

Pavilion 401

Chapter 401: Daoist Ju Shi, Heavenly Wolf Sword Pill (2)

As soon as he finished speaking, the spiritual light in the Daoist's palm exploded.

Daoist Wan Hua's Nascent Soul shook and turned into a ball of rich spiritual qi, which was absorbed into the Daoist's body.

His cultivation at the fourth level of the Nascent Soul Stage had benefited others!

"Did you really cultivate the Dao of incarnations that I taught you?" The Daoist shook his head and smiled.

Turning to look around, he sneered and reached out.

"Buzz!"

A 30,000-foot Dao Sword phantom landed in his palm!

"The mountain is finally back..." The Daoist looked at the broken sword in his hand with sadness in his eyes.

Then dense killing intent rose crazily from his body!

"Run!"

Li Mubai shouted and turned around to leave.

The other Heaven Realm experts also retreated quickly.

They could push, but the Golden Cores suppressed by the power of the array could not escape.

Below, countless elites of the Western Frontier did not have the speed of Heaven Realm cultivators.

"Young Master, this is a cultivator with Out of Body realm cultivation at the very least. He can kill everyone here!" Zhao Yunlong's eyes revealed a trace of fear.

"Let's go. Use the Heavenly Crane Wings and leave. When you attain Out of Body power, you can come back for revenge." Daoist Dayan's voice was filled with helplessness.

He did not expect such an outcome.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had won everything.

Seeing that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had become the number one sect in the Western Frontier, it was certain that they would become the overlord of the Western Frontier.

However, in this situation, an Out of Body cultivator wanted to sweep through the snowy mountains.

There were nearly a thousand Golden Core Realm cultivators in the clouds, and nearly a hundred thousand elites of the younger generation at the foot of the mountains.

In addition, there were the cultivators around them.

Today, these people were all killed. The cultivation world of the Western Frontier was destroyed.

Not to mention the Southern Wasteland moving west, even if it did not move west, the cultivation world of the Western Frontier would not be able to recover after suffering such a heavy blow.

It would be impossible to recover in 10,000 years.

“Roar—”

In the sky, Tuoba Cheng, who was originally fleeing, suddenly turned around.

“Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has obtained first place in the Nine Sects Competition. Today, we should protect our fellow Daoists in the Western Frontier.”

Dense sword qi rose from Tuoba Cheng’s body, and his eyes were filled with determination.

“Han Muye, if I die in battle, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will be handed over to you.”

Below, before Han Muye could speak, Deng Chungang laughed out loud by the Jialing River. “Elder Tuoba, why should the Nine Mystic Sword Sect be handed over to him?”

His figure turned into a sword light, and Deng Chungang shouted, “Han Muye, you’ll only be qualified to take over the Nine Mystic Sword Sect if I die in battle!”

Deng Chungang’s body transformed into a sword light. Tuoba Cheng led the tiger’s momentum and rushed towards Daoist Ju Shi in the sky.

At this moment, countless cultivators clenched their fists.

This was the responsibility of the number one sect in the Western Frontier!

Han Muye looked up and sighed softly.

The difference was too great.

Be it Deng Chungang or Tuoba Cheng, they could not fend off Daoist Ju Shi’s attack.

Without hesitation, he raised his hand. The huge sword that had yet to dissipate triggered endless sword light and slashed down at Daoist Ju Shi.

This sword was the convergence of tens of thousands of elites of the Western Frontier sects. This sword was countless times stronger than Tuoba Cheng and Deng Chungang’s sword light!

Daoist Ju Shi lowered his head and smiled.

“Kid, your talent in the Sword Dao is not bad. You can take me as your master.

“In a thousand years, I guarantee that you will be able to dominate the world!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his sword and blocked Han Muye’s sword light, shattering it.

As for Tuoba Cheng and Deng Chungang, the astral wind brought about by this sword had knocked them out of the way.

Such a top expert wanted to take Han Muye as his disciple!

If he acknowledged this great cultivator with an unknown cultivation as his master, he would really be able to dominate the world in the future, right?

All around, envious gazes landed on Han Muye.

“You want to take me as your disciple?”

The sword light in his hand dissipated, and a strange smile flashed across Han Muye’s face.

Daoist Ju Shi nodded and said indifferently, “With your talent, you’re qualified to become a disciple of a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert even in the Immortal Spirit Realm.”

Han Muye’s talent and aptitude were actually so strong!

No wonder he could become a sword immortal...

The sect elites who had wanted to compete with Han Muye all looked disappointed.

Below, Duan Yihong lowered his head.

Wanyue’s expression was also complicated.

Today, Han Muye could be taken in as a disciple by a great cultivator, and they might be killed by a great cultivator.

That was the difference.

Seeing that Han Muye did not speak, Daoist Ju Shi pointed down and said calmly, “I’ll go kill these Heaven Realm and Golden Core Realm cultivators. You kill those little fellows.”

Murder.

This would be considered a pledge of allegiance, right?

Han Muye smiled and said, “Senior, should I consider such a matter?”

Daoist Ju Shi frowned and said coldly, “I’ll give you three breaths.”

Han Muye shook his head. “Three breaths might not be enough. Heavenly Wolf might not be able to arrive in three breaths.”

Heavenly Wolf!

Heavenly Wolf Sword Pill!

The expression on Daoist Ju Shi’s face instantly turned into anger. A dark sword light that shot into the sky rose from his body.

“Alright, then die...”

He raised the broken Dao Sword in his hand and turned it into a 100,000-foot-long sword light that swept across.

Even if this attack could not kill everyone, it could kill 90% of them!

“Fellow cultivators, lend me the power of your swords!”

Han Muye shouted loudly, and sword light gathered in his hand.

“After one strike, there will definitely be an expert from the Western Frontier!”

Western Frontier expert!

Although they did not know where the experts of the Western Frontier that Han Muye mentioned were, they could only trust him at this moment.

If they didn’t trust him, they would die!

Beams of sword light and spiritual light gathered.

In the sky, the Golden Core cultivators and Heaven Realm experts also gathered their strength into Han Muye’s sword light.

“Tsk tsk, with your comprehension ability, if you don’t die from this strike, how many sword intent spells can you comprehend in the future?”

Daoist Dayan’s words were filled with longing.

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Han Muye also smiled.

Yes.

The Sword Intent and Dao Intent of these cultivators would be left behind, and he would slowly comprehend them in the future.

With these marks of intent, he wasn’t far from truly transforming a sword into 10,000 swords!

He had boasted that he would transform one sword into 10,000 swords to challenge the Eastern Sea.

“Boom!”

Han Muye’s sword light collided with the sword.

A magnificent light and shadow exploded.

The ferocious tiger sword aura behind Tuoba Cheng dissipated, and the snowy mountains above Deng Chungang’s head shattered.

Han Muye spat out a mouthful of blood.

The Western Frontier elites below turned pale.

In the distance, a long roar tore through the void with a loud sword light.

Daoist Ju Shi held his sword and looked down at Han Muye. He sneered. “The aptitude you’re so proud of is gone.

“Your cultivation has also been crippled by me.

“I’ll let you live and see if the weaklings you’re protecting will repay you.”

Destroyed his aptitude.

Crippled his cultivation.

Is such an immortal still an immortal? the elites wondered.

They looked up at Han Muye with complicated expressions.

Just a moment ago, they were still looking up at an untouchable being.

Now he had become a person without cultivation and talent.

This was how the world worked.

One could never guess what the next moment would be like.

Standing in the void, Han Muye, who was supported by the long feathers under his feet, chuckled and looked at the figure that was approaching from afar.

“Actually, you should have killed me with another strike.”

Daoist Ju Shi sneered at him and turned to leave.

He headed towards the great snowy mountains.

Over there was the Northern Region.

It was not the Western Frontier.

“Heavenly Wolf, you didn’t expect me to use the Western Frontier sects to escape, did you?”

“Sword Venerable Yuan Tian asked you to protect the Western Frontier, but you let me come out alive.

“I’m in the Northern Region now. If you come, I’ll kill you.

“Without the support of the Western Frontier’s Heavenly Dao, killing you is easier than killing a dog.”

Loud laughter rang out from the snowy mountains.

“I will rule over the living beings of the Northern Region and come to the Western Frontier to kill at any time.

“Stay here if you can.

“Let’s see how long a sword spirit like you can keep wasting your sword intent!”

Wild laughter shook the snowy mountains, and there were avalanches everywhere.

A figure landed in the sky.

“Heavenly Wolf.” Daoist Dayan’s expression was complicated as he stared at the body.

Han Muye also looked up at the Heavenly Wolf, which was identical to Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s first sword pill.

Heavenly Wolf that had accompanied Sword Venerable Yuan Tian for the longest time was assigned to guard the Western Frontier.

Heavenly Wolf stared at the snowy mountains for a moment, then looked coldly at the Golden Core cultivators in the clouds.

“A bunch of short-sighted things. They’re really courting death.”

The sword light on his body soared into the sky, and his gaze was like lightning. Anyone who looked at him would feel their hearts palpitate.

No one dared to look up.

These Golden Core cultivators felt wronged.

Who would have thought that the Spiritual Dao Sect's Daoist Wan Hua would set up such a trap?

But now that Daoist Wan Hua was dead, they could only take the blame.

The Heavenly Wolf did not look at these Golden Core cultivators anymore and turned to look at Han Muye.

"Kid, I was originally prepared to hand the Western Frontier to you to guard and then go look for Master.

"What a pity..."

Heavenly Wolf shook his head, his eyes shining.

"Master's mission must be completed. I must kill Daoist Ju Shi."

With that, Heavenly Wolf turned into a stream of light and rushed to the north.

However, as soon as he crossed the Snowy Mountain and entered the Northern Region, he clearly slowed down.

The Northern Region had the Northern Region's Heavenly Dao.

The Heavenly Dao of the Northern Region did not give the Heavenly Wolf unimaginable power like the Western Frontier.

"Haha, you really dare to come!"

Daoist Ju Shi's long laughter rang out, followed by a series of explosions.

The sword light screamed and shook the world.

This was a chaotic battle between two great cultivators.

Even ordinary Heaven Realm experts would not be able to participate in such a battle.

"Hurry up and leave. If that senior is defeated, the Western Frontier will probably be plunged into misery and suffering." In the clouds, a great Golden Core cultivator muttered before turning around and leaving.

The teleportation array in the sky had already dissipated, and the space restriction array had also dissipated. These Golden Core cultivators were free.

One figure after another flew away.

If Heavenly Wolf was defeated today, what the cultivators of the Western Frontier had to do was to quickly escape from the Western Frontier.

“I’m going to the Northern Region.”

Deng Chungang muttered and glanced at Han Muye. Then, a 10,000-foot snowy mountain gathered above his head and he flew up.

Han Muye understood.

Deng Chungang’s cultivation and combat strength borrowed the power of the Northern Region.

He could unleash much more powerful combat strength in the Northern Region.

Even if he couldn’t stop Daoist Ju Shi, he would still fight to protect the Northern Region.

Everyone had their own responsibilities.

Taking a deep breath and feeling the chaos of spiritual energy and sword intent in his body, Han Muye shook his head.

This time, his injuries were indeed not light.

The Immortal Spiritual Root was broken.

The cloud platform in his dantian was also shattered.

It seemed like he would have to refine two furnaces of Nine Revolution Cloud Lotus Pills to reconstruct his immortal spiritual root.

With the cloud platform in his dantian shattered, he would need to use a few Immortal Grade Pills to repair it.

They were all spiritual rocks...

This blow from Daoist Ju Shi had cost him at least tens of millions of spiritual rocks.

He had to find a way to make up for it.

With just that half of the Dao Sword, there should be no objections, right?

He moved and the white feather under his feet flashed, bringing him into the north region.

Immortal Han also rushed into the Northern Region!

His aptitude and cultivation are already crippled, so what's the point of going to the Northern Region? many people wondered.

Is he going to die?

Perhaps he's really courting death?

Indeed, instead of wasting time and dying of old age, it's better for such a person to die happily in battle!

They shook their heads and turned to leave.

They could not bear to see the fall of a genius.

Tuoba Cheng stood in front of the snowy mountains and clenched his fists tightly.

"Boom!"

At the peak of the snowy mountains, a loud explosion sounded.

Han Muye landed in the north and saw Heavenly Wolf being held back by a sword. His figure was swaying illusory.

Deng Chungang's long sword had turned into a snowy mountain and smashed down. However, it was guided by the Dao Sword and shattered immediately. Then he spat out blood and retreated.

"Heavenly Wolf, I've said it before. The Heavenly Dao here is different from the Western Frontier. If you come, I'll kill you like a dog."

A cold expression appeared on Daoist Ju Shi's face, then he turned to look at Han Muye.

"I gave you a chance.

"Too bad you didn't grasp it."

Han Muye nodded, took a deep breath, then slowly closed his eyes and muttered.

"The Heavenly Dao here is indeed different from the Western Frontier.

"This Heavenly Dao is the same as the Central Continent..."

Central Continent Heavenly Dao, world of Confucianism.

On Han Muye's body, an extremely dense purple aura of the People's Will interweaved with the dense golden Great Spirit qi, turning the entire northern region purple-gold!

The world shook.

The People's Will and the Great Spirit condensed into a line. Between heaven and earth, a shadow with a crown and a long robe with big sleeves appeared.

Confucianism, Grandmaster Realm!

The Eight Treasures Ruyi in his hand turned into an ink brush. Han Muze chuckled. "I'll give you a chance.

"If you can escape from my poem, I won't kill you."

He waved the ink brush and a golden light appeared.

"The scenery of the Northern Kingdom.

"Thousands of miles of ice—"

...

"It's a pity that this poem is not complete."

Chapter 403: Number One of the Nine Sects, Nine Bells Toll

In the Northern Region, under the snowy mountains.

Golden words blotted out the sky!

The might of a Confucian Grandmaster shook the world and resonated with the mountains and rivers!

A word could cover a day, and a poem could break a world!

On Han Muye's body, the purple aura of hope collided with the golden Great Spirit Qi, guiding the words in the sky and turning into a vigorous literary aura.

Not only was this poem extremely powerful, but its literary aura was also vast and mighty.

Such a poem had appeared in the Northern Region. If it was in the Central Continent now, the entire world would probably be filled with literary aura.

The Northern Region's literary aura was turbulent, as if it was about to break through the barrier of heaven and earth and fuse with the Central Continent.

"The Grandmaster has made his move?" In the Central Continent, Minister Wen stopped writing and looked towards the north.

How could there be such a grandmaster of Confucianism in the Heavenly Mystic world?

However, he did not use his divine sense to investigate.

After all, to a sect grandmaster, it was disrespectful to probe for no reason.

"The scenery of the Northern Kingdom, thousands of miles of ice, tens of thousands of miles of snow... What a good phrase. What a pity. If it's complete, it will be another step forward."

After copying the poem about the northern region on the scroll in front of him, the scholar shook his head, his eyes revealing a strange expression.

"Old Wen, did you arrange for the Northern Region?" A voice sounded from the void.

Martial Marquis.

Minister Wen shook his head.

"Hehe, how interesting. Recently, your Confucianism has been flourishing.

"I like the way everyone from the White Deer Mountain Academy carries a sword. Speaking of which, the war situation in the No Resentment Realm is tight. Can you send more experts over?"

"Two Grandmasters will do."

There was a hint of fatigue in Martial Marquis' voice.

"You want those two from White Deer Mountain, right?" Minister Wen shook his head and said in a low voice, "Let's wait and see. If they can grow, I don't mind giving them more opportunities."

In the air, Martial Marquis let out an "en" and his voice faded away.

In the Northern Region, golden words flickered in the sky and slowly dissipated.

The golden-purple light that filled the sky gradually disappeared.

The phantom of the Great Confucian with a high crown and sword quietly disappeared.

Deng Chungang, who had fallen to the ground, looked confused.

Heavenly Wolf, who was standing not far away, had a complicated expression on his face.

Daoist Dayan, who was standing not far from Han Muye, clasped his hands behind his back and smiled.

In front of Han Muye, Daoist Ju Shi, whose clothes were tattered, knelt on the ground when he reached the eighth line of the poem. His Nascent Soul shattered.

Yes, Nascent Soul, not Primordial Spirit.

Back then, this Divine Transformation Realm cultivator's primordial spirit was shattered by the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's sword and he relied on his incarnation technique to escape.

Right now, Daoist Ju Shi was merely an incarnation.

However, even if it was just an incarnation, it was still half a step away from leaving the body. No one in the Western Frontier and Northern Region could match it.

Coupled with the Dao Sword in his hand, he could even fight an Out of Body realm cultivator.

Unfortunately, Han Muye was a Confucian Grandmaster.

His words carried the law.

There were only a handful of Confucian Grandmasters in the Central Continent.

In front of such an expert, even a true Out of Body realm cultivator could only lower his head obediently.

A Confucian Grandmaster could fight a Half-Step Divine Transformation Realm expert!

Looking at Daoist Ju Shi, whose soul was gradually dimming, Han Muye couldn't help but sigh.

If not for the Northern Region, Han Muye would not have been able to block a single finger of Daoist Ju Shi.

However, the Heavenly Dao of the Northern Region was connected to the Central Continent, so it did not take much effort for Han Muye to kill Daoist Ju Shi.

The words "The scenery of the Northern Kingdom, thousands of miles of ice, tens of thousands of miles of snow" froze Daoist Ju Shi's body.

Before he could finish his sentence, Daoist Ju Shi's Nascent Soul had already shattered.

This made the excited Han Muye retract the ink brush in his hand.

"If I had known earlier, I would have returned to the Immortal Spirit World..." Daoist Ju Shi's body went limp as he lay on the ground. A look of regret appeared on his face before he slowly closed his eyes. Spiritual light scattered from his body.

Han Muye could feel joy surging between heaven and earth.

Just like when he was in the Fire Source World, as long as he killed the cultivators outside the realm, the world would give him a gift.

Now that Han Muye was qualified to trade on equal terms with the world, there would naturally be feedback from the world if he killed the cultivators outside the realm.

This feedback would increase the power he could borrow from heaven and earth.

With a wave of his hand, the Dao Sword in Daoist Ju Shi's hand landed in his hand.

This was good stuff.

Han Muye had the other half of the sword.

Unfortunately, not to mention the Western Frontier, even in the Heavenly Mystic World, no one could repair this item.

After seeing the process of forging the Dao Sword, Han Muye knew that even in the Immortal Spirit World, it took a large sect countless years to successfully forge it.

Putting the Dao Sword into his storage ring, Han Muye turned to look at Heavenly Wolf.

"Senior Heavenly Wolf must have been the number one sword pill under the Sword Venerable back then, right?"

Heavenly Wolf turned to look at him, his eyes flashing.

"I'll stay in the Western Frontier for 60 years."

"If you can take three strikes from me with your Sword Dao cultivation after 60 years, I'll hand over the Western Frontier to you."

Heavenly Wolf paused and then said, "If you can't resist three strikes from me, I will kill you."

With that, he glanced at Dayan beside Han Muye and turned into a stream of light.

Watching him fly away, Daoist Ju Shi shook his head and scoffed. "Don't worry, this guy is just joking.

"He's embarrassed."

At this point, Daoist Dayan shook his head regretfully and said, "You're the one who cultivated Confucianism. This is what Sword Venerable Yuan Tian hates the most. Otherwise, Heavenly Wolf would probably have stayed behind to guide you."

Han Muye chuckled and turned to look at Deng Chungang.

To Han Muye, it didn't matter if he gave him pointers or not.

He had already obtained most of the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's inheritance.

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He might be able to gain more experience from Heavenly Wolf, but to Han Muye, who had maxed out his comprehension, it was dispensable.

He was not even as good as Daoist Dayan as a master by his side.

Deng Chungang raised his hand, and three yellow sword pills appeared in his palm.

Han Muye did not take them.

He raised his hand, and the Eight Treasures Ruyi in his palm turned into an ink brush.

“The mountains, rivers, and old friends are far away, and the wind is like a blade traversing 10,000 miles!”

Between heaven and earth, a saber beam slashed down on Deng Chungang’s head.

Deng Chungang was stunned. He rolled and crawled to escape the range of the saber beam.

“Yan Mountain’s moon is like a hook, its valleys are like a saber.”

A crescent blade brushed past Deng Chungang’s head and cut off his bun.

“What do you mean by that, kid?” Deng Chungang growled, and a snow-white sword light rose from his hand.

Han Muye did not speak and said another sentence with the ink brush in his hand.

“I recklessly ride my horse north of the Heavenly River. A sword comes from the west to slay a thousand soldiers.”

A sword light crashed into Deng Chungang’s neck.

The sword light was clear and quiet, as if it wanted to freeze people.

“Good timing!”

Deng Chungang shouted loudly. The sword in his hand met the sword light and collided with the faint sword shadow.

Han Muye picked up his brush and wrote a poem. The poem appeared and the sword condensed.

Sword after sword, Deng Chungang was sent flying thousands of feet away, unable to fight back.

He used his literary aura and the power of People’s Will to activate the sword light, which could suppress Deng Chungang’s power.

His swordsmanship was much stronger than Deng Chungang’s, so Deng Chungang naturally had no choice but to submit.

“Bam—”

Deng Chungang couldn’t dodge in time and was struck in the chest by the sword light.

The sword light turned into a long whip and locked Deng Chungang’s body, causing him to fall to the ground.

“Boss Deng, how’s my sword?”

A long sword was pressed against Deng Chungang’s neck.

Deng Chungang’s face turned red. He straightened his neck and did not speak.

Han Muye chuckled and reached out to take the three sword pills. Then he said, “I am fighting this match for Third Sister Li.”

Deng Chungang was stunned and muttered a few words.

Han Muye flicked his sleeve and strode towards the Western Frontier.

After taking a few steps, he turned around and said, “By the way, Third Sister has already gone to the Central Continent and is still with the Mystic Sun Guards.

“When she comes back, you’ll be in trouble.”

The corners of Deng Chungang’s mouth twitched a few times as he stood up.

“Alright, kid, you’re ruthless.”

With a low growl, Deng Chungang turned around and limped towards the snowy mountain.

“I’ll leave the Western Frontier and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to you.”

There was a hint of relief and reluctance in his voice.

Han Muye laughed and disappeared into the white snow.

—

Many people were surprised that Han Muye could return from the north alive.

However, most of the sect elites were still happy that he was alive.

100,000 miles back to the source, the temperament of the elites of the Western Frontier had changed.

Competition between peers was about pride, not life and death.

Han Muye’s return brought good news.

After the great cultivator from the Outer Realm was killed, the sect cultivator who was about to run away with the bucket could safely retreat to his nest.

As for who killed this Outer Realm cultivator, Han Muye did not say.

No one dared to ask in detail. It was very likely that it was a backup plan left behind by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

However, no one was paying attention to these things at this moment.

The Nine Sects of the Western Frontier were rearranged. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect occupied the first place and became the true leader of the Western Frontier.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Tuoba Cheng had stepped into the Heaven Realm, and his combat strength could be said to be extremely strong.

There was also Deng Chungang, who was in charge of the Northern Region. He was known as the Sword King of the great snowy mountains. His combat strength was monstrous and he could fight six demons alone.

Although this person was cultivating in the northern region, he might return to the Western Frontier.

This was also the manifestation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's combat strength.

This time, the black-armored demons of the Eastern Sea had also suffered heavy losses.

Along the way, he left behind the corpses of several Heaven Realm cultivators.

These corpses would become the wealth of the Western Frontier in the future.

As the flood dragon Qing Tong returned to the Eastern Sea, the black-armored demons were attacked and temporarily could not come to the Western Frontier.

The overall situation of the Western Frontier was in his hands.

After returning from the great snowy mountains, the territories of the various sects were reorganized and resources were redistributed.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not take up too much. It only took up 10% of the original foundation.

Even if Daoist Wan Hua died, the Spiritual Dao Sect was still a large sect.

Its strength was still above average among the nine sects.

According to Li Mubai and Tuoba Cheng, in the next hundred years, the Spiritual Dao Sect could support the entire Western Frontier.

The treasures and resources of the Spiritual Dao Sect were slowly spat out. They could nourish the cultivators of the Western Frontier for more than a hundred years.

This was also the reason why the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not lead the various sects in attacking the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The Bright Mountain Sword Sect became one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier.

However, the strength of the Mingshan Sword Sect was really ordinary. They only took the remaining territory and resources of the Taixuan Sword Sect that had been destroyed.

To Yang Mingxuan, it did not matter how many resources he could obtain.

As long as he could fulfill Yang Dingshan's last wish, he was satisfied.

He did not even participate in the subsequent sect survey meetings.

In any case, as a staunch ally of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he believed that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would not treat the Bright Mountain Sword Sect badly.

The Wind Spirit Sword Sect and the other sects that did not get along with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect previously secretly came to apologize.

The sect master of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, personally visited Tuoba Cheng.

This Western Frontier Heavenly Realm expert had a long secret conversation with Tuoba Cheng before finally obtaining his forgiveness.

Although Jin Ze's Golden Core fragmentation was forced by Zhang Cheng, Tuoba Cheng had no intention of chasing after the Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

Be it Tuoba Cheng or Zhang Cheng, they were both backed by a large sect. It was impossible for them to disregard the lives of their sect disciples because of hatred.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had become the number one sect in the Western Frontier. In the future, there would be plenty of opportunities to control the Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

Han Muye, who had returned, did not travel with Tuoba Cheng. He only took a flying ship and followed the river.

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Although he did not seem to have any cultivation on him and his cultivation aptitude had been damaged, none of the elites of the various sects dared to treat him lightly.

He was the greatest success of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in obtaining the first place of the nine sects and was also an elder of the Sword Pavilion.

From now on, Immortal Han would retreat in the Sword Pavilion. In 60 years, he would become a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

Moreover, it was said that Immortal Han's alchemy skills were extraordinary.

The Mu family's patriarch had talked to Han Muye several times on the flying ship, inviting him to participate in some alchemy conference.

According to the Mu family's patriarch, there were medicinal pills that could help Han Muye recover.

Han Muye did not refuse. After all, he had agreed to this back then.

Along the way, cultivators from various sects came to visit Han Muye.

Some sent various treasures to nourish Han Muye's body, while others sent one or two good-looking disciples to help Immortal Han with housekeeping chores.

Han Muye accepted the treasures and turned away the good-looking male disciples.

There were also a few people with good talents in the Sword Dao who came to visit Han Muye and asked for guidance.

Han Muye only took a few spiritual rocks and explained some sword technique shortcomings.

On the way back, the flying ship fluttered, and it took nearly two months to get back.

In the past two months, all the forces in the Western Frontier had been redrawn.

By the Jialing River, when the Nine Mystic Sword Sect returned, tens of thousands of cultivators stood on the riverbank and bowed to send them off.

This was the respect that the number one sect in the Western Frontier deserved.

“Fortunately, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sect Master Jin Ze died and Immortal Han lost his cultivation potential. Otherwise, in the next thousand years, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would probably be the ruler of the Western Frontier.”

Watching the flying ship leave, someone on the riverbank whispered.

“Sigh, this battle between the nine sects is really exciting. I’m afraid there won’t be such a grand event in the Western Frontier in the next hundred years,” someone said softly with a trace of regret in his eyes.

In this battle among the nine sects, very few people died, but the gains were the greatest.

The elites of the various sects were filled with fighting spirit and high spirits.

This made the higher-ups of the sect so happy that they could not shut their mouths.

“What a pity for Immortal Han. If this genius who suppressed his peers could develop again, who in the Western Frontier would be able to compete with him?” Someone quietly said.

Immortal Han’s character, bearing, knowledge, and talent could suppress the Western Frontier.

It was just that he was too resolute. Even if he gave up his cultivation, he would still have to fight with great cultivators from outside the realm. In the end, his cultivation talent would be damaged.

By the Jialing River, many people smiled.

“Everyone, do you still remember that rumor?”

Suddenly, someone said in a low voice, “It’s said that Immortal Han once obtained a hundred Cloud Golden Lotus Seeds.”

Cloud Golden Lotus Seeds?

That treasure that could increase one’s cultivation aptitude by one grade?

By the Jialing River, the smiles of many sect elites froze on their faces.

F*ck, we thought we could break free from the suppression of this immortal.

...

Ten days later, the flying ship of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Below, figures rushed up and silently followed behind the flying ship.

There were 100,000 cultivators traveling behind their flying ship in their 10,000-mile flight back to the Nine Mystic Mountain!

Everyone was solemn and silent.

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

From the Nine Mystic Mountain, the tolls of the bell resonated for thousands of miles!

Tuoba Cheng, who was wearing a white robe, held a set of clothes with both hands and stood at the bow of the flying ship.

Behind him, Han Muye and the other elite disciples bowed.

“Welcome—”

“The soul of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sect Master Jin Ze has returned...”

A long cry came from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

The sound of the bell was short and sad.

In the direction of the Nine Mystic Mountain, someone in a white robe came out to welcome them.

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

The bell tolled nine times. The sect master had fallen.

The flying ship went straight into the Nine Mystic Mountain. All the disciples and experts of the sects under their rule bowed and stood under the mountain gate.

Tuoba Cheng, who was holding his clothes, stopped and walked to the mountain gate.

“The ancestors of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect are above. The 33rd Sect Master, Jin Ze, led the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to suppress the Western Frontier and become the number one sect in the Western Frontier.”

Tuoba Cheng looked up at the sky and shouted. Tears welled up in his eyes.

The number one sect in the Western Frontier!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had finally become the number one sect in the Western Frontier!

For this day, many people in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had sacrificed their lives!

Everyone stood in front of the mountain gate and bowed to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The elders of the sect looked sorrowful.

Sect Master Jin Ze had sacrificed his entire life for the sect and finally died.

His efforts were not in vain. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had finally become the number one in the Western Frontier!

Tuoba Cheng held his robe and turned around.

Grand Elder Zhang Zhihe stepped forward.

“Before Sect Master Jin Ze died, he instructed that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s elder, Tuoba Cheng, will be the 34th Sect Master of the sect.

“Three months from now, Elder Tuoba Cheng will officially take over the position of sect master during the sect ceremony.”

Hearing his words, everyone bowed again.

It was only natural for Tuoba Cheng to step into the Heaven Realm and become the sect master.

Three months was enough for the major sects of the Western Frontier to process their gains and send people to congratulate them.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was the number one sect in the Western Frontier. This inauguration ceremony would definitely be grand.

Tuoba Cheng did not say anything. When everyone stood up, he held up his robe and strode towards the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The elites participating in the Nine Sect Competition also dispersed.

Han Muye and Lin Shen returned to the Sword Pavilion. Liu Hong carefully stepped forward.

Jiang Ming went down the mountain to deal with business matters.

Han Muye didn’t say much and went straight to the third floor.

“Everyone says that Senior Brother Han’s aptitude was damaged. What do you think?” Liu Hong saw Han Muye’s serious expression and asked Lu Gao and Lin Shen quietly.

Lin Shen turned to look at him.

“No, what I mean is, didn’t Senior Brother Han give us a pill that can improve our aptitude? How about we return it to him now?” Liu Hong’s hair stood on end under Lin Shen’s gaze.

Now that Lin Shen had fused more and more jade bones, the aura on his body became more and more solemn.

“Senior Brother Han has a lot of golden lotus seeds.” Lin Shen waved his hand and turned to leave the Sword Pavilion.

He has many golden lotus seeds?

Is the rumor true?

Liu Hong blinked a few times and heaved a sigh of relief.

How boring would it be if the Sword Pavilion lost Senior Brother Han...

Han Muye went up to the third floor and sat cross-legged in front of the long table.

Daoist Dayan and Zhao Yunlong landed beside him.

Han Muye stood still and sat quietly for several hours until the sun set and the sunlight shone on the Sword Pavilion.

“How do you think I should re-cultivate?”

Han Muye’s voice came faintly.

Daoist Dayan and Zhao Yunlong looked at each other and heaved a sigh of relief.

“Young Master, how are you going to choose?” Zhao Yunlong looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

Chapter 406: Self-Comprehension Cultivation Technique, Mystic Essence Dao Technique

For a few hours, Han Muye sat in front of the long table, thinking about how to cultivate again.

With just a poem, he killed Daoist Ju Shi who ran amok in the region. This made Han Muye see the power and dominance of Confucianism.

His current Confucian Dao cultivation was already at the Grandmaster Realm.

Han Muye had a natural advantage in cultivating the Confucian Dao.

Confucianism seemed reasonable, but it was also completely unreasonable.

The overwhelming literary aura and Great Spirit Qi made one’s heart turn cold.

If he went to the Central Continent, he believed that with his own mastery and the poetry and essays that he could compose, his future achievements in Confucianism would be limitless.

However, Han Muye had also seen the drawbacks of the Confucian Dao when he put the power of a grandmaster to use in the Northern Region.

Connected to the power of heaven and earth, they were bound together for good or ill.

Just like Minister Wen of the Central Continent.

Wen Mosheng became a sage through Confucianism. His cultivation had reached an unfathomable level.

But he couldn’t leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

His power had already fused with the Heavenly Mystic World.

If Minister Wen left the Heavenly Mystic World, the Great Dao of the Heavenly Mystic World would be incomplete.

Once he left the Heavenly Mystic World, his strength would rapidly decline.

This was also the reason why Minister Wen, who was so powerful, did not leave the Heavenly Mystic World.

Han Muye did not want to be trapped in the Heavenly Mystic World like Minister Wen.

Moreover, after cultivating to the grandmaster realm, he felt a trace of heavenly secrets.

Confucianism could only have one sage.

At least in the Heavenly Mystic World, there could only be one Confucian Sage.

Minister Wen had already become a sage, so if Han Muye wanted to reach the supreme level in the Confucian Dao, he had to snatch Wen Mosheng's sage position.

It was not that he could not snatch it, but it was not worth it.

There were so many cultivation paths for Han Muye to choose. Why did he have to snatch the Confucian Sage position from the scholar?

If he did not cultivate Confucianism, Han Muye could also cultivate the Sword Dao, cultivation techniques, and body. Everything was not bad.

The cultivation techniques he had accumulated now included the legacy of the Western Frontier, the legacy of the Southern Wasteland, the Central Continent, and even many outside the realm.

Many of these cultivation techniques were of high grade.

In particular, he had seen many cultivation techniques outside the realm. The methods were very brilliant.

To be honest, it was not unreasonable for him to produce a great cultivator who could cross the void to conquer.

Han Muye recalled the Nine Suns Technique and other sword techniques he cultivated. They had been inherited from ancient times. They were quite powerful, but they also consumed a lot of energy.

The Profound Sun Technique was the same.

"Do you guys think I can rely on Confucian techniques and fuse them with other cultivation techniques to create a cultivation technique?"

Han Muye looked at Zhao Yunlong and Daoist Dayan and whispered.

Self-created cultivation technique?

Both of them looked surprised.

"Young Master, it's not impossible to create your own cultivation technique, but it's too dangerous."

Zhao Yunlong said softly.

“That’s right. In the past, creating new cultivation techniques always relied on the strength of a sect. Then generations of disciples would experiment and slowly modify the drawbacks.” Daoist Dayan lowered his voice and said.

A sect created a cultivation technique and used its disciples as experiments to constantly modify its shortcomings.

Han Muye’s body trembled slightly, and his eyes flickered.

The Nine Suns Technique and the Profound Sun Technique that he cultivated—weren’t they all created and tested by others?

The two cultivation techniques were not perfect enough.

In other words, he was only a lab rat used to test these cultivation techniques.

Thinking of this, he smiled.

In any case, they were all lab rats. Why should they be other people’s lab rats and not their own?

He stood up and stretched his muscles. He walked to the windowsill and looked at the afterglow of the setting sun.

“The setting sun is infinitely good, and tomorrow is even brighter.

“From now on, I’ll create the cultivation technique I cultivate myself.

“Master Mo Yuan was able to create the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. It’s not difficult for me to create a cultivation technique, right?”

Zhao Yunlong and Daoist Dayan looked at each other and did not say anything.

With the Young Master’s temperament, he would not change his decision.

Han Muye said that he wanted to create a cultivation technique, but he did not start immediately.

Instead, he had a good sleep. Then he went downstairs to read the books to understand the recent events in the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Hong had recoded the matter in the Sword Pavilion.

After that, he went to the library every day to read all sorts of books and even went to the Treasure Pavilion to exchange for treasures with Liu Hong.

For more than half a month, he did not open the furnace to refine pills, cultivate cultivation techniques, or even cultivate sword techniques.

It was quite enjoyable to stroll around like this.

Liu Hong accompanied him on the mountain every day. Whenever he met disciples, they would bow respectfully.

This made Liu Hong feel smug. He even encouraged Han Muye to go down the mountain to have fun.

If he brought Immortal Han to a restaurant at the foot of the mountain, he wondered if he could go there by himself in the future for free food.

Unfortunately, Han Muye was not interested in going down the mountain.

“Young Master, Elder Tuoba is here.” After returning from reading for half a day in the library and arriving at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Jiang Ming hurriedly went forward and reported in a low voice.

He had been busy with business matters recently and had only returned to the Sword Pavilion not long ago.

Han Muye nodded and strode up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

When he reached the third floor, he saw the tall Tuoba Cheng standing in front of the windowsill with his hands behind his back.

“Greetings, Sect Master Tuoba.” Han Muye chuckled.

He was not the sect master, but he was already the acting sect master.

Tuoba Cheng turned around and looked at Han Muye.

“Why don’t you cultivate well?” Tuoba Cheng stared at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Hearing his words, Han Muye raised his eyebrows. “Why do I want to cultivate?”

A trace of anger flashed across Tuoba Cheng’s eyes, but he still suppressed it.

He turned and looked out the window.

“You know, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has never been so prosperous.

“Ten thousand years ago, countless low-level cultivators gathered here. With the Sword Pavilion as the foundation, they only wanted to protect themselves.”

Chapter 407: Self-Comprehension Cultivation Technique, Mystic Essence Dao Technique (2)

“Later on, when I became stronger, I hoped to obtain more opportunities.

“I fought, kept on fighting, fighting for opportunities, fighting for the Great Dao, fighting for life.”

Sighing softly, Tuoba Cheng’s eyes revealed a trace of exasperation.

“I know you’re getting bored.

“Cultivation is not what you think it is.

“Cultivation is more like chasing fame and fortune. It’s like mortals scheming and crushing others.

“In this world, there has never been a pure cultivation Dao that is free from desires.”

Han Muye said nothing.

Indeed, the Western Frontier, the Heavenly Mystic world, and even the other cultivation worlds he had seen were not what he had imagined.

There were fights and schemes everywhere.

No one could cultivate in seclusion for countless years like the legends said.

"The Heavenly Dao and Human Dao are common." Tuoba Cheng turned around and looked at Han Muye.

"Minister Wen of the Central Continent suppressed the entire world alone and allowed the Confucian Dao of the Central Continent to flourish."

"What kind of cultivation world do you want to see? If you have the ability, you can change it.

"I've been watching from the Jialing River. I've watched you make those sect elites change constantly.

"I also hope that the cultivation world in the Western Frontier can change."

A trace of fanaticism flashed across Tuoba Cheng's face.

"My Nine Mystic Sword Sect is already the number one sect in the Western Frontier. The decisions you and I make can affect the entire cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

"Tell me, what do you want to do?"

...

After Tuoba Cheng left, Han Muye stood in front of the window.

He did not expect Tuoba Cheng to look for him.

Tuoba Cheng looked wild, but he was a meticulous person.

Originally, when Sect Master Jin Ze was around, Tuoba Cheng did not need to consider small matters. Sect Master Jin Ze would naturally arrange it.

Tuoba Cheng only needed to grasp the situation and increase his cultivation.

But now that Jin Ze had died, Tuoba Cheng had displayed another side.

"Actually, it's quite difficult for him," Zhao Yunlong, who was behind Han Muye, said.

Difficult.

After becoming the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was also known as the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

In the future, everything in the Western Frontier would be controlled by Tuoba Cheng alone.

However, his cultivation and the foundation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were still lacking.

That was why he had come to look for Han Muye.

Because Han Muye was different from outsiders.

Han Muye had the power to change the world.

This was what Tuoba Cheng had seen on Jialing River.

The Western Frontier was weak, and the demons of the Southern Wasteland would continue to infiltrate.

If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have the strength of the Spiritual Dao Sect, the various sects in the Western Frontier would obey on the surface but oppose on the inside.

All of this followed the previous cultivation method and the previous rules.

What if there was a change?

When Tuoba Cheng left, he was in a good mood.

Because Han Muye had promised him.

Let's try this, Han Muye thought.

"Zhao Yunlong, you and Instructor Lin will go to Jinchuan, the Central Continent. In the future, you will guard Jinchuan and buy all the spiritual herbs."

"Daoist Dayan, go to the Eastern Sea with Lu Gao."

Han Muye paused, and two balls of pale gray spiritual light appeared in his hands.

Seeing this spiritual light, Zhao Yunlong and Daoist Dayan's expressions changed.

"This is spatial power?"

Daoist Dayan said in surprise.

"Take this spatial power and turn it into a waymark. From now on, we'll use the spatial teleportation power to open up a trade path."

Han Muye's eyes were firm. "I want to see if I can change the cultivation world with my strength."

He had single-handedly changed the cultivation world!

Such bold words made Zhao Yunlong and Daoist Dayan excited.

The two of them bowed and received the spatial power before quietly going downstairs.

"Eh, why am I the one going to the Eastern Sea? Damn, that's really a test..." Daoist Dayan muttered as he walked.

There was hesitation and excitement in his words.

When they walked downstairs, Han Muye raised his hand and waved it. A formation disc was set up and the Sword Pavilion's array was activated.

He sat cross-legged in front of the long table, and a faint spiritual light flashed on his body.

Treasures appeared in front of him one after another.

Sword Pills.

There were seven in his hand, and there were 10 in total, including three from Deng Chungang.

Unconsciously, he had already obtained 10 of the 48 sword orbs in Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's hands.

The combat power of the sword formation that could be unleashed with 10 sword pills had increased by another level.

In addition to the sword pill, Han Muye also had the Eight Treasures Ruyi, two Dao Swords, various treasures obtained from killing the black-armored demons, and the Cloud Golden Lotus...

Every single one of them could cause the entire cultivation world to fight to the death.

His gaze landed on the Dao Sword, and Han Muye reached for the hilt.

The power of the Dao Sword was to gather combat power.

If the power within this sword was activated, it could directly transform into a 100,000-feet-long greatsword that was controlled by countless cultivators.

This sword was more like a flying ship.

Unfortunately, the Dao Sword was broken in half, and most of its power had dissipated.

If he wanted to repair the Dao Sword, he would need the help of the Immortal Spirit World.

Moreover, the cost was extremely huge.

However, there were many treasures in the Immortal Spirit World stored in the Dao Sword. Even if many of them were destroyed, the ones left behind were still a windfall for Han Muye.

"Buzz!"

With a flash of light, 10 spiritual rocks appeared in front of him.

Spiritual light shone brightly. They were all top-grade spiritual rocks!

Back then, Daoist Wan Hua of the Spiritual Dao Sect had begged for three supreme-grade spiritual rocks but could not obtain them. Now 10 supreme-grade spiritual rocks were in front of Han Muye.

Other than these spiritual rocks, there were also many spiritual materials produced in the other Immortal Spirit World.

Unfortunately, the spiritual herbs and magic treasures were all destroyed.

Putting away the Dao Sword and the sword pill, Han Muye observed the other treasures one by one.

The refining methods of the few spiritual weapons of the black-armored demons were strange. Many of them were blood refinement techniques. Through their memories, Han Muye discovered many brutal killings.

Chapter 408: Self-Comprehension Cultivation Technique, Mystic Essence Dao Technique (3)

As expected, the black-armored demons came from the outer realm. Their cultivation methods were mostly to devour and kill to improve their cultivation.

The reproduction ability of the black-armored demons was extremely strong. Over thousands of years, they quickly occupied the waters of the Eastern Sea and became a huge threat.

Now the black-armored demons had linked up with the demons of the Southern Wasteland and wanted to enter the Western Frontier.

The Spiritual Dao Sect was bold enough to form an alliance with the black-armored demons.

He was really not afraid that the black-armored demons would invade the Western Frontier.

There were still more than 20 Golden Lotus Seeds, but Han Muye still lacked some spiritual herbs to refine the Nine Revolutions Pill.

He would have to wait a few days for the spirit herbs from Green Ray Mountain to arrive.

There was also a Magnolia Fruit on the long table. It was a treasure that could increase wood attribute affinity.

After experiencing the affinity of the water and fire attributes, Han Muye had gained an understanding of how to use this fruit.

He only needed to gather the spiritual herbs he needed to refine the pill.

After counting the various treasures he had with him, Han Muye smiled.

He was pretty rich now.

With these treasures, it was enough to support his future cultivation.

After putting away all the treasures, his expression turned calm, and the aura on his body slowly converged.

“Boom!”

A loud bang resounded in his divine treasures.

The golden Spell of the Mortal World turned into a golden light, and all the divine soul swords shattered into threads.

Then, in his qi sea, the purple People’s Will qi collided. The spiritual qi in his dantian fused with the sword intent contained in it.

Since he wanted to re-cultivate, he would do it more thoroughly!

The Spell of the Mortal World belonged to the Confucian Dao Soul Cultivation Technique. The qi of the People’s Will was also the Confucian Dao. The sword of the soul, sword qi, and sword intent fused with the body. These belonged to the Profound Sun Technique.

Thinking of this, Han Muye felt a chill in his heart.

Unconsciously, most of what he cultivated came from the Central Continent and was created by the literary minister.

So he was Minister Wen's lab rat?

Just as the Spell of the Mortal World and the sword exploded, Minister Wen, who was far away in the Central Continent, suddenly opened his eyes.

"Is there a problem with my cultivation, or did I sense something..."

Minister Wen lowered his head and looked at the book in front of him, his eyes shining.

"In the Dao of Civil and Martial Arts, can a sword cultivator and a Confucian cultivator be one?"

"What a pity..."

The moment the Spell of the Mortal World and all the sword intent exploded, Han Muye felt a binding force dissipate around him.

This was a mysterious feeling.

For a moment, he could feel the power between heaven and earth like a net. He had been caught in the net and could not extricate himself.

"I see..."

After dissipating the cultivation technique he had cultivated previously, leaving only pure power in his body, Han Muye could be considered to have escaped the barriers.

Looking at the world in front of him, it seemed completely different.

"It turns out that in front of a true cultivator, all Dao is built by oneself, not painstakingly pursued.

"No wonder those experts would open up worlds everywhere and fight. So they were testing their own Great Dao."

Whether it was his literary appearance or the almighty figure who had created the Nine Suns Technique, he had used a world as a chess piece and as a test subject to constantly perfect his Great Dao.

As long as the people in the world cultivated someone else's Dao, they would never surpass the person who created this Great Dao.

"Therefore, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian chose to leave!"

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian dispersed the sword orbs and left Tianxuan.

Minister Wen gave up on other cultivation methods and only cultivated Confucianism.

These great cultivators all had their own acuity.

"So, how do I fix it?"

Muttering softly, Han Muye's gaze landed on the long table in front of him.

At this moment, the long table in front of him seemed to wake up.

A sapling sprouted and grew.

The lush trees swayed in the wind and rain.

There were insects biting, birds pecking, wind, rain, snow, and the scorching sun...

A hundred years later, the trees would reach the sky.

The insects and birds from back then would be long gone.

The wind, rain, and snow would continue, but they would not be able to shake the tree at all.

“Everything has its own way.

“What I cultivate is immortality. I have my own way of immortality!”

In an instant, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

In his divine treasures, a dark golden stream of light exploded. His original divine soul had fused with the aura of the golden Great Spirit and the Spell of the Mortal World, turning into a golden long sword.

In his qi sea, a purple long sword was formed. The aura of hope attached to it and wrapped around it layer by layer.

In his dantian, the nine-layered cloud platform collapsed and turned into a green long sword. The 10 sword pills lingered in the surroundings.

The sword was the bones.

The sword was the will.

The sword was the soul!

The Confucian Daoism cultivators’ People’s Will and Great Spirit only lingered outside the long sword.

People wanted it too. Whether it was righteousness, one had to be outside one’s body. Naturally, one had to hide it outside one’s heart.

The Sword Dao was the bones, and the Confucian Doctrine was the skin.

The sword was the unyielding soul, and Confucianism was modest and kind.

The world was like a sword, fierce and resolute, unyielding.

He was a scholar, benevolent, magnanimous, and modest.

This was his own cultivation path.

In an instant, Han Muye’s aura suddenly changed.

The sharp sword intent was hidden in the heart of his body, emitting a humble and scholarly aura.

He was like jade, but his heart was like a sword!

The path of cultivation was to be firm and press forward.

This was the way of the world.

Cultivation, life, everything was the Great Dao!

“With the Great Dao as the foundation, this cultivation technique shall be called the Mystic Essence Dao Technique,” Han Muye muttered as a spiritual light appeared on his body.

At this moment, the Heavenly Mystic Realm seemed to have sensed something. The Great Dao trembled, and the Heaven Realm cultivators looked up in confusion.

Did an expert descend, or was it an attack from a great cultivator from outside the realm?

The ink brush in Minister Wen’s hand trembled, and he did not notice the ink dripping.

“In the end, we still can’t control the Western Frontier...”

Minister Wen raised his head. A trace of unwillingness and gratification flashed in his eyes.

“It’s rare to have a fellow Daoist accompany me...”

Han Muye did not come out of seclusion until a month later.

After receiving the spiritual herbs sent by Green Ray Mountain, he once again went into seclusion and opened the furnace. The Cloud Golden Lotus, who had reconstructed his spiritual root, was thrown into the furnace and refined three furnaces of nine Nine Revolutions Pills that shone with golden light.

Without hesitation, he swallowed six Nine Revolution Pills and reconstructed his Immortal Spiritual Root.

This time, he felt that there was no building without destruction.

The remodeled Immortal Spiritual Root seemed to be much stronger than before.

At the very least, when absorbing spiritual energy, the speed was faster and the refinement process was easier.

Half a month later, Han Muye came out of seclusion.

At this moment, his cultivation had already returned to the Earth Realm.

The fifth level of Spirit Awakening.

Immortal Spiritual Root.

In the divine treasure, there was a sword of divine soul that shone with golden light. It combined into one sword and split into 18 swords.

This sword of divine soul was fused with the Great Spirit. When the sword was used, it could directly cut through ghosts and demons. It was the most vigorous and righteous divine soul technique in the world.

In Han Muye’s qi sea, a huge sword stood up.

The sword was dark purple and shone with spiritual light.

When the swords were combined, they could kill Heaven Realm experts.

The sword was divided into 108 sword wills that could sweep through the Earth Realm.

Purple People's Will emanated from it. If it was connected to the power of heaven and earth and triggered the Great Spirit in the divine treasures, a Heaven Realm cultivator would not dare to raise his head.

In comparison, the condensation of Han Muye's body and the nourishment of the spiritual energy in his dantian were the weakest.

The physical body of the Earth Realm Spirit Awakening and the spiritual qi cultivation of the Earth Realm were far inferior to the increase in his combat strength.

"Senior Brother Han, Fairy Mu Wan of the Mu Family, Sixth Sister-in-law, and Miss Zhihu have come to visit."

When Han Muye walked downstairs, Liu Hong went forward to report.

He leaned over and said in a low voice, "Storeowner Bai is here too. Tan Tan from Green Ray Mountain and Instructor Lin's sister are all here."

With that, he gave Han Muye a look. "Senior Brother, why don't you go into seclusion again?"

Han Muye waved his hand, straightened his clothes, and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

The wind rustles and the water turns cold.

Chapter 409: The True Secret Place of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect

Huang Six's girl was much more likable than Huang Six. She was plump and cute.

She had a sweet mouth too.

Recently, Jinyang City had come to He Nine Mystic Sword Sect's new sect master's inauguration ceremony. Lu Qingping had brought Huang Zhihu over to visit Han Muye.

After all, it was rumored that Han Muye's aptitude and cultivation had all been severed this time, and he had no chance to cultivate at all.

However, there was another rumor on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Didn't they see that every time Elder Tuoba Cheng was beaten until he vomited blood, he would become stronger?

Now that he had become a Heaven Realm expert, he was about to become the sect master.

It was not the first time Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion had lost his cultivation. How could he not have been crippled and cultivated back?

This was how a sword immortal came about.

Han Muye did not expect that his title of Sword Dao Immortal meant that he had been beaten down to the mortal world and had risen again.

Mu Wan and the others were surrounded by a pink little girl in the courtyard specially used by the outer sect to receive guests.

"If you like a little girl like Zhihu, give birth to one yourself." When Han Muye entered the small courtyard, he happened to hear Lu Qingping's voice.

Whether it was Lu Qingping, Mu Wan, or the others, they were all happy that Han Muye had come out of seclusion.

"Senior Brother Han, if you don't come out of seclusion soon, my Suzhen Store will close." Bai Suzhen stood up and looked at Han Muye walking over with a smile.

The others were more reserved. They either smiled and nodded or called him "Senior Brother Han".

Lu Qingping held the little girl's hand and walked over. Then, she lowered her head and said, "Zhihu, quickly kowtow to Foster Father."

The little girl immediately lay on the ground and kowtowed.

This time, Han Muye panicked.

The surrounding female cultivators burst into laughter.

Holding Huang Zhihu's hand, Han Muye found a few spiritual fruits he had brought back from Green Ray Mountain and stuffed them to her.

As expected, the little girl was still easy to coax. She carried the spiritual fruit and went to play.

It was just a coincidence that Mu Wan and the others were gathered together. After all, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sect Master Succession Ceremony was considered the number one grand event in the Western Frontier.

Be it Mu Wan, Bai Suzhen, or Lin Yuxia, they were all related to the Nine Mystic Mountain. When their sect came to the Nine Mystic Mountain to attend the ceremony, they would be the first to bring them.

With Mu Wan around, Linghua Pavilion could come to the Nine Mystic Mountain and establish some connections with the cultivators of the Pill Hall. They could even arrange a residence.

Bai Suzhen and the other members of the Shangyang Demon Sect were from a large sect, so they treated them seriously.

Lin Yuxia's sect was only under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. There was not even a place to stay on the mountain. She had to find Lin Shen to arrange a place to stay.

The current Instructor Lin was quite famous on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

After all, even a Golden Core Realm cultivator would not be able to cut through three hundred miles of mountains and rivers with a single strike.

If not for the fact that Lin Shen only stayed in the Sword Pavilion and went elsewhere on the Nine Mystic Mountain, he would at least be a deacon elder.

The people from the Battle Sword Hall had come several times.

All the female cultivators asked Han Muye about his cultivation.

Han Muye did not explain specifically. He only said that there was a chance to re-cultivate.

Han Muye did not sit in the small courtyard for long. After all, he did not feel very comfortable.

Before leaving, Lu Qingping suddenly said, "Senior Brother Han, let Zhihu stay in the Sword Pavilion in the future."

Han Muye froze and turned to look at her.

"Whether it's Sixth Brother or you, you're both from the Sword Pavilion. Zhihu should grow up in the Sword Pavilion." Lu Qingping stood up and held Huang Zhihu's hand.

"Zhihu, do you want to be like your father and a great hero like your foster father?"

Hearing Lu Qingping's question, Huang Zhihu, who was holding the spiritual fruit, nodded heavily.

"Mother, big heroes get to eat fruits every day, right?"

...

Han Muye did not refuse to let Huang Zhihu stay on the mountain.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect would be the number one sect in the Western Frontier in the future. The cultivation atmosphere was not something the small Jinyang City could compare to.

It was better for Huang Zhihu to stay in the Nine Mystic Mountain than in Jinyang City.

However, he did not agree to let Huang Zhihu enter the Sword Pavilion now.

What could such a child do in the Sword Pavilion?

He wasn't in a hurry to make the arrangements. It wouldn't be too late to wait until the inauguration ceremony was over.

After leaving the small courtyard, Han Muye returned to visit many people.

For example, the Young Sect Master of the Moonlight Sword Sect, Wanyue, who was wearing a loose robe.

Of course, he visited Duan Yihong of Infinite Dao Sect, Wang Xuanji of Xuansheng Dao, and the others one by one.

When he was in seclusion, many elites from the various sects of the Western Frontier came.

It was mid-afternoon when they returned to the Sword Pavilion.

"Senior Brother Han."

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Yang Mingxuan, who was wearing a green robe, stepped forward and bowed.

Han Muye frowned.

“Are you really not going to be the Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect?”

Jiang Ming had previously told Han Muye that the Mingshan Sword Sect had begged Yang Mingxuan to be the sect master, but Yang Mingxuan had refused.

This terrified the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

After all, their position at the bottom of the nine sects was completely empty.

Without Yang Mingxuan, their Bright Mountain Sword Sect did not even have the intention to compete for the position of the nine sects. How would they know that the position of the nine sects would be theirs?

Now that Yang Mingxuan had snatched the position of the Nine Sects, he wanted to be a Sword Caretaker in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion.

Without Yang Mingxuan, wouldn’t the position of the nine sects of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect be completely lost?

“Why should I pick up the mess of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect?” Yang Mingxuan shook his head and said in a low voice, “I’m still free in the Sword Pavilion.”

True.

Now, anyone who wanted to be the sect master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect would be in a terrible fix.

Yang Mingxuan staying on the Nine Mystic Mountain shocked everyone, making them not dare to have any designs on the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

As long as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was the number one sect in the Western Frontier, the Bright Mountain Sword Sect would not fall.

Han Muye nodded. Before he stepped into the Sword Pavilion, someone came to invite him.

The disciples of Three Stones House were now on duty in the hall and usually helped Tuoba Cheng convey the news.

Chapter 410: The True Secret Place of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect (2)

“Elder Han, Elder Tuoba invites you to the main hall.” A white-robed disciple stood at the foot of the stone steps and bowed.

Han Muye tidied his clothes and headed for the hall at the top of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

When he arrived at the hall, Tuoba Cheng, Wu Ziyuan, and Zhang Zhihe were both there.

Tuoba Cheng raised his hand for Han Muye to sit down, then said, “You can come out of seclusion early. Looks like you’ve re-cultivated well?”

Everyone in the hall sized up Han Muye, but they could not see any changes in him.

His ability to conceal his cultivation was really extraordinary.

Han Muye did not hide. Spiritual light flashed on his body, and a faint halo circulated.

Earth Realm, fifth level of Spirit Awakening.

To Han Muye, spiritual energy cultivation was the lowest.

His combat strength was not measured by spiritual energy cultivation.

Zhang Zhihe laughed and said, "I knew you hid it well."

To the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye was not only an elder of the Sword Pavilion, but also the future leader.

Han Muye's cultivation was still there, even purer than before.

This was good news for the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Even Tuoba Cheng heaved an imperceptible sigh of relief.

In the past, with Jin Ze at the helm, Tuoba Cheng had someone to guide him in everything he did.

Ever since Sect Master Jin Ze died and he took over the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng always felt like he was walking on thin ice.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was now the number one sect in the Western Frontier. Any decision would affect the situation in the Western Frontier.

He had to be cautious.

"Since your cultivation has recovered, you should interact more with the various sects in the future."

Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye and chuckled. "After all, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will be handed over to you in the future."

This was a promise that Jin Ze had made when he was still around.

Han Muye did not care much about whether he would be in charge of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the future.

Now that he had found his own path of cultivation, power was dispensable to him.

However, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was his foundation in the Western Frontier. He would not hand it over to outsiders for no reason.

"It's easy to communicate." Han Muye looked at Tuoba Cheng and said, "The Sword Pavilion will take out a few swords as rewards. The young experts of the various sects can have a friendly competition."

"The winner will be decided almost before the inauguration ceremony. At that time, Martial Uncle Tuoba, you will personally give out the rewards."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Tuoba Cheng's eyes lit up. "That's a good idea."

On the side, Wu Ziyuan frowned, "That is a good idea, but it is just a normal sword, these sect elites might not be tempted. Also..."

After a pause, he said softly, "Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect's foundation is poor after all. We might not be able to host such a competition."

Han Muye understood what Wu Ziyuan meant.

It was painful to take out a real treasure.

After all, there were not many treasures in the Sword Pavilion.

If he did not take out anything good, it would seem like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not sincere and the family business was not enough.

Moreover, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect now had a Heaven Realm expert, but Tuoba Cheng could not personally host this competition, right?

Without a Heaven Realm expert to hold the line, whether it was Wu Ziyuan or Zhang Zhihe, they did not dare to say that they could definitely suppress this battle between the elites of the Western Frontier.

If he could not suppress it, it would be a huge embarrassment.

"It's a treasure. Don't be reluctant. Elders, just take out your trump cards." Han Muye looked at Wu Ziyuan and smiled.

Wu Ziyuan blushed and muttered, "I can take out a middle-grade spiritual weapon..."

For a half-step Heaven Realm expert like Wu Ziyuan, a middle-grade spiritual weapon was like cutting off his flesh.

Not everyone had Han Muye's wealth.

"I have two medium-grade swords in my hands. I can take them out too," Tuoba Cheng said in a low voice.

Zhang Zhihe forced a smile and said, "I only have two low-grade items."

Han Muye nodded and said, "It's enough."

He still had many spiritual artifacts obtained from the demons and treasures obtained from the Fire Source World. In fact, he did not lack rewards. He just wanted to extort Tuoba Cheng and the others.

It was impossible for everyone in the Sword Pavilion to cut their flesh together.

"As for presiding over the competition," Han Muye said proudly, "the experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect are enough."

Experts?

Where did these experts come from?

"This competition venue will be in the Fire Source World." Han Muye looked at Tuoba Cheng and Zhang Zhi in front of him and said, "As the number one sect in the Western Frontier, there's no harm in sharing the Fire Source World.

Share the Fire Source World?

Wu Ziyuan was about to speak when Han Muye said calmly, "Patriarch Tao Ran's cultivation can no longer be suppressed. He's about to break through to the Heaven Realm.

"Once he breaks through, he won't be able to guard the Fire Source World. At that time, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect won't be able to defend the Fire Source World."

Wu Ziyuan's mouth was agape as he stood there in a daze.

Zhang Zhihe was also stunned for a moment, his expression changing from worry to joy.

After a while, he let out a long sigh. "Sigh, looks like this is the only way."

With Patriarch Tao Ran's combat strength and cultivation base, it was easy for him to host this competition.

Patriarch Tao Ran had broken through to the Heaven Realm and returned. This was a joyous matter for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had two Heaven Realms, so it was not a problem for them to suppress the Western Frontier.

However, after Tao Ran left the Fire Source World, there was no one in the Fire Source World who was half a step into the Heaven Realm to suppress him.

Patriarch Tao Ran had mastered the sword force and was a cultivator of the fire lineage. He also had the support of the Heavenly Dao of the Fire Source World. In the Fire Source World, he could even fend off a Heaven Realm attack.

Although Zhang Zhihe and Wu Ziyuan were also half a step into Heaven Realm, their combat strength was much weaker than Old Patriarch Tao Ran.

"The passageway to the Fire Source World is far away in the old land of the Blazing Sun Palace. This round trip..." Wu Ziyuan frowned.

"I have a secret technique that can directly connect to the Fire Source World from the Nine Mystic Mountain." Han Muye dispelled his last concerns.