

Pavilion 231

Chapter 231: Noble Sword, Great Spirit

There was no easy answer.

If he said yes, it meant that he was ambitious for the position of sect master.

If he said no, then he was disloyal to the sect.

This old fellow, Tuoba Cheng, is very bad, he thought.

“Uncle-Master Tuoba, don’t worry. If there’s a chance to refine a Void Nascent Pill, I’ll definitely help.”

Han Muye cupped his hands, then turned and left.

Watching him walk out of the hall, Zhang Zhihe smiled and said, “This kid has a sense of belonging to the sect. Just don’t force him.”

Hearing his words, Wu Ziyuan turned around with a strange look in his eyes. He said in a low voice, “Don’t force him? Then the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect won’t force us?”

“There’s also Li Mubai from the Shangyang Demon Sect. For so many years, he placed his legitimate daughter in my Nine Mystic Mountain. Outsiders might think that he has a good relationship with my Nine Mystic Sword Sect, but he actually doesn’t care about this daughter at all.

“Also, the Southern Wasteland will definitely move west within a hundred years. When the time comes, it will be difficult for everyone in the Western Frontier to protect themselves.”

Wu Ziyuan looked at Tuoba Cheng. “Junior Brother Tuoba, the Sect Master’s sacrifice and Senior Brother Lu Hao’s sacrifice were all for the sake of the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“As long as Han Muye has the righteousness of the sect in his heart, we shouldn’t bargain and make him do all kinds of things.”

Tuoba Cheng nodded and whispered, “Senior Brother makes sense.”

Wu Ziyuan’s face lit up. Just as he was about to speak, Tuoba Cheng continued, “I wonder how Han Muye’s relationship with Bai Suzhen is. Also, on Cloud Nest Ridge, did Tu Sunshi invite him to the Tai Yi Sword Sect?”

Wu Ziyuan’s smile froze.

“The experts of the Mystic Sun Guards in the Central Continent invited him.” Tuoba Cheng turned around and said as he walked, “If he’s forced into a corner, he’ll still be able to enjoy life even after leaving the Nine Mystic Sword Sectt.”

Even after Zhang Zhihe left with a smile, Wu Ziyuan’s expression had yet to recover.

Just as Tuoba Cheng had said, Han Muye might not necessarily have to hang on to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The cohesion of a sect meant never sacrificing the interests of its disciples.

“No wonder Jin Ze chose you.” Wu Ziyuan glanced at the empty hall and muttered before turning to walk out.

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Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion and went straight to the third floor.

He wasn’t lying when he said he wanted to enter seclusion.

However, he had to wait until the Cloud Golden Lotus was refined into a pill and consumed before entering seclusion.

That way, after changing his cultivation aptitude, his cultivation level would definitely increase by leaps and bounds.

Currently, he did not have many spiritual herbs left. He could just deduce the pill refinement technique later.

Soon.

“Patriarch Tao Ran, it seems that you haven’t been idle in Mushen City.” Thinking of Tuoba Cheng’s words, Han Muye whispered softly.

Void Nascent Pill. It turned out that Patriarch Tao Ran was studying the Void Nascent Pill in Mushen City.

Under the current situation, there should indeed be a few more Heaven Realm experts in the Western Frontier to ensure their safety.

I wonder what the Spiritual Dao Sect will think of Daoist Myriad Transformation. Thinking of what Daoist Myriad Transformation’s incarnation had said in the underground pit at Blackstone Beach of Green Wheat Mountain, Han Muye’s expression darkened.

As the number one expert of the Western Frontier, if Daoist Myriad Transformation was determined to leave the Heavenly Mystic World and open the sealed passage, he still had a chance to succeed in the end.

However, no one knew what would happen if the passageway opened.

Back on Cloud Nest Ridge, if it weren’t for Huang Six sealing the passage and allowing those outer realm demons to enter the Western Frontier, the current Western Frontier would probably have been occupied by demons.

Daoist Myriad Transformation said he had connected with the Immortal Spirit World.

The Immortal Spirit World, that world filled with immortals and buddhas.

At the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Daoist Myriad Transformation.

A third-level Nascent Soul expert.

Looking up at the window, Han Muye took a deep breath.

The only good news now was that under the Pit at Blackstone Beach, he had cut down the incarnation of the Daoist Myriad Transformation.

With the death of his incarnation, Daoist Myriad Transformation would need to cultivate in seclusion for two to three years.

Two or three years was too short.

Han Muye was not confident that he could fight against the First Elder and the Great Daoist of the Spiritual Dao Sect in two or three years.

Besides, he couldn't tell anyone else about this.

When the passage under the Cloud Nest Ridge opened, even Tu Sunshi abandoned the sect and left. Moreover, the passage was suppressed by the Spiritual Dao Sect that could connect with the Immortal Spirit World.

If other cultivators really knew about this, they might rush to help Daoist Myriad Transformation open the seal.

Han Muye clenched his fists gently, his eyes shining.

If that world invades the Heavenly Mystic World, I wonder if the Central Continent Imperial Court can stop it? he wondered.

Will Minister Wen and General Chongwu have the strength to resist? he thought.

But even if the Central Continent took action, the Western Frontier will be the first to suffer if the passage is opened, right?

It was useless to think too much. If he wanted more strength, it was best to increase his strength.

Moving Qi, blood, and spiritual energy to cleanse the sword pill in his dantian, Han Muye's heart moved again.

He got up and walked down the stairs.

"Senior Brother Han."

Liu Hong, who was sitting behind the long table, and Yang Mingxuan, who was wiping his sword, bowed.

Han Muye nodded and looked at Liu Hong. "Junior Brother Liu, help me pay more attention to the news about the sword pill."

Sword Pill.

Perhaps some of the sword pills circulating in the Western Frontier were scattered by Sword Master Yuan Tian back then.

If he could collect a few more sword pills, Han Muye was confident that his combat strength would increase by several times.

"Alright, I'll pay more attention to the news about the Sword Pill." Liu Hong nodded.

Han Muye turned around and saw Yang Mingxuan walking over.

"Senior Brother Han, is the Western Frontier preparing to reorganize the nine sects?" Yang Mingxuan looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye nodded.

This news spread very quickly now.

"Senior Brother Han, I think," Yang Mingxuan looked at Han Muye with a glimmer in his eyes, "I want to represent the Bright Mountain Sword Sect and seize the position of one of the nine sects."

Chapter 232: Noble Sword, Great Spirit (2)

He wanted to represent the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

The current sect master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect was Yang Dingshan's eldest disciple, Zhao Yankun.

The Bright Mountain Sword Sect did not say that Yang Mingxuan was not a member of the sect, but even after such a long time, no one had sent anyone to invite Yang Mingxuan to take over the position.

Obviously, no one in the Mingshan Sword Sect cared about Yang Mingxuan.

However, Yang Mingxuan still remembered Yang Dingshan's words.

If he had the ability, he would go and snatch the Bright Mountain Sword Sect back.

To Yang Dingshan, the position of the Nine Sects of the Western Frontier was his lifelong goal.

Unfortunately, he did not die in the end.

“Help the Bright Mountain Sword Sect become one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier?” Han Muye looked at Yang Mingxuan.

The current Yang Mingxuan had already cultivated the Sword Nurturing Technique and the Military Sword Technique.

He would nurture the sword bones and then fuse them with the sword.

With Yang Mingxuan’s current combat strength, he could still deal with ordinary third or fourth level Foundation Establishment cultivators.

This kind of strength was not weak among his peers.

However, it was impossible for him to participate in the competition between the nine sects with such strength.

“Let me think if there’s a way.” Han Muye nodded.

Back then, Yang Dingshan died a heroic death on Cloud Nest Ridge.

He said, ‘Do you really think there’s no one left in the Western Frontier?’ and sacrificed himself.

Now that Yang Mingxuan wanted to help the Bright Mountain Sword Sect win the position of the nine sects, Han Muye was willing to help him.

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han.” Yang Mingxuan bowed to Han Muye, then turned around and went to wipe a sword.

Liu Hong sighed and looked at Han Muye. “Senior Brother Han, are you free? Let’s go take a look at the sword at the foot of the mountain.”

It was the sword that he felt was a little strange.

Han Muye nodded and followed him out of the pavilion.

Lu Gao wanted to follow, but Han Muye stopped him.

The market wasn’t far. It was only 1,000 miles away and belonged to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

It was safe.

Han Muye knew that once the rules of the nine sects were out, many sects in the Western Frontier wanted him dead.

He wasn’t prepared to run around recently.

However, there was no problem under the rule of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

His own combat strength was not afraid of cultivators below the half-step Heaven Realm.

He rode in the flying ship with Liu Hong and glided down the mountain.

It didn’t take long to get there.

“Old Mountain Town. This place is considered the smallest black market under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.” Putting away the flying ship, Liu Hong, who had changed his clothes, introduced as he walked.

In the black market, nothing must be exposed.

In such a place, outsiders would not be willing to interact with cultivators dressed in the disciple robes of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

At this moment, Han Muye and Liu Hong had not only changed their clothes, but also put on masks.

Anyway, along the way, they met many people who dressed in similar black robes and wore masks.

From the city gate to the town, there were groups of cultivators setting up various stalls.

Selling pills, spiritual materials, various jade slips, weapons, and artifacts.

However, in Han Muye’s opinion, these things were all ordinary.

He had already set his sights high in the Sword Pavilion.

If it was not a spiritual weapon, he couldn’t be bothered to look at it.

“Senior Brother Han, there are no spiritual weapons here. Even semi-spiritual weapons are rare.” Seeing that Han Muye was not interested in looking, Liu Hong smiled.

“Don’t even think about picking up scraps in a place like this.”

Liu Hong shook his head and pointed around. “Most of the things here are real trash.

“A small part is stolen goods.”

Han Muye said the words ‘pick-up’ for him.

He had said that Liu Hong’s talent was very suitable for picking up scraps.

Liu Hong led Han Muye to a place and saw an old man in a green robe sitting there.

The old man had a thin face and a messy beard. In front of him were some scattered spiritual materials and spiritual herbs.

They were all extremely ordinary things. They were not worth more than two or three spiritual rocks.

Seeing Han Muye and Liu Hong standing in front of him, the old man did not look up.

“Where’s your sword? Show me again.”

When Liu Hong squatted down, he spoke softly.

The old man froze at his words. His eyes widened as he looked at Liu Hong.

“Oh, so it’s you, Fellow Daoist.”

The old man narrowed his eyes and said softly, “You’ve already seen it last time. This sword is not for sale without 8,000 spirit rocks.”

Liu Hong nodded and said, "Let me confirm again. If the sword is really good, I'll buy it."

As he spoke, a superior-grade spiritual rock flashed in his palm.

The old man's eyes lit up. He glanced at Han Muye, then took out a long sword wrapped in cloth from his back pocket.

Liu Hong took the sword and held it with both hands. He sized it up carefully before handing it to Han Muye.

Han Muye reached for the sword, then placed his palm on the hilt.

After a moment of silence, he looked down at the old man in front of him. "Are you really selling this sword?"

The old man smiled and nodded. "Yes, why not? I'll sell it for spiritual rocks."

Han Muye stroked his sword and said indifferently, "Liu Hong, give him a superior-grade spiritual rock."

A superior-grade spiritual rock was worth 10,000 inferior-grade spiritual rocks.

This was an immediate increase of 2,000.

Liu Hong nodded and reached out to push the superior-grade spiritual rock into the old man's sleeve.

The old man was stunned and looked at Han Muye. "Fellow Daoist, I've nurtured this sword for many years, but it's not worth 10,000 spiritual rocks."

The old man was already a little panicked about selling 8,000 spirit stones for swords, but the other party directly gave him 10,000 spirit stones. This made him extremely nervous.

Someone who could casually throw out 10,000 Spirit Stones must have an extraordinary identity.

Liu Hong also looked at Han Muye.

He didn't know why Han Muye wanted to increase the price for the sword.

Han Muye chuckled and turned to leave with his sword. A voice sounded softly, "The inheritance of Confucianism in the Central Continent is very rare in the Western Frontier.

"This sword has been nurtured with great spirit for decades. It's worth that price."

Central Continent?

Great spirit?

Confucian inheritance?

Liu Hong, who was following behind Han Muye, was stunned and turned to look at the old man selling the sword.

Chapter 233: Noble Sword, Great Spirit (3)

At this moment, the old man was stunned. From a distance, his gaze fixed on Han Muye.

After Han Muye and Liu Hong walked past the corner of the street, the old man gritted his teeth and stood up. He didn't even want the stall anymore and strode after them.

Han Muye chuckled as he led Liu Hong out of the town.

"Fellow Daoist. Fellow Daoist."

At the entrance of the old mountain town, the old man shouted from behind and rushed forward to block Han Muye's path.

This made many people look over curiously.

Han Muye stopped and said indifferently, "Why? You don't want to sell this sword anymore?"

Hearing his words, the old man shook his head and said, "Sell. I'll sell this sword."

Then he stared at Han Muye and lowered his voice. "Fellow Daoist, what do you mean by the Confucian Dao inheritance?"

Han Muye laughed and said, "Didn't you say that you nurtured this sword?"

"How can you not know that there's Great Spirit in this sword?"

The old man's expression changed. Then he sighed softly and cupped his hands. "Fellow Daoist, this sword was not nurtured by me.

"But don't worry, the owner of this sword asked me to sell it."

Han Muye nodded.

The old man wasn't lying.

The aura of the owner of this sword was still there, but the sword did not resist the sword Qi that he wanted to inject into it.

The owner of this sword was from the Central Continent and was a Confucian cultivator.

"Let's go. Take us to see the owner of this sword."

Han Muye spoke.

The old man's face stiffened. After a moment of silence, he whispered, "This, he doesn't have any feud with you, right?"

Han Muye shook his head and said, "I've never even seen him. How can there be hatred?"

The old man scratched his head and led Han Muye and Liu Hong into the town.

"I was the one who saved Fellow Daoist Kong under the cliff of Lugu Ridge.

"At the time, he was seriously injured and barely alive."

The old man named Zhang Suotu introduced himself as he walked.

According to him, the sword was handed to him by the person he had saved.

This person was seriously injured and his cultivation was crippled. That was why he sold the sword.

They followed Zhang Suotu through a few alleys and entered a small courtyard.

The small courtyard was not big, but it was quiet.

In the courtyard filled with wisteria, a green-robed man his forties was sitting in a black wheelchair and sunbathing.

Han Muye and the others walked into the small courtyard. The middle-aged man opened his eyes and saw Han Muye holding the sword in his hand. His expression did not change at all.

"Fellow Daoist Kong, these two want to see you," Zhang Suotu said to the middle-aged man, then shrank back and quietly left the courtyard.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the middle-aged man's lap.

"Hehe, Fellow Daoists, it's really inconvenient for me to move. Excuse me for being rude." The middle-aged man cupped his hands and smiled.

Han Muye nodded and reached up to remove his mask.

Liu Hong also removed his mask.

The middle-aged man was stunned by their young faces.

Han Muye sat on a stone bench not far from the middle-aged man and placed his sword on the table. Then he looked at the middle-aged man and said, "I'm curious how you got this sword from the Central Continent to the Western Frontier."

His hand gently clasped the hilt of his sword, and sword Qi slowly circulated.

If he bought this sword, it would be his.

He had already seen the memories in the sword.

What he was curious about now was that it was said that Confucian cultivators had pure hearts. He wanted to know if the person in front of him would lie in front of him.

Hearing Han Muye's words, the middle-aged man's expression changed. He stared at Han Muye, pondered for a moment, and said in a low voice, "I didn't expect that there was someone in the Western Frontier who could recognize the Great Spirit."

Han Muye smiled at him.

"I'm Kong Chaode. I'm indeed from the Central Continent.

"I was originally a secretary in Heze County, Nanyuan Province in Central Continent. I have cultivated Confucianism for 30 years."

As the middle-aged man spoke, his aura slowly changed.

Standing behind Han Muye, Liu Hong felt an indescribable sense of authority from him.

This made him feel that there was nowhere to hide the darkness in his heart. It was as if he had to tell Han Muye everything about spending a few nights at the foot of the mountain.

"Ahem." Han Muye coughed lightly, making Liu Hong tremble.

He blushed and looked down quickly.

Han Muye's voice sounded. "The Confucian Dao in the Central Continent is most benevolent and righteous. Those who can cultivate the Confucian Dao are all gentlemen."

Wen placed his hand on the sword in front of him and said softly, "I'm more curious as to why you're willing to sell this Noble Sword."

Noble Sword.

Nourished by his own Great Spirit, the sword Qi was the Great Spirit.

People nurtured swords with Confucian knowledge, and swords nurtured people with gentlemanly intents.

This sword was considered a Confucian treasure.

However, it was relatively low-level.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Kong Chaode shook his head and sighed. "I don't have long to live. It's difficult to repay Fellow Daoist Zhang for saving my life. Only this sword is worth some spiritual rocks."

Hearing his words, Han Muye laughed, took his hand off the sword, and stood up. "Kong Wenshu, I won't help you unless you tell me the truth.

"In the eyes of those who don't know the Great Spirit, even one spiritual rock is expensive.

"You're selling this sword to attract someone who understands this sword."

Han Muye's words made Kong Chaode sit up straight, and his expression turned solemn.

He cupped his hands and said in a low voice, "Fellow Daoist, you indeed recognize the Great Spirit. You must have a way to connect with the Central Continent.

"Please help me send a message to the Mystic Sun Guards. Tell them that the commander of the Southern Garrison, Qian Yiming, is using public resources for private use. On the surface, he's attacking the Southern Wasteland, but in reality, he's trying to seize the Southern Wasteland's Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm."

I've finally said this, Han Muye thought to himself.

He had already seen the memories of this matter in the sword.

As the official of Heze County, Kong Chaode had come into contact with Qian Yiming because he was handling the logistics of the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army.

Unintentionally, he knew that Qian Yiming was conquering the Southern Wasteland for the sake of the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm.

However, before Kong Chaode could report these things, he was chased by Qian Yiming's subordinates.

Fortunately, the Kong family of Heze County was an influential family and had connections in the Imperial City.

With the help of his clansmen, Kong Chaode fled.

However, Qian Yiming was also ruthless enough to create the illusion that the demonic beasts were attacking the Central Continent. He slaughtered the Kong family and even cut off Kong Chaode's path to the Imperial City, causing him to have no choice but to turn to the Southern Wasteland.

Kong Chaode crossed the Southern Wasteland and was chased by the experts of the Red Flame Army. With demonic beasts tracking him, he escaped to the Western Frontier after the battle at Cloud Nest Ridge.

However, he was severely injured at Cloud Nest Ridge.

"Fellow Daoist, please help me tell him that Qian Yiming knows some secrets in the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm.

"Unfortunately, I have no way of knowing."

Kong Chaode cupped his hands at Han Muye, then held a jade slip in his palm.

Looking at the jade slip, Han Muye shook his head and said, "Secretary Kong, I can't help you with this."

"You don't know that Qian Yiming and Butcher Lu have an agreement. For a hundred years, Minister Wen won't interfere in their matters."

Minister Wen will not interfere?

Kong Chaode's eyes widened and his mouth fell open. His face was blank, then filled with endless sorrow.

"In that case, I won't have a chance to avenge the massacre of my Kong family?"

Han Muye nodded, then shook his head and leaned down gently. "You can choose to live well. Perhaps you can wait for an opportunity.

"I'm interested in your talent for circulating a county's rations and dispatching the logistics of 30,000 troops."

Kong Chaode looked up at Han Muye.

"Who—who the hell are you?"

Chapter 234: Cultivate the Great Spirit, a Letter from Patriarch Tao Ran

Kong Chaode originally thought that Han Muye was related to the central province and wanted him to send a message.

In his opinion, even people in the Western Frontier who were related to the Central Continent would not really be important people.

Compared to a place with abundant spiritual energy like the Central Continent, the Western Frontier was a wasteland.

Anyone with a strong relationship in the Central Continent would have gone there.

However, Han Muye's words stunned Kong Chaode.

If not for the fact that Han Muye had no intention of drawing his sword, Kong Chaode would have thought that he was sent by Qian Yiming.

How did this young man in front of him know that he had the ability to distribute the rations of a county?

Seeing Kong Chaode's expression, Han Muye was very satisfied.

He had already seen many scenes in the sword.

Kong Chaode was born in an aristocratic family. His talent was extraordinary. He served as a county official and was in charge of the operation of the army's rations.

Kong Chaode had arranged for the logistics of a 30,000-strong army.

From the image, Kong Chaode was very appreciated by the county magistrate of Heze County.

That was why he had been able to flee before Qian Yiming sent his men after him.

Without the protection of the county magistrate, he could not have escaped at all.

Han Muye only came to see Kong Chaode because of his ability.

At the moment, Han Muye lacked someone who could handle all kinds of miscellaneous matters.

Liu Hong and Jiang Ming were both talented, but they could not handle chores.

Yang Mingxuan was focused on cultivation and did not understand worldly affairs.

There was no need to doubt Lu Gao's combat strength and loyalty, but his background was low and his horizons were not wide enough.

Instructor Lin's cultivation and combat strength were getting stronger and stronger, so it was not suitable for him to do mortal chores.

On the other hand, Kong Chaode was a Confucian cultivator which the Western Frontier did not have. He was focused on entering the world to cultivate.

He could be in charge of the operation of 30,000 troops' rations in Heze County.

This kind of talent was exactly what Han Muye wanted.

"My name is Han Muye. I'm in charge of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye lowered his head and said softly, "I have another nickname, Immortal Sword Dao."

"It's you!" After Han Muye finished speaking, Kong Chaode widened his eyes and let out a low cry.

He had met Han Muye.

On Cloud Nest Ridge.

However, at that time, he was surrounded by the defeated demons and only saw Han Muye, who was covered in sword Qi, from afar. He didn't care about Han Muye's appearance at all.

After being saved by Zhang Suotu, he went all the way to Old Mountain Town. Every day, he heard the news of the Sword Dao Immortal.

The first person after Tu Sunshi.

The number one among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

There were all kinds of rumors, and his ears were about to get calluses.

Looking at Han Muye, Kong Chaode had a complicated expression.

So what? he thought.

He's just an elite of the Western Frontier.

Such people are everywhere in the Central Continent.

Those who have never been to the Central Continent would never know the flourishing of cultivation in the Central Continent.

“Han Qixian, will you go to the Central Continent?” Kong Chaode asked in a low voice.

In the Western Frontier, joining Han Muye was a good choice.

But if Han Muye had no intention of going to the Central Continent, Kong Chaode would not join him.

He had to take revenge for the Kong family.

Han Muye nodded, “In 30 years, I will participate in the competition for the position of new commander as a reserve commander.”

New commander competition!

The commander of the Mystic Sun Guards!

Kong Chaode’s eyes widened. He could not imagine that Han Muye would say such a thing.

Han Muye is actually a reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards!

Mystic Sun Guards, directly under Minister Wen.

The entire Central Continent had hundreds of thousands of Mystic Sun Guards.

Every Mystic Sun Guard was an expert.

And the reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards was the sword in Minister Wen's hand, the top figure in the entire Central Continent.

The reserve commander of the Profound Sun Guards had a chance to become the top figure in the Central Continent.

Only such a person would have a chance to avenge his Kong family!

Kong Chaode trembled all over, his breathing rapid. He struggled to stand up, but he could not.

"Seriously?"

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Don't lie to me!"

Kong Chaode stared into Han Muye's eyes and said repeatedly.

Actually, he didn't even need to suspect if it was the truth.

Outsiders didn't know about the battle between the commanders of the Mystic Sun Guards.

Han Muye said nothing. He just looked at Kong Chaode gently.

Kong Chaode calmed down, took a deep breath, cupped his hands at Han Muye, and lowered his head.
"Kong Chaode greets my lord."

Han Muye nodded and took out a jade-green pill. "This pill is enough to treat your injuries.

"When you recover from your injuries, I'll assign you a task."

Then he turned and walked away.

Liu Hong, who had been silent all this while, strode away.

After the two of them walked out of the small courtyard, Zhang Suotu, who had been strolling outside, rushed in.

"Fellow Daoist Kong, they, they didn't make things difficult for you, right?"

Zhang Suotu looked at Kong Chaode with an ashamed expression. "If I had known that this sword would attract such trouble, I would never have sold it."

Hearing his words, Kong Chaode smiled and waved his hand. “Brother Zhang, this is no trouble. This is an opportunity.”

He lowered his head and looked at the pill in his palm. His eyes flickered. “Spirit pills. Someone in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier can actually refine an immortal-grade spirit pill.”

“A seventh-grade healing pill of this quality is worth more than a million spiritual rocks.”

He put the pill into his mouth, and a faint spiritual light flashed on his body.

“For this million spiritual rocks, I, Kong Chaode, can sell my life.

“Besides, you’re a reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards.”

The medicinal power of the pill circulated. Kong Chaode slowly stood up from the wheelchair and looked at Zhang Suotu. “Brother Zhang, are you willing to work for Immortal Han with me?”

“Han, Immortal? The one on the Nine Mystic Mountain?” Zhang Suotu’s eyes widened.

Chapter 235: Cultivate the Great Spirit, a Letter from Patriarch Tao Ran (2)

Kong Chaode nodded and smiled. "Is there a second Western Frontier?"

There was no second immortal.

Zhang Suotu's face turned red and he nodded vigorously.

This was fate.

Kong Chaode laughed and looked around. "Brother Zhang, pack up. We'll leave this small courtyard soon."

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Han Muye and Liu Hong left Old Mountain Town and rode the flying ship back to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

"The reason why this sword feels strange is because it is nourished by the Great Spirit."

In the cabin, Han Muye placed the sword on the small table in front of him and spoke softly.

Knowing that Liu Hong did not know what the Great Spirit was, Han Muye continued, "In the Central Continent Imperial Court, the Confucian Dao suppresses the mortal world of the Central Continent. It's a orthodox cultivation method.

"The Confucian Dao cultivates the Great Spirit.

"Those who recite poems and do paintings?" Liu Hong thought back, then said with a bewildered expression, "What does this Confucian Dao Great Spirit use to fight?"

Sword cultivators had sword intent and sword Qi that could kill with swords.

Dao cultivation had Dao techniques. It could summon the wind and rain with endless power.

Even body cultivators had many methods to move mountains.

What ability does a Confucian Daoist have? Liu Hong wondered.

Write a word to kill someone?

Hearing Liu Hong's words, Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

He had seen the abilities of the Shuxi County Governor.

In the memories of the Mountain Dao Sword, the terrifying power of Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng, was manifested as the world listened to his orders with a wave of his hand.

Those Central Continent scholars only knew how to recite poems, write, and paint.

After returning to the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye summoned Jiang Ming.

He briefly explained how he had recruited Kong Chaode from the Central Continent.

Jiang Ming was one of the itinerant cultivators. When he heard Han Muye's words, he immediately said in a low voice, "Senior Brother, you want to open another trade route and separate yourself from Storeowner Bai and the sect, right?"

Han Muye nodded.

“The Shangyang Demon Sect’s strength has increased greatly. Li Mubai might summon Bai Suzhen back. I have to plan ahead.”

Han Muye’s eyes were deep. “I can’t allow my supply of spiritual herbs and pills to be bottlenecked.”

Once Bai Suzhen left the Nine Mystic Mountain, it would be difficult for Han Muye to sell his pills.

Moreover, many spiritual herbs would not be found.

Not only that, but he also wanted Tang Yunhao to return to the Hall of Folding Flowers. He could not just let him do whatever he wanted.

Without Han Muye’s strong support, it was impossible for Tang Yunhao to control the Hall of Folding Flowers.

After arranging for Jiang Ming to interact with Kong Chaode in the future and be in charge of the transaction of various medicinal pills and spiritual herbs, Jiang Ming bowed and left.

Jiang Ming could refine low-level pills.

Only advanced-grade pills required Han Muye’s help.

Also, Han Muye was prepared to contact Mu Jin from the Green Wheat Mountain and open another trade route for spiritual herbs.

If he could use the power of the Green Wheat Mountain to open a trade route with the Central Continent and pave a path to the Central Continent early, it would be a good choice.

After arranging these things, Han Muye went upstairs.

Sitting cross-legged on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, he raised his hand and took out the Noble Sword.

The Noble Sword was not a combat sword, but it could refine the Great Spirit.

With his palm on the hilt of his sword, he saw Kong Chaode’s appearance when he cultivated the Confucian Dao.

He comprehended the Confucian cultivation technique—short prose.

He comprehended Confucian cultivation technique—literacy.

He comprehended low-level Confucian Dao divine power—poem composition.

Two Confucian cultivation techniques, one Confucian Dao Divine Power.

This was the cultivation method of Confucian cultivators in the Central Continent.

Literature and literacy were the basics. Through reading and learning, one could condense the Great Spirit.

Raising a brush to write a poem was just the simplest use of the Great Spirit.

This method consumed a lot of energy, and it also had to show various different powers according to the level of the poems written.

To many Confucian cultivators who were not knowledgeable enough, this divine power of raising a brush to form a poem was also useless.

“Hum—”

The Great Spirit in the Noble Sword flowed into Han Muye’s meridians.

This Great Spirit did not enter his dantian. Instead, it landed in his sea of Qi and transformed into an ancient ink brush.

As if knowing that it could not compare to those sword intents, this ink brush settled quietly in the corner of Han Muye’s sea of Qi.

The cultivation of the Confucian Dao was about not competing, which was very different from sword cultivation.

Han Muye spread out a paper scroll and dipped his ink pen in thick ink. After pondering for a moment, he started writing.

“The moon of spring. The sun is in the camp, the ginseng is in the dark, the tail is at the end...”

The brush and ink flowed, and a faint Great Spirit surged at the tip of the brush.

This Great Spirit surged back into Han Muye’s sea of Qi.

At this moment, his aura slowly changed, as if he was an old scholar sitting upright.

Unknowingly, Han Muye felt that the impetuosity and tyranny that came from practicing sword techniques and body tempering techniques were slowly being tempered.

This Confucian cultivation could actually temper one’s temperament.

In his divine treasure, the Spell of the Mortal World emitted a golden halo that reflected the ink brush in his sea of Qi.

Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the Dao.

This time, Han Muye spent 10 days in seclusion.

When he went downstairs, Liu Hong, Yang Mingxuan, and the others looked at him strangely.

“Senior Brother, you seem to have changed into a different person.” Liu Hong sized up Han Muye and clapped his hands. “I remember now. You look like the old man who told stories in the restaurant at the foot of the mountain.”

Han Muye glanced at him and said indifferently, “You went down the mountain again recently?”

Liu Hong felt his entire body tremble. His eyes stared straight ahead as he muttered, “I don’t stay overnight. I only found Little Red, Little White, and Little Green to talk to. I don’t even have clothes—”

Before he could finish, he suddenly paused and flushed.

Chapter 236: Cultivate the Great Spirit, a Letter from Patriarch Tao Ran (3)

Yang Mingxuan was also speechless and looked at Han Muye in surprise.

With just one look, Liu Hong revealed all his secrets.

When did Senior Brother Han have such a terrifying method?

Han Muye shook his head. This was just a simple application of the Great Spirit.

The Great Spirit suppressed the evils of the world.

Only by being magnanimous could one block the suppression of this Great Spirit.

He turned to look at the registration of swords entering the pavilion, as well as some records of receiving swords.

A few days ago, the Cao family sent over another batch of swords with good quality.

Yang Mingxuan walked forward and said, "Senior Brother Han, the Cao family has a message from the family head, Cao Anchun. He wants to invite you to the Cao family to appraise swords."

Recently, the Cao family's sword refinement methods had improved greatly.

Cao'e had surpassed her teacher, and Cao Anchun was very satisfied.

According to Yang Mingxuan, the Cao family had sent invitations to all the sects to the Cao family to evaluate the new sword refined by them.

The date was three months later.

"Alright, if I'm not free then, I'll let Liu Hong go."

Han Muye said with a smile.

Liu Hong was the Cao family's prospective son-in-law. It was quite suitable for him to go.

"Ahem, um, my grandfather told me. I'll go when the time comes." Liu Hong looked at Han Muye with lingering fear.

He could not understand why he had lost his mind and unknowingly revealed the secrets in his heart.

He naturally did not know that this was the terrifying thing about Confucian cultivation.

The Great Spirit cultivated by the Confucian Dao could affect the mind of others.

The Central Continent was vast and boundless, but it was governed by the Confucian Dao. It was orderly because of the power of the Confucian Dao.

After checking the book, Han Muye took a sackcloth, walked to a wooden shelf, and began to wipe swords.

This time, he specially chose those long swords with resentment and poured his sword Qi and Great Spirit into them.

He could feel the Great Spirit enter the sword body and instantly eliminate the resentment inside.

This method was much faster than slowly wearing down the resentment with the sword itself.

As he walked around the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye kept wiping his sword and then eliminating the resentment in it.

In the process of eliminating the resentment, not only would the Great Spirit not be consumed much, but it would also become more condensed.

This was probably the characteristic of the Great Spirit, which was not afraid of demons and ghosts.

Recently, Han Muye had consumed a lot of sword intent. He happened to wipe his sword and collect some sword Qi to replenish it.

This kind of basic work was the daily life of the Sword Pavilion.

In two days, he would have wiped nearly 3,000 swords on the first and second floors of the Sword Pavilion.

It was mainly to eliminate the resentment in the swords. Otherwise, he would wipe the swords much faster.

“The Sword Pavilion is an important place. Those who come, stop—”

Lin Shen’s voice came from the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

“Senior Brother, please report. I’m Xia Helin, an inner sect disciple. I’m here to receive my sword.”

A young voice sounded at the door.

Xia Helin. Han Muye knew that he was an inner sect elite and ranked 50th in the inner sect.

His cultivation should be at the peak of Foundation Establishment.

Han Muye walked to the door and saw a young man in a white robe bowing in front of the stone steps.

“Senior Brother Han.” The young man cupped his hands at Han Muye and said loudly, “Xia Helin is here to receive his sword.”

He looked up at Han Muye and said, “The matter that Uncle-Master Tuoba arranged last time.”

Tuoba Cheng had arranged for the disciples who participated in the reorganization of the nine sects to receive the help of the Sword Pavilion and the medical hall.

A good sword would greatly increase the combat strength of these disciples.

At that time, Han Muye had also expressed his stance to help.

"Alright, you can receive the sword." Han Muye nodded.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Xia Helin's face lit up. He bowed and took out ten spiritual rocks with both hands.

Mid-grade spiritual rocks. One piece was worth 100 low-grade spiritual rocks, 10 pieces were worth 1,000 spiritual rocks.

Xia Helin was really generous.

"Senior Brother Han, please guide me."

Xia Helin was an inner sect elite and had participated in the Battle of Cloud Nest Ridge. Back then, he had the intention to seek guidance from Han Muye, but unfortunately, he did not get the chance.

This time, Tuoba Cheng said that he could come to the Sword Pavilion to receive his sword. He rushed over early.

Looking at the spiritual rocks in Xia Helin's hands, Han Muye was silent for a moment before saying indifferently, "There's no need for spiritual rocks."

He did not lack spiritual rocks.

When Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan were in the Sword Pavilion, collecting spiritual rocks was just a formality. It was more for fun.

Xia Helin looked up and saw Han Muye waving his hand. "Practice your swordsmanship. I'll help you find a sword that matches your swordsmanship."

"Thank you, Senior Brother." Xia Helin cupped his hands and raised his hand. A sword light flashed in his palm.

Golden Lineage Sword Technique, Two Mystic, Flowing Light.

His swordsmanship was not bad, and his cultivation was relatively pure.

After Xia Helin finished practicing, Han Muye said, "Yang Mingxuan, go to the bingwu area and get that Bright Essence Sword."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Yang Mingxuan turned around and entered the Sword Pavilion. A moment later, he came out with the sword in both hands.

This sword looked rather heavy, and there was a faint blood aura flowing on it.

"Senior Brother, the murderous aura of this sword has not been completely eliminated." Yang Mingxuan walked up to Han Muye and whispered.

Hearing that his murderous aura had not dissipated, Xia Helin was stunned.

Such a sword was very difficult to refine. It would even damage the meridians because of the murderous aura.

What did Senior Brother Han mean? Xia Helin wondered.

Did he deliberately choose such a sword because I took out too few spiritual rocks earlier?

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the hilt of the sword.

“Sword Bright Essence, a superior-grade half-spiritual weapon.

“The previous owner of this sword was the Earth Realm expert of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Su Muzi.

“The sword is three feet one centimeter long and weighs 18 kilograms. The blade is one inch wide and three centimeters thick.

“This sword is made of steel and infused with rich metal and stone. The body of the sword is tough and suitable for the Golden Lineage Sword Technique.”

Looking at Xia Helin, Han Muye raised his hand and let go of the sword hilt. “Junior Brother Xia, your sword technique has obtained the essence of Flowing Light, but it’s missing 30% of its killing intent.”

“The murderous aura in this sword can help you increase your battle intent.”

“I see!”

Xia Helin hurriedly bowed and said, “Thank you for your guidance.”

Han Muye raised his hand, and a golden spiritual light poured into his fingertips. Then he left the word ‘suppress’ on the hilt of the sword.

“I’ll seal this baneful aura. When you go back, you just need to communicate with the power of the seal with your soul power and it can be unsealed at any time.”

With that, he handed the sword to Xia Helin.

Xia Helin bowed, holding the sword with both hands, his face excited.

With the sword in his hand, he felt as if his flesh and blood were linked.

This was the sword he wanted!

“Senior Brother’s ability to understand the sword is amazing. As expected of an immortal of the sword path!”

Xia Helin held his sword and turned to leave.

Watching him leave, Han Muye turned to look at Yang Mingxuan and Liu Hong. “In the future, you guys will receive those who come to receive the swords.”

With that, he turned and entered the sword pavilion.

When he was sealing the murderous aura in the governor’s sword, he suddenly felt something.

Choosing a sword was an opportunity, but choosing its owner was also an opportunity.

He had interfered with too many opportunities. It seemed that everyone was happy, but there were fewer possibilities.

Sometimes, the best fit was not the best.

Ten days later, Han Muye had no choice but to come out of seclusion.

Lu Gao brought a letter to him.

“Senior Brother, it’s a personal letter from Patriarch Tao Ran of Mushen City.”

Chapter 237: Mushen City, Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm!

With Patriarch Tao Ran holding down the fort in Mushen City, Han Muye thought that he had forgotten about the Nine Mystic Mountain.

He took the envelope and opened it. The letter revealed Patriarch Tao Ran’s arrogant handwriting.

“Kid Han, come over quickly. I’ve made some progress with the Void Nascent Pill.”

Research on Void Nascent Pills?

This was a huge matter for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Moreover, if he could really refine the Void Meridian Pill, all the major sects in the Western Frontier would probably fight for it.

The current Heavenly Realm combat power in the Western Frontier was extremely scarce.

The Great Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Daoist Myriad Transformation, was in seclusion. If he broke through to the Heaven Realm now, the Spiritual Dao Sect might not have a chance to interfere.

Since Patriarch Tao Ran had sent a letter, he naturally needed to go.

Han Muye instructed Jiang Ming, Liu Hong, and the others to guard the sword pavilion, then led Lu Gao down the mountain.

However, before leaving the Nine Mystic Mountain, he was invited to the medical hall.

After collecting 12 sets of spiritual herbs and 3 million spiritual rocks, he refined three batches of Void Meridian Pills.

Three Immortal Grade Pills made Sun Ce, who was waiting at the side, gape.

With these three pills, he could explain to the sect.

With these three pills, the sect would be able to nurture three Earth Realm experts in the near future.

After leaving the medical hall, Lu Gao took the flying ship and flew away with him towards the city of Mushen.

Lu Gao piloted the flying ship, while Han Muye sat in the cabin and refined pills.

When he arrived at Mushen City, he had already opened the furnace continuously and refined dozens of various immortal-grade pills.

When they arrived at Mushen City, the atmosphere was still the same. There were pill and spiritual medicine shops everywhere in the city.

There were many pill cultivators who bought pills and sold spiritual herbs.

At the end of the day, cultivators were all after benefits.

Mushen City, the holy land of alchemy in the Western Frontier, did not decline just because Patriarch Mu had left and Patriarch Tao Ran was holding down the fort.

Of course, the Mu family's Patriarch announced to the public that he was cultivating in seclusion.

However, all the major sects in the Western Frontier and alchemy experts knew that he was going to the Southern Wasteland.

When they arrived at the Mu family's residence, the Third Master of the Mu family greeted them.

“Senior Brother Han, Patriarch Tao Ran asked me to welcome you. He’s waiting for you at the Rain Lotus Garden.” The Third Master of the Mu family, Mu Tongyuan, smiled and cupped his hands at Han Muye.

The last time Han Muye came to Mushen City, it was Patriarch Tao Ran who brought him here. He was considered a junior.

His identity was different this time.

Mu Tongyuan knew that Han Muye’s alchemy talent was an existence that not many people in the entire Western Frontier could compare to.

The name of the sword path immortal also resounded throughout Western Frontier.

Such a figure needed to be welcomed solemnly.

“Thank you, Third Master.” Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands in return.

The Mu family had mixed feelings.

On the one hand, they naturally didn’t like the person holding down the fort in the family clan being Patriarch Tao Ran of the Nine Mystic Sword School.

But on the other hand, without Patriarch Tao Ran holding down the fort, their Mushen City might really not be able to stop the people who coveted it.

Therefore, when he saw Han Muye, Third Master Mu's smile froze.

When they arrived at Rain Lotus Garden, they saw that the entire lotus pond was filled with jade-white lotus flowers.

"When did Patriarch Tao Ran become so interested?"

Looking at this scene, Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

"Haha, kid, why can't I understand romance?"

Patriarch Tao Ran's laughter came from the Waterside Pavilion up ahead.

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was dressed in a green robe, strode out. When he saw Han Muye, he was slightly stunned.

"Tsk tsk, you've been reborn in the past year or so."

The divine light on Han Muye's body was restrained, and the sword Qi was nowhere to be seen.

He did not show his Great Spirit aura either. He looked like a mortal.

This showed that his cultivation had improved greatly.

Back to basics.

Lu Gao bowed to Patriarch Tao Ran from behind.

Patriarch Tao Ran glanced at him and grinned. "You're not bad either."

At this point, he sighed softly and said, "It's a pity for Sixth Brother Huang."

After Huang Six transformed into a demon and left the Heavenly Mystic, his chances of returning were almost zero.

Back then, Patriarch Tao Ran thought highly of Huang Six's temperament.

Han Muye nodded and whispered, "When I have the chance, I'll go find Sixth Brother and let their family reunite."

Find Huang Six.

Tao Ran glanced at him but said nothing.

The chance of such a thing happening was slim.

He led Han Muye into the living room and began to explain his gains.

He found a few pill formulas in the Little Alchemy Pavilion and then verified them with each other.

“According to our research on the Void Meridian Pill, I think this Void Nascent Pill is the same.”

Sitting at the head of the table, Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye.

“I know you have good comprehension, so I asked you to take a look.”

Patriarch Tao Ran handed a jade slip to Han Muye.

Han Muye took the jade slip and checked it with his divine sense. There were five or six pill formulas.

These pill formulas were all remnants of the Void Nascent Pill. Then, after Patriarch Tao Ran integrated them, there was new research.

No wonder Patriarch Tao Ran was so anxious to let him come.

This was really a little rewarding.

However, the pill formula was incomplete, and Patriarch Tao Ran's research was also flawed.

Han Muye had deduced a few times, but the result was that the medicinal power of the pill was not enough.

He looked up and saw Patriarch Tao Ran staring at him. Han Muye shook his head and said, "Patriarch, I'm not sure if this pill formula will work for a while."

Hearing his words, Patriarch Tao Ran said, "Don't be anxious. Look at the pill formulas I copied. Perhaps you can find something."

After saying that, he whispered, "I've copied all the information about the Void Nascent Pill in this Little Alchemy Pavilion."

Han Muye smiled gently.

Patriarch Tao Ran was very experienced in stealing from others.

"By the way, Patriarch, how much do you know about the Pill Transfer Technique?" Han Muye put away the jade slip and looked at Patriarch Tao Ran.

Chapter 238: Mushen City, Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm! (2)

Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

The method of rotating pills was the key to refining this pill.

Han Muye's deduction of the pill conversion method was still a little lacking. He felt that he lacked some confidence.

"The method to rotate pills?" Patriarch Tao Ran pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, "Although I don't know much about this technique, I know a place that might be able to find it."

He looked at Han Muye and said, "The ruins of the Blazing Sun Palace."

Blazing Sun Palace.

The ancient sect, the Blazing Sun Palace, not only had powerful fire-type cultivation techniques and sword techniques, but its alchemy and weapon refinement levels were also extremely high.

After the destruction of the Blazing Sun Palace, the alchemy and weapon refinement of the Western Frontier declined greatly.

Before Han Muye could speak, Patriarch Tao Ran continued, "After you study the Void Nascent Pill, we'll go to the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace.

"I promised to take you there too.

"I remember that you even cultivated their cultivation technique."

The Golden Sun Technique that Han Muye cultivated was one of the Nine Sun Techniques of the Blazing Sun Palace. Han Muye wanted to go to the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace to see if he could find a way to cultivate the Nine Sun Techniques.

His cultivation was about to reach the Earth Realm.

When he reached the Earth Realm, just the Golden Sun Technique would be a little weak and not profound enough.

"Kid, Li Mubai, that old fellow, has lured the demons of the Southern Wasteland here. You little guys have to grow quickly."

Tao Ran's gaze landed on Han Muye and he lowered his voice. "Li Mubai is a demonic cultivator. It doesn't matter to them how many people die in the Western Frontier as long as they can develop elites in the end.

"The cold-blooded demonic cultivators don't care how many people die."

Han Muye understood Patriarch Tao Ran's words.

In the eyes of those great cultivators, those below the Core Formation realm were not considered experts.

Especially in a sect like the Shangyang Demon Sect, they looked down on low-level cultivators and itinerant cultivators.

It didn't matter how many low-level cultivators died as long as there were experts who could kill their way out and grow.

This was their way of growing.

This way was commonly used by the demonic sects.

"Also, you're quite famous now, and there are many people watching you. You have to be careful."
Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye and chuckled again.

Patriarch Tao Ran knew that in Han Muye's current state, his cultivation had improved greatly and he did not have to be afraid of ordinary schemes.

After finishing their business, the two of them chatted about recent matters. Han Muye mentioned the changes in the Nine Mystic Mountain and the death of Elder Lu Hao, causing Patriarch Tao Ran to sigh.

"Do you understand now? Cultivation is ultimately lonely.

"Wait a few more years. When I go back, I'm afraid there won't be many people in the entire sect that I know."

When Patriarch Tao Ran spoke, there was a hint of loneliness in his words.

Han Muye nodded quickly.

He felt the same loneliness now.

Cultivation was ultimately a lonely journey.

Patriarch Tao Ran had arranged for Han Muye to stay in the Rain Lotus Garden. From the window on the second floor, one could see a pond full of jade lotus flowers. The scenery was endless.

Sitting cross-legged in front of the window, Han Muye held a jade slip. The pill formulas were deduced one by one.

The pill formulas in the jade slip all produced Void Nascent Pills with insufficient medicinal power.

"What's missing?"

Looking at the swaying lotus flowers outside the window, Han Muye muttered to himself.

"Boom—"

Thunder rumbled in the distance.

Thunder?

The power of heaven and earth!

Han Muye's eyes lit up!

The Void Nascent Pill simulated a Heaven Realm cultivation. How could it lack Heaven and Earth powers?

And the simplest Heaven and Earth powers were the power of lightning tribulation!

Thinking of the power of the lightning tribulation, Han Muye smiled even more.

It was difficult for outsiders to find the power of the lightning tribulation.

But he had a piece of fur filled with lightning in his hand.

“Boom—”

Lightning in the distance descended, and then the light screen of the Great City Protection Formation rose above Mushen City to block the lightning.

Stunned, Han Muye stood up.

“Tao Ran, you’ve occupied Mushen City, privately visited the Little Alchemy Pavilion, and blasphemed the holy land of alchemy in the Western Frontier. Do you have any regard for the Western Frontier?”

A thunder-like roar came from the void.

This was the voice of a Heaven Realm expert.

With the support of the Heaven Realm experts, every word and action had a mighty force.

There were only a few people in the Western Frontier who had the power of the Heaven Realm.

Li Mubai had not returned from Fengshou Mountain, and Daoist Myriad Transformation had entered seclusion.

Zhang Cheng.

The sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng.

“Bullsh*t. I can be wherever I want.”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice sounded.

“My alchemy cultivation is publicly recognized in the Western Frontier. I cultivate in Mushen City. What’s wrong?”

“Could it be that you, Sect Master Zhang, also want to switch to alchemy?”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s figure appeared and flew into the sky, landing on the light screen of the array.

Han Muye also rushed forward.

With Patriarch Tao Ran’s cultivation and combat strength, he could not defeat Zhang Cheng.

Seeing Han Muye fly over, Patriarch Tao Ran turned around and grinned. “Why? Do you still want to kill a Heaven Realm expert like you did on Cloud Nest Ridge?”

Han Muye looked ahead and said calmly, “It’s not impossible to cooperate once.”

His aura was restrained, as if he were a mortal, but his body exuded a power that made it difficult to look at him directly. He seemed to be a long sword that could be unsheathed at any moment.

In the distance, a few figures flew over and stood in the void.

The leader was the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng.

At this moment, Zhang Cheng's aura was extremely stable. The pressure of a Heaven Realm cultivator spread out from his body.

His gaze landed on Han Muye and Tao Ran, and undisguised killing intent appeared in his eyes.

Beside Zhang Cheng were a few alchemy cultivators surrounded by pill qi.

When one of them saw Han Muye, hatred appeared in his eyes.

Chang Ming.

An elite among the Western Frontier's junior alchemists.

However, in the battle with Han Muye, they lost too badly, causing the sect behind them, the Minghua Valley, to collapse.

Minghua Valley had placed all their bets on the Void Meridian Pill. In the end, they lost everything.

Chapter 239: Mushen City, Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm, Heaven Realm! (3)

"Mu Xun, you said that Tao Ran occupied your Mu family's Mushen City and even privately visited Little Alchemy Pavilion. Is this true?"

Zhang Cheng looked at Patriarch Tao Ran and asked in a deep voice.

Beside him, a gray-robed middle-aged man in his thirties took a step forward and bowed to Zhang Cheng. Then he pointed at Patriarch Tao Ran. "Sect Master Zhang, it's him.

"Patriarch Tao Ran of the Nine Mystic Sword School occupied my Mu family's Mushen City and blatantly ordered my Mu family members about.

"He had done all kinds of evil deeds. Not only did he privately enter Little Alchemy Pavilion, but he also casually used the spiritual herbs in the Mu family's storeroom.

"So many of the Mu family's treasures were squandered by him!"

This middle-aged man named Mu Xun was hoarse, as if he was a cuckoo screaming in extreme grief.

His face flushed red as he turned to Zhang Cheng and bowed. "Sect Master Zhang, please seek justice for my Mushen City."

Han Muye turned to look.

Patriarch Tao Ran actually did not refute.

In that case, these accusations might be true.

It was normal to consume more spiritual herbs to study the Void Nascent Pill.

However, the disciples of the Mu family could not stand it anymore, so they went to find the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Zhang Cheng waved his hand, his expression unchanged. He said indifferently, "Mushen City is the holy land of alchemy in the Western Frontier. Someone from the Mu family asked for help and even brought 10,000 people's letters written in blood. Of course I have to interfere.

"Tao Ran, you are no longer qualified to hold down the fort in Mushen City."

Green spiritual light rose from his body, and a sword flickering with spiritual light appeared behind him.

A burst of sword intent surged towards Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran, causing golden light to appear in front of them.

This was the energy stirred up by his own strength resisting the sword light.

"Tao Ran, obediently return to the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect with me and explain your crimes.

"I'll inform the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to come and fetch him."

He narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye. Then he said coldly, "If you don't stop, I won't show mercy."

From the beginning to the end, Zhang Cheng did not mention Han Muye.

As long as Patriarch Tao Ran dared to resist, Zhang Cheng would definitely kill Han Muye today.

A dense power appeared on Patriarch Tao Ran.

Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

As long as they did not encounter a Heaven Realm expert, they could do whatever they wanted.

Han Muye did not speak. Sword intent also condensed on his body, and a small green sword appeared above his head.

Seeing this small sword, Zhang Cheng was first stunned, then his eyes lit up, and he gritted his teeth. "So it's you!"

He recognized that this Sword of the Soul was the method that almost killed him at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Moreover, at this moment, he clearly felt the same soul aura as the sword strike back then.

The one who attacked back then was Han Muye!

Han Muye did not answer, but gathered all his strength.

He had killed a Heaven Realm expert on Cloud Nest Ridge and killed a Myriad Transformation Daoist incarnation on Green Wheat Mountain. Han Muye was now facing a Heaven Realm expert and was no longer as respectful as before.

If he joined forces with Patriarch Tao Ran, it was possible to kill Zhang Cheng.

“Okay, okay.”

Zhang Cheng raised his hand, and the sword light behind him condensed into a golden sword, bringing with it endless wind and clouds. It was as if a single slash of the sword could trigger the clouds within a hundred miles.

The sword technique of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

“Sect Master Zhang, I don’t think you have to make the decision for my Mushen City, right?”

At this moment, a voice suddenly sounded from below.

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

The voice of the Mu family’s Patriarch?

Didn’t he go to the Southern Wasteland?

Turning around, Han Muye saw Patriarch Tao Ran smiling.

This fellow can actually hold back from saying that Patriarch Mu has returned, he thought.

Old fox.

The next moment, Han Muye glared even more.

The entire Great City Protection Formation outside Mushen City shook, and all the clouds were knocked away.

An old man from the Mu family in a green robe appeared on the light screen of the array.

At this moment, the aura on his body was clearly already at the Heaven Realm!

Patriarch Mu had stepped into the Heaven Realm!

He was the first alchemy Heaven Realm expert in the Western Frontier!

Not only that, Han Muye saw that the aura of the pink-clothed female cultivator standing beside the Mu family’s Patriarch was actually not inferior to the Mu family’s Patriarch.

He was also in the Heaven Realm!

The Mu family actually had two Heaven Realm experts!

Outsiders didn’t know about this at all!

Not only did Han Muye's expression change, but Zhang Cheng's face also twitched as he stared at Patriarch Mu and the female cultivator beside him.

"Fellow Daoist Mu, you've stepped into the Heaven Realm. Congratulations." These words came out from between his teeth.

The Mu family's ancestor nodded and pointed at the female cultivator beside him. "I haven't introduced you. This is my Dao companion, Hong Fu.

"She's from the Southern Wasteland.

"Previously, because of the war between the Southern Wasteland and the Western Frontier, we couldn't publicize this matter.

"Now that the Southern Wasteland is at peace with the Western Frontier, we can be together openly, right, Sect Master Zhang?"

As Patriarch Mu spoke, the female cultivator beside him looked at him lovingly.

"Yes, yes." Zhang Cheng's gaze turned to the Mu family's ancestor and the female cultivator. He nodded and said, "Fellow Daoist Mu has returned. I was worried for nothing."

Patriarch Mu chuckled and cupped his hands. "Sect Master Zhang is kind. Why don't you come to my Mu family for a drink?"

Drinking at this time? Han Muye wondered.

Can Zhang Cheng drink the wine?

He's full of anger, isn't he?

Moreover, it would be strange if Zhang Cheng could drink when facing two Heaven Realm experts of the same level.

Han Muye almost laughed out loud.

Zhang Cheng waved his hand and said coldly, "I'm busy with sect matters. Goodbye."

With that, he flew ten miles away.

Chang Ming and the others quickly followed.

Mu Xun, who was standing in place, looked up at the Mu family's patriarch with a pale face. Just as he was about to speak, his eyes suddenly widened, and a sword light pierced through his chest from behind.

Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said softly, "This Zhang Cheng is still so petty..."

Patriarch Tao Ran had stayed in the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect back then and knew Zhang Cheng.

The Mu family's ancestor narrowed his eyes and raised his hand, throwing Mu Xun's corpse into the city below.

The array dissipated, and Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran flew down.

When he returned to the Rain Lotus Garden, Patriarch Tao Ran smiled and told Han Muye that the Mu family's Patriarch had already returned.

It was just that he had not made it public for the time being to hide Hong Fu's identity.

"This old fellow went to the Southern Wasteland. Not only did he cultivate to the Heaven Realm, but he also kidnapped Fairy Peony.

"A double heaven realm cultivation technique is amazing..."

The envy in Patriarch Tao Ran's eyes could not be concealed.

It was unknown if he was envious of the Mu family's Patriarch's heavenly realm or that he came back with Fairy Peony, Hong Fu.

Perhaps both?

"Fellow Daoist Tao Ran, my husband has traveled thousands of miles to the Southern Wasteland to save me. I will naturally be with him, in life or death."

Outside the door, Fairy Peony's voice sounded.

Patriarch Mu and Hong Fu walked in.

Hong Fu looked at Han Muye and said softly, "You're Han Muye from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, right?"

Han Muye hurriedly bowed and said, "Han Muye greets Senior."

A Heaven Realm cultivator should be respected.

Hong waved her hand and sighed. "In the Southern Wasteland, if Brother Gao Changgong hadn't willingly joined the Red Flame Army in exchange for me, I wouldn't have been able to return.

"I should thank you both."

Sword Pavilion's Elder Gao? Han Muye thought.

Volunteered to join the Red Flame Army in exchange for her?

What does that mean?

Han Muye looked at Patriarch Mu.

The Mu family's ancestor nodded and said, "The Red Flame Army's General Xiao Yueli detained Hong Fu. It was Brother Gao who volunteered to enter the camp alone and replaced Hong Fu."

Xiao Yueli?

Han Muye remembered this name.

Back at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, when Elder Gao Changgong was preparing to die, he asked Han Muye to go to the Central Continent to pass a message to this person.

There seemed to be something between the two of them...

Han Muye looked up and saw Patriarch Mu's excited face. "Brother Gao had fallen into the Red Flame Army prison for me and Hong Fu. The Mu family will never forget this kindness."

Chapter 240: The Former Site of the Blazing Sun Palace. Eastern Sea Swordsman

Looking at the excited expression on the Mu family's patriarch's face, Han Muye wanted to tell him that Gao Changgong had only gone to look for his old lover. He didn't really sacrifice himself to let them have a happy ending.

However, thinking about how the two Heaven Realm experts of the Mu family had a huge influence in the Western Frontier and how the Nine Mystic Sword Sect needed these two allies, Han Muye finally chose to sigh.

"Seniors, don't you know what kind of person Elder Gao Changgong is?"

"He's cold on the outside but warm on the inside. He's chivalrous and willing to sacrifice himself for his friends. Who doesn't praise his character and cultivation?"

"Back then, he was willing to die for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. His heroism was earth-shattering!"

As he spoke, a look of grief and indignation appeared on his face. He said in a low voice, "Unfortunately, my Nine Mystic Mountain will probably ring six times this time."

The bell would ring six times if a Grand Elder died.

Hearing Han Muye's words, the Mu family's patriarch clenched his fists and said, "Don't worry, Hong Fu and I will definitely cooperate with your Nine Mystic Sword Sect to save Brother Gao."

Han Muye turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran.

His meaning was simple. 'You'll fill in the rest of the scene.'

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded with a solemn expression. He accompanied the Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony to discuss how to increase the chips of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in exchange for Gao Changgong.

Han Muye did not participate in how the Mu family cooperated with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

On the other hand, because of Gao Changgong's kindness, Fairy Peony treated Han Muye to a meal. She knew that his alchemy talent was extraordinary and even taught him alchemy.

Fairy Shaoyao's alchemy attainments were not inferior to the Mu family's Patriarch.

Back then, she was only a step away from being subdued by the Mu family's patriarch.

The alchemy techniques of the Southern Wasteland were indeed somewhat different from the inheritance of the Western Frontier.

For example, there were several methods of refining pills in the Southern Wasteland that did not use pill furnaces and flames.

“What is a pill? It’s just the power to purify and gather spiritual attributes in the world.” Fairy Peony looked at the cauldron in front of her and threw a water light into it

“Since it’s only for purification and polymerization, there’s no difference between water and fire.”

The medicinal power in the cauldron rotated and turned into a vortex, turning from fire to water. The medicinal power of the pill instantly gathered.

The Mu family’s Patriarch watched with a smile.

This was the two of them showing off when Han Muye asked them for guidance on the pill rotation technique.

Whether it was the Mu family’s patriarch or Fairy Peony, they did not hide their alchemy skills.

The two of them continuously showed Han Muye several alchemy techniques, broadening his horizons.

These two’s alchemy skills were indeed top-notch in the Western Frontier.

Three days later, Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran quietly left Mushen City with Lu Gao.

Since Patriarch Mu had appeared, there was no need for Patriarch Tao Ran to stay in Mushen City anymore.

In addition, Han Muye had already deduced the method to refine the Void Nascent Pill and the Nine Revolutions Pill Refinement Technique. He did not want to stay in Mushen City anymore.

Before leaving, Patriarch Tao Ran searched for many spiritual herbs in the city and exchanged them for some spiritual herbs in the Mu family’s stash that were needed to refine the Void Nascent Pill.

Han Muye also took the opportunity to exchange for the pills needed to refine the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

This way, he only needed to gather a few more pills to refine his Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

It wouldn’t be long before the Heaven Realm demon of the Green Wheat Mountain, Mu Jin, would be sent to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Mu Jin has also stepped into the Heaven Realm... Hearing Han Muye say that Mu Jin in the Green Wheat Mountain was already in the Heaven Realm, the Mu family’s patriarch gave a sigh.

“Speaking of which, I even went to the Green Wheat Mountain to make a deal with this great demon. How many years has it been since I last visited?”

Han Muye looked at him and said, “Senior Mu has visited the Green Wheat Mountain? Then you must have stayed over?”

The Mu family's patriarch nodded. "Of course. The Wood Demons were very welcoming. Cough, cough..."

There was something wrong with Fairy Peony's gaze.

....

After leaving Mushen City, Patriarch Tao Ran concealed his aura and led Han Muye and Lu Gao westward.

What they were going to was the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace.

"10,000 years ago, the Western Frontier was filled with large sects.

"At that time, a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator wasn't a true top expert."

Sitting in the flying ship, Patriarch Tao Ran introduced the situation of the Blazing Sun Palace to Han Muye.

In fact, the scene Han Muye saw from the few remaining swords was even more detailed than Patriarch Tao Ran's introduction.

However, some of the stories that had been passed down were not bad.

According to Patriarch Tao Ran, the Blazing Sun Palace was a holy land for cultivators of the fire attribute in the Western Frontier.

Alchemy, Weapon Dao, and Sword Technique were all extremely powerful.

Patriarch Tao Ran had gone to the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace to observe the fire lineage left behind back then.

According to him, it was very enlightening to cultivate fire-type sword techniques.

"It's said that the Blazing Sun Palace was destroyed by a great sword cultivator back then?" Han Muye looked at Patriarch Tao Ran and said softly.

In the scene he saw, Sword Master Yuan Tian did not destroy the Blazing Sun Palace back then.

Mu Jin also said that Sword Master Yuan Tian and Blazing Sun Palace were actually from the same sect.

As for how the Blazing Sun Palace was destroyed, Mu Jin did not have much information. She only said that it was destroyed overnight 8,000 years ago.

Back then, there was a rumor that several great cultivators were fighting in the Blazing Sun Palace.

It was said that the Blazing Sun Palace attracted heavenly fire and a calamity descended.

There was also a mysterious cultivator who destroyed the Blazing Sun Palace with a palm.

After all, Mu Jin was a great demon in the Green Wheat Mountain. She did not know much about these human sects.

"You mean Sword Master Yuan Tian?"

Tao Ran shook his head and said in a low voice, “That Great Sword Cultivator of the Western Frontier is the guardian of the Western Frontier. Why would he destroy a large sect of the Western Frontier?”