

Pavilion 781

Chapter 781 - 781 Meeting Tu Sunshi Again

781 Meeting Tu Sunshi Again

“Bang!”

Han Muye kicked the black-robed cultivator beside him, who was about to attack, and then raised his hand to grab Daoist Dayan’s storage bag.

With his divine sense, Han Muye turned to look at Daoist Dayan.

This fellow had really plundered a lot of treasures.

The storage bag with a hundred square meters of space was filled with various spiritual materials and spiritual rocks.

Many of them were already extinct in the cultivation world and were priceless.

What a windfall.

After weighing his storage bag, Han Muye unceremoniously put it away.

In any case, wasn't what Daoist Dayan found his?

Seeing that Han Muye had taken the storage bag, Daoist Dayan's face twitched, and his eyes were filled with pain.

But he did not dare to ask Han Muye for it back.

Turning around, he ran towards the cultivator who had been kicked away by Han Muye and pounced on him.

"Bang!"

Daoist Dayan was sent flying.

With his cultivation, he was no match for him.

At this moment, the cultivator who had been smashed to the ground by Han Muye also stood up.

The two figures roared, their hands flashing as they rushed towards Han Muye.

They had a tacit understanding.

To be able to cast a spell in this dam, and its power was not small, these two were quite rare.

The shattered meteorites gathered, condensed into a ball, and collided with Han Muye.

Astral winds raged, as if they were about to explode.

Han Muye's expression did not change, but he clenched his fists.

In this dam, the feeling of clenching one's fist and smashing it down was even more satisfying than drawing a sword to slash someone.

Especially since he had the body of a divine beast, his strength was extremely domineering.

He had seen spells outside the dam before.

At this moment, he felt that his strength was too weak.

The suppression of the chaotic power of the dam made it difficult for all kinds of spells to unleash their combat strength.

He would settle it with his fists.

“Ho—”

Wrong step, low body, punch.

Han Muye did not hesitate, his movements coherent and steady.

This time, the cultivator’s sternum was shattered. He spat out a mouthful of blood and died in midair.

Turning around again, Han Muye kicked the black-robed cultivator in the chest.

“Snap—”

The sound of a sternum shattering could be heard.

This time, neither of them got up.

Han Muye was not interested in leaving anyone alive in this dam.

Daoist Dayan walked forward proudly. After shaking it a few times, he took out two swords, a longbow, and two waist tokens.

He held a golden hammer and a small storage bag in his hand.

That huge hammer was the treasure that Daoist Dayan was talking about.

Han Muye did not take the big hammer.

This was a Divine General weapon. Han Muye had seen it from the memories of the spear in the Divine General's hand.

Although this weapon was standardized, its power was comparable to a mid-grade magic treasure.

However, this standard weapon lacked the agility of a magic treasure.

Holding the sword that Daoist Dayan handed over, its sword qi surged into Han Muye's palm, and his eyes flickered.

The ordinary guards of the Chaotic Divine Hall were half a step into Heaven Realm, and their swordsmanship cultivation was ordinary.

Outside the dam, cultivation below the Heaven Realm was relatively easy.

All kinds of standard armor and pills could nurture cultivators below the Heaven Realm in batches.

Of course, those above the Heaven Realm could not be nurtured in batches.

The true experts of the Chaos God Hall had all snuck into the dam and headed to the place where the Ancient God had fallen.

Outside the dam, there were cultivators from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy guarding the surroundings. Cultivators who came out of the dam would be monitored or directly intercepted.

The sealing of the chaotic power in the dam and the control of the place where the ancient gods fell had started tens of thousands of years ago.

After seeing the sword memories of the two guards of the Chaotic Temple, Han Muye raised his hand and summoned Daoist Dayan in front of him.

He handed him a green identification mark.

These were the identities of the two cultivators who had been seriously injured by Han Muye and had already fainted.

“One for each of us. This sign doesn’t recognize people.”

Han Muye smiled and threw the sign in his palm.

Daoist Dayan took the token and examined it carefully before placing it on his chest.

By the time they stepped out of the dam, they were already cultivators wearing black robes and hanging their tokens as guardians of the Chaotic Divine Hall.

“This is outside the dam?” Daoist Dayan muttered, his face full of suspicion.

Han Muye had mentioned the dam to him. He imagined that there should be a dazzling world outside the dam.

Looking at it now, it was clearly a dark void.

The only difference was that the spiritual energy was purer.

However, this purity was because the power of the Great Dao was not obvious.

What’s so good about a place where the power of the Great Dao is weak? Daoist Dayan looked disappointed.

Han Muye looked around and said softly, “This is where all the great cultivators in the mud ponds want to come from outside the dam.”

Unlike Daoist Dayan, Han Muye’s eyes were filled with spiritual light.

Godless land!

This Ancient Cloud Galaxy did not have the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, nor did it have a Heaven and Earth Spirit.

This also meant that this place could create gods.

Everyone had the chance to become a God who ruled over a region, which was the kind of God of Heaven and Earth from ancient times.

Replace the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth with his own body!

No wonder those powerful beings wanted to come to this place.

Those great cultivators who had climbed to the peak of cultivation and found it difficult to transcend, as long as they gave up the path of transcendence, passed through the dam, and became the master of a world of their own, they could immediately become immortal and indestructible gods.

This power was completely different from Wen Mosheng and Heavenly Mystic Heavenly Axiom joining forces.

This was a command, not an alliance.

They were Rulers, not allies.

Their relationship was worlds apart.

Han Muye recalled how he had crossed the dam and suddenly narrowed his eyes.

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With the body of a divine beast, it was not difficult for him to cross the dam.

Moreover, because of the route that he had investigated previously, he could cross the dam as long as he carefully dealt with a few dangerous places.

However, to the cultivators of the Land of the Fallen Ancient Gods, without a strong enough body, crossing the dam was simply courting death.

So—

Han Muye's eyes shone brightly.

So, the Desolate Wilderness was jointly attacked by all parties!

Those great cultivators wanted the body of an ancient divine beast!

Han Muye felt a chill run down his spine.

It turned out that there was such a secret behind the siege of the Desolate Wilderness by countless cultivators!

Han Muye recalled that the experts from the Heavenly Mystic World had also participated in the battles in the Desolate Wilderness. Among them, the Patriarch of the Heavenly Mystic even personally killed a divine beast, Kui.

In that case, where are these great cultivators from the Heavenly Mystic world now?

Did they really all die in the battle of the Upper Three Heavens?

Where do the blocked spatial passageways in the Heavenly Mystic world lead to?

On Cloud Nest Ridge, do the spatial passageway that led to the land of demonic cultivators connect to the outside of the dam...

For a moment, Han Muye had countless doubts.

“Come, let's go to the Chaotic Divine Hall.”

No matter how many questions he had, he had to find the answers one by one.

There were some questions about things that happened too long ago. There was actually no point in finding the answer.

Daoist Dayan's figure turned into a breeze that followed behind Han Muye. Han Muye stepped on the Dao Sword Mountain that had turned into an ordinary sword and flew in the air.

Along the way, they encountered many cultivators, but they did not do anything unusual to Han Muye and Daoist Dayan.

As expected, the Chaotic Divine Hall only recognized tokens and not people.

As they moved forward, they stopped in front of a shining star with an area of a hundred miles.

Spiritual lights flashed in the stars.

Looking up, such stars could be seen everywhere.

Unlike the tens of thousands of stars around the Heavenly Mystic World that only had one flickering spiritual light each, every star here was full of vitality and spiritual energy.

However, when he landed on the star, Han Muye discovered something different.

These stars did not have the Dao of Heaven and Earth, so they had almost no defensive power.

They were like peeled eggs. If these stars encountered a great cultivator who wanted to refine them, they would be swallowed at any time.

Looking up at the resplendent galaxy in the distance, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

This star only had an area of a hundred miles, so no one had refined it. He wondered about the big stars that spanned 10,000 miles, 100,000 miles, and 1,000,000 miles.

This Ancient Cloud Galaxy might have secrets that he did not know about.

After they landed on the star, Han Muye and Daoist Dayan slowly walked forward.

There were buildings everywhere on this star, but they were different from the places where the ancient gods had fallen. The buildings here were very basic.

After wandering for dozens of miles, Han Muye roughly understood.

The sealed stars outside the dam were all transported over by the experts of the Chaotic Divine Hall.

All the cultivators who came here were basically here for the missions of the Chaotic Divine Hall.

The Chaotic Divine Hall here was more like a city fortress than a palace.

Many of the four-sided houses were wide and had no city walls.

Han Muye also felt that for cultivators, building a city wall was meaningless.

There were locations where missions were accepted, distributed, and exchanged, venues that offered various logistical support, laboratories where resources were collected, and places which provided hiring services and other information. The Chaotic Divine Hall had comprehensive facilities.

Han Muye was not in a hurry. He wandered around with Daoist Dayan for three to four days and gathered all the information about the Chaotic Divine Hall and the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Then Han Muye brought Daoist Dayan and flew straight to a huge star tens of thousands of miles away.

This place called Jinke Star was the largest star in the surrounding 10 billion miles. The sect that ruled it was the Jinming Dao Sect, a sect that had several cultivators who had surpassed the Heaven Realm.

Just as Han Muye had speculated, Jinke Star had been refined.

In other words, the owner of this star had absolute control over it.

However, with his perception, he understood that the ruler of this star was the entire Jinming Dao Sect and not a single Almighty.

The Jinming Dao Sect could control everything on this star through a formation.

Condensing spiritual qi, changing the weather, and even invoking thunder calamities.

On this star, the Jinming Dao Sect was the heaven and the Great Dao.

After landing on Jinke Star, Han Muye went straight to the Chaotic Divine Hall.

“Boom!”

He had only flown for 10,000 miles when a rumbling sound came from ahead, followed by the sound of fighting.

Daoist Dayan looked curious, but Han Muye frowned and turned around.

He was not from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. Why should he get involved in the dispute here?

However, he had just turned around and walked for a moment when a sharp scream came from behind.

Several figures flew away.

Then there was another roar as a flying ship caught up from behind.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the flying figures, and he looked surprised.

One of them turned around.

“Kid Han?”

When the people beside him saw him stop, they quickly pulled him back. “Old Tu, leave quickly. Otherwise, these fellows from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect will be killed.”

Old Tu nodded and mumbled as he flew, “My eyes must be playing tricks on me. This is the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. It’s extremely difficult to come here. That kid is from the Western Frontier of the Heavenly Mystic. It’s impossible for him to come here...”

As he spoke, he raised the sword in his hand and slashed forward.

“Boom!”

With a slash of his sword, it was as if the sky and earth had collapsed 10 miles ahead. Beams of spiritual light turned into pillars of light.

Chapter 783 - 783 Meeting Tu Sunshi Again (3)

There was actually a maze hidden there.

If it wasn't for this sword slash, they would definitely have died if they barged into the maze.

"Old Tu, your Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is really effective. If it weren't for this strike, we would have been wrapped up like dumplings." A bearded man whispered and grinned. "Whoosh—"

Everyone turned around and left. However, before they could fly more than 100 miles, they stopped.

In front, a young man in a black robe with a sheathed black sword on his back stood there with his arms crossed.

"Why aren't you running?"

"There are only five of the even Bandits of Liu Chuan left. Those two are waiting to reunite with you at my Golden Mystic Dao Sect."

The young man sneered and looked at Old Tu. "Tu 10,000 Swords, let me see how capable you are."

"Clang—"

His long sword was unsheathed, and the sword light was bone-chilling. From a thousand feet away, it seemed to want to devour people.

The expressions of the few people who were blocked changed. Just as they were about to rush forward, Old Tu raised his hand and stopped them.

"The direct disciple of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect, Yu Shen of the Cold Water Sword." Old Tu narrowed his eyes and placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. "This is an eighth level Nascent Soul great sword cultivator."

Eighth level of the Nascent Soul Realm!

The others trembled.

Among them, the highest cultivation was only at the sixth level of the Nascent Soul Realm, Old Tu.

Facing an eighth level Nascent Soul Realm sword cultivator, even if they attacked together, they wouldn't be able to block a single sword strike.

"Since you want to see my Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, how can I disappoint you?" Old Tu smiled faintly. He unsheathed the sword in his hand and flew out.

The sword split into tens of millions in midair.

"This sword is called the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. It's a method to open up a Great Dao for ordinary sword cultivators in the world.

"I've only learned the basics of this sword. I'm willing to ask for your advice."

The sword lights gathered and turned into one sword. Old Tu shouted and suppressed the sword lights, slashing down at Yu Shen's head.

Yu Shen's eyes lit up. Without hesitation, he raised his sword and waved it.

“Clang—”

After a loud bang, the sound of countless swords colliding could be heard.

Not far away, two flying ships surrounded him.

Everyone stared at the two swords that had clashed countless times in the void.

“Good sword technique!” After a hundred breaths, Yu Shen shouted and retreated.

After retreating 1,000 feet, the sword light dissipated. Holding a long sword, Old Tu’s face turned red and the blade trembled slightly.

“To be able to fight with me for so long with a single sword technique, you, Tu 10,000 Swords, are quite a character.” Yu Shen looked at Tu 10,000 Swords and said calmly, “Give up your sword and return the Infinite Unity Sword Case that you stole. My Golden Mystic Dao Sect will not make things difficult for you.”

Tu 10,000 Swords held his sword and said nothing.

“The Infinite Unity Sword Case belongs to my sect. Since when did it belong to your Golden Mystic Dao Sect?” A middle aged sword cultivator that stood behind Tu 10,000 Swords had a furious expression as he shouted loudly.

Hearing his words, Yu Shen’s expression turned cold, and a sharp sword intent soared into the sky.

Tu 10,000 Swords pointed his sword forward, and sword light gathered.

“Tu 10,000 Swords, I’ve given you face, but you don’t know what’s good for you. The so-called Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is nothing more than this.” The sword in Yu Shen’s hand turned into a Frosty Snake. Its body curled up as it roared in a low voice.

As soon as the Frosty Snake appeared, countless ice flowers floated in the surrounding void.

Layer upon layer of cold darkness enveloped a radius of thousands of yards.

Tu Sunshi’s sword froze instantly.

His gaze fell on the sword in his hand and his expression was extremely solemn.

Behind him, several cultivators tried their best to resist the cold, but their faces were pale and they were trembling all over.

“Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, is that all?”

Right then, a calm voice sounded.

“Han Muye!” Tu Wanjian exclaimed.

Yu Shen’s expression changed drastically. He raised his head and looked ahead.

“Slash—”

It was as if a curtain had been torn apart, and the frozen void shattered.

The frost turned into nothingness as if it had never existed.

Suddenly, the snake trembled and transformed into a sword, floating in front of Yu Shen.

“Who are you?” Yu Shen stared at Han Muye, who was taking a step out of the void. Sword qi converged on his body.

There was no strong sword Qi or power on Han Muye’s body, but he could easily rip apart the power barrier set up by his sword. It was impossible for him to be an ordinary person.

“You don’t need to know who I am.” Han Muye shook his head, glanced at Tu 10,000 Swords behind him, and a green sword appeared in his hand.

“Take this move of mine, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, and I’ll let you go.”

“Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords—”

The person in front of him would also return to the sect!

Other than Tu 10,000 Swords, everyone else widened their eyes.

Tu 10,000 Swords was known as the 10,000 Swords. He was famous for the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. Although he had always said that the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was to open up a path for low-level sword cultivators in the world, he had never seen anyone else who knew this sword technique other than him.

Today, he finally saw someone who knew how to control 10,000 swords.

Was he Tu 10,000’s junior or someone of the same generation?

“Old Tu, do you want to charge together?” The burly man who had spoken earlier leaned forward and whispered.

Charge together?

A hint of hesitation flashed across Tu Wanjian’s face.

He admired Han Muye’s swordsmanship.

But Han Muye’s cultivation...

“Buzz!”

At this moment, the sword in Han Muye’s hand vibrated, and a sword light rose from his body.

“F*ck, Sword Infant!” Tu Wanjian’s eyes widened.

Sword Dao Nascent Soul!

On the other side, Yu Shen was also shocked. He hurriedly held the long sword in front of him, and spiritual light surged from his body.

Only by reaching the pinnacle of the sword would one be able to reach the Nascent Soul Realm of the Sword Dao.

The person in front of him was actually a pure Sword Dao cultivator.

Such a sword cultivator who formed his Nascent Soul with his sword was not restricted by his cultivation at all.

One should not make any assumptions about cultivation when fighting such a person.

“Good lord, Nascent Soul. I’ve cultivated for so many years, but I’ve only seen three sword cultivators who’ve condensed Nascent Soul,” an old man with a white beard behind Tu 10,000 Swords said in a low voice.

Chapter 784 - 784 Seeing Tu Sunshi Again (4)

784 Seeing Tu Sunshi Again (4)

“Rumor has it that the owner of the Infinite Unity Sword Case was an expert that condensed into a Sword Infant.”

“The Infinite Unity Sword Sect has a way to become a Sword Infant...” The burly man standing beside Tu 10,000 Swords looked at the Sword Infant above Han Muye’s head, his eyes sparkling.

Han Muye, who was holding a sword, had a solemn expression. He said calmly, “I have a sword called the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

“This sword uses 10,000 sword techniques as its foundation to open up a path of bitter cultivation for sword cultivators in the world.

“To cultivate this technique, you need to cultivate 10,000 sword techniques. In the end, 10,000 swords will become one.”

His voice blended with the sword light, and the sword in Han Muye's hand slowly thrust out.

Unlike Tu 10,000 Swords' sword light, this sword did not split into tens of millions, nor did it vibrate and shine.

One sword was just one sword.

Why was one sword called 10,000 Swords?

Yu Shen looked puzzled.

The others around him also frowned.

Only Tu 10,000 Swords' arms trembled as he muttered.

"Boom!"

Han Muye's sword collided with Yu Shen's sword.

The exploding sword light was so dazzling that everyone had to close their eyes.

However, even if they closed their eyes, the dazzling light of that sword still penetrated their souls.

The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords actually contained sword intent that injured the soul!

“Slash—”

The sword moved forward and turned into 10,000 swords.

Ten thousand swords enveloped Yu Shen.

When Yu Shen raised his head with difficulty, he saw that the 10,000 swords had finally merged into one and gently brushed past his neck.

Blood qi soared into the sky and the spiritual lights shattered.

This sword move cut through his qi and blood, killed the soul, and shattered the Nascent Soul!

One sword strike, an eighth level Nascent Soul Realm cultivator had perished!

It was not until Yu Shen’s spiritual light exploded that the surrounding cultivators came to their senses.

“Senior Brother Yu Shen was killed!”

“He’s crazy. How dare he kill Senior Brother Yu Shen? He’s the grandson of an elder of our Golden Mystic Dao Sect’s Mystic Hall!”

The two flying ships quickly retreated.

Tu 10,000 Swords and the people behind him looked at each other, and sword light rose from their bodies.

He wanted to silence them and destroy all evidence.

After killing Yu Shen, the news could not be leaked.

They looked up at Han Muye, who was slowly putting away his sword.

Han Muye put away his sword and Yu Shen’s sword and a storage bag. Then he smiled and said, “Senior Tu Sunshi, how have you been?”

Tu Sunshi was the Great Elder of the Western Frontier Taiyi Sword Sect and the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier back then.

After the Cloud Nest Ridge spatial passageway was opened, Tu Sunshi left the Heavenly Mystic World.

Unexpectedly, he arrived outside the dam.

So, is Huang Six, who also left through the passageway, also here? Han Muye wondered.

“Little Han, let’s deal with these fellows from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect together. Otherwise, we’ll be in big trouble.”

Tu Sunshi shouted and charged towards a flying ship with a long sword in his hand.

Previously, they had been chased by the flying ships. Now they were here to kill the people on the flying ships.

Hearing Tu Sunshi’s words, Han Muye shook his head, but he still raised his sword.

With the methods of a large sect, the news of a direct disciple being killed had long been sent over. It was too late to silence them now.

However, to Han Muye, it didn’t matter if it was sooner or later. He would just help kill a few people.

The flying sword shattered a flying ship, and the cultivators scattered in shock.

Tu Sunshi and the others showed no mercy. They caught up to these cultivators and brandished their long swords and techniques.

In the end, the other flying ship left with the defeated members of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect.

Tu Sunshi and the others revealed regretful expressions.

A few of them collected the scattered swords and spiritual materials on the flying ship, including the swords and storage bags on the corpses.

They had gained a lot from this battle.

Daoist Dayan, who had transformed into a breeze, muttered in Han Muye's ear. The general idea was that he was best at this kind of thing. He would definitely not miss anything if he was collecting treasures.

"Senior Tu, do you know how Sixth Brother is doing now?" Han Muye asked as he looked at Tu Sunshi, who had returned with his sword on his back.

Seeing Tu Sunshi, Han Muye naturally had to ask for information about Huang Six.

Hearing his words, Tu Sunshi shook his head.

You haven't heard? Han Muye wondered.

Perhaps. After all, this Ancient Cloud Galaxy was too vast and almost endless. Who knew if Huang Six had come or not and where he was?

Moreover, Huang Six had been possessed back then.

“Huang Six, he’s a Great Sage of the Demon Dao now. He’s the Heaven Trampling Demon King. He’s fighting everywhere with a demonic sword. He’s impressive...” Tu Sunshi’s voice sounded casual.

Chapter 785 - 785 Spiritual Treasure, Infinite Unity Sword Case

After coming to Jinke Star for such a long time, Tu Sunshi’s cultivation had advanced rapidly. With the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, he had also gained some fame.

The nickname Tu 10,000 Swords was still acceptable among the hunters who accepted missions from the Chaotic Divine Hall.

However, compared to Huang Six, Tu Sunshi’s achievements were not worth mentioning.

One of the Four Great Demon Kings under the Ancestral Demon Star, the Heaven Trampling Demon King, was a Demonic Dao Half-Sage. He didn’t fuse with the power of the stars, but he could fight with top experts who had fused with the Great Dao of the Stars.

The name of Huang Zhenxiong was renowned throughout the void for tens of millions of miles around.

Tu Sunshi told Huang Six’s story dryly.

Huanh Six had a demonic sword in his hand and a demonic dragon under his feet.

Tu Sunshi’s words were filled with desolation and sorrow.

Han Muye didn’t know how Huang Six woke up from his demonic state, nor did he know that Gao Xiaoxuan would transform into a demonic sword.

However, since Huang Six had already become the Heaven Trampling Demon King, it meant that his mind was not in chaos. He had turned into an evil demon with a desire to kill. Moreover, he was doing well.

This made him heave a sigh of relief.

The Ancestral Demon Star was 10 billion miles away from Jinke Star and was a demonic faction. Even Han Muye hesitated for a moment if he should look for Huang Six.

“Everyone, many people from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect have escaped. Let’s lie low for a while.” The white-haired old man standing behind Tu Sunshi said in a low voice.

Although the Golden Mystic Dao Sect was not a large sect, it was not something that a few itinerant cultivators could deal with.

Now that some of the other party’s disciples had escaped, it wouldn’t be long before they would be attacked by experts.

Han Muye had killed their direct disciple.

This enmity had already been formed.

“You guys go first.” The burly man in black armor looked at Tu Sunshi and Han Muye and took out a five-foot-long sword case.

“The Infinite Unity Sword Sect’s inheritance is in this sword case. Old Tu, help me take it away.

“We can’t lose our reputation as the Seven Virtues of Liu Chuan. I’m going to save Sun Zhan and Lu Yunyi.”

As soon as the burly man finished speaking, the young man with a long sword on his back frowned and said, “Senior Brother, are you crazy? The Golden Mystic Dao Sect won’t reason with you.

“With your cultivation, how are you going to save Brother Sun and Brother Lu?”

The burly man was only at the first level of the Nascent Soul Stage. Although the combat strength of a Heaven Realm sword cultivator was not bad, he did not have the qualifications to compete with a large sect.

Upon hearing the young man’s words, the burly man smiled sadly. “Junior Brother Jiang Chen, do you still remember the blessed land full of spiritual herbs in the sect?”

A blessed land full of spiritual herbs!

The young man widened his eyes and exclaimed, “Senior Brother, you, you know where this blessed land is?”

When he spoke up to here, he was stunned and said, “Senior Brother, that paradise is the last vestige of our Infinite Unity Sword Sect, and you want to take it out in exchange?”

The big man laughed, nodded, then shook his head.

“How can I take out the blessed land of the sect to exchange for it?

“I’m only using the information of this blessed land to exchange for the freedom of the two brothers. As for what happens after that, we’ll talk about it later.”

With that, the burly man cupped his fists at Han Muye and Tu Sunshi. “Old Tu, Young Master Han, please.”

His gaze swept past the few people behind Tu Sunshi and then he looked at Tu Sunshi.

Among these people, the one with the highest cultivation was Tu Sunshi, and the one with the strongest combat strength was Han Muye, who had just arrived.

Only these two could take everyone away.

“Hehe, Du Mingtao, what did Liu Chuan say when he became sworn brothers?” Tu Sunshi laughed loudly. He held the long sword in his hand and looked at the distant sky.

“When I came to Jinke Star to be a hunter, I, Tu Sunshi, gained the most from you brothers.

“You’re from the same sect as Jiang Chen, and you want to rebuild your sect. It’s our duty to help you.

“If you really want to save Sun Zhan and Lu Yunyi, we’ll accompany you.”

As he spoke, Tu Sunshi handed the sword case in his hand to Han Muye and said softly, “Kid, I only feel the joy of being a sword cultivator on Jinke Star. Beyond life and death, it’s just a sword.

“Help us take this sword case away.”

The sword case felt heavy and warm.

Faint sword qi surged out from it.

The sword Qi in Han Muye’s palm entered a little, and the sword case rumbled.

He looked at Du Mingtao in surprise.

“With such a treasure on you, why don’t you refine it?

“Even if this sword box can’t stop a large sect, it shouldn’t be in such a sorry state, right?”

Treasure.

Refine.

Du Mingtao and Jiang Chen looked at each other and shook their heads.

“Young Master Han, this is an empty sword case. The Infinite Unity Sword that was stored in the sword case back then has long been lost. Otherwise, we really wouldn’t have to be in such a sorry state with this high-grade magic treasure.” Du Mingtao sighed softly.

In the distant sky, spiritual lights flashed.

As expected, the experts of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect had come to investigate.

There was not much time left for everyone to escape.

Hearing Du Mingtao’s words, Han Muye chuckled. “High-grade magical treasure?

“This is a spiritual treasure at the very least.”

Spiritual treasure!

What kind of treasure was a spiritual treasure?

It was a powerful treasure that could suppress the fate of a large sect. Even without using it, it could kill level five Out of Body Realm experts and above.

In the hands of an Out of Body cultivator, a spiritual treasure could fight a Divine Transformation Realm expert.

Spiritual treasures had their own intelligence. They were even more spiritual than those magic treasures that had transformed.

“My Infinite Unity Sword Sect’s Infinite Unity Sword is only a high-grade magic treasure. As for this sword case that nurtures the Infinite Unity Sword, although it’s engraved with our sect’s inherited cultivation technique and sword technique, it’s only a—” Du Mingtao’s eyes widened before he could finish speaking.

In front of him, Han Muye pressed his palm and opened the sword case that he could not open no matter what.

Chapter 786 - 786 Spiritual Treasure, Infinite Unity Sword Case (2)

The sword case was empty.

However, with Han Muye's shout, sword qi poured in, and countless shining swords instantly appeared in the originally empty sword case.

Within just five feet of space, there were countless long swords. Everyone actually felt that this strange scene was natural.

"Spatial power..." Jiang Chen was stunned for a while, and then he muttered to himself.

Spatial Power Sword Case.

This sword case actually had an unimaginable secret.

Han Muye closed the sword case and threw it to Du Mingtao.

Such a treasure was thrown back just like that.

Du Mingtao trembled and caught the sword case. He bowed to Han Muye. "Young Master Han, I—"

Before he could finish, Han Muye had already waved his hand and turned into a spiritual light.

"You guys go ahead. I'll deal with these guys."

As soon as he finished speaking, he flew away.

"Boom!"

It was not until a breath later that the sound of explosions could be heard in the void.

This speed was extremely fast.

Du Mingtao and the others looked at each other in surprise.

"Old Tu, is this really your junior?" The black-bearded Daoist, who had been silent all this while, asked in a low voice.

Tu Sunshi snorted and said indifferently, "Back then, I, Tu Sunshi, could be considered to have suppressed an area. These juniors..."

Before he could finish, Jiang Chen interrupted him. "Old Tu, you even know the Heaven Trampling Demon King. Why don't we go to the Ancestral Demon Star together?"

Tu Sunshi opened his mouth and turned to look at Jiang Chen. Only then did he see the cunning look in Jiang Chen's eyes.

"You brat, how can this old man join the demonic path?" Tu Sunshi glared.

He could not do such an embarrassing thing.

“So, what about this one?” Jiang Chen grinned and pointed at the sky in front of him.

At this moment, Han Muye was already fighting the experts he had found. The battle was intense.

Tu Sunshi frowned. Sword intent surged from his body. He wanted to fly over to help, but he did not move.

The strength of the sword lights and spiritual lights over there was definitely not something he could deal with.

Without Out of Body realm cultivation, he would be a burden.

Han Muye was already an Out of Body Realm cultivator.

Heaven Realm, Nascent Soul, Out of Body, Divine Transformation.

Although there were heaven-defying people who could fight above their level, more than 99% of cultivators’ strength was actually compatible with their realm.

Tu Sunshi’s cultivation was at the sixth level of the Nascent Soul Stage. He could fight against a seventh level Nascent Soul Stage cultivator with his sword technique. He would even dare to face an eighth level Nascent Soul Stage cultivator head-on. However, with an Out of Body cultivator in the battlefield, he could not even extend his head.

Seeing that Tu Sunshi was standing quietly in front, Du Mingtao, who was holding the sword case, suddenly said, “Old Tu, what’s the character of your junior?”

Hearing Du Mingtao’s words, Tu Sunshi laughed and told him how he knew Han Muye and how he fought alongside Han Muye.

Han Muye valued friendship, loyalty, and magnanimity. He also had the heroism and decisiveness that a sword cultivator should have.

Such a character was rare on Jinke Star, which was filled with hunters.

This was because the vast majority of itinerant cultivators who only cultivated for survival would not have such responsibility and spirit.

The reason why Tu Sunshi and the others had made a name for themselves among the hunters was because the seven of them had become sworn brothers and had gone through life and death together.

“Such a person with a high cultivation base...” Du Mingtao’s eyes flashed as he held the sword case tightly.

“Senior Brother, what do you mean?” Jiang Chen looked at him.

Du Mingtao said softly, “Be it inheritance treasures or blessed lands, they are all dead things. Only by turning them into practical resources will we have a chance.”

He handed the sword case to Jiang Chen and said in a low voice, “See if you can open it.”

Jiang Chen took the sword case and used his divine senses, spiritual energy, and sword intent to probe it.

However, there was no reaction at all. The sword case was empty. It was dead.

The others also went forward to try, but they were completely unable to sense anything unusual about the sword case.

Earlier, this sword case was shining brightly in Han Muye's hand, and there were countless swords inside.

"The cultivation world has always been about opportunities. Treasures are all obtained by those who are destined to have them. Looking at it today, it's indeed so..."

The sword case returned to Du Mingtao's hand. He looked at it and smiled bitterly.

Hearing his words, everyone fell silent.

This treasure was like an ordinary item in their hands, but in Han Muye's hands, it was a peerless treasure.

From the looks of it, the treasure had really chosen its target.

Looking at the sky where the sword lights interweaved and the spiritual lights were suppressed, Du Mingtao said in a deep voice, "I want to give this treasure to Young Master Han in exchange for saving the two brothers."

The sect's inheritance treasure was exchanged for the freedom of sworn brothers.

The others didn't say anything about Du Mingtao's decision.

This matter could only be decided by Du Mingtao.

Jiang Chen looked at Du Mingtao, but didn't say anything.

Du Mingtao was the master of the sect's inheritance and was also the successor appointed by the Sect Master of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect back then.

Jiang Chen wouldn't refute Du Mingtao's decision.

"Boom!"

In front of him, thousands of feet of sword lights slashed down, and the spiritual lights were extinguished.

When Han Muye turned around and landed, he saw that everyone was staring at him.

"Hehe, I'm just a spiritual cultivator who has attained the Out of Body realm. My strength is average." Han Muye waved his hand and chuckled.

Indeed, if it was not for the sake of sensing the cultivation techniques and combat techniques of Jinke Star, he could have killed the other party with a single strike.

"Young Master Han, I have a request." Du Mingtao bowed to Han Muye.

Request?

Han Muye's heart skipped a beat, and he nodded. "You're welcome. You're sworn brothers with Senior Tu. If I can help, I won't refuse."

His attitude delighted everyone.

Du Mingtao held up the sword case in his hand and said, "I'll use this Infinite Unity Sword Case as a reward. I beg Young Master Han to save my two brothers."

Chapter 787 - 787 Spiritual Treasure, Infinite Unity Sword Case (3)

787 Spiritual Treasure, Infinite Unity Sword Case (3)

The Infinite Unity Sword Case as a reward?

Han Muye's gaze landed on the sword case.

This was a spiritual treasure.

Previously, even with a simple perception, he could sense that it was extraordinary.

Such a treasure was taken out just to save two Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivators?

If he used this item as a reward and put up a mission, it wouldn't be difficult for him to wipe out the Golden Mystic Dao Sect, right?

Thinking of this, Han Muye smiled in his heart. If that was the case, Du Mingtao and the others would probably not have a good ending.

There were too many ruthless hunters.

“Alright, I’ll accept this mission.” Han Muye nodded and did not take the sword case. Instead, he said, “I’ll leave this sword case in your hands for now.”

With that, he flew up. In a flash, he traveled a thousand miles.

“Sword cultivator Han Muye has come to the Golden Mystic Dao Sect to seek guidance—”

His voice reverberated through the air.

Direct challenge!

This was a true Great Sword Cultivator!

Tu Sunshi revealed a complicated expression as he watched the sword light disappear.

Han Muye’s cultivation was already so high.

“I’ll go take a look.” Tu Sunshi’s figure moved and also turned into a sword light.

The others looked at each other and followed.

Since Han Muye had issued a challenge, he must be confident.

If he could not save them, their Seven Virtues of Liu Chuan brotherhood would really be disbanded.

“Boom!”

A spiritual light that turned half the sky rose red.

Golden phantoms appeared.

The experts of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect had responded.

In the surrounding void, many divine senses were probing.

Han Muye’s gaze did not fall on the other side, but on his Spirit.

He did not care about other cultivators investigating him, nor did he fear the experts of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect.

However, he had to deal with the overlord of Jinke Star, the Jinming Dao Sect.

That was a being that was like the power of the Heavenly Dao.

“Buzz!”

His Primordial Spirit sword vibrated, and Han Muye’s eyes flashed.

It was indeed here.

The Primordial Spirit Sword warned him that a power comparable to the Heavenly Dao wanted to invade his soul.

Han Muye’s expression did not change. He only used the power of his blood qi to interfere with the judgment of that power.

The human body was like heaven and earth, forming a Great Dao of its own. As long as one had the heart to resist, even the power of the Heavenly Dao could be resolved.

The power did not stay for long. It left in a breath.

The Jinming Dao Sect controlled the entire Jinke Star, so it was impossible for them to waste the power of heaven and earth.

He had spent at least a million spiritual rocks just by investigating.

After the force left, Han Muye looked up at the figure blocking his way 10,000 feet ahead.

“Sword cultivator.” In front of him, a middle-aged man in a Daoist robe with an arrogant expression flickered with spiritual qi.

“You killed Yu Shen, and you defeated Elder Bai, right?” The middle-aged Daoist’s gaze landed on Han Muye, as if he wanted to see through him.

“You’re here with the Seven Bandits of Liu Chuan because two of those guys were captured by my Golden Mystic Dao Sect, right?”

In just a moment, the Golden Mystic Dao Sect had already investigated Han Muye and the matter.

It was indeed a powerful sect.

Han Muye did not refute. He just looked at the middle-aged Daoist and then at the golden pillars of light in front of him.

“The Golden Mystic Dao Sect doesn’t dare to accept my challenge?”

He only said that it was a challenge, not a rescue.

With sufficient strength, it was not difficult to save them.

If one was not strong enough, it would be difficult to save them.

Han Muye's words stunned the Daoist opposite him, then he laughed.

A white tiger phantom appeared around the Daoist.

"Alright, let's fight first.

"I hope you don't die too quickly. Then you won't be able to say what you want to say."

Chapter 788 - 788 One Punch, Shattering the Sect's Treasure, the Heaven Ember Seal

788 One Punch, Shattering the Sect's Treasure, the Heaven Ember Seal

"Roar—"

The 30-foot white tiger roared and instantly appeared behind Han Muye with a gust of wind. Then it raised its front paws and slammed them down.

Han Muye, who was standing where he was, did not move. He reached out and pulled out the Green Destiny Sword from the sword box behind him, slashing to the left.

"Slash—"

The white tiger's tail fell.

The previous pounce was fake. The long-tailed whip was the real deal.

Han Muye had long studied the White Tiger's methods on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The Daoist's face darkened when he saw that the white tiger's tail had been cut off with a single strike.

The tailless white tiger's ferocity was activated. It stopped in its tracks and opened its mouth to bite.

Han Muye snorted softly, and the phantom of Baxia appeared behind him.

"Divine Beast Bloodline Power!"

The Daoist opposite him exclaimed.

The white tiger crashed into Baxia's back, causing its body to tremble before dissipating.

When he appeared again, he was already beside the Daoist.

"Divine Beast Bloodline. Good, good." The Daoist gritted his teeth and the spiritual light in his hand turned into a net.

"If I kill you and extract your bloodline, I will be able to obtain a Divine Beast Baxia."

The net covered Han Muye's head.

Han Muye shook his head and raised the sword in his hand.

Without the power of the Divine Transformation Realm, it was impossible to tell that he had the body of a divine beast.

The Daoist in front of him even treated his strength as the bloodline of a divine beast.

The difference between the body of a divine beast and the bloodline of a divine beast was that the former was millions of times more powerful!

Han Muye moved and collided with the net.

Every strand of the golden net was entangled with a force that even magic treasures and long swords could not break.

Being trapped by this net, even an Out of Body realm cultivator would be helpless.

The Golden Mystic Dao Sect was indeed capable of letting this Daoist take on the first battle.

Seeing Han Muye slam into the net, the Daoist smiled.

However, the moment the smile appeared, it froze on his face.

The net that was comparable to a high-grade magic treasure was shattered by Han Muye.

Han Muye's strength did not decrease as he smashed down on his head.

The Daoist was at a loss for a moment. Han Muye punched through the protective spiritual light around him and hit the bridge of his nose.

"Snap—"

Half his head was askew.

Han Muye shook his head.

This was the disadvantage of cultivators who cultivated the Spiritual Dao. Once they got close to an opponent, they would not be able to unleash 30% of their combat strength.

"Buzz!"

The sword in Han Muye's hand trembled, and the sword qi flashed.

Fear appeared on the Daoist's face. Several golden talismans and various spiritual lights flew out of his body. Then, with a flash of spiritual light, his primordial spirit fled.

He was decisive. He abandoned his body and escaped with his primordial spirit.

Seeing his primordial spirit leave his body, Han Muye smiled.

No wonder this guy was clearly possessed.

His primordial spirit turned out to be an old Daoist with a white beard and white hair.

If it was a real battle, Han Muye might have to spend some effort.

However, in front of him, the Out of Body Primordial Spirit was like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

The Primordial Spirit Sword shook, and a sword light flashed, shattering the white-bearded and white-haired old Daoist.

After three strikes, the Daoist's soul was as thin as a piece of paper.

Knowing that he could not escape, the Daoist turned around and looked at Han Muye, then at the body that had given up.

"Sigh, you're right. Even if I possess you, I won't live for more than a hundred years."

The Daoist shook his head and whispered, "In the end, you are my most outstanding junior. I was really wrong..."

As soon as he finished speaking, his primordial spirit could no longer hold on. With a soft sound, it shattered like a bubble and turned into nothingness.

In the void, there was only a faint divine light and spiritual qi.

An Out of Body cultivator had fallen.

"Buzz!"

As the Daoist died, the surrounding pillars of light rushed towards Han Muye and turned into a spiritual array.

The people from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect did not hold back anymore.

Han Muye laughed and raised the sword in his hand. A thousand-foot-long sword light scattered and tore apart the spiritual array in front of him.

The sword crossed a hundred miles. When the sword light dissipated, he was already standing a hundred miles away.

"Clang—"

The sword light was blocked by a spear.

But before the spear could be retracted, Han Muye had already stabbed out again and chased after the spear.

The tip of the sword swept forward and shattered the spiritual light and soul wrapped around the spear.

There was a distant cry of pain.

Han Muye was very happy to put away this spear.

He reached out and grabbed the fallen spear. Sword qi poured into the spear without hesitation.

“Boom!”

The spear that was originally struggling like a snake was immediately shaken. The divine light exploded and its spirituality dissipated.

The spirituality of a good magic treasure was shattered.

In any case, it was not a spirituality nurtured by him. What was the use of keeping it?

As the sword Qi entered the spear, images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

He saw the refinement process of the spear, the master of the spear practicing the spear technique, and the master of the spear’s identity in the Golden Mystic Dao Sect.

The direct disciple of the sect master?

Han Muye chuckled and held his spear. With a move, he had already landed 10 miles away.

The young man in the light green chain armor looked panicked. He raised a dark golden spear and welcomed Han Muye.

Han Muye reversed the spear in his hand. The tip of the spear was like a spiritual snake. With a thrust, it sent the spear in the young man’s hand flying.

“Chaotic Spirit Attack? You, how do you know my inherited spear technique...” The young man’s eyes widened. Before he could react, the spear in Han Muye’s hand had already turned into a spiritual snake and restrained him.

Han Muye reached out and picked up the young man, flying forward.

The mountain gate of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect that was 10,000 miles away landed.

At this moment, there was already a group of people from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect in green Daoist robes in front of him.

Standing at the front was the sect master of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect, Daoist Zhang Yu.

Daoist Zhang Yu was an Out of Body Eighth Realm cultivator with extraordinary Dao techniques.

In the memories of the spear in his hand, Han Muye had seen Daoist Zhang Yu practicing spells. They were indeed magical.

“Fellow Daoist, my Golden Mystic Dao Sect doesn’t seem to have any grudge with you, right?” Daoist Zhang Yu looked at Han Muye and said calmly.

Behind him, the people from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect were furious.

The Golden Mystic Dao Sect had investigated everything clearly. They had long known that Han Muye was here to save people, but now they said that they had no grudges and placed themselves on the innocent side.

Unfortunately, Han Muye did not fall for it.

“Senior Zhang Yu, it doesn’t matter if there’s a grudge or not.” Han Muye raised the sword in his hand and said softly, “You should know why I’m here.”

Daoist Zhang Yu nodded and his body shone with a golden halo.

“You’re a sword cultivator after all. You’re straightforward.

“Originally, it was just a few rats. It doesn’t matter if our Golden Mystic Dao Sect releases them. However, I really can’t release them after you challenged us with such fanfare.”

Daoist Zhang Yu held a golden seal in his hand and a solemn expression flashed across his face.

“Receive my attack. If you don’t die, take the people you want away.”

Behind him, two Golden Mystic Dao Sect disciples walked forward with two unconscious bodies in their hands.

This was much simpler.

Han Muye nodded and said, “Okay.”

Just as Daoist Zhang Yu had said, he did not have any enmity with the Golden Mystic Dao Sect. He only wanted to save people and receive a blow. How troublesome would that be?

Hearing Han Muye’s answer, Daoist Zhang Yu shouted and threw out the golden seal in his hand.

Dharma treasure.

High-grade magic treasure.

Moreover, this high-grade magic treasure contained a trace of the power of the Great Dao.

This was the Golden Mystic Daoist Sect’s ultimate treasure, the Jintian Seal, right?

From the memories of the spear, Han Muye had seen the golden seal turn into a hundred thousand feet and shatter the thousand-mile mountain range with a single strike.

This treasure was not only the Golden Mysterious Dao Sect’s ultimate treasure, but it was also authorized by the Golden Mysterious Dao Sect to use this seal to control a region.

It was like the golden seal of Confucianism in the Heavenly Mystic.

This was the symbol of authority.

With the enhancement of the Heavenly Dao, the power of this golden seal was so great that even a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator would not dare to take it head-on.

Looking at Han Muye standing in front of him, Daoist Zhang Yu smiled.

After all, he was an itinerant cultivator. How could he know how powerful the treasure was?

Even a Second Level Divine Transformation Realm cultivator would not be able to block this golden seal.

The golden seal descended from above, causing spiritual light to flash.

The power of the entire Golden Mystic Dao Sect gathered and turned into the phantom of the Spirit of the North Sky.

The phantom stood on the golden seal and slammed down on Han Muye's head.

This attack was extremely powerful.

Han Muye looked up, and the blood in his body condensed.

He sheathed his sword and gently pressed his feet down.

He stopped in his tracks and took a horse stance.

He clenched his right fist and gathered the power of the divine beast.

There were no phantoms, only a single strike that rumbled like thunder.

He used his fist to meet the golden seal!

This was the Heaven Ember Seal!

The people from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect looked at Han Muye, who was swinging his fist, as if he was a fool.

No one in the world could catch the Heaven Ember Seal with their fists.

The power of a landslide pressed down, and the strong wind caused the void to tremble.

Everyone seemed to see the person's body shatter.

Daoist Zhang Yu shook his head and smiled.

Just as well.

He would let those people who were watching the show see how strong the sect treasure of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect was!

Hadn't many people been dissatisfied with their sects recently?

After this attack, there would probably be fewer flies and rats.

"Boom!"

The fist and the seal collided.

The sound made the surrounding disciples of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect retreat unconsciously.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Han Muye's body was not shattered by a single blow. Instead, he stood where he was, his arm raised, and his fist pressed against the seal.

Blocked?

Before anyone could figure it out, the golden seal trembled. The Golden Seal kept expanding and trembling. The phantom revealed a painful expression.

“Bang!”

The phantom’s body shattered.

“Boom!”

The golden Heaven Ember Seal shattered into countless pieces!

The sect’s ultimate treasure was shattered!

A supreme treasure that could suppress thousands of miles and carry the destiny of a sect was shattered by a single punch!

Aside from the rumbling sounds, for a moment, there was not a single sound within a radius of 5,000 miles.

Han Muye glanced at the scattered golden seal fragments, quietly picked one up, and placed it in his palm.

He looked up at Daoist Zhang Yu, who was trembling and pale.

“Senior, I won.”

Daoist Zhang Yu was stunned for a moment. With a wave of his hand, the disciples behind him threw the two figures towards Han Muye.

Han Muye scattered two spiritual lights and wrapped them around the figures. Then he let go of the young man from the Golden Mystic Dao Sect that he had captured and put away the magic treasure spear.

“Sorry to offend you. Goodbye.” Han Muye led the two figures away.

He had already achieved his goal in coming here to save them, so there was no need for him to stay any longer.

Outside the Golden Mystic Dao Sect, everyone looked at their sect master carefully.

Daoist Zhang Yu’s expression changed as he gritted his teeth and said, “Close the mountain gate and raise the mountain protection formation. Gather all the disciples and return.”

The sect’s treasure was shattered, and the power of heaven and earth rebounded. The forces coveting it would not let go of this opportunity. Only by guarding the sect and not leaving the sect could they protect the inheritance.

“Sword cultivator, Han Muye, just you wait...” Daoist Zhang Yu gritted his teeth.

Han Muye flew with two figures. In front, Tu Sunshi, Du Mingtao, and the others welcomed him.

When they saw Han Muye, their eyes landed on the two figures he was carrying, and their expressions changed.

“Mr. Han, they are not Sun Zhan and Lu Yunyi!” Du Mingtao shouted.

They’re not?

Han Muye frowned.

The Golden Mystic Dao Sect dared to go against morality and use fakes as substitutes?

The two figures struggled, and the spiritual light on their bodies turned into golden shadows that swallowed Han Muye.

“Boom!”

Self-destruct!

The void within a thousand feet shattered!

Chapter 789 - 789 One Slash, Destroying the Mountain Gate

The Nascent Soul self-destructed.

Tu Sunshi and the others, who were a thousand feet away, flew out uncontrollably. Their bodies flashed with spiritual light, their mouths bleeding from their layers of injuries.

Dense spiritual light exploded, creating cracks in the void.

With such a powerful self-destruction force, even Out of Body Realm cultivators would be severely injured if they were caught off guard!

What would happen to Han Muye, who was in the deepest part of the self-destruction?

“Despicable!” Du Mingtao growled. He clenched his fists and stared at the place where the spiritual light disappeared.

Sword light flashed on Tu Sunshi’s body. A light shadow turned into a long dragon and rushed into the spiritual light.

“Boom!”

The scattered spiritual light was knocked away, revealing the scene inside.

Han Muye, who was standing where he was, had a faint blood qi rising from his body.

That was all.

The body of the ancient divine beast, Baxia, would not be damaged much even if a Divine Transformation Realm expert self-destructed, let alone a Nascent Soul Realm expert.

“You, you’re fine...” Tu Sunshi sized up Han Muye in surprise and whispered.

Han Muye looked up with a stern expression.

His body moved, and he turned into a sword light. The sound of a sonic boom was heard.

In the blink of an eye, he returned to the Golden Mystic Dao Sect!

At this moment, the Golden Mysterious Dao Sect's sect-protecting array had already risen. A resplendent halo enveloped the entire mountain gate.

Han Muye raised the sword in his hand and slashed down.

"Boom!"

Light and shadow shook, and the entire sect-protecting array seemed to be about to shatter.

However, the Golden Mystic Dao Sect's formation was extraordinary and was not destroyed in one strike.

Daoist Zhang Yu, who was standing in the mountain gate, sneered and looked at Han Muye, who was raising his sword in the sky.

Even a Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator would not be able to break this formation.

This was a mountain-protecting array set up by the experts of the Jinming Dao Sect.

Han Muye put away his sword.

Even if he had a magic treasure and a sword in his hand, he could not break through the protective array in front of him.

Unless he used the third level of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords to directly combine the 10,000 swords into one and destroy this mountain gate in one strike.

However, in that case, not only the mountain gate, but even the entire mountain range would probably be torn apart.

There was no need to do that.

A spiritual light flashed in Han Muye's hand, and the Mountain Dao Sword appeared.

"Daoist Zhang Yu, you went back on your word. Do you really want me to break through your Golden Mystic Dao Sect?" Han Muye looked at Daoist Zhang Yu below and said coldly.

Han Muye was very calm.

If they broke through the mountain gate today, the Golden Mystic Dao Sect would definitely be destroyed. The surrounding cultivators would not let go of this fat piece of meat.

He was giving Daoist Zhangyu a chance.

It was not easy for a sect to have been passed down for countless years. It was not easy for these disciples to cultivate.

The strong had to bear the karma of the weak.

Below, Daoist Zhang Yu looked angry. He stared at the sword in Han Muye's hand and laughed. He gritted his teeth and said, "You want to break through my sect's treasure?"

"Today, my Golden Mystic Dao Sect will stand here and see how you break through our sect!"

He raised his hand and waved. Golden light flashed, and the originally thin mountain-protecting array turned into a dense ball of light that emitted a dazzling spiritual light.

Gathering the strength of a sect, let's see what ability you have to break it!

Even those Divine Transformation Realm cultivators could only watch helplessly.

Daoist Zhang Yu clenched his fists tightly.

As long as he could stop this fellow in front of him, the reputation of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect would not fall.

Even without the sect-protecting treasure, the mountain gate's defensive formation was powerful enough to make those who coveted it wary.

Han Muye slowly tightened his grip on the hilt of his sword.

He had brought this upon himself.

The Mountain Dao Sword was lifted.

The power of Baxia gathered.

He did not use his Spiritual Qi cultivation, nor did he gather his Primordial Spirit sword intent.

He swung the Doctrine Sword down with his physical strength.

The Mountain Dao Sword could gather endless power. Other magic treasures could not withstand Baxia's divine power and Dao Sword qi.

The light sword light slashed down heavily with a whistling sound.

There was no dazzling light or sword qi.

In the eyes of outsiders, this strike was just a powerless vent of anger.

This was a pose.

Daoist Zhang Yu chuckled with a smile on his face.

Then his smile froze on his face.

"Boom!"

The Mountain Dao Sword struck the light screen, and the entire mountain-protecting array rumbled and shattered inch by inch.

The disciples of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect on the mountain suffered a backlash from the array formation. Blood flowed from the corners of their mouths, and their bodies collapsed to the ground.

The light screen dissipated, leaving only the green mountain peaks and the pavilions between the mountains.

Spiritual qi surged and spread in all directions.

The mountain-protecting array gathered a huge amount of spiritual energy. Now that the array was broken, the spiritual qi dispersed.

Han Muye slowly pointed the sword in his hand at Daoist Zhang Yu.

“You were the one who asked me to breach your spiritual formation gate.”

Daoist Zhang Yu stood there trembling. His face turned red and white before he finally spat out a mouthful of blood.

The mountain-protecting array formation that they were so proud of was shattered by a single slash.

The sect’s last reliance was destroyed just like that.

The Golden Mystic Dao Sect was finished.

Around him, countless auras came without hiding.

Han Muye raised the Mountain Dao Sword in his hand, and the thick power on it vibrated, making everyone not dare to move.

“Give me the people I want and give your Golden Mystic Dao Sect a day to rebuild the sect,” Han Muye said calmly.

One day to rebuild the sect.

Daoist Zhang Yu looked up and stared at Han Muye.

After a moment, he nodded and said, “Okay.”

The two people sent over this time were indeed Sun Zhan and Lu Yunyi.

When Tu Sunshi and the others arrived, the seven of them gathered together and laughed heartily.

...

A day later, countless hunters besieged the Golden Mystic Dao Sect, which had lost its protective formation.

Daoist Zhangyu died under the siege of several Out of Body realm experts.

The treasures of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect of countless years were plundered. Most of the low-level disciples had their cultivation sealed and were sent to the Chaotic Divine Hall to be sold.

In the Chaotic Divine Hall, cultivators were also a type of goods and resources.

“This is the cultivation world of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. It’s completely different from our Heavenly Mystic World.” Standing on the edge of the cliff, Tu Sunshi revealed an emotional expression.

Chapter 790 - 790 One Slash, Destroying the Mountain Gate (2)

In the distance was the mountain gate of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect. Spiritual light flashed in the sky, showing how intense the battle was.

Although there were conflicts between sects in the Heavenly Mystic world, there were still rules.

Unlike here, where a faction would be devoured by wolves without a barrier to rely on.

The strong preyed on the weak, and the fittest survived. This Ancient Cloud Galaxy's cultivation world didn't conceal it at all.

"Young Master Han, I have a mission in the Chaotic Divine Hall. Kill the people from the Golden Mystic Daoist Sect and you will get the Infinite Unity Sword Case."

Du Mingtao walked forward and held the Infinite Unity Sword Case.

Han Muye saw through it and took the sword case. He nodded and said, "I'll write off the mission."

He understood what Du Mingtao meant.

The sword case was in the hands of Du Mingtao and the others. It was better to hand it over to Han Muye with great fanfare.

Since Han Muye could break the array formation of the Golden Mystic Dao Sect with a single strike, he naturally could protect this sword case.

Du Mingtao turned to leave. Han Muye looked at Tu Sunshi. "Senior Tu, what are your plans now?"

Han Muye's words made Tu Sunshi look confused.

Han Muye had already told him about the Heavenly Mystic Dao Competition.

Should he return to the Heavenly Mystic to contribute or stay here?

Originally, Tu Sunshi's cultivation level had been increasing on Jinke Star. He could not compare to Huang Six, who had become a Demon King, but it was not bad.

But seeing Han Muye again gave him a huge blow.

The number one sword cultivator of the Western Frontier back then was now a joke.

"With my cultivation and combat strength, I'm afraid I won't be of much help when I return to the Heavenly Mystic.

"It's better for me to stay here. Being an itinerant cultivator-hunter can be considered a carefree life," Tu Sunshi muttered.

An itinerant cultivator?

From Han Muye's point of view, being an itinerant cultivator was not a good choice on Jinke Star.

However, with Tu Sunshi and the others' cultivation, it was unrealistic for them to join other sects.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, "Actually, you can consider rebuilding the Infinite Unity Sword Sect."

Rebuilding the Infinite Unity Sword Sect?

Tu Sunshi turned to look at Du Mingtao in the distance.

Han Muye did not say anything else. After leaving a communication jade talisman that could be used to communicate within 10,000 miles, he headed for the Chaotic Divine Hall.

There were several Chaotic Divine Halls on Jinke Star. In Han Muye's opinion, they were all about business.

The missions in the Chaotic Divine Hall no longer had much to do with the dikes and dams. They were more about collecting various resources and spiritual materials, hiring caravans, or assassinating.

Han Muye went to write off the mission to destroy the Golden Mystic Dao Sect in public and took out the Infinite Unity Sword Case.

Write-off missions could be carried out in secret or in such a high-profile manner.

Han Muye wrote it off in public to divert attention.

In the future, if anyone wanted the Infinite Unity Sword Case, he could just look for him. It had nothing to do with the Seven Virtues of Liu Chuan.

The gazes of the surrounding people flickered. Some cheered, while others shook their heads.

Han Muye didn't care much and left the Chaotic Divine Hall.

He flew at an extremely fast speed. In an instant, he broke away from the cultivators who wanted to follow him. Then, he crossed thousands of miles and arrived at another Chaotic Divine Hall.

He quietly issued a few missions to purchase standard swords and collect spiritual herbs.

Fortunately, he had just completed the mission to destroy the Golden Mystic Dao Sect. Otherwise, he would not be qualified to issue these missions.

When he walked out of the Chaotic Divine Hall, the communication jade talisman on his body flickered with spiritual light.

Han Muye chuckled and flew along the jade talisman.

A moment later, Du Mingtao appeared in front of him in a black robe.

"Young Master Han, Old Tu said that you can help us rebuild the Infinite Unity Sword Sect. Is that true?" Seeing Han Muye, Du Mingtao did not waste his breath and spoke directly.

Han Muye nodded. "That's right."

A hint of joy flashed across Du Mingtao's face. He cupped his fists and said, "I wonder what Young Master Han wants. Or rather, what do you want us to do?"

'He's a smart man.'

This was probably the way the cultivators of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy thought. As long as there were benefits, they would definitely ask for the price.

"I have some things that I don't have time to do. Also, I need a lot of spiritual herbs."

Spiritual herbs.

Du Mingtao looked up at Han Muye.

“I will fund what you need to rebuild the sect. Also, I will analyze the inheritance of your Sword Sect and help you nurture disciples,” Han Muye said again.

Rebuilding the sect was not empty talk. It required real money.

Also, without enough inheritance power, it was impossible to rebuild the sect.

Du Mingtao nodded, bowed, and said, “I would like to invite Young Master Han to become the Great Elder of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.”

Apart from practical benefits, there were also restrictions.

Han Muye and Du Mingtao’s exchange was extremely straightforward.

This was also the reason why the two of them avoided Tu Sunshi’s communication.

Han Muye laughed and said, “Sure.”

...

Three months later, on a hundred-mile-wide star 3,000 miles away from Jinke Star, the mountain gate of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect was quietly built.

As the first elder of the Sword Sect, Han Muye was the foundation of the sect.

Liu Chuan, Qi Yi, and the others were all elders and deacons, while Du Mingtao was the current sect master.

In the entire sect, only the eight of them had combat strength. Most of the hundreds of new disciples had yet to step onto the path of cultivation.

Jiang Chen and the others taught their disciples every day. Tu Sunshi and the others often went to the Chaotic Divine Hall to get the swords and spiritual herbs Han Muye needed.

It was not easy to collect standard swords. Although there were agreements between several large-scale refining sects, the communication between them was relatively long.

On the other hand, the collection of spiritual herbs was very fast. In addition, Du Mingtao had secretly gone to his sect’s spiritual land a few times and brought back many spiritual herbs. Han Muye already had the spiritual herbs needed to refine hundreds of thousands of sword cores.

However, these spiritual herbs were still lacking compared to what tens of millions of sword cultivators needed.