

Pavilion 631

Chapter 631 - 631 Selected by Minister Wen, Marquis Wu's Recruitment (2)

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The Dao of the sword could dominate the world and break through the barriers of heaven and earth. The Dao of Confucius could confer deity titles with a single statement. The Dao of alchemy had even developed several methods that could change the structure of the Dao of Alchemy.

Could it be that Minister Wen also had the intention to leave behind his legacy?

However, Minister Wen had already become a Sage in the Heavenly Mystic world. What chance did outsiders have?

Unless Minister Wen wanted to leave the Heavenly Mystic?

He didn't know.

Qin Suyang did not dare to guess at all.

Walking out of the Alchemy Division, he only had eyes for alchemy cultivators.

"Junior Sister, the Patriarch and Fairy Peony are also here. We should go and pay our respects," Han Muye looked at Mu Wan and said softly.

The Mu family's patriarch and his Dao companion, Fairy Peony, had indeed arrived at the Imperial City.

They came with the Han Family Trading Company's caravan and went to the alchemy mill to find their old friends.

They knew that Han Muye and Mu Wan had opened a small shop, but they had yet to meet.

Hearing Han Muye say that he was going to see the Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony, Mu Wan blushed and nodded in agreement.

Back then, she had followed Han Muye from the Southern Wasteland to the Central Continent without any hesitation. She had only sent a letter to her family.

Now that she saw the patriarch and Fairy Peony, she felt shy, like an eloping girl.

Han Muye smiled and held Mu Wan's hand. They boarded the carriage and headed for the Jade Alchemy Mill.

When the Mu family's patriarch was traveling back then, he had met a few alchemists and they had a good relationship.

When the carriage arrived at the alchemy mill, Han Muye led Mu Wan out of the carriage and found a three-story pavilion.

"Caoling Pavilion, this is the place."

Looking at the plaque, Han Muye nodded.

The two of them walked to the door, and a shop assistant came to receive them.

Han Muye and Mu Wan gave the Mu family's patriarch's name, and the shop assistant quickly went to inform the owner.

After a while, the Mu family's patriarch walked over excitedly.

Behind him, Fairy Peony followed with a smile.

"Haha, Little Han, you kidnapped my Wan'er. I haven't looked for you yet."

Mu Wan blushed and did not dare to look up.

Han Muye was very thick-skinned. He cupped his hands and bowed.

The Mu family's patriarch looked at Mu Wan and saw that she was not haggard. Her cultivation and alchemy strength seemed to have become much stronger. He could not help but smile.

He did not really want to blame Han Muye.

In the Western Frontier, the Nine Mystic Mountain's Sword Pavilion Elder, Han Muye, had a first-class status.

If the Mu family wanted to continue staying in the Western Frontier, it was impossible for them to offend Han Muye.

Besides, their descendant's relationship with Han Muye was consensual. The Mu family's patriarch couldn't wait to see them together, so how could he really blame them?

"Quick, my old friend is refining pills. Come and take a look."

The Mu family's patriarch reached out and pulled Han Muye's sleeve.

Fairy Peony walked forward and held Mu Wan's wrist. She said softly, "Silly girl, how are you?"

Mu Wan nodded. There was sweetness in her heart, but it also seemed to be a little sour.

Fairy Peony sighed softly and said, "That's what I felt when I made up my mind to return to the Western Frontier with my husband."

As she spoke, she smiled and said, "But we're cultivators. We have a lot of lifespan. We should look forward. We naturally have to fight for the person we love."

With that, she lowered her voice and leaned forward. "Tell me, did you win?"

Mu Wan quickly nodded with a red face.

Fairy Peony smiled and pulled Mu Wan towards the pill refinement area.

After entering the alchemy room, they saw that there were already more than 10 alchemists observing.

Recently, most of the alchemists in the Alchemy Division were outsiders. Not many of the local alchemist mills' masters went there to join in the fun.

Seeing Han Muye, Mu Wan, and the others come, the alchemists only took a look and turned around.

Naturally, the official alchemists and two or three alchemy masters did not know Han Muye and Mu Wan.

In front of him, an alchemist in a long black robe was sitting cross-legged. The alchemy fire in front of him rose.

“Brother Zheng Shan is a peak Alchemy Grandmaster. He’s one step away from entering the Grandmaster Realm.

“Today, he refined a seventh-grade Golden Jade Flowing Flame Pill. It’s a pill suitable for fire-type cultivators.

“The Central Continent’s alchemy is indeed much stronger than our Western Frontier. Look at Brother Zheng Shan’s fire control technique. It’s an extremely rare balance.”

The Mu family’s patriarch seemed to be afraid that Han Muye and Mu Wan would not understand, so he hurriedly explained in a low voice.

Some of the surrounding alchemists revealed looks of joy. Some revealed slight arrogance, while others revealed impatience.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Mu Wan did not speak either.

Ever since Mu Wan came to the Imperial City, she would consult Baili Xinglin every other day. Her alchemy cultivation had improved a lot.

She also had that jade token. She could directly go to the Alchemy Division’s library to read the books and records and check out the insights recorded by her predecessors.

In the past year, her foundation in alchemy was already worlds apart from before.

Looking at the pill cultivation technique in front of her, she felt that it was very ordinary.

“Young people have to be humble and think about it. There’s a lot of knowledge in alchemy.”

A white-bearded elder standing at the side said.

“This is Fellow Daoist Liu Zihong. He’s also an old friend of Peony and I. We’re currently staying in his alchemy house,” the Mu family’s patriarch said in a low voice.

Han Muye and Mu Wan nodded.

The alchemist named Liu Zihong frowned slightly but did not say anything else.

A moment later, Zheng Shan, who was sitting in front, began to collect the pills.

His pill retrieval technique was mixed with some pill transformation techniques, but it was a pity that he was not proficient enough. In the end, the pill did not turn into clouds, but became half limp.

However, Zheng Shan's face was filled with joy. He held the pill in his hand and said happily, "The pill has softened this time. Looks like I'm not far from turning the pill into clouds."

Hearing his words, the surrounding alchemists revealed envious expressions.

"Brother Zheng Shan, you're ahead of us."

"Hey, Brother Zheng Shan, your pill really looks like a pill."

"Senior Zheng Shan's alchemy talent is really extraordinary."

...

Amidst the compliments, Zheng Shan walked forward with a smile.

"These are your juniors, Fellow Daoist Mu?"

Zheng Shan looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan and chuckled.

Seeing the Mu family's patriarch nod, Zheng Shan placed the pill in his hand into a jade bottle and handed it over.

"Since you're Brother Mu's juniors, I'll be arrogant and call myself an elder."

"Take this gift."

A welcome gift.

It was a grade-seven pill that he had just refined.

This grade-seven pill, which already had the resonance of a pill, was estimated to cost 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Currently, most people in the Imperial City favored the new method of pill refinement. Regardless of the medicinal effects, the price had to be doubled first.

All the alchemists present revealed envious expressions that he was giving away such a precious pill.

Only an expert like Zheng Shan, who had a profound alchemy cultivation and was only one step away from becoming a Grandmaster, would have the right to give gifts like this, right?

Looking at the pills sent forward, the Mu family's patriarch grinned and said, "Brother Zheng Shan, isn't this too expensive?"

Hearing his words, Zheng Shan shook his head and said, "Brother Mu, it's not easy for you to come from the Western Frontier. This medicinal pill might be precious in the Western Frontier, but it's nothing in the Central Continent."

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye, feeling a little embarrassed to take the pill.

Liu Zihong, who was standing at the side, said, "Take it. Observe this pill more. It's beneficial to your alchemy cultivation."

Mu Wan hesitated for a moment and reached out to take the pill.

“By the way, I heard from Brother Mu that you came to the Imperial City a year in advance to open a small shop. I wonder where the shop is. What’s its name?” Liu Zihong casually turned to look at Han Muye.

Do alchemists from the Southern Wasteland have the right to open a pill shop?

With their meager wealth, how can they afford to rent a shop in an alchemy mill?

The surrounding people looked curious.

Could it be that he was helping someone and pretending to have opened a shop?

“In Moon Viewing Town,” Han Muye said softly.

“Click—”

Zheng Shan’s hand, which was holding the jade bottle, trembled. The jade bottle fell to the ground and rolled to the side.

The Mu family’s patriarch frowned and waved his hand, summoning the jade bottle.

He really did not know much about the shop opened by Mu Wan and Han Muye.

He had rushed from the Western Frontier to the Central Continent. How could he have the time to understand this?

At this moment, Zheng Shan’s absent-minded expression and the expressions of the people beside him puzzled the Mu family’s patriarch.

No matter what, Mu Wan and Han Muye were their juniors, so they could not be underestimated by outsiders.

“Brother Zheng, is there a problem?” The Mu family’s patriarch looked at Zheng Shan.

Is there a problem?

There was.

Zheng Shan tidied his clothes and looked at Mu Wan and Han Muye. “Is Fairy Mu Wan meeting Mr. Mu Ye in person?”

Mu Wan and Han Muye nodded.

Zheng Shan hurriedly bowed. “Greetings, sir.”

Everyone in the world who cultivated the Pill Destiny Pavilion’s Pill Transformation Technique had to call him ‘sir’.

The Mu family’s patriarch opened his mouth and turned to look at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Then he saw the alchemists around him bow.

“Greetings, sir.”

Chapter 632 - 632 Top Second-Generation Pill

'Sir!'

He was a disciple and a teacher of cultivation!

This was not the first time a group of alchemists bowed.

Qin Suyang and Baili Xinglin invited them to refine pills. Then someone would observe. After the pill refinement was completed, this would happen.

At this moment, the two of them looked calm. After bowing, they cupped their hands in return.

Zheng Shan and Liu Zihong looked up and saw that the Mu family's patriarch was still in a daze. They hurriedly smiled and introduced the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

There were not many people who had been to the Pill Destiny Pavilion in the Imperial City, but among alchemy cultivators, there were very few who had never heard of it.

Unless it was a cultivator who cultivated in seclusion and didn't care about anything outside.

The grand opening of the Pill Destiny Pavilion and the Pill Transformation Technique were all legendary stories among alchemists.

As alchemy cultivators, who didn't want their own alchemy house to be filled with major cultivators when it opened? Who didn't wish to create a world-famous alchemy technique or pill formula?

A small pill store had fulfilled the dream of all alchemists.

Hearing Zheng Shan and Liu Zihong's introduction, the Mu family's patriarch had a complicated expression.

In the Western Frontier, Mu Chunhui could be considered a great alchemy cultivator. He established the Little Alchemy Pavilion and was respected by the alchemy in the Western Frontier.

However, compared to Han Muye and Mu Wan's achievements, it was not worth mentioning.

The world-famous alchemy technique was something he didn't even dare to think about.

The student had surpassed the master.

He was also gratified and happy that his junior was so outstanding.

However, as the senior who had been surpassed, it was impossible for him not to feel sad.

On the path of cultivation, once one was surpassed, one might never be able to catch up in one's entire life.

"Sigh, good, good..." Looking at Mu Wan, the Mu family's patriarch said softly, "Wan'er, since you can go so far on the path of alchemy, I should tell you the history of our Mu family.

"It's said that our Mu family once had the bloodline of a great alchemy cultivator."

The Mu family's patriarch had a solemn expression.

If he had mentioned this before, the other alchemists would probably laugh at him.

The alchemy cultivators of the Western Frontier had the nerve to call themselves the descendants of great cultivators?

However, at this moment, they felt that it was only natural.

No wonder these two could create pill refinement techniques. It turned out that they had such a relationship.

“Wan’er, the glory of our Mu family’s ancestors...”

The Mu family’s patriarch looked excited and emotional.

Mu Wan nodded and said softly, “Martial Aunt Baili Xinglin has already told me that our ancestor is the personal disciple of an Alchemy Sage.”

Baili Xinglin was an Alchemy Half-Sage. She was in charge of the Alchemy Division and was her Martial Aunt.

The Alchemy Sage was the Grandmaster.

Gasps could be heard in the alchemy room.

This is a top second-generation alchemist?

In the Heavenly Mystic world, can there be a junior alchemy disciple with a higher status than this person in front of us?

The Mu family’s patriarch was stunned.

My ancestor was the disciple of a Sage?

...

When Han Muye, Mu Wan, and the others walked out of the pill room, Zheng Shan and the others sent them off respectfully.

“Thank you for your guidance, Teacher Mu.”

Standing at the door, everyone bowed again.

Mu Wan had just refined a furnace of pills and demonstrated the Pill Transformation Technique. Then she invited the Mu family’s patriarch and Fairy Peony to leave together.

Baili Xinglin had instructed her to invite the Mu Family’s patriarch to visit her when he was in the Imperial City.

Mu Wan, the Mu family’s patriarch, and Fairy Peony got into the carriage. Han Muye muttered a few words and walked in another direction.

Zheng Shan, Liu Zihong, and the others stood at the door and watched the carriage leave with complicated joy on their faces.

“I didn’t expect Brother Mu to be the descendant of a great alchemy cultivator.”

Zheng Shan said softly with emotion.

“Haha! Brother Mu is a kind person. In the future, our fortune will depend on Brother Mu.” Liu Zihong roared with laughter.

The alchemists behind him were all envious.

The Mu family’s patriarch and his companion had come to the Imperial City to stay with Liu Zihong. Clearly, their relationship was not ordinary.

Now that the Mu family’s patriarch had actually gone to the Baili Residence to visit his relatives, it was not difficult for him to soar in the future.

Now that the Mu family’s patriarch had become rich, he naturally would not forget his old friends, Liu Zihong and Zheng Shan.

It was true that when a person became successful, those who had relations with him would ride on his success.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was walking around the alchemy mill, stopped and stood in front of a small shop.

The shop was surrounded by people.

Many servants in green-gray robes were taking out the medicinal pills, spiritual herbs, and various items from the shop and piling them at the door.

“Everyone, the Siming Alchemy House owes rent, and there are also spiritual herbs that the Alchemy Division owes on credit. Today, we’re here to close down the shop. These spiritual herbs and pills will be sold at low prices.”

A low-ranking official from the Alchemy Division in a green robe and a green official hat shouted.

As he spoke, he pointed at the medicinal pills and spiritual herbs, drawing attention to their prices.

They were indeed low prices, 30% lower than usual.

The surrounding customers were all overjoyed.

Han Muye stood behind and listened to everyone’s discussion.

The owner of the Siming Alchemy House, Li Siming, had a decent alchemy cultivation base. He was already a senior alchemy master and was proficient in many pill refinement methods.

It was just that this person was engrossed in researching alchemy techniques outside of the alchemy house and insisted on developing famous alchemy methods.

Naturally, he could not make ends meet in the end and the alchemy house closed down.

Hearing everyone’s words, Han Muye revealed a strange expression.

The collapse of Siming Alchemy House had something to do with him.

Back then, when Li Siming arrived at the library, he had stuffed a copy of his alchemy insights into Mu Wan's hands as she was stepping out of the library.

He was exploring how to refine more pills in one furnace.

Li Siming had tested his idea many times, but it failed every time.

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Fortunately, he had refined it with low-grade spiritual herbs at that time. Even if the refinement failed, there was not much loss.

He could afford it.

But Han Muye replied to him in a letter which he asked Zuo Lin to deliver.

At that time, Han Muye had written his deduction and words of encouragement in the letter.

This greatly boosted Li Siming's confidence.

Moreover, according to Han Muye's deduction, Li Siming's pill refinement technique could really be realized.

After refining cauldrons of 10 unranked medicinal pills repeatedly, Li Siming began to use more precious spiritual herbs to refine the medicinal pill.

If he followed the prescribed order and spent a hundred years of effort, Li Siming might achieve grandmaster status with a cauldron of pills and become famous throughout the world.

However, the Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique gave him a huge boost.

Without going through the lightning tribulation, there was no need to completely condense a physical pill. It was more suitable for refining a cauldron of multiple pills.

It was said that the Pill Destiny Pavilion Master was famous for his alchemy skills in the Imperial City at a young age.

This was what Li Siming had always yearned for.

When he found an opportunity to observe Mu Wan refine pills and saw that she was the person who had accepted his ideas, he was extremely excited.

Needless to say, from then on, he was determined to do his best to develop a cauldron of multiple pills.

He did not care about the cost or the gains and losses.

Then, when he walked out of the alchemy room because he didn't have enough spiritual herbs, he realized that his alchemy house had closed down.

The alchemy house was bustling with noise and excitement. Alchemy cultivators and other cultivators gathered around the door.

Han Muye looked ahead, walked to the stone steps, and sat down.

Beside him, a black-bearded middle-aged man with messy hair and a gray robe looked a little lost.

Seeing Han Muye sit beside him, the middle-aged man turned around.

“Why don’t you go grab some medicinal pills?” the middle-aged man asked in surprise.

Han Muye shook his head.

“What I like the most in this alchemy house are the owner and his alchemy skills,” Han Muye said softly.

Hearing his words, the middle-aged man looked up at Han Muye and grinned. “Which alchemy house are you from? If the wage is low, I won’t go.”

He was Li Siming, the owner of this closed alchemy house.

In the marketplace, there were indeed such closed alchemy houses.

Many alchemists had good alchemy cultivation, but they might choose to close down and go bankrupt because they had crippled the spiritual herbs when refining pills and could not pay back the spiritual rocks to their sponsors.

These people would be invited to other alchemy houses to temporarily help refine pills.

Generally speaking, the wages offered were compatible with the alchemists’ own cultivation levels.

It was just that helping others refine pills was never as profitable as opening one’s own alchemy house.

Moreover, one would not have much freedom.

“By the way, you should know who I am, right? If you can’t afford it, don’t invite me.”

Li Siming patted his butt and stood up.

The junior official from the Alchemy Division who was selling spiritual herbs and medicinal pills walked over with a smile on his face.

“Grandmaster Siming, don’t blame me. This is the rule of the Alchemy Division.

“If it’s up to me, I will want you to do business here for a long time.”

The low-ranking official hurriedly cupped his hands and bowed.

To them, even if Li Siming went bankrupt, his status was not something small officials like them could reach up to.

Alchemy Grandmasters could earn a living wherever they went.

Li Siming’s expression did not change on the surface. With his hands behind his back, he said, “How many more spiritual rocks do you need?”

This was the reason why the low-ranking official came up to him. He was afraid that if Li Siming left, the spiritual rocks that he owed would not be paid back.

Hearing Li Siming's question, the smile on the low-ranking official's face widened. He hurriedly cupped his hands and said, "Master, there's not much left. Not much. You just need to pay another five million spiritual rocks and you'll be free."

Five million spiritual rocks was more than half of an ordinary alchemy grandmaster's wealth.

Moreover, Li Siming had already gone bankrupt. If he had to pay five million spiritual rocks, he would have to mortgage his own pill furnace or other treasures.

However, it seemed that there was obviously a financier recruiting him.

The petty official turned to look at Han Muye.

He had seen this kind of scene many times when he worked in the alchemy mill.

The financier would help the alchemist pay the debt. The spiritual rocks were equivalent to a retainer.

Li Siming turned around and chuckled. "I accidentally owed a little too much. Don't worry, with my alchemy cultivation, I will definitely repay these spiritual rocks in three years."

The low-ranking official chimed in, "Of course. Who in the market doesn't know Master Li's alchemy skills?"

As he spoke, he spread out his hands and said, "I wonder where Master Li will be in the future?"

Li Siming looked at Han Muye.

He still did not know what Han Muye's alchemy house was called.

Han Muye did not speak. He just raised his hand and took out a jade token.

The clerk's smiling face looked as if he had seen a ghost when he saw the jade token.

His face instantly turned pale, and his legs trembled.

"He, he, hea, head..."

Li Siming frowned and lowered his head to look at the three-legged cauldron on the jade token. It was surrounded by dense cloud patterns.

As soon as his gaze landed on the cauldron, he felt the world spin. It was as if he was wrapped in clouds and was about to be thrown out of the clouds.

"Alchemy Division, Head's Order..." Li Siming slowly raised his head and looked at Han Muye who was very young.

Since when did the Alchemy Division have such a young leader? he wondered.

"Come and find me directly during the Alchemy Conference."

Putting away the token, Han Muye strode away.

Li Siming did not come back to his senses until Han Muye left.

On the other hand, the low-ranking official turned around shakily and screamed, "Stop fighting!"

“No, I’m not selling anything from Master Li!”

The head of the Alchemy Division personally came to invite him. Master Li’s status had changed.

Not to mention the spiritual rocks he owed, even if it was 10 times more, it would not be a problem.

In any case, he owed the Alchemy Division spiritual rocks. Wouldn’t the debt be settled with a wave of the Head’s brush?

The servants quickly gathered all kinds of spiritual herbs and pills. The low-ranking official turned around and looked at Li Siming.

“Master, is there anything else you need?”

Li Siming slowly lowered his head and took a look.

“I want a lot of spiritual herbs.”

Upon hearing his words, the official’s face lit up. He patted his chest and said, “Don’t worry, Master. Make a list. I’ll gather them for you in two hours, no, an hour.”

...

This was the mortal world.

In fact, be it in the mortal world or the cultivation world, currying favor with the powerful was roughly the same.

In Han Muye’s opinion, this was nothing despicable.

After all, the strong held absolute resources in their hands.

They could even control the life and death of the weak.

The strong had to bear the karma of the weak. The weak naturally did not realize that they were attached to the strong.

This was driven by the Great Dao and the will of the people.

Listening to the conversation behind him, Han Muye had an epiphany.

The noise around him made him feel even more at peace.

Wasn’t cultivating one’s heart in the mortal world to pursue a child’s heart in this chaotic world?

Ever since he opened a small shop in the Imperial City, Han Muye felt that mental cultivation was more and more important.

Take himself as an example. If not for the shackles of the mortal world, he would probably wholeheartedly refine the divine beast body floating in the void world.

However, in the end, he might lose his strength and have nowhere to rely on.

This was just like Xu Wei.

Thinking of Xu Wei, Han Muye was prepared to drink with him again before he left Heavenly Mystic for the frontline battlefield to cheat him of some authentic works.

After walking out of the market, Han Muye, who was about to go to Moon Viewing Town, stopped.

The cultivators in front were in a hurry and did not notice Han Muye.

But Han Muye knew two of them.

He moved and appeared in front of them.

The few people who were on their way were stunned. Spiritual qi surged in their bodies.

Han Muye ignored the others and only looked at the two people he had blocked. He said calmly, "Where's Huang Yishang?"

Huang Yishang was the one who had asked Han Muye to refine the sword core.

He said that he would use the sword pills to exchange for the sword core, but he never appeared again.

Hearing Han Muye's words, the two people's expressions changed. One of them pointed at Han Muye and shouted, "It's you!"

The other person also remembered Han Muye's identity and hurriedly whispered, "Senior, Huang Yishang has already died. There's no need to mention entrusting Senior to refine pills."

Chapter 634 - 634 Sir, Please Confer the Title of Dao Deity on the Fallen Soldiers of the Red Flame Army

Died?

Huang Yishang was a half-step Heaven Realm expert with three sword pills in his hand. His combat strength was not weak either. How could he die just like that?

Han Muye frowned.

If Huang Yishang came looking for him, he would have given him a few sword cores to understand the karma.

He did not care so much about the Sword Pills in Huang Yishang's hand.

After all, he already had two sets of Sword Core formations.

However, now that Huang Yishang was dead, he had nowhere to settle his karma. It was a little troublesome.

Ever since his state of mind changed and sublimated, and he understood that after the Dao Integration, he cultivated karma, Han Muye had paid attention to not forming karma as much as possible.

"How did he die?" Han Muye asked in a low voice.

The two people he blocked looked at each other and then turned to look at the people behind them.

The cultivation of someone who could silently block their path was definitely not something they could compare to.

It was best not to offend such a person.

The two of them lowered their voices and recounted Huang Yishang's death.

In the end, it was the Sword Pills that caused the trouble.

Because Huang Yishang wanted to establish a sect, he searched everywhere for pills that could be refined into sword pills. He did not want to be seen by people with ulterior motives and covet his sword pills.

After entrusting Han Muye to refine the sword core, Huang Yishang left the Imperial City to accept a mission and was intercepted halfway.

He barely survived and the sword pills were snatched away.

After returning to the Imperial City, Huang Yishang disregarded his injuries and went to explore the cave abode of the ancient cultivator outside the realm. Then he died there.

The process was not complicated.

Most of the cultivation practitioners in the cultivation world had fallen because their wealth and goods were exposed.

Killing and stealing treasures was happening all the time.

Lianyue Valley.

This was the name of the sect that snatched the sword pill and killed Huang Yishang.

Lianyue Valley was located in Decheng County, 10,000 miles southwest of the Imperial City. It was a sect that mainly cultivated swords, but there were other kinds of cultivators too.

It could be considered a loose alliance. They usually accepted some missions, but most of the time, they did business without capital.

The dynasty did not control many forces in the cultivation world. The Mystic Sun Guards only protected the cities where mortals lived and did not care about the fights between cultivators.

In any case, it was fine as long as the cultivators did not shake the foundation of the dynasty's Confucianism.

Han Muye waved his hand and let the cultivators leave.

The few of them heaved a sigh of relief and quickly retreated.

Han Muye returned to Moon Viewing Town, but Mu Wan had not returned.

He stayed in the Pill Destiny Pavilion for a while, gave Zuo Yulong some instructions, then turned around and walked out.

His body flew, and in just a moment, he arrived in front of a tightly guarded government office.

This government office occupied a sprawling area. Everything seemed oppressive, and the void was filled with a murderous aura that made one's heart palpitate.

The black and gray walls and the dark green square were silent.

"Who are you?"

A voice sounded, filled with coldness and killing intent.

A Mystic Sun Guard in black armor with his hand on the hilt of his sword stepped forward and stared at Han Muye.

Ahead, a group of Mystic Sun Guards in black armor stood solemnly.

This was the commander's residence of the Mystic Sun Guards. It was the highest commander of the Mystic Yang Guards in the city.

"I'm here to find Commander Lu Yang." Han Muye raised his hand, and a small sword appeared in his palm.

The Mystic Sun Guard's proof of identity as a reserve commander.

He had never revealed his identity as a Mystic Sun Guard in the Central Continent.

To him, the Mystic Sun Guard represented upholding justice and did not conflict with the Sword Dao he cultivated.

In the Central Continent, the impression that the Mystic Sun Guards gave him was quite positive.

"Greetings, my lord." The Mystic Sun Guards all bowed.

The leading Mystic Sun guard hurriedly strode back to the government office to report.

In just a moment, Lu Yang, whose blood and qi were surging, ran out quickly.

"Granduncle."

Lu Yang stepped forward and bowed.

This scene made the Mystic Sun Guards on duty turn their heads unconsciously.

Is Butcher Lu this respectful?

As he followed Lu Yang into the government office, Han Muye saw Lu Yang's might.

All the generals and soldiers they met bowed their heads.

Butcher Lu's name was evident.

When they arrived at a side hall, Lu Yang invited Han Muye to take a seat and said in a low voice, "Granduncle, the three commanders are not in the Imperial City at the moment. The Mystic Sun Guards in the Imperial Palace are temporarily controlled by me."

These words sounded like he was showing off.

Temporarily taking charge of the Mystic Sun Guards meant that he, Lu Yang, had already defeated all his competitors and would become the preparatory commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, one of the three titans.

Of course, Qian Yiming of the Southern Wasteland had lost the right to compete because he had broken through in advance in the Demon Mystic Realm.

“Your cultivation has already reached the ultimate realm. You can’t suppress it anymore, right?” Han Muye looked at Lu Yang and asked.

At this moment, Lu Yang, who was in front of him, had returned to his original state, but he could still mobilize the power of heaven and earth from time to time. It was obvious that he had reached a point where he could no longer suppress it.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Lu Yang’s face turned solemn.

“Granduncle is right. This time, I will follow the army to the No Resentment Realm.”

Stepping out of the Heavenly Mystic World meant that Lu Yang was ready to break through the suppression of his cultivation.

From now on, Lu Tufu’s name would be even more resounding among the Heavenly Mystic Yang Guards.

“Alright.” Han Muye nodded and said, “I came to look for you to ask you to help me settle karma.”

Karma?

Although Lu Yang’s cultivation level did not require karma cultivation, he had some understanding.

Those who could cultivate karma were great cultivators above the Heaven Realm.

Could it be that his granduncle’s cultivation had already reached such a powerful level?

“Granduncle, please enlighten me.” Lu Yang quickly cupped his hands.

Han Muye recounted the matter of Huang Yishang entrusting him to refine pills, then said, “Since Lianyue Valley intercepted Huang Yishang, they should bear the karma.”

Lu Yang’s eyes lit up as he said in a low voice, “I understand.”

“Don’t worry, Granduncle. I’ll personally make a trip to Decheng County today.”

Lu Yang agreed to go personally, and Han Muye smiled.

He stood up and said with a smile, “Brother Lu hasn’t been seen recently. I haven’t seen him attend any literary gatherings. Where did he go?”

The Brother Lu he was referring to was naturally Lu Yuzhou, the assistant head of the Imperial City Academy.

After the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference, Lu Yuzhou still participated in the literary conferences organized by Yan Zhenqing and the others from time to time. However, later on, he rarely saw anyone.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Lu Yang looked ashamed and angry.

"Grandpa, he, he went sailing.

"Ever since he got paid by the Han Family Trading Company, Grandfather didn't stay in the Imperial City Academy much..."

The Han Family Trading Company's royalties.

When the Han Family held the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference, they asked Lu Yuzhou to write on the cloth bag that was given to the participating students.

There were also several banners with Lu Yuzhou's handwriting.

In the beginning, Lu Yuzhou wrote it out of respect for Han Muye.

After the literary conference ended, the Han Family Trading Company settled their profits and losses and sent Lu Yuzhou his royalties.

It was not much. It was only 80 million spiritual rocks.

The 100,000 invitations for the conference were sold at 3,000 spiritual rocks each. They earned a small amount of money.

The big deal was the commemorative gift bag of the Han Family Trading Company after opening up the Confucian Dao business.

In the Imperial City, there was an endless stream of Confucian cultivators who came to the Han Family Trading Company to buy souvenir bags.

And this was not the real deal.

The real deal was the orders from the other trading companies.

According to Chen Ru's statistics, the cost of each bag was only 20 spiritual rocks. The commemorative gift bag, which was sold for 300 spiritual rocks, had a total of 1.3 billion orders.

The orders were lined up for the next 10 years.

It was also because of the popularity of this gift bag that Lu Yuzhou was paid a commission of 80 million spiritual rocks.

When 80 million spiritual rocks were sent to Lu Yuzhou's courtyard, Yan Zhenqing and the other Confucian scholars were envious.

The group of scholars had extorted this kind of ill-gotten wealth a few times.

Lu Yuzhou probably didn't participate in the literary conference because he wanted to avoid these guys.

"Tell Brother Lu that there are probably many opportunities in the Battle of No Resentment Realm. Ask him if he wants to go."

After understanding the karma, he knew that the outcome of Han Muye's No Resentment Realm's battle was actually tied to the future of the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

No wonder Wen Mosheng valued it so much.

If they could win this Battle of No Resentment Realm, the Heavenly Mystic World would definitely undergo a transformation.

"I understand." Lu Yang hurriedly bowed.

Han Muye nodded and left the Mystic Sun Guards' office.

After returning to Moon Viewing Town, Mu Wan went back to the Pill Destiny Pavilion and told Han Muye that the Mu family's patriarch and Fairy Peony were staying in Baili Xinglin's residence.

Baili Xinglin was prepared to personally take her guests to the Jade Rainbow Realm during the Alchemy Conference.

Mu Wan would also go.

On this day, the various rules of the Alchemy Conference were announced, and the alchemy world in the Imperial City was in an uproar.

Most of the alchemy cultivators rubbed their palms together, eager to give it a try. They hoped to stand out during the Alchemy Conference and head to the Jade Rainbow Realm to cultivate their alchemy.

However, there were also many sect alchemists who hesitated.

Following the army to the Void World and joining the army would impose restrictions on alchemy cultivators that were not small.

However, before those abnormal sounds could be heard, news had already arrived outside the Imperial City.

Due to the disobedience of the Decheng Countys Lianyue Valley, the alchemy cultivators in the valley were unwilling to participate in the Alchemy Conference. The commanders of the three prefectures of the Mystic Sun Guards personally took action.

Three thousand Mystic Sun Guards swept through the Lianyue Valley.

In the end, not a single blade of grass grew.

Butcher Lu's name was even more famous after the massacre.

This massacre made the alchemy cultivators who were complaining hold their tongues.

—

In the Red Flame Army's camp on the west side of the Imperial City.

Groups of Mystic Sun Guards in blood-colored armor stood solemnly.

These Mystic Sun Guards were all holding battle armors or weapons.

In front of the military formation, the tall Marquis Chongwu, Chen Qingzhi, had a solemn expression.

When Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe, arrived at the camp, his eyes turned cold.

“Marquis Wu.” Han Muye cupped his hands and bowed.

Chen Qingzhi nodded, then raised his hand and bowed.

“Chen Qingzhi begs you to confer the title of Dao Deity on the dead soldiers of the Red Flame Army.”

Behind him, countless soldiers of the Red Flame Army knelt on one knee and lowered their heads to shout.

“Sir, please confer the title of Dao Deity on the dead soldiers of our Red Flame Army.”

Endless spiritual light wreaked havoc in the void, intertwining with the grief and indignation of their qi and blood.

The intertwined remnant soul power seemed to be whimpering, expressing the regret of not being able to succeed.

Han Muye’s expression was extremely solemn.

He took a deep breath and looked at Marquis Chongwu.

“Marquis Wu, is this your idea or Minister Wen’s?”

He, Han Muye, could not confer the title of Dao Deity on hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had died.

He didn’t dare either.

He was competing with Wen Mosheng for the power of the Heavenly Dao and forming an endless karma with the Heavenly Mystic world.

It could shake the foundation of Heavenly Mystic Confucianism.

So Han Muye had to ask.

Chapter 635 - 635 Deity Investiture Altar, Deity Roll Call

Marquis Chongwu slowly raised his head and looked at Han Muye.

The dense murderous aura on his body seemed to transform into a long dragon that pierced through the long river of heaven and earth.

Behind him, the endless blood qi in the camp and the blood qi of the generals who were kneeling on one knee circulated as if the sky was falling.

Before such a powerful force, the souls of ordinary Heaven Realm cultivators would instantly collapse.

The Heaven Mystic army’s tyrannical killing intent was the reason why they had conquered all directions.

With a 100,000-strong army gathered, the qi and blood of the military formation could charge into the protective energy of a Heaven Realm cultivator and directly suppress a great cultivator.

At this moment, although there were no 100,000 troops, the killing intent of the camp was not inferior to the military formation.

Han Muye, who was standing in front, bore the brunt.

“Buzz!”

The Golden Great Spirit turned into pillars of light, blocking Han Muye.

In his divine treasure, the sword of the spirit condensed like a stabilizing pillar, stabilizing the divine treasures.

The sword light in his Sea of Qi and Dantian only rippled slightly, but it was not affected at all.

In front of thousands of powerful enemies, sword cultivators remained unmoved.

The soldiers’ expressions did not change.

Marquis Wu’s eyes flashed as he said in a deep voice, “Minister Wen has no objections to this matter.”

No objections?

In other words, he didn’t approve either?

Han Muye looked at Marquis Chongwu.

Could it be that the number one person in the Heavenly Mystic world’s army, the number one martial artist, was going to be at odds with Minister Wen?

As if understanding what Han Muye was thinking, Marquis Wu spoke again. “I’ve been in charge of the Red Flame Army for more than 10,000 years and have fought countless battles in the outer realm.

“I want to give these loyal souls a home.

“You should know that once we have an obsession in our hearts, we can’t be free. It has become karma.”

Obsession, karma.

Han Muye nodded solemnly.

No wonder Minister Wen did not object to such a matter that would shake the foundation of Heavenly Mystic Confucianism.

Countless generals followed Marquis Wu into battle. Their remnant souls had become his obsession.

If this matter was not resolved properly, Marquis Wu’s future cultivation path would be hindered.

Should he consider his own path, or should he remove obstacles for the Marquis’s cultivation?

Minister Wen would only remain silent.

Han Muye was also silent.

Whether it was at the Guan Estuary or by the Immortal Moon Lake, he could confer deity titles with a single statement because the deities he conferred were not powerful and there were not many of them.

By borrowing the power of heaven and earth and fusing with his own Dao, they could successfully become deities by consuming some Great Spirit.

However, Marquis Wu wanted him to confer titles on hundreds of thousands or even millions of remnant souls at once. It was unimaginable how much soul power he had to expend.

Moreover, such a big move would definitely stir up the power of the Great Dao in the Heavenly Mystic World. Who knew what would happen then?

According to Han Muye's deduction, the most likely possibility was that the power of the Heavenly Dao in the Mystic Heaven World would lead him to fight Wen Mosheng like back then.

Thinking of this, his heart skipped a beat.

Was this the will of the Great Dao or the karma of fate?

According to Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's narration, there would be a natural collision of the power of the Great Path between cultivators.

Could it be that he had stayed in Heavenly Mystic Imperial City for too long and naturally triggered the karma of conferring deities?

A bright look flashed across Han Muye's eyes.

Some things could not be avoided just because one wanted to.

Moreover, he was a sword cultivator. If he encountered enemies, he could just draw his sword.

Walking forward, he reached out and grabbed the half-broken spear in the hands of a soldier.

Sword Qi poured in, and a faint golden light flickered.

Images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

He was from an ordinary family in the Imperial City. When he was a 17 or 18-year-old youth, he was recruited into the army.

The camp was undergoing training for three years. When they needed to go to the outer world, they would step onto the flying ship that transported the army without hesitation.

Ten years.

Twenty years.

A hundred years.

Endless slaughter and silence filled the void.

He did not know how many people around him had changed.

The accumulated battle merits were all exchanged for resources to be sent to his home in the Heavenly Mystic Imperial City.

His younger brother was studying and listening in at the Imperial City Academy.

His younger sister was married, and his brother-in-law was in a small business.

The girl across the street who said that she would wait for him had become a Great-Grandma.

Fighting in the army in the void, he looked back on the Heavenly Mystic World. It was as bright as the brightest star in his heart.

After a hundred years, the star was still shining brilliantly.

When the mutated beasts attacked, 3,000 Red Flame soldiers died.

The owner of the spear persisted until the end. In the end, his vitality was exhausted.

“The commander of the 12 garrisons of the Red Flame Army’s Fire Beacon Camp, Cao Dahe, was born in the 3156th year of the Great Summoning of the Heavenly Mystic Wood Spirit. He died in the 58th year, aged 174 years old.

“Cao Dahe accumulated 359 battle achievements. He was seriously injured 162 times.”

Han Muye said softly. In his mind, he thought of the white-haired old soldier who was holding a thin letter in his hand and had to look at it a few times before going to battle.

‘Brother Dahe, when are you coming back to marry me?’

There was a sentence on the letter.

Putting down his spear, Han Muye reached out and grabbed the half-iron armor in the other soldier’s hand.

It was cold to the touch, and the marks on the armor were blood-red.

Spiritual Qi and Great Spirit poured in, and the scene reappeared.

The disciples of the aristocratic families in the upper city of the Imperial City had cultivated for 20 years and reached the third level of the Foundation Establishment realm. They followed their elders to the outer world.

After 500 years of fighting, he had become a half-step Heaven Realm expert and guarded a region.

He fought with the No Resentment Realm army and the world collapsed. In the end, he only found half of his armor.

“The Red Flame Army’s General Lu Yutao. He was born in the 89th year of Heavenly Mystic Zhaowu and died in the 48th year of Minghui. He has accumulated 3,500 battle merits and was a third-class general.

“Zhenyuan General Lu Yutao guarded the Luyang Continent for 300 years. He experienced 8,000 battles of all scales.”

In the image, the middle-aged general in blood-colored armor and holding a long sword charged into the sky without hesitation.

Chapter 636 - 636 Deity Investiture Altar, Deity Roll Call (2)

There were no bold words. It was his duty to guard the place and draw his sword to fight the heavens.

Putting down his armor, Han Muye's gaze landed on a fan with only a few bone handles left.

On the remaining fan, a few incomplete words could be seen.

They were lively and bold.

He reached out and gently held the fan.

The Great Spirit wrapped around the folding fan, and an image appeared.

"As students of the Imperial City Academy, not only do you have to be educated, but you also have to be useful to the Heaven Mystic Realm and the living beings in the world.

"This time, the Red Flame Army requires 300 students to join the army as staff officers. All students from the Imperial City Academy can voluntarily sign up."

The middle-aged scholar on the platform was the assistant head, Yan Zhenqing, who no longer cared about the Imperial City Academy.

Yan Zhenqing, who was wearing a green robe, looked impassioned. Below the stage, students from the Imperial City Academy stepped forward and wrote their names on the white cloth.

"Yan Mingze."

The brush strokes were elegant and unrestrained.

Looking up, Yan Zhenqing's eyes were filled with relief.

The scholars entered the army and went from logistics to transporting supplies.

From planning battles to taking charge of an army.

From the high-spirited and weak scholar to the armored man with calluses on the hilt of his sword.

'Yan Mingze, the general of the Red Flame Army's Heavenly Peak Guards. The great scholar Yan Zhenqing thought too little of his son. Zhaowu was recruited into the army in the 19th year. He worked hard for 3,000 years to become the general of the Guards and guarded the three worlds.'

'In the 184th year of Ming Ning, the Immortal Spirit World invaded and 18 worlds in Suwei fell. The Suwei General, Yan Mingze, fought alone and killed five Heaven Realm Out of Body Primordial Spirits. In the end, he died.'

In the image, an old man in a brocade robe slowly opened a folding fan in his hand.

This action was exactly the same as when Yan Zhenqing had given him the folding fan back then.

This action was the same as three years ago. Before every battle, he would open his fan.

"I love it when innocent children lie in the stream to peel the lotus seed pods.

"I don't see any dragonflies landing on the sharp corners of my lotus pond."

Putting away his fan and holding a long sword, the old man in a brocade robe took a step forward and soared into the sky with a strong wind.

"Heavenly Mystic Yan Mingze is here. Who dares to come and court death?"

...

Putting down his fan, Han Muye looked ahead.

Every soldier held a relic in his hands.

Every relic here was a story.

No, how could this be a story?

These were the heroic spirits of the seniors, these were lives.

For the Heavenly Mystic, and for their own beliefs, they did not care about their own lives.

They were not the only ones.

There were those who had been waiting for their return.

"Marquis Wu, is it worth it?"

Han Muye stood in front of the military formation and asked softly without turning around.

Was it worth it?

For countless years, countless lives were lost outside the realm. Was it worth it?

Hearing Han Muye's words, Marquis Chen Qingzhi slowly turned around.

In front of Han Muye, the soldiers straightened their bodies.

"There used to be more than 38,000 galaxies outside the Heavenly Mystic World.

"There are a total of 853 stars with living beings in these galaxies. There are trillions of living beings on them.

"Do you know how many of the 853 stars have survived in the past 100,000 years?

"Twenty-one."

Marquis Wu's voice was low and filled with killing intent and determination.

"Void Beasts, Immortal Spirit World, No Resentment Realm. Which world isn't constantly conquering the world of the stars?

"If it weren't for the fact that our Heavenly Mystic World had defended in all directions for so many years and set up a void star battle line, placing the battlefield in the outer realm, the flames of war would have long spread to the Heavenly Mystic World.

"My cultivation has long broken through the limit of this world. Senior Brother Wen's cultivation had already reversed 20,000 years ago and he could no longer advance.

"We didn't leave the Heavenly Mystic world because we couldn't bear to see countless living beings in this world die and a resplendent world collapse.

"For the past 20,000 years, my true body has been suppressing my breakthrough. Senior Brother Wen has even split his Great Dao into countless parts and fused them with the Heavenly Mystic World.

"Tell me, is it worth it?"

Marquis Wu looked at the soldiers in front of him. He raised his eyes and looked at the buildings in the distance.

"You once stood in the void and looked at the Heavenly Mystic world. You also witnessed the destruction of a world and saw the Imperial City resplendent like an immortal city.

"Can you bear to lose it?"

It was worth it.

He was willing.

The Imperial City was as resplendent as heaven and earth. The sky was verdant. It was not a paradise, but it was the home of the mortal world.

Han Muye admitted that this world was so beautiful that it made people reluctant to leave.

In the images he saw earlier, almost every fallen general of the Red Flame Army would look back in their spare time.

He looked at the brightest star in the sky.

It was worth it to die to protect this planet and the living beings on it.

He had no regrets in this life and would continue in his next life.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye looked up, his eyes shining with golden light.

He quickly deduced in his mind, and all the images gathered.

Above his head, there was a golden Great Spirit that intertwined with human vision and transformed into various images.

Marquis Wu and all the soldiers looked at Han Muye, staring intently without saying a word.

"Boom!"

Cloud lightning exploded above Han Muye's head, shattering his aura.

As the cloud lightning fell, Han Muye's eyes lit up. He said loudly, "With three million remnant souls as the foundation, we can forge the Deity Investiture Altar in the void and bring back the souls that have sacrificed for the Heavenly Mystic World for countless years. Is that feasible?"

The Deity Investiture Altar!

In the sky, the Deity Investiture Altar was forged.

Excitement flashed across Marquis Wu's face as he shouted, "Alright!"

"Tens of millions of soldiers will use their blood and Qi as a guide. The souls of cultivators above the Immortal Soul Third Level will form the Deity Roll Call. From now on, you will be compatible with this Divine Dao and be revered by the people. When you die, you will be on the Deity Roll Call. Are you willing to do so?" Han Muye spoke again.

Great cultivators above the Immortal Soul Third Level.

From now on, they would be entangled with this world and could not escape.

Just like Wen Mosheng.

However, if Wen Mosheng could become a Sage with the Heavenly Mystic as his foundation, could the Deity Roll Call be entrusted with the spirit of a Sage?

At this moment, everyone looked at Marquis Wu.

Above the Immortal Soul Third Level, only Marquis Wu could shoulder this heavy responsibility.

After pondering for a moment, Marquis Wu nodded and said, "Yes."

As soon as he finished speaking, a shout came from the soldiers in front of him. "Willing—"

Han Muye took a deep breath and said softly, "Using the wishes of living beings as ink and brush, the Great Confucian will write down the names of the deities."

Pausing for a moment, he looked at Marquis Wu. "I can't guarantee that my soul won't be scattered by the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth when I confer deity titles. If—"

Before he could finish, a voice said, "I'll do it."

He was dressed in a green robe and had a white beard.

The assistant head of the Imperial City Academy spoke so lightly.

Marquis Wu looked at Yan Zhenqing who was slowly walking forward and sighed. He cupped his hands and said, "Brother Yan, I didn't take good care of..."

Without waiting for him to finish, Yanzhen straightened his clothes and bowed to Marquis Wu. "Marquis Chongwu, in order to protect Heavenly Mystic, you have not returned after tens of thousands of bloody battles. Please accept my bow."

He bowed to the ground.

When he straightened his back, his gaze landed on a broken fan in the soldier's hand.

“Mingze has fulfilled his wish to protect a region.”

Although he said that, there was a trace of sadness in his eyes.

“As his father, I don’t have any other abilities. I cultivate Confucianism and am not good at fighting. I can’t avenge him even if I wanted to.”

Turning around, Yanzhen looked at Han Muye. “Let me handle this matter. This is the only thing I can do.”

Han Muye hesitated and nodded.

This was a father’s wish, and he didn’t know how to refuse it.

However, it was not so easy to confer a deity title with a brush.

Once he started writing, his soul would be drawn by the deity investiture altar and the Deity Roll Call and he would not be able to rest in peace for the rest of his life.

Even someone as strong as Yan Zhenqing might not be able to withstand the torture of his spirit day and night.

Marquis Wu waved his hand to let the army return.

Han Muye and Yan Zhenqing followed Marquis Wu into the tent.

“Previously, when I surrounded and killed the Divine King of the No Resentment Realm, the No Resentment Realm and the Immortal Spirit World joined forces to take revenge and broke through a guarded realm.

“Hundreds of thousands of troops have fallen, and our Heavenly Mystic defense line has been forced to move back 30 million miles.”

Marquis Wu sat in front of the long table with a murderous look on his face.

His cultivation was profound, and his words and actions could trigger changes in the power of heaven and earth.

At this moment, there was anger in his heart. Instantly, the tent became gloomy and solemn.

“30 million miles of defense line?” Yan Zhenqing frowned and said in a deep voice, “Wouldn’t that expose our Heavenly Cycle Protection Formation?”

Chapter 637 - 637 Mortal World, Refining the Heart

“If the Immortal Spirit World really discovers the location of our Heavenly Mystic World, I’m afraid they will send an army to suppress us, right?”

Yan Zhenqing had cultivated for countless years and had also participated in external battles. As the assistant head of the Imperial City Academy, he was not unfamiliar with the layout outside the Heavenly Mystic Realm.

Han Muye didn't know much about the foundation of the Heaven Mystic Realm, so he just listened quietly.

"That's right, so Senior Brother Wen suppressed the outer realm and activated the power of the array." Marquis Wu's eyes flickered as he turned to look at Han Muye.

"If you hadn't distracted the Immortal Spirit World and the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan with the Desolate Wilderness last time and allowed Senior Brother Wen to suppress many powerful figures of the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan, I'm afraid we would have retreated more than 30 million miles in this battle."

So there was such a thing?

Last time, he didn't think that Wen Mosheng was scheming against him. From the looks of it now, there might be more to it.

That time, even the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian came.

Yan Zhenqing glanced at Han Muye and said nothing.

He was quite familiar with Han Muye, but everyone basically avoided talking about matters outside the Heavenly Mystic.

As a mortal, everyone only wanted to experience the mortal world here.

In the military tent, the three of them made arrangements on how to build the Deity Investiture Altar and weave the Deity Roll Call.

Han Muye finally had a rough understanding of the lineup of the army this time.

The million-strong army was split into two groups.

One group was stationed at the defensive line, while the other group directly entered the front line.

In the royal family, the Prince of Qi, Yunduan, and several members of the royal family behind them were the commanders. They were in charge of 300,000 troops and the garrison missions.

The Alchemy Conference organized by Qin Suyang and Baili Xinglin would also travel with these armies.

The other 700 thousand troops were led by Lu Yang, the commander of the three prefectures of the Mystic Sun Guards. Under the lead of several generals, they rushed to the frontlines.

Lu Yang was accompanied by the Half-Sage Lu Yuzhou.

The person protecting Yunduan and the others was the number one sword cultivator of the royal family, Gongsun Shu.

Originally, Marquis Wu was prepared to hold the Deity Investiture Ceremony outside the Imperial City. Now, according to Han Muye's deduction, the matter of the ceremony had to be carried out in the void world.

This was also good. At the very least, he wouldn't draw on the power of the Great Dao in the Heavenly Mystic World and compete with Minister Wen for the authority of the Heavenly Dao.

Marquis Wu turned to look at Han Muye and said softly, "Senior Brother Wen is not as heartless as outsiders say. It's just that his cultivation has already reached the level of karma, and what he wants is no longer known by outsiders."

Cultivators naturally wanted different things from mortals.

What Han Muye heard and knew about Wen Mosheng was gleaned from various stories.

He did not dare to judge what kind of person Wen Mosheng was.

The cultivation of the Great Dao in the world was not black or white.

After leaving the military camp, Han Muye returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

In the following days, he visited Xu Wei and Huang Tingshu.

Then he went to visit the Qin family and the Xiao family.

In between, he also took some time to deliver some medicinal pills and a few weapons to Gongsun Shu's residence and handed them to Bi Chong and Bi Yun.

As the million-strong army was about to set off and the Alchemy Conference was about to begin, the atmosphere in the Imperial City gradually changed.

Lu Yang commanded the Mystic Sun Guards to wipe out several sects. Those alchemy cultivators who were not prepared to participate in the Alchemy Conference were terrified and hurriedly reported their names to the Alchemy Division.

Lu Yang returned to the Imperial City and quietly went to the Pill Destiny Pavilion to deliver the three sword pills to Han Muye.

At the same time, he gave Han Muye an invitation.

Lu Yuzhou invited Han Muye to a banquet on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship.

After disappearing for so long, this old man was finally willing to spend some money.

Han Muye did not notice the complicated expression that flashed across Mu Wan's face when she saw the invitation.

...

On the Yongding River, the night was always more beautiful than during the day.

The lights were like daytime, and the waves were like stars.

The immortal ship that looked like an immortal city quietly floated in the river.

Her voice was filled with a faint bitterness that made people unable to leave.

At this moment, the guests were either chatting in groups of twos and threes or sitting in a quiet place, watching the scenery and listening to music.

On the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, no one would act recklessly.

Even those Confucian Dao cultivators and sect experts would at most get drunk and say some dirty words, causing the boat ladies beside them to blush.

Of course, whether you could stay the night on the immortal ship depended on your own ability.

In the cabin of the immortal ship, in the spacious hall, clothes fluttered to soft music and graceful dancing.

The melodious tune was accompanied by a gentle dance. It was really a house of heroes.

“Lady Su, I’m going to battle tomorrow. Are you really not willing to drink this wine?” Lu Yuzhou, whose clothes were a little messy, held the wine glass to the mouth of the boat lady beside him.

The boat lady revealed a shy expression and finally opened her mouth to sip the wine in the cup. Then her red lips leaned forward.

Lu Yuzhou laughed out loud and turned to give Han Muye a smug look.

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with this old man. He shook his head, stood up, and walked out of the cabin.

The breeze that greeted him carried the unique water vapor of the river.

“If a man is not flirtatious, he will be wasting his youth. Kid, you’re so young, but you’re already so clean and pure?” Xu Wei’s voice sounded, filled with mockery.

“Back then, when I saw you addressing Lu Yuzhou as brother, many people thought that you were on good terms with him and felt ashamed to be associated with him.”

It was shameful to be associated with Lu Yuzhou.

Han Muye felt that his popularity had been affected because of Lu Yuzhou.

“Mr. Green Vine, when you fell into a trance, did you really not have any obsession in your heart?” Han Muye turned to look at Xu Wei, who was dressed in black.

Xu Wei was the most talented elite in Confucianism for countless years, but he was deeply confused.

Han Muye had sensed the bewildering power around Xu Wei. It was the loss of his state of mind.

This power had nothing to do with one’s combat strength.

No matter how strong an expert was, once his mental state was unstable, he might fall into a trance.

Ever since Han Muye refined the divine beast’s body, he often felt that his mental state was unstable, which was why he refined his heart in this mortal world.

“Hehe, who doesn’t have an obsession?”

Xu Wei shook his head and looked into the distance. He said softly, “But what if the obsession is elusive and untraceable?”

At this point, he suddenly laughed and patted Han Muye’s shoulder.

“Drinking buddy, don’t be like me, living like a story in the eyes of others.

“We just want what’s in our hearts. Don’t become a sad story for other people.”

His voice was not soft. He let out a long laugh and turned to leave.

Han Muye turned around. Behind him was Mu Wan, who was wearing a scholar’s robe, and Yunjin, who was similarly dressed.

“Sir, you’re about to go to the Outer World. Yunjin is holding a small banquet. Can you have a few drinks?”

Yunjin looked at Han Muye, her bright eyes filled with anticipation.

Han Muye looked at Mu Wan and saw her smile and nod.

In the small hall on the third floor of the immortal ship, Bai Wuhen, who was dressed in white, was also present.

“Back at Cloud Nest Ridge, Sixth Brother and Xiaoxuan went to the Outer World. I wonder how they are now.”

Bai Wuhen, who was sitting at the small table, looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Gao Xiaoxuan was the one who had been by her side for 10,000 years.

Hearing Bai Wuhen’s words, Han Muye nodded and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely find Sixth Brother and Gao Xiaoxuan in the future.”

As long as he completely refined the divine beast’s body, Han Muye was confident that he could step into the Demon Realm.

Even if Huang Six had already turned into a demon, he would think of a way to bring him back.

“That’s enough. With Mister’s abilities, he will definitely be able to dominate the void.”

Yunjin walked to the small table, picked up the wine pot, filled the wine glasses, and handed them to Han Muye and Mu Wan.

“I’ll borrow the words from your annotations. You’ll definitely make a name for yourself. When you return, everyone in the world will know you.”

Han Muye smiled and took the wine glass. When he brought it to his lips, his eyebrows twitched and his gaze swept over. He saw Mu Wan finish the wine in the glass without hesitation.

He chuckled and raised his head to drink the wine.

At the small table, the four of them sat around, drinking and talking.

After a while, Mu Wan’s face was already red, and her eyes were filled with tears.

“Senior Brother Han, I don’t know when you’ll return from the outer world. Why don’t you teach me a few more songs?” Bai Wuhen looked up at Han Muye and said softly.

She turned around and looked at Yunjin. "Yunjin, didn't you also ask him to leave some poems for you?"

Yunjin nodded.

Han Muye wanted to refuse, but Mu Wan reached out and pulled Han Muye's arm.

"Senior Brother, I want to hear your song."

There was a ripple in her eyes.

Han Muye took her hand and nodded.

A moment later, a melodious zither sound came from the immortal ship.

Accompanied by the sound of the zither, Bai Wuhen's gentle singing was like a light cloud that slowly spread and dissipated on the river.

"The secular world is so ridiculous.

"Infatuation is the most boring.

"It's good to be supercilious.

"This life is not finished.

"But my heart is no longer troubled.

"All I want is to be carefree for half my lifetime.

"Smile when I wake up.

"Forget everything in my dreams.

"Sigh when it gets dark too early.

"The next life is unpredictable.

"Love and hate are written off.

"When it comes to drinking and singing, I just want to be happy until I'm old.

"No matter how cold the wind is, I don't want to escape.

"No matter how beautiful the flowers are, I don't want them.

"Let me drift.

"The higher the sky, the smaller the heart.

"I don't care how much karma there is.

"I'll get drunk alone.

"Cry today, laugh tomorrow.

"Don't expect anyone to understand.

“Full of pride.

“Singing and dancing.

“A long night without a sense of dawn.

“Find happiness.”

...

Han Muye didn't remember when Bai Wuhen left. He only remembered that when he was helping Yunjin write some book reviews, Yunduan, who was wearing female clothes, kicked the door open.

Yunduan was clamoring about going out to war and asking her sister to dance.

“Sister Mu, you've been learning dance from my sister for so long. You said that you wanted to dance for your senior brother. Are you really not going to dance?”

Yunduan tugged at Mu Wan's sleeve, wanting to pull her to dance.

“I've seen Junior Sister's dance long ago.” Seeing that Mu Wan was shy, Han Muye stopped writing and chuckled.

Hearing his words, Yunduan turned around and glared at him. “That's different.”

Mu Wan looked up at Han Muye and slowly stood up.

Yunjin also stood up.

The two of them walked to the middle of the small hall and gently tied up their long hair. Then they unbuttoned their Confucian robes.

Beautiful women, Iron armors.

The green armors complemented their beautiful faces. They stretched their arms and legs, revealing their fair skin.

That dance was intoxicating.

Han Muye gently picked up his ink brush and wrote a poem on the page.

‘As graceful as a swan, as graceful as a dragon.’

‘Bright and beautiful like chrysanthemums in full bloom in autumn, youthful like the lush green line in spring.’

‘Appearing and disappearing from time to time like a light cloud enveloping the moon, floating and erratic like a returning wind and whirling snow...’

He was about to write when Yunduan kicked over the small table and grabbed his clothes. “Are you still a man?”

Yunduan gritted her teeth and quickly walked to Mu Wan and Yunjin's side. She reached out and pulled the hidden buttons on the back of their armors.

“Crash—”

The armors scattered.

Yunduan walked out of the small hall and locked the door. She leaned against the door and slowly slid down to sit on the ground.

She raised her arm and wiped the tears from her eyes.

But more tears rolled down her cheeks.

In the distance, a soft humming could be heard.

“The secular world is so ridiculous. Infatuation is the most boring...”

...

The sun had just risen, and the fog on the Yongding River dissipated.

In the Imperial City, the sound of the horn spread for thousands of miles.

Flying ships covered the sky and merged with the boundless Great Spirit.

Above the Imperial City, the red armors seemed to be about to turn into an ocean.

A million strong army marched out of the Heavenly Mystic World to conquer the outside world.

They set off.

Han Muye, who was dressed in a green robe and wearing a jade crown, stood on a flying ship. He lowered his head and looked at the Imperial City below, as well as the continuous river outside the Imperial City.

“The mortal world tempers the heart. If I really go through this, who can forget...”

He turned around and saw Mu Wan who was smiling like a flower at him from another flying ship.

In the distance, on the magnificent flying ship, a golden-armored Yunduan held the side of the ship with a calm expression.

From the void, there seemed to be a soft singing voice.

The flying ship broke through the clouds and soared into the sky!

Chapter 638 - 638 Overlaying the Illusionary Dao Domain, Activating the Dao Essence Cauldron

Above the heavy clouds, there were nine layers of heaven. The endless mountains and rivers looked back at them with longing.

Tens of thousands of flying ships shot out at the same time, covering the sky and blotting out the sun. When he turned around to look, the mountains and rivers were covered in verdant green.

Just as Marquis Wu had said, standing outside the Heavenly Mystic World and looking back, the Heavenly Mystic World was so adorable that it made people reluctant to part with it and willing to protect it wholeheartedly.

On all the flying ships, all the red-armored soldiers looked back at the dazzling Heavenly Mystic World, as if they wanted to remember this beautiful scene forever.

How many people could survive a million-strong army?

“Only outside the Heavenly Mystic World can you understand how difficult it is to protect this world with all your heart.” A voice sounded from behind Han Muye.

Lu Yuzhou, who was wearing a green robe, looked into the distance and spoke softly.

Han Muye turned around and saw that the void was empty and silent.

Even those huge stars were dead silent.

“If it weren’t for Minister Wen and Marquis Wu, the Heavenly Mystic World would have been like these stars. Lifeless.” Lu Yuzhou’s eyes were filled with nostalgia.

He had once guarded a dead star for a hundred years and almost died with it.

His understanding of the world of stars was deeper than others.

That was also why he did not hesitate to transform the stars he fused into a county in the Heavenly Mystic World after the Dao Integration.

Although this nourishment of the heavens and the earth would allow him to be much more stable, it also greatly limited his path towards the Dao.

It was just that personal choices were different, and there was no right or wrong.

“Buzz!”

In front of him, the flying ships that had rushed into the void began to accelerate.

The 10 flying ships beside Han Muye and the others slowly left the fleet and headed in another direction.

In front, Mu Wan stood by the porthole and waved her arm gently.

In the distance, Yunduan looked up and disappeared into the void with the flying ship.

“Mr. Mu Ye, I’ll leave the matter of refining the Sword Pill to you.” On the deck, Qin Suyang moved and flew over.

Behind him were dozens of Alchemy Grandmasters and Sect Grandmasters.

These people had a dense pill aura circulating around them.

Han Muye nodded.

The 10 flying ships turned around and landed on a dead star three million miles away from the Heavenly Mystic World.

Even the surrounding stars had no signs of life.

“This planet originally had living beings. Unfortunately, there was a huge battle later on and all living beings were exterminated,” Qin Suyang said in a low voice as the flying ship landed.

Han Muye alighted from the flying ship. He could see broken city walls around him, as well as rusty armors that had long been hidden in the dust.

He reached out and picked up a broken blade.

A faint spiritual aura enveloped the blade.

Dark images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

The disintegrating army, the overwhelming demons, and the attacks of the strange beasts that blotted out the sky caused this world to collapse.

When a world fell, the living beings on it were really like dust and sand, unable to resist.

The continuous cities turned into dust.

Would there be such a day in the Heavenly Mystic world?

The broken blade shattered and fell to the ground. Han Muye turned around and watched as alchemy cultivators flew down from the flying ships.

The 10 flying ships carried a total of 8,000 alchemists.

These were not ordinary alchemists. The lowest cultivation level was at the peak of the Alchemy Grandmaster realm.

Not all of these alchemists were here to participate in the Alchemy Conference. Most of them were invited by the Alchemy Division.

They had come here to refine sword cores.

According to the deductions of Qin Suyang and the other experts, this sword core could become a protective treasure for alchemy cultivators.

For alchemy experts who were summoned, refining a protective treasure like a sword core was naturally not something they were unwilling to do.

“Fellow Daoists, I’ve already mastered the technique of refining sword cores. From now on, Mr. Mu Ye will arrange the refining of pills.”

Qin Suyang’s gaze landed on the 8,000 alchemy cultivators, then he said indifferently, “Mr. Mu Ye is in charge of the Alchemy Division.”

There were a total of three people in charge of the Alchemy Division. It was the organization in charge of alchemy in the entire Heavenly Mystic world.

The Alchemy Division’s Library was a sacred place for alchemy in the Heavenly Mystic world.

To be able to become the head of the Alchemy Division, one had to be at least at the peak of the Grandmaster Realm.

The 8,000 alchemy cultivators below did not know much about Han Muye's identity.

However, when they heard Qin Suyang's introduction, they hurriedly asked each other in a low voice.

Those who already knew Han Muye's identity and background in the Imperial City's pill shop hurriedly explained.

The creator of the Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique and the developer of the Sword Core, Han Muye was qualified to be in charge of the Alchemy Division just based on these two things alone.

One had to know that in this Alchemy Conference, all alchemists had to learn the alchemy techniques of alchemy and refining sword pills.

The Pill Transformation Technique was currently the most popular pill refinement technique. If one had not studied it before, one would be too embarrassed to go out.

The refining of the Sword Pill was the reason why these alchemists were standing here today.

With that, Qin Suyang turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye took a step forward and cupped his hands. "Fellow Daoists, let's rest for a while. We'll talk about alchemy tomorrow."

With that, he cupped his hands again and turned to walk away.

The 8,000 alchemy cultivators looked at each other and left with smiles on their faces.

Some people returned to the flying ships and began to adjust their breathing. Some people built residences on this dead star with their own strength.

Lu Yuzhou and Han Muye walked on the desolate gravel beach. Beside them, Qin Suyang had a solemn expression.

"This star is quite hidden, but it doesn't have the slightest power of heaven and earth. I'm afraid we will lose some spirituality when refining pills." Qin Suyang looked around and said in a low voice.

Han Muye had previously discussed with Lu Yuzhou about choosing this place to refine pills.

The chosen location was also designated by Han Muye.

Chapter 639 - 639 Overlaying the Illusionary Dao Domain, Activating the Dao Essence Cauldron (2)

Ever since Han Muye agreed to lead the refinement of the sword core, Qin Suyang had given him all the rights.

Han Muye was not the kind of junior disciple who was not capable enough. If he could not do whatever he wanted, he would not be willing to take over alchemy.

"Old Qin, you've been in the Heavenly Mystic World for too long." Lu Yuzhou grinned and turned to look at Han Muye.

"My brother's thoughts are definitely not what you think."

As he spoke, a faint spiritual light flashed on Lu Yuzhou's body, and green pine trees appeared.

There was also a patch of green grass floating around.

Qin Suyang frowned. "Dao Domain?"

"Brother Lu, you want to use your Dao Domain to envelop this star? I'm afraid that won't do. The consumption is too great."

Even if Lu Yuzhou was a Half-Sage, he couldn't cover a star with his Dao Domain.

Those who had such power were not Dao Integration Half-Sages, but beings that surpassed them.

Sages who had stepped into karma might have such a possibility.

"That's why I said you have to come out and take a look."

Lu Yuzhou smiled.

Han Muye's expression did not change. He raised his hand and a golden-red bead appeared in his palm.

Qin Suyang widened his eyes and exclaimed, "Heart of Stars!"

It could not be considered the true Heart of Stars. This was only a Star Spirit Pearl that was not filled with spiritual qi.

However, for a dead star, 8,000 alchemy cultivators and nearly 10,001 guards, a Star Spirit Pearl and the envelopment of the Dao Domain's power were enough.

The Star Spirit Pearl landed on the ground and penetrated the ground.

The originally dead stars seemed to have gained some life.

The Dao Domain that Lu Yuzhou spread out was even more verdant.

A light screen rose and enveloped the space within a hundred miles.

The light screen was still spreading outwards.

Qin Suyang looked around and nodded. "With Brother Lu's Dao Domain protecting us, this place is indeed much safer.

"It's just that Brother Lu's Dao Domain has just formed. It still lacks some spirituality."

As he spoke, a faint spiritual light flashed on his body.

An ancient Confucian aura spread out, and green bamboo continuously formed a sea of bamboo.

This was the superposition of Qin Suyang's Dao Domain power.

Originally, for great cultivators, it was taboo to release the power of the Dao Domain and let outsiders discover its secrets.

However, since Lu Yuzhou had already released the Dao Domain, Qin Suyang did not hide it.

Moreover, Han Muye had even taken out the precious Star Spirit Pearl.

“Old Qin, your Dao Domain is quite condensed...” Lu Yuzhou’s words were a little bitter.

Although he had used the power of the stars to enter the Half-Sage Realm, he lacked foundation.

His Dao Domain had actually turned into a star in Dongshan County and could not travel with him. The power of his borrowed Dao Domain was also much weaker.

Qin Suyang laughed and raised his hand again.

The rich medicinal fragrance around him seemed to explode.

Spiritual herbs appeared one after another on the ground.

Half-Sage Confucian Dao, Half-Sage Alchemy Dao!

Dual Sage!

Even though Lu Yuzhou had long known that Qin Suyang was already a dual Sage, he was still shocked when he saw the ground covered in spiritual herbs and green bamboo.

On the other hand, Han Muye did not seem to feel much.

After fusing with the divine beast body, Han Muye really did not care much about other people’s strength.

As long as he followed the prescribed order, he could surpass everyone.

“That’s good too. By setting up the Dao Domain here, I can also pursue the sword dao.”

With the two Half-Sage Dao Domains set up, Qin Suyang’s original aura seemed to have weakened a little.

However, the power of the Sword Dao that he had been suppressing became more prominent instead.

Sharp sword intent seemed to be surging out of his body.

The power of the Sword Dao allowed him to sense Han Muye more carefully.

Han Muye hid the power of the Sword Dao that made his heart palpitate!

This fellow’s cultivation in the Sword Dao is actually much more profound than mine!

“Old Qin, under the pressure of your Dao Domain, this small world has more life.” Lu Yuzhou looked around and said regretfully, “It’s a pity that the power of the Great Dao can’t be condensed. Otherwise...”

Before he could finish, his eyes widened and he looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye reached out and pointed at the void in front of him.

A gust of wind dispersed and turned into a gentle breeze.

The max-level affinity power of the wind attribute transformed into endless wind.

He did not stop. Yellow spiritual light spread under his feet, causing the soil and rocks to roll everywhere. Thick soil aura spread.

A green stream gushed out of the soil and meandered forward along the low ground.

The Earth Affinity maxed out.

Water Affinity, maximum level.

Han Muye raised his hand again, and green spiritual light scattered from his palm.

Whether it was the verdant bamboo, the spiritual herbs on the ground, or the grass and pine trees, they all swayed their branches as if they were cheering happily.

Vitality.

At this moment, the small world within a hundred miles was filled with life.

“Is there really a favored child of the Heavenly Dao in this world...” Qin Suyang muttered to himself as he watched Han Muye stop.

Lu Yuzhou nodded and said in a low voice, “Fortunately, the power of the Heavenly Dao controls the lightning...”

“Boom!”

Behind Han Muye, a black Kui horn appeared.

As soon as the bull horn appeared, it caused endless lightning to tear through the void and hit the light screen, causing it to tremble.

However, this trembling surprised Qin Suyang and Lu Yuzhou.

The power of lightning fused with the Dao Domain and simulated the power of the Heavenly Dao. It could quickly allow them to comprehend the source of Heavenly Dao power.

“Boom!”

Lightning kept descending, causing the water vapor on the ground to turn into clouds and then fall as rain.

At this moment, the hundred spaces really became a lively world.

If not for the fact that it was still desolate a hundred miles away, this world would have been no different from a star filled with living beings.

Chapter 640 - 640 Overlaying the Illusionary Dao Domain, Activating the Dao Essence Cauldron (3)

Qin Suyang and Lu Yuzhou looked at each other with complicated emotions.

Han Muye looked around regretfully and shook his head. “Unfortunately, the power of the Star Spirit Pearl is still too diffuse. I can’t condense natural treasures. My metal affinity is also a little weak.”

With the affinity of the five elements, what Han Muye lacked now was the metal attribute.

Although he had studied refining weapons, he did not spend much effort on the power of affinity. In terms of cultivation comprehension, he did not care too much about gathering the power of affinity. Qin Suyang and Lu Yuzhou were speechless.

This was blatant showing off.

To have such means before reaching the Dao Domain, this person must be the favored child of the Heavenly Dao.

All kinds of affinity powers were used, filling a hundred miles of space. The power of the Sword Dao in Han Muye's body that was originally concealed also began to appear.

Its sharpness pierced through the clouds.

Young people nowadays are so terrifying?

"Will your power be affected when you refine pills?" Qin Suyang looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Maintaining the power of the Great Dao would consume a lot of cultivation and strength.

Lu Yuzhou and Qin Suyang were Dao Integration Half-Sages, so they had a solid foundation.

Han Muye's cultivation level was only at the Golden Core realm.

With such strength, it was a little difficult to refine a sword core. If he was in charge of refining pills, he might not be able to suppress those alchemy cultivators.

"Who said I know how to refine pills myself?"

Han Muye smiled.

His words stunned Qin Suyang and Lu Yuzhou.

Han Muye turned to look into the distance and said in a low voice, "Li Siming, come and see me."

Hearing Han Muye's call, a green-robed figure ran over.

"Li Siming greets Mr. Mu Ye, Head Qin, and Assistant Head Lu."

Li Siming looked at the three people standing in front of him with an excited expression and bowed.

Even now, he still couldn't believe that he would have the chance to travel with countless seniors of alchemy and meet the Alchemy Half-Sages in person.

He was an alchemist who had even bankrupted his own alchemy house. What right did he have to deserve the attention of these experts?

Li Siming looked up at Han Muye, his expression excited and confused.

Han Muye led him to the flying ship, but he did not say much.

This left him at a loss.

“Buzz!”

Han Muye raised his hand, and a cauldron appeared.

As soon as the cauldron appeared, Qin Suyang’s expression changed and he exclaimed, “Dao Essence Cauldron!”

Han Muye turned his head and said, “Senior, do you know this cauldron?”

Envy flashed across Qin Suyang’s eyes as he said in a low voice, “I’ve seen it in the ancient records. It’s an inherited treasure of the alchemy path in the hands of the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor...”

Speaking of this, he shook his head and said, “There are countless treasures in the world, but they can only be obtained by fate.”

It was unknown if he was talking to Han Muye or himself.

“Is this really the Dao Essence Cauldron that was refined from a star?” Lu Yuzhou walked forward and examined the cauldron with a solemn expression.

His eyes shone with a divine light, as if he wanted to memorize all the spiritual patterns on the cauldron.

Qin Suyang also carefully sized up the cauldron.

Han Muye ignored them and turned to look at Li Siming. “This cauldron can withstand mixed power. It can also be activated and turn into a huge cauldron.

“The multiple pill furnace you researched can be activated with this cauldron. It should be possible.”

As he spoke, he pushed the cauldron forward and it landed in front of Li Siming.

“Take the pill cauldron back and study it. You’ll be in charge of refining the Sword Pill starting tomorrow.”

Presiding over the refining of the Sword Pill?

Li Siming shuddered. His gaze fell on the Dao Essence Cauldron and he could not bear to leave.

However, he was only at the level of an alchemy grandmaster. There were only a few alchemy cultivators who were weaker than him.

How was he supposed to preside over alchemy?

“Don’t worry, just study a furnace of multi-pill techniques. Leave the rest to me,” Han Muye said softly, seeing Li Siming’s hesitation.

Li Siming took a deep breath and held the Dao Essence Cauldron with both hands. He said in a deep voice, “I won’t let you down.”

If he did not accept the opportunity of the cultivation world, it would be impossible for him to improve his cultivation and alchemy skills in the future.

Watching Li Siming carefully leave with the Dao Essence Cauldron, Lu Yuzhou turned to look at Han Muye.

“Can this guy do it?”

How could an alchemist who was only a Grandmaster Alchemist manage 8,000 alchemy experts in the concoction of medicinal pills?

Qin Suyang’s eyes lit up as he glanced at Han Muye.

Han Muye chuckled and turned to walk back.

He had already refined the Dao Essence Cauldron, and he had also deduced the method of refining multiple pills.

He gave Li Siming the opportunity to be in charge of the pill refinement because he valued Li Siming’s talent and because he didn’t want to be trapped here.

He still had many things to do.

After returning to the flying ship’s quiet room, Han Muye sat cross-legged. Then, spiritual light flashed on his body, and a formation plate was placed in front of him.

Beams of light appeared on the formation plate, covering the surrounding space.

Endless spiritual light flashed on his body, and the phantom of a divine beast, Baxia, protected his body.

In the Suwei World, above the Eastern Sea, the divine beast Baxia slowly opened his eyes.

Han Muye, who was standing on the divine beast Baxia, looked up at the sky.

Spiritual light collided there, causing the void to tremble.

There was an enemy attack.

From the spiritual light, it could be seen that there were many experts resisting foreign enemies. Han Muye did not need to worry at all.

Ever since he took charge of the Suwei World and conquered the void several times, the number of foreign enemies in the void had decreased.

The surrounding demons and beasts were almost all killed.

Among them, the experts either fled or became the qi and blood power of the divine beast Baxia.

Han Muye did not take action in today’s battle.

In less than half an hour, dozens of sword cultivators with heavy auras flew down.

Around them, there were sword cores that drew mysterious arcs. There were also long swords under their feet that shone with sword light.

Unlike when they first met, these Sword Dao cultivators all had calm expressions and were no longer afraid.

“Senior Han.”

Lu Zhenyu stepped forward and bowed. The others followed suit.

“We’ve killed many evil demons and obtained some spiritual materials. We’ll refine them into swords and give them to you in exchange for some sword cores.”