

Pavilion 551

Chapter 551 - 551 Opening Today, I'm Not Late, Am I? (3)

"Who do you think my uncle is? He's known to be impartial."

As he spoke, he waved his hand and looked not far away. "Hurry up. Someone else is coming."

"Prepare to receive the guests. No, receive the carriages."

Two carriages had driven over and stopped by the main road.

The first person to dismount stunned the two administrators of the Alchemy Division who were watching not far away.

"It's the Alchemy Grandmaster of the Alchemy Division, Tao Zhu!"

"This person is in charge of the Imperial City's alchemy mills!"

Daoist Changyun, who was standing beside Bao Mingcheng, let out a low cry. He watched in disbelief as Tao Zhu straightened his clothes and walked forward.

Even someone as important as the Alchemy Daoist will come to this store?

Daoist Changyun clenched his fists excitedly. When he saw two people getting out of the other carriage, he was stunned.

"Grandmaster Qin Suyang, Qin Wuyuan, Grandmaster..."

Grandmaster Qin Suyang, who was in charge of the Alchemy Division, came with his third son, who had just broken through to the Grandmaster Realm!

In the world of alchemy, who could have such honor?

Daoist Master Changyun felt his entire body tremble. He stared at the three alchemy grandmasters and watched them walk forward.

Xiao Lingshan also saw the three of them coming and looked surprised. He glanced at Han Muye and strode over.

He knew that Han Muye and Lu Yuzhou had an extraordinary relationship, but Lu Yuzhou had never been involved in worldly matters. He probably wouldn't come today.

In his opinion, it was unusual for the Pill Destiny Pavilion to have the support of the Xiao family. He did not expect that there would be Grandmasters from the Alchemy Division present today.

This was giving Han Muye a lot of honor.

"Grandmaster Qin, Grandmaster Tao Zhu, Grandmaster Wuyuan, can you come—" Xiao Lingshan greeted them with a smile. Before he could finish speaking, Qin Wuyuan had stepped forward and bowed.

"Greetings, sir."

Sir.

Greetings.

This was the etiquette of a disciple!

Alchemy Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan was bowing to Han Muye as a disciple!

Xiao Lingshan was not the only one who was stunned. Daoist Changyun was also stunned.

What's wrong?

Bao Mingcheng's lips twitched as he suppressed the shock in his heart.

Fortunately, he was a Confucian cultivator and had a steady mind. He did not make a fool of himself like Daoist Changyun, the alchemy cultivator beside him.

Qin Wuyuan's bow surprised everyone.

That was a figure at the peak of alchemy. How could he bow to someone like this?

"There's no need for that." Han Muye waved his hand, then cupped his hands and said, "It's my honor to have Senior Suyang and two sect grandmasters here."

Qin Suyang nodded at Xiao Lingshan and raised his hand to take out a jade box.

"I brought some spiritual herbs for your shop's opening."

Tao Zhu, who was beside him, smiled and said, "I also brought some spiritual herbs."

Han Muye smiled and took them, his expression changing.

These two jade boxes really contained a lot of spiritual herbs!

They were worth at least eight million spiritual rocks.

These gifts were not small.

"Everyone, please come into the shop for tea. The shop is a little small and there aren't many medicinal pills. You can take a look first." Han Muye put away the jade boxes and greeted Qin Suyang and the others with a smile.

"I'm very interested in your pills." Tao Zhu's eyes lit up as he turned to look at Qin Suyang.

Qin Suyang nodded and walked into the shop.

Qin Suyang was a Confucian Half-Sage and an Alchemy Grandmaster. Tao Zhu was in charge of the Imperial City's alchemy mills.

Given their statuses, they naturally would not stand at the door to receive guests.

How many people in the world were worthy of their hospitality?

Qin Wuyuan took a few steps and stood behind Han Muye with a respectful expression.

At this moment, he was receiving guests as Han Muye's junior.

At this moment, the atmosphere outside the Pill Destiny Pavilion was a little strange.

The shop assistants who came early remained at their spots to maintain order and watch over the carriages.

This was more like helping out at an ordinary shop's opening.

But at this moment, there were generals, officials, and alchemists in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

The generals invited by Xiao Lingshan had strange expressions on their faces.

Didn't General Xiao say that Han Muye had no connections in the Imperial City and ask them to come and support him?

Even the Sect Grandmaster in charge of the Alchemy Division had come. Even the Alchemy Grandmaster, Qin Wuyuan, had given him a disciple's bow. How could he not have connections?

A pill shop had such a close relationship with the Alchemy Division. Why did they need to come?

However, on second thought, everyone smiled.

The guards of the Imperial City hoped that they could obtain more pills from the Alchemy Division.

It was never too much.

Xiao Lingshan coughed lightly and looked at Qin Wuyuan. Before he could speak, he suddenly frowned and turned to look into the distance.

The carriages and horses were noisy and majestic!

A carriage had arrived with plenty of jangle, and there were even soldiers walking in an orderly manner.

How could there be armored soldiers mobilized in the Imperial City?

Today, no one knew where the generals came from!

"Prince Qi!"

Those with sharp eyes couldn't help but exclaim in shock when they saw the decorative motif.

Xiao Lingshan was also stunned. He turned to look at Han Muye. "You, you're familiar with King Qi?"

King Qi.

Han Muye did not know the King of Qi personally, but he knew who he was.

Back then, in Shuxi County, he was the West Garrison King.

The West Garrison King was originally in Shuxi County, but he and his family were summoned to the Imperial City and conferred the title of King Qi. He valued the Prince of Qi and had the intention to make him his heir apparent.

Although King Qi's family kept a low profile, it was possible for them to become the ruler of the Central Continent's dynasty!

In front of the main road, passersby made way for the entourage.

It was rare to see such a person in the middle city even in 10 years.

Bao Zhenyu and the others looked at each other, not knowing what to do.

The carriage stopped in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion. A few people in green robes carried gift boxes to the door of the shop.

The curtain on the carriage was pulled open, revealing a delicate face.

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

This little girl had grown up.

Princess Yunduan, heir apparent, from the Jinchuan River.

Yunduan glanced at Han Muye and said calmly, "My sister asked me to send them."

With that, she closed the curtain and left.

The elder sister of Prince Qi, Princess Yunjin, who was adrift outside the Imperial City and was known as a 'fair lady on a boat in the river.'

Bao Zhenyu and the others were at a loss.

Even after the carriage left, Xiao Lingshan was still a little puzzled.

The others looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan with strange expressions.

Prince Qi's family was at the peak of the imperial power in the secular world.

Since the owner of the Pill Destiny Pavilion knows such a person, why does he open such a small shop? they wondered.

Xiao Lingshan turned around, and the generals looked at him strangely.

Is Old Xiao toying with us?

Bao Mingcheng, who was standing at the side, looked at the plaque covered in red silk.

The imperial guards, the Alchemy Division, and the royal family.

In the mortal world, who can befriend so many forces?

Who exactly is this shop owner?

A cool breeze blew, lifting a corner of the red silk on the plaque.

Bao Mingcheng did not see the words written on it, but when he saw the signature on the plaque, his shoulders trembled and he almost shouted.

It was written by Huang Tingshu himself!

This person's handwriting could be traced back to a hundred years ago, right?

The Pill Destiny Pavilion's owner could actually make this person write a plaque!

Bao Mingcheng thought of the paintings hanging in the shop.

Those were all authentic.

Each of these paintings was priceless.

Of course, the value of some things could not be measured with spiritual rocks.

Even spiritual rocks might not be able to buy these things.

For example, Mr. Green Vine's authentic work was definitely not something that could be obtained with just spiritual rocks.

Huang Tingshu had written the words 'Grandmaster of Confucianism' on the plaque. What kind of person could have such a plaque?

"As expected, the shop is opening today. I'm not late, am I?"

A voice sounded from the side of the road.

Han Muye turned around, looking pleasantly surprised.

Xiao Lingshan looked up and widened his eyes.

Bao Mingcheng clenched his fists, but his eyes were red.

Qin Wuyuan, who was standing behind Han Muye, almost lost his breath.

Tao Zhu and Qin Suyang, who were evaluating pills and paintings in the shop, took a step forward and stood at the door.

Chapter 552 - 552 Minister Wen

"Mr. Green Vine!"

"Xu Wei!"

There were exclamations at the front of the shop.

At this moment, standing on the side of the main road, the aura on his body was calm. He wore a green robe and had large sleeves. His hair was tied up, and his short beard was neat. He was a handsome middle-aged scholar. If he wasn't the most elegant Confucianist, who else could it be?

Green Vine, Xu Wei, was the youngest grandmaster of the Confucian Dao and was most likely to become a top figure of the Confucian Dao, but at his peak, he descended into the Great Dao's confusion.

For a hundred years, who in the Imperial City did not feel that it was a great pity?

The last time this person appeared in public was a hundred years ago.

At that time, Green Vine, Xu Wei, was covered in ink stains and his hair was disheveled. He did not have the bearing of a grandmaster at all.

However, at this moment, the Xu Wei who was just standing in front of the shop could not be looked at directly.

He really exuded the refinement of a Confucian cultivator.

“Green Vine, I haven’t seen you for more than a hundred years...” Qin Suyang, a Confucian Half-Sage, looked at Xu Wei, who was just as elegant as he was back then, and sighed softly.

“Mr. Suyang, it has been a long wait,” Xu Wei cupped his hands and said softly.

It was not clear if this long wait referred to the shop or that he had squandered a hundred years.

Xu Wei slowly walked forward, and the generals on both sides solemnly cupped their hands.

Not only did Green Vine have a scholarly reputation, but he had once led a million troops to destroy a world as a Confucianist. He had strategized and won battles tens of thousands of miles away!

Although he had not been in the army for a long time, there were legends about him in the army!

“Mr. Xu, it has been a long time...” Xiao Lingshan raised his hand and said softly.

Xu Wei let out a long laugh and said, “General Xiao, you’re still as elegant as ever.”

His gaze turned to Han Muye and Mu Wan, and the smile on his face widened.

“You’re the shopkeeper?”

He looked at Han Muye and asked.

He nodded.

“You’re the lady boss?” Xu Wei turned to Mu Wan.

Mu Wan blushed and nodded gently.

Xu Zhi said solemnly, “Which one of you has the final say?”

Han Muye looked at Mu Wan, who happened to turn to look at him.

“What I say outside counts, what she says at home counts,” Han Muye said loudly.

Xu Wei laughed heartily.

“Is this Mr. Green Vine?” Not far away, Daoist Changyun turned to Bao Mingcheng and asked in a low voice.

Although he looked elegant, there didn’t seem to be much elegance in his words.

At this moment, Bao Mingcheng had already calmed down and nodded gently.

"This is Mr. Green Vine."

His gaze shifted from Xu Wei to Han Muye and then around.

"Sir is easy-going and esteems natural charm."

The corners of Daoist Changyun's mouth twitched before he nodded.

What did he mean by 'esteems natural charm'?

He did not understand, but he had to pretend that he did.

Otherwise, people would think that he was not learned.

"Look, there are Half-Sages, martial grandmasters, and generals in charge of the army here today, but only Mr. Green Vine is making small talk with the shop owner.

"Sages are also humans. They also have emotions and desires.

"Back then, Mr. Green Vine fell into a trance because of love..."

Bao Mingcheng whispered softly. It was unknown if he was talking to Daoist Changyun or himself.

Not far away, a few carriages slowly approached.

Xu Wei turned around and said with a smile, "Your connections are not bad. These people all came."

With that, he took a step back and stood beside Xiao Lingshan.

Xiao Lingshan nodded with a smile, then looked ahead.

On the other side, the carriage stopped. The old man who got off first was wearing a scholar's robe and had a long wooden box under his arm.

"Deputy Head, Yan Zhenqing!" Xiao Lingshan exclaimed.

Qin Suyang, who was standing at the door behind Han Muye, looked up and met Yan Zhenqing's eyes.

Yan Zhenqing grinned.

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

Old Yan.

Old Yan, who didn't mind causing trouble in Lu Yuzhou's courtyard, turned out to be the Half-Sage of Confucianism and the deputy head of the Imperial City Academy. Yan Zhenqing.

Behind him was a solemn-looking Lu Yuzhou in a white robe.

Behind him, Zhang Xu and a few elders in green robes walked over slowly.

Two deputy heads of the Imperial City Academy and several grandmasters of Confucianism had come personally!

Being in the Imperial City, even if one did not know people from the Imperial City Academy, one would have heard of their names!

Half-Sage Yan Zhenqing. His lively calligraphy on a ceremonial tablet could suppress an entire world. It was the foundation of becoming a Sage.

Half-Sage Lu Yuzhou. He entered the Heavenly Mystic World and created the 20 counties of the Heavenly Mystic.

Grandmaster Zhang Xu. His writing was said to have reached the unrestrained and uninhibited stage.

...

At the entrance of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, Zuo Yulong's body trembled as he clenched his fists in excitement.

The only one who was calm was probably Shao Datian.

He felt that he could defeat most of these old men with one punch.

Among the young men who received the carriages, someone muttered in a low voice and pointed out the identities of people from the Imperial City Academy.

Bao Zhenyu grinned and said, "Fortunately, I didn't go to the academy. Otherwise, wouldn't I be kowtowing to death?"

He turned around and saw his uncle glaring at him not far away.

Obviously, his disrespectful expression had angered his uncle.

"Green Vine."

"Little Xu..."

"Old Xu, you're not dead yet."

Xu Wei, who was standing there, stole the limelight from Xiao Lingshan and Han Muye.

It couldn't be helped. His appearance was more shocking to the Confucianists of the Imperial City Academy than the opening of a small shop.

Lu Yuzhou's gaze darted between Han Muye and Xu Wei. He grinned, not knowing what to say. In the end, he did not say anything and only handed over a wooden box.

The others also gave gifts.

Han Muye accepted them.

Mu Wan also went along to collect the gifts.

Back then, they had already planned to take advantage of these Confucianists.

Chapter 553 - 553 Minister Wen? (2)

They smiled at each other.

At this moment, at the entrance of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, other than a few Confucian Half-Sages and Grandmasters talking in low voices and laughing as if no one was around, the others did not even dare to breathe loudly.

Even the onlookers quietly retreated.

As for those officials and the two administrators of the Alchemy Division, they were already about 10 miles away.

If they didn't retreat 10 miles away, how could they calm down?

Seeing that no one else was coming, Han Muye and Mu Wan went forward and removed the red silk on the plaque at the door.

"Old Huang's inscription?"

"Oh my god, Old Huang is being controlled by his family. I haven't seen him write for more than a hundred years, right?"

"He's cultivating his internal strength every day now. He's probably as confused as Little Xu."

"I have to say, Old Huang's handwriting has really improved again."

Han Muye had long known that these Confucianists were all like this when they were together. He went forward and invited them into the shop with a smile.

"Why? Do you want to sell us some pills?" Yanzhen chuckled and walked into the shop with Qin Suyang.

"Deputy Head Yan, what do you think of these medicinal pills?" Qin Suyang directly led Yan Zhenqing to the wooden shelf and pointed at the jade bottles at the top.

"Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill?" Yan Zhenqing was taken aback and asked in a low voice, "You can find this pill too?"

Fourth-grade pills, which were needed by Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators, were placed in the shop?

Such a treasure would only appear once or twice every 30 to 50 years, right?

"Oh my god, let's see if we can get this later." Yanzhen muttered softly and turned to look at another jade bottle.

"Hiss—"

"Third-grade pill!"

His exclamation made the surrounding Confucianists, who were originally attracted by the wall full of paintings, turn around.

"Spirit Stabilizing Pill? Do you have this pill?" Yanzhen looked at Qin Suyang and then at Tao Zhu.

In terms of alchemy, these two were the ones who could speak.

"Who said that the Alchemy Dao in this world must exist in the past?" Tao Zhu's gaze fell on the jade bottle and he chuckled. "Isn't it enough to have it here?"

Qin Suyang nodded and said, "Just now, Grandmaster Tao Zhu and I studied it. This pill is at least a third-grade one."

At least.

It could be more than that.

Lu Yuzhou turned to look at Han Muye. "Brother, did you refine this pill?"

Hearing his words, Han Muye shook his head and looked at Mu Wan.

Mu Wan blushed.

She said nothing.

She couldn't possibly say that her senior brother had dual cultivated it with her, right?

Qin Suyang and Tao Zhu looked at each other in surprise.

They knew that Han Muye's alchemy cultivation was extremely profound.

However, was this person also an Alchemy Grandmaster?

In addition to third-grade and fourth-grade pills that could interest these big shots, there were also many seventh-grade and eighth-grade pills in the shop.

Some of the generals bought a fifth-grade pill each and prepared to take it back.

Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting were busy packing the pills and collecting the spiritual rocks at a 20% discount according to Han Muye's instruction.

Even Daoist Changyun had collected several grade-six pills.

"Shopkeeper Mu, how much is this Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill?" Tao Zhu looked at Mu Wan and asked.

He was in charge of the imperial city's alchemy mills, so he knew very well how many high-quality pills were circulating on the market.

Hearing Tao Zhu's question, Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

"Haha, didn't my little friend say earlier that he has the final say in business matters?"

Xu Wei laughed and pointed at Tao Zhu. "Don't try to get information out of me. Are there any pills on the market that you don't know the price of?"

With that, Xu Wei turned to look at Han Muye. "This guy recognizes money and not people. Don't hesitate to name your price and rip him off."

Tao Zhu stood there with a smile on his face, but he did not refute.

Han Muye shook his head and said, "Senior, can you take a seat in the small courtyard? We'll talk in detail later."

Such a precious pill that was worth tens of millions of spiritual rocks was indeed not something that could be bought and sold immediately.

Tao Zhu smiled and nodded. He looked around and followed Zuo Yuting into the small courtyard.

General Zheng Cheng, who was wearing blood-colored armor, said in a low voice, "I'm also a little interested in this pill."

With that, he strode into the small courtyard.

Although the others were also tempted, they did not make a move.

"I wonder if this Spirit Stabilizing Pill..." Before Yan Zhenqing could finish speaking, he saw Tao Zhu and Zheng Cheng walking out of the small courtyard in a panic.

"Well, Shopkeeper Mu, let's talk next time." Tao Zhu cupped his hands at Han Muye, turned around, gave Qin Suyang a look, and turned to leave.

What did that mean?

"General Xiao, we have military matters to attend to. Let's go first." Zheng Cheng grabbed the arms of a few generals and pulled them out of the door.

What's wrong?

Xiao Lingshan frowned, turned around, and strode into the small courtyard.

However, as he advanced quickly, others retreated even faster.

He looked at Han Muye with a pale expression, then shook his head and said in a low voice, "Let's talk about it next time."

Yan Zhenqing and Lu Yuzhou looked at each other. A faint golden Great Spirit vibrated on their bodies, and then a strange expression appeared on their faces.

"Forget it, the head is here. Let's go."

Lu Yuzhou reached out and patted Han Muye's arm. He lowered his voice and said, "Minister Wen is in the courtyard."

By the time Daoist Changyun had settled the spiritual rocks at the counter and stored the medicinal pills into his storage ring, the originally crowded store was already empty.

Even Mr. Green Vine and Xiao Lingshan were gone.

What's going on? he wondered.

Just as he was about to speak, Bao Mingcheng grabbed his sleeve and dragged him out of the door.

At the door, Bao Zhenyu and the others were also confused. Why did these big shots suddenly run in all directions?

Chapter 554 - 554 Minister Wen? (3)

When they saw Bao Mingcheng tugging at Daoist Changyun's sleeves, they thought that he was going to be arrested. They all gathered around.

When the two Daoist children who came with Daoist Changyun saw their Daoist master being pulled, they thought that he had committed a crime and their faces turned pale.

"Let's go, let's go."

Bao Mingcheng pulled Daoist Changyun to the entrance of the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop. He sat in front of the table and shouted, "Brother Datian, give me two trays of buns."

Eat buns?

Daoist Changyun sat opposite Bao Mingcheng with a puzzled expression.

Bao Zhenyu and the others were confused.

Bao Mingcheng waited for the buns to arrive. He picked up two buns and stuffed them into his mouth. After he swallowed them, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Seeing everyone surrounding him, Bao Mingcheng shook his head. He glanced at the plaque of the Pill Destiny Pavilion and picked up another bun.

"Minister Wen is in the shop."

After saying this, he stuffed the bun into his mouth again.

Daoist Changyun trembled and reached out to take a bun. He opened his mouth and bit into it. He did not even notice that the oil splattered all over his clothes.

"Boss, give them to me. Give me all the buns." Bao Zhenyu's hands and feet were trembling. He turned around and saw that his subordinates all had the same expression.

He wanted to eat buns.

He particularly wanted to.

In the Pill Destiny Pavilion, Zuo Yuting and Zuo Yulong walked out of the door in a daze.

"Sister, did you see Minister Wen?"

Zuo Yulong looked at Zuo Yuting.

Zuo Yuting nodded and shook her head.

"I don't know. I saw a white-robed Confucian scholar and a woman in a pink dress playing chess in the small courtyard."

Her gaze was a little dazed.

"That lady is so beautiful..."

Zuo Yulong did not know what to say.

In Minister Wen's presence, all she cares about is that Miss is beautiful?

Even if she is really beautiful.

In the shop, Mu Wan was a little uneasy.

Fortunately, Han Muye reached out and held her hand, leading her to the small courtyard.

In the small courtyard, two figures sat opposite each other.

On the stone table was a chessboard.

Bai Wuhen, who was wearing a pink dress, gently placed a black chess piece on the chessboard.

The Confucian scholar, who had his back facing Han Muye and Mu Wan, raised his hand and wrote a white word.

“Qingyu, your chess skills have really improved.”

His voice was clear.

“Wen Mosheng, you didn’t use your mind in this game.”

Bai Wuhen threw the chess piece back, stood up, and looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

“You came to the Imperial City and didn’t come to look me up.” Her gaze landed on Mu Wan and she chuckled. “Senior Brother Han, is this your Dao Companion, Fairy Mu Wan?”

Han Muye nodded, still holding Mu Wan’s hand.

Bai Wuhen took out a hairpin and gently pushed it in front of Mu Wan.

“I don’t have anything to give you. This hairpin isn’t worth anything.”

After saying that, she lowered her head to take a look and said indifferently, “Senior Brother Han is still a real man. Since you want to get married, admit it confidently.”

The white-robed scholar didn’t answer.

“Senior Brother Han, Mu Wan, come to my place to play when you’re free.” Bai Wuhen smiled and disappeared.

After Bai Wuhen left, the scholar sitting at the stone table stood up and slowly turned around.

He was about 40 years old. His brows were upright, and his eyes were bright.

If outsiders saw this, they would definitely think that he was a Confucian cultivator who cultivated well.

However, Han Muye could recognize at a glance that this person was Minister Wen.

Or rather, it was his incarnation.

“You’re not bad.” Wen Mosheng clasped his hands behind his back and looked at Han Muye.

“Junior Sister, go outside and take a look.” Han Muye let go and patted Mu Wan’s arm.

Mu Wan looked at him worriedly, then nodded and walked out of the small courtyard.

The moment Mu Wan walked out of the small courtyard, spiritual light surged in the entire small courtyard, and endless spatial power wrapped around it.

The world in front of Han Muye turned into the void. Wearing a green-gray robe, an ancient-looking scholar stood 30,000 feet away.

“Let me see how much of Yuan Tian’s Sword Dao inheritance you have.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the 360 black and white chess pieces behind Wen Mosheng flickered and turned into stars.

He held a black chess piece in his hand and kept flipping it.

On Han Muye’s body, the sword intent that had been silent for a long time rushed into the sky.

Thirteen sword orbs flew out, and an illusory Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation appeared.

“I won’t disappoint you.”

Han Muye’s voice was cold.

“Boom!”

A star smashed down.

Heavenly Cycle Sword Technique, Star Pointing.

On the other side, a sword light quietly appeared behind Wen Mosheng.

Hidden Void Sword Technique.

“After cultivating for 100,000 years, I’ve already forgotten the feeling of being approached by a sword...”

Wen Mosheng whispered and flipped the black chess piece in his hand.

“Boom!”

The starlight that filled the sky suppressed the world.

All the sword lights were held in place, unable to move at all.

Not only was Han Muye not afraid, but he also laughed out loud.

“Didn’t Minister Wen come personally today to see my Sword Dao collapse?”

“Then please take a look at my sword!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a sword light rose.

With a three-foot-long sword in hand, Han Muye flew up and stabbed at Wen Mosheng’s chest.

“Sword in hand.”

At this moment, an illusory sword appeared above Han Muye’s head and slashed down.

“The sword is in the heart.”

At some point, Han Muye was already standing beside Wen Mosheng, and the short sword in his hand, Purple Flame, gently flicked.

“Sword, a killing weapon!”

“Boom!”

The starlight that filled the sky dissipated, and the small courtyard was calm.

Han Muye stood where he was. Opposite him, there was a crack on the left lapel of Wen Mosheng’s robe.

“Do you think the Heavenly Mystic should be destroyed or established?”

Wen Mosheng stared into Han Muye’s eyes and whispered.

Hearing his words, Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, “That’s for you to consider.

“I just kill people with a sword, read books, and cultivate.”

Wen Mosheng nodded and said softly, “I understand.”

With that, he raised his hand and pointed at the stone table behind him.

“The Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation has been destroyed. Even Yuan Tian can’t gather 360 sword pills.

“This Heavenly Cycle Chessboard is for you.”

With that, his body moved and turned into nothingness.

Heavenly Cycle Chessboard?

Han Muye walked forward, looked at the black and white chess pieces and the crisscrossing chessboard, and reached out.

He pressed his palm on the chessboard.

“Buzz!”

Spiritual Qi shook, sword Qi surged, and the Great Spirit surged, enveloping him and the chessboard.

Images appeared in his mind.

“The world is a chessboard. Come, let’s play another game.”

In his mind, the green-robed, white-bearded old man sat cross-legged opposite him.

Wen Mosheng and Venerable Swordsman Yuan Tian’s master!

Han Muye looked at the black chess piece in his hand.

“Bam!”

He reached out and placed the chess piece on the chessboard.

Chapter 555 - 555 I'm Not Good at Chess, I've Practiced Swinging My Sword Millions of Times

555 I'm Not Good at Chess, I've Practiced Swinging My Sword Millions of Times

Ordinary move?

Bad move?

Wonderful move?

The old man frowned when he saw that the chess piece had fallen. However, he still reached out and placed a jade-white chess piece on the chessboard.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the chessboard and he didn't move for a long time.

The old man opposite looked up at Han Muye and asked curiously, "Why don't you play?"

Han Muye's expression did not change. He said softly, "Why do you want to play?"

The old man was slightly stunned and frowned, but Han Muye said calmly, "Since I'm qualified to participate, I have the ability to bear the consequences.

"The outcome of the chess game is ultimately outside the chess game."

Victory and defeat lay outside the chess game.

The old man's gaze fell on the chessboard.

At this moment, the black and white chess pieces were confronting each other. It was hard to say where victory and defeat began.

But as Han Muye had said, he was qualified to play chess.

Raising his head, the old man's expression was solemn as he slowly said, "What right do you have to win?"

"Sword."

In Han Muye's palm, the three-foot sword flickered with a cold light.

The sword swung, and sword light flashed as it slashed down.

The chessboard in front of him was cut open, and the two black and white chess pieces were scattered.

"If you're qualified to play the game, you're qualified to wield the sword."

"I'm not good at chess. I've practiced swinging my sword millions of times.

"It's better to swing a sword than to play chess with others."

Han Muye pointed his sword forward, and sword intent surged from his body.

Looking at the chessboard that was split into two, the old man was stunned at first, then he laughed out loud.

"As expected, you are different from Wen Mosheng and Yuan Tian."

Looking at Han Muye, the old man smiled. "Rather, your temperament is a little similar to Chen Qingzhi."

Chen Qingzhi, Marquis Chongwu.

Han Muye had only just learned this name.

"Anyone can flip a table, but not everyone knows when, how, and whether or not they dare to do it."

The old man waved his hand, and streams of light flashed in his palm as his figure slowly dissipated.

The Heavenly Cycle crisscrossed and pierced through the latitudes and longitudes.

The Great Dao of Heaven and Earth was among them!

Heavenly Cycle Formation!

“In the Nine Heavens of the Immortal Source World, my name is Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor and I dominated the Shang San Tian region.

“Cultivate well. Don’t disappoint me.”

When all the images in his mind disappeared, Han Muye gently raised his hand from the chessboard in front of him.

The inheritance of the resplendent almighty in the Nine Heavens.

The Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor was named after the earliest ancestor of the Dao.

Each lineage had its own comprehension.

This was a fortuitous opportunity and where the Dao existed.

Wen Mosheng had comprehended the Heavenly Cycle Chess Pieces in the Heavenly Cycle Formation. He used Heaven and Earth as the chessboard and the Confucian Dao to suppress Heaven and Earth.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had comprehended the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, and his Sword Dao dominated the world.

In that case, what Marquis Wu comprehended should be to use armor as a formation to attack the myriad worlds.

Han Muye raised his palm and held a chess piece in his palm. A smile appeared in his eyes.

His comprehension was different from theirs.

Who would be willing to be trapped in a small chessboard after seeing the nine levels of heaven and earth and the vast Desolate Wilderness?

The Heavenly Cycle Formation had 360 Great Dao?

So what!

The Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor had said that he was in the Immortal Source World, in the Nine Heavens.

Then his Great Dao should also be in that endless world of immortals and Buddhas!

With a wave of his hand, all the chess pieces were put away. Han Muye turned around and walked out of the small courtyard with a smile.

Wen Mosheng's gift was not small.

This chess piece represented his recognition of Han Muye, as well as the dissection of his own Great Dao and philosophy. It was also a huge opportunity.

Han Muye had obtained the inheritance of the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian back then. Why should he cooperate with Wen Mosheng?

He had to show his sincerity.

This set of chess pieces was his sincerity.

Of course, Han Muye did not show enough talent and strength, so it was impossible for him to obtain this chess piece.

"Wen Mosheng is also under a lot of pressure now."

Han Muye said softly and walked towards the shop in front.

If not for the immense pressure, he would not have needed Han Muye's help.

He didn't know if this pressure came from the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan or the Immortal Source World.

Or other powerful realms?

Wen Mosheng had attained the Dao with the Heavenly Mystic and transcended to a sage. His fortunes and misfortunes were tied to the Heavenly Mystic.

In Han Muye's opinion, he did not have as many concerns as Wen Mosheng.

No matter what kind of enemy it was, as long as the sword in his hand was sharp enough, it was fine.

However, after receiving Wen Mosheng's gift today, he might have to return the favor soon.

Seeing Mu Wan busy in the shop, Han Muye sighed softly and slowly walked over.

Who cares? Wait till Wen Mosheng begs me to visit him.

Seeing Han Muye walk over, Mu Wan quickly welcomed him.

“In the future, the walls of our courtyard have to be higher. Otherwise, anyone can enter,” Han Muye said as he sized Mu Wan up.

“This hairpin suits you quite well.”

The golden hairpin that Bai Wuhen had given her was inserted into Mu Wan’s hair, making her look even more gentle.

This golden hairpin was a decent spiritual artifact.

Mu Wan laughed and said in a low voice, “Left?”

Han Muye waved his hand. “Why shouldn’t he? Did you want me to treat him to a meal?”

Mu Wan covered her mouth and laughed. She said softly, “That’s Minister Wen after all.”

Han Muye snorted.

What was wrong with Minister Wen?

Wasn’t he here to give a gift?

These guys had schemed against him more than once in the past. How could he not be angry?

“Senior Brother, who is that fairy?” Mu Wan pulled out the hairpin and asked in a low voice.

“Do you still remember the demon suppressed by the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion?” Han Muye looked at the wooden shelf in the shop and counted how many medicinal pills were sold.

“She, she’s Xiaobai?”

Mu Wan had heard many stories about Xiaobai from the Sword Pavilion.

She was saddened by the story of her unwavering love.

“Then why...”

Xiaobai had been suppressed for 10,000 years. Didn’t Wen Mosheng’s heart ache?

This Minister Wen really has a heart of stone.

Chapter 556 - 556 I'm Not Good at Chess, I've Practiced Swinging My Sword Millions of Times (2)

556 I’m Not Good at Chess, I’ve Practiced Swinging My Sword Millions of Times (2)

Unknowingly, Mu Wan had begun to sympathize with Xiaobai. She turned the resentment in her heart on Wen Mosheng.

Han Muye smiled and did not reply.

At this time, he did not wish to get involved.

“By the way, the gift from the Prince of Qi seems to be very expensive.” Mu Wan’s voice sounded again.

Am I getting involved? he wondered.

He chuckled and turned to look at Mu Wan.

“How many gifts did you receive today? Shall we take stock?”

Take stock of the gifts!

Mu Wan’s eyes lit up.

Han Muye raised his hand, and small jade boxes, various weapons, and spiritual herbs filled the table.

Mu Wan forgot to pursue the matter. She walked to the table and started to calculate the value of the gifts.

“Is this long saber a spiritual weapon? It’s worth 200,000 spiritual rocks, right?”

“Is this Frost Grass? That’s at least 500,000.

“This long wooden land is not bad. I wonder how much it is worth.”

Mu Wan put the gifts from those people she knew on one side and the ones from those she did not know on another side.

Seeing how serious she was, Han Muye was a little amused.

“This Hundred Birds Facing the Phoenix painting is by the Great Confucian Wu Zidao. It’s worth at least three million. If it’s activated with the Great Spirit, it can form the Hundred Birds Great Formation.

“This calligraphy is written by Grandmaster Yu Zhennan. The poem contains the power of the Great Spirit. It can protect one’s residence. It will fetch 800,000 spiritual rocks no matter what.”

Even if it was not nurtured, the value of a grandmaster’s literary treasure was not small.

Of course, if one really became a sect grandmaster, one would not lack spiritual rocks. Moreover, no one would use their precious literary treasures to exchange for ordinary things like spiritual rocks.

Cultivation refined the mind. If one’s state of mind was tainted with the vulgarity of the mundane world, one’s cultivation would stagnate.

“Eh, this Spring Palace painting is the authentic work of Grandmaster Tang Yi from a thousand years ago. If it’s sold, its price will be at least five million spiritual rocks.”

Hearing Han Muye mention a huge sum of money, Mu Wan quickly looked up.

Then she blushed.

“What, what is this...”

Han Muye did not seem to see her shy look. He rolled up the painting and handed it to Mu Wan. “Junior Sister, this painting is precious. You have to keep it well.”

Before she could speak, Han Muye had already carried the other scrolls to the room in the backyard.

Mu Wan held the painting in her hand. She bit her lip and blushed. In the end, she snorted and took the painting to the room.

...

The opening of a medicinal pill shop on Imperial Garden Street in Moon Viewing Town attracted many important figures.

This matter spread for a few days.

In the beginning, many people specially came to take a look.

It was just that the pills in the Pill Destiny Pavilion were not cheap and there were not many varieties. There were even fewer people who actually bought them.

Zuo Yuting and Zuo Yulong were able to handle the situation.

On the other hand, because of the popularity of the pill store, the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop next door sold many buns and snacks.

Shao Datian had been grinning from ear to ear for the past few days.

In contrast, Cuicui was much more tired.

The memories of the mortal world were extremely short. Half a month later, when people passed by the Moon Viewing Town, they would at most give the plaque of the Pill Destiny Pavilion a second look. They would not even be interested in entering the shop.

The Imperial City did not lack important people, nor did it lack major events.

Marquis Wu had recruited a million soldiers and attacked the outer world, attracting everyone's attention. Many men from the Imperial City went to the military camp to enlist.

For a moment, the entire city was covered in golden armor, and its killing intent soared into the sky.

In the world of cultivators, the waves brought about by the opening of the Pill Destiny Pavilion slowly gathered.

Only the cultivation world would remember the names of those experts.

Mr. Green Vine had returned. He did not return to the Imperial City Academy. Instead, he stayed in a cruise ship outside the city every day.

Many old people went to visit Mr. Green Vine. The literary conventions on the cruise ship continued day after day. It was said that many good poems appeared.

On the first day of Mr. Green Vine's return, he went to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

The new alchemy grandmaster of the Qin family, Qin Wuyuan, introduced a new Bone Binding Pill that could be consumed by those below the Heaven Realm to refine the jade bones in advance.

This Bone Binding Pill almost caused an uproar in the Imperial City's cultivation world.

Countless sects fought over it. In the end, they were exchanged for three magic treasures and ten million spiritual rocks by a mysterious person.

How could there be a mysterious person in the Imperial City?

Since it was said that he was a mysterious person, it meant that his status was unspeakable.

Where did Qin Wuyuan go after becoming a grandmaster?

He even gave the Pill Destiny Pavilion Master a disciple bow.

On the day of the opening of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, the Prince of Qi sent a gift.

On the day of the opening of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, many scholars from the Imperial City Academy arrived.

On the opening day of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, something unspeakable seemed to have happened. No one mentioned it.

This made countless people curious about the background of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Regardless of the chaos outside, business in the Pill Destiny Pavilion and the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop beside it was steady.

Han Muye put away the treasure of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, the Spirit Stabilizing Pill. When people asked, he said that it was sold.

He had kept this Spirit Stabilizing Pill for himself after refining it and was not prepared to sell it.

There was still one Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill left. Those who came to ask for the price would sit down and talk about the customized pills.

Those who asked about the price of the Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill did not lack spiritual rocks.

In the past half a month, Han Muye had negotiated the mission of refining three Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pills.

After the investor collected the spiritual herbs, he paid two to one spiritual herbs. After they were refined into pills, he would pay another two million spiritual rocks.

This price was probably the lowest in the entire Imperial City.

Moreover, the pills refined in the Pill Destiny Pavilion were created using the most popular Cloud Pill technique.

The so-called Cloud Pill was formed when the pill qi formed into clouds but did not condense. It was about entering the body to refine and create pills.

With this alchemy technique, Great Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan had become popular in the Imperial City.

Of course, many people also knew that the Pill Destiny Pavilion Master was the creator of such alchemy.

However, all those who knew would not come to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Chapter 557 - 557 I'm Not Good at Chess, I've Practiced Swinging My Sword Million Times (3)

557 I'm Not Good at Chess, I've Practiced Swinging My Sword Million Times (3)

On the opening day of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, seeing Minister Wen in the backyard was something people didn't talk about.

That day, the scholar seemed to be sitting opposite a female cultivator?

The Pill Destiny Pavilion was not open to outsiders. Who would dare to mention this?

Alchemy missions were not easy to complete. Collecting spiritual herbs required opportunities. It would probably be good enough if one could complete a mission in two to three months.

Mu Wan was looking forward to it. After all, she could refine pills with her senior brother again.

On a typical day, the pills sold in the shop were refined by Mu Wan.

While Mu Wan was refining pills, Han Muye was at the counter in front of her. Zuo Lin or Zuo Yulong greeted customers at the door.

Han Muye arranged for Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting to come to the Pill Destiny Pavilion every other day.

Anyway, business was limited. There was no need to waste time in the shop.

The siblings went about their own business.

Zuo Yulong could attend the Imperial City Academy every other day, and Zuo Yuting could go to the Cloud Alchemy Mill's Changyun Alchemy House as an apprentice.

Zuo Yulong's Great Spirit was already visible to the naked eye with the help of the Great Confucian writings from the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Zuo Yuting was already an official alchemy apprentice in the Changyun Alchemy House. As long as she went, she could receive personal guidance from Daoist Changyun.

As for the reason, it was obvious that it had something to do with the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

"Sir, do you want to buy medicinal pills?" Zuo Lin's voice came from the door.

Today, Zuo Yuting was accompanying Mu Wan to refine pills. Zuo Yulong had gone to the Imperial City Academy, and Zuo Lin was entertaining customers at the door.

Han Muye looked up from behind the counter and smiled.

At the door, Instructor Lin stood there with an excited expression.

It had been years since Han Muye had asked Lin Shen to go to the Central Continent.

"Instructor Lin, your cultivation is getting deeper and deeper."

Han Muye sized him up and smiled.

Lin Shen bowed and said in a low voice, "Lin Shen greets Senior Brother Han."

Zuo Lin poked his head around the door for a moment, then ducked back inside.

Those who could call Young Master 'Senior Brother' were not people he could offend.

He was only responsible for guarding the door.

He turned around and saw Shao Datian, who was next door, happily returning with two big fish.

This guy went to the Immortal Moon Lake to fish again.

Cuicui happily took the big fish and went to the kitchen to cook.

Mu Wan was also happy to see Lin Shen.

At noon, Cuicui and Shao Datian made a few dishes and cooked fish soup.

Everyone sat around and said that Cuicui's fish was cooked well.

After lunch, Lin Shen walked up to Han Muye and said in a low voice, "Senior Brother Han, I want to be recruited into the army."

Han Muye looked up at him.

"There's no war in the Fire Source World now. The Western Border is still relatively peaceful, and the Southern Wilderness has stopped fighting."

Lin Shen looked at Han Muye and reached out to touch the hilt of his sword. He said softly, "I feel like I'm about to encounter a bottleneck if I can't fight."

Cultivation and sword skills were not something that could be achieved overnight.

Outsiders could only see that the sword cultivators' sword techniques were superb, but they could not see them swinging their swords alone for countless days and nights.

Lin Shen was not a talented person. The only thing he had was diligence.

Swinging the sword a millions times and crushing the mountains with one strike.

At this moment, although his cultivation level was at the Earth Realm Golden Core Realm, he had fused with the jade bones and could already fight against those below the third level of the Nascent Soul Realm with his Sword Dao combat strength.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and nodded. "Alright."

Everyone had their own fate.

Be it Instructor Lin or Lu Gao, although they were from the Sword Pavilion, they would still have their own path.

Hearing that Instructor Lin was going to enlist, Mu Wan quickly took some sixth- and seventh-grade medicinal pills.

Lin Shen did not refuse.

Mu Wan had given it to Senior Brother Han.

No one in the Sword Pavilion would reject Senior Brother Han's reward.

He could even entrust his life to Senior Brother Han. Senior Brother Han could just reward him and accept it.

After sending Lin Shen off, Mu Wan stood at the entrance of the shop with a complicated expression.

"What's wrong?" Han Muye walked forward and asked softly.

"Senior Brother, I want to go to the library to take a look." Mu Wan turned around and said in a low voice.

The Alchemy Division's library was a sacred place for alchemy cultivation. It was a place where alchemy books were gathered in the Central Continent Imperial City.

The Western Frontier's Mu Family's Small Pill Pavilion was built according to ancient records.

Of course, compared to the library, the small pill pavilion could not be compared at all.

Mu Wan had the jade token Han Muye had given her and could go to the library to read the books.

"Sure, I'll go with you."

Han Muye smiled and gave Zuo Yuting a break. He closed the shop and instructed Shao Datian and Cuicui to say that the shop owner was not at home if anyone came to visit.

In any case, Han Muye and Mu Wan had come to the Imperial City to open a shop.

Mu Wan sat on one side of the carriage while Han Muye sat opposite her. Zuo Lin flicked his whip and the carriage drove towards the upper city.

Sitting in the carriage, Mu Wan looked at the changing scenery outside the carriage with a complicated expression.

Opposite her, Han Muye said softly, "Junior Sister, are you in a bad mood because of the furnace of pills today?"

Today she refined the last batch of pills. The spiritual fire was unstable, so Mu Wan could only forcefully collect the pills. The last two pills she obtained were of extremely poor quality.

Hearing his words, Mu Wan turned around and smiled.

"There are always mistakes in alchemy. How can everything in the world be so perfect?"

Although she said that, there was a trace of confusion in her eyes.

Is there really no such thing as perfection in this world?

She looked up and saw her senior brother smiling at her.

Where's Senior Brother?

Sword Dao, Alchemy Dao, Confucian Dao, Divine Soul, and cultivation. Which one of these things is not something I look up to?

Is such a person considered perfect?

However, can there be perfect happiness with such a person?

These days, Mu Wan felt like she was dreaming.

She was afraid that her senior brother would not be by her side when she woke up from her dream.

Half an hour later, the carriage stopped in front of a square.

The square was filled with people.

At first glance, they were all alchemy cultivators who smelled of alchemy smoke and fire.

Some of these people were sitting in the square, refining pills. It didn't matter to them if someone came to observe.

Some people had a few pill cauldrons, books, and spiritual herbs.

There were also many people holding signs and chatting in groups of twos and threes.

The ancient records were stored in the Alchemy Division, which was a place that verified the level of alchemy cultivation. There were also some transactions of medicinal pills and spiritual medicines. Of course, the place was filled with people.

Zuo Lin parked the carriage outside the square. Han Muye got out of the carriage and accompanied Mu Wan to the library.

Walking into the square, there were too many people and they had no idea where the library was.

"Is this your first time in the Alchemy Division?" A voice sounded from behind.

Turning around, he saw a young man in a green robe with an apothecary badge on his chest.

The young man was thin and had a smile on his face. His gaze swept across and landed on Mu Wan. He took a look at Han Muye, who was standing beside Mu Wan, and stopped paying attention.

They were not wearing Confucian robes or alchemist badges. The identities of the two people in front of them were relatively ordinary.

Among the two of them, strong smoke qi emanated from Mu Wan's body. She was clearly an alchemy cultivator.

This was where alchemists gathered.

"The hall for certifying alchemists is five miles to the left. You have to pay 3,000 spiritual rocks first.

"The hall for trading spiritual herbs is three miles to the right. If you set up a stall, it will cost a thousand spiritual rocks. At this moment, there are probably no more spots. However, you can go and take a look at the transactions over there."

The young man clasped his hands and spoke calmly.

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

“Where is the library?” Han Muye asked.

“The library?” The young man was stunned and sized up Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Chapter 558 - 558 Library, Baili Xinglin

“You want to dispel your doubts?”

A smile appeared on the young man’s face. Then he raised his hand and said, “The library is three miles ahead. However, it seems that no Grandmaster has entered the library today.”

At this point, the young man waved his hand. “No, actually, Grandmaster Baili is in charge of the library today. She is a humble person. She usually won’t refuse to answer questions.”

Turning to look at Han Muye and Mu Wan, the young man smiled. “Go to the library. I’ll take you there.”

As the youth spoke, he put away the pill furnace and books on the floor and led the three youths to the library.

These four people were all disciples of the alchemy sect, the Greenwood Alchemy Sect. Two of them had yet to obtain the qualifications to become official alchemists.

They came here mostly to communicate and also to trade some spiritual herbs to exchange for pill furnaces.

The Greenwood Alchemy Sect was not big. There were only about a thousand disciples in the sect, and the First Elder was an alchemy grandmaster.

The young man in the lead was called Shen Tang. He was quite talkative.

Mu Wan did not speak, but Han Muye would ask a few questions from time to time.

“Look at the many people in the square. Actually, most of them are here to try their luck and see if they can see Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan refine pills.

“It’s said that Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan is going to show the method of refining Cloud Pills in the Alchemy Division.

“Nowadays, the most popular pill refinement method in the Imperial City is this method of forming a pill without attracting tribulation lightning.”

Shen Tang looked ahead with yearning in his eyes. “We official alchemists are often unable to condense the last step because of insufficient spiritual qi.

“If I can use the Cloud Pill Technique to skip the last step, I think I can refine many pills.”

Hearing his words, the three fellow disciples beside him also had expectant expressions.

They were not the only ones. Most of the people around them were also discussing the Cloud Pill Technique.

Han Muye smiled but did not speak.

He had seen many Cloud Pill Techniques when he accompanied Mu Wan to refine pills, but this technique was not something he wanted to achieve.

The final step was even more complicated than condensing a medicinal pill.

He had comprehended the Sword Dao and could control it. It was very difficult for other alchemy cultivators to form the Cloud Pill Technique.

“That’s the library. Generally, alchemy grandmasters have the chance to enter the first floor of the library to read. Sect grandmasters can go to the second floor.

“It’s said that a talented alchemy master has a chance to enter the library.”

Shen Tang pointed at the huge pavilion in front of him and said enviously.

At this moment, many people were gathered in front of the library.

Some of these people were holding jade slips in their hands, while others were holding small furnaces. They were all looking around.

“Usually, those who enter the library are seniors in the Dao of alchemy. These alchemists who have the Dao of alchemy and have questions that are difficult to answer wait outside the library. Perhaps they can meet seniors who can help solve their problems.

“You’re here for answers, aren’t you?

“Grandmaster Baili is in charge of the library today. She will probably come out when it’s dark.”

As Shen Tang spoke, he looked around with his three fellow disciples and prepared to find a suitable spot to wait.

There were still a few hours before nightfall.

“Recently, whenever I’m refining the Floating Cloud Pill, the furnace always explodes when I put in the Three Flower Spiritual Leaf. I want to ask Grandmaster Baili what’s going on.” A young man behind Shen Tang frowned and said in a low voice.

“I don’t have any problems with refining pills. I just don’t understand what it means to refine one’s own Pill Qi and condense Qi to the bone.” Another young man shook his head.

Han Muye looked at Mu Wan and said softly, “Junior Sister, go ahead. I’ll wait for you outside.”

Mu Wan nodded and walked towards the library.

Shen Tang and the others wanted to persuade them that it was still early and there was no need to wait over there. But they thought that since it was Han Muye and Mu Wan’s first time here, they were inexperienced and probably felt that the earlier they went to the library, the better.

As for why Mu Wan went and Han Muye did not, Shen Tang and the others did not care.

Mu Wan looked like an alchemist. Of course, she would be the one asking questions.

Mu Wan walked toward the library. Instead of stopping, she walked straight up the stone steps.

“Oh, brother, your junior sister doesn’t know the rules. She can only wait outside the library. If she steps on the stone steps, she will be punished—” Before Shen Tang could finish speaking, his eyes were wide open.

The three disciples behind him also widened their eyes as if they had seen a ghost.

On the stone steps of the library ahead, the administrator guarding the library stepped forward. Then Mu Wan took out a jade token. The administrator bowed and retreated, leading Mu Wan straight into the library.

Even after Mu Wan disappeared into the library, there was an uproar outside. Shen Tang and the others still had not regained their senses.

Smiling, Han Muye saw a shady spot under a tree, then walked over and sat down.

Shen Tang and the others looked at each other. After a while, they looked at each other and slowly walked to Han Muye’s side.

“Brother, no, senior, senior, that...” Shen Tang and the others stammered, not knowing what to say.

“The problem with the Three Flower Spiritual Leaf exploding is that you definitely didn’t stimulate its medicinal power before throwing it into the pill furnace.

“The pill qi is self-cutting. It means that the excess pill qi should not be forcefully integrated into the pill. You have to know that when it is full, it will overflow.

“Condensing qi to the bone means that when the medicinal pill is condensed, there must be enough medicinal strength to support it. Otherwise, the medicinal strength will be superficial and will eventually explode.”

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the four of them and he said calmly, “Any other questions?”

...

Mu Wan held the jade token in her hand and walked into the library. All she saw was ancient wooden shelves.

In the spacious hall, rows of wooden shelves were filled with books, jade slips, and some stone inscriptions.

Fortunately, as she walked through the door, she could see a large signboard with all kinds of books placed on it.

The sixth-grade and seventh-grade pill manuals she wanted to read were all on the first floor.

Chapter 559 - 559 Library, Baili Xinglin (2)

Only fifth-grade and above medicinal pill manuals were placed on the second floor.

After finding the grade of the medicinal pill she was looking for, Mu Wan began to search for books carefully and flipped through one from time to time.

“So there’s a third method to refine the Source Pill. No wonder Senior Brother said that there are cheaper Source Pills on the market.

“I understand now. The refining method of the Sealing Pill should be as Senior Brother said. It should focus on sealing, not isolating.”

The library was empty. There were two white-bearded elders flipping through the books, but neither of them spoke.

Mu Wan muttered softly, becoming the only voice on the first floor of the hall.

The combination of theory and practice, the wisdom of predecessors and the comprehension of future generations, would allow rapid progress.

When the sky gradually darkened, Mu Wan reluctantly put down her book.

“Did you get anything?”

At this moment, a voice sounded from behind Mu Wan.

Her voice was gentle.

Mu Wan turned around and saw a woman in her forties in a green robe standing there, smiling at her.

“Senior, I’ve read a lot of books and have a deep understanding. I have to slowly verify what I learned when I go back.”

In Mu Wan’s opinion, most of the people who could be in this library should be seniors in the Dao of Alchemy.

Moreover, the woman in front of her had an abyssal aura. She was clearly a great cultivator.

“Oh? Tell me what you comprehended today.” Hearing Mu Wan’s words, the woman chuckled and asked.

“Today, I saw a pill formula for the Su Spirit Pill. The medicinal power of the Martial Spirit Grass has to be neutralized first. I feel that if it’s activated, it should be feasible. I’m preparing to go back and explore further.

“Also, among the three pill formulas of the Channel Opening Pill, the ratio of purple to golden leaves is different, but the medicinal effects are almost the same. I think this must be related to the Three Flowers Essence Condensing Root.”

Mu Wan excitedly explained some of the pill formulas in the alchemy books she had read today.

Although she had been studying hard, she had never had much confidence because of the limitations of her talent and accumulation.

Today, when she looked at the ancient books, she suddenly realized that her comprehension of many alchemy techniques was actually in line with the writings of her predecessors.

She could understand many obscure alchemy books.

This, of course, made her happy.

Baili Xinglin's gaze landed on Mu Wan, and a faint golden light flashed.

She didn't expect that this little girl in front of her would really say a lot of things with just a few casual questions from her.

Moreover, from Mu Wan's words, her accumulation and comprehension of alchemy were not inferior to those senior grandmasters.

Such a young Grandmaster?

Seeing through it, Baili Xinglin raised her eyebrows.

"Little girl, you're not from the Imperial City, right?"

Mu Wan was slightly stunned before nodding.

"I, I came from the Western Frontier and opened a pill shop in the Imperial City."

The two of them chatted in low voices as they walked out of the library.

It was not until they arrived in front of the library that Baili Xinglin smiled and let Mu Wan leave first.

Seeing Mu Wan walk out of the library, Baili Xinglin revealed a complicated expression.

"Senior Sister, I really didn't expect to finally see your descendant..."

With a low voice, the divine light in her eyes disappeared. Then she slowly walked out with a smile.

At the door, Mu Wan looked at the alchemists surrounding her in a panic.

These people were shouting all kinds of questions. Some of them handed over books and jade slips.

This left her at a loss.

Fortunately, Baili Xinglin walked out from behind and helped her out.

"If you have any questions, I can stay for 15 minutes to answer them."

As soon as Baili Xinglin spoke, the space beside Mu Wan instantly became empty.

Mu Wan turned her head and looked gratefully at Baili Xinglin. Coincidentally, Baili Xinglin also turned to look at her and nodded gently.

"Junior Sister, how was your harvest today?" At this moment, Han Muye's gentle voice sounded.

Mu Wan had the urge to pounce on her senior brother and hug him.

She looked up and saw her senior brother looking at her with a smile.

Han Muye reached out and took Mu Wan's hand, pulling her back.

Under a big tree not far away, dozens of alchemists stood up and bowed respectfully, watching Han Muye and Mu Wan leave.

"I don't think I've seen these two seniors in the Alchemy Division before," someone said in a low voice.

"Haha, there are so many seniors in the Alchemy Division in this world. How can they all be in the Alchemy Division? What this senior said today about the principles of alchemy really enlightened me." Someone on the other side sighed with emotion.

"This is a true Alchemy Great Cultivator. With just a few words, he can immediately grasp the essence." Shen Tang's eyes lit up as he spoke in a low voice.

The others nodded.

Outside the library, Baili Xinglin, who was answering a group of alchemists' questions, turned around and looked in the direction where Han Muye and Mu Wan had left.

Han Muye seemed to sense something, but he did not turn around.

It was not until they were outside the square of the library and got into the carriage that Mu Wan suddenly had the courage to throw herself into Han Muye's arms.

Han Muye used a lot of his soul power to control his hands and gently hug Mu Wan's waist.

"What happened?"

Mu Wan shook her head and buried her head in Han Muye's chest.

"Senior Brother, if I read all the books in this library and refine all the pills, won't I be very powerful..."

After a long time, Mu Wan looked up into Han Muye's eyes.

Han Muye chuckled and moved Mu Wan closer. He whispered, "You're already very powerful now."

Hearing his words, Mu Wan laughed out loud even though she knew that her senior brother was comforting her.

The two of them played around and got closer.

Suddenly, Mu Wan's body stiffened.

She just realized that she had unknowingly straddled her senior brother and was especially close to him.

It was so close that she could touch his lips if she moved a little closer.

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At this moment, if she was bolder, she would have reached out and hugged her senior brother's neck. Then...

Under Han Muye's slightly regretful gaze, Mu Wan retreated to her seat and tidied her clothes in a panic. Then she spread her hands and said, "Senior Brother, look. I don't know who stuffed it into my hand at the entrance of the library just now."

It was a scroll filled with words.

Knowing that Mu Wan was changing the topic, Han Muye had to go along with her.

Well, I'm not able to do it now...

Taking the paper and unfolding it, Han Muye nodded and said, "This is a question asking how to increase the pill refinement rate when refining pills.

"This guy is quite creative. He actually asked if he could build a huge furnace and refine pills with a hundred people at the same time."

Han Muye's eyes were deep as he held the scroll.

From the memories he obtained from the ancient divine beast bloodline, there were indeed those who could refine a hundred pills in a furnace.

However, that was because of their powerful bloodline power and unparalleled affinity with plants.

How could ordinary alchemy cultivators collaborate?

Thinking of this, he frowned slightly.

"It's quite possible."

Han Muye unfolded the last part of the paper. "Li Siming from the Siming Alchemy House of the Jade Alchemy Mill. Interesting."

Ordinary methods could not be used to refine pills together, but what if they were in a place where alchemy was prosperous and compatible with the Heavenly Dao?

What if these pill refiners had array formations around them that allowed them to use their full strength to stabilize the medicinal strength?

There was really a chance of success.

Putting away the note, Han Muye memorized Li Siming's name.

When he returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, it was already midnight.

Shao Datian and Cuicui's shop was closed.

"Young Master, there were a few people who wanted to buy medicinal pills today. They agreed to come back tomorrow."

Seeing Han Muye and Mu Wan return, Shao Datian quickly went forward.

Cuicui handed over a pale pink business card. "Miss, this was left behind by a visiting fairy."

Fairy?

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

"Ahem, Junior Sister, look." Han Muye waved his hand.

Mu Wan smiled and reached out to take the business card.

"Princess Yunjin? Senior Brother, she's looking for you." Mu Wan raised her eyebrows and closed the business card.

"That fairy said that she would visit again tomorrow," Cuicui said from the side, her gaze lingering on Han Muye and Mu Wan.

"Um, Young Master and Miss, if there's nothing else, we'll pack up and close the shop." Shao Datian pulled Cuicui's sleeve and pulled her back to his shop.

"Why are you pulling me? Are you not guilty? Have you been giving buns to someone for free behind my back recently?"

"You men aren't good people. You're just harboring evil plans for other women."

When the door closed, Han Muye looked at Mu Wan.

Mu Wan chuckled and walked forward to hold Han Muye's arm.

"Let's go."

She leaned her head on Han Muye's shoulder.

Isn't it normal for women in the world to compete for someone like my senior brother?

However, in Mu Wan's opinion, she had no enemies.

Her greatest enemy was herself.

I'm not outstanding enough and can't keep up with my senior brother.

If I can really understand all the books in the library and become a top figure in alchemy, will I be worthy to accompany my senior brother until the end of time?

...

After sending Mu Wan back to the room, Han Muye walked out and stood in the courtyard, looking around.

The plants were lush and filled with spiritual energy.

The potted plants that he had gotten from Lu Yuzhou were not ordinary.

The pot of Jade Epiphyllum was about to bloom.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye disappeared.

When he appeared again, he was already by the Immortal Moon Lake.

His eyes revealed a trace of golden-red flames as he quietly entered the water.

The phantom of the divine beast, Baxia, appeared behind him. It spread its four legs and slowly sank to the bottom of the lake.

The water spiritual qi enveloped his body and nourished his meridians.

Sitting cross-legged at the bottom of the water, Han Muye closed his eyes.

In the Western Frontier, the Sword Pavilion on the Nine Mystic Mountain shook as golden light appeared again.

However, no one walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Today, Yang Mingxuan, Jiang Ming, and the others did not stay in the Sword Pavilion.

As for Liu Hong, it was said that a good girl had recently come to a brothel at the foot of the mountain.

At the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Tuoba Cheng stood in front of the hall and looked at the Sword Pavilion that was filled with golden light.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was extremely powerful now. They relied on their two Heavenly Realms and the Sword Pavilion to suppress the Western Frontier.

Although most people in the Western Frontier did not know that Han Muye had returned safely from the mystic realm, the top figures in the Western Border had some information.

“In the era of great competition, if you don’t cultivate with all your might, you really don’t even have the qualifications to catch up to the second generation.”

Tuoba Cheng looked at the golden Sword Pavilion, his eyes flickering.

Patriarch Tao Ran was already in seclusion, and his sword cultivation had made another breakthrough.

If he, Tuoba Cheng, did not improve, his cultivation and combat strength would probably not be able to suppress the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the future.

The faint golden white tiger phantom appeared behind Tuoba Cheng and then disappeared.

In the endless void, the divine beast that was floating around suddenly stopped.

The void beasts surrounding the divine beast fled in all directions, but it was too late.

Divine Beast Baxia, opened his eyes. The sword light around him scattered and shattered these strange beasts.

His bloodline and demonic qi nourished his body, making him roar happily.

At this moment, on the back of the divine beast, Baxia, a few figures were trembling in front of the Sword Pavilion that was shining with golden light.

“Buzz!”

The door of the Sword Pavilion opened, and Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe, slowly walked out.

His figure was somewhat illusory.

This was an incarnation of the soul, not an out-of-body primordial spirit.

Although his soul power was powerful, his cultivation was only at the Earth Realm and he had yet to condense a Sword Dao Golden Core, so he naturally did not have a Primordial Spirit.

“Sword Pavilion Senior, greetings!”

In front of the stone steps, several figures hurriedly went forward and knelt.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on these people.

Three Earth Realm Golden Core Realm cultivators, two Earth Realm Enlightenment Realm cultivators, and five Foundation Establishment Realm cultivators.

“Speak, what is it?”

Han Muye’s voice was indifferent.

Hearing Han Muye’s response, the three Earth Realm Golden Core cultivators were delighted.

The black-bearded old man standing at the front held a golden sword in both hands and bowed to Han Muye.

“Senior, according to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, if you want to ask for help, exchange it with a sword.

“I’ll give you this magic treasure sword. Senior, please help my Four Soaring Swords Sect get out of this predicament.”

Rules of the Sword Pavilion?

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he reached out and grabbed the sword.

“Buzz!”

The spiritual light and sword energy shook, and the black-bearded elder’s face turned pale. His bloodline connection with the sword was severed.

However, not only was he not afraid, but he was also overjoyed.

At this moment, images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

“I see!”

The Sword Pavilion was one of the three inheritances of the Immortal Source World’s Upper Three Heavens.

The elite disciples of the Sword Pavilion could obtain a pavilion as inheritance and walk in the void.

The goal of the Sword Pavilion was to collect all the swords in the world. If one wanted to ask the disciples of the Sword Pavilion for help, one could offer swords.

“The Four Soaring Swords Sect is besieged by void beasts, and there are even demons attacking.”

Han Muye smiled, put away his sword, and said calmly, “Okay.”