

## **Pavilion 951**

### **Chapter 951 - 951 Is Han Muye Worth Befriending? (3)**

951 Is Han Muye Worth Befriending? (3)

This might be the last chance for the Medicine Valley.

As for whether the Sword Pavilion would confront the other sects for the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, it depended on Dan Mingtao's courage.

It was very difficult.

In the small courtyard where Han Muye and Mu Wan resided, after Mu Wan brought two cups of clear tea, she obediently stepped back.

She knew that in the eyes of various forces, she was just a decorative vase, used by the Medicine Valley to win over her senior brother.

She didn't care how outsiders saw her, nor was she interested in knowing how these sects would try to win over her senior brother.

They could never imagine how powerful her senior brother was; they were simply not qualified to win him over.

When Mu Wan set down the tea cups and left, Dan Mingtao had originally planned to get straight to the point and explain his purpose.

But when he saw Han Muye picking up the tea cup, something stirred in his heart, and he also lifted the tea cup in front of him.

The fragrance was light, the taste was refreshing, the water was smooth, and the aftertaste was long.

This tea was actually a rare treasure that he had never tasted even in his own sect.

As the tea entered his body, he felt a sense of purifying his soul.

It was a precious treasure that was hard to come by in the world.

He didn't expect Han Muye to possess such a treasure and offer it to him.

"What kind of tea is this?"

Dan Mingtao's first question turned out to be about the tea.

Han Muye put down the teacup and smiled lightly, saying, "This tea is illuminated by the brilliance of the clear sword light and infused with the essence of countless swords. Drinking this tea is like savoring the essence of the sword.

"I named this tea 'Sword Heart.'"

Sword Heart, illuminated and clear.

This was the Sword Dao realm and also his comprehension of the Sword Dao.

Looking at the teacup in front of him, Dan Mingtao's expression changed.

He knew about the illuminated brilliance of the clear sword and the essence of countless swords.

But he also knew that having just those qualities wouldn't be enough to produce this cup of clear tea.

A clear sword heart meant having an enlightened mind.

Could someone like this truly have no attachments?

If Han Muye truly was the kind of sword cultivator who had no attachments, then his cultivation strength was not as simple as previously speculated.

If he could really defeat Zhao Yu solely based on his own cultivation, he could become a deacon in the Sword Pavilion.

Also, he seemed to possess a protective treasure.

Looking at the sword case on Han Muye's back, a glimmer of light shone in Dan Mingtao's eyes.

Perhaps this was Han Muye's greatest reliance and trump card.

The pride of a sword cultivator came from his sword.

Lowering his head and looking at the teacup in front of him, Dan Mingtao calmly said, "This tea is good. I wonder where it's produced?"

Tea.

Production.

If tea represented a sword, then the quantity of production represented strength.

The stronger the strength, the greater the bargaining chip.

If he joined the Sword Pavilion, he would be valued greatly.

From the moment Han Muye took out the tea leaves, Dan Mingtao was convinced that Han Muye had the intention to join the Sword Pavilion.

Otherwise, why would he bring out such high-quality tea?

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he said with a smile, "What's the matter? Elder Dan, interested in Sword Heart tea?"

"If Elder likes it—"

Dan Mingtao raised his head, his gaze fixed on Han Muye.

Is this the moment he's seeking to join Sword Pavilion, to seek refuge under me?

As long as Han Muye gave him the Sword Heart tea, he did not mind giving him the status of a disciple.

He could even become his disciple and even grant him the position of a deacon under his seat.

Under the gaze of Dan Mingtao, Han Muye calmly said, "If the Elder likes it, one or two catties of Sword Heart tea would cost 10 million spiritual rocks. I can provide as much as you need."

Dan Mingtao's gaze slightly froze.

He never expected Han Muye to say such words.

Not as a gift, but as a sale.

Ten million spiritual rocks for one or two catties.

Most importantly, he could have as much as he wanted!

What did this mean?

It meant that the other party was negotiating with him on an equal or even higher status.

He could have as many as he wanted. This was confidence!

He had been completely wrong from the beginning.

In fact, all the sects were wrong.

The person in front of him had never had the intention to join any faction.

Because the tea in his hands was as much as they wanted.

Dan Mingtao's expression slowly turned solemn as he said softly, "As much as we want?"

He raised his hand and placed a jade box on the table.

“Then give me this much for now.”

Han Muye reached out and took the jade box, probing with his divine sense, and said calmly, “Good.”

Inside the jade box was a piece of spiritual rock, each of them top-grade and worth billions of lower-grade spiritual rocks. There were also other spiritual materials piled together, all of them extremely precious.

The value of this jade box was more than 10 billion spiritual rocks.

In other words, it required Han Muye to trade a hundred catties of Sword Heart tea.

How could there be 100 catties of such precious tea leaves in the world?

This was Dan Mingtao’s test, and also his way of showcasing the strength of Sword Pavilion.

As an elder of the Sword Pavilion, he could casually take out so many treasures, showing his wealth.

However, he didn’t expect that Han Muye would simply respond with a “good” and take out a small cloth bag.

Dan Mingtao reached out and picked up the cloth bag, sensing with his divine sense, and his eyes couldn't help but widen.

It really was a hundred catties of Sword Heart tea!

Sword intent surged within him, and his gaze fell upon Han Muye.

What kind of power could possess such means, such accumulation!

Taking a deep breath, he nodded, stood up, and turned to leave.

For a sword cultivator who could directly produce a hundred catties of such tea leaves, Dan Mingtao didn't even have the qualification to face him directly.

When did such a force suddenly emerge in the world?

Did it come from a hidden realm taking advantage of the collapse of the Upper Three Heavens, or from beyond the dam?

Dan Mingtao's face darkened, holding the small bag in his hand, he left with big strides.

As he walked out of the courtyard, countless divine senses intertwined.



“What’s going on? Dan Mingtao seems displeased?” someone asked in confusion.

Dan Mingtao’s expression didn’t seem like he was having a pleasant conversation with someone.

Did Han Muye refuse, or did he not find Han Muye suitable?

“What’s in the bag he’s holding? Why did he take it out separately?” someone had already focused their attention on that bag.

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If the negotiation failed, Dan Mingtao could just leave.

What did he mean by carrying a bag?

From the moment Dan Mingtao left the courtyard, various forces were completely puzzled, not understanding what exactly had happened in the courtyard.

In the Jade Disk Hall, Du Chengshan kicked the long table in front of him into pieces in frustration.

It was completely different from what he had imagined.

What was Han Muye really up to?

“Lu Zhen, find an opportunity to test him,” Du Chengshan said through gritted teeth.

Just a person in charge of a small dispute over territory, and yet he acts so arrogantly when he comes to the Upper Three Heavens?

Can anyone really dominate the Upper Heaven Region?

“Wang Junxiong, spread the identity of Han Muye,” Du Chengshan said coldly. “When it comes to business, it’s my Five Sheep Pavilion that holds the ancestral power.”

In the Jade Bright Sword Sect’s encampment, when Yao Yong heard that Dan Mingtao had left with a small bag and a serious expression, he burst into laughter.

“Do you all understand?”

His eyes sparkled, and a faint fighting spirit emanated from him.

“The world has changed, and the mighty can ascend. It’s no longer the era when the Upper Three Heavens suppressed all sides!

“Be it the Sword Pavilion or the Yuling Dao Sect, they might not be able to suppress all parties.

“This is an era of rising heroes!”

Rising heroes also meant conflicts.

But it also meant opportunities and endless possibilities!

In the hall, everyone’s eyes flickered as excitement appeared on their faces.

“If the Sword Pavilion can’t suppress this battle, it will be a chance for us sword cultivators.”

“Countless sword cultivators in the Upper Three Heavens have been waiting for this opportunity for too long.”

In the main hall of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, Li Qingshi was at a loss, and so were the Elders.

“What does Han Muye rely on?” a black-bearded old man frowned.

Li Qingshi furrowed his brows, looked around, and said in a low voice, “It seems we all underestimated him.

“In that case, I, as the Valley Lord, will meet him again.”

...

When Dan Mingtao returned to the Sword Pavilion's encampment, Zhao Yu and the others were already waiting with solemn expressions.

"Elder, what's going on?" A young man with sword intent surging from his body asked in a low voice.

Dan Mingtao returned with a cold expression, causing everyone's hearts to sink.

"Elder, did Han... Han Muye refuse to join the Sword Pavilion?" Zhao Yu furrowed his brows and asked quietly.

When they first met Han Muye in the Suwei World, Han Muye did not refuse to join the Sword Pavilion.

He had invited Han Muye to explore the secluded cultivation place for the great Dao of sword cultivation, and Han Muye had gladly agreed.

But now, with the world undergoing great changes, did Han Muye have doubts and no longer want to join the Sword Pavilion?

Did he have a change of heart?

Sitting back in the seat at the head, Dan Mingtao shook his head and said lightly, "I didn't invite him to join the Sword Pavilion."

Didn't invite him?

Everyone was stunned.

Zhao Yu opened his mouth.

He thought that Han Muye was in control, but it turned out that he wasn't?

Dan Mingtao put away the tea leaves in his hand and looked up at Zhao Yu. "Didn't you say he agreed to explore the place where the predecessors sat in meditation with you? Invite him and see if he'll go.

"If you're going," Dan Mingtao paused and said in a low voice, "then set off in a month."

Set off in a month?

Zhao Yu was at a loss.

"Just know that Han Muye is not as simple as you thought. I didn't invite him to the Sword Pavilion for a reason," Dan Mingtao explained.

It was obvious that he was afraid that Zhao Yu would misunderstand.

It was not as simple as he thought.

Zhao Yu nodded.

He roughly knew how to deal with it.

Before he could invite Han Muye, news came back.

The Five Sheep Pavilion exposed Han Muye's identity.

"In the Dao Battlefield, the Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han."

"The ninth place in the Heavenly rankings of the Dao Battle."

"As expected, his identity is not that simple."

"It seems that the Heavenly Mystic has won the Dao Competition. Does this contributor have the intention to come to Shang Santian to adventure?"

Many people showed expressions of realization.

As a major figure in a hundred years of Dao dispute, their character and combat power were naturally extraordinary.

“Heh, so this is your arrogance, the land of the Dao.” On the side hall of the Limitless Dao Sect, a Daoist in a green robe shook his head and whispered, “Send a message to Senior Brother Zhuwu and ask him if Han Muye is worth investing in.”

Upon hearing his words, the other Daoist raised his hand and a golden spiritual light turned into a light array.

The light array flickered, seemingly extremely unstable.

A moment later, a phantom appeared.

“Junior Brother Yunting?”

“Why are you looking for me? I’m in the Dao Battlefield. The current situation is difficult. The Heaven Mystic is powerful, and we’re already at the end of our rope.”

The phantom looked tired.

Hearing the phantom speak, the green-robed Daoist quickly said, “Senior Brother, please don’t be offended. I want to ask you, what kind of person is Han Muye? Is he worth befriending?”

A sense of confusion appeared on the face of the phantom above the array of light, and then the light and shadow shook as if overwhelmed by emotions.

The phantom dissipated.

Everyone in the main hall looked at each other in astonishment.

“Buzz!”

The light array appeared again. Daoist Zhuwu widened his eyes in excitement and shouted, “What do you mean?”

“Did you just say that you want to befriend Minister Han?”

### **Chapter 953 - 953 It's All Business**

953 It's All Business

“Yang Yunting, how do you know Minister Han's name?”

Within the light array, Daoist Zhuwu was excitedly questioning.



The Daoist in the green robe turned his head and glanced at the people around him. He lowered his voice and narrated the incident involving Han Muye at the Medicine Valley.

Rescuing the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, obtaining a promise from the Medicine Valley, and various sects trying to win them over...

Within the light array, the expression of Daoist Zhuwu kept changing.

“He... He has already reached the Upper Three Heavens?”

“What does he want to do?”

“Well, the Dao battlefield is no longer his stage...” A touch of desolation flashed across the face of Daoist Zhuwu. Then he quickly asked, “Junior Brother Yunting, you said you want to make friends with Minister Han?”

Yang Yunting nodded.

He knew this senior brother of his very well.

He was arrogant and was a deacon Elder whose talent and potential could be ranked at the top of the Limitless Dao Sect.

It was precisely because of this that Daoist Zhuwu would go to the Dao battlefield regardless of everything when his own cultivation reached a bottleneck.

With the arrogance of the Daoists, it was surprising that they seemed extremely respectful to Han Muye.

Something seemed off about this.

Indeed, it was not right.

Very few things about the Dao battlefield were known. Was there something unknown to outsiders among them?

“Senior Brother, I wonder how Han Muye is doing in the Dao Battleground?” Yang Yunting asked.

“How is he doing?” Daoist Zhuwu sighed lightly.

With his own strength, he changed the course of events, entered the Immortal Spirit thrice, and ultimately caused the collapse of the Immortal Spirit.

With three Immortal Treasures in hand, he could destroy anything whenever he wanted.

In the Dao battlefield, he fought against Heavenly Venerable Xing Di, the Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect of the Upper Three Heavens, and finally killed him.

He broke the seal on the Immortal Ascension Platform!

The Upper Three Heavens collapsed, powerful experts ascended, and it turned out to be directly related to the battle for supremacy in the Dao!

Yang Yunting and the disciples of the Limitless Dao Sect by his side were all dumbfounded.

They couldn't fully comprehend that the great changes in this world originated from the battle for supremacy in the Dao.

Han Muye, Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, not only possessed an extremely powerful combat strength, but also led the battle for supremacy, gathering the power of the Heavenly Mystic.

"Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic Sect can compete with the Yuling Dao Sect and the Sword Pavilion. Junior Brother, you must not be slow..."

The light formation began to tremble, the illusory figure faded, and Daoist Zhuwu, as if realizing something, hurriedly said, "Han Muye has the support of the Sword Pavilion..."

Before he could finish his words, the light formation dissipated.

The green-robed Daoist, who was controlling the light formation, had a pale complexion, and the jade plate he was holding was covered in cracks.

To contact Daoist Zhuwu again, it would take at least half a month.

In the hall, Yang Yunting and the disciples of the Limitless Dao Sect had solemn expressions.

“Is Han Muye truly so formidable?” a Daoist with a colorful cloud belt around his waist whispered.

To think that someone from a small realm in the Dao battlefield could stir up such a storm in the myriad realms, causing the collapse of the Upper Three Heavens.

If it weren’t for their trust in Daoist Zhuwu’s character, they would have felt like they were being deceived.

It was truly unimaginable that Han Muye, who appeared humble and no more than a junior sword cultivator, could be a powerful expert capable of slaying even a Heavenly Venerable!

How many Heavenly Venerables were there in this world?

“Senior Brother, what should we do?” A Daoist with white hair looked at Yang Yunting.

“Since Senior Brother Zhu Wu thinks so highly of Han Muye, let’s go and befriend him,” a young Daoist said with a smile, looking a little excited.

Since the Limitless Dao Sect was willing to take the initiative to befriend him, even if Han Muye was powerful, he would gladly accept it, right?

No matter what, the Limitless Dao Sect was a sect in the Upper Three Heavens. Since Han Muye wanted to establish a foothold in the Upper Three Heavens, he definitely needed allies.

This was a good opportunity.

Everyone spoke one after another and looked at Yang Yunting.

Senior Brother Yang was the one in charge here.

"I'm afraid things aren't that simple." Yang Yunting narrowed his eyes and looked out of the hall.

"Since Han Muye is extremely strong, I'm afraid his designs on the Medicine Valley are big.

"If we make friends rashly, it might backfire."

If such a mighty figure had designs on the Medicine Valley, they would definitely be disgusted if he befriended him warmly.

Shaking his head, Yang Yunting turned to look at the people in the hall and said, "Let's not actively make friends for now, but let's not become enemies either.

"However," he looked at the only female disciple among the group, smiling as he said, "Junior Sister Yu Tong, they say that Lady Mu is gentle. You can find a way to establish a relationship with her."

As he spoke, he took out a small jade box. "Don't worry, all the expenses will be accounted for by the sect."

Upon hearing his words, the female disciple's eyes brightened. She took the jade box and chuckled. "Then I won't hold back."

"I won't feel sorry for spending Senior Brother's spiritual rocks."

Laughter filled the hall.

Yang Yunting waved his hand, the smile on his face receding, and then said softly, "Senior Brother Zhuwu is unaware of the changes in the Upper Three Heavens. When he mentioned Han Muye being able to contend with the major sects, it was when he hadn't ascended as a powerful expert."

His words caused the expressions of the people to change.

If Han Muye could contend with the major sects in the Upper Three Heavens before ascending, then now, wouldn't he be able to crush the major sects in the Upper Three Heavens?

"Also, did Senior Brother mention something about Han Muye having support from the Sword Pavilion?"

"Could it be that Dan Mingtao is actually acting in collaboration with Han Muye?"

No one could answer Yang Yunting's questions.

These were all speculations that no one could confirm.

Unless they went directly to ask Han Muye.

But for now, they dared not.

At this moment, another guest arrived at Han Muye's small courtyard.

It wasn't Zhao Yu.

It was a middle-aged Daoist wearing a green Daoist robe and a soaring crown. Dao intent intertwined around him.

Yuling Dao Sect's Foreign Affairs Elder, Guan Yu.

Seeing Mu Wan put down the teacup and turn to leave, Guan Yu chuckled and said, "Little friend Han, the virtuous couple is quite carefree in this medicinal valley."

"Senior, you're right." Han Muye's expression did not change as he picked up his teacup with one hand.

**Chapter 954 - 954 It's All Business (2)**

"The Medicine Valley has always been peaceful, and Junior Sister likes it, so naturally, I like it too."

Peaceful.

There's nothing special about the Medicine Valley, just its tranquility.

Now, while the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley is stirring up various forces, Han Muye says it's peaceful here?

Guan Yu's eyes sparkled, nodding as he picked up the tea cup in front of him.

Good tea.

"This tea—"

Guan Yu's gaze turned towards Han Muye.

"It's called Sword Heart, illuminating the clarity of the sword's intent, nurturing the essence of countless swords."

"A catty for ten million spiritual rocks, however much you want." Han Muye said casually.



Guan Yu's hand holding the tea cup trembled imperceptibly.

Everything was different from what he had expected.

He had come here because Dan Mingtao left with a sullen face.

He was interested in Han Muye.

Even if it meant causing trouble for the Sword Pavilion, it was worth coming here.

However, he never expected that Han Muye would serve him such tea and say he could have as much as he wanted.

As much as he wanted?

Tea was good stuff.

More importantly, he needed this strength.

A thought crossed Guan Yu's mind as he held the tea cup, took a sip, and then asked, "I wonder how much Dan Mingtao bought?"

He finally knew what was in the small bag Dan Mingtao was carrying when he left the small courtyard!

He also understood why Dan Mingtao had a gloomy expression!

At this realization, he almost burst into laughter.

But the result was a business transaction.

A business transaction that would definitely cause significant repercussions.

“Elder Dan was generous and bought 100 catties,” Han Muye said softly.

Generous?

A hundred catties.

Guan Yu couldn’t help but smile.

Dan Mingtao was a sword cultivator.

How much savings could a sword cultivator have?

To buy 100 catties of tea, this guy must have emptied his coffers.

No wonder he left with a gloomy face.

No matter how he thought about it, it was impossible for him to expect such an outcome...

Guan Yu burst into laughter, raised his hand, and slapped a jade box onto the table.

Han Muye reached out and took it, nodded, and took out two small bags.

200 catties of tea leaves.

Guan Yu didn't stay in the courtyard for long. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he picked up the two small bags and left, swaying as he walked.

Mu Wan approached Han Muye, a trace of concern on her face.

"What's wrong? Do you think Senior Brother will shoot himself in the foot while dealing with these large sects?" Han Muye asked with a smile.

Mu Wan shook her head and whispered, "I'm afraid that the tea you prepared won't be enough, Senior Brother."

Han Muye burst into laughter.

His junior sister had always been a little obsessed with money!

When Zhao Yu arrived, he saw Guan Yu holding two small bags at the door with a smile on his face.

Seeing Han Muye laugh, Zhao Yu's expression became even more unpleasant.

"Brother Han."

Zhao Yu stared at Han Muye as Han Muye raised his hand and collected the tea cups from the table.

"It has been nearly a hundred years since we last parted ways, and during this time, Brother Zhao has made great progress in his cultivation," Han Muye said with a smile.

Indeed, Zhao Yu had made significant progress in his cultivation.

But to his ears, Han Muye's words sounded somewhat grating.

"Not as good as Prime Minister Han."

Minister Han.

The Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han stirred up a storm in the Dao battle.

Even Dan Mingtao said that Han Muye was extraordinary.

Han Muye shook his head and sighed softly. "If it weren't for the circumstances, I would only want to be a peaceful sword cultivator."

In the hundred years of the Dao battle, Han Muye had been maneuvering between various major forces, always teetering on the edge of death and destruction with the slightest misstep.

Looking back, winning the Dao competition and opening the Immortal Ascension Platform, it felt like a dream.

Amidst the scheming of so many powerful figures, being able to preserve the Heavenly Mystic was truly a difficult and arduous journey known only to himself.

Zhao Yu looked at Han Muye in silence for a moment.

He had crossed swords with Han Muye, and they had also exchanged knowledge about swordsmanship on the Suwei Star.

Based on his understanding of Han Muye, what Han Muye was saying now wasn't a lie.

But with the great changes happening in the world, would people's hearts also undergo changes?

"Senior Brother Han, do you remember what you said before about exploring a secluded place for cultivating the sword path until enlightenment?" Zhao Yu spoke up.

Back in the Suwei world, Han Muye and Zhao Yu had made that agreement.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Of course I remember."

Zhao Yu looked at Han Muye. "If possible, I plan to go there in a month. Do you have the time, Senior Brother Han?"

A month later?

Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan and smiled. "Junior Sister, you've been in the Medicine Valley for so many years without going out to explore. How about this time we go and investigate with Brother Zhao?"

Mu Wan nodded happily.

Frowning slightly, Zhao Yu didn't refuse outright but remained silent.

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion's base, he reported this matter.

“Exploring a secret place is never without danger. Is Han Muye doing this out of caution, or does he have another purpose?” A green-robed sword cultivator’s face showed a look of doubt.

“Bringing along a female alchemy cultivator, does he really think searching for a secret place is just a leisurely outing?” On the other side, a white-robed sword cultivator snorted coldly.

At the head of the table, Dan Mingtao waved his hand and said lightly, “If Zhao Yu is confident, then lead them on the trip.

“If he is willing to go, it shows that his thoughts are not focused on the Medicine Valley.

“Our previous assumptions may have been wrong.”

A month later, various factions would be running out of options and begin pressuring the Medicine Valley.

Han Muye’s departure would make it clear that he didn’t want to get involved in the affairs of the Medicine Valley.

By taking Mu Wan with him, he was expressing his intentions and completely distancing himself from the Medicine Valley.

This also exemplified the characteristic of a strategist who wouldn’t stand under a crumbling wall.

Such actions were in line with the traits of a cunning leader.

But then, did he really come to the Medicine Valley just for his Dao?

Li Qingshi only found out that Han Muye and Mu Wan were going to explore the secret place with Zhao Yu a month later when he visited Han Muye.

### **Chapter 955 - 955 It's All Business (3)**

955 It's All Business (3)

This made him momentarily stunned.

It was completely different from what they had speculated at the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

"Elder, may I ask if there is any arrangement that requires my and Junior Sister's assistance?" Han Muye asked softly when he saw Li Qingshi's dazed expression.

"Ah, no, no." Li Qingshi waved his hands repeatedly.

He had originally wanted to find out the connection between Han Muye and the Sword Pavilion in order to see if he could help the Medicine Valley gain some convenience.



Whether it was linking with the Sword Pavilion or dealing with various sects, it was a good move.

However, Han Muye had already said that he would leave with the disciples of the Sword Pavilion after one month, so the Medicine Valley's calculations fell through.

If they couldn't involve one or two forces and make other sects wary, the Medicine Valley would be in big trouble!

Li Qingshi's expression turned solemn.

"Elder, I still need some high-quality tea leaves. Would it be possible for the Elder to provide some?" Han Muye suddenly spoke up, noticing Li Qing's expression.

Premium tea leaves?

Li Qingshi nodded and said, "How much do you want?"

He hadn't paid much attention to this trivial matter.

"The more, the better." Han Muye smiled and took out a jade box that flickered with green light and placed it on the table.

"As a trade, I'll temporarily entrust this item to the Elder. When the critical moment comes, the Elder can open this seal."

Han Muye pointed at the golden mark on the jade box and said softly, "Perhaps it will be useful."

What is the critical moment?

Li Qingshi knew that Han Muye was referring to when the medicine valley was in danger.

Could this small box really save the Medicine Valley?

He didn't believe it, but he dared not disbelieve it either.

The green aura lingering above the jade box was an immortal aura that was rarely found even in the Upper Three Heavens!

He naturally had to believe the words of someone who could casually take out something infused with immortal aura.

However, to exchange such a treasure for some tea leaves?

In front of him, Han Muye deliberately left this place to let all parties reach a dead end, and then, at the critical moment, used the contents of this jade box to turn the tide.

In that case, the Medicine Valley owed him a great favor.

After a moment of contemplation, Li Qing took the jade box without refusing and left.

The Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley had long been accustomed to relying on powerful forces to survive.

If Han Muye really had the ability to intimidate the major sects of the Upper Heaven Region, it wouldn't hurt for the Medicine Valley to rely on him.

Moreover, even if this line of Han Muye's didn't work out, it didn't mean that the Medicine Valley would do nothing.

The Yuling Dao Sect's Guan Yu left with two small bags with a smile.

Zhao Yu, a disciple of the Sword Pavilion, came to find Han Muye and received a response that they would explore the secret realm together in one month.

Li Qing, the Valley Master of the Medicine Valley, came and took away a jade box.

The identity of Han Muye and his actions puzzled everyone.

Later, a deacon of the Medicine Valley sent several large boxes of tea leaves to Han Muye's residence, which further confused people.

On the other hand, a female cultivator named Yu Tong from the Limitless Dao Sect came to visit, accompanied by Han Muye's Dao companion, Mu Wan, which caught the attention of many.

After that, Mu Wan was surrounded by female cultivators from various sects.

"Sister Qin, this is the Youth-Retaining Pill I refined. It's very cheap, only five million spiritual rocks per pill. I can sell it to you at cost, would you like it?"

"Sister Yu, I don't mean to criticize you, but you should take care of your appearance. Look at yourself, how can you find a good Dao companion like this? Look, you deserve to have this Beauty-Enhancing Pill.

"Look, the quality of my pill has reached the pinnacle. I am a Grandmaster in the Dao of Alchemy, and my master is the founder of the Dao of Alchemy.

"Let me tell you, if you want to capture a man's heart, you can't do it without soft skin.

"Don't worry, if you buy pills from me, who would dare to trouble you when you go back?"

Mu Wan went out for outings during the day and spent her evenings in a quiet room refining pills.

There was no way around it. The pills were selling well.

"Senior Brother, is there any other way to make the skin look more moisturized?" Mu Wan turned her head and asked after refining a furnace of pink pills.

Han Muye leaned down and whispered a few words in her ear.

“Like this?” Mu Wan widened her eyes and glanced at Han Muye.

“You’re not saying it on purpose, are you?”

“Alright, I’ll try.

“No, even if it works, this method can’t be used on others. Hmph...”

...

In the Jade Disk Hall, the residence of the Five Sheep Pavilion, in front of Du Chengshan, there were several small jade bottles.

His expression kept changing.

“You want to reimburse 30 million spiritual rocks for just a few pills?”

“Did the spiritual rocks of our Five Sheep Pavilion come from the wind?”

“Others bought more? We’re in the business world. Even if you want to buy, don’t you know how to bargain?”

The female cultivator standing in front of him had a green and red face, and tears were already welling up in her eyes.

Du Chengshan shook his head and waved his hand. “Forget it, getting close to Mu Wan was also a task I entrusted to you.”

He placed a small jade box on the table.

“Take the spirit stones. Be more careful when buying things in the future. You are a disciple of the Five Sheep Pavilion, and outsiders will laugh at you for being a fool.”

The female cultivator took the jade box in her hand and remembered Mu Wan’s instructions, causing a hint of joy to rise in her heart.

To receive a few reprimands and obtain various pills, who was the one profiting in the end?

Her gaze glanced at the several bottles on the table.

At that moment, a disciple in a green robe quickly walked in from the entrance, also wearing a joyful expression.

“Elder, I’ve found the information you asked me to investigate.”

The disciple held a small jade box in his hand and exclaimed, "Han Muye is selling this kind of tea leaves to various sects."

He placed the jade box in front of Du Chengshan.

"Good, well done." Du Chengshan praised with a smile, then reached out and opened the jade box.

He frowned at first, then his eyes widened.

"Such good tea!

"Good stuff. This thing, this thing is a treasure..."

Hearing his words, the smile on the disciple's face grew even brighter.

Just as Du Chengshan was about to say something else, he suddenly noticed the jade bottle next to the jade box on the table. He looked up and said, "By the way, this box of tea leaves must have cost a lot, right?

The disciple showed a sighing expression. "Yes, it did. 30 million spiritual rocks for one catty. I clenched my teeth to buy two catties."

30 million spiritual rocks per catty!

The female cultivator at the side widened her eyes and covered her mouth.

A barely noticeable twitch appeared at the corner of Du Chengshan's eye, and he lowered his voice, "You spent 60 million?"

The disciple shook his head. "It's 61 million, and I even had a cup. This tea truly pierces the heart and cleanses the spirit."

One million spiritual rocks for one cup.

Du Chengshan's fingers trembled slightly.

"Alright, alright. My Five Sheep Pavilion disciples should have such courage.

"60 million for this tea. I'll reward you with 10 million. Here are 70 million spiritual rocks. Take it."

...

It was not until the two disciples left with smiles on their faces that Du Chengshan's expression slowly turned solemn and even a little sinister.

"To turn 3,000 catties of tea leaves that the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley didn't even want into 30 million spiritual rocks per catty."



“Han Muye, when it comes to doing business, even my Five Sheep Pavilion has to bow down.

“But I’m curious. What kind of means can directly increase the value of ordinary spirit tea by tens of millions of times?”

Du Chengshan was not the only one curious about how Han Muye obtained the tea leaves. Other sects were curious as well.

These tea leaves contained the power of swordsmanship and could cleanse the soul. They were rare treasures in the world.

According to Han Muye, this Sword Heart tea could only be made from the Heart of the Sword.

However, the people from the Sword Pavilion had researched it and found that it wasn’t that simple at all.

“In the past few days, various sects have bought at least a hundred catties of tea leaves from Han Muye.

“Just this alone is unimaginable wealth.”

In the Sword Pavilion’s encampment, Dan Mingtao looked at Zhao Yu and a few disciples.

In the residence of the Sword Pavilion, Dan Mingtao looked at Zhao Yu and several disciples beside him.

Dan Mingtao's expression was somewhat unusual as he spoke softly, "With his wealth, he is likely to attract many covetous individuals.

"We plotted against him, but we have no intention of seizing his property.

"We cannot become accomplices who help outsiders seek wealth and harm lives."

He felt embarrassed as well.

Originally, they were just testing Han Muye, but they never expected that his wealth would skyrocket recently.

As swordsmen, they acted according to their own whims.

If Han Muye were to lose his life because of their plotting, both Dan Mingtao and Zhao Yu would have their sword hearts stained with dust.

"Elder, rest assured, we will consider it as protecting a couple on an outing."

Zhao Yu nodded and whispered.

**Chapter 956 - 956 Li Qingshi's Seven-Story Sword Pavilion**

When Han Muye and Mu Wan left the Medicine Valley, it was not only the elders and deacons of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley who saw them off, but also the female cultivators from various sects who bid farewell with tears in their eyes.

These female cultivators all had smooth skin and their clothes and accessories were exquisite.

"Sister Mu Wan, don't forget about the Water Cloud Pill we agreed on. I've already paid a deposit of 10 million."

"Senior Sister Mu, enjoy your time with Brother-in-law. When you come back, we can study alchemy together."

"Sister, be careful when exploring the secret realm. Don't get sunburned."

The sword cultivators behind Zhao Yu had already turned their heads.

What did they take this exploration of the secret realm for?

On the other hand, Han Muye smiled and bowed to the elders and deacons of the Medicine Valley who were seeing them off, and nodded towards Du Chengshan and the others standing in the distance.

A few days ago, Du Chengshan visited and said he wanted to exchange the secret method for making Sword Heart Tea with 3,000 pieces of high-grade spiritual rocks.

This price tempted Han Muye.

Mu Wan's eyes sparkled when she heard it.

Unfortunately, this method could not be sold.

Putting the tea leaves in the Nine Essence Sword Tower and illuminating them with the light of thirty million sword weapons, who would believe it if they said it?

Did they have to sell the Nine Essence Sword Tower along with it?

It's not that Han Muye looked down on Du Chengshan, even if there were a thousand more of him, they still couldn't afford it.

As Han Muye turned his head, Du Chengshan's expression turned gloomy.

Watching Han Muye and the others leave, Du Chengshan turned around and said, "Fellow Daoists, thanks to Han Muye's interruption, we have been delayed for quite some time.

"This is also an opportunity for the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley to turn things around.

"Unfortunately, they didn't seize it."

He sneered and shook his head, “The mighty Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley actually put their hopes on an outsider like Han Muye. It’s truly ridiculous.”

Upon hearing his words, the other cultivators from different sects glanced at each other, and a dangerous glint flashed in their eyes.

They had given the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley a chance to negotiate for over a month.

Unfortunately, the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley didn’t seize this opportunity.

Now, in the Upper Heaven Region, various factions were fighting for resources and territory, almost losing their minds.

But the Medicine Valley here was still peaceful. Did that make sense?

Several sects had already sent several batches of disciples to urge them.

Every sect was in need of medicinal pills.

“In the past, the Upper Three Heavens needed a Daoist holy land for alchemy,” an old man with white beard looked at the departing crowd from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley and said calmly, “But the current Upper Heaven Region doesn’t.”

“Booming elixirs in prosperous times, and weapons in chaotic times, hehe...” another Daoist in a green robe chuckled, flicked his sleeve, and gracefully turned around.

The experts gathered in this Medicine Valley were not all united.

Many sects behind them are already at each other’s throats.

Being able to coexist without interfering with each other within the Medicine Valley, not stepping on each other’s toes, is already the greatest restraint.

The most likely scenario is that once someone makes a move on the Medicine Valley, it will likely be a fight to the death.

As the crowd dispersed, Du Chengshan’s gaze turned towards the distance, and a hint of dangerous coldness flashed in his eyes.

At this moment, the flying boat carrying Han Muye and Mu Wan was already thousands of miles away.

Zhao Yu and the disciples of the Sword Pavilion were flying on their swords, while Han Muye, with Mu Wan by his side, was planning to “stop and enjoy the maple forest in the evening” along the way to admire the scenery. Of course, they wouldn’t be flying on their swords like the others.

One of the disciples from the Sword Pavilion flying ahead turned his head to glance at the flying boat and muttered, “Is this really a swordsman?”

The other disciples shook their heads.

A swordsman should endure hardships. Even if they don't completely sever emotions and desires, they should at least have a clear and focused mind, devoting themselves solely to the sword, right?

Is there really a swordsman in the world who would prefer sitting in a flying boat with their Dao companion instead of flying on a sword?

"There are countless paths to cultivation in the world, and we must not make hasty judgments," Zhao Yu's face turned serious as he looked ahead at the clouds and whispered, "Be careful."

There were flickers of divine thoughts within those clouds, indicating that someone was observing them.

They hadn't flown far after leaving the Medicine Valley, and someone couldn't wait any longer?

Thinking of Dan Mingtao's instructions, Zhao Yu and the people behind him became increasingly grim.

This mission was bound to be extremely difficult.

Inside the cabin, Mu Wan sat quietly by Han Muye's side.

A faint spiritual light formed a barrier around them.

Han Muye sat cross-legged, his spiritual and soul power converging, and the qi and blood in his body circulated gently.

In fact, ever since he arrived at the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley in the Upper Heaven Region, he would practice like this whenever he had free time.

His cultivation had reached the stage where his main body and clone merged, he had overcome the tribulation, and had become a Void Sage.

However, after his tribulation, he immediately left seclusion, triggered the power of the grass whip, and then used his sword to break through the barrier of the heavens and earth. After that, he hurried to the Medicine Valley without stopping for a moment.

His cultivation had still not stabilized.

If his cultivation could not be stabilized and his body and Sword Dao Primordial Spirit could not be combined, some things would not be easy to do.

Although Han Muye had come to the medicine valley to save Mu Wan, he had the intention to leave the chaos and cultivate well to stabilize his cultivation.

He had just broken through, and his realm and strength were not completely compatible.

Moreover, the power of the divine beast avatar was too strong. It would take time to completely fuse with it.



When his blood qi stopped flowing, his soul shook slightly. When he opened his eyes, he saw Mu Wan looking at him with her big eyes.

“How’s Senior Brother’s cultivation?”

Han Muye smiled and nodded, then took out a wooden staff.

Grass whip.

Unfortunately, the Grass Whip had almost lost all its power and could no longer unleash its treasure-level strength.

However, it was still a treasure, a branch of the Sky Reaching Tree. This wooden staff still had a rare attribute of gathering wood-based power.

“Junior Sister, this item was once a treasure. After nurturing it, perhaps it can be restored.”

Han Muye handed the Grass Whip to Mu Wan and spoke in a low voice.

During these days, he had given Mu Wan several protective treasures, some of which were treasures he obtained from the Divine Emperor’s treasury.

## **Chapter 957 - 957 Li Qingshi's Seven-Story Sword Pavilion (2)**

957 Li Qingshi’s Seven-Story Sword Pavilion (2)

Regarding the treasures gifted by Han Muye, Mu Wan couldn't refuse and reached out to accept them, carefully exploring with her divine sense.

"How strange, this wooden staff seems... seems like I've seen it before..."

Mu Wan held the wooden staff, her eyes revealing a hint of confusion. "It's as if it's a part of my body."

An imperceptible, faint green aura circulated between her and the wooden staff.

The decay within the staff dissipated, and an imperceptible power began to revive."

"Boom!"

In the distance, a rumbling sound echoed.

Han Muye landed on the deck of the flying ship.

Ahead, Zhao Yu and other disciples of the Sword Pavilion stood with swords in hand.

"Brother Han, rest assured, it's just a common chaotic battle," Zhao Yu shouted loudly upon seeing Han Muye disembark from the flying boat.

Along their journey, they had witnessed numerous instances of chaotic warfare.

There was no place in the Upper Heaven Region that was peaceful now.

This kind of chaotic battle would probably not stop for at least a thousand years.

Unless a major force quickly consolidated and suppressed them, it would be considered normal for chaos to persist for tens of thousands of years.

Han Muye nodded, his gaze shifting towards the direction where the divine light was shining.

Several figures were entangled in a fierce battle over there.

Sensing Han Muye's arrival from a distance, both sides cautiously withdrew.

The flying ship was inconspicuous, but the dazzling sword lights of the sword cultivators made everyone wary.

As the sword lights and the flying boat crossed the sky, both sides let out a sigh of relief, then activated their spiritual energy, causing brilliant flames to soar into the sky.

At that moment, the flying boat suddenly came to a halt.

Han Muye turned around on the deck and looked at the dozen or so black-robed Daoists. He asked, “Are you people from the Ruyi Sect?”

His words stunned both sides engaged in the fight.

The white-haired Daoist in front of the black-robed Daoist with a jade sword in his hand nodded and said warily, “I wonder if you—”

Zhu Wuxie, the Grand Elder of Ruyi school!

With Han Muye’s words, the expressions of both sides changed.

Zhu Wuxie was at the peak of the Half-Sage realm. He came to the Dao Battlefield to seek opportunities and make a breakthrough into the realm of the Sage.

With Zhu Wuxie leaving the Ruyi Sect, their strength had greatly diminished. They couldn’t defend their own territory during the collapse of the Upper Three Heavens.

“Young master, are you saying that Zhu Wuxie is under your command?” The white-haired old Daoist showed astonishment on his face and looked at Han Muye with excitement.

As an Elder of the Ruyi school, he naturally knew about the whereabouts of their Grand Elder.

That was why he was so surprised.

What made it even stranger was that Han Muye, an outsider, suddenly mentioned Zhu Wuxie.

Zhao Yu and the others who were flying ahead of the flying ship also changed their direction.

When they saw the robes they were wearing, both the Ruyi Sect and the opposing side had their expressions changed again.

“Sword Pavilion!”

“So you’re from the Sword Pavilion.”

Zhao Yu looked at Han Muye and whispered, “Brother Han, should we take action?”

He didn’t want unnecessary trouble, but since Han Muye had already spoken up, he couldn’t just stand idly by.

Han Muye shook his head.

“Zhu Wuxie has already broken through to the realm of the Sage. Once he stabilizes his cultivation in a few days, he will return,” Han Muye looked at the Ruyi Sect members and spoke.

These words immediately filled everyone with joy.

Their Grand Elder hadn't fallen, hadn't left this realm, and had made a breakthrough in his cultivation. He would return soon.

The people from the opposing side paled.

"Zhao Zhiping of the Ruyi Sect pays his respects to the young master," the white-haired Daoist bowed to Han Muye and said, "Thank you for informing us. May I ask who the young master is?"

Han Muye waved his hand, turned around, and piloted the flying boat to flee, leaving only his voice behind, "I will be staying temporarily at the Medicine Valley. When Zhu Wuxie returns, have him come and see me."

He left just like that?

Until the scattered clouds in the sky regathered, both the Ruyi Sect and the people on the opposing side had bewildered expressions.

What did it mean to be carefree?

This was it.

While they fought below, someone casually uttered a few words and left.

Should they continue fighting?

Was it even interesting anymore?

With the return of the Grand Elder, what territory and resources could the Ruyi school not seize?

In the current Upper Heaven Region, Sages were already top experts.

“Ahem, everyone, it’s all a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding...” The leading gray-robed Daoist coughed lightly and cupped his hands at Zhao Zhiping before leading his sect members to retreat.

The people of the Ruyi Sect no longer paid any attention.

The earth-shattering news brought by Han Muye had already occupied all their thoughts, leaving no room for anything else.

“Let’s go back to the sect and tell the sect master this good news. Haha—”

Zhao Zhiping laughed and led everyone to his sect.

On the flying ship, Han Muye pondered for a moment, then raised his hand, and a spiritual light flashed.

Daoist Dayan fell to the ground.

“Hey, Master, you can’t treat me like this. I didn’t see anything, and yet you imprisoned me...”

Daoist Dayan complained as he turned to look at Mu Wan.

“Madam, how was the idea I gave you last time? Those sects’ Spirit Stones are easy to earn, right?”  
Daoist Dayan looked smug.

Han Muye imprisoned him precisely because he gave suggestions to Mu Wan, allowing her to mingle with those sects’ female cultivators and focus on earning spiritual rocks. In the process, he was neglected.

Mu Wan chuckled.

Daoist Dayan laughed smugly and then looked at Han Muye, who had an expressionless face. He immediately restrained his smile.

“Daoist Dayan, go back to the Heavenly Mystic Realm.”

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked ahead. “Tell Yunduan to get those people from the Immortal Source World to come back and stabilize this place.”



Upon hearing his words, Daoist Dayan grinned and said, "I understand. This world is your playground. Why let it remain chaotic?"

As he said that, he waved his arms. "It's still enjoyable to follow you. With the world in your hands, the feeling of wielding great power is exhilarating."

Han Muye glanced at him and said calmly, "Was Sword Venerable Yuan Tian not exhilarating enough?"

### **Chapter 958 - 958 Li Qingshi's Seven-Story Sword Pavilion (3)**

#### 958 Li Qingshi's Seven-Story Sword Pavilion (3)

Hearing Han Muye's words, Daoist Dayan was initially stunned, then smiled and said, "Don't say that, the Sword Sect he's in charge of now specializes in recruiting rebels. If you take control of the Immortal Source World, won't you be at odds with him?"

"Interesting, interesting."

Han Muye couldn't be bothered with him. With a wave of his hand, Daoist Dayan turned into a breeze and left.

Daoist Dayan had a flying treasure in his hand. It would not take long for him to reach the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

When he arrived in the Heavenly Mystic and lured those cultivators from the Immortal Source World over, he would probably have returned from his exploration of the secret land.

That would be the time to gather the Immortal Source World.

Throughout this journey, there were battles everywhere, and he found it really uncomfortable to watch.

Wen Mosheng couldn't possibly leave this world to him like this, right?

As the flying ship moved forward, Han Muye stopped any battles he encountered along the way.

If someone didn't listen, Zhao Yu and the others would take action to suppress them.

Along the way, these disciples of the Sword Pavilion had truly become Han Muye's personal bodyguards.

This made everyone extremely frustrated.

If they kept meddling along the way, when would they ever reach the secret land?

Ten days after Han Muye and Mu Wan left the Medicine Valley, the calmness of the Medicine Valley was disrupted by a small incident.

A deacon in the medicinal valley let slip that the tea leaves Han Muye was selling were supplied by their medicinal valley and were valued at only three spiritual rocks per catty.

Immediately, the various sects that had purchased tea for millions of spiritual rocks stormed into the main hall, demanding an explanation from Li Qingshi.

“Valley Master Li, either you return the received spiritual rocks, or you give a hundred catties of tea to this elder as compensation.” An old man with dazzling spiritual light and an imposing aura stood in the middle of the hall and shouted.

“Yes, we came to rescue the Medicine Valley, but we didn’t expect you to profit off these deceitful spiritual rocks. Today, you must give us an explanation.”

The atmosphere in the hall was heated.

Du Chengshan sneered as he looked at the chaos in front of him.

Were the spiritual rocks of the Five Sheep Pavilion so easy to earn?

This time, they made up for the previous losses a hundredfold by dividing the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

Moreover, his arrangements should be set in motion as well.

He turned his head and looked at the main hall, his brows slightly furrowed.

Unfortunately, the Sword Pavilion, the Limitless Dao Sect, and the Yuling Dao Sect, the top three major sects, didn't show up.

These people probably had their own schemes. Since they were from a large sect, it was inconvenient for them to be implicated in the reputation of forcing the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

"Hmph, if we really attack later, won't you still come?" With a cold snort and a whisper, Du Chengshan looked up and signaled to an Elder of the Medicine Valley beside Li Qingshi.

The Elder nodded and stood up.

"Everyone, we are unaware of Li Qingshi's collusion with Han Muye. This matter is solely Li Qingshi's doing."

With that sentence, the hall immediately fell silent.

Li Qingshi trembled all over and turned his head, unable to believe his eyes.

"Elder Su, you, you..."

Elder Su shook his head and looked around. "Everyone, I propose that we capture Li Qingshi and make him fully confess why he has placed our Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley in this unjust situation."

The atmosphere in the hall suddenly changed.

Figures pressed toward Li Qingshi.

A trace of desolation flashed across Li Qingshi's face as he softly said, "So that's how it is..."

He looked at his fellow disciples, some with grief, some with nervousness, and some with silent faces.

"You've all been bought off, haven't you?"

"They offered you enough benefits to make you split the Medicine Valley, didn't they?"

No one answered him.

No one could give a direct answer to that question.

But their indifference and silence were already an answer.

The smiles on the faces of the people from various sects were also an answer.

Today, it was time to divide up a fat piece of meat like the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

With a bitter smile, Li Qingshi's face was filled with desolation as he whispered, "In the end, I am the fool."

In his hand, he held a jade box emitting a faint green light.

It was left to him by Han Muye.

Perhaps he could use it in a critical moment.

He raised his head, gritted his teeth, and looked at the figures rushing towards him.

"If I can turn the tide today, can I save the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley's foundation of tens of thousands of years?"

His fingers pressed on the golden clasp of the jade box.

"Click."

The sound of the seal breaking was clear.

"Turn the tide?"

As Li Qingshi watched the shattered seal in his hand, the Daoist in the green robe who had rushed in front of him smirked and struck with a palm.

“The situation is already set. Let’s see what you have to break this crisis today!”

In the world, things are never accomplished by the effort of a single person or a single treasure that can change the tide.

The division of Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley among the various sects was a compromise of various forces, including many major sects from the Upper Heaven Region.

Today, each family had already determined their respective shares of the valley.

Once the meat was in their mouths and swallowed, could it be spit out again?

Spiritual light transformed into a roaring giant wolf and pounced towards Li Qingshi.

This strike was clearly meant to take his life.

Li Qingshi’s face turned pale, and the jade box in his hand shattered.

“Bang!”

A green light shone, and a sword aura soared into the sky, piercing through the dome, proudly dominating the vast expanse!

Endless sword radiance transformed into a long dragon, shattering the approaching giant wolf and crashing into the green-robed Daoist who was charging forward, turning his body into powder!

One strike!

The long dragon of sword radiance spiraled into the sky, with each sword forming a scale-like armor, emanating a chilling and oppressive aura.

“Sword.”

“Sword Pavilion!”

The seven-story Sword Pavilion stood in the air.

The dazzling sword radiance made everyone in the entire hall feel a chilling sensation, forcing them to retreat.

However, what was even more chilling was not the sword radiance, but the status represented by the seven-story Sword Pavilion!

How many seven-story Sword Pavilion were there among the top sects in the Upper Three Heavens?



## **Chapter 959 - 959 This Seven-Story Sword Pavilion Has Nothing to Do with the Upper Heaven Region's Sky Reaching Sword Pavilion**

959 This Seven-Story Sword Pavilion Has Nothing to Do with the Upper Heaven Region's Sky Reaching Sword Pavilion

The seven-story sword pavilion was illuminated by spiritual and sword light, piercing through the sky, making it difficult for people to look directly at it.

Only the elders of the sword pavilion who had reached at least the Dao Ancestor realm were qualified to preside over the seven-story sword pavilion!

This represented the suppressing power of a region.

It represented the identity of a strong figure among the top powers of the Upper Three Heavens.

And it also represented the pinnacle of the Sword Dao's treasures!

Nowadays, with the great changes in the world, there were several elders who were in charge of the seven-story sword pavilion in this realm, and no one knew where they were.

At this moment, a figure of the seven-story sword pavilion unexpectedly appeared in the hands of the Valley Master of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley!

Who could have expected, who would dare to think of it?

Whether it was Li Qingshi or other masters of various sects, their faces were filled with astonishment.

Li Qingshi had thought that inside this jade box, there might be a sword, a pill, or a token...

The few elders of the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley who had already shown signs of rebellion stood trembling, their faces pale.

“Sword pavilion.” As he watched the seven levels of sword light hovering, and the sword dragon laughing proudly at the sky, Du Chengshan gritted his teeth and growled.

What in the world could be more infuriating and frustrating than planning for everything but ending up in failure?

In front of a seven-story sword pavilion, no one dared to move, so how could they talk about dividing the medicine valley?

Who would dare to discuss dividing the medicine valley in front of the strong figure in charge of the seven-story sword pavilion?

“Sword pavilion, sword pavilion...” Li Qingshi muttered to himself, looking up at the majestic sword pavilion in front of him, and suddenly burst into laughter.

“I understand.

“No wonder, no wonder.”

His eyes sparkled as he looked at the figures in front of him, who stood motionless and bewildered.

“So, you want to split my Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley?”

Every figure he saw couldn’t help but retreat in panic, unable to meet his gaze.

Even when the world was unchanged, how many dared to stand proudly before the seven-story sword pavilion in the Upper Three Heavens?

Even Du Chengshan took an imperceptible step back, evading Li Qingshi’s gaze.

These elders who had shared joys and sorrows, most of them began to flicker and avoid his gaze.

“Heh, indeed, it’s in times of adversity that true intentions are revealed...”

Li Qingshi shook his head, feeling somewhat disheartened for a moment.

“My Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley has survived the crisis of the sect’s destruction before, so why now—”

He lowered his head and muttered softly, "In the end, it's the scattering of human hearts."

In times of life and death, everyone united as one, even if it meant death.

But after surviving the great catastrophe, the temptations from various sects caused people's hearts to scatter.

If even the Upper Three Heavens could collapse, let alone a Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley?

Instead of guarding this chaotic medicine valley, it would be better to bring the spiritual herbs, pills, various alchemy texts, and disciples of the sect, and join other sects.

During these days, the chips offered by various sects had become extremely tempting.

"Buzz!"

Beams of sword light descended.

Dan Mingtao's expression was solemn as he landed in the hall. He looked at the seven-story Sword Pavilion and remained silent.

Sword Pavilion.

It was indeed the Sword Pavilion.

This was what everyone in the hall thought.

Many people heaved a sigh of relief.

The unknown was what was terrifying.

Knowing that the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley had joined the Sword Pavilion, they were no longer as fearful.

The Sword Pavilion was not invincible in the Upper Heaven Region.

The experts of the various sects in the hall looked at Dan Mingtao.

They needed an explanation.

Dan Mingtao's gaze was fixed on the seventh floor of the Sword Pavilion. His lips were tightly shut, and he did not say a word.

The disciples of the Sword Pavilion who followed him all looked puzzled.

They were also stunned.

Li Qingshi looked at Dan Mingtao and looked around. “Disperse. We’ll settle the matter of our Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley ourselves.”

A white-bearded old man’s expression darkened. Just as he was about to step forward and speak, he was stopped by his fellow disciples.

The others looked at each other and slowly left the hall.

“Fellow Daoist Dan, we’ll settle the matter of my Medicine Valley ourselves,” Li Qingshi said softly when only the people from the Medicine Valley and the disciples of the Sword Pavilion were left in the hall.

Dan Mingtao nodded and led the group of sword cultivators out of the hall.

Seeing the Sword Pavilion disciple leave, Li Qingshi raised his hand. The seven-story Sword Pavilion shook, and sword qi turned into a long dragon that circled the hall.

“Since you’ve made up your mind, you can bring your disciples out of the medicinal valley. You can also take away the spiritual herbs and spiritual pills of your lineage.”

Li Qingshi’s eyes were cold as he said in a low voice, “But we can’t take away any of the inheritance books of the Medicine Valley.”

After Li Qingshi finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Could he leave the medicine valley?

After going around in circles, in the end, he could still leave the medicine valley?

In the hall, the Elders looked at each other with bitter expressions.

If they had known that Li Qingshi had a seventh-story Sword Pavilion and had the backing of the Sword Pavilion, who would be willing to betray the Medicine Valley?

Nowhere else could be as comfortable as the Medicine Valley!

Unfortunately, now that their intentions had been revealed, it was impossible to stay even if they wanted to.

“Fellow senior brothers and sisters, from now on, from now on, sigh...” an old man with white hair clasped his hands, choked with emotion for a moment.

The others’ eyes were reddening one by one.

If it weren’t for the fact that the world was difficult, who would be willing to leave the Medicine Valley?

After all, living in the medicine valley for thousands of years, it was impossible not to have emotions.

Parting ways today and seeking a living in other sects would never be as comfortable as in the Medicine Valley.

Outside the hall, the experts from various sects glared at Dan Mingtao.

Those whose cultivation and the strength of their sects were insufficient also stood not far away, staring at the disciples of the Sword Pavilion.

“Friend Dan, you were involved in the formation of this alliance.” An old man in a bright yellow Daoist robe glared at Shan Mingtao and spoke coldly.

“Hmph, as a sword cultivator, I didn’t expect you to do such a treacherous thing,” someone said coldly.

“Betrayal?” Sword light slowly condensed on Dan Mingtao’s body.

## **Chapter 960 - 960 This Seven-Story Sword Pavilion Has Nothing to Do with the Upper Heaven Region's Sky Reaching Sword Pavilion (2)**

960 This Seven-Story Sword Pavilion Has Nothing to Do with the Upper Heaven Region’s Sky Reaching Sword Pavilion (2)

At once, numerous ice crystals formed within the surrounding void.



An icy chill spread instantly.

All the surrounding experts who had gathered became alert and retreated.

“We all have selfish motives when it comes to dividing the Alchemy Dao Holy Land. Why bother talking about righteousness?”

A dangerous cold light flickered in Dan Mingtao’s eyes.

“I don’t mind killing some insignificant people to keep this matter from being known.”

With a single sentence, the surrounding space froze.

Those whose cultivation and backing were insufficient turned pale.

If this was the intention of the Sword Pavilion and several major sects, there would be no more than 10 sects left at the end of today!

Fortunately, the void trembled. The people from the Yuling Dao Sect, the Limitless Dao Sect, and the other large sects flew down and stood opposite Dan Mingtao.

“Fellow Daoist Dan, you’ve crossed the line.”

“Dan Mingtao, does your Sword Pavilion really want to monopolize the Medicinal Valley?”

“The situation today doesn’t have to come to this.”

Some spoke coldly in opposition, some advised in kind words, and some sighed softly.

The atmosphere eased slightly.

At this moment, Li Qingshi, who was supporting the seven-story Sword Pavilion, walked out of the main hall and said lightly, “Gentlemen, those who come out from my Medicine Valley, I hope you treat them well.”

Treat him well?

What did that mean?

The gazes of the crowd flickered as they looked towards the main hall.

Their divine senses intertwined, and in just a moment, everyone knew about Li Qingshi’s decision in the hall.

Li Qingshi dismissed the elders and allowed them to make their own choices.

This made all the sects in front of the main hall full of joy.

Although they couldn't completely divide the Cloud Valley Medicine Valley, everyone gained something.

No sect in the Upper Three Heavens could compare to the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley in terms of alchemy.

"Fellow Daoist Dan, since things have come to this, it doesn't seem appropriate for your Sword Pavilion to monopolize the books, right?" Du Chengshan looked up at Dan Mingtao, narrowed his eyes, and said softly.

Dismissing the elders but leaving the scriptures in the Medicine Valley.

These scriptures were treasures that were a hundred times more valuable than spiritual herbs and pills.

As Du Chengshan's words fell, everyone turned their heads to look at Dan Mingtao, waiting for his answer.

Did the Sword Pavilion want to keep the scriptures to themselves? They couldn't agree to that.

"Boom!"

Dan Mingtao's answer was that the sword light gathered on his body slashed down.

Outside Du Chengshan's body, layers of golden light barriers appeared. After shattering the twelve layers of light barriers, they blocked the sword light.

Since he dared to provoke them, he indeed had the right to do so.

The atmosphere in front of the hall instantly became tense.

The Sword Pavilion disciples unsheathed their swords, and all kinds of spiritual lights appeared in the Five Goat Pavilion.

If the Sword Pavilion was still the same as before, the Five Goat Pavilion would definitely value peace.

However, who was the master of the Upper Heavenly Domain today? Who didn't want to touch it?

In the cultivation world, the one thing that was never lacking was these struggles for power.

Dan Mingtao's expression was calm as he slowly raised his sword.

"Everyone, you might have misunderstood," Li Qingshi, who had been silent all this while, suddenly said loudly.

Misunderstanding?

Misunderstanding what?

In such a situation, what else was there to hide?

Du Chengshan sneered and looked at Li Qing.

Li Qingshi glanced at Du Chengshan and said loudly, "Fellow Daoist Han Muye temporarily left this Sword Pavilion for me, to be used when I encounter danger.

"This seven-story sword pavilion has nothing to do with the Upper Heaven Region's Heaven Reaching Sword Pavilion."

Nothing to do with it!

It was not the sword pavilion, but Han Muye!

The hall fell silent in an instant.

Dan Mingtao slowly turned around and stared at Li Qingshi.

"Are you telling the truth?"

No one present knew better than Dan Mingtao what the seven stories of the Sword Pavilion represented.

In his current sect, the seven-story Sword Pavilion was the strongest combat strength.

Each of the three elders who controlled the seven-story sword tower was a powerful figure in the sect.

It was because of seeing this seven-story sword tower that Dan Mingtao would spare no effort to protect the Medicine Valley, even at the cost of a battle.

But now, Li Qingshi actually said that this seven-story sword tower was left by Han Muye.

Who was Han Muye?

He was just a trial disciple of the Sword Pavilion. What qualifications did he have to control the seven-story sword pavilion?

Or rather, with his strength, how could he control a seven-story sword pavilion?

Be it Dan Mingtao, Du Chengshan, or the others, they all had strange expressions on their faces.

“Hehe, how could I dare to lie about such matters?” Li Qingshi held the seven-story sword tower in his hand, looking ahead.

“All of you are fellow cultivators from the Upper Heaven Region. I believe you wouldn’t do something against righteousness and try to seize the treasures of my Medicine Valley, right?”

“Or perhaps you want to wait and see what this Han Muye has to rely on, why he has a seven-story sword pavilion in his hands, and whether he truly has no connection to the sword pavilion?”

Li Qingshi’s words were not polite.

He was slapping them in the face.

He was outright accusing them, saying that they were unfaithful and now lacked the courage to trouble him. They were simply fearing Han Muye.

If you have the guts, make your move now and see what the outcome will be when Han Muye returns.

However, the experts from various sects outside the hall remained silent.

Han Muye’s departure, leaving behind this seven-story sword tower, was clearly meant to be a deterrent.

Anyone who made a move would undoubtedly be seen as a scapegoat, a tool for others to establish dominance.

Who wouldn't be afraid of a seven-story Sword Pavilion?

"In the Dao battlefield, the Heavenly Mystic's Prime Minister Han, what other identity does this person have that we don't know about?" A black-robed old man looked at the others with a dark expression.

Just based on his identity as the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, how could he have a seven-story sword pavilion?

"Hmph, a mere cultivator from outside the Immortal Source World, how influential could he be?" Du Chengshan snorted, his hands behind his back, speaking lightly.

The various sects in the Upper Three Heavens had always been proud.

The Upper Three Heavens' pride in suppressing this world and being the cultivation holy land came from its countless years of strength.