

## **Pavilion 301**

### **Chapter 301: Demon Treasure? Dharma Treasure! As I Wish (2)**

A faint sword intent appeared on Yang Mingxuan's body. His entire person had the temperament of a long sword.

Jiang Ming was much calmer. He looked less impetuous than an itinerant cultivator.

As for Lin Shen, he stood there like a rock.

"Congratulations, Instructor Lin. Your sword technique of drawing millions of swords has finally reached great mastery."

Han Muye smiled.

Greater mastery of sword techniques meant greater mastery of sword intent.

Previously, although Lin Shen's combat strength was powerful, he only had the power of the jade bones of a great cultivator.

Only at this moment, with his greater mastery of his sword intent, could he fight a peak Soul Awakening cultivator.

The current Lin Shen was qualified to fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

Although the fusion of the jade bones was not enough and it was difficult for him to fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert, his combat strength could be considered an expert among Golden Core cultivators.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Zhao Pu, who was of the same generation as Lin Shen, was still at the third or fourth level of the Earth Realm.

There were not many other direct disciples who had the combat strength of Soul Awakening.

Lin Shen was one of the best among his peers.

"These are all thanks to you, I understand," Lin Shen said in a low voice as he bowed to Han Muye.

Han Muye reached out and patted his shoulder.

Instructor Lin was a straightforward and square person. He had perseverance.

"We people of the Sword Pavilion are united. We don't have to care about these external things."

Han Muye glanced at Lin Shen, Jiang Ming, and the others with a pride that he had never shown before.

"My Sword Pavilion will definitely become famous in the Western Frontier, in the Heavenly Mystic World, and become the holy land for all sword cultivators in the world."

The day before, he said that the Sword Pavilion would become the holy land of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Today, he said that the Sword Pavilion would become the holy land for sword cultivators in the world.

It was not that he was arrogant.

To become someone who surpassed an expert like Sword Master Yuan Tian and not have the ability to build a holy land for sword cultivators, how could he compete with Sword Master Yuan Tian?

Hearing Han Muye's words, both Yang Mingxuan and Lin Shen were excited.

Senior Brother Han is so ambitious! they thought.

When Jiang Ming found out that Han Muye wanted to establish business in the Central Continent, he was stunned.

At this moment, he was numb.

Han Muye was someone who would take out Spirit Pills that could increase his aptitude by three levels in a night and give them to him. Was there any reason not to follow him to his death without hesitation?

Since Han Muye wanted to build a holy land for the Sword Dao, he would do his best to help.

"Young Master, don't worry. Jiang Ming will definitely do his best to serve you." Jiang Ming bowed and said in a deep voice.

"I'll die for Senior Brother." Yang Mingxuan and Lin Shen also bowed.

Han Muye laughed and waved his hand. As he walked out of the Sword Pavilion, he said calmly, "Go do your thing."

Lin Shen and the other two looked up at one another and nodded.

Han Muye left the Sword Pavilion and headed for the Sword Sect's library.

In the past, he rarely went to the library because most of the books in the library were useless to him.

Now, he went to the library to take a look because he wanted to find books that could improve his Confucianism cultivation.

Along the way, the disciples of the Sword Sect he encountered bowed excitedly.

For the sake of the world, Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion killed a demon and exhausted his cultivation.

Due to the meticulous publicity of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the current Han Muye had become the benchmark of the sect.

In the eyes of the cultivators of the Western Frontier, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect became a glorious and noble sect.

In the past half-month, a large number of young people had been coming to the Nine Mystic Mountain every day.

Han Muye returned the greetings with a smile as he flew towards the library.

When he arrived at the library, the deacon Elder who received him was also eager.

He arranged for a quiet place for him and personally delivered the various books he needed.

“Senior Brother Han, according to what you said, I’ve sent all the books you might be able to use.”

The old man in a gray robe held a thick stack of books and carefully placed them on the long table in front of Han Muye.

“Thank you, Junior Brother Cui.”

Han Muye said softly.

This old man named Cui Helian was the deacon Elder in charge of the library. His cultivation was at the fourth level of the Core Formation realm.

“It’s only right to help Senior Brother Han.” Cui Helian looked at Han Muye with a complicated expression.

In his opinion, Han Muye’s aura was ordinary at this moment, and he was only enveloped by a faint spiritual light. His cultivation level had just entered the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

It was obvious that the path of re-cultivation was not smooth.

Most cultivators would have various cognitive impediments if they wanted to re-cultivate.

*So Senior Brother Han wants to look for books on Confucianism and switch to Confucianism?*

Cui Helian sighed in his heart.

If the Confucian Dao was so easy to cultivate, the Western Frontier would have had a Confucian Dao inheritance.

“Senior Brother, you want to cultivate Confucianism, right?” Cui Helian looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Not denying it, Han Muye nodded.

“Senior Brother, there’s no Confucian Dao inheritance in the Western Frontier.” Cui Helian pointed at the books and said, “These books can’t cultivate the Great Spirit of Confucian Dao.

“Order is the most important thing in Confucian cultivation.

“The Western Frontier doesn’t have the imperial order of the Central Continent, so it’s difficult to cultivate the Confucian Dao Great Spirit.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye raised his eyebrows and said, “Junior Brother Cui studied Confucianism?”

Cui Helian nodded and smiled wryly. “When my cultivation stagnated for 60 years, I started studying Confucianism.

“Unfortunately, I didn’t gain anything for 30 years.”

What cultivators feared the most was that their cultivation would stagnate.

Once they could not improve it, it meant that they had encountered a bottleneck or the upper limit of their aptitude.

Without a great opportunity, there was no hope of breaking through in this life.

Sighing softly, Cui Helian shook his head and said, "Actually, I'm still alright. I have books to read in this library and I could write every day to improve my temperament."

### **Chapter 302: Demon Treasure? Dharma Treasure! As I Wish (3)**

"Even if you can't cultivate Confucianism, you can still have a wish.

"In the cultivation world, how many cultivators advance to the next level and eventually step onto the demonic path? Or even..."

He didn't finish.

*Or even become evil cultivators and unscrupulous demons,* he thought.

Why were there so many evil cultivators?

Why could those demons bewitch cultivators?

This was because there were too many people in the cultivation world who cultivated without success.

As long as they had the chance to improve and advance further, what was the price they thought they would pay?

Han Muye understood this.

If he really couldn't cultivate, he might also think of crooked ideas, let alone those who had cultivated for countless years and watched their Dao path end.

"I won't distract Senior Brother from reading." Cui Helian smiled, cupped his hands, and walked out of the quiet room.

Watching him go out, Han Muye's gaze landed on the books in front of him.

He reached out and gently opened the books.

These were not cultivation techniques, but various travel notes and records of the Seniors of the Sword Sect.

Many of their insights and experiences were very helpful to Han Muye.

As he opened a book, the words flowed and images appeared in his mind.

There were sword cultivators who carried long swords on their backs and roared. There were also experts who finally comprehended the Dao.

These Senior experts were either carefree and unrestrained, or they had the Sword Dao in their hearts. They were swift and decisive like swords.

Looking at these books was like savoring the life of a great Sword Dao cultivator.

The Spell of the Mortal World in Han Muye's divine spot turned into a pale golden peach blossom. The petals scattered and golden light gathered the Great Spirit in his divine spot, making it more condensed.

Han Muye did not finish all the books at once.

He only read a few books before closing them in satisfaction.

*One must not bite off more than one can chew*, he thought.

There was still time.

Confucianism was cultivation of the heart.

He walked out of the quiet room and Cui Helian approached him with a smile.

"Senior Brother, did you gain anything?"

Han Muye nodded and said, "I gained a lot."

*A fruitful harvest?* Cui Helian wondered.

*Could he really have gained something?*

Watching Han Muye leave, Cui Helian's expression changed.

He hurriedly turned around and entered the quiet room to read the books that Han Muye had just read.

He wanted to see if there were really Confucian cultivation methods in these books.

Logically speaking, Han Muye would not lie to him.

...

After walking out of the library, Han Muye did not return to the Sword Pavilion. Instead, he turned around and walked towards the sect's spiritual land not far away.

The sect's spiritual land was even livelier than before.

There were many more elite disciples.

After the bloody battles with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect on Fengshou Mountain and Cloud Nest Ridge, these disciples had solemn auras and deep cultivation in the Sword Dao.

Indeed, engaging in combat was the best Dharmic formulation for sword cultivators to grow.

Although there were many people in the secret place, few were familiar with Han Muye.

Li Three went to the Central Continent and Lu Ten died.

Song Seven, who had returned, was silent. Qi Thirteen and the others were also in seclusion.

After making a trip to the spiritual land, Han Muye felt a little disappointed.

“Hehe, cultivation is like that.”

Grand Elder Zhang Zhihe, who had appeared behind Han Muye at some point, spoke softly.

“Look at our generation. There’s less than one in a hundred left.

“Back then, those who traveled together died, left, betrayed, and even...”

Zhang Zhihe did not continue but Han Muye understood.

In fact, there were those who even ended other cultivators’ Dao paths and lives.

Cultivation, competing with the world and enemies. Sometimes, didn’t they have to fight with their fellow disciples and good friends?

“Look at the number of people in the spiritual land now. It will become sparse in a few days.”

Zhang Zhihe spoke softly and looked into the distance. “I wonder how many people will be left when we go to the Fire Source World and back.”

It was unknown how many people would return.

Cultivation was not a vacation. The experience there was fighting with one’s life.

Han Muye nodded.

Sword cultivators were like that.

After returning to the Sword Pavilion from the spiritual land, Han Muye activated the array formation and entered the underground space of the Sword Pavilion.

That was the true core of the Sword Pavilion.

As soon as he entered the basement, the small black sword in Han Muye’s hair began to tremble.

Above it, spatial power spread out and began to repair the cracks that seemed to have appeared.

The power of the Realm Sealing Token was originally used to seal the void passage.

Reaching out to hold the small sword, Han Muye could feel the spatial power that the small sword had absorbed previously fusing with the spatial power here.

In the small sword, the Dao sign of the spatial passageway was activated.

There were now two Dao signs in this small sword.

One led to the Fire Source World, and the other led to an unknown realm.

Now, as long as Han Muye activated the spatial power in the small sword and triggered the dao sign, he could leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

However, Han Muye did not do so. Instead, he inserted the small sword back into his hair.

With his current strength, he was far from being able to leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

Looking up, he saw a ball of spiritual light on the wooden shelf in front of him.

Previously, this was an umbrella.

A black iron umbrella that was old and worn.

“Eh, there’s another Dharma treasure here?”

Daoist Dayan’s voice sounded in surprise.

“Say, how rich are you?”

Daoist Dayan appeared in front of the ball of spiritual light and sized it up carefully before heaving a sigh of relief.

“Unfortunately, the artifact spirit has already dissipated.”

He said it was a pity, but his expression was clearly relaxed.

Clearly, a Dharma treasure without an artifact spirit could not compete for the position of the number one Dharma treasure.

Zhao Yunlong was very sensible and did not argue.

The Dao Essence Cauldron had already been devoured.

The Dharma treasure in front of him no longer had an artifact spirit.

Turning around, Daoist Dayan glanced at Han Muye.

*Isn’t this guy too lucky?* he thought.

*Why are all the treasures his?*

*Do I really have to acknowledge him as my master?*

*Is this a fated encounter?*

Han Muye didn’t expose Daoist Dayan’s thoughts. He took a step forward and reached out to hold the ball of spiritual light.

The spiritual light shook and turned into a green jade scepter.

On the one-foot-three-inch jade scepter, there was a gentle spiritual light and a halo. The spiritual patterns on it were intertwined and pleasing to the eye.

He held the scepter in his hand and injected spiritual energy into it. A vibration came from the scepter and slowly transformed.

It was big one moment, small the next.

It was long one moment, short the next.

Sometimes it turned into a long sword, sometimes into a short spear.

Sometimes it was a fan, sometimes it was a bow.

A spell appeared in Han Muye's divine spot.

"As I wish..."

### **Chapter 303: Refining Sixth-Grade Pills, the Central Continent's Business**

Eight Treasures Ruyi.

The Eight Treasures Ruyi Sect's treasure was stolen by the demons.

Images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The demonic shadows that filled the sky and the destructive killing intent made one tremble just by looking at them.

The demonic path was rampant, and it was difficult for the Great Dao to flourish.

From the Eight Treasures Ruyi, Han Muye saw worlds being trampled by demons. Then they used the demonic blood sacrifice technique to refine the power of the world and extract the lives of the living beings.

This power fed back to the demonic world, making it stronger.

In the cultivation world, not only were there battles between people, but also conflicts between worlds.

Those worlds that were even more magnificent and powerful than the Heavenly Mystic World were infected by the pervasive demons and destroyed.

The scene of the stars collapsing, countless living beings wailing, and the demons laughing wildly made Han Muye clench his fists.

The Seniors of the Heavenly Mystic World used the power of a mighty figure to seal all the passageways so that the Heavenly Mystic World would not be invaded by the outside world.

The junior cultivators had no idea how vast and dark and cruel this cultivation world was.

Compared to the tyranny of the demons, the Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators were really kind to enslave the cultivators of the Fire Source Realm.

The images in his mind gradually dissipated. Han Muye took a deep breath and looked at the stone wall in front of him.

The stone wall was illusory.

Behind the stone wall was the passage to the Outer World.

From the Eight Treasures Ruyi, Han Muye saw that those demons had already discovered the Heavenly Mystic World and were constantly infiltrating through the exposed passages.

The passages in the Western Frontier were still alright and the seal was tight.

The Central Continent was vast, and the Eastern Sea was boundless. There were also demons outside the realm, in the cold places of the Northern Region where there were few living beings.

Fortunately, the Heaven and Earth powers of the Heavenly Mystic World were quite powerful and could suppress those outer realm demons.

There were also many experts in the Central Continent and the Eastern Sea, making it impossible for the demons to hide.

From the Eight Treasures Ruyi, Han Muye saw the black-armored sword cultivators and the red-armored army conquering the outer realm a few times.

The Heavenly Mystic Continent army moved in formation and swept through the void. Even Heaven Realm demons did not dare to stop them.

“Minister Wen and Marquis Wu of the Central Continent.”

The wider the world he saw, the more Han Muye felt that he should go to the Central Continent.

Only by going to the Central Continent could he broaden his horizons.

That was his stage.

However, the Western Frontier was his foundation. The Sword Pavilion and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had to be stable.

A spiritual light flashed in his hand, and the Eight Treasures Ruyi turned into a folding fan.

He opened the fan. On one side was a painting of mountains and rivers, and on the other side were the words ‘calm heart’.

The Eight Treasures Ruyi could transform into nothingness and mimic the attributes of various treasures.

Of course, it was a simulation after all. The power it displayed could only be half of the original treasure.

But even half of it was a Dharma treasure!

Half of the power of a Dharma treasure was also much stronger than a top-notch spiritual weapon.

Back then, this Eight Treasures Ruyi transformed into an iron umbrella to simulate a powerful demon treasure.

The broken umbrella immediately blocked many half-step Heaven Realm attacks.

At this moment, this folding fan transformed into the folding fan that Han Muye had seen from Kong Chaode's noble sword.

It was not very useful. It merely enabled one to put the Great Spirit to use in a few simple steps.

Waving his fan a few times, Han Muye turned to look at Daoist Dayan.

Looking at him, Daoist Dayan shook his head and said, "If you stand in front of Sword Master Yuan Tian like this, he will kill you."

Hearing his words, Han Muye closed his fan and asked curiously, "What grudge do you have with Minister Wen?"

The two of them were from the same sect. Logically speaking, shouldn't they have a close relationship?

Even if there was a conflict, one was in the Western Frontier, and the other was in the Central Continent. There was no conflict of interests, right?

"I don't know about that." Daoist Dayan shook his head and muttered, "The reason why men become enemies with men is probably because..."

...

When Lin Shen and the others saw Han Muye holding a folding fan, they were slightly stunned.

At this moment, Han Muye really looked like a Confucian cultivator.

Fortunately, Han Muye was only on a whim. He played with his fan and turned it into a sword that he kept in the sword case on his back.

For the next few days, Han Muye moved between the Sword Pavilion, the library, and the spiritual land.

In the library, Cui Helian would organize all kinds of books every time. When he left, he would open the books and carefully peruse them.

In Cui Helian's opinion, Han Muye seemed to have really cultivated the Confucian Dao.

He was extremely interested but too embarrassed to ask.

Three days later, Liu Hong, who had participated in the Cao family's sword appraisal meeting, returned.

"Senior Brother Han, the Cao Family really pushed out a few good swords this time."

Liu Hong looked self-satisfied. "Fortunately, Senior Brother, I learned about sword-appraisal from you. Otherwise, I'm afraid it would be embarrassing."

Under Cao'e's lead, the Cao family had been studying how to refine new swords.

They even asked for a few of Han Muye's refining techniques that the Cao family did not have.

After some work, there were results.

According to Liu Hong, the Cao family's new swords were very popular among Earth Realm experts.

This was because these swords could activate much more Heaven and Earth powers.

Liu Hong handed a sword he had brought back to Han Muye.

Han Muye looked at it and nodded.

There were a few additional smelting techniques and spiritual materials mixed in this sword.

Under normal circumstances, doing so would only increase costs and reduce profits.

However, this was a critical moment in the Western Frontier. With spiritual rocks in hand, it was better to exchange them for treasures to increase one's strength.

### **Chapter 304: Refining Sixth-Grade Pills, the Central Continent's Business (2)**

Even if the price of a good sword doubled, there would still be people fighting for it.

As expected, Liu Hong said that the price of this semi-spiritual weapon was 30,000 spiritual rocks each. 30,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye raised his hand and took out another sword.

"What do you think of this sword?" Handing the sword to Liu Hong, Han Muye smiled and said.

Liu Hong took it and looked at it carefully. He looked surprised. "This refinement method is extremely proficient, and the spiritual materials used are sufficient."

"The quality of this sword is far better than what the Cao family refined."

"Such a sword is worth 50,000 spiritual rocks each."

50,000 spiritual rocks for a sword.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, putting away the sword.

He did not tell Liu Hong that when he received this sword, it was worth 5,000 spiritual rocks.

Moreover, compared to the Cao family who could not refine many good swords in a year, there were hundreds or thousands of standard swords produced by the Fire Source Palace in a year.

Fortunately, Han Muye was not prepared to sell this sword in the Western Frontier.

Otherwise, the Cao family's sword business would probably be squeezed out of business.

Han Muye did not stay in the Sword Pavilion for long. He brought a few bottles of refined immortal-grade pills and walked towards the mountain gate with Jiang Ming.

They were going down the mountain to accept a big business deal worth five million spiritual rocks.

This was the first time they had such a big business deal.

However, Han Muye had another business to do.

He had a furnace of pills to refine for Bai Suzhen.

The sixth-grade Fuyang Pill was a pill that could increase one's strength after cultivating a Yang-attribute cultivation technique to the Core Formation realm.

There were not many such pills in the entire Western Frontier.

The reason why Han Muye was willing to accept this pill was that they were willing to offer the formula for the Fuyang pill and a sun-attribute treasure as a reward.

Han Muye was cultivating the Nine Suns Technique now, so he was naturally interested in sun-attribute treasures.

He had already refined half of the spiritual herbs that Bai Suzhen sent.

These were enough for Bai Suzhen to sell recently.

Jiang Ming did not leave the mountain gate with Han Muye. Instead, he drove the carriage and quietly left.

He went to the financier who wanted to refine pills first and waited for Han Muye.

When Han Muye arrived at the mountain gate, Bai Suzhen was waiting.

"Senior Brother Han."

Seeing Han Muye arrive, Bai Suzhen smiled.

Han Muye nodded.

The two of them flew down the mountain. A moment later, there was a figure in front of them.

He stood tall and erect, and his aura was magnificent. He was an Earth Realm expert.

In Han Muye's opinion, his cultivation was extremely powerful.

It was the person who piloted the flying ship for Bai Suzhen.

He wondered why this Miss Bai was holed up on the Nine Mystic Mountain. Even the person driving the flying ship was an Earth Realm expert. Why did she have to manage the small Suzhen Store herself?

However, Suzhen Store had all kinds of immortal-grade pills refined by Han Muye, so its business was quite impressive. It was comparable to the income of a middle-class sect.

"Greetings, Immortal Han."

This time, the person driving the flying ship was a white-bearded old man.

The old man glanced at Han Muye and chuckled.

Han Muye nodded and followed Bai Suzhen into the flying ship.

The flying ship turned into a stream of light and soared into the sky.

Han Muye sat in front of Bai Suzhen on the ship.

“Uncle He has made some progress in his cultivation. He went back to seclusion to break through. Seventh Grandpa is here to replace him.

“Seventh Grandpa is also in charge of the Zhenling Treasure Shop.”

Bai Suzhen looked up at Han Muye as she spoke.

Back then, Shopkeeper He followed Huang Six all the way. Although he did not reach the Cloud Nest Ridge in the end, he felt something and after returning, he applied to enter seclusion in the secret place of the Shangyang Demon Sect.

At their cultivation levels, every improvement did not come easy.

Every time they broke through, their combat strength and status in the sect would change greatly.

“Then I have to congratulate you.”

Han Muye nodded, then looked out of the flying ship and said, “If this person is in charge of the Zhenling Treasure Shop. I’m afraid doing business will be very difficult.”

Hearing his words, Bai Suzhen covered her mouth and laughed.

Her seventh grandfather’s cultivation level was naturally high, but how could he compare to Shopkeeper He?

The Zhenling Treasure Shop was about to close.

Han Muye’s eyes lit up, then he turned around.

The old man driving the flying ship had a powerful cultivation.

Such a person was probably not just here to protect Bai Suzhen.

Perhaps there was another motive.

Moreover, this person did not look at him as modestly as Shopkeeper He.

This was a true demonic cultivator.

Han Muye raised his hand and placed a few jade bottles on the small table in front of him.

Bai Suzhen accepted them happily and scanned them with her divine sense. The smile on her face widened.

“Senior Brother Han, you don’t know this but if your pills don’t come soon, I won’t be able to continue my business.”

After putting away the small jade bottles, Bai Suzhen heaved a sigh of relief.

Han Muye understood what she meant.

It was rumored in the cultivation world that Han Muye's cultivation was crippled.

Outsiders did not know if he still had alchemy skills.

Bai Suzhen relied on the connections built around the pills he refined, so naturally, she was extremely concerned about this matter.

However, Han Muye knew that Bai Suzhen's business definitely did not deal with just his immortal-grade pills, but many other exclusive things.

Most of the Bai family's business was controlled by Bai Suzhen.

The flying ship flew wildly and landed on a mountain range in less than two hours.

After getting off the flying ship, he saw a small Daoist temple ahead.

"This Daoist He Yang is the Sect Master of the Shangyuan Daoist Temple.

"His cultivation was stuck at the third level of the Core Formation realm for decades."

Bai Suzhen whispered as she pointed at the black-robed old man who was slowly walking over.

At this moment, Han Muye was wearing a green robe, and there was no sword qi or spiritual light flashing.

Those who did not know him well would not recognize him.

Daoist He Yang was the same as Guan Chaosheng, who had begged for the Purple Jade Pill back then. He went bankrupt trying to refine an immortal-grade pill because his cultivation had stagnate

### **Chapter 305: Refining Sixth-Grade Pills, the Central Continent's Business (3)**

However, Daoist He Yang was not an itinerant cultivator. He was richer than Guan Chaosheng.

"Miss Bai, Seventh Elder." Daoist He Yang walked forward, cupped his hands, and turned to look at Han Muye. "Mr. Han, thank you."

Han Muye's identity was no secret.

But then it was a secret.

Only those whom Bai Suzhen had contacted and made a deal with had a chance to see him in person.

Without any pleasantries, they entered the Daoist temple. Then Han Muye walked into the quiet room.

In the room, there were three sets of spiritual herbs prepared by Daoist He Yang.

There was also a jade slip on the small table.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a formation disk flew out, sealing the surrounding space.

Refining a sixth-grade pill was no longer difficult for the current Han Muye.

However, he needed to figure out the new pill formula.

Picking up the jade slip, he probed it with his divine sense, and all kinds of information appeared.

The Fuyang pill was a sixth-grade pill. It used the First Sun Spirit Stone Flower as the main ingredient to refine a pill rich in the power of the sun.

This pill could purify the sun-attribute power that was not pure enough.

*Power of the blazing sun?*

Han Muye's eyes flashed.

This pill was clearly related to the Blazing Sun Palace.

He just did not know where Daoist He Yang had obtained it from.

The images of alchemy kept circulating in his mind. A moment later, he closed his eyes slowly.

After a few deductions, a smile appeared on his face.

It was no wonder she wanted him to refine pills.

Those who did not gather the power of the sun could not refine this pill at all.

During the refinement process, this pill needed to constantly fuse with the power of the sun and finally transform into a pill primer.

The Dao Essence Cauldron appeared.

Sword Qi entered the cauldron immediately.

Endless spiritual light flashed, and spiritual herbs were dropped into it, one after another.

In less than an hour, three pale golden spiritual herbs were dancing in front of him.

Clouds swirled in the sky.

A sixth-grade pill was an immortal-grade pill, so there was naturally a pill tribulation.

Seeing the swirling cloud, excitement flashed across Daoist He Yang's face.

Success!

"This Mr. Han is really, really rare in the world. It was no wonder he was known as an immortal." Seeing the lightning descend, Daoist He Yang sighed softly.

He had been searching hard for someone who could refine the Fuyang Pill, but he had never had the chance.

Many alchemy experts in the Western Frontier were unable to refine this pill.

“Unfortunately, you were too rash and damaged your cultivation.” The old man standing behind Bai Suzhen shook his head and said calmly.

Daoist He Yang turned to look at him and said with a smile, “Seventh Elder is right.”

The Dao Sect was different from demonic cultivators.

The Dao Sect cultivated a lot and upheld the will of the world. It was very easy to understand the choice Han Muye made back then.

Without righteousness in his heart, how could one cultivate the Great Dao?

As for the demon sects, all power belonged to themselves.

In the opinion of such cultivators, Han Muye had gone to kill for an unrelated reason and even exhausted his cultivation.

He was a fool to them.

The door to the quiet room opened, and Han Muye walked out, holding a jade bottle.

“Fortunately, I didn’t disappoint you.” He raised his hand and handed the jade bottle to Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen scanned with her divine sense and looked at Daoist He Yang.

Daoist He Yang quickly reached out and took out a small bag, handing it to Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen took the bag and handed it to Han Muye, then handed the jade bottle to Daoist He Yang.

This deal was considered completed.

In the small bag in Han Muye's hand was a dark golden disc.

This disc was filled with fiery cloud patterns.

With his divine sense, he could feel the vigorous sun-attribute power on it.

It was indeed a treasure of the sun attribute.

Coupled with the pill formula just now, the deal was even.

Bai Suzhen, Han Muye, and the others did not stay in the Daoist temple. They turned around and left.

Seeing them leave, Daoist He Yang's expression changed. He muttered to himself softly, "Patriarch, is this the person you've been looking for..."

After leaving the Daoist temple, Han Muye looked at Bai Suzhen and the old man behind him.

"Storeowner Bai, I still have some private matters to attend to. I won't be returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain for the time being."

He cupped his hands and turned around. His figure turned into a green light and flew away.

Bai Suzhen stood where she was and watched him leave.

"Miss, have you thought it through?" The white-bearded old man's voice came from behind her.

"No one can change the sect master's decision."

There was a faint coldness in the old man's voice.

Bai Suzhen shook her head and didn't speak.

....

Han Muye rode his sword and arrived at a street two hours later.

There were many cultivators and mortals in the street market.

When he arrived at a restaurant, Jiang Ming was already waiting.

“Young Master, this is Senior Jin.”

Jiang Ming pointed at the old man beside him.

This old man was wearing a brocade robe. He was fair and fat with a smile on his face.

Hearing Jiang Ming’s introduction, he hurriedly waved his hand and said, “I don’t dare to call you ‘Senior’.”

Looking at Han Muye, he lowered his voice. “How does an old man like me dare to call Immortal Han ‘Senior’?”

Jin Jialin was an itinerant cultivator, but he had built a considerable family clan.

The Jin family’s business team was only slightly smaller than the Bai family’s in the Western Frontier.

According to the information provided by Jiang Ming, the Jin family seemed to have some transactions with people outside the Western Frontier.

Han Muye knew that the most urgent thing for everyone asking for pills was naturally alchemy.

If they wanted to exchange pleasantries, they had to wait until he refined the pills.

The three of them went to the backyard of the restaurant. Jin Jialin held two bags with both hands.

“Immortal Han, these are the spiritual herbs needed to refine the Pure Divine Pill. I’ve prepared ten portions.

“These are the agreed-upon spiritual rocks.”

Han Muye glanced at him. “Patriarch Jin, give me these spiritual rocks after I’ve refined the pills.”

Hearing his words, Jin Jialin looked at Han Muye and grinned. “How can I not trust Immortal Han?”

Han Muye nodded, took the spiritual rocks and spiritual herbs, and walked into the quiet room.

At the door, Jin Jialin watched the door close with a smile.

He turned to look at Jiang Ming.

“Fellow Daoist Jiang, actually, it’s fine even if he can’t refine this pill.

“Anyway, I still have spiritual herbs.”

He rubbed his hands and said softly, “I’m mainly interested in your business.”

“I’ve seen Fellow Daoist Kong.” Jin Jialin lowered his voice. “That person is from the Central Continent, right?”

Central Continent.

That was the holy land of the cultivation world.

Unfortunately, the Western Frontier was isolated from the Central Continent. If one wanted to go to the Central Continent, one had to change routes and go around in circles. Without sufficient strength, one could not go at all.

There were not many experts in the Western Frontier who had been to the Central Continent.

The Central Continent was also relatively xenophobic. It was very difficult for cultivators from the Western Frontier to adapt.

“Senior Jin, have you taken a fancy to our business?” Jiang Ming’s expression did not change. He looked at the quiet room in front of him and said softly, “I can’t make such a decision.”

Jin Jialin laughed and turned to look at the quiet room. "I understand. Immortal Han naturally has the final say.

"I'll wait here until Immortal Han comes out—"

"Boom—"

A clap of thunder interrupted him.

Then the door to the quiet room opened.

Han Muye held a jade bottle in his hand and strode out.

"Why is Patriarch Jin waiting for me?"

Jin Jialin's eyes widened, and then confusion flashed across his face. "You, Immortal Han, you refined this pill?"

**Chapter 306: Eastern Sea Spiritual Pearl, Sun Gathering Golden Disc**

A Pure Divine Pill was a sixth-grade pill!

Moreover, it was a rare immortal-grade item in the world.

Han Muye raised his hand and threw the jade bottle into Jin Jialin's hand.

Jin Jialin caught it carefully and swept his divine sense over it. His face was filled with joy.

"These, these are really Spirit Pills..."

Turning to look at Han Muye, his eyes were filled with desire. "Immortal Han, I wonder if you can refine more?"

*Refine more?*

Before Han Muye could speak, Jin Jialin had already raised his hand and gestured a six.

"Immortal Han, I'm a mortal. I only talk about spiritual rocks."

Six million spiritual rocks each.

This price was very tempting.

"Tell me, where are you preparing to sell this pill?" Han Muye looked at Jin Jialin without changing his expression.

It did not matter where else it was. It could not be the Southern Wasteland.

"Hehe, Immortal Han, you can tell from these spiritual herbs, right?"

Jin Jialin laughed and said proudly, "Most of my business is in the Eastern Sea."

Eastern Sea.

When Han Muye was refining pills earlier, he discovered that the water vapor on these spiritual herbs was relatively dense.

Some of them clearly grew in water-type places like the Eastern Sea.

"Eastern Sea?" Han Muye nodded and said, "Eastern Sea sword cultivators are very famous."

Jin Jialin's smile widened. "The Eastern Sea sword cultivators cultivate the flying sword technique which consumes a lot of their souls, so they urgently lack this Pure Divine Pill."

At this point, he lowered his voice and said, "Also, some demons in the Eastern Sea have strong bodies and weak souls."

*He's doing business with both sides*, Han Muye thought.

The Eastern Sea sword cultivators were fighting with the demons, but this guy was benefiting from both sides.

Han Muye turned to look at Jiang Ming.

*Look at him. This is called doing business.*

"Senior Jin's business is really big," Jiang Ming said softly.

Jin Jialin laughed and looked at Han Muye. "I can pay three portions of spiritual herbs for each pill. This is the price that I set."

"I don't need much. It's fine as long as Immortal Han can produce seven or eight pills a year."

At this point, he paused and said, "However, the quality of the pills has to be guaranteed. They have to be at least Spirit Pills, which are immortal-grade pills in the Western Frontier."

Han Muye had no reason to refuse such a gift of spiritual rocks.

Most importantly, this Pure Divine Pill was also very useful for the condensation of his soul.

Seeing that Han Muye had agreed, Jin Jialin laughed happily and took out dozens of spiritual herbs on the spot.

This guy had prepared countless spiritual herbs in advance.

"Immortal Han, I'll send the spiritual rocks to the Nine Mystic Mountain, but is it feasible to use the spiritual pearls circulating in the Eastern Sea?"

The Eastern Sea Spiritual Bead was a hard currency among the demons.

The spiritual pearls were formed by the continuous washing of the spiritual rocks at the bottom of the Eastern Sea for countless years. They were like beads and were filled with spiritual energy.

It was mainly because there was sufficient water spiritual energy.

A spiritual pearl contained 10 times the spiritual energy of a high-grade spiritual rock.

"Okay." Han Muye nodded.

He did not care if they were spiritual rocks or spiritual beads.

They could all be circulated. Moreover, the spiritual energy in the spiritual pearl could be absorbed for cultivation. It was also nourishing to the meridians, unlike the spirit rock. The spiritual energy in the spiritual rock was not gentle enough and would damage the meridians.

"Immortal Han, I'm interested in the Central Continent business path of your business. I wonder if there's a chance to cooperate?" After Han Muye agreed to refine pills, Jin Jialin asked, his eyes fixed on Han Muye.

Cooperation.

Han Muye shook his head and said, "It's still early. Let's talk about it later."

He was not prepared to share the business of the Central Continent with others.

But if it was a business between the Eastern Sea and the Central Continent, he would get involved.

"We'll talk about it later. We'll talk about it later." Jin Jialin was not angry. He smiled and nodded.

Han Muye and Jiang Ming left the street and quietly flew away on a sword light.

Half a day later, the two of them arrived at a large city.

“This is Jinyang City?”

Looking at the city enveloped in spiritual energy, Han Muye asked softly.

Jiang Ming nodded.

Jinyang City was the hometown of Huang Six and Lu Qingping.

Now, Lu Qingping was the guardian of this city.

This was decided by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Han Muye had come here today to visit Sixth Sister-in-law, Lu Qingping, and his adopted daughter whom he had yet to meet.

The two of them walked into the city and saw cultivators everywhere.

This place was originally just a city for mortals. Because of Sixth Sister-in-law, Lu Qingping’s return, many cultivators came.

Back then, on Cloud Nest Ridge, Sixth Brother asked those itinerant cultivators to take care of Sixth Sister-in-law.

Countless people came to Jinyang City because of their promise to do this.

When they walked to the manor, someone stopped them at the door to check their identities.

Han Muye and Jiang Ming did not hide anything and took out the identity tokens of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Han, Immortal Han!”

The guard, who didn’t care at first, was stunned when he saw the identity token. Then he looked up at Han Muye. “It’s really Immortal Han!

“Back at the Cloud Nest Ridge, I couldn’t forget the demeanor of the Immortal and Sixth Brother!” The guard said excitedly.

“Immortal is here to visit Sixth Sister-in-law and Miss Zhihu, right?”

“I’ll report to them now.”

Before Han Muye could speak, the guard had already turned around and ran away.

A moment later, there was a commotion in the manor. Lu Qingping, who was carrying a child, ran out.

“Senior Brother Han.” Lu Qingping was excited to see Han Muye.

This was Huang Six’s brother.

He was their backer.

She was safe in Jinyang City and protected by thousands of cultivators.

It was because of Huang Six’s kindness and Han Muye’s status as a Sword Dao Immortal.

With Han Muye on the Nine Mystic Mountain, no one would dare to bully them.

“Sister-in-law.”

Han Muye and Jiang Ming cupped their hands. Then Han Muye smiled. “Is this the little girl, Zhihu?”

### **Chapter 307: Eastern Sea Spiritual Pearl, Sun Gathering Golden Disc**

“Let me hug you.”

Lu Qingping carefully handed over the baby in her arms and said with a smile, “Zhihu, quickly call him Godfather.”

The news that Immortal Han had come to Jinyang City instantly spread throughout the city.

Countless cultivators came. When they saw the entrance of the City Lord Manor, Han Muye carefully hugged the eldest daughter of the Huang family and looked flustered.

After lingering in front of the City Lord Manor for a moment, they walked in together.

He had to let all the cultivators in the city know that the Sword Dao of the Western Frontier, and the Sword Pavilion Elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye, had personally come.

From the looks of it, the Huang family’s status was extremely stable.

After a while, there was news from the City Lord Manor that Immortal Han had given Miss Huang Zhihu a tamed semi-spiritual weapon as a congratulatory gift.

Ordinary swords gathered sword Qi and would hurt people.

Only such a tamed sword could be given to a mortal like Huang Zhihu.

Such a sword was much more precious than an ordinary semi-spiritual weapon.

Back then, Yang Mingxuan was still an extraordinary person. His father had found such a sword for him.

When this sword was being auctioned, Han Muye immediately offered 300,000 spiritual rocks.

This one today was no less valuable than that one.

From the looks of it, Immortal Han’s relationship with the Huang family was indeed harmonious.

This made many cultivators feel at ease.

After a while, there was news from the City Lord Manor that Han Muye was giving Miss Huang Zhihu a pill.

This pill could increase Miss Huang Zhihu's cultivation aptitude.

"A pill that can increase one's cultivation aptitude?"

Outside the City Lord Manor, someone exclaimed, then whispered, "A treasure like the True Empress of the world?"

"Shh, didn't you hear that Immortal Han obtained a golden lotus seed that could increase her cultivation aptitude?" Someone who was well-informed said.

"That's just a rumor. It says that Immortal Han has many golden lotus seeds, but how is that possible..."

A moment later, a high platform was set up in front of the City Lord Manor.

City Lord Lu Qingping carried Huang Zhihu onto the high platform and pressed her palm against a jade wall.

The jade wall's halo circulated and finally turned purple.

"Yes, it's a first-grade cultivation aptitude!" Seeing the color of the cultivation aptitude, countless people widened their eyes.

Even Lu Qingping, who was carrying Huang Zhihu, looked a little stunned.

She had tested Huang Zhihu's cultivation aptitude before. It was very good. She was at the seventh-grade and was much stronger than her and Huang Zhenxiong.

That day, Han Muye gave Huang Zhihu a pill and said that it could increase her aptitude.

Lu Qingping did not build this platform to verify if the pills were really effective, but to show that Han Muye was really improving Huang Zhihu's aptitude.

However, she did not expect it to improve so much!

Ignoring the cheers of the cultivators below the platform, Lu Qingping hurriedly carried Huang Zhihu back to the manor to see Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, I-I didn't expect your pill to be so precious..." Holding Huang Zhihu, Lu Qingping looked at Han Muye with a complicated expression.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand.

He knew very well that Lu Qingping was pulling his leg.

This was also what he allowed.

Sixth Sister-in-law was in Jinyang City with Huang Zhihu, so Han Muye naturally had to support her.

Even this Cloud Lotus Pill was specially sent by him.

However, he did not expect Huang Zhihu's cultivation aptitude to increase so much after consuming this pill.

Perhaps it was because an infant's body had yet to grow and the medicinal effect was greater, or perhaps she had extremely high potential.

"Sixth Sister-in-law, when Zhihu grows up, I'll take her to the Sword Pavilion."

Han Muye looked at Lu Qingping and said, "As for her previous cultivation, I'll also think of a way to build a good foundation for her."

Han Muye took it to heart about Huang Zhihu's nurturing.

Lu Qingping hugged Huang Zhihu and bowed excitedly.

"Thank you, Senior Brother Han."

There were no experts in Jinyang City. What she wanted the most was naturally to let Huang Zhihu enter the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Han Muye was willing to teach Huang Zhihu personally. This was something she didn't dare to think about.

Han Muye was an immortal of the Sword Dao. His sword technique was so powerful that it was difficult to find someone like him in the Western Frontier.

Han Muye did not stay in Jinyang City for long. He left before sunset.

At this moment, the city was filled with joy.

"Sigh, Sixth Brother will definitely be happy to see this scene." Jiang Ming said softly as he turned to look at Jinyang City.

Back then, Huang Six wanted to retire with Lu Qingping and guard Jinyang City.

Lu Qingping had brought her daughter back to Jinyang City now, but she did not know where Huang Six was. She did not know if he could retain his soul and will after turning into a demon.

It was already late at night when he returned to the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye did not reach the third floor of the Sword Pavilion. Instead, he went to the secret room below the Sword Pavilion.

After putting the formation disc away and activating the spiritual light, Daoist Dayan landed at the side. Then Han Muye raised his hand and took out a small bag.

In the bag was a disc.

With a wave of his hand, the disc appeared in front of him.

As soon as the disc appeared, spiritual light flashed on it, and a vigorous sun-attribute power spread out.

"Sun Gathering Disc?"

When Daoist Dayan saw the round disc, he said in a low voice, "This is a treasure from the Blazing Sun Palace."

Of course, Han Muye knew that this item belonged to the Blazing Sun Palace.

Moreover, when he heard Daoist Dayan mention its name, he remembered something.

In the hall of the Blazing Sun Palace, there were a total of nine such golden discs.

This disc could gather the power of the sun attribute and turn it into its own strength.

The combined power of the nine discs could become the power of the sun.

*Does Daoist He Yang, who has this item, still need to refine the Fuyang Pill?*

Han Muye frowned, raised his hand, and a sword light collided with the disc.

“Clang—”

The disc shook, and then halos circulated on it.

“Senior, come out.”

Looking at the stream of light on the disc, Han Muye spoke calm

### **Chapter 308: Eastern Sea Spiritual Pearl, Sun Gathering Golden Disc (3)**

This disc clearly had a master.

“Hehe, you’ve indeed cultivated the Blazing Sun Palace’s cultivation technique.”

A voice sounded from the disc, and a phantom appeared.

Seeing this phantom, Han Muye’s eyes narrowed.

“Elder Yu of the Blazing Sun Palace.”

The old man opposite him froze at his words.

“How—how do you know me?”

Elder Yu Hu of the Blazing Sun Palace was a Heaven Realm expert of the Blazing Sun Palace. When the Blazing Sun Palace was destroyed, he protected those low-level disciples and entered the Fire Source World.

He even left his Dharma treasure sword behind.

He was Zhao Yunlong’s master.

“I’ve seen Zhao Yunlong,” Han Muye said, looking at the remaining householder.

Hearing him say that he had seen Zhao Yunlong, the Yu family was stunned for a moment before saying anxiously, "How, how are they?"

How were they?

The Fire Source Palace was not doing well.

But the inheritance had not been wiped out.

Han Muye recounted the news about the Fire Source Palace and the Fire Source World.

Hearing his words, Yu Hu's expression was complicated. He pondered for a long time before smiling.

"Although it's not good news, it makes me gratified.

"At least my Blazing Sun Palace's inheritance is not completely wiped out. I also have the face to meet the Seniors of the Blazing Sun Palace."

Looking at Han Muye, Yu Hu cupped his hands and said, "Thank you, Immortal Han."

If Han Muye hadn't told him this news, he wouldn't have known at all.

Han Muye nodded and looked at Yu Hu. "Senior, why are you here?"

Hearing his words, the remaining householder shook his head and smiled bitterly.

It turned out that he was seriously injured back then. After making arrangements for those elite disciples, he led a few low-level disciples out of the Blazing Sun Palace.

All the elite disciples had gone to the Fire Source World, and those with ordinary aptitude stayed behind. Firstly, he could not put all the eggs in one basket. Secondly, he still had a chance to rebuild the Blazing Sun Palace with these ordinary disciples.

However, the remaining householder was seriously injured and had to go into seclusion first.

By the time he spent decades recuperating, those ordinary disciples of the Blazing Sun Palace had already established a small faction.

This was the predecessor of Daoist He Yang and the others.

If the Shangyuan Daoist Temple continued to have inheritances and more people held down and presided over it, it had a chance to become a large sect even if it could not prosper in the Western Frontier.

"Unfortunately, when I returned to the old place of the Blazing Sun Palace to look for some treasures, I was surrounded and attacked. My body was snatched away, and only my soul was left hiding in this Sun Gathering Disc, allowing me to escape.

Yu Hu sighed with emotion, then looked at Han Muye. "The sects that surrounded me back then included the Spiritual Dao Sect, the Shangyang Demon Sect, and your Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

This made Han Muye feel a little awkward.

He knew that the beginning of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not very glorious.

What Yu Hu said must be true.

"Immortal Han, you don't have to take it to heart. In the cultivation world, the strong prey on the weak.

"I deserved it for being careless back then."

Yu Hu shook his head, then narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, "However, the one who snatched my body and jade bones was the Spiritual Dao Sect."

"Through my senses, I also discovered some secrets."

Looking at Han Muye, Yu Hu gritted his teeth and said, "The Spiritual Dao Sect is basically related to the cultivation world outside the realm."

"In their inheritance, there's a primer for the cultivation technique outside the realm.

"In the past hundred years, my soul awakened and secretly did some investigation. The First Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Daoist Myriad Transformation, cultivated the cultivation technique outside the realm."

"We have to be wary of this."

A glint appeared in Yu Hu's eyes as he said in a low voice, "The Spiritual Dao Sect guards the spatial passageway. If they open the passageway, the consequences will be unimaginable."

Han Muye knew what he meant.

After all, Han Muye had killed an incarnation of Daoist Myriad Transformation.

"But the Spiritual Dao Sect is now the number one sect in the Western Frontier. Even if I spread this news, I'm afraid no one will believe me, right?" Han Muye shook his head.

"Also, trust me. The Western Frontier is already dominated by the Spiritual Dao Sect. Who else can we count on?"

The Western Frontier Dao Sect respected the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The cultivators of the Western Frontier all respected the orders of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Even if Han Muye raised his arm and shouted, it was impossible for anyone to follow him to attack the Spiritual Dao Sect.

"Immortal Han, go find Senior Sword Master Yuan Tian."

Yu Hu looked at Han Muye and said, "When the Blazing Sun Palace was destroyed, he was the one who sealed the spatial passageway."

"He left an incarnation in the Western Frontier."

Indeed.

Han Muye turned to look at Daoist Dayan with a complicated expression.

When Han Muye left the secret room, he did not take the Sun Gathering Disc out.

The secret room could be sealed. The Sun Gathering Disc could be placed there.

Although Yu Hu was a Senior, Han Muye would not completely believe his words.

“Elder Yu said that Sword Master Yuan Tian’s incarnation is in the Abyss. Do you want to go take a look?” When they reached the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye looked at Daoist Dayan.

The Abyss was at the center of the Western Frontier. It was a hundred-mile cliff that looked like it had been split open by a sword.

It was said that one could still feel the sword Qi left behind countless years ago.

“It must be Sky Wolf.” Daoist Dayan shook his head. “If he’s willing to see us, he’ll meet us.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye nodded.

If it was a backup plan left behind by Sword Master Yuan Tian, that person would appear if something big happened in the Western Frontier.

Even if he went to look, he might not be able to find it.

“Don’t think so much. It’s better to cultivate properly. That’s the orthodox way.” Han Muye laughed, and two spiritual lights appeared around him.

Pure Divine Pill.

Immortal Grade!

This was a good thing to refine the soul with.

He gave Jin Jialin a pill and left two in his hand.

*Is the business in the Eastern Sea really that profitable?* Han Muye wondered.

*Jin Jialin was very generous.*

*He took out a hundred portions of spiritual herbs just like that.*

*Perhaps I also need to develop my business there?*

*With such opportunities to earn spiritual pearls, why not?*

Sitting cross-legged, spiritual light appeared around Han Muye, and he refined the two immortal-grade pills into his divine treasure. Then, he exploded the Spirit Stones one by one, and rich spiritual energy enveloped his body.

After going out for a while, he finally did not lack spiritual rocks.

Rays of spiritual light turned into a vortex.

This was the power of an immortal spiritual root. All the spiritual energy was absorbed.

Compared to his crippled spiritual core back then, it was really worlds apart.

Seven days later, his seclusion was interrupted.

Outside the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, someone challenged him.

Someone from the Eastern Sea.

The leader was called Yang Zhao.

He was once a disciple of the Three Lake Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

### **Chapter 309: You Can Pick Any of These People**

When Han Muye reached the mountain gate, sword light flashed outside.

Two figures crossed paths.

“Clang—”

A long sword flew in front of Han Muye’s feet.

The sword of a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Han Muye raised his hand and waved, and the sword flew back to the defeated inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Elder Han...”

The disciple’s face turned red and he bowed to Han Muye.

“You’re not proficient in the Cloud Lake Sword Technique yet. That folding cloud was slow by 30%. When you attacked, your sword move didn’t follow up with the previous drifting cloud.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the disciple bowed excitedly. “Thank you for your guidance, Elder.”

He did not expect Han Muye to give him pointers on sword techniques.

Even if it was just one or two moves, he could still increase his combat strength if he practiced them well.

Wasn’t this how one’s sword cultivation improved?

Who didn’t cultivate step by step?

Han Muye waved his hand and looked ahead.

On the limestone square in front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, eight cultivators in green and white robes stood.

They were all carrying swords and were clearly sword cultivators.

Moreover, from the style of their clothes, they were from the same sect.

Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

Han Muye recognized these clothes.

Opposite him, Yang Shao, who was wearing a white robe, muttered excitedly when he saw Han Muye. Then he led the green-clothed girl beside him and strode forward.

“Yang Shao, how can you have the face to return after betraying our Three Lake Pavilion—”

In front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, someone shouted and flew forward, unsheathing his sword.

A disciple of the Three Lake Pavilion.

Beside that person stood Su Chengyun and a group of Three Lake Pavilion disciples. All of them had gloomy expressions.

When the sword arrived, Yang Shao’s expression did not change. He did not even look at it and only raised his hand.

“Clang—”

Sword light flashed.

The continuous sword light swept up the person who attacked and threw him dozens of feet away.

Good sword technique!

This strike made everyone’s eyes light up.

They all practiced the sword. They could tell at a glance which sword was good and which was not.

Yang Shao’s sword light was continuous, and he had already obtained the gentle Dao intent of the Water Lineage Sword Technique.

This sword could fight an Earth Realm expert!

The disciple of the Sword Sect who was thrown out by Yang Shao got up with a blank expression.

Back at the Sword Sect, although Yang Shao’s sword technique was better than his, it was only slightly better.

In the past year or so, he had participated in a few battles. Be it his cultivation or combat strength, they had improved greatly.

On the other hand, Yang Shao had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and become an itinerant cultivator. He was even hunted down by a bounty. It was good enough that he could survive. How many chances could he have to increase his cultivation and combat strength?

He had attacked just now because he wanted to take down Yang Shao.

Taking down Yang Shao, who had betrayed the sect, was more or less a merit. It could even save the face of his Three Lake Pavilion.

But in the end, he did not even receive a single strike.

What kind of fortuitous encounter had Yang Shao had in the past year?

Yang Shao walked 100 feet in front of Han Muye.

He couldn't go any further.

Lin Shen took a step forward and stood in the middle.

Yang Shao stood there and bowed to Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, Yang Shao is here to greet you."

As he spoke, he looked at the green-robed girl beside him. "Xu Ying, this is Senior Brother Han."

Hearing Yang Shao's words, the girl looked up at Han Muye, then lifted her dress and knelt on the limestone.

"Xu Ying kneels to thank Senior Brother."

This kneel was to help Han Muye deliver news to Xu Haosheng.

This kneel was to help Han Muye leave behind his inheritance bloodline for the Xu family.

Looking at the scene in front of them, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect looked confused.

*What's wrong?*

Yang Shao bowed and shouted, "Back then, when Elder Xu Haosheng of the Three Lake Pavilion died, Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion received his master's sword and received a message from his remnant soul.

"Master has a bloodline inheritance.

"Yang Shao was entrusted by Senior Brother Han to complete his master's last order and bring Junior Sister Xu Ying out of the Western Frontier to protect the Xu family's bloodline."

His voice was loud and clear, and the kneeling girl's tears fell like rain.

The Xu family was destroyed by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, she was saved by a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Moreover, the Xu family's patriarch was from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

There was gratitude and hatred. At this moment, all emotions surged into his heart.

As Yang Shao spoke, the expressions of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples at the mountain gate changed. They looked at Han Muye and then at Yang Shao.

Yang Shao, who had betrayed the sect, was actually a loyal person who carried out his Master's orders?

As a sword cultivator, upholding the Sword Dao was the most important.

At this moment, when they heard Yang Shao say that in order to save the descendants of their Master's bloodline, he did not hesitate to destroy his bright future and betray the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, everyone had complicated expressions.

There was admiration and regret.

On the water lineage's side, many people's expressions changed. Some people wanted to say something but hesitated.

Involuntarily, everyone looked at Han Muye.

Whether this matter was true or not, Han Muye needed to ask.

In front of everyone, Han Muye said, "Yang Shao, your choice is not bad."

Hearing his words, Yang Shao nodded excitedly.

After Han Muye finished speaking, he looked at the girl in green kneeling on the stone floor. "Elder Xu Haosheng hopes that you can live well. As for the rest, don't worry."

The girl looked up at Han Muye and slowly got up.

There were still tears on her face, but her eyes were filled with hatred.

"Patriarch and Senior Brother Yang protected me. I'll remember this favor."

She turned to look at the mountain gate of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and gritted her teeth. "I have to avenge the destruction of my Xu family."

As soon as she finished speaking, a middle-aged swordsman in the robe of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect took a step forward.

"Boom—"

As he took this step, the soaring sword intent turned into a sword light. The thousand-foot-long sword light was tainted with clouds and stirred the wind and clouds.

The protective array on the Nine Mystic Mountain was instantly activated, and a golden light screen appeared.

## **Chapter 310: You Can Pick Any of These People (2)**

"Fellow Daoist of the Eastern Sea, do you really want to attack in front of my Nine Mystic Sword Sect?"

A voice came from the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

It was Tuoba Cheng's voice.

"I'm Wang Dang from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, seventh in the inner sect."

The middle-aged man who condensed the sword light raised his hand and bowed to the mountain gate.

"I'm here today on the orders of Master, Sage Ling Tao, to seek justice for Junior Sister Xu Ying."

He raised his hand, and a long sword materialized in his hand.

"The Sword Dao of the Western Frontier, the strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is extraordinary. The name of the Sword Dao Immortal is well-known.

"I'm challenging a junior disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect today. If you can defeat the sword in my hand, my Tang Mountain Sword Sect will no longer intervene in Junior Sister Xu Ying's personal grudges."

Wang Dang raised his eyebrows, and his eyes lit up. "Master said that Junior Sister Xu Ying's talent is 10 times stronger than mine. If no one from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect can defeat me today, Junior Sister Xu Ying will definitely sweep through the Nine Mystic Mountain in the future."

As soon as he finished speaking, the clouds shook.

At this moment, the world seemed to condense.

Han Muye's gaze passed Wang Dang and landed on the old man in the long robe with a black beard.

The Tang Mountain Sword Sect would not have come to the Western Frontier with just a few junior disciples.

This sword cultivator who was the protector of the sect could sense the power of the world. Not only did his Sword Dao have extraordinary cultivation, but his spiritual energy cultivation had reached the Heaven Realm.

*A Heaven Realm expert came to the Western Frontier to seek revenge for Xu Ying?*

Han Muye smiled.

No matter how highly regarded a junior disciple was, he would not receive such treatment.

The people from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect were here on another mission.

Moreover, this mission was most likely related to him.

*Is it for the Fire Source World?* he wondered.

The challenge now was just to assess the strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and see if they were qualified to form an alliance with the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

In the cultivation world, it had always been about strength. Only then could they become allies.

In front of the mountain gate, no one replied to Wang Dang.

The cultivation and combat strength he displayed were extraordinary. Without the combat strength of an Earth Realm expert, one would simply be courting death.

The Tang Mountain Sword Sect was a large sect in the Eastern Sea. It was ranked seventh in the inner sect and was very powerful. Among the junior experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, perhaps only one or two could resist it.

“Let me do it.”

A moment later, a young man in a white robe with a black sword on his back walked forward.

Luo Dongyang, 14th in the inner sect of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Luo Dongyang was the direct disciple of an Elder and cultivated the sword technique. He rarely went to the spiritual land and did not interact much with Han Muye.

Now he strode forward, raised his hand, and unsheathed the sword at his back.

A magnificent sword light condensed.

This sword light was faint and was more than a level inferior to Wang Dang’s magnificent sword light.

However, a battle between sword cultivators did not only depend on cultivation and sword light. It also depended on one’s experience, response before the battle, and one’s sword technique inheritance.

“Luo Dongyang of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is here to experience it.” As soon as he finished speaking, the sword light had slashed down.

A puff of green bamboo instantly appeared in the limestone square and enveloped Wang Dang in the bamboo forest.

Concept.

This bamboo was formed by sword intent. It displayed a deep understanding of the Sword Dao.

As soon as the green bamboo appeared, there was an uproar at the mountain gate.

“Senior Brother can condense the concept of green bamboo!” Someone exclaimed in surprise.

It was obvious that this was Luo Dongyang’s fellow disciple.

Beside the person who spoke, there were also several people in white robes with envious expressions.

“Luo Dongyang is only ranked 14th in the inner sect, right? With such cultivation and combat strength, he’s only ranked 14th in the inner sect?” Someone whispered with a look of disbelief.

After condensing such a sword intent, his combat strength was definitely powerful. Even the deacon elders in the sect were only so-so.

*Could it be that the combat strength of the top 10 inner sect disciples could surpass an Earth Realm Elder?*

With this strike, the people from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect looked solemn.

Yang Shao looked at Han Muye and saw that his expression did not change at all.

Beside him, the girl, Xu Ying, clenched her fists tightly and stared at Wang Dang, who was covered in green bamboo.

“Boom—”

With a loud bang, water vapor filled the bamboo.

As soon as the water vapor rose, it turned into a water dragon. With a roar, the water dragon broke through the bamboo forest and headed for Luo Dongyang.

The defense of the bamboo forest was broken through. Luo Dongyang trembled and his face turned pale.

Seeing the water dragon charging at him, he shouted in a low voice. The sword in his hand turned into a dazzling stream of light and slashed down at the water dragon.

“Crash—”

The sword split the water dragon.

However, half of it collided with Luo Dongyang, sending him flying.

At the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, a spiritual light swept past and caught Luo Dongyang.

Defeated.

The 14th inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Luo Dongyang, who had condensed sword intent, was defeated in one strike.

Even though they knew that it would be difficult for Luo Dongyang to win, no one expected him to lose so easily.

“14th in the inner sect?” With a draw of his sword, the water dragon turned around. Wang Dang’s expression was arrogant. “The 14th in the inner sect of my Tang Mountain Sword Sect is stronger than you.”

In comparison, did this mean that the Tang Mountain Sword Sect was stronger than the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Was it because his overall strength was strong, his sword technique inheritance was strong, and his disciples’ aptitude and talent were strong?

Outside the Sword Sect, the expressions of the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect changed.

The Sword Sect Elders hiding behind also had solemn expressions.

Winning or losing was small, but the sect’s reputation was huge.

If Wang Dang defeated Luo Dongyang with a single strike and praised the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for their outstanding swordsmanship, it would be fine.

But now, Wang Dang’s words had pushed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect against the wall.

If no one among the younger generation of the Sword Sect could defeat Luo Dongyang that day, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the entire Western Frontier's sword cultivators would all lose face.

It would also affirm the reputation of the Eastern Sea Sword Dao.

Wang Dang turned around and raised his sword as he looked at Han Muye, who was motionless.

"Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion."