

Pavilion 941

Chapter 941 - 941 The End of the Decisive Battle (3)

941 The End of the Decisive Battle (3)

“Your Majesty, the Blood Battle Sect has issued an order to take you back to the Immortal Realm,” said Marquis Zhenyang, clad in golden armor and wielding a long spear, his face cold and stern.

“The Blood Battle Sect, indeed. We sealed off this realm to prevent them from controlling it, at the cost of so many resources,” Wen Mosheng chuckled.

Marquis Zhenyang pointed his spear at Wen Mosheng and said calmly, “That’s why they want to take you.

“Taking you to the Immortal Realm means I won’t have to waste a thousand years in the Spiritual Transformation Pool,” he continued.

“This is my opportunity.”

No longer spending a millennium in the Spiritual Transformation Pool, no longer facing potential dangers.

Indeed, this was an opportunity.

Countless illusory figures wanted to escape from the void.

Some looked back, while others paid no attention.

The Divine Emperor of the ancient Divine Court?

The Battle Marquis of the ancient Divine Court?

Was it more important than ascending the Immortal Ascension Platform?

Shaking his head, Wen Mosheng suddenly raised his hand.

In his palm, there was a broken sword emitting a faint immortal radiance.

The Divine Emperor's Sword!

This sword, once wielded by the Dark Shadow Heavenly Venerable Zhao Zhenghe had somehow ended up in Wen Mosheng's possession.

"Back then, I used half a sword to protect all of you. Today, I will still protect you." Wen Mosheng's voice sounded firm, with a hint of determination.

"This realm is truly splendid and beautiful..."

Amidst the crumbling dam, half of the sword's blade flew out and merged with the broken sword in Wen Mosheng's hand.

"Boom!"

The long sword was restored to its original state.

A tremendous power spread out in all directions.

Back in the day, the power within this sword was able to protect countless beings and construct a dam separating heaven and earth when the Divine Court collapsed.

Marquis Zhenyang's face turned pale as he looked at the shining sword, unable to utter a word.

"Han kid, I'll leave the rest of the chaos to you.

"I hope you can cultivate well and protect this world."

Wen Mosheng's gaze swept across Han Muye, nodded at Gao Xiaoxuan standing in the distance, took a step forward, and pointed the long sword in his hand towards the Immortal Ascension Platform in the sky.

“After a hundred breaths, I will fuse my divine soul with my sword and seal the Immortal Ascension Platform again. If you wish to leave, you have a hundred breaths of time.”

Countless cultivators who were still lingering in the void were at a loss.

Only a hundred breaths of time.

They had thought that when the Immortal Ascension Platform opened, they could enter the immortal realm with ease, bringing their loved ones, young and old.

But now, nothing was prepared, and the Divine Emperor was saying he would seal the Immortal Ascension Platform?

Marquis Zhenyang’s face changed drastically.

He looked at the long sword in Wen Mosheng’s hand, pondered for a moment, and flew into the shattered light formation.

With the Divine Emperor’s sword in hand, he didn’t have the confidence to take down the Divine Emperor.

Within a hundred breaths.

Those who wanted to leave had enough time to do so.

Outside the light formation, countless figures disappeared.

“Buzz!”

Within the light formation, figures in blood-red robes appeared one after another, exuding a powerful aura that seemed to stabilize the shattered light array.

These individuals radiated a strong celestial energy.

“Murong Zheng, meet your demise!”

A stern shout came from one of the blood-red figures, and a long spear burst out from the light formation.

Wen Mosheng, holding the Divine Emperor’s sword, chuckled lightly and said, “The next time the Immortal Ascension Platform opens, it won’t be your Blood Battle Sect, will it?”

“Aren’t you satisfied with so many materials?”

The sword in his hand transformed into starlight, and his own body gradually dissipated.

The starlight scattered, repairing the light formation before him.

In Han Muye's ears, Wen Mosheng's voice sounded, "Kid, this seal can hold for another three thousand years. After that, the one in control of the Immortal Ascension Platform won't be the Blood Battle Sect.

"As for what comes next, it's up to you."

Han Muye nodded and said softly, "Is it worth it?"

"Hehe, in the world of cultivation, all that matters is understanding one's own heart. What's worth it or not worth it?" Wen Mosheng's voice had already become faint.

"In this splendid world, even if I just pass by, I wish to stay and never leave..."

Above the horizon, streams of light intertwined on the light formation.

The grand formation reappeared, sealing away the blood-red figures within the light array.

The Divine Emperor of the past was reincarnated in this manner and left.

No one knew why he did this.

Only Han Muye knew that if the Immortal Ascension Platform wasn't sealed, when the people of the Blood Battle Sect arrived, half of the living beings in this world would perish.

There was a kind of love in the world that was profound and deep.

After being the Divine Emperor for so long, Wen Mosheng had developed a willingness to sacrifice himself for this world.

In this moment, the heavens and earth trembled and roared as the nine levels of the Immortal Source World began to collapse.

Without powerful beings to preside over them, the nine levels of the Immortal Source World lost their support.

It wasn't until the collapse was reduced to three levels that stability slowly returned.

The dam between the fallen land of the ancient gods and the Ancient Cloud Galaxy had vanished, and the two realms merged.

This expansion nearly multiplied the scope of this world by tenfold.

Originally, the two worlds within and outside the dam were enemies, sworn to life and death.

But now, there was no longer a need for battle.

The departure of the powerful beings from the Immortal Source World, the collapse of the nine levels of the Immortal Realm, and the departure of the strong from the Ancient Cloud Galaxy to the immortal realm—all without leaders—left no one interested in engaging in pointless battles.

Moreover, with the departure of the powerful beings, countless opportunities remained in this world. It was the perfect time for seizing them. Who would have the inclination to provoke conflicts?

As he looked at the chaotic world ahead, Han Muye's eyes flickered with wisdom.

He slowly raised his hand.

Behind him, the army of millions of sword cultivators led by Huang Zhihu remained intact.

The radiance of the swords rose again, illuminating the sky.

"To stabilize the Immortal Spirit World, kill all those who defy orders," Han Muye spoke calmly.

Huang Zhihu nodded, clasp her fists and leading the army of sword cultivators towards the Immortal Spirit World.

"Ah, I finally understand why you didn't allow my Zhihu to wear armor," Huang Six said with a worried expression on his face as he watched Huang Zhihu leading the army away.

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“Alright, as the biological father, I have to go with her.”

With a flicker of his figure, he followed the army of sword cultivators.

Perhaps there were still powerful beings in the immortal world, and there were still many masters stationed there. Huang Zhihu rushed over like this, and there might be danger.

Watching Huang Six eagerly following along, Han Muye shook his head and smiled lightly.

It would be a waste not to use this free bodyguard.

A battle of the Dao had ultimately caused a change in the entire world. The ancient gods and the powers left from the era of the Divine Court had all departed, and there were very few Heavenly Venerables and Dao Ancestors left.

The Dao Ancestor of the Heavenly Mystic, Heavenly Venerable Qi Yang, and the others did not stay in this realm either.

For cultivators who had wasted countless years, if they had the opportunity to leave this realm and go to the immortal realm, who would be willing to stay behind?

Behind Han Muye, Xu Wei, dressed in a green robe, and Gao Xiaoxuan, carrying a long sword, stood there.

“Minister Han, if there’s nothing else, I plan to take a boat ride on the Yongding River and no longer care about the affairs of the dynasty,” Xu Wei said with a light smile. “Those boat girls are still waiting for me.”

Pausing for a moment, he said faintly, “Mr. Xu, I’m afraid you can’t leave yet.”

Xu Wei’s expression remained unchanged as he softly said, “You’re not becoming the Divine Emperor, so why should I stay?”

Become the Divine Emperor!

That was Xu Wei’s purpose for coming here.

Although he said he wanted to leave, he was actually asking Han Muye about his plans for the future.

Han Muye shook his head.

“I won’t become the Divine Emperor. This realm still needs someone to govern it.”

Even if the powerful beings left the Immortal Source World and the Nine Heavens collapsed, it was still the center of this realm. Countless cultivators from various major sects resided there, and the resources there were unmatched by other realms.

Even if Han Muye didn't go to seize the Immortal Source World, eventually, the Immortal Source World would intersect with the Heavenly Mystic.

This was the choice of the world.

Not becoming the Divine Emperor didn't mean doing nothing.

Before Wen Mosheng sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform, he said that this world would be handed over to him.

A smile appeared on Xu Wei's face, and he said, "I'm afraid Yunduan can't suppress the four directions."

Yunduan was the Emperor of the Heavenly Mystic. Since Han Muye wasn't becoming the Divine Emperor, Yunduan could only continue to rule the world.

Not to mention Yunduan, even the entire Heavenly Mystic World didn't possess the power to truly suppress the entire world.

The world was too vast, with the Immortal Source World, the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, and countless beings that came from within the dam.

In the void, countless realms, how could they be managed?

Han Muye raised his hand, and a dark green ink brush appeared.

The Brush of Mountains and Rivers.

Treasure.

“This treasure, Mr. Xu, you shall hold onto it. With this item, you should be able to keep things under control.”

He raised his hand and tossed the Brush of Mountains and Rivers in front of Xu Wei.

Xu Wei reached out and took it, nodding in acknowledgement.

With this treasure, he could assist in stabilizing the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty, suppressing all directions, and perhaps one day even become the ruler of the Immortal Source realm.

“Then I’ll arrange for the army to stabilize the Heavenly Mystic World and then conquer the Immortal Source.”

Xu Wei cupped his hands and left in a flash.

After Xu Wei left, Gao Xiaoxuan bowed and said softly, “Senior Han, Wuhen and I will leave the Heavenly Mystic and roam the world.”

Han Muye looked into the distance and nodded. "Xiaoxuan, you can leave. Remember to come back whenever you want."

He turned to look at advanced Xiaoxuan and said softly, "Cultivate well. When the Immortal Ascension Platform opens again, let's go to the Immortal World to take a look."

Gao Xiaoxuan smiled and nodded. He bowed and transformed into a golden streak of light.

Han Muye watched the streak of light vanish into the distance, furrowing his brow. He then turned towards the direction of the Immortal Source World.

His figure transformed into a 100-foot-long sword light, heading towards the Immortal Source World.

Back then, Mu Wan accompanied her own ancestor to the Immortal Source World for three days. Now, the Immortal Source World was in chaos, and their alchemy cultivators had limited strength. They were afraid of being divided among other sects.

The sword light tore through the void, carrying an endless dazzling radiance, resembling a shooting star.

Chapter 943 - 943 Entering the Upper Three Heavens, Meeting Mu Wan Again

943 Entering the Upper Three Heavens, Meeting Mu Wan Again

The Immortal Source World, once renowned as the Great Sect of Alchemy in the Upper Three Heavens, the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

This was a major sect that had been famous for alchemy since the era of the Valley Divine Court. There were many alchemy mighty figures in the sect who had become Sages and even become Dao Ancestors.

The top-grade pills in the Immortal Source World, the Immortal Pills, were mostly refined by the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

The Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley was also a sacred land in the Upper Three Heavens, where no major sect was allowed to conquer.

But now, things had changed.

The heavens and earth collapsed, the Nine Heavens turned into Three Heavens, and the Upper Three Heavens merged into one.

The powerful beings who resided in the Nine Heavens had all left. Even the Heavenly Venerables and Dao Ancestors had almost all departed.

The Immortal Ascension Platform had been open for such a long time. If one didn't leave, one wouldn't have another chance.

Who wouldn't want to seize this opportunity and ascend to the Immortal Realm?

In this world, reaching the pinnacle means ascending to the heavens.

Because of the urgency, many sects did not leave any arrangements behind. With the collapse of the heavens and earth, chaos ensued.

The prohibition that was originally meant to protect the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley has become worthless.

The jade stone monument that prohibited further progress was shattered directly.

Countless cultivators from all sides rushed into the medicine valley, scrambling to seize spiritual herbs and search for pills.

Any alchemist who was caught had to surrender all their pills, and if they resisted even slightly, they would be killed.

The lives of alchemists, who were once respected and revered, were now cheap like cabbage.

Many sects began to secretly search for alchemists and kidnap them to their own sects.

Even the major sects in the Upper Three Heavens couldn't control their own territories, so how could they manage the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley?

Han Muye flew down and arrived, and the entire Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, spanning 100,000 miles, had only the central hall left, with a radius of just over 10 miles still being defended.

Looking around, a hint of killing intent flashed in Han Muye's eyes.

"If anything happens to Junior Sister Mu, I'll make sure you all pay the price." Gritting his teeth, Han Muye transformed into a streak of sword light and rushed towards the front hall.

"Boom!"

The light barrier shook, and cracks appeared.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, numerous cultivators squeezed into the barrier.

Inside the hall, the old men in gray robes had faces pale with despair.

"Junior disciples, I'm prepared to self-detonate my soul. I won't be captured by these villains." The old man's face was filled with desolation, and a near-tyrannical power surged within him.

The elders around him nodded.

"Ah, our Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley has existed for hundreds of thousands of years. I never expected to encounter such a calamity." A venerable old man with three golden stripes on his robe sighed lightly.

"What a pity for this inheritance and so many alchemy geniuses." The old man's gaze fell outside the hall on the disciples crowded in the square.

These disciples were the elite alchemists of the Upper Three Heavens. They were the future of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, and even the future of alchemy in the Immortal Source World.

But now, these alchemy elites were crowded together, awaiting a fate of being slaughtered like lambs.

They would be enslaved, forced to refine pills day and night without rest.

They had no future.

“Hehe, since the decline of alchemy is inevitable, let everyone perish together.”

Watching the excited cultivators who had already rushed in through the cracks, a Daoist holding a golden pill cauldron in his hand lightly spoke.

Golden light shimmered on the pill cauldron in his palm, gathering terrifying flames.

The other elders looked at each other, some feeling unwilling, some regretful, some desolate. In the end, all these great alchemists bowed their heads and closed their eyes

“Boom!”

A booming sound resounded from the square ahead.

Were those disciples who were unwilling to be captured starting to self-detonate their pill cauldrons?

This was the path of alchemy. Although they were not skilled in combat, their hearts were pure and they would never submit.

Someone sighed lightly, looking up with teary eyes towards the front, truly stunned.

In the square ahead, the cultivators who had originally rushed into the barrier were now filled with terror on their faces.

Floating in front of them were fragments of debris.

Dozens of medicinal pills rushed towards these fleeing cultivators.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

...

The pills exploded, tearing these fleeing cultivators apart.

The pills self-destructed!

Such pills were extremely precious, but no matter how precious they were, they were not as important as one's own life!

"Great!"

Inside the hall, an elder shouted with determination, his eyes gleaming with brilliance.

In front of him, several pills with intertwined spirit patterns appeared.

"Martial Granduncle, we must seize the opportunity when the pills self-detonate." A crisp voice came from the square.

Everyone turned to look and saw a female cultivator dressed in a green robe.

"Mu Wan, was it you who caused the pills to self-detonate just now?" A middle-aged alchemist spoke from the steps in front of the hall.

Mu Wan.

Mu Wan, who came from outside the Immortal Source World, had not reached the Heavenly Realm and her cultivation level was not considered high. However, her talent in alchemy was extremely strong, and she had a good reputation among the younger disciples of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

It was just unexpected that she would display such bravery in such a perilous situation.

Upon hearing the words of the middle-aged alchemist, Mu Wan nodded and raised her hand, pointing at the barrier. "Actually, as long as we unite, not to mention the cultivators who arrived today, even if their entire sect comes, we will not fear."

Mu Wan raised her hand, and pills appeared in her palm.

These pills were all fourth-grade pills.

However, these pills emitted a faint sword intent.

Sword cores.

These were the sword cores that Han Muye had given her for protection.

"With our pills and pill cauldrons, as long as we get close, they will self-detonate. Our divine senses as alchemists are stronger than theirs. As long as we scatter them and prevent them from escaping, they will have nowhere to run."

A look of hatred flashed in Mu Wan's eyes.

Practicing in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, this period of time was second only to the days spent in the Moon Viewing Town for her.

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944 Entering the Upper Three Heavens, Meeting Mu Wan Again (2)

But these peaceful days were forcefully interrupted by the bandits outside.

Countless spiritual herbs were plundered, and numerous alchemists were taken hostage.

Why couldn't there be a place in the world where alchemy cultivators could cultivate peacefully?

"Self-destructing pills..." murmured an old man with white hair, shaking his head. "Such methods are useless against true strong individuals."

"Pills are no match for the devastating power of talismans."

If they truly possessed great destructive power, why wouldn't they self-destruct their pills?

The hundred-foot-long silhouette outside cannot be dealt with through pill self-destruction alone.

“Grand Masters, even if we have to self-destruct all our pills and alchemy furnaces, we must fight.” Mu Wan shouted loudly, turning to the other alchemy disciples in the square.

“Senior Brothers and Sisters, are you willing?”

Willing to be kidnapped?

Willing to be killed?

No one was willing to accept this!

A suppressed force gathered together.

In Mu Wan’s hand, pills appeared one by one.

She leaped into the air and looked at the cultivators gathering outside the barrier.

Step by step, she advanced, a trace of determination flashing across her face.

“Even if I die, I will die in battle.” A faint yet resolute fighting spirit emerged from Mu Wan.

When she emerged from the Heavenly Mystic World, she had already seen countless battles and countless life and death situations.

Leaving the Heavenly Mystic was to provide more space for her senior brother, so he wouldn't have to worry about her.

But that didn't mean Mu Wan feared life and death.

She was no longer the alchemy cultivator who once avoided facing life and death.

Outside the light barrier, pairs of resentful eyes stared at Mu Wan.

It was Mu Wan who had just taken action, killing those cultivators who rushed into the barrier.

For the sects behind these cultivators, they desired more than just pills; they also coveted the alchemy masters in the hall.

This was true wealth.

"Kill her." A low voice sounded from the void.

The 100-foot-tall silhouette wielding dual hammers flew forward, charging ahead and bringing down a hammer.

"Bang!"

The barrier that had just finished repairing itself shattered once again.

This time, the barrier trembled, with most of it dissolving into nothingness.

Mu Wan, the square behind Mu Wan, and the hall behind the square were all exposed.

The other giant hammer in the hands of the hundred-foot silhouette descended again, smashing down towards Mu Wan's head.

Mu Wan raised her hand and waved, causing all the pills in front of her to fly out.

Pills rained down like a shower.

"Boom!"

The pills collided with the giant hammer, exploding all at once, sending the hammer flying, and the hundred-foot silhouette followed suit, being blasted away.

This scene made the alchemists on the square below shine with excitement.

Figures flew out one after another, shooting pills forward.

The pills gathered into meteors, crashing into the surrounding cultivators who had gathered around.

Each pill emitted a dazzling radiance.

In the past, anyone would have burst into laughter upon seeing so many pills in front of them.

However, at this moment, everyone's expressions changed.

Because these pills contained unstable power surging within them.

The pill could explode at any moment!

"Boom!"

The first pill exploded when it flew a thousand feet.

Then, the second, the third, the thousandth!

Countless medicinal pills exploded, causing the power between heaven and earth to begin fluctuating.

It was the result of an overwhelming surge of medicinal power in an instant, causing the surrounding spatial forces to change.

No one knew how many cultivators were injured or unlucky enough to be killed by the pill explosions.

No one paid attention. At this moment, everyone looked in horror at the golden pills rising in the hall, resembling blazing suns.

“First-grade Purple Sun Pill!”

“Immortal pill, Myriad Spirit Pills!”

These were precious pills, each valued no less than a high-grade magical treasure.

Each of these pills, if placed alone in the cultivation world, would attract countless powerful individuals vying for them.

But at this moment, everyone looked on in fear at the pills.

These pills were going to self-destruct!

One Immortal Pill self-destructing would ignite the spiritual energy within a radius of 10,000 miles.

Apart from those who had already grasped a great path, even the cultivators in the Out-of-Body realm wouldn't be able to withstand it.

If these pills self-destructed, there would be nothing left in this place today.

"Have they gone mad?"

"Are you trying to kill all your disciples?"

Some people cried out in alarm, while others turned around and fled.

"Hmph, a bunch of old fools, seeking death."

"We'll grant your wish." A loud shout echoed as a figure appeared in midair.

The surging spiritual radiance transformed into a giant palm, pressing down towards the ground.

"Jin Zhiyun from the Zhaoyang Daoist Sect, so it was your Zhaoyang Daoist Sect plotting against our Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley," a senior in the hall glared and shouted.

"Hmph, you old fools. The Immortal Source World has already collapsed, and the major sects have fled. Our Zhaoyang Daoist Sect is no longer an insignificant sect."

“Surrender to our Zhaoyang Daoist Sect obediently, and you still have a chance to survive.” Jin Zhiyun’s face carried a cold sneer as the palm he had struck descended upon Mu Wan’s head.

He was a Half-Sage cultivator.

Originally, with his cultivation level, he would only be considered a small fry in the Upper Three Heavens.

However, now that the powerful cultivators in the Upper Three Heavens had already left, he had instead become a formidable individual.

As long as he could bring these alchemists from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley back to his sect, they would undoubtedly generate endless benefits in the future.

Taking advantage of the chaos in the Upper Three Heavens and the lack of attention towards this place, as long as he killed anyone unrelated, even if others came looking for it later, the Zhaoyang Daoist Sect would clean up any traces.

In this way, it would only take a few hundred years for the Zhaoyang Daoist Sect to rise.

Watching Mu Wan, who closed her eyes slowly under the giant palm, a smile appeared on Jin Zhiyun’s face.

An insignificant ant.

“Slash—”

A sound resembling the tearing of silk echoed.

The descending giant palm suddenly shattered, and beside Mu Wan, a figure appeared.

The smile on Jin Zhiyun’s face turned into fury.

Who dared to challenge the authority of a half-sage cultivator?

“Senior Brother!”

Under the giant palm, Mu Wan whispered with closed eyes, tears rolling down her cheeks.

In this life, did she regret?

No regrets.

How could she regret the time she spent cultivating her heart with her senior brother in the mortal world?

But did she truly have no regrets?

Regrets.

She regretted not standing shoulder to shoulder with him in the path of cultivation, not leaving behind their bloodline, not spending every day with him...

The pain of unrequited love in the mortal world, wasn't it also excruciating?

Slowly opening her eyes, the giant palm dissipated, and Han Muye, dressed in white robes and carrying a sword sheath on his back, stood in front of Mu Wan.

"Senior Brother!"

Mu Wan shook her head and whispered softly, "So, I can see you again when I die.

"How wonderful."

Hearing her words, Han Muye reached out and wiped the tears off her cheeks.

The warmth of his hand on her cheeks left Mu Wan stunned.

"Senior Brother, Senior Brother, Senior Brother..." Tears continued to stream from Mu Wan's eyes.

Han Muye extended his arms and gently embraced her.

“It’s okay, Senior Brother is here.”

Han Muye spoke softly.

The two figures embracing in the void seemed to pay no attention to anyone around them.

Whether it was the disciples and elders of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley inside and outside the grand hall or the cultivators who came to besiege them.

At this moment, it felt as if there were only the two of them between heaven and earth.

“What a pair of ill-fated mandarin ducks, hehe...” With a chilling expression, Jin Zhiyun’s dark golden talisman turned into a flowing light, carrying a soaring blaze, enveloping Han Muye and Mu Wan.

For a cultivation master who had practiced for tens of thousands of years, worldly affections had become as thin as paper.

As the blaze approached, a hint of killing intent appeared in Han Muye’s eyes.

He raised his hand.

A sword flew out of the sword box.

“Buzz!”

The sword light turned into a green meteor.

It was fast.

The sword was extremely fast.

In just a flash, the sword light had already passed through the talisman flames and landed in front of Jin Zhiyun.

What kind of sword strike was this!

Traveling through space, a sword breaking through magic!

Such sword cultivation was only possible for a Sword Dao Sage!

This was Jin Zhiyun’s final sentiment.

Because in the next instant, the sword had already pierced through his body, shining with blood and spiritual radiance in the void.

This sword strike made everyone's faces filled with fear as they slowly retreated.

A half-sage expert couldn't block a sword.

There was such a sword cultivator in the world?

Didn't all the Sword Dao mighty figures in the Upper Three Heavens leave this world and go to the Immortal World?

"Leave behind the plundered spiritual herbs and pills and send back the alchemists who took them away."

Han Muye turned around, his eyes shining.

Sword light appeared in the sword box behind him.

"If you don't want to, I don't mind letting every sword of mine be stained with blood."

Tens of millions of swords floated in the air.

Chapter 945 - 945 A Promise to Han Muye

945 A Promise to Han Muye

Countless long swords were present.

Each sword emitted an eerie and chilling aura.

At that moment, everyone's first thought was that the experts from the Sword Sect had arrived.

The number one sect in the Upper Three Heavens of sword cultivation, the Holy Land of Swordsmanship.

No one dared to provoke such a large sect.

Especially considering that the person standing before them had just killed a half-sage grand cultivator with a single sword strike.

The current half-sage was not the same as the one from some time ago.

In the Immortal Source World after the ascension of the mighty, half-sages were among the top-tier experts.

“These are... These are all the pills I have. They’re all here,” said an old man in a black robe as he took out several jade bottles and placed a storage bag on the stone steps in front of him. Then he turned around and left.

The others looked at each other and took out their own jade bottles containing various spiritual medicines.

Some released the pill cultivators who were bound by magical techniques on their backs, while others hesitantly opened the jade trays used to hold living creatures, shaking off the slumbering pill cultivators within.

Han Muye held Mu Wan in his arms and coldly watched as the practitioners below slowly retreated.

The pill cultivators from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley rushed out, gathering up the pills and spiritual medicines, and went to help their fellow disciples who were bound.

“Damn it! The Jade Lotus Branch has actually been uprooted! What a waste!” Someone lamented as they held the spiritual medicine and cursed aloud.

“The Vital Energy-Condensing Pills, are we left with only this little amount that our medicine valley has refined?” Someone’s face turned pale as they muttered under their breath.

Precious spiritual medicines were casually taken, resulting in a loss of their medicinal properties.

Many precious pills were consumed or wasted.

“Senior Brother He, Senior Brother Zhu Wen, he... he died...” A rescued alchemy cultivator hugged the alchemy cultivator in front of him and cried loudly.

“Master, Master, Junior Sister Yu Chan has been abducted. I beg you to save her!” Someone knelt in front of the white-bearded old man, repeatedly kowtowing.

Outside the main hall, cries echoed everywhere.

Mu Wan buried her head in Han Muye’s embrace, wetting his clothes in a matter of moments.

These cultivators who wholeheartedly pursued the path of pill cultivation and sought the ultimate truth of alchemy had witnessed the cruelty of the cultivation world.

In the cultivation world, where could one find peaceful and tranquil days?

After consoling Mu Wan in a low voice, Han Muye retracted the sword aura that filled the sky and landed with her in the Clear Jade Stone Plaza, walking towards the main hall.

When the pill cultivators around saw the two of them, faint smiles appeared on their faces as they nodded gently in acknowledgement.

Unfortunately, at this moment of grief, those smiles seemed forced.

Arriving at the steps, Mu Wan broke free from Han Muye’s arm and bowed to the several old men standing in front of the main hall.

“Disciple Mu Wan pays respects to the Valley Master and the elders.”

The old man with three horizontal patterns on his robe was the Valley Master of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, Li Qingshi.

Everyone nodded and turned to Han Muye.

Mu Wan blushed slightly and said in a low voice, “This is my Senior Brother, Han Muye.”

Han Muye clasped his hands and said, “Han Muye pays respects to the esteemed elders.”

Pausing for a moment, he continued, “I am the Dao companion of Junior Sister Mu Wan.”

Dao companion.

More than just a senior brother.

Mu Wan blushed and dared not look at him.

Li Qingshi and the others exchanged glances.

“Little friend Han, thank you for saving my Heavenly Cloud Medicine Valley.” Li Qingshi cupped his hands and looked at Han Muye. “I wonder if you’re from the Sword Pavilion?”

Han Muye’s Sword Dao cultivation was extremely strong, and he had the Sword Pavilion’s unique Sword Dao methods. He should be a disciple of the Sword Pavilion.

Li Qingshi only asked to confirm.

In their eyes, Han Muye was undoubtedly a disciple of the Sword Pavilion.

As one of the top three sects in sword cultivation in the Upper Three Heavens, even if some of their experts had ascended, the remaining strength should still be formidable.

With the support of the Sword Pavilion, the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley could also stabilize.

Upon hearing Li Qingshi’s words, Han Muye shook his head and said, “Respected elder, I have some connection with the Sword Pavilion, but I am not a disciple of the Sword Pavilion.”

Although he was not a disciple of the Sword Pavilion and did not originate from there, Han Muye did have a certain connection with the Sword Pavilion.

With his possession of the Nine-Story Sword Tower and a Seven-Story Sword Tower, such a status might even make him an elder in the Sword Pavilion.

But it was unknown if the leader of the Sword Pavilion, the mighty one who controlled the Nine-Story Sword Tower, had left this realm.

Li Qingshi and the others at the top had a slight change in their expressions upon hearing Han Muye's words.

Han Muye had a connection with the Sword Pavilion but was not a disciple?

Several elders immediately showed hesitation on their faces.

Han Muye was powerful, but his strength lay in personal swordsmanship.

The people who besieged the Medicine Valley retreated. Were they really afraid of his swordsmanship?

It was not that.

Those people were afraid of Han Muye's identity.

His heritage from the Upper Three Heavens' Sword Pavilion.

Without the identity of a Sword Pavilion disciple, those people might come back again.

Li Qingshi remained silent for a moment and spoke softly, “Young friend Han, your swordsmanship is exquisite, and for the aid you provided to our medicine valley, we will repay the debt.”

After saying that, he looked downwards, “Zhang Yuan, lead young friend Han to rest.”

He let out a sigh and shook his head, “With our medicine valley experiencing such a catastrophe, there are many things to arrange, so please forgive the young friend for not being able to reveal everything.”

A middle-aged pill master dressed in a dark blue robe walked up to Han Muye, cupped his hands, and said softly, “Fellow Daoist Han, please—”

Han Muye nodded and, together with Mu Wan, followed the steward out of the main hall.

Indeed, before such a great calamity for the medicine valley, many arrangements needed to be made, and it was not suitable to reveal everything in front of an outsider like him.

As they watched Han Muye and Mu Wan leave with Zhang Yuan, the expressions of the people in front of the main hall gradually turned solemn.

Valley Master, the Zhaoyang Daoist Sect may come back. Please make a decision.”

“Valley Master, this person killed a Zhaoyang Daoist Sect half-sage with a single sword. His combat strength is formidable. Can he sustain our medicine valley in the long run?”

Chapter 946 - 946 A Promise to Han Muye

946 A Promise to Han Muye

Several people around Li Qingshi quickly spoke up.

The name Han Muye was unfamiliar to them.

For those who resided in the Upper Three Heavens' Medicine Valley and held high positions as pill cultivators, Han Muye, the ninth-ranked genius of the Heavenly Rankings in the Dao battle, meant nothing at all.

Even the entire Dao Battle, apart from some discussions that arose a few years ago due to the emergence of the Divine Court's treasure vault, did not pay any real attention to the Upper Three Heavens.

That was all.

A mere land of contention spanning thousands of miles couldn't attract genuine interest from the Upper Three Heavens.

But who could have imagined that the collapse of the Upper Three Heavens originated from the Dao Battle?

"Let's see..." Li Qingshi shook his head, a complex expression on his face. "The Nine Heavens are in chaos, who would still care about our Medicine Valley?"

“Let’s take it one step at a time.”

No matter what, the Medicine Valley was still a sacred land of alchemy and a source of immortality.

As long as the major sects lend a helping hand, they wouldn’t be ignored.

With the support of the major sects, Medicine Valley could hold on.

With the support of the major sects, Medicine Valley could hold on.

Li Qingshi, who stood in place, looked up into the distance and murmured, “Han Muye, this name... seems familiar somehow...”

...

“Senior brother, how is the Dao Battle going?

“Senior Brother, can we return to the Heavenly Mystic Realm?

“Senior Brother, how’s the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion now?

“Senior brother, what about Yunjin and the others...”

Mu Wan had endless questions. At this moment, she held Han Muye’s arm and hurriedly whispered.

The steward of the Medicine Valley named Zhang Yuan also knew that it was a reunion between cultivator couples, so he led them to a secluded courtyard, gave them a few instructions, and then left.

Han Muye patted Mu Wan’s shoulder and, taking her with him, found a quiet room. He whispered, “Let’s cultivate in peace and not harm your soul.”

Mu Wan also knew that Han Muye was right. She quickly nodded, sat cross-legged, and turned her Qi, blood, and soul to cultivate.

Han Muye sat beside her and watched quietly.

This scene was reminiscent of their time together in the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion.

After Mu Wan’s cultivation ended, the two of them talked about what happened after they parted.

Mu Wan, along with the elders of the Mu Clan, went to the Jade Lake Medicine Sect in the Upper Three Heavens under the guidance of Patriarch Yu Hongzi.

Later, due to her exceptional talent, Mu Wan gained the attention of the Heavenly Cloud Medicine Valley, a sacred land of alchemy. She was taken as a disciple by one of the Elders.

Unfortunately, this Elder left this realm for the Immortal Realm when the Immortal Ascension Platform opened.

She did leave some protective treasures for Mu Wan, but they were useless against the powerful enemies that were closing in.

Han Muye, on the other hand, recounted the Dao Battle in a low voice.

From the beginning of the battle, the preparations made by both sides, his journey to the Endless Sea, the outer dam, the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, and the subsequent decisive battle.

With each intense battle that Han Muye recounted, Mu Wan's expression grew tense, and she clenched her hands.

"Senior Brother, Minister Wen turned out to be a Divine Emperor..."

"Sixth Brother has returned.

"Zhihu has become a commanding general on one side."

Mu Wan's expression kept changing as Han Muye spoke, alternating between surprise and deep emotion.

“It’s a pity I couldn’t be by Senior Brother’s side.

“All the hardships, you bore them alone, Senior Brother.”

Looking at Han Muye, Mu Wan reached out and grasped his arm, speaking softly.

Han Muye chuckled, “While you were able to cultivate peacefully in the Upper Three Heavens, I also found some peace in the Dao Battle.”

He smiled and continued, “I’ve come here now, and I won’t leave again in the future.”

When Mu Wan heard him say he wouldn’t leave, her eyes sparkled.

She held onto Han Muye’s arm tightly.

In the following days, the affairs within the Medicine Valley were busy, with the reconstruction of various medicinal gardens and contact being made with former allies.

Many sects sent experts to assist.

The Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, which used to span a radius of hundreds of thousands of miles, was now less than half its size. The catastrophe not only resulted in the loss of various spirit medicines and pills but also caused many pill cultivators to scatter.

Whether they were taken captive or killed, it was impossible for them to return.

The Valley Master of Medicine Valley, Li Qingshi, was extremely busy during this time. It wasn't until more than ten days later that he remembered Han Muye and Mu Wan.

During these days, powerful experts from various sects arrived, ranging from the Yuling Dao Sect to the Sword Pavilion.

At this time, news of various upheavals in the Immortal Source World also reached them.

The original Nine Heavens had transformed into three levels, known as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Three Heavens. The current Immortal Source Upper Heaven was the same as the original Upper Three Heavens.

The Upper Three Heavens now only had the Yuling Dao Sect with two Heavenly Venerables presiding, both of whom were elderly and had no chance or desire to go to the Immortal Realm.

The other sects, such as the Sword Pavilion, had an elder in charge of the Seven-Story Sword Pavilion and another Dao Ancestor.

In the entire Upper Heaven Region, there were only eight Dao Ancestors left, and there were less than a hundred Sages.

As a result, the power of the Upper Three Heavens was no longer overwhelming compared to the other two realms.

Other domains were also powerless to suppress them.

It was said that the dam had collapsed, and the Ancient Cloud Galaxy had returned, causing enemies to appear everywhere.

If he wanted to gather his strength, the most important thing was to stabilize his body and increase the power of the entire Upper Heaven Region.

This required the power of alchemy.

Therefore, three days ago, the Zhaoyang Dao Sect was destroyed and the Sect Master was escorted to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to apologize in person.

If not for the fact that they needed experts now and that the Zhaoyang Dao Sect still had a few experts, the entire sect would probably have been destroyed.

Of course, Medicine Valley could sense the sincerity of the various parties in the Upper Heaven Region.

This also made Li Qingshi heave a sigh of relief.

Chapter 947 - 947 A Promise to Han Muye

947 A Promise to Han Muye

Afterward, the Medicine Valley took control of all parties and negotiated for the best price.

This was how things had been done in the past.

Once the strongest factions were determined in the Upper Heaven Region, the Medicine Valley could obtain the greatest benefits by maneuvering among them.

“Young Master Han, Senior Sister Mu, the Valley Master summons you to attend the grand feast.”

Zhang Yuan, dressed in a blue robe, stood outside the small courtyard, bowing.

During these days, whenever he visited the small courtyard, it was to inquire if there was anything he needed to arrange.

Mu Wan was the direct disciple of the Grand Elder, and Han Muye was a formidable sword cultivator.

Their identities were special, and they couldn't be treated with neglect.

However, Mu Wan and Han Muye hadn't stepped out of the courtyard, nor did they need anything from the Medicine Valley.

During this time, the two of them had been exchanging knowledge about alchemy.

Han Muye had knowledge of alchemy ranging from the Ancient Divine Court to the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, encompassing various alchemical paths.

Mu Wan had also made significant progress in the Medicine Valley, with a profound understanding of alchemy.

Moreover, in recent years, Mu Wan had been studying the technique of cloud pills, capable of transforming various third-grade pills into clouds.

Only her master, the Grand Elder, knew about this method, and there were few people in the Medicine Valley who had witnessed it.

Originally, when the two of them were refining pills, they exchanged glances upon Zhang Yuan's invitation.

"Senior Brother, since it's an invitation from the Valley Master, let's go." Mu Wan put away the alchemy cauldron and spoke softly.

Although the Medicine Valley had encountered a great catastrophe this time, its foundation was deep.

If the Medicine Valley could form an alliance with the Heavenly Mystic World, the cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World would undoubtedly experience rapid growth.

As the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic World, he would also benefit from the increased power of the cultivators in the Heavenly Mystic World.

That was Mu Wan's idea.

When Han Muye and Mu Wan walked out of the courtyard, they noticed that the surroundings had changed.

Indeed, it resembled the appearance of an immortal sect secluded from the world.

If it weren't for the chaotic battles and killings that took place when they arrived previously, Han Muye would have thought that it had always been like this.

Unfortunately, no matter how well it was arranged, it would be in vain if they couldn't defend it.

As Han Muye and Mu Wan walked hand in hand into the grand hall, all the people attending the feast in the hall looked up.

"Who are these two?" someone murmured with a glint of curiosity in his eyes.

"Alchemy cultivator and sword cultivator, being so intimate, they must not be from the Sword Pavilion," someone's eyes flickered as they looked towards the seated disciple of the Sword Pavilion, a smile appearing on their face. "Interesting."

On the opposite side, in the seats of the Sword Pavilion, a middle-aged man dressed in a green martial robe had a solemn expression, devoid of joy or sorrow.

Behind him, a swordsman in his forties looked up and, upon seeing Han Muye, widened his eyes and exclaimed, "Brother Han!"

Hearing his call, Han Muye turned around and smiled. "It's been a long time, Brother Zhao."

Zhao Yu, a former disciple of the Heaven Ascension Sword Pavilion back then. had encountered Han Muye outside the mortal world during their duties. After a battle, he held great admiration for Han Muye's combat strength.

The two had made an agreement to explore the place where the senior swordsmen transcended after a hundred years.

He did not expect that he had already reached the Upper Heaven Region and looked like his cultivation level was already at the Heaven Realm Soul Formation realm.

The entire hall fell silent.

Everyone's gaze fell upon Han Muye and then shifted to Zhao Yu.

At the head of the hall, Li Qingshi and several elders from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley were slightly startled.

Han Muye had claimed not to be from the Sword Pavilion but had connections with it.

What were those connections?

Zhao Yu stood up, looking towards the middle-aged swordsman sitting in front of him and respectfully said, "Uncle-Master Shan, Brother Han Muye is a trial disciple of the Sword Pavilion who once presided over the Three-Story Sword Pavilion."

A trial disciple of the Sword Pavilion.

It explained the matter.

Although the strength of the Sword Pavilion had declined by 70 percent in the current Heavenly Region, it was still the number one sword sect, and the masters who presided over the Seven-Story Sword Pavilion could suppress a region.

"Hehe, let me introduce. This is Little Friend Han, the partner of my elite disciple Mu Wan from the Medicine Valley. He possesses formidable sword skills and once rescued our sect in a time of crisis," Li Qingshi, seated at the head, spoke with a smile.

"I didn't expect Little Friend Han to be a trial disciple of the Sword Pavilion. It's rare.

"Fellow Daoist Shan Mingtao, the Sword Pavilion is really the top sect in the Upper Heaven Region."

He was full of smiles as he looked at Uncle-Master Shan.

Uncle-Master Shan looked up, scrutinizing Han Muye for a moment before nodding.

Many cultivators sitting in front of their seats had envy written on their faces.

To be noticed by this great swordsman from the Sword Pavilion was already quite an accomplishment.

“Han Muye?” Someone whispered and frowned, contemplating.

The name Han Muye sounded familiar.

Currently, the strong individuals from various factions in the Dao Battlefield have not yet returned. Many people are unaware of Han Muye’s status as the Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han, ranked ninth on the Heavenly Rankings.

Of course, even if they knew, no one would take the Heavenly Rankings seriously.

It was just a small ranking within the Dao Battlefield.

As for how powerful Han Muye was, no one cared.

This was the Heavenly Domain, the former Upper Three Heavens, not a small Dao Battlefield could compare.

The grand feast began, and apart from Zhao Yu coming over to chat with Han Muye for a few moments, the others basically paid no attention to Han Muye and Mu Wan in the corner.

The two of them were happy to be left alone, eating spiritual fruits and drinking spiritual wine.

Mu Wan's face had a slight blush.

Han Muye had no interest in the various probes from the major sects towards the Medicine Valley.

On the other hand, Li Qingshi seemed to handle it skillfully, occasionally evading the cooperation and transactions proposed by various sects, diverting the topic.

"Your esteemed sect needs the Three Yang True Yuan Pill? No problem, let's have a drink first."

"3,000 Seven Star Pills. This is a huge order. Elder Xu, note it down first. Come, come, come. Let's not talk about business today and drink first."

Chapter 948 - 948 A Promise to Han Muye (3)

948 A Promise to Han Muye (3)

"Little friend Han, I want to toast you."

Li Qingshi stood up and held up his wine cup, speaking to Han Muye.

Immediately, everyone in the hall turned to look at Han Muye again.

Mu Wan stood up in a panic, and Han Muye smiled and raised his cup.

“Young friend, you lent a helping hand to save my Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley from a great calamity.

“Today, in front of all the fellow cultivators here, I, Li Qingshi, make a promise. Han, my friend, you may make a request to our Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.”

“As long as our Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley doesn’t go against righteousness and ancestral teachings, we will spare no effort to fulfill it.”

A request!

These words made everyone present widen their eyes.

Although Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley had suffered a great catastrophe, its strength remained intact.

With hundreds of thousands of alchemy cultivators and even more alchemy apprentices gathered here, it was a powerful force that had to be treated with caution by all factions.

They were a great support in rebuilding the Upper Three Heavens, the accumulation of power that the entire Upper Heaven Region sought to contend for.

For a moment, everyone stared at Han Muye.

In the direction of the Sword Pavilion, Dan Mingtao, who had rarely spoken, also looked up at Han Muye.

At this moment, just a few words from Han Muye could bring endless wealth rolling in.

Perhaps, with just one sentence, he could influence the overall situation of the Upper Heaven Region.

If Han Muye spoke up and asked Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to form an alliance with the Sword Sect, would Li Qingshi agree?

Or perhaps, this was Li Qingshi intentionally giving the Sword Sect an opportunity for an alliance?

The people of Yuling Dao Sect and several other major sects showed a solemn expression on their faces.

Han Muye held his wine cup, his expression calm.

He turned to look at Mu Wan beside him, then raised his wine glass and drank it all in one gulp.

“Elder, Junior Sister Mu has received care in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley. I express my gratitude here,” he said.

“If there is anything that Han Muye can help with when Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley faces difficulties, I will definitely help.”

Upon hearing his words, Mu Wan's expression changed slightly, and a glimmer of brightness flashed in her eyes.

His Senior Brother's promise was not simple.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, a swordsman of millions, had already reached the pinnacle of sword cultivation. His promise could match the promises of any major sect in this land.

Upon hearing Han Muye's words, Li Qingshi was initially stunned, then smiled and nodded.

The elders of the sects behind him were first astonished, then turned their heads towards the seating area of the Sword Pavilion.

Was this a promise from the Sword Pavilion or Han Muye himself?

Dan Mingtao frowned but remained silent.

The experts from the other large sects did not say anything either.

When the banquet ended, the atmosphere became somewhat somber.

After all, none of the sects got what they wanted.

When the crowd dispersed, the faces of many people grew cold.

“What’s the background of that person named Han? How did he rescue the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley back then?” An old man wearing a green Daoist robe turned to the middle-aged Daoist accompanying him.

The middle-aged Daoist looked a little bewildered.

“Han Muye, that name sounds somewhat familiar,” whispered a Daoist wearing a jade-colored robe, carrying a long sword on his back.

“Could it be the Han Muye from the Dao Battlefield? I remember there was someone with that name in the Heavenly Mystic’s Dao Battlefield. They say his swordsmanship is extraordinary,” said an old man with gray hair beside the Daoist.

“The Dao Battlefield? Isn’t Junior Brother Su Jinzi in the Dao Battlefield? He should be returning soon.”

“If this person is coming from the Dao Battlefield, then there’s no need to worry. The Dao Battlefield is just a small place, thousands of miles away, and it’s nothing significant.”

The proud Upper Three Heavens cultivators couldn’t possibly care about a tiny Dao Battlefield, let alone believe that it had any connection to the opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform.

The sacrifices made by the powerful figures in the Dao Battlefield and all the planning were kept among those powerful figures.

They couldn't possibly spread such matters.

Sacrificing an entire region of thousands of miles of land would tarnish their reputation if it were known.

"Zhao Yu, tell us what you know about this Han Muye," After returning to the guest room and side hall arranged by the medicine valley, Dan Mingtao turned to look at Zhao Yu.

Zhao Yu quickly recounted his encounter and acquaintance with Han Muye in the Suwei world.

"He can break your sword and he's only a trial participant under the control of the Sword Pavilion" Dan Mingtao said solemnly.

"The Sword Pavilion is currently in need of talents. If his cultivation and strength can match yours, there's no harm in giving him an official disciple status."

Hearing Dan Mingtao's words, Zhao Yu's face lit up with joy.

"Master Uncle Dan is right. Although I didn't use my full strength back then, Brother Han seemed to have held back.

"If Master Uncle wants to recruit him into the Sword Pavilion, I can tell him."

Dan Mingtao nodded and waved his hand. "There's no hurry. Let's see how he deals with those guys."

Speaking of this, a smile appeared on his face. "I saw his words today. He's also an arrogant person."

Zhao Yu laughed as well.

Not only did Han Muye not make a request to Medicine Valley in the hall today, but he also made his promise.

Such arrogance was that of a sword cultivator.

Han Muye and Mu Wan returned to the small courtyard. Not long after, someone came to visit.

"Five Sheep Pavilion, Du Chengshan. Perhaps Brother Han hasn't heard of the name of Five Sheep Pavilion, but Sister is definitely aware," said the fat cultivator in a robe, patting his stomach and looking at Mu Wan.

Mu Wan shook her head.

Du Chengshan's face froze.

"Hehe, it seems that Fairy Mu enjoys a peaceful life of alchemy cultivation." He laughed, dispelling his embarrassment, and then continued, "The Five Sheep Pavilion is the largest business in the Immortal Source World."

"We have five Heavenly Venerables in the Five Sheep Pavilion, and our strength can dominate the Upper Three Heavens."

Five Heavenly Venerables?

Han Muye nodded. Under Du Chengshan's proud gaze, he asked, "I wonder how many of you five Heavenly Venerables are in the Upper Heaven Region now?"

Du Chengshan's face turned slightly red as he raised one finger.

"Just one?" Han Muye said softly. "Well then—"

"Not a single one," Du Chengshan said with difficulty.

Mu Wan, who was by Han Muye's side, almost burst out laughing.

"Although we don't have any Heavenly Venerables in the Five Sheep Pavilion, we have one Half-Dao Ancestor and three Sages.

Du Chengshan said, emanating a unique sense of Dao intent characteristic of a Half-Sage.

This aura surged, causing the surrounding void to gently tremble.

Han Muye nodded, looking at this semi-Sage expert. "I wonder, Senior Du, what brings you to find me?"

"I know you come from the Dao Battlefield, and I know that you killed a Half-Sage from the Zhao Yang Dao Sect in front of the Medicine Valley hall,"

Du Chengshan stared at Han Muye, patting his chest. "The Five Sheep Pavilion excels in the business of information."

Being well-informed, naturally, they were the first to arrive.

"You can sell me the promise you made to the Medicine Valley, and I will help you establish a foothold in the Upper Heaven Region."

Du Chengshan lowered his voice. "If the Heavenly Mystic Dao wins, in the future, you can cooperate with my Five Sheep Pavilion to exploit the resources over there."

"We will assist you in establishing your own power in the Upper Heaven Region."

Exploiting the Heavenly Mystic and establishing power in the Upper Three Heavens.

This was indeed a good suggestion.

In fact, what Du Chengshan said was not entirely wrong.

As good as the Heavenly Mystic might be, it couldn't compare to the rich spiritual energy of the Upper Three Heavens.

The Heavenly Mystic was just a springboard, a stepping stone.

In the future, Han Muye should develop in the Upper Heaven Region and have his own power there.

With the help of the Five Sheep Pavilion, this faction could be established quickly.

"You are someone accustomed to being a leader in a region. I believe you wouldn't stoop to being an ordinary disciple in the Sword Pavilion, right?"

"With your combat power, what's the point of being a virtual elder or something similar?"

Du Chengshan seemed to have seen through Han Muye, and almost every word he said accurately grasped Han Muye's status and strength.

Even Mu Wan couldn't help but hesitate and turn to look at Han Muye.

"Senior Du seems to have a very clear understanding of the Dao battlefield?" Han Muye spoke lightly.

Du Chengshan laughed out loud and proudly said, "There's nothing in this world that our Five Sheep Pavilion doesn't know about."

He glanced at Han Muye, then lowered his voice and said, "There will definitely be others coming later. I don't think they can offer a higher price than me."

"I'll wait for your news at the Jade Disk Hall."

With that, he turned around and walked out of the courtyard.

Han Muye watched him leave and shook his head with a light smile.

Even though the Five Goat Pavilion walked the path of commerce, they still possessed the arrogance of the Upper Three Heavens sects.

If Du Chengshan had even a little more understanding of the Dao battlefield, he wouldn't dare speak to me like this!

Chapter 949 - 949 Is Han Muye Worth Befriending?

949 Is Han Muye Worth Befriending?

"Is Young Master Han here? The Jade Bright Sword Sect's Yao Yong is here to visit."

A voice came from outside the courtyard.

Sure enough, someone else had come.

“The Jade Bright Sword Sect was the number one sword sect in the Third Heaven back then, but our relationship with the Sword Pavilion was not very good. We simply didn’t have the power to contend with them.”

Mu Wan turned her head and quietly explained the situation of the Jade Bright Sword Sect.

Speaking of which, she felt a bit embarrassed and said, “As for the current situation, I’m not sure.”

The gap between the former number one sword sect in the Third Heaven and the current number one sword sect in the Upper Three Heavens is incredibly vast.

Ten Jade Bright Sword Sects probably wouldn’t be able to match one Sword Pavilion.

But now that the experts from the Sword Pavilion have left, it’s unclear how the two sects’ strengths compare. It’s not something outsiders can explain.

Han Muye nodded and looked at the middle-aged sword cultivator walking in through the door.

A sword intent emanated from his green robe, with intersecting spiritual patterns, and his eyes were filled with a sharp light that made it difficult to meet his gaze.

There was a hazy halo surrounding the long sword on his back.

This was an extremely powerful sword cultivator.

He was an extremely powerful elder of the Jade Bright Sword Sect, Yao Yong, a Sword Sage in the realm of Sword Dao.

Seeing Han Muye's gaze assessing him, Yao Yong's eyes also subtly swept over Han Muye's body.

Han Muye wore a white robe, devoid of any sword aura or spiritual radiance.

However, the sword box he carried behind him exuded a frightening power.

At the very least, it was a top-grade magic treasure!

With such a powerful sword, as long as one had reached the Out of Body Heaven Realm, one could effortlessly kill a Half-Sage.

Han Muye was Senior Brother Han to Mu Wan, her fellow cultivator. It was possible for his cultivation level to be one or two levels higher than Mu Wan's, but it was an exaggeration to say that he could kill a Half-Sage from the Zhaoyang Dao Sect based solely on his own strength.

Now it seemed that everything was connected to this sword box.

Understanding this, Yao Yong chuckled and offered his hand. "Young Master Han has exceptional swordsmanship and an excellent temperament. He bravely stepped forward during the crisis in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, and I admire him for that."

Regardless, it takes courage for Han Muye to confront a major sect on behalf of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

“You overestimate me, senior.” Han Muye’s expression remained calm as he raised his hand in return.

Yao Yong wasn’t in a hurry either. He sat opposite Han Muye in the courtyard and began discussing sword cultivation and some insights from his own practice.

Regardless, this was a powerful sage of the Upper Three Heavens in the realm of sword cultivation, and everything he said and did carried deep meaning.

Han Muye also had some understanding of the insights in sword cultivation that Yao Yong mentioned.

Han Muye casually responded with a few sentences, causing Yao Yong’s impression of him to continuously change.

Although he was a junior sword cultivator, every answer Han Muye gave was profound and insightful, no less than the cultivation experiences of some Sword Dao Sages.

A sage?

The person in front of him couldn’t possibly be a Sage, but could there be a Sage behind him?

That's right, this sword he possessed must have been left behind by a Sage.

The only question is whether that Sage is still in this realm or has already ascended to the Immortal Realm.

If that Sage is still in this realm, even if the Jade Bright Sword Sect has to pay a high price, they should try to win him over.

During this time of great change in the world, the Jade Bright Sword Sect has its own ambitions.

Glancing at Han Muye, Yao Yong casually remarked, "Young Master Han, I heard that you are a disciple of the Sword Pavilion's trial. I wonder if you have become an official disciple now?"

Official disciple?

Han Muye shook his head.

He hadn't had the opportunity to become an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion.

Of course, with his possession of the Nine Essence Sword Tower, if he were to join the Sword Pavilion, it was unclear what his status would be.

Seeing Han Muye shaking his head, Yao Yong spoke up, "Young Master Han, we have an instant connection. I wonder if it's possible to invite you to visit our Jade Bright Sword Sect?"

Visit the Jade Bright Sword Sect?

Mu Wan was taken aback and quickly turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and nodded. "If I have the leisure, I will definitely come and pay a visit."

His words brought a smile to Yao Yong's face.

A promise from a sword cultivator is not one to be taken lightly.

After Yao Yong left, Mu Wan whispered, "Senior Brother, when he mentioned visiting, I'm afraid it's not as simple as it seems."

If Han Muye really went to the Jade Bright Sword Sect, they would likely use various means to make him stay.

For a major sect, they had plenty of resources. They weren't afraid that he wouldn't be tempted.

Hearing her words, Han Muye smiled and said, "I mean when I have time.

"But I'm accompanying you now, Junior Sister. How can I have any leisure time?"

His words made Mu Wan blush and lower her head happily.

Han Muye turned his head to look outside the courtyard, his eyes revealing a profound gaze.

How could he have leisure?

As the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic and entrusted with the important task by the Divine Emperor, he had endless responsibilities.

But he was in no hurry.

The next opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform would be in 3,000 years.

He had plenty of time to hide in the background and watch the chaos unfold here.

He wanted all those who dared to show themselves to come out so that he could deal with them all at once.

...

In the side hall where Dan Mingtao lived, Zhao Yu and several accompanying sword cultivators reported in a low voice.

“Within these two days, a total of 17 major and minor forces, from the Five Sheep Pavilion to the Jade Bright Sword Sect, from the Yuling Dao Sect to the Limitless Dao Sect of the Third Heaven, have made contact with Han Muye.”

Seeing that Dan Mingtao’s unchanged expression, the reporting disciple spoke again in a low voice, “There’s news from the Five Sheep Pavilion that Han Muye has agreed to cooperate with them.”

“The Jade Bright Sword Sect said that Han Muye has agreed to visit their sect as a guest.”

“There are rumors coming out of the Yuling Dao Sect that Han Muye had a pleasant conversation with Dao Lord Bai Qi of the Yuling Dao Sect.”

“Sun Changyuan of the Limitless Dao Sect was seen leaving the courtyard with a smile...”

Zhao Yu’s expression gradually grew serious.

After the disciple finished reporting, he snorted coldly, “Who in the entire Upper Heaven Region can compare to our Sword Pavilion?”

“As for Brother Han, he hasn’t come to pay his respects to Master-Uncle Dan for such a long time, but instead, he’s entangled with these sects.”

The other disciples dared not respond to his words and all looked up at Dan Mingtao.

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950 Is Han Muye Worth Befriending? (2)

Dan Mingtao lightly tapped his finger on the table in front of him, squinting slightly.

“Zhao Yu, this person’s ability to rally people on the Suwei Star is probably not as simple as you think.”

“The person in charge of a faction, growing up among your sect, has a different mindset from the disciples of the sect.”

Dan Mingtao stood up and said calmly, “Such a person is accustomed to weighing options and pursuing maximum benefits.”

Zhao Yu frowned and said in a deep voice, “Master Uncle, we sword cultivators emphasize the clarity of our thoughts and the purity of our hearts. With such calculations, can we still go far in the path of the sword?”

Could a sword cultivator with doubts in their heart still reach the pinnacle of the Sword Dao?

The others looked at each other, their faces showing determination.

“I will go see him,” Dan Mingtao said with an unchanged expression, taking a step forward. “After all, it’s a crucial moment for the sect to employ people, otherwise...”

He didn't finish his sentence about what would happen otherwise.

The people in the hall all had complex expressions on their faces.

The Sword Pavilion, which ranked first among the Upper Three Heavens sword sects, and could stand on equal footing with the Yuling Dao Sect, had come to such a difficult time?

Even the elders were willing to give up the usual arrogance of the Sword Pavilion to meet someone whose thoughts were not entirely focused on the Sword Dao.

"Dan Mingtao is going to see Han Muye." By the time Dan Mingtao walked towards Han Muye and Mu Wan's small courtyard, this information had already spread.

"Hehe, this kid really knows how to play hard to get." In the residence of the Five Sheep Pavilion, upon hearing the report from the disciple in front of him, Du Chengshan held his stomach and a cold smile appeared on his face.

"Does he really think he can maneuver between all sides?"

"He didn't even come to my Jade Disk Hall last night. I see him as a little lower now."

The disciple reporting showed a puzzled expression, and Du Chengshan said lightly, "If he can't maximize his interests and insists on waiting for Dan Mingtao to meet him, such a person can't see the situation clearly."

Can't see the situation clearly?

Having a Sword Pavilion elder personally come to see him, wasn't that the greatest benefit?

The disciple still looked confused.

Du Chengshan waved his hand, too lazy to explain.

"Elder Yao, since Dan Mingtao personally came, will Han Muye join the Sword Pavilion?" A white-bearded old man looked worried.

"That's right. To be chosen by an Elder, Han Muye can be considered to have something to rely on in the Sword Pavilion," another sword cultivator in a green robe said coldly. He clenched his fists and said, "How hateful."

"This kid actually used my Jade Bright Sword Sect as a stepping stone."

Borrowing the strength of the various sects to force Dan Mingtao to come personally.

In the future, when Han Muye joined the Sword Pavilion, his status would be different from ordinary disciples.

“Hehe, it doesn’t matter if he joins the Sword Pavilion or not. How many losses can our Jade Bright Sword Sect suffer?” Yao Yong, who was sitting at the head of the table, chuckled.

“Moreover, he has already promised to come to our Jade Bright Sword Sect as a guest.”

“How much do you expect Dan Mingtao to value such a sword cultivator?”

“It’s just a routine, in case outsiders say that he doesn’t take this matter seriously.”

Yao Yong smiled at the people in front of him and said indifferently, “The pride of the Sword Pavilion is engraved in the bones.”

The pride of the Sword Pavilion.

As a major sect in the Upper Three Heavens, who wouldn’t be proud?

Seeing Han Muye playing with them, everyone felt anger rising within them.

But now that the world had changed drastically, no one knew where the situation in the world was going.

No one dared to act rashly.

At this moment, in the main hall of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, Li Qingshi sat upright, while other elders of the Medicine Valley stood on two sides.

“Valley Master, Dan Mingtao has already entered the courtyard,” Zhang Yuan, dressed in a green robe, bowed and saluted.

Li Qingshi waved his hand, and Zhang Yuan stepped back.

“Elders, how do you view today’s matter?”

How did they view it?

The Elders in the hall looked at each other, but no one spoke.

Li Qingshi scanned his gaze over them and sighed softly, “Everyone, today’s Han Muye is the future of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley...”

His words made the already silent hall even quieter.

Han Muye had been acting ambiguously these past two days, behaving no differently from their Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

The various sects probed and tried to rope him in.

But how many people were sincere?

Even the proposed deals were not equal.

With the great changes in the world, the ascension of the powerful beings, none of the sects had their true decision-makers.

Those who came to the Medicine Valley were either here to stabilize the valley or had thoughts of using it. If it came to forming an alliance with the Medicine Valley and standing together with it, there wasn't a single person.

These people were simply incapable of making such significant decisions.

Even if they wanted to finalize an agreement, once they returned to their own sects, they would inevitably haggle over the terms.

Everyone only wanted to gain benefits without truly contributing.

The only difference among them was that they hadn't resorted to direct confrontation and forceful seizing like the Zhaoyang Dao Sect.

But if this continued, these people might also develop thoughts of forceful seizing.

Once they reached a consensus, the best fate for the Medicine Valley would be to be divided among them.

This time, no one would come to the rescue.

“Ah, prosperous times for elixirs, troubled times for artifacts, talismans, and formations. We alchemists should have long recognized our own fate...” A white-bearded cultivator by Li Qingshi’s side sighed softly.

In prosperous times, the pill business thrived, and alchemists held a lofty position wherever they went.

But during troubled times, only artificers would be protected because the weapons they forged directly enhanced combat power.

And now, troubled times had arrived.

Alchemists were instantly neglected and unprotected.

The expressions on the faces of the elders in the main hall of the Medicine Valley were all complex.

Li Qingshi glanced at the elders beside him, shook his head, and said calmly, “Let’s see how Han Muye handles this. Perhaps, when Dan Mingtao leaves, he will become a disciple of the Sword Pavilion.”

If Han Muye chose the Sword Pavilion, the Medicine Valley should be able to form a relationship with the Sword Pavilion under the pretext of repaying a debt of gratitude.