

Pavilion 971

Chapter 971 - 971 Stepping into the Five Sheep Pavilion to Catch Sheep

971 Stepping into the Five Sheep Pavilion to Catch Sheep

The Sword Pavilion, the number one martial arts sect in the Upper Three Heavens, a holy land of swordsmanship in the world.

There was still a long way to go from the mountain gate to the grand hall where the peak of power was.

However, Zhao Yu arrived at the magnificent and splendid grand hall, with its flying eaves and towering corners resembling a celestial city, in just 15 minutes.

It was because he had a piece of green jade token in his hand.

This was the token for authorized disciples to control the sword, and in the entire sect, only a few elite disciples had this plaque, apart from the elder-level figures.

“Senior brother, Zhao Yu has arrived with the Sword Control Token. Returning it.” In front of the 99 green jade steps, Zhao Yu bowed respectfully, holding the jade token in his hands and presenting it.

He was just an ordinary inner sect deacon disciple. How could he be qualified to wield this Sword Control Token?

The middle-aged swordsman standing in front of the steps glanced at Zhao Yu but did not take the token. He said calmly, "Go inside the grand hall first. The elders have been waiting for a long time."

Zhao Yu was taken aback for a moment, quickly withdrew the token, and stepped onto the stone steps in a hurry.

The entrance to the grand hall was wide, with each corridor pillar as thick as a zhang, resembling towering dragons.

The oppressive majesty in front of the grand hall made people tremble all over.

Taking a deep breath, Zhao Yu adjusted his clothes and walked briskly into the grand hall.

The grand hall was noisy at the moment, but as soon as Zhao Yu entered, it instantly fell silent.

With each step on the greenish-gray terrazzo floor, Zhao Yu felt as if he was carrying a mountain on his back.

Every gaze in the grand hall belonged to at least a Half-Sage, powerful beings who condensed the Great Dao!

The casual release of the Great Dao's power in those gazes could shake one's soul and freeze one's body and blood.

After only seven or eight steps, Zhao Yu felt weak all over, his face turning red, and he was on the verge of sitting on the ground.

“Alright.”

Just then, a voice sounded from the front, and the grand hall seemed to be caressed by a gentle breeze. Zhao Yu suddenly felt relieved, and all the oppressive force dissipated.

Raising his head, he saw several old men in green robes sitting at the front.

Among them, one of them raised his hand and made a gesture, causing his figure to uncontrollably collide forward and land in the center of the grand hall.

“Zhao Yu, greetings to the elders.”

“So, you are Zhao Yu.” The elder at the head glanced over and then said, “Are you acquainted with Han Muye?”

Zhao Yu hurriedly nodded and recounted the process of his acquaintance with Han Muye in the Suwei World.

When he finished speaking, someone nearby spoke up, “Indeed, unparalleled in swordsmanship, with a divine beast avatar, this is indeed the esteemed Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han.”

Zhao Yu turned his head and saw a young man dressed in a white robe, with a calm expression, standing there.

When Zhao Yu looked at him, the young man smiled and nodded in acknowledgment.

Bai Yuming.

Among the junior disciples of the Sword Pavilion, he was the number one in terms of cultivation and combat power among all the junior disciples in the entire Upper Three Heavens.

In the past, there was a ranking in the Upper Three Heavens and the elite disciples of each major sect were listed on it.

Those hidden experts and peak powerhouses were not evaluated for their combat power, so the ranking was specifically for elite disciples.

Zhao Yu knew Bai Yuming because he was an elite among the elites of the Sword Pavilion.

Never did he expect that one day he would have the opportunity to interact with such a person.

“Yuming, although the Han Muye that Zhao Yu mentioned has Baxia’s avatar and his sword techniques are powerful, it’s not much different from what you said and the rumors say,” an Elder said with a frown.

“Indeed, if the gap between these two individuals cannot be bridged within a hundred years, then Han Muye’s talent and comprehension in cultivation are truly terrifying,” nodded another elder, speaking in a low voice.

The news brought back by Bai Yuming and the others about the Heavenly Mystic was shocking.

The strength of the Heavenly Mystic, the strength of the Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han, was difficult to resist even in the current Upper Heaven Region.

Faced with the overwhelming might of the Heavenly Mystic, if the forces in the Upper Three Heavens couldn’t unite, there was a danger of being annihilated.

If one or two individuals said such things, no one in the Upper Three Heavens would believe them.

However, all the elites who returned reported that the Heavenly Mystic army was so powerful that even Heavenly Venerables didn’t dare to face them directly. The Heavenly Mystic’s Minister Han was extremely powerful and could even kill Heavenly Venerables.

These people couldn’t all be lying together.

So now, the various factions had to consider their relationship with Heavenly Mystic, how to deal with it, and how to befriend Han Muye.

“I don’t think the Han Muye Zhao Yu is talking about is necessarily Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic Realm. On the other hand, according to the information from the six pavilions of the Scattered Stars Island, that person who can set up the Heart Refinement Sword Array and pass the test of the six pavilions is Prime Minister Han.”

At the head of the table, a white-bearded old man narrowed his eyes and said softly.

Many people in the hall nodded.

Zhao Yu stood there and listened quietly.

He knew that these Elders did not believe him.

Even he found it difficult to imagine that the Han Muye he had met in the Suwei World was the current Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic Sect, a peerless expert who had swept through the dead stars with a single strike.

All sorts of guesses sounded in the hall.

The Immortal Source World was too big. The Upper Three Heavens was too big. Anything was possible.

“The seven-story Sword Pavilion in Li Qingshi’s hands is not fake.” At the head of the table, an Elder spoke, causing the hall to fall silent.

Even if there were countless possibilities, the seven-story sword pagoda was a fact.

“Elder Jin is right. Heaven Mystic Prime Minister Han also has a seven-story Sword Pavilion in his hands. Furthermore,” Bai Yuming said loudly, “there are at least 10 million hidden swords inside.”

Seven floors of the Sword Pavilion that contained tens of millions of swords!

Even though this was not the first time they heard this, there were still gasps in the hall.

Many people quietly looked up at the expressions of the Elders at the head of the hall.

Currently, there was only one Elder in charge of the eighth level of the Sword Pavilion in this hall. The other three were all at the seventh level.

In other words, be it Han Muye, who appeared in the medicine valley, or Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic, holding the position of overseeing a seven-story Sword Pavilion, they were top-notch elders when they entered.

Chapter 972 - 972 Stepping into the Five Sheep Pavilion to Catch Sheep (2)

972 Stepping into the Five Sheep Pavilion to Catch Sheep (2)

The Sword Pavilion was without a master, and the elders held the power.

An Elder represented a faction's authority.

"Zhao Yu, along with Han Muye, you went to search for the place where the senior sword cultivator attained enlightenment. How did it go? Did you witness Han Muye's actions?" A voice resonated from the side of the great hall.

Dan Mingtao, dressed in a black robe, sat in the lower left position, looking at Zhao Yu.

That was the reason Zhao Yu could come to the great hall today.

Be it Heavenly Mystic or the Medicine Valley, they already knew Han Muye very well.

Only this time, Zhao Yu was accompanying Han Muye in exploring the secret location of sword cultivation.

Of all people, Zhao Yu knew best about Han Muye's strength.

Everyone in the hall looked at Zhao Yu again.

A faint suppression of spiritual power made Zhao Yu's face pale.

He took a deep breath and looked around, saying, "Esteemed elders, the strength of Han Muye's swordsmanship and his astonishing comprehension is beyond imagination."

He recounted the journey to the secret location, mentioning the desolate star where it was located.

At this point, a hint of confusion appeared in his eyes. "When we stepped onto that star, it transformed from desolation to lushness, with illusory figures of cities and characters appearing."

“Originally, we thought it was a formation arranged by the senior in the secret location, a kind of illusionary array.”

“But later on, I guessed that this might be Brother Han’s method.”

Zhao Yu lowered his voice and said, “I remember Brother Han telling his Dao Companion, Fairy Mu, that he wanted to show her the scenery.”

Throughout the journey, Han Muye indeed didn’t take the exploration of the secret location seriously.

There was no scenery on the dead star, so he used illusions to set up a scenery?

The Elders in the hall looked at each other.

“Minister Han of Tianxuan has already comprehended the Dao of Time.” Bai Yuming’s voice was solemn.

The Dao of Time!

The Dao of Time? The scenery he saw was all the glory from ten thousand years ago?

The sword technique of the Sword Venerable Yulu allowed one to comprehend its sword technique.

Even the Sword Venerable Yulu praised the power of the sword.

The branches that supported the sky covered the stars.

“Minister Han, Minister Han has a supreme treasure in his hand. It was this wooden branch that sealed the Immortal Ascension Platform back then!” Bai Yuming stared at Zhao Yu and raised his hand. A phantom appeared.

In the phantom, Han Muye stood in front of the huge tree that supported the sky. Sword Qi surrounded his body, and thousands of swords accompanied him.

Zhao Yu also raised his hand, and spiritual energy turned into a phantom. In Yulu City, Han Muye’s sword flew out, and 10,000 swords turned into streams of light.

“This is Prime Minister Han.”

“This is Brother Han.”

There are too many methods in the world to change one’s appearance.

Relying solely on the recognition of a figure’s illusion would make the cultivation world full of fraudsters.

At this moment, Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming recognized Han Muye's combat strength and appearance. Only then did the two of them dare to confirm that Han Muye, who had appeared in the medicine valley, was the same person as Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han.

Unparalleled talent, extraordinary comprehension, unmatched swordsmanship.

In the hall, everyone looked at the two phantoms and was speechless.

"Han Muye arrived in the Upper Three Heavens after the Dao Battle ended. What he planned..." A green-robed Daoist stared at the two phantoms and whispered.

The Heavenly Mystic World had the power to annex the Upper Heaven Region.

"No matter what, Han Muye and our Sword Pavilion are friends, not enemies," said the old man sitting in the middle.

Elder Qi Yu, who was in charge of the eight-story Sword Pavilion and was currently the guardian elder of the Sword Pavilion, had a cultivation level at the Dao Ancestor realm.

This was the strongest expert of the Sword Pavilion at the moment, the stabilizer of the competition between the Sword Pavilion and the various factions in the Upper Heaven Region.

"The world has undergone great changes, the Upper Three Heavens has collapsed, and the powerful beings have ascended to the Immortal Realm. My cultivation and life span have already withered. I know that even if I pass the Immortal Ascension Platform, I will only die in the Spirit-Transformation Pool." Qi Yu looked down, his eyes filled with a hint of regret.

“I voluntarily chose to stay in this realm because I want to protect the Sword Pavilion with my last years.”

“However, my cultivation and combat strength have already declined. If I were to encounter top-tier powerhouses in battle, I’m afraid I can only fight to the death.

“The Sword Pavilion will need you to protect it in the end.”

After Dao Ancestor Qi Yu finished speaking, the atmosphere in the great hall grew increasingly heavy.

The Sword Pavilion still looked powerful, but it lacked high-end combat strength.

Qi Yu, as a Dao Ancestor, could only intimidate others and no longer possessed the true power to suppress all factions.

If he died, the top experts of the Sword Pavilion would not be able to contend against other forces. They would lose their status as a sacred land of sword cultivation and the ability to compete against major sects like the Yuling Dao Sect and the other Upper Heaven Region sects.

“Senior Brother, I understand what you mean.” An elder beside Dao Ancestor Qi Yu nodded.

“The Heavenly Mystic and Minister Han have a deep relationship with our Sword Pavilion. Our Sword Pavilion will do our best to ally with them.

“Even if, one day, we have the support of the Heavenly Mystic and Han Muye as allies, the Sword Pavilion will still be a holy land.”

Even if Dao Ancestor Qi Yu died one day, the Sword Pavilion would not decline instantly.

Although his words were implicit, they were straightforward.

“Everyone, the Upper Heaven Region doesn’t seem to be in chaos yet, but there are already hidden waves surging.

“You’ve also seen the danger of the Medicine Valley.

“Although our Sword Pavilion is filled with sword cultivators who do things in a carefree manner, sometimes, we should have more plans.”

The expressions of everyone in the hall changed when the two elders in charge of the seven-story Sword Pavilion spoke.

Without the Sword Pavilion, even if their combat strength was powerful, it was impossible for them to have such resources in the Upper Heaven Region.

Only by protecting the Sword Pavilion could he protect everything in his hands.

“From what Yuming and Zhao Yu said, and from the rumors, Han Muye’s talent and Comprehension are excellent. He also has the experience of controlling a large faction.”

Qi Yu narrowed his eyes and said softly, “If necessary, we can invite him to the Sword Pavilion.”

“My Heaven Ascension Sword Pavilion has been ownerless for hundreds of thousands of years.”

Chapter 973 - 973 Stepping into the Five Sheep Pavilion to Catch Sheep (3)

973 Stepping into the Five Sheep Pavilion to Catch Sheep (3)

Taking control of the Sword Pavilion!

Zhao Yu’s eyes widened.

Inside the main hall, many people were also astonished, their mouths agape.

A pleased expression appeared on Bai Yuming’s face.

After a moment of silence, the tone in the hall was finally set.

Observing while approaching Han Muye to make acquaintances.

“The task of making acquaintances with Han Muye will be entrusted to Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming.” Elder Lu Yuansheng, who presided over the seven-story Sword Pavilion, made the decision.

Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming both bowed to the elder.

“Elder, I suggest that Senior Brother Zhao Yu be appointed as a deacon elder in charge, as he and Han Xiang are like brothers.” Bai Yuming spoke up loudly.

Deacon Elder.

Until he walked out of the main hall, Zhao Yu felt a bit dazed.

Now he was already an elder of the Sword Pavilion.

Although it was all symbolic, this position as an elder in charge only gave him the power to mobilize some resources to make acquaintances with Han Muye.

But no matter what, he was an Elder now!

An elder of the Upper Heaven Region’s Sword Dao sect!

“Senior Brother Bai—” Zhao Yu finally spoke as he stood on the stone steps, but Bai Yuming quickly cupped his hands, saying, “Elder Zhao, please don’t address me like that. Just call me Nephew Yuming. You are the elder.”

Elder.

Zhao Yu smiled wryly and nodded. He cupped his hands and said, "Thank you, Yuming."

"I wonder what we should do now?"

How do I do that?

Bai Yuming pondered for a moment and said, "Since Minister Han has arrangements in the Medicine Valley, let's go there. We'll establish some connections with Li Qingshi and wait for Minister Han to return."

Having been to the Dao Battlefield and witnessed Han Muye's actions, Bai Yuming believed that it was only a matter of time before the Heavenly Mystic swallowed the Upper Three Heavens.

In the current Upper Three Heavens, only these people who had returned from the Dao Battlefield would understand the future direction of this world.

"Alright, then let's go to the Medicine Valley." Zhao Yu nodded and gathered with Bai Yuming. The next morning, he led a team of sword cultivators to the Medicine Valley.

At this moment, the Han Muye they were waiting for did not go straight to the medicine valley.

Han Muye and Mu Wan drove the flying ship. At this moment, they were outside a chaotic star outside the Upper Three Heavens.

“Senior Brother, is this the base of the Five Sheep Pavilion?”

Mu Wan looked at the messy stars and meteorites and spoke in confusion.

The Five Sheep Pavilion could be considered a large faction in the Upper Three Heavens. Its business Dao was spread throughout the Immortal Source World, and it interacted with many surrounding worlds.

Such a large sect’s mountain gate was actually not in the Upper Three Heavens?

“That’s their cunning strategy.

“Not only is the Five Sheep Pavilion’s mountain gate not in the Upper Three Heavens, but there is more than one.

“Like a crafty rabbit with three burrows, they are even more cunning than rabbits. They have a total of five secret mountain gates.”

Han Muye looked at the chaotic meteorites ahead and chuckled. “The Five Sheep Pavilion is just a sheep here.”

He raised his hand, and a faint green light flashed, enveloping an area tens of thousands of feet in front of him.

The power of time!

Time overlapped!

In the void, figures appeared one after another, flying vessels shuttled, leaving behind clear paths!

This was the convergence of all the figures that had entered and exited this place over the past hundred years, overlapping a hundred years of the mortal world into a single line, naturally revealing the originally hidden routes.

“Let’s go, let’s catch the sheep together.”

Han Muye reached out and held Mu Wan’s hand, taking a step forward, merging with the green crowd of people and the phantom of the flying vessel in front of him.

Blending into time, their presence completely imperceptible to outsiders.

Having mastered the power of time and space, Han Muye became even more aware of the disparity between other powers and these two forces.

In the face of the power of time and space, other elemental powers were simply unable to compete.

Chapter 974 - 974 Returning to Medicine Valley, Ten Years of Cultivation

974 Returning to Medicine Valley, Ten Years of Cultivation

As they moved through the illusory space, Mu Wan turned her head and saw a gleaming halo in Han Muye's eyes.

"Senior Brother, what are you looking at?" she asked curiously.

"The person who travels through here the most must be the most familiar with the commercial path and also the most capable," he replied.

"The flying ship that travels through here the most must be the one that controls the commercial path the best.

"The person who is the fastest must have the highest cultivation.

"The one with the highest bearing must have a significant status in the Five Sheep Pavilion."

As Han Muye looked at those phantoms, he whispered softly.

Mu Wan paused for a moment and quickly turned her head to observe those figures.

After seeing many figures appear repeatedly and witnessing the brilliance on many flying boats, she nodded involuntarily.

“Buzz!”

After traveling thousands of miles, all the phantoms disappeared, and ahead there were no more scattered rocks, only emptiness.

“Who goes there!”

A low shout came, followed by the grating sound of countless bows and arrows being drawn.

A group of practitioners dressed in black robes and masked with iron armor descended from the sky, blocking Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Had they been discovered?

Mu Wan was somewhat puzzled.

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he whispered, “They excel at hiding, so their concealment and discernment techniques are naturally profound.

After speaking, a smile appeared on his face as he casually said, “Originally, I was also prepared to enter boldly.”

Enter boldly?

The leader of the black-robed guards in front raised his hand, and in an instant, countless long arrows tore through the void.

“Swoosh—”

“Woo—”

Shrill screams and trumpet sounds resounded simultaneously.

The security here was tight.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes. The sword box on his back shook, and a long sword appeared in his hand.

“Junior sister, I’ll take you in to capture the sheep.”

Holding Mu Wan’s hand, Han Muye swung his sword, and the sword light swept away all the arrows.

With a swift movement, he thrust his long sword forward.

“Boom!”

A thousand-mile sword mark directly shattered the void.

A colorful sword mark remained in the air as Han Muye stepped on it, covering 10 miles in a single stride, as if taking a leisurely stroll.

A sword spanning a thousand miles!

This sudden cross-shaped sword mark stunned the cultivators who had been preparing to charge forward.

Someone who could have such a sword move was at least a Heaven Realm Soul Formation cultivator!

Without a Heaven Realm cultivation, he was not even an ant in front of such a figure!

“Who dares to jest with the Five Sheep Pavilion?”

A voice sounded ahead as a gray stream of light collided with the sword mark.

“Boom!”

The sword mark shook and shattered the gray stream of light.

“Who—who the hell are you?”

“Woo—”

Cries of alarm and mournful trumpet sounds resounded simultaneously.

Han Muye stood on the sword mark, nodding. “Indeed, a sect that navigates the commercial path is rarely this vigilant.”

He stood on the sword mark, waiting silently.

In the void, figures began to appear one by one.

“Buzz!”

Golden light arrays rose one after another.

Various streams of light intertwined in Han Muye’s eyes.

“So many treasures.”

This grand array is quite extravagant.”

Mu Wan looked at the floating spiritual lights and said softly.

The radiance emanating from the light arrays consumed tens of thousands of spiritual rocks with each flicker.

And those streams of light, each one was a treasure.

“Only sword cultivators are poor. The commercial path and the Daoist sects are all wealthy,” Han Muye said with a smile as he looked ahead.

In the front void, figures began to emerge.

One sage realm expert and three half-sages.

There were also dozens of Divine Transformation cultivators whose bodies emitted radiant light.

“Han Muye?”

When the leading Daoist saw Han Muye, his expression darkened slightly. He cupped his hands and said, “Prime Minister Han, greetings from Five Sheep Pavilion’s Gong Qi.”

He glanced at the sword mark under Han Muye's feet. "I wonder why Prime Minister Han is here?"

Han Muye was not surprised that the Five Sheep Pavilion recognized him.

After all, it was a sect that traversed the commercial path. If they didn't know his identity by now, it would be impossible for them to amass such wealth.

"Your Five Sheep Pavilion intercepted me. You should give me an explanation, right?" Han Muye's expression did not change as he said calmly.

Intercepted!

The expressions of everyone on the opposite side changed.

Gong Qi's expression changed. After pondering for a moment, he cupped his hands and said, "Minister Han, our Five Sheep Pavilion rose from the commercial path and values peace. The interception was arranged by Du Chengshan. We will hand him over to you and compensate you—"

Before he could finish speaking, a surge of sword intent suddenly emanated from Han Muye.

"Compensate?"

The sword intent on his body slowly condensed, turning into a phantom spanning tens of thousands of feet.

“How are you going to compensate me?”

The oppressive force emanating from the sword’s light shadow chilled the people around him.

The figures in the surrounding void trembled and retreated, even the light arrays continued to tremble.

One by one, the floating treasures fell into their owners’ hands, exuding a sense of fear.

“What can you offer as compensation to this lord?”

With a single glance, he suppressed everything in his surroundings.

The immense sword intent emanating from Han Muye at this moment suffocated everyone.

Gong Qi’s expression became solemn as he looked at Han Muye. “I don’t know what Minister Han desires.”

Han Muye’s arrival in such a manner was clearly not for reconciliation.

His ability to arrive silently and without notice had already exceeded the Five Sheep Pavilion’s expectations.

Now it was a matter of whether they could compensate heavily and make Han Muye leave.

Otherwise, they would have to fight.

The Five Sheep Pavilion had accumulated countless treasures and formations over many years, but they didn't know if they could withstand such a formidable opponent.

"I want the Five Sheep Pavilion," Han Muye said softly.

His words were understated, yet they felt like thunder.

The surrounding experts were all panic-stricken.

Gong Qi and the three Half-Sages behind him had complicated expressions.

Ever since several powerful beings guarding the Five Sheep Pavilion left, they had a premonition that this day would come.

However, he did not expect it to be so soon, nor did he expect that the first person to speak would not be the Dao Sect or the Sword Pavilion, but the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic.

Chapter 975 - 975 Returning to Medicine Valley, Ten Years of Cultivation (2)

975 Returning to Medicine Valley, Ten Years of Cultivation (2)

Du Chengshan and others were instigating and exerting their dominance outside, all to prevent various forces from having the time to target the Five Sheep Pavilion.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as planned.

Who could have anticipated that beyond the Upper Three Heavens, there was another Heavenly Mystic faction and Prime Minister Han plotting against him?

"You want my Five Sheep Pavilion?"

"Let's see whether Prime Minister Han is qualified for such ambitions."

Gong Qi snorted coldly and stepped back. The spiritual radiance on his body merged with that of the surrounding cultivators, and the dim light array on him lit up.

Within a vast radius, a curtain of light formed a net, various treasures floated in mid-air, harmonizing with the light array and emanating boundless power, all crashing towards Han Muye.

Mu Wan raised her hand and the whip grass appeared in her palm.

Han Muye shook his head and raised the sword in his hand.

In the current Upper Three Heavens, no one could stop the sword in his hand.

The defensive formation of the Five Sheep was not bad, but unfortunately, it lacked a true strong presence.

A sage, who only practiced the commercial path and was not proficient in battle, dared to fight against him?

The sword thrust forward.

“Boom!”

The light array trembled and then exploded!

With a single sword strike, he broke the sealing formation of the Five Sheep Pavilion!

When Han Muye walked out of the unstable light array while holding the long sword, whether it was Gong Qi and the others in front or the surrounding elite guards, all had a stunned expression.

The protective formation of the Five Sheep Pavilion was capable of suppressing Dao ancestors and withstanding Heavenly Venerables!

“You have 10 breaths to consider.”

Han Muye raised his sword.

“The Five Sheep Pavilion has five resident locations. I don’t mind using you as an example to warn the others.”

In less than 10 breaths.

In less than three breaths, Gong Qi already bowed.

He thought that the other party was like a sword cultivator.

Two hours later, Han Muye stood behind the hall of the Five Goat Pavilion, while Gong Qi and several other powerful individuals stood respectfully.

“Minister Han, , this is the symbol of defense for the Five Sheep Pavilion.

“Once you gain the approval of this Five Sheep Cauldron, you will be the master here.”

In front of Han Muye, a towering bronze pentagonal cauldron stood.

On this bronze cauldron were five sheep heads, each facing a different direction.

There were converging spiritual patterns on it.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and let his divine sense envelop it.

“Buzz!”

The cauldron trembled, and a green celestial aura enveloped Han Muye’s body.

Before Han Muye, a lush green grassland appeared.

An old man with a staff in his hand and a hunched back looked up at him.

“Baxia?” The old man squinted his eyes and said softly, “It’s been a long time...”

“A sheep?” Han Muye nodded. “I thought it was you.

“The path of gathering wealth, only a sheep can do it.”

Han Muye waved his hand, and a stone stool and stone table appeared in front of him.

On the stone table, there were fruits and a wine jug.

Sitting on the stone stool, Han Muye poured two cups of wine.

“It’s easy if it’s a sheep. In the future, the Five Sheep Pavilion will follow me.”

He raised his wine cup and looked at the old man across from him.

The old man smiled as he sat on the stone stool but didn’t raise his cup.

“Baxia, back in the desolate wilderness, the relationships among us ancient divine beasts were not harmonious. Even when the wilderness shattered, we scattered in different directions. Why should I serve you?”

They were all divine beasts, and Baxia, as an ancient divine beast, was not overwhelmingly powerful back then.

In the desolate wilderness, there were many powerful divine beast races.

The old man looked at Han Muye, and Han Muye brought the cup of wine to his lips, taking a sip.

“I can wipe out everyone from the Five Sheep Pavilion.”

The old man’s face stiffened, he stared at Han Muye intently, and after a moment, he shook his head and sighed softly, “So that’s how it is.

“I thought you were the Baxia of the past, but it turns out that you only fused with Baxia’s power and didn’t inherit the nature of the Baxia clan.

“Very well, since you are still a divine beast, it’s a good thing to entrust the Five Sheep Pavilion to you.”

The old man raised his wine cup, brought it to his lips, and drank it all in one gulp.

“But there’s one thing I hope you will agree to.”

Staring at Han Muye, the old man emphasized each word, “One day, take me to the Desolate Wilderness.”

Desolate Wilderness!

Not the Desolate Wilderness!

That was a place Han Muye had only heard the name from ancient legends.

“Don’t worry, that’s the destination for divine beasts. You will eventually go there,” the old man said softly, looking at Han Muye.

“Very well, if I go, I will definitely take you with me,” Han Muye nodded.

The old man laughed and raised his hand. A green sheep horn appeared. "Very well, if I go, I will definitely take you with me," Han Muye nodded.

Han Muye reached out and grasped the sheep horn, and his figure disappeared on the spot.

The lush green grassland slowly turned into nothingness, while the old man remained in his original position, a smile on his face.

When the green light curtain in the main hall disappeared, the large pentagonal cauldron in front of Han Muye had also vanished.

He opened his hand, holding a piece of jade-colored sheep horn.

"Gong Qi pays respects to the Lord." Gong Qi's face showed joy as he quickly bowed.

Others followed suit in paying their respects.

Han Muye didn't linger here for long.

After taking away the valuable resources and treasures from this place, he left with Mu Wan.

This was just one of the five residences of the Five Sheep Pavilion, and there were four others that he needed to subdue.

However, he didn't need to take action personally. Gong Qi would pass on the news of him obtaining the Five Sheep Cauldron to the other four residences.

The people from the other four Five Sheep Pavilion residences would bring the remaining four Five Sheep Cauldrons to the Medicinal Valley.

It was only when they had left the residence of the Five Sheep Pavilion that Han Muye slowly took out the jade-colored goat horn and a wine jug on the flying ship.

His gaze fell on the wine jug, and his expression became solemn.

He had taken out this wine jug in that illusory realm, and now there was one less cup of wine in it.

At that time, he clearly poured two cups of wine, one for himself and one for the old man.

He had already finished his own cup, and he had watched the old man drink his.

But now, there was only one cup's worth of wine missing from the jug.

Chapter 976 - 976 Returning to Medicine Valley, Ten Years of Cultivation (3)

976 Returning to Medicine Valley, Ten Years of Cultivation (3)

"In the ancient Primordial World, there was a divine beast called Unspeakable. It neither lived nor died, neither ate nor drank, and its lifespan was endless."

With a soft whisper, Han Muye reached out and grabbed the jade-colored horn.

The message from the goat horn was indeed from the ancient desolate divine beast, Qianyang.

A glint of excitement flashed in his eyes.

There were too many secrets in the world that could never be fully explored.

The Five Sheep Pavilion was a major force in the commercial world, not only running its own business but also entangling with various forces, allowing it to gather information from all sides.

This was beneficial to Han Muye.

“Perhaps we need to have the divine beasts from the Southern Wilderness bring the Nine Lives Cat Clan here.”

Putting away the horn and wine jug, Han Muye conjured a small jade conch in the palm of his hand.

This jade conch was also a variant of the Desolate Wilderness of the ancient era.

Within the jade conch lay a vast space, capable of devouring and storing countless treasures.

“Sister, could you help me organize the treasures inside?” Han Muye softly said as he handed the jade conch to Mu Wan.

He had no significant use for the jade conch himself; it would serve as a storage treasure for Mu Wan.

While Mu Wan happily inspected the treasures by the side, Han Muye crossed his legs, closed his eyes, and began to cultivate.

Frequent use of temporal power in recent times had deepened his comprehension of time and spatial power.

Now, his physical body and divine beast power had gradually merged, and his sword cultivation had reached its peak in this realm.

Transcending the void, invincible in the way of the sword.

The next step was to gather his own Dao and achieve the status of Dao Ancestor.

However, this matter was still unclear.

Although he had comprehended countless sword Dao, creating his own Dao was still a distant goal.

Dao Ancestor of the Sword.

There was no hurry. There were still 3,000 years before the Immortal Ascension Platform opened in this world. He could slowly cultivate and eventually comprehend his Sword Dao.

...

The flying ship continued on its journey, and after reaching the Upper Heaven Region, countless divine senses quietly followed.

“He’s here!”

“It really is him.”

“Be careful, he must have noticed us.”

The messages transmitted through the divine senses made Han Muye shake his head.

Had he become such a formidable presence in the Upper Three Heavens?

Ten days later, the flying boat returned to Medicine Valley.

This time, Li Qingshi led the remaining elders and went three thousand miles away from Medicine Valley to greet Han Muye in the void.

Han Muye's identity was already clear; he was a powerful figure who controlled the overall situation.

For Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, attaching itself to Han Muye was the best choice.

And in the eyes of the various forces, if Han Muye could firmly take control of Medicine Valley, it would also be the best choice.

If they didn't let him enter Medicine Valley, did they expect him to go to Sword Pavilion?

"Li Qingshi greets Prime Minister Han.

"Minister Han, Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley is willing to ally with the Heavenly Mystic and acknowledge you as our leader."

Li Qingshi stood before the flying boat, holding a seven-layered sword tower with both hands, and spoke respectfully.

On the flying boat, Han Muye descended to the deck and looked at Li Qingshi before calmly saying, "The Heavenly Mystic can form an alliance with Medicine Valley, but there's no need to acknowledge me as the leader.

"Just treat my Junior Sister as the Holy Maiden, and that will suffice."

...

Three days later, there was news from the Cloud Sky Medicine Valley that Mu Wan was the Holy Maiden of the Medicine Valley and was in charge of the Medicine Valley.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic was in seclusion in the Medicine Valley and did not participate in the conflicts among the various forces in the Upper Three Heavens.

This stirred up great speculation among the various factions.

In no time, chaos and battles erupted among the different forces.

This battle would last for 10 years.

In the span of 10 years, the major forces in the Heavenly Domain gradually emerged.

The Daoist Sects, the Yuling Dao Sect, Limitless Dao Sect, Chaos Heavenly Dao Sect, and the other six sects were respected.

The Sword Dao's Sword Pavilion, the Azure Sun Sword Sect, and the Zhiyuan Sword Sect were separated.

There were a total of 17 other major sects standing alongside them.

As for the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, it remained independent from these sects.

“I’m telling you, now that you have a beauty in your embrace, with her delicate charm and fragrance, have you stopped practicing the sword?” In a simple courtyard in Medicine Valley, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, with his shining sword aura, looked at Han Muye in front of him.

“The Heavenly Mystic has already unified the forces. The Ancient Cloud Galaxy army is gathering, and even the Endless Sea has unknown movements. Can you still sit comfortably here?”

Chapter 977 - 977 Reward for the Sword Dao Conference

977 Reward for the Sword Dao Conference

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian had just finished speaking when Han Muye looked up at him.

With that glance, a burst of sword intent suddenly erupted from Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s body, and the sword light soared into the sky, shining brilliantly.

“Buzz!”

He raised his hand and fiercely stabbed into the empty space in front of him.

The sword light was like a shooting star, colliding three feet in front of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian’s body.

“Clang—”

It sounded as if two long swords collided in the void, producing a clear and crisp resonance.

Within a yard, spiritual radiance ran rampant.

“Your mastery of spatial manipulation has reached such a level!” Sword Venerable Yuan Tian exclaimed.

With one glance as a sword, he crossed through space.

With such swordsmanship, how many in this realm could contend?

After a decade of not seeing each other, Han Muye’s cultivation had become terrifying!

Behind the small courtyard, Mu Wan, holding a tea tray, peeked out.

“Elder, would you like to drink Sword Heart or Sword Courage?”

In the small courtyard, as the spiritual radiance dispersed, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian slowly sheathed his sword, revealing a peculiar expression on his face. He walked to a stone bench in front and sat down.

“I’ve heard of Sword Heart, the top-tier tea from the Five Sheep Pavilion, containing the insight of the Sword Heart. It costs 20 million spiritual rocks per catty.”

“But what is Sword Courage?”

Speaking of this, he frowned again and said, “The Five Sheep Pavilion has been causing all sorts of trouble lately. I don’t know how many spiritual rocks they’ve earned. It’s best if you don’t get involved with them.

“A sword cultivator should have the demeanor of a sword cultivator.”

Han Muye smiled and said nothing.

Mu Wan approached with a teapot and two tea cups, placing them on the table. “Elder, Sword Courage is brewed by refining sword intent and infusing the essence of swordsmanship into the tea leaves.

“A myriad of sword intents can produce one catty of this tea.”

She handed the tea cups to Han Muye and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian before quietly retreating.

Han Muye picked up the teacup in front of him and took a sip.

Seeing that he did not care, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian sighed softly and picked up his teacup to drink it in one gulp.

As the tea entered his stomach, his expression instantly changed.

The previously restrained sword light on his body suddenly surged, like boiling waves in the clouds.

Streaks of sword intent pierced through the three-foot space around him.

Dressed in a jade-white gown that fluttered like the wind, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's eyes gleamed with brilliance.

"So, this is Sword Courage?"

Staring at Han Muye, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian said with emphasis, "Is this your Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?"

The sword intent on his body was gradually suppressed, but the surging vitality and spiritual radiance couldn't dissipate for a while.

A cup of tea made it impossible for even Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, such a grand master of swordsmanship, to suppress it!

“Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords—”

This was tea, but also a sword!

Han Muye put down the tea cup and whispered, “The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, where everything becomes a sword. It's truly difficult to find one's own Dao...”

Finding one's own Dao!

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked stunned, his lips trembling, but in the end, he couldn't utter a word.

To establish the Dao and become an ancestor.

Han Muye wanted to use all things as the Dao of the Sword to become the ancestor of the Sword Dao!

He had already found his own cultivation Dao on his Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

He lowered his head and looked at the tea cup in front of him, and radiant halos burst forth in Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's eyes.

This teacup was a sword, this water was a sword, and these tea leaves were a sword.

This cup of tea was a sword!

"No wonder you're ranked ninth in the Heavenly Rankings.

"With your Sword Dao, even if those old fellows haven't ascended, you can fight them."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian clenched his fists, a flicker of fighting spirit emanating from him.

He looked up at Han Muye and nodded and said, "I was negligent.

"You're right. Focus on the Sword Dao and don't ask about anything else. One's strength is everything.

“I’ve put too much thought into the Guangyuan Sword Sect, losing the pure pursuit of the Dao. In this aspect, I’m inferior to you.”

He let out a sigh and a hint of admiration appeared on his face.

“You’re in charge of a large faction like the Heavenly Mystic Realm and in such a chaotic world, but you’re actually unmoved and focused on the Sword Dao. How rare, how rare...”

Perhaps this was the secret to Han Muye’s improvement in cultivation in the past 10 years?

Thinking about it, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian felt a trace of regret.

How could a sword cultivator get involved in those conflicts?

No amount of turmoil was as satisfying as a single sword strike.

“I thought you were strategizing to enter the Heavenly Domain from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley. In these ten years, the Medicine Valley has indeed flourished, reclaiming its position as a holy land of alchemy through the sale of a large quantity of pills.

“I initially came here to tell you that leveraging alchemy to shift the balance of power is impossible. I neglected the Sword Dao, and now I see that it was my own negligence.”

Gently gripping the empty tea cup in front of him, letting the spiritual energy surge within him, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian murmured softly.

This cup of Sword Courage had shaken him greatly.

“Elder, taste this pill, Jade Dew.

“What do you think of Sword Courage?”

Mu Wan approached again, carrying a tray and placing two small cups on it.

These small jade cups contained clear and bright Jade Dew, with swirling pill energy floating within.

“Sword Courage is truly the pinnacle of the Sword Dao, chilling to the bone.

“If a grand master of the Sword Dao consumes it, their entire being will be infused with pure sword intent.”

Recalling for a moment, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian spoke softly while lifting the jade bowl in front of him, sniffing the pill energy, nodding, taking a sip, and savoring it in his mouth.

Upon hearing his evaluation, Mu Wan's face lit up with joy. She looked at Han Muye and said, "Senior Brother, you see, Elder has such high praise for Sword Courage.

"When Sword Heart was priced at 10 million spiritual rocks per catty, we suffered losses. We cannot sell Sword Courage to the Five Sheep Pavilion at a low price anymore.

"Although the Five Sheep Pavilion is considered part of our family, even if the meat rots in the pot, the spiritual rocks cannot be left unsecured. It always feels uneasy."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, holding the jade bowl, widened his eyes, and all the pill energy came out through his nose with a single breath.

Five Sheep Pavilion.

Sword Heart.

Sword Courage. **Chapter 978 - 978 Reward for the Sword Dao Conference (2)**

978 Reward for the Sword Dao Conference (2)

What did that mean?

“Senior, what do you think of this Jade Dew? Do you think it’s easy to sell it for three million spiritual rocks?”

Mu Wan looked up at Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, asking sincerely with a face full of anticipation.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked down at the jade dew and nodded numbly.

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye in surprise. “Senior Brother, we agreed that we can’t take a commission from the Jade Dew Five Sheep Pavilion.”

“I developed this myself. The spiritual rocks sold are all my private savings.”

Han Muye picked up the jade bowl in front of him and took a sip. He smiled and nodded. “It’s too sweet. The rest is fine.”

It was not until Mu Wan happily turned around with the tray that Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked at Han Muye. “The Five Sheep Pavilion is yours?”

Han Muye nodded and a five-colored sheep horn appeared in his hand.

“When I first came to the Upper Heaven Region, I felt that the Five Sheep Pavilion still had some uses, so I took control of it.”

"I haven't paid much attention to it over the years, mainly having my junior sister check the accounts and occasionally using the tea leaves I obtained during my cultivation for trade..."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian didn't pay much attention to what Han Muye said afterward.

He felt a surge of blood rushing up, almost flooding into his head.

Han Muye was holding down, presided over the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley, and he knew that the valley sold pills.

It was very profitable, but it would not affect the overall situation in the Upper Heaven Region.

What could truly influence the situation in the Upper Heaven Region was the Five Sheep Pavilion.

Over the years, the Five Sheep Pavilion had been walking between various sects, selling the Sword Heart Tea and trading all kinds of resources, earning countless spiritual stones and materials.

Selling the Heart Sword Tea, providing resources to weaker sects, and taking control of the resources of those annihilated sects...

The title of a war profiteer was quite fitting for the Five Sheep Pavilion.

The Guangyuan Sword Sect also wanted to do the same, but unfortunately, they didn't have enough resources and could only earn some mercenaries' wages in the Lower Heaven Region and the Middle Heaven Region.

Of course, the Guangyuan Sword Sect also made a considerable profit, but it was more hard-earned.

However, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian couldn't believe that the Five Sheep Pavilion, which made him envious, could belong to Han Muye.

How could this guy, who was solely focused on sword cultivation, earn profits from the Five Goat Pavilion that were a hundred times more than the Guangyuan Sword Sect's?

Moreover, the Sword Heart or the Sword Courage were just incidental to his cultivation.

He still possessed the Heavenly Mystic, which made the entire Immortal Source World tremble in fear and dare not offend...

"In the end, it's my own shallowness..."

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian discovered with frustration that not only was his progress in sword cultivation much slower than Han Muye's, but the advancement of his subordinate forces and the accumulation of wealth were also far behind.

The crucial point was that he was exhausted, even personally taking action several times, while Han Muye remained secluded in the Medicine Valley for 10 years without stepping out.

“Cough, senior, just follow your heart when it comes to cultivation.” Han Muye consoled softly.

After a pause, Han Muye nodded and said, “Senior, what you said makes sense. I should indeed pay more attention to the situation in the Immortal Source World.”

“Otherwise, I, the ninth in the world, really don’t have a sense of existence.”

He tapped his fingers on the table and raised his eyebrows. “How about this? I’m a sword cultivator. I’ll take this opportunity to hold a sword cultivation conference in the Upper Heaven Region.”

“All participants will receive guidance in the art of sword cultivation.”

Calculating for a moment, he chuckled and said, “And I can arrange some competitions and provide rewards myself.”

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian initially wanted to say that he didn’t care about the rewards Han Muye would offer, but then he thought about how Han Muye had opened several Divine Court treasures in the past and possessed countless treasures.

Moreover, he was the boss behind the Five Sheep Pavilion, with immense wealth that could be considered the number one in the Immortal Source.

“I should make you pay a little.” Sword Venerable Yuan Tian gritted his teeth and muttered.

When Mu Wan came to collect the jade bowls, she overheard Han Muye and Sword Venerable Yuan Tian discussing the organization of a swordsmanship conference. Han Muye mentioned offering rewards and couldn't help but mutter under his breath, "He should use his own pockets to cover the expenses..."

"In that case, each of the top ten participants will receive two catties of Sword Heart Tea, and the top three will also receive one catty of Sword Courage.

"This way, we not only provide rewards but also promote these two types of tea without spending spiritual rocks."

Mu Wan smiled.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian looked up at Mu Wan. One kilogram of Sword Heart Tea cost millions of spiritual rocks when sold, and two catties would amount to two billion spiritual rocks. This girl had quite the ambition.

"Isn't that a little too much?" Sword Venerable Yuan Tian asked.

"Not at all, Senior Brother. Last time, Senior Brother brought back 10,000 catties of tea leaves from the Medicine Valley, and we only sold 2,000 catties." Mu Wan's words completely deflated Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's anger.

The priceless Sword Heart and Sword Courage were nothing in the hands of others...

Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

Heart of the Sword Tea and Sword Resolve were good things, but he couldn't take them out like this.

The Sword Dao Conference would naturally have other rewards.

"I'll offer a few more swords. True Sword Dao elites deserve even a treasure as a gift."

Han Muye's proposal of giving away treasures left Sword Venerable Yuan Tian gritting his teeth.

He had worked hard to accumulate his small fortune, but compared to Han Muye, it was completely inadequate.

Was this guy still a sword cultivator?

Weren't most swordsmen in the world destitute?

"If there's an exceptionally talented individual, I could even offer one of the Seven-Story Sword Pavilions I have." Han Muye's eyes sparkled.

"The Seven-Story Sword Pavilion... Do you know what that represents?" Sword Venerable Yuan Tian widened his eyes and exclaimed.

A seven-story Sword Pavilion not only represented itself, but also represented the identity of the Sword Pavilion!

The current Sword Pavilion controlled a seven-story Sword Pavilion and could become Elder Quan.

The elite Bai Yuming and a group of Sword Pavilion disciples had been in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley for the past ten years. Wasn't it to get close to Han Muye and rope him into the Sword Pavilion?

Chapter 979 - 979 Reward for the Sword Dao Conference (3)

979 Reward for the Sword Dao Conference (3)

If this seven-story Sword Pavilion was taken out, all the sword cultivators in the world would fight for it.

Han Muye's expression did not change. Sword Venerable Yuan Tian frowned and said in a low voice, "Are you really going to use this seven-story Sword Pavilion as a reward?"

Could it be that Han Muye wants to cut off his relationship with the Sword Pavilion?

That's not necessary, is it?

The Sword Pavilion and the Heavenly Mystic Sect could completely support each other and help each other.

"It's nothing. It's just a seven-story Sword Pavilion. Senior Brother still has a nine-story—" Mu Wan covered her mouth and paused.

Ninth level?

What ninth level?

Until Sword Venerable Yuan Tian left the small courtyard, he was still in a daze.

Looking at his departing back, Mu Wan said softly, "Senior Brother, if you want to send Senior to the seventh floor of the Sword Pavilion, just send him directly. Why go through so much trouble?"

As Han Muye's Dao companion, Mu Wan could see that Han Muye intended to give away the seven-story sword pavilion and deliberately revealed that he also had a nine-story one.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and shook his head, saying, "If I become the ruler of the Immortal Source World, how will Guangyuan Sword Sect handle it?"

Guangyuan Sword Sect has always prided itself on being rebellious sword cultivators.

But once Han Muye takes control of the Immortal Source World, he will have to confront Guangyuan Sword Sect.

With Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's pride, he would not choose to submit but would only choose opposition, occasionally engaging in battles with the Immortal Source World.

It did not matter if they were opposing each other, but this would waste Sword Master Yuan Tian's opportunity and time.

In Han Muye's opinion, only cultivation was everything. Everything else was useless.

By presenting the seven-level sword pavilion and making Sword Venerable Yuan Tian its owner, it would be natural for him to enter the Sword Pavilion and become an elder of the pavilion.

In this way, the Guangyuan Sword Sect would naturally integrate into the Sword Pavilion.

The current Sword Pavilion would definitely welcome the integration of the Guangyuan Sword Sect, a major sword sect outside the Immortal Source World.

Mu Wan helped Han Muye expose that he still had nine floors of the Sword Pavilion, which aroused Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's desire to win. It also made him understand that if he didn't obtain this seven-story Sword Pavilion, the gap between him and Han Muye would grow larger and larger.

Although Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was proud, his temperament and talent were top-notch in the world.

The only powerful figure in this world who could cut through the barriers of heaven and earth with a single sword and enter the Immortal Realm.

"I'm going to visit Brother Zhao," Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan. "I need to explain to them why I'm using the seven-story sword pavilion as a reward for the Sword Dao Conference.

"Furthermore, with more experts vying for it, it will strengthen the competitive spirit of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian."

Mu Wan nodded with a soft smile and whispered, "Alright, I'll go make soup for Senior Brother. What kind of soup does Senior Brother want to drink today?"

Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming had spent 10 years in the Medicine Valley.

During these ten years, their main task was to establish connections with the Medicine Valley and with Han Muye.

Through frequent visits to Han Muye and receiving his guidance, both of them greatly improved their Sword Dao cultivation.

Zhao Yu had already reached the peak of the Divine Transformation realm, and his Sword Dao was only a step away from entering the Half-Sage realm.

Under Han Muye's guidance, Bai Yuming refined his own sword path and became a Sword Dao Sage, with his personal sword pavilion reaching the sixth level.

It was not just their cultivation and combat strength. The two of them had mixed around in the medicinal valley and sent a large number of medicinal pills to the Sword Pavilion, providing great help when the Sword Pavilion competed with all parties.

According to the elders of the sect, although the two of them were not at the front line of the Sword Pavilion to compete with the various sects, their contributions to the sect were greater than the front line.

In the past 10 years, their status in the sect had been constantly rising.

“Brother Han, are you tired of drinking Fairy Mu’s tea and want to come over to drink?” Seeing Han Muye come over, Zhao Yu laughed.

Although the Heart of the Sword tea was good, he couldn’t drink it every day, right?

Bai Yuming smiled and took out a wine jug, pouring the wine cups on the table full.

Casually chatting for a few moments and having a few drinks, Han Muye set down his wine cup.

Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming exchanged a glance, placed down their wine cups, and looked at Han Muye.

“I want to hold a Sword Dao Conference in the Upper Heaven Region,” Han Muye said.

“I’ll provide all the rewards.”

Hearing his words, Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming’s eyes lit up.

After such a long time, they felt that their cultivation and swordsmanship had improved greatly.

If there was a sword cultivation conference, they would be able to prove the true level of their swordsmanship.

“That’s great!” Zhao Yu laughed. “Anyway, Han brother, you’re a wealthy man. Just spend some blood, and the rewards will drive all the sword cultivators in the world crazy.”

His words made Bai Yuming chuckle as well.

Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic was extremely wealthy. There was no one else in the world who could compare to him.

“I’m prepared to take out the seven-story Sword Pavilion as a reward for the strongest cultivator in the Sword Dao.”

Han Muye pinched his wine glass and said calmly.

The seven-story Sword Pavilion as a reward!

Zhao Yu’s expression changed.

The seven-story Sword Pavilion represented the highest combat strength and status of the current Sword Pavilion. It was not merely a simple treasure!

Bai Yuming stood up slowly and stared at Han Muye. “Is Han Xiang serious about this?”

Chapter 980 - 980 Yuling Dao Sect's Third Grand Elder

980 Yuling Dao Sect's Third Grand Elder

Han Muye's face was calm as he put down his wine glass and stood up.

He did not answer Bai Yuming.

That was his answer.

As the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic and ranked ninth in the world, once his words were spoken, they could not be taken back.

It was not until Han Muye's back disappeared that Bai Yuming slowly turned around.

"Elder Zhao, are you going to fight for the seven-story sword tower?"

Upon hearing his words, Zhao Yu smiled bitterly and shook his head. "Even if I don't want to compete, I have to..."

"A seven-story sword tower. As a disciple of the Sword Pavilion, I will fight to protect it even if it costs me my life."

A hint of worry flashed across his face. "I'm afraid the sword cultivators in the world will fight to the death for it."

Indeed, the sword cultivators in the world would undoubtedly fight fiercely for it.

After all, the Seven-Story Sword Tower was a rare sword treasure in the world, with countless times the power enhancement.

Moreover, the seven-story sword pagoda represented the identity of the Sword Pavilion.

Bai Yuming's expression was solemn as he nodded and said, "Elder Zhao, why did Minister Han take out the seven-story sword pagoda? Is he trying to cut ties with my Sword Pavilion?"

Han Muye had a seven-story sword pagoda in his hand, so everyone treated it as a disciple of the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion also asked Zhao Yu and Bai Yuming to stay here and try their best to maintain this relationship.

But now that Han Muye was going to take out the seven-story Sword Pavilion, was Han Muye still a disciple of the Sword Pavilion without the seven-story Sword Pavilion?

"The momentum of the Heaven Mystic has already swept through all sides. Perhaps it's indeed time to cut ties with the Sword Pavilion," Zhao Yu said in a low voice with a complicated expression.

The power of the Heaven Mystic Realm was so strong that even the Upper Heaven Region had no choice but to join forces to deal with it.

In such a situation, as the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, Han Muye might have to separate from the Sword Pavilion.

However, did this severance mean that the Heavenly Mystic was going to fight against the Upper Heaven Region?

“Forget it, send the news back to the Sword Pavilion. We have no right to decide anything about such a matter.” Shaking his head, he looked at Bai Yuming and said, “Just do your best to fight for this seven-story Sword Pavilion.”

Bai Yuming’s eyes revealed battle intent. He clenched his fists and sword intent surged from his body.

After leaving the residence of Zhao Yu and the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye headed towards the main hall of the Medicine Valley.

There was no need to report upon entering the hall; Li Qingshi had already led several elders to wait at the entrance.

After welcoming Han Muye into the hall and sitting down, Han Muye glanced at Li Qing. “Valley Master, your alchemy cultivation has improved a lot recently.”

At this moment, Li Qingshi was surrounded by a mist of alchemical energy, and a faint strand had already condensed into a tangible form, swirling around him.

At the pinnacle of the Half-Sage level in alchemy, not far from becoming a Sage in alchemy.

Li Qingshi's alchemical cultivation in Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley was not actually the most outstanding. There were several alchemical saints within the valley. If it weren't for the departure of those alchemical grandmasters, the Medicine Valley would not have declined.

"Thank you for your guidance, Prime Minister Han and the Holy Maiden." Li Qingshi cupped his hands and smiled.

Li Qingshi had indeed received guidance from Mu Wan and Han Muye in alchemy cultivation.

With his alchemy cultivation and his max-level Comprehension, Han Muye could completely guide Li Qingshi.

As for Mu Wan, ever since she obtained the inheritance of the grass whip, she seemed to have opened her apertures in alchemy and advanced by leaps and bounds. Many times, the talent she displayed surprised Han Muye.

Han Muye did not come to the hall to chat with Li Qing. He directly mentioned holding the Sword Dao Meet.

"Valley Master, where do you think this Sword Dao Meet will be held and when is suitable?"

Li Qingshi was a veteran cultivator. He was well-connected in the Upper Heaven Region and knew all the forces.

Han Muye came to ask him. This was the most suitable.

Holding a Sword Dao Conference?

Li Qing pondered for a moment and couldn't help but nod, revealing a look of astonishment and emotion on his face.

This Heavenly Mystic's Minister Han indeed wasn't idle at all. Every step he took had profound meaning.

He had been sitting in the Medicine Valley for 10 years. Although he hadn't made any appearances in those ten years, his existence was known throughout the Heavenly Domain, and everyone feared him.

Moreover, by safeguarding the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley and preserving the alchemy path of the Heaven Region, he could also maintain the power of the Heaven Region from behind the scenes.

Over the years, various pieces of information had gathered, and Li Qingshi had also analyzed Han Muye.

As the prime minister of the Heavenly Mystic, as the inheritor entrusted by the Divine Emperor, and as a powerful individual involved in the major forces and the opening of the Immortal Ascension Platform, Han Muye must have his own persistence and responsibilities.

In fact, it wasn't just Li Qing. Many influential powers had also seen through Han Muye's intentions.

He needed to suppress all parties to become the ruler of this realm and even rebuild the Divine Court, while also preserving the power of this realm and avoiding excessive damage to its inhabitants.

This balance was a shackle that bound Han Muye.

In Li Qingshi's opinion, Han Muye did not appear in the Medicine Valley because he was suppressing all parties, preventing them from fighting with all their might.

Over the years, the struggles between various factions had gradually become somewhat imbalanced.

The major sects had also probed each other's foundations and trump cards, and the real confrontation was about to begin.

Originally, it was thought that Han Muye would have to involve the Heavenly Mystic and exert pressure on all parties.

However, if he did this, the Heavenly Mystic Realm would have to deal with the entire Upper Heaven Region and even the entire Immortal Source World.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, Han Muye proposed to hold a Sword Dao Conference.

Impressive.

Han Muye, being the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic, displayed unparalleled subtlety in terms of timing, strategy, and overall control of the situation.

A Sword Dao Conference could directly change dynamics of this realm.

“When to hold it depends on how large of a Sword Dao Conference Minister Han wants to organize.

“If it’s limited to the Upper Heaven Region, it can be held in three years.

“If it involves more regions, it might take several decades, or even hundreds of years.”

Li Qingshi looked at Han Muye and spoke.

The Upper Heaven Region was formed by the fusion of the Upper Three Heavens, covering a vast area. Even gathering sword cultivators from all factions would take three years.