

## **Pavilion 981**

### **Chapter 981 - 981 Yuling Dao Sect's Third Grand Elder**

981 Yuling Dao Sect's Third Grand Elder

The void world was vast, and it took a long time for messages to cross the void.

Han Muye nodded.

Li Qingshi continued, "As for where to hold the Sword Dao Conference, if it's only in the Upper Heaven Region, the Medicine Valley can provide the venue.

"But if other realms are participating, it would be best to hold it outside the Upper Heaven Region."

Li Qingshi could only give suggestions to Han Muye but couldn't make decisions for him.

However, his suggestions were highly valuable to Han Muye.

"Regardless of when and where the Sword Dao Conference is held, the Medicine Valley needs to prepare various pills."

Han Muye looked into the distance and pondered for a moment. "I'm planning to open the Imperial Herb Garden of the Divine Court back then."

The Imperial Herb Garden of the Divine Court!

Li Qingshi trembled, and the nearby elders widened their eyes.

Legend has it that there was a medicinal garden in the Divine Court, located within the Divine Court, where spiritual herbs and immortal herbs from all over the world were cultivated.

The value of this medicinal garden was immeasurable, and it was one of the Divine Court's hidden treasures.

As alchemy cultivators, both Li Qingshi and the other elders felt regret for the destruction of this medicinal garden.

"Minister Han, are you serious?" Li Qingshi stood up and stared at Han Muye.

"Your Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley has been loyal to me all these years and has provided a lot of help for my junior sister's cultivation. It's time to be rewarded," Han Muye stood up.

"You will select a hundred disciples from the Medicine Valley's elders. In one month's time, accompany me to open the Medicine Garden."

A month later, the Imperial Medicine Garden would be opened!

This was a rare opportunity for alchemy cultivators!

Li Qingshi bowed to Han Muye with a solemn expression. “Li Qingshi, on behalf of the alchemists in the world, thanks Minister Han.”

Although only a hundred disciples from the Medicine Valley had the opportunity to enter the medicinal garden, the opening of this garden meant that countless precious elixirs and herbs would flow into the cultivation world.

The entire cultivation world would benefit.

Han Muye nodded and walked out of the hall.

It was just a medicinal garden for now. The real opportunity would come when they opened the Divine Court’s library in the future.

In the hall, when Li Qingshi looked up, he saw a group of Elders staring at him with bloodshot eyes.

He sighed and waved his hand. “Gentlemen, we have a hundred spots. How should the Medicine Valley allocate them?”

How to allocate them.

In the hall, a sense of tension and a scent of gunpowder began to spread.

“Elders, let’s prioritize harmony...”

“Maintain decorum, decorum!”

“Don’t hit people in the face, don’t grab their beards...”

...

When Han Muye walked to the entrance of his small courtyard, a Daoist in a green robe was standing there.

“Minister Han is planning to hold the Sword Dao Conference?” The Daoist spoke softly.

Sun Jiusheng, the elite disciple of the Yuling Dao Sect.

Han Muye nodded.

The Yuling Dao Sect was indeed the number one sect in the Upper Heaven Region.

It had only been two hours since he made the decision to hold the sword cultivation conference, and the other party already knew about it and sent Sun Jiusheng.

“Minister Han, my Grand Elder would like to have a meeting with you.” Sun Jiusheng held a jade tray in his hand and bowed to Han Muye.

Grand Elder.

Among the three Grand Elders in the Yuling Dao Sect known to outsiders, two were Heavenly Venerable mighty figures.

Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen, Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi.

Han Muye raised his hand and beckoned, taking the jade disk into his hand..

The light on the jade disk flashed, enveloping both Han Muye and Sun Jiusheng, and they disappeared from their original location.

When they reappeared, they were already in another illusory space.

In the space filled with ethereal halos, two Daoists in white robes stood side by side.

“Greetings, Grand Elders. Prime Minister Han is here.”

Sun Jiusheng cupped his hands and said loudly.

The two white-bearded Daoists nodded and looked at Han Muye, who was following behind him. Then they cupped their hands and bowed. "Senior Brother."

Senior Brother!

Sun Jiusheng's eyes widened as he slowly turned his head in disbelief.

Han Muye didn't stay in this illusory space for long, only exchanging views with the two Yuling Dao Sect Grand Elders about the Sword Dao Conference.

"Senior Brother, don't worry. The Yuling Dao Palace will definitely support you in holding the Sword Dao Conference well." Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi nodded and looked at Han Muye. "I wonder if Senior Brother has any intention of hosting a grand conference to unify the Daoist sects?"

"Actually, in my opinion, it would be simpler to directly rebuild the Divine Court than to hold a grand conference for the Daoist sects," Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen said.

"Forget about the Divine Court, but when the opportunity arises, I will open the remnants of the Divine Court. How much we can obtain will depend on chance," Han Muye waved his hand and disappeared from the illusory space.

Sun Jiusheng didn't understand what Han Muye discussed with the two Yuling Dao Sect Grand Elders at all.

He was completely bewildered.

“Jiusheng, you can’t imagine why Han Muye became our Senior Brother, can you?” Supreme Elder Yu Zhen turned to Sun Jiusheng and spoke softly.

Sun Jiusheng nodded.

Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi sighed softly, “Although Senior Brother Yu Zhen and I have reached the realm of the Heavenly Sovereign, our cultivation and strength have declined. It has become increasingly difficult for us to maintain the position of the Yuling Dao Sect as the number one sect.”

As the number one sect, they not only had to contend with the top three celestial realms, but now there were also chaotic battles in various realms.

There was also the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, the land of the dam, and the even more formidable Heavenly Mystic.

Sun Jiusheng’s expression became grave.

“However, Han Muye has a deep grudge with my Yuling Dao Sect. Back then, Heavenly Venerable Xing Di was killed by him.”

How could such a deep grudge be easily forgotten?

“Jiusheng, as someone who has reincarnated and undergone a major cultivation breakthrough, you should understand the difficulties of cultivation, especially the greatest difficulty lies in the heart.”

Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen looked at Sun Jiusheng and said softly, "Today, we need to decide whether we should hold on to our grudges or resolve the enmity with Han Muye for the prosperity of the Yuling Dao Sect."

Resolve the enmity?

How could it be resolved?

Looking at the puzzled Sun Jiusheng, Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi said in a low voice, "Five years ago, Senior Brother Yu Zhen and I visited Han Muye and engaged in a battle with him.

"The result was a complete defeat."

Complete defeat!!

The two Heavenly Venerables were completely defeated by Prime Minister Han!

Sun Jiusheng trembled all over.

"Actually, back then, when Heavenly Venerable Xing Di and Han Muye encountered each other in the sea of lightning. It was unclear to outsiders who emerged victorious, right?" Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi narrowed his eyes.



“So—” Sun Jiusheng exclaimed in astonishment.

“Therefore, we’ll treat him as Heavenly Venerable Xing Di and the most secretive Grand Elder of our Yuling Dao Sect.” Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen looked at Sun Jiusheng and said softly, “Jiusheng, do you understand?”

Understood.

In the world of cultivation, the ultimate goal was longevity and eternal sight.

All other grudges and conflicts could be let go of.

With the great changes happening in the cultivation world, clinging to the past was unnecessary.

But who could have imagined that five years ago, Han Muye would become the Grand Elder of the Yuling Dao Sect, the number one sect?

Behind Han Muye stood the Heavenly Mystic Sect, the Sword Pavilion, and there was also the Medicine Valley!

A gleam of light shone in Sun Jiusheng’s eyes.

The Yuling Dao Sect, the Sword Pavilion as the top sword sect, the Holy Land of alchemy, and the influence of the Heaven Mystic faction. With these forces combined, it would not be impossible for Han Muye to rebuild the Divine Court!

“Minister Han, Grand Elders.” Sun Jiusheng bowed to the two Grand Elders and then his figure dissipated.

In the illusory land, Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhen and Heavenly Venerable Yu Zhi looked at each other, sighed, and shook their heads.

What to do? This was the general trend of the world.

This was the helplessness of the Grand Elders of Yuling Dao Sect.

...

Back in his courtyard, after drinking the new concoction researched by Mu Wan, Han Muye returned to his meditation room.

In front of him, rays of spiritual light flashed and eventually formed the image of the imperial palace in the Heavenly Mystic.

Inside the palace, a slightly disheveled Yunduan raised her head lazily, “Han Muye?”

She glanced at herself, noticing her slightly messy clothes that revealed some fair skin. Leaning against the throne, she smiled and said, “Han Muye, after so many years of not returning to the Heavenly Mystic, are you finally coming back to see me and my sister?”

Han Muye shook his head and turned his head slightly.

Yunduan pouted.

She knew that Han Muye was shrinking in his small courtyard in the Upper Heaven Region's Medicinal Valley.

"The situation in the Heavenly Mystic has almost stabilized. Let Huang Zhihu go to the Upper Heaven Region.

"Also, I'm preparing to hold a Sword Dao Conference. The Heaven Mystic sword cultivators who are interested in participating should prepare in advance."

After giving a few instructions, Han Muye dispersed the light array.

"Huang Zhihu is going to the Upper Heaven Region?" Yunduan muttered, her eyes lighting up. "The Sword Dao Conference is interesting..."

...

Three days later, the various trading companies of the Five Sheep Pavilion, the Medicine Valley, the Sword Pavilion, and the Yuling Dao Sect released the news together. A hundred years later, they would hold the Myriad Worlds Sword Dao Competition.

The venue for the event would be the Ancient Divine Court's Dharma Platform.

The organizer of the Myriad Worlds Sword Dao Competition was the ninth in the world, Han Muye.

## **Chapter 982 - 982 Subduing the Void Beast**

### 982 Subduing the Void Beast

The ancient Divine Court's Dharma Platform was once a place coveted by all cultivators in the era of the ancient Divine Court.

The Immortal Ascension Platform ascended to the Immortal World.

On the Dharma Platform, immortal techniques were performed, and on the Immortal Ascension Platform, one ascended to the Immortal Realm.

Those who were qualified to be invited to perform immortal techniques on the Dharma Platform were powerful cultivators who had achieved great accomplishments in their own paths of cultivation.

These individuals were the ones preparing to ascend the Immortal Ascension Platform. They performed immortal techniques on the Dharma Platform to leave their legacies in the cultivation world, benefiting future generations.

After that, the performer would obtain the Immortal Ascension Token issued by the Divine Court and be qualified to ascend to the Immortal World.

It could be said that in ancient times, ascending the stage was an extremely honorable thing. It was the lifelong pursuit of cultivators in the world.

Unfortunately, the ancient divine court collapsed and the stage disappeared without a trace.

Unexpectedly, countless years later, with the great changes in the world, someone actually reactivated the Dharma Platform.

The Dharma Platform hosted the Sword Dao Conference, a grand event that was probably the greatest gathering of sword cultivators in the cultivation world for tens of thousands of years.

This grand event, as far as was currently known, had gained the support of the majority of sects in the Immortal Source World.

And its initiator was none other than Han Muye, the ninth-ranked sword master in the world.

The number one powerhouse in the world, the Endless Sea's Heavenly Venerable, was a great being who had embarked on the path of transcendence.

The few individuals ranked ahead of Han Muye included the Grand Sword Master who oversees the Eightfold Sword Tower in the Sword Attic, the two Venerables of the Yuling Sect, and the Venerable who guarded the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, as well as the legendary divine beast, the Qilin, residing in the dam.

Although Han Muye seemed to be ranked ninth in terms of combat strength, the Heavenly Mystic power behind him was entangled in all directions. He was someone that even the Upper Heaven Region was afraid of.

Moreover, according to the intermediate rumors, Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic was the designated successor of the Divine Emperor and had all kinds of inheritances and treasures left behind by the Divine Court.

Han Muye had once opened more than ten ancient divine herb gardens in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy, making the price of medicinal pills in the Ancient Cloud Galaxy so low that it was heinous.

In order to win the Dao Battle, Han Muye opened three divine court treasure vaults, attracting countless elites from the Immortal Source World to enter the Dao Battlefield.

He also possessed treasures, including the Mountain and River Diagram bestowed by Han Muye himself, which surpassed even the treasures in the hands of the Demon King.

There was also Gao Xiaoxuan, who had a close relationship with the Demon King. With a precious ink brush in hand, he followed behind Huang Zhihu, sweeping through the area.

Among them, the Sword Heart Tea and Sword Courage Tea were worth millions of spiritual rocks per tael.

There were also various magic treasures.

But what drove the sword cultivators crazy the most was the seven-story Sword Tower that Han Muye presented in this conference.

The seven-story Sword Pavilion was not only a precious treasure in the realm of sword cultivation, but it also housed countless hidden swords and increased one's battle power a hundredfold. Moreover, it represented the position of the elder with real power in the number one sword sect in the Upper Heaven Region.

In the current era of ascension of mighty figures, a Sword Dao expert who controlled seven floors of the Sword Pavilion would become the absolute core figure of the Sword Pavilion.

Anyone who emerged victorious in the Sword Dao Conference and obtained the seven-story Sword Tower would not only gain fame in the cultivation world but also experience a substantial increase in his own battle power with the blessing of the treasure. He would also become a figure of real power in the world of sword cultivation

It was a double gain of fame and fortune.

For the sake of this seven-story Sword Tower, any sword cultivator who had confidence in his own cultivation would participate in the Sword Dao Conference.

Moreover, even observing the Sword Dao Conference would bring many benefits.

Unfortunately, this Sword Dao Conference would take place a hundred years later.

Unfortunately, the location of the Sword Dao Conference, the Dharma Platform, was still unknown in the void.

Otherwise, countless sword cultivators would have already gathered at the Dharma Platform.

The news of the Sword Dao Conference spread from the Upper Heaven Region to various places in the cultivation world, and the three regions of the Immortal Source World quietly converged.

The Sword Dao Conference organized by Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic would definitely not be as simple as promoting sword Dao.

The Heavenly Mystic's Huang Zhihu led millions of sword cultivators to cross the void and arrive at the Upper Heaven Region, causing a sensation like an earthquake.

All the factions in the three regions halted their activities and focused on enhancing their own power to deal with the pressure from the Heavenly Mystic.

As for the sword cultivators, they tried their best to cultivate, hoping to make a name for themselves at the Sword Dao Conference.

The millions of sword cultivators from Heavenly Mystic stationed themselves in the Medicine Valley of the Upper Heaven Region. Only Huang Zhihu and a few other sword cultivators left the Medicinal Valley with Han Muye.

In their group, there were also 100 alchemy cultivators from the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley.

The three flying ships quietly left Medicine Valley and headed towards the place where the Divine Court had fallen back then.



“Back then, when the Divine Court collapsed, only nine of the 36 worlds remained. The other heavens and earth either shattered, turned into nothingness, or sank into the endless abyss, the Endless Sea.”

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was sitting in front of Han Muye, had a solemn expression on his face. He now looked like a mature man in his thirties, lacking the youthfulness he had before, but more filled with wisdom.

There was a black sword hairpin in his hair and he was wearing a moon-white robe.

“The nine heavens occupied by the Immortal Source World are not the true center of this world.”

“After the collapse of the Divine Court, the void became chaotic, just like a dam, a place where cultivators disappeared.”

Gao Xiaoxuan pointed forward.

There, a gloomy world stretched out.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a green jade slip appeared.

Gao Xiaoxuan took the jade slip, and his divine sense penetrated into it. He nodded and said, “According to the location of the Imperial Herb Garden back then, it is indeed possible that it fell here.”

He stood up with a gleam in his eyes. A majestic golden Great Spirit aura emanated from him as an ink brush appeared.

“I’ll go take a look.”

Beside him, two figures flashed. Daoist Dayan and the white-robed Zhao Yunlong walked out of the cabin.



### **Chapter 983 - 983 Subduing the Void Beast (2)**

#### **983 Subduing the Void Beast (2)**

Huang Six, sitting in his original spot, looked up and watched the three figures flying away. He whispered, “Xiaoxuan can’t really live forever, can he?”

As cultivators advanced in their cultivation, their lifespan almost became immortal after reaching the Heaven Realm.

And for the majority of cultivators, their appearance and physical aging also slowed down significantly.

But Gao Xiaoxuan’s transformation happened very quickly, from a seven or eight-year-old child to a cold and stern young man, and now to a scholar in his thirties.

“He is the reincarnation of the residual soul of Wen Qu, and his divine soul is not complete, so his lifespan has always been relatively short.

“In the past, the Divine Emperor sealed him in the Mystic Sun Sword to let him regain some of his strength.”

Han Muye shook his head and said in a low voice.

The more one cultivated and reached profound realms, the more they realized the frailty of human power.

Han Muye could help Gao Xiaoxuan achieve longevity, but would the Gao Xiaoxuan who achieved longevity still be the same as before?

If Gao Xiaoxuan desired longevity, he would seek the path of longevity himself.

“I hope that Bai Wuhen can help him...”

Although the karmic relationship between Bai Wuhen and Gao Xiaoxuan from their past lives couldn't continue in this life, the entanglement of their karma still existed.

Even if Bai Wuheng comprehended the karma, she didn't truly sever it.

What Han Muye meant was that if Bai Wuhen wanted to stay, perhaps Gao Xiaoxuan could stay as well.

Otherwise, they could only watch Gao Xiaoxuan reincarnate again and wait for his eventual return.

“Boom!”

In front of them, amidst the gloomy clouds, a loud rumbling sound came.

A gleam of light flashed in Han Muye’s eyes.

Huang Zhihu, sitting not far away, froze in her tracks and disappeared from her original spot. When she reappeared, she was already holding a long sword, stepping into the void.

Behind her, 36 sword cultivators dressed in black stood solemnly, wielding their swords.

Sixth Brother Huang remained motionless, waving his hand, and several shadows swiftly flew away.

“This girl is still too impatient,” muttered Huang Six.

Han Muye and Huang Six walked out of the cabin, while on another flying ship, Mu Wan, Lu Qingping, Yunduan, and others were already standing on the deck.

Seeing Huang Zhihu standing in the sky, a trace of worry appeared on Lu Qingping’s face.

“Sixth Sister-in-law, isn’t Zhihu a great general who dominates the region? What are you worried about?” Mu Wan turned her head and chuckled.

“That’s right. Zhi Hu’s cultivation level is already at the Divine Transformation realm. At this age, even Prime Minister Han is only so-so, right?” Yunduan said proudly.

Lu Qingping shook her head and said in a low voice, “In my eyes, she’s not a general. She’s just a little girl who hasn’t grown up.”

Even though Huang Zhihu’s cultivation level was extraordinary and her combat prowess was formidable, she still seemed unchanged in Lu Qingping’s eyes..

“Sixth Sister-in-law, you have to let go,” Mu Wan reached out and held Lu Qingping’s arm, leaning closer, “I think you should have a few more children with Sixth Brother, so you won’t have so much energy to worry about Zhihu.”

Yunduan also chuckled at the side.

Hearing Mu Wan’s words, Lu Qingping’s face blushed slightly. She nervously lowered her head, then seemed to gather her courage and looked at Mu Wan, “Junior Sister Mu, you’ve been with Brother Han for so long...”

Mu Wan blushed.

Lu Qingping lowered her voice, “Sixth Brother’s cultivation has transcended the mortal realm, so it’s difficult for us to have offspring.

“As an alchemist, do you have any solutions?”

Lu Qingping's words made Mu Wan's expression darken and she shook her head gently.

"Back then, I studied the inheritance of bloodline power with Senior Brother before, and developed some pills.

"But such pills are completely useless for him and Brother Liu, who are at such a powerful level."

The effectiveness of bloodline pills for strong cultivators like Han Muye was almost negligible.

Lu Qingping let out a sigh, looked up at Huang Zhihu in the void.

At this moment, the clouds ahead churned, and flashes of golden light appeared.

Huang Zhihu pointed her sword forward, and with a low shout, "Suppress."

As she spoke, the 36 sword cultivators behind her instantly unsheathed their swords. The sword edges turned into intertwining flowing lights, forming a net that hung in the air like countless stars.

Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation!

The Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation was inherited from Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, but Han Muye had gained more comprehension from the Heavenly Cycle Chessboard.

Huang Zhihu commanded millions of sword cultivators, and whenever they formed a formation, the millions of sword lights merged into one, creating a towering long sword that traversed the sky. Even the mighty deities and gods dared not face it directly.

Even the most powerful Heavenly Venerables would shudder before this sword light.

With this sword formation, Huang Zhihu traversed the void, spreading the might of the Heavenly Mystic across countless realms.

As the master of the sword formation, Huang Zhihu also made improvements to the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

The power of this sword formation has become even more formidable, while the required power for convergence has decreased.

To gather such a minimal amount of power to form a formation that can evolve the heavens and the earth is the pinnacle performance of a top-tier sword formation.

Thirty-six strands of sword light intersected, instantly slicing the thousands of feet of space ahead into countless fragments, and in the gloomy void, stars flickered.

Under the illumination of the starlight, the figures of Gao Xiaoxuan, Daoist Dayan, and Zhao Yunlong appeared.

Gao Xiaoxuan held a sword in one hand and a brush in the other. With a stroke of his brush, rivers and mountains transformed with the setting sun.

Daoist Dayan transformed into a gentle breeze and reappeared, thrusting forward with a sword.

Zhao Yunlong wielded a long sword with agile movements, with sword light flickering.

In front of the three of them, towering black exotic beasts pounced, roaring and spewing dark green flames.

These exotic beasts were covered in scales, surrounded by flames on all four limbs, with strands of lightning flickering in their eyes. Their skulls were as hard as bronze.

Each of these exotic beasts possessed the strength of a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul or above and could cooperate with each other. They showed no sign of retreat in the face of Gao Xiaoxuan and the others.

### **Chapter 984 - 984 Subduing the Void Beast (3)**

#### **984 Subduing the Void Beast (3)**

“It’s an ancient and exotic Void Beast. Many places in the Divine Court liked to use this creature for guardianship.”

“These Void Beasts are incredibly fast, surviving in the void and able to move without making a sound.”



On a flying ship in the rear, Li Qingshi was accompanied by several elderly men with white beards, conversing in low voices.

They all had excited expressions, and some of them were even holding ancient books in their hands.

The Medicine Valley had selected a hundred elder disciples to accompany them this time, and competition was fierce.

In order to claim one of the hundred spots, the elders showcased their alchemy skills, knowledge of medicinal properties, and various other means of proving themselves. Ultimately, a hundred alchemists were chosen 10 days ago.

Among them, there were 30 Elders and Deacons and 70 disciples.

This distribution ratio was the result of extensive discussions among the Medicine Valley elders.

If they had followed everyone's wishes, even the hundred spots reserved for the elder officials would not have been enough.

As alchemy cultivators, who wouldn't dream of entering the coveted Divine Court Medicinal Garden?

However, the sect had to continue to develop, and the cultivation of the younger disciples was of paramount importance.

The Medicine Valley had undergone significant changes, with most of the elders and disciples dispersing. The current level of the sect's younger generation was far from sufficient.

Fortunately, most of the Elders and Deacons who could stay in the Cloud Heaven Medicine Valley were loyal to the sect.

This allowed the disciples to have the opportunity to come here.

"It's not easy to defeat an ancient exotic beast," a middle-aged alchemist who followed behind Li Qingshi spoke with a worried expression, his voice low.

As soon as he said this, the others also became tense.

Li Qingshi shook his head and did not speak. He only raised his head and looked ahead.

These Void Beasts were difficult to deal with.

But that also depended on who was facing them.

There were probably many people under the command of Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic who could defeat the Void Beasts, right?

The gray fog churned, giving a sense of envelopment.

The 36 sword lights that cut through the clouds and mist turned and descended, intersecting below.

The sword lights transformed into a net, with the power of the stars gently enveloping an area of tens of thousands of feet. Then, all the power transformed into resilient ropes, locking the strange beasts that were besieging Gao Xiaoxuan and Daoist Dayan.

It was as simple as that.

Nearly a hundred Void Beasts were trapped by golden chains and kept struggling, but they could not break free at all.

“These Void Beasts have strong bodies, formidable combat power, and fast speed. They would make excellent spiritual mounts,” Han Muye chuckled and spoke.

He turned around and looked at the sword cultivators behind him. “Go and try to subdue these Void Beasts.”

Subdue the strange beasts?

Everyone looked at each other.

“Haha, Senior Brother Han, forget it. This Void Beast can’t carry me.” Xiang Lingshuang, who had a pair of curved swords on her back, grinned.

He was from the Elephant Clan. Not only was he tall, but he was also as heavy as a mountain when he revealed his true body. Not to mention the Void Beast, even the strongest exotic beast could not carry him. He did not need it.

“I’ll give it a try.” He Xuanqi, who also had two long and short swords on his back, flashed out of the flying ship and landed in front of a Void Beast.

“Slash—”

With a sweep of his sword, the chains on the Void Beast were cut off.

The Void Beast that was curled up and struggling turned around and stood up. It charged towards He Xuanqi and slammed its front paw down ruthlessly.

He Xuanqi did not dodge. He unsheathed the short sword in his left hand and took a step forward, stabbing the neck of the Void Beast with the short sword.

“Slash—”

Blood splattered as the Void Beast fell to the ground in despair.

It was dead.

He Xuanqi shook his head, turned around, and looked at another Void Beast. With a sweep of his long sword, the chains were severed.

The Void Beast stood up and looked at He Xuanqi, a hint of fear flashing in its eyes. Lifting its four legs, it turned around and fled.

He Xuanqi chuckled and shook his head. He transformed into a whirlwind, chasing after the fleeing Void Beast, his long and short swords creating arcs of light that enveloped the creature.

Blood and scales scattered as the Void Beast howled in pain. By the time it fell to the ground hundreds of feet away, it was drenched in blood, not a single patch of intact flesh remaining.

He Xuanqi turned back, squatting down with his sword pressed against the neck of a Void Beast, and whispered, "I need a mount. Are you interested?"

The terrified Void Beast nodded with its stiffened head.

When He Xuanqi returned to the deck of the flying boat, a small beast the size of a palm obediently followed by his feet.

"Is this even possible?" The alchemists behind Li Qingshi all had bewildered expressions.

Li Qingshi's face was solemn as he spoke in a low voice, "Do you see now? Minister Han Xiang of the Heavenly Mystic has many talented individuals. To stand out, you need extraordinary means.

"Do you think anyone can compare to his methods and temperament?"

His words made the alchemists behind him unconsciously look at the two Void Beasts that had been brutally slain by He Xuanqi. A chill ran down their spines, and a sense of unease filled their hearts.

### **Chapter 985 - 985 I, Xia Zhenhu, Greet the Young Emperor**

985 I, Xia Zhenhu, Greet the Young Emperor

Methods.

Temperament.

He Xuanqi was once an elite of the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier.

After many years of cultivation, his cultivation level had reached the Out of Body stage, and he could fight against higher-level opponents with his dual swords.

A sword cultivator with such combat power could be considered a grandmaster of the sword Dao, whether in the Heavenly Mystic or the Upper Heaven Region.

How many cultivators in the world could really cultivate to the Divine Transformation realm or even above?

Not to mention the rarity, each one of them has spent countless years and accumulated endless resources.

But even so, He Xuanqi could not keep up with Han Muye.

It was not only him. Other than Li Three, Jiang Han, and the others who had been fighting in the intermediate Mystic Sun Guards, the combat strength of the sword cultivators from the Western Frontier had increased extremely quickly. There was also a military formation in charge. It was impossible for the others to follow.

Even Tuoba Cheng, Patriarch Tao Ran, and the others could only chase with all their might.

It couldn't be helped. Even Sword Venerable Yuan Tian was shocked by Han Muye's improvement in swordsmanship, let alone the others.

Among the sword cultivators who accompanied Huang Zhihu to the Upper Heaven Region this time, there were not only the million sword cultivators capable of forming a sword formation, but also many practitioners of the sword path from the Western Frontier and the Eastern Sea.

The spiritual energy in the Upper Heaven Region was denser than in the Heavenly Mystic, and there were more resources. In addition, Han Muye was in the Upper Heaven Region.

According to Huang Six's words, it was no longer interesting for everyone to mingle in the Heavenly Mystic. Those who wanted to retire could stay here, and those with ambitions could go to the Upper Heaven Region and engage in battles.

Yang Shao of the Eastern Sea, Xiang Lingshuang of the Southern Wasteland and Deng Chungang of the Northern Region arrived one after another.

Those who could not make it in time would also rush to the Upper Heaven Region one after another.

From now on, the Upper Heaven Region would be the main battlefield for the Heavenly Mystic cultivators.

He Xuanqi's method of subduing the Void Beast was not brilliant, but it was ruthless enough.

Han Muye needed sword cultivators like him.

Others looked at each other, swiftly advancing and either drawing their swords or throwing punches. In just a moment, they completely divided and conquered those Void Beasts.

This made the alchemists extremely envious, but they could only watch helplessly.

Even if they went forward, they probably did not have the ability to subdue the Void Beasts.

As the fleet continued to advance, outside the three flying ships, there were nearly a hundred cultivators riding on the void beasts, shuttling through the void.

Along the way, they encountered many Void Beasts and other strange beasts. They subdued the ones they could and killed the ones they couldn't.



Along the way, not to mention how powerful Han Muye's combat strength was, he killed decisively and without hesitation.

Throughout this journey, regardless of the formidable strength and decisive killings under Han Muye's command, he acted without hesitation or delay.

Such a style made these alchemists fearful.

On the rear deck, many alchemy disciples' faces were pale.

"Heh, in prosperous times, we wouldn't need to deal with such things at all." Li Qingshi's eyes, however, were bright and clear.

"In the current chaotic situation, isn't it good to have these iron-blooded sword cultivators as allies?"

Good.

Li Qingshi's words made the alchemists smile.

It was better to have such formidable allies than to face such powerful enemies alone.

"Boom!"

In the void ahead, there was a roar. A few sword cultivators rode the Void Beast and quickly retreated.

A 10,000-foot-long figure emerged from the gray mist, with four legs and three heads, covered in dark green, and six long tails floating in the air.

As its wings spread open, the three mouths of the giant bird simultaneously opened, emitting a piercing laugh.

“Stay calm. This is an ancient exotic beast, the Thunderbird, most adept at attacking the mind and soul!”

Li Qingshi’s expression changed, and golden soul light scattered from his body, protecting all the alchemists on the ship.

Although alchemists had strong souls, they didn’t possess much combat power.

They were completely insufficient when facing ancient exotic beasts like this one.

Ahead, the sword cultivators riding on the Void Beasts were already engaged in battle with the ancient Thunderbird.

Sword lights materialized, and divine essences condensed as towering phantom swords swung, resisting the giant bird.

The bird seemed to be enraged, and its three heads split into red, yellow, and green. It spewed flames, rocks, and freezing mist from its mouths.

The flames transformed into firebirds and fire dragons, charging towards the sword cultivators blocking their path.

Rocks and stones solidified into meteoric star fragments, plummeting towards the direction of the flying ships.

The cold mist spread out, extending in all directions.

The six long tails behind the giant bird trembled, and endless demonic energy transformed into various shapes of strange beasts.

“The ancient era was truly an age of great cultivators...” Watching the berserk appearance of the giant bird, Huang Six sighed lightly. He raised his hand and, from a distance of several dozen miles, smashed all the falling meteorites with a palm.

The technique’s goal was to attempt the impossible.

He Xuanqi, who was descending ahead, shouted. His twin swords circled upward, colliding with the bird’s chest.

The giant bird flapped its wings, shaking its entire body, converging the sword intent and instantly dissipating all the erupting power.

“Boom!”

The collision of flames and mist in the void resulted in a powerful explosion that spread in all directions.

All the attacking sword cultivators were pushed back.

Everyone retreated 100,000 feet and stared at the huge bird with solemn expressions.

“Alright, this can also be considered an ancient exotic creature. I’ll take it.” Huang Six finished speaking and raised his hand, unfurling a scroll.

The Royal Emblem Chart.

Treasure.

The Royal Emblem Chart spun lightly, transforming into a celestial canopy that directly enveloped the area.

As the boundless image of the heavens and earth dissipated, the giant bird had disappeared from everyone’s sight.

“There are quite a few ancient exotic beasts lingering in this void. Huang Six, you can collect more of them and place them in your Royal Emblem Chart.”

The more species within the Royal Emblem Chart, the greater its power.

This was similar to Han Muye's Dao Sword.

Huang Six's methods left Li Qingshi and the others staring in astonishment.

### **Chapter 986 - 986 I, Xia Zhenhu, Greet the Young Emperor (2)**

986 I, Xia Zhenhu, Greet the Young Emperor (2)

Was this the ability of Heaven Trampler?

It was said that the treasure in his hand was given to him by Prime Minister Han of the Heavenly Mystic.

They couldn't even muster envy for such a situation.

As they proceeded, they encountered more and more exotic beasts, and their combat strength grew stronger.

One of them was the ancient divine beast, Great Jiao, whose combat strength had already reached the level of Dao Ancestor.

In the current cultivation world, this combat strength could be said to be at the top.

Its double horns rammed, its four limbs pounded, its movements reaching incredible speed, and each strike was capable of shattering the void.

The power of this divine beast directly blocked their path, and none of the sword cultivators were able to break through.

No matter how strong the sword light was, it did not even leave a red mark on the divine beast.

“It resembles a dog but with leopard markings, its horns are like those of a bull, and its sound is like a barking dog. This is an auspicious beast!” exclaimed Li Qingshi, holding a scroll in his hand with excitement.

“It is said that wherever this beast resides, there will be abundant harvests of the five grains and widespread presence of spiritual herbs,” added another white-bearded elder, his face filled with joy.

The appearance of such a place meant that they were not far from the ancient divine court’s herb garden!

“This beast is definitely powerful. Its combat strength is monstrous. I’m afraid...”

Before an elder could finish speaking, Huang Six took a step forward on the flying ship.

A shadowy silhouette of a demonic dragon appeared around him as he unleashed a 10,000 feet demonic light, which transformed into an illusion, and then he struck down with a punch.

“Bang!”

The fist landed between the two horns on the Jiao’s head, causing the 3,000-foot-tall divine beast, whose demonic aura soared into the sky, to stagger. Then it fell to the ground and struggled, unable to get up.

One punch.

The divine beast that had previously proved invincible against dozens of sword cultivators was now brought down by a single punch from this individual.

Huang Six took a few steps forward and stepped on the big-horned Jiao’s neck. “Submit,” he said, “Become a guardian beast for my little girl, or else I won’t hesitate to skin you and pull out your tendons to create a divine treasure.”

The reason why Divine Beasts were called Divine Beasts was not only because they were powerful, but also because their souls were clear and their intelligence was higher than cultivators.

At Huang Six’s feet, the Great Divine Beast Jiao did not even hesitate. It opened its mouth and spat out a ball of golden blood essence.

Huang Six laughed and handed the blood essence to Huang Zhihu.

By refining this cluster of essence blood, not only would one greatly benefit in terms of personal cultivation, but one would also acquire a formidable divine beast capable of battling Dao Ancestors to serve as a guardian.

Yunduan looked at Huang Zhihu enviously.

As expected, she had a good father...

“Father, I’m a sword cultivator. With the help of many sword cultivators, why would I need a protective spiritual beast?” Huang Zhihu’s face flushed with pride as she said loudly.

Her words caused the sword radiance to surge from the sword cultivators standing behind her.

So what if it was a divine beast at the Dao Ancestor Realm?

With the power of their sword formation, they could still slay it without hesitation.

“Let’s give it to Mother. With a divine beast as her protector, we can be more at ease,” Huang Zhihu said.

Huang Six smiled and nodded before landing beside Lu Qingping.

When the flying ship left again, Lu Qingping had a small lynx-like beast in her hand.

In this chaotic land, there were not only exotic beasts but also many remnants of ancient puppets.



Various guardian puppets dressed in battle armor, not only possessed formidable combat power but also exhibited fearless determination in the face of death.

To defeat such puppets, one needed to have overwhelming strength.

When a battalion of 3,000 soldiers blocked their path, Han Muye took action for the first time.

The soldiers in the battalion had solemn expressions, wielding their long spears with fierceness. Their formation was solid, and their killing intent was so strong that even the void beasts dared not approach.

The crucial point was the military commander standing before these soldiers. There was a gleam of spirituality in his eyes, and a halo of light surrounded his body, with a faint hint of green aura flickering.

“The Left Imperial Court of the Divine Court is here to protect you. All unauthorized people, retreat...”

The general was wearing the armor of a fifth-grade Divine Court guard general. He unsheathed the long sword in his hand with a resolute expression.

As his voice fell, the surrounding void trembled with spiritual light. The power of the military formation converged behind him, transforming into a thousand-foot-long spear pointing forward.

The long spear whistled through the void, colliding with the flying boat.

The void shattered inch by inch as the long spear pierced through, and the gathered spiritual light enveloped an area of hundreds of miles, imprisoning everything within.

All the individuals' souls seemed to be stirred by the long spear, causing the void beasts to tremble uncontrollably.

Huang Six stood up on the flying ship.

Before he could attack, Han Muye had already taken a step forward and blocked the spear.

He raised his hand and unsheathed his sword.

“Clang—”

The long sword emerged from its scabbard, emanating an awe-inspiring brilliance, as its blade collided with the spearhead of the long spear.

Not giving an inch!

Behind Han Muye, a faint Essence Soul appeared.

With the combined power of the divine beast Baxia's dominance and his unparalleled mastery of swordsmanship, not even the ancient divine formation could make him retreat an inch!

Even if this spear could shatter the void and possess a strength that surpasses that of a Dao Ancestor, it still couldn't make Han Muye take a single step back.

As the sword clashed with the long spear, all the soldiers trembled, their once solemn faces now filled with astonishment.

"Boom!"

He thrust his sword forward, and the spear shattered.

"How dare—"

The sword-bearing military general's expression turned solemn. With a low shout, he leaped into the air, wielding his sword with both hands, and brought it down towards Han Muye's head.

The sword radiated with dazzling light, and the sound of its descent was like thunder.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the sword edge trembled slightly as the two swords collided.

"Clang—"

The heavy blow of the general's sword was easily blocked.

The general's expression drastically changed as he tried to draw his sword, but he felt that his sword was stuck to Han Muye's sword and couldn't be pulled back at all.

"Ho—"

He directly abandoned his sword, took a step forward, and punched towards Han Muye's chest.

The punch was powerful and heavy, with the illusion of nine bull heads appearing behind him, intertwined with golden dragon shadows.

Han Muye put away the sword in his hand, then grabbed the general's sword and slowly moved his left hand.

"Boom!"

The general's punch, as if capable of shattering mountains and rivers, came to a halt three inches in front of Han Muye's left hand.

All the forces came to a sudden halt, creating a gust of formidable wind.

His eyes widened as he looked at the green jade token in Han Muye's hand and trembled.

"Your Majesty..."

Slowly kneeling in front of Han Muye, the general's face was covered in tears.

"I am Xia Zhenhu, the guardian of the Left Imperial City for over 400,000 years, and I have finally witnessed Your Majesty's return..."

Han Muye put away the identity token with the words "Murong Zhengyin" engraved in gold and said calmly, "Get up."

...

A thousand soldiers formed a formation, clearing the way in front of the flying ship.

Xia Zhenhu stood by Han Muye's side on the flying ship, standing tall and tense like a spear.

Han Muye remained silent and instead held Xia Zhenhu's sword in his hand, infusing a faint spiritual energy into it.

"Buzz!"

The long sword trembled lightly, and a series of images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

This standard ceremonial sword was crafted by the ancient Divine Court specifically for the leading military commanders.

The sword itself is of ordinary artifact level, but the materials used for its construction are of excellent quality.

The long sword contained Xia Zhenhu's countless years of memories.

Not too complicated.

He was originally a general specializing in battlefield tactics, but after numerous achievements, he was reassigned to serve as a guard general in the divine court.

Later, when Marquis Zhenyang betrayed and the divine court collapsed, he and some military commanders guarded the Imperial Medicine Garden and the scattered remnants of the divine court that fell in this area.

For countless years, they have been stationed here, awaiting the return of the Divine Emperor.

Due to the presence of powerful and dangerous beasts scattered around this world, they were afraid that outsiders would discover this place. Therefore, they have remained here without making contact with the outside world.

"Xia Zhenhu, Zhu Yuanshan, Duan Min, Lu Jusheng..."

As Han Muye heard the names of each war general, he couldn't help but feel a sense of emotion.

These people have been stationed here for countless thousands of years, waiting for the return of the Divine Emperor to revive the Divine Court.

They are unaware that the Ancient Divine Court has long since collapsed and is no longer possible to return to.

"I'm not the Divine Emperor you're waiting for. He has already sacrificed himself to seal the Immortal Ascension Platform."

Han Muye let go of his sword and said softly.

He was unwilling to lie to Xia Zhenhu.

A tremor ran through Xia Zhenhu's body, and a hint of sorrow flashed across his face.

Nodding, he whispered, "I know."

"But if you possess the personal seal of the Divine Emperor and have come here, then you must be the appointed successor of the Divine Emperor," Xia Zhenhu said.

"Our guards will listen to your orders."

At this point, he cupped his fists and bowed. "Greetings, Young Emperor!"

Han Muye pondered for a moment and nodded.

Everyone has their own convictions.

The old members of the divine court were determined to see the Divine Emperor again, rebuild the divine court, and restore its glory.

They respected themselves as Young Emperors, unwilling to let their inner convictions crumble.

“I’m going to open the Imperial Medicine Garden,” Han Muye said as he looked at Xia Zhenhu.

“Young Emperor, there are countless immortal herbs in the Imperial Herb Garden that have turned into demons. Among them, there are even peerless demons with monstrous combat strength. We had no choice but to seal it with a protective array. It has not been activated for countless years.” Xia Zhenhu bowed and cupped his fists.

The immortal herbs had already become demons.

There was also a peerless demon that even the guards of the Divine Court could not suppress.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

## **Chapter 987 - 987 The Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden**

987 The Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden



Xia Zhenhu, Zhu Yuanshan, Duan Min, Lu Jusheng, and six other generals of the Left Imperial Guard led a large army to pay homage to Han Muye.

Others had no objections to addressing him as His Majesty Han Muye.

Han Muye had too many identities.

The people of the Nine Mystic Mountain called him Senior Brother, and the people of the Heavenly Mystic and the Central Continent called him Prime Minister Han.

Xia Zhenhu and the others led Han Muye into the remaining divine courtyard of the Left Imperial Guard.

With a force of over 300,000 soldiers and the various resources left behind by the divine courtyard era, they continued to thrive and maintain a lineage that spanned tens of thousands of years with the millions of divine courtyard residents who remained in this place.

When Han Muye returned as the Young Emperor, countless people knelt and paid their respects, tears streaming down their faces.

Not everyone wanted to have a god emperor hanging high above their heads, but as citizens of the Imperial Capital of the Divine Court, they had an obsession that had been passed down for generations.

It was a kind of glory in the bones of the people of the Imperial City.

“After exploring the Imperial Medicine Garden, if the people here are willing to go out, they can go to other realms to take a look.”

After passing through tens of thousands of kilometers of mountains and rivers and looking at the damaged city wall in front of him, Han Muye spoke softly.

Apart from hundreds of sword cultivators and 100 alchemists behind him, there were also nearly 1,000 soldiers holding spears, covered in golden armor, and with solemn expressions.

These were the guards of honor arranged by the Left Imperial Capital’s Guardian’s Residence. Their powerful combat strength was secondary. The main thing was that they were solemn and dignified.

Beside Han Muye, Xia Zhenhu and the others nodded and bowed. “Don’t worry, Your Majesty. We will convey your kindness to every citizen of the Left Imperial Capital.”

Although this place was left behind by the fall of the ancient divine court, it was still isolated from all parties.

After countless years, the inheritance here still looked like ancient times.

Many combat techniques and cultivation techniques were outdated.

“Sizzle—”

On the damaged city wall ahead, roars could be heard as three black-armored experts of the Nine Lives Cat Clan, all at the Heaven Realm, flashed their figures. Behind them, countless vines waved on the city wall.

In an instant, the weathered city wall became covered in lush green branches and leaves. Vines swayed, emanating a green halo.

“This place used to be the outskirts of the Imperial Medicine Garden, but now it’s occupied by these monsters from the garden,” a sturdy-looking general blushed on his face and spoke in a low voice.

They were supposed to defend this place, but they let the monsters run rampant. Facing Han Muye, the returned inheritor of the Divine Emperor’s legacy, they were naturally ashamed.

“Minister Han, we can take action and burn these vines directly with our fire-based sword techniques,” a senior swordsman wearing a fiery red robe spoke loudly.

His name was Jiang Xuanzheng, an expert in swordsmanship from the Heavenly Mystic. His sword cultivation reached a profound level, making him one of the top swordsmen in the Daoist sects.

The current Heavenly Mystic Dao Sects had closely followed Han Muye’s footsteps.

That’s how the Daoist sects were, always making the most correct choices at critical moment

“No, no!” An old man with a white beard behind Li Qingshi hurriedly shouted.

The alchemists behind Li Qingshi all stepped forward, wishing to stand in front of the city wall and the group of swordsmen.

“A city wall covered with Cloud Vines, do you know how many medicinal pills can be refined from them?” Unlike the solemn expressions of the swordsmen, both Li Qingshi and the alchemists behind him had excitement in their eyes.

Indeed, different cultivation paths led to different perspectives on things.

“I’ll give you an hour. If you can’t retrieve these Cloud Vines, then directly incinerate them with fire-based sword techniques,” Han Muye looked at Li Qingshi and said calmly.

An hour later.

Li Qingshi’s face stiffened slightly. He gritted his teeth and said, “Alright, just an hour.”

He led a group of alchemists to the edge of the city wall.

Han Muye raised his hand and several swordsmen dashed over, quietly guarding.

“Senior brother, alchemists are much weaker in combat compared to swordsmen. Are you trying to let them both adapt to each other?” Mu Wan walked up to Han Muye and spoke softly.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Alchemy cultivators were weak, but their methods were even more brilliant when dealing with these vines that had turned into demons.

By allowing the alchemists to showcase their skills, it would also help the swordsmen adjust their mindset.

“Buzz!”

Ahead, an alchemist’s cauldron rose, radiating spiritual light.

Several types of spiritual herbs were thrown into it, and the medicinal energy began to rise.

A rich fragrance permeated the air.

The alchemy grandmasters stepped forward and patted the cauldron.

Cloud energy dispersed from the cauldron.

Cloud Pill Technique.

The clouds drifted onto the city wall, and the vines waved, seemingly encountering an incredibly delicious feast, devouring every strand of cloud without hesitation.

After devouring the clouds, the spiritual light on the vines grew brighter, and visible growth could be observed.

In just a moment, the newly grown vines had extended beyond the city wall, spreading outside.

“Is this about capturing monsters or feeding them high-grade medicinal pills? I don’t get it,” a middle-aged swordsman with his hand on the hilt of his sword murmured.

He hailed from the Eastern Sea and possessed formidable cultivation and strength.

As a swordsman, his sword was his greatest reliance, and he couldn’t appreciate the methods of the alchemists.

Most of the other swordsmen had similar expressions.

Han Muye remained indifferent, not saying a word, while Mu Wan beside him had a slight smile on her face.

Not far away, Huang Zhihu and Yunduan whispered to each other, occasionally pointing towards the front.

“Woo—”

When the lush vines grew beyond the city gates, the branches and leaves swayed, producing a soft sound.

Slowly, the previously swaying branches drooped down.

“Quick, retrieve the Cloud Vines! These are the main ingredients for refining the Grade Three Pill, Cloud Vine Transformation Pill!” Li Qingshi exclaimed in a low voice, striding forward. He held a silver small knife in his hand, grabbing hold of a vine.

## **Chapter 988 - 988 The Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden (2)**

### 988 The Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden (2)

As he cut the vine into two pieces, he whispered, “One pill, 80 million, one pill, 80 million, one pill, 80 million...”

The other pill cultivators all rushed forward, quickly harvesting the Cloud Vine.

Many people shouted with joy, “We’re getting rich, we’re getting rich!”

This made the sword cultivators and soldiers standing behind them envious.

“Cough cough, this collection speed is too slow. Why don’t we go and help?” Someone muttered.

“The technique for collecting the main ingredient of this third-grade pill is unique. Acting rashly would do more harm than good,” Huang Zhihu raised her head and said loudly.

She understood her adoptive father’s intentions. This was deliberately raising the status of the alchemy cultivators.

If they couldn’t receive attention and elevate their status during this bountiful harvest in the Medicinal Valley, then everyone would treat them as fat meat to be feasted upon in the future.

An hour later, Li Qingshi and the others returned happily.

This Cloud Vine, which covered the entire city wall, could be used to refine tens of thousands of third-grade pills.

Just from this batch, they made a huge profit.

“Let’s go.”

Han Muye said calmly and walked forward.

After passing through the city wall, they encountered all kinds of spirit herbs and immortal herbs that had turned into demons along the way.



Some extended for dozens of miles with branches like whips.

Some had trees full of flowers but were extremely dangerous, devouring any living beings that came near.

Some hid in the darkness, but could manipulate the power of the soul, making people unknowingly follow their lead.

Among them, there was a Nine Vine Cloud Crane Grass that contained a potent poison. Several powerful Nine-Tailed Cat Demon Clan members who were investigating ahead almost couldn't come back. It was Li Qingshi who took action and saved them.

And to collect this highly toxic celestial medicine that emitted poisonous mist for 30,000 feet, all they needed was to hold a basin of clear water and continuously pour and sprinkle it with the blood of three different demonic beasts to neutralize the toxicity.

When they arrived at the habitat of the Cloud Crane Grass, they wrapped it completely in soil, sealing off all the poisonous mist.

The various methods employed by the pill cultivators made the sword cultivators open their eyes, and their previously arrogant attitudes slowly changed.

While collecting a solitary swordwood, the swirling sword shadows that filled the sky prevented the pill cultivators from approaching at all.

At that moment, the sword cultivator took action, holding back the sword light. Taking advantage of this opportunity, the pill cultivators stepped forward and dug out the tree, which required the strength of five people to embrace.

The thorns only needed the pill cultivators to soak them in a secret method to make them soft, and then they could be handed over to the weapon forger to forge into swords.

If combined with superior materials, it might even become a magic treasure-level sword.

A solitary Swordwood had over 10,000 thorns, and the other wood, branches, and bark amounted to 100,000 pieces.

Even if these treasures were divided equally, each sword cultivator would receive materials worth billions of spiritual rocks.

Sword cultivators were mostly poor.

This time, it was a win-win situation for everyone.

As they gathered the demonized spiritual medicines along the way, the pill cultivators of the Medicinal Valley were all excited and eager.

They had already obtained so many precious spiritual and celestial medicines even before reaching the Imperial Medicine Garden. What would it be like in the actual garden?

“Your Majesty, the herb garden is just ahead.” After seven days, the group stopped in an area enveloped in green spiritual light.

“While the seal hasn’t been completely broken, it’s no longer able to suppress the great demons within,” Zhu Yuanshan, a tall figure with a full beard and mustache, stood behind Han Muye and spoke in a deep voice.

The people beside him all wore solemn expressions.

At this moment, be it those alchemists or sword cultivators, they were all on high alert, their faces devoid of the previous relaxed contentment.

The flickering spiritual light mixed with immortal qi in the Medicinal Garden traversed the heavens and the earth with each flash.

If such power were to break out of the grand formation, they would likely be unable to withstand it.

“Boom!”

A flash of lightning appeared on the light formation, accompanied by piercing roars from within.

Green phantoms emerged one by one, their spiritual lights intertwining.

These were the great demons that broke through the suppression of the light formation.

Unlike the likes of Mu Jin and the other demons of the Heavenly Mystic Western Frontier, these demons had not transformed their shapes; their forms still resembled branches or vines.

However, the aura they emitted, as well as their condensed spiritual energy, was no less formidable than that of Divine Transformation cultivators.

Within the light formation behind them, there were even many auras surpassing the Divine Transformation realm.

“Swoosh—”

A green flower bud flew out, appearing in front of Han Muye with a fleeting motion.

“Clang—”

A sword blocked the flower, and Li Three, wielding the long sword, had a cold expression.

Sword radiance filled the air as it tangled with the flower. This flower seemed to be an unparalleled swordsman, appearing every time at the precise location where the sword was about to strike.

No matter how fast or slow the sword radiance was, Li Xixi couldn't escape the range of this flower.

“Third Sister, try closing your eyes,” Han Muye suddenly spoke as he watched the swirling sword edge.

Li Three nodded and closed her eyes.

In the instant her eyes closed, the flying flower trembled as if it lost its traction and had nowhere to exert force.

“Slash—”

Li Xixi stabbed the flower with her sword, piercing it through.

The flower trembled, and all the petals scattered, converging towards her.

However, without the previous pulling force, Li Xixi swept her sword horizontally, imprisoning all the petals.

“I know, this is a three-colored Skyswirl Flower!”

“It is said that this flower can reflect the state of someone’s mind. The petals, when used for pill refinement, can enhance spiritual power.”

Li Qingshi exclaimed as he looked at the imprisoned petals.

Because it reflected Li Three’s state of mind, no matter how she wielded her sword, the flower could perceive it.

But when she closed her eyes, the flower had nowhere to perceive.

There weren't many treasures in the world that could enhance spiritual power, and each one was invaluable.

Li Three retracted her sword radiance and collected all the petals into a small jade box.

Ahead, a thousand-foot-tall flower tree appeared, and on the tree, flower blossoms resembling stars slowly floated and bloomed.

Both the alchemists and sword cultivators had a change in their expressions.

A single green flower could make a sword expert like Li Three struggle to deal with it. If all the flowers on the tree scattered, who could suppress them?

Xia Zhenhu and the others placed their hands on the sword hilts and stepped forward. Instantly, they activated the power of their military formation, transforming into a golden tiger, guarding Han Muye.

Huang Six grinned. The Royal Emblem Chart transformed into a gray-black light curtain, enveloping the blossoming tree ahead.

"Hiss—

The gray light curtain descended, causing the flowers on the entire tree to scatter. Colliding with the light curtain, the tree emitted a roar.

The Royal Emblem Chart was a priceless treasure, possessing power that could suppress a realm.

The visibly suppressed blossoms were devoured one by one.

As each flower bloomed on the tree, it emitted dazzling spiritual light and a faint fragrance filled the air.

“The pollen of the Three-Colored Skyswirl Flower can bewitch one’s spirit. Be careful!” Li Qingshi’s spiritual light flickered as he shouted.

Now that the alchemists and sword cultivators had a harmonious relationship, they naturally wanted to remind each other.

Many alchemists behind him took out pills and turned to walk towards the sword cultivators.

Many familiar faces reached out without hesitation to receive the pills.

“2.5 million spiritual rocks each, non-negotiable.”

The alchemists loudly announced their prices, causing many reaching hands of the sword cultivators to retract.

“Boom!”

Under the suppression and devouring of the Royal Emblem Chart, the blossoms on the tree showed signs of withering. The tree swayed as if it was about to wither.

“Your Majesty, why do you execute without teaching—”

Within the grand formation ahead, a faint female voice sounded, and endless green light flashed, enveloping the flower tree before transforming into a ‘y’.

A girl in a floral dress with a pale face was pulled back into the light formation by a beam of light.

“Your Majesty, this is the great demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden,” Xia Zhenhu bowed and reported.

Han Muye nodded, squinting his eyes as he looked at the bustling medicine garden ahead, filled with spiritual lights.

Huang Laoliu put away the Royal Emblem Chart and whispered, “This great demon is formidable. Even if the Heavenly Venerable came, it would be difficult to suppress it.”

It was not just Heavenly Venerables. With The formation here and Xia Zhenhu’s military formation, this place could withstand top-tier experts.

Otherwise, why hadn’t this place been breached for countless years?



How could the remnants of the Divine Court, in those days, not pay attention to this place?

Surely, many ancient powers hidden in the Upper Three Heavens had encountered obstacles here.

Xia Zhenhu and the others claimed to be powerless in front of him, allowing the great demons in the Imperial Medicine Garden to establish their dominance. In reality, they were surviving all these years thanks to the power within the garden.

Without these great demons, they would undoubtedly be wiped out.

“To execute without teaching?”

Han Muye took a leisurely step forward, and a majestic golden light surged from his body, soaring.

### **Chapter 989 - 989 Subduing the Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden (3)**

#### **989 Subduing the Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden (3)**

Han Muye held the identity token given to him by Murong Zheng in his hand, and the golden majestic aura merged with the spiritual energy, forming a golden silhouette.

With a heavenly jade crown on his head, wearing a golden robe, and a sword at his waist, he gazed straight ahead.

When the phantom appeared, the entire Left Imperial Capital shook, and countless divine sense power gathered.

Xia Zhenhu and others bowed and clasped their fists, and the tiger silhouette formed by the convergence of a thousand soldiers slowly lowered its head.

“Now what?”

“I want to open the Imperial Medicine Garden. Do you agree?”

Han Muye looked ahead and said calmly.

The spiritual light in the light formation of the Imperial Medicine Garden flickered, indicating the surging power of the great demons within.

“The return of the Divine Emperor, Your Majesty, it’s Your Majesty...” Some voices were filled with endless nostalgia and sighed.

“What does His Majesty have to do with us?” A voice sounded indifferent.

“The master of the Divine Court, we should submit to him.”

“Submit to what? Let him use us for alchemy?”

“How could that be? We have already transformed into demons. According to the rules of the Divine Court, demon spirits cannot be used for alchemy.”

...

There were noisy voices coming from the Imperial Medicine Garden, with constant debates among the great demons.

The light formation surged, but it did not open.

Han Muye stood in place, shook his head, and said, “I’ll give you 15 minutes.”

He couldn’t be blocked by the Imperial Medicine Garden.

As the inheritor of the Divine Emperor, if he couldn’t even enter an Imperial Medicinal Garden and couldn’t subdue it, then how could he go on to claim the remaining abandoned sites of the Divine Court?

The respect Xia Zhenhu and the others showed him mainly stemmed from their reverence for the Divine Emperor’s inheritance.

But that was far from enough. This kind of respect had no power to support it; it was like water without roots.

A quarter of an hour went by.

Han Muye's voice echoed, causing a slight pause in the voices within the light formation.

"15 minutes? This array has been at a standstill for more than 15 minutes."

"Your Majesty's granting us a quarter of an hour is already merciful. Under the heavens, there is no place that is not ruled by a king..."

"The Divine Court is gone!"

The Divine Court was gone.

That was the fundamental truth.

Everyone knew that the Divine Court had already fallen, and now they were facing a person who possessed the Divine Emperor's inheritance but whose true identity was still unknown.

Why should they hand over their lives and fortunes to someone like him?

In the cultivation world, strength spoke for itself!

“15 minutes have passed.”

Han Muye spoke softly.

“Buzz!”

Huang Zhihu Took a step forward, unsheathing her long sword. Behind her, the sword cultivators transformed their long swords into a single beam of light, forming a towering sword that filled the sky.

As long as Han Muye gave the command, this long sword would descend without hesitation.

The Royal Emblem Chart in Brother Six’s hand appeared again.

Gao Xiao Xuan raised the mountains and rivers brush in his hand.

Xia Zhenhu and the others exchanged glances, taking a step forward as the spiritual energy around them condensed into a single entity.

They only awaited the order.

Everyone’s gaze fell on Han Muye.

Han Muye did not raise his hand but took a step forward. Golden spiritual light emanated from his back, colliding with the light formation.

The light formation trembled and immediately dissipated.

Green light permeated the surroundings, transforming into towering trees.

The scenery of the entire Imperial Medicine Garden appeared.

“A hundred-foot-tall Green Ginseng?”

“A thousand-layer Lingzhi turned into a grand demon?”

“Green Jade Spirit Bamboo, 10,000 feet tall, growing one inch every 10 years. How many years did it take to reach this size...?”

As they looked at the abundance of spiritual herbs before their eyes, Li Qingshi and the others were stunned.

They had speculated that this place would be filled with spiritual and immortal herbs, but they couldn't imagine that the herbs here would grow to such an extent.

Could this still be considered medicine?

“Your Majesty—”

A voice exclaimed from within the garden, transforming into a phantom and rushing toward Han Muye, wanting to pay respects.

However, there were more who retreated, obstructed, and even roared, wanting to attack.

The phantom of a towering 10,000-foot tree directly crashed into Han Muye, and the countless green leaves transformed into long swords, stabbing at Han Muye’s phantom.

The power of this wooden force was a hundred times stronger than the previous Lone Wood Sword!

The green leaf long swords tore through the void, each possessing the power of a Heaven Realm sword cultivator.

The strength of the giant tree itself was like a mountain. If it collided, even a star would be shattered.

The power of this grand demon was at least at the peak of the Dao Ancestor realm. Even a Heavenly Venerable would find it difficult to subdue it!

Huang Zhihu gripped the sword in her hand tightly, waiting for Han Muye’s command.

Xia Zhenhu and the others’ eyes lit up as they looked at Han Muye’s thousand-foot-long phantom.

A great demon that could fight a Heavenly Venerable. Could this inheritor of the Divine Emperor suppress him?

Since he dared to come to the Royal Medicinal Garden, what means did he possess?

Within the Imperial Medicine Garden, divine senses were also probing.

Everyone stared intently at Han Muye.

Han Muye opened his hand.

He clenched his fist gently.

“Boom!”

Endless lightning came from the void and enveloped the huge tree.

The lightning came too quickly, and the giant tree collided with the lightning, causing a sense of shattering throughout its entire body.

All the scattered sword lights were imprisoned by the lightning, which transformed into chains, immobilizing all the long swords and slowly dissolving them.



The lightning continued to descend, forming a pool of thunder.

The lightning pool surged, and an illusory cauldron that was 10,000 feet tall appeared.

using thunder as the foundation, the alchemy cauldron manifested!

At this moment, the alchemists behind widened their eyes.

Apart from Li Qing, who had long known that Han Muye's alchemy attainments were unparalleled, the other Elders of the Medicine Valley looked confused.

Wasn't Han Muye a sword cultivator?

Did he know alchemy?

No, it was not just alchemy. This 100,000-foot cauldron could not be transformed unless one's alchemy cultivation was extremely profound.

Any trace of obstruction would instantly crumble, how could it appear so smooth and flawless like this?

As soon as the cauldron was completed, the huge tree wrapped in it let out a painful roar.

The power of lightning was the most tyrannical in the world.

Whether humans or demons, the most difficult thing to withstand was lightning.

#### **Chapter 990 - 990 Subduing the Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden (4)**

##### **990 Subduing the Great Demon in the Imperial Medicine Garden (4)**

Among the calamities in the world, the lightning tribulation was known to be the most difficult to overcome.

Han Muye remained unaffected. The Lightning Pill Cauldron continued to spin, its power continuously increasing.

The pill cauldron visibly shrank.

100,000 feet, 50,000 feet, 10,000 feet.

When the cauldron was only 1,000 feet away, the medicinal garden ahead fell into silence.

The cauldron became 10 feet long. The lightning on it had already condensed and emitted a dazzling halo.

Outsiders were unable to open their eyes.

After a hundred breaths, the lightning stabilized and condensed into a fist-sized lightning bead.

Countless spiritual patterns intertwined on the lightning bead, and there was even the phantom of a huge tree constantly churning within.

It was an existence that could be called a divine treasure!

By using the power of thunder, it refined a powerful demon comparable to a Dao Ancestor, capable of battling a Heavenly Venerable, and transformed it into a top-tier lightning bead!

Possessing this bead meant controlling thunder and wielding the Heavenly Tribulation!

“Those who wish to undergo tribulation can use this bead as a medium.

“Those who do not wish to undergo tribulation can stay in the Imperial Medicine Garden as guardians.

“The rules of the Divine Court state that the spirits of demons cannot be used as medicine.

“But that doesn’t mean they cannot be used for refining.”

With the lightning bead in his hand, Han Muye stated his bottom line.

These demons either transformed into demon bodies through his lightning beads and condensed into figures. In the future, they would be demons.

Or they could stay in the Imperial Medicine Garden and continue to hold their positions.

But they all had to submit.

Otherwise, they would be used for refining, just like the giant tree from earlier.

Abiding by the rules and demonstrating his strength.

At this moment, inside and outside the herb garden, everyone's hearts trembled as they stared at the lightning bead.

The inheritor of the Divine Emperor's legacy stood before them, basing his cultivation on alchemy and refining a lightning bead that reached the pinnacle of the art of artifacts.

Such a method was astonishingly extraordinary.

"Such a method, truly... truly..." Behind Li Qingshi, an old man with a white beard stroked his beard and murmured to himself.

Huang Six squinted his eyes and looked at Han Muye.

His own cultivation had also reached the stage where he needed to explore the Great Dao.

Although his strength was formidable, he lacked some comprehension of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

Seeing Han Muye's methods at this moment, he suddenly gained a bit of enlightenment.

Standing on the side, Gao Xiaoxuan was filled with confusion, muttering to himself incessantly, "Refining artifacts, refining pills, the great paths in the world are interconnected, different paths leading to the same destination, different paths leading to the same destination, different paths leading to the same destination..."

A tremor of golden aura emanated from him, as his originally middle-aged appearance visibly transformed into that of a young man.

A lightning bead brought immeasurable inspiration to everyone.

The great demons in the Imperial Medicine Garden stood there, some filled with fear, some bewildered, and some hesitant.

"Senior Brother, let me do it."

Mu Wan walked forward, held the lightning bead with both hands, and slowly walked forward.

A green halo slowly rose from her body, and the phantom of a green sky-reaching tree appeared.

“It’s, it’s her!”

“It’s the Green Whip, no, it’s the Sky Reaching Tree!”

In the Imperial Medicine Garden, there was an exclamation, and green spiritual light surged as if to cover the heavens and earth.

Mu Wan walked into the Imperial Medicine Garden, and the green light gradually dissipated, causing the illusions of the spiritual herbs to dissipate.

After half a day, Mu Wan walked out of the Imperial Medicine Garden, followed by more than 10 figures dressed in various colored robes.

These were the demons in the Imperial Medicine Garden who had chosen to transcend the lightning tribulation under the guidance of the lightning bead and transform into demon bodies.

“Senior Brother.” Mu Wan returned the lightning bead to Han Muye with a smile.

Han Muye nodded and looked at the demons who had followed Mu Wan out.

“Greetings, Your Majesty.”

The group of demons bowed.

Han Muye waved his hand and asked them all to rise.

Among these great demons, several possessed the power of Heavenly Venerables.

Although they would be slightly inferior in battle against these great demons, it was enough to be a deterrent.

In the current cultivation world, with the Heavenly Venerables reigning, who would dare to go against them?

Han Muye did not enter the Imperial Medicine Garden.

Li Qingshi and other alchemists followed behind Mu Wan and entered the Imperial Medicine Garden to collect medicinal herbs.

Originally, they imagined rushing into the medicinal garden and dividing numerous spirit herbs, earning abundant rewards.

But the result was that everyone devoutly followed Mu Wan and the great demons in the Imperial Medicine Garden, witnessing each and every rare and extinct immortal medicine.

The alchemy disciples were all filled with admiration, facing those immortal medicines that they had never seen before but had long heard of, as well as those spiritual herbs that had been cultivating for countless years and had already transformed into powerful medicinal properties.

Sometimes, it wasn't necessary to actually pick these herbs.

Even if these herbs were picked, was there anyone in this realm who could refine them into pills?

Even if they were refined into pills, who would consume them?

Who would be willing, who would be qualified?

Worldly wealth and treasures, when they reached a certain level, were not necessarily meant to be cashed in, but rather kept as a foundation.

For high-level cultivators, a mountain of spiritual rocks was still not comparable to a single spiritual herb or a magical treasure.

This was the world of great cultivators.

Unbeknownst to them, whether it was Han Muye or the people he associated with, they had already reached this level.

They were not worried about spiritual rocks.



When those alchemists came out of the Imperial Medicine Garden, their expressions became more respectful, and even their gazes softened.

The accumulated spirit herbs over countless years were not just endless wealth but also a pilgrimage, a reverence for the precious herbs in the world.

Originally, these spiritual herbs were only materials used in alchemy for the cultivation of the alchemists.

However, in the Imperial Medicine Garden, the spiritual herbs were sentient.

Every single herb here had its own species and a long lineage.

Each herb was not just medicine; it was life, history, and belonged to the history of alchemy.

Walking into the Royal Medicine Garden and coming out with empty hands.

But instead of feeling annoyed, these alchemists were filled with joy.

Compared to the expansion of their horizons and the elevation of their state of mind, the external spiritual herbs and immortal medicines were incomparable.

“For alchemists like us, being able to enter the Imperial Medicine Garden once is unforgettable and brings lifelong benefits.” Li Qingshi stood outside the Imperial Medicine Garden, looking at the slowly enveloped garden in green spiritual light, and sighed softly.

“That’s easy. In the future, we can arrange for a hundred people to come and observe in the Imperial Medicine Garden every 10 years.” Han Muye looked at Mu Wan.

Mu Wan smiled and nodded.

The great demons here were all tamed by Mu Wan. As the wielder of the Grass Whip, Mu Wan had the ability to nurture both the spiritual herbs and the great demons here.

After staying outside the Imperial Medicine Garden for a few days, three flying ships rose into the air.

This time, the flying ships carried a hundred great demons, over a thousand soldiers, and three military commanders guarding the left Imperial City.

Xia Zhenhu, Zhu Yuanshan, and Duan Min, along with several personal guards, followed Han Muye to serve as his escorts.

The three of them were all at the level of Sage, and with the formation of the personal guards, their fighting strength was formidable.

As they traversed through the void and the flying boats rushed out of the chaotic stone area, a rumbling explosion sounded.

Xia Zhenhu raised his hand and a military formation flew out, blocking the looming figures that were attacking the flying ships.

“Boom!”

The spear stabbed forward, stirring up a blood-colored light screen that blocked the phantom that was charging down.

“Kill!”

A loud shout resounded in the void as black figures descended, spreading out like locusts towards the flying ships.

“Indeed, there are always some insects who don’t know their own limitations.” Huang Six, who landed in front of Han Muye, sneered.

Although Han Muye’s journey from the Medicine Valley to this place was secretive, it was not a big secret.

But for someone to dare to come and assassinate him, even with his Heavenly Mystic identity, they must have been blinded by greed for wealth.

“Seeking death.” Xia Zhenhu stood on the deck, leaped into the air, and thrust his blood-colored spear forward.

The flowing light transformed into a majestic dragon, crashing into the void ahead and splitting into a thousand intertwining dragons, wreaking havoc.

All the descending shadows were locked by the dragons, struggling and roaring.

A few figures fled in a sorry state, but were ultimately caught by the dragons and held on the deck.

“How dare you assassinate His Majesty? Who gave you the audacity?” Xia Zhenhu pressed his foot against the neck of a black-robed cultivator on the deck and shouted coldly.

The Daoist had a bewildered look on his face. He glanced around with trembling lips.

“Didn’t they say that there’s only a Divine Transformation leader?”

The others fell to the ground with confused expressions.

“Who told you that there’s only a Divine Transformation leader here?” Han Muye walked forward and said softly.

The black-robed Daoist opened his mouth to speak, but his whole body trembled, and his form transformed into a black mist, enveloping Han Muye.

Han Muye chuckled and said indifferently, “Let me see where you’re from.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden sword phantom rose.

His Primordial Spirit left his body and traveled thousands of miles in an instant!

In a void, a black-robed old man suddenly opened his eyes, filled with horror as he looked at the golden sword that appeared before him, seemingly out of nowhere.