

Pavilion 681

Chapter 681 - 681 A Group of Alchemy Cultivators, Why Play with Swords? (3)

A million miles away, those who could intercept the alchemy formation were definitely experts.

This alchemy formation could even defeat a Sage Realm cultivator like Mo Wuxie.

As Han Muye flew, he used his divine sense to probe and sensed a rumble a million miles away.

The power of the Divine Dao scattered, and the sound of swords and weapons colliding lingered.

“Demonic cultivator?”

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Not only were they demonic cultivators, but they had met before.

Mo Wuxie.

Under Mo Wuxie’s lead, a million-strong demon army besieged the alchemy cultivators on dozens of flying ships.

Fortunately, the alchemy cultivators formed a great formation and used the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation to protect themselves, preventing the demon army from approaching.

Mo Wuxie, one of the Four Sages of the Immortal Spirit World, had personally attacked the Heavenly Mystic Alchemy Dao. How shameless.

However, to be able to disregard his self-respect and attack the Heavenly Mystic Alchemy Dao, it could be seen how much importance Mo Wuxie placed on it.

If Mo Wuxie succeeded today, the Heavenly Mystic would suffer a huge loss.

“Suppress—”

In the void, the golden light in Huang Tingshu’s hand turned into a huge seal and descended from the sky.

The huge seal was 100,000 feet tall, and on it was the phantom of a Pixiu tearing through the sky. The thick jade below emitted a spiritual light, and there were four golden words on the seal.

‘Suppress Heaven and Earth.’

As soon as the Divine Seal appeared, the void within a hundred thousand miles remained motionless.

Whether it was demonic light or spiritual qi, they were all unable to move under this divine seal.

This was not the power of reincarnation, nor was it the power of karma.

This was the convergence of the power of the Divine Dao in the world. It was a power that could suppress a world within 100,000 miles.

“Alright, the power of the Divine Dao has been played out by you.”

Mo Wuxie let out a cold shout as the long saber in his hand slashed down.

“Boom!”

The saber light collided with the golden seal, causing the world to tremble.

The power that was originally suppressed and frozen loosened a little.

Below, countless sword cores rose and gathered into long swords that pierced through the bodies of the demon army.

By the time the Demon Army retreated, they had already lost tens of thousands.

Mo Wuxie’s face twitched. With a pained expression, he waved his hand, signaling for the army to retreat.

They were all his family’s foundations. In the future, he still needed an army to fight. He naturally could not bear to lose them.

Coming here to surround and kill the Heavenly Mystic Pill Dao cultivators, Mo Wuxie had been secretly paying attention to these alchemy cultivators.

After suffering a loss in front of the alchemists last time, Mo Wuxie had been paying attention to their movements.

It would be best if he could take these alchemists under his wing. If not, he would have to kill them.

When Minister Wen and Marquis Wu were not monitoring the alchemy dao of the Heavenly Mystic, he led an army of one million devils to surround the army of alchemists.

However, he did not expect that not long after, not only were these alchemists more proficient in practicing the array formation, but they also had a lot more sword cores.

He personally commanded a million troops, but he was actually unable to take them down immediately.

Not only did it attract Huang Tingshu, but this newly-advanced Divine Dao Sage’s combat strength was not inferior to him, a Demon Dao Sage.

Things in the world were really unreasonable.

“Boom!”

In the void, a million soldiers arrived.

These military formations were tight. Once the generals with weapons shining with divine light arrived, the demon army did not dare to go forward.

On the frontline of the Heavenly Mystic, there were also many Divine Court generals from the No Resentment Realm.

This kind of undying and indestructible military formation was really a headache.

Because he was not dead, he was not afraid of death.

No one wanted to face such an enemy.

Mo Wuxie was somewhat vexed as he stared at Huang Tingshu.

He was unwilling to quit just like that.

Taking a deep breath, he raised his hand.

“Buzz!”

In his palm, a golden stream of light broke through the void.

Han Muye, who was already 100,000 miles away, frowned.

It was sword intent.

“Haha, since Senior Devil has invited us, we naturally have to come.”

A long laugh came from the void. A flying ship broke through the void barrier and descended.

The flying ship was as long and narrow as a sword, with a dark golden mark on it.

“The Seven Luminaries Sword Sect of the Ancient Sinking Galaxy is here to participate in the Dao Competition and join the Immortal Spirit World.”

A voice sounded from the flying ship.

On the deck, white-robed sword cultivators stood neatly. The person in the lead was dressed in a white robe. He held a long sword in his hand and wore a bronze mask that covered half of his face.

“Senior Devil, take these alchemists as the allegiance of our Seven Luminaries Sword Sect.”

The masked white-robed man shouted in a low voice and pointed his sword forward. “A group of alchemists, why are you playing with swords?”

As he pointed his sword, figures flew up from the deck behind him.

Sword cultivators.

All of them were at least at the Golden Core Stage of the Earth Realm.

These people were surrounded by dense sword light and crashed into the sword formation of the alchemy cultivators. When the sword lights and sword cores collided, they could actually balance themselves.

However, the 3,000 sword cultivators all flashed with sword lights and pressed down on the alchemy formation, unable to move.

This scene left the alchemy cultivators below at a loss.

The confidence that they had built up with the formation of the sword cores was instantly shaken.

One had to know that if not for the formation formed by the sword cores, how could alchemists like them dare to cross the void and travel tens of millions of miles to come to the Jade Rainbow Star?

Now that they were restrained, many people immediately panicked.

However, the more they panicked, the more the sword formation could not unleash its strength.

Many sword cores floated up and down, causing the sword formation to tremble.

The white-robed sword cultivator standing on the deck slowly raised the sword in his hand, as if he wanted to command the sword cultivators to break the sword formation with a single strike.

Huang Tingshu frowned, but Mo Wuxie, who was in front of him, laughed loudly. The long saber in his hand stirred up demonic qi that continuously surged.

The demon army also cooperated to hold back the Divine Court army.

At this moment, it seemed that a sword cultivator could shatter the sword formation with a single strike.

If the sword formation was broken, hundreds of thousands of alchemists would become lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

In the distance, Jin Kun's expression was solemn.

He had never seen such a battle.

Millions of troops and sages. He did not even dare to imagine such a scene.

He thought that he had come with Han Muye to fight those third or fifth level Heaven Realm demons like before.

However, he had no way to deal with the current situation.

Han Muye's gaze was deep, and there was a strong glow in his eyes.

He was the one who passed down the Heavenly Cycle Formation.

The power of this formation was so strong that it could rival a sage.

Today, it wasn't that the Heavenly Cycle Formation couldn't do it, but that the alchemy cultivators' activation of the formation was too stiff.

The sword cultivators of the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect had deep cultivation in the Sword Dao and could see through the sword formation.

If this array was activated by sword cultivators, not to mention 3,000 sword cultivators, even 30,000 or 300,000, it would be instantly destroyed.

"A mere 3,000 sword cultivators dares to break the array?" Han Muye snorted coldly, and sword light soared into the sky.

Chapter 682 - 682 Dao of Space, First Sword, Formless

The sword light was like a rainbow, triggering thousands of sword intents!

When the sword light on Han Muye's body rose, the hundreds of thousands of sword cores on the alchemy sword formation shook.

The 3,000 sword cultivators who were about to enter the sword formation were shocked.

The sword formation changed instantly!

Endless sword qi interweaved and scattered, and the sword intent was condensed and difficult to distinguish!

The sword formation, which was originally focused on defense, was about to reverse at this moment and transform into a peerless, ferocious formation with shocking offensive power!

The formation changed, and the void instantly turned cold.

The 3,000 sword cultivators who landed in the sword formation could not stand still in front of this cold sword intent.

These sword cultivators were also very experienced. They drew their sword lights and were about to retreat.

“Jin Kun, blindfold!” Han Muye shouted.

Jin Kun did not hesitate. Golden light burst out of his body, and countless dazzling golden leaves flew out.

Magical power, Blindfold!

The golden leaves directly crossed space and appeared in front of the 3,000 sword cultivators, covering their eyes.

One-Leaf Blindfold!

The golden leaves blocked everyone’s vision, causing everything in front of them to turn dark.

With their eyes blocked, these sword cultivators could not determine their direction and had nowhere to fly.

Chaos!

Even though they had experienced hundreds of battles, these sword cultivators were in a mess at this moment.

“Boom!”

Below, endless killing sword qi rose from the sword formation.

This was the Sword Dao that was stirred up by the Heavenly Cycle Array formed by 360,000 Sword Cores!

Endless sword light gathered into a dragon!

The sword was like a dragon, dancing through the nine heavens!

The 3,000 sword cultivators were the first to bear the brunt of the Dragon of Sword Dao and could not even resist.

The sword dragon roared and devoured the 3,000 sword cultivators.

When the sword dragon passed through, the sword Qi on the 3,000 sword cultivators shattered. The sword intent condensed in their chests and abdomens was assimilated and worn down by the sword cores, turning into nothingness.

The sword formation changed and destroyed 3,000 sword cultivators in one breath!

The 3,000 sword lights dissipated and were torn apart by the condensed sword lights from the sword core.

They died and their Dao disappeared.

This change only lasted for three breaths of time. Whether it was Mo Wuxie or Huang Tingli, the alchemists below, including the masked sword cultivator standing on the deck of the flying ship, all had yet to react.

“Boom!”

3,000 sword cultivators died. The power of the sword formation soared into the sky, and the long dragon of sword intent led the sword lights to collide with the demon army.

In the void, the power of nourishment began to descend.

A pillar of light landed on the alchemists, causing spiritual lights to swirl around them.

“Retreat!”

Mo Wuxie’s eyes widened as he shouted.

The long dragon of the sword roared and arrived. The demon army that had yet to form a military formation could not stop it at all!

“Boom!”

Mo Wuxie flew up, and the long saber in his hand cleaved down towards the head of the long dragon.

However, the dragon formed by the sword formation was extremely agile. With just a swing of its tail, it dodged the saber light and shattered into countless sword lights that rushed towards the demon army.

The sword light rushed past and shattered the million-strong demon army.

There were heavy casualties!

At least half of the million-strong demon army was destroyed by the sword lights formed by the long sword path!

This was Mo Wuxie’s capital in the Dao Competition!

Looking at the dismal failure of his efforts, the devilish Qi in Mo Wuxie’s body transformed into a pillar of black smoke as he roared towards the sky.

He lowered his head, his eyes red as he stared at Han Muye in the distance.

The masked sword cultivator on the immortal boat trembled and slowly turned his head.

“It’s you...”

He gritted his teeth and pointed his sword at Han Muye.

He was a sword cultivator, so he naturally could easily tell who did all of this.

If Han Muye had not activated the power of the sword array, how could the 3,000 sword cultivators under him have died instantly?

When the sword cultivator’s gaze landed on Han Muye and he pointed his sword at him, it was like a huge mountain pressing down.

His words and actions were reasonable.

This was an extremely powerful sword cultivator!

“Jin Kun, go to my uncle-master.” Han Muye raised his hand and pushed, and Jin Kun’s body floated towards Huang Tingshu.

Pushing Jin Kun away, a green sword appeared in Han Muye’s hand.

It was not the Green Destiny Sword, but a sword that had been refined.

He rarely used mystic treasures and swords because his goal had always been to sharpen his swordsmanship.

But today, he was using a magic sword.

The Sword Dao expert of the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect had condensed his sword intent and had become the light of the Great Dao. Such a Sword Dao cultivator was worth fighting!

Battle intent soared into the sky as sword intent condensed.

“Heavenly Mystic Sword Cultivator Han Muye is here to seek guidance—”

Han Muye shouted and pointed the sword in his hand forward, taking a step forward.

Huang Tingshu narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye, whose sword light was like a dragon. He whispered softly, “Han Muye, Mu Ye. Hehe, it’s not difficult to guess the other party’s identity, right?”

“As expected, in the battle of the Great Dao, there will be exceptional geniuses.

“Hopefully, this is the will of the heavens...”

Han Muye didn’t care if it was fate.

At this moment, he was completely focused on the sword in his hand.

The sword carried infinite sharpness. In a thousandth of a second, it slashed at the flying ship.

“Boom!”

The flying boat exploded and was cut in half.

Then, on the shattered flying ship, a sharp sword light quietly appeared and stabbed at Han Muye's chest.

Han Muye had expected this. He turned his sword and met it head-on.

"Clang—"

The two swords collided, and Han Muye was knocked hundreds of thousands of feet away.

If it was the Green Destiny Sword, this attack would have damaged the long sword.

"Out of Body Cultivation."

Han Muye's expression did not change. He pointed his sword at the great sword cultivator who was slowly walking over.

At this moment, the mask covering the face of the white-robed Seven Luminaries Sword Sect's great sword cultivator had already been shattered by Han Muye's sword. The aura on his body was solemn, and violent sword light surrounded him.

He was about 40 years old. His face was square, but the viciousness in his eyes seemed to be about to materialize.

"I, Zhu Wubing of the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect, have cultivated the Seven Planets Three Stars Sword Technique for 3,800 years."

Chapter 683 - 683 Dao of Space, First Sword, Formless (2)

683 Dao of Space, First Sword, Formless (2)

"My Seven Luminaries Sword Sect cultivates the sword with the aura of slaughter. We stress fighting for the Sword Dao.

"I don't care if you can kill these disciples who came with me."

Zhu Wushi's sword emitted a sinister sword light that caused the surrounding void to tremble and let out a soft cry.

This was because too much power was condensed, triggering the suppression of spatial power.

The power of the great cultivators gathered in the place where the Dao was contested. The reincarnation and karma were not obvious, and being able to mobilize the power of space was already a top-notch power.

“If you abandon your sword now and become my sword slave, I can spare your life for a hundred years.”

Vibrating spatial power surged out of Zhu Wushi’s sword and instantly enveloped the thousand feet of void around Han Muye.

Space froze.

Huang Tingshu frowned and raised his hand to activate the power of the golden seal. However, the frenzied Mo Wuxie summoned his saber and slashed down.

The crazier a demonic cultivator was, the calmer he was.

Mo Wuxie wanted to stop him from saving Han Muye.

But did this person really need his help?

Huang Tingshu chuckled. The golden seal reversed, and the Pixiu phantom flew up, blocking Mo Wuxi’s saber light.

“Boom!”

The saber beam collided with the Pixiu. Golden light and dark demonic light intertwined.

On the other side, Zhu Wushi pointed the sword in his hand at Han Muye’s head.

“I’ll give you three breaths...”

Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye, who was originally frozen in the void, had already disappeared.

It was just a space freeze. Not to mention that Han Muye could break it himself, even if he activated the Heavenly Crane Wings, he could instantly escape.

When he appeared again, he was already standing 100 feet in front of Zhu Wushi.

“Okay—”

Zhu Wushi ignored him and stopped talking about sword slaves. He shouted and stabbed out with his long sword.

The sword light tore through the void, and the sword edge appeared in front of Han Muye’s chest.

Not only was it fast, but it also broke through the suppression of the void.

Before a ear-piercing screech could be heard, it was frozen by the coldness emitted by the sword light.

A Great Sword Cultivator who was extremely good at controlling the power of space!

Besides the power of the five elements, the power of space and thunder was the most destructive.

Zhu Wushi was a sword cultivator who controlled the power of space.

However, Han Muye was also familiar with spatial power.

The illusory wings on his back flapped gently, and the sword light in front of him could not reach his chest.

This scene caused Zhu Wushi's expression to change.

This was the first time he had encountered a sword cultivator who could match him in the Dao of Space.

"Buzz!"

The sword in his hand turned, and the sword light exploded. The 12 swords shattered and covered Han Muze's head.

This time, Han Muze raised his sword.

"I once learned the Hidden Void Sword Technique, which can break the power of space and dominate the void.

"With this as proof, I will deduce a sword, please take a look..."

Han Muze shouted and swung his sword diagonally.

"Dao of Space, First Sword, Formless."

The sword was formless, and the myriad Daos were formless.

After completely crossing the spatial restriction, the sword light appeared in front of Zhu Wushi.

When this sword slashed down, the 100-foot space between him and Zhu Wushi was stretched infinitely.

The space was thousands of miles long, so long that the sword in Zhu Wushi's hand shook and shattered.

Zhu Wushi's face instantly turned pale, and the broken sword in his hand slashed back fiercely.

However, the moment the broken sword slashed down, his eyes widened.

This attack missed!

Formless!

Since it was formless, it was naturally unpredictable.

The sword light he saw was not a real sword light!

"Slash—"

A sword blade pierced out from Zhu Wushi's right chest, bringing with it bright red blood.

The formless sword actually stabbed through Zhu Wushi's body!

This sword strike not only caused Zhu Wushi's face to turn pale, but it also caused Mo Wuxie's heart to tremble.

Huang Tingshu's face revealed a strange expression as he turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye's Sword Dao is actually not inferior to Confucianism?

"Bang!"

Zhu Wushi slapped his chest and shook the sword out. Then he turned to look at Mo Wuxie and Han Muye, gritted his teeth, and fled.

If he didn't escape, with his heavy injuries, he would definitely lose his life here.

Han Muye reached out and waved, and the edge of a broken sword landed in his palm.

Sword qi and spiritual qi surged in, and he saw the memories in the sword.

The Seven Luminaries Sword Sect stopped killing by killing.

This sect emphasized the survival of the fittest. Starting with the outer sect, all the disciples were selected tier by tier.

Those who could step into the Heaven Realm were all sword cultivators of indomitable spirit who killed their peers and their swords had been stained with countless blood.

Zhu Wushi had cultivated to the Out of Body realm. It could be said that he left a scene of carnage wherever he fought.

Han Muye did not object to sword cultivators killing their way into the Dao, but such a path that completely relied on killing to temper themselves should not become a sect's main cultivation.

However, the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect was a sect with two Sages and several Half-Sage sword cultivators. The sect's strength was monstrous.

Such a great power could run amok in the ordinary cultivation world.

With the backfeeding of the sword Qi, the images in Han Muye's mind dissipated.

He had comprehended the Seven Luminaries Three Moons Sword Technique.

He had comprehended the Seven Luminaries Myriad Stars Sword Technique.

...

Holding the sword, Han Muye looked up into the distance.

The direction of Zhu Wushi's escape is very interesting, he thought.

Sword lights rose from Han Muye's body, and the sword in his hand was sharp as he slashed down.

Formless.

In the distance, Mo Wuxie let out a low cry as a black demonic mist appeared around him.

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

Outside the demonic fog, countless sword lights intertwined and slashed chaotically, but in the end, they did not break through the defense.

When the sword light dissipated and the demonic mist disappeared, Mo Wuxie was no longer there.

The remaining hundreds of thousands of demon soldiers also slowly retreated.

Han Muye nodded at Huang Tingshu and flew away.

He controlled the Heavenly Crane Wings and flew into the void at a moderate speed.

The sword had injured Zhu Wushi and left a mark on his body. No matter how Zhu Wushi ran, he could not escape.

Chapter 684 - 684 Dao of Space, First Sword, Formless (3)

In front, Zhu Wushi had discovered Han Muye's pursuit. He changed directions a few times and quietly increased his speed.

However, Han Muye remained unhurried and fell behind.

After traveling for 500,000 miles, Zhu Wushi stopped and seemed to have made a decision. He turned around and disappeared.

Han Muye chuckled and followed.

For three consecutive days, Zhu Wushi's speed became faster and faster until he landed in a region filled with small meteorites and completely disappeared.

Even his aura disappeared.

Even the marks Han Muye had left behind could not be found.

Could it be that a Sage had made a move?

Standing where he was, Han Muye took out the edge of the broken sword and held it in his hand, constantly searching its memories.

After a hundred breaths, he opened his eyes, and a deep spiritual light flickered in his eyes.

"I know where we are now..."

This was the place where Huang Yishang had found the remains of the foreign sword cultivators.

Huang Yishang received a jade slip for refining sword cores, three sword pills, and some other good things.

Combined with the memories in the sword pill, Han Muye let go of the broken sword in his hand and no longer searched for Zhu Wushi's location. Instead, he flew forward.

After passing by countless meteorites, the surrounding space changed and turned into a phantom.

"Slap."

When Han Muye landed on a meteorite that was no more than a hundred miles in size, he saw crisscrossing sword marks in front of him.

Here, sword cultivators had once fought.

With a sweep of his gaze, Han Muye could see through the sword moves revealed by the sword marks.

"Sword strength, sword intent."

He muttered as he slowly walked forward.

There was a thousand-foot-long cave under the cliff ahead.

Stepping into the cave, traces of the long sword could be seen everywhere.

After traveling for 30,000 feet, he saw a familiar figure.

Huang Yishang.

However, at this moment, Huang Yishang was sitting cross-legged on a collapsed stone. His body was withered, and his breathing had stopped.

He had come to this place to look for opportunities due to his injuries. Unfortunately, he did not seem to have found any opportunities.

Han Muye walked up to Huang Yishang's remains and looked at the small jade-colored sword in his hand.

With a wave of his hand, the small sword landed in his palm.

Sword qi entered and spiritual qi poured in. The small sword vibrated gently.

Images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

This was not a sword, but it was associated with a sword.

This was a seal, related to an inheritance.

Sword Pavilion.

It was not a three-story Sword Pavilion, nor was it a five-story Sword Pavilion. It was related to the six-story Sword Pavilion of the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World.

"There's such a place in the Endless Sea?"

Looking at the group of islands in the Endless Sea, Han Muye whispered.

In the depths of the Endless Sea, there were many cultivators living on the vast islands.

Most of these cultivators came by chance from various realms, and most of them were sword cultivators.

As for why they came to these islands, this piqued Han Muye's interest.

Trade.

They could trade with each other or with the demon beasts on these islands in the Endless Sea.

This was the only place in the Endless Sea where humans and demon beasts could get along peacefully.

The power of the Heavenly Dao here seemed to be outside the Great Dao.

Scattered Stars Island.

Looking up at the crisscross patterns on the stone wall in front of him, Han Muye was a little curious.

Was the teleportation array to the Scattered Stars Island still working?

If it couldn't be used, why would Zhu Wushi disappear into thin air?

Holding the small jade-colored sword in his hand, Han Muye raised his hand and his sword intent landed on the array patterns of the teleportation array.

“Buzz!”

With a soft sound, faint ripples covered Han Muye.

When the ripples disappeared, Han Muye had disappeared.

“Boom!”

Just as Han Muye disappeared, there was an explosion of lightning in the void.

“It’s another trick of the Endless Sea’s divine sovereign. Does the Endless Sea really want to be enemies with my Immortal Source World?” A low voice came from the void.

“Forget it, Fellow Daoist Hu. We’ve merely been through a few reincarnations in the River of Time. How can the divine sovereign take us seriously?”

“It’s better to calmly host this Dao competition and see if we can obtain some benefits.”

“That’s right. The Endless Sea’s sovereign shouldn’t be involved in the Dao Competition. He doesn’t care about this opportunity.”

A few old voices sounded, and then the void slowly fell silent.

...

This was not the first time Han Muye had passed through a spatial array.

Back when he was in the Ten Thousand Demons Mystic Realm of the Southern Wasteland, he had experienced the immense power of traveling through worlds.

Now that he sensed it again, he had a deeper understanding.

Without reincarnation, it was impossible to set up such a teleportation formation.

It seemed that there was a supreme expert behind the Scattered Stars Island.

“Bang!”

He landed in the dark sea, and the waves that greeted him carried warm water vapor.

As the power of water affinity seeped in, Han Muye saw fish swimming underwater.

There’s actually such a pure area in the Endless Sea?

Turning to look at the black sea in the distance, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Perhaps only the surroundings of these islands were normal seawater?

This was a place specially set up with great divine abilities. It was like a Dao Domain.

Han Muye stood on the water and floated. He turned around and saw a small wooden boat moving forward in the waves.

At the bow of the small wooden boat, a young man with his chest exposed spread out a large net and spun away with all his might.

After the net was pulled into the water, the young man slowly retracted the net. Then he used all his strength to quickly lift the net and pull it to the bow.

In the net, fish of all sizes were jumping around, as well as conchs and prawns.

Han Muye moved and landed on the bow.

At his feet, a broken sword hung on the Internet.

Zhu Wushi ignored the broken sword.

Zhu Wushi had indeed come to the Scattered Stars Island, but he had used some secret method to remove the marks he had left on him.

“Great, Great Immortal—”

Han Muye’s arrival made the young man who had retracted the net tremble and sit on the deck.

“Which island is this on the Scattered Stars Island?” Han Muye lowered his head and asked softly.

“Firefly, Firefly Island.” The young man stuttered as he looked at Han Muye, as if he hoped that Han Muye would ask for the location and leave quickly.

Unfortunately, when Han Muye heard the name ‘Firefly Island,’ not only did he not leave, but he even smiled.

“Firefly Island?”

“Isn’t the Imperial View Sword Shop on Firefly Island?”

Looking at the young man who had fallen to the ground, Han Muye said warmly, “What’s your name?”

Asking for my name?

The young man’s face turned pale and he hurriedly lay on the deck and kowtowed to Han Muye.

“Great Immortal, I’m the one who supports my family. Please don’t offer me up as a blood sacrifice!

“I have two newborn babies at home. If I die, everyone will die!”

Blood sacrifice?

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and was about to speak when he suddenly raised his hand and grabbed the broken sword in the net on the deck.

The broken sword vibrated. In the distance, the sound of a sword hissing could be heard.

“Uncle-Master, it’s him!”

Zhu Wushi gritted his teeth and growled.

Chapter 685 - 685 Three Palaces, Seven Pavilions, Fifteen Floors

As Zhu Wushi’s voice sounded, a huge force descended from the sky and crashed into the small boat.

It was as if a 10,000-foot-long mountain had crashed down. The surface of the sea within a radius of 10 miles was pressed down by a thousand feet.

With such power, the small boat instantly sank. The young man lying on the bow of the boat blushed and blood flowed out of his seven orifices.

Han Muye snorted and raised his sword.

The sword light stirred up endless seawater and wrapped around the small boat.

The first sword of the water lineage, Horizontal Boat.

The Horizontal Boat Sword Technique could not only injure the enemy, but also defend oneself.

The sword lights stirred up the seawater and wrapped around the small boat, transferring all the tumbling power into the waves.

The water was extremely soft.

No matter how strong the pressure was, it simply created an additional layer of waves.

If Han Muye's water affinity could not attract much seawater in the Endless Sea, he would definitely not be able to withstand the pressure.

However, all around the Scattered Stars Island, the sea was clear, soft, and gentle. The affinity was as obedient as his arm.

The huge force was released, turning into violent waves.

The young man lying on the wooden boat heaved a long sigh of relief. He looked up and saw water splashing everywhere, like the canopy of the heavens.

He turned his head slightly and revealed a trace of excitement. He kowtowed to Han Muye and whispered, "Great Immortal, Great Immortality..."

He never knew that there were cultivators in the world who could protect mortals.

Which cultivator on Firefly Island would save a mortal?

This immortal seemed to be different from those people.

Han Muye ignored him and raised the sword in his hand again.

At this moment, in the air, Zhu Wushi, whose white robe was stained with blood, ignored Han Muye. His eyes were piercing, like a sword through a water curtain.

Beside him was an old man in a black robe. His hands were behind his back, and his strength surged.

The long beard on the old man's chest fluttered. He was more than seven feet tall and his eyes were narrowed.

"Hehe, to be able to have such an affinity with water, I wonder what relationship does Little Friend have with the Water Spirit Palace?" The old man's voice was light.

"I am Zuo Tianya of the Seven Luminaries Pavilion. Perhaps what happened today was just a misunderstanding."

Hearing the old man say that it was a misunderstanding, Zhu Wushi's eyes widened. He turned around to take a look before lowering his head.

Water Spirit Palace, Seven Luminaries Pavilion.

From the small jade-colored sword, Han Muye saw images of the various factions on the Scattered Stars Island.

Three palaces, seven pavilions, fifteen stories. The six-story Sword Pavilion inheritance that Han Muye was looking for was one of the seven pavilions, the Six Chief Pavilion.

The owner of the small jade-colored sword was once the shopkeeper of the Imperial View Sword Shop on Firefly Island.

Water Spirit Palace, Yuling Palace, Ten Thousand Demon Palace.

In the three mysterious palaces, there were many great cultivators. They were the number one force on the Scattered Stars Island.

The seven pavilions also had experts guarding them, and they were equally matched.

As for the 15th floor, there was a great cultivator in every family, and they also had their own territory and trade.

The Scattered Stars Island was an island full of businesses.

Zuo Tianya was from the Seven Luminaries Pavilion. Perhaps the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect was behind the Seven Luminaries Pavilion.

Han Muye could feel the powerful strength coming from the other party.

This was a Sword Dao cultivator who was at the fifth level of the Out of Body realm at the very least.

Without the suppression of the power of Dao and the Endless Sea, this person's combat strength was extremely strong.

However, Han Muye's soul was stable for Out of Body and Semi-God Realm cultivators, so he was not afraid of a battle.

"Misunderstanding?"

"Perhaps you've misunderstood. I'm not from the Water Spirit Palace, nor do I belong to any of the three palaces."

Han Muye's expression did not change as he pointed his sword forward.

Hearing his words, Zhu Wushi grinned. Just as he was about to speak, Zuo Tianya, who was beside him, said again, "There's no harm in a misunderstanding. No discord, no concord. On behalf of the Seven Luminaries Pavilion, I welcome you to the Scattered Stars Island."

With that, he did not wait for Han Muye to reply. He chuckled and turned to fly away.

Zhu Wushi's smile froze. For a moment, he didn't know what to do.

Han Muye slowly turned the sword in his hand and pointed it at Zhu Wushi.

Zhu Wushi was stunned. He gritted his teeth and turned to leave without saying a word.

His injuries were not light, and he was frightened by Han Muye's methods. He did not dare to fight Han Muye again.

Han Muye smiled.

It didn't matter if they didn't fight.

Anyway, he came to the Scattered Stars Island for the six-story Sword Pavilion related to the jade-colored sword.

The six-story Sword Pavilion was related to the inheritance of the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World. Han Muye had long wanted to know what the Upper Three Heavens looked like.

The more cultivators he interacted with, the more curious he became about the Upper Three Heavens in the Immortal Source World.

Is that really a place that ruled the world and had countless mighty figures?

Why did the Heavenly Mystic Dao Ancestor say that the Upper Three Heavens is not a good place?

When Zuo Tianya and Zhu Wushi left, the young man lying on the deck of the bow sat down and took a few long breaths.

Seeing Han Muye turn to look at him, the young man hurriedly lay down again. "Great Immortal, my name is Zeng Daniu. I'm a fisherman."

With that, he kowtowed a few times and said, "Great Immortal, if you want a blood sacrifice, I'm willing to give up my life. However, please give me half a day. I'll go and make arrangements for my family."

Han Muye looked at Zeng Daniu's expression. He really looked like he was willing to be sacrificed.

Are there really so many mortal blood sacrifices on Firefly Island?

Han Muye had never seen this in the jade-colored sword. Perhaps the life of a mortal was too small a matter for the jade sword to care about.

"Sure, I'll go to the Imperial View Sword Shop.

"Make arrangements for your family and come to the Imperial View Sword Shop to find me."

Han Muye nodded, his expression calm. With a move, he landed on the shore, then identified his direction and headed towards the middle of the island.

Over there, spiritual qi rose into a pillar of light, and there was a street market that stretched on and on.

“The Imperial View Sword Shop...” Zeng Daniu’s face was filled with bitterness as he muttered. He took a deep breath and looked at the fish and prawns that had been crushed into meat paste in the fishing net in front of the boat.

Chapter 686 - 686 Three Palaces, Seven Pavilions, Fifteen Floors (2)

He scattered the fish and prawns into the sea, shook off the fishing net, and hauled in a few more nets of his catch. Then he drove the small boat to the inlet on the coast.

Over there, there was a small hidden water village with some small wooden boats moored.

“Martial Uncle.”

“Martial Uncle.”

Zhu Wushi hurriedly lowered his head.

Even though he was at the Out of Body realm, his cultivation had reached a bottleneck and there was no hope for him to advance. Thus, he was not valued in the sect.

As for this Martial Uncle Zuo Tianya, not only did he control the wealth and power of the sect, but he was also a great sword cultivator who massacred an entire region back then.

In front of Zuo Tianya, Zhu Wushi felt guilty.

There was no rule in the Seven Luminaries Sword Sect that prohibited fellow disciples from killing each other.

Zuo Tianya’s gaze fell on Zhu Wushi and he said indifferently, “Do you know why I didn’t make a move?”

Why?

Zhu Wushi looked up with a puzzled expression.

“The cultivation world isn’t just about fighting and killing. It’s more about exchanging resources.”

“If you can eat, drink, and get things done, why do you have to do the killing yourself?” Zuo Tianya narrowed his eyes and said softly.

Eat and drink?

“Let’s go. Since that kid said that he’s not from the three palaces, his life is not worth much spiritual rocks.

“Let’s go to the Life Stealing Tower and issue a mission. 30,000 spiritual pearls should be enough to take that kid’s life.”

Issue a mission?

Life Stealing Tower?

30,000 spiritual pearls?

That was worth 30 million spiritual rocks, which was not a small sum. However, wasn't it too little to hire an expert who could harm the life of an Out of Body sword cultivator like him?

Zhu Wushi felt that the Scattered Stars Island seemed to be completely different from the cultivation world.

In the cultivation world, the strong were respected, but here, it did not seem so?

"Do you think that the rules of the Scattered Stars Island are strange and different from those of the cultivation world?" Zuo Tianya asked indifferently without looking back.

Zhu Wushi ignored him and nodded.

In the sect, he had cultivated for thousands of years and was an ancestor.

However, in front of his Martial Uncle, he did not dare to be impudent at all.

"The Scattered Stars Island was established by countless Divine Venerables to trade with several macro worlds.

"Yuling Palace, one of the three palaces, was set up by Yuling Dao Sect in the Immortal Source World.

"Divine sovereign, do you know what that means?

"Have you heard of the Yuling Dao Sect?"

Zuo Tianya spoke softly and turned his head to look at Zhu Wushi as if he was implying something.

Zhu Wuyue's eyes flashed with shock as he nodded stiffly.

Divine Venerables were the top experts in the realm. They could suppress a realm and their cultivation was in the Unknown Realm.

The Immortal Source World had only become a macro world because of the suppression of two or three Divine Venerables.

As for the Yuling Dao Sect, how could Zhu Wushi, who had cultivated for thousands of years, not have heard of it?

That was one of the top sects in the three days of the Immortal Source World.

The Yuling Dao Sect has Divine Venerables!

What kind of place was the Scattered Stars Island? Why were there so many major forces involved?

Zhu Wushi was already at a loss.

Back then, his master had warned him that if he encountered a life-or-death crisis during the Dao Competition, he would follow the guidance to the Scattered Stars Island to avoid disaster.

But he had no idea what kind of place the Scattered Stars Island was.

Zuo Tianya shook his head. His figure activated a spiritual light and headed towards a large island that looked like a continent.

On the other side, spiritual light shone on the island. There was a trace of blood on it.

...

The Firefly Island was about three hundred miles wide. There were at least a hundred islands like the Firefly Island in the area around the Scattered Stars Island.

Han Muye arrived in the island's town in less than 15 minutes.

This street market could be considered a small city. There were fields outside the city, and it could be seen that spiritual herbs were planted there.

There were also many spiritual fruits that Han Muye had never seen before.

These fields had clearly been modified, and there were traces of spiritual energy seeping in.

There were mortals and cultivators who were full of spiritual light.

He did not know if these people were farming on their own or which faction they belonged to.

Walking along the road to the city gate, Han Muye could see many cultivators in the city.

On the path paved with limestone, the cultivators coming and going wore different clothes and had different cultivation levels.

However, most of the cultivators had smiles on their faces.

The Scattered Stars Island seemed to be a paradise for cultivation.

Walking on the limestone street, the surrounding scenery overlapped with the memories of the jade-colored sword. Han Muye narrowed his eyes and slowly walked forward.

The shops on both sides of the street sold talismans, pills, ancient books, and array discs...

Some shops had three to five shops connected together, and they had extraordinary auras. Some shops only occupied a small corner.

There were also many people who placed some spiritual materials, spiritual herbs, pill furnaces, and swords by the side of the street.

What was fun was that there were many mortals working as servants or selling food on the streets filled with cultivators.

Han Muye had only seen such a scene in the Imperial City.

However, the Imperial City was the essence of the entire Heavenly Mystic world.

If the hundreds of islands on the Scattered Stars Island were all like this, they might not be inferior to the Heavenly Mystic Imperial City!

There must be an unimaginable force behind the Scattered Stars Island!

After crossing three miles and turning four streets, Han Muye looked up and saw a two-story building.

"The Imperial View Sword Shop."

The doors and windows were slightly mottled, and the stone steps were covered in moss. It could be seen that no one had come for a long time.

The overgrown leaves of the two magnolia trees in front of the shop covered the windows of the small building.

Someone in the shop by the road saw Han Muye standing in front of the Imperial View Sword Shop without moving. He stuck his head out and said, "Fellow Daoist, are you here to evaluate the sword?"

"Fellow Daoist Zhao Yujing left Firefly Island 30 years ago and has never returned.

"If you want to find someone to judge the sword, you can go to the River Sword Shop on Langping Street."

Chapter 687 - 687 Three Palaces, Seven Pavilions, Fifteen Floors (3)

Han Muye turned to look at the shop selling fish bone tools and smiled. "You must be Fifth Uncle Jia."

Jia Wu's memory in the jade-colored small sword was that he was at the Earth Realm's Meridian Opening Realm. He was a warm-hearted person and had a good relationship with the owner of the small sword, Zhao Yujing.

Jia Wu was stunned. He looked at Han Muye with a blank expression.

"My name is Han Muye. Zhao Yujing is my Martial Uncle. He obtained an opportunity and returned to the sect. He instructed me to come to the Imperial View Sword Shop."

"Senior Uncle Zhao said that Fifth Uncle Jia is a warm-hearted person. If you don't know anything about the business in the sword shop, you can ask him."

Hearing Han Muye say that Zhao Yujing had obtained an opportunity to return to the sect, Jia Wu's face revealed joy and envy.

He sized up Han Muye and nodded. "Your sect is still the best, unlike us independent cultivators..."

At this point, he stood up and cupped his hands at Han Muye. "Jia Wu greets Shopkeeper Han. I've been hanging out in the streets of Firefly Island for many years. Shopkeeper Han, if you have anything you don't understand, feel free to ask."

Han Muye cupped his hands in return and walked to the closed door of the sword shop. He raised his hand and a golden sword light hit the door.

There was a record of the opening of the door in the jade sword. Even if there was no record, with the sealed inheritance of the Sword Pavilion, it was not a problem for Han Muye.

Seeing that Han Muye had opened the shop, Jia Wu heaved a sigh of relief.

Cultivation techniques could not deceive people. Those who had not been immersed in cultivation could not open the door of the sword shop so easily.

It should be true that Han Muye said that he was a junior of the sect of the owner of the sword shop, Zhao Yujing.

The opening of the sword shop attracted the attention of the surrounding shops.

Jia Wu introduced Han Muye.

Many people were envious of Zhao Yujing's opportunity, then greeted Han Muye.

According to the memories in the jade sword, Han Muye only mentioned the identities of the shop owners he was more familiar with.

This way, no one would suspect anything.

The sect behind Zhao Yujing was a big sect of the Sword Dao. When he opened this sword shop here, he had a lot of respect.

From Han Muye's bearing, he did not seem to be from a small sect.

In fact, most of the cultivators on the Scattered Stars Island were itinerant cultivators who came here by chance and then relied on the major forces to make a living.

They were naturally afraid and fawned on people from large factions.

Han Muye exchanged pleasantries with everyone and familiarized himself with them before returning to the shop.

The first floor of the sword shop was filled with wooden shelves like the Sword Pavilion.

Zhao Yujing was a trial disciple of the Sword Pavilion. He did not even have the qualifications to control a three-story sword pavilion. This Imperial View Sword Shop was his preparation to accumulate swords.

Unfortunately, he died when he went out to search for opportunities.

Most of the wooden shelves on the first floor were empty. There were one or two swords. Not only were they covered in dust, but they were also low-level swords that could not even be considered spiritual weapons.

The Imperial View Sword Shop originally sold swords. Sometimes, it also helped people evaluate swords.

As a disciple of the Sword Pavilion, his understanding of swords was not something outsiders could compare to.

Zhao Yujing had accumulated a lot of connections on Firefly Island to help people judge swordsmanship. That was why he had obtained some information about opportunities.

On the second floor of the small building, there was a quiet room for cultivation and a waiting room for sword evaluation.

However, Zhao Yujing had not returned for 30 years. This small building was covered in dust.

Han Muye patrolled upstairs and downstairs, then began to wash and clean.

The small jade-colored sword was related to the opportunity of the six-story Sword Pavilion.

However, it was not easy for Han Muye to obtain the Sword Pavilion.

At the very least, he had to be Zhao Yujing's disciple-nephew first. He had to manage this place and accumulate connections to attract the attention of the cultivators of the Sword Pavilion.

Without the guidance of the disciples of the Sword Pavilion, he could not find the six-story Sword Pavilions

Half a day later, Han Muye finally tidied up the quiet room on the second floor of the small building.

When he went downstairs, he saw Cao Daniu lying at the door and looking over.

Seeing Han Muye go downstairs, Zeng Daniu quickly lay on the stone steps and said, "Great Immortal, Zeng Daniu is here. I'm willing to sacrifice for you."

Hearing his words, Han Muye nodded and said, "How did you explain it at home?"

Han Muye's words stunned Zeng Daniu.

He lowered his head and said softly, "I-I told my wife that a Great Immortal took me in as a servant. I'll be back in three years.

"Well, if I don't return for three years, she'll take the child and find another family..."

Zeng Daniu lowered his head and lowered his voice.

"Okay, then you can be a servant in this shop. You'll eat and live in the shop. You can go back to visit your family once a month.

"Your salary depends on your performance. If the business in the shop is good, three to five spiritual rocks a month is still fine."

Han Muye looked at the darkening sky outside the door and said calmly.

"Ah?" Zeng Daniu looked up blankly.

He was here to sacrifice his life.

In the water stronghold, there would always be people being sacrificed by cultivators every three to five years.

To the mortals outside the city, this matter had already become a tradition.

When Zeng Daniu told his family that he was a servant and would not be returning for three years, his wife's expression had already guessed something.

"You're unwilling?" Han Muye frowned. "If you're unwilling, leave quickly. You can still leave the city before dark."

Unwilling?

Zeng Daniu was dumbfounded before saying that he was unwilling.

On Firefly Island, anyone who could be a cultivator's servant would have a good life.

The island was attacked by wind and waves. Ordinary families would go hungry for half a year.

Zeng Daniu raised his family by himself. The only reason he had any savings was because he had risked his life at sea.

On Firefly Island, the mortals who lived the most comfortably were those who were taken in as servants by cultivators.

“I am willing, I am willing!”

Zeng Daniu hurriedly kowtowed to Han Muye, his forehead hitting the limestone steps with a bang.

“Alright, from now on, you’ll sleep on the ground floor of the shop. Open the shop early every day and close the door at night. Don’t neglect it.”

Looking back at the dusty shop, Han Muye raised his hand and said, “Clean it yourself. I’ll find some bedding.”

Zeng Daniu quickly said that he did not need bedding. He could fall asleep on a small sampan when he was at sea.

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with him. He went out to find a shop that sold household goods. He took a spiritual rock and bought bedding and some furniture.

He even customized some wooden shelves.

After 30 years of neglect, many items in the sword shop were rotten.

Not only did he buy all kinds of items with one spiritual rock, but the boss also promised to deliver all kinds of wooden shelves to his door tomorrow. He even helped to trim the magnolia tree in front of the door and repair the doors and windows in the shop.

When Han Muye returned to the shop, he saw that Zeng Daniu had already cleaned the first floor. The counter and wooden shelves had been wiped clean and he was repairing the wooden shelves with a hammer that he had found somewhere.

Chapter 688 - 688 Give Me a Reason Not to Kill You

Indeed, no matter how good one’s comprehension ability was, it was not everything.

For example, cleaning and repairing the wooden shelves.

Han Muye placed the bedding in front of the table, put down the food he had brought, and strolled upstairs.

He was going to ask Zeng Daniu to clean the second floor tomorrow.

Zeng Daniu turned around and was about to bow when Han Muye had already gone upstairs.

The fragrant hot food on the table and the brand new bedding left Zeng Daniu at a loss.

He walked forward and wiped his hands vigorously, then carefully touched the bedding.

He had never slept on such soft bedding in either the water village or the small wooden boat.

The only bed in the house that could still keep him warm was the one that his wife slept on with a 10-month-old baby.

“This is to be a servant of the Great Immortal?” Zeng Daniu’s eyes shone.

At this moment, on another island more than 3,000 miles away from Firefly Island, on the first floor of a seven-story red octagonal building, a middle-aged man in a blood-colored robe handed a scroll and a small jade box to the black-clothed youth in front of him.

“These are 300 Spiritual Pearls. Bring me this person’s head within 10 days.”

The young man in black nodded and took the jade box. He opened the scroll and saw a picture of a young sword cultivator in a white robe.

“A sword cultivator with 300 Spiritual Pearls. Steward Chang is really generous this time.” The young man grinned, put away the scroll, and turned to leave.

Watching him leave, Steward Chang clasped his hands behind his back and turned to head upstairs. As he walked, he muttered, “30,000 Spiritual Pearls to kill a sword cultivator. Is it so troublesome for my Life Stealing Tower to kill someone?”

...

On the second day, Zeng Daniu cleaned up the shop. The craftsmen who came to repair the wooden shelves also came. After trimming the magnolia trees, more light could enter on the second floor.

Standing in front of the window, one could look at the pedestrians on the street.

In the afternoon, Han Muye handed a spiritual rock to Zeng Daniu.

He no longer needed to eat food. He just needed to nourish his body with spiritual qi and refine his qi blood.

However, a mortal like Zeng Daniu had to eat.

One spiritual rock could be exchanged for 1,000 jade shells that were commonly used by the mortals on the island. One spiritual rock was enough for Zeng Daniu to eat a full meal.

Zeng Daniu could not bear to spend spiritual rock. After being glared at by Han Muye, he carefully took the spiritual rock to exchange for jade shells and bought the cheapest food to bring back.

Han Muye stood in front of a wooden shelf, reached for a sword, and gently pulled it out.

Ordinary artifacts had rusted because they had not been maintained for a long time.

The main island had a humid climate.

The spiritual materials used for this sword were not bad, and the forging method was proficient.

A trace of sword qi seeped into the sword, and Han Muye saw the process of forging the sword.

“Hongyun Sword Casting Cottage.”

This was a sword produced by a refining workshop on an island 10,000 miles away.

Not only the weapon refining mills, but also the other alchemy mills and places where talismans were drawn on the Scattered Stars Island were all led by one or two big families with their own disciples and apprentices. They would recruit more apprentices and slowly expand.

The sword qi circulated in the long sword. The sword that had not been maintained for a long time vibrated, and streams of light shone on it.

Han Muye let go of the hilt and let the trace of sword Qi circulate in the sword.

Now he did not lack sword qi. This sword qi was directly injected into the long sword, allowing it to recover to its original state, and even become more exquisite and sharp.

There were only three long and short swords on the wooden shelf. Han Muye checked them all.

Three of them were swords of the Scattered Stars Island.

It was obvious where the swords came from and where their owners were.

From these swords, Han Muye also learned a lot about the secrets of the Scattered Stars Island.

Or rather, the rules of the Scattered Stars Island.

The Scattered Stars Island was a place of free trade, where major forces built their bases and traded with the Divine Venerables.

The Heavenly Venerables were the masters of the Endless Sea.

Han Muye had never thought that the Endless Sea, which could melt the reincarnation of the world and the power of karma, and destroy countless star worlds, would have masters.

Then just how strong were these Endless Sea Divine Venerables?

Transactions on the Scattered Stars Island were protected, and no one dared to disobey the rules.

However, once one left the island and was in the dark Endless Sea, one's life and death would depend on one's own strength.

Of course, the rules on the Scattered Stars Island were obvious.

For example, some forces that took on dirty work were still living well.

After putting back the sword, Han Muye took out some of his long swords and placed them on the wooden shelf.

The Imperial View Sword Shop was about to reopen, so it should at least have more swords.

The swords Han Muye was holding were not very high-end, about the same level as the swords Zhao Yujing had taken away.

There were three high-grade, five middle-grade, low-grade, and semi-spiritual weapons.

Only with these swords could the sword shop be opened.

As soon as the swords were placed on the table, the appearance of the shop changed.

A faint sharp aura filled the first floor of the shop.

Zeng Daniu, who had just returned from buying food, shivered as soon as he entered the shop.

Han Muye turned to look and pondered for a moment. He went up to the second floor, took out a brush, ink, paper, and inkstone, wrote some words, and created a few splash-ink paintings.

These calligraphy and paintings were mixed with some Great Spirit and Sword Qi. If they were hung in the shop, they could suppress the Sword Qi in the shop.

If the Sword Pavilion on the Nine Mystic Mountain had these back then, the sword caretakers would not have been corroded by the sword qi and had their lifespan shortened.

After letting Zeng Daniu look after the shop, Han Muye went to Jia Wu's shop next door.

Jia Wu's shop specialized in all kinds of fish bones and fish scales.

There were short swords made of fish bones, long whips, and spears.

There were armors made of fish scales and various small items.

Fishbone weapons were not very powerful. Only two or three of them were spiritual artifacts. Most of them were mortal or semi-spiritual artifacts.

Chapter 689 - 689 Give Me a Reason Not to Kill You (2)

Perhaps Jia Wu did not put the real treasures on the table.

When Han Muye came, there were many people browsing in the shop. Jia Wu was looking at the fish bones sent by an old man in a short shirt.

Seeing Han Muye, Jia Wu went forward to greet him.

Han Muye asked where he could get his paintings framed.

Jia Wu thought for a moment and said with a smile, "The furniture shops around the corner can frame paintings, but there are not many cultivators who have switched to Confucianism on the Scattered Stars Island."

The rules of the Scattered Stars Island were somewhat incompatible with the Confucian Dao, which cultivated one's body and mind. Even if cultivators of Confucian Dao came here, they would not stay for long.

Seeing Han Muye carrying a scroll of calligraphy and paintings under his arm, Jia Wu smiled and said, "When Brother Zhao was in the shop, I asked him to decorate the shop so that it wouldn't be surrounded by sword Qi and make it difficult for people to get close to him.

"With your style of doing things, your business will definitely be better than his."

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

The disciples of the Sword Pavilion actually did not care about business.

After all, they were mainly collecting swords and keeping what they needed in the Sword Pavilion.

Good things would not be sold anyway, so how could business be good?

In the sword evaluation business, there were not many suckers who came knocking on the door.

“Shopkeeper Han, it’s your first time here. We’re having a small banquet at the restaurant on the street ahead to welcome you tonight.”

Jia Wu smiled at Han Muye. “We’re all neighbors. If you stay here permanently in the future, we’ll inevitably see each other.”

That was true.

“Alright, I’ll definitely be there tonight.” Han Muye cupped his hands and walked out of Jia Wu’s shop.

After sending the calligraphy and paintings to the furniture shop and explaining how to frame them, Han Muye returned to the sword shop.

If these calligraphy and paintings were in the Heavenly Mystic Imperial City, framing them would cost at least a few million spiritual rocks.

On the Scattered Stars Island, one spiritual rock was enough to frame everything.

The owner of the furniture shop looked at the splash-ink paintings and even recommended decorative paintings to be sold in Han Muye’s shop.

Needless to say, those paintings looked much more festive than Han Muye’s ink paintings.

“Shopkeeper, two customers wanted to buy swords earlier. After looking at them, they asked for the price. I wasn’t not sure. I told them to wait for you to come back.”

When Han Muye returned to his sword shop, Zeng Daniu quickly welcomed him and spoke carefully.

He felt uneasy about ruining his business.

Hearing his words, Han Muye waved his hand and said, “If anyone comes in the future and I’m not around, ask them to leave a business card. If they don’t want to do that, tell them to wait for me to come back.”

In any case, he was not serious about selling swords. It was up to them whether they wanted to buy or not.

Thinking of this, he took a paper roll to the wooden shelf and labeled each sword.

It briefly introduced the quality, characteristics, and price of the sword.

In any case, he did not really want to sell them. He increased the price of these swords by 30%.

A mortal weapon cost 10,000 spiritual rocks.

A few semi-spiritual long swords were priced at 50,000 spiritual rocks.

High-grade spiritual weapons cost 800,000 spiritual rocks each.

Since Zeng Daniu could not read, Han Muye roughly explained the price of these swords.

If someone really wanted to buy a sword, they would charge spiritual rocks according to the price.

The number of hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks made Zeng Daniu's eyes widen.

His legs were trembling.

No matter how big the storm or how cold the weather was, he had never been so nervous.

These swords that he thought were not worth much were actually so precious?

Thinking about how he had almost quoted three to five spiritual rocks to sell the sword, his back broke out in cold sweat.

Han Muye went out at night and drank with Jia Wu and the others at a restaurant on the street in front.

The Scattered Stars Island had plenty of seafood and good wine.

Han Muye was knowledgeable, making the shopkeepers who came to the gathering look up to him.

In particular, he seemed to have dabbled in the Dao of Alchemy and Artifact Refining, causing two alchemy and weapon shopkeepers to look at him in a new light.

After the banquet, several shopkeepers pulled Han Muye over to invite him to chat alone.

Han Muye agreed to every invite, then returned to his shop when it was getting late.

It was already midnight, and there were not many people on the street.

Not far from the Imperial View Sword Shop, Zeng Daniu could be seen sitting on the stone steps in front of the shop. The door of the shop was half-closed.

"Fellow Daoist, you've followed me for more than half a street. Do you want to come to the shop with me?"

Han Muye stood in the path and suddenly spoke softly.

Hearing his words, the young man in black, who was 30 feet behind him, said calmly, "I'm just curious why a sword cultivator would open a shabby shop here.

"However, I like killing sword cultivators the most.

"Because, me too—"

Before the young man finished speaking, he thrust a light and thin sword in his hand toward Han Muye's back.

It took only a moment for the sword that was 30 feet away to be three feet away from Han Muye's back.

However, the three feet seemed like the edge of the world.

The young man's eyes widened as he stared at his sword. He advanced three feet and another three feet, but he could not pierce Han Muye's back.

"This, this is spatial power?"

The young man's face was pale. He clenched his sword tightly and pressed forward.

"Clang—"

A long sword slashed down from nowhere and sent the sword in his hand flying.

Han Muye turned around and grabbed the sword, injecting spiritual qi and sword qi into it.

Images flashed through his mind.

"You're from the Life Stealing Tower?"

The young man, who had lost his sword, turned pale. He watched the sword circulate in Han Muye's hand and glared, not daring to speak.

He picked up his sword with one strike. According to the rules of the Life Stealing Tower, he would fight to the death.

But facing such a great sword cultivator, it would be useless even if he charged forward, right?

Chapter 690 - 690 Give Me a Reason Not to Kill You (3)

Such an expert could be killed with 300 spiritual pearls?

Han Muye saw the young man's background from the thin sword, how the Life Stealing Tower trained assassins, and how someone offered to buy his life.

He had only been on the Scattered Stars Island for two days, and the only people he had offended were Zhu Wushi and Zuo Tianya.

"How many spiritual pearls is my life worth?"

Han Muye looked at the young man playfully.

The young man's name was Shao Tianyi, and he could be considered an elite of his generation in the Life Stealing Tower.

The steward had entrusted him with the mission, which meant that he valued it.

"Three, three hundred spiritual pearls..." Shao Tianyi said as he took out the jade box he carried with him.

Han Muye smiled.

How stingy.

The life of a great sword cultivator like me is only worth 300 spiritual pearls?

However, thinking about it, perhaps there was a middleman who earned the difference.

Thinking of how the sect had earned the difference in price when he was refining pills on the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier, Han Muye looked at Shao Tianyi sympathetically.

He was also exploited.

“Give me a reason not to kill you.” Han Muye slowly pointed the thin sword in his hand forward.

A murderous aura instantly enveloped Shao Tianyi.

His arms trembled as he gritted his teeth.

Whether he would survive or lose his life depended on what he said now.

No one would care if someone in this dirty business was caught and killed on the spot.

In fact, the Life Stealing Tower wouldn’t even send people to collect corpses or take revenge.

Who would waste energy on the dead?

To such great sword cultivators, his death was nothing more than crushing an ant.

If he wanted to survive...

“If I don’t die, no one in the Life Stealing Tower will come to kill you.”

Shao Tian stared at Han Muye and gritted his teeth.

He was gambling.

He was betting that a great sword cultivator like Han Muye would not want to be embroiled in trouble when he opened a shop on this small Firefly Island.

The Life Stealing Tower was located in the Three Palaces and Seven Pavilions. Today, if Shao Tianyi died, there would be other assassins coming for Han Muye.

As long as Shao Tianyi didn’t die, no one else would come for at least a year or so.

The sword intent in Han Muye’s hand condensed, as if it was about to penetrate Shao Tianyi’s heart.

The chilling power numbed Shao Tianyi’s limbs.

He closed his eyes slightly and waited for the sword to pierce his body.

When he completed the mission and fought with his companions, was it always like this?

“Clang—”

The faint sound of a sword being sheathed could be heard.

Shao Tianyi felt his arms tremble. When he looked again, his thin sword had been thrown back into its scabbard by Han Muye.

Watching Han Muye turn around and walk back to the Imperial View Sword Shop, Shao Tianyi heaved a sigh of relief and reached out to wipe the cold sweat on his forehead.

It turned out that he was also afraid of death...

He looked up at the Imperial View Sword Shop and squeezed out a smile as he slowly walked over.

Just as Zeng Daniu was about to close the door, Shao Tianyi stopped him.

"We're closing today. If you want to buy a sword..." Before Zeng Daniu could finish, Shao Tianyi said softly, "Brother, I'm the shopkeeper's new employee."

New employee?

This palm-sized shop needs two workers?

Zeng Daniu recalled that he had made a mistake in his business. He was illiterate and had never seen the world. He was not even a cultivator. His heart was in a mess.

Am I going to lose this job?

By the time he woke up, Shao Tianyi had already squeezed into the shop and locked the door.

"Brother, my name is Shao Tianyi. Let's team up in the future."

Shao Tianyi looked around and his gaze landed on the blanket that he had just laid out.

Zeng Daniu scratched his head and muttered, "Don't blame me for snoring..."

On the second floor of the sword shop, Han Muye retracted his spiritual sense and raised his hand to set up a golden array disc. Then he sat cross-legged and cultivated.

Shao Tianyi was quite smart. He knew to guard his shop and not give the Life Stealing Tower a chance to send more people.

The array disc was enveloped in golden light, and the spiritual energy in Han Muye's body surged.

He was not far from Heaven Realm now, but his accumulation before Heaven realm was still not deep enough.

Lu Yang had forcefully suppressed his cultivation for a hundred years. When he broke through, he entered the ninth level of the Nascent Soul Stage in one day.

Even Qian Yiming suppressed his cultivation and soared into the sky.

Unfortunately, Han Muye did not have much time to suppress his accumulation during the hundred-year Dao Competition.

However, he could try his best to increase his resources.

Spiritual light flowed, and the medicinal pills around him turned into nothingness.

These were all at least sixth level medicinal pills. Their quality was also extremely high. One of them was worth a million spiritual rocks.

One cultivation session cost nearly 10 million spiritual rocks. Only Han Muye could do such a luxurious thing.

Zeng Daniu and Shao Tianyi were in charge of the business in the shop. Han Muye only went downstairs to take a look every day before cultivating and meditating.

The spiritual energy on the Scattered Stars Island was quite rich and contained water spiritual energy, which was very suitable for cultivation.

Zeng Daniu secretly begged Shao Tianyi to teach him cultivation techniques. Unfortunately, he didn't seem to have the aptitude for cultivation and couldn't sense spiritual energy at all.

More than half a month passed since the Imperial View Sword Shop quietly opened. They did three business deals.

A mortal weapon was sold for 10,000 spiritual rocks.

Two low-grade spiritual weapons were exchanged for a bag of spiritual pearls and some spiritual herbs.

It was possible to barter on the Scattered Stars Island.

There were many such cases in the cultivation world.

When the third deal was done, Han Muye threw a spiritual pearl to Zeng Daniu and asked him to go home to visit his family.

For the better part of the past month, this fellow would sometimes hug Shao Tianyi at night and happily call him his wife.

Zeng Daniu happily hid the spiritual pearl in the corner of his clothes. Then he hugged the other small items he had saved and prepared to bring home and ran off.

On the Scattered Stars Island, a spiritual pearl was worth a thousand spiritual rocks. This spiritual pearl alone was enough for them to live for the rest of their lives.

"Shopkeeper, aren't you afraid that he won't come back again?" Seeing Zeng Daniu run away, Shao Tianyi turned to look at Han Muye.

"You can go too."

Han Muye said calmly.

Shao Tianyi squeezed out a smile.

Do I dare?

In the afternoon, the light screen in front of Han Muye flickered with golden light.

He put away the disc array and went downstairs. Shao Tianyi hurried forward.

"Shopkeeper, this person is looking at swords in the shop and is asking if you can evaluate his sword."

Shao Tianyi pointed at the green-robed old man standing in front of a painting and spoke in a low voice.

At this moment, the old man seemed to have sensed something. He turned to look at Han Muye and nodded with a smile.

"Are you the shopkeeper of the sword shop?"

"Are you selling this painting?"