress the Southern Wasteland within a hundred years.

“The various races of the Southern Wasteland have already suffered heavy losses. We can only seek other methods.”

Han Muye did not expect that the battle between the two experts of the Central Continent's Mystic Sun Guards would cause the Southern Wasteland to be so chaotic that it was about to be exterminated.

The fox race's combat strength was the weakest among the Southern Wasteland's big clans. They were the first to be forced to fight to the death with the Central Continent's Mystic Sun Guards.

"Do you know the love story between the Matriarch of the fox race who was suppressed here and the Central Continent Dynasty?"

Hu Taisheng asked softly.

Han Muye remembered that the fox demon had once said that the world would be in chaos.

He had to make that person regret it.

That person was the scholar of the Central Continent Dynasty, the number one scholar in the world?

"Back then, when my Matriarch transformed and went to the Central Continent, she became that scholar's maidservant.

"At that time, the Prime Minister was just an ordinary scholar.

"My Matriarch fell in love with him and accompanied him for a hundred years."

Hatred appeared on Hu Taisheng's face. He said in a low voice, "But that hypocrite suppressed my Matriarch here for 10,000 years for the sake of the so-called world.

"He only has his own Saint Great Dao in his heart."

It was hard to tell if a story from 10,000 years ago was true or not, so Han Muye couldn't be bothered to investigate further.

Besides, the fox race had always been good at making up stories.

"What does this have to do with you coming here?"

Han Muye looked at Hu Taisheng.

If Hu Taisheng's answer did not satisfy him, he would attack.

He knew the answer.

At this moment, the scene of Hu Taisheng and Qin Lin forming an alliance appeared in his mind.

They both told him what they wanted.

“Because the Matriarch said that if the fox race was in trouble, take her jade bones and send them to the Central Continent.

“That person will protect the fox race.”

Hu Taisheng’s face revealed grief and indignation.

So what if he was jealous?

In the end, wouldn’t he have to use the Matriarch’s jade bones to beg that person?

How could he not bow his head for the sake of the entire fox race?

It was the same for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In the past 300 years, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had been suppressed countless times, and many talented disciples had died.

Several Sword Pavilion elders had died.

Sect Master Jin Ze had ruined his path.

But in the end, didn't the Nine Mystic Sword Sect still have to guard the decree of the Spiritual Dao Sect and not take action?

If the Core Formation realm did not take action and watched the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect recuperate, he would be a great threat to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the future.

But in the Western Frontier, would the Nine Mystic Sword Sect dare to challenge the Spiritual Dao Sect?

Would they dare to disobey the decree?

The cultivation world was very realistic.

"Young Master Han, as long as you return the Matriarch's jade bones, the Demon Race of the Southern Wasteland will owe you a big favor."

Hu Taisheng looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "This favor can help you step into that supreme realm at a critical time.

"There are very few opportunities like this in the Western Frontier."

Supreme Realm, Heaven Realm?

With the decline of cultivation in the Western Frontier and the suppression of the three major sects, very few outsiders could step into the Heaven Realm.

But there was still a chance in the Southern Wasteland.

A favor from the fox race was indeed tempting.

“I won’t give you the jade bones.” Han Muye released the broken sword hilt in his palm and said calmly.

Hu Taisheng’s expression changed slightly.

He did not expect Han Muye to refuse.

With Han Muye’s intelligence, how could he refuse?

Since he refused, why did he leave his soul behind just now?

“But let me tell you something.”

Han Muye looked at Hu Taisheng with a calm expression.

“Your Matriarch’s soul has been reborn.”

Divine Soul Rebirth!

Hu Taisheng stared at Han Muye excitedly. “Where?”

The soul of the Matriarch was much more useful than jade bones.

With the Matriarch’s soul, that person would definitely protect the fox race!

“Sixth Brother took it away.”

Han Muye spread his hands.

Hu Taisheng’s eyes widened. He wanted to say more, but Han Muye raised his hand and pointed.

Countless sword lights enveloped his soul body and turned into half a wooden staff.

Putting away his wooden staff, Han Muye took a deep breath and stood in front of the third floor window of the Sword Pavilion.

Outside the Sword Pavilion, immortal light lingered.

In the distance, mountains overlapped.

This was the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Immortal weather.

Unfortunately, the people here were still mortals.

Mortals had obsessions and worries.

The next day, Zhao Pu came to visit and chatted with Han Muye and the others for half a day.

Tuoba Cheng came out of seclusion and his cultivation improved greatly. Zhao Pu brought back the demon bones. Tuoba Cheng accepted him as his last disciple and he obtained the identity of a legacy disciple.

Zhao Pu had been looking forward to this legacy for more than 10 years.

This was supposed to make him happy.

However, he had seen Lin Shen's combat strength in the Abyss Valley.

Lin Shen's sword was stronger than several of his.

"Junior Brother Lin, actually, this legacy should be yours," Zhao Pu said softly as he looked at Lin Shen.

Lin Shen laughed and shook his head. "I'll be in the Sword Pavilion from now on. Three Stones House is yours."

Zhao Pu was silent for a moment, then nodded and left.

Watching Zhao Pu leave, Lin Shen sighed and said, "Senior Brother Zhao and I are not quick-witted. Brother Han, it's actually best for you to be in charge of Three Stones House."

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. "I don't want to deal with those one-track minded guys every day."

Three Stones House mainly focused on body refinement inheritance. From Zhao Pu to the other disciples, their combat strength was very strong, but their brains were average.

Lin Shen grinned when he heard Han Muye say that.

Isn't it just the simplicity that I want?

"Senior Brother Han, I'll go look for Sixth Brother." Lin Shen turned around and looked at Han Muye solemnly.

"Let's not talk about anything else. I'm confident that I can deal with two or three peak Meridian Opening experts."

Lin Shen's combat strength was indeed extraordinary.

At least among the people from the Sword Pavilion, other than Han Muye, it should be him.

Han Muye didn't answer and looked into the distance.

Liu Hong, dressed in a white robe, flew over.

"As expected, Tang Second led hundreds of experts to intercept those traitors."

Panting, Liu Hong recounted the information he had obtained.

Tang Chi led a group of experts to take a detour and stopped between Fengshou Mountain and the defected sect.

With these experts, it was really possible to intercept the defected sect.

If this battle went well, Tang Chi's name would immediately spread throughout the Western Frontier.

"If it's just to intercept these sects, it's still fine."

A faint sword qi rose from Han Muye's body. Then, he narrowed his eyes and said softly, "I'm just afraid that this rising elite of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is unwilling to only intercept these sects."

What does that mean?

Liu Hong looked at Han Muye blankly.

Han Muye didn't explain.

He turned and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

When they reached the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye took a deep breath and walked to the wooden shelf where the swords were placed.

Reaching out, he grasped the hilt.

A day later, when Han Muye walked down the Sword Pavilion again, Jiang Ming, Yang Mingxuan, and the others widened their eyes.

At this moment, Han Muye's temples were white, and he actually looked a little old.

However, his eyes were so bright that no one could look at him directly.

The 99 sword intents entered his Qi Sea, and his lifespan was constantly depleting.

This was the limit of the sword intent that his Qi Sea could withstand.

“Any news from Fengshou Mountain?”

Standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye spoke calmly.

His voice was hoarse.

Liu Hong nodded, not daring to look at him.

“Tang Second, stop the rebel sect. Don’t advance or retreat.

“On the Fengshou Mountain, the South Wasteland Army is going to receive these rebel sects. They are attacking non-stop, and the battle is extremely intense.”

“Those rebellious sects.” Liu Hong lowered his head and said softly, “We’ve found out Sixth Sister-in-law’s identity...”

Han Muye nodded, straightened his clothes, and raised his hands. An ancient sword case was slung across his back, with green and red light swirling on it.

He turned to look at Lu Gao, Lin Shen, and the others. “Guard the Sword Pavilion well.”

He patted Liu Hong’s shoulder and chuckled. “When I return, I’ll take you in.”

Liu Hong trembled and looked up excitedly.

“Uncle-Master, where are you going?”

Sword light lit up on Han Muye’s body, illuminating the entire space in front of the Sword Pavilion.

“To Fengshou Mountain.”

Chapter 183: Before Fengshou Mountain

“To Fengshou Mountain.”

In front of the Sword Pavilion, the sword light that soared into the sky transformed into a thousand-foot-long dragon that instantly exploded, causing a rumbling sound like thunder.

As if it was a stream of light from the sky, a sword light cut through the white clouds in the sky and disappeared.

“That was fast...”

Liu Hong looked at the stream of light disappearing into the distant sky and muttered in a daze.

He was born and raised in the Sword Sect and had seen countless sword experts. He had seen many people with fast sword lights.

He had never seen anyone as fast as Han Muye.

Even those Earth Realm Core Formation cultivators might not have such speed.

“Guard the Sword Pavilion well.”

Lu Gao bowed his head and sat cross-legged in front of the stone steps.

“Senior Brother Han said so.”

Lin Shen nodded and sat with him.

Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming looked at each other and walked into the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Guard the Sword Pavilion.

On the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain in the distance, Tuoba Cheng and Sect Master Jin Ze stood side by side.

Compared to Tuoba Cheng's flourishing vitality, Jin Ze's body exuded a withered aura.

However, the divine light in Jin Ze's eyes was still bright.

"Hehe, this kid can't hide anymore."

Jin Ze laughed and said as he watched the sword light escape.

"This kid is fine in other aspects, but his personality is not competitive. He doesn't take anything seriously." Tuoba Cheng's eyes flashed with sword light as he spoke in a deep voice.

"He's not even willing to take over my Three Stones House."

His words made Jin Ze laugh.

"This kid is very ambitious. The Sword Pavilion has been in the Western Frontier for 10,000 years. Only that prodigy from 5,000 years ago could cultivate three incantations to his level in a year, right?"

Jin Ze smiled and shook his head. Then a trace of regret appeared on his face. "It's a pity that the person guarding the Sword Pavilion disappeared in the end. Otherwise, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect wouldn't be in such a difficult situation."

Tuoba Cheng nodded and retracted his gaze from the distant sky to look at the Nine Mystic Mountain below.

"But if we force that kid today, will he have a problem with you and me?"

Hearing Tuoba Cheng's words, a smile appeared on Jin Ze's face. He said softly, "Even if he has an opinion, I'm just a pile of bones. Can he find trouble with me?"

"As for you, that's your business."

With that, he turned around and slowly walked into the hall behind him.

"After you've dealt with those trivial matters, go into seclusion. I won't be able to last long."

Jin Ze's voice came.

Tuoba Cheng nodded, took a deep breath, and rushed down the mountain.

...

Cloud Nest Ridge, a thousand miles behind Fengshou Mountain.

Originally, there were a large number of sycamore trees here.

At this moment, many of the sycamore trees on Cloud Nest Ridge had been cut off, revealing an empty space.

On a cliff, Tang Chi, who was wearing a green robe and a golden crown, stood quietly.

Behind him, several old men with solemn auras and many young men holding swords rose.

“Young Master Tang, the Suyang Sect, Clear Wind Temple, and more than 10 other defected sects have been hiding for three days. They definitely can’t hold on anymore. It won’t be long before they send people to surrender.”

Beside Tang Chi, an old man in a purple Daoist robe had a smile on his face. He said in a low voice, “Young Master, you defeated 100,000 cultivators from the rebel sect without a fight. This achievement will definitely spread throughout the Western Frontier.”

The others chuckled at his words.

They followed Tang Chi mainly because they valued the power of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect behind him.

Of course, Tang Chi was really capable and bold.

He led hundreds of experts to block the path of the rebel sect.

Now that the reinforcements from the Southern Wasteland at the Fengshou Mountain could not come over, and the army at the Changming Mountain caught up, if these rebel sects did not surrender, they would only be scattered.

If 100,000 cultivators gathered, they still had the strength to fight.

If they dispersed, they would really vanish into thin air. They would no longer be able to cause any waves and could only be slowly surrounded.

Those rebel sects also knew this, so they did not dare to escape. They gathered together and wanted to increase their bargaining chips.

Now, as long as Tang Chi nodded, these 100,000 rebel sect disciples would become Tang Chi's subordinates and follow him to Fengshou Mountain to resist the Southern Wasteland Army.

It did not take much effort to subdue a 100,000-strong army. How could these experts who came with Tang Chi not be happy?

"Who said I want to accept their surrender?" Tang Chi narrowed his eyes and looked into the distance with a cold expression.

His words froze the smiles of those behind him.

“Young Master Tang, if you don’t accept their surrender, they will hold on for two days. The defense line of Fengshou Mountain will be breached—”

Before the white-haired old man could finish speaking, Tang Chi said indifferently, “If that place isn’t destroyed, how can this place become the main battlefield of the Southern Wasteland and the Western Frontier?”

Become the main battlefield?

The experts were stunned.

How could this place become the main battlefield?

Although they were all in the Earth Realm, they knew their limits.

With their combat strength, they could not withstand a single blow from those Southern Wasteland experts.

If the experts of the Southern Wasteland came, they would probably immediately escape.

“Did I, Tang Chi, come here to help someone else?” Tang Chi turned his head and looked at the experts with a crazy expression.

“You should know my identity on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“I came here to lead this great battle.

“Fengshou Mountain has gathered countless experts from the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland. It’s really good to lure them here and use them as pawns.”

Whether it was the Earth Realm experts or the young experts standing at the back, everyone had solemn expressions.

They could not imagine that Tang Chi would actually be so crazy as to use the experts on Fengshou Mountain as chess pieces. Such a matter would cause chaos in the world.

How dare he?

There were tens of millions of cultivators on the Fengshou Mountain battlefield, from the Heaven Realm to the Essence Cultivation Realm.

To attract so many cultivators into a chaotic battle, one would really die a horrible death.

Seeing everyone’s expressions, Tang Chi revealed a relaxed smile and said casually, “I’m going to be a chess player, not a chess piece.

“Hehe, don’t worry. I’m with you. How can we be implicated in this battle?”

Hearing his words, the elders looked at each other and nodded.

The others breathed a small sigh of relief.

Indeed, Tang Chi’s cultivation level was not higher than theirs. If they were really involved in such a huge battle, it would not be easy for them to survive.

As a junior elite nurtured by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tang Chi would never let himself be in danger.

Perhaps he had a powerful backup plan.

“When that Huang Six arrives, help me find him.”

Tang Chi looked at the distant spiritual light at the edge of the forest and said calmly, “I hope he’s smart.”

The few people standing behind Tang Chi nodded.

In their opinion, Huang Six had stirred up the world. He was definitely not stupid.

This person should be able to see the situation clearly.

At this moment, in the wilderness hundreds of miles away, Huang Six was leading Gao Xiaoxuan in quick steps.

Behind them were Boss He and a few other agile experts.

They were all Earth Realm experts.

The other cultivators below the Earth Realm cared about the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's merit reward. What they cared about was the medicinal pill reward that Bai Suzhen had given out for Han Muye.

What could tempt these Earth Realm experts was the immortal-grade medicinal pill.

"Sixth Brother, don't worry. We will definitely save Sixth Sister-in-law."

Gao Xiaoxuan grabbed Huang Six's sleeve and whispered.

Huang Six looked back at him, grinned, and reached out to touch his hair.

"Why did you come with me?"

He looked up into the distance and said softly, "Of course Sister Ping will be fine."

In the distance, spiritual light flashed, and blood essence transformed into a pillar of smoke.

That was where the various sects were stationed.

"Someone's here."

Boss He, who was following behind Huang Six, moved and stood in front of him.

Not far away, a figure in a black robe with a hood covering his face flew over.

"Huang Zhenxiong?"

The man stood hundreds of feet away and spoke in a deep voice.

Huang Six took a step forward and nodded. "That's me."

The man raised his hand and threw out a jade token.

Huang Six took it, his eyes twitching.

“Do you know this identity token?” The black-robed man said coldly.

Huang Six nodded. He held the jade token tightly and suppressed his emotions. “What do you want?”

The black-robed man chuckled and pointed at Huang Six. “Follow me.”

“Just you.”

Boss He and the others’ expressions changed. Just as they were about to speak, Huang Six raised his hand and said, “Everyone, I’ll go. They won’t do anything to me. There’s no need for that.”

With that, he patted Gao Xiaoxuan’s shoulder and strode forward.

After following the black-robed man for dozens of kilometers, he saw a few figures standing on the hill ahead.

“Hehe, Fellow Daoist Huang Zhenxiong.” The person in front was wearing a purple Daoist robe. He smiled and cupped his hands at Huang Six. “I’m Daoist Feng Xu from Clear Wind Temple. I’m Qingping’s Uncle-Master.”

Huang Six cupped his hands, his expression unchanged. “Where is Sister Ping?”

Daoist Feng Xu smiled and said, “Don’t worry, Lu Qingping is very safe.”

At this point, he looked at the people beside him and nodded. Then he turned to look at Huang Six and said, "Fellow Daoist Huang, as long as you can help us, Lu Qingping will appear in front of you unscathed."

Huang was silent at his words.

He wanted to save Lu Qingping.

But he knew what he could and could not do.

There were some things that he could not do.

He was from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and would never do anything to let the Sword Sect down.

"Haha, don't worry. We don't expect you to lead us out of the Western Frontier. This matter is too difficult." Daoist Feng Xu saw Huang Six's concerns and said with a smile.

Huang nodded and took a breath. "Then what do you want me to do?"

"Fellow Daoist Huang, you're from the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. You've contributed greatly to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"We want you to be our lobbyist and help us hand over the surrender letter to Mr. Tang Chi."

Daoist Feng Xu sighed and said helplessly, "Fellow Daoist Huang, you know that we don't want to betray the Nine Mystic Sword Sect unless we really have no choice.

"Now we regret it. I hope Young Master Tang can let us off.

"As long as Fellow Daoist Huang delivers the letter, regardless of whether it succeeds or not, we will let you see Lu Qingping."

Huang Six looked at Daoist Feng Xu. The light in his eyes finally faded. He lowered his head and said, "I hope you will keep your word."

Chapter 184: Before Fengshou Mountain

Daoist Feng Xu looked happy. Someone behind him handed him a letter.

Huang Six took the letter and turned to leave.

As he left, someone behind Daoist Feng Xu said, "Can this guy do it?"

Daoist Feng Xu shook his head and sighed. "We won't know until we try. After cultivating for hundreds of years, we don't want to really die."

The others had complicated expressions.

“Fengxu, are you really going to hand Lu Qingping over to him?”

An old man in a purple Daoist robe gritted his teeth and said in a low voice, “It was this guy who gathered all the cultivators and messed up our plan.”

Daoist Feng Xu didn’t say anything. His body moved and turned into a breeze that dissipated.

When Huang Six returned to the wasteland, Gao Xiaoxuan, Manager He, and the others surrounded him.

Huang Six took out the letter and told Feng Xu what he had said.

Shopkeeper He frowned and said, “Sixth Brother, I’m afraid these people’s words can’t be trusted.”

This matter concerned the lives of countless people. How could this letter settle the scores?

Huang Six nodded and took out a small cloth bag.

“Everyone, protect me. These are the medicinal pills refined by Brother Han.”

He reached into the cloth bag and took out small jade bottles.

“I don’t have the pills you want, but these pills are extraordinary. Consider it a token of my appreciation.”

After handing the jade bottle to Shopkeeper He, Huang Six cupped his hands and said, “I’m going to Cloud Nest Mountain to see Tang Chi. You don’t have to come again.”

Tang Chi was the leader of the reinforcements from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Huang Six was the Sword Caretaker of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Huang Six went to see Tang Chi. As outsiders, they really did not need to follow him.

Manager He and the others looked at each other and nodded.

He had thought that it would not be a difficult mission, but he did not expect it to involve such a situation.

This place was not far from the battle at Fengshou Mountain, and they did not want to go any further.

Huang Six led Gao Xiaoxuan forward step by step. Manager He and the others stood where they were.

“Sigh, this Huang Six’s temperament is really not bad. Unfortunately, this cultivation world can’t accommodate such a person...” Boss He looked at Huang Six’s back and sighed softly.

Another old man shook his head and said softly, "The cultivation world has always sought to cut off relationships. How can there be a result if he insists on looking for that ethereal love?"

If Huang Six had given up on saving Lu Qingping today, he would not have been involved at all.

In fact, gathering an army would be a great contribution.

"Everyone has their own desires. Perhaps we're shallow." A black-robed middle-aged man shook his head and clenched the jade bottle in his palm.

"This supreme-grade Void Meridian Pill is worth hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks.

"There's such a person standing behind Huang Six on the Nine Mystic Mountain."

Han Muye.

With this alchemy technique, it was easy to stir up trouble in the Western Frontier.

If not for Han Muye's support behind Huang Six, Shopkeeper He and the other Earth Realm experts would not have come.

"Let's go. I hope Huang Six gets what he wants." As Shopkeeper He spoke, he cupped his hands at everyone and turned to leave.

Their alliance was disbanded.

They cupped their hands and left.

...

Fengshou Mountain, where the various sects of the Western Frontier were stationed.

The spiritual light and blood qi turned into clouds that soared into the sky, blocking the sky.

Countless cultivators charged forward. Sword lights tore through the fog and spells shattered the dust.

There were too many experts in the Southern Wasteland.

Those demons were strong and had profound cultivation.

Every impact took the lives of many Western Frontier cultivators.

These young disciples of the various sects had lost their lives on this mountain.

“Boom—”

Dozens of demon experts joined forces and collapsed half of the cliff.

The disciples stationed on the cliff were either dead or injured.

Those who were lucky enough to survive looked at the demons who were running over with fear.

Sometimes, facing the demons, it was better to die than to live.

“Haha, there are live ones.”

“Don’t snatch it. Let’s see if it still works.”

“I haven’t enjoyed food for two days.”

The demons roared and rushed up the cliff.

“Clang—”

The sword hummed. Green light flashed.

The expressions of the few demons charging forward changed, and the thick blood qi on their bodies turned into a barrier.

“It’s the girl with the sword!”

“Be careful. That girl is already crazy about killing people.”

Not only these tiger demons, but the other demons also watched cautiously as a sword light that was 100 feet long flew over.

“Slash—”

The sword light pierced through the blood-colored light curtain and swept past the armpit of a nine-foot-tall tiger demon, bringing out a spray of blood before turning around.

Li Xixi, who was holding a green wine gourd in one hand and a black sheathed sword in the other, stood on the cliff in front of her.

The Killing God of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s younger generation, Li Xixi.

During the battle on Fengshou Mountain, they rarely fought.

Every time an Earth Realm Core Formation cultivator fought, the mountains would collapse and the ground would crack. The others would keep their distance.

Below the Core Formation realm, they fought the most.

Among the experts below the Core Formation realm of the human race, Luo Xiaoyu was sealed in ice, Sun Jinshi was invincible, and Chen Er was invincible. Every one of them was famous on Fengshou Mountain.

However, what terrified the demons the most was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's sword, Li Xixi.

This female sword cultivator was simply a natural killer. With a black sword in her hand, she would kill people and demons without fear.

Those with higher cultivation levels than her were not as good at swordsmanship as her.

Those who were stronger than her were not as good at swordsmanship.

Those who were faster than her were not as good at swordsmanship.

...

On Fengshou Mountain, the cultivators of the various sects in the Western Border and the demons in the Southern Wasteland finally saw what a sword genius was.

There could only be one battle with Li Xixi.

He would win the second round if he didn't die.

Even if he could suppress Li Xixi in the previous round, she would display a completely different level of swordsmanship in the second round and avoid all the mistakes in the previous round.

“Panic—”

He poured wine into his mouth with one hand and raised his sword with the other.

Li Xixi did not even look at him.

No one below the Earth Realm could block her sword.

The sword light turned into a stream of light that wrapped around the demons and kept killing them.

At this moment, the remaining human cultivators around the cliff gathered and rebuilt the defense line.

“Boom—”

When the sword light exploded, blood and qi scattered, and demonic qi filled the air.

Those demon experts below the Earth Realm were killed by Li Xixi.

“Dare you—” A roar came from afar.

Li Xixi turned around and left without looking back.

In the sky, several streams of light collided.

This was the attack of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Grand Elder, Lu Hao, who was half a step into the Heaven Realm. He blocked the demon expert’s attack on Li Xixi.

If not for the protection of the experts, the junior disciples of the various sects would not dare to attack with their full strength.

After returning to the mountain peak at the back, Lu Ten and the other young experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were all there. Some were sitting diagonally, some were lying down, and some were meditating.

Everyone took advantage of this rare time to recover their spiritual energy and stamina.

Even elites like them could not withstand the continuous battle.

“Third Sister.”

The person who spoke was wearing a green robe and had a refined face.

He was Song Seven.

Beside him was a young man who looked extremely similar to him.

Song Seven and Song Nine, twin brothers.

"All of you, be careful. The attacks in the Southern Wasteland are getting more and more intense." Li Xixi nodded and sat down. She closed her eyes and regulated her breathing.

"I wonder what Tang Second is doing. He said that he would deal with those rebellious sects in three days." Lu Ten's expression was grave, and there was a hint of fatigue in his pale face.

"In the past three days, the demons on Fengshou Mountain have been attacking crazily. How can we defend?"

He complained, and the others looked unhappy.

In order to save those who rebelled, the demons of the Southern Wasteland attacked with all their might.

The balance on the Fengshou Mountain's side was already very fragile. With the full strength of the Southern Wasteland, the Western Frontier's battle line was in danger.

This crisis was caused by the rebel sects under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. The various sects in the Fengshou Shanxi region already had a lot of complaints about the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Supreme Elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Lu Hao, resisted the pressure and bought time for Tang Chi.

Tang Chi also made a military pledge, saying that she would settle those rebellious sects in three days.

Three days passed, and another three days were almost up.

Tang Chi blocked those rebel sects and did not advance or retreat.

In fact, it would be best if Tang Chi had the ability to directly take down these rebellious sects.

If they could not take them down, there was no harm in letting them leave the Western Frontier.

But dragging it out like this was the hardest.

"I'm afraid Tang Chi's thoughts won't be as we think," Song Nine, who was sitting cross-legged beside Song Seven, said in a low voice.

This made Lu Shi clench his fists and punch the limestone in front of him.

“His reputation is even more valuable than the names of countless disciples on Fengshou Mountain?”

Everyone was silent.

“Boom—”

In the sky, the sword light collided with the black demonic beast claw, causing the entire Fengshou Mountain to tremble.

The sword light exploded, and sword qi scattered, tearing open the surrounding clouds.

Behind the beast claw that collided with the sword light, there was a roar and pain.

“The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sunshi. Senior Tu’s sword technique is really powerful...” Li San’s eyes lit up.

Li San opened her eyes and looked at the lingering sword light. She nodded gently.

If not for this number one sword cultivator of the Western Frontier supporting the battle, Fengshou Mountain would have long been breached by the Southern Wasteland.

The sky was still shaking. Lu Ten and the others no longer paid attention to it and focused on cultivating.

“Hum—”

Above Lu Shi’s head, a green pill turned into clouds.

The medicinal power of this supreme-grade pill was finally exhausted and completely turned into nothingness.

“If I had known earlier, I would have borrowed a few more top-grade pills from Nineteen,” Lu Eleven muttered as he tried her best to absorb the last bit of medicinal power in the pills.

“By the way, Third Sister, if I die here, remember to help me pay back the debt to nineteen.”

Lu Ten raised his hand and threw a small bag in front of Li Three.

Li Three looked at him and put the small bag in her arms.

Lu Ten stood up and stretched. He laughed and said, “Let’s go. Let’s fight again.”

Song Nine and the others also stood up.

On the distant mountain peak, demonic qi was already spreading. A defense line had been broken.

...

When Huang Six led Gao Xiaoxuan to Cloud Nest Ridge, the sun was already setting.

The sycamore leaves on the mountain looked golden and dazzling under the setting sun.

Standing on a parasol tree, Tang Chi was covered in golden light as if an immortal god had descended.

“Huang Six, Sixth Brother.”

Tang Chi looked down at Huang Six, who had walked to the tree. He had a superior smile on his face.

“I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

He raised his hand and a golden step landed in front of Huang Six.

“You’re a mortal now. I’ll give you a ladder. Climb up.”

A flight of steps led up to the heavens.

Huang Six stood in front of the golden steps, his expression changing.

Chapter 185: Han Muye's Arrival

Not far away, a few Earth Realm cultivators who had restrained their auras looked at Huang Six.

“What do you think he will choose?”

An old man in a purple Daoist robe looked to his side and whispered.

“Do you still have to choose?” A middle-aged man in a green robe with cloud patterns on it said indifferently, “This step is no less than reaching the heavens in a single bound.

“As long as you stand side by side with Young Master Tang Chi today, you will get 10% of the credit for this battle.

“A mere mortal actually received an invitation from Young Master Tang Chi.”

The middle-aged cultivator's words made the surrounding people look at Huang Six with envy.

None of them were qualified to stand side by side with Tang Chi, but Huang Six was invited.

“Well, he is a member of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect...” The white-haired old man sighed softly.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was the second of the Four Sword Sects in the Western Frontier.

As outsiders, they could only be envious.

Under the tree, in front of the golden steps.

Huang Six pondered for a long time before shaking his head.

“Senior Brother Tang, the wind is strong up there. As a mortal, I shouldn’t go up.”

As soon as he finished speaking, whether it was Tang Chi who was standing on the top of the tree or the Earth Realm experts who were watching from afar, their expressions changed.

Tang Chi’s eyes flashed with ruthlessness. He stared at Huang Six and nodded. “That’s good.”

With that, he waved his hand and the golden steps dissipated.

Huang Six took out an envelope and said loudly, “Senior Brother Tang, this is the letter that Daoist Xu asked me to pass to you.”

Clear Wind Temple.

Daoist Fengxu.

The letter had finally arrived.

The Earth Realm experts looked at the letter in Huang Six's hand and then at Tang Chi.

This letter determined the direction of this battle that involved the lives of hundreds of thousands of cultivators.

Tang Chi waved his hand and the envelope landed in her palm.

He clutched the envelope in his hand and looked at Huang Six. "What do you think this letter will say?"

Huang shook his head. "I don't know what the letter says. I don't know what Senior Brother Tang will do. I just want to save Sister Ping."

With that, he held Gao Xiaoxuan's hand and left slowly.

Tang Chi's expression kept changing as he held the envelope in his hand. At last, he snorted coldly.

He glanced into the distance and disappeared.

“Fool.”

His whisper carried in the wind.

“What a fool.” One of the Earth Realm experts shook his head and muttered.

“A mortal indeed.” Someone chuckled and turned away.

...

Two hours later, an expert from the Cloud Nest Ridge headed to the rebel sect’s camp to represent the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Young Master Tang Chi. At noon the next day, he would let go of the Great Dao and let these traitors leave.

Those who were willing to stay would stay.

Clear Wind Temple and the other sects had no objections.

In the tent, Tang Chi smiled when he heard the cheers outside.

“Heir, we’re just one step away,” a middle-aged man in a green robe behind him said excitedly.

If Han Muye was here, he would definitely recognize this person.

Qin Yuanhe.

Back then, Qin Yuanhe's cultivation was broken by his sword and his fate was unknown.

At this moment, Qin Yuanhe did not have much cultivation. His eyes were turbid.

"Don't call me 'Heir'."

Disgust flashed across Tang Chi's face as he said coldly, "I'm not interested in what you're asking for.

"I want to resolve the dispute on Fengshou Mountain in one battle and become famous in the Western Frontier. What you want is the passage under Cloud Nest Mountain.

"After this battle, we cut ties."

Hearing Tang Chi's words, Qin Yuanhe nodded and said with a smile, "Heir, don't worry. After the power of the blood sacrifice breaks through this passage, the commander will lead us out of the Heavenly Mystic World and won't contact you again."

"Of course, if the heir is willing, the commander is more willing to take you out of this realm. After all, you're his direct blood."

Tang Chi did not speak. He just turned around and walked out of the tent.

Outside the tent, the cheers grew louder.

Qin Yuanhe, who was standing in the tent, shook his head with a happy expression.

“After planning for a thousand years, there’s finally hope.”

...

In the lee of a mountain forest, a bonfire crackled.

The aroma of roasted rabbit wafted over the fire.

Huang Six tore off a rabbit leg and handed it to Gao Xiaoxuan.

“Be careful. It’s hot.”

Gao Xiaoxuan nodded repeatedly as he eagerly reached out to take it and took a big bite.

The little white fox pawed at him as if it was hungry.

"You said that the Cloud Nest Ridge also has a sealing power?" Huang Six tore a small piece of meat and asked in a low voice as he chewed gently.

His teeth had never been very good.

"Yes, I only sensed the existence of this seal when I walked to the Cloud Nest Ridge. The passageway of this seal is much more hidden than the Nine Mystic Mountain." Gao Xiaoxuan nodded and brought a bone to the little white fox's mouth.

The little white fox did not mind.

Huang Six looked at the bonfire in front of him, his eyes reflecting the swaying flames.

"I just want to save Sister Ping and be a safe mortal. I really don't want to let go of that unpredictable sealing power."

Gao Xiaoxuan looked up at him.

The little white fox also stared at Huang Six.

...

The next day, the sun rose from the east and gradually hung in the sky.

At noon.

In front of Cloud Nest Mountain Range, teams of rebellious cultivators walked forward slowly with nervous expressions.

In a place filled with experts, even Earth Realm experts did not dare to fly rashly.

If they were in midair, they might be ambushed.

“Mr. Tang Chi, we came as agreed. Please give us a way out.”

Standing in front of the traitors was an old man in a gray robe.

Third level of the Golden Core Realm.

With such a cultivation level, he could even be an elder in a large sect.

With this old man leading the way, the Earth Realm experts beside him supported the morale of the rebel army.

“Hehe, Sect Master Hao, are you really not considering staying? My conditions are not lower than those in the Southern Wasteland, right?”

Tang Chi's voice could be heard. He was standing on a piece of sycamore tree with several Earth Realm experts guarding him.

"Young Master Tang, as the saying goes, one should not go back to one's past experience. I won't stop them if they want to stay. If they don't, I hope Young Master Tang can give them a way out." The gray-robed old man looked at Tang Chi and said loudly.

Tang Chi nodded and waved.

In the forest behind him, blood essence and spiritual light soared into the sky before dispersing, leaving a path.

Joy flashed across the gray-robed elder's face. He nodded and ran forward.

The others quickly followed.

Many cultivators seemed unwilling to leave and stood where they were.

In a moment, tens of thousands of cultivators were running in the forest.

Tang Chi, who was standing on the top of the tree, revealed a faint smile.

"Boom—"

There was a distant vibration in the sky.

That was the location of Fengshou Mountain.

The clouds kept rolling.

The fleeing traitors ran quickly, wanting to leave as soon as possible.

“That’s not right!”

Suddenly, the gray-robed old man’s expression changed and he roared, “There’s an array formation!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a green spiritual light rose around him.

Mist and flames rose, covering everyone who was fleeing.

Figures in red armor appeared in the fog, holding spears. The shadows of black Demon Bulls appeared on their bodies.

“Boom—”

The gray-robed old man who led the rebel army was forced back by a spear.

An old man in black armor strode forward with a spear in hand. He raised his hand and struck, causing a few Earth Realm experts to vomit blood.

“Red Flame—”

The old man barked.

“Decisive battle—”

Countless shouts echoed in the fog.

In the fog, countless people were killing silently.

Outside the forest, both the traitors and the experts who came with Tang Chi watched silently.

They could not see the fog. They only saw figures in red armor rushing into the forest and killing the dazed cultivators.

These people were Tang Chi’s backup plan!

Suddenly, everyone froze.

The smile on Tang Chi's face disappeared, revealing ruthlessness.

"Boom—"

Huang Six, who was holding a long sword, moved through the forest. With one strike, he cut open the space in front of him.

Under his sword, both trees and cultivators were cut apart.

At this moment, there was a suppressing force on him.

With a slash of his sword, the power of the array formation dissipated.

Cultivators who were wandering around could find their way.

"Follow him!"

Someone followed behind Huang Six.

Huang Six brandished his sword and cut through the maze in front of him.

“Sister Ping...”

The fog dissipated. Among the dozens of cultivators in front of her, there was a female cultivator with her hands locked and her hair disheveled. Who else could it be but Lu Qingping?

At this moment, in Lu Qingping’s eyes, Huang Six’s figure was like an immortal god.

“Brother Zhenxiong...”

Tears flowed out of Lu Qingping’s eyes.

Back then, she had deliberately sold the sword and left behind clues. Later on, she heard that Sixth Brother had left the mountain and there were people searching for Sixth Sister-in-law everywhere.

Lu Qingping did not dare to let others know that Huang Six was looking for her.

But she was happy and secretly waiting.

At that time, she had hoped every day that Huang Six would come in his shining armor.

However, she did not expect the situation to turn out like this. Her identity had been exposed, and Clear Wind Temple and the other rebel sects used her as a bargaining chip.

At this moment, Lu Qingping was most afraid that Huang Six would save her.

Fortunately, Huang Six's army had been recruited. With his own strength, he definitely could not come.

But now, Huang Six stood before her.

"Brother Zhenxiong, you're so silly..." Lu Qingping said with a smile as tears flowed down her face.

Huang Six smiled back, showing his missing front teeth.

"Clang—"

A long sword was pressed against Lu Qingping's neck. Daoist Feng Xu gritted his teeth and looked at Huang Six. "Take us out of here. Or I'll kill her."

Lu Qingping shook her head.

Huang Six nodded.

With a sweep of his sword, Huang Six turned and ran.

Daoist Feng Xu was delighted. He grabbed Lu Qingping and led the others to follow.

The fog did not seem to affect Huang Six at all. He held his sword and cut a path out of the forest.

Standing at the top of the tree, Tang Chi's expression was ugly.

More and more people gathered behind Huang Six. The red armored soldiers who were attacking with the power of the fog could no longer be suppressed.

"Huang Six, are you really going to betray the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?"

Tang Chi gritted his teeth and shouted.

Huang Six stopped in his tracks and stood there.

"Sixth Brother, I'll be at the Nine Mystic Mountain."

At this moment, a clear voice could be heard.

In midair, a stream of light cut through the fog and hovered above the forest.

His white clothes fluttered in the wind, his hair was white, and he had two purple swords on his back.

Han Muye, the Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Brother.” Huang grinned and slashed down with his sword.

Chapter 186: Han Muye Alone with a Sword, Huang Six is Possessed

Brother.

Han Muye, who was suspended in mid-air, had a bright light in his eyes, and his white hair fluttered in the wind.

He had not slept for five days and four nights. He had spent five sword intents to travel 180,000 miles. Wasn't it so that he could see Huang Six alive today and hear him call him “brother”?

At this moment, he felt as if his entire body was transparent, as if the world in front of him had become colorful.

Looking at the distant sky, Han Muye had a thorough comprehension.

Only by having a desire in his heart could he obtain the Great Dao.

Cultivating, cultivating the sword, was all for this carefree feeling!

“Boom—”

As Huang Six slashed down, the fog in the forest slowly began to dissipate.

The array formation was broken.

The cultivators in the fog were in despair as they ran out crazily.

The red-armored soldiers were not as many as they had imagined. Although their combat strength was strong, they could not stop tens of thousands of cultivators.

The red-armored soldiers scattered in the forest prepared to form a military formation. Before they could gather, they were knocked away and scattered everywhere.

“You have a death wish—”

The black-armored old man holding a spear roared angrily, and the shadows of demonic bulls rose around him.

The spear in his hand turned into a black stream of light and repelled the fleeing realms again.

Strong.

Extremely strong.

He was at least at the fifth level of the Golden Core Realm.

However, those realms did not fight with him at all and fled in all directions.

If they escaped from the forest and met up with the Southern Wasteland's reinforcements, they would be able to survive.

Standing on the top of the tree, Tang Chi stared at Han Muye.

He did not expect Huang Six to break the fog array.

This array formation was the inheritance of the Central Continent and used by the Red Flame Army to kill enemies. No one in the Western Border should be able to break it.

He did not expect Han Muye to arrive at this time.

In the Nine Mystic Mountain Hall, Sect Master Jin Ze had decided that Tang Chi would be in charge of these reinforcements. Han Muye should not have come here.

His plan was flawless. All the traitors were killed. His blood essence refined the seal under the Cloud Nest Mountain Range and broke the passage between heaven and earth.

The rebels of the Red Flame Army left the Western Frontier and had nothing to do with him anymore.

In front of the Heaven and Earth Tunnel, the top experts of the Western Frontier's Southern Wasteland stopped and discussed peace.

All the merits belonged to Tang Chi.

But.

"Boom—"

In the distance, the rumbling from the direction of Fengshou Mountain grew denser and closer.

The Southern Wasteland army was coming.

Before the Southern Wasteland army arrived, this place was a mess. Tang Chi's reputation as an immortal was ruined.

Everything shouldn't be like this!

"Han Muye, so you're the one who really betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect." A faint sword intent rose from Tang Chi's body.

Earth Realm Spirit Awakening cultivation, condensing sword intent.

Apart from being good at scheming, Tang Chi also had true combat strength.

The second direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect relied on strength.

He unsheathed his sword, the blade cold.

“Han Muye, are you helping these traitors leave? You’re a traitor of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!”

With a long sword in hand, Tang Chi’s figure flashed and landed 30 feet in front of Han Muye. He stabbed out with his long sword.

The sword light was fast and sharp.

The spiritual energy within a hundred feet was sucked dry by the sword light, turning into a sword light that pierced towards Han Muye’s chest.

This strike had condensed sword intent.

Such sharpness caused the world to change colors!

Retracting his gaze from afar, Han Muye exuded an indifferent aura.

He turned around and looked at Tang Chi's sharp sword.

"Swordsmanship from the wood lineage?"

Without changing his expression, Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, "I thought you would use the Red Flame Army's sword moves."

The Red Flame Army!

Han Muye knew about the Red Flame Army!

Tang Chi's body trembled and the sword light became even sharper.

He could not let anyone know what he was hiding!

The sword whistled, green light flashed, and the astral wind turned into a line.

Tang Chi's swordsmanship had reached the point where he could condense sword qi into sword threads and circulate them freely.

He was really a powerful sword cultivator.

In the distance, the cultivators who came with him heaved a sigh of relief.

So this was the strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's younger generation elites.

Such a sword technique could allow one to fight above their level!

Han Muye's expression was indifferent as he looked at the murderous sword light in front of him and gently raised his hand.

Sword intent lingered on the Green Destiny Sword.

There was a splash of cool water.

However, this was not a real splash. Every clear water droplet was a sword qi that could kill.

Tang Chi's sword light hit the water and was wrapped by it.

Clouds and mist!

The collision of the two sword intents caused clouds to fill the sky!

Layers of water light rushed into the sky, using the clouds to stack up and transform into a cloud dragon that crashed down.

The sword light that Tang Chi thrust was difficult to withstand. Now that it was struck by the cloud dragon, it trembled and rolled before dissipating.

The water swirled and turned into a bright star that pressed down on Tang Chi.

“Water Moon Sky?”

Tang Chi was a little stunned.

This sword technique was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Water Lineage Sword Technique.

Isn’t Han Muye the caretaker of the Sword Pavilion?

How did he know the sword technique of the water lineage?

Could it be that the Water Lineage Grand Elder, Zhang Zhihe, is Han Muye’s master?

No wonder Zhang Zhihe was unwilling to teach him swordsmanship back then.

Just as the water was about to touch his head, Tang Chi was thinking very deeply.

He was used to exploring the truth behind the facts.

“Boom—”

The water light collided with Tang Chi’s sword light.

The water splashed and Tang Chi was knocked a thousand feet away.

His face was pale as he stared at Han Muye.

He was the second direct disciple, an Earth Realm expert.

He was confident that among his peers in the Western Frontier, there were only a handful of people who could suppress him in terms of sword cultivation.

Even Li Three was looked down on from the bottom of his heart.

She was just a sword maniac.

There were very few people in the Western Frontier who could compare to him in terms of intelligence, cultivation, and swordsmanship.

All along, Tang Chi only had one goal.

As the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he would lead the sect to prosperity.

He felt that even Sect Master Jin Ze was lacking in boldness.

Therefore, Tang Chi did not hesitate to borrow the strength of the Red Flame Army's rebels this time.

He wanted to settle everything in one battle and let the entire Western Frontier know his reputation.

But now, he could not even withstand a single strike from Han Muye!

The sword-watcher of the Sword Pavilion in front of him exuded sword intent and a sharpness that he did not dare to look at.

A Sword Caretaker was actually so powerful!

Han Muye pointed the Green Destiny Sword at him and said indifferently, "You have no fighting spirit and no spirit in your sword. Tang Second, you're not worthy of being a sword cultivator."

He originally thought that Tang Chi, who was second in the line of succession and full of schemes, was a big shot.

So much for that.

Han Muye felt a little disappointed.

No fighting spirit in the heart, no spirit in the sword?

Tang Chi's face was pale and his hand trembled.

Could it be that he was so vulnerable in front of Han Muye?

Below, countless cultivators widened their eyes.

Earlier, did Tang Chi lose?

He was a genius of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, an existence among the juniors. How could he be defeated just like that?

One strike!

'Who the hell is that?'

“Boom—”

Figures fled.

It was the Western Frontier cultivators guarding Fengshou Mountain who were fleeing in defeat.

The front line of Fengshou Mountain had been defeated.

Further away, rolling demon clouds swept over, filling the entire sky.

That tyrannical aura that seemed to come from the ancient times swept across the world!

A great demon of the Southern Wasteland!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and the sword light instantly flew into the void with a ten-thousand-foot-long stream of light.

With the sword in hand, the blood boiled!

What was the point of losing to Tang Chi?

If he wanted to fight, he would fight the experts of the Southern Wasteland and protect the peace of the Western Border!

This was a sword cultivator!

Above Han Muye's head, the sword light turned into dazzling stars.

At this moment, no power in the world could compete with this sword light!

"Hum—"

The 10,000-foot-long sword light drew a 30-foot-deep sword mark on the mountain!

"Reform the front.

"Kill those who cross this line in the Southern Wasteland.

"If any Xijiang cultivator dares to cross the line and defect, kill him."

His voice was cold and sharp as a sword.

Han Muye's sword gleamed.

The Xijiang cultivator, who had already fled behind the sword mark, turned around and looked at Han Muye, who was standing in the air.

No one spoke.

They walked to the sword mark and formed a battle formation.

Escape?

Where could he escape to?

Ten thousand feet away, the great demons of the Southern Wasteland stopped their demon clouds.

The sword light just now was too sharp, so they had to be careful.

At the edge of the forest, the rebels, who were originally happy to see the demon army swarming over, stopped in their tracks.

With the sword light in front of them, they did not dare to take a step forward.

Han Muye stood in the air with his sword.

In front of him was the Southern Wasteland Great Demon.

Below him, the defeated troops of the Western Frontier began to gather.

Behind him, the traitors slowly gathered, but they did not dare to move forward.

Beside the forest, Huang Six raised his sword and turned to look at Daoist Feng Xu.

His sword shone with an unusual halo.

“I’ll give you one last chance. Let Sister Ping go.”

Daoist Feng Xu looked at the demons of the Southern Wasteland in the distance and then at the more and more rebel cultivators gathered around.

He hesitated.

At this moment, Huang Six gave him the feeling that a volcano was about to erupt.

“Release?” An old man in a black robe laughed. He raised his hand and slapped Lu Qingping’s head.

Lu Qingping stared at Huang Six and smiled. She closed her eyes gently.

The moment she closed her eyes, the suppressed power in Huang Six's eyes exploded.

The soaring demonic aura transformed into a black dragon that roared at the sky!

The golden spiritual light on Huang Six's body intertwined with the black demonic flames, turning into a strange light.

"You want to kill her?"

Huang Six's voice seemed to come from underground, bone-chilling.

The sword in his hand shone with an indescribable grayish-black light.

"Slash—"

The sword was countless times faster than the black-robed elder's palm as it slashed down.

The black-robed old man paused for a moment before shattering into pieces.

"Demonized!"

In the distance, the black-armored elder holding a spear widened his eyes and trembled.

“How is that possible? The inheritance of the Heaven Mystic Demon Dao has never been a demonic technique...”

He wanted to go forward, but he hesitated. In the end, he quietly retreated to the edge of the forest and hid himself.

Being stared at by Huang Six, Daoist Feng Xu felt that every inch of his body was about to be crushed.

His face was deathly pale as he slowly stepped back.

Huang Six dragged his sword and walked forward.

When Lu Qingping opened her eyes, there was only Huang Six in front of her. His face was slightly pale and he was grinning.

Lu Qingping raised her hands that were locked by the runes and wanted to touch Huang Six.

Huang Six laughed and took a step back.

The demonic flames that he had tried his best to suppress rose again.

“Hum—”

A trace of blood surged in Huang Six’s eyes.

“Brother Zhenxiong.”

Lu Qingping called out, and Huang Six’s eyes instantly became clear.

“Hehe, Sister Ping, I’m here.”

Huang Six reached out, his palm trembling. In the end, he held Lu Qingping’s palm.

He released his sword.

The sword fell to the ground and turned into Gao Xiaoxuan, who was wearing a white robe and holding a little white fox.

“Are you Sixth Sister-in-law?”

Gao Xiaoxuan went forward and circled Lu Qingping a few times. He underestimated her and said, “I thought Sixth Sister-in-law is beautiful. How else can she make Sixth Brother chase her so desperately?”

Chapter 187: Title: Sword Dao Banished Immortal

Huang Six glared at Gao Xiaoxuan. Before he could speak, there was a rumble in the distance.

Endless demonic light covered the entire Fengshou Mountain.

The vast and solemn blood-colored halo made people tremble.

The spiritual light and sword light that belonged to human cultivators slowly disappeared.

Defeated.

The Fengshou Mountain position had completely fallen.

“The sects of the Western Frontier will retreat to Cloud Nest Ridge.”

Voices rolled through the void.

Rays of spiritual light gathered in the direction of Cloud Nest Ridge.

The surging demonic aura followed closely behind.

It was an almost murderous pursuit.

Han Muye's body moved, and he rushed forward 10,000 feet.

The sword marks on the ground below were still there.

The retreating cultivators passed by Han Muye with fear on their faces.

When they reached the back, they slowly stopped, turned around, and gathered behind the sword mark to reorganize their new position.

Dozens of demon figures flashed and rushed towards Han Muye.

They had all seen Han Muye's sword strike just now.

Very strong.

So what?

Could the demons of the Southern Wasteland really be blocked by a sword?

He was just a small sword cultivator, not the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sunshi.

Wolves.

Tigers.

Panthers.

The demons charging at Han Muye were all powerful and fast.

“Nineteen, be careful!”

Below, someone shouted.

Several figures rushed over to meet the big demon.

These people were all elites of the Fengshou Mountain.

Han Muye had seen these people more than once from the swords he had sent back to the Sword Pavilion.

Many of these people even had their own names.

For example, Li San's sword was floating.

Luo Xiaoyu should be the one who was releasing the cold spiritual light.

Even Lu Ten had the title of Tiger General.

Han Muye looked ahead and raised his Green Destiny Sword.

Do I need a title?

"Hum—"

Within a hundred feet, the sword light condensed into thousands of meteors and exploded.

Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Golden Lineage, Three Mystical Sword Technique—Star Rain.

Using the power of tens of thousands of metal elements to transform into stars and borrow the sharpness of the metal elements, it could cut open the meridians.

“Good sword technique!”

Below, there were clear praises.

Some of the great demons that rushed towards Han Muye set up demonic light, some waved their weapons, and some mobilized their blood and qi, wanting to block the sword light.

However, he could not block it.

“Slash—”

The sword swept out, bringing with it a spray of blood.

Sword marks appeared, and sword light pierced the air.

At least 10 Earth Realm demons were torn apart by the meteor-like sword light.

“Hum—”

A sword cry sounded between heaven and earth.

This was a sword cultivator!

Han Muye looked down at the Verdant Nether Sword in his hand.

At this moment, the ordinary Green Destiny Sword seemed to have its own thoughts.

The sword seemed to be calling.

Yearning.

Longing to kill.

Wasn't a sword refined for killing?

Sword light rose from Han Muye's body.

The Green Destiny Sword was also trembling gently, as if in response.

Within a radius of 10,000 feet, everyone was shocked by this sword.

On Fengshou Mountain, even Wandering might not be able to use such a sharp sword light.

"Who is this person?"

Someone let out a low cry.

“It seems to be someone from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect? Is he that Tang Second? His temperament is bad. His sword technique is really extraordinary.”

Han Muye didn't take it to heart.

He stood there, savoring his previous strike.

His sword technique was already at his will, and he could control it at will.

Not many people could see through that sword move just now.

In the distance, Tang Chi's expression was extremely ugly as he stood on the cliff with her sword.

Previously, if Han Muye had used this level of swordsmanship to fight him, not to mention losing with one strike, he would probably have lost his life with one strike.

Could it be that he was so much inferior to Han Muye?

Han Muye slashed at the few great demons that rushed forward, but he still didn't feel satisfied.

He could feel the sword intent in his body boiling.

Sword intent was condensed from killing intent. If he couldn't kill him, what was the use of sword intent?

He knew that his mind was affected by the sword intent in his Qi Sea.

After all, the sword intent condensed in his Qi Sea far exceeded the limit his body could withstand. It was constantly consuming his lifespan.

But so what?

Narrowing his eyes, his mind seemed to have left his body. He looked down at his body and slowly walked forward in the void.

Under his feet, there were green lotus flowers formed by sword qi.

Sword lotuses bloomed with every step, killing a person with every step!

Every sword qi lotus that he stepped on dissipated into sword light that shot forward.

He walked forward step by step, his sword light like a shadow.

“This is really the way of the sword...”

Below, someone looked at the figure surrounded by sword light and spoke in a low voice.

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Chapter 188: Title: Sword Dao Banished Immortal (2)

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“This is really the way of the sword...”

Below, someone looked at the figure surrounded by sword light and spoke in a low voice.

“Sword Dao Banished Immortal?”

This title is not bad.”

Someone called out softly.

“Clang—”

Han Muye raised the Green Destiny Sword in his left hand and pulled out the purple short sword from the scabbard on his back with his right.

Purple flame.

One green, one purple, one long, one short.

There were not many sword cultivators in the world who cultivated dual swords.

With two swords in hand like Han Muye, it was rare for sword light to interweave.

No one knew if he had really cultivated dual sword techniques or if he was just preparing.

In front, several solemn figures rushed out from the demon army.

Those Earth Realm Meridian Opening experts had been killed by Han Muye with a single strike, greatly affecting the morale of the demon army.

At this moment, seven demons with different figures and auras that could suppress the mountains and rivers rushed out.

Awakening God.

In the demon race's cultivation method, the Soul Awakening Realm was an important stage.

This was because once the demons reached the Soul Awakening Realm and opened their divine treasures, they could receive the power of the bloodline inheritance.

The mysterious bloodline power from the Desolate Era would more or less increase the combat strength of these demon experts.

There were also some lucky ones who could rely on the God Enlightenment to soar into the sky.

“Roar—”

The first to charge at Han Muye was a middle-aged man who transformed into a black tiger in midair.

His body transformed into a 30-foot-long tiger, and his blood qi condensed into wings. The black tiger’s speed was extremely fast, and its claws directly grabbed at Han Muye’s head.

The person who was as fast as the black tiger was a thin young man with illusory wings on his back.

In a flash, the young man appeared behind Han Muye.

“Black Tiger Fiend and Breeze Black Bat!”

A cry of surprise came from behind Han Muye.

Does he have a name?

It seemed that he was also an expert among the demons.

Han Muye looked ahead. The black tiger's claws were already in front of him.

Without a sound, a green short sword stabbed at his neck.

It was fast.

The black tiger was fast, but the thin young man's short sword was even faster.

Chapter 189: Title: Sword Dao Banished Immortal (3)

These two great demons seemed to be competing to see who would get it first.

Around them, the human cultivators sighed, shouted, exclaimed, and the sword hummed.

Outside Han Muye's body, the Green Destiny Sword in his hand loosened.

It was as if he was shocked by the thin line between life and death.

His right hand, which held the short sword, also dropped gently.

He stopped resisting.

That made sense.

In front of two extremely powerful demon experts, what was the difference between resisting and not resisting?

The seven demons attacked at the same time. In the end, the first to succeed were the Black Tiger Demon and the Breeze Black Bat.

The remaining five demons paused slightly.

There was no need to rush.

“Stab—Vroom—”

A sword hum interrupted everyone’s thoughts.

It was a green sword light.

The sword light drew an arc and carried a beautiful stream of light. It was like a crescent moon as it slashed the Black Tiger Demon's neck.

A bloody crescent moon flew.

Soaring free.

What followed was a spray of fragmented blood.

Before everyone could understand where this blood light came from, another soft sound came from beside Han Muye.

"Sting—la."

This was the rapid stabbing sound of a short sword.

At some point, the short sword in Han Muye's right hand landed in his left hand, and then pierced through the ribs of the Breeze Black Bat, straight through its heart.

Han Muye slowly drew back his short sword, and Breeze Black Bat raised the sword in his hand.

Unfortunately, all his strength was also extracted the moment Han Muye's short sword left his body.

As his body fell to the ground, his gaze landed on Black Tiger, who had fallen a step earlier.

Didn't the ancient mighty figures of the demon race say that when they fell from the same height, their speed was the same regardless of the weight?

Could it be that the black tiger landed first?

In other words, he could last longer than that guy?

This was the last thing on Black Bat's mind.

"Hum—"

When the Green Destiny Sword returned to Han Muye's palm, the sword vibrated and cheered.

A spiritual weapon.

A real spiritual weapon had a spirit in the sword.

After obtaining the power of the greater demon's divine bloodline, the sword that Mo Yuan had given him finally turned into a true spiritual weapon and had its own sword spirit.

"That's the Crescent Moon Sword Technique, right?"

"It's the sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect. Why is it so powerful?"

Many sword experts recognized the arc of light when Han Muye's Green Destiny Sword flew out.

However, no one knew what kind of sword technique he was using.

A close-range sword was invincible.

Reversal, left hand, lower.

The swords returned to his hands. Green Destiny was in the right, Purple Flame in the left.

The two swords clashed, and Han Muye stood in front of countless demons.

The five demons who stopped in their tracks and did not rush in front of Han Muye revealed fear in their eyes and did not dare to move forward.

If they had been the ones who had rushed over just now, they would probably have fallen to the ground.

This sword technique was too powerful!

Although the demons were a little violent, they were not fools who did not care about their lives.

This was a sword cultivator.

The two swords rose into the air. No one dared to take half a step forward.

Shouldn't sword cultivation be so straightforward?

It was quiet for 10 miles.

Only the breeze brushed past the tip of Han Muze's sword, causing it to vibrate.

"Boom—"

In the distant sky, a black demonic cloud transformed into a thousand-foot-long tiger claw and descended instantly.

Han Muze, who was standing still in midair, was restrained by a huge invisible force and couldn't escape at all.

The top demon experts attacked!

With this pressure, he was at least at the eighth level of the Core Formation realm!

Such an expert actually attacked a low-level junior without caring about his reputation.

In front of the forest, Huang Six took a deep breath and looked at the huge claw pressing down on Han Muye. Blood surged in his eyes.

In front of a large bluestone, Li Three brought a green wine gourd to her mouth and took a sip. Then she drew her sword.

It was the iron sword that Deng Chungang had given her back then.

In a real life and death battle, she still felt that this sword was more convenient than the Mystic Sun Sword.

The demonic qi slowly pressed down, and the 90 sword intents in Han Muye's sea of qi began to churn.

In his dantian, two sword pills spun rapidly, waiting for his call.

In the divine treasure, the sword of the soul had already condensed.

At this moment, a sword light flashed in the sky.

“Slash—”

A piercing shriek filled the sky.

Then a rumbling sound like thunder echoed.

“Damn it, how dare you extend your claws in front of me? If you come again, I’ll cut off more than one claw.”

“?”

“This title is not bad.”

Someone called out softly.

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Chapter 190: Title: Sword Dao Banished Immortal (4)

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Han Muye looked ahead. The black tiger’s claws were already in front of him.

Without a sound, a green short sword stabbed at his neck.

It was fast.

The black tiger was fast, but the thin young man’s short sword was even faster.

These two great demons seemed to be competing to see who would get it first.

Around them, the human cultivators sighed, shouted, exclaimed, and the sword hummed.

Outside Han Muye’s body, the Green Destiny Sword in his hand loosened.

It was as if he was shocked by the thin line between life and death.

His right hand, which held the short sword, also dropped gently.

He stopped resisting.

That made sense.

In front of two extremely powerful demon experts, what was the difference between resisting and not resisting?

The seven demons attacked at the same time. In the end, the first to succeed were the Black Tiger Demon and the Breeze Black Bat.

The remaining five demons paused slightly.

There was no need to rush.

“Stab—Vroom—”

A sword hum interrupted everyone’s thoughts.

It was a green sword light.

The sword light drew an arc and carried a beautiful stream of light. It was like a crescent moon as it slashed the Black Tiger Demon's neck.

A bloody crescent moon flew.

Soaring free.

What followed was a spray of fragmented blood.

Before everyone could understand where this blood light came from, another soft sound came from beside Han Muye.

"Sting—la."

This was the rapid stabbing sound of a short sword.

At some point, the short sword in Han Muye's right hand landed in his left hand, and then pierced through the ribs of the Breeze Black Bat, straight through its heart.

Han Muye slowly drew back his short sword, and Breeze Black Bat raised the sword in his hand.

Unfortunately, all his strength was also extracted the moment Han Muye's short sword left his body.

As his body fell to the ground, his gaze landed on Black Tiger, who had fallen a step earlier.

Didn't the ancient mighty figures of the demon race say that when they fell from the same height, their speed was the same regardless of the weight?

Could it be that the black tiger landed first?

In other words, he could last longer than that guy?

This was the last thing on Black Bat's mind.

"Hum—"

When the Green Destiny Sword returned to Han Muye's palm, the sword vibrated and cheered.

A spiritual weapon.

A real spiritual weapon had a spirit in the sword.

After obtaining the power of the greater demon's divine bloodline, the sword that Mo Yuan had given him finally turned into a true spiritual weapon and had its own sword spirit.

"That's the Crescent Moon Sword Technique, right?"

"It's the sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect. Why is it so powerful?"

Many sword experts recognized the arc of light when Han Muye's Green Destiny Sword flew out.

However, no one knew what kind of sword technique he was using.

A close-range sword was invincible.

Reversal, left hand, lower.

The swords returned to his hands. Green Destiny was in the right, Purple Flame in the left.

The two swords clashed, and Han Muye stood in front of countless demons.

The five demons who stopped in their tracks and did not rush in front of Han Muye revealed fear in their eyes and did not dare to move forward.

If they had been the ones who had rushed over just now, they would probably have fallen to the ground.

This sword technique was too powerful!

Although the demons were a little violent, they were not fools who did not care about their lives.

This was a sword cultivator.

The two swords rose into the air. No one dared to take half a step forward.

Shouldn't sword cultivation be so straightforward?

It was quiet for 10 miles.

Only the breeze brushed past the tip of Han Muze's sword, causing it to vibrate.

"Boom—"

In the distant sky, a black demonic cloud transformed into a thousand-foot-long tiger claw and descended instantly.

Han Muze, who was standing still in midair, was restrained by a huge invisible force and couldn't escape at all.

The top demon experts attacked!

With this pressure, he was at least at the eighth level of the Core Formation realm!

Such an expert actually attacked a low-level junior without caring about his reputation.

In front of the forest, Huang Six took a deep breath and looked at the huge claw pressing down on Han Muye. Blood surged in his eyes.

In front of a large bluestone, Li Three brought a green wine gourd to her mouth and took a sip. Then she drew her sword.

It was the iron sword that Deng Chungang had given her back then.

In a real life and death battle, she still felt that this sword was more convenient than the Mystic Sun Sword.

The demonic qi slowly pressed down, and the 90 sword intents in Han Muye's sea of qi began to churn.

In his dantian, two sword pills spun rapidly, waiting for his call.

In the divine treasure, the sword of the soul had already condensed.

At this moment, a sword light flashed in the sky.

“Slash—”

A piercing shriek filled the sky.

Then a rumbling sound like thunder echoed.

“Damn it, how dare you extend your claws in front of me? If you come again, I’ll cut off more than one claw.”