

## **Pavilion 271**

### **Chapter 271: Refining the Dao Essence Cauldron, Intercepted All the Way (2)**

“Swoosh—”

In the image, a sword pill flew over and shot through the entire passage, sealing it.

The sword pill landed in front of the lava lake and transformed into Sword Master Yuan Tian

Han Muye knew that he was not Sword Master Yuan Tian.

He lacked Sword Master Yuan Tian’s soaring battle intent and unmatchable arrogance.

This should be the first sword pill of Sword Master Yuan Tian, Sky Wolf, that Daoist Dayan had mentioned.

In the image, time flashed. For the next few thousand years, it was only fiery red all around.

“Hum—”

Then the three sword momentum that had been injected into the cauldron returned.

The power of the sword momentum circled around the cauldron and became stronger.

Han Muye had comprehended the refining method of the Star Source Weapon Refining Technique

He had comprehended the Dao Essence Alchemy Technique.

He had comprehended the Three Wood Pill Technique.

He had comprehended the third-grade Dragon Guiding Pill formula.

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In total, Han Muye had comprehended seven or eight alchemy and weapon refinement techniques from this cauldron.

Unfortunately, most of these Dharmic formulations required an extremely strong cultivation level to use.

Those below the Heaven Realm could not activate it at all.

After all, the owner of this cauldron was once a mighty figure in the world. He also refined extremely high-grade pills.

When all the images disappeared, Han Muye held the cauldron in his hand in a daze.

He clearly remembered that this cauldron was refined by a Daoist using a hundred-mile star and had even comprehended the refinement method.

However, he could not remember what this Daoist looked like.

It was as if this Daoist was not around at all.

Perhaps this was the power of the mighty figures in the world. Outsiders could not even detect their appearances?

Without dwelling on this, Han Muye held the cauldron and smiled.

This cauldron was refined from a star. Those experts used it to refine third-grade or even second-grade pills without any damage.

In the future, he would not have to worry about his furnace exploding when he refined pills.

“Master, it’s all my fault.” Zhao Yunlong flew forward and looked at the pill furnace in Han Muye’s hand.

“It’s fine.” Han Muye put away the pill furnace and waved his hand.

Zhao Yunlong was not to be blamed for this. He did not expect the Dao Origin tripod to become like this.

Han Muye was in a good mood after refining the pill furnace.

He glanced at Daoist Dayan.

Just as Daoist Dayan had said, Sword Master Yuan Tian had left a backup plan in the Western Frontier.

As for where Sword Master Yuan Tian was, it seemed that only that Heavenly Wolf knew.

From the images, the power of the Heavenly Wolf to destroy the spatial passageway in one strike was unimaginable.

Perhaps this person had always been in the Western Frontier before Sword Master Yuan Tian left in peace?

After collecting the cauldron, Han Muye did not stay any longer. He left the magma lake and flew away.

After leaving the tunnel, the Cloud Dragon Sword turned into a dragon shadow and carried him thousands of feet.

The flying dragon flashed and was dozens of miles away.

He had only traveled less than a thousand miles when a group of cultivators blocked his way.

“Immortal Han?”

There were a total of eight cultivators in front. Some of them were older and looked aged. The younger ones looked to be in their thirties.

It was a young man in his thirties in a white robe, a green crown, and a red jade belt.

Looking at Han Muye, the young man’s expression was indifferent. He raised his hand and said, “I’m Yu Longsheng, the Young Palace Master of the Fitting Sun Palace.”

The Western Frontier’s Fitting Sun Palace was considered a middle-class sect with many Earth Realm experts.

It was said that Yu Renhe was already at the seventh level of the Golden Core Realm and had a high chance of stepping into the ninth level of the Golden Core Realm and becoming a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

“Young Palace Master Yu.” Han Muye cupped his hands in return and stood on the cloud without moving.

Seeing Han Muye’s disrespect, Yu Longsheng’s expression darkened slightly. He said calmly, “Han Muye, I heard that you treat the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace as part of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

Looking at Han Muye, he lowered his voice and shouted in a low voice, “Who gave you the right to annex this 10,000-mile radius to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

“What do you take me for?”

The Fitting Sun Palace’s sect encampment was 30,000 miles away. Many of the sect’s foundation was related to the Blazing Sun Palace back then.

All along, the Fitting Sun Palace had treated their sect as an inheritance of the Blazing Sun Palace.

Therefore, when Han Muye mentioned that the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace was part of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the entire Fitting Sun Palace panicked.

Others did not dare to make a move, but Yu Longsheng led a few of his trusted aides to block Han Muye’s path.

*So what if he’s an immortal on the sword path?*

*So what if it’s the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?*

*He’s already number one in the Western Frontier?*

Looking at the furious Yu Longsheng in front of him, Han Muye’s expression did not change. He said softly, “I’m sorry, I didn’t think of your Fitting Sun Palace.

At his words, Yu Longsheng’s expression look a little better.

He glared at Han Muye and said coldly, “This old Blazing Sun Palace spans a radius of 30,000 miles—”

Before he could finish, Han Muye’s voice sounded again. “In the future, leave a radius of 30,000 miles from here. Otherwise, I’ll treat it as you are provoking my Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

*Stay 30,000 miles away!*

Yu Longsheng and the people from the Fitting Sun Palace behind him were dumbfounded.

*This is a provocation!*

Yu Longsheng’s expression darkened, and a sharp sword qi rose from his body.

“Does Immortal Han really think he’s the reincarnation of an immortal god and treats me like an insignificant person?”

A golden sword appeared in his hand, sword light kept circulating.

“Let me see how strong your Sword Dao is.

“Don’t disappoint me.”

With that, sword light rose.

The sword in Yu Longsheng’s hand emitted a sharp halo as it crashed towards Han Muye’s head.

This strike carried a blazing aura.

It was indeed related to the inheritance of the Blazing Sun Palace.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the sword light, and his eyes slowly narrowed.

“Unfilial son, what nonsense—

In the distance, there was a shout.

Yu Longsheng’s sword did not stop at all and continued to strike down at Han Muye’s head.

### **Chapter 272: Refining the Dao Essence Cauldron, Intercepted All the Way (3)**

The people behind him had coldness in their eyes.

Before the figure in the distance flew over, Yu Longsheng could kill Han Muye with one strike.

As long as Yu Longsheng could hurt Han Muye that day, the name of the Young Sect Master of the Fitting Sun Palace would spread in the Western Frontier in the future.

All of this was as expected.

Today was the day the Young Sect Master of the Fitting Sun Palace, Yu Longsheng, became famous.

“Hehe, the Floating Sun Sword Technique of the Blazing Sun Palace.”

Han Muye said softly and raised his hand. The Green Destiny Sword appeared.

The sword light was clear and without any smoke.

“I’ve always felt that sword techniques are created by people and have flaws.

“It’s far better to break through with force.”

When the voice came, Han Muye had already disappeared.

Yu Longsheng frowned and slashed to his side.

"In the Floating Sun Sword Technique, after the sword strikes the clouds, there's a thousand miles of wind."

Han Muye's voice sounded again, making the sword in Yu Longsheng's hand pause.

What Han Muye was talking about was the sword move he was using now!

This Han Zhexian had actually seen through his sword moves!

Change moves.

He could only change his move.

However, just as he turned his sword, Han Muye's voice came again.

"If the 10,000 miles of wind change, follow up by slashing. The most suitable way is to press the blade down three times to slash.

"Slashing sword move, wind sweeping, 10,000 miles, sword move, Sun Shattering and Chaotic Sun are both good choices."

Yu Longsheng's sword stopped there, and his face turned pale.

He had no idea how he was going to change his move.

At this moment, the most suitable moves had been exposed by Han Muye.

Even the sword moves he used were arranged well.

Should he follow the sword move Han Muye had arranged, or should he change his move?

He did not know what sword move he should use...

"Sword cultivator, the only thing you can trust at this moment is your own sword."

Han Muye's voice sounded three feet behind Yu Longsheng.

This made Yu Longsheng's hair stand on end.

A sword cultivator's life and death were beyond his control after being invaded three feet behind him!

Subconsciously, he raised the sword in his hand horizontally, passed it under his armpit, and stabbed behind him.

"It's alright. I have a little Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword consciousness.

"If you hadn't drawn your sword and jumped forward, I would have killed you.

"A sword cultivator who doesn't even have the consciousness to attack. Why cultivate the sword?"

Yu Longsheng turned around. Han Muye was standing 10 feet behind him.

"Thank you for your guidance, Immortal Han. Don't worry, in the future, I won't set foot within 30,000 miles of the Blazing Sun Palace."

A figure landed beside Yu Longsheng. It was a middle-aged cultivator who looked 70% similar to him.

“Yu Renhe greets Immortal Han.”

The cultivator cupped his hands at Han Muye, then looked at Yu Longsheng beside him. “Aren’t you going to apologize to Immortal Han and thank him for not killing you?”

He had saved his life.

Before he attacked, Yu Longsheng felt that even if he was not Han Muye’s match, he could at least suppress him with a few strikes.

When their father came and said a few polite words, everyone spread the news that they had suppressed Han Muye with their swords that day, and it immediately shocked the Western Frontier.

However, when he attacked just now, Han Muye did not move at all, but he almost died.

The embarrassment of not even being able to use a sword was really chilling.

Looking up at Han Muye, Yu Longsheng trembled.

He did not even have the courage to draw his sword in front of Han Muye.

“Thank you, thank you for your guidance, Immortal Han.”

He didn’t dare to say that he wouldn’t kill him, but he couldn’t be bothered to do so. He even gave him a few pointers.

“Young Sect Master Yu’s talent in the Sword Dao is very good. In the future, you will definitely have a place in the Western Frontier’s Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword.”

Han Muye raised his hand and said with a smile, “I hope I can interact more with elites like the Young Sect Master in the future.”

At this point, he looked at Yu Renhe. “Sect Master Yu, when the nine sects of the Western Frontier are rescheduling, you can let the young sect master train.”

The rearrangement of the nine sects of the Western Frontier was one of the two major events that were currently in the limelight in the Western Frontier.

The other was the peace talks between the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland.

Hearing Han Muye say that he would let Yu Longsheng participate in the competition of the nine sects of the Western Frontier, Yu Renhe smiled and nodded. “Alright, I’ll get Longsheng to join in the fun.”

Since Han Muye had invited him, Yu Renhe naturally agreed.

Hearing his father agree to this, Yu Longsheng was also overjoyed.

Previously, he had heard from the sect that Fitting Sun Palace would not participate in this competition.

Many of the younger generation in the sect were extremely regretful.

Han Muye didn't say anything else. He smiled and cupped his hands. Then his figure moved, and the Cloud Dragon Sword automatically flew to his feet, carrying him away.

The moment he saw the Cloud Dragon Sword, Yu Renhe's body trembled. His eyes were filled with shock, and his arms subconsciously trembled.

Only when Han Muye disappeared did he slowly calm down.

"This Immortal Han is really powerful..." Yu Longsheng had a complicated expression and sighed softly.

Yu Renhe turned and stared at him with a solemn expression. "Do you think he's just powerful?"

Yu Longsheng was stunned.

*Isn't he just powerful?*

Just like the rumors, he was extremely talented in the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

What else could it be?

That was true. In front of his father, he was extremely humble and magnanimous.

Seeing Yu Longsheng's expression, Yu Renhe lowered his voice and said, "He's a true sword cultivator. His duty is to protect the Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword.

"He has found his own path."

*Find his own Dao?*

Yu Longsheng frowned and looked at his father in disbelief. "Is that possible? Even those half-step Heaven Realm cultivators don't dare to say..."

Yu Renhe shook his head and turned to leave. A low voice reached Yu Longsheng's ears. "Immortal Han has a Dharma treasure and a sword to protect himself. I can't withstand a single strike from him."

"Not only did he teach you sword techniques, but he also left so easily and didn't make things difficult for our Fitting Sun Palace.

"Such a person will definitely become the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword Paragon of the Western Frontier in the future."

Dharma treasure sword!

His father could not withstand a single strike from Han Muye!

He wanted to be the Paragon of the Western Frontier's Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword!

These words exploded in Yu Longsheng's ears, making him dumbfounded.

Han Muye, Immortal Han, was actually such a person.

Thinking of how he had the intention to suppress this person just now, Yu Longsheng could not help but smile wryly!

It turned out that he was really like a child dancing with a sword in front of others.

Han Muye didn't even have the intention to kill him.

He looked down on him.

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

With a soft sigh, Yu Longsheng left on his sword light.

"Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword?" At this moment, an old man in a black robe and a black bronze mask stood in front of Han Muye.

*Murderous intent?*

Han Muye's gaze fell on the sword on the old man's back.

### **Chapter 273: The Fourth Sword Pill**

"The hilt is worn, indicating that he's a very diligent sword cultivator."

Han Muye's expression did not change as he muttered.

"Judging from the angle of the sword, the posture of carrying the sword is extremely conducive to attacking."

Han Muye's gaze was deep as he said softly, "The angle of the sword is mainly for slashing and stabbing. It's mostly a sword move that can kill in one strike."

His voice was soft, and the old man opposite him was surrounded by sword Qi.

When Han Muye finished speaking, the old man's hand was already on the hilt of his sword.

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke again.

"There's murderous intent in the sword. It has killed a lot of people."

"His Qi and blood have fused with the sword Qi. It's not a correction sword technique. He must specialize in killing."

"With such sword techniques, he should be an expert of the Broken Flower Hall."

Broken Flower Hall.

"Clang—"

The old man unsheathed his sword and stabbed at Han Muye's chest with cold killing intent.



The sword light was extremely fast. In a flash, it had already arrived.

Han Muye stared at the sword and moved slightly.

“The Broken Flower Hall’s swordsmanship is supposed to be more about assassination than open attacks. You’re waiting for me here because you’re extremely confident in your swordsmanship.”

Passing by the old man, Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

However, the old man stood in the void, trembling and not daring to move at all.

A wound under his armpit went straight through his chest and abdomen!

Blood dripped from a purple short sword in Han Muye’s left hand.

“Do you know why I spared your life?”

Han Muye turned around and landed in front of the old man. He raised his hand and removed the mask from the old man’s face, revealing his scarred face.

The old man’s face was pale, and his eyes were filled with fear.

The cold blade had pierced into his chest and abdomen. If not for the fact that the other party wanted to spare his life, he would have completely severed his heart meridian

Who could resist such a sword technique?

He could not figure out why Han Muye would spare his life.

Han Muye raised his hand.

The cloud dragon behind him turned into the white-robed Zhao Yunlong.

“Master.”

Zhao Yunlong bowed.

“Follow him back to see Tang Yunhao.”

Zhao Yunlong nodded and turned into a long sword, landing in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye looked at the old man and said, “Tang Yunhao is the broken sword.”

Tang Yunhao’s nickname in the Broken Flower Hall was Broken Sword. He was one of the most famous killers in the Broken Flower Hall recently.

The old man’s gaze fell on the sword in front of him.

It was a sword.

Dharma treasure sword!

In the intermediate cultivation world of the Western Frontier, there were only legends about Dharma treasures. No one had ever seen a Dharma treasure that could truly transform into a human form.

Today, such a sword really appeared in front of him.

Moreover, he had to bring it to the Broken Flower Hall and hand it over to the broken sword.

*Give it to him. For what?*

The old man's eyes widened and he slowly looked up at Han Muye, his breathing becoming rapid.

*What does he want?* he wondered.

*I suppose the broken sword knows how to do it?*

Han Muye patted the old man's shoulder, chuckled, and turned to fly away.

*Does the broken sword know how to do it?*

Looking at the sword in front of him, the old man took a deep breath and bowed. "Senior, Junior is willing to submit to Immortal Han and serve him."

The broken sword belonged to Immortal Han, so why couldn't he surrender?

With this Dharma treasure and sword, who in the Broken Flower Hall could compete with the broken sword.

Not even the Hall Master of the Broken Flower Hall!

"Let's go."

Zhao Yunlong's voice came from the intermediate Cloud Dragon Sword.

The old man quickly held the sword with both hands and flew away.

Bringing this sword back to the Broken Flower Hall was destined to be a bloody story.

Han Muye asked him to bring the Cloud Dragon Sword to the Broken Flower Hall to hand it over to Tang Yunhao so that he could take it down.

Previously, Han Muye did not use Tang Yunhao much, so he did not need him.

Now that he wanted to occupy the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace and do various sword and pill businesses, he needed Tang Yunhao and the people from the Broken Flower Hall.

It should not be difficult for these people who were used to the assassination business to switch to other businesses.

With the Cloud Dragon Sword Technique, Tang Yunhao could definitely sweep through the Broken Flower Hall.

"Aren't you afraid of being intercepted if you don't bring Zhao Yunlong along?" Daoist Dayan's voice sounded next to Han Muye.

Zhao Yunlong was a Dharma treasure. After injecting sword intent, his combat strength could block a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

With this sword protecting him, Han Muye could safely return to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Without this sword, there would probably be many twists and turns along the way.

“Why? Do you think I don’t have the ability to fight my way back to the Nine Mystic Mountain?”

Han Muye chuckled.

Daoist Dayan said nothing.

Because several figures had already appeared ahead.

Han Muye laughed, and the Green Destiny Sword in his hand shone, turning into a 100-foot-long sword Qi.

There were flames lingering in the sword light. It was clearly a sword technique used by Yu Longsheng.

The figures opposite him did not expect Han Muye to draw his sword without saying a word. They could not react in time at all.

Some of them retreated hurriedly, while others drew their swords to welcome him. It was a mess.

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with such methods. He only swept his sword light horizontally, sending the swords flying. Then the sword light chased after the few who retreated and knocked them down the clouds.

“You’re still a little inexperienced. Practice more.”

His voice was still there, but he had already flown away.

The young cultivators who were blocking the way found their swords and flew into the clouds. They looked into the distance with pale faces.

“Hmph, it’s just that his swordsmanship is better...” Someone gritted his teeth and muttered.

“That sword technique seems to be from the Fitting Sun Palace. I’ve seen it before.” Someone’s eyes flickered as he said, “This Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword’s talent in the Sword Dao is really peerless.”

Someone shook his head and hung up his sword. “Let’s go. After seeing such a person today, we can’t neglect our cultivation in the future.”

After everyone dispersed, two figures appeared at the spot where they were before.

“How powerful...” The green-robed old man looked in the direction Han Muye had left and sighed softly.

## **Chapter 274: The Fourth Sword Pill (2)**

“Hehe, he didn’t hit you hard because he knew that you and I were on the side.” Another white-bearded old man shook his head and said with a smile, “It’s good to let these boys train and know that there’s always someone better.

Hearing his words, the green-robed elder nodded and said, “The Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, indeed has the demeanor of the number one person among the younger generation.

“It’s just that my He Yue Sword Sect owes him a favor this time. I will have to return this favor in the future.”

The two of them whispered as they flew after the young cultivators.

As Han Muye walked, he encountered many challengers. He dealt with most of them with a few strikes.

In a day, he had flown thousands of miles and fought 21 battles in a row.

At sunset, he landed on a cliff in the wilderness and lit a bonfire. Then he took out the array disc and set up an invisible array formation to protect himself.

After doing this, he took out an immortal-grade pill and swallowed it before slowly regulating his breathing.

Daoist Dayan turned into a breeze and hid behind him.

Although there were no true experts in the consecutive battles that day, Han Muye was very tired after fleeing thousands of miles and fighting continuously. He had consumed a lot of spiritual energy.

If he consumed a lot of energy, he would also gain a lot.

That day, he had dozens of elites from the various sects of the Western Frontier attacking him.

These people were confident in stopping him, so their techniques were naturally not bad.

The sword qi of the Young Palace Master of Fitting Sun Palace was about to condense into sword intent.

The black-robed old man from the Broken Flower Hall was already at the Earth Realm Soul Awakening Realm.

Although the battles with these people were interspersed, Han Muye gained a lot from the battle training.

When fighting with others, he had to fight with all his might.

“Clang—”

With a soft sound, a short sword hung half a foot in front of Han Muye.

A faint proficiency flashed on the short sword, and there was a cold sword qi that seemed to be about to seep out of his body.

“I knew it. How can an immortal of the Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword not have any wild survival methods?” A middle-aged man in a large-sleeved green robe strode over.

He arrived in front of Han Muye's formation, raised his hand, put away the short sword, and tore open the faint light screen. Then he walked to the bonfire and sat down.

"I'm Zhang Yangyu of the Mountain Lodge Dao Sect. You should have heard of my name.

The middle-aged sword cultivator held the short sword and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and said, "So it's Senior Zhang."

Zhang Yangyu had an interesting name in the Western Frontier. He was Zhang Fish Farming.

He had several short swords in his hand. His sword technique was transformed from a flying sword. When the sword rose, the sword light around him was like a swimming fish.

In Han Muye's opinion, this method was more like a sword pill.

Zhang Yangyu's cultivation was already at the eighth level of the Golden Core Realm. His sword technique was advanced and he was considered a famous sword cultivator in the Western Frontie

The Mountain Lodge Dao Sect behind him was extraordinary and was only below the nine sects.

Zhang Yangyu glanced behind Han Muye and said softly, "Your sword talent is extremely strong, and you're holding down and presiding over the Sword Pavilion. You must have many hidden methods that outsiders don't know."

*Hidden methods?*

*Did he mean Daoist Dayan, who had transformed into a breeze?*

Daoist Dayan did not speak.

He felt that he was probably not qualified to be considered Han Muye's hidden method.

"Senior, you didn't look for me just to find out about me, right?" Han Muye chuckled as he took out a small gourd.

This gourd contained Heartbreak Wine. Before Li Three left, she told Han Muye the formula and asked him to brew it himself.

The taste was still the same. It could also refine sword Qi.

However, without Li Three, Lu Ten, and the others around, Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan, and the others, the wine did not taste as good as before.

Han Muye rarely drank this wine anymore.

After taking a sip of the wine, he put the small gourd back into his pocket.

"Hehe, I came to see you because I want to cooperate with you on the rankings of the nine sects." Zhang Yangyu looked at Han Muye and laughed. Then the short sword in his hand flickered with spiritual light.

"But I'm more interested in your sword cultivation."

With that, sword light rose.

The short sword instantly stabbed at Han Muye's neck from three feet away.

If this sword struck him, it would definitely penetrate his neck.

However, just as the sword light rose, Zhang Yangyu moved 10 feet away.

Behind him, the Purple Flame Sword carried a dim purple stream of light and almost pierced through him.

"Good move," Zhang Yangyu shouted in a low voice. He raised his hand and waved. Nine short swords lined up. The sword light shone on the bonfire and suppressed the heat in the flame.

Han Muye didn't wait for him to attack. His Purple Flame Sword had already turned into a crescent moon and he drew an arc.

"Clang—"

The short sword blocked the Purple Flame Sword.

However, as soon as the two swords collided, Zhang Yangyu's expression changed slightly. Another short sword flew out and blocked the other side.

"Slash—"

The Purple Flame Sword appeared on the side of the short sword and slashed across.

At this moment, the Purple Flame Sword was like a living meteor as it jumped around Zhang Yangyu.

"Good sword technique!"

Zhang Yangyu's eyes lit up. He stared at the short sword and said in a low voice, "Your lower-string sword technique is even more proficient than the Moon Essence Sword Sect Elder's.

"Such talent is really terrifying."

As he spoke, the swords around him were not idle.

Short swords collided with the Purple Flame Sword, knocking it 10 feet away.

At this moment, he heaved a sigh of relief and chuckled. "My Mountain Lodge Dao Sect's sword technique is not much inferior to the Moon Essence Sword Sect.

"With this sword technique—"

Before he could finish, Han Muye suddenly said, "Who said I used the sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect?"

It's not the Moon Essence Sword Sect's sword technique?

Zhang Yangyu was stunned.

He was good at using flying swords, and he had used all nine of them.

Han Muye had also used a flying sword to fight him. It could be seen that he was an extremely proud person.

The more proud a person was, the less likely he was to lie.

There was no need to do that.

### **Chapter 275: The Fourth Sword Pill (3)**

If Han Muye said it wasn't the Moon Essence Sword Sect's sword technique, it definitely wasn't.

Thinking of this, Zhang Yangyu's expression suddenly changed drastically.

He was using the Sword Pill Control Technique.

Han Muye had to use this method too!

Just as he was about to move, the Purple Flame Sword in front of him disappeared.

When the sword reappeared, it was at his neck.

"Hidden Void..."

Zhang Yangyu turned his head mechanically and looked at Han Muye.

This strike must be the legendary flying sword technique that could cross the confinement of space and decapitate someone from a thousand miles away.

This sword technique had long been lost in the Western Frontier.

"Senior, you have a good eye. You even know the Hidden Void Sword Technique."

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand, causing the Purple Flame Sword to land in his hand.

He looked up at Zhang Yangyu and said softly, "I'm very interested in the sword pills collected by Senior."

Sword Pills!

Before Zhang Yangyu appeared, Daoist Dayan had reminded Han Muye about them.

Another sword pill appeared.

Han Muye did not expect Zhang Yangyu to have a sword pill in his hand.

However, after exchanging sword blows with Zhang Yangyu just now, he realized that there were indeed many shadows of controlling sword pills in Zhang Yangyu's sword technique.

However, this method was still superficial.

Looking at Han Muye, Zhang Yangyu's expression changed. After a long time, he said in a low voice, "It's fine if you want the sword pill. Exchange it for the Hidden Void Sword Technique."

With that, he reached out. In his palm was a sword pill that looked like jade.

The Hidden Void Sword Technique in exchange for this sword pill.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the sword pill, and he shook his head. "No."

Zhang Yangyu frowned and was about to speak when Han Muye said, "Even if I teach you the Hidden Void Sword Technique, you won't be able to cultivate it."

Without comprehending the Heavenly Cycle Sword Technique and the principles of the sword array, Zhang Yangyu could not figure out this sword technique at all.

Cultivation in the world depended on aptitude and even more on comprehension talent.

That was the upper limit of some people.

"However, I can modify the shortcomings of your sword technique for you." Han Muye looked at Zhang Yangyu and said softly, "Actually, Senior Zhang, your nine swords can be simplified into three swords."

Nine swords turned into three swords.

Turning complexity into simplicity.

After seeing Zhang Yangyu's sword control technique, Han Muye could only say that nine swords were too difficult for him.

On the other hand, the combat strength of the three swords was much stronger after he used the Three Stars Sword Formation.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Zhang Yangyu, who was holding the sword pill, pondered.

Although he had comprehended some control techniques and fused them into his sword technique, it was not really useful.

On the other hand, Han Muye's suggestion to help him simplify his sword technique and transform the nine swords into three really tempted him.

He knew the flaw of his own sword technique.

If he could really split the nine swords into three, his combat strength would definitely double.

However, could Han Muye's words be trusted?

Does the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the immortal really have such methods?

Seeing Zhang Yangyu hesitate, Han Muye raised his hand. Three transformed sword lights flashed and split into three directions.

Each of the three swords took a different route.

However, if one was caught in it, one would not be able to resist such sword light.



This sword technique was much more brilliant than Zhang Yangyu's nine swords.

Sword light flashed, and the three sword Qi dissipated.

A jade slip appeared in Han Muye's hand.

"Senior, are you exchanging this sword technique for a sword pill?"

Should he exchange or not?

After hesitating for a moment, Zhang Yang smiled and said, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Exchange, I'll exchange."

He raised his hand and threw the sword pill to Han Muye.

Daoist Dayan appeared in a flash and caught the sword pill.

"Martial Lodge."

He spoke softly.

As he spoke, the sword pill vibrated with joy.

This scene made the corners of Zhang Yangyu's eyes twitch.

This Sword Pill had been in his hands for countless years and had been silent. He did not expect it to immediately sense something as soon as he handed it over.

Could it be that this Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword immortal was really destined?

Shaking his head, he took a deep breath and stopped looking at the sword pill. He walked to Han Muye and said, "Immortal Han, our Mountain Lodge Dao Sect is willing to form an alliance with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and seek the position of the nine sects."

....

15 minutes later, Zhang Yangyu flew away.

Han Muye didn't talk to him much.

He did not have to worry about the alliance that Zhang Yangyu wanted.

Zhang Yangyu had come to look for Han Muye to send a message and express his attitude.

Originally, Zhang Yangyu was here to test Han Muye's cultivation methods. If he felt that Han Muye was not strong enough, he would protect him for a while and do him a favor.

In the end, he felt that his thoughts were unnecessary.

If they really fought, he might not even be Han Muye's match.

This number one person of the younger generation's sword technique was unimaginably powerful.

After Zhang Yangyu left, Daoist Dayan handed the sword pill in his hand to Han Muye.

“This Sword Pill is called Martial Lodge. It’s one of the sword pills in his Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.”

Daoist Dayan had a complicated expression and said in a low voice, “Actually, there aren’t many sword pills circulating in the Western Frontier. Other than him, very few people can control the sword pills right up to the Transformation Realm.”

Nurturing sword pills consumed a lot of spiritual energy and sword intent. It was difficult for ordinary cultivators to learn it.

Most people gave up on the sword pills when their cultivation level reached a high level.

Only an expert like Sword Master Yuan Tian could suppress it with his sword array.

The sword pill in his hand was advanced enough to not rot for 10,000 years.

Han Muye reached out and took the sword pill. He saw that this sword pill was like green jade, warm and round, and it flickered with a faint spiritual light.

Holding the sword pill, sword qi quietly poured in.

Images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

The forging process was the same as other sword pills, and the tempering methods were the same.

The sword pill fell into Sword Master Yuan Tian’s hands and followed him everywhere.

Every time he watched Sword Master Yuan Tian’s life scene, it made his blood boil.

His swordsmanship was domineering and he could go anywhere in the world.

This kind of unrestrained cultivation was the most carefree.

Such a person was a true sword cultivator.

“Hum—”

The sword pill made a soft sound, and faint sword Qi rotated.

Zhang Yangyu had nurtured this sword pill for many years and had injected a lot of sword Qi into it.

Someone from the Mountain Lodge Dao Sect had nurtured this sword pill before.

The scene flashed. Sword Master Yuan Tian’s sword technique of killing people with this sword pill had been comprehended by Han Muye.

He had comprehended the sword technique, Star Point.

“Swoosh—”

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword pill flashed, crashing 100 feet away.

“Bam—”

In the darkness 100 feet away, a figure was knocked 1,000 feet away.

Sword Technique, Star Point.

The Sword Pill could travel 100 miles in an instant. Its single strike was as heavy as a star!

Daoist Dayan looked at the flashing sword light with a complicated expression and muttered, "Is this a star? Can I really comprehend his sword technique?"

A thousand feet away, the green-robed old man who was knocked away looked at the sword pill hanging in the air in shock.

"Immortal Han's methods are really as extraordinary as the legends say.

"He's indeed the great enemy of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

"It was no wonder Sect Master Zhang Cheng asked me to help."

### **Chapter 276: Four Symbols Sword Formation**

Sect Master Zhang Cheng of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Han Muye looked up at the old man in front of him.

"Is senior so sure that you can kill me that you even dare to tell me Sect Master Zhang's name?"

"Also, I'm very curious. Is the Spiritual Dao Sect's Golden Core ban really useless?"

This old man had blocked the sword pill's Star Point attack just now. He was clearly a Golden Core expert.

He looked fearless, as if he was determined to kill Han Muye that day.

If a Golden Core attacked and violated the Spiritual Dao Sect's ban, he was really not afraid of being investigated.

"If you kill an outsider, the Spiritual Dao Sect might investigate and kill you, Immortal Han. They will probably be glad to see that." The old man's expression turned calm as he slowly walked forward.

"As for whether I can kill you or not, that will depend on how capable you, Immortal Han, are."

After saying that, the old man raised his hand, and green spiritual light covered his palm.

The spiritual light was dazzling and turned into a pillar of light, enveloping Han Muye.

"Teleportation array?"

Han Muye frowned and was about to fly away when he felt his body lighten.

When he looked again, he had landed in a dark valley.

The valley was surrounded by jagged cliffs and filled with bones.

When Han Muye landed in the valley, the wild wolves and beavers that were foraging among the pile of bones turned to look with bloodshot eyes.

“Roar—”

A wild wolf pounced at Han Muye.

“Slash—”

A sword light flashed in front of Han Muye, and the wolf was torn in half.

Then a violent aura surged into Han Muye’s body.

When this aura entered his body, Han Muye’s expression changed slightly.

“Be careful. Everything here is formed by resentment.” Daoist Dayan’s expression was solemn as he appeared beside Han Muye.

Sweeping his gaze around, he said in a low voice, “You’d better not attack. Otherwise, if you attract too much resentment, your soul will be in trouble.”

Resentment.

This wild wolf was not a real entity at all, but a manifestation of resentment.

After killing the wild wolf, resentment seeped into his body.

Ordinary mortals would not be able to withstand this resentment at all. As soon as it entered their bodies, they would probably lose their minds and turn crazy.

Even a cultivator would feel frustrated.

This was the reason why Daoist Dayan was nervous.

Resentment was very unsolvable.

But to Han Muye, it was just resentment.

The Spell of the Mortal World in his divine spot flickered, and golden Great Spirit circulated in his body.

All the resentment was refined and turned into a faint golden Righteousness Qi.

Unfortunately, it was too little.

A wisp, lighter than a hair.

Han Muye looked up into the distance. Not only were there wild wolves, but there were also all kinds of broken bodies slowly surging over.

Some were the bones of demon beasts, and some were human bodies.

They were all gray and black, and their eyes were bloodshot.

Raising his intermediate sword gently, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

"You want—" Daoist Dayan exclaimed. Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye had already flown out.

"Slash—"

He waved his sword. The sword light was clear and sharp.

The sword light swept past, and all the bodies formed by resentment turned into powder.

Then the grayish-black resentment crashed into Han Muye's body like a long dragon, enveloping him.

"It's over..."

Daoist Dayan looked conflicted and muttered softly.

He could not see that Han Muye's eyes were filled with golden light.

"Cultivation in the world, the Sword Dao, the path of the sword, the way of the sword are sharp, the spirit path is inaction, the Buddhist Sect has a great wish, and the Confucian Dao rules the world.

"The fiendish demons and ghosts have to bow obediently in front of the Confucian Dao.

"It was no wonder that Minister Wen could hold down and preside over the Central Continent for 10,000 years."

Han Muye raised his hand, and golden Righteousness Qi surged from his fingertips.

"As cultivators, we should not be afraid of all demons. We should have beliefs and righteousness in our hearts."

Raising his hand, the Great Spirit at his fingertips turned into a line of words: No regrets in this life, no complaints in the next life.

"Boom—"

These words instantly exploded, turning into a golden stream of light that shattered all the black resentment.

Then the golden halo swallowed the resentment and turned it into Great Spirit.

This resentment seemed to be boiling, and a faint jade-white halo dissipated.

There were figures in the halos.

There were people, beasts, demons, and fiends.

"Bam—"

All the halos dissipated, and the resentment turned into golden light that landed on Han Muye's body, turning him golden.

“Great Spirit...” Daoist Dayan widened his eyes and muttered in disbelief, “This guy has cultivated the Great Spirit to such a level. Could it be that he wants to be the personal disciple of Minister Wen?”

Back then, he and Wen Mosheng fought for many years. Now his successor had cultivated the Great Spirit. It was really fate...

Daoist Dayan sighed softly. His body trembled on the spot before turning into a breeze.

When the golden light around Han Muye dissipated, he looked up and saw that he was still in the wilderness. The bonfire in front of him had yet to burn out.

There was no teleportation array. It was just a maze.

How could there be an array formation mighty figure in the Western Frontier who could set up a teleportation array?

In the entire Heavenly Mystic World, not many people had this ability.

However, this maze was not an ordinary maze.

Han Muye looked up ahead.

At this moment, the old man who had blocked the way previously was sitting cross-legged in front of him. His entire body was greenish-black and he was already dead.

This was the backlash of resentment.

But he did not die from the backlash of resentment.

There was a bone-chilling sword mark on his chest.

30 feet away, a female cultivator in a white robe and a red brocade on her head stood there like a white crane.

The sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the deep mark on the Daoist’s chest, and he said softly, “Thank you, Fairy.”

“Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the immortal, you’re quite capable.”

## **Chapter 277: Four Symbols Sword Formation (2)**

Hearing his words, the female cultivator spoke coldly.

There was a moonlight-like halo in her eyes as her gaze landed on Han Muye. Then she said calmly, "It's said that your talent in the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword is extremely strong. You even cultivated my Moon Essence Sword Sect's sword technique."

"My master said that you're the key to the alliance between our Moon Essence Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

"I want to see if you're qualified."

Before he could finish speaking, a full moon rose behind Han Muye.

The moonlight was cold, and the light it emitted was freezing.

The clear moonlight was much more agile in the night.

However, this agility could not really be appreciated. It was a sword light that could make one's soul scatter!

"Full moon?"

Han Muye looked up at the female cultivator and said, "I heard that the Moon Essence Sword Sect's Full Moon is the direct disciple of the Sect Master. It seems that Fairy is the Young Sect Master of the Moon Essence Sword Sect, Wanyue."

The Young Sect Master of the Moon Essence Sword Sect, Wanyue, had an extremely strong cultivation in the Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword. She was a famous female cultivator among her peers.

This woman had once fought Sun Jinshi of the Tai Yi Sword Sect and was invincible.

Some people said that Sun Jinshi had held back in this battle, while others said that Wanyue had not used her full strength in this battle.

However, no matter what, everyone knew that Wanyue's sword cultivation was ranked at the top among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

"Immortal Han, please receive the sword," Wanyue shouted in a low voice, and the sword light behind Han Muye enveloped him.

The Full Moon Sword Technique was magnificent.

The sword light suppressed people with its power. Although it was a dark night, there was light.

The sword light moved, and so did Han Muye.

He turned, raised his sword, and cut off the light in front of him. Then he retreated dozens of feet.

Seeing his attack, Wanyue frowned and pointed with her sword.

Such methods are not worthy of the title of Immortal, she thought.

The full moon flashed and appeared above Han Muye's head again.

This time, the moonlight was extremely cold.

The cold light froze Han Muye's body and soul.

The full moon not only destroyed the body, but also shone on the soul.

Only Earth Realm Soul Awakening cultivators could use this strike.

Han Muye looked at the full moon, and images of sword light flashed in his mind.

"The power of the soul is activated with sword intent as the foundation. This strike is quite interesting.

"However, such a sword shouldn't be something that a Soul Awakening realm cultivator can use. It's best if it's at the perfected Earth Realm!"

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and raised his hand. A sword light identical to the full moon above his head appeared.

Full moon!

This sword move stunned Wanyue.

Just by looking at one move, he could comprehend the key to this sword technique. Was there really such a talented person in the Sword Dao, path of the sword?

Was this the true standard of the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword?

Without hesitation, Wanyue extended her fingers and the full moon pressed down.

Han Muye's full moon was shattered.

It turned out that he was just putting on airs.

Wanyue felt relieved.

That's right. How could there be such a talented person in the world who could comprehend sword techniques after only watching it once? she thought.

"Hehe, a full moon is a loss. A full moon is not as good as a waning moon."

At this moment, Han Muye's voice sounded.

*When the moon is full, it will decline!*

One of Han Muye's shattered moons was as bright as day, and the other was only a waning moon.

The bright moon emitted a light that was filled with the power of the soul, illuminating the void, making Wanyue's moon tremble, as if it could not block the power inside.

The vibration of the moon also made Wanyue tremble. Her soul was affected and her vision blurred.

At this moment, her entire body turned cold and she subconsciously retreated.

But it was too late.

The waning moon arced beside her, passed under her armpit, brushed against her chest, and dissipated.



In the sky, the two full moons disappeared.

Wanyue stood where she was and stared at Han Muye.

Han Muye knew that this direct disciple of the Moon Essence Sword Sect would definitely find this outcome difficult to accept.

After all, he had used the sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect to defeat Wanyue.

“Fairy Wanyue, your Moon Essence Sword Sect’s research on the Sword Dao is very profound. Whether it’s the Full Moon Sword Technique or the Broken Moon Sword Technique, they’re—”

Before Han Muye could finish speaking, Wanyue said indifferently, “Immortal Han, don’t you know that there are some parts of a woman’s body that can’t be touched?”

*Touch?* he wondered.

*When did I touch her?*

*Didn’t I just cut a few sashes with my divine sense?*

*It’s quite, quite...*

“Ahem, I’m sorry. I was rash.” Han Muye nodded, his expression unchanged. “I should have killed someone.”

Wanyue snorted and raised her hand to summon a gray robe to cover her body.

He had no choice. Han Muye’s sword had cut off some key parts of her clothes.

“Han Zhexian, my Moon Essence Sword Sect wants to return to the nine sects.” Wanyue wrapped her body and looked at Han Muye. “The previous disputes between our two sects can be written off.”

With that, she turned and left without waiting for Han Muye to speak.

She just wanted to convey an attitude.

A real deal was not something that she, Wanyue, and Han Muye could negotiate.

Originally, the Sect Master of the Moon Essence Sword Sect had asked Wanyue to protect Han Muye and return to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Now, Wanyue really did not have the courage to stay.

The cold sword light brushed past her body, making her feel a little hot. It was better to leave quickly.

Why would this Immortal need outsiders to protect his Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword?

Seeing Wanyue leave, Han Muye shook his head and raised his hand. The black-robed old man sitting cross-legged in front of the bonfire turned into nothingness.

The old man’s body had already been completely devoured by resentment. What he saw now was just an empty shell.

Too lazy to stay where he was, Han Muye turned into a sword light and flew for a thousand miles before quietly landing on a cliff. Then he set up a protective array formation to hide his aura.

With pills and spiritual rocks in hand, spiritual light surrounded his body.

### **Chapter 278: Four Symbols Sword Formation (3)**

Feeling the surging spiritual energy in his meridians, he could not wait to refine the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

If his cultivation aptitude was raised to the extreme now, the spiritual energy in these meridians should be restrained and refined, so that a lot of it would not dissipate into his body and slowly settle.

As his spiritual energy cultivation circulated, a Sword Pill appeared in Han Muye's palm.

This was his fourth sword pill.

The sword light shook, and four sword pills appeared around him.

"Little Han, his sword technique back then could kill people of the same level.

"The Three Stars Sword Formation is actually just a transition. It's the foundation of forming the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation."

Daoist Dayan appeared and looked at the four sword pills above his head. He sighed and said, "His Four Symbols Sword Formation is the ultimate move to kill enemies above his level."

"The power of the azure dragon, white tiger, vermilion bird, and black tortoise suppresses in all directions."

Turning to look at Han Muye, Daoist Dayan's eyes revealed a hint of eagerness. "If you can cultivate his Four Symbols Sword Formation, even an eighth level Golden Core can't stop you, let alone a half-step Heaven Realm in the Western Frontier.

"But this sword array isn't that easy. Perhaps after a hundred years of training, you can master the basics.

"After all, it took him 30 years to master this sword technique—"

Daoist Dayan did not finish talking

because the four sword pills interrupted him.

Above Han Muye's head, four sword pills transformed into four divine beasts that surrounded him.

The azure dragon's scales were greenish-gray, and its silver-white aura exuded the might of the world.

The white tiger was covered in silver light, and the word 'King' on its forehead shone with spiritual light.

The vermilion bird had a fiery red body and a long tail that danced with flames.

The Black Tortoise's four feet were like iron, and its back was covered in mysterious patterns. It was grayish-black.

The Four Symbols Divine Beasts suppressed in all directions.

A ferocious aura from the wilderness froze the dust within a hundred feet.

Daoist Dayan opened his mouth and widened his eyes as he looked at the phantoms of the four divine beasts hanging above his head.

It was the Four Symbols Sword Formation.

"Actually, I'm very curious. Back then, did Senior Sword Master Yuan Tian use the power of his soul to set up the Four Symbols Sword Formation, or did he actually cultivate the Great Spirit?" Han Muye said softly.

As soon as he finished speaking, the four divine beasts that were originally enhanced by the silver-gray soul power suddenly turned golden.

Golden light flashed, as if it was pouring gold.

Condensing the void into reality!

At this moment, the four divine beasts seemed to have come to life, and their eyes flickered.

However, this scene only lasted for an instant before Han Muye raised his hand and put away the Four Symbols Sword Formation.

It was feasible to transform the Great Spirit into a sword array.

The power of the sword array mixed with the Great Spirit could be doubled.

However, it consumed a lot of the Great Spirit.

If it was not really needed, it was better not to waste the hard-won Great Spirit.

According to what Han Muye knew, those Confucian cultivators in the Central Continent usually cultivated their Qi and hearts. It took them decades to cultivate a little Righteousness Qi.

The ethereal and invisible Great Spirit was different from the spiritual energy cultivation method that could be cultivated step by step.

At the mention of Righteous Qi cultivation, Han Muye's expression changed.

Earlier, the Great Spirit he obtained from refining the resentment was equivalent to a great scholar cultivating bitterly for 30 years.

"The evil cultivator who set up the resentment array should be from the Black Spirit Valley, right?"

Han Muye said softly.

Daoist Dayan nodded and said, "I think so."

"In the cultivation world of the Western Frontier, they're the only ones who are unscrupulous.

"I think I've seen their Black Spirit Valley use this resentment technique back then."

Where did resentment come from?

Killing.

Killing to accumulate resentment.

The resentment on the old man from the Black Spirit Valley was accumulated from killing countless living beings.

If he alone could kill so many living beings, how many people would the entire sect kill?

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and a deep divine light flashed in them.

"Such a sect should not remain in the cultivation world."

Killing living beings to nurture resentment was a vicious method that Han Muye hated.

The living beings in the world were not equal, but such a cultivation should not exist.

"Hehe, back then, there were also sects who wanted to destroy the Black Spirit Valley, but in the end, nothing happened." Daoist Dayan laughed and shook his head.

"It's said that the Black Spirit Valley is filled with resentment. It was the battlefield of the ancient Western Frontier battle.

"The people of the Black Spirit Valley usually don't have much interaction with the cultivators of the Western Frontier."

Glancing at Han Muye, Daoist Dayan said in a low voice, "The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect isn't the only one who invited them to attack you this time."

"Perhaps they want to find a position in the nine intermediate sects of the Western Frontier."

The nine sects of the Western Frontier were jostling for position.

The Western Frontier had changed drastically. The forces of the Southern Wasteland had entered, and the old nine sects were about to change. It was normal for the Black Spirit Valley to have thoughts.

After all, the nine sects were not only famous, but also had various resources.

"Are they worthy of the position of the Nine Sects?"

Han Muye stood up, sword Qi shining on his body.

Daoist Dayan was stunned and said hastily, "What, what are you doing?"

Even if the strength of the Black Spirit Valley could not compare to the top nine sects of the Western Frontier like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it was still qualified to enter the nine sects.

Among them, there were countless mysterious experts who cultivated strange Dharmic techniques.

“Such an evil sect. The cultivators of our Western Frontier should kill them.”

Han Muye spoke loudly and flew into the sky.

“Hum—”

The sword light shone like a meteor in the sky.

At this moment, a faint morning glow had already appeared in the eastern sky.

It was dawn.

“It’s Immortal Han!”

“Where is Han Muye going? Isn’t he returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain?”

“Could it be that he feels helpless and wants to take a detour?”

....

#### **Chapter 279: Four Symbols Sword Formation (4)**

Those who had been paying attention to Han Muye exclaimed.

“Let’s go and catch up.” Someone’s sword light rose.

“If Immortal Han doesn’t have the intention to fight, then let me replace him!” Someone chuckled and led the sword light into the sky.

Han Muye led the way with his sword, and several sword lights chased after him.

Ahead, a few sword lights met him.

“Immortal Han, stay for a moment.”

“Han Muye, take my strike.”

“I’m Feng Shanci of the Spiritual Dao. I’m willing to ask Immortal Han for guidance!”

The sword light collided with Han Muye.

Yesterday, many people blocked the way, and Han Muye sparred with them.

Although they were no match for Han Muye, everyone had gained something.

The exchange of sword techniques with sword experts was the most motivating.

There were even more people guarding Han Muye that day.

Whether it was for the sake of becoming famous or because they really wanted to spar with him, there were many people who came to fight Han Muye that day.

However, Han Muye didn't want to be entangled with them now.

He had something to do.

Destroy the Black Spirit Valley.

So he was no longer polite to those who blocked the Dao.

"Hand over the sword."

The Green Destiny Sword was unsheathed and turned into a green spiritual light beside Han Muye.

On the other side, the purple Purple Flame Sword turned into a purple spiritual light that flickered.

The purple and green swords flashed forward like wings of light 100 feet away from Han Muye.

"Clang—"

The Green Destiny Sword swept across the sword in a sword cultivator's hand, pressing him down into the sky.

On the other side, the Purple Flame Sword flashed and brushed past a young man's waist, cutting off his belt.

It was fast.

In the world of the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, nine out of ten were fast!

Before stepping into the peak of the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, it was already enough to unleash sword light so quickly and formlessly.

"Boom—"

The sword lights of the two swords intertwined in midair and turned into a fire dragon.

The fire dragon swung its tail and smashed down the sword cultivators who had fallen behind.

In an instant, Han Muye defeated more than ten Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

"How powerful..."

Not far away, a young sword cultivator who had stopped spoke in a low voice.

"Why? Are you afraid?" Beside him, a young girl in green clothes had battle intent in her eyes.

"Afraid?" The young man laughed and turned into a stream of light as he rushed towards Han Muye.

"Why would we sword cultivators be afraid of battle?"

"At most—"

“Bam—”

The dissipating flames of the fire dragon exploded, wrapped around the young man, and smashed into the cloud.

The girl in green shook her head and said softly, “I mean, should we join forces?”

....

At 23,000 miles a day, the sword light killed 72 experts.

Han Muye’s battle record was as glorious as the sun.

On this day, the Western Frontier was shaken.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell to gather the Elders for a meeting sounded.

Sect Master Jin Ze, who had never appeared, personally presided over the meeting. Then several peak-level Earth Realm Soul Awakening Elders went down the mountain and welcomed Han Muye.

Not only the Nine Mystic Mountain, but many other sects with the positions of the nine sects of the Western Frontier also sent their junior experts.

In the eyes of the other sects, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect must have a deeper meaning.

The greatest possibility was that he would sharpen his sword before re-ranking the nine sects in the Western Frontier.

The Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword had to be rescheduled in front of the nine sects and used the younger generation of the Western Frontier sects to sharpen the swords.

On this day, countless young experts in the Western Frontier left their sects.

On this day, hundreds of battles occurred in the Western Frontier.

These young experts of the Western Frontier were not just here to fight Han Muye.

When they met each other, they would attack.

Since they were evenly matched, he naturally had to befriend them.

If he could not block someone else’s sword, he should return to his sect and cultivate for a few more years.

In three days, Han Muye flew 50,000 miles, fought 180 battles in a row, and drew his sword more than 500 times.

He did not lose a single battle.

Someone calculated that Han Muye never repeated his sword moves.

Some people even said that no one could block Immortal Han’s second strike.

The number one sword cultivator of the Western Frontier’s younger generation was famous.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, Tuoba Cheng frowned as he held the flashing communication jade slip.

“What does this kid want?”

The nine sects were about to be ranked and did not hide their strength. Was he complaining that he did not have enough opponents?

“Hehe, do you think you can control him?” Beside Tuoba Cheng, the silver-haired Jin Ze smiled and said.

“If you want to become the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, how can you do it without sharpness?”

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

A trace of battle intent rose from Tuoba Cheng’s body, but it was suppressed.

Tuoba Cheng was confident in his talent and temperament.

However, he did not dare to hope for the position of the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

He thought highly of Han Muye and felt that as long as he endured and cultivated hard, he would eventually soar into the sky.

But not now.

“Don’t think too much. In the end, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has to be strong enough.”

Jin Ze’s eyes were a little turbid, but they looked even more wise and deep.

“As long as you step into the Heaven Realm, all the problems will be solved.”

Jin Ze shook his head and said softly, “I really want to see how my Nine Mystic Sword Sect has a Heaven Realm cultivator holding down the fort and presiding over...”

Tuoba Cheng turned to look at him and said softly, “Actually, even without this method, I can still—”

Before he could finish, Jin Ze had already raised his hand. “A hundred years. Who will give my Nine Mystic Sword Sect a hundred years?”

Tuoba Cheng was silent.

In a few days, the cultivation world of the Western Frontier was extremely exciting.

The genius disciple of the Tai Yi Sword Sect defeated the sword cultivator blocking the way with a single strike and left.

Even with the three young disciples of the Spiritual Dao Sect joining forces, the 10 Earth Realm experts could not withstand a single move.

The young sect master of the Moon Essence Sword Sect turned his sword into the moon and killed five cultivators who were disrespectful to him.

There were countless experts from the various sects.



On the Falling Cloud Mountain, the number one expert of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect's younger generation, Du Feng, defeated the number one direct disciple of the Three Flower Sword Sect with one strike. Even his guard expert, an eighth level Earth Realm Soul Awakening expert, was injured with three strikes.

## **Chapter 280: Four Symbols Sword Formation (5)**

Du Feng's name instantly caught up to Han Muye's.

The Infinite Dao Sect was originally ranked eighth among the nine sects of the Western Frontier. Its ranking was slightly higher than the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

In the battle at the Cloud Nest Ridge, the Infinite Dao Sect had suffered a lot of losses. Many sects were interested in replacing it as one of the nine sects.

However, on this day, Duan Yihong of the Infinite Dao Sect defeated three Earth Realm Soul Awakening experts with a single strike. He advanced rapidly and challenged five third level Soul Awakening experts, but they were all defeated with a single strike.

Not only did the name of the Dao Child of the Infinite Dao Sect resound, but it also made many sects consider whether to snatch the position of the nine sects from the Infinite Dao Sect.

Not only were the sword cultivators of the Dao Sect involved, but the Shangyang Demon Sect's seventh disciple of the Sect Master, Li Mubai, Cai Peng, who was known as the White Demon Son, also came from Cloud Nest Ridge.

White Demon Son was ruthless. He did not kill in one strike, but he severely injured his opponents.

Even a second level Golden Core expert who could not help but attack was injured by him.

Not only was this Core Formation expert of the Infinite Dao Sect severely injured, but his cultivation was also personally crippled by the Spiritual Dao Sect's expert because he had violated the Spiritual Dao Sect's prohibition.

The Infinite Dao Sect was also deprived of the right to participate in the ranking competition of the nine sects by three half-step Heaven Realm experts of the Spiritual Dao Sect. They were even fined 10 million spiritual rocks.

This attitude was very obvious. The rearrangement of the nine sects of the Western Frontier was a stage for the younger generation.

For a moment, the cultivators of the Western Frontier were guessing who was the true number one among these young experts.

Would these people meet and fight before the nine sects rearrange?

For five days in a row, a young expert was defeated every day. The news of a nameless young expert becoming famous in one battle spread.

Those battle scenes came over, vivid and lifelike, making one's blood boil.

Outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, Bai Suzhen, who was wearing a green robe, stood in front of the cliff.

Behind her, the white-haired old man said in a deep voice, "Miss, that Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword went to the Black Spirit Valley. Sect Master means that if he dies, Sect Master can destroy the Black Spirit Valley.

"If he doesn't die, either you lure him into the Shangyang Demon Sect, or there's no Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword in this world."

He looked at Bai Suzhen's back and said softly, "Eldest Miss, you should know that such talent can't be left to the outer sect."

Bai Suzhen didn't listen to him and just looked into the distance.

Thousands of miles away from the Nine Mystic Mountain, there was a small city.

Jinyang City.

This city was a small mortal city a year ago.

In the past year, many cultivators had come here to do business or settle down, making the small city a city of cultivation.

At this moment, Lu Qingping, who was wearing a brocade robe, was teasing a child who was learning how to speak.

"Huhu, when you grow up, you have to become a sword expert like your adoptive father."

"Your father is a great hero, and your adoptive father is a great sword cultivator. In the future, you must help me find your father."

The child kicked and waved as if in response.

Western Frontier, Linghua Pavilion.

An alchemy sect.

Mu Wan, who was already an inner sect elite, listened to the discussions around her as she refined pills.

The Sword Dao was immortal.

The number one among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

The future number one expert of the Western Frontier's Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

This person was Senior Brother Han.

“Hum—”

The cauldron moved slightly, and a furnace of pills took shape.

With a wave of his hand, three sparkling pills appeared in his hand.

Cloud Qi Pill.

Immortal Grade!

The old woman beside Mu Wan smiled and said in a low voice, “Mu Wan is really powerful. With her achievements in this pill, no one in the younger generation of the Western Frontier can compare to her.

“Even that Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword immortal doesn’t have our Mu Wan’s talent.”

Hearing the old woman’s words, Mu Wan shook her head and stood up. “Uncle-Master, I’ll go back and rest first.”

With that, she slowly walked out of the pill room and looked up at the distant sky.

*Senior Brother Han’s world is really exciting... she thought.*

*But what could I bring him?*

....

Countless people looked forward to having an expert make Han Muye attack a second time.

There were also countless people who looked forward to seeing a few experts who had never lost a battle with Han Muye.