

## **Pavilion 291**

### **Chapter 291: Returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain, Welcomed by the Bell Six Times**

Why did no one dare to barge into the Broken Soul Wasteland? Even a Heaven Realm cultivator was unwilling to go there.

It was because tens of thousands of miles of heaven and earth had been tainted by the Heavenly Devil, and the Heaven and Earth powers were lacking.

The stronger the cultivators were, the more difficult it was for them to harmonize their Great Dao with Heaven and Earth when they were in the Broken Soul Wasteland.

Being unable to sense the Dao was an extremely terrifying thing for great cultivators.

Therefore, for many years, the Heavenly Demon occupied the Broken Soul Wasteland and no one questioned it.

Han Muye had killed the Heavenly Demon, broken through the world infected by the Heavenly Demon, and allowed the power of the Western Frontier's Heavenly Dao to return to the Broken Soul Wasteland.

In return, the Heavenly Dao gave Han Muye the perfect affinity of the Earth-type lineage.

In the future, not only would he be able to cultivate the earth-type cultivation technique without any obstacles, but when he stood on the ground, he would be blessed with the Heavenly Dao.

Battles, cultivation, and searching for natural treasures could all have unimaginable enhancements.

The simplest thing was that when one's feet touched the ground, one's body would not be defeated.

Without the huge force that could shatter a radius of 5,000 miles, no one could break Han Muye's physical defense.

An extremely powerful body, the cultivation of a half-step grandmaster, and a pure sword intent.

In the divine treasure, a second soul sword had already condensed, but the power of the Heavenly Demon Soul was still rising.

All of this was Han Muye's gain.

As expected, the cultivation world was no different from the mortal world. It focused on opportunities and wealth.

Han Muye chuckled.

He even said that he would not reveal his wealth.

This time, he displayed his absolute strength and intimidated the Western Frontier, making his name resound.

In the future, he would not attack if he could.

In case those people were afraid.

As long as he had more time, it would be easy for him to surpass those few people.

Taking a light breath, Han Muye dispersed all the spiritual light on his body. Immediately, his entire body was filled with the aura of the mortal world.

The Spell of the Mortal World.

As he refined the Great Spirit through the Confucian Dao cultivation technique, he underwent a change after absorbing countless resentment.

Unfortunately, he had little understanding of the Confucian Dao. He had no idea what characteristics this cultivation technique had and could only sense it passively.

In the future, he had to find some Confucianist books in the Central Continent to study.

Kong Chaode was a Confucian Dao cultivator. Although his Confucian Dao cultivation had yet to reach the Scholar Realm, it was not far away. If he had time, he could discuss it with him.

After this refinement, Han Muye's temperament cultivation reached a powerful realm.

At the very least, before reaching the Earth Realm Golden Core Realm, he did not have to care about the danger of his heart being unstable.

When Han Muye ended his cultivation, the jade bone in Daoist Dayan's palm had just been refined.

Turning around, Daoist Dayan was stunned to see Han Muye smiling at him.

"Daoist Dayan, what did you say before?"

Han Muye remembered that before he killed the demon with his sword, Daoist Dayan had said that as long as he didn't die, he would acknowledge him as his master.

Daoist Dayan was the sword spirit of the sword pill. If he could return to the sword pill, the sword pill would immediately become a Dharma treasure-level sword.

The sword pill that turned into a Dharma treasure was even stronger than Zhao Yunlong's Cloud Dragon Sword.

"Yes, let's talk about it again." Daoist Dayan waved his hand and turned into a breeze, landing behind Han Muye.

He was restrained by Han Muye's four sword pills and was not far away.

However, his Sword Dao was of the earth and stone lineage, which was very compatible with the current Han Muye.

Seeing Daoist Dayan escape, Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

Although Daoist Dayan was a little selfish, he was willing to fight to the death twice.

There was no hurry. When his cultivation and combat strength increased in the future, he would naturally be able to subdue Daoist Dayan.

Also, in the future, he would have more and more sword pills in his hands. If he received that jade maiden, he would definitely be able to control Daoist Dayan.

As he put away the array disc, a breeze blew past his face.

“Hum—”

The flying ship shuddered slightly and stopped.

Han Muye got up and walked out of the cabin. He saw two figures standing in the void in front of him.

One wore a green-black robe and held a wooden staff. The other had long purple hair.

The Heaven Realm demon on Green Wheat Mountain, Mu Jin, and the little wooden demon, Tan Tan.

At the bow of the flying ship on both sides, a few Earth Realm experts of the Nine Mystic Mountain stood vigilantly.

The half-step Heaven Realm Grand Elder, Zhang Zhihe, had a solemn expression as clouds surged on his body.

Han Muye walked forward and cupped his hands with a smile. “So it’s Senior Mu Jin and Fellow Daoist Tan Tan.”

Mu Jin nodded, while Tan Tan stared at Han Muye, her eyes rolling.

“Immortal Han, we were on our way to the Broken Soul Wasteland. After you killed the demon with one strike, we came back to see you.”

Mu Jin looked at Han Muye and said softly, “I wonder if Immortal Han needs my help?”

She could tell that Han Muye’s cultivation was weak.

Using his powerful cultivation to kill the demons who had occupied the Western Frontier for countless years, his sacrifice was worthy of admiration.

Anyone else would probably not do this.

How many cultivators were not selfish and heartless?

They would sacrifice other peoples’ interests rather than hurt their own.

Han Muye was not only a life-saving benefactor to Mu Jin and the wood demons on Green Wheat Mountain, but also an extremely important partner.

Therefore, when Mu Jin found out that Han Muye had come to the Broken Soul Wasteland to kill a demon, she rushed over with Tan Tan.

However, the Green Wheat Mountain was far away. By the time they arrived, Han Muye had already killed the great demon, dispersed his cultivation, and returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Coincidentally, Mu Jin and Tan Tan intercepted him halfway.

“Um, Immortal Han, are you alright?” Tan Tan looked at Han Muye and whispered nervously.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

“Senior Mu, Little Fellow Daoist Tan Tan, I appreciate your kindness.”

“I don’t need any help for the time being.”

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Looking at Mu Jin, Han Muye continued meaningfully, “Our previous agreement remains unchanged. If there’s a chance, I’ll ask Senior for help.”

Mu Jin glanced around and nodded.

Tan Tan looked at Han Muye. “You, why don’t I stay and help you heal?”

“Granny Lan said that if I dual cultivate with you, I can help you heal. You know how to dual cultivate, right?”

At the bow, Zhao Pu turned to look at Han Muye and grinned.

The old men on the other flying boats also looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye sighed and said with a smile, “There’s no need. Tan Tan, go back with Granny Lan and cultivate well.

“I’ll have a chance to see you later.”

*Silly girl, how could you say something like dual cultivation in front of so many people?*

*Don’t I care about saving face?*

*If you mention it in private, we can give it a try...*

Hearing Han Muye’s rejection, Tan Tan lowered her head and said, “Oh.”

Mu Jin reached out and a green spiritual light enveloped the two of them.

“Everyone, see you again.”

With that, she turned into a spiritual wind and dissipated.

A Heaven Realm demon was rampant in the Western Frontier.

After Mu Jin left, the experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect on the five flying ships heaved a sigh of relief.

That was the Heaven Realm.

Zhang Zhihe glanced at Han Muye, shook his head, and entered the cabin.

Zhao Pu turned around and said, "Senior Brother Han, this is a rare opportunity. Can't you do it?"

*You're the one who can't.*

Han Muye couldn't be bothered with him and turned to walk back to the cabin.

Zhao Pu laughed and acted intermediately. He activated the flying ship and sped forward.

This time, there were no more obstructions on the way.

Everyone knew that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect wanted to welcome Immortal Han back to the sect immediately.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was a major sect in the Western Frontier. Who dared to stop a half-step Heaven Realm Grand Elder?

Those who originally wanted to curry favor with him gave up when they saw that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's flying ship had no intention of stopping.

When the flying ship arrived under the rule of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, many cultivators flew into the sky and followed the flying ship for a moment as guards to send them off.

Han Muye walked out of the flying ship and cupped his hands at the surrounding cultivators.

"Luyang Sword Sect's Shao Botao and his disciples welcome Immortal Han's return."

"Zuo Yusun of the Deyu Dao Sect welcomes Immortal Han with the elders of the sect."

Along the way, countless cultivators welcomed him. The atmosphere was extremely solemn.

Han Muye killed the demon with one strike, shaking the Western Frontier.

News from the Broken Soul Wasteland came much faster than a flying ship.

Immortal Han had sacrificed his cultivation for the cultivation world. It could be said that he was extremely righteous.

This time, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was famous in the Western Frontier because of Han Muye.

As a sect under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, their relationship was one for all and all for one.

Coming to welcome Han Muye was both out of respect for him and an expression of their attitude.

After all, the Grand Elder of the Nine Mystic Sword School was watching.

The flying ship traveled tens of thousands of miles and arrived outside the Nine Mystic Mountain under the escort of thousands of cultivators.

"Dong—"

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang.

"Dong—"

A second ring.

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

A third ring, then a fourth.

Standing at the bow, Han Muye sighed.

He never expected that one day, he would hear the bell welcoming him back.

“Dong—”

Fifth ring.

“Dong—”

Six bells rang, and the Grand Elder greeted him.

Han Muye recalled that he had asked Huang Six when he would hear six bells. He couldn't help but laugh and shake his head.

It was not difficult to hear six rings. He became a Sword Pavilion Elder and left for a while.

“Han Muye is in charge of the Sword Pavilion. For the sake of the Western Frontier, he sacrificed himself to kill the demons, and returned with glory. We respect the Sword Pavilion Elder.

“All disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect welcome Elder Han Muye back—”

A voice came from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Tuoba Cheng, who had a solemn aura and a soaring sword intent, led the rows of red-robed Nine Mystic Sword Sect elders and disciples behind him and bowed to welcome him.

Fortunately, he was not wearing a black robe.

At this moment, Tuoba Cheng's entire body was filled with sword intent and spiritual energy. He did not hide his cultivation level at all. It was obvious that he had already reached the half-step Heaven Realm.

“Senior Brother Han, please.” Zhang Zhihe, who had a solemn expression, stretched out his hand. A green path appeared in midair and led Han Muye straight to the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

From now on, Han Muye would be an Elder of the Sword Pavilion.

His status was equivalent to a Grand Elder.

Because of the special status of the Sword Pavilion in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the entire sect had to call him Senior Brother Han.

Or Elder Han.

Han Muye cupped his hands, straightened his clothes, and strode onto the green path.

A green light flashed and carried him to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Looking at the majestic mountain gate in front of him, Han Muye had many thoughts.

From the time he begged hard in front of the mountain gate to the present day, when all the disciples bowed and welcomed him, his circumstances in the world were really strange.

*Is this cultivation?* he thought.

“Senior Brother Han,” someone said at the mountain gate.

A servant disciple in a gray robe bowed excitedly.

“Senior Brother Han.”

In a green robe, his face was youthful and ruddy. He must be an outer sect disciple.

“Senior Brother Han.”

The white-robed Yang Mingxuan bowed. Beside him stood a few people from the Sword Pavilion.

Instructor Lin, Liu Hong, and Jiang Ming watched with concern.

Not far away, Bai Suzhen, who was dressed in white, looked at Han Muye and nodded with a smile.

Around him, “Senior Brother Han” could be heard, and gazes landed on Han Muye.

Everyone’s faces were filled with concern, excitement, reverence, and pride.

This was the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The home of all the sword cultivators of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Han Muye took a deep breath, as if he could absorb spiritual energy into his chest and abdomen.

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It was just like the yearning for the cultivation world when he first entered this sect.

“Senior Brother Han, the Sect Master is waiting for you in the hall.” Behind him, Tuoba Cheng’s voice sounded.

Han Muye nodded, cupped his hands, and strode forward to the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

His movements did not seem fast at all. They were like a mortal’s. His footsteps were heavy, but he covered hundreds of feet with each step and disappeared in a flash.

Tuoba Cheng and the Elders behind him looked at each other and quickly followed.

Han Muye did not lose his cultivation as they had thought.

That was good news.

After stepping onto the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Jin Ze stood on the green jade stone platform in front of the hall.

At this moment, Jin Ze looked old. He was a completely different person from when he attacked in front of the Nine Mystic Mountain and fought a Heaven Realm cultivator.

"I should welcome Senior Brother Han back, but it's better not to appear in front of the disciples."

Jin Ze looked at Han Muye, who was striding over, and said.

Han Muye approached Jin Ze, his eyes shining.

"Sect Master, you don't have much time left."

Although Jin Ze had shattered his Golden Core, as a Golden Core cultivator, he still had hundreds of years to live.

However, from the looks of it, he did not have much lifespan left.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Jin Ze laughed and waved his hand. "Cultivators like us don't care about life and death. We're carefree. Why should we care about our lifespan?"

With that, he looked at Han Muye and said softly, "Didn't you also look down on life and death when you attacked in the opposite direction in the Broken Soul Wasteland?"

Indeed.

If the Heavenly Demon had not been destroyed, Han Muye would not have had a chance to live.

"Sigh, compared to you, I feel that I, Tuoba Cheng, am not worthy of being called a sword cultivator."

Behind him, Tuoba Cheng's voice could be heard.

Han Muye turned around and saw Tuoba Cheng walking up the jade platform.

"Elder Tuoba, as a peak half-step Heaven Realm expert, your sword light has already formed. If you're not a sword cultivator, who dares to be a sword cultivator?"

Han Muye smiled and spoke.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, among his peers, only Tuoba Cheng could rely on his own comprehension to achieve the Sword Dao.

In the entire Western Frontier, there were not many people who could compete with him in sword momentum.

If such a person was not a sword cultivator, who would dare to call him a sword cultivator?

The three of them stood on the jade platform and looked at the clouds in front of them in silence.



After a long time, Jin Ze sighed and said, "The Nine Mystic Sword Sect has been passed down for 10,000 years. It has been through ups and downs. It's only today that there's a sign of prosperity."

Great prosperity.

Even though the previous five lineages all had half-step Heaven Realm experts and looked powerful, they were actually just putting on airs.

Although the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was strong back then, the entire Western Frontier watched as they fought with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, hoping that the two sects would have an internecine outcome.

Only now, there were not many half-step Heaven Realm experts, but the juniors of the sect kept rising and becoming famous in the Western Frontier.

There were experts suppressing it from above, and juniors fighting for it. There were resources gathered for 10,000 years inside, and the Mu family's patriarch and the great demon of the Green Wheat Mountain outside. The other sects had formed an alliance to help.

This was the true sign of prosperity.

Among the intermediate sects at the top of the Western Frontier, there would definitely be a seat in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

The momentum of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had been formed. If they wanted to rise, no one could stop them!

All of this was achieved through the concerted efforts of the Sword Sect and the fearless sacrifices.

Grand Elder Lu Hao of the Cloud Nest Ridge had graciously sacrificed his life. Huang Six, the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker, had transformed into a demon to kill demonic spirits in exchange for the Western Frontier turning defeat into victory and exterminating the demons.

The Sword Pavilion Elder, Han Muye, spent his cultivation to kill the Heavenly Demon. Thousands of Western Frontier elites survived, and the Broken Soul Wasteland regained its vitality.

On this jade platform, Sect Master Jin Ze had severed his Dao path, and Sword Pavilion Elder Han Muye had crippled his cultivation.

How many swords did the Sword Pavilion have that returned without an owner?

"This is my Nine Mystic Sword Sect." Tuoba Cheng turned to look at Han Muye and said, "I think you understand better than me."

Han Muye understood.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was different from the other sects. There was no powerful inheritance, nor was there a true top cultivator. There was only the sacrifice and sacrifice of generations of seniors in the sect.

This was a sect that relied on grassroots sword cultivators to gather for warmth.

Everyone Han Muye met among them might not have advanced aptitude or impressive cultivation, but everyone had cultivated their own appearances.

The Sword Pavilion Elder, Gao Changgong.

The Grand Elder of the fire-type lineage, Tao Ran.

Lu Hao.

Jin Ze.

There was also Song Nine, who had become Song Seven, Lu Ten, who had died on Fengshou Mountain, and Yang Zhao, who had finally chosen to escort his Master's bloodline to the Eastern Sea...

And Sixth Brother.

*Isn't cultivation like this?*

"Kid, you've already made a bold statement about the Nine Sects Rearrangement Meeting three years from now. How are you going to end it?"

Tuoba Cheng smiled and looked at Han Muye.

His address made Han Muye feel much closer.

Han Muye really didn't care about the Elder title.

"Isn't there still three years?" Han Muye looked ahead, his eyes shining.

"Three years is a long time."

Hearing his words, Tuoba Cheng and Jin Ze looked at each other and chuckled.

He was afraid that Han Muye would lose his fighting spirit this time.

As long as his fighting spirit was there, anything was possible with his talent.

"What's the deeper meaning of you declaring in the Blazing Sun Palace that you want to occupy a radius of 30,000 miles as the territory of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?"

"Also, Patriarch Tao Ran went to the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace with you. Why didn't he return?"

Jin Ze said as he looked at Han Muye.

There must be a reason for these things.

Previously, their sect's Elders had discussed it. Perhaps Patriarch Tao Ran and the others had made a big discovery in the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace, so Han Muye announced it like that.

Hearing Jin Ze's question, Han Muye smiled.

Previously, the spatial passageway was not stable. It was unknown how many disciples of the Sword Sect could train in the Fire Source World.

When Han Muye returned, the intermediate spatial power in the black sword had repaired the passage. In the future, he could arrange for the disciples of the sect to cultivate in the Fire Source World.

The power of the Heavenly Dao there was weak. At a low level, the bottleneck was much smaller.

Moreover, there were many cultivators from outside the realm who would fight with all their might to sharpen their combat strength.

How could a sword cultivator not kill?

Han Muye softly introduced the Fire Source World and the situation there.

He even told him about Patriarch Tao Ran's recent situation.

In the Blazing Sun Palace's Fire Source Palace, where cultivators from outside the realm had invaded, Patriarch Tao Ran swallowed a Void Nascent Pill and his cultivation level reached the peak of the half-step Heaven Realm. He could break through at any time.

"Senior Brother Tao Ran has a chance to step into the Heaven Realm!" Jin Ze widened his eyes and stared at Han Muye.

"You, you really refined the Void Nascent Pill?"

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Not only Jin Ze, but Tuoba Cheng, who was standing at the side, held his breath and stared at Han Muye.

This news was too shocking.

Han Muye nodded and said in a low voice, "That's right. I can refine the Void Nascent Pill."

Not only did he refine it, but its quality was also high.

Patriarch Tao Ran swallowed a pill and could break through at any time.

Staring at Han Muye, Sect Master Jin Ze's eyes flashed.

"Good, good!"

Jin Ze clenched his fists and waved them a few times. He looked at the solemn Tuoba Cheng and smiled.

"Patriarch Tao Ran has reached the Heaven Realm. At that time, we will have—"

"Haha, if that's the case, I can rest in peace."

At this point, he said in a low voice, "Little Han, can you refine this pill again?"

Of course, he could refine the Void Nascent Pill again.

Actually, Han Muye still had two immortal-grade Void Nascent Pills.

It was not that he could not take them out, but it was not time to use them.

None of the other Grand Elders in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had Patriarch Tao Ran's deep accumulation of herbs.

Tuoba Cheng was still lacking.

Nodding, Han Muye looked at Jin Ze. "Sect Master, after gathering the spiritual herbs, I can refine them."

With that, he paused. "I can also refine lifespan-extending pills."

Lifespan-extending pills.

Tuoba Cheng's eyes lit up and he said in a deep voice, "Alright, I'll think of a way to get the spiritual herbs."

Jin Ze smiled and shook his head without saying anything else.

"Since there's a great opportunity in the Fire Source World, the disciples of the Sword Sect naturally have to go as long as they have sufficient aptitude and combat strength."

Tuoba Cheng waved his hand and pointed down. "Direct disciples, elites, the top 300 of the inner sect, go.

"But you have to hide your tracks by going in batches."

*All of them?* Han Muye thought.

That was a true killing ground. The cultivators of the Cloud Heaven Realm were even stronger than the cultivators of the Heaven Mystic Realm.

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, Tuoba Cheng said loudly, "As a sword cultivator, how can you grow without killing?"

That was true.

After finalizing such a big matter, the three of them chatted casually.

There had been a lot of things happening in the Western Frontier recently.

The Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony were both in the Heaven Realm, and they even had a rapprochement with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. This was a surprise.

On Fengshou Mountain's side, Li Mubai of the Shangyang Demon Sect was surging with demonic flames.

"Kid, it's best if you don't get too close to Bai Suzhen. That demon Li Mubai is unreasonable," Tuoba Cheng reminded.

Han Muye nodded.

He had always regarded Bai Suzhen as a partner.

If not for the fact that her father was the greatest demon in the Western Frontier, they could have become confidants.

For now, it was better for him to stay away.

In the next hundred years, the demons of the Southern Wasteland would slowly migrate. Even if the humans and demons in the Western Frontier had a restrictive agreement, there would still be friction.

There were many demon experts in the Southern Wasteland. The various sects in the Western Frontier were rearranged into nine sects now to fight for resources and increase their strength to deal with the future situation.

“Recently, there has been a lot of trouble in the various sects. You can cultivate steadily in the Sword Pavilion.” Tuoba Cheng laughed and said in a low voice.

Trouble.

This mess was related to Han Muye.

After Han Muye killed the Heavenly Demon, the people from the various sects controlled by the Heavenly Demon and the Soul Devouring Demon immediately went crazy.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Spiritual Dao Sect, and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, no sect in the Western Frontier was safe from harm.

Some of these people were low-level disciples of the sect, while others were already intermediate deacons and elders.

And those small sects that had already become sect masters.

These people went crazy and immediately caused all kinds of chaos.

Hence, Tuoba Cheng said that Han Muye could cultivate peacefully now, because the various sects in the Western Frontier were all dealing with their own mess.

Was this a pleasant surprise or an unexpected disaster?

Han Muye did not stay at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain for long and went straight to the Sword Pavilion.

Watching him leave, Jin Ze and Tuoba Cheng had complicated expressions.

“This world is ultimately the world of the young...” Jin Ze shook his head and turned to walk towards the hall.

....

When Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, Yang Mingxuan, Liu Hong, and the others hurriedly came to see him.

“Senior Brother Han, no, Elder Han, is your cultivation alright?” Liu Hong leaned forward and sized up Han Muye. He spoke in a low voice with a nervous expression.

“Why?” Han Muye smiled at him. “Are you afraid that my cultivation will be crippled and I won’t be able to protect you?”

Liu Hong’s face stiffened. Just as he was about to speak, Han Muye reached out and patted his shoulder. “Cultivate well. You don’t have to worry about anything else.”

With that, he glanced at Jiang Ming, Yang Mingxuan, and Lin Shen, who was standing silently at the back.

Yang Mingxuan’s cultivation seemed to have improved a lot recently.

Yang Dingshan’s death and the coldness of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect made him cultivate with all his might every day.

Jiang Ming was still the same. However, his cultivation seemed to have increased slightly, and he was in good spirits.

As for Lin Shen, his aura was calmer.

“I’ll arrange the intermediate matters in the Sword Pavilion and then enter seclusion to cultivate.”

He walked up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion. The layout was the same.

After sitting at the long table, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

“Young Master.”

Jiang Ming walked forward and whispered.

Han Muye nodded.

Jiang Ming reported that he had been establishing a pills and spiritual herbs business with Kong Chaode.

Kong Chaode was indeed capable.

In a short period of time, they had already established the shop’s business team and had distributed pills.

“Currently, we only make some low-level pills of ordinary quality to make a name for ourselves among itinerant cultivators and small families.

“I’ll still provide pills to Storeowner Bai. The sect doesn’t lack them.”

There was no effect on the supply of pills. There was naturally no need to interact with a big business like the Bai family in the early stages.

## **Chapter 295: Nine Revolutions into a Pill, Creating an Immortal Spiritual Root (2)**

“Get Kong Chaode to contact the Green Wheat Mountain Heaven Realm demon, Mu Jin,” Han Muye said.

A Heaven Realm Great Demon!

Jiang Ming’s eyes widened.

How many Heaven Realm experts were there in the entire Western Frontier?

Their Young Master could build a relationship with a Heaven Realm demon.

“Not only do we have to do low-level pills, but we also have to do high-level pills.”

Han Muye looked at Jiang Ming and smiled. “However, we don’t sell them in the Western Frontier.

“We’ll sell them to the Central Continent.”

Central Continent!

He wanted to expand his business to the Central Continent!

Jiang Ming’s throat moved a few times, and confusion flashed across his face.

In the end, he smiled wryly and said, “Young Master, I never dared to think about these things.”

He was an itinerant cultivator. The cultivation world of the Western Frontier felt like the world to him. He had never thought of selling pills to the Central Continent.

According to Han Muye’s instructions, not only did Jiang Ming have to contact Kong Chaode and take the trade route to the Central Continent, but he also had to contact Tang Yunhao, who occupied the old land of the Blazing Sun Palace.

Over there, there was a supply of resources from the Fire Source World.

Jiang Ming was completely frightened by Han Muye’s business plan. When he went downstairs, he was in a daze.

*How big is Young Master playing?*

When he went downstairs, Lin Shen, who was waiting downstairs, strode up.

“Brother Han, I’ll be your personal guard in the future.” Looking at the mortal Han Muye, Lin Shen said in a deep voice.

The power that he had restrained slowly surged.

After Lin Shen’s cultivation slowly fused with the jade bones, he was already at the mid-stage Earth Realm Soul Awakening Realm.

The key was that he could use his combat strength to fight a Golden Core.

He drew his sword millions of times and was close to greater mastery of the Rock Shattering Mountain Sword Technique.

If his sword technique condensed into sword intent, his combat strength would be even greater.

"Instructor Lin, you, me, Sixth Brother, and Brother Lu are all gathered in the Sword Pavilion to find our own Dao." Han Muye looked at Lin Shen and said softly.

They sought the Dao.

"I don't need a guard. Your cultivation isn't for protecting anyone as a guard.

"As a sword cultivator, your sword has to fight the entire world."

Han Muye smiled and looked at Lin Shen. "Instructor Lin, I heard that the sword cultivators from the Eastern Sea are coming to the Sword Pavilion to challenge me. You have to guard this first stage."

*The Eastern Sea Swordsman are coming?*

The Eastern Sea was the world of sword cultivators.

The Eastern Sea Swordsman's cultivation in the Sword Dao was definitely profound.

Lin Shen's eyes lit up as he nodded.

It was his duty to protect Han Muye and the Sword Pavilion.

Without Han Muye, he wouldn't have everything he had now.

But as Han Muye had said, everyone had their own path.

No one was anyone's vassal.

Lin Shen went downstairs, and Yang Mingxuan and Liu Hong came up again.

According to Han Muye's instructions, the two of them would hold down and preside over the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, and be mainly responsible for collecting and receiving swords.

While Yang Mingxuan cultivated diligently, Liu Hong paid more attention to miscellaneous matters.

"Liu Hong, you go to the Cao family's sword appraisal gathering.

"Remember not to tarnish the reputation of the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye raised his hand and threw out a jade slip.

"This jade slip records the details and characteristics of 82 refining techniques, as well as the appearance of 300 long swords.

"There are 30,000 swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion. Observe them carefully. Before the sword appraisal gathering, you should be able to become a sword master."

At this point, Han Muye smiled and said, "With this, you can become famous at the sword-grade meeting and make the eldest daughter of the Cao family look at you in a different light. She won't treat you as a profligate son anymore."



Han Muye's words made Liu Hong blush.

Although he was engaged to Cao'e, Cao'e was already independent, while he only hung out in the Sword Pavilion.

Cao'e was a little cold to him.

"Yang Mingxuan, if you want to represent the Bright Mountain Sword Sect in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Ceremony, your current cultivation and combat strength are not enough."

Han Muye turned to look at the solemn Yang Mingxuan and spoke in a deep voice.

Yang Mingxuan nodded. "Senior Brother, please teach me."

Although his combat strength was insufficient, he was hardworking enough. Moreover, he trusted Han Muye and listened to him.

After all, only Han Muye could help him.

Without Han Muye's help, he would never have the chance to regain control of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect and fulfill Yang Dingshan's last wish.

"I'll go into seclusion to refine some pills. After that, I'll arrange for you to follow the sect elites to the Fire Source World."

Han Muye roughly introduced the situation of the Fire Source World, then said, "That place is filled with life and death battles. If you can survive there, you will be qualified to participate in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Ceremony three years from now."

If he fought against cultivators from outside the realm, his life and death would be uncertain.

Yang Mingxuan took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Okay."

After the two of them left, Liu Hong whispered, "Senior Brother, why don't we let Yang Mingxuan stay behind first?"

Yang Mingxuan froze in his tracks.

....

After dealing with the miscellaneous matters, Han Muye took out the array disc. Then he raised his hand and activated a formation on the Sword Pavilion and the array disc.

Daoist Dayan also flew to the side and protected Han Muye.

"Hum—"

With a soft sound, a three-foot-long bronze cauldron landed in front of Han Muye.

This was a huge cauldron refined from a star by the Patriarch himself.

Unfortunately, the artifact spirit had been severely injured and devoured by the Earth fire spirit. Now its spirituality had been damaged. Otherwise, it would be a Dharma treasure-level cauldron.

In the name of Dao, achieve the Origin.

Dao Origin cauldron.

Facing the cauldron, Han Muye's expression turned solemn.

Alchemy, refining weapons, and practicing the sword had to be treated seriously.

In the world of cultivation, only by putting in effort could one achieve success.

Spiritual herbs were placed in front of him.

Then three golden lotus seeds were placed beside the spiritual herbs.

Han Muye had only gathered three portions of the spiritual herbs needed for the Nine Revolution Cloud Lotus Pill.

Although he did not lack golden lotus seeds, he could not refine many Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pills.

### **Chapter 296: Nine Revolutions into a Pill, Creating an Immortal Spiritual Root (3)**

Raising his hand, the sword intent in Han Muye's sea of Qi immediately seeped out.

The fiery red sword intent turned into threads that flew towards the cauldron.

Transforming sword intent into sword threads was the appearance of condensing sword intent.

This sword thread could split a huge mountain.

The sword intent that condensed into sword threads collided with the cauldron, producing a dull vibration.

Then the sword silk wrapped around the cauldron. The cauldron gently floated up and slowly spun.

However, there was no heat in it.

Han Muye waved his hand, and a spiritual rock shattered. Then it emitted a little coldness and turned into frost along with his hand seal.

In the first segment of the Nine Revolutions Alchemy Technique, he used the Ice Snow Condensation Pill.

The frost Qi fused with the sword intent. With a tremble, it turned into bone-chilling cold.

The cold power seeped into the cauldron, and a cold aura immediately surged.

Han Muye threw spiritual herbs into the pill furnace one by one, then watched as the halo circulated and the medicinal power melted.

Unlike the Flame Alchemy Technique, the Frost Melting Medicine protected almost all the medicinal power in the spiritual herbs.

In this way, after the spiritual herbs were refined into pills, there were many subtle changes.

“As expected, the Great Dao of the world is so magical. It’s good that it’s not completely pure.”

Looking at the medicinal power wrapped in the power of frost slowly spinning in the cauldron, Han Muye had a hint of understanding.

In the past, he pursued purity when refining pills.

Actually, sometimes extremes were not perfect.

The spiritual herbs flowed in the cauldron and turned into three clear pills.

Cloud Lotus Pills.

They were just ordinary Cloud Lotus Pills. Even if the grade was not bad and they were of fine quality, the medicinal power was only ordinary.

Such pills were not much different from the Golden Lotus Seeds.

If that was all, he might as well swallow the Golden Lotus Seed immediately. Why waste so many precious spiritual herbs?

Looking at the cauldron, Han Muye patted it.

“Bam—”

In the cauldron, the power of frost instantly dissipated, and the pills inside shattered, returning to a rich medicinal power that churned in the cauldron.

As soon as the frost power dissipated, Han Muye pointed his finger.

The sword intent landed in the cauldron and turned into water vapor. Then it surged like waves.

The medicinal power in the cauldron turned into illusory waves. They were activated layer by layer and fused the medicinal power again.

*Sword techniques integrated into alchemy?*

Looking at the waves in the cauldron, Han Muye was slightly stunned.

Then he shook his head again.

This method was not something outsiders could imitate.

At the very least, they could not find a cauldron refined from stars like the Dao Origin Cauldron.

Without the Dao Origin Cauldron, the furnace would have exploded before the others could activate their sword techniques. Why would they refine pills?

“Whoosh—”

The pill took shape with a ripple on it.

Han Muye clapped his hand, and the pills in the cauldron shattered, and the water dissipated.

Flames rose.

...

In three days, the pills in the cauldron kept changing, from green to transparent to pale white.

At this moment, the pill had already become a bean-sized round bead with nine golden patterns.

Han Muye reached out and swept the cauldron open.

“Boom—”

There was an explosion.

Lightning intertwined on the entire Nine Mystic Mountain.

A day ago, the alchemy lightning tribulation was already brewing.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s protective array and the Sword Pavilion’s array formation were activated.

Lightning descended one after another and was resolved. Then it turned into pure spiritual energy and pressed down on the spiritual land.

Several Golden Core Elders on the Nine Mystic Mountain had already gone into seclusion in the spiritual land.

This lightning tribulation was also an opportunity for cultivators.

However, it consumed a lot of spiritual rocks.

In one night, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had already exchanged for 10 basic spiritual rocks.

There were 10 pieces at a time, and every piece was superior-grade. The total value was a million.

This consumption made Tuoba Cheng’s heart ache. He muttered that he wanted to settle scores with Han Muye.

On the other hand, Sect Master Jin Ze was open-minded. He waved his hand and said, “You don’t want the Void Nascent Pill anymore?”

These words made Tuoba Cheng shut up.

Although he had a mysterious fur that could withstand the lightning tribulation, Han Muye still felt that he should not take out such a treasure if he could help it.

With the protection array to withstand the lightning tribulation, he could save a lot of trouble.

After the pills flew out, he pressed the three pills against the Sword Pavilion’s array formation and triggered a trace of lightning to descend to refine them.

When the lightning dissipated, three golden pills were in his hand.

Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill.

Each one had nine golden patterns.

Although it was said to be nine revolutions, coupled with the lightning tribulation and the first refinement technique, it had been tempered 11 times before the pill was formed.

Looking at the pills, Han Muye felt a little emotional.

If it were an outsider, it would really be difficult to refine this pill.

He suspected that not many people in the world could master the Nine Revolutions Alchemy Technique.

He struck while the iron was hot and refined the second batch of Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pills in two days.

There were a total of six pills in two furnaces.

The six pills were golden and intertwined. It was as if one could lose one's mind glancing at them.

The Western Frontier had never had such alchemy methods.

With a pill in hand, Han Muye swallowed it without hesitation.

It was very strange. When this pill entered his stomach, it trembled slightly and turned into traces of medicinal power that dissipated. It was not like other immortal-grade pills that were left to nourish in his dantian.

As the pill entered his body, Han Muye felt his meridians tremble, and spiritual light flashed in front of him.

*Is this spiritual energy?*

*Can spiritual energy be seen with the naked eye?*

*Didn't they say that spiritual energy could not be seen or touched?*

These spiritual lights seemed to be attracted by his body and fought to enter it.

*Is this an immortal spiritual core?* he wondered.

*Automatic absorption of spiritual energy?*

Feeling the wisps of spiritual energy in his body that did not need to be absorbed by cultivation and directly flowed along his meridians to his dantian, Han Muye was filled with emotions.

It was indeed the difference between an immortal and a mortal.

When he was at the ninth-grade aptitude, he could not even smell the spiritual energy.

The spiritual energy absorbed into his body somehow dissipated into his body, as if it did not like him.

Now that he had swallowed six Cloud Lotus Pills and his aptitude had increased to the Immortal Spiritual Root, these spiritual energy cuties tried their best to enter his body. They could not refuse.

“Immortal spiritual root?” Daoist Dayan, the guardian, looked at the change in Han Muye’s aura in surprise.

“I remember that Sword Master Yuan Tian had a second-grade spiritual core. Later on, he cultivated for 3,000 years and found a treasure to increase his aptitude to an immortal spiritual core.

“Your pill is amazing.”

Daoist Dayan did not know much about alchemy. Seeing Han Muye’s complicated alchemy methods, he felt sleepy.

The pill attracted lightning tribulation. He only knew that this pill was extraordinary.

Unexpectedly, it was a treasure that would allow one to obtain an immortal spiritual root!

Looking at Han Muye, Daoist Dayan’s expression became even more complicated.

It didn’t seem too bad to acknowledge this guy as his master...

With a smile on his face, Han Muye raised his hand and three Fire Essence Spiritual Crystals appeared.

Previously, he had not cultivated again because of his cultivation depletion.

With the Fire Essence Spiritual Crystals and the immortal spiritual root as the foundation, he began cultivating from the first level of the Nine Sun Techniques.

Who in the world could compare to such a deep foundation?

Han Muye, who had watched the memories of countless swords, knew that only with a strong foundation could one’s combat strength be domineering.

From what he knew, Sword Master Yuan Tian could control 48 sword pills at once to transform into the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation because his cultivation foundation was extremely stable.

Now he too had to forge his foundation.

It even surpassed Sword Master Yuan Tian back then!

The Fire Essence Spiritual Crystal emitted a dazzling red light. Han Muye exerted strength in his palm and shouted.

“Explode—”

Looking at Han Muye, who was wrapped in the red light like a cocoon, Daoist Dayan muttered in a daze, “Lunatic...”

**Chapter 297: Re-Cultivating the Nine Suns Technique, Another Opportunity Presented Itself**

The red sun began to rise, and warm air came from the east.

There was a visualization method in cultivation techniques.

It was said that there was no cultivation technique in the world. In ancient times, humans observed the scenery of the world and comprehended the Dao of the world to achieve the Dao of cultivation.

This method was visualization.

The visualization technique was not only limited to humans. In the intermediate inheritance of the demons, the continuation of the bloodline power was mostly verified by the visualization technique.

The bones, scales, and even a drop of blood of an ancient demon could stimulate the opportunity for juniors to visualize and comprehend.

At this moment, Han Muye's meridians were filled with fiery red spiritual energy, and his intermediate dantian was surging like waves. In his mind, he could see the scene of the beginning of the ascension.

The beginner sun was gentle and vigorous.

The Shaoyang was warm and full of vitality.

Without comprehending it from the beginning, Han Muye could not imagine that the intense Nine Suns cultivation technique had such an intoxicating effect.

It was warm and pleasant like a spring breeze.

This was cultivation!

Immortal Spiritual Root, Nine Suns Technique, Fire Essence Spiritual Crystal.

An immortal spiritual root was one in a million. The Nine Suns Technique was an ancient large sect's inherited cultivation technique. It was priceless. Even half-step Heaven Realm experts regarded the Fire Essence Spiritual Crystal as a treasure.

All three were extremely precious and rare.

At this moment, these precious things combined to form Han Muye's supreme cultivation foundation.

Bathed in the red cocoon of light, Han Muye relaxed his soul.

In his divine spot, the Great Spirit slowly wore down the Heavenly Demon's soul, then gathered into Han Muye's soul sword qi.

He felt dizzy, as if he had returned to chaos.

When there was a bang in the divine spot and the seventh soul sword took shape, Han Muye finally ended his cultivation.

When he opened his eyes, the red cocoon of light had disappeared.

He took a light breath and exhaled a puff of hot air.

Golden Sun Technique.

First level of Foundation Establishment.

First Sun Condensation, Young Sun Condensation.

The Golden Suns Technique established the foundation of the Great Dao.

At this moment, a golden cloud platform appeared in Han Muye's dantian.

Spiritual light flashed on the golden cloud platform. The first level was filled with golden-red spiritual energy.

After the spiritual energy became heavier, it already showed signs of crystallization.

Such dense spiritual energy was comparable to a large area absorbed by cultivators of the same level.

On the nine-layered cloud platform, five sword intents occupied the highest point.

Around the sword intent, the spiritual light of the four sword pills converged and floated quietly.

The spiritual energy in his intermediate dantian surged, and the sword intent in his sea of Qi became much richer.

The sword intent that had turned into sword threads occupied one side and did not interfere with each other. They were constantly absorbing the surrounding sword Qi.

In the divine treasure, seven swords of the soul spun gently around the mutated Mortal World Curse.

The entire divine treasure was filled with the Great Spirit, turning it golden.

"You've been in seclusion for more than a month."

Daoist Dayan's bored voice sounded.

Who would dare to imagine that he could reach the first level of Foundation Establishment in a month?

Even if he had to re-cultivate, this speed was terrifying.

It was indeed an immortal spiritual root. How powerful!

Standing up, Han Muye emitted a sharp sword Qi.

In the blink of an eye, all the power returned to its original state.

After cultivating a Confucian cultivation technique, his every move was filled with the charm of the Great Dao returning to nature.

Looking at Han Muye, Daoist Dayan opened his mouth and whispered, "Why has this guy become the person Sword Master Yuan Tian hates the most?"

He restrained his strength. In the eyes of outsiders, Han Muye looked like a mortal.



He turned to look at the Dao Origin tripod not far away. He reached out and summoned the tripod into his palm.

A puff of spiritual fire rose.

Spiritual light flashed, and a golden lotus seed and various spiritual herbs were thrown into the cauldron.

This time, he did not refine the Nine Revolutions Pill.

If not for the fact that this Cloud Lotus Pill wanted to advance to the Immortal Spiritual Root, there was no need to refine it to the Ninth Revolution.

A moment later, seven pale yellow Cloud Lotus Pills with three spiritual patterns appeared in the cauldron.

Three spiritual patterns were enough to increase one's aptitude by three levels.

However, if one's aptitude was at the third-grade, this pill could only increase one grade.

Above the second-grade aptitude, this pill was ineffective. Only the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill could increase aptitude above the second-grade.

Back then, the monk was wrong about the Nine Revolutions Cloud Lotus Pill being able to advance to an immortal spiritual root.

Han Muye swallowed six Nine Revolution Cloud Lotus Pills, the first of which directly raised his cultivation aptitude to the second-grade.

The last five pills allowed his cultivation aptitude to surpass the first-grade and reach the Immortal Spiritual Root.

Of course, it was normal for such a secret to remain unclear.

Without experiencing it personally, who would know the secrets?

Putting away the seven pills and turning the Dao Origin tripod into a black bead, Han Muye put away the formation disk, array disk, dispersed the Sword Pavilion's array formation, and walked down the stairs.

On the first floor, only Yang Mingxuan was there.

Liu Hong was already participating in the Cao family's sword grade meeting.

Jiang Ming went down the mountain to deal with business matters. He had been traveling back and forth for the past few days.

Even Lin Shen helped Jiang Ming circulate various supplies with Kong Chaode and the others at the foot of the mountain.

Yang Mingxuan was in charge of receiving and delivering swords while wiping the swords.

Sword Qi filled the Sword Pavilion.

“Senior Brother Han, you’re out of seclusion.” Seeing Han Muye go downstairs, Yang Mingxuan walked forward and said in a low voice, “Storeowner Bai of Suzhen Store came to ask a few times. Also, Mushen City sent some pills and spiritual herbs.”

Yang Mingxuan took out the wooden box under the long table and handed it to Han Muye.

Mushen City?

Opening the wooden box, Han Muye was a little surprised by what was inside.

Not only did the Mu family’s patriarch and Fairy Peony personally refine a few healing pills, but there was also a small bag.

The bag contained immortal-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

There were a total of 80 pills.

Besides Han Muye, the only person who could refine 80 immortal-grade Cloud Qi Pills in the Western Frontier would be Mu Wan.

## **Chapter 298: Re-Cultivating the Nine Suns Technique, Another Opportunity Presented Itself (2)**

Holding the small bag, Han Muye chuckled.

It seemed that Mu Wan had asked the Mu family to pass it to him.

Knowing that his cultivation had been exhausted, she specially gave him many immortal-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

*This money-grubbing girl must be feeling the pinch taking out so many Cloud Qi Pills,* he thought.

Putting away the small bag, Han Muye handed the other pills in the wooden box to Yang Mingxuan.

“Send them to the medical hall and exchange them for spiritual rocks for me.”

He had no use for these pills, so he might as well exchange them for spiritual rocks.

Recently, he had exhausted all his spiritual rocks.

Most of them were spent in the Fire Source World in exchange for a semi-spiritual weapon.

The rest were used for cultivation.

Han Muye still had many Fire Essence Stones and Fire Essence Crystals on him, but these were all relatively precious spiritual materials. He would save as much as he could.

Yang Mingxuan took the wooden box and went to the medical hall.

Han Muye sat at the long table and flipped through the previous records.

After such a long time, there were many swords in the Sword Pavilion.

After flipping through all the books, Han Muye stood up and walked to the wooden shelves. He followed the records in the books and checked all the new swords in the pavilion.

Among these swords, most of them were newly refined swords. The remaining swords were sent back by the disciples of the sect after they died. Some of them were obtained from a few battlefields.

From these swords, Han Muye saw some scenes of the Western Frontier battlefield.

Although there were peace negotiations between the Southern Wasteland and the Western Frontier, there were still chaotic battles between low-level cultivators.

On Fengshou Mountain, many disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were still fighting the demons.

They were not only training their combat strength but also resisting the corrosion of the demons.

From the beginning of the peace talks, many large clans in the Southern Wasteland had sent people over, wanting to understand the situation in the Western Frontier first.

The mission of these disciples of the various sects stationed at the border was to kill these demons who had secretly crossed the border.

Among the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, He Xuanqi, who was holding two swords, had powerful combat strength and could attempt the impossible.

Also, Song Seven, Qi Thirteen, and the others could do whatever they wanted.

However, this time, they were all summoned back.

It should be about the mystic realm of the Fire Source World.

After wiping all kinds of swords, Han Muye turned around and walked towards the door of the Sword Pavilion.

A voice came from the door of the Sword Pavilion.

“Outer sect disciple, He Hongsen, is here to receive my sword.”

Han Muye walked to the entrance of the Sword Pavilion and saw a young man in his twenties standing in front of the stone steps. He bowed and cupped his hands.

“According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, one has to bathe and burn incense to receive a sword. Have you done it?”

Han Muye put his hands behind his back and spoke calmly.

The young man at the bottom of the stone steps was stunned for a moment. He looked up and saw Han Muye. Then he exclaimed in surprise, “Elder, Elder Han!”

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he looked at him.

The young man named He Hongsen reacted and blushed. He took out a few spiritual rocks and stammered, "Elder, I-I know the rules of the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye's gaze landed on the spiritual rocks. After a moment of silence, he said, "Are you in the top 100 of the outer sect?"

He Hongsen nodded. "I am 93rd in the outer sect."

Outer sect 93rd.

Back then, Jiang Han, who was ranked in the top 100 of the outer sect, received a sword in the Sword Pavilion. With Han Muye's guidance, his cultivation and combat strength improved rapidly.

In the outer sect, the legend of Elder Han had spread.

Whoever could obtain Elder Han's guidance would soar into the sky.

He Hongsen looked up at Han Muye, his eyes filled with anticipation.

Han Muye reached out and took the spiritual rocks from He Hongsen's hand. Then he said, "Show me a set of sword techniques you're best at. I'll see what kind of sword you're suitable for."

Hearing Han Muye's words, He Hongsen was pleasantly surprised. He hurriedly nodded heavily, then pulled out the ordinary iron sword on his back and began to wave it.

The sword light scattered in front of the stone steps, reflecting the sunlight and shining brightly.

Standing on the stone steps, Han Muye looked at the sword light in front of him and felt that his body was congenial to the earth.

It was a feeling of flesh and blood. At this moment, no matter what power landed on him, it would be transferred to the earth unless this power exceeded the maximum limit that the earth could instantly withstand.

It was impossible for an Earth Realm expert to have such power.

"Hum—"

He Hongsen stabilized his sword, then slowly retracted it and bowed to Han Muye.

"Golden Lineage Sword Technique."

Han Muye nodded.

There were many metal-type experts in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, after Grand Elder Lu Hao died, this lineage fell silent.

After all, there was no expert holding down the fort.

"You chose a good sword technique, using the sword as a needle, and the sword light as silk to weave a sword net."

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword in He Hongsen's hand landed in his palm.

“If you want to cultivate this sword technique to the extreme, you need to comprehend the truth of the Golden Lineage Sword Technique.”

Holding the sword, spiritual light flowed in front of Han Muye.

This was the distribution of spiritual energy in front of him.

Some of this spiritual energy drifted while some were quiet. Some places had a lot of energy while some had little.

The traces of golden halo were the spiritual energy of the golden lineage.

The metal attribute was heavy and not very turbulent.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a faint sword Qi seeped out of the sword in his hand. The sword light did not have a fixed sword move. It only brushed past the metal-type spiritual energy floating in the void and mobilized it.

“Hum—”

A faint spiritual light flashed on the sword.

The originally clear sword turned golden.

“Slash—”

The sword swept out, bringing with it a golden thread.

He Hongsen’s eyes widened as he looked at the golden thread.

This was activating the Heaven and Earth powers to transform into sword threads.

This sword thread was between sword intent and sword qi. There was comprehension of the Sword Dao.

### **Chapter 299: Re-Cultivating the Nine Suns Technique, Another Opportunity Presented Itself (3)**

Han Muye loosened his grip, and the sword silk on the sword shook, turning into the sword, forming a golden thread above the blood groove.

“When you wear out the golden threads on this sword, come back to receive it.”

Throwing the sword back, Han Muye spoke softly.

Holding the sword tightly, He Hongsen nodded heavily, his eyes shining.

He only understood a little of Han Muye’s strike just now.

But he already felt that he had gained a lot from this.

With this sword, he would have a chance to condense sword intent as long as he comprehended it!

Elder Han's casual guidance was indeed an opportunity!

Taking a deep breath, He Hongsen bowed and said in a low voice, "Thank you for your guidance, Elder Han. He Hongsen will definitely not let you down."

With that, he sheathed his sword, then stepped back and left.

Looking at He Hongsen striding away, Han Muye felt a little emotional.

*Young people are great, he thought. They have drive and dynamism.*

*But thinking about it, I'm not old either. Although I have a few strands of white hair at my temples, I'm still very young.*

*I have yet to find a Dao companion.*

"Elder Han, your Sword Dao has become more profound again." In front of the Sword Pavilion, Bai Suzhen, who was wearing a pink dress, approached him with a smile.

Walking forward, she frowned slightly and said, "Senior Brother Han, has your cultivation not recovered yet?"

With the suppression of the Great Spirit, unless it was a Heaven Realm expert who could sense the power of the Heavenly Dao, no one could see through Han Muye's cultivation.

At this moment, in Bai Suzhen's opinion, Han Muye only had a trace of spiritual energy.

With such diffused spiritual energy, he was probably only at the initial stage of Essence Energy Cultivation.

Actually, Han Muye did not do this on purpose. This trace of spiritual energy was the effect of the immortal spiritual root absorbing the spiritual energy around it.

The immortal spiritual root was probably at the maximum level of spiritual energy affinity.

"Storeowner Bai, don't worry. My cultivation doesn't matter when I refine pills," Han Muye said calmly.

Bai Suzhen's face stiffened slightly, then she smiled and nodded.

"Senior Brother Han, I've accumulated some spiritual herbs recently. I wonder if you can refine them into pills?" Bai Suzhen said in a low voice, "What the Western Frontier is short of now are superior-class pills."

The various sects of the Western Frontier were all trying their best to increase their strength. Now they wished they could take out their trump cards of spiritual rocks and exchange them for various pills to increase their cultivation.

The pills that Bai Suzhen had saved previously had long been sold out.

Otherwise, she would not be in a hurry to visit the Sword Pavilion often.

Jiang Ming could also refine pills, but could a fine-quality pill compare to a supreme-grade immortal-grade pill?

Those Elders of the large sects would rather pay a few times more for supreme-grade pills than fine-quality pills.

After all, if the medicinal power was slightly inferior, the effect on their cultivation would be worlds apart.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Void Meridian Pill had been extremely popular recently and was sought after by various sects. The Medical Hall Elder, Sun Ce, was so busy that his beard had been burnt a few times. Wasn't the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Void Meridian Pill better than other sects'?

The Void Meridian Pill launched by the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was known to be perfect. Its medicinal power was several times stronger than the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill.

However, its price and effectiveness were completely defeated before the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill.

The Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill, which was priced at more than 100,000 yuan a pill, almost stole the entire Western Frontier's Void Meridian Pill business.

Hearing Bai Suzhen ask him to refine pills, Han Muye nodded and said, "Storeowner Bai, give me the spiritual herbs. When I'm in seclusion, I can refine the pills."

After refining these pills, not only could he exchange them for spiritual rocks, but he could also replenish Han Muye's limited stock of pills.

Bai Suzhen did not take out any spiritual herbs. She just looked at Han Muye and was silent for a moment before saying in a low voice, "Senior Brother Han, if it's difficult for you to recover your cultivation, are you willing to follow me to the Shangyang Demon Sect?"

*Go to the Shangyang Demon Sect?*

*Did the Sect Master of the Demon Sect summon Bai Suzhen back?*

Han Muye smiled at Bai Suzhen and said, "Storeowner Bai, are you prepared to let me work for you?"

Bai Suzhen hurriedly said, "No, I..."

Han Muye laughed and shook his head. "I appreciate your kindness.

"As the Sword Pavilion's Guardian Elder, why would I leave the Nine Mystic Mountain?"

Bai Suzhen was being kind. After all, the current aura of the Shangyang Demon Sect far exceeded that of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Moreover, Li Mubai was the number one demon cultivator in the Western Frontier. He might be able to help Han Muye cultivate again.

But Han Muye would not leave the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The Sword Pavilion was the foundation of his cultivation.

Without the countless swords in the Sword Pavilion nurturing the sword Qi, he did not know how long it would take to accumulate and condense the supreme sword intent.

Without enough sword intent to support him, how could he catch up to that ancient Sword Dao cultivator, Sword Master Yuan Tian?

In Han Muye's heart, his goal was to become a sword cultivator who dominated the Western Frontier and even the entire world.

He did not care about the Heaven Realm experts in the Western Frontier.

"I understand." Bai Suzhen didn't look up and said softly, "I'll get someone to send the spiritual herbs over."

With that, she turned and disappeared like a cloud.

He shook his head.

*This rich woman's thoughts are not right*, he thought.

Fortunately, Han Muye did not have any other thoughts. It was orthodox to cultivate peacefully in the Sword Pavilion.

Turning around and returning to the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye walked to the wooden shelves and reached for a long sword.

Sword Qi poured into the sword, and an image came from the sword.

After the sword Qi was nourished, he held the sword and pondered.

Just now, when he was guiding He Hongsen in sword techniques, Han Muye had a thought.

The Sword Pavilion had countless hidden swords. The disciples who came to receive their swords relied on luck to obtain a good sword.

It was impossible for Han Muye to choose a sword for every disciple who came to receive it.

Back then, Gao Changgong, who was holding down and presided over the Sword Pavilion, chose to let it go.

It was an opportunity to obtain a compatible sword.

If the sword he chose was not compatible, he would not be lucky enough.

However, Han Muye felt that he could do better than Gao Changgong.

When this Sword Pavilion Elder who was freeloading in the Southern Wasteland returned, he would make him speechless.

With a chuckle, Han Muye took out a blank jade slip and held the sword in one hand, his eyes flickering.

On his body, a sword qi turned into a phantom. The sword in the phantom's hand danced, reflecting sword techniques.



Lines of words appeared in the jade slip.

“Jiawu District, Sword No. 5846, Three Forests. The sword is three feet one inch long and weighs 10 catties and eight taels. The blade is an inch wide and the spine is thicker. The blade is fused with wood and round steel.

“This sword is suitable for disciples of the wood lineage from the first level of Qi Condensation to the third level of Foundation Establishment. The accompanying sword technique is Broken Wood, Green Leaf, and Five Blossom Like Snow.”

“Hum—”

The words froze, and the sword Qi shadow around Han Muye landed on the sword.

### **Chapter 300: Demon Treasure? Dharma Treasure! As I Wish**

The next time a disciple came to receive a sword, as long as he was compatible with this sword, he could activate this sword Qi and combine it with his sword technique to constantly improve his sword cultivation.

Although such a method consumed sword qi, he could find a sword recipient.

To Han Muye, it was just sword Qi.

To the disciples who received the swords, this was a lifetime opportunity.

By the time Yang Mingxuan returned, Han Muye had infused nearly 100 swords with sword Qi.

Among these swords, there was a phantom of a suitable sword technique.

The jade slip also recorded all the information about these swords.

“Senior Brother Han, these are the spiritual rocks that Elder Sun asked me to bring back.”

Yang Mingxuan handed a small box to Han Muye.

Han Muye took it and smiled.

Sun Ce, this old man, had always been very stingy.

This time, he was really generous. The pills given by the Mu family’s patriarch were exchanged for nearly a hundred high-grade spiritual rocks.

That was a million low-grade spiritual rocks.

“Elder Sun said that Senior Brother Han must be short of money now to actually sell such pills. He tried his best to gather these spiritual rocks.”

Yang Mingxuan said.

*At least he has a conscience.*

Han Muye felt that he could send some pills to the Medical Hall to exchange for spiritual rocks in the future.

Putting away the spiritual rocks, Han Muye handed the jade slip to Yang Mingxuan.

Yang Mingxuan took it in confusion. He probed with his divine sense and widened his eyes.

“Senior Brother Han, this, this—”

According to the records in this jade slip, it was obvious who was suitable to receive the sword in the Sword Pavilion.

Such an arrangement was an unimaginable opportunity for those low-level disciples.

“Take it slow. When I have time, I’ll look at all the swords in the Sword Pavilion.” Han Muye turned to look at the full swords and said softly, “In the future, this Sword Pavilion will be the holy land on the Nine Mystic Mountain.”

Holy Land.

As long as a cultivator came to receive a sword, not only would he obtain a suitable sword, but he would also receive guidance on the sword techniques.

What else could such a place be but a holy land?

For a moment, Yang Mingxuan did not know how to describe the shock in his heart.

He only wanted to focus on cultivation and revive the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

However, Senior Brother Han was already thinking of building the Sword Pavilion into a holy land for the Sword Dao.

*Is this the difference between people?*

He was Immortal Han, after all. Such a person was not something ordinary people could figure out.

Han Muye turned around and saw Lin Shen and Jiang Ming walking back from the Sword Pavilion.

Seeing Han Muye come out of seclusion, the two of them were happy.

“Young Master, if you still don’t come out of seclusion, I’m going to invite you out.”

Jiang Ming walked forward with a happy expression and lowered his voice. “I accepted a big deal to refine an immortal-grade pill. That sugar daddy has already pressed me a few times to hurry up.”

He extended his palm and said with a smile, “Five million spiritual rocks, sixth-grade Pure Divine Pill, immortal-grade.”

The Pure Divine Pill was at the ninth level of the Soul Awakening Realm. If one consumed it when preparing to condense a Golden Core, it could increase the quality of the Core Formation realm.

At the Core Formation realm, some people had True Golden Cores, while others had Golden Cores that were inferior to the Soul Awakening realm.

The reason was how strong the soul power of a Golden Core cultivator was.

The stronger the soul condensed at the Soul Awakening Realm, the denser the Golden Core condensed.

The Pure Divine Pill was to temper the soul again before condensing a Golden Core.

In the past, this pill cost about 500,000 spiritual rocks each.

If it was fine-quality, it could be sold for about 800,000 to a million.

The effect of the difference in grade on the price of an advanced pill was not absurd.

At double the price, it was extremely precious.

A supreme-grade pill was at most two million spiritual rocks.

According to the price, the immortal-grade could not reach five million spiritual rocks.

To be able to take out five million spiritual rocks to refine a Pure Divine Pill, he was really a big financier.

“Young Master, you don’t know, but the pill market in the Western Frontier has been very volatile recently. The various large sects have been hoarding pills, and the price of almost all the pills has soared.”

Jiang Ming’s words stunned Han Muye.

Then, with a strange expression, he reported the name and number of pills that Yang Mingxuan had taken to the medical hall to exchange for spiritual rocks.

Jiang Ming made a calculation and quoted a price.

1.5 million spiritual rocks.

Earlier, he was touched that Sun Ce had given him a million spiritual rocks.

In the end, he earned 500,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye felt that Old Man Sun Ce was the same as Patriarch Tao Ran. He was not popular.

Jiang Mingming went down the mountain every day and decided on a location for Han Muye to refine pills.

He naturally could not lose the business of five million spiritual rocks.

A ninth level Soul Awakening cultivator from another sect would definitely not dare to come to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Although the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not an evil sect, there was no reason for the Earth Realm to be nonchalant, casual, and indifferent.

After finalizing the alchemy business, Han Muye looked at the three people in front of him and raised his hand. Three pale golden pills appeared in his palm.

“This is a pill that can change one’s cultivation aptitude.”

Han Muye’s expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, “Swallow it immediately. Don’t tell outsiders.”

A pill that could change aptitude!

Han Muye’s words made the three of them change their expressions.

Back then, Yang Mingxuan’s cultivation aptitude was not good. His father had spent a lot of effort to find a treasure to change his aptitude. He naturally knew how precious a pill that could change a cultivator’s aptitude was.

As for Jiang Ming, he was an alchemy cultivator and knew the value of such a pill even better. Such a pill could not be found in the entire Western Frontier.

Lin Shen might not know how much this pill was worth, but he had accompanied Han Muye to pluck the Golden Lotus Seeds. From the monk, he knew that such a treasure was definitely not something he could obtain.

However, the three of them did not refuse. They took the pills and swallowed them.

According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, they accepted Senior Brother Han’s rewards.

After a night of cultivation, Han Muye could sense the differences in the three of them.