

Pavilion 641

Chapter 641 - 641 One Furnace, A Thousand Pills!

After Lu Zhenyu finished speaking, he took out a storage bag.

Sword light flashed in the hands of the others.

Every single one of these long swords was a high-grade spiritual weapon.

Two of them already had spirituality. Han Muye investigated and realized that these two swords only needed to be more deft and slowly nurtured to become magic treasures.

There were a total of 356 swords.

With these swords in the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye's strength increased again.

Although the power of the Sword Pavilion was dispensable to him, there might be more secrets that needed to be explored.

Increasing the power of the Sword Pavilion was also a good thing for Han Muye.

Putting away these swords, Han Muye raised his hand and handed over a small jade box.

"Everyone, here are 100 Sword Cores."

100!

Everyone was stunned and joy appeared on their faces.

A sword core was worth tens of millions of spiritual rocks.

The value of 100 Sword Cores had long exceeded the value of these swords.

Lu Zhenyu and the others looked at each other and at Han Muye.

"I have a sword that I need you to repair for me."

Han Muye looked at everyone and said calmly.

Repair a sword?

What kind of sword requires Senior Han to be so serious about repairing?

Before anyone could think carefully, Han Muye had already raised his hand.

"Boom!"

The huge sword that had been broken into two appeared in midair.

The Mountain Dao Sword.

The Dao Sword that the Shi Heng Dao Sect had tried their best to refine.

This sword could carry 300,000 Daoist disciples across the void and descend into the Heavenly Mystic World.

If not for Wen Mosheng and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, the Shi Heng Dao Sect might really have descended upon the Heavenly Mystic World and occupied it for a long time.

As soon as this sword appeared, all the sword cultivators in the Suwei World widened their eyes and opened their mouths wide.

“Dao... Dao Artifact...”

In the world of refining artifacts, from the most basic mortal artifacts to spiritual artifacts that could be infused with spiritual qi and controlled by the soul, these were all used by cultivators in the Human Realm and the Earth Realm.

Unfortunately, resources were limited. Even Heaven Realm cultivators only had a few high-grade spiritual artifacts. They could not make a magic treasure for each person.

Mortal weapons, Spiritual Weapons, and Magic Treasures corresponded to the Human, Earth, and Heaven Realms.

A treasure that surpassed magic treasures already contained a trace of the will of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. It was a spirit treasure that was difficult to find in the world.

A Spiritual Treasure was equivalent to a Half-Sage.

However, such a treasure seemed to have appeared in the Immortal Source World. No one had really seen it elsewhere.

Actually, even if they had seen it, they would not have recognized it.

Magical treasures could transform into humans, let alone spiritual treasures.

It was said that there were some sects in the Immortal Source World that used spirit treasures as their ancestors to protect their sect’s inheritance.

Above the Spiritual Treasure was the Dao Artifact they were looking at now!

The combat power of a Doctrine Artifact far exceeded that of a Spiritual Treasure. Moreover, Doctrine artifacts could gather the power of the sect. They were strategic treasures.

In the Immortal Source World, almost every major sect in the Upper Three Heavens had a dao treasure.

Now that Han Muye has a broken dao treasure in his hand, does that mean that he has destroyed a large sect in the Upper Three Heavens?

How is that possible?

Lu Zhenyu and the others quickly went forward to investigate and heaved a sigh of relief.

Although this sword was a Dao Artifact, it was just an empty shell.

The most important weapon spirit of the dao treasure had yet to be formed.

Glancing at Han Muye, the few sword cultivators with profound weapon refinement skills had strange expressions.

Which rich sect had refined a Dao Weapon embryo, but instead of nurturing a Weapon Spirit, used this embryo to fight?

Such a Dao Artifact embryo could actually be used. Its power was only a low-grade spirit treasure.

What a waste.

At the thought of this, everyone's faces burned with passion again.

According to Senior Han, he wanted to repair this Dao Artifact.

In the process of repairing this treasure, the people of the Suwei World would definitely have unimaginable gains.

This harvest far exceeded that of the Dao Sword itself.

Swords were dead, but people and inheritances were alive.

"Senior Han, you've protected our world and saved us from thousands of miles away. We're willing to repair this sword for you for free.

"However, I'm afraid that it will take some time to repair this sword."

Back then, Shi Heng Dao Sect spent hundreds of years to refine this sword and wiped out the accumulation of the sect.

Now that the Suwei World wanted to repair this sword, even though it would consume a lot less resources, it would still take a lot of time.

"Okay." Han Muye nodded in agreement.

To him, although this sword was precious, it was not something that could be used now.

He was not in a hurry to slowly repair it.

After Lu Zhenyu and the others left with the Dao Sword, Han Muye sat cross-legged on Baxia's back armor, his body shining with spiritual light.

Although his cultivation did not increase much and he was only in the third tier of the Golden Core Realm, his mental state and spiritual soul cultivation improved rapidly.

The Heaven Realm Nascent Soul condensed an incarnation of the soul and transformed into an Immortal Soul. The Out of Body Realm and the Immortality Soul separated from the body and transformed into the Divine Transformation Realm. The Immortal Soul and the Nascent soul fused into one and comprehended the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth to break through to the Dao Integration Realm.

Han Muye's spiritual energy cultivation had yet to reach the Heaven Realm, and his soul cultivation level had long broken through to the heaven realm, condensing a sharp and unforged soul sword.

This sword could kill the primordial spirit of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator.

When he was refining his mind in the mortal world, his spiritual soul had made another breakthrough. It was now comparable to those Immortal Soul Third Level Half-Sages.

However, unlike a Half-Sage, Han Muye did not use his soul to condense a Dao Domain. Instead, he comprehended the cultivation realm above the Dao Integration realm.

Karma.

Only after becoming a Sage and comprehending karma could one become a Sage.

The Human Realm was divided into Essence Cultivation, Qi Condensation, and Foundation Establishment.

The Earth Realm was divided into Connective Meridian, Spirit Enlightenment, and Golden Core.

The Heaven Realm was divided into Nascent Soul, Out of Body, and Divine Transformation.

Above Heaven Realm was Immortal Sage.

According to the categorization of the Immortal Source World, the three realms of Dao Integration, Karma, and Reincarnation were collectively called the Human Immortal Realm.

Chapter 642 - 642 One Furnace, A Thousand Pills! (2)

Above the Heaven Realm were Human Immortals.

Han Muye had yet to comprehend the reincarnation of the Human Immortal Realm.

However, in his divine soul, the Great Spirit combined with the power of incense offerings from the Divine Dao, coupled with the guidance of his divine soul in the Sword Dao, he could now comprehend karma. He could even injure karma with his sword.

This was his biggest secret.

Even if a Karma Sage caught him off guard, he would still have a chance to injure him with the Sword of the Soul.

Of course, to Han Muye, if he really encountered a Sage, he would not easily use the power of his soul to fight.

With the body of the divine beast Baxia, as long as he activated the divine beast's power to protect him, even a Karma Almighty would have a headache.

The Divine Beast Baxia was one of the strongest divine beasts in the ancient era in terms of defense and physical strength.

"Boom!"

In the World of Suwei, above the Eastern Sea, a huge body with a circumference of 30 miles flew out of the sky.

This was the Divine Beast Baxia heading into the void.

The experts of the Suwei World were already used to this scene.

It was impossible for such an expert to be trapped in the Suwei World forever.

Some time ago, the divine beast Baxia had flown out of this world and traveled millions of miles in the void, killing many exotic beasts before returning.

They did not know that this time, Han Muye was not only leading the divine beast's body to travel a million miles in the void, but he was returning to the Heavenly Mystic World!

The Heavenly Mystic World was facing the alliance of the No Resentment Realm and the Immortal Spirit World. Even with the support of Minister Wen, Han Muye felt that he had to plan ahead.

The power of the divine beast Baxia could become his own protection, and he could also use his full strength at the critical moment to save the Heavenly Mystic World.

Just as Lu Yuzhou had said, the Heavenly Mystic World was so beautiful. How could it be destroyed by others?

...

There was no sunrise or sunset on the deathly silent stars. However, in the Dao Domain within a radius of a hundred miles, the light and darkness of heaven and earth alternated, simulating the Great Dao.

When the purple aura came from the east, alchemists gathered from all over.

Li Siming, who was standing in front, clenched his fists and glanced at the smiling Han Muye. He nodded and walked forward.

He first bowed, then looked at the curious alchemists in front of him. "Seniors, fellow cultivators, I'm Li Siming. I've been entrusted by Mu Ye to preside over the refinement of the sword core."

As soon as he finished speaking, there was already a commotion below. Many people revealed gloomy expressions.

The refining of Sword Pills was not child's play. How could anyone preside over it?

The noise drowned out Li Siming's voice, making him tremble.

He turned around at a loss and saw Han Muye's indifferent expression.

He gritted his teeth and raised his hand.

The palm-sized Dao Essence Cauldron flew out and shook.

"Boom!"

A thousand-foot-long cauldron appeared in midair.

Li Siming didn't say anything else. Spiritual light turned into flames in his palm and wrapped around the Dao Essence Cauldron.

Han Muye smiled and quietly activated the fire attribute affinity power to increase the originally weak flames.

The flames rose, and Li Siming's aura began to calm down. He raised his hand, and spiritual herbs appeared one by one.

Each spiritual herb was extremely valuable.

This scene caused even more alchemists to frown.

They were all alchemy cultivators, so there was no need to explain the alchemy path.

Refining pills was not something that could be done by increasing the number of spiritual herbs.

Alchemy emphasized the balance of medicinal strength.

“Hehe, I’m a little impatient,” someone shook his head and said in a low voice.

As he spoke, he looked in Han Muye’s direction.

It seemed that this newly promoted Alchemy Division head wanted to show off his methods and deliberately lure a low-level Alchemy Master to attack.

However, he did not know what the consequences would be.

However, there were also some alchemy cultivators with profound cultivation who raised their heads, their eyes revealing a trace of intelligence.

The Dao Essence Cauldron, this extraordinary cauldron, attracted the attention of these Peak Nascent Soul Realm experts.

Can such a treasure be used to refine pills? they wondered.

“Buzz!”

The Dao Essence Cauldron shook. Li Siming raised his hand and threw the spiritual herbs into the cauldron.

His expression was meticulous, and his entire body exuded a solemn aura.

At this moment, his alchemy cultivation was secretly transforming and improving.

Unknowingly, Li Siming had stepped into the Alchemy Grandmaster Realm.

“Buzz!”

The pill cauldron spun, and waves of pill qi rose.

With more than 10 times the amount of spiritual herbs, the pill qi that rose far exceeded other times.

If not for the fact that the Dao Essence Cauldron was strong enough, the cauldron would have exploded.

Li Siming controlled the pill with all his might, and various spells kept changing in his palm.

Around him, the green Spirit Qi and the golden Core Qi combined.

This scene caused the expressions of Qin Suyang and the others to change.

At this moment, Li Siming was no longer the junior alchemy grandmaster from before. Instead, he was an experienced alchemy expert.

Such focus made Li Siming's realm feel like it had sublimated.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Li Siming, then on the Dao Essence Cauldron.

In the end, Li Siming's cultivation was still a little weak. It was a little strenuous to control the Dao Essence Cauldron. At this moment, the medicinal power in the cauldron was slowly dissipating.

With a thought, he activated the Dao Essence Cauldron and caused it to vibrate slightly. Then the medicinal power in it continuously blended and turned into a vortex.

Li Siming's head was covered in sweat. He turned to look at Han Muye with a grateful expression.

He took a deep breath and controlled the spell. He shook the cauldron and let the revolving medicinal power synthesize into medicinal pills.

"Boom!"

Lightning tore through the void and struck the Dao Essence Cauldron.

This lightning was the natural power of the Heavenly Dao after the fusion of the power of the Dao Domain.

This power was formed after Han Muye activated it.

If not for his lightning affinity, Lu Yuzhou and Qin Suyang would not have been able to form heavenly lightning in the Dao Domain.

The lightning descended, indicating that the pill had been successfully refined.

The pill cauldron opened and a pill flew out.

More than 10 portions of spiritual herbs naturally could not be this pill.

Just as one pill left the furnace, the other 12 flew into the air.

Lightning scattered and enveloped the medicinal pill.

"It's done..." Li Siming was about to collapse.

However, his eyes were shining.

Below, the eyes of the alchemy cultivators lit up.

"It's really feasible!" Qin Suyang took a step forward and slapped the Daoyuan Cauldron.

"Boom!"

The Dao Essence Cauldron became 10,000 feet tall!

He stretched out his hand, and piles of spiritual herbs appeared in front of him.

If Li Siming could refine 13 Sword Pills in one furnace, then he, Qin Suyang, could refine a thousand in one furnace.

Among the 8,000 alchemists present, the most they could refine was three to five furnaces of beauties a day, and they could only refine 30 to 50 thousand pills a day.

However, if he could refine pills like Li Siming, he would be able to refine 100,000 or 200,000 pills on that day!

“Mr. Mu Ye, can you refine pills with me?”

As the alchemic fire rose, Qin Suyang turned to look at Han Muye.

If it was just a cauldron of pills, Han Muye did not need to take out the Dao Essence Cauldron.

Qin Suyang knew that what Han Muye wanted was to refine more pills!

With the Dao Essence Cauldron as the foundation, 8,000 pill cultivators concocted a furnace of pills at the same time.

This cauldron could produce 100,000 pills!

Now Qin Suyang invited Han Muye to refine pills at the same time to deduce if this method was feasible.

Han Muye nodded and walked forward.

Qin Suyang’s movements were very fast. The 100,000 foot cauldron shook and spiritual herbs were thrown into it.

Han Muye’s eyes flickered. He raised his hand and injected spiritual energy into the cauldron.

If he refined pills himself, he could directly use sword qi to enter the cauldron and eliminate the impurities.

Now there was no need.

A trace of his soul gushed out and landed on the Dao Essence Cauldron.

“Grandmaster Zeng Yu, are you willing to refine this pill together?” Han Muye asked as he controlled his soul.

Upon hearing his invitation, an old man with a long beard stepped forward and raised his hand to cast a spell.

The power of the three alchemy powerhouses surged into the cauldron. The 100,000 foot cauldron shook, but it did not explode.

This was the Dao Essence Cauldron.

If it were any other ordinary pill furnace, it would not be able to withstand such power.

After the power in the pill furnace stabilized, Han Muye chuckled and looked down.

“Grandmaster He Jinci, Grandmaster Zhu Yang, Grandmaster Shu Ming...”

Every time he called out, a martial grandmaster would step forward and pour his spiritual energy and spirit into the cauldron.

It was not until the soul power on the cauldron gathered to more than 80 that Han Muye stopped calling and took a step back.

“Li Siming, you’ll be in charge later.”

His soul left the cauldron.

Li Siming nodded and took a step forward. He carefully probed his divine soul into the cauldron. Then he guided everyone’s divine soul and spiritual qi to constantly circulate in the cauldron.

An hour later, the huge cauldron shook.

Han Muye looked up, and the black Kui Horn floated behind him.

“Boom!”

Countless bolts of lightning descended.

Pills that were as bright as stars flew into the sky.

A cauldron of 1,000 pills!

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1,000 pills that were as bright as stars intertwined in midair.

The stream of light emitted wisps of sword qi.

Lightning flashed like rain, washing all the sword cores.

After the lightning, the sword cores retracted their halo, and the sword qi also retracted into the pill body, leaving only a dark golden spiritual pattern wrapped around the pill body.

Qin Suyang waved his hand and a sword core landed in his palm.

Spirit Qi poured into the sword core, and a wisp of sword intent that was about to take shape kept circulating.

With the pill in his hand, sword intent surged. Qin Suyang’s two fingers closed and turned into a sword technique.

“Clang—”

The sound of a sword whistling could be heard as the Sword Core flew out.

The 30-foot-long sword light carried a sharp edge. It either stabbed, or picked, or slashed, or hacked.

A Sword Core had actually become a sharp weapon that could kill thousands of soldiers.

The alchemy grand cultivators who were concocting pills all reached out and collected the pills in midair.

Some people held three to five pills in their hands, while others had seven to eight pills hanging in front of them.

More than half of the thousand medicinal pills were taken.

In front of everyone, these medicinal pills turned into a sword light in just a moment.

For a moment, under the Dao Essence Cauldron, the sword light was magnificent and beautiful.

If one did not know that this place was basically filled with alchemists, one would have thought that it was a gathering of sword cultivators.

Han Muye glanced over and shook his head gently.

Most of these alchemy cultivators were not good at fighting.

Although their soul power was strong and they could activate the Sword Core, they could not use the sword to move within an inch like true sword cultivators.

That sword light looked really terrifying.

However, to these alchemy grand cultivators, with three to five sword cores protecting them, it was indeed difficult for ordinary Earth Realm cultivators to get close.

If one was more proficient in cultivation and mastered the technique of controlling the Sword Pill, it would really be somewhat interesting.

Seeing these Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators controlling the Sword Core, the surrounding alchemy cultivators were a little impatient. Someone raised his hand and took out a Sword Core before playing with it.

Such a simplified sword pill only cost less than 300,000 spiritual rocks. None of the alchemists present were lacking in wealth.

They felt that this Sword Core could be controlled with the spirit. It was convenient and fast. At the very least, it seemed to have the ability to protect itself.

In an instant, the sword cores that filled the sky were all collected.

Then all kinds of sword lights circled around.

After all, they were alchemists with strong spiritual souls. With so many sword cores flying around, they did not collide.

Han Muye did not rush them and just watched from the side.

Even Lu Yuzhou had refined one of them. He was having a lot of fun there.

“What do you think you gained from the pill refinement just now?” Han Muye walked to Li Siming’s side and asked softly.

Hearing his words, Li Siming, who was still slightly immersed in the sword light that filled the sky, trembled and hurriedly said, “Sir, I think that if we refine like this, 3,000 pills in a furnace is the limit.

“The spirit power of the grandmasters is too strong. It’s really difficult to guide them.”

Han Muye nodded.

What Li Siming said was indeed problematic.

Earlier, it was Qin Suyang who attacked. Under Li Siming's guidance, the power of his soul could suppress those grandmasters.

If Qin Suyang did not make a move and others refined it, the spiritual soul consumption of the person guiding the refinement would be too great.

"Then let's split them into groups and refine them. A few Grandmasters will guide them, and a hundred Grandmasters and Peak Grandmasters can take action. Each person will only refine one furnace of pills a day."

Han Muye's eyes lit up as he spoke in a low voice.

Qin Suyang, who was at the side, had already put away the Sword Pill. He nodded and said, "This method is not bad. Although we will refine fewer pills in one furnace, the furnace fire will not stop. We can refine many furnaces overnight."

Han Muye smiled.

He would not tell Qin Suyang and the others that when the Dao Essence Cauldron refined pills, it would extract a trace of pill qi and soul power to nourish him. He would not say that the Dao Essence Cauldron already had a spiritual consciousness and would actively guide the refinement of pills.

When they really started to group up to refine pills, everyone would realize that the pill furnace was operating extremely smoothly. They almost did not have to worry too much about controlling it when refining pills.

With just a little guidance, the soul and spiritual qi would continue to flow, and the pills would be refined like flowing water.

When the power of the Sword Core was revealed, the alchemists behind naturally wanted to try refining it.

Especially when he looked at the pill cauldron just now. 100 people refining pills together must have had different comprehensions.

Indeed, when he was refining the pill earlier, he had collided with the souls of others in the cauldron. He had seen the medicinal power circulate in the cauldron like an ocean. It had inspired and stimulated the refinement of the soul and alchemy cultivation.

Li Siming made the arrangements, and Han Muye and Qin Suyang helped to organize them. In just a moment, the 8,000 alchemy cultivators were divided into 40 groups, each with 200 people.

Among these two hundred alchemists, there were at least three grandmasters in charge of guiding the power of the soul to refine pills in the cauldron.

Other alchemists only needed to infuse their Spiritual Soul and Spirit Qi into it, and then follow the previous method of refining the Sword Core to activate the medicinal power to condense the pill.

A cauldron of 3,000 pills.

However, at the beginning, the medicinal pills that were condensed were not in an orderly manner. A small half of them were ordinary pills, and even high-quality pills were considered quite a number.

Fortunately, the Sword Core was not meant to be consumed. It was meant to be used as a sword. Its quality was inferior and did not have much limitation on the combat strength after refining it. However, the time limit for using it would be shortened.

In a day, he had made a total of 20 furnaces of pills and produced more than 50,000 pills.

The remaining half of the alchemists watched from the side and did not refine pills.

After watching for half a day, Han Muye lost interest and returned to his flying ship's quiet room.

In the quiet room, a beam of spiritual light shot into the sky.

This spiritual light was so faint that outsiders could not see it.

The spiritual light turned into a long dragon and crashed into the huge cauldron in the sky.

The long dragon swam in the cauldron and quietly collected the scattered soul fragments, scattered spiritual qi, and medicinal strength.

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In any case, this power was intercepted by the Dao Essence Cauldron. Even if Han Muye did not take it, it would remain in the Dao Essence Cauldron and slowly dissipate.

The power of the divine soul was stored in the divine treasure and then polished with the divine soul sword.

Spiritual qi pressed into his dantian to increase the power of his Sword Dao Golden Core.

The dissipated medicinal power was also refined to strengthen his body.

To Han Muye, who had the body of a divine beast, this medicinal power was dispensable, but wasn't something better than nothing?

On the path of cultivation, it was taboo to choose something only to one's own advantage.

The alchemic fire outside did not stop, and Han Muye's soul spiritual energy and medicinal power were endless.

This kind of cultivation was extremely satisfying.

It was naturally refreshing not to spend his own spiritual rocks to cultivate.

"Boom!"

The trickle turned into a surging river. The spiritual energy gathered in the cauldron poured into his dantian and wrapped around the Sword Dao Sword Core in Han Muye's dantian.

His Golden Core, which had already reached the peak of Level Three, began to slowly transform.

Spirit patterns intertwined on the golden core.

In Han Muye's mind, images of sword cultivation appeared.

Mystic Element Sword Technique.

One Mystic Sword Technique.

Eastern Sea's swordsmanship.

The sword technique of the Immortal Spirit World.

With the guidance of the sword technique, the Golden Core transformed.

Sword light condensed in the entire quiet room.

Ten days later, Han Muye walked out of the quiet room.

At this moment, the aura on his body had changed quite a bit. His soul surged and his alchemy Qi dissipated.

His original cultivation level of the third level of the Golden Core Realm had reached the fourth level.

He had no choice. He had gathered too much power and did not have enough time to refine it.

When he was refining pills two days ago, he produced 3,000 pills per furnace. The medicinal power was still wasted.

In the next few days, the alchemy masters became more and more proficient in their techniques, and their cooperation was tacit. Every furnace produced 5,000 pills.

This way, 100,000 pills could be produced in a day, and the quality was getting better and better.

The power collected by the Dao Essence Cauldron was also increasing, so much so that Han Muye could not refine it in time.

At this moment, Han Muye came out of seclusion because Qin Suyang had summoned him.

The Sword Pills refined in 10 days had to be sent to the Alchemy Conference.

The alchemists' ability to protect themselves was extremely poor. With the sword core protecting them, they could obtain more protection.

With so many pills, Qin Suyang had to personally escort them. As for Han Muye, he naturally had to accompany him.

After all, Mu Wan had followed the army to the front. He did not know how the situation was now.

Moreover, Han Muye, Qin Suyang, and the others did not just stay on this dead star. They had another secret matter to do.

It was fine as long as Lu Yuzhou, a Half-Sage, was stationed here. How could he waste more experts?

After instructing Li Siming to preside over the pill refinement and handing over the Heavenly Mystic World spiritual herbs, Qin Suyang and Han Muye boarded a flying ship and left quietly with a thousand Red Flame soldiers and 300 experts.

This time, the flying ship hid its tracks. Even if it encountered strange beasts wandering in the void, it would not attack. It would only try its best to escape.

Tens of thousands of kilometers ahead, they encountered more flying ships of the Heavenly Mystic World along the way. The situation on the battlefield was transmitted back.

Millions of reinforcements arrived on the battlefield and finally stabilized several captured worlds.

Now, the Heavenly Mystic army and the No Resentment Realm army were fighting on a few stars. The experts from both sides were attacking with all their might, wanting to defeat the other party.

The new army commander commanded Lu Yang to lead the army and fought a few fierce battles.

In those battles, Butcher Lu's name spread far and wide.

Han Muye's flying ship did not reach the front line. Instead, it landed on a star called the Huiming World behind them.

The Alchemy Conference was held in the Huiming World.

At this time, the Alchemy Conference hosted by Baili Xinglin had already been held for several days.

When Han Muye and the others arrived, they saw the alchemy qi that filled the sky interwoven into clouds.

Endless spiritual light covered this star.

One by one, the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills were refined and condensed into Cloud Pills. Then, they were stored in jade bottles.

"Brother Qin, we originally agreed to come in three months, but I didn't expect you to come so early." Seeing Qin Suyang, Han Muye, and the others arrive, Baili Xinglin looked happy.

The other martial grandmasters also smiled and went forward to pay their respects.

According to previous calculations, the first batch of one million Sword Pills would take at least three months to refine.

Therefore, they had agreed to wait for the pills to be refined.

About three months later, they would be sent to the Alchemy Conference as a reward.

Now this was completely beyond expectations.

Qin Suyang raised his hand and a sword core appeared.

Baili Xinglin reached out to take it. After examining it, she nodded in satisfaction.

"How many sword cores did Brother Qin bring?"

Qin Suyang chuckled and turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand and took out a jade box.

This jade box was a treasure that could hold a lot of items in its space.

At this moment, it was first filled with pills.

Sword cores.

Half a day later, sword light soared into the sky above the Huiming World.

The hundreds of thousands of alchemists who participated in the Alchemy Conference each had at least one or two sword cores to protect themselves.

These people each practiced their sword cores, and surging sword qi surged into the sky.

Baili Xinglin, Han Muye, and the others stood at the side, but they did not stop him.

“Muye, do you have a way to increase the power of this Sword Core?”

Looking at the scattered sword lights, Baili Xinglin asked in a low voice.

This sword light looked magnificent, but it was actually chaotic and disorderly. If an expert really came, it would be completely harmless.

Qin Suyang also turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye’s Sword Dao cultivation should be stronger than his.

“Increase the combat strength of the Sword Core...” Han Muye muttered to himself.

The simplest method was to increase the medicinal power of the Sword Core.

Each of the Sword Pills in his hand could unleash a thousand times the combat power of this simplified version.

However, that was not a good thing.

Firstly, the cost of such a pill was too high. One pill cost millions of spiritual rocks.

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Secondly, refining such a pill required a lot of soul power.

Not everyone who participated in the Alchemy Conference had Han Muye’s almost limitless soul power.

There was another layer. Han Muye was worried that if this sword core was snatched away by a powerful enemy, it would be troublesome.

In that case, he could not think of another way for the Sword Core.

He could only work on alchemists.

It was impossible for these fellows who cultivated the Dao of alchemy to learn sword techniques.

Looking at the endless array of alchemy cultivators, Han Muye’s eyes flickered.

“I have a great formation that allows groups of 361 cultivators to form a formation.

“I can increase the number of cultivators by 10 times, 100 times or 1,000 times.”

Each alchemy cultivator will be a chess piece. Each will use a sword core as a sword. Together, they will set up the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation!

It was not just a grand formation. Rather, it was a super grand formation with formations of a hundred people and a thousand people.

Han Muye's eyes shone as he envisioned 360,000 alchemy cultivators forming a large formation.

Just the thought of such combat strength made one's heart turn cold!

Unconsciously, his lips curled up.

He felt that he had released some monster.

Alchemy cultivators could control swords.

If every sword cultivator used this sword core as a sword and 3.6 million sword cultivators lined up, then the Heavenly Cycle Formation could fight karma once it was completed!

A trace of sword intent surged in Han Muye's body. When he returned to the Heavenly Mystic World, he would definitely make a trip to the Eastern Sea.

There were tens of millions of sword cultivators in the Eastern Sea.

As soon as his train of thought opened, Han Muye immediately felt that the way in front of him was vast.

Sword Dao, Alchemy Dao, and Formation Dao could all be combined.

Then what about other cultivation methods?

What about the other attributes?

In an instant, Han Muye felt that the world in front of him was colorful.

This was the joy of cultivation.

What was the point of blindly cultivating and pursuing longevity?

Only by exploring the mysteries of cultivation could one truly cultivate.

For example, wasn't the sword core he created interesting?

One person's power could move tens of millions of people, and one person's strength could affect a region.

This was true cultivation!

Han Muye stood where he was. The long sword in the divine treasure kept vibrating, turning into a three-foot-long green sword.

This sword was solid and was no different from an ordinary sword.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, it was indeed extremely delightful.

The sword of the soul condensed into substance. This was the complete transformation of the power of the mind.

In the future, unless a true karma powerhouse took action, no one could suppress the power of his soul. Even if he was Minister Wen, he probably couldn't.

"Heavenly Cycle Formation?" Qin Suyang turned to Han Muye and said softly, "This is the inheritance of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor back then.

"Minister Wen and Marquis Wu both inherited from the Dao Ancestor."

Then what was the identity of Han Muye, who knew the Heavenly Cycle Formation?

Minister Wen's direct disciple?

Or could he be the successor nurtured by Marquis Wu?

Han Muye chuckled and did not speak.

He could not tell what his identity was.

Was he from the same sect as Minister Wen and Marquis Wu?

However, he still had the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion.

Hundreds of thousands of alchemists were grouped into different regions. When each of them used his sword core, he could only use one trajectory.

Just this arrangement and training alone took close to 10 days.

As for the final effect, no one knew.

Because he couldn't deduce it.

Han Muye did not dare to have an actual run of the great formation.

If they really activated the formation, it would cause the spiritual qi of heaven and earth to change. The void within a radius of tens of thousands of miles would tremble.

That would cost too much.

Although the formation was completed, there was still a need to quietly practice later.

According to Han Muye's request, each of the 361 alchemists had to spend two hours a day practicing formation techniques.

As long as they did not practice at the same time, they would not activate the power of the formation.

In 10 days, there were already millions of Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills collected in the Huiming World.

Apart from taking most of them back to the camp, there were still some that had to be sent to the frontlines.

This time, Han Muye followed the flying ship to the frontline again.

This was because Mu Wan and tens of thousands of alchemy cultivators had already followed the army to the frontline.

Originally, Baili Xinglin had asked Mu Wan to stay in the Alchemy Conference.

However, Mu Wan felt that she would not be able to obtain any training if she stayed here. Her method of refining the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishment Pill was already extremely proficient.

She might as well follow those alchemy cultivators to the frontline.

She still had many protective methods that Han Muye had given her.

Mu Wan also wanted to go to the frontline to take a look.

After cultivating for so many years, she knew her own shortcomings. She was not good at fighting.

With Han Muye protecting her, she did not feel handicapped by her shortcomings. After the flying ship rushed out of the Heavenly Mystic World and she parted ways with Han Muye, she felt an uncontrollable fear in her heart.

Therefore, after coming to the Huiming World and thinking for a long time, Mu Wan decided to go to the frontline.

Only by defending herself could she go far on the path of cultivation.

“Wan’er has her own opinions.” Baili Xinglin looked at Han Muye and said softly, “Perhaps you have many confidants, but she’s different.

“She’s silently working hard to be with you for a long time.”

Han Muye knew of Mu Wan’s efforts.

He understood her intentions.

Therefore, he was carefully protecting this extremely pure friendship from the cultivation world to the mortal world.

The three flying ships went straight to the frontline. Along the way, one could see the reorganized army.

Qin Suyang, Baili Xinglin, and the others wanted to distribute the refined Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills to the various army encampments, so Han Muye headed to Mu Wan’s place alone.

Flying on his sword, Han Muye crossed 30 million miles. It took him five days to reach a star where both sides were fighting bitterly.

100,000 miles away, the impact of the spiritual light could be seen.

In the starry sky, Han Muye could feel the Heavenly Dao of this world trembling.

Not all stars had the same powerful Heavenly Dao energy as the Heavenly Mystic World.

Most of the star power could only resist those above the Heaven Realm. A Karma Realm expert could cause a Heavenly Dao to collapse.

In the void, there were countless worlds. Just like the Fire Source World, the power of the Heavenly Dao suppressed the Heaven Realm.

The stars here were like this.

Dozens of Heaven Realm cultivators were fighting in the void, but they didn't enter the star.

On the star, the ones fighting were the generals below the Heaven Realm.

Han Muye quietly crashed into the sky and looked for the battlefield where the spiritual light exploded.

"Buzz!"

A golden stream of light enveloped him.

There was a soul-stirring power in that stream of light that seemed to whisper in his ear, making him submit.

Divine Dao technique!

Han Muye looked up and saw a Divine Dao cultivator in golden armor standing in the air not far ahead with a long spear in his hand.

"A cultivator from the Heavenly Mystic World?"

After sizing up Han Muye, the Divine Dao cultivator pointed his spear at Han Muye and said indifferently, "I'll give you a chance. Submit to me and become a guardian divine soldier, or let me refine your soul and turn you into a divine slave."

Chapter 646 - 646 The Background of the Heavenly Mystic Sword Pavilion

Divine guardian soldiers.

Divine Slave.

Divine cultivators relied on external forces to cultivate, so their strength was a little weak.

But that was relative.

The cultivation of Divine Dao cultivators increased extremely quickly. The support of incense and power of faith continuously created Earth Realm experts.

This was also the reason why the Heavenly Mystic army had always been at a disadvantage when fighting against the No Resentment Realm.

Facing this predicament, Marquis Wu had to attack again and again, looking for opportunities to kill the Divine King Realm experts.

The Divine Dao cultivator in front of Han Muye was at the eighth level of the Golden Core Realm, and his body was condensed with divinity.

The so-called divinity was roughly equivalent to the Nascent Soul condensed by other cultivators.

If this divine cultivator's divinity took form, he could create a divine clone that was no different from a Nascent Soul cultivator.

Seeing that Han Muye was indifferent and was only sizing him up, anger flashed across the golden-armored Divine Dao cultivator's face. He raised his hand and stabbed at Han Muye's chest.

The battle spear carried the sound of wind and thunder. It contained sharp power. Before the spear reached him, the sound of thunder had already sounded.

A wisp of soul power surged out of the void, wanting to lock Han Muye's soul.

The combat methods of Divine Dao cultivators had changed more than what Han Muye had seen from those weapons previously.

At the very least, the power transmitted from the battle spear was closer to martial techniques.

As for the suppression of divine soul power, it was purely a divine technique.

It seemed that after many years of war, Divine Dao cultivators had also learned to use multiple methods to deal with enemies.

When the spear reached his chest, the power of his soul was like an abyss. If it was an ordinary cultivator, he could only remain motionless and die on the spot under such pressure.

However, Han Muye's soul power was extremely powerful, and his combat strength was even more monstrous.

His eyes emitted a golden spiritual light that exploded and wrapped around the other party's soul.

"Boom!"

The energy around the Divine Dao cultivator shattered. His face was pale, and he could not hold the spear in his hand anymore. It fell to the ground.

He looked at Han Muye in fear. He wanted to speak, but he felt dizzy and could not speak for a moment.

Han Muye reached out and held the spear in his hand.

Sword qi surged into the battle spear, and he saw the scene he wanted.

On this star, No Resentment Realm had deployed 200,000 troops to fight against the same number of Heavenly Mystic soldiers.

The divine cultivators on the other side were in charge of cleaning up the periphery of the battlefield.

There was also such an expert in the Heavenly Mystic World who could kill scattered enemies.

The most tragic battle ahead was in a nameless canyon. According to the No Resentment Realm army's plan, they wanted to obliterate most of the Heavenly Mystic Army's generals there.

"Sword cultivators from the Immortal Spirit World?" Han Muye saw a team of sword cultivators in green robes with swords on their backs appear on the screen.

These cultivators came from the Immortal Spirit World and formed a sword formation. They charged forward and killed in the long and narrow valley.

The formation of the Red Flame Army in the Heavenly Mystic World could not stop these people at all.

“Sword Core.” Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

He was surprised to see the Sword Core he had given Mu Wan.

More than 10 Sword Cores formed a line, which was the key to blocking the Immortal Spirit World Sword Formation.

However, he did not know if Mu Wan had taken the initiative to hand over the sword core or if the commander of the Red Flame Army had asked for it.

The scene in his mind circulated, and Han Muye saw the cultivation technique of the Divine Dao cultivator named Sun Yun.

Similar to the Big Yellow Court, it gathered the power of incense.

However, through deduction, Han Muye felt that there were loopholes in Sun Yun’s cultivation technique.

This was because his Divine Dao foundation was created by his elder, not by his own cultivation.

If that elder wanted to take back his cultivation one day, it would be easy.

This method was extremely similar to the demonic path.

Actually, the cultivation method based on gathering faith and incense was only a thin line away from being a deity or a demon.

Holding the spear, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

Sun Yun’s body, which was originally trembling and struggling, stiffened. After a moment, he bowed and stood up.

Han Muye had cultivated the Big Yellow Court. He imitated Sun Yun’s Divine Dao cultivation method and immediately suppressed the other party’s soul with his powerful soul power.

At this moment, Sun Yun, who was wearing golden armor, had become Han Muye’s guardian general.

“Wait for me here.”

Han Muye waved his hand and threw the spear back.

He still had some use for this guardian general.

Sun Yun nodded, and with a flash, he vanished.

The power of the Divine Dao had its merits.

For example, at this moment, Sun Yun was in a space created by the power of the Divine Dao. Ordinary cultivators below the Heaven Realm would not detect him at all.

Such a method was extremely suitable for sneak attacks.

Han Muye turned to look not far away and flew towards the nameless canyon where the battle was intense.

Before they reached the valley, several divine lights greeted them.

Han Muye no longer had any patience, and his eyes were filled with killing intent. The sword light in his hand flashed, and a sword core flew out, piercing through three divine lights.

Without changing its direction, the sword core immediately fell to the edge of the battlefield below.

“Boom!”

The sword core fell to the ground and exploded, blowing up the void within a radius of 1,000 feet.

Before the Divine Dao cultivators could react, they were destroyed by the self-destruction of the Sword Core.

The cost of a Sword Core was one million. It was already a good deal to be able to kill an Earth Realm Spirit Awakening cultivator. At this moment, there were clearly two Golden Core Realm cultivators and three No Resentment Realm soldiers with Spirit Awakening Realm cultivation bases who were enveloped by the spiritual light and sword light.

Without hesitation, Han Muye reached out and flicked out five sword cores.

The sword cores formed a Three Stars Sword Formation in mid-air, while the other two immediately crashed into the military formation below.

The oncoming divine cultivators were blocked by the sword formation. The two sword cores that fell into the battle formation exploded, kicking up a cloud of dust.

“Boom!”

What remained of the neat and orderly No Resentment Realm battle formation were two large empty spaces.

Chapter 647 - 647 The Background of the Heavenly Mystic Sword Pavilion (2)

Deafening cheers rang out from the Heavenly Mystic World as its military formation descended.

“Woo—”

The army of the No Resentment Realm began to retreat.

Han Muye flew to the edge of the cliff and looked at Mu Wan, who was dressed in white clothes that were stained with dust and blood. She walked over slowly with a smile.

“Senior Brother.”

Mu Wan walked over, opened her bloodstained hands, and gently buried her head in Han Muye’s chest.

Han Muye reached out and stroked Mu Wan’s soft hair.

Although Han Muye had come alone, he had brought many Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills.

As he looked at Mu Wan leading a group of alchemists, shuttling between the heavily injured generals to bandage their wounds, and using spiritual energy and medicinal pills to help them recover, Han Muye couldn't help but feel a little emotional.

In the Western Frontier, Mu Wan, who would turn pale even when she saw blood, could now face broken limbs and injuries calmly.

Seeing how skilled she was in bandaging and how serious she looked when treating the injured generals with medicinal pills and spiritual herbs, he realized she had really grown a lot.

"Mr. Mu Ye." A Daoist in a green robe and a middle-aged man in black armor stepped forward.

The Daoist's name was Lu Chengyang. He was an expert who controlled the Sword Core to resist the sword formation of the Immortal Spirit World. The black-armored middle-aged man was the commander of the 30,000-strong army here, the commander of Imperial Guards, Zuo Hegu.

Just as Han Muye had thought, Mu Wan only had two sword cores left for her own protection as she had handed the other sword cores to the generals.

Lu Chengyang.

If Lu Chengyang had not used the Sword Cores to block the Immortal Spirit World Sword Formation, the canyon would have been lost.

"Mr. Mu Ye, Fairy Mu Wan is kind and magnanimous. Not only did she treat the injured with all her might, but she also offered a protective treasure. Everyone respects her on our Divine Guards front." Zuo Hegu bowed to Han Muye.

They knew about Mu Wan and Han Muye's relationship.

The sword cores were given to Mu Wan by Han Muye for her protection.

At this moment, if Zuo Hegu did not explain clearly and offended a great cultivator like Mu Ye, he would not be able to bear the responsibility.

Lu Chengyang had the same thought.

Holding the sword cores, Lu Chengyang looked at Han Muye. "Mr. Muye, I'm returning these sword cores."

Han Muye glanced at the sword cores and waved his hand. "It's just a few sword cores. My junior sister is here. Just protect her."

Han Muye couldn't stay here forever.

Zuo Hegu and Lu Chengyang were overjoyed. They quickly bowed and left.

Han Muye stayed in the camp of the valley army for a day. After handing Mu Wan a protective treasure, sword cores, and Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pills to her, he left quietly.

Just as Mu Wan had said, everyone had their own cultivation paths.

She couldn't ask her senior brother to protect her forever.

Han Muye found Zuo Hegu and Lu Chengyang and taught them how to form arrays with the sword cores.

It was impossible to form the Heavenly Cycle Formation, but they could form a few good sword arrays with sword cores.

With these sword formations, Lu Chengyang and a few half-step Heaven Realm experts could easily resist the sword formations of the Immortal Spirit World.

It was a battle of formations.

After personally seeing the sword core dance and making the sword cultivators in the Immortal Spirit World dizzy, Han Muye left in satisfaction.

After leaving this world, Han Muye did some investigation. After knowing that a great cultivator was quietly guarding this realm, he hid himself and left with the subjugated Divine General Sun Yun.

Ten days later, a spiritual light shook in front of him.

After standing in the void for a moment, a general in red armor appeared. He bowed to Han Muye and led him to a meteorite with a radius of a hundred miles.

Qin Suyang, Baili Xinglin, Yan Zhenqing, and other top powerhouses were all there.

A solemn-looking Marquis Wu in a grayish-black robe stood in front.

Seeing Han Muye arrive, everyone nodded slightly.

Marquis Wu's gaze landed on Sun Yun, who was behind Han Muye.

"There are many control methods in the Divine Dao Cultivation Method. Be careful of the backlash." Marquis Wu said.

For a great cultivator like Marquis Wu, he could tell at a glance that Han Muye was suppressing Sun Yun with the power of his soul.

Han Muye nodded and looked at everyone. "To set up the Deity Investiture Altar, you have to mobilize the power of the Divine Dao. The closer you are to the No Resentment Realm, the better.

"I subdued this person and found some information."

The No Resentment Realm was said to be a world with several stars. Back then, 18 Divine Kings each occupied a region.

Later on, several Divine Kings died, and the power of incense on some stars became chaotic.

According to Han Muye's plan, he would find a star where a Divine King had fallen and the power of incense was chaotic, and then set up the Deity Investiture Altar.

That said, Han Muye looked at Marquis Wu.

The others also turned to look at Marquis Wu.

This kind of matter required the Marquis Wu to personally make a decision.

Sneaking into the stars around the No Resentment Realm, they might be surrounded by an army if they were not careful.

Even if the other experts could leave, they would probably suffer heavy casualties.

“Okay.”

After pondering for a moment, Marquis Wu nodded.

Half a day later, three flying ships flew out of the meteorite and into the endless void.

On the flying ship, Han Muye looked at the people in front of him and sighed.

“Senior Brother Han.” Zhao Youzhi, who had lost an arm, Li San, Jiang Han, and the others stood on the flying ship excitedly.

On the other side, Lu Xiaoyun bowed with a strange expression and called out, “Patriarch.”

It couldn’t be helped. Lu Yuzhou was her patriarch. Since Han Muye was his brother, Lu Xiaoyun naturally had to call him ‘Patriarch Han Muye’.

This 18th-ranked expert could only look at Han Muye gloomily.

The Heavenly Mystic Guards team led by Lu Xiaoyun had extraordinary combat strength and was tasked with protecting Han Muye.

Although Han Muye was not the most important person in this mission, he was still the main planner.

Chapter 648 - 648 The Background of the Heavenly Mystic Sword Pavilion (3)

At this moment, Lu Xiaoyun’s cultivation level was already half a step into the Heaven Realm. According to the practice of the Mystic Sun Guards, she suppressed her cultivation with all her might.

Li Three was already in the Heaven Realm and her Sword Dao cultivation was extremely strong. She was no longer as lazy as before in the Western Frontier. Instead, she was filled with refined killing intent.

Zhao Youzhi’s left-hand sword had already reached the point where his sword moves left no traces.

The current Zhao Youzhi was one of Lu Xiaoyun’s trump cards.

Han Muye tested it. Zhao Youzhi’s sword technique was still wide open, but it was mixed with strangeness, making it difficult to resist.

Sometimes, cultivation was like this. One did not have to follow a path based on what others thought.

Back in the Western Frontier, Han Muye had once cultivated the reversed Crescent Moon Sword Technique.

However, Zhao Youzhi still pursued justice.

In Han Muye's opinion, there is a myriad of cultivation paths. The best direction that one deduced might not be smooth. The path that one desired and chose might not be free from thorns.

In cultivation, it was only right to face the path calmly.

When he reunited with his old friends, Han Muye accompanied them for a drink.

Everyone sighed when they talked about the Western Frontier, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and the Cloud Nest Ridge.

If one did not enter the Central Continent, one would not know how big the Heavenly Mystic World was.

Without entering the Imperial City, one would not know the prosperity of the world.

If one did not leave the Heavenly Mystic World, how would one know that the world was vast and boundless, with thousands of realms, and that it was brilliant?

"When I was stationed on Fengming Star, I sparred with a few sword cultivators. I felt that their swordsmanship was a combination of magic swords and sword intent.

"Senior Brother Han, is it possible to integrate various paths in the cultivation of the Sword Dao?"

Putting down the wine glass, Jiang Han said in a low voice.

The 100th outer sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect now exuded a calm aura. He had two swords on his back. One had sword intent flashing on it, and the other had a hint of a magical technique.

Integrate.

Han Muye smiled.

Unknowingly, these fellow disciples from back then had all walked their own paths.

"Cultivation in the world isn't so detailed. Who said that one has to cultivate sword intent? Who said that you have to practice sword spells?"

The water vapor in the wine cup in Han Muye's hand spread out and turned into three feet.

The three feet of water vapor instantly froze and turned into an ice-cold long sword.

As soon as the sword appeared, a trace of domineering sword intent appeared.

He used Dharma to condense the sword and used his will to control it.

But it was so simple.

"Buzz!"

The cold sword in Han Muye's hand trembled and shattered into countless pieces.

These countless broken swords turned into butterflies and danced in the cabin, looking very beautiful.

Spells?

Sword technique?

Zhao Youzhi, Jiang Han, and the others looked confused.

Li Three's eyes flashed as she shouted, "Break!"

A sword intent flashed and shattered all the butterflies.

The shattered butterflies returned, turned into a cloud, and returned to Han Muye's wine cup.

"So be it. How can you go back on your word?" Li Three glared at Han Muye and finished the wine in her cup.

Han Muye laughed and raised his hand to drink the wine in front of him.

...

After a round of drinking, Lu Xiaoyun quietly led Li Three and the others away.

They needed to take the lead and set up in that star.

With them was Sun Yun, the Divine General that Han Muye had subdued.

After Li Three and the others left, Han Muye went into seclusion to cultivate. Three days later, a general came with an invitation.

It was an invitation from Marquis Wu.

When Han Muye arrived at the cabin where the Marquis Wu lived, he saw the green-robed Marquis Wu sitting in front of a small table, holding an ink brush in his hand and drawing.

Under the brush, a green dragon shadow moving through the clouds had taken shape.

Every scale on the dragon's body could be seen clearly.

Han Muye was a little stunned.

Marquis Wu's cultivation method was actually the same as the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng.

Tuoba Cheng condensed his blood essence into ink and placed it in the painting.

Marquis Wu was infused with a great divine power, and his brush had a soul.

"Have you seen this cultivation method before?"

Marquis Wu looked up at Han Muye and said softly.

Han Muye nodded.

"It's the Western Frontier, right?" The Marquis Wu chuckled and looked at Han Muye. "I've been to the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier before.

"You should know the background of the Sword Pavilion."

Sword Pavilion.

It was passed down from the Immortal Source World.

It was the holy land of cultivation in the world.

“Back then, I went to the Immortal Source World and even came back as a legacy disciple of the Sword Pavilion.”

A trace of nostalgia appeared on Marquis Wu’s face. He sighed and said, “At the end of the day, I’m not a sword cultivator.

“The Sword Pavilion can only remain in the Western Frontier to suppress the passage to the Immortal Source World.”

Did Marquis Wu bring the Sword Pavilion from the Immortal Source World?

Han Muye looked at Marquis Wu in front of him.

“In the cultivation of the world, there is reincarnation after karma. Senior Brother Wen and I were unable to escape the calamity of reincarnation, so we stayed in this world.

“Senior Brother Wen has different ambitions. I will do my best to help him.

“The Sword Pavilion’s inheritance originated from the Immortal Source World’s Upper Three Heavens. It’s even grander than the ancestor’s Heavenly Mystic’s inheritance.”

Looking at Han Muye, Marquis Wu lowered his voice and said softly, “I hope that one day when the Heavenly Mystic Realm is in trouble, you won’t stand by and do nothing.”

The Heavenly Mystic in trouble.

What kind of plan does Minister Wen have that will cause a disaster for the Heavenly Mystic?

Even if it’s the Immortal Spirit World, it shouldn’t be able to overturn the powerful Heavenly Mystic World, right?

Han Muye frowned and was about to speak when he saw a sword light flashing in front of him and endless streams of light attacking.

Dao Domain.

Unknowingly, he had landed in the Marquis Wu Dao Domain!

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye looked at the endless sword lights attacking him and shouted. The sword intent long sword in his sea of Qi condensed into a line and instantly slashed down.

Sword against sword!

Marquis Wu had once cultivated the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion, so his sword cultivation must be extremely strong.

But to Han Muye, there was no one in the world who could make him lower his head!

“Boom!”

The sword light collided and turned into scattered spiritual light.

As soon as the spiritual light appeared, it had already become intertwined light swords.

Han Muye's eyes burst with resplendent spiritual light, and the swords in front of him turned into streaks of light.

Golden Touch.

First Leaf.

Fire beacons set a prairie ablaze.

Crescent Moon.

"Senior, I learned a sword technique from Mo Yuan, the number one outer sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"This sword technique was created from 200 years of observation and convergence of 10,000 swords.

"It's called the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Looking at all the sword lights in front of him turn into Marquis Wu in a white robe, Han Muye said softly, "Senior, please take my sword."

As soon as he finished speaking, 10,000 swords rose!

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, One Sword to 10,000 Swords!

"Great!"

With a loud shout, Marquis Wu slashed down with the 10,000-foot long sword light in his hand.

Chapter 649 - 649 Descending on Yunchen Star, Impersonating as the Divine King's Emissary

649 Descending on Yunchen Star, Impersonating as the Divine King's Emissary

Sword qi soared into the sky as 10,000 swords shot out at the same time.

The swords in Han Muye's hand had just appeared when they suddenly collided in midair, condensing into a sword.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, One Sword to 10,000 Swords!

At this moment, the 10,000 swords returned to one.

In front of him, Marquis Wu, who had slashed out with his sword, laughed out loud with joy in his eyes.

"It's rare that you can cultivate the Sword Dao to such an extent. No wonder you can obtain the recognition of the Sword Pavilion!"

He raised his hand and retracted the sword light that he had already slashed out.

“With this sword, you can go anywhere in the world.”

Looking at Han Muye’s sword, Marquis Wu’s expression slowly turned solemn.

Behind him, the phantom of a 10,000-foot-long green flood dragon appeared.

Greater Demon True Body!

Ancient Azure Dragon Bloodline!

At this moment, Han Muye saw a top expert who had refined the body of a divine beast like him.

No, Marquis Wu was not refining his true body. He was originally from the Ancient Azure Dragon Clan.

This also explained why Marquis Wu was still able to cultivate above the Dao Integration Stage after Wen Mosheng became a Sage through the Heavenly Mystic Heavenly Dao.

What he cultivated was not the strength of the Heavenly Daos, but the power of his bloodline.

The ancient bloodline was comparable to a Sage.

“I came from the Azure Dragon Race in the Desolate Wilderness and was taken in by the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor to cultivate for 30,000 years.

“Of Master’s 3,000 disciples, less than 101 could obtain his legacy.

“Only Senior Brother Wen, Junior Brother Yuan Tian and I obtained the inheritance.”

With the sword in his hand, a halo circulated around Marquis Wu’s body, and a transcendent spiritual aura flickered.

His gaze fell on the long sword that was descending from above. He said indifferently, “Senior Brother Wen cultivated the Heaven and Earth Chess Game and used all things as chess pieces.

“Junior Brother Yuan Tian cultivated the true meaning of the Sword Dao and used the sword to form the Heavenly Cycle Formation.

“I vowed to reunite with the wilderness, so I used my scales as soldiers and gathered 361,000 scales as troops to set up the Heavenly Cycle Battle Formation.

“Perhaps it’s fate that you’re able to obtain Master’s legacy.

“If you can break this Heavenly Cycle Battle Formation, there will be one more person under the Heavenly Mystic Sect in the future.”

As soon as he finished speaking, green light filled the sky.

Green scales that were 10 feet in diameter transformed into soldiers holding spears. They formed a battle formation and stood in the air.

361,000 soldiers formed an array and surrounded Han Muye.

At this moment, the long sword was already in front of Marquis Wu, but it could not go any further.

“Battle formation?”

Han Muye's gaze landed in front of him, and a smile appeared on his face.

"Ever since I obtained the Heavenly Cycle Chessboard, I've been calculating. Marquis Wu, you should have achieved the Dao through military formations."

On the other side, Marquis Wu raised his hand and tapped the tip of the long sword in front of him with a smile.

"You're right, that depends on how you break my formation..."

Before Marquis Wu could finish speaking, his eyes suddenly widened.

Around Han Muye, who was surrounded by the military formation, a phantom of Baxia appeared.

Lightning flashed on Baxia's body.

"Marquis Wu, you didn't learn military formations at all. Instead, you locked your bloodline power with your domain power and let your main body stay in the mortal world!

"The Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Tribe is your bloodline, right?"

Han Muye shouted, interrupting Marquis Wu.

The rampaging qi and blood energy around him turned into a pillar of light. Not only did the general array break through, even Marquis Wu's Dao Domain power could not restrain it.

A void appeared around Han Muye.

He reached out and gathered another sword in his palm.

"Originally, I was prepared to break your Heavenly Cycle power with my comprehension of the fourth level of the Sword Dao. But now, I have a new idea."

Han Muye's words were filled with endless confidence and surging battle intent.

"Sword cultivation is the purest manifestation of power in the world.

"All things are incompatible. Slash.

"But the purity of power is not the ultimate pursuit."

The sword in Han Muye's hand emitted an endless blood color as the power of his bloodline condensed!

The strongest power on Han Muye's body was not his Sword Dao Golden Core, nor was it the sword intent condensed in his Qi Sea, nor was he the soul sword that had materialized in his divine treasures.

Although these powers were strong, they were powerless against the current Marquis Wu, let alone break through his Dao Domain.

The only thing in the world that could break through the Dao Domain was the same power as it.

For example, the pure power of the divine beast Baxia.

Using his physical strength as a sword and his blood essence as a guide, this slash was Baxia's attack!

“Marquis Wu, let’s see how this sword works!”

Han Muye laughed, raised the sword in his hand, and slashed at Marquis Wu.

The moment the sword rose, the Dao Domain around him shattered.

A pained expression appeared on Marquis Wu’s face. He shook his head and pressed his hands down.

“Boom!”

A strong gust blew through the quiet cabin, scattering papers and wood.

The Dao Domain was broken, and Marquis Wu’s cabin was in a mess.

Marquis Wu, who was sitting in front of the small table, smiled bitterly and looked up at Han Muye, who was standing in front of him.

“He’s a true sword cultivator after all...

“If it were me, I definitely won’t be able to use this sword move.”

Sword cultivators were all lunatics.

The fighting spirit in Han Muye’s eyes disappeared, and he smiled.

Marquis Wu’s strength was not something he could challenge now.

The strength of a reincarnated cultivator wasn’t limited to the Dao Domain.

Those who had cultivated to the later stages of karma were already pursuing the transformation of their power.

This kind of transformation was not something the current Han Muye could deduce.

However, just as Marquis Wu had said, the fact that he could use his sword meant everything.

As a sword cultivator, he naturally used this strike.

This strike was also recognized by the Marquis Wu.

If this Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivator who sealed his bloodline power with his domain energy really released his suppression, his combat strength would be unimaginable.

“I know where the Divine Monument that suppresses the bloodline of the Baxia Clan is.” Marquis Wu looked at Han Muye and said softly, “I want you to exchange the Desolate Wilderness for that.”

Chapter 650 - 650 Descending on Yunchen Star, Impersonating as the Divine King's Emissary (2)

650 Descending on Yunchen Star, Impersonating as the Divine King’s Emissary (2)

The Divine Monument that suppressed the bloodline of the Baxia Clan.

It was rumored that the Baxia Clan's bloodline power was too powerful, and their bodies became larger. So the progenitor of the clan used a great technique to condense a Divine Monument and placed it on the back of the divine beast Baxia.

With the suppression of this Divine Monument, Baxia's body could change its size at will.

From the inheritance of the bloodline power, Han Muye knew that this rumor was not all true, but some of it was true.

For example, the Divine Monument could really condense Baxia's bloodline.

With Han Muye's current cultivation speed, it might take him 1,000 Or 10,000 years to completely refine the divine beast Baxia's body.

However, with the Divine Monument, it would only take a few decades.

To Han Muye, this Divine Monument was an excellent cultivation aid.

However, Han Muye was a little hesitant to exchange the Desolate Wilderness for the Divine Monument.

The Desolate Wilderness was handed over to Xiang Lingshuang, and it would become a springboard to the desolate world in the future.

The Desolate Wilderness was as powerful and rich as the Immortal Source World.

Han Muye wanted to find the source of the bloodline power, so he naturally wanted to go there.

“Don’t worry, I want the Desolate Wilderness so that I can return to the Desolation.” Seeing Han Muye’s hesitation, Marquis Wu said softly.

“Senior-brother Brother Wen has his own plans. It’s time for me to go to the Desolate Wilderness.

“The Heavenly Mystic is ultimately yours.”

There was a hint of loneliness in Marquis Wu’s words.

But to Han Muye, it sounded different.

Marquis Wu’s desire to leave the Heavenly Mystic and Minister Wen’s schemes seemed to have surpassed the Heavenly Mystic World.

What did these cultivators who had already become Sages want?

“I can hand the Desolate Wilderness to you, Marquis Wu, but one day, I want to go there too,” Han Muye looked at Marquis Wu and said in a low voice.

With the Marquis Wu’s cultivation and combat strength, he was already giving Han Muye face by asking for it and not snatching it when the desolate wilderness drifted outside the Heavenly Mystic World.

“Alright.” Marquis Wu smiled and handed a jade slip to Han Muye. He said, “When are you going to look for the Divine Monument? Let me know in advance.”

This was returning the favor, telling Han Muye that he could help when Han Muye was looking for the Divine Monument.

Han Muye nodded and left after scanning the jade slip with his divine sense.

Looking at Han Muye walk out of the cabin, Marquis Wu’s eyes lit up.

“Good lad, the power of the Divine Beast Baxia. If you add the Divine Monument, you can really fuse the complete power of the divine beast.

“How long has it been since I last saw such an ancient bloodline expert after the Desolation shattered?

“Is it time for my desolation...”

...

Even though the flying ship was extremely secretive, it was still attacked by many demons and void beasts.

The general driving the flying ship took action and dealt with these demons and beasts before they could react.

However, the further they advanced, the more the Divine Dao cultivators from the No Resentment Realm blocked them.

In the end, everyone followed the plan they had discussed before and split up.

The army on the flying ship found a hidden place and set up an array formation, waiting for the summons.

The other experts went on their own and headed to the rendezvous point.

“Everyone, I’ll leave the matter of the Deity Investiture Altar to you.” Marquis Wu stood on the deck and raised his hand to salute.

The group of Heavenly Mystic World experts bowed in return.

Han Muye turned around and looked at Yan Zhenqing, Qin Suyang, and the others. "Seniors, let's gather on Yunchen Star again."

With that, he moved and led a gentle sword light to dissipate on the spot.

When he reappeared, he was already in the void.

Yan Zhenqing and the others looked at each other and cupped their hands. Then, they turned into rainbows and flew away.

Their target was Yunchen Star.

Divine King Yunchen was killed by Marquis Wu a hundred years ago. Since then, several experts on Yunchen Star had been fighting for the position of Divine King.

This time, the location chosen for the construction of the Deity Investiture Altar was Yunchen Star.

Han Muye flew in the void, and the spiritual light on his body kept converging. After he traveled a million miles and saw a vast star in front of him, there was only a golden divine light left on his body.

Han Muye was no stranger to the Divine Dao cultivation techniques circulating in the No Resentment Realm. From Sun Yun's memories, he had already comprehended the Divine Dao cultivation method.

Coupled with his previous cultivation of the Big Yellow Court, he was extremely familiar with the methods of the Divine Dao.

With the method of the Big Yellow Court, he cultivated Confucianism and Divine Dao. At this moment, the Great Spirit and Spiritual Qi on his body were restrained. His entire body was covered in golden divine light.

Anyone who saw him would think that he was a true cultivator of the Divine Dao.

“Who are you? Who are you?”

In front, a voice sounded. A group of soldiers in light golden armor stood in the air.

Not far away, a flying ship emitting golden divine light quietly approached.

The strength of this group of soldiers could block Heaven Realm experts. With the help of the flying ship, even an Out of Body Realm cultivator could block them for a while.

A mere Yunchen Star had such defensive power. The strength of the No Resentment Realm could not be underestimated.

Han Muye stood in the air and raised his hand. A jade token appeared in his palm.

“Divine King Duan Yue’s subordinate, Duan Yue Divine General Sun Yun, has come to Yunchen Star for official business.”

Han Muye’s voice was indifferent.

The jade pendant was real, and so was the soul mark on it.

Divine King Duan Yue had indeed arranged some small tasks for Sun Yun.

Han Muye’s cultivation level was about the same as Sun Yun’s.

The general facing him caught the jade token and inspected it with his divine sense. A smile appeared on his face as he cupped his hands and said, “So it’s Duan Yue’s Divine General, General Sun.”

Divine Dao cultivators were divided into three levels of divine general cultivation. Han Muye displayed the strength of the second level, which had the combat strength of the seventh or eighth level of the Golden Core realm.

The general on the other side was only a third-grade Divine General. His cultivation and combat strength could barely stop someone who had just entered the Golden Core Realm.