

## **Pavilion 201**

### **Chapter 201: Tu Sunshi's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords**

Although Tu Sunshi's combat strength was powerful, it was not to the extent that he could inflict injuries on people of the same level.

His sword light was suppressed by the demonic light. The sword light swept across, shattering the arrows and killing the water dragon. Then he retreated from the battle and faced the five Heaven Realm demons with a solemn expression.

He was a rare Sword Dao expert in the world to be able to fight one against five without losing.

But no one knew how long this invincibility would last.

The next thrust of the sword?

Or the one after next?

If Tu Sunshi was defeated, the Western Frontier would lose everything.

Those half-step Heaven Realm cultivators also knew that when they joined forces to charge into the battle, they were blocked by more half-step Heaven Realm demons.

The strength of the demons in the Southern Wasteland was indeed much stronger than that of the Western Frontier.

Han Muye stood on the cliff, took a deep breath, and gently raised his hand. The Destiny and Purple Flame swords landed in his palms.

The two swords crossed, and a sword light rose from Han Muye's body.

The sword light was so powerful that the abundant sword Qi at the foot of the mountain was not able to blot it out.

"Han Muye!"

"Senior Brother Han is about to attack!"

On the battlefield, countless low cries sounded.

Han Muye had only fought once since he came to Cloud Nest Ridge.

In that battle, he held two swords in his hands and formed the Cloud Nest Ridge battle line without taking a step back.

No one knew that Han Muye's sword had slashed through the Heaven Realm.

"Hum—"

The sword vibrated.

First, a sword.

Then came countless swords.

In the sky above the battlefield, Tu Sunshi turned to look at Han Muye and whispered, "This brat is really..."

Really what?

No one knew how much Tu Sunshi's heart ached.

He had given the soul sword Qi that he had condensed for countless years to Han Muye because he thought that he would make good use of it.

But how long had it been nourishing?

This kid was about to use up the soul sword Qi.

Soul Sword Qi!

A sword light floated above Han Muye's head.

The sword light condensed into a thousand-foot-long sword. The blade was slightly illusory, and the patterns on it were ancient.

The Sword of the Soul that Tu Sunshi had given him.

If Han Muye nurtured this sword and turned it into his soul sword, it would take a long time.

At this moment, Han Muye chose to directly consume the sword Qi.

Because there was a small green sword in his divine treasure!

For the time being, his soul power was only enough to nourish one soul sword. Any more would be a burden.

If not now, when?

Han Muye placed one hand behind his back and floated in midair, sword lotuses blooming with every step.

"Senior Tu Sunshi, we worked well last time. Why don't we have another match today?"

Han Muye walked forward and shouted.

Almost everyone on the entire battlefield looked at Han Muye.

*What does he want?* they wondered.

*Could a small cultivator go to the battlefield of a Heaven Realm expert?*

*Lunatic.*

Hearing Han Muye's shout, Tu Sunshi's eyes flashed.

*Worked well?*

*This kid is reminding me that I'm still short of 20% of the profits from plundering the Yuntai Dao Sect.*

*Is he afraid that if I die in battle today, the debt will be gone?*

Looking at the sword light above Han Muye's head, Tu Sunshi's fighting spirit surged.

Last time, when he worked with Han Muye, he killed a Heaven Realm demon with one strike.

Today, he was without his Sword of the Soul, and Han Muye's Sword of the Soul might pale in comparison.

*There's not much difference!*

"Haha, kid, let's work together again!"

Tu Sunshi flew up and raised his hand. The Sword of the Soul above Han Muye's head flew out and landed in his palm.

Han Muye stood in the air, divine light surging from his body as he activated the Sword of the Soul to cooperate with Tu Sunshi.

"Boom—"

The Sword of the Soul slashed down. The endless pressure instantly absorbed the spiritual energy and soul power that scattered in a radius of 50 miles, condensed into a black sword, and ruthlessly smashed into the newly condensed water dragon.

The water dragon roared in pain. Its body shattered and converged into a thin old man in a green robe in the distance.

The old man grimaced in pain.

Tu Sunshi laughed loudly and raised his hand to slash at the old man again. "Fellow Daoist Yu Fan, today, I'll help you transform into a dragon and ascend to immortality!"

Seeing the sword light attack, fear flashed in the eyes of the green-robed old man, Patriarch Yu Fan. He moved and retreated.

Tu Sunshi laughed and refused to let go. He slashed again.

"F\*ck, Tu Sunshi, you old thing, you're catching me, right?" Patriarch Yu Fan gritted his teeth and kept retreating.

He dared not receive the sword slashes.

The other four Heaven Realm experts looked at each other and took a step forward. Demonic light condensed.

Tu Sunshi shouted, "Good timing—"

He swept his sword and forced the four demons away, then turned around and landed beside Han Muye.

"Kid, is that Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords useful?"

Han Muye turned to look at him and chuckled. "Do you want to learn it?"

Tu Sunshi nodded with a solemn expression. "This Sword of the Soul is still a little weak. Neither of us can withstand such a battle."

The Sword of the Soul consumed Han Muye's soul, and controlling this sword also consumed Tu Sunshi's sword Qi cultivation.

If he did not kill the five Heaven Realm experts on the other side, he would definitely lose today.

Their auras filled the sky and rolled over.

Below, everyone looked up at the two figures standing side by side.

*Could the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Tu Sunshi, block five Heaven Realm experts today?*

"Okay."

At this moment, Han Muye, who was standing beside Tu Sunshi, took a step forward and shouted.

"I have a sword called Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. It was created by the number one outer sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Mo Yuan.

"It took Mo Yuan 200 years to condense thousands of sword techniques into this sword."

"This sword doesn't care about comprehension aptitude. You only need to have a sword in your heart."

On Han Muye's body, the suppressed sword light solidified, and golden sword lotuses bloomed around him.

With one hand behind his back, he slowly extended his other hand and pointed his sword.

"Master Mo once said that with this sword, he will open a path for ordinary sword cultivators in the world.

"Today, I, Han Muye, will teach on behalf of my master. This sword technique can be learned by all sword cultivators in the world."

"Everyone, watch carefully—"

Countless cultivators looked up. Han Muye, who was standing in midair, pointed his arm forward like a sword!

“10,000, Swords, Return, Ancestral.”

Countless sword lotuses exploded, and every petal turned into a phantom.

Every phantom practiced a sword technique.

Every sword technique condensed into one move.

He stabbed out.

One strike.

10 swords.

100 swords.

1,000 swords.

10,000 Swords!

The 10,000 sword stabbing was to return to the sect!

The sword lotus dissipated.

Han Muye stood with his hands behind his back and said indifferently, “Senior, have you learned it?”

Tu Sunshi nodded and bowed. “For bestowing the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique to me, you should receive a bow.”

After saying that, he straightened his body and took a step forward. He looked at the rolling demonic clouds in front of him, his eyes blooming with endless light.

“I, Tu Sunshi, am known as the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. With my heart of the sword as the Nascent Soul, I think I’m invincible.

“Today, I learned that I have limited outlook and experience.”

A small green sword appeared above Tu Sunshi’s head.

This sword condensed sword momentum and soul. As soon as it appeared, it suppressed the spiritual energy and sword Qi on the entire battlefield.

“Fellow Daoists of the Southern Wasteland, I have just learned the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords from Master Han. Please test your swords.”

With that, sword light rose.

Within a radius of 500 miles, all the swords trembled and flew into the air. They attached to the soul sword and condensed into a sword.

This sword covered the sky.

Han Muye’s expression changed. He took out two Purple Jade Pills and crushed them in his palm, causing all the medicinal power to instantly erupt.

He would go crazy just this once!

The Purple Jade Pill in his divine treasure also shattered with a bang. All the medicinal strength transformed into soul power, activating the sword of the soul to cooperate with Tu Sunshi.

“Senior, I can last 10 breaths.” Han Muye lowered his voice.

“10 breaths?”

Tu Sunshi laughed loudly and stabbed out with his sword.

“Three breaths is enough!”

He stabbed out with his sword. Tu Sunshi shouted, “10,000, Swords, Return, Ancestral—”

The small green sword above his head exploded, and a figure appeared.

This figure was only three feet tall and looked similar to Tu Sunshi. He held a sword in his hand and staggered awkwardly as he slowly stabbed out.

After stabbing out, his figure dissipated and reappeared. He was already a five or six-year-old child.

He stabbed forward with his sword, the sword light shining bright.

The shadow transformed again. The 13- or 14-year-old adolescent thrust his sword.

17- or 18-year-old adolescent.

20-year-old youth.

30 years old. With his green robe and long sword, he was unhindered throughout the land.

40. With a wave of his sword, no one could defeat him.

100 years old. He threw out a long sword, and casually pointed it as a sword.

200 years old. He frolicked in the mortal world, teaching children to wield swords using bamboo.

300 years old. He mingled with itinerant cultivators and competed with the martial world.

400 years old.

500 years old.

1,000 years old!

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

10,000, Swords, Return, Ancestral.

**Chapter 202: One Sword to Kill a Fourth Heaven Realm Expert!**

10,000 swords condensed into one sword!

In front of Tu Sunshi, all the sword lights condensed into a green sword. The sword was covered in cloud patterns, and the blade flickered with a cold light.

Just as the sword condensed, the five demon clouds that soared into the sky were trembling.

“Tu Sunshi, you’re crazy!”

“Do you really want to die after wasting your thousand-year-old sword Nascent Soul?”

“Tu Sunshi, if I’m not here today, I’ll definitely destroy your Tai Yi Sword Sect!”

Roars and angry shouts sounded, including anger and timidity.

Tu Sunshi laughed loudly. The sword light did not decrease at all, leading Han Muye’s sword to stab out.

This sword had been cultivated by Tu Sunshi for a thousand years. It embodied Han Muye’s soul, and countless cultivators’ swords.

This strike condensed the sword heart of a sword cultivator.

When the sword appeared, the world shook. The skylight circulated, and the clouds within 5,000 miles were like a storm.

Every time the sword light advanced, the five demonic clouds shattered.

At this moment, the five Heaven Realm demons could not dodge or escape. They used all their strength to form a net to block Tu Sunshi’s sword.

He fought five Heaven Realm demons with one sword.

Below, all the cultivators clenched their fists.

This sword condensed the power of the human sword cultivators in the Western Frontier!

They were betting on the fate of the human race in the Western Frontier!

“Boom—”

The sword light collided with the net and broke through the demonic aura without any obstruction, striking the first demonic cloud.

The demonic cloud was shattered.

Heaven Realm demon spirits, perish!

The sword edge advanced again, and the second demonic cloud revealed the appearance of a huge green wolf. It fled in panic, but was finally cut in half by the sword.

Kill the Heaven Realm demons again!

The sword did not stop. The blade was dazzling as it stabbed into the third demonic cloud.

Patriarch Yu Fan, who had transformed into a water dragon, revealed a look of despair. With a move, a red foot-long demonic baby flew out from the head of the water dragon.

The demonic baby attempted to escape.

The sword pierced through the water dragon's body. With a flash of sword light, it caught up to Patriarch Yu Fan's demonic baby and gently twisted it, shattering it.

One sword strike to kill three Heaven Realm experts!

Who would dare to face such power head-on?

The two demonic clouds behind no longer had any intention to fight. They turned around and fled.

"Fellow Daoists, we haven't tested the sharpness of our Western Frontier's sword cultivators yet. How can we leave so easily?" Tu Sunshi's voice sounded. He drew his sword and stabbed forward again.

The two demonic clouds fled in panic, without a trace of heavenly realm elegance.

So what if he was in the Heaven Realm?

How much more fearless could he be in the face of death?

Standing behind Tu Sunshi, Han Muye, whose face was pale, looked at the fleeing great demon and had an indescribable understanding.

It didn't matter if one had cultivated for thousands of years and hadn't become disillusioned. They were still mortals.

Mortals should have mortal cultivation techniques.

They would fight for what they should fight for, and let go of what they should let go of.

Since they were not immortals, they should be tainted by the mortal world.

"Fellow Daoist Tu, let me go. I won't come to the Western Frontier again—"

An anxious shout came from a demonic cloud.

Tu Sunshi turned his sword and stabbed at another demonic cloud.

"Tu Sunshi, if you kill me, my patriarch will personally come and kill you—"

Before the demon could finish speaking through the cloud, the sword had pierced through it.

Only then did the sword stop.

The great demon who was lucky enough to escape did not dare to stay any longer. He rode on a demonic cloud and flew away.

He would have to be tired of living if he didn't leave.

One sword strike to kill a Four Heavens Realm expert!



Sword light shone for 10,000 miles, killing Heaven Realm experts like slaughtering dogs.

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

The moment the sword light stopped, Han Muye felt happy and wished he could roar at the sky.

Wasn't the purpose of cultivating the sword to kill a Heaven Realm expert?

Looking at Tu Sunshi in front of him, Han Muye firmly believed that one day, he would do the same. He would destroy a Heaven Realm expert with a wave of his hand.

"Bam—"

Tu Sunshi trembled and raised his hand. The huge sword shattered, and countless swords fell back.

When these swords flew out, the sword light dimmed.

At this moment, they flew back. Every sword strike shone with spiritual light.

After refining the bodies and bloodline of the four Heaven Realm demons, the quality of these swords would improve by at least 10%.

As long as it was nurtured, even the worst mortal weapon could be nurtured into a spiritual weapon.

"My sword has become a semi-spiritual weapon!"

Someone held the sword in his hand and exclaimed.

There was a difference between immortals and mortals.

Zhao Youzhi held the broken sword and suppressed all his emotions.

The moment he retracted the broken sword, he felt that his sword was alive!

Beside Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan was carrying the sleepy little white fox. Huang Six reached out and patted his head. Gao Xiaoxuan muttered and turned back into a sword.

The demon race's Heaven Realm experts were completely defeated. Four died and one fled. The remaining demons were no longer able to hold on and all turned to flee.

If Tu Sunshi could kill a Heaven Realm expert, he could naturally kill them too.

In the sky, Tu Sunshi turned to look at the pale Han Muye and chuckled. "Kid, how's my sword technique?"

*When Tu Sunshi was learning the sword technique, I was Teacher Han. After he learned it, I'm a kid.*

Han Muye nodded.

Mo Yuan's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords took 200 years to cultivate. He comprehended it after he observed three Sword Pavilion elders attack.

Han Muye's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was cultivated by holding down the Sword Pavilion and observing 10,000 sword techniques with maximum comprehension.

Only Tu Sunshi's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was cultivated after a thousand years.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. The swords took different paths but returned the same way.

Seeing Han Muye nod, Tu Sunshi smiled.

"How do we split it?"

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

His words stunned Tu Sunshi at first, then he laughed out loud.

"Three:seven, no more."

With a wave of his sleeve, the corpses of the demons scattered in the demonic qi clouds were gathered.

There might be other treasures. This was a huge fortune!

Looking down at the Western Frontier sword cultivators who were cheering because the refinement of the sword had increased their spirituality, Han Muye couldn't help but sigh.

It was the same everywhere.

The law of the jungle prevailed.

In this battle, even if he could eat all the demons below and kill all the demonic beasts, it would not be comparable to 30% of Tu Sunshi and his gains.

The resources of the cultivation world were always piled up at the top.

"Kid, go back and recuperate. Your soul is too exhausted. Don't hurt your foundation." Tu Sunshi looked at Han Muye and whispered.

After dropping three immortal-grade Purple Jade Pills, Han Muye's soul was almost squeezed dry.

He said 10 breaths. If Tu Sunshi really controlled that sword for 10 breaths, Han Muye would probably have fallen to the ground.

This kind of soul consumption was simply too terrifying.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Senior, you also have to cultivate in seclusion. It's not fun to use the sword infant to fight."

The power of the Nascent Soul sword could not be easily moved. Perhaps shaking up the sword would injure his vitality.

Tu Sunshi had won this battle with great difficulty. He was really risking his life.

Tu Sunshi grinned, then raised his hand and handed a sword to Han Muye.

This was the sword of the Heaven Realm demon that was killed in the end. There were demonic patterns on the sword.

This sword was not at the level of a Dharma treasure, but it already had a spirit in it. It was a superior-grade spiritual weapon.

*Does this count as paying me interest?* Han Muye thought.

He took the sword with a smile and gripped the hilt.

A sword Qi rushed into the sword, and the sword vibrated.

“You can’t wait to refine it?” Tu Sunshi grinned and shook his head gently.

Han Muye ignored him.

He was not trying to refine the sword, but he wanted to see what the demons of the Southern Wasteland were planning through the sword.

Heaven Realm demons definitely knew a lot.

As the sword Qi entered the sword, images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

Sword, refine. That Cloud Leopard demon named Feng Che refined the sword.

The Cloud Leopard Race was considered a powerful race in the Southern Wasteland and it ran amok without scruples.

The Central Continent armies came.

The Mystic Sun Guards in black armor and the Red Flame Army in red armor.

As the great armies advanced, the demons did not dare to take them on.

The owner of this sword fled quickly.

He came to the Western Frontier because he did not dare to fight the Central Continent army again.

“You guys go to the Western Frontier first. We’ll extract a few third level Nascent Soul cultivators and arrive soon.

“This time, we must take down the Western Frontier and give all the demons in the Southern Wasteland a space to migrate.”

The great demon who spoke was tall, and his eyes shone.

“Boom—”

That light seemed to pass through and hit Han Muye’s mind.

Nascent Soul Third Level Great Demon!

Han Muye’s expression changed. Just as he was about to tell Tu Sunshi, a roar came from the distant sky.

The sound shook the world.

“Tu Sunshi, you shouldn’t have killed Feng Che of the Cloud Leopard Clan.”

The voice sounded. The demon shadow was already in front of him.

A long gray claw slapped down at Tu Sunshi's head!

Tu Sunshi raised his hand, and sword light gathered into a line as he stabbed out.

"Boom—"

Sword light exploded. Tu Sunshi and Han Muye, who was behind him, were forced back a thousand feet. A black-robed figure landed where Tu Sunshi had been standing.

"Feng Hanxiao? You're not dead?"

Tu Sunshi looked grimly at the old man across from him.

The old man's expression was dark as he stared at Tu Sunshi coldly. "Back then, I said that your cultivation speed was much slower than your peers when you condensed a sword Nascent Soul.

"How about today? I'm already at the peak of the third level of the Nascent Soul realm, but you're still stuck at the second level."

The old man's demonic qi rose. It was exceedingly oppressive and no one within an area of 100 square miles could raise his head.

The power of a third level Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator was so terrifying!

Tu Sunshi's expression was solemn. The small green sword that had already been restrained rose above his head, scattering cold light.

Sword light enveloped him and broke through the pressure of the third level Heaven Realm Nascent Soul realm demon opposite him, causing the stiff Han Muye to heave a sigh of relief.

This was the terror of the Heaven Realm.

Even if he did not attack, it would be difficult for anyone below the Heaven Realm to move.

In front of such an expert, it was probably difficult to even find a chance to attack.

"Feng Hanxiao, even if your cultivation is one level higher than mine, I'm confident that I can escape from you."

Tu Sunshi stared at the old man in front of him and said coldly, "If you can't stay today, I'll go to the Southern Wasteland and kill all your clansmen with one strike. You know I can do it."

Ruthless.

At this moment, Tu Sunshi was not the gentle old man among the itinerant cultivators, nor was he the number one sword cultivator. He was just a vicious mortal with a sword in his hand.

He would take revenge.

By hook or by crook.

Such a person was truly suitable for cultivation.

Han Muye felt that Tu Sunshi deserved to become the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

On the other side, the Heaven Realm demon Feng Hanxiao's expression was cold as he stared at Tu Sunshi, his aura constantly gathering.

Sword light slowly gathered on Tu Sunshi's body.

Feng Hanxiao was at the third level of the Nascent Soul realm. He was the strongest in the Western Frontier. The First Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Daoist Master Wan Hua, was also at the third level of the Nascent Soul realm.

Facing Feng Hanxiao, Tu Sunshi needed to go all out.

"Tu Sunshi, do you think I wouldn't have made preparations to kill you?"

At this moment, Feng Hanxiao suddenly spoke.

### **Chapter 203: Can This Sword Kill a Third-Level Nascent Soul?**

Tu Sunshi's expression changed. In the distant sky, two streams of light arrived with a bang!

"Black Tiger Clan's First Elder, Hu Zixu."

"White Fox Clan's First Elder, Hu Yumei."

Tu Sunshi said in a low voice, then turned his head slightly. "Kid, I'm afraid we won't be able to escape this time."

Three Heaven Realms.

Three third-level Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivators!

Who could resist such combat power in the Western Frontier?

The strength of these three people today would be enough to sweep through the Western Frontier.

The three Heaven Realm demons glided in the sky, and all the cultivators below seemed to be crushed by a huge mountain.

Those cultivators who were only at the Essence Cultivation Realm spat out blood, and, inch by inch, cracks appeared in their bones.

Above the Essence Cultivation, the Qi Condensation cultivators could barely hold on.

Huang Six supported Lu Qingping who was looking pale, and looked into the distance.

On the other side, Tang Chi and the black-robed men beside her were sneering as if they were waiting quietly.

Beside Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan held the little white fox in his arms. The little white fox stared at the Heaven Realm demons of the White Fox Clan in the sky, its eyes shining.

"It's said that the Southern Wasteland's demon race is doing their best to deal with the Central Continent's attack. Did the three top-notch cultivators really come to the Cloud Nest Ridge and ignore their own clan?"

Han Muye, who was standing behind Tu Sunshi, looked up and whispered.

This was what he knew from Feng Che's sword.

The demons were not united.

Among the three of them who came today, one of them was related to Han Muye.

His words made Tu Sunshi's eyes light up, and his gaze landed on the three third level Nascent Soul demons in front of him.

"Fellow Daoist Zixu, Junior Sister Hu, we can be considered old friends. What price did this Old Feng offer for you to take action? I'll pay triple."

Hearing Master Tu Sunshi's words, the burly man with the black tiger tattoo on his face did not change his expression. He was wearing a moon-white robe and smiled at the young female cultivator in white.

"Senior Brother Tu, you're still so good at business."

The female cultivator smiled, turned her gaze from Master Tu Sunshi to the ground, then stared at Han Muye.

"The Sword Pavilion caretaker?"

Han Muye nodded.

The female cultivator laughed and looked at Han Muye. "You know what our fox clan wants."

Fox clan.

Han Muye naturally knew what the fox clan was asking for.

This fox clan's First Elder was the one who had asked Hu Taisheng to lure him here.

During the war between the Southern Wasteland and the Central Continent, not many experts from the Southern Wasteland could be transferred to the Western Frontier.

Three third-level Nascent Soul cultivators were already the limit.

Instead of someone else, it was better to have a White Fox.

Back then, when Han Muye released Hu Taisheng's remnant soul, he asked him to go to the Southern Wasteland and tell the Fox Clan Sword Pavilion to suppress the reincarnation of the great demon of the fox clan.

Today, it had indeed attracted an expert of the Southern Wasteland's Fox Race.

Han Muye took a deep breath and looked at the White Fox Clan's First Elder, Hu Yumei. "Senior, I can give you what the White Fox Clan wants. I hope you can withdraw today."

Hearing his words, Feng Hanxiao and the black tiger man frowned.

*Who is this person?*

*Does he have a relationship with the Fox Clan?*

Hu Yumei smiled and nodded. "Of course."

"If I can get what my fox clan wants, I won't interfere today. I'll turn around and leave."

Han Muye said, "Senior, please follow me."

With that, he flew down.

Hu Yumei's figure turned into nothingness.

Han Muye landed in front of Huang Six and Lu Qingping, then turned to look at Gao Xiaoxuan.

Hu Yumei landed behind him and stared at the little white fox in Gao Xiaoxuan's hand.

"Aunt..."

Hu Yumei looked a little sad and exclaimed.

The little white fox shifted in Gao Xiaoxuan's arms. It wanted to leave, but it seemed reluctant.

Gao Xiaoxuan stroked the little white fox's back and let go.

Hu Yumei raised her hand and summoned the little white fox.

Gao Xiaoxuan stared at Hu Yumei and said in a low voice, "She wants to return to her clansmen.

"You have to protect her.

"If she's hurt in any way, I'll take her away."

Hu Yumei nodded and whispered to the little white fox, "I understand."

Gao Xiaoxuan looked at the little white fox again, then turned to look at Huang Six.

"Sixth Brother, I think life is really fun."

His eyes lit up.

"It's interesting to follow you to the Sword Pavilion to collect spiritual rocks and choose swords.

"And the meat. The wine you secretly gave me to drink.

"They were all good."

His gaze landed on Lu Qingping, who was beside Huang Six. Gao Xiaoxuan said softly, "Sixth Sister-in-law, Sixth Brother, I'm really envious of you."

He shook his head and chuckled. "I'm so tired. I don't want to be a mortal anymore."

"I'd better be a sword."

As soon as he finished speaking, his figure dissipated and transformed into a bright sword that landed in Huang Six's hand.

Huang Six held his sword in one hand and held Lu Qingping's hand with the other. His gaze was fixed on Hu Yumei, who was hugging the little white fox.

Lu Qingping bit her lip and gripped his arm tightly.

"Boom—"

In the sky, a sword light blocked the two black demonic auras.

They had attacked.

Hu Yumei glanced at Han Muye and Huang Six. "I hope you will survive."

With that, she carried the little white fox and turned into a breeze to leave.

One of the three third-level Nascent Soul demons had left, and there were two more.

These two attacked in midair and suppressed Tu Sunshi, forcing him to retreat.

Tu Sunshi was the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. His combat strength was powerful and he could fight above his level.

But facing two third-level Nascent Soul cultivators, he could only retreat.

Human strength ultimately had its limits.

In the sky, streams of light interweaved, and sword Qi and demonic light filled the air.

In such a battle, Han Muye couldn't even help Tu Sunshi even if he wanted to.

"Han Muye."

A voice called out.

Han Muye turned around and saw the Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, Yang Dingshan, standing not far away.

"Tell Yang Mingxuan that there's no need to collect my corpse."

"If he's really capable, he can just take the position of the sect master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect in the future."

After Yang Dingshan finished speaking, he had risen from the ground without waiting for Han Muye's reply.



“Senior Brother Tu, Yang Dingshan is here.

“Little demon of the Southern Wasteland, do you really think there’s no one left in the Western Frontier?”

The sword turned into a mountain, like a 10,000-foot peak.

Yang Dingshan’s figure fused into the mountain, making the entire mountain even more solid.

Sword momentum.

Using the sword as a mountain and the body as a rock.

“Boom—”

The huge mountain collided with a dark demonic aura, causing the big demon to pause slightly.

Half-step Heaven Realm. Third level of the Heaven Reverse Realm.

To be able to cause a great demon to tremble, it was obvious how powerful Yang Dingshan’s combat strength was.

“Hmph, have a death wish.”

In the sky, Feng Hanxiao, who was holding a long saber, roared and raised his hand to slash down heavily.

The saber light drew the clouds in the sky like a roaring dragon and collided with the huge mountain.

“Boom—”

The mountains rumbled, then were cut in half.

Yang Dingshan’s figure appeared and stood in midair. He looked at the cold wind and sighed softly before turning into nothingness.

A half-step Heaven Realm expert. A famous sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. The Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, Yang Dingshan, had died.

The first level of cultivation was heaven and earth realm. The heaven realm was simply heaven realm.

A half-step Heaven Realm expert could not withstand a strike from a third-level Nascent Soul expert.

Even a half-step Heaven Realm expert who had comprehended sword momentum could not withstand it.

“Boom—”

Yang Dingshan sacrificed his sword to block Feng Hanxiao, giving Tu Sunshi a chance to recover. Then he forcefully attacked with the long staff in the black tiger man’s hand.

At this moment, the sword in Tu Sunshi’s hand turned into a Heavenly Dragon. The sword light was cold. If he didn’t retreat, he would have to resist Hu Zixu, who was at the third level of the Nascent Soul realm.

“Hu Zixu, Feng Hanxiao, if you can’t kill me today, I’ll go to the Southern Wasteland in the future and kill all the black tigers and cloud leopards!”

Tu Sunshi gritted his teeth and shouted. The sword intent on his body condensed into a dragon shadow.

“Boom—”

With a sword strike, the long dragon collided with Hu Zixu’s staff and forced him back a step.

The second level of the Nascent Soul realm repelled the third level of the Nascent Soul realm.

This strike made Hu Zixu’s expression darken, and the demonic aura on his body kept condensing.

The saber in Feng Hanxiao’s hand flashed as he killed Yang Dingshan behind him.

“I’m Zheng Wangyuan from the Spiritual Dao Sect. Please enlighten me.”

A voice spoke.

The long-sleeved Spiritual Dao Sect elder, half-step Heaven Realm great cultivator, Zheng Wangyuan, took a step forward. The jade bone fan in his hand struck down at Feng Hanxiao’s head.

“Hmph, ant, are you courting death?”

Feng Hanxiao snorted coldly. The saber in his hand carried a dark shadow as it collided with Zheng Wangyuan’s fan.

“Slash—”

The folding fan shattered. Zheng Wangyuan’s body shook and he was sent flying a thousand feet away. His entire body trembled and then shattered.

Above his head, a shining golden core flew out. It had only flown a few feet when Feng Hanxiao laughed and grabbed it, stuffing it into his mouth.

“A rare good thing. Who else is coming to die?”

After swallowing Zheng Wangyuan’s Golden Core, Feng Hanxiao laughed.

“Lu Hao of the Mystic Sun Sword Sect comes forward to die.”

A voice spoke.

“He Chang of the Yuntai Dao Sect is willing to die.”

“Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Chang Yuanhe.”

....

“Sun Mu of the Mystic Sun Sword Sect.”

Voices sounded one after another. Core Formation cultivators at the half-step Heaven Realm flew up and rushed towards the third-level Heaven Realm demon, Feng Hanxiao.

Looking at the figures who were about to die, the two swords on Han Muye’s back kept ringing.

As a sword cultivator, if he wasn't so hot-blooded, why would he cultivate the sword?

He turned his head and glanced at Huang Six, then his figure shot into the sky.

So what?

There was only death!

"Li Xixi of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is willing to die."

Li Three's voice sounded in Han Muye's ears.

"I still have half a gourd of wine. Do you want to drink it?" Li Three threw a small gourd at Han Muye.

Han Muye reached out, grabbed it, bit open the stopper, and took a big gulp.

*Cool, flat.*

*Water.*

*Isn't this water wine?*

Han Muye laughed, and the two swords behind him crossed.

Two sword intents were infused into the sword body, and the sword light shot out a thousand feet.

Above his head, sword intent rose and condensed into a thousand-foot sword shadow.

The Mystic Sun Technique was divided into three components. The soul as the sword in the Sword Condensation Technique, the body as the sword in the Military Sword Technique, and the Qi as the sword in the Sword Nurturing Technique.

When the three incantations were combined, he could use his body as a sword, his soul as a sword, and his Qi as a sword.

At this moment, Han Muye fused the 90 sword intents in his Qi Sea into a sword.

This sword was even sharper than the Sword of the Soul.

Han Muye flew towards the place where the sword light exploded.

Over there, Tu Sunshi and the great demon tiger, Hu Zixu, were fighting with all their might.

"Senior, shall we cooperate again?"

Han Muye shouted.

Tu Sunshi, who was fighting Hu Zixu with all his might, retreated a thousand feet. Looking at the green sword light above Han Muye's head, his face flushed with confusion, followed by ecstasy.

*A sword shadow that's not inferior to the Sword of the Soul!*

*How many trump cards does Han Muye have?*

"Great!"

“This time, five:five!”

“No, six:four. You’ll take six while I’ll take four!”

Tu Sunshi roared loudly. The sword infant above his head exploded, and he reached out to trigger the sword intent sword above Han Muye’s head.

With the green sword light in hand, the sword intent that was originally suppressed by the demonic cloud rose with a bang.

Countless swords vibrated, and the sound echoed through the land.

Tu Sunshi could feel that this sword intent was much more condensed than the Sword of the Soul!

Could this sword kill a third-level Nascent Soul?

“Feng Hanxiao, kill that kid!”

Hu Zixu saw through the crucial point and growled.

#### **Chapter 204: Huang Six Transformed into a Demon to Kill the Demons**

It was true that Tu Sunshi was at the second level of the Heaven Realm. It was not bad that his combat strength could surpass his level.

However, with Tu Sunshi’s cultivation, he was still unable to really hurt Hu Zixu, who was at the third level of the Nascent Soul realm.

With the help of Han Muye’s sword, Tu Sunshi had the strength to kill a third-level Nascent Soul.

In a sense, the sword condensed by the Mystic Sun Technique contained power that was even more dense and agile than Dharma treasures.

Of course, it was still unknown if there were any true Dharma treasures in the Western Frontier.

Hearing Hu Zixu’s cry, Feng Hanxiao moved, knocked away Lu Hao and the others, and slashed his long saber at Han Muye.

“Have you asked me, the Grand Elder, if you want to kill my disciple?”

Lu Hao shouted, and the Golden Core above his head flew out and exploded.

Self-destructing Golden Core.

The power of the Golden Core’s self-destruction caused the clouds to churn. He turned to look at Han Muye and without a word, he held his sword and clashed with Feng Hanxiao’s long saber.

“Boom—”

Feng Hanxiao took a step forward and twisted his saber, shattering the clouds Lu Hao had stirred up.

Peak Golden Core, half-step Heaven Realm cultivator, Lu Hao, had died.

“Boom—”

On the other side, Tu Sunshi slashed down with his sword.

The black tiger demon Hu Zixu held his long rod in front of him and blocked the sword light.

Under the sword, Hu Zixu was forced to move a thousand feet away. Tu Sunshi raised his sword and slashed down again.

On this side, the blocked wind blew forward again.

This time, the person standing in front of him was the Grand Elder of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Chang Yuanhe.

“Boy, don’t die.”

Chang Yuanhe said to Han Muye, then exploded his Golden Core without hesitation.

Half-step Heaven Realm.

Great Golden Core cultivator.

Everyone only said one sentence before detonating their Golden Core.

After cultivating for thousands of years, it had only turned into this dazzling scene.

“Is it worth it...?”

Han Muye, who was standing in place, muttered to himself.

“Do you think they are trying to save you?”

Beside Han Muye, the calm girl holding a light jade fan said indifferently, “They are protecting the cultivation foundation of our Western Frontier.”

Ice Freezing Over, Luo Xiaoyu.

She was the direct disciple of the Spiritual Dao Sect’s elder, Zheng Wangyuan.

“The foundation of the cultivation world of the Western Frontier is not you, me, Senior Tu Sunshi, or the hundreds of millions of cultivators below.”

Spiritual light rose from Luo Xiaoyu’s body, and the jade fan in her hand scattered cold air around.

“The foundation of the cultivation world in the Western Frontier is the courage to fight and the courage to die.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she had already taken a step forward and summoned a cold stream of light in her hand.

Unfortunately, her attack couldn't even hurt Feng Hanxiao.

The cold stream of light shattered ten feet away from Feng Hanxiao.

A great demon at the third level of the Heaven Realm was really a formidable being.

Li Three held her sword and stood silently beside Han Muye.

Below, countless cultivators looked up and watched as the great cultivators self-destructed.

He watched as the Southern Wasteland Great Demon approached Han Muye step by step.

"Die. When he dies, I'll activate the power of the blood sacrifice.

"I want to see him die before I leave this side of the world."

Tang Chi gritted his teeth and stared at the sky. There was joy and cruelty in his eyes.

Dark demonic light wrapped around him.

Looking up at the sky, a complicated expression flashed across his face.

Turning around, he looked at the nervous Lu Qingping.

Seeing him looking at her, Lu Qingping smiled.

"Brother Zhenxiong, go ahead."

Lu Qingping held his hand tightly and then gently let go.

"If." Lu Qingping lowered her head and said softly, "Don't worry, I'll live well."

Huang Six laughed and reached out to stroke Lu Qingping's black hair. "I didn't drink too much last night."

Lu Qingping trembled and looked up, her face flushed.

Huang Six laughed and stepped forward with his sword.

"Brother!"

Someone below exclaimed, and countless people looked up at him.

Huang Six looked back and shouted, "Brothers, protect Sixth Sister-in-law for me."

He took a step and flew into the air. Endless demonic light rose from his body.

"Brother!"

Han Muye gritted his teeth and looked at him.

He wanted to stop him.

It could activate the sword intent to help Tu Sunshi fight above his level. He had already used all his strength.

Huang Six grinned.

“Brother.”

Demonic light intertwined on Huang Six’s body, and demonic patterns climbed onto his face.

His gray hair turned blood-red.

The old face transformed into a young face that contrasted with the demonic patterns and had a sinister coldness.

But his eyes were bright.

“Little Xuan, let’s attack.”

Huang Six whispered.

The sword in his hand stabbed straight down.

He didn’t stab anywhere else. He stabbed himself in the chest.

Drops of dark blood fell.

Below Lu Qingping covered her mouth as tears fell from her eyes.

“Use my blood to attract the Heavenly Demon Qi.”

Huang Six extended a trembling finger, dipped it in black blood, and kept drawing.

In the void, a terrifying force was surging.

“Boom—”

Under Cloud Nest Mountain, demonic light surged towards Huang Six.

Then endless golden light exploded from his body.

The demonic light wrapped around him and turned into a black demonic armor.

Huang Six looked up at the sky and roared. The black halo on his body covered the sky.

Great demon.

This was a peerless great demon.

This power made Tu Sunshi and Hu Zixu, who were fighting in the sky, stop.

He had never seen such a powerful demonic aura before.

Sword light condensed in Huang Six’s hand, and black demonic patterns wrapped around the sword.

“Are you trying to kill my brother?”

He raised his hand and slashed his sword at Feng Hanxiao’s head.

This sword attracted all the demonic Qi in the sky and turned into a demonic shadow. A 10,000-foot demonic dragon roared and grabbed Feng Hanxiao's head.

Such power had already exceeded everyone's imagination.

In front of this demonic shadow dragon, it could not even resist.

How powerful was this?

Feng Hanxiao transformed into a 10-foot-long cloud leopard and was swallowed by the demonic dragon without even struggling.

After swallowing the Cloud Leopard, the demonic dragon turned around and looked at Tu Sunshi and Hu Zixu with its huge head.

The cold killing intent made the two of them look solemn.

Killing them was no more difficult than killing Feng Hanxiao.

A demon was a demon.

His killing intent surged.

Huang Six turned to look down.

The demonic light on his body rose and circulated, as if he was about to lose control.

Lu Qingping, who was protected by everyone, gently put down her hand and looked at him quietly.

Huang Six smiled. His missing teeth had healed at some point.

He flew and landed on top of the demonic dragon's head.

The Demon Dragon lowered its head unwillingly and carried Huang Six towards the place where the demonic light rose.

"After I leave this world, I will seal this spatial passageway again with the power of sealing.

"I can still maintain a hundred breaths of clarity. After a hundred breaths, I will leave the spatial passageway.

"It will take 15 minutes for the passage here to completely seal off the city. If any demonic creatures come from the passage, just kill them with all your might.

"I'm leaving."

Huang Six waved his hand and rode the demonic dragon into the endless demonic light.

His voice faltered, then came back. "If I can still remember you two, I'll come back."

The demonic light exploded, and the sound lingered.

Huang Six transformed into a great demon and killed the great demons of the Southern Wasteland.



Once a cultivator became a demon, most of them would eventually be infected by the demonic intent and lose their consciousness.

Huang Six took advantage of the fact that he still had a hundred breaths to leave because he did not want to hurt everyone.

No matter how reluctant he was, he had no choice but to leave.

Lu Qingping watched as Huang Six rode the demonic dragon away, covered in demonic light. Tears rolled down her face again.

The entire Cloud Nest Ridge was silent.

Spatial passage.

The passage to leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

After Huang Six rushed in, golden spiritual light rose. The passage seemed to be slowly closing.

“Roar—”

In the sky, the Greater Demon, Hu Zixu, transformed into a 10-foot-tall tiger and rushed into the spatial passageway.

As he rushed in, several more black shadows rushed into the passage.

Huang Six said that he would have a hundred seconds to seal this passage.

This passage would be sealed in fifteen minutes.

He only had 15 minutes to leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

It existed in the legendary cultivation world outside the Heaven Mystic World.

If he left Heaven Mystic, he would be able to live forever.

Such rumors had always circulated.

More figures rushed toward the tunnel.

Everyone wanted to live forever.

Tu Sunshi moved and landed beside Han Muye.

The sword light in his hand dissipated, and the remaining sword intent returned to Han Muye.

“I want to take a look outside the Heavenly Mystic World.”

Tu Sunshi looked emotional, his eyes shining.

“The sword technique that I’m so proud of and the cultivation that I thought I could dominate, only today did I realize that I’m just a frog at the bottom of a well.”

“Perhaps, there is something beyond Heaven Mystic that I’m searching for.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye nodded.

*For a great cultivator like Tu Sunshi, isn't the peak what he pursued?*

*He thought that he had already reached the peak, but he did not expect there to be an even higher level.*

*This kind of pursuit is the most motivating.*

"Senior, if you leave, what will happen to the Tai Yi Sword Sect?"

Han Muye spoke softly.

Tu Sunshi was the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. He supported the Tai Yi Sword Sect to become the number one sword sect in the Western Frontier.

If Tu Sunshi left, the Tai Yi Sword Sect would probably decline.

"Haha, that's their business."

Hearing Han Muye's question, Tu Sunshi laughed, then looked at Han Muye. "Kid, in the future, I'm afraid the sword cultivators of the Western Frontier will be under your care."

After working with Han Muye three times, Tu Sunshi had witnessed Han Muye's talent and accumulation in the sword.

Such a person would definitely suppress the sword path of the Western Frontier.

Tu Sunshi chose to leave, giving up on competing with Han Muye in the future.

"Okay."

Han Muye's expression was calm as he replied softly.

Good.

This sentence made Tu Sunshi laugh.

This was the responsibility a sword cultivator should have!

"Let's go."

With a loud shout, Tu Sunshi's body crashed into the slowly dissipating pillar of light.

Han Muye stood in front of the pillar of light, his sword intent and spiritual energy restrained as he watched quietly.

Someone quietly rushed into the pillar of light, but he did not stop them.

The fact that Huang Six could open this passageway today meant that he had given the cultivators of the Western Frontier an opportunity.

What place was on the other side of the passageway and what they would encounter would depend on their luck.

"Hmph, Han Muye, I won't argue with you anymore."

“It’s just the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. You can play with it.”

Tang Chi was covered in demonic aura. He looked at Han Muye and laughed. He led the group of black-robed people behind her and rushed into the pillar of light.

Li Three, who was standing beside Han Muye, placed her hand on the hilt of her sword and did not attack.

The pillar of light trembled, and the demonic light flashed.

It was almost a quarter of an hour.

The passage leading to outside Heavenly Mystic was about to be sealed.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief.

“Ah—”

“Evil demon! I don’t want to die—”

At this moment, the pillar of light shook. Tang Chi, who had passed through it, fled back in fear.

He had just flown out of the pillar of light when a ghastly white bone claw pierced through his back.

His blood-red heart exploded.

Han Muye took a step forward, and sword Qi soared from his body.

*Outlander demon?*

*Senior Yuan Tian could kill, Senior Mo Shenghua could kill, but I, Han Muye, can’t kill?*

## **Chapter 205: He is the Real Sword Cultivator**

The soaring sword light suppressed the light of the passage that was about to dissipate.

At this moment, all the gazes around Cloud Nest Ridge landed on Han Muye.

Han Muye slashed down, guiding the sword Qi that filled the sky to ruthlessly strike the demonic shadow that had rushed out of the passageway.

“Boom—”

The sword light shattered, and the demonic shadow was knocked back into the passageway.

“Roar—”

Golden light flashed in the passage, and demonic shadows flashed and roared.

Demons.

Outlander demons.

This term was unfamiliar yet not unfamiliar to the cultivation world.

Most cultivators in the cultivation world had never heard of it.

It was not unfamiliar because the ancient books of the major sects had records of the ravages of evil.

A single demon could kill countless mortals and wreak havoc for hundreds of years.

Demons were cunning, ferocious, and strange.

The key was that every evil demon was incomparably powerful.

The lowest cultivation level recorded in the ancient books was at least the fifth level of the Golden Core Realm.

The strongest was at the Heaven Realm.

The great demon disappeared eventually. No one knew where it came from or where it went.

Before everyone could heave a sigh of relief, a roar came from the passage.

Han Muye snorted coldly. Sword light rose from his body again, and he slashed down.

“Boom—”

The sword light collided with a demonic shadow and shattered again. The demonic shadow did not retreat into the passage but stood in front of the pillar of light.

This demonic shadow was covered in blood and bones. Its eyes were deep, and there were dark blue flames circulating.

The bone spikes on his body were like armor. They flickered with a dark halo and were stained with blood, making him look extremely ferocious.

“The smell of blood is really nostalgic...”

The demon threw the heart in its hand into its mouth and chewed it. Then it let out a strange laugh. The sound was like the friction of rubbing dry old branches together.

Although its voice was strange, it could be understood.

“It’s an outlander demon!”

Luo Xiaoyu, who was standing not far away, let out a low cry and raised her hand, releasing a cold light.

The cold light turned into an arrow and shot towards the blood-colored skeleton.

“Bam!”

The ice arrow shattered, and the demon bared its sharp fangs.

“Not strong enough.”

After saying that, it looked up at Han Muye. “Your sword still smells a little.”

The dissipating sword intent on Han Muye’s body condensed again, and battle intent rose in his eyes.

This evil demon was very powerful.

The demon’s gaze swept around, and its wizened face, covered in magic patterns, broke into a smile.

“Hehe, a world full of bloody food. Really, what a good place.”

The demon raised its arm and let out a piercing scream.

This sharp whistle seemed to be able to penetrate everyone’s eardrums and reach the depths of their minds.

Luo Xiaoyu and Li Three, who were standing nearby, were pale and staggered. They could not even stand up straight.

The small green soul sword in Han Muye’s divine treasure vibrated and resolved all the damage.

In the distance, all the cultivators below the Earth Realm were dizzy.

“It’s the Heavenly Demon Roar!”

“This evil demon is of the Heavenly Demon Clan.”

Several figures flew over from afar, and sword light and spiritual light collided with the evil demon.

These were the only Golden Core cultivators left on Cloud Nest Ridge.

Sun Mu of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was still alive.

“Boom—”

All the sword light and spiritual light were blocked by a gray iron curtain.

In the demon’s palm, a tattered iron umbrella gently rotated, raising a dark halo.

“Demon treasure! Run! This treasure is comparable to a Dharma treasure. With this, it can unleash the strength of a half-step Heaven Realm expert!”

Someone shouted and turned to flee.

Someone stood where he was and looked at the iron umbrella with greed in his eyes.

If he could obtain such a treasure, his combat strength would definitely increase greatly.

“Senior Brother Han, I’m afraid this demon is not simple. Leave first,” Sun Mu said in a low voice.

He shifted his body and shielded Han Muye behind him.

“Roar—”

The evil demon blocked all the sword light and spiritual light, rolled up the iron umbrella in its hand, raised its hand, turned it into a long saber, and slashed down fiercely.

A piercing scream could be heard in the cacophony and the saber flashed with blood.

Three Golden Core cultivators were cut into two.

“Let’s go. We can’t stop this demon!”

“Quickly report to the Spiritual Dao Sect and ask them to issue a Demon Slaying Token.”

The Golden Core cultivators who still harbored greed hurriedly fled in all directions.

They had survived the previous battle. If they didn’t leave now, wouldn’t they be seeking death?

After killing three Golden Cores with one slash, the bloody color of the long saber in the evil demon’s hand became even darker.

A stream of blood Qi was summoned. The evil demon took a long breath and swallowed the blood Qi.

After devouring blood and Qi, a layer of gray skin grew out from the bones of the evil demon.

It threw its head back and laughed, raising its hand to wave a long knife.

Countless roars sounded, and a demonic sound wreaked havoc, causing all the low-level cultivators within a hundred miles to fall to the ground with pale faces.

This demonic sound immediately penetrated the soul. Those without enough soul power could not resist it at all.

No one had expected the great demon that came out of the passage to be so powerful.

The strength of the demon turned the cultivators on the Cloud Nest Ridge into lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

Many cultivators who were far away realized that something was wrong. They quietly turned around and fled into the distance.

Those who were close were suppressed by the might of the evil demon, and even moving their feet was difficult.

The evil demon roared. Behind it, thousands of black-armored demons were about to rush out of the spatial passageway that still had a trace of spiritual light left.

These evil demons were tall and had thorns growing on their backs. Their eyes were red, and black demonic aura lingered on their heads, mouths, and noses.

If these demons rushed out of the passage, all the cultivators on Cloud Nest Ridge would probably be devoured.

“Li Xixi, I’ll detonate my Golden Core and create an opportunity. Use all your strength to ride the sword and take Senior Brother Han out of here.”

Sun Mu swept his gaze across the tens of thousands of cultivators on the Cloud Nest Ridge and said in a low voice, "These evil demons might not chase after you for a while."

Li Three nodded and gently raised the sword in her hand.

With the million cultivators of the Cloud Nest Ridge as bait, they protected the elites of the younger generation and left.

There was blood everywhere. These evil demons would not be interested in chasing after those who escaped.

It was not only Sun Mu who instructed her. There was also a Golden Core cultivator from the Spiritual Dao Sect standing in front of Luo Xiaoyu.

In the face of death, these people knew who to give up and who to sacrifice.

Sun Mu took a deep breath and slowly walked forward.

Just as spiritual light flashed on his body, Han Muye raised his hand and pressed his shoulder.

"I'll do it."

The sword light on Han Muye's body appeared again.

He was confident that he could get away.

But if he walked away today, his heart would never be at peace again.

There were nearly a million cultivators on Cloud Nest Ridge.

There were Sixth Sister-in-law, Jiang Han, Zhao Youzhi, Song Qi, He Xuanqi, and countless Western Frontier cultivators he was familiar with.

If he didn't have the strength to fight, he would turn around and escape. When his cultivation level increased in the future, he would kill the evil demon, and avenge everyone.

But now he was reluctant to go.

He had the Sword of the Soul in his divine treasure.

There were 51 sword intents in his Qi Sea.

There was a sword intent in his dantian, and 17 immortal-grade pills.

*I haven't even fought yet, so why am I leaving!* he thought.

Taking a step forward, sword light condensed on Han Muye's body.

In one step, 17 Immortal Grade Pills exploded.

The instantaneous burst of spiritual light turned into a cloud pillar that covered Han Muye's figure.

The Destiny and Purple Flame swords intersected. The two sword intents directly fused and transformed into the Prairie Fire Sword Technique.

A fire dragon roared as it emerged and slammed into the demon's chest.

Back then, Patriarch Tao Ran and Sword Pavilion's elder, Gao Changgong, almost injured a Heaven Realm cultivator with a sword. He was Wind Spiritual Sword Sect Master, Zhang Cheng.

Today, the 17 Immortal Grade Pills in Han Muye's dantian exploded, and the spiritual energy was not much weaker than two half-step Heaven Realm cultivators.

When this sword was unleashed, the power of the fire dragon directly knocked the evil demon back and it fell back into the spatial passageway.

The demon roared and was about to rush out when Han Muye flew up and crashed into the spatial passageway.

"He, he wants to die with the evil demon?" Luo Xiaoyu's expression was complicated as she whispered, "He is the real sword cultivator..."

"Clang—"

With a sword cry, Li Three, who was holding a black sword, flew into the spatial passageway.

In the distance, because the evil demon had fallen back into the spatial passageway, the mental suppression power of the Heavenly Demon Roar had disappeared. Countless low-level cultivators stood up.

Without hesitation, someone turned and fled.

Someone holding a sword Dharma artifact rushed towards the spatial passageway.

"Take Sixth Sister-in-law away."

Zhao Youzhi, who only had one arm, spoke softly.

"Sixth Brother killed the great demon and turned into a demon to leave. We can't let Sixth Sister-in-law get hurt again."

The cultivators standing beside Lu Qingping nodded.

Lu Qingping's expression was complicated. She clenched her fists and did not refuse.

"I'll go help Senior Brother Han." Zhao Youzhi's eyes lit up as he held the broken sword in his hand tightly.

"It's just death."

As soon as he finished speaking, he flew towards the faint spiritual light pillar.

On the distant mountain range, the eyes of a female cultivator in a man's black robe and white martial arts clothes flickered.

She looked at the cultivators rushing into the passageway and smiled.

"I didn't expect that the Western Frontier still had some guts. That guy looks like a sword cultivator."



As she spoke, she held a sheathed black sword in her hand and took a step forward. Her figure crossed thousands of feet and landed on the pillar of light coming through the spatial passageway.

"If not for the mission, I really want to leave the Heavenly Mystic World and see the outside world."

The female cultivator muttered as her figure silently landed in the spatial passageway.

"Boom—"

As soon as they entered the spatial passageway, deafening battle roars sounded.

Golden light filled the path ahead. In the passage that was slowly sealing the town, a sword light emitted a dazzling spiritual light.

The intensity of this sword light suppressed all the demonic Qi in the passageway.

"Mystic Sun Technique?" The female cultivator stared at the sword light gathered on Han Muye's body and whispered.

"So he's who the Prime Minister said he is."

"Bam—"

The sword light collided with the demonic light and shattered. The sword intent was exhausted.

"Let me see how much sword intent you still have."

The demon roared, and the long saber in his hand slashed at Han Muye's head with fiery flames.

"Buzz—" Above Han Muye's head, the sword light rose again and collided with the long saber.

Han Muye did not take a step back. The evil demon retreated and collided with the black-armored demons behind him.

"Roar—"

"If I hadn't been suppressed here for 10,000 years, how could I have been repelled by a mere sword intent!"

The evil demon roared angrily and grabbed a black-armored demon beside him. It crushed its body with its claws, and black demonic Qi surged and gathered on its body.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the Destiny and Purple Flame swords merged, forming another sword light that swept back.

Countless black-armored demons were engulfed in flames and roared as they turned into ashes.

Han Muye had long discovered that the Mystic Sun Technique was created to suppress demons.

**Chapter 206: The 29th Sword Intent Seals the Evil Demon**

“Go to hell—”

The furious demon raised its hand, and the demon treasure saber in its hand turned into a spear.

Holding the spear, the great evil demon directed endless demonic Qi towards Han Muye.

The spatial passageway was about to be sealed. If this evil demon did not rush out, it would be sealed again.

It had been 10,000 years. It was indignant.

“Hum—”

Han Muye raised his hand, and the shadow of a sword filled with sword intent rose.

His two swords guided the sword light, and with one move, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, he knocked the evil demon back.

This move could rival a Heaven Realm expert!

Before the evil demon could turn around, Han Muye raised his hand and executed Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords again.

The sword light was powerful and dazzling!

“Boom—”

The demon retreated again.

The black-robed female cultivator muttered, “Is this the eighth sword intent or the ninth?”

“Boom—”

Another technique.

“10th.”

“11th.”

Li Three, Zhao Youzhi, and the others, who had rushed into the spatial passageway and were prepared to fight to the death, widened their eyes and watched as Han Muye’s two swords slashed down.

*What sword technique, what skill, what strategy, they thought.*

None of them could withstand the infusion of sword intent that erupted from the Immortal Grade Pill and the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Demonic experts already had the combat power of a half-step Heaven Realm expert. With a demonic treasure in hand, they could kill three Golden Core cultivators with a single slash.

However, in this passageway, in the face of the spiritual energy that erupted from Han Muye's immortal-quality pill and the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords infused with sword intent, they could only retreat.

One step back, then another.

How could it not retreat before the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?

"Lunatic. You condensed so much sword intent. Do you think your lifespan is too long?" The black-robed female cultivator clenched her sword and stared at Han Muye.

However, the light in her eyes became more obvious.

"I don't believe you still have sword intent!" the demon roared.

"Boom—"

The sword light fell.

"You can't have any more sword intent!" The demon's voice was hoarse.

"Boom—"

Head-on, another slash.

"Absolutely not. You must not—"

"Boom—"

"Boom—"

"Boom—"

It was unknown if it was the 29th sword light or the 30th.

It shook and crashed into the golden curtain of light behind it, enveloped by the curtain of light.

The light curtain pulled the evil demon's body back.

The demon roared and struggled, holding the demonic spear in its hand, wanting to rush out of the light screen.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a magnificent sword light slashed down. The sword light cut off the evil demon's arm, and it fell along with the demonic treasure.

The demon roared in pain. It was filled with endless unwillingness, endless grievance, and endless hatred. Its figure was pulled into the golden light curtain and disappeared into the passage.

Han Muye reached out and put the severed arm and the demonic treasure into his storage ring.

Around him, countless black-armored demons rushed over, wanting to snatch the demonic treasure.

Such a treasure was fatal to the fiend race.

"Clang—"

With a soft sword hum, Zhao Youzhi gently slashed with the broken sword in his left hand, directly tearing apart the two black-armored demons.

On the other side, Li Three's sword flashed. After the sword pierced through a black-armored demon, it stabbed another black-armored demon.

The two of them slashed out with their sword lights, clearing the space around Han Muye.

"What a beautiful sword technique..."

The black-robed female cultivator walked forward with her sword and looked at the sword light around Han Muye with surprise.

"Let's go. This place is about to be sealed. If we don't leave now, we won't be able to go back."

The black-robed female cultivator looked at Han Muye and shouted. Then, she raised her hand, and a sword light shone.

"Slash—"

The sword light flashed and dissipated.

"Boom—"

Hundreds of black-armored demons exploded.

*She killed hundreds of black-armored demons with one sword thrust!*

*What a domineering sword technique!*

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the sword in the female cultivator's hand.

The Mystic Sun Sword.

The female cultivator turned around and left. Han Muye took a deep breath and the remaining 19 sword intents in his sea of Qi slowly retracted. The three sword pills in his dantian rotated, suppressed the surging spiritual energy, and quickly followed.

The others protected Han Muye and rushed out of the spatial passageway with thin spiritual light.

When Han Muye and the others stepped out of the spatial passageway, dozens of black-armored demons followed.

Then the spatial passageway completely dissipated, and the pillar of light disappeared.

The dozens of black-armored demons stood on the spot and looked around at the millions of Western Frontier cultivators with blank expressions.

Demons also knew fear.

Han Muye was not interested in turning around and killing those dozens of black-armored demons.

He followed the black-robed female cultivator to the cliff of Cloud Nest Ridge.

Standing on the cliff, Han Muye smiled as he watched countless cultivators drown the Black-armored Demon.

These ordinary cultivators did not know how many times they had been on the verge of death.

When five Heaven Realm demons besieged Tu Sunshi, it was not Han Muye's sword of the soul that helped Tu Sunshi kill the demons. The Cloud Nest Ridge had already fallen.

If not for the fact that Huang Six had killed a third-level Nascent Soul great demon and the two great demons had defeated or killed Tu Sunshi, then the entire Western Frontier's cultivators in the Cloud Nest Ridge would probably have blood flowing like a river.

When the evil demon was born, its roar could suppress an area of a hundred miles.

The agitated cultivators below the cliff had no idea that there were countless black-armored demons in the spatial passageway.

If that powerful evil demon led these black-armored demons out of the spatial passageway, all the cultivators on the mountain would become food for the demons.

Sometimes, ignorance was a blessing.

"The duty of the Mystic Sun Guards is to protect Heaven Mystic so that Heaven Mystic cultivators and mortals can live freely," the black-robed female cultivator said in a low voice.

The female cultivator turned around and looked at Han Muye.

"Han Muye? The caretaker of the Nine Mystic Sword School's Sword Pavilion?"

Han Muye nodded.

"I have been to the Sword Pavilion on orders of the Minister."

The female cultivator's words stunned Han Muye.

He recalled the attention he had attracted when the sword Qi was poured into the Mystic Sun Sword.

He did not expect Wen Xiang to order people to come to the Sword Pavilion.

"After cultivating the Mystic Sun Technique, you have the qualifications to become a reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards."

The female cultivator's gaze landed on Han Muye, and she said indifferently, "I see that your cultivation and combat strength can rank about 250th among the 300 reserve commanders of the Mystic Sun Guards."

Han Muye didn't know if the ranking the female cultivator was talking about included his Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords or not.

With the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, his sword intent could fight against a half-step Heaven Realm expert. He could suppress the evil demons in the spatial passageway and seal them.

With such combat power, I can only be counted as a halfwit? Han Muye thought.

“Don’t think that just because you have good combat strength and are considered top-notch among the younger generation of the Western Frontier, you can be proud.” As if seeing through Han Muye’s thoughts, the female cultivator spoke indifferently.

“There are 300 reserve commanders in the Central Continent. Every one of them can fight above their level. It’s not difficult for the top 100 to kill a half-step Heaven Realm expert alone.”

*That strong?*

*Is that it, or is she a reserve commander?*

In the Mystic Sun Sword that Xia Yi had given him, Han Muye had seen the power of the Central Continent.

However, he did not expect them to be so powerful.

“Then, what about the official commander?” Han Muye asked curiously.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the female cultivator smiled. “Do you know why the great demons of the Southern Wasteland are attacking the Western Frontier this time?

“They had no choice but to break out of the encirclement and move west because they were suppressed by Commander Qian Yiming.

“How strong do you think an official commander of the Southern Garrison is?”

At this point, pride flashed across the female cultivator’s face. “However, he’s not my second uncle’s match, so he wants to win with military merits.”

*Second Uncle?*

Han Muye recalled the information he had obtained from Xia Yi’s Mystic Sun Sword and the information Hu Taisheng had told him back then.

“Lu Yang, Butcher Lu?”

Han Muye spoke softly.

The female cultivator looked at Han Muye curiously. “You know the name Butcher Lu?

“My name is Lu Xiaoyun, 18th reserve commander.

“In thirty years, don’t be absent from the competition for the position of new commander.”

The female cultivator looked down and suddenly smiled. “You won’t mind if I kidnap a few of your people, right?”

With that, she flew down the cliff.

Han Muye stood on the cliff and didn’t move.

“Thirty years later, there will be a fight for the new commander of the Mystic Sun Guards position.”

His current combat strength could only be ranked 250th.

Clenching his fist gently, Han Muye's blood began to boil again.

In his dantian, three sword pills vibrated. In his divine treasure, the small green sword emitted sword lights.

It would be interesting to compete with the experts of the Central Continent!

In the battle on the Cloud Nest Ridge, he had seen Tu Sunshi kill four Heaven Realm experts with a single sword strike. He had seen Huang Six kill a third-stage Nascent Soul realm demon with a single strike. He had seen the world outside the Heavenly Mystic.

In the Western Frontier, Han Muye felt that he would eventually leave.

....

Seven days later, Spiritual Dao Sect sent a new half-step Heaven Realm expert to hold down the fort.

This Grand Elder named Wang He also brought news.

The commander of the Red Flame Army's rebel army, Gao He, who had been hiding in the Spiritual Dao Sect, made use of the time when the Spiritual Dao Sect's First Elder, the Myriad Transformations Sage, was in seclusion to disturb him and severely injure him.

Gao He took the opportunity to break open the spatial passageway sealed by the Spiritual Dao Sect and leave the Western Frontier.

This was also the reason why the Myriad Transformations Sage did not come to Cloud Nest Mountain immediately after the collapse of Fengshou Mountain.

If the Myriad Transformations Sage came to the Cloud Nest Ridge personally and joined forces with Tu Sunshi, he would really not be afraid of the great demons of the Southern Wasteland.

That Red Flame Army's defector commander led his troops to attack the Sword Pavilion and sacrifice the Cloud Nest Ridge. However, he did not expect that the real place of his plan was the spatial passageway guarded by the Spiritual Dao Sect.

After a thousand years, the 3,000 troops had been exhausted, and they had left the Heavenly Mystic for him.

Such a scheme was really terrifying.

Han Muye returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain with a group of disciples from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect after the arrival of the Wood Lineage's Grand Elder, Wu Ziyuan.

In the battle in the Southern Wasteland, they had lost several Heaven Realm experts, including two third-level Nascent Soul demons. One of them died, and the other left the Heavenly Mystic. With such a loss in combat strength, they were temporarily unable to attack.

After Gao He and the others arrived, they organized an army and returned to Fengshou Mountain.

When a group of disciples of the Yuntai Dao Sect returned to Yuntai Mountain and saw the ground of Yuntai Mountain that had been scraped, countless disciples cried out loud, gritted their teeth, and cursed, "You're not human."

At this moment, Han Muye was already on the flying ship returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Opposite him sat the white-robed elite disciple of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, Sun Jinshi.

"Senior Brother Han."

Sun Jinshi looked at Han Muye, reached into his pocket, and unfolded a piece of paper.

"This is the bill the Patriarch gave me before he left.

"The Sect Master of the Tai Yi Sword Sect has already signed this bill."

Han Muye looked down and saw the word "Bill" written on the paper.

There was also a long string of numbers at the back. All kinds of resources were converted.

Anyway, there were a total of 85 million spiritual rocks.

"Senior Brother Han, our Tai Yi Sword Sect won't renege on the debt that Patriarch owes."

Taking a deep breath, Sun Jinshi whispered, "However, we can't repay it all at once now.

"A hundred years. The Sect Master said that our Tai Yi Sword Sect will pay you a million spiritual rocks to you every year for a hundred years."

A million a year, a hundred million in a hundred years.

The interest was not small.

Han Muye smiled.

A nod.

He understood what the Tai Yi Sword Sect meant.

## **Chapter 207: Returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Bell Told Six Times**

Spiritual rocks were actually a small matter.



Han Muye did not believe that the number one sword sect in the Western Frontier could not take out 10,000 superior-grade spiritual rocks.

The Tai Yi Sword Sect had dragged on to divide these spiritual rocks into a hundred years because they wanted to be related to him and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Perhaps this was also one of Tu Sunshi's plans.

Without Tu Sunshi holding down the fort, how many more years could the Tai Yi Sword Sect hold the position of the number one sword sect in the Western Frontier?

Wasn't the biggest threat to the Tai Yi Sword Sect other than the sect master's seclusion, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

As long as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Tai Yi Sword Sect secretly formed an alliance, they would have the ability to resist the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect together.

It was fine if Tu Sunshi returned a hundred years later, but if he didn't, and the Tai Yi Sword Sect still didn't have a Heaven Realm expert, then so be it.

Han Muye reached out and tapped a wisp of sword Qi on the paper in front of him, leaving his mark.

Sun Jinshi tore open the paper scroll and split it into two. He put one away and handed the other to Han Muye solemnly before leaving the flying ship.

Han Muye accepted the book and closed his eyes to cultivate.

Ten days later, the flying ship returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

This time, more than a thousand disciples had returned with him.

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

The bell tolled six times.

Han Muye was wearing a black robe and holding a broken sword in both hands. He stood in front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Sect Master Jin Ze, who looked much older, led the elders and disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to stand in line.

“In the battle of Cloud Nest Ridge, Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Grand Elder, Lu Hao, used his body to stop the demonic spirits and sacrificed himself fearlessly. Today, he returned with a sword.”

Han Muye shouted loudly, and the news spread throughout the entire Nine Mystic Mountain.

He looked up at the mountain gate of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The words ‘Nine Mystic Sword Sect’ shone brightly.

This school represented a group of sword cultivators.

A group of cultivators chasing after the sword, a group of cultivators with swords in their hearts.

Life and death were important, and friendship was important.

The Dao in the heart was more important.

When Lu Hao helped Han Muye resist the great demons, he only said, “Did you ask me, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Grand Elder, when you wanted to kill a disciple of my Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

That was all.

After hundreds of years of cultivation, he had sacrificed himself.

This was a sword cultivator.

Apart from life and death, there was only one sword.

This sword in the hand and in the heart.

When the sword broke, and the body fell, the heart had no regrets.

There might be schemes, strife, and indifference in the Sword Sect, but at this moment, everyone had a sword in his heart.

“Presenting the sword to the sword pavilion—”

Jin Ze shouted and took a step forward. He held Lu Hao’s sword with both hands, his eyes sparkling with water vapor.

Han Muye, who had given the sword away, turned around and walked towards the pavilion.

“Welcome back, Elder Lu Hao—”

The gold lineage disciples behind him bowed to the broken sword. Someone was sobbing.

This was cultivation.

This was the world of cultivators.

....

When they returned to the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao, Lin Shen, Yang Mingxuan, and the others welcomed them.

Han Muye looked at everyone and said nothing.

Everyone stood in front of the sword pavilion in silence.

Han Muye did not bring Sixth Brother back.

Gao Xiaoxuan did not return either.

Although Huang Six did not die, it was almost impossible for his soul to recover after transforming into a great demon.

Even if he could recover his soul, would he still have a chance to return after going to the outside world?

In any case, there was no legend of anyone returning from the Outer Realm to the Western Frontier.

Not a single one.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Yang Mingxuan. He reached out and patted his shoulder, saying in a low voice, "Sect Master Yang said that you don't have to collect his corpse.

"One day, you can go and take back the position of the Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect."

Yang Mingxuan gritted his teeth, his eyes red, and nodded heavily.

Han Muye waved his hand and walked into the Sword Pavilion. He walked up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, then sat behind the long table and looked out the window.

He sat there for three days.

For three days, he did not move or speak.

Three days later, he got up and walked down the stairs, appearing on the first floor of the sword pavilion.

“Senior Brother Han is here. Brother Lu, go and prepare a table of good dishes.” Jiang Ming, who was sitting behind the long table, shouted.

At the door, Lu Gao paused, turned, and ran.

Han Muye walked to the long table and unfolded the book on it.

The book was filled with records of the return of the sword.

From Fengshou Mountain to Cloud Nest Ridge, as many as a thousand disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had died.

Among them, Han Muye saw many familiar names.

Lu Yizeng.

Sun Dayong.

Tao Shiwu.

....

Lu Hao.

“The sect master personally placed the Grand Elder’s sword on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion for the time being.” Jiang Ming looked at Han Muye and whispered.

In the Sword Pavilion, other than Han Muye, no one was qualified to receive the Grand Elder’s sword.

Jin Ze personally sent the sword to the second floor to place it.

Han Muye nodded and closed the book.

Lu Gao returned quickly.

Liu Hong, who had received the news from somewhere, also followed.

Everyone sat around the small table and looked at the table full of dishes, but no one moved.

Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan were missing from the table.

Han Muye reached out and took out a small gourd, then filled the glasses in front of everyone.



“In the future, I, Han Muye, will go to the outer realm and return with Sixth Brother and Gao Xiaoxuan.”

Han Muye picked up his glass and drained it.

“I, Lu Gao, will definitely go to the outer realm and return with Sixth Brother and Gao Xiaoxuan.”

“I, Lin Shen, will definitely go to the outer realm and return with Sixth Brother and Gao Xiaoxuan.”

....

Everyone put the wine into their mouths, but they did not taste any alcohol.

This wine was just a glass of water.

Back then, Lu Ten used water to exchange for Li Three’s Heartbreak Wine.

Li Three did not return to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

She and Zhao Youzhi led Jiang Han and the others to the Central Continent with Lu Xiaoyun.

According to Lu Xiaoyun, she had kidnapped them.

Han Muye understood that whether it was Li Three or Zhao Youzhi, their sword cultivation talent was extraordinary.

After witnessing the suppression of the great cultivators in the battle at Cloud Nest Ridge, his desire for cultivation and combat strength had reached the ultimate.

Only by leaving the Western Frontier and heading to the holy land of cultivation, Central Continent, would they have a chance to step into a realm that they did not dare to imagine before.

Han Muye was glad they had such a choice.

He would go to the Central Continent too.

He took a few sips of water wine and did not touch the dishes on the table.

Watching Lu Gao and Liu Hong clean up the table and chopsticks, Han Muye suddenly understood how the Sword Pavilion elder felt back then.

Cultivation would eventually make one drift further and further away from the mortal world.

He would probably rarely come downstairs to eat such ordinary food in the future.

He returned to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion and sat cross-legged. Sword Qi spiritual light rose from his body.

At this moment, there was a spiritual sword Qi in his divine treasure.

This soul sword Qi was left behind by the Sword Pavilion's senior, Mo Shenghua. It was extremely powerful.

There were still 19 sword intents in his sea of Qi.

Two of them had already become powerful sword force.

In his dantian, 90% of the power of all the immortal-grade pills had been consumed, and the remaining power expanded his dantian space.

A spiritual energy vortex was slowly spinning.

The first level of the nine-story cloud platform was almost filled with spiritual energy.

Three sword pills floated, and a sword intent suppressed.

First level of the Spiritual Energy Foundation Establishment, about to reach the second level.

With the remaining immortal-grade pill power in the dantian, he could quickly reach the second level of Foundation Establishment without cultivating.

There were not many changes to his body-tempering strength, but after fighting continuously, his strength had improved a little.

Thinking of the power of his muscles and bones, Han Muye raised his hand, holding a broken arm in his palm.

This broken arm was shriveled, leaving only a layer of gray and black armor wrapped around it. Dark golden bones could be seen.

Demon arm bones.

The reason why Han Muye left behind this arm bone was to use it to cultivate his body tempering technique.

Spiritual light flashed in his palm, and a layer of flames rose.

This was a refining technique.

The moment the flames rose, another sword Qi appeared and surrounded the arm bone.

Sword Qi Alchemy Technique.

He raised his hand and a sword case landed in front of him.

This sword case contained the Destiny and Purple Flame Swords.

Han Muye waved his hand, and the flames wrapped around the sword case.

The demonic arm bone turned into a golden stream of light and landed on the sword case, slowly fusing into it.

When the flames dissipated, golden marks appeared on the sword case.

Holding the sword case with both hands and putting it behind his back, Han Muye grinned slightly.

A suppressed force entered his body from the sword case.

This power kept fusing into his body, polishing his bones and bloodline.

By carrying the sword case on his back, he could continuously temper his muscles and bones.

The power of this demonic arm bone was enough for him to cultivate his physical strength to the Earth Realm without worrying.

After refining the sword case, Han Muye took a deep breath. Light surrounded his hands as he activated the power of his sword intent.

“Hum—”

The sword intent in his dantian transformed into green sword light, and the three sword pills lined up beside him.

With a flip of his hands, a green, tattered, rusty iron umbrella landed in front of him.

As soon as the iron umbrella appeared, it seemed unwilling to fly away.

Demonic treasure.

It was equivalent to a Dharma treasure.

Such a treasure could even kill a Heaven Realm expert.

If Tu Sunshi had such a treasure in his hands, the great demons of the Southern Wasteland would probably think twice.

“Hum—”

The three sword pills turned into stars and waved their sword lights, enveloping the iron umbrella.

The iron umbrella shook, and black demonic qi rose from it.

The green sword light above Han Muye's head pressed down, but it was swept away by the demonic aura.

He tried a few methods, but they were unable to disperse the demonic aura in the iron umbrella.

Han Muye understood that this was because his cultivation level was insufficient.

Normal.

The sword pavilion had taken in a heavy sword of resentment and had to slowly suppress it, let alone this demonic treasure.

Sword light surrounded his body. Light circulated in Han Muye's hand as he led the iron umbrella down to the middle of the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

A golden light flashed and he disappeared.

When he appeared again, he was already in a quiet room with a radius of twenty feet.

This was the basement of the Sword Pavilion.

It was where the white fox was suppressed.

It was also where the spatial passageway was sealed.

Back then, Huang Six had been cultivating here.

This quiet room was empty except for a small table with a wooden shelf in front of it.

Han Muye placed the iron umbrella on the wooden shelf. A golden light landed on the iron umbrella, suppressing the demonic light on it.

This golden light was triggered by the power of countless swords in the sword pavilion. The power was so strong that the demonic aura on the iron umbrella sizzled, as if it had been corroded by a powerful force.

It wouldn't take long for the demonic aura to dissipate.

Glancing at the golden metal umbrella, Han Muye turned around and looked at the small table in front of him.

On the small table was a palm-sized box and a wooden comb.



Lu Xiaoyun said that she had come to the Sword Pavilion to investigate, but she did not touch anything in the Sword Pavilion.

Things in the sword pavilion were related to the Minister. They were not something she could touch.

Han Muye looked at the wooden box on the small table. There was a hidden button at the opening and a small hole.

He raised his hand and pulled out the small black sword in his hair, gently inserting it into the small hole.

“Bada.”

The wooden box’s hidden lock opened.

Reaching out to open the wooden box, there were two strands of hair tied together. Beside them, there was a yellowed paper roll.

He gently opened the paper scroll. On it was a line of small words.

‘Black hair and white hair, companions for 10,000 years.’

**Chapter 208: The Spell of the Mortal World, Second Level of Foundation Establishment**

The hairs were knotted.

*Never leave?* he mused.

*To seal one's love as a mortal couple?*

Han Muye trembled when his gaze landed on the scroll.

Those words were like burning flames that instantly landed in his mind, turning into golden shadows.

Light and shadow flowed, and images appeared.

A green-robed Confucian scholar with large sleeves.

A girl in clothes that were whiter than snow, with red sleeves that accentuated the white dress.

The young man in the image had a brilliant literary aura. With a brush, he wrote with aplomb.

That girl was smart and affectionate.

The famous mountains and great rivers, ancient places and majestic cities.

The young man carried his book bag and traversed the Central Continent with the white-robed maidservant.

The girl accompanied the young man and watched him comprehend the concept of mountains and rivers. She cheered and jumped, hugging him and crying.

She watched him discuss the Dao with the great Confucian scholars, refilled his tea, and warmed his wine with faint smiles.

She watched as he entered the Dao and suppressed demons with his literary compositions.

The young man's green robe was replaced by an imperial robe, and his immaturity transformed into calmness.

The girl was still the same girl. The young man had become a scholar.

The people cheered, the officials worshiped him, and the world bestowed a golden seal on him.

The scholar naturally had to have the world in his heart.

How could a Minister only give his heart to a small white fox?

That night, as he composed poems under the moonlight in the accompaniment of wine and dance, the girl drank the poisoned wine and danced in a chaotic way.

That night, the Minister wrote, 'A light message from the mountains and rivers, and the present will be forgotten in a single dream.'

When the white fox reappeared, it was already trapped in the combat room.

Under the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion.

There are sealed towns here.

With the power of the seal, the little white fox could not leave for 10,000 years.

Cursing, biting, and crying, the power of sealing turned into a half-grown child who accompanied the little white fox and eased her anxieties with smiles.

One day, the seal broke and the white fox left. The half-grown child sighed and shook his head before leaving with her.

Gao Xiaoxuan and the little white fox.

*So this was their past and present lives?*

*The white fox was that affectionate girl. Was Gao Xiaoxuan transformed from the array spirit that suppressed her?*

Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng, the Sage of the Confucian Dao, had ultimately let down a beauty for the sake of the country.

Han Muye sighed and was about to hide the image in his mind when the golden figure suddenly moved again.

This time, it was a different image.

At the age of 12 or 13, a child returned from picking herbs in the forest and saved a seriously injured white fox.

After he treated it carefully, the white fox left.

Years later, a green-robed scholar and a white-robed girl met by the side of the Dao and accompanied each other.

When writing the poem, the scholar read it out loud. Afraid that the power of the poem would disturb the girl, he muttered it in a low voice, making people think that his Confucian cultivation was low.

When discussing the Dao, he was afraid that the girl would not be able to withstand the suppression of the power of Confucianism. The scholar was eloquent and never competed with others.

The further he went, the deeper the Confucian cultivation of the scholar.

A single stroke of ink from him could suppress the mountain demons.

A few words could echo the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

This went on until one day, the power of Heaven and Earth condensed, the wishes of the people merged, and the responsibility for the rise of Confucianism fell on the shoulders of the scholar.

He entered the Imperial City and took charge of the Academy.

He established the Mystic Sun Guards to suppress the demons in the world.

It turned out that there were so many things that needed to be done in this world.

Since he cared about the world, how could he care about love?

In the end, Minister Wen chose to send the girl away from the Heavenly Mystic.

Knowing that the girl was unwilling, Minister Wen chose a cup of sake and a poem to make the girl forget her mortal memories.

'A light message from the mountains and rivers, and the present will be forgotten in a single dream.'

Her memories dissipated with the poem.

Not fated to be together in this life, they parted ways.

In the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier, before sending the girl away, Minister Wen cut off a strand of her black hair and tied it with his own.

The image dissipated.

Looking at the tangled hair in front of him, Han Muye remained silent.

Two strands of hair, two different memories.

It turned out that there were no Great Demons under the Nine Mystic Mountain.

What was there was the resentment encapsulated in the white fox's hair, as well as the attachment of Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng.

The white fox's resentment did not dissipate, and it became a great demon after 10,000 years.

Gao Xiaoxuan had always accompanied the white fox.

The friendship in this world was the most difficult to understand.

Even a human Confucian Daoist like Minister Wen was powerless to resolve it. He could only use such an unforgettable method where both sides suffered.

*Right or wrong?*

*Did he regret it?*

“Hum—”

The golden halo in Han Muye’s mind turned into ancient inscriptions.

‘The Spell of the Mortal World.’

This was the condensation of the emotions in the world. It could protect one’s mind and allow one’s mind to be constantly refined in the mortal world.

Cultivation required mental cultivation the most.



Tu Sunshi's sword cultivation was the best in the Western Frontier, but he mingled in the mortal world of itinerant cultivators just to temper his heart with the mortal world.

This Spell of the Mortal World was stored in the mind, constantly vigilant and tempering the mind, allowing the mind to fuse with the mortal world and leave it.

This was the first time Han Muye had seen a cultivation technique that could refine one's heart.

At least in the Nine Mystic Sword School, he had never seen such a cultivation technique that could temper one's temperament.

In the entire Western Frontier, there might not be such a cultivation technique circulating.

Otherwise, Master Tu Sunshi wouldn't have needed to mix around with itinerant cultivators.

With such a cultivation technique, it could make up for the awkward situation of Han Muye's cultivation increasing too quickly and his temperament not being enough.

In Han Muye's opinion, the acquisition of this Spell of the Mortal World cultivation technique was more valuable to him than the demonic treasure.

The Spell of the Mortal World was hidden in the divine treasure, and a golden halo appeared between Han Muye's eyes.

This golden light seemed to be able to see through the world.

Looking down, he saw a wooden comb lying on the small case.

Picking up the wooden comb, Han Muye was a little stunned.

He had never seen this wooden comb before.

*Is this also left behind by Minister Wen?*

After placing the wooden comb in the wooden box, suppressing the strand of hair and the paper roll, and locking the wooden box, Han Muye left the quiet room.

Han Muye wasn't sure if Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng, who used his literary aura to suppress the world, was sentimental and loyal, or hypocritical.

In the future, when he went to the Central Continent, he might be able to understand more.

In the next few days, Han Muye had been cultivating in seclusion on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

On Cloud Nest Mountain Range, he had killed a Heaven Realm expert and fought an evil demon.

This experience was the foundation of one's mental state.

After a few days of seclusion, before the immortal-grade pill in his dantian was exhausted, he finally pushed his spiritual energy cultivation to the second level of Foundation Establishment.

Due to the help of the Great Demon Arm Bone, he could reach the ninth level of Qi Condensation in a few days.

Nine bull phantoms condensed behind him, and two white-fronted tigers roared silently.

Tremendous strength.

The strength of this body had already reached the level of clenching a fist to attract astral qi and waving his hand.

The next step was to establish the foundation of the Great Dao with physical strength and step into the Foundation Establishment realm.

The Body Foundation Establishment required a lot of resources. Han Muye had basically exhausted all the spirit stones and pills on hand and had no choice but to come out of seclusion.

"Uncle-Master."

When he walked down the sword pavilion to the door, Liu Hong hurriedly bowed.

He looked at Han Muye excitedly and said, "Uncle-Master, my grandfather has agreed to let me enter the Sword Pavilion."

This guy was a third-generation disciple of the Sword Sect. However, he usually did not do his job properly. That was why he was suppressed by his grandfather in the Treasure Pavilion to help deal with all kinds of missed items.

Han Muye had come to the sword pavilion because he was interested in the sword pill.

Unexpectedly, when he arrived at the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong realized that everyone in the Sword Pavilion was extraordinary.

As they got along, they had the idea of joining the Sword Pavilion.

Last time, Han Muye had said that as long as his grandfather agreed.

Liu Hong went back to look for his grandfather. The deacon elder of the Treasure Pavilion, Liu Chuanyi, directly grounded him.

What was the Sword Pavilion?

His sword Qi spread. A proper sword cultivator would be crippled if he went there.

However, when the Cloud Nest Ridge army returned, Han Muye's reputation spread.

The Sword Dao was immortal.

A man and a sword invited the number one sword cultivator of the Western Frontier, Tu Sunshi, to Yuntai Mountain.

He used the sword of the soul to help Tu Sunshi kill a Fourth Heaven Realm demon.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

A person with two swords entered the spatial passageway and sealed the outer realm demon.

Even Luo Xiaoyu, an elite of the Spiritual Dao Sect, and Sun Jinshi, a junior expert of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, said that among his peers, Senior Brother Han was extremely talented in the sword and did not dare to face him head-on.

There were more than a million cultivators in the Cloud Nest Mountain Range. Who didn't respect Huang Six's transformation into a demon in order to annihilate demons?

There were more than a million cultivators in the Cloud Nest Ridge. Who didn't know Senior Brother Han?

These two were both from the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye's reputation had spread to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Liu Chuanyi found Liu Hong. After a long discussion, he made three rules and promised him to enter the Sword Pavilion and be a sword caretaker.

"What did you and your grandfather agree on?"

Han Muye looked at Liu Hong and asked.

Liu Hong blushed and said shyly, "Actually, it's nothing. It's just that you're not allowed to go down the mountain or stay at the foot of the mountain."

"Also, my grandfather has arranged a marriage for me."

Han Muye nodded. This was not a big deal.

He knew what the sect meant by arranging for another Sword Caretaker.

After Huang Six left, the Sword Pavilion's current Sword Caretakers were all attracted by Han Muye.

This was not good for the sect.

Liu Hong was the third generation of the sect. He was willing to enter the Sword Pavilion to reassure the sect.

Han Muye also knew that the sect wanted to nurture him.

At least, he won against Tang Chi.

“Cultivate the cultivation technique of the Sword Pavilion with Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming first. After you can withstand the sword Qi entering your body, you will be in charge of the Sword Pavilion’s affairs.”

For the time being, Liu Hong could not withstand the sword Qi in the sword pavilion. He could only take it slow.

He had cultivated for three generations, unlike Han Muye, who had a rotten life when he entered the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Hong was disappointed.

He hoped that he could immediately become a Sword Caretaker.

Seeing his expression, Han Muye suddenly smiled and said, “Are you interested in those things?”

Liu Hong had told him about this before. Liu Hong felt that he seemed to have a special sense for many things that he could not tell their value.

Liu Hong nodded.

“How about this? In the future, go to the Treasure Pavilion and the various marketplaces more often. Bring back those that you think are good.”

Han Muye smiled and spoke.

This was a good job for Liu Hong.

Sure enough, Liu Hong smiled.

This job was not bad. It could test his talent and allow him to leave the mountain.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Bai Suzhen, who was wearing a pink dress, slowly walked over.

Her eyes flashed as she sized up Han Muye, who was standing on the stone steps with his hands behind his back. “Senior Brother Han, I really don’t know how many more tricks you have.”

She was really shocked when she heard about what happened on Cloud Nest Ridge.

Her understanding of Han Muye was that his talent in alchemy was unparalleled. She did not expect his sword technique and combat strength to be so powerful.



Seeing Han Muye's eyes, Bai Suzhen was slightly stunned.

For some reason, the golden light in Han Muye's eyes made her heart tremble, and she subconsciously lowered her head.

This was a divine light that could see through one's heart at a glance.

Han Muye shook his head and walked down the stone steps of the sword pavilion.

Bai Suzhen chuckled and followed.

"This, this is, towards the grove?" Liu Hong's eyes widened as he looked back at Lu Gao, who was leaning against the door.

Lu Gao shook his head and said, "I can't see."

Liu Hong punched the air angrily.

Han Muye walked on the mountain path and said calmly, "What did Sixth Sister-in-law say?"

Sixth Sister-in-law, Lu Qingping, did not accept Han Muye's invitation to come to the Nine Mystic Mountain. Instead, she returned to Jin Yang City.

Her and Huang Six's hometown.

## **Chapter 209: One Year**

Lu Qingping did not return to Jinyang City alone.

At least thousands of cultivators followed Lu Qingping to Jinyang City.

These people's cultivation levels were already at the Earth Realm, and the weakest was only at the Essence Cultivation Realm.

Before Huang Six left, many people were willing to repay him with their lives.

This was the cultivation world.

There were many people who were obsessed.

For a promise, there was no regret in life or death.

When Han Muye returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain, he asked Lu Gao to find Bai Suzhen and send someone to contact Lu Qingping.

Since Huang Six had left the Heavenly Mystic World, Han Muye naturally wouldn't let Lu Qingping suffer.

"A manager of the Bai family has already led a team to Jinyang City.

"In the future, they will reside in Jinyang City and establish a market."

At this point, Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, are you really going to give 10% of the profits to Sixth Sister-in-law?"

Han Muye's request was that he would pay half of the spiritual rocks in the market and also refine precious pills to sell in Jinyang City every year.

10% of the profits would be given to Lu Qingping.

Bai Suzhen calculated. This was not a small sum.

Even a cultivation sect with good strength would not have more than 10% of its annual income.

After all, the pills refined by Han Muye were all priceless.

"10%."

Han Muye nodded.

The most indispensable things in the cultivation world.

Wealth, precious things.

But in Han Muye's opinion, he had already left that realm.

Wealth was an external thing.

"Then, Senior Brother Han, are you still taking on the business of refining supreme-grade pills and immortal-grade pills?" Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye nervously.

Han Muye's indifferent attitude towards wealth made her feel uncertain.

"Why not?" Han Muye laughed and said, "Prepare some spiritual herbs in the next few days. I'm preparing to open the furnace."

If he didn't turn on the furnace soon, he would have trouble opening the cauldron.

The three sword pills in his dantian, the sword intent in his sea of Qi, the sword of the soul in his divine treasure, and the refinement of the body tempering technique. Which one of them wasn't a huge expenditure of spiritual energy?

One superior-grade spiritual rock was not enough for him to cultivate for two days.

The key was that he did not care about forcefully absorbing spiritual rocks that would damage his meridians. In the past, he had used pills to cultivate.

This trip to Cloud Nest Ridge had used up all the immortal-grade pills on him.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Bai Suzhen was pleasantly surprised.

"What pill do you want to refine?"

Bai Suzhen had already gathered the resources of the Bai family and the Shangyang Demon Sect that she could use. She had prepared many spiritual herbs as long as Han Muye was willing to refine pills.

After all, there were really not many people in the Western Frontier who could refine immortal-grade pills.

Other than Han Muye, Bai Suzhen couldn't find anyone else.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, "If it's convenient, let's gather a few cauldrons of spiritual herbs for the Essence Spirit Pills first."

Essence Spirit Pills. The most important spiritual energy replenishment pills for the Foundation Establishment and Meridian Opening stages.

This pill contained powerful and dense spiritual energy. It was one of the pills that Earth Realm cultivators always carried with them.

Of course, not everyone could have such a pill that was worth tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

The higher the cultivation realm, the fewer supplementary items could be used.

Pills, talismans, and Dharma artifacts did not improve one's cultivation and combat strength much.

But that was also relative.

High-grade pill, high-grade talisman, spiritual weapon level, and even Dharma treasure were still very useful to high-level cultivators.

However, these things were all extremely precious and not easy to obtain.

In the cultivation world, why did most of those who cultivated to the advanced stage establish a faction?

It was because they needed a large number of low-level cultivators to gather wealth.

To those great cultivators, nurturing a group of low-level cultivators who were useful did not require hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks.

However, if they cultivated by themselves, a pill might cost more than a million spiritual rocks.

It could be said that the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect used the power of hundreds of millions of low-level cultivators to support those great cultivators above the Core Formation realm.

Of course, these great cultivators held down the fort and provided combat power protection for the sect, giving these low-level cultivators a chance to grow.

Although those itinerant cultivators didn't need to provide for others, how difficult was it to obtain some resources?

After settling the alchemy matter with Bai Suzhen, Han Muye asked about some things outside the Nine Mystic Mountain.

He could see the news from the spiritual land, and Lu Gao often inquired about it.

However, with Bai Suzhen's identity and channels, the information she knew would be different.

"Senior Brother, aren't you the most famous person at the foot of the mountain?" Hearing Han Muye's question, Bai Suzhen chuckled.

After the battle at Cloud Nest Ridge, the Western Frontier was saved.

Several great demons of the Southern Wasteland Heaven Realm had died, and their vitality was greatly damaged.

There were many dazzling people in this battle. The strength of Tu Sunshi, the might of Huang Six, the courage of Han Muye, and those half-step Heaven Realm and Golden Core cultivators who sacrificed themselves to stop the demons.

Among them, the benefits Han Muye brought to all sword cultivators were real.

The swords that were stained with the blood and soul of the Great Demon Qi had gained a lot of spirituality.

After nurturing it, its grade would naturally increase.

Last time, Han Muye shocked all the alchemists in Mushen City with an immortal-grade pill, but because of his status as a sword cultivator, his reputation was deliberately suppressed.

This time, in front of a million cultivators, he displayed his unparalleled talent in the sword. His reputation as an immortal in the sword path completely resounded throughout the Western Frontier.

A sword cultivator should be like Han Muye.

“Senior Brother, you have to be careful when you go down the mountain in the future.” Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye and said solemnly.

In the battle of Cloud Nest Ridge, the Western Frontier suffered heavy losses and many half-step Heaven Realm experts died.

And after Tu Sunshi left the Heavenly Mystic World, the Spirit Dao Sect’s Myriad Transformations Sage entered seclusion with serious injuries, causing the situation in the Western Frontier to change again.

Shangyang Demon Sect’s Li Mubai had already publicly announced that he intended to hold down the front line of Fengshou Mountain.

The morale of the demonic cultivators in the Western Frontier was greatly boosted.

According to the news from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Sect Master Zhang Cheng’s injuries had recovered much better than expected.

It seemed that this third Heavenly Realm expert who had left the Western Frontier was unwilling to hide.

After all, Tu Sunshi and the Myriad Transformations Sage had been temporarily moved away. One was far away, and the other was in seclusion.

Fortunately, the Spirit Dao Sect’s ban was still there. The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect should not violate the ban and fight with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect again.

However, Han Muye was too famous, so the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect might attack him.

Back then, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Tuoba Cheng killed the most promising elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin Ci, causing the Great Spiritual Sword Sect to be powerless.

There were many such things among the large sects in the cultivation world.

“Don’t worry.”

Han Muye chuckled, his eyes revealing a look that made people unable to look straight at him.

“There aren’t many in the Western Frontier who can plot against me.”

Bai Suzhen looked up at him and didn’t say anything else.

She knew that what Han Muye said was not a lie.

In the battle at Cloud Nest Mountain Range, Han Muye and Tu Sunshi joined forces and were invincible, killing Heaven Realm experts like slaughtering dogs.

After such tempering, be it his horizons or strength, he would definitely be reborn.

The Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker could not be speculated with common sense.

"Senior Brother Han, do you think it's possible for the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland to reconcile?"

Before leaving, Bai Suzhen suddenly asked.

Before Han Muye could answer, she had already turned and left.

Looking at Bai Suzhen's back, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Bai Suzhen wouldn't ask for no reason.

In the Western Frontier, there were only two people who were qualified to reconcile with the Southern Wasteland.

Myriad Transformations Sage, Shangyang Demon Sect's Li Mubai.

The Spiritual Dao Sect's Myriads Transformation Sage was in seclusion, leaving only Li Mubai.

To Li Mubai, reaching a settlement with the Southern Wasteland was much more beneficial than fighting to the death.

Moreover, most cultivators in the Western Frontier would not object to reconciling with the Southern Wasteland.

In the end, it was for benefits.

However, some people died for nothing.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye walked towards the sword pavilion.

He did not have the combat power of Tu Sunshi and was not qualified to decide everything in the Western Frontier.

Tu Sunshi said that the sword cultivators of the Western Frontier would be handed over to him.

He agreed.

Naturally, he would do it.

We'll see.

....

At the Waterside Residence.

The residence of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Pill Hall Elder, Su Liang.

Elder Su Liang, the female cultivator, Jin Yuan, the medical hall's Elder, Sun Ce, and Jiang Ming were all present.

Sitting in the middle was Han Muye.

At this time, it had been a year since Han Muye returned from Cloud Nest Ridge.

For a year, he spent most of his time cultivating in the sword pavilion.

Today, he was invited to refine pills.

Sword light curled around Han Muye's body, and sword Qi scattered between his fingers, landing on the tripod in front of him.

The pill cauldron shook, and the medicinal power turned into clouds.

The surrounding people did not even dare to breathe loudly. Their eyes were fixed on the pill cauldron and Han Muye, who was refining pills.

This was a furnace of Void Meridian Pills.

They were not ordinary Void Meridian Pills, but immortal-grade Void Meridian Pills.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, including the entire Western Frontier, only Han Muye could refine such Immortal-Grade Pills.

This furnace of pills was specially requested by the sect for Han Muye to refine.

The young master of the Yuntai Dao Sect personally visited the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Then when he had a secret conversation with Sect Master Jin Ze, he mentioned that he wanted to ask for an immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill for his son with his first wife.

The Yuntai Dao Sect had suffered heavy losses because of the Southern Wasteland's attack. Its position among the Nine Great Sects was in danger.

Coincidentally, because the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect Master, Zhang Cheng, had come out of seclusion, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was also secretly looking for allies.

The two families hit it off immediately.

A water-type immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill was considered the sincerity of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

800,000 spiritual rocks. Three cauldrons of spiritual herbs.

This was the price the sect asked Han Muye to pay.

Compared to Bai Suzhen's high price of three million spiritual rocks, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's bid was relatively stingy.

However, Han Muye valued the two additional furnaces of spiritual herbs more.

Wasn't this a pure profit?

Immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill. Three months ago, someone in a sect in the Western Frontier had consumed it.

Not only did the young sect master use this pill to steadily step into the Earth Realm, but he also used the power of the pill to transform into another spiritual meridian.

His originally mediocre cultivation aptitude immediately became top-notch.

It was a rare opportunity to increase one's aptitude after stepping into the Earth Realm.

A Void Meridian Pill could have the power to transform a person.

This matter was known by many sects, and the threshold of the Bai family's shop had been flattened.

For those powerful sects, it was not difficult to fork out three to five million spiritual rocks.

As long as he could nurture a junior disciple with sufficient aptitude.

Spiritual rocks were dead. Talent was the most important.

Especially now that the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland were in constant war, countless elites.

Unfortunately, Bai Suzhen didn't have many immortal-grade Void Meridian Pills.

After returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain from Cloud Nest Ridge for more than a year, Han Muye had not refined many pills.

He would consume most of these pills himself. The sect would exchange a few for them, and the remaining few would be used by Bai Suzhen.

If it wasn't for the fact that Han Muye didn't seem to like women, Bai Suzhen would have used her sex appeal and begged him to refine a few more pills.

Fortunately, Han Muye took out a gold lineage stone to share, allowing Bai Suzhen to earn a lot and feel much better.

## **Chapter 210: Going Down the Mountain, Turning into a Golden Lotus**

It was smooth and natural.

The pill cauldron shook and the sword Qi dissipated. A green pill flew out and flashed, wanting to fly out of the Water Residence.

Han Muye raised his hand and waved his sleeve, catching it.

Sun Ce revealed a look of joy and went forward to put away the pill.

"Your alchemy skills are really amazing..."

Sun Ce looked at Han Muye and sighed softly.

He had seen Han Muye refine pills a few times, and he had to say this every time.



Jiang Ming shook his head and muttered, "The more I look at it, the more depressed I feel." He turned around and left.

He really didn't want to see Han Muye refine pills.

This kind of thing was a crushing blow to the mind for cultivation.

Jin Yuan lifted her dress and followed him out.

Watching the two of them leave, Elder Su Liang smiled bitterly and shook his head. "Han Muye, your Sword Pavilion is going to cheat my medical hall disciples."

Han Muye put away the pill cauldron and placed the various spiritual herbs on the long table. Then he said, "Elder, what do you mean by cheat?"

"This is based on ability, okay?"

"Why don't I go back and ground Jiang Ming so that he doesn't come to the medical hall to refine pills?"

Hearing his words, Elder Su Liang glared at him. Sun Ce smiled and waved his hand. "It's fine, it's fine. This is a good thing."

"Your Sword Pavilion has many talents. It can be considered a strong alliance with the medical hall."

With that, he glanced at Han Muye and said meaningfully, "Our medical hall thinks very highly of you."

Thinks very highly? Han Muye mused.

The position of Sect Master?

Did he think I would care about something that won't happen for many years?

Also, what did he mean by forming an alliance?

Given the medical hall's lack of resources, who would fancy it?

He's flattering himself.

Han Muye shook his head, put away his things, left the Pill Hall, and headed for the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

After the disciple reported to him, he saw Tuoba Cheng sitting in the hall dealing with matters.

Now the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, rarely appeared. Tuoba Cheng took care of all the matters in the sect.

Tuoba Cheng looked burly, but he was a sly and ruthless person.

A ruthless person who could stay silent for ten years and cultivate his sword aura.

"Master Han, why are you here?" Seeing Han Muye, Tuoba Cheng chuckled.

"What treasure are you looking for these days?"

There was Liu Hong in the sword pavilion.

His cultivation level was not great, but his discerning judgment was impressive.

This guy had exchanged a few pieces of junk in the sect's Treasure Pavilion and brought them back to the Sword Pavilion. They had all become extraordinary treasures.

Because of this matter, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had even investigated Liu Chuanyi and suspected that this grandfather and granddaughter had joined forces to cheat the sect.

Later on, when Liu Hong went to the Treasure Tower to exchange for things, he had to report it to Tuoba Cheng. It was only when Han Muye appeared a few times that Tuoba Cheng relented.

Han Muye's Immortal Grade Pills had been taken by Tuoba Cheng in exchange for merit points and items from the Treasure Pavilion.

Shaking his head, Han Muye said in a low voice, "When is that young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect leaving? I have something to do, so I'll go out of the sect with him."

Go out of the sect?

Tuoba Cheng frowned.

Han Muye's current reputation as an immortal of the sword path was firmly number one among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's higher-ups had discussed a few times how to protect Han Muye.

In this year, thousands of people had joined the Nine Mystic Sword Sect because of Han Muye and Huang Six's reputation.

These were all people with good aptitude.

The cultivation world was like that.

Reputation was important.

Fame came from strength.

The current Han Muye was very important to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

His safety concerned the future of the sect.

"What's the urgent matter?" Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "You didn't go the last time the eldest daughter of the Huang Zhenxiong was born in Jinyang City."

Lu Qingping had given birth to a daughter for him and sent someone to beg Han Muye to give her a name.

Han Muye was preparing to make a trip to Jinyang City, but Jin Ze stopped him.

In the end, he let Jiang Ming and Jin Yuan go and bring many gifts.

Han Muye named his adopted daughter Huang Zhihu. He promised that when this girl was a few years older, he would bring her to the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion and personally teach her.

Han Muye was hiding in the Nine Mystic Mountain to minimize the possible danger.

Hearing Tuoba Cheng's words, Han Muye nodded and said, "My cultivation level is stuck at the sixth level of Foundation Establishment. I need to find a treasure. Otherwise, I don't know when I can break through."

Han Muye did not lack resources for cultivation.

With the experience accumulated from the battle at Cloud Nest Ridge, his body refinement and spiritual energy cultivation had increased rapidly in the past year.

Body Tempering Third Level Foundation Establishment, Spiritual Energy Sixth Level Foundation Establishment.

This was an increase in his cultivation. As for his current combat strength, only he knew.

After all, no one knew how to cultivate in the Sword Pavilion this year.

However, Han Muye's cultivation had slowed down recently.

This was because his cultivation aptitude was not top-notch.

The cultivation technique he cultivated was extremely high-grade. The sword qi condensed by the Mystic Sun Technique was above first-grade. The spiritual qi cultivated by the Golden Sun Technique was also powerful. This pressed down on his meridians and dantian, causing it to circulate at full capacity.

Especially with his cultivation aptitude, he had only reached grade seven after consuming a pill that increased his aptitude.

It was fine before, but now that his cultivation was about to reach the Earth Realm, he felt the limitations.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Tuoba Cheng frowned slightly.

Treasures.

Opportunity.

This matter concerned cultivation. This reason made Tuoba Cheng hesitate.

This was the way of cultivation. If one did not fight for opportunities, they would miss them.

He might have interrupted Han Muye's opportunity by stopping him from searching for treasures.

On the other hand, cultivators did not really have to hide in the school for the rest of their lives to cultivate.

"Don't worry, I'll go quietly."

"I want to go with the young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect to deceive others."

Seeing Tuoba Cheng hesitate, Han Muye said.

Back then, under the request of Huang Six, Han Muye accompanied Lu Qingping to buy swords in the market. He met the itinerant cultivator Tang Yunhao and saw the secret of his godfather, Tang Ze, from his sword.

Cloud Golden Lotus.

A Cloud Golden Lotus Seed could increase one's cultivation aptitude by one grade.

A treasure that could change one's cultivation aptitude would make all cultivators go crazy.

According to Han Muye's estimation, this Cloud Golden Lotus was about to mature.

Coincidentally, the young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect was visiting this time. He returned to the sect and passed by the place where the golden lotus was.

Not far from the Blazing Demon Valley.

Tuoba Cheng nodded, turned around, rolled up the White Tiger Scroll on the long table, and handed it to Han Muye.

"I know you don't lack protective treasures. Take this scroll with you. It can at least increase your combat strength."

Hearing his words, Han Muye smiled and took the White Tiger Painting.

The White Tiger Scroll that Tuoba Cheng had drawn now did not have any combat strength.

The Sword Dao had been established. This White Tiger Scroll could block an Earth Realm Soul Awakening cultivator.

When he left the hall, Han Muye glanced at the back of the hall and walked straight out.

When he walked out of the hall, Sect Master Jin Ze, who had an old face and silver hair, slowly walked out.

"I wonder what technique this kid has cultivated. His mental strength has become even sharper."

Jin Ze shook his head and spoke quietly.

With that, he turned to look at Tuoba Cheng. "I reckon he can tell that you've changed."

Change.

Hearing Jin Ze's words, Tuoba Cheng nodded with a solemn expression. His vigorous aura was suppressed.

'You'll have to be quick. I won't last long.'

Jin Ze looked at the Nine Mystic Mountain below and muttered wistfully.

"I know," Tuoba Cheng said in a deep voice.

....

After returning to the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye went straight to the third floor. He reached out and the tripod floated gently.

The function of the Void Meridian Pill was to sense the power of the Earth Realm in advance.

At that moment, the person who swallowed the pill would have an ethereal meridians that connected to the world and simulated the power of the Earth Realm's Meridian Opening.

As for the immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill, it could really allow the person who consumed the pill to have an additional meridian.

Han Muye injected sword Qi into the pill furnace, took out portions of spiritual herbs, and began to refine the Void Meridian Pill.

There were a total of six pills in the two furnaces.

Each one was verdant and bright, surrounded by clouds.

Immortal Grade!

The so-called immortal-grade pill was an extremely pure and spiritual pill.

Such a pill would not have pill poison. Be it nourishing it and slowly dissolving the medicinal power, or directly swallowing it, the power inside would not harm the meridians of the person taking the pill.

After putting away the pill and pill furnace, Han Muye stood up and walked down the sword pavilion.

On the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong and Yang Mingxuan were cleaning their swords. Lin Shen was on duty at the door.

"Senior Brother Han."

Seeing Han Muye arrive, Yang Mingxuan and Liu Hong hurriedly came forward.

"The Cao family has sent a batch of swords of good quality. They have already entered the pavilion." Yang Mingxuan took out the book and handed it to Han Muye.

Han Muye, who was in charge of the Sword Pavilion, had the same authority as an elder of the Sword Pavilion.

He had to report all matters of the sword pavilion to him.

Han Muye casually flipped through the book and smiled. "Miss Cao didn't come?"

It was funny. The marriage Liu Chuanyi arranged for Liu Hong was with this Cao family's eldest daughter, Cao'e.

This made Cao'e, who had personally delivered the sword, and Liu Hong, who had received the sword, extremely uncomfortable.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Liu Hong shook his head and said, "Recently, the Cao family has developed a new sword. She's probably busy too."

Without destruction, there can be no construction. After the head of the Cao family lost his arm, the Cao family worked hard to develop all kinds of sword refinement methods, causing the number of swords produced to increase.

The Cao family was on the verge of revival.

Of course, this was probably related to Cao Anchun's willingness to marry his granddaughter to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"I'm going down the mountain soon. The two of you hold down the fort."

Putting away the book, Han Muye raised his hand, and two green pills appeared.

Immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill.

One was worth three million spirit stones.

"Your cultivation levels are not far from the Earth Realm. Refine these two pills first and nurture them in your dantian."

This was the Sword Pavilion.

Here, a pill was something that other cultivators outside could not obtain in their entire lives.

Liu Hong and Yang Mingxuan did not decline and bowed to receive it.

Just accept Senior Brother Han's reward.

That was the rule of the Sword Pavilion.

With their cultivation levels, they also needed this treasure.

"Instructor Lin, please accompany me down the mountain this time."

When he reached the door, Han Muye looked at Lin Shen and smiled.

Lin Shen, who had fused with the Heaven Realm jade bone, had become even purer.

It stood there like a solemn mountain.

As someone who had cultivated tens of millions of swords, he exerted the pressure of a mountain that could collapse at any moment.

Zhao Pu, who was in charge of Three Stones House, rarely came to the Sword Pavilion now because he did not want to see Lin Shen's cultivation level increase again.

It was a huge blow.

"It's my duty to protect you down the mountain." Lin Shen nodded.

The Sword Pavilion and Nine Mystic Mountain all knew the importance of Han Muye.

A day later, a 100-foot flying ship gently flew up from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Besides the flying ship, there were two 30-foot-long boats accompanying him.

In the 100-foot flying ship, a green-robed middle-aged man sitting opposite Han Muye cupped his hands and said softly, "Thank you for helping me refine an immortal-grade Void Meridian Pill for my son."

Han Muye waved his hand and said, "It's a small matter. You guys paid for it."

Hearing his words, the green-robed middle-aged man looked ashamed. "Speaking of which, I'm sad to say, our Yuntai Dao Sect suffered a great calamity. We only gathered five spiritual herbs and three million spiritual rocks."

"Han Zhenxian said that I would pay with spiritual rocks. I'm really ashamed."

Han Muye's eyes twitched.

Five sets of spiritual herbs.

Three million Spirit Stones.

If he refined pills himself, the sect would give him three sets of spiritual herbs and 800,000 spiritual rocks.

The sect's a middleman, holy sh\*t, he thought.