

Pavilion 131

Chapter 131: Ancient Blazing Sun Palace, Zhao Pu Sends a Sword

Wu Ziyuan of the Mu faction was one of the three Grand Elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

He was a peak-level Earth Realm expert.

The last time when they received the Sword Pavilion elders, the three Grand Elders had all taken action to fight the experts of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

When Han Muye was in the Sword Pavilion, he couldn't even resist a look from the Sect Master.

At this moment, Wu Ziyuan looked over, and a powerful pressure descended.

A thick sword qi rose from Han Muye's body, turning into an astral light that shielded his body.

Mystic Sun Technique.

This powerful sword technique that could condense first-grade sword qi could be cultivated at the same time. There were no blind spots at all.

At this moment, the Mystic Sun Technique automatically protected his body and could directly block the pressure of an expert like the Grand Elder.

Wu Ziyuan's expression changed. Just as he was about to speak, he saw the small bronze sword that Han Muye had inserted in his hair.

"Sword Pavilion disciple?"

"Sword caretaker?"

Han Muye nodded and took out his identity token.

"Elder, I want to enter the library to read cultivation techniques."

Although he had already comprehended the Golden Sun Technique after reading Shen MUYANG's performance technique, there were original books in the library. He might be able to gain something if he flipped through them.

"A direct disciple?" Wu Ziyuan was stunned again.

Elder Su Liang, who was standing at the side, also revealed a strange expression.

She knew that Han Muye was an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion, but she did not know when he had become a direct disciple.

In the Sword Sect, the position of a direct disciple was extremely precious, and it represented one's status in the sect.

A disciple of the Sword Pavilion was qualified to become a direct disciple?

Wu Ziyuan's eyes lit up. He nodded and said, "Since you're a direct disciple, you're naturally qualified to enter the library.

However, you can't read the books for more than six hours at a time. You can't copy them or damage them.

You are not allowed to go to the third floor without the permission of the two Grand Elders."

These rules were what an important place in the sect like the library should have.

Moreover, the rules here were much simpler than in the Sword Pavilion.

The rules of the Sword Pavilion were really troublesome.

For example, 'If I say you're not at peace, you're not.'

Or ‘Don’t argue. If you do, go home and calm down.’

“Thank you, Elder.” Han Muye put away the token and walked into the library.

“Who is this kid?” Wu Ziyuan turned to look at Elder Su Liang when he saw him enter the library.

“From the Sword Pavilion.” Elder Su Liang shook her head and said softly, “I’m not sure about other details.”

Really.

She thought that she had some understanding of this Sword Pavilion disciple.

At this moment, she knew too little.

“Today, Patriarch Tao Ran refined the Void Meridian Pill. After Han Muye observed it, he said that the Void Meridian Pill might be able to simplify the pill formula.

His comprehension of alchemy is very strong.”

As Elder Su Liang spoke, she walked into the library.

As an elder of the Pill Hall, she was qualified to enter the library.

Wu Ziyuan narrowed his eyes and pondered for a moment before following her into the library.

The structure of the library was similar to the Sword Pavilion. As soon as they walked in, the fragrance of books wafted.

A sect needed to have enough history, be it a Sword Pavilion or a library.

This was the weight of the foundation.

A sect without a foundation would not be able to go far.

On the first floor of the library, there were rows of bookshelves. There were all kinds of books, bamboo slips, and jade slips.

The bookshelves were also marked with the attribute and aptitude a cultivation technique belonged to.

For example, the bookshelf closest to Han Muye was tagged with: Metal-type, below grade six aptitude.

Several bookshelves were similarly tagged.

The Golden Sun Technique that Han Muye was looking for should be Fire-type, followed by grade seven aptitude.

Following the tags on the bookshelf, he found a seventh-grade aptitude, fire attribute in just a moment.

On the bookshelves were fire-attribute cultivation techniques and sword techniques.

He scanned them quickly.

Hundreds of ancient books were listed.

Rising Fire Swordsmanship.

Cold Smoke Mantra.

Green Smoke Swordsmanship.

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After searching, Han Muye frowned.

There was no Golden Sun Technique.

He was confident that he would not miss it.

He turned around and walked back to the hall in front of the library. Grand Elder Wu Ziyuan stood there with his hands behind his back.

“What cultivation technique? You didn’t find it?”

Wu Ziyuan looked at Han Muye.

“Elder, I want to find the Golden Sun Technique’s ancient records.” Han Muye cupped his hands.

“Golden Sun Technique?” Wu Ziyuan stroked his beard and pointed to the second floor. “That’s an ancient book. Go to the second floor and browse.

These ancient cultivation techniques can be referenced, but there’s not much meaning in cultivating them.”

It seemed that because of Han Muye’s status as a direct disciple, Wu Ziyuan specially instructed him.

“Thank you for your reminder, Elder.” Han Muye cupped his hands again, then stepped onto the second floor.

The space on the second floor was also vast. There were a few elders and disciples of the Sword Sect in green and white robes reading books.

However, no one looked up when Han Muye arrived.

Time was precious in the library. No one would waste it now.

Han Muye followed the tags on the bookshelf and found the location where the ancient books of fire attribute were stored. After searching for a moment, he saw a cultivation technique tagged 'Golden Sun Technique'.

It was a pale yellow book with simple words.

This was not the original but a copy of the original.

He reached out and flipped open the Golden Sun Technique. The words on it were indeed much more obscure.

Not only did this Golden Sun Technique record cultivation techniques, but it also recorded the origins of the Golden Sun Technique.

It was one of the basic techniques of the Blazing Sun Palace.

In the ancient times, there was a large sect in the Western Frontier that cultivated with Mu Lieyang's cultivation technique. It gathered the power of the nine suns in the world and became invincible.

The Golden Sun Technique was only one of the Nine Suns Cultivation Techniques.

The ancient Western Frontier was constantly in war. In the end, the Blazing Sun Palace was destroyed by a powerful sword cultivator.

A powerful sword cultivator?

Han Muye couldn't help but think of Sword Master Yuan Tian, who had dominated the world back then.

Could it be that this person destroyed the Blazing Sun Palace?

In Han Muye's opinion, the power of the sun cultivated by the Golden Sun Technique was a profound technique.

He wondered what the cultivation technique that gathered the nine suns would look like.

After flipping through the entire cultivation technique, he placed the book back on the bookshelf and looked at the other cultivation techniques.

They were all ancient books. Since he was here, he might as well read a few more.

In six hours, he had read dozens of cultivation technique books.

Just as Wu Ziyuan had said, most of these cultivation techniques were meaningless.

Many of the cultivation techniques recorded in the books cost a lot, and the gains were very small.

In ancient times, there was no lack of spiritual energy. This way, he could still cultivate.

The spiritual energy in the current cultivation world was thin. If one cultivated such a cultivation technique, one would probably never be able to enter the Qi Condensation Realm.

When the six hours were up, he consciously put down the book and walked downstairs.

At this moment, Patriarch Tao Ran was already standing on the first floor with Wu Ziyuan and Elder Su Liang. Beside him was an old man in a green robe.

“How is it? Have you found the Golden Sun Technique?” Seeing Han Muye come down, Wu Ziyuan looked at him.

Han Muye nodded and said, “I’ve already read it and gained something.

Unfortunately, of the Nine Suns Techniques in the Blazing Sun Palace, we only have the Golden Sun.”

This was somewhat regrettable.

“The Nine Suns Techniques of the Blazing Sun Palace?” Patriarch Tao Ran thought for a moment and said, “I know where the ruins of the Blazing Sun Palace are. I’ll take you there when I have the chance.

I went there when I was studying the Fire Lineage cultivation technique.”

At this point, he looked at Han Muye and smiled. “Kid, the simplified formula for the Void Meridian Pill you mentioned makes sense. I found some records in ancient books that simplified the formula.”

It naturally made sense, and he had already comprehended the refinement method.

Han Muye smiled and said, “As long as it’s useful to Patriarch.”

Patriarch Tao Ran turned to Elder Su Liang and the green-robed old man and said, “Su Liang, Sun Ce, the simplified research on the Void Meridian Pill might be a chance for our Nine Mystic Sword Sect to rise in the alchemy world.”

Elder Su Liang and the medical hall elder named Sun Ce nodded.

“That’s right. If we can simplify the Void Meridian Pill, it might become the exclusive pill of the Sword Sect.

At that time, it would be extremely beneficial for the disciples of the Sword Sect to break through to the Earth Realm, sell them, and befriend the various sects.”

The old man named Sun Ce said excitedly.

“You’re in charge of the medical hall. Think about it. I’ll go to Mushen City and hand this simplified pill formula to Old Man Mu.” Patriarch Tao Ran chuckled, full of pride.

It seemed that being appreciated by the Mu family’s patriarch was an extremely glorious thing for him.

Without lingering in the library, Patriarch Tao Ran, Elder Su Liang, and the others continued to go to the medical hall to refine pills.

Before leaving, Patriarch Tao Ran generously gave the Void Meridian Pill that he had just refined to Han Muye.

Such a high-quality Void Meridian Pill was not cheaper than a high-quality, semi-spiritual weapon.

At least 200,000 spiritual rocks.

It was still the kind that was priceless.

This scene made Wu Ziyuan and Sun Ce curious.

Could this Han Muye be the last disciple of Patriarch Tao Ran?

Otherwise, how could he bear to give it to him?

Of course, they did not know that Patriarch Tao Ran was doing this to return Han Muye's favor for guiding him in alchemy.

Although Han Muye only gave a few pointers, it allowed Patriarch Tao Ran to find the direction to refine the supreme-grade Void Meridian Pill.

If he did not return this favor, Gao Changgong would definitely laugh at him when he returned to the Sword Pavilion.

Gao Changgong was very protective.

Han Muye left the library and did not return to the Sword Pavilion directly. Instead, he headed to the market outside the Pill Hall.

Suzhen Store.

"Senior Brother Han, it's been a long time." Bai Suzhen smiled when she saw Han Muye.

Han Muye handed the copy of the 'Three Lives Technique' he had obtained from the cultivator's cave abode to Bai Suzhen and said, "This is the spiritual medicine needed to refine the Void Meridian Pill. If there's a chance, help me collect some."

Void Meridian Pill!

Bai Suzhen's smile widened.

“Okay, okay, I’ll definitely collect some.

Senior Brother Han, the Void Meridian Pill is much more precious than the Energy Nurturing Pill and the Cloud Qi Pill!

Senior Brother, if you can still refine supreme-grade pills, you’ll really become rich.”

Every pill needed to break through to the Earth Realm was precious.

If it was supreme-grade, its price was comparable to a spiritual weapon.

Without hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks, it was impossible.

Han Muye didn’t say much to Bai Suzhen. He took some spiritual herbs to refine the Cloud Qi Pill and Energy Nurturing Pill and left.

The more enthusiastic Bai Suzhen was, the further away he wanted to be.

He was a decent man.

“Dong—”

Just as he returned to the Sword Pavilion, the bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain rang.

A disciple had returned victorious.

“Zhao Pu of Three Stones House killed a Foundation Establishment demon and sent a sword to the pavilion.”

Han Muye and Huang Six stood at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion. Zhao Pu of Three Stones House led a few disciples behind him. They were dressed in red robes and carried swords with both hands.

To be able to ring the bell, this sword was at least a semi-spiritual weapon.

As expected, Han Muye reached out to take the sword and felt the sword energy in it.

“I’ve received a semi-spiritual long sword today. I’ll put it away.”

After confirming that there were no mistakes, Han Muye walked into the Sword Pavilion with the sword.

Han Muye was a little curious about the demon expert’s sword.

The sword qi entered the hilt, and an image appeared in his mind.

The forging method of the sword was not complicated. After all, it was only a semi-spiritual weapon.

The original owner of this sword was not a demon, but an elder of a small sect.

This small sect's sword technique was ordinary. The sword technique he comprehended was only equivalent to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's One Mystic Sword Technique.

No wonder this elder did not escape from the hands of the Foundation Establishment demons.

Demons.

From the images in his mind, Han Mu saw a demon with a human body and a demon head for the first time.

Chapter 132: Are you Interested in the Position of Sect Master?

The demon race emphasized bloodline cultivation and seniority.

The more noble the bloodline, the harder it was to condense into human form.

On the other hand, if one's bloodline level was lower, one could transform into a human at the Foundation Establishment realm.

However, it was difficult to change the appearance, characteristics, and habits of many demon beasts who could transform into humans.

The demon who killed the elder of the small sect was a black wolf.

The wolf-headed man was tall, fast, and strong.

After obtaining the long sword, it was actually not of much use to the black wolf demon. It was just kept as a trophy.

The inheritance of sword techniques still depended on the human race.

"Disrupt the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's plan and think of a way to save the Grandmaster.

There's a change in our fox race. We need a Venerable to hold the fort."

In the image that Han Muye saw, a white-haired old man in gray linen stood on the cliff and spoke in a deep voice.

"For the sake of our Saint Clan, Hu Taisheng is willing to give his life."

This old man is Hu Taisheng?

The memories in the sword were rather scattered. After that, he saw a chaotic battle where the wolf demon died.

Hu Taisheng led the demons out of the chaotic place because the great demons were suppressed by the Sword Pavilion?

What good would that do?

Also, what happened to the demons in the Southern Wilderness?

Han Muye couldn't get much information from a sword.

After sending the sword to the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye turned around and walked out.

When he arrived at the Sword Pavilion, he looked at Zhao Pu. "Senior Brother Zhao, congratulations."

Zhao Pu was strong enough to kill demons of the same level.

Furthermore, in Han Muye's opinion, Zhao Pu's aura was rising solemnly, and he was clearly on the verge of breaking through.

Breaking through to the Earth Realm.

There were no true disciples in Three Stones House. If Zhao Pu could break through to the Earth Realm and become Tuoba Cheng's true disciple, everything would be fine.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Zhao Pu grinned and reached out to touch his bald head. "I came back this time for seclusion, hoping to break through to the Earth Realm."

At this point, he said guiltily, "That's right. Master is in seclusion to recuperate. I'm really not confident that I can break through without anyone to guide me."

"Is Master seriously injured?" Lin Shen, who was standing not far away, suddenly asked.

Zhao Pu nodded solemnly and shook his head.

"Master's injuries aren't serious."

Seeing Lin Shen's expression change, Zhao Pu said in a low voice, "It's just that back then, Master fought a half-step Heaven Realm expert with his sword. Although he wasn't defeated, his vitality was still injured.

In addition," Zhao Po paused for a moment, his eyes flashing, "In addition, Hu Taisheng of the Blazing Demon Valley is still alive. The rancor in Master's heart has yet to disappear, so he can't enter the Core Formation realm.

Otherwise, once Master's Sword Dao is perfected and he reaches the Core Formation realm, he will definitely be able to become the new Grand Supreme Elder of the sect."

Back then, Tuoba Cheng had sworn to kill Hu Taisheng. In the end, because of the arrival of the experts from the Wind Spirit Sword Sect and the Great Spirit Sword Sect, he had no choice but to form his sword aura in advance and fight against a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

Han Muye knew that cultivators cared about their thoughts the most.

After failing to kill Hu Taisheng, Tuoba Cheng could not reach the Core Formation realm.

"In that case, kill Hu Taisheng," Lin Shen said in a low voice.

These words stunned Zhao Pu, and he could not help but look up at him.

Although Lin Shen was a disciple of Three Stones House, he had always been separated from the disciples of Three Stones House.

He was Lin Chongxiao's younger brother, and his talent was much inferior to Lin Chongxiao's.

Ever since he started cultivating Draw a Million Swords, Lin Shen had almost no presence in Three Stones House.

The last time the disciples of the Three Stones House went down the mountain to kill demons, he followed them.

However, his cultivation and combat strength could not be compared to the elite disciples of the Three Stones House. He could only hang out with a group of low-level disciples.

When he returned to the mountain, he was only on duty in the Sword Pavilion and did not return to the Three Stones House.

If Lin Shen hadn't spoken just now, Zhao Pu would have ignored his existence.

Now that he was carefully sizing up Lin Shen, Zhao Pu's expression changed.

Lin Shen's aura was solemn. He actually couldn't see through him.

Is this a huge improvement in his cultivation?

Could it be that he has successfully cultivated Draw a Million Swords?

If he hadn't mastered his sword technique, he probably wouldn't have dared to talk about killing Hu Taisheng, right?

"Instructor Lin has some opportunities and his cultivation has improved greatly." Han Muye quickly pointed out.

He had to say it.

Zhao Pu was preparing to enter seclusion to break through. He could not give him any psychological pressure.

If Zhao Pu knew that Lin Shen had fused with the jade bones of a great cultivator and his cultivation and combat strength were extremely powerful now, the joy of reaching the Earth Realm and soaring into the sky would probably instantly disappear.

Without the support of this aura, it would be difficult to break through to the Earth Realm.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Zhao Pu nodded and said in a low voice, "I've already discussed this with my junior brothers. When I step into the Earth Realm, I'll lead them to encircle and kill Hu Taisheng."

Encircle and kill Hu Taisheng?

Although Tuoba Cheng's disciples were quite strong, Hu Taisheng was not easy to deal with.

Even Tuoba Cheng himself had to take it seriously.

However, at this moment, Han Muye would not stop Zhao Pu.

He raised his hand, and a pill surging with spiritual energy appeared in his palm.

"This is the Void Meridian Pill. Senior Brother Zhao can take it."

Void Meridian Pill!

Zhao Pu widened his eyes and looked at the pill. "This is the Void Meridian Pill that can simulate the Earth Realm and comprehend the power of the Earth Realm in advance?"

His cultivation level had reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm, so he had naturally studied these medicinal pills and cultivation techniques that helped him step into the Earth Realm.

The Void Meridian Pill was the best supplementary pill for breaking through to the Earth Realm.

However, this pill was rare and expensive.

"Well, Brother Han, I'm afraid I can't afford to pay enough spirit stones for this pill." Zhao Pu's face was flushed and his eyes were fixed on the pill.

Zhao Pu's cultivation and combat strength could almost enter the top hundred in the inner sect.

Logically speaking, with his cultivation, he should be ranked even higher in the inner sect.

It was mainly because he cultivated a physical technique and his combat strength was not that strong.

He did not have a lot of merit spiritual rocks.

The little savings he had now were some of the wealth he had obtained from the recent trip down the mountain to kill demons.

It was impossible to expect a body-refining cultivator who relied on food to save up.

A Void Meridian Pill was worth at least a hundred or two hundred thousand spiritual rocks.

Zhao Pu did not have that many spiritual rocks.

“What are you saying, Senior Brother Zhao?” Han Muye threw the pill into Zhao Pu’s arms and said, “This pill is my congratulations to you in advance for stepping into the Earth Realm.”

Tuoba Cheng from Three Stones House had given Han Muye a White Tiger Scroll.

Because Han Muye cultivated body techniques, many disciples in Three Stones House also regarded him as a fellow disciple of the same sect and had a good relationship with him.

Zhao Pu was very close to Han Muye.

In Han Muye’s opinion, pills and swords were all external objects.

Isn't cultivation just for fun?

Although this pill was valuable, it could not compare to his friendship with Zhao Pu, someone who was about to break through to the Earth Realm.

“Alright, alright.” Zhao Pu carefully caught the pill and looked at Han Muye gratefully. “I’ll go into seclusion now. When I break through to the Earth Realm, I’ll treat you to a drink.”

With that, he looked at Lin Shen.

“Count me in when you go down the mountain to kill Hu Taisheng,” Lin Shen said in a low voice.

Zhao Pu nodded and led the people behind him away.

Han Muye turned around and said with a smile, “Instructor Lin, if you want to go down the mountain to kill demons, you have to train yourself well.”

Lin Shen had the jade bones of a great cultivator, but he could not unleash much power now.

He needed to constantly fuse and gain mastery to increase his combat strength.

After saying that, Han Muye walked straight into the Sword Pavilion.

“This is Senior Brother Han.” Lu Gao, who had been leaning against the door of the Sword Pavilion, suddenly whispered.

“Sixth Brother has both the sect and Sixth Sister-in-law in his heart.

Senior Brother Han has his brothers in his heart.”

Although Lu Gao’s eyes were covered by a black veil, he could still feel his aura surging.

Standing on the stone steps, Lin Shen nodded gently.

Although Han Muye was only a sword caretaker, he was extremely skilled in both sword and alchemy.

The key was that he did not value spiritual rocks, swords, or even precious pills or even heaven-defying opportunities.

He was willing to share them with those around him.

He gave Zhao Pu the Void Meridian Pill, the spiritual weapon long sword, the Military Sword Technique, the Sword Nurturing Technique, and the opportunity to become a great cultivator.

How could such a person lack brothers who trusted him with their lives?

Turning to look at Lu Gao, Lin Shen felt even more emotional.

Whether it was him or Lu Gao, if there was danger, they would stand in front of Brother Han.

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye saw Huang Six sorting out the books.

Recently, he had a lot of errands to do. Most of the errands in the Sword Pavilion were done by Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan.

Ever since Huang Six had used up his soul sword qi, he had been too lazy to cultivate.

Every time Patriarch Tao Ran had a meal with them, he would try to get Huang Six to cultivate the Fire Lineage cultivation technique.

He was bent on going down the mountain to become a rich man and a Guardian Deacon.

“Sixth Brother, I have the Cloud Qi Pill and the Energy Nurturing Pill. You have to cultivate. These pills can quickly increase your cultivation.”

Walking to the long table, Han Muye spoke softly.

Hearing his words, Huang Six was stunned for a moment. Then he grinned and said, “Forget about cultivation, but when I go down the mountain, give me a few. I’ll bring them to Sister Ping.”

Han Muye nodded and turned to walk up the Sword Pavilion.

Cultivation depended on luck.

Even if the cultivators in the world were like the ancient great cultivator, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, they might not be as rich as Sixth Brother.

The more he cultivated, the more Han Muye understood why Patriarch Tao Ran said that Huang Six had a good temperament.

It was rare to find someone so willing to give in the world.

After meeting the Sword Pavilion Elder, Han Muye told him about his cultivation in the spiritual land.

“Deng Chungang, that kid’s talent can be said to be comparable to Jin Ze’s back then.” Hearing Han Muye ask about the news of the sect’s number one direct disciple, the Sword Pavilion Elder chuckled.

“As for the Heartbreak Wine you mentioned, I didn’t know about that.

There are many ways to condense sword qi. For sword cultivators, only sword qi is insufficient. How can they condense it for no reason and reduce the number?”

Indeed, there were countless sword cultivators in the world who were troubled by the lack of sword qi. No one would complain that they had too much sword qi.

Yes, Han Muye.

“What do you think after seeing the direct disciples of the spiritual land?” The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

Han Muye nodded.

“Sword Pavilion, Library, Medical Hall, Spiritual Land.

These are the foundation of the sect.”

Looking at the Sword Pavilion Elder, Han Muye’s eyes lit up. “But these are all dead stuff.

The true foundation is these direct disciples.

They can quickly become Earth Realm experts with sufficient lifespan and endless growth.

With them around, the sect will not fall for 300, 500, or even 1,000 years.”

After Han Muye finished speaking, the Sword Pavilion Elder fell silent.

After waiting for a long time, the Sword Pavilion Elder said indifferently, “You’re the 19th direct disciple, so you’re also qualified to compete for the position of Sect Master.

Are you interested?"

The position of sect master!

Han Muye was stunned for a moment. Just as he was about to reply, the Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and said, "There's no need to reply to me.

Everything in the world depends on luck."

Chapter 133: There are Grades Above Supreme-Grade Pills?

Opportunity.

This matter was very illusory.

Han Muye's understanding was to fight for it with all his might.

He had never thought of the position of sect master. It seemed too far away.

However, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was a big sect in the Western Frontier.

The stronger this tree was, the more carefree they could live.

If not for the fact that the sect was powerful, how could the direct disciples of the spiritual land have the chance to experience life?

Most of those small sects and itinerant cultivators were fighting over a spiritual rock.

Walking downstairs, Han Muye went to the entrance of the Sword Pavilion and watched Gao Xiaoxuan play with the little white fox.

Lin Shen and Lu Gao cultivated with all their might. As they sat, spiritual energy and sword qi surrounded them.

Han Muye looked up at the sun overhead.

He slowly closed his eyes, and the spiritual energy in his body returned to his dantian.

A trace of scorching aura spread out from his body, making Gao Xiaoxuan and the little white fox, who were playing, look up.

The little white fox seemed to be afraid of the scorching power and leaned into Gao Xiaoxuan's arms.

The power came from the blazing sun overhead.

At this moment, Han Muye felt as if the fog in his comprehension had cleared.

The power of the world was born in the earth and nurtured by the sky.

The source of life was the sun and the rich earth.

Standing in front of the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion, he could feel a trace of scorching power flowing through his meridians.

This power was dense. When it collided with the spiritual energy in his dantian, it was like boiling water that surged and ruptured.

This was the combination of the two powers. It was also the Golden Sun Technique that was changing the attributes of his original spiritual energy.

There was a burning pain in his dantian that seemed to be torn apart.

This pain made the corners of Han Muye's mouth curl up into a smile.

The pain of his dantian being full was the happiest pain for cultivators.

The power of the Great Sun passed through his meridians, bringing with it a burning pain.

According to Shen MUYANG, one should not cultivate the Golden Sun Technique for too long.

Han MUYE did not cultivate the Golden Sun Technique for long.

The balance of power was the most important. He just needed to slowly increase his Qi Condensation cultivation.

After the transformation of the Golden Sun Technique, the spiritual energy in his dantian became even more dense.

According to Han MUYE's guess, it was at least close to fifth-grade spiritual energy.

There was nothing much to do in the Sword Pavilion for the day.

When the pavilion door closed in the evening, Patriarch Tao Ran did not return, and the elders of the Sword Pavilion did not go downstairs to eat.

At night, Han MUYE took out the pill furnace and spiritual herbs and refined a few cauldrons of Cloud Qi Pills and Energy Nurturing Pill.

After watching Patriarch Tao Ran refine pills today, Han MUYE had a slight understanding of the purification of the medicinal power.

At night, when he was refining pills, he used his sword qi to fuse with the medicinal power of the spiritual herbs. He specially disintegrated the medicinal power within and removed the useless medicinal effects, trying his best to increase the purity of the pills.

There were failures and successes.

Two of the five batches of Cloud Qi Pills were wasted, making Han Muye's heart ache.

After all, two furnaces were worth tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

However, among the remaining three furnaces, two of them produced ten supreme-grade pills with more powerful spiritual light.

The last furnace contained three pills.

These three pills were a little strange. They looked gray after forming.

However, when he held the pills in his palm, Han Muye realized that the medicinal power in these three pills was much purer and more vigorous than that of a supreme-grade pill.

Could it be that there's really an existence in the Dao of alchemy that surpasses supreme-grade pills?

What grade is that?

Han Muye did not take these three pills, but carefully put them away.

The Cloud Qi Pill could be tested, but he could not bear to give up the Energy Nurturing Pill.

Spiritual herbs were rare and expensive.

Three days passed in a flash. The Sword Pavilion received a batch of new swords refined by the Cao family.

Interestingly, most of these swords had been tempered nearly 100,000 times, and some precious spiritual materials were mixed in.

Han Muye suspected that the last time Cao'e and the others participated in the auction, the sword that he sold for 100,000 spiritual rocks had been stimulated. Is the entire Cao Family studying this technique now?

Even this ordinary artifact that was worth more than a thousand spiritual rocks was mixed with spiritual materials worth seven to eight thousand spiritual rocks.

Is the Cao Family prepared to not live anymore?

But if they keep fumbling around like this, they might actually succeed?

That's a good thing.

Not only did the Cao family send swords, but they also sent two swords from Phoenix Head Mountain.

Not only had they been delivered, but they had been delivered with great fanfare.

The sky was filled with streams of light.

They had sent two ordinary long swords.

Han Muze, who received the swords, was amused.

These two swords did not belong to the demons.

They were the swords of the sect disciples who had submitted to the demons near Phoenix Head Mountain.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples stationed at Phoenix Head Mountain had sent the swords back so ostentatiously. They were actually deliberately showing their combat strength.

After all, it was one of the Nine Great Sects. Recently, it had fought two major sword sects alone and was very powerful.

This made Han Muye feel a little emotional. The cultivation world was also a place that valued publicity.

Ideology, collective cohesion, positive publicity, and public opinion guidance could not be relaxed.

Of course, one had to serve as a model and lead by example.

From these two swords, Han Muye could tell that the combat strength of the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was indeed more than a level higher than that of the demons and small sects in the Southern Wasteland.

An inner sect disciple of the Sword Sect could already fight an elder of a small sect alone without being at a disadvantage.

...

Three days later, Han Muye greeted the Sword Pavilion Elder and Huang Six before heading to Mushen City.

When Patriarch Tao Ran led him to the mountain gate, he saw Elder Su Liang and Fairy Jin Yuan waiting there.

Elder Su Liang was wearing a moon-white robe that was rather luxurious. She exuded spiritual energy.

Even Fairy Jin Yuan had dressed up.

Only Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran were still the same, dressed in green and white Daoist robes.

As expected, when they went out, the difference between male and female cultivators became obvious.

Patriarch Tao Ran raised his hand, and a thirty-foot-long flying boat appeared.

It seemed like this was a standardized flying boat. It was no different from the flying boat of Shopkeeper He of Zhenling Treasure Store.

However, Patriarch Tao Ran's cultivation was profound. He did not need to control the boat from the bow. He sat cross-legged in the cabin and chatted with Han Muye and the others while diverting his attention to control the flying boat.

"The Mu family's patriarch was called Mu Chunhui. He was also a disciple of a cultivation sect.

Later, when the sect declined. Elder Mu returned to the family and became a family cultivator."

In the cabin, Su Liang introduced the Mu family and Mushen City to Han Muye and Jin Yuan.

The rise of every Grand Cultivator had a legend.

Although Mu Chunhui came from a small sect, his alchemy cultivation talent was superb.

Hundreds of years ago, when a few large sects were in a chaotic battle, the Mu family's patriarch dealt with them. Mushen City provided medicinal pills to each family in exchange for neutrality.

Later on, when there was a conflict between the Western Frontier, the Southern Wilderness, and the Northern Region, the Mu family's patriarch stood up for them. He provided pills for free many times and even gathered the disciples of the Mu family to fight at the frontline.

The most famous time was when the Mu family's patriarch joined forces with a few alchemy experts from the Western Frontier and became friends with the alchemy experts of the Southern Wilderness.

The pill fragrance filled the air, and the scene of flames soaring into the sky was unforgettable for countless cultivators.

In that battle, the few talented alchemy experts of the Southern Wasteland could not defeat Mu Chunhui.

This made him absolutely famous and he became one of the few alchemy masters in the Western Frontier who did not cultivate in a large sect.

Among the nine major sects, five of them gave Mu Chunhui the title of Guest Elder.

"Although our Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not form an alliance with the Mu family, many disciples of the Mu family came to the Sword Sect to cultivate."

When Elder Su Liang said this, she looked at Han Muye and chuckled. "Mu Wan will probably return to attend the Mu Family's Patriarch's 800-day banquet.

Back then, when your lifespan was limited, that girl was very sad."

These words made Patriarch Tao Ran turn around.

Han Muye ignored him.

As a patriarch, why are you so concerned about the gossip of the younger generation?

Elder Su Liang's expression turned solemn as she said in a low voice, "What really made the Mu family stand tall is the Little Pill Pavilion established by the Mu family's patriarch."

Ancestor Tao Ran nodded and said softly, "That's right. The alchemy of the Western Frontier is not considered prosperous. It's rare for Old Man Mu to take out his own research and inheritance without holding back."

Han Muye knew that no matter which sect it was, it was impossible for them to let others read their inheritance books.

The Mu family's patriarch's move immediately determined his position in the Western Frontier's alchemy.

It also prevented Mushen City from being coveted by other large sects.

Whoever attacked the Mu family would offend all the major sects in the Western Frontier.

Moreover, not only could the Mu family's patriarch refine a fifth-grade pill, but his cultivation was also not weak.

"Mushen City is actually more of a place for the various sects to trade pills.

The Mu family's medicinal pill and spirit medicine trade is also considered prosperous."

Isn't refining pills for earning spiritual rocks?

In business, there is no coldness.

No wonder Mu Wan had a good relationship with Bai Suzhen back then.

One had pills at home, and the other had a shop.

Elder Su Liang shook her head and sighed. "The alchemy of the Western Frontier has declined. It can't compare to the Central Continent.

The Mu family's patriarch went to the Central Continent by chance. After he returned, he established the Little Pill Pavilion with the intention of improving the alchemy standards of the Western Frontier."

There were many emotions in Elder Su Liang's words, as if the Mu family's patriarch really only had alchemy in his heart.

But Han Muye didn't think so.

If he really wanted to focus on alchemy, there was no need for him to establish Mushen City as a trading city.

And not everyone could enter the Little Pill Pavilion.

In three hundred years, only a hundred people could enter the Little Pill Pavilion.

Wasn't Patriarch Tao Ran just someone who yearned to enter?

"Hehe, this time, I must go to the Little Pill Pavilion to take a look." Patriarch Tao Ran's face flushed with pride as he smiled.

Elder Su Liang, who was opposite him, nodded. A trace of longing flashed across her eyes. "Patriarch is right. With the improved and simplified Void Meridian Pill formula, there is indeed a chance for me to receive an invitation to the Little Pill Pavilion from Elder Mu.

If my Nine Mystic Sword Sect also has a pill formula to enter the Little Pill Pavilion, this will also be the glory of our Sword Sect's alchemists."

In the past two to three days, Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang had studied the formula carefully and modified it for the Void Meridian Pill.

Compared to the original pill formula, it consumed much less spiritual herbs.

The Little Pill Pavilion contained various pill formulas and pill refinement methods.

Those who could be valued by Mu Chunhui were definitely those who were truly useful to the alchemy of the Western Frontier.

If the pill formula was recorded in the Little Alchemy Pavilion, the person who gave the pill formula would also be invited to the Little Pill Pavilion to read other books.

Among them, the one who would benefit the most was naturally the Mu family's patriarch.

However, using a pill formula in exchange for reading other books was not a loss.

If one was really calculative, one should not send any pill formula.

As the flying boat advanced, Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang were in a good mood.

"Hum—"

The small boat jolted, and Patriarch Tao Ran stood up.

The flying boat landed, and Han Muye saw a grand and ancient city ahead.

Standing in front of them was a group of cultivators in green robes.

Han Muye's gaze swept over them, and he was slightly startled. A smile appeared on his face.

In the crowd facing them, someone chuckled and nodded.

Chapter 134: Meeting Mu Wan Again

Mu Wan.

Ever since Han Muye came to this world and entered the cultivation world, she was the first female cultivator to treat him well.

Although they had only met a few times, that feeling was special.

It was not because of Huang Six's wishful thinking.

Seeing Mu Wan again, Han Muye felt the joy of reuniting after a long time.

They faced each other, smiling.

The person who came to receive Patriarch Tao Ran was one of the second generation heads of the Mu family, Mu Tongyuan. He wore a white robe and had three short whiskers. He looked very elegant.

Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang called him Junior Brother Mu San.

"Senior Brother Tao Ran, congratulations on returning to the Sword Sect." Mu Tongyuan spread his sleeves and gently cupped his hands at the old man Tao Ran with a smile.

Tao Ran chuckled.

Mu Tongyuan led Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang to see the Mu family's patriarch. When he left, he instructed a young man named Mu Ziyu to receive Han Muye and Jin Yuan.

"Fairy Jin, this..." Mu Ziyu, who was wearing a green robe and a green jade crown, raised her hand and bowed to Jin Yuan before turning to look at Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han," Mu Wan said softly with a smile.

Beside her, a few Mu family juniors turned to look at her.

“Han Muye greets everyone.” Han Muye raised his hand and said loudly.

“Brother Han.” Mu Ziyu nodded and said, “We still have to receive Fellow Daoist Chang Ming here. I wonder if the two of you can wait together?”

Chang Ming?

Who?

Han Muye didn’t know him.

“Is that Chang Ming, who can refine peak eighth-grade medicinal pills at such a young age?” Jin Yuan asked.

Mu Ziyu smiled and nodded. “Fellow Daoist Chang Ming should be able to refine a Grade Seven Pill now.”

So what if he refined a seventh-grade pill?

Han Muye did not think that an alchemy cultivator who could refine a seventh-grade pill was qualified to make him and a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect like Jin Yuan wait.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was one of the four major sword sects in the Western Frontier. It was one of the nine major sects and a major sect in the Western Frontier.

Jin Yuan looked at Han Muye and saw him shake his head slightly.

“Young Master Mu, we’ve just alighted from the flying ship. Let’s go and rest first,” Jin Yuan said softly.

Hearing her words, Mu Ziyu’s expression darkened slightly. He waved his sleeve and said, “Zijin, bring the two of you to Xiujin Garden to stay.”

A young Mu family disciple walked forward and cupped his hands. “Please.”

“Senior Sister Jin Yuan, let me accompany you.” At this moment, Mu Wan suddenly spoke.

Jin Yuan smiled and nodded. Mu Wan stepped forward and reached out to hold Jin Yuan’s arm. She turned to Han Muye and nodded with a smile. Then, the two of them turned around and walked towards Mushen City.

Han Muye also followed the young man named Mu Zijin into the city.

“Mu Wan, you...” Someone from the Mu Family called out.

“Hmph, you think you can do whatever you want just because you’re an elite valued by Linghua Pavilion?” Someone said unhappily and lowered his voice.

“Forget it. Brother Ziyu led us to wait for Young Master Chang Ming. If she doesn’t wait, it’s her loss. Young Master Chang Ming is one of the most famous talented alchemists in the younger generation of the Western Frontier.”

“I guess these two fellows from the Nine Mystical Sword Sect don’t even know Young Master Chang Ming’s reputation, right?”

Han Muye and Jin Yuan heard the discussions of the Mu Family disciples. Jin Yuan gently pressed down on Mu Wan’s hand. Mu Wan shook her head and continued forward.

Han Muye and Mu Zijin followed behind.

When two female cultivators met, they naturally had endless things to talk about.

The topic might be about height, weight, black and white.

After all, they were all alchemists. They were definitely talking about pills.

Han Muye leaned closer to listen and turned to look at the scenery around him.

Mu Zijin, who was at the side, also introduced Mu Shen City to him. This city had been built for hundreds of years, and the scenery everywhere was not bad.

There were also many meaningful architectural scenes. Mu Zijin explained with a smile.

For example, the peach tree where the Mu family's patriarch comprehended the Dao, the bamboo tree watered by the Mu family's patriarch when he refined pills, the weeping willow tree watered by the Mu family's patriarch when he washed his feet...

Not only did Mu Zijin introduce them, but there were also signs on the rocks and trees. There were even statues of a long-bearded old man taking off his shoes to wash his feet.

In these places, many cultivators lowered their heads and pondered deeply, as if they could really gain enlightenment here.

Not to mention anything else, this Mushen City was filled with medicinal fragrance.

On both sides of the street were mostly medicinal pills and spirit medicine shops. Even the trees beside the road were medicinal herbs that were hundreds of years old.

There were several Jade Elixir Trees. Han Muye wanted to ask if they were for sale.

This was a spiritual medicine used to refine Energy Nurturing Pills. It only needed one or two wood hearts to fuse the pills.

A big tree that had been around for hundreds of years could produce an unknown amount of wood hearts.

After walking for 15 minutes, they finally saw the tall and wide Mu family mansion ahead.

This location was completely like a city within a city.

Indeed, without the Mu family, Mushen City would not be a city.

Mu Wan led Jin Yuan, Han Muye, and the others in through the side door, then followed the corridor to an elegant courtyard.

“This is Xiujin Garden.” Mu Wan let go of Jin Yuan’s hand and smiled.

“I’ll come and visit when Elder Su Liang comes back.” After Mu Wan finished speaking, she turned to look at Han Muye. “Senior Brother Han, you’re fine. That’s great.”

Her words did not contain much emotion, which suited Mu Wan’s personality.

Han Muye nodded and said, “How is Junior Sister Mu doing in the sect?”

Mu Wan smiled and nodded slightly before turning to leave.

The young man named Mu Zijin looked at Han Muye, then at Mu Wan. He looked a little suspicious, cupped his hands, and left.

“Senior Brother Han, it’s rare to meet Junior Sister Mu again. Why didn’t you ask her to stay and chat?”
Jin Yuan said regretfully.

Chat?

How can we talk in front of you?

Huang Six was the only one with good eyesight.

Han Muye shook his head and walked into the garden.

The winding pool and the long pavilion were very elegant.

The small courtyard was filled with spiritual herbs. Some of them were quite old, so they were not afraid that the guests would uproot them.

But come to think of it, if he could live here, he would just pull them out, right?

There were still servants in the garden, leading Han Muye and Jin Yuan to choose a room.

Han Muye and Jin Yuan each chose a room to stay in, leaving the good seats to Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang.

Although it was not tiring to rush over in the flying boat, it was mentally exhausting.

In the room, Han Muye sat cross-legged and meditated. He slowly circulated his spiritual energy and polished his soul sword qi.

By the time he walked out of the wing, he was refreshed.

Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang had also returned.

“Han Muye, Elder Mu has already agreed to help you refine the lifespan-extending Pill after the celebration.” Seeing Han Muye come to visit, Elder Su Liang smiled and said.

Elder Su Liang naturally knew that Han Muye had come to Mushen City to ask for the Longevity Pill.

The biggest problem for Sword Caretaker was his lifespan.

“Thank you, Elder.” Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands.

He was not qualified to ask the Mu family’s patriarch to help.

Only Elder Su Liang could invite the Mu family’s patriarch.

This time, he owed Elder Su Liang a favor.

“Kid, we’ve also discussed the Void Meridian Pill’s formula with Elder Mu.” Patriarch Tao Ran was in a good mood and called the Mu family’s patriarch, Elder Mu.

Otherwise, it would be Old Man Mu’s.

“What Elder Mu means is that simplifying the Void Meridian Pill might be feasible,” Elder Su Liang added softly.

“It’s just that there are many guests today and I haven’t had time to deduce in detail.”

“Elder Mu is also very interested in you who suggested simplifying the pill formula. We’ll bring you to see him during the celebration.”

Interested in me?

Han Muye didn’t know if he should be flattered or frightened.

Beside him, Jin Yuan looked envious.

“You also cultivate alchemy, so there’s no harm in meeting Elder Mu.” Seeing Han Muye’s expression, Su Liang smiled and teased, “You have a good relationship with that girl, Mu Wan. Shouldn’t you let her patriarch see you?”

Is this considered meeting the parents?

Han Muye was confused.

“Hmph, you’re so young, but you have to focus on cultivation. Don’t think about nonsense all day long.” Patriarch Tao Ran snorted coldly and left with a flick of his sleeve.

‘What do you mean, what’s there?’

Didn’t you say that Huang Six had a firm heart?

Why was it that when it comes to me, there’s nothing?

Han Muye glared at Patriarch Tao Ran’s back.

This old man was very bad.

Jin Yuan almost laughed out loud.

In the afternoon, Mu Wan came to visit Elder Su Liang. They chatted for a quarter of an hour before she bowed and left.

Then, Han Muye watched the fish in the pond from the edge of the veranda.

“Senior Brother Han.”

Han Muye looked back. Mu Wan was thinner than when she was in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, but her aura was more solid, and her eyes were filled with determination and confidence.

It was obvious that Mu Wan had grown quickly in the new sect.

“The scenery in the Mu family’s mansion is not bad. Junior Sister, do you have time to show me around?”

Han Muye smiled.

Back in the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six always found an excuse to go out when Mu Wan came.

“I’d like that.”

After Mu Wan finished speaking, she lowered her head and led Han Muye forward.

“Senior Brother Han, when your lifespan was about to end, I was really sad.”

As they walked, Mu Wan spoke in a low voice.

“As an alchemy cultivator, I’m powerless to refine pills for the people close to me. This feeling of helplessness is really torturous.

Although the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is one of the Nine Great Sects, alchemy is really not the best.

Linghua Pavilion’s alchemy can be ranked in the top five in the Western Frontier.

I want to improve my alchemy cultivation and stop feeling helpless.”

Mu Wan whispered, her words revealing a trace of guilt towards Han Muye.

In her opinion, she was very sad that she did not help Han Muye.

What a kind little girl.

Han Muye felt that Mu Wan was the kind of woman who would glow.

“Junior Sister Mu, how’s the Cloud Qi Pill business?”

After Mu Wan finished speaking, Han Muye suddenly laughed.

Back then, when he met Mu Wan, didn't he guide her to refine a high-quality Cloud Qi Pill?

Hearing his words, Mu Wan turned around with a smile on her face.

"Of course it's extremely good. With this pill, among the disciples of the sect, my wealth..." Mu Wan covered her mouth as if she thought of not revealing her wealth.

"However, there have been many top-grade Cloud Qi Pills circulating in the Western Border recently, causing the price of high-grade Cloud Qi Pills to fluctuate."

Mu Wan frowned slightly and looked at the bustling garden in the distance. "I wonder which alchemy master is short of money and would actually lower himself to compete with a small cultivator like me.

This matter has already spread among the alchemy cultivators. Many people are guessing if some master has gone bankrupt from studying alchemy recently."

Mu Wan looked up and saw Han Muye's strange expression.

"Forget it, Senior Brother Han, you're not an alchemy cultivator. You naturally don't understand these things."

"I'll take you to the peony garden. The flowers there are beautiful."

Han Muye nodded and followed.

He decided that after returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, he would definitely warn Bai Suzhen not to tell anyone that he had refined a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill.

The peony flower bed was indeed beautiful. Many young male and female cultivators stayed here.

The petals were red and pink, and her smile was like a flower.

Han Muye felt that it was a pity that he didn't have a photostone.

Otherwise, this was a good time to take a photo.

"Everyone, do you know what's the story with my Mu Family's Medicinal Garden?"

A voice came from nearby.

Chapter 135: Don't Worry, I'll Slap Their Faces Today

He turned around and saw a few young members of the Mu family leading a few people in white robes by the peony garden.

Mu Ziyu, who had received Han Muye and the others, was also there.

Beside Mu Ziyu was a young man wearing a golden crown. He was slender and had a faint arrogance on his face.

“Young Master Chang Ming!” someone whispered.

“Young Master Chang Ming, is he that Young Master Chang Ming who is on par with Eldest Young Master?”

“Did the patriarch say that Young Master Chang Ming can become a master of alchemy within a hundred years?”

Han Muye felt that the cultivation world had its own circles.

Among sword cultivators, he respected one sword cultivator the most.

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sun, had an unparalleled status among sword cultivators.

There were also a few famous young experts in the Sword Dao in the Western Frontier.

However, Han Muye really didn't pay attention to them.

There were also many famous people in the Alchemy Dao.

Han Muye wasn't paying attention either.

"I heard that Senior Mu Chunhui and the Southern Wilderness Alchemy Dao expert used a fifth-grade pill to subdue a wood-type demon."

Chang Ming looked at the pink and white flower bed in front of him and sighed.

"That wood-type demon gave Senior Mu his natal flower branch and he became a legend in alchemy."

At this point, Chang Ming turned to look at Mu Ziyu and the others. "As alchemists, we should have the righteousness and magnanimity of Senior Mu."

The foreign alchemist traveling with him nodded.

The people from the Mu family smiled.

People should lift each other up.

What Chang Ming had just said was one of the things that the Mu family's patriarch was most proud of in his life.

“Sister Mu Wan, quick, let’s go and pay our respects to Young Master Chang Ming.” A woman in a pink dress walked over and said excitedly.

There were also a few equally excited female cultivators beside her.

Hearing the female cultivator’s words, Mu Wan shook her head and turned to look at Han Muye. “I’ll accompany Senior Brother Han to take a look at the flower bed. I won’t go over.”

“Sister Yuhe, you guys go ahead.”

The female cultivators turned around and looked at Han Muye.

“His appearance isn’t bad, but his cultivation doesn’t look high.”

“Without the Pill Qi around him, he probably doesn’t have much talent in alchemy.”

“I’ve never seen him before, nor have I heard of any young alchemy expert surnamed Han among the guests.”

The female cultivators lowered their voices as they discussed Han Muye.

“Silly girl, there aren’t many opportunities to see Young Master Chang Ming. Are you really not going?” A female cultivator reached out and grabbed Mu Wan’s arm.

“That’s right. Young Master Chang Ming is one of the most dazzling alchemists among the younger generation of the Western Frontier. Don’t miss this opportunity.” Another person turned around and whispered.

“My Mu family is an alchemy family, and all our friends are alchemy experts. I’ve never heard of Senior Brother Han, so how can he compare to Young Master Chang Ming?”

The female cultivator who spoke first turned her head and looked at Mu Wan.

Not far away, Chang Ming and the others were already looking over.

They were all cultivators, so how could they not hear the voices here?

Moreover, with a few female cultivators gathered here, they naturally attracted attention.

Mu Wan smiled and shook her head. She pulled her arm back and walked to Han Muye’s side. “Senior Brother Han, let’s go.”

Han Muye nodded, and the two of them turned to leave.

“This girl is actually so arrogant just because she became a core disciple in Linghua Pavilion and gained power,” a female cultivator in pink said in a low voice with a cold expression.

“Hmph, what’s there to be proud of? The true elites of my Mu family stay in the clan and are released to the various sects. Does she really think she’s something?”

“Let’s go see Young Master Chang Ming.”

On the other side, Chang Ming narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan’s backs. He pretended to be indifferent and said, “Is that also a fellow Daoist from the Mu family? Why don’t we exchange our alchemy skills?”

Hearing his words, Mu Ziyu shook her head and said, “Among our Mu family’s peers, his aptitude and talent are not outstanding. He’s probably afraid that he won’t be able to compare to Brother Chang.

In alchemy cultivation, comprehension talent is the most important. Some people spend their entire lives running in circles.”

Chang Ming nodded and chuckled.

Beside him, a young man in a white robe with a golden belt around his waist said, “Speaking of alchemy cultivators who can’t improve for the rest of their lives, I really met one just now.

Back then, that person once said in front of the Little Alchemy Pavilion that he would definitely enter it.

In the end, he only refined one pill in the past hundred years. Not only did he neglect his cultivation, but his talent in alchemy was also exhausted.”

Hearing the young man’s words, everyone around him had strange expressions.

“Brother He Shu, are you talking about Jiang Ming from the Jade Forest Valley?” Mu Ziyu shook her head with a mocking expression.

“A hundred years ago, he was still known as the alchemy cultivator with the most potential among his peers. Unfortunately, he had a blinkered way of thinking.”

“I heard that he even thought about using sword qi to refine pills in the end.”

“That’s ridiculous.”

They all shook their heads and laughed.

Alchemy was not something that could be done with brute force.

Studying alchemy was a gradual process, an accumulation, a combination of comprehension and talent.

Only those who cultivated the Dao of alchemy were the smartest.

“Let’s go somewhere else.” Mu Ziyu raised her hand and led everyone away slowly.

Many disciples of the Mu family quietly followed.

Han Muye and Mu Wan did not go to places with good scenery. They just walked together and chatted in low voices about cultivation and alchemy.

Han Muye told him about the interesting things that happened in the Sword Pavilion, about the friendship between Sixth Brother Huang and Sixth Sister-in-law.

Mu Wan was extremely touched.

Han Muye was not a talkative person. He did not know how to make up stories.

However, he saw that Mu Wan's eyes were filled with tears when he mentioned Huang Six and Lu Qingping making sacrifices.

"Senior Brother Han, you must help Sixth Brother and Sixth Sister-in-law.

They'll get together, surely."

Mu Wan clenched her fists and bit her lip.

Han Muye nodded.

"Senior Brother, these are the spiritual herbs I found. You can use them.

While my great-grandfather is happy this time, if you can ask him to help you refine a lifespan-extending pill, you won't have to worry about your lifespan for the time being.

I'll definitely cultivate well and try to help you resolve your lifespan."

Mu Wan took out spiritual herbs from a small pouch on her back.

The spiritual herbs were needed to refine the lifespan-extending pill.

These spiritual herbs were so precious that even the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have many of them.

Bai Suzhen, who was very capable, only helped Han Muye find two furnaces of medicinal pills. Among them, Zhao Youzhi and the others had plundered from the Three Qin Sword Sect.

Although Mu Wan still lacked a few main herbs, these were already hard to come by.

With her cultivation and wealth, she had really spent a lot of effort to gather so many spiritual herbs.

Han Muye did not refuse and reached out to take the spiritual herbs.

This was Mu Wan's intention. She did not have any other intentions. She just wanted to help him solve his lifespan problem.

In the cultivation world, there were really not many cultivators who could be so pure-hearted.

Han Muye was a little guilty.

He felt that he had to refine fewer supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills in the future so as not to hinder Mu Wan from making money.

“By the way, Junior Sister Mu, I studied it again later. If the Cloud Qi Pill reduces the Spirit Transformation attribute in the Wind Chime Grass, and the White Moon Flower only takes the center of the flower and doesn’t melt the power of the Pure Moon Essence in the petals, the medicinal effect of the Cloud Qi Pill will be purer.”

This was a secret that Han Muye had just discovered.

He had three Cloud Qi Pills that surpassed the existence of supreme-grade pills. They were refined according to the method he mentioned.

Of course, there was also the fusion of sword qi.

Hearing Han Muye talk about his research on the Cloud Qi Pill, Mu Wan listened very seriously. Then she lowered her head and thought for a while before smiling at Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han’s perception is unique. I’ll give it a try when I get back.”

"I feel that the Cloud Qi Pill I refined is already the best of the best. If the medicine is purer, it will definitely be supreme-grade."

"A supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill is worth..."

Unknowingly, Mu Wan revealed a greedy expression.

Sensing that Han Muye was looking at her, she blushed and turned to leave.

Han Muye took the spiritual herbs and watched Mu Wan leave before returning to Xiujin Garden.

When he reached the corridor, he saw Patriarch Tao Ran feeding the fish.

"You're back already?"

Patriarch Tao Ran glanced at Han Muye and shook his head, as if he expected better from him. He threw all the fish food into the fish pond, clapped his hands, and left.

Watching the old man walk back to the attic, Han Muye walked towards his room.

"Eh, Senior Brother Han, you're back already?" Fairy Jin Yuan looked at him and glanced around before closing the window.

After walking into the room and putting the spiritual herbs on the table, Han Muye was in a daze.

Why did he come back just like that?

...

In the square in front of the Mu Family's mansion in Mushen City.

A bright red carpet covered the entire square, and various flowers were placed around it.

Spiritual energy flashed. It was a spirit gathering array that had been specially set up. It turned the gathered spiritual energy into clouds and spread throughout the entire square.

The Mu Family's Patriarch's birthday celebration naturally couldn't lack the immortal aura.

The Mu Family's Patriarch's 800th birthday was considered a grand occasion in the Western Frontier's alchemy circle.

The nine major sects and several top alchemy figures had sent congratulatory gifts.

People from the surrounding sects and families arrived.

Han Muye stood in front of the square with Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was naturally qualified to stand at the front.

Han Muye turned around and saw a few solemn-looking people not far away looking back from time to time.

Han Muye recognized the clothes of these people.

Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

These people were all from the Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

However, unlike the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Patriarch Tao Ran who was personally present, the Wind Spirit Sword Sect sent a few alchemy cultivators.

Therefore, those people were a little flustered now.

After all, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had sent a patriarch-level expert. If he caused trouble, it would be a headache.

Even though the Spirit Dao Sect had decreed that those above the Core Formation realm were not allowed to attack, if a patriarch wanted to deal with others, did he need to really attack?

Fortunately, Patriarch Tao Ran did not have any intention of finding trouble with them. He sat in front, surrounded by Pill Qi and Sword Qi. He looked like an expert.

Half-step Heaven Realm. This was the person with the best cultivation among the guests.

“Do you see that? That’s Patriarch Tao Ran of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“That’s Patriarch Tao Ran of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. It’s said that his alchemy cultivation is extraordinary.”

“Hehe, isn’t that Madman Tao? His cultivation in the Sword Dao is not bad. He’s not good at alchemy.”

“That’s right. Some people should just practice their swordsmanship properly. Why do they have to stir up trouble in the alchemy industry? Do they really think that alchemy is as easy as practicing the sword?”

Han Muye turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran.

Can you stand that? he thought.

As if sensing Han Muye’s gaze, Patriarch Tao Ran turned around and grinned.

“Don’t be anxious. Today, I’ll slap their faces.”

Chapter 136: Celebration, Rogue Cultivator Jiang Ming

Patriarch Tao Ran's words almost made Han Muye laugh out loud.

He thought that a senior expert like the Patriarch, who had been around for countless years, no longer cared about the criticism of outsiders.

So he was waiting on purpose.

Even Patriarch Mu felt that the simplified Void Meridian Pill was worth something. This time, Patriarch Tao Ran might really be able to slap those who looked down on him.

The celebration had yet to begin, and the Mu family's patriarch had yet to arrive. Although Han Muye's seat was closer to the front, he was blocked by Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang, so he could still take a break.

Looking around, he finally saw Mu Wan sitting among the Mu family disciples.

The people around Mu Wan seemed to have seen him as well. They gathered together and pointed at him. From their gazes, they were all probably having bad reviews about him other than his looks.

Han Muye could tell that in the eyes of these alchemy cultivators, no matter how good your swordsmanship was, it could not compare to a furnace of good pills.

Superb brain circuit.

Eh? Han Muye was slightly stunned when his gaze swept over.

He saw someone he hadn't expected.

He had never seen this person before.

However, he had seen him from the memories of the pill furnace in his hand.

Jiang Ming.

The rogue cultivator of the Jade Forest Valley who refined the Clear Snow Pill and tried to fuse sword qi into the pill furnace.

This person's obsession with alchemy left a deep impression on Han Muye.

Cultivation was really a crazy thing.

At this moment, Jiang Ming had a solemn expression on his face. He was wearing a green and gray robe, and his white hair was tightly tied up.

He no longer looked as crazy as he did in the cauldron.

He sat at the edge of the square, surrounded by low-level cultivators.

It was indeed impossible for Jiang Ming, who was an itinerant cultivator, to get a good seat at today's banquet.

Cultivators had sharp spiritual senses. Han Muye had only looked at him for a few seconds when Jiang Ming looked up.

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, Jiang Ming was slightly stunned.

Someone from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

He was just a loose cultivator in the Alchemy Dao. He didn't seem to have any interactions with them, right?

Han Muye nodded slightly in greeting.

This confused Jiang Ming.

But he nodded back.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was currently at the height of its power. This person was even the patriarch's personal subordinate, so he was definitely not an ordinary person.

As an itinerant cultivator, he was already flattered by such a greeting.

Han Muye didn't look around for long. A bell rang, auspicious clouds filled the sky, and petals flew.

The celebration had begun.

This was the first time Han Muye had seen Patriarch Mu.

This old man, who was wearing a grayish-white robe and had white hair and beard, was surrounded by Pill Qi that had turned into clouds.

The wafting pill fragrance proved that his alchemy cultivation was extraordinary.

He had a simple face, kind eyes, and a pill aura.

This appearance was a custom-made alchemy cultivation.

"Fellow Daoists, Mu Chunhui has lived for 800 years. I'm very grateful to have you here today."

The voice of the grand cultivator resounded throughout the square, gentle and clear.

Whether it was a representative of a large sect like Patriarch Tao Ran or other cultivators, they all stood up and cupped their hands in greeting.

800 years of cultivation was not considered the best in the Western Frontier.

After all, most Earth Realm cultivators could live to a thousand years old.

However, in the 800 years of Mu Chunhui, he had done many great things and accumulated a lot of merit in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

He was being treated well by everyone today because of his righteousness.

Mu Chunhui looked at the hall and sighed.

A sword cultivator sought to dominate the world. An alchemy cultivator would probably be praised by thousands of cultivators.

Looking at Mu Chunhui, who was looking at the sky with his hands behind his back, Han Muye had a hint of understanding.

Cultivators were still mortals.

Mortals all wanted something.

When he had no desires and severed his emotions, he would probably really be able to ascend and become an immortal.

The disciples of the Mu family carried the incense table over. Mu Chunhui held the incense stick and saluted the world.

This was an alchemy cultivator. His alchemy cultivation depended on the spiritual herbs and fire given by heaven and earth.

It would be good enough if a sword cultivator did not fight the heavens with a sword.

The celebration seemed to have a fixed program that Han Muye did not understand.

In any case, in his opinion, it would be a celebration when the spiritual fruits and wine were served.

However, the fruits and wine on the table could not be enjoyed immediately.

A few direct descendants of the Mu family stepped forward and kowtowed to Mu Chunhui before offering him birthday gifts.

Some gave rare medicinal pills, and some took out precious spiritual herbs.

These were all the second and third generations of the Mu family. Most of them were already at the Earth Realm and had good alchemy skills.

Mu Chunhui chuckled and encouraged them before accepting the gifts.

Those who came up later were mostly Foundation Establishment and Qi Condensation juniors.

“That’s the eldest son of the Mu family, Mu Tanzhi.”

“Among the younger generation of the Mu family, the one with the greatest hope of inheriting the Patriarch’s legacy is this Eldest Young Master.”

“Among the younger generation of the alchemy world in the Western Frontier, Young Master Mu Tanzhi is very famous.”

The discussion around Han Muye made him look up.

Standing in front of Mu Wan and the others was a calm middle-aged man in a light purple robe.

This was the number one junior of the Mu family, Mu Tanzhi.

He had a Pill Qi that far exceeded his peers. His cultivation was also at the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm.

Under his lead, the Mu family disciples kowtowed to Mu Chunhui.

Other than the Mu Tanzhi who offered a seventh-grade pill that he had refined with both hands, the others were empty-handed and only kowtowed.

The Mu family's patriarch would not take a fancy to their form of respect.

The intention was good enough.

After the Mu family's birthday celebration, the representatives of the various sects stepped forward.

The first to step forward were the two green-robed Daoists of the Spirit Dao Sect.

Outsiders did not know what they had sent.

Patriarch Mu accepted the gifts solemnly and invited them to sit down.

The might of the number one sect in the Western Frontier could be seen.

Behind them were two black-robed Shangyang Demon Sect cultivators, followed by the Taiyi Sword Sect.

After the three major sects finished sending their gifts, the Wind Spirit Sword Sect cultivators stood up.

However, just as they stood up, Patriarch Tao Ran had already slowly straightened his body.

Everyone in the venue was stunned.

The Wind Spirit Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were currently in a heated battle.

At this moment, should he not make a move?

Who was ranked fourth among the three major sects?

Unfortunately, the truth didn't turn out the way the Observer wanted.

When they saw Patriarch Tao Ran stand up, the two Daoists opposite him sat down again.

Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang stepped forward and presented the birthday gift they had prepared.

When they returned, the two Daoists from the Wind Spirit Sword Sect walked forward with the brocade box.

The process of entering the birthday gift was not as ostentatious and competitive as Han Muye had imagined. It was all in a box, and no one could tell.

Han Muye guessed that many of the boxes were probably empty. The real birthday gifts might have already been sent and registered.

After all, there were not many people at the venue who were giving gifts. Most of them were empty-handed, so they must have given gifts long ago.

When dozens of large and small sects had given their gifts, the Mu family's patriarch stood up and cupped his hands in thanks. Han Muye looked at Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting in front of him, and reached out to touch the spiritual fruits.

He could finally eat.

To be honest, Han Muye was really not a good eater in the sect.

Today, he was interested in the spiritual fruits in front of him. They were really tempting, and it was his first time seeing so many fruits from the cultivation world.

Unfortunately, appearance did not represent taste.

The beautiful fruits were nothing more than sweet or sour to the taste.

They did not provide the kind of spiritual energy that made one's blood surge like a tide, as Han Muye had imagined.

The fruits were just fruits.

The melons were just melons.

He was slightly disappointed.

Looking up, he saw that the Mu family's patriarch had started to toast.

After he toasted, the venue became lively.

Many people who knew each other gathered together and started talking about alchemy.

As expected, they were all alchemy cultivators. One said that he was very angry last night and did not manage to calm down. He wasted a furnace of pills. Someone said that it was only proper for alchemists to be harmonious.

"Stop eating. Go take a walk." After dealing with a fruit, Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting in front, whispered.

Han Muye turned around and saw that Fairy Jin Yuan was already chatting and laughing with a few female cultivators.

Even Elder Su Liang held her wine glass and whispered to a few alchemy cultivators.

“Patriarch, you’re not going?” Seeing that the entire venue was filled with people discussing alchemy, Han Muye was very curious why Patriarch Tao Ran wasn’t going.

“Hmph, do I need to go?” Patriarch Tao Ran snorted.

Han Muye picked up his wine glass and left. After taking a few steps, he looked back and saw that Patriarch Tao Ran was alone.

The scene was a little desolate.

Han Muye was touched.

The patriarch probably knew that he was not popular and that no one would care about him, so he sent him away.

He didn’t want Han Muye to be left out like him.

“That’s Patriarch Tao Ran of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, right? Why isn’t anyone talking to him?” A young alchemy cultivator couldn’t understand and whispered.

“Shh, let me tell you. Back then, Patriarch Tao Ran was stopped outside the Little Pill Pavilion. He failed to become a supreme-grade alchemist after refining dozens of furnaces. In a fit of anger, he almost lit up the Little Pill Pavilion.”

“This person has a bad temper.”

“No wonder I heard that he’s a fire maniac. Forget it, let’s not get close.”

Han Muye did not know that Patriarch Tao Ran had even tried to burn down the Little Pill Pavilion.

However, when he thought about it, he felt that it was indeed pressurizing when one could not refine a supreme-grade pill after refining dozens of cauldrons of pills.

Han Muye looked around, but there was no one he wanted to get to know. He turned around and walked to the side of the venue with his wine glass.

Jiang Ming, who was drinking with his head lowered, looked up and was slightly stunned when he saw Han Muye.

“I’m Han Muye from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Greetings, Fellow Daoist Jiang.”

Han Muye didn’t exchange pleasantries. He walked straight to Jiang Ming’s small table and sat down, gently raising his glass.

Jiang Ming clinked glasses with him in confusion and drank the wine in his cup.

“Young Master Han, how do you know me?”

After drinking, Jiang Ming couldn't help but look at Han Muye and whispered.

Beside him, many people pricked up their ears.

Everyone in this area was an alchemy cultivator with an Itinerant Cultivator background, and their cultivation level was average.

After all, the seating arrangement in this corner explained everything.

A disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect visiting Jiang Ming made them very curious.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was a major sect in the Western Frontier.

Jiang Ming was famous back then, but who would still take him seriously after all these years?

Hearing Jiang Ming's question, Han Muye chuckled and raised his hand. A small black pill furnace appeared in his palm.

Storage ring.

The surrounding people subconsciously glanced at Han Muye.

This guy must be the second-generation young master of an elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Otherwise, how could he have a treasure like the storage ring at such a young age?

At this moment, Jiang Ming's gaze landed on the small black furnace, and a trace of bitterness flashed across his eyes.

"So Young Master knows that this pill furnace was once in my hands."

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is a large sect in the Western Frontier. It's not difficult to trace the origin of a pill furnace."

Jiang Ming paused slightly and looked up at Han Muye. "Young Master, are you looking for me to compensate you for this furnace?"

Back then, I used sword qi to refine pills and injured the foundation of this pill furnace. It's quite a pity.

But I'm afraid I can't afford to pay for this furnace now."

A good pill furnace was like a good sword in the hands of a sword cultivator.

It was normal for him to be angry when the furnace was destroyed by him and went to someone else's hands.

There was no alchemy cultivator who did not cherish his pill furnace.

When they heard Jiang Ming say that he used sword qi to refine pills and destroy the furnace, many people around him revealed looks of disdain.

We alchemists are ashamed to be associated with this person.

"Take a good look," Han Muye said softly, looking into the distance with an empty glass in his hand.

Take a good look?

Jiang Ming frowned and looked down at the pill furnace.

His expression slowly changed. He subconsciously reached out and gently touched the pill furnace.

"Hiss—"

The moment his palm touched the pill furnace, his eyes widened and he let out a low cry.

Sword Qi!

Chapter 137: Who Will Compete in a Hundred Years of Alchemy?

In this world, there was still someone who poured sword qi into the cauldron!

Jiang Ming, who was trembling all over, looked up and stared at Han Muye.

The sword qi in the cauldron was dense and gentle. It was much stronger than what he had cultivated.

“Young Master, y-you’re also refining pills with sword qi?”

Jiang Ming felt his heart pounding.

Sword Qi Alchemy!

This method was not unique to him. There were others like him!

This method really had a chance of success!

As a rogue cultivator, other than the basic cultivation methods and alchemy knowledge that he inherited, he had to figure out the rest himself.

All these years, he was completely wrapped up in his research on alchemy.

He would only refine snow pills in his life.

But the more this was the case, the greater the gap between his alchemy skills and his peers.

Whenever he had a novel idea and talked about it, others would say that he was dreaming.

Especially when he shared the Sword Qi Alchemy Technique with people with good sword cultivation, he was mercilessly mocked.

He was looked down upon and scolded by others. What Jiang Ming wanted was his own Dao.

But whose heart wasn't made of flesh?

How could he not feel hurt deep down?

Looking at Han Muye, Jiang Ming was very afraid.

He was afraid that Han Muye would shake his head.

This feeling was like when he brought the pills he refined to Elder Mu and waited for him to evaluate them.

At that time, Elder Mu shook his head regretfully.

"I use sword qi to refine pills." Han Muye's answer was very direct and straightforward.

These words seemed to have hit Jiang Ming in the chest, making him unable to breathe.

Jiang Ming picked up the wine pot on the long table in front of him, lifted the lid, and poured it into his mouth!

Only by drinking so much could he quench the thirst in his heart!

"Satisfying!"

Good wine!"

After finishing the wine at his table, he grabbed the wine pot on the table beside him and raised his head to drink.

This crazy behavior made the people around him look even more disgusted. They moved aside.

“Has Jiang Ming gone crazy from drinking again?”

“Hmph, he can even do such a crazy thing as injecting sword qi into the pill cauldron. Isn’t it a small matter to go crazy from drinking?”

As a result, these people looked at Han Muye with more displeasure.

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head, looking into the distance.

On the other side, Patriarch Mu held a wine glass and sat beside Patriarch Tao Ran.

They murmured and clinked glasses. They were both smiling and seemed to be having a pleasant conversation.

This made the alchemists who were paying attention to the Mu Family’s Patriarch a little confused.

As the Mu family’s patriarch and the host of this banquet, it was normal for him to greet Patriarch Tao Ran.

But now, it was obvious that they were really chatting happily!

That was not all!

The two of them were still at the long table. They took out a few spiritual herbs and started talking to each other.

Were they discussing alchemy?

The fire lunatic who almost burned down the Little Pill Pavilion and was chased out of Mushen City by the Mu family's patriarch was actually discussing the Dao with him.

Such a scene really made many people unable to swallow the wine in their mouths...

"Bam—"

Putting the empty wine pot on the table, Jiang Ming looked up at Han Muye.

At this moment, wine was spilled all over his body, and his hair and beard were stuck together. He had become the crazy person Han Muye remembered.

"Young Master, do you have any pills?"

Jiang Ming reached out to Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded, placed a pill in Jiang Ming's hand, then stood up and walked forward.

On the other side, Patriarch Tao Ran was waving at him.

Jiang Ming had a gray pill in his hand.

"Tsk, you call this refining a pill?"

Nearby, someone laughed.

That pill looked like it could be refined by all the alchemists present, right?

"It's said that the Sword Qi Pill Refinement can purify some medicinal power. However, it's not worth it. Wouldn't anyone be a fool to really do it?"

Someone shook his head and looked at Jiang Ming and Han Muye mockingly.

Unorthodox.

Jiang Ming gently closed his hand.

He didn't say anything. He just looked at Han Muye and chuckled. Then he reached out and pressed the lid of the pill furnace on the long table in front of him.

Han Muye did not take the pill furnace.

It was not that this pill furnace was not precious.

Although this pill furnace was not a spiritual weapon, it was still a treasure among ordinary artifacts. It was worth tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

However, compared to the medicinal pill in Jiang Ming's hand, the medicinal pill was countless times more precious.

It was vigorous and rich. Its body looked grayish-white, but it was actually extremely restrained.

The medicinal power was so pure that it was flawless. The entire pill was completely made of medicinal power.

What was even more unbelievable was that the medicinal power in this pill was pure and single, without the impurities of other powers!

This was the result of Jiang Ming's lifelong desire to use sword qi to assist in alchemy.

Sword Qi, purify!

In Jiang Ming's opinion, whether it was pills or pill furnaces, they could not compare to Young Master Han's alchemy methods!

Such a pure method of alchemy was the truth of alchemy that he was pursuing!

Looking at the pill furnace in front of him, he laughed heartily. His crazy appearance made the surrounding people look at him.

...

Passing through the crowd, Han Muye quickly walked to the front of the banquet.

"Han Muye, come and greet Patriarch Chunhui."

When he arrived, Patriarch Tao Ran was laughing.

"Junior Han Muye greets Elder Mu." Han Muye straightened his clothes and bowed.

The Mu family's patriarch sized up Han Muye and chuckled. "Patriarch Tao Ran and Su Liang praised your comprehension ability in front of me. Su Liang even asked me to refine a lifespan-extending pill for you. It seems that you really have something outstanding that they like."

Hearing Patriarch Mu's words, Han Muye looked up at Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang, who had already walked over slowly, and bowed slightly.

"Thank you, Patriarch, for refining the lifespan-extending pill for me.

This is a token of my appreciation. I wish you a long life."

Han Muye flipped his palm, and a green bamboo shoot appeared in his palm.

Back then, he used his spiritual energy to stimulate the Green Spirit Bamboo Root, and it had grown into a jade-colored spiritual bamboo shoot that was half a foot long.

Using a few strange stones, he had made the jade bamboo shoot look extremely cute.

"Green Spirit Bamboo Shoot?"

The Mu family's patriarch was overjoyed. He reached out and caught the bamboo shoot on the tray below. Then he looked at it happily.

"Speaking of which, this bamboo shoot is really spiritual after being constructed like this."

Although the Green Spirit Bamboo was precious, an expert like the Mu family's patriarch would not care.

However, he liked this ingenious arrangement.

Patriarch Tao Ran also grinned and chuckled.

It was rare for Han Muye's gift to catch Old Man Mu's eye.

"Clang—"

A jade chime sounded in the distance. It was obviously the next event of the celebration.

In the wide square, there was a designated empty space.

Dozens of Mu family juniors stood there with pill furnaces in their hands.

Patriarch Mu carefully placed the tray on the long table and didn't move. He turned around and said, "Fellow Daoist Tao Ran, we arranged for the juniors of the family to offer pills today. Let's see if there are any outstanding juniors of our Mu family."

"Haha, good, good." Patriarch Tao Ran rubbed his hands and smiled.

To be invited by the Mu family's patriarch to evaluate the younger generation of the Mu family was a rare honor for alchemy cultivators.

Han Muye turned around and saw countless white-haired, gray-haired, and white-haired alchemy cultivators staring at Patriarch Tao Ran. There seemed to be flames rising in their eyes.

Patriarch Tao Ran said that he wanted to slap their faces. He really came immediately!

Among the alchemists in the hall, only Tao Ran, a half-baked alchemist who played with swords more than alchemy, was invited to sit with him and evaluate the Mu family's juniors.

Do any of you know the reason? Han Muye thought.

It's to suffocate you!

"My Mu family is an alchemy family. Alchemy is the foundation. Today is the 800th birthday of the patriarch. The descendants of the Mu family will refine pills to congratulate—"

The person in the white robe with a loud voice was the first of the Mu family's second generation, Mu Chunhui's eldest son, Mu Lingye.

His cultivation level had already stepped into the Core Formation realm, and his alchemy skills were even more extraordinary.

The Mu family prospered not only with the help of the Mu family's patriarch, but also with the help of many of the second generation.

As Mu Lingye spoke, spiritual flames rose from below.

Spiritual light flashed and medicinal fragrance filled the air.

This scene was really spectacular.

Han Muye felt that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Pill Hall was really incomparable to the Mu Family.

No wonder an aristocratic family was famous in the Western Frontier for their alchemy.

Such expertise was indeed rare.

The people in the square were all juniors of the Mu family, and the medicinal pills they refined were all ninth-grade or eighth-grade.

Most of the alchemy cultivators present today were not interested.

However, the descendants of the Mu family who could appear today were all skilled. Their movements were smooth and impressive.

"Hum—"

With a soft sound, the young man standing in front was the first to form the pill.

Mu Lingye raised his hand and put two round and clear pills onto a plate. A servant caught the plate and handed it to the Mu family's patriarch.

Patriarch Mu turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran and nodded with a smile.

"Hehe, it's round and smooth, and the spiritual light is uniform. This is already top-notch."

Patriarch Tao Ran smiled and looked at the pills. "Refine a ninth-grade Benevolent Jade Pill in 15 minutes. Two pills will be produced. It's rare."

"Thank you, Patriarch." After Patriarch Tao Ran finished commenting, the young man standing in front bowed with a grateful expression.

The surrounding alchemists had ugly expressions.

Is it difficult to judge a junior?

It's just a few polite words. Who doesn't know how?

What a free favor.

Patriarch Tao Ran sat there with a calm expression. As long as someone produced a pill, he would casually comment on it. There were praises and criticisms.

It was naturally easy for a patriarch to evaluate the eighth-grade and ninth-grade pills refined by a junior disciple.

To the younger generation of the Mu family, no matter who was sitting on the throne, as long as the Patriarch invited them to comment, they had to bow and thank him.

After the pill refinement ended, two or three of them were already remembered by everyone.

“That Mu Changlin just refined an extremely difficult eighth-grade pill, right? To be able to reach this level at such a young age, not bad.” The old man standing at the side stroked his beard and said.

“I think Mu Yusen, who was the first to refine the pill, is not bad. His technique and skills are all proficient.”

Someone glanced over and chuckled.

Today was the day the Mu family’s descendants became famous.

Those who had outstanding methods were immediately remembered by many alchemy seniors.

After two rounds of alchemy, Han Muye smiled.

Wasn't it Mu Wan who was wearing a green robe and walking to the corner with her head lowered?

However, other than Han Muye, not many people outside the arena had their eyes on Mu Wan.

In front of the field, a calm middle-aged man in purple stood at the front.

The eldest son of the Mu family, Mu Tanzhi.

Outside the arena, countless gazes were fixed on the number one junior of the Mu family.

Whether it was Mu Ziyu beside him or the other juniors of the Mu family, they all paled in comparison to Mu Tanzhi.

There was only one person who bloomed in the field.

"I heard that the eldest young master of the Mu family has a deep understanding of alchemy. We should be able to broaden our horizons today." A few white-haired alchemy cultivators subconsciously took a step forward.

At the head of the table, Mu Chunhui also smiled and nodded gently.

“Brother Tanzhi, what pill are you refining today?” A loud voice sounded.

Chang Ming, who was dressed in a white robe, stood not far from the square. He looked at Mu Tanzhi, his eyes shining.

“Mu Tanzhi of the Mu family and Chang Ming of the Minghua Valley. In a hundred years, it will definitely be the two of them competing in the Alchemy Dao of our Western Frontier!” Someone among the alchemy cultivators watching muttered.

A hundred years later, the two of them would compete?

Han Muye turned around and looked at Jiang Ming, who was still sitting in the corner, holding the pill furnace in his hand and looking at him.

This person had such a reputation a hundred years ago.

Jiang Ming smiled gently, picked up the wine bowl in front of him, gestured to Han Muye from afar, and then drank it in one gulp.

Han Muye shook his head and turned around, only to see Mu Wan hiding behind him, blinking slyly.

Chapter 138: Mu Wan's Cloud Qi Pills

“Today, I refined a seventh-grade pill, the Meridian Cleansing Pill.”

Mu Tanzhi, who was standing in front, spoke loudly. Then spiritual light flashed in his hand, and flames rose.

A seventh-grade pill.

He was already an alchemy expert to be able to refine a seventh-grade pill.

In the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were not many alchemists who could refine seventh-grade pills.

This was because the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s alchemy was weak and their foundation was shallow. It could be seen that a seventh-grade pill was already a precious item in the cultivation world.

Someone chuckled and said in a low voice, “The Eldest Young Master of the Mu family wants to refine the Meridian Cleansing Pill. Is this a sign that he’s the direct disciple of the Mu family?”

“Of course. The Mu Family’s Meridian Cleansing Pill is the pill that the Mu Family produces the most. It’s a unique pill. Only if the juniors can refine this pill can they be independent.”

Those who knew the Mu family’s rules said.

A unique pill of the Mu family?

Han Muye's gaze fell on Mu Tanzhi, carefully observing him.

Previously, he did not take a closer look at the Mu family's juniors refining pills because he was not interested in these eighth-grade and ninth-grade pills.

Now that Mu Tanzhi wanted to refine the Mu family's unique medicinal pill, he naturally had to take a look.

"It's the Meridian Clearing Pill. This is a pill that you specially developed for us sword cultivators. It can remove the sword qi in our meridians and increase the circulation speed of the sword qi."

Patriarch Tao Ran looked emotional and whispered.

"We're all fellow Daoists. We're not specially made for sword cultivators. We just don't want to be more useful to sword cultivators." Mu Chunhui smiled and waved his hand, his expression calm.

As the disciples of the Mu family rose with the spiritual fire, the others also began to prepare to refine pills.

Mu Wan was at the back. When she threw the spiritual herbs into the pill furnace, most of the people watching did not notice her.

It was just a Cloud Qi Pill.

99% of the people present knew how to refine this pill.

This was the pill that low-level cultivators needed the most.

However, most alchemists would not refine anymore as long as they were successful in their cultivation.

This was because refining this pill did not improve their alchemy skills much. They could only exchange it for some spiritual rocks.

What orthodox alchemists looked down on the most were alchemists who refined pills for spiritual rocks.

How could an alchemist only want spiritual rocks?

“Young Master Chang Ming, that’s the Mu family’s disciple in Linghua Pavilion. Look, he’s refining the Cloud Qi Pill now. It can be seen that his aptitude and talent are really ordinary.”

The Mu Family’s female cultivator standing beside Chang Ming spoke in a low voice and looked at Mu Wan with disdain.

It was unknown if Mu Wan was playing hard to get yesterday, but she actually turned around and left before Young Master Chang Ming.

Today's pill refinement was just nice.

Pretending to be virtuous?

"Hehe, perhaps I know my limits." Chang Ming shook his head and said calmly, "Anyone who offers pills on the same stage as Brother Tanzhi pales in comparison."

There was pride in his words.

Among his peers, he was the only one who could compete with the eldest son of the Mu family!

The people around Chang Ming nodded slightly.

Today was the Patriarch's birthday, and it was also the time for the younger generation to stand out.

Since the Eldest Young Master of the Mu family was famous, this Young Master Chang Ming would definitely not be inferior!

Mu Tanzhi's refining technique was very fast. Clearly, he was extremely skilled.

Han Muye's gaze froze, and the images in his mind kept spinning.

He had comprehended the refinement method of the Meridian Cleansing Pill.

He had comprehended the formula for the Meridian Cleansing Pill.

When the fragrance of the pill drifted out of the furnace, Han Muye had already understood the refinement method of this pill.

The above-grade spiritual medicine, Spiritual Light Grass, was used as a guide to resolve the strange power in the meridians and clear them.

Instead of calling it the Meridian Clearing Pill, it was better to call it the Meridian Cleansing Pill. It was absolutely a medicinal pill for cleansing the meridians.

Images kept appearing in Han Muye's mind, and his alchemy techniques began to simplify.

After comprehending the refinement method of the Void Meridian Pill, he had such consideration for other pills.

As long as he could save a step in the refinement process or spiritual herbs, he would do so.

As he thought about how to simplify the formula for the Meridian Cleansing Pill, Han Muye turned his head and looked at Mu Wan, whose movements were orderly.

At this moment, Mu Wan only had a few spiritual herbs left that had yet to be thrown into the pill furnace.

Wind chime grass, white moon flower.

These two spiritual herbs were placed aside.

Mu Wan looked up and saw Han Muye looking at her. She nodded slightly, then reached out and grabbed a wind chime grass. She carefully plucked the two beautiful wind chimes and placed them by her ears.

The two purple wind chimes swayed in the wind.

The Spirit Transformation attribute in the Wind Bell Grass was all on the wind chime. After plucking the wind chime, there was no more Spirit Transformation power.

“Hehe, that little girl is interesting. She’s actually slacking off and even has the time to pick wind chime flowers.” Someone among the alchemy cultivators not far away said.

Many people chuckled.

Apart from Mu Tanzhi, everyone else was a foil.

So what if she was slacking?

After the Wind Chime Grass was thrown into the pill furnace, Mu Wan plucked the petals of the White Moon Flower and placed them into her mouth.

The petals of the White Moon Flower were sweet and refreshing.

Her actions made the Mu family disciples who were nervous about refining pills shake their heads.

She's indeed a disciple of a sect. She does not know how to cherish her reputation.

One has to know that such an opportunity is rare in one's lifetime.

Not far away, a female cultivator in her thirties shook her head and said in a low voice, "Sigh, Junior Sister Mu Wan's alchemy talent is strong, but she's unwilling to show it."

"Forget it, let her play. The Mu family is at the peak of alchemy. It doesn't matter if she's a junior disciple." Another female cultivator from Linghua Pavilion smiled and said.

Seeing that Mu Wan had followed his instructions and removed the Spirit Transformation attribute from the Windchime Grass, and that the White Moon Flower only took the center of the flower and did not integrate the power of the Clear Lunar Essence in the petals, Han Muye smiled.

This was the good thing about Mu Wan. She listened to him.

Back on the Nine Mystic Mountain, Mu Wan had listened to his explanation and refined a high-quality Cloud Qi Pill.

A low-level cultivator should not become rigid and arrogant.

Such a cultivator would easily retreat and find it difficult to advance.

Han Muye subconsciously looked at Chang Ming.

As if sensing something, Chang Ming also looked at Han Muye.

“Young Master Chang Ming, I’ve asked around. That person’s name is Han Muye. He has never been famous in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.” The Mu family disciple standing beside Chang Ming immediately said.

“Why should you ask around? It’s true that Nine Mystic Mountain is a major sect in the Sword Dao. Could it be that they have an alchemy expert?” Someone on the other side shook his head and muttered in disdain.

“Recently, these sword maniacs seem to have started fighting to the death again. It’s really boring. Why can’t they be like us alchemists and benefit the world?”

As if he was very dissatisfied with sword cultivators, the white-haired old man looked at Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting upright, and Han Muye, who was beside him. He shook his head and muttered, as if he felt that it was a pity.

At a gathering like today, it was indeed only about the level of alchemy, not the means of the Sword Dao.

Even Patriarch Tao Ran, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and the other major sects were not well regarded by these alchemists who were obsessed with alchemy.

With a smile on his face, Chang Ming turned his gaze from Han Muye and said calmly, "Brother Tanzhi's pills are done."

It was a pill!

The pill furnace in front of the Mu family's Eldest Young Master shook, and two streams of light flew out.

Mu Lingye reached out and caught the two pills. He sized them up and smiled.

The servant took the pills from Mu Chunhui and Patriarch Tao Ran.

For the first time, Patriarch Tao Ran reached out and gently pinched the pill.

"Elder Mu, if you triple the number of pills produced every year, your Mu family's assets will increase by at least five times in a hundred years."

Patriarch Tao Ran carefully sized up the pill and said softly.

If the amount of pills was increased by three times, even if it was five times or 10 times, the sword cultivators of the Western Frontier could still eat it.

To sword cultivators who had yet to step into the Earth Realm, this Meridian Cleansing Pill was a rare good pill to clear their meridians and prepare for stepping into the Earth Realm.

How many sword cultivators in the Western Frontier were stuck below the realm?

If this Meridian Cleansing Pill could increase production, the number of sword cultivators in the Western Frontier would definitely increase greatly.

“Hehe, this pill is difficult to refine. Not many disciples of my Mu family can refine it.” The Mu family’s patriarch shook his head and said indifferently.

“It’s not that I’m hiding this pill inheritance. If any fellow Daoist is interested, you can go to the Little Pill Pavilion to read the pill formula and find out the reason.”

The Little Pill Pavilion had the formula for this Meridian Cleansing Pill!

Many of the alchemists’ eyes lit up when they heard this.

But in the blink of an eye, he looked regretful.

Who could ascend to the Little Pill Pavilion?

In front of him, Chang Ming's fighting spirit rose.

In the distance, Jiang Ming, who was sitting on a long table with a wine pot in his hand, had a glint in his eyes that no one could see.

"Elder Mu, if I ascend to the Little Pill Pavilion and look at your Meridian Cleansing Pill formula, don't be unwilling..."

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting beside Patriarch Mu, slowly put down the Meridian Cleansing Pill in his hand and spoke softly.

Ascend to the Little Pill Pavilion?

If you, Madman Tao, were given another hundred years, would you be able to rise up?

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran's words, many people around revealed indescribable smiles.

This was Mushen City, the holy land of alchemy.

It was not the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Here, they spoke alchemy.

“Of course.” The Mu family’s ancestor answered frankly.

“The formula for the Meridian Cleansing Pill is on the second floor of the Little Pill Pavilion. When you read it, you will understand why I didn’t try my best to increase the quantity of this pill.”

“Alright.” Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and turned his gaze to Mu Tanzhi.

When these two ancestors conversed, those who didn’t know better would think that Patriarch Tao Ran was really qualified to enter the Little Pill Pavilion.

“The medicinal power of the Mu family’s Eldest Young Master’s Meridian Cleansing Pill is clear. It can form three cycles of medicinal power and clean up the Qi in the meridians at least three times.”

“This pill is obviously at the Fine Grade.”

A Meridian Cleansing Pill that could clear one’s meridians three times was indeed a treasure.

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran’s words, be it the Mu family disciples who knew this pill well or the other alchemy cultivators, they were all shocked.

Chang Ming’s eyes were also filled with seriousness.

“From the looks of it, the Mu family is offering this pill today to make Eldest Young Master Mu Tan famous.”

“Of course. No sword cultivator in the Western Frontier dares to hurt the Eldest Young Master of the Mu family who can refine a pill that could clear the meridian three times.”

“From today onwards, the eldest son of the Mu family will officially become a pillar of the Western Frontier’s alchemy industry. He can no longer be treated as the younger generation.”

A new generation needed opportunities to rise.

This opportunity today was personally given by the Mu family’s patriarch.

Everyone looked at Mu Tanzhi. No one cared about the pills refined by the other Mu family disciples anymore.

Even though Mu Ziyu refined a peak eighth-grade pill and received the praise of Patriarch Tao Ran, no one remembered it.

Plates of medicinal pills were delivered to the long table. Patriarch Tao Ran commented briefly before sending them back.

When the two pills with faint gray spiritual light were delivered to the long table, Han Muye smiled.

Mu Wan's Cloud Qi Pills.

They looked terrible.

But these were—

The hidden treasure itself!

Return to basics!

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was casually glancing at them, suddenly trembled and widened his eyes.

The Mu Family's Patriarch, who was originally relaxed, stood up slowly.

Chapter 139: Above Supreme-Grade, Immortal-Grade!

The originally noisy venue instantly fell silent.

The seriousness of the two patriarchs made the atmosphere in the venue extremely oppressive.

“Bam—”

Some of the Mu family disciples who had yet to produce their pills immediately exploded their pill furnaces and destroyed their pills.

Standing in front, Mu Tanzhi exuded an intense aura rose as he stared at the two patriarchs.

“Fellow Daoist Chunhui, are these—?”

Patriarch Tao Ran lowered his voice and did not move his eyes from the two pills.

The Mu family’s patriarch also approached the pills, his eyes flickering with green light.

After a moment, he sighed slightly and said softly, “Unfortunately, they missed by a hair.”

Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and slowly sat back down.

The oppressive atmosphere in the entire venue slowly dissipated.

Countless people gasped for breath.

At that moment, the pressure of the two half-step Heaven Realm experts made it difficult to breathe.

“Girl, come here.”

Patriarch Tao Ran looked past everyone and his gaze landed on Mu Wan.

This was the first time he had called anyone to come close to him.

Mu Wan blushed and slowly walked forward.

At this moment, everyone present looked at her for the first time.

She was beautiful like water. She was dressed in a green robe and had a gentle aura.

This was what a cultivation woman should be like.

For some reason, everyone thought of this.

“Mu Wan greets great-grandfather and Patriarch Tao Ran.”

Mu Wan walked forward and bowed.

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and pointed at the two pills on the jade plate. “What do you think of the quality of these pills?”

What’s the quality?

The alchemists who were observing the two pills looked puzzled.

The appearance is really bad.

If not for the fact that the two patriarchs were serious and had called Mu Wan over, no one would have looked at the two pills.

But at this moment, they could feel that something was amiss.

The greenish-gray clouds seemed to be rolling.

The pills didn’t seem to be really green-gray.

It was the appearance of the medicinal power in the pills turning into clouds and mist that kept rolling!

“Patriarch, usually, when I refine this Cloud Qi Pill, I can barely reach the peak of Fine Grade.

Senior Brother Han told me some techniques yesterday. Today's pill refinement feels smoother than usual. The quality of the pills should have improved."

Mu Wan's voice was clear and loud.

In the past, she was already at the peak of Fine Grade. Today, she improved again!

Then are these pills supreme-grade pills?

The Mu Family disciples who came to offer their pills looked at Mu Wan in shock.

No one had refined a supreme-grade pill today.

If Mu Wan refined a supreme-grade pill, wouldn't her limelight surpass the Eldest Young Master?

Supreme-grade pills represented extremely exquisite skills.

Mu Tanzhi frowned slightly.

"They are not supreme-grade pills," Chang Ming said in a low voice.

A white-haired old man shook his head and said, "I've seen supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills before. They don't have such a dark halo."

“Indeed. I refined a supreme-grade Splendid Jade Pill 60 years ago. The halo of a supreme-grade pill is clear and pure.”

The gray-robed old man standing not far away also spoke.

Some of the alchemists present today had also refined supreme-grade pills.

In the distance, Jiang Ming gently spread his hands.

The pills in his palm were no different from the pills on the jade plate in front of the two patriarchs.

However, the ones in his hand had an even darker halo.

“Hehe, girl, you’re right.” Patriarch Tao Ran laughed and looked at Mu Wan.

“The quality of this pill has indeed surpassed the Fine Grade.”

Better than supreme-grade, but not supreme-grade. Then are they half supreme-grade?

He had never heard of such a pill.

“Our Western Frontier’s alchemy is not prosperous. The medicinal pills that are circulated are rare.” The Mu family’s ancestor said before looking at the surrounding guests and puzzled Mu family disciples.

“But you have to know that supreme-grade is not the limit of pill medicine.

Above supreme-grade, the medicinal power is extremely pure. The pill itself has already been purified and condensed.

This pill is an immortal item.”

Immortal Grade!

Immortal-grade medicinal pills were above supreme-grade pills!

This was the first time Han Muye knew that there were immortal-grade pills in the world.

Then the three Cloud Qi Pills he refined were immortal-grade.

“The medicinal power of the Immortal Grade Pill is extremely pure. It can automatically transform spiritual energy into medicinal power. For the user, it can be absorbed into the dantian’s sea of qi and slowly nourished.”

“Of course, for most cultivators, immortal-grade medicinal pills are hard to come by. Even if they have them, they won’t be willing to take them.”

His gaze landed on the medicinal pill on the jade plate, and the Mu family's patriarch said softly, "Immortal-grade pills have spirits and hidden treasures. This pill already has a spirit."

"According to ancient rumors, there are immortal-grade medicinal pills that can transform into demons and allow one to leave their human form."

A pill that could transform a human!

An Immortal Grade Pill could give one a chance to cultivate and transform!

Were these two Immortal Grade Pills?

All eyes were on the two pills.

At this moment, as if feeling the heat of these gazes, a layer of green fog appeared on the pills, enveloping them!

"Unfortunately, these two pills are still a little lacking." Patriarch Tao Ran's voice sounded.

"Of course, this flaw can be made up for after decades of nurturing."

If they could make up for it, did that mean that these two pills were also considered immortal-grade pills?

Everyone in the venue turned to look at Mu Wan.

This junior female cultivator of the Mu family had actually refined an immortal-grade medicinal pill?

Could she be the one that the Mu family had secretly nurtured?

Mu Tanzhi's expression changed. Not far away, Chang Ming clenched his fists gently.

The Mu family disciples who were originally standing beside Chang Ming widened their eyes and were at a loss.

"Immortal-grade pills are hard to come by. Whether you can refine them depends on luck." The Mu family's patriarch looked at the pill on the jade plate and chuckled. "Take it back and nourish it well."

Hearing his words, the two female cultivators of Linghua Pavilion were delighted.

Mu Wan was now a disciple of Linghua Pavilion. If she brought back these two pills, they might become the treasures of Linghua Pavilion.

There were also many alchemists whose eyes flickered.

If they could exchange for the Immortal Grade Pill at a huge price and carefully observe them, they might be able to increase their alchemy cultivation!

In the hands of the Mu family's patriarch, these pills could not be exchanged for no matter what.

But it was different in the hands of a girl from the Mu family!

Mu Wan looked at the two pills.

She did not expect that these two pills could become immortal-grade according to Senior Brother Han's method.

The Patriarch said that immortal-grade was something one could only dream of.

However, she felt that if she were to refine it again, she could still refine an immortal item.

Looking up, Han Muye smiled at her.

Mu Wan nodded gently and said in a low voice, "I'm willing to dedicate these pills to the two patriarchs."

Dedicate!

She's actually willing to offer the immortal-grade pills!

Silence filled the room.

The expression on the wooden faces became even more solemn.

Patriarch Mu looked at Mu Wan and said softly, "What do you want?"

These words made all the descendants of the Mu family change their expressions.

Wasn't this the final reward for offering the pills today?

Or rather, who among the countless alchemists present did not want to hear the Mu family's patriarch say this?

In the distance, Jiang Ming slowly clenched his fists.

Mu Family Patriarch's promise.

Today, in front of so many people, the Mu family's patriarch asked this question. As long as Mu Wan's request was not overboard, the Mu family's patriarch would definitely agree.

Then what kind of request was too much?

What kind of request would match the Immortal Pills?

The Mu family disciple looked at the Eldest Young Master with a complicated expression.

As long as Mu Wan spoke, the position of the eldest young master's direct disciple would definitely be lost.

The surrounding alchemists subconsciously looked up at the three-story wooden building in the distance.

As long as Mu Wan spoke, the spot to enter the Little Pill Pavilion would be easily obtained.

"I want to ask Patriarch to refine a furnace of lifespan-extending pill for Senior Brother Han."

Mu Wan lowered her head and spoke softly.

The Mu Family's Patriarch was slightly stunned. Then he turned his head and looked at Han Muye, who was standing at the side.

Patriarch Tao Ran was a little absent-minded. Then he turned his head.

Han Muye frowned slightly.

It was his fault for not communicating well.

Mu Wan did not know that the Mu family's patriarch had already agreed to help her refine pills.

Using these two immortal-grade pills to exchange for the opportunity to refine pills with the Mu family's ancestor was a huge loss.

However, in the next moment, his expression relaxed.

The Patriarch would not be so thick-skinned.

They would never take advantage of their juniors.

In the distance, the two female cultivators from Linghua Pavilion widened their eyes.

The observing alchemists shook their heads.

Immortal-grade pills, just to ask the patriarch to refine a furnace of longevity pills?

Also, was this Senior Brother Han the guy standing beside Patriarch Tao Ran?

How could this guy make Fairy Mu Wan use an immortal-grade pill to ask the patriarch to refine pills?

Han Muye could feel that there was a lot of unprovoked resentment in her gaze.

“I’ve already agreed to help this kid refine pills.” The Mu family’s ancestor reached out and put a gray pill into his bag.

“Tell me about your request when you think about it.”

Promises to stay were effective in the long run.

An excellent choice.

This patriarch was a good patriarch.

“This is a sword intent that I condensed. Wearing it can automatically protect its owner.

The peak of the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm can block it.” Patriarch Tao Ran took out a small fiery red sword and handed it to Mu Wan. Then he raised his hand and waved it, taking the green-gray pill.

A treasure that contained a sword intent was exchanged for a pill!

This was the value of an Immortal Pill.

When Mu Wan turned around and walked back, everyone looked at her differently.

What did it mean to shock the world?

This was it!

After today, who among the younger generation of the Mu family did not know about Mu Wan?

That gentle woman had stolen all the glory today!

How about they refine a seventh-grade pill?

She could refine immortal-grade pills.

So what if they could refine precious and rare pills?

She could refine immortal-grade pills.

Han Muye looked up and saw Mu Wan, who had returned to her seat, looking indifferent. However, when she looked up at him, her eyes were like the moon.

“Kid, I heard that when Mu Wan was in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, she had a good relationship with you?” Patriarch Tao Ran said softly.

Patriarch Mu turned his head slightly.

For the first time, Han Muye felt that Patriarch Tao Ran was a good person.

“You have to learn from her. Your foundation is solid. If she hears your wild ideas, she can use them to refine an Immortal Grade Pill.”

“It’s the same for both sword and pill refinement. You have to be down-to-earth and not bite off more than you can chew.”

“This girl is not bad. She’s as down-to-earth as Huang Zhenxiong.”

Han Muye retracted his evaluation.

After saying this, Patriarch Tao Ran leaned over and whispered a few words to Patriarch Mu. Patriarch Mu looked at Han Muye again, then looked up ahead.

“Immortal-grade pills are opportunities. They can’t be forced. When cultivating alchemy, you should be steady.”

“Among the younger generation of the Mu family, the one with the most solid foundation is still Mu Tanzhi.”

Patriarch Tao Ran spoke loudly. Then, the Wood Titan standing in front heaved a sigh of relief.

However, when they heard this affirmation, neither he nor anyone else was happy.

Someone had refined an immortal-grade pill.

Patriarch Mu coughed lightly and looked around.

“It’s rare for me to meet all of you alchemists today. Are any of you willing to show your talent and refine pills?”

Refine pills?

Originally, this was a great opportunity to become famous!

Many alchemists had brought their juniors today, waiting for this moment.

Among the younger generation of the Mu family, there was a young master who could refine the Clear Meridian Pill, but that was only a seventh-grade pill.

Many people had trump cards that were not much inferior to the Eldest Young Master of the Mu family.

But now, who dared to refine pills?

Could they refine an Immortal Grade Pill?

Mu Tanzhi turned and looked at Chang Ming.

Countless gazes were cast over.

Chang Ming stood there, his expression changing.

Unknowingly, he looked at Mu Wan, who was chatting softly with her peers.

If he tried his best, he might be able to suppress Mu Tanzhi.

But how could he win against an Immortal Grade Pill?

“Elder Mu, does your promise back then still count?”

At that moment, a voice sounded in the distance.

Everyone turned around and saw Jiang Ming, who was sitting on a long table with his hair loose, holding a cauldron in one hand and a wine pot in the other. His eyes were bright.

Chapter 140: After a Hundred Years, the Pill will Become Immortal!

“It’s him!”

“Mad Jiang!”

Someone let out a low cry.

The young people present did not know Jiang Ming and all revealed curious expressions.

“A hundred years ago, he was known as the most talented person in the younger generation of alchemy in the Western Frontier. Unfortunately, he went astray.”

“How should I put it? Back then, he became famous before he entered the Little Pill Pavilion and then he squandered his life. It was all fate.”

Looking at Jiang Ming who strode forward, those who remembered the story whispered to the people around them.

A hundred years ago, Jiang Ming had visited Mushen City as a rogue cultivator. His alchemy skills had won against several juniors of the Mu family, and he had received an audience with the Mu family's patriarch

That time, Jiang Ming refined pills in public, and his pills reached the peak of Fine Grade.

The Mu family's patriarch said that Jiang Ming's alchemy talent far exceeded everyone else in the Mu family.

In front of the Little Pill Pavilion, everyone was prepared to witness the appearance of a new alchemy legend.

Snow Cleansing Pill.

When Jiang Ming refined a difficult pill like the Snow Cleansing Pill, the Mu family's patriarch made an exception and gave him another chance.

However, Jiang Ming chose to refine the Snow Cleansing Pill.

From then on, there was one less legendary alchemist in the world.

A supreme-grade Snow Cleansing blocked Jiang Ming for a hundred years.

Looking at the dejected Jiang Ming, many people sighed softly.

Cultivation was like that.

After a hundred years, goodbye. This person was no longer a genius.

Few of the alchemy cultivators present today had Jiang Ming's alchemy talent.

However, in a hundred years, there were many people whose alchemy cultivation would surpass Jiang Ming's.

Jiang Ming stood in front of the square and reached out to stroke his hair. Then he bowed to the Mu family's patriarch.

Looking at him, the Mu family's patriarch sighed softly. "Jiang Ming, have you comprehended it after a hundred years?"

Jiang Ming laughed loudly. Holding the black pill furnace in his hand, he looked at Han Muye and said loudly, "I understand, I understand. I only understood today."

In front of the patriarch, how could he be so arrogant and unrestrained?

Everyone around him shook their heads.

“Elder Mu, does the promise back then still count?” Ignoring the others, Jiang Ming turned to look at the Mu family’s patriarch.

The Mu family’s patriarch nodded and said indifferently, “The rules of the Little Pill Pavilion have never changed. If you extract the pill formula and refine it into a supreme-grade pill, the newly created pill formula will be qualified to be recorded. You can all enter the Little Pill Pavilion.”

These were the rules of the Little Pill Pavilion.

The rules had never changed since the Little Pill Pavilion was established three hundred years ago.

“Alright, Jiang Ming will refine the Snow Cleansing Pill again today.”

Jiang Ming smiled.

He had to refine the Snow Cleansing Pill.

Some of the people around had complicated expressions, some shook their heads and sighed, and some revealed faint mockery in their eyes.

How many centuries did cultivators have?

His great talent was wasted.

Jiang Ming raised his hand and pointed. The black pill furnace in his palm rumbled and turned into a foot tall, spinning.

A puff of green flame rose and enveloped the cauldron.

The flames were even and the flames converged.

“As expected of an alchemy genius from a hundred years ago. This fire control technique is indeed impressive.” Not far away, someone’s eyes lit up.

“So what? In the entire Western Frontier, those who can refine the supreme-grade Snow Cleansing Pill are all alchemy masters, right?” Someone whispered coldly.

Supreme-grade pills tested one’s control over the Pill Dao and luck.

“Hum—”

The pill furnace shook, and a faint spiritual light flickered on it.

This was the spiritual feeling of the pill furnace and the flames being extremely compatible.

From this, it could be seen that Jiang Ming’s fire control technique was superb.

Everyone was waiting to see how Jiang Ming would refine the pill.

“Bam—”

At this moment, Jiang Ming shook his palm and the flames were extinguished.

What does that mean?

A special way of refining pills?

Jiang Ming, who was being stared at by everyone, turned to look at Han Muye and said loudly, “Young Master, I’ve already borrowed your pill furnace. Can you lend me another set of spiritual herbs to refine the Snow Cleansing Pill?”

The furnace was borrowed?

An alchemist actually borrowed a pill furnace?

Also, he does not have the spiritual herbs to refine the Snow Cleansing Pill.

In the venue, many people did not know whether to laugh or cry.

How was it possible for him to refine a supreme-grade Snow Cleansing Pill without even preparing a spiritual herb?

That's child's play.

Everyone around him shook their heads gently.

The eldest son of the Mu family, Mu Tanzhi, frowned.

Today was the Mu family's patriarch's birthday. This person was being disrespectful.

Chang Ming, who was not far away, smiled and shook his head imperceptibly. Then he looked at Han Muye.

He did not know this person well, but he did not like him.

He was the one who was with Mu Wan, the genius female cultivator of the Mu family.

Just now, Mu Wan had asked the patriarch to refine pills for him and even said that she could refine immortal-grade pills. It was all thanks to this person's guidance.

Could alchemy cultivation be accomplished with just some pointers?

Han Muye sensed Chang Ming's gaze and looked up. He chuckled and turned to look at Jiang Ming.

Han Muye really did have the medicinal herbs for the Snow Cleansing Pill.

Previously, when he saw Jiang Ming refining the Snow Cleansing Pill from the Pill Furnace, Han Muye had gathered two sets of spiritual herbs and prepared to refine them into supreme-grade pills.

However, he had been too busy recently and did not have the chance to refine pills. The spiritual herbs were still in his storage ring.

He was not surprised that Jiang Ming had asked to borrow spiritual herbs from him.

He had already borrowed the pill furnace.

He even gave him a pill.

Immortal Grade!

If this could not subdue it, the dense sword qi in the pill furnace that was comparable to a sword intent could also make Jiang Ming, who had been studying how to refine pills with sword qi, find it difficult to refuse.

From Jiang Ming's attitude, it was obvious that he did not treat him as an outsider.

“Alright, take it.” Han Muye raised his hand, and a spiritual light wrapped around the spiritual herbs landed in front of Jiang Ming.

Jiang Ming chuckled and slapped out with his palm, causing all the spiritual herbs to explode.

Then the pill cauldron in his left hand flew up and stored all the spiritual herbs inside.

“Boom—”

The flames rose to 30 feet.

Isn’t this method of refining pills too superficial?

Many people frowned.

This was none other than Mushen City, the holy land of alchemy in the Western Frontier.

Those who came here were all alchemy cultivators.

As long as it was safe to refine pills now, there was no need to show off.

“Practice makes perfect. This Jiang Ming has been studying the Snow Cleansing Pill for a hundred years. He has some methods.” Looking at the pill furnace spinning, a white-bearded old man gently stroked his long beard and said calmly.

“After all, he was an alchemy genius from a hundred years ago. It’s normal for him to have such methods.” Someone whispered and turned to look at Chang Ming, who was also a genius.

Today, this genius was keeping a low profile. It was a little outrageous.

“Boom—”

At this moment, Jiang Ming’s pill furnace suddenly exploded!

Going to blow up the furnace?

Everyone stared at the pill furnace.

Han Muye looked at Jiang Ming, who had raised his hands, with a hint of anticipation in his eyes.

Sword Qi Alchemy.

This was Jiang Ming’s method.

Today, let's see how he would use this method to regain his reputation as an alchemy genius of the Western Frontier!

"Clang—"

Jiang Ming pointed his finger, and the sword qi exploded!

Sword Qi entered the pill furnace!

"Lunatic!"

"He still wants to use sword qi to refine pills!"

"How, how can this become..."

The entire square was in an uproar.

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting upright, suddenly turned to look at Han Muye. "You learned from him?"

Han Muye shook his head and said, "Let's go our separate ways."

Patriarch Tao Ran had once told him that refining Sword Qi was not worth it.

He only knew that Jiang Ming also studied sword qi alchemy when he obtained the pill furnace.

The Mu family's patriarch frowned slightly and then turned to look at Han Muye.

"It's not impossible to refine sword qi into pills. I've studied it before, but the sword qi is fierce and difficult to cultivate. It hurts others and hurts oneself. In the end, I gave up."

The Mu family's patriarch sighed.

It was true that the sword qi hurt others and oneself. Han Muye's lifespan was damaged because the sword qi had fused with his body.

In the eyes of alchemy cultivators, alchemy was a way to nourish one's health. There was no way for the Sword Dao and alchemy to fuse.

This was also the reason why the pill cultivators did not give Patriarch Tao Ran, a sword cultivator, much face.

No matter how high your sword cultivation is, here, we only talk about alchemy cultivation.

"Actually, the Sword Qi can purify the medicinal power."

Han Muye said softly.

Patriarch Mu nodded and looked at Jiang Ming, who was refining pills in front of him.

Han Muye smiled and said nothing more.

His words carried little weight.

“Hum—”

The cauldron shook and sword qi flashed. There were actually sword qi returning to the outside of the cauldron.

This sword qi was not activated by Jiang Ming, but by the pill furnace itself!

This pill furnace seemed to belong to that young disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Many people looked at Han Muye.

No wonder Jiang Ming used this person’s furnace. It turned out that the two of them were studying the Dao of Sword Qi Alchemy!

“Hum—”

The cauldron vibrated louder and louder, and the spiritual light flickering on it grew stronger.

Many people had solemn expressions.

This was the scene of Dan's formation.

He could really refine pills with sword qi!

The disheveled Jiang Ming waved his sleeve, and three green streams of light flew out from the cauldron.

The three pills floated in the air, and clouds swirled around them.

Everyone in the square stared at the three pills without moving.

The pill seemed to sense these gazes. With a flash, it came to Jiang Ming's shoulder and spun gently.

This was not a pill at all. Instead, it looked like a spiritual beast.

"The pill has a spirit. Today, I see an immortal item again."

Patriarch Tao Ran stood up and looked at the spiritual pill.

Immortal Grade!

There was no doubt that this was the Immortal-Grade Pill.

Only an immortal-grade pill could be so agile.

“Is our Western Frontier’s Pill Dao about to prosper...” The Mu family’s ancestor, who had also stood up, looked at the three spiritual pills and whispered.

At this moment, everyone was focused on the three Immortal-Grade Pills and the person who refined them.

Jiang Ming.

After a hundred years, the pill would become immortal!

In the entire Western Frontier, even the pill that Mu Wan had refined was slightly inferior.

Compared to the three spiritual pills in front of him, it was obvious who was the real immortal-grade.

“A genius is still a genius...”

Someone in the crowd sighed.

Even though Jiang Ming was dispirited and dejected previously, at this moment, the three Immortal Grade Pills wrapped around his shoulders made him look like an immortal.

Jiang Ming's expression slowly turned calm. He raised his hand to tidy his clothes and tied his hair. Then he held the pill furnace with both hands and slowly walked forward.

"Elder Mu, with this pill, can I ascend to the Little Pill Pavilion?"

Winning the qualification to enter the Little Pill Pavilion with an Immortal Grade Pill!

After a hundred years of silence, he refined an immortal item and ascended to the Little Pill Pavilion. Who else could have such glory?

At this moment, all eyes were on Jiang Ming. Be it eagerness or jealousy, they did not diminish his glory at all.

"We alchemists should have such great perseverance and determination."

"Pill Cultivation, that's it."

There were countless whispers, filled with reverence.

The Mu family's patriarch nodded and said, "This pill has already surpassed the top-grade. Of course, it's qualified to enter the Little Pill Pavilion."

The qualification to enter the Little Pill Pavilion.

After decades, someone was finally going to enter the Little Pill Pavilion!

Taking a deep breath, Jiang Ming looked at the three-story building in the distance.

He turned and looked at Han Muye.

"The Little Pill Pavilion's boarding qualifications can be transferred.

Do you want to go up and take a look, sir?"