

Pavilion 431

Chapter 431 - 431 The Constellation Awakens, A Realm Becomes a County

A world with a spirit should be full of life.

What was life?

There were flowers, birds, insects, fish, plants, and wind and rain.

Life force was the life force of all living things.

The earth, stone, water, and wood affinity that Han Muye emitted continued to spread thousands of kilometers away, then enveloped the entire planet.

The distance was too far, so far that Han Muye could not sense it with all his soul power.

The only thing he could do was to use his affinity power to resonate with the power of this great star.

The world seemed to be panting.

Like a giant, he wanted to stand up.

He tried his best to stand up.

All Han Muye could do was use his strength to help the giant stand up.

Just like those two lines.

In the sky, Lu Yuzhou looked up and laughed.

“Heaven’s movement is vigorous, the terrain is vast, heaven’s movement is vigorous, the terrain is vast...”

“In the next 10,000 years, I will share the sorrows and joys with this world!”

Lu Yuzhou looked up at the sky and let out a long cry. The halo around his body turned into a spiritual rain that filled the sky and rained down.

The rain nurtured all things!

This silent world became colorful because of the spiritual rain.

Just like a hundred years ago, Lu Yuzhou fused his power with this world.

“Boom!”

A resplendent light screen appeared in the void.

Great Dao Heavenly Barrier!

The stars had revived!

The Divine Transformation Realm cultivator of the Immortal Spirit Realm paled. His figure kept changing, but he could not move at all.

His eyes were filled with fear as he stared at Lu Yuzhou, who stood tall and straight in front of him. His body was shrouded in purple-golden aura, making him look like an immortal.

Lu Yuzhou's gaze landed on him with a smile.

"I, Huo Shanlin, will definitely take revenge for what happened today." The Daoist gritted his teeth and shouted. Then, spiritual light exploded from his body.

He wanted to explode!

A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator wanted to self-destruct!

The smile on Lu Yuzhou's face did not change as he looked at the surging and violent spiritual light.

"Hehe, if you come with your true body, I won't be able to stop you from self-destructing.

"You're just an incarnation in my Sage Dao Domain. What can I do to you?"

As Lu Yuzhou spoke, dark words appeared in his hand.

Those words turned into a 10,000-foot-long stone tablet and smashed onto the body of the Divine Transformation Realm cultivator named Huo Shanlin.

The stone tablet smashed down, and Huo Shanlin's body shattered. However, he was enveloped by a black halo and smashed into the ground.

Han Muye watched the stone tablet hit the ground and felt something.

The Divine Transformation Realm cultivator did not die. This incarnation was only suppressed here.

Why not just kill him?

With the power of one star and the power of a Half-Saint, he couldn't kill a semi-god Realm incarnation?

It was not that.

The dead semi-god Realm warriors were just a wisp of spiritual qi that nourished the world.

A living Divine Transformation Realm expert could continuously sharpen the power of heaven and earth and continuously extract its power.

One day, one year, 10 years, 100 years...

A day was not much, but the benefits extracted over 1,000 or 10,000 years were countless times greater than the benefits obtained from a single kill.

No wonder the Heavenly Mystic World was suppressing those great cultivators and demons from outside the realm. It turned out that they were slowly exploiting these cultivators and powerful demons as raw materials.

Just as the black stone tablet penetrated the ground, a tremor came from Han Muye's soul.

He seemed to see endless lava deep underground.

It was the Heart of the Stars!

At this moment, scorching lava gathered with unimaginable power.

However, this power was not for destruction, but for rebirth.

Flames did not exist for destruction.

In an instant, flames rose from Han Muye's divine treasures, his sea of Qi, and his dantian.

The fire seemed to burn through his meridians and bones, but he did not feel any pain. Instead, he felt warm all over.

Fire Affinity maxed out!

This was the peak of fire affinity. It could bathe in fire and not die!

In the future, with the power of the flames on his body, not only would Han Muye not be injured, but he could also borrow its power.

He opened his palm, and a fiery red spiritual pearl the size of a pigeon egg surged and jumped.

"Is this the Heart of the Stars?"

He could feel the throbbing power in this bead and the endless power that seemed to be about to explode.

"This is the heart of the stars, and yet it's not." In the sky, Lu Yuzhou, who was holding a wooden staff, slowly walked down and looked at the fiery red pearl in Han Muye's palm.

"If this star is destroyed, all its power will be injected into this pearl, turning into the heart of the star that will nurture the next star.

"Now that this star has regained its vitality, this pearl can't be considered the heart of the star without the infusion of star power."

The smile on Lu Yuzhou's face did not fade as he looked at Han Muye. "If it was the Heart of the Stars, you probably wouldn't be able to activate it for a long time. Now you can use this Star Spirit Pearl."

As for how to use it, Lu Yuzhou did not elaborate.

Since it could be used, he would go back and figure it out.

Han Muye put the pearl away impolitely.

This was the reward this world gave him.

On this star, Han Muye had used all his strength to kill the Out of Body cultivator with a single strike. Then he activated his own strength to help Lu Yuzhou become a Half-Saint and revive this star.

He had to make up for the losses of these methods, right?

There was no such thing as free labor in this world.

Lu Yuzhou raised his hand and a long sword appeared in front of him.

“This is the sword of the Divine Transformation Realm cultivator. It’s a magic treasure. I’ve already locked the sword spirit inside and suppressed it. Slowly wear down the power inside. You should be able to refine it within a hundred years.”

Magic treasures had spirits. Those with strong spirituality could directly transform into human forms.

Han Muye had such a magical weapon.

The sword of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator was also a magic treasure. Of course, the sword spirit was powerful.

Lu Yuzhou was thoughtful enough to suppress the sword spirit.

Han Muye nodded, took the sword, and put it away.

Chapter 432 - 432 The Constellation Awakens, A Realm Becomes a County (2)

“Hmph, giving away all the good stuff.” Lu Chen’s voice came from behind Lu Yuzhou.

Although he said that, there was a smile on his face.

He looked at Han Muye and nodded gently.

“Don’t worry, everything that belongs to me will be yours in the future,” Lu Yuzhou said proudly as he looked around with a gratified expression.

“I’ll bring this Starry Dao Territory back to the Heavenly Mystic World in the Central Continent and turn it into a county. You’ll be the county governor.

“From now on, the Lu family will guard this county.

“Didn’t you say that my eldest grandson is in the Mystic Sun Guards? Transfer him over.

“Let’s build a city and dig a river outside the city. The river is filled with pleasure boats...”

Lu Yuzhou waved his arms, his eyes shining.

When Lu Chen heard his words, he smiled. He did not stop him or refute him.

“Buzz!”

Not far away, a spiritual light shook.

One figure after another appeared.

Thirteen green-robed youths of different heights and faces stood there. Dozens of girls in green clothes followed behind.

This was formed by the dozen or so small pine trees and the grass.

As the world recovered, the last living beings on this star also received a rich power.

These young men and women bowed to Lu Yuzhou.

Lu Yuzhou smiled and pointed at Lu Chen. “This is your big brother, Eldest Senior Brother.”

He pointed at Han Muye. "This is your Uncle-Master Han."

Lu Chen turned to look at Han Muye. "Uncle-Master Han?"

Han Muye smiled.

In the end, Lu Chen did not acknowledge Han Muye as his Uncle-Master.

According to him, it was better for him and Han Muye to call each other brothers.

Lu Chen invited Han Muye to the Imperial City Academy. Lu Yuzhou said that Han Muye was extremely talented. If he went to the Imperial City Academy to further his studies, he would definitely be reborn.

Lu Yuzhou urged the star to move towards the Heavenly Mystic World.

The huge star flew and crushed the surrounding stars and meteorites.

Heaven and earth howled.

Han Muye watched from the side as Lu Yuzhou bragged about how he had overturned a flower boat back then.

Sages were formless, and the mortal world refined the heart.

Han Muye felt that the handsome Lu Yuzhou in front of him did not look like a cultivator who had already stepped into the Half-Saint realm.

He was a real person with flesh and blood.

But now, this person was stepping on a star with a radius of 10 million miles and flying in the air.

"My Dao Domain is lacking and doesn't have any treasures.

"After transforming into a county in the Central Continent, it needs to be nurtured continuously. There are hundreds of things to be done."

Lu Yuzhou turned to look at Han Muye. "You guard the Western Frontier. We can exchange what we need."

After saying that, he pointed at the solemn-looking Lu Chen. "This guy is probably not good at doing business.

"Brother Han, you have to help your nephew."

Lu Chen pulled a long face. "You don't have to worry about us brothers."

They were all brothers. Han Muye nodded.

The star flew and traveled thousands of miles in an instant. The rumbling astral winds in the void brought out a light shadow that was tens of thousands of miles long.

"Wen Mosheng has to thank me. With the infusion of star power, his plan has a higher chance of winning," Lu Yuzhou muttered. Then a stream of light shone on his body.

The huge star flashed with a halo and smashed into the void in front of it.

In the void, the power of space flashed and enveloped the huge star.

When the spatial power disappeared, Han Muye saw a dazzling galaxy in front of him.

Among them, the most dazzling was an endless land.

This was the Heavenly Mystic World.

They passed through space and arrived at another void.

It explained the matter.

“It’s not unreasonable for those guys from the Immortal Spirit World to call Wen Mosheng a coward.” Lu Yuzhou looked ahead and grinned.

“But who would be willing to share this world with others and use it to collide with other worlds?”

His voice was filled with emotion.

Han Muye nodded quickly.

Exactly.

This world was so beautiful and brilliant. In the galaxy, every star emitted vitality. The endless land was lush.

Who wouldn’t cherish and protect such a world?

Lu Yuzhou turned around and looked at Han Muye, his expression turning solemn. “In a world, there can only be one absolute Sage in a Great Dao. Wen Mosheng has already become a Sage. If you want to take that step, you have to make your choice.”

This was the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, and also the limit of the power that Heaven and Earth could bear.

The existence of the Dao had its support.

The Confucian Dao in this world relied on Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng.

Han Muye nodded, his gaze landing on the endless world.

“That must be my Western Frontier.”

He pointed at the vast land to the west of the world.

“I’ll return to the Western Frontier first. When I go to the Central Continent, I’ll discuss Dao and drink with Brother Lu.”

With that, his body turned into a stream of light. The wings on his back flapped and disappeared in a flash.

“Okay, I like drinking.”

“Of course. This wine—”

Lu Yuzhou and Lu Chen turned around and looked at each other.

Who is Brother Lu?

How impudent.

“Who would have thought that after Duan Jiuxiao and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian left the Heavenly Mystic World, such a character would appear again.

“The Heavenly Mystic World is the land of spiritual energy in the myriad worlds. The Heavenly Dao should be thriving.”

Lu Yuzhou turned around and sighed.

Lu Chen nodded.

He was really a rare figure in the world.

“I, Lu Yuzhou, have also worked hard, but why don’t any of you have such talent...” Lu Yuzhou’s muttering made Lu Chen’s expression darken.

“Boom!”

In front of him, the world shook. The stars under Lu Yuzhou’s feet began to transform into a piece of land with a radius of millions of miles and crashed into it.

Chapter 433 - 433 The Constellation Awakens, A Realm Becomes a County (3)

“There’s Han Muye in the Western Frontier. The demons of the Southern Wasteland are nothing to worry about. I’ll guard the east for Heavenly Mystic.”

Lu Yuzhou stood in the sky and shouted.

“Alright, Brother Lu, please take charge of the Heavenly East. This place can be called Eastern Mountain County.”

A voice rang out between heaven and earth.

A golden light turned into a huge seal.

Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng.

Eastern Mountain County.

Lu Yuzhou bowed.

Between heaven and earth, phantoms appeared and cupped their hands at Lu Yuzhou.

“Old Lu, did you comprehend it?”

“Old Master Lu, you can feel elated now.”

“Brother Yuzhou, you’re really an outstanding person.”

“Deputy head Lu, when will you return?”

...

Heaven and Earth transformed into a Heavenly Mystic County and trembled.

The entire Heavenly Mystic World could sense such a major event.

For a moment, everyone's discussion was about this new county.

Lu Yuzhou from the Imperial City Academy became a Half-Saint one day, suppressing the stars and adding another county to the Heavenly Mystic world.

This brand new county was filled with countless opportunities.

Even Jiang Ming, Kong Chaode, and the others rubbed their palms together, wanting to lead the trade route to the Eastern Mountain County.

On the other hand, Jin Jialin had prepared all sorts of treasures and vowed to become the number one merchant in the Eastern Mountain County.

Han Muye, who had returned from the outer realm, responded to them casually.

However, when Kong Chaode's caravan and the Jin family's caravan set off, he took out an envelope.

There was nothing in the envelope except for Han Muye's name.

Enough.

"Brother Han, I didn't expect you to be able to connect with the Eastern Mountain County." Jin Jialin's face was filled with joy.

"Speaking of which, that newly-advanced Half-Saint had many affairs in the past. Could it be that Brother Han is related to him?"

Jin Jialin's eyes were filled with gossip.

Han Muye would not tell him anything about the outer realm. He only instructed Kong Chaode and the others to bring more spiritual herb seeds from Green Ray Mountain when they went to the Eastern Mountain County.

Living beings were scarce in the Eastern Mountain County, so it was a good place to cultivate spiritual herbs.

After dealing with the miscellaneous matters, Han Muye went into seclusion.

In the war in the outer realm, he had suffered a lot and gained a lot.

The Heavenly Crane Wings was a rare treasure. It could fly extremely fast in the void. However, due to his physical strength being insufficient, it was difficult for him to activate it to its maximum speed.

He still had to improve his physical body cultivation in the future.

The Soul of the Sword combined with the Sword Intent, the People's Will, and the Great Spirit formed a sword.

This power was so strong that it could slash out of one's body.

However, the losses were really huge.

Han Muye felt that if he didn't have enough rewards in the future, he would never use such a sword again.

He was burning his family fortune.

There would always be gains from giving.

Han Muye did not expect his fire attribute affinity to reach the maximum level.

With the fire attribute affinity, not only could he survive in the flames without being injured, but he could also feel the changes in the flames when refining pills.

It was very helpful to his alchemy cultivation.

Moreover, with the affinity of the fire attribute, when he used the Fire Lineage Sword Technique and cultivated the fire attribute cultivation technique, he could achieve twice the result with half the effort and increase his combat strength.

Now that he was using the Prairie Fire Sword Technique, the consumption would be much lower, and the power would be much higher.

In addition to maxing out his fire attribute affinity, Han Muye also obtained a Star Spirit Pearl.

Through analyzing it, he roughly understood the use of this spiritual pearl.

Store energy.

This spiritual pearl was originally prepared to nurture stars. It could store the power of a star.

After refining this item, it could continuously inject power.

This power was stored in the Spiritual Pearl and could erupt when needed.

Just like Han Muye's own Qi Sea sword intent and divine treasure soul.

When placed in the dantian, this Spiritual Pearl could store endless power.

It was a good thing to have at home or when traveling, for killing people and snatching goods.

However, he did not have much strength to store this spiritual pearl for the time being. Han Muye wanted to see where he could get a big one in the future.

Sitting cross-legged on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye's expression was solemn. There was a long sword between his hands.

His hand rested lightly on the hilt of his sword.

"The sword is three feet and three inches long and heavy." Han Muye paused and whispered, "Is this the artifact refinement inheritance of the Immortal Spirit World? Why do they all like heavy swords?"

This sword was similar to the Mountain Dao Sword of Shi Heng Dao Sect, but it was far inferior to the power of the Dao Sword.

This mid-grade magic treasure sword called the Cloud Staircase weighed 3,000 pounds. Its entire body was made of Cloudfow Gold and countless spirit patterns were engraved on it.

“A ladder to heaven?” Han Muye said softly. He gripped the hilt of his sword tightly and injected a sword energy into it.

“Buzz!”

The sword vibrated as it tried its best to resist.

Han Muye chuckled.

The true body of the Divine Transformation Realm cultivator from the Immortal Spirit World had not perished. This sword still had an owner.

However, even if the sword had an owner, he would make it ownerless now!

Without hesitation, a burst of sword intent pierced through the sword. The longsword vibrated as if it was about to shatter.

A shadow in a greenish-gray robe landed in Han Muye’s divine treasure.

She was wearing a long jade robe and her long hair was gently tied up. This sword spirit still looked like a female cultivator.

She knew how to play.

The sword spirit entered the divine treasure and immediately let out a low shout. His body turned into a sword light and slashed in all directions.

Unfortunately, just as the sword light rose, it was fixed in place.

The Great Spirit in Han Muye’s divine treasures was so dense that it was about to materialize.

Even the Out of Body Primordial Spirit would be stunned, let alone the Sword Spirit.

“Little girl, how dare you play with your sword in front of me?” Han Muye’s soul seeped in and he chuckled.

Before the female cultivator could move, golden sword lights pierced through her body without mercy.

“Come on, let me talk some sense into you.

“Let’s talk about the essence of Confucianism first.”

The golden Great Spirit was washed away one by one, causing the furious sword spirit to gradually reveal a confused expression.

The power of the Great Spirit could suppress the soul the most.

After a thousand times, the Sword Spirit’s body trembled and turned into a maid in a short pink dress.

“Greetings, Young Master.”

Han Muye nodded in satisfaction and led the sword spirit back into the sword.

“Boom!”

The vigorous sword intent was like a flood.

Han Muye’s smile widened.

The sword of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator was a feast for him.

The sword light in his Sea of Qi flashed as he prepared himself for battle. He absorbed the sword wills with all his might and condensed them into a huge sword that supported the sky.

The Great Cultivator’s sword will was dense, and it was condensed from the momentum of the Sword Dao.

Now Han Muye had benefited.

As the sword intent returned, images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

He comprehended the Light Cloud Sword Sect Sword Technique of the Immortal Spirit World, Caressing Clouds.

He comprehended the sword technique of the Immortal Spirit World’s Light Cloud Sword Sect, Rolling Clouds.

He had comprehended the sword technique of the Immortal Spirit World’s Light Cloud Sword Sect, Cloud Sea.

...

With the comprehension of dozens of sword techniques, Han Muye saw a vast and resplendent world with immortals and Buddhas surging.

Immortal Spirit World.

This was the first time Han Muye had seen the Immortal Spirit World since the last time he saw it in the Dao Sword Mountain.

“Boom!”

Immortal energy surged, and the clouds gathered and scattered. Endless streams of light shot into the sky.

The Immortal Spirit World was still this shocking.

Countless sword cultivators walked with their swords, their sword lights covering the sky.

This was the scene of the Immortal Spirit World’s army conquering another world.

“Mo Shenghua of the Cangyuan Realm has repeatedly provoked the Immortal Spirit Realm. He has specially sent a million troops to suppress the Cangyuan Realm.”

In the image, there was a thunderous sound.

Mo Shenghua?

The guard of the Sword Pavilion 3,000 years ago?

Han Muye's eyes flickered.

To be able to cause the Immortal Spirit World to send a million troops to suppress him, this senior from the Sword Pavilion was really powerful.

The image behind the sword was of the battle between the army and countless sword cultivators.

In a world of verdant stars, a sword cultivator whose long sword was emitting a myriad of flames slashed down countless cultivators with every strike.

"D*mn it, I've only touched your Sage's butt a few times, and you're already chasing after me to marry into your family?"

The cursing sword cultivator swung his sword and turned to leave.

In the distance, more cultivators pressed forward.

Chapter 434 - 434 Gathering Power for a Million Miles, Eastern Sea Swordsman Came to the West

Han Muye's blood boiled as he watched the battle between worlds.

Although Mo Shenghua was out of whack, his combat strength was indeed monstrous.

Even a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator would not dare to draw his sword alone in front of him.

This battle to surround and kill a world had started for decades. It looked like it was worth it and did not hurt Mo Shenghua at all.

Such a war lasted for hundreds or thousands of years. It was normal for it to last for 10,000 years.

The owner of the Cloud Stairs Sword, the Qingyun Sword Sect Elder Huo Shanlin, was originally the commander of an army. His legitimate son followed the army and wanted to obtain some military merits.

Later, Huo Yuyang went to the Cloud Heaven Realm to retrieve supplies and happened to learn about Lu Chen.

This second-generation immortal only wanted to kill Lu Chen and then lead his army to the Heavenly Mystic World.

In the Immortal Spirit World, there were many rumors about Heavenly Mystic.

In the eyes of the cultivators of the Immortal Spirit World, the Heavenly Mystic World was an extremely rich place with extremely low combat strength.

However, the Heavenly Mystic World was suppressed by the Absolute Sages of Confucianism. The fact that Confucianism could activate the power of heaven and earth was a headache.

Furthermore, the Heavenly Mystic World was covered by a great divine power, so it was very difficult to find it.

Huo Yuyang tried to kill Lu Chen, but he didn't expect to lose his life. That was how he lured Huo Shanlin out, and in the end, his incarnation was suppressed.

The karma involved was truly miraculous.

Han Muye was unable to help Mo Shenghua even if he wanted to.

He would only be a burden if he went to such a battle between great cultivators.

Han Muye washed the sword. After the sword intent dissipated, it turned into a small golden sword that was no more than a foot long.

The green-clothed maid, Yun Di, stood behind Han Muye.

He held the small sword and walked down the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Hong was slightly stunned when he saw Yun Di behind Han Muye.

It was not until Han Muye walked out of the Sword Pavilion that he shook his head and said in a low voice, "This Senior Brother Han really knows how to have fun."

When Han Muye went to the outer sect to receive the guests, his sixth sister-in-law, Lu Qingping, was practicing calligraphy with Huang Zhihu.

Lu Qingping looked at Yun Di behind Han Muye with a puzzled expression.

"Her name is Yun Di. She's the sword spirit of this sword."

Han Muye placed the small sword in front of Huang Zhihu and said, "From now on, she'll follow Zhihu."

Sword spirit?

Lu Qingping widened her eyes.

The sword spirit transformed into a human form. Isn't this a magic treasure?

There are only a few treasures like this in the entire Western Frontier, right?

"Senior Brother Han, this, this is too expensive..." Lu Qingping quickly said.

Han Muye shook his head. "Sixth Sister-in-law, Zhihu calls me Foster Father. Of course I have to give her something good."

With that, he looked at Yun Di and pointed at Huang Zhihu. "She will be your master from now on. You have to protect her and supervise her cultivation."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Yun Di bowed and stood behind Huang Zhihu.

The smile on Huang Zhihu's face fell.

She had thought that she would find a playmate for herself, but she did not expect her to supervise her cultivation.

Looking at Huang Zhihu's expression, Han Muye chuckled and said, "You study hard and cultivate seriously. I'll bring you down the mountain to play."

Go down the mountain and play!

Huang Zhihu hurriedly nodded excitedly. "Alright, alright. Foster Father, when are we going?"

"In two years," Han Muye said.

Two years.

Huang Zhihu was like a deflated ball. She slumped in front of the long table and pouted. "Mother, I'm so hungry..."

Lu Qingping smiled and handed over a fruit.

Han Muye left the small courtyard and saw Mu Wan outside.

The two of them turned around tacitly and walked along the mountain path.

After walking for a long time, neither of them spoke.

"Junior Sister Mu—"

Just as Han Muye spoke, Mu Wan whispered, "Senior Brother, I'm preparing to leave the mountain."

Han Muye turned to look at her.

Mu Wan lowered her head and said softly, "With Senior Brother's pills, I feel that my affinity with plants has increased countless times.

"In the future, I can advance further in alchemy."

Each of the three Wood Spirit Pills refined from the Magnolia Fruit could increase her wood attribute affinity to the maximum level.

Han Muye didn't tell Mu Wan because he didn't want her to feel burdened.

Mu Wan looked up, her eyes shining.

"Senior Brother, the patriarch and grandma asked me to return to the Mu family and cultivate alchemy with them.

"They said that they would bring me along when they go to the Central Continent."

The Alchemy Convention was held once every three hundred years in the Central Continent.

The Mu family's patriarch had been there last time and obtained the right to participate.

This was the grandest gathering of the Heavenly Mystic Alchemy Dao. There were countless alchemy experts.

Han Muye had only gained a detailed understanding of this matter some time ago.

The Mu family's patriarch had been trying his best to invite Han Muye along, and Han Muye had agreed.

“Alright, cultivate well. When we go to the Central Continent, we’ll go together.” Han Muye nodded.

Mu Wan smiled, her eyes filled with joy.

It was unknown if it was because she was certain that Han Muye was traveling with her or because of something else.

“Senior Brother, this is the medicinal pill I refined. I know you don’t lack spiritual rocks and medicinal pills now. I don’t have anything else to give you.”

After handing a small bag to Han Muye, Mu Wan turned around and left with her head lowered.

Han Muye looked at her back and sighed slightly.

He wasn’t after anything.

However, it was a good thing for Mu Wan to return to the Mu family to cultivate alchemy.

The Mu family’s patriarch and Fairy Peony’s alchemy skills were top-notch in the Western Frontier.

Mu Wan’s current wood attribute affinity was at the maximum level, and her alchemy cultivation would definitely advance by leaps and bounds.

When the Central Continent’s Alchemy Conference was held, she should be able to shine.

With Mu Wan’s personality, she was suitable to be an alchemist and a cultivator.

Han Muye’s eyes were filled with determination.

This was the cultivation world.

There were cultivators like him who could not stop killing, and there were also cultivators like Mu Wan who did not have any blood on their hands.

Being able to cultivate at will was the true brilliance of the cultivation world.

Chapter 435 - 435 Gathering Power for a Million Miles, Eastern Sea Swordsman Came to the West (2)

Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion. Kong Chaode, who had returned from the Central Continent, was waiting in front of the Sword Pavilion.

“Young Master, Grandmaster Dongfang has a letter for you.”

Dongfang Shu.

The current White Deer Mountain Academy was flourishing. There were nearly a hundred instructors and thousands of students who went to the White Deer Mountain to study.

It had only been two years, but there were already so many students. In 10 or 20 years, White Deer Mountain would definitely become the holy land of Confucianism in the Central Continent.

Dongfang Shu had sent a few letters before. Sometimes, he reported on the recent situation of the Academy, and sometimes, he asked for instructions on the strategic decisions concerning the Academy’s construction.

Han Muye replied according to his own ideas.

Currently, in the White Deer Mountain Academy, everyone, from the instructors to the students, was carrying a sword and studying.

Not only did the students learn literature and swordsmanship, but they also had to cultivate combat techniques and deduce war matters. At the foot of White Deer Mountain, there were spiritual fields that stretched across the mountain for growing spiritual herbs.

Reading, poetry, swordsmanship.

When such a culture spread, Confucian scholars with swords could be seen in many places in the Central Continent.

However, the traditional Confucian scholars of the Central Continent looked down on this kind of behavior, and had some complaints.

Opening the envelope, Dongfang Shu said in the letter that Eastern Mountain County had a lot of things to do and needed people to immigrate from various places. Many sects were also willing to enter.

The new governor of Eastern Mountain County, Lu Chen, asked for help from White Deer Mountain. He wanted White Deer Mountain to send disciples and instructors there.

As long as these Confucianists held power and had the Great Spirit, they could control the sect and the people.

The reason why they came to the White Deer Mountain was because most people in the Imperial City Academy looked down on the barren Eastern Mountain County.

Who among the elites of Confucianism in the Central Continent would be willing to waste their great years on a wasteland?

Dongfang Shu wrote that he was willing to arrange for the disciples of the White Deer Mountain Academy to go to Eastern Mountain County.

After all, the disciples of the White Deer Mountain Academy were discriminatory. Regardless of background, they were incomparable to the disciples of the Royal Academy in terms of talent.

If they relied on the dynasty's talent selection system in the Central Continent, not many students from the White Deer Mountain Academy would be able to wield authority in the future.

It was better to go to Eastern Mountain County first. At the very least, Lu Chen had promised five county magistrates and dozens of other official positions.

However, Dongfang Shu could not make up his mind as to whether to arrange for a disciple to go.

Eastern Mountain County was barren and poor. The students would not be able to enjoy life there.

"Young Master, Princess Yunjin sent many books over for your comments."

Kong Chaode brought over a small wooden box.

This wooden box was specially used to store books. It didn't look big, but it could store thousands of Confucian classics.

This was good stuff.

Han Muye took the wooden box and smiled. "Kong Chaode, rest on the Nine Mystic Mountain first. After I annotate these books, I'll write a reply to Senior Dongfang.

"Also, bring another batch of swords and panaceas to Jinchuan."

The Fire Source World provided the power for them to produce swords. The Han Family Trading Company was leery of excess supply which would impact the prevailing market price. Otherwise, they would have been able to sell thousands of swords at once.

As for medicinal pills, because the quality was higher, only Han Muye and Jiang Ming could refine them for the time being.

The quality of the pills Mu Wan had given him was good enough, but Han Muye would definitely not sell them.

He was not really short of spiritual rocks.

Kong Chaode was originally in charge of Jinchuan, the Central Continent. After Lin Shen and Zhao Yunlong went over, they helped him a lot. At least when Kong Chaode left, there was someone in charge there.

As for the Eastern Sea, the trade route had just been opened up, and they still had to rely on the Jin Family Trading Company.

Han Muye returned to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion and took out the books.

Although these ancient books were not the only copies left, many of them had been lost outside. Only the royal family had them.

Many of them were the biographies and knowledge of ancient scholars.

Han Muye was reading books on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion while carefully annotating.

There was a faint Great Spirit flowing around his body.

For most cultivation practitioners of Confucianism, this was the way to increase the Great Spirit.

Every word was cultivation.

Han Muye read very quickly. When he felt something, he would add a comment or two.

'Is there really such a legend in the world? After listening to your words, I'll hang myself on the southeast branch.'

'It's so beautiful. The sun rises in the east and it rains in the west. It's not sunny but sunny.'

'Pedantic Confucian.'

'In a moment like this, I'll compose a poem.'

'F*ck.'

...

The exchange of words was like this.

Han Muye seemed to be wandering in the river of time, sitting opposite the ancient scholars.

Some recited poems and composed poems, while others laughed and flipped tables.

Such cultivation was really fast.

When he reached out to touch the wooden box, he was slightly stunned.

The wooden box was already empty.

Shaking his head regretfully, he put the books back into the wooden box.

He could feel that reading these books not only increased the accumulation of Confucianism's Great Spirit, but also increased his comprehension of the Dao of Heaven.

The Dao was indeed boundless.

After sealing the wooden box, Han Muye spread out the paper and picked up the ink brush.

He wanted to reply to Dongfang Shu.

'After traveling tens of thousands of miles and reading tens of thousands of books, I finally understood that my knowledge from reading is shallow. I know that I have to personally undertake this.'

Han Muye stopped writing and focused.

'The scholars of ancient times must have a teacher. A teacher, therefore, imparts the teachings and learns to solve doubts. People are not born to know, so who can be without doubts? If one is puzzled but does not follow a teacher, one will be confused. In the end, one will not be able to understand.'

'That's why there's no nobility, no lowliness, no longevity, and no lack. Where the Dao exists, so does the master.'

As the words fell, thunder rumbled in the void.

At this moment, countless figures of Dao seekers appeared in Han Muye's mind.

Scholar, Swordsman, Daoist, Demon Cultivator, Great Demon.

'There's no right or wrong in the world. There's good and evil in the Dao.'

'Who is able to determine the righteous path and the evil path?'

'Who will guide the Great Dao?'

Chapter 436 - 436 Gathering Power over a Million Miles, an Eastern Sea Swordsman Came to the West (3)

'If the teacher's morals are upright, the righteousness in the world will last forever.'

The White Deer Mountain Academy took it upon itself to teach the Dao and clear doubts about it. It upheld the righteous path.

As the book was written, a faint golden light appeared.

Even in the Western Frontier without the Confucian Dao inheritance, this classic did not lose its literary aura.

When Kong Chaode received the scroll, he was stunned.

“Young Master, is this a classic?”

The Great Spirit seeped out of the book. Even under the suppression of the Western Frontier’s Heavenly Dao, one could feel the surging literary aura.

Such a scene was truly unimaginable.

“Kong Rong, although traveling is hard, it’s not as hard as pursuing the Great Dao.

“You must know that all the suffering you’ve suffered today is for the sake of improving yourself for future glory.”

Han Muye looked at Kong Chaode in front of him and spoke softly.

Chicken soup.

No, it was chicken blood.

As expected, Kong Chaode looked excited. His shoulders trembled as he bowed to Han Muye.

“I won’t let you down.”

Han Muye did not refuse. He just waved his hand. “Go.”

This scene was really like preaching and explaining.

Liu Hong, who was hiding behind the door of the Sword Pavilion, felt a chill run down his spine.

It was hard to imagine what fun there would be in life if he became that old-fashioned.

Will I still be able to ask for a discount at the restaurant at the foot of the mountain? he thought.

Five days after Kong Chaode left, Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, trembled.

In his Qi Sea, the originally dense People’s Will aura kept churning. A long purple aura descended from the sky and poured into his body.

Only he could see this aura.

This was only a trace of the People’s Will. The truly rich and endless popularity was all gathered in the White Deer Mountain Academy in the Central Continent, waiting for Han Muye to step on the White Deer Mountain to collect it.

The Qi of People's Will was so strong that it crossed the Heavenly Barrier to the Western Frontier. One could imagine how shocked the Confucianism of the Central Continent was by that essay.

Sitting cross-legged, Han Muye smiled.

"That's why there's no nobility, no lowliness, no longevity, and no shortage. Where the Dao exists, there's also where the master exists." On the White Deer Mountain, Dongfang Shu held the book with both hands and looked up at the sky and laughed.

"From today onwards, my White Deer Mountain Academy will have a Dao!"

Endless purple aura converged on White Deer Mountain, turning the entire mountain golden purple.

If these people merged into one person, they would instantly become a Confucian Grandmaster.

However, at this moment, these people's expectations were lingering on White Deer Mountain. All the students and instructors on the mountain would benefit.

"What kind of person is the head of the White Deer Mountain Institute who can write such an essay..." At the foot of the White Deer Mountain, a few scholars in green robes raised their heads, unable to suppress their surprise.

The White Deer Mountain Academy was famous throughout the Central Continent.

All the students in the world came to Shuxi County.

Unfortunately, no one had the chance to pay a visit to see the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy.

The world only knew that this Confucian Dao cultivator called Han Muye had the cultivation of a grandmaster. He was young and had discussed the Dao with Grandmaster Dongfang Shu, convincing him.

This cultivator was also in the same room as Princess Yunjin of the West Garrison King's residence on the Jinchuan River.

3,000 miles outside Jinchuan City, Grandmaster Han Muye used poetry to transform into a sword and killed 30,000 sword cultivators to open up a heavenly legacy for all the Confucianists in the world.

The grand words of the Sword Dao, 'It took 10 years of hard work to sharpen this sword and the blade as sharp as frost has not yet been tested,' and the sword intent of 'Killing a person in ten steps, not leaving a trace for a thousand miles,' were revealed, making people fascinated.

The scholar carried a sword and cultivated both poems and swords, eventually becoming a Confucian inheritance in the world.

On White Deer Mountain, countless people were waiting for the day when Mountain Chieftain Han Muye would return.

In the Central Continent, countless people guessed that the day Grandmaster Han Muye returned to White Deer Mountain would be the day he stepped into the Grandmaster Realm.

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The time spent cultivating was like a white horse passing through a crack.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the flowers bloomed and withered.

The Sword Pavilion showed off their swords again.

Huang Zhihu, who was causing a ruckus all over the mountain, grew a head taller.

The Sword Pavilion elder, Han Muye, had not come out of seclusion.

Or rather, Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion had never left the Sword Pavilion.

“Clang—”

In front of the Sword Pavilion, a long sword flew up.

Yang Mingxuan, who had a complicated expression on his face, took a step back and whispered, “I lost.”

At this moment, the surrounding disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were not angry. Instead, they secretly clenched their fists, their faces filled with excitement.

It had been more than a year since Elder Han Muye opened the Heavenly Gate with his sword in the Sword Pavilion. Finally, someone had fought 18 battles in a row and arrived in front of the Sword Pavilion. He had sent the sword in the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker Yang Mingxuan’s hand flying.

In the next round, they would be able to see Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion make a move!

The might of the Sword Dao Immortal would reappear in the Nine Mystic Mountain!

The young man who had knocked away Yang Mingxuan’s sword looked confused as he looked around.

He had clearly defeated an expert from the other party’s sect. Shouldn’t these people be filled with righteous indignation and want to gang up on him?

Why were they all so excited?

“Senior Brother Yang, you were the one who taught me how to kill in your sect’s secret place.

“To be able to defeat you today, it’s not because my Sword Dao is truly stronger than yours, but because you don’t have any killing intent.”

The young man put away his sword and cupped his fists. He bowed to Yang Mingxuan.

The young man’s words made the dozen or so sword cultivators behind him nod.

They came from the Central Continent and passed the challenge to train in the secret place arranged by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Such a bloody battle made one shiver in fear.

The killing power displayed by Yang Mingxuan of the Sword Pavilion was engraved in everyone’s hearts.

“Luo Teng, your cultivation and combat strength are indeed strong enough. Your Central Continent’s Haoyuan Sword Sect’s swordsmanship is powerful.”

Yang Mingxuan shook his head and said calmly, “The inheritance of my Bright Mountain Sword Sect can’t compare.”

Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

It was not the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

From the beginning to the end, Yang Mingxuan had used the Bright Mountain Sword Sect’s sword technique instead of the Sword Pavilion’s inheritance.

“If you can knock away the sword in my hand, you have the qualifications to advance further.”

Yang Mingxuan smiled.

“Senior Brother Lin Shen and Senior Brother Lu Gao are not around. Coincidentally, Elder Han came out of seclusion yesterday.”

Elder Han had really come out of seclusion!

Outside the Sword Pavilion, cheers sounded.

Luo Teng and the Central Continent sword cultivators behind him were all confused.

Why are they cheering? they wondered.

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye stood in front of the window and shook his head gently.

Their sect’s disciples were cheering for their elders being challenged, right?

People’s hearts were really not what they used to be.

He turned and walked slowly downstairs.

His originally relaxed and indifferent expression turned serious.

These Central Continent sword cultivators were nothing. Yang Mingxuan had deliberately lost a move to let them see hope.

Otherwise, how could there be so many free laborers in the Fire Source World to resist the cultivators of the Cloud Heaven Realm?

Han Muye’s expression changed because of the rolling clouds thousands of miles away.

There was an extremely sharp sword intent.

The sword intent had already condensed into a great force and was heading over.

The direction was the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Chapter 437 - 437 Qing Ao of the Eastern Sea, Returning With A Broken Sword

The Eastern Sea sword cultivator gathered a million miles of power and pressed down with the power of a sword.

Half a month ago, Jin Jialin and Daoist Dayan, who were far away in the Eastern Sea, sent a message to the Sword Pavilion.

The Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan had a peerless genius. The Third Prince of the Eastern Sea Dragon Clan, Qing Ao, had gone to the Western Frontier to challenge Han Muye.

Flood dragons had rich bloodline power, so cultivating didn't require too much experience. Very few cultivated sword techniques.

But Qing Ao was an exception.

As the Third Prince of the Eastern Sea Dragon Clan, Qing Ao could get the best cultivation resources in the region.

This Third Prince's cultivation talent was unparalleled. He suppressed the younger generation of the Flood Dragon Clan and became the number one expert of the younger generation before he was even an adult.

Then he walked out of the Dragon Palace and challenged the places where the humans lived.

There were countless sword cultivators in the Eastern Sea. After defeating dozens of sword cultivators with his combat strength, the Third Prince found it boring and learned sword techniques.

After 10 years of sword cultivation, he had successfully chosen a major sword sect.

In the next hundred years, he, Qing Ao, was a frequent visitor of the Five Sword Sects of the Eastern Sea.

According to Gu Yuanlong, he had competed with Qing Ao in swordsmanship. This person's combat strength was really powerful.

In terms of swordsmanship, Qing Ao was ranked in the top 50 among the younger generation of the Eastern Sea.

However, coupled with his overwhelming physical strength and the strong bloodline pressure emitted by his body during the battle, Qing Ao's swordsmanship could enter the top 10 among the younger generation of the Eastern Sea.

The message from Jin Jialin was simple. It said that Qing Ao of the Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan was coming to challenge Han Muye. He hoped that Han Muye would take care of him on account of the alliance between the Flood Dragon Clan and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

He did not know what kind of care this was.

Daoist Dayan's message was much more detailed.

Qing Ao had been cultivating in seclusion a few years ago and did not know that Mo Yuan had challenged the Eastern Sea.

By the time he came out of seclusion and went to the Cangshan Sword Sect to challenge Mo Yuan, Mo Yuan had been sealed for 10 years and was preparing to nurture his sword.

Qing Ao was very indignant that he did not get to fight Mo Yuan.

Seeing that he was not leaving, Mo Yuan stood on Cangshan Mountain Island, where the Cangshan Mountain Sword Sect was located, and struck out with his sword.

His sword crossed thousands of miles, killing dozens of black-armored fish demons and splitting an island with a radius of a hundred miles.

This strike stunned Qing Ao.

Then Qing Ao wanted to become Mo Yuan's disciple.

The Cangshan Sword Sect strongly supported such a core descendant of the Flood Dragon Clan becoming Mo Yuan's disciple.

Mo Yuan hesitated for a long time and said that he only had Han Muye under his wing.

If Qing Ao wanted to become his disciple, he needed to see Han Muye and get his permission.

Therefore, Qing Ao came to the Western Frontier.

He traveled in the opposite direction, using the Cloud Water to gather momentum. When he left the Eastern Sea, he had already achieved the true meaning of the Sword Dao, and the sword light pierced through the sky.

Crossing the Southern Wasteland, the drum waves traveled a hundred miles. The sword light pierced through the east and west, visible for a thousand miles.

After entering the Western Frontier, he took a step and a sword. Sword intent condensed and formed a great momentum.

Qing Ao was not here to seek Han Muye's opinion.

He was here to use the sword to get Han Muye to agree. He even had a problem with Han Muye's identity as Mo Yuan's number one disciple.

With Mr. Mo Yuan's sword technique, what did Han Muye mean by hiding on the Nine Mystic Mountain instead of following him to the Eastern Sea?

If Han Muye could take a strike from Qing Ao when he came to the Western Frontier, he would bring Han Muye to the Eastern Sea and serve Mr. Mo Yuan.

If he could take a few more strikes, he was willing to be on the same level as Han Muye.

As for whether Han Muye could withstand a sword strike or defeat him, he had never thought about it.

If he couldn't withstand a single strike, why should he consider it?

As for defeating Qing Ao's sword, there were not many people in the entire Eastern Sea who could do it, right?

Let alone the Western Frontier?

Qing Ao was not the only one who thought so. The hundreds of sword cultivators who followed Qing Ao all the way from the Eastern Sea also thought so.

Who could withstand the power of a million miles of momentum?

“Dong—”

A bell sounded on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

A light screen rose.

On the mountain, sword lights rushed into the clouds.

In the past two years, from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to becoming the number one in the Western Frontier, there had been countless experts in the sect.

This was the result of the accumulation of luck and resources.

As the number one sect in the Western Frontier, those disciples could not help but feel a sense of superiority.

This mental strength could allow cultivators to break through bottlenecks as easily as breaking through bamboo at critical moments.

On the other hand, those small sects and rogue cultivators who encountered a bottleneck were timid and could not break through.

Han Muye walked to the nine stone steps in front of the Sword Pavilion. The disciples on the bluestone square hurriedly bowed.

“Senior Brother Han, I lost,” Yang Mingxuan cupped his hands and said softly.

Han Muye waved his hand.

With Yang Mingxuan’s current combat strength, how could he lose to these Central Continent sword cultivators who came to challenge him?

It was just arranged by Han Muye.

Yang Mingxuan’s combat strength was so strong that he could even fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

This was Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion, the Immortal of the Western Frontier’s Sword Dao, Han Muye.

The sword cultivators of the Central Continent and the new disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect looked at Han Muye curiously.

Young.

Handsome.

He stood with his hands behind his back, exuding an elegant aura.

He did not look like a sword cultivator. Instead, he looked like a Confucian scholar from the Central Continent who was well-read.

Is such a person really the Immortal who suppressed the Sword Dao of the Western Frontier and opened the Heavenly Gate? they thought.

“Luo Teng, a sword cultivator from the Central Continent, greets Elder Han Muye of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion.” When the young man with the sword saw him take a step forward, his eyes were filled with battle intent as he cupped his hands.

“I’ve long heard of Immortal Han’s name. Today, Luo Teng is here. Please enlighten me, Immortal Han.” After Luo Teng finished speaking, sword intent flowed around his body, and spiritual light wrapped around his entire body.

Everyone’s eyes lit up.

He had waited and watched the battle for a long time because he wanted to see Elder Han of the Sword Pavilion make a move.

I wonder how many moves I, who can defeat Senior Brother Yang Mingxuan, can take from Elder Han?

A hundred moves?

Ten moves?

Luo Teng secretly set a goal for himself. He would not be defeated in three moves and would take five moves head-on.

Chapter 438 - 438 Qing Ao of the Eastern Sea, Returning With A Broken Sword (2)

As for the later stages, if he could endure 10 moves with heavy injuries, his cultivation path in the future would definitely be smooth.

Placing his hand gently on the hilt of his sword, Luo Teng stared into Han Muye’s eyes.

As long as Han Muye nodded or agreed, he would attack without hesitation.

It was not embarrassing to strike first in front of a figure like the Sword Immortal.

Unfortunately, strangely, Han Muye did not respond to him.

Han Muye, who was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, looked up at the sky. Then he smiled and waved his hand. “Back off for a moment. I want to receive a sword attack from a fellow Daoist from the Eastern Sea.”

Receive a sword attack from a sword cultivator from the Eastern Sea?

The surrounding disciples were stunned.

Standing in the bluestone square, Luo Teng felt a surge of anger in his heart.

He held his sword in front of him, but Immortal Han didn’t even look at him. Instead, he wanted to take a strike from the Eastern Sea sword cultivator.

For something like a challenge, it should be first come, first served, right?

He could even cut the queue?

He turned around, flames rising in his eyes.

He wanted to teach that Eastern Sea sword cultivator who cut the queue a lesson!

However, when he turned around, his entire body froze.

Sword light filled the sky.

A sword came from the west, soaring into the clouds for 10,000 miles.

The Spiritual Light and Yun Tao Sword Intent covered all of the vast Heaven and Earth.

What kind of sword cultivator was this?

At this moment, Luo Teng felt his heart turn cold.

In front of such an expert, he did not even have the courage to draw his sword.

Fortunately, this expert was challenging Immortal Han...

“Han Muye of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, please receive the sword from Qing Ao of the Eastern Sea—”

His voice resounded tens of thousands of miles away. Heaven and earth shook, and the clouds rolled and turned into a sword.

This sword slashed down from 10,000 miles away.

The sword was in the sky. The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect below felt that it was difficult to raise their heads. Endless pressure descended.

On the bluestone square in front of the Sword Pavilion, the swordsmen from the Central Continent all felt their shoulders trembling uncontrollably.

Luo Teng and the others were shocked when they saw the incoming sword light.

Could such a sword move be activated by human strength?

Who could withstand such a powerful sword light?

With this strike, the entire Sword Pavilion would probably be destroyed, right?

Perhaps the Nine Mystic Sword Sect wanted to gather the strength of the entire sect to resist this Heaven-toppling Sword.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Yang Mingxuan’s hand was on the hilt of his sword, and blood surged in his eyes.

Han Muye clasped his hands behind his back, shook his head, and said calmly, “This sword won’t do.”

Won’t do.

As Han Muye finished speaking, the 10,000-foot sword light shattered in the sky!

With a single word, the sword shattered!

This terrifying sword light turned into clouds and dissipated after Han Muye said no.

This was the true battle between great cultivators?

The surrounding disciples were all at a loss.

“Great!”

In the sky, the shouts were filled with excitement and battle intent.

This voice was already thousands of miles away!

At this moment, sword light condensed on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

At the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Sect Master Tuoba Cheng stood in front of the hall, his body emitting sword intent.

Behind him, the phantom of a ferocious tiger paced gently.

“With all the sword cultivators in the world gathered, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect does indeed look like a Holy Land.”

Tuoba Cheng looked at the sword light that shot into the sky and loosened his grip.

The sword intent in his body dissipated.

The person who came to challenge him was not him.

It was Han Muye from the Sword Pavilion.

Looking in the direction of the Sword Pavilion, Tuoba Cheng revealed a curious expression.

How would Han Muye receive this sword?

He accumulated power for a million miles and shattered the mountains and rivers with a single strike.

Even Tuoba Cheng did not dare to say that he could withstand such a sword force without suffering any damage.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, looked up with a rueful expression.

Whether it’s his aura or combat strength, this strike is impeccable, he thought.

It’s truly fascinating for a sword cultivator to be able to make this move.

Isn’t cultivation like this?

The thoughts in his heart traveled a million miles.

He walked down from the Sword Pavilion and received this sword strike as a form of respect for the Third Prince of the Eastern Sea.

It was also a form of respect for a sword cultivator.

The peace on Han Muye slowly dissipated.

He had the sharpness and arrogance that a sword cultivator should have.

A long sword appeared in Han Muye's hand.

The ruler traveled thousands of miles and drew his sword to welcome his guest.

The sword light was as clear as water and could cleanse a path of dust.

Han Muye pointed his sword forward and stared.

Outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, a tall young man in a green robe with eyebrows like swords held a long sword in his hand as he walked.

With one step, it was as if thousands of miles of waves were gathering.

With every step the young man took, the Nine Mystic Mountain would tremble.

Spiritual light intertwined everywhere on the mountain, stabilizing the mountain rocks.

"I, Qing Ao, have been a prodigy of the Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan since I started cultivating.

"If you practice the sword, you can suppress your peers in the Eastern Sea.

"I came all the way to the Western Frontier today. Please receive my sword, Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Han Muye."

The prodigy of the Eastern Sea flood dragon race suppressed the peerless sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea.

Such an expert had specially come to challenge Immortal Han of the Sword Pavilion!

As soon as Qing Ao finished speaking, he had already arrived at the bluestone square outside the Sword Pavilion.

He looked up at Han Muye, who was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion.

At this moment, it was as if there was only one person and one sword in the world.

Han Muye did not speak. He just raised his hand, and the sword light in his hand intensified.

The greatest respect he had for sword cultivators was to face them with the sword in his hand.

Any nonsense was an insult.

Qing Ao laughed and took a step forward. He dragged the sword in his hand and slashed at Han Muye!

There was no spiritual light, no astral winds, and no sword intent.

There were only those who attacked like mortal martial artists.

Han Muye stabbed out with his sword.

Retrospectively, a sword was a sword, a killing weapon!

“Clang—”

The longswords clashed, and a resounding sound rang out.

At this moment, the surrounding people seemed to see a 100,000-foot-tall wave, a thousand mountains shattering, a vast wave of smoke, and a mountain rising.

Chapter 439 - 439 Qing Ao of the Eastern Sea, Returning With A Broken Sword (3)

The wind and waves were endless, and the mountain peak remained unmoved.

Raging waves hit the shore, the waves shattered, and the rocks did not turn.

Before the Sword Pavilion, the wind was calm and the clouds were light.

In the sky above the Sword Pavilion, spiritual light exploded, as if the world was about to collapse, mountains, rivers, and stars.

The Eastern Sea’s Heavenly Dao and sword cultivators had already fused their concepts for countless years.

The Heavenly Dao of the Eastern Sea was tainted with the sharpness of the Sword Dao.

At this moment, the wind and thunder in Qing Ao’s sword was not only his own comprehension, but also the perception of the Eastern Sea Heavenly Dao.

This was the release of the Heavenly Dao.

If the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier wanted to become a holy land of the Sword Dao, it had to suppress the Eastern Sea and the Heavenly Dao of the Eastern Sea!

Facing Qing Ao’s sword, Han Muye chose to thrust his sword forward.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, phantoms appeared.

Among the phantoms, Qing Ao held his sword and attacked with endless waves. Han Muye did not move at all. The sword was like a reef as it broke through the waves.

Among the phantoms, Qing Ao’s sword edge overlapped and rolled down. Han Muye did not move at all. The sword edge was like a reef as it broke through the waves.

Among the phantoms, Qing Ao’s sword drew the power of a million miles of mountains and rivers. Han Muye did not move at all. The sword was like a reef as it broke through the waves.

...

Every phantom was broken by the sword.

Han Muye did not draw the power of heaven and earth, fight with sword moves, or use his soul sword Qi.

The sharpness of the world depended on this stab!

With the sword in his hand, he drew it and stabbed forward.

“Clang—”

The long sword vibrated, and the two-foot-long blade fell to the bluestone square.

Holding the broken sword in his hand, Qing Ao’s expression changed from stunned to dazed to uncontrollable excitement.

“Haha, I see, I see!”

He looked at Han Muye, his eyes shining.

Pointing his broken sword at Han Muye, Qing Ao’s fighting spirit surged. “The momentum can’t last long. What I borrowed is ultimately borrowed.

“The accumulation of a million miles is all fake.

“Everything in the world in front of me is fake, except for the sword in my hand.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Qing Ao’s figure transformed into a thousand streaks of light that collided with Han Muye.

After mastering the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, it was time for the sword to transform into 10,000 swords!

The Million Mile Accumulation Sword seemed to be extremely powerful, but it could not withstand Han Muye’s stab.

That was because there was an indomitable will and boundless sharpness in that stab.

This thrust contained the pride of a swordsman, the bravery of a swordsman, and the invincibility of a swordsman.

Qing Ao’s sword was broken by Han Muye’s will.

What was broken was the confusion in his heart.

Seeing the 10,000 phantoms coming with their swords, Han Muye smiled.

He was truly a person with peerless talent in the Sword Dao. The sword that had accumulated power for a million miles was broken, and he could still use another sword.

In other words, Qing Ao had drawn the momentum of the world to the first sword, and the second sword was his true comprehension.

The first sword was Force, and the second was Sword!

At the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Tuoba Cheng clenched his fists.

"Is the younger generation this terrifying?" He muttered, his eyes revealing battle intent.

Outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, figures stood in the air.

These were the cultivators from the Western Frontier who had heard the news.

"The Eastern Sea prodigies can actually comprehend the Sword Dao to such an extent." A white-haired old man revealed a dejected expression.

"Eastern Sea, the holy land of swordsmanship. How can our Western Frontier compare..." A middle-aged Daoist turned to look into the distance, his face filled with confusion.

"Immortal Han should be able to withstand it, right?" someone whispered, his face full of anticipation.

Could the Xijiang Sword Principle block the invasion of the Eastern Sea Sword Principle?

They didn't know.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, the low-level disciples were already in chaos.

Luo Teng and the Central Continent sword cultivators behind him were not much better.

The previous sword strike with the power to overturn the sky had sealed their bodies and they did not even have the ability to sense it.

The pressure of the sword light almost broke their heart meridians.

It was not until Qing Ao's long sword broke and the power of heaven and earth dissipated that everyone gasped heavily with fear on their faces.

At this moment, Qing Ao drew his sword and his body turned into thousands of phantoms.

They couldn't see through or understand each phantom or sword.

As for receiving such a sword, what a joke. He couldn't even receive a single strike.

Luo Teng knew that he could not withstand even one of these 10 million sword lights.

He finally understood why Han Muye had personally come to receive the sword.

Only the Sword Pavilion's Immortal Han could receive Qing Ao's sword!

Everyone stared at Han Muye.

How was he supposed to receive this attack?

Seeing the 10,000 phantoms pounce over, Han Muye laughed and took a step forward.

The sword in his hand stabbed out.

With a stab, he broke through a phantom.

"The Eastern Sea Cangshan Mountain Sword Sect's Rainforest Sword Technique. It's a pity that it's less rounded when it transforms into a rainstorm."

With another slash, a shadow was pierced through by the sword.

“The sword technique of the Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan? It’s too lousy. There’s no room for negotiation.”

Another strike.

“The Flowing Wind Sword? Not bad. If you can transform into the Flowing Wind and fuse with the sword, it will be interesting.”

Another strike.

...

He stabbed out with his sword, and each strike was evaluated.

Han Muye’s voice was not loud and he did not speak quickly.

But in an instant, he evaluated all the swords.

It was clearly an instant, but everyone could hear his stabs and comments.

“Boom!”

The 10,000 phantoms were broken, and Han Muye returned his sword to its sheath.

Qing Ao knelt on one knee and held the broken sword with his hand. He lowered his head in front of the nine stone steps of the Sword Pavilion.

“It’s a pity that I’m not profound at it.”

Han Muye waved his hand and rolled up half of the sword.

“I’ll make a trip to the Eastern Sea in the future. I hope you won’t disappoint me.”

Han Muye would go to the Eastern Sea!

Qing Ao looked up and nodded.

“Senior Brother Han, I’ll wait for you in the Eastern Sea.”

With that, he stood up, dragged the broken sword, and turned to leave.

Everyone made way for Qing Ao as he dragged his sword along. He looked a little lonely and relaxed.

“This sword didn’t disappoint me after traveling a million miles.”

When he reached the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Qing Ao turned around and chuckled.

Han Muye stood on the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion and turned to look at Luo Teng and the others.

“Do you all want to challenge me?”

Challenge?

Luo Teng and the people behind him shook their heads subconsciously.

What could they use to challenge him?

They weren't even qualified to draw their swords. What was there to challenge?

"Senior Brother Yang, I want to go to the secret place to sharpen my skills," Luo Teng looked at Yang Mingxuan and said in a low voice.

Yang Mingxuan nodded.

Han Muye looked around, glanced at the sky, then turned around and walked back to the Sword Pavilion.

In the cultivation of the Sword Dao, after cultivating the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, it was the realm of turning one sword into 10,000 swords.

At this point, Han Muye had already comprehended it.

With this sword technique, he could go anywhere in the world.

"Dong—"

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell tolled.

Streaks of light scattered towards the various sects in the Western Frontier.

The appointment for the opening of the Southern Wasteland's Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm was almost here.

Han Muye turned to look at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The sect master of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, said that there was a bull horn in the Mystic Demon Realm that could withstand the lightning tribulation.

Han Muye prepared to take a look.

At the same time, he brought Huang Zhihu down the mountain to take a look.

This little girl was probably going to suffocate from boredom on the mountain.

Chapter 440 - 440 Heading Off to the Southern Wasteland

In the hall at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, nearly a hundred Golden Core elders sat upright.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had become the number one sect in the Western Frontier, so the resources allocated were naturally compatible with their status.

With a huge amount of resources, those Earth Realm experts who were originally cultivating slowly or were about to stop had a chance to improve.

Weren't the sects of the Western Frontier fighting for the position of the nine sects for these practical benefits?

Otherwise, he would risk his life for nothing.

In the past two years, there had been many Golden Core elders in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Only a small half of the people in the hall were present today.

Most of the Earth Realm experts were either in seclusion or refining in the Fire Source World.

In addition to the Golden Core elders, there were nearly a hundred elites of the younger generation bowing and standing in the hall.

Han Muye, who was dressed in a purple robe, sat at the front and did not move.

This was the seat of the Sword Pavilion elder.

When Han Muye came to the sect, he was only qualified to attend. Now he was firmly in the position of an elder.

“The sect master has arrived...”

“The Supreme Elder has arrived...”

A voice came from the door.

All the elders stood up and cupped their hands to welcome him.

Tuoba Cheng was wearing a large robe and a tall crown as he walked in front.

His aura was as heavy as a mountain.

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was walking half a step behind Tuoba Cheng, had a solemn expression. A blazing power that seemed to rise from his body surged.

Two Heaven Realm cultivators were the backing of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

If it was the Sword Pavilion’s Immortal Han who made the Nine Mystic Sword Sect famous in the Western Frontier and become the dream of all the sword cultivators in the world, then Tuoba Cheng and Patriarch Tao Ran were the confidence of the Sword Sect’s disciples.

Without two Heaven Realm experts guarding it, how could it dare to be the number one sect in the Western Frontier?

Tuoba Cheng and Patriarch Tao Ran walked onto the platform before all the Golden Core elders sat down.

“Before we rearranged the nine sects, the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland made an agreement to explore the Ten Thousand Demon Secret Realm together.”

Tuoba Cheng looked down and said loudly.

The agreement back then was made with the Shangyang Demon Sect.

At that time, the Spiritual Dao Sect was still the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

Now the number one sect in the Western Frontier was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Exploring the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm is part of the Southern Wasteland’s Western Relocation Treaty. Consider it as compensation for the Western Frontier.

“Therefore, whatever opportunities we cultivators in the Western Frontier obtain will belong to us.”

Tuoba Cheng’s gaze landed on the attendant disciples below and he said indifferently, “The opportunities you obtained are yours.”

The opportunities we obtain are ours!

The disciples were all excited.

Legend had it that the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was the greatest foundation of the Southern Wasteland.

In the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm, not only were there all kinds of demon bloodline inheritances, but there were also all kinds of treasures.

As long as they brought these things out, be it for themselves or in exchange for resources, they could become a guarantee for their future cultivation.

Even if they had known that they had the qualifications to explore the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm, they had also known that they would have a huge opportunity. Now that they heard Sect Master Tuoba Cheng’s personal promise, everyone was still excited.

Seeing everyone’s expressions, Tuoba Cheng turned to look at a Golden Core elder sitting at the side.

Elder Su Yuan of the fire lineage, the disciple of Patriarch Tao Ran.

The year before, Su Yuan took over the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Battle Sword Hall.

He stood up with a solemn expression.

“Opportunities are accompanied by danger.

“The Southern Wasteland’s Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm is the most dangerous secret realm in the Southern Wasteland.”

Su Yuan’s deep voice poured a bucket of cold water on the excited disciples.

If it wasn’t dangerous, why would it be left to the elites of the Western Frontier explore the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm?

“The Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm has been in the Southern Wasteland since tens of thousands of years ago. It’s said that it’s related to the Ten Thousand Demon, Venerable Duan Jiuxiao.

“In the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm, there are ancient demon bloodlines and various rare bloodline body-tempering treasures.”

Su Yuan explained the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm to everyone in the hall.

Han Muye already knew this information.

He knew more details than Su Yuan had said.

As an elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion, he naturally had the qualifications.

Furthermore, he had the information network of the Eastern Sea and the Central Continent.

In addition to Daoist Dayan, Zhao Yunlong knew many ancient secrets.

The Ten Thousand Demons Token left behind by Duan Jiuxiao was in the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm, and there were also various ancient inheritance bloodlines that were sealed.

In the past hundred years, the demons of the Southern Wasteland would enter the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm once to search for the Ten Thousand Demons Token.

Not only the Southern Wasteland, but the flood dragon clan of the Eastern Sea would also be invited to send their younger generation.

This was because before entering this secret realm, there would be a screening of bone age. Demons would not be able to enter after they were 500 years old, and, for humans, it was 200 years old.

Demons who were under 500 years old were the younger generation. For humans, those who were 200 years old were considered experts if they could step into the late Golden Core realm.

2,000 years ago, the Eastern Sea Spiritual Armored demons reached an agreement with the Southern Wasteland to participate in the exploration of the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm.

According to the theory, the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm belonged to all demons.

A thousand years ago, a few sects in the Central Continent sent their disciples into the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm. It became the holy land for the bloodline cultivation in the Heavenly Mystic world.

The realm was full of rewards and dangers.

Those places where ancient bloodlines were hidden were either guarded by demonic beasts or great demons.

There were also various spiritual herbs and materials. They were all guarded by powerful demons and demon beasts in the secret realm.

The Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was vast and boundless, and it was difficult to mobilize the power of heaven and earth.

Heaven Realm cultivators could only use the power of half a step into the Heaven Realm.

In other words, the strongest person who entered the Ten Thousand Demons Secret Realm was only half a step into the Heaven Realm.

It was fine if a Heaven Realm expert wanted to enter. In any case, he could only use his half-step Heaven Realm cultivation.