

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 21 - Seven days of lifespan, Refine pills with sword Qi -

Chapter 21: Seven days of lifespan, Refine pills with sword Qi

Ordinary mortals could only live for at most 100 years. Once a cultivator reached the essence energy cultivation stage, their bloodline would be stable, their muscles and bones would be strong, and their lifespan would increase significantly.

Those who knew how to nourish their bodies, even in their essence energy cultivation stage, could only enjoy 200 years of lifespan.

As those from the Qi Condensation to Foundation Establishment stage, it did not increase their lifespan much.

After all, after reaching the Qi Condensation Realm, there was not much tempering of the muscles and bones.

Foundation Establishment cultivators could only live for 300 to 400 years at most.

However, as long as one broke through the Human Realm and entered the Earth Realm, reaching the Connecting Origin stage, one's lifespan would greatly increase.

With the power of the Connecting Origin, one could communicate with the origin power of the world and enjoy 1,000 years of lifespan.

Actually, for most cultivators, lifespan was not something to consider.

As long as one's cultivation improved, one's lifespan would naturally not be an issue.

If one's cultivation stagnated, one's lifespan would also be reduced and it would be useless to do anything.

These were all information Han Muye had obtained from the swords on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Unfortunately, there were very few cultivation messages left behind in the swords.

Most of the swords only left behind insights about sword cultivation.

“You’re saying that I only have a month to live?” Han Muye felt his heart tremble as he looked at the female cultivator.

He knew that his sword Qi had entered his abdomen and injured his soul that day.

‘But why only a month to live?’

“Senior Brother, you cultivate a body-tempering technique. Logically speaking, your lifespan should not be less than 100 years.” The female cultivator’s gaze swept across Han Muye.

“It’s just that your soul is damaged, and...” After a pause, she said in a low voice, “And your meridians have been attacked by sword Qi, and your sea of Qi has been infused with sword Qi, which is constantly reducing your lifespan.”

“It’s already considered a long time for you to have a month to live.”

“If you don’t restrain the sword Qi in your body, I’m afraid you won’t live for more than seven days.”

She just mentioned a month. How had it become seven days?

Hearing the female cultivator say that there was sword Qi in Han Muye’s body, the female shop owner named Bai Suzhen’s eyes flickered.

“Sea of?” Han Muye’s heart skipped a beat.

That illusory space was the Sea of Qi?

His energy was stored in his lower abdomen, his Qi meridians were found within his chest, and his soul was hidden between his eyebrows.

This was also the knowledge he had obtained on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion. However, Han Muye had listened to it all without understanding it.

At this moment, the female cultivator's words enlightened him.

It turned out that the sword Qi was stored in his sea of Qi.

The female cultivator nodded and said softly, "Senior Brother, you haven't reached the Foundation Establishment realm and haven't activated your sea of Qi. It's normal that you don't know that your core has been injured by the sword Qi."

"Then, can I still be saved?" Han Muye asked in a low voice.

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch said that he did not have much time left, and the female cultivator in front of him also said that he was about to die.

Although he did not believe that the sword Qi would hurt him, Han Muye was still nervous.

"You can take a pill that can increase one's lifespan or raise your body tempering technique to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation stage."

"If you can channel out these sword Qis, that's fine too."

After the female cultivator finished speaking, she shook her head slightly and sighed. "Medicinal pills that can increase one's lifespan are extremely precious. Body tempering cultivation techniques are easy to pick up but difficult to master. I'm afraid you will need a Core Formation realm elder to help you with this."

Precious pills naturally required a lot of spiritual rocks.

It was also not easy to cultivate a body tempering technique to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation stage.

It would be even more impossible for him to find a Core Formation realm elder to help him channel out the sword Qi.

Han Muye smiled bitterly and turned to leave.

Watching him leave, the female cultivator named Jin Yuan sighed and shook her head. "Forget it. Cultivation is a matter of life and death."

"I'm leaving. Remember to charge me for that pill."

After she left, the shop owner had a strange expression on his face. "In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it seems that only the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker will suffer from damage by the sword Qi in the body and a reduced lifespan?"

"Sword Pavilion, the treasure that is required by the sect mission should be in the Sword Pavilion."

"Perhaps this is an opportunity."

In the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six's eyes widened when he saw Han Muye carrying a pill furnace back.

"What are you doing?"

Han Muye placed the furnace on the long table and patted it. Then he smiled and said, "Can't you tell? I'm going to cultivate alchemy."

Alchemy.

Huang Six looked doubtful.

How could one refine pills without Qi Condensation cultivation level?

It seemed that Han Muye knew that he didn't have long to live, but he was still struggling.

Mu Wan was really generous. She gave him a fine-quality pill the last time and now she had even given him a pill furnace.

"This pill furnace is not cheap..."

Huang Six muttered as he looked at Han Muye's pale face.

As expected, pretty boys were popular.

"By the way, an outer sect instructor named Lin Shen came to look for you this afternoon."

Huang Six looked at Han Muye with a strange expression. “He said that your comprehension abilities is extremely high and it’s a pity for you to be a Sword Caretaker.”

Han Muye’s face froze.

‘That Instructor Lin from the outer sect?’

‘He’s pretty honest.’

“I said that you will look for him tomorrow.” Huang Six glanced at Han Muye, then whispered, “If you can leave the Sword Pavilion, you should.”

‘Leave the Sword Pavilion?’

Han Muye turned to look at the swords on the wooden shelves.

If he left here, would he be able to live long?

But with his ninth-grade aptitude, where could he go?

Shaking his head, he carried the furnace into the quiet room.

Instead of leaving, it was better to find a way to live for a long time.

A pill that increased lifespan.

Or a body cultivation technique that had reached the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

Or find a Core Formation realm elder to channel his sword Qi out.

He had seven days.

“Not only do I have to survive, but I have to live a long time.”

Han Muye took a deep breath, took out a bag of spiritual herbs for refining the Cloud Qi Pill, and put them in one by one.

He gently pressed his palm on the pill furnace, and the forging scene appeared.

However, what he wanted now was not just comprehending the forging method of this pill furnace.

In his sea of Qi, the fiery red sword intent split into wisps of sword Qi that passed through his meridians and came out of his palm.

“Hum—”

A fiery red cloud instantly enveloped the pill furnace.

Sword Qi Alchemy!

If an alchemy cultivator saw this scene, they would probably curse him for being crazy.

Alchemy was a cautious and gentle thing. How could someone with such sharp sword Qi refine pills?

If traditional sword cultivators saw someone refining using the fire-type sword Qi, they would probably die of anger.

As sword cultivators, they should kill and fight.

Using sword Qi to refine pills, they would ask him to scram!

But Han Muye did it.

The sharp sword Qi turned into soft, warm flames.

The sword Qi wrapped around the pill furnace, and the heat began to spread.

Without hesitation, he threw all kinds of spiritual herbs into the pill furnace.

The pill furnace spun, and the medicinal fragrance dissipated. It was wrapped by the fiery red sword Qi and suppressed in the pill furnace.

The sword Qi penetrated the bronze furnace wall and stirred in the pill furnace.

All the medicinal power turned into a vortex and condensed into a cloud.

Han Muye took out the Cloud Qi Pill that was worth 30 spiritual rocks, raised his fingernail, scraped off a layer, and flicked it into the pill furnace.

This was the medicinal primer he had thought of!

As expected, a layer of Cloud Qi Pill powder entered the furnace. With the additional support, the medicinal ingredients in the furnace kept spinning, turning into five bright balls.

The fiery red sword Qi turned and scooped out five bright bean-sized beads.

The pill was complete.

With maximum-level comprehension, Han Muye was already familiar with refining the Cloud Qi Pill.

However, this furnace produced five pills.

Wasn't it said that a furnace could only refine three pills at most?

Moreover, this pill seemed to be different from the Cloud Qi Pill?

Looking at the pill in his palm that was as bright as a jade pearl, Han Muye hesitated.

This pill looked countless times better than the Cloud Qi Pill in his hand.

Could this be a fine-quality pill?

After a moment of silence, he put the Cloud Qi Pill into his mouth.

If the pill was damaged and not consumed, the medicinal effect would slowly dissipate.

The pill was sweet in his mouth. It was as if a light cloud was rippling in his mouth and then flowing along his meridians.

The meridians that had been burned by the fire-attribute sword Qi seemed to have been cleansed by clear water. It was very comfortable.

Putting aside the other effects of the Cloud Qi Pill, just by swallowing it, Han Muye felt that the 30 spiritual rocks were worth it.

At this moment, he also felt the disadvantage of his ninth-grade aptitude.

A medicinal pill that should be taken by a Qi Condensation cultivator flowed through his meridians a few times, and the medicinal power within it dissipated.

His body seemed to have directly absorbed these medicinal effects, not giving them a chance to gather and settle.

If there was no accumulation of cultivation abilities, what was there to cultivate?

No wonder a person with a ninth-grade aptitude could never build a foundation.

When the medicinal effect of the Cloud Qi Pill dissipated, Han Muye did not hesitate to put another pill he had refined into his mouth.

He never took pills for his cultivation.

He just wanted to feel the difference between the pills he refined and those produced by others.

As the pill entered his mouth, the clouds dispersed.

Han Muye suddenly trembled and widened his eyes!

Chapter 22: The price of a supreme-quality Cloud Qi Pill

If the medicinal effect of the Cloud Qi Pill from before was a trickle, then this bright pill had effects like a vast river!

A rich medicinal power directly penetrated all of Han Muye's meridians, and then fell straight into his stomach like a waterfall.

His dantian!

"Boom—"

The originally silent and blocked dantian was knocked open by that force, as if clouds had rolled and surged into it.

Within a hundred breaths, clouds accumulated in his dantian.

“It really is useless...”

Seeing the other clouds surging in his meridians but not getting anywhere, Han Muye could only sigh softly.

According to the information obtained from the sword on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, the dantian was only activated after the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation realm.

The size of the dantian activation was related to the foundation of his future cultivation.

Han Muye didn't know how big the Dantian of a third-stage Essence Energy Cultivation Realm was.

However, if it could not even contain the medicinal power of a single pill, it was obvious that his dantian was not good enough.

Although the activated dantian was unbearable and made Han Muye a little depressed, he was still happy that he had refined a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill in the first batch of pills he refined.

“It's at least a hundred times the medicinal power of an ordinary Cloud Qi Pill. This must be a supreme-grade pill.”

An ordinary Cloud Qi Pill was worth 30 spiritual rocks. Based on the price of a fine-quality Body Strengthening Pill, which was five times the price of an ordinary pill, a fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill should cost 150 spiritual rocks each.

A supreme-grade pill had be at least five times higher in price, right?

That meant that a this pill was worth 750 spiritual rocks?

Just this pill was comparable to teaching a set of Two Mystic sword techniques in the Demonstration Building?

No wonder alchemy was classified as one of the most profitable professions in the cultivation world, and sword cultivators were known as the poorest group of people in the cultivation world. It really made some sense.

Because his dantian was expanding, Han Muye didn't take any more Cloud Qi Pills.

At present, he had yet to cultivate to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm. Even if his dantian was activated, it was useless.

The spiritual energy stored inside would eventually dissipate.

Turning to look at the spiritual herb in front of him, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

Pills that increased lifespan were expensive, right?

'How expensive can it be?'

10,000 spiritual rocks?

Over the next few days, he would try his best to refine supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills. He did not believe that he could not buy a pill that could increase his lifespan!

His desire for longer lifespan made Han Muye full of motivation. He cleaned up the furnace and began refining the second batch of pills.

That night, the flames in Han Muye's quiet room did not stop. When he woke up in the morning, it was already late in the morning.

When he walked out of the room, Han Muye was slightly stunned.

Other than Huang, Six there was someone else in the Sword Pavilion.

"Junior Sister Mu Wan?"

Who else could it be but Mu Wan?

"Senior Brother Han."

Seeing Han Muye come out, Mu Wan's expression was a little strange. She called out softly, then lowered her head.

'What was wrong?'

Han Muye turned to Huang Six and saw him grinning.

"I'm going to wash up first."

Han Muye went to the small courtyard to wash up. When he walked out, Huang Six was already gone, leaving Mu Wan alone.

“Where’s Brother?”

Han Muye asked doubtfully.

“He, he said that he was going to take a walk.” Mu Wan replied in a low voice.

‘What was wrong?’

Han Muye frowned and said, “Junior Sister Mu, what problem have you encountered this time?”

“Ah, no, no.” Mu Wan hurriedly waved her hand. Then, she thought of something and took out two jade bottles from her bosom.

“Senior Brother Han, these are two bottles of Body Strengthening Pills. They’re both fine-quality pills.”

Looking at Han Muye’s pale face, Mu Wan said softly, “Yesterday, Senior Brother guided me to refine the Cloud Qi Pill. This is a small reward.”

Han Muye took the warm jade bottle and felt that there were a lot of pills in it.

“This isn’t a small reward...”

Han Muye laughed, took the jade bottle, and looked at Mu Wan. “Junior Sister Mu, is there anything else I can help you with?”

This was a business he could continue.

Mu Wan pondered for a moment and shook her head.

‘No more business?’

‘That’s a shame.’

Putting away the jade bottle, Han Muye said, “Junior Sister, do you know anyone in the Medical Hall who sells pills that can increase lifespan?”

Hearing that it was a pill that could increase one’s lifespan, Mu Wan’s shoulders trembled as if she had thought of something.

However, she suppressed the thought in her heart and recalled. “No one in the Medical Hall can refine pills that increase lifespan.”

“Even a pill that can only increase one year of life span is a seventh-grade pill.”

‘No one can refine it?’

Disappointment flashed across Han Muye’s face.

“Senior Brother, don’t worry. I’ll help you find out when I get back,” Mu Wan said as she turned to leave.

“Junior Sister, I still want to ask, where does the sect sell supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills?” Han Muye’s voice came from behind.

Mu Wan turned around in surprise. “Senior Brother wants a supreme-grade pill?”

“That’s hard to come by.”

“Senior Brother, if you want to find supreme-grade pills, I’m afraid you’ll have to find those shops that specialize in selling pills.”

At this point, she said softly, “Supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills are not cheap.”

“Each, I’m afraid, would cost 3,000 spiritual rocks.”

Even after Mu Wan left, Han Muye was still in a daze.

“A supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill costs 3,000 spiritual rocks?”

Unlike what he expected, it was not five times the price of ordinary pills, but 100 times?

Holding the jade bottle given by Mu Wan, Han Muye couldn’t help but feel excited.

Out of the ten batches of pills last night, a total of 35 supreme-grade pills had been produced. There were also seven fine-quality pills.

He was really a little tired and exhausted in the middle of the process.

But that was enough!

One supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill was worth 3,000 spiritual rocks, so 35 of them would be around 100,000 spiritual rocks.

It was definitely enough to buy a pill that could increase one's lifespan!

"Senior Brother, you're indeed in the Sword Pavilion."

At this moment, a crisp sound suddenly came from the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye looked up and frowned.

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion stood a female cultivator in a pink dress with a moon-like face.

It was Bai Suzhen.

The owner of the shop who sold pills.

How did she find this place?

"You're here to receive a sword?" Han Muye frowned and said lightly.

Bai Suzhen chuckled and walked into the Sword Pavilion. Her gaze landed on the wooden shelves in the distance and her body trembled.

"This is the Sword Pavilion? How chilling."

Shaking her head, she walked up to Han Muye. "Senior Brother, I'm not here to receive a sword. I'm here to do business with you."

As she spoke, she looked at the jade bottle in Han Muye's hand. "Senior Brother, have you refined the pill?"

Han Muye shook his head and put the jade bottle away.

All he wanted to do now was to survive and continue condensing his sword intent in the Sword Pavilion until his sword momentum reached perfection.

This Bai Suzhen must be plotting something. It seemed like it was better not to interact with her.

Han Muye put away the jade bottle, but Bai Suzhen smiled, leaned forward, and whispered, "Senior Brother, don't you want to find a pill that can increase your lifespan?"

A pill that could increase one's lifespan!

Han Muye's eyes flashed. The sword intent in his Sea of Qi moved, and all the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion seemed to vibrate.

A chill enveloped her heart, making Bai Suzhen tremble.

"You have one?" Han Muye looked at Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen shook her head.

Before Han Muye could speak, she said, "But I know where to find one."

At this point, she chuckled and looked at Han Muye. "Senior Brother, what price are you prepared to pay for this news?"

"What do you want?" Han Muye said expressionlessly, glancing at her.

Bai Suzhen glanced at the wooden shelf where countless swords were placed.

"If you have designs on the sword stored in the Sword Pavilion, then don't say anything." Han Muye's voice sounded coldly.

Bai Suzhen's expression changed and she said in a low voice, "Since Senior Brother is so determined, I won't say anything else."

"If you've thought it through, I'll meet you at the Suzhen Store."

"You don't have much time left."

Then she chuckled and left the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Was she here for the swords in the Sword Pavilion?

How should he choose between a pill that could increase his lifespan and the swords stored in the Sword Pavilion?

“Ahem, little Han, I really didn’t expect you to be such a person!”

At that moment, Huang Six’s angry voice rang out, causing Han Muye’s expression to change.

Chapter 23: Someone like you is not worthy of Junior Sister Mu

Huang Six strode in from outside the Sword Pavilion, then grabbed Han Muye by the collar.

“To think that I even told Junior Sister Mu that your vitality was greatly damaged and that you might not live long, so you might do something unexpected.”

“I can sense that the girl is already reluctantly accepting.”

“But you—”

Huang Six’s old face was filled with heartache.

“You failed such a good girl. Just one turn around and you have hooked up with another girl.”

“A person like you is not worthy of Junior Sister Mu. You’re only suitable to find a spiritual stone that can last three nights at the foot of the mountain.”

‘What did that mean?’

Han Muye blinked a few times, and it took him a while to understand.

Mu Wan’s tone was awkward just now. It was because Huang Six had said something to her.

Was this guy trying to matchmake her and Mu Wan?

Although that girl was not bad, they had only met a few times. It was not to that extent, right?

Han Muye pried Huang Six’s palm open, then looked at him with a smile.
“Brother, I want to ask you about the spiritual stone that can last three nights.”

Huang Six was stunned. His face suddenly flushed red. “Well, I heard, I heard that...”

Han Muye laughed and took out two jade bottles filled with Body Strengthening Pills and placed them in front of Huang Six. “Brother, between me and Junior Sister Mu, or between me and the store owner Bai, we have nothing going on.”

“These are pills given by Junior Sister Mu.” After a pause, he said softly, “She didn’t give them to me for free. I earned them myself.”

“This thing is useless to me. You can have it.” A smile flashed across Han Muye’s face. “It’s for my repayment.”

With that, he straightened his clothes, turned around, and headed up to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

“This—” Huang Six looked at the jade bottle in front of him and reached out to open it. There were 10 pills inside.

There were two bottles, so there were a total of 20 fine-quality Body Strengthening Pills.

It was worth 600 spiritual rocks.

The corners of his mouth moved, and finally he let out a long sigh.

“Stinky brat. Attracting a capable and rich girl and yet there’s nothing going on.”

“Are you impotent?”

Han Muye, who was already on the second floor, almost missed his footing.

‘The hell he was impotent!’

‘When I do it, even I am scared of myself.’

On the second floor, Han Muye restrained his emotions and stood at the stairs leading to the third floor. He bowed and said, “Elder, Han Muye wants to ask you for help.”

His voice was loud and clear. On the first floor, Huang Six jumped out of fright.

“Boy, you’ve got some nerve...”

Huang Six said softly, a look of anticipation on his face.

On the second floor, Han Muye bowed and stood.

After waiting for a moment and seeing no response, he shouted again, “Patriarch, Han Muye begs Patriarch for help.”

This time a sound came from the third floor.

“Kid, I can’t save you.”

“As a Sword Caretaker, if you can’t withstand the sword Qi entering your body, you’ll eventually die.”

“There won’t be any elder in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who will help you untangle your meridians.”

“This requires a sword intent that has been condensed for decades.”

“Do you think you’re qualified to ask them to help you?”

He could not be saved.

No one in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would save him.

Although Han Muye had expected this outcome, his heart still sank slightly.

Although lifespan could not be seen or touched, it really existed.

The female cultivator, Jin Yuan, had said that he only had seven days to live. He did not dare to take the risk.

At that time, Jin Yuan had mentioned three way out for him. One was to cultivate to the ninth level Essence Energy Cultivation realm of the body tempering technique, take a pill to increase one’s lifespan, and the other was to untangle one’s meridians with the help of an elder.

The method of an elder’s help was fruitless, but it was not impossible to increase his lifespan with pills.

Also, even if it was difficult to reach ninth level Essence Energy Cultivation realm of the body tempering technique, he could not give up.

Taking a light breath, Han Muye bowed and said, "Thank you for your guidance, Patriarch."

With that, he glanced at the swords at his side and went downstairs.

On the third floor, the Sword Pavilion Patriarch, who was sitting cross-legged, had a glow in his eyes.

"The sword Qi entered his body as soon as he entered the Sword Pavilion. If he doesn't die, the Sword Pavilion might have a next master..."

In the afternoon, Han Muye left the Sword Pavilion and went to the outer sect training hall.

Lin Shen, the instructor of the Outer Sect Cultivation Hall, valued him and even specially looked for him.

He wasn't there to thank Lin Shen, but to ask if there was any way for him to cultivate his body tempering technique to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

In seven days, he had to cultivate to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

When he arrived at the outer sect training hall, there were still many disciples practicing their punches and kicks.

It had only been a few days since they last saw each other, but a few of them really looked like they had improved.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, their fist techniques were still lousy.

"Han Muye." Instructor Lin, who was carrying a large sword, walked over from the side of the limestone square.

Han Muye cupped his hands.

Seeing Han Muye, Lin Shen frowned. "Why do you look so pale?"

As soon as he said that, he suddenly remembered that Han Muye was the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker. He immediately whispered, "Kid, the Sword Pavilion is a place full of negative energy. Don't be a Sword Caretaker anymore. Come to the outer sect to cultivate."

'Cultivate at the outer sect?'

'If I had the qualifications to enter the outer sect, I wouldn't have rushed into the Sword Pavilion and end up with only seven days left to live...'

Han Muye shook his head, looked at Lin Shen, and said in a low voice, "Instructor Lin, let me ask, is there any quick way to increase my body-tempering technique to Essence Energy Cultivation realm?"

"The Essence Energy Cultivation realm?"

"Quick way?"

Lin Shen was stunned for a moment, then shook his head. Just as he was about to speak, he heard someone beside him say, "The most important thing about body-tempering cultivation techniques is accumulation. How can there be any quick success?"

Han Muye turned around and saw a young man in his thirties wearing an inner sect white robe. He had a cold face and a disdainful sneer on his lips.

"Is this the person with excellent comprehension that Senior Brother Lin mentioned?"

"What's the use of just having comprehending abilities? If you can't calm down and cultivate properly, you'll still be a trash for the rest of your life."

At the mention of the word trash, he suddenly smiled. "Senior Brother, I'm not talking about you. You're willing to use millions of swords to accumulate strength."

"Master's disciples all admire your perseverance."

Lin Shen sighed softly and shook his head without saying anything.

The young man did not even look at Han Muye and turned around. "Senior Brother, there are many things to do in the inner sect, so I won't waste my time in the outer sect."

With that, he strode away from the limestone plaza.

“Han Muye, although my Junior Brother Xu Ming is arrogant, his cultivation abilities is profound and he’s ranked within the top 300 in the inner sect.”

“Originally, I wanted to recommend you to cultivate under him.”

Lin Shen whispered regretfully.

His words surprised Han Muye.

It was just a meeting, but Lin Shen actually wanted to recommend him?

“The path of cultivation is difficult. Who doesn’t want to meet a benefactor at the beginning?”

Lin Shen patted Han Muye’s shoulder and smiled bitterly. “Unfortunately, I’m not your benefactor.”

Han Muye understood what he meant.

He really valued his comprehension ability, which was why he wanted to help him. He hoped that Han Muye would be able to return and help him in the future.

However, Lin Shen did not expect that he was in a predicament now. If he did not solve the problem of his lifespan, he would not be able to achieve meteoric success.

“In the outer sect, the person who has the most thorough research on body tempering technique is probably the number one person in the outer sect, Senior Brother Mo Yuan.”

Lin Shen suddenly spoke.

“He lives in the outer sect camp by the clear stream. You can look for him and ask him.”

Mo Yuan!

The old man who had taught him the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

Han Muye nodded, cupped his fists at Lin Shen, and turned to leave.

He had only taken a few steps when he stopped.

“Instructor Lin, it’s wrong to draw a million swords and shatter a mountain.”

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, a violent aura rose from Lin Shen’s body.

“Impossible!” Lin Shen’s eyes were red as he gritted his teeth and shouted.

“For this move, I gathered my strength to draw my sword 8,357,561 times. I did my best every time.”

“I just have to draw my sword a million times and I will master the Mountain Crusher Sword Technique.”

“How dare you doubt my cultivation methods?”

Chapter 24: Cause of Dying Lifespan

Lin Shen’s eyes were bloodshot as he glared at Han Muye, as if he wanted to eat him.

Draw a million swords was his way of cultivation.

It was his belief.

Now someone was questioning his beliefs, that meant destroying his path.

The destruction of a person’s path was irreconcilable.

Han Muye looked at Lin Shen and said softly, “Instructor Lin, let me ask you, is there a difference between swinging your sword a thousand times and ten thousand times?”

“Yes,” Lin Shen said without hesitation. “After swinging the sword ten thousand times, my understanding of the sword is much deeper.”

Han Muye nodded and said, “Then are there any changes between a hundred thousand and a million?”

“Yes,” Lin Shen answered loudly again, but there was a slight pause after his answer.

“After a million times, I will be able to draw my sword and swing it in one go.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Han Muye said, “Is there a difference between five million and six million?”

This time, Lin Shen hesitated and didn’t speak.

After a while, he seemed to be giving himself confidence. He said softly, “No matter what, as long as I persist for a few more years and draw my sword a million times, I can experience tremendous improvement...”

Han Muye shook his head and said lightly, “If the sword is in your heart, drawing it a thousand times is enough.”

“If you don’t have a sword in your heart, it’s useless even if you draw your sword a million times.”

Then, without further ado, he turned and strode away.

“No sword in my heart?” Lin Shen was stunned. His face was filled with confusion. “I have a sword in my heart. Isn’t my sword...”

“That’s not right. I only trust the sword in my hand. Why would I want a sword in my heart?”

“Wrong. Drawing a million swords meant that I should trust the sword in my heart.”

He muttered to himself, and for a moment seemed to forget entirely where he was.

...

Han Muye left the Training Hall and asked for the way to clear stream. After travelling for half an hour, he saw a small river rippling.

On both sides of the river, there were bamboo buildings.

This was the clear stream.

Mo Yuan was considered a famous person here, so Han Muye knew where he lived after asking around.

Unfortunately, he wasn't around that day.

Could he be in the Demonstration Building?

Han Muye turned around and headed for the building.

When he arrived at the Demonstration Building, Han Muye took a sign to enter a room, then walked into it and wrote a line on the jade wall.

"Room No. 183, seeking the demonstration for 'Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords'. Reward: 10 spiritual rocks."

The message flashed on the jade wall for a long time, but no one replied.

Han Muye could only regretfully reach out and withdraw this message.

It seemed that the number one outer sect disciple, Mo Yuan, was not in the Demonstration Building.

He reached out and wrote the next line.

"Room No. 183 seeking the follow-up deduction method of 'Iron Bull Strength'. Reward: 3 merit tokens."

He had only three merit tokens left.

The follow-up to Iron Bull Strength was worth this price.

A moment later, the halo flickered and the message mission was accepted.

After a while, the door to the room was pushed open.

"It's you?" The tall Zhao Pu frowned when he saw that it was Han Muye.
"Why, didn't you understand last time?"

With that, he said in a low voice, "Withdraw the task message. As I said, if there's anything you don't understand about Iron Bull Strength, just ask me."

Han Muye shook his head and said, "Senior Brother Zhao Pu, I want to know how many levels there are in the follow-up deduction of the Iron Bull Strength."

"Can I cultivate to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm with this cultivation technique?"

His words took Zhao Pu by surprise.

"Which level?"

"There is only one level in the Iron Bull Strength. It's one of the lowest-level cultivation techniques in the Demonstration Building. Its cultivation effect is only slightly better than the outer sect's fist techniques."

At this point, he shook his head and said, "It's absolutely impossible to reach the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm with this body tempering technique."

'Only one level?'

It was impossible for him to reach the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm?

Han Muye was disappointed.

Zhao Pu could not have lied to him.

"Let me demonstrate for you again," Zhao Pu said. He took a horse stance and raised his hand to punch. The shadow of a green ox floated behind him.

After a round of punching, he looked at Han Muye. "You practise one time and let me see what went wrong."

Han Muye nodded.

This Zhao Pu was a good person. He was cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

Taking a light breath, Han Muye raised his hand to set up his stance and moved.

"Hum—"

Behind him, the green ox phantom instantly floated.

“Sure, isn’t this already a small success...” Zhao Pu’s eyes lit up, then his eyes lit up. “No, this is a big success!”

“You managed to master the Iron Bull Strength in just a few days. Your comprehension abilities...”

Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye punched out. Behind him, a second green ox phantom appeared!

Zhao Pu shuddered and stood frozen.

Han Muye retracted his fist, and the two green ox phantoms behind him slowly dissipated.

“That’s my question,” Han Muye said quietly, looking at Zhao Pu.

Two illusory green bulls.

Zhao Pu stared at Han Muye and said in a deep voice, “Tell me, how did you do it?”

Han Muye didn’t hide anything and explained what he had comprehended during his cultivation.

Following his instructions, Zhao Pu practiced a few times and condensed the second and third green ox phantoms.

Seeing the three shadows behind him, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

He already felt that he could condense more green ox phantoms with the Iron Bull Strength, but he wasn’t sure if this was the right direction, so he didn’t dare to deduce further.

Zhao Pu dispersed the shadow behind him and looked at Han Muye.

“This Iron Bull Strength seems to have a deeper cultivation method.”

“I’ll go back and deduce it with my Master. Don’t cultivate rashly for the time being.”

With that, he smiled and said, “What’s your name and where do you cultivate?”

Han Muye cupped his hands. “I’m Han Muye, Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker.”

“A Sword Caretaker?” Zhao Pu was stunned for a moment before nodding. “Okay, I’ll look for you in the Sword Pavilion after I figure it out.”

Then he turned and strode away.

He did not ask for Han Muye’s three merit tokens.

Han Muye shook his head with a wry smile.

He had hoped that Zhao Pu would be able to help him, but now it seemed that there was no hope.

How could it be so easy to deduce a cultivation technique?

Turning around, he saw many messages on the jade wall asking for advice on swordsmanship.

Among them was a message that often appeared, “Seek the method to the Third level of the Blue Wave.”

It seemed that this must be that Yang Shao.

However, Han Muye was not in the mood to deduce the Blue Wave Sword Technique for Yang Shao for the time being. He found a few tasks offering good prices and accepted them. Then, he took the bronze mask from the front desk and walked into the quiet room.

In an hour, he had earned a total of 11 merit tokens.

Then, he went to pick three body-tempering cultivation techniques.

He spent 400 spiritual rocks for the two manuals of ‘Five Elements Body Tempering Technique’ and ‘Great Iron Armor Technique’.

There was also a 500 spiritual rock ‘Dual Body Tempering’.

He found a quiet room and sent out a message. Then, someone came to demonstrate the cultivation technique.

Han Muye also asked a few questions.

The result was disappointing.

None of the three body tempering techniques could be cultivated quickly.

The inner sect senior brother who was demonstrating even warned him earnestly that he had to take one step at a time in his cultivation.

But how could he cultivate slowly?

After returning to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six looked at Han Muye strangely.

When it was time to wash up after dinner, Han Muye looked at his reflection in the basin and was stunned.

In the reflection, there was a lot of white hair on his temples!

Could it be that his lifespan was really coming to an end?

After returning to the quiet room, he began to practice his body tempering technique.

From the Iron Bull Strength to the Five Elements Body Tempering Technique, he constantly switched between the four cultivation techniques.

He could feel his physical strength rising.

But that wouldn't stop him aging.

On the contrary, because he had cultivated a body-tempering technique, he could clearly feel a certain power in his body losing rapidly.

"Is it because the sword intent in my Sea of Qi is too dense and my body can't withstand it, and that is causing my lifespan to be draining out?"

"Then, should I disperse all these sword intents?"

Sitting cross-legged in the quiet room, Han Muye's eyes flashed.

“Perhaps there is another way?”

After pondering for a moment, Han Muye still couldn't bear to part with these sword Qi.

In the cultivation world, cultivation and combat strength were everything.

He felt uneasy without his sword Qi.

Chapter 25: Who was the person who bought the pills?

Two of the three ways to resolve the crisis of his limited lifespan had already been blocked.

He could only see if he could find a pill that could increase his lifespan.

“If there's really no way within seven days, then I'll disperse the sword Qi.”

After all, life was more important.

The next morning, after practicing the sword techniques in the small courtyard, Han Muye walked out.

“Brother, I'll go take a look at the Medical Hall.”

Hearing him say he was going to the Medical Hall, Huang Six grinned. “Sure, go ahead. I'll take care of things here.”

Watching Han Muye leave, Huang Six's face was full of smiles. “It seems that this kid has become sensible.”

Then, he shook his head with a bitter expression. “Sigh, it's a pity that Sister Ping probably won't recognize me in my current state.”

...

In the Medical Hall, when Mu Wan saw Han Muye, she exclaimed, “Han, Senior Brother Han, you, why are you—”

Her gaze fell on Han Muye's temples.

It had only been a day, but Han Muye's temples were already gray.

If not for his young appearance, he would have been an old man in his fifties.

"I wonder if Junior Sister Mu has heard any news about medicinal pills that can increase lifespan?" Han Muye went straight to the point.

Mu Wan looked around and nodded. She said softly, "Senior Brother, follow me."

After leading Han Muye to a quiet place, she said in a low voice, "I asked my fellow seniors of the Medical Hall last night. Only Elder Su Liang can refine longevity-increasing pills in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

Han Muye nodded.

'I'm glad there is a chance.'

"Senior Brother, you have to be prepared. That lifespan-increasing pill is extremely expensive." Mu Wan looked up at Han Muye.

"How expensive?" Han Muye asked softly.

No matter how expensive it was, he was going to obtain it.

"It's said that a pill that can increase one's lifespan by a year costs 30,000 spiritual rocks," Mu Wan said in a low voice.

30,000 spiritual rocks was an unattainable number for most inner and outer sect disciples.

'30,000 eh?'

One year of lifespan was worth 30,000 spiritual rocks. It was expensive, yet not too expensive.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, calculated in his mind, and said in a deep voice, "Junior Sister, wait here for me for a moment, then take me to look for Elder Su Liang, okay?"

Mu Wan nodded.

Han Muye turned and walked away.

He was heading towards the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's outer sect market.

The pink-dressed shopkeeper's eyes lit up as he walked into Suzhen Store.

"Looks like you've thought it through?" Bai Suzhen stepped forward with a smile.

Han Muye went straight to the counter and put a small jade bottle on the table.

Bai Suzhen was stunned. She frowned slightly and reached out to pick up the jade bottle before opening it.

"Ah—"

She let out a gasp, stuffed the jade bottle, and looked at Han Muye with a tense expression.

"Supreme-grade..."

There were ten supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills in the jade bottle, and every one of them was bright and round.

"Are you not taking it?" Han Muye said casually.

"Of course I am!" Bai Suzhen hurriedly replied.

Putting away the jade bottle, she touched the jade ring on her fingertip and a small wooden box appeared.

She uncovered the wooden box. Inside was a brilliant glow.

"These are high-grade spiritual rocks. One is equivalent to 10,000 low-grade spiritual rocks," Bai Suzhen said in a low voice as she placed three crystal clear spiritual rocks in front of Han Muye.

Inside the spatial ring that stored items were high-grade spiritual rocks that ordinary people had never seen before.

Han Muye glanced at Bai Suzhen.

The background of this woman who had a shop in the outer sect market was probably not simple.

Seeing Han Muye looking at her, Bai Suzhen chuckled and said, “Senior Brother, I’ve never heard of an alchemist who can refine ten supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills at once.”

The meaning of her words was implying, ‘You’ve discovered my secret but I’ve also discovered yours.’

Han Muye grabbed three pieces of high-grade spiritual rocks and turned to leave.

When he reached the door of the shop, he suddenly turned around. “Is Elder Su Liang the one who can refine lifespan-increasing pills in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

Bai Suzhen was stunned.

Han Muye turned and left.

He had his answer.

“Supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill.”

“Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion.”

“How can you put these two things together?”

Bai Suzhen looked at the door with bright eyes.

“Compared to the sect mission, this person is more interesting.”

The Waterside Residence where Elder Su Liang lived was far from the Medical Hall. Han Muye and Mu Wan walked for more than two hours before arriving.

The grass hut lined continuously by the water.

‘That’s an apt name for the Waterside Residence.’

A faint medicinal fragrance wafted over, making one feel excited.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye marched forward.

After taking a few steps across the stream, Mu Wan suddenly said, “Senior Sister Jin Yuan—”

‘Jin Yuan?’

Han Muye was stunned. Not far ahead, a female cultivator was washing medicinal herbs in the river. Wasn’t she the person he met at the Suzhen Store that day?

It was also this female cultivator called Jin Yuan who told him that he only had seven days left to live.

The female cultivator looked up and saw Mu Wan. She smiled and said, “So it’s Junior Sister Mu Wan.”

Her gaze swept to Han Muye and she was slightly startled.

“Senior Sister Jin Yuan, Senior Brother Han wants a pill to increase his lifespan. Please help me introduce him to Elder Su Liang.”

Mu Wan walked forward and whispered to Jin Yuan.

Jin Yuan glanced at Han Muye and then whispered, “Are you close?”

‘Are we close?’

Mu Wan was not sure if she was very familiar with Han Muye, but she did not want Han Muye to die because of his limited lifespan.

She nodded.

Seeing her nod, Jin Yuan turned to look at the straw hut behind him. “Let’s go. I’ll take you to see Master.”

It turned out that Elder Su Liang was Jin Yuan’s master.

Han Muye followed the two of them and saw that there were many people refining pills in the straw hut. There was surrounding fire accompanied by a fragrant smell.

After walking through a few corridors, Jin Yuan stood in front of a wooden pavilion and bowed to the middle-aged female cultivator sitting in the pavilion.

“Master, this disciple of the Sword Sect wants to buy a medicinal pill that can increase lifespan.”

At her words, the middle-aged female cultivator who had been reading looked up.

Was this Elder Su Liang, who could refine pills that could increase lifespan?

When Han Muye looked up, the middle-aged female cultivator also looked at him.

“The sword Qi has entered your heart and you are dying?”

“How are you so injured?”

The female cultivator frowned and asked in a low voice.

“Elder, I’m the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker.” Han Muye bowed.

“Sword Caretaker?” Elder Su Liang whispered, then nodded. “No wonder.”

A look of pity flashed across her face, then she shook her head and said, “You’re late. The lifespan-extending pill you wanted has already been bought.”

‘Bought?’

Han Muye shuddered.

Mu Wan also looked anxious.

Han Muye needed that pill to save his life.

“Then, I wonder if Elder can help me refine another one?” Han Muye raised his hand, and three sparkling high-grade spiritual rocks appeared in his palm.

Elder Su Liang shook her head and waved her hand. “It’s not that I don’t want to help you. There are a few types of spiritual herbs that are needed to refine pills to increase lifespan.”

“Without the Bright Origin Bone and the Marrow Transformation Fruit, I can’t refine the pill.”

“I haven’t seen these two spiritual herbs being sold in the surrounding markets recently.”

She could not refine it!

Han Muye felt his heart sink.

Could this be the will of the heavens?

Taking a deep breath, he whispered indignantly, “May I ask, Elder, who bought the pills?”

Hearing his words, Jin Yuan and Mu Wan’s expressions changed.

It was a huge taboo to inquire about the identity of the pill buyer.

In the seat of honor, Elder Su Liang pondered for a long time before saying two words.

“Mo Yuan.”

Chapter 26: Mo Yuan’s Conditions

On the mountain path outside the Waterside Residence, Mu Wan lowered her head.

“Senior Brother, I-I’ll think of a way to help you find another pill that can increase your lifespan.”

Pills that could increase one’s lifespan were extremely difficult to find. They could only be chanced upon by luck.

Mu Wan was not very confident when she said this.

Han Muye chuckled and turned to look at her. “Junior Sister, don’t worry. It’s just the depletion of my lifespan. It’s nothing serious.”

With Mu Wan’s alchemy cultivation, she naturally could not see how much lifespan he had left.

Nodding, Mu Wan said softly, "Then Senior Brother, please return to the Sword Pavilion. I'll be heading back to the Medical Hall."

Seeing that it was getting late, Han Muye nodded and said, "Alright, I'll go to the Medical Hall when I have time. If you need my help in comprehending anything, you can come to the Sword Pavilion to find me."

When this little girl grew up, she would look even better.

Moreover, she was a pure-hearted rich girl.

Huang Six's plan to matchmake them seemed to make some sense.

The two of them left along the mountain path. After a while, Mu Wan returned to the intersection with a worried expression.

She looked in the direction Han Muye had left, then turned around and walked towards the Waterside Residence.

A moment later, the pale-faced Mu Wan turned around again.

"Senior Brother Han has only six or seven days left to live..."

Murmuring under her breath, her brow furrowed, she clenched her fists and sprinted forward.

...

Han Muye did not return to the Sword Pavilion.

Circulating his body-tempering power, his figure was like the wind as he crossed dozens of feet in a step. In less than 15 minutes, he had already arrived at the clear stream where the outer sect disciples lived.

Looking at the wooden houses ahead, Han Muye took a deep breath and strode over.

The house owner seemed to sense something and pushed open the door.

Mo Yuan.

He was the first in the outer sect.

“Yesterday they said someone was looking for me. I guessed it was you.”

Mo Yuan chuckled and raised his hand to gesture. Then, he turned around and staggered back to the wooden house.

Han Muye walked into the cabin and saw that it was sparsely furnished and didn't even have any necessities.

Mo Yuan sat at a small wooden table and looked up. “If you had come a day or two later, you probably wouldn't have been able to find me.”

‘What did that mean?’

Han Muye sat cross-legged opposite Mo Yuan and said softly, “Why?”

Mo Yuan looked lonely, but also relieved. “Hehe, my wish has been fulfilled. Why would I still stay here?”

At this, he looked at Han Muye, a glimmer in his muddy eyes.

His wish had been fulfilled. Did that refer to passing ‘Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords’ on to him?

Han Muye had a glimmer of understanding.

Mo Yuan stayed in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect because he wanted to pass down the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords that he had created in his life.

Now that he had learned the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, his wish had been fulfilled. He was prepared to leave the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. He would either go into seclusion or return to his hometown.

Mo Yuan looked up and smiled. “Do you have any questions about cultivating the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?”

Han Muye pondered for a moment, then said softly, “Senior, how do you solve the problem of the sword Qi entering your body?”

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mo Yuan rubbed his hands, his face full of joy. “I knew you were born to practice swordmanship.”

“It's only been a short while, and you've already understood the key to Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!”

A sigh flashed across his face. Mo Yuan seemed to have fallen into his memories. “Back then, I was determined to create the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords but I didn’t make any progress for ten years.”

“Later, when I went to see the Sword Pavilion Elder, whose sword Qi had dissipated because he was using the Nine Mystic Sword, he told me—”

At this point, Mo Yuan raised his hand and took out an ancient sword, placing it on the table in front of him.

“Clang—”

The sword came out of its sheath, clear as water.

“Wipe your sword every day and nurture your sword Qi for ten years.”

“When the first wisp of sword energy enters your body...”

Mo Yuan suddenly grinned and leaned forward. He gently placed the sword into the sheath, as if he did not want the sword to hear what he said.

“Have you done any dual cultivation?”

The corners of the old man’s eyes were full of lust.

Han Muye nodded. He had experienced what Mo Yuan had said.

Seeing him nod, Mo Yuan’s expression became even more lustful. He waved his hand and said, “Yes, that’s the feeling. Since you have experienced it, then...”

“I know how it feels to have sword Qi enter my body,” Han Muye said softly.

“Haha, that’s good. Then—what!” Mo Yuan, who was originally laughing, overturned the wooden table in front of him and did not even care about the sword falling to the ground.

He pounced in front of Han Muye and grabbed his arm.

“Sword Qi entering your body, Sword Qi entering your body...”

His palm moved inch by inch along Han Muye’s arm, as he grabbed harder, his face pale.

“You’re too anxious. Three years. It takes three years to condense the first wisp of sword Qi. At that time, your body and bones will have become adapted to the sword Qi. That’s the best time.”

“If you do this, it will damage your vitality. Your lifespan will be drained out by the sword Qi...”

“Sigh, it’s all my fault. It’s all my fault for not telling you about the taboo of cultivation.” Mo Yuan’s face was filled with self-reproach.

“I’m the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker. This sword Qi entering my body has nothing to do with cultivating the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords,” Han Muye said softly as he looked at the old man’s expression.

“Sword Caretaker?” Mo Yuan was stunned.

He slowly sat back in his seat and said softly, “Yes, Sword Caretaker. It’s easiest for Sword Caretaker to obtain sword Qi. Why didn’t I think of...”

He paused and looked at Han Muye. “How long do you think your vitality can last?”

How much longer?

Han Muye sighed in his heart. If he could hold on for a long time, he wouldn’t have come to ask Mo Yuan, an old man in his twilight years, for help.

Seeing that Han Muye was silent, Mo Yuan nodded and said, “I understand now.”

He fumbled around and pulled out a small wooden box. Then he uncovered it. There was a small jade bottle inside.

“Kid, I have a pill here that can help you increase your lifespan slightly.”

He casually handed the pill to Han Muye.

Looking at the pill in front of him, Han Muye fell silent again.

This pill was worth 30,000 spiritual rocks.

With 30,000 spiritual rocks, he could do many things.

To an outer sect disciple like Mo Yuan, 30,000 spiritual rocks should be his lifetime savings.

Moreover, this pill was meant for Mo Yuan to extend his own lifespan.

His own lifespan should be coming to an end too.

“Senior, this pill is precious and useful to you,” Han Muye said in a low voice.

Originally, he had planned to buy this pill from Mo Yuan.

However, when he saw Mo Yuan packing up everything, Han Muye already understood.

Mo Yuan’s lifespan was almost up. He wanted to take advantage of the last moment to leave the sect.

Now that Mo Yuan had handed the pill to Han Muye, he couldn’t bear to take it anymore.

He wanted pills to extend his life, but so did Mo Yuan.

“Hehe, what difference does it make whether I, an old man, take this pill or not?” Mo Yuan shook his head and looked at Han Muye.

“This pill isn’t for nothing.”

“Promise me two things.”

Then he raised his hand. “First, accompany me down the mountain tomorrow to my hometown.”

“Secondly, if there’s a day in the future, don’t let the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords lose its inheritance.”

What Mo Yuan meant was that if Han Muye’s lifespan came to an end one day, he must pass down the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords and not cut off the inheritance.

Only he hadn’t made that clear.

“If I didn’t come, would Senior be preparing to return to your hometown alone?” Han Muye looked at Mo Yuan.

"I came with seven or eight good friends. After the past 300 years, I'm the only one left..." Mo Yuan nodded and said.

Cultivation was like that. After 100 years, old friends would all have passed.

"Then, is Senior's hometown far away?" Han Muye asked in a low voice.

He wanted to send Mo Yuan off, but he did not want to leave the Sword Pavilion for too long.

"Hehe, it's not far. It's a thousand miles down the mountain. It won't take more than four to five days by the sect carriage." Mo Yuan looked at Han Muye with a hint of anticipation in his eyes.

"Alright, I'll wait for you at the mountain gate tomorrow." Han Muye bowed, then bent down and picked up Mo Yuan's sword. He placed it on the wooden table, then turned around and left.

Looking at his back view and then at the pills still on the table, Mo Yuan revealed a gratified expression.

Chapter 27: Pretending to be Mo Yuan's disciple and returning home

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six was packing up the books on the table.

When Han Muye returned, he grinned and put two spiritual rocks on the table.

"Brother, you're opening for business today too?" Han Muye smiled and picked up the two spiritual rocks.

He had three high-grade spiritual rocks on him now. He really did not have a single low-grade spiritual rock left.

"Business is not bad today. Two inner sect disciples have come to receive the swords." Huang Six revealed a smug expression and said happily.

It was an unspoken rule in the Sword Pavilion for the Sword Caretakers to split their earnings after they had passed the swords to the disciples.

However, how much earning one would obtain would depend on his own ability.

Since Huang Six could split two spiritual rocks with Han Muye, he had at least five or six more on hand. Of course, he was happy.

“Brother, I want to go down the mountain for a few days,” Han Muye put away the spiritual rocks and said in a low voice.

‘Down the mountain?’

Huang Six looked at Han Muye, then a look of understanding flashed across his face.

This guy was really fast. He was prepared to follow Junior Sister Mu down the mountain and settle their matters?

There were many things on the mountain that were not convenient to do.

For example, the matter of dual cultivation.

“Alright, just for a few days. If the patriarch asks, I can still account for it.” Huang Six smiled.

“Five or six days.” Han Muye calculated that it was about right for a round trip.

“You young people are the best.” Huang Six glanced at Han Muye’s graying temples, shook his head, and walked back to the quiet room.

Han Muye felt that Huang Six must have misunderstood something, but he didn’t explain.

He returned to the quiet room and observed the sword intent in his Sea of Qi. Then, he recalled the body tempering cultivation technique and those sword techniques.

It was very strange. When he held Mo Yuan’s sword that day, there was resistance from the sword.

He comprehended nothing.

He wondered why that was.

The next morning, Han Muye placed a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill and three fine-quality Cloud Qi Pills on the wooden couch in the quiet room before quietly leaving.

If he really reached the end of his lifespan, he would give these Cloud Qi Pills to Huang Six as a token of their meeting.

Walking out of the Sword Pavilion, he looked to the east where the sky was white. He took a deep breath, adjusted the Purple Flame Sword on his back, and strode toward the mountain gate.

Along the way, outer sect disciples in green and gray robes would bow from time to time.

Because he was wearing the white robe of an inner sect disciple.

When he arrived at the mountain gate, Mo Yuan had yet to arrive.

However, many outer sect disciples and servants were walking in and out.

Listening to their discussion, it seemed that there were visitors from other sects that day. They wanted to decorate the square in front of the mountain gate to welcome them.

Bam!

With a crack, the flowerpot held by a gray-robed handyman shattered.

“Are you blind?” With a low shout, the outer sect disciple beside the servant disciple shouted angrily and kicked the servant disciple’s back.

The servant disciple staggered, rolled, and fell to the ground.

He fell not far from Han Muye.

Han Muye, who was too lazy to care about this, lowered his head. When he saw the servant disciple, a smile flashed across his face. He took two steps forward and extended his hand.

“Brother Lu.”

The one who fell to the ground was the servant disciple who had led Han Muye into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Lu Gao.

Lu Gao looked up and was slightly stunned to see Han Muye in his white robe. He subconsciously got up and bowed.

Servant disciples had the lowest status in the sect. Not to mention inner sect disciples in white robes, even outer sect disciples could order them around.

“Lu Gao greets Senior Brother.”

With that, Lu Gao quietly looked up to size up Han Muye.

His gaze landed on Han Muye’s face, and he was stunned again. “Brother, Brother Han...”

As the two of them caught up, the surrounding outer sect and servant disciples also saw them.

Hearing Lu Gao call Han Muye brother, the outer sect disciple who kicked Lu Gao turned pale.

“Oh my, Lu Gao has a brother in the inner sect?” A servant in a gray robe whispered, his face filled with envy.

“I haven’t heard of it. I wonder how their relationship is.” Someone sized up Han Muye and Lu Gao, wanting to guess the closeness of their relationship.

“This servant disciple actually has an inner sect disciple as his backer. Sun Santong has gotten himself in trouble this time.” Not far away, someone among the green-robed outer sect disciples whispered.

“Senior Brother, calm down. I didn’t mean to kick Brother Lu Gao. It’s because we have an urgent task.” The outer sect disciple named Sun Santong hurriedly stepped forward and bowed to Han Muye, explaining while sweating profusely.

He was not stupid. If Han Muye questioned him, or if Lu Gao complained, Han Muye would punish him for the sake of his face.

He’d might as well admit his mistake first.

Han Muye didn’t look at him. He just looked at Lu Gao and said, “Is something wrong with Brother Lu’s body?”

His attitude surprised Lu Gao.

He knew that Han Muye was the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker and not a true inner sect disciple with profound cultivation, but outsiders did not know!

In the sect, they only recognized people by robes.

That day, Han Muye, who was wearing an inner sect white robe, was kind to him. In the future, others would think highly of him no matter where he went.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," Lu Gao said cheerfully, dusting himself off.

Han Muye nodded and turned to see that a carriage had already arrived at the mountain gate. Two outer sect disciples in green robes followed behind the carriage and strode over.

The cart came to a halt and two tall horses snorted and stamped their hooves on the flagstones.

"Well, you don't have to see me out," said the old voice from the cart.

It was Mo Yuan.

The two people behind the carriage looked at each other and sighed softly. One of them cupped his hands and said, "Senior Brother, it's a long journey. Have a safe trip."

Another person also said, "Senior Brother, take care."

In the carriage, Mo Yuan hummed softly.

Han Muye squinted at the cart.

Mo Yuan had been in the outer sect for two hundred years. When he left, only two people had come to send him off.

This scene was really bleak.

He took a few steps forward and leaped into the seat in front of the cart.

"Thanks for sending me out." Turning, he tossed out two pills.

The two green-robed outer sect disciples were stunned and subconsciously caught it.

“Hiss—”

“This is... this is a fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill!”

The two of them exclaimed in surprise and bowed to Han Muye. “Thank you for your reward, Senior Brother.”

A single fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill cost 300 spiritual rocks. For outer sect disciples, it was impossible to earn it even if they went without eating or drinking for several years.

Han Muye pulled on the reins, and the carriage eased forward.

When he reached Lu Gao’s side, he threw the jade bottle with the last fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill.

“Brother Lu, I’ll buy you a drink when I get back.”

Lu Gao reached out and caught the jade bottle, gripping it tightly with both hands.

“Okay, let’s drink, drink ...”

His mouth trembled, and his shoulders shook without him realizing it.

A fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill was already considered a windfall for him!

The two outer sect disciples who had also been rewarded cupped their hands at Lu Gao. “I’m Luo Cheng and I’m Qin Yi. May I know your name?”

Lu Gao quickly cupped his hands. “Lu Gao greets the two senior brothers.”

They nodded and left, smiling.

This was a form of acquaintance.

With this relationship, they might be able to help him in the future.

All of this from one person.

Everyone looked at the moving cart.

A breeze stirred the curtain on the window, revealing one of the green robes with a white beard.

“Green robe. It’s either the outer sect or the elders. Hiss—”

Someone let out a low cry and turned to look at the grinning Lu Gao, even more envious.

An inner sect senior brother driving a carriage meant that it could only be an elder!

This inner sect senior brother was actually so close to an elder and was traveling together!

“Senior Brother Lu, we have to be closer in the future!”

“Senior Brother Lu, I’ll move these flowers while you rest.”

“Senior Brother Lu, are you thirsty? I have good clear flower dew.”

...

A group of outer sect disciples and servant disciples in green and gray robes surrounded him.

The most eager one was Sun Santong, who had kicked Lu Gao previously.

Lu Gao cupped his hands in return and looked up at the departing carriage.

“Kid, how about you pretend to be my disciple when we get to my hometown?”

In the carriage, Mo Yuan suddenly spoke.

“Don’t worry, I won’t let you pretend for nothing.”

Chapter 28: Mountains and rivers remain the same, but people have changed.

“Okay.”

Han Muye agreed without hesitation.

If Mo Yuan was willing to give him precious lifespan-increasing pills, so what if he pretended to be a disciple?

“Han Muye greets Master.”

With a whip, Han Muye said loudly.

“Haha, good, good.” Mo Yuan laughed in the carriage.

“Come, let’s have a chat first. Although I only hang out in the outer sect, I still know a lot about cultivation.”

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

Compared to Huang Six, who was mostly in the Sword Pavilion, Mo Yuan, who had been in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for nearly 200 years, was indeed much knowledgeable.

Whether it was the many small tricks in cultivation, the various rules in the cultivation world, or even some secrets that were passed down in small sects, Mo Yuan knew everything.

For three days, Han Muye was completely learning all kinds of knowledge regarding cultivation.

It was only through Mo Yuan’s explanation that he knew what his ninth-grade spiritual core was.

A ninth-grade spiritual core was not really hopeless. It just needed a large amount of spiritual energy to cleanse it.

To ordinary cultivators, it was indeed useless without a large number of spiritual rocks.

But for Han Muye, after learning how to refine the Cloud Qi Pill, he no longer lacked spiritual energy.

Speaking of cultivation, Mo Yuan said something that gave him a pleasant surprise.

It turned out that when ordinary cultivators activated their dantian, it was only the size of a fist.

To be able to open up a dantian the size of a washbasin was considered rare even for experts.

When Han Muye quietly asked what level his dantian was if it was ten feet wide, Mo Yuan only said two words.

Demonic.

The word did not sound great.

But in terms of describing talent, that was the highest evaluation.

It turned out that his dantian was at a demonic level.

This made Han Muye, who was driving, smile.

Putting aside the activation of his dantian, the opening of the his Sea of Qi could directly allow Han Muye to start dual cultivation.

According to Mo Yuan, the best way to become a sword cultivator was to cultivate the Dao method of controlling the sword with Qi while cultivating the body tempering method of controlling the sword with strength.

“Unfortunately, I comprehended it too late...” Mo Yuan sighed in the carriage.

He saw through everything, but he no longer had a chance.

It was already difficult for his cultivation to improve. All his Sword Dao knowledge could only be left as theories, but he could not personally achieve it.

He had taught Han Muye everything he knew along the way.

If he couldn't realize his dream, then someone else could.

Looking at the distant sky, Mo Yuan's eyes revealed a trace of desire.

He couldn't imagine the magnificent scene of thousands of swords following Han Muye after he had mastered the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique.

“The mountains and rivers are still the same, but the people have changed...”

Mo Yuan said softly and pointed at the end of the road ahead. "Over there is my hometown, Qingmu Town."

Han Muye nodded and said, "Master, where is your house? Are we going back directly?"

"Directly..." Excitement flashed in Mo Yuan's eyes. Then, he shook his head timidly and said, "Let's find an inn to stay in first and ask around before going."

"I'm worried—"

Mo Yuan was worried that after not returning to his family for two hundred years, he would not know anything about the situation in his family.

Han Muye nodded and drove the carriage toward a small building with an inn sign.

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the outer sect disciple, Jiang Han, turned around and left with a regretful expression on his face.

He was there to thank the Sword Caretaker.

Unfortunately, the person who had enlightened him was not there.

After cultivating in seclusion for a few days, he had unknowingly become familiar with the sword in his hand and his combat strength had increased greatly.

When he came out of seclusion, he had a private spar with an outer sect disciple who was ranked above him.

The battle had surprised him.

The senior brother ranked 90th in the outer sect could not last ten moves under his sword.

According to that senior brother, his sword was compatible with his sword technique. His sword was swift and difficult to defend against.

That senior brother also said that Jiang Han's combat strength might be in the top 50 of the outer sect.

He even sighed that Jiang Han had gained sudden enlightenment and had a bright future.

Jiang Han knew that all of this was because of the guidance of the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker.

"I'll come back tomorrow," Jiang Han muttered as he left.

In the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six, who was sitting at the long table, lowered his head and muttered, "Little Han is really popular. He has only been in the sect for a few days, but so many people have come to find him."

"The inner sect elite, Zhao Pu, the outer sect disciple, Jiang Han, the servant, Lu Gao, and, um, this kid is very popular with girls. That Storeowner Bai has already come twice..."

When he looked up, he was stunned. "Junior Sister Mu? Didn't you..."

His gut tightened.

Didn't Han Muye go down the mountain with Junior Sister Mu?

So, where did he go?

Mu Wan had a complicated expression on her face. She bowed to Huang Six and handed him a letter. "Brother Huang, please pass this letter to Senior Brother Han. If, if he can still see it..."

With that, Mu Wan turned around and left.

"Hey, you, you—"Huang Six looked at the envelope, his expression changing as he turned and ran into Han Muye's quiet room.

A moment later, his eyes red and his shoulders shaking, he strolled out.

He held two small jade bottles in his hands.

"Impossible. Little Han will definitely survive this..."

...

At this moment, Han Muye, whom he had been talking about, had already accompanied Mo Yuan to a magnificent mansion outside Qingmu Town.

“Fortunately, fortunately, after not returning for two hundred years, my Mo family has become more and more prosperous.” Looking at the tall gate, Mo Yuan stroked his long beard and sighed softly.

After staying at the inn for a night and asking about the current situation of the Mo family, he was a little surprised.

Ever since Mo Yuan joined the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Mo family had slowly risen because of his relationship with the outer sect.

In the past two hundred years, the Mo family claimed that their ancestor, Mo Yuan, was already very powerful in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In addition, the head of the Mo family, Mo Yunteng, was at the third level of Qi Condensation realm and was a rare expert in Qingmu Town. The Mo family became the number one family within a hundred miles.

“You’re going to the Mo family to deliver a congratulatory gift, right? Tomorrow, the Mo family is having a marriage alliance with the Sun family of Changgu County. Most of the guests in the inn are here to congratulate them.” The waiter’s words reminded Mo Yuan.

Han Muye quietly went to look for an invitation, and the two of them went to the Mo family together the next day.

The host at the entrance invited the two of them into the mansion. Mo Yuan looked at the surrounding scenery and felt endless emotions.

Han Muye was half a step behind him, moving slowly.

When they arrived at the brightly lit hall in front, many guests had already taken their seats. A few well-built members of the Mo family welcomed them.

“My master traveled here and heard that the Mo family and the Sun family had a marriage alliance. He remembered his friendship with the Mo family’s ancestor and specially prepared a congratulatory gift.”

Han Muye stepped forward and handed over a small wooden box.

When the welcoming Mo family members heard Han Muye’s words, they were stunned. Then, they looked at Mo Yuan and said in surprise, “Senior knows my ancestor?”

Mo Yuan nodded, and Han Muye replied, "A hundred years ago, my master and the Mo family's ancestor traveled the martial world together. They were old friends."

Old friend of the Patriarch!

The Mo family members hurriedly bowed solemnly. Then, they turned around and handed the congratulatory gift to the person behind them.

A moment later, the head of the Mo family, Mo Yunteng, strode over.

The Patriarch's old friend was offering a high-grade spiritual rock as a gift. How could he not dare to come?

A high-grade spiritual rocks could pay for two Mo families!

"Junior Mo Yunteng greets Senior. May I know Senior's name?" Mo Yunteng bowed, then looked at Mo Yuan and asked in a low voice.

The surrounding guests had long placed their attention on Mo Yuan. When they saw how polite the Mo family's head was, they were immediately shocked.

"Who is this? Even the head of the Mo family has to personally welcome him?" Someone whispered, his eyes filled with curiosity.

"It's more than a personal welcome. Didn't you see the head of the Mo family bow?" The person who spoke had a glint in his eyes as he looked at Han Muye and Mo Yuan.

"They all have swords on their backs. They're at least sword cultivators."

Chapter 29: The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords will definitely flourish in your hands

Soon, the news was all over the hall.

Patriarch Mo's old friend had come to visit and he even brought a high-grade spiritual rock as a gift.

Hearing that it was a high-grade spiritual rock, many people revealed envious expressions.

The cultivators of the sect had the financial support of the sect. When their cultivation reached a high level, they did not have to worry about spiritual rocks and food at all.

The cultivation path of the family cultivators and those partial cultivators with insufficient aptitude was much more difficult.

One spiritual rock could be used by a partial cultivator at the third or fourth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm for half a year.

A treasure like a high-grade spiritual rock might not even exist in the entire Qingmu Town.

Han Muye and Mo Yuan, who was disguised as the Elder of Myriad Swords, were invited to the main seat.

The experts of the Mo Family sat around.

The head of the Mo family, Mo Yunteng, was an expert at the third level of Qi Condensation realm. At this moment, he was also carefully sitting in a corner.

He saw that this Myriad Sword elder's cultivation level seemed to be only at the peak of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, and his disciple was not even at the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

But that wasn't possible.

An expert who could casually take out a high-grade spiritual rock must have an extremely profound cultivation level. He just didn't reveal his cultivation level that could shock the world.

Perhaps the Myriad Swords elder was already at the Foundation Establishment realm or even the Earth realm?

If they could befriend such an expert, the Mo Family would definitely soar into the sky!

With his heart burning, Mo Yunteng and the group of Mo family members became even more eager. They surrounded Mo Yuan and chatted enthusiastically.

Mo Yuan only asked a few questions casually, and Mo Yunteng and the others introduced the rise of their family and the experts in their family in detail.

Mo Yuan would ask a few questions from time to time, always pointing out the key points, making the Mo family members sigh. This person was indeed a senior expert as he could see through everything so thoroughly.

Even some cultivation matters and stories that Mo Yuan casually mentioned made everyone feel that they had benefited greatly.

“My master travels the world and has the intention to return to seclusion now. The scenery in Qingmu Town is not bad.”

Han Muye, who was sitting at the side, spoke up.

Recluse!

Mo Yunteng revealed a look of joy and hurriedly bowed. “Elder, our Mo family can be considered the number one family in Qingmu Town. If elder lives in seclusion in Qingmu Town, our Mo family can take care of you.”

Han Muye turned to look at Mo Yuan.

This was what they had discussed.

The Mo family wanted to make use of Mo Yuan’s reputation. If he returned as Mo Yuan and let people know that he was just an old man who had yet to enter the Qi Condensation Realm, he would probably expose the Mo family and cause their reputation to decline.

It was better to return under an alias and be a guest elder to leave the rest of his time in the Mo family.

Anyway, no one had known him for two hundred years.

Hearing Mo Yunteng’s words, Mo Yuan did not nod directly. He only chuckled and said indifferently, “Let’s talk about this later. It depends on fate.”

The more he acted like this, the more eager Mo Yunteng and the people behind him were.

Perhaps if the Mo family was more sincere, this expert would be willing to stay in the Mo family?

Just as Mo Yunteng was about to say more, there was a commotion at the door.

The Sun family had arrived.

“Hehe, hurry up and fetch the bride. Don’t worry about me.” Mo Yuan smiled and waved his hand.

“I also enjoy the liveliness of such a festive event.”

Hearing Mo Yuan’s words, Mo Yunteng’s eyes lit up.

Old people were all like this. They liked to see their juniors bustling with life.

This patriarch really thought highly of the Mo family by saying this.

As long as this marriage was done well, the Myriad Swords elder might have the intention to stay in the Mo family.

“Senior is right. Then I’ll go fetch the bride first.”

Mo Yunteng bowed to Mo Yuan and led the Mo family away.

The entire hall of guests followed him out.

In the empty hall, Mo Yuan turned to look at the corridor pillars hung with red silk and the word “Happiness” hanging high above. He said in a low voice, “Sigh, I’m also happy that the Mo family can be so powerful.”

“I’ve passed down the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords and returned to my hometown. I’ve fulfilled both wishes.”

“Besides, both wishes have gone beyond my expectations.”

“Muye, you’re definitely a genius in sword cultivation. With the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords in your hands, it will definitely flourish.”

“The Mo family is so prosperous. If I can nurture a few more disciples, I will have no regrets in this life.”

With that, Mo Yuan took off the sword hanging at his waist and placed it on the table.

“Muye, take this sword as a reward for pretending to be my disciple.”

“Also, take this pill.”

The jade bottle containing the pill that could increase one’s lifespan by one year was also placed on the table.

“Senior, these are all useful to you.” Han Muye shook his head and said softly.

Mo Yuan smiled and said, “What use is there? I’ve already seen through everything, so why can’t you?”

Han Muye still wanted to speak, but Mo Yuan said in a deep voice, “Take it, don’t let outsiders see it.”

At the door, the noise was close.

Han Muye nodded and put the jade bottle away. Then he held the sword with both hands, palm on the hilt.

“Hum—”

A soft sound that only he heard, the soft ringing of the sword that had resisted him.

Images flashed in Han Muye’s mind.

Images of the sword being forged and tempered over and over again.

A young man doing a sword dance.

The cultivation of hundreds of sword techniques.

He vowed to create the one sword technique that would topple the heavens.

After 200 years, his sword Qi had condensed, but he was unable to use it anymore.

Han Muye felt that in the long sword, there was a thick sword energy that was about to condense into sword intent.

This sword Qi was nurtured by Mo Yuan with his entire life.

However, because Mo Yuan was old and weak, he was already unable to control this sword Qi.

Han Muye's palm gently released the hilt.

He had already comprehended nearly a hundred sword techniques from this long sword called Destiny.

But he could not bear to take the sword Qi from the sword.

This sword Qi was Mo Yuan's life.

If he absorbed this sword Qi, this sword would lose its connection with Mo Yuan.

The hall was filled with joy. Mo Yuan sat there and watched with a smile. Anyone who came toasted him and he did not turn down any.

In particular, when the marrying couple went forward to kneel and bow, Mo Yuan smiled and went forward to help them up.

"Your great-grandfather doesn't have anything to give you."

"How about this? In a few days, come over and I'll teach you some good sword techniques." Stroking his long beard, Mo Yuan's face was full of smiles.

His words surprised the Mo family.

Clearly the old man was willing to stay, even temporarily.

"Hurry up and thank great-grandfather," Mo Yunteng hurriedly shouted, letting his son and daughter-in-law kowtow to Mo Yuan.

Not far away, a few of the guests who had come to send the bride off watched this scene coldly.

"Senior Brother Jiang Heng, what's the background of this so-called Myriad Sword elder?" A middle-aged man wearing a red jacket and thin armor asked in a deep voice.

The short-bearded middle-aged man named Jiang Heng's eyes lit up.

“His footsteps are weak, and his eyes are turbid. He’s clearly at the end of his lifespan.”

“There’s some sword Qi on his body, but his spiritual energy is mixed. His cultivation level is at most at the third or fourth level of Qi Condensation.”

“Let’s stick to the plan. The old man is nothing to worry about.”

The others exchanged glances at his words, then nodded.

Bam!

A porcelain bowl fell to the ground. The sharp sound was like a pair of scissors cutting through brocade in the jubilant atmosphere.

“What kind of lousy wine is this? The Mo family is looking down on our Sun family too much!”

An eight-foot-tall young man staggered to his feet and pointed at the couple.

“Mo Yucheng, is this how the Mo family treats their guests?”

The hall fell silent.

Patriarch Mo Yuan narrowed his eyes.

Mo Yunteng’s heart skipped a beat as he hurriedly took a step forward.

“The Mo family has neglected you. Quick, send ten jars of Falling Snow Brew over.”

The Falling Snow Brew was a famous wine. It contained a trace of spiritual energy and cost one spiritual rock per jar.

Mo Yunteng’s heart ached to serve such good wine to the guests.

But at this moment, what he had to do was to make the scene lively and without any twists and turns.

“Don’t serve him any Falling Snow Brew.”

The young man looked at Mo Yunteng with suppressed anger in his eyes.

“Just now, I heard that the Mo family is the number one family in Qingmu Town. That my Sun family is only an ordinary family in Yanggu County and it’s my Sun family’s honor to be able to marry into your family.”

The young man took a step forward. The red silk-wrapped sword at his waist was unsheathed.

“Let me see how capable your Mo family’s younger generation is.”

‘Draw your sword!’

Everyone’s expressions turned cold when they saw the cold sword light.

In the hall, the guests quietly moved back.

No one was a fool.

No one from the Sun family had said anything yet. It was obvious that they wanted to stir up trouble.

Chapter 30: I don’t want to see bloodshed today

Seeing the burly man draw his sword, Mo Yuan narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, “This is the inner sect sword technique of the Three Qin Sword Sect.”

His 200 years in the outer sect was not for nothing. Although Mo Yuan could not come into contact with the upper echelons of the various sects, he had knowledge that outsiders could not reach.

‘The Three Qin Sword Sect?’

Han Muye quickly nodded.

No wonder these people wanted to pick a fight.

The Three Qin Sword Sect was a sword sect hundreds of kilometers away. It was not a big sect, but there were many experts among them. They were usually not very respectful to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

A few years ago, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect sent out experts to teach the Three Qin Sword Sect a lesson. Only then did they become much more obedient.

It seemed that after not suppressing it for a few years, they were trying to stir something up.

With Mo Yuan explaining the various stories of the cultivation world, Han Muye now knew more information than those disciples who had been in the sect for decades.

“Hehe, it’s not nice to draw your sword on such a joyous day, right?” An old man in a robe from the Mo family smiled and cupped his hands.

“This must be the Ninth Young Master of the Sun family, Lu Yang. I heard that he cultivated in the Three Qin Sword Sect. It seems that he has mastered a divine technique.”

The old man exposed the burly man’s identity and said with a smile, “The small dispute between the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Three Qin Sword Sect shouldn’t implicate us families, right?”

Although his words were tactful, the surrounding people understood that this Young Master Sun Luyang of the Sun family was provoking them for a reason.

That was because of the matter between the two sects.

The Mo family had always been a firm fan of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. If they really had any conflict with the Sun family that day and word got out, they might even be able to gain the favor of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Mo Yunteng turned his head to observe Mo Yuan’s expression. Seeing that there was no change in his expression, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“I didn’t agree to this marriage in the first place. Your Mo family always puts on airs. What Nine Mystic Sword Sect? All these years, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has never taken much care of your Mo family.”

Sun Luyang’s face was cold. He raised his hand and pointed his long sword at the people around. “If anyone of the younger generation of the Mo Family can defeat the sword in my hand today, I’ll turn around and leave.”

“If no one can win, hehe, it’s better not to marry.”

The hall was silent. The bride in the wedding dress was trembling, her eyes filled with tears. The groom at her side put his arm around her shoulders and said softly.

“That’s not right, Master. Although the Three Qin Sword Sect and the Nine Mystical Mystic Sect don’t get along, it’s not to the extent of implicating the Mo family.” Han Muye frowned, his gaze landing on the tables where the Sun family sent the bride.

“Be careful. There’s murderous intent in these people.” Mo Yuan pressed his hand on the table, his eyes flickering.

‘Murderous intent?’

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Even if there was a dispute, it was not to the point of killing each other. How could they have murderous intent?

“Clang—”

In front of them, there were already disciples of the Mo Family who were becoming impatient.

“Today is Brother Yucheng’s big day. Since Uncle Sun wants to liven things up, I, Mo Yuci, will accompany you.” The sword in the young man’s hand shone as he stood tall.

Someone from the Mo family finally faced him directly, causing the hall to become slightly noisy.

When the people saw the young man who walked out, someone immediately introduced in a low voice, “So it’s the fifth young master of the Mo family. It’s said that this person is already above the fifth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm. He’s considered an expert among the younger generation in Qingmu Town.”

“The Mo family’s sword technique was taught by an elder from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. I think it won’t be inferior to the Sun family’s. This round will definitely be exciting.” Someone’s eyes lit up as he chuckled in anticipation.

“Eh, do you think this is a trap set up by the Sun and Mo families to show off the greatness of their younger generation?” A guest sitting in the distance lowered his voice and voiced his guess.

These words made many guests who were not clear about the dispute between the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Three Qin Sword Sect nod.

In the middle of the hall, there was an empty space of twenty to thirty feet. Two young men with swords stood facing each other.

“Mo Yuci of the Mo family seeks guidance from Young Master Sun Luyang of the Sun family.” The Mo family disciple with a red belt at his waist shouted in a low voice as he stabbed out with his sword.

This sword carried the sound of air being torn apart. The sword light was clear and steady, fast and urgent.

From this strike alone, it could be seen that this fifth young master of the Mo family had a solid foundation in swordsmanship. He had worked hard for at least a few years.

“The Mo family is known as the number one family in Qingmu Town. The disciples of this family are indeed impressive.”

“Not many of the younger generation in Qingmu Town can withstand this strike.”

Mo Yuci’s sword attracted all kinds of discussion, but Sun Luyang’s expression did not change.

When the sword was in front of him, Sun Luyang’s sword met it. With a flash of sword light, the two swords collided.

“Clang—”

Mo Yu took a step back and his face turned red. Sun Luyang’s sword did not move as he pointed it forward again.

Everyone around him frowned.

Sun Luyang’s sword moves were not sharp, but his cultivation was clearly much stronger than Mo Yuci’s.

He suppressed Mo Yuci's sword with his cultivation.

In a sword competition, such an act was unfair.

"This kid's swordsmanship is not bad. He's deliberately suppressing others."

"The Three Qin Sword Sect sword technique he cultivates is a multi-strength sword technique." Mo Yuan looked at the two sides and said softly to Han Muye.

"Watch my sword—" Mo Yuci, who had been forced back a step, gritted his teeth and shouted. He thrust his sword out again.

A cold expression flashed across Sun Luyang's face as the sword in his hand suddenly smashed down.

"Clang—"

Mo Yuci's sword broke into two, and the tip of the sword spun and fell.

Mo Yuci's face was pale as he retreated. He held his right arm in his left hand, and blood dripped from between his thumb and forefinger.

"You think you're qualified to challenge me with this little capability?" Sun Luyang sneered and pointed his sword forward.

"Mo Yucheng, why don't you come up?"

Mo Yucheng was the eldest young master of the Mo family, the number one among the younger generation. He was already at the eighth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm and was the strongest among the younger generation in Qingmu Town.

Anger flashed across Mo Yucheng's face.

That day was his wedding. If he had joined the battle, it would be attract bad luck.

Moreover, if he had fought against the Sun family that day, the bride beside him must be very sad.

He did not have a deep relationship with Miss Sun, but since they were going to get married, he had to think for her.

Miss Sun tugged at Mo Yucheng's sleeve, her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't be arrogant. My Mo family has plenty of people to fight you."

"There's no need for Eldest Young Master to attack. I'll—" Someone from the Mo family shouted, and several young disciples jumped into the battle.

"Go back!"

At this moment, the head of the Mo family, Mo Yunteng, suddenly shouted and took a step forward.

A vigorous force exploded from his body, causing the surrounding Mo family disciples to lose their balance and retreat.

The force pushed Sun Luyang back and he hit the table behind him. His face turned pale.

This was the power of Qi Condensation realm.

In front of a Qi Condensation cultivator, a Essence Energy cultivator was not even qualified to attack.

"It's just a game. That's all," Mo Yunteng said calmly. His gaze swept ahead before he turned around.

At this moment, a green light shot out from behind Sun Luyang and stabbed towards Mo Yunteng's back!

"Attack—"

Dozens of figures flew in all directions, and sword lights bloomed!

Mo Yuan narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, "It turns out that the Three Qin Sword Sect has long joined forces with the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!"

The person who drew the sword was at least at the Qi Condensation Realm.

Han Muye looked in front of him.

Ahead, war was on the verge of breaking out.

“I don’t want to see bloodshed today,” Mo Yuan muttered as an intense aura rose from his body.

His aura was light, but it was sharp.

The aura turned into a thousand streaks and spread out.

Sword Qi!

This was the sword Qi condensed in Mo Yuan’s body!

“Hum—”

All the swords in the hall shook uncontrollably!

The short sword shot at Mo Yunteng’s back was three inches behind him.

Standing behind Mo Yuan, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

This was the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

With a condensation of sword Qi, 10,000 swords responded!