

Pavilion 311

Chapter 311: You Can Pick Any of These People (3)

“You’re the one I want to challenge the most.”

Battle intent rose in his eyes, as if it was about to seep out.

“Mr. Mo Yuan’s Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords dominated the Eastern Sea. We sword cultivators respect you.

“He’s willing to pass down the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique, but he won’t take in any disciples.”

As Luo Dongyang spoke, the Eastern Sea sword cultivators behind him all stared at Han Muye with battle intent in their eyes.

“Immortal Han, I’m very curious. How did you become Mr. Mo Yuan’s only disciple?

“Your reputation as an immortal has some standards.”

With that, sword light rose.

Wang Dang thrust his sword at Han Muye.

The water dragon beside him let out a long cry and pounced at Han Muye.

“How dare you!” At the entrance of the Sword Sect, an Elder shouted, but before he could attack, he stopped.

Behind Wang Dang, a sharp sword light flashed on the black-bearded old man’s body, leaving a long mark in front of the light shield of the Sword Sect’s protective array.

“Stop!” Many disciples of the Sword Sect wanted to fly over to block Wang Dang’s water dragon sword intent, but they felt a heavy weight on their shoulders.

This was the pressure of a Heaven Realm expert.

A great cultivator of the Eastern Sea Heaven Realm blocked the way and wanted to embarrass the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

“No!” Yang Shao’s eyes widened. Xu Ying, who was beside him, covered her mouth.

Han Muye was known for his Sword Dao but everyone in the Western Frontier knew that he had lost his cultivation.

Could a mortal who had lost his cultivation withstand Wang Dang’s dragon-like sword?

Looking at the incoming water dragon, Han Muye shook his head, his expression unchanged.

He didn’t attack.

There was no need.

Lin Shen took a step forward and stood in front of the water dragon.

“Go away.”

“Boom—”

With a low shout, the water dragon exploded and turned into surging clouds.

Wang Dang, who had attacked, turned pale and retreated.

His sword intent was broken, and his mind was shaken. The sword Qi all over his body dissipated, and his meridians were almost injured.

With a shout that broke the water dragon’s sword intent, Lin Shen took another step.

An extremely solemn sword intent rose.

Wang Dang, who originally wanted to attack, changed his expression and retreated again.

The black-bearded old man who had been standing behind him narrowed his eyes and flashed in front of Wang Dang. Then he raised his hand, and a sword light turned into a wave.

The moment the wave appeared, Lin Shen had drawn his sword.

Draw a million swords and shatter a mountain!

Holding the hilt of his sword, Lin Shen instantly seemed to have turned into a god. A power as condensed as a mountain exploded.

This strike was fast.

This strike was fierce.

This sword was in his hand and in his heart!

With a sword in his heart, the mountains and rivers could be destroyed!

“Boom—”

The sword light slashed at the waves summoned by the black-bearded old man.

This strike made the black-bearded old man’s expression darken.

The waves were torn apart by the sword light!

The sword move of a Heaven Realm cultivator could not withstand this strike!

The black-bearded old man raised his hand and slashed again.

A second wave surged.

“Whoosh—”

The water was bright and the waves rolled.

Layers of fine patterns wrapped around the slashing sword.

The sword light was entangled.

Lin Shen's sword light was concealed in the second wave and disappeared.

Instructor Lin of the Sword Pavilion is actually so powerful!

Outside the mountain gate, the disciples of the Sword Sect looked at Lin Shen in shock.

When that sword strike appeared just now, the mountains and rivers shook, causing one's soul to lose control. Even a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator would not be able to do so, right?

How strong was Instructor Lin?

What kind of opportunity did the Sword Pavilion have?

The black-bearded old man looked at Lin Shen, who had returned his sword to its sheath, and said in a low voice, "You're interfering in a competition between junior disciples. I'm afraid you've lost your status, right?"

Even a half-step Heaven Realm expert would be embarrassed if he was caught off guard.

With such a Sword Dao, it was definitely impossible for him to not have cultivated for 200 years.

In the cultivation world, the default age of the disciples of the younger generation was under 100 years old.

As a senior expert, Lin Shen attacked Wang Dang. He completely disregarded the reputation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

A dazzling sword light surrounded the black-bearded old man's body, and his eyes emitted a terrifying halo.

Lin Shen stood there, his aura like an abyss.

"Ahem." Han Muye, who was standing at the back, coughed lightly and said, "Senior, Instructor Lin is the Sword Pavilion's sword protector.

"He's not even 40 this year."

He was not even 40, but he already had such combat strength!

The disciples of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect widened their eyes.

The corners of the mouths of many disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect twitched.

Most of the inner and outer sect disciples were older than Instructor Lin.

This guy had been an instructor in the outer sect for a long time and they thought that he was an old man in the sect.

So he was a young man.

The black-bearded old man was stunned and stared at Lin Shen.

A person's age was not a secret in front of a great cultivator.

His blood Qi and lifespan could be sensed at a glance.

“Really...” A trace of shock appeared on the black-bearded old man’s face. Then he said in a low voice with a complicated expression, “The Nine Mystic Sword Sect of the Western Frontier is indeed filled with hidden talents.”

He turned around and looked at Wang Dang behind him. “Wang Dang, you’re no match for this Little Fellow Daoist Lin.

“Even the number one inner sect disciple of my Tang Mountain Sword Sect, Gu Yuanlong, might not be able to defeat this person.”

Hearing his words, a trace of disappointment flashed across Wang Dang’s face. He nodded and cupped his hands at Lin Shen. Just as he was about to speak, Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

“Although Instructor Lin is from the younger generation, he has another fortuitous encounter. His combat strength and cultivation have surpassed his peers.

“It’s unfair for him to win against the younger generation with his combat strength.”

What does that mean?

Everyone looked at Han Muye.

The sect elders frowned.

The combat strength of Lin Shen’s sword earlier was unimaginable.

Such a strike surpassed most of the elders of the Sword Sect.

This sword also suppressed the people of the Eastern Sea.

With this sword, he won the challenge. Today’s ending was considered perfect.

But why did Han Muye say that this round was an unfair victory?

Lin Shen had won unfairly. In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, who else among the younger generation could defeat the challenger of the Eastern Sea?

Han Muye looked past Lin Shen and the black-bearded old man at Wang Dang.

“You want to challenge me, right?”

Wang Dang was slightly stunned. Then he nodded and said, “That’s right.”

“You’re confident that the Eastern Sea Sword Technique is stronger than the Western Frontier, right?” Han Muye said again.

Wang Dang glanced at Lin Shen and nodded.

This one didn’t count.

Again.

Taking a deep breath, Wang Dang looked at Han Muye. “If Immortal Han is willing to teach me—”

At this point, he said loudly, "Even if you suppress your cultivation, you can fight with your sword techniques."

Didn't Han Muye lose his cultivation? Then let's not compare cultivation, but sword techniques, he thought.

Han Muye wasn't the only one.

In terms of sword techniques alone, Wang Dang was not afraid of the Sword Pavilion's sword protector.

Hearing Wang Dang's words, Han Muye shook his head. "It's unfair for me to win against you."

Wang Dang was stunned, and his expression changed. Han Muye spoke again, "My Nine Mystic Sword Sect has five lineages. Any of them can take up your challenge."

"They have no problem beating you."

With that, Han Muye pointed at the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect standing outside the mountain gate. "You can pick any of these people.

"In terms of sword techniques, if you win a challenge, the victory is yours today."

Chapter 312: Senior Brother Han, Watch My Sword

What does that mean?

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, there was silence.

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect standing in front of the mountain gate looked confused.

Let this Eastern Sea Swordsman choose anyone to fight him?

Is it possible? they wondered.

If he has that ability, wouldn't he have attacked earlier?

Now, if he's really picked and loses, what would he do?

The Eastern Sea sword cultivators standing across from Han Muye frowned.

Wang Dang can choose from any of the five lineages and just win one person?

Does this mean that any one of the five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is stronger than the Tang Mountain Sword Sect?

Han Muye's words were completely contemptuous of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect's inherited sword technique.

The black-bearded old man's eyes lit up.

"Shao Yousun said that Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has peerless talent in the Sword Dao. He's a kind person. From the looks of it today, his talent in the Sword Dao seems to be different from what he said."

He turned around and looked at the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"I wonder if Immortal Han's words count?"

"My Tang Mountain Sword Sect is a large sect in the Eastern Sea. If we want to cooperate, we find a sect of the same strength to cooperate."

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is not the only sect in the Western Frontier that has the Sword Dao."

What the old man meant was that if the Nine Mystic Sword Sect really did as Han Muye said, he would take it seriously.

If the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect lost, they would turn around and leave.

There were many sword cultivator sects in the Western Frontier that were willing to cooperate with the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

"Of course what Senior Brother Han said counts."

A voice sounded. At the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng strode out in a gray robe.

The solemn sword intent on his body turned into a white tiger.

The white tiger followed, but its footsteps were light. Its eyes revealed a faint ferocious glint, as if it was about to devour someone at any moment.

This white tiger had become a force to be reckoned with!

The black-bearded old man looked at the white tiger beside Tuoba Cheng, then his eyes flickered as he nodded and said, "Alright."

With that, he advanced and shouted, "Wang Dang, choose someone."

Really?

Wang Dang pondered for a moment, walked forward, and pointed to the side.

"Him."

The inner sect disciple who was pointed at by Wang Dang turned pale and trembled.

Tuoba Cheng turned around and said coldly, "As a sword cultivator, are you afraid of a battle?"

After hearing his words, the young man strode forward and cupped his hands. "Ren Yuange, an inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, greets Fellow Daoist."

A spiritual light rose from the young man named Ren Yuange. His cultivation level was at the third level of Foundation Establishment.

With this cultivation, he was only an ordinary inner sect disciple and could not even be considered an elite.

It was no wonder he felt afraid when Wang Dang called him out.

Wang Dang nodded. The sword light and spiritual energy on his body converged and pressed down on the third level of Foundation Establishment. Then he raised the sword in his hand.

Ren Yuange took a deep breath and held the hilt of his sword.

As a sword cultivator, there was only one sword other than life and death.

Since he was holding a sword, the outcome did not matter!

“Clang—”

The sword was unsheathed, and the sword light shone brightly.

“Wood lineage, hold the sword and point diagonally. The blade is 30% sharp. Are you good at the Three Wood Sword Technique?”

At this moment, Han Muye’s voice sounded.

Ren Yuange was stunned and nodded blankly.

He was indeed best at the Three Wood Sword Technique.

But could Han Muye tell just by the way he was holding the sword?

“The Three Wood Sword Technique is the more stable of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Wood Lineage Two Mystic Sword Techniques. It binds wood like a forest and its sword intent is an eerie stillness.”

Han Muye’s voice was clear, as if he was introducing his sword technique to the sword cultivators from the Eastern Sea.

But you’ve already introduced all the characteristics of my sword technique. How can I fight now? Ren Yuange thought.

Focus on stability?

Wang Dang quietly changed the angle of his sword.

“In the Three Wood Sword Technique, there are two killer moves. Lone Tree into Forest and Traceless Wind. Do you know both?”

Han Muye’s voice could be heard again

Ren Yuange nodded.

Naturally, he would.

“The Eastern Sea Sword Technique is famous for its continuous attacks and overlapping combat strength.

“That Fellow Daoist Wang Dang’s sword is fast enough and the waves are not stable enough. When he attacks, the blade will move a little to the left.

“Wait for him to attack and use Lone Tree into Forest to block his sword.

“If he strikes back, switch your attack to Traceless Wind.

“If he receives this strike, you can attack nonchalantly, casually, and indifferently.

“If you don’t win in three strikes, give up and admit defeat.”

Han Muye stood there with his hands behind his back and said calmly, “Do you understand?”

Ren Yuange nodded and repeated, “The lone tree forms a forest. The wind passes without a trace. Strike again and abandon the sword if I don’t win.”

He wasn’t the only one who understood.

Everyone in the square in front of the Sword Sect understood.

Those disciples of the Sword Sect who had cultivated the Three Wood Sword Technique raised their hands and started gesturing.

Just three moves.

The first move was as still as a forest, the second move was as fast as the wind, the third move, the third move was unknown.

Wang Dang subconsciously glanced at the disciples who were gesturing with their hands.

The men quickly retracted their hands.

Just these three moves?

A cold expression flashed across Wang Dang’s face as he looked up at Ren Yuange.

The cultivation and experience of sword cultivators were all displayed at that moment.

Can his guidance before the battle defeat me?

Also, so what if he can see the flaws in my Sword Dao? These flaws could be made up for by my sword techniques.

My Tang Mountain Sword Sect’s inherited sword technique cannot withstand three moves?

When did the Eastern Sea sect become so underestimated?

With a gloomy expression, Wang Dang thrust his sword without hesitation.

This strike led the surging water vapor to transform into a koi.

Condensing the spiritual energy and Sword Dao at the third level of Foundation Establishment was already the limit.

If he wanted the koi to transform into a dragon, he needed the power of the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm.

This strike seemed to be an understatement, but the backup move was the Fish Dragon Dance.

The koi borrowed the other party's strength to go against the flow.

The stronger the other party was, the stronger the power it borrowed.

In this way, it could borrow the power to transform into a dragon.

The lone tree move was like a forest, and the koi moved in the reverse direction.

Chapter 313: Senior Brother Han, Watch My Sword (2)

Sword techniques and sword moves were not useless!

Wang Dang smiled as he thrust his sword.

This strike was enough to defeat the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in front of him!

Such a strike shocked countless people.

They were all sword cultivators, so they knew how strong they were when they attacked.

This Eastern Sea sword cultivator's methods were really superb!

How many disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could withstand such a strike?

Everyone's gaze landed on Ren Yuange.

Tuoba Cheng narrowed his eyes and glanced at the indifferent Han Muye.

"Boom—"

Seeing the koi coming at him, Ren Yuange did not hesitate. According to Han Muye's guidance, he guided the green sword light with his sword and turned it into a vast forest.

At this moment, the koi sword light collided with the forest and went against the flow.

Around him, everyone's expressions changed.

The Eastern Sea swordsmen smiled.

The koi had gone against the flow. He had definitely won this round.

As for the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, their expressions were solemn.

From the outside, they could see everything clearly.

The koi formed by water vapor had borrowed the power of the forest to go against the flow and suppress Ren Yuange's sword move.

The further the koi went, the stronger its body became. Its originally illusory figure slowly condensed.

One layer after another, it shed his fish body and danced like a dragon!

I can't wait any longer!

Ren Yuange gritted his teeth with a solemn expression. He shouted and flew up.

Three Wood Sword Technique, sword move, Traceless Wind!

The sword light turned into a phantom and collided with the koi.

Seeing his sword, the smile on Wang Dang's face widened.

He had won.

The koi had taken advantage of the situation and condensed his sword Qi will.

At this moment, is he still trying to break the koi and kill the dragon?

Impossible.

No matter how strong he was, he was unable to kill the dragon.

Not only Wang Dang, but the people around him also shook their heads and sighed.

The timing of this strike was too different.

“Slash—”

The sword light turned into a wind and collided with the koi.

The koi’s body was split open and turned into vapor.

Wang Dang was stunned.

Ren Yuange also looked confused. He only had time to wave his hand casually. The sword light turned into a green vine and slapped Wang Dang’s chest, tearing a hole in his clothes.

After the sword strike, everyone was confused.

“How could—”

Wang Dang looked at the torn clothes on his chest in disbelief.

How did his sword technique get broken?

Outside the mountain gate, the disciples and elders were all confused.

Could Ren Yuange, who was clearly in a disadvantageous position, win with one strike?

The koi-turned-dragon that went against the flow was broken by a sword?

Could it be that the Eastern Sea Swordsman was just for show?

“Senior Brother Wang, you can’t borrow any strength from that Lone Tree into Forest sword move.”

At this moment, Xu Ying, who was standing beside Yang Shao, suddenly spoke.

There was no strength in the sword move!

Wang Dang’s face turned pale and his eyes widened!

Although it looked firm, it was actually difficult to hold on to that sword move!

If he had immediately broken through the defense with that strike just now, the other party would have lost.

However, he wanted to borrow the power of the lone tree to break Ren Yuange's sword technique.

How much strength could a single tree have?

The koi seemed to have transformed into a dragon, but it only borrowed the other party's psychedelic power.

"I've lost..."

Wang Dang seemed to have lost all his strength and sighed softly.

Ren Yuange, who still looked confused, cupped his hands and slowly retreated.

He didn't know how he had won.

However, in those two moves just now, he felt that he had an indescribable mastery of his sword technique!

“The Wood Lineage Sword Technique can restrain the water lineage. How about this, you can try the other lineages.” Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

Try?

Really try?

Wang Dang looked up.

The black-bearded old man frowned and looked at the disciples at the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

These people were really ordinary.

If they fought openly, Wang Dang could suppress them all.

The reason why Ren Yuange could defeat Wang Dang just now was because of Han Muye’s guidance and luck.

He knew the combat strength of his sect’s disciples.

Turning to look at Wang Dang, the old man said in a low voice, “Let’s fight again.”

Fight again.

Wang Dang nodded and took a deep breath.

He walked forward.

A sword cultivator should be indomitable.

Taking a step forward, the sword intent in his body surged again.

Victory and defeat were common. The sword of a sword cultivator was not about victory or defeat, but life and death.

“Him.”

Wang Dang pointed at a white-robed disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The disciple strode out, and sword Qi rose from his body. He had already reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm.

Walking forward, he raised his hand and said, “Qi Tao, a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, greets Fellow Daoist.”

After a pause, Qi Tao said, "I cultivate the Fire Lineage Sword Technique."

With that, he turned to look at Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, how should I deal with the enemy?"

Qi Tao.

The son of the Lingjue Sect Elder, Qi Daoyuan.

His wind-attribute sword technique was extraordinary, and he was a disciple of Su Yuan of the fire lineage. He cultivated sword techniques that combined wind and fire.

Qi Tao was not famous in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After all, he had only been here for a short time, and he was still an outer sect disciple.

Qi Tao kept a low profile and only knew a few people from the Sword Pavilion.

Now he was very obedient and asked Han Muye how to deal with the challenge.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. "Attack first. If you can't win with one strike, admit defeat."

He attacked first and admitted defeat after losing?

Qi Tao nodded and said loudly, "Alright."

Turning around, he looked at Wang Dang. "Fellow Daoist, I'm going to attack."

A single strike.

After receiving the sword, the other party admitted defeat.

In other words, in the eyes of the Sword Dao, he could not even withstand a single strike from the other party?

From the previous three strikes to the current one.

That was how much he looked down on Wang Dang!

"Great!"

Wang Dang shouted. The sword light on his body turned into water light, and the sword Qi condensed into waves.

The sword light and water light intertwined, reflecting the loftiness of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Chapter 314: Senior Brother Han, Watch My Sword (3)

The Water Lineage Sword Technique was good at offense and defense!

When his sword light defense stabilized, Qi Tao nodded, took a deep breath, and took a step forward.

With this step, the sword light on his body exploded!

Outside the mountain gate, countless people widened their eyes!

Wind swirled, and fire soared.

Back at the outer sect battle platform of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Qi Tao had received Han Muye's guidance.

After entering the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he came to the Sword Pavilion many times.

Su Yuan of the fire-type lineage did not hide anything and nurtured him carefully.

What condensed in Qi Tao was not only the revival of the Lingjue Sect, but also the hope of the fire-type lineage on the Nine Mystic Mountain!

Today's strike represented not only him, Qi Tao.

It represented the Lingjue Sect.

It represented the fire-type lineage!

"Boom—"

The wind and fire combined to form a tornado!

In order to form sword intent, he had gathered the momentum!

Tuoba Cheng's eyes lit up.

The black-bearded old man from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect's expression changed.

Han Muye nodded slightly.

This sword soared through the clouds and wind, and flames filled the air!

Wind and fire sword Qi, transforming into a cloud dragon!

"Boom—"

The fire dragon collided with Wang Dang's water waves and easily tore open the water curtain. Then it circled around Wang Dang and tore a piece of his shirt off his chest. Then it roared into the sky and dissipated.

Wang Dang, who was holding a long sword, was stunned. He looked at the tattered clothes on his chest with a blank expression.

Shouldn't water restrain fire?

At this moment, his originally firm Dao Heart trembled.

The Eastern Sea Sword Technique was peerless. In the Heavenly Mystic World, the Eastern Sea Sword Cultivators were respected.

But now, he had already lost two rounds in a row.

Was it because the Eastern Sea Sword Technique was not good enough, or was it because he was not good enough?

"Thank you for letting me win."

Qi Tao cupped his fists at Wang Dang, turned around, and bowed to Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, I didn't disappoint you."

With that, he strode back.

Tuoba Cheng glanced at Qi Tao.

This child could be nurtured.

Those disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were also staring at Qi Tao.

That strike just now could definitely rank in the top 50 of the inner sect.

If not for the fact that his cultivation had yet to reach the Earth Realm and his actual combat strength was weak, Qi Tao might even be in the top 10.

When did the Nine Mystic Sword Sect produce such a young expert?

Indeed, their sect was really filled with hidden talents...

For a moment, there were countless emotions.

Unknowingly, the aura that was originally suppressed in front of the mountain gate suddenly rose.

So what if he's a sword cultivator from the Eastern Sea?

Our Nine Mystic Mountain has an unfathomable foundation. It's not something you can suppress at all! they thought.

The black-bearded old man from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect swept his gaze across the invisible aura outside the Nine Mystic Sword Sect with a solemn expression.

Such was the sign of a large sect.

This phenomenon was condensed from them.

Looking behind him, he saw that the elites of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect were hesitating.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect has been passed down for 10,000 years and has a deep foundation.”

At this moment, Xu Ying’s voice sounded again.

She looked at the people from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect behind her and said loudly, “My Eastern Sea Sword Technique is good at fighting.

“Earlier, Senior Brother Wang Dang suppressed his cultivation and fought. The outcome was decided in two or three moves. He used his weakness to deal with the enemy’s strength.

“He didn’t lose unjustly.”

Han Muye’s gaze landed on Xu Ying.

It was no wonder that the Tang Mountain Sword Sect would stand up for this little girl.

Her vision, knowledge, and temperament were all superb, and she had been tempered by life and death.

Coupled with her peerless talent, her future growth was really limitless.

Standing at the mountain gate, Tuoba Cheng’s eyes flashed.

Should he destroy this girl first?

The black-bearded old man seemed to sense something and moved slightly to stand beside Xu Ying.

“Continue.”

The old man glanced at Xu Ying and said calmly.

Xu Ying nodded and cupped her hands at Wang Dang. “Senior Brother, there’s no doubt about your strength. The Eastern Sea Sword Technique is definitely powerful.¹⁰

“The five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could send one person to fight Senior Brother fairly. If Senior Brother can’t win in 10 moves, I, Xu Ying, won’t mention revenge in the future.”

Suppressing the grudge of the Xu family being exterminated in this battle?

Wang Dang looked at Xu Ying, and a battle intent rose from his body. The clouds and sword light turned into a large sword that flickered.

“Okay.”

He took a step forward, his aura not decreasing at all. He advanced and shouted, “I want to fight your Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s water lineage disciple.”

Water lineage.

Everyone looked at the disciples of the water lineage.

The water-type disciples standing at the foot of the mountain turned pale.

At this moment, Wang Dang's cultivation and combat strength were so powerful. Not to mention them, even the elders of the water lineage could not suppress him, right?

Who could match this battle?

Tuoba Cheng frowned.

Not far away, an Elder said in a low voice, "Where are the people in the secret place? Why aren't they here yet?"

Most of the elites of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were in seclusion in a secret place.

Everyone knew about this.

However, what they did not know was that two days ago, the first batch of elite disciples who went to the Fire Source World had quietly left.

The disciples of the water lineage had all left.

"Water lineage disciple?" Han Muye's voice sounded.

"Yang Shao, attack."

Yang Shao!

Everyone was stunned and looked at Yang Shao, who was standing beside Xu Ying.

He had betrayed the sect to avenge his master's death and bore the infamy of what he did.

This bloodline disciple went to the Eastern Sea to develop and did not hesitate to join the outer sect.

Everyone looked at Yang Shao with mixed feelings.

Is he considered a member of the water lineage of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Xu Ying turned to look at Yang Shao and said softly, "Senior Brother, in your heart, you still regard yourself as a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, right?"

Hearing her words, Yang Shao's originally confused eyes lit up.

"Right!"

He looked up at the mountain gate of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"I've been at the Nine Mystic Mountain since I started cultivating.

"I've always been proud to be Master's disciple."

Chapter 315: Senior Brother Han, Watch My Sword (4)

“Even after receiving Master’s last order and Senior Brother Han’s guidance to the Eastern Sea, I still regard myself as a Nine Mystic disciple.”

Taking a deep breath, Yang Shao slowly walked forward, turned around, and faced Wang Dang.

“Senior Brother Wang, today, I represent the water lineage of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to fight you.”

With his hand on the hilt, all the divine light in Yang Shao’s eyes fell silent.

He looked down slightly at the limestone slab at his feet.

“I, Yang Shao, have mediocre aptitude. I’m not outstanding in the Three Lake Pavilion.

“Back then, because I couldn’t break through in my sword technique, I was abandoned by my fellow disciples. Master gave me a month to comprehend it. Otherwise, I’d have to leave the Three Lake Pavilion.

“It was Senior Brother Han from the Sword Pavilion who demonstrated the Blue Wave Sword Technique for me in the Demonstration Building. He let me know that this sword technique actually has three stages.

“I obtained Master’s appreciation with the second level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique that I had just started comprehending. I was accepted as a direct disciple and even primed to become a legacy disciple.

“Back then, I had all kinds of thoughts and schemes. I only had the Nine Mystic Mountain in my heart. What I was fighting for was the title of the inner sect Legacy of the Three Lake Pavilion.

“I hid Senior Brother Han’s guidance, lied to everyone, and also lied to myself.”

Sword light surged on Yang Shao’s body.

A faint water vapor quietly condensed.

He was an ordinary person.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, he was also an ordinary disciple.

What he said represented the lives of all the ordinary disciples on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

His inclination was to fight for everything he saw.

Outer sect, inner sect, entry, legacy.

It was as if the Nine Mystic Mountain was his sky.

Honor and disgrace, life and death, were all Nine Mystic.

“Master died and my fellow disciples fought for the sword. At that time, I felt as if the sky had collapsed and I was at a loss.

“Senior Brother Han told me my Master’s last words and asked me to make a choice.

“At that time, I really didn’t know what to do.”

Yang Shao’s words made everyone’s expressions complicated.

It was a choice between the sect and his Master’s dying wish.

This choice was too difficult.

Outside the mountain gate, it was complete silence.

“Senior Brother Han said that my choice was right.”

There was a hint of pleasure in Yang Shao’s voice.

“At that time, Senior Brother Han taught me sword techniques in front of the Sword Pavilion and told me to go to the Eastern Sea.

“I suddenly understood.

“I’m a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and Master’s disciple.

“But most importantly, I’m a sword cultivator!

“Since I cultivate the sword, I should carry it in my heart.

“Adhering to the Dao in the heart, even the sword in my hand has a Dao.”

As Yang Shao spoke, the sword light and water vapor on his body rose like a dragon!

“I’ll protect Junior Sister Xu Ying and head east.”

“Interception, obstruction, life and death. The only sword in my hand is the Dao in my heart.”

Sword light lingered, and water light rose.

“First level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique. The water ripples are stagnant, like still water in a cold lake.

“Second level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique. The Blue Wave surges with the wind.”

The sword light moved forward.

At this moment, clouds rolled between heaven and earth.

Sword intent.

“When I saw the vast and mighty waves of the Eastern Sea, I finally understood what Senior Brother Han said back then.

“Cultivation is about cultivating the heart. If there’s no blue wave in the heart, how can there be the Blue Wave Sword Technique?

“Third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique. My heart is filled with surging waves, and the sword in my hand is still.”

Within a thousand feet, the sword Qi was like a well, locking all the water vapor.

Yang Shao’s eyes lit up. He looked up at the solemn Wang Dang and the people from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

“Senior Brother Han told me that if I can borrow the power of heaven and earth, I can comprehend the fourth level of the Blue Wave Realm with a single strike.

“I’ve always thought that Senior Brother Han was talking about watching the waves in the Eastern Sea and using the water to cultivate.”

Shaking his head, he said indifferently, “Unfortunately, this method doesn’t work.”

Looking up, all the sword light on his body converged, and the battle intent in his eyes dissipated.

However, he stood there like a sword that soared into the sky!

“Master Mo Yuan asked me to protect Junior Sister Xu Ying when she returned from the Eastern Sea. He said that I would be able to comprehend the fourth level when I reach the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Today, I understood.

“Senior Brother Han intends to hold the Dao in his heart and travel thousands of miles with his sword.

“When I, Yang Shao, stepped out of the Nine Mystic Mountain and protected Junior Sister Xu Ying to the Eastern Sea, I had already cultivated the fourth level of this Blue Wave Sword Technique.

“Cultivating sword techniques and the Sword Dao, I already have a Dao in my heart. From the Western Frontier to the Eastern Sea, from the Eastern Sea to the Western Frontier, every step I take is to cultivate my Dao.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the sky shook!

“Senior Brother Wang Dang, today, I attack as a disciple of the Water Lineage of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the Western Frontier.

“After this sword strike, I will be the Eastern Sea Swordsman, Yang Shao!

“This sword technique is the inheritance of the Water Lineage Three Lake Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Two Mystic Sword Technique, Blue Wave.

“I’ve traveled thousands of miles, but my heart hasn’t changed. Senior Brother Han, watch my sword!”

Chapter 316: Eastern Sea Business, Body Tempering Atavism

Let's see how it goes!

With a smile on his face, Han Muye watched as the sword light in Yang Shao's hand turned into a 100,000-foot-long wave that swept forward.

The sword light was the Dao in his heart.

The sword light was the path he had walked.

The sword light was unstoppable!

It was more than 10,000 miles from the Western Frontier to the Eastern Sea.

It was unimaginably dangerous.

Yang Shao could protect Xu Ying all the way to the Eastern Sea not because of his combat strength, but because of his belief.

As he said, every step he took was his own path.

Now that he thought about it, it was still vivid in his mind.

The sword light moved forward, and the waves rolled.

In the waves, there were overnight stays on a desolate mountain, demon beasts attacking, itinerant cultivators offering rewards and chasing after them step by step, demons in the Southern Wasteland fighting for their lives, the Eastern Sea Misty Waves, a sword that could travel a thousand miles...

"Reading 10,000 books, traveling 10,000 miles, cultivating 10,000 swords, and comprehending 10,000 Dao.

"The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Techniques and 10,000 Dao.

"In the end, everything in the world is just a Dao.

Han Muye spoke softly, his voice echoing in front of him.

Everyone looked at the things on the waves as if they were traveling with Yang Shao. Listening to Han Muye's explanation, an indescribable mystery appeared in their hearts.

Fellow travelers of the Great Dao.

At this moment, it was as if everyone had made this trip with Yang Shao.

Looking at the surging waves, the sword in Wang Dang's hand was as heavy as a million juns. He could not raise it no matter what.

Yang Shao's sword was powerful and filled with Dao intent.

This was using the power of the Heavenly Dao to suppress others.

Not to mention Wang Dang, even a half-step Heaven Realm expert could only try his best to break through the Dao with his sword.

The black-bearded old man standing beside Wang Dang sighed softly. He took a step forward and stood in front of Wang Dang.

He waved his hand, and a layer of green mist appeared.

The mist transformed like mountains, islands, and reefs, standing motionless.

“Boom—”

All the waves pressed against the reef and then shattered into overlapping waves.

Yang Shao’s expression did not change as he slowly retracted his hand.

If they really fought, there would be endless waves. There would eventually be a moment when the reefs would shatter.

But at this moment, it was enough.

Wang Dang did not even have the courage to raise his sword to block. Yang Shao had won this round.

“I lost...”

Wang Dang had a complicated expression on his face. He shook his head and spoke in a low voice.

A Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword cultivator, the seventh expert of the inner sect of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, admitted defeat without even attacking.

Everyone looked at Yang Shao.

This person was once an ordinary disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

But at this moment, he already had such combat strength!

All of this had his own choices, opportunities, bitter cultivation, and the guidance of Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion!

If he had such an opportunity, would Yang Shao be himself today?

For a moment, countless people were eager and their eyes lit up.

What Yang Shao displayed was the scene of an ordinary disciple obtaining an opportunity and soaring into the sky after cultivating diligently.

Ordinary people could do the same!

Xu Ying, who was standing not far away, bit her lip and turned around. She said loudly, “From today onwards, I, Xu Ying, won’t set foot in the Western Frontier again. The hatred between the Xu family and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will be written off.”

As soon as she finished speaking, tears rolled down her face.

She was unwilling to give up on avenging the death of her entire family so easily, but there was nothing she could do.

The Tang Mountain Sword Sect had already done their best to achieve this today.

If she didn't know her place, she would lose her status.

The Tang Mountain Sword Sect was here to form an alliance with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, not to cross countless miles only to provoke the major sects of the Western Frontier.

The Tang Mountain Sword Sect would give up a genius disciple for the sake of the sect.

Hearing Xu Ying's words, Yang Shao looked impressed. He nodded and turned to bow to Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, Master Mo asked me to tell you that the Eastern Sea is vast and the Sword Dao is prosperous.

"He's waiting for you to sweep through the Eastern Sea."

He swept the Eastern Sea with his sword!

In Mo Yuan's heart, Han Muye actually had such ability!

The sword cultivators from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect from the Eastern Sea looked at Han Muye with complicated expressions.

That day, Han Muye did not attack.

However, with just a pointer, he could make that disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect win.

Han Muye's reputation as an immortal was definitely well-deserved.

Could such an expert in the Sword Dao really sweep through the Eastern Sea as Mr. Mo Yuan had said?

Hearing Yang Shao's words, Han Muye chuckled and nodded. "Alright, I'll go."

He would go!

What would Han Muye look like when he went to the Eastern Sea?

For a moment, everyone in front of the Sword Sect looked expectant.

They looked forward to seeing Han Muye sweep through the Eastern Sea.

Han Muye turned to look at the black-bearded old man from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

"Senior, is my Nine Mystic Sword Sect qualified to cooperate with the Tang Mountain Sword Sect?"

After the assessment, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had shown itself to be powerful in terms of foundation and inheritance.

It was time to get down to business.

The black-bearded old man nodded and said in a low voice, "The inherited sword technique of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is extraordinary. The disciples of the school have excellent talent and comprehension.

It's a major sect in the Western Frontier in the Sword Dao. It's qualified to cooperate with our Tang Mountain Sword Sect."

From what he had seen just now, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were indeed extraordinary.

Even without Han Muye's guidance, it could be seen that these disciples were really capable.

Such a sect was qualified to cooperate with the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

"Senior, let's put aside our cooperation first.

"Earlier, you suppressed my Nine Mystic Sword Sect with your Sword Dao. A sword mark made my sect's experts unable to attack.

"Shouldn't you give us an explanation for this?"

Han Muye's voice was solemn.

The two disciples who had heaved a sigh of relief because of Yang Shao's victory were stunned.

Immortal Han was actually unwilling to give up and wanted an explanation from a Heaven Realm cultivator?

How could he explain?

Chapter 317: Eastern Sea Business, Body Tempering Atavism (2)

In the cultivation world, strength was everything.

Heaven Realm cultivators were the top figures in the Western Frontier.

They never needed to answer to anyone.

The black-bearded old man slowly narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye. "I'm Ye Canghe from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect. I've cultivated the sword for 800 years and reached the second level of the Nascent Soul realm.

"Not to mention dominating the Eastern Sea, my sword cultivation is considered shocking in the Eastern Sea.

"Just now, I used the power of the Sword Dao to suppress the fellow Daoists of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

Ye Canghe glanced at Han Muye, then at Tuoba Cheng and the others from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"Taking a conciliatory half-step today, I'll apologize to you on behalf of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect."

One sword, half-step.

On Ye Canghe's body, a vast cloud and sword light turned into a thousand-foot dragon shadow that coiled up in space.

The shocking power collided with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's protective array, causing it to tremble as if it would shatter at any moment.

A Heaven Realm cultivator.

Was there anyone in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who could make a Heaven Realm cultivator retreat half-step with a single strike?

The disciples looked at each other and subconsciously turned their gazes to Tuoba Cheng.

The person present today might be this person who could make this Heaven Realm cultivator take a step back, right?

Tuoba Cheng glanced at Han Muye, whose expression remained unchanged, and took a step forward.

"Tuoba Cheng seeks Senior Ye's guidance." Tuoba Cheng cupped his hands, and then the White Tiger Scroll appeared behind him.

White tigers condensed and followed him.

Ten of them.

A hundred of them.

The white tiger condensed into an ancient sword-toothed tiger. It was a thousand feet tall and had cold fangs. It roared at the sky, its voice shaking the world!

Ye Canghe's expression was solemn, and the azure dragon formed by the sword light roared.

Dragon roars and tiger roars shook the mountains and rivers.

Han Muye stared at Tuoba Cheng.

He knew that Tuoba Cheng was very strong.

Every time he saw Tuoba Cheng recently, he could feel that he had become stronger.

He wanted to see how strong this future sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was.

Could he make a Heaven Realm expert take half a step back?

In today's situation, as long as Tuoba Cheng could make a Heaven Realm expert take half a step back in front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, not only would the cohesion of the sect disciples increase, but Han Muye's goal of building the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion into a holy land of the Sword Dao would also take another step forward!

This was Han Muye's goal!

To achieve this goal, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had to crush all sword cultivators!

“Roar—”

The condensed primordial saber-toothed tiger rushed out.

At this moment, all the power of the protective array on the Nine Mystic Mountain collapsed and condensed on the saber-toothed tiger’s body, turning into a golden armor.

The armored saber-toothed tiger collided with the coiled Azure Dragon.

“Bam—”

The Azure Dragon let out a sorrowful cry and turned into clouds. The clouds filled the sky and covered the entire world.

The golden saber-toothed tiger also turned into nothingness, and endless blood qi surged.

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect outside the mountain gate could not help but retreat 10,000 feet away.

When everyone opened their eyes, Tuoba Cheng and Han Muye were already gone.

It was unknown where the eight sword cultivators from the Tang Mountain Sword Sect from the Eastern Sea had gone.

“Did Elder Tuoba win or lose?” Someone muttered as he looked at the empty mountain gate.

Beside him, someone turned around and shook his head. “The Tang Mountain Sword Sect is here for an alliance. Is victory or defeat important?”

Does it matter?

Isn’t it important?

Someone nodded, his eyes flashing.

Someone shook his head, looking confused.

....

Outside the Sword Pavilion, in front of the stone steps, Han Muye was holding a long sword.

“This is Elder Xu Haosheng’s sword.”

At the bottom of the stone steps, Xu Ying cupped her hands and looked sad.

“Senior Brother Han, don’t worry. I’ll leave the Western Frontier with my sword and never return.”

After that day, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would form an alliance with the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

Xu Ying cultivated peacefully in the Tang Mountain Sword Sect. No one would hurt her.

If she dared to harbor any more resentment, the Tang Mountain Sword Sect might not keep her for the sake of the sect.

However, if one day her cultivation reached an advanced level and she could control the sect, it would be different.

However, Han Muye didn't care about this.

By that day, the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would have long become the holy land of the Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword.

Han Muye turned to look at Yang Shao and said softly, "What about you?"

What he meant was whether Yang Shao would stay in the Nine Mystic Mountain or go to the Eastern Sea?

Hearing his words, Yang Shao shook his head and said, "I've already been accepted as an in-name disciple by Master Mo. I'll still go to the Eastern Sea."

It was good to go to the Eastern Sea.

After that, Han Muye asked about Mo Yuan in the Eastern Sea. Yang Shao told him everything in a low voice.

In order to seek greater mastery of the Sword Dao, Mo Yuan challenged the Eastern Sea with his sword.

His sword technique, Return of 10,000 Swords, could only be restrained in front of him.

Mo Yuan did not hide anything. After defeating his opponent, he would give him pointers and then tell him the truth of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Along the way, Mo Yuan's name resounded throughout the Eastern Sea.

Later on, Mo Yuan was invited by the Tang Mountain Sword Sect to stay in the Tang Mountain Sword Sect as a guest elder.

However, he had only taken in in-name disciples and not disciples.

According to Mo Yuan, he only had one disciple, Han Muye of the Western Frontier.

"Senior Brother Han, the juniors of the Eastern Sea Sword Dao, path of the sword, way of the sword all know your name. There are countless people who look forward to fighting you." Yang Shao looked at Han Muye and smiled.

These words made Han Muye smile.

"Don't worry, I'll definitely go to the Eastern Sea when I have the chance," Han Muye said calmly.

Xu Ying looked up at him.

The challengers to the Eastern Sea would probably form a long line.

"Yang Shao, have you heard of the Jin family's trading company?" Han Muye suddenly asked.

"Golden Dragon Trading Company?" Yang Shao nodded and said, "That's one of the largest trading companies in the Eastern Sea. There are transactions between humans and demons."

Chapter 318: Eastern Sea Business, Body Tempering Atavism (3)

Han Muye did not expect the Jin family, which was not very strong in the Western Frontier, to be so powerful in the Eastern Sea business world.

"It's said that this Golden Dragon Trading Company has the support of the demon flood dragon race." Yang Shao looked at Han Muye and lowered his voice. "Senior Brother, did this trading company offend you?"

Even if the Golden Dragon Trading Company was quite powerful in the Eastern Sea, it was only a trading company. In the Western Frontier, it was not qualified to compete with a large sect like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"That's not it. I'm just curious about their business." Han Muye waved his hand and looked at Yang Shao. "By the way, help me contact Master Mo. I also have some business here and want to do it with the Eastern Sea."

He raised his hand. There were a few small jade bottles and two swords in his palm.

The pills were rare immortal-grade pills in the Western Frontier.

The sword was a standard semi-spiritual weapon of the Fire Source Palace.

Both were good things of extraordinary value.

After receiving the sword and pills, surprise flashed across Yang Shao's eyes.

"Senior Brother, don't worry. I'll definitely help you settle this matter."

...

Ye Canghe stayed in the hall on the Nine Mystic Mountain for more than half a day before bringing Wang Dang, Yang Shao, and the others back to the Eastern Sea.

Outsiders did not know what deal he had negotiated with Tuoba Cheng and Sect Master Jin Ze, and Han Muye did not want to ask.

After Yang Shao, Xu Ying, and the others left, he went into seclusion.

He did not lack pills or spiritual rocks now. It was a good time to cultivate again.

He went into seclusion every day to strengthen his cultivation foundation.

When he came out of seclusion again, it was a month later.

On June 6. He started drying the swords.

Last time, Elder Gao Changgong was the abbot of the Sword Pavilion.

This time, Han Muye was the host, and Liu Hong and Jiang Ming were the ones carrying swords downstairs.

Yang Mingxuan had already gone to the Fire Source World.

“The Sword Pavilion’s inheritance rule is to dry the swords on June 6th.”

“Close the pavilion school—”

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, Lin Shen, who was standing outside the Sword Pavilion, raised his hand and closed the pavilion school door. Then he crossed his arms and remained silent.

Instructor Lin’s name also resounded throughout the Sword Sect.

To be able to kill a Heaven Breaking Realm cultivator with a single strike, Instructor Lin’s combat strength was definitely not inferior to a high-level Golden Core.

Zhao Pu had come a few times and wanted to invite Lin Shen back to Three Stones House, but he rejected him.

Only by staying in the Sword Pavilion would he have an opportunity.

Only by staying in the Sword Pavilion could he obtain Han Muye’s guidance.

Han Muye had given him too many Heaven Realm jade bones and pills that could change aptitude.

In this life, Lin Shen would never leave the Sword Pavilion.

“Hum—”

The Sword Pavilion’s array formation was activated.

On the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, the window on the second floor was pushed open.

Sword Qi rushed out and collided with the sky, causing the clouds to spin.

The sword light and spiritual energy intertwined, and the world flickered with streams of light.

On June 6th, the swords were basking in the sun. It was exciting every time.

Han Muye stood on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, raised his hand, and gently pushed the wooden shelves to the window.

At this moment, his mind was connected to the entire Sword Pavilion.

Whether it was the quiet room under the Sword Pavilion or the swords on the first and second floors of the Sword Pavilion, they all appeared in his mind.

The power of space.

A strange expression appeared on Han Muye’s face.

Previously, they had not realized that the power of the Sword Pavilion's array formation actually came from the spatial passageway suppressed below.

The Sword Pavilion was outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, but in the passage of the Sword Pavilion!

Everything that seemed to be condensed was just a structure formed by the power of space.

The Sword Pavilion was not in the Heavenly Mystic World!

And the reason why there were so many swords in the Sword Pavilion was not to suppress the great demon back then, but to suppress the surging power of space.

With so many swords, the Sword Pavilion had been tightly nailed to the Nine Mystic Mountain for countless years.

"In other words, if we take away all the swords in the Sword Pavilion, will the Sword Pavilion immediately become a door to the void?"

Han Muye's eyes shone.

"Then on the other hand, what if there are 100,000 swords hidden in the Sword Pavilion?"

"If I hide 100,000 swords, will this space be fixed?"

100,000 swords were actually not difficult.

In the Fire Source World, there were many blacksmiths who could refine swords.

At sunset, the Sword Pavilion's array formation dissipated.

"After drying the swords today, I realized that the Sword Pavilion's inheritance is profound." Liu Hong's expression was complicated as he said in a low voice, "Those swords seem to be talking to me."

Hearing his words, Jiang Ming nodded.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, saying nothing.

It was all an illusion.

All of this was an illusory feeling caused by the intermediate will in the sword being activated by the power of space.

Jiang Ming and Liu Hong still did not have enough soul power and would be affected.

Several soul swords in Han Muye's divine treasure were suppressing him, and with the Red Dust Curse, he was completely unaffected.

"The Sword Pavilion will be closed for two days. Liu Hong, go to the Cao family and take a look. You don't have to come back."

Han Muye looked at Liu Hong, then at Jiang Ming. "Go to the medical hall for the next two days."

Joy flashed across Liu Hong's face.

Jiang Ming was stunned for a moment and said in a low voice, "I'd better come back and stay."

Han Muye glanced at him and turned to go to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Hong turned around and sized up Jiang Ming.

“Brother Jiang, I have a back-nourishing pill here. Do you want it?”

Jiang Ming glared at him and said indifferently, “You bought it at the foot of the mountain and the Huang Pill Shop, right?”

“I refined that.”

Liu Hong’s face stiffened and he muttered, “Why are you refining this thing?”

“Eat it yourself. You’ve refined too much.” Jiang Ming strode out of the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Hong curled his lips and followed.

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye activated the formation disk and array disk. Then, he reached out and jade-colored beads appeared.

These were the Eastern Sea spiritual beads that the Jin family’s trading company had sent over some time ago.

It was worth three million spiritual rocks as a deposit.

Han Muye also refined a Pure Divine Pill and let the shopkeeper of the Jin family take it away.

This surprised the shopkeeper of the Jin family.

With the spiritual pearl, Han Muye did not need high-grade spiritual rocks to cultivate.

When the spiritual pearl was refined, the warm spiritual energy could nourish the meridians and make the body more compatible with the spiritual energy.

At this moment, spiritual light flashed around Han Muye. Eight of the nine cloud platforms in his dantian were already filled with spiritual energy.

He was at the peak of the eighth level of Foundation Establishment.

Behind him, the shadow of a gray and black long-horned bull appeared.

As soon as the long-horned bull shadow appeared, the surrounding space was squeezed and vibrated.

This was a sign that his blood essence was too powerful.

The power of this long-horned bull shadow exceeded all of Han Muye’s previous Body Tempering techniques.

At this moment, Han Muye’s Body Tempering cultivation had already surpassed the ninth level of Foundation Establishment and was at the half-step Earth Realm.

“Your Body Tempering cultivation technique is really powerful. It already shows signs of atavism.”

Daoist Dayan looked at the gray and black long-horned bull shadow, narrowed his eyes, and asked, “How far are you prepared to trace your Body Tempering Technique?”

What kind of situation was that?

Han Muye smiled and raised his hand. A piece of fur appeared in his palms.

“If this is really the ancient divine beast, Kui, then I’ll trace it back to the ancient lightning divine beast.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the power of lightning in the fur poured into Han Muye’s body.

Chapter 319: Han Muye’s First Trip to the Central Continent

When the lightning entered his body, Han Muye trembled.

His backbone showed a jade color.

Sword bones.

A phantom of lightning appeared on the fur.

For three days, the lightning did not dissipate.

At this moment, Han Muye’s entire spine had already turned into sword bones. Additional power surged and spread to the other bones.

Daoist Dayan watched Han Muye cultivate.

However, when he saw that Han Muye did not refine the sword bones in his shoulders and arms as he had expected, but instead guided the power of lightning into his organs and tempered his internal organs and ribs, he was slightly stunned.

“You’re a sword cultivator. Shouldn’t you refine your arms first?”

The power of the sword bones was between the power of body tempering and spiritual power cultivation. It was the combination of the power of the Sword Dao and the strange power.

The sword bones could help cultivators increase their compatibility with the power of the Great Dao and increase their combat strength.

If his arms were to temper the sword bones, both his strength and speed would increase several times.

“This enhancement doesn’t matter to me.”

Han Muye opened his eyes, and the spiritual light and sword Qi on his body converged.

The grayish-black bull shadow slowly dissipated.

“The tempering of the sword bones should be done step by step.

“Refining the arms first is not the right way.”

Han Muye’s aura turned ordinary. He stood up and put away the fur that was filled with lightning. He said softly, “According to my calculations, my arms should actually be tempered at the last moment.”

At this moment, Han Muye’s cultivation was at the half-step Body Tempering Realm.

His spiritual energy cultivation was at the eighth level of Foundation Establishment.

He had already surpassed the cultivation realm before he re-cultivated.

The key was that Han Muye had started with the New Sun and Young Sun Techniques, and was about to cultivate the Golden Sun Technique again.

At this moment, his cultivation foundation was unprecedented.

The cloud platform in his dantian was already golden.

The four sword pills floated quietly on the cloud platform, and five sword intents circled above the dantian cloud platform.

In his sea of Qi, the sword threads formed by 32 sword lights kept interweaving.

The condensed sword thread was even stronger than the loose sword intent from before.

In his divine treasure, the Spell of the Mortal World and the seven soul sword Qi did not interfere with each other.

If he wanted to condense more soul sword Qi and absorb more sword intent, Han Muye needed to increase his cultivation level.

The next step was to step into the Earth Realm.

Once he entered the Earth Realm, his combat strength would undergo a drastic change.

But he couldn’t rush it now.

He would take his time.

Cultivation was a matter of taking one step at a time.

When he walked downstairs, Liu Hong and Jiang Ming had returned in high spirits.

Seeing Han Muye come downstairs, the two of them bowed uncomfortably.

Han Muye smiled and walked out of the Sword Pavilion towards the library.

When he arrived at the library, Cui Helian looked happy and hurriedly welcomed him.

“Senior Brother Han, you haven’t been visiting the library for a while.”

Han Muye had been in seclusion for more than a month. He was only in the Sword Pavilion and had never gone out.

Cui Helian eagerly handed over the book that Han Muye was reading. Seeing Han Muye looking down at his book, he hesitated and walked out of the quiet room.

Han Muye opened the book in front of him.

Among these seniors' travel notes, there were cultivation comprehensions and records of mountains and rivers.

Slowly flipping through it, the Spell of the Mortal World in his divine treasure flashed with golden light, and the golden Great Spirit kept surging.

At this moment, his Confucian cultivation was only a step away from the Grandmaster Realm.

But that path stumped him.

He was not the only one. There were countless Confucian cultivators in the Central Continent, and very few people could become grandmasters.

A grandmaster's understanding of Confucianism cultivation had reached another level.

After reading for most of the day, Han Muye closed the book in front of him and walked out of the quiet room.

"Senior Brother Han."

Cui Helian walked forward and bowed to Han Muye. Then he said, "Cui Helian wants to ask Senior Brother to teach him the cultivation method of Confucianism."

Confucian cultivation also had Dharmic formulations.

Apart from cultivating one's body and mind, it also started with literacy skills.

Han Muye looked at Cui Helian and said, "The Confucian Dao of the Central Continent has a cultivation method for literacy. I remember that the sect also has these cultivation books."

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had been established for 10,000 years, and most of the cultivation books had been gathered using various methods.

There were not many cultivation techniques in the Central Continent, but there were books on them.

"Senior Brother, I've cultivated the Confucian Dao of the Central Continent and am considered knowledgeable. However, I really can't do anything about the nourishment of this Great Spirit." Cui Helian shook his head and sighed.

If not for the fact that he had no choice, he would not have begged Han Muye.

There was no other way.

Han Muye nodded quickly.

This was the difficulty of Confucianism cultivation.

Spiritual energy cultivation emphasized accumulation. As long as one's aptitude was not bad to a certain extent, there would always be a chance to cultivate.

Apart from accumulation, there was also epiphany.

If one did not have an epiphany, it would be difficult to master it.

Epiphany was the threshold of Confucianism.

This was also the reason why there were as many Confucian and Dao students in the world as there were hairs on an ox. There were very few who could enter the Elementary Scholar Realm.

After reading 10,000 books, white-haired old students could be seen everywhere.

The reason was that these people could not comprehend the essence of Confucianism and cultivate the Great Spirit.

"Use what you learn." Han Muye looked at Cui Helian and said, "Junior Brother Cui, if you stay in this library, you won't be able to cultivate the Great Spirit for the rest of your life.

"Use what I learn!" Cui Helian's eyes flashed as he bowed to Han Muye. "Senior Brother, please enlighten me."

"Junior Brother Cui, go to Jinyang City and help teach my adopted daughter Confucianism for three years.

"At the same time, help Sixth Sister-in-law suppress Jinyang City."

Guard the mortal world?

Cui Helian frowned.

Being a mortal guardian was the choice of those disciples below the Earth Realm whose cultivation future was ruined.

He was an Earth Realm expert.

However, in the blink of an eye, he immediately cupped his hands and smiled. "Alright, then I'll go teach Huang Six's daughter."

Chapter 320: Han Muye's First Trip to the Central Continent (2)

Whatever Senior Brother Han said and did was an opportunity.

This was a famous saying on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

For example, the last time they fought the Eastern Sea sword cultivators outside the mountain gate, the two disciples who received Senior Brother Han's guidance had their combat strength improve greatly.

They didn't know the reason.

They simply listened to Senior Brother Han's guidance.

Han Muye was pleased that Cui Helian was willing to go to Jinyang City.

This saved him the trouble of finding an instructor for Huang Zhihu.

Cui Helian was an Earth Realm cultivator. He was from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and had studied Confucianism for decades. He was very suitable.

"Junior Brother Cui, don't worry. After three years, if you still can't have an epiphany, I'll personally enlighten you."

As Han Muye spoke, a golden aura flashed across his body.

Enlightenment.

In the inheritance of the Confucian Dao, those disciples of the Great Cultivation Sect used the Great Spirit to stimulate the power of the Great Spirit in their divine treasures.

This method consumed a lot of Great Spirit. Ordinary people were unwilling to use it.

Seeing the rich golden aura on Han Muye's body and hearing him say that he would help him comprehend, Cui He hurriedly nodded excitedly. "Senior Brother, don't worry."

When Han Muye left the library and returned to the Sword Pavilion, Lin Shen handed him a green branch.

"A message from Green Wheat Mountain."

Han Muye took the wooden branch and scanned it with his divine sense.

This was from the Heaven Realm demon, Mu Jin, in the Green Wheat Mountain. According to their previous communication, he was invited to the Central Continent.

Mu Jin had the token to guard the Green Wheat Mountain and was qualified to pass through the Heaven and Earth Barrier when sending spiritual herbs to Shuxi County.

Han Muye had contacted Mu Jin previously about going to the Central Continent with her.

If he went with Mu Jin, his safety would at least be much more assured with his official identity.

This time, Han Muye wanted to open up the trade route between the Central Continent and the Western Frontier.

He wanted to see for himself.

"Instructor Lin, we'll go down the mountain tomorrow."

Putting away the wooden branch, Han Muye spoke.

Lin Shen nodded.

He didn't ask where he was going.

Han Muye returned to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, sorted out the various supplies in his hands, and refined a few furnaces of pills.

The next morning, Han Muye and Lin Shen quietly went down the mountain. Then, they set up the flying boat and headed down the mountain to the market.

Kong Chaode was already waiting.

“Young Master.” Kong Chaode, who was dressed in a green robe and did not look like a Confucian cultivator at all, bowed and looked at Han Muye in a daze.

At this moment, Han Muye was dressed in a scholarly robe and had a folding fan in his hand.

Moreover, a rather dense Great Spirit flashed on his body.

He was at least at the Elementary Scholar Realm.

“Young Master, your Great Spirit cultivation...”

Han Muye was a sword cultivator, but he had actually cultivated the Great Spirit to such a level. Such talent was really shocking.

“The cultivation paths in the world are interconnected.” Han Muye waved his fan and smiled. “When you understand this principle, your Confucian cultivation will improve greatly.”

At this moment, Kong Chaode’s Confucian cultivation was evident at a mere glance to Han Muye.

High Scholar Realm.

Among the young Confucian cultivators, he was considered an expert, but not a true expert.

Such methods were only useful in a county. If he went further, he would not be able to reach the prefecture level.

His foundation was still too weak.

However, Kong Chaode’s talent was not bad. It would be very useful to train his temperament and cultivation.

“Thank you for your guidance, Immortal Han.”

Kong Chaode bowed to Han Muye and said with a smile, “Any guidance from Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is an opportunity.

“Young Master, your reputation is at its peak now.”

Ever since he was at the Cloud Nest Ridge, Han Muye had been guiding others in their cultivation.

The last time he returned from the Blazing Sun Palace, he was challenged along the way. He sparred with them and gave pointers, allowing the challengers to gain a lot.

In front of the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Sect, Immortal Han could casually guide ordinary disciples to defeat the elite sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea sect.

The story of Immortal Han had already spread throughout the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

The flying ship rose again and headed straight for Green Wheat Mountain.

Lin Shen drove the flying ship, while Han Muye and Kong Chaode walked opposite each other in the cabin.

“Young Master, the Central Continent is rich and has many spiritual rock mines. Not only are there a large number of high-grade spiritual rocks, but there are also many rich mines that produce supreme-grade spiritual rocks.”

Looking at Han Muye, Kong Chaode introduced some details of the Central Continent.

Compared to the Central Continent, the Western Frontier was considered barren and had very few spiritual rocks.

Hence, the value of spiritual rocks was high, and the price of many treasures in the Western Frontier was relatively low.

“For example, the supreme-grade Green Mystic Pill you refined costs at least a million spiritual rocks in the Central Continent.”

Kong Chaode held a clear pill in his hand and sighed softly.

This pill was an eighth-grade pill. In the Western Frontier, it was supreme-grade and only cost 300,000 spiritual rocks.

The price difference between the Central Continent and the Western Frontier was more than 60%.

“However, the Central Continent’s alchemy is at its peak. There are many fifth-grade alchemy grandmasters who can refine fourth-grade pills. There are even a few grandmasters who can refine third-grade pills.

“Young Master, the pills you refine will have to compete with these alchemy cultivators to seize the market.”

Kong Chaode looked at Han Muye.

The Western Frontier lacked alchemy cultivators. Even if the level of alchemy cultivators was limited, they were still respected. The medicinal pills refined were in short supply.

On the other hand, the Central Continent’s alchemy was prosperous, and the pill market was extremely vast.

Not only did Han Muye refine few pills, but he also had to compete with those alchemy experts.

For example, in Mushen City, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Void Meridian Pill defeated Minghua Valley’s Void Meridian Pill.

From then on, the Nine Mystic Void Meridian Pill became the best in the Western Frontier.

What was there not to compete for in the world of cultivation?

“Do you know about Central Continent Alchemy?” Han Muye put away the fan in his hand and chuckled.
“I’m very interested in it.”