

## Pavilion 751

### Chapter 751 - 751 Killing Divine Lord Xuan Ming with One Strike, Suppressing the Dao Sects of the Eight Dongnan Counties (2)

Beside him, a middle-aged man in a green Daoist robe said in a low voice, "Senior Brother, what Senior Zhu Weiqiang said is right. Yuan Hezi sacrificed himself and incited the Daoist Sects to unite against a common enemy. The general trend has been established."

The masters of Heavenly Mystic Confucianism were all outside the realm. Taking advantage of this opportunity, the Daoist Sects could take down the Imperial City in one fell swoop and prosper.

At such a time, why does my senior brother, who has a profound cultivation base, have a solemn expression?

"Wen Mosheng can suppress the Heavenly Mystic for 10,000 years. How can he be so easy to deal with?" Divine Lord Xuan Ming shook his head and looked ahead.

"This Grandmaster Mu Ye is mysterious and unfathomable. His identity might be the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy. Today's strike revealed his identity as an Immortal of the Western Frontier's Sword Dao.

"He's no longer hiding his identity. I'm afraid the situation isn't in my favor..."

The situation isn't in his favor?

The green-robed Daoist's expression changed.

"Junior Brother, go back. If I die, the Dawn Dao Sect will seal the mountain and not come out. Let's see what happens in 3,000 years."

He took a deep breath and spoke in a low voice.

Die?

The green-robed Daoist's face turned pale. "Senior Brother, you're already at the peak of this world..."

"Peak of this world?" Divine Lord Xuan Ming shook his head and said indifferently, "You think too highly of me.

"There are countless experts in the world. I'm trapped in the Heavenly Mystic world and can't see a bigger world in my life..."

After saying that, the endless spiritual light on Divine Lord Xuan Ming's body turned into a golden phoenix.

"I, Xuan Ming, am waiting for Grandmaster Mu Ye here."

His voice resonated for 100,000 miles. The world rumbled and endless astral winds surged!

Divine Lord Xuan Ming wanted to challenge Grandmaster Mu Ye!

The Daoist Sect experts who were halfway there stopped and looked at each other.

“Alright, Xuan Ming’s combat strength is already at the top of our Daoist Sects. If he takes down Mu Ye, it will save us a lot of effort,” the leader of the Dao comprehension cultivators said softly.

The others nodded and left.

For someone to take the lead, that was exactly what they wanted.

Divine Lord Xuan Ming’s challenge!

In the cabin, the expressions of the accompanying cultivators changed.

The joy of bathing in divine qi, the river that regained its vigor, and the fleet that was moving forward suddenly condensed and instantly froze.

“Divine Lord Xuan Ming, that’s a being that even Half-Sage Wang Muyang can’t defeat.” A great cultivator of Confucianism looked confused.

The others stopped talking.

What was there to say now?

The power displayed by Grandmaster Mu Ye was beyond their imagination.

Moreover, after two strikes, they understood that Grandmaster Mu Ye was a decisive person. He was definitely not someone who would retreat.

“Is this a power struggle?” A great cultivator looked out the window and asked in a low voice.

This was not just a Dao battle; it was already a battle of life and death.

In the 100-year Dao Competition, how tragic would it be when the Dao Ancestor transformed into the Dao?

“Zhihu, can he do it?” Yunduan nervously tugged at Huang Zhihu’s sleeve.

Huang Zhihu shook her head and muttered, “How would I know?”

That was an expert who had defeated a Half-Sage, a top-notch great cultivator in the world. Huang Zhihu was not confident that her foster father could defeat him.

“Back then, I remember that in the Ten Thousand Demons Mystic Realm, my foster father returned safely from the calamity of the destruction of the world.”

Clenching her fists, Huang Zhihu looked up.

“I hope he won’t lose.” Yunduan nodded and waved her arms. “If he returns victorious, I, I—”

Huang Zhihu turned to look at her and smiled. “What will you do?”

Yunduan blushed and lowered her voice. “I-I’ll reward him handsomely.”

Hearing this, Huang Zhihu scoffed. "You?"

"Other than having a good body, what else can you offer? I don't think much of your family assets."

At this point, she paused and widened her eyes. "Yunduan, don't tell me you want to be my foster mother? Don't think about it. I only have one Aunt Wan."

Yunduan blushed and was about to speak when she suddenly stopped.

At a distance, Han Muye, who was dressed in white and carrying a sword case, was walking in the air.

"Inform Lu Yang to annihilate Dongnan."

Han Muye spoke calmly, then took a step forward and landed 100,000 feet away.

"Divine Lord Xuan Ming?"

"As a great cultivator of the Heavenly Mystic, instead of contributing to the world, he intends to overturn the momentum of the Heavenly Mystic.

"What's the use of keeping such a great cultivator?"

Han Muye's voice was calm.

This voice resonated for thousands of miles, causing the clouds in the world to surge.

The expressions of the Daoist cultivators standing in the void changed.

With a single statement from him, the world shook. This was an expert who was compatible with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth!

Divine Lord Xuan Ming's expression changed drastically. He shouted in a low voice, "Let's go quickly. Grandmaster Mu Ye has already controlled the power of heaven and earth and is supported by the Great Dao!"

The green-robed Daoist beside him turned around and left.

The Daoist flew a hundred miles away and turned around. He saw that his senior brother's body was already wrapped in a sword light.

"On the shore of the earth is the land of the king?"

With a long shout, golden seals appeared in the 20 provinces of the Heavenly Mystic.

The power of the golden seal triggered the power of the mountains and rivers of an entire county and gathered into a huge shadow of the mountains and rivers.

At this moment, what enveloped Divine Lord Xuan Ming was not Han Muye's sword, but the Heaven and Earth Great Dao of the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

Before the Great Dao, life and death were beyond one's control.

Divine Lord Xuan Ming transformed into a golden phoenix and spread his wings, but he could not escape at all.

“30,000 miles east of the river into the sea, 5,000 feet high in the sky.”

Between heaven and earth, a poem was recited.

The long river stretched for thousands of miles, and the mountain peaks were emerald green.

Heaven, earth.

Under the suppression of the power of mountains and rivers in the entire Heavenly Mystic world, Divine Lord Xuan Ming's power condensed into a golden fire phoenix, crashing into the mountains and rivers.

However, the river surged and extinguished the flames on the phoenix's body. The mountain crashed down, leaving the phoenix covered in wounds.

With a long cry, the phoenix turned into a golden ball of fire. The power of nirvanic extermination flashed and then erupted.

### **Chapter 752 - 752 Killing Divine Lord Xuan Ming with One Strike, Suppressing the Dao Sects of the Eight Dongnan Counties (3)**

Nirvana.

It was the ultimate power of the ancient fire attribute, the power of an undying phoenix.

Han Muye, who was standing on a great river, had a calm expression. He raised his hand, and the sword light was cold.

“The 30,000-mile river enters the sea to the east, and the 5,000-foot mountain rises into the sky. The golden wind cleanses the Heavenly Tribulation, and the sword determines life and death.”

One strike to determine life and death.

As the poem was written, a sword light appeared.

A sword light that spanned 30,000 miles immediately slashed the phantom of the mountains and rivers above the Guan Estuary and the body of the phoenix.

“Boom!”

The mountains and rivers were shattered, and the phoenix was shattered.

Half of the phantom carried the phoenix's body and flowed towards the Eastern Sea. The other half followed the current and headed towards the Southern Wasteland.

Between heaven and earth, the Spiritual Wave surged. The entire river was illuminated by a fiery red spiritual light, and the setting sun was like blood.

The power of the Heavenly Mystic World directly killed the world's top expert, Divine Lord Xuan Ming!

The world returned to silence, and numerous golden seals floated silently.

In the Imperial City, Lu Yang personally led the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army to rush out and head towards the surrounding prefectures.

Conquering the rebels.

At this moment, everyone in the Mysterious Heavenly World lost their voices.

The Daoist Sect experts gathered but didn't say a word.

Whoever spoke today would become the next Divine Lord Xuan Ming!

A great cultivator who could defeat a Half-Sage was killed by this sword.

This was the true power of the Heavenly Mystic Realm!

Although Half-Sage Wang MUYANG was powerful, he was not good at fighting and did not have the authority of heaven and earth.

Divine Lord Xuan Ming's victory over Wang MUYANG had given the Daoist Sects false hope.

Did they really think that Confucianism had lost its power and that the general trend of the world had changed?

Today's strike taught the cultivators of the eight counties in Dongnan a lesson!

Han MUYE sheathed his sword, shook his head, turned around, and paced back to the cabin.

It was not until the spiritual light in the cabin rose and isolated the world that cheers sounded on the deck.

In the other cabins, the accompanying cultivators looked at each other. Some were delighted, while others were at a loss.

"He killed Divine Lord Xuan Ming with a single strike?" The black-robed cultivator whispered in disbelief.

That was a top-notch Semi-God Realm warrior, one of the strongest people in the world.

He was killed with just one strike?

A great cultivator that even a Half-Sage couldn't do anything about couldn't withstand a single strike?

"With the blessing of heaven and earth, using poetry as a sword, I finally know who this Grandmaster Mu Ye is!" A Confucianist cultivator in a long robe and sleeves laughed loudly.

Seeing that everyone was looking at him, the great cultivator shouted, "The scholar carries a sword and uses poetry as a sword. White Deer Mountain's Grandmaster Han Mu!"

On the deck, Yunduan turned her head and looked at Huang Zhihu.

"Zhihu, let me be your foster father's servant. The way he carried the sword and moved forward is engraved in my heart. I can't forget it..."

Hearing her words, Huang Zhihu came over and sized her up with his big eyes. Then she said in a low voice, "Why don't I send you to his room tonight?"

Yunduan nodded.

“Get lost! What are you thinking about!” Huang Zhihu raised her leg and kicked. Yunduan had already expected this and ran away in a flash. The two of them laughed and joked on the deck, attracting the attention of the soldiers.

Gongsun Qingfeng, who had let out a long sigh of relief, revealed a smile and sat down on the deck.

From the moment Han Muye broke through the clouds and deep gorges with a single sword strike, it had been up and down, with life or death hovering around. Even someone as strong as Gongsun Qingfeng felt like they were no longer in control.

He killed a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator with a single sword strike and then mobilized the power of heaven and earth to kill Divine Lord Xuan Ming.

Gongsun Qingfeng raised his head to look at the tightly shut cabin at the highest point.

The Western Frontier Sword Dao immortal, Han Muye.

He was unimaginably powerful.

It was laughable that he was prepared to challenge him when he returned from his trip to the Eastern Sea.

Forget it.

I have to know his limits.

The great river flowed straight to the Guan Estuary.

The orthodox deities of the water lineage welcomed them along the way.

Along the way, the commoners cheered and knelt by the river.

Yunduan stood at the bow of the ship and waved her hand repeatedly.

No one dared to touch the Daoist sects of the eight counties in the southeast.

Until the 10 large ships turned east from the Guan Estuary and headed for the Eastern Sea.

Master Mu Ye suppressed the eight counties in Dongnan with three strikes. It was even more exciting than the investiture of deities at the Guan Estuary the last time.

Divine Lord Xuan Ming, who had triggered the rise of the Daoist Faction, could not withstand a single strike and was killed. The sect behind him sealed off the mountain and did not come out.

Dozens of cultivators from the Dongnan Daoist Sects gathered, but none of them dared to attack again.

...

In the cabin, Han Muye sat cross-legged.

The surging sword light on his body had already materialized.

The sword light was so strong that if it spread out, it would probably wreak havoc within an area of 10,000 miles.

“The power of the power of heaven and earth is actually just the manifestation of great momentum.

“Sword Qi, Sword Intent, Sword Force, Sword Domain.

“Now that the Heaven and Earth Reincarnation and the power of karma are suppressed by the Dao Competition, it’s difficult to form the Sword Domain. Then I’ll use all my strength to evolve the sword’s momentum.”

Han Muye’s eyes sparkled with a strong battle intent.

“Eastern Sea, I once said that I would let the Eastern Sea sword cultivators know what the third level of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is.

“Now my comprehension of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is not as simple as the third level.”

A smile flashed across Han Muye’s face as he looked ahead. “Master Mo Yuan, what level have you comprehended?”

Han Muye flew up and landed on the roof of the cabin.

Above the river, waves surged.

“Yunduan, it’s fine to use Minister Wen’s letter and cruise the Eastern Sea, right?” Han Muye looked at the Yunduan on the deck below and asked.

Yunduan had Minister Wen’s letter in her hand. This letter could mobilize the power of the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

With this strength, these 10 ships of the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army could fight 10 times the enemy.

Using the power of heaven and earth, Gongsun Qingfeng could also fight a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.

Moreover, this letter could invite the avatar of Minister Wen to descend for a hundred breaths at a critical moment.

Although it was only a hundred breaths of time, it was enough for him to do anything.

The Daoist Sects dared to kill Yunduan because they were certain that Yunduan would not dare to use his letter to summon his avatar.

After all, if she had to draw on the power of the letter before reaching the Eastern Sea, this heir to the throne was too much of a failure.

However, after entering the Eastern Sea, and with the protection of Minister Wen’s letter, Yunduan could display her skills.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Yunduan nodded and said, “Don’t worry, sir. No problem.”

Her gaze fell upon Han Mu, and she lowered her head again.

Han Muye glanced at Huang Zhihu, then at Gongsun Qingfeng. He nodded and flew up.

“Clang—”

He unsheathed the sword.

Sword light flashed as the sword slashed down!

“Boom!”

The river was thousands of miles wide, and the water was dazzling.

Countless Spiritual Armored demons were cut into pieces and flew to the shore. Their blood qi and demonic qi scattered and turned into pillars of smoke.

At some point in time, the Spiritual Armored demons had been lurking here, waiting to be intercepted!

“Sword cultivator Han Muye wants to challenge the Eastern Sea with his sword. Don’t disappoint me...”

Stepping on the waves, Han Muye ignored the thousands of charging demons. He shouted and moved his sword eastward.

He had been waiting for this day for a long time!

### **Chapter 753 - 753 Entering the Sea, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords**

The Immortal Han Muye of the Western Frontier Sword Dao challenged the Eastern Sea Sword Dao.

The name of the Sword Dao Immortal had long been spreading in the Eastern Sea.

From the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier to the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, he was Mo Yuan’s disciple who became an elder of the sect and the only inheritor of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

When Gu Yuanlong, the number one inner sect disciple of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, returned to the Eastern Sea from the Western Frontier, he held the Immortal in high esteem and called him a rare sword expert in the world.

Even Guo Tianjin, an expert from the Cloud Sea Sword Sect who was at odds with the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, was full of praise for the Immortal of the Western Frontier.

Especially after the Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye opened the Heavenly Gate with a single strike and opened up a Great Dao for the sword cultivators of the Western Frontier, the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea admired him.

This was a rare sword cultivator in the world.

Sword Dao cultivators should be so responsible.

When Han Muye stood on the river, wanting to challenge the Eastern Sea, the sea shook.

The Eastern Sea was the Eastern Sea of sword cultivators.



No sword cultivator had ever challenged the Eastern Sea.

The last person to come to the Eastern Sea to challenge was Han Muye's master, Mo Yuan.

Mo Yuan did not really run amok in the Eastern Sea. He only used the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords to seek guidance from various places.

After that, Mo Yuan lived in seclusion in the Tang Mountain Sword Sect and would only fight those who came to challenge him.

Although Mo Yuan was powerful, his strength was the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

It was the aura of merging 10,000 swords into one.

Such perseverance was respected by sword cultivators.

Han Muye was different.

The Confucian Grandmaster was a sword immortal. He drew on the power of heaven and earth above the river and killed a Daoist Divine Lord with a single strike.

Since such an expert dared to challenge the Eastern Sea, they had to deal with him with all their might.

For a time, sword cultivators from all over the Eastern Sea gathered and headed for the estuary of the Eastern Sea.

Entrance to the Eastern Sea, Layered Clouds Island.

A white-robed sword cultivator sat cross-legged.

No one dared to stay within a thousand feet of him.

The sharp sword light covered a thousand feet of space.

Eastern Sea Great Sword Cultivator, Zhu Tao.

He was a Heaven Realm Out of Body cultivator who had dominated the Eastern Sea for a thousand years. He was a famous figure among the itinerant cultivators.

Back then, he had challenged the people of the five great sword sects and won a hundred battles without losing. He had become a legend among the itinerant cultivators.

Zhu Tao had come to fight Han Muye this time, firstly because he was not far from here, and secondly, he needed an opportunity.

The Eastern Sea was already in chaos. The itinerant cultivators had nowhere to go. They needed someone who could raise a flag and gather the itinerant cultivators.

Zhu Tao wanted to be that person.

"Coming!"

Up ahead, someone cried out in alarm.

"So fast!" someone whispered in disbelief.

It had only been a few days since Han Muye spoke on the river, but he had already crossed more than 100,000 miles and arrived along the river.

This speed was extremely fast.

“What a powerful sword light...” A sword cultivator stood up with a solemn expression.

A sword light visible to the naked eye transformed into a sword pillar that soared into the sky.

This sword light was dazzling and blocked all the light of the sun.

Zhu Tao’s face twitched.

As an Out of Body great sword cultivator, his knowledge was much greater than others.

He had only seen such a magnificent sword light once from the Supreme Elders of the five great sword sects.

Back then, he challenged an elite disciple and attacked a little too heavily. Then that elder revealed his sword light, causing him to not even have the strength to raise his sword.

It was also because of this that he did not challenge the disciples of the five great sword sects again.

Is Han Muye’s cultivation sword technique comparable to the Supreme Elders of the five great sword sects? he wondered.

“Boom!”

At the mouth of the river, countless black-armored demons were knocked away.

The bodies of the black-armored demons that came from the river were smashed and pressed together, turning into a sea of blood.

Countless black-armored demons were swept into the sea by the river.

The black-armored demons that had sneaked into the Central Continent were cleaned up and thrown back to the Eastern Sea along the river.

“Buzz!”

In the void, a halo shook.

This was the collision between the Heavenly Dao of the Eastern Sea and the Central Continent!

As expected, Han Muye came with the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent.

Zhu Tao narrowed his eyes and stared ahead.

If Han Muye entered the Eastern Sea and the power of the Heavenly Dao did not decrease, he would turn around and leave.

With the enhancement of the Heavenly Dao, Han Muye was a peak expert of this world. Not to mention an out-of-body sword cultivator like him, even a Semi-God Realm cultivator would not be able to stop him.

“Clang—”

The sound of a sword being unsheathed could be heard.

A sword light that was a hundred miles long slashed down from the Central Continent, shattering the barriers of the two domains and shattering the black-armored demons at the estuary. It only dissipated after piercing 30 miles into the waters of the Eastern Sea.

The waves created by the sword light were 100 feet high.

However, when he saw this sword light, not only was Zhu Tao not shocked, he even revealed a happy expression.

The power of the Heavenly Dao on this sword had disappeared!

He let out a long laugh and flew up.

“Eastern Sea Zhu Tao, come and fight the Sword Dao Immortal!”

His voice reverberated through the air, and the sword light in his hand turned into a long dragon. The aura on Zhu Tao’s body stirred up water vapor that filled the air like a strong city.

“It’s Senior Zhu Tao!” Exclamations sounded from the island.

“Haha, Senior Zhu Tao is known as the Hundred Battles Sword. Even the sword cultivators of the five great sects can’t do anything to him. I didn’t expect Senior Zhu Tao to come.”

“I wonder if the Sword Dao Immortal will be defeated in his first battle in the Eastern Sea?”

Amidst the countless discussions, the eyes of the Eastern Sea sword cultivators fell on the figure who stepped into the sky from the mouth of the river.

He had black hair, a white robe, and a sword box on his back.

His figure was as straight as a sword, and a sword light surged all over his body.

This was a sword cultivator who could tell at a glance that he was filled with fighting spirit.

This was the Sword Dao Immortal, Han Muye!

Han Muye had no sword in his hand.

After crossing the barrier of the Central Continent, he finally stepped into the Eastern Sea.

Standing in the sky and slowly closing his eyes, Han Muye felt the Great Dao of the Eastern Sea.

Joy.

He didn’t expect that the Heavenly Dao of the Eastern Sea would send him a happy message.

That was true. He was a sword cultivator, an extremely powerful sword cultivator. The Heavenly Dao of the Eastern Sea had been compatible with the Dao of the Sword for countless years, so it naturally welcomed a sword cultivator.

Moreover, ever since the flood dragons left the Eastern Sea, the spiritual armored demons had wreaked havoc, and the Eastern Sea Heavenly Dao had been damaged. Han Muye had come with the Spiritual Armored demons and killed so many of them. It was also a gift to the Eastern Sea Heavenly Dao.

#### **Chapter 754 - 754 Entering the Sea, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords (2)**

Therefore, the Eastern Sea was welcoming Han Muye's arrival.

"The Great Dao also has its own thoughts," Han Muye muttered. His eyes opened, and they flickered.

Looking at Zhu Tao, who was standing with his sword in front of him, Han Muye smiled.

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

"It was taught by Mr. Mo Yuan.

"Senior, watch carefully."

As soon as he finished speaking, a sword light rose.

There was no small talk, only a battle.

Wasn't he here for a battle?

Did he have to have tea first?

The sword rose.

A phantom appeared on the sword.

This was a sword move that dated back to the origin of the Water Lineage Sword Technique.

Before this phantom dissipated, a second phantom appeared.

Wood Lineage Sword Technique, Lone Tree.

The third phantom.

The fourth phantom.

...

He thrust his sword, and tens of thousands of phantoms followed!

"Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!"

"It's Mr. Mo Yuan's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!"

"I've seen Mr. Mo Yuan use this move before. Mr. Mo Yuan said that anyone can learn this move, but there's only one personal disciple..."

Zhu Tao didn't care about the exclamations below.

At this moment, he was completely focused on the sword in front of him.

It was not the resplendence of the sword light, but its suppression of all his countermeasures.

Ten thousand swords.

Which cultivator in the world could cultivate tens of thousands of sword techniques?

All his countermeasures were in this move.

This was the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

Zhu Tao laughed and raised his sword.

“What a good move. This sword move is the pinnacle of sword cultivation in the world!”

The sword in his hand carried a clear sword light, like a full moon.

The full moon spun and collided with Han Muye’s sword.

“No matter how complicated the sword move is, it has to be thrust eventually.

“Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. If you can’t hurt me, it’s just a useless sword move.”

Zhu Tao chuckled as the full moon formed by the sword light in his hand blocked in front of him three feet away.

I’ll only guard my three-foot-long sword light. No matter how many swords you have, I can’t enter at all!

Zhu Tao’s words made the eyes of the sword cultivators watching the battle sparkle.

“Although it has lost the sharpness of a sword cultivator, this method of dealing with it might really be useful,” a white-haired sword cultivator looked at the sword light that was about to collide and said softly.

“Hehe, Zhu Tao is an itinerant cultivator, so he’s naturally cautious. It’s not surprising that he can deal with it like this.” Someone on the distant clouds chuckled.

Not only were there people watching the battle on the island below, but there were also many experts watching quietly not far away.

Was Zhu Tao’s sword light tougher or the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords sharper?

Everyone’s eyes widened.

Han Muye’s expression did not change, nor did the sword light in his hand.

The sword in his hand stabbed forward.

Zhu Tao’s expression changed every time the sword moved forward.

When the sword met the full moon sword light, Zhu Tao’s face was ashen white.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

All the sword moves were combined into one forward thrust.

The power of one move was not strong, but it could combine thousands of moves into one. When the power was stacked, it could easily pierce through a mountain.

The full moon in Zhu Tao's hand was easily pierced through by the sword light like tofu. Then Han Muye's sword tip tapped Zhu Tao's clothes and gently retracted.

It was that simple.

No matter how strong Zhu Tao was, he could not stop Han Muye's 10,000 swords with his sword.

Unless his strength was 10,000 times greater than Han Muye's.

But that was impossible.

In the land of the Dao Competition, karma and reincarnation were sealed. The strongest power in the world was only at the peak of the Heaven Realm.

Even a peak Heaven Realm expert would probably not have 10,000 times more strength than Han Muye.

Moreover, Han Muye's strength was so strong that he might even be stronger than a peak Heaven Realm expert!

"Thank you for letting me win," Han Muye said calmly as he put away his sword.

"Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. It looks like 10,000 swords, but in fact, it is one sword. It looks like one sword, but in fact, it is 10,000 Swords..." Zhu Tao stood rooted to the ground. The sword light in his hand dissipated, but he muttered to himself, not knowing what was going on.

Below and above the clouds, all the sword cultivators were silent.

So is this the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?

Han Muye chuckled and cupped his hands in all directions before dissipating.

Immortal Soul avatar!

This was not Han Muye's true body at all!

With just an avatar, he could summon the power of heaven and earth and defeat Zhu Tao with a single strike!

Just how powerful was a Sword Dao Immortal!

At the estuary of the Eastern Sea, Han Muye defeated Hundred Battles Sword, Zhu Tao, with a single strike!

This news turned into a violent wind that swept through the Eastern Sea.

More sword cultivators set off to fight Han Muye.

These people did not know that Han Muye had already left the estuary and was heading deeper into the Eastern Sea.

...

On a 10-mile island called Sea Gazing Reef.

On this island, there were more than a thousand sword cultivators.

However, these cultivators had low cultivation levels. The strongest among them was only at the fifth level of the Golden Core Realm.

They were independent sword cultivators on the surrounding islands. They were chased by the Spiritual Armored demons and had no choice but to gather here.

Over the past few days, more and more Spiritual Armored demons had gathered and surrounded the island.

“Boom!”

Waves surged, and several black-armored fish demons that were 10 feet long rushed up the beach.

As soon as these demons came ashore, their figures immediately transformed into soldiers in black armor and holding long swords.

These soldiers quickly stepped forward and waved their swords, repelling the sword cultivators in front of them.

Although there were no sword techniques, these demons had profound cultivation levels. Every one of them was at the Earth Realm.

With such combat power, those sword cultivators could not withstand it at all.

Han Muye’s eyes lit up as he stood on the cliff.

The adaptability of the Spiritual Armored demons was very fast.

Previously, he had thought that the Spiritual Armored demons were not good at fighting on land. Now it seemed that their combat strength did not decrease much when they came ashore to fight.

### **Chapter 755 - 755 Entering the Sea, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords (3)**

“Brother Han, we can’t defend this place. Let’s go if we can,” a sword cultivator wearing chain armor and carrying a large sword said in a low voice beside Han Muye.

The person who spoke was called Qi Ziming. He was a Golden Core Realm sword cultivator with powerful combat strength.

He was also the strongest among these sword cultivators.

Below, more sword cultivators began to retreat in defeat.

Although sword cultivators were not afraid of death, they were not stupid. It was obvious that the enemy was powerful, and if they still wanted to fight, they would be fools.

Han Muye stood up and nodded. “We can’t defend the Sea Gazing Reef. Let’s go to Clear Wind Island a hundred miles away. It’s not far from the Clear Wind Sword Sect.”

With that, he flew down.

“Brother Qi, you guys clear the way. I’ll cover the rear.”

Most of the thousand-odd sword cultivators on this island were gathered by Qi Ziming and Han Muye.

In the past, these few powerful sword cultivators had worked together to save the besieged sword cultivators from danger.

“Alright, stop fighting,” Qi Ziming shouted. He unsheathed the big sword in his hand and activated a 100-foot-long sword light. He landed on the beach and, with a slash, sent the charging black-armored demon soldiers flying.

“Follow me!”

Qi Ziming’s long sword vibrated, bringing with it an unforged stream of light. Several Great Sword Cultivators followed behind him, opening a bloody path.

No one dared to step on the waves. They split the waves with their swords and flew away with the sword light.

There were powerful water demons that rushed out of the water below. Many of them turned into Black Armored Army generals and slashed with their spears and swords.

“Get lost,” Han Muye growled, and the sword in his hand flew out.

The sword control technique was activated, and the sword light was like a meteor, shooting down the demons that flew out of the water.

The sword light was merciless and instantly turned the sea blood-red.

The sea below was dark red!

“Kill—”

A shout came from the sea.

Powerful black-armored water demons rushed towards Han Muye and surrounded him on the Sea Gazing Reef.

“Boom!”

Sword light, demonic light, and spiritual light collided.

The entire Sea Gazing Reef was bright and magnificent. There was no sea of clouds.

Qi Ziming stood in the air, turned around, and gnashed his teeth. “Brother Han, don’t die...”

The others also looked anxious.

It was too difficult to rush out of such a scene.

“Let’s go to Clear Wind Island!”

Qi Ziming shouted and directed the sword cultivators behind him to turn into sword lights and fly towards the island 100 miles away.

In front of him, several sword lights rose, as if they were here to receive him.



On the reef, the spiritual light shattered. Han Muye held his two swords and slowly walked out.

Around him, the black-armored demons had all died. Their bodies transformed into 100-foot-tall fish demons.

He raised his hand and held the hilt of a long sword.

As the sword Qi penetrated the sword, violent images appeared in his mind.

These black-armored demons were not particularly intelligent. They were mostly focused on killing.

Even if they were of the same race, they often fought among themselves.

On the other hand, the green-armored demons and the rainbow-scaled demons had extraordinary intelligence.

“Surround and kill a sword cultivator?”

From the chaotic memories of the sword, Han Muye sorted out a rough attack diagram of the Eastern Sea Spiritual Armored demons.

According to this map, it could be seen that the Spiritual Armored demons advanced in an orderly manner and surrounded the sword cultivators layer by layer.

Unfortunately, the memories in this sword were too chaotic, making it impossible for Han Muye to deduce carefully, nor could he see the recent arrangements of the spiritual armored demons.

He raised his head and looked ahead.

Endless demonic light surged.

That was the direction of Clear Wind Island!

He flew up, and his sword light was like a meteor, directly crossing a hundred miles.

In midair, he could already see the situation below.

Countless black-armored demons had surrounded Clear Wind Island.

These black-armored demons were more than a hundred times more than the ones who had besieged the Sea Gazing Reef.

It was not that the spiritual armored demons surrounding the reef had changed directions, but that they were going to besiege Clear Wind Island.

“Boom!”

A violent spiritual light rose. On the surface of the water, demon gathering flags unfolded.

These Spiritual Armored demons had already formed a formation that was no different from a military formation.

What a terrifying learning ability.

With a wave of the flag, the army gathered.

When Han Muye landed on Clear Wind Island, Qi Ziming and the others had already gathered together.

Clear Wind Island was a large island with a radius of 100 miles. There were more than 10,000 sword cultivators gathered on the island.

Among them were the guardian elders of the Clear Wind Sword Sect, who were very powerful.

“Fellow Daoists, don’t panic. I’m Lu Wuming from the Clear Wind Sword Sect. Our Clear Wind Sword Sect’s reinforcements are about to arrive. As long as everyone holds on, we can be saved.”

A Daoist in a green robe with a long sword on his back flew into the air and shouted.

There were dozens of tall sword cultivators around him, and every one of them was shining with sword light.

Sect disciples and itinerant cultivators were really different.

When these Clear Wind Sword Sect disciples formed a formation, their auras were very majestic.

“Brother Han, do you think we can hold on?” Qi Ziming and the others looked at Han Muye.

Over the past few days, Han Muye’s combat strength and responsibility had already been recognized by them.

Without Han Muye covering their retreat time and time again, they wouldn’t have survived until now.

Even a sword core cultivator like Qi Ziming knew that he could not escape from the siege of the Spiritual Armored demons.

Han Muye glanced around and shook his head solemnly.

There were many sword cultivators on Clear Wind Island, but there were no true experts.

Lu Wuming and the Clear Wind Sword Sect disciples behind him were not weak, but they could not stop too many water demons.

Lu Wuming’s cultivation was only at the fifth level of the Heaven Realm.

“Then what should we do?” A sword cultivator in a black robe with tattered clothes turned pale.

What should we do?

No one wanted to die here.

“Why don’t we charge out?”

Someone whispered.

Previously, they had charged into the encirclement of the black-armored demons many times. This time, they might be able to escape.

Charge?

Everyone looked around.

The waters around had already been surrounded. Countless Spiritual Armored demons were waiting in the sea. How could they charge?

This time, there were too many Spiritual Armored demons...

“We wait.

Han Muye muttered, then flew to a green reef and sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, with a sword light flashing on his body.

Naturally, the Spiritual Armored demons could not hurt him.

However, he could not let these sword cultivators be slaughtered.

He came to the Eastern Sea to gather the power of the Eastern Sea sword cultivators.

If too many sword cultivators died, how could he ride on their strength?

However, he could not attack too early.

This was the human heart. If they were not on the brink of death, they would not have the heart to fight.

Han Muye sighed inwardly.

He did not know when he had started to have such a hard heart.

Back in the Western Frontier, the Sword Pavilion elder had said that experts had to be responsible.

Looking at it now, it was indeed true that when one became powerful, one no longer valued the lives of the weak.

Was this the price of cultivation?

“Woo—”

The horn sounded, and waves surged. Countless water demons rushed to Clear Wind Island.

### **Chapter 756 - 756 The Glory of the Itinerant Cultivators!**

On Clear Wind Island, the scattered sword cultivators resisted with all their might, and sword qi scattered.

The individual combat power of the Eastern Sea sword cultivators was indeed strong.

All of them were powerful sword cultivators.

A sword light flashed, bringing with it spiritual light and blood.

Sword cultivators were the most powerful beings among all cultivators.

Even the black-armored demon army could not break through the defense line of the sword cultivators.

Han Muye looked at the battle on the beach and turned to look at the sky.

Lu Wuming looked gloomy. He would turn his head to look into the distance from time to time.

That was where the Clear Wind Sword Sect was located.

Reinforcements would come from that direction.

“Crash—”

A figure rushed out of the water.

A black-armored cultivator holding a spear flew toward Lu Wuming.

A Heaven Realm of the Spiritual Armored demon race!

The long spear drew upon the power of heaven and earth. The waves turned into tides and smashed down on Lu Wuming’s head.

This spear had the shadow of the Great Dao.

Concept.

It was like sword intent.

He did not expect that there would be an expert among the Spiritual Armored demons who cultivated spear techniques to such an extent.

Lu Wuming’s expression was solemn as he swung his sword.

“Clang—”

The sound of the spear and sword colliding resounded, shaking the island for a hundred miles.

The water splashed and countless reefs collapsed.

The sword cultivators had no choice but to retreat.

The waves rolled, and the black-armored army rushed over again.

Lu Wuming gritted his teeth and shouted, “Get into formation and defend Clear Wind Island!”

Behind him, the Wind Sword Sect disciples did not hesitate at all. They all flew down and stepped on the beach.

The sword energies were connected, and the spiritual qi turned into a long dragon, blocking the countless black-armored demons.

The situation of the battle was slightly stabilized because of the disciples of the Clear Wind Sword Sect.

Many sword cultivators heaved a sigh of relief.

The green-robed Daoist beside Qi Ziming took a deep breath and looked into the distance. “Alright, alright. Just hold on for an hour. The reinforcements will probably arrive soon.

“The Clear Wind Sword Sect won’t leave us to fend for ourselves.”

On the beach, the disciples of the Windy Sword Sect made their move, causing countless cheers.

The originally terrified sword cultivators gathered their combat strength again.

In the Eastern Sea Sword Dao cultivation, itinerant cultivators and sect cultivators complemented each other.

Many itinerant cultivators left the sects and wandered among the islands after cultivating in the sects to search for treasures and complete various missions.

There were also many family cultivators who actually had sect identities.

However, there were many rules in the sect. Many sword cultivators who were used to being free and undisciplined were unwilling to be controlled and would rather be independent cultivators.

In any case, there were enough resources in the Eastern Sea. At the low level, there was not much difference between itinerant cultivators and sect cultivators.

When their cultivation level became higher, they would find a sect to rely on and become elders.

“Clang—”

The spear of the black-armored cultivator was repelled again.

Lu Wuming’s face turned slightly red, but he did not take a step back.

In the distance, spiritual light and sword qi were already flickering.

Reinforcements had arrived!

“Boom!”

In the distance, a rumble attracted everyone’s attention.

Then several golden streams of light soared into the sky.

The Clear Wind Sword Sect’s distress signal!

Both Lu Wuming and the sword cultivators on the island turned pale.

The reinforcements were surrounded!

Moreover, the spirit-armored demons that surrounded and killed the reinforcements were too powerful. Even the experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect had to ask for help.

Lu Wuming looked down.

At this moment, all the sword cultivators were at a loss.

They were waiting for reinforcements.

The reason why they could fight against 10 times the number of enemies without retreating was because they knew that as long as they held on for a moment, reinforcements would arrive.

At this moment, the reinforcements were surrounded?

Even the experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect could not rush over?

Although the Spiritual Armored demons were powerful, they were a populous race that did not have top-notch experts.

All along, neither the Flood Dragon Clan nor the Sword Dao Sect had taken the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan seriously. The reason was that the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan did not have any experts.

However, without experts, how could they besiege the experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect?

“Let’s go. Follow me to save them.” Lu Wuming gritted his teeth and shouted.

Rescue.

The Clear Wind Sword Sect disciples standing on the beach looked at each other and flew up.

No matter how many itinerant cultivators there were, they could not compare to their fellow disciples.

The Clear Wind Sword Sect was their foundation.

Lu Wuming let out a long roar. The sword light combined with the sword formation and turned into a thousand-foot-long sword that rushed into the distance.

The Clear Wind Island was silent.

Without the experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect, how could they defend against these tens of thousands of sword cultivators?

In an instant, the battle intent that he had gathered collapsed.

Seeing the black-armored demons rushing over like a tide, some people dropped their swords on the beach, while others gritted their teeth and rushed over.

Today, death was his only final destination.

Qi Ziming held the sword in his hand and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye, who had been sitting cross-legged, slowly got up.

Faint sword light began to gather on his body before turning into a dense halo.

The sword light was so powerful that it caught the attention of Qi Ziming and the others.

“Brother Han, your cultivation...” Qi Ziming exclaimed.

At this moment, Han Muye’s cultivation level had already risen from the Golden Core realm he had revealed to the Heaven Realm.

This was a Heaven Realm cultivator!

There was more than one Heaven Realm cultivator on Clear Wind Island. After Lu Wuming left, there was another Heaven Realm cultivator!

The sword light on Han Muye’s body scattered, stopping the collapsed sword cultivator.

With a Heaven Realm cultivator around, would there still be a chance of survival?

All eyes were on Han Muye.

He was the only hope.

Han Muye unsheathed his swords and flew into the sky.

On the other side, the black-armored cultivator laughed loudly and smashed his spear at Han Muye's head.

In his opinion, without the protection of the Clear Wind Sword Sect, the Clear Wind Island could be taken down in a moment.

Below, everyone looked up at Han Muye in the sky.

### **Chapter 757 - 757 The Glory of the Itinerant Cultivators! (2)**

Could this Heaven Realm sword cultivator stop a powerful spear?

If he couldn't stop it, then the tens of thousands of people on this island would only die.

Seeing the spear smash down and gather the power of heaven and earth into a long dragon, Han Muye's expression did not change. He suddenly released his two swords.

Abandon his swords?

Not right!

Sword control technique!

The two swords formed an arc and instantly appeared in front of the black-armored cultivator.

The black-armored cultivator let out a sinister laugh. He didn't take back his spear, only letting go of one hand to grab the long sword.

"Bam!"

The long sword was caught.

Oh no...

Below, countless people closed their eyes.

If a sword cultivator's sword was caught, what hope was there?

It was not the best choice to use the sword control technique in front of the black-armored demon with extremely strong defense.

Sure enough, he lost...

At this moment, another flying sword suddenly collided with the sword held by the black-armored cultivator.

When the swords collided, the edge of the black-armored cultivator's sword spun.

The sword light flashed, grazing the black-armored cultivator's neck and leaving a trail of blood.

The sword seemed to have lost its fulcrum and slowly fell.

However, the black-armored cultivator's face was pale. He let go of the sword and wanted to cover his neck.

The bloodstain on his neck grew deeper, redder, longer—

“Bang!”

Blood splattered.

The combination of the two swords completed a mysterious killing move!

He was purely using his sword techniques, not his strength to kill his enemies!

Until the black-armored cultivator's body emitted a demonic light that surged into the sky and nourished the world, no one regained their senses.

How could such a light sword kill a Heaven Realm cultivator?

“Buzz!”

The two swords returned to Han Muye's hands, then turned into a 100-foot-long crescent moon and swept down.

At this moment, the sword light was different.

The cold light of the Crescent Moon whizzed through the air. No one in the half-step Heaven Realm or the Earth Realm could withstand a single strike from it.

Domineering.

The bloody glow emitted by the crescent moon instantly illuminated the entire beach.

The sword was merciless.

This was a true sword cultivator!

He would fight against a strong opponent with cleverness and win.

Against a weak opponent, there was no room for delay.

Sword cultivators should be like this!

“Why aren't you drawing your swords? When are you waiting?” Han Muye returned with his swords and shouted.

Attack!

“Clang—”

Long swords were unsheathed and rushed towards the collapsed black-armored demon army.



During the Dao Competition, killing enemies would obtain the power of nourishment.

Even if it was not much, it was countless times stronger than the power brought through meditation.

Moreover, the black-armored army had already been broken through. It was just a massacre.

“Woo—”

A horn sounded on the water, and the black-armored demons retreated with the tide.

Countless black-armored demon corpses were scattered on the beach.

Some itinerant cultivators wanted to go forward and collect suitable spiritual materials, but they were stopped by the people around them.

According to the rules, with such a great victory, all the gains had to be arranged by the person who contributed the most.

This time, if not for the sudden appearance of a Heaven Realm cultivator, not to mention harvesting, all the sword cultivators on Clear Wind Island would probably have died.

“Brother Han, Senior Han, should we clean up the battlefield first? The black-armored demons will temporarily retreat...” Qi Ziming flew forward and cupped his fists at Han Muye.

“Brother Qi, make the arrangements.” Han Muye nodded and looked to the other side.

There, spiritual light, sword light, and demonic qi intertwined.

The reinforcements of the Clear Wind Sword Sect were intercepted there.

Seeing him turn around, Qi Ziming’s expression changed. He hurriedly said, “Senior Han, you, you want to go over there?”

Han Muye couldn’t leave!

If he left and the black-armored demons counterattacked, how would the people on the island survive?

Qi Ziming’s words made everyone’s faces turn pale.

The others asked softly, then looked up nervously.

The sword cultivators who had heard that they could deal with their gains looked up at Han Muye.

No matter how much they gained, it could not compare to their own lives.

“Everyone, the Clear Wind Sword Sect was surrounded in their attempt to save us. We can’t leave them in the lurch.” Taking a deep breath, Han Muye said in a low voice.

His words made the sword cultivators below nod.

However, no one said anything.

How could they save the Clear Wind Sword Sect?

They were just itinerant cultivators.

And he was the only Heaven Realm cultivator here.

It was not that they did not want to save them, but that they did not have the ability.

Qi Ziming's expression changed, but he did not speak.

He could not persuade Han Muye to stay and watch the people of the Clear Wind Sword Sect be surrounded and killed.

Although most of the people here had this intention, no one could say it out loud.

Selfishness could not be said.

Seeing that no one spoke, Han Muye said loudly, "Everyone, if the Clear Wind Sword Sect's reinforcements are destroyed, we won't have a chance to survive."

Now that the Clear Wind Sword Sect's reinforcements had been surrounded and the black-armored demon army had gone over, this place would be slightly safer.

When the other side was destroyed and countless black-armored demon experts came, how could this side defend itself?

Han Muye's words made the sword cultivators' faces turn pale, and they were at a loss.

"Then, what should we do?"

"Rescue them? How are we going to rescue them?"

"Senior, if, if you go, what will we do?"

...

No one wanted to be abandoned.

Earlier, they had already been abandoned by the Clear Wind Sword Sect.

"Hehe, we're all itinerant cultivators after all..." Someone sat on the ground dejectedly.

That's right, itinerant cultivators deserved to be abandoned.

Han Muye looked down, his eyes sparkling.

Enough.

"I'll give you 100 breaths of time to gather the spoils of war and get into formation.

"I'll teach you a simple sword formation. Fifteen minutes later, we'll go and rescue the people from the Clear Wind Sword Sect."

Han Muye shouted, and sword light flashed on his body, enveloping the entire island.

The power of the sword light made people determined.

The strong were often the backbone of the weak.

The more difficult a situation was, the more people would worship the strong and place all their hopes on them.

### **Chapter 758 - 758 The Glory of the Itinerant Cultivators! (3)**

Most of the time, this kind of blind worship would not result in a good outcome. As long as that expert was really bold, this was the fastest way to gather strength.

A hundred breaths.

The beach had already gathered into a formation.

More than 10,000 sword cultivators stood together loosely, forming seven or eight groups of different sizes.

Sword light flashed in Han Muye's hand as he quickly practiced his sword technique.

The sword technique he used was very simple. It was a technique that he had deduced that could stack the combat power of the sword cultivators around him.

They were all itinerant cultivators and did not know each other. How could they cooperate wholeheartedly?

His sword technique was just to draw the power of the sword cultivators around him and gather more power.

One plus one, less than two.

However, compared to the scattered and disorderly battles before, this was already hard to come by.

Fifteen minutes later, the sword light on the beach had already soared into the sky.

The three strongest military formations could already stack the gathered sword cultivators' strength by 100 times.

A thousand plus a thousand equaled a hundred.

This 100-fold power could easily kill a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator.

Enough!

Han Muye pointed with his sword and shouted, "Everyone, I'm Han Muye. I believe some of you have heard of me.

"I came to the Eastern Sea to settle the chaos there."

He waved the long sword in his hand and said lightly, "Eastern Sea sword cultivators are one of the foundations of my Heavenly Mystic Realm. Itinerant cultivators are also the foundation of sword cultivation.

"As long as the itinerant cultivators work together, the Eastern Sea will definitely succeed."

With that, he flew up and mobilized all the military formations behind him. He turned into a sword light and floated in the air.

Han Muye!

Han Muye, who wanted to challenge the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea, was an immortal of the Western Frontier's Sword Dao and a Confucian Grandmaster of the Central Continent!

The itinerant cultivators were even more interested in these stories.

However, no one expected that the top sword cultivator in the world was right in front of them.

He even taught them sword formations.

"Brother Han, haha, I, Qi Ziming, am actually calling the Sword Dao Immortal my brother." Qi Ziming laughed loudly as sword light surged from his body.

His words made the sword cultivators around him laugh.

The power of the sword formations increased once more.

This was the gathering of the power of the strong.

Han Muye revealed his identity at this moment to increase everyone's morale.

The one who led them to battle was the Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye, the great sword cultivator who wanted to challenge the Eastern Sea.

With such an expert bringing them to kill the water demons, so what if they died in battle?

"Buzz!"

Ahead, the sword light in Han Muye's hand was already shining.

"Brothers, help me."

Han Muye shouted.

Brothers.

Without saying anything, all the sword lights responded.

The sword Qi condensed into a huge sword.

Han Muye was very familiar with such methods in the Western Frontier.

Back then, he would always act as a support and gather all his sword qi before handing it to the experts beside him to attack.

This time, in the Eastern Sea, he gathered the power of the sword cultivators around him and attacked!

Unknowingly, he had become a true expert in this world.

"Hand over the sword."

With a wave of his hand, the huge sword landed in front of him.

“The Western Frontier’s Han Muye has brought 10,000 itinerant cultivators from Clear Wind Island to save the fellow Daoists of the Clear Wind Sword Sect.”

Han Muye shouted.

If he did not leave his name, wouldn’t he have done it for nothing?

“Sword Dao Immortal!”

“The Sword Dao Immortal has come to save us!”

“Haha, Lu Wuming thanks the Immortal and fellow Daoists.”

“Immortal, fellow Daoists, thank you very much!”

Ahead, voices could be heard.

Behind Han Muye, the sword cultivators looked excited.

They were scattered sand, ants, beings that no one cared about.

However, at this moment, even the experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect had to express their gratitude.

It was worth it!

Han Muye chuckled and raised his hand.

The huge sword rose.

At this moment, the sword was filled with battle intent and emotions.

This battle would show the glory of the Sword Dao!

Even if it was an itinerant cultivator, even if it was a low-level cultivator, didn’t their blood boil?

Couldn’t the weak fight?

“Kill.”

Han Muye spoke softly.

“Kill—”

“Kill—”

“Kill—”

Countless itinerant cultivators roared.

This was the roar of the weak and the roar of the strong.

The power of 10,000 sword cultivators gathered, turning into a 100,000-foot-long sword that slashed down.

“Roar—”

A black-armored Heaven Realm expert of the Demon Clan rushed forward to block the sword.

However, just as he caught the sword, his expression changed drastically.

Even his 1,000-foot-tall body could not withstand this sword!

The second, third, and fourth.

The five Heaven Realm demons flew up and blocked the power of this sword with all their might.

Han Muye was in midair, motionless.

Behind him, the veins on the foreheads of the sword cultivators who had formed the formation bulged as they gritted their teeth and endured.

With his motley crew, he could actually suppress five Heaven Realm demons!

Satisfying!

“Kill!”

Someone shouted.

“Kill—”

Countless people responded.

At this moment, they were not ants or itinerant cultivators. They were experts who could fight a Heaven Realm cultivator head-on!

The sword light was extremely dazzling.

Han Muye chuckled and waved his hand.

“Boom!”

The bodies of the five demons were instantly severed!

“Boom!”

Endless sword light split the water surface and slashed out a hundred-mile-long trench.

Waves surged into the sky.

Compared to the water light, the bloody light after the death of the five Heaven Realm demons was more beautiful!

Five Heaven Realm experts were severed with a single strike!

“What a powerful sword attack...” A green-robed Daoist on the flying ship surrounded by the black-armored army murmured.

Beside him, the others nodded silently.

Even the strongest elder of the Clear Wind Sword Sect could not perform such a sword move.

“He killed three seventh level Nascent Soul cultivators, one ninth level Nascent Soul cultivator, and an Out of Body Realm cultivator with a single strike. Five Heaven Realm cultivators died immediately. Such methods came from an itinerant cultivator.”

Lu Wuming’s expression was solemn as he said in a deep voice, “The Immortal of the Western Frontier’s Sword Dao has long said that he wants to challenge the Eastern Sea. I thought he wanted to use the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords to challenge the various sects. Now, look...”

From the looks of it, he had swept across the Eastern Sea with the strength of itinerant cultivators!

Sword Sweep, so this was the sword Sweep!

“Fellow Daoists, if we don’t fight now, when will we?”

In front, Han Muye shouted with the long sword in his hand.

Fight!

The experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect who were surrounded flew out and charged in all directions.

Without an expert guarding it, the black-armored demons could not unleash their combat strength and could only retreat in all directions.

“Boom!”

Han Muye slashed down with his sword, his expression unchanged. He looked up in the direction of the Clear Wind Sword Sect.

“Fellow Daoists of the Clear Wind Sword Sect, your sect has been besieged.”

His words caused the expressions of the experts of the Clear Wind Sword Sect to change drastically.

### **Chapter 759 - 759 Slaying a Semi-God Realm Expert, 100,000 Sword Cores!**

A thousand miles away, flames soared into the sky!

That was where the Clear Wind Sword Sect was located.

“Buzz!”

Explosions sounded in the void.

“Report to the disciples of the Clear Wind Sword Sect that the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan has invaded on a large scale. The sect is in danger. The elders and I are determined to fight to the death with the enemy.

“Disciples from all sides are not allowed to return for reinforcement, leaving the legacy of the Clear Wind Sword Sect intact...”

A deep voice sounded.

His voice resounded three times in a row.

When the sect master fought to the death, disciples were not allowed to return!

They were going to perish together!

Lu Wuming and the few Heaven Realm elders of the Clear Wind Sword Sect all looked sad. They gritted their teeth and looked in the direction of the mountain gate.

On the other side, his fellow disciples were fighting to the death.

However, the sect master had ordered that disciples from all over the world were not allowed to return to reinforce them.

This was because the enemy was too strong. Even if the entire sect gathered their strength, they would only be courting death.

It was better for the disciples to keep their lives and leave behind the sect's inheritance.

Below, the disciples of the Wind Sword Sect were at a loss. Many of them were crying.

Most of the cultivators in the sect had already treated the sect as their home.

At this moment, their home was about to be destroyed.

The surrounding itinerant cultivators also had complicated expressions.

Many of them were the same. Their sects were destroyed, and they could only become independent cultivators.

"What should we do?" A Golden Core deacon of the Clear Wind Sword Sect gritted his teeth and looked at the green-robed elder beside him.

The elder widened his eyes and did not speak.

If the enemy was strong, going back would be courting death.

The sect master had already ordered that no one was to return to reinforce them.

However, were they really not going back?

"Clang!"

With a sword cry, the white-haired and green-robed elder of the Clear Wind Sword Sect stepped forward with a long sword in his hand.

"Lu Wuming, lead the disciples and leave. I'll go to the mountain gate to rescue them."

Sword light swirled around his body, and a sharp halo that shot into the sky flashed.

An absolute aura instantly filled the air.

"I, Fang Yihe, was born and raised in the Clear Wind Sword Sect. The sect is my home.

"Today, the demons besieged our Clear Wind Sword Sect. Fang Yihe's life will be returned to the sect."

As soon as he finished speaking, he flew into the sky.

Fang Yihe flew away. The others looked at each other. Some followed him, while others hesitated.



For a time, the disciples of the Clear Wind Sword Sect became scattered sand.

Han Muye shook his head and looked at the independent cultivators below.

The fighting spirit of a cultivator came from a firm belief. As long as the belief existed, there was no danger to life and death. Without belief, one would not have the strength to fight.

“We’re both Heavenly Mystic sword cultivators. How can I, Han Muye, be indifferent when I see the Clear Wind Sword Sect being surrounded?”

“Today, Han Muye and the Eastern Sea sword cultivators will live and die together—”

His voice was clear and resounded for thousands of miles!

Live and die together!

As a grand sword cultivator, he would not go back on his word.

“We will live and die together!” Qi Ziming, who was holding a long sword, shouted.

“Live and die together—”

The surrounding sword cultivators all shouted as sword light surged and gathered on their bodies.

At this moment, the morale that had already dissipated began to gather again.

Han Muye drew his sword and flew away with the ten thousand independent cultivators behind him.

The sword cultivators of the Clear Wind Sword Sect, who were at a loss, followed behind the sword formation and rushed towards the mountain gate of the Clear Wind Sword Sect.

Live and die together!

At that moment, they only wanted to live and die together with their fellow disciples in the mountain gate.

With a black-armored demon blocking him, Han Muye waved the sword in his hand and killed him.

They arrived at the thousand-mile sea area in a short while.

Boundless demonic qi surged and engulfed the entire island in front of him.

The gate of the Clear Wind Sword Sect had been tightly surrounded.

The scattered disciples of the Wind Sword Sect were being attacked on all sides and killed.

“Kill.”

Han Muye shouted and activated the sword light in his hand, slashing down.

He didn’t use much of his own power, but the sword light formed by the 10,000 itinerant cultivators behind him had formed a thousand-foot-long sword that slashed down from the sky.

The sword light howled like thunder!

“Boom!”

The sword light directly shattered the black-armored demons surrounding the Clear Wind Sword Sect disciples.

“You’re courting death!” There was a low shout from the demonic qi ahead. A figure in black armor holding a long saber in his hand took a step forward, bringing with him a clear saber qi of thousands of feet.

The saber qi collided with the sword shadow, and the sound of mountains collapsing and the ground cracking could be heard.

Out of Body Realm cultivator!

On the other side, several cultivators appeared.

Fang Yihe and the others, who had flown over previously, returned in a sorry state and met up with Han Muye and the others.

Several black-armored cultivators in the void of space suppressed all directions.

Han Muye and the sword cultivators behind him were surrounded by several great cultivators.

No wonder the sect master of the Clear Wind Sword Sect did not allow his disciples to rescue them. It was because these spiritual armored demons were there to surround and attack the reinforcements!

No matter how many disciples came to rescue them, they were all courting death!

The sword cultivators behind Han Muye were all pale and trembling under the pressure of the great cultivator.

Han Muye held a long sword in front of him and looked at the black-armored figure in front of him. His gaze swept across the surrounding black-armored cultivators.

“Brothers, are you afraid of death?”

Han Muye shouted.

Afraid of death?

Of course they were.

Everyone was afraid of death.

Weren’t they cultivating hard just to be able to live longer?

Although no one spoke, the solemn atmosphere was already an answer.

Han Muye pointed his sword forward, his eyes sparkling. “I’m afraid of death too.”

Yes, a talented genius like Han Muye should have a glorious future.

As long as he did not die, he had a chance to step into the peak of the world.

Why would such a person risk his life?

“Brother Han, we, we’ll protect you and kill our way out.” Qi Ziming gritted his teeth and tried his best to make his voice coherent.

The divine souls of the surrounding great cultivators clashed, making it difficult for them to even stand in the void.

“Kill your way out, Immortal Han. You can’t die here,” Lu Wuming said in a low voice.

### **Chapter 760 - 760 Slaying a Semi-God Realm Expert, 100,000 Sword Cores! (2)**

Everyone’s gaze fell on Han Muye.

This Sword Dao Immortal should not have died here with them.

Many people gripped the hilts of their swords tightly, and the light in their eyes slowly became firm.

“Kill our way out?” Han Muye’s battle intent gathered, and an illusory sword appeared behind him.

The Sword Dao Nascent Soul left his body.

“I, Han Muye, am afraid of death because I’m afraid that I won’t be able to live long enough to climb to the peak that has never been seen in the world.

“I, Han Muye, am afraid of death because I’m afraid that there are still many things I haven’t done and I have regrets.

“I, Han Muye, am afraid of death because I’m afraid that the debt I owe in this life has yet to be repaid.”

The sword in his hand vibrated, and Han Muye’s gaze landed on his sword.

“Brothers, ask your swords.

“Ask them if they can let you live.”

Looking at the sword in his hand, Han Muye said softly, “Green Destiny, you’ll let me live, right?”

“Buzz!”

The Green Destiny Sword let out a long cry, and sword light bloomed.

At this moment, all the swords within ten thousand miles began to vibrate.

The sword was responding!

The eyes of the sword cultivators lit up.

In this life, the only thing they cultivated was the sword.

At this moment of life and death, they would give the honor and humiliation of their lives to their swords.

Han Muye raised his hand and pressed his palm on the sword edge, pulling hard.

Blood splattered everywhere.

All the blood fused into the sword.

The Green Destiny Sword turned into a 10,000-foot-long dragon and roared at the sky!

“We sword cultivators have swords in our hearts and swords in our hands. What’s there to be afraid of?”

Han Muye looked up at the sky and roared. He raised his hand to guide the dragon formed by the Green Destiny Sword and stood in the air.

“What’s there to be afraid of?”

He let out a loud shout that could be heard from thousands of miles away!

“What are you afraid of?”

“Where is the sword in your hand?”

The sword cultivators imitated him and pressed their palms on the edge of their swords. With a light pull, blood stained the swords.

Their blood qi condensed into a pillar of smoke.

The qi and blood merged with the sword light and transformed into a blood dragon that was 10,000 feet tall.

The blood dragon roared and immediately broke through the soul suppression of the few black-armored cultivators.

This blood dragon was a combination of all their sword intent and battle intent. Its strength had already surpassed the limit of a Heaven Realm cultivator!

“I stain the blade with my blood.”

Han Muye muttered.

Above his head, the 1,000-foot-long dragon shadow formed by the Green Destiny Sword circled and coiled.

“Slaying demons, eliminating demons, and killing enemies.”

The long dragon turned around and charged forward.

The expression of the black-armored cultivator holding the saber changed. In the end, he turned around and left.

The power displayed by the dragon formed by the Green Destiny Sword frightened him.

This power was not something he could withstand at all.

“I stain the blade with my blood.”

“Slaying demons, eliminating demons, and killing enemies.”

The sword cultivators whispered to each other, causing the blood dragon to roar and wave its claws at the surrounding black-armored cultivators.

The blood dragon grabbed a black-armored cultivator, imprisoning him. He watched helplessly as his body was shattered, and his demonic light and blood turned into smoke.

An eighth level Nascent Soul Realm cultivator was shattered by a single strike!

The power of the blood dragon was so terrifying!

Han Muye shouted and led the long dragon formed by the Green Destiny Sword forward. The 10,000-foot blood dragon followed closely behind and rushed into the demonic aura in front of them.

“Boom!”

Whether it was the Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators or the endless black-armored aquatic demons, they were all knocked away by the long dragon and turned into blood qi demonic lights that were absorbed by the long dragon.

The blood dragon moved forward. After a hundred miles, its body was already 200,000 feet tall. It was covered in blood-colored scales and its eyes revealed a ferocious glint.

This blood dragon was condensed from sword intent and blood qi. It was only for killing.

Nothing could stop the blood light.

“Bang!”

The last black-armored great demon’s body was shattered, and there was suddenly nothing in front of him.

Green mountains and buildings filled with spiritual energy.

Wasn’t he risking his life for the sake of these beautiful mountains and rivers?

Han Muye raised his hand, and the long dragon turned into a sword light and stood still, laughing at the sky.

“The Western Frontier’s Han Muye has come to challenge the Eastern Sea’s Clear Wind Sword Sect. Is anyone coming to accept the challenge?”

Challenge!

Countless black-armored demons surrounded him outside, but Han Muye ignored the threat and uttered a challenge!

In the eyes of the sword cultivators, the Spiritual Armored demons were just demons. What was there to mention?

“The entire Clear Wind Sword Sect is willing to welcome the sword of the Western Frontier’s Immortal Han!” A loud shout sounded from the building ahead.

Below, sword lights lit up.

Sword cultivators in green robes flew over.

Han Muye drew the sword in his hand, and the blood dragon that had yet to dissipate gathered again.

“Alright, today I will test my sword with the fellow Daoists of the Clear Wind Sword Sect to see who has the sharpest sword...”

Han Muye let out a long laugh and turned to look at the independent cultivators behind him and the disciples of the Wind Sword Sect.

“Can you still fight?”

Could they still fight?

“I can!”

Countless voices turned into one.

They were just powerless itinerant cultivators. No one cared about them in the Eastern Sea.

To be able to kill a Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivator today, to be able to move freely in the endless sea of black armor, even if they had to die in battle, they were willing to do so!

They would fight once again, even if it meant fighting 10 or 100 times. What did it matter!

Han Muye laughed and charged into the demonic qi in front of him again.

“Then let’s fight again—”

The blood-colored dragon followed closely behind him. It extended its claws and swung its tail, shattering the bodies of the demons.

Sword light lingered in the air.

At this moment, the power of the Great Dao seemed to pour into the world, making the power of the blood-colored dragon even more magnificent.

“Everyone, we can’t let Immortal Han excel in front of us.” Among the people of the Clear Wind Sword Sect, the sect master, who was wearing a light golden robe and a golden crown, chuckled and the sword in his hand flew out.

The sword turned into a breeze and merged with the sword intent of the disciples of the Clear Wind Sword Sect behind him.

Continuous wind currents instantly interweaved and collided with the demonic qi.

The demonic qi fluctuated and an opening was created.