

## **Pavilion 421**

### **Chapter 421 - 421 The Void Outside the Fire Source World, Single Sword Strike**

The main ingredient, the 10,000-year-old Magnolia Fruit, and thousands of spiritual herbs were refined into a medicinal pill that could increase one's alchemy aptitude and affinity with wood.

This was a pill that Han Muye had studied for a long time before refining.

How could anyone bear to waste such a good thing like the Magnolia Fruit?

If it was wasted, wouldn't his heart ache to death?

Seeing the cauldron tremble, Mu Wan was a little nervous.

Even the Mu family's patriarch praised Han Muye's alchemy attainments.

There had never been a wasted pill when he was refining pills.

However, this cauldron of pills was different.

These days, Mu Wan was spending time on the Nine Mystic Mountain. Although she said that she was accompanying Sixth Sister-in-law and Zhihu, she was actually with Han Muye most of the time.

Despite people saying there was something going on between the two of them, it was really nothing.

If it was nothing, why would they often be recognized as a family of three when they were visiting everywhere on the mountain?

Han Muye had said that this furnace of pills could increase the power of wood attribute affinity.

When the pills were being refined, he would give Mu Wan one to help her increase her wood attribute affinity.

Mu Wan knew that the only thing she could excel in was alchemy.

Only when her alchemy cultivation was at its peak would she be qualified to be together with Senior Brother Han.

A pill that could increase her affinity with wood was very important to her.

When Bai Suzhen left the Nine Mystic Mountain, she had a private talk with her.

The deeper one cultivated, the wider the gap.

Some people could never catch up in their entire lives.

Bai Suzhen said that she didn't want to feel the despair of chasing with all her might, but the goal she was chasing seemed further and further away.

Mu Wan did not want to taste this despair either.

However, there were some things that she would not be satisfied with if she did not try.

"Buzz!"

The cauldron shook, and the top of the cauldron flew up. Light green pills flew out.

There were actually hundreds of pills. Each of them was round and lively, and there was a halo circling around them.

A strong medicinal fragrance assailed her nostrils, causing Huang Zhihu to unconsciously sniffle.

Han Muye raised his hand and put away these pills. Then he took out a few and gave them to Elder Su Liang, who was at the side. He also split them among Jiang Ming, Jin Yuan, and the others.

Huang Zhihu could not wait any longer. She leaned over and asked, "Foster father, are they delicious?"

Han Muye stuffed one into her mouth.

"Oh, it's sweet." Huang Zhihu narrowed her eyes.

Putting away these pills, Han Muye turned to look at the cauldron that was still spinning gently.

What was refined in the cauldron was a pill that could truly improve one's wood attribute affinity.

This was only the combination of various spiritual herbs that could increase the affinity of plants.

This trace of affinity with plants was a treasure in the eyes of alchemy cultivators.

"Clang—"

The sword qi in his hand entered the cauldron. The cauldron shook, and the medicinal power shuttled through it.

Frost, snow, rain, wind, fire, cloud, lightning.

Within the cauldron, there seemed to be the circulation of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. Within it, the medicinal power was constantly changing and slowly condensing.

This was the Nine Revolutions Pill Refining Technique.

Elder Su Liang shook her head as she watched from the side.

Such a method was really impossible to learn.

Every time she saw Han Muye refine pills, her heart would be crushed.

Jiang Ming clasped his hands obediently and muttered something, his eyes shining.

Beside Han Muye, Mu Wan clenched her fists and stared at the pill cauldron, trying her best to remember Han Muye's various methods when refining pills.

Only Huang Zhihu, who had finished eating the pill, stared at the pill furnace with his big eyes.

Wouldn't the candy taste even sweeter after being boiled for so many times?

"Buzz!"

The cauldron shook. Clouds surged in the sky.

Pill Tribulation!

Han Muye let out a long laugh, and a shadow flashed over.

"Kid Han, what good stuff did you come up with this time?" Elder Tao Ran landed in the Waterside Residence and stared at the cauldron.

"There's so much medicinal power mixed together. Are you going to go all out?"

"How is it? Can you withstand the lightning tribulation?"

"I'll do it. Give me one."

Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye proudly.

"Alright, I'll give you the one for Zhihu," Han Muye replied calmly.

Tao Ran turned around and saw Huang Zhihu clenching her fists and gritting her teeth.

Immediately, the Patriarch smiled.

"So it was refined for my Huhu. Then I don't want it anymore. I'll help you block the lightning."

As he spoke, Patriarch Tao Ran took out a bunch of pills and spiritual fruits.

Huang Zhihu's expression also became obedient. She leaned forward and pounced into Tao Ran's arms, picking out delicious medicinal pills and spiritual fruits.

"Boom!"

Lightning struck.

Patriarch Tao Ran laughed and waved his hand. A fire dragon sword shadow restrained the lightning.

"This move of mine is amazing, right? How about learning swordsmanship from me?"

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran's words, Huang Zhihu looked up at him. "Grandpa, are you a great hero?"

Patriarch Tao Ran's face stiffened and he turned to look at Han Muye, Mu Wan, and the others.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, raising his hand to collect the pills.

A total of three golden lights flashed, and the illusory green medicinal pills were refined.

"This pill has the effect of increasing the affinity of the wood attribute. Let's call it the Wooden Golden Pill."

Not only could it increase the wood attribute, but this pill could also make one's wood attribute affinity reach the maximum level!

Handing one to Mu Wan, Han Muye placed another in the small pocket of Huang Zhihu.

"I'll get your mother to help you take it tonight."

Huang Zhihu nodded obediently.

This medicinal pill was rich and could change the attributes of the body. When consuming it, Huang Zhihu's body would definitely not be able to withstand it. He still needed Lu Qingping to comb it with spiritual energy.

Actually, recently, Huang Zhihu had been eating and drinking everywhere on the Nine Mystic Mountain with Han Muye. Much of the spiritual energy and medicinal effects were with her, and it was Lu Qingping who helped to slowly guide them with spiritual energy at night.

"Zhihu, go to the library to study with Instructor Cui later."

Putting away the cauldron, Han Muye's expression turned serious.

Huang Zhihu, who was still beaming with joy, immediately fell silent.

### **Chapter 422 - 422 The Void Outside the Fire Source World, Single Sword Strike (2)**

"She's a young child here. Why do you want her to learn Confucianism..." Patriarch Tao Ran muttered. Seeing Han Muye glaring at him, he quickly changed his tone. "I'll send Huhu to the library."

With that, he carried Huang Zhihu and left.

"Let her go."

Han Muye shouted behind him.

Tao Ran had no choice but to let go.

Mu Wan, who had obtained the pill, was distracted. Han Muye instructed her and turned to leave the Waterside Residence to return to the Sword Pavilion.

Before he reached the Sword Pavilion, he saw many people standing in the square in front of the Sword Pavilion.

In the middle of the square, two sword cultivators were exchanging blows.

"This sword cultivator from the Central Continent is not bad. He won three rounds, right?"

"Not bad. He looks like a scholar. He can fight even when he draws his sword."

"The next round will be the inner sect disciples. I wonder if this person can lure Senior Brother Yang Mingxuan from the Sword Pavilion to attack?"

According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, the sword cultivators from the Central Continent had to defeat the outer and inner sect disciples before challenging the disciples of the Sword Pavilion.

If they wanted to challenge Han Muye, they needed to defeat Yang Mingxuan and the other gatekeepers of the Sword Pavilion.

The Heavenly Gate to the Central Continent had been open for a month. Many sword cultivators from the Western Frontier went to the Central Continent. There were also sword cultivators from the Central Continent who came to the Western Frontier to challenge them.

A true expert knew what kind of power it meant to be able to open the Heavenly Gate with a single strike. Naturally, they would not rashly go up the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Those young and vigorous cultivators were proud of the cultivators of the Holy Land of the Central Continent. In their eyes, the Heavenly Gate was a disgrace to the Central Continent.

Many young sword cultivators came together to challenge the Nine Mystic Mountain and close the Heaven Gate.

In the end, they were naturally defeated.

So far, there were no true sword masters.

Han Muye had planned to recruit experts to work in the Fire Source World. Until now, not many people were qualified to go.

Those with weak cultivation and swordsmanship would be courting death if they went to the Fire Source World.

Ignoring the competition in front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye walked straight into the Sword Pavilion.

Golden light flashed as the Sword Pavilion's array formation rose.

After exhausting the Sword Pavilion's sword qi last time, Han Muye used his sword qi and sword intent to nourish the Sword Pavilion's sword every day.

There was an unexpected gain.

In the past, when his sword qi was nurtured in the sword, it would take two to three days to produce one.

Now, sword Qi could be produced in a day, and Han Muye's control over the entire Sword Pavilion was becoming more and more relaxed.

The Sword Pavilion existed in an illusory space and was an extremely rare treasure.

After entering the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye sat cross-legged and took out the Wooden Golden Pill he had refined.

Without hesitation, he sent the pill into his mouth.

A faint fragrance entered his throat, and the pill instantly turned into liquid. Then it fused into a green aura that circulated in his body.

At this moment, Han Muye could feel the wood attribute power surging around him.

Countless plants on the Nine Mystic Mountain seemed to show joy.

People said that plants were heartless, but in fact, plants also had emotions...

Wood attribute affinity maxed out.

This was a mystical power. It could gather wood attribute affinity at the maximum level and could trigger wood attribute spiritual herbs. Wood attribute demons were close to it.

However, this wood attribute affinity was different from other attributes. It actually needed constant maintenance and not a solid state.

If the damage to the wood attribute was too great, it would instead reduce the integration of the affinity power.

Raising his hand, a golden lotus seed appeared in Han Muye's palm.

The lotus seed flickered with golden spiritual light, as if it was extremely attached to his palm.

A faint green aura surged out of his palm and enveloped the lotus seed.

Green gas enveloped the lotus seed. The lotus seed trembled slightly. Then power surged from it and broke through the outer shell, revealing a small green sprout.

As soon as Xiao Ya appeared, the surrounding spiritual qi fluctuated and turned into a vortex.

Without hesitation, Han Muye raised his hand and shattered 10 spiritual pearls.

The spiritual pearl's spirit energy, which was rich in water vapor, enveloped the little sprout.

The sprout was activated by the green qi in Han Muye's palm. It was wrapped in spiritual energy and began to grow quickly.

In less than 15 minutes, the small sprout in Han Muye's palm had grown into a lotus more than three feet tall.

There were seven to eight green lotus leaves and three emerald buds.

Below, a jade-colored lotus root as long as a child's arm was held in his palm.

A cloud circulated on the lotus leaf.

Cloud Golden Lotus.

Typically, it would take hundreds of years for it to grow to such a large size. Now it had actually reached such a level in a short period of time.

A door of light appeared in front of Han Muye.

He took a step forward and landed in the Fire Source World.

The place where the Cloud Transforming Golden Lotus grew required extremely powerful firepower. In the Fire Source World, such places with dense firepower could be seen everywhere.

At this moment, Han Muye was standing in the Fire Source Palace's encampment.

After getting support from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the disciples of the Fire Source Palace no longer needed to wander around.

This encampment was a place filled with the power of fire.

“Elder Han.” The few Fire Source Palace elders guarding the teleportation formation hurried forward to pay their respects.

Han Muye’s status in the Fire Source Palace was the inheritor of the Blazing Sun Palace.

The Fire Source Palace was inherited from the Blazing Sun Palace, so it was naturally respectful to Han Muye.

He was revered as a Supreme Elder in Fire Source Palace, a being even more honorable than the Palace Lord.

In fact, this identity had little to do with the legacy of the Blazing Sun Palace. The real reason was that the Fire Source Palace needed the support of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Han Muye nodded and gave a few instructions. Then, under the lead of an elder, he found a hall covered in flowing flames.

Han Muye sent the Cloud Transformation Golden Lotus into the flowing flames.

The verdant golden lotus swayed in the flames, looking very comfortable.

In the future, with the comfort of the wood attribute, this golden lotus might be able to bear lotus seeds in a few decades.

If he could really nurture the Cloud Golden Lotus, Han Muye was prepared to nurture all the Cloud Golden Lotus Seeds in his hands.

If such a treasure that could only be chanced upon by luck could be artificially cultivated, wouldn’t disciples with Immortal Spiritual Roots come easily in the future?

### **Chapter 423 - 423 The Void Outside the Fire Source World, Single Sword Strike (3)**

Wang Luosheng, the Palace Lord of Fire Source Palace, stood at the door as he walked out of the hall.

“Elder Han.” He walked forward and cupped his hands.

“Recently, without Patriarch Tao Ran holding the fort, our Fire Source World has been under a lot of pressure.”

Wang Luosheng said in a low voice with a bitter expression.

Patriarch Tao Ran’s combat strength was so strong that he could oversee the Fire Source World and make the cultivators outside the realm not dare to be impudent.

Now that Patriarch Tao Ran had left, the Fire Source World lacked strong combat strength. The Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators had completely suppressed the Fire Source World.

If not for the fact that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and some elites of the Western Frontier often came, the Fire Source Palace would not have been able to withstand it.

Han Muye nodded and glanced at the hall behind him, then looked up at the sky.

“If there’s nothing else in the future, I’ll come to the Fire Source World often.”

He would come to the Fire Source World to water the golden lotus and stabilize the situation there.

To suppress the Fire Source World, one had to at least have the combat strength of a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

To be honest, the two half-step Heaven Realm experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect really could not stabilize the Fire Source World.

Han Muye felt that it was better for him to do it himself.

When Wang Luosheng heard Han Muye say that he would personally suppress the Fire Source World, he could not help but look happy.

Han Muye handed over a jade slip and said, "These are some refining techniques I've gathered. I hope there will be more changes to the next batch of swords refined."

Wang Luosheng took the jade slip and scanned it with his divine sense. Then he raised his head.

Han Muye said calmly, "Spiritual rocks are not a problem."

Then there's no problem, Wang Luosheng thought.

He laughed loudly and said, "Don't worry, Elder Han. I'll gather the sect's blacksmiths and thoroughly understand the blacksmithing method in this jade slip. Within a month, we'll definitely produce swords."

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand to give out a bag of spiritual pearls. Then he stepped onto a white feather and flew into the sky.

Holding the bag full of spiritual pearls, Wang Luosheng's face lit up even more.

In the Fire Source World, this kind of spiritual pearl that could soothe and warm their meridians was even more useful for their cultivation.

"Quick, gather the elders. We want to refine these swords in half a month." Wang Luosheng shouted and turned to leave.

Han Muye was in midair, extending his connection with the Fire Source World.

With the help of the power of space, he moved and rushed out of the sky.

As soon as he left the sky, he saw a void beast with black wings and four legs and a long mouth attacking the outer wall of the Fire Source World.

Although the exotic beast's attacks did little damage to the Fire Source World, it still made the Heavenly Dao of this world feel disgusted.

Han Muye appeared in the air. Dozens of mutated beasts spread their wings and pounced on him.

Han Muye smiled and a green-purple sword light appeared in his hands.

Green Destiny, Purple Flame.

The two sword techniques combined.



“Boom!”

Prairie Fire!

In the void, borrowing the power of the Fire Source World, a 10,000-foot long fire dragon roared and burned a hundred miles of space, setting the beasts on fire.

The mutated beasts fell and were absorbed by the Heavenly Barrier of the Fire Source World.

With this strike, the power he gained from the reverse nurturing was actually profitable.

For a moment, a faint spiritual light fluctuated on the heavenly barrier. It seemed like it was in a good mood.

Han Muye laughed loudly, and his two swords flashed in the void without holding back.

The mutated beasts with Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm and even Spirit Awakening combat strength were pierced through by the sword light like fallen leaves and fell to the ground.

The sword light flashed with extreme speed.

At this moment, the two swords were like butterflies of light, flashing and dancing in the void.

“Roar—”

A roar sounded. A 100-foot-tall beast spread its wings and covered 300 feet of its body.

A thick pressure surged from the beast’s body. With a flap of its wings, it crossed dozens of miles in the void and appeared above Han Muye’s head.

It was extremely fast.

The powerful beast that had condensed a demonic core was the strongest within a hundred miles.

Han Muye chuckled and paused. He did not retract the two swords that were used to kill the mutated beasts and only tied up his robe tightly.

Behind him, the phantom of a 100-foot long-horned black bull appeared.

The black bull roared at the sky and stepped on the air.

Han Muye flew up and guided the black bull’s horns to collide with the strange beast’s body.

The mutated beast did not give in and directly pounced down.

“Boom!”

The void trembled. The black bull’s horns pierced through the exotic beast’s body and held it up for dozens of miles before stopping.

A dark golden lightning wrapped around the exotic beast’s body, continuously refining its qi, blood, and demon core power.

The Bull Strength Technique combined with the lightning power of the Kui. He did not expect the effect to be so good.

With a long roar, Han Muye raised his hand and waved. The two swords turned around in his palm, and lightning surged around him. He turned around and attacked the spiritual light in front of him.

There were countless Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators gathered there.

“Slash—”

The Purple Flame Sword flew down across a hundred miles.

When the sword came out, blood flew!

Within a hundred miles of the void, he could kill on his sword. He was a sword immortal who dominated the world!

“Kill—”

Han Muye couldn't help but roar at the sky. His body turned into a stream of light and followed the sword.

Cultivators rushed up to intercept him, but they could not get within a thousand feet of Han Muye.

The Green Destiny Sword light flashed. As long as it flickered, it would definitely carry blood qi.

“It's him!”

Someone recognized Han Muye and retreated in panic.

Han Muye's sword was countless times faster than theirs!

Blood stained the sky.

The Heaven and Earth Great Dao of the Fire Source World was excited. It was so excited that the clouds seemed to want to rush out of the world.

In this battle, Han Muye killed dozens of Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators in a row, fought three half-step Heaven Realm cultivators, and seriously injured two. He made the Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators retreat a thousand miles before turning around.

In this kind of battle outside the sky, Han Muye's goal was to train his sword techniques and body tempering methods. He did not really want to kill many people.

The Cloud Heaven World and Fire Source World had a tacit understanding. They trained each other and didn't want to cause too many casualties.

However, Han Muye had to show enough strength. Otherwise, the Spiritual Dao Sect would not mind occupying the Fire Source World.

Standing outside the sky, Han Muye raised his hand and beckoned, drawing a green sword into his hand.

This sword was left behind by the half-step Heaven Realm expert who was severely injured by him.

With the sword in his hand, there was a slight struggle.

It was a spiritual weapon with a spirit in it.

Without hesitation, Han Muye infused his sword Qi and his divine sense rushed into the sword.

“The sword’s name is Jade Style. It’s three feet and two inches long, one inch wide, and weighs 11 catties and nine-tenths of a tael. It’s refined with Fire Source Spirit iron and mixed with brilliant sealing steel, spiritual rocks, and gold...

“This sword was refined with three tempering techniques and the Harmonious Spirit Soul Forging technique. It was refined thousands of times and sealed with a demon soul as the sword spirit.”

“Buzz!”

The sword trembled, and the artifact spirit was shattered. Images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

The refining methods of the Cloud Heaven World were even more advanced than those of the Heavenly Mystic World.

The spiritual materials fused during the refining process of this sword were not bad either.

From the sword, Han Muye comprehended several sword techniques and weapon refinement methods.

He also saw the prosperity of the Cloud Heaven World, which was comparable to the Central Continent.

“Huh?” An image flashed in the sword, making Han Muye frown.

The Cloud Heaven Realm army attacked the Fire Source World, but several Heaven Realm experts were transferred halfway and surrounded a cultivator on a desolate star.

Although Han Muye did not see the appearance of the cultivator in the sword, he saw purple auras intertwining in the pursuit.

People’s Will, a great cultivator of Confucianism.

Looking up, Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

The white feather under his feet shook and turned into a pair of illusory wings.

Heavenly Crane Wings.

#### **Chapter 424 - 424 Sword Condensation, Slaying the Out of Body Nascent Soul of the Immortal Spirit World**

“Fire Source World, I’m borrowing your strength.” Han Muye shouted in a low voice, and the spatial power on his body collided with the spiritual light surging in the Fire Source World below.

“Boom!”

The Heavenly Crane Wings spread out, and colorful lights appeared in front of him.

In an instant, he flew 100,000 miles!

“Cough, cough—”

When he landed in a dark void, his entire body was aching as if it was about to fall apart. His chest and abdomen trembled as if he was about to vomit blood.

Han Muye could feel the dissatisfaction of the Heavenly Crane Wings.

Before he could show it properly, it stopped moving.

This emotion made Han Muye smile bitterly.

It turned out that flying in the void was not just about speed. Without a strong body, he could not even use the Heavenly Crane Wings.

The Heavenly Crane Wings was indeed a flying treasure that was cultivated in ancient times. Even a Heaven Realm Out of Body Realm cultivator would find it difficult to catch up to it.

If it used all its strength to escape, what would happen?

Looking at the surrounding void to determine his direction, Han Muye ran towards a place with flashing halos.

This time, he did not use his full strength. He only controlled his flying speed at 1,000 miles per breath.

There was almost no resistance in the void. At this speed, his consumption was minimal.

As he flew, Han Muye could feel the residual spiritual energy in the void.

These were the traces left behind by the previous battle.

He quickly advanced. An hour later, desolate stars appeared in front of him.

Desolate stars meant that the power of the Heavenly Dao had yet to be produced, or that the power of the Heavenly Dao had already declined and fallen. The stars were silent and lifeless.

Some of these stars were big and some were small. The big ones had a radius of tens of thousands of miles while the small ones had a radius of only a hundred miles. They could be seen everywhere in the void.

There were very few stars in the sky that could be activated by vitality.

The Cloud Heaven Realm had traveled hundreds of millions of miles to attack the small Fire Source World because it had life, Heavenly Dao, and Spiritual Qi.

The star in front of Han Muye was a huge star that was tens of millions of miles in radius.

At this moment, streams of light could be seen interweaving on this star.

Cultivators were attacking one after another.

Han Muye did not rush over rashly. Instead, he quietly landed.

Stepping onto this star filled with soil and rocks without any vegetation or living beings, Han Muye's expression changed.

Heavenly Dao.

The Heavenly Dao was still alive.

There was still a weak Heavenly Dao power left on this star.

However, the power of the Heavenly Dao was too weak and ordinary people could not sense it at all.

Han Muye had gathered the blessings of the Heavenly Dao. With the Earth and Stone Affinity at the maximum level, he could communicate with the Heavenly Dao on an equal footing. Only then could he sense the existence of the Heavenly Dao of this star.

Unfortunately, he was too weak and could not even borrow strength.

Han Muye looked up into the distance.

On the other side, spiritual light and sword light interweaved as rumbling sounds resounded.

Among them, streams of Sword Qi formed a sword net, and a long spear materialized from the purple People's Will and golden Great Spirit struck across the sky.

Such a powerful technique was at the Grandmaster Realm of Confucianism at the very least.

Is a Confucianist Grandmaster surrounded in the void? Han Muye wondered.

Although the Confucian Dao Inheritance was not only in the Heavenly Mystic World, this place was not far from it. This person should be a Confucian Dao Grandmaster in the Heavenly Mystic World, right?

However, he did not know why this Grandmaster had come to the void.

The power of the soil and stones under his feet quietly entered his body, and Han Muye's figure disappeared.

At this moment, even a Heaven Realm expert would find it difficult to detect his existence.

Concealing his aura, he flew away and arrived at the encirclement in a short while.

The vast earth and stone wasteland was endless. Thousands of cultivators and many strange beasts surrounded about a hundred cultivators in black robes and holding swords.

Mystic Sun Guards.

Han Muye did not expect to see the Mystic Sun Guards of the Central Continent.

When nearly a hundred Mystic Sun Guards formed an array at once, Han Muye saw different combat techniques.

The sword light was like a wheel, row after row, almost endless.

One attacked and the other defended. There were fewer than a hundred Mystic Sun Guards divided into two formations. They alternated between offense and defense continuously.

Although there were many powerful enemies around them, it was difficult to break through their defenses for the time being.

Coupled with the great spear condensed by the Confucianist Grandmaster above their heads, the enemies surrounding them did not dare to fight too hard.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

This was the true strength of the Central Continent Dynasty.

A Confucian cultivator with the protection of the Mystic Sun Guards could actually deal with several Heaven Realm experts, thousands of cultivators, and countless strange beasts in the void.

This was under the circumstances that the great cultivators of the Way of Confucianism could not borrow the power of the Way of Heaven and could only activate their supernatural powers with their People's Will and Great Spirit.

With the support of the force of the Heavens and Earth in the Central Continent, such strength could easily sweep through a county.

"Boom!"

A thousand-foot-long saber condensed from spiritual light slashed down and collided with the golden spear.

The long saber broke and dissipated into Spirit Qi. The great spear trembled slightly and the golden light on it dimmed a little.

"Sir, we'll protect you and kill our way out!"

Someone among the Mystic Sun Guards shouted.

Through the layers of sword light, Han Muye saw a middle-aged man in a green and yellow robe. He had a determined expression and remained silent, only holding an ink brush tightly in his hand.

Behind him, the shadow of a large golden seal flickered.

Central Continent Dynasty, Censorate.

This was an official from the Central Continent. Judging from the grade of his robe, he was at least comparable to a county governor.

However, in this void, the Authority Golden Seal could not summon the power of heaven and earth. He relied purely on his own cultivation to condense the Great Spirit to kill. This grandmaster-level Imperial Censor of the Censorate had lost more than half of his combat strength.

If such a grandmaster with the authority of the dynasty was in the Central Continent, he could suppress an entire country with a single word.

"Roar—"

The roars of mutated beasts came from the void. The surrounding mutated beasts began to attack crazily.

This put the Mystic Sun Guards in danger.

"Sir, leave quickly. Wait for another day to lead an army to surround and kill these cultivators from the other world," someone from the Mystic Sun Guards said in a low voice.

**Chapter 425 - 425 Sword Condensation, Slaying the Out of Body Nascent Soul of the Immortal Spirit World (2)**

The Mystic Sun Guards were human too. Even if their combat strength was strong and their will was firm, they would still be pessimistic and desperate in the face of endless enemies.

It was not impossible for a Confucian Grandmaster to leave this place alone.

However, it would be impossible to take all the Mystic Sun Guards away with him.

“The mountains and rivers are broken, and the iron clothes are stained with rust.” The Imperial Censor shook his head with a determined look on his face. He turned the ink brush in his hand, and two lines of poetry appeared.

Using literary qi, he activated the Great Spirit and fused it with the People’s Will, turning it into a mottled iron armor.

The armor looked rusty, but it was also stained with a strange blood color.

The armor flashed and landed on every Mystic Sun Guard below.

Immediately, a golden light appeared on their bodies.

Originally, the attack that would severely injure them and make them vomit blood was actually blocked by the iron armor.

Such methods were truly extraordinary.

However, when they saw the armor, not only were the Mystic Sun Guards unhappy, but they also revealed a trace of sorrow.

They would fight to the death and not retreat.

The Mystic Sun Guards had the duty of guards to begin with, so they did not care about life and death.

However, the Imperial Censor they were protecting wanted to fight to the death with them.

Without another word, the Mystic Sun Guards, who were attacking and defending like a wave, transformed into golden-armored war gods. Sword light condensed, and a thousand-foot-long sword appeared.

“Kill—”

With a loud shout, the golden light turned into a turbulent wave and rushed forward.

Since the Imperial Censor didn’t leave, they would kill to their hearts’ content!

The thousand-foot-long sword slashed down, and a sword light cut open the hundred-mile abyss.

At this moment, no one dared to block the sword of the Mystic Sun Guards.

Within 10 breaths, the sword light swept a hundred miles around him!

The might of the Mystic Sun Guards was truly extraordinary!

The Mystic Sun Guards played a huge role in the Heavenly Mystic World’s conquest of the outer regions.

Unfortunately, it did not last long.

After 10 breaths, the sword light slowly dimmed.

The cultivation technique of the Mystic Sun Guards was similar to the Mystic Suns Technique.

Han Muye looked carefully and understood.

It was not as powerful as the Mystic Suns Technique, which could condense combat power that produced Heaven Realm experts after 60 years. It was relatively mediocre.

However, the cultivation techniques of the Mystic Sun Guards still had the means to condense instantaneous power and sweep off their enemies.

Seeing that the sword light was slowly dimming, Han Muye moved and flew up.

“Who goes there!”

“Stop him!”

“Kill—”

Seeing Han Muye’s figure, the Mystic Sun Guards roared and slashed out sword lights.

Han Muye was in midair, but he did not attack. He only flashed and dodged all the sword lights.

He had already seen through the Mystic Sun Guards’ combat techniques and sword techniques.

This scene made the Mystic Sun Guards widen their eyes.

The middle-aged Imperial Censor, who was wearing a green and yellow robe, frowned as well. He gently raised the ink brush in his hand.

However, when Han Muye landed 1,000 feet away, the ink brush in the Imperial Censor’s hand suddenly stopped.

His gaze fell on Han Muye’s hair.

There was a small black sword there.

“I am Lu Chen from the Imperial Censorate of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty. Where are you stationed to guard?”

Guard?

The Mystic Sun Guards were stunned, then looked at Han Muye. Seeing the small sword in his hair, they were pleasantly surprised.

“Lord Guardian, I, Su He, the 100-man commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, led his subordinates to protect Imperial Censor Lu while investigating the void. We encountered cultivators from the outer realm. Please save us.”

An excited Heavenly Mystic Guard in a commander’s armor shouted, bowed, and cupped his fists at Han Muye.

A guard like Han Muye who could appear in the void was definitely powerful.



Even if they couldn't deal with the enemy in front of them, they could take the Imperial Censor away safely.

Once the Imperial Censor left, the Mystic Sun Guards' task of protecting him would be completed.

"Guard?" Han Muye remembered that this small sword represented the role of guarding the spatial passageway of the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion. It was also a part of the Mystic Sun Guards.

After cultivating the Mystic Suns Technique, he had the qualifications to be a reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards.

"Western Frontier, Han Muye. Greetings, Imperial Censor Lu."

Han Muye raised his hand and bowed to Lu Chen, then cupped his hands gently at Su He, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, who was standing in front of him.

Western Frontier?

Su He was stunned.

Lu Chen narrowed his eyes and stared at Han Muye. "Western Frontier? Heavenly Mystic Western Frontier?"

He nodded.

Lu Chen sized up Han Muye and said, "Did you accidentally enter the void?"

Han Muye nodded again.

At this moment, the faces of the Mystic Sun Guards were filled with disappointment.

They thought that a strong helper had come, but who knew that it was a Western Frontier guard.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, only the Eastern Sea was considered powerful among the four regions. How could there be true experts in the other three regions?

The guards of the Western Frontier couldn't even protect themselves in this void, right?

"Han Muye, leave quickly before the cultivators from the outer realm surround you." Lu Chen looked at Han Muye with a serious expression.

"If you can return to the Heavenly Mystic World safely, report that I, Lu Chen, have been surrounded. This might be able to offset your crime of stepping into the void without permission."

The guards of the Western Frontier were not expected to save anyone. It was good enough that they could escape alive.

Furthermore, he had barged into the void without reporting. This garrison commander of the Western Frontier had left his post without permission. If he returned to the Heavenly Mystic World, he would be held accountable.

Han Muye said nothing.

The Central Continent's Confucianism inheritance was a little pedantic, but most Confucianism cultivators were upright and had righteousness in their hearts.

Such a person might not be flexible, but at critical moments, he was brave enough to take responsibility and sacrifice himself.

The Confucian Dao had ruled the Central Continent for countless years. It was not only suppressed by Minister Wen, but it also had the power of countless cultivators of the Confucian Dao.

Although the black-armored Mystic Sun Guards were good at killing, they could defend like coiled snakes and attack like ferocious tigers.

Most of the Mystic Sun Guards made their own choices when facing enemies.

Perhaps this had something to do with the Mystic Sun sword.

#### **Chapter 427 - 427 Sword Condensation, Slaying the Out of Body Nascent Soul of the Immortal Spirit World (4)**

In the Central Continent, Lu Chen could fight to the point of leaving his body.

In the void, in front of an Out of Body cultivator, the Confucian grandmaster could barely protect himself.

In the void, there were not only Nascent Soul Stage Cultivators, but also several Out of Body Great Seniors.

Lu Chen knew why they were here.

Therefore, he could not leave today.

As for the Mystic Sun Guards beside him and Han Muye in front of him, it was not worth it for them to die with him.

Lu Chen took a step forward and floated in midair. An illusory figure in a long robe and sleeves appeared above his head.

"Buzz!"

The moment this figure appeared, five powerful forces in the distance turned into chains and landed around Lu Chen, imprisoning him.

Lu Chen's expression remained unchanged. His purple People's Will aura and the Great Spirit qi surged, and his clothes fluttered in the wind, making him look like an immortal.

"Han Muye, leave quickly."

Lu Chen shouted and looked into the distance.

"Cultivators of the Way of Confucianism are all about sacrificing one's life for the sake of righteousness. This is the Great Dao.

"Today, Lu Chen seeks justice. My Dao will not end."

The Great Spirit and People's Will in his body dazzled, as if they were about to burn.

The spiritual light chains around him clanked as if they were about to shatter in the next moment.

In the void, several Daoist figures appeared.

Each of them was tall and straight, and their bearing was like the mountains.

As Out of Body cultivators, their souls condensed into their primordial spirits.

This kind of Out of Body primordial spirit could travel thousands of miles in an instant. Its speed in the void could be extremely fast.

Under the suppression of the five Out of Body realm cultivators, Lu Chen's face was as calm as water. He held a jade disc in his hand and stood in the air.

In the next moment, a great cultivator battle broke out in the void.

A battle between great cultivators could shatter thousands of stars and collapse the world.

Han Muye looked up at the sky.

There were strong and weak Out of Body primordial spirits.

Standing at the front, the primordial spirit in golden armor had a solemn aura and a cultivation mark that was different from the Cloud Heaven Realm.

Han Muye had seen this mark before.

Immortal Spirit World.

The Immortal Spirit World fought everywhere. Did the Cloud Heaven Realm submit too?

Then the reason why they surrounded Lu Chen to kill him this time was because of the Heavenly Mystic World behind Lu Chen?

"A Confucianist cultivator from the Heavenly Mystic world, and a grandmaster at that." The golden-armored primordial spirit smiled.

"I can exchange him for a lot of immortal stones."

They used cultivators as wealth.

Lu Chen's face was gloomy. He snorted and the aura of the People's Will surged around him. He activated the Great Spirit and turned it into a light wheel that crashed into the surrounding chains.

"Little friend, can I beg you to help me take him away?" At this moment, Han Muye heard a faint old voice.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He stood on the wasteland and lowered his head. "I wonder why Senior didn't attack yourself?"

The voice pondered for a moment before sighing. "I was greedy and used my own Dao to fuse with this dying Great Dao of Stars.

"I thought that I could turn this star into my own Dao Domain and step into the Half-Saint Realm, but I didn't expect to suffer from it. I can't move for a hundred years, and my cultivation has fused with this star.

"Even if I want to attack now, I can't."

He paused and said softly, "My name is Lu Yuzhou. I'm the deputy head of the Central Continent Imperial City Academy. Lu Chen is my eldest son.

"I didn't expect him to follow the bloodline aura I left behind and find this place.

"I know that you have extraordinary methods. Please make a move."

Imperial City Academy, Lu Yuzhou.

Han Muye had heard this name before.

As the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy, Han Muye had paid attention to the news of Confucianism in the Central Continent.

Lu Yuzhou had disappeared from the Central Continent for a hundred years.

For great cultivators, cultivating in seclusion for a hundred years was a common occurrence. No one cared.

Who would have known that this person was trapped here.

Previously, Han Muye had only thought that this star had completely fallen and that there was still a trace of the Heavenly Dao left.

It turned out that Lu Yuzhou had used his own Great Dao to extend his life.

Han Muye had just used a trace of the power of soil and rocks to cover his tracks, but he did not expect to expose himself in front of Lu Yuzhou and let him sense his strength.

"Boom!"

In the sky, the chains around Lu Chen were completely locked.

The power of Lu Chen could not stop the five Out of Body realm cultivators.

Furthermore, that Out of Body Venerable from the Immortal Spirit World was clearly extremely powerful.

Behind him, all the Mystic Sun Guards revealed looks of despair.

Life and death was a small matter, but negligence was a big deal.

Su He shouted and led the Mystic Sun Guards behind him.

They were just like moths flying into the flames.

Han Muye shook his head, put away his two swords, and gently straightened his body.

"Since Senior has entrusted it to me, this Junior will help once."

As he muttered, the golden aura on Han Muye's body turned into a long sword.

The Soul Sword Qi was his bones, and the Great Spirit was his skin.

Just as the sword light rose, another purple sword floated.

The sword will was the bones, and the qi of the People's Will was the expression.

The two swords hovered in the air. The People's Will and the Great Spirit condensed into one, turning into a 10,000-foot-long sword of light.

The sword struck out, suppressing the void for tens of thousands of miles.

There was no path in the void. This sword was the Dao.

With Dao Preservation, the power of heaven and earth pressed down in all directions.

At this moment, the fallen star seemed to have awakened.

"Confucian Dao, Grandmaster..." Lu Chen's eyes were filled with confusion.

How did the Western Frontier guard become a Confucian Grandmaster?

Su He and the Mystic Sun Guards behind him were frozen in midair, their eyes wide with shock.

Why is there a Confucian Grandmaster?

A Confucian Grandmaster who can kill people with a sword?

How did that sword cultivator who had dominated with a single sword move become a Confucian Grandmaster?

"Thousands of miles of sharpness formed a sword that cut through the galaxy and turned it into frost."

The phantom of Confucianism appeared above Han Muye's head. He wore a long robe with big sleeves and a high crown and jade belt. He composed a poem with his mouth, and the poem fused with the sword.

Sword poem!

"Boom!"

The 100,000-foot-long sword slashed down, drawing on the power of poetry and talent. It shone with the light of the soul as it slashed at the head of the Primordial Spirit of the Out of Body Great Senior from the Celestial Spirit World.

Panic flashed across the Out of Body great senior's face. He raised a jade disc, a golden talisman, and a small jade bell in front of him.

Dharma treasures.

Every single one of them was a magic treasure!

This cultivator from the Immortal Spirit World had three magic treasures hidden on him.

With such wealth, he could be said to be rich.

At this moment, Han Muye still had the time to sigh.

Looking at the three magic treasures being shattered by the long sword, he felt his heart ache.

If only they were all his...

“Boom!”

The dharma treasures shattered and the primordial spirit in them was severed by a single strike!

The sword had the light of the spirit and was suppressed by the Great Spirit. The power of the primordial spirit could not be gathered. After shaking a few times, it finally turned into nothingness and a soaring spiritual light rose.

The primordial spirit of an Out of Body cultivator had fallen!

The huge sword soared through the air, shining with golden light.

Killing the primordial spirit of an Out of Body cultivator and contaminating the sword with the power of the primordial spirit was a great tonic for the soul.

The loss of this sword could more or less be replenished.

Unfortunately, more primordial spiritual power dissipated and was absorbed by the stars below.

Even the treasure fragment was devoured by the star.

How thirsty was the...

“Lord Yuyang has been killed!” someone among the remaining four Out of Body primordial spirits shouted.

The other three also had panicked expressions.

“It’s over. This is a direct descendant of a major sect in the Immortal Spirit World. What... what should we do?!”

The few Out of Body Primordial Spirits panicked and turned to run. It was unknown if they were intimidated by the sword light in the sky or if the identity of the dead cultivator was really special.

With the great cultivators fleeing, how could the other Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators dare to stay?

In an instant, the birds and beasts dispersed.

Han Muye dispersed the sword light above his head regretfully and felt the nascent soul power inside.

He used his talent to create a poem and fused the poem with the sword. The sword contained the power of the soul, the righteousness, and endless people’s expectations. With the primordial spirit in front, he could cut it down with a single strike.

This sword was the nemesis of the primordial spirit.

Han Muye felt that after killing a few more primordial spirits, his soul could advance further.

What a pity.

Of course, even if these primordial spirits did not leave, Han Muye would not attack again.

His cultivation could not last more than a few strikes. How could he waste it here?

“Han...” Lu Chen, whose chains had shattered, walked forward, cupped his hands, and said awkwardly to Han Muye.

Was it Guardian Han or Grandmaster Han?

Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands behind Lu Chen.

“Senior Lu Yuzhou, I did not disappoint you.”

Lu Chen’s expression froze and his entire body trembled. He did not dare to look back.

### **Chapter 428 - 428 Heaven’s Movement is Ever Vigorous, Entering the Half-Saint Realm!**

428 Heaven’s Movement is Ever Vigorous, Entering the Half-Saint Realm!

Behind Lu Chen stood an old man with disheveled hair. He wore a gray hemp garment and had a kind smile on his face.

His figure was not tall, and his waist was a little bent. However, his aura was compatible with this star, making people feel a little out of sorts.

If not for the fact that he was dozens of feet away and had revealed himself, even Han Muye would not have been able to see this being.

Lu Yuzhou, Deputy Head of the Imperial City Academy in the Heavenly Mystic World.

He was a peak Confucian Dao Grandmaster.

Lu Chen finally came back to his senses and slowly turned around.

Han Muye could see his fists clench and his back straighten.

A complicated expression appeared on Lu Yuzhou’s face as he sighed softly. “Silly child, why did you have to come...”

Bang!

Lu Chen punched Lu Yuzhou’s face, causing him to fall to the ground.

“Unfilial son, unfilial son—” Lu Yuzhou shouted in pain while covering his nosebleed.

Han Muye’s eyes widened as he watched Lu Yuzhou being punched and kicked by Lu Chen.

“Who told you to leave without saying goodbye!

“Who told you to leave the mess in the Imperial City for me!

“Who told you not to pay your debts!”

...

Lu Chen gritted his teeth and waved his fists. He did not look like a Confucian Grandmaster at all.

Lu Yuzhou held his head as he lay on the ground. At first, he was still shouting, “Unfilial son, I shouldn’t have given birth to you. If you hit me again, I’ll turn hostile and crush you with a finger. Unfilial son, I should have shot you into the wall back then.”

After that, Lu Yuzhou stopped shouting. He looked like he was about to die as he convulsed on the ground.

In the distance, Su He and the Mystic Sun Guards turned their heads away.

Han Muye felt that he should have gone forward to stop him.

After all, the Confucian Dao emphasized seniority. It was really rare for a son to hit his father so ruthlessly.

No, if he really killed him, wouldn’t his favor just now be for nothing?

“Cough cough, Censor Lu, Senior Lu Yuzhou’s cultivation is compatible with the star. He’s already in his twilight years. I’m afraid he won’t be able to withstand a beating.

“Why don’t you be gentler, or beat him slowly?” Han Muye took a step forward and said loudly.

Lu Chen’s raised fist froze and slowly retracted.

Turning around, he looked at Han Muye and sighed softly. “Brother Han, it’s really unfortunate...”

On the ground, Lu Yuzhou, who was holding his head, turned around and looked away.

Han Muye looked around and said softly, “Censor Lu, why don’t we talk somewhere else?”

“Let’s go. I’ll take you to a place.” Before Lu Chen could answer, Lu Yuzhou had already gotten up. He patted the dust off his robe and strode forward.

This figure was agile and did not look like he was pretending to be dead on the ground.

Of course, a great cultivator of Confucianism who had a chance of reaching the Half-Saint Realm would need a body cultivator in the Divine Transformation Realm to use all his strength to kill him.

It was unknown if there were any Semi-God Realm body cultivators in this world.

Lu Yuzhou led the way while Lu Chen and Han Muye walked side by side.

Behind him, Su He and the other sword-wielding guards quickly followed.

“Brother Han, are you really the guard of the Western Frontier?” Lu Chen turned to look at Han Muye with curiosity.

How could a guard from the Western Frontier have the combat strength of a Confucian Grandmaster?

Han Muye nodded and said, “Speaking of which, it was all a coincidence.”



Really.

Whether it was this small black sword, the Spell of the Mortal World that could cultivate the Great Spirit qi, or the People's Will that had gathered from the Central Continent, it was all a coincidence.

Han Muye did not intentionally seek them.

Lu Chen opened his mouth, but no words came out.

Cultivating Confucianism took one step at a time, leaving a mark with every whip. That was the accumulation of endless hard work. When had there ever been a coincidence?

"Look, studying is not enough. I have to go out more to broaden my horizons."

Lu Yuzhou, who was leading the way, said earnestly.

"In that case, is not returning to the Imperial City and spending your time in brothels outside all year round broadening your horizons?"

"I'll go and broaden my horizons one day," Lu Chen said with a cold snort.

Lu Yuzhou's shoulders trembled as he said in a low voice, "That, that won't do. You're the eldest son of the Lu family. How can you go to those places?"

Hearing his words, a hint of warmth flashed across Lu Chen's eyes.

Then he heard Lu Yuzhou muttering, "Speaking of which, I haven't been there for more than a hundred years. The boat lady over there should have changed many times, right? Then it's fine. It doesn't matter if I go..."

Lu Chen's eyes flashed with anger.

Han Muye turned his head and looked around.

The wilderness stretched continuously without any signs of life.

These stars were dead silent.

Not right!

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

"You've noticed? Your senses are really sharp." Lu Yuzhou, who was leading the way, chuckled. His figure flashed as he sped forward.

In front of him was a lush forest!

Amidst this deathly stillness of the stars, there was a place with life!

Lu Chen was taken aback as well. He quickly followed behind.

Han Muye was faster. With just a move, he had already landed in front of the forest.

Although it was called a forest, it was actually just a few dozen pine trees that were more than 10 feet tall. There was also a half-dead grassland below.

In total, it was only 30 to 40 feet in radius.

However, no matter how small it was, it still represented the final life force of the planet.

As long as one's vitality was not severed, there was a possibility of regeneration!

Han Muye leaned in front of the withered grass with a solemn expression.

He placed his head on the blade of grass, and a gentle light flashed in his eyes.

At this moment, he seemed to see the last bit of stubbornness in this world.

He saw the destruction of the world, the collapse of the Heavenly Dao, and the ablation of living beings.

An old man wearing a robe and holding a jade ruler came here to protect this last bit of life.

The old man protected these plants with his cultivation and watered them every day with his cultivation.

Day after day, the power in the old man's body dried up.

The withered grass was also dying.

#### **Chapter 429 - 429 Heaven's Movement is Ever Vigorous, Entering the Half-Saint Realm! (2)**

429 Heaven's Movement is Ever Vigorous, Entering the Half-Saint Realm! (2)

But they were all stubbornly persevering.

They persisted for a hundred years.

Approaching them, Lu Chen had a solemn expression on his face. He lowered his head and looked at the withered grass and the small trees.

"Hmph, it's not even enough to nail the coffin lid for you," he muttered, but his expression softened.

Lu Yuzhou grinned and slowly sat beside a small tree.

"Sigh, after cultivating for a while, I didn't expect to die with the stars one day."

The divine light in his eyes gradually dimmed.

He was really exhausted.

The last life force of this planet had consumed all its power.

Unfortunately, the stars couldn't be revived. He could only die along with them.

In the distance, Su He and the others who had rushed over looked at each other. They knelt on one knee and lowered their heads.

This was a sign of respect for a great cultivator of Confucianism.

"There's also the heart of the star in this star. It can be considered a supreme treasure.

"I've used my Spiritual Soul and cultivation to nurture this Heart of Stars for a hundred years. It's not against the laws of heaven and earth for you to take it away."

Leaning against the tree trunk, Lu Yuzhou's body was filled with a declining aura.

"I've cultivated for a thousand years. I drifted in the mortal world, and it was not easy for me to cling to Confucianism.

"When I was powerless to break through, I thought that I would have no regrets if I left behind my bloodline inheritance.

"Lu Chen, I feel guilty towards you brothers."

Lu Yuzhou looked up at Lu Chen.

At this moment, this peak Confucian Grandmaster cultivator was like an ordinary old man, his eyes filled with nostalgia.

"I've been an instructor in the Imperial City Academy for 300 years and a deputy head for 100 years, but I've never taught you brothers for a day.

"Sit down. Today, listen to me teach you a lesson."

Slowly sitting up straight, Lu Yuzhou's body exuded a trace of serious power.

Lu Chen had a complicated expression on his face. In the end, he nodded and sat cross-legged in front of Lu Yuzhou.

Han Muye also took a step back and sat cross-legged.

"My Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao can be traced back to 130,000 years ago.

"What is Confucianism?

"People need to know. Everything in the world has its own path. How can people be righteous?

"The Way of Heaven and Earth advocates nature, but the Way of Confucianism has to uphold justice.

"Why?

"If the heart can't keep promises and uphold righteousness, what's the difference between humans and plants?"

At this point, Lu Yuzhou raised his hand and stroked the small pine tree beside him.

"Actually, plants know how to keep their promises."

Following Lu Yuzhou's words, the small tree vibrated as if it was responding.

The withered grass at the side fluttered in the wind.

'The wind?'

How could there be wind in a dead land?

Han Muye looked up.

In the distant sky, spiritual light surged.

The Cloud Heaven Realm cultivators had left and returned.

“Haha, listen, listen. If you’re so distracted in my class, I’ll definitely beat you up.” Lu Yuzhou laughed and glanced at Han Muye. Then he said, “Cultivation is most particular about the mental state.

“Your cultivation of Confucianism came by chance, so you have to seek peace of mind.

“I see that you use poetry as a sword. Your literary aura really traverses the world. If you can practice this Dao often, you can definitely become a Confucianist.

“It’s a pity that I won’t be able to see this lineage flourish...”

Holding the small tree behind him, Lu Yuzhou stood up shakily and looked up at the sky.

Spiritual light covered the sky as boundless power came crashing down.

“How dare you kill my son Yuyang? You and the realm behind you will be buried with him!”

A voice sounded, like thunder shaking the mountains and rivers.

On the dead star, countless winds rose and mountains collapsed!

A single word from him could shatter the heavens and earth. Such an expert must have already surpassed the Out of Body Primordial Spirit realm and become a Heaven Realm Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator!

A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator could kill everyone with a single glance!

Even though Han Muye was a Confucian Grandmaster and had all kinds of treasures to protect himself, he would not be able to last another breath on this dead star.

Divine Transformation Realm cultivator, the last level of the Heaven Realm, the last realm in the world, the person closest to immortality.

In front of such an expert, it was an honor to be able to last for a breath.

The Mystic Sun Guards all vomited blood and fell to their knees. Lu Chen’s face was pale, and the People’s Will and Great Spirit around him were activated to the extreme.

Han Muye’s face was as dark as water as he deliberated his trump card.

There was no chance at all.

The Immortal Spirit World was truly too powerful.

He could only look up to the Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.

“Hehe, today’s last lesson, I’ll show you what Confucianism cultivation is.”

Lu Yuzhou, who had barely managed to get up, chuckled as he reached out to break off a pine branch and held it in his hand.

Every step he took, he paused. An indescribable power surged from Lu Yuzhou's body.

"When I shatter the star later, the heart of the star will protect you as you leave."

Lu Yuzhou's expression was indifferent as he walked forward step by step. Above his head, the phantom of a handsome middle-aged man in a long robe with big sleeves and a jade crown on his head appeared.

"We are Confucianists, and we do what we can."

"There's a Dao in the world. Once you understand benevolence and righteousness, you should dedicate your life to upholding them."

The illusory figure shouted. Golden light and purple qi intertwined in the sky, turning into a long purple-gold ruler.

"Order of the Infinite Worlds."

As soon as he finished speaking, the world became clear!

The stars, which were shaken by the spiritual energy in front of them, turned into nothingness.

Endless spirit qi was pressed onto the stars, as if they were about to wake up.

"Heaven and Earth give birth to light."

The illusory figure shouted again. Spiritual light flashed in the void, as if it was daytime!

Heaven and earth gave birth to light!

At this moment, although Lu Yuzhou was not a Confucian Sage, he had the power of a Sage.

This power came from the last glory of his thousand years of bitter cultivation.

Enveloped by the spiritual light, a Daoist in a jade-colored robe appeared.

The Daoist wore a jade crown and a jade-colored robe. There was a sword at his waist and a jade plate in his hand.

### **Chapter 430 - 430 Heaven's Movement is Ever Vigorous, Entering the Half-Saint Realm! (3)**

#### **430 Heaven's Movement is Ever Vigorous, Entering the Half-Saint Realm! (3)**

The Daoist's expression was dark and filled with killing intent.

"So it's Heavenly Mystic's mouth."

“You guys hiding in the corner talk about benevolence, but in the end, you’re just a group of incompetent and pitiful worms.

“Today, I will lock your soul and find out your identity. Go to the Heavenly Mystic World and ask that coward Wen Mosheng for an explanation.”

The Daoist shouted coldly. Green gas rose from his body and knocked away Lu Yuzhou’s spiritual light.

“Boom!”

The two powerful forces collided, causing the void to tremble.

The Daoist was sent flying thousands of miles away. Lu Yuzhou’s body arched as he coughed continuously and blood spewed from his mouth.

Lu Chen stood on the spot with a sorrowful expression.

“Actually, we don’t blame him...

“Our Lu family takes care of those boatwomen.

“Cultivating the heart in the mortal world. I know that besides cultivating the heart, he’s also cultivating himself.”

Lu Chen turned to look at Han Muye.

“Brother Han, take this Heart of Stars with you later.

“If the father is in trouble, the son will take responsibility.

“I can’t take care of Lu Yuzhou in his old age. I should die with him.”

Bowing to Han Muye, Lu Chen’s Great Spirit intertwined with the purple HPeople’s Will qi as he walked forward step by step.

Lu Yuzhou was stunned and turned around in shock.

“Idiot...”

Pain flashed across Lu Yuzhou’s face. In the end, he sighed.

“Our Lu family’s inheritance shouldn’t be cut off like this...

“It’s not cut off.” Lu Chen’s expression was indifferent.

“You owe too much. The Lu family’s foundation has been emptied. My legitimate son, Lu Yang, would have to be raised poor. He’s rich in martial arts but poor in the literary arts. Lu Yang is now acting ruthlessly in the Mystic Sun Guards and has earned the reputation of a butcher.

“In the future, the Lu family will not be pedantic Confucian scholars anymore.”

Pedantic Confucian.

Lu Yuzhou had a complicated expression on his face. He shook his head and then nodded.

“Alright, I won’t cultivate Confucianism then.”

He turned around and looked into the distance.

The Immortal Spirit World Daoist had already crossed a thousand miles and arrived with a whoosh.

A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator could cross a thousand miles in less than a hundred breaths.

“Hehe, what a big fish.

“To be able to attract the power of this dead star, the heart of the star must still be there.

“The heart of a star can condense an incarnation.



“It’s not a loss to exchange the life of a legitimate son for an incarnation.”

The Daoist sneered and the jade plate in his hand flew out. Endless spiritual light enveloped the entire sky.

“If this was the Heavenly Mystic Realm, I might not be your match.

“Unfortunately, you can only be an old and rotten scholar on this dead star.”

His gaze landed on Lu Chen, who was standing in front of Lu Yuzhou. The Daoist gritted his teeth and said, “So you’re father and son. Then I’ll let you experience the pain of losing your son first!”

As soon as the Daoist finished speaking, the jade plate in his hand turned and collided with Lu Chen with endless pressure.

A dense pressure suppressed Lu Chen’s body, making him unable to move at all.

A Confucian Grandmaster could not even lift a finger in front of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.

Lu Yuzhou’s expression was decisive as the phantom above his head exploded.

The purple People's Will and the golden Great Spirit Qi combined to form a light curtain that protected Lu Chen.

"You're wrong. As long as the father is alive, the son will be safe."

Lu Yuzhou's body shone with a light that could not be looked at directly. He raised the wooden staff in his hand.

Heaven and earth shook and collapsed right in front of him.

This attack would be the final blow.

At this moment, the star was wailing.

This voice lingered in Han Muye's ears.

"Is this the world's sorrow?"

Han Muye turned around and saw that the small pine trees were trembling slightly.

Even if there were only a few small trees and grass left in this world, they still had their own sorrows, right?

“You don’t want to see him die either, right?”

Han Muye muttered.

He wasn’t talking to himself.

He was talking to the ground beneath his feet.

His voice could be heard in this land.

From the moment he landed on the planet, the earth had been calling out to him.

Therefore, Han Muye would have attacked.

Even without Lu Yuzhou’s request, Han Muye would have made a move.

This was a plea from the world.

“I don’t know if I can save him.”

Han Muye sighed softly and looked up. There was a faint spiritual light flashing behind him.

Heavenly Crane Wings.

If he couldn't save him, he would leave without hesitation.

One day, he would go to the Immortal Spirit World to avenge Lu Yuzhou and his son.

"Senior Lu, do you know that the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth exists forever?"

Purple aura surged from Han Muye's body.

Under his feet, there was a green plant affinity, a yellow soil affinity, and a light green water affinity that spread in all directions.

Lu Yuzhou turned around and saw the extremely dense halo on Han Muye's body.

"Senior, do you have the Dao of Earth tomorrow?" Han Muye shouted.

Lu Yuzhou's eyes were clear and blank.

"Heaven and earth have their own Dao..."

"There's a Dao in Heaven and Earth..."

For a moment, Lu Yuzhou's aura was unstable.

Originally, he thought that he had already grasped the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. Now that he looked at it again, it was actually an illusion.

What was Dao?

Behind Han Muye, the shadow of a jade crown and scarf appeared.

"Senior, the Dao of Heaven and Earth is about self-improvement and virtue."

Han Muye raised his hand and held an ink brush in his palm.

Words appeared in the sky.

"Heaven's movement is ever vigorous..."

"Boom!"

Thousands of miles of lightning shone in the void!

“Heaven’s movement is ever vigorous...” Lu Yuzhou muttered.

The expression of the Daoist opposite him changed. He wanted to raise his hand, but he seemed to be suppressed by a force and could not move at all.

“Heaven’s movement is ever vigorous, and a gentleman strives for self-improvement.”

Under Han Muye’s ink brush, a line of words appeared.

Lu Yuzhou’s face was flushed and the aura on his body vibrated. It went from decay to surging to rushing into the sky!

At this moment, his body was no longer hunched, and his eyes were no longer turbid. The energy and blood in his body stirred up clouds like a tornado.

Entering the Dao!

He had become a saint after hearing the Dao!

Half-Saint!

Opposite him, the Daoist’s expression changed drastically. Gritting his teeth, the jade plate in his hand exploded.

Just as the jade plate shattered and countless spiritual lights scattered, a line of golden words landed on the dead star.

“The terrain is vast, and a gentleman strives to be virtuous.”

Golden light, cloud energy, earth and stone affinity, water and wood affinity, converged into one.

The small pine trees swayed gently. The grass was ostentatious and verdant.

A gentleman strives to be virtuous.

At this moment, the world woke up.