

Pavilion 191

Chapter 191: Lu Ten Dies, Zhao Youzhi Loses an Arm

Han Muye looked up and saw a sword light streaking across the sky, shattering all the demonic light.

At this moment, swords rang within a thousand miles.

This was a true sword expert!

A sword rose, and ten thousand swords rang.

Is this the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sun?

Within a thousand miles, the sword sensed that such a sword cultivation was the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. Who else could it be?

Han Muye turned his head and saw an old man in a gray robe with disheveled hair walking in the air. Each step was 10,000 feet.

Han Muye had seen this old man before.

"Tu Sunshi?"

A strange expression appeared on Han Muye's face.

Wasn't the person in front of him the Tu Sunshi who recruited him at the auction and rewarded with 200 spiritual rocks by Han Muye?

Seeing Han Muye's expression, Tu Sunshi grinned in satisfaction.

"Two hundred spiritual rocks. It's not a loss to buy this old man to save you, right?" As Tu Sunshi spoke, he waved his hand and turned to look at the endless demon clouds in front of him.

"I have a sword technique that mimics the soul sword technique of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion. I wonder if any Fellow Daoist from the Southern Wasteland is willing to come and die? Give me your head."

The calm old man stood beside Han Muye, and there was no aura of a powerhouse on him.

It was still the same as when he was recruiting customers at the auction.

However, such an old man stood there and made the rolling demon clouds slowly decline.

They retreated.

Han Muye felt that even after risking his life and using both swords, he had only killed a few Earth Realm demons.

But this old man in front of him had made countless demons retreat without even drawing his sword.

That's not fair.

Tu Sunshi shook his head in disappointment and glanced at Han Muye, who was beside him. His gaze swept across Han Muye's two swords. "You have a lot of tricks up your sleeve, kid. It's just that swordsmanship is about specialization. It's not a good thing to be mixed up."

Mixed up?

Han Muye nodded.

You're the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. Whatever you say.

Han Muye believed that he could cultivate every sword technique to the extreme.

But there was no need to argue with Tu Sunshi at this time.

The demons temporarily retreated, and the demon clouds scattered, slowly condensing into a battle line.

With the fall of Fengshou Mountain, a large number of resources had been seized by the demons. They had to digest it.

The next battle would be at Cloud Nest Ridge.

Han Muye and Tu Sunshi flew down and exchanged a few pleasantries before Tu Sunshi left.

As a top sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, he naturally had something to do.

He was able to save Han Muye with his sword because of the friendship he had exchanged with 200 Spirit Stones.

"Nineteen."

"Senior Brother Han."

"Brother."

Figures gathered beside Han Muye.

Li San was dressed in green and carrying a green wine gourd.

Song Jiu, whose white clothes were fluttering and stained with blood.

Huang Six held Lu Qingping's hand tightly with a smile on his face.

Han Muye glanced at everyone and smiled.

Didn't he cultivate the sword so that he could fight alongside these people?

Turning to look at the surging demonic aura in the distance, Han Muye's fighting spirit rose.

In the distance, the Grand Elder of the Sword Sect, Lu Hao, nodded at Han Muye.

Han Muye strode over.

“Why are you here?” Lu Hao asked in a low voice as he looked at the sword mark left by Han Muye.

“This place is so exciting, of course I have to come.” Han Muye stared at Yun Tao in the distance and said calmly.

Lu Hao nodded and shook his head. Just as he was about to speak, he heard crying not far away.

Lu Hao sighed and did not say anything else.

With the defeat of Fengshou Mountain, the Western Frontier suffered extremely heavy losses.

Suddenly, Lu Hao’s expression changed. His body turned into nothingness, and when he appeared again, he was already thousands of feet away.

“Boom—”

A whistling sword light slashed down. Lu Hao raised his hand to block it and eliminated the sword light.

“Lu Changze, what do you mean?”

Lu Hao stood there, sword intent surging on his body.

In midair, a long-bearded old man in a green robe held a sword and glared at him.

“What do I mean?”

The old man glared at Lu Hao and shifted his gaze behind him, his eyes shining with endless anger.

“If it weren’t for your Nine Mystic Sword Sect stalling for time, how would Fengshou Mountain have fallen?

“If Fengshou Mountain wasn’t lost, why would my grandson—”

The old man’s face revealed endless unbearable sorrow.

Lu Hao’s face stiffened and he said in a low voice, “Fellow Daoist Lu, my condolences.”

Tang Chi, who was standing not far behind Lu Hao, looked pale. He lowered his head and did not speak.

Li Three, Song Nine, and the others slowly walked over and stood behind Lu Hao.

“Good, good. Your Nine Mystic Sword Sect is united. You know how to scheme.” The white-bearded old man gritted his teeth and stared at Lu Hao. “In that case, my Spiritual Imperial Sword Sect will withdraw.

Guard this place yourselves!”

With that, the old man turned and flew away.

Lu Hao stood where he was, his expression changing, but he could not speak.

“Lu Changze, are you preparing to flee?”

Just as the white-bearded old man flew ten thousand feet away, a voice sounded. Then, a green mountain appeared and blocked in front of the old man.

“Yang Dingshan!”

The old man’s expression changed and he stopped in his tracks. He looked at the mountain range that transformed into a black-robed old man with a large sword on his back.

The Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, Yang Dingshan.

Yang Mingxuan’s grandfather.

Yang Dingshan’s cold gaze landed on Lu Changze. “Are you leaving or not?”

As he spoke, an indescribable pressure gathered.

It was as if a huge mountain was hanging high in the sky and would crash down at any moment.

Lu Changze gritted his teeth and stared at Yang Dingshan.

Yang Dingshan’s expression did not change.

After a moment, Lu Changze snorted and turned around.

Seeing that Lu Changze was no longer leaving, Lu Hao looked at Yang Dingshan and said in a low voice, “Thank you, Sect Master Yang.”

Yang Dingshan nodded. He glanced at Han Muye, then disappeared.

After Yang Dingshan left, Tang Chi, who was standing behind Lu Hao, bowed to him, “Thank you, Elder...”

Lu Hao did not answer. In a flash, he left.

Tang Chi’s expression froze and he turned to look at the others beside him.

Li Three glanced at him and said coldly, “You’re not worthy of being a sword cultivator.”

With that, Li Three turned around and strode away.

The others also stopped looking at Tang Chi and turned to leave.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the young man in white who walked past him. He said in a low voice, “Brother Nine, this time, my Nine Mystic Mountain...”

The young man in white paused, but he did not turn around. “I’m Song Seven.”

“Old Nine and Old Ten. They’re gone.”

After saying that, he walked to the edge of the forest step by step. He leaned against a big tree, sat cross-legged, and meditated.

Song Nine and Lu Ten had died.

Han Muye felt his body tremble, and a sense of sadness filled his heart.

Lu Ten.

Lu Ten, who only hunted wild beasts and had never killed anyone before coming to Fengshou Mountain.

Lu Ten, who liked to cook and treat everyone to a meal in the spiritual land.

Lu Ten, who had secretly given Han Muye the Tiger Whip and wanted to turn the tiger skin into a robe.

Fallen.

Han Muye turned his head and clenched his fists tightly, looking at Song Seven sitting under the tree.

No, he was Song Nine.

Han Muye was sure that he was Song Nine.

However, he wanted to be Song Qi now.

It was Song Nine who died, and it was Song Seven who was alive.

"Han Muye, is this what you want?" Tang Chi's voice sounded behind him.

There was resentment in his voice.

"Originally, all of this was within my calculations.

"I can end this battle here on Cloud Nest Ridge.

"Now, hehe, maybe everyone will die here."

Tang Chi gritted his teeth and stared at Han Muye, "Do you think good swordsmanship is useful?

"Even if Master Tu Sun's swordsmanship is good enough, can't he only retreat to Cloud Nest Ridge?

"He's good at swordsmanship. How many people did he save?"

Han Muye's gaze fell on Tang Chi's neck, making his heart turn cold.

Han Muye shook his head and walked away.

His swordsmanship was not good, but he still wanted to scheme against others.

Ridiculous.

Han Muye's disregard made the veins on Tang Chi's forehead throb.

He gritted his teeth and turned to look at the edge of the forest.

There, an old man in black armor nodded at him.

He didn't hesitate. He strode over.

"Senior Brother Han."

"Senior Brother Han."

Han Muye walked over to where the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were gathered.

Han Muye nodded.

Most of these people had received swords in the Sword Pavilion.

There were also many who had received his guidance.

“Senior, Senior Brother Han.” Sun Dayong struggled to get up.

There was blood on his chest.

Han Muye reached out and pressed Sun Dayong’s shoulder, then a pill appeared in his palm.

“I have an injury medicine. Take it and heal yourself first.”

This was an eighth-grade pill, and its quality had already reached the top-grade.

Sun Dayong took the pill and hesitated for a moment before saying in a low voice, “Senior Brother Han, give this pill to Zhao Youzhi.”

He lowered his voice and said, “Senior Brother Zhao, your arm is broken.”

“Right arm.”

Zhao Youzhi.

The inner sect disciple of the Sword Sect who was determined to uphold justice.

His sword was steady and heavy.

Although Han Muye had advised him to cultivate swordsmanship with his left hand.

Han Muye patted Sun Dayong on the shoulder and said, “I still have some medicine. Treat your injuries first.”

With that, he searched ahead.

When they arrived at a tent, Jiang Han and the others welcomed them.

“How’s Zhao Youzhi?”

Han Muye asked in a low voice.

“Senior Brother Zhao is still unconscious. His internal injuries aren’t very serious, but...” Jiang Han shook his head and didn’t continue.

Han Muye walked into the tent and saw Zhao Youzhi lying on the simple wooden couch with his eyes closed.

The spot on his right was empty.

Walking forward, Han Muye activated a top-grade pill with spiritual energy and fused it into Zhao Youzhi’s body.

“When he wakes up, send him back to the Nine Mystic Mountain first.”

Han Muye glanced at Jiang Han and the others.

“Senior Brother Han, we’ll stay here.” Jiang Han lowered his voice and clenched his fists.

“More than 30 of us came together. Now, there are only 12 of us left.”

His words brought tears to the eyes of the others around him.

Han Muye took out a handful of pills and placed them in Jiang Han’s palm. He nodded and said, “Live well.”

With that, he strode out of the tent.

In the distance, a bonfire swayed.

Han Muye walked over and sat in front of Huang Six.

On one side was Lu Qingping, who was curled up in a deep sleep, and on the other was Gao Xiaoxuan, who was holding the little white fox in a daze.

“Otherwise, why would I only want to be a mortal?” Huang Six pulled at the fire and picked out a few sweet potato things that were about to burn.

“As long as mortals have enough to eat and drink. They don’t have to cultivate, so they don’t have to care about such nonsense.

“This living and dying makes me unhappy.”

After peeling off the skin of the sweet potato in his hand, a faint fragrance wafted over.

Huang Six handed it to Gao Xiaoxuan.

“Sixth Brother, did you cultivate a demonic technique?”

When he looked up, Han Muye looked at him and whispered.

Lu Qingping, who was curled up on the ground, trembled.

Chapter 192: One Sword, Two Sword Stances!

“Master Tu Sunshi, are you looking down on me? Are you letting this kid tickle me?”

Although the black-armored man said this, his eyes were fixed on the sword above Han Muye’s head.

This sword had a sharpness that made his heart turn cold.

Even Heaven Realm demons had times when they felt fear!

Back at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Han Muye had controlled the sword of the soul to injure the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng.

At that time, Zhang Cheng was at the Heaven Realm.

However, compared to the long sword above his head, that sword was completely like a firefly compared to the bright moon.

The sword formed by Master Tu Sunshi's soul condensed into a corporeal sword intent.

In the sword light, there was a dense sword qi.

Rather than saying that this was a sword of the soul, it was more like the condensation of Master Tu Sunshi's lifetime of sword cultivation.

Han Muye's soul fused with this sword, and it felt as if the power of the world was under his control.

Sword momentum!

With a sword in hand, I have the world.

This was the power of the Sword Dao. Only 3,000 sword intents could condense into sword momentum.

There were countless sword cultivators in the entire Western Frontier.

Only one in 10 million people could condense sword momentum.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was known as the second strongest sect in the Western Frontier Sword Sect. Only Tuoba Cheng forcefully condensed the White Tiger Sword Force.

Tuoba Cheng had relied on his sword momentum to fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert with his Soul Awakening cultivation.

Feeling the overwhelming power in the sword, Han Muye's face revealed a fearless fighting spirit.

It turned out that condensing the sword intent of the soul was far from the end.

The sword of the soul could also achieve the power of the world!

Han Muye's eyes shone brightly, and the long sword above his head turned into a clear gray ancient sword.

As soon as this sword appeared, Master Tu Sunshi's expression changed.

"Blaze..."

"The sword of Sect Master Hong Chaoyang!"

There was a strange look in his eyes as he stared at the sword.

"Senior, I'm quite proficient in sword techniques." Han Muye looked at the black-armored Heaven Realm demon and said calmly to Tu Sunshi.

"Senior, you said that it's better to specialize in various things.

“I have a sword. Senior, please take a look—”

As soon as he finished speaking, Han Muye restrained all his aura. He was in midair like a mortal.

How could someone who could control a sword with monstrous power be a mortal?

With one hand behind his back, he formed a sword finger with the other and slowly extended it forward.

This sword technique did not require cultivation, aptitude, or talent.

All sword cultivators in the world could cultivate this sword technique as long as they had a sword in their hearts.

The light in Han Muye’s eyes almost reflected the sword light in the sky.

The sword above his head vibrated gently.

At this moment, all the swords within a thousand miles began to tremble.

“Heart Integrated into Sword!”

Tu Sunshi’s eyes widened and he exclaimed, “This is a Sword Dao Seed...”

The sword light was magnificent, and endless sword qi filled the air.

There was only one sword in the world!

The eyes of the Heaven Realm demon cultivator opposite him revealed killing intent, and his body was surrounded by dense blood energy.

He did not dare to wait. With a loud shout, his body transformed into a mutated demon beast with a long horn and a half dragon body.

Staring at Han Muye, the demon beast let out a thunderous roar. “You can’t live with such talent in the Sword Dao!”

The demon beast roared, raised its claws, and rushed towards Han Muye, ruthlessly slapping down.

The wind and clouds followed, and the world changed.

The Heaven Realm demon beast that belonged to the flood dragon could shatter thousands of miles of mountains and rivers!

Who wouldn’t be afraid of such a strike?

Before the flood dragon arrived, its murderous aura had already immobilized Han Muye and smashed him into pieces.

Heaven Realm, Nascent Soul realm demons had the power to affect the will of heaven!

On the distant Cloud Nest Ridge, cultivators below the Earth Realm felt their legs go weak.

This was the power of the Heaven Realm!

In the distance, Li Xixi gritted her teeth and held her sword tightly, trying her best not to fall off the cloud.

Before the pressure of a Heaven Realm demon, she could not even maintain her body in the air.

She stared intently at Han Muye, who had been restrained by the demon.

She didn't know if Han Muye could stop a Heaven Realm demon.

Heaven Realm...

Han Muye's expression did not change as he stood in front of the Heaven Realm Flood Dragon.

His gaze was gentle, as if the flood dragon was not charging at him.

He pointed his fingers forward and whispered.

Looking straight ahead, there was a sword in front of him. Nothing could stop it!

At this moment, a powerful sword intent erupted from Han Muye's body that even the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sunshi, would look at!

"Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords."

"Boom—"

As Han Muye's voice fell, the sword above his head exploded and turned into nothingness.

The moment the sword dissipated, sword light flashed in the entire world.

Where did the sword come from?

The hands of ordinary sword cultivators in the world.

A sword.

Ten swords.

A hundred hilts.

A thousand hilts.

Ten thousand swords flew out of Cloud Nest Ridge and condensed into a sword dragon.

The swords became the dragon's bones, scales and soul!

The Dragon of Ten Thousand Swords roared and swallowed the flood dragon beast in front of Han Muye.

The flood dragon that caused the world to change did not even have a chance to resist in front of the sword dragon.

Ten thousand swords turned into a rainbow! Using the swords as a dragon!

Ten thousand swords intertwined and spun, and the long dragon turned blood-colored.

This was caused by the endless blood qi and demon bone demonic qi of a Heaven Realm demon.

A Heaven Realm demon was killed just like that.

“Roar—”

Among the ten thousand swords, the phantom of a bright flood dragon cried out sadly, wanting to break free from the sword’s strangulation.

Nascent Soul. The demons called it the Demon Nascent Soul.

The Heaven Realm demon had cultivated bitterly for countless years, condensing his cultivation strength.

Heaven Realm cultivators relied on the power of their Nascent Souls and their immortality to possess another body and be reborn.

This was a power that completely surpassed the mortal realm. The illusory flood dragon rushed out of the sword and roared angrily.

However, before the dragon roared, the dragon formed by the sword opened its mouth again.

The Flood Dragon Nascent Soul had died.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, killing a heaven realm cultivator with a single strike!

Even the Nascent Soul was killed.

Its death was inevitable.

This strike borrowed the power of tens of thousands of sword cultivators on the Cloud Nest Ridge of the Western Frontier.

This strike was from Han Muye, not him.

“All the sword cultivators in the world are united. Heaven Realm demons are only one sword.”

Han Muye slowly retracted his hand and placed his hands behind his back. He looked ahead and spoke calmly.

At this moment, he was like a sword immortal who had descended. With a single move, he suppressed all the sword cultivators in the world.

The huge dragon formed by the 100,000-feet-long sword hovered under his feet. Then he stared at the last of the three Heaven Realm cultivators in the Southern Wasteland.

The Heaven Realm demon trembled and felt a chill run down his spine.

With a loud shout, he knocked away Master Tu Sunshi’s sword technique and turned to leave.

If he didn’t leave now, was he going to wait for the long dragon to roar and devour him?

If this Long Sword Dragon could kill a Heaven Realm expert, it could kill a second Heaven Realm expert!

The great demon fled, and the demonic aura that filled the sky dissipated.

One of the three Southern Wasteland Heaven Realm cultivators died, one was injured, and the other fled.

The battle situation changed in an instant.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed. Ten thousand long swords that had been refined with the blood essence and soul of a Heaven Realm demon slowly turned around.

After these swords were condensed, they were reborn and turned into spirits.

As long as they were nurtured well, these swords would have a vast space to grow.

This was an opportunity.

Turning around, Han Muye looked at Tu Sunshi and smiled. "Senior, I didn't disappoint you."

Tu Sunshi nodded. Seeing that Han Muye was about to answer, Han Muye said, "I still have 62 breaths left."

The Sword Pavilion's soul condensed into a sword that could fight a Heaven Realm expert in a hundred seconds.

Just now, Han Muye had used this sword to kill a Heaven Realm cultivator. From the beginning to the end, it hadn't even taken 40 breaths!

How could such a sword technique exist in the mortal world?

Tu Sunshi raised his head and laughed. He looked at the long sword that had condensed above Han Muye's head again. "What a good Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!"

A monstrous battle intent rose from his body, and his eyes shone with a sharp light.

This was the battle intent of a sword cultivator.

He had dominated the Western Frontier and was invincible with a single sword strike. It had been countless years since Master Tu Sunshi had such a burning battle intent!

Sword cultivators should fight with swords!

In front of him, Han Muye's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords caused the battle of Tu Sunshi to surge.

"Kid, in the remaining 60 breaths, I'll show you what the peak of the Western Frontier Sword Dao is!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a strong wind blew!

A thousand miles of mountains and rivers flew past in a breath!

Tu Sunshi and Han Muye transformed into streams of light at the same time, crossing thousands of mountains and appearing above the Yuntai Dao Sect's base.

Above the Yuntai Dao Sect, the broken mountain-protecting array was filled with sorrow and despair.

Countless Yuntai Dao Sect disciples used their last bit of spiritual energy to repair the cracks on the array's light screen.

Unfortunately, the demons of the Southern Wasteland were too strong.

The destruction of the Yuntai Dao Sect was imminent!

The sword light crossed the world in a breath.

All the despairing Yuntai Dao Sect disciples raised their heads and widened their eyes.

Above them, two figures stood still.

One was dressed in white and had two swords on his back. He walked leisurely with his hands behind his back.

One wore a green and gray Daoist robe, had purple-gold hair, and sword intent that shot into the sky.

“Fellow Daoist Tu Sunshi!”

“The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Senior Tu Sunshi!”

Below, countless exclamations sounded.

“Fellow Daoist Tu, you’re confused!”

“Leave quickly. Even if our Yuntai Dao Sect dies, we won’t become the sinners of the Western Frontier!”

A sorrowful cry suppressed all the shouts. A white-haired Daoist in a green robe looked desperate as he stared at Tu Sunshi and shouted, “So what if the Yuntai Dao Sect’s lineage is severed? Fellow Daoist Tu, if anything happens to you, the Western Frontier will be in danger!”

Tu Sunshi, who was covered in sword energy, looked down and said coldly, “Danger your *ss.”

Han Muye turned around and saw that Tu Sunshi’s hair and beard were standing on end, and the sword intent on his body had transformed into a swimming dragon. Then he reached out and wrapped the sword of the soul above Han Muye’s head.

“I came a thousand miles to kill you with a sword. Why are you telling me this nonsense?”

“I’m already here. Can’t you say something nice?”

He cursed as sword light rose from his body like a mountain.

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, Master Tu Sunshi shook his head and said, “I’m used to it. Back then, I didn’t dare to kill anyone. My senior brother told me that I would feel better after cursing a few times.

“When the heart is happy, the sword is sharp.”

Han Muye nodded and said lightly, “Fifty-three more breaths.”

“F*ck!” Master Tu Sunshi shouted. The sword light above his head condensed into a ten thousand feet tall green mountain and smashed down!

Using the sword to condense the mountain and borrow the power of the mountain to form a sword momentum!

In Han Muye's eyes, thousands of sword lights twisted and intersected, fusing with the sword of the soul before slashing down.

Mountains were the surface, and sword light was the substance!

A sword cultivator was a sword cultivator after all.

With a single sword strike, mountains collapsed!

Sword Technique, Collapsing Mountain.

The ultimate sword technique of the world, using the sword to form a mountain, using the sword to break a mountain, using the sword to collapse a mountain!

Landslide, overwhelming!

"I can't stop it!"

"Escape—"

Three shouts sounded, and countless demons fled.

Mountains rolled, sword light shone, and killing intent filled the sky.

The landslide formed a flood!

One sword, two sword stances!

Tu Sunshi grinned and turned to look at Han Muye, who looked slightly stunned. He chuckled in satisfaction.

"Kid, how's my strike?"

Chapter 193: Once One Enters the Foundation Establishment Realm, the World will be Divided into Immortals and Mortals!

Han Muye looked at the smug Tu Sunshi and nodded gently.

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

Mingling with the itinerant cultivators and swindling for 200 spiritual rocks.

When he attacked, he was full of vulgarities, like a villager chattering endlessly.

All these appearances turned into nothingness when he attacked.

His sword had two sword auras that could shatter the heavens and earth.

His sword momentum was like a river that swept through thousands of miles!

With such a sword technique, he was the invincible sword cultivator in the world.

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier lived up to his name.

“You think this sword technique is not bad too?” Tu Sunshi’s expression became even more smug as he raised his hand and pointed ahead of the sword river.

Countless demon experts were swept up and turned into powder.

“This sword technique is really top-notch in the Western Frontier,” Han Muye replied seriously. Then he said, “I wonder what it will be like if this sword technique is combined with the power of mountains and rivers?”

Tu Sunshi, who had been smiling, froze.

He waved his hand and muttered a few times. He looked up into the distance and curled his lips. “Brat, aren’t you making things difficult for me? Who can master three sword moves except a fifth level Nascent Soul?”

In the world of cultivation, there were levels of cultivation.

Third level of the Human Realm. Energy Essence, Qi condensation, and Foundation Establishment. There were nine folds per level to condense the foundation of cultivation.

Third level of the Earth Realm. Meridian Opening, Soul Awakening, Core Formation. Complete cultivation of the Golden Core. Only then could one become an invincible Heaven Realm cultivator.

Third level of the Heaven Realm. Nascent Soul, Birthing, Soul Formation. At the Heaven Realm, the body was a raft, the Nascent Soul and Essence Soul were treasures for cultivation.

Nascent Soul was the beginning of breaking away from the mortal world and drawing the power of heaven and earth to transform the Great Dao into one’s own food.

Such power was at the peak of the Western Frontier.

Every step of Heaven Realm cultivation could be said to be terrifying.

Even with heaps of countless resources, it was still difficult to advance.

Even if Master Tu Sunshi’s sword Dao was invincible, his cultivation level was still stuck at the second level of the Nascent Soul realm and had not moved for hundreds of years.

“Can you comprehend only three sword auras at the fifth level of the Nascent Soul realm?”

Han Muye whispered.

Really?

At this moment, in his mind, the image of Tu Sunshi holding a sword and collapsing a mountain kept circulating.

“Hum—”

After changing back and forth several times, the scene rumbled. The mountains and rivers fused together and turned into a sea of swords!

Who said that one could not comprehend the third sword momentum without being at the fifth level of the Nascent Soul realm?

The third sword momentum was just the fusion of the great forces, causing sharp vicissitudes!

“Boom—”

Above Han Muye’s head, endless spiritual energy swirled and turned into a vortex.

The almost viscous power from before was swept up and directly poured into Han Muye’s dantian.

The originally chaotic spiritual energy in his dantian kept spinning and divided into nine layers of clouds.

The space in his Qi Sea churned and surged, and the space expanded tenfold!

In the originally empty divine treasure, wisps of soul sword Qi condensed.

His hair, which was originally gray and white because of the depletion of his lifespan, turned greenish black, and only a few strands of white hair at his temples were visible to the naked eye.

“You can even comprehend this,” Master Tu Sunshi muttered. Then he clicked his tongue a few times and revealed a strange expression. “You’re really only at the Foundation Establishment realm...”

Foundation Establishment.

At the top of the Yuntai Dao Sect’s mountain gate, Han Muye, who had comprehended something, directly broke through and became a Foundation Establishment cultivator.

The Foundation Establishment realm was the last level of the Human Realm, which was also the foundation of the Earth Realm. It was also the beginning of a cultivator leaving the mortal world.

He had established the foundation of the Great Dao and had a lifespan of more than 500 years. He was no longer a mortal who lingered in the mortal world.

When Han Muye opened his eyes, sword light flashed in his eyes.

Foundation Establishment cultivation.

The spiritual energy in his dantian was 10 times more than before. The 18 immortal-grade pills surged with medicinal power and were filled with spiritual energy every moment.

Two sword pills spun gently and played freely. They landed at the top of the nine cloud layers. Below the cloud layers, a sword intent flickered like a swimming fish.

This sword intent was a power that Han Muye had cultivated and nurtured himself.

In the Sea of Qi space, the feeling of being bloated to the point of bursting had been greatly reduced. Ninety sword intents slowly floated and spun.

The two sword intents that already had the power of a half-step sword momentum were even more condensed. It seemed that as long as there was an opportunity, they could truly transform into sword momentum.

In the divine treasure space, only half of the medicinal power was left in the Purple Jade Pill.

However, at this moment, the space in the divine treasure had expanded tenfold, and the originally diffused soul sword Qi slowly began to condense again.

Once one entered the Foundation Establishment realm, the world would be divided into immortals and mortals!

Standing in the air, sword Qi intertwined around Han Muye's body. His clothes fluttered in the wind, and his figure was like an immortal.

"Boom—"

At this moment, the sword river that was hundreds of kilometers away finally shattered, turning into endless sword Qi that exploded.

This sword Qi blasted the demons in the Sword River into pieces.

When the sword river swept through, less than 10% of the demons in the Southern Wasteland survived.

"Master Tu Sunshi, are you going to fight my Southern Wasteland to the death—"

A voice rose a thousand miles away.

A huge palm slapped down and shattered all the sword Qi.

Then, demonic Qi wreaked havoc, as if it was about to roll over.

Tu Sunshi snorted and watched as the ancient sword above Han Muye's head slowly dissipated, a look of regret on his face.

If it weren't for the fact that Han Muye's soul sword had dissipated after a hundred breaths, those demons wouldn't even dare to fart.

"Boy, if you help me, I'll return the favor."

Tu Sunshi muttered and shook his body. The power of his soul that originally belonged to him in the dissipating sword above Han Muye's head reversed and landed on Han Muye.

Is he going to give the soul sword Qi to me?

Han Muye looked at Tu Sunshi in confusion.

It had taken Master Tu Sunshi a lot of time and soul power to cultivate this soul sword.

The key was that this soul sword Qi contained Master Tu Sun's cultivation comprehension and Great Dao of Sword Force!

"I said I'll give it to you. I'm the strongest sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. How can I take advantage of you?"

Master Tu Sun glared at Han Muye and ignored him. He turned to look at the entrance of the Yuntai Dao Sect below.

“Hurry up and pack. Follow me to Cloud Nest Ridge.”

Tu Sunshi pointed at the rolling demonic aura in the distance and said coldly, “I won’t do it again.”

“Fellow Daoist Tu...” The green-robed Daoist who had been crying earlier looked excited. He bowed to Master Tu Sunshi and shouted, “Accept, no, all disciples, leave for Cloud Nest Ridge!”

After saying that, the Daoist stopped and raised his hand to throw out a thousand-foot flying ship.

Those low-level disciples rushed into the flying ship. The other Earth Realm experts also scattered various flying Dharma artifacts and led the group of Yuntai Dao Sect disciples towards Cloud Nest Ridge.

At this moment, Han Muye suppressed the sword of the soul that Master Tu Sunshi had given him in his divine treasure.

The soul sword Qi that Master Tu Sun had given him was too strong. It was already at the sword momentum realm. Even if he took it, he needed to slowly refine it.

This process was not something that could be done in a short period of time.

Seeing everyone from the Yuntai Dao Sect fly away, Han Muye glanced at the surging demonic clouds and whispered, “Senior, let’s go too.”

If he didn’t leave now, he would have to face the demons again.

The last thing he wanted was another fight.

Why fight when there is nothing to gain?

Tu Sunshi waved his hand and grinned. “Look at all the good things on Yuntai Mountain. Isn’t it a pity to throw them to the demons?”

Pity?

So what? The Yuntai Dao Sect must have many treasures, but there was no time to gather them.

There were also many buildings that had been built over countless years and spiritual herbs and plants that could only benefit the demons.

“Kid, don’t say that I’m unkind. I can only give you 20%.” Master Tu Sunshi rubbed his hands and raised his arms.

A sword light descended from the sky and slashed down the side of Yuntai Mountain.

“Boom—”

The sound shook the ground as if the mountains were collapsing.

The demons paused for a moment, not knowing what was going on.

Han Muye's eyes widened as he looked at Tu Sunshi's large sleeve cover and retract most of the Yuntai Mountain that had been slashed down.

It was one thing for them to scrape the land, but he even dug up the mountain...

Looking at Tu Sunshi, whose face was flushed red, Han Muye understood why this old fellow wanted the people from the Yuntai Dao Sect to leave at full speed.

If the people of the Yuntai Dao Sect didn't leave, how could he have the face to overhaul the entire mountain?

"Let's go. Let's go back and take stock. I'll give you spiritual stones. Don't worry. With my character, I won't fool you about this."

He rolled up his sleeves with one hand and looked generous.

"Demons of the Southern Wasteland, I remember your destruction of the Yuntai Dao Sect."

Before leaving, Tu Sunshi did not forget to shout at the demons.

Han Muye shook his head and followed behind Tu Sunshi. He turned into a sword light and left.

However, he did not follow Master Tu Sunshi very closely.

He felt that this old fellow might kill him for the Yuntai Dao Sect's assets.

"Boom—"

Sword light rumbled and returned to Cloud Nest Ridge.

At this moment, other than the experts of the various sects who had retreated from Fengshou Mountain, the reinforcements under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and the hundreds of thousands of disciples of the Yuntai Dao Sect, there were as many as a million cultivators in the entire base.

These people looked up and saw two sword lights flying over in streaks of light. They broke through the demonic aura and landed thousands of feet above Cloud Nest Ridge.

Green robe with a purple crown. Long sword on his back. He gathered his sleeves and stood in the air.

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Tu Sunshi.

Han Muye was dressed in a white robe and carried two swords on his back. His clothes fluttered like an immortal.

Han Muye, the immortal of the Sword Dao.

This name had only circulated for half a day, but it had already spread throughout the entire Cloud Nest Ridge.

He used two swords to stop the demons and set up the battle line.

One person went against the flow and invited the number one sword cultivator of the Western Frontier to accompany him.

With one sword, with the power of more than 10,000 swords on Cloud Nest Ridge, he killed the great demons of the Southern Wasteland.

With one sword, he helped the number one sword cultivator of the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sunshi turn sword momentum into a river, break through the encirclement of the demonic spirits in the Southern Wasteland, and save hundreds of thousands of Yuntai Dao Sect cultivators.

Such a person was worthy of the title of an immortal.

On the Cloud Nest Ridge, the leader of the Yuntai Dao Sect bowed and said to Master Tu Sunshi, "Thank you for your help, Daoist Tu."

Without Master Tu Sunshi's sword, the Yuntai Dao Sect would definitely be destroyed today.

All the Yuntai Dao Sect disciples bowed.

Master Tu Sunshi's expression did not change. He looked up into the distance and calmly accepted the bow.

The green-robed Daoist below looked up at Han Muye, who was beside Master Tu Sunshi.

"Fellow Daoist Han Muye of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, On behalf of the Yuntai Dao Sect, I thank you for your help."

He cupped his hands, then took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Today, you consumed the sword of the soul that you cultivated hard. The Yuntai Dao Sect will definitely repay this favor."

Chapter 194: Great Demon of the Southern Wasteland, Intention to Move West

Han Muye turned and looked at Tu Sunshi.

He felt awkward.

He had exhausted his soul sword Qi, but Master Tu Sunshi had given him a sword Qi. As long as he refined it, it would definitely be many times more dense than the previous sword Qi.

He had provoked Tu Sunshi to save the Yuntai Dao Sect, but Tu Sunshi had scraped off the land of Yuntai Mountain and promised to give him 20%.

Now the people of the Yuntai Dao Sect had to thank him.

Han Muye couldn't be as thick-skinned as Tu Sunshi and accept this gratitude calmly.

“Ahem, Senior, it’s serious...” He shrank back and landed behind Tu Sunshi. Then he said in a clear voice, “As a fellow cultivator of the Western Frontier, when Yuntai Mountain is surrounded. I feel the same. Isn’t it only right to attack?”

As soon as he finished speaking, the green-robed man below waved his sleeve and shouted, “Little friend Han said that it’s only right to help. There are hundreds of thousands of fellow Daoists in the Western Frontier on the Cloud Nest Ridge. The Yuntai Dao Sect only feels this sense of righteousness from you. The Yuntai Dao Sect will never forget Little Friend Han’s kindness.”

*F*ck.*

No wonder Tu Sunshi cursed when he attacked.

This old man from the Yuntai Dao Sect was digging a hole for him.

No one on the Cloud Nest Ridge went to help and watched the Yuntai Dao Sect being destroyed. This made the Yuntai Dao Sect unhappy, but you can’t repay kindness with ingratitude and use me, right?

Now that you mention it, it seems that I, Han Muye, am the only good person in the entire Cloud Nest Ridge?

Wouldn’t that offend someone?

At this moment, the cultivators on the entire Cloud Nest Ridge, who were originally filled with excitement and admiration, looked at Han Muye with strange expressions.

You’re such a busybody.

Tu Sunshi chuckled and gave Han Muye a look that said, “You’re still young.” Then he moved and dissipated.

Han Muye shook his head and cupped his hands in the direction of the Yuntai Dao Sect. Then he flew down and returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s camp.

He had thought it through. When he had the chance to use the Yuntai Dao Sect to return a favor in the future, he would definitely not be polite.

Use it ruthlessly.

Only when Master Tu Sunshi and Han Muye disappeared from the Heaven Realm did everyone on the entire Cloud Nest Ridge look away.

Han Muye, the immortal of the Sword Dao.

So that’s what he looks like.

At this moment, the Nine Mystic Sword School had already sent a total of more than 300,000 people, including their sect and the itinerant cultivators under their rule.

This scale accounted for nearly 30% of the people on Cloud Nest Ridge.

Of course, that was only the number.

More than 200,000 itinerant cultivators and small sect cultivators could only make up the numbers.

Among these 200,000 people, more than half of them had been trained in Changming Mountain. There were also tens of thousands of people who had just joined the sect.

These people were scattered and disorderly. Tang Chi led a group of Nine Mystic Mountain disciples to gather them.

On the cliff, Li Three, who was leaning against the stone wall, sneered as she looked at the chaotic cultivators' encampment in the distance.

"See, this is the sect. Then Tang Chi has his uses, so the Grand Elder will still use him."

Disgust flashed in Li Three's eyes as she turned her head away.

Han Muye focused his gaze for a while and saw that under Tang Chi's arrangements, the Nine Mystic Mountain disciples quickly organized their people into square formations.

These things were Tang Chi's forte.

On the other hand, Li Three and the other direct disciples were disdainful of dealing with itinerant cultivators and small sect cultivators.

If they were to manage a group of low-level cultivators, they would rather kill a few more people themselves.

The sect did not consider good and evil, but ability.

For great cultivators like the Grand Elder who had cultivated for countless years, they only looked at the people they used and whether there was anything useful in them.

Han Muye swept his gaze across and saw some muscular soldiers in the square formation.

He frowned and thought better of saying anything.

Although these soldiers from the rebels of the Red Flame Army had other thoughts, they were also cultivators of the Western Frontier. It was understandable that they were trained in the square formation.

Even those who had betrayed the sect began to train.

Besides, these low-level cultivators were just cannon fodder.

Having seen the methods of a Heaven Realm expert, Han Muye had an additional layer of understanding in his heart.

True experts did not care about the number of low-level cultivators, nor would they care about their lives.

Master Tu Sunshi transformed his sword into a sword river outside the Yuntai Dao Sect and killed countless low-level demons of the Southern Wasteland.

Who cared about the life and death of these low-level demons?

Thinking of the demons outside Yuntai Mountain, Han Muye looked ahead.

Demon clouds condensed into a cloud pillar and floated 50 miles away.

His expression turned grave.

Five demonic spirits of the Heaven realm.

After killing a Heaven Realm expert and injuring a Heaven Realm demon, there were also five Heaven Realm cultivators in the Southern Wasteland.

In the Western Frontier, there were only four Heaven Realm experts.

If not for the fact that Master Tu Sunshi had killed a Heaven Realm expert with one strike and made the other party afraid, a battle would probably have already begun on Cloud Nest Ridge.

That Heaven Realm demon was killed by Han Muye, but the credit was all on Master Tu Sunshi.

Who would believe that a young disciple had the ability to kill a Heaven Realm demon?

If such a person was really here, wouldn't the hundreds of years of cultivation of countless experts in and outside the Cloud Nest Ridge be wasted?

Han Muye was the one who killed the Heaven Realm demon. The vengeance was for Master Tu Sunshi.

"Clang—"

A clear bell sounded on Cloud Nest Ridge, and a figure flew over.

An elite of the Tai Yi Sword Sect in a white robe, the all-powerful Sun Jinshi landed in front of the cliff.

With a complicated expression, he cupped his hands at Han Muye and Li Three. "Senior Brother Han, Senior Sister Li, Grandmaster asked me to invite you to attend the meeting of the various sects on Cloud Nest Ridge."

After saying that, he bowed to Han Muye and whispered, "Senior Brother Han, I was blind. I apologize to you."

It was rare for an elite junior of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, a young sword cultivator known to be invincible, to actually lower his head and admit his mistake today.

Li Three turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head and waved his hand. "Junior Brother Sun, we're both from the Western Frontier. There's no need to be so polite."

Sun Jinshi looked up at Han Muye and said, "Senior Brother Han is magnanimous. I have to go inform the others. Farewell."

With that, he turned into a green light and flew away.

"Why do you think he lowered his head? He just benefited from your sword refinement," Li Three said quietly and strode to the top of Cloud Nest Ridge.

When Han Muye killed the Heaven Realm demon, he turned 10,000 swords into a long dragon. Those swords were stained with the power of the demonic qi, blood, and soul. After refining them, their quality increased greatly.

Whether they were willing or not, the owners of those swords owed Han Muye a favor.

Han Muye smiled. There were not many people who could make money out of this favor.

“This kind of meeting is to discuss who will die first and who will bleed more.”

Li Three, who was walking in front, spoke calmly and hit the nail on the head.

But isn't that so?

If they won, they could even discuss how to distribute the supplies and spoils of war.

Now that the situation was dire and they were barely holding on, it was just a matter of which family would be under more pressure.

As Li Three had said, the one who died first would have the most deaths.

This Third Sister really saw through everything.

Han Muye shook his head and followed.

....

The tent for the meeting was spacious and housed long tables and seats.

Walking in, Han Muye could see that it was filled with solemn cultivators.

Other than him, Li Three, and a few low-level juniors, the rest of them were at least peak-level Soul Awakening cultivators.

At the seat of honor was Master Tu Sunshi, who was sitting motionless. Beside him, Yang Dingshan, the green-robed Daoist of the Yuntai Dao Sect, Lu Hao, and the others were all sitting there calmly.

In this tent, there was a Heaven Realm expert, nine half-step Heaven Realm experts, and dozens of other Core Formation experts.

This power was already equivalent to 30% of the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

Of course, whether these people could work together was another matter.

Han Muye and Li Three walked in, and many people looked at them.

Some smiled and nodded, while others remained impassive.

Not far away, an old man smiled and waved at Han Muye.

Han Muye and Li San walked over and sat beside him.

Sun Mu, Core Formation elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. He was the leading elder of the Fengshou Mountain for the first time.

His cultivation had long stopped. Due to the depletion of his lifespan, he did not have much time left. Now, he could be considered to have played a role for the sect.

Han Muye and Li San went over and greeted each other in a low voice. They sat down and looked at the various people in the tent.

“One Sword Blows Li Xixi away, path of the immortal, Han Muye. Hehe, not bad, not bad.”

Sun Mu looked at Han Muye and Li San with a kind smile.

“Your cultivation and combat strength can be ranked in the top 10 among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.”

Top 10.

Han Muye knew that the various sects in the Western Frontier would leave behind some foundation.

For example, Deng Chungang, who had only heard of the Nine Mystic Sword School, and a few experts ranked in the front of the inner sect.

Spiritual Dao Sect and Tai Yi Sword Sect. Those large sects definitely had hidden experts.

Han Muye looked up and saw a young girl in a white dress with a cold expression.

Beside the girl was a thin Daoist in a green robe.

Luo Xiaoyu, a genius of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

A dark horse among itinerant cultivators.

Seeing Han Muye look over, the two people opposite him nodded as a greeting.

“Everyone, time is of the essence. Let’s not waste time on formalities.” At the head of the table, an old man sitting beside Master Tu Sun stood up and cupped his hands.

Zheng Wangyuan, a half-step Heaven Realm elder from the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The Spiritual Dao Sect was the largest sect in the Western Frontier. Although Tu Sunshi was here, the person presiding over the defense was still a member of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Actually, it was also because Master Tu Sunshi could not be bothered with these trivial matters.

He preferred to strike directly.

“There are a total of 387 large and small sects gathered at the front line of Cloud Nest Ridge. There are more than 1.36 million cultivators from all sides.”

The number Zheng Wangyuan mentioned was huge, but his expression was not relaxed.

“It looks like we have more people, but we’re still much weaker than the demon army.

“There are a total of nearly two million demons on the other side. Five of them are at the Heaven Realm, and seventeen are at the half-step Heaven Realm.”

His words made the atmosphere in the tent even gloomier.

How could they deal with such an enemy?

“My Spiritual Dao Sect is already prepared to activate the decree again.”

Zheng Wangyuan looked into the tent and said in a deep voice, “Everyone, don’t expect the Southern Wasteland to stop this time. They really have the intention to annex the Western Frontier.”

At this point, he took a deep breath and said, “According to the information from the Southern Wasteland, the Mystic Sun Guards of the Central Continent attacked the Southern Wasteland and had the power to unify the Southern Wasteland.

“The demons of the Southern Wasteland intend to migrate westward.”

Migrate westward!

Where to?

Naturally, it was the Western Frontier.

When fighting for territory, it had always been a matter of life and death. There was no such thing as coexistence.

Besides, the reason why the demons came to the Western Frontier was not to coexist with the cultivators of the Western Frontier.

In the big tent, there was more fighting spirit in the solemn atmosphere.

This concerned the life and death of the cultivation world in the Western Frontier. There was no escape.

“Everyone, we’ll guard Cloud Nest Ridge. It’ll only take three months for reinforcements to arrive.”

Zheng Wangyuan looked around and nodded at Tu Sunshi. He continued, “I’ve already asked Senior Brother Tu to arrange the defense of the various sects as follows.

“The Bright Mountain Sword Sect guards the west side of the Cloud Nest Ridge.

“The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect guards the west side of the mountain ridge.

“Spiritual Dao Sect is responsible for the top of the mountain.

....

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is in charge of the bottom of the Cloud Nest Ridge. Eight miles at the front.”

....

When they walked out of the tent, the experts from all sides flew away.

Han Muye looked at the sky and took a deep breath.

“So, Tang Chi’s 200,000-strong army is only here to die?” He turned around and looked at Lu Hao, who was slowly walking over.

“I’m just making the best use of it.” Lu Hao’s expression was calm as his gaze landed on Han Muye.

“Between you and him, you proved yourself with your strength.

“He can only prove it with his own blood.”

Looking at Han Muye’s expression, Lu Hao said indifferently, “Do you think the battle that concerns the future leader of the Nine Mystic Sword School is a treat?”

Chapter 195: Comprehending Sword on Cloud Nest Ridge

Does it concern the future leader of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Does he have to choose between me and Tang Chi?

Han Muye had never thought that he would become the target of nurturing in the sect.

I’ve always been uncivilized, okay?

However, Lu Hao was right. There was no retreat in this power struggle.

Lu Hao’s voice could be heard again. “Go back and prepare. Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is about to reach the designated garrison location.”

With that, he paused and turned into a sword light.

“Don’t think too much. This kind of selection is like a sorting-out process. You’ve only won one round temporarily.” Li Three patted Han Muye’s shoulder and flew away like a stream of light.

Indeed, Sect Master Jin Ze was still in charge of the sect.

Even if Sect Master Jin Ze abdicated, there was still Tuoba Cheng, who was extremely scheming.

It would probably take at least two to three hundred years for Han Muye to take that position.

Why should he care what happened two or three hundred years later?

“Han Muye.” A voice came from behind.

Han Muye turned around and saw Yang Dingshan from the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

“Sect Master Yang.” Han Muye cupped his hands. “Thank you, Sect Master Yang, for helping our Nine Mystic Sword Sect out of trouble yesterday.”

The day before, Yang Dingshan had taken action to suppress the troublesome Spiritual Imperial Sword Sect’s Lu Changze.

In that situation, it was not good for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to take action themselves. They really needed someone to mediate.

"It's only right." Yang Dingshan waved his hand, his gaze landing on Han Muye. Then he whispered, "Is Mingxuan alright?"

Yang Mingxuan.

Yang Dingshan's grandson.

Han Muye nodded and told him about how Yang Mingxuan had entered the Sword Pavilion to seek death and had been provoked by Jiang Ming to cultivate the Sword Pavilion sword technique.

Hearing that Yang Mingxuan was courting death, Yang Dingshan frowned.

When he heard that Yang Mingxuan had started cultivating, excitement flashed across his face.

When he heard from Han Muye that Yang Mingxuan had already cultivated the Sword Nurturing Technique and the Military Sword Technique, Yang Dingshan smiled.

"Hehe, Jiang Ming dares to say that he'll collect my corpse." After Han Muye finished speaking, Yang Dingshan laughed and looked into the distance.

"If that day really comes, ask him to come and collect my corpse."

Without waiting for Han Muye to reply, a thick sword light flashed across Yang Dingshan's body, wrapped around his body, and turned into a flying rainbow.

Han Muye shook his head and stopped. He rode on the light of a flying sword and flew down the mountain.

Over there was the defensive base of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"Dong—"

"Dong—"

In the sky, the sound of drums could be heard. The demonic qi in the distance boiled over like water, and then countless demonic beasts rushed towards Cloud Nest Ridge.

These demon beasts were the lowest-level beings among the demons. Their cultivation and combat strength were only at the Qi Condensation Realm.

However, even if their combat strength was limited, it would be hard to withstand the surging tide of their advance.

In the Southern Wasteland, these low-level demon beasts were only vassals of the demon race and did not care about their lives at all.

"Stop these demon beasts—"

"If we can't stop them today, all of us will die here!"

"I, Tang Chi, will live and die with you!"

In front of the battle line guarded by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tang Chi, who was wearing a white robe and holding a sword, shone with sword light. Sword Qi surrounded him.

Beside him were a group of itinerant cultivators and Earth Realm experts from small sects.

Behind them, teams of nervous cultivators gripped their swords and Dharma artifacts tightly and waited.

Demonic beasts surged over like a tide.

“Kill—”

Tang Chi let out a loud roar. The sword in his hand radiated a 100-foot sword beam as he slashed at the oncoming demon beast.

“Boom—”

The 30-foot-tall tiger was cut in half.

Tang Chi’s sword light did not change as he led the Earth Realm experts behind him to charge into the demon beasts.

They were like a long saber that cut the demonic beasts in half.

Standing on the hill behind, Han Muye watched all of this.

Tang Chi’s commanding methods were not bad and his combat strength was strong. He was indeed the best candidate to lead these cultivators.

Han Muye turned around and saw that he was surrounded by disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

These disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect gathered sword Qi on their bodies and held their sword hilts, waiting for an accident to happen in front of them to rush up and remedy it.

In such a situation, it was really not up to them to decide whether they lived or died.

“Boom—”

Tang Chi, who was charging forward, was blocked by a black light.

A black-armored, eight-foot-tall, tiger-headed man held a long saber and slashed, shattering Tang Chi’s sword light.

An expert among Earth Realm Soul Awakening experts, and a tiger with a powerful bloodline.

This burly man’s combat strength was no weaker than Tang Chi’s.

With this burly man blocking, Tang Chi and the Earth Realm experts behind him were restrained.

“Roar—”

Countless roars resounded as those demonic beasts rushed to the front of the human cultivators. They roared violently and flew forward.

Sword light and spiritual light greeted these demonic spirits.

“Boom—”

Blood light and spiritual light exploded, and red blood qi soared into the sky.

Some human cultivators' bodies were torn apart by the demonic beasts, and their spiritual energy dissipated.

At that moment, there was only the most primitive killing before the battle formation.

Han Muye looked neither sad nor happy as he watched quietly.

He knew that if not for his max-level comprehension and being a Sword Caretaker of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he would probably be like those low-level cultivators and have no choice.

"Boom—"

Tang Chi's battle with the black tiger man became more and more intense. No human or demonic beast could enter the battle circle within a thousand feet.

"He can only fight for his life," Li Three said coldly, holding a black sheathed sword.

Fighting for his life, Han Muye mused.

The loser struggles to save his own life.

This battle lasted for six hours. Only when the demonic beast corpses piled up in front of the formation became a short wall to stop the enemy did the subsequent demonic beast attacks stop gradually.

Tang Chi, who was leading the Earth Realm experts around him, did not rest. Instead, he let the cultivators who were not at the front line clean up the battlefield.

The flesh and bones of demon beasts were spiritual materials. After processing them, they could be exchanged for spiritual rocks.

Those cultivators who had suffered casualties also had to be counted. Their corpses had to be collected and the injured had to be treated.

It was not until sunset that the exhausted Tang Chi straightened up and turned to look at the hill behind him.

On the other side, Han Muye, who was carrying the green and red swords on his back, stood on the limestone with a calm expression, as if this bitter battle had nothing to do with him.

Tang Chi gritted his teeth and lowered his head.

He should have been the one to stay out of it.

The title of Exiled Immortal should also be his.

However, if he lost that round, he could only fight for his life in front of this formation.

"Don't worry. Soon, the blood sacrifice will be completed. What belongs to you will return," an old man in a black robe beside Tang Chi whispered.

Tang Chi nodded and turned to walk towards the front of the army.

....

On the hill, when the afterglow of the setting sun had finished, an inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in a white robe walked to Han Muye.

Han Muye knew him.

Top 10 of the inner sect, He Xuanqi.

At this moment, He Xuanqi was carrying two swords like him.

“Senior Brother Han.”

He Xuanqi looked up at Han Muye, then whispered, “Can you teach me a two-handed sword technique?”

A two-handed sword technique.

The sword technique He Xuanqi cultivated was called Fate Wood. It was a powerful sword technique from the wood lineage.

However, this sword technique also had a complementary set of sword techniques.

The techniques’ goal was to attempt the impossible.

With the combination of the two sword techniques, one’s combat strength would increase and one could fight above one’s level.

Back then, Han Muye had suggested to He Xuanqi that he find a fellow junior brother who cultivated the Impossible Sword Technique to come to Fengshou Mountain.

Han Muye’s gaze fell behind He Xuanqi.

Over there, there was a sword that didn’t belong to him.

“Junior Brother Wang Hui died.”

Lowering his head, He Xuanqi’s voice was filled with uncontrollable emotions.

“He helped me block a fatal spell.”

He Xuanqi raised his head and stared at Han Muye. “Senior Brother Han, please teach me how to use a two-handed sword.”

Han Muye had two swords on his back, both sharp.

Looking at He Xuanqi, who was suppressing his sadness, Han Muye nodded and said softly, “Alright, I’ll teach you a two-handed sword.”

“Clang—”

He raised his hand and beckoned. The Destiny and Purple Flame swords were in his hand.

“The two swords cross but never meet. They seem to be of the same origin, but they will never meet.”

“The body follows the heart.”

Muttering to himself, Han Muye's long and short swords swayed erratically.

The two swords swam after him, light and shadow like a dream.

Looking at the two swords in Han Muye's hand, tears fell from He Xuanqi's eyes.

He was still a mortal after all. Why couldn't he cry?

"Junior Brother..."

"It's my fault."

He Xuanqi pulled out his swords with both hands. Sword Qi filled the air.

Han Muye raised his hand and guided the sword Qi in his hand, twisting He Xuanqi's sword light and practicing with his two swords.

On the hill, countless Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples turned their heads and looked at the two people practicing sword techniques.

Back then, when the Nine Mystic Sword Sect pushed He Xuanqi and Wang Hui to combine their swords, the name, 'Impossible Technique', was resounding among these disciples.

None of the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who came to the Fengshou Mountain did not recognize it.

At this moment, seeing He Xuanqi's two swords being guided by Han Muye, they couldn't help but tremble.

"Hum—"

A figure seemed to appear in He Xuanqi's sword light, as if a young man in white had reached out and grabbed the other sword in He Xuanqi's hand.

"Junior Brother..."

He Xuanqi let out a low cry, and the two swords suddenly crossed.

"Slash—"

On the two swords, a dazzling halo shone and turned into a dragon, a golden carp with dragon scales. It exploded and scattered infinite golden light.

Looking at the sword light, Han Muye was stunned for a moment before saying softly,

"It turns out that there's another concept."

Looking at He Xuanqi, who did not need his sword Qi to guide him, Han Muye sighed.

He could deduce the limit of sword techniques with his heaven-defying comprehension.

But he did not understand the human heart.

He Xuanqi and Junior Brother Wang Hui had a deep brotherly relationship. Wang Hui died in his place and his remnant soul remained.

Their sword techniques became one and changed the original sword technique.

Sword techniques were ultimately dead.

It was just that people gave sword techniques concepts and auras.

Thinking of this, a roar came from Han Muye.

He Xuanqi, who was originally dancing with his sword, retracted his sword light and was about to take a step forward when a voice suddenly sounded. "Han Mu's ambition has been enlightened. I'll guard him. Those who come 10 steps closer, Li Xixi's sword will be ruthless."

Li Xixi, who was holding a sword, stood 10 feet in front of Han Muye. A faint sword light flashed on her body.

At this moment, if someone approached, she would not hesitate to attack.

Epiphany!

This was an epiphany that cultivators in the world could only dream of!

All around the hill, everyone looked enviously at Han Muye, who was standing there with sword light surrounding him.

Could comprehending swords be so simple? they wondered.

At this moment, the 128,000 sword Qi that had already condensed into sword intent exploded in Han Muye's dantian.

Chapter 196: Before Entering the Earth Realm, Comprehend Sword Intent

All along, Han Muye had thought that by refining 128,000 sword Qi, he could condense them into a sword intent.

He did exactly that.

Nurturing with the Sword Nurturing Technique, Sword Qi constantly gathered in his dantian.

When the Sword Qi reached 128,000, it would naturally transform into sword intent.

He was still proud of this.

This sword intent was much easier to nurture than those sword cultivators who had spent dozens or hundreds of years cultivating sword intent.

Han Muye was still calculating that these 3,000 sword intents would transform into the power of the sword path.

If not for the fact that he had seen He Xuanqi's sword technique, he would have really accumulated 3,000 sword intent.

Wrong!

Sword intent was the concept of the sword.

Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

No matter how much sword Qi he accumulated, he would only obtain dead objects.

Even if there were millions of people, there was no concept that truly belonged to them.

Such sword intent would never achieve sword momentum!

Sword light rumbled on Han Muye's body, and sword Qi surrounded him.

The 128,000 sword Qi that was originally pressed against his dantian flew out.

It was like a swimming dragon around him.

Dispersing sword intent.

"This, how much sword Qi is this..." On the hill, someone looked at the sword Qi around Han Muye in disbelief.

"At least 100,000 sword Qi!" Someone's eyes lit up as he said in a low voice, "It's said that there's a cultivation technique for sword Qi that condenses 128,000 sword Qi into a sword intent."

"How is that possible? Who can condense 128,000 sword Qi?" Someone shook his head. "It's impossible to condense so much sword Qi in a lifetime."

A wisp of sword Qi would take several days to nurture. How many years would it take to nurture 128,000 sword Qi?

Moreover, sword Qi would be consumed during cultivation.

Those rumors were really just rumors.

"Senior Brother Han is holding down the Sword Pavilion." Someone stared at Han Muye, his eyes shining. "Maybe it's really possible."

Sword Pavilion!

That place was filled with sword Qi. Ordinary disciples could not enter for more than 15 minutes.

Perhaps it's really possible?

Countless disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and those from the outer sect below were all looking at Han Muye, whose sword Qi was rampant.

At this moment, Han Muye, who had dispersed all the sword Qi in his dantian, was not in a hurry. Instead, he began to think.

What kind of sword intent did I cultivate?

What kind of sword intent should the first sword intent I cultivated condense into?

As he thought, sword Qi rolled and turned into sharp sword light.

The sword light fluttered like a leaf.

The sword light turned into a long river of clear water.

The sword light was sharp and golden.

The sword light was shaped like a crescent moon.

....

Everyone widened their eyes and watched as the sword light around Han Muye kept transforming.

Some of these sword lights were familiar, some were unfamiliar, and each one was a set of sword techniques.

How many sword techniques are in this set? they wondered.

“No wonder Nineteen could instruct the disciples of the Sword Pavilion to receive their swords. He’s actually proficient in almost all the sword techniques of the Sword Sect.” Looking at the sword light behind Han Muye, Li Three clenched the sword in her hand.

She had always known that her talent in the sword was powerful.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and even the entire Western Frontier, she had never admired anyone’s talent in the sword dao.

Until now, when she saw the sword light around Han Muye.

Are there 1,000, 3,000, or 10,000 sword techniques revealed by this sword light?

“Tsk tsk, how many sword techniques has this kid cultivated?” At the peak of Cloud Nest Ridge in the distance, Master Tu Sunshi, who was standing with his hands behind his back, looked at the sword light on Han Muye and muttered.

“Grandmaster, you said that cultivation should be purely specialized.” Sun Jinshi, who was standing behind Master Tu, looked surprised and whispered, “This Han Muye is so greedy. Won’t his sword cultivation stagnate in the future?”

Stagnate?

Tu Sunshi recalled Han Muye’s technique.

Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

But Han Muye probably wouldn’t, right?

Tu Sunshi narrowed his eyes.

Han Muye cultivated so many sword techniques just to verify that technique, right?

Since he wants to cultivate Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, wouldn't he have to cultivate all kinds of sword techniques first?

What a greedy boy.

"Boom—"

A roar sounded between heaven and earth.

The sword light around Han Muye dissipated and turned into an ancient sword.

This sword had eight sides, and the blade was wide and upright.

"I'm still too stuck in the category of swordsmanship.

"Sword techniques are just created by predecessors and are beneficial to killing.

"When such a sword technique is cultivated to the extreme, it can condense the Sword Dao concept that belongs to the sword technique itself.

"And I can condense sword intent with the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. This sword intent can transform all sword intents!

"As long as one has cultivated sword techniques, all sword intents could be transformed through this sword intent!"

As Han Muye muttered, the sword above his head turned into a green illusory sword light and landed directly on him, fusing into his dantian.

When the sword light entered his dantian, the two sword pills in his dantian trembled and automatically gave way to the center of the nine-layered cloud platform.

That's the spirit!

If the sword intent he condensed could not occupy the main position of the dantian, what was the use of keeping it?

Slowly opening his eyes, Han Muye looked around.

Sword light constantly circulated in his eyes, as if he was about to fly out.

"You can comprehend and condense sword intent before entering the Earth Realm. No wonder the Sect Master..." Standing beside the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Grand Elder, Lu Hao, the Sword School's Core Formation Elder, Sun Mu, chuckled and looked at Han Muye before nodding gently.

Lu Hao didn't say anything. He just looked away from Han Muye, glanced at the base at the foot of the mountain, and then turned to leave.

"Congratulations," Li Three whispered as she sheathed her sword.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, "Thank you, Third Sister."

Nothing seemed to have happened while Li Xixi was guarding him, but if he was really interrupted while comprehending the sword, Han Muye would probably regret it for the rest of his life.

Li Xixi smiled and turned to look down the mountain. "The merit I risked my life for can't compare to your momentary comprehension."

"Comprehending sword intent before entering the Earth Realm. Such talent in the sword dao. Hehe, the old guys on the Nine Mystic Mountain will probably be overjoyed."

With that, she waved and left.

Tang Chi fought to show everyone his strength and ability.

But no matter how hard he tried, how could it compare to the shock brought by Han Muye's sword comprehension?

In the eyes of the higher-ups of the Sword Sect, was it more important to have a disciple who knew how to fight, or was it more important to have a disciple with peerless comprehension and infinite possibilities?

There was no comparison.

He Xuanqi, who had been standing not far away, cupped his hands and said, "Senior Brother Han, congratulations."

Not only him, but the other disciples of the Sword Sect also cupped their hands. "Congratulations on comprehending sword intent, Senior Brother Han."

"Senior Brother Han, congratulations on comprehending sword intent and turning into a dragon."

....

Han Muye cupped his hands in return.

"Senior Brother Han, have you comprehended the Dazzling Stone Sword Technique? There's one move in this sword technique that I'm not familiar with. Senior Brother, can you give me some pointers?" Someone came over and whispered.

Ask Han Muye for guidance on swordsmanship?

Someone remembered that Han Muye seemed to be the Sword Caretaker of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion. He knew how to choose swords and teach sword techniques.

"Ahem, there seems to be some reward for practicing sword techniques in the Demonstration Building, right?" Huang Six, who had squeezed to Han Muye's side, shouted.

He held Lu Qingping's hand with one hand and rubbed his index finger and thumb on the other.

He Xuanqi, who was standing at the side, had a thought and hurriedly held two sparkling spiritual rocks with both hands.

"I was confused. Senior Brother, please teach me. How can I be empty-handed?"

Huang Six gave Gao Xiaoxuan a look.

Actually, there was no need to wink. Gao Xiaoxuan had already walked over, grabbed the spiritual rocks, and stuffed them into his pocket.

The disciple who had asked Han Muye for guidance on sword techniques was not stupid. He quickly took out two middle-grade spiritual rocks.

Mid-grade spiritual rocks. One piece was worth 100 low-grade spiritual rocks.

To ordinary cultivators, 200 spiritual rocks was not a small amount.

But this was Cloud Nest Ridge. Those who came here were all elites of the Sword Sect.

After another series of battles, he had gained a lot from the battle.

200 spiritual rocks were nothing.

Gao Xiaoxuan turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Gao Xiaoxuan walked forward and took the spiritual rocks.

"Junior Brother, show me the Dazzling Stone Sword Technique you cultivate."

Han Muye looked at the seeking disciple and said softly.

To Han Muye, it was not difficult to teach these disciples sword techniques.

As long as he looked at a sword technique once, regardless of whether it was a familiar or unfamiliar sword technique, he would immediately give his advice.

In four hours, 17 disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect asked Han Muye for guidance and received satisfactory guidance.

After that, everyone reluctantly dispersed.

Because Huang Six said that Han Muye had only comprehended sword intent, it was enough for him to give him so much guidance today. In the future, as long as the battle ended, he could come and ask Senior Brother Han for guidance.

There was nothing wrong with what he said, so no one dared to delay Han Muye's cultivation.

After everyone left, Gao Xiaoxuan took out all the spiritual rocks he had kept in his pocket and placed them on the limestone.

Huang Six stepped forward and took out two pieces, pushing the rest in front of Han Muye.

He handed one to Gao Xiaoxuan and the other to Lu Qingping.

"Everyone who sees it will have a share. This kid doesn't lack spiritual rocks."

Lu Qingping originally refused, but Huang Six stuffed it into her palm.

Han Muye shook his head and reached out to collect the remaining spiritual rocks. Then, he said, "Sixth Brother, there's actually no need to collect spiritual rocks for giving guidance to fellow disciples. After all, everyone is stationed here together now."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Huang Six looked up at him. "How can I not accept it? Can I let them take it for free?"

"Even if it's a spiritual rock at the bottom of the Nine Mystic Mountain, it can't be for nothing..."

He suddenly froze, coughed a few times, and stopped himself.

Han Muye laughed and consciously turned around.

Han Muye had indeed just broken through and still needed to nourish his sword intent. Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan, and the others did not stay long and also walked down the hill.

"Brother Zhenxiong, how can you want Senior Brother Han's spiritual rocks?" Lu Qingping whispered as they walked on the mountain path.

"And middle-grade."

"He doesn't lack spiritual rocks." Huang Six waved his hand and said indifferently.

Lu Qingping glanced at him and lowered her head. "What I mean is, how can we repay this favor..."

We.

Huang Six grinned and looked at the cultivators' encampment at the foot of the mountain. His eyes flickered.

"Don't worry, I'll naturally return the favor."

He turned to look at Gao Xiaoxuan.

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was holding the little white fox, nodded. He looked at the undulating mountains of Cloud Nest Ridge and said softly, "Yes, soon."

Chapter 197: The Third Sword Pill

Everyone left. Han Muye raised his hand and placed an array disk in front of him.

This thing was really necessary for home travel.

As he placed the spiritual rock on the formation disk, spiritual qi activated the array formation. A faint light screen rose and enveloped the space within 10 feet.

In this 10-foot-wide space, outsiders could not detect it, whether with their sight or divine sense.

On the contrary, Han Muye could still see everything outside.

Moreover, this light screen could block an attack at the third level of Qi Condensation.

However, this formation disk was not cheap. Not only did it cost more than 10,000 spiritual rocks, but every time it was activated, it also cost a middle-grade spiritual rock.

Ordinary low-level cultivators could not afford to use it.

A light screen rose, and Han Muye, who was inside, could cultivate in peace.

Sitting cross-legged, he probed his dantian with his divine sense.

The condensed sword intent trembled slightly, as if welcoming his divine sense.

This sword intent had a connection with his spiritual will.

This connection was something he had never felt before.

After his spiritual will and sword intent interacted for a while, Han Muye turned his attention to his Qi Sea.

If condensing the sword intent in the dantian was the greatest gain, the change in the sword intent in his sea of Qi was an even greater surprise.

At this moment, more than 80 sword intents were quietly floating in his sea of Qi.

In the center were two surging sword lights.

These two sword lights were red and green, and their halos were resplendent, as if they were about to transform into flying dragons.

Sword momentum!

It turned out that Han Muye thought that these two sword intents would never have a chance to transform into sword momentum.

Because it was impossible for him to gather so much sword intent.

He did not think that he would slowly transform these two sword intents into sword momentum.

However, after comprehending it today, he understood that sword momentum did not really have to be accumulated.

It was not only a quantitative change that could result in a qualitative change.

On the contrary, most sword cultivators in the world used qualitative changes to activate quantitative changes.

At this moment, the two sword lights in Han Muye's sea of Qi had already formed sword momentum.

So, two more life-saving trump cards?

Han Muye smiled softly.

....

The red sun rose, and the roars sounded again.

The day before, the demonic beast army did not take down the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's camp, but today, the army gathered again.

Demonic Qi surged, and demon beasts surged like a tide.

At the foot of the mountain, sword lights and spiritual light rose.

For some reason, Tang Chi, who was holding a sword, turned his head gently to look behind him.

His eye twitched involuntarily.

The battle today would be even more intense than yesterday.

He needed to do his best to survive to prove his value.

But the person on the mountain had comprehended sword intent the night before.

To comprehend sword intent before reaching the Earth Realm, such talent would definitely be valued more by the Sword Sect.

It's really tiring to compete with such a person... Tang Chi thought.

"Everyone, kill—"

With a wild roar, Tang Chi's body was surrounded by sword light as he flew forward.

Shouts and shouts filled the entire frontline.

That is—

Han Muye, who had been calm, suddenly trembled and stood up.

In front of the army at the foot of the mountain, He Xuanqi, who was holding two swords, strode out. The sword light in front of him was like a dragon as it rushed towards the demonic beasts that were charging forward.

He Xuanqi was not the only one. Beside him were several disciples of the Sword Sect who had asked Han Muye for guidance last night.

The sword lights in these people's hands were magnificent and resplendent as they rolled forward.

Their aura was not much weaker than Tang Chi's team in the center.

"Boom—"

The sword light in Tang Chi's hand collided with the black-armored, tiger-headed demon in front of him. The two of them were surrounded by spiritual energy and demonic qi.

On the other side, He Xuanqi, who had killed several demonic beasts, also collided with a skinny rat demon.

He Xuanqi suppressed the demon with the sword light in his hands, forcing it to resist with all its might.

The battle today was much more intense than the day before.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect actually had the momentum to counter attack.

In the distance, countless Western Frontier cultivators were looking at the battle line of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect below.

“Boom—”

In the sky, a black light turned into a hundred-foot-long beast and crashed towards Tang Chi.

This dark light beast was in the shape of a black lion. It flew down in midair and roared with astral qi.

Core Condensation Great Demon!

Only those of the same level could defeat such a great demon.

On the hill guarded by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, a green-robed figure flew up to welcome him.

“Lion Roar, we’re considered old friends. Why do you have to make things difficult for the little guys?” Sun Mu, who was waving his sleeve and shining with sword light, laughed as he waved his sword.

“Hum—”

Sun Mu’s sword light shattered the Black Cloud Lion, revealing a burly man with a shaggy lion head.

“Old Man Sun, I’ll break your bones sooner or later.”

The burly man stared fiercely at Sun Mu as he blocked Sun Mu’s sword light with a black staff.

As the Core Formation cultivators clashed, demonic qi and sword light scattered. Whether it was the human cultivators or the demon beasts below, they all consciously distanced themselves.

It couldn’t be helped. Even if two or three sword lights and demonic qi were scattered, they could still kill low-level cultivators.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and stared at the two cultivators fighting.

Sun Mu’s sword technique was simple, and every move was well-trained.

The great demon named Lion Roar waved the long staff in his hand. It seemed to have no pattern, but it was actually a simple move.

After reaching the Core Formation realm and condensing a Great Dao Golden Core, every move he made revealed the power of the Heavenly Dao.

Be it cultivators or demons, they relied more on the Heaven and Earth powers than their own strength.

Observing the battle between the two great cultivators, Han Muye had a new understanding of the fighting methods of the strong.

Many of the images that he had taken for granted before slowly shattered.

The battle on the second day also lasted until sunset.

Sun Mu and Lion Roar stopped and returned.

Below, those demonic beasts slowly turned around under the command of the demon experts, while the human cultivators cleaned up the battlefield.

“Senior Brother Han.” Sun Mu landed on the cliff and looked at Han Muye.

He followed the rules of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and called the Sword Pavilion Master this way.

“I know that Senior Brother Han’s alchemy methods are extraordinary. You can refine rare immortal-grade pills in the Western Frontier.”

Sun Mu lowered his voice and looked in the direction of the demons in the distance.

“I want to ask you to help me refine an Immortal Grade Pill.” His eyes were filled with fighting spirit as he said in a low voice, “If I can catch Lion Roar off guard and kill him, I’m confident that my cultivation will improve.”

At this point, a suppressed emotion flashed across his face. “I feel like there’s a chance for a breakthrough.”

Breakthrough!

Sun Mu’s cultivation had been stagnant for a hundred years, and there was no possibility of improvement.

He did not expect that he could actually feel the opportunity to break through now.

Han Muye nodded and said, “I know how to refine pills, but I don’t have any spiritual herbs.”

The spiritual herbs he had obtained from Bai Suzhen had all been refined into pills.

The pills were already refined in his dantian.

Even if he wanted to open the furnace now, he did not have any spiritual herbs.

“I have more.”

Sun Mu took out a small cloth bag and carefully handed it over. He said softly, “These are the spiritual herbs needed for the two furnaces of Purple Jade Pills.

“When I broke through back then, I took a shortcut, so my soul power was weak.

“If I could have an immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill.” Sun Mu clenched his fists, his eyes filled with desire.

As if thinking of something, he scratched his head and looked at Han Muye in embarrassment. “Well, Senior Brother Han, I don’t have any treasures on me.”

Han Muye was about to say that he was willing to help him refine for free when Sun Mu took out a small box.

“This is an ancient sword pill I got. There are fewer people using the Sword Pill now. Keep this Sword Pill as a toy. If you play with it or refine it, you can also obtain many high-quality spiritual materials.”

Sword Pill.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the small open box.

Inside the box was a light red jade pill that flickered with a faint sword light.

The moment Sun Mu took out the small box, the two sword pills in Han Muye’s dantian had already trembled slightly.

This was one of the 48 Heavenly Sword Pills of Sword Master Yuan Tian!

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye reached out and took the small box and the bag containing the spiritual medicine.

“Alright, I’ll help you refine the Purple Jade Pill.”

After saying that, he raised his hand and summoned the array disk. The spirit stones were pressed into it, and spiritual light rose, turning into a light screen.

The light screen was isolated, and Han Muye’s gaze landed on the small box in his hand.

He didn’t expect to obtain the three sword pills of the ancient sword cultivators so quickly.

I wonder if I have a chance to recreate the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation that swept through the world?

After calming down, Han Muye put away the small box.

He had promised to help Sun Mu refine pills, so he naturally had to do it in advance.

“Bam—”

The pill furnace spun, and sword Qi entered the pill furnace. All kinds of spiritual herbs for refining the Purple Jade Pill floated in front of him.

Han Muye had an indescribable aura.

It was a confidence that came from the bone.

He was serious about refining pills.

After putting in the spiritual herbs, the sword Qi entered the furnace to decompose the medicinal power and shatter the impurities.

The entire step was as steady as an old dog.

More than an hour later, the pill furnace shook, and three resplendent pills spun.

He raised his hand and put away the pills. Three Purple Jade Pills surrounded by spiritual light appeared in his palm.

This time, he only used a furnace of spiritual herbs. Naturally, there were only three pills.

He put away two and stored the remaining one in a jade bottle. Han Muye waved his hand and removed the light screen activated by the formation disk.

“How’s that?”

Sun Mu, who was standing ten feet away, hurriedly spoke.

Han Muye smiled.

Sun Mu patted his forehead and said, “Sigh, what a mess.”

Han Muye smiled and handed over the jade bottle. He said softly, “Fortunately, I didn’t disappoint you.”

It’s done!

Sun Mu took the jade bottle with trembling hands and held it tightly, as if he was afraid that it would run away.

“Thank you, thank you.” Sun Mu cupped his hands at Han Muye and turned to leave.

Han Muye had seen this look of extreme joy from the itinerant cultivator, Guan Chaosheng, the last time he refined the Purple Jade Pill.

Anyone who had wasted a hundred years would not be able to remain calm at this moment.

Watching Sun Mu leave, Han Muye raised the screen of the array disk and took out the small box.

He reached out and held the sword sphere inside.

Spiritual energy and sword Qi poured into the sword pill.

“Hum—”

The sword pill vibrated, and spiritual light began to circulate.

This sword pill was the best-preserved of the three sword pills. It had been cleansed by sword Qi.

Unlike the first sword pill, which had been lost for countless years.

It was not like the second sword pill that landed directly underground and was wrapped in a layer of spiritual ore.

The sword Qi entered the sword pill, and an image appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

“Boom—”

“None of you otherworldly cultivators can leave today.”

A young man in a green robe with a jade belt around his waist slowly stepped out.

The young man raised his hand, and a slightly illusory sword light appeared.

“Sword of the Soul! Sword Pavilion Inheritance!”

Han Muye couldn’t help but exclaim softly.

Chapter 198: Zhao Youzhi's Left-Handed Sword

Sword Pavilion inheritance, Sword of the Soul.

Using the sword of the soul to control the sword pill, the two-headed sword radiated a dazzling light. As it flashed, it exuded a terrifying sharpness.

The green-robed young man formed a sword technique with his hand. The flying sword swept across. Dozens of gray-robed cultivators in front of him were suppressed by the sword and could not raise their heads.

"Run!"

"This is a powerful sword cultivator. This world is too strong!"

"Hmph, report back and ask the Cloud Heaven Dao Alliance to send an army to suppress this world."

Every one of these people had a cultivation level not inferior to a Core Formation cultivator, but in the face of the sword weapon formed by the sword pill, they were unable to resist at all.

In the end, after leaving behind seven or eight corpses, those cultivators hurriedly escaped through a crack in the void.

The green-robed youth raised his hand and grabbed the sword pill. Then he looked at the crack with a dark spiritual light.

"Is this the void crack sealed by Senior Sword Master Yuan Tian 7,000 years ago?"

"A spatial rift. Outer Realm cultivators are really exciting.

"I, Mo Shenghua, was born with a sword seed and have a Heart of the Sword. I cultivated the Mystic Sun Sword Technique to the limit in a year. There's no point in staying in the Heavenly Mystic World."

The young man looked at the constantly changing light and shadow and muttered.

"Alright. Back then, Senior Yuan Tian could use his body as bait to seal this spatial rift. I, Mo Shenghua, can do the same."

The green-robed youth's eyes lit up, and a soaring battle intent rose from his body.

"However, I still have to keep my Sword Pavilion's inheritance first. Senior Yuan Tian's sword ball should also be left in the Heavenly Mystic World."

In Han Muye's mind, the young man turned and left.

After that, he saw the familiar scene of the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

This young man named Mo Shenghua was actually the leader of the Sword Pavilion 3,000 years ago.

“The Mystic Sun Sword Technique is too difficult to understand. It was created by that Prime Minister to seal the void. Without the heart integrated into the sword realm, it will take at least 300 years to master this technique.”

In the Sword Pavilion, Mo Shenghua placed three jade slips on the long table.

“I divided this technique into three techniques. Although I only have the power of one sword move left, this sword move can fight a Heaven Realm expert for a hundred breaths.

“As long as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect chooses a loyal disciple and cultivates in secret, they can cultivate such a sword move in 60 years.

“With this sword, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect can protect itself.”

Mo Shenghua stood up and placed the sword pill on the long table.

“Hehe, I’ll take a look outside the realm. I might be back in a hundred years. It’s enough to leave so many contingencies.”

With that, he turned into a breeze and dissipated.

The sword pill and jade slip were then put away.

Sword pills circulated in the Sword Pavilion and the sect’s treasure building. Many elders of the Sword Sect exchanged for sword pills and kept nurturing them.

For 3,000 years, this Sword Pavilion senior had never appeared again.

There were no rumors of foreign cultivators invading the Western Frontier, and the news of the void crack was not spread.

“Hum—”

The sword pill shook, and sword Qi flowed into Han Muye’s meridians.

This was the sword Qi left behind by generations of elders of the Sword Sect when they were nourishing the sword pills.

The sword Qi was dense, but it was mixed and there was not much.

After all, this sword pill was not the treasure that Elder was mainly refining this time.

A hundred breaths later, the sword Qi dissipated.

Just as Han Muye was about to infuse his sword Qi into the sword pill, a faint spiritual light appeared on the sword pill.

A jade-white halo directly enveloped Han Muye’s figure.

“The Sword Pavilion finally has a junior who can combine three spells?

"I'm Mo Shenghua. What did it take you to cultivate the Mystic Sun Sword Technique to the limit in a year?"

"If you cultivate the Mystic Sun Sword Technique, you will be the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards. Back then, the Prime Minister wanted me to go to the Central Continent, but I didn't. Some of the junior disciples have cultivated the Mystic Sun Technique. Remember to go to the Central Continent."

"To be able to discover the secret in the sword pill, you're considered a careful person. Take this reward."

Mo Shenghua's voice was filled with pride. An extremely pure soul power flowed out of the sword pill and turned into a torrent that collided with Han Muye's chest.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

This senior said that he would reward him and even used a small method to test him.

If he hadn't cultivated the sword of the soul, not only would he be unable to mobilize the power of the soul, but he would also be killed by this power.

"Hum—"

The soul power in the divine treasure was activated, and the soul sword technique was condensed in the Mystic Sun Technique.

The soul power from the sword pill instantly became obedient, turning into a small green sword that landed in Han Muye's divine treasure.

As soon as this small sword appeared, the soul sword shadow that Tu Sunshi had given him immediately lost its temper and obediently gave up its place.

This small sword was much more condensed and agile than Master Tu Sunshi's divine sword.

Opening his eyes and looking at the slightly trembling sword pill in his palm, Han Muye's eyes shone.

It was hard to imagine that Senior Mo Shenghua, who had guarded the sword pavilion for 3,000 years, could condense such a sword in a year.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, Mo Shenghua.

Such a sword cultivator was truly a senior.

Holding the sword pill tightly, the spiritual energy in Han Muye's body surged, and the spiritual rocks shattered.

As long as this sword pill was refined, the three sword pills could form a three-star sword formation.

This was the foundation of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

Such a sword formation was powerful in Sword Master Yuan Tian's hands. It only took an instant for him to kill a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator.

Sword Qi and spiritual light surged. The halo on Han Muye's body flickered with mysterious streams of light.

After his spiritual energy cultivation reached Foundation Establishment, Han Muye refined the sword pill much faster.

....

For the next two days, the battle during the day was intense.

The cultivators led by Tang Chi and He Xuanqi clashed with the demons and fought bloody battles.

He Xuanqi's two swords fought with his life on the line. The path of his swords was strangely agile, and the demons fighting him were completely helpless.

If not for his thick skin, He Xuanqi would probably be able to break through the demonic beast battle formation with his two swords alone.

The disciples behind him protected him with all his might and helped him fight.

He Xuanqi was so dazzling that he even overshadowed Tang Chi, who was also outstanding.

When the sun set, Cloud Nest Ridge cheered and welcomed the return of He Xuanqi, who was covered in blood and holding a sword in both hands.

He Xuanqi dragged his sword and walked away. His figure merged with the back view behind him, as if two people were walking together.

Many Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples came forward to protect He Xuanqi.

Then many people turned around and looked at Han Muye, who was standing on the cliff.

Two middle-grade spirit stones. Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion would teach him sword techniques.

Whether it was a unique sword technique or a sect inheritance, as long as he practiced it once, Senior Brother Han could find its shortcomings or point out some key points.

As they fought at the foot of the mountain, He Xuanqi's two swords were dazzling. Everyone could see that the disciples beside him had condensed their battle intent.

Who wouldn't want such an increase in combat strength?

With Senior Brother Han's guidance, he would have such an opportunity.

It was not expensive at all!

Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan, and the others maintained order and helped collect the spiritual rocks. Then Han Muye taught them swordsmanship.

There were only 20 or so in one night.

Everyone was very self-conscious.

On the third day, the number of people charging down the mountain had already reached more than 50.

These Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples had the idea of honing their sword techniques. They followed He Xuanqi and fought with all their might.

In this way, it helped those itinerant cultivators and small sect cultivators withstand a lot of pressure, reducing their casualties.

On the night of the third day, Han Muye gave everyone some pointers on swordsmanship as usual, and then everyone dispersed.

Huang Six instructed Lu Qingping and Gao Xiaoxuan to return to the base first. Then he leaned against the limestone beside Han Muye and looked at the base at the foot of the mountain.

Over there, the bonfire swayed, and there were some quiet sighs and cries.

"Tomorrow, I'm going to kill someone."

After a long silence, Huang Six suddenly spoke.

Han Muye turned to look at him.

"Among these 200,000, most of them were gathered to help me find Sister Ping. They weren't willing to be pulled to Cloud Nest Ridge."

A faint flame rose in Huang Six's eyes. He lowered his voice. "No one wants to die here for no reason."

Han Muye nodded.

Many of those itinerant cultivators and small sect cultivators had indeed gathered for the bounty.

Later, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect recruited them and gave them generous rewards. After training them, they were led to the Cloud Nest Ridge.

Here, I can't leave.

Han Muye had come to save Sixth Brother Huang, but if he really guarded Cloud Nest Ridge, it was impossible for him to return to the Nine Mystic Sword School.

Everyone here in Cloud Nest Ridge would either die here or guard here.

Leaving without permission was called desertion.

He could escape. After escaping, the Western Frontier would no longer have a foothold.

As for defecting to the Southern Wasteland, no one wanted to do that now.

There were many cultivators from the Western Frontier who had defected.

When cultivators defected, their treatment was not much better than demonic beasts.

"Sixth Brother, be careful," Han Muye said softly.

Huang Six grinned and said, "Don't worry, I still have Sister Ping to take care of. I won't die in front of the array."

Han Muye nodded and lowered his voice. "Sixth Brother, we're going to the battlefield tomorrow. Why don't you leave something for me tonight?"

Hearing his words, he was stunned at first, then his face turned red.

"Bah, what are you talking about? Am I that kind of person? Don't talk nonsense."

Even so, Huang Six had already run away.

He wondered what he was going to do.

Han Muye smiled and turned his head, his gaze falling into the distance.

Over there, a figure walked over slowly.

It wobbled.

"Senior Brother Han."

Zhao Youzhi, who was staggering, walked up to Han Muye with a pale face.

His right arm was empty.

"You're awake?" Han Muye looked at Zhao Youzhi and said softly, "You should recuperate."

Zhao Youzhi looked up, his deep eyes blank.

"Senior Brother Han, you once said that I'm suitable for left-handed swords, right?"

Han Muye nodded.

A light flashed in Zhao Youzhi's eyes. He whispered, "So, what about now?"

When he said it before, his right hand was not broken.

But now, it was different.

Han Muye looked at Zhao Youzhi, pondered, and said nothing.

Zhao Youzhi was an ordinary disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword School.

His cultivation level was not high, and his combat strength was average.

He represented most cultivators of the Nine Mystic Sword School.

He cultivated the dao only because of his desire for longevity. He cultivated the sword because he wanted to be a sword cultivator who could take revenge.

That was all.

How many cultivators in the world did not think the same way?

Seeing that Han Muye was silent, Zhao Youzhi shook his head with a bitter smile and said softly, "Senior Brother Han, I understand."

Then he turned and walked slowly down the hill.

Looking at Zhao Youzhi's sad figure, Han Muye suddenly whispered, "If I teach you a sword technique that's only for killing, can you hold back?"

Zhao Youzhi paused.

He turned slowly, stared at Han Muye, and nodded.

"Senior Brother, please teach me."

Chapter 199: If You're a Brother, Charge with Me

He lowered his sword.

This was the left-handed sword, the reversed lower-string sword technique.

Han Muye had never seen such a strange and ruthless close combat technique.

He had used this sword technique a few times. Every time, he would kill an Earth Realm expert in close combat.

He did not want to teach such a sword technique.

Cultivators ultimately pursued longevity.

Sword techniques that were only practiced for killing would affect one's temperament.

“Let me make it clear to you.”

Han Muye stared into Zhao Youzhi’s eyes and said in a low voice, “This sword technique originated from the Moon Essence Sword Sect’s lower-string sword technique.

“I reversed it and turned it into a left-handed sword. In close combat, it’s invincible.

“But this sword technique is too murderous. If you cultivate it, it might affect your temperament.” After a pause, Han Muye said in a low voice, “You might not have a good ending.”

It would not end well.

Zhao Youzhi looked at Han Muye and clenched his remaining left hand.

“Senior Brother, please teach me.”

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand, and the Purple Flame Sword landed in his hand.

“Cultivating this sword technique is only half a step away.

“One will be invincible within half-step.”

The sword light stabbed out from Han Muye's left hand, and then flashed past with a faint halo.

Every move and move was extremely tricky and strange.

Zhao Youzhi's left hand was indeed talented.

He had only spent a night cultivating such a strange sword technique.

After that, he would cultivate on his own.

Seeing the sword light flashing in Zhao Youzhi's hand, each move as disorderly as an antelope hanging its horn, Han Muye nodded slightly.

He raised his hand and took out a broken sword.

"I have a sword here that's suitable for you to put this sword technique to use."

This broken sword carried a dark spiritual light, and streams of dark sword qi circulated.

The ancient master of the Blazing Sun Palace held a sword.

This sword was severed by Sword Master Yuan Tian.

Looking at the sword in Han Muye's hand, Zhao Youzhi looked down at the sword in his hand.

"Senior Brother, can I not return this sword?"

Golden Lion Sword.

The sword was 3 feet 8 inches long and weighed 31 catties.

This sword was middle-grade and was suitable for large-scale sword techniques.

Back then, Zhao Youzhi cultivated such sword techniques.

When he was receiving his sword in the Sword Pavilion, Zhao Youzhi liked the Golden Lion Sword very much. He once said that he would never change his sword.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Keep it."

Zhao Youzhi sheathed his sword, then reached out and caught the broken sword that Han Muye handed over.

With the broken sword in hand, Han Muye keenly sensed a flash of light on the sword.

Was this sword recognition?

This was a Dharma treasure-level sword.

Although it was broken, it was still spiritual.

He did not expect this sword to choose Zhao Youzhi as its master.

There was really no rhyme or reason when it came to opportunities.

“Senior Brother, this sword.” Zhao Youzhi looked at the sword in his hand in surprise, then looked up at Han Muye. “I’m afraid it’s extremely precious, right?”

Of course it’s precious.

If this sword was auctioned, it would cost at least a million spiritual rocks.

Han Muye waved his hand and whispered, “It’s good that you know. Don’t let too many people know.”

Zhao Youzhi nodded. The sword light that was originally flowing on the broken sword dissipated, and the body of the sword became simple and crude.

“Hum—”

In the distance, the horns of the demon attack sounded.

Taking a deep breath, Zhao Youzhi strode down the cliff.

At the base of the mountain, cultivators who were already familiar with the battlefield began to form battle formations and wait for the arrival of the tidal wave of demon army.

“Brother!”

Suddenly, someone exclaimed amidst the commotion.

Two figures in white stood on a hill.

Huang Six, with his white hair and aged face, but neat appearance.

Lu Qingping, who was wearing a moon-white dress and carrying a long sword on her back, stood beside him.

Huang Six was holding Lu Qingping’s hand tightly.

“I brought Sixth Sister-in-law here to show everyone.”

Huang Six grinned.

Sister-in-law.

This was Sixth Sister-in-law.

The Sixth Sister-in-law that Huang Six traveled 10,000 miles in search of.

Looking at Huang Six and Lu Qingping holding hands and standing on the hill, the fickle and timid cultivators began to calm down.

They felt that if Sixth Brother could find Sixth Sister-in-law, they themselves would definitely survive!

Back then, as Sixth Brother moved forward, everyone saw that Sixth Brother’s heart was as firm as iron, and he only wanted to find Sixth Sister-in-law.

No one dared to think that Sixth Brother could find Sixth Sister-in-law.

How could a mortal do that?

Now, Sixth Brother had done it!

He found Sixth Sister-in-law unscathed.

Unknowingly, an indescribable morale began to build up in the battle formation.

“Fight with me—”

Seeing this scene, Tang Chi gritted his teeth, shouted, and rushed forward with his sword.

On the other side, He Xuanqi also rushed out.

Everyone rushed forward before the demonic beast army spread out.

Taking a deep breath, he turned to look at Lu Qingping. “Sister Ping, are you really going to kill the enemies with me?”

Lu Qingping nodded and said in a low voice, “Brother Zhenxiong, I’m yours, so I naturally have to accompany you.”

These words made Huang grin. The divine light in his eyes was extremely bright.

“Okay.”

He looked up at Han Muye, who was standing on the cliff, and laughed.

Holding Lu Qingping’s hand, Huang Six ran down with a long sword in his hand.

Han Muye stood on the cliff and watched as Huang Six and Lu Qingping rushed into the battle formation. They were surrounded by countless cultivators and rushed forward.

Huang Six held his sword in one hand and Lu Qingping in the other.

“Those who’re my brothers, charge with me!”

Huang Six shouted.

“Charge—”

Countless people shouted along.

Huang Six did not attack. He held Lu Qingping’s hand and walked forward with his sword as if he was shopping.

In front of him and behind him, countless cultivators desperately protected the two of them as they rushed forward.

At this moment, no power could stop this team.

All the demonic beasts that blocked the way were killed.

Whether they were Qi Condensation or Foundation Establishment, those cultivators protected Huang Six and Lu Qingping as they walked forward.

“Sixth Brother—”

In the battle formation, someone shouted.

“Sixth Brother—”

On Cloud Nest Ridge, someone shouted.

“Sixth Brother—”

Between heaven and earth, countless people shouted.

Their cries gathered into one, and the mountains collapsed!

On Cloud Nest Ridge, the experts who were originally meditating were alarmed and flew into the air.

“Who is this person?”

An old man with a white beard frowned as he looked down the hill.

“Is Huang Six a direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?” The Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Zheng Wangyuan, squinted his eyes and said calmly.

Starting from Fengshou Mountain, the juniors of the various sects competed.

Recently, the Nine Mystic Sword School had produced several famous elites.

That direct disciple even dared to challenge Master Tu Sunshi.

The Yuntai Dao Sect and the Bright Mountain Sword Sect were extremely protective of Han Muye.

According to their observation over the past few days, this elite of the Nine Mystic Sword School would probably be nurtured by the Nine Mystic Sword School.

Today, another disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect appeared.

This was not a good sign for their Spiritual Dao Sect.

Zheng Wangyuan and the other great cultivators were either cultivating or dealing with important matters. No one really knew who Huang Six was.

“Huang Six. Sword Caretaker of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

At this moment, Yang Dingshan’s voice sounded.

“Back then, in the battle between the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Huang Six used the Sword of the Soul Technique to help Sect Master Jin Ze injure Sect Master Zhang Cheng.” As Yang Dingshan spoke, his gaze swept across the old man standing at the side.

The old man’s expression was cold and he remained silent.

He was a half-step Heaven Realm expert of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

“Hehe, I know this kid.” Master Tu Sunshi, who had unknowingly landed at the side, smiled.

“This kid is dedicated to being a mortal and has spent everything to find Dao companions who have betrayed the Western Frontier.

“Most of the 200,000 cultivators below were drawn by his bounty.”

Master Tu Sun told these stories in a few words. After saying that, he sighed with emotion. “In terms of temperament, not many cultivators in the mountain can compare to him.”

Those great cultivators who halted mid-way did not care about love in the mortal world.

Their mental cultivation had long passed that stage.

But the more one lost something, the more nostalgic it was.

For a moment, these cultivators were speechless as they looked at the man and woman walking on the battlefield.

“Senior Brother Tu, how do you know this story so well?”

The old man standing beside Tu Sunshi turned his head curiously.

“That kid’s bounty is not low. Of course, I will naturally receive this news. Cough cough—” Before Tu Sunshi could finish, he waved his hand and disappeared.

So he had followed the bounty announcement.

The cultivators who knew that Master Tu Sunshi liked to mingle in the itinerant cultivator circle chuckled.

At the foot of the mountain, the offensive and defensive momentum had changed.

Huang Six was leading the cultivator army and charging several miles forward.

He seemed to have transformed into an arrowhead, leading the cultivators behind him to break through the demon formation.

Zhao Youzhi, who had walked to his side, lowered his head and followed him.

All the demonic beasts and demons who were about to reach him fell for some reason and stopped breathing.

No one within half a step could defeat him.

“Roar—”

A 30-foot-tall golden-haired giant ape roared and slapped at Zhao Youzhi.

This giant ape was transformed from a half-step Earth Realm demon. It could tell that Zhao Youzhi had attacked.

Zhao Youzhi looked up and lowered his body slightly with the sword in his left hand.

It was a little difficult for him to kill such a great demon in one blow.

“Brother, I’ll do it.”

Huang Six took a step forward and raised his sword.

“Boom—”

The sword slashed down, and the 100-foot sword beam immediately cut the giant ape in front of him in half.

With one strike, he killed a half-step Earth Realm demon!

“Sixth Brother, impressive—”

Someone shouted the word.

“Sixth Brother—”

“Impressive—”

Countless cries shook the sky, bringing with them spiritual energy and sword Qi that intertwined, turning into a towering astral wind.

At the battlefield, morale was at its peak.

Huang Six grinned and brandished his sword. He held Lu Qingping’s hand and the two of them strode forward.

Tang Chi, who was wrapped in the military formation, stopped in his tracks. There was a hint of confusion and resentment in his eyes.

He had lost a battle previously and could only fight on the battlefield to gain an opportunity.

He should be the one leading the front line.

But now, even such an opportunity was going to be snatched away.

“Prince, don’t hesitate. We’re only a little short of the blood essence needed for the blood sacrifice. As soon as we break that seal, we’ll leave this world. What’s a mere Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

Beside Tang Chi, an old man in a black robe whispered.

Tang Chi nodded, gritted his teeth, and ran forward with his sword.

A smile flashed across the old man's face as he quickly followed.

"Boom—"

In the sky, a black demonic cloud rushed towards him.

Huang Six held the sword in his hand, and a dark red halo flickered in his eyes.

Beside him, Lu Qingping held his hand tightly.

"Lion Roar, let's end this today."

In midair, a green-robed figure appeared, holding a sword and blocking the demon cloud.

Sun Mu.

An elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

An elder whose cultivation had stagnated and had no potential.

However, Sun Mu, who was standing there, seemed to be suppressing something.

A loud laugh came from the demon cloud, then crashed into Sun Mu.

Sun Mu's eyes suddenly erupted with dazzling golden light. The sword in his hand carried a thousand-foot-long sword light as he slashed down.

"Old Man Sun, you've broken through! How is that possible!"

A cry came from the demon cloud, and then there was a desperate attempt to retreat.

However, the thousand feet sword light slashed down and cut the demonic cloud in half.

Sun Mu's Golden Core cultivation rose.

His stagnant cultivation began to gather.

In the sky, clouds rolled.

"Advance!"

"Sun Mu, whose cultivation has been stagnant for 200 years, can still advance?"

Countless exclamations came from all over Cloud Nest Ridge.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's encampment, the green-robed Grand Elder, Lu Hao, moved and landed beside Sun Mu.

Chapter 200: Tu Sunshi's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords

There were many default rules in the cultivation world.

For example, once one's cultivation stopped for too long, it would be very difficult to improve again.

On the other hand, if a cultivator who had been cultivating for countless years could suddenly improve, he might have a chance to grow rapidly.

After all, whether it was experience or temperament, such a person had something others did not have.

Han Muye knew that the number one outer sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Mo Yuan, had soared into the sky and transformed into the 10,000 Swords Patriarch. He had the power to fight an Earth Realm Core Formation cultivator with one strike.

Lu Hao's expression was solemn at this moment. His strength surged as he stood in front of Sun Mu.

"Junior Brother Sun, try your best to break through. I'll protect you."

Lu Hao shouted, and a golden sword shone in his hand.

In the void, endless golden power gathered and transformed into the shadow of a golden sword.

"Roar—"

Without waiting for Sun Mu to answer, a thousand-foot-long demonic cloud surged in the distance and arrived in an instant with an ear-piercing screech.

That was a half-step Heaven Realm great demon.

Lu Hao snorted coldly. The sword light in his hand drew an arc, and a sharp stream of light greeted the demon cloud.

"Clang—"

The golden light collided with the demon cloud with a crash that resounded through a hundred miles.

Below, the demonic beasts and cultivators below the Foundation Establishment realm on the battlefield were trembling.

Huang Six turned to look at the pale Lu Qingping. A surge of power came from his palm.

“Sister Ping, don’t worry. I’m here.”

He gripped his sword and turned to look into the distance.

Over there, many black-robed people had gathered around Tang Chi.

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

Behind the demons, the deafening sound of war drums could be heard.

At the sound of the drums, the experts on the Cloud Nest Ridge looked solemn.

The demons wanted to attack from all sides!

“Be careful. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect can’t withstand this. Prepare to save them.”

Zheng Wangyuan stared ahead and said in a deep voice.

The others nodded.

This was not the time to plan. If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was defeated, it would definitely affect the entire battle situation and even cause the entire battle line to collapse.

At Fengshou Mountain, it was because the battle line had collapsed that they had no choice but to retreat.

At that time, the army of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had gathered on Cloud Nest Ridge and temporarily suppressed the defensive line.

If they retreated again today, there would be no reinforcements at the back.

“Boom—”

Lu Hao’s sword light slashed open the demonic cloud opposite him. An old man in a dark red robe and holding a strange spear laughed and flew down to collide with Lu Hao.

Lu Hao swept the sword in his hand and faced it.

A sword cultivator should speak with his sword.

Not far away, five black demonic clouds were gathering.

They were five Heaven Realm experts.

The demons only dared to attack because there were five Heaven Realm demons here.

If not for the fact that Tu Sunshi had killed a great demon previously and made the demons afraid, the attacks of the Southern Wasteland would probably be several times fiercer.

On the battlefield below, the demonic beasts had already retreated and made way for the main battlefield.

Greater demons in various leather robes rushed forward.

Some of these demons transformed into demon bodies. They were either bears, tigers, or wolves. They were dozens of feet tall and as fast as lightning.

The light of spells flashed in the hands of some demons. From several miles away, streams of light had already been released.

This was the true demonic army. Every great demon was at least at the Foundation Establishment realm.

Even those below Foundation Establishment had powerful bodies or special bloodline powers.

Among these great demons, there were also Earth Realm experts. Their blood Qi soared into the sky.

Such power was not something that itinerant cultivators and cultivators of small sects could withstand.

“Clang—”

A sword cry sounded. Li Xixi, who was wearing a green robe, turned into a sword light and landed on the battlefield.

The 10-foot-long sword light was like a meteor as it exploded in midair and slashed in all directions with endless sharpness.

Her sword light was like a signal. Countless sword lights rushed into the battlefield from above.

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect rushed into the battlefield.

The sword light instantly filled the air, exploded, and shone, filling the entire world.

At this moment, it was as if there was only sword light in the world.

“Sword cultivators are indeed dazzling...” On Cloud Nest Ridge, an old man in green shook his head and sighed.

Beside him, Yang Dingshan and the others turned to look.

This was a sword cultivator.

Cultivation.

Cultivating the sword.

Cultivating the mind.

When there was no war, the sword was a companion and a confidant.

In wartime, the sword and oneself were inseparable.

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

Tu Sunshi, whose hair was tied up with a golden crown and whose sword Qi was restrained, stepped out of the void with a clear sword in his hand.

He was alone with his sword and did not display any unusual strength, but he was the pillar of the entire battlefield and the cultivators of the Western Frontier.

Without him, the human battlefront in the Western Frontier had long collapsed.

“Damn it, do you really want me to start a massacre?”

Tu Sunshi muttered as he turned into a green light and slammed forward.

In the distance, five great demon clouds shook, as if they had discussed it.

On the Cloud Nest Ridge, the other half-step Heaven Realm experts also flew up.

No one expected a battle at the front line of Cloud Nest Ridge to erupt at this moment.

Actually, it was normal. The demon army was entrenched here, and it was not a treat. After so many days of probing, they had already made all the arrangements.

He was only waiting for today’s battle.

It was both a test and a decisive battle.

“Boom—”

The sword light in Tu Sunshi’s hand slashed down, as if it had ripped open the sky.

Ten thousand feet of sword light cut through the air.

The halo covered all the light, and only this sword stirred in the demonic cloud.

The five Heaven Realm demons rushed forward in unison and retreated.

A sword light flashed and separated from Tu Sunshi’s sword light.

Green vines filled the sky, and flying leaves fluttered towards Tu Sunshi.

A heaven-supporting iron rod smashed down on Tu Sunshi’s head.

Feathers turned into arrows, like a storm.

A water dragon roared, stirring up clouds.