

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 101 - The fourth Heaven Realm expert in the Western Frontier

Chapter 101: The fourth Heaven Realm expert in the Western Frontier

Tuoba Cheng's voice was high-pitched and could not conceal his excitement.

The sky rumbled continuously as sword lights intertwined.

After condensing the White Tiger Sword Momentum, he could fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

The fourth Great Cultivator of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was comparable to a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator!

At this moment, the originally nervous and afraid disciples of the Sword Sect were filled with anticipation.

This was the true foundation of the Western Frontier Great Sect!

Han Muye stood beside the Sword Pavilion Elder and looked at the sword light shining over.

Did the Nine Mystic Sword Sect still have any trump cards?

A half-step Heaven Realm expert was not scary.

What was terrifying was the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect behind him.

Sect Master Jin Ze had predicted everything. Had he predicted that the Sect Master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had already entered the Heaven Realm?

...

The fourth Heaven Realm expert of the Western Frontier!

In front of such an expert, were any of their schemes useful?

Taking a soft breath, he took a step forward and stood in front of the Sword Pavilion elder.

There was no point in thinking so much.

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They would talk about it after surviving that day's dangerous situation.

In the sky ahead, sword light slashed over.

A faint sword light rose from Han Muye's body.

The Sword Pavilion elder smiled.

"Kid, it's not your turn to make a move yet."

"Boom—"

As if in response to the Sword Pavilion elder's words, a rumbling sound came from the void.

A Daoist in a green robe held a long sword. In a flash, he was already within a hundred miles.

Seeing this person, Han Muye was stunned.

He turned to look at Su Yuan, who was not far from the carriage, and then at the Sword Pavilion Elder beside him.

"Hehe, long time no see, Patriarch Tao Ran." The Sword Pavilion Elder chuckled.

Patriarch Tao Ran!

The fire-type lineage Patriarch Tao Ran, who had betrayed the Nine Mystic Mountain back then!

"Master..." Su Yuan stood there with an emotional expression. His aura surged as he muttered, "The Sect Master really didn't lie to me..."

'I see!'

It was only at this moment that Han Muye finally understood!

The sect master asked Elder Su Yuan to use the Prairie Fire Sword Technique not only to attract the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, but also to attract Patriarch Tao Ran!

“I’ve been waiting for this day for decades!” Patriarch Tao Ran laughed at the sky and waved the sword in his hand.

“Clang—”

The sound of swords colliding could be heard, shaking the clouds for thousands of miles.

The Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang An, was forced back by a sword strike and retreated several miles!

Patriarch Tao Ran’s strength was terrifying!

“Disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, escort the Sword Pavilion Elder back to the mountain.”

Sect Master Jin Ze’s voice resounded for thousands of kilometers.

“Yes!”

Countless figures rushed towards the wilderness and formed a sword array, protecting the convoy.

“Elder, we’re here to bring you back to the Sword Pavilion.” Huang Six stood in front of the carriage with his long sword and said softly.

Behind him, Lin Shen, who was carrying a huge sword, held Lu Gao, whose face was covered in layers of white bandage.

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s gaze landed in front of him, then looked in the direction of the Nine Mystic Mountain in the distance.

On the other side, Sect Master Jin Ze, who was wearing a purple robe, had a solemn expression as he floated silently in the sky.

In the sky, ten half-step Heaven Realm experts fought, causing a mixing of the clouds and spiritual energy.

The strong wind wreaked havoc, and even the big tree that was as thick as a bowl was directly broken.

The scattered sword lights shattered the mountains with a single strike.

However, Jin Ze, the Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, did not care about any of this.

His gaze landed on the distant sky and the surging wind and clouds.

“Boom—”

The white tiger sword light of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect elder, Tuoba Cheng, exploded, and he quickly retreated.

In the end, his cultivation level was still too weak. He could only resist a half-step Heaven Realm expert with his sword momentum.

“Elder Tuoba, Su Yuan will help you.”

Below, a flame rose.

Prairie Fire Sword Technique.

Although it did not form a sword momentum, it still looked like a beacon.

Tuoba Cheng laughed, and the white tiger behind him condensed again. The sword light rushed forward and collided with the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

“Hmph, your Nine Mystic Sword Sect violated the ban and used the Prairie Fire Sword Technique. Are you bent on going against my Wind Spiritual Sword Sect?”

A voice sounded in the distance.

It was a Grand Elder of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect who was confronting the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Against?” Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice was booming, as if he had endless suppressed power and wanted to release it.

“Then let’s go against each other!”

“I’ll show you what the true Prairie Fire Sword Technique is!”

As Patriarch Tao Ran finished speaking, a hot aura came from the void.

The power of this aura was too strong, dyeing the sky golden-red.

Zhang An, the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, retreated hurriedly.

If he did not retreat, he would not be able to withstand this strike!

“You’ve always said that Prairie Fire is a fusion of the sword technique from your Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. Today, I’ll show you how to start a prairie fire without making use of the wind!”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice was domineering as the sword light in his hand slashed down!

“Without the help of the wind, the prairie fire will burn for a thousand miles?” Han Muye’s eyes emitted a deep light as he stared at the sword light in Patriarch Tao Ran’s hand.

‘I see!’

Sword light scattered, and endless flames surged.

There was no wind, but the flames swirled and moved without wind!

The fire alone became the source of momentum!

Han Muye clapped his hands loudly and shouted, “This is forming a Dao with flames!”

The Sword Pavilion elder beside him turned and looked at him in surprise. “Kid, you have some good judgment.”

“Patriarch Tao Ran has cultivated for a thousand years and his cultivation has already reached the peak of the Earth Realm.”

“If not for the obstruction of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, he might have advanced further with the help of the Dao of Fire decades ago.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder placed his hands behind his back and sighed.

“Unfortunately, I’m afraid it will be difficult for him in his lifetime after all that...”

In the sky, the flames covered half of the sky. The clouds and smoke intertwined, causing the mountains and rivers to change color.

Zhang An, the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, who had retreated a hundred miles, landed in the flames. His expression changed drastically.

Around him, sword light tore through the clouds, but he could not escape.

The cold sword light seemed to melt under the flames.

“Is this the pinnacle of flames?” Han Muye muttered softly.

He had sensed this power from certain sword techniques.

This was the same power as the sword momentum. It could be classified as a spell, but not completely.

“Patriarch Tao Ran entered and unleashed the Dao with the sword. This Prairie Fire is no longer a sword technique but a Dao technique.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at the red clouds that filled the sky and said slowly.

Dao technique.

In the world of cultivation, the Great Dao was the priority.

In terms of killing, sword cultivators were number one.

In terms of comprehension and practising techniques, Dao cultivation was still better.

Patriarch Tao Ran’s flames burned fiercely, suppressing Zhang An.

In that day’s situation, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect actually had the ability to turn defeat into victory!

Below, countless disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were looking with glowing eyes.

If Patriarch Tao Ran could kill Zhang An, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would definitely become the second of the four major sword sects after that day.

No, the three major sword sects.

“Sect Master, save me—”

In the sky, Grand Elder Zhang An, who was surrounded by flames, suddenly shouted.

Sect Master?

Weren’t their sect master missing...

Han Muye shuddered.

The person Zhang An called was not the sect master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, but the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect!

A Heaven Realm Great Cultivator!

“Boom—”

A strong wind blew between heaven and earth.

The raging flames were instantly extinguished, and the clouds in the sky turned into green fog.

“Senior Brother Yu He, long time no see.” A middle-aged Daoist in a green robe and a golden crown stood in the void. He looked at Elder Tao Ran and said calmly.

“If you return to my Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and return to becoming Tao Yuhe, I’ll spare your life.”

“After all, you were the one who taught me cultivation back then. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be where I am today.”

The Daoist priest’s words were calm.

“Zhang Cheng, you’ve entered the Heaven Realm?” Patriarch Tao Ran looked at the person in front of him, his eyes filled with uncontrollable emotions.

Zhang Cheng, the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Chapter 102: The wind fuelling the fire, burning for thousands of miles

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran's words, Zhang Cheng revealed a faint smile and nodded gently.

"Boom—"

Within a thousand miles, the clouds rolled!

Heaven Realm!

With a raise of his hand, he grasped the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth!

Whether it was the low-level disciples or the half-step Heaven Realm experts fighting, they had no choice but to retreat.

In front of a true Heaven Realm expert, no one had the courage to attack.

Heaven Realm.

The sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was actually at the Heaven Realm!

There were only three Heaven Realm experts in the Western Frontier. They controlled the three major forces and suppressed the various sects in the Western Frontier for countless years.

At this moment, the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had stepped into the Heaven Realm and become the fourth Heaven Realm expert in the Western Frontier.

...

No wonder the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, which was also one of the four major sword sects, would merge with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

No wonder Mu Tieyang would fight to his death but failed to change the outcome of the sect.

In front of a Heaven Realm expert, all schemes were useless!

That day, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had used all their trump cards, thinking that the situation was set.

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However, in front of a Heaven Realm expert, what kind of situation could not be reversed?

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect all turned pale.

Who wouldn't be afraid of the power of the Heaven Realm?

"Unfortunately, I taught you too much back then," Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said coldly.

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran's words, Zhang Cheng's smile widened.

"That's right. Senior Brother Yu He, you taught me too much back then. You let me know that when the wind and fire are used in combination, it can turn into a huge force."

"You even let me know that as long as you condense the power of wind and fire, you will reach the Heaven Realm."

Looking at Patriarch Tao Ran's cold face, Zhang Cheng's smile slowly disappeared.

"In order to prevent you from entering the Heaven Realm, I've put in a lot of effort."

"The Wind Spirit Dao Sect put in a lot of effort to make the Spirit Dao Sect agree to ban the Prairie Fire Sword Technique."

"How is it? Is Senior Brother Yu He satisfied with Junior Brother's gift?"

Patriarch Tao Ran did not speak again.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's half-step Heaven Realm experts flew over.

Zhang Cheng looked up at the Nine Mystic Mountain in the distance, then at Jin Ze, the Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Have you become an ingrate? You can’t remember how you groveled back then?”

Zhang Cheng spoke softly, his eyes filled with disdain.

Jin Ze’s expression did not change. He cupped his hands and said, “Sect Master Zhang has enteredn Realm and become the fourth Nascent Soul cultivator of the Western Frontier. Congratulations.”

“Since you want to congratulate me, use the Nine Mystic Sword as a congratulatory gift.” Zhang Cheng sneered and swept his gaze across the Nine Mystic Sword Sect members in front of him.

“Those who violate the ban and use the Prairie Fire Sword Technique will have their cultivation crippled.”

“Leave the person who killed Mu Tieyang to me.”

Zhang Cheng’s gaze landed on Jin Ze and he said indifferently, “These conditions are much easier to fulfill than back then.”

“I don’t think you’ll refuse, Sect Master Jin, right?”

Back then...

Back then, there were only three of five lineages left on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Sword Pavilion Elder Zhu Shen had fought a tragic battle and lost his inheritance.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect would never forget this pain.

The situation that day was even tougher than before.

In face of a Heaven Realm cultivator!

The Nine Mystic Sword becoming a congratulatory gift.

The people who used the Prairie Fire Sword Technique would lose their cultivation.

The Sword Pavilion Elder who killed Mu Tieyang would be handed over to the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect to take away.

If he had agreed to one of these three conditions, the people of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would lose their faith.

Sect Master Jin Ze shook his head with a regretful expression. "Sect Master Zhang, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect really can't fulfill your request."

"I promised to give the Nine Mystic Sword to someone else."

Hearing his words, Zhang Cheng laughed instead of being angry.

"Someone else?"

"Tai Yi Sword Sect, right?"

He looked down at the convoy below, then chuckled. "Jin Ze, this is why you're not as good as Gao Changgong."

"He can ruthlessly enter the Sword Pavilion and condense the power of the Hundred Breath Realm."

"You can't do it."

"Without entering the Heaven Realm, you will never know what the Heaven Realm is."

"Boom—"

As soon as he finished speaking, endless astral winds surged. The earth was vast, and the clouds were vast!

The clouds covered the sky, and it was dark.

"A Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator's words are law. An Earth Realm Core Formation cultivator is just an ant."

"Do you really think Elder Tu Sun will stand up for your Nine Mystic Sword Sect?"

"Without a Heaven Realm expert, your Nine Mystic Sword Sect is not qualified to speak to a Heaven Realm expert!"

Zhang Cheng's words made Jin Ze's expression change.

A spiritual light flashed on Jin Ze's body as he shouted, "Junior Jin Ze requests for Elder Tu Sun to uphold justice."

10 breaths.

20 breaths.

His expression grew grimmer.

There was no response from the void.

The Great Elder of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, did not come as agreed!

Zhang Cheng chuckled and said indifferently, "You asked your sect members to use a forbidden technique to provoke my Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and depleted Gao Changgong's Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm strike to reassure me and lure me here."

"All of this is to ask Master Tu Sun to help."

"Do you think the Tai Yi Sword Sect will be willing to see our Wind Spiritual Sword Sect produce a Heaven Realm expert? As long as we take the Nine Mystic Sword, Master Tu Sun will definitely take action."

At this point, Zhang Cheng chuckled and said, "Jin Ze, you're known for being able to create something out of nothing. Why did you miscalculate this time?"

Hearing his words, Jin Ze shook his head and turned to look in the direction of the Nine Mystic Mountain. He said in a low voice, "I miscalculated how ruthless a Heaven Realm demon was to protect itself. I also miscalculated the Heaven Realm. After all, it's still the Heaven Realm."

The Heaven Realm demon had not appeared, and the Nine Mystic Sword was still at the bottom of the Sword Pavilion.

If he could not hand the Nine Mystic Sword to Master Tu Sun, his promise to help would be invalid.

In the end, Zhang Cheng was already in the Heaven Realm. Master Tu Sun was not willing to fight a Heaven Realm expert for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for no reason.

Without Master Tu Sun taking action, it was hard to say if the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would survive against Zhang Cheng who had entered the Heaven Realm!

Zhang Cheng's expression returned to calm as he looked at Patriarch Tao Ran.

"Senior Brother Yuhe, come back to the Heavenly Wind Cliff with me."

What answered him was the flames around Patriarch Tao Ran.

The flames turned into a huge palm and collided with Zhang Cheng. Then, it was shattered by the astral wind around Zhang Cheng.

He was taking action.

Patriarch Tao Ran directly attacked a Heaven Realm expert.

In the sky, all the silent figures instantly moved.

Be it the three Supreme Elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect or the people from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, they all rushed towards the opponent they had chosen.

In the eyes of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, since the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not yield that day, they would destroy it!

And everyone from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect knew that battling was their last chance of survival!

Zhang Cheng raised his hand, and a breeze lingered. The flames around Patriarch Tao Ran instantly exploded and turned into nothingness.

"You're like a mantis trying to stop a chariot."

A disdainful sneer crossed his face.

Sect Master Jin Ze shouted, "Since things have come to this, let's fight!"

He held a green sword in his hand. Water rippled on the sword as he slashed out.

A huge wave crashed towards Zhang Cheng.

Half-step Heaven Realm!

At this moment, there were six experts from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who had the strength of a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

Such strength was already comparable to the peak of the sect.

No wonder Jin Ze wanted to compete with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Unfortunately, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had a Heaven Realm expert.

Zhang Cheng sneered and raised his hand. The water in front of him exploded.

The half-step Heaven Realm Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, trembled. Blood flowed from his mouth as he retreated thousands of feet away.

The sword light turned to dust.

“Control of metal? That’s all it is.”

Zhang Cheng looked at Tao Ran in front of him, his expression no longer gentle.

“I’ll give you one last chance to show me how strong your Prairie Fire Sword Technique is.”

“Don’t hold back. This is your last chance in this life.”

Hearing his words, Patriarch Tao Ran’s eyes lit up and he laughed. “Alright!”

The flames around him rose again. Patriarch Tao Ran turned to look at his disciple, Su Yuan, who had been pushed 10,000 feet away by Zhang Cheng’s Heavenly Realm aura.

“Su Yuan, watch carefully. If you master this Prairie Fire, you might be able to enter the Heaven Realm.”

On his body, wind and flames twisted at the same time, and a blazing aura soared.

Su Yuan nodded, gritted his teeth, and glared.

No matter how strong Patriarch Tao Ran's Prairie Fire Sword Technique was, it was not a match for a Heaven Realm expert.

This Prairie Fire would be the last time Patriarch Tao Ran used it.

Not only Su Yuan, but all the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect below widened their eyes and stared at Patriarch Tao Ran, who had turned into flames.

Be it tragic or sad.

In the cultivation world, only strength mattered.

The Heaven Realm was the Heaven Realm.

Han Muye turned to look at the Sword Pavilion elder.

The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at the wind and fire in the sky, then at the Nine Mystic Mountain in the distance.

There was a hint of nostalgia in his eyes.

"What a pity. In this life, I am still unable to leave the Nine Mystic Mountain."

He turned to look at Han Muye beside him.

"Kid, when you go to the Central Continent in the future, tell a woman named Xiao Yueli that Gao Changgong has thought of abandoning everything and leaving with her."

With that, the Sword Pavilion Elder shook his body and took a step forward.

Endless sword light instantly exploded from his body!

"I, Gao Changgong, have entered the Sword Pavilion for 60 years. Has the Western Frontier forgotten my name?"

“Patriarch Tao Ran, what did you deduce when we were studying the Prairie Sword Technique?”

In the sky, Patriarch Tao Ran laughed and said, “The wind fuelling the fire, burning for thousands of miles!”

Chapter 103: Battling A Heaven Realm, Huang Six's Condensed Sword

The wind would fuel the fire.

A vigorous sword intent surged from the Sword Pavilion Elder's body.

Wind howled in the sword intent.

“After sealing the sword intent for 60 years, I can't even move my old bones with it now.” The Sword Pavilion Elder raised his hand. In his palm, a green sword was beaming with cold light.

“Gao Changgong, that's why I said you're ruthless.” Seeing the Sword Pavilion Elder fly up, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect's Sect Master, Zhang Cheng, said with a smile.

“If you don't seal your cultivation and enter the Sword Pavilion, the position of sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will be at your fingertips. You might even be able to break through to the Heaven Realm.”

“Break through to the Heaven Realm?” The Sword Pavilion Elder stood side by side with Patriarch Tao Ran. The wind on his body intertwined with the flames on Elder Tao Ran's body, turning into a fire dragon that roared.

“If I really dare to enter the Heaven Realm, I'm afraid the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect will be buried with me, right?”

At this point, he looked at Zhang Cheng with bright eyes. “I'm curious how Sect Master Zhang had the chance to break through to the Heaven Realm.”

Hearing the Sword Pavilion elder's words, Zhang Cheng's eyes flashed. He said indifferently, “If you don't die today, I can tell you.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder laughed. Patriarch Tao Ran rushed forward and summoned a fire dragon at Zhang Cheng.

...

Zhang Cheng narrowed his eyes. Sword Qi circulated around his body, and the cold light that soared into the sky seemed to freeze the space around him.

A three-foot sword appeared in his hand.

“Military Sword Technique...” Han Muye, who was standing on the carriage, looked at Zhang Cheng and muttered.

“What?” Huang Six, standing beside the carriage, turned.

Han Muye shook his head.

Zhang Cheng’s method was the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Technique.

Patriarch Zhu Shen had died at the hands of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

A divine light flashed in his eyes, and images kept flashing in Han Muye’s mind.

The Military Sword Technique, which was originally only half a cultivation technique, was deduced to completion.

He had comprehended the Military Sword Technique.

The three inheritances of the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Nurturing Technique, the Sword Condensing Technique, and the Military Sword Technique, were gathered.

“So he condensed a artifact level sword technique to enter the Heaven Realm.” Han Muye looked at Zhang Cheng, who raised his hand and slashed down, and said softly.

“Boom—”

In the sky, the fire dragon collided with Zhang Cheng’s sword.

The scattered flames and every sword light were dazzling, causing the world to lose its color.

The power of wind and fire swept across the world!

The Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran joined forces and turned wind and fire into dragons. Their combat strength exceeded the peak of the Earth Realm and had already reached the Heaven Realm!

As a Heaven Realm expert, Zhang Cheng did not dare to underestimate this strike.

“Good sword technique!”

With a long shout, the sword in his hand flew.

The sword light was sharp and turned into a wind that wrapped around the fire dragon.

The tornado collided with the fire dragon, and the flames that wreaked havoc in the world were sealed by the sword light.

A Heaven Realm expert was indeed a Heaven Realm expert.

Every time Zhang Cheng waved his sword, a layer of the fire dragon was cut off.

Behind the red dragon, the faces of the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran turned pale.

After ten strikes, the fire dragon exploded, and endless wind and fire wreaked havoc in the sky.

In the sky, flames filled the air, making it impossible for people to open their eyes.

“With this strike, he’s invincible against anyone below the Heaven Realm.”

“Your Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s foundation is indeed deep.”

Zhang Cheng’s voice came.

“Senior Brother Yu He, Gao Changgong, you can only blame yourselves for being from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. It’s a pity for your talent in comprehension.”

Although they could not see the exact situation of the battle, the wind in the void howled, the pressure surged, and the flames dissipated, letting everyone know that Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder had lost this battle.

“Have we lost...” Huang Six, who was standing beside the carriage, whispered.

Han Muye’s eyes flashed.

Defeated.

Even the combined strength of the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran could not withstand a true Heaven Realm expert.

In that day’s situation, the Heaven Realm was invincible.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was about to be destroyed.

“The survival of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect lies in this day and age. It’s just death!” In the sky, the voice of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sect Master, Jin Ze, sounded.

The explosion dispersed most of the smoke.

Sect Master Jin Ze, who was surrounded by golden light, walked forward step by step. With every step he took, his aura became stronger.

At 10 steps, Jin Ze’s aura was only slightly inferior to Zhang Cheng’s.

“Shattered core?”

Zhang Cheng was stunned and chuckled. “I take back what I said before.”

“You’re as ruthless as Gao Changgong.”

“With a single strike from a shattered core, your entire cultivation will be crippled. Jin Ze, is it worth it for you to cultivate for hundreds of years?”

After cultivating to the Earth Realm Core Formation realm, one’s cultivation level would condense into essence, which was the Golden Core.

The Golden Core contained all the cultivation insights and spiritual energy accumulated in a cultivator’s life.

At the peak of the Earth Realm, one would break through to the Nascent Soul realm and enter the Heaven Realm, as if they were reborn.

If one shattered their core before reaching the Nascent Soul realm, their entire life of cultivation would be wasted. In this life, their cultivation would end.

When a cultivator reached the Core Formation realm, they would have accumulated hundreds of years of cultivation and thousands of years of lifespan.

He could claim to be a patriarch and be proud.

His core had shattered, and his cultivation was completely crippled. 90% of his lifespan had been exhausted.

In exchange, his power would surge rapidly after the core shattered.

However, this power would never reach the Heaven Realm.

Without breaking out of the cocoon and becoming a butterfly, how could one know the wonders of the Heavenly Realm?

“I, Jin Ze, entered the Nine Mystic Sword Sect at the age of 13. I entered the inner sect from the outer sect and reached the Foundation Establishment realm in three years. I’m considered the hope of the sect.”

“At the age of 32, I perfected the Foundation Establishment realm and entered the Earth Realm. I was considered invincible among my peers and was known as for controlling metal.”

“I’m in charge of two lineages and was nurtured by the sect for a hundred years to become the youngest sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Jin Ze’s body condensed into a golden and water sword. Sword light lingered and transformed into a thousand-foot-long blade.

Beside him, Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder stood side by side, their auras flickering.

“I once said that I would definitely reach the Heaven Realm in this life.”

“It’s a pity that the sect is in chaos and I don’t even have a chance to cultivate in seclusion.”

“I was also ambitious and vowed to build the Nine Mystic Sword Sect into a powerful sect in the Western Frontier.”

“Hehe, these hundred years are nothing more than wasting time.”

Looking up, Jin Ze stared at Zhang Cheng and said softly, “Since I don’t have a chance to touch the Heaven Realm in this life, I’ll fight against one.”

Above his head, the golden and water sword intents fused and transformed into a green-gray sword light.

This sword light seemed to have endless vitality and could comfort the sky that had been burned by the flames.

Looking at Sect Master Jin Ze, who had condensed his entire cultivation into a sword, all the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect gritted their teeth and clenched their fists.

“If I, Huang Zhenxiong, had a Heaven Realm sword, I would definitely kill that bastard!” Huang Six glared and shouted.

Han Muye turned to look at him and said softly, “Brother, perhaps the Sect Master needs your soul sword to help?”

Hearing his words, Huang Six was stunned. He hesitated and said, “My sword of the soul? I’ve only cultivated this Sword Condensing Technique for a few years. Is it useful?”

In such a battle of great cultivators, if his soul collided with it, he would probably not even see a bubble form.

“If you don’t contribute, how can you be satisfied?” Han Muye whispered. He slowly sat on the carriage and closed his eyes.

Huang Six nodded and muttered to himself, “Damn it, I’ll just take it as returning my cultivation to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

His eyes widened, and he shouted, “Condense the sword—”

A mysterious sword light rose above his head and rushed into the sky, landing on the sword light above Sect Master Jin Ze’s head.

At this moment, the sword light in Han Muye's divine spot flashed and had already collided with the sword in the sky!

The swords within a hundred miles vibrated!

Sword of Condensation!

He condensed the sword with his soul and ten thousand swords submitted to him!

On Deer Park Mountain, the Sword Pavilion Elder had used this sword to kill Mu Tieyang, who was half a step into the Heaven Realm.

That day, he saw this sword again!

"Rascal, you're really willing..."

The Sword Pavilion Elder turned back to the carriage and muttered.

"This is the successor of the Sword Pavilion that you nurtured? Not bad." Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Huang Six in front of the carriage and said softly.

"Is that the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker?" Countless disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect looked at Huang Six and whispered.

"I know him. He's the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker. I even received a sword from him last time." Someone widened his eyes and stared at Huang Six, who had opened his arms and raised his head to shout.

"So Brother is the one who has hidden his strength..." Holding the long sword in his hand, Lin Shen whispered.

In the distance, the bald man, Zhao Pu, clenched his fists and looked at Huang Six. "Brother, you're awesome."

Huang Six turned his head in confusion and looked at Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the carriage with his eyes closed.

Was his Sword Condensing Technique that powerful?

Chapter 104: The true controller of the Condensed Sword!

Sword Condensing Technique.

Zhang Cheng naturally knew this sword technique.

He could reach the Heaven Realm only because he had the help of the Military Sword Technique from the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Back then, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had killed Patriarch Zhu Shen and obtained the incomplete manual of the Sword Technique.

This Military Sword Technique was incomplete and did not have a complete practice method. He had no choice but to use the support of the Sword Spirit of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect to enter the Heaven Realm with the sword as its body.

At this moment, as soon as the Sword Pavilion's Sword Condensing Technique appeared, he could not help but feel uneasy.

He looked at the sword in his palm and covered his chest with one hand. His expression was ugly.

The Military Sword Technique was condensed from a divine weapon, and his body was equivalent to a sword.

In front of the sword light condensed from his soul, his body also trembled!

"Sword Pavilion, Sword of the Soul."

Zhang Cheng gritted his teeth and stared at the huge sword.

"If you don't battle now, when will you?"

A faint voice sounded in Jin Ze's ears.

Jin Ze's eyes widened. The voice was clearly coming from the sword above him.

Sword Condensing Technique!

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On the Nine Mystic Mountain, someone had condensed a soul sword!

Jin Ze trembled, his expression extremely excited.

As the Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, when facing a Heaven Realm enemy, he thought that the sect was about to be destroyed that day and he would become the eternal sinner of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

He was ready to shatter his core.

Unexpectedly, when he was about to give it his all, he actually had the help of the Condensed Sword.

With this sword, he could reach the Hundred Breath Realm!

Above Jin Ze's head, the green-gray sword light instantly exploded. Gold and water poured into his body, and a bright sword stood in the void.

He absorbed the power of the shattered core into his body, and his strength soared.

No more hesitation!

Jin Ze raised his hand, and the sword light followed his palm and slashed down.

This sword was not as magnificent as the fire dragon that Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder had combined to form. It was not even as strong as the sword light formed by Tuoba Cheng's white tiger.

However, with this strike, it was difficult for all the sword cultivators within a hundred kilometers to look up.

One sword could suppress a hundred miles of mountains and rivers!

Zhang Cheng, who was in front of the sword, moved continuously, and the sword intent on his body soared.

A foot-long phantom appeared, holding a short sword shining with golden light in both hands. It was the Nascent Soul!

After breaking through to the Nascent Soul realm, one would fuse with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth and become the favored child of Heaven and Earth. It was a great cultivation of the Heaven Realm!

"Good timing!"

Zhang Cheng roared.

The golden short sword in the little Nascent Soul's hand slashed out and collided heavily with the illusory sword shadow.

“Boom—”

In the sky, it was as if a meteor had exploded. Golden light and wind scattered for thousands of miles.

Jin Ze spat out blood and retreated, whereas the sword light dissipated then condensed again.

Zhang Cheng retreated a hundred thousand feet, his face slightly red.

Jin Ze, whose aura was scattered, raised his head and laughed.

“Heaven Realm. So this is the power of the Heaven Realm.”

He looked at Zhang Cheng, who was ten thousand feet away, and smiled proudly.

“Sect Master Zhang, the Heaven Realm is nothing!”

The Heaven Supporting Sword turned into a clear sword light and collided with Zhang Cheng again.

Zhang Cheng's expression changed as he snorted. The aura that he had restrained exploded, and the void space became restricted.

The power of a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul turned into a golden stream of light and slashed at the sword held by Jin Ze.

“Boom—”

“Boom—”

The world shook, and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples below could not even stand.

Everyone subconsciously turned to look at Huang Six, who was standing in front of the carriage with his mouth agape.

“Brother...” Someone’s eyes were filled with tears, and his shoulders were trembling.

The soul sword condensed by Brother was so powerful. He was risking his life!

“In this life, I, Zhang Dachui, will not submit to anyone but my Brother!” Someone clenched his fists and stared at Huang Six.

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the carriage, narrowed his eyes and looked at Zhang Cheng and Jin Ze.

He had comprehended the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect’s signature sword technique, Wind Shattering.

He had comprehended the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect’s sword technique, Wind Slash.

He had comprehended the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Four Mystic Sword Technique, Golden Spear.

He had comprehended the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s signature sword technique, Water Moon.

If it were any other time, Han Muye would be eager for the two of them to continue fighting above his head so that he could see more of the powerful sword techniques.

But at this moment, he could not wait.

More than half the time had passed for the Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm soul sword.

Although Sect Master Jin Ze, who was holding a huge sword, could temporarily fight Zhang Cheng to a draw, but after a hundred breaths, he would really be powerless to reverse the situation.

Jin Ze’s cultivation was profound and he was proficient in his sword techniques. Unfortunately, after being the sect master for a long time, he was still inferior in terms of sword techniques.

“Jin Ze, after a hundred breaths, I’ll see how you die!” Zhang Cheng shouted, and the sword light on his body condensed.

“Boom—”

The two swords collided. Jin Ze retreated ten thousand feet, blood spurting from his mouth.

If he wasn't at the Heaven Realm, he wouldn't be able to withstand the power of the Nascent Soul realm.

Below, the hearts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples were in their throats.

Huang Six clenched his fists, his face pale.

The sword Qi condensed by his soul had long been depleted.

“F*ck, at most, I'll die!” Huang Six shouted.

Han Muye shook his head and closed his eyes gently.

He was the one who controlled the Condensed Sword!

Han Muye, who had seen through the sword technique of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, was confident that he could make Zhang Cheng stay here!

“Hum—”

The originally silent Heaven-Supporting Sword instantly moved agily!

The sword light condensed into a line, tore through the void, and appeared directly above Zhang Cheng's head!

Only by connecting with the power of heaven and earth and condensing a sword light could one truly have the power of the Heaven Realm!

Zhang Cheng could not dodge this sword at all!

Zhang Cheng, whose expression had changed drastically, raised his sword to block, but the sword brushed past his sword and stabbed into his armpit.

“Boom—”

The Heaven Realm expert's protective aura burst out and blocked the sword.

Zhang Cheng's face was pale as he quickly retreated.

This strike actually found the flaw in his sword technique and directly attacked!

Before Zhang Cheng could retreat a thousand feet, the sword light flashed again and spun gently above his head.

"Slash—"

Zhang Cheng wanted to block this sword, but he missed and was hit on the shoulder by the huge sword.

Another flaw!

How could this be!

"Boom—"

Another strike pierced Zhang Cheng's chest, knocking away his protective aura.

Zhang Cheng, who was vomiting blood and retreating, widened his eyes.

"How could—"

There was fear in his eyes.

This sword was too strange!

In the distance, the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, looked at the sword with a constantly changing expression.

He turned and looked at the distant Nine Mystic Mountains.

"Could it be that this sword is controlled by the Nine Mystic Sword Spirit?"

"If it wasn't controlled by the sword spirit, how could there be such a method..."

Not far away, the Sword Pavilion elder nodded slightly.

Back then, he had valued Han Muye's comprehension ability. He didn't expect him to comprehend the method to control the Condensed Sword so quickly.

Beside him, Patriarch Tao Ran turned to look at Huang Six, who was clenching his fists beside the carriage.

“Your successor’s comprehension ability is really extraordinary...”

Beside the carriage, someone suddenly growled, “Brother, you’re awesome—”

Beside him, the others also clenched their fists and shouted at Huang Six, who was looking up at the sky, “Brother, awesome—”

Huang Six grinned and waved a fist at the top of his head.

He had no idea why everyone was shouting that.

“Boom—”

The huge sword slashed down again!

Just as Zhang Cheng stood up, his expression suddenly changed.

Cracks appeared on the illusory figure’s sword.

Military Sword Technique.

When the huge sword found his flaw and attacked just now, not only did it injure his Nascent Soul body, but it also injured his Body Condensation Sword!

Gritting his teeth, Zhang Cheng turned around and fled!

The sword refined by the Military Sword Technique was an artifact grade. If he had blocked another strike, his sword would shatter.

As long as the sword was there, the controller would be alive. If the sword was destroyed, the controller would die.

At that time, he would also die.

Zhang Cheng turned around and left. The three Grand Elders of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the two Grand Elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect hurriedly followed.

If he didn't leave now, who could stop the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sect Master, Jin Ze's sword?

Chapter 105: The sword spirit of the Nine Mystic Sword

The Heaven Realm had escaped!

In front of countless disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Heaven Realm cultivator and the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had fled.

This sudden change in the situation was really unexpected.

A Heaven Realm expert was actually injured by a sword 3,000 miles away from the Nine Mystic Mountain and fled for his life?

The fourth Heaven Realm expert of the Western Frontier was actually defeated by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sect Master with a condensed sword strike outside the Nine Mystic Mountain and fled with heavy injuries.

After that day, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would be the only sect below the Heaven Realm in the Western Frontier!

"For 300 years, the glory of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has returned—"

Jin Ze's eyes were filled with tears as he roared.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had endured humiliation and suffered for 300 years. It was finally the day!

He, Jin Ze, had wasted 200 years. His Dao path had been severed, and he had finally achieved something great for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

"Today, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will slay a Heaven Realm expert!"

Slaying a Heaven Realm!

Everyone in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect looked extremely proud.

.....

Slaying a Heaven Realm with all their powers!

“Slaying a Heaven Realm!”

“Slaying a Heaven Realm!”

All the Earth Realm experts flew up and formed a sword array. They followed behind Sect Master Jin Ze and chased after the people from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

In that day’s battle, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would rise to a higher rank!

Seeing the experts of the sect chasing after the enemy, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect below were all fired up.

Lin Shen looked at Huang Six in front of the carriage and whispered, “Brother, you’re awesome.”

Beside him, Lu Gao, who had a wooden staff in one hand, grinned.

Around the carriage, countless disciples looked at Huang Six with burning eyes.

The person who had turned the tide in this battle was this Sword Caretaker that few people knew!

“His name is Huang Six. He’s the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker.” A disciple looked at Huang Six and whispered excitedly to his fellow disciples.

“Shh, his name is Huang Zhenxiong. You should call him Senior Brother Zhenxiong.”

“We have to treat Brother respectfully in the future.”

“That’s right. Brother used his cultivation to transform into a shocking sword and helped our Nine Mystic Sword Sect turn the tables. From now on, Brother will be my closest brother.”

...

Huang Six had a strange expression on his face.

Just now, the sword Qi condensed from his soul had fused with the sword above Sect Master Jin Ze’s head. He really seemed to have formed a huge sword. The sword light shone and could cut through the world.

But he knew his own strength.

Not to mention injuring a Heaven Realm expert, his sword Qi was not even enough to tickle a Heaven Realm expert.

How could he help the sect master injure the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, a Heaven Realm cultivator?

Unconsciously, he turned to look at Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the carriage frame.

At this moment, Han Muye's face was pale, and his shoulders trembled slightly.

“Boom—”

In the distant sky, a roar sounded.

With one strike, the mountains and rivers were split open.

Zhang Cheng fled first. The few half-step Heaven Realm experts behind him had nowhere to escape. They could only turn around and work together to catch the sword light before vomiting blood and retreating.

Only at this moment did the magnificent sword slowly turn into nothingness.

A hundred breaths had passed.

Han Muye trembled and slowly opened his eyes.

“Brother?”

In front of him, Huang Six approached with a puzzled expression.

“Brother, your body is quite weak...”

‘Weak?’

Could he not be weak?

The sword condensed with his soul was depleted, and even Han Muye's soul was affected, so he had almost collapsed.

At this moment, his muscles and bones were aching and his head hurt.

The entire divine spot was empty.

“Kid, are you alright?” The Sword Pavilion Elder, who was also pale, stepped forward and looked at Han Muye.

He naturally knew that Han Muye had used up a lot of energy. It might affect the stability of his soul and cause his body to collapse.

Patriarch Tao Ran, who had also followed him, looked at Han Muye, then turned to look at Huang Six, who was squeezed to the front of the carriage, and patted his shoulder.

“Good lad. Not bad.”

‘Not bad?’

Huang Six blushed and nodded.

He didn’t know how he was not bad.

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged on the carriage, looked at the Sword Pavilion Elder and chuckled. “Elder, do you still need me to pass a message to that Senior Xiao Yueli for you?”

His words made the Sword Pavilion Elder’s face stiffen, and a rare blush appeared on his pale face.

“Rascal…”

Before the Sword Pavilion Elder could finish cursing, Han Muye spat out a mouthful of blood. The sword Qi on his body intertwined and exploded. He fell onto the carriage frame and fainted.

When Han Muye woke up, he was already in the quiet room in the Sword Pavilion.

“Han, Senior Brother Han is awake.”

A 13 or 14-year-old boy said softly, then turned and ran out.

“Grandpa Gao, Grandpa Tao, Senior Brother Han is awake—”

The boy's voice echoed through the Sword Pavilion.

A moment later, Lu Gao, who was holding a wooden stick, and Lin Shen, who was carrying a sword, rushed into the quiet room.

Then, the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran walked in.

"Elder, how long have I been asleep?"

Han Muye felt that his head was still a little heavy. He looked at the Sword Pavilion elder and asked softly.

"A month and seven days." The Sword Pavilion elder looked at Han Muye and said softly, "I thought you wouldn't wake up again."

One month and seven days.

Han Muye nodded.

He hadn't expected to be so badly hurt.

"It's good that you're awake." Lin Shen and Lu Gao were both excited.

Han Muye looked at Lu Gao, whose eyes were covered by the black veil, and whispered, "Brother Lu, your injuries..."

Lu Gao grinned and said, "It's fine. I can still eat and drink. Brother said that I can retire in the Sword Pavilion in the future."

Han Muye nodded.

"Brother has been invited to a banquet by Elder Liu from the inner sect. Do you want to tell him that Senior Brother Han has woken up?" The boy who had shouted just now stuck his head out from the door of the quiet room and asked.

Han Muye turned to look at the boy, his eyes cold and his body trembling.

The boy was holding a snow-white fox and it was looking up at him.

Han Muye did not come back to his senses until the child left with the little fox.

"Elder, where did he and it come from?"

Han Muye looked at the Sword Pavilion elder.

“Gao Xiaoxuan, this kid is a distant relative of the Sword Pavilion’s elder. The elder specially brought him here to take care of you.”

Leaning on the wooden stick, Lu Gao, who was covered in a black veil, was not dispirited from losing his eyes. His voice was still loud and clear.

“This kid is pretty good. He’s hardworking and sensible.”

Lu Gao seemed to like the child.

“Gao Xiaoxuan?” After Lu Gao and Lin Shen walked out to continue guarding the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye looked at the Sword Pavilion elder.

“Can’t you guess it?” The Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and sat in front of Han Muye’s long table.

The room was only so big, and there was only one wooden chair. Patriarch Tao Ran, who came with him, could only stand.

Han Muye’s body was still sore and weak. He raised his head and nodded at Patriarch Tao Ran, then whispered, “Patriarch, is this the sword spirit of the Nine Mystic Sword?”

There was a spirit in the sword.

In fact, artifact-level swords had already nurtured to form sword spirits.

However, even if it was a high-grade spiritual artifact, the sword spirit’s intelligence was not high and was no different from an ordinary little beast.

After nurturing it for a long time, it could communicate with the sword owner telepathically, but it was still impossible to make complex interactions.

When it came to artifacts, the sword spirit’s intelligence and soul were not inferior to humans. It could even transform into a human form and cultivate on its own.

The little kid Gao Xiaoxuan that Han Muye saw was clearly a body condensed from a sword spirit.

The reason why he could tell was because he had cultivated the Sword Pavilion's Sword Condensing Technique.

Otherwise, he would probably treat Gao Xiaoxuan as a distant relative of Elder Gao like Lu Gao and the others.

"The sect master lured Tu Sunshi of the Tai Yi Sword Sect here. I originally wanted to use the Nine Mystic Sword as a reward and ask him to deal with the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng."

"If you want to take the Nine Mystic Sword, you have to destroy the great demon."

"In order to avoid calamity, the soul of a great demon escaped and condensed into a white fox. The Nine Mystic Sword's sword spirit transformed into a child."

"The two of them were already there when we returned to the Sword Pavilion."

"It's just that the sword spirit was a little dimwitted. That little beast completely gave up its 10,000 years of cultivation and memories and the two of them got along well."

"Sect Master said that the demon suppressed by the sword was ruthless. Isn't the Nine Mystic Sword also ruthless?" Patriarch Tao Ran sighed softly.

The great demon did it to prevent extermination by Tu Sunshi, and the Nine Mystic Sword did it to prevent being taken away.

One gave up its 10,000-year-old true body and memories, while the other removed itself from its sword body.

Han Muye was confused.

That great demon's soul coming out probably had something to do with him, right?

Chapter 106: Three Techniques Combined as One, Mystic Sun Technique

At this moment, his divine soul sensed that the jade-colored sword bone on his back had already dimmed a little.

The demon's soul had only escaped because it was attached to the sword bone.

At the cost of a portion of its soul being condensed into a sword, it escaped the suppression of the Nine Mystic Sword.

This great demon was really ruthless. Moreover, it was also extremely cunning.

It gave up its true cultivation and accompanied the ignorant sword spirit. These two locations were really the safest in the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion, which was supposed to protect the Nine Mystic Sword, would not hurt the child Gao Xiaoxuan.

"How's the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect? Has he escaped?"

"What was the outcome of that battle?"

Han Muye had fainted because his soul had been exhausted.

After he condensed his soul and slashed out with his sword, the sword of the soul shattered after a hundred breaths. Han Muye did not know the final outcome.

"Zhang Cheng's injuries are not light. I'm afraid he won't be able to fully recover for several years. However, he's still in the Heaven Realm after all. He had still escaped," the Sword Pavilion Elder said softly.

Han Muye was not surprised.

If a Heaven Realm expert was so easy to kill, it would not have become the top existence in the Western Frontier.

"Zhang An of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect has died, and the three Grand Elders of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect are more or less injured," Patriarch Tao Ran said.

This news made Han Muye's eyes light up.

The sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was seriously injured, and three grand elders had been injured. At this moment, it was a good time to beat up the drowning dog.

If they did it well, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect would be greatly damaged even if it was not destroyed.

“Does that mean that the sect master has led the experts of the sect to attack the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect?”

Han Muye asked.

Sect Master Jin Ze was known for controlling metal. Although he had miscalculated and almost destroyed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, his intelligence and decisiveness were really not something ordinary people could compare to.

With Jin Ze’s decisiveness, he would definitely not let go of such a good opportunity.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran looked at each other and shook their heads with regret.

“Sect Master is in seclusion.” Patriarch Tao Ran said in a low voice, “Although his shattered core did not consume too much of his powers, I’m afraid it will be difficult for his cultivation to improve in this life.”

When Han Muye activated the Condensed Sword, he used the power in the sword to suppress Jin Ze’s shattered core back into his body.

Unfortunately, he could only preserve Jin Ze’s cultivation in the end, but his Dao path was broken.

Han Muye was a little guilty.

He was the one who disrupted Sect Master Jin Ze’s plan.

Otherwise, he could imagine the scene of the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier taking out the Nine Mystic Sword and killing the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect Master, Zhang Cheng, with a single strike.

Unfortunately, Tu Sunshi did not have the Nine Mystic Sword and chose not to attack.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had fought with all their might against the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and was almost destroyed by a Heaven Realm expert.

If Han Muye had not activated the Condensed Sword at the critical moment, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would probably have been destroyed.

“What a pity,” Han Muye said softly.

“There’s nothing to pity. Before the Sect Master went into seclusion, the Spiritual Dao Sect had already sent a decree ordering a truce.” Hearing Han Muye’s words, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled and said.

‘A truce?’

Han Muye froze and frowned.

When the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was almost destroyed, why didn’t they announce a truce?

However, when the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was about to be attacked, they did so.

It was too obvious which side they were biased towards.

“The Sect Master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect has led the Southern Wasteland Demon Race to the Western Frontier and has already slaughtered several sects. The Spiritual Dao Sect has issued a decree that all sects in the Western Frontier are not allowed to fight among themselves.”

“In three months, the various sects will deploy experts to guard the Fengshou Mountain.”

Patriarch Tao Ran lowered his voice. “Before we defeat the Southern Wasteland foreign enemies, we can’t fight among ourselves for those at the Core Formation realm and above.”

Those above the Core Formation realm were the pillars of the cultivation world in the Western Frontier. They could not fight among themselves. As for those below the Core Formation realm, they could just fight casually.

Han Muye understood that in the eyes of a great cultivator, those who had yet to form their Golden Core were nothing. Their lives and deaths were not worth mentioning.

“The Sect Master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect is quite decisive...” Han Muye said in a low voice.

He had long known from Mu Tieyang's remnant soul that the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was related to the Southern Wasteland demons.

However, he did not expect them to be so ruthless this time. They directly lured the Southern Wasteland demons into the Western Frontier.

Since the fate of being annexed could not be changed, they might as well betray the Western Frontier.

The Southern Wasteland was the territory of the demons. In the past, there had been a lot of conflicts with the Western Frontier, but there had never been a direct attack.

This time, it caused such a huge commotion.

"The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect's Zhang Cheng must have long known that the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had colluded with the Southern Wasteland. That's why he dared to break through to the Heaven Realm at this time." The Sword Pavilion Elder turned to look at the White Tiger Scroll hanging on the quiet room and said in a low voice.

If it was in the past, anyone who dared to break through to the Heaven Realm would definitely be ostracized by the three major sects of the Western Frontier.

Only when the Southern Wasteland launched a large-scale attack and the Western Frontier urgently needed the support of experts could the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect escape the blame of the three major sects.

Perhaps Zhang Cheng had long planned this matter and pushed the sect master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect to the point of betraying the Western Frontier.

None of these great cultivators were easy to deal with. For the sake of cultivation and the sect, what could they not do?

Han Muye had just woken up. Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder did not stay in the quiet room for long.

After the two of them left, Han Muye gently leaned against the wooden couch and looked at the White Tiger Scroll in front of him in a daze.

Lying in this small quiet room, he felt extremely at ease.

As if sensing his intentions, countless swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion vibrated gently.

Han Muye's lips curled.

He had kept his word and brought the Sword Pavilion elder back.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was still the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In the future, he could still safely be a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion.

His spiritual will wandered in his body to investigate his current situation.

The divine spot was still empty. The soul that had naturally recovered when he was unconscious was still very weak.

However, his soul was quite tough.

The Sword Intent in the Sea of Qi was still there, and the sword Qi in his dantian slowly circulated.

His spiritual energy and cultivation was not damaged, and his physical body cultivation was still there.

His body was fine, and he was just waiting for his soul to recover.

It was all considered good news.

Unfortunately, the sword condensed from the soul in Hundred Breaths had been used up.

Still, it was worth it.

In Han Muye's mind, images of the Sword Nurturing Technique, the Sword Condensing Technique, and the Military Sword Technique kept interweaving and circulating.

The completed Military Sword Technique seemed to have an inexplicable connection with the other two techniques.

"Hum—"

With a loud bang, the cultivation techniques of the three sword techniques collided and fuse.

“With Heavens as the guide, with Qi as the meridian, with the body as the sword...”

Only by combining the three techniques could he truly cultivate the complete skill!

He had comprehended the Mystic Sun Sword Technique.

The moment he comprehended the Mystic Sun Sword Technique, Han Muye’s body trembled. The soul in his divine spot could not help but be depleted, and the image in his mind dissipated.

The comprehension of this sword technique actually exhausted his soul greatly.

He looked down, dizzy.

The Mystic Sun was the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. This sword technique cultivated using the soul and sword body. When it was perfected, the Sword Core would form a sword soul and the soul would become a sword.

Such a powerful cultivation technique far exceeded the top cultivation techniques of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect that Han Muye knew.

Moreover, this cultivation technique purely used sword Qi as its foundation and complemented spiritual energy cultivation. It did not rely too much on his cultivation aptitude.

However, it consumed some sword Qi.

Would he ever lack sword Qi in the Sword Pavilion?

“Brother, I heard from Xiaoxuan that you’re awake. I even—” Huang Six rushed into the quiet room like a gust of wind and saw Han Muye sitting cross-legged with a pale face.

“Why are you so weak?” Huang Six quickly went forward to support Han Muye and muttered softly, “We both used up too much energy because of our soul swords. I’m fine. But why are you like this?”

Chapter 107: Brother is a Great Hero

Huang Six carefully took out a small jade bottle from his pocket and handed it to Han Muye.

“This pill is very nourishing. Try it first.”

...

Han Muye did not eat Huang Six's Great Nourishment Pill, which cost three spiritual rocks each.

He only let Huang Six support him as he moved to a big chair and sat in front of the Sword Pavilion to bask in the sun.

The sun was already a little scorching, but Han Muye, who had been lying down for more than a month, felt comfortable.

“Brother, don't worry. Now that you're awake, you'll be able to drink and eat well in the future. It won't take long for you to regain your energy again.”
Huang Six, who was squatting in front of the chair at the stone steps, had a much better complexion.

“In the future, if you need anything on the Nine Mystic Mountain, just say your brother's name.”

“I guarantee it will be effective.”

Huang Six turned to look at Gao Xiaoxuan, who was hugging the little white fox by the door sill. “Little Xuan, don't you think so?”

Gao Xiaoxuan nodded and said softly, “Everyone in the dining hall knows that Brother has to eat tender meat. Every time I go collect food, they choose the most tender meat for me.”

“They all say that Brother was the one who saved the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“Brother is a great hero.”

Gao Xiaoxuan's eyes were filled with admiration as he looked at Han Muye. “Senior Brother Han, do you know what a great hero is?”

Hearing his question, Han Muye turned to look at Huang Six, then at Lu Gao, who was sitting outside the door of the Sword Pavilion. He said in a low voice, "A great hero is like Brother. When the sect is in trouble, he can give up on his years of cultivation without hesitation."

"A great hero is like Brother Lu. When he guarded the Sword Pavilion, he didn't take a step back even if he lost his eyes."

Beside the door sill, Lu Gao's face twitched slightly as he tightened his grip on the wooden stick.

Huang Six's face flushed and he grinned.

Gao Xiaoxuan turned to look at the two of them and nodded as if he understood. "I understand. In the future, I'll lead the way for Brother Lu and help Brother Six collect more food."

The black-veiled Lu Gao turned and grinned.

"What hero? Isn't that just a matter of being hot-headed?" Huang Six looked at Han Muye and said softly, "Didn't you also deplete the sword Qi you condensed?"

Han Muye smiled and said nothing.

He didn't want to be a hero.

He only wanted to be a sword caretaker in the Sword Pavilion who could bask in the sun.

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye was leaning against the big chair and Huang Six was squatting beside him. Behind him, Lu Gao and Lin Shen, who was carrying a big sword, were chatting with Gao Xiaoxuan, who was carrying a little white fox.

While Han Muye was unconscious, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had not been idle.

The experts of the various lineages led their disciples to snatch resources from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. Some took advantage of the fact that the original territory of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was empty and directly took over the place.

However, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were both powerful sects. Although they were suppressed by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, they were not completely defeated.

Moreover, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not too peaceful under its own rule.

Previously, the Three Stones House had led the various sects to exterminate the demons together. Because of the battle outside the Nine Mystic Mountain this time, many demonic beasts took advantage of the chaos and escaped in all directions.

The Great Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley, Hu Taisheng, whom Tuoba Cheng was determined to kill, also escaped.

“Elder Tuoba went into seclusion after returning to the Nine Mystic Mountain. It’s said that he fought with a half-step Heaven Realm expert last time and was greatly injured,” Huang Six said in a low voice.

In the previous battle, Tuoba Cheng had a powerful aura and fought a half-step Heaven Realm expert alone.

However, his cultivation had yet to reach the Core Formation realm, so it was still difficult for him to rely on his initial-stage sword momentum.

However, Tuoba Cheng was a sly old fox. Back then, he could pretend to be injured and concentrate on condensing his sword momentum. This time, he might be up to something.

Han Muye felt that this Uncle-Master Tuoba did not seem to be cultivating body tempering techniques at all.

Because of the chaos, the disciples of the various lineages on the Nine Mystic Mountain had endless missions.

Be it the inner sect disciples Zhao Pu, Tang Ming, or the outer sect disciples Jiang Han, Sun Dayong, and the others, they all received their missions and went down the mountain.

“When they returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain, they came to see you a few times and were sent away by me.”

Huang Six waved his hand and said, "Exterminating a sect is the most profitable thing. If we don't take this opportunity to make a killing, how can we cultivate in the future?"

Huang Six, who was squatting on the stone steps, seemed to see the big picture.

"After this battle, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has solidified its hundred-year influence. In the future, after eliminating the three major sects in the Western Frontier, even the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect has to give in to our Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

"It's a good time for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to expand now."

"A thousand years of planning are all for this critical moment now."

Han Muye turned to look at Huang Six, whose eyes were full of excitement, then at Gao Xiaoxuan, who was full of admiration, and Lin Shen and Lu Gao, who were listening attentively.

"Brother, have you gained enlightenment?" Han Muye was curious. It had only been a month, so how did Huang Six become so insightful?

"Nonsense." Huang Six spat and looked up at the window on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion. He whispered, "It's that old man Tao who always took the opportunity to nag in my ear."

"I don't know what's wrong with him. He keeps feeling that my bones are unique and that I have a great opportunity."

Huang Six patted his back and stood up. He looked at the figure walking over from the path in front of him. "No matter how he tries to convince me, I'm going back to Jinyang with your sister-in-law."

When Huang Six mentioned Lu Qingping, Han Muye remembered that the Clear Wind Temple she was in seemed to have secretly sided with the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Fortunately, the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was declining now. As long as one's head wasn't damaged, the elders and abbots of Clear Wind Temple would know who to side, right?

But he still had to be careful. If Clear Wind Temple dared to have any signs of betrayal, he had to get Huang Six to bring sister-in-law out in advance.

Han Muye looked up at the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Although Patriarch Tao Ran had returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he did not return to the fire-type lineage.

He lived on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion and usually studied cultivation techniques with the Sword Pavilion elder.

Although the soul sword condensed by the Sword Pavilion Elder had been completely exhausted after 60 years, his sealed cultivation was actually very powerful.

According to the news that Huang Six and the others had heard, the Sword Pavilion Elder's and Sect Master's titles were equally famous.

However, Sect Master Jin Ze was more skilled in management, and Elder Gao Changgong, who supported the Heavenly Wind lineage alone, sealed his cultivation after the last elder of the Sword Pavilion, Zhu Shen, died and guarded the Sword Pavilion for 60 years.

Indeed, as the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, said, they were all ruthless.

Han Muye felt that if the two old men on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion were together, something might happen.

"Ahem, the Sword Pavilion rules for receiving a sword: Bathe and change your clothes. Calm your heart and burn incense—"

Huang Six's voice sounded.

Three young men in the inner sect clothes stood at the bottom of the stone steps with respectful expressions.

"Brother!"

"Brother, we're here to receive our swords."

The three of them raised their hands, holding bright yellow scrolls.

The mission scroll.

Recently, there had been a lot of missions in the sect. Many people had completed missions in exchange for various rewards.

Be it pills, talismans, swords, cultivation techniques, or spiritual materials, the sect provided them all.

The last time they broke into the Three Qin Sword Sect, the sect had already gained a lot of money.

Recently, they had obtained countless bounty from attacking the territory of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

The most popular place for reward in the sect was still the Sword Pavilion.

Even if they did not receive a sword, most of them were here to see Brother Huang who had turned the tide.

“Receive a sword...” Huang Six rubbed his fingers and looked up at the sky.

It was not yet time for dinner.

It was earlier than evening.

It wasn't raining either.

“Brother, please help us find a good sword.” The three inner sect disciples looked at each other and took out a spiritual rock to place under the mission scroll.

Chapter 108: How about I teach you the Military Sword Technique?

As expected of an inner sect disciple, he was generous. Each one of them offered a medium-grade spiritual rock.

It was a total of 300 low-grade spiritual rocks from the three of them.

Huang Six coughed lightly and waved his hand. “We’re all disciples of the same sect. I’ll naturally help you choose a good sword.”

As if he was already familiar with the way, Gao Xiaoxuan put down the white fox in his arms and went forward to collect the mission scroll and spiritual rocks.

Huang Six looked down at the three people in front of the stone steps, who turned around with Gao Xiaoxuan and entered the Sword Pavilion. After a while, they came out with three swords.

“Du Sheng, this sword is called Jade Wood. It’s suitable for people who cultivate wood-type sword techniques. It’s suitable for you.”

“Hao Jinlin, this White Moon Sword is cold and has cold energy injected into it. It’s suitable for you.”

“Jiang Lu, this sword is mixed with heavy metal. It should meet your needs.”

The three swords were handed to the three inner sect disciples.

The three of them investigated and drew their swords to practice a few moves. They felt that the swords were extremely handy and were pleasantly surprised.

“Thank you, Brother Six.”

“Brother’s choice of the swords, you really deserve your reputation.”

“Brother, rest well. We’ll take our leave first. We’ll visit you again next time.”

.....

The three of them happily left with their swords.

After the three of them had walked away, Han Muye turned to look at Huang Six curiously.

“When did Brother learn this sword caretaker’s technique?”

The three swords that Huang Six had chosen just now were really compatible with the three disciples of the Sword Sect. When they became familiar with the swords, their combat strength would really increase greatly.

“Little Han, don’t think that you’re the only one who knows how to observe the sword.” Huang Six smiled proudly and took out three medium-grade spiritual rocks.

He put one in his pocket, handed one to Han Muye, and stuffed the last one into Gao Xiaoxuan’s hand.

“This kid’s sword observation skills are not inferior to yours.”

Gao Xiaoxuan!

His gaze landed on Gao Xiaoxuan, who was holding the spiritual rock tightly and smiling. Han Muye opened his mouth but did not speak.

This kid was the Nine Mystic Sword Spirit to begin with. Wasn’t the Sword Pavilion’s choice of swords a natural ability?

“Instructor Lin, Brother Lu, take these spiritual rocks. Anyone who sees will have a share.”

“Little Xuan, let’s go. We earned a lot today. Let’s go to the dining hall and get a good meal.”

Huang Six placed a few spiritual rocks into Lin Shen and Lu Gao’s hands, then raised his head and shouted.

“Elders, do you want to eat meat or fish?”

“Meat,” came the Sword Pavilion Elder’s voice from the third floor.

“Fish,” Patriarch Tao Ran said loudly.

Huang Six chuckled and led Gao Xiaoxuan towards the dining hall.

Han Muye looked at their backs with a smile.

This was the real life of the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker.

...

Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan returned very quickly.

Behind the two of them, two servant disciples came over with a large food box and a wine pot.

After setting up the tables and chairs in front of the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six waved his hand. Gao Xiaoxuan cleverly threw out two spiritual rocks.

The two servants quickly reached out to take it, their faces filled with joy.

“Brother, this... how can I accept this...” The two of them held the spiritual rocks and rubbed their palms together.

“If I give it to you, just take it. Do I look like someone who lacks spiritual rocks?” Huang Six waved his hand and started setting the dishes.

The two servants happily accepted the spiritual rocks and then cupped their hands at Lu Gao. “Brother Lu, we’ll leave first.”

Lu Gao chuckled and said, “I shan’t be sending you off.”

Lu Gao was previously a servant. Although he had lost his eyesight in the battle at the Sword Pavilion, he had already become a revered existence among the servant disciples.

After all, there were not many servant disciples that the sect would provide for life.

After the dishes were set, there was no need to shout, and the Sword Pavilion elder and Patriarch Tao Ran had already arrived and sat down.

Everyone sat around the table and didn’t stand on ceremony.

Han Muye had been really hungry during these days while he was unconscious.

Gao Xiaoxuan put food into Lu Gao’s bowl and fed the little white fox meat. He was very busy and didn’t eat much himself.

“Enough, enough. Little guy, you’re growing. You have to eat more.” Although Lu Gao couldn’t see, he could feel Gao Xiaoxuan’s concern.

After a few bites of the food, Lu Gao reached out and picked up the wine glass in front of him, then stood up.

“Elder, Patriarch, Brother Six, Brother Han, and Instructor Lin.”

Lu Gao held his glass and took a deep breath. In a choked voice, he said, “I’ll toast to you all.”

“After this drink, I’ll go down the mountain.”

‘Down the mountain?’

Hearing his words, Huang Six’s expression changed. He said in a low voice, “Brother Lu, what are you saying? Didn’t I say that the Sword Pavilion will be your home in the future?”

“You’re not allowed to go anywhere.”

Han Muye also frowned and looked at Lu Gao. “Brother Lu, just stay on the mountain.”

Lu Gao shook his head. He held his wine glass, his blindfolded face emotional.

“It’s already a blessing for me, Lu Gao, to be able to be the gatekeeper of the Sword Pavilion and sit with the elder, patriarch, and brothers.”

“I was prepared to leave a month ago. I was just thinking that since Brother Han wasn’t awake yet, I was going to wait a while more.”

“Brother Han, you’re a blessed person. Aren’t you all right now?”

Lu Gao grinned and brought the glass to his trembling mouth. “I’m not short of spiritual rocks when I go down the mountain. It’s enjoyable to live a life as a rich man.”

With that, he tilted his head back and drained his glass.

“Little Xuan, you’re still young. You can’t drink.”

“You have to be more diligent in the future and listen to the Patriarch.”

Lu Gao reached for the stick and holding it, he turned around.

He started down the stone steps, then turned back and bowed gently.

Who didn't want to cultivate peacefully on the Nine Mystic Mountain?

However, after losing his eyes, he could only be an idle person in the Sword Pavilion.

Lu Gao knew that no one would despise him.

But he wasn't willing.

In the Sword Pavilion, everyone had a future.

Not to mention the elder and the patriarch, Huang Six would return to Jinyang with sister-in-law and live happily with her. Brother Han had a great opportunity and his future was limitless.

Instructor Lin would one day be able to stand out.

There was really no need for a blind gatekeeper in the Sword Pavilion.

Lu Gao turned and walked forward with the stick.

"Brother Lu, are you really unwilling to cultivate anymore?" Suddenly, Han Muye's voice sounded.

Cultivation.

'Who wasn't willing?'

Lu Gao stopped and shook his head.

Without his eyes, what could he cultivate?

"Brother Lu, our Sword Pavilion has three inheritances: the Sword Nurturing Technique, the Sword Condensing Technique, and the Military Soldier Technique."

"The Sword Nurturing Technique uses sword Qi to condense the sword bones. After cultivating it for 60 years, it can condense the power of the Heavenly Realm."

"The Sword Condensing Technique uses the soul to nurture the sword. After condensing the soul into a sword for 60 years, it can also reach the Heaven Realm and sweep through everything below the Heaven Realm."

“The Military Sword Technique is fused with the divine weapon. When one is one with the sword, the person is the sword, and the sword is the person. As long as the sword is there, so is the person and when the sword dies, the person will die.”

“The sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect used the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Technique to reach the Heaven Realm.”

Han Muye’s voice sounded slowly, making Lu Gao unable to raise his feet.

“Patriarch, Elder, I remember that when you break through to the Heaven Realm, you can repair your body with your Nascent Soul body and reconstruct it, right?”

“Brother Lu, how about you stay in the Sword Pavilion and I teach you the Military Sword Technique?”

Military Sword Technique.

Entering the Heaven Realm and reconstructing his body.

Lu Gao turned around shakily. He choked and whispered, “Really? Can it work?”

Chapter 109: Senior Brother Han, you’re finally awake?

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Military Sword Technique.

With the sword as the body, reconstructing the body in Heaven Realm.

To Lu Gao, these were things that he did not dare to imagine. He had never known that there was such a magical method to reconstruct a body.

He was a servant disciple who had just stepped into the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

But he believed in it.

He believed that Han Muye would not lie to him.

However, could he cultivate such a magical method and such a powerful sword technique?

Was he worthy?

“The Military Sword Technique uses divine weapons as bones to condense into swords.”

The Sword Pavilion elder’s voice sounded, bringing with it deep emotions.

“Back then, Elder Zhu Shen used this cultivation technique to kill several sword cultivators of the same level until his powers were exhausted...”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice sounded, “If Elder Zhu Shen had condensed a body with an artifact sword back then, he would have also reached the Heaven Realm, just like Zhang Cheng.”

“Hmph, that half scroll of sword technique was from the time the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect surrounded and killed Elder Zhu Shen...”

Zhang Cheng of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect cultivated the sword technique and condensed his body with an artifact weapon.

So where did the lost sword technique go to? And who killed Elder Zhu Shen? It was obvious without a need for explanation.

“Kid Han, I have no objections if you want to teach Lu Gao the Military Sword Technique. After all, he injured his eyes to protect the Sword Pavilion.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at Han Muye and lowered his voice. “But we only have half the scroll.”

The half-scroll Soldier Sword Technique could condense a sword, but there were no combat techniques or sword techniques to use.

Even if Lu Gao cultivated it, he would not have any combat strength and would waste a good sword.

“Also, with Lu Gao’s cultivation, the sword Qi of a spiritual weapon is too strong and difficult to fuse with his body, whereas ordinary weapons don’t have any spirituality. I’m afraid it won’t be easy for him to cultivate the Military Sword Technique.”

Patriarch Tao Ran clearly understood the Military Sword Technique well as he spoke at the side softly.

The Military Sword Technique was not that easy to cultivate.

The words of the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran made Lu Gao's expression change. He tightened his grip on his wooden clutch.

It was his only glimmer of hope. Was it still impossible ultimately?

If there was a glimmer of hope to stay on the mountain to cultivate, how could he bear to leave?

If it wasn't because he really liked the simple life of guarding the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, why would he risk his life to protect it?

"It's fine. I've already deduced the rough outline of the half-scroll Soldier Sword Technique." Han Muye smiled and said gently.

"Heh, with Brother Han's comprehension abilities, I'm the first to believe in him." Huang Six chuckled and said, "If he says it's fine, it's naturally fine."

At the side, Gao Xiaoxuan looked up at Han Muye. The little fox that was in his arms also looked up, its eyes sparkling.

"As for the problem of the swords being difficult to fuse." Han Muye turned to look at Gao Xiaoxuan with a smile on his face. "Xiaoxuan, are you willing to help Brother Lu?"

Gao Xiaoxuan quickly nodded, then shook his head and said softly, "But I don't know how to help..."

Han Muye laughed and reached out to stroke Gao Xiaoxuan's head. "It's simple. Tell that sword to obediently help Brother Lu cultivate. When Brother Lu's cultivation level is high enough, he can turn it into an artifact."

Han Muye looked down at Gao Xiaoxuan. "They'll listen to you, right?"

In front of the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran looked at each other and then at Gao Xiaoxuan.

Huang Six looked confused. He reached out and pressed on Gao Xiaoxuan's shoulder. He moved closer to Han Muye and whispered, "Well, don't make things difficult for this little guy."

If he said that he was talking to a sword, that could only fool children, right?

If it worked, everyone would be happy.

If Lu Gao did not master the sword technique, wouldn't he let Gao Xiaoxuan take the blame?

"Brother, this isn't difficult."

"They listen to me." Gao Xiaoxuan's voice sounded relaxed.

"I'll make that sword listen to Brother Lu obediently and be his eyes."

...

In the afternoon, Huang Six started gazing at Gao Xiaoxuan strangely.

Many times he wanted to say something but stopped.

Lu Gao decided to stay, but he could not cultivate the Military Sword Technique yet.

According to Han Muye, he had to wait for Han Muye to recover and stabilize his soul before helping him deduce a few more times.

In addition, Lu Gao's cultivation level was too low. He had to cultivate further.

He had to at least activate his dantian.

Lu Gao had changed his cultivation technique at the Demonstration Building last time and spent more time cultivating. With the help of the pills in Han Muye's hand, he quickly reached the third level of the Essence Cultivation Realm.

In the afternoon, a few inner sect disciples came to receive their swords. They greeted Huang Six politely and handed over spiritual rocks.

Brother Six's reputation had really spread.

Gao Xiaoxuan was also a money-grubber. He cooperated with Huang Six and made proper arrangements for the disciples who were receiving the swords.

Han Muye felt that he was about to become the most idle person in the Sword Pavilion.

He would get spiritual rocks for free and need not work.

“The Sword Pavilion has received a sword—” Lu Gao’s voice was loud at the door. He had just gotten up when he lowered his voice. “Lady Jin is here. Lady, Senior Brother Han is awake. We even drank together at noon.”

At the door, the voice of the female alchemy cultivator, Jin Yuan, was clear. “He’s awake?”

“He just woke up and he’s already drinking?”

Jin Yuan was about to step into the Sword Pavilion when Han Muye walked out.

“The Sword Pavilion is an important place. You are not allowed to enter unless invited.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Jin Yuan scanned him up and down and muttered, “You’re really awake. You’re really strong-willed. Last time, you survived the depletion of your lifespan, and this time...”

Han Muye felt that this Lady Jin Yuan was probably here to see if he was dead.

“Ahem, Lady Jin, what’s the matter?”

Before Jin Yuan could answer, Lu Gao said, “Senior Brother Han, Elder Su Liang has sent Lady Jin to visit you every two days.”

“She often visits that room of yours.”

Han Muye froze and turned to look at Jin Yuan.

This female cultivator was his attending physician?

More crucially, she entered his room each time. Not only had she obtained the permission of the Sword Pavilion Elder, she was also in danger of being injured by the sword Qi.

“Lady Jin, I was rude.” Han Muye cupped his hands at Jin Yuan and said softly.

Jin Yuan shook her head. “It’s alright.”

She looked at Han Muye’s expression and said, “Although you’re awake, you should drink less. Your soul is seriously injured, so I can’t do anything about it.”

“A pill that can treat soul injuries and replenish the soul is at least a fourth-grade pill.”

No one on the Nine Mystic Mountain could refine a fourth-grade pill.

“Rest well. I’ll report this to Master.” Jin Yuan turned and left.

“Lady Jin, see you and come often.” Lu Gao’s voice was much louder.

Seeing Jin Yuan leave, Han Muye turned around and said, “How did you know it was her?”

Lu Gao grinned. “I smelled it. That medicinal smell.”

Dog nose.

Han Muye shook his head and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

Jin Yuan was right. His soul injury really needed to be healed by resting.

However, the best way was to condense his soul with the Sword Condensing Technique and stimulate the increase in his soul power to cultivate quickly.

It would be even better if he could find pills to refine and improve his soul.

“Brother Lu, your injuries have healed, right? I brought some clear spiritual tea. Try it when you’re not on duty.”

“Instructor Lin, I have the pill you mentioned last time. I brought it today.”

“Little Xuan, I brought you candy. Give me Xiaobai to hug.”

A soft voice came from the front of the Sword Pavilion.

“I’m not giving to you. If you want, you’ll have to buy my Xiaobai.”

“No, Xiaobai isn’t for sale.” Gao Xiaoxuan’s voice was wary.

When Han Muye walked out of the Sword Pavilion, he saw Bai Suzhen handing a handful of candy to Gao Xiaoxuan.

Gao Xiaoxuan’s eyes were filled with desire and his expression was vigilant. However, he slowly extended his hand that was holding the white fox.

“Senior Brother Han, you’re finally awake?”

Seeing Han Muye walk out of the Sword Pavilion, Bai Suzhen smiled like a blooming flower and raised her hand. “Do you want my candy?”

Han Muye naturally wouldn’t snatch candy from a child.

Besides, he didn’t want to eat Bai Suzhen’s candy.

Knowing that Bai Suzhen was here for him, Han Muye accompanied her on the path outside the Sword Pavilion.

“Thank you for coming to see me, Storeowner Bai. Also, I have to thank you for sending me to Deer Park Mountain,” Han Muye said calmly as he walked slowly.

Without Bai Suzhen’s help, he wouldn’t have been able to reach Deer Park Mountain in time.

Hearing his words, Bai Suzhen chuckled and said, “After you fell unconscious, I lost most of the income in my shop. Don’t I have to come often to visit?”

Han Muye knew she was joking.

If she could mobilize an Earth Realm expert to send him off, would Bai Suzhen lack spiritual rocks?

She probably had other plans for opening a shop on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

However, Han Muye had already gotten over it. He didn't care about Bai Suzhen's identity or motive.

He was not in the position to worry about the sect's matters.

Sect Master Jin Ze's plan was interconnected. One move would affect the entire situation. His reputation for controlling metal was well-deserved.

The Sword Pavilion elder was also a sly old fox. He had a lot of backup plans, but Han Muye really thought that he was going to die and travelled thousands of miles to save him.

Other experts, including Tuoba Cheng, were all good at scheming and were not easy to deal with.

Of course, Han Muye wouldn't really think that Bai Suzhen had any special feelings for him.

He was not someone who relied on his face for a living.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect has displayed its might in this battle. In the next few decades or hundreds of years, the nine sects of the Western Frontier will probably have to continue to watch the competition between the Nine Mystic and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect."

Bai Suzhen smiled and said, "Senior Brother Han had been involved in that battle the entire time and can be considered the direct disciple of the Sword Pavilion's elder."

"I think your path of cultivation in the future will be smooth."

Among the nine sects of the Western Frontier, other than the three large sects that were as stable as mountains, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect originally had its sect master who had entered the Heaven Realm and was suppressing the other sects to become the fourth sect of the Western Frontier.

However, who would have thought that the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, which had the ambition to annex the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, would almost be defeated outside the Nine Mystic Mountain?

The fourth Heaven Realm expert of the Western Frontier, the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, had almost died at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Just as Bai Suzhen had said, after this battle, the title of the fourth great sect in the Western Frontier would really be a competition between the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This time, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion gained fame again across the Western Frontier.

60 years ago, it had condensed a sword and slashed a Heaven Realm.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's bold words of slaying a Heaven Realm shook the Western Frontier.

The rumor of a mysterious and powerful Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion had spread throughout the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

All kinds of stories about the Sword Caretaker circulated with countless versions.

No matter what outsiders guessed, in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Sword Pavilion Elder's cultivation was profound, and the Sword Pavilion's inheritance was vast.

This time's victory was all thanks to the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion.

The status of the Sword Pavilion on the Nine Mystic Mountain would naturally rise.

Now, Patriarch Tao Ran also lived in the Sword Pavilion. The pavilion had two elders and could be said to be outstanding.

This was a good thing for Han Muye.

He thought of the reason he came to the Nine Mystic Mountain. Because of his limited aptitude, he could only go to the Sword Pavilion to be a sword caretaker and not even a servant disciple.

Now, the Sword Caretaker had become a hot topic.

Indeed, everything in the cultivation world depended on opportunities.

It depended on their fate.

Chapter 110: June 6, drying the swords

Bai Suzhen knew a lot of things. She had a different position from the elders of the Sword Pavilion, so she shared quite different views.

Han Muye listened and thought himself.

The Southern Wasteland's invasion of the Western Frontier was a dangerous situation for the various large sects.

However, to many small sects and many experts below the Core Formation realm, it was a chance to rise.

It was just like how the Nine Mystic Sword Sect fought with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. It was inevitable for low-level disciples to be injured. Among them, there would definitely be many who killed their way out and became experts.

“Senior Brother Han, you have to recover quickly.”

Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye as if she was looking at a pile of supreme-grade spiritual rocks, her eyes shining.

“Within three months, the various sects will send experts to Fengshou Mountain to guard it. The low-level disciples will be allowed to cultivate freely.”

“The price of pills at the Essence Energy and Qi Condensation stages has increased by 30%.”

Lowering her voice, Bai Suzhen could not hide her joy. “The price of a supreme-grade pill has increased by at least 50%, and it's still in short supply.”

Actually, there was always a shortage of supreme-grade pills.

However, with the war imminent, the demand was indeed greater.

Han Muye also wanted to refine pills, but his soul was temporarily affected and empty, so he could not support the requirements for refining pills.

“Medicinal pills to replenish the soul...” Bai Suzhen frowned and said softly, “I’ll think of a way to help you find one or two.”

Bai Suzhen was really generous. She even had a way to look for such pills.

After Bai Suzhen left, Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion.

“Brother Han, this Storeowner Bai is really concerned about you.” Huang Six stood in front of the stone steps with his hands behind his back, as if he had seen through everything.

“However, you have to know that you’re the only successor of the Sword Pavilion now. Behind you are two elders. You have to place huge importance on your status.”

Han Muye recalled how Huang Six had tried to matchmake him and Mu Wan.

This fellow did not even have the courage to confess to Lu Qingping. But when it came to other people’s matters, he acted like he made a lot of sense.

“Brother, hasn’t Sister-in-law sent any letters recently?” Han Muye looked up and asked.

Huang Six stiffened.

Han Muye walked over with a smile and asked in a low voice, “Brother, you’ve exhausted your Sword Qi from condensing a sword. Do you still want to cultivate?”

This question made Huang Six’s expression change.

Finally, he shook his head.

“I’ll just live peacefully for three years and be an external deacon. The inheritance of the Sword Pavilion is enough with you around.”

“When your eldest nephew grows up, I’ll let him become your disciple and you can teach him cultivation.”

Huang Six’s eyes shone brightly.

Many cultivators in the world did not have this glow in their eyes.

With Huang Six and the others guarding the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye naturally went to the quiet room to rest.

Back in the quiet room, Han Muye sat cross-legged, a faint sword Qi surging on his body.

Mystic Sun Technique.

His soul, body, and sword Qi were mobilized at the same time. He tempered his bones, condensed his sword bones, absorbed the sword Qi, and tamed it.

The sword Qi around Han Muye was completely insufficient. The sword Qi in his sea of Qi flowed rapidly and entered his dantian.

When he was cultivating the Sword Nurturing Technique, the pain of absorbing sword Qi into his body was indescribable. Now that he had transformed it into the Mystic Sun Technique, the pain was long gone.

This was how cultivation should be.

What kind of cultivation relied on self-abuse?

This time, Han Muye spent nearly three days cultivating.

A total of one high-grade spiritual rock and 3,000 wisps of sword Qi were used.

In the past three days, he had mastered the Mystic Sun Technique. A thousand gentle sword Qi had condensed in his dantian, and a jade-colored sword bone had condensed in his body. In his divine spot, another trace of soul sword Qi had condensed.

The Mystic Sun Technique cultivated in all three techniques and increased his strength and balanced it. It could also stabilize his body and the spiritual energy in his dantian to increase his cultivation speed.

At this moment, Han Muye was finally about to step into the seventh level of Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

He still had a supreme-grade Essence Energy Nurturing Pill and a fine-quality one. When he stepped into the seventh level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, he was prepared to consume these two pills and see if he

could directly advance his cultivation to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

Indeed, cultivation was a resource-consuming thing.

Not to mention ordinary Essence Energy cultivators, how many second-generation cultivators in the sect could spend a high-grade spiritual rock on one cultivation?

As for those sword Qi, they were not easy to find elsewhere. They had to be nurtured all year round before they could be collected.

Even Sect Master Jin Ze could not afford to waste his sword Qi on cultivation like Han Muye.

When he walked out of the quiet room and arrived at the door of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye was slightly stunned.

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, an old man stood beside the elders and Patriarch Tao Ran. He was the head of the Cao family, Cao Anchun.

However, Cao Anchun only had one arm left.

His right arm was broken.

“Little friend Han.” Cao Anchun turned to look at Han Muye. Seeing Han Muye look at his broken arm, he smiled and said, “Little friend, I brought Xiao’e here and was about to ask you for guidance on body tempering techniques.”

At the bottom of the stone steps, the eldest granddaughter of the Cao family, Cao E, who had lost a lot of weight, bowed slightly to Han Muye. The Cao family had also suffered a huge calamity this time.

Cao Anchun had lost an arm and his grandson had been kidnapped. His whereabouts were still unknown.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was also embarrassed by this matter.

After all, the Cao family had always been a hardcore supporter of the Sword Sect. They had been providing swords for the Sword Sect for generations.

Han Muye cupped his fists at Cao Anchun and nodded at Cao E with a smile.

This was the difference between a large faction and a small family.

Even if the Cao family was a weapon refining family, they were still a vassal of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Cao Anchun had lost his arm and the Cao family had suffered. Even though he knew that it was because of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he did not dare to have any complaints about it.

On the contrary, because of his broken arm, Cao Anchun was worried that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would abandon the Cao family.

He had sent Cao E to look for Han Muye to deduce the Iron Bull Strength and come to the Sword Pavilion to catch up with Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion elders to build a good relationship.

Cao E was practicing her fist technique on the limestone square in front of the Sword Pavilion. Green bull shadows appeared behind her.

She already had the Power of Five Bulls, which was already rare.

It could be seen that Miss Cao's aptitude for cultivation was really not bad.

After finishing a set of fist techniques, Cao E bowed and waited for Han Muye's comment.

"Miss Cao's aptitude for comprehension is very good. To be able to cultivate the Power of Five Bulls in such a short time is rare on the Nine Mystic Mountain."

Han Muye had already become familiar with providing feedback since the last sect gathering.

As expected, Cao Anchun and Cao E's expressions eased a little.

"With Miss Cao's comprehension ability, if you cultivate this Iron Bull Strength for another half a year, you might be able to reach the eighth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm and the strength of eight bulls."

Cao E had previously cultivated the Cao family's body-tempering technique. That body-tempering technique was not great, but her foundation in body-tempering was not bad.

According to Han Muye's calculations, it wouldn't take long for Cao E to cultivate to the strength of eight bulls.

"Little Friend Han, do you mean that it's still difficult for Xiao'e to reach the strength of nine bulls?" Cao Anchun was experienced after all and instantly understood what Han Muye meant.

Hearing Cao Anchun's reminder, Cao E's face stiffened.

"Actually, it's not a big deal. Miss Cao, if you train on your lower body's stability more, you should be able to cultivate the Power of Nine Bulls in about a year." Han Muye's evaluation was extremely tactful.

This made Cao Anchun and Cao E heave a sigh of relief.

It was not that she had to cultivate the Power of Nine Bulls, but if she could reach the Power of Nine Bulls, it meant that she had cultivated this cultivation technique correctly. In the future, the Cao family's skill inheritance would also be more profound.

Cao Anchun sent Han Muye, Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder an invitation to the Cao residence before leading Cao E down the mountain.

After they left, Patriarch Tao Ran turned to look at the Sword Pavilion Elder beside him and said, "Changgong, can you tell anything from this body tempering technique?"

Hearing his words, Gao Changgong nodded and said, "It seems to be a military body-tempering technique from the dynasty in the Central Continent."

"It's just that the Central Continent Body Tempering Technique's inheritance system is strict, unlike this Iron Bull Strength that only has the strength of nine bulls."

Central Continent.

That was the place with the strongest strength and most powerful cultivators in the cultivation world.

The Heavenly Mystic World spanned countless kilometers and had countless cultivators.

However, the publicly acknowledged place of cultivation was the Central Continent.

In the other four regions, even the East Sea, which was known to be filled with sword cultivators, was not qualified to be compared to the Central Continent.

The Central Continent was rich in resources and prosperous in cultivation. It did not have much interaction with the four regions.

To head to the Central Continent from the Western Frontier, one had to pass through the vast plains. It was dangerous. Even Earth Realm Core Formation cultivators might not be able to return.

In the past, cultivators from the Central Continent had come to the Western Frontier. They only felt that the Western Frontier was desolate and the spiritual energy was insufficient. They did not even leave behind much inheritance and left directly.

After getting used to living in the Central Continent, everything outside the Central Continent was a wasteland.

Han Muye did not expect this Iron Bull Strength to be related to the Central Continent's Body Tempering Technique.

He told the two elders how Zhao Pu had obtained the Iron Bull Strength and some other possible secrets.

"In that case, that mysterious ruin might really have been left behind by a Central Continent cultivator."

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and looked at Han Muye. "I've traveled to the Western Frontier and encountered a few mysterious ruins. When I have the chance, I'll bring you there to explore."

"Cultivation isn't about blindly cultivating."

At this point, he turned to look at Huang Six. "Huang Zhenxiong is not bad. He's not arrogant or rash. He's even prepared to cultivate his heart in the mortal world. If he has an epiphany in the future, his future will be limitless."

Huang Six grinned, then closed it again.

It sounded to be compliments. But it just didn't sound right.

Han Muye looked at Huang Six, then at Patriarch Tao Ran.

This old man didn't seem to be dependable.

There was something wrong with his judgement.

More than a month after he woke up, Han Muye spent most of his time cultivating in the quiet room.

This was the most peaceful time he had had since he started cultivating.

Every day at mealtime, there would naturally be good wine and meat. There was also the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran talking about cultivation stories and all kinds of cultivation matters that he had never heard of.

Usually, when disciples came to receive swords, they would offer quite a lot of money. Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan took them and would always give Han Muye a share.

In a month, Han Muye had collected nearly 2,000 spiritual rocks.

Huang Six said proudly that when the selected disciples to go to Fengshou Mountain came to receive their swords, they would be able to obtain more money.

He was already wondering if he should build a large courtyard or a store when he returned to Jin Yang.

He really looked like a rich tycoon.

In a month, Han Muye finally stepped into the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm. His body had long reached the peak of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, and he had deduced several subsequent cultivation techniques of the Iron Bull Strength. When he broke through to the Qi Condensation Realm, he could cultivate them.

His Mystic Sun Technique could also be considered to have made some progress. More than 30,000 sword Qi gathered in his dantian.

For these 30,000 sword Qi, he had spent more than several times the sword Qi he had gathered.

But it was worth it.

The 30,000 sword Qi in his dantian could be reused. As long as a trace of seed was left, it could be nurtured and reborn.

It was unlike the sword Qi and sword intent that he had absorbed in his sea of Qi previously. If they were used up, they would really be gone.

In Han Muye's divine spot, the sword Qi condensed by his soul was much thicker, circling in his divine spot.

These sword Qi could stabilize his soul and be used for condensation, making his soul power stronger.

June was like fire. It was already extremely hot outside the Sword Pavilion, but it was still cool inside.

Han Muye and Huang Six stood side by side, while Gao Xiaoxuan stood behind them.

Lu Gao and Lin Shen stood outside the Sword Pavilion.

In front of them, the Sword Pavilion elder looked solemn.

"We sword cultivators should be filled with respect for the swords in our hands."

"Swords aren't just killing weapons. They're partners we rely on."

The Sword Pavilion Elder's words made Lu Gao, who was standing at the door, press his hand to his chest. Beside him, Lin Shen tightened the sword on his back.

"The rules of the Sword Pavilion. On June 6, dry the swords."