

## **Pavilion 1011**

### **Chapter 1011 - 1011 The Last Step of the Performance Platform!**

#### 1011 The Last Step of the Performance Platform!

Sword cultivators represented the sharpness of the world.

Han Muye was the number one swordsman in this realm, embodying the utmost sharpness of sword cultivation.

With a single thrust, his sword pierced through 32 battle platforms, and not a single puppet could withstand that strike.

After the 32nd battle platform, Han Muye's sword transformed from a horizontal slash into a light flick.

The former dominance instantly became elusive, gentle like a willow's caress, and light as a wisp of white down.

But every puppet standing in front of him exploded before this light and ethereal sword.

"Lifting heavy as if it's light. Although I have tens of millions of catties in my hand, I'm as light as a cloud." Outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood, an elderly man with white beard turned his head and looked at the sword in his hand.

“Ten million catties? I wonder how heavy this sword is? The sword in his hand has already become a part of his body. How terrifying.” The person who spoke was a Dao Ancestor of the Upper Heaven Region with powerful combat strength.

He looked emotional and looked at Han Muye with more respect.

In the world of cultivation, everyone competed for superiority.

Those who earned the respect of others had not only strength but also character.

Han Muye possessed formidable strength. During his confrontation with Qi Yu just now, he took the initiative to evade until Qi Yu withdrew before he truly unleashed his power.

This showed his humility.

In the subsequent battles, he went all out, revealing his sharpness.

Now, seeing the overwhelming strength of the sword in his hand and his previous interactions with others without arrogance or indifference, it is evident that Han Muye’s character is pure and noble.

Only such a person could become the top expert in the world.

In front of him, Han Muye had already stepped onto the 400th battle platform.

Many people turned their heads and looked at each other, their eyes filled with a peculiar mix of emotions.

“Boom!”

Jia Wuyi shattered the puppet rushing towards him with a punch on the battle platform.

His expression remained indifferent as he glanced at Han Muye, who was chasing after him, a hint of amusement on his face.

With each step he took, a murky aura emanated from him.

This aura transformed into a black dragon, stirring the surrounding energy.

“Bang!”

The puppet on the battle platform collided with the murky black dragon and crumbled instantly.

Jia Wu advanced, picking up speed with each step. He didn’t need to pause at each battle platform, simply charging through with the black aura dragon.

The gap that Han Muye had been closing in on suddenly widened.

However, this situation didn't surprise the powerful beings outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood; instead, their faces were filled with joy.

This meant that the Endless Heavenly Venerable, the formidable figure renowned in the cultivation world since ancient times, was beginning to take notice.

The Endless Heavenly Venerable felt the threat of the Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han!

In six hours, the Endless Heavenly Venerable stepped across 1,230 battle platforms.

His speed was astonishing. Even when facing incredibly powerful puppets that possessed the strength to destroy stars with a mere gesture, they couldn't withstand a single encounter with him.

However, when he turned around, he was slightly taken aback.

At this moment, Han Muye had unknowingly reached the 1,200th battle platform, leaving only a gap of 30 platforms between them!

Moreover, at this moment, all the cultivators had their eyes fixed on Han Muye. They were all closely watching him.

The sword in Han Muye's hand was no longer about weight or urgency, nor about thrusting or slashing.

The sword light flickered as he gracefully spun, appearing behind the puppet. The sword's edge passed by, killing the puppet that had been pierced through, and then he flew down to the next battle platform.

“This, this is my Five Ridges Sword Sect’s supreme sword technique, Disarmament.” A black-bearded elder wearing half-body armor held a large black sword in his hand, his eyes widened as he murmured.

“So, the essence lies in this move.” A glimmer of enlightenment shone in the elder’s eyes, as if a great door had been opened before him.

The surrounding cultivators displayed envy on their faces.

Of course, they were also full of anticipation as they looked at Han Muye, hoping that the next sword he displayed would be their own sect’s ultimate skill.

Starting from the 800th battle platform, Han Muye’s sword technique had changed.

Each of his strikes utilized the ultimate moves of the cultivators present, but he either innovated in his techniques, delved deeper into the essence, or made modifications and variations.

These sword techniques, in the hands of the sword cultivators outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood, could only withstand less than a hundred battle platforms before being defeated by the puppets.

However, in the hands of Han Muye, they blossomed magnificently after the 800th battle platform.

It wasn’t that their own swordsmanship was inadequate; it was that their cultivation was still insufficient!

Han Muye's sword stirred a surge of fighting spirit in many people.

This enlightening feeling of moving towards the light was no less than a baptism of the soul.

If it weren't for their unwillingness to miss out on more opportunities, many people would have been eager to seclude themselves again and re-comprehend their own swordsmanship.

By the time he reached the 1,100th battle platform, Han Muye brought even greater surprises to everyone.

It was a spell.

When Han Muye swung his sword, it unexpectedly carried the power of a spell.

However, he was still using a sword.

The sword light transformed into a green vine, entangling the puppet's feet, and then his figure disappeared from the battle platform.

In the instant he left, the green vine covered the puppet's entire body, strangling and shattering it.

“It’s the Guangling Dao Sect’s signature Dao technique, All Life!” Someone outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood exclaimed. Then, he turned around and advanced. “Fellow Daoist Cao Yu, it’s your Guangling Dao Sect’s All Life. How powerful!”

Indeed, it was impressive.

The power of this green vine could directly strangle and kill the puppets on the 1,100th battle platform.

With such strength, one could dominate in the world of cultivation.

Wearing a green Daoist robe, a purple-gold Daoist crown on his head, and both hands tucked in his wide sleeves, Cao Yu, the sect master of the Guangling Dao Sect, trembled slightly with his shoulders, and his robe sleeves fluttered lightly.

Although his expression appeared calm, the halo in his eyes was extraordinarily bright.

Many people looked at him enviously.

This cultivator who had unexpectedly suffered defeat on the 70th battle platform turned out to have such a grand and formidable heritage behind him.

## **Chapter 1012 - 1012 The Last Step of the Performance Platform! (2)**

1012 The Last Step of the Performance Platform! (2)

“In the cycle of life and death, the cycle of life and growth, lies the way of nature. I have completed the fragmented Daoist techniques of the Guangling Sect...” Cao Yu’s whispered words filled people’s hearts with envy.

Completing the fragmented Daoist techniques—what an opportunity it was!

Han Muye held his sword in his hand, as if it had transformed into a staff for channeling Daoist techniques.

Each strike of his sword carried various dazzling Daoist arts.

Some unleashed floating green leaves, each harboring hidden killing intent.

Some summoned rushing torrents, overwhelming and crushing everything in their path.

Some conjured soaring flames, as a coiling fire dragon exhaled, causing even the battle platform to collapse.

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The puppets seemed completely unable to adapt to the sword in Han Muye’s hand, and each time they were unable to retaliate, shattered with a single blow.

The cultivators standing outside the abyss were entranced, their eyes filled with anticipation.



Never before had they anticipated someone's victory as they did today.

They were not hoping for Han Muye to surpass the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

They no longer cared about the rivalry between Han Muye and the Endless Heavenly Venerable. What they hoped for was to see if Han Muye would employ the same techniques and swordsmanship from their own sects on the next battle platform.

On the 1,560th battle platform, Han Muye surpassed Jia Wu.

Jia Wu was blocked by a puppet with a single strike, freezing momentarily.

"Yuling Dao Sect's 'Return of 10,000 Geese'!" Someone shouted outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

A flock of green geese appeared before Han Muye, seemingly endless, enveloping the puppet before detonating with a deafening boom. Han Muye himself appeared on the next elevated platform.

In his hand, the sword emitted a stream of green light, transforming spiritual energy into a small green snake. It bit the puppet's wrist, then pulled the puppet towards the battle platform, causing it to shatter.

"This is a variation of the previous Life of All Things!"

"No, it's a combination of the Life of All Things and the Thousand Machinery Slaughter."

“You’re wrong, it’s still the Life of All Things, just a transformation into something illusory.”

Outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood, there was a heated debate.

The few cultivators who were familiar with their sect’s secret techniques watched with excitement as the lingering radiance dissipated.

This strike completely exceeded their understanding.

However, they knew that once they comprehended this strike, their own cultivation methods would likely advance to a higher level.

No one cared that Han Muye had already surpassed the Endless Heavenly Venerable at this moment.

What they cared about was what extraordinary techniques Han Muye had demonstrated.

“This is the real stage...”

An old man with a white beard stroked his long beard and sighed.

This was the stage!

On the stage, one must leave behind techniques that leave an impression on outsiders.

What Han Muye had displayed today was akin to the ancient mighty beings' performance of the law, contributing to the cultivation world.

The reason why the cultivation world was flourishing was because countless mighty figures had left behind their inheritances and passed down their cultivation methods to more people.

The chaos outside the abyss slowly turned into tranquility.

Even though Han Muye had demonstrated his own swordsmanship and Daoist techniques, no one uttered a word, simply observing in silence.

Such an opportunity, it was truly remarkable.

“Boom!”

A green giant wolf tore apart the puppet in front of it and then transformed into a stream of green light.

Han Muye stood on the 2,000th battle platform and looked back at Jia Wu, who was on the 1,800th battle platform, with a calm expression.

He had never regarded anyone as his opponent.

On this stage, he had never considered anyone worthy of being his opponent.

It was impossible even for him.

To outsiders, the stage was the best place to analyze oneself.

However, to Han Muye, the role of the stage was only to pierce through it and take control of it.

Invincible ahead.

Invincible behind.

With a sword in hand, he advanced.

At the 2,400th battle platform, Han Muye moved, stepped out of the Sinking Wood Abyss, landed on the meteorite, and sat cross-legged.

Coincidentally, it was exactly one day after the first expert fell from the battle platform.

At the moment Han Muye stepped off the platform, the Daoist who had fallen from the platform the previous day couldn't wait any longer. He took a step forward and began challenging the platforms again, starting from the one where he had previously fallen.

But no one paid attention to these details anymore.

But no one paid attention to these details anymore.

Han Muye voluntarily stepped off the platform didn't mean he had lost the ability to fight again. It was simply a process of resting and comprehending.

Sure enough, an air of profundity emanated from Han Muye as he sat in meditation. His gaze turned towards the battle platform ahead, focusing on the figures still fighting fiercely.

Outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood, the cultivators standing on the meteorites were itching to rush onto the battle platforms and display their own techniques for Han Muye to see.

It was an interesting situation.

No one had ever expected that they would one day yearn for their own exceptional skills to be displayed in the hands of someone else.

But others might be able to draw inspiration and bring surprises.

Perhaps this was the difference between humans...

When Han Muye left the platform, Huang Six took a step forward and rushed onto the platform.

He held a long sword in his hand, and the demon dragon behind him roared.

The first 100 battle platforms took him not much longer than Han Muye.

However, interestingly, he was defeated directly around the 130-somethingth platform.

The puppet shattered his defensive measures with a single strike, crashing into his chest.

Instead of getting annoyed, Huang Six had a delighted expression on his face.

If he could immediately rush back onto the platform, he would have already done so.

His cultivation was formidable, but his foundation was unstable.

His reputation and strength had been continuously earned through battles.

His foundation in cultivation had become superficial.

The challenge on the stage was clearly an opportunity for him to discover his own shortcomings.

**Chapter 1013 - 1013 The Last Step of the Performance Platform! (3)**

### 1013 The Last Step of the Performance Platform! (3)

Such opportunities, in ancient times, were only available to those powerful individuals who received an invitation.

Moreover, those people only had one chance, unlike now, where they could continuously challenge.

This was a true opportunity!

The challenges on the Performance Platform continued, and after a day of rest, Han Muye stepped onto it once again.

This time, the sword and Daoist techniques he used were completely different from before.

As Han Muye stepped onto the stage, figures retreated from the platform and landed on the meteorites outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

They gave up their own challenges just to observe Han Muye's methods.

He did not disappoint them.

Many of the sword and Daoist techniques displayed by Han Muye had traces of their own styles.

This made many people want to cheer loudly with joy.

From then on, whenever Han Muye took a break, powerful individuals from all sides would step onto the stage and use their own techniques to the fullest.

When Han Muye stepped onto the stage again, almost everyone withdrew from the platform to watch his performance alone.

Even Jia Wu, who had always been at the forefront, withdrew from the stage several times to specifically observe Han Muye's tactics.

Time is the most invisible aspect of cultivation.

Ten years seemed to pass in an instant.

At this moment, almost everyone on the stage had stepped onto a thousand platforms.

The stability of their aura and the excellence of their techniques had increased by a hundred or even a thousand times compared to 10 years ago.

Among them, the strongest few had already stepped onto more than 3,500 fighting platforms.



Moreover, at this moment, it wasn't just the powerful individuals from 10 years ago like the Yuling Daoist Sect and the Sword Pavilion who had reached the 3,000th platform mark.

More than 100 experts from all over had already stepped onto the 3,000 Battle Platforms.

Stepping onto the Performance Platform didn't necessarily indicate overwhelming strength, as it emphasized more on cultivation insights and inheritance.

However, it also represented that these individuals had limitless potential in their cultivation and inheritance.

A sound of a bell resonated in the void.

Without exception, all the cultivators on the stage flew out.

This bell sound was set up by some great cultivator using an array. As long as Han Muye returned to the stage after leaving, the bell would ring.

With the sound of the bell, only one person remained on the Performance Platform.

Han Muye.

Today, Han Muye stood at the end of the Performance Platform, with a bright halo shimmering around his long sword.

At the end of the Performance Platform.

The Endless Heavenly Venerable was blocked at a position of over 10,000 on the platform, progressing slowly, having to battle fiercely at each platform

But over the past 10 years, Han Muye had steadily moved forward, conquering at least a hundred platforms every day.

By now, no one knew how many platforms he had stepped on.

It could be calculated, but what meaning did it hold?

All everyone knew was that today, Han Muye stood at the end of the Performance Platform.

As long as he crossed over, he would qualify for ascension and become the first person in this world since ancient times to break through the Performance Platform.

Han Muye thrust his long sword forward.

In front of him, 13 black puppets rushed forward at the same time.

On the platform, the sword radiance shone brilliantly, like a scorching sun.

“Boom!”

The platform exploded, and Han Muye was sent flying.

Was Han Muye knocked out of the platform?

Not right!

This thought was instantly denied.

Because in the next moment, all the platforms on the Sinking Wood Abyss disappeared and transformed into a massive platform that was millions of zhang in size, like a world of its own.

And on this platform, illusions appeared one by one.

Han Muye.

Each illusion was Han Muye himself.

Each illusion displayed the sword and Daoist techniques he had used on the previous platforms.

The final stage of the Performance Platform is to overcome all of his previous selves?

How, how was this possible?

Outside the abyss, everyone was stunned. Even Jia Wu, who was standing in front, was slightly dazed.

Could those powerful individuals from ancient times truly break through such a Performance Platform?

“Clang—”

A crisp sword chant resounded.

Behind Han Muye, long swords flew out of the Infinite Unity Sword Case.

Then, behind him, a golden sword tower appeared.

When the tower appeared, there was an intake of breath from outside the Abyss of Sinking Wood.

Dao Ancestor Qi Yu, who stood on the meteorite, trembled all over, and several great cultivators from the Sword Pavilion behind him couldn't help but turn red-eyed.

The nine-story sword tower radiated a brilliant light.

**Chapter 1014 - 1014 One Person, Ten Thousand Swords, Ten Thousand Techniques**

## 1014 One Person, Ten Thousand Swords, Ten Thousand Techniques

With a sword in hand, sword light gathered, and the nine-story sword tower behind him floated in the air.

Han Muye faced tens of thousands of phantoms with a sword and a tower.

“Buzz!”

Sword light rose, the sound of sword chants echoed.

Han Muye’s sword vibrated, and every long sword in the hands of the illusions vibrated as well.

Endless sword light converged into a river, booming and bursting, like a waterfall of stars pouring down from the sky.

Han Muye stood in the center of the million-zhang battle platform, the golden nine-layered sword tower revolving above his head, and sword light scattered around.

With his sword in hand, he unleashed a roaring torrent of sword light.

Han Muye sat down slowly, releasing his grip on the sword handle, suspended in front of him.

His eyes closed, and around him, all the long swords collided with the illusions.

Each sword represented a sword technique.

Each sword embodied a form of Dao.

At this moment, Han Muye, with his own strength, controlled tens of thousands of long swords, wielding tens of thousands of sword techniques and Daoist arts.

The Sword Pavilion spun gently, and endless sword light protected Han Muye.

The nine-story Sword Pavilion was the sect-protecting treasure of the Sword Pavilion in the Upper Three Heavens. It was the representative of the Sword Pavilion.

After ascending from a mighty figure, there were no longer nine levels of the Sword Pavilion. Only Qi Yu controlled an eighth level of the Sword Pavilion.

Although the eighth and ninth levels were only one level apart, the difference was tens of millions of miles.

Ten eight-story Sword Pavilion could not compare to a nine-story Sword Pavilion.

The difference was in level, cultivation comprehension, and the leap in the power of the Sword Dao.

“Nine-story Sword Pavilion. It’s no wonder. It’s no wonder...” Looking at the nine-story sword pagoda shining on the battle platform, Qi Yu threw his head back and laughed.

It was no wonder that Han Muye said that he had a relationship with the Sword Pavilion, but he was unwilling to enter the Sword Pavilion as a disciple.

It was no wonder that the seven-story Sword Pavilion in Han Muye’s hand would be used as a reward for the Sword Dao Conference

It was no wonder that Han Muye took extra care of the disciples of the Sword Pavilion.

The person in charge of the nine-story Sword Pavilion was naturally from the Sword Pavilion.

With the only nine-story Sword Pavilion in this world, Han Muye’s relationship with the Sword Pavilion could not be severed.

“Nine-story Sword Pavilion, is this the person we’ve been waiting for?” Behind Qi Yu, a Sword Pavilion Elder said softly.

The people beside him nodded gently.

On the meteorite, everyone stared intently at the 10-million-feet platform.

“One person with 10,000 swords?” someone muttered.

“It’s the Ten Thousand Swords and Ten Thousand Technique,” someone said softly, looking at the swords.

Ten thousand swords, ten thousand techniques.

Could there really be such a person in the world, capable of mastering ten thousand techniques and cultivating ten thousand swords!

“Clang—”

The swords clashed.

It was the sound of a long sword colliding with the sword in the hands of an illusion.

The sword techniques displayed by the two swords were exactly the same.

On the battle platform, Han Muye sat cross-legged.

He sat there for three years!



Over the course of three years, everyone watched as the sword light around him became increasingly radiant and magnificent.

One after another, the illusions were slashed by his sword light.

Using the same sword techniques, he defeated his own illusions.

Slashing himself.

Conquering himself.

Each sword light that shattered an illusion added to Han Muye's momentum.

Every sword light represented a path of swordsmanship, a form of technique.

For cultivators observing, understanding a sword light meant gaining a heritage.

The battles on the demonstration platform left people enthralled.

For three years, no one was willing to miss a single moment.

After three years, the sword light emanating from Han Muye's body had become so radiant and magnificent that it was impossible to look directly at.

And in front of him, only three illusions remained out of the countless ones before.

The three phantoms were so powerful that each sword was more than 100,000 feet long. The shattered space brought about by the sword light seemed to want to collide with the sealing array formation on the arena.

The strength of these three illusions surpassed everyone's imagination.

That sword technique could destroy the world with a raise of his hand.

Unfortunately, such a Sword Dao had already surpassed everyone's understanding.

Even the former number one swordsman, Qi Yu, could only close his eyes.

He didn't dare to look.

He was afraid that it would affect his Dao Heart after reading it.

Jia Wu sat on the meteorite, his eyes shining. No one knew what he was thinking.

Huang Six muttered and only tapped his fingers on his knees.

“Clang—”

The two swords clashed.

A sword in front of Han Muye shattered.

The moment the sword shattered, the sword pagoda shook, and countless sword lights descended from the sky like meteors.

The sword light covered the sky and converged into a river.

Outside the abyss, the cultivators sitting cross-legged on the meteorite stood up one by one.

Han Muye had never used such a sword.

Not to mention three phantoms, even thousands of Dao would not be able to block such a sword.

After this strike, it was time for Han Muye to break through the platform!

“Boom!”

The three phantoms brandished their swords and resisted with all their might, but after a hundred breaths, the sword light passed through.

The phantom dissipated, and the sword light rushed into the sky like a long dragon.

The golden nine-story sword pagoda turned into 100,000 feet tall. Han Muye slowly stood up and looked up at the void in front of him.

“Boom!”

The torrent of sword light broke through the light screen barrier in the void and then wreaked havoc in the sinking wood abyss like a long dragon.

Sword light scattered like stars.

The void was enveloped by the sword light, and the entire Sinking Wood Abyss began to collapse. Countless gravel crashed in all directions.

The 10-million-feet platform floating in it slowly rose.

Streams of golden light rushed down from the platform.

Green immortal energy filled the platform that was a million feet tall and wrapped around Han Muye's body, colliding with the golden nine-story sword pagoda.

Immortal qi lingered around him, as if he had ascended to immortality.

Han Muye's eyes shone coldly.

The Immortal Qi rewarded on the stage could allow cultivators to sense the power of Immortal Qi in advance.

When he stepped onto the Immortal Ascension Platform and entered the Spirit Transformation Pool, he would be able to adapt faster.

#### **Chapter 1015 - 1015 One Person, Ten Thousand Swords, Ten Thousand Techniques (2)**

##### **1015 One Person, Ten Thousand Swords, Ten Thousand Techniques (2)**

It seemed that experts who could really pass through the stage would have the baptism of immortal energy in advance. It would not be a problem for them to pass through the Spirit Transformation Pool.

As for the later cultivators, they did not rely on their combat strength to pass through the stage and did not have the reward of immortal qi. That was why many of them died in the Spirit Transformation Pool.

“Boom!”

The 10-million-feet platform wrapped in sword light split again, turning into tens of thousands of 10-foot-long platforms like before.

Han Muye's body emitted spiritual light and immortal aura. He took a step forward and landed on the meteorite.

Above his head, a dark golden halo flickered.

This halo came from the same source as the defensive formation on the platform in front of him.

"Sword Master." Qi Yu took a step forward and bowed to Han Muye.

He looked up at the slowly rotating nine-story sword tower behind Han Muye, his eyes filled with joy.

The other Sword Pavilion Elders also went forward and bowed.

"When I have the chance, I'll go to the Sword Pavilion." Han Muye nodded and waved his hand, causing the nine-story sword tower to disappear.

He cupped his hands in all directions and left the meteorite in a flash.

After breaking through the performance platform and reappearing in the cultivation world, there was no need for him to stay here anymore.

As they watched Han Muye leave, the top powerhouses in this realm all had complex expressions.

Han Muye, with his unparalleled talent, surpassed everyone and became the number one person in this realm.

This identity as the number one person might not fully represent his combat power, but it signifies his potential and talent. As long as he doesn't perish, he will undoubtedly be a presence that can suppress this realm.

"If this person wants to rebuild the divine court, what should we do?"

A Daoist in a green robe turned around and looked at the people around him.

He didn't know.

At this moment, many people fell silent.

Han Muye, an expert with unyielding will and unparalleled combat strength, had the Heavenly Mystic, the Medicine Valley, and the Sword Pavilion behind him.

If Han Muye wanted to rebuild the Divine Court, no one knew who could stop him.

When everyone turned around, there was no longer any sign of the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

“Haha, the stage. To be able to have such an experience, my cultivation in this life has not been in vain.”  
A black-robed sword holding a long sword laughed slenderly and flew towards the stage that had been divided again.

The other cultivators also smiled and rushed onto the battle platform.

After ten years of cultivation and three years of observation, everyone who came here had gained a lot.

The gains from this trip could transform them and allow those who were already at the pinnacle of their cultivation to break through and advance further.

Such opportunities were not to be wasted even in the slightest.

“Boom!”

The radiance brought forth by the sword light and spells shimmered above the sinking wood abyss filled with scattered rocks.

At this moment, beside Han Muye in the void, Jia Wu stood calmly with a faint expression.

“When I return to the Endless Sea, I will gather the power needed for the Myriad Worlds Array.”

Jia Wu’s eyes flickered with a deep dark light.



“Tell me, how long will it take to complete the teleportation array to the Immortal World?”

This was Han Muye’s deal with the Endless Heavenly Venerable.

The Endless Heavenly Venerable helped Han Muye repair the Myriad Worlds Array. Han Muye took action and set up an array formation that could pass through the Immortal World.

This was a win-win situation.

As for spending time looking for the stage this time, it was only to ensure that the Sword Cultivation Conference would be held.

At the same time, it was also to prove that Han Muye possessed the inheritance of the Ancient Divine Court.

Now that Han Muye had proven himself, he needed the Endless Heavenly Venerable to take out the power that could repair and activate the Myriad Worlds Array.

“Senior, don’t worry. As long as the Myriad Worlds Array is activated, I can use the power of the Myriad Worlds Array to activate the array formation and open up a path to the Immortal World.”

Han Muye’s expression was calm as he spoke softly.

Jia Wu nodded and dispersed on the spot.

Han Muye sighed softly and transformed into a sword light that flashed in the void.

Although he had broken through the stage, it only showed that he had unparalleled potential and talent.

Compared to the Endless Heavenly Venerable, it did not mean that he had an absolute chance of winning.

The power of the Endless Sea was unfathomable.

The news that the stage had reappeared in the cultivation world had long spread. For more than 10 years, countless cultivators had been waiting for the news that the stage had really been broken through.

The doubts about Han Muye in the past had long died down.

Actually, from 10 years ago, everything that happened on the stage could already be quickly spread throughout the entire cultivation world.

After all, after controlling the Five Sheep Pavilion, Han Muye could control the public opinion he needed.

All the sword cultivators in the world were waiting for the moment when the stage would be penetrated.

After that, the progress on the stage could almost be broadcasted live.

Every few days, the progress of the senior members of various sects on the platform, which great experts made remarkable advancements, became the topic of discussion in the cultivation world.

The rankings according to the progress on the platform also changed in real time.

Between the major sects, various means were employed in secret clashes due to the rankings on the performance platform.

However, from three years ago, all the rankings solidified.

This was because three years ago, even the competition between the Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han and the Heavenly Venerable of the Endless Sea had come to a halt.

The final stage of the performance platform, Han Muye stepped into the last stage!

Almost everyone in the cultivation world was waiting for Han Muye to break through the last stage of the stage.

This wait lasted for three years.

"Senior Brother, you're so powerful. You even passed the last round." In the room of the small courtyard in the Medicine Valley, Mu Wan rested her fair arm on Han Muye's neck as she panted.

A smile appeared on Han Muye's face as he whispered, "How about we go through it again?"

Chapter 1016 One Person, Ten Thousand Swords, Ten Thousand Techniques (3)

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News of the shattered Performance Platform reached back, and Han Muye returned to the Medicine Valley a few days later than expected.

There were probably not many people who could fly faster than him in the void.

He also had a few days of carefree time in the courtyard of the Medicine Valley.

When the news of the shattered Performance Platform and the gathering of powerful individuals reached the cultivation world, there was a wave of excitement.

Where was the platform?

How to get to the platform?

What kind of person was qualified to ascend the platform?

Countless people were itching to get started and inquired everywhere.

The legends about the Performance Platform had spread far and wide, and numerous cultivators who had reached bottlenecks regarded it as a holy land for breakthroughs.

Many people were willing to give up everything just to step on the Performance Platform once.

This desire quickly turned into an obsession.

“Minister Han, it’s better to be open than closed. Why don’t we open the Performance Platform in advance?” Xu Wei, who returned on a flying ship, met Han Muye and the first thing he said was to request the opening of the Performance Platform.

He was perhaps one of the few cultivators in this realm who had no interest in the Performance Platform.

He had tremendous confidence in his own cultivation insights, and in the past decade, Xu Wei had never set foot on the Performance Platform.

As a result, he had a clearer perspective than outsiders.

That was why he made this suggestion now.

“Hehe, back then, before the Divine Court collapsed, the platform would only open once a hundred years. Every time it opened, it would be a grand event in the cultivation world.”

Duan Chengzi said softly with a nostalgic expression.

“However, those who had the chance to ascend the stage back then were at least at the Dao Ancestor realm.”

Dao Ancestor?

How many Dao Ancestors were there in the current cultivation world?

At this moment, most of the people on the stage were Sages. There were only a few Dao Ancestors and Heavenly Venerables.

“Back then, what conditions did the descendants of the mighty figures of the Divine Court and the officials of the Divine Court need to ascend the stage?”

Han Muye turned to look at Gao Xiaoxuan.

Gao Xiaoxuan was a literary artist and was in charge of the hundreds of officials in the Divine Court back then. He knew these things very well.

“Ten top-grade spiritual rocks,” said Gao Xiaoxuan.

So cheap?

Han Muye muttered to himself.

But thinking about it, since they were all on the same side, it was impossible to set the price too high.

“Isn’t this price too expensive?” Xu Wei frowned and asked in a low voice.

Ten top-grade spiritual rocks might not have been much in ancient times.

However, now, there were only a handful of people in the entire cultivation world who could produce so many top-grade spiritual rocks.

“Then lower the price by 10 times.

“But there should still be rules.”

Han Muye looked at everyone in the hall, his eyes shining.

The few Elders of the Five Sheep Pavilion looked up at him with joy on their faces.

The money-making methods in Han Muye’s hands were basically handed over to the Five Sheep Pavilion.

To these people from the Five Sheep Pavilion, how much they earned was secondary.

Most importantly, it was the joy of earning money and gaining Han Muye's trust.

"Open 3,000 platforms. Everyone in the cultivation world can step on the platform.

"Every time you ascend the platform, you need to pay a top-grade spiritual rock or an equivalent treasure.

"Those below the Heaven Realm only have one chance to step on the platform.

"For those above the Heavenly Realm, they have three chances.

"There are no restrictions on opportunities above the Half-Sage level, but you need to wait for 10 years before you step on the platform again."

Han Muye explained the conditions for opening the performance platform one by one.

Everyone below hurriedly recorded it down, and the few Five Sheep Pavilion Elders did not dare to miss a word.

With that, Han Muye looked at Duan Chengzi.



“Senior, have you sorted out the teleportation array leading to the Abyss of Sinking Wood?”

Chapter 1017 Returning To The Western Frontier, Meeting Elder Su Liang Again

Teleportation array.

Over the past decade, Duan Chengzi has already mapped out numerous routes of teleportation arrays.

Huang Zhihu, the sword cultivators under her command, and the cultivators who received colonization missions in the Medicine Valley, have thoroughly explored these teleportation routes.

Just the process of mapping the teleportation arrays and investigating the transmission lines was astronomical in terms of effort.

Fortunately, each colonization mission brings some rewards, which helped offset the costs to some extent.

“The location of the Abyss of Sinking Wood is actually the border barrier of the ancient Divine Court. There are 19 teleportation arrays connected to the outside. Now, there are still five that can be used.”

Duan Chengzi waved his hand, and layers of light appeared in front of him.

This was the connection route map of the current Myriad Worlds Array.

His fingers moved slightly, stripping away the other lines, leaving only five rays of light.

“There are 360 direct locations drawn by these five teleportation arrays. If we include indirect connections and transportation, we can connect more than half of the cultivation world.”

Direct linkage incurred less energy consumption during teleportation.

If it was indirect transportation, the energy consumption would be more than double.

The Myriad Worlds Array had not been opened yet, and the Myriad Worlds Hall had not been repaired. For Duan Chengzi, every bit of energy consumption was a painful matter.

“Daoist Yu Ling, calculate with Senior Duan Chengzi how much it’s appropriate to charge for the teleportation array that connects various places to the Sinking Wood Abyss.”

Han Muye looked at an Elder of the Five Sheep Pavilion and said.

The old Daoist named Yu Ling showed a pleased expression on his face, quickly bowed, and then looked towards Duan Chengzi while repeatedly cupping his hands.

Back then, the Divine Court had opened teleportation arrays to connect various worlds. All teleportation arrays were free of charge as long as one presented the credentials.

Sometimes, a million-strong battlefield would require a huge teleportation expenditure.

Daoist Yu Ling went to Duan Chengzi's side and the two of them chatted softly. Daoist Yu Ling gestured from time to time.

Duan Chengzi, on the other hand, alternated between glaring and opening his mouth.

In just a moment, Daoist Yu Ling had already quoted the price of the teleportation arrays.

From the nearest 30,000 spiritual rocks to the furthest 1,200,000 spiritual rocks, all kinds of items were set up according to distance.

This price was doubled after Duan Chengzi calculated that the teleportation consumption was 10 times.

"Sigh, if I had known that I could earn so much, I would have suggested that Your Majesty activate the teleportation array long ago," Duan Chengzi exclaimed with regret.

Opening the teleportation arrays earlier would have allowed them to earn spiritual rocks earlier, and they could have used those spiritual rocks to repair the Myriad Worlds Hall. It was a missed opportunity wasted for over a decade.

"Senior, are you interested in earning some extra money?" Daoist Yu Ling grinned and pinched his fingers.

"For setting up a one-million-mile teleportation array, the reward is 10 million spiritual rocks.

“For a 10-million-mile teleportation array, the reward is two billion spiritual rocks.

“For a one-billion-mile teleportation array, the reward, Senior, you can name your price.”

Daoist Yu Ling’s words made Duan Chengzi’s face turn red, and his eyes widened.

“I’ve been in charge of the Myriad Worlds Array since the Divine Court era. How can I be moved by some spiritual rocks?”

He snorted coldly and waved his hand, saying, “At least 10 teleportation arrays at once, all the materials and round-trip expenses will be covered by you.”

In the hall, everyone smiled.

Daoist Yu Ling was even more ecstatic.

As long as Duan Chengzi was willing to take action, no matter how high the price or how many teleportation arrays were needed, it could be negotiated.

After all, the art of setting up million-mile teleportation arrays was no longer practiced, and even the methods for setting up such long-distance teleportation arrays had been lost.

Outsiders were unaware that the Myriad Worlds Array was gradually being repaired and would soon be reopened.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, they could earn a little.

Moreover, even if the Myriad Worlds Hall was opened, it didn't mean that the set-up teleportation arrays would become useless.

After all, many sects and powerful individuals wouldn't want their movements to be known by others.

Opening the Performance Platform, opening the teleportation arrays.

These two pieces of news spread rapidly throughout the cultivation realm after originating from the Five Goat Pavilion.

The various factions in the Upper Heaven Region, who were the first to receive the news, quickly began to operate and gained more internal information.

To ascend the Platform once, one needed a supreme-grade spiritual rock, a treasure worth 10 million spiritual rocks.

Although the price was painful for the Heaven Realm cultivators from the Upper Heaven Region, they could still afford it.

In fact, many people even felt that the price was too low.

After all, this was the Performance Platform, a place that only the powerful beings of ancient times could ascend. Just 10 million spiritual rocks? Wasn't that cheap?

As for the limited number of times, it was only natural.

They couldn't let those wealthy guys monopolize the opportunities, right?

In the world of cultivation, not everything can be obtained with money.

Other than the news of the stage, the opening of the teleportation array had also tempted many large factions in the Upper Heaven Region.

Unlike those itinerant cultivators or small sects, these large factions knew more about teleportation arrays.

Even now, many large sects actually controlled some teleportation arrays.

Of course, these arrays were not as convenient as the Myriad Worlds Array, nor were they as connected to the Myriad Worlds Array.

There were a total of 360 teleportation arrays opened this time. They were distributed all over the cultivation world, and they were all directly connected to the location of the stage.

All the sects controlling the teleportation array knew that it required a lot of energy to activate it.

The various teleportation arrays were not often used.

The prices, 30,000 spiritual rocks to 1.2 million spiritual rocks, were incredibly cheap.

However, they did not know that these prices were quoted by Daoist Yu Ling based on the teleportation consumption provided by Duan Chengzi, multiplied by 10, and then increased by an additional 50 percent.

This price made Duan Chengzi, who was skilled in array formations and calculative by nature, widen his eyes.

Chapter 1018 Returning To The Western Frontier, Meeting Elder Su Liang Again (2)

He couldn't believe it. The teleportation array under his control was making so much money.

Restoring the Myriad Worlds Array, setting up teleportation arrays, and opening the Platform were things that Han Muye didn't need to personally participate in.

After arranging everything, he once again secluded himself.

With control over the Three Sword Towers, over a decade of impact on the Performance Platform, and his mastery of his own path, Han Muye had reached a state where everything came naturally.

He would create his own Great Dao and become the ancestor of the Sword Dao.

This seclusion was his way of sorting out his cultivation.

The various factions were not surprised by Han Muye's seclusion.

They just didn't know how powerful he would become when he emerged from seclusion.

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Heavenly Mystic World, Western Frontier.

Han Muye and Mu Wan walked side by side on the streets of Mushen City, looking at the familiar yet unfamiliar scenery and people, with many emotions on their faces.

Mushen City was still one of the alchemy Holy Lands of the Western Frontier. Even though the Mu family's patriarch, Mu Wan, and the others had left, alchemists from all over were still gathered here.

There were also various pills and spiritual herbs that would be gathered in Mushen City and sold to various places in the Western Frontier.

Han Muye and Mu Wan walked on the main street and could see cultivators coming from all over the Heavenly Mystic.



There were demons from the Southern Wasteland, sword cultivators from the Eastern Sea, scholars from the Central Continent who wore long robes and had swords at their waists, and even cultivators from other worlds.

The barrier between the Central Continent and the other realms had already disappeared. In recent years, the Heavenly Mystic had become a place of worship for the surrounding worlds.

Experts gathered here, and many people joined the Heavenly Mystic Empire.

This was the world of cultivation, where attaching oneself to a powerful force was like rolling a snowball, enabling one to live longer and gain more nourishment.

“The changes here are so significant...” Mu Wan looked at the expanded market and said softly.

These familiar places had all undergone transformations.

Han Muye nodded.

Mu Wan was already at the Out of Body realm, becoming a great cultivator in her own right.

With a long lifespan, she looked back at the bustling market with a sense of nostalgia.

“Quick, there are medicinal pills in the Nine Mystic Pill Room!” Someone shouted in front of them, and the originally bustling street market suddenly boiled.

“The Nine Mystic Pill Room is held down by a great alchemy cultivator on the Nine Mystic Mountain. I wonder what pills will be sold today.”

“Quick, go take a look. It’s said that Grandmaster Jiang Ming and Fairy Jin Yuan’s son, Jiang Yucheng, are also here today.”

The surrounding cheers caught Han Muye and Mu Wan slightly off guard.

“Senior Sister Jin Yuan and Mr. Jiang Ming have children now?” Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head with a bitter smile.

Ever since the Dao Competition, he had rarely paid attention to matters in the Western Frontier.

Although Jiang Ming had followed him for a long time, he could not keep up with his cultivation speed in the end.

Actually, now that he and Mu Wan had used the teleportation array that had just been repaired to return to the Heavenly Mystic, they wanted to see their old friends here.

Unknowingly, they had already walked far away.

He followed the crowd and walked forward. After passing a few street corners, he arrived at an advanced main courtyard.

Nine Mystic Pill Room.

More than a hundred years ago, there was no pill room of this scale in the Western Frontier.

Only those markets in the Central Continent Imperial City would have such markets that specialized in selling pills.

The school courtyard of the three-story pavilion was wide open. In front of the door was a 10-foot-tall bronze pill furnace that was emitting pill qi.

In front of the school courtyard, there was a small square made of bluestone.

A few young men in the inner sect robes of the Nine Mystic Sword School stood there with solemn expressions.

However, the fuzz on their lips revealed their youth and immaturity.

“Everyone, my Nine Mystic Pill Chamber has produced a few pills today. They were refined by Young Master Jiang Yucheng and a few disciples of the Nine Mystic Mountain’s Pill Hall.”

An old man in a brocade robe cupped his hands in all directions and shouted.

As he spoke, he pointed at the young disciples standing in the square.

“Is that Senior Sister Jin Yuan’s son?” Mu Wan looked at the young man standing in the middle, with a slender figure and a hint of Jinyuan and Jiang Ming in his features.

Han Muye glanced around and could already sense the cultivation level of this young man.

In his thirties, he was already at the Earth Realm Soul Awakening Realm. Core qi lingered around his body, and he was clearly not far from the realm of an alchemy master.

It seemed that Jiang Ming and Jin Yuan were very attentive to this kid.

However, Jiang Yucheng’s foundation was still a little superficial, and there was a blazing flame power hidden in his body.

It seemed that Patriarch Tao Ran did not work on this kid.

That was true. After the Nine Mystic Mountain left one by one, Patriarch Tao Ran and the others, who missed the sect, naturally wanted to leave their inheritance behind.

“Buzz!”

The cauldron shook, and pills that had been stored inside flew out.

The shopkeeper of the Nine Mystic Pill Room began to sell to the surrounding cultivators.

Han Muye took a few glances. These pills were refined quite well, and the medicinal effects were relatively even.

It seemed that the alchemy inheritance on the Nine Mystic Mountain was quite something.

Two high-quality seventh-grade pills and 10 high-quality pills were worth tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

Even if the Heavenly Mystic was rich now, tens of thousands of spiritual rocks was a huge sum of money for ordinary cultivators.

Han Muye and Mu Wan heard many envious voices.

Some people even lamented why they were not alchemists.

Jiang Yucheng and the others watched as the pills were sold out. They cupped their hands and turned to walk into the Nine Mystic Pill Chamber.

At this moment, someone shouted, "Jiang, what happened to the alchemy battle? Why? Are you afraid?"

Looking in the direction of the voice, it was a young girl wearing a pink dress with an angry expression.

There were also a few female cultivators with the same expression around the girl.

“You came to my Mushen City to show off. Did I, Mu Jinzi, give you face?”

### **Chapter 1019 - 1019 Returning to the Western Frontier, Meeting Elder Su Liang Again (3)**

#### 1019 Returning to the Western Frontier, Meeting Elder Su Liang Again (3)

The young girl stepped onto the stone square and raised her hand, sending a burst of spiritual light towards the alchemy cauldron emitting a red glow.

Jiang Yucheng, who stood in front, furrowed his brow as the burst of light in his palm exploded, shattering the girl’s stream of light.

“Mu Jinzi, my Nine Mystic Mountain and your Mushen City are considered connected by fate. Let’s not mention the alchemy competition again,” said Jiang Yucheng.

Jiang Yucheng had a calm demeanor, and he exhibited the air of a disciple from a prestigious sect.

With a single strike, he broke Mu Jinzi’s spiritual light, leaving the young girl slightly stunned.

“You, you—”

“Jiang Yucheng, what’s the meaning of bullying Junior Sister Mu?” A shout came from a distance, and a young man in a brocade robe descended from the sky.

The young man possessed an imposing presence and a hint of arrogance as he looked at Jiang Yucheng.

Jiang Yucheng turned his head slowly, his gaze falling on the young man and then shifting to Mu Jinzi.

Mu Jinzi blushed.

“Jiang Yucheng, as the Mountain Master of White Deer Mountain said, ‘A graceful lady and a gentleman are meant to be together.’ Even if Junior Sister Mu has an engagement with you, it’s only an arrangement made by the elders. I, Zheng Keshuang—”

“Boom!”

Flames erupted like a scorching sun as a long sword descended, cleaving the young man named Zheng Keshuang into two pieces, reduced to ashes.

Jiang Yucheng sheathed his sword slowly, scanning his surroundings with his gaze.

The entire square was silent.

His gaze landed on the pale Mu Jinzi in front of him, and Jiang Yucheng said indifferently, "The marriage alliance between the Nine Mystic Mountain and Mushen City is a good story about the reappearance of the Immortal, Prime Minister Han, and Fairy Mu Wan.

"My Nine Mystic Mountain is still a Sword Dao sect after all. It feels more satisfying to wield a sword than to refine pills."

After Jiang Yucheng finished speaking, he turned around and strode down.

The other Nine Mystic Mountain disciples quickly followed.

The Nine Mystic Mountain was a Sword Dao sect. Many people had forgotten about it in Mushen City.

It was just like how Han Muye had brazenly drawn his sword in Mushen City back then and broken the legend of the alchemy Holy Land in Mushen City.

In front of the door of the Nine Mystic Pill Room, all kinds of sighs sounded, but no one really dared to say anything.

Although the Mu Family juniors had ugly expressions, they only dared to whisper in Mu Jinzi's ear before pulling the teary-eyed girl away.

Mu Wan frowned.



The Mu family in Mushen City was not of the same bloodline as her, but it was still the place where she had lived. There was still a connection.

“Let’s go and see Elder Su Liang.” Han Muye pointed at the Nine Mystic Pill Room in front of him.

Elder Su Liang, the alchemy master of the Nine Mystic Mountain’s Alchemy Hall, treated Han Muye and Mu Wan very well.

Hearing that Elder Su Liang was also here, Mu Wan revealed a look of joy.

When he walked into the alchemy room, the furnishings inside were no different from the Central Province.

All kinds of pills were easily priced at tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

There were also a few pills covered in spiritual light that were worth more than 100,000 spiritual rocks.

“Fellow Daoists, do you have anything to choose from?” A middle-aged Daoist in a green robe slowly welcomed them and cupped his hands at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Han Muye and Mu Wan both had a trace of spiritual energy on them. The cultivation they displayed was not advanced, and they looked young. It was already flattering for this Earth Realm Daoist to call them Daoists.

“I want to visit Elder Su Liang,” Han Muye looked at the Daoist and said softly.

The Daoist was stunned. He looked up and said, "Are the two of you going to refine pills? Do you have an appointment?"

Han Muye shook his head, took out a jade token, and handed it over. Then he said softly, "Please tell the Elder that an old friend is visiting."

The jade token had the mark of the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion and was the direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword School.

The Daoist took the jade token and sized it up. With a smile on his face, he cupped his hands and turned to walk upstairs.

Han Muye had been away from the Western Frontier for too long, and not many low-level cultivators could recognize him.

This Daoist was not from the Nine Mystic Mountain, but he did not even know his strongest backer, the Immortal of the Sword Pavilion.

Perhaps he had seen Han Muye's portrait, but he had never expected this person to stand in front of him.

A moment later, a figure flew down.

Elder Su Liang, who was dressed in a green robe and surrounded by pill aura, looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan in front of her with a pleasantly surprised expression.

“It’s really you guys...”

She reached out to hold Mu Wan’s sleeve and looked at Han Muye with a rueful expression.

“Elder is refining pills?” Han Muye smiled and looked up at the attic.

Elder Su Liang had just nodded when Han Muye said, “Your disciples can’t control the pill furnace. This pill is about to explode.”

Elder Su Liang’s expression changed.

“Boom!”

The sound of the pill furnace exploding came from the loft, accompanied by the smell of burnt residue.

Mu Wan covered her face and chuckled.

Elder Su Liang tugged at her and smiled. “Good girl, you’re actually laughing at me. Come, compensate me with this cauldron of pills.”

**Chapter 1020 - 1020 Returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, Observing Swords and Enlightenment**

## 1020 Returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, Observing Swords and Enlightenment

Elder Su Liang's calling her "little girl" immediately made Mu Wan feel familiar.

Back then, when Mu Wan was cultivating in the Nine Mystic Mountain's Pill Hall, Elder Su Liang used to call her that.

"Alright, I'll compensate Elder with a cauldron of pills." Mu Wan smiled and walked up the pavilion with Elder Su Liang.

Han Muye followed behind, but was forgotten.

The person standing on the performance platform, the prominent figure whose stomping would make the Upper Heaven Region tremble, could only follow behind and climb the stairs.

Walking up to the pavilion, a few young female disciples were tidying up the exploded pill furnace and various messy spiritual herbs.

It was a mess.

Elder Su Liang led Mu Wan and Han Muye back, making the disciples even more flustered.

"Jiang Yucheng, come here." Elder Su Liang raised her hand and waved.

Jiang Yucheng, who was crouching on the ground sorting the spiritual medicines and had some gray-black elixir residue on his white robe, stood up and caught sight of Mu Wan standing beside Elder Su Liang, causing him to pause for a moment.

When he turned his head and saw Han Muye walking over from the stairs, his body trembled, his eyes widened.

Mu Wan smiled lightly and looked at Jiang Yucheng, "Do you recognize us?"

Jiang Yucheng blushed and nodded repeatedly.

Due to excitement, his shoulders trembled, and he couldn't speak.

"That strike was not bad." Han Muye raised his hand, and a green-red sword appeared.

The sword was long and narrow, and there was a trace of flames on it.

"Your power of wind and fire hasn't fused yet. You have to build a stronger foundation."

Han Muye threw the sword, and Jiang Yucheng instinctively caught it.

Mu Wan also smiled and took out a jade bottle.

“It’s been so many years since I last saw you, Senior Sister.”

“These pills can be considered my greeting gift.”

After Mu Wan finished speaking, she turned to look at Elder Su Liang. “I’ll refine another cauldron of pills for you.”

Elder Su Liang smiled and was about to refuse when she heard Mu Wan’s voice. “I happen to have some insights into this Golden Jade Pill”

The pill that exploded just now was the Golden Jade Pill.

Elder Su Liang nodded and led Mu Wan and Han Muye to a quiet room at the back.

In the hall, the disciples looked at each other.

“Junior Brother Jiang, why do these two look familiar but I can’t recall where I’ve seen them before?” A female cultivator wearing a white inner disciple robe approached and asked Jiang Yucheng.

The others looked up at him.

Jiang Yucheng’s status on the Nine Mystic Mountain was very special.

At this moment, Jiang Yucheng finally snapped out of his daze, holding the long sword and the jade bottle in his hand, his expression slowly turning into joy.

These two legendary Seniors had returned and even gave him gifts!

Spiritual energy penetrated into the long sword in his palm, causing Jiang Yucheng's eyes to twitch.

A top-grade spiritual weapon!

This was a semi-treasure that was rare even on the Nine Mystic Mountain

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic was indeed generous!

Looking at the pills in the jade bottle, he didn't recognize any of them.

But all these pills were filled with abundant medicinal power, and when spiritual energy probed into the jade bottle, one could feel the surging power of the medicine.

"These two Seniors, hehe..." Jiang Yucheng put away the sword and jade bottle and turned to leave.

He wanted to inform his father and mother of the return of Immortal Han and Fairy Mu Wan as quickly as possible.

With their relationship with Immortal Han and Fairy Mu, they would definitely obtain more benefits if they met.

All relationships in the world need to be nurtured, and at the same time, no relationship can compare to real favors and opportunities.

“No way, even Young Master Qingdan has to treat them so seriously. Could these two be big shots from some sect?” A Pill Hall disciple muttered in confusion as he watched Jiang Yucheng run around.

“Junior Brother Jiang was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is different from us. The seniors he treats with such respect, I’m afraid...” Before a disciple who was holding some spiritual medicines could finish speaking, they heard someone next to them exclaim in a low voice.

“Immortal Han!” The disciple’s entire body trembled, and the few pill furnace fragments in his hand fell to the ground with a bang.

“Immortal Han? Yes, the sect’s portrait!”

“It’s really Immortal Han and Fairy Mu!”

“I was wondering why they looked so familiar. It turns out that the two of them have returned!”

In the pavilion, a group of disciples exclaimed in surprise. Their faces were filled with excitement, but they did not dare to shout, afraid that they would alarm Fairy Mu, who was refining pills in the quiet room.



Immortal Han and Fairy Mu were the pride of the Western Frontier.

In the cultivation world of the Heavenly Mystic Western Frontier, no one could compare.

Immortal Han, Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han, led the Heavenly Mystic Dao to victory.

Their stories could not be finished even after three days and three nights in the Western Frontier.

When the two mighty figures of his family returned, the many disciples in the pavilion turned around and waited quietly.

"This kid is good at everything else, but with such a free-spirited personality, he's nothing like Jinyuan and Jiang Ming."

In the quiet room, Elder Su Liang shook her head gently.

Han Muye chuckled and did not speak.

At his cultivation level, he could see everything more clearly.

If Jiang Ming and the others came to ask, he would help.

This was the implication of karma and also the opportunity in the intermediate world of the cultivation world.

Mu Wan refined a cauldron of pills. It was only a sixth-grade pill, and she casually refined supreme-grade pills.

As he refined pills, he even chatted with Elder Su Liang.

The Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier was very prosperous now. Sect Master Tuoba Cheng was basically in seclusion and did not come out. Zhao Pu appeared for all the major and minor matters in the sect.

Zhao Pu was also at the Heaven Realm now and could completely hold his own in the Western Frontier.

As for the others, most of them who were of the same generation as Mu Wan and Han Muye back then also held real power.

Patriarch Tao Ran rarely appeared in front of the disciples. Liu Hong was now in charge of the Sword Pavilion.

Now, the Sword Pavilion on the Nine Mystic Mountain was only a true place to hide swords. It no longer had the meaning of the inheritance of the Heaven Ascension Sword Pavilion in the Upper Heaven Region.

It was not just the seniors of the same generation. After more than a hundred years, many juniors on the Nine Mystic Mountain had already grown up.