

Pavilion 961

Chapter 961 - 961 This Seven-Story Sword Pavilion Has Nothing to Do with the Upper Heaven Region's Sky Reaching Sword Pavilion (3)

961 This Seven-Story Sword Pavilion Has Nothing to Do with the Upper Heaven Region's Sky Reaching Sword Pavilion (3)

Even if there were powerful beings ascending at this moment, and the strength of various sects declined significantly, their foundations were not something outsiders could compare to.

The enemies of the Immortal Source World were only themselves, not others.

In the eyes of these powerful sect members, no one was qualified to be an enemy of the Immortal Source World.

Du Chengshan's words made everyone nod.

Even though Han Muye seemed to have formidable combat power and had previously exchanged many spirit stones with the Sword Heart Tea, he was wealthy and even had a sword pavilion.

But could a mere cultivator from outside the Immortal Source World, a seven-story Sword Pavilion, with a seven-story sword pavilion, frighten the powerful members of various sects present today?

"Hehe, since it was a request left by Young Master Han Muye, then I, from the Limitless Dao Sect, shall take my leave.

“As for the elder disciples and elders of the Medicinal Valley who are willing to attach themselves to the Limitless Dao Sect, we will fully support their growth and ensure they do not suffer any grievances.”

Opinions varied, and amidst the ups and downs, a voice sounded.

Yang Yunting bowed to Li Qingshi with a smile on his face.

What did that mean?

The members of the Limitless Dao Sect turned around, and several elders who had rushed out of the hall followed suit.

This scene left the experts from various sects puzzled.

The Limitless Dao Sect was also a top-tier sect, although they couldn't compete with several other top forces, they had a profound foundation.

But now, they were leaving just like that?

What about the previously agreed alliance?

Was a powerful force like theirs really intimidated by a seven-story sword pavilion, to the point of abandoning their own dignity?

"A mere seven-story sword pavilion is enough to frighten..." A Daoist's face turned cold. Before he could finish his sentence, he felt a chill above his head and quickly turned to look at the narrowed eyes of Dan Mingtao.

A seven-story sword pavilion was definitely not something trivial.

The seven-story sword pavilion represented the identity of the Sword Pavilion and the face of the strongest sword sect in the Upper Heaven Region.

This was no ordinary sword pavilion!

For a moment, silence fell on the square outside the hall.

The Five Sheep Pavilion followed the path of commerce, and him charging ahead today was already improper. Saying or doing more would only be wrong.

Their usual approach was to operate from behind the scenes.

It wasn't until they walked out of the square that Yang Yunting slightly paused his steps.

"Hehe, the ignorant are really fearless." He turned to look at the square behind him and strode away.

After the light array was repaired, he contacted Daoist Zhuwu again.

This time, he learned about Han Muye's situation in the Dao Battlefield.

The more he knew about the specifics, the more it chilled him.

The Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han controlled the seven-story Sword Pavilion and killed several Dao Ancestors. Sages, and Half-Sages. He did not even have the right to look at him directly!

Han Muye was nicknamed the Sword Dao Immortal. His Sword Dao cultivation was top-notch, and he killed Heavenly Venerable Xing Di during the Dao Battle.

His divine beast incarnation, Baxia, rampaged without restraint, merging with his true body to achieve the Dao and becoming the Void Sage, possessing unparalleled combat power.

He also possessed several treasures, immortal treasures, and countless treasures in the Divine Court Treasury.

Such a person was already at the pinnacle of the world, with combat power second only to those ancient powerful beings that remained.

Most of those powerful beings had ascended to the Immortal Realm, making him invincible in this world.

And this was only Han Muye's personal power.

As the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, he had an even more formidable force behind him.

The Heavenly Mystic gathered forces from all directions, from Upper Three Heavens to the dam to the Ancient Cloud Galaxy outside the dam. They had allies everywhere.

With a single call during the Dao battle, they would respond in masses and sweep across the Immortal Spirit World.

Now, there were billions of troops stationed in the Dao battlefield. As long as Han Muye gave the order, they could sweep across the myriad realms.

Such a gathering of power was something even the Upper Heaven Region couldn't achieve.

Now that the Upper Heaven Region was in chaos, how could the various sects gather their strength?

Han Muye himself was powerful, with an endless army under his command and treasures in his possession. He even had the Great Sage Heaven Trampler, who could defeat a Heavenly Venerable, and Huang Zhihu, who could command an army to kill Heavenly Venerable enemies...

In the Heavenly Mystic faction, many formidable experts had chosen not to ascend and leave.

After some devising with Daoist Zhuwu, the people from the Limitless Dao Sect suddenly realized that the Heavenly Mystic faction now possessed the power to attack the Upper Heaven Region!

This left both sides of the light array speechless for a while.

Before the light array disappeared, Daoist Zhuwu warned Yang Yunting not to go against Han Muye. This person's methods were too terrifying.

From the Divine Court Treasury to immortal treasures and supreme treasures, no sect in the world dared to compare with him in wealth.

He also mentioned that almost all resistance forces in the Dao Battlefield had been annihilated, and they were prepared to submit to the Heavenly Mystic at the appropriate time.

The elites of the Upper Three Heavens would submit to the Heavenly Mystic.

This was not a dream.

The Ninth Heaven of the Immortal Source collapsed, mighty figures ascended, and the Upper Three Heavens were to be in a state of disunity. There was endless war.

Outside the Immortal Source World, various factions were quietly rising, along with formidable enemies beyond the Dam.

When all the forces discovered that the Immortal Source world was actually extremely weak, it would likely be the time to launch a great war to conquer the Immortal Source.

“At this point, we still don't know the true horror of Han Muye.”

Yang Yunting shook his head and sighed, "They're probably already plotting against the Upper Heaven Region, while these fools remain unaware..."

After the Limitless Dao Sect left, the Sword Pavilion was implicated. In the end, all the sects outside the hall withdrew, each taking their affiliated elders and disciples from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley with them.

This left Li Qingshi somewhat disappointed, yet somewhat relieved.

Looking at the empty square, he held the seven-story sword pavilion and gazed into the distance.

"Han Muye, how can I repay you for protecting the inheritance of my Medicine Valley..."

"Perhaps, you're also interested in my Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley?"

If he didn't have designs on the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, why would he leave behind such a precious treasure like the seven-story Sword Pavilion?

Chapter 962 - 962 Intercepted, Han Muye Slashes Three Sages with a Single Strike!

962 Intercepted, Han Muye Slashes Three Sages with a Single Strike!

"Senior brother, are you not interested in Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley?"

Inside the flying boat, Mu Wan looked at Han Muye and whispered, "If not, why would you leave when you know so many people have their eyes on the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley?"

After leaving the medicine valley, Han Muye had a great time traveling around.

Mu Wan couldn't believe that her senior brother was really so idle.

"The Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley is a holy land for alchemy in the Immortal Source World and this realm."

On the flying boat, Han Muye looked at Mu Wan, who was sitting in front of him, and smiled, "Naturally, I'm interested."

'If you're interested, why did you leave?'

Mu Wan stared at Han Muye.

"However, the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley is too loose, and there are too many people with their own machinations there.

"Having control over such a medicine valley is meaningless."

A profound look appeared in Han Muye's eyes as he looked into the distant void, "I'm just waiting for them to cause a commotion.

"The most steadfast alchemists who stay behind, I will give them unexpected opportunities."

Unexpected opportunities.

Were the numerous spirit medicines hidden in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy and other voids enough?

From several explorations, Han Muye had already obtained the locations of hundreds of Ancient Divine Herb Gardens.

The collections of alchemy scriptures in the Ancient Divine Court, are the various alchemy inheritances enough?

Several divine court treasures were opened, and with the help of the memories of the divine generals and sword treasures, Han Muye had pinpointed the location where the main hall of the Ancient Divine Court's book collection had collapsed.

When this hall, which gathered almost all the cultivation inheritances from the ancient era, is opened, there will undoubtedly be many alchemy inheritances inside.

Just taking out a bit of it would drive the current alchemists crazy.

Do these count as opportunities?

Only resolute alchemists were qualified to obtain it.

Mu Wan nodded, her eyes twinkling with many little stars.

Unimaginable opportunities.

In the void, flashes of light flickered, as if there was another chaotic battle.

Mu Wan couldn't remember how many times they had encountered this along the way.

The current Upper Heaven Region was indeed in a complete mess.

From the Upper Heaven Region to the void, there were conflicts between various sects everywhere.

"Clang—"

The sound of swords being unsheathed rang out, obviously Zhao Yu and the others taking action.

Having already understood Han Muye's temper, he definitely had to interfere in such a matter. He might as well attack directly.

According to Han Muye, as sword cultivators, it was their duty to punish the strong and assist the weak, to stand up against injustice, wasn't it their responsibility?

Sword cultivators should take care of matters that others dare not handle.

Having been reminded by Han Muye a few times, Zhao Yu and the others, as disciples of the Upper Three Heavens Sword Pavilion, naturally couldn't bear to let their arrogance be challenged.

Afterwards, when they encountered another chaotic battle, they directly drew their swords and settled the matter between the two sides.

As for whether these two sides would continue fighting after they left, they didn't concern themselves with that, it was best to turn a blind eye.

"Clang—"

The sound of sword clashes reverberated in the void.

Then several flashes of light rose up.

Surprisingly, the sword strike from the disciples of the Sword Pavilion didn't calm down the ongoing battle ahead, but instead attracted counterattacks.

Zhao Yu snorted coldly, his figure moved, and he flew towards the front.

The other disciples looked at each other and also flew away, leaving only two disciples dressed in blue robes from the Sword Pavilion to stay behind and protect the flying ship.

“The Sword Pavilion acts, bystanders step aside.”

Zhao Yu shouted, and the spiritual light and sword light in the void in front of him paused.

The two Sword Pavilion disciples standing in front of the flying ship smiled.

This was the might of the Sword Pavilion.

It was accumulated over countless years in the Upper Three Heavens.

He had relied on the sword in his hand to kill his way out.

“Zhong Hai, Yu Hao, be careful and protect the flying ship...”

Right at this moment, a loud shout suddenly sounded from ahead, followed by a resounding sword hum and dazzling spiritual light.

The expressions of the two Sword Pavilion disciples changed drastically. Just as they drew their swords, they saw spiritual lights transform into chains that sealed them within a hundred feet.

The light array isolated them.

Someone wanted to attack Han Muye in the flying ship!

This was an attempt to kill Han Muye!

The two Sword Pavilion disciples looked at each other in shock. The three layers of the Sword Pavilion appeared behind them. They slashed out with their swords with all their might, but they could only cause the light array to tremble slightly.

Couldn't get out!

It's over!

Fear and despair flashed in their eyes.

If Han Muye were to be intercepted and killed here, the Sword Pavilion's reputation would be completely ruined!

At a time of turmoil in the Upper Heaven Domain, reputation was synonymous with strength for the Sword Pavilion.

Once their formidable image was shattered, it would attract countless wolves ready to tear them apart.

The Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley was a good example!

“Boom!”

A sword struck the light array, and the Sword Pavilion disciple gritted his teeth while holding his long sword. “Senior Brother Zhong Hai, with our abilities, it will probably take at least fifteen minutes to break through this formation.”

“Should I self-destruct the Sword Pavilion?” He had a resolute expression on his face.

Upon hearing his words, the Sword Pavilion disciple named Zhong Hai shook his head. “Junior Brother Yu Hao, there’s no need for such extreme measures. The fact that they’re only entangling us indicates that they don’t dare to confront the Sword Pavilion head-on.”

“Besides, Han Muye’s strength far surpasses ours. Even if we manage to break free, it won’t be of much help to him.”

Taking a deep breath, he fixed his gaze on the light array ahead. “If he can’t even withstand this situation, he doesn’t deserve to possess so much wealth, nor does he deserve such attention.”

...

At this moment, on the flying ship, Han Muye and Mu Wan were already standing side by side in front of the deck.

In front of the flying ship, more than 10 cultivators in black robes slowly gathered.

Their radiance converged, and their expressions turned indifferent and solemn.

However, their demeanor clearly indicated that they were not ordinary cultivators.

“Han Muye?”

The leader, an elderly Daoist with white hair and a colorful jade belt around his waist, looked at Han Muye and spoke calmly.

Chapter 963 - 963 Intercepted, Han Muye Slashes Three Sages with a Single Strike! (2)

963 Intercepted, Han Muye Slashes Three Sages with a Single Strike! (2)

Han Muye’s gaze fell upon these people, and he chuckled, “Do you want spiritual rocks or treasures?”

His words made the crowd slightly stunned.

So straightforward?

Before the leader could respond, Han Muye shook his head, "I really can't understand. Just for a few spiritual rocks and treasures, you're willing to offend the Sword Pavilion. Are you not taking the Sword Pavilion seriously?"

Upon hearing his words, the leader burst into laughter and pointed at Han Muye, "I knew you would use the Sword Pavilion as a scapegoat.

"But the Guangyuan Sword Sect won't fall for that.

"We rebellious sword cultivators don't follow the Sword Pavilion's commands."

The smile on his face disappeared, and the Daoist stared coldly at Han Muye, "Besides, you're not a disciple of the Sword Pavilion. The Sword Pavilion wouldn't go to great lengths for an outsider like you at a time like this."

As his words fell, a faint spiritual light and sword aura converged on the cultivators behind him.

In the distance, the sound of thunderous explosions grew louder, indicating an intense battle with Zhao Yu and the others.

This sound caused the frowning of the people here.

"Guangyuan Sword Sect?" Han Muye's face revealed a playful smile.

“You, a mere cultivator from beyond the realm, wouldn’t know about my Guangyuan Sword Sect,” a Daoist with a long sword on his back said as the sword aura fluctuated around him. He stared at Han Muye, “In your eyes, I’m afraid you only see the Sword Pavilion.”

He raised his hand, drawing the long sword behind his back. The sword aura condensed into a line and slashed towards the flying ship and Han Muye on it.

In this sword strike, there was a display of sword intent.

But not much.

Just a cultivator at the third level of the Golden Core realm.

Han Muye shook his head, and the smile on his face disappeared.

“Boom!”

The soaring sword intent suddenly erupted, and the sword radiance pierced through the empty space for thousands of feet!

Surrounded by an icy chill that seemed unchanging throughout eternity, it shook people’s hearts and left them unable to control themselves.

This sword intent was like towering peaks, directly shattering the oncoming sword radiance.

The sword cultivator who made the attack widened his eyes, trembling all over, unable to even stay afloat.

Han Muye spoke lightly, raising his hand to gather the shattered sword radiance into his hand. Sword energy surged as images appeared in his mind.

He shifted his gaze to the other pale-faced cultivators. "It's one thing not to fear the might of the Sword Pavilion, but daring to provoke the Guangyuan Sword Sect as well, truly seeking death."

He didn't make a move, only the sword radiance in the void resounded with a long tremor.

Those few sword cultivators turned pale, trembling all over, blood dripping from their mouths.

Their sword spirits were shaken, causing their sword hearts to collapse. This punishment was not too severe, but it prevented them from further advancing in their cultivation for the rest of their lives.

"Let me guess, who's bold enough to intercept me in front of the Sword Pavilion?"

From within the longsword of the sword cultivator, one could only see that he himself was now a lone practitioner who had already reached the collapsed Fifth Heavenly Realm. The others were of similar status.

As for the leaders, their identities were completely unknown.

Those people recruited them, only saying that they wanted to intercept a fat lamb and would provide them with sufficient benefits.

Anyway, in the current chaos, seizing opportunities was the key.

Currently, there are countless individuals involved in such activities in the void.

Han Muye deduced the identities of the leaders from several details in the scene.

Five Sheep Pavilion.

“Apart from Yuling Dao Sect, who else in the Upper Three Heavens would dare to directly confront the Sword Pavilion in interception?” Han Muye spoke softly.

Yuling Dao Sect!

The eyes of those few sword cultivators flickered with joy.

They had made the right bet.

They had dared to lead them in intercepting the person protected by the Sword Pavilion, so they must not be ordinary people.

By clinging to the Yuling Dao Sect, their future prospects were boundless, with endless opportunities.

A hint of amusement flashed across the face of the leading Daoist, but before he could speak, he heard Han Muye's voice again, "However, the Yuling Sect would not resort to such covert tactics."

The Yuling Dao Sect was the number one sect in the Daoist community and had no grievances with the Sword Pavilion. If they really wanted to make a move and intercept, why would they hide like this?

With one sentence, Han Muye froze the smile on the Daoist's face.

The others were also stunned.

"Among the Upper Three Heavens, who dares to engage in actions without taking responsibility, using covert tactics to provoke conflicts, fishing for benefits, and taking advantage of others? There is only one sect that fits this description, right?"

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, "Junior Sister, care to take a guess?"

His words made Mu Wan cover her mouth and laugh.

"Senior Brother, is there even a need to guess?"

"It must be the Five Sheep Pavilion."

“The fact that you sell those teas in the Medicine Valley has made them extremely jealous.”

Five Sheep Pavilion!

The few sword cultivators looked at the people in front of them.

There was no need to guess.

The fluctuations in their aura and the changes in their expressions had already exposed everything.

People who dabbled in the cultivation and business path were like this, seemingly cunning but actually of poor character.

Having their identities exposed, they immediately panicked.

“Hmph, bluffing.” The leading Daoist no longer concealed his killing intent, and spiritual radiance erupted from his body.

The radiance shone brightly and clashed with Han Muye’s sword radiance, creating a magnificent collision.

This was an extremely powerful grand cultivator!

Just the brilliance of his spiritual radiance already surpassed human comprehension, forming its own realm.

A Half-Sage, and a strong one among Half-Sage.

“Buzz!”

Spiritual radiance also rose from another Daoist in a green robe.

Immediately after, sword radiance emanated from another sword cultivator.

Three Half-Sage cultivators!

This was a real interception!

The faces of the bystander cultivators were filled with fear, their legs trembling.

What were they doing in the battle where three Half-Sages intercepted?

Did they have the qualifications to participate?

After cultivating for hundreds of years, they weren't foolish. They instantly understood the reason.

They were just scapegoats.

Their corpses were used as scapegoats.

Despair appeared on their faces.

When Han Muye was slain, they would meet their death as well!

"Take action, lest the night grows long with many dreams." The leading Daoist shouted lowly, manipulating the spiritual radiance in his hand to form a long whip of greenish-gray color, directly entangling towards the flying ship.

Chapter 964 - 964 Intercepted, Han Muye Slashes Three Sages with a Single Strike! (3)

964 Intercepted, Han Muye Slashes Three Sages with a Single Strike! (3)

The sword lights and treasures of the other two directly collided with Han Muye.

The void was imprisoned by these three attacks, as if it was about to shatter.

"Hehe, three half-sages," Han Muye narrowed his eyes and spoke softly, "How much do you look down on me?"

Looking down on him!

The sword light rose, a long sword flew out from the sword sheath behind Han Muye.

Infinite Unity Sword

Spiritual treasure!

“Buzz!”

The long sword transformed into countless sword lights. With a light twist, all three attacks in front of him shattered.

The sword marks on the long staff penetrated three inches deep, almost being cut off by a sword.

The long sword in the hands of the sword cultivator had already been cut into three pieces by a sword.

The most miserable one was the Taoist who manipulated the long whip, which was twisted into countless segments.

The expressions of the three individuals changed drastically, and their figures retreated in panic.

Such swordsmanship, such treasures, they were simply no match for them!

The information provided by Du Chengshan was completely wrong!

Unfortunately, their retreat was no match for the speed of Han Muye's sword light.

Han Muye's face turned cold, he raised his hand and a burst of spiritual light exploded.

The sword essence scattered into the sword light, causing the ten thousand swords to converge into one sword with a flicker.

Hidden Void.

Formless.

10,000 swords combined.

One sword, three styles, the sword light carried a bloody color as it returned.

"Boom!"

One sword, beheaded three semi-sages!

The three powerful semi-sages from the Upper Three Heavens and the Grand Sect were killed by a single sword, unable to escape even if they tried.

The semi-sages, with their great cultivation, exerted all their efforts to flee. There should have been few people in this realm who could stop them.

However, at this moment, the three semi-sages who desperately fled were killed by a single sword.

A gleam of brilliance flashed in Mu Wan's eyes, standing by Han Muye's side.

The few cultivators who were cowering in their original positions were completely dumbfounded.

"Boom!"

A sword light slashed out from a distance, and Zhao Yu, who was riding a flying sword, was enveloped in a sinister aura.

Several other disciples from the Sword Pavilion followed closely behind.

But when they landed in front of the flying ship, they were all dumbfounded.

The spiritual light brought about by the demise of the three semi-sages had not yet dissipated.

The spiritual light left behind by the fall of such powerful cultivators would take at least half a day to completely disperse.

“This...” Zhao Yu widened his eyes, looking at Han Muye, whose sword light had not completely converged.

“Just a jumping clown,” Han Muye shook his head and led Mu Wan into the cabin.

“Let these guys be, it’s a pity to kill them.”

Han Muye’s voice came.

Zhao Yu and the others turned to look at the cultivators who were rooted to the spot.

Fifteen minutes later, the flying ship flew away under the protection of several sword lights.

Only a few trembling cultivators were left behind.

After a short while, numerous rays of light descended from all around.

Half a day later, news spread that the disciples of the Five Sheep Pavilion intercepted and killed the disciples of the Sword Pavilion, resulting in the fall of the three semi-sages.

“What kind of ancestral treasure could lead to the interception of the three semi-sages from the Sword Pavilion by the Five Sheep Pavilion?”

“To be able to intercept the Sword Pavilion, it must be a valuable treasure!”

“The Sword Pavilion is truly formidable, able to kill three semi-sages with a single move...”

Indeed, the Sword Pavilion was the Sword Pavilion after all.

However, more people quietly followed the flying ship and headed deep into the void.

Treasures and opportunities had always been able to ignite one’s passion and make them disregard their own safety.

“Brother Han, thank you.” Zhao Yu looked at Han Muye, who was standing on the deck, and spoke softly.

This time, instead of losing face, the Sword Pavilion’s reputation soared.

However, Zhao Yu knew that it was Han Muye who had killed the three Half-Sages.

On the other hand, the people of the Sword Pavilion were held back and could not even save the flying ship. It was really embarrassing.

“There’s no need to do that.” Han Muye waved his hand and looked ahead. “I have a deep relationship with the Sword Pavilion.”

How could anyone have a relationship with the Sword Pavilion?

Could anyone have a relationship with the Sword Pavilion?

But now, when Han Muye said these words, a hint of joy appeared on their faces instead.

A sword cultivator who could behead three half-sages with a single strike is a rare expert in the current Upper Heaven Region and the Sword Pavilion.

“It’s over there,” Han Muye looked at a lonely star surrounded by meteorites in the distance and spoke softly.

After observing for a moment, Zhao Yu nodded and said, “This is the place.”

The flying ship stopped, and Zhao Yu and the disciples of the Sword Pavilion began to explore their surroundings.

Meanwhile, Han Muye led Mu Wan, flying to several meteorites to observe the surrounding scenery.

"I have to say, strolling through this void is truly full of interest.

"If it weren't for cultivating, how could we witness such scenery?"

Walking hand in hand with Han Muye, Mu Wan whispered softly.

What others saw as a dangerous place, a secret place for seniors, appeared to be a rare secluded and romantic place for these two.

Indeed, when there was love in the eyes, every place became picturesque.

When they returned from their stroll, Zhao Yu and the others were already waiting in front of the flying ship.

"The place where the senior fell is on this star."

"However, the power of death permeates it, the spiritual energy is depleted, and once we step on it, our combat strength will be greatly diminished."

Zhao Yu's expression was solemn as he spoke softly.

Han Muye had encountered a similar situation when he rescued Lu Yuzhou.

The star was lifeless, devoid of spiritual energy.

The combat strength of cultivators could only rely on their own power, unable to harness the power of heaven and earth, let alone the blessing of the heavens.

“Moreover, there are many tails falling behind,” Zhao Yu’s face grew darker.

In other places, they, the disciples of the Sword Pavilion, were not afraid of being besieged.

But if they stepped onto the lifeless star and suffered a significant loss in combat strength, the situation would be different.

With that, Zhao Yu looked at Han Muye.

This secret place was initially known to him and it was his proposal to explore it.

However, unconsciously, Han Muye had become the leader of this exploration.

This was the result of the influence of strength.

In the world of cultivation, strength was indeed paramount.

“Let’s go, since we’re here.” Han Muye waved his hand and stored away the flying ship, walking hand in hand with Mu Wan, directly into the lifeless star.

Watching the two enter the star, Zhao Yu turned to look at the people beside him.

“Junior Brothers, we can accept the treasures, but we will definitely protect Brother Han and Fairy Mu.”

“Especially Fairy Mu.”

The others nodded, their swords flickered, and they rushed into the star.

After a while, streams of spiritual light and sword light flashed around, following them into the star.

...

The lifeless stars were all similar, desolate and barren.

As soon as Mu Wan landed on it, she frowned and whispered, “Senior brother, this star makes me feel uncomfortable.”

Han Muye turned to look at her, nodded, and waved a golden halo enveloping them.

“It must be the influence of the power of death that affects your mind.”

Indeed, the golden spiritual force isolated her, and Mu Wan felt much better.

However, she still looked around with a hint of strangeness, as if there was some probing force coming towards her.

But when she tried to see, she couldn't make out anything.

Fortunately, she had Han Muye by her side, so she wasn't afraid.

As Han Muye moved forward, towering mountains, dried-up riverbeds, and weathered cities were all revealed one by one.

“In the world of cultivation, controlling the power of time and space is the most difficult.”

“Even the most precious treasures in the world cannot withstand the erosion of time.”

Han Muye looked at the city ahead and spoke softly.

Mu Wan nodded.

She was still extremely far from controlling time and space. She only had a vague understanding of what Han Muye said.

“Looking at the structure of this star’s world, it was once a prosperous place.”

“Junior Sister, do you want to see what this star looked like in its heyday?”

Han Muye’s words stunned Mu Wan.

See what it looked like back then?

How could they do that?

Seeing her confusion, Han Muye chuckled softly, “It’s just retracing the history of a lifeless star for thousands of years.”

“It’s not difficult.”

He raised his hand, and a gray halo flashed and disappeared.

In an instant, the entire star turned into a lush green landscape, with towering peaks, bustling crowds, and continuous palaces!

Zhao Yu and the others who had just landed, as well as the various cultivators who had just entered the star, were all shocked by the scene before them, completely at a loss for words.

The passage of time!

Time reversal!

Chapter 965 - 965 A Millennium at a Glance

965 A Millennium at a Glance

The desolate world transformed into a bustling paradise, with palaces stretching endlessly and the radiance of celestial beings illuminating the distant lands.

A millennium at a glance!

Mu Wan widened her eyes and covered her mouth with one hand, looking at everything in front of her in disbelief.

What kind of power is capable of reversing the flow of time and space?

“Let’s go and see what that Sword Dao cultivator looked like before he died,” Han Muye said softly as he reached out to hold Mu Wan’s hand.

The two flew side by side, the scenery around them changing rapidly, while the cultivators passing by paid them no attention.

“An illusion?” Zhao Yu and the others behind also noticed this situation, frowning and whispering.

“Perhaps it’s an illusion, but to incorporate an entire dead and silent star into the illusion, such methods have never been heard of in the world.” The swordsman in the blue robe beside Zhao Yu spoke with a solemn expression and a low voice.

An illusion array with a radius of 100 miles would consume a lot of energy.

A star as the foundation of the formation?

It was truly unimaginable.

“Let’s go, keep up.” Zhao Yu spoke in a deep voice, his eyes fixed on the front.

He was pragmatic, choosing not to dwell on what he couldn’t comprehend.

Actually, his choice was right.

In fact, even if Han Muye personally told them that this was a reversal of time, reenacting the glory of this star tens of thousands of years ago, they still wouldn’t understand.

Controlling time was too distant for them.

Not only them, but also the experts trailing behind them. Faced with the sudden changes in the world, they eventually concluded that this was an incredibly powerful illusion.

Many people immediately flew into a panic, attempting to escape from this star.

However, they soon discovered that no matter how they tried to flee, they couldn't leave the star's boundaries.

This made the cultivators stranded on the star to panic.

Time was connected to space. Han Muye turned back time and naturally used the power of space to seal the stars, preventing the power of time rewind from dissipating.

In other words, this starry space was really an isolated place from the outside world.

A mighty figure who could break through the power of time and space had long ascended to the Immortal World.

"This is the place where an ancient cultivator died in seclusion. It's normal to have a backup plan. However, such a grand illusion array is probably filled with endless danger." A white-bearded elder had a complicated expression and a solemn expression.

A group of Daoist cultivators in green robes gathered in front of a mountain range. They looked at the continuous pavilions and were extremely nervous.

The sect was magnificent. It was actually the base of a powerful sect.

Illusion Formation.

Fortunately, the senior explained that this was an illusionary formation, not a real existence.

Otherwise, just this sect alone could annihilate everyone present.

“You’re right, senior. This is an illusionary formation. Let’s all be careful and set aside our pursuit of treasures for now.” Several middle-aged cultivators hurriedly spoke up.

The changes in this realm had already surpassed everyone’s understanding. At this moment, what everyone sought was not treasure, but survival within this illusionary formation.

“Let’s go and follow the people from the Sword Pavilion. Perhaps they have a way to deal with it.”

Someone spoke up, and everyone flew along, following closely behind.

The group of cultivators who had landed on the star this time numbered nearly a thousand, originally coming from different factions with no connection between them.

But now, they dared not act recklessly and instead had a sense of mutual support.

Guided by their spiritual senses, they chased after Zhao Yu and the others from the Sword Pavilion.

Along the way, they saw those rushing practitioners, who turned out to be mere illusions. They passed by without saying a word.

This relieved everyone.

It was just an illusionary formation.

“It’s a pity, everything is already gone.” Looking at the dazzling lights, bustling cities, and bustling mortals, Mu Wan’s eyes revealed a sense of regret as she whispered softly.

The current star was desolate, and these people, these scenes, had long been engulfed by the river of time.

A millennium was too long.

“They existed.” Han Muye’s gaze fell ahead as he spoke calmly.

Existed.

The world before their eyes was the scene from this star thousands of years ago.

This scene existed a thousand years ago.

“They existed, they passed away. That is the way of the world.”

“One day, when you control time, you can make the beauty you want to linger forever.”

Turning to look at Mu Wan, Han Muye’s expression turned solemn.

Linger forever?

Mu Wan’s face just flashed with delight, but she saw the seriousness in Han Muye’s eyes.

“In all things, there is a path that belongs to them.”

“Even if one possesses the power to change time and space, it is impossible to change all paths.”

“If a person one day uses the power to change time and space to preserve all beauty, then they will be lost.”

“Lost in the river of time, never to return.”

Never to return.

Mu Wan shivered.

“Why did those cultivators, who had reached the Transcendent Realm and were immortal, fall?” Han Muye whispered, “It’s because they wanted to change the eternal path of the world, but lost themselves.”

In that moment just now, he almost lost himself as well.

He also had the urge to directly take Mu Wan across this illusory time and witness the truth of the past.

But he knew that if he really did that, the only result would be that they would be lost in the flow of time and never return.

He could rewind time by a thousand years, but he couldn’t traverse through it.

In the world, he didn’t know if anyone could do it.

Even someone as powerful as the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian could only leave behind a sword light and couldn’t physically travel through time.

Han Muye couldn't imagine how strong one's cultivation would have to be to traverse the river of time.

"Perhaps the fleeting beauty is more worth cherishing if it can't last forever," Mu Wan whispered as she leaned her head on Han Muye's shoulder.

Chapter 966 - 966 A Millennium at a Glance (2)

966 A Millennium at a Glance (2)

Han Muye chuckled and reached out to stroke her hair. "Let's go, we're going to meet that senior."

They came to this desolate starry sky in search of the secret place where the senior sword cultivator passed away, not for a leisurely outing.

Speaking of leisurely outings, isn't it too extravagant to travel back in time and admire the scenery of ten thousand years ago?

The further they went, the more sword cultivators they saw soaring through the air on their flying swords.

"Yulu City?"

In front of them, a magnificent city stood, and Han Muye spoke softly as he looked at the inscription on the city gate that exuded a sword-like radiance.

“Yes, Yulu City, Sword Venerable Yulu.”

Zhao Yu, who had come flying on his sword, spoke out loudly with a look of joy on his face.

Sword Venerable Yulu.

Han Muye was not familiar with this name, but someone who bears the title of Sword Venerable must naturally be a powerful swordsman.

Following those sword cultivators, they entered the city and headed straight to a 100,000-foot-long limestone square filled with people.

“That’s the Sword Venerable Yulu !” Zhao Yu exclaimed.

On a jade high platform in the center of the square stood a Daoist wearing a jade-white robe, with an ancient face, standing proudly with his hands behind his back.

Sword energy crisscrossed around the Daoist, and he seemed to be speaking loudly, while all the sword cultivators below stared intently at the sword energy.

Unfortunately, there was only light and shadow, and not a single sound could be heard.

However, the ever-changing sword energy and the shocked and awed expressions of the surrounding sword cultivators all indicated that this Daoist’s swordsmanship was extraordinary.

Mu Wan wanted to ask Han Muye about the swordsmanship of this senior, but when she turned her head, she saw a shimmering halo swirling in her senior brother's eyes.

"It's a pity, we can only see illusions and cannot perceive the sword intent within." One of the disciples from the Sword Pavilion who had come with Zhao Yu expressed regret.

Not only him, but all the people from the various sects who had gathered in the square at this time felt the same.

The Daoist's sword energy was undoubtedly extremely powerful, and perhaps he was showcasing his inheritance by demonstrating his swordsmanship while speaking.

But without comprehending the sword intent and without hearing the explanations, relying solely on that sword energy, who could receive the inheritance.

"Fortunately, this is just an illusion. The true secret place should not be here." Someone sighed and said.

Where could the real inheritance be?

Unbeknownst to him, a subtle power that outsiders couldn't perceive flickered within him.

Han Muye looked up, and the Taoist on the high platform turned his head.

Their eyes met.

In that instant, they traversed through 10,000 years.

In that glance, Han Muye broke through his retrospective view of time and came from 10,000 years ago.

“Boom!”

The void trembled, all things withered, and in an instant, all the light and shadows dissipated.

The grand city, the spacious square, the people gathered on the square, the nearby streets, the distant mountains...

All brilliance turned into desolation.

All prosperity turned to dust.

In the blink of an eye, the entire Yulu City became ruins.

The once vibrant and verdant stars returned to their previous silence.

This extreme and contrasting change made Mu Wan’s heart tremble, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She didn't know why, but she felt an inexplicable sadness.

Perhaps, this is the nature of time.

The most uncontrollable force in the world.

The scattered cultivators around looked at each other in confusion.

Why did the illusion suddenly disappear?

"Maintaining such a large formation consumes unimaginable energy. It's rare for this illusion formation to bring us here," said the white-bearded Daoist who had spoken before, sweeping his gaze around and landing on the dilapidated high platform ahead.

He pointed with his hand and said softly, "That sword, perhaps, is the key."

Swords.

The high platform ahead had already collapsed, leaving only half of it intact.

But a rusty and weathered long sword was firmly stuck in the high platform.

A figure flew up.

“Hmph.” Someone snorted, his sword striking first.

“Get lost.” Someone took a step forward, their figure breaking through the void.

“Die.” A long blade swept horizontally, casting down a hundred zhang of sword light.

The battle erupted in an instant, reaching its most fierce and brutal state.

Blood, soul, spiritual light, nascent soul, primordial spirit, and fallen pillars of light flashed. The collision of spells and sword techniques and saber light sounded like thunder.

On the square, , the sudden eruption of dense spiritual energy turned the originally lifeless world into a riot of colors.

If it weren’t for the stillness of this place, where the power of spiritual energy could not harmonize with the power of heaven and earth, this chaotic collision alone would have shattered everything within a radius of a thousand miles.

Zhao Yu and the members of the Sword Pavilion beside him had changing expressions, but ultimately, they stayed by Han Muye’s side without moving.

As good as the sword weapon was, it couldn't be obtained so easily in the midst of such chaos.

Even though they were disciples of the Sword Pavilion, they knew their own capabilities and understood that it was impossible for them to snatch this sword from the hands of so many powerful individuals.

Moreover, at this moment, it seemed that their greatest task was not to seize a corroded sword whose usefulness was uncertain but to protect Han Muye and his companions.

“Senior brother, is that sword useful?” Mu Wan couldn't bear it and asked softly, her face showing reluctance.

“It is,” Han Muye nodded.

His words caused the members of the Sword Pavilion to unconsciously clench their fists.

“This sword has been here for ten thousand years, attracting countless strong individuals to offer their blood and souls. Do you think it's useless?” Han Muye chuckled lightly and said casually.

Blood and soul nourishment!

Zhao Yu was startled and turned to look at Han Muye.

“Buzz!”

Just at that moment, the long sword on the high platform in front gently trembled, and a burst of blood light enveloped the few experts closest to the platform.

When the blood light dissipated, those individuals had already disappeared from their original positions.

“The secret realm!”

Someone exclaimed and rushed forward without hesitation.

Others didn’t hesitate either.

In the entire square, only Han Muye and a few cautious individuals remained standing at the back without approaching.

In less than a hundred breaths, the square had become completely empty.

Nearly 1,000 cultivators from various factions had all vanished beneath that high platform.

Chapter 967 - 967 A Millennium at a Glance (3)

967 A Millennium at a Glance (3)

“Dear fellow cultivators, it seems that the platform below is the gateway to the place where the senior sword cultivators attained enlightenment. Why don’t you go there?” A sword cultivator dressed in a black robe looked at Zhao Yu and the others, arching his hand and speaking.

Zhao Yu and the others did not respond but looked towards Han Muye.

If it weren't for Han Muye mentioning something about nourishing the divine soul with fresh blood, they would have rushed over long ago.

"Creating a dojo in the jade snail shell, they entered that snail shell, wanting to come out alive. That's impossible," Han Muye shook his head, his eyes revealing a hint of profundity.

He turned around and walked towards the square.

"Let's go, this so-called place of the senior's enlightenment is just a pretense. There's only a trap here," Han Muye held Mu Wan's hand and walked towards the outskirts of the city.

"Buzz!"

As he turned around and left, the long sword on the platform trembled, as if conveying something.

Zhao Yu and the disciples of the Sword Pavilion beside him looked at each other and slowly retreated.

A few cultivators not far away showed reluctance and hesitation on their faces.

One sword cultivator gritted his teeth, his long sword in hand pulled, traversing through the air, and fell onto the platform, slashing towards the corroded long sword above.

“Boom!”

A deafening roar.

The long sword shook, its figure dissipated, turning into a black cloud.

Endless black waves instantly enveloped the entire jade snail city within a hundred miles.

Within the black waves, countless black worms, several zhang long, appeared, charging towards Han Muye and the other cultivators.

At this moment, except for Han Muye, everyone’s expressions changed drastically.

There were so many worms that they couldn’t be counted.

The black clouds pressed down, and everyone felt weak. With the worms approaching, wasn’t it a matter of life and death?

As their gaze fell on these wriggling black figures, Han Muye tightened his grip on Mu Wan’s hand, allowing her tense body to relax slightly.

“Junior Sister, let me tell you a story.

"In ancient times, there was a young farmer who worked in the fields every day.

"Strangely enough, ever since he put the snail in the water tank, whenever the young man returned home from the fields, the meals were prepared, and the house was spotless.

"The young man was curious about how these things were happening at home, so he told people, but no one else knew the reason.

"Junior Sister, can you guess what's going on?"

Although Mu Wan was nervous, she listened attentively to Han Muye's words. When she heard his question, she quickly said, "Senior brother, are you saying that the snail is actually a powerful monster, and it's responsible for the meals and cleanliness at home?"

"So you mean the snail monster isn't evil?"

Zhao Yu and the others behind Han Muye looked at each other and shook their heads helplessly.

At a time like this, this Young Master Han was still interested in telling stories to his Dao companion.

Could this story really make those worms that had already rushed forward give up their attack?

Zhao Yu and the others gripped their swords and charged forward.

At this moment, Han Muye's voice sounded. "Junior Sister, let me tell you.

"When the young farmer put the snail in his water tank, he was already dead.

"The snail consumed his soul and controlled his body. Everything that happened was the young man's own doing, but he had no idea.

"He told people because he actually wanted to attract more people and then devour more souls.

"Just like how this entire star has been completely devoured."

An entire star, completely devoured!

When Han Muye's voice fell, everyone felt a chill in their hearts.

Those worms all made a hissing sound from their mouths, as if their secrets had been exposed by Han Muye, and they were raging and roaring in fury.

Chapter 968 - 968 The Grass Whip Reappears

968 The Grass Whip Reappears

The piercing roar directly caused the two cultivators not far away to tremble, and then their bodies exploded.

Zhao Yu and the disciples of Jian Ge behind him had solemn expressions, turning their sword lights into a curtain of light to wrap around their bodies.

On top of that curtain of light, faint ripples could be seen shimmering, stirring up ripples that were so faint that they were barely visible to the naked eye—skeletal heads.

This was a soul attack. If it weren't for the light shield blocking it, these skeletal heads would have passed through their bodies, tearing and biting their souls.

Although the light shield blocked the soul attack, Zhao Yu and his companions were not without consumption. Looking at the countless worms stretching endlessly around them, a hint of despair flashed through their hearts.

The other cultivators, although they had means to defend against the soul attack, were clearly more panicked.

Several of them were already on the verge of collapse.

“Buzz!”

A faint green spiritual light rose around Mu Wan.

With a gentle rotation, the spiritual light engulfed all her illusions.

As the illusions were devoured, the cyan spiritual light became even more agile.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

A look of surprise flashed across Mu Wan's face. "Senior Brother, it seems like the Grass Whip really likes these souls."

The green spiritual light was indeed Grass Whip.

Just now, the grass whip conveyed a sense of longing to Mu Wan.

"Perhaps this is an opportunity for the grass whip," Han Muye said with a smile.

Mu Wan nodded and raised her hand. With a flick of her finger, the faint cyan flowing light flew out, transforming into a 100-foot arc of light.

The space within a hundred feet instantly became clear.

The worms howled, all filled with fear.

"Ding—"

The halo continued to expand, transforming from its original faintness into a deep green. Outside the halo, patches of green leaves appeared.

Grass whip.

This green light was Grass Whip.

The halo rapidly expanded from 100 feet to 10,000 feet.

All the worms enveloped by the halo struggled and slowly turned into nothingness.

At this moment, it was visible to the naked eye that the halo, with its devouring power, absorbed strands of faint gray energy.

This energy was the soul.

After devouring the soul, the grass whip was rapidly recovering.

When it pried open the Immortal Ascension Platform in the past, the Grass Whip's power had been exhausted.

Now, these soul energies were just what it needed to replenish itself.

When the halo enveloped the high platform, the platform shook as if encountering something incredibly terrifying.

“Boom!”

A jade-white conch shell emerged, and then it transformed into a towering illusion.

But as soon as the illusion appeared, it was enveloped by the halo.

The jade conch trembled and released black flowing lights.

When they collided with the halo, the halo trembled as if it was about to shatter.

Mu Wan, who was activating the Grass Whip, turned pale.

Han Muye snorted coldly, and behind him, thousands of long swords instantly unsheathed from the sword box on his back.

“Clang—”

The sword light transformed into a torrent, shattering all the black flowing lights.

Not a single strand of flowing light could escape; they all turned into fragments beneath the sword.

“How impressive...”

Zhao Yu murmured as he watched the sword.

The disciples of Sword Pavilion and the remaining cultivators all revealed expressions of shock.

These black flowing lights carried the power of the soul, and each one seemed to possess a Heaven Realm’s Out of Body appearance.

Every sword light from Han Muye’s sword could cut through the Heaven Realm and even break through the power of the soul.

“Hiss—

The jade conch trembled, emanating a violent roar.

An illusion emerged.

This illusion was none other than the white-robed Daoist from before.

However, the Daoist at this moment lacked the composure and calmness of a seasoned swordsman. Instead, his face was filled with cruelty.

With a sword in hand, the Daoist moved and appeared a thousand feet in front of Han Muye.

The long sword carried a stream of light, and the sword move was exactly the same as when he was on the high platform.

However, this sword light was now emitting a majestic sword intent, causing the surrounding halos and souls to intertwine.

Zhao Yu's figure flashed and landed in front of the phantom.

The disciples of the Sword Pavilion followed closely behind and unsheathed their swords.

"Clang—"

The long swords clashed, and Zhao Yu was sent flying.

"Be careful!"

"This sword technique..."

Zhao Yu had just shouted when those Sword Pavilion disciples were already sent flying.

The cultivators in the distance all retreated in panic, afraid of being implicated.

Picking the disciples of the Flying Sword Pavilion, the white-robed Daoist pointed his sword at Han Muye.

“That’s it?”

Han Muye shook his head.

“It’s just an empty shell.”

“In the end, it’s devouring the soul, but it can’t really devour comprehension.”

Han Muye raised his hand, and a sword light flashed in his hand. The sword light was clearly the same as when he was practicing on the Daoist platform.

This was Daoist Yulu’s sword technique!

This was the inheritance that everyone was looking for!

At some point, Han Muye had already obtained the inheritance.

“Clang—”

The two sword lights collided, and the Daoist’s sword instantly shattered. Even his figure was blasted away and retreated.

However, the Daoist retreated with a smile on his face.

“Hehe, not bad, not bad.”

Right?

What was not bad?

Zhao Yu and the others watched in confusion as the Daoist’s figure turned into nothingness.

Someone turned to look at Han Muye with surprise.

Could it be that he had just comprehended this sword technique?

Was there really someone in the world who could learn a sword technique after watching it once?

This comprehension ability was simply too terrifying.

Han Muye's expression was solemn as he bowed in the direction where the Daoist had disappeared.

This was a final tribute to an ancient Sword Dao senior.

"Buzz!"

He drew the sword in his hand, and all the sword lights that surrounded the Jade Conch suddenly fell and crashed into the Jade Conch.

The Jade Conch shook and shattered.

Countless illusory shadows scattered in all directions, enveloped by the halo of the grass whip, and then sucked in.

The grass whip quickly grew and turned into a ten-thousand-foot-long wooden branch.

The branches were verdant, and the green leaves fluttered.

In the instant the wooden branch appeared, a green flowing light shimmered in Mu Wan's eyes, and she emitted the same aura as the wooden branch.

Han Muye turned to look but couldn't sense where this aura came from.

Chapter 969 - 969 The Grass Whip Reappears (2)

969 The Grass Whip Reappears (2)

The Sky Reaching Tree fell to the ground, unleashing an enveloping spiritual power.

The grayish-black worms dissipated one by one, and those phantoms gradually disappeared.

Cultivators wearing long robes, ordinary mortals dressed in plain clothes, and various creatures appeared, bowing to the wooden branch, and then completely vanishing.

These were the beings whose souls had been devoured, imprisoned, and controlled by the Jade Conch.

Although they had long perished and died, they were still under control, unable to escape.

Now, they could finally be considered truly liberated.

"Senior brother, will they be able to come back?" Mu Wan looked at these dispersing souls, finally understanding where her previous sorrow came from when she witnessed the scenery of 10,000 years ago dissipating.

The passing of all life carried a poignant melancholy.

“They’ll come back again.” Han Muye nodded.

The road to transcendence of the Endless Heavenly Venerables was their path of return.

After traveling through the hell in the Endless Sea, they would reappear in another form of life.

This was the transcendence of the Endless Heavenly Venerables.

As he looked at the fading figures before him, Han Muye gained a deeper understanding.

No wonder the Endless Heavenly Venerables could rely on this to transcend.

This was a path that transcended time and space, and connected the past with the future.

At this moment, Han Muye felt a tinge of jealousy.

However, thinking about it, in this world, only the Heavenly Venerables who ruled the Endless Sea could walk this path.

Furthermore, in order to transcend, the Endless Heavenly Venerables gave up ascending to the immortal realm.

“I-I’m still alive...”

“Heavens, purgatory. That secret place is simply purgatory!”

Hundreds of figures appeared, all of them trembling with pale faces.

Many had already suffered soul breakdowns, standing there muttering to themselves.

From the moment these people stepped onto the high platform and were drawn into the Jade Conch until now, only a quarter of an hour had passed.

A secret treasure hunt had resulted in such severe injuries.

This was no treasure hunt at all; it was simply a death trap.

This secret place was nothing more than a trap.

“Boom!”

The branches of the Sky Reaching Tree shot up into the sky, extending for thousands of zhang, and it continued to expand, giving the feeling of becoming a towering tree that reached the heavens.

The power emanating from it began to increase rapidly.

At this moment, the power on the wooden branch had already surpassed Han Muye's previous strength.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the dazed Mu Wan.

There was a mysterious aura gathering around her.

A faint red flower shadow appeared on Mu Wan's forehead.

"Junior Sister?" Han Muye called out in a low voice.

"Ah, Senior Brother." Mu Wan smiled and turned around. She said softly, "This grass whip transmitted a memory to me, and there are some cultivation methods."

No wonder.

It seemed that this was Mu Wan's fortuitous opportunity.

When Han Muye turned around again, he did not notice the reluctance and complexity in Mu Wan's eyes.

"Buzz!"

The Sky Reaching Tree branch, which had grown to a height of one hundred thousand zhang, finally ceased its growth, and piece by piece, green leaves fluttered down, enveloping the entire star.

When all the leaves and branches had disappeared, the star had gained a trace of vitality.

"The Heart of the Star is still alive, still having a chance for rebirth," Han Muye said softly.

Mu Wan nodded and raised her hand, allowing a two-foot-long wooden branch to fall into her palm.

This was the true appearance of the Grass Whip.

Just a piece of wood branch.

"Senior brother, do you think these worlds have souls?"

"And if they do, what are they thinking?"

Mu Wan held the wooden branch and asked softly.

The soul of the world?

Han Muye nodded and said, "The soul of the world should be the Heavenly Dao, right?"

"What the Heavenly Dao is thinking requires reaching an equal level of cultivation to understand."

The Heavenly Dao was the Heavenly Dao, but it was not the soul.

But it was possible that this world had its own soul.

However, Han Muye was not sure if his cultivation had not reached that level.

The entire star returned to silence, with only a trace of restrained vitality slowly brewing.

Han Muye opened his hand, revealing a small jade conch in his palm.

With a flash of inspiration, several long swords and many spiritual materials appeared.

These were all treasures brought by the cultivators devoured by the Jade Conch.

“Brother Zhao, why don’t you divide these things among yourselves?” Han Muye said as he waved his hand, pushing the swords and materials toward Zhao Yu and the others.

He had originally obtained these alone, but Han Muye was willing to share them with Zhao Yu and the others.

He did not lack treasures. His and Mu Wan’s gains on this trip were huge.

Zhao Yu and the others looked at each other and raised their hands to collect the treasures.

Without lingering, everyone flew away.

As for the practitioners who had accompanied them, not only did most of them die or get injured, but they didn’t even obtain a single strand of hair.

However, the survivors had no room to complain.

Being able to survive was all thanks to Han Muye’s intervention.

Otherwise, their lives would have been lost here.

“Who exactly is he? Accompanied by disciples from the Sword Pavilion, his swordsmanship is unparalleled. Even the ancient great sword cultivators couldn’t match him,” a surviving sword cultivator murmured as he watched Han Muye and the others leave.

“The Sword Pavilion is truly a major power in the Upper Heaven Region, with profound heritage...” someone sighed softly.

Without the people from the Sword Pavilion, they would have undoubtedly perished this time.

“Let’s go. The world of the Immortal Source World has changed greatly. Perhaps this is an opportunity. If we can join the Sword Pavilion, we will definitely obtain an unexpected opportunity.”

One by one, spiritual lights departed, and the star returned to tranquility.

Perhaps, countless years later, this star would awaken once again and become a splendid world.

...

Leaving the star, Han Muye, Mu Wan, and Zhao Yu bid farewell to each other and piloted their flying boat to depart.

Chapter 970 - 970 The Grass Whip Reappears (3)

970 The Grass Whip Reappears (3)

They wanted to return to the Medicine Valley.

Zhao Yu and the others watched the flying boat depart and then changed direction towards the Sword Pavilion.

Although they hadn't fully figured out Han Muye's identity on this trip, they witnessed his swordsmanship.

Such a figure was rare even in the Sword Pavilion.

"Senior Brother Zhao Yu, did Young Master Han really come from the Dao Battlefield?" As they traveled through the void, a Sword Pavilion disciple could not help but ask.

With such methods, such cultivation, and combat power, even the direct disciples of Upper Three Heaven's major sects were nothing more than this.

"That's right. With his age and cultivation, I'm afraid even the number one direct disciple of the Sword Pavilion, Bai Yuming, is inferior to him." A disciple's eyes flickered as he spoke in a low voice.

Zhao Yu shook his head.

He was also confused now.

Fortunately, his confusion did not last long.

When they flew back to the Upper Heaven Region, the information stunned everyone.

Countless elites of the Upper Heaven Region had returned!

Most of the elites who participated in the Dao conflict had returned from the Dao Battlefield.

Participating in the conflict allowed these elites to further enhance their cultivation and strength, and almost everyone obtained opportunities.

Moreover, the treasures obtained from opening the Divine Court Treasure Vault could further enhance their sect's strength.

And with the return of these elites, Han Muye's identity was also revealed.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic.

Slaying Heavenly Venerable with a sword!

One person's strength reversed the turbulent tide and laid the foundation for a great victory in the Dao battlefield.

One person stirred up the power of this world and fused the Ancient Cloud Galaxy into it. The alliance of the Spirit Armored Demons broke the seal of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

Among these elites, the name Han Muye is mentioned in the same breath as the powerful figures who rule over this realm.

When many elites mentioned Han Muye's name, they did so with respect and reverence, addressing him as "Minister Han" in a respectful manner.

The key point was that with the current changes in the world, with Han Muye and the cultivation power of the Heavenly Mystic behind him, wouldn't he be invincible?

All the sects in the Upper Heaven Region were in a state of panic.

On the other hand, Han Muye had already arrived in the Upper Heaven Region, made arrangements, and entered the Medicine Valley, causing a sensation with the news of him shaking various forces with the Seven-Story Sword Tower.

Had this person who had long since ascended to the Upper Three Heavens truly come here only for his Dao companion?

How could such a person only have an affair?

Where was this expert who could annex the Upper Heaven Region now? What was his relationship with the Sword Pavilion?

At this moment, everyone in the Upper Heaven Region was looking for Han Muye.

Countless large sects' gazes landed on the Medicine Valley.

Han Muye had left the seven-story sword pagoda behind and would definitely return.

At this moment, how to treat this expert had become a problem for all the sects.

The dam collapsed, the Ancient Cloud Galaxy fused, and the mighty figures of the Upper Three Heavens ascended. Should they establish another enemy like Han Muye or form an alliance with him?

But if they wanted to form an alliance, they had to understand this person's thoughts, right?

What was the relationship between the Sword Pavilion and this person?

And what were his intentions regarding the Medicine Valley?

Tens of thousands of miles outside the residence of the Sword Pavilion, even before Zhao Yu arrived on his sword, a stream of light descended.

"Junior Brother Zhao Yu, Master is looking for you."

When he was 50,000 miles away from the Sword Pavilion, another sword light arrived.

"Hurry, the deacon elder is looking for you."

Millions of miles away from the Sword Pavilion, a sword light directly enveloped Zhao Yu.

“Elder Su is looking for you. Come to the Myriad Swords Hall.”

When he entered the Sword Pavilion, a sword light enveloped him again.

“You’re Zhao Yu? Come to the sect’s meeting hall. The sect elders are waiting for you.”

In the sect’s meeting hall.

That was a place only elders were qualified to go to.

Zhao Yu took a deep breath and smiled wryly.

He knew why the elder was looking for him.

“Brother Han, I’m benefiting from your influence...”