

## **Pavilion 141**

### **Chapter 141: Han Muye's Sword Qi Alchemy Technique**

The qualification to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Countless people widened their eyes and looked at Jiang Ming, who was standing in front of them, before looking at Han Muye.

They wondered if they misheard what was said.

This was the holy land in the hearts of the alchemy cultivators in the Western Frontier, the qualification to ascend the stairs of the Little Alchemy Pavilion!

The qualification that Jiang Ming only obtained after a hundred years was actually a gift?

Mu Wan stood there and glanced at Han Muye with a smile on her face.

Countless young alchemists looked at Han Muye with indescribable expressions.

Most people did not know what was going on.

What was so special about this young disciple from the Nine Mystical Sword Sect?

What right did he have to be given the chance to ascend the Little Alchemy Pavilion?

Patriarch Tao Ran chuckled and turned to look at Han Muye.

Patriarch Mu also turned to look at him.

The opportunity to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion was extremely precious.

*Should I?* Han Muye thought.

“Fellow Daoist Jiang, aren’t you going yourself?”

It took you a hundred years to get this opportunity.”

Han Muye looked at Jiang Ming curiously.

He did not expect Jiang Ming to give him such a rare opportunity to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

“Hehe, this opportunity cannot be compared to the gift Young Master gave me.”

Jiang Ming shook his head, his eyes sparkling.

“I’ve already got what I really want. Little Alchemy Pavilion. I have no regrets whether I go or not.”

Using sword qi to refine pills, the pills would become immortal-grade.

Jiang Ming’s life goal was alchemy, not the three-story wooden building!

The Alchemy Dao had been completed. It was better not to go to that wooden building!

If Jiang Ming had yet to refine an immortal-grade pill and said that he would not go to the Little Alchemy Pavilion, it would definitely cause laughter.

But at this moment, no one dared to laugh.

Who would dare to laugh at someone who could refine an immortal-grade pill?

Who had the right to laugh?

Han Muye shook his head and chuckled. “You spent a hundred years. You should go take a look.

The Little Alchemy Pavilion. If I want to ascend to it, I’ll go myself.”

‘I’ll go myself.’

How much confidence was revealed in his understatement!

Jiang Ming was stunned for a moment before he laughed out loud.

“It’s Jiang Ming who wants to do it. It’s indeed easy for Young Master to go to the Little Alchemy Pavilion.”

*Going to the Little Alchemy Pavilion is easy?*

*The birthday banquet square today is too shocking.*

Everyone’s gaze turned from Jiang Ming to Han Muye.

Jiang Ming had just refined an Immortal Grade Pill. What kind of person did he think could ascend to the Little Alchemy Pavilion effortlessly?

Even the Mu family’s patriarch turned around and carefully sized up Han Muye.

He could enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion, which dominated the entire Western Frontier’s Pill Dao, effortlessly?

The eldest son of the Mu family, Mu Tanzhi, stared intently at Han Muye.

Before today, he, Mu Tanzhi, was not convinced by anyone in the younger generation of the Western Frontier's Alchemy Dao.

Even Jiang Ming, who was as famous as him.

However, Mu Wan had just refined an Immortal Grade Pill. This was the first time he knew about the purest Dao in the world of alchemy.

Just now, Jiang Ming, who had been refining pills for a hundred years, subverted everyone's understanding and refined the agile immortal-grade Snow Cleansing Pill.

If these two shocked Mu Tanzhi, then the calm and collected Han Muye posed a huge threat to him.

Mu Wan said that she had obtained Senior Brother Han's guidance in refining the Immortal Grade Pills and was willing to exchange the Immortal Grade Pills for the Patriarch's help in refining pills for Han Muye.

Jiang Ming said that he was willing to give Han Muye a chance to ascend the Little Alchemy Pavilion. He even said that Han Muye could ascend the Little Alchemy Pavilion easily.

When did such a person appear among the young alchemy cultivators of the Western Frontier!

At this moment, Chang Ming, who was standing not far away, had a terrible expression.

Today, he was also going to the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

His reputation as a genius was built up by the sect. He had to become famous today.

Just now, he had endured silently in order to obtain the qualifications to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion at the last moment and become the final winner.

How glorious was it for Chang Ming to obtain the qualifications to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion that no one had been able to for decades?

For this glory, he and the sect behind him had spent a lot.

He had come this time to ascend the Little Alchemy Pavilion and become the first person in the Western Frontier to ascend it in decades.

However, the opportunity that should have gone to him was interrupted by Mu Wan, who had refined an Immortal Grade Pill.

Fortunately, Mu Wan did not choose to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Just as Chang Ming was about to use his sect's methods to obtain the chance to become famous in the Little Alchemy Pavilion, another genius from a hundred years ago, Jiang Ming, appeared.

Who would have thought that this person who had fallen for a hundred years would soar into the sky?

After refining the Immortal Grade Pill, he would have the chance to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

It would be fine if that was the case. A genius from a hundred years ago had such an opportunity. It could also show how precious the opportunity to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion was.

Now, these two people were pushing this precious opportunity around and not taking it seriously.

This made all his painstaking efforts insignificant.

It also eclipsed the glory he should have had.

*I can't wait any longer!* he thought.

“Hehe, Chang Ming wasn’t going to make a move at first, but since Senior Jiang Ming said that this fellow Daoist is going to the Little Alchemy Pavilion, Chang Ming will make a move.”

Chang Ming walked forward slowly. His voice attracted everyone’s attention in the square.

*The genius is finally going to refine pills!*

*Brilliant!*

They did not expect to see someone refine Immortal Grade Pills at today's banquet. They also saw the competition between alchemy geniuses a hundred years ago. It was really exciting!

Everyone's eyes were on Han Muye and Chang Ming.

Would this disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect bring a surprise?

"Hehe, it's a good thing that little friend Chang Ming wants to refine pills," the Mu family's patriarch said with a smile.

"Young friend, what pill are you preparing to refine? Or are you preparing to draw the pill formula from the Little Alchemy Pavilion?"

Hearing Patriarch Mu's words, Chang Ming looked up at Patriarch Tao Ran with spiritual light flashing on his body.

"I remember that Senior Tao Ran was blocked outside the Little Alchemy Pavilion by the Void Meridian Pill and never had a chance to ascend, right?"

"I'll refine a furnace of Void Meridian Pills today."

Refining the supreme-grade Void Meridian Pill that Patriarch Tao Ran failed to refine back then?



Chang Ming's words made everyone frown.

*What does that mean?*

*Is he provoking the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's patriarch?*

*Although this is Mushen City which only focuses on alchemy and not the Sword Dao, isn't it too ignorant to provoke him like this?*

*Moreover, the rules of the Little Alchemy Pavilion are not as simple as refining a supreme-grade pill.*

*He has to be able to refine the pill formula he draws.*

*As an alchemy elite, Chang Ming should know about this.*

The Mu family's patriarch's gaze turned cold. He looked at Chang Ming and said, "I heard that the Minghua Valley has been studying the new refinement method of the Void Meridian Pill in recent years.

Are you planning to use this method to enter my Little Alchemy Pavilion today?"

Chang Ming nodded gently.

*I see!*

*Use a new pill formula to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.*

Chang Ming's gaze landed on Han Muye, and he chuckled. "I won't take advantage of you. Although it's a new pill formula, I still want to refine it into supreme-grade.

I'm very curious. When did the Nine Mystical Sword Sect have such a young alchemy expert? You didn't even take the opportunity to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion seriously."

Chang Ming knew that he had failed today.

But he had no choice but to challenge Han Muye.

He had to get the chance to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion and complete the mission of making Mushen City famous.

The new pill formula that Minghua Valley had spent countless years developing had to be famous in the Western Frontier today!

"Void Meridian Pill?"

Han Muye turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran.

Patriarch Tao Ran's eyes revealed a trace of coldness. "It just so happens that our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has also developed a new pill formula."

"Han Muye, refine a furnace of Void Meridian Pills."

Patriarch Tao Ran's words were cold.

In the competition of alchemy, life and death did not matter!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Void Meridian Pill formula and the Minghua Valley's Void Meridian Pill formula could only be used to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Whoever lost the pill formula competition today would have no right to spread it in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier!

Han Muye looked at Jiang Ming and smiled. "I won't take advantage of you. The new pill formula is still supreme-grade."

In any case, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Void Meridian Pill was going to become famous in the Western Frontier. It was not a big deal to trample an alchemy sect to death!

Han Muye looked at Chang Ming, his smile widening.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect would not allow another sect to refine a large number of Void Meridian Pills and steal their business.

Patriarch Tao Ran had great ambitions. He wanted to use the Void Meridian Pill to help the Nine Mystic Sword Sect rise in the Alchemy Dao.

As expected, the matters of the cultivation world could not escape from competition.

Fight for victory, fame, profit, and momentum.

If he didn't fight for any of these four things, he could only fight for his life!

"Clang—"

The sound of jade music filled the square.

The Mu family disciples in the square retreated to make room in the middle.

The genius of the younger generation of the Western Frontier, Chang Ming, was going to compete with the mysterious alchemy cultivator of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

And both sides had prepared new pill formulas.

The most amazing thing was that the two of them were both refining a new pill formula for the Void Meridian Pill.

Both sides had agreed to refine supreme-grade pills!

One was Chang Ming, who had long let down his reputation as an alchemy genius.

One was a disciple of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect that not many people knew.

Although no one in the Nine Mystical Sword Sect knew his alchemy skills, even Jiang Ming said that he could easily enter the Small Alchemy Pavilion.

Patriarch Tao Ran smiled and looked at Patriarch Mu. "Brother Chunhui, when the Little Alchemy Pavilion was first built, it seemed to have such a grand occasion every year.

It seems that our Western Frontier's alchemy is flourishing..."

The Mu family's patriarch nodded and looked at Han Muye and Chang Ming. "Then let's have a match. The winner will send the pill formula to the Little Alchemy Pavilion."

It was also a formula for the Void Meridian Pill, so it naturally included whoever was good.

Han Muye and Chang Ming were several feet apart.

Chang Ming raised his hand and a green-gray cauldron with starlight appeared in his palm.

This cauldron was clearly not ordinary.

“Hum—”

The cauldron trembled and a scarlet spiritual fire enveloped it.

Chang Ming waved his hand again, and spiritual herbs landed in front of him.

There were hundreds of spiritual herbs in front of him.

Han Muye was a little curious. Does refining the Void Meridian Pill require so many spiritual herbs?

“My Minghua Valley has been researching for decades and discovered that there are nearly 10 refinement methods for the Void Meridian Pill.

We studied all the pill formulas together and finally obtained this pill formula.

It contains the medicinal power needed for all cultivation attributes. It can be said to be a perfect Void Meridian Pill.”

There was eagerness in Jiang Ming’s voice, and the spiritual light in his body surged.

“The medicinal power of this pill is rich. It can allow cultivators of all attributes to simulate the cultivation comprehension of the Earth Realm and break through.

Although it uses more spiritual herbs, it’s worth it as long as one can break through to the Earth Realm.”

Taking a deep breath, he raised his hands and opened the cauldron, preparing to throw in the spiritual herbs.

Hearing his introduction, countless people nodded, their eyes shining.

A perfect Void Meridian Pill. Such a pill was worth looking forward to!

Hearing Chang Ming’s introduction, Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

He had thought it was some kind of trick, but it turned out to be a hodgepodge.

Alchemy should be pure. The more complicated it was, the more chaotic the medicinal effect.

Such a pill seemed to be related to everything, but in fact, the medicinal effect could not be gathered. The medicinal effect would be much worse.

Of course, the Void Meridian Pill did not really need to use the medicinal power to increase one's cultivation. It was just a 15-minute simulation. The people of the Minghua Valley did not care about the purity of the medicinal power.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, if the Void Meridian Pill's medicinal power was pure, not only could it solidify the comprehension immediately in the virtual 15-minute realm, but it could also be retained in the body.

*Actualize!*

Across from him, a fragrance was already rising.

Han Muye spread out his hands and turned around. "Patriarch, do you have the spiritual herbs for the Void Meridian Pill?"

This was also someone who did not bring any spiritual herbs when refining pills.

Hearing Han Muye's question, Patriarch Tao Ran grinned and threw out a pile of spiritual herbs.

There were as many spiritual herbs as what Chang Ming had.

Han Muye looked up and saw the smile on Patriarch Tao Ran's face.

*Is this because he couldn't back down?*



“Young Master, I’m returning the pill furnace.”

Jiang Ming held the pill furnace with both hands and strode forward.

“Senior Brother Han, let me help you organize the spiritual herbs.” Mu Wan rolled up her sleeves and walked forward.

Han Muye laughed, nodded, and took the pill furnace.

Mu Wan lowered her head and arranged the spiritual herbs in front of her neatly.

Han Muye was in no hurry, so he stood aside and waited.

On the other side, the fragrance in the pill furnace was even stronger.

“Senior Brother, it’s done.”

Mu Wan spoke in a low voice.

“Junior Sister Mu, step back lest my sword qi hurt you.”

**Chapter 142: Nine Pills in a Furnace, Each an Immortal Item**

Han Muye laughed and pointed at the furnace.

“Hum—”

The pill furnace flew out 10 feet high, and the sword qi on it covered a three-foot radius.

Without igniting the spiritual fire, he refined pills directly with sword qi!

Jiang Ming stood there with his fists clenched, not daring to blink.

This was the true way of sword qi alchemy!

Refining pills with pure sword qi!

There were countless alchemists present today, but no one had seen it before.

Even the Mu family’s patriarch stood up and fixed his gaze on Han Muye.

“This kid has always said that he used sword qi to refine pills. So it’s true,” Patriarch Tao Ran muttered with a strange expression.

He thought that Han Muye was the same as Jiang Ming in alchemy, but from the looks of it, that was not the case at all!

Sword Qi wrapped around the pill furnace and spiritual herbs were thrown into it one after another.

Han Muye’s expression turned solemn, and his eyes slowly closed.

In his mind, the images of refining the Void Meridian Pill changed over and over again.

The sword qi in the cauldron in front of him was extremely dense and turned clear.

“So this kid’s sword cultivation has already reached this level.” Elder Su Liang, who had been silent all this while, suddenly spoke.

Other alchemy cultivators did not know much about the Sword Dao, but Elder Su Liang and Patriarch Tao Ran were from the Sword Sect, so they could naturally tell how pure Han Muye’s sword qi was.

“Hum—”

A faint sword shadow appeared above Han Muye’s head and flashed before landing in the cauldron.

“Soul sword qi...” Patriarch Tao Ran muttered.

Chang Ming was using a traditional spiritual fire to refine pills. His skills were indeed superb.

However, Han Muye’s magnificent sword aura attracted everyone’s attention.

“Is this guy really refining pills?” Someone muttered with a strange expression.

“Maybe. But can such a pill be swallowed?” Someone looked confused.

Such methods were unheard of.

“Purified, continuously purified. This is not being tortured by spiritual fire, but only taking the essence of spiritual herbs...” Jiang Ming, who had unknowingly moved in front of Han Muye, seemed to have lost his focus and muttered to himself.

He was shaking, fists clenched.

He was indeed an alchemy genius. He knew the trick to refining pills just by looking at them.

Han Muye, who was refining pills with his eyes closed, was still distracted.

“Hum—”

Opposite him, Chang Ming’s pill furnace shook.

The pill was done.

Chang Ming waved his hand, and a bright illusory pill flew out from the pill furnace.

The pill flew in the air as if it was formed by spiritual energy. One could not tell where the pill was.

Void Meridian Pill, a supreme-grade Void Meridian Pill!

Chang Ming laughed loudly and reached out to grab the pill. Then, he looked at Han Muye, who was refining the pill with his eyes closed.

“Hehe, I’ve already formed a pill, and it’s a supreme-grade pill. I wonder how this fellow Daoist can defeat me?” He looked around with a relaxed expression.

He was already invincible!

Even if Han Muye also refined a supreme-grade pill, he would still lose if he took longer to refine it.

Moreover, in his opinion, Han Muye's alchemy technique was not orthodox. He did not know if he could refine a supreme-grade pill. Even if he could, he would not be recognized by the Mu family's patriarch.

After all the twists and turns, Chang Ming was still the winner.

"Young Master Chang Ming is a genius among the younger generation after all. It's inevitable that he will win today."

"How can there be so many people in this world who have soared to the sky in silence? My alchemy is a step by step."

There were low voices around them.

More people would not speak now.

After all, the outcome was still undecided.

The cauldron in front of Han Muye rotated, and the sword qi on it slowly converged.

However, when the sword qi dissipated and the cauldron spun gently, a strange expression appeared on Han Muye's face.

He turned to look at the Mu Family Patriarch.

At this moment, the Mu family's patriarch had a solemn expression. He stared at the pill furnace for a moment before raising his hand and a green spiritual light rushed into the sky.

"Hum—"

A halo circulated, and a light screen enveloped the entire Mushen City.

Great City Protection Formation!

The Great City Protection Formation of Mushen City!

This array formation was something that the Mu family's patriarch had spent countless spiritual rocks to invite everyone in the Western Frontier to set up for decades.

This array alone could withstand an attack from a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

*What does that mean?*

*Why does the Mu family's patriarch suddenly want to build a city protection array?*

All the alchemists present were at a loss.

Patriarch Tao Ran's expression changed. He looked at the array above his head and then at Han Muye's pill cauldron.

"I heard that after the pill reaches the fifth-grade, it will attract lightning tribulation."

*Fifth-grade?*

*How many alchemy masters in the Western Frontier could refine a fifth-grade pill?*

*The pill in the pill furnace was at the fifth-grade. Would it attract lightning tribulation? Was that why the Mu family's patriarch used a large array to protect it?*

*How was that possible?*

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran's words, almost everyone shook their heads.

Fifth-grade pills were not that easy to refine.

It was a combination of alchemy skills and high-grade spiritual herbs.

With the spiritual herbs used to refine the Void Meridian Pill, it was impossible to refine a fifth-grade pill.



As expected, the Mu family's patriarch shook his head.

"It's not to prevent lightning tribulation. It's to prevent the pill from running away."

When they heard that it was not time to prevent the lightning tribulation, everyone chuckled.

Patriarch Tao Ran was too proud of his sect's disciples.

However, when they heard Patriarch Mu say that he was afraid that the pill would run away, everyone widened their eyes and opened their mouths.

What kind of pill would run?

Immortal-Grade!

Today was the third time an Immortal Grade Pill appeared!

This was a true alchemy genius!

"Bam—"

The cauldron in front of Han Muye opened, and nine spiritual lights flashed.

As soon as it appeared, it scattered and dissipated into the sky.

These nine spiritual lights were red like fire, green like jade, golden, and navy blue...

A furnace of nine immortal-grade pills!

The spirituality of these Immortal Grade Pills was so strong that it could escape!

No wonder the genius of the Mu family, Mu Wan, wanted to ask the Patriarch to refine pills for him.

No wonder Jiang Ming, who had refined the Immortal Grade Pill, said that he could easily ascend the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

A furnace of nine immortal-grade pills. How could such a person not be able to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion?!

It turned out that this person was the most dazzling person today!

“Spirit pills, spirit pills. If they don’t have spirituality, how can they be considered spirit pills?” The Mu family’s patriarch muttered to himself. He waved his sleeve and stopped the fleeing pills.

Nine Immortal Grade Pills!

Chang Ming stood there in a daze, his expression blank.

“How is that possible? How can there be such a method of alchemy in the world...” His whisper was what the other alchemy cultivators wanted to say.

The Mu family’s patriarch reached out and rolled up all the pills.

He stared at the pills on the jade plate with a solemn expression.

“Used sword qi to suppress the medicinal power and condense it into a medicinal pill.

Also divided the medicinal power in the spiritual herbs and maximized the pure medicinal power according to the cultivation attributes of the various lineages.

So this batch can produce nine pills, right?”

Patriarch Mu looked up at Han Muye.

“Patriarch, you’re right. Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect doesn’t pursue any Perfect Void Meridian Pill. We only refine pills suitable for cultivators.”

Han Muye nodded and spoke softly.

He gave up on the so-called perfection and only pursued the pure Dao.

“No! Only the Perfect Void Meridian Pill is the best way to refine the Void Meridian Pill!”

Chang Ming shouted, gritted his teeth, and stared at Han Muye.

This was a battle for the Great Dao!

This was a battle of alchemy between the two sects!

Han Muye’s expression was indifferent as he chuckled and said, “Differentiating the medicinal power of the medicinal pill and refining it according to its attributes, 80% less spiritual medicine is needed for a pill.

This not only saves a lot of spiritual rocks for the person who takes the pill, but also saves a lot of spiritual herbs.

As alchemists, we should uphold the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. It’s not easy for spiritual herbs to grow. If we can save some, we should do that.”

Han Muye had a point.

And that was a big point.

All the spiritual herbs in the world were natural treasures. It was a pity to waste them.

Everyone present looked at Han Muye with complicated expressions.

This person did not use alchemy techniques to refine pills, but he could refine the purest pill.

A furnace of nine immortal-grade pills. Who in the Western Frontier had such methods?

He was an alchemy genius of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. After today, his alchemy would become famous!

Today, the Mu family's Mu Wan, the genius Jiang Ming from a hundred years ago, and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's alchemy genius, Han Muye, were more dazzling than anyone else.

The Eldest Young Master of the Mu family and Minghua Valley's Chang Ming were just stepping stones.

Someone looked back at Mu Tanzhi, who had an unwilling expression but could only lower his head.

He turned around and saw a spiritual light rising from Chang Ming's body.

“You’re also an alchemy cultivator? You don’t even have a spiritual fire when you refine pills, so you’re also an alchemy cultivator?” Chang Ming revealed a crazy expression and pointed at Han Muye.

He was angry.

He had lost his manners.

He was young after all.

Many people shook their heads.

Today, they saw a genius rise and a genius fall.

This Chang Ming was nothing.

Losers were not worth remembering.

The gazes around him stung Chang Ming. He took a step forward and shouted, “The pill refinement just now doesn’t count. I want to compete with you again—”

Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and a soaring sword intent erupted from his body!

Sword intent!

A complete sword intent rushed into the clouds and collided with the city protection array above his head, exploding into a dazzling stream of light!

The endless blinding light made it difficult to open their eyes. The sharp light that scattered seemed to want to rip everyone's faces apart.

Countless onlookers retreated.

"What are you going to compete with me for?"

Are we going to compete with swords?"

Han Muye's voice was extremely cold. The sword qi around him spread out and condensed into small green swords that flowed.

He stood there alone. No one around him dared to speak.

Patriarch Tao Ran's lips curled up slightly as he glanced at the Mu family's patriarch beside him.

Back then, he wanted to burn the Little Alchemy Pavilion with Pill Fire.

Unlike today, when Han Muye directly attacked.

He knew that Han Muye really dared to attack today.

Since the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Minghua Valley were fighting for the right to name the Void Meridian Pill, they had to fight for the overall situation.

Looking at Han Muye, who was surrounded by sword energy, Patriarch Tao Ran smiled brightly.

This kid was decisive and not inferior to Jin Ze!

“This is Mushen City. You, you’re a sword cultivator. Are you going to—” Chang Ming’s legs trembled. Before he could finish speaking, a stream of light exploded in the sky.

“Boom—”

A 100,000-foot-long sword light collided with the city protection array.

“Patriarch Mu, quickly release the formation to save us!”

The voice came from outside the array.



Han Muye had heard this voice before. He was a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator, the only Grand Elder of the Tai Spirit Sword Sect, and Xia Yunyang, who had submitted to the Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

*A half-step Heaven Realm cultivator shouting for help?*

*Who wants to kill a half-step cultivator?*

Just as Xia Yunyang finished speaking, another voice sounded like thunder.

“I, Yang Dingshan, am going to kill someone today. Let’s see who dares to save him!”

Yang Dingshan!

The Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect was a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator and a famous expert in the sword path of the Western Frontier!

Patriarch Mu looked at the light screen above his head with a solemn expression.

The Mu family’s Mushen City was an indisputable city.

For hundreds of years, no one had been killed in Mushen City.

But at this moment, someone did not take the rules of Mushen City seriously.

The name of the Holy Land of Alchemy in Mushen City could not suppress the people who came.

This was because the person who wanted to kill someone today was a sword expert from the Western Frontier, a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

The Mu family's patriarch shook his head and sighed. He did not let go of the array.

The spiritual light in the eyes of the countless alchemists below dissipated.

He had thought that the Mu Family's Patriarch would be able to calm the battle outside with a word. At the very least, he could release the array and save the life of the person being chased. This would also show that Mushen City was not fighting for the title of a Holy Land.

However, the Mu family's patriarch did not do so.

After all, alchemy was only alchemy.

Patriarch Tao Ran laughed and said, "So it's Sect Master Yang taking revenge. It's better if Mushen City doesn't interfere."

He took a step forward, and an endless sword light covered the entire Mushen City.

"Don't worry, with me, Tao Ran, here today, no one can hurt a single thing in Mushen City!"

The intense pressure made it impossible for anyone below the Earth Realm to raise their heads!

This was the demeanor of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the fourth largest sect in the Western Frontier.

This was a half-step Heaven Realm Sword Dao Great Cultivator!

One man and one sword, suppressing a city!

One man and one sword, protecting a city!

**Chapter 143: Ascending to the Little Alchemy Pavilion, a Fifth-Grade Pill Formula**

Sword light enveloped the city.

Was he protecting Mushen City?

This was a demonstration!

A smile appeared on Han Muye's face, and the sword light on his body blocked the pressure from Patriarch Tao Ran.

Turning around, he saw the Mu family's patriarch's expression become even more complicated.

Han Muye understood why Patriarch Tao Ran dared to do this.

With the Southern Wilderness attacking en masse, the Western Frontier was no longer at peace.

Pills were for the golden age, and swords were for the chaotic world!

Chaos was about to arise, and sword cultivators who were good at killing were useful again.

"Boom—"

In the sky, sword lights exploded with loud bangs. The sword lights collided with the Great City Protection Formation of Mushen City, causing layers of ripples.

"Yang Dingshan, I'm not the one who killed your only son. Why are you forcing me!

The Great Spiritual Sword Sect has already been disbanded. Even if you want to look for revenge, you shouldn't look for me—

Fellow Daoist Yang, I was wrong. Let's stop here today!"

...

So what if he was a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator? In the face of death, he was just a mortal wailing.

What answered Xia Yunyang was a powerful sword light.

The sword swept horizontally, and the world shook!

The sword light slashed across the city protection array, tearing open a crack.

What was even more terrifying was that every time a few green sword lights thrust, the city protection array would shatter.

If not for Patriarch Tao Ran's protection, this array would not have been able to withstand the sword lights!

This was the power of a top sword cultivator!

So what if it was a sacred place for alchemy?

Weren't they tossed about like duckweed?

At this moment, the alchemy cultivators hiding in the city were all pale.

*Here's to you being an alchemy cultivator and putting yourself in a VIP position, Han Muye thought.*

*If it's a life-and-death battle, could you block a sword?*

Han Muye looked at the dazzling sword lights, his eyes flashing.

*In the end, the cultivation of the world still depends on swordsmanship!*

*Without the power of the sword, one would be at the mercy of others.*

*Do they really think that the world is peaceful just because they see the glory of alchemy in Mushen City?*

*Ha ha.*

"Boom—"

It took a long time for the sword lights that cut through the city protection array to dissipate.

The sword lights stopped.

This battle was over.

Win or lose.

Life or death.

The city was silent.

Today, the entire city of alchemy cultivators had witnessed the death of a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator.

Just outside the Great City Protection Formation.

This was the cultivation world.

A voice came from the sky. "Elder Mu, I killed my only son's enemy and disturbed your alchemy holy land. When I return from Phoenix Head Mountain, I'll personally apologize."

The sound echoed through the city.

The Mu family's patriarch's expression was solemn, and he did not speak.

“Brother Tao Ran, thank you.” The voice sounded again.

“Hehe, it’s only right. How can I, Tao Ran, not take care of our alliance?” Patriarch Tao Ran laughed.

Alliance.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Bright Mountain Sword Sect had already formed an alliance.

This was a major event in the Western Frontier!

Before the alchemist below could come back to his senses, the voice in the sky sounded again. “Today, Yang Dingshan violated the Spirit Dao Sect’s ban and will punish myself by guarding Phoenix Head Mountain—

Today, I killed a half-step Heaven Realm expert. I will kill two at Phoenix Head Mountain to return the Western Frontier’s favor!”

His voice resounded through the world and drew a roar.

As soon as he finished speaking, a sword light crossed the sky and headed south.

He had killed two half-step Heaven Realm experts from the Western Frontier!



Such heroism was what a sword cultivator should have!

A sword that could take revenge from 10,000 miles away, guarding the Western Frontier alone.

This was how we sword cultivators should be.

Watching the sword lights leave, Han Muye lowered his head and looked at Chang Ming, who had fallen to the ground with a pale face. He shook his head and spoke calmly.

“What did you want to compete with me for just now?”

Sword qi condensed on his body, and his sword light was dazzling.

Sword Qi was ultimately used to kill.

Alchemy was a supplementary technique.

Han Muye understood.

Yang Dingshan had killed the enemy to take revenge. His sword strike had awakened him.

He was a sword cultivator.

A sword was used to kill.

Only by traveling the world with a sword could one be carefree!

Chang Ming, who was sitting on the ground in a daze, muttered, not daring to answer.

Only then did the sword lights that filled the sky disappear. The power of the Sword Dao was imprinted in their hearts. At this moment, who dared to look up at the sharp sword qi on Han Muye's body?

Chang Ming's retreat and lowering his head was because the Alchemy Dao had lowered its head in front of the Sword Dao!

"Forget it. Today, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Han Muye's Void Meridian Pill has pure medicinal power. The pill formula is concise and beneficial to cultivators. The pill formula is qualified to be sent to the pavilion."

Patriarch Mu's voice had a hint of dejection.

Today was the Mu Family's Patriarch's 800-year-old birthday banquet. The first half of the banquet was filled with endless glory. The alchemy of the Western Frontier was celebrated. How impressive was that?

In the middle, they saw the rise of the Mu family's alchemy descendants and the competition between geniuses. It was a sign that the alchemy of the Western Frontier was flourishing.

If the banquet ended like this, the news of today's banquet would definitely spread to the Western Frontier. It would be a century-old event for the Western Frontier's alchemy.

However, this great scene was broken by the Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

Outside Mushen City, the pill cultivators were powerless as they watched.

After today, the Western Frontier's alchemy cultivation holy land would no longer exist.

"Haha, Daoist Brother Chunhui has sharp eyes." Patriarch Tao Ran laughed and landed in front of Patriarch Mu.

The sword lights on his body had yet to dissipate. Most of Mushen City was illuminated by the sword lights, and no one could look up.

"Fellow Daoists, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect upholds the righteousness of the Western Frontier and protects the Dao with our swords. This intention will never change.

The fact that my Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Void Meridian Pill can enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion today is also a sign of the prosperity of the alchemy in the Western Frontier.

In the future, I hope that everyone can work together with our Nine Mystic Sword Sect to contribute to the prosperity of the Western Frontier cultivators.”

Tao Ran, who was standing in front, spoke righteously. No one dared to speak.

Sword intent hung high above their heads. Who dared to make a sound?

Today, Patriarch Tao Ran used his Sword Dao to suppress the Alchemy Dao of Mushen City. No one could raise their heads.

Looking at the trembling alchemists in satisfaction, Patriarch Tao Ran finally restrained his sword Intent.

“Young friend Chang Ming, your Minghua Valley’s alchemy skills are not bad. In the future, we can communicate more.”

Tao Ran looked at Chang Ming, who was struggling to get up, with a gentle smile on his face.

Chang Ming nodded, bowed, and then slowly retreated.

He was defeated.

Not only did he lose his reputation as a genius, but he also lost the sect’s momentum.

From today onwards, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would be the only sect in the Western Frontier that had the Void Meridian Pill.

Even if he, Minghua Valley, refined the Void Meridian Pill in the future, it would not be considered legitimate in the Western Frontier.

No large sect would come to his Minghua Valley to buy things.

Minghua Valley had wasted a lot of money.

No one in the entire square looked at Chang Ming again.

Everyone watched as Patriarch Tao Ran took out a thin piece of paper.

This piece of paper was priceless!

This was the formula for the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill.

With this pill formula, Patriarch Tao Ran could enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

With this pill formula, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could determine the price of the Western Frontier Void Meridian Pill.

This piece of paper could be exchanged for the wealth of countless small sects.

“Fellow Daoist Mu Chunhui, this is the Void Meridian Pill created by my Nine Mystic Sword Sect. I’ll give it to the Little Alchemy Pavilion today.”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s expression was solemn as he spoke loudly.

Everyone in the square watched solemnly.

Sending the pill formula into the pavilion was a grand event of alchemy in the Western Frontier.

No matter how Patriarch Tao Ran suppressed them with his sword, everyone raised their hands and bowed.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect used this pill formula to strengthen the Western Frontier’s Pill Dao!

“Fellow Daoist Tao Ran, please send the pill formula to the Little Alchemy Pavilion and browse the collections there.” Patriarch Mu cupped his hands at Patriarch Tao Ran.

He could now deliver the pill formula and enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and turned to look at Han Muye.

“Kid, send this pill formula up.”

He asked Han Muye to deliver the pill formula.

Han Muye looked up at Patriarch Tao Ran.

Patriarch Tao Ran grinned and chuckled. “You young people can go and take a look. I’m just a sword maniac. Even if I ascend to the Little Alchemy Pavilion, how much can I gain?”

Mad Swordsman.

Previously, many alchemy cultivators called him ‘Sword Lunatic’.

Han Muye nodded and took the paper with both hands.

He knew that what Patriarch Tao Ran said was true.

Back then, Patriarch Tao Ran only wanted to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion to take a breather. He did not really study alchemy deeply.

This was one of the reasons why the alchemists were indignant.

*You’re a half-baked alchemy cultivator. Why did you go to the Little Alchemy Pavilion?* they thought.

Han Muye held the paper with both hands and slowly walked forward to the three-story wooden building.

The small building was simple and unadorned. On it were the words 'Little Alchemy Pavilion'.

Jiang Ming, who was walking behind him, stepped forward and pushed open the attic door. Han Muye strode in with the paper.

Jiang Ming, who had refined an Immortal Grade Pill, was already qualified to enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

The attic was dark, and a bitter smell of bamboo paper assaulted his face.

This was an aura that only appeared after so long.

When he reached the second floor, Han Muye saw that there were desks and bookshelves all around him.

On those bookshelves were books.

That was all.

"So the Little Alchemy Pavilion is only so-so." Jiang Ming looked around with a mocking expression.



He had wasted a hundred years for this dilapidated building.

It really wasn't worth it.

"This is a rare opportunity. Since I've entered this Little Alchemy Pavilion, I can't leave empty-handed."

Han Muye looked around, sat down in front of the long table, and said in a deep voice, "Jiang Ming, bring me all the precious pill formulas."

Hearing his words, Jiang Ming was stunned at first. Then without hesitation, he walked to the bookshelves and quickly searched through them.

"This Heart Engraved Essence Pill is a sixth-grade pill. It's He Dang Sect's inheritance of the Dao of alchemy. It's already extinct."

Jiang Ming spread out the scroll. Before he could finish his introduction, Han Muye reached out and took the scroll.

He stared at the book and read 10 lines at a time. The alchemy method and the ratio of spiritual herbs in the book quickly turned into images that flashed in his mind.

Comprehending the Heart Engraved Essence Pill.

Throwing the book back, Han Muye said in a deep voice, “Remembered. Again.”

He committed it to memory.

This was the refinement technique of a sixth-grade medicinal pill!

Jiang Ming’s eyes widened.

With his alchemy cultivation, it would take him several hours to comprehend the pill formula and technique of this sixth-grade pill.

The reason why the Little Alchemy Pavilion in Mushen City was open to the public was because the more precious the pills were, the harder it was to comprehend the pill formula and pill refinement methods.

Most people who came to the pavilion could read two or three pill formulas. It was already extremely rare for them to truly comprehend one.

“What are you waiting for?” Han Muye asked again.

“Alright, alright,” Jiang Ming muttered happily. He hurriedly reached out and grabbed the pill formula in front of him.

“Young Master, this is the Purple Seeking Pill of the Jade Sun Sect. It’s useful for Earth Realm experts to treat their injuries.”

“This is a sixth-grade brown stone pill. When consumed by an Earth Realm Spirit Awakening Realm cultivator, it can strengthen the soul.”

...

Jiang Ming walked around the bookshelves and found all the pill formulas that he thought were valuable enough.

Han Muye reached out and took them. As long as he skimmed over them, he immediately understood.

The two of them worked together tacitly and quickly memorized the pill formula.

“Fifth-grade pill formula!”

Jiang Ming’s eyes widened in ecstasy.

Han Muye raised his hand and waved the scroll in his hand, then slowly opened it.

“Jade Bright Bone Pill.”

**Chapter 144: Ten Years from Now, Come with Me to Zhongzhou**

“When Nascent Soul cultivators condense their jade bones, they can increase the speed and compatibility of the jade bones.”

This Jade Bright Bone Pill was actually a pill used by Heaven Realm cultivators.

Fifth-grade pills were rare in the Western Frontier.

Han Muye unfolded the book and fixed his gaze on it.

“Hum—”

Images tumbled through his mind.

After screening the spiritual herbs, the spiritual fire burned the furnace, and the spiritual herbs were thrown into the furnace. The spiritual herbs fused, and the medicinal strength gathered. The pills were out.

Pills flew everywhere.

A large hand swept over, and all the pills were held in his palm.

He had comprehended the refining method of the Jade Bright Bone Pill.

He had comprehended the formula for the Jade Bright Bone Pill.

Comprehend the Cloud Dew Hand Pill Gathering Technique.

The method of gathering pills.

There was no established technique for gathering pills in the Western Frontier.

This was because there were very few alchemists in the Western Frontier who could refine a fifth-grade pill.

Only high-grade pills like fifth-grade and immortal-grade pills needed to be restrained to prevent their spirituality from escaping from the pill furnace.

The Cloud Dew Hand was a type of spiritual energy usage pill. It could be used to gather pills or capture people.

When he closed the book, he looked tired.

Forcefully memorizing so many pill formulas and refinement techniques had greatly exhausted his soul.

Han Muye had spent a lot of time comprehending this fifth-grade pill.

At this moment, there was only a trace of soul sword qi left in his divine treasure.

Alright, this trip was a huge gain.

Han Muye stood up and stretched with a smile.

There were three precious pill formulas for seventh-grade pills.

There were 17 sixth-grade pill formulas.

And one fifth-grade pill formula.

Other people could memorize one pill formula at the Little Alchemy Pavilion, but Han Muye remembered 21.

Jiang Ming had helped him choose some precious pill formulas.

They were enough.

Jiang Ming nodded and put away the book in his hand.

By the time the two of them walked down from the Little Alchemy Pavilion, the guests had already dispersed.

Only Mu Wan and another young man were left in the pavilion.

It was the eldest son of the Mu family, Mu Tanzhi.

“Senior Brother Han, the patriarch invites you to Mujin Garden.”

Mu Wan looked at Han Muye and spoke softly.

Han Muye nodded and followed her.

Mu Tanzhi cupped his hands at Jiang Ming and said with a smile, “Senior Jiang Ming, my father invites you to have tea. I wonder if you can come?”

Mu Tanzhi’s father was the first of the Mu family’s second generation, Mu Lingye who was hosting the celebration today.

“Hehe, even if there’s no wine, tea is fine.” Jiang Ming glanced at Han Muye and Mu Wan, who were walking away, and laughed before following Mu Tanzhi to the other side.

Mu Wan, who was traveling with Han Muye, lowered her head and led the way.

Along the way, when they encountered the juniors of the Mu family, they looked at the two of them with complicated expressions.

If they met the two of them yesterday, they would not give them a second look.

Today, the two of them were out of their league!

Ahead, the lush garden was in sight.

“Senior Brother Han, you refined all the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills recently, right?”

Mu Wan, who had been silent all this while, suddenly spoke.

Han Muye smiled wryly and said softly, “Yes.”

There was no need for him to hide it from Mu Wan.

Hearing the answer she wanted, Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye and chuckled. “Senior Brother Han, your comprehension is really good.”

Just as Han Muye was about to say that he was not only good at comprehension, Mu Wan said, “I have to practice alchemy well in the future and try not to be left behind by Senior Brother Han.”



After saying that, she took a deep breath and looked at Han Muye. “Senior Brother Han, when my alchemy cultivation is enough and I find a way to solve your lifespan issue, I’ll look for you.”

Then she turned and walked away.

*Look for me.*

Looking at Mu Wan’s back, Han Muye smiled and said softly, “Okay, I’ll wait for you.”

*Does this count as a promise of love?*

He thought that the world of cultivators should be devoid of emotions.

But he was actually happy about a small promise.

*My temperament is bad...*

*Shouldn’t one take advantage of opportune moments?* he wondered.

After Mu Wan left, Han Muye stopped smiling, turned around, and walked into Mujin Garden.

There were spiritual herbs everywhere in the lush garden.

When they arrived at the hall, Han Muye saw the Mu Family's Patriarch sitting upright.

Beside him, Patriarch Tao Ran looked indifferent.

"How's the harvest?"

Patriarch Tao Ran chuckled and asked Han Muye.

How could he ask so bluntly in front of the Mu family's patriarch?

Han Muye nodded, his expression unchanged. "It's alright."

Hearing his words, Patriarch Tao Ran grinned again.

The Mu family's patriarch, who was sitting beside him, shook his head and said in a low voice, "Fellow Daoist Tao Ran, the situation is critical. Let's see how we deal with it first..."

*What does that mean?*

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

“Kid, do you think I attacked on purpose today?” Patriarch Tao Ran suddenly said when he saw Han Muye’s expression.

“Fellow Daoist Chunhui asked me to help.”

*Mu Chunhui asked Patriarch Tao Ran to take action?*

*What does that mean?*

Today, Patriarch Tao Ran seemed to have protected Mushen City with the power of the Sword Dao, but in fact, he had stolen the power of the Mu family’s patriarch and damaged the reputation of the Holy Land of Mushen City.

If Patriarch Tao Ran had sincerely helped Mushen City today, he would have stopped Yang Dingshan immediately.

This was the prestige of the Holy Land of Alchemy in Mushen City.

“Do you know that Fellow Daoist Chunhui has a confidante?”

Over at the Demon Race in the Southern Wilderness, Fairy Peony.”

Patriarch Tao Ran grinned.

"I don't think so. We're just good friends with the same goal..." Mu Chunhui's explanation was more like a cover-up.

With this explanation, Han Muye became even more interested in listening.

Back then, the Mu Family's Patriarch defeated the Demon Race's Fairy Peony with his alchemy. Fairy Peony gave him her natal flower branch.

With this flower branch, the two of them could communicate with each other over countless years.

After going back and forth for hundreds of years, it was really nothing.

It didn't seem right to say that there was nothing.

"A few days ago, there was some vague news from Fairy Peony. It seems that there has been a change in the Southern Wilderness."

Mu Chunhui's expression was grave.

"After that, there was no news from there."

Something had changed in the Southern Wasteland.

After the news was cut off, the Southern Wilderness army attacked the Western Frontier.

“What kind of change was there?”

Han Muye looked up at Patriarch Tao Ran.

“I don’t know either.” Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head.

“Fellow Daoist Chunhui summoned me here to look after Mushen City for him.”

*Look after?*

Han Muye was shocked and quickly looked at Patriarch Mu.

“I’ve been friends with Fairy Peony for so many years. If something happens to her, of course I have to go and take a look.

I’m preparing to head to the Southern Wilderness.”

Mu Chunhui looked calm.

Because the Mu Family's Patriarch was leaving, there was no one guarding Mushen City.

So he came looking for Patriarch Tao Ran.

"When I left the Nine Mystic Sword Sect back then, not only was my sword broken, but I was also severely injured.

It was Daoist Brother Chunhui who saved me.

I naturally have to repay this favor."

Patriarch Tao Ran's expression became more solemn, no longer as casual and relaxed as before.

Han Muye was stunned and didn't speak for a moment.

If these two patriarchs did not say it themselves, how could he know so many secrets?

"Han Muye, your talent in alchemy is rare. Are you willing to stay in Mushen City?" The Mu family's patriarch suddenly looked at Han Muye and asked in a deep voice.

*Stay in Mushen?*

*Why stay here?*

Han Muye knew that as long as he agreed to stay in Mushen City, the Mu Family's Patriarch would probably give him the Mu Family's alchemy inheritance.

At least he would give himself a promise.

These cultivators liked to give opportunities.

In their opinion, the juniors worth nurturing today would definitely be rewarded in the future.

In the cultivation world, people believed in karma.

He would reap what he sowed tomorrow.

Patriarch Tao Ran also looked at Han Muye.

"I heard from Fellow Daoist Tao Ran that you're a sword caretaker of the Sword Pavilion. You've been affected by the sword qi and your lifespan has been damaged.

If you stay in Mushen City, you won't need to cultivate that sword cultivation technique, and your lifespan won't be reduced.

I'll help you refine the lifespan-extending pill so that you can cultivate properly."

The Mu Family's Patriarch's words were seductive.

Cultivation was for longevity.

Staying in Mushen City would give him a better chance of longevity than staying in the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye chuckled.

If he didn't cultivate the Mystic Sun Technique, if he didn't have the sword intent lingering in his sea of energy, if he didn't see the power of the soul sword, if he didn't have the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords of his master.

There was no if.

Karma had long been decided.

"Thank you for your kindness, Senior Mu. I think I'm still suitable for sword cultivation."

Han Muye cupped his hands and spoke calmly.

Patriarch Tao Ran chuckled.



The Mu family's patriarch did not persuade him anymore. He nodded and said, "Then come here tomorrow. I'll refine a furnace of lifespan-extending pills for you."

Han Muye bowed and left the hall.

Only Patriarch Tao Ran and Patriarch Mu were left in the hall.

"This kid has a good heart. Otherwise, Gao Changgong wouldn't have valued him so much." Patriarch Tao Ran smiled.

He was very satisfied that Han Muye could withstand the temptation of the Mu Family's Patriarch.

"The number of alchemy cultivators in the Western Frontier who can produce nine immortal-grade pills in a cauldron can be counted on one hand." The Mu family's patriarch looked ahead and muttered, "This alchemy talent is from ancient times..."

He paused and his eyes lit up. He turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran. "Brother Tao Ran, if he can go to the Central Continent, his future will be limitless."

Hearing his words, Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said, "I can't interfere in this matter. It depends on luck."

...

The next day, Han Muye went to Mujin Garden to watch the Mu Family's patriarch refine a furnace of lifespan-extending pills that could increase one's lifespan by five years.

The Mu family's patriarch's alchemy methods were indeed profound. Not only did he produce two pills in a furnace, but two of them were also top-grade.

Having comprehended the refinement method of the lifespan-extending pills, Han Muye knew that it was already extremely rare to produce pills of such fine quality.

The medicinal power of a top-grade five-year lifespan-extending pill doubled.

"Kid, this is a letter." When he handed the lifespan-extending pills to Han Muye, the Mu family's patriarch handed him a green wooden knag.

"If I can return, come with me to the Central State in 10 years.

If I can't come back, take that girl, Mu Wan, with you 10 years from now."

The Mu family's patriarch looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "The alchemy in the Western Frontier has withered. If you want to make progress in alchemy, you can only go to the Central Continent."

Han Muye's gaze fell on the wooden spur in his hand.

This was a wooden branch cut from an unknown tree. It was as warm as jade and there were traces of spiritual light flashing on it.

Going to the Central Continent in 10 years?

Ten years was still a long time.

There was enough time to prepare for what would happen in 10 years.

The Mu family's patriarch said that the alchemy in the Western Frontier had withered, and only the alchemy in the Central Continent was prosperous. It should be true.

It did not matter if she cultivated the Dao of alchemy or not. Mu Wan was very obsessed with the Dao of alchemy. If there was a chance to study the Dao of alchemy in the Central Continent, she would not let it go.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Then I wish you a safe return, Patriarch."

Even someone like the Mu family's patriarch would probably die in the Southern Wilderness.

After putting away the wooden knag and walking out of the Mujin Garden, Han Muye saw Jiang Ming standing at the door.

When he saw Han Muye, Jiang Ming's first words were, "The Mu family recruited me."

The second was, "I refused."

Han Muye smiled.

"I think Young Master will need someone to help him refine pills."

Jiang Ming grinned and chuckled. "I see that your sword intent is condensed. You don't look like someone who can refine pills.

I happen to be good at alchemy."

Hearing his words, Han Muye spread his hands and said, "I'm just a Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker. I'm afraid I can't afford to raise you."

When he heard Han Muye say that he was a Sword Caretaker, Jiang Ming's eyes lit up. "Is it true that the legendary Sword Pavilion is filled with sword energy and brings one close to death?"

"I just want to have food on the table.

It would be even better if I could have some wine."

**Chapter 145: The New Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion who Seeks Death**

There was food in the Sword Pavilion.

It had no shortage of wine either.

Since Jiang Ming was willing to go to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye naturally wouldn't refuse.

He was already thinking of recruiting Jiang Ming. Otherwise, why would he give him a cauldron and pills?

Jiang Ming had long made up his mind to join him.

Otherwise, he would not have rejected the Mu family's recruitment.

The two of them were in cahoots. No, they hit it off immediately.

Both Patriarch Tao Ran and Elder Su Liang welcomed Jiang Ming into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Elder Su Liang even tried her best to invite Jiang Ming to the medical hall.

Patriarch Tao Ran personally sent a letter to Jiang Ming.

With this letter, Jiang Ming could receive the salary of a deacon immediately.

However, his first task was not to refine pills, but to drive the boat.

He would drive the boat with Han Muye.

When he returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain, Patriarch Tao Ran was not around. If he and Han Muye did not drive the boat, Elder Su Liang and the female cultivator, Jin Yuan, would have to do it.

Han Muye was also very interested in how to control the flying boat.

He was also in the Qi Condensation Realm now. Although the flying boat was not fast, it could still support him.

Jiang Ming's cultivation level was higher than his and he had already reached the Foundation Establishment realm. However, his cultivation level was ordinary. His alchemy was alright, but in terms of combat strength, it was better than nothing.

The two of them controlled the flying boat and were in no hurry. They slopped around in the direction of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

They had only been here for a day or two, but it took them nearly 10 days to return.

Han Muye and Jiang Ming sat cross-legged at the bow of the boat, discussing alchemy. They chatted enthusiastically and even went the wrong way several times.

Later on, Elder Su Liang, who could not stand it anymore, joined the discussion.

When they were 10,000 miles away from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were already four people sitting on the bow of the ship and raising their Pill Fire from time to time.

Among the four of them, Han Muye rarely made a move. Most of them only moved their mouths.

Jiang Ming was the most impatient. As long as it was an idea, he would immediately test it.

For this reason, the flying boat landed somewhere halfway and they found a market to buy some spiritual herbs.

Although Elder Su Liang's alchemy cultivation was not higher than Jiang Ming's and her talent was not as good as his, she had been immersed in alchemy for more than a hundred years and had a solid foundation.

The only one who was at a loss was Fairy Jin Yuan.

She couldn't understand what Han Muye was saying.

She couldn't understand Jiang Ming.

She could not even appraise the pills she refined.

The flying boat landed in front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. The four of them, Han Muye and Jiang Ming, went to the Sword Pavilion. Elder Su Liang led Jin Yuan back to the Water Residence.

"Master, is my alchemy cultivation really that bad?"

Seeing Han Muye and the others walk away, Jin Yuan spoke in a low voice.

"Girl, there are always some people in this world that you can never catch up to.

The cultivation world is too big. You'll get used to it in the future."

Elder Su Liang shook her head, sighed softly, and walked straight forward.

Would she never catch up?

Fairy Jin Yuan turned around. Han Muye and Jiang Ming were no longer in the distance.



...

Standing on the path, Han Muye pointed ahead and said with a smile, “That’s the Sword Pavilion, but it’s not like what they say—death if you get close.”

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, golden light lingered.

Such a scene was indeed only seen in large cultivation sects.

“Actually, life and death are not a big deal. I just feel that if there’s sword qi everywhere in the Sword Pavilion, can it be used to refine pills?” Jiang Ming smiled.

Han Muye shook his head.

He was a crazy guy who only cared about refining pills.

When the two of them arrived at the square outside the Sword Pavilion, they heard a shout. “Senior Brother Han is back—”

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was carrying the little white fox, stood on the stone steps and shouted happily.

Lu Gao and Lin Shen were behind him. They looked at Han Muye and greeted him with a smile.

By the time Han Muye walked up the stone steps, Huang Six was already pacing out.

“Not bad. After going out for a while, I feel much more energetic.” After sizing up Han Muye, Huang Six nodded and said.

His gaze passed Han Muye and landed on Jiang Ming.

“This is Sixth Brother, right? My name is Jiang Ming. I’m preparing to follow Senior Brother Han to the Sword Pavilion to freeloader.” Jiang Ming looked up at Huang Six on the stone steps and smiled.

Han Muye had already introduced the people from the Sword Pavilion on the flying boat.

*Sixth Brother, this person is capable,* Jiang Ming thought.

Although Jiang Ming was already over a hundred years old, his cultivation was not bad. At this moment, he looked even younger than Huang Six.

There was nothing strange about him calling him Sixth Brother.

“Another freeloader?” Gao Xiaoxuan, who was standing at the side, looked at Jiang Ming and curled her lips.

*Another?*

Han Muye looked at Huang Six.

“What do you mean, you don’t make a living?”

“The Sword Pavilion is flourishing.” Huang Six reached out and slapped Gao Xiaoxuan’s head, making the little white fox grimace.

“Here’s what happened. That old man surnamed Yang came to visit the elders a few days ago and brought a guy over.

He said he wants to be a sword caretaker.”

Huang Six turned to look at the Sword Pavilion and said in a low voice, “Your brain isn’t very bright. You can wipe the swords in the Sword Pavilion.”

“He’s probably a jinx.”

At this point, he looked up and saw Jiang Ming.

“Well, Brother Jiang, right? Han brought you back and told you about it, right?”

“There are many people in the Sword Pavilion who came in vertically and went out horizontally.”

Jiang Ming nodded and said, "I know. Sword Qi is harmful to the body."

"It's a small matter. I just want to feel the sword qi enter my body."

Huang Six turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye understood what he meant.

*Is this guy also a screw loose?* Huang Six wondered.

Han Muye shook his head and said, "Jiang Ming is an expert in alchemy. He came to the Sword Pavilion to study alchemy."

*Come to the Sword Pavilion to study alchemy?*

*And he said there's nothing wrong with his head?*

Huang Six grinned and looked at Jiang Ming. "Alright, Brother Jiang, let's eat at the same table in the future."

Han Muye took out a handful of candy for Gao Xiaoxuan. Jiang Ming was already greeting Instructor Lin and Lu Gao.

Instructor Lin, who was obsessed with swords, was loyal to Lu Gao.

Jiang Ming had long wanted to befriend these two people.

Lin Shen's control over his strength was much smoother. There was no longer any abnormality in his movements.

Lu Gao, whose eyes were covered by a black veil, had a strong figure, but he was forthright. He reached out and patted Jiang Ming's shoulder, asking him what he wanted to eat today.

Han Muye walked into the Sword Pavilion and looked at the wooden shelves.

Over there, a white-robed young man in his thirties was slowly wiping a sword with a piece of linen.

The strong sword qi in the Sword Pavilion wreaked havoc, making his face pale.

He had seen this man before.

He had seen him in the sword that was sent to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

The grandson of Yang Dingshan.

"Senior Brother Han?" The young man did not look up. He only spoke as he wiped the sword.

“There are many stories about Senior Brother Han in the Sword Pavilion.”

Han Muye looked at him, pondered for a moment, and said lightly, “Are you courting death?”

Courting death!

The young man trembled and slowly turned his head to look at Han Muye. “Gao Xiaoxuan and the others said that you were the smartest person in the Sword Pavilion. Now I believe them.”

After returning the sword to its sheath, the young man reached out and grabbed a sword. With all his strength, he pulled it out.

Because he had used too much strength, a trace of blood appeared on his pale face.

“I’m not suicidal. I just don’t think there’s much point in living.

Also, I feel guilty. Being here, I consider it atonement.”

The young man moved the sackcloth gently along the edge of the sword and spoke in a low voice, as if he was talking to himself.

Atonement.

Han Muye knew that he blamed himself for his father's death.

He felt guilty.

Moreover, his aptitude was limited, so he could not cultivate and could not inherit the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

Han Muye shook his head and went straight upstairs.

No amount of talking could change anything.

From the sword, he had seen how determined this young man was when he cultivated the sword.

This was not a man who changed his mind easily.

Besides, it was difficult to persuade someone who had given up.

Stepping onto the second floor, Han Muye bowed. "Han Muye greets the Elder."

The voice of the Sword Pavilion Elder came from the third floor. "Come up."

He walked up to the third floor and sat behind the long table.

“Patriarch Tao Ran stayed in Mushen City?”

As expected, the Sword Pavilion Elder knew about this.

Han Muye nodded and explained what had happened in Mushen City.

Competition with Minghua Valley.

Jiang Ming’s dramatic rise.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect became famous for their alchemy and entered the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Also, the Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect killed the last half-step Heaven Realm expert of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

After Han Muye finished speaking, the Sword Pavilion Elder nodded and said, “Have you met Yang Mingxuan?”

The person wiping the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion was the grandson of the Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.



“Elder, he still has a knot in his heart. How long can he last in the Sword Pavilion like this?” Han Muye frowned.

The Sword Pavilion was not a good place. Sword Qi was harmful to the body, and it was not an exception.

There was one exception. The kid was not human.

“Yang Dingshan said that if Yang Mingxuan dies in the Sword Pavilion, he won’t find trouble with me.” The Sword Pavilion elder shook his head and said calmly.

Hearing him say this, Han Muye sighed in his heart.

The Sword Pavilion Elder was cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

He seemed to not care about anyone, but he actually cared about the sect and the people of the Sword Pavilion.

He even valued the sect more than his own life.

“Yang Dingshan has his own plans. If he doesn’t die, the position of the Fourth Sword Sect of the Western Frontier will be secured.”

“Not only did he go to Fengshou Mountain, but a half-step Heaven Realm expert from the Moon Essence Sword Sect also went.”

Back then, the Moon Essence Sword Sect had been squeezed out of the position of the Nine Great Sects and the Four Great Sword Sects by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. They had always been brooding over this and had never given up.

The Sword Pavilion Elder looked out of the window, his face expressionless.

“If Yang Dingshan dies on Fengshou Mountain, the Bright Mountain Sword Sect will definitely be destroyed. If Yang Mingxuan stays there, he will also die.”

Han Muye knew that after cultivating for a long time, blood would turn cold.

However, although Yang Dingshan was scheming, he should still be hot-blooded.

The battle outside Mushen City and the heroic feeling of traveling thousands of miles to Fengshou Mountain with a sword was not fake.

After greeting the Sword Pavilion Elder, Han Muye returned to the quiet room to rest. He only left when Lu shouted for him to eat.

The Sword Pavilion Elder sat at the head of the table. Gao Xiaoxuan sat beside him with the little white fox in his arms.

Han Muye and Huang Six sat on the side.

Lu Gao and Lin Shen were on one side.

The newly arrived Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming sat on the side.

This table was actually full.

“Don’t say that. Our Sword Pavilion is really lively now.” Huang Six grinned, then picked up his wine gourd and poured wine for everyone.

Gao Xiaoxuan and the little white fox looked at the wine gourd with bright eyes and licked their tongues.

Yang Mingxuan did not drink or speak. He just lowered his head and ate.

Jiang Ming could drink and talk, and he was carefree.

After a while, the atmosphere at the table was lively.

The Sword Pavilion elder did not speak much, but when asked, he would say a few words.

“Elder, it’s said that the Sword Pavilion’s inheritance doesn’t care about aptitude. As long as you cultivate diligently, you can guide the sword qi into your body and cultivate the Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm with a sword, right?”

Jiang Ming, who was in high spirits, let his hair down. He held his wine glass and stood up to look at the Sword Pavilion Elder.

Hearing his words, Yang Mingxuan, who was originally burying his head in his food, trembled. His hands that were holding the bowl of rice turned pale.

The elder of the Sword Pavilion held his wine glass and said indifferently, "The inheritance of the Sword Pavilion is indeed to draw sword qi, and there's no limit to aptitude."

"Why? Do you want to cultivate for 60 years in exchange for that Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm?"

Jiang Ming laughed and finished the wine in his cup. Then he shook his head and said, "I want to cultivate, but not for the Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm."

"I just want to draw the sword qi into my body and refine pills."

At this point, he reached out and patted Yang Mingxuan's shoulder.

"Yang, you have to fix this inheritance too."

"Otherwise, if Yang Dingshan dies on Fengshou Mountain, you won't even have the ability to collect his corpse."

With that, the table fell silent.

Yang Mingxuan slowly put down his bamboo chopsticks and swallowed the food in his mouth. He wiped his mouth gently, then stood up and bowed to the Sword Pavilion Elder.

“Elder, please teach me the Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm technique.

Otherwise, if Yang Dingshan dies, I won’t be able to collect his corpse.”

#### **Chapter 146: Han Muye’s Strongest Move**

Han Muye looked up at Jiang Ming, who smiled.

This guy was really thorough.

After understanding Yang Mingxuan’s identity, he knew that he should not die in the Sword Pavilion.

Not only should he not die, but it would be best if he could obtain an opportunity in the Sword Pavilion and change his situation. Only then could the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Bright Mountain Sword Sect become closer.

Perhaps it was because he had experienced the same life and death situation that Jiang Ming could grasp Yang Mingxuan's mentality.

With just one sentence, he made Yang Mingxuan beg the Sword Pavilion Elder to let him inherit the sword technique.

He could die, but he could not write off his worries.

Back then, Yang Dingshan did not help Yang Mingxuan seek the Sword Pavilion to teach him the sword technique. Yang Mingxuan blamed Yang Dingshan for his father's death and had always harbored resentment in his heart.

However, this time, Yang Dingshan killed a half-step into the Heaven Realm with his sword. He held off the important matters of the sect and punished himself by guarding Fengshou Mountain. Yang Mingxuan understood now that his grandfather was not a heartless person.

But there was nothing he could do.

Before Han Muye replied, Yang Mingxuan cleaned the swords in the Sword Pavilion every day in order to die quickly.

After being reminded by Jiang Ming, he stood up and asked for the Sword Pavilion's inheritance.

Only by cultivating the Sword Pavilion's legacy sword technique could he help Yang Dingshan.

Even if it was to help collect Yang Dingshan's corpse.

"My Sword Pavilion has three sword techniques."

The Sword Pavilion Elder put down his wine glass and glanced at the people in front of him.

His gaze lingered on Han Muye and Huang Six for a moment before sweeping across Lin Shen and Lu Gao.

The four of them had cultivated the cultivation techniques of the Sword Pavilion.

"The Sword Nurturing Technique draws the sword qi into the body. After condensing it for 60 years and cultivating the sword bones, it can be formed into a sword with the strength of a hundred breaths of time.

"The Sword Condensing Art cultivates the sword qi of the soul. It can form a sword after 60 years. One sword can fight the Heaven Realm. After a hundred breaths, the sword qi will disappear and the soul will be crippled.

"Military Sword Technique, fuse the body with the sword and use the body as the sword. As long as the sword is there, the person will be there. If the sword dies, the person will die."

Looking at Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming, the Sword Pavilion Elder said indifferently, "The three sword techniques have their own strengths and weaknesses. Which one you want to cultivate and whether you can cultivate it depends on luck."

Lin Shen and Lu Gao turned to look at Han Muye.

The inheritance of the Sword Pavilion should not be passed down to many people.

Three at most.

However, there were only four people who had already cultivated the techniques of the Sword Pavilion.

All of this was thanks to Senior Brother Han.

Senior Brother Han valued friendship and did not care about inheritances or treasures.

The three inheritances were all top-notch in the Western Frontier.

Only a place like the Sword Pavilion would have such precious inheritances.

Jiang Ming turned his head and looked around. Then he smiled and said, "I only want sword qi. Then let's cultivate the sword technique."

Yang Mingxuan shook his head and whispered, "I don't know what I can cultivate."

He had always been trapped by his aptitude. Otherwise, he would have cultivated long ago.



The Bright Mountain Sword Sect was also a large sect.

The Sword Pavilion Elder stood up and said calmly, "Why are you cultivating the sword technique? Han Muye, make the arrangements. In the future, you can approach him about the Sword Pavilion's matters."

With that, he glanced at Han Muye, turned around, and slowly walked up to the second floor.

Everyone turned to look at Han Muye.

This was the first time the Sword Pavilion Elder spoke. He instructed Han Muye to take charge of the Sword Pavilion's matters.

In other words, from today onwards, Han Muye could decide anything in the Sword Pavilion.

In the past, Han Muye would definitely be touched when he saw the Sword Pavilion Elder's desolate back.

But now, he had long seen through these old fellows' schemes.

The Sword Pavilion Elder just wanted to be the boss in name.

“Brother Yang, don’t be anxious. I know that you seem to be limited by your aptitude and can’t cultivate other cultivation techniques. You can cultivate whichever cultivation technique my Sword Pavilion can.

“Jiang Ming, help him take a look later and see if there’s a way to solve his aptitude problem.”

Han Muye looked at Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming.

Ordinary methods naturally could not solve Yang Mingxuan’s problem, but Han Muye had seen many pill formulas in the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Perhaps there was a way to help Yang Mingxuan.

Yang Mingxuan nodded and bowed to Han Muye and Jiang Ming.

Jiang Ming laughed and said, “We’re brothers, why are you being so polite?”

With that, he raised his wine glass and said to everyone, “I, Jiang Ming, have been an itinerant cultivator for more than a hundred years. I always think that itinerant cultivators are carefree.

Now I know that after entering the Sword Pavilion, there’s wine, meat, and brothers. That’s true freedom.”

They all picked up their glasses.

Yang Mingxuan hesitated for a moment before raising his wine glass.

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was sitting at the head of the table with the little white fox, looked at Jiang Ming and muttered, "I didn't expect him to be so old..."

Jiang Ming's smile froze.

...

Lu Gao and Lin Shen still had to fuse and control their strength. They had to hurry up and cultivate.

Han Muye asked them to take turns guarding the entrance of the Sword Pavilion. Jiang Ming and Yang Mingxuan could not withstand the sword qi, so Han Muye arranged for them to accompany Lu Gao and Lin Shen at the door.

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye and Huang Six sat opposite each other with solemn expressions.

Gao Xiaoxuan looked at them curiously.

"I know what you're trying to say, kid."

Huang Six chuckled. He glanced at Gao Xiaoxuan and then looked outside.

“The Sword Pavilion is really flourishing now. When I first entered the Sword Pavilion, there were seven or eight Sword Caretakers and dozens of other servants.”

As if he felt that there was no point in saying this, Huang Six looked at Han Muye. “Kid Han, do you think I’m worthy of Sister Ping?”

Just as Han Muye was about to answer, Huang Six shook his head and whispered, “I know, I’m not worthy.

“Aptitude, cultivation.

“Look at me now. I look like an ordinary old person. Sister Ping is already a Qi Condensation expert and an elite of the sect.”

Han Muye looked at Old Sixth Huang’s dejected expression and said in a low voice, “It’s just cultivation. Is it difficult?”

He stared at Huang Six. “Our Sword Pavilion’s legacy is at the top of the Western Frontier. If you want to cultivate, I have plenty of medicinal pills. Even if it’s a pile, it can help you accumulate an Earth Realm cultivation.”

At this moment, Han Muye had the confidence to speak like this.

Supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills, supreme-grade Spirit Fusion Pills, supreme-grade Void Meridian Pills, and the pill formulas he saw in the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

With these pills, he was confident that he could quickly accumulate an Earth Realm expert.

When he first came to the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye had seen Huang Six in high spirits, vowing to reach the Heavenly Realm with one sword.

At that time, although Huang Six had many small schemes and was stingy, he was still very heroic.

After spending several years nurturing the Divine Soul Sword Qi, Huang Six's body suddenly relaxed.

He dreamed of being a mortal tycoon and did not cultivate every day.

Everyone had their own goals. There was no right or wrong in that.

Patriarch Tao Ran said that Huang Six had a good temperament, and the elders of the Sword Pavilion said that they were envious of Huang Six.

However, Han Muye knew that if Huang Six left the Sword Pavilion, he would be separated from the mortal world.

Huang Six smiled and looked at Han Muye. "Young man, you don't understand.

"I just want to spend some peaceful mortal days with Sister Ping.

“When I’m gone, she’ll still be a cultivator.

“I won’t burden her.”

Not any more.

Huang Six’s soul was injured. If he did not cultivate, his lifespan would not be long.

And the Lu Qingping that Han Muye knew was indeed focused on cultivation.

These two people were not from the same world.

In the end, Huang Six had forced himself.

“Sixth Brother, aren’t you afraid that Sixth Sister-in-law will be sad?” Han Muye frowned and whispered.

“In your opinion, she’s only touched that you’ve done something for her. However, in my opinion, Sixth Sister-in-law has indeed fallen for you. Sixth Brother, you like Sixth Sister-in-law because she’s pure and honest, right?”

Standing up, Han Muye placed a jade slip in front of Huang Six.

“Sixth Brother, there’s something else I need to tell you. Clear Wind Temple is disloyal.”

Huang Six's expression changed. Han Muye spoke again. "As far as I know, Clear Wind Temple betrayed the Nine Mystic Mountain. Sixth Sister-in-law is cultivating in Clear Wind Temple. She might be in danger at any time."

Old Sixth Huang suddenly stood up and shouted in panic, "You, why didn't you say so earlier?"

He started to run for the door.

"You should have said so earlier." Han Muye shook his head and said lightly, "If I had said so, would you have the ability to save Sixth Sister-in-law?"

Huang Six stopped in his tracks.

As an ordinary person, what ability did he have to save Lu Qingping?

Han Muye turned around and returned to his quiet room.

Huang Six stood there, his expression changing as his gaze fell on the jade slip on the long table.

"Sixth Brother, do you want to cultivate?"

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was carrying the little white fox, suddenly whispered.

“If you want to cultivate, I’ll help you. I can make you stronger than Senior Brother Han and the others.”

Gao Xiaoxuan’s big eyes were filled with sincerity.

Huang Six looked at him for a moment. “Really?” he whispered.

Gao Xiaoxuan nodded heavily.

“Alright, I’ll cultivate.” Huang Six clenched his fists and looked out of the Sword Pavilion.

“Sister Ping, wait for me. If those bastards from Clear Wind Temple dare to have any ill intentions, I’ll tear down their lousy Daoist temple.”

...

After returning to the quiet room, Han Muye looked up at the White Tiger Scroll hanging on the wall.

Seeing that the tiger seemed to be about to roar into the forest, he had a hint of understanding.

This was the cultivation world. Only by cultivating hard and allowing himself to have the power to control his own fate could he be free.



The kind of happiness Huang Six wanted was completely unrealistic.

That was why he was honest with Huang Six.

*Sixth Sister-in-law is in danger at any time now. If you want to save her, cultivate by yourself!*

Looking at the White Tiger Scroll, sword light rose from Han Muye's body.

The purple and green swords stood beside him and floated gently.

Green Destiny, Purple Flame.

Han Muye had told Patriarch Tao Ran about the Purple Flame Sword.

Patriarch Tao Ran sighed but he did not take it back.

Under the nourishment of Han Muye's sword intent, the Purple Flame Sword and the Green Destiny Sword were only a step away from becoming true spiritual weapons.

With these two swords in hand and sword intent, Han Muye could resist an Earth Realm Meridian Opening expert.

But this was not his real powerful move.

With a sword cry, a white jade sword pill appeared in front of Han Muye.

The Sword Pill of the Ancient Sword Cultivator Inheritance.

This was the real killer move he had.

Although it consumed a lot of energy to activate the Sword Pill, its lethality was extremely strong, and its moves were agile.

With this sword pill, Han Muye was completely confident in facing an expert above the Meridian Opening Realm.

If he activated this sword pill and used the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, his combat strength would increase countless times.

Perhaps even ordinary Core Formation experts could not withstand this move.

Back then, Mo Yuan had dared to challenge a half-step Heaven Realm expert with one move.

Double Swords, Sword Pill, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

This was Han Muye's strongest move.

Of course, Han Muye did not feel that he needed to use these killing methods.

He should be holed up in the Nine Mystic Mountain, cultivating sword qi and refining pills.

Thinking of the pills, he raised his hand and a pill appeared in his palm.

Lifespan-extending Pill.

The Mu Family's Patriarch had refined a high-quality lifespan-extending pill that could extend one's lifespan by 10 years.

The Mu family's ancestor said that there were not many inheritances of the Western Frontier Lifespan-extending Pill. This pill that could extend one's lifespan by 10 years was almost the limit.

But in Han Muye's opinion, how could it be the limit?

After he attacked, that was the limit!

**Chapter 147: Do You Think Spiritual Rocks Are So Easy To Earn?**

However, Han Muye did not refine the lifespan-extending pill immediately.

He currently had a furnace of spiritual herbs that could be used to refine the lifespan-extending pill, but he did not have a furnace.

He had given the small black furnace to Jiang Ming.

This furnace had accompanied Jiang Ming for decades and he had feelings for it.

He hoped that Bai Suzhen still had a pill furnace.

Thinking of Bai Suzhen, Han Muye decided to bring Jiang Ming to the Suzhen Store in the next two days to introduce them to each other.

Jiang Ming, this alchemy genius, had to be squeezed dry no matter what. No, he had to show off his skills.

Just like Patriarch Tao Ran, he cultivated alchemy and used alchemy to supplement his Sword Dao. Only then would he not be troubled by spiritual rocks.

His current cultivation consumed a lot of spiritual rocks.

Whether it was his own spiritual energy cultivation or sword qi condensation, the nourishment of the sword pill required a large number of spiritual rocks.

If not for the fact that he never worried about spiritual rocks, how could Han Muye have pushed his cultivation level to the Qi Condensation Realm so quickly?

At the very least, Han Muye had firmly grasped the aspect of wealth.

By the time he sorted out his cultivation and sword technique formula, a day and night had already passed.

This was how cultivation was. The more profound one was, the more time it took.

It was said that those great cultivators had been in seclusion for many years.

After walking out of the quiet room, Huang Six and the others stood in front of the stone steps.

“Senior Brother Han!”

Seeing Han Muye walk out, a surprised voice could be heard.

Seeing the few people standing at the bottom of the stone steps, Han Muye smiled.

“Great. They’re already wearing white robes.”

In front of the stone steps, Jiang Han, Sun Dayong, and the others were all energetic and happy.

These outer sect disciples were already wearing white robes that only inner sect disciples wore.

Although they did not have the protection of their master and senior brothers like Qiao Qing’er and the other talented disciples, they had all chosen good swords when they met Han Muye.

With these swords, they could leave the mountain and complete their missions. Their cultivation would also increase quickly.

So they became inner sect disciples.

In the cultivation world, it was an opportunity to have help from a benefactor when one’s cultivation was low.

If one grasped opportunities, life would be very different.

To Jiang Han and the others, Han Muye was their benefactor.

“Senior Brother Han, if not for you, how could we have worn this inner sect white robe so quickly?” Sun Dayong grinned and shouted.

The others nodded.

Jiang Ming and Yang Mingxuan, who were standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, looked at Han Muye curiously.

Jiang Ming guessed that Han Muye would give these low-level disciples pills.

However, Yang Mingxuan could not think of what help a Sword Pavilion Caretaker could give these people.

*Could it be that the Sword Caretaker has some special ability?* he wondered.

“Senior Brother Han, let’s exchange swords.”

“Senior Brother, please help me choose a sword.”

Jiang Han, who was standing in front, raised his hand and handed the sword in his hand to Han Muye. Then he held a medium-grade spiritual rock in his palm.

The others raised their hands and held their swords with both hands. Then they held a spiritual rock in their palms.

Not all the people who came today were Han Muye’s helpers.

However, it was obvious that Jiang Han and the others had talked about the rules of the Sword Pavilion.

Or the rule of asking Han Muye to choose a sword.

Outer sect disciple, 10 spiritual rocks, inner sect, 100.

Seeing them hold their swords with both hands, Han Muye smiled and said, "Since you're returning the swords, register them."

Gao Xiaoxuan was about to go forward to take the swords when Han Muye said, "Same old rules. Exercise your best swordsmanship first."

Jiang Han laughed and unsheathed his sword.

He was once in the top hundred of the outer sect. Under Han Muye's guidance, his swordsmanship had improved greatly. In terms of combat strength, he could probably enter the top 20 of the outer sect.

He knew that he was not a person with extraordinary aptitude, and his temperament and comprehension were mediocre. He had no intention of fighting for those top positions in the sect.

As long as he could get a good sword this time and get Senior Brother Han to teach him swordsmanship, he would be satisfied.



“Hehe, it’s still a wood-attribute sword technique.”

At this moment, the sword technique that Jiang Han was practicing was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s wood-type Two Mystical Sword Technique, Green Vine.

Han Muye’s eyes flashed as he watched Jiang Han’s sword light flash. He said in a low voice, “You chose the right path. However, there are leaves and leaves. There’s no need to choose the Green Vine that you’re not good at.”

His words made Jiang Han tremble. His sword moves scattered and his eyes widened.

“Hand over the sword.”

Han Muye raised his hand, and Jiang Han quickly handed the sword hilt over.

“Watch carefully.”

Han Muye took the sword and shouted in a low voice. The sword light in his hand directly turned into a falling leaf, disorderly and seemingly orderly, drifting with the wind.

However, as soon as the leaves rose, they suddenly split into three.

The three pieces had not moved, but they had already scattered and filled the sky!

A thousand leaves!

Every leaf emitted a cold aura. If one touched it, one's bones and tendons would definitely be severed!

This One Leaf Sword Technique had been deduced by Han Muye to the third level!

The third level of the sword technique could be cultivated to the Earth Realm and condense sword intent!

"Hum—"

The sword light shook, and the falling leaves scattered.

"Do you understand?" Han Muye asked calmly as he inserted his sword into the scabbard in Jiang Han's hand.

Jiang Han looked a little embarrassed.

How could he have understood it?

He was not someone with heaven-defying talent.

Han Muye laughed and said, "It's fine. If you don't understand anything, you can ask me."

“There’s no need for spiritual rocks next time, but we can’t lack wine and meat.”

“Sure, sure.” Jiang Han nodded repeatedly.

100 spiritual rocks per session was really not expensive, but they had just entered the inner sect, so the cost was huge.

Han Muye waved his hand again, and Gao Xiaoxuan went forward to collect the sword and spiritual rocks.

He brought the sword to the Sword Pavilion and stuffed the spiritual rocks into his pocket.

When he came out, he was holding a different sword.

The sword that Gao Xiaoxuan chose was naturally very suitable for Jiang Han.

How could the Nine Mystic Sword Spirit not know about the swords in the Sword Pavilion?

A total of nine disciples exchanged their swords in an hour.

“Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion, I’m impressed by your ability to choose a sword.”

The new inner sect disciple named Zeng Tong held a long sword and modified several flaws in his swordsmanship according to Han Muye's guidance.

This instantly raised his swordsmanship by a few levels.

Now he hugged his sword and sighed excitedly.

"Of course. The Senior Brothers of the Sword Pavilion are very capable." Sun Dayong, who had also improved his swordsmanship, raised his voice.

After they left with their swords happily, Han Muye reached out.

Gao Xiaoxuan handed him three spiritual rocks.

He sent the remaining spiritual rocks to Huang Six, Lu Gao, and Jiang Ming.

"Save this for Instructor Lin."

He muttered as he held the last two in his hand. He carefully placed one in his pouch and stuffed the other back into his pocket.

Looking at the spiritual rocks in their hands, Jiang Ming and Yang Mingxuan had strange expressions.

“Well, Senior Brother Han, do all sword caretakers have such ability?” Jiang Ming held the spiritual rock as he looked at Han Muye.

*Isn't it difficult to be a Sword Caretaker?* he thought.

The abilities that Han Muye and Gao Xiaoxuan had displayed just now—one was proficient in all the sword techniques of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and the other knew all the swords in the Sword Pavilion like the back of his hand.

The Sword Pavilion had tens of thousands of swords, and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had countless sword techniques.

*Didn't they say that Sword Caretakers only need to wipe the swords?* Jiang Ming thought.

Han Muye turned to look at the two of them and nodded. “Do you think spiritual rocks are that easy to earn?”

Jiang Ming was speechless.

He was an itinerant cultivator, even if he was an alchemy genius. Later on, he only refined the Snow Cleansing Pill, but he lived a hard life.

A medium-grade spiritual rock could be used for two to three years.

Han Muye had earned nine mid-grade spiritual rocks in such a short time. The speed at which he earned spiritual rocks was truly amazing.

Huang Six grinned and turned to the long table to register the swords.

Han Muye also turned around and went to the Sword Pavilion. He took a sackcloth and began to wipe the swords.

This was the real business of the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker.

"Looks like it's not easy to survive in the Sword Pavilion..." Jiang Ming looked at the spiritual rock in his palm and shook his head with a bitter smile.

Beside him, Yang Mingxuan looked at the spiritual rocks and nodded.

...

"Fairy Jin Yuan is here—"

Lu Gao's voice at the door was loud and clear, making Han Muye, who was wiping his sword in the Sword Pavilion, shake his head and send the sword back to the wooden frame.

He had originally planned to wait two days to look for Elder Su Liang, but it seemed like they could not wait any longer.

When he reached the door, he saw Jin Yuan standing at the bottom of the stone steps.

“Senior Brother Han, Master invites you to the medical hall.”

Jin Yuan bowed slightly to Han Muye, then looked at Jiang Ming. “Senior Jiang, Master invites you to go with him.”

Jiang Ming turned to look at Han Muye.

“Let’s go.” Han Muye nodded and walked down the stone steps.

Jiang Ming followed behind him.

After leaving the Sword Pavilion, Jiang Ming went to Han Muye’s side and said in a low voice, “Young Master, I’ve checked the meridians in Yang’s body. His dantian is naturally blocked, and his meridians are almost closed. It’s indeed very difficult to cultivate.”

“Very difficult?” Han Muye turned his head and said, “That means there’s a chance?”

Jiang Ming nodded and said, “If he can endure the pain of his bones being scraped, he can open his meridians and dantian with sword qi.”

At this point, a look of pity flashed across his face. "But that kind of pain is not something an ordinary person can bear. Besides, he doesn't have any cultivation..."

Han Muye knew the pain of sword qi.

That was indeed unbearable for ordinary people.

Moreover, Yang Mingxuan's meridians and dantian were even more closed than ordinary people's.

"Let's wait for him to make his own decision." Han Muye looked ahead and whispered.

Actually, there were not many choices for Yang Mingxuan.

He had no cultivation and could not fuse the sword with his body.

His soul power was no different from that of ordinary people. He cultivated the sword of the soul. He did not know if he would have the chance to condense a sword in his life.

Only by forcefully cultivating the sword technique and injecting sword qi into his body might he have a chance.

Ahead, they had reached the medical hall.



"Jiang Ming!" The silver-haired old man standing on the stone steps in front of the medical hall sighed.

Jiang Ming looked at him blankly.

*Who is this old man?* he thought. *I don't know him.*

"Hehe, Fellow Daoist Jiang Ming might not know me."

The old man shook his head and chuckled. "My name is Sun Ce. A hundred years ago, I witnessed Fellow Daoist Mu's defeat in Mushen City."

Jiang Ming nodded and said, "Then you also saw that I couldn't enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion. You also know that I wasted a hundred years and achieved nothing."

Sun Ce's expression froze, then he laughed. "As expected of the alchemy genius from back then."

The arrogance was still there.

He pointed at the bamboo building behind him and said loudly, "Fellow Daoist Jiang, as long as you come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's medical hall, Sun Ce will let you be the presiding elder."

The position of the presiding elder of the medical hall.

This old man's leverage was really not light. It seemed that his ability to pry was not bad.

Han Muye looked at Sun Ce indifferently.

The surrounding medical hall disciples and deacons were all surprised.

*What kind of person is worthy of the elder's heavy capital investment?*

Jiang Ming shook his head and waved his hand. "I'm currently studying how to refine pills with sword qi in the Sword Pavilion."

"Does anyone in your medical hall know how to refine pills with sword qi?"

Sun Ce opened his mouth and shook his head.

The disciples beside him were all stunned.

"Senior Brother Han knows," Jiang Ming looked at Han Muye.

*Sword Qi Alchemy.*

*Is it possible?*

In front of the medical hall, everyone's gaze fell on Han Muye.

Fairy Jin Yuan turned around and looked at the calm Han Muye with a complicated expression.

If she had not seen Han Muye's extraordinary alchemy skills in Mushen City, she would not believe it either.

"Elder Sun, if there's nothing else, we'll leave first," Han Muye glanced at Sun Ce and said.

#### **Chapter 148: Price of the Void Meridian Pill, Big Business**

"Something."

Sun Ce shook his head and extended his hand. "Come in and talk."

He led Han Muye and Jiang Ming straight to the back of the medical hall.

After they left, the front of the bamboo building became noisy.

“Am I seeing things? This kid is so arrogant, but the elders aren’t angry?” Someone whispered.

There were many alchemists and disciples in the medical hall. There were too many people who had never seen Han Muye before.

“Come on, don’t you know who he is?” Someone looked around and said in a low voice, “He was the one who directly evaluated Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion when Elder Tao Ran was refining pills.”

The last time Han Muye commented on Patriarch Tao Ran’s Void Meridian Pill in front of everyone in the medical hall, he said that he couldn’t refine a supreme-grade pill.

At that time, not only was Patriarch Tao Ran not angry, he even led Han Muye to the library to read the pill formula with Elder Su Liang.

This matter had been spreading in the medical hall for a long time.

“He’s that Senior Brother Han?” Hearing the introduction, someone’s eyes lit up.

If a junior alchemist could evaluate a patriarch, his courage was worthy of praise.

“By the way, I heard from the rumors at the foot of the mountain that a Senior Brother Han of my Nine Mystic Sword Sect used sword qi to refine pills in Mushen City. He seems to be suppressing the geniuses of the junior generation of alchemy. Could it be this Senior Brother Han?”

Someone leaned over and asked in a low voice.

It was mainly because this matter was not widely spread and was even covered up. It was unbelievable.

“There’s such a thing? Why didn’t we hear about it?” Someone asked curiously.

Elder Su Liang and a few white-haired elders were in the hall behind the medical hall.

“Han Muye, if you hadn’t suppressed Chang Ming with your sword in Mushen City, I’m afraid you would have been given the title of the strongest alchemy genius in the Western Frontier.”

Seeing Han Muye arrive, Elder Su Liang shook her head and spoke softly.

Some of the other white-haired elders sighed softly, while others shook their heads.

“It’s a pity that our Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s alchemy has been declining. If we could have a leader to lead us, we might be able to become one of the major alchemy sects in the Western Frontier.”

“He’s still young after all. In a place like Mushen City, how can he draw his sword when it comes to alchemy? Back then, Ancestor Tao Ran held back. He’s still too young.”

Everyone spoke, allowing Han Muye to get a rough idea.

Originally, with his and Jiang Ming's magnificent feat of refining an Immortal Grade Pill in Mushen City, they should have been famous in the Western Frontier.

However, Patriarch Tao Ran was currently staying in Mushen City and the Mu family's patriarch was in seclusion. This made those alchemy cultivators feel that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was plotting to obtain the Alchemy Dao Resource.

How could this be tolerated?

Furthermore, Han Muye had pulled out his sword and suppressed Chang Ming.

This was even more humiliating for an alchemist.

How could he draw his sword when it came to alchemy?

In this way, the alchemy cultivators who attended the banquet in Mushen City almost unanimously chose not to help Han Muye and Jiang Ming become famous.

Therefore, it had been more than 10 days since the celebration ended. The various descriptions of Han Muye and Jiang Ming were still mysterious.

Most of them were just rumors. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had a Senior Brother Han whose alchemy skills were extremely outstanding.

That was all.

Not only were Han Muye and Jiang Ming's reputations suppressed, but Chang Ming from the Minghua Valley was also invited to the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

According to the spies of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect, it was very likely that Minghua Valley would ally with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

"Fortunately, many sects have already sent people to purchase the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill." Elder Su Liang smiled and looked at Han Muye.

"How many spiritual rocks do you think this Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill is worth?"

Han Muye had contributed to the creation of the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill.

According to the rules of alchemy, one had to ask Han Muye about the price.

Han Muye turned to look at Jiang Ming. "Jiang Ming, what price do you think is appropriate for this Void Meridian Pill?"

Jiang Ming was more familiar with alchemy than Han Muye.

“In the past, the Void Meridian Pill circulating in the Western Frontier was about 300,000 spiritual rocks per pill.”

Jiang Ming calculated and said, “In my opinion, the price of the Void Meridian Pill in the Minghua Valley has to be higher than this to make a profit.”

The Void Meridian Pill in the Minghua Valley sought perfection. The spiritual herbs consumed were nearly 10 times more than the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill.

The more precious a pill was, the more expensive it was. Not only was the refinement process difficult, but the spiritual herbs needed were also expensive.

The price of the Void Meridian Pill was 300,000 spiritual rocks. In fact, spiritual herbs alone accounted for 80% of the price.

This did not include the consumption of the waste.

Therefore, in the cultivation world, those pills that earned money were especially popular and could be refined in large quantities.

“Our Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill uses 80 to 90% less spiritual herbs than the one at Minghua Valley. Since we have to suppress them,” Jiang Ming’s eyes lit up and he said in a low voice, “150,000 spiritual rocks for one.”

150,000!



This price made the elders in the bamboo building gasp.

“Fellow Daoist Jiang Ming, isn’t this price too low?” Someone frowned and asked in a low voice.

“That’s right. This is only 50% of the price of the Void Meridian Pill in the past. Will the Western Frontier Pill Cultivators despise it if we lower the price like this?” Someone said nervously.

Sun Ce’s gaze landed on Jiang Ming, and his eyes flashed.

“This price is just my suggestion. How to set the price will depend on Senior Brother Han.” Jiang Ming didn’t say much and just looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Jiang Ming was indeed a rare genius.

It was just that geniuses were all arrogant.

He did not explain the reason for his pricing.

“Seniors, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has just become famous in the Western Frontier. Now that the Nine Mystical Void Meridian Pill has appeared, we should help our comrades in the Western Frontier.”

Han Muye looked around and spoke softly.

That sounded much better.

The white-haired elders nodded.

“Indeed, our Sword Sect is too famous. It’s also beneficial to give us some benefits in alchemy.” A white-haired old man smiled as he watched Han Muye stroke his long beard.

“Senior is right.” Han Muye cupped his hands and said, “Also, now that we are competing with the Minghua Valley, we naturally have to completely suppress them in terms of the quality and price of the medicinal pills.”

He stretched out a finger and said softly, “I suggest that our Sword Sect’s Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill be priced at 100,000 spiritual rocks each.”

100,000 spiritual rocks!

This price stunned the medical hall seniors present.

“Coincidentally, the Southern Wilderness has invaded. Our Western Frontier needs to nurture a large number of Earth Realm experts. If we buy a lot of medicinal pills, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect will still be profitable.”

With a smile on his face, Han Muye looked at the stiff-faced senior alchemists around him.

When one was old, one's thoughts were somewhat fixed.

They were not ruthless enough when it came to getting things done.

If it were up to Han Muye, the price would be lowered by another 30%.

Undercut Minghua Valley!

...

Han Muye and Jiang Ming did not stay long in the medical hall.

After setting the price of each Void Meridian Pill at 120,000 spiritual rocks and deducing the pill formula, they left.

"Young Master, why did you give away your share of the profits?"

On the mountain path, Jiang Ming asked.

As one of the creators of the Void Meridian Pill, Han Muye could take 5% of the spiritual rocks from every Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill sold by the medical hall.

This was no small number.

It was precisely because Han Muye gave up his share of the commission and promised that he and Jiang Ming would not refine the Void Meridian Pill that the medical hall seniors agreed to suppress the price.

There were only a few people in the entire medical hall who could refine the Void Meridian Pill. If Han Muye and Jiang Ming didn't do anything, they could ensure that they wouldn't tire themselves out and keep refining pills to earn spiritual rocks.

Seeing these seniors beaming with joy, Han Muye was also very happy.

"It's just a half-complete spiritual rock. For the sake of the sect, it's nothing." Han Muye shook his head and walked forward.

Ahead was a small market city.

Jiang Ming didn't believe him.

From his understanding over the past few days, Senior Brother Han was definitely not someone who cared about the sect.

This person was very smart.

“Senior Brother Han, it’s really—” Bai Suzhen’s voice sounded with joy.

Jiang Ming’s expression changed slightly when he saw the mark on the plaque.

Jiang Ming followed Han Muye to the second floor of Suzhen Store. His expression was solemn as he stood quietly behind Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han, you can refine nine immortal-grade pills with sword qi.

Give me a few immortal-grade Void Meridian Pills. You can decide the price.”

Others might not know what happened in Mushen City, but how could Bai Suzhen not know?

She put her hand in front of Han Muye and leaned forward.

Han Muye tactfully took a step back.

This made Bai Suzhen purse her lips.

“This is Senior Jiang Ming, the alchemy genius of the Western Frontier?” Bai Suzhen turned her gaze to Jiang Ming and her eyes lit up.

“Jiang Ming doesn’t dare to call himself a senior in front of Miss Bai.” Jiang Ming took two steps back tactfully.

Bai Suzhen waved her hand in exasperation.

“Storeowner Bai, I won’t refine the Cloud Qi Pill in the future,” Han Muye said.

*No more Cloud Qi Pills?*

Bai Suzhen’s expression froze slightly. Suddenly, she thought of something and chuckled. “Are you afraid of ruining Sister Mu Wan’s business?”

Han Muye neither admitted nor denied it.

Bai Suzhen chuckled and said, “Alright, then I’ll go buy Cloud Qi Pills from Sister Mu Wan in the future.

Then Senior Brother Han, are you preparing to only refine the Energy Nurturing Pill?”

Han Muye shook his head, turned around, and pointed at Jiang Ming. “In the future, let Jiang Ming refine the Energy Nurturing Pill and the other pills you need.”

*Let Jiang Ming refine it?*

With Jiang Ming's alchemy skills, he still had a chance to refine a supreme-grade pill.

Moreover, Jiang Ming was an orthodox alchemy genius and knew how to refine many pills.

It was indeed more suitable to find Jiang Ming to refine pills than Han Muye.

Bai Suzhen nodded and looked at Han Muye. She said faintly, "Senior Brother Han, are you prepared to focus on cultivating the Sword Dao, or are you going to draw a line with me?"

Back then, Bai Suzhen had persuaded Han Muye to refine pills with the excuse of using alchemy to supplement his Sword Dao.

Pills were exchanged for spiritual rocks to support cultivation.

Now that Han Muye did not lack spiritual rocks, it was time to focus on cultivation.

Besides, the current Han Muye was a hot topic in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and she was from the Demon Sect and a merchant family, so he naturally had to distance himself from her.

At the thought of this, Bai Suzhen felt a little jealous.

How could he not want to focus on cultivation?

“Storeowner Bai, I naturally still have to refine pills.”

Han Muye’s words made Bai Suzhen happy, and she smiled.

Han Muye reached out and took out a piece of paper, handing it to Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen took the paper and unfolded it.

Her expression changed from calm to shock, and her eyes slowly widened.

Even the hand holding the paper roll was trembling slightly.

“Senior, Senior Brother Han, are you really refining these pills?”

She held the paper tightly and stared at Han Muye.

“Of course.”

Han Muye nodded, his expression extremely calm.

“As long as you can find spiritual herbs and sell the pills, I’ll refine them.



“Void Meridian Pill, Lifespan-extending Pill.

“Heart Engraved Essence Pill, Purple Seeking Pill.

“Fifth-grade, Jade Bright Bone Pill.

“By the way, I don’t refine anything below the supreme-grade.

“If you want an immortal item, I’ll set the price.

“Is there a problem, Storeowner Bai?”

#### **Chapter 149: Xu Haosheng of the Three Lake Pavilion Dies**

*Any questions?*

Being stared at by Han Muye, Bai Suzhen felt her heart beat faster for the first time.

*This guy’s eyes are so seductive...*

*No, what this guy said is so tempting!*

“No, no, no problem.”

Bai Suzhen blushed and lowered her head to look at the paper in her hand.

“Supreme-grade pills, immortal-grade pills. The price of each of these pills will probably bankrupt an Earth Realm expert...”

Seventh-grade, sixth-grade, and even fifth-grade pills were worth hundreds of thousands or even a million spiritual rocks.

If the price was increased by more than 10 times, it would be unimaginable.

This was a huge business deal that she did not dare to imagine!

In the past, the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills and supreme-grade Energy Nurturing Pills that Han Muye refined could at most earn her a little.

What she valued more was Han Muye’s potential.

Indeed, it had only been a short while, but there was really big business coming!

With the pills listed on this scroll, it was not impossible to cause a storm in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier!

“Each of these pills can change the fate of cultivators, so they are naturally expensive.” Han Muye smiled and said softly, “It’s an opportunity to buy them, isn’t it?”

Bai Suzhen nodded with a complicated expression.

Opportunity.

In the past, she was Han Muye’s opportunity.

Now, Han Muye had become her opportunity!

She seemed to be shocked by the disparity. She was still a little confused when Han Muye took away her pill furnace and agreed to collect spiritual herbs to refine pills.

“Jade Bright Bone Pill, a fifth-grade pill. If you can refine supreme-grade or above...”

Looking at Han Muye and Jiang Ming’s backs, Bai Suzhen whispered, her eyes shining.

“Li Mubai, you’ve been stuck at the peak of the second-level Nascent Soul Realm for many years, right?”

“When I get the supreme-grade Jade Bright Bone Pill, I’ll see if you’ll come and beg me for this, daughter...”

Turning her head, she glanced at the shop behind her, then said in a low voice, “I’m making a trip down the mountain.”

...

Jiang Ming, who had left Suzhen Store, lowered his head and did not speak. Han Muye turned to look at him and smiled. “Why? Are you still thinking about my deal with Storeowner Bai?”

Jiang Ming looked up at him and said in a low voice, “Young Master, that’s the eldest daughter of the Bai family. It’s rumored that she has the Demon Sect behind her.”

Jiang Ming was a rogue cultivator, so he had heard rumors.

He wasn’t sure about Bai Suzhen’s true identity.

However, itinerant cultivators were a little afraid of the Demon Sect.

Relatively speaking, the reputation of the Dao Sect and sword cultivators was much better.

Han Muye’s cooperation with a Demon Sect disciple made him feel a little uncertain.

Demonic cultivators were unscrupulous and ruthless.

“Jiang Ming, is our cultivation really for the sake of others?” Stopping in his tracks, Han Muye suddenly asked.

Jiang Ming was stunned and shook his head.

None of the cultivators in the world were saints who were devoted to others.

Such a cultivator would not live long.

“Since cultivation is for myself, is there a problem with me exchanging my alchemy skills for benefits?” Han Muye looked at Jiang Ming.

Jiang Ming nodded.

No problem.

Were they cultivating alchemy in exchange for the benefits they needed? Or was it really because they liked it?

Jiang Ming was not really focused on alchemy. He had no other desires.

“It’s just...”

Before he could finish, Han Muye had already spoken for him.

“It’s just that cooperating with the people from the Demon Sect will harm the interests of the sect. You’re afraid that the people from the Demon Sect are cold-blooded, right?”

Jiang Ming nodded again.

This was indeed what he was worried about.

Han Muye laughed and slowly walked forward. “I’ve already given up the medical hall’s interests.

“As for working with Storeowner Bai, if I don’t look for her, who will help me find spiritual herbs and sell pills?”

The spiritual herbs needed to refine high-grade medicinal pills were not easy to obtain.

Without a way, he might not even be able to refine a set of pills in 10 years.

Selling pills was the same.

Without any connections, how could he expect to sell these precious pills?

He would be lucky if he didn't get attacked.

And Bai Suzhen could do all these things that Han Muye couldn't, and she did them very well.

Han Muye wasn't afraid that Bai Suzhen wouldn't be able to find the spiritual herbs because she wanted to sell the pills.

He was not afraid that Bai Suzhen would sell the pills to the enemies of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect because she was smart and would not do so.

She also wanted to do long-term business.

As for the sect's benefits, Han Muye had long promised Sect Master Jin Ze that half of the pills refined would be sold to the sect.

Paying attention to public and private matters was the way to go.

After hearing Han Muye's words, Jiang Ming nodded and smiled wryly.

Perhaps this was the difference between itinerant cultivators and the elites of the sect?

The setup was completely different.

As an itinerant cultivator, Jiang Ming was very touched by Han Muye's words.

As an itinerant cultivator, he planned to use one and two spiritual rocks every day, but an elite from a large sect like Han Muye did not care about spiritual rocks at all.

All wealth was for the sake of cultivation!

This was the way of cultivation!

On the other hand, would a major sect like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect need its disciples to offer up their benefits and opportunities?

If that was the case, the sect would become an existence that sucked blood from its disciples.

What cohesion did such a sect have?

The larger the sect, the less they would pressure their disciples.

Every sword in the Sword Pavilion was of extraordinary value. Didn't those disciples only need to be qualified to receive them?

When it came to the Sword Pavilion, there were not many sects in the Western Frontier that could compare to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.



“The large sects lack experts.

“As long as his disciples are capable, talented, and lucky, the sect will give them enough resources to help them grow.

“The sects and disciples complement each other.”

Han Muye sounded a little emotional.

The rise of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could be seen as the process of countless grassroots cultivators becoming stronger.

Only such a sect would have cohesion.

It was also because of this that such a sect could prosper rapidly in the past thousand years. Under the suppression of the various large sects, it went against the trend and became a large sect in the Western Frontier.

Han Muye’s interests were also tied to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The more prosperous the Sword Sect was, the more resources he could obtain and a more stable cultivation space.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, a deep bronze bell sounded.

The sound was low and solemn. An Earth Realm expert had died.

Han Muye’s body trembled, and he quickly ran.

When he and Jiang Ming returned to the Sword Pavilion, a group of black-robed Sword Battle Hall disciples were already standing in front of the stone steps.

Huang Six stood solemnly on the stone steps.

When he saw Han Muye coming, he took a step back and gave up the position of his sword.

“He was ambushed while fighting for mineral resources with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. Elder Xu Haosheng of the Three Lake Pavilion died.”

Huang Six lowered his voice and spoke softly.

The dispute between the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was mostly related to various mineral resources.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect fought everywhere under the rule of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the former Great Spiritual Sword Sect, mainly to plunder resources.

Raw plunder.

This was the true face of the sects in the cultivation world.

If not for these, was it really just for face and ranking?

Han Muye turned around and looked at the black-robed disciple who had given him their swords.

They were all experts from the Sword Battle Hall. The few people behind were disciples of the Three Lake Pavilion.

Han Muye's gaze swept over. A black-robed disciple standing at the back had a trace of shock on his face.

Yang Shao.

The last disciple of the Three Lake Pavilion's elder, Xu Haosheng.

Back then, Han Muye had helped Yang Shao demonstrate the Blue Jade Sword Technique, allowing him to master the first two levels of the Blue Wave Sword Technique. Xu Haosheng had taken him in as his last disciple.

Some time ago, at the Demonstration Building, Yang Shao had asked Han Muye to perform the third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique.

However, Han Muye said that Yang Shao's cultivation was insufficient and rejected him.

"Elder Xu Haosheng of the Three Lake Pavilion killed the enemy bravely and died from exhaustion. The disciples of the Sword Battle Hall brought back his sword and sent it to the Sword Pavilion."

The middle-aged man with the long sword had a solemn expression. He took a step forward and held the sword with both hands.

Han Muye nodded and reached for the sword.

"Wait a minute."

At this moment, a voice sounded from the group that was delivering the sword.

A young man in a black robe bowed to Han Muye and said, "Senior Brother, according to the sect's rules, the Sword Pavilion can temporarily keep the sword if you have a request, right?"

Han Muye nodded. "That's right."

Although the sect had fallen and all the swords that could be brought back would be brought back to the Sword Pavilion, those experts had family members and disciples. If these people requested for the swords, they could also take them back.

Just like when Luo Yisheng brought back his son's belongings.

However, not everyone could obtain this request.

"Su Chengyun, what qualifications do you have to accept Master's sword?"

Someone in the team shouted.

"That's right. Accepting Master Shen's sword is not just based on cultivation techniques. It's also based on relationships."

Someone spoke loudly.

Of course, there were rules for accepting a sword.

It was about family and friends first, then about strength.

Could it be that this sword was not handed over to his direct relatives but to outsiders?

Han Muye reached for the sword, then gently gripped the hilt and unsheathed it.

A chill instantly filled the air.

A spiritual weapon.

No wonder these disciples wanted to compete.

It was relatively easy to obtain a sword. To obtain a spiritual weapon with one's own cultivation and merit, one had to at least reach the Earth Realm to awaken the gods.

"Today, I will accept the sword of Elder Xu Haosheng of the Three Lake Pavilion into the Sword Pavilion. Within three years, the disciples of the sect can receive this sword with the sect's letter."

With that, he held his sword in both hands and turned to enter the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six took his place and began to collect the other swords.

A spiritual weapon longsword naturally had to be sent to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Holding the sword with both hands, Han Muye slowly climbed the stairs, his palm on the hilt of the sword.

Sword energy poured in, and the sword vibrated.

In the sword, there was a fragmented sword intent circulating. Unfortunately, it had yet to take shape.

Images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The green-robed Daoist was elegant and easygoing.

Elder Xu Haosheng of the Three Lake Pavilion was an expert in the water lineage. He was at the first level of the Spirit Awakening Realm. His swordsmanship was good at the Blue Wave, the Chasing Wave, and the Cloud River.

Nearly 300 years of life condensed into images of cultivation, sword practice, and missions.

The scene kept circulating. The life of a sect cultivator seemed to be condensed on this sword.

Life and death were closely related to the sect.

Han Muye had seen this scene too many times.

A dull life was not necessarily a happy thing.

Which mortal in the world could live for 300 years?

Which mortal could fly and travel freely for 300 years?

Apart from cultivation and longevity, there was more excitement.

The sword vibrated, and Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

In his mind, a young man in a green robe stood outside a big city with a sword in his hand.

“After a hundred years, I still haven’t been able to sever my feelings...

“Xu family, are you still there?”

**Chapter 150: Xu Haosheng’s Last Wish, to Begin Refining the Lifespan-Extending Pill**



On the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye held a long sword and quietly watched the story in the sword.

After cultivating for a hundred years, Xu Haosheng, who had already stepped into the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm, returned to his hometown.

Back then, the family was still the same. However, the patriarch of the family who was barely at the Qi Condensation Realm was old. The other brothers and uncles who did not have cultivation had mostly reached the end of their lifespans.

The patriarch was pleasantly surprised by Xu Haosheng's return.

Xu Haosheng, who was at the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm, could make the Xu family a prestigious family.

However, after knowing the sect that Xu Haosheng joined, the patriarch was disappointed again.

The Three Rivers City where the Xu family was located was under the rule of the Moon Essence Sword Sect.

The Moon Essence Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were fighting for the positions of the four major sword sects.

Xu Haosheng's identity as a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not be made public in the family.

Xu Haosheng lived with the family for 10 years.

In the past 10 years, the patriarch had died, and Xu Haosheng had attacked five times.

Ten years later, the new clan leader, his younger brother, Xu Maosheng, reached the fifth level of Qi Condensation.

Ten years later, he married and had children like an ordinary person.

Ten years later, he severed his mortal ties and returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. He entered seclusion for three years and stepped into the Earth Realm.

In the next few decades, the battle between the Moon Essence Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect became even more intense. Xu Haosheng, who was at the Earth Realm, rushed around without stopping.

By the time the Moon Essence Sword Sect declined and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect became one of the four major sword sects, the Xu family had already dispersed when Xu Haosheng returned to Three Rivers City.

Not only the Xu family, but more than half of Three Rivers City had been destroyed in the chaos.

This matter became a knot in Xu Haosheng's heart.

After so many years, Xu Haosheng had yet to become a Dao companion, and his cultivation level was stuck at the fifth level of the Awakening God Realm.

The story did not end there.

This time, Xu Haosheng led his disciples down the mountain to fight. It was originally very smooth.

With the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's momentum, the heavily injured Wind Spiritual Sword Sect could not stop it.

However, an accident happened when they were fighting for a Qingling ironstone mine.

The owner of this mineral vein was a small family under the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

The Xu family.

When Xu Haosheng was about to kill the expert from the Xu family, his bloodline made him stop.

This Xu family was actually his family bloodline.

In fact, they were even related by blood!

His withdrawal allowed the experts of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect to seize the opportunity to severely injure him.

“Sigh, I didn’t cut off all ties...”

In Han Muye’s mind, the thin remnant soul of Xu Haosheng, who was dressed in a green robe, cupped his hands at Han Muye.

In Han Muye’s opinion, Xu Haosheng’s life was like that of most sect cultivators.

Xu Haosheng’s obsession was also the impediment of most cultivators.

Family, sect, relatives, and disciples. All of these could become the help and shackles of cultivators.

Xu Haosheng used the power of his family to comprehend the mortal world and step into the Earth Realm.

However, it was also because he had let his family down that he could not get rid of the knot in his heart and could not advance his cultivation for the rest of his life.

Just as Xu Haosheng had said, how could one cut ties with others?

Han Muye nodded and said softly, “Elder Xu, what other wishes do you have?”

Xu Haosheng was only left with a remnant soul, and Han Muye could not help him much.

A wish fulfilled should be the last obsession, right?

Xu Haosheng nodded and cupped his hands at Han Muye. “Young friend, you’re on duty in the Sword Pavilion, right?”

“I also heard that Senior Brother Han from the Sword Pavilion is quite capable. He’s really impressive.

“I left my remnant soul in the sword and wanted to ask you to help me find my bloodline.”

After pondering for a moment, Xu Haosheng said in a low voice, “I don’t want to protect the Xu family. I just want to leave behind a bloodline.”

The current Xu family did not know that he existed.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not know that the Xu family was Xu Haosheng’s direct bloodline.

Even if they did, they probably wouldn’t be lenient.

In front of the sect, what was mortal kinship?

Han Muye said nothing.

Xu Haosheng's request was both easy and difficult.

Releasing the hilt, the image in his mind dissipated.

By the time he placed the sword on the wooden shelf and turned to go downstairs, the team that had delivered the sword had already left.

Huang Six sat at the long table, sorting through the books and registering the information of the swords.

"Little guy, you have to learn how to do this in the future." As Huang Six wrote, he taught Gao Xiaoxuan.

It was obvious that Gao Xiaoxuan was not interested in drawing.

On the other hand, the little white fox was nestled on the long table, staring.

Han Muye walked out of the Sword Pavilion. Not far away, Yang Shao strode over.

"Senior Brother Han."

"I should have guessed."

Yang Shao bowed to Han Muye, then looked up at him and whispered.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, "My condolences."

He could tell that Yang Shao was really sad.

There were not many disciples like him under the Three Pool Pavilion.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Yang Shao shook his head and looked even more depressed.

"I don't know about others, but Master's kindness to me is as heavy as a mountain. I must take revenge."

He clenched his fists, his eyes red.

A teacher was like a father.

Although Xu Haosheng had only taken him in as his last disciple not long ago, he had taught him carefully and had no selfish motives.

In the cultivation world, masters and disciples were often closer than mortal bloodlines.

Looking at Yang Shao in front of him, Han Muye pondered for a moment and said, "Which do you choose, your master's sword or his last wish?"

Yang Shao looked up and widened his eyes.

...

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Yang Shao left in a daze. Han Muye sighed softly.

This choice was difficult.

Should he fight for Xu Haosheng's sword with most of the disciples of the Three Lake Pavilion, or should he save the Xu family's bloodline?

As Xu Haosheng's disciple, Yang Shao was at the front.

He had a good chance of getting the sword.

To protect the Xu family's bloodline, the difficulty was like reaching the heavens for Yang Shao.

The Xu family was affiliated with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. If they wanted to save the Xu family, they would almost become enemies with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!



Even if Yang Shao said that the Xu family was Xu Haosheng's bloodline, the sect would not let the Xu family off because of this relationship.

It was related to a large mineral lineage and an illusory mortal bloodline. How could the sect change their decision?

When Yang Shao left, he did not say how to choose, and Han Muye did not ask further.

He had already told Xu Haosheng's disciple his wish. There was not much else he could do.

He turned around and entered the Sword Pavilion. Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan had gone somewhere, but Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming were there.

"Senior Brother Han, I've thought about it."

Looking at Han Muye, Yang Mingxuan bowed and spoke in a low voice.

"Senior Brother, please teach me the method to infuse sword qi into my body."

The sword qi entered his body and tore open the blocked meridians in his dantian. This was Yang Mingxuan's only chance.

Of course, this method was very painful.

“Actually, the three techniques of the Sword Pavilion can be cultivated together.”

Looking at the bowing Yang Mingxuan, Han Muye said calmly.

“First, cultivate the sword qi into the body, open up the meridians and dantian, and condense the sword bones.

“When you have a certain cultivation level, you can fuse the sword into your body and refine it into a sword.

“As for the soul as a sword, it can be used as a backup. You can condense it at your leisure.”

This cultivation method was not as brilliant as Han Muye’s Mystic Sun Technique, but it was stable.

Han Muye didn’t think that the inheritance in the Sword Pavilion had to be taught separately.

Wasn’t it good to have a few more people who could cultivate?

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han.”

Yang Mingxuan nodded and bowed.

“Come with me. I’ll teach you the technique to draw sword qi into your body.”

Han Muye waved his hand and turned to walk towards an empty quiet room. When he passed by the wooden shelf, he took a sword.

Yang Shao followed him in.

Jiang Ming stood where he was with a smile on his face.

A moment later, there was a short grunt of pain from the quiet room.

After an hour, Han Muye walked out of the quiet room.

Fifteen minutes later, Yang Mingxuan walked out with a pale face and trembling legs.

“Yang, can you take it?” Jiang Ming grinned and asked.

Yang Mingxuan glanced at him and shook his head. “Even if I can’t, I have to. What’s this pain compared to the pain of not being able to cultivate?”

When he said this, his eyes shone brightly.

In the quiet room just now, Han Muye had used his sword qi to guide his meridians.

The tearing pain almost made him faint.

Because Yang Mingxuan's meridians were weak, even if Han Muye used the gentlest water lineage sword qi to pass through, he could only infuse a wisp of sword qi.

This wisp of sword qi was currently traveling through Yang Mingxuan's meridians, making him feel as if his entire body was being torn apart.

But that was power.

This was the cultivation world.

From now on, he was no longer a mortal.

After walking out of the Sword Pavilion, Yang Mingxuan looked up at the sky and had the urge to cry!

...

In the quiet room, Han Muye sat cross-legged.

In his hand, a small jade cauldron floated gently.

This cauldron was used by Bai Suzhen to practice alchemy.

The grade of the cauldron was not too high, but its forging methods were not bad. The spiritual materials used were also good enough.

Han Muye used his sword energy and spiritual energy to nourish it, and it took him nearly two days to refine the pill furnace.

After refining it, the cauldron became more agile and had an inexplicable connection with him.

Instead of refining pills in the Sword Pavilion's quiet room, Han Muye chose to bring the cauldron to the sect's secret place.

In the spiritual land, there were Spirit Gathering Arrays that could assist cultivation and Spirit Locking Arrays that could isolate power.

Han Muye was preparing to refine the lifespan-extending pill in the spiritual land. He could use the array formation to lock the immortal-grade pill when the pill was formed.

Since he was going to refine pills, he naturally had to refine immortal-grade pills.

When he went to the spiritual land again, he showed his disciple token and entered the small village. The process was much smoother.

At the entrance of the village, a few legacy disciples greeted him.

He did not encounter Li Three and the other direct disciples. They were probably cultivating in seclusion.

Han Muye went straight to his house and raised the Spirit Gathering Array and the Spirit Locking Array. Then he took out a pill furnace and let his sword qi enter.

“Hum—”

With a soft sound, the pill furnace spun. Spiritual light flashed in it, and sword energy surrounded it.

Han Muye took a light breath and closed his eyes, replaying the scene of refining the lifespan-extending pill in his mind.

After a quarter of an hour, he opened his eyes, which flickered.

One by one, spiritual herbs were placed on the table, and the lid of the pill furnace was opened.

As the spiritual herbs entered the furnace, a medicinal fragrance filled the air.

With the Spirit Locking Array, no one would know what was going on in the big house.

Which direct disciple didn't have his own secrets?

The Spirit Locking Array isolated them so that they could cultivate in peace.

All the spiritual herbs were thrown into the pill furnace. Han Muye raised his hands, and a fiery red sword intent appeared.

This was the fire-attribute sword intent absorbed from the Purple Flame Sword. It was condensed by Patriarch Tao Ran back then and unknowingly stayed in the Purple Flame Sword.

Patriarch Tao Ran's cultivation was profound, and his sword intent was already showing signs of transforming into sword momentum.

The fire-elemental sword intent entered the cauldron. The spiritual herbs inside began to purify, and the impurities were separated and shattered.

"Hum—"

In the cauldron, two medicinal pills with pure medicinal power began to take shape.

At this moment, Han Muye's face turned pale.

The spiritual energy in his dantian had been exhausted!

