

Pavilion 211

Chapter 211: The Place where Tuoba Cheng Split the Mountain with a Single Strike

Han Muye did not expect the sect to be so dark.

Life was really full of pitfalls, but you didn't know that the biggest pitfall was right behind you.

Fortunately, he didn't really care about these things.

He did not lack spiritual rocks or spiritual herbs. Alchemy depended on his mood.

At most, he would take on this kind of job in the future.

Looking at Han Muye, the young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect cupped his hands again and said excitedly, "I haven't thanked Immortal Han for saving Yuntai Mountain."

The last time, among the many cultivators on the Cloud Nest Ridge, only Han Muye invited Tu Sunshi to save the Yuntai Dao Sect.

If not for their help, the Yuntai Dao Sect would have definitely lost its inheritance.

The Yuntai Dao Sect owed Han Muye a favor for this matter.

The sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect also publicly expressed that he would return the favor.

Anyone from the Yuntai Dao Sect had to return this favor.

Han Muye waved his hand and was about to say something polite when the young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect leaned forward and said in a low voice, "Immortal Han, back then, you saved my Yuntai Dao Sect. Do you know which race from the Southern Wasteland attacked Yuntai Mountain in the end?"

Seeing Han Muye's confused expression, the young sect master lowered his voice and gritted his teeth. "Sect Master Li Mubai of the Shangyang Demon Sect intends to negotiate peace with the Southern Wasteland.

"He asked me for the opinion of the Yuntai Dao Sect and asked us to name our conditions."

At this point, a hint of grief and indignation appeared on the young sect master's face. "It's fine if it's the rest, but the demons who attacked my Yuntai Mountain scraped the ground three feet deep and plundered my Yuntai Dao Sect clean."

"The Yuntai Dao Sect will never forget this hatred.

"If the Southern Wasteland doesn't hand over the demons who plundered Yuntai Mountain, our Yuntai Dao Sect will never compromise."

It was the demon race that plundered Yuntai Mountain, Han Muye thought.

Yes, it could only be the demons who plundered Yuntai Mountain.

The demon race should take the blame for this.

Seeing the young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect looking at him steadily, Han Muye pretended to think about it and said, "The situation was really urgent."

"I understand." The young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect nodded and sighed. "Immortal Han, you risked your life to save us. You're really righteous."

If they were surrounded, even a Heaven Realm expert might die.

Han Muye wasn't lying when he said it was urgent.

"Young Sect Master, I don't have a deep impression of anything else, but I remember that the ones at the front were some Green Wolves."

Han Muye frowned, as if he was trying hard to recall the dangerous scene at that time.

The young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect gritted his teeth and nodded.

Han Muye said nothing more.

The Green Wolf Clan was a vassal of the Black Wolf Clan. This time, one of the Heaven Realm demons of the Black Wolf Clan had died, and the other had left the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

In addition, the Green Wolves Clan sustained serious injuries. It was very convenient to push the blame to them.

Judging from the Young Sect Master's expression, he should have remembered it.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief.

He had even taken 20%.

Although it had to be spread over a hundred years to be obtained.

Along the way, Han Muye chatted with the young sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect. This young sect master named Lu Daokun was very flattering and did not have the arrogance of a young sect master.

That was true. The Yuntai Dao Sect's current poor family background really made him much less temperamental.

Besides, Han Muye was not an ordinary person.

This person was obviously the most outstanding among the younger generation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. He also had the reputation of being an immortal of the sword path. Most importantly, his methods of refining pills were top-notch in the Western Frontier.

Lu Daokun fed Han Muye while pulling strings. When Han Muye left the flying ship, he had finalized a business deal worth 20 million spiritual rocks.

In the next few years, Han Muye would refine a batch of pills for the Yuntai Dao Sect through the Bai family's business account. They were all at least supreme-grade pills.

Han Muye did not refine anything below the supreme-grade.

Originally, Lu Daokun had said that as long as it was a sixth-grade pill, it didn't matter if the quality was poor.

However, Han Muye's "I, Han Muye, don't refine pills below supreme-grade" stopped all his subsequent bargaining.

After the flying ship flew for two days and two nights, Han Muye bade farewell to Lin Shen and left quietly.

Lu Daokun stood at the bow and watched Han Muye leave.

"Young Sect Master, the Sect Master said that as long as this person doesn't die in the future, I'm afraid he will become another Tu Sunshi."

An old man beside Lu Daokun took a step forward and whispered, "Young Sect Master, what do you think of this person?"

Tu Sunshi suppressed the Western Frontier for a thousand years.

Even Spiritual Dao Sect's Myriad Transformations Sage also admitted that Tu Sunshi's sword Dao was extremely powerful and was the number one in the Western Frontier.

After a moment of silence, Lu Daokun chuckled and said, "Is there a need to ask?"

"Immortal Han's swordsmanship is unparalleled and his alchemy is top-notch. The entire Western Frontier is waiting for him to grow, right?"

On the Cloud Nest Ridge, Han Muye's sword technique, the way of the sword, was witnessed by millions of people.

He didn't know much about alchemy, but in the small circle, everyone knew how this person refined immortal-grade pills.

Just as Lu Daokun had said, the sword cultivators of the Western Frontier were all waiting for Han Muye to become the next Tu Sunshi.

He was the person most likely to surpass Tu Sunshi in the past thousand years.

Squinting slightly, Lu Daokun whispered, "Let's go and hide our tracks."

"Whether it's me or Immortal Han, there are many people in the Western Frontier who want us to die immediately."

His words made the old man behind him nod. With a wave of his hand, the three flying ships retracted their spiritual light and quietly flew away.

The Western Frontier was not united. The nine major sects were all scheming against each other.

There were also those forces planted in the Southern Wasteland.

Who knew how many people hoped that the Yuntai Dao Sect would fail and that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Han Muye would die.

At least, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had such thoughts. There were also many people who wanted to push the blame to the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect after doing it.

If Han Muye was given a hundred years to grow, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the other sects would probably not have a good life in a hundred years.

....

The old place in the Blazing Demon Valley.

After Tuoba Cheng destroyed the Blazing Demon Valley, demons and demonic beasts were scattered everywhere.

If they were too far away from the Nine Mystic Mountain, the losses would outweigh the gains.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect issued a demon-slaying mission.

This area had always been the place where a large number of cultivators accepted missions.

Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe, carried a sword case on his back, and Lin Shen, who was wearing a gray martial arts suit and carrying a sword on his back, were at the old place of the Blazing Demon Valley.

In front of them, there were two collapsed mountains. Among them, sword marks spanned dozens of miles and shattered a huge mountain.

This was the place where Tuoba Cheng and Hu Taisheng fought.

It was also the place where Lin Shen's brother, Lin Chongxiao, died.

Standing on the limestone, Lin Shen's expression was solemn.

Even after more than 10 years, there were still wisps of sword Qi emitting here.

It could be seen how magnificent the battle was.

"Do you see these two mountains? They were split open by Elder Tuoba Cheng, an Earth Realm mighty figure of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

A voice sounded nearby.

Han Muye turned around and saw a white-haired old man leading and explaining to seven or eight young disciples.

The 17 or 18-year-old youths looked at the mountains in front of them with shock.

To these low-level cultivators who were only at the second or third level of the Essence Cultivation Realm, it was really difficult to imagine what kind of mighty figure could cut open this mountain range with a single sword.

"Fellow Daoists, are you also here to observe the ruins of this Sword Dao?" The old man turned to look at Han Muye and Lin Shen, his eyes flashing with a bright light as he smiled.

Han Muye nodded. Lin Shen said loudly, "My young master came from afar to see the sword marks here."

Before leaving the mountain, Han Muye and Lin Shen had already discussed hiding their identities.

There were too many people who wanted Han Muye's life now.

"Hehe, if you want to see the sword marks, it's better to go 10 miles forward. You can only feel it on the stone platform over there."

The old man smiled and pointed ahead.

Then he looked at the young people behind him and said, "Your cultivation levels are not enough. If you go over there, your hearts and lungs will be injured by the sword Qi."

Han Muye and Lin Shen cupped their hands in thanks and flew forward.

Seeing that the two of them did not use any profound movement technique, a young man behind the old man whispered, "Third Grandpa, can these two people withstand the sword Qi?"

One could not tell their cultivation level and their movement technique was ordinary.

That young master who was not much older than them carried a sword case on his back and did not have any sword Qi on him. He was definitely a profligate.

"You don't understand." The old man shook his head and watched Han Muye and Lin Shen leave with a solemn expression.

"At this moment, the sword Qi on my body was suppressed."

The old man heaved a sigh of relief and lowered his voice. "At least one of these two is at the Earth Realm."

Earth Realm!

The seven or eight young men stared.

These two people look to be in their twenties or thirties. They are already at the Earth Realm?

"There are hidden dragons and crouching tigers in the cultivation world. Isn't that Nine Mystic Immortal Han not much older than you?" The old man shook his head and looked around. Then he said, "Let's go. I'll take you to see the Ten Thousand Bone Pit of the Blazing Demon Valley."

"If it weren't for the fact that we killed too many people, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect wouldn't have wanted to destroy the Blazing Demon Valley."

"The demon race eats humans."

The old man whispered as he walked.

"Third Grandpa, I heard that the Western Frontier wants to make peace with the Southern Wasteland. In the future, the demonic spirits of the Southern Wasteland will coexist with the cultivators of the Western Frontier."

“Will they eat us, then?”

A young girl with twin braids asked quietly.

The old man shook his head.

He didn’t know either.

He was only a member of a small family clan that had just reached Foundation Establishment. How would he know the situation in the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland?

“I wonder what that Senior Li Mu is thinking. Why did he negotiate peace with the Southern Wasteland? Didn’t he defend the Western Frontier’s Cloud Nest Ridge?”

“That’s right. If we negotiate peace like this, wouldn’t all the people in Cloud Nest Ridge have died in vain last time?”

“The battle at Cloud Nest Ridge. I want to see Brother Huang Six’s glory the most.”

“I think Immortal Han is better.”

“Do you think we should go to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect or the Shangyang Demon Sect to acknowledge a master?”

....

Young people, of course, had a lot of fantasies.

The old man did not speak and led the young people behind him through a few hills.

In front of him was a pit filled with scattered bones.

White bones were everywhere, covering a radius of 10,000 feet.

It looked like thousands of human bones.

Standing outside the Pit, it was creepy.

At this moment, there were still a few people standing in front of the huge pit.

When those people saw the old man and the others, they did not speak and turned to leave.

The old man frowned as the men left.

“The Falling Flower Mark. I think I’ve seen it somewhere before...” He tried to remember, but couldn’t.

The young people behind him looked at the bones in front of them and gritted their teeth.

Seeing such a scene, any human would be furious.

“No wonder Senior Tuoba Cheng wanted to destroy the Blazing Demon Valley. These demons are really hateful!”

“Yes, these demons—”

"Let's go!" Just as these young people were feeling troubled, the old man's expression changed. He whispered, "The Falling Flower Mark. I remember.

"It's a mark of dirty work.

"These people are here to kill."

Chapter 212: It's Over, Monk. Goodbye, Tang Yunhao

Murder?

Kill who?

The young men looked confused.

The old man shook his head, his face grim, and led them quickly away.

After cultivating for a long time, one knew how to live long.

As they walked past the hill, the old man heaved a sigh of relief.

60 years ago, he had seen people with falling flower marks on their clothes slaughter a sect.

These people were ruthless and did not leave anyone alive.

The old man was seriously injured at that time and did not have any spiritual energy fluctuations on his body, so he escaped.

He also obtained some opportunities then.

"Third Grandpa, are they here to kill the two people you said are at least at the Earth Realm?" Behind the old man, a young man in a green and gray martial arts suit asked in a low voice.

These words made the old man frown. He said in a low voice, "Jia Muhe, you're only at the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm. You're not even qualified to participate in the battle between these Earth Realm experts.

"If you want to live long, don't get involved in these things."

If this Jia Muhe was not the most talented among the younger generation of the Jia family, the old man would have already berated him.

When the other young men heard the old man's words, some of them chuckled and shook their heads, while others reached out and tugged at Jia Muhe's sleeve.

Jia Muhe did not retreat. Instead, he stared at the old man and lowered his voice. "Third Grandpa, do you think this is also an opportunity?"

Opportunity?

The old man looked angry at first, then slowly turned silent.

"Third Grandpa, you guys go first. I'm going back."

As Jia Muhe spoke, he took off his robe and the sword on his back.

"If I don't come back, tell my parents that I went to a big sect to cultivate."

Jia Muhe turned to look at the others beside him and grinned. "Just say that I went to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

With that, he rolled up his sleeves and followed the mountain path into the forest.

As he left, the other young men turned to look at the old man.

The old man was silent for a moment, then turned and walked away.

Perhaps it was an opportunity, or perhaps it was also courting death.

In the end, young people liked to gamble.

The old man himself would no longer do such an unstable thing.

"Jia Muhe won't be coming back."

Walking in front, the old man threw Jia Muhe's robe and sword down the cliff.

"Go back and say that he encountered a demonic beast and was killed."

Everyone froze at his words.

"Hmph, is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect so easy to get involved with?"

"It might be a blessing or a curse for my Jia family to be related to these major sects."

With that, the old man dashed away.

The group of young men looked at each other and lowered their heads to follow.

....

Jia Muhe was running through the forest.

He remembered that Han Muye and Lin Shen were there to admire the sword marks.

However, sword Qi would harm his body there.

At this moment, he no longer cared about injuring himself. He ran at full speed and arrived at the two cliff walls in a moment.

A cold aura greeted him, making his breathing quicken, and he almost vomited blood.

He was only at the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, so his body could not withstand the corrosion of the sword Qi.

Suppressing the pain in his chest and abdomen, Jia Muhe searched around.

There!

Wasn't the two people he had seen just now under the stone wall in front of him?

At this moment, there was a bald man sitting opposite them.

Ignoring everything else, Jia Muhe hurried over.

Han Muye and Lin Shen had already discovered Jia Muhe running towards them. Seeing his flushed face, they rushed over.

Lin Shen stood up.

"My third grandfather said that someone is coming to kill. I guess it might be to kill you." Jia Muhe panted and spoke loudly.

Lin Shen turned his head and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye laughed and waved his hand. "We didn't offend anyone. No one will want to kill us."

As he spoke, he looked up at the opposite side. "By the way, Master, your Buddhist heritage is not in the Western Frontier. I'm afraid it's you that they're here to kill."

The bald man opposite Han Muye was a monk.

There was no Buddhist heritage in the Western Frontier.

Neither was there in the Southern Wasteland.

When he met this monk under the stone wall just now, Han Muye was interested and went forward to chat with him.

It was only after a few words that he knew the monk's name. Before he could interrogate him about anything else, Jia Muhe arrived.

"Patron Han, I'm an ascetic monk. I shouldn't have any enemies in the Western Frontier.

"You're probably the ones who lured people here to kill me."

The monk's head was shiny. He was dressed in monk robes and had a string of green prayer beads around his neck. He was less than 30 years old.

He spoke now with a calm expression.

Han Muye laughed and turned to look not far away. "Then ask who they're here to kill."

At some point, seven cultivators in gray robes had arrived.

The seven of them had cold expressions as they slowly approached with swords in their hands.

Han Muye pointed at Jia Muhe, who was standing in front of Lin Shen, and said loudly, "He said you're here to kill."

"Do you think they're here to kill me or this monk?"

Hearing his words, Jia Muhe opened his mouth and widened his eyes.

Can you still ask questions like that? he wondered.

The seven people on the other side did not answer at all and just walked forward.

The originally suppressed killing intent and spiritual light on the seven of them intertwined and transformed into a blood-colored pillar of light.

As soon as this pillar of light appeared, Jia Muhe, who was hundreds of feet away, felt his heart tighten and he could not breathe.

Earth Realm!

Each of these seven people was at the Earth Realm!

Seven Earth Realm experts had come to kill.

Jia Muhe knew that he had lost his gamble.

He thought that it would be an opportunity, but he didn't expect it to be suicide.

"Since we've met, I can help you.

"100,000 spiritual rocks for one life."

The monk looked at Han Muye and suddenly spoke.

Han Muye turned to look at him and asked curiously, "Aren't you cultivating diligently?"

The monk's expression did not change. "Even bitter cultivation requires spiritual rocks."

These words made Han Muye smile even more.

He pointed at himself. "Monk, do you think I have 100,000 spiritual rocks?"

Monk shrugged. "I can smell it."

Dog nose.

Han Muye laughed and turned to look at the seven people who were already 30 feet away.

"People of the Flower Folding Hall, did you collect 100,000 spiritual rocks for my life?"

The seven people did not respond at all. They took another step forward and flew up at the same time, then stabbed their swords forward.

Seven sword lights shone at the same time, turning into petals that wrapped around Han Muye.

The sword Qi transformed into a cold light that enveloped Han Muye's head with a terrifying halo.

Han Muye's expression did not change. The monk opposite him looked curious. Jia Muhe turned his head, and Lin Shen's hand had unknowingly reached for the hilt of his sword.

"Slash—"

A blood-colored petal suddenly flew diagonally and pierced the chest and abdomen of a gray-robed man.

The petals passed through his chest and abdomen and exploded into countless petals, surrounding the remaining figure.

When the petals dissipated, only one of the seven people who had attacked Han Muye was left.

"Senior Brother Han, how's my Flying Flower Sword Technique?"

The young man holding a broken sword looked up at Han Muye and chuckled.

Flying Flower Sword Technique, Broken Sword.

Back then, Han Muye had broken the sword in the young man's hand and knew that there was a Cloud Golden Lotus here.

Tang Yunhao.

It had only been a year since they last met, but Tang Yunhao's sword technique and cultivation had changed drastically.

"It's okay. It's getting interesting."

Han Muye sized up Tang Yunhao and nodded. "I already have the intention of picking leaves and flying flowers. The next level is when the flowers bloom and fall, and all things become swords."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Tang Yunhao's eyes flashed with surprise.

He put away the broken sword in his hand and bowed. "Thank you for your guidance.

"As expected of Senior Brother Han."

With that, he looked at the monk sitting opposite Han Muye, then at Lin Shen and Jia Muhe.

"Senior Brother Han, can we kill these people?"

When Tang Yunhao looked at him, Jia Muhe felt that his heart had stopped beating.

The killing intent in this gaze could penetrate the heart.

Lin Shen's expression did not change.

Monk pressed his palms together and muttered something under his breath.

Han Muye shook his head. "Let's not kill him."

Tang Yunhao nodded, walked forward, squatted down, and looked at Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, you came here for the Cloud Golden Lotus, right?"

Han Muye thought that Tang Yunhao didn't know about this, but it seemed that he did.

Han Muye nodded.

In any case, Tang Yunhao wouldn't know why he knew about the golden lotus.

Tang Yunhao looked at the monk.

"This golden lotus was planted by my Xuankong Monastery's senior."

The monk pressed his palms together and spoke loudly.

Tang Yunhao glanced at him and turned to look at Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, should we kill this monk?"

That made the Monk stiffen.

Han Muye laughed. "Good idea."

They did not manage to kill anyone. They moved away and sat around to drink.

After leaving the sword mark cliff, on a rocky beach in the lee of the wind, there was wine and meat on a large rock.

"Your monk's wine is really strong." Tang Yunhao grimaced after taking a sip.

The way he looked made Jia Muhe's arm freeze as he lifted his glass.

Lin Shen put down the empty cup and said calmly, "You can drink half a cup."

Jia Muhe looked at him gratefully and brought his glass closer, taking a small sip.

The wine burned down his throat like a flame, through his intestines and stomach.

A heat rose from the dantian.

His meridians seemed to have been burned through by the flames, and his muscles and bones had been refined.

After that, he was in a daze and could not hear Han Muye and the others clearly.

Seeing him like this, Tang Yunhao laughed, then looked at Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, I only want a golden lotus seed."

Han Muye nodded and looked at the Monk.

Tang Yunhao also turned to look at him.

Monk was silent for a moment, then nodded. "I'll take one too."

Han Muye didn't refuse.

The opportunities in the world depended on everyone.

There was a saying that the opportunities in the cultivation world were endless. If one was too greedy, they would lose their opportunities.

On the other hand, there was always a chance.

Reaching an understanding, the four of them ate meat and drank wine, and began to talk.

After Tang Yunhao received Han Muye's guidance, his sword technique was completely different.

He was ruthless and killed many people who were chasing him.

One of them happened to be seen by someone from the Flying Flower Hall and recruited him.

He was not afraid of death when carrying out missions, and soon received the attention of the hall.

He also obtained more resources and his cultivation level increased rapidly.

"This time, the Flying Flower Hall accepted the mission to assassinate you, Senior Brother Han. They're here again, so I came." Tang Yunhao looked at Han Muye. "I know these people won't hurt Senior Brother Han. I just came along."

At this point, he shook his head and said, "When I get the Golden Lotus Seed, I'll leave the Flying Flower Hall. They won't be able to find me."

"Why are you leaving?" Han Muye looked at him.

Tang Yunhao was stunned. He stared at Han Muye. After a moment, he lowered his voice. "Senior Brother Han, do you want me to stay in the Flying Flower Hall?"

Chapter 213: Picking the Golden Lotus, Instructor Lin's Sword Cleaves the Mountain

Han Muye nodded and said indifferently, "I also have many things that are inconvenient for me to do."

"Alright, I'll do it for you." Tang Yunhao nodded and said in a low voice, "Give me 10 years, and I'll take down the entire Flying Flower Hall."

His eyes shone brightly.

The number one person in the younger generation of the Western Frontier, Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye.

When he knew that this was the person who had taught him back then, Tang Yunhao had some thoughts.

Only by following the footsteps of a true powerhouse could he have the chance to come into contact with the wider world.

As an itinerant cultivator who could be hunted down at any time, he would not achieve anything in 100 years, let alone 10 years.

Han Muye's identity, status, talent, and future were worth a gamble.

After Han Muye made an agreement with Tang Yunhao, he asked the monk why he had come to the Western Frontier.

According to the monk's introduction, he was from the bitter cold place of the Northern Region.

He was from the Xuankong Monastery, the largest Buddhist cultivation sect in the Northern Region.

In the Northern Region, its status was about the same as the Spiritual Dao Sect.

However, the Northern Region was a land of ice. It was uninhabited. Humans and foreign races lived together. There were not many true experts.

Xuankong Monastery only had 10,000 disciples and one Heaven Realm expert.

"Master, you're from the Northern Region. Have you heard of a sword cultivator called Deng Chungang?"

Recalling that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's number one direct disciple, Deng Chungang, had gone to the Northern Region, Han Muye asked.

The Monk thought back and shook his head. "There aren't many people in the Northern Region who use swords.

"The strongest among them should be the Great Snow Mountain Sword King who split open three 100,000-foot-tall snow mountains with a single sword and suppressed the Snow Demon Clan.

"As for the others, I don't think I've heard of anyone with that name who's so good with a sword."

The Northern Region was cold and vast. It was normal that he had never heard of Deng Chungang.

Han Muye didn't pursue the matter.

He stood up and looked at the monk and Tang Yunhao. "As far as I know, when the Cloud Golden Lotus matures, it will attract demon beasts with sharp senses.

"Let's go first and block the demonic beasts. When the golden lotus matures, we'll pick it and leave."

Both the Monk and Tang Yunhao had no objections to this arrangement.

Tang Yunhao reached out and pulled the dizzy Jia Muhe. He followed behind Lin Shen and everyone flew away.

In less than an hour, they arrived at a cliff.

This place was filled with vegetation. If he didn't know the location in advance, he wouldn't care much.

Stepping into the crack, the deeper he went, the hotter he felt.

This crack was actually connected to the Lava Land underground.

Sure enough, after following the crack for more than a thousand feet, he saw fiery red lava rolling in front of him.

Around them, spiritual energy and sword Qi rose, turning into a light screen to protect their bodies.

Han Muye, who was walking in front, had a faint layer of green aura wrapped around his body. His clothes fluttered as he walked leisurely.

The monk pressed his palms together. Buddha light flashed around him, and a golden light screen shone from his bald head.

Lin Shen and Tang Yunhao both protected themselves with faint sword Qi.

He walked 10,000 feet to the side of the magma lake.

The surging magma was fiery red and scorching. The heat wave hit the light screen that protected everyone and emitted a dark red halo.

When Jia Muhe woke up, he saw flames rolling in front of him.

He struggled for a moment and turned around. He saw Tang Yunhao holding his collar and protecting him with a layer of sword light.

“Don’t move or I’ll throw you off.”

Tang Yunhao said coldly.

Jia Muhe quickly shrank his neck and dared not move.

His gaze swept ahead, and he shuddered slightly.

In the middle of the magma lake, a few dark golden lotus flowers bloomed.

Among the flowers with the most petals, a huge lotus seed pod swayed.

Although he did not know what this golden lotus was, it must be a treasure to grow in the magma lake.

“The lotus has seven branches. This Cloud Golden Lotus has grown to its limit.” Looking at the swaying golden lotus, Han Muye said.

The spiritual power of the earth lineage here could only nurture this golden lotus.

This was the reason why natural treasures were rare.

A true treasure with harsh growth conditions was still unique.

Even if he didn’t pick the golden lotus, after it matured, it would fall into the magma lake and the spiritual energy would return to the world.

In the future, there would be no such treasure here.

“A few more days. We’ll just wait here.”

As Han Muye spoke, he found a flat spot and raised his hand to throw a formation disk. A light screen that enveloped a 20-foot radius rose up, and then he sat cross-legged in meditation.

The Monk and the others walked over and passed through the spiritual barrier.

Whether it was the array disk or the protective technique of the spiritual light sword Qi from before, Jia Muhe, a junior disciple of a small family clan, had never experienced it.

Sitting in that light array, he looked around curiously.

Tang Yunhao, who had closed his eyes and was surging with sword Qi, said coldly, "Cultivate. Didn't you drink half a glass of wine into a dog's stomach?"

Jia Muhe hurriedly circulated the family clan's inheritance cultivation technique.

He circulated his cultivation technique and widened his eyes, almost losing his spiritual energy.

At this moment, the meridians in his entire body were clear, and his muscles and bones seemed to have been refined for a long time.

The bottleneck of the third level of the Essence Cultivation Realm had disappeared at some point. The spiritual energy and blood qi of the fourth level of the Essence Cultivation Realm surged in his body.

I have broken through just like that? Jia Muhe thought.

In the cultivation world, fate was really important!

What was an opportunity?

This was it!

Turning to look at the few people beside him, Jia Muhe stopped smiling and his expression turned solemn.

These experts did not waste any time cultivating. How could he not work hard?

He closed his eyes and transferred his Qi, blood, and spiritual energy. There was another surprise.

The spiritual energy around him was so dense that it seemed to be soaked in spiritual energy.

Jia Muhe had never thought of such a cultivation.

This was called cultivation!

What kind of cultivation was that? He only obtained one or two spiritual rocks a year and did not dare to use his full strength every time he absorbed spiritual energy.

Chapter 214: Picking the Golden Lotus, Instructor Lin's One Sword Strike to Open the Mountain

At this moment, ambition took root in Jia Muhe's heart.

In the future, he would earn many, many spiritual rocks.

Consume one, throw away one.

Throw them into the formation disk.

....

Two days passed in a rush.

The golden lotus bloomed, and the golden light emitted from it became stronger and stronger.

There was also a faint fragrance spreading in all directions.

Not only the golden lotus in the middle, but the other six golden lotuses also emitted golden light.

In the past two days, three demonic beasts had come from the crack. They were all at the Qi Condensation Realm. They wanted to cross the magma lake, but they were burned to death by the flames.

This made Jia Muhe, who wanted to walk out of the light array to take a look, completely give up. He had just reached the perfected fourth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

“Roar—”

A 20-foot-long Single-Horned Black Panther rushed in from the crack. When it saw Han Muye and the others, it was slightly stunned.

However, the black panther turned its gaze to the golden lotus, its eyes filled with greed.

With a roar, it flew up and pounced on the Golden Lotus.

This black panther was very fast, and a dark gray screen of light protected its body.

If one exceeded the Qi Condensation Realm, they would at least have the strength of the second or third level of Foundation Establishment.

This black panther could really cross the magma lake.

Jia Muhe rubbed his hands anxiously, but Han Muye and the others were indifferent.

From the conversation between Han Muye and the others, this golden lotus was a precious treasure. They didn't want it anymore?

“Boom—”

Just as the black panther was halfway through its flight, a long whip crossed hundreds of feet outside the crack and ruthlessly swung at the black panther's head, shattering its head.

The panther fell and was swallowed by the lava.

Outside the crack, several figures rushed in.

These people wore green and white robes, old and young.

The person who attacked first was tall and held a golden whip. His eyes shone with golden light.

He glanced at Han Muye and the others, then at Lin Shenhe and the monk, frowning slightly.

The others also looked at Han Muye and the others. Some of them had killing intent in their eyes.

The tall young man holding the golden whip waved his hand and stared at the blooming golden lotus. After a moment of silence, he led everyone to a corner to sit.

A thousand feet away from Han Muye and the others, these people also began to cultivate.

However, without Han Muye and the others' array formation, these people had used talismans or the spiritual energy around them to form a barrier.

Jia Muhe felt that the people there were not as rich as Senior Brother Han.

This Senior Brother Han, whose background was unknown, used high-grade spiritual rocks to cultivate.

Seeing that he had consumed several superior-grade spiritual rocks in two days, Jia Muhe was shocked and envious.

This was how cultivation should be.

No lack of spiritual rocks.

In the next few days, people kept coming from the crack.

There were actually 20 to 30 of them.

From time to time, demonic beasts would rush in.

The strongest demon beast that had rushed into the spatial rift in the past few days had already touched the shadow of the Earth Realm.

One of them was killed by Tang Yunhao.

This strike made the few cultivators who were restless later become much more obedient.

"Whew—"

A cool breeze stirred on the magma lake, bringing coolness.

Apart from Han Muye and the others, everyone stood up.

How could there be a breeze in such a blazing place?

"The Cloud Golden Lotus is about to mature!"

Someone let out a low cry.

Sure enough, in the magma lake, the petals of the golden lotus fell, and the lotus seed pod began to slowly condense.

On the lotus seed pod in the middle, there were nine golden lotus seeds with a golden halo.

Nine Golden Lotus Seeds!

After swallowing these nine golden lotus seeds, even a ninth-grade crippled spiritual root could instantly transform into an immortal spiritual root that surpassed a first-grade spiritual root!

Supreme treasure!

It was not just that one lotus seed pod. On the other six lotus seeds, there were either three or five, a total of more than 20 golden lotus seeds.

It isn't too much to share one of these, right?

Looking at the golden lotus that was slowly condensing, everyone's hearts burned.

"Boom—"

At the crack, dozens of demonic beasts with different figures rushed in.

"Block the demon beasts!"

"When the Golden Lotus Seed takes shape, it will attract demonic beasts within a thousand miles!"

"Block the demonic beasts first, then divide the lotus seeds!"

The tall young man holding the golden whip took a step forward. The golden whip swept across with dazzling golden light, blocking a fifth-level Foundation Establishment demonic beast. Then he shouted, "Everyone, let's work together and block the demonic beasts. How about it?"

Beside the magma lake, dozens of cultivators stood up.

It was impossible to get the lotus seeds without blocking the demonic beasts.

"Immortal Han, it's an opportunity to encounter a treasure. Let's attack together today and split the opportunity equally." The young man with the golden whip turned to look at Han Muye.

"I'm He Huangyi from the Summoning Mountain Dao Sect. I admire Immortal Han and guarantee that each of you will have a Golden Lotus Seed, okay?"

The young man had a fifth level Meridian Opening spiritual energy cultivation.

Not only him, but the few people beside him also emitted the power of the Earth Realm.

Immortal Han.

Han Muye of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

With so many people here, there were naturally people who recognized Han Muye.

It was a school whose strength was second only to the Nine Great Sects. It had a good relationship with the Spiritual Dao Sect.

He Huangyi looked at Han Muye.

It was generous enough to give Han Muye and the others a golden lotus each.

This was because of Han Muye's reputation as an immortal of the sword path and the Nine Mystic Sword School.

Otherwise, when they met in the wild, opportunities had to be fought for with strength.

So what if he was an immortal on the sword path?

After the battle on Cloud Nest Ridge, it was unknown how much combat strength he had left.

The legacy of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion. After the Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm, it was even inferior to a mortal.

The lotus seed pod swayed gently, and more and more demonic beasts surged over.

“Senior Brother Han, I’ll stop the demonic beasts.”

Tang Yunhao stood up.

“Let me do it.” Monk Le stood up and glanced at Tang Yunhao. “If you go, I’m afraid you’ll kill these people too.”

Hearing his words, Tang Yunhao grinned.

The two of them spoke loudly, making He Huangyi and the others look cold.

Han Muye shook his head and waved his hand. “No need to worry. I’ll leave after picking the lotus seeds.”

After he finished speaking, Lin Shen stood up and walked out of the formation disk’s light shield.

In one step, he drew his sword.

“Boom—”

The originally dark underground crack instantly brightened.

Light shone from above.

Landslide!

Earth Crack!

One Sword Splitting Mountain!

The sword marks separated the mountains.

Compared to Tuoba Cheng’s sword back then, it was even worse.

One sword split mountains and rocks.

The mountain range split into two, and the magma lake instantly poured down. The seven Cloud Melting Golden Lotuses were fixed in place.

“Senior Brother Han, please.” Lin Shen turned to look at Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye stood up and slowly walked over. He walked to the Cloud Golden Lotus with every step and picked six of them, leaving one with three lotus seeds.

“I’ll leave one for you as a chance.”

“You guys have no objections?”

Turning around, Han Muye looked at He Huangyi and the others.

Everyone shook their heads.

The demons who had retreated into a corner shook their heads too.

“Let’s go.”

Han Muye waved his hand and flew away.

Tang Yunhao pulled the stunned Jia Muhe along.

Lin Shen sheathed his sword and flew up.

He clasped his hands together, and his eyes flashed. He looked at the sword mark in the distance and whispered, “The sword technique of the Great Snow Mountain’s Sword King.”

“So, the number one sword of the Northern Region, the Great Snow Mountain Sword King, is Deng Chungang.”

Chapter 215: To Green Wheat Mountain

When the Great Snow Mountain’s Sword King suppressed the Snow Demon Clan, he single-handedly killed 30,000 snow demons.

He shattered a 10,000-foot mountain range in one strike.

No one expected such an expert from the Western Frontier.

With a long laugh, Buddhist light surrounded the monk’s body as he stepped into the void.

It wasn’t until Han Muye and the others had all left that the silence by the dry magma lake instantly turned into noise.

Who is this person? they wondered.

The expressions of the Earth Realm cultivators from the Summoning Mountain Dao Sect changed.

This sword was not inferior to Tuoba Cheng’s sword in the Blazing Demon Valley.

Another sword expert appeared in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

And such an expert seemed to be Immortal Han’s guard?

He Huangyi looked back into the distance.

Is this the real difference? he wondered.

The gap between the Summoning Mountain Dao Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. The gap between him and the number one junior in the Western Frontier...

His gaze landed on the Golden Lotus that was swaying, and determination flashed in his eyes.

These three Golden Lotus Seeds were the capital for him to make up for the gap and soar into the sky!

“Boom—”

He Huangyi swept the whip in his hand and blew up the demonic beast in front of him. Then he turned around and charged straight at the Golden Lotus.

The blow stunned everyone.

Then there was a sword light and a roar.

Three Golden Lotus Seeds. Each would increase aptitude by one grade.

Who wouldn't want to snatch such a treasure?

Once he snatched it, blood would naturally flow like a river.

Actually, whether it was three or ten, blood was destined to flow by the magma lake.

Hearing the faint sounds of fighting, Han Muye shook his head.

He was just lucky to have left this level early.

However, he did not dare to say that he had already transcended.

Every cultivator struggled to become a more powerful chess piece.

After landing on a mountain, Lin Shen, Tang Yunhao, and the others strode over.

Han Muye raised his hand and took out two golden lotus seeds.

"Consume this Cloud Golden Lotus directly. It can increase your cultivation aptitude by one grade."

Increase one's cultivation aptitude!

Jia Muhe looked at the golden lotus seed and felt his heart clench.

There was actually such a treasure in the world!

Tang Yunhao didn't hesitate to take it and put it into his mouth.

As an itinerant cultivator, he knew that transforming treasures into his own strength was the true treasure.

The monk did not take the golden lotus seed.

Han Muye's gaze landed on him and he said calmly, "Do you think it's too little?"

Hearing his words, the monk laughed. "Who would complain about having too many such treasures?"

As soon as he finished speaking, a vast sword Qi rose from Lin Shen's body.

The monk waved his hand and said, "If it's in the hands of an outsider, I do want to try.

"In your hands, Immortal Han, forget it.

"I can't win."

After seeing Lin Shen's sword and knowing Han Muye's reputation, the monk had no intention of snatching it.

He smiled at Han Muye. "Benefactor Han, can you help me refine this Cloud Golden Lotus into a pill?"

"I can smell the alchemy aura on you. It's very strong. I haven't smelled anyone stronger than you in the Western Frontier."

This guy could smell spiritual rocks and alchemy, Han Muye thought.

Dog nose.

Refine it into a pill?

When spiritual herbs were refined into pills, they could indeed maximize the medicinal effect.

Han Muye thought back for a bit and shook his head. "The Western Frontier might not have the pill formula for the Cloud Golden Lotus."

He had seen most of those precious pill formulas in the Little Alchemy Pavilion of the Mu family in the Western Frontier. He had never refined pills with the Cloud Golden Lotus.

If such a treasure was used to refine pills, his heart would ache if it was wrecked.

"I have more."

The monk took out a jade slip and handed it to Han Muye.

The pill formula for refining the Cloud Golden Lotus?

Han Muye reached out to take the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

This was not the first time Han Muye had seen the method of refining pills.

There were a few types of pills that were difficult to refine. They were formed by combining water and fire pill refinement techniques and exchanging two refinement techniques.

It was like combining the civil with the military aspects.

However, this kind of Nine Revolutions Technique had extremely harsh requirements for an alchemist.

After nine transformations, the Pill Fire did not extinguish, and the Pill Qi was purified again and again.

In Han Muye's opinion, there were probably not many people in the entire Western Frontier who had such alchemy methods.

Even he himself was not absolutely confident that he could do it.

Not to mention anything else, just the Nine Revolutions Pill Refinement Technique was extremely precious.

With nine transformations, a supreme-grade pill could be refined easily.

Even an immortal-grade would have a chance.

There were many spiritual herbs needed for the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill, and many of them had a medicinal effect of more than a thousand years.

Such spiritual herbs were also difficult to find.

If you want to step up your spiritual foundation to an immortal spiritual foundation, you have to consume such a pill? The information in the jade slip made Han Muye frown.

He now had more than 20 Cloud Golden Lotus seeds.

He had originally planned to swallow a few at a time and increase his cultivation aptitude to above first-grade immediately.

According to the jade slip, it turned out that the Cloud Golden Lotus could not increase one's aptitude to the best.

"Consuming the Cloud Golden Lotus Seed directly is only effective for those below the third-grade. Those above the third-grade need to refine pills to increase their medicinal strength."

The monk shook his head and said, "Otherwise, I would have simply consumed this lotus seed."

His words attracted the gazes of Lin Shen and the others.

Does this guy mean that his cultivation aptitude is above third-grade and it's useless to directly swallow the lotus seeds? they thought.

Among the major sects in the Western Frontier, it's rare for one to have a third-grade aptitude, right?

Jia Muhe looked at the monk blankly.

He only had an eighth-grade cultivation aptitude, which was already top-notch in the family.

Third-grade.

"Hum—"

Tang Yunhao's body shook, and his eyes opened. A golden light flashed.

"This Golden Lotus Seed can really increase one's cultivation aptitude. Impressive."

Surprise flashed across his face.

He did not care if he had to refine it into a pill before consuming it. After all, he was not a third-grade talent.

"Alright, I'll refine pills." Han Muye nodded and put away the jade slip and the Golden Lotus Seeds. Then he said, "Within three years, you can go to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion to find me."

Clasping his hands, the monk smiled and nodded.

They did not mention anything about spiritual herbs. This jade slip was much more valuable than spiritual herbs.

Han Muye whispered to Tang Yunhao again and agreed to meet again in the future. He turned around and prepared to leave with Lin Shen. He said to the monk, "Fellow Daoist Lin, I've seen your sword technique in the Northern Region."

His words made Han Muye and Lin Shen turn their heads.

The monk looked at the mountains in the distance that had been cut open by Lin Shen's sword, and his eyes flickered with spiritual light. "The number one swordsman in the Northern Region, the master of the Great Snow Mountain, the Great Snow Mountain Sword King. His sword has the power to collapse 10,000 snow peaks.

"His sword skills came from the same school as you."

He turned to look at Han Muye and Lin Shen. "The Sword King of the Great Snow Mountain sits on the peak of the snow mountain and suppresses the Snow Demon Clan with the snow mountain. He can destroy three 10,000-foot-tall snow peaks with one sword.

"He should be the Deng Chungang you mentioned."

Deng Chungang is the number one swordsman in the Northern Region? Han Muye thought.

He narrowed his eyes.

Lin Shen trembled and said in a low voice, "Using the snow mountain to hone his sword technique?

"The Great Snow Mountain suppressed countless snow demons, and the Great Snow Mountain Sword King suppressed them with a sword. I can't imagine how powerful his sword is."

Han Muye chuckled and patted Lin Shen's shoulder before flying away.

Lin Shen cupped his fists at the monk and followed.

The monk smiled and turned to wave at Tang Yunhao and Jia Muhe before striding away.

Jia Muhe stood where he was, his face blank.

Immortal Han.

Senior Brother Han is Immortal Han.

The Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

So I've been traveling with such an expert these days.

"Kid, how about coming with me to be an assassin?" Tang Yunhao suddenly said.

Be a killer?

Jia Muhe looked up hesitantly and trembled when he saw Tang Yunhao's solemn expression.

If I don't agree, will I be killed?

Seeing his expression, Tang Yunhao laughed. "Kid, you're not qualified to take the Golden Lotus Seed. However, being able to travel with Senior Brother Han can be considered an opportunity."

"Follow me from now on. I need you to help me deliver some news to the Nine Mystic Mountain."

After saying that, he reached out and grabbed Jia Muhe's shoulder. He said softly, "Could it be that you still want to meet your small family and be a small cultivator who will never have the chance to build a foundation in his life?"

Flames rose in Jia Muhe's eyes.

"You're as ambitious as me. Let's go." Tang Yunhao smiled and patted Jia Muhe's shoulder before turning to leave.

Without a word, Jia Muhe followed.

--

Han Muye and Lin Shen did not return to the Nine Mystic Mountain immediately.

If he didn't have the monk's pill formula, he would go back immediately. Now he was prepared to gather the spiritual herbs to refine this Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

The two of them transformed into master and servant and found several marketplaces. In total, they only obtained three stalks of 1,000-year-old spiritual herbs.

Through the Bai family's shop in the market, he contacted Bai Suzhen and obtained news of five spiritual herbs.

Han Muye somewhat understood why those great cultivators would spend so many years for a pill.

The more precious the pill, the more difficult it was to collect spiritual herbs.

At this moment, news of what happened in the Blazing Demon Valley arrived.

Dozens of cultivators fought to the death over three Cloud Golden Lotus Seeds.

In the end, He Huangyi of the Summoning Mountain Dao Sect snatched one, and a Rat Demon who had ambushed him snatched another.

There was another one missing.

A group of Earth Realm cultivators from the Summoning Mountain Dao Sect protected He Huangyi. They were intercepted several times on their way back to the sect.

There were also rumors that Immortal Han, Han Muye of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, had also gone there and obtained many Golden Lotus Seeds.

Immortal Han's guards slashed open the mountains, leaving behind a sword mark that was comparable to Tuoba Cheng's sword back then.

These rumors were received with belief and disbelief.

Belief was based on the fact that the sword indeed existed. Sword Qi lingered, and the mountains and rivers had shattered.

The powerful sword intent contained in the sword mark made the hair of those who approached stand on end.

Unless one was a powerful sword cultivator, it was impossible to slash out with this sword.

There was disbelief that Han Muye could snatch so many Golden Lotus Seeds.

How many peerless experts could be created with so many Cloud Golden Lotus Seeds?

People thought that such things must be rumors.

It must be an enemy of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who was spreading rumors.

Han Muye, who was searching for spiritual herbs in the market, shook his head and smiled when he heard this.

After searching a few more markets and finding nothing, Han Muye led Lin Shen to the Green Wheat Mountain.

Back at the Green Wheat Mountain, he had made a deal with the demons that he could look for spiritual herbs there in the future.

“Senior Brother Han, someone is following us.”

Lin Shen, who was driving the flying ship, sent a voice transmission from the bow.

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged in the cabin, opened his eyes.

“Don’t worry about it.”

He muttered, and between his palms, three sword pills spat out spiritual light.

Chapter 216: I’ll Help You Transcend the Tribulation

After a year of nurturing, these three sword pills were already extremely lively.

Sword intent poured in, and in a flash, a profound spiritual light followed.

From these three sword pills, the shadow of an ancient Dharma treasure could be seen.

After a year of cultivation, Han Muye’s improvement was comprehensive.

The spiritual energy cultivation of the sixth level of the Foundation Establishment realm was quite considerable.

The tempering of the sword of the soul was even purer. Most of the small green sword that Mo Shenghua had given him had already been refined by him and was trembling gently in his divine treasure.

In his Qi Sea, as his cultivation increased, the sword intent he could store increased.

Without affecting his lifespan, the 36 sword intents could allow him to use the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique 36 times.

The sword intent in his dantian also became more dense. More sword intent mixed in it condensed and showed signs of developing into sword momentum.

Other than these visible improvements, the tempering of various sword techniques allowed him to have a deeper understanding of the sword.

It was not really about comprehending 10,000 sword techniques, but about comprehending the Sword Dao.

Everything in the world had its Dao.

Earth Realm cultivation was the process of finding the Dao.

Han Muye had left earlier than others and gone far. He had started to find his own sword Dao at the Foundation Establishment realm.

“Hum—

The three sword pills shook and disappeared.

Han Muye moved and landed on the bow.

The green mountain range ahead was the Green Wheat Mountain Range.

This was the region with the most demons in the Western Frontier.

Fortunately, the demons in the Green Wheat Mountain did not participate in the conflict between the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland.

Han Muye took out a light purple branch.

This branch was given to Han Muye by Little Demon Tan Tan.

Because Han Muye was generous and satisfied Granny Lan, the great demon behind this little demon, she left a token that could be traded in the future.

Standing at the bow, Han Muye threw spiritual light into the branch. The small branch emitted a faint halo and floated forward.

He flew after the branch and landed in the forest. He started running quickly.

Lin Shen also put away the flying ship and followed.

The small branch danced, leading Han Muye to the spot where he had entered when he came back to find the Red Flame Army rebels.

Suddenly, the branch stopped.

Han Muye frowned.

The hill in front of him was the place where Zhao Pu had picked the magnolias.

Back then, Zhao Pu had given the tree demon a superior-grade spiritual rock for cultivation.

However, the huge tree vine was withered on the ground now.

Countless vines were broken. It was obvious that they had been killed.

This tree demon actually did not do anything evil here. It was unexpected that he encountered such a calamity.

Lin Shen strode forward and observed the tree vines. He turned around and said, "It seems to be done by a powerful demonic beast."

Demon beast?

Han Muye's gaze fell on the light purple branch in front of him.

There were many demonic beasts in the Green Wheat Mountain. Powerful demons, like the half-step Heaven Realm Wood Demon back then, were considered overlords.

However, these demons each had their own territory. Generally speaking, they would not fight with each other.

Did something happen in the Green Wheat Mountain? Han Muye wondered.

He raised his hand and pointed. Spiritual light poured into it, and the purple branch turned into an arrow and flew away.

Han Muye followed like the wind.

Lin Shen followed closely.

The two of them walked forward and saw that the mountain was filled with traces of battle.

There were corpses of wood demons as well as demon beasts.

The demon beasts attacked, while the wood demons defended.

The battleground looked very tragic.

"Boom—"

Ahead, there was a roar.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the purple branch, then hid himself behind the thick and solid trees.

Lin Shen's entire body trembled slightly, and a layer of gray spiritual light that was like stone enveloped his body.

Then he took a step forward. He was like a real rock. If one did not pay special attention, one would not notice anything different.

Han Muye had already sensed the mixed auras of various demon beasts.

Brutal, savage.

A few powerful auras were all at the Earth Realm.

There was also a faint half-step Heaven Realm aura.

Han Muye was more familiar with one of them. It was the Wood Demon from back then.

However, the Wood Demon's aura was unstable, as if it was injured.

"Boom—"

Another rumble came.

Han Muye crossed the hill and saw that in the hollow in front of him, dense demonic beasts were surrounding a huge Magnolia Tree and attacking it.

The Magnolia Tree waved its long vines and repelled the demonic beasts.

There were too many demon beasts. There were also several human-shaped demons in front of them, holding back the Magnolia Tree Demon.

One of these great demons was at the half-step Heaven Realm.

The aura of the Magnolia Tree kept trembling and was very unstable.

Han Muye also saw dozens of tree demons of various shapes around the Magnolia Tree.

The wood demon that gave him the purple branch was also among them.

These Wood Demons scattered their demonic power and transformed into all kinds of wooden arrows and spiritual light to resist the attacks of the demon beasts.

"Woo—"

"Woo—"

A green wolf at the front roared at the sky, and its soul power spread out.

The meaning of this message in his soul was that once he severely injured the Magnolia Tree with all his might, preventing it from transcending the Heavenly Tribulation and reaching the Heaven Realm, everyone would have an opportunity.

The green wolf also said that after killing the Great Magnolia Tree Demon and distributing the magnolia fruits condensed by this great demon, everyone could increase their cultivation.

Cultivate with the condensed magnolia fruit? the demon beasts wondered.

Is there really such a fruit?

According to the ancient book, there was really a 10,000-year-old fruit that could allow one to have wood-type power and reach the maximum level.

Full wood-type power was a harmonious constitution that alchemists dreamed of.

Whether it was cultivating spiritual herbs or raising the quality of spiritual herbs, it was easy.

Even if one was picking herbs, the spiritual herbs would come into one's hands.

This was a rare treasure in the world.

Han Muze stared at the tree demon that was being surrounded and hesitated.

Should he wait until the Wood Demon was surrounded before snatching the Magnolia Fruit?

"Whew—"

In front of the tree demon, a figure rushed forward, shouting as he raised his hand and slashed down with his saber.

This was a demon in a clear gray robe. At this moment, his shout meant that he was telling these demons to kill the Wood Demon, snatch the treasures in the spiritual land, and then join the demons in the Southern Wasteland with him.

He had come from the Southern Wasteland to gather the scattered demons in the Western Frontier.

This great demon also said that there were going to be many tribes moving west in the Southern Wasteland. If they did not join the Green Wolves Race, these demons would be annexed by other demons in the future.

The demon race from the Southern Wasteland?

A half-step Heaven Realm expert of the Green Wolves Race.

"Bam—"

The long saber struck the branches of the Wood Demon.

The two branches were cut off.

Their auras became chaotic as they threw out a few wooden vines, but the Green Wolves Race's great demon dodged them.

The Magnolia Tree Demon seemed to be suppressing his strength.

"Bam!"

Tan Tan, who was under the tree of the Wood Demon, was knocked down by a black demonic tiger.

The black tiger sank its claws on Tan Tan's neck and bit her.

"Boom—"

A light green spiritual light spread out from the Magnolia Tree Demon.

Vast power turned into astral winds that scattered in all directions.

The astral wind shook his soul, and the terrifying pressure instantly pushed the black tiger away.

All the surrounding demonic beasts were also knocked away by this shock.

This power had already surpassed the ordinary half-step Heaven Realm.

Wooden vines waved, and the Magnolia Tree Demon let out an ear-piercing roar.

However, the figures standing in front did not retreat. Instead, they laughed and shouted.

In the sky, clouds rolled in.

Heavenly tribulation.

Whether it was the demon race or the human race, when they stepped into the Heaven Realm from the peak of the Earth Realm, they would attract the Heavenly Tribulation.

The Heavenly Tribulation was the gathering of the power of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, turning into lightning that descended.

If one could withstand it, one would be able to gain the recognition of the Heaven and Earth powers and become a Heaven Realm expert.

If one could not, one would die.

Clearly, the Magnolia Tree Demon had been suppressing its cultivation level, looking for a suitable opportunity to transcend the tribulation.

The half-step Heaven Realm Green Wolf from the Southern Wasteland led a group of demonic beasts and deliberately lured the Magnolia Tree Demon to transcend the tribulation in a hurry.

The group of demonic beasts retreated slowly.

The terrifying power emitted by the Heavenly Tribulation scared these demonic beasts.

The Heavenly Tribulation did not recognize people. Once it descended, it would turn into rolling clouds and lightning. No matter what kind of plant or beast it was, it would be destroyed.

“Hum—

The vines around the Magnolia Tree shook, knocking all the Wood Demons thousands of feet away.

Then the huge tree demon emitted spiritual light and transformed into a woman in her fifties wearing a green robe.

The woman, wooden staff in hand, glanced around, sighed softly, and flew up.

She charged straight up into the clouds.

A pale white lightning bolt as thick as a bucket descended and blasted towards the woman.

The woman raised the wooden staff in her hand and drew a profound light screen, facing the clouds.

“Boom—”

The cloud and lightning exploded, and the wooden staff in the woman’s hand shattered.

The scattered lightning hit the woman and smashed her down dozens of feet.

Not far below, the few demons of the Southern Wasteland laughed proudly.

Facing the Heavenly Tribulation, she was not prepared and even sustained some injuries. Faced with a group of powerful enemies, how could she survive?

“Boom—”

The lightning in the sky did not hesitate at all and sent down another bolt of lightning that was even stronger than before.

Despair flashed across the woman’s face. With a sigh, she charged again.

Below, Tan Tan and the Wood Demons all cried out in grief.

Lightning wrapped around the woman and wreaked havoc on her body.

An illusory shadow of a small tree appeared above the woman’s head, then was pulled by lightning, as if it wanted to tear it apart.

There were also demonic spirits in the human Heavenly Realm.

This small tree was the demonic infant of the Magnolia Tree Demon.

If the Demon Infant shattered, her soul would naturally be destroyed.

“Fellow Daoist, may I ask you to help me take care of Tan Tan and the others?”

At this moment, a voice sounded in Han Muye’s ears.

It was from the Magnolia Tree Demon.

It was not difficult for a half-step Heaven Realm great demon to discover Han Muye’s arrival.

“I have a spiritual land where my roots are stationed. If you save Tan Tan and the others, they will help you obtain that spiritual land.

“Don’t worry about this Southern Wasteland Green Wolf. I’ve already invited another half-step Heaven Realm expert from the Green Wheat Mountain. He will definitely be able to restrain this Green Wolves Race.”

Using a spiritual land as payment, this business could be done.

Han Muye nodded, then looked at the figure wrapped in lightning in the sky and said, “Since you have a half-step Heaven Realm friend, why don’t you let him help you?”

If they could restrain the Green Wolves Race, they could naturally protect those Wood Demons.

“Fellow Daoist, the location of that half-step Heaven Realm is not suitable for Tan Tan and the others to cultivate.”

Before the woman could finish speaking, another bolt of lightning descended from the sky.

Its aura began to tremble, as if it could no longer hold on.

Below, those demonic beasts had already taken steps forward greedily.

When the Magnolia Tree Demon died, they would go forward and snatch the Magnolia Fruit.

“Senior, let’s make a deal. I’ll help you transcend the tribulation, and you’ll give me the Magnolia Fruit. How about that?”

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Chapter 217: Sword Pills, Slaying the Half-Step Heaven Realm

Tribulation Transcendence, surviving the tribulation, transcending the tribulation.

The aura of the great demon wrapped in lightning shook, and a crack suddenly appeared.

“Can you help me transcend the tribulation?”

The Wood Demon’s voice was clearly hurried and shocked.

Tribulation Transcendence was an extremely dangerous thing.

That lightning tribulation was formed by the power of the Heavenly Dao. Helping others transcend the tribulation was deceiving the Heavenly Dao.

This action might bring about a calamity to oneself.

In ancient times, a great cultivator helped others transcend the tribulation, but the lightning tribulation found him and killed him.

The Magnolia Tree Demon could not believe that Han Muye could help her transcend the lightning tribulation.

“Senior, do you want to do this business?”

Han Muye spoke again.

Lightning gathered in the sky again.

“Do it!”

Who would want to die when they could live?

Furthermore, such a great demon who had cultivated for countless years could not bear to die.

Hearing the Magnolia Demon’s agreement, Han Muye flew up.

“Hmph, make your death wish!”

In the distance, the half-step Heaven Realm Great Demon of the Green Wolves Race, who had long discovered Han Muye’s arrival, snorted coldly. A green light on his body turned into a huge claw and slapped at Han Muye’s head.

They were here for the Wood Demons and were unwilling to bother about insignificant people like Han Muye.

He didn't expect Han Muye to not know what was good for him.

The huge claw was dense, as the pressure of the half-step Heaven Realm demon weighed upon him.

Han Muye's gaze fell on the giant claw and he ignored it.

"Hum—"

A sword light rose from behind him.

Lin Shen held the sword and swung it down.

The sword light and demonic light collided.

Instructor Lin, whose body was at the Heaven Realm and had cultivated the Myriad Swords Drawing Technique, could block an attack from a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

The great demon did not expect Lin Shen to have such combat strength and could not help but be stunned.

At this moment, Han Muye had already flown into the sky, not far from the woman wrapped in lightning tribulation.

He raised his hand, and a piece of black fur flew out.

The fur flew over the woman's head and then blocked the lightning.

Lightning landed on the black fur, creating misty halos.

Then it was wiped clean.

The woman opened her mouth and looked at the fur that blocked the lightning above her head.

"Tribulation Transcendence, surviving the tribulation, transcending the tribulation."

Han Muye shouted in a low voice.

The woman nodded hurriedly and released her strength, attracting more lightning that descended from above.

The lightning landed on the black fur and was absorbed by it.

Seeing the lightning wreaking havoc but being blocked by the fur, Han Muye smiled.

This fur from an unknown demonic beast could really block the Heavenly Tribulation.

If this matter was spread, those half-step Heaven Realm experts would probably fight for it.

Liu Hong had found this fur in the Nine Mystic Sword School's Treasure Pavilion, and Han Muye had spent 200,000 spiritual rocks to buy it.

At that time, the fur was covered by a broken drum.

The reason why the Nine Mystic Sword Sect kept that broken drum in the Treasure Pavilion was because the material used to make it was a rare spiritual material.

Han Muye only obtained this fur after separating the spiritual materials.

After some experiments, he discovered that this fur had a strange power to absorb Heavenly Lightning.

However, he was not sure if it could block the Heavenly Tribulation.

“Roar—”

Seeing that the fur had blocked the lightning, the Green Wolf Demon below let out a long roar and took a step forward. He was already in midair.

However, before he could attack, he was blocked by Lin Shen.

The sword light in Lin Shen’s hand collided with the Green Wolf Demon with a mountain-crushing force.

“Bam—”

The sword light shattered, and Lin Shen flew back a thousand feet.

The great demon was also forced back a few steps.

Lin Shen shouted and charged forward again with his sword.

In the past, they could turn him into ashes with a wave of their hands.

Now, even if he was no match for them, he could still block them for a moment!

The sword light was magnificent. Every sword carried endless astral wind.

Although the Green Wolf half-step Heaven Realm demon was furious, he was helpless for a moment.

Ahead, the aura of the woman wrapped in lightning grew stronger.

With the fur blocking the heavenly lightning, she only needed to break through with all her might and let her spiritual energy fuse with the Heavenly Dao. When her demonic soul condensed, she could step into the Heaven Realm.

When she reached the Heaven Realm, the lightning above her head would not be a threat. Instead, it would help her temper her soul and refine her Nascent Soul.

“Roar—”

The Green Wolf roared at the sky, its voice shattering the surrounding clouds and causing the expression of the Magnolia Demon, who was transcending the tribulation with all his might, to change.

This was because the Green Wolf Demon’s message was calling.

He summoned another half-step Heaven Realm great demon.

Black Chief.

Great Demon Black Chief.

However, this Black Chief was clearly summoned by the Magnolia Demon to restrain the Green Wolf Demon.

Han Muye, who was standing in place, moved and took a step forward.

Behind him, a black shadow tore through the void.

Han Muye turned around and saw a middle-aged man in a black robe with black scales on his head and face standing in front of him.

“Black Chief?”

Han Muye spoke softly.

The great demon glanced at Han Muye, then turned his gaze to the Magnolia Tree Demon who was transcending the tribulation.

His gaze fell on the fur that blocked the lightning, and greed appeared on his face.

He exuded a black demonic aura.

“Why didn’t you keep your promise, Black Chief?”

Under the flashes of the lightning, the Magnolia Demon raged.

“Promise?” The Black Chief Demon laughed and said coldly, “Mu Jin, you didn’t say that you could transcend the heavenly tribulation with the help of humans, right?”

“Do you think I’m willing to see another Heaven Realm demon appear in the Green Wheat Mountain?”

He licked his thin black lips and said coldly, “Don’t worry, I’ll still keep my promise. If you die, I’ll take the Magnolia Fruit and let those little Wood Demons leave.”

With that, he moved and turned into nothingness.

When he appeared again, he was already behind Han Muye.

From his palm, a black dagger swept towards Han Muye’s neck. His movements were fast, and there was a flash of light.

“Slash—”

A stream of light flashed, and the Black Chief Demon appeared dozens of feet away. His gloomy eyes revealed a trace of fear.

He reached out and covered the left side of his chest and abdomen.

There was dark red blood flowing along the black scales.

Han Muye shook his head and put away the purple flame sword in his left hand.

Left hand.

Reversal.

Lower String Sword Technique.

In close combat sword techniques, Han Muye had never met a match.

Unfortunately, the Purple Flame Sword had not been nurtured for long enough, so it was difficult to injure a half-step Heaven Realm demon.

Moreover, this demon happened to have scales on its body.

Black Chief Snake Demon?

His gaze landed on the black armor protecting his chest and abdomen. Han Muye said, "No wonder Senior Mu Jin said that the Wood Demons can't go to your place.

"The Black Chief Snake likes dark and poisonous swamps. This place is indeed not suitable for wood demons to grow."

He did not kill Han Muye in one strike and was instead stabbed by Han Muye. Black Chief's pupils constricted, and its aura converged. Then it turned into a black light and disappeared.

Han Muye chuckled, and a green light appeared in his right hand. He raised his hand and slashed down 10 feet to the left.

"Slash—"

The sword light grazed Black Chief's shoulder, almost splitting half his body.

This strike was not as dangerous as the Purple Flame Sword in his left hand, but it was infused with sword intent. If it hit, it could really severely injure Black Chief.

"Roar—"

The Green Wolf Demon below roared.

He was urging Black Chief on.

The lightning on the body of the Magnolia Great Demon had reached its limit.

The clouds above had begun to thin.

Tribulation Transcendence, surviving the tribulation, transcending the tribulation.

Both of them would be in trouble.

Black Chief gritted his teeth and looked at Han Muye with a dark expression.

Two black daggers appeared in his hands.

"Slash—"

The black dagger left his hand, bringing with it an arc of light. It surrounded Han Muye and slashed at him.

Then Black Chief flew towards Mu Jin in the lightning.

This Heavenly Tribulation Lightning was violent and difficult to approach. Otherwise, Black Chief wouldn't have flown over to collide with it.

But he had just moved when he suddenly paused.

Not far behind him, Han Muye used two swords with both hands and blocked his daggers with a light flick.

Then Han Muye looked at Black Chief and chuckled. The Purple Flame Sword in his left hand flew out.

With a flash of sword light, it was already at Black Chief's neck.

Black Chief only had time to raise his arm to block it.

"Slash—"

The sword light left a trail of flames.

A bloody mark appeared on the black armor on Black Chief's arm.

Han Muye held the two daggers with a long sword in one hand and used a sword technique with the other. Sword light flashed around Black Chief, bringing with it blood.

Multitasking and fighting a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

Black Chief roared angrily, but he was helpless against the agile sword light around him.

"Boom—"

The lightning on the head of the Magnolia Great Demon had gradually dimmed.

If he waited any longer, a Heaven Realm demon would take revenge.

"Hiss—"

Black Chief hissed, and his body turned into a strange black snake that was 10 feet long and had wings on its back. Around the black snake, black poisonous fog spread.

He also recalled the pair of daggers, which turned into two fangs.

"Roar—"

The Green Wolf Demon below transformed into a 100-foot wolf and knocked away Lin Shen's sword light, flying towards Han Muye.

The black snake also opened its mouth and bit at Han Muye's head.

The two half-step Heaven Realm demons attacked Han Muye together.

The astral wind and demonic aura pressure directly froze Han Muye in place, preventing him from moving at all.

Not far away, Mu Jin shouted anxiously under the lightning, but she could not shake off the two demons at all.

Which half-step Heaven Realm expert wasn't determined?

Since they wanted to kill, they would not hold back!

Below, a mountain-like power surged and brewed on Lin Shen's body.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

Unless a Heaven Realm cultivator came, Han Muye would definitely die.

Lin Shen regretted not fighting the Green Wolf to the death earlier.

The purple-eyed, purple-haired Wood Demon Tan Tan revealed a sad expression.

She knew Han Muye.

She knew that Han Muye was here to help her and Granny Lan.

Han Muye was a friend of the Wood Demons.

Now she was going to watch Han Muye get killed.

In the void, space seemed to have frozen.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He held his sword with both hands.

In his divine treasure, a green sword light trembled.

But this time, he did not use the Sword of the Soul.

The three sword pills in his dantian shook and flashed out.

"Hum—"

The three sword pills were around him. In his dantian, the sword intent that had been nurtured for a year was divided into three and poured into the sword pills.

In an instant, the three sword pills turned into three stars.

Between the three stars, sword light fused and then scattered threads.

There were many.

There were too many threads to count.

Fine threads.

The threads were light and almost invisible.

Sword Qi turned into threads, and the foundation of the Sword Dao was profound.

Three Sword Pills, Three-Star Sword Formation.

The foundation of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

This was the first time in a long time that Han Muye had used a sword pill to fight an enemy.

He wanted to see how strong this sword pill was against two half-step Heaven Realm demons.

The sword silk emitted by the three sword pills was like a transparent cocoon that enveloped Han Muye.

“Ssss—”

The Green Wolf Demon and the black double-winged snake collided with the cocoon and passed through it.

“Boom—”

The last lightning bolt in the sky dissipated.

The demonic light of the great demon flew down as Mu Jin stood outside Han Muye’s cocoon.

The two great demons went through the cocoon.

Two streaks of blood were left on the cocoon.

When these two demons landed in front of Han Muye, their bodies slowly collapsed.

They collapsed into fine particles.

The sword silk that had transformed into a cocoon just now immediately cut the two half-step Heaven Realm demons into pieces.

At this moment, what Mu Jin saw was the scene of two great demons slowly collapsing in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed, and the cocoon turned into nothingness, leaving only three sword pills hanging high like stars.

“Senior, congratulations.”

He looked at the stunned Mu Jin and chuckled.

Chapter 218: Obtaining the Magnolia Fruit, the Vestiges of the Great War

“Sword Master Yuan Tian...”

Mu Jin muttered blankly as she looked at the three shiny sword pills.

Hearing her words, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

“Senior knows Sword Master Yuan Tian?”

The great sword cultivator who dominated the Western Frontier was a figure from 10,000 years ago. This great demon also cultivated for more than 10,000 years.

They might actually know each other.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mu Jin shook her head and revealed a regretful expression. "Ten thousand years ago, I was still a little demon who had yet to transform. How could I be qualified to know the Sword Venerable?"

"I'd just seen the glory of a Sword Venerable."

As she spoke, her gaze landed on Han Muye's three sword pills.

"Back then, the Sword Venerable's Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation fought a mighty figure from the outside world. Half of the Western Frontier shook.

"There was once a 30,000-foot peak on Green Wheat Mountain that was cut flat by a flying sword."

The Outer Realm!

This was the first time Han Muye had heard someone talk about an Outer Realm cultivator.

Only wood-type demons like Mu Jin had a long lifespan and had the chance to personally experience what happened 10,000 years ago.

He was about to ask, but Mu Jin smiled and held the black fur with both hands in front of Han Muye. "Little friend, I'm returning this treasure."

At this moment, spiritual light flashed on the black fur, and there were traces of lightning interweaving.

Dark patterns flashed on it. It no longer looked like a gray fur that was about to rot.

If it was in its current state, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would not just treat it as ordinary fur thrown on the second floor of the Treasure Pavilion.

Han Muye reached out to take it and felt that his tentacles were filled with surging lightning.

After Han Muye took the fur and put it away, Mu Jin smiled and said, "Little friend, follow me to my cultivation spiritual land. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

With that, she raised her hand, and a green spiritual light scattered, enveloping a radius of dozens of miles.

Those demonic beasts that had attacked previously and were now quietly fleeing were all held captive by wooden vines. No matter how they struggled, they could not escape.

It was impossible to escape from a Heaven Realm demon.

"Hum—"

Under the pressure of the green light screen, the wooden vines rolled backward. Within a hundred miles, the mountain rocks shook and the soil collapsed.

They were swept up by the wooden vines and dragged underground.

After a moment, the forest fell silent.

It was a killing scene with no killing in sight.

It was the world of demon cultivators.

If Mu Jin didn't survive the Heavenly Tribulation, all the Wood Demons here would die, and the treasures nurtured in their bodies would be divided by the demonic spirits.

Now that Mu Jin had transcended the Heavenly Tribulation, these demonic spirits were also used as fertilizer.

The weak were prey to the strong. There was no reason for it.

It was much simpler and more direct than the connections and schemes between the human sects.

Following Mu Jin, Lin Shen carried his sword and flew to Han Muye's side.

The Wood Demons also rushed up and surrounded Mu Jin, cheering.

"Thank you."

Tan Tan looked at Han Muye and spoke excitedly.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

They followed the wood demons through the forest. A moment later, they arrived at a hollow.

With a wave of her hand, the hollow in front of Mu Jin turned into a village shaded by trees.

In this village, there were many children. Some had small branches growing on their heads, while others had roots and branches.

Seeing Mu Jin and the others return, they all greeted them with "Granny Lan and Auntie Tan".

Mu Jin let Tan Tan lead Han Muye and Lin Shen to the cottage to rest while she went straight to the backyard.

Tan Tan led Han Muye and the others to the Cottage and sat down. Then she brought over many fruits with a group of little demons.

They were all full of spiritual energy.

Han Muye tasted a few and saw the little demons drooling, so he waved them away.

"These are fruits raised in Granny Lan's spiritual land. We rarely eat them." Tan Tan held a red spiritual fruit with both hands and took a small bite.

Previously, he had heard from the Green Wolf Demon that Mu Jin had a spiritual land.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, there was only one spiritual land.

Perhaps because Han Muye had saved her this time, Tan Tan was much less wary of them. While eating fruits, she introduced the situation in the Green Wheat Mountain.

The Green Wheat Mountain stretched for tens of thousands of miles, and there were four half-step Heaven Realm demons.

There was the Magnolia Tree Demon, Mu Jin, the Black Chief Snake Demon, Black Chief, the White Deer Great Demon, Lu Lingzi, and the Golden Eagle Demon, Ying Yang, who rarely appeared.

Mu Jin privately warned the Wood Demons that this Ying Yang might have already cultivated to the Heaven Realm. He just didn't want to provoke the humans of the Western Frontier and deliberately hid his strength.

Among the four great demons, Mu Jin was a wood demon. In the Green Wheat Mountain, she was relatively peaceful and did not like to fight.

On the other hand, there was often friction between Black Chief and Lu Lingzi.

Later, Lu Lingzi colluded with the Human Dao Sect and suppressed Black Chief, causing him to curl up in his Black Stone Pool.

"You're here to make a deal with Granny Lan, right?"

Tan Tan looked at Han Muye and whispered, "Don't worry, there's nothing on the entire Green Wheat Mountain that Granny Lan can't find."

Han Muye believed that Mu Jin was a Wood Demon who had attained the Dao and was born with the ability to suppress plants.

Now that she had become a Heaven Realm demon, she had the power to control plants.

After an hour, Mu Jin, who had changed her clothes and restrained her aura, slowly walked over.

She had just broken through and was already giving Han Muye a lot of face by not directly entering seclusion.

Han Muye and Lin Shen stood up and cupped their hands with a smile.

They were the top figures in the entire Western Frontier.

Mu Jin walked up to Han Muye, raised her hand, and handed over a small jade box. She said softly, "This is the Magnolia Fruit."

Magnolia Fruit.

After consuming the 10,000-year-old fruit, one would have wood affinity to the maximum level.

Such a treasure could be considered a priceless treasure.

"This fruit requires nurturing for 10,000 years." Mu Jin looked at the wooden box in her hand and sighed.

Han Muye glanced at her and chuckled. "Senior, if this fruit is extremely important to you, I don't want it."

The Magnolia Fruit was naturally good stuff.

However, after Mu Jin transcended the Heavenly Tribulation and became the wood-type commander of the Green Wheat Mountain, her status was different.

It was not a bad idea to exchange the Magnolia Fruit for something else.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mu Jin smiled and shook her head. "If I had failed the tribulation, this fruit could transform into a body and help me regain my life.

"As for now, it's not much use."

In that case, Han Muye took the jade box and put it into his storage ring.

Mu Jin sat down and waved her hand to arrange more fruits.

"These are all from Senior's spiritual land, right? Tan Tan and the others said that these fruits are quite rare."

Han Muye picked two with enough spiritual energy and asked with a smile.

This fruit was comparable to the medicinal power of an eighth-grade pill.

Mu Jin smiled and said, "Actually, it's not precious. It's just that Tan Tan and the others are all plants and demons. I just don't want them to eat too many spiritual fruits."

"If you like it, you can take more with you."

Han Muye's face lit up, and he smiled. "Then it would be impolite for me to refuse."

The local specialties in the mountains were all treasures when they went out.

The world was like that.

"I'm Han Muye, the guardian of the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword School. This is Sword Guardian Lin Shen of the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye stood up and cupped his hands solemnly.

Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

One of the four great sword sects of the Western Frontier.

This was a major sect in the Western Frontier.

"Nine Mystic Mountain, Sword Pavilion. No wonder." Mu Jin nodded.

Han Muye introduced himself so that he could trade with Mu Jin as an equal.

If he was an itinerant cultivator, even if he was strong enough, he would be inferior to a Heaven Realm demon.

Even if it was a transaction, it did not have the qualifications to make a deal with a Heaven Realm demon.

However, the status of a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword School was different.

Sure enough, Mu Jin's smile widened.

"In that case, you're Immortal Han?"

Looking at Han Muye, Mu Jin sized him up and said, "I've heard many stories about Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword School in the Green Wheat Mountain. I didn't expect it to be you."

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

Reputation would be useful at this time, right?

When he sat down again, Mu Jin was much more amiable.

"Immortal Han wants to ask about the story of Sword Master Yuan Tian, right?"

"I'll tell you everything I know."

Sitting on a wooden stool, Mu Jin's eyes flashed with nostalgia.

What happened 10,000 years ago was usually not told.

"Do you know what it was like 10,000 years ago?"

Han Muye didn't answer. He didn't need to.

Mu Jin was not really asking him.

"10,000 years ago, there were three Outer Realm Gates in the Western Frontier, which were teleportation channels set up in the outside world. One could enter and leave the Western Frontier at will.

"There are also countless spatial rifts. At any time, scattered cultivators or demon beasts or evil demons will enter."

According to Mu Jin, the Western Frontier and even the entire Heavenly Mystic World used to be very vast and powerful.

This would have been deduced tens of thousands of years ago.

At that time, the Heavenly Mystic expert stepped out of the world and set up a teleportation array so that as long as the junior disciples had enough cultivation, they could leave.

The spiritual energy in the Heaven Mystic World was also extremely dense.

However, later on, for some reason, during the war in the outer realm, most of those teleportation arrays were destroyed, and some were occupied by outer realm cultivators.

The Heavenly Mystic World and the Outer Realm were constantly fighting.

Those experts above the Heaven Realm attacked, causing the world to collapse and the spiritual energy of the Heavenly Mystic World to dissipate.

Later, a mighty figure sealed the world and blocked most of the passages. It also covered the heavenly secrets of the Heavenly Mystic World, which was why cultivators from the outside world rarely came again.

There were only three passageways left in the Western Frontier that were sealed.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was one of the disciples of that mighty figure.

That mighty figure left the Heavenly Mystic World. Sword Master Yuan Tian was in charge of guarding the Western Frontier.

“There’s also the scholar of the Central Continent and the Grand General of Valor. They’re both legacies of that mighty figure.”

If Mu Jin had not told him, Han Muye could not imagine what kind of expert would have such powerful strength to seal a world.

Also, were the Western Frontier’s Sword Master Yuan Tian and the Central Continent’s Minister Wen all from the same sect?

“At that time, there weren’t as many sects as there are now. Instead, they were more scattered.”

Seeing Han Muye’s expression, Mu Jin chuckled and said, “That mighty figure actually has a lot of inheritances in Heavenly Mystic. Back then, there was also a Blazing Sun Palace in the Western Frontier. It was also passed down by that person.”

Blazing Sun Palace.

Back then, Sword Master Yuan Tian had gone to the Blazing Sun Palace as if he was looking for something.

After the Blazing Sun Palace Master received three strikes, he promised not to go again for 3,000 years.

“Senior, why did Sword Master Yuan Tian die back then?”

After Mu Jin finished speaking, Han Muye finally asked.

That was what he’d been wondering.

How could an expert like Sword Master Yuan Tian die?

Mu Jin shook her head and said in a low voice, “This matter is hidden. It’s said that it was a siege by cultivators from outside the realm.”

“However, I don’t know what kind of Outer Realm cultivator can kill an expert like the Sword Venerable.”

Han Muye nodded.

He had only seen the scene of Sword Master Yuan Tian’s death from the sword pill and knew that the Outer Realm cultivator had called him as bait. He didn’t know the details.

“Speaking of which, when the Sword Venerable fought with the cultivators from the outside world, there were still traces in the Green Wheat Mountain. Fellow Daoist Han, are you interested in taking a look?”

Mu Jin smiled at Han Muye.

The vestiges of the Great War back then?’

Naturally, he had to take a look!

Han Muye stood up. Seeing Mu Jin smile, his heart skipped a beat. He said softly, “Senior, where is that place?”

Chapter 219: On the Blackstone Beach, Great Demons Gather

The location Mu Jin mentioned was exactly what Han Muye had thought.

Blackstone Beach.

It was where the Black Chief Snake lived.

Han Muye and Mu Jin did not go there immediately. Instead, they waited for a day.

Mu Jin had just broken through and needed to stabilize her cultivation.

Han Muye took out a jade slip and listed the names of the spiritual herbs he needed to refine the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill and many other pills.

Mu Jin promised that she would trade whatever she could take out now.

There were none for the time being. In a few days, she would personally go to the Green Wheat Mountain to look for them.

Han Muye was not afraid that Mu Jin would not agree.

Not to mention the relationship between saving her life and helping her transcend the tribulation, just the price of the spiritual rocks would make Mu Jin tempted.

Han Muye was not afraid of paying a high price.

The pills he refined were at least supreme-grade and he produced more pills than others.

He could afford several times the price of others.

Mu Jin went to the backyard to cultivate, and Tan Tan arranged for Han Muye to stay in a quiet room.

“Young Master Han, do you want any arrangement for servants?” Standing at the door, Tan Tan looked at Han Muye and said very seriously, “In the past, when human cultivators came, Granny Lan arranged for small demons to serve me.”

Is there such treatment? Han Muye thought.

He shook his head.

Forget it.

Tan Tan nodded in disappointment and turned to leave, muttering something.

Han Muye walked into the quiet room, and Lin Shen sat cross-legged outside his door.

Lin Shen had gained a lot from today’s battle. At this moment, his body was surrounded by sword light, and it was obvious that he was about to break through.

Han Muye went to the quiet room and threw out the array disk. Then several superior-grade spiritual rocks exploded, and spiritual energy surged into his body.

In today’s battle, he had used the sword pill and almost drained the spiritual energy in his dantian.

He felt a little pinched using immortal-grade pills to replenish this large amount of spiritual energy. He might as well use spiritual rocks to cultivate first.

Going to the Blackstone Beach the next day might not necessarily be like what Mu Jin had said.

That was the cave abode of a half-step Heaven Realm great demon. Now that Black Chief had died, his treasures would definitely be snatched away.

The next day, the other two half-step Heaven Realm demons in the Green Wheat Mountain might be there.

After several hours, Han Muye consumed 10 superior-grade spiritual rocks. Ignoring the consumption, he filled the first six levels of the nine-layered cloud platform in his dantian before heaving a sigh of relief.

This was the benefit of being worth so much.

10 superior-grade spiritual rocks were equivalent to 100,000 inferior-grade spiritual rocks.

Ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivators would probably not even have 10,000 inferior-grade spiritual rocks on them. Han Muye did not feel any heartache at all using 10 superior-grade spiritual rocks in one cultivation.

To Han Muye, these spiritual rocks were nothing.

He still had 520 superior-grade spiritual rocks on him.

There were also a total of 23 Immortal Grade Pills that could be used.

These spiritual rocks and immortal-grade pills were enough to support him for a long time.

After taking stock of the various items on him, he flipped his palm and three sword pills landed there.

At this moment, the three sword pills were extremely lively, as if they each had their own sword spirit.

It was still lacking a sword spirit that was not completely autonomous yet.

Han Muye poured his soul power into the three sword pills and calmed them down.

His eyes lit up as the sword intent fell into the sword pills.

There was a thick power stored in these three sword pills.

“Hum—”

Blood-colored power poured into his body.

This power was too vigorous, making his body tremble. The shadows of long-horned black bulls appeared.

Ancient wild bulls. Their blood energy power was more vigorous, and their bloodline power was more dense. Each bull had 10,000 pounds of strength.

One pound was 30 catties, so 10,000 pounds was 300,000 catties.

The three long-horned black bulls behind Han Muye, plus the two blood-fronted black tiger phantoms, had a million catties of strength.

With the enhancement of this body tempering power, his physical combat strength was comparable to an expert who had just entered the Earth Realm.

Ordinary body-tempering experts at the peak of the Foundation Establishment could only condense the strength of two ancient wild bulls.

With such power, it was not enough to move mountains but it could cause cracks in the rocks and split mountains.

At this moment, the blood energy in the sword pill suddenly flowed back, causing a fourth ancient wild bull phantom to appear behind Han Muye.

Fourth level of the Physical Foundation Establishment!

As the phantom of the fourth wild bull appeared, the spiritual light on Han Muye’s body intertwined, and a violent aura spread out.

“Golden Core, no, demonic core.”

He did not expect that the sword pill would actually absorb the blood, Qi, and essence of the two half-step Heaven Realm demons.

Such methods were domineering.

The power of the demon core entered his body, and spiritual light flashed on Han Muye’s body. The five jade-colored sword bones on his back trembled, emitting a desire.

Han Muye poured the power of the demon core into them.

“Hum—”

Pieces of jade-colored sword bones appeared.

The power of this demon core kept surging, causing the sword bones on Han Muye’s back to light up.

An hour later, the power transmitted from the sword pill weakened.

At this moment, Han Muye’s spine had already turned jade-colored.

This jade bone was equivalent to a Heaven Realm cultivator’s jade bone. It could store and provide powerful strength.

It was one of the top techniques in physical cultivation.

Behind Han Muye, the shadow of the fifth long-horned black bull appeared.

Looking at the three sword pills that were constantly spinning in front of him, as if asking for praise, Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

It was hard to imagine how much power he had absorbed with the 48 sword pills in his hand.

Cultivation by killing? he thought.

The more I kill, the stronger my cultivation level would be?

Han Muye felt a violent aura surging in his heart.

The benefits he obtained from killing two half-step Heaven Realm demons were equivalent to a year of body tempering cultivation.

And the refinement of the jade bone could last him for five years.

This was a shortcut to cultivation!

“Hum—”

In his divine treasure, golden spiritual light scattered, suppressing this violent thought.

The heat in his muscles and bones turned cool.

The Spell of the Mortal World.

The power of the Spell of the Mortal World calmed the violent aura in his body.

This violent aura came from the imbalance pressure brought by the sudden increase in his cultivation level, and also from the remnants of the two half-step Heaven Realm demon pills.

As expected, cultivation was a comprehensive improvement in temperament and strength.

If one suddenly increased too much body tempering strength, their temperament would immediately be affected.

Cultivation was ultimately a matter of taking one step at a time. It could not be rushed.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye sent the sword pill back to his dantian to nourish it. He decided that unless necessary, he would not use the sword pill in the future.

He was afraid that he could not resist the temptation of such rapid improvement.

Putting away the sword pill, Han Muye raised his palms, and a black fur appeared.

This fur could really withstand the lightning tribulation.

After the heaven-realm demon lightning tribulation, the fur was covered in hazy lightning.

However, he did not know how to draw out this lightning. Otherwise, it would really be a good treasure.

The refining path of the Western Frontier was still weak. There was no record of this fur in the books Han Muye had read in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, thinking about it, if there were really records, this treasure would not be in his hands.

At this moment, he could feel that the lightning in his fur was already full. He wondered if it could still resist the lightning tribulation.

The Heavenly Mystic Cultivation Holy Land is the Central Continent. Perhaps there would be records of this fur there, right? he thought.

After carefully putting away the fur, Han Muye's expression was solemn as a small jade box appeared in his palm.

Magnolia Fruit.

Opening the jade box, there was a dark red translucent fruit the size of an egg.

Spiritual light flashed on the fruit, appearing profound and illusory.

When he opened the wooden box, he could feel the wood-type spiritual energy emanating from it.

After swallowing this fruit, one would have wood affinity to the maximum level.

Han Muye stared at the fruit for a long time, closed the lid, and put it away.

He might consume this fruit, or he might give it away.

Closing his eyes, spiritual energy surrounded his body as he slowly cultivated.

On the second day, Lin Shen stood up after walking out of the quiet room.

"Instructor Lin, did you gain something again?" Looking at Lin Shen, who seemed to have grown taller, Han Muye smiled and asked.

Lin Shen nodded and said in a low voice, "I've almost refined 40%."

After refining the 40% Heaven Realm Great Cultivator Jade Bones, his combat strength was infinitely close to the half-step Heaven Realm.

In the battle the day before, he could temporarily resist a half-step Heaven Realm demon.

“However, I’m afraid it will be a little difficult to refine it later.”

Lin Shen’s joy disappeared as he said softly.

“It’s fine. I can think of a way.” Han Muye waved his hand and said, “When I gather the spiritual herbs to refine the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill, I should be able to help you increase your refining speed with the power of this pill.”

The Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill could increase one’s cultivation aptitude, which meant that it could increase the compatibility between a cultivator and spiritual energy.

Presumably, it was also useful for refining jade bones.

Lin Shen nodded.

He never refused Han Muye’s rewards.

These favors would be returned in the future.

“Fellow Daoists, have you rested well?”

Ahead, a green light flashed and Mu Jin walked slowly toward them.

After a night of rest, Mu Jin looked much younger, like she was in her thirties.

She was dressed in a green dress and held a jade-colored wooden staff in her hand. Faint clouds lingered under her feet. When she moved, clouds followed.

“Senior, we’re all ready. Let’s go.”

Han Muye nodded.

Mu Jin gently waved the wooden staff in her hand, bringing out a green jade belt. She led Han Muye and Lin Shen to step on the jade belt and rise into the sky.

Heaven-realm demons moved speedily. In an instant, they had traveled several hundred miles.

“The Blackstone Beach is actually where the broken sword of that outer realm cultivator fell when Sword Master Yuan Tian fought with the outer realm cultivator.

“That broken sword had some strange power that severed a 30,000-foot mountain peak and smashed down a highly toxic mudflat that covered a hundred miles.”

As Mu Jin guided Han Muye and Lin Shen in their flight, she explained the origin of this Blackstone beach in a low voice.

Broken Sword. Toxic.

Could that outer realm cultivator be a demonic cultivator?

Only demonic cultivators would use some strange methods to increase their combat strength.

Orthodox spiritual energy cultivators or sword cultivators would not use such methods.

Thousands of techniques were sought after for the body. This was the cultivation method of most sword cultivators.

“Boom—”

In front of him, spiritual light collided. Clearly, experts were fighting.

Han Muye turned to look at Mu Jin.

Mu Jin nodded and said, “It’s Ying Yang and Lu Lingzi.”

It seemed that in order to compete for the Blackstone Beach, the three half-step Heaven Realm experts in the Green Wheat Mountain were about to gather.

However, the current Mu Jin was at the Heaven Realm.

Could she crush them?

“I’ve never been able to see through Ying Yang’s combat strength and cultivation.

“I suspect that he has long cultivated to the Heaven Realm.”

Mu Jin looked solemn and spoke softly.

“Chirp—”

In the sky, an eagle howled.

“Mu Jin, are you here to take a share too?”

A voice rolled out like muffled thunder.

Chapter 220: Are You Here to Die?

“Sister Mu Jin, congratulations on cultivating to the Heaven Realm.

“I’m willing to serve you in the Green Wheat Mountain.”

Another voice sounded, much softer than the previous deep muffled sound.

Mu Jin did not reply. She only raised her hand and led the jade belt to appear a hundred kilometers away.

Han Muye looked down. Below was a stretch of black stone and black soil.

This was a black swamp for a hundred miles.

Above the swamp, the rising gray and black fog revealed all kinds of poisonous insects and evil birds flying.

There wasn't a single plant here.

No wonder Mu Jin did not entrust the Wood Demons to Black Chief.

Many Wood Demons would have died here.

At this moment, several figures stood in the sky above Blackstone Beach.

On one side was a thin black-robed middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man restrained his aura, and a golden light swirled in his eagle eyes.

On the other side was a young female cultivator in a white dress. Behind her were several people in green robes and white robes.

Although there were many of them, their auras were weaker.

He was immediately suppressed by the middle-aged man with eagle eyes.

"Immortal Han!"

When Han Muye and the others arrived, the two parties turned to look.

Behind the white-dressed woman, someone exclaimed.

Han Muye looked over and chuckled. "What a coincidence. Fairy Luo is also here."

Luo Xiaoyu. Frozen World, Luo Xiaoyu.

An elite of the younger generation of the Spiritual Dao Sect, her cultivation level was at the first level of the Earth Realm, and her ice-type Dao technique could be said to be peerless.

Back on Cloud Nest Ridge, Han Muye had fought alongside her.

Of course, Han Muye's sharpness was not something Luo Xiaoyu could compare to.

Whether it was Luo Xiaoyu or the other elites of the younger generation, they all recognized Han Muye as the number one among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

He did not mean to deliberately cause trouble, but it could be seen that Han Muye's combat strength and sword cultivation were indeed superior to his peers.

"This is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Immortal Han?" Hearing Luo Xiaoyu's words, the white-dressed female cultivator's eyes lit up. She sized up Han Muye and said, "Sister Xiaoyu often says that you're the best in the Western Frontier."

Number one in the Western Frontier?

This is flattery, isn't it?

Luo Xiaoyu looked anxious and lowered her head in silence.

On the other side, the middle-aged man with eagle eyes snorted.

He also had a sword hanging from his waist.

“Sister Mu, it’s good that you’re here. Ying Yang insisted on monopolizing Blackstone Beach. Tell me, is it fair?”

The white-dressed female cultivator looked at Mu Jin with a smile on her face and said softly, “You killed Black Chief, so this Blackstone Beach should obviously be yours.”

Hearing her words, Ying Yang raised his eyes and narrowed them. A sharp aura rose from his body.

“Lu Lingzi, do you mean that you’re willing to withdraw and give me this Blackstone beach?” Mu Jin looked at the white-dressed female cultivator and said calmly.

Her words stunned the white-dressed female cultivator, Lu Lingzi.

A green-robed old man standing behind Lu Lingzi took a step forward and said in a deep voice, “Grandmaster Mu Jin, there’s something that my Spiritual Dao Sect has been searching for for a long time in this Blackstone Beach.”

Grandmaster was a respectful title for the Heaven Realm.

Generally speaking, Earth Realm cultivators were called Great Cultivators. When they reached the Heaven Realm, they were called Great Venerables.

The old man’s aura was solemn. He was already half-step into the Heaven Realm.

No wonder Lu Lingzi dared to compete with Ying Yang. It turned out that she had the backing of an expert from the Spiritual Dao Sect.

This Spiritual Dao Sect expert dared to speak to Mu Jin like this because he could tell that Mu Jin had just broken through and was far from being able to unleash her Heaven Realm combat strength.

Of course, with his identity as a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator, he was indeed not afraid of a Heaven Realm demon from the Western Frontier.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had a third-level Nascent Soul Myriad Transformation Sage.

A great demon that had just entered the Heaven Realm would probably not even be able to survive a single encounter with the Myriad Transformation Sage.

Mu Jin did not look at the old man but turned to look at Ying Yang. “Ying Yang, I promised Fellow Daoist Han and the others to come to the Blackstone Beach and show them the vestiges of the battle between Sword Master Yuan Tian and the cultivators from the outside world.

“Blackstone Beach. If you want it, just take it.”

This place was not suitable for wood demons to cultivate.

On the way here, Mu Jin had already told Han Muye and Lin Shen that it was good to take Black Chief’s treasure.

He was a half-step Heaven Realm demon who had cultivated for thousands of years and was in Green Wheat Mountain that was filled with treasures. Of course, there were many good things.

Most importantly, there were remnants of the battle of the great cultivators here. Many places were filled with strange dangers.

When Black Chief occupied this place, he relied on many dangerous places to block the spying of the other half-step Heaven Realm experts.

Hearing Mu Jin's words, Lu Lingzi frowned slightly, but Ying Yang remained affectionate. He said indifferently, "Taking Black Chief's treasure depends on one's ability."

With that, his body shook, and the shadow of a golden goshawk appeared behind him. Then, he turned into nothingness.

"Boom—"

It wasn't until he left that a rumble sounded.

This was the roar that came when he was too fast and shattered the spatial shackles.

This speed made everyone look solemn.

A strange expression flashed across Han Muye's face.

It wasn't because of the speed, but because of the aura he felt from Ying Yang.

"Ying Yang is right. Let's rely on our own abilities."

Mu Jin said calmly and raised her hand to guide Han Muye and Lin Shen deeper into Blackstone Beach.

"Senior Brother Zhang Zidong, after this Mu Jin transcends the Heavenly Tribulation, I'm afraid she'll have the final say in the future," Lu Lingzi said softly as he watched Mu Jin and the others leave.

The half-step Heaven Realm Daoist shook his head and narrowed his eyes.

"Mu Jin, Han Muye of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. This Green Wheat Mountain is really a good place."

With that, he took a step forward and turned into nothingness.

Similarly, there was a roar.

His speed was actually not much slower than Ying Yang's.

....

Han Muye, Mu Jin, and the others didn't fly for long before they saw a pit in front of them.