

Pavilion 541

Chapter 541 - 541 I'm Preparing to Dual Cultivate with You in Alchemy (2)

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What she saw and heard in the pill shop today, as well as the attitudes of the alchemists towards her, made her feel like she was in a dream.

Are my shopkeeper and lady boss really unimaginable big shots? she wondered.

Ahead, Zuo Lin grinned as he drove. Then the carriage turned around.

"Father, where are we going?" Zuo Yulong hurriedly asked.

"I'll take you to drink," Zuo Lin said with a chuckle.

Drink?

Zuo Yulong's eyes lit up.

"Father, I thought you didn't want us to drink..." Zuo Yuting's eyes lit up.

"You've grown up. You can drink now." Zuo Lin smiled and stopped the carriage at the entrance of an alley.

There were a few wooden tables in front of the alley with a 'wine' signage beside them.

A waiter in a short shirt came over with a smile.

It was unusual for people to come in a carriage to such a small shop to drink.

...

In the next few days, Mu Wan refined pills while Zuo Yuting helped tidy up the spiritual herbs.

After the pills were refined, she wrote the labels and sorted them into jade bottles.

The shop in front and the small courtyard in the middle were all set up.

The four walls of the shop were decorated with paintings and calligraphy. Tables and chairs were placed for guests to stop and rest.

They could sit down and discuss the price of the medicinal pills.

There were a few wooden shelves in the middle of the shop with jade bottles placed on them to sell medicinal pills.

The counter at the side could be used as a place for registration. Han Muye usually sat here, while Zuo Yulong and Zuo Lin greeted customers at the door.

Zuo Lin was also responsible for receiving the guests' attendants and carriages.

The courtyard in the backyard was also well decorated. The flowers and plants were lush.

In Mu Wan's imagination, this was to entertain guests who came to discuss big business deals.

According to Mu Wan, when she sat on the stone steps, she would watch from the side as her senior brother discussed refining high-grade medicinal pills with a great cultivator. Closing such a deal would be enough to sustain the business for 10 years.

"Then we'll be rich."

When she said this, the light in Mu Wan's eyes was as bright as the high-quality Cloud Qi Pill in her hand on the Nine Mystic Mountain back then.

There was already a notice pasted at the entrance, stating that the Pill Destiny Pavilion would open in five days.

It was already the fourth day, and the next day was the opening day.

Cuicui, who was next door, had been preparing fried fruits and Southern Wasteland snacks for the past two days.

When the guests came tomorrow, she could bring them out.

Shao Datian had said that in the Southern Wasteland, it was customary to be polite to guests.

Mu Wan offered to pay for the food with spiritual rocks, but Cuicui did not accept them.

She said that this was what she and Shao Datian should do.

Shao Datian was still a guard of the Pill Destiny Pavilion after all.

"Is Mr. Mu here?"

A voice sounded at the door.

Han Muye, sitting behind the counter, stood up.

In fact, quite a number of people had come to visit these few days.

A few of the alchemy masters that he had met in the Qin family's alchemy room that day had found their way here.

However, most of them would leave after exchanging a few pleasantries.

However, most of them would leave after exchanging a few pleasantries.

Baili Tongyun and Qin Siyu walked in.

Zuo Yulong had been listening in at the Imperial City Academy, so he must have seen the two of them before. At this moment, he looked extremely surprised.

"Miss Baili, Miss Qin." Han Muye cupped his hands, then raised his hand and said, "Please sit down and serve tea."

Zuo Yulong was stunned when he heard that he was going to serve tea. He quickly went to pour the tea.

Baili Tong Yun smiled and waved her hand. Two servants at the door carried in a plaque wrapped in red cloth.

She reached out and lifted the red silk on the plaque. The words 'Pill Destiny Pavilion' appeared.

Han Muye's eyes lit up when he saw the words.

"The Huangting Grand Master personally wrote it?"

Although Baili Tongyun had said that she would help him get Huang Tingshu to pen the plaque, he did not expect it to really be delivered.

These words were vigorous and nimble. The strokes were broken but not broken, leaving behind white marks. The artistic conception within was at the peak of the path of calligraphy.

"Good calligraphy."

Han Muye looked at Baili Tongyun and cupped his hands. "I wonder if Miss Baili can help me pass on a message. I welcome Grandmaster Huang to visit my shop when he's free."

Baili Tongyun nodded with a smile. "Don't worry, Teacher. I will definitely pass on the message."

Han Muye now knew Baili Tongyun's identity. Like Qin Siyu, she had a big alchemy family behind her.

That was why the two of them fought in the Imperial City Academy.

Baili Xinglin was a Grandmaster of Confucianism and Alchemy. They were both Grandmaster powerhouses in charge of the Alchemy Division.

In fact, in Han Muye's opinion, the actual cultivation of these alchemy grandmasters in the Imperial City was not as simple as a grandmaster.

However, it might be difficult to become a Sage.

Baili Xinglin had been famous for countless years. She was in charge of alchemy in the Imperial City and had countless disciples.

"Granduncle, Little Five is here to deliver this to you." Qin Siyu held a jade tablet with both hands and handed it over.

Zuo Yulong, who was serving tea, trembled and almost dropped the tray.

Granduncle!

She was the fifth daughter of the Qin Family and the most outstanding girl in the Imperial City Academy. She called her own shopkeeper 'granduncle'.

Baili Tongyun's face was full of smiles. It was obvious that she knew about this matter.

Han Muye raised his hand and took the jade token.

The green jade token had a dark golden stream of light on it. On it were the words 'Class Library'. There was also a golden spiritual pattern behind it. Clearly, it was used to mark one's identity.

With this jade token, one could read the books in the Alchemy Division's library.

Baili Tongyun and Qin Siyu didn't stay in the shop for long. They merely looked around briefly.

The paintings on the wall shocked them.

As they walked out of the shop, they happened to encounter an old man in a gray robe walking over.

"Zhang... Zhang..." Qin Siyu was stunned for a moment before hurriedly bowing. "Siyu pays her respects to Teacher Zhang."

Baili Tong Yun also bowed.

At the entrance of the shop, Zuo Yulong hurriedly tidied his clothes and bowed to welcome him.

Chapter 542 - 542 I'm Preparing to Dual Cultivate with You in Alchemy (3)

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Zhang Xu.

He was an instructor at the Imperial City Academy, a grandmaster of Confucianism, and a famous figure in the Imperial City.

"Your shop is really not easy to find. I thought it was a big shop." Zhang Xu had many scrolls under his armpit. As he waved his hand, he looked at Han Muye at the door and walked into the shop.

He looked around and smiled.

"You've emptied Lu Yuzhou's courtyard."

Han Muye laughed. "I haven't emptied it yet."

His words made Zhang Xu laugh.

He placed the scrolls under his arm on the counter and said, "I heard that your shop will open tomorrow. I want to give you some calligraphy and paintings as a congratulatory gift. I'm too lazy to deal with those guys."

He nodded.

This martial grandmaster who carried a broom and swept the streets was indeed a little out of place with the others.

However, to be able to reach the Confucian Grandmaster Realm, one's cultivation had its own Dao.

Follow the path and not be swayed by external objects. This was the temperament of a great cultivator.

"Thank you, Brother Zhang."

Han Muye addressed him in a way that was neither servile nor overbearing.

With his Confucian Dao cultivation, he could be compared to Zhang Xu.

Zhang Xu laughed and turned to leave.

When he reached the door, he turned around. "Your poem is really not bad. Call me next time you drink with Lu Yuzhou."

Han Muye's face stiffened slightly.

Am I the kind of person who drinks with women? he thought.

At the door, Qin Siyu and Baili Tongyun, who had yet to leave, looked at Han Muye differently.

Old and shameless.

As for Zuo Yulong, he was already a little numb.

When entertaining guests, he just had to serve tea and water.

As long as Wen didn't come on a blind date, he felt that it was normal.

Not long after Zhang Xu and the others left, Mu Wan walked out tiredly.

Zuo Yuting carefully placed a few jade bottles on the wooden shelf and put the labels away.

These medicinal pills had been refined by Mu Wan over the past few days.

Among them, the seventh-grade pills were the main ones. The eighth-grade pills were all top-grade.

There were also two grade six pills.

This was Mu Wan's current limit.

"Go back and rest for the afternoon. Come to the shop early tomorrow."

Han Muye instructed Zuo Yulong and the others to leave first, then closed the shop door.

"Junior Sister, these medicinal pills are not bad. However, we have to have a few treasures for tomorrow's opening, right?"

Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan and said softly.

Mu Wan nodded, a trace of regret on her face. "But I can only refine a sixth-grade pill at most. I'm really not sure if it's a fifth-grade pill."

Hearing her words, Han Muye smiled and said, "That's fine. I can help you."

"Senior Brother, you can refine pills now?" Mu Wan exclaimed in surprise.

These days, because Han Muye had refined the body of a divine beast, he could not control his strength. Not only could he not refine pills, but he also did not dare to do anything powerful.

For example, when he was closer to Mu Wan, he only dared to hold her hand.

As for other things, what if he could not help but hurt Mu Wan?

Han Muye shook his head.

“Refining a divine beast’s body is really not something that can be done in a day.”

The body of the divine beast, Baxia, could support an entire world. Not only did he have to refine such power, but he also had to be able to lift heavy weights as if they were light. How could it be so easy?

Mu Wan revealed a trace of disappointment.

She thought that he would recover...

“However, I can help you refine pills.”

Han Muye went forward to hold Mu Wan’s hand and said as they walked to the quiet room in the backyard.

“Senior Brother, are you talking about the Enlightenment Technique? But even if it’s Enlightenment, I’m afraid it won’t be able to make me refine a fifth-grade medicinal pill, right?”

Mu Wan muttered in confusion.

Although the empowerment technique was direct, it was not as magical as she had imagined.

Even if Han Muye used his soul to control Mu Wan’s body, he could only refine pills that Mu Wan could use.

If Soul Empowerment could exceed the limit, what would happen?

That was already an evil technique.

“There’s no need for enlightenment.”

Walking into the quiet room, he raised his hand and sealed it with a rune. Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan.

“I’m going to dual cultivate with you to refine pills.”

Dual cultivation?

Mu Wan’s face turned red.

She did not dare to meet Han Muye’s eyes. She retracted her hand into her sleeve and whispered, “Is, is this good?”

“Is it bad?” Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. A golden cauldron appeared in the quiet room, flickering with spiritual light.

Dao Essence cauldron.

He raised his hand and waved at Mu Wan.

“Come here.”

Chapter 543 - 543 Third-Grade Pill, Suppressing the Essence Soul

The spiritual fire rose and shone on Mu Wan's flushed face.

At this moment, she bit her lip. There was sweat on her forehead, and her eyes were like silk.

The Dao Essence Cauldron spun gently, and the medicinal power within it vibrated.

"Can you hold on?"

Behind her, Han Muye's voice sounded in her ears.

The warm breath hit her ear, making Mu Wan's entire body go limp.

She did not dare to speak and only nodded lightly.

So this is dual cultivation alchemy...

The power of her soul fused and spiritual qi converged. When her senior brother's soul power and strength wrapped around her soul and spiritual qi and passed through her dantian's sea of Qi and divine treasures, Mu Wan almost collapsed in his arms.

Dual cultivation and alchemy, and I even have to guide his soul and spiritual qi to walk through my body?

Really?

The feeling of guiding her senior brother's spiritual energy like a palm slowly brushing across her entire body was really embarrassing.

She even had to take the initiative in such a matter.

It was especially embarrassing when her senior brother said, "I didn't notice that Junior Sister had already grown up." It caused the spiritual fire in front of Mu Wan to stir and almost explode.

Fortunately, the Dao Essence Cauldron was strong enough to withstand many accidents when refining pills.

Mu Wan was still the one who refined the pills, but Han Muye would fuse his soul and spiritual energy.

This way, Mu Wan could mobilize power that far exceeded her cultivation.

This was also the first time she felt the boundless soul power that was as deep as the sea.

Is Senior Brother's cultivation so powerful that I can't even look up to him? she thought.

The pill cauldron spun, and the medicinal power within it blended continuously.

Is this dual cultivation and alchemy?

It was not the kind of dual cultivation that she had imagined...

After half a day of refining pills, a total of five furnaces produced nine pills.

Fifth-grade pills, one Immortal-grade pill, three top-grade pills, and two fine-grade pills.

These six fifth-grade pills were based on pill formulas that Han Muye had obtained from the inheritance outside the realm. He had just collected spiritual herbs.

Two Jade Temple Spirit Pills that could directly increase cultivation and were extremely useful to Heaven Realm cultivators.

The remaining four were similarly consumed by great cultivators and were extremely common in the cultivation world.

The Free Mystic Jade Pill could gather spiritual qi at one point to help a half-step Out of Body realm cultivator condense their soul and rush out of their acupoints to reach the Out of Body realm.

Such a medicinal pill was priceless.

Of the remaining three pills, two were fourth-grade Blood Jade Immortal Spirit Pills and one was a third-grade pill.

The Blood Jade Immortal Spirit Pill could condense the blood Qi in the jade bones and consolidate the strength of the body. In the hands of an Out of Body Realm cultivator, it could ensure that his Essence Soul would leave his body and that his body would not be defeated.

Many Out of Body realm cultivators would encounter situations where their primordial spirits were strong but their bodies could not keep up with their cultivation. In the end, their bodies would rot.

The Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill could stimulate one's physical strength to the point of rebirth.

It was said that there were a few great cultivators in the sects of the Imperial City whose bodies had already decayed. Usually, they did not dare to let too many primordial spirits leave their bodies.

The most precious third-grade pill was called the Soul Suppressing Pill.

This was a medicinal pill that Han Muye had refined by extracting a trace of the power of the Kui Heavenly Lightning and fusing it with the power of the Heavenly Dao.

He had mulled over this pill and named it himself.

He said that this pill was third-grade because he felt that this pill surpassed the medicinal strength of all fourth-grade pills.

He fused the core with his body to suppress his primordial spirit.

It was as simple as that.

With the help of the affinity of the Golden Cloud Lotus and the power of lightning and the Heavenly Dao, the power of the Heavenly Dao would erupt to the extreme and suppress a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator in 10 breaths!

Even though this pill could only suppress the power of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator in 10 breaths, it had already surpassed other pills. It was definitely a third-grade pill.

However, only an extremely strong body could withstand the eruption of the medicinal power of such a pill.

Otherwise, his body would collapse before he could suppress others.

Could any cultivator in the world have a stronger body than a divine beast?

This pill was the trump card Han Muye had refined for himself when he needed it.

With the help of his physical strength, Han Muye was confident that he could suppress the Heavenly Mystic Realm!

“Senior Brother, these medicinal pills can only form balls of Qi and not pills. They are not affected by the lightning tribulation. Won’t they be rejected by the orthodox alchemy path?”

Mu Wan watched as Han Muye put these balls of air into a jade bottle and sealed them with spiritual marks.

Turning around, Mu Wan looked at Han Muye. “Senior Brother, this medicinal pill hasn’t formed and stabilized yet. The medicinal power should have dissipated long ago. I was puzzled when I refined the pill last time as to why you were able to make it condense and not dissipate?”

If it did not become a pill, it meant that the medicinal power was not pure enough.

Such a pill should have melted the moment it left the pill furnace.

“Then how did you feel when you were refining pills just now?” Gently hugging Mu Wan’s waist, Han Muye wanted to move his hands up, but he didn’t dare.

It was still because his physical strength could not be controlled carefully...

“Feel?” Mu Wan recalled and said softly, “Spiritual energy enters the body. At first, it hurts a little, but after it eases, it feels warm...”

“My meridians are a little swollen, but I can still bear it. It’s just that later on, when I was refining pills, my spirit circulated too quickly, so I felt a little dizzy.”

At this point, Mu Wan’s expression changed. “I remember now. At the last moment, the medicinal power of the cauldron burst forth. The feeling of explosion was as if... as if I had drawn my sword!”

Han Muye let out a long laugh, then lowered his voice and whispered in Mu Wan’s ear, “Yes, I’ll attack. I’m a sword cultivator, so I naturally have to attack.”

Feeling as if a long sword was pointed at her from behind, Mu Wan’s body stiffened slightly.

“Pill Dao and Sword Dao, Confucian Dao and Sword Dao are all connected.

“The Sword Dao used its power to break the rules of the Pill Dao, causing the pills to not condense into pills.

“Use the Sword Qi to form threads and gather all the medicinal power.

“This medicinal power is bound by a sword thread and is constantly spinning.

“When I need to refine it, I only need to refine this sword thread to fuse all the power into my body.”

Chapter 544 - 544 Third-Grade Pill, Suppressing the Essence Soul (2)

In the quiet room, Han Muye gently hugged Mu Wan and explained this alchemy technique in a low voice.

This was the core of Han Muye's alchemy principles. Alchemy was the Sword Dao!

Mu Wan leaned back softly, not knowing how much she had really heard.

However, it was really hot to be so close.

At this moment, in the Imperial City, in the depths of a huge palace in the upper city, there was also a ball of qi floating.

Not one, but two.

The black-robed Qin Wuyuan's aura was not very stable. Two balls of air floated quietly in front of him.

Not far in front of him, a few old men in various robes had solemn expressions on their faces. They were all staring at the two balls of air.

"Everyone, what do you think?" An indifferent Qin Suyang turned around and looked at the others.

This was the most prosperous place of alchemy in the Imperial City, the Dynasty's Alchemy Division.

The people present today were Alchemy Grandmasters at the very least, and only the experienced ones were qualified.

Hearing Qin Suyang's words, a white-haired old man's eyes emitted five-colored fluorescence, as if he instantly illuminated the two balls of air.

"To be able to think of such a method to concoct a pill, he is truly a genius."

The old man sighed and looked at the others. "Before the pill is formed, the last step of pill refinement will be completed in the consumer's body. It will save the power of the lightning tribulation and not be contaminated with the power of the Heavenly Dao."

At this point, he paused and a strange expression flashed across his face. "If such a method can be used to trade with other realms, won't it be able to operate high-grade medicinal pills?"

His words stunned everyone present. Then smiles flashed across many people's faces.

"Tao Zhu, you only know how to talk business sense," a black-bearded elder scolded jokingly.

Tao Zhu, the Alchemy Grandmaster, was directly in charge of all the alchemy mills in the Imperial City.

Someone once said that if Grandmaster Tao Zhu hadn't been so focused on running the alchemy mills, he would have already stepped into the Alchemy Half-Sage Realm.

In the mortal world, one's heart was too much.

"You don't say. I think Grandmaster Tao Zhu's idea is not bad," the middle-aged woman standing beside Qin Suyang said with a smile.

"Grandmaster Baili, you're thinking that if you use this method, the Jade Rainbow Region and my Heavenly Mystic World's alchemy exchange will be much deeper, right?"

On the other side, a white-haired old man spoke softly.

Baili Xinglin was one of the leaders of the Alchemy Division.

Outsiders didn't know his background, but everyone in the Alchemy Division knew that the Baili Family came from outside the Realm. Their alchemy was their family's inheritance.

The Baili family was responsible for communicating between the two worlds.

However, the two Heavenly Daos were different. Extremely high-grade medicinal pills could not be connected.

If it was as Tao Zhu had said, a high-grade medicinal pill that did not undergo lightning tribulation and did not taint the Heavenly Dao would indeed be able to avoid the detection of the Heavenly Dao.

In this way, precious high-grade medicinal pills could be circulated.

"I've been to the Jade Rainbow Region behind Baili." Qin Suyang's eyes flickered as he said in a deep voice, "Among them, the inheritance of alchemy is a hundred times better than my Heavenly Mystic Realm."

A hundred times.

Everyone was silent.

They were all at the peak of alchemy in this world. They shouldn't be like this, but there was nothing they could do.

The Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao could suppress the myriad worlds, but the difference between alchemy and other inheritances was not small.

After all, a domain naturally had an innate advantage.

There were Alchemy Sages in the Jade Rainbow Region.

"Grandmaster Baili, what do you think is the difference between the pill refined by Wu Yuan and the pill refined by Grandmaster Mu Yuan?"

Qin Suyang looked at Baili Xinglin and asked.

Today, the strongest alchemists in the field should be the few of them. Baili Xinglin's knowledge of alchemy far surpassed the others.

What was the difference between these two pills?

Everyone looked at the pills and frowned.

The medicinal effects, medicinal properties, and even the energy fluctuations were about the same.

The only difference was that the medicinal strength of the newly refined pills was slightly more violent.

This was very normal. After all, Qin Wuyuan had just become an alchemy grandmaster and was not familiar with alchemy methods.

“Grandmaster Mu Ye’s alchemy skills are so high, and his divine soul is so strong that it’s truly breathtaking,” Baili Xinglin said softly.

This sentence made everyone present nod.

There were at least seven or eight people present who could guide Qin Wuyuan in alchemy.

However, it would take some time for them to get used to each other.

The first time they met, he used the Soul Empowerment Technique to refine pills. Whether it was his own strength or confidence, outsiders could not compare to him.

Only true experts could be so confident, right?

Qin Wuyuan nodded and said in a low voice, “Mr. Mu Ye’s soul is as deep as the sea.”

Qin Suyang only nodded and did not speak.

He asked the question not because he wanted to hear Baili Xinglin praise him.

Baili Xinglin’s eyes moved away from the two balls of air and looked into the distance.

“In fact, the inheritance of the Heavenly Mystic Alchemy Dao relies on the influence of Confucianism. It pursues perfection and seeks the origin of the world.

“Most of the medicinal ingredients are perfectly round.

“The alchemy inheritance outside the realm has liquefaction, paste, solidifying pills, and soft pills. It doesn’t care about the shape or nature. It only requires the medicinal power to be dense and pure.

“There are many methods to directly refine spiritual herbs into pills without having to blend compatible herbs.”

In the path of cultivation, all paths lead to the same destination.

The goal of alchemy was to use the power of heaven and earth to make up for one’s shortcomings.

Baili Xinglin’s words might seem like a strange piece of news to the people outside the hall, but the people in the hall weren’t surprised.

They had already touched the path of the Great Dao.

An old man in a grayish-black robe narrowed his eyes and asked in a deep voice, “Does Steward Baili mean that the inheritance of Grandmaster Mu Ye comes from outside the realm?”

Chapter 545 - 545 Third-Grade Pill, Suppressing the Essence Soul (3)

More and more cultivators came to the Heavenly Mystic World, and the various inheritances became more and more impure.

Some time ago, the Daoist sects actually wanted to overturn the eight counties.

Inheritances from the outside world were not like Baili Xinglin, who was willing to coexist with the Heavenly Mystic World.

If this mysterious martial grandmaster came from outside the realm, he would have to investigate carefully.

Hearing the old man's words, Baili Xinglin shook her head. She waved her hand and said, "It is precisely because this inheritance didn't come from outside the realm that I sigh.

"Actually, such alchemy techniques are commonplace. However, I have never seen anyone who could use them to such an extent."

Commonplace?

At this moment, even Qin Suyang frowned slightly.

There were alchemy techniques that did not exist in the Heavenly Mystic World. Baili Xinglin said that they are common, but she also said that they were not inheritances from the outside world.

Isn't this contradictory? Qin Suyang thought.

Baili Xinglin chuckled and looked at Qin Wuyuan. "Grandmaster Wuyuan, you should be able to feel it for yourself, right? The Qi masses you refined can only be stored for three months at most, and the person who refined it didn't lose the slightest bit of medicinal strength even after 10 or 100 years."

At this point, her eyes flickered with curiosity.

"Furthermore, if that mass of qi is preserved for a hundred years, the medicinal power in it can sublimate."

"Grandmaster Baili, don't keep us in suspense..." A white-bearded old man impatiently said. Before he could finish speaking, Baili Xinglin raised her hand and pointed forward, sending a beam of spiritual light towards the two clouds.

"Buzz!"

"Clang—"

When the spiritual energy collided, the reaction of the two clouds was completely different!

The cloud refined by Qin Wuyuan shook lightly, as if it was about to shatter at any moment.

As for the other one, it emitted a sword cry. The cloud qi in it began to spin, slowly condensing and becoming tighter.

"Sword energy!" Someone cried out in alarm.

"It's not just sword qi, it's a technique that has already condensed into sword threads and formed the power of the Sword Dao." The gray-robed old man who spoke earlier focused and said, "This is the symbol of a great cultivator of the Sword Dao."

A great cultivator of Confucianism.

A great alchemy cultivator.

Sword Dao, great cultivator!

At this moment, the atmosphere in the hall slowly became solemn.

“A great sword cultivator of the Eastern Sea?” someone whispered.

It was a little similar. After all, Han Muye had appeared at the Guan Estuary.

“Is there such a great cultivator of Confucianism in the Eastern Sea?” Someone shook his head.

“Forget it. Lu Yuzhou knows his identity, and so does Minister Wen.” Qin Suyang waved his hand.

There was no need to worry about Han Muye’s identity as long as he cultivated Confucianism and there was Minister Wen above him.

Everyone smiled.

Wen Mosheng naturally had to worry about the situation in the Heavenly Mystic.

“It’s indeed unusual to be able to fuse the Sword Dao into the Pill Dao so perfectly.” Qin Suyang looked at everyone and then at Qin Wuyuan in front of him.

“Tomorrow, when his Pill Destiny Pavilion opens, you go.”

Qin Wuyuan nodded.

With Han Muye’s guidance, Qin Wuyuan and Han Muye had formed a legacy.

In the future, he, Qin Wuyuan, would have to bow to the juniors.

“Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, the one in Moon Viewing?” Baili Xinglin chuckled. “My little girl has been very attentive recently, so she specially asked the old man to write a plaque for her.

“You know, my old man has sealed his pen for a long time, but he was forced to write by Tongyun.”

Baili Xinglin’s words caused everyone to chuckle again.

Baili Xinglin stayed in the Heavenly Mystic because she admired Grandmaster Huang Tingjie.

Although the two of them had become Dao companions, the Baili Family was the main family lineage. This made Grandmaster Huang feel very embarrassed. A hundred years ago, he had comprehended the Great Daoist Classic on his own and sought the path of righteousness through sitting in meditation. He was close to the Daoist sects and was austere, abstaining from secular desires.

If it wasn’t for Baili Tongyun’s request, it would have been impossible to get Huang Ting to write.

Everyone in the shop slowly dispersed, but they all remembered the opening of the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion tomorrow.

When only Qin Suyang and Baili Xinglin were left in the hall, Qin Suyang turned around and said, “With Baili in charge, the battle in the No Resentment Realm is intense. The soldiers at the front line are severely injured and there’s a shortage of medicinal pills.

“Marquis Chongwu means that, hopefully, this Alchemy Convention will be of help to the front line.”

Baili Xinglin nodded. She looked out of the hall and softly said, "I'll make arrangements for this matter. However, it will be quite dangerous for the alchemy cultivators participating in this convention."

Hearing her words, Qin Suyang laughed and strode out. His voice sounded, "Alchemy cultivators are not like the flowers and birds in that garden. It's not a good thing to always hide at the back."

Baili Xinglin didn't speak. She only let out a low sigh.

...

In the backyard of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

After continuously refining pills, Mu Wan had exhausted some of her mental strength. Han Muye was the one who carried her back to the room.

It was almost midnight when Han Muye walked out of Mu Wan's room.

He did not return to his room. Instead, he stood in the small courtyard, spiritual light surging all over his body.

Although today's pill refinement was not the dual cultivation Mu Wan wanted, it was still quite beautiful.

Throughout the entire process, Han Muye's mind and spiritual energy control made her feel like she was walking on a tightrope.

If anything happened to him, Mu Wan would probably not be able to withstand it.

At this moment, standing in the small courtyard, his mind was relaxed, and spiritual qi surged. He felt as if his body and mind had sublimated.

When he was in the Western Frontier, he thought that cultivation was accumulation.

Accumulate sword qi, accumulate combat experience, accumulate spiritual qi and soul power.

However, after returning from the outside world and coming to the Imperial City, Han Muye's comprehension was different.

Whether it was Confucianism, Sword Dao, or alchemy cultivation, it was actually a combination of accumulation and enlightenment. Most of it was through constant contact and experimentation. There was more exploration and understanding of oneself and the Great Dao.

In the past, he thought that the Sword Dao was simply Sword Dao.

He felt that the Sword Dao was pure.

Now that he thought about it, he had been blinded.

Or rather, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, who walked the same path as him, also had such thoughts back then.

But in the end, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian abandoned everything and left the Heavenly Mystic World.

Perhaps Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had a new comprehension.

“The Dao of the Sword combines into one and transforms into 10,000. In the end, it adheres to the principle of breaking and establishing. Is this the subsequent path of deduction for the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?”

Retracting his aura, Han Muye flew to the roof and landed far away.

When he reappeared, he was already at the edge of a crescent-shaped lake.

Immortal Moon Lake was named after the lake.

It was late at night, and there were few pedestrians by the lake.

The flickering lights in the distance and the two to three boats on the lake created a quiet and prosperous scene.

This was the Imperial City.

After standing by the lake for a moment, Han Muye moved and quietly landed in the water.

Chapter 546 - 546 Green Vine, Xu Wei

The power of the affinity of the water enveloped him as if he had merged with the water and sunk to the bottom of the lake.

The Immortal Moon Lake was not too deep. The center was only 1,000 feet.

However, the water’s spiritual energy was rich, and the green spiritual light enveloped Han Muye.

Some large and small fishes came over and surrounded him, as if they were very curious.

His feet landed on the bluestone at the bottom of the lake, and he narrowed his eyes.

Behind him, a faint phantom of the divine beast Baxia appeared.

The phantom of the divine beast covered his body and fused with the water’s spiritual energy.

With this phantom, no one could break Han Muye’s defense.

Today, he had gained something from dual cultivation and alchemy, but it had also stimulated the violent aura in his divine beast bloodline.

With the help of the spiritual energy in the water, he could relax a little.

However, it was not enough.

He slowly closed his eyes, and the qi, blood, and soul power that had been dormant in his body slowly disappeared, as if they had never existed.

In the next moment, the Sword Pavilion in the far west flashed with golden light!

In the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong, who was sitting cross-legged, muttered and left.

Senior Brother Han had instructed that in the future, when the Sword Pavilion’s array formation was activated, the people from the Sword Pavilion should leave and return after the array formation was closed.

Alright, let's go down the mountain and take a look.

Last time, it was smooth.

When Liu Hong left the Sword Pavilion, he did not notice that the golden light on the Sword Pavilion behind him trembled slightly.

Even on the entire Nine Mystic Mountain, no one sensed the change in the Sword Pavilion.

No one knew that the Sword Pavilion was no longer in its original place!

The Sword Pavilion that was surrounded by golden light was only a projection now.

The real Sword Pavilion was already thousands of miles away in the void!

In the endless void, a huge divine beast that looked like a mountain floated quietly with a three-story building that flickered with golden spiritual light on its back.

The body of the divine beast, Baxia!

Perhaps no one in this world knew that Han Muye had suppressed the divine beast Baxia's body in the space under the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion and the divine beast's body were interdependent.

"Roar—"

In the distance, a roar could be heard. A group of huge exotic beasts that were a thousand feet long spread their wings and pounced on the divine beast, Baxia, excitedly.

They had been observing for a long time. This divine beast did not emit any aura. It was either in a meditative state or seriously injured.

A powerful divine beast could cultivate for thousands of years at a time.

For those mutated beasts, they might be able to obtain benefits while the divine beast was meditating.

Even if such a powerful divine beast absorbed a trace of bloodline power, it would still bring endless benefits.

As for the tyrannical giant divine beasts, they would usually not wake up from their meditation and stop their cultivation because of this trace of bloodline loss.

The loss outweighed the gain.

The strange beast roared over, but the divine beast, Baxia, did not react at all.

This made the mutated beasts even more excited.

Just as thousands of strange beasts were about to land on Baxia's body, golden light flashed.

The three-story Sword Pavilion on the back of the divine beast suddenly shone with sword light.

At this moment, Baxia, who had his eyes closed, opened them.

Awakening.

A violent aura that seemed to have come from the primordial era suppressed all the beasts.

The tyrannical power in their bloodlines seemed to want to crush their bodies into dust.

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

The mutated beasts that had yet to reach the Heaven Realm were all shattered to pieces. Their blood qi and demonic qi scattered on the back of the divine beast.

“Buzz!”

The sword light that flew out of the Sword Pavilion had already arrived. 30,000 swords kept circling and spinning, shattering the Heaven Realm beasts surrounding it.

When all the swords flew back with a trace of blood energy, the back of the divine beast was already empty.

Baxia slowly closed his eyes again. Then he moved his four legs and went elsewhere.

Almost all the mutated beasts in this space were almost all killed.

In the distance, the nine layers of heaven and earth emitted an uncontrollable spiritual light, attracting all the power to gather there.

In the Sword Pavilion, all the swords fell back. The qi and blood on them were slowly absorbed and fused with the sword qi on the swords to nourish the swords.

Above the Sword Pavilion, the golden light dissipated.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Sword Pavilion was silent.

At the bottom of the Immortal Moon Lake, Han Muye opened his eyes.

There was still a trace of sword light surging in his eyes, immediately killing a few fish not far away.

The sword light flashed and the spiritual light in his eyes disappeared.

Behind him, the divine beast phantom slowly faded.

The water vapor comforted him. The slaughter finally suppressed the brutality of the divine beast bloodline.

At this moment, his physical strength increased infinitely.

A faint blood-colored power seeped out of his body and shook off the water vapor.

Han Muye smiled wryly and allowed his body to be soaked in the lake water as he slowly floated up.

His physical strength was improving too quickly, and his divine soul and spiritual qi could not keep up with his control speed.

He thought that the dual cultivation pill refinement today would allow him to control the body of the divine beast and refine the power of the divine beast.

It turned out to be the case.

It should take more than an hour to clean up the mutated beasts, but now, it took less than 15 minutes.

However, as he controlled more power, the power of his body became too violent. It would require another process to adapt to it.

If this continued, when would he be able to be upfront with his junior sister?

Could it be that he really had to let his junior sister take the initiative?

Although that would be more interesting, it was a little difficult.

“Crash—”

Han Muye rushed out of the water and landed on the shore of the lake. He turned to look ahead.

On the other side, an old man in a gray robe happened to turn around.

The old man held a wine gourd in his hand. His face was pale and withered, and wine dripped from the corner of his mouth.

“Hehe, you want to die, but you don’t dare?”

The old man sized up Han Muye and chuckled. Then he handed the wine gourd forward. “Why don’t you drink some wine and have the guts to die?”

Han Muye looked down. Because he couldn’t control his strength, his entire body was soaked in lake water, and he really looked a little disheveled.

Chapter 547 - 547 Green Vine, Xu Wei (2)

547 Green Vine, Xu Wei (2)

“I have wine.”

Han Muye walked over, took out a small gourd, removed the stopper, and took a sip.

The wine entered his throat, penetrated his intestines, and entered his stomach. It was burning hot.

The Sword Qi in his Qi Sea trembled slightly.

The Heartbreak Wine that could condense sword qi back then was not very useful now.

The old man sniffed, glanced at Han Muye's wine gourd, then brought his gourd to his mouth and took a big gulp.

The old man's hand trembled as he held the gourd.

Han Muye didn't say anything. He sat on the reef and took a sip after a while.

Neither of them spoke as they each drank their own wine.

The night wind blew, and the lake water rippled. The lights were diminishing.

The lights on the cruise ship in the distance went out bit by bit.

"Sigh, it's better to be alive..." Seeing the last fishing lamp go out, the old man sighed softly.

"Who doesn't want to live?"

“Only when you’re alive can you drink.”

He raised the gourd and drank the clear wine.

Han Muye could smell a refreshing fragrance.

However, there was a dense aura of death lingering around the old man.

This was a sign that his lifespan was about to end.

Back then, when Han Muye only had a few days left to live, outsiders looked at him like this.

“My shop will open tomorrow, so I won’t drink with you.” Han Muye stood up and put away the small gourd.

The old man nodded and said, “That’s a good thing.”

As he spoke, he looked around. Seeing that there was nothing, he reached out and tore off the corner of his shirt, throwing it at Han Muye.

“Take it. Consider it a gift to my drinking buddy.

“When you make a lot of money, remember to buy me a drink.”

With that, he took another sip of wine.

After taking a sip, he shook the gourd in his hand and seemed to feel that there was not much wine left. He leaned over and pressed the gourd down with its mouth in the lake water and filled it up.

There was only water in the gourd.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the old man. After a moment of silence, he took out a jade bottle and placed it on the bluestone. Then he grabbed the corner of his shirt and turned to leave.

The old man looked at Han Muye’s back with misty eyes, as if he was really drunk.

He reached out and picked up the jade bottle. The intoxicated expression on his face slowly turned serious.

“Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill?”

“You’re even willing to take out a fourth-grade pill?”

Holding the jade bottle, there seemed to be a trace of life in the old man’s eyes.

“Did he recognize me?”

“Does anyone in the Imperial City know me?”

Holding the jade bottle, the old man’s aura slowly condensed.

“The Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill can extend my life by three years. In these three years, let the world know that I, Xu Wei, am still alive.”

Standing up, a faint divine light flashed on the old man’s face.

A cloud in the jade bottle hit him directly.

“This alchemy method is interesting. It can even save me the effort of refining it.”

The old man was nowhere to be seen on the bluestone. All that was left was a wine gourd with the fragrance of wine wafting in the wind.

Han Muye, who was walking on the limestone path, held the corner of his shirt in his hand, his expression changing.

Green Vine, Xu Wei.

He didn't expect that he would meet this Confucian cultivator who had disappeared for countless years.

Rumor had it that Green Vine, Xu Wei, had long since fallen into a trance and died.

Unexpectedly, he was in the Imperial City.

Although his body had decayed and his lifespan was about to end, he was still alive.

Would he be willing to refine that pill?

The Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill, which was worth tens of millions of spiritual rocks and could restore the vitality of an Out of Body Realm cultivator, could only extend Xu Zhi's lifespan by three to five years.

This was because what Han Muye sensed was that the death aura on Xu Wei's body came from his mind.

How could pills in the world save people who wanted to die?

If not for the fact that he wanted to die, how could a cultivator like Xu Wei die?

Even if he could not live forever, he could at least live as long as the Confucian world in the Heavenly Mystic.

If he was unwilling to refine the pill to extend his life, there would probably be another withered body sinking into the bottom of the Immortal Moon Lake, right?

Looking down at the corner of his shirt in his palm, Han Muye wondered if he knew how to refine pills.

The corner of his shirt was stained.

There were some ink marks on it.

A faint Great Spirit surged, and images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

He wore a green robe with large sleeves, and his ink brush was white.

Who else could it be but Mr. Green Vine, who was known as the most elegant Confucianist?

The brush and ink were moist and scattered wantonly.

Mountains, rivers, vegetation.

Under the brush was the world.

At this moment, Han Muye seemed to see the sun, moon, and stars, the circulation of the world, and the ebb and flow of time.

“Great Dao Obscurity?”

Narrowing his eyes, the Great Spirit in Han Muye’s hand dissipated.

He had yet to comprehend the Dao and had fallen into another major Dao.

If he succeeded, he would soar into the sky and become a Sage.

If he lost, he would die.

Of course, the dao was boundless and not many people could see through it.

No one had ever heard of a cultivator who had fallen into the Dao Obscurity.

Perhaps there was, but that person had already disappeared from everyone’s sight.

After a moment of silence, Han Muye carefully put away the corner of his shirt.

Without the same state of mind as a Confucian Grandmaster, one would probably collapse if they took another look at the corner of his clothes.

This also explained why Mr. Green Vine no longer appeared in front of others.

Putting away the corner of his shirt, Han Muye paused and disappeared.

When he appeared again, he was already in his courtyard.

Glancing at Mu Wan's room, he slowly walked into his room.

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Imperial Garden Street, in Moon Viewing Town.

The morning mist had yet to dissipate, and there were not many people on the streets.

The Southern Wasteland Snack Shop was open early, and a tempting fragrance wafted in the steam.

They made breakfast in the morning and the children's favorite food during the day. Shao Datian and Cuicui were now full of energy.

Chapter 548 - 548 Green Vine, Xu Wei (3)

This was because the daily income of spiritual coins could make Cuicui wake up from laughing in her dreams in the middle of the night.

Bao Mingcheng, who was wearing a green robe, stood across the street with his hands behind his back. His eyes were fixed on the next door of the snack bar.

On the other side, the door of the Pill Destiny Pavilion had already opened. There was also a plaque covered in red silk hanging on the door.

It seemed that they were really going to open for business today.

“Uncle, you didn’t ask me to bring my brothers here just to watch the tiger demon of the Southern Wasteland sell buns, right?” Behind Bao Mingcheng, a young man in black muttered impatiently.

Behind him, there were seven or eight youths dressed in the same way.

“That’s right, Sir. I haven’t heard of anyone going missing recently. Those buns smell good.”

A young man with green hair on his temples looked around and said in a low voice, “The Imperial City Guard Battalion has also issued a secret order recently to be tolerant of the demons of the Southern Wasteland.

“The Qian family’s meritorious service is about to be completed.”

It was only right.

They occupied the Southern Wasteland but did not allow the demons to integrate. What’s the meaning of this battle?

“Hmph, do you think I have nothing better to do?” Bao Mingcheng snorted and turned to glare at the young man who had just called him uncle.

“I told you to study hard, but you didn’t want to. You could only work in the patrol camp.”

Bao Mingcheng’s words made the young man lower his head.

The people behind didn’t look up either.

“In the Central Continent, the Confucian Dao suppresses the world. If you don’t cultivate the Confucian Dao, you will never know the immensity of heaven and earth.”

Bao Mingcheng looked in the direction of the Pill Destiny Pavilion that had yet to open. He said softly, “Zhenyu, remember this. If anyone causes trouble, take them down, no matter who the other party is.

“This might be your opportunity.”

The young man standing behind Bao Mingcheng nodded and looked ahead.

At this moment, the Zuo siblings in white robes were standing on both sides of the shop.

A well-dressed and energetic Zuo Lin stood by the street, ready to receive the guests.

There were at least 70 to 80 of such shops on any auspicious day on Imperial Garden Street.

Even though there were fewer people who would choose to open on odd numbered days like today, there were still dozens of them.

When he came just now, he saw a red carpet in front of a few shops.

What’s there to pay attention to in this shop that only has one shopfront?

Bao Zhenyu thought so, but he did not dare to say it out loud.

His uncle was one of the chief officers of the Defense Division. It was easy for him to mobilize a small patrol officer.

Moreover, his uncle had said that this was an opportunity for him.

"Brother Yu, someone is really here to cause trouble," someone behind Bao Zhenyu suddenly said.

Bao Zhenyu and Bao Mingcheng turned their heads and saw a group of eight green-robed officials lined up on the main road more than a mile away.

They were led by two administrators from the Alchemy Division who were dressed in green and gray robes.

The administrator of the Alchemy Division needed to be an official alchemist who had passed the selection test of the Alchemy Division.

These administrators were in charge of selling and trading pills in various markets and providing help to the alchemists.

The administrator of the Alchemy Division had the right to manage the pill shops.

"Alchemy Division? Uncle, our Imperial City Patrol Battalion can't manage these alchemists.

"The Heavenly Mystic Guards are in charge of the matters of cultivators."

Bao Zhenyu revealed a trace of doubt as he looked at Bao Mingcheng, "That shop is doing alchemy business? It's such a small shop, and it's in Moon Viewing Town. How can it succeed?

"Even if we allow them to open, I'm afraid there won't be any business."

Bao Mingcheng did not answer him. He narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, "Remember what I said. No matter who it is, you have to stop them."

Is he going against the people from the Alchemy Division?

Bao Zhenyu had a wry expression on his face as he turned to look at his subordinates behind him.

Stop these people from the Alchemy Division?

Taking a deep breath, Bao Zhenyu was about to speak when someone behind him whispered.

"Brother Yu, someone has arrived."

Everyone turned to look in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

A team of workers in gray robes laid out a red carpet in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion. Then they placed some potted plants on it to make it look much more festive.

"That's the Jia family. There are two officials and a deputy general in the Jia family."

"So it's the Jia family."

A black-robed young man leaned forward and said in a low voice, "I remember that the second master of the Jia family wants to enter the censorate. If something happens now, I'm afraid it won't be good for him."

Bao Zhenyu turned to his uncle.

Could it be that Uncle came because he wanted to cozy up to the second master of the Jia family?

The Censorate's officials have a lot of power, but they don't care about the Defense Division. Is there a need for the Censorate's officials to ask about such a small matter in the Imperial City?

Perhaps it's a personal relationship?

Does my impartial uncle know how to abuse his power for personal gain?

Because of the Jia family's arrival, the group of officials and people from the Alchemy Division stopped in their tracks slightly, as if they were observing the background of the shop.

If he was really reckless in the Imperial City, he probably wouldn't live long.

A moment later, these people moved forward again.

The Jia family's background was nothing.

At least, in the eyes of the Alchemy Division, the Jia family was not enough.

However, just as they moved, a few large carriages had already run past them and stopped in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

More than 20 waiters in embroidered robes jumped out of the car and sent various trays into the shop.

Because the shop was small, these workers could only walk in a line.

This scene immediately attracted the attention of the surrounding people.

"Are those people from the Han Trading Company?" Someone looked at these workers and asked in a low voice.

"That's right. Although the Han Trading Company hasn't been in the Imperial City for long, they're very famous. There are marks on their clothes."

The surrounding discussion made Bao Zhenyu and the others behind Bao Mingcheng frown.

A foreign trading company?

What's the background of this pill shop?

The arrival of the people from the Han Family Commercial House not only caused the people from the Alchemy Division to not stop in their tracks, they even sped up.

"Stop them."

Bao Mingcheng growled. Bao Zhenyu gritted his teeth and charged forward.

However, just as he reached the center of the street, several galloping horses rushed over.

Flame-red armor, blood qi like a rainbow!

Bao Zhenyu looked at the officials who had moved to the side, then turned to look at the army general in armor who had stopped in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

He turned to look at his uncle blankly.

Bao Mingcheng stared at the general who jumped off his horse and muttered.

“The commander of the imperial guards of the Red Flame Army, General Xiao Lingshan, has personally arrived?

“Who is the owner of this shop? Why is he so famous?”

Chapter 549 - 549 Opening Today, I'm Not Late, Am I?

549 Opening Today, I'm Not Late, Am I?

The commander of the imperial city's Crimson Flame Army was in charge of the 100,000 Crimson Flame Iron Guards guarding the upper city.

Although Xiao Lingshan was not the top expert in the world, he was still a powerful figure in the Crimson Flame Army.

Which one of the commanders of the Red Flame Army who was qualified to stay in the Imperial City was not a trusted aide of Marquis Wu?

Xiao Lingshan basically was not involved in the matters of the Imperial City.

However, this person was one of the three commanders of the Red Flame Army in the Imperial City. He was powerful and even many Confucian Grandmasters were unwilling to offend him.

Why would such a general come to the Pill Destiny Pavilion?

Bao Mingcheng did not know, and Bao Zhenyu was even more confused.

The official and the two administrators were also stunned.

The tall Xiao Lingshan strode forward, and a few generals behind him stopped at the entrance of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Shao Datian, who had been helping Cuicui sell buns next door, hesitated for a moment. He wiped his hands and clenched his fists as he walked to the entrance of the pavilion.

Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting were stunned.

Whether it was Xiao Lingshan or the generals behind him, the strength they displayed was extremely tyrannical and they emitted an infinite murderous aura.

This baleful aura could make one lose one's soul.

The passersby subconsciously stayed a safe distance away.

“General... General Xiao has arrived...”

Zuo Lin, who was holding a few warhorses by the road, let out a long cry.

He was also stunned and anxious.

However, he was much more knowledgeable than his two children and could speak at critical moments.

Zuo Yulong finally came back to his senses.

“Welcome, General Xiao.”

Zuo Yulong raised his hand and saluted.

Xiao Lingshan nodded and looked up at the plaque that was still covered in red silk. He waited at the door.

Han Muye and Mu Wan, who were wearing green robes and moon-white clothes, slowly walked out.

Mu Wan’s face revealed a trace of joy, and her expression was calm.

Han Muye, who was standing beside her, cupped his hands at Xiao Lingshan. “Greetings, General Xiao.”

Mu Wan also bent down slightly.

According to his identity in the Western Frontier Sword Pavilion, Gao Changgong had the right to preach to Han Muye and was a teacher.

Gao Changgong and Xiao Yueli had a relationship.

It was only right for Han Muye to bow to General Xiao.

Xiao Lingshan was tall and had a white beard. His eyes were deep.

Seeing Han Muye bow, Xiao Lingshan hesitated for a moment before smiling and holding Han Muye’s arm.

“You and I should be peers.”

Xiao Lingshan sized up Han Muye, then turned to Mu Wan and nodded slightly.

Han Muye could confer deity titles with a single statement at the Guan Estuary. With such strength, he was naturally qualified to be on the same level as Xiao Lingshan.

Even in the Imperial City, Confucian scholars and military generals were different, but in the end, cultivation still spoke for itself.

“Yueli sent a letter saying that you’re close to my Xiao family. Today, I come as an elder.”

Glancing around, Xiao Lingshan said with a smile, “It’s not easy to live in the Imperial City, let alone do business.”

“It’s not easy to do business peacefully in the Imperial City without a backer.”

He was doing business peacefully.

No matter how strong Han Muye was or what his identity was, as long as he wanted to do business steadily, he had to follow the rules of the Imperial City.

The Xiao family had strength, connections, and power.

Xiao Lingshan had come today to support Han Muye and the others.

"Thank you, Senior." Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands again.

With that, he raised his hand and said, "Senior, please come in for tea."

Mu Wan also took a step back and turned to welcome him.

The fact that Xiao Lingshan came as an elder made him seem even more sincere.

Xiao Lingshan waved his hand and stood at the entrance of the shop. "It's your first time in the Imperial City, so you don't know many people. I brought some colleagues here to support you."

As he spoke, he waved his hand.

A few generals behind him stood on both sides of the shop, their hands on their sword hilts, solemn and motionless.

Immediately, the atmosphere in the small shop was different.

The people buying buns next door carefully retreated.

This scene clearly showed that this small shop had generals backing it up.

Not far away, Bao Zhenyu scratched his head and looked at Bao Mingcheng, who was standing under a tree by the road behind him. "Uncle, are we still going to stop him?"

Stop him?

Those officials and people from the Alchemy Division were not stupid. At this moment, they had already retreated to the side of the street and carefully observed the situation in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Bao Mingcheng pondered for a moment. He raised his hand and took out a palm-sized jade box. He held it in his hand and walked forward.

Bao Zhenyu grinned and followed behind Bao Mingcheng.

General Xiao Lingshan was the highest-ranking official in the patrol camp. Even the Defense Division that his uncle was in was under the control of the Imperial City's personal guards.

If they can get to know each other, won't it be an opportunity?

No wonder my uncle rushed over.

"Tap, tap, tap..."

Bao Mingcheng and the others had just reached the center of the street when some fine horses galloped over. A group of generals in red and black armor had arrived.

"I'm Zheng Cheng, the general of the Imperial City's personal guards."

"I'm Tao Wusen, the Left Spirit Guard General of the Imperial City."

"I'm Li Keshun, General of the Thirteen Royal Guards."

Bao Zhenyu and the young men behind him exclaimed.

Not only did General Xiao Lingshan come personally, but there were also so many generals from the imperial city's personal guards. Could it be that this small shop was opened by the imperial city's personal guards?

"General Deng Xiao of the Patrol Battalion!"

Bao Zhenyu let out a low cry and lowered his head.

The young men behind him also hurriedly lowered their heads.

They were here to use their official position for personal gain. Now that they saw the top generals, it was not easy to explain themselves.

But it was too late.

Deng Xiao, who had arrived on his horse, turned around and cupped his hands at Bao Mingcheng. His gaze fell on Bao Zhenyu and the others.

"Lord Bao, this is..." Looking at the jade box in Bao Mingcheng's hand, Deng Xiao seemed to have understood. He chuckled and said, "Lord Bao is really well-informed."

Chapter 550 - 550 Opening Today, I'm Not Late, Am I? (2)

Bao Mingcheng's expression did not change. He said softly, "We are all residents of Moon Viewing Town. I have to give you a gift."

At this point, he said in a clear voice, "I haven't reported it to Brother Deng. I've transferred Zhenyu and the others here to help in case anything goes wrong."

As their names were being called by Bao Mingcheng, Bao Zhenyu and the others had to raise their heads and stand solemnly.

Deng Xiao, who had dismounted, nodded and said, "Alright."

With that, he threw the reins aside.

Bao Zhenyu was naturally quick-witted enough to step forward and hold his horse.

The others hurried forward to lead the horses for the imperial guards.

"Deng Xiao, you're a good soldier."

It was unknown which general said in a low voice.

No matter who it was, no one had a lower rank than Deng Xiao.

Deng Xiao smiled and turned around. "Brother Bao, please."

The Lord Bao from before was now Brother Bao.

Bao Mingcheng smiled and followed.

Xiao Lingshan, who was standing in front of the stone steps, chuckled and said, "I'll introduce you to my colleagues in the Imperial City's personal guards. Perhaps we can use our friendship in the future."

Han Muye and Mu Wan naturally wouldn't refuse and followed behind him.

"Brothers, please support Old Xiao. There's nothing else to say. Old Xiao will book the entire Spring Snow Brothel tonight."

Xiao Ling shouted, then pointed at Han Muye and Mu Wan. "These two juniors of mine came to the Imperial City to do business. They will need you to take care of them in the future."

Han Muye and Mu Wan smiled and cupped their hands.

Xiao Lingshan pointed at the Red Armor general in the lead. "This is Zheng Cheng, the general of the Imperial City's personal guards. He's the one who arranges for the patrols in the upper city."

Zheng Cheng looked to be in his sixties. His face was rosy and his beard was white. He took out a long saber with a smile.

"I'm just a martial artist with nothing much to show. This saber has some weight."

Han Muye smiled and reached out to take it. Shao Datian, who was behind him, was also smart and quickly went forward to hold it.

This saber was indeed very heavy. Shao Datian lowered his arms slightly.

Zheng Cheng chuckled and stepped aside.

The Pill Destiny Pavilion had yet to open, so the people who came naturally had to wait to watch the ceremony.

"This is the Imperial City's Left Spirit Guard, General Tao Wusen. This is the Imperial City's 13th Battalion's General Li Keshun. This is the patrol unit..."

After Xiao Lingshan's introduction, these generals presented gifts.

They gave him gifts such as a dagger, a spear, and armor.

They were all good things, spiritual weapons at the very least, worth hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks.

However, Han Muye probably had no use for these things.

However, he smiled and thanked them one by one.

"This is..." Slightly stunned, Xiao Lingshan pointed at Bao Mingcheng.

"I'm Bao Mingcheng from the Defense Division. I live nearby, and I'm here to celebrate the opening of the Pill Destiny Pavilion." Bao Mingcheng hurriedly held the jade box and said loudly.

"Defense Division, Gao Mingcheng." Xiao Lingshan nodded and whispered.

Bao Mingcheng's face lit up.

Han Muye did not reach out to take the jade box, nor did he look at what was inside. He said, "Thank you for helping me last time, Lord Bao."

Earlier, he saw Bao Mingcheng leading a group of people across the street. It seemed like he had the intention to help.

Hearing Han Muye say that Bao Mingcheng had helped him out previously, Xiao Lingshan first frowned, then looked at Bao Mingcheng and nodded gently.

"As neighbors, it's my duty," Bao Mingcheng said as he handed a jade box to Shao Datian.

"Brother Datian, keep it first. It's just a small token of joy."

Shao Datian turned to see that Han Muye did not refuse. He hugged the dagger, sword, spear, and jade box and took a step back.

Bao Mingcheng smiled and retreated to the side.

Fortunately, the front of the shop was wide. Otherwise, no one would be able to stand there.

Xiao Lingshan turned to look at the covered plaque, then at Han Muye. "Is anyone else coming?"

No one else is coming, right? Han Muye thought.

In any case, he and Mu Wan did not know anyone in the city.

Lu Yuzhou was supposed to come, but he had emptied most of his courtyard. He wondered if this guy would deliberately not come today.

Actually, to Han Muye, it didn't matter if anyone came to congratulate them on the opening of the shop.

As long as they didn't come to cause trouble.

He thought about it and shook his head. Just as he was about to speak, someone strode over from the door.

The person was wearing a Daoist robe, and two Daoist children followed behind him.

"The Changyun Alchemy House congratulates the Pill Destiny Pavilion on its opening."

Daoist Changyun, who was dressed in a purple Daoist robe, walked forward with a smile. The two Daoist children behind him carried a few spiritual herbs.

Han Muye did not expect this person to come.

They were both alchemy cultivators, so Mu Wan stepped forward. Zuo Yuting hurriedly took the spiritual herbs and bowed to Daoist Changyun.

Daoist Changyun chuckled and instructed Zuo Yuting to work hard in the Pill Destiny Pavilion. Then he retreated to the side and prepared to watch the ceremony.

At the side, he could already hear the surrounding people discussing the identity of the generals. He could not help but feel a little surprised.

Is this Pill Destiny Pavilion actually related to the Imperial City's guards? he wondered.

The Red Flame Army consumed a lot of pills!

Upon hearing Xiao Lingshan's name, Daoist Changyun felt even more fortunate that he had made it in time.

He might have a chance to get close to General Xiao later.

"I'm Daoist Changyun from Changyun Alchemy House. Brother, you are..." He turned to look at Bao Mingcheng.

Bao Mingcheng cupped his fists and said, "Bao Mingcheng from the Defense Division."

Defense Division?

They were either generals or officials. The background of the Pill Destiny Pavilion was not simple!

Earlier, he saw the people from the Alchemy Division and the officials watching by the roadside. Is this to maintain order?

On the side of the road, a few young men gathered around Bao Zhenyu.

"Brother Yu, the background of this shop is not small. General Xiao is personally receiving guests."

A young man said in a low voice, "Your uncle is the smartest. If he builds a relationship with General Xiao, in the future..."

Bao Zhenyu glared at him and interrupted him, but his expression was relaxed.