

## **Pavilion 581**

### **Chapter 581 - 581 Turning Stars into Sword Pills (3)**

Mu Wan could basically answer everything.

Even if she could not answer, Han Muye would casually enlighten her.

This made Gongsun Menlong think highly of the young man and young woman in front of him.

The two of them looked young, but their cultivation foundation was very solid.

Gongsun Muhe walked to the quiet room and handed over a wooden box.

Han Muye took it and probed with his divine sense. He nodded and put it away, then stood up with Mu Wan.

“Senior Gongsun, we’ll take our leave first.”

Han Muye raised his hands, and Mu Wan followed suit.

Gongsun Menlong also cupped his hands and returned the greeting. He smiled and said, “What’s the name of the shop you two young friends opened in Moon Viewing Town?”

The large pill shops in the Imperial City were all located in the marketplace. The other shops were all small-scale businesses.

Gongsun Menlong asked this because Mu Wan seemed to have a relationship with Baili Xinglin. If he met Baili Xinglin in the future, he might be able to make use of today’s encounter to strike up a conversation.

As for how the shop operated by Han Muye and Mu Wan was, he didn’t care much.

In any case, it was impossible for the business to be as big as Xuhe Pavilion.

Han Muye turned around and said, “Pill Destiny Pavilion.”

With that, he paused and said, “Please send our regards to Senior Gongsun Shu.”

Pill Destiny Pavilion!

Gongsun Menlong and Gongsun Muhe were stunned. They did not come back to their senses even after Han Muye and Mu Wan walked downstairs and left.

After a long time, Gongsun Menlong took out a jade slip and held it in his hand. “Is the Pill Destiny Pavilion the source of the Pill Destiny Pavilion Pill Transformation Technique?”

Gongsun Muhe nodded blankly.

Isn’t the Pill Transformation Technique of the Pill Destiny Pavilion the most popular pill refinement technique in the Imperial City?

Without entering the lightning tribulation, one could directly condense Cloud Qi Pills.

The Alchemy Division had already issued a mission to test the refinement method on all sixth-grade and above medicinal pills.

Ordinary alchemists did not know why the Alchemy Division would issue such an order, but Gongsun Menlong knew.

Such a pill that had not undergone the lightning tribulation could be brought out of the Heavenly Mystic World and into other worlds without any effect.

Even the owner of Xuhe Pavilion, Lord Yunming of Yonghe County, said that the Cloud Pill Technique would change the overall situation of the Heavenly Mystic Pill Dao.

Gongsun Menlong had also imagined what kind of almighty person would be able to break through the shackles and take a unique path to develop the Cloud Qi Transformation Pill technique.

Perhaps only an almighty person who had returned to the basics and seen through the essence of the world could have such a realm, right?

He had never thought that the young man and young woman in front of him were the ones who developed the Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique.

No wonder Han Muye wanted him to greet his brother, Gongsun Shu, before he left.

Those who could develop the Pill Transformation Technique of the Pill Destiny Pavilion were naturally qualified.

"Tonight, I'm going to see Big Brother. Pill Destiny Pavilion. Hehe." Gongsun Menlong straightened his clothes and walked out of the quiet room.

Gongsun Muhe shook his head and followed.

He did not expect to see the Pill Destiny Pavilion's owners today.

...

After leaving Xuhe Pavilion, Han Muye and Mu Wan thanked Daoist Changyun and invited him to the Pill Destiny Pavilion to discuss alchemy.

This made Daoist Changyun feel flattered. He hurriedly cupped his hands and agreed.

This was a rare opportunity!

He planned to look for Bao Mingcheng tonight and figure out an appropriate way to visit the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

Recently, after becoming friends with Bao Mingcheng, he realized that these Confucian cultivators had a thorough understanding of the human heart.

Han Muye and Mu Wan left the pill shop and the carriage moved forward.

Suddenly, the carriage stopped.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He patted the back of Mu Wan's hand and walked out.

At this moment, Huang Yishang, who was wearing a black robe, was standing in front of the carriage.

“Young Master, I wonder if you can help me refine a pill to replace the sword pill?”

Huang Yishang looked at Han Muye and cupped his hands.

Zuo Lin, who was driving the carriage, turned to look at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “Young Master, this is the Imperial City. With such a road obstruction, we only need to report to the Defense Division and the patrol battalion. He won’t have a good time.”

As an old man of the Imperial City, Zuo Lin knew the rules of the place like the back of his hand.

Han Muye waved his hand and looked at Huang Yishang. “Can you come up with 50 million spiritual rocks?”

Not to mention 50 million, even if it was 10 million, Huang Yishang could not come up with it.

Han Muye knew Huang Yishang’s wealth was the sword pills.

“Young Master, let me pool together 50 million.”

Huang Yishang raised his head and said in a clear voice, “If I can’t gather enough, I’ll use those three sword pills as an exchange.”

Using these sword pills as collateral?

You want the pill to refine the sword pills. Are you really willing to give up the sword pills?

Han Muye sneered in his heart, but he nodded and said, “Alright, I’ll try it first. Come to the Pill Destiny Pavilion in a few days to look for me.”

The Imperial City was not afraid that Huang Yishang would cause any trouble. With that, Han Muye returned to the carriage.

The carriage moved forward again.

“Senior Brother, are you really going to help him refine pills?”

Mu Wan looked at Han Muye and whispered.

This kind of forced transaction was what alchemists hated the most.

Alchemy cultivators advocated freedom and were unwilling to be coerced.

“Don’t worry, I’m just interested in this pill.”

Han Muye chuckled, his eyes deep.

When they returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, the sky had already darkened.

Coincidentally, Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting had arrived. Everyone went to Cuicui’s shop to eat Shao Datian’s roasted meat.

Mu Wan advised Cuicui to rest more. Cuicui did not listen and helped from the side.

After closing the shop at night and returning to the small courtyard, Mu Wan asked Han Muye how he could help Shao Datian and Cuicui.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said to wait and see.

Currently, the best way was naturally to use medicinal pills to ensure the safety of the mother and child.

If the medicinal pills did not work, Han Muye would make a move and restrict her bloodline first.

No matter what, they had to protect Cuicui and Shao Datian.

“Junior Sister, you’re going to study at Grandmaster Baili’s place tomorrow, right?”

Turning around, Han Muye smiled and said in a low voice, “Why don’t we refine the Bright Sword Pill tonight?”

How should we refine it?

Mu Wan blushed and nodded softly.

In the quiet room, flames rose.

“Junior Sister, are you hot? Why don’t you take off your outerwear first?”

“The most important thing in the refinement of the Bright Sword Pill is to force out the sword intent in the Three Essence Sword Grass. Junior Sister, feel the feeling of the sword intent entering your body first. Bear with it for a while.

“Junior Sister, guard your mind. You have to focus. If I hadn’t attacked earlier, this cauldron of pills would have been wasted.”

...

When Han Muye sent the exhausted Mu Wan back to the room and walked out, the moon was already high in the sky.

Han Muye turned into a stream of light and flew into the Immortal Moon Lake.

In the Immortal Moon Lake, a faint shadow of the Water Deity Residence appeared.

It was the manifestation of the incense aura.

Han Muye entered the water. Several phantoms in golden armor came to investigate, bowed, and left.

These were the patrolling soldiers of the underwater estate. They had a heavenly edict.

“Buzz!”

The phantom of the divine beast Baxia appeared behind Han Muye and protected his body.

Endless illusions appeared in his eyes as spatial power appeared.

In the next moment, on the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier, Liu Hong, whose clothes were in a mess, ran out of the Sword Pavilion.

“Why does this Senior Brother Han like to cause trouble in the middle of the night?”

Liu Hong muttered as he looked at the sky.

“It’s almost midnight. Can I get a discount if I go down the mountain and sleep at an inn tonight?”

Behind him, the Sword Pavilion enveloped in golden light flashed and disappeared.

Countless miles away in the void world, the black and white Heavenly Cycle Formation exploded.

The divine beast Baxia opened his eyes.

## **Chapter 582 - 582 Sword Observation Tribulation, Condensing the Sword Dao Golden Core**

In the sky outside the Suwei World, the Heavenly Cycle Formation had refined more than half of the mutated beasts and demons.

An uncountable amount of qi and blood power spread through the void within a radius of 100,000 miles.

By feeding the formation with qi and blood, this Heavenly Cycle Formation could actually circulate on its own and reach a tyrannical state where it would not stop.

The great formation had almost emptied the void. Between the black and white streams of light, only some powerful mutated beasts and demons could still hold on.

These mutated beasts and demons gathered together and resisted the power of the formation with all their might.

Han Muye had no intention of killing slowly anymore and attacked directly.

The Heavenly Cycle Formation exploded, and countless streams of light turned into sword threads, forming a net.

Those beasts below the third level of the Heaven Realm collided with the net and their bodies were shattered, leaving only their demon infants flying out.

The divine beast Baxia raised his head to the sky and let out a long roar. He wrapped the demon infants with his qi and sucked them into his mouth.

When the demon infants entered his mouth, the divine beast revealed a satisfied expression.

To Baxia’s body, whether it was the power of his flesh, blood, or the demon souls, they were all great nourishment. He would devour them first and slowly refine them.

Only when he ate them would he feel at ease.

“Boom!”

The bodies of several demons turned into green light and exploded, knocking away the net before flying away.

Blood Escape Technique.

This was a method to exchange a huge price for strength and survive.

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye smiled as he watched the demons leave.

Up ahead, the cultivators of the Suwei World looked disappointed.

They had thought that he could wipe out these demons.

Now that the demons left, there would definitely be even more intense revenge.

“Fellow Daoists, I’m afraid this senior from the Sword Pavilion wants to show mercy,” an old man in a green-gray Daoist robe said softly in the sky.

Beside him, a few Heaven Realm cultivators nodded.

No one was a fool.

Han Muye’s obvious methods clearly left behind future trouble for the Suwei world.

“Let’s go and see what this senior wants us to do.”

Another old man wearing a green Daoist robe and a golden Daoist crown flew forward.

There was no free help in the cultivation world. The so-called kindness was just a fair deal.

If there was really charity and help without asking for anything in return, it would make people feel uneasy.

This was because one did not know what the other party wanted. Perhaps it was something that one could not give at all.

For example, your loyalty, your life, and your inheritance.

Flying a thousand miles away from the divine beast Baxia’s body, before the old man could speak, he saw the divine beast’s body in front of him tremble continuously. It slowly shrank from the size of a star to a radius of 10,000 miles before shrinking further to a radius of 1,000 miles.

When it reached a radius of 1,000 miles, the divine beast’s body no longer shrank. Instead, it slowly turned illusory and finally disappeared.

If it didn’t really disappear, it was hidden in space.

Such a method made the cultivators of the Suwei World look at each other in shock.

How strong was this senior from the Sword Pavilion to be able to control a divine beast so easily?

It was extremely difficult to shrink the body of a powerful ancient divine beast like Baxia and transform it. It was also against one’s will.

For a divine beast to be so obedient, it meant that this senior from the Sword Pavilion was a powerful expert.

Could it be a Sword Pavilion elder who had long surpassed the Heaven Realm?

Above the Heaven Realm, the Immortal Soul Third Level was a mighty figure.

“Buzz!”

The Sword Pavilion shook, and Han Muye's figure appeared tens of thousands of miles away, standing in front of the experts of the Suwei World.

He stood in the air with his hands behind his back, his expression indifferent.

The weakest of these cultivators in front of him was at the Out of Body realm.

But in front of Han Muye, they did not dare to look up.

Even if they could not sense his cultivation aura at all.

What a joke. How could an expert who controlled a divine beast and used a formation to suppress and kill countless mutated beasts and demons not have cultivation?

That was because his cultivation was too strong. Low-level cultivators like them could not sense it at all!

The Sword Pavilion was a powerful sect in the Upper Three Heavens.

"Four Soaring Swords Sect's Lu Zhenxiang greets senior."

"Dayuan Sword Sect's Hu Zhiyuan pays his respects to Sword Pavilion Senior."

...

Looking at the group of Out of Body realm cultivators bowing in front of him, Han Muye raised his hand expressionlessly.

"I'm Han Muye," Han Muye said calmly.

The few great cultivators hurriedly bowed and called him "Senior Han".

This was the norm in the cultivation world.

If one wanted to be respected, one had to show enough strength.

As long as one had the strength, one could do whatever one wanted.

"There don't seem to be many mutated beasts and demons left around the Suwei World. I still have some things to do, so I won't stay here for long."

The light in Han Muye's eyes did not change as he spoke softly.

Leaving?

How can we let this expert leave just like that?

The great cultivators of the Suwei World looked at each other and sent a message.

"Senior Han, thank you for your help. Please stay for a few more days."

"That's right. Senior Han killed the demons and beasts. How can you leave just like that? Our Suwei World should express our gratitude."

As Lu Zhenxiang and the others spoke, they each held a sword or two in their hands.

Dharma treasures.

Each sword was at the level of a magic treasure.

Two of them even had Sword Spirit. As long as one activated them slightly, they could transform.

Han Muye smiled.

These guys knew the rules.

He had expended a lot of energy on this formation outside the Suwei World. Even if he killed so many demons and beasts and obtained a massive amount of blood qi and demonic qi, he could only say that it was not a loss.

Along with these treasures and swords, it was probably worth it.

Without hesitation, Han Muye raised his hand and waved, sweeping up all the swords in front of him.

### **Chapter 583 - 583 Sword Observation Tribulation, Condensing the Sword Dao Golden Core (2)**

He reached out and gently held the hilt of a long sword.

“Buzz!”

The sword vibrated, and the face of the eighth level Nascent Soul Realm cultivator who had offered his sword shook.

Because this great cultivator sensed that the connection between this magic treasure sword and himself was directly broken.

Amazing!

The connection he had spent a hundred years building with the sword was broken in an instant in the other party’s hands. The long sword changed owners.

This method was definitely possible because Han Muye’s cultivation level was countless times higher than his.

He was indeed a great sword cultivator of the Sword Pavilion. He was really unfathomable.

Han Muye slowly drew his sword.

His expression was calm as he spoke softly.

“The sword’s name is Yu Yuan. It was forged from 10,000-year-old Mystic Nascent Jade Gold. With the ethereal method of forging iron and the Three Elements Condensation Technique, it became a sword in 10 years.”

To be able to see through the materials and forging methods by observing the sword, it was indeed worthy of the name of the Sword Pavilion!

The Suwei cultivators looked at each other and suppressed the emotions in their eyes.



The cultivator who offered the sword hurriedly cupped his hands and said, "Senior Han is extremely accurate. This sword was indeed personally forged by our Broken Mystic Sword Sect's ancestor back then."

Han Muye nodded, his gaze on the sword.

"The sword is three feet and one inch long, eight parts wide, and half part thick. The body of the sword weighs five catties and one tael. By infusing it with Spiritual Qi and Sword Qi, it can withstand 30 million pounds of force. It can easily shatter stars."

His hand trembled slightly, and a sound came from the sword, as if it was responding to Han Muye's words.

This information was not difficult to sense.

However, one also needed to be a true sword cultivator who was proficient in swords to be able to make no mistakes.

Moreover, to be able to sense the limit of the sword's power, it was obvious that his own strength could reach it. Otherwise, he would not be able to detect it.

This meant that the strength of the Sword Pavilion's Senior Han who was holding the sword at this moment exceeded 30 million pounds and had the power to shatter stars with a single strike.

Such combat strength terrified the great cultivators of the Suwei World.

However, they did not know that Han Muye could not shatter the stars with his own strength unless he borrowed Baxia's strength.

With Baxia's power, he just needed to swing his sword and raise his foot if he wanted to shatter the stars.

Han Muye, who was standing with the sword, had a solemn expression. He raised the sword horizontally, his eyes deep as he muttered.

"This sword is light and agile. It's suitable for close-range sword techniques. You can investigate the residual spiritual energy and sword intent in it and comprehend the three sword technique inheritances of the Broken Mystic Sword Sect."

Sensing the inheritance from the sword?

As soon as he said this, all the great cultivators' expressions changed.

Didn't that mean that by offering the sword, he was offering the inheritance?

The face of the cultivator from the Broken Mystic Sword Sect twitched. Just as he was about to speak, he saw Han Muye slash his sword gently.

"Watch carefully. There are flaws in your swordsmanship.

"I'll help you deduce the sword techniques."

The sword light was bright and clear, and the halo flashed.

In the void, there seemed to be a breeze surging, brushing against his face.

Where did this wind come from?

Sword momentum!

Using the sword intent to form the momentum, but the momentum was as light as the wind!

Even the old ancestor of the Broken Mystic Sword Sect could not do such a thing!

“Thousands of pounds are like fire. The sword light is like the wind. The killing intent is retained. The heart is like a rock.

“I understand the Ancestor’s regret back then...”

The cultivator from the Broken Mystic Sword Sect looked at the sword light and sighed softly. Then he raised his hand and bowed to Han Muye.

Streaks of sword light intertwined on his body.

Enlightenment.

Advancement!

Only after practicing a thousand pieces of music can one understand music, and only after observing a thousand swords can one know how to recognize swords.

After breaking through the bottleneck, this great cultivator made a breakthrough in both his Sword Dao and cultivation.

Ninth level of the Nascent Soul Stage, grand accomplishment in the Sword Dao.

If not for Han Muye’s sword aura, it might have taken him a thousand years to break through. It was more likely that he would have no hope in this life!

“Luo Ming from the Broken Mystic Sword Sect thanks senior for your guidance.”

The aura on his body slowly converged, and the great cultivator of the Broken Mystic Sword Sect called Luo Ming cupped his hands at Han Muye again.

Han Muye nodded in satisfaction and put away the sword.

After comprehending the eight sword techniques of the Broken Mystic Sword Sect, he understood that each of them was equivalent to a sword that had attained the Dao above the Five Mystic realm of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

One of them was the embryonic form of the Seven Mystic Sword Technique.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s sword technique only reached the Five Mystic realm. The subsequent sword technique inheritance was only a deduction. Whether it was the Six Mystic or the Seven Mystic realm, it was all speculation.

As for the swordsmanship of the Nine Mystic Realm, no one knew that.

Putting away a sword, Han Muye's gaze landed on the other swords in front of him.

Following his gaze, the swords vibrated as if they were cheering in anticipation.

The cultivators in front of him were also filled with anticipation.

"How about this? I'm interested in the Sword Dao inheritance of your world. I'll go to your world and evaluate these swords one by one.

"However, I won't comment in public. I'll only communicate with people related to swords. If there are other swords that you want me to comment on, I'll help take a look."

Han Muye turned to the cultivators in front of him and chuckled. "How is it?"

How is it?

How could they reject such a good thing?

The cultivators were all delighted.

Han Muye being able to stay in the Suwei World for the time being was the best outcome they could hope for.

In addition, he would help them evaluate their swords and point out the shortcomings in the Sword Dao inheritance. It was really a huge opportunity!

Everyone hurriedly bowed and led Han Muye to the Suwei World.

A huge divine beast with a radius of a thousand miles appeared again. It carried the golden Sword Pavilion and directly knocked open the sky of the Suwei World before landing in the sea.

No world could resist the power of a divine beast.

The Heavenly Dao of the Suwei World trembled before the divine beast.

Perhaps only a powerful world like the Immortal Spirit World could resist the power of a divine beast.

Baxia landed in the sea and floated in the water like an island. Han Muye sat quietly in the Sword Pavilion.

He set a rule. After each sword evaluation, he would appoint the next person to evaluate the sword. Then that person would wait by the shore.

### **Chapter 584 - 584 Sword Observation Tribulation, Condensing the Sword Dao Golden Core (3)**

As for how long he would wait, it would depend on how long Han Muye took to cultivate.

A Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivator like him could cultivate in seclusion for three to five days, three to five months, or even 30 to 50 years.

As for whether the great cultivators waiting would be anxious, there was no need to consider this.

Why would the strong care about the feelings of the weak?

Besides, the longer Han Muye was in seclusion, the longer he would stay in the Suwei World. The more he gained from his seclusion, the better his mood would be. Wouldn't his evaluation be more attentive then?

If he revealed some Sword Dao truths, wouldn't that be worth it?

After evaluating two swords consecutively, the Sword Pavilion closed. Lu Zhenxiang of the Four Soaring Swords Sect was excited and waited by the shore with anticipation.

He was the next person to be judged.

The two great cultivators who had just been evaluated flew away with excited expressions and flushed faces.

On the back of the divine beast Baxia, the Sword Pavilion phantom disappeared, and Han Muye's soul incarnation dissipated.

At this moment, in the depths of the void, a golden light flew towards the Suwei World.

"Senior Sword Pavilion, thank you for saving our Suwei World. I promise that as long as you make a move, our Suwei World will show you the sincerity that you are satisfied with."

In the golden light, someone whispered.

"Mm." The response was a rather young and impatient snort.

The golden light flashed and passed through the void. There were still tens of millions of miles to the Suwei World, and it would take quite some time.

...

Western Frontier, Nine Mystic Mountain, Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion shook and golden light flashed.

The phantom of Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, dissipated.

Then, Han Muye, who was at the bottom of the Immortal Moon Lake in the Central Continent's Imperial City, opened his eyes.

The moment he opened his eyes, a vigorous sword light broke through the three thousand feet of lake water and rushed into the sky.

The sword light materialized, as if it wanted to break through the world.

After evaluating and comprehending the swords, the sword intent returned and all the power gathered. Han Muye had the power of the Sword Dao that was difficult to suppress.

Breakthrough.

He had condensed into a Sword Dao Golden Core!

Everything went smoothly.

In his dantian, all the sword pills and magical treasures were scattered, leaving only the nine golden platforms that had formed his cultivation base.

The illusory sword that kept spinning on the golden platform solidified.

“Boom!”

Lightning surged in the world.

When cultivating in the Central Continent, there would be calamities in the Earth Realm.

“You have to go to the Lightning Inducing Platform to transcend the tribulation,” a voice sounded in the sky above the Immortal Moon Lake.

This was the voice of the great cultivator patrolling.

There were countless Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators in the Imperial City. They had to pay attention to the accidental triggering of the Heavenly Lightning.

Han Muye nodded and flew straight up, then landed in the distance where the spiritual light had turned into a pillar of light.

Lightning Inducing Platform.

In a place specially prepared for the Tribulation Transcendence in the Imperial City.

Whether it was the Pill Dao Lightning Tribulation or other cultivators transcending the tribulation, they all needed to be here.

Before they reached the lightning platform, there was a roar.

At this moment, there were still seven or eight people undergoing tribulation on the lightning platform. There were also three furnaces of medicinal pills that triggered lightning.

This was the Imperial City.

Every moment, cultivators would break through and refine high-quality medicinal pills.

Han Muye landed and a figure stepped forward.

“Fellow Daoist, you’re here to transcend the tribulation? Three million spiritual rocks can guarantee that you can safely survive the Earth Realm tribulation.

“If you want to break through to the Heaven Realm, you need 10 million spiritual rocks.

“If you want to comprehend the power of heavenly lightning during the tribulation, you can add another three million spiritual rocks.

“Fellow Daoist, if you want to attract lightning into your body, I’ll let you experience it for 10 million spiritual rocks.

“For 30 million spiritual rocks, you can refine the lightning tribulation and get a chance to comprehend the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.”

The green-robed cultivator in front of him was as skinny as a monkey, but his eyes were bright.

He sized up Han Muye and looked up at the lightning that was about to fall from the sky again.

“Fellow Daoist’s lightning is a little strong. I think I can upgrade the experience and give you a discount...”

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered to listen to his nonsense. He threw out 300 high-grade spiritual rocks and flew onto the platform in front of him.

After receiving the 300 spiritual rocks, the skinny cultivator pursed his lips and muttered, “He’s also a poor man.”

Han Muye, who had landed on the platform, ignored him. An undetectable black bull horn phantom appeared behind him.

Kui Horn.

If not for the fact that he did not want to attract too much attention, he would not have needed to come to the lightning platform.

With the Kui Horn and the Kui Hide, what was a mere Earth Realm Golden Core Lightning Tribulation?

“Boom!”

The golden snake-like lightning finally pressed down.

This lightning was more than ten times thicker than other people’s tribulations. It was almost comparable to the tribulation of the Earth Crossing Realm to break through to the Heaven Realm.

When the skinny cultivator saw the lightning, his eyes turned cold and he muttered, “He’s an expert...”

Shaking his head, he held a jade token in his hand.

“Let’s see if you can withstand it. If you use the power of the array to resist such a lightning tribulation, you’ll have to pay more later.

“That’s not right either. This guy might have potential. Should I add more money or exchange for a favor? I think, f\*ck!”

In front of him, the golden lightning struck Han Muye’s head.

However, Han Muye did not dodge the lightning. A faint black spiritual light rose from his body and swallowed the lightning.

Swallowed!

The powerful tribulation lightning was directly devoured.

Moreover, after the black spiritual light swallowed a bolt of tribulation lightning, it was still unwilling. It bared its fangs and brandished its claws, attracting the lightning that was dissipating from the other people’s tribulation.

When the lightning entered his body, Han Muye smiled.

The power in his bloodline was quickly refined with the help of the lightning.

He raised his hand, and lightning flashed on his fingertips.

Very good, his control over his body's strength had increased.

It would not be long before he could control his body like a normal person.

At that time, he could do something he liked with his junior sister.

"Boom!"

The lightning descended again and guided the lightning into his body. In Han Muye's dantian, the golden sword kept condensing.

It wasn't just his dantian sword. His bones were also emitting jade-colored sword light.

Sword bones!

Sword Dao Golden Core!

Just like the long sword condensed from the sword intent of the Qi Sea and the sword of the soul in the divine treasure, this was a sword that could battle the Heaven Realm. It was forged by Han Muye's own cultivation.

Golden light surrounded him as spiritual patterns continuously appeared.

The golden long sword took shape. Sword light flashed as if it was about to fly out of his dantian.

He condensed the Sword Dao Golden Core and took a step into the Earth Realm Golden Core!

Han Muye's eyes lit up, and he stood up with a smile.

The sword of the sword core in his dantian, the sword of the sword intent in his sea of Qi, the sword of the divine treasure and divine soul. When the three swords were combined and condensed into a sword nascent soul, it would be the time he stepped into the Heaven Realm.

The Sword Core had been formed. Could the Sword Infant be far away?

Han Muye flew up and left under the skinny cultivator's resentful gaze.

"Oh my god, this is probably another Butcher Lu..."

The skinny cultivator muttered.

Han Muye flew into the small courtyard under the morning sun.

At this moment, Mu Wan, who had already washed up and was practicing in the small courtyard, looked up and saw Han Muye, who was covered in faint sword light and lightning, walking in the air like an immortal.

"Senior Brother?"

"You seem to be a little different today... Ah—"

Han Muye approached and reached out to gently hug Mu Wan. The faint lightning on his body made Mu Wan's body go limp.

"Senior Brother, do you want to eat me like those pictures now?" Mu Wan raised her head.

Han Muye stiffened.

Mu Wan, who had broken free from his embrace, laughed.

"Senior Brother, I'm going to Grandmaster Baili's place to learn alchemy. You can settle the dinner yourself."

Dinner?

He had more to settle than just a meal...

Han Muye shook his head and turned to walk into the quiet room.

At this moment, although his control over his body was not exquisite enough, it was enough to refine pills.

After some deduction, the pill that replaced the sword pill could be refined!

### **Chapter 585 - 585 Alchemy, Gongsun Shu's Visit**

585 Alchemy, Gongsun Shu's Visit

The Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation used 360 stars as a sword pill. When formed, it could shatter the endless galaxy.

This was not something the current Han Muye could do.

Back then, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had only found 48 sword pills.

Those stars that had spirituality and could be refined into sword spheres were something that could only be chanced upon by luck.

The alchemy techniques that Huang Yishang had obtained from the ancient cultivator's cave abode were a way to replace the sword pill.

This pill turned into a sword pill. Its power naturally could not be compared to the sword pill needed for the true Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation, but it was easy to refine.

After this pill was refined, it could be refined into the dantian and slowly nourished.

Pills in the dantian could nurture Sword Intent and be used as sword pills. It was killing two birds with one stone.

Whether it was Han Muye himself using this pill to make up for the number of missing sword pills in the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation or selling this pill to someone who wanted to refine sword pills, it was a good choice.

As for the three sword pills in Huang Yishang's hand, if he was really willing to take them out and give them to Han Muye, Han Muye did not mind giving him a few more pills.



Walking into the quiet room, Han Muye sat cross-legged and slowly retracted all the power in his body.

After condensing the Sword Dao Golden Core, his power became even more vigorous.

His Sword Dao Golden Core could be used immediately like a sword. Its power was not inferior to ordinary high-grade spiritual weapons.

“Buzz!”

The Dao Essence Cauldron shook and floated in the air. A surging spiritual fire rose.

Spiritual herbs appeared on the small table in front of Han Muye.

Looking at these spiritual herbs, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

He did not refine the pills directly. Instead, he took out the spiritual herbs one by one. Some were carefully ground, and some were slowly cut into pieces.

The medicinal power of these processed spirit herbs began to slowly dissipate. Streaks of spiritual light circulated in the quiet room.

Han Muye slowly closed his eyes as images floated in his mind.

The medicinal power of the spirit herbs fused together and finally turned into different halos.

Traces of Sword Dao power began to surge.

The attribute of plants and trees stimulated the power of the Sword Dao, and wood produced gold!

At this moment, Han Muye opened his eyes. The golden light in his eyes collided with the green spiritual light, as if the starry sky had exploded.

The flames on the Dao Essence Cauldron were extinguished in an instant, turning into a handful of jade-green water.

The water wrapped around the cauldron and began to spin.

Han Muye clapped his hands, and all the spiritual herbs in front of him were thrown into the cauldron.

With the lid on, the nourishing water swirled. The medicinal power of the spiritual herbs in the cauldron began to activate.

Aquatic wood.

Water vapor moistened and wood-attribute spiritual herbs grew. The surging power expanded in the cauldron.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and pressed down on the cauldron with the power of his blood essence.

The Dao Essence Cauldron shook, and the medicinal power surged.

If not for the fact that the Dao Essence Cauldron was refined from a star by the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor, it would have exploded.

Han Muye used his extremely vigorous Qi and blood to suppress the cauldron, then quickly spun it.

Water vapor pervaded the air, constantly stimulating the wood-attribute medicinal power in the cauldron.

The wood attribute medicinal power had already expanded to the extreme and was spinning in the cauldron.

Han Muye's expression turned solemn.

Just as he thought.

When water and wood biochemical abilities reached their peak, they would be suppressed with absolute strength.

When the power was suppressed to the extreme, it would transform.

"Ding—"

At the center of the cauldron, there was the sound of metal colliding.

Wood begot gold!

At the center of the pill cauldron, there was a bright dot. Wasn't that the metal-type power produced by the suppression of the wood-attribute medicinal strength?

Water wood produced metal, and its spirit manifested itself.

As soon as this golden light appeared, it was like a huge beast opening its mouth and swallowing all the medicinal power in the cauldron. Then, it turned into a golden ball the size of a watermelon.

The ball shook as if it was about to explode.

Han Muye chuckled and clapped his hand.

"Boom!"

The qi and blood power that was not suppressed too much exploded and crashed into the cauldron, shattering the watermelon-sized ball.

The water vapor entered again, and the wood-attribute medicinal power gathered again.

After the cauldron cracked nine times, the golden ball was only the size of a fist.

However, it was still much larger than ordinary medicinal pills.

It was much bigger than the pigeon egg-sized sword pills.

In the cauldron, all the wood-attribute medicinal strength and water vapor had been exhausted.

"Wood produces metal. Metal requires fire to refine."

Han Muye muttered. A ball of fire exploded in the cauldron and surrounded the pill.

The pill seemed to let out a long cry of joy before spinning and absorbing all the firepower.

Han Muye was not waiting. He raised his hand and pointed.

A sword intent crashed into the cauldron.

This was what he was best at, using sword qi to refine pills.

The sword intent turned into 128,000 sword qi and poured into the pill. The pill spun and the intertwined spiritual patterns on it turned into countless dazzling stars.

Mountains, rivers, clouds, and countless phantoms appeared on the pill.

Streaks of sword light intertwined on the pill before disappearing.

The meaning of the Sword Dao was only to break and establish!

This was using medicinal pills to evolve the stars!

Stars could become sword pills, and sword pills could also become stars.

Thunderclouds surged in the sky.

Han Muye moved and flew out of the quiet room with the Dao Essence Cauldron in his hand, then flew to the Lightning Attracting Platform a hundred miles away.

“It’s you?”

The skinny young man who came forward was stunned. Before he could say the rules of the Lightning Attracting Platform, Han Muye had already thrown a jade box over.

300 high-grade spiritual rocks.

The skinny youth frowned.

Pills did not require so many spiritual rocks to transcend the tribulation.

However, the lightning had already descended, so he did not say anything else.

“Boom!”

The golden lightning struck the Dao Essence Cauldron. The cauldron tilted and almost flew away.

This bolt of lightning had actually surpassed the lightning tribulation Han Muye had undergone last night.

## **Chapter 586 - 586 Alchemy, Gongsun Shu's Visit (2)**

### **586 Alchemy, Gongsun Shu’s Visit (2)**

“Who is this guy? He actually has such alchemy methods?” Looking at Han Muye, who was luring lightning into the cauldron, the skinny cultivator revealed a confused expression.

He had been managing this lightning platform for many years, but he had never seen such a powerful alchemist.

Moreover, he clearly remembered that Han Muye had just broken through the night before.

“That’s true. It seems like the Alchemy Conference is about to begin. Looks like the Alchemy Conference in the Imperial City is going to be lively...”

The skinny cultivator muttered and turned around.

He still followed the rules a little. He wouldn’t watch directly as others transcended the tribulation.

What if others had some secret technique that they did not want outsiders to see?

This was the rule in the cultivation world.

He did not know that the moment he turned his head, a bolt of lightning that was a hundred times stronger than before descended.

The black Kui Horn appeared behind Han Muye and blocked the lightning. Then, with a smash, it shattered into countless pieces and poured into the Dao Essence Cauldron.

In the Dao Essence Cauldron, the golden pill was wrapped in lightning. Lightning patterns flashed on it.

After the 12 lightning bolts descended, the pill in the cauldron went silent, having nurtured a grayish-black pill the size of a thumb.

Treasures keep themselves hidden.

In Han Muye’s spiritual sense, he could see 12 golden lightning patterns intertwining on the pill, and nine faint spiritual patterns flashing.

Nine Revolutions Spirit Pill, 12 lightning refinements.

Such a pill had surpassed the top grade and reached the peak of the immortal grade.

Han Muye reached out and the pill entered his palm.

An explosive power surged in his palm, and the cold sword intent in his palm seemed to want to penetrate the void.

Without touching it personally, even Han Muye could not sense the sword intent nurtured in this pill.

Holding the pill tightly, Han Muye smiled.

Although this pill could not be compared to the sword pill left behind by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, it had a trace of a magic treasure embryonic form.

Moreover, this pill could be swallowed and refined.

One pill could nurture 100,000 sword qi.

However, the Sword Qi was violent and did not have enough physical strength. Swallowing this pill was courting death.

The grade of this pill surpassed a fifth-grade pill. It was on the same level as the Blood Jade Immortal Spiritual Pill. Compared to a third-grade Spirit Stabilizing Pill, it was only lacking in strength.

This enlightened Han Muye.

The Spirit Stabilizing Pill was refined for battle. This sword pill was also refined for battle.

Could it be that medicinal pills could increase one's combat strength after reaching a certain level?

Putting away the pill, Han Muye turned around.

"The lightning tribulation you triggered just now was too strong. It costs three million spiritual rocks..."

The skinny cultivator's voice sounded.

Han Muye smiled and nodded. With a move, he had already disappeared.

"Doesn't this guy know how to bargain?"

Holding the jade box in his hand, the skinny cultivator muttered.

At this moment, Han Muye was in a good mood and did not care about the three million spiritual rocks at all.

Moreover, he did not plan to refine all the pills on the lightning platform.

The spiritual herbs needed for this pill were available in the Suwei World.

As long as he asked, those spiritual herbs would naturally be delivered to him.

There was no need to spend a spiritual rock.

Han Muye, who had landed above the Pill Destiny Pavilion and was about to return to the small courtyard, paused and landed in front of the Pill Destiny Pavilion shop.

In front of the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop, Shao Datian was sitting at the table with a thin, black-bearded old man in a white robe.

The old man had a smile on his face. All kinds of snacks were placed in front of him, and he held a bamboo stick in his hand.

There was a hint of laziness about him, but his entire body was filled with sword intent.

This was a great cultivator of the Sword Dao!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, slowly stepped forward, and cupped his hands.

"Greetings, Senior Gongsun Shu."

The Imperial City's Sword Daoist, the Invincible Gongsun.

Although he had never seen him before, Han Muye knew that this was the Great Sword Cultivator of the Imperial City, Gongsun Shu.

Gongsun Shu's gaze landed on Han Muye and he said softly, "I don't know if I can be called a senior.

"Whether it's alchemy, Confucianism, or even the Sword Dao, I'm afraid we can call each other equals, right?"

His eyes revealed a deep spiritual light as he stared at Han Muye. "I can feel the sword intent in you.

"This is the intuition of a sword cultivator."

What an intuition of a sword cultivator!

Han Muye's sword cultivation was hidden. This was the first expert to sense his sword cultivation.

The moment Gongsun Shu mentioned his sword cultivator's intuition, the Sword Dao Golden Core in Han Muye's dantian trembled and almost penetrated his body.

The huge sword intent in his Qi Sea seemed to be trembling as well.

Only the divine soul sword in the divine treasure did not react at all.

Amazing.

"Hehe, you're interested in me too?"

Gongsun Shu laughed, curiosity and battle intent flashing across his face.

Then an irresistible sword light exploded on his body.

Han Muye's expression changed, but he held back and let the sword light surround him.

Dao Domain.

No, it was a sword domain.

This was the first Sword Dao cultivator Han Muye had met who had formed his own domain and was comparable to a Confucian Half-Sage.

Gongsun Shu's spiritual energy cultivation might be at the Heaven Realm Out of Body or Divine Transformation Realm, but his Sword Dao realm had already surpassed his own cultivation and stepped into the Immortal Soul Third Level.

Using one's body to fuse with the Dao to form a Dao Domain, one would be called a Sage in the mortal world.

Sword Sage.

Nothingness, darkness, and sword light intertwined.

In front of Han Muye was an empty world. Mountain rocks, grass, and trees were like swords, and there were even clouds and wind wreaking havoc.

If he stood in this space, he would probably be pierced to death in just three breaths.

Looking at the sword light surging in front of him, Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he opened his palm.

"Buzz!"

The pill that he had just refined to replace the sword pill flew out.

The medicinal pill spun, bringing with it a strong wind that sucked in all the clouds and plants ahead.

This medicinal pill was originally refined from plants. At this moment, when it absorbed the power of the Dao Domain, it trembled happily.

### **Chapter 587 - 587 Alchemy, Gongsun Shu's Visit (3)**

587 Alchemy, Gongsun Shu's Visit (3)

Sword runes appeared on the originally gray pill.

Within a radius of 10 miles, the Sword Qi was sucked in.

Lightning flashed.

Han Muye smiled.

Gongsun Shu's Dao Domain was only in its infancy. It could be used to deal with ordinary enemies, but it could not suppress a Sword Dao expert like him.

What was even more unexpected was that the pill in his hand could absorb sword qi.

Is he afraid that the medicinal pill is not strong enough, so he comes to court death? Han Muye thought.

However, the power in the Dao Domain came from the accumulation and condensation of cultivators. Losing even a trace of it would be heartbreaking.

"Slash—"

As expected, Gongsun Shu could no longer remain calm. A sword light rose in the Dao Domain and stabbed at Han Muye's chest.

The sword light was clear and quiet, but it was like the rising sun, emitting an irresistible force.

With the augmentation of the Sword Domain's power, a cultivator's casual sword strike would have the power of 10 thousand catties.

Such an expert was invincible in the Heaven Realm.

Seeing the sword light reach his chest, Han Muye was not surprised at all.

He raised his hand and pointed. The medicinal pill that had absorbed enough sword qi instantly turned around. With a sword light, it became entangled with the sword light in front of his chest.

"Clang—"

The sound was crisp, like two swords colliding.

There was no such thing as invincibility within three feet!

The sword light intertwined and the sword qi criss-crossed, but it could not get three feet closer to Han Muye.

The power of the Sword Domain was blocked three feet around him.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

In front of a great sword cultivator, I control everything!

"Boom!"

Endless heaven and earth pressed down on his head. Han Muye looked up at the sky and roared. Sword light soared into the sky and turned into mountains that supported the sky and earth!

The sword was broken and then erected!

This sword could pierce through the sky and support the world!

The clouds shook, and the wind and clouds rose and fell.

The sword light flashed and was destroyed along with the peaks.

There was no winning or losing.

It was just a spar.

Han Muye reached out and held the pill in his palm. He looked up and saw that the boundless Dao Domain had dissipated, leaving Gongsun Shu, who was sitting at the table in front of him, walking over with a grilled fish.

The bamboo stick in Gongsun Shu's hand broke into two.

"Sir, Cuicui made this grilled fish. It's definitely Southern Wasteland flavor." Shao Datian brought the grilled fish to the table and said happily.

"Alright, I'll try it." Gongsun Shu smiled and put down half a bamboo stick.

Shao Datian cleared the dishes on the table and turned to leave.

Gongsun Shu picked up a piece of fish with his chopsticks and muttered as he ate, "I haven't fought with anyone in 30 years, but the sword in my hand was broken the first time I fought today. It seems that I'm really old."

The sword in his hand?

Han Muye sighed with emotion. He had used almost all his strength in the Dao Domain, but he had only broken a bamboo stick.

After all, he was a rare Great Sword Cultivator with unfathomable strength.

However, he was not afraid of anyone in the world.

"The grilled fish in their store really has the Southern Wasteland flavor. Although I've never been to the Southern Wasteland, I've tasted a lot of food from there." Gongsun Shu, who had his bamboo stick cut off, was not annoyed. Instead, he seemed to be in a good mood.

He commented as he ate, as if he was an old glutton.



After being praised by him, Shao Datian and Cuicui, who were busy not far away, looked happy.

After all, as the saying goes, the ignorant have no fear. The two of them had no idea that the old man sitting in front of the small wooden table could turn the store into ashes with a wave of his hand.

Han Muye was in no hurry. He stood at the wooden table and waited for Gongsun Shu to slowly eat the grilled fish.

He had taken a huge advantage of Gongsun Shu's Dao Domain. The sword Qi absorbed by the medicinal pill had saved him at least 10 million spiritual rocks.

After absorbing the other party's sword qi, it was fair to stand and wait now.

After finishing a fish, Gongsun Shu stood up and put down a medium-grade spiritual rock. Only then did Han Muye smile and invite him to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

"Grandmaster Huang Tingshu has sealed his brush for a hundred years. It's rare for you to be able to obtain his handwriting," Gongsun Shu said softly as he looked at the words on the door of the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

"Senior Gongsun's writing is all sword light. It has another kind of charm." Han Muye flattered him imperceptibly.

Gongsun Shu's words were filled with sword intent. Ordinary sword cultivators could comprehend it just by observing the words.

There were not many great cultivators in the world who could condense swords with words.

Hearing Han Muye's words, a trace of smugness flashed across Gongsun Shu's face.

If Gongsun Shu was not satisfied with his handwriting, he would not have personally written the plaque of Xuhe Pavilion.

Han Muye smiled and invited Gongsun Shu to the Pill Destiny Pavilion. Zuo Yuting, who was on duty in the shop today, went forward to serve tea and retreated to the door.

Since Gongsun Shu could write a plaque, it meant that he had studied painting.

The four paintings in the Pill Destiny Pavilion caused his expression to change continuously. From time to time, sword intent would surge.

Was staging an open robbery on his mind?

Fortunately, Gongsun Shu did not take action. At last, he shook his head and muttered as he turned around.

After Gongsun Shu looked around and sat on the wooden chair, Han Muye cupped his hands and said, "General Feng Yuan's Dao companion, Gao Changgong, is my senior. General Feng Yuan once cultivated under Senior."

Gongsun Shu was Xiao Yueli's master.

Even though Xiao Yueli was not a direct disciple, he had taught her sword techniques.

There was an alliance between the Xiao and Gongsun families.

Xiao Yueli was considered one of his own.

When Han Muye was coming to the Imperial City, Xiao Yueli had mentioned some of her connections in the Imperial City.

She had specifically mentioned Gongsun Shu.

Xiao Yueli also suggested that Han Muye visit Gongsun Shu.

In Xiao Yueli's opinion, with Han Muye's talent in the Sword Dao, he would definitely be valued by him.

Gongsun Shu was a great sword cultivator in the Imperial City. With his status, he was even stronger than the Xiao family in the Imperial City.

"Yueli?" Gongsun Shu was slightly stunned. He sized up Han Muye again, then nodded and said, "Then you can really call me senior."

Speaking of this, he looked emotional. "Conferring deity titles with a statement and passing down the Alchemy Dao to the world. Are the juniors now not giving us seniors a way out?"

Han Muye looked up. Is this commander of the royal guards, Gongsun Shu, who is invincible in the Sword Dao of the Imperial City, teasing me?

"I originally came to see what kind of person the Pavilion owner of the Pill Destiny Pavilion is. Now it seems that he's really beyond my expectations." Gongsun Shu looked at Han Muye and said softly, "Was that sword pill just now a newly refined pill?"

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

The strength of this pill had exceeded his expectations.

Not only could it unleash the combat power of a sword cultivator, but it could also absorb sword qi and grow on its own. It was really extraordinary.

"Although I don't cultivate the Dao of Sword Pills, I've studied it. If this pill can replace the Sword Pill, its value will be immeasurable," Gongsun Shu said with emotion.

In his Dao Domain, he could already sense the power of the Sword Pill.

The key was that the Sword Pill could be refined in the Dantian. Usually, it was only used as a nourishment pill to improve one's sword intent cultivation. At critical moments, it could be used as a Sword Pill.

Many sword cultivators would be willing to spend a huge sum of money to find such a dual-use treasure.

"I don't think you're willing to sell this pill formula and refinement method, but..." Gongsun Shu looked around and said softly, "How about you give this pill to my Xuhe Pavilion to sell?"

## **Chapter 588 - 588 The Sage Is Not Dead, the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation, and Karma!**

Give this pill to Xuhe Pavilion to sell?

With a thought, Han Muye understood what Gongsun Shu meant.

Xuhe Pavilion specialized in selling medicinal pills and spiritual herbs needed by sword cultivators. If it took these medicinal pills, it could instantly suppress the other shops and become the strongest business in the Imperial City that specialized in selling sword cultivator medicinal pills.

To Han Muye, the Pill Destiny Pavilion was only so big. There was no need to rely on this pill to become famous.

On the contrary, this medicinal pill could bring all kinds of trouble to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

From the looks of it, giving the pills to Xuhe Pavilion to sell was not a bad choice.

"I still have to perfect the refinement method of this pill. When I'm familiar with refining it, I can hand it to Xuhe Pavilion to sell," Han Muye said after pondering for a moment.

The pill in his hand was too powerful. If he sold it, not many people would be able to afford it.

Most sword cultivators did not have much wealth.

In his imagination, if he wanted to refine this pill, he had to refine it in large quantities and reduce its power by a few percent. It would be good if it could have the power of the sword pill.

Hearing Han Muye agree, Gongsun Shu smiled.

Their relationship with Xiao Yueli was just a catalyst. Tangible benefits were the true link.

Whether it was for Xuhe Pavilion or Han Muye himself, there were benefits in this transaction.

Han Muye benefited from Xuhe Pavilion's name.

After finalizing the deal, the two of them spoke more easily.

Gongsun Shu was a great cultivator of the Sword Dao. Han Muye's cultivation in the Sword Dao was deep, but his accumulation was shallow. At this moment, he had many questions to ask.

In Gongsun Shu's opinion, this fellow who called himself a junior was clearly a sword cultivator of the same generation as him.

The exchange between the two of them was not guidance from a senior to a junior at all. Instead, they were borrowing from each other and each had their own gains.

Han Muye's many wild ideas and his experience of growing up in the wilderness gave Gongsun Shu a lot of inspiration.

He also briefly recounted the story of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun's remnant souls back then.

Many sword cultivators felt the regret of Lin Chongxiao's unfulfilled ambition.

The fact that Daoist Chongyun generously gave away the jade bone of a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert was admirable.

Even Instructor Lin's determination to swing his sword was worth learning for a sword cultivator.

After Han Muye finished his story, Gongsun Shu was silent for a moment before sighing softly.

“Sword cultivators belong to the martial world. They dominate the world and are carefree. They have no regrets even in the face of death.”

Although his sword cultivation was outstanding and his combat strength was monstrous, as a guard of the royal family, he had been tied to the royal family his entire life and could not be free.

Compared to Lin Chongxiao and the others who were fighting to the death, every time Gongsun Shu swung his sword, it was not for himself.

The sword of a sword cultivator was not for himself.

How could it not be a pity?

“I was born in the Imperial City and was born with extraordinary talent in the Sword Dao. From the beginning of my cultivation, my path was smooth.

“The people I’ve befriended are either powerful or elites. The stories you’ve told me are things I’ve hoped for but never encountered.”

There were differences between immortals and mortals in the world.

Mortals would never know how brilliant the world of cultivators was.

Some cultivators were destined to be extraordinary from the moment they were born.

Just like Gongsun Shu in front of him. His cultivation path was smooth.

Actually, there were countless people like Gongsun Shu in the upper city of the Imperial City.

Could the cultivation holy land of the Heavenly Mystic world be the same as ordinary cultivators?

The resources they controlled were unimaginable to outsiders.

Hearing Gongsun Shu’s words, Han Muye’s heart skipped a beat. He chuckled and said, “Senior, I’m preparing to visit the reincarnations of those two seniors. If you’re interested, you can come with me.”

Just like how he had opened a small shop in the Imperial City and used the mortal world to temper his heart, to Gongsun Shu, comprehending the cultivation path of others might also be an inspiration.

Sure enough, Gongsun Shu’s eyes lit up at Han Muye’s invitation.

“Sword cultivator reincarnation?”

“Sword cultivators who can reincarnate are all extremely powerful. They must have been great cultivators when they were alive.

“Yesterday, you went to Xuhe Pavilion to buy spiritual herbs to refine the Bright Sword Pill for them?” Gongsun Shu looked at Han Muye.

With Han Muye’s Sword Dao cultivation, he did not need to use the Bright Sword Pill at all.

That could only be used by the reincarnation bodies of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun.

Han Muye nodded and took out the two Bright Sword Pills.

There was a jade-white flowing light on the medicinal pill that turned into a faint spiritual qi.

Wisps of sword intent filled the air.

“Good pills.”

Gongsun Shu’s face lit up as he spoke softly.

In Gongsun Shu’s opinion, the quality of these two pills had already surpassed the top-grade.

Moreover, the sword intent on it was so dense that even he was tempted.

“You can sell this pill. My Xuhe Pavilion will pay six million spiritual rocks.”

Sell?

Six million spiritual rocks per pill was a lot of money.

Back then, each of the three batches of spiritual herbs produced two pills. In total, they refined six Bright Sword Pills.

However, Han Muye had no intention of immediately taking out the Bright Sword Pills.

“Senior, I prepared these two Bright Sword Pills for the two seniors of the Reincarnation Sword Dao.

“I can refine Bright Sword Pills when I’m free in the future.”

If I can earn spiritual rocks, why not refine them?

“Very well. This old man is also very curious about those two pills.”

As he spoke, he stood up.

Han Muye smiled and instructed Zuo Yuting to look after the shop while he followed Gongsun Shu out.

The two of them did not ride in a carriage. Instead, they clasped their hands behind their backs and hurried forward.

Sword cultivators traveled together and chatted freely about the Sword Dao. How happy was that?

The two of them were extremely fast. Their figures flickered on the path, almost invisible to outsiders.

“Good lord, your physical cultivation has probably far exceeded your own cultivation, right?”

### **Chapter 588 - 588 The Sage Is Not Dead, the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation, and Karma!**

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Could the cultivation holy land of the Heavenly Mystic world be the same as ordinary cultivators?

The resources they controlled were unimaginable to outsiders.

Hearing Gongsun Shu's words, Han Muye's heart skipped a beat. He chuckled and said, "Senior, I'm preparing to visit the reincarnations of those two seniors. If you're interested, you can come with me."

Just like how he had opened a small shop in the Imperial City and used the mortal world to temper his heart, to Gongsun Shu, comprehending the cultivation path of others might also be an inspiration.

Sure enough, Gongsun Shu's eyes lit up at Han Muye's invitation.

"Sword cultivator reincarnation?"

"Sword cultivators who can reincarnate are all extremely powerful. They must have been great cultivators when they were alive.

"Yesterday, you went to Xuhe Pavilion to buy spiritual herbs to refine the Bright Sword Pill for them?" Gongsun Shu looked at Han Muye.

With Han Muye's Sword Dao cultivation, he did not need to use the Bright Sword Pill at all.

That could only be used by the reincarnation bodies of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun.

Han Muye nodded and took out the two Bright Sword Pills.

There was a jade-white flowing light on the medicinal pill that turned into a faint spiritual qi.

Wisps of sword intent filled the air.

“Good pills.”

Gongsun Shu’s face lit up as he spoke softly.

In Gongsun Shu’s opinion, the quality of these two pills had already surpassed the top-grade.

Moreover, the sword intent on it was so dense that even he was tempted.

“You can sell this pill. My Xuhe Pavilion will pay six million spiritual rocks.”

Sell?

Six million spiritual rocks per pill was a lot of money.

Back then, each of the three batches of spiritual herbs produced two pills. In total, they refined six Bright Sword Pills.

However, Han Muye had no intention of immediately taking out the Bright Sword Pills.

“Senior, I prepared these two Bright Sword Pills for the two seniors of the Reincarnation Sword Dao.

“I can refine Bright Sword Pills when I’m free in the future.”

If I can earn spiritual rocks, why not refine them?

“Very well. This old man is also very curious about those two pills.”

As he spoke, he stood up.

Han Muye smiled and instructed Zuo Yuting to look after the shop while he followed Gongsun Shu out.

The two of them did not ride in a carriage. Instead, they clasped their hands behind their backs and hurried forward.

Sword cultivators traveled together and chatted freely about the Sword Dao. How happy was that?

The two of them were extremely fast. Their figures flickered on the path, almost invisible to outsiders.

“Good lord, your physical cultivation has probably far exceeded your own cultivation, right?”

### **Chapter 589 - 589 The Sage Is Not Dead, the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation, and Karma! (2)**

Turning to look at Han Muye, who was on par with him but had not activated his spiritual energy cultivation, Gongsun Shu said in surprise, “No wonder you want to temper your heart in the mortal world. Is this to balance your physical strength?

“Is it because your physical strength is too strong and difficult to control?”

He nodded.

In front of a great cultivator like Gongsun Shu, there were indeed very few secrets that could be hidden.

It was fine if he did not move, but once he ran, the changes in his body would naturally be seen through.



“Tsk tsk, I really don’t know what kind of opportunity you encountered to actually have such a powerful physical body.

“Can it be that you’re from the Southern Wasteland and have the bloodline of the demon race?”

There was curiosity in Gongsun Shu’s eyes.

However, he did not ask in detail.

Everyone had their own secrets.

Two hours later, Han Muye and Gongsun Shu arrived at the lower city.

The lower city was different from the middle city.

Even though the Imperial City was the richest place in the Central Continent, there were still dilapidated places in the Imperial City.

In the lower city, there were many dilapidated buildings. The alleys were low and long, and most of them were rundown.

The people of the world had a hard time. It was already not easy for many people to live here.

Outside the Imperial City, it was even more difficult for people.

This was the real world.

The bright and prosperous cultivation world had nothing to do with most mortals.

On the other hand, the suffering brought about by the cultivation world was the first to descend on mortals.

For example, as he walked through the alley, Han Muye saw many white banners hanging in front of the gate.

When the Heaven Mystic’s army conquered the outside world, many of the generals were selected from the upper and middle cities. However, the ordinary soldiers were basically from the lower cities.

This time, they had increased the number of troops by a million because of a tragic victory in the previous battle. They had lost hundreds of thousands of soldiers.

The No Resentment Realm was a tough nut to crack.

“Sigh, this is still good.” Gongsun Shu sighed and said in a low voice, “A few hundred years ago, during a war between realms, a million troops were wiped out. The Imperial City was thousands of miles away, and there were white banners everywhere.

“Outsiders only see the splendor of the Imperial City. How would they know that all of this was built with the blood of countless men in the Imperial City?”

Without blood to exchange, how could the Imperial City be prosperous, and how could the Heavenly Mystic be prosperous?

Which of these families who had lived in the Imperial City for a long time did not have three to five family members who had joined the army and never returned?

As he walked quickly with Gongsun Shu, Han Muye saw the place in the sword's memory.

They had arrived at the place where Bi Wuhe lived.

Just as he reached the front of the alley, he saw seven or eight children playing.

Rather than calling it playing, it was more like a noisy fight.

Six seven or eight-year-old children held bamboo sticks and wooden sticks in their hands as they surrounded two six or seven-year-old children and beat them up.

The two children were clearly shorter, but their faces were tense and their backs were against each other. The wooden sticks in their hands blocked the bamboo sticks and wooden sticks that were smashing towards their faces. From time to time, they would even retaliate.

"Beat them up! Beat up these two fellows from the Bi family!"

"Foreign kids who dare to be arrogant in our Imperial City."

"You still dare to fight back? Haven't you fought enough yesterday?"

The older children relied on their numbers. The more the two younger children retaliated, the angrier they became. Some of them were in so much pain that tears streamed down their faces, but they did not retreat.

The two little guys who were surrounded had been hit countless times, but they gritted their teeth and did not say anything.

"Goudan, your mother is calling you to go home for dinner!"

"Where the hell is the cat?"

A call came from not far away.

Instantly, the surrounding children dispersed.

"I'll call you tomorrow."

The child in the lead curled his lips and covered his swollen forehead as he shouted and left.

"Brother, are you alright?"

"What can happen to me? I almost knocked Goudan's teeth off with the Split and Combine sword move that my father taught me just now. Did you see that?"

When the surrounding children dispersed, the two children supported each other. The corners of their mouths twitched, but they did not admit defeat.

"Are you from the Bi Wuhe family?" Han Muye walked forward and asked softly.

He had already seen these two brats in the sword's memory.

One was the reincarnation of Daoist Chongyun, and the other was the reincarnation of Lin Chongxiao. However, neither of them had awakened the memories of their previous lives.

As for whether it could awaken, that was still unknown.

Han Muye's words made the two children look wary. Without answering, they turned around and left.

They were small, and after making a few turns, they had disappeared from the dog hole and the broken fence.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, striding forward with Gongsun Shu.

After turning three corners, they bumped into the two children who appeared out of nowhere.

These two little fellows even knew how to change directions and run back.

Unexpectedly, Han Muye and Gongsun Shu came straight over. One of the children whispered, "Bi Chong, tell Mother that someone is coming. I'll stop them."

As he spoke, he pointed the wooden stick in his hand at Han Muye, his face full of vigilance, as if he was holding a long sword in his hand and drawing it forward.

The child called Bi Chong hesitated for a moment before he turned around and ran, charging into a low house at the side.

Han Muye and Gongsun Shu did not move forward and just stood there.

A moment later, a woman in gray rushed out of the house with a headscarf on her head.

The woman's face was pale. She held a short sword in her hand and ran over nervously, pulling the child in front of Han Muye away.

After sizing up Han Muye and Gongsun Shu, the woman held her sword and raised her hand to salute. "Please forgive my son for charging into you."

With that, she looked at Han Muye. "Bi Wuhe is my husband. Why are you looking for him?"

Han Muye raised his hand, and the River Mountain Sword appeared in his palm.

The woman's expression changed and she exclaimed, "Why is my husband's sword in your hand?!"

As soon as she finished speaking, a faint sword intent rose from her body.

However, just as the sword intent rose, the woman's face turned red. The Qi and blood in her body surged irregularly, but she firmly suppressed it.

### **Chapter 590 - 590 The Sage Is Not Dead, the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation, and Karma! (3)**

"Yesterday, your husband went to my shop and asked me to refine two Bright Sword Pills with this sword as a pledge. Today, I finished refining the pills and came to take a look."

From the memories of the He Yue Sword, Han Muye knew that the person in front of him was Bi Wuhe's Dao companion, Jin Yunmei. She was also the biological mother of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun.

Jin Yunmei was secretly injured and had always lived in seclusion here.

“Bright Sword Pill?” Hearing Han Muye’s words, Jin Yunmei exclaimed.

“Is, is he crazy...”

As she muttered, Jin Yunmei turned to look at the two nervous children behind her.

Jin Yunmei looked sad as her gaze landed on the sword in Han Muye’s hand again.

“He’s even willing to give up the River Mountain Sword...”

Looking up at Han Muye, Jin Yunmei said softly, “Fellow Daoist, I’m afraid my husband can’t afford the spiritual rocks to refine the Bright Sword Pill.

“If possible, please return this sword to us. We don’t want the medicinal pills anymore.”

At this point, she saw that Han Muye’s expression did not change and said with some difficulty, “If the pill has already been refined, then, let’s exchange it with this sword.”

The River Mountain Sword had already developed spirituality. To Earth Realm cultivators, it was a treasure that could greatly increase their combat strength.

Jin Yunmei clearly found it hard to accept that she was willing to use this sword to exchange for medicinal pills.

Han Muye nodded. He did not take the pills or put away the sword. Instead, he said, “Mrs. Bi, are these two Bright Sword Pills refined for the two of them?”

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the two children behind Jin Yunmei.

After hesitating for a moment, Jin Yunmei nodded and said, “My two children have some natural talent in the Sword Dao. Some time ago, an elder of the Gathering Sword Sect took a fancy to them and wanted to take them in.

“My husband probably wants to make them more talented, so he asked you to refine pills.”

The strength of the sword clan in the lower city was unknown.

However, it was probably not a powerful sect.

Of course, for these two children, joining a sect, be it for resources or safety, was much better than following Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei.

In the Imperial City, even in the lower city, there was a patrol unit to suppress it. There were very few private fights.

“Please take a seat in my humble abode. My husband has accepted a mission and should be back soon.”

Jin Yunmei said.

Han Muye turned to look at Gongsun Shu.

Gongsun Shu nodded.

As they followed Jin Yunmei to the short house, they noticed stone locks and other things in the small courtyard.

There were no decorations in the room. It was just considered clean.

The two children helped to serve tea.

"Your name is Bi Chong. What's your name?" Han Muye looked at the child who brought the water and asked softly.

"My name is Bi Yun. You're the first person who can tell me from my brother."

The boy named Bi Yun looked happy.

On the other side, Bi Chong also grinned.

Han Muye nodded and looked at the two children. "Do you like to practice swordsmanship?"

The two children looked at each other and nodded.

Han Muye looked up at Jin Yunmei. "Mrs. Bi, I know a little about your family. You and Fellow Daoist Bi are not from the Imperial City. You came here to avoid trouble, right?"

Jin Yunmei did not know what Han Muye had seen from the sword's memories and thought that Bi Wuhe had said this to Han Muye.

She nodded gently and sighed. "I'm the one who's dragging him down."

At this point, a hint of affection appeared on her face. She looked at the child beside her. "I don't have any other thoughts. I just want to see Bi Yun and Bi Chong grow up well.

"I wonder if I can still see that day..."

"Your foundation has been damaged, and your meridians are in a mess." Gongsun Shu, who was sitting in front, had a glimmer of light in his eyes. "It will indeed take some effort to treat you."

But how much effort would it take?

Jin Yunmei was stunned.

She knew her own injuries. She had searched the entire Imperial City, but no one said that she could be cured.

Of course, the people that Bi Wuhe could find were at most alchemy grandmasters. He was powerless to find sect grandmasters.

He couldn't afford it.

"Please save my mother!" Bi Yun, who was originally behind Jin Yunmei, rushed out and knelt in front of Gongsun Shu's feet, kowtowing repeatedly.

Bi Chong was stunned for a moment before rushing over.

Gongsun Shu sat there without moving.

A trace of bitterness and sadness flashed across Jin Yunmei's face.

If she was still the legitimate daughter of the sect master back then, even if she was not rich, she could still make the two children not have to worry about food and clothing.

How could it be like this? They were just six-year-old children who had suffered so much. They were so young, but they had to worry about her injuries.

When she thought of her pain point, her heart trembled. Her face turned red and blood was about to flow out.

Jin Yunmei hurriedly turned around and reached out to wipe the blood from the corner of her mouth.

"It's more troublesome for me to save your mother. I'm not as good as him." At this moment, Gongsun Shu suddenly raised his hand and pointed at Han Muye.

"He can treat your mother's injuries with just one pill."

In the hut, Bi Yun, Bi Bichong, and Jin Yunmei looked at Han Muye.

The two children were stunned. They did not know if they should immediately get up and kowtow to Han Muye or do something.

"However, you all have kowtowed to me so many times. Today, this old man will accept you all as my disciples."

Gongsun Shu's voice sounded again.

Accept them as disciples?

At this moment, even Han Muye turned to look.

This was the invincible Gongsun Shu of the Imperial City, an expert who had already condensed a sword dao.

Such an expert is willing to take in disciples?

They were still two children who lived in the lower city and had no foundation.

Seeing Han Muye look at him, Gongsun Shu said calmly, "The story you told is quite touching to me.

"My cultivation has reached a bottleneck in the Sword Dao. Looking at the two of them today, I have a feeling."