

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 111 - There are still people in the world who use sword Qi to refine pills?

Chapter 111: There are still people in the world who use sword Qi to refine pills?

“Open the window and close the door.”

Following the Sword Pavilion elder’s instructions, Lu Gao and Lin Shen reached out and closed the door of the Sword Pavilion.

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye and Huang Six walked to the window and pushed it open.

Rows of windows were pushed open. The hot air collided with the cold sword Qi in the Sword Pavilion, producing faint sounds.

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was standing there, looked confused.

Opening the window, Han Muye and Huang Six pushed the wooden shelves containing the swords to the window.

Han Muye did all this effortlessly. Whereas, Huang Six, who had already given up on cultivation, had not exercised for a long time and was already panting.

“Brother, let me do it.”

Behind Han Muye, a faint ox shadow rose and easily pushed the wooden shelf.

He moved quickly. In just a moment, he had pushed all the wooden shelves on the first floor to the surrounding windows.

Then, he straightened his clothes and walked towards the second floor.

Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan wanted to follow, but he refused.

The sword Qi on the second floor was much more intense than the first floor. Now that Huang Six was no longer willing to cultivate the Sword Condensing technique, without the soul sword Qi to protect him, he was like a mortal. He could not tolerate the sword Qi on the second floor.

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As for Gao Xiaoxuan, Han Muye did not let him go upstairs because he naturally did not want him to see him touching the sword and absorbing the sword Qi.

This guy was a curious kid. When he encountered something he didn't understand, he would get to the bottom of it.

When he reached the second floor, Han Muye's expression was solemn. He straightened his clothes, walked forward, and pushed open all the windows.

“Hum—”

The dense and cold sword Qi collided with the scorching sun outside the window, causing a loud ringing sound.

Endless sword Qi rushed out of the window on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion and collided with the sky.

The sword Qi intertwined and disrupted the Sword Pavilion's protective array, causing the array protecting the entire Nine Mystic Mountain to tremble.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, countless disciples turned their heads to look at the place where the sword Qi was surging.

That was the Sword Pavilion.

This was June 6, when the Sword Pavilion was drying swords.

Such vigorous sword Qi could only be seen on June 6th.

The sword Qi that had been stored in the Sword Pavilion for a year was released and intertwined with the spiritual energy of the Nine Mystic Mountain, causing a circulating phenomenon to occur.

Such sword intent surged into the sky, making one boil with fervor.

It also made all the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect feel at ease.

With the powerful Sword Pavilion guarding the sect, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would continue prospering.

At this moment, Han Muye, who was standing on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, took a deep breath and circulated all the spiritual energy in his body.

“Boom—”

The sword Qi on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion poured into his body like a flood!

A torrent of sword Qi poured into his body, making him tremble.

The surging sword Qi filled his meridians and entered his dantian, dyeing his sea of Qi colorful.

The swords were only dried once a year, so he had to accumulate more sword Qi.

Recently, cultivating the Mystic Sun Technique had consumed a lot of sword Qi.

An hour later, his face was flushed as he walked downstairs as if he was drunk.

Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan hurried over.

Han Muye waved his hand, refusing their support. “I’m going to lie down. Call me when you are putting away the swords.”

Huang Six was fine. If Gao Xiaoxuan touched his body, he would definitely notice that there was something wrong with him.

Now, not only was his sea of Qi filled with more than ten sword intents, but even his dantian, meridians, and body were filled with sword Qi.

After returning to the quiet room, Han Muye’s body trembled. Sword Qi vibrated as he circulated the Mystic Sun Technique and began to quickly cultivate it.

Before he sheathed his sword in the afternoon, he had already condensed thousands of sword Qi and absorbed the sword Qi stored in his meridians.

When he left the quiet room, he was in high spirits again.

This made Huang Six mutter that it was great to be young.

Putting away the swords, Han Muye did not absorb much more sword Qi.

The sword Qi and sword intent in his body were already enough for him to condense for a long time. Any more and his lifespan would not be able to last.

With so much sword Qi and sword intent on him now, his lifespan was also greatly depleted. He had no choice but to turn his sword intent into sword Qi in the name of wiping the swords and pour it into the swords on the first floor.

In an empty quiet room on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye stood in front of a wooden couch. Lu Gao, whose eyes were covered by a black veil, was half-naked and sitting cross-legged.

“Brother Lu, this sword was personally refined by the Cao family’s head. It’s a good spiritual weapon.”

“Because this sword has only been refined not long ago, and no one has used it before, it’s a good sword for you to cultivate the sword technique.”

In the past month or so, Lu Gao had been cultivating hard every day. Coupled with the few Cloud Qi Pills that Han Muye had given him, he had finally activated his dantian the previous day.

Lu Gao’s aptitude was not considered good. His dantian was only a foot wide.

Lu Gao, who had activated his dantian, could not wait any longer and came to find Han Muye.

Of course, Han Muye knew how he felt. After letting him rest for a night, Han Muye arranged a quiet room and led Gao Xiaoxuan over.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Lu Gao’s lips twitched and he nodded heavily.

Spiritual weapons were precious.

He couldn’t repay the favor.

But he could slowly repay with his life.

“Little Xuan, I’ll leave this sword to you.” Han Muye held the sword with both hands and handed it to Gao Xiaoxuan.

Gao Xiaoxuan took the sword and stroked the blade.

A strange power began to emanate.

The little white fox lying on the long table looked up.

In Han Muye's eyes, Gao Xiaoxuan's figure seemed to turn ethereal and turn back into a shiny sword.

The style of this sword was identical to the small sword in his hair.

"You have to be good and be Brother Lu's eyes," Gao Xiaoxuan said softly as he held the sword with both hands.

Then, holding the sword, he walked to Lu Gao and placed it in his open palm.

"With the sword as your body, condense the sword into your body. Lu Gao, what are you hesitating for!"

Han Muye shouted, and Lu Gao instantly grabbed the sword with both hands, blood filling the blade.

"Hum—"

With a soft sound, the sword began to vibrate and fade.

Military Sword Technique.

The illusory sword turned into sword Qi that penetrated Lu Gao's exposed chest.

Sitting cross-legged on the wooden couch, the veins on Lu Gao's forehead bulged, and his entire body trembled.

Of course, Han Muye knew the taste of sword Qi entering his body.

It was as though he was shaving his bones and his tendons were broken.

"Brother Lu, if you're in a lot of pain, just shout. You'll feel better after you shout."

"Brother Six told me this."

Gao Xiaoxuan spoke softly.

“It doesn’t hurt,” Lu Gao said through gritted teeth.

Even so, how could it not hurt when he was trembling?

“It really doesn’t hurt.”

“This is the Military Sword Technique. It’s an inheritance from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier.”

“It’s a cultivation technique that allows one to fuse a spiritual weapon into one’s body and reach the heavens in a single step.”

“I, Lu Gao, have the chance to cultivate such a technique. Why would it hurt?”

As Lu Gao spoke, his trembling body slowly calmed.

The sword Qi that passed through his body seemed to not exist.

Grinning, he pressed a hand to his chest.

There, a small sword shadow condensed.

“Buddy, we’ll have to rely on each other from now on.”

“Eat meat, drink and sleep with women. It’s your call.”

Lu Gao patted his chest and looked up.

“Brother Han, I saw you.”

When Lu Gao, who was covered in sword Qi, walked out of the quiet room stiffly and out of the Sword Pavilion, Gao Xiaoxuan, who was carrying the little white fox, approached Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han, what sleep with women?”

Han Muye rolled his eyes at him. “Don’t learn from the bad.”

Then he walked straight out.

In the quiet room, Gao Xiaoxuan muttered, "Forget it if you don't want to say it. I'll ask Brother Six later. Brother Six treats me the best. He'll definitely tell me..."

Han Muye, who had walked to the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, saw Huang Six and Lin Shen surrounding Lu Gao.

Lu Gao grinned. Sword Qi still filled his body.

He still could not control his sword Qi.

This would probably take a long time.

There was envy in Huang Six and Lin Shen's eyes, but in the end, they did not say that they wanted to cultivate this Military Sword Technique.

Lin Shen reached out and touched his sword. Huang Six pursed his lips and looked into the distance.

Everyone had their own path to follow.

Recently, Han Muye's cultivation had increased rapidly, and he had condensed enough sword Qi.

When he was drying the swords, he had absorbed too much sword Qi and sword intent, filling his sea of Qi, but his lifespan had depleted even more.

The problem of not having enough lifespan still needed to be solved.

Elder Su Liang had already agreed to go down the mountain to Mu Shen City to visit the Mu family's ancestor in ten days.

Elder Su Liang had agreed to ask the Mu family's ancestor to refine a furnace of five-year lifespan-extending pills.

With this pill and the refinement technique, Han Muye believed that he would no longer be troubled by his limited lifespan.

However, he could not visit the Mu family's ancestor empty-handed.

"A gift for visiting the Mu family's ancestor?" On the second floor of the Suzhen Store, Bai Suzhen pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, "I'm afraid ordinary gifts won't be able to move this senior."

“Coincidentally, there’s a big auction at the market in Luoyuan City in two days. I’m going to help you find a soul-enhancing pill. Why don’t you go take a look too?”

A market auction in the cultivation world?

Han Muye was really interested.

He wondered if he could find something good?

According to Bai Suzhen, other than the most precious treasures, most of the other items were allowed to be touched by the bidders.

Among them were many swords.

“Senior Brother Han, if you’re preparing to go to the market auction, shouldn’t you refine a few more supreme-grade pills?”

Bai Suzhen’s eyes lit up.

Han Muye spread his hands and said, “The pill furnace exploded last time. It’s gone.”

“I have more.” Bai Suzhen flipped her palm and a small green bronze furnace appeared.

“This pill furnace is my treasure.”

Bai Suzhen handed the pill furnace to Han Muye reluctantly.

The pill furnace was slightly heavy and cold.

It was obvious that this cauldron was much better than the previous one.

Satisfied, Han Muye put away the pill furnace and let Bai Suzhen choose the spiritual herbs to refine the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill and Cloud Qi Pill.

“Senior Brother Han is indeed lucky and rich.” Bai Suzhen clicked her tongue and sighed as she watched Han Muye sweep all the pill furnaces and spiritual herbs into his storage ring.

“Rich?” Han Muye glanced at Bai Suzhen.

Although Mo Yuan had left him many riches, it could not compare to this tycoon in front of him.

He knew that.

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion from Suzhen Store, he saw the new deacon elder of the fire lineage, Su Yuan, walking out of the Sword Pavilion happily.

Seeing Han Muye, Su Yuan smiled and nodded, then strode away.

Ever since Patriarch Tao Ran came to the Sword Pavilion, Su Yuan would come to visit every few days.

Patriarch Tao Ran also felt a little guilty towards this disciple. He would always answer some questions about cultivation for Su Yuan.

This made Su Yuan visit even more diligently.

Han Muye was a little upset. Su Yuan owed him 1,000 merit points and he was Su Yuan's creditor, but in the current situation, he really couldn't ask for it.

After all, he did not want outsiders to know the secret that he had comprehended Prairie Fire.

However, he could visit the Demonstration Building more often.

The more sword techniques he had comprehended, the better for him to cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Back in the quiet room, Han Muye took out the small green cauldron and held it in his hands. He poured spiritual energy into it and began to slowly refine it.

This small cauldron already had a trace of the spirituality of a spiritual artifact.

Han Muye poured his spiritual energy into it, and the small cauldron seemed to be nourished as it vibrated softly.

"Clang—"

There was a soft sound. Han Muye trembled and his eyes widened.

Sword Qi!

There was actually sword Qi in this small cauldron!

In this world, other than him, there was someone else who used sword Qi to refine pills?

“Boom—”

Images tumbled through his mind.

Chapter 112: Is this kid qualified to discuss alchemy with me?

A thin old man in a black robe threw all kinds of spiritual herbs into the cauldron.

After a while, a pill took shape in the cauldron and was collected.

“Another fine-quality pill...”

The old man sighed softly and then began to refine pills again.

The scene was simple. Han Muye saw the same spiritual herbs and the same alchemy technique being refined over and over again.

Every batch was of good quality and fine-quality pills were produced.

He had comprehended the refinement technique of the Clear Snow Pill.

He had comprehended the pill formula for the Clear Snow Pill.

This Clear Snow Pill was a pill that purified one’s physique and eliminated all kinds of poison. According to its grade, it was a peak seventh-grade pill.

Even among the alchemy cultivators in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were probably not many who could refine such a pill.

However, in Han Muye’s opinion, the old man’s alchemy methods were indeed not bad. At least the entire alchemy process was smooth.

However, the old man seemed to be very dissatisfied with his alchemy skills. After refining a furnace of pills, his expression began to change and he became more and more anxious.

“Bam—”

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When the furnace of fine-quality pills was put away, the old man finally lost his patience and kicked the pill furnace over.

‘Is that all?’

Fortunately, the scene began to change again. The old man began to refine pills again.

This time, he chose to inject sword Qi into the cauldron.

“In any case, I, Jiang Ming, am not suited to cultivate sword techniques. This bit of sword Qi is useless, so I don’t feel the pinch using it to refine pills...”

The old man’s eyes were bright as sword Qi poured into the cauldron.

The cauldron shook, and the spiritual herbs inside turned into powder.

The old man was unwilling to give up. He injected sword Qi again and again until the sword Qi in his body was used up.

“If I, Jiang Ming, can’t refine a supreme-grade Clear Snow Pill in my life, what’s the use of studying alchemy...”

At the end of the scene, the old man named Jiang Ming sold the pill furnace to a black-robed man and left.

“Jiang Ming, a partial cultivator of the Jade Forest Valley.”

Han Muye muttered softly and took down the name.

After studying alchemy until now, he had a better understanding of why the pills he refined were excellent.

The sword Qi was pure and using it for refining pills, his pills were naturally flawless.

As for the other alchemy cultivators, although they tried their best to improve the quality of the ingredients when refining pills, most of them were unable to do so.

Supreme-grade pills were rare, since it was rare to achieve purity.

After watching the memories of the pill furnace, Han Muye had almost finished refining in the pill furnace.

The spiritual light in the pill furnace surged, and it emitted a bright halo.

“Hum—”

Spiritual energy poured in, and the cauldron turned into a half-foot radius, buzzing and spinning.

Golden-red sword Qi rose from Han Muye’s hand and entered the cauldron.

The sword Qi entered the cauldron, and a clear stream of light appeared on the cauldron.

Han Muye threw all kinds of spiritual herbs into the cauldron in an orderly manner.

Be it the Cloud Qi Pill or the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill, he was already familiar with the refinement process.

The spiritual pill furnace was wrapped in sword Qi and slowly ground to produce powder.

In just a moment, the medicinal powder in the cauldron had already begun to swell and fuse.

The entire process was smooth and perfect.

By noon, Han Muye had already refined five batches of Cloud Qi Pills and two batches of Essence Energy Nurturing Pills.

The spiritual herbs for the Cloud Qi Pill were easy to find. The spiritual herbs for the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill were much more precious, and Bai Suzhen did not have many.

The Cloud Qi Pills refined by Han Muye were five supreme-grade pills each.

There were three Essence Energy Nurturing Pills in each furnace, and at least two of them were supreme-grade.

There was not a single ordinary one.

When he walked out of the quiet room, Huang Six and the others had already started eating.

Han Muye walked over and squeezed in beside Huang Six.

Patriarch Tao Ran, who was chewing on a pig trotter, looked up and frowned. "Are you studying alchemy?"

Han Muye nodded.

He probably smelled like medicine.

In the Sword Pavilion, there were more than one person with a dog nose.

Putting the bone on the table, Patriarch Tao Ran wiped his mouth and turned to look at the Sword Pavilion Elder. "I'm going to have to nag at you."

"The greatest taboo in cultivation is to be greedy."

"Just like this pig trotter. You have to simmer it slowly and put in effort. Otherwise, you won't be able to chew it."

"Why didn't you teach him these principles earlier?"

Sword Pavilion Elder opened his mouth and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head.

The Sword Pavilion Elder had never told him this.

"What pill did you refine?" Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye.

"Cloud Qi Pill and Essence Energy Nurturing Pill," Han Muye said honestly.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said, "Look, you're too eager for quick success. When refining pills, you have to take it step by step. The gap between your two pills is too big. How can it succeed?"

"You're refining these two pills because they're not cheap and you need them in quantities, right?"

“Changgong, it’s not that I want to criticize you, but your methods of teaching disciples are bad.”

At this point, Patriarch Tao Ran looked up at the stunned Huang Six.
“Zhenxiong is not bad. He has a stable temperament...”

Han Muye felt that this meal was a little hard to swallow.

After dinner, Han Muye, who was about to continue refining pills, was stopped by Patriarch Tao Ran.

“Bring your pill furnace and spiritual herbs to the third floor.”

‘What did that mean?’

This Patriarch even knew how to refine pills?

Seeing Han Muye’s gaze, Patriarch Tao Ran said proudly, “Not long after I entered the sect, I was short of money, so I cultivated alchemy to support my cultivation.”

“I can refine the two pills you refined with my eyes closed.”

Han Muye turned to look at the Sword Pavilion elder.

This Patriarch had been cultivating alchemy since he entered the Sword Sect. Had he gone astray?

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After returning to the quiet room to pack up the spiritual herbs and pill furnace, Han Muye went up to the third floor.

The Sword Pavilion Elder seemed to be uninterested in Patriarch Tao Ran teaching Han Muye alchemy and went to cultivate.

Patriarch Tao Ran stood in front of the Sword Pavilion window and looked at Han Muye. “Do you have any refined pills? Let me see.”

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Yes, but they’re all supreme-grade. The worst one was also at least fine quality.

“I knew you hadn’t been able to refine the pill yet. Although you smell like medicine, you lack the smell of smoke. Naturally, you won’t be able to refine the pill.”

“That little girl called Jin Yuan is covered in smoke smell. It’s obvious that her alchemy skills are not bad.”

Han Muye couldn’t argue.

“Give me the cauldron. I’ll refine two furnaces for you to see.”

Patriarch Tao Ran stretched out his hand and the pill furnace landed in his hand.

“Hum—”

The pill furnace spun gently, and a spiritual fire rose.

As the flames rose, Patriarch Tao Ran’s expression became solemn.

He restrained his aura and raised his hand to throw the spiritual herbs in Han Muye’s hand into the pill furnace one by one.

“Alchemy is like practicing the sword techniques. Don’t be impatient.”

“Controlling fire is like controlling a sword. Don’t be afraid.”

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Patriarch Tao Ran was not bragging. His alchemy skills were really good.

In less than 15 minutes, a furnace of Cloud Qi Pills was refined.

There were three pills, all of which were fine-quality.

“How about it? Do you understand? After mastering alchemy, every furnace can produce fine-quality pills, and there are three pills in a furnace.”

“Back then, by producing more pills than others and having more fine-quality pills, I was able to cultivate all the way and didn’t have to worry about spiritual rocks.”

Looking up, Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye proudly.

Han Muye quickly nodded.

“Alright, the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill is a little difficult to refine. You have to watch closely.”

Under Han Muye’s pained gaze, Patriarch Tao Ran took away the spiritual herbs used to refine the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill.

Han Muye only had three portions of spiritual herbs for the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill.

Bai Suzhen had many tricks up her sleeve and managed to get her hands on these herbs.

The spiritual fire in Patriarch Tao Ran’s hand rose, and spiritual light flashed.

It took Patriarch Tao Ran half an hour to refine this furnace.

Two pills, one fine-quality.

“Look, with just one more fine-quality pill, how much more can you earn than others?”

After handing over the pill and pill furnace to Han Muye, Patriarch Tao Ran spoke proudly.

“Alchemy is not bad as a side task. Look, in this short while, I’ve already helped you earn more than 1,000 spiritual rocks.”

The two additional fine-quality Cloud Qi Pills were worth 60 spiritual rocks.

A fine-quality Essence Energy Nurturing Pill was worth more than 1,000 spiritual rocks.

In Patriarch Tao Ran’s opinion, his reward was already very generous to a small cultivator like Han Muye.

If not for the fact that Han Muye was the direct disciple of the Sword Pavilion Elder, he would not have bothered to guide him in alchemy.

A bitter expression flashed across Han Muye’s face.

He had lost tens of thousands of spiritual rocks by letting Patriarch Tao Ran refine these two furnaces of pills.

At least.

“Yes, let me see you refine a furnace.”

Looking at the remaining spiritual herbs in Han Muye’s hand, Patriarch Tao Ran said.

Refining pills in front of Patriarch Tao Ran?

Han Muye hesitated.

“Well, Patriarch, let me ask, can you integrate sword Qi into alchemy?” Han Muye wanted to confirm Patriarch Tao Ran’s opinion on sword Qi alchemy.

“Integrate sword Qi?” Patriarch Tao Ran was stunned for a moment, then laughed and said, “Sure, integrating sword Qi can greatly improve the quality of the pill. It might even be possible to produce a supreme-grade pill.”

Patriarch Tao Ran’s words delighted Han Muye.

He was indeed a Patriarch and had a deep understanding of alchemy.

“But have you ever made such a calculation?” The old man looked at Han Muye and said indifferently, “How much is a wisp of sword Qi worth?”

How much was the sword Qi worth?

Han Muye really hadn’t counted.

Seeing his expression, Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said, “The cultivation world specially sells Sword Qi Stones that can be absorbed by people. Sword Qi Stones that contain a wisp of Sword Qi are worth 1,000 spiritual rocks.”

A wisp of sword Qi was worth 1,000 spiritual rocks?

‘That expensive?’

“Every wisp of sword Qi was cultivated by a sword cultivator. Actually, it can’t be measured by the value of spiritual rocks at all.” Patriarch Tao Ran’s expression was much more solemn as he spoke in a low voice.

Han Muye believed this.

A sword intent condensed into 128,000 wisps of sword Qi.

Mo Yuan had cultivated in the outer sect for 200 years, but he had never cultivated his own sword intent.

Most of the semi-spiritual weapons on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion were elder-grade swords, and very few of them contained sword intent.

It could be seen how rare sword Qi and sword intent were.

After hearing Patriarch Tao Ran’s words, Han Muye realized how precious sword intent was.

Was it too extravagant for him to use them so extravagantly previously?

“Kid, don’t dawdle. It’s fine even if you can’t refine the pill. Let me see what your problem is.” Patriarch Tao Ran said impatiently.

“I still admire Huang Zhenxiong for this. He’s never hesitant. He stops cultivating just because he says so.”

Han Muye felt that this person was particular about affinity.

He and Patriarch Tao Ran were probably not fated.

Or could it be that he had stolen his purple flame and made him unhappy?

Helpless, Han Muye took out the pill furnace and prepared to throw a wisp of spiritual energy into it to refine pills.

It would definitely be a loss if he refined it using conventional methods.

“Lu Gao greets the Sect Master—”

At that moment, Lu Gao roared from downstairs.

“Lu Gao, your loyalty and bravery are commendable.” Sect Master Jin Ze’s voice sounded.

A moment later, Jin Ze, who had walked up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, was slightly stunned when he saw Patriarch Tao Ran and Han Muye.

Seeing the cauldron in Han Muye’s hand, Jin Ze chuckled and said, “Are you discussing alchemy with Patriarch Tao Ran?”

“Patriarch Tao Ran is quite knowledgeable in alchemy. You two should have a common language.”

‘Discuss?’

‘This kid is qualified to discuss alchemy with me?’

Patriarch Tao Ran frowned. Before he could speak, he heard Sect Master Jin Ze say, “Han Muye, the supreme-grade pills you refined are only for sale to Suzhen Store. The elders of the Medical Hall have some objections.”

“It’s fine if it’s a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill, but if it’s a pill at the Qi Condensation Realm, it’ll be very difficult for me as the Sect Master.”

Chapter 113: Senior Brother Han, I’m convinced

It was supreme-grade.

Cloud Qi Pill.

Looking at the few pills Han Muye had refined in his hand, Patriarch Tao Ran wanted to kick open the floor.

Compared to supreme-grade pills, the pills he refined were trash.

He turned and saw the Sword Pavilion elder walking slowly over.

“Changgong, you know that this kid knows how to refine pills?”

The Sword Pavilion Elder nodded with a calm expression. “It’s a good thing for young people to rely on themselves and use alchemy to supplement their Sword Dao.”

Han Muye almost laughed out loud.

These words seemed to have been said by Patriarch Tao Ran before.

He had previously said that the Sword Pavilion Elder's judgement was bad.

Patriarch Tao Ran's face turned red for once. He turned to look at Han Muye.
"A supreme-grade pill?"

This gaze was a little terrifying.

Han Muye smiled and nodded. "I was lucky."

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"It's not luck. From what I know, you've had a deal of at least 100 supreme-grade pills with Suzhen Store." Jin Ze's voice sounded.

Han Muye felt that this old fellow was deliberately adding fuel to the fire.

As expected, a sharp aura rose from Patriarch Tao Ran.

He fixed his gaze on Han Muye, his eyes shining. "100 supreme-grade pills... Either you've accumulated a large number of pills or you've grasped a method to refine supreme-grade pills."

"I think you fall into the second category."

This guess was most likely correct.

Patriarch Tao Ran said coldly, "Such people are generally not allowed to leave the Nine Mystic Mountain for the rest of their lives."

He had become anxious.

He was anxious.

There was no fear on Han Muye's face as he said loudly, "Patriarch, my method is very simple. I just use sword Qi to refine pills."

With that, he turned around and went downstairs with the pill furnace.

Patriarch Tao Ran's lips trembled a few times, but he didn't say anything in the end.

Was it a profit or a loss to be refining pills with sword Qi?

There were people in the world who do that?

Seeing Han Muze walk downstairs, Sect Master Jin Ze's expression slowly darkened.

"Patriarch, Senior Brother Gao, the situation on Fengshou Mountain is not optimistic."

"The army to be deployed by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has to set off early."

Hearing his words, Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder's expressions turned solemn.

The demons of the Southern Wasteland were abnormally powerful.

"As far as I know, the Southern Wasteland doesn't have much interaction with our Western Frontier. As for invading their territory, there's even less need to do so." Patriarch Tao Ran frowned and looked at Jin Ze and Gao Changgong.

"The Southern Wasteland is vast and much larger than the Western Frontier. Moreover, it's filled with demons. Even the Heaven Realm experts have to avoid those powerful demonic beasts there."

When the demonic beasts reached the Earth Realm, they could transform into human form.

Heaven Realm demons could even transcend the Demon Soul Tribulation and transform into humans.

The great demons of the Southern Wasteland were even stronger than the large sects in the Western Frontier.

"Perhaps the demons of the Southern Wasteland are after something," Jin Ze muttered and turned to look at the Sword Pavilion Elder.

Gao Changgong said nothing.

He knew that Jin Ze was talking about the great demon suppressed by the Sword Pavilion.

However, in this situation, it was probably not enough to make the Southern Wasteland retreat just by handing over the great demon.

“Let’s see if they will continue to feed us divine souls and blood.” Gao Changgong turned to point at the sword on the wooden shelf behind him.

“Han Muye said that there seem to be a few people in the sect who are involved with the demons. At the moment, these people are all at the foot of the mountain to eliminate the demons. Let’s see what strange movements they have later.”

A few days ago, Han Muye had casually mentioned that there seemed to be something strange about one of the sect’s elder, Qin Lin, and his disciples, as well as the inner sect deacon, Luo Yisheng.

Gao Changgong and Patriarch Tao Ran had secretly investigated.

“And that Bai Suzhen, the eldest daughter of the Shangyang Demon Sect, is just on the Nine Mystic Mountain like that. Li Mubai really does not worry at all.”

Patriarch Tao Ran glanced at Jin Ze angrily.

“If anything happens to this girl, the demon head Li will probably be the first to break your bones.”

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When Sect Master Jin Ze walked out of the Sword Pavilion, his expression was a little strange.

“Greetings, Sect Master.”

Huang Six, Han Muye, and the others were at the door and hurriedly bowed to him.

“Tomorrow, the first batch of disciples heading to the Fengshou Mountain will need to come to the Sword Pavilion to receive their swords. Help them choose their swords.”

As Sect Master Jin Ze spoke, he handed a black waist token to Han Muye.

“This is the token of the direct disciple of the sect. Remember to share half of the pills with the Medical Hall in the future.”

“I’ll have the Medical Hall send someone to coordinate with you.”

Before Han Muye could respond, Jin Ze had already left.

“Oh my, a direct disciple…”

Huang Six looked envious and reached out to touch the token in Han Muye’s hand.

“You like it? Then I’ll give you?” Han Muye handed over the token.

Huang Six quickly retracted his hand. “No, your Sister-in-law is still waiting for me.”

Han Muye shook the token twice and put it into his storage ring.

If half of the pill business was exchanged for such a token, he would be the one at a disadvantage.

“With that token, I can go to the secret place to cultivate every month.”

“Also, only direct disciples are qualified to enter the few places in the sect where the inheritance books are stored.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s voice sounded.

So it wasn’t just for show. There were some benefits to the token.

This made Han Muye feel a little better.

Whether it was a secret place or a place that stored books, it was a good place.

The Sword Pavilion Elder reminded him probably because he was afraid that he would throw the token away.

Han Muye quietly returned to the quiet room and refined the remaining spiritual herbs into pills.

This time, he made even less noise, afraid that Elder Tao Ran would look for him again.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, three gray-robed elders and dozens of white-robed inner sect disciples stood solemnly.

“Senior Brother Gao, Uncle-Master Tao Ran, Sun Mu is here to receive a sword.” The person who spoke looked to be in his eighties and was very old.

In the cultivation world, age could not be determined by appearance.

However, from the looks of it, his cultivation level must have stagnated and he did not have much lifespan left.

Indeed, Elder Sun Mu, who was leading the way to Fengshou Mountain, had been stuck at the second level of the Core Formation realm for 200 years and only had less than 60 years left to live.

Such elders would lose a lot of combat power, but they were experienced and had survived hundreds of years.

The sect had sent such an elder to Fengshou Mountain firstly because Sun Mu had participated in the entire battle between the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the other sects. Secondly, his lifespan was coming to an end, so he took the initiative to fight for the sect.

“Junior Brother Sun, take care.” The Sword Pavilion Elder nodded and returned to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion. A moment later, he held a spiritual artifact-grade sword.

Sun Mu took the sword and bowed with a smile.

“Disciple He Xuanqi greets Patriarch and Elder.”

In front of the Sword Pavilion, the leader of the inner sect disciples took a step forward and bowed to the Sword Pavilion elder and Patriarch Tao Ran. Then, he looked at Huang Six.

“Greetings, Brother Six.”

He Xuanqi was ranked tenth in the inner sect. He was an elite among elites and had already reached the second level of the Earth Realm.

This time, he was going to the Fengshou Mountain to hone himself and quickly master the power of the Earth Realm.

The top 100 inner sect disciples were all truly talented.

Anyone who could reach the top ten of the inner sect was even a genius.

As long as such a genius did not die, he would be the pillar of the sect in a hundred years.

The Sword Pavilion Elder and Tao Ran nodded slightly. Huang Six grinned and said, "Brother, you're too polite."

Even if the Sword Caretaker's status had risen, he was not qualified to be arrogant in front of the top ten elites of the inner sect.

"Brother, please help us choose a good sword." He Xuanqi held out a shiny spiritual rock with both hands.

A high-grade spiritual rock.

This was a public bribe. Should he accept it or not?

Huang Six looked troubled.

"Hehe, I often hear from my disciples that Brother Huang and Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion are all experts at choosing swords. Why don't you let us experience it today?"

"If you can help us choose well, it's only natural for you to take these spiritual rocks."

Sun Mu, who was holding his sword with both hands, smiled and said.

Huang Six grinned and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands at Sun Mu and He Xuanqi. "Uncle-Master Sun and Senior Brothers, since you're going to the Fengshou Mountain to battle the demons, you naturally have to choose a good sword."

"We'll keep these spiritual rocks. When the senior brothers return in triumph, we'll prepare a celebratory banquet."

Hearing Han Muye's words, Huang Six took the spiritual rock from He Xuanqi's hand and shouted, "Little Xuan, it's time to work."

Han Muye also looked in front of him. "Which senior brother will go first?"

The inner sect disciples looked at each other. A tall and thin white-robed disciple stepped forward and cupped his hands at Han Muye. "Ning Yushen requests Senior Brother Han to choose a sword."

Han Muye nodded and said, "Senior Brother Ning, please demonstrate your best sword technique."

'Demonstrate the technique?'

There was such a procedure for choosing a sword?

Not only was Ning Yushen a little confused, but Sun Mu, who was standing at the side, also frowned.

By receiving a sword from the Sword Pavilion, it meant obtaining a sword by fate.

The Sword Caretaker was not very important in choosing swords.

It was not the first time that an elder like Sun Mu had received a sword in the Sword Pavilion. There had never been such a drill.

How long would it take for nearly 100 inner sect disciples to demonstrate their sword techniques one by one?

Would they still be able to set off that day?

He turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion elder who were standing in front of the Sword Pavilion with their hands behind their backs. He saw that the two of them had calm expressions and a hint of interest in their eyes.

Was this tacit approval?

"Since the Sword Caretaker wants you to demonstrate your sword techniques, go ahead," Sun Mu said in a low voice.

He was only an ordinary Core Formation elder of the sect who was about to die, while Patriarch Tao Ran was a half-step Heaven Realm expert, and the Sword Pavilion Elder was on par with the sect master.

Would Sun Mu dampen the mood when these two had tacitly approved?

Elder Sun, who had lived for hundreds of years, was not blind.

Hearing Elder Sun's words, Ning Yushen nodded and raised his hand to draw his sword. The sword light was as clear as a wheel.

An inner sect expert's methods were indeed extraordinary.

Han Muye's eyes flashed as he looked at Ning Yushen's sword light, images circulating in his mind.

He had comprehended the Two Mystic Sword Technique, Golden Edge.

After demonstrating dozens of sword moves, Ning Yushen sheathed his sword and stood with it in both hands.

When he received a sword, he had to return the previous one.

It was fine to receive a sword in private and keep the sword he had taken previously.

But in front of everyone and the elders, they could not take the sword for themselves.

Everyone looked at Han Muye, who was standing at the foot of the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six patted Gao Xiaoxuan, who looked curious. "Watch carefully. This is the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker. You should learn from him."

"Senior Brother Ning cultivates the Two Mystic Sword Technique, Golden Edge," Han Muye looked up at Ning Yushen and said calmly.

It was not surprising that he could recognize the sword technique.

However, this also meant that the Sword Caretaker in front of him was quite capable.

Ning Yushen nodded, anticipation flashing across his face.

“Senior Brother Ning has already mastered 20 of the 27 moves of the Golden Edge Sword Technique. When you reached the 21st move, your sword light had stopped for a moment.”

“Especially in the 23rd move, the sword light clearly dissipated.”

“On the 25th move, your attack is a little slow, and your speed is 30% slower. The direction of the sword light is off.”

In front of the Sword Pavilion, it was silent. Everyone listened.

Ning Yushen’s expression kept changing. When he looked in the direction of the sword light, his face instantly turned pale.

“Senior Brother, choose the sword number 3844 on the wooden rack on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.”

“This sword is a semi-spiritual artifact. It has fused with metal essence iron into the sword. The initial sword light is heavy. After ten moves, the power of metal essence will be activated to help the sword move become smooth.”

“With this sword, Senior Brother Ning can control the Golden Edge Sword Technique to the 25th move.”

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye spoke frankly. All the inner sect disciples’ expressions changed from confusion to eagerness, and their eyes lit up.

“Senior Brother Han, I’m convinced.”

Ning Yushen bowed and strode into the Sword Pavilion.

He Xuanqi, who was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, turned around and said, “Who’s next?”

Chapter 114: Fated wood seeking fish, combining two sword techniques

The sword felt handy.

When Ning Yushen used his new sword, Lu Yao, to practice his sword technique, everyone’s eyes lit up.

The sword light was completely different from before.

It was solemn, sharp, and powerful. It was difficult to look at it directly.

Moreover, this sword light was several times brighter than before. As the sword light circulated, there was no slowing.

“The sword and human merges as one. This sword can at least increase Disciple-Nephew Ning’s combat strength by 30%!” Sun Mu looked at Ning Yushen, who had sheathed his sword and was standing quietly, and exclaimed.

Hearing Sun Mu’s words, the group of disciples were all excited and wished they could immediately go forward and receive a sword.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye stood with his hands behind his back. As long as he pointed out the swords, they would definitely be compatible.

Huang Six stood at the side and asked Gao Xiaoxuan to bring the sword from time to time.

Gao Xiaoxuan chose slowly, but the sword he chose was not bad either.

Lu Gao, who was covered in a black veil, and Lin Shen, who was carrying a large sword on his back, stood at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion with smiles on their faces.

Those inner sect disciples looked like they were fighting for vegetables from a market. They did not look like inner sect experts at all.

“Patriarch, what do you think of Little Han’s judgement?”

The Sword Pavilion elder stood there expressionlessly and spoke calmly.

“Judgement?” Patriarch Tao Ran had a strange expression and said in a low voice, “Can you achieve this just by having good judgement?”

He turned to look at the Sword Pavilion Elder, Gao Changgong. “Say, if you were to choose, are you able to remember the characteristics of all those swords in the Sword Pavilion?”

The Sword Pavilion elder shook his head.

"I knew it. This is not good judgement at all." Patriarch Tao Ran's eyes shone as he stared at Han Muye.

"The way I see it—"

"He was born to be a Sword Caretaker."

...

It seemed to be very time-consuming to demonstrate sword techniques before choosing a sword. But actually, it saved the time for the disciples to choose a sword in the Sword Pavilion.

In less than two hours, nearly all 100 disciples had already chosen suitable swords. Only He Xuanqi had not chosen one.

He indeed had the demeanor of an inner sect expert. He could resist the temptation until everyone had chosen their swords. Then, he smiled and cupped his hands at Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, it's my turn."

Han Muye nodded and watched him draw his sword and demonstrate his sword techniques.

"Hum—"

As soon as He Xuanqi unsheathed his sword, the sword light in front of him had already exploded like a violent wave.

"Good sword technique!" Someone behind exclaimed.

Although they had been summoned to Fengshou Mountain, they were not familiar with each other.

There were 3,000 inner sect disciples in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. How could they be familiar with all of one another?

Most of the top ten inner sect disciples like He Xuanqi had only been heard of.

Now that they had seen for themselves, he really had the strength of the top ten inner sect disciples.

No disciple in the arena could withstand that sword light.

Even the two famous inner sect elites were dazed.

Strong.

Sun Mu nodded slightly.

He was the leader of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's reinforcement army this time. It was naturally a good thing to have more experts under him.

The other two Earth Realm deacons also looked happy.

With experts among the disciples, the pressure on them would naturally decrease.

Sending reinforcements to Fengshou Mountain was not child's play. Of course, the stronger the team, the better.

Han Muye stared at the sword light in front of him, the images in his mind changing.

He had comprehended the Three Mystic Sword Technique, Fated Wood.

It turned out that the inner sect disciple ranked tenth belonged to the wood-type lineage.

After He Xuanqi finished demonstrating his sword technique, everyone looked up at Han Muye.

This time, Han Muye did not directly point out the pros and cons of the sword technique like before, or directly point out the sword that he needed to receive.

He closed his eyes slightly and lowered his head to think.

He Xuanqi did not rush him.

Everyone waited.

Han Muye's ability to choose a sword had already convinced everyone.

They wanted to know how much He Xuanqi's combat strength could increase through Senior Brother Han's sword selection.

“Not bad, not bad.” Sun Mu looked at He Xuanqi and nodded softly. “When I was young, my cultivation and combat strength were not even half of yours.”

He was not being modest.

In the cultivation world, those with strong aptitude and talent had combat strength that far exceeded their peers.

There were very few among his peers who could compare to a top inner sect expert like He Xuanqi.

“Your sword technique is not bad. There are no major flaws,” Patriarch Tao Ran said softly.

Hearing his words, He Xuanqi heaved a sigh of relief.

He was already satisfied with the Patriarch’s evaluation.

In the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were very few people who could be evaluated by the Patriarch as without any major flaws.

“Changgong, what do you think?” Tao Ran turned to look at Gao Changgong.

Gao Changgong shook his head and said nothing. He looked ahead.

Patriarch Tao Ran smiled and said, “You’re still so stubborn.”

With that, he looked at Huang Six in front of him. “Zhenxiong, tell me.”

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran’s words, Huang Six turned to glance at Han Muye, then said indifferently, “The Patriarch said that there are no flaws—”

He saw Han Muye’s eyes twitch and immediately understood. He chuckled and said, “I’m afraid that if there’s no flaw, it’s a flaw.”

He had worked with Han Muye for a long time and knew what he meant with just half a glance.

With this tacit understanding, they had earned a lot of spiritual rocks previously.

‘No flaw is the biggest flaw?’

‘What kind of far-fetched reason is that?’

He Xuanqi looked up at Han Muye.

The other disciples also looked up.

There had to be a reason for this evaluation, right?

Patriarch Tao Ran frowned and wanted to scold Huang Six, but he suddenly paused.

“Brother Six, you really have sharp eyes. You hit the nail on the head.” Han Muye looked up ahead, his eyes shining.

“I was just thinking about how to phrase it properly.”

“The lack of flaws is the greatest flaw.”

Before He Xuanqi could speak, Han Muye said again, “Senior Brother He, we’re going to Fengshou Mountain to fight the demons.”

“Most demons are powerful. Your sword moves are layered and continuous, but it’s very easy to break the chain of moves. This way, you’ll be at a disadvantage.”

‘This way?’

He Xuanqi could not refute Han Muye’s reason.

At the side, Sun Mu frowned and said, “What Disciple-Nephew Han said makes sense. However, with Disciple-Nephew He’s swordsmanship, it shouldn’t be a problem.”

If He Xuanqi’s sword technique was against a human expert, the sword light would be endless and make people unable to resist.

However, the demons had thick skin and flesh. They would not fight back and instead attacked violently.

Such an unreasonable battle technique was He Xuanqi’s weakness.

“Elder Sun, I have two suggestions.”

Han Muye looked at Sun Mu and said in a deep voice, "Either switch to another inner sect expert to head to Fengshou Mountain."

'Another one?'

Sun Mu shook his head quickly.

Currently, most of the disciples below the Core Formation realm in the sect were at the foot of the mountain. It was already rare to call upon He Xuanqi.

"If you can't replace him, then add one more."

Han Muye looked at He Xuanqi and said, "Senior Brother He, there must be people in your sect who cultivate the Seeking Fish Sword Technique, right?"

"Fated wood seeking fish. When the two sword techniques combine, their combat strength will more than double."

The two sword techniques combined.

He Xuanqi nodded and said in a low voice, "I have a junior brother who is cultivating seeking fish."

"It's just that his cultivation level is a little weak."

Han Muye smiled and said, "Senior Brother, you should know that with your cultivation, as long as he cooperates, you don't really need him to kill the enemy."

He Xuanqi nodded.

"Alright, Disciple-Nephew He, go and find your fellow disciple. We'll wait for you at the mountain gate."

"This battle is dangerous. The Dual Sword Combination Technique can double your combat strength and increase your safety," Sun Mu said without hesitation.

He Xuanqi cupped his hands and turned to leave.

Sun Mu led the group of inner sect disciples with high morale and strode away.

A moment later, He Xuanqi led a fellow disciple named Wang Hui over.

Han Muye chose a good sword for each of them.

“Senior Brother He, Senior Brother Wang, the two of you can practice the Dual Sword Combination Technique more. I wish you all the best.” Han Muye sent them to the door of the Sword Pavilion and cupped his hands.

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han.” He Xuanqi and Wang Hui hurriedly cupped their hands and turned to walk towards the mountain gate.

“Woo—”

A long horn sounded. Sword light rose outside the mountain gate and headed into the distance.

Standing at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye was quietly lost in thought.

“Senior Brother Han, what are you thinking?”

Gao Xiaoxuan, who was carrying the white fox, walked over and asked softly.

Turning around, Han Muye looked at the curious Gao Xiaoxuan and then at the white fox in his arms. He said softly, “I’m wondering how many swords will be returned after so many are sent out today.”

Hearing his words, Gao Xiaoxuan exclaimed, “They’re not returning it?”

“Won’t it be a loss if they don’t return it?”

Han Muye reached out to touch his head and shook his head. “I hope they don’t return their swords.”

Two days later, Han Muye and Bai Suzhen agreed to go to the Luo Yuan City Market to participate in the auction.

Unfortunately, the flying wooden boat was full.

Manager He, who was driving the boat, stood outside with a bitter expression.

In the cabin, other than Bai Suzhen and Han Muye, there was also Lin Shen, who was going to be protect Han Muye.

On the other hand, Patriarch Tao Ran sitting in the cabin made the atmosphere in the entire cabin very strange.

Han Muye's deal with Bai Suzhen should not be made known to Patriarch Tao Ran.

Although Patriarch Tao Ran also knew about their pill transaction, he only knew about the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill and not the supreme-grade Essence Energy Nurturing Pill.

"Little girl, your father and I had a few meals together back then."

"Although outsiders call your father a demon head, he still has his own principles."

"Unfortunately, I also heard that your father's temperament changed drastically when your mother passed away unexpectedly."

Patriarch Tao Ran knew a lot.

Han Muye listened with interest.

The eldest daughter of the Shangyang Demon Sect left home in a fit of anger and was in charge of all the businesses left behind by her mother.

Although the Sect Master of the Shangyang Demon Sect, Li Mubai, felt guilty, his personality had changed drastically because of his beloved wife's death. He rarely showed concern about his daughter.

The relationship between father and daughter became very tense.

Han Muye sat at the side and listened to Patriarch Tao Ran's ramblings. Looking at Bai Suzhen's expression, he felt that if it weren't for this Patriarch's profound cultivation, he would have definitely been kicked off the flying ship.

He was basically exposing other people's scars.

"Patriarch, I heard that there was a story behind your betrayal of the Nine Mystic Mountain back then?" Bai Suzhen's words finally made Patriarch Tao Ran shut up.

...

The flying ship traveled for more than a day before stopping outside a small mountain city.

This was one of the neutral trading cities under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Luo Yuan City.

“Miss, the Spirit Nourishing Pill you asked us to pay attention to will be auctioned this time. Most of the other items have already been displayed.”

The flying boat landed and an old man in a purple robe greeted them.

He bowed to Bai Suzhen and muttered. Then, he looked up and was slightly stunned.

“Patriarch Tao Ran?”

“The little deacon of the Shangyang Demon Sect.” Patriarch Tao Ran chuckled.

“Patriarch, let’s go to the market separately.” Han Muye, who had been silent, suddenly turned to look at Patriarch Tao Ran.

“Otherwise, I’m afraid I won’t be able to buy anything.”

These words made Patriarch Tao Ran’s expression stiffen. The corners of his eyes twitched as he continued. With a snort, he flicked his sleeve and his figure turned into a breeze and disappeared.

“Do you know why this guy lives in the Sword Pavilion after returning to the Sword Sect?”

“He’s too unpopular.” Bai Suzhen covered her mouth and laughed.

Han Muye nodded, his expression unchanged. “Let’s go and see what the auction items are.”

“Alright, I’ve long heard that Senior Brother Han is good at observing swords. There are many swords being auctioned over there. I wonder if Senior Brother can choose a good sword?” Bai Suzhen’s eyes lit up.

Shopkeeper He, who was originally a little tired from driving the boat, suddenly became energetic.

The eyes of the Shangyang Demon Sect's steward flashed, then he said in a low voice, "Please follow me."

Chapter 115: Edgeless Heavy Sword, Windfall!

Luo Yuan City was located in the mountains, and most of the people there were cultivators.

The green mountains were continuous, and there were maze formations set up. Those who had never cultivated would not be able to reach the second floor.

At this moment, in the hall on the second floor, many people were sizing up the wooden platforms. Some people even reached out to pick up the swords and Dharma artifacts.

Those who were qualified to come to the second floor were all people of status. They were not afraid that they would steal.

Of course, the real treasures were placed elsewhere.

Hearing the shopkeeper's words, Bai Suzhen turned to look at Han Muye.

"Owner Bai, why don't you go to the secret vault and take a look? Mentor Lin and I will walk around here."

Han Muye felt that it was better not to get too close to Bai Suzhen.

At this moment, many people were casting their gazes over.

The shopkeeper of the Yuntai Dao Sect had secretly glanced at him several times.

"Alright." Bai Suzhen nodded and said softly, "If Senior Brother Han likes any treasure, you can make a note of it. I'll help you get it."

Although the items placed here were also precious, they were not worth mentioning compared to the value of the pills refined by Han Muye.

On the way just now, Han Muye had already given the top-grade Cloud Qi Pills and a few top-grade Spirit Binding Pills to Bai Suzhen.

With these pills, Bai Suzhen could earn tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

Han Muye nodded and turned to walk towards the wooden platforms.

“Miss Bai, you have to give me a few top-grade pills today.”

“Miss Bai, the pill in your hand has made our shops fight for it...”

Behind him, the manager of the Cloud Platform Immortal Pavilion slowly walked away.

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

It seemed that this Owner Bai had not only earned spiritual rocks with top-grade pills, but also many connections.

But he didn't care about any of that.

Even if he sold it himself, it wouldn't be more profitable than handing it over to Bai Suzhen.

He would also be spending more effort and time, and delaying his cultivation as a result.

In front of Han Muye was a three-foot-long wooden staff.

Green spiritual patterns flashed on the wooden staff.

Several cultivators surrounded the wooden staff and commented in low voices.

Han Muye sensed that the spiritual light on the wooden staff wasn't very strong. Even if it was refined into a magic weapon, it would probably be of the lowest grade, probably comparable to a semi-spiritual weapon.

For Han Muye, he usually wouldn't study such a sword too much.

Looking around, most of the items on display were such treasures.

Although the treasures were relatively ordinary, the conversation between those cultivators was very interesting.

An old man in a black robe stroked his beard and said in a low voice, "This Pure Dao Wood is very old. If we use it to refine artifacts and use wood-element spells, it can definitely increase our combat strength by a lot."

"Indeed, as expected of a treasure in the secret vault of the Supreme Spirit Sword Sect. If this year's Pure Dao Wood was in my family, it would definitely be an inheritance."

"Shh, everyone, lower your voices. Don't let others hear you. It won't be easy to lower the price later."

The person who spoke clearly glanced at Han Muye and Lin Shen.

Seeing everyone looking at him warily, Han Muye smiled and turned to walk away.

'Don't be an eyesore.'

There were dozens of treasures placed on the second floor, and Han Muye had seen 30 to 50 in just a moment.

He felt a little emotional.

If he had not grown an appetite in the Sword Pavilion, he would have taken a fancy to a few treasures.

With two well-refined swords, it could barely be considered a semi-spiritual weapon.

There were also a few Dharma artifacts and a few talismans with good effects.

There were several high-quality pills. The eyes of the people around them were bright and eager.

Standing in front of a wooden platform, Han Muye was silent.

"Brother Han, this is the auction outside the sect." Lin Shen leaned forward and whispered.

"My Nine Mystical Sword Sect is a major sect in the Western Border. The swords that inner sect disciples accept are considered treasures here."

Han Muye had also felt Lin Shen's arrogance from Huang Six.

This was the arrogance of the disciples of the major sects. It was the sect behind them that gave them confidence.

“Young Master, have you taken a fancy to this Edgeless Sword?” A thin 50-year-old man walked over and asked when he saw Han Muye standing in front of the wooden platform for a long time.

On the wooden platform was a heavy sword that was less than three feet long.

“This sword was sent here by an itinerant cultivator for sale. After appraisal, it was found to be mixed with gold plated stones that can increase the weight of the sword.”

The old man looked at Han Muye and said with a smile, “Young Master, although this sword looks ordinary, it weighs 150 kilograms.”

300 pounds?

Han Muye didn’t expect the sword to be so heavy, and couldn’t help but reach out curiously.

“Young Master, be careful...” Before the old man could finish speaking, Han Muye grabbed the hilt of his sword and casually picked it up.

The old man’s eyes flashed, but his expression remained unchanged.

There was no spiritual energy fluctuation at all, which meant that Han Muye had picked up the sword purely with his physical strength.

For a 300-kilogram sword to be able to rest so easily with the hilt in hand, it required at least thousands of kilograms of strength.

This was a good body tempering technique.

The old man glanced at Lin Shen, who was behind Han Muye, and became even more certain of his judgment.

Lin Shen was muscular and carried a large sword on his back. It was obvious that his body tempering technique was not weak.

At this moment, images flashed in Han Muye’s mind.

Strangely, the sword in his mind was not the Edgeless Heavy Sword in front of him, but a clear sword.

The sword was in the hand of an old man in a green robe. He kept waving it, and the sword light was cold.

He comprehended the sword technique Broken Willow.

The Broken Willow Sword Technique was not very powerful. It was only at the level of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect's Two Mystical Sword Technique.

The itinerant cultivator named Xu Mingfeng had never stepped into the Earth Realm in his life.

In the end, his sword fell to the bottom of the lake while he was exploring the magma lake.

After an unknown period of time, the sword was fished out and polished into a broadsword.

The scene ended, and Han Muye's eyes lit up.

This sword was not mixed with the Gilded Stone when it was forged. Instead, it landed in a vein of Gilded Stone!

In the magma lake where Xu Mingfeng died, many scattered Kryptonite rolled down. They were obtained by the people of the Great Spirit Sword Sect and they accidentally found this sword.

The Gilded Stone was a rather high-grade spiritual material. One tael was worth dozens of spiritual rocks.

A mineral vein.

Windfall.

"This sword is not bad."

As Han Muye put the sword back on the wooden shelf, a voice came from behind him.

Chapter 116: I'll Sell This Sword For 100,000 Spiritual Rocks. Who Wants It?

Han Muye turned his head and saw a young man in a white robe with a green sword hanging from his waist. He had a faint smile on his face.

“So it’s Young Master Changsun Su of the Fenglin Sword Sect.”

The black-robed old man by the wooden platform smiled and cupped his hands at the young man who had spoken.

“Is Young Master Changsun also interested in this sword?”

Hearing the old man’s words, the white-robed young man, Zhangsun Su, glanced at Han Muye and chuckled. “Master Sun Tu, don’t provoke me. This sword is not a precious treasure.”

As he spoke, he looked at Han Muye and said, “Brother, this old man’s name is Shi Suntu. He’s a rogue cultivator who roams the world to attract customers.

He’s used to judging people.

Although this sword is a little made of tungsten, it’s not really expensive.”

Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands. “Thank you.”

Changsun Su smiled and nodded, then turned around and went elsewhere.

Han Muye turned around and saw Shi Suntu’s sullen face.

“Young Master, are you looking for a good sword?”

Shi Suntu looked at Han Muye and smiled. Then he pointed at a few wooden platforms not far away and said, “I’ll accompany Young Master to take a look.”

.....

Han Muye did not refuse and followed him to the wooden platform.

“This sword is called Hoshi. When he attacked, there was starlight flashing in the sword. It could be said that the sword moved the galaxy.”

Shi Suntu pushed the cultivators around the wooden platform to the side and said to Han Muye, "This sword is suitable for you, Young Master."

The surrounding cultivators turned to look at Han Muye and then at the sword.

There were many such businesses in any market.

Don't believe him, but don't offend him either. His words had disrupted his business.

There might be a considerable force behind these solicitors.

Han Muye stepped forward, reached for the hilt, and gently unsheathed his sword.

The sword light flashed, and there were indeed traces of starlight.

Seeing Han Muye draw his sword, joy flashed across Shi Suntu's face.

"Senior, how did you determine that this sword is suitable for me?"

Han Muye waved his sword and spoke softly.

Seeing Han Muye casually swing his sword, Master Sun Tu's eyes lit up. Then, he smiled and said, "Young Master, you're handsome. Isn't this sword shining with starlight?"

Han Muye's arm paused, and he extended his sword forward. "This sword is three feet and five inches long. It clearly doesn't match my arm length and height."

"This sword has been smelted with three to five taels of Star Brilliance Stone. It actually makes the sword extremely fragile and can't fight against experts at all."

Han Muye's words made the smile on Shi Suntu's face freeze.

The surrounding cultivators were also stunned.

A person who could say how many spiritual materials were mixed in the sword in his hand must have an extraordinary cultivation in refining weapons.

Han Muye sheathed his sword and turned to leave.

Shi Suntu hesitated for a moment before following.

“I thought this Nebula Sword was a good sword, but it turns out it’s only good for show.”

“Indeed. I heard that this sword is from the Cao Family. Is that all?”

“Don’t talk about the Cao family. It’s said that the Cao family’s sword inheritance will probably be broken if the Cao family’s master loses his arm.”

Behind him, the discussion continued.

Of course, Han Muye knew that this sword was refined by the Cao family.

However, the person who refined it was not the head of the Cao Family, but a junior disciple.

Because the Cao family’s legitimate grandson had gone missing, the Cao family had no choice but to nurture a few illegitimate children.

This Nebula Sword’s refinement method was ordinary.

However, three tael of Glorious Star Stones were worth 8,000 spiritual rocks.

After looking at a few more treasures on the wooden platform, Han Muye finally found a treasure that could be given to the Mu family’s ancestor.

It was a bamboo root.

It was only two feet long, and the spiritual energy on it was converged. It was golden with a hint of green.

Green Spirit Bamboo.

A spiritual medicine that could refine Heart Cleansing Pills.

The vitality in this bamboo root had yet to dissipate. In the hands of a great alchemy cultivator, it could nurture new buds.

If he could nurture a Green Spirit Bamboo shoot, the value of this bamboo root would increase tenfold.

How many spiritual rocks it was worth was secondary. The key was that this item was considered a good accessory for alchemy cultivators.

“Clang, clang, clang—”

A crisp bell rang and a side door opened. A few attendants in green robes came forward and invited everyone to the attic hall.

The auction was held there.

Han Muye and Lin Shen walked over, and Shi Suntu followed.

The hall was wide, and rows of seats were arranged neatly.

There were also array formations in the hall that made it difficult for divine sense to detect.

Many people who did not want to reveal their identities were already sitting in their seats with hoods over their heads.

When Han Muye and the others arrived at the lobby, Bai Suzhen was already waiting with Sheng Ke and Manager He.

“Senior Brother Han, is there anything you like?” Bai Suzhen seemed to have negotiated a good deal, and the smile on her face did not decrease.

Han Muye nodded.

The shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion had already walked onto the stage and sent the first item up.

Han Muye casually found a seat and sat down. Bai Suzhen chuckled and sat beside him.

Lin Shen wanted to sit beside Han Muye, but Master Suntu leaned over and occupied the seat.

Lin Shen glared at him and sat behind Han Muye.

Sheng Ke bowed slightly and stood behind Bai Suzhen.

Manager He chuckled and sat on the other side of Bai Suzhen.

He was an Earth Realm expert, so he was naturally qualified to sit beside Bai Suzhen.

On the stage, the shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion began to introduce the first item. The first item was a good Dharma artifact fan.

Many people were interested in this Dharma artifact. The starting price was 1,000 spiritual rocks, and the price was raised to 15,000 spiritual rocks. In the end, it was won by an old man sitting in the hall.

He heard that this old man was an elder of a sect.

The rogue cultivators sighed. Who could afford more than 15,000 spiritual rocks?

The next few treasures were raised in price and were sold at two to three thousand spiritual rocks.

Han Muye had no interest in any of this.

“The sword below is a masterpiece of the Cao family.”

On the stage, the shopkeeper shouted. He raised his palm and pulled out the sword in front of him.

“Clang—”

The sword light shone with starlight, creating a scene of confusion.

Below the stage, many people’s eyes lit up.

Shi Suntū, who was sitting beside Han Muye, curled his lips.

“This sword is called Nebula. When it strikes, starlight will flash.” The shopkeeper shook off the sword shadows a few times before returning the sword to its sheath.

“The starting price is 1,000 spiritual rocks.”

The people below looked at each other. After a while, someone spoke and began to increase the price.

It was just that the bids were more cautious. In the end, the price did not go above 3,000 spiritual rocks.

“The Cao family’s sword shouldn’t be worth this much,” Manager He said softly.

Back then, when Han Muye helped Lu Qingping choose a sword, he had sold it for tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

“When a sword cultivator chooses a sword, his first choice is that it’s handy and practical.

This sword is luxurious and dazzling, but it’s not practical.”

Not far away, an old man in a gray robe spoke in a low voice.

Beside him, the young man in a brocade robe was about to make a bid, but he finally lowered his head.

“Your comments just now have already spread. This sword can’t be sold for a high price.” Shi Suntu, who was beside Han Muye, shook his head and said in a low voice.

“Oh? How did Senior Brother Han evaluate this sword?” Bai Suzhen asked curiously.

Shi Suntu chuckled and repeated Han Muye’s comments.

Bai Suzhen nodded. Shopkeeper He, who was at the side, smiled and said, “Young Master Han’s judgment has always been amazing.”

Sheng Ke, who was standing behind Bai Suzhen, also looked at Han Muye.

As expected, there were also people whispering about Han Muye’s evaluation of this sword.

On the stage, the expression of the shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion changed slightly. Then he smiled and said, “This sword is a good work of the Cao family’s rising star. Perhaps there are some flaws, but if you treasure it for a period of time, its value might multiply.”

As soon as he finished speaking, someone below the stage said, “Cao Anchun, the head of the Cao family, has lost his arm, and the grandson of the

Cao family has gone missing. From the looks of it, the Cao family is probably going to decline.”

These words made the expression of the shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion freeze.

“Who said that our Cao family is going to decline?”

The second-floor window on the side of the lobby was pushed open. Cao’e, who had a cold expression, looked down.

“It’s Miss Cao. She’s here too.”

“It’s said that this Miss Sun is the top of the Cao Family’s younger generation.”

The chatter below rose again.

“Hehe, even if Miss Cao is here, if this sword can’t be refined, how can it be fake?”

“This sword is mixed with Star Brilliance Stone, making the sword look bright on the surface but it’s actually fragile. Miss Cao, do you admit it?”

Below, a loud voice could be heard.

Cao’e said nothing.

Beside her, the faces of the Cao Family youths turned red, but they could not speak.

This sword was indeed extremely fragile.

However, this vulnerability also depended on what kind of sword it was compared to. Compared to ordinary mortal weapons, this sword was still very advantageous.

However, Cao’e could not explain herself.

“Hehe, the Cao family, as expected—”

Before the voice below could finish speaking, someone suddenly said, “Someone offered 5,000 spiritual rocks for this sword.”

5,000.

This price was almost double the previous price.

Everyone froze and turned to look at the bidding spot.

“It’s the person brought by the eldest daughter of the Bai family.”

“Which eldest daughter of the Bai family?”

“That little God of Fortune. It’s said that she has a supreme-grade pill that’s hard to find in half of the Western Frontier.”

Discussions erupted again.

Cao’e looked over and was stunned when she saw Han Muye bidding.

“Senior Brother Han...”

Bai Suzhen turned to look at Han Muye.

“Why? Does Senior Brother Han want to save some face for the Cao Family?”

Han Muye shook his head and said, “That’s not the case. This sword is worth this price.”

Hearing him speak, many people nearby shook their heads.

As expected, rich people did not have good judgment.

“Didn’t you say before that this sword was very bad?”

Shi Suntu looked at Han Muye curiously.

At this moment, the shopkeeper on the stage asked a few more questions, but no one else bid for it. The sword had been decided, and Han Muye took it for 5,000 spiritual rocks.

“This sword wasn’t refined very well.” Han Muye stood up and walked towards the stage.

“But it was made of 150 grams of Star Brilliance Stone. It’s worth nearly 10,000 spiritual rocks.”

Han Muye's voice was not soft, and everyone around heard him.

Star Brilliance Stone.

Right!

Many people looked dejected.

Three taels of Star Brilliance Stone were worth nearly 10,000 spiritual rocks.

If he bought this sword with 5,000 spiritual rocks, he could still make a profit of 5,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye walked onto the stage, counted out a stack of middle-grade spiritual rocks, and handed them to a servant. Then he went to the shopkeeper and took the sword.

"Looks like this brother knows how to refine weapons."

Someone below the stage smiled and spoke.

"The Cao Family's sword refinement is still not good. It's just that they have enough materials."

"The Cao family's refining skills are nothing much."

Hearing these people's words, Han Muye held the sword that he was about to put away.

"The Cao family's refining skills are not good?"

He spoke calmly as he swept his gaze around the stage and then looked at Cao'e, who was looking pale on the second floor not far away.

"I'll sell this sword for 100,000 spiritual rocks. Who wants it?"

As soon as Han Muye said this, the entire lobby fell silent.

Everyone looked at him as if he were an idiot.

Chapter 117: A Sky Full of Stars and Ancient Swords

A sword that cost 5,000 spiritual rocks to be resold for 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Only a fool would do such a thing.

“Interesting.” Changsun Su, an elite disciple of the Fenglin Sword Sect who was sitting in the front row, looked at Han Muye and whispered softly.

The people beside him had strange expressions.

A trace of excitement flashed across the pale Cao’e’s eyes, but she still shook her head.

“Second Miss, the sword I refined can’t be worth this price...” Behind Cao’e, a thin youth clenched his fists and whispered.

“I, I think of the Star Brilliance Stone as a Bright Moon Stone. This sword, I...”

The young man looked down, his face full of self-reproach.

After selling this sword for 5,000 spiritual rocks, the Cao Family made a loss of 5,000 spiritual rocks.

Cao’e turned around and said softly, “Cao Teng, Senior Brother Han is a genius. Perhaps he can really tell that the sword you refined is extraordinary.”

Among the younger generation of the Cao family, Cao Teng was the most intelligent and determined.

Even if this sword suffered a loss, it could not dispel his ambition.

“Yes, my sword has been tempered for a long time.” Cao Teng’s tone did not carry much confidence.

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He looked at the platform, his eyes still filled with anticipation.

Perhaps there could be a miracle?

“100,000 spiritual rocks. This guy really dares to shout.” Shi Suntu, who was sitting in the distance, shook his head and muttered.

“100,000 spiritual rocks isn’t much. If Senior Brother Han really wants to make a move, just take it,” Bai Suzhen said calmly.

Manager He nodded and said, "Sure."

Shi Suntu looked up at the two of them and opened his mouth without saying anything.

Suddenly, Lin Shen, who was sitting at the back, said, "Since Brother Han said that it's worth 100,000 spiritual rocks, this sword must be worth 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Brother Han has never misjudged a sword."

Bai Suzhen, Shi Suntu, and the others turned around and saw that Lin Shen's eyes were shining and he did not have the slightest hesitation.

Sheng Ke, who was standing at the side, frowned and looked up at Han Muye on the stage.

Han Muye, who was holding a long sword, had been standing there for a while.

"Who are you selling 100,000 spiritual rocks to?" Finally, someone sneered.

"Even if the Star Brilliance Stone is worth tens of thousands of spiritual rocks, it's impossible to sell the sword for 100,000.

You've really gone crazy thinking about spiritual rocks."

There were not many fools in the cultivation world, but there were many lunatics.

There were many people who were crazy about cultivation, crazy about earning money, or crazy about love.

"Kid, I want this sword for 100,000 spiritual rocks."

At that moment, an old voice came from one of the attics.

The noisy lobby fell silent again.

Did someone really bid 100,000 spiritual rocks?

Is that also a, a lunatic?

Below, Shi Suntu frowned and whispered, "Tao Ran? Madman Huo? Why is this guy here?"

"No, this kid is from the Nine Mystical Sword Sect. Is Tao Ran here to save the day?"

"Is he really protective, or does he value this kid's ability?"

His voice was low, and Bai Suzhen, who was sitting beside him, did not hear him at all.

She looked up at the attic and shook her head. "It's not without reason that this patriarch doesn't have any connections.

Saving the situation at this time is more like undermining the situation."

As expected, after Patriarch Tao Ran made his bid, there was silence below the stage for a while. Then no one spoke anymore.

Obviously, no one wanted to get involved.

On the stage, Han Muye, who was holding a sword, sighed inwardly.

The patriarch is a kind person.

That's right, his judgment is really bad.

A moment later, Patriarch Tao Ran walked up to the stage and grinned at Han Muye.

At this moment, he was wearing a black robe and a hood that covered most of his face.

Not many people in the auction house could recognize him.

"Kid, give me the sword." Patriarch Tao Ran extended his hand.

Since he said that he would accept the sword for 100,000 spiritual rocks, he naturally would not go back on his word.

Han Muye nodded and raised his sword, but didn't let go.

"Senior, can you tell why I want 100,000 spiritual rocks for this sword?"

Patriarch Tao Ran's expression froze.

I'm here to help you out. I'm just here to save the situation. Why are you so excited?

Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head.

Han Muye held the sword and said softly, "This sword uses Qingfeng Golden Steel as the base. Not only was it fused with 300 grams of Star Brilliance Stone, but it was also fused with 300 grams of Star Source Iron."

"Star Source Iron? That seems to be a spiritual material for refining hidden weapons. What's the use of fusing it into the sword?" Patriarch Tao Ran frowned.

The Star Source Iron was not considered valuable. It was only added when refining hidden weapons. It could eliminate the light and make hidden weapons more concealed.

There were too many protective spells in the cultivation world. Hidden weapons were rarely used.

"In the Dao of Weapon Refinement, there's a method to smash it a hundred thousand times to fuse the Star Source Iron and the Star Brilliance Stone.

A hidden weapon refined using this method can fill the sky with stars.

Moreover, the Star Brilliance Stone will shine, and the Star Source Iron will sink. The two will fuse together and repel each other. They will become a sword and scatter into stars.

With the guidance of the sword qi, its starlight will shine within a hundred feet. It will be difficult for anyone to escape."

Han Muye handed the long sword to Patriarch Tao Ran and said indifferently, "Senior, do you think this long sword that can transform into 3,000 stars is worth 100,000 spiritual rocks?"

3,000 stars, a radius of 100 feet. It will be difficult to escape.

Is there really such a method in the world?

Patriarch Tao Ran looked confused.

Below the stage, everyone had the same expression.

“Stars in the sky? It’s the Moon Shadow Sword Sect’s Myriad Transformations Flying Spirit Sword Technique, right? This kid really knows how to talk nonsense...”

Shi Suntu’s eyes lit up as he whispered.

“There’s really such a sword? Can it reach the battlefield realm? That’s really worth 100,000 spiritual rocks.” Bai Suzhen nodded and said softly.

100,000 spiritual rocks could only buy a good semi-spiritual artifact.

If this sword could reach the battlefield realm, it was naturally worth 100,000 spiritual rocks.

In the attic, the young man beside Cao’e was confused.

He was not the only one. Everyone in the Cao Family was stunned.

Do our Cao Family have such an inheritance?

Patriarch Tao Ran reached out and grabbed the sword Han Muye handed him.

He probed with his divine sense and frowned. “Kid, the 3,000 stars you mentioned—”

Before he could finish, Han Muye chuckled and said, “With Senior’s ability, isn’t it up to you to decide whether it’s 3,000 or 10,000 stars?”

Tao Ran shuddered.

“However, if this sword has 10,000 stars floating in the air, it won’t be sold for 100,000 spiritual rocks.

At least double it.”

Han Muye’s voice could be heard again

“Crush this sword and turn it into 10,000 star fragments? This is a delicate job.” Patriarch Tao Ran laughed, held the sword, and turned to walk down the stage.

Han Muye followed him down. After taking a few steps, he suddenly turned around and looked at the owner of the Yuntao Immortal Pavilion.

“What I just said is true, right?”

The shopkeeper of the Yuntao Immortal Pavilion nodded and said, “Such a sword-shattering technique exists in the legacy sword technique of the Moon Shadow Sword Sect.

Most of the Western Frontier Star Brilliance Stones were taken by them.”

The cultivation level of the shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion was not high. But as the person in charge of the Yuntai Dao Sect here and the host of this auction, he would definitely not lie.

Even when Han Muye returned to his seat, the auction had yet to resume.

Some people whispered, some were confused, and more people turned to look at Han Muye.

“No wonder this person is traveling with Miss Bai. Isn’t turning rotten wood into a magical method like turning stone into gold?”

A sword that cost 5,000 spiritual rocks was sold for 100,000 spiritual rocks.

How many times was the difference?

Moreover, from what he said just now, there was still room for improvement?

“Senior Brother Han, can this sword really transform into stars that fill the sky?” Bai Suzhen asked curiously after Han Muye sat down.

“Sure, it just needs a powerhouse who has cultivated sword intent to slowly polish it,” Han Muye said calmly.

An expert who had cultivated sword intent would slowly polish it.

Bai Suzhen covered her mouth to prevent herself from laughing out loud.

A powerhouse who had cultivated sword intent would probably spend more than 100,000 spiritual rocks to polish it.

With Han Muye's interruption and the auction, the atmosphere in the venue was a little strange.

Even if the quality of the swords sold by the Cao Family was really bad, they were still sold for a good price.

This made the young men of the Cao Family beam.

Cao'e sat there with a strange expression.

"Today, I was fortunate enough to obtain two top-grade pills from Miss Bai."

"Cloud Qi Pill, top-grade. The starting price is 8,000 spiritual rocks."

"Spirit Fusion Pill, top-grade. The starting price is 15,000 spiritual rocks."

As soon as the shopkeeper finished speaking, countless bids could be heard.

Han Muye felt a solemn gaze staring at him from above.

Beside him, Bai Suzhen bowed and said, "Senior Brother Han, I really have no choice. Shopkeeper Lu's price is quite high..."

80%, 80% of the profits will go to you, Senior Brother. How about that?"

These two pills finally sold for 50,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye calculated that he would earn nearly 40,000 spiritual rocks with two pills.

It was okay.

However, he felt a little uncomfortable being stared at by Patriarch Tao Ran.

"Do you know how to refine pills?" Beside him, Shi Suntu looked at Han Muye, then looked up at the attic.

Instantly, Han Muye felt the gaze on him disappear.

"As a low-level sword cultivator, how can I not know how to refine pills?"

"I heard that when Ancestor Tao Ran of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect first entered the sect, he used alchemy to supplement his Sword Dao."

Han Muye spoke softly.

Unfortunately, there was no response from above.

His flattery had hit the nail on the head.

“The Dao of Alchemy and the Sword?

Tao Ran, Patriarch?”

Shi Suntu nodded.

Ahead, on the stage, another treasure was delivered.

“Green Spirit Bamboo Root. This thing can be the main ingredient for many medicinal pills.

I believe this item doesn’t need much introduction. The starting price is 3,000 spiritual rocks.”

The shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion placed the bamboo root on the wooden platform and took a step back.

This treasure was not like a sword or medicinal pill. Its value was almost fixed.

In just a moment, the price of this bamboo root reached 5,000 spiritual rocks.

At this moment, no one else bid.

“How about giving this bamboo root to the Mu family’s patriarch?” Han Muye, who had not bid yet, suddenly asked.

Hearing his words, Bai Suzhen nodded and raised her hand. “I want this.”

He would take it.

No bid was made.

The cultivator who had offered 5,000 spiritual rocks turned around. His expression changed and he was about to speak when he was stopped by the person beside him.

“Brother, forget it. Do you know what Miss Bai’s famous saying is?”

“I don’t know about anything outside the Western Border. There’s nothing I can’t buy.”

That person opened his mouth and finally sat down gloomily.

Bai Suzhen waved her hand. Sheng Ke, who was behind her, walked onto the stage and brought over the green spirit bamboo root.

It was as simple as that.

Han Muye naturally accepted the bamboo root.

This was what Bai Suzhen said she would help him get.

“Senior Brother Han, there are a few good swords in the auction today. Can you help me take a look later?”

As the carriage started, Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye nodded.

Choosing a sword was his forte.

“The next item is an ancient sword.

From an ancient cultivator’s cave abode.”

Mo Yuan’s words made Han Muye’s eyes light up.

He liked such things. It didn’t matter if they were expensive or not. He just wanted them to be ancient.

Chapter 118: The 10,000-Year-Old Remnant Soul in the Ancient Sword

?

This ancient sword could be considered one of the finale items of this auction.

The sword was no more than three feet long. It was also mottled with rust, but one could feel the extraordinariness of the sword through the flowing light on the blade.

“Everyone should know that in ancient times, our Western Border was also famous in the cultivation world for a period of time. Grand cultivators appeared frequently.

It’s just that there were endless chaotic battles later on, and the consumption of spiritual energy was too dramatic. That’s why our Western Border fell from being a holy land of cultivation.”

The shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion looked around and pointed at the ancient sword in front of him. “This sword was discovered in a cultivator’s cave abode. After tens of thousands of years, this sword is still shining with spiritual light.”

His words made many cultivators below tremble in excitement.

A sword that had not rotted for tens of thousands of years was a treasure!

However, the older ones shook their heads gently.

“It’s not true that the older the sword, the better it is, especially this kind of sword that has been stored for too long and hasn’t been nurtured properly. The spiritual materials inside have already lost their power,” Manager He, who was sitting beside Bai Suzhen, said in a low voice.

Bai Suzhen nodded.

She had come into contact with such an ancient sword before. She could only look at it.

“This thing is actually not bad as a collection item,” Shi Suntu, who was beside Han Muye, said softly.

Collection.

Only someone who was not short of money could collect such a sword that cost 10,000 spiritual rocks.

When the price of the sword reached 10,000 spiritual rocks, most of the people below lost the intention to compete.

Reading on Myb o xno vel. com ,Please!

This was not something ordinary itinerant cultivators could afford to do. And for some family cultivators, they could not spend spiritual rocks on useless swords.

A few people made a symbolic bid, and the final price stopped at 13,000 spiritual rocks.

In the attic, Cao'e looked at the ancient sword and said in a low voice, "The refining techniques that were passed down in the ancient times are not inferior to the current ones. This sword can survive for thousands of years. There must be something magical about it."

She was the one who paid the 13,000 spiritual rocks.

Seeing that no one else was bidding, she heaved a sigh of relief.

The Cao Family was in a difficult situation now. Not a single spiritual rock could be wasted.

At this moment, a voice suddenly came from below. "14,000 spiritual rocks."

Stunned, Cao'e looked down at the bidding spot.

"Senior Brother Han..."

At this moment, someone was still bidding. The venue fell silent before looking back.

It's him!

Many people's eyes flickered.

Could there be something special about this sword?

This is a powerful person who could sell a 5,000 spirit stone sword for 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Could there be a big secret about the sword that this person likes?

"Fellow Daoist, what's so special about this sword?" A middle-aged man in his forties sitting in front of Han Muye turned his head and looked at him.

"I'm Zuo Santao from the River Spirit Sect. Please enlighten me."

When Zuo Santao spoke, many people looked over.

Logically speaking, he shouldn't have asked such a question at the auction venue.

However, at this moment, many people were really curious and looked at Han Muye.

"Special features?"

"Maybe there are."

Han Muye stood up and walked towards the high platform. "Isn't such a sword that has been settled over time very charming?"

Settled over time.

Charm.

Many people in the venue had strange looks in their eyes.

"Hmph, he's just a rich second-generation heir with some money." Someone muttered with envy in his eyes.

It was good to have money.

"This kid is young, but he has good taste." An older person chuckled and nodded when he heard Han Muye's words.

It was good to have money.

Han Muye walked up to the wooden platform and looked down at the sword.

When he got closer, he could see that the sword was covered in countless cracks.

No wonder the shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion did not set the starting price high. This sword indeed looked like it could only be used as a collector's item.

Han Muye reached for the hilt of his sword.

"I'm willing to pay 16,000 spiritual rocks." Below the stage, someone suddenly spoke.

Han Muye paused and turned to look at the audience.

The Fengyun Sword Sect, Zhangsun Su.

"Brother, I like this sword too. How about giving it to me?"

Zhangsun Su cupped his hands at Han Muye and chuckled.

The Fengyun Sword Sect was not a small sect.

16,000 spiritual rocks was not a small number.

Zhangsun Su looked at Han Muye with a smile.

"I won't let you have it."

Han Muye's words stunned Zhangsun Su.

On the stage, Han Muye's palm was already gripping the hilt of his sword.

A trace of sword qi was injected into the sword, and then gray images flashed in Han Muye's mind.

Unfortunately, this sword was too ancient. There were no images at all.

Just as Han Muye was about to raise the sword, there was a cracking sound, and the sword shattered into countless pieces.

It shattered.

Below the stage, Zhangsun Su, who was originally a little angry, was stunned for a moment before laughing out loud.

"Thank you for saving me this sum of spiritual rocks."

Hearing his words, many people below the stage also smiled.

Ancient artifacts were like that. If one touched it, it might get smashed.

Han Muye shook his head and held the remaining half of the sword hilt in his hand. Then he said to the servant standing at the side, "What are you waiting for? Wrap it up for me. Don't miss a single piece."

With that, he placed a pile of spiritual rocks on the stage and walked down with a straight face.

On the field, many people lowered their heads and chuckled.

Anyone who spent 15,000 to 16,000 spiritual rocks would be unhappy.

At this moment, no one realized that Han Muye's grip on the sword hilt had not relaxed at all, and there was even a faint sword qi pouring into it.

After returning to his seat, Han Muye sat quietly.

"Senior Brother Han, there's no need for that. It's just 10,000 spiritual rocks," Bai Suzhen said with a smile.

"Just treat it as if you've wasted a furnace of pills."

It was rare to see Han Muye fail, so Bai Suzhen found it quite fun.

As for the lost spiritual rocks, as she said, there were only 10,000.

Han Muye shook his head and said lightly, "I don't have any pills that are ruined."

Without waiting for Bai Suzhen to reply, he slowly closed his eyes.

To outsiders, he was angry because the sword was broken.

However, no one knew that his mind was already immersed in his divine treasures.

"Thank you, young friend."

In Han Muye's divine treasure, a white-haired old man in a white robe bowed slightly.

"Senior, are you really someone from more than 10,000 years ago?"

Han Muye's voice sounded in the Divine Treasure.

In the Divine Treasure, the white-bearded old man looked at the faint soul sword qi around him and shrank his head slightly. "That's right. I'm Dayan. According to you, it has indeed been 10,000 years."

"Then is what Senior said about the Dao Repository treasure and the Sword Pill treasure true?"

Han Muye's soul voice sounded again.

"Hehe, of course." Daoist Dayan chuckled and looked up. "As long as you bring me to the place where I died back then and give my remnant soul a chance to reincarnate, all the treasures will be handed to you."

"Alright." The voice in Han Muye's Divine Treasure shook, and then the remnant soul of Daoist Dayan dissipated.

"He agreed to give me the treasures from 10,000 years ago so readily. This senior is not an honest person..." In the Divine Treasure, Han Muye's voice carried a hint of emotion.

...

The auction continued, and most of the treasures were snatched up.

Bai Suzhen also bid for a few good treasures. One of them was a magic artifact from the Tai Spirit Sword Sect that already had an artifact spirit.

She spent more than 200,000 spiritual rocks to obtain this Dharma artifact.

This made many young cultivators' eyes light up.

Every family lacked a female cultivator like her who knew how to spend money, right?

"Senior Brother Han, I'm not sure about this sword. Please help me take a look." Bai Suzhen turned to look at Han Muye and whispered.

At this moment, a treasured sword of the Great Spirit Sword Sect was being auctioned on the stage. It was a peak semi-spiritual artifact. The price had already been raised to 250,000 spiritual rocks.

"What's so interesting about this sword?"

Shi Suntu, who was sitting at the side, curled his lips and said, "The sword that came out of this secret vault has long been seen through."

He was right.

If she wanted to pick up scraps, she would have to take a shortcut.

Treasures in the secret vault of such a large sect were very pricey.

On the stage, several cultivators had already gone up to investigate the sword.

When the bid reached more than 200,000 spiritual rocks, everyone was cautious. Just the description of the sword by the shopkeeper of the Cloud Platform Immortal Pavilion was not comparable to his personal investigation.

Everyone on the stage surrounded Cao'e.

The sword was in her hand.

After all, she was an elite heir of a refining family.

"This sword's forging technique uses ice and fire consolidation techniques, and Mu Yang Gold is added to make the sword's attributes gentle.

There's a spirit in the sword. If it's nurtured more, the sword qi will nourish the sword. It's indeed a good sword."

A look of emotion flashed across Cao'e's face before she looked down.

"Senior Brother Han, if I have some experience in refining weapons, I would be embarrassing myself in front of you."

Cao'e smiled sincerely.

This person's surname is Han.

Good with swords.

The people present immediately understood she was referring to Han Muye.

No wonder the eldest daughter of the Bai family would travel with this person. It's probably to use this person's sword comprehension skills, right?

However, this person made a mistake about the ancient sword just now.

But then again, no one could be sure about ancient swords.

“Senior Brother Han, can you go take a look?” Bai Suzhen stood up and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and got up to go on stage with her.

Shi Suntu, who was sitting at the side, whispered, “The Nine Mystical Sword Sect will evaluate swords? Could it be that they’re from the Sword Pavilion?”

“Surely not. Isn’t Gao Changgong in charge of the Sword Pavilion?”

“Interesting. Let’s see what this kid can do with a sword.”

As he spoke, he looked up imperceptibly at the hanging window attic.

In the attic, Patriarch Tao Ran frowned.

“Old Monster Tu? Why is this guy here?”

Does this guy also like Kid Han’s talent?”

Beside him, a middle-aged cultivator in a green robe bowed slightly.

“Patriarch, do you want to take this sword?”

If my Nine Mystic Heaven Pavilion takes action, no one will fight for this sword.”

Hearing the green-robed middle-aged cultivator speak, Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head. “What’s there to compete for such a sword?”

It’s that Sky Full of Stars. When I finish polishing it, you can sell it.”

“Patriarch, don’t worry. We will definitely treat such a treasure as the treasure of the shop.” The green-robed middle-aged man bowed in delight.

The value of the stars that the Patriarch personally polished would definitely double.

“Brat, you have quite a lot of tricks,” Patriarch Tao Ran muttered as his gaze landed on the stage.

Han Muye had already reached out to take the sword from Cao'e.

With his hand on the hilt, his eyes slowly closed.

A faint sword aura flowed and rose from the sword.

Han Muye would not let go of such an opportunity to absorb the sword energy openly.

Moreover, there was half a sword intent in this sword!

“The sword is three feet long and weighs eight catties and five taels. It is made from Qing Yuan Iron that is forged using the Martial Arts and Mountains Forging Technique.

This technique has always been known for its steadiness and gentleness. To put it bluntly, it's the condensation of water and fire that Miss Cao mentioned.

Mu Yang Gold is used on the blade of the sword to lock the sword qi on the sword. It won't hurt the person holding the sword.”

Han Muye's voice was slow and unhurried.

Everyone around him nodded.

Although what he said was similar to Miss Cao, he had his own opinion.

The scenes in Han Muye's mind kept changing, and the sword qi and sword intent converged.

“However, have you ever thought about who has a sword that needs to seal the sword qi to prevent it from injuring himself?

Do you really dare to buy this sword?”

Chapter 119: Senior Brother Han's Sword Critique Skills Are Truly Amazing

He took great pains to lock the sword qi in the sword to avoid hurting anyone.

The person carrying this sword definitely could not withstand the sword qi.

Such a person was either an ordinary person or a child.

Judging from the length of this sword, it was not used by a child.

So it was for an ordinary person.

A sword worth hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks sealed the sword qi on it for an ordinary person to use.

An ordinary person probably wouldn't do such a luxurious thing, right?

In Han Muye's mind, a young man in green was holding a long sword and waving it around.

However, this young man did not have any cultivation. Although his sword move was brilliant, it did not have any strength.

Comprehending the Bright Mountain Sword Sect's sword technique, Mountain Leaning.

He had comprehended the Bright Mountain Sword Sect's sword technique deeply.

...

Several sword techniques were magnificent.

"Father, this sword is a good sword. Unfortunately, I can't cultivate it. Why do I need this sword..." On the screen, the young man's expression was gloomy as he spoke in a low voice.

"It's fine. I'll find an expert blacksmith to seal the sword qi in this sword and slowly nurture it. Perhaps I'll have a chance to nurture sword qi for you."

Reading on Myb o xno vel. com ,Please!

A deep voice sounded, and then he sighed softly. "It's a pity that your grandfather is unwilling to go to the Nine Mystical Sword Sect to ask for a Sword Pavilion Sword Qi cultivation technique for you. Otherwise..."

The scene changed again. A middle-aged man in a green robe was surrounded by several Earth Realm experts and tried his best to escape. In the end, he still died.

It's not the Mysterious Yang Sword.

*This person is the son of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect's Yang Dingshan.
This matter is a buried secret.*

...

The images finally dissipated.

Han Muye knew that the Bright Mountain Sword Sect was one of the top sword sects in the Western Frontier.

Although it was not ranked among the nine major sects, it was only a step away.

The Sect Master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, Yang Dingshan, was half a step into the Heaven Realm. His swordsmanship was superb and he was a famous swordsman in the Western Frontier.

On and off the stage, many people were guessing the origin of this sword.

It was impossible to guess what information Han Muye had revealed.

The shopkeeper of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion who was hosting the auction also frowned and turned to look at an old man standing at the side.

This old man specialized in appraising all kinds of sword treasures in the shop. His judgment had always been accurate.

Only this time, something seemed to have gone wrong.

Seeing the shopkeeper looking at him, the old man blushed and said, "What you said makes sense, Fellow Daoist. However, this sword is only a little special in its forging. Who can say that there's anything behind it?"

Indeed, without an owner, who could be adamant about its worth?

This sword was obtained from the secret vault of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect. If he wanted to find trouble, he had to find the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

The sword was a good thing. If he could get it for 300,000 spiritual rocks, it would not be a loss.

Many people's eyes lit up. They were tempted.

"Patriarch, take this sword for 300,000 spiritual rocks and give it to Sect Master Yang Dingshan of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect."

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

As soon as these words were spoken, there was silence.

Bright Mountain Sword Sect, Yang Dingshan.

Not only was the Ming Shan Sword Sect a major sword sect in the Western Border, but Yang Dingshan was also a famous sword expert in the Western Frontier.

"Is this sword from the Bright Mountain Sword Sect?"

"I remember now!"

Someone below exclaimed.

"The direct descendant of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect's Sect Master died in an accident, leaving only his grandson. It seems that he can't cultivate."

"That's true. The Bright Mountain Sword Sect caused quite a stir because of the death of the young sect master."

On the stage, Cao'e's eyes lit up as she looked at Han Muye. "My grandfather once said that this young master of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect died on the way back to the sect when he was looking for a weapon refiner for his legitimate son."

He had died unexpectedly, but the sword was in the secret vault of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!

This matter was definitely related to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!

Now that the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had already merged with the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, this matter naturally had to be spread over the Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

In the attic, Patriarch Tao Ran laughed.

The middle-aged cultivator beside him stood up and said, "Alright, my Nine Mystic Heaven Pavilion will accept this sword."

Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

When they heard the person upstairs introduce himself, many people shook their heads regretfully.

Within a radius of tens of thousands of miles, no one dared to offend the Nine Mystical Sword Sect.

Moreover, if the Nine Mystical Sword Sect gave this sword to Yang Dingshan, it would affect the situation of the two sects.

At this moment, no one dared to compete with the Nine Mystical Sword Sect.

If he wanted to compete, he could do so before Han Muye pointed out the origins of this sword.

Bai Suzhen glanced at Han Muye, chuckled, shook her head, and walked off the stage.

This sword was also useful to the Shangyang Demonic Sect, but it was definitely not as useful as the Nine Mystical Sword Sect.

The Nine Mystical Sword Sect, which was currently in a chaotic battle with the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, urgently needed an ally like the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

In the hands of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect, the value of this sword was not something that spiritual rocks could measure.

Bai Suzhen understood this logic, and so did the others.

The most depressed person was the shopkeeper of the Cloud Platform Immortal Pavilion.

Originally, this favor should have been in the hands of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion.

In the end, 300,000 spiritual rocks were sold to the Nine Mystical Sword Sect.

“Senior Brother Han’s sword skills are really amazing.” Cao’e smiled and nodded at Han Muye before turning to leave.

When Han Muye got off the stage, the people around him looked at him strangely.

Such sword quality was really unprecedented.

However, when Han Muye called Patriarch Tao Ran just now, his identity was also exposed.

A disciple of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect.

Within a radius of tens of thousands of miles, no one dared to offend the disciples of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect.

After the people from the Nine Mystic Heaven Pavilion bought the sword, a servant brought a high-grade spiritual rock to Han Muye.

“Young Master, this is your reward for critiquing the sword.”

There was a reward for a sword?

What a pleasant surprise.

“Actually, if you really want to deduce it properly, it’s not difficult to see the clues.” Shi Suntu, who was sitting at the side, sounded a little bitter.

Han Muye laughed and kept the spiritual rock. Then he threw a medium-grade spirit stone to Lin Shen.

“Instructor Lin, as usual, anyone who sees it will have a share.”

‘Anyone who sees it gets a share?’

Shi Suntu turned to look at Bai Suzhen and Shengke.

Why didn’t they get a share?

Han Muye basically did not participate in the items that were auctioned later.

Only when a pill called the Three Suns Divine Pill appeared did Bai Suzhen take it.

The starting price was 12,000 spiritual rocks. Bai Suzhen directly increased the price to 50,000 spiritual rocks, causing no one to fight for it anymore.

When Bai Suzhen handed the pill to Han Muye, Han Muye smiled and said, "Owner Bai, you can deduct it from the payment."

When the Edgeless Heavy Sword appeared, because of Han Muye's bid, the starting price of the sword was raised to 30,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye gave up when the price of the sword reached fifteen thousand.

This sword was just an ordinary sword. It was worth the Gilded Stones wrapped around it.

But if he backed out, the bidders would not stop.

Even Bai Suzhen had spent 30,000 spiritual rocks.

In the end, the Edgeless Heavy Sword was snatched away by Patriarch Tao Ran for 40,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye was not interested in the last few treasures, be it spirit herbs or Dharma artifacts.

After the auction ended, the side doors around the venue opened. In a moment, the guests dispersed.

The auction house arranged this to not give those who had ill intentions a chance.

When Han Muye reached the door, he turned around and saw Shi Suntu taking the two middle-grade spiritual rocks from the auction house attendant.

This business was really profitable. Just by accompanying him the entire time, he could earn 200 spiritual rocks.

Shi Suntu received the spiritual rocks and turned to look at Han Muye with a grin.

Han Muye shook his head and threw two middle-grade spiritual rocks over.

"Those who see will have a share."

Shi Suntu took the spiritual rocks and laughed. "Not bad, not bad. Young Master Han, let's drink together next time."

Han Muye turned around and walked out of the Yuntai Immortal Pavilion.

Along the way, many cultivators smiled and cupped their hands at Han Muye.

It was not that Han Muye's cultivation level was high, but his sword critique skills were impressive.

"Brother Han, if there's a chance in the future, please come to my Soaring Cloud Sword Sect as a guest." Changsun Su, who was dressed in a white robe, stood in front with a smile.

"Miss Bai, welcome to the Fengyun Sword Sect." Changsun Su raised his hand and bowed to Bai Suzhen.

One should not hit a smiling person. Previously, at the auction, although Changsun Su had mocked Han Muye for having misjudged the ancient sword, he was civil enough to greet him in the street.

Han Muye smiled and returned the greeting. After exchanging a few pleasantries, Changsun Su left.

Along the way, more people came forward to greet him.

An inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystical Sword Sect with the surname Han had amazing sword critique skills.

Han Muye's reputation quietly spread with the auction.

After walking out of Luo Yuan City, Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief.

"Senior Brother Han, do you still feel at ease in the Sword Pavilion?" Bai Suzhen chuckled.

Han Muye nodded.

Indeed, this was not as comfortable as watching the swords in the Sword Pavilion.

"Sigh, I'm also envious of Senior Brother Han..." Bai Suzhen sighed softly.

That isn't easy to follow.

Han Muye cautiously shut up.

When they left the city and reached the forest, Sheng Ke bowed and sent them off.

“Kid, go back to the sect first. I’ll go to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.”

In the distance, Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice could be heard.

Then a heavy sword was thrown over.

“Take this sword back and study it carefully.”

This Patriarch really knew how to make people do things.

Han Muye took the heavy sword and boarded the flying ship with Bai Suzhen. Shopkeeper He drove the flying boat towards the Nine Mystical Mountain.

“Senior Brother Han, you’ve made a great contribution to the Nine Mystical Sword Sect this time.” On the flying boat, Bai Suzhen, who was sitting opposite him, smiled and said.

She was talking about the sword that Patriarch Tao Ran had given to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

“Perhaps this is the opportunity of our Nine Mystical Sword Sect. It should be considered a great fortune.” Han Muye held the heavy sword with both hands and said softly.

No one could explain things like opportunities.

“Senior Brother Han, what’s the secret of this heavy sword?” Bai Suzhen’s gaze landed on the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

Han Muye laughed and put the sword into his storage ring.

“The secret of this sword is not small. However, if you want to know, I’m afraid you have to discuss it with the patriarch.

After all, this sword was bought by the Patriarch.”

Patriarch Tao Ran had the intention of reviving the fire vein.

The mineral vein involved was a windfall.

With this huge fortune, there was a high chance that the fire vein could be revived.

Han Muye was not interested in mining mineral veins himself.

Attending the auction today, he felt that it was the right decision to cooperate with Bai Suzhen.

Wealth, law, companionship, and land were very important, but they were all worldly possessions.

It was not worth wasting time and energy on money.

If those itinerant cultivators who were always on the move knew about his thoughts, they would probably cry.

Putting away his sword, Han Muye took out a small cloth bag.

He opened it. There were sword fragments inside.

Looking at these fragments, Bai Suzhen covered her mouth and chuckled.

This was Senior Brother Han's eye-catching work.

16,000 spiritual rocks in exchange for this little fragment.

Han Muye arranged the fragments one by one and placed the sword hilt in place. Then, sword qi seeped into his fingertips, causing the sword to flash with green light.

The sword vibrated, and the shattered blade was repaired by the sword qi, flickering with light.

Bai Suzhen was a little puzzled. This was just on the surface, but it was actually useless.

"Owner Bai, this sword involves an ancient cultivator's cave abode. Are you interested in exploring it together?"

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Grand Cultivator's Cave Abode!

Bai Suzhen's eyes lit up and she quickly nodded.

Han Muye laughed and threw away the repaired sword. The sword flew out of the cabin and pointed in a direction.

Chapter 120: Instructor Lin, This is Indeed Your Good Fortune

The flying boat turned and headed in the direction pointed by the sword.

In the flying boat, Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye curiously.

“Senior Brother Han, this is the cave abode of an ancient cultivator. Why are you willing to share it with me?”

In the cultivation world, touching a great cultivator and touching the ancient times were all opportunities.

Lin Shen also turned to look at Han Muye.

In his opinion, Bai Suzhen was not from the Sword Sect after all. Sharing the cave abode of a great cultivator with her was not as reliable as returning to the sect to find an expert from the Sword Sect.

Could it be that Brother Han was mesmerized by the beauty of this shop owner Bai and was even willing to share a treasure like the cave abode of a great cultivator?

Han Muye shook his head and said, “Can a cultivator's cave abode from 10,000 years ago really have any treasures?”

If there really is, this sword wouldn't have appeared in the auction.”

Since the swords were already at the auction, all the treasures would naturally have been plundered.

Otherwise, it would be sealed up and outsiders would definitely not know about it.

Bai Suzhen smiled and nodded. "Senior Brother Han, who knows, you might be lucky."

Lin Shen lowered his head in shame.

He was the one who had thought about it.

Brother Han was a serious person.

Han Muye turned to look out of the cabin.

According to the remnant soul of the sword cultivator, there were still many treasures in his cave abode.

However, Han Muye did not believe this.

It was also because of this that he led Bai Suzhen there.

He didn't know how strong Bai Suzhen's cultivation was. At the very least, Manager He, who was holding the boat outside, was an Earth Realm expert.

If Han Muye returned to the sect, he really wouldn't be able to find a familiar Earth Realm expert to accompany him.

As for the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran, Han Muye did not consider them.

If he invited such an expert, he would have to return the favor.

If there's really a treasure, would I have a share of it?

...

The flying boat moved forward and kept changing directions. A day later, it stopped in the depths of a continuous mountain range.

At this moment, they were already tens of thousands of kilometers away from Nine Mystic Mountain.

The sword was quietly floating in front of a dense forest.

The trees were huge and continuous, and the limestone cliffs were dense.

A faint fog enveloped the forest, making it look deep and quiet.

“Wumeng Mountain, Grass Cover Forest?” Manager He frowned and said, “There are many demon beasts here, and there are even great demons that are at least at the Earth Realm.”

Standing at the bow, Bai Suzhen whispered, “Uncle He, do you think it’s dangerous here?”

Manager He chuckled and said, “It’s not that dangerous. For my Shangyang Demon Sect, there aren’t many truly dangerous places in the Western Frontier.”

As expected, the arrogance of a large sect was vividly displayed.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the sword that led the way.

In his mind, the image of the white-haired Daoist Dayan appeared.

“Little friend, my cave abode is not far from here.

Don’t worry, there are no demon beasts here.

As long as you find the place where I died and help me find the opportunity to reincarnate, you can take all the treasures in the cave abode.”

Daoist Dayan’s voice was sincere as he sighed and said, “Back then, I accidentally died and my remnant soul couldn’t reincarnate. My Nascent Soul cultivation was wasted for 10,000 years. It’s really...”

A cultivator who had stepped into the Heaven Realm had condensed his Nascent Soul.

When a cultivator’s lifespan was about to end, or when his body was damaged, his Nascent Soul could leave his body, reincarnate, or possess him.

To a Heaven Realm cultivator, if their Nascent Soul had not died, they would really be immortal.

Of course, whether it was reincarnation or possession, they had to pay a huge price.

Han Muye nodded slightly and flew down, sword in hand.

Lin Shen carried his sword and followed behind him.

Bai Suzhen waved her hand, and her figure was wrapped in a thin veil as she landed in the forest.

Shopkeeper He put away the flying boat and followed.

Their speed in the dense forest slowed down a lot. Fortunately, just as Daoist Dayan said, they did not encounter any demon beasts along the way.

Two hours later, before nightfall, Han Muye stopped in front of a stone wall.

There were marks on the stone wall and traces of a cave.

It seemed that this was the cave abode that Daoist Dayan had mentioned.

“There are indeed traces of cultivators staying here, but could it be a grand cultivator’s cave abode? It’s been too long, so I can’t tell,” Manager He looked around and said softly.

Among the four of them, his cultivation was the best. He was an Earth Realm expert, so he naturally had to be more vigilant.

Moreover, he was responsible for protecting Bai Suzhen, so he didn’t dare to be careless.

Lin Shen raised his hand, and a spiritual light turned into a golden light in his palm, illuminating a radius of several meters.

Then he strode into the cave.

He knew his limits. Among the four of them, if he didn’t scout, he couldn’t count on Han Muye to scout.

Han Muye followed behind him, the sword in his hand vibrating gently, as if urging him on.

The cave was deep and wide.

Nearly a thousand feet ahead was a wide stone room.

There were all kinds of stone benches and stone chairs, but most of them had eroded, and some had fallen apart.

Lin Shen held the golden light in his palm and shone it around. There were stone walls all around, and there was no way forward.

The cave was empty and there was nothing to find.

“Quick, shatter the left mountain wall. The place where I died is over there.”

Han Muye turned to look at the mountain wall to his left.

“Senior, you promised to give me all the treasures, don’t go back on your word,” Han Muye whispered softly in his mind.

“All for you, all for you,” Dayan urged impatiently.

After all, he had waited for 10,000 years. It was understandable that he was anxious now.

Han Muye walked up to the stone wall and placed his hand on it.

It was cold to the touch.

Behind him, the shadows of iron bulls appeared.

“Boom—”

With a punch, the stone wall exploded and collapsed from above.

“Brother Han, be careful.” Lin Shen flew forward, his body shining with spiritual light as he stood in front of Han Muye.

Although Lin Shen had not reached the Foundation Establishment realm, his Qi Condensation cultivation was not bad. He was also a body-tempering expert. He stood in front of Han Muye and blocked all the gravel and dust.

When the rubble was gone, there was a 20-foot-wide stone room ahead.

In the stone room, a skeleton sat upright.

There were a few swords and jade bottles scattered beside the skeleton. They were all flashing with spiritual light.

A faint spiritual aura emitted from the stone chamber.

“There’s indeed something hidden.

This stone wall locks up the spiritual energy. Without guidance, we really won’t be able to discover it.” Manager He took a step forward and narrowed his eyes.

“The bones are sparkling. These are the bones of a great cultivator.

Such a skeleton is also a treasure.”

He stepped forward slowly, then his expression changed.

“Hmph, can a mere poison stop me?”

He waved his hand and a gust of wind swept past. A puff of green poisonous smoke scattered from the originally clear stone room.

Lin Shen protected Han Muye and retreated. However, just as he moved, endless spiritual light suddenly appeared in the stone room.

The ancient sword in Han Muye’s hand shattered, turning into rays of spiritual light that rushed towards the jade-white skeleton.

“Boom—”

On the jade white skeleton, a layer of light blocked the shattered sword.

“Old Man Zhongyun, 10,000 years have passed, but you still don’t give me a chance!” A furious voice sounded.

The white-robed Daoist Dayan appeared. He gritted his teeth and glared at the skeleton.

“Artifact spirit!” Shopkeeper He stared at Daoist Dayan with surprise in his eyes, which turned into joy.

“An artifact spirit that can survive for 10,000 years must be a precious treasure.” Gang Feng surrounded Manager He and shouted, “Miss, step back. I’ll take the treasure.”

Bai Suzhen nodded and retreated. She looked at Han Muye and said, "Senior Brother Han, don't worry. If there are treasures, Uncle He and I will definitely not take them."

It was taboo to be greedy when cooperating in treasure hunting.

Bai Suzhen spoke at this moment to reassure Han Muye.

After all, Han Muye's potential was not something that a few treasures could compare to.

"Old Man Zhongyun, are you willing?" Seeing Manager He step forward, Daoist Dayan roared and rushed towards the jade white skeleton again.

This time, the light screen around the skeleton shook, and then Daoist Dayan rushed in.

Manager He's expression changed. He raised his hand and a strong wind turned into a huge palm that slapped down.

"Boom—"

Before the palm landed, it was shattered by the golden light on the skeleton.

The skeleton, which had been sitting with its head down, looked up.

Blue flames rose in his sunken eyes.

"Hurry up and leave! This sword spirit has seized control! We can't block it under the Core Formation realm!" Manager He shouted in a low voice and retreated. The astral wind around him wrapped around Bai Suzhen and she quickly retreated.

"Senior Brother Han, leave quickly. Let's find an expert." Bai Suzhen's anxious voice sounded.

"Brother Han, you go first." Lin Shen held his sword and stood in front of Han Muye.

The jade-colored skeleton grinned and made a sound of friction.

"Leave? I have food now. Stay!"

As soon as he finished speaking, spiritual light flashed. Spirit patterns intertwined and turned into ropes that chased after the fleeing Manager He.

The jade-colored skeleton looked at Han Muye. "Kid, everything here is yours.

I didn't go back on my word.

As long as you're alive to take it with you."

At this point, he slowly stepped forward and said indifferently, "Don't worry, you gave me a chance to live again. I won't make things difficult for you."

Stretching out his jade-white finger bones, its hazy green light enveloped Han Muye.

"I still lack sword slaves."

"Go away—"

At this moment, Lin Shen, who was originally shielding Han Muye, shouted wildly. The sword in his hand was unsheathed, and with an endless torrent of sword light, he slashed down!

"Boom—"

The sword light slashed down. Before the jade-colored skeleton could react, it was already struck on the head by the sword.

The sword exploded, but the jade skeleton also shattered on the ground.

Even Han Muye was slightly stunned by this sudden scene.

The spiritual light in his palm slowly surged. He did not raise his hand again.

"Draw a million swords and shatter a mountain."

Looking at the skeleton that was shattered by his sword, Lin Shen muttered in a daze.

Even Manager He, who was in the Earth Realm, did not dare to face the skeleton of a Heaven Realm cultivator head-on, but it was shattered by Lin Shen's sword!

The power of this sword was at least comparable to the Earth Realm!

“Brother, you’re not lying to me.”

At this point, his expression changed drastically as he looked at the half-broken sword in his hand.

“Big Brother!”

Lin Shen let out a sorrowful cry.

“Boom—”

The scattered bones on the ground rushed towards Lin Shen and wrapped him up.

“With a sword in your heart, you’re born with a sword seed. After refining this body, you’ll be better than a sword slave.”

Dayan sounded pleasantly surprised.

Lin Shen’s entire body trembled. He was wrapped by the jade white skeleton and could not move at all.

“Senior, isn’t this too much?” Han Muye’s voice sounded.

“Repaying kindness with ingratitude?” Daoist Dayan’s voice was filled with madness. “For 10,000 years, I was trapped in a sword. Do you think I have to repay your small favor?”

If it weren’t for the fact that Old Man Chongyun was old-fashioned back then and would rather die in meditation than integrate with me, why would I be lonely for 10,000 years?”

“With his sword bones and my sword cultivation, I would have long dominated the Western Frontier!”

Daoist Dayan did not stop talking. The skeleton that wrapped around Lin Shen had already trapped him tightly. Then it turned into a jade-colored stream of light and fused into his body.

“I used the sword bone to fuse with this body before possessing it. My cultivation is at the half-step Heaven Realm.”

“Be good, kid. This is your good fortune.”

There was eagerness in Dayan’s voice.

“Instructor Lin, this is indeed your good fortune.” At this moment, Han Muye took a step forward and grabbed the broken sword in Lin Shen’s hand.

“Hum—”

Endless sword qi exploded.

“Senior Brother Chongxiao, please help Instructor Lin!”

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, Lin Chongxiao’s remnant soul appeared in front of Lin Shen.

“Brother Shen, Brother Han borrowed my power to teach you the Sword Nurturing Technique. Sword Bone, you only have one chance. Take it!”

After Lin Chongxiao’s remnant soul finished speaking, his body crashed into Lin Shen’s glabella.