

## **Pavilion 571**

### **Chapter 571 - 571 Immortal Moon Lakeside, Re-Investiture (2)**

"In the past, I didn't know anything. Now I understand. Let's live peacefully and not think about those distant things, okay?"

Cuicui took out the spiritual rocks and spiritual coins from her clothes.

"We can earn back spiritual rocks. Datian, I can't live without you."

Cuicui's words made Shao Datian struggle violently. He gritted his teeth and roared.

The golden chain tightened.

"Datian, Young Master is here. Y-you should listen to him." Cuicui hurriedly pressed down on Shao Datian's shoulder and called out.

Hearing of Han Muye's arrival, Shao Datian trembled and looked up.

Everyone around him also turned to look behind them.

"Shopkeeper Mu!" Bao Mingcheng saw Han Muye and hurriedly bowed.

Ever since the opening of the Pill Destiny Pavilion, he had not stepped into the Pill Destiny Pavilion again.

However, he went to the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop many times.

Daoist Changyun bowed as well.

Han Muye walked forward and squatted down gently.

Shao Datian muttered and lowered his head to Han Muye.

His body was constrained and he could only move his neck.

"I know you don't want to lose Cuicui. You want to earn a lot of spiritual rocks," Han Muye said softly, calming Shao Datian down. "I told you, my junior sister and I will help you."

Shao Datian nodded repeatedly, tears flowing from his eyes.

Although the few people from Qinghe Dao Sect frowned, they did not say anything.

Han Muye raised his hand and held the golden chain.

With a twist of his fingers, the chain snapped.

This scene made many people's eyes light up.

This seemingly ordinary shopkeeper seems to be very powerful, they thought.

The expressions of the Qinghe Dao Sect disciples changed.

This chain was personally condensed by their sect's Golden Core elders. Without a cultivation above the third level of the Golden Core realm, it was absolutely impossible to break it.

But in their opinion, Han Muye had just casually crushed the chain.

Such a person must be an expert!

The Qinghe Dao Sect disciples looked at each other.

After breaking the chain, Shao Datian took a few deep breaths. Then he reached out to hug Cuicui and collected the spiritual rocks and spiritual coins she took out.

"No.

"I won't give them these spiritual rocks."

Shao Datian shook his head and held the spiritual rocks and spiritual coins tightly. "I want to buy medicinal pills for Cuicui."

Cuicui raised her head and looked at him. She wanted to scold him, but she could not bear to.

She supported him as he stood up.

"Young Master, I-I want to earn more spiritual rocks. They won't let me fish." Shao Datian held his spiritual rocks and spiritual coins tightly and carefully hugged Cuicui.

"Cuicui is pregnant."

Last time, Shao Datian had told Han Muye that he wanted to enlist in the army and earn more spiritual rocks, but he did not receive Han Muye's permission.

Looking at the nervous couple, Han Muye smiled.

"Congratulations."

He patted Shao Datian's shoulder and said softly, "Don't worry, Junior Sister and I will help you."

If Cuicui wanted to give birth safely, she had to have a large amount of bloodline power to protect the child in her stomach.

Or, there were pills that could isolate the power of the bloodline and temporarily seal it. After the child was born, it would slowly awaken.

The spiritual rocks required for both methods were immeasurable.

A bloodline power that could be absorbed would cost tens of thousands of spiritual rocks even for ordinary bloodlines.

Moreover, it had to be compatible with the tiger race's bloodline and had to provide for the growth of the fetus. After carrying it for 10 months, who knew how much bloodline would be consumed.

As for pills that could isolate bloodlines, it was unknown if there were any in the world.

Mu Wan had been searching in the library recently. She did not know if she could find the pill formula.

Even if he had the pill formula, he didn't know if he would be able to forge a pill or not.

The combination of human and demon bloodlines was like defying the heavens and changing fate. The cost was incalculable.

It was impossible for Shao Datian and Cuicui to come up with so many spiritual rocks.

In this world, there were countless ordinary people like them.

These people could not fork out the money to change their fate.

Just like Zuo Lin's family.

If not for the fact that he had met Han Muye and Mu Wan, Zuo Yulong would still be listening in at the Imperial City Academy. He would probably not have been able to cultivate anything in his life.

Zuo Yuting would only be an apprentice for the rest of her life.

Perhaps they had an opportunity and met Han Muye and Mu Wan, which changed their fate.

But to the countless ordinary living beings in the world, who could they meet?

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

From the Guan Estuary to the Imperial City, he had been thinking.

Previously, when he killed the Divine King of the No Resentment Realm in the Void World, he had obtained some inheritance of the Divine Dao.

Combined with the comparison between the Divine Dao and the Confucian Dao, Han Muye had some plans.

However, he did not know whether what he was about to do was good or bad for Minister Wen and the Heavenly Mystic World.

Looking at the Qinghe Dao Sect disciples, Han Muye said, "Do you have any objections to me taking him away?"

Those people looked at each other with difficulty, not daring to speak.

The strength Han Muye displayed was not something they could resist at all.

Moreover, the conversation between Shao Datian and Cuicui was heard by the surrounding people.

It was not easy for the couple. Those who knew the dangers of the union between humans and demons explained to the people around them in a low voice.

This pitiful couple wanted to live well and support each other, but the Qinghe Dao Sect wanted to cut off their livelihood.

The gazes and discussions around them were no longer the same.

This was the Imperial City. The public opinion of mortals would also affect the situation of the cultivation sects.

“The Immortal Moon Lake and the surrounding markets are under the jurisdiction of our Qinghe Dao Sect. In the future, this tiger demon will not be allowed to fish in Immortal Moon Lake or sell in the market.”

### **Chapter 572 - 572 Immortal Moon Lakeside, Re-Investiture (3)**

A voice sounded from behind the Qinghe Dao Sect Gate.

A Daoist in a green-gray Daoist robe walked over and held a jade-white horsetail whisk in his hand. He sized up Han Muye and said coldly.

On the other side, Shao Datian looked excited as Cuicui pulled him back.

“Is the Immortal Moon Lake under your jurisdiction? Are you the one who set the rules of the market?” Han Muye turned to look around, his gaze landing on the vast hall.

“Of course. This is determined by the laws of the dynasty. All the sects have the right to govern the areas around their bases.” The Daoist sneered and said, “We can’t possibly let the soldiers of the Defense Division guard our bases, right?”

It was precisely because the dynasty could not guard the various sects that they released the jurisdiction of various places.

After all, no one knew what happened at the bases.

This way, the dynasty could take a back seat. They did not care about the previous conflicts between the sects.

If the sects affected the local rule or did something outrageous, they would arrange for the Mystic Sun Guards to intervene.

It saved them a lot of trouble.

“The soldiers can’t guard the sects’ bases, and there aren’t that many soldiers.” Han Muye turned to look at Bao Mingcheng.

Bao Mingcheng nodded with a helpless expression.

The Imperial City was still alright, but the entire Central Continent was filled with countless lands that were out of their jurisdiction.

Many prefectures and counties were places where the commoners lived. The other places were set aside for the cultivation sects to do whatever they wanted.

What else could they do?

The eight counties in Dongnan were infiltrated by the Daoist sects because of this.

“In that case, recruit more soldiers and form a government office,” Han Muye said calmly.

Hearing his words, the Qinghe Daoist was stunned for a moment before he laughed out loud.

“Even the Minister Wen’s Office can’t easily increase the number of government offices and recruit soldiers, right?”

“If you really want to open such a government office, how many people do you need? Tens of millions or hundreds of millions?”

“I’m afraid the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty can’t afford it.”

After all, he had lived in the Imperial City for a long time. This Daoist really knew a little about the laws of the dynasty and the general situation of the Imperial Court.

He was right. They could not recruit more soldiers just because they wanted to.

That would require countless spiritual rocks and countless slightly trained soldiers.

The Heavenly Mystic World could not afford to raise so many soldiers.

Han Muye stood there in silence.

Opposite him, the Daoist looked at him coldly.

This was the Imperial City, the cultivation holy land of the Heavenly Mystic World.

Not everyone could behave atrociously here.

It was not a place where the young couple could reside for long.

It was not easy to stay in the Imperial City.

However, as long as this young couple submitted and followed the control of the Qinghe Dao Sect, today’s matter would be settled.

After all, the person in front of him was more or less capable. There was also that alchemist from the Defense Division and the alchemy mill who came to plead for leniency.

Just as he was about to speak, Han Muye suddenly slowly raised his hand.

An indescribable aura was rising from Han Muye.

Everyone around him was bound. They couldn’t even move their eyes.

At this moment, spiritual light and golden Great Spirit qi intertwined in the entire Imperial City, forming a long dragon that was 10,000 miles long.

Experts flew up and looked at the surrounding void.

Which Almighty has made a move and triggered the response of the dragon of providence? they wondered.

Han Muye ignored the dragon phantom and simply raised his hand to write a line of golden words in the void.

“Edict.

“Recruit the soldiers stationed within a 10-mile radius of the Immortal Moon Lake. Anyone who is loyal to the Heaven Mystic Realm and has a pure heart can come.”

The golden words trembled and spread in all directions before turning into nothingness.

Golden spiritual light flashed, and illusory figures appeared in the limestone square.

“I’m Feng Zisheng, a Confucian High Scholar of Runan County. I was a generous person and educated the people. I did not advance in his cultivation for 30 years and fell into the Immortal Moon Lake. I left my remnant soul here. I am willing to receive your order.”

“I’m Su Kang. I was a son of the Imperial City who joined the army 350 years ago. I fought outside the borders for 70 years and died in battle. My remains were buried by the Immortal Moon Lake. My remnant soul did not go away. I’m willing to receive your order.”

“I’m He Jinkun, a disciple of the Imperial City’s Five Treasures Dao Sect. My cultivation level was at the sixth level of the Spirit Awakening Realm. I was plotted against during a battle with the Qinghe Dao Sect. My remnant soul did not go away. I’m willing to receive your order.”

...

Voices sounded one after another with a hint of coldness.

“That’s Great Granduncle!” Someone outside the limestone square exclaimed in a low voice.

“Granduncle was a personal guard of the Imperial City. He died in battle back then. I didn’t expect him to have a remnant soul left.”

“Is Sun Minshen the Lord Sun who killed 13 demon beasts to protect the people and was buried by the Immortal Moon Lake?”

Some of these remnant souls were not old, and some people still remembered them.

Some people had heard stories of the Immortal Moon Lakeside.

When they saw these figures, discussions and sighs sounded all around.

“I’ll kowtow to Lord Sun.” Someone bowed.

“Great Granduncle, our Zhou family is full of good men,” someone shouted and knelt down.

Faint incense power gathered.

Achieving the Dao through incense!

Han Muye raised his hand and waved. The incense aura turned into golden light that enveloped the remnant souls he had chosen.

“By decree, three new Water Deity Official Residences have been established by the Immortal Moon Lake. The three Water Deities of the lake are in charge of the living beings there.

“Sun Minsheng, Feng Zisheng, and He Qing are the Water Deities of the Immortal Moon Lake.

"The Moon Viewing Mountain by the lake has two new Mountain Deity Official Residences. Xiong Naiming and Wang Taozi are Mountain Deities.

"Mountain Deities and Water Deities, receive the decree of the heavens and earth. Organize your residence, recruit soldiers, protect your Divine Realm, protect the Divine Spirits in the realm, and enjoy the blessings of the heavens and earth and the incense offerings of the people."

Golden divine patterns descended, and the remnant souls were enveloped by golden divine light.

Their originally broken and thin bodies turned into deities in either imperial robes or golden armor.

"We honor your decree."

All the deities bowed, and golden light enveloped the Immortal Moon Lake.

The soaring divine light attracted the attention of the Imperial City.

"It's in the direction of the Immortal Moon Lake. What's the matter..."

However, in the next moment, the halo of divine light was drowned by the magnificent golden light.

"The Alchemy Division's Qin Suyang sent the newly formed alchemy technique to the library.

"The Pill Formation Technique of the Pill Destiny Pavilion is now added to the archives. Replicate 10,000 copies and spread them throughout the Heavenly Mystic Realm."

It was a pill refinement technique that was spread throughout the world!

Did the dragon of providence appear because of this alchemy technique, or because of what happened by the Immortal Moon Lake?

Before all the experts could figure it out, the world shook again!

"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!"

A crisp sound rang out, and a storm brewed between heaven and earth!

### **Chapter 573 - 573 Bright Sword Pill, Lin Chongxiao Reincarnated**

Astral winds spread for thousands of miles, and the nine heavens shook!

The crisp recital of the poem, 'Great Wind Song' resounded through the void of the Imperial City, causing the Providence Dragon to instantly roar at the sky.

"Boom!"

In the sky, the endless clouds were chased away. The golden Great Spirit that had spread over the Imperial City for tens of thousands of years was knocked away, revealing the stars that flickered in the gray sky.

There was a vast and endless world outside this world!

At this moment, countless people in the Imperial City looked up, their faces filled with shock.

“When the wind rises, the clouds will soar. What a great saying. It encapsulated the heroic spirit of an emperor in the world.” In the Imperial City Academy, an old man with a white beard stood up and shouted at the sky.

Although the Imperial City Academy was a strong supporter of Minister Wen, it also supported the imperial power.

Many instructors and scholars of the Imperial City Academy were extremely particular about the orthodox hierarchy.

Hearing such a magnificent emperor’s poem, they were instantly overjoyed.

“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! Who is it that can be so magnanimous? Is the Heavenly Mystic Imperial Family going to prosper?” Beside the Jade Swallow Lake, someone stopped writing and said softly.

“We finally have a true figure who can suppress the fate of the world...”

In the center of the Imperial City, a white-haired old man looked up at the sky and muttered.

“Come, let’s enter the palace. It’s time to decide on the position of Crown Prince.”

The old man lowered his head, his face filled with joy.

At the same time, many figures in the Imperial City headed towards the Imperial Palace.

The dragon of providence in the sky slowly disappeared, and the world that had been knocked open returned to its original state.

After a while, it was as if nothing had happened.

But everyone knew that they had just seen a scene that they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

They had seen the outer world, the Providence Dragon, the new pill-forming technique that spread throughout the world, the poem that left the world awestruck, and the attainment of the Dao through incense.

Ordinary people might discuss with each other in surprise and talk about everything they had seen.

The mighty figures who suppressed the Imperial City and those who truly stood at the top of this world all had complicated expressions on their faces.

They knew more than the commoners.

Therefore, they did not know if what they had seen and heard today was good or bad.

The dragon of providence in the Heavenly Mystic World was connected to the Heavenly Dao, the Confucian Dao’s luck, and Wen Mosheng.

Was the appearance of the Providence Dragon a sign of prosperity or an unspeakable calamity?



Moreover, no one knew why the long dragon of providence appeared.

Was it because of the reappearance of the Divine Dao's incense ceremony?

Or was it because of the Great Wind Song?

Or was it because of the alchemy technique that spread throughout the world?

However, no one would have thought that these three things related to the fate of the Heavenly Mystic World were actually related to the same person!

The Alchemy Division's alchemy technique was left behind by Han Muye. The deification by the Immortal Moon Lake was done by him, and the Great Wind Song was written by him.

Perhaps someone in the world would know?

Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng.

However, he seemed to have a change of heart. This could be seen from the time of the investiture at the Guan Estuary.

In fact, if Wen Mosheng had not personally visited the small courtyard of the Pill Destiny Pavilion and left behind the chess piece with the power of inheritance, Han Muye would never have penned the emperor's poem and conferred deity titles by the Immortal Moon Lake today.

He was not interested in challenging Wen Mosheng.

After seeing the nine heavens of the Immortal Source World, who would still be interested in the control of the Heavenly Mystic World?

What Han Muye had done today was just to promote the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

The chessboard had already been set down, so it was naturally time to place a piece!

In the Imperial City Academy, Lu Yuzhou, who was transplanting plants in the small courtyard, looked up at the sky and frowned.

His body merged with the world, and with Dongnan County as his Dao Domain, he naturally sensed the changes in the world.

However, compared to Wen Mosheng who ruled a world, Lu Yuzhou, who only had one county left in the Dao Domain, could not deduce the direction of the changes in the world, nor could he determine whether the final direction was good or bad.

"Why does my brother like to cause trouble?"

"Are young people really so energetic?"

After hesitating for a moment, he put down the hoe and walked out of the small courtyard.

"I'm also stupid. Such a young man should be brought to the flower boat to pass time. If he stays in the Imperial City, something will really happen."

Rubbing his hands, Lu Yuzhou walked towards Yan Zhenqing in the small courtyard.

“Old Yan, do you want to go for drinks with female entertainers?”

Outside the city, on a 30-foot-long boat, Xu Wei, who was sitting at a small table, stopped writing.

In front of him, there were pavilions and beauties at the table.

His gaze fell on the quietly flowing river in front of him. Xu Wei seemed to be able to see through the bottom of the river.

“Investiture of deities?”

“Cultivation in the world is really exciting.

“The 13 rivers outside the Imperial City converge to form the Yongding River. After I die, I’ll be a river deity, if possible.

“However, if I can really become a deity, will I be able to see Suyun again...”

At this moment, in a manor outside the Imperial City, Yunduan, who was standing by a long table, slowly turned around. She glanced at the dozens of royal elites of the same generation sitting on the ground in front of her and flicked her sleeves in disinterest before turning around and leaving.

It was not until she walked out of the manor that Yunduan, whose face was tense at first, finally relaxed. She let out a long breath and stuck out her tongue gently.

She never expected that she would cause the world to tremble just by reciting that guy’s poem.

When she read the poem, she was completely shocked.

Fortunately, Han Muye had made her memorize it and she did not falter when she recited it.

Otherwise, if the power of the Heavenly Dao backfired, she would probably injure herself even if she didn’t die.

## **Chapter 574 - 574 Bright Sword Pill, Lin Chongxiao Reincarnated (2)**

After reciting the entire poem, Yunduan could feel her body relax. An indescribable power surged in her body.

This was the blessing of the heavens.

In the future, her fate would be closely intertwined with the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent and the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty.

If she looked at others now, she would subconsciously exude the power of the Heavenly Dao in her body.

When she looked down at those elites of her generation earlier, she only felt that these people were ordinary and did not evoke the fear she had previously.

Even the royal uncle who held the banquet did not dare to look into her eyes.

This feeling was really liberating.

She raised her head and looked at the sky. There seemed to be a pair of eyes looking at her.

Providence Dragon?

She lowered her head and walked forward. The old man standing in front of the carriage hurriedly bowed.

This imperial Heaven Realm expert actually didn't dare to look at Yunduan.

"To the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship."

Yunduan's voice was faintly authoritative.

"Yes." The old man raised his whip and led the carriage to the river.

Outside the Imperial City, the rivers of the Imperial City converged into the Yongding River. There were many merchant ships and pleasure boats on it.

Recently, the Cloud Brocade Immortal Boat had been on the Yongding River outside the Imperial City.

Yunduan, who was sitting in the carriage, clenched her fists and looked down at the small table in front of her.

It was as if pages filled with poems had appeared in front of her.

"With so many emperor's poems, it's enough.

"At most, I'll change into the embarrassing female clothes on the immortal ship one day..."

...

In Moon Viewing Town, by the Immortal Moon Lake, the Mountain Deities and Water Deities returned to their positions and the spiritual light dissipated.

The surrounding commoners hurriedly knelt down to send them off.

Deities.

This was an unfamiliar term.

However, these familiar figures had transformed into deities to protect the mountains and rivers, making the people feel even more at peace.

Many people were the families and descendants of these newly conferred deities. At this moment, when they saw their ancestors' remnant souls become deities, they were all overjoyed.

The people knelt down and the light of incense gathered, enveloping the Immortal Moon Lake.

Those cultivators all looked confused and frightened.

Especially on Moon Viewing Mountain, several powerful auras rose and then looked carefully.

Heaven Realm cultivators were extremely sensitive to changes in the power of heaven and earth.

The feeling of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth within a radius of dozens of miles being intercepted and stripped away really made them feel uneasy.

Why did the power that belonged to the sects suddenly disappear?

On Moon Viewing Mountain, a long-bearded old man stared at Han Muye in front of the square.

Behind him, the power of several experts surged.

“Don’t act rashly.”

The long-bearded old man’s expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, “The only person in Heavenly Mystic who can confer a deity title with a single statement is the one at the Guan Estuary.

“Such a Confucian cultivator is not someone we can deal with.”

Hearing his words, a white-haired old man gritted his teeth and said, “Sect Master, can you let this matter go today?”

If they let Shao Datian go just like that, wouldn’t the Qinghe Dao Sect lose face?

The others’ expressions were also extremely ugly.

Having lived in the Imperial City for a long time, they were already used to being superior to others.

But now, they had to grin and bear it. Who would be willing to do so?

“Remember, from today onwards, guard the mountain gate and do not interfere with the matters of the Immortal Moon Lake.”

The long-bearded old man looked around with a solemn expression.

“The Deities of the Mountains and Rivers and the incense offerings of the Human Dao. Such a major event in the world is not something our small Qinghe Dao Sect can touch.”

After the old man finished speaking, his figure flashed and disappeared.

The others looked at each other, shook their heads, and left.

The Daoist sects of the eight counties in Dongnan had lost their voices after the Investiture of the Deities at the Guan Estuary. Could the Qinghe Dao Sect compare to the Daoist sects of the eight counties?

The people at the entrance of the Qinghe Dao Sect slowly dispersed. Han Muye led Shao Datian and Cuicui back to the shop.

Bao Mingcheng and Daoist Changyun declined Han Muye and Shao Datian’s invitation and left together.

They were all smart people. With Shao Datian’s help, they had already gotten to know Han Muye.

As for getting closer, they knew their limits.

That was not something people at their level could think about.

When Han Muye and the others returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, Mu Wan had already returned.

With so many major events happening in the Imperial City, she naturally had to hurry back to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Seeing that Han Muye and the others had returned, Mu Wan quickly went forward and held Cuicui's hand.

Cuicui, who was still strong, teared up again.

Mu Wan chatted with Cuicui in the backyard for a long time. Shao Datian had suffered a lot today. At night, Han Muye instructed Shao Datian not to go to the Immortal Moon Lake again.

He told Shao Datian that the Water Deity was in the Immortal Moon Lake, so he couldn't catch fish even if he wanted to.

This disappointed Shao Datian, but he agreed to accompany Cuicui at home.

In the small courtyard, Mu Wan and Han Muye sat opposite each other.

"Senior Brother, Grandmaster Baili said that I might be the descendant of her senior sister who died back then."

Looking at Han Muye, Mu Wan spoke softly.

She had never thought of hiding anything from her senior brother.

Han Muye nodded and chuckled. "In that case, my junior sister has a background.

"In the future, we will have a backer in the Imperial City."

His words stunned Mu Wan for a moment before she smiled.

Her senior brother was not angry.

Today, Baili Xinglin had asked Mu Wan to go over. Apart from telling her her identity frankly, she wanted to understand Mu Wan's alchemy cultivation and knowledge. She also tested her alchemy methods.

"Grandmaster Baili said that my foundation is not bad, but the alchemy I learned in the Western Frontier is too impure.

"She asked me to go to the Alchemy Division every other day. She will personally teach me alchemy cultivation."

Han Muye was happy that this new relative would take care of her like this.

Not only Mu Wan, but even Han Muye's foundation in alchemy was extremely weak.

"Then, Junior Sister, you have to study hard. Teach me when you come back every day." Han Muye reached out and gently held Mu Wan's hand.

Mu Wan blushed and did not resist.

**Chapter 575 - 575 Bright Sword Pill, Lin Chongxiao Reincarnated (3)**

“Senior Brother, Cuicui is pregnant. Can the bloodline pill work?” Mu Wan looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

After talking to Cuicui in the afternoon, Mu Wan knew the difficulties of this couple.

Shao Datian was desperately trying to earn more spiritual rocks because he hoped that Cuicui would not be hurt when she was pregnant.

At this point, Cuicui scolded Shao Datian for being stupid and asked him to take out all his savings.

Needless to say, it was really not a small amount. There were actually more than 300 spiritual rocks.

Cuicui was angry and heartbroken at the sight of so many spiritual rocks.

Shao Datian had secretly gone to the Immortal Moon Lake to catch fish in exchange for them.

This silly kid from the Southern Wasteland Tiger Clan.

“Let’s see if I can develop a bloodline pill first.

“If it doesn’t work, I’ll seal the fetus’ bloodline.” Han Muye’s eyes flashed with a golden light.

Mu Wan’s expression changed slightly.

My senior brother’s bloodline power has fused with a divine beast, so he can naturally seal the bloodlines of other demon clans.

However, can he seal his own bloodline power?

If he can’t, can I bear his children?

Perhaps, one day, I’ll be like Cuicui and risk my life to get pregnant with his child...

Han Muye looked up and saw Mu Wan’s expression. He knew what she was thinking.

Their eyes met, and Mu Wan blushed. She slowly stood up and went into Han Muye’s arms.

She gently wrapped her arms around Han Muye’s neck and slowly approached.

This was better than what countless couples in the mortal world had.

As they panted, a gentle hand guided Han Muye’s large hand into her shirt.

When he stepped out of Mu Wan’s room, Han Muye looked at the full moon in the sky and smiled wryly.

This feeling of only engaging in foreplay every time left him in a dilemma. He had to go to the bottom of the Immortal Moon Lake to cool down later.

...

Early the next morning, people lined up in front of the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop to buy buns.

Many of the neighbors knew what had happened the day before, and they sympathized with Cuicui and Shao Datian.

The buns in the shop were sold out in less than an hour.

Cuicui and Shao Datian smiled.

Zuo Yulong was on duty at the Pill Destiny Pavilion today. He came early and arranged the pills on the wooden shelf. Then he took a duster and carefully brushed the paintings around him.

“Excuse me, do you have any Bright Sword Pills here?” A voice sounded from the door.

Zuo Yulong quickly went to receive him. He saw a thin sword-wielding man in a black martial arts robe with a tired look on his face.

Sword cultivator?

There were many sword sects in the Imperial City, but these sects usually accepted missions in the Imperial City or their main business was outside the Imperial City. They rarely bought things in the city, and when they did, they went straight to the marketplace.

Immortals and mortals lived in the Imperial City, but still, there were more mortals.

Cultivators of the Confucian Dao were not that different from mortals. They could get close to mortals.

The Daoist sects were enigmatic and reclusive. They would not get close to mortals.

Other demon clans and sword cultivators set up bases in remote places or the mountains. They rarely appeared in front of mortals.

After all, if a sword cultivator with a long sword on his back stood there, the surrounding people would quietly stay away.

“Sir, you want to buy medicinal pills?” Zuo Yulong smiled as he welcomed the sword cultivator into the shop. Then he pointed at the wooden rack. “Although there aren’t many types of medicinal pills in our Pill Destiny Pavilion, they are all of high quality. Sir, you can...”

Before he could finish, the black-robed sword cultivator whispered again, “Do you have Bright Sword Pills?”

Bright Sword Pills?

Zuo Yulong was quite familiar with the pills sold in the shop. He did not see any Bright Sword Pills.

Just as he shook his head, he heard Han Muye’s voice from behind. “The Bright Sword Pill uses sword qi as the bone and the Three Essence Sword Grass as the main ingredient. The pill refined contains sword intent.

“A single Bright Sword Pill can produce sword intent. This pill is not easy to refine.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the originally calm black-robed sword cultivator revealed a hint of joy and turned to look at Han Muye, who was walking over.

“Are you the owner?”

“I want a Bright Sword Pill. How many spiritual rocks do you want?”

Han Muye smiled.

He liked such straightforward sword cultivators.

No, he liked sword cultivators who did not lack money.

“The market price of the Three Essence Sword Grass is a million spiritual rocks. The other supplementary herbs are about 300,000 spiritual rocks. According to the rules, one furnace of pills and two furnaces of spiritual medicine will cost about 2.6 million spiritual rocks.

“It’s not easy to make the pills. The total price is 3 million spiritual rocks. You can collect it in 10 days. You’ll have to pay a deposit of 1.5 million spiritual rocks first.”

Han Muye walked to the counter and scribbled a receipt.

“What’s your name?” Han Muye stopped writing and looked up.

“Bi Wuhe.” The black-robed sword cultivator raised his hand and took off the sword on his back, placing it on the counter.

“I didn’t bring that many spiritual rocks. I’ll leave my sword with you as a deposit.”

Long sword as a deposit?

This is probably against the rules, right?

Zuo Yulong turned to look at his shopkeeper.

Han Muye did not refuse.

“If possible, I hope to have two Bright Sword Pills.” Bi Wuhe cupped his fists and said, “I’ll be back in 10 days.”

Han Muye nodded and handed over the receipt.

Bi Wuhe took it and glanced at it. He folded it and stuffed it into his chest before leaving.

Seeing Bi Wuhe walk out of the shop, Zuo Yulong revealed a strange expression.

These sword cultivators are all like this, he thought. No wonder the commoners in the city don’t like them.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the sword on the counter in front of him and he raised his hand to hold the hilt.

“Buzz!”

He felt a gentle resistance.

This sword had its own spirituality. Although it was only a spiritual weapon, it was still a rare treasure.

With a chuckle, a faint wisp of sword qi seeped into the sword in his palm.

Now his cultivation in the Sword Dao had long been meticulous. The sword threads formed into wisps and entered the sword body. They would not destroy the spirituality in the sword.



“Buzz!”

The sword vibrated gently, and images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

A smile appeared on his face.

This Bi Wuhe was clearly a poor fellow who did not have any spiritual rocks to pay the bill. He was here to freeload his pills.

This River Mountain Sword was Bi Wuhe’s only valuable item.

Many of the sword cultivators in the Imperial City had rich backgrounds.

However, if one did not have any background and one’s life was really difficult, one might as well leave the Imperial City and go to another province.

However, Bi Wuhe did not leave the Imperial City. Instead, he lived in a rather dilapidated district in the lower city.

As a Golden Core sword cultivator, he relied on accepting missions to earn spiritual rocks.

This was because his Dao companion had internal injuries and he had two children to take care of.

When the images of the two four or five-year-old children appeared, Han Muye trembled.

“Lin Chongxiao?”

## **Chapter 576 - 576 A Single Sword Move Subdues All, the Imperial City's Gongsun is Invincible**

### **576 A Single Sword Move Subdues All, the Imperial City’s Gongsun is Invincible**

Back then, the ancient cultivator, Daoist Chongyun had used a secret technique to reincarnate and even brought Lin Chongxiao along.

When Han Muye was in the Western Frontier, he had gone to look for them.

However, no one could find any traces of their reincarnation.

He did not expect to see the reincarnation of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun in this sword today.

Han Muye could tell at a glance that these two children looked similar. They were Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun, who had reincarnated back then.

However, the two of them were still confused.

In the end, they still had the foundation of their previous life’s cultivation. The two children displayed decent talent.

They were proficient in cultivation and sword techniques the moment they came into contact with them.

Bi Wuhe and his dao companion were extremely happy that their two children had such cultivation talent.

The neighbors tried to persuade them to send their children to a large sect in the middle city, but the two of them refused.

From the sword's memories, Han Muye could tell the origins of Bi Wuhe and his Dao companion.

The two of them were originally disciples of a sword sect in Fengyu County.

Bi Wuhe's Dao Companion, Jin Yunmei, was the daughter of the sect master.

Decades ago, this sect was attacked by an external sect and the experts of the sect died.

Jin Tianfeng, the sect master who was at the second level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul, was killed, and the other disciples were abducted.

Jin Yunmei and Bi Wuhe were lucky enough to escape. They left Fengyu County and lived in seclusion in the Imperial City.

With their limited strength, there was no hope of revenge or rebuilding the sect in this life.

Jin Yunmei's foundation had been damaged, and her cultivation was slowly declining.

The two of them wanted a child when Jin Yunmei's cultivation level had fallen below the Foundation Establishment realm and she did not have much lifespan left.

After giving birth to a pair of boys, Jin Yunmei's cultivation level was only at the third level of Qi Condensation, and her lifespan was less than 20 years.

Bi Wuhe was originally looking for healing pills everywhere, as well as pills that could replenish her lifespan.

Unfortunately, although his cultivation level was at the Golden Core realm and his combat strength was not weak, the medicinal pills he found could not treat Jin Yunmei's injuries.

In addition, he was attacked and caught by his enemies several times.

Jin Yunmei did not allow him to look for any more medicine. Instead, after discovering that the two children had cultivation talent, she asked Bi Wuhe to nurture them with all his might.

As Jin Yunmei had said, when the children grew up and her sect's inheritance was passed on to them, she would be able to rest in peace.

Releasing the hilt, Han Muye shook his head gently.

He did not expect to find Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun like this.

Back then, Daoist Chongyun had given his jade bone to Instructor Lin.

This senior had a good temperament.

When Mu Wan refined a few pills and walked into the shop, Han Muye told her that she needed to refine Bright Sword Pills.

Mu Wan had never refined Bright Sword Pills before. Han Muye explained the pill formula to her, how to concoct spiritual herbs, and what to pay attention to when refining the pills.

“Hehe, I didn’t disturb you, right?” Mu Wan was engrossed in listening. She looked up and saw a white-haired old man standing at the door, smiling as he spoke.

Mu Wan blushed and hurriedly bowed.

Han Muye also raised his hand. “Greetings, Senior Yan.”

He said it softly.

Half-Sage Confucianism, Deputy Head of the Imperial City Academy.

He led Yan Zhenqing to the small courtyard to have a seat. Mu Wan personally brought tea over, and Han Muye sat at the stone table opposite him.

Yan Zhenqing looked around and smiled. “Old Lu thinks highly of his own courtyard but it’s not as good as yours. Although it’s small, it’s elegant.”

Han Muye’s small courtyard did not lack flowers and plants. It was even built with wood and stone from various places, and is quiet and peaceful.

Of course, it was incomparable to Lu Yuzhou’s courtyard that was filled with high-grade flowers and plants.

The Great Confucians of the Imperial City Academy had lived for countless years and their foundations were unfathomable.

Playing with flowers and plants was just for fun.

Cultivating the Confucian Dao was more important than studying hard.

Not many people could become a great scholar purely by studying hard.

“By the way, the Jade Epiphyllum is about to bloom.”

Yan Zhenqing placed a simple and elegant invitation on the table.

“The Jade Epiphyllum only blooms once every three to five years. This year happens to be the flowering year.

“More than a hundred years ago, whenever the Jade Epiphyllum flower bloomed, we would all hold a literary conference. Old Lu had been in seclusion for more than a hundred years, so the literary conference stopped.”

Yan Zhenqing sighed.

If not for Han Muye, Lu Yuzhou would have really died with the dead stars.

When one’s cultivation reached the Heaven Realm, one looked indestructible, but in fact, most people would not live for more than 10 million years.

As time passed, there were always some surprises.

If there were really people who hid in a safe place and wanted to live for a long time, accidents might happen first.

The world was unpredictable. It was not a joke.

“Old Lu has returned. That Jade Epiphyllum is tended to carefully. This is the first time it has bloomed this year. We’re preparing to hold another literary conference.

“You should come too.

“It’s rare.”

After saying that, Yan Zhenqing looked at Han Muye.

When the Pill Destiny Pavilion opened, many Confucians came, but there were more Confucians in the Imperial City.

Many scholars were also very curious about Han Muye.

Jade Epiphyllum, literary conference?

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the invitation in front of him.

The markings on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship were very clear.

Moreover, didn’t he move this Jade Epiphyllum over from his own courtyard?

The Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship was a land of the mortal world.

He was a man with a family.

“Senior Brother, is it the Jade Epiphyllum that Sister Yunjin took?” Mu Wan’s voice sounded from behind Han Muye.

He nodded.

“Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship. The literary event is on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, right?”

There was a hint of curiosity in Mu Wan’s voice. “Then we have to take a look. I heard that the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship is paradise on earth.”

Han Muye could only nod again.

Yan Zhenqing laughed.

After five days, only those who had received the invitation card were qualified to participate.

## **Chapter 577 - 577 A Single Sword Move Subdues All, the Imperial City's Gongsun is Invincible (2)**

### **577 A Single Sword Move Subdues All, the Imperial City's Gongsun is Invincible (2)**

Han Muye opened the invitation and saw that the words on it were clearly written by Lu Yuzhou.

This old man must have known that his character was bad and specially asked Yanzhen to invite him. Could it be that an experienced senior like Yan Zhenqing had also learned bad things like Lu Yuzhou? After sending Yanzhen off, Zuo Yulong rubbed his hands excitedly.

This was the deputy head of the Imperial City Academy. He had just spoken a few words to him to test his knowledge.

In the shop, Mu Wan turned around and smiled.

“Senior Brother, if I don’t say anything, are you not going?”

Hearing her words, Han Muye nodded righteously and said, “Of course. I, Han Muye, naturally can’t sleep at night like these old fogeys—”

Before he could finish, he saw that Mu Wan’s eyes were filled with smiles.

“Senior Brother, I didn’t ask you to stay there.”

Leaning closer, Mu Wan whispered in Han Muye’s ear, “I know you’re a gentleman. You don’t even stay in my room.”

With that, Mu Wan smiled and ran back to the small courtyard to refine pills in the quiet room.

Han Muye stood there, his eyes twitching.

He knew that this girl was deliberately teasing him.

He wondered if this girl had been observing the erotic painting recently and learning some techniques?

—

Cloud Alchemy Mill.

In the afternoon, Zuo Yulong took care of the shop while Han Muye and Mu Wan went to the Cloud Alchemy Mill to find the Three Essence Sword Grass to refine the Bright Sword Pills.

This main ingredient was very valuable.

Several large-scale pharmacies did not sell it.

“Eh, Shopkeeper Mu, Fairy Mu!” When they walked out of a shop, a surprised cry came from the front.

Daoist Changyun walked over quickly and cupped his fists repeatedly.

Han Muye smiled.

Daoist Changyun had been in the alchemy mill for a hundred years, so he was naturally familiar with which store sold spiritual herbs.

Sure enough, when Han Muye asked, Daoist Changyun immediately replied, “Three Essence Sword Grass? There are three shops in the Spiritual Medicine Cloud Alchemy Mill that sell it all year round.”

He looked around and pointed ahead. “There’s one in the nearest building. I’ll take you there.”

Daoist Changyun led Han Muye and Mu Wan for about 10 miles before they saw a three-story pavilion with a plaque hanging on the door.

“Xuhe Pavilion. These words contain sword intent.” Han Muye looked at the words on it.

The strokes were like sword marks, and every stroke revealed a violent sword intent.

Although there were some experts who could combine the Sword Dao and Confucianism, there weren’t many.

“Gongsun Shu, so it’s this great sword cultivator.”

With a single swing of the sword, no one in the Imperial City was his match.

It was said that the cultivation of the number one swordsman in the Imperial City had surpassed his own realm and reached an unfathomable level.

Back then, the most famous incident was that Gongsun Shu, who was the commander of the imperial family’s guards, killed 12 Heaven Realm demons with a single strike.

The heads of the 12 Heaven Realm demons were still in the royal family’s secret vault.

Even though the Heavenly Mystic Royal Family was not revered, there were still many experts among them.

Gongsun Shu was one of the experts of the imperial family.

“The backer of Xuhe Pavilion is the royal family. Most of the medicinal pills and spiritual herbs are related to sword cultivators.”

Daoist Changyun lowered his voice and said, “It’s said that the owner of Xuhe Pavilion is the royal family’s Yonghe County Lord Yunming, a great cultivator who became famous with the sword.”

Yonghe County’s Lord Yunming was an expert in the royal family. He was one of the pillars of the royal family.

This person became famous 10,000 years ago. It was said that he even fought with Sword Venerable Yuan Tian back then.

Gongsun Shu had studied the sword Dao in Yonghe County.

This was the Imperial City.

If one wanted to dig deeper, one would find countless experts.

Perhaps many of the characters in the stories were right beside you.

The workers of Xuhe Pavilion were dressed differently from the others. All of them were wearing martial robes, and a few of them even had swords hanging from their waists.

Even though the rule of the White Deer Mountain scholars carrying swords had spread in all directions, there were not many scholars carrying swords in the Imperial City, which was the main base of Confucianism.

The Imperial City Academy was mainly made up of Confucian robes with large sleeves.

A scholar carrying a sword and a scholar wearing a scholar's robe were two different concepts.

White Deer Mountain's reading philosophy was more pragmatic.

'I study so that I can rule the country and bring peace to the world.'

As the Holy Land of Confucianism in the world, the Imperial City Academy's students were more disciplined and did not value mortal power.

In their opinion, the Confucian Dao should be above the mortal world and all cultivation in the world.

At the moment, the concept of the White Deer Mountain would not affect the Imperial City. It could only spread in other provinces and counties of the Central Continent.

There were scholars with swords in the Imperial City, but not many.

Daoist Changyun led Han Muye and Mu Wan into the shop. Be it medicinal pills or spiritual herbs, most of them were indeed related to sword cultivation.

This made Mu Wan quite happy.

"Senior Brother, you cultivate the Sword Dao. Are there any pills here that can be used?" Mu Wan looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

The Dao of alchemy in the Western Frontier was barren. Pills like this that could specifically increase the cultivation of sword cultivators or their comprehension of the Sword Dao were very rare.

This person also cultivates the Sword Dao?

Daoist Changyun was shocked.

He had seen Han Muye's alchemy skills. With just a few words, he was enlightened.

That day, when the Pill Destiny Pavilion opened, even the head of the Pill Division, Qin Suyang, personally came. Recently, Grandmaster Qin Wuyuan, who was greatly respected by the Pill Dao, gave Han Muye a disciple bow.

Also, the new pill refinement technique that spread throughout the world yesterday was actually named the Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique.

Many people in the market were asking where the Pill Destiny Pavilion was located.

But Daoist Changyun knew where the Pill Destiny Pavilion was.

The two people in front of him were the owners!

Most importantly, not only was this Shopkeeper Mu an Alchemy Grandmaster, but he was also a mighty Confucianist!

Daoist Changyun had seen it with his own eyes.

With such means, he was at the pinnacle of Confucianism.

Alchemy and Confucianism. So this person is also proficient in the Sword Dao?

### **Chapter 578 - 578 A Single Sword Move Subdues All, the Imperial City's Gongsun is Invincible (3)**

578 A Single Sword Move Subdues All, the Imperial City's Gongsun is Invincible (3)

There were people in the world who had a nonchalant attitude...

In front, Han Muye's gaze landed on the medicinal pills on the shelves. Then he shook his head and said, "These medicinal pills are useless to me, but they're a little—"

Before he could finish speaking, a young man in a moon-colored brocade robe and a golden crown on his head turned around. "These medicinal pills are useless?"

The young man sized up Han Muye and sneered. "I've never heard that the pills in Xuhe Pavilion are useless.

"The concern is that they're unaffordable."

This young man's voice was not soft and attracted the attention of many people around him.

The Xuhe Pavilion was one of the few places in the Imperial City that specialized in selling medicinal pills related to sword cultivators.

Most of the people here were sword cultivators.

Hearing the young man's words, some people smiled while others frowned.

Hearing someone mock Han Muye, Mu Wan's face turned cold. She said coldly, "Based on my senior brother's Sword Dao cultivation, these are nothing to him."

Although she had a gentle personality, she was not weak.

Moreover, someone was disrespectful to her senior brother.

This was her sense of dignity.

Hearing Mu Wan's words, the surrounding people looked at Han Muye.

However, Han Muye who was wearing a green robe did not look like a Confucian cultivator, nor did he have the temperament that a sword cultivator should have.

He did not even look like a cultivator anymore.

Back to basics? they wondered.

What a joke. How can there be so many experts in the world who have returned to their original state?

Even if he has, he looks too young and even has a female cultivator accompanying him.

Only those Imperial City Academy scholars who are easy to get along with are those who have returned to their original state.



“Little girl, the sword cultivator medicinal pills sold in Xuhe Pavilion are second to none in the Imperial City. How can there be a sword cultivator who doesn’t need them?” A white-bearded old man chuckled.

“Indeed. If Xuhe Pavilion doesn’t have any pills that can be used, he must be at the peak of the Sword Dao in the world,” another tall middle-aged man with a long sword on his back said solemnly.

No wonder these people spoke up.

Sword cultivators formed groups in the Imperial City. Xuhe Pavilion not only sold the medicinal pills needed by sword cultivators, but also had the support of great sword cultivators.

It could be said that Xuhe Pavilion and several other shops that specialized in selling medicinal pills needed by sword cultivators were the face of the sword cultivators in the Imperial City.

Mu Wan did not expect her words to attract so many retorts. Just as she was about to speak, Han Muye patted her shoulder gently.

“Junior Sister, we’re here to look for spiritual herbs. The pills in Xuhe Pavilion have nothing to do with us.”

If it was an ordinary sword cultivator, he might have stood up to save face.

However, Han Muye’s Sword Dao cultivation had long passed that stage.

He had just entered the sword Dao and was unbreakable.

He coupled strength and gentleness.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the surrounding people no longer paid attention and dispersed.

The young man who had spoken before looked at Han Muye again and turned to leave.

Daoist Changyun, who was standing at the side, looked at Han Muye with a complicated expression.

It was hard to imagine that this cultivator had such a good temper.

In his opinion, regardless of Han Muye’s identity or his cultivation in the Dao of Alchemy and Confucianism, the great cultivators guarding Xuhe Pavilion would definitely welcome him personally if he flaunted his strengths.

Can this be that he is above these things? he wondered.

Doesn’t he feel insulted?

“We want to buy a few stalks of the Three Essence Sword Grass.” Han Muye turned to look at the shop assistant.

The Three Essence Sword Grass was a precious spiritual herb.

Hearing that Han Muye wanted this spiritual herb, the shop assistant hurriedly bowed and asked Han Muye and the others to wait for a while before going to find the person in charge of precious spiritual herbs in the shop.

A moment later, a short middle-aged man in a green robe walked forward.

"I'm Gongsun Muhe, the manager of Xuhe Pavilion. Fellow Daoists, are you looking for the Three Essences Sword Grass? Do you want to use it yourself or to refine pills?" The middle-aged man cupped his hands at Han Muye and said softly.

His gaze swept across and he took a few more glances at Mu Wan.

There was a rather dense alchemy aura floating around Mu Wan.

Alchemy cultivators were alchemy cultivators with good cultivation.

"Refine pills," Han Muye said.

A smile appeared on Gongsun Muhe's face. He raised his hand and said, "We have Bright Sword Pills and Sword Sealing Pills for sale. They're all refined by Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators and are of excellent quality."

Gongsun Muhe was indeed a businessman.

How could the price of a Three Essence Sword Grass compare to the price of a medicinal pill?

"May I know the price of the Bright Sword Pill?" Han Muye asked.

Gongsun Muhe stretched out his hand and opened his fingers.

Five million spiritual rocks each.

This price was almost twice the price Han Muye had offered.

However, Han Muye knew that the price of the pills was not set by him.

The spiritual herbs needed for a cauldron of Bright Sword Pills were worth more than a million spiritual rocks.

If they did not set the price at four to five million spiritual rocks, Xuhe Pavilion would suffer a loss.

His Pill Destiny Pavilion was a small shop and expenses were low.

Also, when he refined pills, he was proficient in purification. He could often produce two pills in a furnace.

It was rare for an ordinary alchemist to be able to guarantee one pill per cauldron.

"Let's buy the spiritual herbs. Three stalks of Three Essence Sword Grass. If possible, we'll buy the spiritual herbs for the Bright Sword Pills too."

Han Muye shook his head and spoke.

His words disappointed Gongsun Muhe slightly.

However, he waved his hand and asked an assistant to accompany Han Muye and the others to browse around, then went to get the spiritual herbs himself.

Han Muye looked at the pills on the first floor, then the waiter led him and the others to the second floor.

Daoist Changyun followed behind.

If not for Han Muye, he would not have gone up to the second floor.

The customers in Xuhe Pavilion were all sword cultivators, and the pills were all related to the Sword Dao. What was he doing here?

The second floor was not small. It catered to even more cultivation levels than the first floor.

On the wooden shelves here, the grades of the medicinal pills were even higher.

Han Muye saw several sixth-grade pills.

The young assistant leading Han Muye and the others introduced the medicinal pills while turning to look at Han Muye's expression from time to time.

Didn't this person say that Xuhe Pavilion's medicinal pills were useless to him? Won't he be slapped in the face now?

He walked to the front and heard a commotion.

Several sword cultivators surrounded him, and there was an old man in a long robe in front.

"Fellow Daoist, I'm afraid that the pills you mentioned don't exist in this world, let alone in my Xuhe Pavilion."

The old man shook his head and said, "The Pill Dao is simply the Pill Dao. It's an aid to the Sword Dao. When can it become a tool for the Sword Dao?"

"How can a pill turn into a sword?"

Sword Pills?

Han Muye's eyes lit up as he looked at the sword cultivator standing in front of the old man.

The sword cultivator held a wooden box in his hand.

There were three patterned pills in the box.

Sword Pills.

### **Chapter 579 - 579 Turning Stars into Sword Pills**

Sword Dao, the Dao of Killing.

Cultivators cultivated the Sword Dao. Not only could they improve their sharpness in the Dao, but they could also protect their Dao.

From all the realms that Han Muye had investigated, other than bloodline inheritance worlds like the Desolate Realm, the Dao of sword cultivation in the other realms was extremely prosperous.

The Sword Dao in the world was divided into Sword Strength, Sword Magic, and Sword Intent.

Sword strength used force to suppress others, sword magic conjured up myriad techniques, and sword intent transformed swords into Dao.

Sword Pills were more widely known in the Dao of Sword Intent.

The sword pill could be condensed into the dantian, and it could transform into a sword. It could attack or defend.

Many sword cultivators who were proficient in sword intent liked to use sword pills.

Of course, sword pills required powerful spiritual power and extremely powerful Sword Dao control. It was very difficult for ordinary sword cultivators to unleash the power of the Sword Pill.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, there were many inheritances of sword pills, but there were almost no sects that were truly proficient in them.

At this moment, there were three sword pills in the wooden box held by the sword cultivator in front of Han Muye.

However, he wanted to refine these sword pills so that they could be used as swords. What was the meaning of this?

The white-haired elder refused, causing the middle-aged sword cultivator holding the sword pill to reveal a regretful expression.

“Brother Huang, it seems that your inheritance is really hard to show off. Why don’t we join another sect and stop thinking about establishing a sect?” Behind the middle-aged man, a middle-aged man in his forties wearing a grayish-brown martial arts robe spoke in a low voice.

The other sword cultivators also persuaded him in low voices.

A few sword cultivators with decent cultivation gathered around and started discussing in low voices.

It turned out that the middle-aged man holding the sword pill was a rogue cultivator. His master was famous for killing people with the sword pill.

Later on, his master died. This sword cultivator called Huang Yishang carried out his last wish and wanted to establish a sect.

Huang Yishang’s cultivation level was not bad. He was half a step into the Heaven Realm, and his combat strength was heaven-defying.

Over the years, he had gathered some like-minded sword cultivators around him, preparing to establish his own sect.

There were only a few powerful sword pill control techniques in his inheritance path, and they were all difficult to pass down.

Later on, Huang Yishang obtained a method to refine a Sword Dao pill, so he went around asking for help.

It was a pity that the cultivation method only had methods but no pill formula. No one could cultivate it.

Huang Yishang had visited all the pill shops in the Imperial City, and none of them would help him refine pills.

The discussions around him made Huang Yishang's expression darken.

He nodded and closed the wooden box in his hand, preparing to put it away.

"Can I see your sword pills?"

At this moment, Han Muye's voice sounded.

Huang Yishang was stunned and turned around.

The others on the second floor of the pavilion also turned their heads.

The young assistant accompanying Han Muye frowned but did not speak.

Huang Yishang sized up Han Muye, pondered for a moment, and handed him the wooden box.

Han Muye took the wooden box, which was extremely heavy.

Opening the wooden box, he saw three sword pills which were round and shining with spiritual patterns.

This Sword Pill did not react to the Sword Pill in his Dantian. It was not one of the 48 Sword Pills of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.

However, Han Muye saw familiar patterns on the spiritual patterns of the sword pill.

Although this Sword Pill wasn't one of the 48 Sword Pills, it came from the same sect as the 48 Sword Pills.

Han Muye gently covered the sword pill with his palm.

On the other side, Huang Yishang frowned but did not say anything.

Han Muye pressed down with his palm, and wisps of sword qi turned into a line and poured into the three sword pills.

"Buzz!"

Images flashed through Han Muye's mind.

The stars that filled the sky turned into swords and transformed into sword pills.

Heaven and earth were the chessboard, and the stars were the sword pills. This method was so familiar!

Isn't this the Heavenly Cycle Formation passed down by the ancestors of the Heavenly Mystic Dao? Han Muye thought.

He comprehended the refining method of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Pill.

Heavenly Cycle Sword Pill.

361 sword pills formed a huge array that could seal an area.

However, the 361 sword pills were 361 stars, and they were the complete stars of the Heavenly Dao. Obtaining them was not easy.

Lu Yuzhou had spent a hundred years transforming a half-dead star into a Dao Domain.

Not even Dao grandmasters were able to refine 361 stars.

They would need a huge opportunity.

These three sword pills were not refined by a single star, but by refining meteorites within a radius of 10,000 feet.

Such a sword pill could not be compared to the real world, but it still had a chance to become a magic treasure. It was a rare treasure in the world.

This sword pill refinement method came from the Immortal Source World of the Nine Heavens.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's 48 sword pills and all his refining methods were the same.

No wonder he abandoned the sword pill and went to the Immortal Source World alone.

In any case, the Immortal Source World had the method to refine the Heavenly Cycle Sword Pill.

Perhaps Sword Venerable Yuan Tian already had 361 Meteorite Sword Pills.

In Han Muye's mind, not only did he see the method to refine the sword pills, but he also had an understanding of the origins of the three sword pills and Huang Yishang's inheritance.

These three sword pills were obtained from an ancient cave abode outside the realm. There was also a method to transform them into pills that matched it.

It was no wonder that Huang Yishang was looking for ways to concoct pills for the Sword Principle. In fact, he was not doing it for the inheritance, but to deceive others to concoct pills and then help him refine the Sword Pill.

If Huang Yishang were to slowly refine these three sword pills, it would take at least 300 years.

With supplementary pills, it would only take 30 years.

Based on the technique, there were a few main ingredients. When combined with other spiritual herbs, it was not difficult for Han Muye to deduce the formula for the pill.

Moreover, as Huang Yishang had said, this pill could be used with the cultivation of the Sword Dao.

This was because this pill was a substitute for the sword pill and would slowly assimilate.

### **Chapter 580 - 580 Turning Stars into Sword Pills (2)**

Han Muye moved his palm slightly and sensed the spiritual patterns on the sword pill.

A small smile appeared on his face.

This Huang Yishang was smart. He did not understand alchemy, so he copied the method of refining that medicinal pill onto the sword pill.

Unfortunately, it lacked true intent, so no alchemist dared to refine the pill.

At this moment, Han Muye checked the memories in the Sword Pill. Not only did he see Huang Yishang's thoughts, but he also saw the opportunity behind the Sword Pill.

There was a huge secret in that ancient cave abode. Back then, Huang Yishang's master was not strong enough to explore it completely.

Huang Yishang was focused on refining this sword pill because he wanted to explore the ancient cave abode again.

Han Muye was also very interested in an ancient cave abode that could produce three sword pills.

Compared to such an ancient cave abode, three sword pills were nothing.

"Replace the sword pill with a medicinal pill?"

Han Muye shook his head, closed the wooden box, and handed it back to Huang Yishang.

"Your technique is too incomplete. You have to slowly deduce it. Without 30 to 50 million spiritual rocks, you can forget about it."

His words made the white-haired old man nod.

The old man glanced at Han Muye and said, "This little fellow Daoist is right. Even if it's 50 million spiritual rocks, no one dares to say that he can refine this pill."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Huang Yishang nodded regretfully.

He sized up Han Muye again and turned to lead the few people around him downstairs.

Seeing that there was nothing interesting to watch, the surrounding people dispersed.

The white-bearded old man chuckled and nodded at Han Muye.

At this moment, Gongsun Muhe had already brought over all the spiritual herbs Han Muye needed to refine the Bright Sword Pill.

"Granduncle." Gongsun Muhe bowed to the white-haired old man and handed the wooden box to Han Muye.

"This is what Young Master wants. The pills needed for the three furnaces of Bright Sword Pills cost a total of 3.8 million spiritual rocks."

Han Muye reached out to take the wooden box and probed with his divine sense.

The old man's eyes flashed as he asked, "Young friend, you want to refine the Bright Sword Pill?"

Han Muye shook his head.

Just as the old man looked disappointed, he heard Han Muye say, "My junior sister does the refining."

It was Mu Wan who refined and Han Muye only helped her from behind.

Dual cultivation in alchemy.

The old man turned to look at Mu Wan.

“Young friend, your alchemy cultivation is not bad, but I’m afraid you’re still a little lacking when it comes to refining the Bright Sword Pill...”

Shaking his head, the old man looked at Han Muye. “If you entrust Xuhe Pavilion with refining the pills, we will only charge a million spiritual rocks.”

One million spiritual rocks for refining pills and three furnaces of spiritual medicine would amount to 4.8 million spiritual rocks.

It was 200,000 spiritual rocks cheaper than buying one alone.

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head. He raised his hand and handed a jade box to Gongsun Muhe.

Gongsun Muhe took it and was stunned.

The spiritual rocks in this wooden box were not 3.8 million, but 1,000 high-grade spiritual rocks. They were worth tens of millions of low-grade spiritual rocks.

“I also want 10 stalks of the Sword Origin Grass, three stalks of Hua Yuzhi, eight ounces of star gold, nine ounces of crane roots...” Han Muye said calmly.

The old man’s eyes lit up, and he asked in a low voice, “Young friend, are you going to refine the pill that replaces the sword pill?”

This old man had also seen the replication methods on the sword pill and had seen a few spiritual herbs. However, many of the spiritual herbs Han Muye mentioned were not in the replication information.

He did not know if this was to confuse him or if he really needed it.

When refining pills, the spiritual herbs thrown in had to be very accurate. Those spiritual herbs Han Muye mentioned were necessary but it was impossible for others to deduce the pill formula and method to refine pills with just these spiritual herbs.

“I’m just excited. I don’t know if it will work.” Han Muye’s expression was indifferent.

The old man pondered for a moment and raised his hand to signal Gongsun Muhe to bring the spiritual herbs over. Then he led Han Muye and Mu Wan to a quiet room.

Daoist Changyun hesitated for a moment and stood outside without entering.

“I’m Gongsun Menlong, one of the alchemists in charge of Xuhe Pavilion. How should I address the two of you?”

When they arrived at the quiet room, the old man cupped his hands at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Although Han Muye and Mu Wan looked like ordinary juniors, Han Muye must have something to rely on to be able to come up with 10 million spiritual rocks so easily to test and refine that medicinal pill.

Mu Wan looked like her cultivation was insufficient, but Han Muye was confident that she could refine the Bright Sword Pill.

From this, it could be seen that the two people before him were definitely not ordinary people.



“So it’s Grandmaster Gongsun.” Hearing Gongsun Menlong’s introduction, Mu Wan exclaimed in surprise.

She looked exactly like those junior alchemy disciples who couldn’t control themselves when they saw famous seniors.

Gongsun Menlong was about to humble himself when he heard Mu Wan lower her voice and whisper into Han Muye’s ear, “Grandmaster Baili said that Grandmaster Gongsun can become a sect grandmaster in a hundred years.”

Grandmaster Baili?

Gongsun Menlong was stunned.

The only person in the world who was called ‘Grandmaster Baili’ was the Alchemy Half-Sage, Baili Xinglin, who was in charge of the Alchemy Division.

Listening to these words, he deduced that if she could chat casually about his cultivation with Baili Xinglin, then they must be quite close.

Is this little girl in front of me related to that mighty figure? he wondered.

Han Muye smiled and looked at Gongsun Menlong. “I’ve heard a lot about you, Senior. I’m Mu Ye, and this is Junior Sister Mu Wan. We opened a small medicinal pill shop in Moon Viewing Town.”

“Mu Ye? Mu Wan?” Gongsun Menlong muttered and nodded.

He was an alchemist who focused on alchemy. Although he was a grandmaster alchemist, he did not pay much attention to other things.

As for the investiture at the Guan Estuary, he knew about it, but he did not think too much about it.

How could that Grandmaster Mu Ye be one of these two young juniors in front of him?

However, there was still a possibility that it had something to do with Baili Xinglin. Gongsun Menlong spoke a few words about alchemy, as if he wanted to test him.