

## **Pavilion 341**

### **Chapter 341: A Gentleman's Sword! (2)**

Of course, the Confucianism of the Central Continent was the only one with such benefits.

The Confucian Dao was bestowed by the heavens.

But the downside was obvious.

The Central Continent's Confucianism only nurtured elites.

Ninety-nine percent of the great cultivators of Confucianism who suppressed the world were from the Imperial City Academy under Minister Wen.

For someone like Dongfang Shu, even if he had cultivated to the Confucian Master Realm, he could only teach in the wilderness because of disagreements. He was not able to nurture a talented disciple for 30 years.

The millions of Confucianist cultivators in the Central Continent studied diligently, but they could do nothing about opportunities that slipped from them.

"Central Continent's Confucianism, hehe." Resplendent starlight flashed in Han Muye's eyes. With a long laugh, the world shook!

At this moment, the wind and clouds within a radius of 5,000 miles changed!

A vigorous power that belonged to a Confucian Grandmaster surged into the sky!

"There are thousands of Confucian Daoism in the Central Continent who studied strenuously till they were old and destitute but couldn't become officials. In the end, they were just a pile of dirt."

"If Confucianism can't add power to oneself, what's the use of cultivation?"

The deafening voice sounded again and reverberated for thousands of miles.

On White Deer Mountain, more than 100,000 miles away, Dongfang Shu, who was sitting and discussing with a few green-robed scholars, trembled and stood up.

"Mr. Dongfang, what's wrong?" A few green-robed scholars stood up and asked.

As soon as the four sentences on the White Deer Mountain were spoken, Confucian cultivators from a thousand miles away arrived.

Dongfang Shu had comprehended the principles of Confucianism and was promoted to a Grandmaster. If he was willing, he could immediately enter the Imperial City and become an official.

However, Dongfang Shuyan was in charge of the White Deer Mountain Academy. He carried out the academy's aspirations as the head and threw open the school door. He taught without discrimination.

A grandmaster was willing to build an academy in White Deer Mountain. This was a great thing for the Confucianists in the surrounding areas.

However, no one could understand why a grandmaster of Confucianism like Dongfang Shu was only willing to take charge of the academy, but the Mountain Elder was someone else.

Who was this Mountain Elder?

Some people guessed that it was the Great Confucian who had left four lines of wisdom and signed off as Han Muye.

However, where was this Great Scholar Han Muye now?

"The power of a grandmaster of Confucianism draws the power of heaven and earth. This..." Looking at the changing clouds in the sky, Dongfang Shu's eyes shone brightly. "It must be Mountain Elder!"

Mountain Elder!

The head of the White Deer Mountain Academy!

"Everyone, protect this old man. I want my soul to leave my body to assist in the battle," Dongfang Shu shouted in a low voice. He raised his hand and waved. Four paintings landed around him, protecting his body.

Then he held a green ink brush in his hand. His body paused. On his head, a condensed soul with a white robe and a jade crown appeared.

A Confucian Grandmaster could travel thousands of miles in an instant.

On White Deer Mountain, a ball of green spiritual light flew out and carried Dongfang Shu away.

"There are actually two grandmasters on White Deer Mountain?" An old man in a green robe asked in a low voice after Dongfang Shu's soul flew away.

Grandmaster. There were no Grandmasters outside the Imperial City. Cultivators of Confucianism in the world could only go to the Imperial City to seek knowledge after cultivating to a certain level.

Today, the two grandmasters of White Deer Mountain had gathered. In the future, White Deer Mountain would definitely become the number one holy land outside the Central Continent Imperial City!

"I, Wu Le'an, am willing to enter the White Deer Mountain Academy. I'm even willing to be the most ordinary instructor." On the other side, someone had already cried out in a low voice.

"Instructor? I, Cao Cheng, know that my knowledge is low. I don't dare to expect an instructor role. I just want to be a cleaner."

"Brother Cao, I'll go with you. The front and back are covered."

The discussions on White Deer Mountain were fervent. Dongfang Shu, whose soul had left his body, traveled thousands of miles in an instant. In just a moment, he saw the Great Spirit soaring into the sky in front of him.

It was indeed Han Muye!

In the distance, figures flew over from the direction of Jinchuan City.

Two shadows hovered in the air.

One wore a green robe and a black armor.

“Mr. Dongfang.”

The two of them cupped their hands slightly when they saw Dongfang Shu.

“Su Zizhan, congratulations on reaching the Grandmaster Realm.” The figure in the green robe and big sleeves was none other than the Shuxi County Governor, Su Zizhan.

As the governor of Shuxi County, Su Zizhan had caused such a big scene when he advanced to Grandmaster. Of course, he knew about it immediately.

He had thought that Dongfang Shu would go into seclusion to consolidate his cultivation. He did not expect him to come here.

Dongfang Shu cupped his hands in return.

He was a Grandmaster. In terms of cultivation, he was half a step higher than Su Zizhan.

However, he did not have the authority of heaven and earth. In terms of combat strength, he was far inferior to Su Zizhan, who controlled the authority of heaven and earth in Shuxi County.

“Mr. Dongfang, I wonder when we will set off for the Imperial City. I will hold a banquet on the Jinchuan River to send you off,” the old man in black armor looked at Dongfang Shu and said loudly.

He Jing.

He was the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards in Shuxi County.

Hearing his words, Dongfang Shu shook his head and said, “I’ll be studying at White Deer Mountain. I won’t go to the Imperial City.”

*Not going to the Imperial City?*

Su Zizhan and He Jing looked at each other.

A Grandmaster was going to lecture on White Deer Mountain?

This was a good thing for Shuxi County.

“Mr. Dongfang, do you know the Grandmaster who attacked today?”

Su Zizhan looked at Dongfang Shu and spoke softly.

It was strange that two Confucian Grandmasters would appear in Shuxi, a border county thousands of miles away from Imperial City.

Such a grand occasion was rare even in the large counties in the hinterland of the Central Continent.

Dongfang Shu's gaze fell on the rising Great Spirit in the distance as he said indifferently, "The person who attacked is the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy, Mr. Han Mu."

The head of the White Deer Mountain Academy?

Two Grandmasters gathered at White Deer Mountain?

Before Su Zizhan could speak, Dongfang Shu moved and shouted, "Mr. Han Muye, Dongfang Shu is here to help."

The Confucian Grandmaster had left his soul. With a single shout, the mountains and rivers shook.

In front of him, the sword lights that were originally connected stopped and began to advance again.

### **Chapter 342: A Gentleman's Sword! (3)**

"How dare 30,000 sword cultivators fight against a Confucianist Grandmaster?" He Jing, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards of Shuxi County, said in a low voice, "County Governor, can such a sect be recruited into Shuxi?"

Upon hearing his words, Su Zizhan shook his head and said in a low voice, "The world is about to undergo a great change. The cultivation world should gather its power. This is Minister Wen's opinion."

Minister Wen.

He Jing turned his head to look at the sky illuminated by the sword light. His countenance was somber.

The sects of the cultivation world fought with Confucianists in Shuxi Prefecture. If word got out, the commander of the Xuanyang Guards in Shuxi Prefecture would be cursed by the Confucianists for ten thousand years.

"Without the authority of Heaven and Earth, I only hope that this Grandmaster named Han Muye will have more means of fighting in the Confucian Dao." He Jing clenched his fists and whispered.

*Han Muye?*

Su Zizhan narrowed his eyes and looked at the place enveloped by the Great Spirit.

He felt that this aura was somewhat familiar.

"Dongfang Shu, watch me fight."

At this moment, Han Muye's voice came from the place where the Great Spirit rose in front of him.

*It's him!*

Su Zizhan widened his eyes in disbelief.

This Grandmaster was the sword cultivator he had seen in the Western Frontier who was protected by Ying Yang.

*However, how long has it been since we last met and this person is already a Confucian Dao Grandmaster?*

*Is there really such a magical thing in the world?*

Stunned for a moment, Su Zizhan suppressed the guess in his heart.

*There are powerful beings who could reincarnate and cultivate again.*

*This person was protected by Ying Yang back then.*

*Could it be?*

He didn't dare to think about it.

"Boom—"

In front of him, the clouds in the sky were completely cut open, and a huge sword phantom appeared.

30,000 sword cultivators came in formation.

"The Confucian Dao of the Central Continent suppresses the great fortune of heaven and earth. I, a cultivator of the Sword Dao, use it to mend the Heavenly Dao and to cultivate myself. I won't waver no matter how many setbacks I face.

"As a sword cultivator, as long as the sword exists, the person will live. If the sword dies, the person will die.

"The Hongcheng Sword Sect has been running amok in the northwest of the Central Continent for 30,000 years. Today, Grandmaster, please break the array."

A Sword Dao sect competing with a Confucianist Grandmaster!

The voice resonated for thousands of miles in the vast heaven and earth. At this moment, countless people flew over from Jinchuan City.

On the Jinchuan River, the thousand-foot-long immortal ship rose into the air.

"Sister, is that guy really a Confucianist Grandmaster?"

On the top floor of the immortal ship, Princess Yunduan asked curiously.

Princess Yunjin did not say anything and only nodded gently.

No wonder he could write such a poem. No wonder his casual comments enlightened people.

Grandmaster.

The person who spent the night alone with her was actually a Confucianist Grandmaster!

If she had known that this guy was a Confucianist Grandmaster, she would have taken him...

"Sister, do you think a Confucian Grandmaster can defeat 30,000 sword cultivators?" Yunduan looked nervously at Princess Yunjin, who was biting her lips and clenching her fists.

Her sister seemed to care a lot.

Was that for real?

A Confucian Grandmaster had the power of Heaven and Earth. Even 300,000 sword cultivators could be destroyed with a wave of his hand.

But without authority, then, the result...

Yunjin knew that he could not win.

"Break the formation?"

"Sword cultivator?"

Han Muye's voice contained a mighty force that attracted the power of heaven and earth.

A green-robed shadow condensed above his head.

Out of Body realm!

A folding fan unfolded in the palm of his astral body. With a light wave, Han Muye's body landed in the mountain and river painting.

Seemingly endless purple clouds floated in the mountain and river painting.

He raised his hand and the folding fan turned into an ink brush.

"Today, Han Mu of the White Deer Mountain Academy is here to open a path to heaven for all the Confucian cultivators in the world!"

To open up a path to the heavens for all the Confucians in the world!

As soon as he said this, the world was shocked!

Who would dare to say such bold words?

Be it Dongfang Shu or Su Zizhan, the countless cultivators from Jinchuan, whether they were Confucian cultivators, spiritual cultivators, or demon cultivators, all widened their eyes and stared fixedly at Han Muye, who had the ink brush in his hand.

What kind of method could be called the Great Dao of Confucianism?

"Hum—"

With a rumble, a sword cry sounded from under the ink brush.

A line of golden words tore through the void, and a halo circulated.

“Sword, sharp blade, sharpen...”

Su Zizhan groaned and trembled.

A cold sword intent shot out from the poem!

This poem had sword intent!

“Is this a poem or a sword?”

“Using poetry as a sword, or a sword as a poem?”

Countless cultivators exclaimed.

The Confucian cultivators looked at the golden words in the sky and frowned.

With just this sentence, he dared to open the Great Dao?

However, just as this thought appeared, words appeared under Han Muye’s pen.

“The fragrance of the plum blossoms comes from the bitter cold.”

The first sentence was to sharpen the sword and wait for the battle. The second sentence was to use the analogy of the plum blossom to describe Confucian cultivators!

Which Confucian cultivator in the world did not study hard?

As the winter plum blossoms proudly endured the snow, the determination in his heart did not waver.

With this determination, he would forge ahead and sharpen his sword skills!

With pride in his heart, with a sword in his hand!

A gentleman walked with a sword!

At this moment, a white-robed figure appeared in the void.

The figure was illusory. One could only see that it was a scholar in a white robe, a jade crown, and a scarf.

The Confucian scholar took a step forward. Sword light swirled behind him, and the golden Great Spirit turned into armor.

“Soldiers, experienced in hundreds of battles, wore armor...”

The Confucian scholar unsheathed the sword in his hand. The bright sword light from a hundred miles away made one’s heart turn cold.

“It took 10 years of hard work to sharpen this sword and the blade as sharp as frost has not yet been tested. Today, I’ll put it out in front of you. Please tell me who has encountered injustice.”

With his sword in hand, the scholar stepped into the sword formation.

Accompanying him were thousands of sword lights that soared into the sky, using the Great Spirit as a sword!

At this moment, the Great Spirit surged uncontrollably from countless Confucian cultivators.

Long swords materialized in midair.

“So this is the true appearance of Confucianism!” Someone shouted and raised his hand to hold the long sword above his head.

“Using poetry as a sword, is this really the path of Confucianism’s cultivation?” Su Zizhan muttered. He turned around and looked at the countless sword lights behind him.

Over there, there were white-haired students, green-robed elementary scholars, white-robed senior scholars, and military officers with golden seals in their hands.

At that moment, all of them had swords in their hands.

Why was there a need to distinguish between books and swords?

Were they afraid that the hand holding the sword would become callused and they would not be able to lift the ink brush?

“If this method of using poetry as a sword is successful, all the Confucian cultivators in the world will no longer have to struggle to become scholar officials, often achieving nothing after working hard for decades.” Below, on the immortal ship, Princess Yunjin clenched her fists and spoke with a trembling voice.

“Is he crazy?” He Jing’s eyes widened as he looked at the phantom of the Confucian scholar who had charged into the sword formation. “Isn’t he afraid of attracting the suppression of the Imperial City Academy by competing with the Confucianists for the fate of Confucianism?”

Hearing his words, Su Zizhan shook his head, “Who are you? Why would you...”

Before he could finish, he suddenly stopped and stared straight ahead.

Over there, Han Muye left his body and waved his hand.

Countless golden words condensed into one with the purple will of the people!

“Raise your head, the clouds in the northwest, and lean on the sky for ten thousand miles with your sword.

“Killing a man in 10 steps, not leaving a trace for a thousand miles. When you’re done, shake off the dust and leave, concealing your name and identity.

“The sword is dark as water, red and wet with blood.

“Aim for the sky with the sword in the day and return drunk in the twilight.

“With the three-foot Dragon Spring Sword in hand, I will not rest until I remove evil.

“Sword Qi travels 30,000 miles, and a sword light freezes 19 continents.”



...

### **Chapter 343: The Chance to Become a Sage**

It wasn't just a few poems, but 10, 100, 1,000!

A poem and a sword!

A line of poetry and a line of light!

The mountains and rivers were covered in clouds, and infused with sword light!

The sword formation set up by 30,000 sword cultivators was firmly suppressed by the sword light formed by the Great Spirit of Confucianism!

There was only one person who used this technique.

Confucianism Grandmaster, Han Muye.

This was the technique of a grandmaster!

Between heaven and earth, there was no other sound apart from the sword howls of flowing light.

At this moment, countless people were shocked.

Who in the world could compare to such literary talent?

One step, one sword, one poem. The literary aura soared to the nine heavens!

The methods of Confucianism were so intense!

After today, who would dare to say that a scholar was powerless?

A gentleman walked with his sword and used poetry as his sword. He could manage the injustice in the world!

This was the true Confucian Dao!

In Han Muye's divine treasures, the Spell of the Mortal World turned into a golden light screen, stirring the Great Spirit and turning into sword light.

Among them was the sword of the soul condensed from Han Muye's soul power.

In his Qi Sea, all the light purple will of the people surged, turning half of the sky purple.

"Such a magnificent and noble Qi, such a vast and boundless sight. Is he really willing..." Yunduan, who was standing beside Princess Yunjin, whispered.

Willing?

Was he willing to spend his entire life cultivating here?

No ordinary person would bear to do such a thing.

However, how could those grandmasters be ordinary people?

Yunjin stared at the endless golden light and purple clouds and recalled that when Han Muye was studying the books, he did not look up the entire night.

In the eyes of a Confucianist Grandmaster, the number one beauty in Jinchuan was just a beauty withered away. She could not move his heart at all, right?

At this moment, countless people were shocked, but they could not compare to Dongfang Shu, who was standing in the void and condensing his spirit.

Looking at the sword light that filled the sky, his entire body trembled. He waved the ink brush in his hand, and golden words appeared.

Although the sword light condensed from Han Muye's poems was much dimmer, it still turned into a sword.

This sword could kill a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm cultivator!

Even without the power of heaven and earth, Confucianism could compete with all the cultivators in the world!

Dongfang Shu raised his hand and bowed to Han Muye, who was still writing.

"Mr. Han Muye, I understand now."

Hearing his words, Han Muye paused and said calmly, "What did you understand?"

Dongfang Shu straightened his back. The purple power of the will of the people on his body condensed into large words.

"Student Dongfang Shu understands the words that you wrote during your stay in the White Deer Mountain Academy..."

"We Confucianists should establish our hearts for the world, for the people, for the past sages, and for the world to be at peace.

"Today, you are creating peace for our Confucianism!"

Dongfang Shu's words were like muffled thunder that rolled through the clouds and shook the world.

He had used up almost all of his strength to transmit those four sentences to a hundred thousand miles away.

At this moment, his Spiritual Soul was faint, as if his strength was about to be exhausted and his body about to be dissipated.

But the moment those four sentences spread for 100,000 miles, the entire world shook.

To establish a heart for the world, to establish a life for the people, to inherit the ultimate techniques of the past, to establish peace for all ages!

With these four sentences, all the principles of Confucianism and Daoism in the world were revealed!

The white-haired Confucian scholars were all in tears.

To be able to understand this logic, they would have no regrets even if they died!

“No wonder he was willing to...” Princess Yunjin clenched her fists and muttered.

Beside her, Yunduan opened her eyes wide and said softly, “Can he really do that?”

At this moment, a magnificent purple aura rose from all the Confucian cultivators within a radius of 100,000 miles.

Countless purple auras gathered in Han Muye’s direction.

The surging purple clouds covered the sky.

Such a person could become a Great Dao!

Far away in the Imperial City, in Minister Wen’s Hall, Marquis Wu appeared.

“Senior Brother Wen, this person is already changing his luck and can even become a sage in one step. Don’t you care?”

Marquis Wu stared at the thin scholar in front of the long table and spoke in a low voice.

“According to the destiny of the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism, there can only be one sage. I’m already a sage. He can’t become a sage.” Wen Mosheng shook his head with a calm expression.

“If he forcefully becomes a sage, he won’t be able to escape the fate of being reduced to ashes.”

Hearing his words, Marquis Wu was stunned. Then he whispered, “I see. I thought someone could kick you—”

“What a pity. This kid really suits my taste.”

At this point, Marquis Wu was stunned. Then he laughed and disappeared.

In the hall, Wen Mosheng revealed a slightly dazed expression before shaking his head.

3,000 miles outside Jinchuan City in Shuxi County, countless people gathered. Han Muye did not achieve what Minister Wen and Marquis Wu had expected.

He raised his hand, and the will of the people permeated the words that filled the sky, making these poems reveal their mighty power and fuse with the Dao of Heaven and Earth.

Poetry fused with the Heavenly Dao!

The poem of sword form merged with heaven and earth.

From this day onwards, as long as the Confucian cultivators of the Central Continent used poems to form swords, they would be able to obtain the support of this great power.

To be able to condense a poem into a sword, one would have the power to control this sword.

With the power of becoming a sage, he could control the world!

Such a mighty force would really be the achievement of peace for all ages!

Countless people looked up and their hearts trembled.

Today, they didn't witness the birth of a Confucian sage, but from now on, all Confucian scholars in the Central Continent could carry swords.

Mending the Heavenly Dao at the expense of his own body. This was the true great cultivation of Confucian Dao!

In the sky, 90% of the will of the people dispersed.

Han Muye waved his hand and sent another portion of the qi of the will of the people to the White Deer Mountain millions of miles away.

The qi of the will of the people landed on White Deer Mountain, and the entire mountain turned into a cloud of smoke.

Even if it was only 10% of the will of the people's qi, it was enough to turn the small White Deer Mountain into a wonderland.

#### **Chapter 344: The Chance to Become a Sage (2)**

Traces of the qi of the will of the people enveloped Dongfang Shu, who was sitting cross-legged.

His originally flagging soul instantly solidified.

Outside Jinchuan City, the world was silent.

The sky was filled with bright clouds.

The power of becoming a sage was disseminated.

Whether it was Dongfang Shu, Su Zizhan, or He Jing who were standing in the distance, their expressions changed and they bowed slightly.

This was respect for a cultivator who had the power to become a sage.

This was a true Confucian cultivator!

Below, countless Confucian cultivators bowed.

Such a great cultivator deserved a bow!

Han Muye waved his hand, and his soul incarnation dissipated and returned to his body.

Then the jade-colored fan shook, revealing his figure.

Holding the fan, Han Muye raised his hand and waved it. All the poems in the sky landed on the back of the fan, covering the original words 'calm heart'.

Dongfang Shu took a step forward and shouted, "Mountain Elder, are you returning to the White Deer Mountain Academy?"

Han Muye laughed and said, "Of course I will."

With that, he led Kong Chaode, who was at a loss, and Lin Shen, who could not hide his sword intent, away.

White Deer Mountain Academy.

This Great Cultivator of Confucianism was the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy!

After Han Muye left, the swords in the hands of countless Confucian cultivators below did not dissipate. They were still held in their hands and vibrated softly.

Just as Han Muye had said, from now on, a path to heaven was opened to all the Confucian cultivators in the world!

The scholar wielded his sword.

Dongfang Shu watched Han Muye leave, cupped his hands, and shouted, "Dongfang Shu is waiting for the mountain elder to return at the White Deer Mountain Academy."

His eyes were filled with determination and anticipation.

The four sentences of governance could enlighten all the Confucian cultivators in the world. By turning swords into poems, the Confucian cultivators in the world could do whatever they wanted with their swords.

Although Han Muye did not go to White Deer Mountain, he had gathered everyone's attention.

When the teachings of White Deer Mountain spread throughout the Central Continent, it would be the time when Han Muye's merits were completed.

With everyone's expectations, would Han Muye be able to become a sage in one step when he returned?

Would there really be the opportunity of two Confucian sages ascending to the heavens?

"Mr. Dongfang, Yunjin is willing to send a copy of all the books from the West Garrison King's mansion to the White Deer Mountain Academy to exchange for a spot for our little crown princess. I wonder if you can make an exception?"

Princess Yunjin's voice came from the Cloud Brocade Flying Ship.

The imperial family's ancient records were all precious items.

However, no matter how precious the books were, they couldn't compare to the title of a grandmaster's disciple of the White Deer Mountain Academy.

Moreover, everyone could foresee that White Deer Mountain would become another sacred ground for Confucianism!

Dongfang Shu revealed a look of joy and said loudly, "Princess, you are generous. I naturally have no reason to disagree.

"My White Deer Mountain Academy adheres to the principle of teaching without discrimination, but if there are any scholars who wish to come, we will not reject them."

There was no discrimination in teaching. He would not reject anyone!

Anyone could enter the White Deer Mountain Academy!

Grand Cultivator Han Muye was a mountain elder, and so was Dongfang Shu. The White Deer Mountain Academy was definitely the holy land of Confucianism, second only to the Imperial City Academy!

At this moment, countless Confucian cultivators turned around and left.

If they did not go to White Deer Mountain now, when would they go?

"Sister, what about the 30,000 sword cultivators?" When the immortal ship turned around, Princess Yunduan looked at the sky curiously.

30,000 broken swords fell to the ground.

Princess Yunjin glanced at her and said softly, "This is a battle of the Great Path. Do you think it's a game?

"The lives of 30,000 sword cultivators paved the path of Confucianism for Grandmaster Han Muye. It's a worthy death."

30,000 powerhouses, sword cultivators, formations that could resist grandmasters. Yet, they died just like that, without even leaving a mark?

Princess Yunduan couldn't help but shiver.

This was the battle of the Great Dao.

30,000 sword cultivators died in one night.

Today, the world only remembered that Grandmaster Han Muye had established peace for the Confucian Dao. Who cared about the 30,000 sword cultivators?

However, if anyone still wanted to compete with White Deer Mountain and Grandmaster Han Muye, they had to think about whether they could defeat these 30,000 sword cultivators!

....

Half a month later, Han Muye and Lin Shen quietly passed through the barrier of heaven and earth and returned to the Western Frontier.

The reason why it took Han Muye half a month was that after Han Muye left Jinchuan, his Great Spirit and the will of the people's power backtracked and he had no choice but to quickly refine them.

He seemed to have used up all his Great Spirit and the will of the people, but in fact, his comprehension of the foundation and his realms were still the same.

With the backtracking of his Great Spirit and the will of the people, not only did his Confucianism cultivation not decrease, but it increased rapidly.

When he left the Central Continent, his Confucianism cultivation was already at Grandmaster Level 2.

The moment he left the Central Continent and stepped into the Western Frontier, Han Muye felt an extremely familiar feeling coming from under his feet.

Full level Earth Favor and Earth Affinity power.

The Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier was welcoming his return.

His qi and blood surged, turning into a long-horned black bull that roared at the sky.

The power of the earth continued to pour into his body.

Daoist Dayan, who had been hiding in the sword sphere, finally dared to fly out and land at the side.

In the Central Continent, he didn't even dare to stick his head out.

His former master, Yuan Tian Sword Venerable, was the mortal enemy of the Central Continent's Minister Wen.

"Congratulations, Senior Brother Han. Your body tempering path has entered the Earth Realm."

When Han Muye opened his eyes, Lin Shen, who had been guarding him, spoke in a low voice.

Han Muye was already at the peak of the eighth level of the Body Tempering Foundation Establishment Realm. At this moment, the power of heaven and earth enveloped him, allowing his Body Tempering cultivation to break through to the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm.

As for spiritual energy cultivation, it would be soon.

In his divine treasures, the Spell of the Mortal World and the Great Spirit were surging, and the qi of the will of the people in his Qi Sea was a bit silent.

After all, this was the Western Frontier, and the power of Confucianism was suppressed.

However, Han Muye could feel the favor of the Heavenly Dao, unlike the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent which hated the power of his Sword Dao.

Han Muye turned to look at Lin Shen and chuckled. "Instructor Lin, you've gained a lot this time."

Whether it was sensing the prosperity of the Central Continent's mortal world or the strength of the Central Continent's cultivation world, it was all beneficial to Lin Shen's cultivation.

### **Chapter 345: The Chance to Become a Sage (3)**

In the battle outside Jinchuan City, he had used his full strength and comprehended the vast power of heaven and earth. Lin Shen had an additional understanding of the Heaven Realm.

His jade bones had also fused a little more.

“Senior Brother Han, I sense that the remnant soul of that senior has reincarnated.” Lin Shen looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “I want to find him.”

“That old man Chongyun is a good person,” Daoist Dayan muttered.

Lin Shen’s jade bones were left behind by Daoist Chongyun.

Back then, if Daoist Chongyun had not given the jade bones to Lin Shen, with Lin Shen’s cultivation, how could he have fused with the Heaven Realm jade bones?

However, Han Muye knew that Daoist Chongyun had reincarnated, and Lin Chongxiao also had a remnant soul.

*Perhaps if Lin Shen could find Daoist Chongyun’s reincarnation, he could also find out about Lin Chongxiao’s return?*

Seeing Han Muye ponder, Lin Shen said seriously, “Senior Brother, don’t worry. When he reincarnates and grows up, I’ll think of a way to help him find his memories from his previous life. If he wants to take back the jade bones, I’ll return them.”

Han Muye patted Lin Shen’s shoulder and said in a low voice, “There’s no hurry. Let’s wait until the nine sects are confirmed.”

Although Instructor Lin was a little old-fashioned, he was a righteous person.

When he said that he was willing to return the jade bones, he meant it.

However, this matter was not as easy as he thought. It was not easy to find Daoist Chongyun’s incarnation, and it would be even harder to help him recover the memories of his previous life.

Returning jade bones was not as simple as it sounded.

If they did not stop and drove the flying ship, Han Muye and the others would cross half of the Western Frontier in a few days and return to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Kong Chaode returned to the market and was in charge of the newly built Han Family Trading Company.

In fact, the trading company basically had no business in the Western Frontier. Its main purpose was to collect spiritual herbs, exchange swords with the Fire Source World, and contact the Green Wheat Mountain about the trade routes.



These things were what Kong Chaode was best at.

When he returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Sword Pavilion was still the same. Only Liu Hong had recently received his sword and stayed at the Cao family for two nights. When Jiang Ming was too tired from refining pills, he stayed at the medical hall and did not return.

With Han Muye back in charge, the Sword Pavilion immediately became more lively. Lin Shen was on duty at the door, and Liu Hong and Jiang Ming obediently wiped their swords every day and registered all the swords.

For two years, Han Muye had not taken a step out of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

In the past two years, the Nine Mystic Mountain had been peaceful. Storms were brewing everywhere in the Western Frontier.

In order to fight for the position of the nine sects, those sects had long fought to the death.

It was fine for the few large sects like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect that would definitely not fall out of the ranks of the nine sects. Other than training their disciples, they could not be bothered to make a move.

The Moonlight Sword Sect and the others who had the ambition to fight for the position of the nine sects tried to rope in all parties while making their disciples famous. They wanted to create their own prestige before the Nine Sects Competition.

Without the momentum of competing for the nine sects, how could the disciples of the sects go all out during the competition?

In the past two years, be it the Moonlight Sword Sect or the other sects, they had sent many young disciples to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Many people came to the Sword Pavilion to see the Immortal of the Sword Dao, hoping to receive guidance.

It didn't matter if he really wanted to give some hypothetical pointers. Since he was here, it meant that he was showing his attitude.

There were also those who had a good relationship with the Nine Mystic Mountain who sent generous gifts and asked for the swords in the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye rarely appeared, but Liu Hong from the Sword Pavilion was in the limelight.

With Han Muye reading the jade slips left behind by all the swords, Liu Hong's choice of swords was also accurate.

The reputation of the Sword Pavilion became more and more resounding and mysterious.

In the past two years, Jiang Ming and Kong Chaode had worked together to sell nearly 2,000 swords to the Central Continent with Tang Yunhao, who was stationed in the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace.

Han Muye had refined pills a few times.

Medicinal pills and swords were sent from Green Wheat Mountain to Jinchuan City with the help of the great demon Mu Jin.

According to the agreement, the Fujin Trading Company accepted these sword pills and handed over spiritual rocks, as well as various spiritual materials and spiritual herbs on Han Muye's list.

In two years, he had only made three trips, but the amount of spiritual rocks he had earned from these three trips was unimaginable.

Even if half of it was given to the White Deer Mountain Academy as funds for the construction of the academy, the rest would be a huge sum when brought back to the Western Frontier.

According to Jiang Ming, the current Han Muye's net worth was definitely comparable to the ten thousand years of accumulation of any large sect under the nine sects of the Western Frontier.

For Han Muye, wealth was secondary.

With this wealth, he could exchange it for any treasure he needed and use it for cultivation.

For example, with enough wealth, Liu Hong and Daoist Dayan went to the city 300,000 miles away and exchanged for two sword pills.

Falling snow, high wind.

With these additions, Han Muye now had six sword pills which could form two Three Stars Sword Arrays.

The power of the two Three-Star Sword Formations could increase his combat strength by several times.

Fire Source World, outside the starry sky.

Dozens of green-robed Daoists led thousands of space mutated beasts towards Han Muye, who was standing on the sky wall of the Fire Source World.

The auras of these Daoists were all at the Golden Elixir Realm. They triggered streams of light and displayed extremely powerful combat strength.

Those space mutated beasts had extremely strong muscles and bones. They spread their wings which blotted out the sky.

Even great cultivators who had just entered the Heaven Realm would not dare to directly confront their might.

Looking at the Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators and the strange beasts charging at him, six sword lights rose around Han Muye.

With an arrogant smile, Daoist Dayan caused the sword light to instantly disappear.

"Boom—"

The sword light flashed and shot through dozens of mutated beast heads. When it appeared again, it was already 100,000 feet away!

Concealment in space.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's top sword technique was invincible.

This sword technique that could ignore the resistance of space could be said to be extremely lethal in the void.

Daoist Dayan let out a long laugh. Every time the sword pill flew, it would cause a bloody mist.

The bloody mist splattered on the sky wall, rolling and curling.

This was using the soul, blood, and qi of the beasts outside the realm to replenish the Great Dao!

The world rejoiced at such techniques.

The Cloud Heaven World cultivators could not block this sword light and had to retreat in defeat.

The sword light around Han Muye turned into a net and chased after him. He fought for 3,000 miles and returned with blood stains.

"Haha, kill them all."

Daoist Dayan laughed wildly.

Han Muye nodded and looked down at the Fire Source World.

The time for the Nine Sect Competition had arrived. It was time for the disciples to return to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

#### **Chapter 346: Is Your Sword Sharp Enough?**

"Boom—"

In the distance, spiritual light flashed and flames rose and coiled.

Patriarch Tao Ran held his long sword and stepped forward.

At this moment, his cultivation could break through at any time. However, he chose not to take that step for the time being to guard the Fiery Source World.

The Fiery Source World could only allow half-step Heaven Realm cultivators to stay in it. Those who had advanced beyond the half-step Heaven Realm would be expelled by the power of heaven and earth in this world.

The Fire Source World was not a large world, but the power of a world was not something a cultivator who had just entered the Heaven Realm could resist.

"The Cloud Sky World is not giving up. There are more experts coming than before."

Putting away his sword, Patriarch Tao Ran said in a deep voice.

Hearing his words, Han Muye chuckled and said, "Isn't that what the Patriarch wants?"

Patriarch Tao Ran's face stiffened, and then he laughed.

"You brat, I can't hide anything from you." A trace of pride flashed across Patriarch Tao Ran's face as he turned to look into the distance.

"With the help of the Fiery Origin World, I've already fought a Heaven realm expert.

"These guys are just like this. When I step into the Heaven Realm, I'll torture them like dogs."

At this point, he grinned. "The next time I see Gao Changgong, that freeloader, I'll make his jaw drop."

It was said that Elder Gao of the Sword Pavilion was doing well in the Southern Wasteland. He seemed to hold some position in the Central Continent Army.

According to the information obtained by the Mu family's patriarch and the others, Elder Gao endured the humiliation and gained trust from the Central Continent Army. He was preparing to escape the demonic clutches and return to the Western Frontier.

Han Muye did not believe this entirely.

"Patriarch, the Spiritual Dao Sect has decided to hold the competition by the Jialing River. What's the meaning of this?"

Han Muye said as he flew back to the Fire Source World and landed in the void 10,000 feet outside the Fire Source Palace.

The venue of the competition was set by the Spiritual Dao Sect. It was said that the venue was arranged by Daoist Myriad Transformations of the Spiritual Dao Sect who was preparing to come out of seclusion.

With the title of the number one cultivator in the Western Frontier, the venue of the competition naturally could not be changed since he had spoken.

"Jialing River originates from the Northern Region. It runs through the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland to the Eastern Sea."

Patriarch Tao Ran narrowed his eyes and said in a deep voice, "Thousands of years ago, the great demons of the Eastern Sea came back from the source. They crossed the Southern Wasteland and landed at Jialing River.

"This group of demons eventually headed to the Northern Region. It's said that they live there.

"It's rumored that the Spiritual Dao Sect has some dealings with the demons."

Turning to look at Han Muye, Patriarch Tao Ran said in a low voice, "Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect can rely on this world to form an alliance with the Eastern Sea sword cultivators. Other sects naturally also have external help."

Han Muye nodded.

According to Patriarch Tao Ran and the elders of the sect, when the nine sects were rearranged, there would be more experts in the Western Frontier than they had never seen before.

This time, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had also attracted a few young disciples of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect.

Shao Yousun of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect was currently in the Fire Source World with Lu Gao and the others, hunting down the cultivators from the other world.

“Hum—”

The horn sounded, and spiritual light rose in the sky.

Shadows began to return one after another.

A day later, the young disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect gathered.

Lu Gao, whose eyes were covered by a black veil, was now quite strong. He was wearing a black armor.

At this moment, his cultivation was already at the peak of the Earth Realm Meridian Opening realm.

However, his strength far exceeded the Meridian Opening realm. Even a Spirit Awakening expert would not be able to withstand a single blow from him.

Transforming into a sword, he could even a third level Golden Core cultivator from another world in one strike.

After two years of tempering, Lu Gao had already fused with his own spiritual sword. He could transform into a sword and become one with the sword, attacking with all his might.

It could be said that he had already mastered the first level of the Military Sword Technique.

After that, he would continuously increase the power of the sword he fused with. Then he would advance to a higher realm with the sword.

Being able to combine sword and person was only the first level of the Military Sword Technique.

Lu Gao's growth was rapid, and the other disciples of the Sword Sect had also improved their cultivation and combat strength.

The taciturn He Xuanqi held two swords in both hands and attacked ruthlessly.

He had already cultivated the Fish Seeking Sword Technique to another level.

There were also the direct disciples of the sect—Song Seven, Qi Thirteen, Su Eighteen, and the others. Compared to two years ago, they had changed drastically.

At this moment, they were all calm and steady. Their battle intent and sword intent merged.

After fighting in the Fire Source World for two years, fighting against cultivators from other worlds whose cultivation and combat strength were not inferior at all, they were on the verge of death. As long as they survived, they would be born again Daoists.

In the past two years, more than 500 elite direct disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect entered the Fire Source World. Only 300 survived.

Since they had chosen to be a sword cultivator, they had to be prepared to die.

Figures quietly gathered, and the killing intent on their bodies slowly converged.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Yang Mingxuan.

There was no one around Yang Mingxuan, who was wearing a black robe.

Even though the murderous aura on his body was restrained, it was still blazing.

This place was filled with elite disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Most of them were at the Earth Realm, and some of them were about to reach the Core Formation Realm.

Song Qi and the others were all at the advanced Spirit Awakening Realm.

Such a cultivation was comparable to an elder of the sect.

Among these Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples, Yang Mingxuan's cultivation at the third level of the Meridian Opening Realm was not the highest. He was even ranked behind others.

However, his combat strength and battle results were definitely ranked at the top.

Lu Gao cultivated the Military Sword Technique. Humans were swords. When he charged, he had no worries.

Yang Mingxuan also cultivated the Military Sword Technique, but the grade of the sword he fused with could not compare to Lu Gao's, and the degree of smelting was much lower than Lu Gao's.

However, Yang Mingxuan relied on his fearless combat techniques to kill in all directions.

Lu Gao said that Yang Mingxuan was even crazier than him when it came to killing.

In two years, Yang Mingxuan killed more than five Golden Core experts.

### **Chapter 347: Is Your Sword Sharp Enough?**

The other experts who had opened their divine power meridians immediately turned around and fled when they saw him.

Those otherworldly cultivators all called him the black-robed God of Slaughter.

Han Muye did not interfere with Yang Mingxuan's condition.

Although sword cultivators did not advocate killing to condense combat power, Yang Mingxuan was an exception.

If Yang Mingxuan wanted to stand out during the Nine Sects Competition and fulfill Yang Dingshan's last wish, he had to have the determination and methods of a madman.

As if sensing Han Muye's gaze, Yang Mingxuan looked up and forced a stiff smile.

Han Muye nodded and turned his gaze to everyone standing below.

"Everyone, you've worked hard to raise the reputation of the Nine Mystic Sect during the reorganization.

"Two years have passed. It's time to leave."

As Han Muye's voice sounded, everyone's eyes revealed a trace of confusion.

Two years have passed?

Are we returning to the Western Frontier and the Nine Mystic Mountain?

We have survived in this mystic realm.

A strange emotion spread.

This was an indescribable emotion. There was anticipation, suppression, the desire to soar into the sky, and the determination to run amok with the sword.

After two years of ascetic cultivation and endless slaughter, the nine sects were rearranged!

Sword intent suddenly rose!

Sword light scattered the clouds!

Han Muye turned around and nodded at Patriarch Tao Ran.

Battle intent could be used.

Glancing at the Palace Master, elders, and others bowing in the distance, Han Muye raised his hand, and a spiritual light turned into a pillar of light that enveloped everyone below.

When he reappeared, he was already at the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace.

The site had already been transformed.

Under the protection of the array formations, the originally fiery red mountain range became more lush.

The broken walls were also cleaned up and many halls were built.

The Broken Flower Hall completely changed their profession and started doing business.

Most of the swords in the Fiery Source World would be taken away by the people sent by Kong Chaode, but some would still be left behind.

Every year, dozens or hundreds of semi-spiritual artifacts were produced that were worth two to three million spiritual rocks.

The Western Frontier lacked such inexpensive swords.

The few million spiritual rocks helped Tang Yunhao secure his position as the leader of the Broken Flower Hall.

The Broken Flower Hall was also renamed the Setting Sun Sect to inherit the legacy of the Blazing Sun Palace.

When Han Muye and the others returned from the teleportation place, Tang Yunhao came to greet them.

An hour later, the three flying ships left quietly.

The flying ship did not stop day or night. Five days later, they returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The elite disciples rested on their own, while Han Muye led Lu Gao and Yang Mingxuan back to the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Honglin and the others had not seen Lu Gao and the others for two years, so they naturally set up a large dining table.

Lu Gao and Liu Hong went to the outer sect dining hall and kept greeting them along the way.

Lu Gao grinned.

When he walked past, someone whispered curiously, "Senior Brother, who is this blind guy? Why is he with Senior Brother Liu Hong?"

Upon hearing this, the green-robed young man's expression changed. "B\*stard, you don't even know Senior Brother Lu Gao's name? How dare you say that Senior Brother Lu is blind?"

The surrounding stern gazes made the outer sect's new disciple's face turn red and his entire body tremble.

"Senior Brother Lu, that's the gatekeeper of the Sword Pavilion. He's a legend among the servants of the Sword Sect." A servant disciple in a gray robe held a few buns in his hand and said in a low voice.

"Senior Brother Lu defended the Sword Pavilion to the death. His eyes were pierced and he didn't take a step back. All the disciples of the Sword Sect admire his loyalty.

"Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion is an immortal of the Sword Dao. He's like a celestial being."

"Brother Huang Six was benevolent.

"Senior Brother Lu's loyalty and bravery are unparalleled.

"And Instructor Lin, Senior Brother Liu..."

The dining hall was instantly filled with excitement.



Lu Gao's sixth brother turned into a demon in the bloody battle at Cloud Nest Ridge and Elder Han destroyed the Heavenly Demon single-handedly...

Although those new disciples had heard these stories before, their blood still boiled when they heard them again.

"I really want to go to the Sword Pavilion..." A new disciple rubbed the steamed bun in front of him hard and said in a low voice.

"Go to the Sword Pavilion?" The outer sect disciple opposite him laughed. "Alright, become one of the top 100 outer sect disciples and go to the Sword Pavilion to receive the sword. Perhaps you can even obtain Elder Han's guidance and soar into the sky."

The top 100 of the outer sect.

Flames rose in the eyes of the new disciples.

With the return of the elites of the various sects, the originally quiet Nine Mystic Mountain suddenly became lively.

The various legends of the inner sect and outer sect were exciting.

"Did you hear? The thirty-seventh senior brother of the inner sect, Tao Shihe, reached the Earth Realm suddenly. His swordsmanship has transformed into a trace of sword intent." Someone rushed to the impartation hall of the outer sect excitedly and told them the news he had received.

"How do you know that?"

"I'm a disciple of the Wood Lineage Green Vine Sect with Senior Brother Tao's younger brother. Of course I know." The person who spoke had a proud expression.

This attracted envious gazes.

"Big news, Inner Sect's 10th place, Senior Brother Xuanqi has been promoted to Core Disciple!"

Someone in the demonstration building roared.

"Direct disciple!"

"How can he be a direct disciple? Don't inner sect disciples have to be core disciples first?"

"No way. The sect hasn't accepted a direct disciple for three years. The last one was Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion, right?"

Discussions broke out in the Demonstration Building.

The direct disciples of the sect had suffered serious casualties recently, but they couldn't be replaced just like that, right?

"It's true. Senior Brother He Xuanqi attacked in the inner sect martial arts hall and defeated three Sword Sect Enlightenment elders with a single strike. The Wood Branch Grand Elder, Zhang Zhihe, personally took in a disciple."

As soon as he finished speaking, there was silence in the Demonstration Building.

He defeated three enlightenment sect elders with a single strike!

With such combat strength, he was naturally qualified to become a direct disciple!

“Is our sect going to prosper....”

After a long time, someone whispered.

### **Chapter 348: Is Your Sword Sharp Enough? (3)**

At this moment, an elder was sitting in the hall at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Han Muye sat in the seat he had sat in back then, but today, the other nonvoting delegate, Tang Chi, was absent.

In the center of the hall, hundreds of sect elites bowed and waited solemnly.

A moment later, Tuoba Cheng, who was wearing a purple robe, and Sect Master Jin Ze, who had silver hair, walked into the hall and stepped onto the high seats.

Jin Ze waved his hand. Tuoba Cheng nodded slightly and took a step forward.

“Two years of sharpening your skills. Is your sword sharp enough?”

His voice was cold, emitting the pressure of a great cultivator.

In the hall, a great pressure weighed down on everyone.

However, under such a powerful force, the hundreds of elite disciples did not even frown.

Sword lights appeared and resisted Tuoba Cheng’s pressure.

Were such sword lights sharp enough?

A satisfied smile appeared in Jin Ze’s eyes.

Around them, the originally expressionless elders of the sects had different expressions.

The fact that the sect elites were cultivating in the Fire Source World was an open secret among the higher-ups of the sects.

Speaking of secrets, this matter was personally presided over by Tuoba Cheng and the two Supreme Elders. Outsiders knew nothing about Han Muye’s arrangements.

However, these elite disciples were all disciples of the elders in the hall. How could they not know where they were going?

The moment they returned, they reported their experiences over the past two years.

With Patriarch Tao Ran in charge, they killed the outer world cultivators in the Fire Source World.

In two years, only 300 of the 500 disciples had returned.

These 300 disciples could withstand the pressure of the top expert of the Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng, without saying anything or moving!

With such cultivation and combat strength, they were already the pillars of the sects!

Looking at these disciples who were silent and only used sword lights to resist, the pressure from Tuoba Cheng's body disappeared.

He looked down, his eyes emitting a vigorous spiritual light.

"Out of 500 elites, only you have returned.

"You carry their hopes.

"Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has endured humiliation for thousands of years. Generations of elders of the Sword Pavilion have died. Less than 10 percent of the sect elders died a peaceful death.

"In order not to arouse fear and wariness among the major sects in the Western Frontier, Patriarch Tao Ran exiled himself from the sect for decades.

"In order to eliminate the pressure of the three Western Frontier Sects, Elder Gao Changgong of the Sword Pavilion sacrificed his sword of the soul.

"In front of the Nine Mystic Mountain," Tuoba Cheng said with a trace of burning pressure, "Sect Master Jin Ze shattered his golden core."

Looking at the elite disciples below, Tuoba Cheng said word by word, "Do you remember these?"

Remember?

How could they not remember!

Which elite in the sect did not witness the rise of the sect?

Which of these direct descendants and core disciples who had shared the honor and disgrace of the sect had not participated in a few battles that concerned the survival of the sect?

The bell sounded time and time again on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The short and sorrowful sounds of the bell were the last resplendence of the sect disciples' lives.

The sword broke, and they gave up the ghost.

With the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Sword Pavilion around, their heroic spirits would have a home!

A vast aura rose from the hall.

This was battle intent.

As sword cultivators, how could they not have the will to fight?

This vigorous battle intent was vast and fierce, as if it wanted to smash through the roof of the hall and rip the sky.

Seeing this scene, the elders sitting in the hall smiled and nodded.

Sword cultivators should be hot-blooded.

Tuoba Cheng glanced over and said with his hands behind his back, "The sect's spiritual land will be open for seven days. Pills that increase the cultivation level of the medical hall can be obtained as needed.

"In seven days, 95 of you will be selected to participate in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition."

*Only 95?*

Many disciples looked up in shock.

In the Fire Source World, everyone knew who was stronger.

If only 95 people were chosen, then 60% of the people in the hall would be eliminated.

After two years of hardship and life-and-death battles, they could not participate in the competition of the nine sects?

"Each sect will only send out 100 disciples to the nine sects' rearrangement competition," Sect Master Jin Ze, who was sitting at the head of the table, suddenly said.

It explained the matter.

There was actually such a rule in this competition.

Many people looked regretful.

"Don't think that not having a chance to participate in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition is a loss of opportunity." Tuoba Cheng looked down and said coldly, "This is to protect your lives."

As soon as he finished speaking, a green-robed elder sitting at the side stood up.

Han Muye knew this person. He was the Sword War Hall's elder, Xu Linjin.

"You've been cultivating in the secret land for two years. The Battle Sword Hall has spent a lot of money to find out about the other sects."

Xu Linjin's expression was solemn.

"More than 320 Battle Sword Hall disciples and secret agents lost their lives because of this. Moreover, my sect can't clear their names."

Taking a deep breath, Xu Linjin slowly unfolded a piece of paper in his hand.

“The first direct disciple of the Taiyi Sword Sect, Feng Yuange. His sword technique has already condensed half a step of sword momentum. His spiritual energy cultivation is at the eighth level of the Spirit Awakening Realm.”

Half-step sword momentum!

Cultivation of the eighth level of the Spirit Awakening Realm!

The atmosphere in the hall sank.

Such combat strength could fight against cultivators above the fifth level of the Golden Core Realm!

Among the disciples in the hall, who dared to say that they had such combat strength?

The expressions of the few direct disciples standing in front turned solemn.

“In order to find out Feng Yuange’s combat strength, a level nine Spirit Awakening Realm elder of our Battle Sword Hall died. The three disciples who transmitted news about him lost contact with him.”

Sweeping his gaze across the hall, Xu Linjin looked down at the scroll in his hand.

“The seven disciples of the Spiritual Dao Sect. We have tested every single one of them.

“Losses.” Xu Linjin’s voice trembled. “Thirty-two disciples died.

“Lu Qingchen’s spells and techniques are specialized in the earth lineage and the art of turning into dust. His skills are extraordinary. Cultivation base, Golden Core.”

“Lu Qingyuan’s wood-element spells are powerful. He once killed nine disciples of the Sword Sect with the Layer Forest Technique.

“Lu Qingxiao, Fire-element expert cultivator, half-step Golden Core Realm.”

...

The Spiritual Dao Sect’s seven disciples were all like dragons. The seven of them joined forces and killed three secret demonic cultivators.

Duan Yihong of the Infinite Dao Sect carried an immense weight on his shoulders as he fought. He traveled 3,000 miles in reverse and killed the Golden Core cultivators of the demon race who had entered the Western Frontier.

Du Feng of the Wind Spirit Dao Sect had turned his sword into a wind and traversed thousands of miles, killing 32 evil cultivators of the Earth Realm.

The White Demon Son, Cai Peng, refined two cities and slaughtered three sects.

Moonlight Sword Sect’s Young Sect Master Wanyue’s swordsmanship had reached the level of the bright moon that filled the sky. She could subdue the world with a single strike.

...

Information on the cultivation and combat strength of the young experts of the Western Frontier sects was on the paper in Xu Linjin’s hand.

This piece of paper was obtained with the blood of hundreds of elders and disciples of the Sword Battle Hall.

It was to let the young elites in the hall feel more confident.

It was for the sake of obtaining a chance of survival in the battle between the nine sects.

It was for the sake of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's countless years of hard work. The sacrifice must not be wasted.

Xu Linjin spent an hour explaining the information on the scroll.

All the disciples and elders left the hall in silence.

The battle intent that was suppressed from before slowly brewed.

Han Muye stayed behind.

It was Tuoba Cheng who sent a voice transmission to ask him to stay.

"This time, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect must take first place in the Nine Sects Competition."

In the empty hall, Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice.

First place.

Han Muye looked up.

The white-haired Jin Ze Sect Master stood up and said softly, "The Spiritual Dao Sect will reward the first place of the nine sects with a sword."

Looking at Han Muye, an uncontrollable emotion flashed across Jin Ze's eyes. "That's the sword that Elder Zhu Shen fused with his body when he cultivated the Military Sword Technique in the Sword Pavilion back then."

Han Muye slowly got up and narrowed his eyes.

#### **Chapter 349: By the Jialing River, The Nine Sects' Rearrangement Competition**

Back then, the Sword Pavilion elder, Zhu Shen, took half of the Military Sword Technique down the mountain and died eventually.

The mid-grade spiritual weapon, the Plain Will Sword, that he had fused with himself disappeared.

People thought that this sword was destroyed when Elder Zhu Shen died.

Who would have thought that this sword was in the hands of the Spiritual Dao Sect?

The number one sect in the Western Frontier.

“Zhang Cheng sent someone to say that the half of the Military Sword Technique that he obtained back then was a gift from the Spiritual Dao Sect.”

Jin Ze looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “The person who sent the message is trustworthy.”  
Trustworthy.

In other words, Zhang Cheng was not lying.

Back then, it was the Spiritual Dao Sect who intercepted and killed Elder Zhu Shen of the Sword Pavilion.

This matter was rotten to the bones.

Zhang Cheng even went on to become a Heaven Realm expert. Then the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Wind Spirit Sword Sect became mortal enemies. It was in line with the Spiritual Dao Sect’s plan.

Originally, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had planned to rearrange the nine sects. If they could become the fourth of the nine sects, they would have fulfilled their expectations.

If they could go one step further and replace the Taiyi Sword Sect as the champion of the Western Frontier Sword Dao, it would be a blessing.

They had never thought of becoming the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

Without a Heaven Realm expert holding down the fort and an expert who could compete with the Myriad Transformations Sage, Li Mubai, how could the Nine Mystic Sword Sect become the number one sect in the Western Frontier?

But this time, the Spiritual Dao Sect took out the Plain Will Sword as a reward for being the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had to fight for it!

They had to fight to the death!

“Five of the hundred disciples will be left behind.” Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye with flames rising in his eyes.

“The top inner disciple of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, Gu Yuanlong, has taken a spot.

“There are four spots left. If Li Xixi and Deng Chungang can’t make it, we’ll have to rely on your Sword Pavilion.”

Deng Chungang might be the Sword King of the Great Snow Mountain in the Northern Region.

When Monk Liaoliao came to the Nine Mystic Mountain to get the Golden Lotus Pill, he promised to return to the Northern Region to tell the Sword King about the Great Competition of the Nine Sects of the Western Frontier.

If Deng Chungang could return, there would be no suspense in this battle.

However, no one knew if the Sword King of the Great Snow Mountain who suppressed the snow demons in the north was Deng Chungang or if he would return.

Li Xixi had gone to the Central Continent, and the sect sent an elder to send a message to her.

No one knew if she could come back.

If they did not return, the only ones they could rely on were the few disciples from the Sword Pavilion.

“Yang Mingxuan will fight on behalf of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, but according to the rules mentioned before, alliances are not allowed, right?”

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

“That’s right.” Tuoba Cheng nodded with a solemn expression. “If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to become the number one in the Western Frontier, they have to fight all the elites of the entire Western Frontier Sect.”

Those sects with nine aspirations had long formed alliances with each other. At critical moments, a sect might have to face the siege of several sects and dozens of elite disciples.

No one in the Western Frontier dared to say that they would definitely win.

Moreover, if the Nine Mystic Sword Sect wanted to obtain Patriarch Zhu Shen’s sword, they had to fight for first place in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition.

To fight for first place, they had to go against the number one great sect in the Western Frontier, the Spiritual Dao Sect. They had to suppress the number one demon sect in the Western Frontier, the Shangyang Demon Sect. They had to defeat the number one sword sect in the Western Frontier, the Taiyi Sword Sect. They had to become enemies with all the sects.

However, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had no choice in this battle.

If they did not fight today, no matter how the Patriarch’s sword was used, the heart energy gathered on the Nine Mystic Mountain would definitely dissipate overnight.

Looking at Han Muye, Tuoba Cheng’s expression turned solemn. “Han Muye, no matter who wins or loses this battle, when you return, you will be the young sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“You can decide the matters on the Nine Mystic Mountain with a word.”

Was this a promise or a reward?

This was the first clear arrangement Han Muye had heard about his future.

As long as he returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain alive, he would be the future master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Han Muye glanced at Tuoba Cheng and Jin Ze, who was standing behind him. He nodded and turned to leave the hall.

Looking at Han Muye’s departing back, Jin Ze sighed softly. “Sigh, the sect’s foundation is still insufficient, causing the junior disciples to suffer so much.”



Hearing his words, Tuoba Cheng turned around. "Sect Master, as a sword cultivator, if I don't polish the sword in my hand from time to time, won't it rust?"

"We think so highly of him. How can he let us down?"

Jin Ze nodded and walked out of the hall.

His figure was a little hunched, and his robe looked bloated.

Tuoba Cheng's eyes lit up as he strode after him.

....

After returning to the Sword Pavilion, the silent Yang Mingxuan walked forward.

"Senior Brother, I..."

He looked up at Han Muye.

"You're going back to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, right?" Han Muye nodded and said softly, "After you go back, it's best not to kill anyone."

Hearing his words, Yang Mingxuan's entire body trembled. A flickering red light flashed in his eyes.

Yang Mingxuan lowered his gaze and nodded gently.

"Bring all the medicinal pills you need. Pick a decent sword and take it away."

"When the competition begins, I might need you to help the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

Han Muye laughed and reached out to pat Yang Mingxuan's shoulder.

When the time came for the Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition, the sects would form alliances with one another. The Bright Mountain Sword Sect that Yang Mingxuan was in was an ally of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Yang Mingxuan nodded heavily and bowed to Han Muye.

If not for Han Muye and the Sword Pavilion, even if he, Yang Mingxuan, did not die, he would still be a cripple.

Jiang Ming had said that if he did not cultivate well, he was not even qualified to collect Yang Dingshan's corpse.

Back then, Yang Mingxuan did not go to Cloud Nest Ridge to collect Yang Dingshan's corpse.

Now he wanted to fulfill Yang Dingshan's dying wish and help the Bright Mountain Sword Sect become one of the nine sects.

For this goal, even if...

Jiang Ming, Lu Gao, and the others sent Yang Mingxuan down the Nine Mystic Mountain. Han Muye sat on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion and opened the book in front of him.

"Senior Brother Han."

## Chapter 350: By the Jialing River, The Nine Sects' Rearrangement Competition (2)

A voice came from the door of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye looked up. Bai Suzhen, who was wearing a moon-white dress, was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion.

She did not stop outside the Sword Pavilion. Instead, she slowly stepped in.

"Hum—"

The moment Bai Suzhen stepped into the Sword Pavilion, all the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion trembled slightly, and a sharp sword qi spread.

The cold sword qi made Bai Suzhen tremble and her face turned pale.

Han Muye sat there, his expression unchanged.

Bai Suzhen walked forward and placed a small cloth bag in front of Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, I've gathered all the spiritual herbs for the fifth-grade pills."

Bai Suzhen entrusted Han Muye to refine Jade Bone Pills. After three years, she finally gathered all the spiritual herbs.

Han Muye did not reach for the spiritual herbs. He just looked up at Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen's eyes revealed an indescribable emotion. She took a deep breath and stared at Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, if I take something from the Sword Pavilion, will you attack me?"

She bit her lip, her palms on the long table looking pale.

"Did Li Mubai ask you to return to the Shangyang Demon Sect?" Han Muye suddenly asked.

Bai Suzhen nodded.

Han Muye raised his hand, pulled out the small black sword stuck in his hair, and placed it on the long table.

"This is what you want, right?"

Bai Suzhen paused and nodded.

"I-I just found out..."

She did not dare to meet Han Muye's eyes.

Hearing her words, Han Muye leaned gently against the big chair and said, "Take it."

Take it!

Bai Suzhen's shoulders trembled as she widened her eyes and looked at Han Muye.

"Really?"

Han Muye nodded and said calmly, "I said that one day, when I want to kill you, I'll let you off."

"You only have this one chance to break into the Sword Pavilion."

Bai Suzhen's face revealed joy as her smile bloomed like a beautiful flower.

She leaned forward and put her face in front of Han Muye across the long table.

"Senior Brother Han, then I'm really leaving."

Seeing that Han Muye's face was expressionless, Bai Suzhen picked up the small black sword and inserted it into her hair. Then she said softly, "The next time we meet, I'll let you off."

With that, she turned around and walked out of the Sword Pavilion. When she was outside the Sword Pavilion, she turned around, glanced at Han Muye, and left.

In the end, she left.

Watching Bai Suzhen leave, Han Muye slowly sat up straight.

He raised his hand and a small black sword returned to his hair.

This was the manifestation of the Eight Treasures Ruyi.

He had indeed given the small black sword to Bai Suzhen.

This small sword was made of a special material and was extremely precious.

However, the most precious thing about this sword was the sealing order and spatial power.

At this moment, the spatial power and the sealing order in the small sword had been removed by Han Muye and placed in the Eight Treasures Ruyi.

The small sword was just a small black sword.

It was no big deal to give it to Bai Suzhen.

Moreover, through the hidden spatial power left in the small sword, Han Muye could lock the location of the small sword!

In the Shangyang Demon Sect, the person who wanted this sword and even knew its use was definitely Li Mubai.

Han Muye was also very curious about what Li Mubai would do with this sword.

With a flash of inspiration, two figures landed beside Han Muye.

“Young Master, I’ll fix my soul in the sword in the future. I won’t wake up unless you summon me,” Zhao Yunlong bowed to Han Muye and said in a low voice.

Han Muye turned to look at him and asked curiously, “Why?”

Before Zhao Yunlong could speak, Daoist Dayan grinned and said, “What he means is that if we weren’t here today, you would have already done something good with that witch.

“Actually, we artifact spirits aren’t very interested in such things. We can’t be bothered to watch.”

Han Muye glanced at him.

You can’t be bothered to watch. Then why are you looking for that Yu Niang?

Ignoring the two sword spirits, Han Muye raised his hand and put them into the sword case behind him.

At the door, Lu Gao and the others had already turned around.

Han Muye stood up, returned to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, and sat cross-legged in front of the desk.

An indescribably mysterious aura slowly surged from his body.

As soon as this aura appeared, a burning sensation engulfed the entire third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Blazing Sun Technique.

The Nine Suns Technique was cultivated by the Foundation Establishment stage of the Qi Condensation Dao.

After stepping into the Earth Realm, one could cultivate the Golden Sun Technique.

Back then, Han Muye had obtained the Golden Sun Technique and felt its profundity, which was why he went in search of the Nine Suns Technique.

After the Golden Sun Technique, his cultivation technique advanced to the next level, turning into a blazing sun.

The power of the sun was already so magnificent that it was difficult to resist.

Han Muye was cultivating the Blazing Sun Technique.

In the past two years, with the help of his celestial spiritual root and endless spiritual rocks and medicinal pills, his cultivation base had already stepped into the Earth Realm to awaken his spirit!

After crossing the Earth Realm barrier, he condensed his meridians and guided the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth to temper them. Throughout the Meridian Opening stage, Han Muye carried the power of the earth within a radius of 5,000 miles every day.

Earth attribute affinity maxed out, water attribute affinity maxed out, the power of water and earth superimposed, the power of earth and stone tempered, and the will of water washed over him.

In two years, Han Muye had crossed the Meridian Opening Realm, and the meridians in his body were as stable as a river.

Previously, he had ventured beyond the Fire Source World to mobilize the power of the void to refine his soul and cultivate the soul awakening technique.

With the help of the Confucian Dao Spell of the Mortal World and the suppression of the soul power of the Grandmaster realm, Han Muye's enlightenment cultivation was extremely smooth.

What he was doing now was to reduce his cultivation speed and strengthen his foundation.

Cultivation was not all about speed.

Cultivation was like reaching the peak. The scenery along the way was indispensable.

Moreover, his combat strength was not compatible with his cultivation.

At this moment, even he did not dare to think about his combat strength.