

## Pavilion 501

### Chapter 501 - 501 Qian Yiming's Answer (2)

501 Qian Yiming's Answer (2)

Seeing the notice, Xiao Chu looked at Han Muye with even more fear.

Just as this Young Master Mu Ye had said, something big had happened in Heze County.

A county magistrate in charge of a county was a scholar. The commander of the Red Flame Army was not a small figure.

Is this the so-called answer from Qian Yiming?

No wonder our Miss is so formal.

“Young Master Mu Ye, Fairy Mu Wan, there’s a restaurant in Heze County that has been converted to a freshwater fish restaurant. The food is really not bad.”

Xiao Chu smiled and said, “Would you like to try it?”

“Okay.” Han Muye nodded.

Xiao Chu hurriedly led the way.

After entering the city for a moment, the caravans stopped in front of a spacious three-story restaurant.

At the door, a shopkeeper in a green brocade robe came to welcome them.

“Shopkeeper Xiao, are you back from the Southern Wasteland?”

“Oh my god, these are loaded. You’ve made a fortune.”

The shopkeeper said enviously as he came to help Xiao Chu lead the horse away.

Hearing his words, Xiao Chu snorted. “Fatty Jia, don’t pretend to be poor. I’ve seen your Jia family’s caravans in the Southern Wasteland.”

Shopkeeper Jia’s expression froze as he muttered, “Small scale, small scale...”

Xiao Chu ignored him and came to help Han Muye and Mu Wan lead the horses.

Shopkeeper Jia’s eyes lit up.

The Xiao family was a big family in the Imperial City. If even Shopkeeper Xiao wanted to lead the horses, then this young man and woman’s status must be very high.

“Shopkeeper Xiao, the table next to the window on the third floor. The best dishes in the restaurant. What do you think?” Shopkeeper Jia went forward and asked in a low voice.

Xiao Chu knew that the fatty's gaze was vicious. He chuckled and said, "As long as Young Master Mu Ye and Fairy Mu are fine with that."

As expected, these two had very distinguished statuses.

Shopkeeper Jia quickly cupped his hands. "Young Master Mu Ye, Fairy Mu, please come in."

The rest of the caravan fleet was naturally taken care of by the staff. Shopkeeper Jia personally brought Han Muye and the others to the window on the third floor.

Not only was this place quiet, but most of the scenery of Heze County could be seen from the window.

The streets below were filled with people. There were humans, demons, cultivators, and mortals.

The battlefield might be tragic, but here, the town was thriving.

"Heze County was driven by the war to conquer the Southern Wasteland. With the trading companies and the military, it became a big city in no time."

Sitting at the square table, Xiao Chu spoke.

"That's right. Back then, this part of the county was poverty-stricken."

"Commander Qian, your excellency has contributed greatly to the expedition against the Southern Wasteland," Shopkeeper Jia said as he gave a few instructions in a low voice. A few waiters quickly brought tea and prepared dishes.

"This is the Pure Snow Tea of the Western Frontier. It was brought over by the Han Trading Company from the Nine Mystic Mountain. It's said that it's contaminated with sword qi and can nurse the spleen and stomach." Shopkeeper Jia carefully brought the tea to Han Muye and Mu Wan.

When did the Nine Mystic Mountain have Pure Snow Tea?

Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan in confusion.

Mu Wan chuckled and picked up her teacup to take a sip.

"The Western Frontier's Nine Mystic Mountain's Pure Snow Tea, the Central Continent's Mount's Peach Blossom Wine, the Southern Wasteland Fox's Qingqiu Emotion Severing Fruit, and the Eastern Sea's Cloud Sea Island's Snow Clam Cream. These are the main products of the Han Corporation's trading company."

As the chief alchemist of the Han family's trading company, Mu Wan naturally knew these things.

When Han Muye was not around, she had spent a lot of effort on the business of the trading company.

Han Muye opened his mouth.

He didn't know any of this.

There's no Pure Snow Tea on the Nine Mystic Mountain, and how much Peach Blossom Wine can there be on Mount Xisai? he wondered.

Also, when did Qingqiu have any Emotion Severing Fruit, when did the Eastern Sea Cloud Sea Sword Sect produce Snow Clam Ointment?

Can those sword cultivators make these things?

“Fairy Mu is really knowledgeable. It’s a pity that the production of Snow Clam Cream and Peach Blossom Wine is too little. I don’t have any at the Banquet Hall.” Shopkeeper Jia looked a little regretful.

“It’s said that the Snow Clam Ointment contains the comprehension of the Eastern Sea’s sword cultivation. The Peach Blossom Wine also gives one the chance to comprehend the state of mind of the White Deer Mountain’s Master Han Mu.

“These are all related to opportunities.”

Sword Dao comprehension?

Grandmaster Han Mu’s state of mind?

Han Muye looked up at Mu Wan. “How much are these treasures?”

How do I sell them?

Mu Wan shook her head and raised her hand to take out two jade wine bottles and a few jade boxes.

“They’re probably not too expensive. I don’t think these are the flagship items on their accounts.”

As she spoke, she placed the wine bottles and jade boxes on the table.

“These are peach blossom wine and snow clam ointment. Senior Brother, try them later.

“The peach blossom wine was sent by Grandmaster Dongfang from White Deer Mountain. The snow clam ointment was sent to the Western Frontier by Guo Tianjin, the first direct disciple of Cloud Sea Sword Sect.”

Shopkeeper Jia’s hands were trembling.

The corner of Xiao Chu’s mouth twitched.

Grandmaster Dongfang Shu of White Deer Mountain.

The junior sect master of the Eastern Sea Cloud Sword Sect, Guo Tianjin.

Are they familiar with these people?

For a moment, the two experienced and knowledgeable people did not know what to say.

Fortunately, the waiter delivered some prepared dishes. Shopkeeper Jia introduced the dishes to cover up his shock and embarrassment.

Xiao Chu also tried two mouthfuls of the freshwater fish to calm himself down.

“This is a pufferfish from Liuyu River. It’s delicious.

“Young Master Mu Ye, Fairy Mu, try this Green Shrimp dish.

“This is our specialty, Steamed Fortune Crab.”

The fragrance filled the room.

Han Muye and Mu Wan nodded.

Mu Wan picked up the wine bottle and filled the wine cups on the table.

Xiao Chu and the shopkeeper named Jia Yang toasted Han Muye and Mu Wan.

“It really is the Peach Blossom Wine of Mount Xisai. The aftertaste is so sweet that I feel like I can see a white egret dancing in the air...” Jia Yang sighed as he drank a cup of wine.

Han Muye put the glass back on the table and shook his head. “It’s much lighter. It doesn’t taste like what I drank back then.”

Mu Wan chuckled. Jia Yang and Xiao Chu could only smile apologetically.

A commotion came from below the restaurant.

Looking down, he saw Cuicui and Shao Datian in front of the restaurant. The waiter stopped them from entering.

“Why can’t you let us in?”

“Afraid we can’t afford it?”

Shao Datian straightened his neck and held a small cloth bag tightly in his hand.

“Sir, our shop only accepts spiritual rocks. Go and exchange them for spiritual rocks before coming back.” The shop assistant raised his hand to stop the two of them.

Cuicui pulled Shao Datian over and whispered in his ear.

The two of them went to the shop next to the restaurant. After a while, Cuicui walked out carefully with a heavy bag.

Shao Datian wanted to take her to the restaurant again. Cuicui shook her head and whispered a few words before pulling Shao Datian to a stall by the street.

“Cuicui, we have spiritual rocks. Didn’t you say you wanted to eat the seafood here?” Shao Datian muttered.

“It’s the same. The food in that restaurant isn’t as fresh as this stall. Try it.” Cuicui picked up a piece of fish and narrowed her eyes.

Shao Datian’s bamboo chopsticks could not pick up the tender and smooth fish meat.

Cuicui smiled as she picked up a piece and blew on it.

The fish meat was delivered to Shao Datian’s mouth.

“Be careful, it’s hot.”

When the fish meat entered his mouth, it slid into Shao Datian’s stomach before he could chew it.

He smacked his lips, and Cuicui laughed so hard that she rocked back and forth.

In front of the stall, the two of them seemed to be eating splendid delicacies.

In the restaurant, Han Muye raised his hand.

“Bam!”

The jade chopsticks in his hand were broken into several pieces.

Mu Wan pondered for a moment, her face flushed. She picked up a piece of fish and gently handed it to Han Muye.

### **Chapter 502 - 502 White Fox Ballad on the Flowing Jade River**

Han Muye didn't know if it was because the fish meat was really tender or because Mu Wan had personally delivered it, but he felt that it was fragrant.

“Tastes good.”

It was unknown if they were talking about fish or something else.

“Ahem, Old Jia, I brought some specialties of the Southern Wasteland this time. Would you like to take a look?” Xiao Chu glanced at Jia Yang and asked in a low voice.

How could Jia Yang not understand what he meant? He quickly stood up, apologized to Han Muye and Mu Wan, and went downstairs with Xiao Chu.

Staying any longer would be awkward.

“Senior Brother Han, would you like to try this prawn dish?” Mu Wan stretched out her hand.

“I'll do it myself.” Han Muye reached for a prawn on the plate, but crushed it.

Mu Wan chuckled and handed the prawn she had peeled to Han Muye.

At a street stall, Shao Datian ate five bowls of rice and three dishes in a row. He only wiped his mouth after he had finished all the soup on his plate.

Cuicui carefully wiped the rice from his mouth.

“Are you full?” Cuicui asked quietly.

“I'm... I'm full.

“Cuicui, don't worry. When I find a job in the future, we'll eat such delicious food every day.” Shao Datian pointed in the direction of the banquet hall.

“Let's open a big restaurant in the future. You can be the lady boss.”

Shao Datian patted his stomach and said happily.

Cuicui looked at him, but said nothing. She just chuckled.

On the third floor of the restaurant, Han Muye suddenly said, “Junior Sister Mu, shall we open a pharmacy in the Imperial City?”

“I’ll be the shopkeeper, and you’ll be the lady boss.”

The lady boss.

Mu Wan felt her face burning.

She nodded gently.

The caravan fleet set up camp in Heze County for the night. Xiao Chu led a few descendants of the Xiao family to buy local produce.

Many of the freshwater fish were sealed by ice. When they were brought back to the Imperial City, they would earn 10 times the profit.

Some low-value Southern Wasteland spiritual herbs would also be sold in Heze County.

According to Jia Yang, in the entire Nanyuan Prefecture, Heze County developed the fastest. It was almost comparable to Nanyuan City, where the county’s official department was located.

Because Han Muye and Mu Wan were traveling together, Xiao Chu arranged for the caravan fleet to stay in a rather high-end inn in the city.

In the past, it was good enough for the caravans to be stationed in the city.

Some of the Xiao family disciples could tell that something was going on and were much more attentive to Han Muye and Mu Wan. There were also some who still could not see through them and resented Han Muye and Mu Wan for each taking a room.

“Young Master Mu Ye, Fairy Mu, the night view on the Flowing Jade River is not bad. Do the two of you want to go shopping?” After everything was settled, Xiao Chu smiled and asked Han Muye.

Seeing Mu Wan’s expression, Han Muye smiled and nodded.

The two of them walked side by side towards the river outside the city.

The Liuyu River crossed Nanyuan Prefecture and carried the water of the three prefectures. When it reached Heze County, it was already thousands of feet wide.

Heze County was named after the kindness of the river.

The river was wide, and the sun had set. The new moon and many stars were rising, and the rippling water was dotted with reflections of the stars.

Not far away, there were cargo ships, fishing boats, and decorated boats. The light of the lamps and the stars bounced off each other.

“So beautiful...”

Mu Wan stood by the green willow and spoke softly.

Han Muye nodded and looked into the distance, his eyes flickering with golden light.

“This is the mortal world.

“When we cultivate, we have to leave this mortal world but remember this mortal world.”

At this moment, Han Muye wanted to reach out and put his arm around Mu Wan’s shoulder, just like Cuicui and Shao Datian, who were sitting not far away. However, he was afraid that he would use too much strength and hurt Mu Wan.

Perhaps Mu Wan had also sensed his state of mind. She slowly leaned over and put her head on his shoulder.

The shadows of the moon danced and the water glistened.

The reflection in the river water rippled gently.

“Cuicui, how about this? I’ll catch fish by the river in the future. I think many people here know how to catch fish. I know how to do it too.” Not far away, Shao Datian hugged Cuicui, as if he was afraid that she might catch a chill from the night wind.

“No, my Zhou family’s old residence is in Heze County. If we stay here, we will be recognized...” Cuicui’s words were filled with reluctance and helplessness.

“Let’s go to Nanyuan City, let’s go to the Imperial City. The Central Continent is so big, can’t we make our home there?”

“Didn’t you say you wanted to open a restaurant? Let’s go to the Imperial City and open a restaurant.

“When the time comes, our children can go to the Imperial City Academy to study. When they grow up, they can also become high-ranking officials who govern a region.

“My grandfather is a fan of officials. When he sees his great-grandson become a high-ranking official, he will definitely be grinning from ear to ear.

“At that time, we’ll buy many gifts and return to the clan base...”

Han Muye and Mu Wan did not speak and quietly listened to the young couple dream about their future not far away.

Perhaps it was ordinary, or perhaps it was distant, but it was all for the beautiful future.

“Alright, it’s up to you. It’s up to you,” Shao Datian replied.

Han Muye looked down and saw Mu Wan looking at him.

The two of them looked away into the distance.

On the river, there was a pleasure boat swaying gently. Melodious string music and soft singing came from it.

“I’m a fox that has cultivated for a thousand years. I’ve cultivated for a thousand years, and I’ve been alone for a thousand years. In the dead of night, people can hear me crying. In the dim lights, people can see me dancing...”

The singing voice lingered in the air, making people feel a sense of gentleness in their hearts.

On the river bank, many pedestrians gathered and looked at the pleasure boat as they discussed in low voices.

“This white fox ballad is really nice.”

“It’s a ballad from the Imperial City. It’s said that it’s sung on all the pleasure boats in the Central Continent.”

“I wonder what the number one beauty of the Brocade Immortal Ship looks like. She can actually sing such a tune. It really makes me feel melancholic. I can’t bear to leave this gentle land...”

Some people commented on the song, while others told stories.

### **Chapter 503 - 503 White Fox Ballad on the Flowing Jade River (2)**

The princess of the West Garrison King of Shuxi County rode on an immortal ship into the Imperial City. On the way, she saved a girl in white.

This woman named Wuhen said that she was from the Fox Clan. She once had an unforgettable and lingering love affair with a young official in the Imperial City.

However, in the end, the young scholar became a high and mighty minister and abandoned his companion, Wuhen.

The Brocade Immortal Ship stopped outside the Imperial City. From then on, rumors of a white fox swirled, attracting countless scholars to board the ship in order to behold the beauty of Shuxi County and the beauty of the Brocade Immortal Ship.

“Is there really no happy future between humans and demons?” Mu Wan whispered as she looked at Cuicui and Shao Datian in the distance.

The two of them were far away and did not hear the discussion on the shore. They were still immersed in the tragic story of the white fox ballad.

As the night dew deepened, Han Muye and Mu Wan returned to the inn.

When they left, Shao Datian and Cuicui were still on the riverbank.

The next morning, the caravans set off again.

This time, they would first arrive at Nanyuan City in Nanyuan Prefecture, then turn to the upper reaches of the Flowing Jade River, go upstream, and travel by ship to the Imperial City.

“Mr. Muye, our ship will pass through Dongshan County.

“That’s the place where Grandmaster Lu Yuzhou achieved the Dao. There are many things to do there. It’s even livelier than Heze County.”

The manager of the banquet hall who was riding a spiritual steed spoke loudly beside Han Muye.

Today, there were a few more workers led by Jia Yang and more than 10 large carriages in the caravan fleet.

According to his explanation, the Jia family were merchants to begin with. They set up a banquet hall and inn in Heze County.

Their family's main business was the same as the Xiao family. They operated caravan fleets that transported goods everywhere. They made money from the buying and selling of these goods.

Han Muye and Mu Wan rarely spoke, while Xiao Chu and Jia Yang talked about the local customs of the Central Continent from time to time.

Dongshan County and the conquest of the Southern Wasteland were the biggest events in the Central Continent in recent years.

There was also the opening of the Heavenly Gate in the Western Frontier.

Just as Xiao Chu had said, the situation in the Central Continent had not changed for a thousand years.

The various aristocratic families and sects had taken control of the resources. Other than studying hard, ordinary people basically did not have any opportunities.

Be it mortals or cultivators, although they did not have to worry about food and clothing, they could not see the future.

Who would have thought that a great battle would break out in the Southern Wasteland, drawing the attention of all the clans in the Central Continent to the South.

It was a specialty of the Southern Wasteland. Military resources were expended, and the migration of commoners and sects and aristocratic families was related to wealth.

Many people became rich overnight.

On the Liuyu River, a fisherman was rewarded with 1,000 spiritual rocks after catching fish overnight and sending them to the military camp.

1,000 spiritual rocks was not something that could be earned through fishing.

At that time, everyone thought that the change in the situation in the Central Continent was happening in the Southern Wasteland.

The various clans gathered their resources and wanted a share of the loot.

However, who would have thought that the White Deer Mountain Academy would appear out of thin air and compete for the People's Will? With the opening of the Heavenly Gate in the Western Frontier and the emergence of Dongshan County, the entire Central Continent seemed to have come back to life.

It was possible for the White Deer Mountain to educate the world with the scholar's sword.

The Western Frontier challenged the world with the sword. Which sword cultivator did not want to take a trip to the Nine Mystic Mountain?

The 19 counties of the Central Continent had not changed for countless years. Unexpectedly, Lu Yuzhou returned with the momentum and added a new county to the Central Continent.

It was really a place of rebirth where everyone could run wild.

How many fields could be opened up?

How many Confucianists could become officials?

How many sects could establish a base?

It would take less than a thousand years for the resources to be cultivated.

Based on what Jia Yang had said, if the Jia Family had not set up a trap in the Southern Wasteland, they would definitely have used the entire family's strength to develop Dongshan County.

The few disciples of the Xiao family and the juniors of the Jia family who were close behind him would ask a few questions from time to time.

Han Muye and Mu Wan smiled and listened.

Mu Wan did not care about these things and could only accompany Han Muye.

In Han Muye's opinion, the operations of these large clans were actually very similar to the development of the Nine Mystic Mountain for more than 10,000 years.

Generations of hard work finally succeeded in suppressing the Western Frontier.

However, the price paid was unimaginable to outsiders.

Although there was a chance, he had to fight for it.

It was not a competition of a single person or a moment's competition, but a competition of a clan and a competition of a lifetime.

Han Muye looked at the sky.

What was the Heavenly Mystic's Wen Mosheng fighting for?

The more he interacted with and saw, the more Han Muye felt that Wen Mosheng had been overseeing the Heavenly Mystic for countless years.

"Boom!"

Behind the mountain range in front of them, there was a roar.

Xiao Chu raised his hand with a solemn expression.

The caravans quickly gathered and formed an arc-shaped battle circle.

The large carriages were outside the circle. The guards and a group of workers stood by the large carriages, weapons and spells on hand.

"The Southern Wasteland has attracted too many forces. Recently, Nanyuan County has become much more chaotic." Jia Yang shook his head, and the aura on his body slowly condensed.

Second level of the Golden Core Realm.

Without a Golden Core cultivation, he would not dare to oversee a region.

Demons?

On the mountain, blood qi rose with a few violent demonic lights.

Then there was a flash of sword light.

“It’s the Mystic Sun Guards,” Xiao Chu said in a low voice as he flew up.

“You guys stay here. I’ll go take a look.”

The Xiao family was an aristocratic family in the Imperial City. Their glory and splendor were connected to the dynasty.

The Mystic Sun Guards were surrounded, so Xiao Chu naturally had to investigate.

Jia Yang nodded. His Golden Core aura spread out and enveloped a radius of 10,000 feet.

He didn’t flinch.

His gaze fell on the figure running over from the main road at the foot of the mountain.

Mu Wan was also surprised.

Shao Datian’s face was filled with anxiety as he ran with Cuicui in his arms.

Behind him, there were a few black shadows roaring and chasing after him.

Cuicui’s eyes were tightly shut, and her face was filled with pain.

### **Chapter 504 - 504 White Fox Ballad on the Flowing Jade River (3)**

#### 504 White Fox Ballad on the Flowing Jade River (3)

Shao Datian ran and stopped about 3,000 feet in front of the caravans. Jia Yang frowned and turned to look at Han Muye and Mu Wan. In the end, he did not speak or attack.

The figures chased after him until they were 3,000 feet away and stopped.

They were three huge black wolves that were 10 feet long. They bared their teeth and their auras were violent.

3,000 feet. The power of a Golden Core cultivator enveloped them, making the three giant wolves not dare to approach.

Shao Datian acted as if he didn't see anything. He simply carried Cuicui and ran quickly. When he was 300 feet away from the caravans, he suddenly stopped.

Turning around, he looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

"I know you." Shao Datian carried Cuicui back to Han Muye and looked at him. "Can you help me save Cuicui?"

He stared at Han Muye. "I sense that you're a friend of our demon race."

Indeed, be it the body of the divine beast, Baxia, or the Thousand Demons Token, Han Muye had a natural attraction for the demons.

Shao Datian asked for help purely out of instinct.

"We, we have spiritual rocks." Shao Datian took out the small cloth bag Cuicui was carrying and looked at Han Muye.

“Let me take a look at her.” Mu Wan got off the horse. Spiritual light flashed in her hand and turned into a cloud that enveloped Cuicui.

The cloud entered Cuicui’s body. Mu Wan frowned and her expression darkened.

Shao Datian looked at Mu Wan nervously and then at Cuicui with an aching heart.

“Her vitality is depleted, and she got frightened after catching a cold. She’s going to have a miscarriage.”

Mu Wan’s gaze landed on Cuicui and she shook her head. “I’m afraid the fetus can’t be saved.”

A fetus?

Shao Datian was at a loss.

In front of him, rumbling sounds sounded again. He could see several spiritual lights colliding.

Then a golden Great Spirit mingled with the People’s Will descended from the sky.

After that, everything returned to normal.

Xiao Chu returned with a turbulent aura and led the caravans forward.

The caravans passed through the mountain pass and saw that the area around the main road was in a mess. Half of the mountain had collapsed.

“Someone intercepted and attempted to kill Qian Yunong, who was being escorted into the capital. They mobilized independent cultivators and many demons. Fortunately, there was a guardian in front to receive them. We didn’t let these guys succeed.”

Xiao Chu did not show how his own side was doing. Instead, he explained the dangers with a grave expression.

This matter involved a lot of military resources and rations, including a lot of lethal armament.

It had yet to be uncovered who Qian Yunong, in collusion with Cao Shan, sold these items.

Perhaps this was the reason why someone wanted to silence him.

“There are countless sects in the world. If it really gets chaotic, even Minister Wen will have a headache, right?” Jia Yang said softly, but his gaze quietly turned to Han Muye.

Perhaps this young master knows something different? he thought.

Han Muye did know.

After the exploration of the Southern Wasteland's Ten Thousand Demons Mystic Realm, many elites had returned. Although the secrets were kept secret, those who knew naturally knew.

The Spiritual Armored Demons had become a huge threat. Such a powerful force made people tremble in fear.

If the Spiritual Armored Demons were to attack the Heavenly Mystic World, would they be able to stop them?

Later on, although Wen Mosheng led an army to trap the Spiritual Armored Demons, he also exposed the location of the Heavenly Mystic World.

When the army fought, the world collapsed, the void trembled, and every galaxy responded.

In the past two years, many foreign forces had come into contact with the Heavenly Mystic World.

Many of those who were willing to form an alliance were also treated with courtesy by the Heavenly Mystic dynasty.

Cultivators from outside the realm were no longer a secret in the Heavenly Mystic cultivation world.

Many cultivation sects also communicated with cultivators from outside the realm.

In this way, the cultivation world became even more lively.

Some of this information was told by Qian Yiming to Han Muye and some by Mu Wan. Some were based on Han Muye's own understanding.

### **Chapter 505 - 505 One Day, The Great Dao Will Rise**

It was also this information that made Han Muye feel that Wen Mosheng was up to something.

Immortal Spirit World?

Spiritual Armored Demons?

Perhaps even the Desolate Wilderness or the Immortal Source World.

It wasn't that Wen Mosheng was powerless to control the chaos in the Heavenly Mystic World, but in his opinion, there was no need to do that.

With the situation in hand, a little chaos was not important.

The caravans moved forward again, and Han Muye followed the uneasy Shao Datian.

Mu Wan was in an empty carriage at the back, taking care of Cuicui, who had just woken up.

At this moment, Cuicui's face was filled with pain and sorrow, and her eyes were a little dull.

"Sister Mu, my first child is gone just like that?"

She looked at Mu Wan with a miserable expression.

Mu Wan reached out and patted Cuicui's shoulder. She said softly, "Every life has its own fate.

"Perhaps the opportunity hasn't arrived yet."

Looking at Cuicui, Mu Wan reached out and held her cold hand. "Girl, are you sure you're ready to be a mother?"

"I..." Cuicui was at a loss.

She had no idea.

She knew nothing.

She only wanted to be with Shao Datian. She only wanted to have children and a family with him.

She was just a girl with little experience. How could she think so far ahead?

"Rest first and slowly recuperate. You have your whole life ahead of you. You might be able to give birth to eight or 10 children. You won't be able to take care of them."

Mu Wan chuckled and turned to look ahead.

Over there, Han Muye spurred his horse forward.

Cuicui nodded wearily, leaned back on the soft blanket, and fell asleep quietly.

From the Southern Wasteland to the Central Continent, even with Shao Datian's care, she had suffered a lot.

Fortunately, she would be happy in the future.

The caravans stopped at a spacious place on the mountain path at noon. Mu Wan used a cauldron to concoct a medicinal herb with mild medicinal power and asked Shao Datian to give it to Cuicui.

Shao Datian thanked her profusely and wanted to offer her spiritual rocks, but Mu Wan rejected him.

The caravans stopped at a spacious place on the mountain path at noon. Mu Wan used a cauldron to concoct a medicinal herb with mild medicinal power and asked Shao Datian to give it to Cuicui. Even if Shao Datian had offered 10 times what he had, it would not be enough for this medicine.

Jia Yang was shocked.

He had cultivated some alchemy.

In his opinion, Mu Wan's methods were at the level of an alchemy master at the very least.

Such a young alchemy master?

Xiao Chu simply chuckled at the side.

He was already used to what Young Master Mu Ye and Fairy Mu Wan did.

Shao Datian fed Cuicui medicine while comforting her.

"Cuicui, don't worry. Young Master Mu Ye has already agreed. I can be his guard along the way.

"Just take a ride in this big carriage.

"They're going to the Imperial City. Shall we go to the Imperial City too?

"When we reach the Imperial City, we'll use all the spiritual rocks to open a small shop.

"You said that it's expensive to set up a shop in the Imperial City. We'll open a small one. It's, it's only this big."

Holding the bowl in one hand, Shao Datian stretched his arms to show a shopfront that was less than three feet wide.

"Is there such a big shop?" Cuicui's pale face had a trace of color as she chuckled.

Seeing her smile, Shao Datian relaxed a little.

"Cuicui, is the medicine bitter?"

Cuicui nodded, then shook her head.

"Datian, our child..."

“It’s fine. Let’s have one child every year for a hundred years in the future.” Shao Datian was about to break his fingers, but he felt that he couldn’t.

Cuicui only smiled. There were tears in her eyes again.

When Shao Datian got off the carriage, he heard people muttering not far away.

They were saying that bringing someone like Cuicui along was not only taking up a large carriage, but it was also inauspicious.

Seeing that Shao Datian was looking at them, the few of them stopped talking.

Shao Datian did not say anything. He only took advantage of the time when the caravans were taking a break to hunt a gazelle that weighed a hundred catties in the forest.

In the evening, the caravan that had stopped again was filled with the fragrance of roasted gazelle and mutton soup.

At this moment, many people’s attitude towards Shao Datian improved.

When it was dark, Shao Datian was going to keep watch for Han Muye and stand outside his tent.

Han Muye waved his hand for him to take care of Cuicui.

That night, Shao Datian made many trips outside Han Muye’s tent and in front of Cuicui’s big carriage.

In the tent, Mu Wan regretfully cleaned up the wasted pills in the cauldron in front of her.

She looked up at Han Muye in front of her and said softly, “Senior Brother, is this method of sealing the bloodline with pills to protect the mother really feasible?”

Cuicui’s child could not be saved because of the exhaustion and shock she suffered. The key was that Cuicui’s body could not withstand the condensation of the bloodline power.

If this child took shape, she would die from exhaustion.

Halfway through, Mu Wan discussed the method to seal her bloodline with Han Muye.

However, there were many drawbacks.

The first was that if this child could not awaken the power of his bloodline and even deteriorate in all aspects, it would not be a good thing.

Those great cultivators were fine, but they had many methods.

If Cuicui and Shao Datian’s children were freaks, how would they live in the future?

Even the divine beast bloodline sealing technique that Han Muye had mastered could not be used on mortals.

However, he had deduced a few medicinal pill methods that might be useful.

It was just that Han Muye could not control his strength and could not refine pills. He had to let Mu Wan start the furnace.

Mu Wan's alchemy skills were at the master realm and she could also refine sixth-grade pills.

Unfortunately, she still did not have enough understanding of the formula for deduction and could not refine the pills for the time being.

"Let's take it slow. When we get to the imperial city, there will be many experts in the Dao of alchemy there. Perhaps we'll get some inspiration after some discussion."

Looking at Mu Wan, Han Muye comforted her softly.

In Han Muye's opinion, with Mu Wan's dedication to alchemy, coupled with her talent, her future growth would definitely not be bad.

### **Chapter 506 - 506 One Day, The Great Dao Will Rise (2)**

Mu Wan nodded, put away the pill furnace, and looked out of the tent.

Not far away, Shao Datian carefully pressed his head against the outside of the carriage, as if to hear if Cuicui was sleeping peacefully.

"I really envy them..."

Mu Wan lowered her head gently and whispered, "Although it's difficult to describe the joys and sorrows of mortals, they are real."

An indescribable sadness and joy.

After becoming a cultivator and embarking on the path of cultivation, the stronger the power one could control, the less sorrow and joy one would have.

"Sixth Brother saw through it back then." With a chuckle, Mu Wan looked at Han Muye. "Does Zhihu know that you've returned?"

Han Muye nodded. "She knows."

"That girl has experienced a lot of killing in the mystic realm. This is a good thing and a bad thing for her future cultivation. I hope she recuperates well in White Deer Mountain."

Actually, it was not only Huang Zhihu. Everyone from the Sword Pavilion, including Tuoba Cheng and the others from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, also knew that Han Muye had returned.

It was just that this matter was kept a secret from outsiders.

Han Muye wanted to temper his temperament with the mortal world and did not want to be disturbed by the outside world.

Turning to look outside, Han Muye's body was circulating with a faint spiritual light.

Caravans, descendants of aristocratic families, Shao Datian and Cuicui, these people who were like ants in the eyes of Peak Nascent Soul Realm experts, were all trying their best to live and strive for the happiness they could see.

Some of the Xiao family disciples gathered around the fire were silently calculating how much profit they would earn from this transaction, while others took out books and recorded the situation along the way.

If they continued to learn, perhaps in a few decades, they would personally lead the team.

Some of the guards and workers had already fallen asleep, while others were on guard.

This was their duty. They had traveled all the way for three meals and their salary.

To them, the longevity that great cultivators searched for was just a dream.

The joys and sorrows of the world were different after all.

The caravans traveled for three days before arriving at Nanyuan City.

After all, this was where the County Governor's Office was located. The city walls here were clearly much taller than in Heze County.

There were also many more streets and shops in the city.

Compared to Heze County, Nanyuan City had fewer merchants and soldiers. There were more Confucianists.

This was what a large city in the Central Continent should be like.

When the caravan entered the city, Xiao Chu and Jia Yang were busy buying and selling goods.

If they relied on the Southern Wasteland to bring all kinds of spiritual materials and spiritual herbs back to the Imperial City, the profits would be much smaller.

Xiao Chu and the others, who were veteran merchants, would sell goods along the way that did not make much profit but allowed them to close the deal.

That way, they would have enough money to spend along the way.

Jia Yang and Xiao Chu were in a good mood after going out for a while.

Nowadays, the Central Continent was flourishing everywhere. As long as one was willing to take the trade route, one could earn spiritual rocks.

They sold a lot of spiritual herbs and materials they had found in the Southern Wasteland and bought a lot of supplies.

"We rented two large ships that can carry 300,000 catties of various supplies."

In the inn, Xiao Chu and Jia Yang talked about their gains on this trip as they sat with Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Along the Flowing Jade River, they would pass by Dongshan County on the way.

The resources on the ship were worthless in Nanyuan County, but they could fetch twice as much in Dongshan County.

This was because there was a scarcity of resources in Dongshan County.

Many sects were waiting at the docks with spiritual rocks.

Even the Dongshan County Governor's Office was expending large amounts of spiritual rocks.

Han Muye knew that Dongshan County did not lack spiritual rocks. What they lacked was people.

The prosperity of Dongshan County was only on the surface. It was to attract more people.

"May I know who is in charge of the Xiao family's caravan?"

A voice sounded at the door of the private room.

A middle-aged man in a green robe stood there and cupped his hands.

Xiao Chu stood up.

This person was wearing the robe of a county governor's official.

"I'm the County Governor of Nanyuan County, Chen Sheng. Please make a trip to the County Governor's Office, Shopkeeper Xiao." The green-robed middle-aged man cupped his hands at Xiao Chi, then at Han Muye and the others.

County Governor's Estate.

With a solemn expression, Xiao Mo nodded and followed him out.

An hour later, Xiao Chen returned with a grave expression.

"The team escorting the County Governor's Office to the Imperial City wants to travel with us."

"The Fuchen Dao Sect might be behind Qian Yunong."

Xiao Mo's words caused Jia Yang's expression to change.

"Fuchen Dao Sect? How did they implicate this colossus?"

The Fuchen Dao Sect was a large sect in the 19 provinces of the Central Continent that was distributed among the eight southeastern provinces.

There were many Heaven Realm experts in the Fuchen Dao Sect. It was said that the top experts among them could suppress an entire county.

For countless years, the Fuchen Dao Sect did not have much interaction with the dynasty. They were respectful of the Confucian Dao.

However, other than the Imperial City, no one else dared to offend such a large sect.

The Fuchen Dao Sect was obedient to the Confucianism rule of the dynasty, but it did not mean that they did not play dirty tricks.

At the very least, Jia Yang knew that among the eight counties in the southeast, there were one or two that were involved with the Fuchen Dao Sect.

“Is such a big matter something we can participate in?” Jia Yang looked at Xiao Chu with a trace of fear.

Xiao Chu shook his head and looked at Han Muye. “Young Master Mu Ye, how about this? You, Fairy Mu Wan, and Shopkeeper Jia will take another big ship and leave.

“I’ll lead the Xiao family’s caravans and set off for the day.”

Jia Yang opened his mouth but did not speak.

“Do you think this will attract the attention of the Fuchen Dao Sect?” Han Muye shook his head gently and said calmly, “Whether it was one ship or two ships, they will be intercepted.”

How could a large sect act without the imposing attitude of a large sect?

If they really attacked, it would be like a thunderbolt.

Xiao Chu’s expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, “I know what Young Master is saying, but my Xiao Family can’t decline this mission.”

### **Chapter 507 - 507 One Day, The Great Dao Will Rise (3)**

The Xiao family was an aristocratic family of the dynasty. They could not decline such an escort mission.

After enjoying the prosperity of the dynasty, they naturally had to bear the responsibility.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked out of the restaurant.

“Perhaps Nanyuan County is trying to drag your Xiao family down with them?”

They wanted to drag the Xiao family down with them.

Xiao Chu nodded.

This was an open conspiracy.

“Let’s set off together tomorrow. I’m curious about what methods the Fuchen Dao Sect will use.”

Han Muye stood up, shook his head, and walked downstairs to the restaurant.

Jia Yang looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan’s backs and said in a low voice, “Brother Xiao, I’m afraid our lives will depend on this Young Master Mu Ye this time.”

With their strength and the caravan fleet’s strength, how could they possibly provoke the Fuchen Dao Sect?

This mission was clearly sending them to their deaths and then inciting the power supporting them to tangle with the Fuchen Dao Sect.

Fortunately, outsiders did not know about this trip and that they had Han Muye with them.

“Who do you think this Young Master Mu Ye is? What’s his cultivation level?” Jia Yang looked at Xiao Chu.

Xiao Chu shook his head.

He really did not know.

Fortunately, Han Muye did not show any fear towards the Fuchen Dao Sect's interception, which made them heave a sigh of relief.

The next morning, the caravans left the city and headed straight for the Flowing Jade River.

When they reached the dock, two 300-foot-long ships had already docked.

The merchant group carried the goods onto the large ship and hung up the sails. The two large ships went against the current.

On both sides of the river, there were green Ruyans, blue waves, and endless spiritual fields.

Standing side by side with Mu Wan at the bow, Han Muye restrained his aura and he appeared just like a mortal.

"The mountains are connected to the blue waves of the world, floating and sinking only..." Han Muye muttered.

"Floating and sinking only in the turbid waves. How about it?" A voice sounded from the deck behind him.

Han Muye turned around and saw a middle-aged man in a green robe with chains hanging from his feet slowly walking over.

The iron lock jingled.

"In the turbid waves? How can such a clear river be turbid?" Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, "It's not appropriate."

Hearing Han Muye's words, the middle-aged man laughed and pointed around. "Look at this spiritual field. How much of the produce is consumed by the common people?"

"Blue waves, are they really as clear as water?"

"How can the mortal world be so clear?"

Han Muye turned to look at him, his eyes narrowed.

"No wonder."

Shaking his head, Han Muye revealed a cold expression. "So you're a Daoist who switched to Confucianism. You feel that the mortal world is turbid, and want to get away and return to the Dao."

Hearing his words, the middle-aged man revealed a proud expression.

"I've already seen through the decay of Confucianism. I, Qian Yunnong, abandoned Confucianism and entered the Dao. In the future, I will definitely be able to live a carefree life for thousands of years."

Qian Yunong was the county magistrate of Heze County.

He colluded with the Fuchen Dao Sect to sell military funds.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Qian Yunong's face.

"I don't care about anything else. I'm just curious. Kong Chaode is also a talent. Why do you want to harm his family?"

Kong Chaode!

Qian Yunong's expression changed as he stared at Han Muye.

After a long time, he shook his head, "Kong Rong's talent is not inferior to mine. He's too meticulous and I really can't accept him."

These words were true.

Kong Chaode was able to plan a county and help the army with the logistics of transporting grain. What Qian Yunong wanted to do could not be hidden.

"In your eyes, is the life and death of a family so casual?"

Han Muye spoke softly.

Qian Yunong glanced at him and turned to leave.

"I have the upper hand. Why say so much?"

"I'll add to your verse.

"The mountains are connected to the blue waves of the world, floating and sinking in the turbid waves. One day, when the wind and clouds rise, the Great Dao will soar to the nine heavens."

Soar to the Nine Heavens?

A trace of crystal light flashed in Han Muye's eyes.

Does this Fuchen Dao Sect really dare to think they will split the authority of the Heavenly Dao in the Central Continent?

"Whoosh—"

A figure rushed out of the water.

"Young Master, there are a lot of fish underwater. A lot of them. They're very big," Shao Datian, who was holding a nearly three-foot-long fish, said in a low voice.

Mu Wan frowned when she saw the fish.

"Phoenix-Tailed Carp? It's already past the breeding season. Why are there still phoenix-tailed carps in the Flowing Jade River?"

Shao Datian shook his head and looked at the big fish in his hand. "Underwater, all of them."

## **Chapter 508 - 508 Achieving the Dao Through Incense, Interception at the Guan Estuary**

Phoenix-Tailed Carp.

It was named for its long and slender fishtail with golden patterns.

Its meat was delicious, and it was one of the delicacies from the Flowing Jade River.

The Phoenix-Tailed Carp swam upstream to spawn every year. Before the water rose in the summer, it would arrive at Yuci Lake, which was a million miles away from the border between the Southern Wasteland and the Central Continent.

Just as Mu Wan had said, the timing was off now.

This was not a joke.

Firstly, if they missed the time, the place where the eggs were laid might flood and countless fish eggs would be washed down and devoured by other fish in the flowing river.

Secondly, after a period of time, another kind of rather ferocious Black Kun Fish would also swim upstream to their birthplace to spawn.

The gentle Phoenix-Tailed Carp was food to the Black Kun Fish.

The entire school of Phoenix-Tailed Fish might be destroyed.

He turned around and saw a faint red fish under the water.

“Senior Brother, do you know why?” Mu Wan looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head.

If these were fish demons that had transformed, he could question them.

Unfortunately, he did not sense the existence of transformed demons with the school of fish.

Shao Datian cut half of the fish he caught into pieces and made soup with the other half.

The raw pieces were delivered to Han Muye and Mu Wan. The ones that were boiled into soup were brought to Cuicui.

Cuicui’s body was weak and could not withstand the wind.

At the bow of the ship, Han Muye and Mu Wan sat on the floor. There was peach blossom wine and fish slices on the wooden table in front of them.

Han Muye put a piece of fish into his mouth with difficulty.

Mu Wan looked at him and chuckled.

“It’s thin like a cicada’s wing, crystal clear, and fragrant. It’s indeed not bad.

“I think if Shao Datian goes to the Imperial City to open a restaurant that specializes in fish dishes, he will definitely be able to earn spiritual rocks.”

Hearing his words, Mu Wan laughed out loud. She also picked up a piece of fish and put it into her mouth.

She looked up and saw Han Muye looking at her. She couldn’t help but blush.

She put down her bamboo chopsticks, poured the peach blossom wine into a cup, and then picked it up. Han Muye carefully took it, afraid that he would crush the cup.

This made Mu Wan cover her mouth and laugh again.

On the big ship in front, Jia Yang and Xiao Xi stood on the deck and looked back.

“If I didn’t know that Young Master Mu Ye’s identity was extraordinary, I would really think of him as an ordinary Confucian scholar.”

Xiao Chu turned his head and looked at the top of the ship behind him.

Over there, an old man in a black robe with a long sword hanging at his waist stood still with a solemn expression.

“Someone from the Fuchen Dao Sect really dares to come to the Xuanyang Guards’ headquarters?”

The combat strength of the general of the Mystic Sun Guards was extremely powerful, and the authority he wields was not small either. Moreover, with this status, he represented the dynasty.

Those who dared to intercept and kill the convicted officials escorted by the general were directly challenging the prestige of the dynasty.

Hearing his words, Jia Yang shook his head and said in a low voice, “Brother Xiao, you’ve only been in Dongnan for a short time. You don’t know the situation here.

“Even if the Fuchen Dao Sect doesn’t dare to rebel openly, they will create many disputes and hinder the governance of the dynasty.

“Can Daoism really be peaceful?”

Of course, Xiao Chu knew that the so-called peace and quiet were all fake.

Without resources and countless disciples with sufficient cultivation aptitude, which Daoist sect could establish a sect?

Weren’t resources and disciples fought for?

“Whoosh—”

In front of him, Phoenix-Tailed Carps jumped out of the water.

Many fishermen had started pulling nets and harpoons as they sailed through the water.

This year’s Phoenix-Tailed Carp run happened much later, which surprised the fishermen.

Their catch could mean more than half of the year’s harvest.

Now they finally saw the Phoenix-Tailed Carps.

The surface of the river churned, and at the bottom of the river, countless fish swam against the current.

In front of them, more and more sampans and fishing boats were waiting. The fishermen’s eyes were shining.

Jia Yang frowned.

Xiao Chu also had a solemn expression.

In such a situation, it would be difficult to guard against those with bad intentions if they were mingled with the fishermen.

“Go to the cabin. Don’t come out unless there’s something important,” the black-robed old man standing on the top of the cabin suddenly said.

Han Muye looked up.

The old man placed his hand on the hilt of his sword and stared at the countless sampan fishing boats in front of him.

“Does this lieutenant think that some people from the Fuchen Dao Sect will come in the guise of fishermen to kill us?” Han Muye put down his wine glass and asked softly.

Hearing his words, the black-robed old man looked down at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head.

“The Fuchen Dao Sect is a large Daoist sect that can dominate several counties in the Central Continent. They won’t be so despicable.

“If they really want to kill us, they’ll do it at the Guan Estuary.”

The black-robed old man frowned.

The Guan Estuary was a fork in the southeast of Liuyu River.

To the east, the river flowed into the sea.

To the south, it poured into Yuci Lake.

It was originally a place that the three parties did not care about. Now that Dongshan County was suppressing it, it could be considered the territory of the county.

However, Dongshan County was newly established and probably did not have the energy to manage the matters relating to the river waters.

The two big ships moved through the middle of the river. The fishermen on the small sampans consciously avoided the main path.

The closest ones were only 30 feet away from them.

But as Han Muye had said, no one attacked until they passed through the group of fishermen’s boats.

This made the old man standing on the roof of the cabin heave a sigh of relief.

If someone from among the fishermen really attacked, innocent people might die.

The Mystic Sun Guards were most unwilling to invite such a slaughter.

“Young Master is wise.

“I’m Zhang Yaohui, the lieutenant of the Mystic Sun Guards in Nanyuan County.” The old man cupped his hands at Han Muye.

He nodded.

Actually, when they boarded the ship previously, Jia Yang and the others had met this lieutenant and introduced Han Muye and Mu Wan.

At that time, Zhang Yaohui probably didn’t take everyone seriously.

With the crisis resolved, Zhang Yaohui returned to the cabin.

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

### **Chapter 509 - 509 Achieving the Dao Through Incense, Interception at the Guan Estuary (2)**

“Senior Brother, will they really attack at the Guan Estuary?”

She was curious why Han Muye was so sure.

Hearing her words, Han Muye chuckled.

He could tell not just through speculation, but also divine sense.

Earlier, he had already used his powerful divine soul to investigate. There were several Confucian Dao masters a hundred miles behind them.

If someone really dared to intercept them on the river, those masters would not be civil.

In front of them, experts of the Dao Sect were hiding 300 miles away. They were moving but did not approach them.

These two ships were more like bait for the two sides to fight.

After leaving Nanyuan County, the aura of the Confucian experts behind them disappeared.

However, several more Confucian auras appeared in front of him.

The speed of the school of fish was about the same as the speed of the ships. They went against the current and saved Shao Datian a lot of effort. As long as he went into the water, he would definitely catch a few big fish.

When the weather was good, Cuicui would bask in the sun with a headscarf on the deck.

From this experience, Cuicui and Shao Datian seemed to have grown a lot.

Shao Datian turned the fish he caught into fish filets and fish soup and distributed them to the Mystic Sun Guards and caravan guards on the two ships.

He even gave Qian Yunong a set.

Qian Yunong returned the favor by personally writing ‘Freshwater Fish’ and giving the calligraphy to Shao Datian.

Qian Yunong wrote these two words because Shao Datian said that he wanted to open a small seafood restaurant in the Imperial City.

These two words were extremely precious to Cuicui.

They were personally written by the county magistrate, even though he was now a prisoner.

Mu Wan would brew some medicine for Cuicui, and Shao Datian would keep watch for Han Muye.

According to Shao Datian, without Han Muye agreeing to take them to the Imperial City, they would not have had a chance to board the ship.

If not for Mu Wan's treatment, he did not know what would have happened to Cuicui.

Shao Datian knew how to be grateful. He did not take the spiritual rocks Han Muye paid and was willing to be Han Muye's guard as long as he could follow him all the way to the Imperial City.

Of course, they did not know that Cuicui's blood essence was severely injured. If not for Mu Wan's medicine, she would not have recovered so quickly.

The value of Mu Wan's medicine was unimaginable.

On the ship, Qian Yunong would sometimes come out to bask in the sun and talk to Han Muye.

Qian Yunong was obsessed with entering the path of Daoism. His conversation did not deviate from the dangers of Confucianism and the peace and quiet of Daoism.

Zhang Yaohui reminded Han Muye not to be bewitched by Qian Yunong.

Along the way, the other criminal, Cao Shan, was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he was on the ship in front.

Han Muye was right. Along the way, they encountered many fishermen, but they did not harass the two merchant ships.

Seven days later, they encountered turbulent waters on the Flowing Jade River.

A hundred miles ahead was the mouth of the river.

Zhang Yaohui placed his hand on the hilt of his sword and stood on the cabin.

Qian Yunong smiled with his hands behind his back.

In front of him, the water was vast, and countless Phoenix-Tailed Carps were jumping like they were doing a fish dragon dance.

Above the river, the wind and clouds changed.

In Han Muye's perception, the Confucian cultivators behind them had stopped advancing.

At the border of the three counties, at the mouth of the river.

Further ahead was the administrative office of Dongshan County.

In front of them, many Daoist cultivators were waiting.

In the sky, a figure flew over.

Zhang Yaohui flew up and shouted, "Be on guard—"

Below, dozens of figures flew out from two sailboats. They held long swords and formed a defensive formation.

Black-armored long sword, Mystic Sun Guards.

Shao Datian hugged Cuicui and carefully leaned behind Han Muye.

On the merchant ship in front, Xiao Chu and Jia Yang also flew up.

Qian Yunong clasped his hands behind his back and looked up at the clouds in the sky.

"I have the upper hand, Mu Ye. Can you tell?"

"With the ups and downs, the situation that hasn't changed in the Heavenly Mystic for ten thousand years is about to change."

Qian Yunong's long hair was disheveled, and his expression was somewhat arrogant.

He waved his arms, the chains clanking under his feet.

The figure that flew over stood 10,000 feet away. The aura on his body turned into clouds that surged into the sky.

"The young master of the Cloud Sweeping Sect and Fairy Feng Jiu of Yuci Lake have become Dao companions. Everyone is passing by, so we came to drink a glass of wine as witnesses."

As the Daoist in the green Daoist robe spoke, he threw a red invitation card forward.

"My Cloud Sweeping Sect will await you at the mouth of the river ahead."

With that, he turned around and left without caring if the other party agreed or not.

Xiao Chu took the invitation, glanced at it, and handed it to Zhang Yaohui.

The few of them landed on the ship with solemn expressions.

"Commander Zhang, in my opinion, we can change paths at the mouth of the river and cruise along Guangyun Mountain.

"That way, no matter what sort of arrangements they have, they will not be able to succeed."

Jia Yang looked at Zhang Yaohui and whispered.

"Old Jia, don't you know that Guangyun Mountain is part of the territory of the Fuchen Dao Sect and that even the mountain path is private property?" Xiao Chu's words made Jia Yang's expression stiffen.

Zhang Yaohui turned to look at Qian Yunong, his gaze landing on Han Muye, who was standing at the bow.

"Young Master Mu Ye, what do you think?"

Han Muye turned around and said calmly, "Go."

Qian Yunong laughed out loud.

Zhang Yaohui frowned and heard Han Muye's voice again. "If you want to be more ruthless, just kill Qian Yunong and give them his head as a congratulatory gift."

These words made Qian Yunong's laughter stop abruptly.

"If you don't want to complicate matters, just go straight through."

"Since the Fuchen Dao Sect dares to intercept us openly, the Mystic Sun Guards should naturally do it openly."

Han Muye's words made Zhang Yaohui's eyes flash.

Qian Yunong's gaze landed on Han Muye and he looked him up and down, as if seeing him for the first time.

Jia Yang and Xiao Chu looked at each other and suppressed their emotions.

This Young Master Mu Ye seemed to have no temper. When he traveled with the caravans, he was taken care of by Mu Wan. He was like a dandy along the way.

### **Chapter 510 - 510 Achieving the Dao Through Incense, Interception at the Guan Estuary (3)**

However, the superiority in his tone was not something outsiders could have.

"Who—who the hell are you?"

Qian Yunong narrowed his eyes and stared at Han Muye, his eyes cold.

"The Guan Estuary is under the rule of Dongshan County. What can the poor Dongshan County do to stop our Daoist Sect?"

"Once we cripple the power of Dongshan County, the Fuchen Dao Sect will occupy this region in the future."

"This is an open conspiracy. You can't break it."

Qian Yunong gritted his teeth and shouted.

Zhang Yaohui placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

If Qian Yunong spoke again, he would choose to behead him.

Fortunately, Qian Yunong did not want to die.

He chose to shut up.

"Forward," Zhang Yaohui glanced at Qian Yunong and shouted.

Xiao Chu and Jia Yang returned to the big ship in front and sailed straight ahead.

Han Muye sat in the front of the deck and looked into the distance.

Mu Wan sat beside him.

In the back, Shao Datian comforted Cuicui in a low voice and coaxed her to rest in the cabin.

At this moment, images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The spiritual light in his divine treasures surged.

The golden Great Spirit seemed to be about to seep out of his body.

The mortal world tempered the heart.

Along the way, he and Mu Wan tried their best to be bystanders and watch Shao Datian and Cuicui protect their happiness.

Everyone in the caravan fleet was steadfast in duty.

Qian Yunong's madness and Zhang Yaohui's caution.

There was also the scheme of the great cultivators behind them.

Conspiracy, an open conspiracy.

The overall situation.

Everything was chaotic and messy.

It was truly difficult to free oneself from this entanglement.

If he wasn't a bystander, how could he see through all of this?

If he did not have the ability to be a bystander, so what if he could see through everything?

Turning around, Han Muye looked at Mu Wan, who looked a little nervous.

At this moment, he was actually envious of Mu Wan.

If this woman had something she wanted, she could boldly put down everything to search for it.

Her cultivation level was not high enough to see through the situation along the way, but she had no regrets and was true to herself.

She was kind-hearted and would secretly experiment with various medicinal pills for Cuicui's bloodline, but she never said a word.

This is cultivation...

If one really loses one's true nature, what's the point of such a path?

At this moment, the cultivators above the clouds did not take all the living beings in front of the Guan Estuary seriously.

If a battle really broke out at the Guan Estuary, countless living beings would probably die.

"Clang—"

A melodious jade chime sounded.

The clouds in the sky turned red, like a wedding hall paved with silk.

The Phoenix-Tailed Carps on the river churned, turning the entire river golden-red.

On the riverbank, mortals knelt on the ground and chanted.

The fragrance of incense filled the air.

“Achieving the Dao through incense?”

Han Muye frowned.

There was no such thing as the Dao of Incense in the Heavenly Mystic World.

In other words, in the Heavenly Mystic World, everyone’s hope was reverted to Confucianism. The Dao of Incense did not have a place.

Similarly, the Fuchen Dao Sect gathered the power of faith and divided the fate of heaven and earth as their own Dao. Was the Fuchen Dao Sect really going to betray the Heavenly Mystic?

“The young master of the Cloud Sweeping Sect and Fairy Feng Jiu of Yuci Lake are holding a Dao Companion Ceremony at the Guan Estuary. Fellow Daoists, please be our witnesses.

“In the future, the Cloud Sweeping Sect will protect the Liuyu River and ensure that the water flows smoothly. There will definitely be no more floods.”

The voice in the void carried a hint of bewitchment as it resonated for hundreds of miles.

“From now on, things will be smooth sailing—”

Smooth sailing.

Didn’t the people along the river just want to have a good life?

As soon as he finished speaking, the commoners on both sides of the river kowtowed.

For a moment, the will power of the people in the void turned into incense smoke and condensed into a cloud dragon.

The cloud dragon roared, stirring up a storm.

Above the river, water surged.

However, even if the water went up the embankment and the power of the Cloud Dragon was restrained, the water would not pour into the fertile fields at all.

“A miracle...”

“The Immortals of the Cloud Sweeping Sect have appeared...”

“With an immortal taking action, our lives will be difficult in the future.”

On the river bank, under the waves, the trembling commoners shouted in panic.

In such a situation, what else could they do other than call out?

On the ship, Zhang Yaohui held the hilt of his sword and gritted his teeth, not understanding.

In front of them, Xiao Chu and Jia Yang also had gloomy expressions.

They dared to show their divinity in front of the masses and compete for the Confucian Daoist People's Will. Was the Cloud Sweeping Sect really going to rebel against the Central Continent?

"The Ice Mountain Sword Sect has come to congratulate the Cloud Sweeping Sect."

A voice came from the sky. Then a flying ship broke through the clouds and headed towards the mouth of the river.

"The power of the cultivation world." Zhang Yaohui narrowed his eyes, killing intent flashing on his body.

Qian Yunong chuckled on the deck.

Flying ships flew through the void.

Most of the cultivation sects in Dongnan sent people to congratulate him.

Han Muye sat at the bow and slowly spread his divine sense.

Not far behind, Shao Datian, who was holding a long stick in his hand, stood in front of the cabin and looked ahead nervously.

In the sky, the figure of a flying Cloud Dragon appeared.

Above the cloud dragon's head, a young man in a wedding robe stood in the air.

Below, the Phoenix-Tailed Carps in the water surged and lifted a figure.

She was also wearing wedding clothes and had a slender figure. Her long hair was tied into a bun and she was wearing a phoenix crown.

The fish demon, Feng Jiu, the Young Sect Master of the Cloud Sweeping Sect.

This was the combination of a human and a demon.

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

Cuicui and Shao Datian, who were behind him, had such a difficult time together. Would this pair have a good ending?

"What a perfect match.

"This fairy is in charge of the demon race. The Cloud Sweeping Sect protects Liuyu River. We can help each other. Such a marriage is a match made in heaven."

From the void of space, a loud discussion could be heard.

This voice could be heard by the commoners below.

A match made in heaven.

In the eyes of the commoners, they did not care about the outcome of the marriage between these celestial venerables. As long as they could protect the peace on both sides of the river, it was a good thing.

It was fine to kowtow a few more times.

The will power gathered by the river bank became stronger.

“Big Brother Yunong, do you still remember me?” In midair, a young man standing on the cloud dragon’s head lowered his head and looked at Qian Yunong on the ship.

Here it comes!

Zhang Yaohui moved and unsheathed the Mystic Sun Sword, standing three feet behind Qian Yunong.

Within three feet, he could kill Qian Yunong with one strike.

“Hehe, my little attendant from back then is now the young sect master of a large sect.”

Qian Yunong looked up with a desolate expression.

“I’m old and destitute, and I’ve wasted my time, but I’m still being flailed.

“This Confucianism cultivation is really useless...”