

Pavilion 901

Chapter 901 - 901 Sixth Brother, I'll Leave Zhihu to You

901 Sixth Brother, I'll Leave Zhihu to You

Using his own treasures as bait.

They couldn't be considered bait. They were just given away directly.

For example, the Yang Dragon Chalcedony was the treasure that the Sword Pavilion's Bai Yuming urgently needed.

As for the Divine Seal Heavenly Spirit Fluid, it was a treasure that Yuling Dao Palace's Sun Jiusheng needed.

For the sake of treasures, the geniuses of the Upper Three Heavens would enter the land of the Dao Competition.

These things could quickly improve the cultivation and combat power of those elite powerhouses.

This was a trap set up by Han Muye. Even if these people knew that this was a trap, they would still fall for it.

Cultivation was about opportunities. If they did not fight for opportunities, they would only be a stepping stone for others for the rest of their lives.

This was what made it interesting.

Countless experts gathered in the Dao battlefield, including the elites of various large sects. Would they feel heartbroken when they saw those powerhouses being sacrificed?

And what about the various major sects? Would they be willing to sacrifice their own outstanding disciples?

Whether in the mundane world or in the cultivation world, it was still a world of human feelings and worldly entanglements.

Even those who cut off emotions and desires were actually influenced by interests and power balance.

If one could really be like Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, and just grab the treasure and not care about anything else, that would be ideal.

Thinking of Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, Han Muye smiled.

Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, who had been chased by faceless secret guards, was also here.

He had already sensed the location of Dark Shadow Divine Venerable.

This guy was now crazily snatching various treasures, attracting pursuit by elite experts from all sides.

However, the power emanating from the Divine Court Treasury seemed to have a suppressive effect on the faceless secret guards, which made the pursuit of Dark Shadow Divine Venerable somewhat relaxed.

Han Muye looked at the sluggish faceless secret guards with a hint of spirituality in his eyes.

There were really people who had designs on the Divine Emperor's sword.

Moreover, it seemed that someone had quietly gained control of the power of this sword. On the other hand, Dark Shadow Divine Venerable had yet to notice it.

If things developed like this, the sword might backfire and directly kill him, and he wouldn't know what was going on.

There was a flash of spiritual light in the void.

The treasures thrown out by Han Muye finally caught the attention of the powerhouses.

Many cultivators above the Divine Transformation Realm flew over.

Han Muye moved and disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already in front of a pile of rocks.

Zhao Zhenghe, who was leaning on the rocks and gasping for breath, stiffened and turned his head when he saw Han Muye.

At that moment, an indescribable emotion burst forth in his eyes.

Excited?

Angry?

Lost?

Surprised?

...

"It's been a long time," Han Muye spoke lightly.

"You, you..." Zhao Zhenghe's expression changed. In the end, he smiled bitterly as he let out a low sigh.
"I've suffered because of you..."

This sigh was filled with endless sadness.

Ever since he obtained the Divine Emperor's sword, he had been pursued by faceless secret guards and intercepted by elite experts from all sides for 40 years.

40 years.

It had been 40 years.

If it weren't for the pent-up anger in his heart, he, Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, would have thrown away the Divine Emperor's sword long ago.

However, he was a Divine Venerable cultivator after all. He could not do such a thing.

Moreover, it was the Divine Emperor's sword. He could not bear to give up such an opportunity.

"Senior, you have been in control of the Divine Emperor's Sword for decades. Have you gained anything?" Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he glanced at Zhao Zhenghe, who had become much haggard.

"I believe that once Senior obtains the other half of the Divine Emperor's Sword, you will become invincible and unrivaled in the world," he continued calmly.

Unrivaled?

What a load of ***.

Zhao Zhenghe cursed fiercely in his heart.

This broken sword brought him no benefits, only endless pursuit.

This thing was simply a trap.

Thinking of traps, Zhao Zhenghe's expression turned cold.

"Who are you exactly?"

"Why are you doing this to me?"

A faint aura merged with the power of the Great Dao on his body. Once Han Muye answered wrongly, he would take action.

Unfortunately, he didn't dare to condense too much power for fear of attracting other cultivators.

A Divine Venerable like him, reduced to this state, was truly miserable.

Han Muye chuckled inwardly but remained indifferent on the surface. "Perhaps you've heard of my name, Han Muye."

Han Muye?

Zhao Zhenghe raised his eyebrows.

Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han, ranked ninth on the Heavenly List.

Although he was a Divine Venerable, he had always been pursued and had never used his full strength. In this battle for the Dao, he only ranked 26th.

After all, this place could only unleash the power of a Sage. Even if he was a Divine Venerable, it was impossible for him to be much stronger than others.

Zhao Zhenghe's aura became even more restrained as he retracted his neck slightly.

He didn't expect that the one who had plotted against him was actually Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic, a person who was even more famous for being elusive than himself.

"No wonder." Zhao Zhenghe seemed to have an epiphany. Gritting his teeth, he said, "So it's you.

"That damn sword and all those treasure troves, I bet you're the one who set it all up, right?"

The person in front of him was Prime Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic. He could connect everything and figure it out in an instant.

This was a powerful figure who used all kinds of treasures to trigger the Immortal Source world, causing major forces to enter the battle of the Dao.

As a result, the situation in the battlefield became even more chaotic.

And this guy had actually hidden himself for decades.

Such forbearance and manipulation behind the scenes made him a truly terrifying person.

Looking at Han Muye again, Zhao Zhenghe's eyes showed a hint of caution.

"Senior, what are you talking about?" Han Muye chuckled and said, "Whether it's the Divine Court Treasury or the Divine Emperor's sword in your hands, they are all genuine treasures that are hard to come by in the world.

"Are these treasures not opportunities worth fighting for?"

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That was true.

Whether it was the Divine Emperor's sword in his hand or those treasures, every single one of them was an irresistible treasure.

This was even more terrifying!

Zhao Zhenghe unconsciously took a step back.

Not only did the fellow in front of him set up a trap, but he also took out so many treasures.

What kind of wealth and temperament did this require?

If it were him, he would probably feel the pinch for a long time if he took out any treasure, right?

Taking out so many treasures just to bait the experts and elites of the various factions was definitely something that he could not do.

Even the few large sects in the Upper Three Heavens might not be able to do it!

This was what was truly terrifying.

Seeing Zhao Zhenghe looking at him, Han Muye laughed and said in a low voice, "Senior, it's really sad that you didn't thank me after obtaining such a huge opportunity."

Speaking of this, he paused for a moment and said softly, "Senior, you can't have obtained the Divine Emperor's sword for so long without obtaining the Divine Emperor's inheritance and unlocking the secrets in the sword, right?"

Zhao Zhenghe froze.

You're f*cking here to mock me, he thought.

Ever since he obtained this sword, he had been chased all the way. He did not have the time to cultivate in peace at all, so how could he have the mood to study this sword?

He did take the time to investigate, but he did not find anything in the sword.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Zhao Zhenghe felt his heart ache.

Men did not cry easily.

"I heard that Senior has been hunted down, so I guessed that Senior hasn't controlled this sword yet." Han Muye shook his head and sighed softly. "Unfortunately, Senior doesn't have a fixed residence and your movements are strange..."

You're the one who doesn't have a fixed residence. You're the one whose movements are strange!

Zhao Zhenghe's eyes widened.

Han Muye coughed lightly. "Senior, what I mean is that I couldn't find you. Otherwise, I would have told you the secret of this sword long ago."

The secret of the sword...

However, his palms trembled slightly, and he could not suppress the excitement in his heart.

Only God knew how much he had suffered.

"Little, Han, Brother Han, tell me about it." Zhao Zhenghe squeezed out a smile.

"Senior, this Divine Emperor's sword is a spirit-sealing sword. It can kill and suppress all living things in the world.

"Back then, the Divine Emperor relied on this to sweep through the world and no one was his match."

Han Muye pointed at the broken sword at Zhao Zhenghe's waist. "Senior, you can communicate with it with your immortal qi. This sword doesn't have a spirit, so you can just use it."

He wasn't lying.

From the records left behind by Zhou Bangyu, Han Muye had a little understanding of the Divine Emperor's Sword.

In fact, this sword had been hidden in the Divine Court Treasury for a period of time before it was taken by the Divine Emperor.

This sword was forged by the Immortal World, so the refinement methods were different.

Heart Refinement Technique.

Perhaps this refinement method was popular in the Immortal World.

However, Han Muye could only guess what method to use to refine this sword.

It was probably the cultivation techniques passed down by the Divine Emperor.

Han Muye did not have any himself.

However, he had the foundation of the Divine Court Treasury and the immortal runes.

Zhao Zhenghe's expression changed, but he did not move.

"Senior, you don't have immortal qi?" Han Muye asked.

Zhao Zhenghe blushed.

As a Divine Venerable, it was indeed awkward that he did not even gather a trace of immortal qi.

However, the power he gained as a Divine Venerable didn't come from fighting, but rather from fleeing and hiding. His battle prowess was far weaker than that of the Divine Venerables from the other great sects.

Every time there was a fight for immortal qi, he didn't dare to go.

"Here, Senior, I still have a few strands of immortal qi here." Han Muye raised his hand and flicked a few traces of green gases over.

He's really a good person to the end.

Zhao Zhenghe caught the immortal qi in surprise, and a trace of excitement flashed across his face.

No, this kid is definitely not such a good person.

Zhao Zhenghe stopped thanking him.

“Forget it, I still have an immortal qi array foundation here. I can let Senior use the Divine Emperor’s sword immediately.” Han Muye shook his head and raised his hand to take out the array foundation of the Divine Court Treasury that he had collected previously.

He had already comprehended the formation foundation and immortal runes, so it didn’t matter anymore.

“Senior, in the future, you have to stand on the same side as me,” Han Muye said softly, holding the array foundation in his hand.

Is that all?

Standing on the same side as the Heavenly Mystic, such a small matter?

Zhao Zhenghe nodded and said solemnly, “Minister Han, don’t worry. If we can resolve this crisis, I will definitely be on the same side as the Heavenly Mystic.”

Han Muye raised his hand and threw the array foundation to Zhao Zhenghe.

Zhao Zhenghe held the array foundation and poured the immortal qi he had collected into it. The broken sword at his waist flew off.

“Buzz!”

The broken sword vibrated, and Zhao Zhenghe’s expression changed rapidly.

This was using the array foundation and immortal spiritual qi to simulate the Heart Refinement Technique. He could temporarily control the Divine Emperor’s sword.

At this moment, Zhao Zhenghe felt the power of the Divine Emperor’s Sword.

In the distance, the faceless secret guards who were walking around shook and suddenly dispersed.

Several exclamations and cold snorts came from the void.

Zhao Zhenghe looked up at Han Muye, who was smiling in front of him.

Faceless secret guards descended and surrounded Zhao Zhenghe.

However, this time, all the secret guards had their backs against him and their long sabers facing outwards.

“Hmph, there’s actually someone secretly snatching my control of the secret guards.” Zhao Zhenghe instantly sensed everything as he controlled his sword.

“Brother Han, I’ll go take a look.”

Holding the broken sword, Zhao Zhenghe’s eyes flashed.

After being chased for so long, it was time for him to counterattack!

“Senior, please go ahead,” Han Muye said with a smile.

“By the way, Senior, it’s better to kill fewer people. After all, it might be useful during the Dao Competition.”

Han Muye spoke softly.

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903 Sixth Brother, I’ll Leave Zhihu to You (3)

Zhao Zhenghe grinned and flew up.

“I’m here. Who wants to kill me?”

With a long cry, he flew into the void.

“Boom!”

The faceless secret guard followed and swung his long saber down.

In the void, chaotic shadows flickered, and miserable cries sounded.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, then left.

Zhao Zhenghe was a Divine Venerable after all. Without the faceless secret guards chasing after him, he could help him sweep through the 3,000 miles of land alone.

Even the top experts on the Heavenly List did not dare to face him directly.

Moreover, the faceless secret guards were really powerful. They were really domineering and unreasonable.

Anything with a spirit could be countered.

The void cracked and rumbled.

The experts who were originally chasing after Zhao Zhenghe were all chased down.

Zhao Zhenghe had also listened to Han Muye and did not kill them. Just the secret guard's saber could injure these guys' souls, so there was no need for him to do anything.

As for the person who was secretly snatching his Divine Emperor's sword, his soul was trembling and his identity had been exposed.

Zhao Zhenghe was not in a hurry. He deliberately displayed the power of his sword and secret guards to make the other party afraid.

He had been hunted down and schemed against for so long. Of course, he had to take revenge.

For a moment, the place where the treasure trove opened for 3,000 miles was in complete chaos.

Han Muye flew quickly and crossed a thousand miles to land on a meteorite.

At this moment, several figures crossed each other on the meteorite.

Huang Zhihu, who was holding two swords, pursed her lips as sword lights flashed.

Opposite her, a green-robed Daoist's robe was torn, and the horsetail whisk in his hand was broken.

However, this Daoist's cultivation was obviously high. He was already at the Half-Sage Realm. His vision and movements were very fast, so he was not injured when he moved.

Around the battle, there were seven or eight Daoists who were on high alert with solemn expressions.

When Han Muye flew over, Huang Six turned around.

“Haha, brother.” Huang Six laughed and waved his hand.

The battle in front of him instantly dispersed. Huang Zhihu’s figure was pulled back by the invisible rope and landed beside Huang Six.

Huang Zhihu raised his head and sheathed his swords.

“Godfather.”

Yunduan called out in surprise, “Minister Han!”

The expressions of the green-robed Daoists opposite him changed drastically.

Previously, when they fought with Huang Zhihu, they were already uneasy.

The demonic cultivator, Huang Six, stood at the side. How could they really fight Huang Zhihu to the death?

Now, there was another one.

Ninth on the Heavenly List, Minister Han of Heavenly Mystic.

The few of them looked at each other. Their faces were pale as they slowly retreated.

Huang Six turned around and raised his hand. A few spiritual lights flew over.

“I’ve asked you to train with my Zhihu. Take these things.”

The few people received the treasures and hurriedly bowed. Then, they slowly retreated a thousand feet away and flew away.

Only then did Han Muye smile and say, “Brother, I’ve handed Zhihu to you.”

His words made Huang Zhihu’s eyes turn red.

Excitement flashed across Huang Six’s face. He nodded and said in a low voice, “It’s been hard on you, Brother. As a father, I haven’t done as much as you, her foster father.”

Han Muye also looked emotional and shook his head. “As long as Brother doesn’t think I didn’t teach Zhihu well.”

Huang Six hurriedly said, "How can that be?"

He grinned and said, "This girl is better than me in everything."

After a pause, he frowned. "It's just that she lacks some manliness. Look, she changed her clothes and wore black armor. She looks so magnanimous."

Han Muye's face stiffened.

Yunduan and Huang Zhihu turned their heads away.

Chapter 904 - 904 Divine Court Treasure, Seven-Story Sword Pavilion

904 Divine Court Treasure, Seven-Story Sword Pavilion

Han Muye came to look for Huang Six for serious business.

The current situation in the Dao battlefield seemed to be a huge conflict, but in fact, it still depended on whether it would be sacrificed in the end.

If those almighty beings were determined to sacrifice this vast land in exchange for the power to unseal the Immortal Ascension Platform, all their plans would be in vain.

To those almighty beings who had survived since ancient times, no one or anything was more important than their cultivation path to immortality.

It was not that the cultivation techniques they cultivated cut off their emotions, but that they had lived for too long. There were not many people and things worthy of their attention.

“In other words, we have to find a way to let these old things know that they have to pay a heavy price to sacrifice this world.” Huang Six’s words were domineering.

It seemed like Heaven Trampler wasn’t acting for nothing. He saw through the essence of the matter with a single glance.

What he was talking about was also what Han Muye, Dang Wuyou, and the others were trying their best to do.

“In that case, it’s best to lure a few old fellows into the trap.” Huang Six looked at the distant stream of light and said in a low voice, “These people can’t be triggered by treasures alone.”

Indeed, even if the Divine Court Treasury opened this time and countless experts gathered, it did not attract those top experts.

Divine Venerables and Dao Ancestors were basically disciples or juniors of their sects.

None of the true experts from the large sects in the Upper Three Heavens were present.

Perhaps they were not tempted by the treasures here.

Or perhaps, they were still very determined to sacrifice this place.

“From the looks of it, it’s no longer easy to attract experts into the trap.” Han Muye shook his head, a trace of emotion on his face.

The Divine Court treasury and the Divine Emperor’s sword were already the most precious things he could take out.

Upon hearing his words, Huang Six laughed heartily and said, “Brother, you have been practicing the path of a Confucian scholar for a long time. You always want everything to be perfect and pay attention to every detail.

“In fact, in this world, there aren’t so many worries or concerns.”

Han Muye did not refute his words.

His path of cultivation mainly focused on swordsmanship, with other practices such as alchemy and Confucian Dao as supplements. Although his progress in cultivation was fast, he was not really determined to make great strides forward.

Whether it was in the Western Frontier or the Central Continent, even when facing the battle between the Heavenly Mystic and Immortal Spirit worlds, he did not fight to the death and left room for negotiation instead. He was more inclined towards seeking a peaceful resolution.

“In my opinion, if we take down the Immortal Spirit with all our might and sweep through this land, there’s still nearly 30 years before the Dao Competition ends. With 30 years of accumulation, we can still fight.”

“Even if they offer sacrifices, they can only attract cultivators to the Endless demonic path.”

The great cultivator in front of him was no longer the Huang Six who only wanted to live as a mortal in Jinyang City.

At this moment, Huang Six’s words were filled with the coldness of a superior and the decisiveness that a decision maker should have.

Han Muye felt that he was not as insightful as his sixth brother.

Whether it was an ally or a transaction, it was just a combination of benefits.

It was impossible to rely on these people to fight against the powerful beings hiding behind the scenes.

Even if it was an endless number of Divine Venerables, it was impossible for them to fight to the death.

The more he lived, the more he cherished his life.

“There’s no possibility of compromise. Since these Almightyies have the intention to open the Immortal Ascension Platform, the more you stop them, the more they want to open it.”

“The more you stop it, the more it becomes an obsession.”

Huang Six’s voice was sharp. The demonic aura on his body was restrained, and his eyes were deep.

“The only way is to let them open it and send them to their deaths.”

At this point, he paused and said in a low voice, “I suspect that these Almighties might have sacrificed this world on purpose to probe.”

He wanted to test the reaction of the Immortal World and see if there had been any changes after so many years.

Han Muye glanced at Huang Six. At this moment, Huang Six was extremely wise and calm.

“On the Ancestral Demon Star, if one didn’t go crazy, one would have died long ago.”

“If he was really crazy, he would have died long ago.”

Huang Six seemed to understand what Han Muye was thinking and whispered.

Han Muye nodded.

Everyone would only know how difficult it was to cultivate in this world after walking the path.

He knew that Huang Six was right. Gathering all the power here and wrapping it up to resist those mighty figures was an option.

But Han Muye still wouldn't choose this path.

Because there was no chance of winning.

He had seen the Wood Deity attack and shatter the Divine Court with one palm.

In front of such a powerful being, any schemes were useless.

If he could not face the battle head-on, he had to take a detour.

"Hehe, I know you have an idea." Huang Six laughed and looked at Han Muye.

"Unless it's absolutely necessary, you won't do as I say.

"Besides, we still have Minister Wen and the others."

“There’s always a way.”

As Huang Six spoke, he smiled and turned to look at Huang Zhihu.

“I’ll train this girl further. She still hasn’t fought enough experts.”

Ever since Huang Zhihu started cultivating, she had honed her skills a lot. However, just as Huang Six had said, she rarely fought to the death with experts.

She had many guards by her side since she was young. Later on, she was in charge of the Mystic Sun Guards and had tens of millions of sword cultivators with her. The power of the battle formation was monstrous. Why would she need to fight to the death?

Huang Six had killed his way from the bottom to the top of the demonic path. He was filled with killing intent.

In Huang Six’s opinion, only his own strength was fundamental.

Han Muye had no right to interfere with how Huang Six taught his daughter.

Chapter 905 - 905 Divine Court Treasure, Seven-Story Sword Pavilion (2)

905 Divine Court Treasure, Seven-Story Sword Pavilion (2)

After teaching Huang Zhihu well and having returned her to Huang Six, he had done his best. So he should not interfere anymore at this point.

However, seeing Huang Zhihu standing to the side, Han Muye still took out a magic weapon sword and various spirit materials and elixirs, which he had stored in a small bag, and handed it over to Huang Zhihu.

Huang Six wanted to play the role of a strict father, but that was his own business. He couldn't control how much his adoptive daughter's biological father doted on her, could he?

Yunduan smacked her lips enviously.

As expected, he was still a good father.

"Sixth Brother, this Social Stability Map is a supreme treasure. It's just that it's contaminated with resentment, so it's difficult to unleash much of its power.

"Let's see if you can refine it with your demonic techniques."

Han Muye took out the scroll he had obtained from guarding Zhou Bangyu in the Divine Court Treasury and handed it to Huang Six.

Treasure.

There were not many treasures in the world that could be called supreme treasures.

Huang Six reached out to take the scroll and checked it with his divine sense. He frowned.

The retracted demonic intent on his body suddenly rose, and a demon dragon roared as it rushed into the scroll.

In an instant, the entire area of three thousand miles was engulfed by a demonic aura, and the chilling power seemed to be devouring the entire world.

The Demon Dragon slowly unfurled the scroll.

The mountains and rivers on the scroll transformed into demon dragons.

The Social Stability Map turned into a Demon Dragon Painting.

“Okay.”

“Good treasure.

Holding the scroll, Huang Six’s eyes flickered.

“With this treasure, I can unleash 100 times my combat strength. Even a Divine Venerable can be killed.”

Speaking of this, he grabbed the scroll and said, "Why don't I kill that Dark Shadow Divine Venerable?"

I had just invested in him. How can he cut it off? Han Muye thought.

He shook his head and said, "Brother, you should refine this treasure properly and familiarize yourself with the profundities.

"As for other things, just let nature take its course."

Hearing his words, Huang Six laughed and put away the scroll.

"Alright, I understand."

Obviously, Zhao Zhenghe was also part of Han Muye's plan.

Seeing Han Muye fly away, Huang Six shook his head.

When he was in the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye was the kind of person who was good at socializing and his reputation spread throughout the Nine Mystic Mountain.

In his opinion, this method was not bad, but was it really useful against an Almighty who stood at the peak of this world?

“Let’s go. I’ll bring you to find a few more sword experts to train you.” Huang Six looked at Huang Zhihu and Yunduan and waved his hand.

Ignoring how Han Muye arranged things, he decided to spend more time with his own daughter. After all, if a real battle broke out, he would give it his all.

With his strength as a Heaven Trampler and the treasure in his hand, he believed that few people could harm him.

Han Muye flew away. In just a moment, he found the Seven-Story Sword Tower scattered in the corner of a meteorite.

However, there were already eight cultivators in front of the Sword Tower.

The sword tower shone with a green light. If he wanted to seize the sword tower, he had to disperse the light.

Without the Heart Refining Technique, he could only use brute force.

At this moment, the eight sword cultivators made their moves, clashing their swords against the flowing light in front of them, causing fragments of green light to overflow.

Seeing Han Muye arrive, the eight people were stunned at first, then looked at each other.

“Fellow Daoist, since you’re here, let’s see who gets a share. Let’s work together to break this pavilion. If there’s any treasure, we’ll rely on our luck,” a Daoist in a black robe said softly.

The light of his sword in hand kept shining, colliding repeatedly with a streak of green light.

“That’s right. When the Divine Court Treasury opens, all the treasures are obtained by chance.”

“Since I’ve seen it, it’s an opportunity.”

The surrounding people also spoke up.

It was obvious that they treated this seven-story sword tower as a storage container for treasures.

Han Muye pondered for a moment, nodded, and then flew forward. He raised his hand to draw out the sword in the sword box and thrust it forward with a single strike.

This sword light was also resplendent, and the power it displayed was similar to that of those people.

They were all Divine Transformation Realm powerhouses.

The eight of them looked at each other and let out sighs of relief.

“Everyone, give it your all! If a few more people come, there may not be enough treasures to go around,” said the Daoist who had spoken earlier, as he swiftly thrust his sword forward.

The others increased their speed and power by 30 percent.

In fact, if breaking through the Seven-Story Sword Tower could be accomplished with such methods alone, the Sword Pavilion would not have become the leader of the Sword Dao in the Upper Three Heavens.

The swords of these eight individuals clashed only with the residual power of the formations outside the Sword Tower.

In the eyes of these eight individuals, they thought they were breaking through the defenses of the Sword Tower.

Han Muye thrust his sword, and a faint immortal pattern, invisible to outsiders, flickered on the blade. The sword pierced through the green light and collided with the Sword Tower, leaving behind a trace of immortal pattern.

At the bottom of the Sword Tower, a faint spiritual light rose up.

The spiritual light was so faint that no one paid attention to it.

Han Muye thrust his sword, then retracted it and followed up with another sword technique.

He was able to refine a nine-story Sword Tower, so refining a seven-story tower was a piece of cake.

The sword light penetrated into the Sword Tower, and the bottom level of the tower slowly lit up..

In the eyes of the other people, Han Muye was deliberately hiding his identity and strength by displaying various sword techniques.

These sword techniques were not particularly advanced, and their power was not particularly strong.

They were also happy to see Han Muye hiding his strength. After all, when it came to opening this kind of treasure, whoever contributed the most would have the most opportunities to benefit in the end.

The others didn't reveal anything and continued to swing their swords in silence.

Unknowingly, three levels of the Sword Tower had already lit up.

Everyone was even more delighted. They lowered their heads and swung their swords even faster.

"Buzz!"

The fourth level of the Sword Tower lit up.

The Daoist who was swinging his sword suddenly changed his expression and shouted in a low voice, "Quick, someone's coming!"

"There are people coming, not just one person," he added.

Dozens of figures flew over quickly.

These people were all shining with spiritual light and were clearly all powerful individuals.

Most of them were interweaving the power of the Great Dao, and the power of karma was protecting their bodies.

Half-Sages.

The eight Divine Transformation Realm sword cultivators held their swords tightly and turned around to watch these powerful individuals flying towards them warily.

They knew that they could not withstand the power of these individuals.

The battle for the treasure was not going to be an easy one.

When it came to choosing between the treasure and one's life, it wasn't always a matter of choice, but rather a matter of necessity.

It was a matter of life and death.

At this moment, Han Muye did not look back, but instead waved his sword lightly, sending a series of sword lights crashing into the sword tower.

The fourth level of the sword tower lit up, and Han Muye had already gained control over more than half of the tower.

With no one else trying to take it from him, he had become the master of the sword tower, and only needed to slowly refine it.

At most, he was unable to fully unleash the power of the sword tower for the time being.

“Boom!”

With a loud roar, a hundred-zhang blade light slashed down from afar.

The Half-Sages and Divine Transformation Realm experts all looked grim and dared not turn around as a loud rumble resounded and a hundred-foot-long blade light slashed down from a distance.

With a flash, they flew away again.

Gone.

The eight sword cultivators standing with swords in their hands looked a little confused on their faces..

They left just like that?

“It’s Dark Shadow Divine Venerable!” Someone cried out.

The blade light dissipated and three faceless secret guards appeared. Then, a figure slowly emerged, who else but Zhao Zhenghe, Dark Shadow HDivine Venerable?

“Seven-Story Sword Tower?” Zhao Zhenghe glanced at the Sword Tower wrapped in green light, slightly stunned.

As a Divine Venerable of the Immortal Source World, it was natural for Zhao Zhenghe to recognize the Sword Tower.

This seven-story Sword Tower was a treasure, and only a few powerful figures possessed a Sword Tower, even among the Sword Towers.

Having this Seven-layered Sword Tower is a good choice whether for one’s own cultivation or to exchange for treasures in the Sword Tower, thought Zhao Zhenghe.

He took a step forward.

The eight sword cultivators' faces turned pale, and they all stepped back.

The only one who did not move was Han Muye.

Han Muye continued facing the Sword Tower, and waving his long sword.

As Zhao Zhenghe took another step forward, the eight sword cultivators' faces turned grim, and they quickly retreated and flew away.

Treasure or life?

Of course it was life.

Zhao Zhenghe chuckled and his gaze landed on Han Muye's back, who was still swinging his sword.

He frowned when he saw the white sword case.

"Clang—"

The Sword Tower shook, and the fifth level lit up brightly.

"Why aren't you exploring for treasures? Are you interested in my Sword Tower?"

Han Muye did not turn around and stabbed out again.

Zhao Zhenghe's body stiffened.

Han Muye.

Just say that this back view was familiar.

He glanced at the sword tower with a shimmering green light and a hint of regret appeared on his face.

The thing is good, but unfortunately...

It was impossible for him to snatch the treasure from Han Muye.

Not to mention the opportunity Han Muye had given him previously, he could not see through Han Muye.

Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, who had always been cautious, never did anything he wasn't confident in.

"Please, Minister Han."

Zhao Zhenghe laughed and led the faceless secret guards away.

He triggered the sound of wind and thunder, causing explosions. He vented his anger on the fellows who were fleeing in front of him.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head. The sword in his hand shone brightly as he stabbed forward.

“Boom!”

Spiritual lights scattered outside the sword tower.

The seven-story sword tower trembled and flickered, and sword qi rumbled.

Chapter 906 - 906 Snatching Treasures, Killing Two Sages with One Strike

906 Snatching Treasures, Killing Two Sages with One Strike

When the eight unwilling sword cultivators turned around, there was no sign of the Sword Tower or Han Muye.

It was unknown who had taken the seven-story tower away. Was Han Muye alive or dead?

“Sigh, it’s just a worldly possession after all.” The Daoist who put away his long sword shook his head and sighed softly.

“Indeed. Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, who wants to take away the treasure, will definitely not let that guy off,” the other person whispered gloatingly.

Although they were disappointed, they were still lucky compared to those who had lost their lives.

The eight of them had originally gathered because of the Sword Tower. Now that it was gone, they naturally dispersed on their own.

Han Muye, who left early, had already flown thousands of miles away and was watching the two sides fighting ahead.

On one side was a young man with a sword flashing in his hand, and on the other side was a middle-aged person with spirit symbols dancing in his hand and ice crystals flashing around his body.

The young man’s sword was not only fast, but every trace of it was untraceable.

Behind him, there appeared an illusory tower.

The tower was faint and outsiders could not even see its outline clearly, but within it, flashes of sword light flickered continuously. Every now and then, a sword light would appear in the young man’s hand.

The middle-aged man opposite him wasn't fast, but the spirit symbols in his hand could appear wherever he needed them at any moment.

Those ice crystals that moved with them also appeared mysteriously around both of them.

As the ice crystals exploded, a rift in space appeared.

"Slash—"

The young man pierced through the runes in front of him with his sword, and then shattered the ice crystals behind him with another sword strike.

In this sword strike, a scorching heat of flames and the blazing sun was revealed.

"Not bad, it could even withstand my ice crystals." The middle-aged Daoist stepped back, the symbols on his palms intertwined, and he looked up and spoke.

"Your skills have not been fully displayed, otherwise how could I have blocked them?" The young swordsman spoke lightly, stepped back, and then turned his gaze to Han Muye, who was falling from the sky.

"Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic?" The young man's eyes sparkled as he asked in a deep voice.

Hearing his question, the middle-aged Daoist was also a little curious and turned to look at Han Muye.

“Bai Yuming of the Sword Pavilion, Sun Jiusheng of the Dao Palace Sect.

“The battle just now was indeed exciting.”

“It’s said that the Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han has profound skills in swordsmanship and is also decisive in his actions. But from what I see today, I’m afraid the rumors in the world are not to be believed.” A glint of insight flashed in the middle-aged Daoist’s eyes as he looked at Han Muye.

Hearing his words, Han Muye chuckled and said, “Dao Lord Sun, what kind of person am I?”

“Others don’t know what treasures are in this Divine Emperor’s treasure trove. When I opened the treasure trove, I had already checked. There was no Divine Seal Heavenly Spirit Liquid.” The Daoist turned to look at the young man opposite him and took out a jade-colored crystal.

“There’s no Yang Dragon Chalcedony.”

The young sword cultivator opposite held a jade bowl the size of a palm in his hand, in which there was a green and translucent spiritual liquid rippling.

“Senior Sun meant that these treasures are related to this Minister Han?” The young swordsman’s aura converged, but his sword intent became even stronger.

“Whether it’s related to Minister Han or not, only Minister Han himself knows,” the middle-aged Daoist said with a smile, then his smile faded.

“Bai Yuming, let’s make a bet. Whoever wins the ninth place on the Heavenly List will take the treasure. What do you think?”

Bai Yuming did not reply, but his sword did.

A sword light stabbed at Han Muye’s neck.

Behind him, the five-story Sword Pavilion floated, and sword lights turned into a long river.

Every move he made was an endless killing move. Although he looked down on the ninth place on the Heavenly List who had never made a move, Bai Yuming did not hold back.

On the other side, Sun Jiusheng also raised his hand. The ice crystals collided with the jade talisman, turning into a ten-foot-long ice saber that slashed at Han Muye’s head.

The saber and sword turned into wind and thunder.

A thousand feet of void space arrived in an instant. The sword light was even faster, and the saber light was even fiercer.

The direct disciple of the Upper Three Heavens’s Sword Pavilion, Bai Yuming, and the direct disciple of the Upper Three Heavens’s Dao Sect, Yuling Dao Palace, Sun Jiusheng. The two elites who had always been enemies attacked Han Muye at the same time.

Ninth on the Heavenly List.

The more elite one was, the more arrogant one would be.

If Han Muye did not show his strength with his cultivation, he would not be respected by experts.

Looking at the sword light and saber light coming at him, Han Muye smiled.

Someone had ranked him on the Heavenly List. Since he was ranked ninth, there must be a reason.

Just like how these two elites of the Upper Three Heavens could be ranked in the top 30 of the Heavenly List as juniors.

17th on the Heavenly List, Sun Jiusheng.

23rd on the Heavenly List, Bai Yuming.

Their ranking was even higher than Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, Zhao Zhenghe.

When the light of the saber and sword arrived, Han Muye raised his hand and held both long and short swords.

The long sword flashed with green light, and the purple light of the broken sword intertwined.

He raised his long sword and twisted it gently, shattering the ice blade that was coming down from above. The short sword cut horizontally and blocked Bai Yuming's sword light.

"Slash—"

Bai Yuming's sword was caught by the short sword and flew into the sky, crashing into Sun Jiusheng who was flying down.

The two swords broke the saber and sword in front of him.

With one strike, Han Muye displayed his strength and was ranked on the Heavenly List. He was indeed powerful.

"Amazing!" Sun Jiusheng laughed. The runes in his hands exploded and turned into a golden ice dragon whip.

The long whip swung down from the sky and swept towards Han Muye.

Bai Yuming, whose sword was lured away, also moved and appeared behind Han Muye.

Two of the top 30 on the Heavenly List, elites from the major sects of the Upper Three Heavens, surrounded the ninth on the Heavenly List. If outsiders saw this battle, they would definitely not be willing to blink.

Such a battle was rare even in a hundred years.

There was a long whip on his head and a sword on his back.

Han Muye's expression did not change as he reversed the sword in his hands.

Chapter 907 - 907 Snatching Treasures, Killing Two Sages with One Sword

907 Snatching Treasures, Killing Two Sages with One Sword

He thrust his long sword behind his back, and the short sword flew out of his hand, turning into an arc.

He controlled the swords.

"Slash—"

Bai Yuming blocked the sword from Han Muye's back. His whole body shook and couldn't resist the force of the sword. He quickly retreated.

Sun Jiusheng also retreated in a flash, dodging the short sword that came in a curved arc.

The two of them retreated, but they were still not as fast as Han Muye's sword.

In just one strike, the three of them switched positions between offense and defense.

Han Muye wielded two swords alone, fighting from afar and up close, overpowering two elite disciples from the Upper Three Heavens.

He followed with the long sword, each strike resembling a giant hammer slamming down. Every time Bai Yuming received a strike, his face turned pale.

On the other side, no matter how Sun Jiusheng flew and dodged, the short sword that came in a curved arc always brought out a flow of light and silently descended the next instant.

The faster he flew, the faster the sword would come.

The sword light continued to gather, already emitting a halo that shattered the void.

Both Sun Jiusheng and Bai Yuming felt like they were riding a tiger and found it hard to get off at this point.

The two elite disciples of the Upper Three Heavens were unable to resist Han Muye's dual swords.

Their faces were solemn, and a trace of horror could be seen in their eyes.

Ranked ninth on the Heavenly Rankings, he was unexpectedly strong to this extent!

“Condense!”

The sword light behind him already carried the sound of wind and thunder. Sun Jiusheng had to shout and turn his rune into a solid golden bell, while countless ice crystals formed into an ice armor that covered his whole body.

Only by blocking this strike could he turn the tables.

“Break—” Bai Yuming let out a long cry at the same time, his sword thrusting with all his might, to intercept Han Muye’s sword light.

These two had a tacit understanding.

Han Muye smiled lightly and shook his two swords.

“Bang!”

“Clang—”

The sword in Bai Yuming’s hand flew out.

At this moment, the two of them looked pale and were frozen in place.

The battle prowess of this ninth on the Heavenly List was unexpectedly insane!

With such swordsmanship, he could even contend against the top figures among the sages!

Ninth on the Heavenly List?

With this kind of combat power, it was possible to advance two more ranks!

Han Muye made a gesture with both hands, and the two swords were retracted.

At this moment, two spiritual lights turned into chains and locked the two swords.

Two figures fell from the sky, and the golden spiritual lights rushed towards Han Muye.

These spiritual lights turned into a golden bear and tiger. They roared and charged towards him, with solid killing intent and were extremely ferocious.

Experts, two experts no less powerful than Bai Yuming and Sun Jiusheng.

Snatching the sword and attacking, these two experts were clearly here to take Han Muye's life.

"White Cloud Temple, Xuanling Dao."

Han Muye muttered, with a gleam in his eyes, and the power that had been accumulating all over his body suddenly burst out.

The sword light was like the sun!

Behind him, the seven-story sword tower emerged, and countless sword lights turned into scorching suns, directly piercing the two figures and turning them into nothingness.

One blow, and two well-known strongmen on the Heavenly Ranking fell, without even revealing their full strength!

Seven-story Sword Tower!

One strike killed two sages!

This was the true strength of Han Muye, the ninth on the Heavenly List, and a Sword Dao Immortal!

The spiritual light turned into a pillar of light. The fall of a Sage and the nourishment of the heavens and earth could be felt even in this sealed land of 3,000 miles.

The two good magic treasures flew away, and several spiritual lights scattered in all directions.

At this moment, everyone within 3,000 miles sensed the battle here.

“He killed two Sages with one sword. Who is it?” Someone whispered in shock and subconsciously retracted his aura.

“Brother Han? Who offended him?” Huang Six frowned, then shook his head.

The sword light was so strong that he did not need to help.

“I knew this guy was powerful,” Zhao Zhenghe muttered in the distance. He turned around and flew to the other side.

Sun Jiusheng and Bai Yuming’s expressions were extremely grave.

However, their expressions were different.

Sun Jiusheng was a place of life and death. If he was not careful, he might die. On the other hand, Bai Yuming was respectful to the seniors of the sect.

The seven-story Sword Pavilion was filled with those powerful figures in their sects.

The Heaven Mystic Minister Han in front of him, a sword immortal, actually had such a relationship with his own sect!

The Sword Pavilion dissipated. Han Muye's expression was calm. With a wave of his hand, all the imprisoning power in the space dissipated.

He no longer had the sword intent from before.

However, the more calm he was, the more people did not dare to face him directly.

Bai Yuming and Sun Jiusheng were a little uneasy when they saw the ninth on the Heavenly List.

"Give me the treasures in your hands," Han Muye said.

Bai Yuming hurriedly held the Divine Seal Heavenly Spirit Liquid with both hands and gently tossed it.

Sun Jiusheng hesitated for a moment before taking out the Chalcedony as well.

Han Muye reached out and the two treasures intersected before flying out.

Sun Jiusheng and Bai Yuming reached out to take the treasures they had dreamed of. They clenched their fists and looked up at Han Muye.

“If you find something that others can use but you can’t use it yourself, you can send it to me. I’ll coordinate the transaction,” Han Muye said with his hands behind his back.

The two nodded, bowed, and then turned to leave.

It was not until they flew a hundred miles away that the two of them heaved a sigh of relief and looked at each other.

“Ninth on the Heavenly List, truly impressive...” Sun Jiusheng’s eyes showed a hint of profoundness as he spoke in a low voice.

He was a reincarnation of a great being, and in his previous life, his cultivation was also unfathomable.

But earlier, facing Han Muye, he felt powerless despite having two lifetimes of cultivation experience.

Such a powerful person was truly terrifying.

Bai Yuming nodded as well.

The seven-story sword tower had already explained everything.

“What is the ninth on the Heavenly List trying to do? Is he trying to show goodwill?” Bai Yuming frowned.

With all kinds of treasures in front of him, he was not thinking of ways to plunder them, but he was willing to help others trade.

Was there really such a righteous and honorable person in the world?

In the end, cultivators were all selfish.

What Han Muye did went against the norm.

When they handed over the treasure, they had thought it was being plundered by Han Muye. They never expected that Han Muye would actually help them exchange it, each getting what they needed.

After all, Sun Jiusheng had cultivated for two lifetimes. He had more experience and knew more about the world.

“He probably wants to set up more power in the Dao competition.”

Sun Jiusheng squinted his eyes and whispered, “By taking out the Divine Emperor Sword and this Divine Court Treasury, he’s trying to attract us to join the game, isn’t he?”

Now looking at what Han Muye had done, it was obvious that he had a long-term plan.

However, they didn’t know his ultimate goal, whether it was for victory in the Dao competition or for something else.

Although both of them were elite disciples of their respective sects, they couldn't possibly know the thoughts of the top experts.

Sacrificing a vast world to open the seal of the Immortal Ascension Platform was something that no one dared to imagine.

"Let's go. Since he wants us to make a deal, we'll do as he wishes." Sun Jiusheng turned around and left. He said in a low voice, "I, Sun Jiusheng, will never owe anyone a favor."

It was not just a favor. If Han Muye had not spared their lives this time, the two of them would have perished.

Bai Yuming nodded and flew away as well.

Half a day later, the two of them each found several good treasures and brought them to Han Muye.

The treasures floated in the air, radiating spiritual light, attracting many cultivators to examine them.

Although the treasures were enticing, Han Muye displayed them so blatantly in front of him that no one dared to approach them.

The next day, Bai Yuming brought a green jade pearl.

This was a treasure that contained the power of the earth lineage and could sublimate the power of the earth and stone in the body of the person who wore it.

With this treasure, one could accelerate the fusion of one's own power of the Great Dao and the Heavenly Dao.

For cultivators who had already comprehended the Great Dao and belonged to the earth and stone lineage, this was a much-desired treasure.

The spirit pearl hung quietly in the air, and a black-robed cultivator descended from the sky and stood 1,000 feet away.

"Minister Han, I wonder if this spirit pearl is available for trade?" The cultivator exhibited the power of Earth and Stone, and his cultivation level was also at the half-sage realm.

"It's Yu Tieshi, ranked 137th on the Heavenly List. He is a great cultivator who has entered the half-sage realm through the Dao of Earth and Stone."

Someone whispered not far away.

This spirit pearl was a great temptation for Yu Tieshi.

It remains to be seen whether Han Xuan was willing to trade.

Or how much he would ask for.

Placing the treasure in front of him was clearly a lure.

Whether or not he took the bait was his own business.

Seeing Yu Tieshi's inquiry, many people cast their divine senses down, waiting for Han Muye's offer.

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged, raised his head and lightly pressed his palm.

The spirit pearl flew directly out and fell in front of Yu Tieshi.

"Just take out whatever treasures you think are enough."

Han Muye's voice was light, but it traveled thousands of miles.

"Or you can ask Bai Yuming what treasures he needs and help him find them."

"I'm only here to bear witness and help you each find the treasure you need."

The moment Han Muye finished speaking, several figures flew down.

"Minister Han, I'll take this green jade hair."

“Minister Han, I want the Triple Jade Spirit.”

“Minister Han, this piece of gold silk and white feathers, and I want a treasure related to the wind lineage in exchange.”

...

For a while, the area in front of Han Muye was filled with radiant lights and dazzling treasure.

Chapter 908 - 908 Han Muye's Sword

908 Han Muye's Sword

If it was anywhere else, with so many treasures appearing, they would definitely be snatched crazily in the next moment.

At this moment, Han Muye was surrounded by a dazzling array of treasures, but no one moved to snatch them.

If you want to snatch it, you have to have the ability!

Elite cultivators of the Upper Three Heavens, Bai Yuming and Sun Jiusheng, had both dutifully come to trade their treasures. But yesterday, at this very spot, the two half-Sages fell with a single sword strike.

The ninth on the Heaven Rankings had earned his reputation with his sword.

If you are confident enough to take on the ninth on the Heaven Rankings, then go ahead and try to snatch them.

But currently, no one had the courage to do so.

Within a day, crowds of people swarmed to Han Muye's location.

Thousands of various treasures floated in the air. Those who needed them approached and exchanged their own treasures for them.

If one treasure wasn't valuable enough, two could be exchanged for it.

In truth, this method of exchange resulted in many valuable treasures being taken away, leaving behind those of lower value.

But Han Muye didn't care.

Except for quietly obtaining a few items he needed, he didn't make any moves.

These cultivators helped themselves to the treasures, taking away those that were useful and leaving those that weren't.

Many people also began to trade privately.

“He... he’s not dead yet...”

The Daoist who had landed in front of Han Muye in surprise was one of the eight swordsmen who had joined forces with him earlier to break through the seven-story Sword Pavilion.

He thought that Han Muye had been killed by Dark Shadow Divine Venerable, but he did not expect him to be here, conducting business transactions.

“Dead? This is the ninth on the Heaven Rankings, Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic Realm. Do you think anyone within 3,000 miles can kill him?”

A black-robed cultivator in a black robe looked up at the sparkling treasures.

“No, I need to find another treasure to exchange for this Five Elements Green Jade,” said another cultivator.

His words sparked interest in the sword-wielding Daoist.

He also had his eye on some treasures.

Three days later, the location within a radius of ten miles around Han Muye had become a bustling trading center.

The treasures in front of Han Muye had actually decreased significantly.

Seven days later, only a hundred or so treasures were still flying around in front of him.

The market around him had expanded to 30 miles.

However, the real treasures and experts were mostly gone.

The treasures in the Divine Court Treasury had basically all been searched, and many cultivators who obtained precious treasures had quietly fled.

At this time, the Divine Court Treasury cultivators who had not been here previously rushed in to trade various treasures.

Treasures in the treasury of the Divine Court, even if they were scraps, were rare and precious.

Many people also brought their own collections.

As a result, this place, which had been sealed and guarded, had become a specially designated trading place.

Ten days later, Han Muye got up and left. Before leaving, he announced that this opening of the Divine Court Treasury would become a neutral trading place for the Daoist competition in the future.

Anyone who dared to take action here or within a 100,000 miles of the surrounding void would be an enemy of the Heavenly Mystic and himself, Han Muye.

Whether anyone dared to act, Han Muye did not know. When he finished speaking and left, the whole market cheered.

Han Muye, who flew away without looking back, only showed a hint of emotion on his face.

These cultivators, like ants, rejoiced at every little bit of improvement in their cultivation and fought desperately for every treasure.

However, they did not know that if the world collapsed, everyone would die.

Behind them, there were great powers, and a single thought could determine their life and death.

All their cultivation, all their efforts, and their joys and sorrows were meaningless before the great powers.

A surge of fighting spirit rose in Han Muye's heart.

He would not be an ant.

He flew out of the sealed land without stopping and headed straight for the Heavenly Mystic World.

He moved so fast that in less than a hundred breaths, he was already thousands of miles away.

But suddenly, his sword light came to a halt.

In front of him, a spiritual light had turned into a light curtain.

Not just in front of him, but also behind, to his left and right, the surroundings were all shining with spiritual light.

“Boom!”

The sound of the tremor echoed in the void.

“Xuanji, are you planning to betray me, the Immortal Spirit?” a long shout was mixed with anger.

Dang Wuyou.

The number one person in the Immortal Spirit World and the second strongest on the Heavenly Rankings.

Xuanji, a master in the Immortal Spirit World, ranked second and was also in the realm of a sage, but his cultivation and strength were ranked after the 50th on the Heavenly Rankings.

The Heavenly Rankings considered both strength and actual combat power, and the Buddhist sect behind Xuanji was not strong in terms of actual combat power in the competition for the Dao. Although he had reached the realm of a sage, he did not have the combat power of a sage.

“Dang Wuyou, the Divine Court Treasury is barely worth a sip of soup for us in the Immortal Spirit World.”

“The Immortal Spirit World can only be bleak in your hands.”

Xuanji’s voice was cold.

“Boom!”

Another loud noise echoed in the void.

Han Muye slowly retracted his attention and looked at the light screen in front of him.

This was the array formation technique of top-notch cultivators.

“Does this count as kicking someone to the curb when they’ve outlived their usefulness?” Han Muye said softly.

When Dang Wuyou had the news of the Divine Court’s treasure vault, he was ranked second on the Heavenly Rankings and the master of the Immortal Spirit. No one dared to offend him.

However, as soon as the Divine Court Treasury opened and the treasures were plundered, someone immediately attacked Dang Wuyou.

On the other hand, no one stopped Han Muye from presiding over the exchange of treasures in the sealed area.

But now, he was being intercepted outside the sealed land.

He said this was killing the donkey after it had finished grinding the millstone, but it was more accurate to say that someone had started to have ideas and wanted to seize the dominance of the Immortal Spirit and the Heavenly Mystic.

Previously, regardless of whether it was the Immortal Spirit or the Heavenly Mystic, those outsiders did not care about their struggles.

They were waiting for the treasure vault of the Divine Court to open.

Chapter 909 - 909 Han Muye's Sword (2)

909 Han Muye’s Sword (2)

Now that the treasures were divided, how could the elite powerful who held them in their hands be willing to have no say in the battle for the Dao?

He might as well control the strength of the two sides in the Dao Battle and fight with all his might. Perhaps he would have a chance of attaining the Dao!

Previously, he did not think much of the opportunities in the Dao Competition. Now that the treasure vault had been divided, it had become fragrant.

On the other hand, if they didn't make a move, the Immortal Spirit and the Heavenly Mystic would probably make a move too, right?

Those powerful individuals who had obtained the treasures and were about to rapidly improve their cultivation and strength were undoubtedly the targets of the Heavenly Mystic and Immortal Spirit factions.

Either ally with these two sides, or be hunted down.

They were just one step ahead, seizing the opportunity.

Han Muye admitted that he also had such thoughts.

He returned to the Heavenly Mystic realm this time to mobilize a large army and sweep across the void.

Although he would not use all the methods Sixth Brother Huang mentioned, he would use some of them.

For example, gathering more power before the final battle of the Dao Competition.

“White Cloud Temple.

“Mystic Spirit Dao Sect.

“Yuanming Sword Sect.

“Qingling Dao Sect.

“They’re all major sects in the Immortal Source World. They really think highly of me, Han Muye.”

Han Muye’s eyes flickered as he looked around and said calmly.

As he pointed, figures appeared outside the surrounding light screen.

“Han Muye, my senior brother Su Qi from the White Cloud Temple fell to your hands, and today is the time to settle the score.”

An old man in a yellow Daoist robe stepped forward, and the light curtains in front of him flickered, revealing a hint of coldness, as if to freeze Han Muye, who was blocked.

Behind him, dozens of great cultivators interwoven with spiritual light were similarly filled with killing intent.

Han Muye was the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic and one of its main leaders.

If he died here or was captured and killed, it would be a huge blow to the Heaven Mystic Realm.

“Ice-Cold Spirit Sealing Array?

“Does he not want to kill me, but instead capture me to exchange for benefits in the Heavenly Mystic World?” Han Muye smiled and looked at the surrounding light screen.

As a living Han Muye, he was worth more than a dead one.

Although the Heavenly Mystic side was significantly weaker in strength, they were incredibly wealthy, having obtained a fortune from a divine treasury in the past.

Capturing Han Muye and exchanging him for enough benefits or directly obtaining the control over the Heavenly Mystic would be ideal.

“Of course, a living Prime Minister Han is worth more than a dead one.” In front, someone laughed.

“Besides, isn’t Han the best at fishing? How do you feel about being the bait this time?”

At this, laughter erupted all around.

Using Han Muye as bait to fish out powerful Heavenly Mystic rescuers.

With Han Muye’s identity, there was no way the Heavenly Mystic side would not come to rescue him.

“Boom!”

In the distance, the sound of a battle against Dang Wuyou rang out.

At this moment, the leaders of both the Heavenly Mystic and Immortal Spirit factions were simultaneously surrounded and attacked.

In the void, the Dao Ancestors who had witnessed the Dao competition all focused their divine senses.

In this round, as long as either Dang Wuyou or Han Muye fell, the overall situation of the Dao war would change.

“Dang Wuyou only has a title on the Heavenly Rankings, I’m afraid it will be difficult for him to hold out,” someone whispered with divine senses.

“Indeed, with Xuanji’s betrayal, the 13 half-sages and two saints are all besieging him. Even if he can overpower those at his level, he won’t be able to escape,” another agreed.

The situation was very clear.

Not to mention that he was only the leader of a small world outside the Immortal Source World, even the leader of a large sect in the Immortal Source World could not escape from such a siege.

At this point, it was obvious that Dang Wuyou could only barely hold out.

It was only a matter of time before he was surrounded and killed.

“What about Han Muye?” someone asked, his divine sense filled with curiosity.

No one answered this question for a long time.

“The White Cloud Temple, the Xuanling Dao Sect, and several other major sects joined forces. In this round, the power to kill Han Muye is 10 times greater than that of Dang Wuyou.”

“If Han Muye can escape from such a situation, I can only say that he’s really the chosen one...” someone whispered.

The strength Han Muye had always displayed was not super strong, but he had too many opportunities, so much so that even these Dao ancestors could not draw any conclusions lightly.

“Buzz!”

The frost hit Han Muye and turned into an ice wall 30 feet away.

As expected, they wanted to capture Han Muye, not kill him now.

Watching the ice wall thicken around him, Han Muye shook his head slightly.

He had originally wanted to give these people a chance.

Hiding here and letting these people reveal the power behind them was the best choice.

But he couldn't do it now.

Tens of thousands of miles away was the market city that he had painstakingly established, the neutral ground of the Dao struggle.

He had just said that no one within a radius of 10,000 miles could lay a hand on him.

This was a slap to Han Muye's face.

He could only reluctantly slap back at anyone who slapped his face.

With killing intent in his eyes, the seven-story Sword Pavilion appeared behind Han Muye.

At the moment when the Sword Pavilion appeared, everyone was stunned.

The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao struggle were all shaken by their divine senses.

Han Muye was actually from the Sword Pavilion, and he was even a great sword cultivator who presided over the seven-story Sword Pavilion!

"Be careful, he's from the Sword Pavilion. Let's end the battle quickly. Don't hold back!" A Daoist shouted outside the light screen.

"Attack! There are many strong Sword Pavilion members here, they will definitely come to rescue him!" On the other side, the speaker raised a cold spear and pierced through the light curtain, hitting the ice wall.

The ice wall quickly pressed down.

The intense light in Han Muye's eyes grew stronger, and outside the seven-story Sword Pavilion behind him, the nine-story Sword Pavilion quietly condensed.

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However, he was the only one who saw the ninth level of the Sword Pavilion. Even Divine Venerables could not see it at all.

"Sword."

Han Muye murmured, as the long sword in his hand appeared.

"Kill."

He pointed his sword forward, and sword light appeared in the sword tower behind him, transforming into an endless dragon.

The power of the Sword Pavilion was to gather thousands of swords into one.

This was similar to the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords technique.

The ice wall in front of him could not stop the sword dragon.

The array formation condensed by nearly a hundred experts shattered with a single strike!

“Boom!”

Heaven and earth shook, and the cold light of the shattered ice wall exploded for thousands of miles.

The long dragon roared, bringing with it a sword cry that resounded through the world.

The dragon of sword light swept across and swung its long tail, shattering the surrounding restrictive light screen.

It was just the beginning.

The Upper Three Heaven’s sects, Immortal Source Array Formation Experts, Sages, and Half-Sages were all defeated with just one blow!

This was the power of Han Muye, the ninth on the Heavenly Rankings, a sword immortal on the path of sword cultivation!

He had been in hiding for 40 years and had never really attacked since the Dao Competition. Until today, the power of Han Muye’s sword shook the world!

At this moment, those powerful beings who were hiding in the back all cast their divine senses down.

“Impossible. There are also several such sword cultivators in the seven-story Sword Pavilion in the Upper Three Heavens. I’ve never seen such a domineering sword...” A Daoist standing outside the light screen spoke out in confusion.

It wasn’t just him. Everyone was puzzled by the overwhelming power of Han Muye’s sword.

Han Muye’s one sword attack far exceeded what he should have been capable of.

If the seven-story Sword Pavilion had such combat power, the Sword Pavilion would have long unified the Upper Three Heavens.

Far away, Bai Yuming, who was originally flying away, changed his face and flew back.

Around him, other sword cultivators also turned and left.

The power of the Sword Pavilion.

That was their own power in sword cultivation. If their fellow cultivators were in a fight, they naturally had to go and help.

However, they didn’t know who was being surrounded and killed.

With Han Muye’s sword breaking through the formation, his aura became even stronger and denser.

Since he had used this sword, there was no need to hold back anymore.

The sword light on his body slowly transformed into a line.

“He has murderous intent!”

“We must strike with all our might, even if it means death for us all!”

“We sword cultivators will fight to the death, fight to the death!”

In an instant, every cultivator went all out with sword light, spiritual light, array formations, and talismans.

The void around Han Muye was shattered, and an area of 1,000 feet turned into a black hole of spiritual energy.

The force of the outburst was too strong, and this space could not contain it.

Even the Dao Ancestor could not withstand such a strike!

It was impossible for anyone in this world to withstand this attack!

At this moment, the great powers outside the realm, witnessing the Dao Ancestor, and all the surrounding strong ones, were all closely watching Han Muye, who was enveloped in a black hole of energy.

Certain death.

It was a pity for such an expert with unparalleled talent.

He could have lived.

Things in the world were really unpredictable.

Everyone sighed in their hearts.

No one had expected such a great sword cultivator, a genius who controlled a region, to fall here like this.

Bai Yuming looked at Han Muye, who was wrapped in a black halo from afar, with a complicated expression.

He respected Han Muye.

Whether it was the Sword Dao cultivation displayed by Han Muye or his attitude of presiding over the transaction of treasures, he demonstrated the qualities of a truly strong person.

He did not expect such an exceptional genius from his sect, with an excellent temperament, to perish here in the end.

“What a pity...”

Bai Yuming murmured.

In the distant void, demonic light trembled.

Great Sage Heaven Trampler.

Unfortunately, even if Great Sage Heaven Trampler came, he would not be able to save him.

Hundreds of experts from the Immortal Source World attacked at the same time. The power they gathered had already shattered the void. Who could stop such power?

Zhao Zhenghe, who was hiding not far away, had a complicated expression.

He gripped the hilt of his sword tightly in his hand, but he did not move.

He knew his limits.

Countless divine thoughts intertwined in the void, almost causing a spiritual energy shock. The Dao Ancestors who witnessed the Dao competition all exclaimed.

“What a pity, Han Muye is the strongest genius seen by this Dao Ancestor,” someone regretfully whispered.

“Heh heh, no matter how strong a genius is, he still needs to be alive. Have we not seen enough geniuses?” someone sneered.

“If he can still survive this time, I, the Dao Ancestor, will f*ck!”

“What’s that!”

“Crazy, what did I just see...”

“This sword, this sword...”

Everyone’s attention was focused as Han Muye thrust his sword forward.

The sword light had a hint of green.

The edge of the sword glowed.

The sword stirred the surrounding spiritual light to flicker, as if it would break the imprisonment of the heavens and earth, and the suppression of the black hole.

But how much force could this light and graceful sword really have?

Indeed, this strike had no force.

This sword only contained a trace of the power of time!

The sword light flashed and time reversed!

With a thrust of his sword, the void returned to normal. All the attacks within a radius of 1,000 feet were pushed back before they broke through the void.

Han Muye held a sword in his hand and walked slowly out of the frozen attack range, then stood a thousand feet away.

“Boom!”

The time freeze ended.

Everything was as before.

The only difference was that Han Muye stood a thousand feet away, carefree and relaxed.

Sword Dao, controlling time.