

Pavilion 411

Chapter 411: The True Secret Place of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect (3)

As his cultivation and combat strength continued to improve, there was no need to hide many of his methods.

Hearing Han Muye say that he could connect to the Fire Source World on the Nine Mystic Mountain, Tuoba Cheng and the other two revealed strange expressions.

Such a method was not something that ordinary people could master.

But on second thought, Han Muye had never been an ordinary person.

In the next few days, the Nine Mystic Mountain announced the interactions of the elites of the various sects, immediately attracting the interest of countless people.

Especially since it was said that this elite exchange was held in the secret place of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it made people's imagination run wild.

Over the past few days, Han Muye had been running all over the mountain with the yellow fat tiger every day.

Huang Zhihu was quite a charmer. She called the female cultivators 'Aunty', the male cultivators 'Uncle', and the older ones 'Grandfather'.

She didn't want the green-skinned fruits, nor did she want the spiritual rocks that were not shiny.

Han Muye helped put the other small swords and knives into a small bag.

Then, in the evening, he sent Huang Zhihu back. Mu Wan, Bai Suzhen, and the others helped Huang Zhihu count how many gifts she had received.

"Who's so generous to give a spiritual weapon? I'll make a trip tomorrow," Bai Suzhen said with a smile as she held a foot-long sword.

"This is the Jade Beauty Pill, right? This is good stuff." Mu Wan widened her eyes as she took out a small jade bottle from the pile of treasures.

Tan Tan helped Huang Zhihu pick out which fruits were sweet.

Lin Yuxia and Lu Qingping were the most practical. As they counted the spiritual rocks, they registered who had given them gifts.

"Daoist Wu Yu from Floating Sun Sect gave me three high-grade spiritual rocks. He said he was buying candy for Zhihu."

"Elder Guo Mufan of the Baisen Dao Sect gave me a half-spiritual weapon, the Jade Spirit Saber."

...

When Han Muye left the small courtyard, Mu Wan chased after him.

“Senior Brother Han, these are a few pill formulas I’ve recently found to repair my meridians and restore my cultivation aptitude. Take a look.

“Also, these are some top-grade medicinal pills.”

Looking at Han Muye, Mu Wan bit her lip. “I know you don’t lack these. I just feel that I’ll feel better if I can help you a little.”

Hearing her words, Han Muye smiled and stroked her hair, then took the jade slip and a small bag.

He took a few steps and stopped. He turned around and said, “In a few days, the elites of the various sects will go to the secret land. You guys should go too.”

“I don’t know how to fight with others. I only know how to refine pills...” Mu Wan lowered her head.

“It’s fine. I’ll go too,” Han Muye said with a smile.

Hearing Han Muye say that he was going too, Mu Wan’s eyes lit up and she nodded.

When Mu Wan returned to the small courtyard, the others had already dispersed. Only Lu Qingping gathered everything on the stone table and sat there.

“Sister Mu Wan, Senior Brother Han hasn’t gotten a Dao companion yet.” Lu Qingping smiled.

Mu Wan blushed and was about to explain when she heard Lu Qingping say in a low voice, “Storeowner Bai is the daughter of the Sect Master of the Shangyang Demon Sect. Her identity is extraordinary. If she forms an alliance with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it will really be amazing.

“Behind the little demon, Tan Tan, is a Heaven Realm Great Demon. There are also countless spiritual herbs from Green Wheat Mountain as dowry. That’s a huge amount of wealth.

“The Lin family’s sister doesn’t have much background, but she’s Instructor Lin’s sister. She’s close to Senior Brother Han.”

With Lu Qingping’s words, Mu Wan’s face turned pale.

“Let me tell you. I heard from Tan Tan that Senior Brother Han went to the Central Continent and even spent a night with the number one beauty of Jinchuan.”

A smile flashed across Lu Qingping’s face.

Mu Wan’s eyes sparkled.

“Silly girl, do you think Senior Brother Han needs allies and cares about wealth?” Lu Qingping stood up and hugged Mu Wan’s shoulder as she chuckled.

Mu Wan turned to look at her.

“This person’s fate is the most magical.” Lu Qingping hugged Mu Wan’s shoulder and looked up at the sky.

“Back then, I only pitied Brother Zhenxiong and never had those thoughts.

“Later, when I found out about his feelings for me, I was touched, but I didn’t think that we would become Dao companions.”

Lu Qingping’s face darkened as she turned to look at the room.

“Right now, I don’t care about Jinyang City’s wealth and power. I just want Sixth Brother to come back safely and our family of three to be together.”

She looked at Mu Wan and said in a low voice, “Let nature take its course.

“We’re all cultivators. We still have a long way to go.”

Mu Wan nodded and gently held Lu Qingping’s wrist.

“Sixth Sister-in-law, Sixth Brother will definitely come back.”

Lu Qingping nodded and smiled. “If he dares to not come back, I’ll get Zhihu to look for him.

“With Senior Brother Han’s guidance, Zhihu’s cultivation will definitely be extremely strong in the future.”

—

In the bluestone square in front of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye stood on the nine stone steps in a green robe.

Behind him, Yang Mingxuan, Liu Hong, and Jiang Ming stood solemnly.

Below, the elites of the various sects bowed and stood quietly.

“Everyone, since our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is the number one sect in the Western Frontier, we naturally have to have our own bearing.

“Today, we will share the secret place of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Everything you obtained in the secret place belongs to you.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect will reward those who can stand out among you.”

Han Muye waved his hand.

“Buzz!”

A golden stream of light turned into a light screen. The light screen rose, and a 100-foot-tall door appeared.

Spatial power!

The experts from the various sects watching looked at Han Muye in surprise.

Although Immortal Han looked like he had yet to recover his cultivation, his spatial power was really impressive.

It was said that he had also cultivated body refinement and studied Confucianism.

It was said that one would never get tired of being greedy. However, why did these principles not make sense when it came to Immortal Han?

The group of sect elites looked at each other, and Duan Yihong and the others strode into the teleportation gate.

When they appeared again, they were already in the hot Fire Source World.

“Everyone, we have surrounded many Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators. You came at the right time.”

As soon as he entered the Fire Source World, a voice sounded.

He Xuanqi, who was holding two swords, shouted and flew up.

Cultivators from Cloud Heaven Realm?

Where was Cloud Heaven Realm?

What kind of place was this mystic realm?

“Boom!”

Ahead, there was a roar.

Duan Yihong and the others quickly followed and joined the siege.

The Cloud Sky Realm experts were really strong, fighting with these experts and constantly walking on the edge of life and death.

Hundreds of Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators were surrounded and killed.

After this battle, many people’s backs were drenched in sweat.

Looking at the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, they were already used to it.

Duan Yihong and the others were shocked.

Back when the nine sects were rearranging, they did not notice that if they fought to the death with these Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples, the elites of the various sects would probably suffer heavy casualties.

“Do you usually fight like this?” Du Feng from the Wind Spirit Sword Sect asked in a low voice.

The relationship between the Wind Spirit Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had never been harmonious. They had even made many enemies.

Du Feng and the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had also fought a few rounds.

“Like this?”

Hearing Du Feng’s words, He Xuanqi grinned and said, “This is nothing.”

He looked up at the sky and chuckled. “The patriarch is still guarding outside the Heavenly Gate. Those brats haven’t come in yet.”

“Boom!”

As he finished speaking, a fire dragon exploded in the sky!

Fire clouds filled the sky, illuminating the world.

Chapter 412: Congratulations from Far and Near, Succession Ceremony

Patriarch Tao Ran!

The one running amok in the sky was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s fire lineage patriarch.

Back then, it was said that he had stumbled into the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace. It turned out that he was in this secret place!

Everyone gasped when they saw the fire dragon explode.

Such power was definitely not half a step into the Heaven Realm!

Could it be that Patriarch Tao Ran was already a Heaven Realm cultivator?

There was another Heaven Realm expert in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

“Little brats, get ready. I’m going to let some brats in!”

In the sky, Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice sounded.

Then the sky seemed to split open. A ray of spiritual light descended, and countless cultivators from outside the realm rushed down.

There were also many Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators hiding in the Fire Source World who instantly rushed out and escaped from this pillar of light.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect used the Fire Source World as a training ground, and so did the Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators.

From Patriarch Tao Ran and the others, they learned that because of a powerful opponent like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the price of the Cloud Heaven Realm’s Ethereal Dao Sect to train in the Fire Source World had increased several times.

However, there were even more people fighting for it.

To the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, life and death battles could increase their combat strength. The cultivators of the Cloud Heaven Realm thought the same!

The two sides had even developed a tacit understanding. From time to time, Patriarch Tao Ran would open the Heavenly Gate and let these cultivators from the Cloud Heaven Realm enter.

At this moment, the Heavenly Gate opened. Countless people from the Cloud Heaven Realm came. Whether the elites of the various sects were prepared or not, they could only fly up.

For a moment, there was a roar, and sword light and spiritual light exploded.

Han Muye held Huang Zhihu’s hand and stood on the hundred-foot-long white feather.

They were flanked by Yang Mingxuan and Liu Hong. Bai Suzhen, Mu Wan, and the others were all on the white feather.

Bai Suzhen was fine. Light circulated around her, and several streams of light appeared. Clearly, she had many protective treasures.

Lu Qingping and Lin Yuxia's cultivation levels were not high. Looking at the tragic battle, their expressions were solemn.

Compared to them, Mu Wan's face was pale.

As she said, she was only good at refining pills.

Han Muye had not brought them to the Fire Source World to really let them fight, but it was good for them to observe and comprehend more.

As a cultivator, how could one not fight with one's life?

It was impossible to go far in cultivation otherwise.

Cultivation was a process of competition.

Han Muye quietly sized them up. Although Huang Zhihu was young, she did not seem to be afraid of such a tragic battle. Instead, she looked curious, and there was a hint of excitement in her eyes.

Han Muye led them to watch as the Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators who had slipped through the net rushed over. Yang Mingxuan and Liu Hong naturally killed them.

Yang Mingxuan's attacks were ruthless. Compared to him, Liu Hong was a complete rookie.

Yang Mingxuan had fought in the Fire Source World for two years. The ferocity of his attacks terrified those Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators.

After the battle, Han Muye gathered the elites of the various sects and then guided them according to the battle scene he saw.

Han Muye held Huang Zhihu's hand in one hand. When he saw the person in front of him, he recalled the scene of his previous battle.

"Mu Tianyan from the Blazing Sun Sword Sect, your sect's swordsmanship isn't bad, but when you were training, you hesitated."

Han Muye raised his hand and naturally took the sword from the white-robed young man's hand, then waved it a few times.

"If this move is followed by a horizontal slash, the lethality will increase by at least 30%."

"This assassin didn't do anything wrong. What a pity."

After practicing a few moves and collecting the memories and sword qi in the sword, Han Muye returned the sword under the other party's respectful and grateful gaze.

Mu Tianyan was not stupid. He received the sword and quickly took a few spiritual rocks.

Huang Zhihu did not reject shiny spiritual rocks.

Han Muye laughed and helped Huang Zhihu stuff the spiritual rocks into her small pockets, then led her elsewhere.

“Godfather, he fights so slowly.”

Huang Zhihu’s words made Han Muye’s eyes light up, then he laughed and said, “Good girl, you were born to be a sword caretaker.”

Han Muye led Huang Zhihu to point out sword techniques, instructing the spell cultivators to use them from time to time.

Lu Qingping, Mu Wan, and the others brought pills and spiritual herbs.

Lu Qingping, the sixth sister-in-law, Mu Wan, the genius of the Mu family, and Bai Suzhen, the eldest daughter of the Shangyang Demon Sect, came to offer their condolences. Because of their identities, these sect elites did not dare to neglect them.

During the battle, Mu Wan did not even dare to look straight at him. At this moment, be it bandaging his wound or refining pills on the spot, her eyes were bright and her attacks were precise.

Her group attracted the attention of those elites.

Han Muye watched the subsequent battle from the side. When it ended, he went forward to give pointers.

Mu Wan and the others treated the injured and refined medicinal pills.

Unconsciously, the combat strength of these elites of the various sects increased rapidly.

The comprehension of a life-and-death battle was the deepest.

“Everyone, after the battle tomorrow, we will return to the Nine Mystic Mountain,” Han Muye said as he stood on the cliff and looked down.

Hearing his words, everyone was stunned.

“So fast...” Reluctance flashed across a green-robed Daoist’s face.

Half a month had passed before he felt the opportunity to improve rapidly.

The others looked at each other with complicated expressions.

They were also injured, but not seriously.

With the protection of Patriarch Tao Ran, Han Muye’s guidance, and Mu Wan and the others’ treatment, everything was under control.

It was rare to have such an opportunity to improve in combat.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sect Master’s succession ceremony is about to begin. Of course, everyone has to go back.”

Han Muye saw everyone's expressions. He smiled and said, "However, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is prepared to share this Fire Source World. In the future, you will all have the chance to come."

Chapter 413: Congratulations from Far and Near, Succession Ceremony (2)

Share!

There would be opportunities to come in the future!

Hearing Han Muye's words, the elites of the various sects widened their eyes.

He was actually willing to share such a treasure ground!

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is indeed the number one sect in the Western Frontier..." A young man holding a long sword said softly.

"Hehe, ever since I went to the Jialing River and heard Immortal Han's teachings, I knew that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would definitely not be like the Spiritual Dao Sect." A young man in a light purple robe shook his head and said softly.

The Spiritual Dao Sect suppressed all parties and the cultivation world of the Western Frontier for 10,000 years.

In the past 10,000 years, not to mention sharing good things, even if anyone had treasures, it would be difficult to protect them.

Now, looking at the actions of the Spiritual Dao Sect, and comparing them to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the difference was obvious.

Even though they knew that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was trying to win people's hearts, they could do so by sharing good things.

Everyone nodded silently and adjusted their breathing.

When the sun rose, streams of light exploded in the sky and countless figures landed.

This battle was extremely arduous.

At sunset, Tao Ran's laughter came from the horizon.

"Roar—"

In the sky, the fire dragon roared. Endless flames and the setting sun reflected each other.

Such monstrous might was truly dazzling.

"I'm afraid only Sect Master Li Mubai of the Shangyang Demon Sect can match Patriarch Tao Ran's combat strength in the Western Frontier, right?" Looking at the raging fire dragon in the sky, someone whispered.

After Tu Sunshi left the Western Frontier, Daoist Wan Hua fell. Of the three great cultivators, only Li Mubai of the Shangyang Demon Sect was at the third level of the Heaven Realm.

The other Heaven Realm experts were all new, and their cultivation and combat strength were much weaker.

"Everyone, it's time to go back." Han Muye raised his hand, and the door flickered again.

Everyone looked at each other, then turned back to look at the bloody ground before stepping into the courtyard.

After the elites of the various sects left, Han Muye looked at Yang Mingxuan and the others.

"You guys escort Sixth Sister-in-law and Zhihu back. I still have something on."

With that, he nodded at Lu Qingping and the others. He moved and rushed into the sky.

Below, Mu Wan, Bai Suzhen, and the others watched Han Muye fly away with complicated expressions. They left under the protection of Yang Mingxuan, Liu Hong, and the others.

They were not good at fighting and could not help Han Muye much.

At this moment, Han Muye had already flown into the sky and landed outside the Fire Source World.

As he stepped out of the sky, traces of spatial power surged into his body.

Han Muye smiled.

This was the benefit of cultivating the Mystic Essence Dao Technique.

With the 10,000 Techniques of the Great Dao as the foundation and the Immortal Spiritual Root, he could sense any spiritual energy.

Even the spatial power that was close to nothingness could be summoned at this moment.

In the future, when he needed to replenish the power of space, he could completely cultivate in the void.

The spatial power fused with his body. Han Muye moved and injected it into the Heavenly Crane Wings under his feet.

The originally silent Heavenly Crane Wings instantly turned into a pair of 100-foot jade-white wings of light which condensed behind Han Muye.

Strands of spatial power surged into the wings of light. Han Muye could feel that the sleeping heavenly cranes were showing signs of awakening.

This was a good thing. There was a lot of heavenly crane blood essence left in the Fire Source World. Some of the heavenly crane eggs had also hatched. He would leave a few heavenly cranes to reproduce and live in the Fire Source World.

As he absorbed the power of space, Han Muye looked up into the distance.

On the other side, a 10,000-foot-long fire dragon entangled the two figures.

Patriarch Tao Ran was fighting two Heaven Realm experts on his own with the strength of a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

Only an expert like Elder Tao Ran could do this.

Bang!

The fire dragon was shattered, and Tao Ran was sent flying thousands of feet away.

"Fellow Daoist, your cultivation is still quite lacking. There's no need to fight to the death with us." The Daoist in the black robe looked at Tao Ran with a cold expression.

"Hehe, just guard your gate and give this world to my Ethereal Dao Sect for training. Don't worry, we won't kill you." The black-bearded old man in the gray Daoist robe chuckled.

Patriarch Tao Ran was hiding in the Fire Source World. Even a Heaven Realm expert could not do anything to him.

However, once he left the Fire Source World, he wouldn't be able to resist Heaven Realm attacks.

The two Heaven Realm experts attacked at the same time and could crush Patriarch Tao Ran.

Hearing their words, Patriarch Tao Ran grinned. "I've said it before. When I take that step, I can torture you like dogs."

The black-robed Daoist's face was cold. The gray-robed old man smiled and said, "Then I'll wait for you to break through—f*ck."

Right in front of them, spiritual light shone from Patriarch Tao Ran's body. Sword light flowed backward, and bolts of lightning appeared.

He shattered his core and formed his Nascent Soul, stepping into the Heaven Realm!

"Kill him!" The black-robed Daoist shouted coldly and flew up. The wooden staff in his hand emitted a dark red blood light as it crashed into Patriarch Tao Ran's body.

The gray-robed Daoist hesitated for a moment before taking out a jade plate that flickered with dazzling spiritual light.

Han Muye flapped his wings and landed in front of Patriarch Tao Ran.

"Patriarch, rest assured and break through. Leave the rest to me."

In the sword box on his back, the green and purple swords were unsheathed, and the sword light shone brightly in the void.

The Green Destiny Sword and Purple Flame Sword had already been nurtured into spiritual weapons by him. Their lethality might not be enough, but it was enough to deal with ordinary Heaven Realm experts.

"Little Han, can you do it?" Patriarch Tao Ran asked with a smile. Lightning intertwined on his body and a flame spread.

Han Muye turned to look at him.

"Slash—"

The sword light exploded. The Destiny Sword pierced through the black-robed Daoist's blood-red light. The Purple Flame Sword flashed and appeared again. It was already under the left armpit of the gray-robed Daoist.

"Amazing!"

The gray-robed Daoist shouted and shielded the side of his body with the jade plate in his hand. The purple flame sword collided with the jade plate, bringing with it a burst of light.

Chapter 414: Congratulations from Far and Near, Succession Ceremony (3)

Han Muye raised his hand to recall the Purple Flame Sword. With the Green Destiny Sword in hand, he moved and the light wings on his back trembled slightly. When he appeared again, he was already 30 feet behind the black-robed Daoist.

In the void, a distance of 30 feet was an extremely dangerous distance!

The black-robed Daoist's face turned pale. A black shadow exploded and appeared a thousand feet ahead.

"Be careful!"

Just as he heaved a sigh of relief, the gray-robed Daoist exclaimed.

The black-robed Daoist subconsciously raised a dim light screen to protect his body.

Just as the light screen rose, the Purple Flame Sword appeared under his armpit.

"Slash—"

The sword light cut through the light screen like paper, then penetrated the black-robed Daoist's body and went straight to his heart.

The black-robed Daoist looked pained. He gritted his teeth and growled. A violent aura surged from his body.

"You want to self-destruct?" Han Muye, who was standing behind the black-robed Daoist, muttered. With a tap of his finger, the Purple Flame Sword twisted gently.

The black-robed Daoist's body trembled and the spiritual light dissipated.

The sword light pierced through his Qi Sea and cut off half of his jade bone, preventing him from self-destructing.

"Swoosh—"

A foot-long figure flew out of the black-robed Daoist's head and fled into the distant void.

Nascent Soul.

This Daoist had extraordinary methods. He used self-destruction to lure Han Muye away before he could kill his soul. Then his Nascent Soul took the opportunity to escape.

The gray-robed Daoist looked terrified. He glanced at Han Muye and chased after the black-robed Daoist's Nascent Soul.

There were countless dangers in the void. When one's Nascent Soul left one's body and moved in the void, it was like a three-year-old child carrying a big gold nugget and showing off in a bandit's nest.

It would be courting death.

From the time Han Muye flew over to the time when the black-robed Daoist's Nascent Soul escaped and the gray-robed Daoist escaped, the process took less than 10 breaths.

Within 10 breaths, he defeated two Heaven Realm experts with two swords!

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was transcending the tribulation at the back, almost went berserk.

Han Muye looked back at him with a smile.

Although it looked like a simple attack, the power he used was not simple at all.

The speed of the Heavenly Crane Wings, the strange close-combat sword technique, and the power of his newly cultivated Mystic Essence Dao Technique.

Combining the Divine Soul, People's Will, and Great Spirit could break through all kinds of spells and demonic powers.

That Heaven Realm cultivator's protective light shield, which could block a Heaven Realm attack, was like a thin piece of paper in front of the power of the Mystic Essence Dao Technique.

This was also the reason why the gray-robed Daoist turned around and left.

Heaven Realm power could not protect him. If he did not escape, he would be courting death.

"Boom!"

Lightning surged and enveloped Tao Ran.

"Good timing!"

Old Patriarch Tao Ran threw his head back and laughed. The fire dragons on his body collided with the lightning and died.

Han Muye was a little envious of the lightning, but he was too embarrassed to take out the Kui hide to absorb it.

This lightning was a calamity for Patriarch Tao Ran, and it was also a good thing to temper his jade bones.

Han Muye stood not far away and watched as Patriarch Tao Ran kept entangling with the lightning, causing the lightning to pour into his body.

This old man's accumulation was indeed deep.

To other cultivators, it was a thunder tribulation that was difficult to resist. However, Patriarch Tao Ran could resist it so easily and even draw the thunder into his body.

Patriarch Tao Ran's first step into the Heaven Realm was much stronger than others.

When an illusory figure appeared above his head, the lightning in the sky slowly dissipated.

"Heaven Realm..."

Standing in the void, Patriarch Tao Ran clenched his hands and sighed.

Human Realm, Earth Realm, Heaven Realm.

In the cultivation world, the Heaven Realm was the strongest stage. It was also the stage where one was truly separated from mortals.

This was the beginning of the high and mighty pursuit of eternal life.

Only by condensing the Nascent Soul was he qualified to imagine longevity.

"Patriarch, if we don't go back now, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's sect master succession ceremony will end.

"If you don't participate in the ceremony, be warned that Sect Master Tuoba will hate you for the rest of your life."

As Han Muye spoke, he raised his hand and activated a door.

Patriarch Tao Ran had spent a lot of time breaking through to Heaven Realm. If he did not go back now, he was afraid that he would not be able to make it in time for the ceremony.

Fortunately, with the dao mark in the sealing order, Han Muye could directly return to the Nine Mystic Mountain in the void.

Tao Ran looked down at the Fire Source World that he had guarded for many years. He sighed and stepped through the gate.

He was already a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator and a Heaven Realm cultivator. He would not have the chance to step into the Fire Source World in the future.

The two of them appeared again and were outside the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion.

"Dong—"

In the distance, the bell on the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain tolled.

"Patriarch Tao Ran, Elder Han, you're finally back." In front of the Sword Pavilion, a few white-robed inner sect disciples looked like they were about to cry.

They had already come here a few times.

Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and flew into the Sword Pavilion. They changed their outer robes into purple robes for the celebration and rushed towards the hall at the top of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

When the two of them arrived, they saw that the outside of the grand hall was already filled with the upper echelons of the various sects who had come to watch the ceremony.

As for the elite disciples and the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, they walked along the stone steps below the hall and stood at the foot of the mountain.

In the open area at the foot of the mountain, there were countless loose cultivators who had heard the news from the sects under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This was naturally the case for the succession ceremony of the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

In the hall above the clouds, rows of elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in purple robes stood solemnly.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Golden Core and Spirit Awakening realms could only be conferred the positions of deacon and elder. At this moment, these hundreds of purple robes were one of the strongest powers of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"You don't say, but it's quite impressive." Patriarch Tao Ran looked down at the cultivators below and grinned.

His words made the sixth level Spirit Awakening Deacon turn around.

"Tao—"

Patriarch Tao Ran's glare made the deacon pause.

Han Muye chuckled.

In front, an old Daoist was holding a purple silk book with both hands and chanting something.

Tuoba Cheng, who was wearing a golden crown and a royal robe, stood solemnly in front of the old Daoist.

The mountain winds blew, and the chanting of the Daoist seemed to cause the power between heaven and earth to surge.

At this moment, when he raised his head, it was as if he could see countless illusory figures descending from the entire Nine Mystic Mountain.

Perhaps this was the blessing of countless generations of heroic spirits of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"The ceremony is over—"

"Sacrifice—"

Tuoba Cheng held incense sticks and bowed to the sky.

"The 34th Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng, offers his sacrifice to the world.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect will uphold the Dao of Heaven and Earth and protect the cultivation world of the Western Frontier. It will contribute to the prosperity of our cultivation world."

Tuoba Cheng's voice echoed throughout the world.

A golden spiritual light that could be seen with the naked eye seemed to descend.

"Is this power a kind of hope?" Han Muye looked at the golden light in front of him and raised his hand to hold it.

Indeed, the power of the world was common.

"The Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan congratulates Sect Master Tuoba of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for succeeding to the position. We present you with a Flood Dragon Jade Pearl and 100,000 Spiritual Pearls..."

In the distance, a voice spoke.

In the sky, several dragon shadows flew over.

"Southern Wasteland's Fox Clan and the White Tiger Clan congratulates the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sect Master Tuoba for succeeding to the position. We present three drops of Ancient White Tiger blood essence and a hundred Jade Essence Pearls..."

A white tiger phantom soared into the sky, causing the world to tremble.

Behind Tuoba Cheng, a golden tiger shadow floated and shadowed the white tiger phantom.

The Eastern Sea and Southern Wasteland were really generous!

At this moment, countless people below the Nine Mystic Mountain sighed with emotion.

This was the might of the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

"The Xuankong Monastery of the Northern Region sends 13 Buddhist bones to the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to congratulate you on succeeding to the position..."

"Deng Chungang, Sword King of the great snowy mountains of the Northern Region, sends 300 snow demon sword slaves and 3,000 snow mountain jade lotuses to congratulate Senior Uncle Tuoba on inheriting the position of sect master."

In the distance, a snow-colored stream of light rumbled over.

"The Central Continent Fujin Trading Company congratulates the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect of the Western Frontier on succeeding to the position. We present 100,000 high-grade spiritual rocks."

"The White Deer Mountain Academy of the Central Continent congratulates the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect of the Western Frontier for succeeding to the position. We present a congratulatory speech personally written by a Confucianist Grandmaster and three literary treasures."

Central Continent!

The sect master of the Western Frontier sect had actually invited the Confucian sects of the Central Continent to congratulate him!

The Nine Mystic Mountain was in an uproar!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's reputation was really monstrous!

“Boom!”

In the distance, a thousand-foot-long flying ship crashed through the clouds and arrived.

“The Central Continent’s Gunhua Sect is here...”

“I’m Fu Yusheng, an elder of the Gunhua Sect. I cultivated in the Spiritual Dao Sect in the Western Frontier a thousand years ago. I want to know what qualifications the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has to take over the Spiritual Dao Sect and become the number one sect in the Western Frontier.”

His voice filled the air, and the endless pressure transformed into flowing clouds that filled the sky.

Heaven Realm.

Third level of the Nascent Soul realm.

Chapter 415: Han Muye’s Sword is Splitting the Heavens

Facing the thousand-foot-long flying ship and the three major Nascent Soul cultivators on the flying ship, the atmosphere on the Nine Mystic Mountain was solemn.

In the Western Frontier, there was only one Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm cultivator, the Sect Master of the Shangyang Demon Sect, Li Mubai.

Although the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had seized the position of the number one sect in the Western Frontier, no one could defeat a third level Heaven Realm Nascent Soul expert.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect became the number one sect in the Western Frontier by relying on generosity, benevolence, and not just combat strength.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Immortal Han fought for first place not with killing power, but with the respect of all his peers.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not suppress the sects of the Western Frontier with their strength. Instead, they shared resources with the sects with all their might.

In the eyes of all cultivators, unless the Sword King of the great snowy mountains in the Northern Region returned, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not suppress the Western Frontier with its own strength.

At this moment, a third level Nascent Soul Realm cultivator was oppressing them, causing the cultivators who came to watch the ceremony to panic.

Could the number one sect of the Western Frontier stop this third level Nascent Soul Realm cultivator?

If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not stop him today, wouldn’t they become the number one sect in the Western Frontier?

If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not stop him today, what would be the fate of the Western Frontier?

On and off the Nine Mystic Mountain, everyone’s gazes gathered at the hall at the top of the mountain.

In front of the hall at the top of the mountain, the Golden Core elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were filled with fighting spirit.

Many people clenched their fists and wanted to fly up.

Today was the most glorious time for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Even if they died in battle, so be it!

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the disciples of the Sword Sect widened their eyes, unable to hide their fighting spirit.

As sword cultivators, they were not afraid of battles!

Tuoba Cheng, who was standing in front of the hall, moved and appeared in the void, blocking the flying ship.

Dense spiritual energy surged from his body.

A golden tiger shadow soared in the sky and roared, shaking the clouds for thousands of miles.

Heaven Realm Cultivator, great sword accomplishment!

Such might could fight against a second level Nascent Soul Stage cultivator!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Tuoba Cheng was indeed impressive.

The experts of the various sects who were watching the ceremony sighed.

However, it was not enough.

Although the golden tiger was powerful, it was powerless to fight against the Nascent Soul pressure that filled the sky. It could only be suppressed at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm. The difference of one level was like the difference between heaven and earth, let alone Tuoba Cheng, who was two small levels lower than the cultivator from the Central Continent.

Tuoba Cheng alone could not stop a cultivator from the Central Continent.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the atmosphere was solemn.

Patriarch Tao Ran laughed. The flames on his body turned into a dragon shadow and flew up.

The fire dragon circled and reflected the phantom of the golden tiger. The wind and clouds rose and fell, and the clouds gathered and dispersed over thousands of miles!

At this moment, on the Nine Mystic Mountain, spiritual qi and sword qi rumbled like a tide!

The momentum of the Nine Mystic Mountain was like a dragon or a tiger. Dragon roars and tiger roars soared into the sky!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had two Heaven Realm experts!

The sects of the Western Frontier below exclaimed.

So the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had such a foundation.

For thousands of years, there had never been a sect with the strength of two Heaven Realm cultivators.

No wonder the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could become the number one in the Western Frontier.

The dragons and tiger complemented each other as they blocked the flying ship in front of them, fending off the might of the third level Nascent Soul Stage cultivator.

For a time, spiritual light and sword light flashed between heaven and earth as they clashed.

The two Heaven Realm experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were enough to suppress the situation in the Western Frontier.

“Heh heh, with just two cultivators who just entered the Nascent Soul realm, you dare call yourselves the number one sect in the Western Frontier?” On the flying ship opposite, Fu Yusheng, who had his hands behind his back, laughed coldly.

The light of the Great Dao flashed on his body.

The cultivation world of the Central Continent was richer than the Western Frontier.

There was still a faint golden Great Spirit that appeared on Fu Yusheng’s body, clearly cultivating some Confucian Dao.

At this moment, his aura gathered and slowly suppressed the dragon and tiger in the sky.

Fu Yusheng didn’t come alone. Who knew what kind of experts accompanied him on that flying ship?

At this moment, seeing him suppress two Heaven Realm experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect alone, countless cultivators of the Western Frontier felt a chill in their hearts.

Was the Western Frontier really that weak?

Unconsciously, the morale of many junior elite disciples began to drop.

“Hmph, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has been designated as the number one sect in the Western Frontier. It’s the result of the re-ranking of the nine sects. Do you have any objections?” At this moment, Li Mubai’s figure moved and flew into the air.

As the number one cultivator in the Western Frontier, Li Mubai had the obligation to protect the reputation of the Western Frontier.

Today, an outsider had ruined the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s inauguration ceremony. In the future, the cultivators of the Western Frontier would not be able to raise their heads.

The sect master of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, hesitated for a moment before flying up as well.

Below, the Mu family’s patriarch also rode a green spiritual leaf and landed in the air.

Five Heaven Realm experts.

At this moment, the Western Frontier’s Heavenly Realm experts chose to join forces.

The great cultivator of the Central Continent had come to suppress the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and humiliate all the cultivators in the Western Frontier.

Before the enemy, the cultivation world of the Western Frontier was united.

Looking at the battle in the sky, Han Muye smiled.

Does he really think that it's so easy to come to the Western Frontier?

If it's so easy to bully the four regions, the Central Continent would have unified the four regions long ago.

In the sky, the Central Continent's flying ship stopped. The gloomy Fu Yusheng muttered a few words.

On the flying ship, three figures landed beside Fu Yusheng.

As soon as the three of them appeared, sword lights immediately soared into the sky and collided with the horizon.

The dragon and tiger on the Nine Mystic Mountain shook, and demonic qi surged. Tuoba Cheng and Patriarch Tao Ran occupied a good area and could stabilize their footing. Li Mubai's cultivation was deep, so he could also resist.

Zhang Cheng and the Mu family's patriarch's faces turned pale.

Four Heaven Realm cultivators!

Fu Yusheng and the three Nascent Soul realm cultivators beside him immediately suppressed the aura of the five Heaven Realm experts of the Western Frontier. The entire Nine Mystic Mountain shook, as if the sky was falling!

Fu Yusheng glanced at the pale-faced Zhang Cheng and the Mu family's patriarch. He sneered and turned his gaze to Li Mubai.

Chapter 416: Han Muye's Sword is Splitting the Heavens (2)

"I know about the Shangyang Demon Sect. Back then, I even fought with your previous sect master. That's all."

"Stop showing off. What happened today has nothing to do with your Shangyang Demon Sect."

Looking at Tuoba Cheng and Patriarch Tao Ran, Fu Yusheng revealed a cold expression. "Today, this Nine Mystic Mountain—"

"The Nine Mystic Mountain has stood tall in the Western Frontier for 10,000 years and has never collapsed. Do you know why?" Tuoba Cheng suddenly shouted and interrupted Fu Yusheng.

"Since you're from the Western Frontier, you should know what our Nine Mystic Sword Sect relies on."

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's reliance.

At the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, many people were stunned at first. Then they turned to look at the three-story pavilion that was shining with golden light not far away.

Sword Pavilion.

First, there was the Sword Pavilion, and then the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had always relied on the Sword Pavilion.

Every time the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was in danger, the Sword Pavilion would save the sect.

Fu Yusheng laughed and turned to look at the three Heaven Realm experts beside him. "Junior brothers, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has a Sword Pavilion with 100,000 hidden swords.

"This is a treasure trove."

100,000 hidden swords.

These words caused the eyes of the three cultivators from the Central Continent to flicker.

Sword light and spiritual qi surged from the three of them, and condensed killing intent appeared.

Money moved people's hearts, let alone 100,000 swords!

If they could obtain 100,000 swords by destroying the Nine Mystic Sword Sect today, this trip would not be in vain.

In the sky, Tuoba Cheng retracted his aura. He straightened his clothes and cupped his hands below.

"An external enemy has invaded the Nine Mystic Mountain. Please deal with it, Elder Han Muye of the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye.

Immortal Han.

Han Muye, who was wearing a purple robe and standing behind the elders, took a step forward. His figure was like an immortal, and the heavenly cranes under his feet carried him. With each step, he ascended the sky.

In midair, the cranes glided under his feet. He cupped his hands in all directions and smiled. "Today, my Nine Mystic Sword Sect's sect master's succession ceremony receives the congratulations of everyone. It's a blessing."

His words did not have any smoldering aura, nor did they have a sharp sword aura. Instead, he looked like a Confucian cultivator from the Central Continent.

He stood on cranes in his long robe.

Many people below sighed in their hearts. Immortal Han's usually humble personality was good for his fellow cultivators in the Western Frontier, but when he encountered a powerful enemy, could he retreat with this humility and tolerance?

Today, the great cultivator of the Central Continent had come to the Nine Mystic Mountain. Even if he emptied the Sword Pavilion to send them off, it would probably not be satisfactory.

In the cultivation world, strength spoke for itself.

In the sky, Han Muye slowly straightened his body and looked ahead. A faint sharp sword qi surged out.

“Ever since the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was established, our inheritances have almost been severed 12 times.

“It was attacked five times on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Even this palace on the mountain peak has been destroyed several times.

“But the Sword Pavilion is here, and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is here.

“The Nine Mystic Mountain has been stained with blood a few times, but the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is still there.”

Unconsciously, an indescribable aura condensed on Han Muye.

Below, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the cultivators of the various sects of the Western Frontier felt their hearts tremble. A difficult situation confronted them.

The road was blue, and blood stained the bones.

Which large sect didn't go through all kinds of dangers to have an unending legacy?

Is the situation today more dangerous than before?

Will the situation in the future be smooth sailing?

In the void, his resolution spread.

All the hardships and dangers were training!

Wasn't the path of cultivation to face difficulties head-on and fight for victory against the world?

Why would he cultivate immortality if he did not have the will to live after death?

What about a Heaven Realm expert?

What about 10 Heaven Realm experts?

As long as the Sword Pavilion did not fall, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would not fall. The Western Frontier would not fall!

A celestial sound resounded in the world.

The aura was gathering!

“He really is comparable to those sharp-tongued Confucian cultivators of the Central Continent.” Beside Fu Yusheng, a green-robed daoist frowned and muttered.

The others also frowned and nodded.

It was not a good thing to gather such an aura.

“Senior Brother Fu, in order to prevent any accidents from happening, let’s destroy the Nine Mystic Sword Sect immediately.” An old man in a gray robe with a long sword on his back shouted in a low voice. He stepped out of the flying ship, and sword light surrounded his body.

His sword slashed at Han Muye with a thousand-foot-long sword shadow.

As the sword light rushed over, Han Muye’s expression did not change. Instead, he looked at the distant sky.

“Central Continent, Heavenly Wolf, do you want to see my Sword Pavilion’s foundation?”

“Are you afraid that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect won’t be able to suppress the Western Frontier?”

Han Muye muttered and slowly raised his arms.

“I forgot to tell you.”

A resplendent halo burst forth from his eyes, and the battle intent on his body soared into the sky. He let out a long roar that shook the mountains and rivers!

“For 10,000 years, any enemy who invades the Nine Mystic Mountain will leave his life on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“No exceptions.

“It’s the same today!”

Han Muye’s robe moved in the wind, and a vast sword qi gathered from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Where is the Nine Mystic Disciple Sword?”

Han Muye shouted.

“The sword is here!”

“Clang—”

At this moment, the sound of swords being unsheathed filled the Nine Mystic Mountain!

Sword light filled the mountain!

100 swords, 1,000 swords, 10,000 swords, 100,000 swords!

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

“Sword.”

Han Muye raised his hand.

Thousands of sword lights converged into one!

“Buzz!”

The Sword Pavilion was shocked!

The windows of the three levels of the Sword Pavilion were all opened. Long swords turned into streams of light and gathered.

10,000 swords became one!

No, 100,000 swords, 1,000,000 swords combined!

The sword light merged into one, supporting the sky and the ground.

The flowing light sword held up the sky and suppressed the boundless land!

There was no need to swing his sword.

With this sword here, it could suppress millions of miles of mountains and rivers in the Western Frontier!

As long as the sword was there, the world would be locked down. All the auras and thick clouds were frozen in the void like pieces of ice.

Chapter 417: Han Muye's Sword is Splitting the Heavens (3)

One sword could suppress an entire world!

With such a sword, who in the world could rob the Nine Mystic of its will?

With this sword, what power in this world could destroy the Nine Mystic?

"Fellow Daoists of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, my Gunhua Sect has no intention of provoking you. It's all Fu Yusheng's personal grudge..."

Exclamations came from afar.

In front of the sword light, the thousand-foot flying ship froze. Be it Fu Yusheng or the Heaven Realm experts, they were all frozen in place.

"I've said it before. All the enemies who invaded the Nine Mystic Mountain have never left alive."

Han Muye's voice was cold, as if it had become one with the sword light.

As soon as he finished speaking, the huge sword between heaven and earth slashed down heavily!

"Boom!"

The sword light slashed down and turned into countless swords that spread out, enveloping the flying ship in front of them.

The sword light passed through the void. It was really the void.

Apart from a few faint flashes of spiritual light, not a single hair was left behind.

After one strike, the world was empty.

The sword light hung in the air and turned into a long dragon of sword light. The long dragon roared at the sky and turned into a sword cry that shook the sky.

“The Central Continent’s Gunhua Sect has entered our Western Frontier. I wonder if the Central Continent has any explanation?” Han Muye said calmly with his hands behind his back.

At this moment, the Great Dao of the Western Frontier belonged to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

That long sword light was the luck dragon of the Western Frontier!

“Hmph, the Nine Mystic Mountain really doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth...”

A cold scoff rose up in the distance, a loud shout rang out, “The Central Continent’s Gunhua Sect invaded the Western Frontier for no reason and stripped them of their right to establish a sect in the Central Continent. Shuxi County will compensate the Western Frontier...”

“What compensation do we want? We’ll take it ourselves!” Han Muye shouted coldly, his eyes shining with an indescribable light.

A long dragon of sword light roared!

At this moment, a spiritual light that was like a dragon pearl appeared and fused into the sword light dragon.

Han Muye shuddered and smiled.

Heavenly Wolf.

At this moment, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian left behind the Heavenly Wolf Sword Pill that was guarding the Western Frontier and chose to fuse with the sword light dragon.

The moment Heavenly Wolf merged with the sword light, all the Dao in the Western Frontier became one.

Although the Western Frontier was weak, it had a complete Great Dao!

Heavenly Dao energy poured in, and every scale on the sword light dragon’s body appeared.

Heavenly Wolf guarded the Western Frontier and was naturally willing to watch the rise of the Western Frontier.

As long as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect showed their determination to revive the Western Frontier, Heavenly Wolf would naturally mobilize the Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier to help.

The general trend of the Heavenly Dao of the region suppressed it forcefully!

“Fellow Daoist, please spare me...”

In the distance, a plea could be heard.

Unfortunately, Han Muye would never forgive him.

If the Gunhua Sect dared to invade the Nine Mystic Sword Sect at this time, they would be mortal enemies.

Today’s sword strike was the might of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the general trend of the Western Frontier.

Western Frontier, Western Frontier.

The Central Continent was not qualified to interfere!

“Boom!”

The sword flew out for 100,000 miles and engulfed the cultivator of the Gunhua Sect who was hidden in the void. Then the long dragon of sword light turned around and slammed into the Heavenly Barrier of the Western Frontier and the Central Continent!

Endless power exuded from Han Muye’s body, and all the cultivators on the Nine Mystic Mountain widened their eyes.

Han Muye wanted to break the barrier with his sword!

“Boom!”

The sword light struck the heavenly barrier, and a 100,000-foot crack appeared from top to bottom.

As soon as the crack appeared, Spirit Qi surged towards the Western Frontier.

Su Zizhan, the governor of Shuxi County, stood in front of the crack. Streams of purple aura and golden Great Spirit fell from his hands, but he could not repair the crack at all!

“Grandmaster of White Deer Mountain, please help.” Su Zizhan’s face was filled with shock as he turned to look toward White Deer Mountain.

If the Heavenly Barrier could not be repaired, the Spiritual Qi of Heaven and Earth would be greatly reduced. Not only would the Spiritual Qi of Shuxi County become thin, but the entire Central Continent would probably be in turmoil.

If that was the case, he, Su Zizhan, would lose his official position and his cultivation.

This was a great crime of the world!

Who was the one who let the Gunhua Sect head to the Western Frontier?

At this moment, Su Zizhan was filled with regret.

“Steady.”

A faint voice was heard. The golden words landed on the Heavenly Barrier, causing the power of the Heavens and Earth in the Middle Continent to merge and slowly repair the crack.

Dongfang Shu’s figure appeared in front of the Heaven Barrier.

Dongfang Shu cupped his hands as he looked at the slowly merging Heaven Barrier. “Fellow Daoist from the Western Frontier, how can I repair this Heavenly Barrier?”

Su Zizhan also looked at the Heavenly Barrier nervously.

Even a hundred years would not be enough for such a speed of repair. Moreover, beyond the Heaven Wall, there was a dragon shadow with endless power floating, ready to slash again at any time.

Was he really going to start a war between the Western Frontier and the Central Continent?

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, Han Muye's figure floated quietly. He looked at the distant sky and said calmly, "Today, Han Muye opened the Heavenly Gate with his sword and fought for a share of luck for our fellow cultivators in the Western Frontier.

"In the next thousand years, the Western Frontier of the Central Continent will leave a gate. Any cultivator with a sword can cross the central and western regions."

Heaven-Opening Sword Gate!

He wanted to leave a Heavenly Gate in the Heavenly Barrier!

Su Zizhan exclaimed, "No!"

Dongfang Shu turned to look at him.

"Grandmaster Dongfang, I, Su Zizhan, can't take on such a big responsibility," Su Zizhan said helplessly in a low voice.

Dongfang Shu frowned. Before he could speak, Han Muye's voice sounded again. "If you want to close this gate, the Central Continent will bring sword cultivators to my Nine Mystic Mountain.

"When will the sword challenge the Nine Mystic? When will this gate close?

"If you don't agree, I, Han Muye, will completely shatter the Heavenly Barrier today!

"Minister Wen is not in the Central Continent. Let's see who can stop the fate dragon of our Western Frontier."

Minister Wen was not in the Central Continent.

When the long dragon of sword light condensed in the Western Frontier, Han Muye felt it.

The Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent was connected to literature. Without literature, the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent was incomplete.

In the battle of the Great Dao, although the Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier was weak, it could really take this opportunity to break through the Heavenly Barrier and severely injure the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent.

"Alright, let's use the Sword Dao to determine this Heavenly Gate."

A voice sounded from the void.

Su Zizhan looked up and saw an old man in a white robe with several black-clothed and sword-wielding Mystic Sun Guards following behind him.

"Grandmaster Mu Shen." Su Zizhan bowed.

The old man nodded and looked at Dongfang Shu. "Brother Dongfang, are you willing to return to the Imperial City Academy?"

Hearing the old man's words, Dongfang Shu laughed, waved his hand, and turned to leave.

“Why is there a need to be so clear about the teachings of the world?”

Dongfang Shu’s figure had already faded away.

Seeing Dongfang Shu leave, the old man named Mu Shen turned around and said, “Lu Xiaoyun, go to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“The situation in the Western Frontier has just been decided. The Mystic Sun Guards should also send congratulatory gifts according to the rules.”

With that, he raised his hand and a black inkstone appeared in his palm.

“Heaven and Earth lined a hundred thousand miles, and a clear aura fills the universe.”

The dark greenish-gray color, together with the light on the inkstone, collided with the crack in the shattered heavenly barrier.

Chapter 418 - 418 Sword Suppressing the Luck of the Western Frontier, Wood Refinement Affinity

The sword light and the black color interweaved and collided. The crack in the heavenly barrier slowly disappeared, leaving only a thousand-foot-tall gate.

The gate was crisscrossed with sword qi, and only cultivators with swords could pass through.

After repairing the barrier, Mu Shen looked at Su Zizhan.

“County Governor Su of Shuxi County will be in charge of this Daoist court from now on.”

With that, a faint smile flashed across his face. “Your Shuxi County has a Confucian Grandmaster presiding over it. With the White Deer Mountain Academy and this gate that connects to the Western Frontier, your rise is really just around the corner.”

Su Zizhan forced a smile and shook his head. “It’s really hard to predict fortune and misfortune.”

Mu Shen laughed and pointed at Su Zizhan.

Su Zizhan flicked his sleeves and said, “It’s rare for Grandmaster Mu Shen to come to Shuxi County. Even if you don’t go anywhere else, you definitely should go to Xisai Mountain.”

“Xisai Mountain, is that where the peach blossoms, flowing water, and mandarin fish are fat?” Mu Shen’s eyes lit up. He rubbed his hands and sighed, “I wonder how the last two sentences will be completed.

“Speaking of which, the talent of this White Deer Mountain is really hard to find in the world. When the Princess of the West Garrison King entered the Imperial City, she brought many good poems with her. They were all written by Grandmaster Han Muye.

“You don’t know, but paper is expensive in the Imperial City now. I really want to beg Grandmaster Han Muye to compose a line.”

The two of them chatted as they flew away, leaving behind a 1,000-foot-tall gate that was surrounded by sword qi.

Heaven-Opening Sword Gate!

Until the longsword dragon turned around, no one on the Nine Mystic Mountain regained their senses.

Immortal Han, the elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion, broke the Heavenly Barrier of the Central Continent with a single strike?

How strong were the Western Frontier, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and the Sword Pavilion?

How could a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm cultivator possess such combat strength?

Even if it was out of the body, or even above, it would probably be difficult to have the power to open the sky with a sword, right?

"On behalf of the cultivators of the Western Frontier, Han Muye thanks Senior Heavenly Wolf for fighting for this share of luck for the cultivators of the Western Frontier." Thousands of sword lights returned, leaving only a sword pill hanging quietly in the air. Han Muye bowed.

Heavenly Wolf!

It was the senior who was said to have guarded the Western Frontier and killed the great cultivator from outside the realm!

No wonder!

It turned out that all of this was only done by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect through this senior.

Looking at the motionless Han Muye, countless people's eyes revealed a trace of regret, and they heaved a sigh of relief.

It was a pity that Immortal Han was not really that strong.

He heaved a sigh of relief. If Immortal Han was so strong, wouldn't no one be able to raise their heads in front of him in the future?

Immortal Han wasn't that strong. He still had a chance to catch up!

In the sky, the sword pill shook and disappeared.

Han Muye smiled.

This Heavenly Wolf Senior was just as Daoist Dayan had said. He really cared about his reputation.

He was clearly very satisfied with Han Muye's sword opening the Heaven Gate this time, but he left without saying a word.

Even if you give a few words of encouragement, you can make the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's reputation rise, right?

However, thinking about it, from today onwards, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's power is already established. There's no need to borrow the power of Heavenly Wolf.

Han Muye's aura dissipated. He was calm and composed as he cupped his hands in all directions.

"Everyone, you can bring your swords to the Central Continent in the future and see the prosperity of

the Central Continent. You have to work together to revitalize the cultivation world of our Western Frontier.”

He brought his sword to the Central Continent!

The Central Continent was prosperous and was known as a holy land for cultivation. Those above the Western Frontier Realm had gone there, but most of them returned dejectedly.

Such a prosperous place was not a place that cultivators from the poor areas of the Western Frontier could live in.

The Confucian Dao was respected in the Central Continent, and many cultivators in the Western Frontier were uncomfortable with its restrictions.

However, this was for the experts who had been to the Central Continent.

Who wouldn't want to go to the Central Continent once if they had never been there?

If he didn't see the prosperity of the Central Continent, how could it be considered a cultivation trip?

As a sword cultivator, it was an honor to bring a sword to the Central Continent!

For a moment, countless cultivators on and off the Nine Mystic Mountain were eager to go to the Central Continent to take a look.

Also, Immortal Han said that the sword cultivators of the Central Continent would come from the west, when they would challenge the Nine Mystic Mountain, and when the Heavenly Gate would close.

In the future, there would probably be countless sword cultivators coming to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Could it be that Immortal Han intended to compete with the Eastern Sea for the holy land of sword cultivators?

Many people looked at Han Muye, their eyes flickering.

He had opened the Heavenly Gate with a single strike and dared to say that he would await all the sword cultivators from the west. The Sword Pavilion's Han Muye was indeed worthy of the title of an immortal!

“We cultivators of the Western Frontier should thank Immortal Han...” Someone shouted from somewhere.

Below the Nine Mystic Mountain, countless people bowed.

Opportunity was the most important thing in the cultivation world.

Han Muye had split open the sky with his sword and fought for an opportunity for the cultivation world of the Western Frontier. Of course, they should thank him for such a huge favor.

Han Muye stood in the air and felt the changes in the power of the Heavenly Dao around him.

This was the same power as the people of the Central Continent.

Carrying the People's Will and merging with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, he could borrow more power from heaven and earth.

However, in the future, he would be too involved with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth and might get entangled.

"Fellow Daoists, don't stand on ceremony. As a member of the cultivation world of the Western Frontier, Han Muye should contribute to the cultivation world of the Western Frontier."

With that, Han Muye did not wait for a response from the Nine Mystic Mountain. He turned around and said, "Sect Master, the Sword Pavilion's sword qi has been greatly damaged. I want to go back and guard it."

The Sword Pavilion's sword qi was greatly damaged. No one knew if this was true.

On and off the Nine Mystic Mountain, many people revealed smiles.

In any case, no one believed that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Tuoba Cheng and Immortal Han were seriously injured unless they saw with their own eyes that they were seriously injured.

Hm, maybe he's faking it, they thought.

Tuoba Cheng nodded and cupped his hands in return.

The crane under Han Muye's feet flapped its wings and carried him away.

"Huhu wants to sit on a crane too..." In the distance, Huang Zhihu muttered.

"Dong—"

On the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell tolled.

This was the sect master's succession ceremony. Tuoba Cheng took over the 34th sect master position of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Chapter 419 - 419 Sword Suppressing the Luck of the Western Frontier, Wood Refinement Affinity (2)

Han Muye had no intention of participating in the ceremony and banquet later. He flew in front of the Sword Pavilion and looked up at it.

Today, borrowing the 10,000-year suppression power of the Sword Pavilion would be detrimental to the Sword Pavilion.

At the very least, the power to suppress space would be much weaker. He would need to nurture his sword to recover.

However, by borrowing the power of the Sword Pavilion, he could control countless swords and transform them into a long dragon of sword light that could break through the barrier with a single slash. Such sword power was beneficial to his cultivation and comprehension.

Those who had never seen the sea would never know how vast it was.

Striding back to the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye did not go to the third floor. Instead, he moved and landed in the underground quiet room below the Sword Pavilion.

In the quiet room, it was as usual.

There was a small table, a wooden box, and a spinning golden plate.

However, there was a foot-long black sword on the small table.

Han Muye had given this sword to Bai Suzhen.

Han Muye walked forward, picked up the black sword, and pondered for a moment before opening the wooden box that was closed.

In the wooden box, a wisp of her hair was tied into a knot.

However, the wooden comb Han Muye had put in was missing.

“Senior Li Mubai, shouldn’t you give me an explanation?”

Holding the black sword, Han Muye said calmly.

Li Mubai.

The sect master of the number one demon sect in the Western Frontier, the Shangyang Demon Sect.

This person was actually in the secret place of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion!

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the originally spinning Blazing Sun Disc shook, and a black-robed figure appeared.

“Kid, you’re really smart to have the title of Immortal.”

Li Mubai sized up Han Muye. Although his expression was indifferent, there was a hint of admiration.

“I’m very curious. Senior, since you’re already here, why haven’t you left this realm?”

Han Muye looked at Li Mubai and asked.

This place was one of the three passageways to leave the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

With this little black sword as the key, he could leave.

Of course, the markings and spatial power in the black sword had been moved away by Han Muye. If he really wanted to leave, the black sword would not be able to do so.

“Who said I’m leaving?” Li Mubai shook his head as a smile appeared on his face. “Do you think I’m a demon cultivator who should leave the Western Frontier and go to that ethereal and unpredictable outer realm?”

Li Mubai’s words surprised Han Muye.

He did not expect Li Mubai to come to the quiet room below the Sword Pavilion without intending to leave the Western Frontier.

Under normal circumstances, outsiders would not be able to enter this quiet room.

Li Mubai and Bai Suzhen could come today because Han Muye had exhausted all his swords, causing the Sword Pavilion to temporarily lose its defense.

"It's my girl who didn't give up and insisted on coming to take a look." A complicated expression flashed across Li Mubai's face. Then he said in a low voice, "That wooden comb belongs to her mother."

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

The wooden comb on the small table belonged to Li Mubai's wife?

"Everyone says that I, Li Mubai, became a demon and personally killed my wife." Li Mubai's eyes were filled with loneliness and sadness as he lowered his head slightly.

Han Muye was a little surprised to see such an expression on the face of a peerless demonic cultivator.

"How could I bear to..." Li Mubai muttered.

If Li Mubai had not said it himself, Han Muye would not have known the truth of the rumors.

Back then, the Bai family's young lady fell in love with Li Mubai, who had transformed into a down-and-out cultivator at first sight. She ignored her family's objections and insisted on marrying him.

Those days were really beautiful.

However, Li Mubai eventually returned to the Shangyang Demon Sect.

Miss Bai also followed him to cultivate in the Demon Sect.

One was a peerless cultivator, and the other was a young lady from a merchant family. The difference in status and cultivation between the two slowly became apparent.

Outsiders might not notice, but Miss Bai found it hard to accept the difference.

"Ru was possessed." Li Mubai clenched his fists.

"I tried everything. I couldn't stop it.

"A demon grew in her heart and she was taken advantage of by the Heavenly Demon." Li Mubai's eyes revealed a strong killing intent.

"She, she wanted a child.

"Later, she asked me to end her life myself."

Li Mubai looked up at Han Muye. "I came to the Sword Pavilion to send her off.

"Even though she had turned into a demon, I still couldn't bear to make a move."

Li Mubai's eyes were filled with helplessness and self-blame. "I was incompetent and was unable to suppress the power of the Heavenly Demon."

Heavenly Demon.

Han Muye remembered that Huang Six had been tainted by the demonic nature in this quiet room.

Is this the Demon Cultivation Domain?

He wondered if Huang Six, who had become a demon, would have a chance to return.

In the quiet room, Han Muye and Li Mubai were speechless.

After a long while, Li Mubai sighed and said, "My girl took her mother's wooden comb and left this sword.

"Might as well.

"You and her are just like me and Ru back then.

"Fate cannot be forced."

He could not force it.

Back then, Li Mubai and the Bai family's young miss seemed to be a harmonious and beautiful couple, but one was a demonic cultivator and the other was a merchant's daughter.

This gap could fill one's heart with evil thoughts.

Today, Han Muye controlled the Sword Pavilion and broke the barrier with a single strike.

Even if Bai Suzhen had the Shangyang Demon Sect and the Bai family behind her, she could only look up to them.

With such a disparity, if they were really together, it would make people think evil thoughts in their hearts.

Holding the small sword, Han Muye didn't know what to say.

"In the future, the Western Frontier will be your world. My Shangyang Demon Sect will restrain the demonic cultivators.

"I hope you can give us a chance to cultivate peacefully.

"I will leave the Western Frontier."

When Li Mubai left, his back looked a little lonely.

This demonic cultivator didn't seem to be as ruthless and brutal as the rumors said, Han Muye thought.

Well, how trustworthy could rumors be?

After returning to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye sat cross-legged and walked away. The sword Qi on his body guided the power in the Sword Pavilion.

Chapter 420 - 420 Sword Suppressing the Luck of the Western Frontier, Wood Refinement Affinity (3)

The golden-purple sword in his Qi Sea dispersed into endless sword qi and poured directly into the Sword Pavilion's Hidden Sword.

At this moment, the entire third floor of the Sword Pavilion was dyed golden purple.

Nurturing the sword.

Nourishing Qi with the sword.

People nurturing the sword.

This was the Sword Pavilion.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's sect master's succession ceremony lasted for three days, and Han Muye showed up on the last day.

Many sect masters and elders came to toast, but they were all injured by Han Muye's sword qi and could not drink.

"Elder Han." The sect master of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, stepped forward and cupped his hands.

Han Muye nodded, and the two of them walked out of the hall.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had become the number one sect in the Western Frontier, so it naturally became the number one Sword Sect in the Western Frontier.

The battle between the Wind Spirit Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect ended.

There were naturally countless grudges between the two sects.

However, when the cultivators of the Central Continent came to attack, the sect master of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect chose to fight alongside the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. This more or less showed the sincerity of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect to reconcile.

"When I broke through to the Heaven Realm, I borrowed the power of the Southern Wasteland," Zhang Cheng said in a low voice as he watched the clouds above the Nine Mystic Realm surge.

Of course, Han Muye knew this.

It was not a secret.

"In the Ten Thousand Demon Secret Realm, there is a treasure that can withstand the lightning tribulation."

Zhang Cheng turned to look at Han Muye. "That's a bull horn that supports the sky."

A single bull horn could block the lightning tribulation!

Han Muye's eyes flashed.

"Based on the current situation in the Western Frontier, there will definitely be many more Heaven Realm experts coming to suppress the Southern Wasteland's westward movement.

"There are many half-step Heaven Realm experts in the Western Frontier, but not many of them can survive the lightning tribulation.

"If you can obtain the treasures in the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm, you can help the Western Frontier gain many more Heaven Realms."

Zhang Cheng's eyes were filled with anticipation.

As Zhang Cheng turned to leave, Han Muye looked at the sky.

Han Muye was not sure if Zhang Cheng really wanted the Western Frontier to have more Heaven Realm experts or if he had other plans.

It was not important.

He wanted the black bull horns in the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm.

Holding the divine bull, the Kui's hide in his hand, he was very interested in the bull horns.

"Senior Brother Han." A voice sounded from behind Han Muye. "Can we still be friends in the future?"

Han Muye turned around and saw a haggard Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen's gaze landed on Han Muye's bun.

The small black sword was put back.

According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, one was not allowed to enter unless one received a sword.

Bai Suzhen had barged into the Sword Pavilion twice.

This was breaking the rules of the Sword Pavilion.

"Looks like Senior Li Mubai told you everything?" Han Muye said softly when he saw Bai Suzhen's expression.

Bai Suzhen nodded and shook her head.

"Yes, my mother left me a message..."

It turned out that there was a soul mark of Bai Suzhen's mother in the wooden comb.

"I-I'm preparing to return to the Shangyang Demon Sect. In the future, our business—"

Bai Suzhen looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye laughed and said, "Friendship is friendship, and business is business. Don't expect friendship to make it easy to talk business. If you dare to lower the price, I'll tear down Suzhen Store."

Friendship.

Business.

Bai Suzhen's face beamed beautifully as she nodded intensely.

Perhaps it would be difficult for her and Han Muye to take another step forward in the future, but their friendship and business were still there.

“Mu Wan is a good girl.”

Before Bai Suzhen left, she muttered resentfully.

These words stunned Han Muye.

He had thought about it, but he had never thought about it.

“Have you kindled a romance or ended it?”

Li Xixi, who was dressed in black, strode forward.

Li Xixi and the others had arrived at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect the day before.

They came with the identity of the Mystic Sun Guards to present a congratulatory gift from the Central Continent Dynasty.

Also, they sent over a seal and token representing the reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards.

“I still have some sad wine. Do you want it?”

Looking at Han Muye, Li Xixi said.

“If Eldest Brother Deng doesn’t come back from the north, when are you going to the north to split the snowy mountains, Third Sister?” Han Muye laughed.

Li Xixi shook her head and turned to look down the mountain.

“Be it the Western Frontier or the Northern Region, they’re all too small.

“If you have nothing else to do, come to the Central Continent.

“After seeing the Central Continent’s Imperial City and the scenery outside, your horizons will be very different.”

Central Continent, Imperial City, outer realm.

He nodded.

The scenes in the sword’s memories were still a little illusory.

Only by personally going there would he be able to feel the magnificence.

“Commander Lu wants to join forces with you. He asked me to ask you what you think.”

Li Xixi turned to look at Han Muye.

“You’re now qualified to join forces with her.”

The qualifications to join forces.

Back then, Han Muye was ranked around 250th among the reserve commanders of the Mystic Sun Guards, and Lu Xiaoyun was ranked 18th.

Han Muye was not even qualified to join forces with Lu Xiaoyun.

Now he was qualified.

“Alright, Third Sister, do as you see fit.”

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

For him, this was a good thing.

How could they improve if they were stuck in their own ways?

The Central Continent, the Southern Wasteland, and the Eastern Sea. Since the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was in charge of the Western Frontier, they should look at the entire Heavenly Mystic World.

And even the outer realm.

Although the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sect Master’s succession ceremony lasted for three days, the liveliness on the Nine Mystic Mountain only slowly faded a month later.

The number one sect in the Western Frontier lived up to its name. With one battle, it suppressed the luck of the Western Frontier. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was peerless and no one dared to underestimate it.

Sect Master Tuoba Cheng was busy reaching various agreements with various sects and was extremely busy every day.

The Sword Pavilion elder, Han Muye, used the excuse that his injuries had yet to recover to take his adopted daughter around. They had free food and drinks and even received many gifts.

Lu Qingping counted the various gifts till her hands were a little sore.

“Tsk tsk, that little girl Zhihu’s net worth is even more than a small sect, right?”

“Won’t the dowry be sky-high?” Lin Yuxia, who was helping to tidy up, muttered.

“Zhihu’s matter will definitely be decided by her adoptive father in the future.” Lu Qingping shook her head, revealing a complicated expression.

“If Sixth Brother was here, he would be so happy to see Huhu...”

...

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was Elder Su Liang’s Waterside Residence.

At this moment, clouds surrounded the pill furnace in front of Han Muye.

Spiritual light flashed around the half-foot-wide furnace.

Mu Wan handed various spiritual herbs to Han Muye, then Han Muye raised his hand and threw them into the cauldron.

Huang Zhihu, who was holding a few spiritual fruits, sat at the side and drooled as she stared at the cauldron.

“Um, Senior Brother Ming, can the medicinal pill refined by Elder Han really increase wood attribute affinity?” Jin Yuan leaned to Jiang Ming’s side and whispered.

Jiang Ming smiled and nodded. He didn’t know where to put his hands.

“Buzz!”

The pill cauldron shook, and pill qi overflowed.