

Pavilion 741

Chapter 741 - 741 Imperial City Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu (3)

Standing in the small courtyard, Huang Zhihu was silent for a while before a smile appeared on her face.

“Haha, my backer has returned.

“In the future, I can do whatever I want in the Imperial City...

Kicking open the door, Huang Zhihu ran in.

...

When she woke up, it was already late in the morning.

Huang Zhihu, who had messy hair and was casually wearing a robe, walked out of the room and saw Han Muye sitting beside the stone table in the small courtyard.

“Godfather...” Huang Zhihu stuck out her tongue.

“Cuicui told me that you sleep until noon every day and often stay out at night.”

Han Muye looked up and said calmly, “Change into women’s clothes.”

Huang Zhihu was stunned and hurriedly said, “Godfather, it’s not convenient to wear female clothes. I never wear—”

Han Muye glared at her.

Muttering to herself, she turned around and walked into the room. Fifteen minutes later, she slowly walked out in a light yellow dress.

“Let Cuicui comb your hair for you,” Han Muye said with a glance.

Huang Zhihu touched her hair that she had casually tied into a bun. “Oh.” She left the small courtyard and went next door.

“Sigh, will Sixth Brother blame me for raising this little girl like this?” Han Muye muttered in the small courtyard.

When Huang Zhihu arrived at the store in female clothing, Tiger Head and the other two were stunned.

“What are you looking at?”

Huang Zhihu widened her eyes and made the three little fellows take a step back.

She suddenly thought of something and bent down to pinch Tiger Head’s ear. “Tiger Head, am I beautiful?”

Tiger Head nodded.

“Haha, Aunt Cui, add an egg for Tiger Head. It’s on me.” Huang Zhihu laughed as she ran into the store to look for Cuicui.

When she came out, her hair was tied up into a beautiful bun.

“With our Zhihu’s figure and appearance, she’s a rare beauty in the Imperial City. Why did she have to wear men’s clothes?”

“Look, the guy eating the buns over there has stuffed the buns into his nose,” Cuicui said with a smile as she led the slightly shy Huang Zhihu out.

It was rare for Huang Zhihu’s face to turn red. She grabbed Cuicui’s sleeve and said, “Aunt Cui, I want to eat braised beef noodles. Also, I want a tray of three fresh buns.”

Cuicui was about to nod and answer when Han Muye’s voice sounded. “What do you want to eat? There’s no need for cultivators to waste this food.

“Put a stop to the desire for eating.”

Stop?

Huang Zhihu’s face fell.

“Let’s go to the Mystic Sun Guards’ camp,” Han Muye said again.

Huang Zhihu looked at her clothes: “I, I’m going like this?”

Han Muye nodded and turned to the carriage Zuo Lin had prepared.

“Oh no, my Imperial City’s Sword Tiger’s reputation is going to be ruined...” Huang Zhihu covered her face with her hand and slowly paced around.

“Miss—” a voice began.

“Scram.” Huang Zhihu shouted coldly. She rushed up the carriage in a few steps and the carriage set off.

“You stepped on someone else’s foot, yet you’re still so arrogant...” On the side of the main road, someone muttered in a daze.

...

As the carriage moved forward, Han Muye saw that Imperial Garden Street was still prosperous, but there seemed to be a flurry of activity.

Most of the people were armed with swords and had resolute expressions.

There were also many people who seemed confused.

Although the Imperial City was still the same Imperial City, it was affected by the chaos everywhere.

With the current situation, it was impossible for any place to be spared.

In the carriage, Huang Zhihu, who was sitting upright, described the current situation in the Imperial City and the Heavenly Mystic in a low voice.

Most of the Confucian cultivators in the Imperial City were outside the realm. Other than Mr. Green Vine teaching on the Yongding River, almost everyone Han Muye knew was not in the Imperial City.

Now the main instructors of the Imperial City Academy were all at the Grandmaster Realm. There were very few Grandmasters.

Grandmaster powerhouses were basically not outside the realm and were suppressing everywhere.

Most of the experts in the Mystic Sun Guards were also outside the realm. On one hand, they were dealing with the attacks of the Immortal Spirit World, and on the other hand, they were tempering themselves with cultivation.

“Godfather, I’ve discussed with Crown Prince Yunduan to prepare to leave the capital.”

Huang Zhihu raised her head and whispered.

Leave the capital?

These two guys are quite bold. They actually want to leave the capital.

Outside the Imperial City, there were many forces that dared to kill the royal family.

The Confucian Dao did not have enough suppression power. The Mystic Sun Guards were attacking everywhere, and Huang Zhihu and the other reserve commanders were only on missions around the Imperial City.

Huang Zhihu and Yunduan were bold. They would often leave the city and walk along the Yongding River.

According to Huang Zhihu, many cultivators broke the law and disrupted the order of the Heavenly Mystic. They should be killed.

The night before, Yunduan was looking for Huang Zhihu because a county’s tribute had been plundered.

Han Muye sat in the carriage, narrowed his eyes, and nodded. “We’ll see about that.”

When he returned to the Heavenly Mystic, he also had the intention to stabilize the Heavenly Mystic.

However, it was different from Huang Zhihu’s small fight. If he wanted to attack, he would naturally sweep through the world.

As the carriage moved forward, they noticed that the surrounding pedestrians were all wearing black robes.

Mystic Sun Guards.

Dressed in black, their hearts were filled with light.

In front of them was the Mystic Sun Guards’ camp.

All the reserve commanders were here to accept missions and receive systematic training.

“It’s Sword Tiger’s carriage.”

Seeing Zuo Lin drive the carriage over, someone exclaimed softly.

Everyone quickly made way for it.

Han Muye turned to look at Huang Zhihu.

“Well, I, I am, just that my swordsmanship is better...” Huang Zhihu’s fingers intertwined as she lowered her head.

The carriage stopped three miles outside the camp, and Han Muye got out.

The surrounding people were stunned when they saw Han Muye get out of the carriage.

Doesn’t this carriage belong to the Imperial City’s Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu?

The next moment, Huang Zhihu, who was wearing a yellow dress and a lady-like hairstyle, lowered her head and got out of the carriage.

That casual look made the surrounding Mystic Sun Guards stare.

Huang Zhihu glared at them fiercely. She wanted to chase after her adoptive father with large strides, but her steps were hampered by her dress. She could only chase after him with small steps.

“That’s... Sword Tiger?”

A young man in a black robe covered the side of his face with his hand.

“If I had known earlier, I would have been slapped even more...”

“The Imperial City’s Sword Tiger is actually such a beauty?” Someone’s eyes lit up. He touched his shoulder, which was still a little painful. It no longer hurt now.

Han Muye was stopped in front of the camp.

A few Mystic Sun Guards in black armor had solemn expressions and vigilance in their eyes.

“No one is allowed to enter the Mystic Sun Guards’ camp!”

Chapter 742 - 742 Huang Zhihu Enters the Military Camp in Women's Clothes for the First Time

742 Huang Zhihu Enters the Military Camp in Women’s Clothes for the First Time

“Bam!”

With a crisp sound, the black armored Lieutenant blocking Han Muye was slapped hard.

“This is my foster father!” Huang Zhihu rolled up her sleeves and was about to step forward.

The military officer with one hand covering his face looked up and saw Huang Zhihu’s appearance. He was first stunned, then confused, and then muttered, “Sword... Lord Sword Tiger...”

The group of black armored soldiers placed their hands on the Mystic Sun swords at their waists, but they were at a loss.

Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu was someone people feared in the camp.

However, how did the ruthless Sword Tiger become this beautiful girl with fair arms?

"Get out of the way. Haven't I taught you enough lessons?" Huang Zhihu raised her leg to kick, but because the hem of her dress was wrapped around her leg, she could not raise her leg.

Only at this moment did the captain regain his senses. However, he didn't dare to look at Huang Zhihu anymore. Lowering his head, he said, "Sir, this is my duty..."

Huang Zhihu was furious. She raised her hand again, but she heard a cold snort behind her.

"You didn't do anything wrong," Han Muye said coldly.

Huang Zhihu was slightly stunned when she heard Han Muye's voice again. "How should one be punished for trespassing on important military ground and injuring a Mystic Sun Guard?"

The commander who had lowered his head trembled. He raised his head and said loudly, "Beheading!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw Huang Zhihu's angry eyes widen. The Sword Tiger that he was usually afraid of was now extremely cute. His heart could not help but soften. "Um, it's only right for the officer to teach this subordinate a lesson..."

At this moment, several figures had already rushed over from the camp.

The person in the lead was the commander of the three prefectures of the Mystic Sun Guards, the deputy commander of the capital, Lu Yang.

Lu Yang flew over. When he saw Han Muye, he looked excited. He bowed and cupped his fists. "Lu Yang greets Granduncle!"

Han Muye stood there and waved his hand. "There's no granduncle here. You're the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, the person in charge of the preparatory commander selection. You're the most senior here."

Hearing his words, Lu Yang was stunned and hurriedly said, "Granduncle, what are you talking about? If Lu Yang dares to call himself granduncle in front of you, I'm afraid my old master will break my bones."

"Lu Yuzhou wouldn't dare," Han Muye said calmly. "He can't beat me now."

Lu Yang opened his mouth, not knowing what to say.

The general at the side looked up. As soon as he grinned, he quickly turned his head away.

"This is, Zhihu?" Lu Yang looked at Huang Zhihu and sized her up. A smile appeared on his face.

"How beautifully is she dressed? I'm afraid the young men in my camp are staring at her."

Hearing his words, Huang Zhihu snorted. "Brother Lu Yang, do you think my reputation as a Sword Tiger came from nothing?"

The smile on Lu Yang's face froze. Just as he was about to speak, he heard Han Muye say coldly, "You trespassed the camp and attacked for no reason. Lu Yang, how should she be punished?"

Punished?

Lu Yang looked at the red palm print on the general's face, then at Huang Zhihu in front of him.

Isn't this common?

Isn't Sword Tiger's reputation built from fighting?

This camp was filled with reserve commanders from all over the Heavenly Mystic. They either had extraordinary cultivation or extraordinary backgrounds.

Even Lu Yang had a headache.

For example, the heir of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty, Yunduan, was also joining in the fun in the camp as a reserve commander.

There were also experts from the Flood Dragon Clan in the Eastern Sea, experts in the Sword Dao, a few experts from the demon clan in the Southern Wasteland, and several experts from the Western Frontier and Northern Region.

Many of the reserve commanders nurtured by the Central Mystic Sun Guards were also tough opponents.

When Huang Zhihu first arrived at the camp, she was not eye-catching.

What made her famous was the battle ranking of the reserve commanders. Huang Zhihu, who originally ranked below 1,000, relied on her dual swords to fight 86 battles in a day and immediately entered the top 100.

Everyone remembered Huang Zhihu's sword dao in these battles.

She controlled her sword in long-range battles and killed in close combat.

Although her cultivation level was only at the Golden Core realm, Huang Zhihu could stab a half-step Heaven Realm expert with one strike.

In the next three months, the reserve commanders slowly familiarized themselves with each other and formed many small groups.

For some reason, Huang Zhihu and Yunduan hit it off very well. There were also many cultivators from the western and northern regions who got along and became one of the forces in the reserve command.

In the half-year assessment, Huang Zhihu led 30 Mystic Sun Guards to complete ambushes and sneak attacks, outflanking and defeating the enemy that outnumbered them by 10 times.

She used both swords and defeated nearly a hundred experts before she was finally exhausted.

In these battles, the name of Sword Tiger Huang Zhihu spread throughout the camp.

Huang Zhihu, Yunduan, and the other three reserve commanders became the most formidable beings in the camp.

Five Mystic Sun Tigers. This name was very famous.

Especially after Lu Yang and Huang Zhihu's relationship was unintentionally spread, Lu Yang treated Huang Zhihu like his own sister.

With such connections, who would dare to go against them?

Lu Yang looked at the depressed Huang Zhihu.

According to Han Muye and Lu Yang's relationship, Huang Zhihu was Lu Yang's elder.

It was just that Huang Zhihu was too embarrassed to address herself as an elder, so the two of them privately addressed each other as peers.

With a laugh, Lu Yang looked at Han Muye and said, "Granduncle, I'm insensible—

"She's insensible, and you're insensible too?" Han Muye shouted, and Lu Yang's expression changed drastically.

"There's no room for relaxation in the fight for the Dao. Train and select the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards. In the future, you have to fight with all your might during the fight for the Dao.

"How can you be so unorganized and undisciplined?"

Han Muye's voice was cold and dignified.

His cultivation was already at Out of Body realm fifth level, and the power of his soul surpassed the Heaven Realm. His every move, word, and action could affect the Divine Dao.

The moment he opened his mouth, it was as if extreme cold had descended on the camp.

Chapter 743 - 743 Huang Zhihu Enters the Military Camp in Women's Clothes for the First Time (2)

743 Huang Zhihu Enters the Military Camp in Women's Clothes for the First Time (2)

"Granduncle is right." Lu Yang nodded and cupped his fists. "How should I punish her?"

Huang Zhihu bit her lip and remained silent.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said, "After all, it's a time of need. A small punishment and a big warning. Punish her by flogging 10 times."

After a pause, he continued, "The flogging will be carried out in front of the entire camp as a warning to others."

Flogging me in front of the entire camp?

Huang Zhihu's face turned pale.

Do I not want my face anymore?

"Godfather..."

"There are no father and son on the battlefield. I've neglected to discipline you all these years. This time, I'll teach you a lesson." Han Muye's face was cold as he pointed at the soldiers in front of him. "These people will be your subordinates in the future."

"Their lives are no different from yours."

"If you can slap someone in public, why can't you receive 10 beatings yourself in public?"

Huang Zhihu was stunned and speechless.

Han Muye looked at Lu Yang. "What are you waiting for?"

Lu Yang nodded and raised his hand, sending out a spiritual light.

"Dong—"

"Dong—"

"Dong—"

The drumbeats were like thunder, and in an instant, the vitality in the camp was like a dragon. Numerous generals flew towards the drill ground of the camp and formed a battle formation.

Han Muye strode into the camp. Lu Yang took a few steps back and turned to look at the glum-faced Huang Zhihu. He almost laughed out loud.

Huang Zhihu looked at both sides and saw that the soldiers had solemn expressions. Only then did she lower her head and rush into the camp.

Behind her, low discussions instantly broke out.

"Is it really Lord Sword Tiger? She's so delicate. She's really, really beautiful..."

"Head, does that slap hurt? Sigh, if I had known earlier, I would have taken this slap."

"Get lost. I didn't know that Lord Sword Tiger's palm was so soft."

...

On the drill ground, the army stood solemnly.

The 3,000 reserve commanders of the Mystic Sun Guards and the 30,000 elites that were transferred, would be deployed to various parts of the Heavenly Mystic to train for decades and become the main force of the Heavenly Mystic Black Armor Mystic Sun.

After three years of training, the younger generation elites of the Mystic Sun Guards were trained to obey. In less than a hundred breaths, they were ready.

When Huang Zhihu arrived at the drill ground, she saw a dark mass of generals. They looked straight ahead, their blood and qi surging.

Lu Yang strode forward and walked to the platform in front of him.

Han Muye stood outside the drill ground and did not enter.

After he gave Huang Zhihu the position of reserve commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, he had no military status in the Mystic Sun Guards and it would not be appropriate to enter the drill ground.

Seeing Lu Yang gather and walk over quickly, the expressions of the reserve commanders of the Mystic Sun Guards standing at the front were solemn.

Could it be that something big had happened?

"I gathered all the troops today for one thing."

Standing on the high platform, Lu Yang glanced down.

"My Mystic Sun Guards is in charge of the light and has strict military discipline.

"Reserve commander, Huang Zhihu, has no discipline. She trespassed the camp and will be punished with 10 strokes of the military rod."

Ten strokes of the military rod.

To these reserve commanders, it was nothing.

They could easily withstand a hundred strikes.

But this was a matter of face!

Sword Tiger's reputation would be tarnished if she were to be flogged in front of the entire army.

A few reserve commanders standing in front looked at each other with puzzled expressions.

The relationship between Lord Lu Yang and Huang Zhihu would be punished with a cane. There must be some hidden reason behind this.

"Lu Xiaoyun, you carry out the punishment," Lu Yang shouted.

Dressed in black armor, Lu Xiaoyun strode forward and looked at Huang Zhihu, who was standing outside the drill ground.

Following her gaze, everyone on the drill ground turned to look.

Then there was a collective gasp.

Huang Zhihu, who was wearing a yellow dress, bit her lip and slowly walked forward.

Those generals could not look away and their gaze followed her figure.

Is this the dual sword wielding Sword Tiger who's usually covered in blood?

A few reserve commanders standing at the front twitched their eyes in disbelief.

Was I defeated by this beautiful girl back then?

"She's so beautiful..."

Someone whispered.

Then the surroundings were filled with anger.

How could he say what was on his mind?

She's beautiful, though.

Every step Huang Zhihu took forward felt extremely difficult.

She could feel pairs of burning eyes staring at her.

Unhappy.

In the past, these guys would lower their heads when they saw her.

Now she was the one who did not dare to look.

She tried her best to raise her head and glanced around. Immediately, she lowered her head with a red face.

Why are these defeated opponents looking at me so strangely?

They must be asking for a beating.

Clenching her fists, Huang Zhihu walked forward step by step.

Lu Xiaoyun walked to the stone bench under the high platform and lay down. A green long staff of fire and water appeared in her hand.

"Auntie, don't worry. It won't hurt." Lu Xiaoyun lowered her head and whispered into Huang Zhihu's ear.

Huang Zhihu hugged her head and did not speak.

"Bam!"

A crisp sound resounded throughout the drill ground.

The surroundings were silent.

After 10 strokes, Huang Zhihu stood up and left the drill ground with Lu Xiaoyun's help.

"Disperse." Lu Yang waved his hand and turned to leave.

It wasn't until Lu Yang disappeared that the quiet drill ground was suddenly filled with a tsunami-like discussion.

Huang Zhihu, who was being supported by Lu Xiaoyun to her tent, covered her face with one hand.

"F*ck, the reputation that I've built after three years of fighting has been ruined by these 10 strokes."

Hearing her words, Lu Xiaoyun laughed out loud.

"Auntie, how did you offend my second uncle?"

Huang Zhihu gnashed her teeth, her eyes filled with tears. "Why would I offend him?"

"It's my foster father. I suspect that he's been outside the Realm for too long and has hardened his heart."

At this point, she stopped and clapped her hands. "I'm so stupid. I should have sent the news of his return to the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship long ago!"

Chapter 744 - 744 Huang Zhihu Enters the Military Camp in Women's Clothes for the First Time (3)

744 Huang Zhihu Enters the Military Camp in Women's Clothes for the First Time (3)

"What a huge loss. At least I'll earn 10,000 spiritual rocks less."

...

On the drill ground, the reserve commanders and elite soldiers did not leave. They stood there and discussed excitedly.

"Xu Changyuan, I didn't expect that the Sword Tiger that defeated you back then is actually a woman. You can't even f*cking defeat a woman." In front, a tall general laughed and looked at the young man beside him.

The young man's expression did not change. He said coldly, "There are only three to five people in the camp who can defeat Sword Tiger. Back then, you, Zhao Dacheng, were lucky and did not encounter her. Otherwise, you would have been beaten down."

These words made the surrounding generals have different expressions.

Those who had been beaten and those who had not were all wearing different expressions.

"Haha, alright, I'll give it a try. Let's see if Sword Tiger can beat me up. Let's agree that I'll challenge her. None of you should think of snatching her from me." The tall and sturdy Gao Dacheng smiled and walked forward.

"Bang!"

A thin general standing in front turned around and kicked Zhao Dacheng over.

"Are you qualified to challenge Sword Tiger?"

Blood Tiger Qian Yutang, who was also one of the Five Tigers of Mystic Sun!

When Qian Yutang made his move, the surrounding people did not even dare to engage in discussion.

"What? Old Qian, are you going to compete with me?" On the other side, the young man carrying the Mystic Sun Sword on his back and wearing a half-armor with golden light flickering in his eyes spoke.

Flying Tiger Bai Jianfei!

The two of them looked at each other. The battle intent in their eyes made the surrounding people subconsciously retreat.

"You guys continue playing. I'm leaving." The young man standing on the other side shook his head and turned to leave.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly turned around and headed towards the military's Alchemy Medical Hall.

"The 10 strokes aren't light. Don't leave any scars. I think it's better to use a Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill..." The young man's muttering made Bai Jianfei and Qian Yutang stunned.

"F*ck, Sun Zhan, you coward!"

"Haha, I happen to have a Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill."

...

Chaos broke out on the drill ground. Huang Zhihu no longer had the courage to stay and ran back to her tent with her head in her hands.

Lu Xiaoyun smiled and followed her.

Not far away, in the central tent, Lu Yang sat at the head of the table, while Han Muye sat steadily at the side.

"Granduncle, it's a joyous occasion for you to return from outside the realm. Why are you punishing her like this?" Lu Yang looked at Han Muye and asked in confusion.

In the camp, Huang Zhihu's combat strength and schemes were all above average.

Lu Yang had the intention to nurture her.

However, after today, those fellows would probably not be afraid of Sword Tiger anymore.

The army was valiant. Without reputation, one would lose a lot of combat strength.

"I can be considered a little selfish." Han Muye looked out of the military tent and sighed softly.

"Zhihu is Sixth Brother's legitimate daughter, my adopted daughter. All these years, I only wanted her to receive the best education and the best cultivation, but she lacked discipline.

"A girl can't always be fighting and killing at the frontlines."

Han Muye's expression was solemn.

The battle of the Dao was a battle of life and death.

These Mystic Sun Guards would see mountains of corpses and seas of blood for at least 50 years.

There might not be more than 10 people in the camp who could outlast the 100-year Dao Competition.

She was his adopted daughter after all. If not for the rules of the Mystic Sun Guards, Han Muye would have asked Huang Zhihu to leave the trial.

After exposing Huang Zhihu's identity this time, there would be less criticism when he used his power to privately transfer Huang Zhihu away in the future when they encountered a huge battle.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Lu Yang nodded.

He had returned from a bloody battle outside the Realm. Naturally, he knew the dangers of the Dao competition.

However, who could really escape from the hundred-year Dao Competition?

Han Muye did not come to the military camp just for Huang Zhihu. He sat with Lu Yang and analyzed the general situation of the Heavenly Mystic Realm, deducing the forms of the various prefectures and counties.

"I originally planned to use the Mystic Sun Guards to conquer various places. However, there are many experts from the Daoist Sect and the Demon Dao, so I'm not completely confident." Lu Yang's expression was a little gloomy.

The battle between Divine Lord Xuan Ming and Wang MUYANG had caused the prestige of Confucianism to collapse too severely.

Currently, other than the prefectures and counties, where the suppression of the Grandmasters could stabilize, the other towns were in chaos.

"Minister Wen and Marquis Wu mean to use the Heavenly Mystic chaos to train their troops." Lu Yang looked at Han Muye.

No matter how chaotic the Heavenly Mystic was, it was impossible for it to surpass Wen Mosheng's control.

Wen Mosheng didn't make a move because he wanted everyone in the Heavenly Mystic to experience all kinds of turmoil and unconsciously improve their ability to deal with the chaos.

Han Muye knew that this was not wrong.

Just like weeds growing together with vegetables and fruits, the weeds would definitely grow lushly.

Only those who had experienced more hardships would have the courage to face everything.

"I'll go see Minister Wen," Han Muye said as he stood up.

"You have to be prepared.

"The Mystic Sun Guards want to sweep through the world."

Sweeping across the world!

Lu Yang stood up and nodded solemnly.

If that was the case, he would not hesitate.

As for whether he could do it or not, it was not something he considered.

Han Muye left the camp and asked Zuo Lin and the others to go straight to the upper city of the Imperial City.

His figure was so fast that no one could see him.

In just a moment, he had already arrived in front of the Prime Minister's residence in the upper city.

The upper city was also much more empty now. Qin Suyang and the other experts were guarding outside the realm.

When they arrived at the Minister's Mansion, the soldiers at the door were about to stop them when they saw a middle-aged scholar in a green robe walking over quickly.

"Greetings, Mr. Mu Ye."

"Minister, please come in for a chat."

Zhou Wenbo, the Chief Supervisor of Minister Wen's Residence, had the cultivation of a Confucian Grandmaster. Usually, he was in charge of many matters in the Minister's Residence.

Han Muye nodded and followed Zhou Wenbo into the Minister's residence.

The mansion was decorated simply, with only a few flowers and plants around.

Many people in green robes or official robes were in a hurry.

This place could be considered the core of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty.

In the palace hall, there was only a rare court meeting every year.

Walking to the front hall, Han Muye looked up at the figure sitting behind the long table.

It was Minister Wen, yet not Minister Wen.

It was just a Primordial Spirit phantom.

Minister Wen's true body was naturally still guarding outside the realm.

"A Great Dao seed is really rare." Wen Mosheng looked up at Han Muye with a smile.

Before Han Muye could cup his hands, Wen Mosheng said again, "Junior Brother, I'll leave the Heavenly Mystic Realm to you. How about that?"

Chapter 745 - 745 Determining the Eastern Sea

Junior Brother.

As a disciple of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor, Han Muye was indeed Wen Mosheng's junior brother.

However, Han Muye did not care about their estrangement.

What good would it do for him to get close to Wen Mosheng?

However, Han Muye did not expect Wen Mosheng to directly ask him to control the Heavenly Mystic.

"Minister Wen, with the current situation, it's not impossible for the Heavenly Mystic to win, right?" Han Muye frowned and asked in a low voice.

Although the Immortal Spirit World was extremely powerful, it was not overwhelming.

Especially now that the reincarnation and karma were not obvious, Sages and Half-Sages did not have an absolute advantage.

The great cultivators of the Immortal Spirit World had their powers suppressed. Even though their own world was in chaos, they still had a headache.

“Victory?” Wen Mosheng shook his head and said softly, “From the looks of it, there’s really no chance of winning.

“The Immortal Spirit World is stronger than our Heavenly Mystic Realm. If Junior Brother Chen and I are not suppressed, we still have a chance to fight.

“Now that the Dao competition has started, there are 10 times fewer Heavenly Mystic World experts than in the Immortal Spirit World.

“Also,” Wen Mosheng looked worried, “more than 80% of the cultivators from the land of Dao Competition have defected to the Immortal Spirit World.”

Experts from outside were all here to fight for opportunities.

These people did not care about morality. They only cared about the difference in strength.

The stronger the immortal essence, the more attractive it was to them.

On the other hand, when they saw that the Heavenly Mystic was being suppressed, these people would not come.

“I’ve discussed it with Junior Brother Chen. We’re going to mobilize some experts and go to the Immortal Spirit World to kill them first. We won’t let them have it easy.”

Wen Mosheng said as he looked at Han Muye.

Charge and kill? Han Muye thought.

This strategy is not bad.

However, would the other party start the battle in advance?

Also, if the other party used the same method, wouldn’t Han Muye have to bear all the pressure of fighting in the home ground of the Heavenly Mystic alone?

Glancing at Wen Mosheng, Han Muye understood that this old fox was doing it on purpose.

The Immortal Spirit World was indeed a threat, but it was not to the point where Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi had to personally destroy it.

“Minister Wen, I went to Scattered Stars Island and found many allies for the Heavenly Mystic World. Can we delay this battle?” Han Muye said.

Wen Mosheng’s eyes lit up at the mention of an ally.

“Junior Brother, tell me quickly.”

This old fellow must have been waiting for a long time.

After he returned from Scattered Stars Island, Minister Wen probably wanted to know what happened in the past few years.

Han Muye chuckled and recounted what happened on Scattered Stars Island.

He skipped the sword evaluation and focused on the decisions of the countless Divine Venerables, the Jinnan Region, the Desolate Wilderness Qilin, and other major factions.

Qilin, the Great Cultivator of the Desolate Wilderness, was coming to the Heavenly Mystic World. Such a surprise made Wen Mosheng happy.

It was even more surprising that the Confucian inheritance of the Jinnan Region was willing to help the Heavenly Mystic.

"If that's the case, Xu Green Vine needs to be treated seriously," Wen Mosheng said softly.

Xu Green Vine's cultivation path was a mental blow to the cultivators of Jinnan.

If Green Vine went to the Jinnan Region, it was possible for him to instantly become a Sage with the merit of establishing the Dao.

Of course, the prerequisite was that Xu Green Vine could go.

The fact that the two powerful forces were willing to form an alliance with the Heavenly Mystic made Wen Mosheng's expression look much better.

"If hell is not empty, will the Divine Venerables not leave?" When Han Muye told him about the foundation of the Endless Divine Venerables' Dao, Wen Mosheng stood up with a solemn expression.

"So, this is the ultimate way for a grand cultivator to transcend." Wen Mosheng nodded.

"Cultivation, after severing karma and reincarnation, when you look again, it's actually not living beings that are entangled, but the Great Dao.

"But the Great Dao is the source of all power. How can it be balanced to transcend?"

Wen Mosheng seemed to be talking to Han Muye, but also to himself.

Han Muye knew that this kind of transcendence was extremely difficult.

The Endless Divine Venerables could only take half a step forward if they made a great wish.

But could the oath of hell not being empty really be fulfilled?

Han Muye had no idea.

The path of a great cultivator's transcendence was completely unimaginable.

Han Muye's trip to Scattered Stars Island had not only improved his strength, but it had also attracted powerful allies.

The Confucianism of the Jinnan Region would definitely help the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism with all its might. The Sword Pavilion and the Desolate Wilderness were also extremely powerful.

Most importantly, the Endless Divine Venerables alone were enough to make the Heavenly Mystic invincible.

"If the Endless Divine Venerables are really willing to help..." Wen Mosheng pondered for a moment and nodded. "In that case, Junior Brother Chen and I will do our best to maintain the defensive line.

"I'll give you 20 years to stabilize the Heavenly Mystic Realm. Is that enough?"

Twenty years later, the Desolate Wilderness would return to the Heavenly Mystic. At that time, even if Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi did not make a move, the Immortal Spirit World would still attack with all their might.

Twenty years?

Stabilize the Heavenly Mystic World?

Han Muye's eyes sparkled as he said calmly, "Then I have to go to White Deer Mountain in advance."

To White Deer Mountain!

Wen Mosheng nodded, "Alright, I will issue a decree to invite the Headmaster of the White Deer Mountain Academy to the Imperial City.

"I'll leave the Imperial City Academy and the dynasty's core to you.

"In twenty years, I hope that the Heavenly Mystic will stabilize and be able to establish the momentum for the victory in the future."

As he spoke, Wen Mosheng picked up his ink brush and wrote on the paper in front of him.

"Buzz!"

At this moment, a golden communication talisman flew down.

Wen Mosheng raised his hand and drew the talisman to himself. He frowned.

"The Eastern Sea is in chaos..."

He threw the golden talisman to Han Muye.

Han Muye reached out to take it and probed with his divine sense.

The Eastern Sea was in chaos.

Ever since Marquis Wu lured the Flood Dragon Clan into the Void battleground, the Eastern Sea Spiritual Armored Demons lost their suppression and the Eastern Sea was in chaos.

Those sword sects in the Eastern Sea could have stopped the Spiritual Armored Demons, but now they were fighting for themselves and were surrounded. Many sword cultivators died.

Chapter 746 - 746 Determining the Eastern Sea (2)

The islands where the itinerant cultivators gathered were occupied by the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan. Several Sword Dao Sects were busy snatching the spiritual lands after the Flood Dragon Clan left. They did not care about the lives of the itinerant cultivators and low-level cultivators.

“Eastern Sea...” Han Muye narrowed his eyes and said coldly, “I’ll go.”

The Eastern Sea sword cultivators were an important part of the Sword Dao Formation that he had envisioned.

He could not let these sword cultivators be slaughtered by the Spiritual Armored Demons just like that.

Since the Eastern Sea sword cultivators were in a state of disunity, Han Muye would subdue all of them.

“Alright.” A smile appeared on Wen Mosheng’s face. He put away the paper in front of him and wrote another one.

Han Muye looked at him and guessed that he had been schemed against again.

Otherwise, why would he not want to deal with this guy? This was the reason.

Unhappy.

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered to stay any longer and left.

In the main hall, Wen Mosheng’s smile deepened as he watched him leave.

“Bookworm, aren’t you afraid that he will fall out with you for scheming against him like this?” Marquis Wu’s voice sounded.

A fully armored Marquis Wu appeared and looked at Wen Mosheng. “He doesn’t know that the sects of the Upper Three Heavens are behind the Immortal Spirit World. Even the Divine Venerables were plotting. If you let him act rashly, it won’t be easy to explain in the future.”

“Explain?” Wen Mosheng’s expression was calm as he said, “If you can’t win in the Dao Competition, everything will stop. If you win in the Dao, hehe...”

If he was victorious in the Dao Competition, what was there to explain?

Marquis Wu shook his head and didn’t say anything. His figure disappeared.

Their true bodies were all outside the realm. The battle there was intense, so they didn’t have much energy to care about the matters in the Heavenly Mystic.

Wen Mosheng was not joking when he said that he would hand over the Heavenly Mystic to Han Muye.

The battle outside the Realm was the focus.

Confucian experts and Heavenly Mystic elites were all outside the realm. Of course, Minister Wen and Marquis Wu’s focus was outside the realm.

Not long after Han Muye returned to the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, news spread in the Imperial City.

The crown prince, Yunduan, was going to the Eastern Sea to quell the chaos.

The swordsmen of the royal family, the experts of the Imperial City Academy, and Grandmaster Mu Ye, who had returned from outside the realm, followed along.

In addition, the preparatory commander trial of the Mystic Sun Guards was brought forward. Three thousand preparatory commanders were deployed throughout the Heavenly Mystic, and some of the preparatory commanders from the Eastern Sea returned to the Eastern Sea.

In the small courtyard of the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion, Han Muye sat upright.

Huang Zhihu, who had crept in, did not expect Han Muye to be waiting for her and immediately looked vexed.

“Look at the time now,” Han Muye said coldly.

Huang Zhihu scratched her hair, which was a little messy, and said in a low voice, “The second watch...”

Before she could finish speaking, the sound of clapping came from outside.

Third watch.

“You’re a girl. You returned home only in the middle of the night. If I wasn’t here, would you have stayed out all night again?” Han Muye snorted.

Huang Zhihu lowered her head and did not speak.

Yunduan had told her not to reply, but she didn’t dare.

“Was it your idea for Yunduan to go to the Eastern Sea?” Han Muye looked at Huang Zhihu.

Hearing this news, Han Muye knew that someone was deliberately plotting behind the scenes.

Why would he need these burdens to quell the rebellion in the Eastern Sea?

If it was up to him, he would have just slashed east.

“That Yunduan wanted to go by herself. Also, Aunt Yunjin...” Huang Zhihu glanced at Han Muye.

Yunduan had often badmouthed Han Muye in front of her.

What did he mean by ruining Princess Yunjin’s reputation and leaving her unscathed? He was a heartless man and a scumbag. No man could eat and leave like this.

Although Huang Zhihu did not find out much from Yunjin, she felt that there was a story behind it.

Otherwise, why would Princess Yunjin treat her so well?

This afternoon, she went to the Immortal Ship to report and Yunjin gave her various medicinal pills worth millions and many delicious fruits.

Originally, Huang Zhihu only planned to extort 10,000 spiritual rocks and then go to the Immortal Ship with Yunduan to drink wine.

“You’re also on the list for the Eastern Sea, right?” Han Muye glared at Huang Zhihu.

A smile appeared on Huang Zhihu's face, but it instantly disappeared. She said in a low voice, "Sigh, I have a good relationship with Yunduan. How can I be at ease with her going to the Eastern Sea alone..."

Han Muye snorted, stood up, and went straight back to his room.

It was good to see these little fellows who had never experienced a real bloody battle to gain exposure.

The Dao competition was not a treat.

Seeing Han Muye leave, Huang Zhihu stuck out her tongue and entered her room.

She had to prepare well to go to the Eastern Sea.

However, she did not know that after Han Muye entered his room, he instantly turned into spiritual light and dissipated.

It was just an Immortal Soul Avatar.

He was currently on the Yongding River.

On a pleasure boat, a few paintings and words were spread out in front of Xu Wei, who was sitting opposite him.

"It's neat," Xu Wei commented as he looked at them carefully.

"There are very few people in the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism who are so neat.

"Although I've never approved of cultivation being so rigorous, this meticulous method is very desirable.

"From the looks of it, the Confucian Dao in the Jinnan Region is probably much stronger than our Heavenly Mystic World."

Han Muye nodded.

Xu Wei's speculation was not wrong.

Most things in the world could be made up for by hard work.

There were very few people who really competed on talent.

From Elementary Scholar to High Scholar, and then to Scholar, it was all achieved through diligence and meticulousness.

However, in the future, it would really depend on talent.

Without enough talent, it was difficult to move.

Back then, Han Muye was also limited by his talent. It was not until he refined a pill that changed his cultivation talent that this problem was resolved.

After explaining the cultivation rules of the Jinnan Region in a low voice, Han Muye smiled and said, "Mr. Green Vine, your cultivation story makes Senior Tao Zhixing yearn for it.

"I think he will be coming to visit you soon."

Although Tao Zhixing had said that he would come to the Heavenly Mystic, he could not come immediately.

It was a place where one could only enter and not leave. If they really came, they would have to prepare in advance.

Not everyone had a top expert like an Endless Divine Venerable to guide them.

Xu Wei was also interested in the Jinnan Region.

This kind of exquisite cultivation path was what he lacked.

There were advantages and disadvantages to his carelessness.

Han Muye drank with Xu Zhi on the pleasure boat. Knowing that the sky was brightening, he got up and left.

Seeing him leave, Xu Wei covered his mouth with his hand and coughed softly.

“Sigh, your body really can’t endure like this...” A voice sounded. A woman in a pale white dress walked over, her eyes filled with pity.

“Hehe, this kid is my drinking buddy. No matter what, I have to drink with him.”

Xu Wei laughed nonchalantly. Then a trace of loneliness appeared in his eyes. “Besides, I don’t know how many times we can drink together...”

...

When Han Muye landed on the riverbank, he saw the light of the morning sun shining on the Immortal Ship in the distance, emitting a resplendent soft light.

Someone on the third floor of the Immortal Ship seemed to be looking at him.

Han Muye did not go to the Immortal Ship.

Some things should be kept in the heart.

Three days later, the gates of the Mystic Sun Guards’ camp opened, and a group of black-armored soldiers rode out.

The leaders were Yunduan and Huang Zhihu with solemn expressions.

Behind them were a few reserve commanders from the Eastern Sea.

300 elites followed.

“It’s a pity that Sword Tiger only wore women’s clothing twice...” In the camp, Qian Yutang leaned against the fence and stared at the departing group.

“Hmph, that’s how Sword Tiger should be. In a woman’s outfit. If you marry her, you can look at her every day.” Bai Jianfei raised his head and smiled.

Qian Yutang spat and turned to leave.

"I'll go beg Lord Lu Yang. It's really meaningless to be trapped in the Imperial City like this. If a man can't dominate the world, how can he win the beauty?"

"The man who is worthy of Sword Tiger must be the best man in the world!"

Hearing his words, Bai Jianfei hurriedly chased after him. "Let's go together. I heard that Sword Tiger's foster father is looking for a son-in-law. I wonder what the father-in-law's identity is and what requirements he has..."

"Go away!"

...

On the Yongding River, 10 large ships were lined up.

The Mystic Sun Guards boarded the ship solemnly.

All the surrounding merchant ships and pleasure boats avoided them carefully.

"Woo—"

The horn sounded, and on the flagship, the royal flag of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty rose.

In the distance, a clear song sounded from the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship that looked like an immortal city.

"The secular world is so ridiculous. Infatuation is the most troublesome..."

Han Muye looked in the direction of the Immortal Ship with shining eyes. At last, he turned to look at the black-armored Mystic Sun Guards standing solemnly on the deck in front of him and said calmly, "This trip will be to the Eastern Sea."

Chapter 747 - 747 Intercept and Kill, A 300-Mile Cold Sword Light

After leaving the Imperial City, they sailed along the Yongding River which flowed continuously until it reached the Guan Estuary. Then it split into two paths. One circled Dongshan County, heading to the Eastern Sea, and the other entered the Southern Wasteland.

The river was flowing, and there were countless fleets coming and going.

All the resources gathered in the Imperial City to nurture all living things.

Han Muye stood in front of the porthole and looked ahead. Water vapor filled the river.

In the current Heavenly Mystic, mountains and rivers everywhere were ruled by the orthodox deities. The Divine Dao and the Confucian Dao divide the power of incense and the People's Will cleanly.

It was also because of this that the Daoist sects and other cultivation sects had the intention to rebel.

How could he not be anxious when the cultivation foundation was going to be destroyed?

"Gongsun Qingfeng greets Mr. Mu Ye." A middle-aged sword cultivator in a green robe and carrying a sword wrapped in gray cloth bowed to Han Muye.

The descendant of the number one sword cultivator of the royal family, Gongsun Shu.

Gongsun Shu had broken through outside the realm, and his cultivation and combat strength were already at the peak of the Heavenly Mystic World.

A few years ago, Gongsun Shu returned to the Central Continent to sweep through and pacify the chaos several times.

However, during the chaotic battle outside the realm, Gongsun Shu left again to fight outside the realm.

Gongsun Qingfeng's cultivation level was at the eighth level of the Heaven Realm, and he was one of the strongest among the younger generation of the Gongsun family.

He was Yunduan's guard.

Yunduan was the heir to the throne. She had the title of Mystic Sun Heavenly Tiger but her cultivation and combat strength were not great.

However, no one dared to offend her.

Han Muye glanced at Gongsun Qingfeng and nodded. "With your cultivation, it's enough to protect Yunduan.

"However, there are many sword cultivators on this trip to the Eastern Sea. Don't care about the outcome. Don't have the intention to win."

All sword cultivators were arrogant. The sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea were powerful. It wouldn't be a good thing if Gongsun Qingfeng fought with those sword cultivators and forgot his duty.

"Don't worry, Master. Gongsun Qingfeng knows his duty." Gongsun Qingfeng cupped his hands as he spoke.

When he walked out of the cabin and went to the deck, he saw the crown prince, Yunduan, and Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu, sitting together and eating spiritual fruits.

Sword Tiger Huang Zhihu was Mr. Mu Ye's adopted daughter. Her swordsmanship was outstanding.

Huang Zhihu had once challenged Gongsun Qingfeng. With his cultivation suppressed, Gongsun Qingfeng had no chance of winning.

"You've met my foster father?" Huang Zhihu turned around and looked at Gongsun Qingfeng. "Brother Gongsun, why don't you spar with him?"

Han Muye and Lu Yuzhou addressed each other as brothers, and their seniority in the Imperial City was extremely high.

Whether it was Qin Suyang or Yan Zhenqing, these Half-Sage experts were all his peers.

In this way, Huang Zhihu's seniority gave many people a headache.

Fortunately, Huang Zhihu was smart. When she met people with high cultivation levels, she would address them as her peers. Calling them 'big brother' could resolve many awkward situations and even allow her to get close to them.

This was the case with Lu Yang.

Gongsun Qingfeng shook his head and said softly, "I admire Mr. Mu Ye's cultivation of Confucianism. As for the Sword Dao, I've never seen it before."

Hearing his words, Huang Zhihu smiled. "My foster father is known as a Sword Immortal in the Western Frontier.

"Back then, he split the Heavenly Wall and opened the Heavenly Gate with his sword."

Opened the Heavenly Gate with his sword?

Gongsun Qingfeng was stunned.

Yunduan turned around and said, "The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Han Muye?"

At this point, her eyes widened. "The Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye, the Alchemy Great Cultivator Mu Ye, and he's also the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy..."

Han Muye's identity was not a secret. Until now, anyone with intention could find out.

The Western Frontier Sword Dao immortal, Han Muye.

Grandmaster Han Mu, the head of the White Deer Mountain Academy in Shuxi County.

His name shook the Imperial City. He was the great Confucian cultivator, Mu Ye, who was both proficient in alchemy and Confucianism.

The three names were world-renowned.

Each of them had unparalleled talent and unimaginable cultivation.

"Immortal of the Sword Dao?" Gongsun Qingfeng's eyes lit up as he said in a deep voice, "Back then, when the Western Frontier opened the Heavenly Gate, anyone with a sword could go there. I didn't have the chance to go. If I could..."

At this point, he paused and remembered what Han Muye had just said.

There were countless sword cultivators in the Eastern Sea, so it was not easy to challenge them.

"We'll talk about it after we pacify the Eastern Sea."

...

There were 3,000 Mystic Sun Guards, 10,000 Red Flame soldiers, and dozens of Confucian and Spiritual Dao cultivators on the 10 ships.

Each of these cultivators was in the Golden Core Realm or even the Heaven Realm.

Most of them were sword experts.

After all, they were heading to the Eastern Sea. How could they not go to the Sword Dao experts?

Sword techniques were said to be able to destroy all techniques with a single strike. How could ordinary cultivators calm the chaos in the Eastern Sea?

Han Muye was in seclusion on the top floor of the flagship. Everything else was arranged by Yunduan and Huang Zhihu.

The two of them trained in the reserve commander's camp and were very familiar with marching and setting up formations.

Apart from the first few days of chaos, everything was in order after that.

This was especially true for Huang Zhihu. When she was young, she trained in the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm of the Southern Wasteland and interacted with experts of various races. Later, in the White Deer Mountain Academy, her intelligence and methods were first-rate.

In the Imperial City Academy, Huang Zhihu had made a name for herself.

The name 'Sword Tiger' was even more resounding among the Mystic Sun Guards .

Before she left the Imperial City, Cuicui and Shao Datian whispered that they were not worried that Huang Zhihu would be disadvantaged.

The fleet sailed down the river and traveled 5,000 miles a day.

In Han Muye's cabin, several phantoms stood and bowed.

These phantoms all had divine cultivators' spiritual light.

Water lineage orthodox deities.

Down the river, Han Muye summoned all the Mountain River Deities along the way.

"Sir, there are 3,000 cultivators from the Daoist sects in the Deep Cloud Gorge ahead," a mountain deity in golden armor said in a low voice.

"Sir, the Daoist sects and demonic cultivators in the eight counties in Dongnan have already taken action. They are about to besiege us." The one who spoke was Qi Ziyu, who had been conferred the title of Water Lineage Deity at the Guan Estuary.

Thirty thousand miles ahead was the Guan Estuary. Qi Ziyu had received Han Muye's edict.

Chapter 748 - 748 Intercept and Kill, A 300-Mile Cold Sword Light (2)

The land of the eight counties in Dongnan was sealed by Han Muye's words back then and directly broke the momentum of the Daoist Sect.

Many of the sects had to migrate elsewhere.

When the Daoist strife started, there were countless Daoist sects in the eight counties in Dongnan that rebelled.

However, the power of the Heavenly Mystic was in the Confucian Dao, and these rebellious sects were only complying on the surface but rebelling on the inside.

It wasn't until the battle between Divine Lord Xuan Ming and the Confucian Half-Sage, Wang Muyang, that the overall situation in the Heavenly Mystic changed and the Dao Sect showed signs of rising.

“Sir, the Dongnan Dao Sects regard this assassination as a major event for the rise of the Dao Sect. Several Divine Lords have been connected.”

Qi Ziyu looked at Han Muye and said worriedly, “I heard that Divine Lord Xuan Ming will also be guarding it.”

Interception.

From the moment this mission was announced, the interception was already destined.

If the Eastern Sea was settled, the overall situation in the Heavenly Mystic would not fluctuate much. Even the Daoist Sects would not be able to stop the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sea from attacking the Central Continent.

This time, it was Crown Prince Yunduan and Confucianism Grandmaster Mu Ye who were heading to the Eastern Sea.

The crown prince, Yunduan, represented the prestige of the Heavenly Mystic royal family. Mu Ye had once sealed the Guan Estuary and destroyed the power of the Dongnan Daoist sects.

Regardless of which one of them stayed in Dongnan, the fate of the Heavenly Mystic would be cut off.

In order to kill them, the Dongnan Daoist sects had already gone all out.

“Divine Lord Xuan Ming?” Han Muye’s expression did not change.

A Semi-God Realm Divine Lord who could defeat a Half-Sage was naturally powerful.

To be able to change the situation in the Heavenly Mystic in one battle, this person also had great luck.

However, he had been to Scattered Stars Island, seen the top Divine Venerables in the world, seen the scenery of the Upper Three Heavens, seen the army outside the dam, and seen the Divine Lords of the Heavenly Mystic Sect.

“How are the arrangements for Lu Yang?” Han Muye turned to look at a black-robed man standing beside him.

“Sir, the commander has already mobilized a three-million-strong Red Flame Army and 100,000 Mystic Sun Guards. We’re just waiting for your order.”

The black-robed man bowed and clasped his fist.

His cultivation was at level seven Out of Body realm, and he was the Revered Elder of the Mystic Sun Guards.

His mission was to contact Lu Yang, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, and deliver the news of Mr. Mu Ye.

Originally, he was a little resistant to the idea of a Confucian Grandmaster sending someone like him.

However, the news Lu Yang told him was too shocking.

The Mystic Sun Guards mobilized 30% of their elites, and the three million soldiers of the Red Flame Army were on standby at all times. All the experts above the Heaven Realm were waiting for Mr. Mu Ye's orders.

Wasn't Grandmaster Mu Ye a Confucianist Grandmaster? How was he qualified to mobilize all the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army?

In this world, only Minister Wen and Marquis Wu had such power, right?

Han Muye waved his hand and everyone left the cabin.

Everyone looked at each other and dispersed.

In the cabin, Han Muye slowly got up. The clothes on his body turned into a pure white martial suit. The cuffs were tight and the jade belt around his waist was tight.

On his back was the sword case.

From this moment on, he was the sword cultivator, Han Muye.

The Western Frontier Sword Dao Immortal, Han Muye.

Whether it was the Confucian Dao or the Dao of alchemy, they were all methods of cultivation.

Just like Patriarch Tao Ran, refining pills and reading books were all for the sake of strengthening the sword in his hand.

"Woo—"

Ahead, the horn sounded.

On the deck, the Mystic Sun Guards and the Red Flame Army instantly spread out. Between the red and black colors, they shone like charcoal.

The ship moved away, and the waves surged.

Deep Cloud Gorge was in sight.

"Dongnan Daoist Faction's Chong Ming Temple is holding a banquet at Deep Cloud Gorge. They invite Crown Prince Yunduan, Grandmaster Mu Ye, to come..."

A voice sounded from the void.

Heaven and earth shook, and the river stopped flowing.

This was a sign that the power of heaven and earth had been suppressed, and it was similar to a Dao Domain.

However, this was an opportunity for the fight of the Dao. Even the Half-Sage Dao Domain could not borrow the force.

He wasn't a Half-Sage, but a top Heaven Realm cultivator.

A show of strength.

Firstly, it was the attack of a top Heaven Realm cultivator. The intimidation was obvious.

On the deck, Gongsun Qingfeng placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

All the Mystic Sun Guards and Red Flame Army were also on guard.

An old man in a Daoist robe stood on the third-floor cabin and said softly, "This matter cannot be resolved peacefully..."

The power of a Heaven Realm cultivator surged from his body.

"Sigh, the Dongnan Daoist Faction is so arrogant. They even dare to stop the Crown Prince from patrolling the Eastern Sea." Another burly man in a black robe with two sabers on his back revealed a worried expression.

Beside them, there were many cultivators with solemn expressions.

Originally, they had entered the Eastern Sea to protect the crown prince.

According to their imagination, all the difficulties were in the Eastern Sea.

Regardless of whether the sword cultivators were arrogant or the Spiritual Armored Demons were rampant, they would have to wait until they reached the Eastern Sea.

However, who would have thought that the Dongnan Daoist Faction would dare to block the road above the river only 50,000 miles from the Imperial City?

This was being disrespectful of the prestige of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty!

"Hmph, the Dongnan Daoist Faction deserves to be destroyed!" A grandmaster in a scholarly robe snorted coldly, and the Great Spirit surged from his body.

The others looked at each other but did not answer.

Before the Dao Competition, Confucian experts suppressed the Heavenly Mystic, and the Southeast Dao Sect could be destroyed with a word.

During the Daoist Competition, the power of the Almighty was not revealed. The masters of Confucianism were all in outer space. How could the Dongnan Daoist Faction destroy them?

"Let's wait for Grandmaster Mu Ye's decision." Someone shook his head and spoke in a low voice.

The patrol of the Eastern Sea this time was led by the crown prince, but it was actually overseen by Grandmaster Mu Ye.

Everything was decided by Grandmaster Mu Ye.

When the Grandmaster was in seclusion, he was also in charge of Sword Tiger, Huang Zhihu.

However, could a Confucian Grandmaster compete with a Dongnan Daoist Faction expert?

Half-Sage Wang Muyang was defeated.

On the deck, Yunduan, who was standing in front, turned to look at Huang Zhihu. “Zhihu, what do you think your foster father will do?”

How is my foster father going to deal with this?

Huang Zhihu pondered for a moment. After a moment, she shook his head and said, “Based on my understanding of him, if he was in the Western Frontier, he would have killed them with a single strike.”

Chapter 749 - 749 Intercept and Kill, A 300-Mile Cold Sword Light (3)

Speaking of this, she smiled and said, “But in the Western Frontier, no one dares to face the Immortal of the Sword Dao so directly.”

In the Western Frontier, who dared to block the path of the Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye?

It would be courting death.

Yunduan opened her mouth and looked ahead. She sighed softly. “Unfortunately, this is not the Western Frontier.”

The scene from that night appeared in her mind. She lowered her head and looked at the water, “Here, there is only the Great Confucian Mu Ye. Confucianism cultivation isn’t sword dao...”

“Swoosh—”

The sword light rose, and the sound of the sword cut off Yunduan’s words.

A green long sword flew out from the cabin on the top floor of the ship and transformed into a 10,000-foot long sword light that slashed through the void.

“Boom!”

The sword radiance carried the Sword Qi and broke through the Deep Cloud Gorge 300 miles away.

A cold light flashed for 300 miles!

Without a word, the sword responded!

On the deck, Yunduan widened her eyes and clenched her fists.

He is actually like this!

Behind Yunduan, Gongsun Qingfeng’s shoulders trembled as he placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. His eyes shone brightly.

This sword was so powerful!

It wasn’t that the sword light within 300 miles was strong, but that no one within the area could block it!

There were countless cultivators in the Southeast Dao Sect, but no one could stop this sword!

A top sword cultivator in the world!

Gongsun Qingfeng suddenly recalled that when his granduncle had returned, he had once said that there was a great sword cultivator in the Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao that was extremely strong and not inferior to him.

Gongsun Qingfeng originally thought that Gongsun Shu was talking about Qin Suyang.

At this moment, Gongsun Qingfeng understood that Gongsun Shu was clearly talking about this Grandmaster Mu Ye, the Immortal of the Sword Dao of the Western Frontier, Han Muye!

“Boom!”

The sword light moved forward like a dragon. Countless sword lights collided with the spiritual light, but they could not stop it at all.

The power of this sword carried the great fortune of the mountains and rivers. With every step forward, the power became stronger.

300 miles away, on the Deep Cloud Gorge, an old man in a robe bowed and said, “I am Tao Wusi, the orthodox deity of Deep Cloud Gorge, thank you for your sword of Dao!”

Sword of the Great Dao.

This strike was the convergence of the Heavenly Mystic Divine Dao, and it carried the strength of all Divine Dao cultivators in the river.

As the sword light fell, the curved and narrow Deep Cloud Gorge collapsed and turned into wide water.

The power of mountains and rivers.

Han Muye stood at the top of the cabin and watched calmly as the sword light dissipated.

This was cultivation.

He did not use much strength in this strike, but no one could stop it.

This was because this sword gathered the power of the Divine Dao from the river and triggered the power of the water lineage that had been gathered for countless years.

The water could be fast or slow, and it could gather enough energy to destroy the world.

No matter how strong the Daoist cultivators were, they could not stop this sword that was compatible with the Heavenly Mystic Heavenly Dao.

Han Muye somewhat understood where the foundation of Wen Mosheng’s power came from.

He merged with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth and triggered the boundless power of Heaven and Earth. His literary voice was hidden deeper than he thought.

“Boom!”

After the sword strike, the Deep Cloud Gorge disappeared.

The water surged forward, causing the water on the river to surge and cross the wide water surface.

A banquet invitation from the Dao Sect?

Deep Cloud Gorge is gone. How can they hold a banquet?

This is my attitude!

If I waste any more words, I will be thinking highly of the Dongnan Daoist Sects.

Who cares if it's a banquet or an ambush?

I'll only attack with one strike!

The river was vast and mighty, and 10 large ships were heading east.

On the deck, the Mystic Sun Guards and Red Flame soldiers were all excited.

Yunduan clenched her fists. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were blurry. "He's so powerful..."

At the side, Huang Zhihu looked proudly at the ups and downs of the water and chuckled, "Of course, this is my foster father."

The great cultivators standing at the top of the cabin were all dumbfounded.

"Grandmaster Mu Ye also cultivates the sword?" A great cultivator with two sabers on his back muttered.

Most of the Confucian cultivators wore long robes and sleeves. They were usually good at talking, but there was no one who cultivated the sword!

Everyone looked at each other, not knowing what to say.

"Hmph, a scholar carries a sword. We Confucian cultivators have to uphold the Heavenly Dao. Of course, we can't just talk." A great cultivator in a Confucian robe stood up and took out a long sword to hang on his waist.

The other Confucian cultivators also looked relaxed and smiling.

"It's a pity. If Grandmaster Mu Ye could recite poems and dance with the sword, that would really be a joyful thing," someone muttered.

Reciting poems and dancing with the sword?

The Divine Dao cultivators shook their heads.

These Confucian cultivators had really become silly from studying.

Cultivation was a step-by-step process. In battle, one could not be careless with a saber and a sword.

Reciting poems and dancing with the sword? Did he really think that fighting with the enemy was a poetry gathering on a pleasure boat outside the Imperial City?

These Confucian cultivators who had stayed in the Imperial City for a long time no longer knew the difficulties of cultivation and the sufferings of the human world.

"Boom!"

In front of him, a rumbling sound came from the void.

Everyone looked up, and their expressions slowly turned solemn.

The rumbling was like thunder, causing the weather to change. This was a sign that a great cultivator was coming in anger.

The great cultivators of the Dongnan Daoist sects would definitely not stand by and watch as a sword destroyed the deep valley.

Hopefully, Grandmaster Mu Ye could withstand it...

"I respectfully arranged a banquet at Chong Ming Temple, but the crown prince and the grandmaster actually cut it down with a single strike. Is my Dao sect truly without anyone?"

The sound in the void was like a surging wave, causing the clouds to roll.

The rolling clouds turned into a pair of huge hands and intercepted the river at the waist. The river poured down like a waterfall.

The advancing ship paused and then began to retreat.

The soldiers on the deck stood still, but their faces were pale.

In front of such a mighty force, they were like insignificant ants. Their lives and deaths were not in their hands.

All the great cultivators in the cabin had already stood up, spiritual light interweaving and circulating around their bodies.

All they had to do was wait for Mu Ye's orders and they would give it their all.

"Today, I am going to reverse the world and let everyone know that the Confucian Dao is powerless..."

A voice reverberated through the void, resounding for thousands of miles.

Countless experts' divine senses landed here.

"Hehe, Grandmaster Mu Ye has always been rude and unreasonable. He thought that when he became an Immortal, the Daoist Faction would give in. Now he still wants to make the Daoist Faction retreat. He doesn't know that the current Daoist Faction is already so powerful."

"They even said that Confucian cultivators are cautious. This Grandmaster Mu Ye is a sword cultivator after all. Who set this up? Using thousands of low-level cultivators from Chong Ming Temple to exchange for a chance to attack?"

Divine senses intertwined and countless experts paid attention. Today's situation was in the hands of the Daoist Faction.

Chapter 750 - 750 Killing Divine Lord Xuan Ming with One Strike, Suppressing the Dao Sects of the Eight Dongnan Counties

In this world, strength was everything.

Being strong was the reason.

However, in a balanced situation, all kinds of reasons had to be gathered. Whoever lost their morality first would be at a disadvantage.

For example, today, Han Muye destroyed the Deep Cloud Gorge with a single strike, and the Dao Sect stood on the side of righteousness.

It was inevitable and right for them to take action now.

Most importantly, today, the great cultivators of the Dao Sect used their absolute power to reverse the world. The great river reversed and triggered the changes in the minds of living beings. They could split the People's Will and incense offerings!

This was what the Daoist sects really wanted to fight for.

Back then, Han Muye had conferred deity titles with a single statement at the Guan Estuary and directly cut off the incense of the Daoist Faction. Today, they would take back everything they had lost!

"Boom!"

Because the water was flowing backward, the shore collapsed and the water surged and dissipated.

The river bank instantly turned into a swamp.

However, who would care about the wails of those creatures?

"Buzz!"

Streaks of divine light rose from the shore.

The phantoms of the Mountain River Deities appeared one after another, and the divine light blocked the water.

The power of the Divine Dao protected living beings.

Immediately, the power of incense began to spread.

To the commoners and those living beings, the power of the great cultivators was too far away. They only cared about who really let them live.

Being allowed to live was being good to them.

In the void, a Daoist wearing a Daoist robe with a long beard that reached his chest and bright spiritual light in his eyes walked out.

The Daoist's body was shimmering with water light. It was obvious that his cultivation method of the water lineage was extremely powerful.

Seeing the power of incense on both sides of the river intertwining with the divine light, the Daoist snorted.

Ignorant weaklings. They only care about the immediate benefits and do not know the situation at all.

So what if they die today? When the Daoist Faction wins over Dongnan, there will be plenty of rewards in the future.

The Daoist's gaze landed on the ship below. He raised his hand and swept his horsetail whisk down.

As long as the crown prince did not die, the others would not be worth mentioning.

"Quick, protect the ship with all your might and prepare to save them!"

"Block this attack and the fleet will reach the shore!"

"It's just death. When we cultivate, we should have no regrets. The land of death, I will go forward..."

Figures flew out of the cabin. Spiritual lights blasted out, turning into light screens, ropes, or knives and spears to save people and ships.

When the world's great cultivators attacked, the world shook. In the past, almost no great cultivator above the Heaven Realm dared to fight with all their might in the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

"Go away."

Right then, a faint voice sounded in the world.

A sword light flew out again.

He flew off the ship and turned into a three-foot-long green sword. With a flash, he appeared in front of the cultivator from the Daoist Faction.

The great cultivator laughed and twisted the horsetail whisk in his hand, preparing to shatter the sword.

Even magical treasures could not withstand his close-range attack.

"Buzz!"

As soon as the horsetail whisk fell, there was a soft sound. Then, under the Daoist's wide eyes, it shattered into pieces.

A magic treasure was immediately shattered!

What is this sword...

This is not a sword!

Only then did the Daoist realize in shock what sword that was. It was clearly the primordial spirit of a grand cultivator!

Using the primordial spirit as a sword.

Such a sword could kill a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator!

The Daoist understood that this sword was here to kill him.

Could it be that the other party was not afraid that the death of a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator of the Daoist Faction would cause the backlash of the Daoist Faction and cause chaos in the eight counties in Dongnan?

He really wanted to see how the Daoist Faction would rise after his death and how countless cultivators would attack the Imperial City.

The image of the few great cultivators of the Daoist Sect cupping their hands and sending him off appeared in the Daoist priest's mind.

Have they already thought of everything? he wondered.

Am I part of this round?

“Boom!”

The green sword pierced through his chest and shattered his body.

Endless spiritual light nourished the world and triggered the spiritual qi tide.

10,000 miles turned into a Divine Sea.

A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator had fallen!

This was a long-lived great cultivator!

In the Heavenly Mystic World, the last Divine Transformation Realm cultivator died 10,000 years ago.

The cultivators in the world were already used to the immortality of cultivators above the Heaven Realm.

At that level of cultivation, who could kill him?

The spiritual sea surged, and the spiritual qi nourished it. The living beings on the left and right of the river bathed in it.

Be it humans, plants, or beasts, with such spiritual energy, it would definitely be convenient for cultivation in the future.

Losing one person would bring benefits to millions.

This was the rule of heaven and earth.

“Yuan Hezi really died...” Tens of thousands of miles away, a thin Daoist in a Daoist robe revealed a complicated expression.

“Divine Lord Xuan Ming, Yuan Hezi died for the rise of our Daoist Faction. He died a worthy death.” On the other side, a cultivator with long and narrow eyebrows in a black martial robe stood up. Sword qi flickered on his body.

“The Heavenly Mystic Dynasty wantonly massacred the great cultivators of Daoism. The experts of the eight counties in Dongnan do not want to be massacred like this. We will intercept the crown prince and gather in the Imperial City.

“As long as we take down the Imperial City before Wen Mosheng and Chen Qingzhi return, we will be the master of the Heavenly Mystic!”

The person who spoke wore a Daoist robe, had white hair and a white beard, and his face was filled with excitement.

The eyes of the Daoists beside him also shone brightly.

“Senior Brother Zhu Wu is right. As long as we take down the Heavenly Mystic and dismantle the Mystic Sun Guards, then we can participate in the Dao competition and seize the position of Dao Ancestor. Or we can reconcile with the Immortal Spirit World and pursue the supreme Great Dao. That will really allow us to advance and retreat freely.”

“That’s right. Our Daoist Faction will be free from today onwards!”

Figures rushed into the clouds and towards the river.

Every one of them was a Daoist powerhouse, the foundation of the Dongnan Daoist Sect.

For countless years, these great cultivators had been buried, afraid that they would be suppressed by the Confucian Dao once they showed themselves.

It was only now that they could hold their heads high.

Divine Lord Xuan Ming frowned with a solemn expression.