

Pavilion 281

Chapter 281: Shocking the Western Frontier with a Single Sword Strike

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 which ranked among the nine sects of the Western Frontier also sent their junior experts.

In the eyes of the other sects, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had a profound meaning.

They would likely cultivate their sword skills before the re-ranking of the nine sects in the Western Frontier.

Before the ranking of the nine sects was rearranged, the younger generation of the Western Frontier sects would cultivate their sword skills.

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, they naturally had to test each other's skills.

If one could not block someone else's sword, one should return to one's 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 said 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 are about to be ranked and are not hiding their strength. Is he complaining that he does 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 showing off one's ability?"

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.

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 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 will be with 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 plan, 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 abuzz with excitement.

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

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

The young sect master of the Moon Essence Sword Sect turned his sword into a 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 expert guard, an eighth level Earth Realm Soul Awakening expert, was injured with three strikes.

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 reconsider whether to snatch the position of 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 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 rankings 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 reorganized?

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

Those battle scenes came through, 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, a white-haired old man said in a deep voice, "Miss, that Sword Dao Immortal had gone to the Black Spirit Valley. If he dies, Sect Master will 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 Immortal 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, ordinary city a year ago.

In the past year, many cultivators had come here to do business or settle down, turning the small city into 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.”

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“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 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 her hand, three sparkling pills appeared in her 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 compete with Han Muye.

Amidst this confusing news, Han Muye kept moving forward.

A day later, he finally arrived at the forbidden area of the Western Frontier, the Broken Soul Wasteland.

Back then, an expert from beyond the heavens descended. The experts of the Western Frontier stopped the enemy and fought here.

In that battle, the world collapsed and the mountains and rivers shattered. Countless people died in battle.

This Broken Soul Wasteland had become a desolate and strange place.

But that was just a legend. No one could really explain it clearly.

"Back then, he killed three experts from outside the realm with a single strike here."

Standing in front of the Broken Soul Wasteland, Daoist Dayan spoke softly.

Han Muye nodded.

He had seen the images of that battle.

"Hehe, kid, do you know what kind of expert would make him use the Cloud Sinking Divine Sword?"

The Cloud Sinking Divine Sword.

That was a sword that Sword Master Yuan Tian rarely used.

This sword seemed to have been given to him by his master.

"Without a cultivation level above the eighth level of the Out of Body realm, he's not even interested in touching that sword," Daoist Dayan said calmly, his words filled with arrogance.

Heaven Realm cultivation, Nascent Soul, Out of Body, Soul Formation.

It was said that the Out of Body realm allowed one's soul to condense into a virtual body that could travel the world.

The human body was the most spiritual body in the world.

Han Muye's divine treasure could cultivate sword Qi and condense swords.

But these were dead things.

To condense his soul into a real human body, such strength was unimaginable.

Only such an expert was qualified to let Sword Master Yuan Tian use the Cloud Sinking Divine Sword.

"Above Dharma treasures are treasures that are rare in the Greater World.

"The Cloud Sinking Divine Sword is such a treasure."

Pointing at the endless wasteland in front of him, Daoist Dayan said softly, "If not for the fact that the Cloud Sinking Divine Sword killed three experts outside the realm with one strike, this wasteland would have expanded at least 10 times.

"Those three experts from outside the realm were good at encroaching on regions and then attracting their own race there."

These stories from 10,000 years ago were not told by Daoist Dayan himself. It was difficult for outsiders to know.

Han Muye could see the battle scenes, but he didn't know the reason for the battles.

"Senior's demeanor is fascinating." Han Muye nodded, and his originally calm aura began to surge.

During the intense battles on the way, the sword intent in his body became purer and purer, and vanished without a trace.

Now he looked like an ordinary scholar.

"Black Spirit Valley is in the center of the Broken Soul Wasteland, right?" Han Muye said as he looked at the wasteland in front of him.

Daoist Dayan nodded and said, "This is not a secret in the cultivation world.

"You've been focused. They should also know that you're here for Black Spirit Valley."

Daoist Dayan had a complicated expression. He looked at Han Muye and said, "If Zhao Yunlong was here, you might have a chance.

"But he's not here. It'll be difficult for you to level Black Spirit Valley.

"Maybe—

"You might even lose."

The current Han Muye's aura was flourishing, like a sword showing off his ability.

At this moment, his ability must not fail.

If he lost now, there would be flaws in his Dao in the future.

At critical moments, his mental state would be damaged.

"I just want them to know that I'm here." Han Muye looked ahead, his eyes shining.

As he sharpened his sword, his fighting spirit surged to the point that it was difficult to hide.

Since he had the sword in hand, he would fight!

Han Muye flew up like the sun.

The spiritual energy cultivated by the Nine Sun Techniques gave off endless heat.

"The Black Spirit Valley cultivates resentment and kills the living beings of the Western Frontier. Han Muye is here to destroy this evil sect today."

His voice was like muffled thunder that resounded for thousands of miles!

In the distance, the young experts of the Western Frontier who had fallen on the way widened their eyes.

"He's really going to challenge Black Spirit Valley..." A young man holding a long sword had a complicated expression as he looked ahead and hesitated.

"What do you mean, challenge? He said, 'destroy'." Another young man with a large sword on his back looked excited. He clenched his fists and growled.

Destroy Black Spirit Valley.

No one had done this for thousands of years!

Even a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator returned in defeat.

Could Han Muye do it?

"Sigh, still, he's too confident." An old man in a gray robe stood on the cloud and sighed.

"Uncle-Master, shouldn't you say that Immortal Han is proud of his Dao?" Beside the old man, a young man wearing a lotus flower golden crown said calmly.

Hearing his words, the old man shook his head and said in a low voice, "If it were anywhere else, with Han Muye's combat strength and reputation today, he would really be able to destroy the younger generation of the Western Frontier."

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“But this is the Broken Soul Wasteland. It’s the Black Spirit Valley.”

The old man turned to look at the golden-crowned young man and lowered his voice. “Sect Master said before, right? Don’t follow Han Muye into the Broken Soul Wasteland.”

The golden-crowned young man nodded, his eyes narrowing. “I won’t go.

“I’ll just watch and see if Han Muye is dead or alive.

“If he comes out, I won’t compete with him for the next thousand years.

“If he dies in this Black Spirit Valley, I’ll come back 300 years later after my cultivation reaches the heaven realm.”

Young experts arrived in front of the Broken Soul Wasteland and stopped.

“When cultivating the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, you can’t let the battle intent in your heart occupy your mind.”

“When a sword cultivator does everything for the sword but not himself, he won’t be far from death.”

“Han Muye really treats himself as an immortal today.”

“This is the way to die.”

The person who said this was a seventh level Golden Core sword cultivator.

Behind him, the two young sword cultivators nodded gently with solemn expressions.

Countless young experts stood outside the wasteland. Their battle intent soared, but they were careful and restrained.

At this moment, everyone was waiting for the battle of the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, and Han Muye destroying the Black Spirit Valley.

Could the number one person among the younger generation of the Western Frontier, the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, Han Muye, walk out of the wasteland alive?

The next day, the Mu family’s patriarch and Fairy Peony arrived in Mushen City.

The two of them stood outside the wasteland with gloomy expressions.

“Why wouldn’t this kid come back in a hundred years?” The Mu family’s patriarch said in a low voice with a dark expression.

Hearing his words, Fairy Peony shook her head and said, “We cultivate alchemy and don’t understand the path of sword cultivators. He should be looking for his own Dao.”

Patriarch Mu nodded and stood where he was, not moving forward.

This wasteland was not easy to break through.

The corrosion of resentment on the soul power was a headache even for a Heaven Realm expert.

Moreover, the Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony were both alchemy cultivators and were not good at fighting.

"Senior Zhao, are we going in?" On the other side, Tang Yunhao, who was standing in front of the wasteland, asked in a low voice.

Beside him was Zhao Yunlong, who was dressed in a white robe.

Behind them were several experts from the Broken Flower Hall.

With Zhao Yunlong's help, Tang Yunhao easily took control of the Broken Flower Hall.

The former hall master of the Broken Flower Hall was in seclusion.

It was the kind of dead pass that would never appear.

"Master asked me to leave back then because he was confident in handling everything."

Zhao Yunlong shook his head and looked ahead, his eyes shining. "Do you know how this wasteland came about?"

How did it come about?

Tang Yunhao shook his head.

He was an itinerant cultivator and knew about the rumors circulating in the cultivation world. However, he had no way of knowing the actual situation.

"Back then, this place was destroyed by Master's master," Zhao Yunlong said in a deep voice.

Master's master.

In his opinion, Han Muye, who had obtained Sword Master Yuan Tian's Sword Pill and was protected by Daoist Dayan, was naturally Sword Master Yuan Tian's disciple.

Tang Yunhao widened his eyes and looked at the wasteland in front of him.

Did he really destroy tens of thousands of miles?

What kind of expert was Han Zhexian's master?

"Boom—"

In the wasteland, a rumbling sound could be heard.

They had attacked!

Everyone looked up, wanting to see the situation in the wasteland.

However, the wasteland was vast, and the power of the soul was chaotic. They could not see the situation at all.

They had no idea where Han Muye was and how the battle was going.

“Boom—”

In the depths of the wasteland that outsiders could not see, Han Muye slashed down with his sword, repelling the black-robed men in front of him.

Every one of these people was at the Earth Realm.

“Hehe, the number one person among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

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

“You’re indeed qualified.”

Someone among the black-robed men sneered.

A faint murderous aura and resentment appeared on everyone’s bodies.

“You shouldn’t have come to the Broken Soul Wasteland.

“You have no idea what the Broken Soul Wasteland is.”

The person who spoke laughed and his body suddenly exploded.

He was not the only one. The others also exploded and turned into grayish-black resentment.

This resentment seemed to have activated the entire Broken Soul Wasteland.

Endless resentment surrounded Han Muye.

Resentment.

This was something that most cultivators in the world did not dare to touch.

Resentment was harmful to the soul. As long as it infected the soul, the soul would be damaged at best. One could even die and fuse with this resentment.

The resentment here was so dense that as long as one was infected, one would definitely die!

How many cultivators in the world could withstand the resentment here?

Resentment rolled and surged like a shrill ghost.

In Han Muye’s opinion, this was an opportunity he had found himself.

Resentment was an opportunity.

The opportunity to cultivate the Great Spirit.

“Steady.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the Four Symbols Sword Formation activated.

The azure dragon, white tiger, vermilion bird, and black tortoise gathered.

Without any hesitation, sword light and Great Spirit poured in, and the four divine beasts turned into golden bodies.

“Suppress—”

The four divine beasts condensed into a thousand-foot-long body and pressed down.

All the gathered resentment was enveloped and suppressed by the golden light and turned into a golden shade.

The resentment transformed into Righteousness Qi!

The endless resentment turned golden!

The resentment was suppressed, and a pale white phantom appeared.

It was the resentful soul that had remained in the Broken Soul Wasteland for countless years.

Among these souls, there were humans, demons, and fiends.

Some of them had died in the battle back then, while others had been tortured and killed in the Black Spirit Valley over the years.

There were thousands of them.

At this moment, all the souls were standing where they were.

“Seniors, Junior Han Muye is here to seek justice for you. Please help me.”

Han Muye bowed to these illusory figures and spoke loudly.

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The shadows did not respond.

But they did not dissipate. It was a response!

Han Muye let out a long cry and activated the Four Symbols Sword Formation. With a magnificent golden light, he rushed forward.

At this moment, he no longer held back his Great Spirit.

This entire wasteland had endless Righteousness Qi!

The resentment was refined and turned into the Great Spirit.

Shadows followed behind him.

The power of the soul gathered and condensed into a strong wind that was like a dragon.

All the resentment collided with the Azure Dragon and the Four Symbols Formation and was fused.

Like a snowball, the golden Four Symbols Sword Formation and the pale white and transparent dragon became stronger and stronger.

The golden light and silver-white halo seemed to illuminate the entire wasteland.

He wanted to turn the Broken Soul Wasteland, which had not seen light for thousands of years, into a clear and bright place.

The sky was getting brighter!

Three days later, in front of the pitch-black rolling valley.

“Boom—”

Ahead, a dark 10,000-foot shadow smashed down.

It was a three-headed demon phantom.

However, before this giant demon phantom arrived, the phantom behind Han Muye gathered into a 10,000-foot-long golden-armored general and shattered the phantom with a punch.

With the infusion of the Great Spirit, the resentment kept on dissipating.

From outside the wasteland, the resentment in the sky above the entire wasteland turned into a vortex that kept surging.

The world was filled with dark clouds and golden light.

“The ignorant are useless.

“Do you really think you can destroy my Black Spirit Valley just by cultivating the Great Spirit?”

A voice sounded as a 100-foot-tall black-armored demon stood in front of the Four Symbols Sword Formation.

“Clang—”

The Four Symbols Sword Formation was finally stopped.

The Four Symbols Sword Formation shook and slowly faded.

Half-step Heaven Realm.

There was really a half-step Heaven Realm expert in the Black Spirit Valley.

Moreover, the foundation of this half-step Heaven Realm cultivator in the Black Spirit Valley was the cultivation method of the demon cultivators outside the realm.

It was no wonder that these people from the Black Spirit Valley rarely communicated with the outside world.

They were the remnants of the cultivators from the outer realm.

The resentment and the ghastly white bones intertwined and exploded.

Countless Black Spirit Valley cultivators appeared in front of him.

Vengeful spirits roared.

These cultivators from the Black Spirit Valley were tainted with the blood of the living beings of the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

Looking at the surging ghosts in the sky, golden light intertwined in Han Muye's eyes.

Wasn't cultivating the sword to make the world so unfair and dark that there was nowhere to hide?

A sword cultivator's sword was no different from scrap metal if he did not kill this evil cultivator!

Today, Black Spirit Valley would definitely be destroyed!

Sword intent soared from Han Muye's body.

Behind him, Daoist Dayan looked at him with a complicated expression.

At this moment, Han Muye looked very much like Sword Master Yuan Tian, who only cared about the Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword in his heart.

The exploding black demonic aura turned into a long saber.

The long saber appeared, and the endless pressure froze Han Muye in place.

This saber was the accumulation of soul and resentment.

This was the condensation of the power of a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

This saber could kill anyone below the half-step Heaven Realm in one strike.

"Hum—"

The saber light was like a wheel, accompanied by ghosts.

The long saber swept across and shattered the body of countless souls in front of Han Muye.

His soul floated and could not gather again.

The specter laughed.

Such a pure soul was very nourishing.

"I have to thank you for sending these good things."

With a whisper, the demonic shadow turned into a long snake and opened its huge mouth. An endless suction force attempted to devour Han Muye and those souls.

The demonic shadow of the Black Spirit Valley was more powerful than a half-step Heaven Realm.

If not for the fact that he was in the Western Frontier and was not afraid of being discovered by the Heaven Realm experts of the Heavenly Mystic World, he would have long crossed this step and become a Heaven Realm expert.

The Demon Shadow Long Snake roared, its momentum growing like it was devouring the heavens.

The entire wasteland shook. Outside the wasteland, a demonic shadow supported the sky.

Who could resist such power?

Outside the wasteland, the young experts' initial desire to win faded.

Fortunately, they were not impulsive and did not follow Han Muye into the wasteland.

In front of such a powerful demon, they would not survive without the strength of a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

In the wasteland, Han Muye looked up at the demonic shadow that covered the sky.

Very strong.

It was much stronger than he had imagined.

It was hard to say if he would survive that day's battle.

However, it was precisely because of this that he had even more ardor and zeal coursing through his blood!

Fight!

In the next moment, a sword light rose above Han Muye's head.

"Kid Han, I'll go crazy with you.

"Use the Sword Pill."

Daoist Dayan's voice sounded. Then one of the four sword pills flew out.

Sword Pill, Dayan.

Han Muye chuckled and raised his hand. The intermediate sword intent in his sea of Qi poured into the sword pill.

"Holy sh*t!

"When did you cultivate the sword momentum of the Earth-type lineage?!

"How satisfying...

"I feel invincible.

From the sword pill, Daoist Dayan's voice was wretched.

However, a yellow halo that looked like a star appeared and turned into a huge ball of light.

The light knocked away the demonic shadow that covered the world.

“Star point.”

Daoist Dayan shouted.

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand.

Stars.

Ten thousand feet of stars flew into the sky.

Then they crashed down.

The huge snake formed by the 100-foot-tall demon raised its head and looked blankly at the 10,000-foot-long ball of light that was crashing down on it.

“Are you crazy...”

“Boom—”

The stars fell.

At this moment, the entire Broken Soul Wasteland flipped.

The entire Western Frontier shook!

One strike.

It shook the Western Frontier.

Chapter 285: Unsheathed Sword, No Regrets about Life and Death!

The sword light exploded!

The meteor shattered!

The land rolled like waves!

Using the Heaven and Earth powers, Star Point was like the falling of a star. With a single strike, the ground cracked.

It was impossible for an Earth Realm expert to have such power.

Even a Heaven Realm expert below the second level of the Nascent Soul realm could not break through thousands of miles in one go.

Between heaven and earth, smoke and dust filled the sky.

The dark Broken Soul Wasteland turned yellow.

There was an earthy smell.

This aura had not spread in the Broken Soul Wasteland for countless years.

This was the aura of the earth, the aura of life.

With one strike, the entire Black Spirit Valley was smashed into the ground.

No matter how many experts they had, they would all turn into powder.

These evil cultivators who cultivated soul resentment should have such retribution.

The clouds rolled, and endless vibrations spread out from the wasteland.

Outside the wasteland, the expressions of the experts who were waiting changed and they quickly retreated.

This impact was too strong, causing the phenomenon and the power of the earth lineage to change. Be it the Earth Realm Soul Awakening or the Meridian Opening Realm, they were both suppressed by the will of the world at this moment.

The wasteland rolled, and the Western Frontier shook.

Western Frontier, Spiritual Dao Sect's base.

The continuous green mountains were surrounded by immortal energy.

"Dong—"

In the sky, a mighty bell rang.

Then, at the top of the mountain, a golden light screen shone down, enveloping the entire sect within a radius of hundreds of miles.

The moment the light screen scattered, the world rumbled, and the ground shook as if the world was about to collapse.

In the light shield, in front of a magnificent hall, several old men in green robes stood side by side.

In the lead was an old man with a white beard who stared at the surging dust in the distance and said in a deep voice, "The Western Frontier is shaking. With such a battle, he should at least have the combat strength of a Heaven Realm expert."

Who in the Western Frontier did not pay attention to the battle in Black Spirit Valley?

As the number one sect in the Western Frontier, the Spiritual Dao Sect knew the current situation very well.

It was also because he understood that this half-step Heaven Realm Spiritual Dao Sect Elder was shocked.

On the other side, a middle-aged man with a purple Dao crown on his head said with a smile, "It's indeed reasonable for our Spiritual Dao Sect to suppress the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for the past thousands of years.

"The inheritance of the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has really broken the rules of the cultivation world.

"Sixty years to condense a sword and fight a Heaven Realm expert.

"If such an inheritance really prospers, how can other families survive?"

Many people nodded at his words.

The Spiritual Dao Sect, the Tai Yi Sword Sect, and the Shangyang Demon Sect had always had a tacit understanding to suppress the Sword Pavilion.

The inheritance of the Sword Pavilion had never really prospered.

Today, it seemed that he was right.

How long had Han Muye been in the Sword Pavilion? Yet he already had such combat strength.

If there were a few more Han Muye in the Sword Pavilion, wouldn't the Nine Mystic Sword Sect have the final say in the Western Frontier?

"Hehe, fortunately, Han Muye is alone." The Daoist standing in front smiled and said softly, "Besides, how much combat strength does he have after today's battle?"

Cultivation in the Sword Pavilion was all about exchanging soul sword qi for combat strength.

Back then, Han Muye became famous on the Cloud Nest Ridge. Apart from his unparalleled talent in the Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword, he also relied on his soul sword qi to join forces with Tu Sunshi to fight the demon experts.

Han Muye's cultivation was not worth mentioning.

His soul sword Qi had been exhausted. With his Sword Dao, path of the sword, and way of the sword. Even if he could fight above his level, he would only have the combat strength of the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm.

At this level, he was not too bad among his peers.

However, there were countless people in the entire Western Frontier who could defeat him.

Even if Han Muye survived that day, he would still be a mortal.

A Daoist looked around and said softly, "Do you think the Nine Mystic Sword Sect deliberately made Han Muye cripple his cultivation to reassure our Spiritual Dao Sect?"

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had done this many times.

In the eyes of the Spiritual Dao Sect, the actions of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were like a gecko with a broken tail. It always felt that it was smart and could escape suppression by hurting itself.

Actually, all these years, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had never really risen.

“Let’s wait for the First Elder to make a decision,” someone said calmly.

First Elder.

Myriad Transformation Sage.

He was currently in seclusion.

At this moment, in the secret room at the back of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Perfected Myriad Transformations, whose spiritual energy was surging, slowly opened his eyes.

Green spiritual light flickered in his eyes.

“Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, Immortal Han Muye?

“Back then, when my incarnation died in the Green Wheat Mountain, why do I feel that it has something to do with this person?

“Unfortunately, I couldn’t sense any incarnation information from the sword technique I used back then.”

Traces of spiritual energy intertwined on Daoist Myriad Transformations’ body, as if it was going berserk uncontrollably.

The death of his incarnation had done him a lot of damage.

“The Western Frontier, the Heavenly Mystic World. Even if my Spiritual Dao Sect wants to leave the Western Frontier, we can’t leave empty-handed.

“We have to take what needs to be taken and kill what needs to be killed.

Daoist Myriad Transformation raised his hand, and a green spiritual light covered the space in front of him.

There was no hurry.

When he came out of seclusion, it would be time to sweep through the Western Frontier and plunder resources.

....

On a cliff in the Western Frontier.

An old man in a black robe looked into the distance.

Over there, smoke and dust rose, wanting to cover half the sky.

This place was too far away from the Black Spirit Valley. He could only feel a slight vibration and the rising smoke and clouds. He could not feel anything else.

The old man’s eyes were deep as he whispered.

“Dayan?

“This kid can be so tough sometimes.

“I’m also very curious about what kind of junior can make Dayan submit.

“Back then, this kid looked down on everyone except Master...”

Looking at the distant smoke and dust, the old man turned and looked at the mountains behind him.

Chapter 286: Unsheathed Sword, No Regrets About Life and Death! (2)

A solemn sword light flashed on his body before disappearing.

“Master asked me to guard the Western Frontier. When the person who can really control the Western Frontier appears, I will go to the Immortal Spirit World to look for him.

“It’s been 6,000 years. Sword Dao Immortal. I hope you won’t disappoint me.”

....

The attack in the Broken Soul Wasteland shattered the entire Black Spirit Valley.

Han Muye stood in the void, his face expressionless.

The consumption of sword momentum that had been nurtured for a long time was exchanged for a sword that could shatter mountains and rivers.

This was a sword cultivator.

How delightful...

A sword pill floated back to Han Muye.

Daoist Dayan appeared. His face was flushed and his legs were weak.

“It’s been 8,000 years since I killed an outer realm cultivator with a single strike.”

Daoist Dayan looked at Han Muye with a complicated expression.

“You, there’s a chance.”

There was a chance.

Did he have a chance to become the next Sword Master Yuan Tian or surpass him?

Or could it be that he had a chance to become Daoist Dayan’s master?

Han Muye chuckled and reached out to hold the sword pill.

The strike just now contained the power of the world.

Using such a sword technique was an unimaginable experience for him.

Wasn't cultivation in the world just like this?

Seeing the surrounding dust slowly calm down, Han Muye flew back.

Since they had flattened the Black Spirit Valley, there was no need to stay any longer.

After this battle, he was no longer interested in fighting other cultivators.

Back to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

With a move, the sword light streaked through the void.

At this moment, thousands of miles away, countless cultivators could not hold back anymore and flew towards the wasteland.

Everyone wanted to see the outcome of this battle.

Did Immortal Han Muye win and pacify the Black Spirit Valley, or did the Black Spirit Valley remain unscathed?

In the sky, there was a stream of light.

In the Broken Soul Wasteland, the dark yellow light was sinking, revealing the blue of the sky.

Could it be that Immortal Han really won in the Sword Dao, path of the sword?

“Sword light!”

Suddenly, someone let out a low cry.

It was sword light!

Ahead, a bright sword light streaked across the sky, cutting through the clouds.

Sword cultivator!

The sword cultivator here must be the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, Immortal Han Muye!

He had won!

The Black Spirit Valley was destroyed!

“It’s Han Muye!”

“Heavens, is there really such a Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword expert in the world who can destroy the Black Spirit Valley alone?”

“As sword cultivators, we should dominate thousands of miles and kill demons and fiends!”

Countless people cheered.

At this moment, all the sword cultivators were unable to suppress their joy.

This was a great victory for sword cultivators!

“Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword!”

Someone shouted.

Then countless people cheered.

"I really didn't expect this kid to be able to flatten Black Spirit Valley alone." Standing in the void, the Mu family's patriarch stroked his beard and said softly, "I remember that he seems to have a good relationship with my Mu Wan..."

Beside him, Fairy Peony's eyes lit up. She reached out and pinched the Patriarch's waist. "Old man, why didn't you arrange this earlier?"

Tang Yunhao and Zhao Yunlong stood together and looked at the flying sword light in the distance with surprise.

"This is the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword."

"This is how the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword cultivators should be."

Zhao Yunlong turned to look at Tang Yunhao and said in a low voice, "You're in the dark and have light in your heart. Master will give you a path to heaven."

Tang Yunhao nodded and clenched his fists gently.

One person and one sword destroyed a large sect.

Those that the world did not dare to do, those that the world did not dare to kill, and those that the world did not dare to think about, were accomplished with just a single sword strike!

This was a sword cultivator.

He remembered what Han Muye had told him back then.

A sword cultivator should have a sword in his heart.

In the sky, Han Muye, who had transformed into a sword light, had no expression on his face.

He seemed to have become two different people.

One rode the sword light, and the other floated in the nine heavens and looked down at the world below.

This was a sign of comprehending the Heavenly Dao.

He accumulated power over 50,000 miles and killed the demon with one strike.

After this strike, his Dao approached perfection.

Therefore, at this moment, he was comprehending the Dao.

However, the more this was the case, the more he felt that the Great Dao in this world was lacking.

What was missing?

Han Muze's gaze fell on the wasteland below, which was covered by yellow soil and dust.

The wasteland was still the same.

Yes, it was still the same wasteland.

Not right!

Han Muze paused, and the sword light stopped.

After destroying the Black Spirit Valley, the entire wasteland would shatter. Why was it still that wasteland?

The wasteland should be the same as any place in the Western Frontier. There was spiritual energy, vitality, and all living beings.

However, the wasteland was still the wasteland.

The demons outside the realm devoured the Heavenly Dao!

The true mastermind behind this place was not Black Spirit Valley, but the demon hidden under the wasteland!

Han Muye stood in midair, his eyes filled with endless killing intent.

Behind him, sword light slowly appeared.

The green sword light shone with a world-shaking light.

The sword light was too bright and turned into a blazing sun!

“What—what happened to him?”

Seeing Han Muye standing where he was, and the sword light surging on his body, everyone was stunned.

He had already destroyed Black Spirit Valley, so why did he still have to use his sword?

Could it be that it was not enough for him to destroy Black Spirit Valley, but he had to destroy other sects?

“No way. Could it be that his mind was bewitched by the sword intent that rushed into his divine treasure?” Someone exclaimed and retreated.

“It’s possible. The sword intent is too strong. It mesmerizes the mind and transforms into a sword demon. It’s not unheard of.”

Someone said and quickly retreated.

How terrifying. Is the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword possessed?

Such a Sword Demon only wanted to kill with a sword. His entire body was controlled by the sword and he was undying.

“I remember now. Five hundred years ago, there were experts controlled by swords in the Sword Pavilion,” someone shouted.

Chapter 287: Unsheathed Sword, No Regrets About Life and Death! (3)

“Yes, 500 years ago, the Sword Pavilion Elder, Yu Shanqing, cultivated the Sword Pavilion’s Military Sword Technique. In the end, he was controlled by a sword and transformed into a Sword Demon. He killed more than 30 Sword Caretakers in a day.”

“The Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword has become demonic!”

Everyone shouted and retreated.

However, they seemed to be out of control.

The first to realize that something was wrong were the Mu family’s patriarch and Fairy Peony.

“This is the suppression of the Heavenly Dao!”

The Mu family’s patriarch had a solemn expression as he looked down, his eyes filled with fear. “In the Broken Soul Wasteland, the Heaven and Earth powers are also about to be severed. The legend back then is actually true!”

His words caused an uproar among the surrounding cultivators.

Before anyone could exclaim, a shuddering force surged from below.

The ground rolled, and the skeleton of a 10,000-foot-tall four-legged beast slowly stood up.

“Hehe, there are people in this world who can see through my concealment.

“It’s rare.”

A voice came from the beast’s skeleton.

The voice shook the figures in the sky, making it difficult for them to control the sword light and spiritual energy.

This was the suppression of the soul and the Great Dao.

The power of this huge beast skeleton had far exceeded everyone’s imagination.

The dust scattered, and the skeleton was revealed.

It was 100,000 feet long and had scattered scales.

A penetrating sword mark appeared between its eyes.

At this moment, the eye sockets of the skeleton beast were filled with green flames.

“Actually, you can leave.”

The beast’s fangs glowed green.

The flames in his eye sockets were thrown in Han Muye’s direction.

“I only want the souls of these humans. I’ve never thought of keeping you.”

At this moment, Han Muye’s figure was already in the void, completely out of the beast’s control.

If he wanted to leave, he could just turn around and leave.

As the beast spoke, green shadows appeared on its body and rushed around.

“Soul-devouring demon, Fey, demonic spirits!”

Someone looked at the green shadow and shouted in panic.

Soul-devouring demons, Fey, demonic spirits, devouring souls and possessing humans.

These fiendish demons were not strong, but they specialized in attacking the soul.

Before a cultivator in the world reached the late-stage Soul Awakening Realm, it was very difficult for their soul power to resist the devouring of the Soul Devouring Demon.

Moreover, it was not just one soul-devouring demon, Fey, and demonic spirits that rushed into a cultivator’s divine treasure. There were several or even dozens of them.

Even a Heaven Realm expert's soul could not withstand the bite and devouring of thousands of soul-devouring demons, Fey, and demonic spirits.

"This is the shadow of the Soul Devouring Demon, Fey, demonic spirits. It's a great demon that wreaked havoc in the Western Frontier 3,000 years ago!"

"No, it's a demon. A demon outside the Heaven Mystic Realm. Back then, it caused a great calamity in the Western Frontier and finally disappeared. It's here!"

Countless terrified exclamations sounded.

The cultivators in the sky were frozen and could not escape at all.

Legend had it that the methods of Soul Devouring Demons, Fey, and demonic spirits were extremely terrifying.

They devoured their souls and controlled their bodies before pretending to be cultivators to survive.

Outsiders did not know that his soul had already been devoured by the Soul Devouring Demon, Fey, and demonic spirits.

"This is a Heavenly Demon." The Mu family's patriarch's eyes lit up as he said in a low voice, "Shaoyao, if you can't escape, I'll detonate the power of my soul and send you away."

Beside her, a complicated expression flashed across Fairy Peony's face. She did not nod or speak.

Below, the soul-devouring demons, Fey, and demonic spirits were getting closer and closer.

"Actually, there are countless cultivators in the Western Frontier who are under your control, right?"

Han Muye muttered.

He recalled some strange things that he did not understand back then.

Back then, there were always a few swords in the Sword Pavilion whose owners had died strangely.

It was not only the Sword Pavilion. There were also such people in the other sects.

Han Muye raised his hand and pulled out the black sword in his hair.

His gaze fell on the huge skeleton.

"Han Muye, think carefully. This is a Heavenly Demon who has been domineering for 10,000 years." Daoist Dayan's voice sounded.

Daoist Dayan appeared beside him and said in a low voice, "Back then, he didn't even kill it with a single strike, leaving behind future trouble."

This Heavenly Demon was one of the three great cultivators who had been killed by Sword Master Yuan Tian back then.

However, this Heavenly Demon had secretly survived with a mystic technique and even occupied the skeleton of another great demon.

"If you want to leave, it's not too late." Daoist Dayan took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Back then, it also encountered a powerful enemy and had no choice but to retreat temporarily."

He did not cultivate the sword to seek death.

Sword cultivators would break easily if they were too rigid.

There was no shame in leaving that day.

It was normal to not be a match for the Heavenly Demon from the ancient times.

Today, countless cultivators did not have much to do with Han Muye. Even the Mu family's patriarch was only familiar with him and could not be considered to be close to him.

If he left today, Han Muye's Dao Heart would not be damaged much.

Hearing Daoist Dayan's words, Han Muye chuckled.

Leave?

How could he leave without his sword out?

In his palm, the black sword vibrated.

"Daoist Dayan, can you help me again?"

Assist again?

Daoist Dayan looked at Han Muye and gritted his teeth. "I'm resigned to my fate. If I don't die this time, I'll acknowledge you as my master in the future."

With that, he turned into a breeze and landed on the black sword.

Han Muye laughed and took a step forward.

"This is the sword you've been looking for, right?"

Han Muye shouted, and spatial power circulated on the black sword.

Hearing Han Muye's words, the flames in the eyes of the huge beast below condensed. All the soul-eating demons that rushed out surrounded Han Muye.

"Give it to me."

"I want to leave this world."

The great beast roared and flew into the sky.

"You want this sword?" Han Muye narrowed his eyes and gently let go.

"That depends on whether you can block my sword."

He put one hand behind his back and pointed to the front with the other hand gently.

At this moment, the image of Mo Yuan attacking and Sword Master Yuan Tian attacking in his mind overlapped.

The Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword, all had the same goal.

With a sword in his heart, he pressed forward.

I have a sword in my hand. May the world be at peace.

“Boom—”

Three sword intents rose.

This was the sword intent condensed in Han Muye’s dantian.

The previous consumption was all here.

“Three sword intents!”

“Immortal Han has condensed three sword intents. No one in the younger generation is his match!”

Looking at Han Muye’s three magnificent sword lights, everyone’s eyes were filled with surprise and admiration.

“Immortal Han, you, you should leave...” Someone whispered.

Han Muye, who had three sword intents, left that day. He was the number one person among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

If he stayed, how could he not die?

“Immortal Han of the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, if I, Mo Sanyue, can survive your strike today, I will definitely repay you with my life.” Someone looked at Han Muye, who was walking in the opposite direction, and clenched his fists.

How many people could go against the flow before death?

“Back then, on the Cloud Nest Ridge, you attacked in reverse under the siege of a Heaven Realm expert.

“Today, you came without fear before the Heavenly Demon.

“You are a true sword cultivator.”

The person who spoke had a solemn expression.

He stared at Han Muye, who had arrived in the opposite direction, and suddenly shouted, “Fellow Daoists, today, Immortal Han attacked in the opposite direction. After that, we’ll help him leave this place. How about that?”

“What we cultivators want is to be carefree, isn’t it?”

“I, Liu Shengyu, am willing to detonate my soul cultivation to help Immortal Han leave. Is there anyone who wishes to do so?”

He detonated his soul cultivation to help Immortal Han leave!

"Alright." Not far away, Wanyue, who was dressed in white, opened her eyes calmly.

"Hehe, I can give it a try." An old man at the fifth level of the Golden Core Realm laughed.

"Husband, I'll stay with you." Fairy Peony reached out and held the Mu family's patriarch's arm. Then she said softly, "Let's help him leave."

Patriarch Mu turned around and looked in the direction of the countless soul-eating demons.

On the other side, Han Muye walked forward with his hands behind his back, like an immortal.

"Okay," he whispered.

Fairy Peony chuckled.

It was as if flowers were blooming in the spring moonlight.

Han Muye walked forward. In front of him, black sword shadows flashed.

Three sword intents rushed into the black sword, bringing with them a cold aura.

"It's not enough, kid. These three sword intents definitely can't stop these soul-eating demons.

"Even if I self-destruct my soul, I won't be able to stop them."

Daoist Dayan's anxious voice came from the sword.

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he looked at the soul-eating demon. His gaze passed these illusory figures and landed on the skeletons below.

Couldn't stop the Soul Devouring Demon, Fey, and demonic spirits?

Today, he came in the opposite direction just to stop the soul-devouring demon?

How was that possible!

He unsheathed his sword without any regrets!

"Not enough sword intent?

"I have more."

Chapter 288: Heaven and Earth's Gift, Grandmaster Hao Ran

Han Muye raised his hand, and sword intent surged in his sea of Qi.

A sword light appeared.

Another sword intent shone brightly in the void.

Another.

Another.

Another.

At this moment, there was only sword light in the world!

Sword light filled the sky.

Twenty-three sword intents were divided into seven colors. Countless sword Qi scattered like wind and rain.

Two red and blue sword lights that were like pillars of light caused the world to tremble!

“Lunatic...”

Daoist Dayan’s voice sounded with a hint of fear. “How much sword intent did you refine?

“No, there are still two sword momentums. There are a total of three sword momentums. How did your lifespan and body withstand them...”

Hearing his words, Han Muye’s gaze landed on the sword lights.

Some of these sword lights had stayed in his sea of Qi for months.

Some of them were absorbed into his Qi Sea when he first started cultivating.

This sword intent came from the swords of the Seniors on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

With these sword intents in his Qi Sea, Han Muye felt at ease.

Even at the end of his lifespan, he did not dissipate these sword intents.

His gaze fell on the fiery sword momentum.

This was the sword intent condensed by Patriarch Tao Ran. Then he constantly nurtured it and turned it into sword momentum.

Although this sword momentum was still in his Qi Sea, it was actually showing signs of being refined.

If he slowly nurtured it, it might really become his in a hundred years.

However, at this moment, he had emptied his sea of Qi.

“Immortal Han.”

Looking at the sword light that filled the sky, someone muttered blankly.

What did he mean by the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword?

There was really no mistake about the nickname...

He condensed more than 20 sword intents and two sword momentums.

Even a Heaven Realm expert would be helpless against such a sword cultivator, right?

With such sword intent gathered, he could even fight a Heaven Realm expert!

“Really, he’s too strong!” The Sword Dao elites who had challenged Han Muye previously felt their hearts tremble.

“So you’re already so strong,” a young man in a black robe whispered and lowered his head.

With so much sword intent on him and a sword momentum that could rival a half-step Heaven Realm expert, how many people in the entire Western Frontier could defeat Immortal Han?

It was no wonder he dared to fight a Heaven Realm expert on the Cloud Nest Ridge back then!

“Senior Zhao, can you help Immortal Han?” Tang Yunhao asked in a low voice.

He knew Zhao Yunlong’s identity.

He hoped that Zhao Yunlong could help Han Muye.

Zhao Yunlong shook his head and said in a low voice, “I can’t help.”

“Daoist Brother has already taken action. If I go, I’ll only cause trouble.

“Besides, I’m being suppressed by the Heavenly Demon and can’t move.”

At this point, his eyes shone brightly. “However, if Master dares to come in the opposite direction, he will definitely be able to kill the demon with one strike.”

Kill the demon with one strike?

Tang Yunhao lowered his head and looked at the 100,000-foot-long skeleton.

He didn’t dare to think about it.

“He...” The Mu family’s patriarch looked at the sword lights that filled the sky and frowned. “Does he really have the heart to kill demons?”

The power of the Sword Dao that Han Muye revealed could be compared to the strongest sword cultivators in the Western Frontier.

With such methods, as long as he turned around, the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier would be at his fingertips in a hundred years.

If Han Muye didn’t leave today, was he really going to kill the demon?

Not far away, a young man with a long sword on his back gritted his teeth and shouted, “Even if the demonic flames are monstrous, I’m not afraid. I’ve comprehended it.”

He was fearless.

Han Muye looked at the endless soul-eating demons charging at him, feeling neither sad nor happy.

In his other consciousness hanging in the sky, he did not see any soul-devouring demons.

Those were just pitiful souls who had been enslaved for countless years and lost themselves!

It was not difficult to deal with such vengeful spirits.

In his divine treasure, the Spell of the Mortal World trembled, turned into golden light, and dissipated.

When it reappeared, it was in front of him, having turned into a golden barrier.

“Boom—”

A soul-eating demon collided with the light screen.

The grayish-black soul-devouring demon passed through the light screen. Then the black light dissipated, leaving only a faint shadow.

He was dressed in a green robe and carried a sword on his back. He looked young.

“He Mu Sect’s Shao Dequan thanks Fellow Daoist for waking my soul up.”

The young man bowed to Han Muye and dispersed.

At this moment, the second soul-devouring demon had already passed through the light screen and turned into a white wolf.

The white wolf whimpered at Han Muye and dissipated.

Soul-devouring demons collided with the light screen and landed in front of Han Muye, then turned into clear souls.

The Great Spirit was the best at suppressing demons and evil.

The soul-devouring demons’ lost souls were cleansed by the Great Spirit and immediately became clear and bright.

“Uncle-Master!”

Someone shouted from below.

A green-robed, black-bearded Daoist looked at the old man bowing in front of Han Muye and widened his eyes.

The old man turned around and smiled at the Daoist before dissipating.

“It turns out that Uncle-Master was controlled by the Heavenly Demon and turned into a soul-eating demon.

“It was no wonder we couldn’t find any traces of him back then.”

The Daoist clenched his fists and looked relieved. “Grandmaster, we know where Uncle-Master is.”

The soul-devouring demons’ resentment was dispelled by Han Muye. The 100,000-foot-long skeleton below roared angrily and collided with Han Muye with soaring demonic aura.

The soul devouring demons were just tools for its control.

Be it the Black Spirit Valley or the Soul Devouring Demons, they could all be sacrificed.

What it wanted was Han Muye's sword.

That sword had the power of space. It was the key to opening the sealed passage of the Heavenly Mystic World!

Today, no one could stop it from obtaining that sword!

As long as it obtained the sword and opened the passage to this world, attracting endless Heavenly Devils from its race, this world would be controlled.

It could even devour the essence of heaven and earth!

This was a Heavenly Demon, a Heavenly Demon that fed on the essence of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth!

The 100,000-foot-tall Heavenly Demon rushed towards Han Muye, and all the cultivators below clenched their fists.

Chapter 289: Heaven and Earth's Gift, Grandmaster Hao Ran (2)

This Heavenly Demon was really too strong, so strong that even the Mu family's patriarch and Dao companion, Fairy Peony, were helpless and were frozen.

Who could resist such a great fiend demon?

Could Immortal Han withstand it?

"Little Han, when you see Yu Niang in the future, tell her that Dayan has never done anything to let her down."

Daoist Dayan's voice came from the black sword in front of Han Muye.

Then, the sword vibrated, and all the scattered sword intent and sword momentum turned into a vortex that poured into the sword.

The sword suddenly became 100,000 feet long. The blade was cold and shining.

"Kid Han, turn around and leave after this strike.

"The power of the Heavenly Demon is mostly in the soul. With this strike, I can shatter its body, but I can't injure its soul."

Daoist Dayan shouted. Then he pointed the tip of his sword forward. The sword trembled, preparing to stab forward.

He shook his head.

He raised his hand and pointed his fingers.

“Hum—”

His long sword trembled.

“Kid, what are you doing!

“If you can’t control this sword intent, I’ll do it!”

From the sword, Daoist Dayan shouted in panic.

There were dozens of sword intents and two sword momentums. Not to mention Han Muye’s cultivation, even a Heaven Realm expert could not control them.

Daoist Dayan was prepared to exhaust his soul, but he did not dare to say how long he could activate such a powerful sword intent.

In his opinion, if Han Muye activated this sword with his soul and spiritual energy, his soul would shatter and his spiritual energy would be exhausted in a thousandth of a breath.

Ignoring Daoist Dayan, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Above his head, a green sword light appeared.

Sword of the soul!

Han Muye had the sword of the soul!

Below, the cultivators widened their eyes.

They could not imagine that Han Muye had so many hidden methods.

Sword intent.

Sword momentum.

Sword of the soul.

There was also the light screen that could block the soul-eating demons.

Every one of them was a method to dominate the Western Frontier.

Today, Han Muye took them all out just to fight the Heavenly Demon.

“Is it worth it?”

Someone whispered.

“Are you worth it?”

Countless people watched with complicated expressions as the soul sword qi above Han Muye’s head fused with the sword in front of him.

The sword of the soul condensed for 60 years.

Even with the Sword Dao, an extremely talented expert did not need to condense it for 60 years. However, if it was exhausted, it would be extremely difficult to condense it again.

This was a sword that could resist the Heaven Realm within a hundred breaths...

“What Immortal Han wants is no longer something that mediocre people like us can understand.” An old man with a long sword on his back smiled bitterly and lowered his head.

His cultivation level was already at the Golden Core realm. Previously, he had judged Han Muye before the wasteland battle and said that he was easy to break.

“Perhaps this is a true sword cultivator who has a Dao in his heart and won’t return even after a hundred losses?”

Someone held the sword in his hand and spoke in a deep voice.

They didn’t know.

They didn’t understand.

He understood now. That meant he was a great cultivator.

Everyone looked at the sky and saw the sword in front of Han Muye collide with the Heavenly Demon.

“I have a sword called the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

Han Muye whispered softly. Not only did he and Daoist Dayan hear his words, but everyone around him could.

“This strike was not cultivated by a shocking expert like Senior Sword Master Yuan Tian.”

“This sword is cultivated by all the people in the world who are focused on the Sword Dao but have mediocre aptitude and talent.”

“This strike has nothing to do with cultivation.”

Han Muye pointed his finger forward.

He pointed his arm forward as if he was stabbing with a sword.

At this moment, the sword light was dazzling, illuminating the world. Everyone closed their eyes.

No one saw the four sword lights flash after the sword light.

The black sword stabbed the forehead of the demon beast skeleton.

The blade passed through his forehead and intermediately penetrated the previous wound. It brought the huge beast down from the sky and it hit the ground.

“Boom—”

A trembling roar that was a hundred times more explosive than the previous Star Point Sword sounded.

In the sky, all the figures who were frozen there vomited blood and flew away.

The entire void instantly exploded.

Endless astral winds blew away the silence that was in the Broken Soul Wasteland for countless years.

It was as if the world had woken up.

“Boom—”

The 100,000-foot-long beast skeleton shattered, turning into jade-colored long bones scattered around the space.

This long bone was a jade bone that even a Heaven Realm cultivator had to slowly refine.

Demon bones.

As the bones of the demons scattered, rain fell on the entire wasteland.

An aura of life arose spontaneously.

Han Muye, who was standing in midair, had a smile on his face. He let the rain fall on his body and slowly floated down.

Carefree.

That day's strike was carefree.

His sword Qi, sword intent, sword momentum, and soul sword were exhausted.

If the Heavenly Demon did not die that day, Han Muye would definitely die.

Fortunately, the Heavenly Demon was dead.

When his feet landed on the soft soil, Han Muye leaned over and picked up a five-foot-long jade bone. He used it as a walking stick and slowly walked forward.

All his power had been exhausted. At this moment, he was a mortal.

A mortal who could barely walk.

Countless cultivators flew to his side and watched him walk forward slowly.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. “The bones of demons all over the ground are an opportunity. Don't waste them.”

The ground was filled with the bones of demons.

Everyone looked at Han Muye and felt an uncontrollable emotion surge in their hearts.

If Han Muye hadn't used all his strength, this place probably wouldn't be filled with demon bones. Instead, it would be filled with soul-devouring demons!

All the cultivators here would have been controlled by the Heavenly Devil and turned into soul-devouring demons.

Today, Immortal Han saved everyone.

And he had become a mortal.

“Immortal Han, I’ll send you back to the Nine Mystic Mountain.” Wanyue took a step forward and whispered.

As soon as she finished speaking, another voice sounded. “I’ll send Senior Brother Han back to the Nine Mystic Mountain too.

“Immortal Han, I’ll follow you to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Chapter 290: Heaven and Earth’s Gift, Grandmaster Hao Ran (3)

Han Muye chuckled and didn’t stop walking. He said indifferently, “I appreciate everyone’s kindness. I, Han Muye, am not at the point where I need you to send me back to the mountain.

“Cultivate well. When the nine sects rearrange their rankings, I’ll compete with you.”

The day of the nine sects’ rearrangement!

The day of the rearrangement of the rankings of the nine sects of the Western Frontier was not far away. At this moment, Han Muye had lost all his cultivation. At that time, he would probably not even be able to withstand a low-level disciple.

But who would dare to be disrespectful to him now?

If not for the fact that he had exhausted his cultivation, who would be able to withstand Immortal Han’s sword?

If not for the fact that he had killed demons in reverse and had more than 20 sword intents, who could have attacked Immortal Han?

If not for the fact that he had exhausted the sword of the soul, who below the Heaven Realm was qualified to stand in front of Immortal Han?

This was a sword cultivator!

Life and death were light, honor and humiliation were for the sword in the heart.

With this strike, he had no regrets!

“Han Zhexian, on the day of the nine sects’ rearrangement, as long as I meet you, I, Duan Yihong, won’t attack.” A young man in a white robe took a step forward and bowed.

Duan Yihong!

Duan Yihong of the Infinite Dao Sect!

The genius who was thought to be able to compete with Immortal Han.

“Immortal Han, on the day of the nine sects’ rearrangement, I, Sun Ji, will not attack you.”

“Immortal Han, on the day of the nine sects’ rearrangement, I, Luo Taoyang, will give you a victory.”

“Immortal Han, on the day of the nine sects’ rearrangement, I’ll lose to you first.”

....

Voices sounded.

These elite disciples who were qualified to participate in the nine sects’ rearrangement would not go back on their word.

Han Muye had already set hundreds of victories for the day of the nine sects’ rematch.

Hearing the cheers behind him, Han Muye smiled and took out a small gourd. He bit off the stopper and took a sip of wine.

The wine was sweet and clear. When it entered his mouth, it passed through his intestines and entered his stomach. It was hot.

“Senior Brother Han.”

Tang Yunhao’s voice sounded.

He quickly stepped forward and bowed. “Senior Brother, Senior Zhao and I will protect you and send you back to the Nine Mystic Mountain.”

How was it possible for a mortal to cross tens of thousands of miles to the Nine Mystic Mountain?

Besides, how many people would intercept him along the way?

Hearing Tang Yunhao’s words, Han Muye turned to look at him. With a wave of his hand, a few demon bones flew out.

“For you.”

Trembling, Tang Yunhao reached out to catch them.

These were the jade bones of a true great demon.

The power of the scattered demon bones within a radius of 5,000 miles was almost exhausted. There were very few with sufficient quality.

There was probably not a single piece that could compare to these jade bones.

“Zhao Yunlong, help Tang Yunhao establish a faction in the old Blazing Sun Palace and occupy that passage.

“I’ll arrange for someone to hand over to you. In the future, your Broken Flower Hall will do a proper sword and pill business.”

Han Muye turned to look at Tang Yunhao and said calmly, "Do you understand?"

Tang Yunhao looked up and was stunned when he saw Han Muye's eyes.

Immensely deep and wise.

One look and he was completely lost.

When he came back to his senses, Han Muye was long gone.

"Senior Brother Han, he—" Tang Yunhao held the jade bones in his hand and whispered.

"Master has already left." Zhao Yunlong looked at him. "You just have to understand that a true expert doesn't rely on accumulated cultivation.

"Even if they don't have any cultivation, a look from them can kill someone.

"In the Confucian Dao of the Central Continent, tens of thousands of miles away, Wen Mosheng could make the world collapse with a single stroke of his brush.

"This is a true great cultivator."

Looking up, Zhao Yunlong's eyes flashed. "The cultivation world of the Western Frontier has declined for too long. Perhaps it has to revive in Master's hands."

With that, he waved his hand and said, "Let's go. I'll take you to the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace."

....

At this moment, Han Muye did not continue on foot.

He sat in a flying ship.

The person piloting the flying ship was the eldest disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Three Stones House, Zhao Pu.

On both sides of this flying boat, there were two hundred-foot-long flying boats.

On the flying boat, there was a huge sword light mark.

Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"Senior Brother Han, rest well. I'll take care of everything." Zhao Pu's voice came from outside the cabin.

Han Muye laughed and raised his hand. A formation disk landed in front of him.

With a flash of spiritual light, the formation disk emitted a golden light and set up an array formation to isolate detection.

"Isn't this kid's cultivation already exhausted? How can he still activate the array formation?" In a flying ship, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Grand Patriarch, Zhang Zhihe, shook his head and retracted his divine sense.

He had never seen through Han Muye.

With the array disk isolating his divine sense, Han Muye's eyes flashed.

Daoist Dayan appeared beside him and slumped to the ground.

"You, hurry up. I can't hold on anymore..." Daoist Dayan's face was red as he spoke with a trembling voice.

Hearing his words, Han Muye smiled and raised his hand.

Four sword pills flew out of Daoist Dayan's body.

The small black sword automatically returned to his hair.

Reaching out to hold the four sword pills, a faint sword light surged on Han Muye's body.

Then, like a torrent of power, it reversed!

The sword pills contained all the power of a Heavenly Demon and the gifts of countless pure souls. The power was too strong and too much that Daoist Dayan could not withstand it.

The Sword Cultivation Pill was just so domineering.

"Oh my, I thought you lost out this time.

"Actually, you're the one who benefited the most..."

Looking at Han Muye, who was surrounded by sword light and golden light, Daoist Dayan had a complicated expression.

He reached out and grabbed a demon bone, slowly refining the power it revealed.

Sword spirits could also be cultivated.

"Hum—"

Sword cries sounded from Han Muye's body.

A fiery red shadow appeared.

Fire lineage sword intent.

The exhausted sword momentum returned.

Every sword intent condensed into a sword thread.

However, this sword thread was the state that sword cultivators in the world yearned for the most.

The sword condensed into a thread, revealing every detail.

Such a sword light could follow the stars!

The Heavenly Demon actually did not have a corporeal body. The bones gathered were completely suppressed by the power of the Heavenly Demon Soul. Han Muye's sword seemed to have exhausted everything, but in fact, he had only activated it with all his might before retracting it.

There were 23 sword threads and two sword momentums. Not a single one was missing. They returned to his Qi Sea and were a hundred times more condensed than before.

“Boom—”

The illusory beast shadow that bared its fangs and brandished its claws appeared in Han Muye’s divine treasure. Then it opened its huge mouth, wanting to tear his divine treasure apart.

This was the soul power that the Heavenly Demon had cultivated for countless years.

The four sword pills extracted the soul power of this powerful Heavenly Demon.

This was a treasure that all Heaven Realm cultivators coveted!

In the next moment, countless golden lights in Han Muye’s divine spot turned into chains that locked the illusory beast shadow.

Great Spirit.

Han Muye used his Great Spirit to awaken all the soul-devouring demons controlled by the Heavenly Demon in the Broken Soul Wasteland. He also refined countless grievances and gave them the Great Spirit, instantly becoming a half-step grandmaster of the Confucian Dao.

The cultivation of the Confucian Dao in the Central Continent began with being a young student who could read and write. He progressed through the phases of Elementary Scholar, High Scholar, Scholar, Confucian Dao Master, Confucian Dao Grandmaster, until he became a Confucian Dao Half-Saint and even reached the top, becoming an absolute saint like Wen Mosheng.

At this moment, the cultivation of the Great Spirit in Han Muye’s divine treasure had surpassed the scholar level and reached the peak level of the Confucian Dao master—a half-step grandmaster.

Su Zizhan, the Prefectural Governor of Shuxi County in the Central Continent, was a half-step grandmaster of the Confucian Dao.

In the entire Central Continent, it was rare for a Confucianist to cultivate to a half-step grandmaster and be qualified to govern a county.

The vast and endless Righteousness Qi surged like a tide, and poured into the divine treasure, drowning the beast shadow before gathering into soul sword Qi.

It was unknown how many soul swords could be condensed with such vigorous soul power.

The soul sword reunited, the sword intent in his sea of Qi returned, and his Righteous Qi reached the half-step grandmaster realm. At this moment, Han Muye seemed to have reached the heavens in a single bound.

But that was not all!

A pale yellow ball of light rose from the jade bones placed horizontally in front of Han Muye, enveloping him.

“The gift of heaven and earth, the affinity of the power of earth is maxed out.”

Daoist Dayan looked at the yellow light screen with envy. "Are you really forcing me to acknowledge you as my master?"