

Pavilion 221

Chapter 221: Are You Here to Die? (2)

The pit was bottomless, and the surrounding rocks were dark.

“This was Black Chief’s Cave Abode.

“When that broken sword fell here back then, I wonder how deep this pit is,” Mu Jin said in a low voice as she pointed at the pit below.

At this moment, 10,000 feet above the pit, fog rose under their feet. The gray fog carried a powerful corrosion as it hit the jade belt of Mu Jin.

“Be careful. The toxicity here is extremely strong.” Mu Jin waved her hand, and a green light screen protected her.

Around Han Muye and Lin Shen, sword Qi also turned into a light screen.

As soon as the light screen appeared, it blocked the gray fog.

The fog collided with the sword Qi barrier with traces of flowing light.

This was the appearance of the sword Qi’s power being stimulated.

The three of them flew into the pit and heard eagle cries from below.

As they descended the tunnel, they could see that the tunnel was diagonally, not vertically downward.

The surrounding stone walls were all rubble.

They kept descending for 10,000 feet, but they still could not see the bottom.

It was hard to imagine how powerful that strike was back then.

“Slash—”

A 30-foot-long black snake quietly approached and opened its mouth to bite Han Muye.

He didn’t flinch.

Lin Shen, who was following behind him, took a step forward. He did not draw his sword, but his dense aura pressed forward.

“Pfft—”

The black snake turned into minced meat.

This black snake was at the Foundation Establishment realm and could not withstand a breath in front of Lin Shen.

Mu Jin turned around and looked at Lin Shen.

Lin Shen’s strength was really extraordinary.

“Boom—”

Up ahead, a rumble sounded.

Han Muye moved and rushed out.

Mu Jin and Lin Shen quickly followed.

Not long after they walked past, Lu Lingzi and the others arrived.

Everyone ran with all their might towards the depths of the tunnel.

At this moment, the rumbling ahead became even more muffled.

Then there was a boom, followed by silence.

When Han Muye landed at the bottom of the tunnel, the corners of his eyes twitched.

In front of him was a broken sword.

He could tell it really was a broken sword.

But this broken sword was 1,000 feet long and 100 feet wide.

Half of the dark sword’s blade was inserted into the black stone.

How was this a sword? It was clearly a small mountain.

Ying Yang stood in front of the sword, surrounded by the shattered body of Black Chief Snake.

With the death of the half-step Heaven Realm Black Chief, the small demons here could not stop Ying Yang.

However, Ying Yang seemed to be stunned by this broken sword and stood rooted to the ground in silence.

“As expected, this half of the sword that was cut off by Sword Master Yuan Tian fell here.”

Zhang Zidong, the green-robed Daoist behind Lu Lingzi, took a step forward, his eyes emitting a bright halo.

As soon as he finished speaking, spiritual light appeared on Ying Yang’s body and he rushed forward.

Mu Jin, Lu Lingzi, and Zhang Zidong attacked almost at the same time.

A wooden vine in Mu Jin’s hand turned into a green net that enveloped Ying Yang.

Lu Lingzi, on the other hand, threw a red flower at Ying Yang.

In Zhang Zidong’s hand, a black iron tower transformed into a 100-foot-tall tower. It flashed in front of Ying Yang and blocked him.

Whoever reached out first would naturally be targeted by everyone.

“Hmph!”

Ying Yang snorted, reached for the sword at his waist, and slashed.

Mu Jin's wooden vine was cut off by a sword.

The sword light did not stop. It slashed the small flower that Lu Lingzi threw out and cut it into two.

The sword light rose again and struck the black iron tower.

"Clang—"

The tower flew back.

Zhang Zidong's face turned pale as he shouted, "You're at the Heaven Realm!"

Heaven realm. In this tunnel, Ying Yang seemed to no longer hide his cultivation and combat strength. He took a step forward and collided with the black broken sword.

Spiritual light flashed on the broken sword, and then countless golden lights flashed.

Treasures wrapped in spiritual light flew out like stars.

Black Chief's treasures were all in this sword!

Looking at the various treasures flying in the air, a few figures flew out from behind Lu Lingzi and emitted cold air to freeze the spiritual light.

No wonder Luo Xiaoyu was here. It was to stabilize the treasure.

Ying Yang's expression did not change as he watched those treasures fly out from the sword.

"Hum—"

Suddenly, Mu Jin, who was standing in the distance, raised her hand. A wooden vine wrapped around a star-like spiritual light and pulled it back.

She reached out and held it. It was a rotten wooden root.

However, in Mu Jin's hand, there was a glimmer of spiritual light.

"This is the root of Great Venerable Qing Mang back then..." Mu Jin muttered as she held the wooden root. Her expression was complicated as she put it away.

"Crash—"

Lu Lingzi raised her hand and caught a spiritual light in front of her before collecting it.

"Kid, if you see anything you like, take it and leave."

At that moment, Ying Yang suddenly turned around and looked at Han Muye.

Is this an opportunity for him?

I suppose it's fair to those who see it?

Han Muye chuckled and slowly walked forward.

Everyone stared at him as he walked step by step to the huge black broken sword and slowly pressed it against the sword.

Sword Qi and spiritual light poured into his body.

“Boom—”

With a bang, it was as if light and stars intertwined in front of Han Muye.

Images appeared in his mind.

The Immortal Spirit World!

This sword came from the Immortal Spirit World!

Immortal light lingered, and the world was void.

Nine heavens and earth. Immortals and Buddhas filling the sky.

In the Immortal Spirit World, there were immortals and Buddhas!

Compared to the Immortal Spirit World, the Heavenly Mystic World was like a mortal world outside the cultivation world.

In this world, immortal techniques, Dao techniques, and sword techniques were as resplendent as a galaxy.

Countless spiritual materials were formed by a Heaven-Supporting Sword.

Han Muye was comprehending the Dao Sword Forging Technique.

Dao Sword.

Not a Dharma artifact, not a spiritual weapon, not a Dharma treasure, but a Dao artifact that contained the Great Dao.

Such methods could be said to be heaven-defying.

Han Muye smiled bitterly in his heart as he watched a huge sword take shape in the image and countless cultivators draw spiritual patterns and inject spiritual energy into them.

It was just the Dragon Slaying Technique.

This sword consumed countless spiritual materials, and every one of them was extremely precious. There were also many spiritual patterns, but none of them existed in the Heavenly Mystic World.

This Dao Forging Sword Technique was useless even if he comprehended it.

Even in the Immortal Spirit World, a Dao Sword could only be obtained by a large sect after countless years of accumulation.

This sect called the Shi Heng Dao Sect forged this Dao Sword and named it ‘Mountain.’ It was controlled by its sect master, Boulder Sage.

The Dao Sword carried hundreds of thousands of disciples of the entire Shi Heng Dao Sect and crossed countless voids to crash into the Heavenly Mystic World.

However, just as it entered the Heaven Mystic realm, it was blocked by a figure.

“Fellow Daoist of the Outer Realm, I, Wen Mosheng, was ordered by my master to protect this world. Please go back.”

Wen Mosheng.

Minister Wen of the Central Continent.

This was not the first time Han Muye had seen the figure of the Central Continent’s Minister Wen, but it was the first time he had seen him attack.

The Dao Sword was 10,000 feet tall. It was controlled by countless disciples of the Shi Heng Dao Sect. The cultivation of Boulder Sage, who held this sword, was extraordinary.

But all of this seemed to be completely useless in front of Wen Mosheng.

In Han Muye’s mind, he could see Wen Mosheng raise his hand and draw a black river. He held a brush in his hand and dipped it in ink.

“Seal—”

The words appeared. His calligraphy was beautiful and strong.

The world was like a net, and the mountains and rivers were like a cage around the huge sword.

“The town—”

The golden words hung in the sky. Countless living beings in the world responded and transformed into a huge force that descended.

This power was so great that even the power of the Shi Heng Dao Sect and the Dao Sword could not withstand it.

Cracks appeared on the sword. Countless Shi Heng Daoist disciples were suppressed in the river of ink.

The Boulder Daoist panicked and used his Dao Sword to break open a line and escape.

But before he could catch his breath, a figure reappeared.

“Fellow Daoist, are you here to die?”

As soon as he finished speaking, thousands of stars crashed down.

The Dao Sword shattered. A sword edge smashed down the cliff and shattered the 30,000-foot mountain peak.

The broken sword smashed into the ground, causing the world to tremble. It entered 80,000 feet into the ground and burned for thousands of miles.

“In the Immortal Spiritual World, the Supreme Dao Sword is nothing much.”

Han Muye looked at the figure standing in the air in the image and was excited.

Sword Master Yuan Tian.

This was how sword cultivators should be!

The scene froze, and a copious sword intent surged back.

It was not a simple sword intent!

This was the power of sword momentum!

Chapter 222: Shattering the Heaven and Earth Barrier with One Sword

So what if it was the Immortal Spirit World!

The Heaven Mystic World had its own protection.

A man and a sword to protect a world.

This level of cultivation was far from comparable to ordinary cultivation.

No wonder there was a cultivation technique in the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion.

This strike was for the faith in his heart. Even if he could not live forever, so what?!

“Hum—”

With a hum, Han Muye felt a huge sword power flowing into his meridians.

This power was like a huge rock rolling through his meridians, causing his meridians to swell.

The surging power seemed endless. It kept surging, shuttling through his meridians, then entering his dantian. It coiled around the nine-layered cloud platform and surged into his sea of Qi.

All the sword intent in his sea of Qi shook.

Sword intent collided head-on with hostility.

This time, these sword intents were as shattered as before.

In the end, this dense sword intent, together with the two sword auras that he had absorbed previously, occupied the center of Han Muye's Qi Sea.

At this moment, in his sea of Qi, there were three Sword Dao powers that had transformed into sword momentum.

The first of these three sword moves was obtained from the Purple Flame Sword back then. It was slowly nurtured and transformed into sword moves.

Such a sword momentum was not really the convergence of 3,000 sword intents.

This was a technique that surpassed sword intent in terms of intent. Once activated, it could draw the Heaven and Earth powers and transformed it into his own power.

On Cloud Nest Ridge, Han Muye had comprehended the sword. Understanding the sword momentum was another stage of comprehension of the sword path. It was a transition of the quality of sword intent.

3,000 sword intent stacked and transformed into a sword move. It could be cultivated, but it could not be stored in the Qi Sea.

It was in the dantian.

The three sword auras formed a triangle and occupied the center of Han Muye's sea of Qi. The other sword intents spontaneously rotated around these three sword intents.

Comprehending sword technique, Meteorite.

He comprehended sword techniques and moved mountains.

He had comprehended the sword technique, Falling Star.

....

Dozens of sword techniques made Han Muye's eyes light up.

These sword techniques were all inherited from the Immortal Spirit World's Shi Heng Dao Sect.

With the enhancement of the power of the Great Dao, his sword technique had the power of sword momentum from the beginning.

However, such powerful methods were not very brilliant in the Heavenly Mystic World.

The spiritual energy in the Heavenly Mystic World was insufficient, and the power of the sword technique was greatly reduced. It was not as strong as the sword intent condensed from his own strength.

However, these sword techniques were a combination of sword intent and sword cultivation. After comprehending them, it would be beneficial to one's sword cultivation.

"Boom—"

Just as Han Muye was trying his best to comprehend the sword technique, there was a loud bang. Ying Yang and Zhang Zidong, who was behind Lu Lingzi, attacked at the same time and grabbed a ball of spiritual light.

The spiritual light was dazzling and clearly contained extremely dense spiritual energy.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the object wrapped in spiritual light.

Spiritual rock.

Not a superior-grade spiritual rock.

A supreme-grade spiritual rock!

The concentration of spiritual energy in this spiritual rock was a hundred times that of the spiritual energy in a superior-grade spiritual rock.

In terms of value, one piece was worth a million inferior-grade spiritual rocks.

However, there were too few supreme-grade spiritual rocks in the world. They could not be exchanged for easily.

Legend had it that in the Heavenly Mystic World, only the Central Continent had hundreds of supreme-grade spiritual rocks. They were all in the Imperial City.

Not only was this supreme-grade spiritual rock rich in spiritual energy, it was a supreme-grade spiritual rock. The spiritual energy inside was gentle, and it was even better than immortal-grade pills.

Han Muye moved, then stopped.

Ying Yang and Zhang Zidong had exchanged blows.

Ying Yang had the advantage in this attack, but it was only slightly stronger.

The green-gold sword light knocked away the jade-colored spiritual light in Zhang Zidong's hand and then turned into nothingness.

The supreme-grade spirit stone was still dancing in midair.

The two of them restrained their attacks, afraid that they would shatter the supreme-grade spirit stones if they used too much strength.

"Hmph, Ying Yang, don't be ungrateful. This isn't something you can get."

Zhang Zidong took a step forward. In front of a Heaven Realm expert, he did not care at all.

Golden light circulated in Eagle Yang's eyes as he stared at Zhang Zidong and said in a low voice, "The greatest use of supreme-grade spiritual rocks is to activate the teleportation array."

"Is your Spiritual Dao Sect preparing to violate the seal imposed by the Patriarch back then?"

The Patriarch's Seal?

Han Muye turned and looked at Ying Yang.

This one, what did he know?

Zhang Zidong's expression darkened. Without saying anything else, he reached out and took out a small jade-colored sword.

As soon as the small sword appeared, Ying Yang's expression changed.

"Something from outside the realm.

“So your Spiritual Dao Sect already has such plans.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he flew up and slashed at the supreme-grade spiritual rock above his head.

He actually wanted to destroy this supreme-grade spiritual rock.

“Hum—”

Zhang Zidong shook the jade sword in his hand, and the phantom of an old man in a white robe appeared.

As soon as the old man appeared, the gravel in the entire tunnel turned into powder, and a vast pressure immediately oppressed them.

Whether it was Han Muye or the others, they immediately felt a 100,000-ton gravity crashing down on their heads, and their blood and Qi instantly surged.

“Elder Myriad Transformation.”

Ying Yang stopped where he was and stared at the old man, his eyes extremely wary.

“Greetings, Patriarch.”

Everyone from the Spiritual Dao Sect bowed.

The First Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect. The person with the highest cultivation realm in the Western Frontier, the Myriad Transformation Daoist.

“Hehe, Ying Yang.”

Daoist Myriad Transformation swept his gaze across and looked at Ying Yang, then at Han Muye, then at Mu Jin.

“I’m here for one thing.

“In the future, the Green Wheat Mountain will belong to my Spiritual Dao Sect.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden rune appeared in his palm. This rune carried a vast power that shook one’s mind.

“This is the Dao guide of the Spiritual Dao Sect. Ying Yang, who will accept it, you or Mu Jin?”

As the old man spoke, his gaze swept across the two of them. He said indifferently, “The Green Wheat Mountain only needs one Heaven Realm demon.”

Chapter 223: Shattering the Heaven and Earth Barrier with a Single Sword Strike (2)

Appeared from the Omni Daoist, as if he was the master here.

He wasn't prepared to let anyone refuse what he said.

There could only be one Heaven Realm expert in the Green Wheat Mountain.

Ying Yang and Mu Jin were both in the Heaven Realm.

Only one of them could stay.

Ying Yang turned to Mu Jin.

Mu Jin's expression changed as she looked at the Daoist.

"Fellow Daoist Myriad Transformation, once this Dao Attraction is received, I'm afraid it can only be controlled by your Spiritual Dao Sect for the rest of its life," Mu Jin said in a low voice.

The Myriad Transformation Daoist's expression did not change as he said indifferently, "Why? Have you lost your status by becoming my Spiritual Dao Sect's Guardian Spirit Beast?"

Mu Jin chuckled and shook her head. "I'm used to being carefree. I can't stand such restrictions."

Hearing Mu Jin's words, Daoist Myriad Transformation turned to Ying Yang.

Ying Yang snorted, and his expression was disdainful.

Daoist Myriad Transformation nodded and said, "Alright, I understand."

With that, he looked at Lu Lingzi, who looked eager.

"In that case, you've been loyal for so many years. I'll give you this Dao guide."

He raised his hand, and the golden rune landed directly on Lu Lingzi's head.

"Boom—"

The runes exploded, and the mysterious light halo enveloped Lu Lingzi.

Lu Lingzi looked pleasantly surprised, then pained.

Her body slowly twisted and she transformed into a white deer, then returned to human form, except that there was now an inscription on her forehead.

However, at this moment, golden light surrounded her body, and her aura kept rising. She was much stronger than Zhang Zidong beside her.

Heaven Realm.

She was not considered a Heaven Realm cultivator.

Since it did not attract the lightning tribulation, it meant that its strength was not at the Heaven Realm.

However, with the enhancement of this Dao Guide, Lu Lingzi's state was not inferior to that of a Heaven Realm expert.

"Thank you for the opportunity."

Lu Lingzi bowed to the Daoist and said excitedly, "I will definitely be loyal to the Spiritual Dao Sect."

Daoist Myriad Transformation nodded and waved his hand. "I said that the Green Wheat Mountain only needs one Heaven Realm expert."

Only one was needed. Now, here, there were three.

Lu Lingzi looked up at Mu Jin and smiled. "Sister Mu, I'm sorry.

"You were the one who gave up this opportunity."

"Boom—"

A white pillar of light shot towards Mu Jin.

Hibiscus took a step back, and a wooden vine met the pillar of light.

The beam of light tangled with the wooden vines, and a roar filled the air.

However, there were many treasures flying around. The two of them were restrained when fighting.

Daoist Myriad Transformation chuckled, turned around, and raised his hand to summon the supreme-grade spiritual rock.

Ying Yang narrowed his eyes and slashed down with his sword.

"Slash—"

The sword light slashed between the Daoist Myriad Transformation and the supreme-grade spiritual rocks, cutting off the power of Daoist Myriad Transformation's summoning.

He did not hold back at all. The sword light slashed at the supreme-grade spiritual rock again.

He wanted to destroy this supreme-grade spiritual rock.

The Daoist sneered and flipped his palm.

The green spiritual light turned into a sword.

The sword light shook, and a gray meteorite that was 10 feet wide appeared in the void and smashed into the eagle's sword light.

"Bam—"

He didn't raise his voice.

But Ying Yang trembled and retreated. The black stone under his feet shattered inch by inch.

"Sword technique?"

Ying Yang stared at the meteorite that had reappeared above his head. He gritted his teeth and spoke quietly.

It was a sword technique.

Han Muze saw it clearly.

One of the sect's ultimate sword techniques, Meteorite.

"Boom—"

The meteorite fell again.

The greatest advantage of sword techniques was that they could gather the power of the soul and restrain the attacker.

Ying Yang wanted to dodge, but he could not.

He could only raise the sword in his hand and block with all his might.

The meteorite collided with the sword, and the sword light trembled, as if it was about to shatter.

Ying Yang paled and spat out a mouthful of blood with golden spiritual light.

He took a few steps back and bumped into the broken sword behind him. He stared at the Daoist.

"Since you can cultivate the Outer Realm Sword Technique to such an extent, you must have obtained the inheritance of an Outer Realm cultivation sect.

"Do you want this supreme-grade spiritual rock to open that door?"

Staring at the Daoist, a sharp sword light rose from Ying Yang.

"Does your Spiritual Dao Sect want to attract cultivators from outside the realm?"

Hearing his words, the Daoist smiled and said softly, "After seeing the power of the Immortal Spirit World and seeing the path to longevity in front of you, who would be willing to guard this small Heaven Mystic?"

His eyes were filled with endless desire, as if there was a world of immortals and buddhas in front of him.

"Only by leaving the Heavenly Mystic World can I have a chance to live forever."

"Only the Immortal Spirit World has true longevity."

"If I open the passage, the Spiritual Dao Sect will return to the Immortal Spirit World as a disciple of the Shi Heng Dao Sect. Isn't that good?"

"The Immortal Spirit World has replied. Welcome back."

Daoist Myriad Transformation pointed at the supreme-grade spiritual rock with a smile. "Three supreme-grade spirit stones can open the passage. My Spiritual Dao Sect has one, and there's one here. Go find another one. It's enough."

Ying Yang shook his head and walked forward step by step. He whispered, "The Patriarch's prohibition must never be violated."

Daoist Myriad Transformation laughed and pointed at Ying Yang. "You're just a sword he abandoned. Why are you obeying his prohibition?"

Ying Yang shook his head, his eyes filled with determination. His figure slowly turned ethereal, and the shadow of a black sword appeared behind him.

The Mystic Sun Sword.

"I'm sorry. I wanted to self-destruct the sword spirit. You're innocent, but you were implicated today." Ying Yang turned to look at Han Muye and said softly.

Self-destructing sword spirit.

Ying Yang was the sword spirit.

The sword spirit of the Mystic Sun Sword.

Han Muye saw it clearly.

When he saw Ying Yang, Han Muye understood it clearly.

"He's not innocent." The Daoist looked at Han Muye and said indifferently, "He's an immortal of the sword. He's the best in the younger generation of the Western Frontier."

Chapter 224: Shattering the Heaven and Earth Barrier with a Single Sword Strike (3)

"Although my Spiritual Dao Sect is about to leave the Heavenly Mystic World, I don't like your reputation.

"It's just nice to die here today."

After saying that, he turned his gaze back to Ying Yang and smiled. "Do you know why I came here today?"

A small jade-colored sword appeared in his hand.

As soon as the small sword appeared, the huge broken sword on Ying Yang's back vibrated.

"I obtained a good thing from the rebel commander of the Red Flame Army.

"After more than a year, I finally know how to use this thing."

As soon as he finished speaking, the green spiritual light in his hand activated the small sword, and it vibrated.

Black spiritual light shone from the black broken sword on Ying Yang's back, locking the space within a thousand feet.

Daoist Myriad Transformation. Han Muye, and Ying Yang were among them.

That supreme-grade spiritual stone was outside.

This jade sword could actually control this huge Dao sword.

The power of the Dao Sword was activated.

"You should know that this body of mine is only an incarnation. Even if it's destroyed, it'll only take a few years to recover.

"In any case, I've already hidden in the Spiritual Dao Sect in the name of seclusion."

Daoist Myriad Transformation looked at Ying Yang and sneered. "Let me see what that sword that the Patriarch self-destructed back then is like."

Ying Yang looked out of the light barrier and stared at the supreme-grade spiritual rock for a moment before saying indifferently, "Alright."

Endless sword Qi gathered on his body, and his figure completely faded, turning into a black sword.

Then the sword trembled, and a copious amount of power condensed, as if it was about to explode in the next moment.

"Boom—"

It wasn't a sword exploding.

Outside the light barrier, Lin Shen slashed down.

When his sword light hit the light barrier, it could slash through a hundred miles of mountains, but it could only cause ripples.

Daoist Myriad Transformation chuckled and said, "Does an insignificant person like you want to break the power of the Dao Sword?"

Outside the light barrier, Lin Shen, who wanted to attack again, had no choice but to turn around and slash out.

Behind him, the half-step Heaven Realm Zhang Zidong had already slammed his palm down.

In the light barrier, Ying Yang let out a long sigh. He adjusted the position of his sword and pointed it at Daoist Myriad Transformation in midair.

"Actually, if you're willing to submit and be my sword, you don't have to die today.

"If not for the fact that I have a way to live forever, I wouldn't have come to the Green Wheat Mountain and provoked you."

Daoist Myriad Transformation pointed the jade sword in his hand at the longsword formed by the eagle and said softly, "After all, you're the patriarch's sword. If you attract the forces of the Central Continent, our Spiritual Dao Sect won't be able to stop you."

At this point, a smile appeared on his face as he looked at the broken black sword. "Now, with the Dao Sword here, even if you die, the Central Continent won't know."

In response, the sword vibrated.

The sword light condensed to the extreme.

The jade sword in Daoist Great Transformation's hand also emitted wisps of green light.

"Senior, can I cooperate with you once?"

At this moment, Han Muye, who had been silent, suddenly spoke.

As he finished speaking, the jade-colored sword bone behind him emitted a misty glow.

Above his head, a small green soul sword flashed.

Han Muye raised his hand and gently pulled out the small black sword in his hair.

Mystic Sun Technique.

Be it the Sword of the Soul or the power of the sword bone, it was all activated by the Mystic Sun Technique.

The black sword formed by Ying Yang trembled. After a moment of hesitation, it flickered and fused with the small sword in Han Muye's hand.

"Hum—"

This time, Han Muye felt that the small sword, which had no reaction regardless of whether it was infused with sword Qi or sword intent, had become transparent.

The sword intent in his body rushed into the sword in his hand like a torrent.

From the sword, Ying Yang let out a soft cry, then a dazzling sword light condensed.

Han Muye raised his head with his sword and looked at the Daoist Myriad Transformation. He said indifferently, "Senior, your main body won't know that your incarnation has died here, right?"

Daoist Myriad Transformation was stunned. Just as he was about to speak, Han Muye slowly released the sword in his hand. With one hand behind his back, the hand holding the sword formed a sword finger and pointed forward.

"I have a sword technique that can be practiced by thousands of ordinary sword cultivators.

"It's called the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

"Today, I will use this sword technique to seek guidance from the number one person in the Western Frontier—"

With that, sword light rose.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

The resplendent sword flashed in front of Han Muye as he pointed!

It was fast.

Fast to the extreme.

Whether it was heavy or fast, it could either stimulate the power of the Great Dao or be activated with one's own strength.

In any case, as long as it reached an extreme, no one would be able to stop it.

"Swoosh—"

The sword light pierced through the Daoist's chest and shattered the jade sword in his hand, then turned his body into nothingness.

The sword light did not stop at all. It hit the light barrier activated by the Dao Sword and tore it apart easily before shooting out.

After leaving the light barrier, the originally faint sword light turned into 1,00 feet, 1,000 feet, and 10,000 feet.

Sword light shot out diagonally, piercing through the black soil and rocks in the tunnel and passing through the ground.

Without stopping, the sword light crossed thousands of miles and hit the barrier that separated the Central Continent from the Western Frontier.

"Boom—"

The barrier that had isolated the world for countless years shattered!

A torrent of spiritual energy surged towards the Western Frontier.

The spiritual energy in the Central Continent was countless times thicker than in the Western Frontier!

He killed the incarnation of the Spiritual Dao Sect's Daoist Myriad Transformation with a single sword strike.

A sword pierced through the light barrier stimulated by the Dao Sword.

A sword pierced through the ground.

A sword that crossed thousands of miles and shattered the barrier.

Mu Jin and Lu Lingzi, who had stopped, widened their eyes and looked at Han Muye, who was standing where he was, pointing forward with one hand. Their faces were filled with shock.

How strong was this strike?

Han Muye didn't know how strong he was.

He was shocked by the power of the sword.

“Escape—”

Lu Lingzi, who was frozen in place, let out a low cry and turned to escape.

Behind her, Zhang Zidong and the others from the Spiritual Dao Sect rushed out.

However, Luo Xiaoyu stood where she was and did not leave.

At this moment, endless thick spiritual energy had already poured into the Green Wheat Mountain from the Central Continent.

The spiritual light that filled the sky turned into seven colors and poured over with astral winds.

The spiritual energy was so dense that it was like rain falling. All the plants and demonic beasts on Green Wheat Mountain bathed in it greedily.

Chapter 225: Obtain the Mountain Dao Sword

The barrier between the Central Continent and the Western Frontier had been shattered by a single sword strike!

Spiritual energy poured into the Western Frontier from the Central Continent!

“Town.”

At this moment, a voice sounded in the world.

His voice was thick and authoritative.

As soon as he finished speaking, all the spiritual energy within 5,000 miles was suppressed and stopped surging.

“Seal.”

This voice sounded again, and a golden seal appeared in the void.

The golden words turned into a golden light screen that gathered most of the spiritual energy on the Green Wheat Mountain and then connected with the original heaven and earth barrier.

The shattered barrier slowly repaired itself and returned to its original state.

However, the spiritual light on it seemed to be slightly thinner than before.

“Quickly put away the Dao Sword.”

Han Muye heard Ying Yang's voice.

Han Muye quickly reached out and swept his hand. The black broken sword behind him shook and turned into a foot-long black blade that landed in his hand.

He had just put away the broken sword when a figure appeared in the tunnel.

High-crowned robe with fluttering sleeves.

He held a black sword in both hands.

Han Muye had seen this person before.

He had seen the Mystic Sun Guard's inspector, Xia Yi, in the images of the sword.

He was the governor of Shuxi County, Central Continent.

Han Muye had once seen this great cultivator of the Confucian Dao from Xia Yi's sword. He prayed for the rain for the people.

The governor's sword vibrated in his hand, transformed into the shape of an eagle, and landed in midair.

The governor bowed to Ying Yang. "Su Zizhan, the county governor of Shuxi County, greets Senior Ying Yang."

He straightened up and said, "Senior Ying Yang, this time, you caused the wall to collapse. I'm afraid you need to follow me to the Imperial City to see Minister Wen."

As he spoke, his gaze landed on Han Muye, Mu Jin, and the others below. He said indifferently, "They have to come too."

After saying that, an irresistible halo spread out from his body, suppressing Han Muye, Mu Jin, and the others.

This power seemed to come from his soul. The green soul sword above Han Muye's head trembled as it tried its best to resist this pressure.

Su Zizhan's gaze swept over Han Muye, and his eyes revealed a strange light.

"I'll go with you."

Ying Yang's expression did not change as he said indifferently, "This matter has nothing to do with them. If there's anything, I'll take responsibility. Just let Wen Mosheng look for me."

Su Zizhan pondered for a moment and nodded. "Okay."

With that, he waved his hand and absorbed the scattered spiritual light into his sleeve.

He looked down at Mu Jin and a jade token fell from his hand.

"This place is nourished by the spiritual energy of the Central Continent. In the future, the spiritual herbs will be much more abundant.

"I'll let you guard this place and hand over 80% of the spiritual herbs produced to Shuxi County."

Mu Jin caught the jade token and bowed. "Mu Jin understands."

Su Zizhan looked at Han Muye again, nodded, and flew out of the tunnel.

Ying Yang turned to look at Han Muye and said, "Kid, cultivate well."

With that, he transformed into a sword and flew out with a sharp hiss.

"Boom—"

Outside the tunnel, a rumbling sound echoed.

"Ying Yang, why did you kill someone?" Su Zizhan shouted angrily.

"I like to kill people."

Ying Yang's voice was as arrogant as ever.

When Han Muye flew out of the tunnel, he saw that Lu Lingzi, Zhang Zidong, and the others had already been killed.

He turned back to the pale-faced Luo Xiaoyu.

Luo Xiaoyu smiled bitterly and shook her head. "Immortal Han, attack."

It was obvious that Ying Yang had killed some people to protect Han Muye and the others.

Since he wanted to silence them, he had to be ruthless.

Luo Xiaoyu was from the Spiritual Dao Sect, so he naturally had to kill her.

Sword intent condensed on Lin Shen's body.

Mu Jin also had wooden vines in his hand.

Han Muye waved his hand and said, "Fellow Daoist Luo, leave."

Leave?

Luo Xiaoyu was stunned.

Han Muye said indifferently, "We had a life-and-death relationship on Cloud Nest Ridge.

"Your master, Zheng Wangyuan, also sacrificed for the Western Frontier.

"I'm not going to kill you."

With that, he raised his hand and a black sheathed sword appeared.

He handed the sword to Luo Xiaoyu and said softly, "Go to the Central Continent."

The Mystic Sun Sword.

With this sword, one could join the Mystic Sun Guards.

Luo Xiaoyu nodded, took the Mystic Sun Sword, bowed to Han Muye, and turned to head towards the Central Continent.

Luo Xiaoyu was the only one who had survived today's incident. She would not be able to explain it clearly when she returned to the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Moreover, Daoist Myriad Transformation had died here. This matter would definitely implicate her.

If she went back, she would be crippled even if she didn't die.

It was better to leave Western Frontier.

Seeing Luo Xiaoyu leave, Han Muye turned to look at Mu Jin.

Mu Jin was smart. After obtaining Su Zizhan's jade token, she obtained an amulet.

With this jade token, even the Spiritual Dao Sect wouldn't dare to do anything to her.

"Senior, you're the only master of the Green Wheat Mountain in the future." Han Muye smiled.

Not only was Mu Jin the master of the Green Wheat Mountain, but it also had the Central Continent's title. Moreover, this place was nourished by the spiritual energy of the Central Continent. The quality of the spiritual herbs produced in the future was even better.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mu Jin nodded with emotion, "I didn't expect it to be so dangerous today."

They were just here to find Black Chief's secret treasure. Why did they almost lose their lives?

She looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye's strike was too terrifying.

Even if he was borrowing Ying Yang's power, he had to have the ability to activate it.

Seeing Mu Jin's expression, Han Muye's smile widened.

In the cultivation world, one had to depend on one's own strength.

He believed that his sword today could make his ally, Mu Jin, closer to him.

"Senior, we have to do our business for a long time in the future."

Han Muye smiled and spoke.

He raised his hand, and a hundred superior-grade spiritual rocks appeared in his palm.

Chapter 226: Obtain the Mountain Dao Sword (2)

Mu Jin only obtained one wooden root today and did not collect many other treasures.

These 100 superior-grade spiritual rocks could help her stabilize her Heaven Realm cultivation.

Her face revealed joy as she took the hundred superior-grade spiritual rocks.

After returning to Mu Jin's cultivation base, Mu Jin gave him all the spiritual herbs that Han Muye needed and even brought him to the spiritual land to pick many spiritual fruits.

After killing the incarnation of the Spiritual Dao Sect's Myriad Transformation Sage today, she and Han Muye had become close allies.

As Han Muye had said, they would be doing business together for a long time in the future.

Han Muye did not lose out. The spiritual herbs he received this time were worth more than 100 superior-grade spiritual rocks.

Mu Jin even agreed to send the other things that she did not have at the moment to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Han Muye and Lin Shen did not stay in the base for long before leaving on the flying ship.

Mu Jin was busy taking over the entire Green Wheat Mountain territory and did not have time to send them off.

As the flying boat moved forward, Han Muye sat in the cabin and slowly adjusted his breathing.

He had expended a lot of energy in today's battle.

Not only was the spiritual energy in his dantian exhausted, but more than a dozen sword intent in his sea of Qi had also been exhausted.

Fortunately, he had yet to use the sword of the soul.

He raised his hand, and a green and sparkling pill appeared in his palm.

These were spiritual energy-replenishing pills suitable for Foundation Establishment and Earth Realm cultivators.

Immortal-grade pill.

Han Muye swallowed the spiritual energy in his palm and refined the pill into his dantian.

As soon as the pill entered the dantian, it spun and emitted surging spiritual energy to nourish the almost dry dantian.

The nine-story cloud platform also began to tremble.

After refining three immortal-grade Essence Spirit Pills in a row, Han Muye stopped and moved his spiritual energy to regulate his breathing.

This time, he had gained a lot from the Green Wheat Mountain.

Not only were there all kinds of spiritual herbs, but there was also a precious Magnolia Fruit.

When he used the sword pill to kill the two half-step Heaven Realm demons, the demon pills and blood qi power absorbed by the sword pill had directly increased his body tempering technique by more than one level.

His jade bone condensation had also been greatly improved.

Of course, none of this could compare to the Dao Sword.

A spiritual light flashed in his hand, and a foot-long black broken sword appeared.

Dao Sword.

A treasure that surpassed the level of Dharma treasure. Even a broken piece was extremely precious.

If this piece was melted, it could turn into a million catties of various spiritual materials.

However, Han Muye was not so stupid as to melt such a treasure to obtain spiritual materials.

With this half of the Dao Sword, he might be able to obtain the rest.

If he could restore this Dao Sword, who knew what would happen?

Although this sword was shattered by Sword Master Yuan Tian with a sword pill, it didn't seem precious.

On the contrary, if it was an ordinary sword, it would have long turned into powder after being attacked by the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

Suddenly, Han Muye, who was playing with the broken sword, frowned. He put away his small sword and flashed out of the cabin.

At this moment, the flying ship had already left the Green Wheat Mountain for thousands of miles.

In front of the flying ship, several figures blocked the way.

Lin Shen stood at the bow of the ship. The sword Qi on his body was like an abyss, preventing those figures from approaching.

"That's him!"

"Han Muye, Immortal Han."

"This time, all kinds of spiritual lights are shining in the Green Wheat Mountain. He definitely has a treasure."

"It's said that he has many Cloud Golden Lotuses."

Those people stared at Han Muye and whispered, greed flickering in their eyes.

Han Muye shook his head and said indifferently, "Tell me, which sect did you accept the mission from?"

"Tell me and I'll spare your lives."

All treasures were fake.

These people were all Earth Realm Meridian Opening and Soul Awakening experts, and they all looked like itinerant cultivators.

How could they have gathered together so easily?

Of course, they had accepted the mission to kill him.

Just like the people from the Hall of Folding Flowers, they also accepted missions.

“Haha, I can’t fool Immortal Han.”

Opposite him, an old man in a gray robe smiled and spoke.

“Immortal Han, you’ve been busy recently and don’t know about the changes in the Western Frontier.”

The old man’s gaze landed on Han Muye, and he said in a low voice, “The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect Master, Zhang Cheng, has recovered from his injuries.”

Zhang Cheng of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

The third Heaven Realm cultivator in the Western Frontier.

When Tu Sunshi left the Heavenly Mystic, Zhang Cheng’s cultivation was considered the highest among the swordsmen of the Western Frontier.

The relationship between the Wind Spiritual Sword School and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not harmonious.

“Is this a mission from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect?”

Han Muye looked at everyone in front of him and said without changing his expression, “The Spiritual Dao Sect has a prohibition. Golden Cores are not allowed to attack.

“The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect also has an agreement with our Nine Mystic Sword Sect. There won’t be any conflict for a hundred years.”

Hearing his words, the old man opposite him laughed. “Immortal Han, are you really an immortal from heaven?

“Whether it’s an agreement or an injunction, how many people are obeying it?”

A dim yellow spiritual light rose from the old man.

Sword light and spiritual light also flashed on the others.

“Besides, in a hundred years, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect will have a Heaven Realm expert holding down the fort and become the number one sword sect in the Western Frontier.”

After the old man finished speaking, he flew towards Han Muye. The dim yellow spiritual light on his body turned into a huge seal and smashed down.

However, before the seal reached Han Muye’s head, Lin Shen had already attacked.

Lin Shen slashed down with the sword in his hand. The huge seal and the old man were all shattered by the sword!

“Boom—”

A 10,000-foot-tall mountain phantom flashed in midair.

Han Muye nodded.

Lin Shen’s sword light already had a trace of sword momentum.

Of course, there was only a trace of it. If he wanted to truly condense it, he still needed opportunities.

With the sword in his hand, Lin Shen looked at the pale-faced cultivators and said indifferently, “Aren’t you going to scram?”

Those people did not expect Lin Shen to let them go. They quickly turned around and fled.

Chapter 227: Obtain the Mountain Dao Sword (3)

“It’s not easy for these people to cultivate. Let’s not kill them if we can.”

Lin Shen whispered.

Han Muye laughed and turned around to go into the cabin.

With his current combat strength, he was no longer afraid of Earth Realm Meridian Opening and Soul Awakening cultivators.

These realms were no threat to him.

It was precisely because of this that Lin Shen let them go.

For sword cultivators, killing was inevitable, but it was not a real hobby.

The speed of the flying ship was slow. It took more than 10 days to return to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After returning to the Sword Sect, Han Muye and Lin Shen went straight back to the Sword Pavilion.

Lin Shen went into seclusion to cultivate, while Han Muye first checked the situation of the swords in the sword pavilion and flipped through various books and records.

“These days, a few swords have been sent back from Fengshou Mountain. Their grades are all ordinary,” Liu Hong said in a low voice.

Ever since Yang Dingshan died, Yang Mingxuan had become a little crazy about cultivation.

He was usually not seen in the Sword Pavilion.

Jiang Ming often went to the medical hall and spent more time there than in the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye ignored him.

As long as Jiang Ming could complete the pill trade with Suzhen Store and the sect every month, it was fine.

After all, he had squeezed Jiang Ming dry and treated him as a free long-term worker. Han Muye was embarrassed about controlling Jiang Ming too much.

The originally prosperous sword pavilion was now only guarded by Liu Hong and Lu Gao.

Lu Gao was at the door, cultivating the military sword technique with all his might. He even helped Han Muye gather all kinds of information.

Liu Hong was a proper sword caretaker, except sometimes, he would wander down the mountain.

"News from the frontline. Li Mubai from Shangyang Demon Sect had gone to Fengshou Mountain. The conflict there would not last long," Liu Hong said.

Han Muye had long known that Li Mubai wanted to negotiate peace with the Southern Wasteland's demons.

For most cultivators in the Western Frontier, peace negotiations were a good thing.

It was unknown what price the Western Frontier had to pay for this peace negotiation.

Although the Southern Wasteland suffered a huge loss in the battle at Cloud Nest Ridge, it had to be admitted that the Southern Wasteland was stronger than the Western Frontier.

"Senior Brother Han, there's some movement from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect," said Lu Gao, who was standing at the side with a black veil covering his face.

Lu Gao told Han Muye the latest news.

The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect's Sect Master Zhang Cheng had come out of seclusion. His cultivation had stabilized and his injuries healed.

The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect's aura had increased greatly. Zhang Cheng personally visited a few large sects.

"The news is that the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect is pushing for a rearrangement of the nine sects of the Western Frontier."

Out of the nine sects of the Western Frontier, the Taixuan Sword Sect had been destroyed, so one of the Four Swords Sect was gone.

The Yuntai Dao Sect had suffered a huge loss in strength and would probably fall out of the nine sects.

From the looks of it, it wasn't a bad thing to rearrange.

Once the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect made this suggestion, many powerful sects would probably be sharpening their knives.

Unfortunately, Yang Dingshan had died. Otherwise, the Bright Mountain Sword Sect would have a chance.

“Yang Mingxuan is cultivating like crazy now,” said Lu Gao.

After integrating all the information and deducing the recent situation in the Western Frontier, Han Muye went to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Sitting cross-legged, he activated the array formation of the Sword Pavilion.

Only at this moment could he take out the Mountain Dao Sword in peace.

Mountain Dao Sword. A treasure refined by the entire sect of the Immortal Spirit World, Shi Heng Dao Sect.

This sword carried their entire sect across countless miles of void to the Heavenly Mystic World.

Unfortunately, they encountered Wen Mosheng and Sword Master Yuan Tian.

Placing his hands on the broken sword, Han Muye injected sword Qi into it, causing images to flash.

He took a closer look at the Immortal Spirit World.

As the Daoist said, after seeing the Immortal Spirit World, one would really have the urge to step into it immediately.

Only in a world where cultivation was prevalent could one live forever.

Unfortunately, there was only this small piece of the Mountain Dao Sword left and it could not be refined.

He did not know where the rest would be.

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye went into seclusion for a month.

During this month, he sorted out his recent gains and cultivated well.

He had obtained the sword technique inheritance from the Mountain Sword. He had verified his sword technique and fused it into the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

The advantage of sword techniques could lock onto the opponent with the power of the soul. He had also studied this point thoroughly.

He was confident that if he drew his sword backward, it would be more accurate and ruthless.

In this month, the situation in the Western Frontier changed rapidly.

On Phoenix Head Mountain, Li Mubai attacked once.

At the second level of the Heaven Realm, he killed the only Heaven Realm expert of the Green Wolf Race.

At this point, all the Heaven Realm experts of the Green Wolf Race had died.

Without a Heaven Realm expert holding down the fort, the Green Wolves Clan no longer had any value. They were sacrificed in the negotiation between the Southern Wasteland and Western Frontier.

The Green Wolves Race was annexed by the Black Wolves Race. Most of the tribe's wealth was used to repay the Yuntai Dao Sect.

The Southern Wasteland had also taken out 50,000 superior-grade spiritual rocks as compensation for the Western Frontier's invasion.

50,000 high-grade spiritual rocks. To the various sects in the Western Frontier, this was a huge sum.

This was the contribution of the Southern Wasteland in the contract.

The Western Frontier wanted to allow the Southern Wasteland demons to enter the Western Frontier.

Not all the tribes came, but some of them slowly migrated.

This was to prepare for the defeat of the Southern Wasteland and the destruction of the Central Continent Army.

As Li Mubai had said, the Western Frontier should have fought to the death with the Southern Wasteland, but they did not dare to say that the Central Continent's Army would only occupy the Southern Wasteland.

Green Wheat Mountain. Previously, the Heavenly Barrier had shattered. Perhaps the Central Continent was preparing to attack the Western Frontier.

This made countless low-level cultivators panic.

Actually, the matters in the cultivation world were still decided by those true top figures.

Just like a game of chess, a chess piece had no right to decide its own fate.

Li Mubai had successfully made peace, and the Shangyang Demon Sect's reputation had soared.

The demonic cultivators of the Western Border had an imposing aura, as if they were suppressing the Dao Sect.

In addition to the news from the Spiritual Dao Sect, First Elder, Daoist Wan Hua, had announced that he would continue his seclusion for at least a few years.

This made the Western Frontier sects panic.

"Storeowner Bai, Sect Master Li Mubai is now in the limelight. The Shangyang Demon Sect is also famous. Aren't you going to consider going back?" In the pavilion outside the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye and Bai Suzhen sat opposite each other.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Bai Suzhen nodded and whispered, "The Shangyang Demon Sect wants me to go back."

Really go back? he thought.

Han Muye turned to look at Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen's relationship with Li Mubai was rather complicated.

Although they were biological father and daughter, there was a deep estrangement between them because Li Mubai had accidentally killed Bai Suzhen's mother back then.

Bai Suzhen had always considered herself the eldest daughter of the Bai family and was unwilling to return to the Shangyang Demon Sect.

"Why? Senior Brother, are you reluctant to part with me?" Seeing Han Muye's expression, Bai Suzhen leaned forward and chuckled.

"If you can't bear for me to leave, I can stay."

Chapter 228. Can You Refine a Void Nascent Pill?

Let this Miss Bai stay in the Nine Mystic Mountain?

Why would I provoke the Shangyang Demon Sect and Li Mubai?

Although Bai Suzhen could bring Han Muye many spiritual rocks and find many spiritual herbs for him, their relationship was that of business partners.

Pure friendship.

Han Muye didn't think that he was qualified to provoke Li Mubai just because he and Ying Yang had worked together to kill the clone of the number one Daoist in the Western Frontier.

An incarnation was an incarnation. It did not even have 30% of the original body's combat strength.

And at that time, in the underground tunnel, Han Muye had used the power of Ying Yang's Sword to unleash his strength.

Ying Yang was that Patriarch's sword.

That Patriarch's surname was unknown. Han Muye only knew that he was the master of Sword Master Yuan Tian and Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng.

Han Muye did not dare to say how strong such a person's sword was.

He waved his hand and looked at Bai Suzhen with a smile. "Don't. The Nine Mystic Mountain can't compare to the Shangyang Demon Sect.

"It's better for Miss Bai to go back and inherit the family business."

Hearing his words, Bai Suzhen rolled her eyes at him, seemingly disappointed.

However, in the blink of an eye, a smile appeared on her face again. She chuckled and said, "Senior Brother, don't worry. I won't leave for two to three years.

"The Western Frontier has negotiated peace with the Southern Wasteland. The Western Frontier has received a large amount of spiritual rocks as compensation. Our business is booming."

With so many superior-grade spiritual rocks, he naturally had to spend them and exchange them for the strength of his sect.

Recently, in the fierce battle with the Southern Wasteland, all the sects had suffered huge losses. They had to replenish their strength as soon as possible.

It was the same for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Grand Elder of the Golden Lineage, Lu Hao, had died. There was one less half-step Heaven Realm expert in the sect. Currently, several Golden Core elders of the Golden Lineage were cultivating with all their might, hoping to make up for Lu Hao's vacant position.

However, cultivation could not be rushed. Every advancement in the Core Formation realm would take decades or hundreds of years.

Currently, several eighth-level Core Formation elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were in seclusion.

Bai Suzhen's expression turned solemn as she said in a low voice, "By the way, the compensation for that Southern Wasteland is too large. I'm afraid there will be twists and turns when the sects distribute it."

Li Mubai led the peace negotiation, and the Shangyang Demon Sect naturally benefited greatly.

How the other nine sects were distributed was not just a competition of who contributed more.

Zhang Cheng of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect came out of seclusion?

It was obvious that this was the reason.

Many sects were fighting to become one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier for this huge sum of money.

"Didn't Miss Bai tell me that you're not in charge?" Han Muye said casually.

Back then, Han Muye felt that the supreme-grade pills refined should not be sold to the enemy sect of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Bai Suzhen told him that he was not qualified to worry about the sect's matters.

The situation was the same now.

The sect master and Tuoba Cheng should be the ones to worry about fighting for that huge sum of money.

As long as Han Muye cultivated steadily and quietly refined pills, wouldn't he eventually obtain the spiritual rocks?

He only needed to secretly refine pills to exchange for the spiritual rocks that others had risked their lives for. Wasn't that good?

"Senior Brother, you're now an immortal of the sword path, the number one among the younger generation of the Western Frontier. Do you think you can stay out of this?" Bai Suzhen shook her head and said.

The two of them did not harp on this matter. Han Muye asked Bai Suzhen to help him find some more spiritual herbs.

There were not many spiritual herbs left to refine the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

Bai Suzhen nodded, then looked at Han Muye and said, "Senior Brother Han, I wonder if you can help me refine a fifth-grade pill?"

Fifth-grade pill?

"Jade Bright Bone Pill?" Han Muye looked at Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen nodded.

This pill was the only fifth-grade pill in the Western Frontier that Han Muye knew of.

This pill could increase the compatibility between one's strength and the jade bone.

Bai Suzhen must have asked for the pill for Li Mubai.

But it could not be said that it was for Li Mubai, but it was for herself.

Her relationship with her father, Li Mubai, was not harmonious. With this pill, it could probably stabilize her position in the Shangyang Demon Sect.

After all, the Shangyang Demon Sect was in the limelight now.

"If there are spiritual herbs, I can refine them." Han Muye thought for a moment and nodded. Then he said, "But it will take at least three years."

"My cultivation level is not good enough for the time being. I'm afraid I can't control the final medicinal effect of the fifth-grade pill."

The medicinal power of a fifth-grade pill was indescribably rich. Han Muye could not control it for the time being.

In a few years, when his cultivation reached the peak of Foundation Establishment, or even the Earth Realm, he would have 100% confidence in refining a fifth-grade pill.

He also wanted to obtain the Jade Bright Bone Pill.

If he had this pill, it could greatly increase the speed of condensing the sword bone. If Lin Shen had such a pill, he could also speed up the fusion of the Heaven Realm jade bone.

"Three years." Bai Suzhen calculated and chuckled. "Alright, three years then."

She did not have enough spiritual herbs to refine the Jade Bright Bone Pill. She still needed to slowly collect them.

After Bai Suzhen left and Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong came over and said, "Senior Brother, I saw a good thing recently."

Something good?

According to Liu Hong, he saw a sword in the black market of a market at the foot of the mountain.

This sword looked ordinary, but there was a strange power in it.

"It's very strange. I can't tell what's special about this sword, but I feel that it's extraordinary." Liu Hong spread his hands and said, "Back then, the stall owner offered 8,000 Spirit Stones. I wanted to suppress it, so I didn't buy it."

It was indeed not worth it to buy a mortal sword with 8,000 spiritual rocks in the black market.

If he was wrong, 8,000 spiritual rocks would be wasted.

"The market at the foot of the mountain?" Han Muye pondered for a moment and nodded. "If it's not far, show me."

Chapter 229. Can You Refine a Void Nascent Pill? (2)

Liu Hong's talent was very strange. He could sense that something was really special.

For example, the fur that could block the Heavenly Tribulation was recommended by Liu Hong to Han Muye.

As the two of them were talking, Lin Shen's voice came from the door. "Senior Brother Zhao."

Zhao Pu.

Currently in charge of Three Stones House, Tuoba Cheng's eldest disciple.

Han Muye and Liu Hong walked out and saw the bald Zhao Pu standing at the bottom of the stone steps.

"Senior Brother Han, Master asked me to invite you to the Nine Mystic Hall." Seeing Han Muye come out, Zhao Pu, who was talking to Lin Shen in a low voice, cupped his fists and said.

Get Zhao Pu to invite him?

Zhao Pu's current identity was not an ordinary disciple. Did he need him to invite him for something big?

Seeing Han Muye's expression, Zhao Pu waved his hand and said, "Master summoned the elite disciples under the age of 100. I came along."

Summoning elites under 100 years old was also a big deal.

Han Muye nodded and followed Zhao Pu to the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The two of them arrived at the hall. The junior disciples who came to the door cupped their hands.

Some called him 'Senior Brother Zhao', while others called him 'Senior Brother Han'.

Zhao Pu was Tuoba Cheng's disciple, and Tuoba Cheng was now in charge of the sect. Zhao Pu's status immediately rose.

Han Muye was the guardian of the Sword Pavilion. He had to call him Senior Brother no matter who he met.

Everyone walked into the hall and saw that many elders were already sitting upright. They hurriedly found an empty seat and sat down.

Han Muye looked up. Other than the elders, there were also a few direct disciples he had seen in the hall.

However, many of the younger elites of the sect had yet to return.

After waiting for about 15 minutes, the tall Tuoba Cheng strode in and sat down at the head of the table.

"Everyone, today's meeting concerns the rearrangement of the nine sects proposed by the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect."

Tuoba Cheng looked around and said in a deep voice, "According to the current news, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect's Sect Master, Zhang Cheng, has already lobbied all parties and is preparing to rearrange the nine sects of the Western Frontier."

It was no secret.

Zhang Cheng was a Heaven Realm expert. After Tu Sunshi left, the Myriad Transformation Sage went into seclusion. Under the circumstances of Fengshou Mountain, not many people in the Western Frontier dared to offend him and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect behind him.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect hasn't been idle either."

Seeing the solemn expressions of the people below, Tuoba Cheng chuckled and said, "We have formed an alliance with the Yuntai Dao Sect, the Tai Yi Sword Sect, and the other large sects.

"In the end, we discussed and rearranged the nine sects. Elite disciples below the age of 100 will compete."

Elite disciples below 100 years old.

No wonder there was this meeting today.

As soon as Tuoba Cheng finished speaking, everyone in the hall looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye was the number one swordsman of the younger generation in the Western Frontier.

Han Muye sat there, his face expressionless.

The people in the hall, who had been hoping that he would say “I’ll do my best for the sect”, “I’ll definitely do my best to serve the sect”, looked at him eagerly. In the end, they could only look away.

Zhang Zhihe, who was sitting in front, looked at the young disciple in the hall and said indifferently, “Such a rearrangement of the nine sects usually happens once every hundred years.”

“It’s all based on the overall strength of the various sects.”

Zhang Zhihe’s gaze swept across everyone, his eyes shining. “Cultivators of our generation have to fight to the death when it’s time.”

As his words fell, the atmosphere in the entire hall suddenly became murderous.

For the power of the sect, they fought with their lives.

Seeing that Zhang Zhihe’s words had ignited everyone’s fighting spirit, Tuoba Cheng nodded at him in satisfaction.

Without the intention to fight to the death, how could one establish a sect?

“In the past 500 years, there have been two battles between the nine sects of the Western Frontier. In addition to the Heaven Realm Dao Discussion, there have been three battles between the elites of the younger generation. The Heaven Realm and the half-step Heaven Realm Dao Discussion.”

Tuoba Cheng looked at the young juniors in the hall and said, “Don’t think that the sect is using the lives of you juniors to gain the status of one of the Nine Sects.

“This is a rare opportunity for you.”

“Being able to compete with the Western Frontier’s peers can allow you to quickly gain experience.”

It was not good to just focus on cultivation.

Only by constantly training and improving his mental state cultivation and combat experience could he have a chance to become a true expert.

Tuoba Cheng was still encouraging those young people. Han Muye was already a little bored and looked around.

He had fought against a Heaven Realm expert on the Cloud Nest Ridge and killed Daoist Myriad Transformation’s incarnation in Green Wheat Mountain. There was really no need for him to train.

However, in his opinion, it was a good opportunity for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to compete with the younger generation.

This result was obviously the result of the competition between the various sects in the Western Frontier.

Among the various forces of the human race in the Western Frontier, there were only three Heaven Realm experts. If they wanted to compete for the Heaven Realm, the three of them would not do it.

Moreover, Daoist Myriad Transformation with the highest cultivation level was still in seclusion.

As for the battle between Golden Core cultivators, the Shangyang Demon Sect had almost no Core Formation cultivators this time. The other sects in the Western Frontier had suffered heavy losses.

Especially the Spiritual Dao Sect, Tai Yi Sword Sect, and Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Several Core Formation cultivators and half-step Heaven Realm experts had died.

In this way, no sect was willing to compete with Golden Core.

In that case, he could only be compared to the elites of the younger generation.

Although Han Muye had risen up among the juniors of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he had also suffered huge losses.

Tang Chi had died, Li Three had left, and Song Nine, Lu Ten, and the others had also died there.

Compared to the Nine Mystic Sword School, there were many juniors from the various sects who could take out a fight.

In the hall, the junior disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword School were all motivated by Tuoba Cheng and wished they could fight now.

Chapter 230: Can You Refine a Void Nascent Pill? (3)

Tuoba Cheng nodded in satisfaction and instructed everyone not to spread this matter. Then, he asked everyone to cultivate with all their might and increase their combat strength.

“The sect’s spiritual land can be open to you. If you need to enter to cultivate, just report to the Grand Elder.”

Tuoba Cheng began to throw out sweet dates.

Not everyone present was qualified to enter the secret place. Now that Tuoba Cheng had opened the secret place, their eyes immediately lit up.

“The medical hall and the Sword Pavilion will fully support you.” As Tuoba Cheng spoke, he turned to look at Han Muye.

“Will the sword pavilion be a problem?”

Han Muye nodded, “No problem.”

Recently, the Sword Pavilion had accepted many swords. Even if these disciples went to get swords to exchange, they could deal with them.

Hearing Han Muye's words, many people looked happy.

The swords in the Sword Pavilion were precious. It was extremely difficult to obtain one.

Only after such a sect mission would one have the chance to go to the Sword Pavilion to receive a sword.

After today's discussion, everyone bowed and left the hall.

Those junior disciples were all rubbing their fists and preparing to increase their cultivation and combat strength to fight for the school.

Han Muye didn't leave.

Previously, Tuoba Cheng had told him to stay.

After all the disciples and elders in the hall had left, leaving only Tuoba Cheng and the two Grand Elders, Han Muye stood up.

"Han Muye, do you have time to refine a few Void Meridian Pills recently?" Zhang Zhihe looked at Han Muye with a smile and said.

It was indeed for alchemy.

Thinking of how he had been ruthlessly squeezed when he tried to refine the Void Meridian Pill, Han Muye hurriedly waved his hand and said, "I've really encountered a bottleneck in my cultivation recently and am preparing to enter seclusion."

There was a bottleneck to cultivation, and Tuoba Chengcheng knew it.

Who wouldn't go into seclusion to cultivate?

In seclusion?

Grand Elder Wu Ziyuan frowned and said, "How long will you be in seclusion?"

Han Muye shook his head and said indifferently, "Maybe a year, maybe two years."

With that, he cupped his hands and said, "Grand Elder, don't worry. I will definitely come out of seclusion before the nine sects rearrange their battles."

Exit seclusion before the battles?

At that time, even if you refined the Void Meridian Pill, would it be useful?

Wu Ziyuan looked displeased and snorted.

On the other hand, Tuoba Cheng and Zhang Zhihe's expressions did not change as they smiled at Han Muye.

Tuoba Cheng said in a low voice, "Han Muye, this battle for the rearrangement of the nine sects not only concerns the reputation of the nine sects in the Western Frontier."

Han Muye knew about this matter. It also involved the Southern Wasteland's compensation to the Western Frontier.

That was a large amount of spiritual rocks.

"Perhaps you know about the Southern Wasteland's compensation to the Western Frontier." Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye and said solemnly, "But you don't know that this matter is also related to the qualification to explore a mystic realm in the Southern Wasteland."

Exploration of the Southern Wasteland Mystic Realm?

Han Muye looked at Tuoba Cheng.

He really didn't know about this.

"You also know the reason why the Southern Wasteland attacked the Western Frontier. The Central Continent has the intention to annex the Southern Wasteland."

"Li Mubai negotiated peace with the Southern Wasteland and requested that the Southern Wasteland share the exploration qualifications of the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm with the Western Frontier in five years."

"In exchange, the Western Frontier allows the Southern Wasteland tribes to migrate."

Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm?

Han Muye frowned and said, "Is it the mystic realm that is said to be blessed by the ancestors of the demon race and contains the inheritance of the demon race?"

When Han Muye was searching for information about the Southern Wasteland, he had read about the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm in the book of the sect's mystic realm.

This mystic realm could be said to be the greatest treasure land for the inheritance of the demonic spirits in the Southern Wasteland.

It contained all the inheritances of the Southern Wasteland's demon race.

There was also the blessing of the demon ancestors. The lucky ones who entered could obtain various treasures and the power of ancient bloodlines.

Such a place was open every 100 years. Only the elites of the younger generation who had grown up within 500 years could enter.

The cultivation speed of the demons was slow. 500 years of cultivation was not comparable to a hundred years of cultivation for humans.

"Would the demons allow cultivators from the Western Frontier to enter such a place?" Han Muye asked and shook his head with a smile.

If it was not allowed, could it be given to the Central Continent?

Since he would lose it anyway, he might as well exchange it for benefits.

The cultivators of the Western Frontier could obtain benefits from the mystic realm, but the demons of the Southern Wasteland needed a living space.

For Han Muye, he really wanted to take a look at this secret place.

The subsequent cultivation techniques he cultivated were all derived by himself. If he could comprehend more demonic cultivation techniques in the secret place, it would be beneficial to his body tempering cultivation.

Also, he had a piece of fur that could resist the lightning tribulation.

He suspected that this fur was the skin of an ancient beast. There might be clues in the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm.

For the various sects in the Western Frontier, the qualification to enter and explore such a mystic realm meant that in the next few decades or centuries, there would be a few more experts in the sect.

No one would let go of such an opportunity.

“Han Muye, we’re fighting for the rankings of the nine sects and the qualifications to enter the mystic realm. We’re all fighting for the providence of the sect. Do you understand?” Zhang Zhihe looked at Han Muye and said softly, “If the demons of the Southern Wasteland migrate to the Western Frontier, the situation in the Western Frontier will change.”

The Western Frontier was dominated by the nine sects.

But if the demons of the Southern Wasteland came, it would be different.

They were trying their best to increase the strength of their sect so that they would have enough strength to protect themselves in the future.

“One million spiritual rocks, three sets of spiritual herbs.” Tuoba Cheng raised his hand and pointed at the foot of the mountain. “And a treasure worth less than 500,000.”

With this price, he was being quite sincere.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and nodded. “Okay.”

Seeing him agree, Tuoba Cheng smiled and said, “Kid, you really don’t commit yourself until success is certain.”

After saying that, he said softly, “Can you refine a Void Nascent Pill?”

Void Nascent Pill, peak of the Earth Realm. If taken by a half-step Heaven Realm expert when breaking through to the Heaven Realm, he could temporarily have Nascent Soul comprehension.

This level of comprehension could allow a breakthrough to happen naturally.

One could imagine how precious such a pill was.

The entire Western Frontier did not know if such a pill existed.

Han Muye shook his head and said, "Without spiritual herbs and a complete pill formula, I'm afraid I'm helpless."

He was telling the truth.

He had seen half a pill formula for the Void Nascent Pill in the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

The spiritual herbs needed for it were all priceless.

It would take too much effort to deduce half of such a pill formula.

"Patriarch Tao Ran has been studying the Void Nascent Pill recently and has gained something."

Tuoba Cheng's words stunned Han Muye.

"As for spiritual herbs, the sect will search with all its might." Tuoba Cheng stared at Han Muye with a strange look in his eyes.

"Kid Han, the stronger the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is, the stronger your strength will be.

"In the future, all of this will be helpful to your cultivation path, don't you think?"

In the hall, the atmosphere suddenly became serious.