

Pavilion 561

Chapter 561 - 561 The Great Dao Is Not Heartless

The Immortal Source World was vast and boundless.

Carrying the Sword Pavilion, the Divine Beast, Baxia, could see the Nine Levels of Heaven in the distance. In fact, there were still billions of miles of void space between them. Even if it was a thousand years, he would not be able to cross it unless it broke through space directly.

Only by truly entering the Nine Levels of Heaven would one be considered to have stepped into the Immortal Source World.

The Four Soaring Swords Sect was a star region in the void outside the Nine Levels of Heaven. There were several large and small sects on a star called Suwei.

The Four Soaring Swords Sect could be considered a major force in the world of Suwei. It had three Out of Body sword cultivators and several Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm cultivators.

However, that star was besieged by the mutated beasts of the void world. The Heavenly Dao was damaged, and the living beings on the star were slaughtered.

From the memories of his sword, Han Muye saw that the power of this world was constantly suppressed and silenced.

This was the reason why the cultivators of the Four Soaring Swords Sect went out to seek help.

Apart from seeking help, they were also prepared to find a star with the opportunity to live.

The void was only a part of the Immortal Source Realm. The cultivators of the Immortal Source Realm in the Nine Heavens could not be bothered to even step foot in it.

The people of the Four Soaring Swords Sect searched for a long time, but they did not see a single cultivator from the Immortal Source World.

They had chanced upon a divine beast crossing the void and landing on its back, wanting to find an opportunity.

“Martial Uncle, is this senior from the Sword Pavilion really willing to help us?” A pale female cultivator whispered in front of the Sword Pavilion.

She only had Foundation Establishment cultivation. The violent slaughter of the mutated beasts by the divine beast, Baxia, had frightened her.

Until now, she still could not believe that they could survive in the face of such a powerful divine beast and even be on its back.

Moreover, the owner of this divine beast was actually willing to help the Four Soaring Swords Sect.

“Hehe, the successor of the Sword Pavilion is from one of the top sects in the Immortal Source World’s Upper Three Heavens. Since he has agreed, of course he won’t go back on his word.

“The people of a great world like the Immortal Source World ask for something different from us,” the black-bearded old man who had asked for help and offered the long sword said softly with a smile.

A relaxed expression appeared on his face.

This successor of the Sword Pavilion could control a divine beast. He was really a top expert that was hard to find in the world.

With such a great cultivator taking action, there was hope for the Four Soaring Sword Sect and the entire Suwei World to be saved.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, had a long sword between his knees and a solemn expression.

He did not expect to know from the magic treasure sword that the Sword Pavilion had such a background.

The Sword Pavilion’s suppression of the Heavenly Dao was incompatible with the Heavenly Mystic World. Back then, he thought that it was the plan of Minister Wen and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian . He did not expect it to involve the inheritance of the Immortal Source World’s Upper Three Heavens.

In that case, the Mystic Sun Art passed down in the Sword Pavilion also came from Upper Three Heavens and not Wen Mosheng?

That was true. Wen Mosheng was an expert in Confucianism, so he wouldn’t have such a deep understanding of the Sword Dao.

However, Han Muye was completely clueless about what the Sword Pavilion’s inheritance looked like in the Immortal Source World’s Upper Three Heavens.

“If I can obtain a sword from the Upper Three Heavens of the Immortal Source World, I might be able to investigate its secrets.”

As he muttered, Han Muye looked down at the sword in his hand.

Although this sword was also a magic treasure, it did not have a sword spirit.

However, the forging techniques of the sword were extraordinary, and the spiritual materials were high-grade, which was why this sword had the power of a magic treasure.

The biggest reason why Han Muye agreed to take this sword and help the Four Soaring Swords Sect was because he had seen the refining method of this sword.

The method to forge the Dao Sword!

Back then, when Han Muye obtained the broken Dao Sword of the Shi Heng Sword Sect, he had never been able to repair it.

This was because it consumed too many resources and his methods were not adequate.

However, from the refining method of this sword, Han Muye saw the shadow of the Dao Sword being forged.

In other words, the Suwei world where the Four Soaring Swords Sect was located might be able to repair the Dao Sword.

The power of the Dao Sword was not only powerful, but it could also unleash the overall power of the sect and dominate the vast void.

Such a treasure was strategic and could not be compared to ordinary magic treasures.

In the long sword, streams of sword qi nourished him, and he comprehended several sword techniques of the Four Soaring Swords Sect quickly.

Satisfied, Han Muye stood up, walked downstairs, and placed the sword on the wooden shelf.

“Buzz!”

The moment the sword was placed on the wooden shelf, the entire Sword Pavilion shook.

Golden light flowed continuously on it, as if it was made of gold.

The storage of a magic treasure sword made the Sword Pavilion much stronger.

From the looks of it, the strength of those legacy disciples of the Sword Pavilion was probably directly related to the strength of the swords they wielded.

If that was the case, Han Muye felt that he was probably the weakest person in the Sword Pavilion’s inheritance.

There were fewer than 100,000 swords stored in the Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion, and there were not many spiritual weapons.

In the future, he had to find more powerful swords to store in the Sword Pavilion.

Standing in the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Below, the Divine Beast, Baxia, opened his mouth and roared. His body crashed through the void, causing the void to tremble and shatter. A dark spatial crack appeared.

Baxia raised his foot, and his huge body shattered the crack and disappeared.

When Baxia’s body appeared outside the turbulent void, he was already 100,000 miles away from Suwei.

In one step, he crossed a million miles.

The people of the Four Soaring Swords Sect standing outside the Sword Pavilion widened their eyes and watched this scene in horror.

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

Baxia’s huge body rushed out and shattered the densely packed mutated beasts in the void world.

Qi and blood intertwined with the demonic light again.

The void was silent at first, then countless mutated beasts fled.

The might of a divine beast was not something they could withstand at all.

Han Muye's expression did not change as he stood on the back of the divine beast, Baxia, in the Sword Pavilion. He moved and appeared above Baxia's head.

Chapter 562 - 562 The Great Dao Is Not Heartless (2)

In his hand, a black chess piece flickered with a faint light.

"Buzz!"

The chess piece flew out and turned into flowing light that filled the sky.

A black and white halo enveloped a radius of 500,000 miles.

Sword Qi and spiritual light turned into threads that intertwined in the void.

The Heavenly Cycle Formation!

Combining Spiritual Qi and Sword Qi to reproduce the power of the Great Dao.

In the void of 500,000 miles, the Heavenly Dao gathered once again.

Regardless of whether they were mutated beasts or demons, as long as they were suppressed in the void of 500,000 miles, there was no possibility of escaping.

Endless black and white streams of light flew and filled the entire sky.

At this moment, the sky had already become black and white.

"A great cultivator has taken action!"

"Our Suwei World is saved..."

...

At the bottom of the Immortal Moon Lake, when Han Muye opened his eyes, black and white streams of light intertwined in them.

Under the Heavenly Cycle Formation outside Suwei, the void beasts within 100,000 miles would be slowly ground to death.

The power of these beasts would be extracted and fused into the body of the divine beast, Baxia, and finally become a part of Han Muye's own power.

However, it would still take some time to kill the void beasts within a radius of 100,000 miles.

His divine soul power had returned at this moment. It was enough for him to leave Baxia's body to oversee the situation.

The inheritance left behind by the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor was indeed powerful. By borrowing the power of the divine beast and activating the sword qi in the Sword Pavilion, he could immediately suppress the void for 100,000 miles.

Originally, Han Muye had calculated that with the help of the divine beast and the Sword Pavilion, he could only suppress a region of 10,000 miles.

After all, it was the inheritance of a great cultivator.

The inheritance of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor was so powerful that Han Muye looked forward to being backed by this power behind the Sword Pavilion.

What did the Upper Three Heavens of the Immortal Source World look like?

After the massacre, the violent power of the divine beast was released, and Han Muye felt much better.

This was one of the disadvantages of refining a divine beast's body. The tyrannical power that was difficult to suppress required constant guidance.

However, compared to the powerful strength he obtained, this bit of tyrannical power was nothing.

His body relaxed, and the power of the divine beast dissipated. Han Muye slowly floated from the bottom of the lake to the surface.

As he reached the surface of the water, he turned to look not far away.

By the lake, someone was carrying a few big fish and carefully going ashore.

Shao Datian.

This guy comes to the Immortal Moon Lake so late to catch fish?

Han Muye shook his head and disappeared in a flash.

There were no demonic beasts in the Immortal Moon Lake. There was no danger.

No matter what, Shao Datian was from the Southern Wasteland Tiger Demon Clan. With his bloodline power and cultivation, he could fight Foundation Establishment cultivators.

Han Muye returned to his room, put on his clothes, and lay down. His blood qi and spiritual qi fused together.

The mortal cultivated the heart and the void cultivated strength.

His cultivation was now on the verge of condensing to the Golden Core realm. He would be able to break through next time.

It was time to break through.

When he walked out of the room in the morning, Mu Wan had prepared the toiletries.

As he walked out of the shop, he saw the enthusiasm next door. Shao Datian and Cuicui were happily selling buns.

Mu Wan brought a few buns over.

Zuo Yulong was on duty today.

He was the one who received a few customers who came to buy pills in the morning.

Although seventh-grade and eighth-grade pills were not cheap, Han Muye did not need to appear.

The few customers who came to buy medicinal pills spent more time in the shop looking at the paintings on the wall than looking at those medicinal pills.

Someone even asked if these paintings could be sold.

Although Han Muye and Mu Wan were joking about making a killing from these paintings, they actually had no intention of selling them.

In the afternoon, a carriage stopped at the entrance of the shop.

Zuo Lin went to receive the customer, then quickly asked Zuo Yulong to call Han Muye.

"Sir, it has been a long time."

Although Princess Yunjin, who was standing in front of Han Muye, was wearing men's clothes, she still looked so beautiful that it was difficult to control oneself as one looked at her.

The number one beauty of Shuxi, who could be called the twin beauties of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship alongside Bai Wuhen. A few years had passed and her beauty had become more mature.

Han Muye nodded with a smile.

Yunjin looked at the shop plaque behind Han Muye, her eyes shining.

"Pill Destiny Pavilion, good calligraphy, good name..."

"Why? Aren't you going to invite me, an old friend of Jinchuan, into the shop?"

Han Muye raised his hand and led Yunjin into the shop.

Zuo Yulong was about to pour some tea when Zuo Lin pulled him back.

"Why do you want to join in the fun?" Zuo Lin glared at Zuo Yulong and said in a low voice, "Young Master is an important person. Whenever a woman is by his side, you should stay away."

Zuo Yulong opened his mouth but did not refute.

Yunjin walked into the shop and saw a few paintings hanging there. Her eyes lit up even more.

"I didn't get a good look yesterday. This is the real thing."

"A painting here can probably keep a shop open for 10 years or 100 years."

Princess Yunjin's gaze landed on the ink grapes that Han Muye had painted. She turned around.

"Sir, Sword Dao, Alchemy Dao, Confucian Dao, you're really amazing..."

Han Muye waved his hand and sat on the wooden chair. He raised his hand and said calmly, "Princess, you are famous throughout the Central Continent and your beauty is unsurpassed in the Imperial City. Isn't that amazing too?"

There was a trace of complicated emotions in Yunjin's eyes, but she suppressed them in the end.

Han Muye looked at her and said, "Yesterday, you said something was wrong?"

Yunjin chuckled and said in a low voice, "Yunjin wants to borrow your Jade Epiphyllum to hold a flower appreciation party. I wonder if you can help."

Jade Epiphyllum?

Flower appreciation party?

Han Muye raised his eyebrows. "Is it Lu Yuzhou's idea?"

Since I moved this epiphyllum here, Lu Yuzhou can't ask for it himself, so is he using this method to get it back?

Hearing Han Muye's words, Yunjin covered her mouth and smiled. "Deputy Head Lu said that we can't use this method. I can't hide it from you."

At this point, her expression turned solemn and she said in a low voice, "Actually, I'm also paving the way for Yunduan."

Chapter 563 - 563 The Great Dao Is Not Heartless (3)

"Only with the support of the predecessors of Confucianism from the Imperial City Academy can she have a chance to become the next Crown Prince."

Crown Prince.

Yunduan.

Han Muye frowned.

Was there a woman in the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty who was the heir apparent?

"Sir, do you think that Yunduan is a woman and shouldn't be the crown prince?"

Looking up at Han Muye, Yunjin said softly, "This is not a secret in our royal family. In the past, such things had happened.

"In the past 30,000 years, our royal family produced six empresses."

So there was really an empress?

Han Muye thought for a moment and nodded.

The influence of the Heavenly Mystic royal family was extremely small. As long as the Confucian Dao suppressed the world, the cultivators in the world would not even know who the emperor was.

"It's my fault. When I brought Yunduan into the palace for an audience, I told her more about you."

Yunjin looked at Han Muye with a trace of regret in her eyes.

"Perhaps, in the eyes of the Emperor and those royal families, the White Deer Mountain wants to compete with the Imperial City Academy and compete with Minister Wen for the great fortune of Confucianism."

Very interesting, Han Muye thought.

It was Wen Mosheng and the Imperial City Academy who suppressed the Central Continent, allowing the Heavenly Mystic Royal Family to remain unchanged for tens of thousands of years.

However, in the eyes of the royal family, as long as Wen Mosheng was there, they would never have the chance to wield the power of the Heavenly Mystic.

They had no idea that without Wen Mosheng's suppression, the Heavenly Mystic Royal Family would have been replaced countless times.

In the palace, Yunjin displayed the profound knowledge of the White Deer Mountain's Chief, Han Mu's Confucian Dao. Yunduan also admired him greatly, which gave the imperial family different thoughts.

They wanted to borrow the power of the White Deer Mountain to attack Wen Mosheng's orthodoxy.

Regardless of success or failure, it was something that the royal family hoped to see.

They had no idea that the Heavenly Mystic World would have been attacked by the other realms if not for Wen Mosheng.

The people of the world were ignorant and did not know the seriousness of matters. That was why they had subversive intentions.

This might be a blessing after all.

"Is this Princess Yunjin? You're really beautiful."

Mu Wan, who had walked out of the backyard, still had a lingering pill fragrance about her. Her gaze landed on Yunjin and she smiled.

"Yunjin greets Fairy Mu." Yunjin bowed to Mu Wan.

"What fairy?" Mu Wan walked forward and gently pressed Yun Jin's wrist. She chuckled and said, "Just call me Sister Mu."

Yunjin was stunned.

Han Muye shook his head.

Is she trying to cause trouble?

The Jade Epiphyllum was eventually taken away by Yunjin.

According to Mu Wan, she had the final say in family matters and it was just a small pot of epiphyllum that she had given her.

Before Yunjin left, Mu Wan even made an appointment to go to the Immortal Ship to take a look when the epiphyllum flowers bloomed.

"Senior Brother, don't you all like to go to places like the Immortal Ship?" Seeing Yunjin's carriage leave, Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye was about to speak when Mu Wan reached out and pressed his mouth.

“Do you think I don’t know what you’re thinking?” Mu Wan took a step forward and said softly, “I trust you.”

Even when Mu Wan returned to the backyard, Han Muye did not understand why she trusted him.

He turned around and saw Shao Datian walking over hesitantly.

“Young master, if I enlist in the army, can I... can I earn more spiritual rocks?” Shao Datian turned to see Cuicui busy in the shop and asked in a low voice.

Enlist?

Han Muye frowned.

“Are you short of spiritual rocks?”

Shao Datian nodded, then shook his head.

“Young Master, I’ve been in the Imperial City for a long time. I know some things now.” Shao Datian’s expression was complicated.

He scratched his head and said in a low voice, “The rent of this shop is not 30 spiritual rocks a month. No matter how good our business is, we can’t earn back the rent.”

How could the rent of a shop on Imperial Garden Street in Moon Viewing Town be only 30 spiritual rocks?

When Shao Datian was chatting with Bao Mingcheng, Bao Mingcheng told him that the rent for such a small shop was at least 300 spiritual rocks a month.

The Southern Wasteland Snack Shop could not earn so many spiritual rocks.

“Also, Cuicui and I both want to have children.” Shao Datian was a little hesitant. After pondering for a moment, he said, “Last time, Cuicui almost died.

“I’ve asked in private. If Cuicui and I want to have children, it will cost a lot of spiritual rocks. A lot.”

Han Muye’s gaze landed on Shao Datian.

Because of this, he went to the Immortal Moon Lake at night to catch fish.

He also wanted to enlist in the army and earn more spiritual rocks.

Unfortunately, this fellow did not know that the spiritual rocks he earned would definitely not be enough for Cuicui to give birth.

“You and Cuicui do your business well. Junior Sister and I will help you with other things.”

Han Muye looked at Shao Datian and said in a low voice, “It’s not as easy as you think to fight outside the realm.”

How many of them could return safely when a million-strong army fought outside the world?

If the war outside the Void Realm was really smooth-sailing, why would Marquis Wu need to recruit millions?

Seeing Han Muye walk into the Pill Destiny Pavilion, the corners of Shao Datian's mouth twitched, but he did not speak again.

Han Muye went to the backyard and saw Mu Wan copying pill formulas.

She memorized the pill formula she had seen in the library and studied it with Han Muye.

She also asked Han Muye why he didn't go to the library. Han Muye said that he was a sword cultivator and didn't major in alchemy, so he wouldn't waste too much energy on alchemy.

This was the truth.

From the beginning to the end, Han Muye had treated alchemy as a supporting technique.

Han Muye whispered what Shao Datian had said. Mu Wan stopped writing and fell silent.

"In the mortal world, there are really endless shackles."

Mu Wan sighed softly and said softly.

Han Muye smiled and patted her shoulder. "Isn't that why the mortal world is precious?

"Everything is transient in the mortal world. Nothing stays the same.

"Cultivators like us can't long for the mortal world, but we can't cut off our ties either.

"The Great Dao is not heartless."

Mu Wan understood some of Han Muye's words, but not quite.

Standing up, Mu Wan handed the copied pill formula to Han Muye.

"Senior Brother, I'll go to the library to see if there are any pill formulas related to bloodline fusion or sealing."

Yesterday, Baili Xinglin said that Mu Wan's jade token was equivalent to that of an Alchemy Grandmaster. She could go to the library 10 times a month.

With so many opportunities, it was enough.

This time, Mu Wan did not ask Han Muye to accompany her and asked Zuo Lin to drive her to the Alchemy Division.

When they arrived at the entrance of the library, someone among the cultivators gathered in front of the stone steps exclaimed.

He had seen Mu Wan yesterday.

Mu Wan ignored them and walked into the library. Then, using the index of the catalog, she found a bookshelf.

There were not many books on the bookshelf. Most of them were old.

Mu Wan reached out and flipped open a book. She read it carefully and frowned even more.

She looked at a few more books with a gloomy expression.

“Is it really that difficult for humans to have children when they are united with other races?”

Mu Wan closed the book in her hand gently.

“All living beings have their own ways. If the demon race wants to take human form, they need to transcend the tribulation and transform. If the human race wants to enter the Heaven Realm, they also need to transcend the lightning tribulation. Even if they refine pills, a fifth-grade pill will produce lightning tribulation.

“If everything in the world surpasses their limits and reaches another level, there will be calamities.”

A voice sounded softly beside Mu Wan’s hand.

Chapter 564 - 564 The Tiny Mortal World is a Beautiful Place (1)

“Grandmaster Baili.”

Mu Wan turned around and bowed slightly.

Baili Xinglin nodded. She looked at Mu Wan and said softly, “Are you looking for the Bloodline Pill for yourself?”

These words made Mu Wan blush. Before she could shake her head, she heard Baili Xinglin speak again, “I saw that the young man who came with you yesterday had some demon blood surging in his aura.”

The alchemy grand cultivator’s gaze was really vicious.

Mu Wan was about to say something when her expression suddenly changed. She said in a low voice, “Senior, you mean that if Senior Brother and I want to have children, we will also...”

She remembered what her senior brother had said. He was refining the power of the divine beast.

Could it be that senior brother also has the bloodline power of a divine beast and will also be tainted with its aura? If we want to have children, will it be difficult to nurture them because of the powerful bloodline power? she thought.

Shao Datian was just an ordinary demon. Cuicui almost died when she was pregnant with a child.

If her senior brother’s bloodline could be inherited, then she could help him...

She didn’t dare to think about it.

Mu Wan knew how big the gap between her cultivation and her senior brother’s strength was.

“Silly girl, we women are not born to bear children for them.” Looking at Mu Wan’s expression, Baili Xinglin sighed softly and reached out to pat Mu Wan’s shoulder.

“However, if I really meet someone I love, I’m naturally willing to do anything for him.”

Baili Xinglin said softly, as if she was talking about herself.

Mu Wan nodded.

Of course, she was willing to do anything for her senior brother.

“Senior, is there really no other way?”

It was not that there were no descendants of great cultivators in the world. On the contrary, there were many descendants of great cultivators.

There were also unions between humans and demons in the world.

“If it’s an ordinary person, it’s not impossible after cultivating deeply.” Baili Xinglin looked at Mu Wan.

“If you want to borrow the power of medicinal pills, it can be of some use.”

Pausing for a moment, Baili Xinglin’s eyes lit up. “However, the alchemy Dao in the Heavenly Mystic World isn’t very prosperous. In the world I come from, there are many great cultivators who study the power of bloodlines.

“If I can get their help, I might really be able to refine medicinal pills that can fuse the bloodlines of different races.

“Girl, are you interested in coming with me?”

Baili Xinglin lowered her head, her eyes filled with uncontrollable anticipation.

Mu Wan was stunned for a moment and lowered her head.

...

When Mu Wan returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, it was already dusk.

Han Muye accompanied her for a walk by the Immortal Moon Lake, but he saw that she was a little distracted.

When he asked her, she merely said that she had read too many books in the library and her mind was a little messy. She also said that not everyone’s comprehension was as good as his.

This left Han Muye speechless.

After returning to the small courtyard and looking at Mu Wan, who had returned to the room, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

This girl doesn’t hide her thoughts. Whenever she has something on her mind, it shows on her face.

She must have encountered something in the library today.

Is it because of the bloodline pill?

It seems that I have to pay more attention to this matter.

Standing in the small courtyard, the spiritual light on Han Muye’s body surged visibly.

As expected, from the time he started to cultivate, the chaos of the mortal world was the best way to cultivate one’s heart.

Tasting the sweetness and bitterness of the mortal world could actually raise one's mental state.

In the next few days, Mu Wan refined pills every day, and Han Muye basically didn't go out. He just stayed in the shop.

The two of them were serious about the pill shop.

Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting took turns to be on duty in the shop. They did all the accounts.

The daily income in the shop was more than 10,000 spiritual rocks.

When they encountered people who wanted to buy sixth-grade and fifth-grade pills, Han Muye would approach them and receive dozens of spiritual rocks for each purchase.

This pill store really looked like it was making money.

Zuo Lin was in charge of greeting customers at the door and buying various supplies.

Just as he had said, there was no need to queue for food at the city gate like before.

It felt like a dream coming to the shop with his children every day.

Zuo Yulong's studies had become more and more profound. He had already attracted the attention of the instructors in the Imperial City Academy. Perhaps he would be qualified to become an official student.

Zuo Yuting had become an official apprentice in the Changyun Alchemy House and could now refine a few ninth-grade medicinal pills.

Zuo Lin's family life had completely changed.

During the day, Shao Datian still sold snacks and buns with Cuicui. When there were many people at the pill store, he would guard the door to prevent anyone from causing trouble.

At night, he still went to the Immortal Moon Lake to catch a few big fish and sell them quietly.

Han Muye saw something interesting. Shao Datian had become friends with Bao Mingcheng from the Defense Division and Daoist Changyun from the Changyun Alchemy House.

The three of them even went drinking together twice.

Cuicui was both happy and angry about this matter.

She muttered to Mu Wan that she was naturally happy that Shao Datian could make friends in the Imperial City.

She also hoped that her man would have a circle of friends.

However, this guy went to drink and came back without saying where he went. This made Cuicui very unhappy.

"Anyway, I won't let him into my bed for the next few days."

Cuicui muttered angrily.

Mu Wan turned to look outside the small courtyard with a complicated expression.

If my senior wants to get into my bed, I...

...

In the quiet room, the cauldron spun gently.

The furnace fire slowly extinguished, and Mu Wan's face was red. It was unknown if it was because of the fire in front of her or Han Muye behind her.

However, she was the only one who knew the feeling of this dual cultivation.

"Junior Sister, how's this furnace of pills?" Han Muye's voice sounded in her ear.

It was too close. His breath caressed her neck, causing her entire body to heat up.

She turned around and met her senior brother's eyes.

At this moment, their faces were less than three inches apart.

Han Muye's eyes revealed an uncontrollable emotion as he lowered his head gently.

Chapter 565 - 565 The Tiny Mortal World is a Beautiful Place (2)

A trace of joy, shyness, and smugness flashed across Mu Wan's eyes.

Their breaths merged and their lips touched.

The tiny mortal world is a beautiful place.

Today's cauldron of pills took a day to refine.

Zuo Yuting, who was receiving customers in the shop, felt a little uneasy.

In the past, her Lady Boss was very fast at refining pills.

Can it be that this custom-made pill is so difficult to refine?

The expression of the middle-aged man in the green-gray robe who was waiting in the shop didn't change at first. He was even interested in the paintings hanging on the wall.

By afternoon, he started to feel restless.

Zuo Yuting had already refilled seven to eight pots of tea.

Fortunately, before sunset, Han Muye came out with a jade bottle.

"Mr. Gu, I didn't disappoint you." Han Muye handed over the jade bottle and chuckled.

The middle-aged man with the surname Gu took the jade bottle and looked at it with joy.

"They're really pills formed from clouds. The medicinal power of this pill is gentle. The patriarch will definitely be able to..."

Those who needed to consume the Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill were mostly Out of Body Realm cultivators whose physical bodies had decayed to the point where it was difficult to enhance.

For such a grand cultivator, the Blood Jade Immortal Spirit Pill in the cloud state was the most suitable.

Seeing the middle-aged man surnamed Gu leave happily, Han Muye waved his hand and asked Zuo Yuting to close the shop with Zuo Lin and go home.

After they left the shop, Han Muye returned to the small courtyard and looked at the closed Mu Wan's room. He chuckled and shook his head.

Today, he fulfilled a mission by refining two furnaces of Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pills.

A total of four pills were produced.

This meant that he had earned at least tens of millions of spiritual rocks.

Refining two furnaces of pills did not need more than half a day. The delay was mainly because Han Muye and Mu Wan could not help spending a lot of time in the quiet room.

This kind of human love, just embracing and rubbing against each other, was better than thousands of beautiful things.

Han Muye smiled and walked back to his room.

At this point, will the next step be far away?

...

When he saw Mu Wan the next day, Han Muye felt that this girl was a little different.

The smiles on her face have increased.

Is it because her intimacy with me makes her happy?

"Senior Sister Baili?"

Zuo Yulong's exclamation could be heard at the door.

Han Muye looked from behind the counter. It was Baili Tongyun from the Imperial City Academy.

She was the one who gave him the plaque with the inscription personally written by Grandmaster Huang Tingshu.

"Miss Baili." Han Muye stood up.

Baili Tongyun bowed slightly to Han Muye, then looked around and smiled. "Mr. Mu, is Fairy Mu Wan here?"

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Not looking for me?

Seeing his expression, Baili Tongyun smiled and said, "My grandmother wants to invite Fairy Mu Wan to our house. Mr. Mu won't forbid it, right?"

Baili Tongyun's grandmother?

Is it that Alchemy Daoist Half-Sage, Baili Xinglin, who's in charge of the Imperial City's Alchemy Division?

Such a big shot is inviting Mu Wan to her house?

Although Han Muye was curious, he smiled.

He went to the quiet room to call Mu Wan, who had just refined the medicinal pills.

Baili Tongyun went forward and muttered something in Mu Wan's ear. Mu Wan nodded and turned to tell Han Muye that Baili Xinglin had invited her to her house.

Han Muye naturally would not disagree.

Seeing the two women leave, he revealed a strange expression.

Aunt Mu Wan? Baili Tongyun called Junior Sister 'Aunt'?

What the hell is going on?

After a moment of silence, Han Muye looked at Zuo Yulong at the door.

"Zuo Yulong, take care of the shop. I'm going out for a while."

Zuo Yulong quickly responded.

Without asking Zuo Lin to drive, Han Muye walked straight onto the main road.

After coming to the Imperial City for so long, he had never really walked on the main road.

At most, he had strolled around Imperial Garden Street with Mu Wan a while ago.

At this moment, he was sprinting on the road as if he was flying.

The avenue of Imperial Garden Street was wide, and pedestrians on both sides could walk slowly. In the middle, horses pulling carriages galloped. If one wanted to move quickly, one could also walk on the carriage path.

An hour later, Han Muye arrived at the upper city.

He stopped in front of an ancient and magnificent mansion.

Qin.

There was a large Qin character on the mansion.

This was the residence of the Confucian Dao Half-Sage, Alchemy Grandmaster Qin Suyang.

It was also the Qin family's mansion in the Imperial City.

Standing at the door, Han Muye hesitated.

Should he reveal his aura immediately and let the Qin family know that he was here, or should he write a business card to inform them?

Also, he did not know if Qin Suyang was at home.

“M-Mr. Mu?”

A voice suddenly came from the door.

Han Muye looked up. It was Qin Siyu, the fifth daughter of the Qin family, calling out in surprise.

“Mr. Mu, are you also here to watch Third Uncle refine pills?”

Qin Siyu walked forward and whispered.

Refine pills?

Is Qin Wuyuan going to refine pills?

Han Muye nodded noncommittally.

“Mr. Mu, come with me. Third Uncle is in the alchemy room. The furnace is about to open.”

Qin Siyu quickly led him into the mansion.

When he walked into the courtyard, he was greeted by the smell of pills and plants.

The potted plants and trees along the path were all long-lived spiritual herbs.

Looking around, Han Muye saw that several spiritual trees had reached the realm of transforming.

Only the alchemists in the Imperial City are qualified to turn a half-transformed Wood Demon into a viewing object, right? he thought.

“Those patriarchs all cultivated with Grandpa. They didn’t want to transform, so they stayed in the residence.”

Seeing Han Muye look over, Qin Siyu quickly explained.

He nodded.

This was probably equivalent to Lu Yuzhou’s small pine trees.

After going past a few halls, they arrived at the Qin family’s alchemy room.

The Qin family was a family of alchemists, and their alchemy rooms were connected.

At this moment, there were close to a hundred alchemists standing outside the alchemy room.

Most of the people in front had white hair and dense auras.

Chapter 566 - 566 The Tiny Mortal World is a Beautiful Place (3)

There were several young people at the back and they all had alchemy master badges on their chests.

At this moment, in the open alchemy room, flames were already rising under the pill furnace.

Han Muye waved his hand and told Qin Siyu not to disturb Qin Wuyuan’s pill refinement. He stood behind and watched.

Those who knew Qin Siyu looked at her curiously.

In the alchemy room in front, the flames had already burned the pill cauldron.

In front of Qin Wuyuan, pills were thrown into the cauldron one by one. His actions were smooth and natural.

Han Muye stared intently as images flashed through his mind.

Fifth-grade pill, Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill.

This was a type of medicinal pill used to heal injuries.

It was obvious that it could repair the damaged meridians and clear the blocked spiritual qi.

The medicinal effect of this pill was powerful. It could immediately break through those blocked meridians and dantian.

He heard the alchemist beside him whisper that refining these pills was a mission assigned by Marquis Wu's office.

With a million-strong army going out, they naturally could not lack medicinal pills.

All the alchemy houses in the Imperial City and under the rule of the Alchemy Division were in operation.

The medicinal pills that Qin Wuyuan refined today were relatively high-level and were prepared for the military school.

Ordinary soldiers did not have a high cultivation level. Even if they were injured, they would not be able to obtain precious fifth-grade pills to consume.

Only those generals who had reached the Earth Realm could take pills if their cultivation was damaged.

"Everyone, today, I used the Cloud Qi Core Formation technique to refine the pills. If it succeeds, it will be beneficial to the injured generals."

In the alchemy room, Qin Wuyuan said loudly.

Injured people's meridians were naturally weak.

With the awesome medicinal power of this Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill, it was very easy for the person who swallowed the pill to not be able to withstand it.

In the past, many people had swallowed this pill and failed to survive.

Actually, the alchemists had come to observe Qin Wuyuan refining pills today to try to use the Cloud Pill technique to refine the pill.

This was a discussion between a few Grandmasters in the Alchemy Division two days ago. They were here to test it today.

Qin Wuyuan had also refined it in the Alchemy Division yesterday. He had refined two out of three furnaces.

Looking at the cauldron in front of him surrounded by flames and the clouds slowly condensing, Han Muye suddenly whispered, "This cauldron won't work."

His words stunned Qin Siyu.

The young alchemists beside him frowned.

If not for Qin Siyu, they would have scolded him.

What kind of person who did not even have an alchemist badge dared to casually judge a grandmaster's alchemy?

"Bang!"

In front of him, the clouds on the cauldron exploded and turned into surging spiritual light.

Qin Wuyuan waved his hand and retracted all the spiritual light. A regretful expression appeared on his face.

This cauldron of pills had failed.

The young alchemists standing not far from Han Muye widened their eyes and looked at the pill furnace in front of them in surprise, then at Han Muye beside them.

Was this guy right?

"Grandmaster Wuyuan, you don't have to worry about it. Spirit-channeling pills are difficult to refine to begin with. They are famous for being brutal among fifth-grade pills."

A white-bearded old man chuckled.

"Indeed, it's already rare for half of the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills to be completed."

Another martial grandmaster also spoke.

The people here were all alchemists with profound alchemy cultivation. Naturally, no one was an amateur.

Qin Wuyuan nodded. He took a deep breath and cleaned the cauldron in front of him. Then the flames rose again.

Fortunately, the spiritual herbs needed for the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills were not particularly precious. Qin Wuyuan did not lack spiritual herbs.

Watching Qin Wuyuan organize the spiritual herbs and prepare to refine pills again, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

When he observed and comprehended the refinement method of this pill just now, he had already made a deduction.

With Qin Wuyuan's refining technique, it was not that he could not produce pills, but the probability of success was very low.

Even he, a grandmaster, could not guarantee the success rate of producing pills. The other grandmasters and alchemy masters basically had no chance of forming pills.

“Miss Qin, give this spiritual herb to Grandmaster Wuyuan and replace the Zhuyuan Grass.” Han Muye took out a green herb and handed it to Qin Siyu.

Switch to a spiritual herb?

Qin Siyu’s eyes widened.

The surrounding young alchemists also looked at Han Muye in disbelief.

Is he crazy? they thought.

At this moment, an Alchemy Grandmaster is refining pills. You want to switch to a spiritual herb for him?

As long as Miss Qin Siyu is not stupid, she will not agree to such an unreasonable request.

Under everyone’s gaze, Qin Siyu caught the spiritual herb and quickly walked to the alchemy room in front, whispering in Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan’s ear.

Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan was surprised at first. Then he glanced outside and nodded.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes, Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan had exchanged the grass for a spiritual herb.

The pill cauldron was opened, and spirit medicines were thrown into it.

Visible to the naked eye, the spiritual qi and medicinal power began to fuse, and the pill qi that was revealed kept intertwining.

“Buzz!”

The cauldron shook.

Two clouds rushed out of the cauldron and spun in the air like fish.

The clouds were lively and seemed to have a trace of water vapor.

“It’s done!”

Someone exclaimed.

The alchemy grandmasters were delighted.

Observing Qin Wuyuan’s pill refining process, there were no other fancy methods. In other words, with this pill refining technique, everyone could refine a fifth-grade pill in the cloud state.

Can it really succeed?

Behind, the young alchemists turned to look at Han Muye.

Who is this person? they wondered.

“Grandmaster Wuyuan, why would you replace the Zhuyuan Grass?” In front, someone asked the question that everyone wanted to know.

How was he able to refine pills so easily after switching to a spiritual herb at the last minute?

Qin Wuyuan revealed a look of admiration. He looked at the two clouds and said in a low voice, "At first, I didn't understand either. However, when the spiritual herbs entered the cauldron, I understood.

"This spiritual herb is similar to the Zhuyuan Herb, but it has its own water vapor. It's a specialty of Water Island.

"With the water vapor neutralizing the medicinal power, the medicinal power of this Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill is even stronger than before."

A smile appeared on Qin Wuyuan's face. "Furthermore, because of the additional water vapor, it's even better for spiritual reconnection."

He raised his hand and pushed. Two medicinal pills flew out. Those sect grandmasters hurriedly probed them with their divine senses and investigated carefully.

Qin Wuyuan cupped his hands and quietly retreated.

When the young alchemists came back to their senses and looked again, Han Muye was already gone.

...

In the backyard of the Qin family, Qin Wuyuan straightened his body and bowed to Han Muye. "Greetings, sir."

Han Muye waved his hand and looked at Qin Wuyuan. "Grandmaster Wuyuan, I want to know about Grandmaster Baili."

Grandmaster Baili?

Qin Wuyuan was slightly stunned.

"Grandmaster Baili is in charge of the Jade Rainbow Realm, which is extremely prosperous in alchemy. There is an Alchemy Sage backing her."

Qin Suyang's voice sounded.

Outer world?

A faint murderous aura rose from Han Muye.

He had always been wary of cultivators from outside the realm.

Can she be coming for me?

If that's the case, so what if there's a sage behind her?

"Grandmaster Mu Ye wants to know why Grandmaster Baili is so close to your junior sister, right?"

Qin Suyang looked at Han Muye and said softly, "Grandmaster Baili knew that you would be concerned about this matter, so she specially asked me to explain it to you."

Chapter 567 - 567 Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique

567 Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique

Who was Han Muye?

His cultivation in the Dao of alchemy was deep and unfathomable. He could guide Qin Wuyuan with his divine soul.

With his Confucianism cultivation, he could confer deity titles with a single statement and suppress the eight counties of Dongnan in the Heavenly Mystic.

These two factors alone were enough to attract the attention of all the almighty experts in the Heavenly Mystic.

Moreover, on the opening day of the Pill Destiny Pavilion that day, it was clear that Han Muye not only had the Imperial City Academy behind him, but also Minister Wen.

The Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao Absolute Sage!

With the support of Minister Wen, who would dare to underestimate Han Muye in the Heavenly Mystic World?

To Han Muye, Mu Wan was an extremely important person. She was his Dao companion.

In this world, no one could hurt Mu Wan.

As a sword cultivator, the sword in his hand protected everything that belonged to him.

Looking at Han Muye's expression, Qin Suyang chuckled and invited him to the back hall. Then he introduced Baili Xinglin's background softly.

The Jade Rainbow Realm and the Heavenly Mystic World had been allies for tens of thousands of years. The two sides had many dealings.

Of course, only the great cultivators of the Imperial City knew about this.

The Heavenly Mystic World was suppressed by the Confucian Sage Wen Mosheng, and the Jade Rainbow Realm was protected by Alchemy Sages.

However, unlike the Heavenly Mystic World, which was hidden in the void, the Jade Rainbow Realm had always been invaded by void beasts and many powerful worlds.

The reason why they formed an alliance with the Heavenly Mystic World was because the Heavenly Mystic World was willing to send experts to help the Jade Rainbow Realm.

"The Sage of the Jade Rainbow Realm has become a sage through alchemy and is not good at attacking. In the past tens of thousands of years, our Profound Heaven Realm cultivators have gone to the Jade Rainbow Realm to rescue them six times.

"Minister Wen personally took action 10,000 years ago."

Qin Suyang's expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, "That time, it also attracted many outside forces to spy on the Heavenly Mystic World.

"Among them were countless experts descended from the Immortal Spirit World."

Ten thousand years ago?

No wonder the Heavenly Mystic World was still peaceful 10,000 years ago. In the last 10,000 years, it was suddenly attacked by powerful enemies many times.

The Shi Heng Dao Sect of the Immortal Spirit World had gathered all their forces.

No matter what, there were many great cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World. Back then, they suppressed countless realms.

However, it was unknown who those great cultivators lost to back then. In the end, the spatial passageways everywhere in the Heavenly Mystic World shut down.

Han Muye controlled the body of a divine beast to wander in the void, so he had a better understanding of the dangers of the void world.

In the endless void, it was really unknown when they would suddenly encounter powerful enemies.

Previously, he had encountered a beast that had at least the combat strength of a Divine Transformation Realm expert. It took him a lot of effort to activate the power of a divine beast to severely injure it. It escaped in the end.

This also made Han Muye understand that strength alone was not enough.

He also needed to have precise control over his strength.

He had returned to the Heavenly Mystic World to train his mind in the mortal world so that he could hone his mental strength and control the body of the divine beast.

If he could really control the power of the divine beast, Baxia, the divine transformation mutated beasts would not be able to withstand a claw.

"What does the Jade Rainbow Realm have to do with my junior sister?" Han Muye's eyes lit up, and a faint sword intent surged from his body.

As expected!

The corners of Qin Suyang's eyes twitched.

Back in the Alchemy Division's main hall, Baili Xinglin had pointed out that this Grandmaster Mu Ye was definitely a sword dao expert.

From the looks of it, it was true.

"Ten thousand years ago, the direct disciple of a Sage from the Jade Rainbow Realm came to the Heavenly Mystic World to ask for help. She was surrounded and killed by countless experts from other worlds. Although she sent a message for help, she died in the Heavenly Mystic World.

"It's said that her remnant soul reincarnated in the Heavenly Mystic World, but it has never been confirmed."

Disciple of a Sage?

Han Muye frowned.

How could it be so coincidental?

"Hehe, Manager Baili only got closer because she found out that Little Friend Mu has her senior sister's bloodline.

"She asked me to tell you because she was afraid that you would misunderstand."

Qin Suyang looked at Han Muye and spoke softly.

Every expert who could become a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert had experienced countless schemes.

Mu Wan was someone close to Han Muye. If she was held by outsiders, she would be a great threat to Han Muye.

"I want to see Grandmaster Baili personally." Han Muye pondered for a moment and said in a low voice.

Qin Suyang nodded and said, "I'll arrange it."

With that, he looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "You might have spread the method of refining the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishment Pill into the Cloud Pill?"

Disseminate the method of refining the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill?

In the Alchemy Dao inheritance, if a certain technique was widely spread, one would become the ancestor of a Dao.

Many alchemy techniques were named after the creator.

Han Muye's heart skipped a beat. He looked at Qin Suyang. "The war in the No Resentment Realm is not going well?"

Qin Suyang nodded.

He was not surprised that Han Muye knew about the battle in the No Resentment Realm.

Han Muye's shop had opened, and Minister Wen had come personally. What secrets were there in the Heavenly Mystic World that he couldn't know?

"A million new troops suffered considerable losses.

"The No Resentment Realm has achieved Dao through incense offerings, and one's cultivation can be achieved quickly. Although the Martial Marquis plotted to kill several of its top experts, he didn't achieve a great victory."

A trace of gloominess appeared on Qin Suyang's face, and traces of murderous aura appeared on his body.

Tongue Sword Suyang was also an expert who dominated the void back then.

“At this Alchemy Conference, we are prepared to advance to the front line and cooperate in the battle of the No Resentment Realm.

“As for the alchemists who performed well enough, we’re preparing to send them to the Jade Rainbow Realm to cultivate for a hundred years.

“The Alchemy Dao inheritance of the Jade Rainbow Realm is a hundred times better than my Heavenly Mystic Realm.”

What Qin Suyang said was that in order to cooperate in the battle in the No Resentment Realm, the Heavenly Mystic Alchemy Conference was organized by the army.

He asked Han Muye to spread the method of the Cloud Pill of the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishment Pill because he wanted all the alchemists participating in the Alchemy Conference to master this alchemy method.

This was because the Cloud Pill method would not trigger the fluctuation of the power of the heavens and earth without going through the Tribulation.

This way, he could absolutely collect spiritual herbs and refine them outside the realm.

Chapter 568 - 568 Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique (2)

568 Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique (2)

This cloud-shaped pill was also more suitable for the seriously injured generals to refine.

“As long as you can impart this alchemy technique, the Alchemy Division can grant you an honorary position. You can freely enter and exit the ancient records library and name this cloud alchemy technique after yourself.”

The Alchemy Division was reputable and he could freely enter and exit the archives. This was a huge temptation.

In addition, he could name the Pill Formation Technique and its name would be passed down through the ages.

Han Muye cultivated Confucianism. This accumulation of alchemy was even more terrifying.

Qin Suyang looked at Han Muye with a smile.

It was impossible for Han Muye to refuse.

Indeed, Han Muye was not prepared to reject this deal.

“I will engrave the brand new formula for the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishment Pill and the Cloud Pill Technique into jade slips.” Han Muye turned to look at Qin Suyang and said softly, “However, don’t use my name for this technique.

“Let’s call it the Pill Destiny Pavilion Pill Transformation Technique.”

Han Muye came using an alias and did not need to become famous at all.

Mu Wan was young and her cultivation was shallow. It was not a good thing to become famous.

He might as well name the technique after the Pill Destiny Pavilion, as long as it was practical.

This name was also a commemoration of his relationship with Mu Wan.

It was equivalent to a token of love.

Although a strange look flashed across Qin Suyang’s eyes, he nodded.

Although there were very few alchemy techniques named after alchemy shops, there were still some.

Many people considered the benefits and not the reputation.

Han Muye took out a blank jade slip and probed it with his divine sense. It kept condensing, forming an indelible inheritance jade slip.

Qin Suyang took the jade slip with both hands and bowed slightly. “Thank you for your teachings, Mr. Mu.”

The reason why alchemy inheritances could flourish was because countless alchemy seniors did not have any selfish motives and passed down their comprehension.

What Han Muye did today was the same. Qin Suyang called him Mr. Mu.

This jade slip would be replicated 10,000 times and sent to various places under the Alchemy Division. Then, all alchemists could cultivate.

Alchemy cultivators in the world had to call him ‘mister’ when they used this technique to form pills.

As for this jade slip that Han Muye had personally engraved, it would be sent to the library for collection.

Han Muye did not stay at the Qin residence for long.

Since he knew why Baili Xinglin had invited Mu Wan, he felt much more at ease.

The next time he personally met Baili Xinglin, he wanted to see if this Alchemy Half-Sage, one of the leaders of the Alchemy Division, truly had no ill intentions.

When he left the Qin residence and returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, Han Muye looked around.

In the upper city of the Imperial City, there were tall pavilions everywhere.

Endless spiritual qi and purple People’s Will had already condensed into a sky screen.

Mountains and rivers appeared in the sky screen, showing the vastness of the world.

Having lived in this world for a long time, his heart was naturally filled with Great Dao imprints.

In the depths of the pavilion was the Imperial Palace, the peak of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty’s secular power.

Many members of the Heavenly Mystic Royal Family lived there.

Even if the royal family was dispensable to the humans of the Central Continent, as the symbol of power in the secular world, the imperial palace was still at the center of the imperial city.

The side of the Imperial Palace should be the place where Minister Wen resides, right?

Han Muye retracted his gaze and walked forward quickly.

He had no intention of visiting Minister Wen's residence.

There were not many pedestrians on the Imperial Garden Street. Even if there were, they were in a hurry like Han Muye.

How could there be idlers in the upper city?

The galloping carriages were either tall or tightly guarded.

Many of them were pulled by mutated beasts. There were family seals on the carriages.

These carriages looked extremely extraordinary. Many of them even flickered with spiritual light and activated an array to isolate themselves.

However, Han Muye did not know much about the big families in the Imperial City, and he was not interested in befriending them.

"Stop the carriage."

A green wooden carriage stopped beside Han Muye.

Han Muye turned to look. The curtain was lifted and someone was looking at him with a cold expression.

"Get in the carriage," Yunduan said coldly.

Han Muye pondered for a moment, and stepped into the carriage.

The interior of the carriage was simple and had a faint fragrance.

Wearing a green brocade robe and a jade crown on her head, Yunduan sat at the side. There were scrolls and brushes on the small wooden table in the middle.

The carriage moved forward, but there was no movement in the carriage.

Yunduan looked up at Han Muye, her eyes flickering like fire.

"Tell me, what happened between you and my sister on the Jade Brocade Immortal Ship that night?" As soon as Yunduan finished speaking, she clenched her fists and stared at Han Muye.

There was unconcealed anger on Yunduan's face, as if she would punch Han Muye if he dared to lie.

Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, "I only read for a night."

"Really?" Yunduan's gaze did not shift.

He nodded.

“My sister is the number one beauty in Jinchuan. Even in the Imperial City, no one is more beautiful than her. She can’t compare to your junior sister?” Yunduan said in a low voice with a cold expression.

She had met Han Muye’s junior sister.

Although she was also beautiful, dignified, and pure, she was not as beautiful as her sister, Princess Yunjin.

Princess Yunjin was such a beauty, and she was also the legitimate daughter of the Prince of Qi. How could it be that she could not compare to an ordinary female cultivator?

Yunduan’s face was filled with disbelief and a trace of resentment.

Han Muye’s originally calm expression slowly turned serious.

There seemed to be an abyssal power stirring in his body.

If this power was activated, it would probably burn everyone clean.

Outside the carriage, there was a light cough.

In the carriage, the jade crown on Yunduan’s head flashed.

Yunduan did not expect Han Muye to be so powerful that even her protective treasure was activated.

She did not expect Han Muye to be so intense. There was something in his gaze that made her heart palpitate.

Did I say something wrong?

Yunduan shrank slightly and looked at Han Muye stubbornly.

Han Muye suppressed the surging power and looked at Yunduan.

Chapter 569 - 569 Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique (3)

569 Pill Destiny Pavilion’s Pill Transformation Technique (3)

“Junior Sister and I know each other. We’re from the same sect.

“She’s innocent and only has alchemy in her heart.

“Junior Sister has done so much for me.

“To me, love is not based on physical attraction.

“Junior Sister and I are in love.”

Han Muye seemed to be talking to Yunduan, but also to himself.

The expression on Yunduan’s face kept changing as she stared at Han Muye.

“Princess Yunjin is beautiful and intelligent, but that’s not why I should fall in love with her.

“By the same token, there’s no need for her to keep me in her heart.

“We’re passersby whose paths crossed in this mortal world. Fate begins and ends. It’s something that comes from the heart.”

Han Muye’s aura slowly calmed down.

Yunduan, who was opposite him, slowly sat back down.

“If you didn’t mean it, why did you leave so many...” she whispered, but she didn’t finish. She just shook her head.

There was a moment of silence in the carriage.

Yunduan looked up at Han Muye, and her eyes flickered.

“You’re right. Encounters are fated.”

She pushed the pen and paper on the table in front of her toward him and said with a smile, “We’re so fated. Help me write a few emperor’s poems.”

Emperor’s poems?

Han Muye frowned.

The Central Continent was a place where Confucianism suppressed the Heavenly Dao. Poetry and essays could be compatible with the Heavenly Dao.

He could kill 30,000 sword cultivators with his poems outside Jinchuan.

In the Northern Region, the poem of the Half-Crown Emperor directly killed the great cultivators from back then.

If he really wrote an emperor poem now, the spiritual energy would probably gather on the spot and the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth would sense it. It was even possible to overturn the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty.

Glancing at Yunduan, Han Muye shook his head.

This girl was still ignorant and fearless.

“Just help me this once.” Yunduan pressed her hands on the small table and leaned closer to Han Muye.

“You helped my sister write so many poems. You wrote, ‘Looking at the red flowers, wet with rain at dawn’...”

Leaning close, Han Muye could see the liveliness in Yunduan’s eyes.

A faint fragrance entered his nose.

Han Muye was unmoved.

"How about this? Help me write an emperor's poem. I..." Yunduan leaned closer, almost touching Han Muye's cheek, and whispered, "I'll wear female clothes for you to see."

Han Muye's gaze fell on Yunduan's approaching body.

This girl was Princess Yunjin's biological sister. Although she looked young, she was not inferior to Yunjin.

If she wore female clothes, her beauty would probably surpass Yunjin.

However, as the Prince of Qi and possibly the heir to the throne of the Heavenly Mystic Emperor, she probably wouldn't be able to wear women's clothing more than a few times in this lifetime.

Even if she became the empress, she would be wearing a royal robe. It was impossible for her to wear female clothes.

"Why do you have to have an emperor's poem?" Han Muye raised his hand and pressed it on Yunduan's shoulder, pushing her back to her original spot. He frowned and asked.

"You know my current identity, don't you?" A complicated look appeared on Yunduan's face. She leaned back on her seat and spoke softly.

He nodded.

"I don't want to be the Crown Prince. I don't want to be the heir apparent either." Yunduan hugged her knees and curled up slightly with her head lowered.

"But for my father and sister, I have to fight for the throne.

"Otherwise, Sister will be married off to the Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan."

Yunduan looked up at Han Muye. "I don't want my sister to marry and live in the distant Eastern Sea."

Although there were rumors in the Imperial City that the Prince of Qi had the possibility of inheriting the throne, it was not certain.

At the very least, there were a few people in the royal family who could compete with Yunduan.

Some of those people became famous at a young age. They were steadfast and steady. Some of them had extraordinary cultivation and their combat strength suppressed an area.

If it were not for the fact that the imperial family had the intention to use the White Deer Mountain to shake the foundation of Wen Mosheng's Confucianism, it would not have been Yunduan, this fake prince, who was the heir apparent.

Today, Yunduan was invited to the gathering by an elder of the royal family.

Among them were other clansmen.

Making a name for herself at this gathering would be very helpful in fighting for the throne.

On the other hand, if she was suppressed, her opportunities would be greatly diminished.

Yunduan looked up at Han Muye with a hint of anticipation in her eyes.

It was not that she was really insensible. It was just that she had known Han Muye back then and felt that there was something between her sister and him, so they were naturally closer.

However, this intimacy was not her bargaining chip to threaten Han Muye.

She wasn't sure if Han Muye was willing to help her.

After all, for someone like Han Muye, there were not many things in the world that could move him.

Her sister had always been infatuated with Han Muye's poems. Over the years, she had recited them every day.

Much of Grandmaster Han Mu's literary fame came from the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and looked out of the carriage window.

The carriage was extremely fast. They had already arrived in the middle of the city and were not far from Moon Viewing Town.

He reached out and picked up the ink brush.

"When I'm done, memorize it."

Han Muye spoke softly.

Yunduan looked happy and quickly nodded.

Han Muye's brush moved like a dragon.

"When the wind rises, the clouds will soar. I have unified the world and returned to my hometown. How can I get valiant warriors to guard all corners of the country!"

Yunduan muttered in a low voice and her eyes widened.

The emperor who looked down upon the world in poetry was heroic.

The golden Great Spirit gushed out from the page, as if it wanted to rush out of the carriage and into the sky.

A purple aura turned into a light screen on Han Muye's body and restrained the Great Spirit.

"Since the royal family has the intention to shake off Wen Mosheng, they will definitely gather experts and fierce warriors to suppress the surroundings.

"This poem can only be recited. It can't be explained. Those who understand will understand."

Han Muye put down his pen and looked at Yunduan. "Have you memorized it?"

Yunduan nodded hurriedly.

Han Muye folded the paper in front of him and put it in his pocket.

This poem contained the aura of an emperor. It was the first time he had written it, and it had the power of the Heavenly Dao. It was a rather powerful literary treasure.

Most of the literary treasures in the world came from this.

Putting away the paper, Han Muye prepared to get out of the carriage.

Yunduan rolled her eyes and reached out to tug at Han Muye's sleeve.

"Teacher Han, I said it. If you help me write a poem, I'll wear women's clothes for you to see."

Yunduan's eyes were smiling as she leaned forward.

"Don't leave yet. I'll change my clothes for you to see."

As she spoke, she reached out to tug at her clothes.

Her collar was pulled open, revealing her fair neck.

She looked up and saw Han Muye's gaze on her. There was a smile in his eyes. She blushed and wrapped her collar. Then she grabbed Han Muye's sleeve and refused to let go.

"I forgot to bring women's clothing today. Next time, I'll wear it..."

"How about this? Help me write another poem. I'll wear two sets of clothes for you to see."

"Can you write another poem? I'll wear those skimpy clothes that the women on the immortal ship wear."

"Write another one, I don't..."

...

As Han Muye was getting out of the carriage along Moon Viewing Avenue, there were peals of laughter from the carriage.

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head, but the smile on his face slowly disappeared.

From the rebellion of the Daoist sects of the eight counties in Dongnan to the undisguised disloyalty of the imperial family, the Heavenly Mystic World seemed to be trying to overthrow Wen Mosheng's suppression everywhere.

However, Han Muye knew that the position of a Sage could not be shattered so easily.

In this world, only sages could hurt sages.

It was impossible for Wen Mosheng not to know what was going on in the Heavenly Mystic.

Was he really unable to leave or did he have other plans?

Walking slowly back to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, Han Muye had just reached the roadside when he saw Cuicui running over anxiously.

"Young Master, please save Datian. Datian has been detained!"

Chapter 570 - 570 Immortal Moon Lakeside, Re-Investiture

Someone detained Shao Datian?

Han Muye frowned, and a trace of pressure flashed across his body.

From the Southern Wasteland to the Imperial City, Shao Datian and Cuicui received a lot of help from Han Muye and Mu Wan.

If this help was exchanged for spiritual rocks, this ignorant young couple would never be able to pay it back.

However, Han Muye and Mu Wan had their own personal reasons for helping Cuicui and Shao Datian.

Mu Wan was kind-hearted and wanted to see this couple live well. She even searched for the bloodline pill and wanted to help Cuicui bear children safely.

As for Han Muye, he wanted to use Shao Datian and Cui Cui to temper his heart.

He and Mu Wan comprehended the mortal world and opened a small shop.

However, they knew that it was impossible for them to truly struggle in the mortal world like ordinary people.

Be it Mu Wan's alchemy cultivation, Han Muye's status, cultivation, or strength, they could solve almost all the difficulties they encountered.

On the other hand, Shao Datian and Cuicui, a man and a woman who had walked all the way from the Southern Wasteland were truly ordinary people.

The various calamities and difficulties they encountered were all part of the process of ordinary people struggling in the mortal world and pursuing happiness with all their might.

Looking at this young couple, Mu Wan would often be envious, and Han Muye had gained a lot from their experiences.

"Where is he being held? I'll go take a look."

Han Muye spoke in a low voice.

He did not care who the other party was, as long as he knew where Datian was.

"He's at the market not far from the Immortal Moon Lake." Cuicui quickly led Han Muye to the Immortal Moon Lake.

It turned out that Shao Datian went fishing in Immortal Moon Lake every night and sent the fish to a vegetable market by the lake to sell.

He did not care how much he earned, as long as he sold the fish he caught every day.

It was fine for two to three days. Many people were happy to buy cheap fish.

However, as time passed, the vendors who specialized in selling fish in the market were unhappy.

Not only did Shao Datian steal their business, but he also lowered the price of the fish.

Two days ago, several merchants gave Shao Datian a warning.

However, he did not take it seriously.

The vendors saw that Shao Datian was tall and strong, a simple-minded tiger demon. If there were just a few of them, they would not dare to do anything to him.

Today, Shao Datian went to sell fish again, but he was surrounded by dozens of fishmongers.

After a round of fighting, Shao Datian defeated all of them.

He knew the severity of his attacks and did not injure anyone.

But the fishmongers had a backer.

The disciples of the Qinghe Daoist Sect by the Immortal Moon Lake captured Shao Datian.

They did not say anything. They only sent someone to the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop and asked Cuicui to bring spiritual rocks to redeem him.

300 spiritual rocks was compensation for the injured fishmongers.

Also, he had to promise not to sell fish in that market in the future.

Cuicui raided her home and gathered more than 200 spiritual rocks to send to the Qinghe Dao Sect. In the end, Shao Datian gritted his teeth and shouted, asking Cuicui to go back. He refused to hand over the spiritual rocks.

In addition, he also insisted on catching fish in the Immortal Moon Lake to sell in the future.

This fellow lost his temper and roared at Cuicui not to hand over the spiritual rocks.

Cuicui had no choice but to go back and ask Han Muye for help.

The Qinghe Daoist Faction was not far away. It was by the Immortal Moon Lake. Their endless Daoist halls were stacked along the hill, covering at least 10 miles.

There were also two Heaven Realm experts guarding the Daoist gate that was located by the Immortal Moon Lake in the middle city.

The Central Continent suppressed the Heavenly Mystic Realm, and the Imperial City took in all the Heavenly Mystic experts.

If the Qinghe Daoist Sect was outside the Imperial City, they could occupy at least one county with the suppression of their two Heaven Realm experts.

In the Imperial City, they could only have 10 miles of mountain gate.

Of course, without a blessed land like the Imperial City where the spiritual energy was as dense as clouds and fog, the Qinghe Daoist Sect might not have two Heaven Realm cultivators.

Beyond the mountain gate, there were many people outside the limestone square.

There were disciples of the Qinghe Daoist Sect blocking the entrance.

“Fellow Daoist Changyun, it’s not that we don’t want to let him go. This tiger demon doesn’t follow the rules and isn’t willing to admit defeat. How can we let him go?”

“Lord Bao, your Defense Division can’t interfere with our well-behaved Daoist sect, right? Moreover, aren’t you going to deal with this tiger demon who broke the rules without permission?”

At the entrance of Qinghe Daoist Sect, Daoist Changyun and Bao Mingcheng stood there, frowning.

In front of them was Shao Datian, tied up with a golden chain and trapped on the ground.

His head and face were swollen and he kept struggling.

The more he struggled, the tighter he was bound, making it difficult for him to even breathe.

“Although the Qinghe Daoist Sect has the right to be stationed here, they can’t set their own rules.” Bao Mingcheng looked at the Daoist in front of him and said coldly, “Detaining someone privately is against the law.”

He was an officer of the Defense Division and had no local jurisdiction.

However, he had a good relationship with Shao Datian, so he naturally had to interfere.

The Qinghe Daoist Sect actually gave him and Daoist Changyun face and agreed to let him go.

However, Shao Datian lost his temper and wanted to fight for the right to sell fish in the future.

As the two sides fought, the surrounding commoners watched the commotion and angered an elder of the Qinghe Daoist Sect.

That was why he did not even give face to Bao Mingcheng and Daoist Changyun.

“Datian!”

Cuicui rushed through the crowd to Shao Datian’s side and looked at him nervously.

She hugged Shao Datian who was in pain and wanted to loosen the chain on his body, but she could not do so.

“Datian, just give in. Let’s not catch fish in the lake or sell fish in the future, okay?”

Cuicui’s heart ached as she hugged Shao Datian’s tiger head. Her face was covered in tears.

Shao Datian’s lips turned purple as he stared and shook his head.

Cuicui choked back her tears as she hugged Shao Datian.

“Let’s just live like this. We don’t want to earn those spiritual rocks. We’ll open a small Southern Wasteland shop. We don’t want a big restaurant.”