

Pavilion 721

Chapter 721 - 721 Dao Discussion, Interception (2)

This can be considered as personally doing it, right?

Han Muye raised his hand to study the ink, his eyes sparkling.

Tao Zhixing and Yu Fenglin exchanged glances and sat down solemnly.

“Mr. Green Vine is the most talented Confucian cultivator in my Heavenly Mystic World.

“He suppressed countless great cultivators of Confucianism and became a grandmaster of Confucianism in the shortest time.

“Unfortunately, after entering the realm of the Grandmaster, he became trapped in a maze and has been unable to escape for a hundred years.

“Nowadays, he traded his cultivation for several decades of clarity of mind and teaches on the Yongding River.”

As he spoke, Han Muye splashed the inkstone in his hand.

The thick black ink scattered, and then the ink brush in his hand moved quickly.

After a while, an arrogant Confucian cultivator dressed in black clothes appeared on the paper.

This appearance was exactly the same as what Han Muye had seen at Immortal Moon Lake back then.

“This is Mr. Green Vine.

“This bearing...” Looking at the dejected yet proud look on the paper, Yu Fenglin was momentarily dazed.

With a different observation direction, Tao Zhixing’s fingers trembled slightly as he closely watched the ink-drenched scroll.

“Good, good. So painting and calligraphy can be so carefree and spontaneous...”

The rolling Great Spirit surged out of his body and crashed into the surroundings.

The Confucian Daoist comprehended himself by observing all living things. Tao Zhixing had now seen painting and calligraphy skills that he had never seen before. With enlightenment in his heart, his state of mind improved.

Yu Fenglin’s body trembled as the spiritual qi in his body transformed into a light screen.

He was about to raise his hand to protect Han Muye when he was stunned.

On Han Muye, there was a surging Great Spirit qi that was not inferior to Tao Zhixing, and there was also a purple aura that was stirring and agitated the mind.

This was a Confucian cultivator who was not inferior to Tao Zhixing!

Was there really such a person in the world?

Tao Zhixing was a great cultivator who had been famous for 10,000 years, and Han Muye was Zhao Yujing's junior.

A complicated look appeared in Yu Fenglin's eyes.

I have been on Scattered Stars Island for thousands of years. Have I become disconnected from the outside world?

Are the successors in the cultivation world all so talented and stunning now?

Tao Zhixing slowly retracted his Great Spirit. His gaze fell on Han Muye, and he stood up and cupped his hands.

This was a courtesy of the same generation.

"Mr. Han."

Han Muye also stood up and cupped his hands. "Mr. Tao."

The two of them smiled at each other and sat down again.

This was the recognition of both sides' strength.

"You said that Mr. Green Vine used his entire life's cultivation to exchange for decades of clarity?" Tao Zhixing asked softly as his gaze landed on the painting Han Muye had drawn.

Han Muye nodded and told him some stories about Xu Zhi's life.

Regardless of whether it was his arrogance when he was young, suppressing all the Confucianists in the world, or his excellence when he sought the dao later on, he treated life and death as nothing. Both of them made Tao Zhixing and Yu Fenglin exclaim in admiration.

On the Yongding River, one cultivated only to be able to teach and educate with clarity of mind. This kind of behavior made Yu Fenglin sigh in admiration.

Which cultivator in the world could be so carefree and unruly?

"Your Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao has stabilized the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. Don't you have a way to protect your soul?"

"In our Jinnan region, it's not difficult to break through the maze."

Tao Zhixing looked puzzled.

After he finished speaking, Han Muye's expression turned solemn.

"My Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao uses the Great Spirit as the foundation. It interweaves with the qi of the People's Will. After progressing through the phases of Elementary Scholar to High Scholar, I became a Confucian Dao Almighty."

"The Heavenly Mystic had a Confucian Daoist who became a saint."

Became a saint.

Regardless of the world, those who could achieve the status of a saint with the power of one Dao were worthy of respect.

Tao Zhixing's expression was solemn.

Yu Fenglin glanced at the two of them and spoke, "I don't know anything about Confucianism. I'd better go downstairs and take a look."

As he spoke, he looked at the portrait of Xu Qingteng on the small table. "This great cultivator of Confucianism has an outstanding bearing. I won't stand on ceremony with this portrait."

As he spoke, he smiled as he rolled up the painting and left.

After he left, Tao Zhixing sat up straight and looked at Han Muye. "Mr. Han, may we discuss the Dao?"
Dao discussion.

They sat and discussed the Dao.

"It's what I wanted." Han Muye chuckled.

In the Jinnan region, Confucianism and Daoism were respected, and there were also great cultivators who have become saints.

However, the Confucian Dao of the Jinnan Region pursued its own refinement. Within a small area, it displayed the prosperity of the world.

Many great cultivators could use brush and ink to draw an illusionary world and create a Precept Domain, making it impossible to tell if it was real or fake.

In this way, the heart formed a world of its own. The truth and falsehood were in the heart, and there was no worry of losing one's soul.

On the other hand, the cultivation of the Heavenly Mystic Realm focused on enlightenment and gathered people's hopes.

This path could help cultivators comprehend the Great Dao with the help of the Great Spirit.

However, in terms of mental cultivation, it did not seem to be as stable as the Jinnan Galaxy.

Tao Zhixing's eyes were bright as he whispered, "The Heavenly Mystic technique can be used as a reference."

They cultivated Confucianism in the Jinnan Region. Confucianism cultivators had more illusions and psychedelic methods, but they lost the pursuit of the Great Dao.

Their combat strength was not bad, but their foundation for nurturing high-level cultivators was weak.

If they could receive the power of the People's Will and accumulate comprehension of the Heavenly Dao, it would be a rare improvement for the Confucian Dao of Jinnan.

"If it can solve the problem of the unstable mental state of the soul of the Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao, the methods of the Jinnan Confucian Dao might be desirable." Han Muye also smiled and nodded.

They looked at each other and smiled.

This was the benefit of discussing the Dao.

“By the way, Mr. Han, I saw that your swordsmanship is superb and your Confucianism is profound. Do all cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World cultivate both swordsmanship and Confucianism?” Tao Zhixing asked curiously.

Han Muye smiled and told him about the White Deer Mountain Academy.

“A scholar with a sword, transforming poetry into a sword?” Tao Zhixing exudes a fierce aura.

Chapter 722 - 722 Dao Discussion, Interception (3)

“Establishing a heart for heaven and earth.

“Establishing a life for the people.

“Continuing the legacy of the saints.

“Establishing peace for all generations.”

The Great Spirit on Tao Zhixing’s body surged. He sighed and said, “Our Jinnan is no match for the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism...”

His eyes sparkled as he looked at Han Muye and cupped his hands. “Such a Confucian Dao can’t be stopped after a hundred years of struggle.

“I’ll return to the Jinnan region.”

With a determined look in his eyes, he said in a deep voice, “I will persuade several saints to help the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism and Daoism win this competition.”

Han Muye smiled, stood up, and bowed. “Thank you, Mr. Tao.”

Finding allies for the Heavenly Mystic was one of Han Muye’s goals on Scattered Stars Island.

Han Muye was also happy to form an alliance with a large faction like the Jinnan region.

“There’s no need to thank me.” Tao Zhixing stared at Han Muye, and said in a low voice, “If a world where such Confucian and Daoist truths are passed down is allowed to perish, then it is a loss for my Confucian Dao.

“Even if others don’t go, I’ll still go to the Heavenly Mystic World.

“I’m going to the Imperial City Academy to take a look. I’m going to the White Deer Mountain to take a look. I also want to meet Mr. Green Vine.”

After the Dao discussion, Tao Zhixing felt as if he had opened up another world.

Apart from Jinnan, there was such a Confucian Dao. How could he not go and take a look?

...

When the two of them went downstairs, the sun had already set.

"I thought the two of you were going to talk through the night." Yu Fenglin smiled.

The two of them bade farewell to Tao Zhixing and led Zeng Daniu back to Firefly Island.

When Zeng Daniu was downstairs, he talked with the disciples of the Wen Yuan Pavilion who accompanied him, and got a promise to bring his own children to study.

Although the Wen Yuan Pavilion did not recruit disciples, they had many connections.

Zeng Daniu was brought here by Han Muye, so giving him one or two spots was nothing.

This was the cultivation world.

If you did not step into the cultivation world and integrate into it, no one would care about you.

But when you were already in it, you would feel that everyone was good to you.

As Zeng Daniu walked out of the pavilion, he felt that the cultivation world in front of him was incomparably beautiful.

Shao Tianyi, Jia Wu, and Shen Fugui were all kind-hearted shopkeepers who treated him well.

Whether it was the customers who came to buy swords or the people from the Sword Furnaces and Sword Mills, they were all good people.

When he arrived at the Wen Yuan Pavilion today, he was even more polite to everyone.

He really liked this kind of cultivation world.

Zeng Daniu grinned all the way. After flying for more than a thousand miles, Han Muye suddenly raised his hand.

"Boom!"

Endless waves surged up from the water and enveloped the three people flying in the air.

Yu Fenglin's countenance changed as he spoke in a deep voice, "Be careful, this is the Endless Sea."

This was not the calm waters of Scattered Stars Island, but the Endless Sea.

Such a place was suitable for interception.

"We've only been out of the pavilion for 15 minutes. Mr. Tao is going to make a move in an instant. I'm very curious. Who can make the pavilion stop?"

Han Muye's expression did not change as he looked ahead.

Upon hearing his words, Yu Fenglin frowned. A golden sledgehammer appeared in his hand, and dark golden armor appeared on his body.

Zeng Daniu, who was at the side, finally woke up from his daze. He looked at the dark water screen around him and trembled.

If he fell down, would he not even be in one piece?

"I, Han Muye, haven't been on Scattered Stars Island for long and have offended many people."

In front of Zeng Daniu, Han Muye lowered his eyes. On his back, an ancient sword case appeared.

"But I like to be straightforward, and I hate harming innocent people."

Han Muye's voice slowly turned cold, and sword light appeared in his eyes.

They could surround and kill him.

But this was not the time.

They shouldn't have surrounded Zeng Daniu and even implicated Yu Fenglin.

A volcanic power was brewing in Han Muye.

The power was so strong that it caused the surrounding waves to turn into clouds.

The people surrounding him did not expect him to be so powerful. When he gathered the clouds and waves, he was a little weak.

"Mr. Tao, I wonder if it's feasible to protect my assistant and Senior Yu for 10 breaths?"

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

"If you can't do it, I'll call for the help from the seniors of the Six Stalwart Pavilion."

Han Muye's voice was not suppressed and spread thousands of miles away.

The master of the Wen Yuan Pavilion of the Three Palaces, Seven Pavilions, and Fifteen Floors, a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert ranked among the top experts on Scattered Stars Island, couldn't protect them for 10 breaths?

Was this a slap to the face of the Wen Yuan Pavilion?

Countless divine senses intertwined in the void.

"Okay." Tao Zhixing's voice had a hint of suppression.

"Clang—"

The moment Tao Zhixing's voice sounded, the sound of Han Muye's sword being unsheathed resounded through the world.

The sword shot into the sky.

The sword light soared into the sky, triggering endless wind and thunder.

At this moment, Han Muye's Qi and blood fused with his soul.

A phantom of divine beast Baxia blotted the sky.

The divine soul sword that supported the sky appeared. The sword intent in his sea of Qi exploded, causing countless swords to vibrate.

Between heaven and earth, a great sword cultivator appeared!

At this moment, the entire Scattered Stars Island was shining with sword light.

Tao Zhixing, who was standing in front of the window on the third floor of the Wen Yuan Pavilion, looked at the shadow of the divine beast in the sky and then at the sword light that rushed into the sky. He could not help but laugh at the sky.

“Water Spirit Palace, I’m afraid you’ve shot yourselves in the foot this time...”

In the air not far from him, a middle-aged female cultivator in a moonlight robe had a tense expression as she coldly looked at the distant sky.

There, the sword light was still gathering.

“How stupid. Don’t these guys know that they can’t wait?” the female cultivator muttered with a disappointed expression.

President Tao Zhi laughed out loud.

In the distance, Xu Chuanhe and the white-haired old man floated in the void. The sword light on their bodies was lively.

There were also several great cultivators standing in front of them.

“Senior Brother Xu, do you think it’s worth it to fight the Water Spirit Palace for Han Muye?” The white-haired old man said in a low voice.

Hearing his words, Xu Chuanhe laughed and said, “That depends on whether we need to take action.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the sound of a sword whistling could be heard!

A huge sword slashed down from the sky, splitting the black waves of the Endless Sea.

The divine soul sword displayed unparalleled power and directly shattered the three Primordial Spirit phantoms.

The waves fell, and the five Out of Body cultivators’ primordial spirits stood rooted to the ground in shock. Above their heads, the sword of the soul rose again.

“How dare you—”

A furious voice sounded.

As soon as he spoke, waves surged into the sky.

“Why wouldn’t I dare?” Han Muye’s voice was cold.

With that, the sword fell.

Chapter 723 - 723 Water Spirit Palace's Great Cultivation Begins, the Trial is Open

723 Water Spirit Palace's Great Cultivation Begins, the Trial is Open

The shadow of the long sword condensed by the Great Spirit was the power of a Confucian Half-Sage who had condensed a domain.

The Great Spirit could suppress souls and primordial spirits.

The golden sword light collided with a light screen in the void. It only paused for a moment before tearing the light screen apart and slashing down heavily.

The sword light sliced the bodies of the five Primordial Spirits into pieces.

The soul incarnations of eight Out of Body realm cultivators were swept away by two swords!

If one's Primordial Spirit was destroyed, even if one's true body did not die, one would still be severely injured. Without a thousand years of hard work, one could forget about recovering.

In other words, Han Muye's two strikes had caused the other party to lose eight Out of Body realm cultivators!

The Primordial Spirits of the great cultivators had fallen, and the world was in turmoil. The Wave Beguilement Formation was broken without any attack.

Yu Fenglin glanced at Han Muye, who was holding a sword in the sky. He waved his hand to protect Zeng Danu and quietly flew towards the island in front of him.

According to the rules of Scattered Stars Island, after leaving the waters of the Endless Sea, intercepting others at will would be severely punished by the forces of the Endless Sea.

At this moment, less than three breaths had passed since Han Muye attacked and the great cultivators died.

He said he wanted Tao Zhixing to protect him for 10 breaths. Why would he need 10 breaths?

"Good sword." Xu Chuanhe's eyes shone brightly.

"The Great Spirit as a sword, so that's how it is..." In the Wen Yuan Pavilion, the golden halo around Tao Zhixing's body slowly condensed, and his expression was solemn.

Figures appeared from the void.

The sword strike today was too brilliant!

"I told you to stop, but you still dared to attack. You really didn't take my Water Spirit Palace seriously." In front of Han Muye stood a middle-aged female cultivator in a white robe. Her expression was cold, and her eyes seemed to be burning.

"They wanted to kill me," Han Muye said softly, his sword lowered, his expression calm.

"So what? My Water Spirit Palace—" Before the female cultivator could finish speaking, Han Muye's eyes shone with a dazzling sword light as he pointed his sword forward.

"They wanted to kill me." Han Muye's voice was cold, and the edge of his sword was cold.

The female cultivator paused and slowly narrowed her eyes.

On her body, the violent power of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator transformed into a Cloud Mist Heavenly Pillar and spread out in all directions.

The Water Spirit Palace, one of the three strongest forces on Scattered Stars Island, was admired and revered by the cultivators of Scattered Stars Island for countless years.

If the cultivators of Water Spirit Palace wanted to kill someone, he should obediently accept death.

The majesty of the Three Palaces, Seven Pavilions, and Fifteenth Floor was already deeply ingrained in everyone's hearts.

Today's sword strike was a provocation to the great cultivators, a provocation to the Water Spirit Palace.

Today, as long as Han Muye was alive, the rules established over countless years on Scattered Stars Island would collapse.

"Boom!"

Above the head of the Divine Transformation Realm cultivator, a green spiritual light shone with a black halo.

Han Muye's eyes shone.

"So, it's you."

Han Muye recognized this black halo.

They had interacted many times.

Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.

It turned out that the Water Spirit Palace was built by the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan.

"I want to protect Han Muye's life in the Imperial View Sword Shop. I wonder if the Water Spirit Palace will make an exception?" Tao Zhixing's voice sounded in the void.

The soaring golden Great Spirit turned into clouds and mist and transformed into a majestic palace.

Jinnan Confucianism's cultivation method, Illusion.

As soon as Tao Zhixing finished speaking, a sword light rose.

"The Six Stalwart Pavilion is here."

He didn't say much. Just this alone was already the most firm support.

In the Seven Pavilions, both sides emerged at the same time, fighting against the Water Spirit Palace for one person.

In the void, the spiritual light sword qi vibrated.

The Semi-God Realm female cultivator standing in front of Han Muye gritted her teeth, but fear appeared on her face.

“Alright, alright, my Water Spirit Palace—”

“Boom!”

The explosion in the void interrupted the female cultivator’s voice.

A 100,000-foot-long phantom appeared in midair.

It had two horns on its head and was covered in scales. It had a wide mouth and four hooves that generated wind.

Qilin.

The ancient divine beast, Qilin.

“It’s rare to meet someone with Baxia’s bloodline. My Ten Thousand Demon Palace will protect you.”

The Qilin phantom moved and led Han Muye to break through the clouds in the void and fly away.

His safety was assured.

The Divine Transformation Realm cultivator stood on the spot with a pale face.

The void was silent for a moment.

Now that the Ten Thousand Demon Palace had appeared, who else had anything to say?

One divine sense after another retreated.

One figure after another flew away.

A moment later, only a few Water Spirit Palace cultivators were left.

“Let’s go.”

A voice sounded out as the Water Spirit Palace people disappeared.

In the void, there were only scattered clouds and water vapor.

But this time, everyone had different thoughts.

The young master of the Shuiling Palace was defeated by a strong opponent from the Endless Sea, and today the Ten Thousand Demon Palace aggressively challenged the Shuiling Palace to protect Han Muye.

Had the winds on Scattered Stars Island changed?

Could it be that a change that had not happened in tens of thousands of years was about to happen?

There were some things that they only dared to think about.

But the thought was also ambition that would take root and sprout.

...

Han Muye landed in a verdant space. His gaze swept across and his expression changed.

“Desolate Wilderness?”

In front of him, a valiant middle-aged man in a light golden robe and golden light on his head nodded and said, “It’s the Desolate Wilderness, but it’s only a fragment.”

This was the divine beast Qilin.

He was also the master of the Ten Thousand Demon Palace.

“Greetings, Senior.” Han Muye quickly cupped his hands.

The Qilin looked at him and said, “Back then, Baxia left with a wasteland on his back. Why do you have his bloodline power?”

Since they were both from the wilderness, Han Muye did not hide anything and told him everything about the Desolate Wilderness.

In order to continue the Desolate Wilderness Bloodline, Baxia and the other divine beasts carried the Desolate Wilderness with the power of their souls.

The demons in the Desolate Wilderness had a different inheritance.

The fusion of bloodlines gave birth to more new races.

Han Muye’s story made the expression on the Qilin’s face change.

Han Muye also mentioned the Marquis Wu, Chen Qingzhi.

“Azure Dragon?”

The Qilin revealed a complicated expression and said softly, “I thought he died long ago.”

Chapter 724 - 724 Water Spirit Palace's Great Cultivation Begins, the Trial is Open (2)

724 Water Spirit Palace’s Great Cultivation Begins, the Trial is Open (2)

“Alright, you can protect the Desolate Wilderness. The Baxia Bloodline acknowledges you. This is your opportunity, and also my Desolate Wilderness’ opportunity.”

Looking at Han Muye, the Qilin nodded and said, “I’ll send someone to the land of the Dao Competition.”

The Desolate Wilderness would crash into the void of the Heavenly Mystic World decades later due to the pull of power.

As a Desolate Wilderness Divine Beast, the Qilin naturally wouldn’t sit idly by.

“Senior, where did the race behind the Water Spirit Palace come from?” Han Muye asked, asking the question in his heart.

Han Muye knew many secrets of the world and had even seen the scene outside the dam.

However, he still did not know the origins of the Spiritual Armored Demons.

Hearing Han Muye's words, the Qilin looked up at him.

After a moment of silence, the Qilin said in a low voice, "Do you think there's an end to our world?"

Is there an end to it?

In the past, Han Muye would have thought that the world was endless.

However, he saw the outside of the dam from the sword and understood something.

The world was endless, but there was an end to this world.

Seeing his expression, Qilin said, "It seems that you know more than I thought.

"Then let me tell you. The world is like a pond. We live in it like fish and prawns. We have our own freedom.

"But since it's a pond, there are anglers, net casters, and even foot cleaners.

"That Spiritual Armored Demon Clan was just an outsider who accidentally landed in this pond.

"However, no one expected them to survive in this pond and seize the space that should have belonged to fish and prawns."

Outsider.

As he had expected, this Spiritual Armored Demon Clan did not belong to this world.

Are they also forces outside the dam?

"For people outside the fish pond, it doesn't matter what kind of fish and prawns grow in the fish pond. Besides, foreign species have their merits. It's better to keep them like this.

"Fish and prawns are just fish and prawns."

Han Muye saw helplessness in the Qilin's eyes.

Is such a great Desolate Wilderness cultivator from the ancient times, the exalted Divine Beast, helpless against his own situation?

Han Muye's eyes sparkled as he recalled the scenery outside the dam from the sword. He said in a low voice, "Senior, perhaps it's not a paradise outside the fish pond."

Qilin was stunned.

"If he really has the power to control the fish pond, why haven't the cultivators here heard much about what happened outside the dam?

"This dam might not be a cage, but a protection for them?"

Han Muye had seen the tight military formation charging in all directions.

The Desolate Wilderness, Immortal Source World, and the Endless Sea could only block it.

However, this did not mean that this world was defenseless.

The true great cultivators did not fight with all their might.

“Protection for them?”

“They’re not keeping us in captivity...” The Qilin’s eyes sparkled as he gently clenched his fists.

“Yes, I’ve been quiet on Scattered Stars Island for too long. I’ve indeed lost my edge.”

With a smile, Qilin said lightly, “I’ll go to the Endless Sea to see the Endless Divine Venerables and ask them for their opinion.”

Speaking of this, he paused and said, “Do you know the origin of Endless Divine Venerables?”

Han Muye shook his head.

Qilin laughed and said, “So there’s something you don’t know.”

With that, he waved his hand and the green world dissipated. He also left.

Han Muye looked down and saw that he was standing outside the city of Firefly Island.

Why don’t you tell me the origins of Endless Divine Venerables!

The Riddler.

He shook his head and turned to walk into the city.

When he returned to the Imperial View Sword Shop, Shao Tianyi and Zeng Daniu were waiting at the door.

“Shopkeeper...” Zeng Daniu’s legs went weak and he wanted to kowtow to Han Muye.

At first, he was still confused. When Shao Tianyi told him how dangerous today was and what faction Han Muye was going against for him, Zeng Daniu wanted to cry.

Was his cheap life worth it?

Han Muye reached out and patted Zeng Daniu’s shoulder. He said softly, “In the future, when you’re free, go to the Sword Furnace to learn forging. Send the two boys to the Wen Yuan Pavilion to study.

“Your lives will get better.”

Zeng Daniu pouted and his eyes turned red again.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head. He strode into the sword shop and went to the second floor.

His aura surged.

In the divine treasure, the golden Great Spirit sword that Yan Zhenqing had given him shattered and turned into golden light that filled the entire divine treasure.

The golden light enveloped Han Muye’s soul sword and condensed into a long sword covered in golden words.

Outside the sword, golden words floated and circulated.

Confucianism was the skin, and the sword was the bone.

Hardness could not be broken, and the world was vast.

Today, facing the great cultivator of the Water Spirit Palace, Han Muye did not retreat. He was greatly moved.

When he saw Zeng Daniu and Shao Tianyi earlier, he was even more enlightened.

From the moment he obtained the body of the divine beast, his strength was too overwhelming. He had to start his cultivation of the heart in the mortal world. It turned out, his path of heart cultivation had never ended!

In the imperial city, amidst the worldly ties, the birth of Cuicui's child brought joy to this ordinary couple as they strove to pursue their own happiness.

His entanglement with Mu Wan and Yun Jin was a cultivator's hope for the future, but he could not see through it.

If he could really be like Shao Datian and Cuicui and watch over Xiaoxiao's future, it might be a blessing.

They were like Sixth Brother, who only wanted to return to Jinyang City.

The greater the strength, the greater the responsibility, and the greater the danger.

As a sword cultivator, the Sword Master killed and destroyed.

When he held the sword in his hand, the sword in his heart was hidden in the sheath.

The sword was not only for killing, but also to protect.

To protect the happiness of ordinary living beings like Zeng Daniu.

This was the true meaning of sword cultivation.

Chapter 725 - 725 Water Spirit Palace's Great Cultivation Begins, the Trial is Open (3)

725 Water Spirit Palace's Great Cultivation Begins, the Trial is Open (3)

Therefore, Mo Yuan had not fought for 200 years in the Nine Mystic Mountain. He did not care about life and death. He only cared about the sword in his heart.

Sitting cross-legged on the wooden couch, Han Muye sighed.

Being ordinary was the best way to temper one's heart.

He still had a long way to go.

"Buzz!"

The increase in the strength of his soul and the change in his mental state allowed his spiritual qi cultivation to reach the ninth level of the Golden Core Realm.

A surge of power dispersed in all directions and was restrained by a golden light.

Half-Step Heaven Realm.

Han Muye smiled.

The next moment, on Chen Yue Star, tens of thousands of miles away, Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged in the forest, opened his eyes.

No, here, his name was Gu Yuening.

“Young Master Gu, the experts from the Sun family and the Qi family are here. Should we fight them directly, or should we avoid them first?” In front of Han Muye, a middle-aged sword cultivator with a long sword on his back asked in a low voice.

In the surrounding forest, there were dozens of sword cultivators sitting cross-legged.

These were all sword cultivators hired by Han Muye along the way to protect him as he returned to Wanming City to rebuild the Gu family.

The Sun family and the Qi family were among the forces that destroyed the Gu family back then.

With Gu Yuening’s arrival, they naturally attacked immediately.

Compared to these two major forces, Gu Yuening and the dozens of sword cultivators he hired were not worth mentioning.

At this moment, these sword cultivators looked at Han Muye.

The Gu Clan still had some allies in and around Wanming City.

Should he fight them directly, or should he avoid them and seek help from his allies?

This Young Master Gu had a powerful demonic beast protecting him, but his combat strength was unknown.

Many people’s eyes sparkled.

If the Gu family’s young master displayed enough strength, they would attack with all their might.

If Young Master Gu was a good-for-nothing, they wouldn’t stay long.

Sword cultivators were not one-track-minded.

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged, slowly got up.

The advances in his main body’s cultivation and mental state made the power of his incarnation even more condensed.

His control over the power of the divine beast had also deepened.

Unfortunately, Mu Wan had gone to the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World. Otherwise...

“Boom!”

In front of him, a thousand-foot-long sword light directly smashed down.

He had no intention of holding back.

Why should he hold back against the remaining evil elements of the Gu Clan?

Battle intent rose in Han Muye’s eyes.

Wasn’t strength respected on the Chen Yue Star?

Then he would be respected!

Han Muye slowly raised his hand and clenched his palm.

“Buzz!”

Within an area of 10,000 miles, swords resounded!

At this moment, he did not hide anything.

With his current cultivation, what else was there to hide?

Sword light converged in a land of 10,000 miles!

Everyone’s swords flew up and fused with the long dragon of sword light in the sky.

Han Muye flew up and landed on the head of the long dragon.

Looking down at the city a hundred miles below, he said calmly, “Gu Yuening of the Gu family has returned from his travels and rebuilt the Gu family. Three days later, he will avenge his family with a sword.

“If you can survive my sword, our grudges will be written off.”

This was a sword cultivator.

Arriving with a sudden strike, grudges and favors were all within one sword’s reach.

“Tens of thousands of miles of swords vibrating together. How powerful is this technique and the cultivation of the Sword Dao?”

“So Young Master Gu is so strong. He said that he only wants us to accompany him, not to attack. It’s true...”

The sword cultivators hired by Han Muye were stunned as they looked up at the sword dragon in the air.

Han Muye activated the power of the sword and soared through the sky for three days. Then he killed the Sun family with a single strike. Seventeen experts of the Qi family and the experts of the 3,000 factions within an area of 100,000 miles also died in this strike.

The young master of the Gu family, Gu Yuening, had returned in a domineering manner.

After this sword strike, the Gu Family of Wanming City became the largest force. No one dared to provoke them within 100,000 miles.

Numerous sword cultivators gathered just to pay respect to the prestige of Young Master Gu's sword.

Han Muye naturally took out all kinds of medicinal pills and swords to establish his own faction.

...

On Scattered Stars Island, Yulan Street, Yujing Sword Shop.

This seclusion took Han Muye more than two months.

In the past two months, Scattered Stars Island had changed.

Several more cultivators made a breakthrough in the Heart Refining Sword Formation. They were extremely grateful to Shopkeeper Han of the Imperial View Sword Shop.

All forces had sent their elites to participate in the Sword Dao Trial of the Six Stalwart Pavilion. They were just waiting for it to begin.

The young palace master of Water Spirit Palace, Shui Yue'er, had come out of seclusion. It was said that her strength had recovered.

After the Qilin Palace Master of the Ten Thousand Demon Palace left Scattered Stars Island, the forces of the Ten Thousand Demon Palace temporarily shrank.

Of course, the Thousand Chances Sword sold in the Endless Sea was a replica.

Tao Zhixing, the pavilion master of the Wen Yuan Pavilion, was in seclusion. It was said that he wanted to study swordsmanship.

...

The commotions were related to Han Muye, yet not related at the same time.

He ended his secluded cultivation because it was time for the Sword Dao Trial of the Six Stalwart Pavilion.

When he went downstairs, he saw an empty shop.

"Shopkeeper, you are out at last..." Zeng Daniu walked forward and handed over the jade box he was carrying carefully.

"The calligraphy, paintings, and swords are all sold out.

"Even the latest goods from the sword furnaces have been sold out," Shao Tianyi said with a grin.

Although they knew that their shopkeeper did not care about these things, this was also their credit, right?

Han Muye smiled and put away the jade box, casually grabbing a handful of spiritual pearls for them.

“From now on, you’ll get 100% commission. Help yourself.”

Han Muye waved his hand and said, “I’m going to participate in the Sword Dao trial of the Six Stalwart Pavilion. I’ll leave the sword shop to you to look after.”

At this point, he paused. “If I don’t come back, the sword shop will be yours.”

Not coming back.

Zeng Daniu and Shao Tianyi’s expressions changed.

Han Muye laughed, tidied his clothes, and strode out of the sword shop.

“Don’t worry, the shopkeeper will definitely return.” Shao Tianyi clenched his fists and spoke in a low voice.

“You, are you sure?” Zeng Daniu’s face turned pale.

Shao Tianyi nodded and said softly, “Jia Wu told me.”

...

Six Stalwart Pavilion.

The six-story golden pavilion was surrounded by sword intent.

When Han Muye arrived, the pavilion was already filled with sword cultivators.

Up ahead, after checking their invitation letters, the sword cultivators walked straight into the pavilion.

There were no bold words or tedious procedures.

Sword cultivators were straightforward.

“Han Muye?” someone beside him said as Han Muye walked forward.

Han Muye turned around and saw a tall young man in green armor with a long sword on his back.

“My name is Bai Zeyu.”

The young man smiled at Han Muye. “The Thousand Chances Sword is very useful.”

Bai Zeyu, the rising talent of the Endless Sea, with strength surpassing the Young Palace Master of the Water Spirit Palace.

Han Muye turned to look the other way.

There, several white-robed cultivators stood together.

The female cultivator in the lead had flames of hatred in her eyes.

Water Spirit Palace’s Young Palace Master, Shui Yue’er.

“If you can’t take it, remember to call me for help,” Bai Zeyu said with a grin.

Han Muye nodded and said calmly, “You too.”

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You too.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Bai Zeyu was stunned for a moment, then he strode forward with a long smile.

The other sword cultivators turned around and looked at Han Muye.

Being able to face the rising talent of the Endless Sea with such ease, who was this person?

One had to know that Bai Zeyu had just defeated Water Spirit Palace's Young Palace Master, Shui Yue'er, and was riding the wave for a moment with no equal!

"He's Han Muye from the Imperial View Sword Shop!" Someone exclaimed.

The Imperial View Sword Shop's Han Muye who was second to none in sword evaluation.

So it was the prince!

He was probably the most famous sword dao cultivator on Scattered Stars Island.

Sword Evaluation, Sword Formation, Destruction of the Life Seizing Tower.

No wonder even Bai Zeyu invited him.

“Mr. Han, thank you for the Heart Refining Sword Formation.” A sword cultivator in green bowed to Han Muye.

Many people followed and bowed to Han Muye.

Most of the sword cultivators present had experienced the Heart Refining Sword Formation.

“Mr. Han, Jin Cheng thanks you for destroying the Life Seizing Tower.” A burly man with a thick sword on his back cupped his fists at Han Muye.

At this moment, almost everyone in front of the Six Stalwart Pavilion looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye cupped his hands in return, then walked up the steps with a smile.

The disciple of the Six Stalwart Pavilion in front of him bowed and invited him into the pavilion.

Outside the Six Stalwart Pavilion, Zuo Tianya's eyes flashed as he said in a low voice, "We really can't let this kid live."

Zhu Wushi, who was beside him, had a gloomy expression. He nodded and the two of them walked into the pavilion.

Han Muye was standing on a wasteland at this moment.

The Six Stalwart Pavilion was the Sword Pavilion of Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators. It was also formed by the Dao Domain and had its own space.

When he landed, Han Muye sensed the characteristics of this space.

Swords.

The wasteland was filled with decayed swords.

Even those strange beasts appeared to be carrying long swords.

Han Muye raised his hand and a decayed sword landed in his palm.

The sword shattered in his hand.

That startled him, then he chuckled.

It was fake.

He thought that someone would really gather so many swords in his Sword Pavilion, but it turned out that they were all fake swords.

These swords were just a piece of rotten wood.

That's not right either.

Looking at the dense array of swords ahead, Han Muye squatted down.

These swords were not inserted in the wasteland, but grew in it.

Swords can grow in the wasteland?

Turning around, Han Muye looked at the skinny strange beasts.

The swords on the backs of these strange beasts were not carried on their backs, but grew on them.

Swords that grow on a wasteland, swords that grow on strange beasts? Han Muye thought.

Han Muye raised his hand and was about to summon his own sword when he realized that he could not summon either the sword case or the swords.

This was the suppression of the power of the Dao Domain.

“Roar—”

Ahead, the strange beast roared and charged at Han Muye.

A violent aura intertwined on the beast’s body. As they collided, sword lights flashed.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes. With a move, he dodged the beast’s charge and raised his hand to press on its back.

“Clang—”

The sword on the beast’s back was pulled out.

With the sword in hand, Han Muye raised his hand and slashed.

A 30-foot-long sword light cut the beast in half.

The body of the severed beast turned into green clouds that enveloped the sword in Han Muye's hand.

The sword was wrapped in clouds and had a hint of spirituality.

A semi-spiritual weapon.

Holding the sword, Han Muye understood the rules of the Sword Dao Trial.

Kill more beasts and collect more swords.

The first level of the trial could be cleared by transforming the sword in one's hand into a low-grade spiritual weapon.

This shouldn't be difficult.

Holding the sword, Han Muye turned to look ahead.

Over there, a few more strange beasts rushed over.

"Boom!"

A sword light struck down and swept away the strange beasts, turning them into green clouds.

Han Muye looked at a middle-aged sword cultivator holding a large sword in front of him and laughed before disappearing.

His sword had already turned into a low-grade spiritual weapon, which was enough to enter the next level of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye shook his head.

He looked at the sword in his hand.

The sword was three feet long, and its shape was ancient. The edge of the sword was dim.

When the sword qi entered, one could feel the path like a meridian.

He raised his hand and held a sword inserted in the wasteland.

A faint trace of a sword entered.

Similarly, there were veins in it.

However, these swords seemed to have withered and completely decayed. Even when sword qi poured in, there was no reaction at all.

“Boom!”

In front, figures landed and killed the scattered strange beasts before leaving.

There were quite a number of strange beasts with swords on their backs in this wasteland.

“Clang—”

Two sword cultivators and a strange beast attacked.

Sword light clashed, and sword qi scattered.

In the end, a sword cultivator’s arm was pierced by a sword. Blood splattered as he was defeated and fled.

The other victor killed the strange beast. The sword in his hand shone as he led him away from this level.

Han Muye walked over and looked around.

Most of the decayed swords had shattered during the battle between the two, but there were still a few swords standing in place.

Han Muye reached out to investigate and found that although these swords were exhausted, there was still a trace of power.

Very weak.

When he raised his hand to hold the nearest sword, a strange expression appeared on his face.

There was a trace of blood qi on the sword.

It was the sword cultivator who just walked in.

At this moment, the originally dry veins on this sword have become a bit more moist.

Including a bit more vitality.

Watered with qi and blood?

He looked up at the vast wasteland.

How much qi and blood does this require...

“Clang—”

Han Muye unsheathed his sword and slashed at the sword cultivator who fell not far away.

The tip of the sword brushed past his body, bringing with it a spray of blood.

The sword cultivator with empty hands was pale. He stood in the wasteland filled with shattered swords, not knowing what to do.

Han Muye said calmly, “Leave.”

Leave?

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Not killing me?

The sword cultivator left in a daze. After walking dozens of feet away, he even looked back.

Han Muye checked. Sure enough, the sword that had been watered with Qi and blood had a life force.

He looked around and smiled.

“Boom!”

The long sword in his hand turned into endless sword light and rushed into the distance.

...

Outside the Sword Pavilion, Xu Chuanhe and a few old men in green robes stood side by side.

All of their expressions were very solemn.

Around the Sword Pavilion, many disciples of the Six Stalwart Pavilion injected their strength into it to help the Sword Pavilion operate.

Due to the death of its master, the power of this six-story Sword Pavilion was slowly collapsing.

Without the support of external forces, it would have collapsed long ago.

However, the six-story Sword Pavilion was the Dao Domain of a great sword cultivator. How could the disciples of the Six Stalwart Pavilion bear to see it collapse?

"I wonder if we can find a master for the Sword Pavilion now," a long-bearded elder frowned and said softly.

"Zhu Yuran, Zheng Tao, and Wang Mingxu are all elites of the Sword Pavilion. I hope they can be recognized by the Sword Pavilion," a white-haired old man said calmly with his hands behind his back.

"Also, Han Muye." Xu Chuanhe's eyes lit up.

The other elders nodded.

They were not worried that the Sword Pavilion would be taken by outsiders. Without the sword techniques of their sect as a catalyst, it was impossible to refine the Sword Pavilion without the compatibility of their sect's cultivation techniques.

"Sigh, it's a pity that Han Muye has offended too many people. Shui Yue'er from the Water Spirit Palace..." An old man shook his head and sighed softly.

The expressions of Xu Chuanhe and the others also changed slightly.

In the Sword Pavilion trial, life and death were unpredictable.

"Buzz!"

Suddenly, the golden pavilion shook slightly, causing the sword qi to tremble.

"Master, the Sword Pavilion seems to be waking up."

A disciple exclaimed.

Waking up.

Can the Sword Pavilion wake up?

How was this possible? Ever since the Sword Pavilion Master died, the Sword Pavilion had fallen silent!

However, at this moment, the halo on the Sword Pavilion was clearly becoming more lively.

Can it be that the Sword Pavilion is really going to wake up?

What is happening in the Sword Pavilion?

Xu Chuanhe and the others looked at each other in confusion.

...

On the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, there was a rocky beach.

A tall sword cultivator landed with a long sword in his hand.

"Senior Brother." A young man holding a sword walked over.

“Senior Brother, why are you only here now?” The young man glanced at the tall sword cultivator and frowned. “Didn’t we agree to gather here? Why aren’t the other senior brothers here yet?”

Hearing his words, a trace of fear flashed across the tall sword cultivator’s face. He said in a low voice, “I reckon that they are stumped on the first floor of the Sword Qi Wasteland.

“I don’t know where this lunatic came from. He didn’t think about gathering the swords and rushing to the second level of the Sword Qi Wasteland, but he attacked everywhere. As long as it’s a sword cultivator who enters the Sword Qi Wasteland, he will fight him.”

Is there such a person?

The young sword cultivator had obviously arrived early and did not know about this matter. He asked curiously, “Then this person was not killed?”

The tall sword cultivator shook his head, the fear on his face intensifying.

He raised his arm, revealing his torn robe. “One strike.”

The wound was about a foot long, and the blood had already congealed.

The young sword cultivator widened his eyes and said in a low voice, “He injured you with one strike?

“Doesn’t that mean that his Sword Dao cultivation is extremely strong?

“What is such an expert doing on the first floor?”

The tall sword cultivator shook his head.

How did he know?

On the second level of the mudflats, almost every sword cultivator who came later cursed softly.

Gradually, some people knew who the sword cultivator who was challenging everywhere on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion was.

Imperial View Sword Shop, Han Muye.

This guy had swept through almost all the sword cultivators who could challenge him, and he had injured them but not killed them.

Many people were secretive, but they could not hide the fact that they had been defeated by Han Muye.

“Do you think he doesn’t know the rules of the Sword Pavilion’s trial and thinks that he’s challenging the wasteland? Does he not know the rules of gathering swords and rushing to the second floor?”

Someone suddenly spoke with a smile in his eyes.

“I don’t think so...

“It’s possible. He came to Scattered Stars Island from outside. The Six Stalwart Pavilion might not have told him the rules.”

Someone gloated.

The sword cultivators who had been injured by Han Muye were happy again.

So what if you're strong? You're still on the first floor. Don't you know how to come up?

...

At this moment, there were not many cultivators on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye was in the wasteland, and there were long swords growing around him.

After five days of collecting blood and qi and watering them, these swords had already recovered their vitality.

When the number of swords that recovered their vitality reached a thousand, Han Muye could feel that the entire wasteland was recovering.

The clouds that were originally frozen began to roll.

Many strange beasts with swords on their backs were slashed by the long swords.

Many swords were also eaten by strange beasts.

Vitality.

In five days, Han Muye had defeated countless sword cultivators.

A powerful Heaven Realm cultivator was so weak that he had just entered the Meridian Opening stage.

Some were defeated by a single sword strike, and blood splattered everywhere. Some fought for a hundred moves, and finally, blood splattered everywhere.

No one was Han Muye's match.

On the mudflats on the second floor, more people were silent.

So what if I could come to the second floor? I'm still unable to block a single sword strike from Han Muye.

"Boom!"

When the number of swords filled with blood reached 100,000, the entire Sword Pavilion shook. Boundless sword qi curled up and rose into the air.

Han Muye raised the sword in his hand and looked at the blade.

At this moment, the sword in his hand seemed to be calling out.

He reached out his left hand and gently pressed the blade with his palm, slowly clenching it.

It was stained with blood.

The blood on his palm wrapped around the sword with his Qi and blood.

The moment his blood dripped onto the wasteland, all the sword qi in the air turned into a torrent and collided with the long sword in front of him.

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Golden lights exploded and endless streams of light enveloped him.

When the lights dissipated, Han Muye was no longer in the wasteland.

Countless swords were resonating in the wasteland.

“That guy has finally left...” Someone stuck his head out from behind the rubble and whispered.

“He triggered so many swords to resonate. Has he received the favor of the Sword Pavilion?” A disciple of the Sword Pavilion in a green Daoist robe and carrying a long sword on his back muttered to himself. He pondered for a moment and did not draw the sword. Instead, he moved and dissipated.

When he appeared, he was already outside the Sword Pavilion.

“I want to see the elders.

“Something has happened in the Sword Pavilion...”

...

When Han Muye landed on the gravel beach on the second floor, he saw sword cultivators fighting various four-legged demon beasts on the beach.

It was not difficult. As long as they killed 10 four-legged demon beasts, they could leave this floor.

When he reached the second floor, there were only 3,000 to 5,000 sword cultivators left.

“He’s here!”

Sword Dao Han Muye, numerous people’s expressions changed.

“Hurry up and kill the demonic beasts. Who knows what this guy is going to do?” someone exclaimed. Then the sword light in his hand became faster.

There didn’t seem to be anything special on this floor. After killing 10 demon beasts, they would be sent to the third floor.

For the majority of sword cultivators, this level was of no difficulty.

The four-legged demon beasts’ combat strength was only at the early stages of the Earth Realm.

The sword cultivators who saw Han Muye quickly attacked. Han Muye stood where he was, but he did not move.

Half of his attention was focused on the sword in his hand.

In front of him, there seemed to be an endless number of four-legged demonic beasts emerging from the depths of the mudflat. Even his spiritual will could not suppress them.

At this moment, the divine light in the sword in his hand was retracted. It was no different from an ordinary sword.

However, he could sense that sword qi was surging like a tide in the sword.

This sword was not a beginner spiritual weapon, but an ultra-quality one!

A top-grade spiritual weapon was a half-dharma treasure. The power it displayed was extraordinary.

With this sword in hand, a casual slash could directly activate a thousand-foot-long sword beam that swept through a group of demon beasts.

Sweep?

Han Muye's heart skipped a beat.

He flew forward and landed in front of a four-legged demon beast, thrusting his sword forward.

"Slash—"

The sword light pierced the demon beast's head and nailed it to the mudflat.

A faint spirituality was collected and landed on the sword.

Spirituality.

As expected!

Han Muye smiled.

He was right.

The first level of the Sword Pavilion was for the growth of the swords' meridians, and the second level was for the enhancement of the swords' spirit.

As for how to have enough spirituality, that depended on how much was required.

Looking up at the strange beasts surging over like a tide, Han Muye flew up.

"Haha, he went to kill demon beasts." Seeing Han Muye rush towards the demon beasts, many people heaved a sigh of relief.

He did not come to fight them again. This guy was not crazy.

"This guy is really something. In any case, he will be led to the third level after killing 10 demonic beasts. What's the use of rushing forward?" Someone smiled and said.

"Maybe he wants to fight 10 of them?" Someone grinned.

Perhaps...

In midair, Han Muye knocked away the demon beasts blocking the way.

The divine beast Baxia's body made him not afraid of the demon beasts at all. He immediately sent them flying.

He landed a hundred miles away, leaving behind countless demon beasts.

“Buzz!”

In his palm, the sword vibrated, and a cold sword intent directly rushed into the sky.

“Slash!”

“Boom!”

The sword slashed horizontally, and ten miles of sword light surrounded it.

Numerous four-legged demon beasts’ bodies were shattered.

The spirituality turned into a torrent, woven into a long dragon, following Han Muye who was being guided, and directly crashing onto the third level.

The sword cultivators on the second and third levels saw the spiritual dragon behind him.

“Is... Is this the heir of the Sword Pavilion...” someone on the second floor whispered.

Others cleared the level by killing 10 beasts, but this guy used one sword to slay tens of thousands of beasts and actually gathered his spirituality into a dragon.

How could they compare?

“So that’s how it is!” someone exclaimed in a low voice. His eyes lit up, and then he crashed into the pile of demon beasts ahead.

“Boom!”

He was sent flying before he could even draw his sword.

...

On the third level of the Sword Pavilion, in a verdant forest.

Han Muye landed on a limestone, and the spiritual dragon crashed into the sword in his hand.

The sword vibrated and turned into a yellow puppy.

Sword Transformation, Magic Treasure.

Although it could not compare to the spirituality of Daoist Dayan and Zhao Yunlong, who Han Muye had left in the Heavenly Mystic, it still meant that they had become magic treasures and possessed their own intelligence.

Not all magic treasures had intelligence.

On the contrary, 90% of Dharma treasures did not have intelligence.

Han Muye landed on the limestone. Not far away, many sword cultivators saw this and hurriedly fled.

Those with spiritual dragons were all strong people. Who would be willing to face them so early?

Looking around, Han Muye did not move but sat cross-legged.

He simply refined the swords he had obtained on the first level.

At the second level, the spiritual dragon was injected into the magic treasure, and the sword was almost out of his control.

“Buzz!”

With a raise of his hand, the yellow dog condensed into a long sword again and landed in front of Han Muye.

He reached out to hold the long sword, and a sword qi seeped into the sword.

Han Muye’s expression changed.

Images appeared in his mind!

Didn’t he pull this sword out from the back of the strange beast and infuse it with spirituality as a magic treasure? Where did the memories come from?

The image in his mind was of a black-bearded Daoist in a green robe holding a long sword and running amok.

The master of the Sword Pavilion!

Be it spirituality or swords, this person should be the master of the Sword Pavilion.

If Han Muye hadn’t thought of refining this sword, he wouldn’t have been able to see these scenes.

The scene flashed. This sword cultivator searched for swords everywhere and sealed them in his Sword Pavilion.

As the scene changed, Han Muye sat up straight.

The three levels of the Sword Pavilion turned into four, five, and six levels.

If one entered the fifth level of the Sword Pavilion, they could enter the Upper Three Heavens immediately!

“Boom!”

The image shook as if it was about to dissipate.

The sword Qi in Han Muye’s hand kept pouring in, stabilizing the scene.

The six levels of the Sword Pavilion behind the Daoist shone as he broke through the void and rushed into the Upper Three Heavens.

Cloud waves gathered!

The Upper Three Heavens was completely built on clouds!

Immortal Cloud City, Immortal Source World, the Upper Three Heavens!

The endless Sword Pavilion was surrounded by a nine-story tower.

Five-colored auspicious clouds surrounded it, and the nine-story golden pagoda shone with immortal light.

Han Muye couldn't help but focus all his attention on the nine-story Sword Pavilion.

"Boom!"

A bolt of lightning descended from the void, shattering all the images in Han Muye's mind.

"Eh, interesting..."

A faint voice sounded in Han Muye's mind.

Han Muye's face turned pale.

This feeling was tens of thousands of times stronger than when he faced the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor.

It was rumored in the cultivation world that those great cultivators who weren't affected by karma and reincarnation could be detected even if the observer was far away and separated by time, simply by their gaze."

Perhaps the rumors were true.

Nine-Story Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

With one glance, he could cross time and space.

This cultivation world is really f*cking exciting! he thought.

Chapter 729 - 729 Sixth Level of the Sword Pavilion, Spiritual Treasure

All along, Han Muye had been curious about the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World.

He had always wanted to explore the secrets of a place that even great Dao Ancestors yearned for.

This time, he finally got what he wanted.

In the nine-story Sword Pavilion, he could see through time and space at a glance.

In the end, it did not disappoint him.

He chuckled and looked down at the long sword in front of him.

At this moment, the sword was already shining brightly.

Outsiders thought that the Sword Dao Trial was to find a sword from the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, grow it to its fullest potential, and earn the recognition of the sword owner to become the inheritor.

Actually, they were all wrong.

It was not to obtain the recognition of the sword owner, but to obtain the recognition of the Sword Pavilion and the swords here.

These swords were indeed ordinary on the first floor, but on the second floor, after spirituality was injected, they would be compatible with the Sword Pavilion's Hidden Swords.

However, many people didn't know that the real test of the sword path would start at the third level of the sword pavilion, where the sword they found would become one of the swords stored in the pavilion.

The trial-takers needed to get used to this sword and help it establish its dominance in the Sword Pavilion so that it could become the master of the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion had its own consciousness after its master died. These swords were all fighting to be the leader of the Sword Pavilion.

How could a Sword Pavilion that hid many magic treasures and swords wait alone for outsiders to become its master?

Wrong direction.

Therefore, no one had been able to become the master of this Sword Pavilion for so many years.

This was because they treated their peers as their opponents and treated everything in the Sword Pavilion as a trial for them to improve.

In fact, their real enemy was the swords that had long had a mind of their own in the Sword Pavilion!

"Buzz!"

The sword in his hand vibrated as if it was about to fly away.

Han Muye chuckled. His sword intent collided with the sword, making it wail.

In just a moment, the sword turned into a snow-white puppy that obediently ran around Han Muye's feet.

Very obedient.

Han Muye stood up and looked ahead.

In the forest, there were many thatched cottages and continuous streets.

The sword cultivators who landed on this level had already searched for the living beings here with ease. Then they talked to them and obtained their approval.

As long as they obtained the recognition of the living beings here, they could successfully pass this round and enter the next level.

Han Muye walked quietly and heard many strategies for passing the Sword Pavilion trial.

As long as the living beings on this level acknowledged him, the sword cultivator could bring his sword to the fourth level of the Sword Pavilion.

Entering the fourth level was the beginning of a massacre.

In the first three levels of the Sword Pavilion, sword cultivators basically did not fight.

As he walked around the straw hut in the village, Han Muye saw many interesting things.

Some people helped the white-haired old man find the missing goat, some carried the old lady across the river, and some bought groceries for the widow...

Many people went to town to look for rich families and received various missions.

Those who completed the mission would be covered in spiritual light and disappear.

At this moment, a little white dog was walking in front of Han Muye, as if it was also completing a mission.

Many people turned to look at him. Some had fear in their eyes, some were curious, and some were smiling.

As the little white dog wandered around, Han Muye realized that be it the old man in the thatched hut in the forest or the chickens and ducks, they were all extremely afraid of the little white dog.

Only in the town, the first person who was not afraid of the small white dog was the butcher at the town gate.

Then they continued on their way. The chivalrous men in town, the burly men in bailiff uniforms, and the rich families were not afraid of the little white dog. Instead, they sized it up with interest.

Han Muye did not chat with anyone like others. Instead, he slowly searched the town.

For seven consecutive days, he had come into contact with almost everyone.

Not right.

There was still one person he had not come into contact with.

The mayor of the town.

During these seven days, most of the sword cultivators had already left the town.

Moreover, according to Han Muye's observation, if he did not complete the mission in seven days, he would fail the trial and be kicked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Many sword cultivators who had reached this level before him would be kicked out of the Sword Pavilion in frustration when they could not complete the mission.

On the eighth day after arriving on this level, which was the last two hours of the seven days,

Han Muye stopped the mayor in a green robe and a gauze hat in the small official hall at the entrance of the town.

Seeing Han Muye, the mayor smiled lightly and his gaze landed on the little white dog cowering in front of his feet.

"Are you here to ask me for help?"

The mayor pointed at the bailiff standing at the side and said calmly, "If there's anything, you can look for Zhang Cheng."

Officer Zhang Cheng crossed his arms and glanced at Han Muye. "Tell me, what's the matter? I can give you an easy mission."

"How about this? Help me buy a pig from the village."

It took a long time to travel from the town to the mountain village. In addition, he had bought the pigs. If he could not find Zhang Cheng, he would not be able to complete this mission.

At that time, two hours would have passed.

Zhang Cheng took out a money bag and looked at Han Muye. "You have to leave this little white dog behind."

Han Muye nodded and bent down to hug the little white dog with one hand and take the money bag with the other.

The bailiff Zhang Cheng looked happy and reached out to take the little white dog.

Han Muye reached out and pushed. The little white dog bumped into Zhang Cheng, making him take a step back and hit the mayor with his back.

Then the little white dog turned into a long sword and pierced through Zhang Cheng's chest, piercing him and the mayor behind him at the same time.

The sword light pierced through, and the two of them gurgled before dissipating.

"Boom!"

The entire third level of the Sword Pavilion shook as endless lightning descended.

Chapter 730 - 730 Sixth Level of the Sword Pavilion, Spiritual Treasure (2)

All the villagers and living beings turned into sword lights and slashed at Han Muye's head.

However, before the sword light arrived, Han Muye was already enveloped by a spiritual light and rushed to the fourth level.

Reluctantly, the sword energies chased after him.

Outside the Sword Pavilion, the third level of the Sword Pavilion could be seen trembling. Countless spiritual lights and sword lights intertwined and went straight to the fourth floor.

"The third level has also awakened..."

Beside Xu Chuanhe, a white-haired old man whispered.

The other Sword Dao cultivators of the Six Stalwart Pavilion had complicated expressions.

At this moment, the Sword Pavilion no longer needed the disciples outside to activate it and provide spiritual qi.

Their Sword Pavilion was really going to find its master...

This feeling was difficult for outsiders to understand.

Without a master in the Sword Pavilion, the Six Stalwart Pavilion would eventually be suppressed by other factions.

However, with a master in the Sword Pavilion, this treasure would become someone else's.

Including the precious swords in the Sword Pavilion.

Who wouldn't feel heartache?

"I wonder who obtained the recognition of the Sword Pavilion?" someone said softly.

Actually, everyone knew that Han Muye was most likely the only one who could do this.

Previously, a disciple had come to report that Han Muye was in the Sword Pavilion.

"Fortunately, Han Muye has a clear conscience and is a true sword cultivator." Xu Chuanhe's eyes revealed a smile.

Be it the Sword Evaluation Meeting or the enmity with the Life Seizing Tower, Han Muye acted like a sword cultivator.

This made everyone heave a sigh of relief.

The master of the Sword Pavilion was the master of the Six Stalwart Pavilion. No one wanted to have another master with a bad character above their heads.

"Boom!"

Han Muye had just entered the fourth level of the Sword Pavilion when a sword light slashed at his head.

Zhu Wushi!

The powerhouse of the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect, Zhu Wushi, was in the Seven Luminaries Pavilion.

The sword light was magnificent, sealing all of Han Muye's escape routes.

This sword caused the surrounding spiritual light to shine. The sharp whistle was ear-piercing, as if it wanted to crush the space.

The unexpected strike seemed to have frightened Han Muye. He stopped in midair and did not react at all.

"That's Han Muye!" someone exclaimed in the distance.

"This sword attack is at least at Out of Body Level Three. It is unstoppable!" The sword cultivator who originally wanted to help stopped in his tracks and fear appeared in his eyes.

The Sword Pavilion was suppressed by the Dao Domain's power, which was different from the outside world.

Even a Heaven Realm cultivator's sword power was compressed to the extreme.

At this moment, Zhu Wushi's sword strike made the surrounding sword cultivators lose the idea of taking action.

"Could it be that this guy really can't block it?" On the distant mountain range, Bai Zeyu frowned.

"Hehe, if he's really dead, it means that the ancestor has misjudged him." He laughed and turned to look into the distance.

On the other side, Shui Yue'er from the Water Spirit Palace pierced through the body of a sword cultivator.

The sword cultivator's qi, blood, and spiritual qi, as well as the sword intent he had cultivated all his life, turned into streams of light that were absorbed by Shui Yue'er's sword.

Nurturing the sword with all the power of a cultivator!

The fourth floor was the real killing ground.

Shui Yue'er raised her head and looked at Bai Zeyu, her eyes full of coldness.

With a flash of her sword, she charged towards another sword cultivator.

"They're from the spiritual armor demons after all. The Ancestor said that the blood of these spiritual armor demons is cold. I felt it the last time I tasted it..." Bai Zeyu's expression was solemn as he turned to look in Han Muye's direction.

At this moment, the sword light that Zhu ignored had already arrived in front of Han Muye, but Han Muye did not move at all.

"Boom!"

Endless streams of light collided in the void behind Han Muye.

These were the swords of the entire third floor rushing onto the fourth floor!

The wings of light on Han Muye's back flashed and he disappeared.

Zhu Wushi's sword light was the first to be shattered.

Before he could react, the sword lights engulfed him.

"Buzz!"

Countless swords turned into long dragons and chased after Han Muye.

As for Zhu Wushi, who was swallowed, it was like he had never been here.

A Heaven Realm Out of Body realm cultivator had died silently on the fourth level!

This was killing!

Han Muye laughed and flew away.

He was flying towards a distant mountain range.

Behind him, the sword light turned into a dragon and chased after him.

Bai Zeyu, who was standing at the top of the mountain, was originally smiling, but the next moment, the smile on his face froze.

Han Muye was clearly flying towards him!

“Brother Bai, help!” Han Muye shouted.

F*ck!

Bai Zeyu turned around and ran.

Was this something he could get involved in?

Seeing him escape, Han Muye laughed loudly and led the sword light dragon towards Shui Yue’er.

Shui Yue’er, who he had defeated with one strike and could kill with another strike, also had a change in expression. In the end, she chose to fly away.

She escaped.

At this moment, the entire fourth floor of the Sword Pavilion was in chaos.

Han Muye led the sword lights to wreak havoc, and no one dared to stop.

He was in the middle, and thousands of sword cultivators were fleeing in front of him.

The fourth level of the Sword Pavilion, which was supposed to be filled with people fighting each other, had become a fourth level for escaping.

“Fellow Daoists, we should work together to overcome difficulties!” Han Muye shouted.

Then the sword cultivators in front ran faster.

“Everyone, this sword light is a huge opportunity. If we can disperse the sword light dragon, we might be able to become the master of the Sword Pavilion,” Han Muye shouted again.

F*ck, who would believe this?

The sword cultivators in front ran even faster.

Han Muye smiled and chased after these sword cultivators on the fourth floor of the Sword Pavilion.

The sword light behind him did not give up either. It surged like a torrent.

One day.

Three days.

Ten days.

More and more sword cultivators, whose cultivation levels were low and spiritual qi were exhausted, threw away the swords in their hands and turned into nothingness as they were kicked out by the Sword Pavilion.

The long swords flew into the sword light dragon and made it stronger.