

Pavilion 731

Chapter 731 - 731 Sixth Level of the Sword Pavilion, Spiritual Treasure (3)

In front, there were originally tens of thousands of cultivators, but now, there were fewer than 10,000.

Bai Zeyu and Shui Yue'er ran side by side, their expressions grave.

"F*ck, if I had known earlier, I would have killed a few sword cultivators and absorbed enough qi and blood. It would have been better if I had left this level," Bai Zeyu cursed in a low voice.

Shui Yue'er, who was beside him, did not speak. Her eyes were shining with spiritual light and her intention was the same.

Who knew that Han Muye would cause such a huge commotion on the fourth level?

Now no one dared to stop. Whoever stopped would be swallowed by the sword light torrent.

Moreover, in this situation, whoever dared to turn around and kill someone would have to face the hateful attack of tens of thousands of sword cultivators.

No one could stop him.

"Why don't we turn around and kill Han Muye?"

Someone spoke.

Then everyone treated him like a fool and ignored him.

Who knew if killing Han Muye could lure this sword light away?

Would the sword light stop chasing them after Han Muye died?

Who would stop and be the one to do it?

In any case, as long as they weren't the slowest one, they wouldn't be caught.

"Boom!"

On the 20th day.

At this moment, there were only 3,000 sword cultivators on the fourth floor of the Sword Pavilion.

The torrent of sword light behind Han Muye was so powerful that it turned into a dragon shadow and roared softly.

The power of this sword light dragon was so strong that no one dared to look at it directly.

Bai Zeyu regretted it. If he had known earlier, he would have attacked Han Muye when he rushed to the fourth level.

"Why don't you just kill me?" Panting slightly, Bai Zeyu turned to look at Shui Yue'er.

"I want to know if your blood can be heated."

Shui Yue'er trembled all over, and a complicated look appeared in her eyes.

She suddenly stopped and flew back, rushing towards Han Muye behind her.

The Young Palace Master of Water Spirit Palace had taken action!

Many people continued to run, while many people stopped in their tracks.

If Shui Yue'er could not succeed, this trial would definitely fail.

"F*ck!" Bai Zeyu gritted his teeth and roared as he rushed back.

Bai Zeyu's sword was very thin.

The sword in Shui Yue'er's hand was very short.

The two swords were also filled with water vapor. The sword lights of the two swords pulled and intertwined, turning into a flood dragon that charged at Han Muye.

Behind Han Muye, a sword light roared.

In front of him was a flood dragon blocking his way, and behind him was a sword light that transformed into a dragon that wanted to devour him.

At this moment, Han Muye seemed to be in a dangerous situation.

"You can abandon your sword." Bai Zeyu's voice sounded.

Abandon my sword?

Han Muye smiled.

He slowly spread his hands.

The sword in his hand slowly fell.

Bai Zeyu's eyes widened.

Abandoning the sword?

He's giving up on the trial?

Isn't this guy a sword cultivator? Why is he abandoning his sword?

If Han Muye abandons his sword and leaves, won't he have to bang his head against the sword light dragon and perish?

Have I thought wrongly?

Not right!

In front of Bai Zeyu, the long sword in Han Muye's hand turned into a 100,000-foot-tall golden lion that was wrapped by the long dragon behind him.

Sword lights rumbled and spiritual lights exploded.

When all the lights and shadows dissipated, Han Muye was no longer in front of him.

This guy was devoured by the sword light?

“He, he has long been acknowledged by the sword lights...” Shui Yue’er muttered with a complicated expression.

He had long obtained the recognition of the sword light!

Bai Zeyu gritted his teeth and nodded.

Everyone thought that the sword light dragon was here to chase after Han Muye.

After all, the scene of devouring Zhu Wushi was right in front of him.

But everyone had been deceived by Han Muye.

This sword light was clearly chasing after Han Muye, wanting to acknowledge him as its master!

Now the sword light fused with his sword and led him to the fifth level of the Sword Pavilion.

“Are we still fighting?”

Bai Zeyu looked at Shui Yue’er.

Shui Yue’er looked up at him and suddenly swung her sword.

The sword cut Bai Zeyu’s arm. Blood splattered and stained her clothes and face.

“As expected, it’s hot...”

As soon as she finished speaking, she let go of the sword.

Then she turned into nothingness.

She had quit.

Bai Zeyu’s expression froze. After a moment of silence, he let go of the sword in his hand.

On the fourth level of the Sword Pavilion, most sword cultivators chose to leave.

Seeing Han Muye lead the long dragon of sword light over, and seeing him fuse with the long dragon of sword light, who still had the courage to challenge him?

At this moment, Han Muye was standing in an empty space. In front of him stood a sword cultivator in a green robe.

Zuo Tianya.

The expert of the Seven Luminaries Pavilion, an Out of Body Realm cultivator.

“I’ve been waiting for you here for three months.” Zuo Tianya looked at Han Muye.

“The fifth level of the Sword Pavilion trial requires you to wait for the person you want to fight the most.”

“You didn’t let me down. You made it here alive.”

Zuo Tianya’s expression did not change. His hand gently rested on the hilt of his sword.

“If I kill you and obtain everything you have, I might have a chance to become the master of the Sword Pavilion.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the sword was unsheathed.

The sword in Zuo Tianya’s hand was not flashy. It was just fast.

It was so fast that Han Muye could not deal with it and could only block it with his sword.

But how could a half-step Heaven Realm sword cultivator block the sword of a Heaven Realm Out of Body realm cultivator?

Zuo Tianya sneered.

He was waiting here to use the rules of the Sword Dao Trial to kill Han Muye.

Now, the moment had finally come.

Looking at the sword light that landed on his chest, Han Muye’s expression did not change at all.

He raised his hand and the sword in his palm.

When his sword appeared, Zuo Tianya’s expression changed.

What kind of sword is this!

The sword light retracted, but the sword intent in it surged like the sea.

The momentum of the sword froze the void.

“You, your sword—”

They were all swords obtained from the trial. How could Han Muye’s sword be so strong?

Zuo Tianya could not imagine.

The sword in my hand is only a middle-grade spiritual artifact. Why is the other party’s spirituality so powerful? It’s clearly a magical treasure!

“This is the rule...” Han Muye whispered.

Rules.

The rules of the Sword Pavilion.

Zuo Tianya utilized the rules to wait for me, why wouldn’t I utilize the rules here as well?

Outside, unless Han Muye activated his soul sword and the power of a divine beast, he would definitely not be able to deal with a great sword cultivator like Zuo Tianya.

However, on the fifth floor of the Sword Pavilion, he only needed to let the sword in his hand stimulate its power.

After absorbing all the sword lights, the power of the sword in his hand had already surpassed that of a magic treasure.

This was a spiritual treasure that had surpassed magical treasures!

This was the first time Han Muye was in control of a spiritual treasure.

“Boom!”

The sword light shattered Zuo Tianya opposite him, then turned around and gathered all of Zuo Tianya’s strength. It wrapped around Han Muye’s body and disappeared.

When the scene in front of Han Muye circulated, settled, and solidified, he felt that he was in an ancient attic. Sunlight shone in from the window.

In front, there was a chessboard on a small table. Two people in green robes sat opposite each other, each holding a chess piece.

“It really is you.”

Han Muye nodded, then shook his head, saying softly, “I thought of it, but then I didn’t.”

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“Hehe, haven’t you always said that you’re my Martial Nephew? Then it’s normal for me to wait for you here.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the old man with the black piece turned around and chuckled.

Zhao Yujing.

This old man in a green robe with a smile on his face was the owner of Imperial View Sword Shop, the sword cultivator who had died outside.

“I can guess. There can’t be so many coincidences in the world. It’s impossible for an ordinary sword to cross the land of the Dao Competition to come here.”

Han Muye looked at the figure sitting opposite Zhao Yujing with a white chess piece in his hand and shook his head with a wry smile. “Should I call you Fifth Uncle Jia, or should I call you Endless Divine Venerable?”

Endless Divine Venerable!

The person who could directly guide Han Muye away from the Dao Competition and play chess with the master of the Six-Story Sword Pavilion was naturally the master of the Endless Sea.

“Up to you.” Jia Wu threw the chess piece on the chessboard and said indifferently, “In any case, I don’t get involved in fights between big forces like you.”

Big forces.

Han Muye's mouth twitched.

Because Han Muye was involved in various conflicts, Jia Wu left the shop and ran away.

But you are the master of the Endless Sea, the Endless Heavenly Venerable. Why are you running?

Isn't Scattered Stars Island under your control?

Seeing Han Muye's expression, Jia Wu stood up and said, "Don't think that I'm lying. I really don't care about these things.

"Just like this chess game. Since the rules have been set, we should abide by them.

"I made the rules. What's the point of breaking them myself?"

Han Muye nodded and said seriously, "Alright, I'll destroy Fifth Uncle Jia's shop when I get back."

Jia Wu's eyes widened.

Zhao Yujing laughed out loud.

Standing on the sixth floor of the Sword Pavilion, he saw many sword cultivators standing outside the window.

These sword cultivators looked up, but they could not see Han Muye and the others on the sixth floor of the Sword Pavilion.

This was because this six-story Sword Pavilion was the same as the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion. It existed in a spatial rift. It seemed to be in front when it was actually thousands of miles away.

"I've indeed died, and the Sword Pavilion is in danger of collapse.

"What you see now is just a remnant soul."

Zhao Yujing looked regretful. He looked at the scenery outside the window and said in a low voice, "I just couldn't bear to see the Six Stalwart Pavilion collapse and voluntarily became a sword spirit."

A sword spirit.

Han Muye looked at the sword in his hand.

Spiritual treasure.

Only a spiritual treasure would require the soul of a grand cultivator to be a sword spirit, right?

However, in Han Muye's perception, Zhao Yujing was not just a sword spirit.

Divine Dao Cultivation Technique.

This was Zhao Yujing's true secret.

Zhao Yujing could never know that as long as Han Muye held the sword, he could know all the secrets within the sword.

Holding the sword in one hand, sword qi poured in. Not only did Han Muye see through everything about Zhao Yujing, but he also understood why Jia Wu was here.

“Kid, don’t expect me to interfere with your Heavenly Mystic’s Dao competition.” Jia Wu slowly walked to the window sill and said, “I’m just a small businessman.”

Small business.

If the master of the Endless Sea was considered a small businessman, then there was no one else in the world who did big business.

Han Muye chuckled. “There’s a Divine Dao inheritance in the land of the Dao Competition, and who knows how many souls will die. Fifth Uncle Jia, are you not even going to do this business?”

Divine Dao Inheritance.

Divine soul.

Jia Wu slowly turned around and stared at Han Muye.

At this moment, Han Muye felt his entire body and soul freeze. He was unable to move at all.

“The body of the divine beast Baxia. It’s a rare physical body in the world.

“The Divine Soul condensed into a sword and the Great Spirit was refined. Such a Divine Soul is not bad. Not many people in the Endless Sea can compare to it.

“The sword intent as the sword, and the sword intent as the core. You are indeed a pure sword cultivator.”

Jia Wu sized him up. Han Muye had no secrets in front of him.

A Divine Venerable was the most powerful being in the world. How could he possibly hide any secret in front of such an almighty being?

“No wonder that guy from the Sword Pavilion thinks so highly of you.” Jia Wu nodded. Then he looked curious. “But I’m very curious. How do you know what I want with just these?”

The pressure on Han Muye dissipated.

His bones had felt like they were about to be crushed. He couldn’t help but heave a sigh of relief.

This was how one couldn’t even lift a finger in front of a Divine Venerable.

Fortunately, the Endless Divine Venerable couldn’t see through his cheat.

“Senior, the Heavenly Mystic has already built the Deity Investiture Altar and activated the Divine Dao cultivation method to seal the rankings for cultivators on the Deity Roll Call.

“If Senior is not interested in cultivating the Divine Dao in the Heavenly Mystic, then forget it.”

Han Muye would not reveal his true secret. He just spoke calmly.

He needed to find the points that Jia Wu needed, to find a breakthrough.

If he could get an ally like the Endless Sea, then the Heavenly Mystic would be invincible.

“Hmph, I don’t need your Divine Dao Cultivation Method, nor am I interested in establishing the Divine Court. However, the control of the reincarnation of the soul is the foundation of the Endless Sea. The place of the Dao Competition is no exception.” Jia Wu snorted.

Of course, he saw through Han Muye’s probing.

Soul Reincarnation!

“I see!”

It turned out that what Endless Divine Venerables controlled was the power of extermination of the soul.

The Endless Sea was the place where all kinds of power fell, and it was also the transformation of the power of reincarnation.

The land of the dead.

It was somewhat similar to the Dao of breaking and building a sword cultivator.

Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

“Divine Venerable, all living things in the world are suffering. If only I could have a cup of clear spring water and forget my troubles for the rest of my life...

“Since the Endless Sea is the Land of Reincarnation, I wonder if it can wash away the longings of the mortal world?”

Chapter 733 - 733 Endless Divine Venerable, Path to Transcendence (2)

He wanted to wash away the longings of the mortal world!

Jia Wu stood on the spot, his expression changing.

At the side, Zhao Yujing’s eyes were filled with sword light. He slowly turned his head and stared at Han Muye. “Are you crazy?”

Before Han Muye could speak, Jia Wu said, “He’s not crazy.”

Jia Wu looked into the distance and said calmly, “The foundation of my cultivation, or rather, the foundation of the Endless Sea, is guided by endless souls and obsessions.

“The souls of the myriad worlds have fallen. These obsessions have made my cultivation reach the peak of the world, and made the Endless Sea a place that the great cultivators of the world don’t dare to step foot in.

“However, the Endless Sea has also become my bondage.

“There are too many karma implications in the Endless Sea, making it difficult for me to escape for countless years.”

Turning around, Jia Wu looked at Zhao Yujing. "I cooperated with your Sword Pavilion to find a Great Dao and transfer the karma of the world."

Sword Dao, the dao of breaking and building.

Because he did not want to be tainted by karma, the master of the Endless Sea had always said that he wanted to do business.

Transactions involved the least karma.

"Scattered Stars Island was built for this."

Scattered Stars Island was independent of the Endless Sea.

Even Endless Divine Venerables had to abide by the rules here.

Han Muye's eyes flickered as he said in a low voice, "The power of the world is conserved. The Endless Sea cleanses the soul and contains too many remnant thoughts. It has created Divine Venerables and tied them down.

"In that case, I'm afraid it's not enough to just have a cup of clear spring water and forget about the longings of the mortal world."

He looked at Jia Wu and said softly, "In fact, the Divine Venerable has already made arrangements, right?"

Jia Wu did not speak.

Even if he doesn't speak, I can tell. Han Muye was smiling.

"Bai Zeyu has the bloodline of the ancient divine beast Bai Ze, which allows him to see the cause and effect of things and be involved in the threads of karma.

"The Sword Dao can break everything in the world and cut off all connections.

"Divine Venerable, you don't want to establish the Divine Court, but you have the means to nurture the Divine Dao.

"It's just that your Divine Dao cultivation method is the exact opposite of the Divine Court's method."

With every sentence he said, a smile and a twinkle appeared on Jia Wu's face.

Zhao Yujing was even more surprised.

"The Divine Court gathers incense, and the Endless Sea gathers resentment.

"In other words, the Divine Court is the dream of all mortals. They are willing to cultivate for the rest of their lives and yearn for the advancement of their souls. Then the Endless Sea is the place where people gather their reverence and fears to make them revere life."

Han Muye whispered softly, his eyes firm.

What he said could not be wrong.

Jia Wu laughed and pointed at Han Muye. "Are you willing to preside over my faction?"

Presiding over this faction!

All the souls in the world sank into the Endless Sea.

What kind of power would it have to host such a force?

Zhao Yujing felt his heart tremble.

Stay in the Endless Sea and preside over this force?

Han Muye shook his head.

Unhappy.

With such karma involved, when would he be able to pursue the peak of the Sword Dao?

"Although I don't want to stay in the Endless Sea, I can give you some advice.

"In the Endless Sea, the Hades River and the Bridge of Helplessness can be established. A cup of clear spring water can wash away the past."

Jia Wu nodded and said, "Okay."

Han Muye continued, "Good will be rewarded, and evil will be punished. The resentment of the Endless Sea can suppress evil."

His words made Jia Wu's eyes light up. He nodded and smiled. "Good idea. In that case, I have a chance of escaping."

Hearing this, Zhao Yujing looked at Han Muye again.

He could not imagine how Han Muye had deduced these things.

"Divine Venerable, you can't escape." Han Muye looked up at the endless Divine Venerable and said softly, "You've achieved the Dao because of the Endless Sea. If you want to escape the Endless Sea, you need great perseverance and willpower."

Jia Wu's eyes narrowed as he stared at Han Muye.

Han Muye enunciated each word clearly. "As long as Hell is not empty, the Divine Venerable will not leave."

With that, the entire sixth level of the Sword Pavilion fell silent.

"As long as hell is not empty. I will not leave the Endless Sea..." Jia Wu muttered, his eyes unprecedentedly solemn.

"Impossible. Since it's formed from the resentment of the world, how can it be eliminated? The heart of a living being—" Before Zhao Yujing could finish speaking, he heard Jia Wu laugh.

His voice shook the mountains and rivers. On the Endless Sea, wind and waves suddenly rose!

This was the condensation of the will of heaven and earth!

Zhao Yujing's expression changed.

Before he could speak again, a black robe with large sleeves, a tri-fold jade crown, and a jade belt appeared on Jia Wu.

"I swear hereby.

"Build 18 layers of hell and free the resentment of the world.

"As long as hell is not empty—

"I won't leave."

His words were light, but to Han Muye, it sounded like the entire world was howling!

This was not only the sound of the Great Dao, but also the opening of a new Great Dao that reached the heavens!

As the Endless Divine Venerable made his vow, his originally lost path of cultivation became clear.

By relying on hell and grinding down grievances, the path of transcendence for the Endless Divine Venerable had finally been decided.

He could even clearly see what kind of cultivation he would have after taking that step.

Such power could directly break through the dam and lead this world into the Endless Sea!

This was a sense of the future after the path of the Great Dao was revealed.

Just this sense alone had already benefited countless Divine Venerables.

At his cultivation level, no one in the world could see through the Great Dao of the future.

He was the first.

"Boom!"

A rumbling sound came from the void.

At this moment, regardless of whether it was inside or outside the dam, there were mighty figures who opened their eyes and revealed envious expressions.

"Someone found the path to transcendence first!" In the Immortal Source World, on the peak of the Upper Three Heavens, someone whispered.

Chapter 734 - 734 Endless Divine Venerable, Path to Transcendence (3)

"There's actually someone inside the dam who can find Transcendence?" Outside the dam, in a grand hall, someone frowned.

After finding their own paths of transcendence, the cultivation and state of mind of numerous Divine Venerables would change, surpassing those supreme beings who were originally on the same level as them!

After today, the Endless Divine Venerables would be the number one Divine Venerables!

"I will pay attention to the Dao competition in the Heavenly Mystic," Jia Wu said softly and then disappeared.

He wanted to create 18 layers of hell to pave the way for his transcendence.

Focus.

Enough.

If a Divine Venerable at the peak of this realm couldn't win the Dao Competition, then it wouldn't be a Dao Competition.

That would probably be a battle between myriad worlds.

"Sigh, I really can't see through you..." Zhao Yujing looked at Han Muye and shook his head gently.

"I shouldn't be trapped on Scattered Stars Island."

Han Muye had heard many people say this.

Perhaps they had not considered that what they really could not see through was not the cultivation world outside Scattered Stars Island, but Han Muye.

"Senior, this Sword Pavilion..." Han Muye looked around and asked.

"Don't ask me. You're already the master of the Sword Pavilion." After saying that, Zhao Yujing disappeared.

Han Muye could feel an additional spirituality in the sword in his hand.

The sword trembled, and the entire Sword Pavilion began to flash with spiritual light.

Han Muye walked to the small table in front and sat down.

Sword light flashed on his body.

He sat there for six years!

In these six years, the Endless Sea was shrouded in clouds and waves.

A lot of news spread from Scattered Stars Island.

The Endless Divine Venerables invited all the mighty people to the Endless Sea as guests.

Many great cultivators came to Scattered Stars Island.

Sages that were rarely seen in the past and Dao Ancestors that no one had never seen before.

The Three Palaces, Seven Pavilions, and Fifteen Floors on Scattered Stars Island had to be cautious.

A mighty figure went to watch the Heart Refining Sword Formation and admired Han Muye, who had set up the sword array.

Some people went to the Imperial View Sword Shop, but unfortunately, Han Muye never returned.

The Six Stalwart Pavilion had always been closed, giving hope to Zeng Daniu and Shao Tianyi.

The shopkeeper is so powerful that it's impossible for him to die in the Sword Dao Trial, they thought.

...

Three years ago, the Gu Clan of Wanming City on Chen Yue Star had swept through the surrounding 100,000 miles and gathered 30,000 sword cultivators.

After that, Young Master Gu Yuening actually publicized his collection of countless sword techniques.

In a three-story building, there were various sword technique cultivation techniques.

Whether it was low-level sword techniques or those powerful sword techniques that condensed sword intent, one could find them here.

As long as one handed over a sword, one could read the corresponding books.

Not only could one read the books, but one could also receive the explanation by the Sword Dao cultivator, Young Master Gu Yuening.

It was a kind of detailed and tireless explanation.

Rumors in Wanming City had it that Young Master Gu had comprehended the truth of the Sword Dao. In the world of Sword Dao, there was nothing that couldn't be understood.

In the past three years, the name of Gu Yuening, the Young Master of the Gu Family in Wanming City, Chen Yue Star, had resounded throughout the Azure Travel Realm.

Countless sword cultivators who came to Wanming City wanted to read the sword Dao classics.

Later on, more people came to see Gu Yuening.

It was useless being a sword cultivator if one didn't know Gu Yuening of Wanming City.

"Buzz!"

In Wanming City, a sword light shot into the sky.

After this sword light, 12 resplendent halos followed, and hundreds of swords floated in the air.

"The Gu Family's Young Master Yuening is going to Mingchen Star to discuss the Dao!" someone exclaimed in a low voice, his face full of anticipation.

"Haha, the Dao Discussion on Mingchen Star is a major event that will spread throughout the entire Azure Travel Realm. Our Young Master Gu was invited to participate, and he is the youngest Daoist in the entire Azure Travel Realm!" Someone's eyes were full of surprise as he spoke loudly.

"Bah, your Young Master Gu? That's my Young Master Gu..."

...

One person walked forward, followed by 12 sword lights and 100 long swords.

The 12 peak-stage Nascent Soul realm sword cultivators were all hired by Han Muye at a high price.

The employment relationship in the Azure Travel Realm was very stable, so Han Muye did not have to worry about these Sword Dao experts betraying him.

Moreover, in the past few years, his talent and cultivation in the Sword Dao had already conquered these 12 great cultivators.

The hundred Golden Core sword cultivator guards behind him were sword cultivators who had been recruited by the Gu family and were willing to stay in the Gu family for a long time.

In order to nurture them, Han Muye had spent many spiritual rocks and even carefully guided their sword technique cultivation.

Any one of these 100 sword cultivators had combat strength that surpassed their own realm.

Fortunately, there were too many sword cultivators in the Azure Travel Realm. Otherwise, it would not be easy to find a hundred sword cultivators with such talent.

“Young master, the Dao Discussion on Mingchen Star is the grandest gathering of the Azure Travel Realm’s Sword Dao. As long as you can become famous there, you’ll definitely be able to gather boundless popularity.”

Beside Han Muye, a middle-aged man in a green robe spoke in a low voice.

This person’s name was Zheng Yuan. He was an eighth level Nascent Soul realm sword cultivator. After joining Han Muye, he had a few epiphanies and reached the peak of the Nascent Soul realm.

Zheng Yuan was loyal to Han Muye and was strong. Han Muye was usually in seclusion, and Zheng Yuan was in charge of many things in the Gu family.

“However, young master, you are still young. If you suffer a setback in the Dao discussion, it will probably affect your future cultivation.”

When Zheng Yuan said this, he shook his head and said, “I wonder if he invited Young Master to participate in the Dao discussion this time is because he really values your talent or because he wants to destroy you...”

The battle of the Great Dao had always been dangerous.

Although discussing the Dao was not as dangerous as fighting for the Dao, it was not a good thing for cultivators who had yet to stabilize their cultivation of the Great Dao.

Hearing Zheng Yuan’s words, Han Muye smiled and said nothing.

This Dao discussion was two years ago. When a great sword cultivator came to Wanming City, he had a long chat with Han Muye. Then he sighed at Han Muye’s broad cultivation in the Sword Dao before inviting him to participate in the Dao discussion.

Outsiders could not imagine how deep Han Muye’s foundation in the Sword Dao was!

“For the Dao Discussion on Mingchen Star, outsiders should stop...”

The stars in front of him were bright, and a voice sounded.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed. A golden light flashed, revealing his identity.

Above the star, a spiritual light turned into a door of light and guided them in.

“Oh my god, it’s another mighty figure.” When Han Muye and the others flew into the star, someone exclaimed.

“Of course. Which participant isn’t a great cultivator above the Out of Body realm?” A green-robed young man said as the door of light closed.

“That’s not right either. It’s said that a young sword cultivator was invited to participate in the Dao discussion this time.”

Chapter 735 - 735 Returning to the Heaven Mystic Realm, Heaven Realm Lightning Tribulation!

Everyone in the Azure Travel Realm carried a sword.

As the holy land of the Sword Dao, Mingchen Star had numerous sword cultivators.

Han Muye and the people behind him flew down and strode forward.

In front of them was the place where the sword cultivators discussed the Dao. The Myriad Swords Cliff covered an area of 1,000 miles.

Everyone’s expressions were solemn as they looked at the sword qi in front of them that soared into the sky.

There were numerous swords buried at the Myriad Swords Cliff.

It was said that the place where the Sword Dao cultivators of the Azure Travel Realm died was the Myriad Swords Cliff.

At the same time, the Myriad Swords Cliff was also the place where a Sword Sage of the Azure Travel Realm became a Sage.

“If I can bury my sword here in the future, my life will not be in vain...” Behind Han Muye, an old man with a white beard sighed softly.

His name was Duan Kong, and he was a great sword cultivator at the peak of the Nascent Soul realm.

However, he did not have much lifespan left. Being hired by Han Muye meant that he wanted to retire in Wanming City.

It was precisely because of this that he cared more about the Gu family in Wanming City. When Han Muye was in seclusion, Zheng Yuan would discuss anything with him.

Duan Kong’s words made many sword cultivators nod.

Which sword cultivator of the Azure Travel Realm didn’t want to die here?

However, not everyone could go to the Myriad Swords Cliff.

Without Out of Body realm cultivation and making great contributions to the Sword Dao of the Azure Travel Realm, one was not qualified to enter the Myriad Swords Cliff.

“Everyone wants to die at the Myriad Swords Cliff? Hehe.” Not far away, someone chuckled.

Everyone turned around and saw a few sword cultivators in black robes.

Judging from their attire, they were from the same sect.

The leader’s cultivation was extremely deep. He had white hair, a long beard, and a rotten aura.

“The Myriad Swords Cliff is the place where sword cultivators like me yearn to die. Why can’t I say it?” Zheng Yuan replied coldly.

Duan Kong’s lifespan was only 100 years. It would be very difficult for him to break through to the Out of Body realm in this 100 years.

Perhaps, if Young Master was willing to help, Duan Kong might be able to take that step at the last moment of his life and enter the Myriad Swords Cliff.

Previously, Zheng Yuan and Duan Kong had specifically discussed this matter.

Duan Kong still had some thoughts in his heart.

At this moment, if someone mocked Duan Kong, it might affect his state of mind.

Upon hearing Zheng Yuan’s words, the white-bearded old man did not say anything. Behind him, a young man in his thirties with a long sword that was interwoven with spiritual qi on his back turned around.

“The Myriad Swords Cliff is revered because one has to leave one’s body to cultivate and contribute to the Sword Dao of the Azure Travel Realm.

“If anyone can die at the Myriad Swords Cliff, wouldn’t it be renamed as the Million Swords Cliff and the Mound Swords Cliff?”

His words were harsh and crude.

But these words were right.

The reason why the Holy Land was a Holy Land was because of its restrictions.

In this world, without rules, there was no chance for cultivation.

Zheng Yuan still wanted to say something, but Duan Kong raised his hand to stop him and shook his head.

There was no need to argue about this.

Moreover, with the other party’s situation, it was obvious why he was here.

“Hehe, don’t blame me. I’m here to die. The junior disciples might be a little unstable.”

At this moment, the old man leading the other party suddenly spoke.

He had come to die.

Dressed in a black robe, he was not worried but happy. Naturally, it was for his death.

"I'm Zhu Wanlin from the Forest Sword Sect."

The old man said softly.

Duan Kong's expression changed and he hurriedly asked, "Are you the elders who created the Myriad Forests Sword Formation?"

The expressions of the other sword cultivators beside him also changed.

Han Muye finally turned to look at the other party.

He knew about the Myriad Forests Sword Formation.

It was a sword formation that allowed the weak to defeat the strong. It was a wood attribute cultivation technique.

Han Muye had even explained some sword arrays to the sword cultivators who had asked him for guidance in Wanming City. The Myriad Forests Sword Formation was one of them.

"Sigh, I was trapped in cultivation back then and created this sword formation. Now it has become a name." Zhu Wanlin shook his head with a bitter smile.

Duan Kong and the people behind him cupped their fists at Zhu Wanlin.

This was respect for a great cultivator who could become a sword cultivator and create a sword formation.

"Ten Thousand Trees into Forest is actually not as good as One Tree Solo Show.

"It's indeed a defensive technique."

Han Muye, who was walking in front, whispered and led everyone forward.

His words caused the expressions of the disciples behind Zhu Wanlin to change.

"Arrogant.

"Ignorant junior, how dare you comment on the Myriad Forests Sword Formation?"

"Is this kid looking for a lesson?"

Zhu Wanlin raised his hand to stop everyone. He looked at Han Muye and the others who were walking forward and narrowed his eyes. "He's right, but I haven't comprehended it yet.

"Besides, the path of cultivation is not for outsiders to comment on."

Speaking of this, a smile appeared on his pale face. "I heard that the Dao Discussion at the Myriad Swords Cliff is very exciting. I can still hold on for a few more days. We can go and take a look."

With that, he turned around and walked in the direction Han Muye and the others had gone.

Dao discussion?

Not going to the land of the fallen?

The group of black-robed disciples looked at each other and followed closely.

Most of the sword cultivators who came to the Myriad Swords Cliff were alone.

Or rather, With three or five good friends accompanying, few teams came.

Han Muye and the others attracted the attention of countless people along the way.

“Which junior doesn’t know the rules?

“So what if you’re rich? You can even do whatever you want at the Myriad Swords Cliff’s Dao Forum?

“Hehe, I’m afraid this kid is a fool. Those who are not invited can only listen to the Dao at the foot of the cliff. Every listener has to pay 10 million spiritual rocks.”

If each person had 10 million, wouldn’t these hundreds of followers cost 10 billion?

Many people were gloating.

Ahead, the sword qi became denser.

Numerous sword lights combined with the halo on the green cliff.

The sword cultivators carrying swords on their backs were silent as they comprehended the sword Qi on the cliff.

Chapter 736 - 736 Returning to the Heaven Mystic Realm, Heaven Realm Lightning Tribulation! (2)

736 Returning to the Heaven Mystic Realm, Heaven Realm Lightning Tribulation! (2)

From afar, they could already see long swords stuck on the not-so-tall cliff.

Every sword here was a tombstone.

Seeing these swords, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

These were the swords of Peak Nascent Soul Realm experts!

Even if it wasn't a lifelong treasure, it was a sword that was carried at the last moment and filled with cultivation comprehension.

"I'm going to pay my respects to the Sword Dao seniors. Find a place and wait there first."

He turned around and instructed Zheng Yuan and the others.

Everyone hurriedly bowed and found a quiet place to sit and wait.

Han Muye tidied his clothes and strode forward towards the cliff.

Originally, the sword cultivators sitting or standing in front of him did not care, but as his speed increased and he reached the bottom of the limestone cliff, the surrounding discussions began.

Not everyone could climb up this limestone cliff.

Either his cultivation was high enough or his comprehension of the Sword Dao was high enough.

Or, there was an invitation.

However, Han Muye did not seem to be qualified.

As everyone discussed, Han Muye slowly stepped onto the cliff and stopped in front of the first sword.

A piece of linen cloth in his hand gently pressed down on the sword and wiped it from top to bottom.

In the eyes of outsiders, he looked respectful.

“No wonder he was able to climb up the cliff. It turns out that he is the descendant of Senior Fall Returning.” Someone came to a sudden realization and said softly.

The rules of the Myriad Swords Cliff were there, but they couldn’t stop the descendants from paying their respects, right?

The descendants of these seniors could come and pay their respects once in a hundred years.

This was also an opportunity for those Sword Dao cultivators.

On the cliff, it was easier to comprehend the Dao.

For example, at this moment, Han Muye could sense the numerous Sword Dao around him. As long as he comprehended it with his heart, he could really gain something.

However, he was not interested in such enlightenment.

Comprehension might as well be more direct.

“Buzz!”

Only he could hear the faint sword hum.

A trace of sword qi fused into the sword in his hand, and countless phantoms appeared in his mind.

He Yuan Star’s famous sword sect master, Jin Yousheng.

His lifespan was 21,852 years, and his cultivation was at Out of Body realm level seven.

White Feather Sword Technique.

Phoenix Cry Sword Technique.

The principles of the Cloud Gathering and Scattering Sword Technique.

In Han Muye’s mind, he saw an old man sitting there. At the last moment, he organized everything he had learned and deduced the process of his own comprehension.

When the scene dissipated, Han Muye had comprehended several Sword Dao cultivation methods.

This was a great sword cultivator worthy of respect.

Han Muye bowed, then walked past the sword and walked a few more steps to another sword.

This scene caused an uproar below.

Wasn't he paying respects to his seniors?

Could it be that this fellow still had two seniors that perished at the Myriad Swords Cliff?

Han Muye didn't care what others thought. He had already reached out and gently covered the sword with the linen cloth, slowly wiping it.

In a day, he wiped 300 swords.

Even though his mind and soul were extremely powerful, he still felt a little dizzy.

As for the sword cultivators below, they were already at a loss.

Could this person be the person in charge of wiping swords at the Myriad Swords Cliff?

Otherwise, would he have 300 senior sword cultivators who perished here?

If 300 seniors had truly perished at the Myriad Swords Cliff, then he would most likely be the number one junior of the Azure Travel Realm.

When Han Muye walked down the cliff, everyone looked over.

Surprise, envy, jealousy...

Han Muye did not notice and walked forward slowly.

When he was about to reach Zheng Yuan and the others, he stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around.

“Why are you following me?”

Behind him stood a fat young man in a green robe.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the young man smiled and cupped his hands. “Brother, sell me the secret to getting to the Myriad Swords Cliff.

“Name your price.”

His cultivation was at the seventh level of the Golden Core Realm, and the jade crown on his head was a supreme-grade spiritual weapon.

The jade locket around his neck and the jade belt around his waist were all magical treasures.

The boots and socks on his feet were all high-grade spiritual weapons.

The long sword on his back was a mid-grade magic treasure that could transform at any time.

This was a treasure trove of the human world...

Seeing Han Muye's scrutinizing gaze, the young man grinned and said, "My name is Zhao Jike. I'm from the Jinke Star."

Seeing that Han Muye's expression did not change, he added, "Jinke Star, Wanhao City."

Wanhao City on Jinke Star was known as Million Treasures City of the Azure Travel Realm.

Jinke Star was a treasure land with countless spiritual materials for refining swords. Wanhao City was controlled by the Zhao Family.

The Zhao Family's patriarch was an expert who was about to become a sage in the Sword Dao. With the treasure in his hand, he could fight with a Sword Sage.

“Can you afford any price?” Han Muye said calmly.

Zhao Jike smiled.

However, this smile only lasted for 10 minutes.

“You, are you crazy? You brought more than a hundred followers?

“I only brought three guards!

“The expenditure for more than a hundred people to watch and listen is 10 billion spiritual rocks...”

Zhao Jike’s eyes widened.

Han Muye had originally asked him to help pay for his follower’s observation and discussion needs, but Zhao Jike didn’t think it was much.

But who would have thought that Han Muye would be so crazy as to bring so many followers!

“You can’t afford it?” Han Muye said calmly.

“Can’t afford it? Even if it’s twice as much, I can afford it. But you can’t treat me like a fool!” Zhao Jike turned around and left.

“Half. Tomorrow, I’ll take you up the cliff to observe the remains of at least 300 seniors.” When Zhao Jike took 10 steps, Han Muye’s voice sounded.

“Deal.”

Zhao Jike turned around with a smile on his face.

From the next day onwards, when Han Muye went up the cliff again, there was a fat man carrying a basket behind him and placing tributes in front of the swords.

“Senior Zhang Yitao from the Clarity Sect, Zhao Jike from Wanhao City have come to pay their respects to you...”

Chapter 737 - 737 Returning to the Heaven Mystic Realm, Heaven Realm Lightning Tribulation! (3)

“Senior Chen Yicheng of Yu Sheng Sword Sect, Zhao Jike of Wanhao City has come to pay his respects to you—”

...

After a day of shouting, Zhao Jike’s throat was burning.

When he walked down the cliff, he saw countless burning eyes.

Who could endure more than 300 wails a day and interrupt their chance to comprehend and cultivate?

If it weren’t for the rules of this place, Zhao Jike’s legs would have been broken.

“Fellow Daoists, Wanhao City’s Zhao Jike has come to pay his respects. No, no. Greetings, greetings...” Zhao Jike cupped his hands in front of him, but because he had said it smoothly, he said it as paying his respects.

Everyone was enraged.

Zhao Jike was not the only one who caused public anger. Han Muye also caused it.

At this moment, on the verdant cliff, someone looked down coldly.

“Is this the rising talent of the Sword Dao that Senior Wu Zheng invited?”

“Using the invitation and the name of paying respects to seniors to secretly comprehend their cultivation methods, can he be any more shameless?”

A black-bearded old man in a green robe gnashed his teeth and said in a deep voice.

Beside him, a few people gnashed their teeth.

For no other reason than the fact that their sect elders had perished at the Myriad Swords Cliff.

“The Myriad Swords Cliff has its rules. If you’re unhappy, you can stop him,” a white-haired old man said calmly.

“Also, Senior Wu Zheng is one of the great cultivators that presided over the Dao Discussion at the Myriad Swords Cliff, and he has the qualifications to invite a fellow cultivator.

“To be invited by him, the cultivator can’t be an ordinary person.”

After the old man finished speaking, he turned around and left.

The others also turned around and left.

Han Muye didn’t care what others thought.

Although the Myriad Swords Cliff was known as the 10,000 Swords, there were only 8,000 or 9,000 sword cultivators who had truly perished there.

Han Muye did some calculations. There were still some days before the Sword Dao Forum. He could finish observing 300 swords a day.

As soon as he returned to the encampment, he went into seclusion to comprehend the Sword Dao he had observed today.

...

Scattered Stars Island.

Thunder rumbled in the Six Stalwart Pavilion.

Over the past year, the thunder had not stopped.

At this moment, the lightning on Han Muye, who was sitting on the sixth level of the Sword Pavilion, was extremely dense.

The Kui phantom behind him was about to completely materialize.

The cultivation level increase brought by the sixth level of the Sword Pavilion was too much.

His Sword Dao Golden Core had been compressed countless times, but he still could not control its expansion.

There were a total of three million swords in the six-story Sword Pavilion, and one of them was a spiritual treasure.

Han Muye refined the Sword Pavilion to activate the power of all the swords in the Sword Pavilion.

This process allowed the sword intent in his sea of Qi to fuse and continuously strengthen.

At this moment, the long sword formed by the sword intent supported the sky and earth. Once it appeared, it would probably shatter the sky instantly.

His soul was constantly tempered by lightning.

When Han Muye opened his eyes, there was a terrifying sword light suppressed in them.

Perfection of the Half-Step Heavenly Realm.

All his cultivation was gathered to the extreme.

“You’re the most powerful junior I’ve ever seen.” Zhao Yujing, who had revealed himself, shook his head and sighed. “Even the few from the Upper Three Heavens can’t compare to you.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye did not look happy. Instead, he said calmly, “The resources and accumulation of the Upper Three Heavens are not something I can compare to.”

He could recognize reality.

What kind of place was the Upper Three Heavens? What kind of opportunities did those Dao Ancestors and Almighties not have?

The power they had gathered was not something he could compare to.

However, Han Muye did not think that many of his peers in the world could compare to him in terms of accumulation foundation.

“I won’t break through to the Heaven Realm for the time being. I’ll wait until I leave Scattered Stars Island.”

Han Muye, who had stood up, looked out of the pavilion and spoke softly.

Zhao Yujing was not surprised that he was leaving Scattered Stars Island.

Han Muye had already achieved his goal of coming to Scattered Stars Island, so there was no need to stay.

“Senior, stay in the Six Stalwart Pavilion and guard this place.”

Han Muye turned to look at Zhao Yujing.

Stay here?

Zhao Yujing looked surprised.

He was now the artifact spirit of a spiritual treasure. He was a sword that could kill Divine Transformation Realm experts.

Also, wasn't he taking the six-story Sword Pavilion with him?

This was the Sword Pavilion that gathered millions of swords. Its combat strength was powerful.

Seeing Zhao Yujing look at him, Han Muye chuckled and said, "The hundred-year Dao Competition has just begun. I'm still using many spiritual treasures and the Sword Pavilion.

"During the battle of the hundred-year Dao Competition," Han Muye's eyes were bright as he said calmly, "At that time, I shouldn't need the help of the spiritual treasures and the Sword Pavilion."

He was confident that in the hundred-year Dao Competition, his cultivation and combat strength would surpass spiritual treasures and the Sword Pavilion!

Han Muye stood there, and Zhao Yujing was speechless.

The pride of a sword cultivator came from his own strength.

It was because Han Muye was strong that he was confident enough to say such words.

Turning to look at the chessboard placed on the small table, Han Muye flew away.

The chessboard was clearly located on the islands of Scattered Stars Island.

However, in his opinion, that was clearly the Heavenly Cycle Formation!

Because Han Muye was not around, the Imperial View Sword Shop on Yulan Street was much quieter.

Shao Tianyi sat behind the counter in boredom.

When he looked up, he was a little stunned.

"Shopkeeper?"

Shao Tianyi was in charge of the sword shop, while Zeng Daniu was in Jia Wu's shop next door. Zeng Daniu brought his wife along with him, and there were three more little girls.

"He gave birth to three in six years. Shopkeeper, this Zeng Daniu is really awesome..." Shao Tianyi pointed at the three pink little girls playing in front of the shop next door.

"Godfather, Godfather..."

Seeing Shao Tianyi stretch out his arms, the three little girls turned around and shouted.

Shao Tianyi smiled.

When Zeng Daniu, who had returned from forging in the sword furnace, saw Han Muye, he knelt in front of him and cried.

The three girls didn't know what to do and started crying.

Zeng Daniu's wife kowtowed to Han Muye with Zeng Daniu.

Currently, Zeng Daniu was already a blacksmith and had the cultivation of the Body Refining Foundation Establishment Realm.

Han Muye instructed Shao Tianyi, Zeng Daniu, and the others to guard the shop and cultivate well in the future. Then he flew away early the next morning.

He would come back to Scattered Stars Island again, but he didn't know when.

"Han Muye, it's a pity that I couldn't fight you fairly that day. Today, I, Bai Zeyu, will challenge—"

In the void, a sword light attacked.

Han Muye raised his sword and sent Bai Zeyu flying. Then, under Bai Zeyu's shocked gaze, he activated the power of the jade sword and left Scattered Stars Island.

"This guy is so strong..."

Bai Zeyu muttered.

Spiritual lights intertwined, and Han Muye's figure appeared on the gravel cliff where he had left back then.

In the place of the Dao Competition.

In the Heavenly Mystic World.

Looking up, endless lightning descended from the sky.

Heaven Realm Lightning Tribulation!

Han Muye laughed loudly. The sword light in his hand rose and rushed towards the tribulation lightning.

After today, he would be able to condense his Sword Dao Nascent Soul and become a Heaven Realm cultivator.

Once he entered the Heaven Realm, his cultivation and combat strength would increase by a hundred times!

Chapter 738 - 738 Nine-Level Lightning Tribulation, Out of Body in One Step

The heavenly tribulation descended.

Han Muye looked relaxed.

He had been waiting for this heavenly tribulation for a long time.

Taking a step forward, the phantom of the Kui appeared behind Han Muye.

However, as soon as the Kui phantom appeared, he suppressed it and sank into his body.

In the past, he needed to use the power of the Kui to resist the lightning tribulation, but now, he did not need these methods at all.

Lightning descended from the sky, turning into lightning snakes that wrapped around Han Muye's body.

"Boom!"

Han Muye's robe instantly shattered, revealing his bare chest.

A phantom of Baxia appeared behind him. On his chest, the Kui turned into a faint illusory pattern.

The lightning that even Heaven Realm cultivators had to resist with all their might surrounded Han Muye and turned into a chain.

The chains entered his body, making his blood boil.

“Satisfying!”

With a long laugh, Han Muye stood up, his eyes flickering.

His actions seemed to have angered the heavenly tribulation. An even more surging light and shadow gathered and turned into a roaring thunder dragon.

The thunder dragon opened its huge mouth, and lightning turned into arrows that scattered like rain.

A sword light flashed in Han Muye’s eyes. He moved against the momentum and blocked all the arrows.

Cultivation was a heaven-defying act. When transcending the tribulation, one naturally had to stimulate this heaven-defying power to the extreme.

“Hand over the sword.”

Han Muye shouted in a low voice, and purple flames appeared in his hands.

A pair of sword spirits moved, and the spirituality on them was almost overflowing.

The sword intent gathered in Han Muye’s dantian and the sword phantom in his Qi Sea turned into streams of light and poured into the dual swords.

The sword intent was too strong!

Purple Flame and Destiny let out a cry.

Han Muye laughed, and the sword Qi on his body surged out of his body.

Sword pills and sword cores floated around him.

Since he wanted to transform, he would do it together!

Han Muye flew into the lightning dragon’s body. All the sword pills and sword cores pierced into the lightning dragon’s body, and lightning intertwined everywhere.

Counterattack!

This represented the power of the heavenly tribulation, the lightning dragon formed by the power of the Great Dao. It was directly suppressed by Han Muye’s sword pills and sword cores!

Such a thing had never happened in the world for thousands of years.

At this moment, several divine senses probed over from the void.

However, as soon as these divine senses arrived, they were blocked by an invisible force and turned into nothingness.

In the place where the Dao fought, the Great Dao formed itself.

Here, any fortuitous encounter would be protected.

The 100-year Dao Competition was for the sake of annihilating a region, and also for the sake of nurturing a new Dao Ancestor.

The Great Dao protected every expert who could grow into a Dao Ancestor.

“Dao Seed!”

In the void, someone cried out in alarm.

“Who is this?” someone whispered.

No one knew where this person came from, a future expert who could obtain the attention of the Great Dao.

An expert who might grow into a new Dao Ancestor.

“Destroy him.”

Several divine thoughts transmitted their wills.

Explosions sounded in the air.

Streaks of demonic light and streaks of clear light flew over.

“Boom!”

The lightning dragon in the sky could no longer send down lightning tribulation.

This was because the lightning dragon was already under Han Muye’s control.

“Great Dao power, so that’s how it is.”

With a chuckle, the thunder dragon’s body disintegrated.

At this moment, the Sword Dao Golden Core in Han Muye’s dantian and the endless sword intent accumulated in his Qi Sea finally fused as one.

“Buzz!”

A sword appeared in the void of space.

Sword Dao Nascent Soul.

“This is a pure sword cultivator...” someone whispered as he looked at the sword that appeared in the void.

“Hmph, it’s fine if it’s a cultivator from my Immortal Spirit World, but if it’s not, I’ll kill him immediately,” an old man in a green robe said calmly.

In all directions, countless cultivators slowly gathered and looked up at the Nascent Soul of the Sword Dao slowly spinning in the void.

Everyone was waiting for the sword to take shape and reveal its identity.

If he was one of them, then he would do his best to save him. If not, he would destroy him.

“Boom!”

The void trembled, and three Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators arrived one after another.

A demonic cultivator, a sword cultivator, and an old man in a Daoist robe.

“Haha, sword cultivator, not bad.” That demon cultivator laughed loudly. “Little fellow, quickly reveal yourself. This sovereign will take you in as a disciple.”

“Hmph, sword cultivators should be taken into the sect by me.” The sword cultivator sneered.

The old man in the Daoist robe chuckled and a green spiritual light flashed in his hand.

In front of him, the long sword in the sky slowly turned ethereal.

Rays of spiritual light turned into phantoms on the sword.

Nascent Soul Body.

“This person doesn’t seem to be from my Immortal Spirit world?” A third level Nascent Soul cultivator whispered and frowned.

“Could it be a foreign cultivator? But if a foreign sword cultivator transcends the tribulation here, won’t he be entangled with the tribulation of the Dao Competition until he dies?” On the other side, someone stared at the phantom and said softly.

“Mr. Mu Ye!” A third level Nascent Soul sword cultivator shouted and flew towards Han Muye.

“Fellow Daoist the Heavenly Mystic, quickly protect Mr. Mu Ye!”

Mr. Mu Ye!

In the Heavenly Mystic World, there was only one person who was respected as Mr. Mu Ye.

Grandmaster Mu Ye.

A great cultivator of Confucianism and Sword Dao.

This was a highly respected cultivator in the Heavenly Mystic World.

His Alchemy Dao and Cloud Pill Technique had saved countless lives.

The act of Investiture of the Deities allowed all the cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic World to have nothing to worry about.

“Kill.”

Dozens of Heaven Mystic cultivators flew towards Han Muye, and more cultivators from the Immortal Spirit World rushed over.

The void instantly turned into a battlefield.

When Han Muye appeared, he saw the chaotic battle between the two sides.

“Mr. Mu Ye, your cultivation level has just broken through. Consolidate your cultivation first!” A middle-aged sword cultivator holding a long sword walked up to Han Muye with a solemn expression.

“Don’t worry, sir. Before we all die in battle, we won’t disturb you at all.” The sword cultivator bowed and turned to charge into the battle.

Sword lights and spiritual lights.

The Dao Seed was actually from the Heavenly Mystic World.

The cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic World were excited and unleashed all their strength.

Mr. Mu Ye was the seed of Dao. When he grew up, he would become the next Dao Ancestor and win the Dao competition in the Heavenly Mystic World.

When Han Muye revealed his identity, none of the cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic Realm retreated.

Han Muye stood where he was, his expression unchanged.

This was the Heavenly Mystic.

This was the world he was protecting.

When he returned to the Dao Battleground and saw these desperate cultivators, he realized that everything was worth it.

No wonder Wen Mosheng and Marquis Wu would never leave for 10,000 years.

“Boom!”

A beam of demonic light knocked away the light projections in front of them and forced back all the Heavenly Mystic World cultivators.

The cultivators of the Heavenly Mystic World were at a disadvantage in the Land of Cultivation.

Most importantly, there were too few Heavenly Mystic cultivators.

“Protect Mr. Mu Ye!” A sword cultivator who was bleeding from his mouth shouted.

Han Muye didn’t know his name.

He did not know the names of the other Heavenly Mystic cultivators protecting him.

These people took their own life and death lightly, just to protect him, Han Muye, for a bit more time to stabilize his cultivation.

It was only because he, Han Muye, was a Great Dao seed.

“Is it worth it?” Han Muye said softly.

His voice rang in the ears of the Heavenly Mystic cultivators.

“Worth it.”

“We cultivate not only to live forever, but also to die a worthy death. To be able to see the endless beauty of the Heavenly Mystic, all our efforts are worth it.”

“Sir, besides life and death, we should have some requests. How happy is it for us to have this battle today?”

Responses sounded.

To Han Muye, these answers sounded more like the determination given to him by these cultivators with uncertain lives.

Cultivation had no meaning without persistence, and longevity also had no meaning.

“I understand...”

Han Muye looked up slightly.

He looked into the void.

At this moment, the cultivators in charge of the Dao competition seemed to feel a pair of eyes looking at them.

“I’m just an ordinary person.

“We’re all trying to live.

“But we’re living such a difficult life.

“Is there anywhere in the world that we can live comfortably?”

Han Muye whispered softly, then clenched his fists.

Up ahead, the Heavenly Mystic cultivators who were fighting seemed to have heard his whispers, and their eyes lit up.

“The Heavenly Mystic.”

“The Heavenly Mystic.”

“The Heavenly Mystic!”

The Heavenly Mystic was not the most beautiful place in the world. It was not the most prosperous place in the world.

But the Heavenly Mystic World was the safest place in the world!

Han Muye smiled.

No wonder the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor wanted to transform into Dao and fight for it.

No wonder Wen Mosheng wanted to stay there forever.

No wonder even Endless Divine Venerables were willing to stand on the side of the Heavenly Mystic World.

In his heart, he was thinking further.

The experts of the Immortal Source World.

The powerful forces outside the dam.

Did they really not see this Dao Competition?

Perhaps they were also waiting for something?

“How fortunate,” Han Muye said softly.

The Great Spirit qi rose from his body.

This was Yan Zhenqing’s cultivation.

In an instant, a divine sword of the soul supported the sky and quietly floated.

When the sword appeared, its crushing power instantly silenced the originally intense battlefield.

This sword could sweep through everything!

“I didn’t know that Mr. Mu Ye is so strong...” A pale-faced Heavenly Mystic World cultivator who thought he would die whispered.

A sword cultivator in a green robe with a broken sword in his hand laughed and blood dripped from his mouth.

On the other side, the originally arrogant cultivators of the Immortal Spirit World looked nervously at the divine soul sword.

They did not dare to move as fear of the sword gripped them.

“His, his soul is so strong that it can materialize?”

“This, this long sword can probably kill a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator, right?”

The cultivators of the Immortal Spirit World slowly retreated.

However, it was too late.

The soul above Han Muye’s head shattered with a bang, turning into countless swords that swept down.

A single strike.

After the sword strike, it was empty.

Whether it was Out of Body or Nascent Soul.

No one could escape from this sword.

The Heavenly Mystic cultivators widened their eyes and felt their throats tighten.

“S-so strong...”

This was a true great cultivator!

Han Muye looked up and shouted, “Leave quickly. My Out of Body Tribulation is here—”

Out of Body Tribulation!

Back then, the commander of the Heavenly Mystic Sun Guards, Lu Yang, had broken through the realm and stepped into the ninth level of the Nascent Soul Stage.

It was the endless accumulation that allowed him to reach the heavens in a single step.

Today, Han Muye was going to surpass Lu Yang and step into the Out of Body realm!

When he was in the Golden Core realm, he had gathered too much sword intent and soul power.

The power of his soul had long surpassed the Heaven Realm. He had stepped through karma and touched the cycle of reincarnation.

It was to the extent where he experienced the realm after reincarnation.

In his divine treasure, there was also the Great Spirit of Confucianism bestowed by a Sage of the Divine Dao.

The combination of these powers had already far exceeded the limit of the Nascent Soul cultivation.

In the sky, the dissipating lightning dragon appeared again.

Behind Han Muye, the Sword Dao Nascent Soul soared into the sky.

The broken soul sword turned around and smashed into the Nascent Soul sword shadow.

Killing local cultivators in the land of the Dao Competition would provide some benefits.

This nourishment was not much, but Han Muye had killed the enemies with a single strike. There were many cultivators whose spiritual qi realm was higher than his.

He brought back a lot of nourishment.

Of course, Han Muye did not care about this nourishment at this moment.

His spiritual soul merged with his sword intent, and his power rose rapidly.

“Commander Lu Yang stepped into the ninth level of the Nascent Soul realm in one step. In six years, he became an eighth level Out of Body realm cultivator.

“Mr. Muye became like an Out of Body realm in one step. Then in future...”

No wonder he could become a Great Dao Seed!

The Heavenly Mystic cultivators were pleasantly surprised. They looked at each other and quietly left.

The Out of Body Tribulation was thousands of times more intense than the Nascent Soul Tribulation.

They could no longer help. They could not even protect Han Muye.

Not to mention that the lightning tribulation was fierce, how could they deal with the person who dared to intercept Han Muye at this time?

“Boom!”

The tribulation lightning descended.

Nine lightning dragons appeared.

Han Muye laughed loudly, and the Sword Dao Nascent Soul and soul sword that had already fused behind him rushed up.

The two swords in his hands slashed down fiercely.

Chapter 739 - 739 Imperial City Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu

Transforming the lightning tribulation into his own strength was his choice!

“Boom boom boom—”

Thunderclouds gathered between heaven and earth, seemingly endlessly.

The lightning triggered the power of the Heavens and Earth, causing a huge commotion in the Dao Competition.

The gathering of the power of the Great Dao attracted the attention of many Dao Ancestors.

...

A year later, the void filled with countless rocks slowly fell silent.

Lightning and sword light intertwined and finally disappeared.

When all the lightning dissipated, there were no more rocks here. Of course, there was no sign of Han Muye.

—

The Heavenly Mystic, Imperial City.

From the start of the Dao competition, there was chaos in the Heavenly Mystic World.

Because during the Dao Competition, karma reincarnation was not evident. The Heaven Realm Divine Transformation experts were the strongest.

The Half-Sages of Confucianism could suppress Semi-God Realm warriors with just a word. At this moment, they could only fight with all their might. They might not be able to defeat a Peak Semi-God Realm warrior.

Five years ago, the great cultivator of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Sect, Divine Lord Xuan Ming, fought with the Confucian Half-Sage, Wang Muyang.

That battle caused the spiritual qi in several prefectures and counties in the Heavenly Mystic to change, and the water in the rivers flowed backwards.

In the end, Wang Muyang was defeated and the authority of a county fell.

After that battle, the sects of the Heavenly Mystic World, the demonic sects, and those ambitious cultivators began to fight for the authority of the dynasty.

Confucianism had suppressed the Heavenly Mystic for countless years. It was time to overthrow it.

In the eyes of these cultivators, the Dao Competition was an opportunity.

If the Confucianist cultivators' combat strength wasn't obvious and great cultivators couldn't unleash their absolute power, it was better to take the lead themselves. Perhaps they could become the next Dao Ancestor?

Of course, there were also many cultivators who were in despair that the Heavenly Mystic might win the Dao competition.

The power of the Immortal Spirit World had entered their hearts.

The Immortal Spirit World had long infiltrated the Heavenly Mystic Dao Sect. Back then, the No Resentment Realm almost caused the Heavenly Mystic Divine Dao to rise.

These cultivators only focused on the strength of the outside world. They had always looked down on the Heavenly Mystic World.

In their eyes, the grass was always greener on the other side.

These people tried their best to destroy the Heavenly Mystic, hoping that it would fail in the Dao competition.

Even if the Heavenly Mystic failed in the Dao Competition, they would still die.

But what if an Immortal Spirit Realm expert saw their hard work and gave them a chance to survive?

In a great battle and a great calamity, there was never a lack of brainless people.

Imperial Garden Street, in Moon Viewing Town.

Many children were playing in front of the store.

This place was almost a playground for children.

The owner's three children had all kinds of toys, attracting the surrounding children to gather around.

There were all kinds of wooden toys and many rare things in the Imperial City.

The owner had three children. The two older ones were all handsome. The third one had a pair of tiger ears and a furry tiger head. He was extremely cute.

Everyone called him Tiger Head.

"Tiger, what delicious food did your mother make today?"

A voice came from the shop next door.

Huang Zhihu, dressed in a green Confucian robe, walked out of the shop.

Dressed in men's clothing, her handsome appearance made the young ladies who passed by blush and their hearts beat faster.

The current Huang Zhihu was already 18 years old. Her figure was slender, and there was a hint of shrewdness in her big lively eyes.

Who didn't know the name of the Imperial City Academy's Zhihu?

"Zhihu is back?"

"Come quickly. Your Uncle Datian caught a big fish. I made a pot of soup and was waiting for you."

Cuicui stuck her head out of the shop and smiled.

At this moment, the sun was setting.

Huang Zhihu's eyes lit up. She reached out and hugged the tiger-headed boy before walking towards the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop.

In the shop behind her, Zuo Yuting, who was wearing a greenish-gray robe and had an alchemy master badge on her chest, also walked out.

On the side of the road, Zuo Lin, who had aged a little, chuckled. He packed up the carriage and walked towards the small table set up by Shao Datian.

After Han Muye and Mu Wan left the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, Shao Datian, Cuicui, the Zuo family, and Huang Zhihu, who had come to the Imperial City, basically gathered around a table to eat.

"Hey, Uncle Datian, this fish is very authentic. It's from the Immortal Moon Lake, right?"

Huang Zhihu picked up a piece of fish and her eyes narrowed into crescents.

"Now those deities in the Immortal Moon Lake are getting more and more stingy. We're not even allowed to go fishing," Huang Zhihu muttered as she put the fish into her mouth.

Cuicui smiled and went to feed Tiger Head.

There was no need for them to worry about the two older ones.

"It can't be helped. Many people are having a hard time now, and there are many people fishing over there," Shao Datian muttered before lowering his head to deal with the fish in front of him.

He was wearing the green uniform of a patrolling soldier.

Currently, he was a small military lieutenant in the patrolling camp. He was mainly in charge of patrolling around the Immortal Moon Lake.

This was the job Bao Mingcheng had found for him.

Hearing Shao Datian's words, Zuo Lin also sighed softly.

"I wonder how Yulong is doing now."

Three years ago, Zuo Yulong had already become a Confucian Scholar and became a garrison officer in a foreign prefecture.

If it was in the past, Zuo Lin would probably wake up laughing if his son could become a Grand Scholar and a Guardian.

However, in the current world, the Heavenly Mystic World was filled with flames of war. Cultivators everywhere could not suppress the war. Even Confucianism was powerless to protect the Heavenly Mystic.

Zuo Lin was very worried about Zuo Yulong's personality.

"Don't worry, Yulong was trained in the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion," Shao Datian comforted him.

Zuo Lin grinned and took a bite of fish. He said in a low voice, "That's the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion of Young Master and Young Miss. The Alchemy Destiny Pavilion's alchemy skills..."

Even if Han Muye and Mu Wan were no longer in the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, the legend of the pavilion had never stopped circulating.

Ahead, a carriage stopped.

The curtain of the carriage was lifted, and a sullen-faced Yunduan poked her head out.

"Zhihu, let's go."

Huang Zhihu turned around and finished the fish soup in her bowl in one gulp. She stood up, tidied her clothes, and strode over.

Chapter 740 - 740 Imperial City Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu (2)

"It's not that I want to criticize you, but you're the heir apparent. Do you have to do it yourself?"

Huang Zhihu muttered as she boarded the carriage.

"Come, give me a smile."

"Get lost. I'm not in the mood today."

...

After the carriage left, Zuo Yuting said worriedly, "From the start of the Mystic Sun Guards' reserve commander trial, Zhihu goes out almost every day and comes back covered in blood."

"I wonder if she's lucky or unlucky to be the shopkeeper's adopted daughter..."

Hearing her words, Shao Datian said in a clear voice, "It's naturally a blessing that Young Master allowed her to have the ability to kill."

Zuo Lin nodded and looked up, suddenly stunned.

"Young Master..."

Who else could it be but the former manager of the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, Han Muye, who was slowly walking over under the afterglow of the setting sun?

"Fish?"

"Not bad. It's been a long time since I ate the fish in the Immortal Moon Lake."

Han Muye walked to the small wooden table, sat down, and said with a smile.

"Young Master..."

Shao Datian and Cuicui burst into tears.

Han Muye, who had passed the Out of Body Tribulation, quietly returned.

The Alchemy Destiny Pavilion was still the original Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, but Mu Wan was missing.

He stood in the small courtyard and did not speak for a long time.

In the mortal world, there was such a woman accompanying him.

This woman was extremely careful, going all out, wishing to travel with him.

Was there a better woman than Mu Wan in the world?

"Young Master, is Miss in the Upper Three Heavens now?" Cuicui, who was standing not far away, finally could not help but ask.

Han Muye nodded and heaved a sigh of relief. "Junior Sister, with her personality, it's good that she's not in this place."

"That's right. Miss is kind-hearted. It's better not to stay in the Heavenly Mystic," Shao Datian said softly, "The Heavenly Mystic is also in chaos now."

Han Muye and Mu Wan's room was still there, but Huang Zhihu had converted the cultivation room for alchemy into her own room.

According to Huang Zhihu, she did not refine pills, so it was better for her to stay alone in this quiet room.

"Miss Zhihu was studying at the Imperial City Academy. Later, when the Mystic Sun Guards were preparing to conduct the training, she took your position and participated in the training.

"There is a lot of chaos in the Heavenly Mystic. Miss Zhihu often goes on missions."

"Crown Prince Yunduan has a good relationship with Miss Zhihu. It's said that they're in love..." Zuo Lin whispered behind Han Muye about what happened after he left.

In love?

Han Muye's mouth twitched.

Walking into his room, the furnishings were the same as before.

Sitting on the wooden couch, Han Muye slowly closed his eyes.

Faint soul power flashed around him before finally turning into nothingness.

His soul and body were still a little difficult to control.

To directly step into Out of Body realm level five, be it one's cultivation or physical body, one needed to adapt to it.

Therefore, he came to the heart refining place.

In this small backyard of the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, he felt at ease.

"Buzz!"

Behind Han Muye, the phantom of a Kui appeared.

The divine beast Baxia controlled more than 90% of his strength. Because his physical strength was too strong, he needed to use the power of the Kui to suppress it at any time to balance his physical strength.

Within his body, his sea of Qi, dantian, and divine treasure had already fused into one.

The Nascent Soul sword had already turned into a sword of the primordial spirit.

When his primordial spirit sword combined with his physical strength, he would be able to step into a higher level and break through the realm above Heaven Realm.

A golden sword surrounded Han Mu.

This was his primordial spirit.

Other people's Immortal Souls were incarnations, but he was a sword.

The sword light flashed. Every time it spun, it was a breath.

Han Muye did not know how strong this sword incarnation was.

In any case, when he was resisting the Out of Body Tribulation, the tribulation lightning could not do anything to him.

In the end, the nine lightning dragons were devoured by his primordial spirit.

"Bang!"

Outside the room, there was a loud bang.

Han Muye chuckled and his primordial spirit returned to its original position. With a move, he landed in the small courtyard.

It was already midnight. Huang Zhihu, who was dressed in a green robe that was stained with blood, had a gloomy expression. She held a long sword in her hand.

It was not until he saw Han Muye that Huang Zhihu was stunned for a moment before smiling.

"Godfather..."

"I can't imagine. You're back."

"I thought it was someone else..."

Looking at the vigilant Huang Zhihu, whose body was stained with blood, Han Muye nodded.

Ever since she was ten years old, this girl had been living alone in White Deer Mountain.

Han Muye could give her the best cultivation in the world, but he could not give her enough security.

"Let me see how your swordsmanship is now," Han Muye said calmly.

"Godfather, how can my sword technique—" Before Huang Zhihu could finish speaking, the sword in her hand was already handed to Han Muye.

This little guy is much smarter than her father.

Han Muye sighed inwardly and raised his hand.

"Clang—"

The sword vibrated, but Huang Zhihu did not retreat. She thrust the short sword in her left hand.

Crescent Moon, going against the tide.

This close combat sword was swift and agile.

"Not bad," Han Muye said softly. With a flick of his finger, he sent the short sword flying.

"Did Third Sister and Zhao Youzhi teach you these two moves?"

That merciless strike was Li Three's sword technique.

Han Muye had told Zhao Youzhi about the reverse Crescent Moon.

"Brother Lu Yang is in charge of the trial. As the supervisors of the trial, Uncle-Master and the others are all in the Heavenly Mystic World."

Huang Zhihu put away the long and short swords and spoke in a low voice.

Lu Yang is presiding over the trial?

That was true. Lu Yang was the future leader of the Mystic Sun Guards. It was also suitable for him to preside over the trial of the reserve commander.

Moreover, the Daoist competition was not intense yet. Both sides were stabilizing their foundations, and Lu Yang did not have many battles outside the realm.

"Go wash up and sleep. I'll accompany you to the Mystic Sun Guards' camp tomorrow."

Han Muye waved his hand and turned to return to his room.