

Pavilion 791

Chapter 791 - 791 One Slash, Destroying the Mountain Gate (3)

A small building shining with golden light stood at the back mountain of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.

This was the Sword Pavilion where Han Muye lived.

This Sword Pavilion was only built according to the structure of a Sword Pavilion. It did not have the true power of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye usually cultivated in the Sword Pavilion.

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, who had taken time out, had an Infinite Unity Sword Case in front of him. Beside the Sword Case were a few jade slips.

These jade slips recorded the various inherited cultivation techniques and sword techniques of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.

Han Muye had no intention of inheriting the Infinite Unity Sword Sect alone. He did not lack treasures.

These jade slips would be handed to Du Mingtao so that he could choose a suitable disciple to teach.

Putting away the jade slips, Han Muye placed his hand on the sword case.

“Buzz!”

Sword Qi flashed, and the Infinite Unity Sword Case opened. Countless sword lights interweaved.

There were tens of thousands of swords stored in this sword case, and every one of them was at least a spiritual weapon.

The strongest sword in the sword case was a sword that was as black as ink and three feet and three inches long.

Using the sword case as the foundation, one could fuse all swords into one.

This was the Spiritual Treasure, the Infinite Unity Sword.

The Infinite Unity Sword Sect’s sect treasure was actually this sword case. It was never a sword that he had never seen before.

“Buzz!”

Sword qi poured in, and the sword case shook. Ten thousand swords fused into one, and a green sword appeared in front of Han Muye.

He raised his hand and grabbed the hilt of his sword. He retracted his aura and his sword intent surged.

Images appeared in his mind.

This time, many of these scenes appeared. It was very chaotic.

Most importantly, the Infinite Unity Sword was a spiritual treasure with its own consciousness. Moreover, this sword was formed from 10,000 swords combined into one, and there was a lot of messy spirituality in it.

After combing through it carefully, Han Muye realized that the Infinite Unity Sword Sect's inheritance was actually similar to the Sword Pavilion inheritance he cultivated.

The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique was similar to the Sword Pavilion's collection of swords.

The images kept interweaving, and a trace of surprise flashed across Han Muye's face.

The inheritance of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect kept going back to its source. There was really a shadow of the Sword Pavilion.

In other words, the Infinite Unity Sword Case cultivation method of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect was passed down from the Sword Pavilion.

In a sense, the sword case was simpler than the Sword Pavilion.

Of course, the Sword Pavilion was stronger.

Each had its own merits.

When he had the chance to go to the Immortal Source World for three days, Han Muye would definitely go to the Sword Pavilion and truly cultivate the Sword Pavilion's inheritance.

The power of the Spiritual Treasure Sword was not only greater in destructive power, but also in its spirituality.

The Infinite Unity Sword only needed enough Spiritual Qi and Sword Intent to kill the enemy.

As for the user, he could hold a sword in his hand. It was equivalent to having two killing methods.

To Han Muye, with his Primordial Spirit Sword and his true body incarnation as one, he had several more combat methods.

Putting away the Infinite Unity Sword Case, Han Muye raised his hand and a grass whip appeared in front of him.

Grass Whip.

Primordial Divine Artifact.

This kind of treasure that had been passed down since ancient times could not be maintained with the current level of artifact refinement.

In terms of power, the grass whip had completely surpassed the current level of mystic treasures, spirit treasures, and even dao treasures.

However, in terms of combat power, the grass whip was only equivalent to a high-grade magic treasure.

Generally speaking, this grass whip was not refined for combat.

This treasure was a treasure of the Dao of alchemy.

Pressing his palm on the grass whip, Han Muye sensed the inheritance of the Wood Deity Palace.

There was an extremely systematic inheritance of alchemy, from the nurturing of various spiritual herbs to the refinement of pills.

The grade of the pills in the Wood Deity Palace was much higher than the ones Han Muye had come into contact with.

It was a rare second-grade pill, a first-grade pill, and all kinds of pills that had surpassed the level of pills in the cultivation world.

Dao of alchemy.

This was the pill refinement grade of an ancient inheritance.

Each of the nine levels of the Dao Alchemy contained the power of the Great Dao.

Han Muye did not dare to imagine how powerful the Wood Deity Palace was back then.

Moreover, just how tragic was the war between the gods in the ancient era that all inheritances were cut off?

Thinking of this, Han Muye was suddenly stunned.

It was not that there were no survivors in ancient times.

The Wood Deity and the Golden Wolf Demonic God had been sealed for too long and their cultivation had been exhausted. It was fine if their combat strength was not obvious, but what about the true experts?

Where are they?

The dam could not stop these mighty figures.

Were they inside or outside the dam?

Was there such a being in the Upper Three Heavens of the Immortal Source World?

Was Endless Divine Venerable one of them?

Divine Venerable. Such an expert should be an expert who had survived the ancient era, right?

The wider the world he saw, the more afraid Han Muye was of the cultivation world.

His power seemed to be getting stronger and stronger, but in fact, he didn't even have the qualifications to attack in front of those Almightyies.

There were unimaginably powerful beings in this world.

"Buzz!"

The grass whip vibrated, and phantoms appeared around Han Muye.

Alchemy puppets.

These puppets controlled by the grass whip had the power of the wood lineage. They were not good at fighting, but they could refine pills.

As long as they stored their alchemy techniques in their memories, they could refine pills that matched their strength.

This was one of the first techniques of the grass whip. These alchemy puppets were refined by the Wood Deity Palace.

Most of them had already exhausted their strength when suppressing the Golden Wolf Demon God. Now, Han Muye only had 3,000.

Of the 3,000 alchemy puppets, 2,300 had alchemy techniques. The remaining 700 were guardian puppets that used the power of the wood lineage as their foundation and had some combat strength.

At this moment, these puppets had consumed a lot of energy. If they wanted to be used, they would need to spend a lot of resources to recover.

This was not difficult for Han Muye.

There were many treasures found through various methods. If they were exchanged for spiritual rocks, they could pile up a few mountain ranges.

Wasn't the spiritual rocks earned meant to be spent?

Moreover, it was easy to earn money.

Han Muye felt that after the spiritual rocks were spent, he would lead Daoist Dayan to the dam.

No wonder there were so many hunters in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy who were easily addicted to treasure hunting.

The second method of the grass driving whip was to sort out the power of the wood lineage.

The grass whip could catalyze the Wood Lineage Spiritual Medicine and allow it to grow quickly.

Of course, this required spiritual energy.

However, when he encountered some precious spiritual herbs, he could use this method.

The third method of the grass whip was to store spiritual herbs.

There was a hidden space at the handle of the grass whip that could collect spiritual herbs and store them.

Not only would the medicinal properties of the spiritual herbs stored inside not disappear, but they would also slowly gather and become even richer.

In fact, its activity would not even dissipate. It could be planted again.

To alchemy cultivators, this grass whip was truly a rare treasure.

If those alchemy sects found out about this treasure, it would probably cause a bloodbath.

Holding the grass whip, Han Muye smiled.

Since he had this treasure, he had to use it.

Pieces of spiritual rocks scattered around him.

“Boom!”

The spiritual rocks shattered, and endless spiritual qi surged and gathered in his body before being poured into the grass whip in his hand.

The grass whip that was originally like a dead tree turned jade-green.

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He injected the power of the grass whip and urged the alchemy puppets to refine pills.

Han Muye had chosen the Infinite Unity Sword Sect to be far away from Jinke Star because he did not want his methods to be discovered by the Jinming Dao Sect on Jinke Star.

This place was not far from Jinke Star. It could also be protected under its jurisdiction, so it was killing two birds with one stone.

Ten days later, Han Muye walked down the small building, followed by several cultivators in black robes.

When he arrived at the Pill Hall that had opened up the Earth Fire at the back of the mountain, Han Muye waved his hand and the Dao Essence Cauldron appeared.

There was no one in this Pill hall at the moment. Han Muye had specially established it.

As soon as the Dao Essence Cauldron appeared, it immediately grew to a height of 1,000 feet, surpassing the surrounding mountains and floating high in the air.

“Buzz!”

Spiritual light flashed and spiritual fire rose.

Countless halos flashed, causing Du Mingtao and the others to fly over.

Fortunately, there was a not-so-strong mountain-protecting array formation at the mountain gate that isolated the detection of the outside world.

“This is a true treasure...” Jiang Chen exclaimed when he saw the Dao Essence Cauldron.

The others nodded.

That was true. How could a mighty figure like Han Muye not have a supreme treasure?

This Dao Essence Cauldron did not seem to be inferior to the Infinite Unity Sword Sect’s ultimate treasure.

“Buzz!”

The cauldron turned, and cultivators in black robes appeared.

A total of 100 black-robed Alchemy Puppets stood below the cauldron. The aura of the Wood Lineage surged from their bodies and enveloped the cauldron.

These hundred alchemy cultivators had the same cultivation level. They were all at the first level of the Golden Core Realm. Their refinement methods were the same, and their movements were neat.

Their tacit understanding surpassed the cooperation between most alchemy cultivators.

The only drawback was that they did not have enough intelligence to deal with unexpected situations.

Han Muye stood beside the cauldron and watched as the hundred alchemists worked together and refined a furnace of 300 pills in a moment.

The grade was not high. They were seventh-level pills.

Three hundred pills were produced in one furnace.

Their quality was between high-quality and top-grade, and they belonged to the category of spiritual pills.

Without sufficient spirituality, it was impossible to obtain an Immortal Grade Pill through inflexible cooperation.

Fortunately, Han Muye did not have such high requirements. Spiritual pills were fine.

When the pills came out, golden light flashed in the sky.

The pills fell like stars.

Han Muye raised his hand and put all the pills into a jade bottle, then threw the jade bottle at Du Mingtao.

“Sell these medicinal pills and exchange the spiritual rocks for spiritual herbs.”

Three hundred seventh-level pills were enough to exchange for many spiritual herbs.

The most important thing was that this business could last.

In the future, it could become the main source of income for the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.

Three days later, Du Mingtao returned with a large number of spiritual rocks and spiritual herbs.

There were also many commissioned alchemy missions.

With enough resources to support it, the Infinite Unity Sword Sect was finally back on its feet.

Ten years.

Cultivation was endless, and the Infinite Unity Sword Sect had built their sect on this star for 10 years.

In the past 10 years, the originally nameless Infinite Unity Sword Sect had become quite famous in the void world.

The quality of the pills produced by the Infinite Unity Sword Sect was stable and the quantity was large.

However, a sword sect was famous for its alchemy skills. Such a rare occurrence in a place where Ancient Gods had fallen was nothing unusual in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

Many sects here had their own ways of earning money.

The Infinite Unity Sword Sect relied on the pill industry to gather a large amount of wealth and collect standard swords.

This led many cultivators to speculate that the Infinite Unity Sword Sect's plan was great.

However, such methods were extremely popular in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

As long as there were enough resources and enough spiritual rocks, there would be people coming to help and seek refuge.

In 10 years, the Infinite Unity Sword Sect had occupied the entire star and annexed several other sects. They named this 100-mile star the Infinite Unity Star.

There were already 300,000 disciples in the Infinite Unity Sect, and there were more than 30 cultivators above the Heaven Realm.

Ordinary disciples could be taken in at will, but Heaven Realm experts could not be taken in and nurtured as they pleased.

The foundation of a large sect was not something that a nouveau riche could compare to.

At this moment, Du Mingtao, whose cultivation had already reached the eighth level of the Nascent Soul Stage, was sitting upright in the meeting hall of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect, flanked by Tu Sunshi and the others.

Han Muye sat at the side.

Han Muye rarely got involved in the matters of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect. If not for the fact that it was something big this time, he would not have come.

Holding the entire sect's money bag in his hand, Han Muye was the hidden leader of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.

Of course, only Liu Chuan and Qi Yi knew about this.

Later on, the elders and disciples only knew that there was a Supreme High Official in the sect who did not care much. They did not know the exact situation.

There were not many people in the hall for today's meeting.

Apart from Liu Chuan, Qi Yi, and Han Muye, there were only three young disciples and five elders who had passed the test.

The three disciples were the direct disciples of the sect. Their strength and talent were not bad. They were specially nurtured in the future.

At this moment, the three disciples and five elders subconsciously glanced at Han Muye, who was sitting at the side.

What was the cultivation level and combat strength of this elder?

“The opening of the Ancient Divine Herb Garden is a thousand-year event in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. Back then, my Infinite Unity Sword Sect participated in it.”

Du Mingtao looked at everyone and spoke softly.

Ancient Divine Herb Garden.

Han Muye knew this name.

Before the Battle of the Deities, there were more than 10 herb gardens in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. They were set up by the great cultivators of the ancient Divine Court to cultivate precious spiritual herbs.

There was no lack of immortal medicines that had long been cut off from the cultivation world.

Only immortal herbs could be used to refine first-grade pills. The main ingredients used for Dao Pills were all immortal herbs.

When Han Muye heard the news of the herb gardens, he also had the thought of searching for it.

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However, these herb gardens were protected by extremely powerful array formations. Outsiders could only enter when they opened.

Moreover, even though the ancient cultivators who guarded the herb garden back then had died, the defensive methods in these herb gardens were still powerful.

All kinds of strange beasts, puppet techniques, and formations could kill a Heaven Realm Divine Transformation Realm expert.

The opening of the herb garden was both an opportunity and a calamity.

Some people obtained all kinds of spirit herbs and their cultivation soared. Some sects entered and were completely wiped out.

Of course, for large factions, with all kinds of information gathered and the protection of great cultivators, the danger would be much lower.

Small factions would also send disciples in, hoping to obtain opportunities.

“Therefore, this time, my Infinite Unity Sword Sect will also arrange for disciples to enter to seek opportunities.”

Du Mingtao looked at everyone.

The elders inadvertently glanced at the three personal disciples.

The three of them had also received the news before. They bowed and said, "Don't worry, Sect Master. We will definitely do our best."

This was the sect seeking an opportunity. Wasn't it their own opportunity?

In the cultivation world, if one didn't fight for many things, they would never have a chance.

The three of them were able to stand out among hundreds of thousands of sect disciples because they had fought all the way here.

"Elder Han, I wonder if you can protect the disciples of the Sword Sect after entering the herb garden?" Du Mingtao looked at Han Muye and cupped his hands. "Of course, Elder Han, your own matters are more important."

Han Muye nodded.

He would enter the herb garden to find the spiritual herbs he needed. As for protecting the disciples of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect, he would not refuse if he could help.

Du Mingtao winked at the three disciples below.

The three of them quickly bowed to Han Muye. "Thank you, Elder Han."

Han Muye nodded calmly.

The five newly promoted elders did not understand the strength of this Grand Supreme Elder in front of them that even the Sect Master had to be respectful to him.

Logically speaking, wasn't such a mission something a sect elder should do?

Han Muye didn't care what the others thought and looked at Du Mingtao, Tu Sunshi, and the others.

"If I leave Infinite Unity Star, there will be a gap in the sect's defense. I need to set up another powerful sect protection array."

Han Muye spoke calmly.

His words made the three new disciples and five new elders widen their eyes.

To be able to hold up the sect's defense alone, this Revered Elder was the true foundation of the sect!

No wonder the sect master respected this person so much.

"Elder Han is right. I've already contacted the Jinming Dao Sect, but..." Du Mingtao's face flashed with hesitation and embarrassment.

"It's just that they said that with the strength of our Infinite Unity Sword Sect, we don't need an overly powerful mountain-protecting array. The current situation is enough."

What kind of strength was compatible with what kind of array formation? This saying was actually not wrong.

Strength meant the accumulation of resources and wealth. If a sect like the Infinite Unity Sword Sect used all their accumulated wealth on a mountain gate array, what could they use to nurture disciples?

Han Muye frowned.

It wasn't as if he hadn't made a move in the past few years when he was in charge of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.

Among them, several Out of Body realm cultivators and even Divine Transformation Realm cultivators were quietly forced back by him.

It was just that outsiders did not know about this if they did not publicize it.

The herb garden had been open for a long time. He could not guarantee that the Infinite Unity Sword Sect would not be destroyed by outsiders if he left.

The Infinite Unity Sword Sect's alchemy gains were already coveted by countless people.

Du Mingtao glanced at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "I've asked a few familiar disciples of the Jinming Dao Sect. It's their array formation elder, Shen Zongming, who doesn't allow us to set up a new array."

Shen Zongming?

Han Muye said calmly, "Is he the array master who set up the mountain-protecting formation for the Golden Mystic Dao Sect?"

Du Mingtao nodded and said helplessly, "Back then, the Golden Mystic Dao Sect's protective formation was broken by Elder Han with a single sword strike. Elder Shen Zongming saw it as a huge humiliation, so..."

He did not continue, but his meaning was clear. It was Elder Shen who did not allow the Infinite Unity Sword Sect to set up a formation.

The three disciples and five elders looked at Han Muye in shock.

It turned out that this was the great sword cultivator who had defeated the Golden Mystic Dao Sect with a single strike!

Han Muye's expression did not change. He stood up and looked at the distant star.

"I'll go to Jinke Star."

The Jinming Dao Sect on Jinke Star was a large faction with many top experts.

Although they didn't have any great cultivators who could suppress a world, they were invincible on Jinke Star with the formation they used to refine it.

The decision to make things difficult for the Infinite Unity Sword Sect should not be made by just one array grandmaster.

It was time to face such a large faction head-on.

Han Muye had collected too many swords and spiritual herbs. It would take him a long time to collect them all by relying on the small missions in the Chaotic Divine Hall.

However, he did not have time to stay outside the dam.

His true body was about to break through to the Divine Transformation Realm, and the momentum of the Heavenly Mystic World was slowly gathering. Most importantly, the Desolate Wilderness that was floating in the void was about to be revealed.

In at most ten years, this piece of land would crash into the Land of Dao Competition and fly towards the Heavenly Mystic World.

When they arrived at the Desolate Wilderness, the Immortal Spirit World and the Heavenly Mystic World would open.

At that time, Han Muye needed the incarnation of a divine beast and his true body to descend at the same time and suppress them in one go, bringing the wilderness to the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

This was also related to his path towards the Dao.

This Desolate Wilderness had too much karma with him. Many races on it had been modified by his bloodline and could not be taken by the Immortal Spirit World.

Han Muye's figure moved and he flew out of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect. He turned into a spiritual light and smashed through the sky.

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Endless spiritual light dragged out flames that illuminated the world.

"This fellow has become stronger again..." Tu Sunshi revealed a complicated expression.

The others looked at him and shook their heads with bitter smiles.

He had thought that with the support of the sect, their cultivation levels had increased quickly enough, but now, it seemed that the gap between them and Han Muye was still like a natural chasm.

"Boom!"

Han Muye flew into the void, and the sword intent on his body turned into a trembling halo, dissipating the pressure of the surrounding void.

In the 10 years he had been in the Infinite Unity Sword Sect, he had not only refined pills.

The fusion of various sword techniques made his cultivation in the Sword Dao even more profound.

The way of the sword was already compatible with his Great Dao of cultivation.

The 3,000-mile-long void passed through in an instant and landed on Jinke Star. It could be seen that the scene was almost the same as ten years ago.

This was the cultivation world.

Time would not leave marks everywhere.

Without lingering, Han Muye rode the sword light towards the Jinming Dao Sect.

“Fellow Daoist Han Muye of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect?” Just as they were a thousand miles away from the Jinming Dao Sect, a spiritual light blocked Han Muye and a voice sounded.

Han Muye nodded and said, “That’s me.”

The spiritual light shook and turned into a long golden bridge that landed in front of Han Muye.

Han Muye stepped on the bridge, his figure flashing along with the long bridge. When the long bridge disappeared, he was already standing in front of the Jinming Dao Sect.

This method was extraordinary and was an extremely brilliant array formation.

“I’m Yu Tianming. Greetings, Fellow Daoist Han.” Standing in front of Han Muye was a Daoist in a green Daoist robe with a long beard.

He had a golden crown, a jade belt around his waist, and a green jade plate flickering with spiritual light in his hand. He was a great array formation cultivator.

Han Muye cupped his hands in return and said, “I’m here to buy a mountain-protecting array.”

His straightforwardness made Yu Tian smile on the surface. He nodded and raised his hand. “Fellow Daoist Han, let’s talk inside.”

Yu Tianming’s attitude was not bad. He led Han Mu into the mountain gate and even introduced the scenery around.

A large sect like the Jinming Dao Sect that controlled an entire world had an unimaginably deep foundation.

Han Muye felt that the Jinming Dao Sect could probably deal with a Dao competition.

However, there was no Dao competition in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy.

It was a Realm War.

The battle between two cultivators who had refined a world was even crueler than the battle of the Way.

Yu Tianming led Han Muye to a side hall and sat down. The disciple handed over spiritual fruits.

“Fellow Daoist Han, you should know that it was Elder Shen who was unwilling to set up the array formation for your Infinite Unity Sword Sect.” Looking at Han Muye, Yu Tian smiled. “It’s impossible for us not to consider an elder’s opinion.”

There was something to consider.

However, whether they would do as the elder suggested depended on the price.

Most things in the world had a price.

You didn’t buy it because you didn’t pay enough.

As Yu Tianming spoke, he put a spiritual fruit into his mouth.

“Oh, this fruit was nurtured by my Golden Bright Dao Sect. It’s said that not only is Fellow Daoist Han’s Sword Dao powerful, but his Alchemy Dao is also extraordinary. Try it.”

Instead of talking about serious matters, they talked about spiritual fruits.

It seemed that the array formation of a sect could not compare to the spiritual fruit.

But Han Muye knew that all of this was just a test.

Yu Tianming was a Peak Out of Body realm cultivator and an array formation expert. How could he have so much time to argue?

Moreover, there were clearly more than ten powerful spiritual wills in the surroundings using the power of array formations to quietly observe.

Han Muye raised his hand and took a spiritual fruit.

Yu Tianming looked at him with a smile.

“Yes, there’s abundant spiritual qi, and there’s even spiritual qi from various branches intertwining. It’s beneficial to every cultivator.”

“If I can purify the spiritual qi and medicinal power inside, this fruit will be even better.”

Han Muye held the spiritual fruit in his hand and spoke softly.

“Haha,” Yu Tianming laughed. “Fellow Daoist Han is wise.”

He stared at Han Muye, his expression unchanged. “But if there’s really a way to divide the medicinal power and spiritual qi, this spiritual light won’t be easy to eat.”

“I’m afraid that only the major powers of the Ancient Cloud Galaxy possess such a spiritual fruit.”

The Jinming Daoist Sect, which occupied an entire world, could be considered a major power. However, it was still far from the major sects that controlled countless stars.

Jinke Star relied on the Chaotic Divine Palace to develop. In front of large sects, it was just like the Infinite Unity Sword Sect.

His foundation could not compare.

“A large faction?” Han Muye smiled, his eyes flickering.

“It’s just a pure spiritual fruit. Why do you need a big force?”

As soon as he finished speaking, a green spiritual light flashed in his palm.

He directly activated the power of the max level of Wood Lineage Affinity, causing the spiritual fruit in his palm to flicker with a halo. Then, tender sprouts grew in the fruit core.

The sprout grew quickly, and in a moment, it was already more than a foot tall.

Opposite him, Yu Tianming looked at the foot-tall sprout in Han Muye’s hand with a smile.

This method was miraculous, but it was not enough for a great cultivator.

“Buzz!”

The spiritual light in Han Muye’s palm had already spread, and the tender shoot grew again, becoming three feet tall. Its branches and leaves were extended, and it was a huge green area.

When it reached three feet of leaves, Han Muye did not let it grow again. Instead, he wrapped it in spiritual energy. As the green leaves fluttered, flowers bloomed all over the tree.

Only now did Yu Tianming become a bit more serious, his gaze fixed on the flowering tree.

The other Divine Senses that were paying attention to this place also quietly gathered.

Han Muye smiled faintly, and a trace of green spiritual light poured into the flowering tree in his palm.

The power of the grass whip.

“Crash—”

The flowers on the tree moved without wind. Their colors changed. Red, orange, yellow, green, indigo, blue, and purple. They were colorful and dazzling.

The petals had just bloomed when they withered.

No one cared about these petals.

Everyone looked at the seven-colored spiritual fruits on the flowering tree.

Spiritual fruits grew visibly until they were the size of pigeon eggs and their spiritual qi converged.

There was no need to investigate.

The seven-colored fruit corresponded to the power of each line.

All of them were extremely pure.

Yu Tianming’s eyes flickered as he looked at the spiritual fruit tree in Han Muye’s hand.

“Good move.

“Entering the herb garden with this method will definitely yield great rewards.”

Yu Tianming muttered and looked up at Han Muye.

“Buzz!”

A phantom appeared in the hall.

It was an old man in linen clothes. His beard and hair were disheveled, and his two faces were fixed on the spiritual fruit tree in front of Han Muye. He muttered and reached out to pick the spiritual fruit.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed. A light screen blocked his hand.

The old man was stunned and looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye's expression was calm as he said softly, "Isn't it a little inappropriate to take it without asking?"

Anger flashed across the old man's face. Before he could speak, Han Muye's voice sounded again.

"Or could it be that you can eat this fruit as long as you're at the Jinming Dao Sect?"

With Han Muye's words, spiritual light exploded from the old man's body. His palm emitted a green spiritual light and pressed forward.

"Bo—"

The light screen Han Muye had set up shattered, and the old man's palm reached for the fruit tree filled with spiritual fruits.

He was really going to eat it!

In Han Muye's eyes, sword light suddenly appeared!

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The sword light was cold.

Before the disheveled old man's palm could reach down, it seemed to be frozen by the sword light.

The old man's expression changed slightly as he changed the angle of his palm.

But for some reason, Han Muye's sword was blocking in front of him.

In a breath's time, the palm shadow transformed thousands of times, but it could not escape the sword in front of it.

The old man's expression turned solemn.

Yu Tianming's expression changed and he sat up straight.

Around them, figures landed and stared at the old man's palm.

Han Muye's sword was extremely fast. No matter how hard the old man tried to slap him, he could not succeed.

"Good sword technique!" A middle-aged Daoist wearing a green robe and a golden crown on his head said in a low voice. His eyes flickered with golden light.

Needless to say?

The old man seemed to be impatient and coldly snorted. A blood-colored spiritual light appeared in his palm and he pressed down on the sword.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He did not retreat at all and handed the sword straight to his palm.

"Done," Right at that moment, a voice sounded.

All the power in the entire hall was frozen. The old man stretched out his palm but could not pass it over.

Han Muye's sword was also fixed in place.

An old man in a light yellow robe slowly walked into the hall. When he saw the imprisoned old man, he frowned and waved his sleeve, sweeping his body onto a large wooden chair dozens of feet away.

His gaze landed on the spiritual fruit tree in Han Muye's palm. A strange expression flashed across his face as he reached out to pick the fruit.

However, just as he reached out his palm, he revealed a surprised expression.

At some point, Han Muye's sword blocked his palm.

No, Han Muye's sword was also imprisoned and could not move again.

He retracted his palm and saw that the sword in Han Muye's hand had not moved.

He extended his palm again, but it felt like it was hitting the sword.

After three consecutive times, the long-robed old man slowly retracted his hand with a solemn expression.

A light sound, and everyone in the hall returned to normal.

However, at this moment, everyone looked at Han Muye differently.

Although they were imprisoned, their senses were not deprived.

They all saw the yellow-robed elder's palm being blocked. He had no choice but to retreat after three attempts.

"Good sword technique."

Yu Tianming sighed softly.

The yellow-robed old man nodded.

"I wouldn't dare." Han Muye bowed slightly to the yellow-robed old man and said, "I wouldn't dare to be a Dao Ancestor."

Dao Ancestor.

This old man's cultivation had already surpassed the Heaven Realm and transcended karma.

Although he was not a Divine Venerable, he already had the ability to control the power of heaven and earth.

Earlier, he had confined everything in the hall because he controlled the Dao of Heaven and Earth with his own strength.

"Fellow Daoist Han, this is our Jinming Dao Sect's Sect Master, Dao Ancestor Yuntai."

Yu Tianming looked at Han Muye and said softly.

It was as he had thought.

Han Muye nodded, bowed to Dao Ancestor Yuntai, and handed over the spiritual fruit tree.

This was his gift to the Jinming Dao Sect.

Dao Ancestor Yuntai laughed and reached out to take the fruit tree, then looked at Han Muye.

“This Dao Ancestor has seen quite a few sword cultivators in this world. You are the first to have a sword-art like yours that isn’t a Dao Ancestor.” A hint of light flashed through Dao Ancestor Yuntai’s eyes.

Han Muye bowed and said, “Thank you for your praise, Senior. I still have a long way to go.”

In front of a Dao Ancestor, it was only right to show the necessary respect.

Han Muye had his own backing when he came to Jinke Star, but he had never thought of fighting the Jinming Dao Sect.

He was asking for the mountain-protecting formation.

Dao Ancestor Yuntai laughed, let Han Muye sit down, and walked to the seat of honor.

The other figures also sat down. The disheveled old man’s gaze fell upon the spiritual fruit tree held in Dao Ancestor Yuntai’s hand, his face filled with desire.

“Little friend Han, you came to Jinke Star to reinforce the sect’s array formation because you want to leave the Infinite Unity Sword Sect and head to the Ancient Divine Herb Garden, right?”

Dao Ancestor Yuntai sat down, looked at Han Muye, and spoke softly.

Han Muye nodded.

The purpose of his visit was clear to the Jinming Daoist Sect.

The previous difficulties were just a test.

Dao Ancestor Yuntai raised his hand, and the fruits on the spiritual fruit tree in front of him fell. There were a few in front of everyone in the hall.

The others reached out to catch a fruit and examined it carefully. The disheveled old man impatiently stuffed the spiritual fruit into his mouth and chewed.

“Yes, the power of the Wood Lineage is extremely pure. It’s not inferior to a fifth-level pill.

“Eh, the power of the gold lineage is also very rich...”

As he chewed and muttered, the disheveled old man finished the spiritual fruit in his hand in a moment and could not help but look up at others.

When the others saw him looking over, they hurriedly put away the spiritual fruits in their hands and sat still.

Dao Ancestor Yuntai chuckled and said, “Li Zhongjing, can you tell what’s wrong with this spiritual fruit?”

Hearing his words, the disheveled old man nodded and shook his head.

Looking at Han Muye, the disheveled old man said, "Your method is probably not just the Dao of Creation, right?"

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Excitement flashed across the old man's face as he teleported in front of Han Muye. "I knew it. How can it be so pure just by spawning?"

"Tell me, what method did you use to divide the spiritual qi and medicinal power? I've long wanted to work on the spiritual herbs and change the pill refinement method, but I just couldn't find it..."

The old man named Li Zhongjing no longer cared about the others. He reached out to pull Han Muye's sleeve to chat.

Han Muye had encountered many cultivators like him who were obsessed with cultivation and forgot about external things.

The Dao of cultivation was only more exciting because there were more cultivators who cultivated it.

Chapter 796 - 796 Dao Ancestor, Alchemy Battle (2)

Han Muye chuckled and whispered, "I just refined this spiritual fruit in advance when it was growing."

"It's more like a pill than a fruit."

Alchemy techniques!

Li Zhongjing's eyes widened as he stared at Han Muye. He muttered something and was actually stunned.

When Dao Ancestor Yuntai saw him like this, he waved his hand and Li Zhongjing disappeared.

"Young friend, I'm sorry. This elder of the Jinming Dao Sect is obsessed with alchemy and has forgotten himself."

Dao Ancestor Yuntai spoke out, and the others all shook their heads.

Li Zhongjing's actions made them feel a little awkward.

"I admire this senior's piousness in alchemy." Han Muye cupped his hands with a sincere expression.

His attitude made everyone nod.

Dao Ancestor Yuntai looked around and said, "Little friend Han, since you're going to the Ancient Divine Herb Garden, why don't you accompany my Jinming Dao Sect?"

Speaking of this, he said, "I will make arrangements about your sect's array formation."

First, it was a companion. Then, it was a formation. It was not control, yet it was control.

However, to Han Muye, it was not impossible to go to the Ancient Divine Herb Garden with the cultivators on Jinke Star.

He would only look for the spiritual herbs he needed. Everyone would take what they wanted.

Seeing Han Muye agree, the atmosphere in the hall instantly eased.

When Dao Ancestor Yuntai held a banquet, Han Muye communicated with a group of cultivators who were at least at the Heaven Realm.

Among them was the array formation elder, Shen Zongming, whose array had been broken by Han Muye.

Shen Zongming was still brooding over the fact that Han Muye had destroyed the Golden Mystic Dao Sect with a single strike.

At the banquet, he targeted Han Muye impolitely.

Han Muye couldn't be bothered to condone his rudeness. He directly pointed out a few flaws in the array he had set up in the Golden Mystic Dao Sect.

Although Han Muye was not very proficient in array formations, with his max-level comprehension, as long as he deduced, he would be able to discover the flaws.

Shen Zongming was unconvinced. He set up several arrays outside the banquet, but Han Muye pointed out the flaws.

For a moment, the hall was in an uproar. Shen Zongming's face was pale, and his Dao heart was almost unstable.

According to Han Muye, he had come to ask the Jinming Dao Sect to set up a formation because he lacked enough materials and believed in the strength of the Jinming Dao Sect. It did not mean that he could not set it up.

Actually, he was bragging.

Putting aside the spiritual materials needed to set up a mountain-protecting array, it would take half a year to a year. How could he have the time?

Besides, he might not be as good as Shen Zongming when it came to practical operations.

After returning to the Infinite Unity Sword Sect from the Jinming Dao Sect, Han Muye went into seclusion again.

This time, he gathered all his killing methods and checked the items that could be used in the Ancient Divine Herb Garden.

The divine beast clone had extraordinary strength and could now completely control it. The combat strength it displayed could be said to be terrifying.

Han Muye dared to go straight to the Jinming Dao Sect because of his current control over the power of divine beasts.

If they really did not agree with each other, they could release the divine beast clone directly. Not only would they be able to crush those Divine Transformation Realm cultivators, but they would also be able to fight back against those above the Divine Transformation Realm and even Dao Ancestors.

The power of the Great Dao on Jinke Star could not suppress the divine beast Baxia, who could carry an entire world.

In addition to his powerful body, Han Muye also had a few swords.

The Spiritual Treasure, Infinite Unity Sword Case, and the Dao Sword Mountain.

There were also many other magic treasure-level swords.

The Sword Core could even form the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

Given how powerful this power was, as long as he didn't directly face a Daofather in the herb garden, he was confident that he would be able to win.

As for the possibility of a Dao Ancestor entering the herb garden, it was unlikely.

This was because the various arrangements in the herb garden were similarly dangerous to Dao Ancestors.

Dao Ancestors were rarely willing to be in danger.

There were not many Dao Ancestors in the world who would take such a dangerous path for the sake of spiritual herbs.

After bringing all kinds of killing weapons, Han Muye put the grass whip into the sword case on his back.

He wrapped a layer of wood elemental power around the grass whip and disguised it as a wooden sword.

This was to prevent the Imperial Censor from being recognized and coveted when he drove the grass whip.

Perhaps someone would recognize this treasure.

His true body's cultivation was still at the peak of the Out of Body realm. If he kept suppressing it and waited for it to break through to the Soul Formation realm, this avatar's spirit dao cultivation would at most reveal the peak of the Out of Body realm.

This level of cultivation was neither high nor low for the experts who were investigating the Ancient Divine Herb Garden.

Not everyone had an Out of Body realm cultivator.

A month later, Han Muye flew away.

As for the 10 disciples of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect, they had already set off and gathered on Jinke Star.

When Han Muye arrived in the void, the Jinming Dao Sect's flying ship was already waiting.

Li Zhongjing, who was dressed neatly, greeted Han Muye with a warm welcoming smile.

Seeing the two of them walk into the cabin, the other sects on Jinke Star revealed strange expressions.

The Jinming Daoist Sect's Crazy Alchemist Li Zhongjing was a madman. Who could he be welcoming?

Although the disciples of the Infinite Unity Sword Sect on the ship knew Han Muye, they would not tell anyone else who he was.

There were only 10 disciples from the Infinite Unity Sword Sect, and they were all juniors whose cultivation level was no higher than the Golden Core Realm. No one thought highly of them, and they were unwilling to even say a word.

Han Muye entered the cabin. Li Zhongjing was not the only one from the Jinming Dao Sect. There were also two leading elders. One was Jin Yangzheng, who was at the second level of the Semi-God Realm, and the other was Wu Xuetao, who was at the seventh level of the Out of Body realm.

The few of them greeted each other. Elder Jin Yang introduced the various factions that would enter the herb garden if there was any news.

Three major Daoist factions with Divine Venerables would come. They were the Tianmu Dao Sect on Muyun Star, the Wanchen Dao Sect on Wanchen Star, and the Qiyang Sword Sect on Qiyang Star.

Chapter 797 - 797 Dao Ancestor, Alchemy Battle (3)

When Jin Yangzheng mentioned the arrival of the demon sects, Han Muye was slightly stunned.

Among the four Demon Kings under the Divine Venerable Ancestral Demon, the Heaven Trampling Demon King and the Earth Suppressing Supreme Sage had arrived.

"The demonic dao is cunning and ferocious. If we encounter them, we must be careful," Jin Yangzheng whispered, thinking that Han Muye was shocked by the arrival of the demonic dao's Demon Kings.

"Indeed. Such Demon King-level experts' combat strength is actually not inferior to a Dao Ancestor." Wu Xuetao also shook his head, revealing a trace of worry on his face.

The Daoist Faction would not send peerless experts into the herb garden, but the Demon Sect would not talk about unspoken rules with you.

The cultivators of the Demon Sect were not afraid of death. What could one do?

Han Muye was still a little confused when he returned to his cabin.

Thinking that he might see Huang Six, Han Muye couldn't help but chuckle.

Fortunately, he had rushed back to Heavenly Mystic in time and properly corrected Huang Zhihu, making her look like a girl.

Otherwise, it would be really difficult to face Sixth Brother.

Han Muye almost never left the cabin. Unless Li Zhongjing came to invite him to discuss alchemy with him, he would not go out.

Even during the few alchemy gatherings on the ship, Han Muye did not participate.

The alchemy inheritance in the Land of the Fallen Ancient Gods was not inferior to the Ancient Cloud Galaxy. After obtaining the inheritance of the Wood Deity Palace, Han Muye no longer cared much about other alchemy dao.

After Li Zhongjing came to look for him a few times, he was a bit hesitant about coming.

After all, some of the alchemy understanding that Li Zhongjing was very proud of was child's play in front of Han Muye.

The alchemy methods that could earn respect and envy from other alchemy cultivators were not worth mentioning in front of Han Muye.

"Buzz!"

Outside the ship, a flying ship approached.

As they approached the Ancient Divine Herb Garden, they encountered more and more flying ships along the way.

When Han Muye's cultivation ended, Li Zhongjing walked in nervously.

"Well, Fellow Daoist Han, there's a gathering of alchemists..."

Seeing Han Muye look up at him, Li Zhongjing scratched his head and said, "Yes, there are a few large sects gathering. I'm not confident."

Speaking of this, he gritted his teeth and took out a three-legged tripod.

"Two of them are old enemies of mine. I want to suppress them just once." Li Zhongjing gritted his teeth and handed the three-legged cauldron to Han Muye.

A low-grade magic pill cauldron worth tens of millions of spiritual rocks just to suppress others?

Han Muye looked at Li Zhongjing playfully.

"You're willing?"

Li Zhongjing grinned. "What's there to be reluctant about?"

Han Muye raised his hand and waved. The pill cauldron appeared in his hand, then he said, "Call me at the gathering.

"I'll pretend to be your junior."

Hearing his words, Li Zhongjing waved his hand and ran out of the cabin happily.

Looking at him, Han Muye shook his head, envy flashing in his eyes.

Li Zhongjing was obsessed with alchemy, but his thoughts were simple.

With such a personality, he would have fewer worries.

—

Three days later, the flying ship stopped in the void.

Li Zhongjing came to invite Han Muye along.

Walking out of the cabin, dozens of flying ships of various sizes were connected.

"It's the Wanchen Dao Sect of the Three Great Daoist Factions. Their leader, the Alchemy Elder Yuan Mingjie, had a few exchanges with me back then.

"This time, the Wanchen Dao Sect will host the exchange. All the sects will come.

"He Qing Dao Sect's Zhu Guangshou and Ming Huan Dao Sect's Wu Yazi. These two old fellows don't get along with me."

As Li Zhongjing introduced the sects, his face was full of anger. He simply wanted to roll up his sleeves and punch someone.

He had a rare fiery temper among alchemists.

"Is there really such a grudge?" Han Muye was a little curious.

Li Zhongjing was stunned and his face turned red.

"Anyway, we just don't get along."

...

On the meteorite in front of him, there was already a wide area surrounded by large cauldrons.

Many alchemists were either exchanging their alchemy insights or directly refining pills. The atmosphere was extremely harmonious.

"Zhu Guangshou, Wu Yazi, you two come out..." Li Zhongjing shouted, causing the entire venue to fall silent.

"Bang!"

The furnace exploded somewhere.

Han Muye turned to look at Li Zhongjing.

This guy said that he didn't get along with him.

99% of the people present were offended by his shout, right?

"So it's Senior Brother Zhongjing of the Jinming Daoist Sect." A Daoist in white with a gentle face and his hair tied up stepped forward and cupped his hands at Li Zhongjing.

"Every time my Yurou mentioned Senior Brother, she would say that you took good care of her back then and asked me to guide you well."

Yurou was the name of a female cultivator.

Back then, he took care of her.

Good guidance.

There's a story! Han Muye thought.

He turned to look at the livid Li Zhongjing.

"Haha, so it's Brother Zhongjing. It's been so many years, but you haven't come to see me." On the other side, a middle-aged man in a green and white robe with a jade belt around his waist came forward.

"Big Brother, are you still brooding over my marriage with Xiaoyu back then?"

"Your Pill Dao has never improved. It's because your temperament is bad."

The middle-aged priest shook his head with a smile.

Li Zhongjing gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and shrugged.

The surrounding people looked at the three of them curiously.

Those who knew were already muttering softly.

Li Zhongjing's beloved junior sister was snatched away by these two people one after another. In the end, she was alone.

Hatred for stealing his wife?

How could he tolerate this?

Han Muye's gaze swept across a white-robed old man who was looking over with interest. With a thought, he took a step forward and grabbed the collar of the white-robed young man.

"Bang!"

With one punch, the soy sauce shop opened.

Before the young man could react, Han Muye raised his leg and kicked the green-robed Daoist beside him.

The green-robed Daoist let out a cry, covered his body, and slowly fell to the ground.

Han Muye raised his palm and shouted, "Martial Uncle, don't you often say that you don't have to be polite when you see these two beasts in human clothes?"

"Why aren't you attacking now that you've met face to face?"

"Do you have to endure such hatred?"

After that, he grabbed Li Zhongjing's sleeve and pulled him to step on the thigh of the squatting Daoist.

The Daoist cried out in pain again.

Han Muye slapped the young man, who had just gotten up, and threw him aside.

Li Zhongjing raised his leg and kicked the Daoist priest's chest, causing him to fall to the ground again and not be able to get up.

It was only at this moment that the surrounding people came to their senses and hurriedly pulled them aside to stop the fight.

Han Muye grabbed Li Zhongjing with great strength and quickly retreated dozens of feet away before shouting.

"Martial Uncle, didn't you say that you would crush them in the Dao of alchemy after fighting them? Didn't you say that you would make them live in your shadow for the rest of their lives and never dare to raise their heads?"

Li Zhongjing trembled and looked up at Han Muye.

Did I say such a thing?

"Li Zhongjing!

"I want to compete with you in an Alchemy Battle!" The white-robed young man roared.

"Li Zhongjing, if I don't break your Dao heart today, I, Zhu Guangshou, will write my name backward!" The Daoist in green and white robes covered his body and gritted his teeth as he growled.

"Let's fight!" Li Zhongjing's foolish temperament was instantly stimulated. He raised his hand and a golden cauldron appeared above his head.

Chapter 798 - 798 Meeting Sixth Brother Again

The pill cauldron shook and light scattered in all directions.

The surrounding alchemists all retreated to make room for more than a hundred feet.

The strength of Li Zhongjing's alchemy cultivation could be seen from the moment the cauldron rose.

Alchemy qi was everywhere, and clouds and mist lingered.

Only a few people present did not change their expressions.

Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazhi, who were standing in front, restrained the anger on their faces and became more solemn.

"Hehe, it's rare for a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert to compete in alchemy today. Let me be a witness."

The white-robed old man who Han Muye had been paying attention to chuckled and landed among Li Zhongjing and the other two.

"Greetings, Elder Yuan." The three of them bowed slightly.

It was Yuan Mingjie, the alchemy elder of the Wanchen Dao Sect.

The elders of large sects not only had profound cultivation, but their alchemy attainments could suppress an area.

No matter where it was, the strong were respected.

“Since Elder Yuan is willing to be a witness, let’s have a fight.” Wu Yazi looked at Li Zhongjing and sneered. “Li Zhongjing, how do you want to fight?”

How could he fight?

Li Zhongjing laughed and the cauldron qi above his head scattered.

“Fighting, of course.

“When two pills collide, the one that shatters will be defeated, and the victor obtains the cauldron.”

The pills that were refined would collide with each other, and the pills that shattered first would be defeated.

The loser had to hand over his cauldron.

This was the Alchemy Battle.

The pill cauldron was the most important cultivation partner of alchemy cultivators. Most alchemy cultivators spent their savings on pill cauldrons.

At this time, the cauldron that Li Zhongjing took out was a magic treasure.

Wu Yazi and Zhu Guangshou looked at each other and took out their respective pill cauldrons. They were also magic treasures.

“Li Zhongjing, isn’t it against the rules for you to exchange for two?” Zhu Guangshou said coldly.

They had two magic treasures between them, but Li Zhongjing only had one.

If Li Zhongjing won, wouldn’t it be a huge profit?

Li Zhongjing was stunned.

Han Muye shook his head.

This guy only mentioned cauldrons, but he didn’t mention that Li Zhongjing had to use his own pill to fight against their pills. The difficulty was doubled.

“Master Uncle, why don’t you press down on this cauldron?” Han Muye raised his hand, and the cauldron that Li Zhongjing had given him appeared.

A trace of hesitation flashed across Li Zhongjing’s face, but he still nodded.

Since Han Muye had taken it out, he was naturally confident in helping him win.

“Very well. Since you’ve taken out this cauldron, it can be considered as part of your participation in the competition.

“When I refine the pills later, you’ll be in charge of starting the fire for me.”

Li Zhongjing revealed an arrogant expression. “After my great victory, I will give you an opportunity.”

His words were arrogant, but the surrounding alchemists looked at Han Muye with envy.

It was an unimaginable benefit for alchemists to be able to participate in such a grand cultivator's alchemy battle, regardless of whether they won or lost.

However, only those from the same sect had a chance.

Besides, Han Muye had taken out a magic treasure, a cauldron.

Who would be willing to gamble with the pill cauldron in their hands?

When Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi saw Han Muye step forward and press down on the pill cauldron, their expressions were ruthless.

This was the guy who had attacked them just now!

Yuan Mingjie's gaze landed on Han Muye and he nodded with a smile.

"Boom!"

Three balls of spiritual fire instantly rose.

Spiritual herbs flew out in front of Li Zhongjing and covered the bottom of the cauldron.

It was the same for the two people opposite him.

"Um, Little Han, what pill should I refine?" Li Zhongjing's expression did not change, but he sent a voice transmission to Han Muye.

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, he blushed. "That's right. I'm not confident that a pill can defeat the pills of those two fellows..."

The arrogance from before was now gone.

Han Muye chuckled and sent his divine sense over. "Does it have to be a pill against a pill?"

He was not familiar with the Ancient Cloud Galaxy's alchemy battles.

"One furnace versus one furnace.

"I'm going to refine two pills in this cauldron and fight them separately. As long as I can guarantee a win and a loss, I'll fight them evenly. Hehe..."

Li Zhongjing's slightly proud voice came from the divine sense.

Is this the battle strategy?

"What if they offer two pills each?" Han Muye's words left Li Zhongjing stunned.

Han Muye ignored him and slowly sorted out the spiritual herbs in front of him.

In just a moment, he chose nearly a hundred types of spiritual herbs.

While choosing the spirit herbs, he paid attention to Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi. It was obvious that the amount of spiritual herbs these two people had chosen were not small. They were going for a furnace of two pills each.

At this time, Li Zhongjing also saw the choice of the two people on the other side, and his face became more and more gloomy.

“This way, there doesn’t seem to be any chance of winning...” Li Zhongjing whispered.

Of course, there was no chance of winning. Didn’t you want to fight the two of them alone?

However, without Han Muye making the first move and provoking him with words, Li Zhongjing would not have started a fight.

“The spiritual herbs have been taken care of.

“Master Uncle, you can refine the pills now.”

Han Muye called out loudly, making the hesitant Li Zhongjing nod, and his aura changed.

At this moment, he was less sloppy and more serious.

This was what a great alchemy cultivator should look like.

“Send the medicine into the furnace. Be careful of the fusion of the medicinal power,” Li Zhongjing said in a low voice.

Han Muye nodded and threw a portion of spiritual herbs into the cauldron.

As soon as the spiritual herbs were thrown in, the surrounding was in an uproar.

Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi smiled.

The spiritual herbs that Han Muye threw into the cauldron were not one of the hundred spiritual herbs chosen, but the other spiritual herbs that he did not choose.

Li Zhongjing’s eyes widened. The spiritual fire he controlled almost extinguished.

The first medicine was misplaced?

Han Muye ignored the others and just kept pouring spiritual herbs into the cauldron.

Chapter 799 - 799 Meeting Sixth Brother Again (2)

799 Meeting Sixth Brother Again (2)

It was not those that had been chosen, but the hundreds of spiritual herbs that had not been chosen.

No matter how many spiritual herbs there were, they were all thrown into the cauldron.

Li Zhongjing's face twitched, and his aura fluctuated. He tried his best to control the Pill Fire and the crucible.

When all kinds of spiritual herbs entered the cauldron, he felt like he couldn't control them.

Most importantly, he had no idea what kind of herbs he was going to refine if he threw them into the cauldron!

Blind refinement?

At this moment, Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazhi were already laughing out loud.

Most of the surrounding alchemists shook their heads.

Even Yuan Mingjie frowned.

The Dao of alchemy was exquisite, and one had to carefully consider every detail.

How could he refine pills in such chaos?

Han Muye moved quickly and threw all the spiritual herbs into the cauldron in less than a hundred seconds.

The pill cauldron shook. The medicinal strength within it was already surging. Even the pill cauldron could barely suppress it.

Han Muye walked under the cauldron and raised his hand to point. A spiritual light flashed.

It seemed to have split out a trace of spiritual qi to help Li Zhongjing stabilize the cauldron.

Actually, this spiritual light was mixed with traces of sword qi.

The sword Qi crashed into the cauldron and instantly shattered the chaotic medicinal power.

The medicinal power mixed together, creating a mess.

Li Zhongjing trembled and almost flew away.

With the medicinal efficacy in such a mess, how could he refine pills?

If the furnace exploded now, would he be able to instantly kill the two fellows opposite him?

Could it be that Han Muye had this intention?

Li Zhongjing's eyes lit up.

"What are you thinking about? Hurry up and control the fusion of the medicinal power." Han Muye's divine sense sounded.

Li Zhongjing chuckled and tried his best to control the medicinal power in the cauldron to fuse with each other.

Han Muye's sword Qi kept swimming in the cauldron. As long as there was an almost uncontrollable medicinal power, he would shatter it with a slash.

The sword qi wreaked havoc inside, constantly purifying the medicinal power.

Half an hour later, the medicinal power in the cauldron was already pure to the extreme.

However, Li Zhongjing's forehead was covered in sweat. His lips were purple, and his shoulders were trembling uncontrollably.

I did my best.

He really could not suppress the medicinal power in the cauldron any longer.

The key was that he kept thinking about how to fuse the medicinal power and refine it into a pill.

His head wanted to explode, but he could not understand what medicinal pill the medicinal power in his cauldron could condense into.

Yuan Mingjie was a little surprised. He frowned and spiritual light flashed on his body.

As long as Li Zhongjing's crucible exploded, he would attack immediately.

The surrounding area had already given way to a thousand feet wide circle.

They were both alchemists. Although they could not see the situation in Li Zhongjing's cauldron, they could guess.

The furnace explosion was right in front of him.

It was either the next breath or the next.

Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi were already smiling as they slowly nourished their pills. They were just waiting for the pills to be produced.

However, there was no need to rush. As long as Li Zhongjing's crucible exploded, they would win without having to compete.

“Buzz!”

The cauldron in front of Li Zhongjing shook.

“Han Muye, forget it. Give up.” Li Zhongjing sent out his divine senses.

He really couldn’t control himself anymore.

“Okay,” Han Muye replied bluntly. Then all the sword Qi slashed out, shattering the medicinal power in the cauldron.

Li Zhongjing let out a strange cry and retreated a thousand feet away. His entire body flashed with spiritual light and countless talismans covered his body.

At this moment, all the alchemists who were already 1,000 feet away turned around and fled.

Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi were stunned. They held their cauldrons and retreated.

The spiritual light in Yuan Mingjie’s hand turned into a huge hand and pressed down on Li Zhongjing’s crucible.

If he didn’t make a move, the cauldron would explode and the surrounding thousand feet would probably turn into dust.

However, just as the spiritual qi hand pressed down, he was stunned.

Under the cauldron, Han Muye looked at him with a smile.

What did that mean?

The large hand of spiritual energy pressed down on the cauldron, suppressing the cauldron that was originally trembling.

The tyrannical power coming from the cauldron made Yuan Mingjie's expression change. He had to use 30% more power to suppress it.

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly raised his hand.

A green light poured into the cauldron.

The expanding medicinal power in the crucible instantly rotated. Under the suppression of Yuan Mingjie's power, it obediently turned into medicinal pills.

More than 300 pills condensed in the cauldron like stars.

Some of these pills were verdant, some were as red as fire, some were golden, and some were orange-red...

Seven-colored, nine-colored.

“Congratulations, Martial Uncle. The Nine-Colored Pill you refined is successful.”

Han Muye cupped his hands at Li Zhongjing in the distance and shouted.

Nine-Colored Pill?

Success?

Li Zhongjing looked puzzled and turned around in confusion like the other alchemists.

Li Zhongjing’s eyes widened when his spiritual will landed on his own crucible.

A cauldron of 300 pills!

The key was not just how many pills were produced, but the medicinal strength of these medicinal pills was pure to the extreme!

His expression changed and he looked at Han Muye.

He had seen such pure medicinal power before.

It was the spiritual fruit tree in Han Muye's hand in the main hall of the Jinming Dao Sect.

The alchemy method gave birth to spiritual fruits.

Now, he was refining pills with the method of producing spiritual fruits!

How many tricks did this guy have up his sleeve?

Turning rotten wood into something magical, was this his alchemy path?

Yuan Mingjie's spiritual energy hand slowly dissipated.

Looking at Han Muye, who was smiling and cupping his hands at him, Yuan Mingjie put his hands behind his back, his expression unchanged.

"Buzz!"

Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi's cauldrons shook, and two pills flew out.

"It's a fourth-grade Mountain Pavilion Pill!"

“A grade four pill has a rich medicinal strength. It’s difficult to encounter a grade four pill in a Pill Battle.”

Seeing the pill above Zhu Guangshou’s head, everyone exclaimed.

“Boom!”

Lightning descended and wrapped around the pill.

Even if there was no Heavenly Dao in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, when the pill was formed, it would cause a change in the void power and turn into lightning.

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However, this lightning did not have any tempering effect.

“That looks like a fourth-grade Cloud Ascension Pill?” Someone pointed at Wu Yazi’s head and exclaimed.

“The Cloud Ascension is Wu Yunteng’s unique pill. Even Wu Yazi can refine it?” Someone asked curiously.

Wu Yazi’s pill also attracted lightning.

When a fifth-grade pill was refined, there would be thunderous lights interweaving and striking.

This was proof of high-grade medicinal pills.

Slowly, everyone’s eyes fell on the top of Li Zhongjing’s head.

Li Zhongjing laughed out loud. The cauldron above his head opened, and pills flew into the air.

Very arrogant.

Han Muye glanced at Li Zhongjing.

When the 300 pills left the cauldron, the surroundings were silent.

The nine-colored elixir was divided into nine square formations and floated above Li Zhongjing’s head.

However, the pill floated motionlessly, but no lightning descended.

This medicinal pill that looked rich in medicinal power was not above the fifth-grade?

Zhu Guangshou, who was originally pale, laughed loudly. He raised his hand and pointed, and a medicinal pill flew out from the top of his head.

Alchemy battles did not rely solely on quantity.

When there was a difference of one grade in medicinal pills, the medicinal power was 10 times or 100 times more.

A fourth-grade pill could easily shatter a fifth-grade pill.

As for medicinal pills that did not reach the fifth grade, they would not be able to resist fourth grade pills, even if there were thousands or tens of thousands of them.

“Kill!”

Li Zhongjing shouted and a pill flew out from the top of his head.

Dozens of pills surrounded Zhu Guangshou’s Mountain Pavilion Pill.

“Bang!”

The two medicinal pills collided.

In an instant, one of the pills shattered.

Zhu Guangshou laughed and was stunned.

The others were also stunned.

When the pills collided, the Mountain Pavilion Pill shattered.

A fourth-grade Mountain Pavilion Pill couldn’t beat a single pill?

Looking at the green, green, and yellow pills above Li Zhongjing’s head, Wu Yazi felt his scalp go numb.

Li Zhongjing laughed and all the pills flew out.

“Boom!”

The two pills that landed on Wu Yazi’s head and the remaining pill on Zhu Guangshou’s head were shattered. Endless spiritual qi soared into the sky.

Three fourth-grade pills shattered.

Li Zhongjing laughed and raised his hand to collect the two cauldrons opposite him. Then he took out a gourd and collected all the Nine-Colored Pills.

“Let’s go back and split the bill,” Li Zhongjing said to Han Muye in a low voice. He cupped his hands at Yuan Mingjie and turned to leave.

Han Muye followed him. The two of them were extremely fast and disappeared in a few steps.

“Haha—”

“Awesome—”

In the void, Li Zhongjing’s arrogant voice came back.

Yuan Mingjie looked around and left with a smile.

Zhu Guangshou and Wu Yazi stood there with pale faces.

In the alchemy battle, the cauldrons of the two Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators were snatched away, and their Dao hearts were covered in dust.

The surrounding alchemists retreated and began to discuss the excitement of this battle.

A nine-colored pill could shatter a fourth-grade pill without attracting a lightning tribulation. What kind of pill was this?

Also, the process of refining this pill was simply child’s play.

“Han, Fellow Daoist Han, how did you refine this pill?” In the void, Li Zhongjing took out a gourd and looked at Han Muye curiously.

“I can see that the refinement method of this medicinal pill is similar to the spiritual fruit that was produced in the hall that day.”

Hearing Li Zhongjing’s words, Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, “This pill was refined with Senior Yuan’s help.”

“Yuan Mingjie? What did he—” Before Li Zhongjing could finish, he saw Han Muye wink at him.

Looking up, who else could it be but Yuan Mingjie?

“Greetings, senior.” Li Zhongjing’s expression suddenly changed, and he bowed very respectfully.

“If I hadn’t helped in this battle, the pill cauldron wouldn’t have exploded, and the pill wouldn’t have been produced.” Yuan Mingjie looked at Han Muye with his hands behind his back.

“You’re right to say that I contributed.”

Hearing Yuan Mingjie’s words, Li Zhongjing raised his hand, and two cauldrons appeared in the air.

“Senior is right. Senior can choose one of these pill cauldrons.”

His words almost made Han Muye laugh.

A great cultivator above the Heaven Realm with a profound alchemy cultivation, who is not inferior to a sage in alchemy, is here for your cauldron?

Yuan Mingjie didn’t speak. He shook his head and raised his hand. The gourd in Li Zhongjing’s hand flew out.

Opening the gourd, seven or eight pills of various colors flew out and landed in his palm.

“As I thought, these pills are not actually completed yet.” Yuan Mingjie’s gaze fell on Han Muye.

“This is only the purest medicinal power. It’s divided into various pure medicinal balls.”

If it was not a pill, it would not attract the lightning tribulation.

Li Zhongjing had previously said that this pill was similar to a spiritual fruit. What Yuan Mingjie said now was exactly as he had guessed.

“Senior, you’re indeed wise,” Han Muye said softly.

Yuan Mingjie’s eyes flickered as he stared at Han Muye. “I wonder if you’re interested in working with me?”

“I’m interested in your purified medicinal power. I can pay a high price to buy the purified medicinal balls.”

Holding the nine-colored pills in his hand, Yuan Mingjie spoke.

Purchasing purified medicine at a high price.

Li Zhongjing was stunned, and his eyes sparkled.

With such pure medicinal strength, one only needed to throw it into the cauldron and fuse it to obtain the medicinal pill.

Even the newbie next door who had just entered the Alchemy Dao could refine top-grade medicinal pills according to the prescribed order.

If this medicine ball could be produced in large quantities, the Alchemy Dao would probably undergo a huge change!

In the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, all kinds of cultivation pursued mass production and standardization.

Alchemy also had a standard, but it produced only low-level pills. It was very difficult to produce pills that were above the fifth-grade.

However, Han Muye’s method of purifying the medicinal power was a method of mass-producing high-level medicinal pills!

“Since Senior values it, I’m naturally willing to cooperate.” Han Muye’s expression did not change. He cupped his hands and said, “However, we’ll talk about this after the opening of the Ancient Divine Herb Garden.”

The opening of the ancient herb garden was imminent, and Han Muye did not want to be distracted.

He could purify the medicinal power and let the other party refine medicinal pills. This business was profitable.

Most importantly, this way, the other party could refine a large number of high-grade medicinal pills.

The Wood Lineage Puppet was unable to refine truly superior medicine, and the quality could not be pursued to the extreme.

Yuan Mingjie nodded.

The most important matter now was the Ancient Divine Herb Garden.

“Boom!”

A loud sound echoed in the void.

A black sword light crossed a thousand miles and immediately shattered several stars and meteorites.

“Demon Sword Boy!”

An exclamation sounded from the void.

Han Muye’s gaze fell into the air.

A cold-looking young man in a black robe and with a sword on his back, who looked to be 17 or 18 years old, crossed the void .

Gao Xiaoxuan!

This little guy had grown up.

As if sensing Han Muye’s gaze, Gao Xiaoxuan turned around.

His blood-red eyes were filled with killing intent and violence.

He doesn’t recognize me anymore?

Han Muye’s heart pounded.

What had happened to Gao Xiaoxuan that he didn’t recognize him?

“Boom!”

A huge spiritual qi hand pressed down on Gao Xiaoxuan from the void.

“I’ll take you down and ask the Heaven Trampling Demon King how to discipline you.”

The old voice was dignified as the spiritual qi hand wrapped around Gao Xiaoxuan.

“It’s none of your business how I discipline him. Are you courting death?” A domineering voice sounded from the void.

A black demonic dragon crashed out.

Han Muye took a deep breath and stared at the black-armored figure above the Demon Dragon’s head.

Huang Six.

Sixth Brother.