

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 31 - This is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords

Chapter 31: This is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords

“Clang—”

A green short sword shot at the back of Mo Yunteng fell to the ground.

In the hall, everyone looked at the white-bearded old man sitting at the main seat in shock.

What kind of expert could make all the swords in the hall tremble with a word?

Was there really such an expert in the world?

“Earth Realm, he must be in the Earth Realm!” The pale Mo Yunteng looked at Mo Yuan and said excitedly.

Those people who had been running in all directions slowly retreated and gathered. They held their swords and looked around warily.

The leaders stared at Mo Yuan, not daring to relax at all.

One word could stop the sword. Such power could be said to be the law. He was definitely an Earth Realm expert.

But how could a small Mo family have an Earth Realm expert?

Were they just going to give up on something they had been planning for a long time?

Even if they didn't give up, so what could they do if there were Earth Realm experts here?

“Didn't you hear what my master said?”

Han Muye took a step forward with the sword 'Destiny' in both hands.

He had to take actions.

In the eyes of outsiders, his Earth Realm cultivation was actually just an empty shell. His cultivation level was only at the Essence Energy cultivation stage, and he was old and weak. It was even a little difficult for him to lift his sword.

Earlier, he had felt the vibration of 'Destiny' in his hand.

It was the weakening of the connection between Mo Yuan and his sword.

The sword Qi condensed on Mo Yuan's body was about to be exhausted.

As Han Muye took a step, the ringing of the swords in the hall disappeared.

The relatives looked at each other, then slowly retreated from the lobby and ran away.

After these people left, the guests in the hall slowly came back to their senses.

It made people feel helpless that a proper wedding banquet had become like this.

However, for the Mo family, a marriage was still a joyous event.

Everyone subconsciously looked at Mo Yuan.

With an Earth Realm expert holding down the fort for the Mo family, in the future, they would not be as simple as being the number one family in Qingmu Town.

A family with an Earth Realm expert could even become the number one family in a radius of hundreds of miles and become an ally of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In the cultivation world, power always rules.

"You guys don't feel comfortable with me here either," Mo Yuan suddenly said.

"Do you have a back room? I'm a little tired and want to rest."

Mo Yunteng hurriedly bowed. "Yes, Senior, please follow me—"

Mo Yuan waved his hand and said, "No need. Let the two of them bring me there."

Mo Yuan pointed at the red-robed couple.

They both were slightly stunned.

The bride, Miss Sun, was panicking.

She did not know how to deal with the Sun family's act while sending her off. Mo Yucheng, who was beside her, did not know if the wedding banquet would continue. He only held Miss Sun's cold hand.

"Didn't you hear what Great-Grandfather said? Aren't you going?"

Mo Yunteng shouted in a low voice. Mo Yucheng and the bride hurriedly bowed and led Mo Yuan away from the main table to the back room.

"Ahem, everyone, let's continue with the banquet. How about it?" Mo Yunteng's voice came from the hall.

"Of course. Today is a joyous day for the Mo family."

"Yes, we have to interact more with Brother Mo in the future."

...

When they reached the backyard, Mo Yucheng pushed open the room door. Mo Yuan stepped out, then staggered. Han Muye, who was following behind, reached out to support him.

Mo Yuan's face was pale. He turned to look at Han Muye and said anxiously, "Muye, quick, take them out of Qingmu Town and go to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

"When those people realise it, no one here will survive."

Mo Yuan's words and current appearance left the two newcomers at a loss.

At this moment, Mo Yuan did not look like an Earth Realm expert at all.

Mo Yuan turned to look at Mo Yucheng and the bride. "I'm your great-grandfather, Mo Yuan. My name should be Mo Lingyang in the family records back then."

Mo Lingyang, Mo Yuan, the patriarch of the Mo family!

Mo Yucheng and the bride stared.

This Myriad Swords elder was his ancestor?

Wasn't his ancestor in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect? Why was he here?

"I don't have the high level of cultivation as you think. Instead, my cultivation and lifespan have been exhausted. I don't have much life left."

Mo Yuan's words made the two of them turn pale.

The foundation of the Mo family depended on their ancestor in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

If not for this patriarch holding up the family, the Mo family might not even be considered top-notch in Qingmu Town.

"Although I subdued those people just now, if they realise it, they will definitely return."

"This person from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect—" Mo Yuan pointed at Han Muye.

"I'm Han Muye, Master's disciple," Han Muye said frankly.

Mo Yuan did not expect Han Muye to still acknowledge him as his master. He looked at him gratefully and said, "Muye will bring you to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. At least leave a bloodline inheritance for my Mo family."

Han Muye nodded and looked at Mo Yucheng and the bride. "Come with me."

Then, without hesitation, he turned and walked away.

The Patriarch was not a true expert. Those experts were going to make a comeback!

Mo Yucheng and Miss Sun's faces turned pale.

With those people's cultivation and abilities, no one in the entire Mo Family could stop them!

"Hurry up and leave. Don't stay any longer," Mo Yuan waved his hand and said in a low voice.

Mo Yucheng nodded and led the bride away.

When they walked out of the door, the two of them turned around and knelt before Mo Yuan. They kowtowed three times before quickly following Han Muye.

Watching the three of them leave, Mo Yuan sighed softly and said, "It's good that they're gone. It's good that they're gone..."

He slumped down in front of the table and chair and pressed his hand against the surface. Suddenly, his entire body shook.

Turning slowly, he saw the sword he knew so well on the table.

Han Muye did not take Destiny with him.

With a jolt, he gripped the scabbard and felt the sword Qi surge through his sword.

Not right!

'What is this kid trying to do!' Struggling to get up, Mo Yuan looked at the distant sky.

At this moment, Han Muye had already led Mo Yucheng and the bride outside the Mo residence.

"My master is indeed not an expert of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. He's just the number one outer sect disciple who hasn't reached the Qi Condensation Realm after 200 years."

Han Muye walked in front, his eyes expressionless.

He had not reached Qi Condensation realm even after 200 years!

Mo Yucheng and the bride did not expect the Mo family's famous patriarch to be so unsuccessful.

“He spent 200 years creating a sword technique.”

Han Muye strode forward, an inexplicable aura surging around him.

This aura shocked Mo Yucheng and his wife who were following behind him.

“Today, I’ll let you see how talented your ancestor is.”

Han Muye spoke lightly, his gaze fixed not far away.

Over there, more than ten figures in green and gray robes rushed over.

“Haha, as expected, they’re trying to escape!”

“Quick, surround the Mo family and find the treasure. Then we’ll head to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!”

Other than the ninth son of the Sun family, Sun Luyang, who looked at the bride beside Mo Yucheng with a hint of pity on his face, the others were all filled with murderous intent as they rushed over.

Han Muye stood where he was, one hand behind his back, the other stretched out slowly, two fingers together.

“Sword Qi in the sword, tough or gentle, transforming constantly.”

“128,000 sword qi condensed into sword intent. This sword intent can destroy mountains and rivers.”

“This is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

“Hum—”

As soon as he finished speaking, sword light rose!

Thousands of sword Qi soared into the sky!

Chapter 32: Mo Yuan, Qi Condensation

Thousands of sharp sword lights flashed, and endless sword Qi exploded.

The sword Qi formed a river that surged for a thousand feet!

“Sword intent!”

On a mountain range dozens of kilometers away, a few white-robed martial artists looked up. Someone exclaimed.

“An Earth Realm expert! It must be that Qin Yuanhe from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!” An old man in a gray robe shouted coldly.

“Hurry up and go. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect will definitely reward us handsomely for killing this person.” The old man’s aura was solemn. He carried a long sword on his back and sharp energy emitted from his body.

“Bam—”

A pale red firework exploded in the distant sky.

“It’s the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s gathering order. Hurry up and go. Surround Qin Yuanhe and you will receive 3,000 merit tokens.”

A group of people wearing the robes of the inner sect disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect flew forward.

“The sword intent...”

“Hehe, good lad.”

In the Mo family mansion, Mo Yuan looked up at the soaring sword light with a smile.

“It’s a pity that I didn’t personally witness this Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.” Mo Yuan sat on the door frame, his eyes filled with joy and a trace of regret.

“This is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords,” Han Muye said calmly as he slowly retracted his hand.

The space in front of him seemed to have been plowed by an iron plow.

More than ten martial artists spat out blood and their bodies were riddled with holes.

This was just the one sword intent released by the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

If 3,000 sword intents condensed into sword momentum, what would the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords look like?

Han Muye put his hands behind his back, his eyes shining.

“Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords...” Mo Yucheng clenched the bride’s cold hand and muttered to himself in a hoarse voice.

He killed more than ten Essence Energy Cultivation and Qi Condensation experts with a single strike. Was such a strike really created by his ancestor?

How could an outer sect disciple who had not reached the Qi Condensation Realm after 200 years create such a magnificent sword technique?

Han Muye slowly stepped forward, squatted, and looked at the twitching figure on the ground.

“Tell me, why have you come?”

The man’s eyes were full of fear. He gurgled a few times, then his head lolled and he died.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the sword on the ground.

Images swam into his mind.

The young man joined the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

He was a young swordsman.

An elite in the sect.

He had come with the elders of the sect to disrupt the rising of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“That Mystic Sun Sword contains the principles of the Sword Dao. As long as we find it, it will definitely help our Great Spiritual Sword Sect become the leader of the four sword sects in the Western Frontier.”

In the image, the person who spoke was a black-bearded man in a long robe. It was the expert of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin Yuanhe!

“Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Mystic Sun Sword...” Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

The last time he heard the name of the Mystic Sun Sword was in the images of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s disciple, Ji Yuan.

What secrets did this sword have?

“Sister, sister...” Sun Luyang, who was lying in a pool of blood, panted and looked at the bride.

Miss Sun covered her mouth as tears fell.

“Sister, don’t blame your ninth brother.”

“The Sun family has been exterminated by the Great Spiritual Sword Sect. We have no choice...”

“You, you be good, live—”

He was dead before he finished.

“Bam—”

Nearby, fireworks rose into the air.

Han Muye stood up and turned. “Let’s go.”

Then he strode back to the house.

Mo Yucheng and the others did not see that Han Muye’s face was pale.

It didn’t feel good to kill someone for the first time.

“Ying’er, don’t worry. My Mo family has an elder. I, Mo Yucheng, will definitely avenge you in the future.” Mo Yucheng held the bride whose shoulders were trembling and said in a deep voice.

When Mo Yunteng and the others arrived at the battlefield, there was no one alive.

“Sword Qi, he was injured by the sword Qi!”

“Earth Realm, it must be an Earth Realm expert!”

Everyone turned to look at Mo Yunteng with amazement.

It was obvious who had done it.

Mo Yunteng smiled without saying anything and only looked into the distance.

Figures raced toward them.

These people were all tall and straight, and a sharp aura flashed on their bodies.

They were all experts in sword cultivation.

“Greetings, seniors.” Mo Yunteng took a step forward and bowed to the newcomers.

The person in front was dressed in a gray robe and carried a long sword on his back. He looked around and narrowed his eyes.

“Did you do this?”

Mo Yunteng shook his head and said, “Senior, this was done by a senior of my Mo family.”

“That senior has a close relationship with our Mo family’s ancestor.”

Then, he bowed and said softly, “My Mo family’s ancestor is in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

The expression of the old man in the green and gray robe changed slightly, then he nodded and said, “Well, good. So the Mo family has such a relationship with our Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“I’m Xu Linjin, the deacon of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Battle Sword Hall.”

“That Earth Realm expert helped the Nine Mystic Sword Sect eliminate the calamity. We should pay a visit to that Earth Realm expert in the Mo Family.”

An Earth Realm expert!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect expert in front of him had personally said that the Myriad Sword elder was an Earth Realm expert!

Mo Yunteng was all smiles as he hurriedly stretched out his hand and said, “Senior, please—”

Someone naturally cleaned up the corpses on the ground.

Everyone surrounded the Nine Mystic Sword Sect expert and headed towards the Mo Family.

“Oh my, the Mo family has completely become successful...”

“Even the experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect have to pay a visit to the elder. The Mo family has really soared.”

The guests whispered behind him and followed them to the Mo family.

No one was willing to leave first in such a situation.

In the Mo family’s backyard, Han Muye strode back.

Mo Yuan looked excited as he struggled to get up. “How is it?”

“Qi Condensation and Essence Energy Cultivation realm all exterminated with one slash,” Han Muye said in a deep voice.

“Haha, good, good—” Mo Yuan laughed out loud, his laughter carefree.

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords indeed had the ability to kill thousands of enemies with one strike!

After spending 200 years to create such an exquisite sword technique, Mo Yuan felt that he no longer had any regrets in his life!

His face turned red and he coughed a few times. His body swayed and he was about to fall.

Han Muye stepped forward and put a hand on his arm.

Mo Yucheng and Miss Sun also arrived. The two of them looked at each other and knelt in front of Mo Yuan. “Greetings to the elder.”

“Hehe, don’t you think that I’m useless?” Mo Yuan laughed. There was a hint of relief and regret in his eyes.

“The ancestor is too great. The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords created by you is peerless.” Mo Yucheng looked up at Mo Yuan, his eyes filled with admiration.

The power of Han Muye’s attack just now had completely won him over.

The person who could create this sword technique was the Mo Family’s ancestor. As a member of the Mo Family, he was extremely lucky!

Hearing Mo Yucheng’s words, a gratified smile appeared on Mo Yuan’s face. Then, he sighed softly and said, “It’s a pity that my dantian is empty and I don’t have the strength to gather spiritual energy. Otherwise, I could have lived for a few more days.”

“I really want to see the Mo family again...”

As his speech became softer, the divine light in Mo Yuan’s eyes also began to dissipate.

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly reached out and pressed on Mo Yuan’s shoulder.

A flood of power poured into him, making his eyes widen.

Sword intent!

This was a complete sword intent that directly passed through Mo Yuan’s body and meridians. Then, it entered his chest and landed in his sea of Qi.

Han Muye pressed a pill into Mo Yuan’s mouth with his other hand.

The pill melted in his mouth and dissolved into spiritual energy.

The spiritual energy flowed through the meridians pierced by the sword Qi and instantly landed on Mo Yuan’s dry dantian.

“Hum—”

A copious force emitted from Mo Yuan’s body.

Qi Condensation Realm!

The sword intent opened up his sea of Qi, and a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill filled his meridians and dantian, directly allowing Mo Yuan's cultivation to break through and reach the Qi Condensation Realm.

Once he entered the Qi Condensation Realm, his originally exhausted lifespan rapidly increased. The aura on Mo Yuan's body constantly reversed, and his white hair turned gray.

His originally thin face also regained its color.

“Hum—”

Mo Yuan opened his eyes, and a sword light flashed in his eyes.

All the swords within a 10,000-foot radius vibrated!

In front of the Mo family mansion, Xu Linjin, the deacon of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Battle Sword Hall, trembled.

The sword on his back vibrated.

He was not the only one. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciple behind him could not even hold the sword in his hand as it seemed to be about to fly into the sky.

“The sword intent has condensed, and an Earth Realm expert has awakened!” Xu Linjin stood on the spot and bowed slightly.

It was a sign of respect for the strong.

Chapter 33: Returning to the sect, Interception by Qin Yuanhe!

Several kilometers away from the Mo family mansion, many people stopped in their tracks.

“What a thick sword intent. It's actually condensed and makes one's soul tremble,” a gray-robed old man said softly with a sigh.

“With such sword intent, he can be said to be invincible among his peers.” A middle-aged man in a black robe muttered, then shook his head and said, “The Mo family and the Sun family’s marriage had attracted trouble. I didn’t expect...”

“Let’s go. With such an expert guarding the Mo family, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect won’t find trouble with them.” Another black-robed man turned around and left.

“This person’s sword Qi is magnificent and his sword intent has condensed. It’s even a level above Qin Yuanhe. There’s no need to look. It’s not him.”

Outside the Mo residence, the experts quietly retreated.

The Mo family did not know that they had all been on the brink of death.

In front of the mansion, the vibration of all the swords dissipated. Xu Linjin, the deacon of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Battle Hall, straightened his back and looked at Mo Yunteng.

“Patriarch Mo, since this senior wants to enter seclusion for the time being, we shan’t disturb him.”

“We still have to chase after Qin Yuanhe.”

Xu Linjin’s words stunned Mo Yunteng.

Why did the people from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect stop entering when they reached the entrance?

Seeing that he was puzzled, Xu Linjin smiled and cupped his hands.

“Patriarch Mo, don’t worry. My Nine Mystic Sword Sect will naturally send someone to visit again. My Sword Battle Hall has another mission for a killing pursuit.”

He bowed toward the mansion and turned to leave.

As he watched the people from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect leave, Mo Yunteng’s heart trembled and he broke out in cold sweat.

The Sword Battle Hall only focused on killing. Then why did they come to the Mo family just now?

He turned to the back of the mansion, respect in his eyes.

No wonder the Myriad Sword Elder had warned them with his sword intent.

If it weren't for him, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect might really have come with ill intentions.

At this moment, in the backyard, Mo Yuan, who had restrained his divine light and was emitting sword intent, stood in the room with a sigh.

"Are you really going back to the Sword Pavilion, Muye?"

At this moment, his cultivation level had reached the Qi Condensation Realm, and he still had hundreds of years to live. With his sword intent, the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords could even compete against the Earth Realm experts.

At this moment, he was an Earth Realm expert!

If Han Muye was willing to cultivate under him, he would teach him with all his might and let him develop into a sword expert.

However, Han Muye refused. He wanted to return to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and return to the Sword Pavilion to be a Sword Caretaker.

"Master, the sword Qi I condense comes from the Sword Pavilion. It's more convenient for me to cultivate the Qi condensation technique you mentioned there."

Han Muye said softly.

Hearing Han Muye mention the sword Qi, Mo Yuan nodded.

If Han Muye hadn't given him his sword intent and that supreme-grade pill to activate his dantian's sea of Qi, he would probably have reached the end of his lifespan.

"Alright." Mo Yuan looked at Han Muye and extended his hand to hand over the longsword, Destiny. "The only thing I can teach you is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords."

"You may return to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to cultivate. If you need anything, come find me directly."

“I, Mo Yuan, will never forget our fate as master and disciple.”

Whether it was inheriting the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords or allowing Mo Yuan to extend his lifespan and have a chance to continue cultivating, Han Muye had done an indescribable favor to Mo Yuan.

“Master, take care.” Han Muye took the sword Destiny, cupped his hands, and walked out of the room.

Mo Yuan watched him leave and sighed softly.

He no longer needed the sword in his hand.

As Han Muye had once said, “No sword in the hand, but a sword in the heart.”

For the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, there was no sword in the hand, but 10,000 swords in the heart.

“In that case, I’ll live in seclusion here in the name of the Myriad Sword Elder from today onwards.”

“Perhaps in a hundred years, the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords will become famous.”

Mo Yuan’s eyes revealed an unconcealable heroic spirit.

Driving the carriage back to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye sped up.

In only half a day, he had traveled more than two hundred miles.

Unfortunately, the treasures that the Three Qin Sword Sect and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were looking for were nowhere to be found.

According to the bride Miss Sun, it was a black sheathed sword, one of the Sun family’s dowries.

There was something fishy about this matter, but Han Muye was unwilling to interfere.

Mo Yuan was living in seclusion in Qingmu Town. With him around, the Mo family would naturally be safe.

At sunset, he lit a bonfire in the lee of the mountain ridge, then placed the rations he had brought over the fire and slowly roasted them.

Sitting in front of the fire, Han Muye took out a jade bottle.

This was the jade bottle that contained the lifespan-increasing pill.

One pill could increase one's lifespan by one year.

According to Elder Su Liang and the female cultivator Jin Yuan's estimation, Han Muye should be reaching the end of his lifespan.

But now, not only did Han Muye not feel that his lifespan was exhausted, his body also felt much lighter.

"It seems that dispersing the two sword intents can indeed relieve the damage to my lifespan."

Han Muye muttered to himself, his eyes bright.

That day, he first used one sword intent to activate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords and gave the other sword intent to Mo Yuan.

At this moment, two sword intents were missing from his sea of Qi, and his lifespan had recovered a little.

"Eh, I can actually find hot food in the wilderness. Not bad." Suddenly, a voice sounded, and Han Muye put away the jade bottle in his hand.

Turning around, a middle-aged swordsman in green robes with a short beard under his chin and bright eyes strode over.

The swordsman sat in front of Han Muye and reached out to take down the steamed bun on the fire.

"Hoo-hoo—it's hot."

After stuffing the bun into his mouth, the swordsman looked up at Han Muye.

"Do you have wine?"

Han Muye shook his head.

“Go, find a place and get some wine.” The middle-aged swordsman waved his hand and said casually.

Han Muye sat where he was and didn’t move.

“Kid, didn’t you hear me?” Seeing that Han Muye didn’t move, the middle-aged swordsman glared at him and shouted, “Do you want to die?”

Han Muye’s expression didn’t change. He said calmly, “If I go get some wine, you won’t kill me?”

“You hid under the carriage all the way from Qingmu Town. Didn’t you follow me for two hundred miles just to kill me?”

The middle-aged swordsman’s expression changed drastically. He moved and took a few steps back, staring at Han Muye.

“Good kid, no wonder that old monster protected you in Qingmu Town. You’re really something.”

He sneered and placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. “Then I’ll let you die in peace. I’m from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin—”

Before he could finish, Han Muye stood up and pointed forward. “Qin Yuanhe, Zhou Yan treats you as a brother. Why did you kill him?”

Qin Yuanhe.

This person was Qin Yuanhe from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!

“Bullsh*t, why would I kill Zhou Yan—” Qin Yuanhe’s face revealed anger, and the sword in his hand was unsheathed with a clang.

However, although he was fast, Han Muye was even faster!

“Whew—”

The bonfire between the two of them suddenly burst into flames, and a dark red sword Qi burst out!

On Han Muye’s body, two green and red sword lights were revealed. Then, with invincible sword intent, they directly charged towards Qin Yuanhe.

“Two sword intents!”

“How is that possible!”

Qin Yuanhe widened his eyes and used all his strength to block the green sword intent. Another fiery red sword intent exploded and turned into countless sword Qi that enveloped him.

“Scatter—”

Qin Yuanhe roared and the sword light on his sword transformed into thousands of sword Qi that collided with the green and red sword Qi in front of him.

However, no matter how powerful his sword intent was, it could not withstand the rampage of the two sword intents. In just a few breaths, his body was already covered in wounds from the fiery red sword Qi.

“Slaughter—”

Qin Yuanhe raised his sword and slashed at the green sword intent in front of him. Then, he used the energy from the rebound to move back 100 feet.

“Clang—”

The longsword that flew into the air fell to the ground.

The green and red swords hovered above the fire, circling gently.

Chapter 34: Reviewing the match and obtaining the spiritual longsword

With his hands empty, Qin Yuanhe looked at Han Muye in horror.

He gritted his teeth and stared at Han Muye indignantly. “Kid, I don’t believe you still have—”

Qin Yuanhe flew up and rushed towards Han Muye.

Before he could finish speaking, another sword intent condensed on Han Muye’s body.

In midair, Qin Yuanhe turned around and fled into the forest.

He escaped.

An Earth Realm expert who had cultivated his sword intent had fled.

Han Muye looked at the figure fleeing into the forest and smiled.

He flicked his sleeve and withdrew his fingers.

“Clang—”

The long sword, Destiny, and the short sword, Purple Flame, returned to their sheaths.

It was not necessary for the sword intent to transform into thousands of sword Qi for Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

When up against an Earth Realm expert, only sword intent against sword intent was enough to intimidate and kill.

If Qin Yuanhe didn’t leave now, he would probably die.

Standing in place, Han Muye carefully recalled his previous moves.

With maximum-level comprehending abilities, he could review the match just now.

All the images kept running through his mind.

Suppressing his opponent with two sword intents was satisfying, but there was actually no need to do that.

Qin Yuanhe actually did not have any killing intent when he attacked just now. He did not really intend to kill him.

Moreover, Qin Yuanhe had just condensed his sword intent. It was enough for Han Muye to fight him with just one sword intent.

As for when he attacked, there was no need to directly use the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

This was a move that could not be stopped. It consumed too much sword intent. It was better to use the Three Mystic Sword Technique.

He kept reflecting, and various simulation of re-battle scenes appeared in his mind.

After a long time, the scenes of defeating his opponent with a single strike finally disappeared.

Han Muye felt that he had gained a new understanding of his various sword techniques.

If he met Qin Yuanhe again, he was confident that he could kill him with one strike.

Sure enough, actual combat was the way to test out everything.

Although he had only exchanged two moves with Qin Yuanhe just now, his opponent was an Earth Realm expert and he had comprehended a lot.

The energy consumption from the two sword intents on his body made his body ache.

This was the disadvantage of having only sword intent and no cultivation base. Once the sword intent was activated, he would not have enough spiritual energy to guide it and could only let it dissipate.

After circulating the remaining sword intent in his sea of Qi and the spiritual energy in his dantian, a trace of joy flashed across his face.

The consumption by the two sword intents allowed his lifespan to recover a little.

Now, at least for a while, he did not need to worry about his lifespan.

Furthermore, he understood that as long as he did not store his sword intent in his sea of Qi, it would not consume his lifespan. Han Muye had already thought of a good idea. He could test it out when he returned to the Sword Pavilion.

Taking a few steps forward, he reached out and grabbed Qin Yuanhe's fallen sword.

“Hum—”

The sword vibrated, and a force of resistance twisted around it.

This sword was not an ordinary item!

Han Muye’s face lit up. He gripped the hilt of his sword tightly and activated his sword intent.

“Clang—”

There was a cracking sound from the sword, and then a trickle of sword Qi was extracted from it.

The sword Qi contained in this longsword had yet to condense into sword intent, which meant that the sword Qi inside was not nurtured enough.

Images flashed in Han Muye’s mind.

The sword was tempered and forged over and over again, then spiritual materials were added.

There were also drawing of spiritual symbols.

He had comprehended the Spirit Augmentation Technique.

So this was the way to refine spiritual weapons.

After comprehending the Spirit Augmentation technique, Han Muye finally understood the difference between mortal and spiritual weapons.

Ordinary-grade swords could only store sword Qi. If one wanted to condense sword intent, they had to nourish it for a hundred years.

With the addition of spiritual materials and spiritual symbols, the sword had become an artifact and could contain sword intent.

In fact, because the spiritual materials had powerful abilities, the lethality of a spiritual artifact-level sword was even greater.

After comprehending the spirit augmentation technique, the image of the sword owner cultivating appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

It was an old man in a green and gray brocade robe. Sword light flowed in his hand and he kept waving the sword.

He had comprehended the sword technique 'Pine Wind'.

He had comprehended the sword technique 'Between the Moon'.

He had comprehended the sword technique 'Cloudfall'.

...

After comprehending seven or eight sword techniques, Han Muye knew who the original owner of this sword was.

It was an elder of the Three Qin Sword Sect who had almost cultivated his sword intent.

However, this person was killed by Qin Yuanhe, who then obtained this sword.

It was also through killing the elders of the Three Qin Sword Sect and intimidating them that he made them submit to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

In his mind, there were many images of what Qin Yuanhe had done under the ruling of Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

It turned out that not only did the Three Qin Sword Sect submit to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, but the other forces also quietly joined them.

Zhou Yan!

When Zhou Yan, the deacon of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Battle Hall, appeared in the images, Han Muye was shocked.

Qin Yuanhe and Zhou Yan were indeed childhood friends and had a good relationship.

Qin Yuanhe was sincere in helping Zhou Yan break through.

However, there was something related to the sect mission.

The Mystic Sun Sword.

It was a black sheathed sword. This sword was hidden and was related to a Heaven Realm cultivation technique!

When an imitation Mystic Sun Sword appeared, Han Muye thought of the Sun family's destruction and linked it to the Mo family's sheathed sword.

Also, the death of Ji Yuan from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect seemed to be related to this sword.

This sword was in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

In the scene, Qin Yuanhe and Zhou Yan were practicing their swordsmanship and drinking, chatting about their childhood and getting along well.

But it didn't last.

Another deacon of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect wanted Qin Yuanhe to rush Zhou Yan in completing the mission, but Qin Yuanhe did not agree. In the end, the two of them parted on bad terms.

Not long after, Zhou Yan was killed and Qin Yuanhe became infamous.

It seemed that Qin Yuanhe really did not kill Zhou Yan.

Han Muye was not interested in clearing Qin Yuanhe's name. Qin Yuanhe had accepted a sect mission to come here. Even if he did not kill Zhou Yan, he had done a lot of things to harm the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After comprehending a few sets of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect's sword techniques, Han Muye put away this longsword called Flowing Moon.

Spiritual weapons were priceless.

Of course he had to take the sword back with him.

He put out the campfire, sat on the cart rack, and sat cross-legged.

The two horses slowly moved forward. After a while, he left the forest.

It was not until 15 minutes later that the disheveled Qin Yuanhe ran out of the forest.

He stood still and looked in the direction the carriage had gone.

“Who is this kid?”

“When did such a monstrous figure appear in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

Clenching his fists, Qin Yuanhe gritted his teeth and muttered.

“Damn it, I’m afraid this mission won’t be easy to complete...”

Shaking his head, he disappeared down the trail.

When the carriage stopped in front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity as he looked at the tall jade gate.

He thought back about his trip down the mountain and how his lifespan had taken a turn for the better. He had saved Mo Yuan from death and even killed people with Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

All these experiences felt like a lifetime ago.

“It’s still quiet on the Nine Mystic Mountain...”

With a light shout, he instructed the horse to move the carriage forward.

“Brother, Brother Han!” When he arrived at the mountain gate, Lu Gao, who was dressed in a gray servant robe, rushed forward excitedly.

“Haha, it’s Brother Lu.”

Han Muye jumped out of the carriage and patted Lu Gao on the shoulder.

He was in a good mood when he returned to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Hey, don’t call me that. I don’t deserve it...” Lu Gao waved his hand and grinned.

Not far away, the gray-robed servants and the green-robed outer sect disciples watched enviously.

This Lu Gao was really lucky.

“Um, Brother, you should go back. I’ll help you deliver this carriage.” Seeing that there was no one on Han Muye’s carriage, Lu Gao quickly said.

Coincidentally, Han Muye didn't know where to send the carriage, so he handed it to Lu Gao and reached out to bring the sword down the carriage.

"Then I'll have to trouble Brother Lu. Let's drink together when you're free."

Speaking of drinking, Han Muye hadn't drunk in a long time.

He missed Huang Six's wine gourd.

"Ah, sure, sure." Lu Gao looked enviously at the two swords on Han Muye's back and the shiny sword in his hand as he drove the carriage towards the mountain path.

Han Muye carried his sword and strode towards the Sword Pavilion.

Before arriving at the Sword Pavilion, he looked up at the three-story building. Golden light shone, and Han Muye smiled.

He seemed to feel the vibration of the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

'These little ones miss me too, don't they?'

As he walked up the steps, Huang Six's weak voice came from the Sword Pavilion.

"Sword Pavilion's rules for receiving swords, bathing, burning incense, peace of mind—"

"Brother!" Han Muye strode into the Sword Pavilion.

Chapter 35: Since you survived, you must be fated with the Sword Pavilion

"Han, little Han!"

Huang Six, who was slumped in the wooden chair, jumped up and scurried over to Han Muye. His eyes widened as he sized Muye up and down.

He reached out and patted Han Muye's shoulder and arm, then punched Han Muye's chest a few times.

“Haha, you’re not dead, kid!”

“Really not dead!”

“I was even sad a few times!”

Huang Six’s old face was filled with joy, and his eyes were moist.

Han Muye was also smiling.

Huang Six seemed to think of something. Grinning, he opened a small wooden box and poured out the contents. Then he counted them one by one.

“Here, these pills are for you.”

“Also, these are the spiritual rocks I’ve collected over the past few days. This is for you.”

“This is the spiritual medicine that the storeowner Bai gave you.”

“This is a letter from Mu Wan.”

“This is a token from Zhao Pu of the inner sect.”

...

There were quite a few scattered items.

Han Muye looked at the things piled up on the table and asked with a smile, “Brother, why are all these things in this box? What are you going to do?”

“Bury it.”

“If you don’t come back, I’m going to bury the stuff and build you a cenotaph.”

Huang Six turned and spoke solemnly.

A cenotaph...

Han Muye’s face twitched.

“Han Muye, come up and see me.”

He was about to speak when an old voice came from above the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye shuddered.

It was the Sword Pavilion's Patriarch's voice.

Huang Six and Han Muye looked at each other.

Huang Six gave him a meaningful glance towards the stairs.

Han Muye nodded, put his sword, Purple Flame and Destiny on the table, then straightened his clothes and strode up the stairs.

On the second floor, he glanced at the wooden shelves that held the swords. He took a deep breath and headed up to the third floor.

On the third floor, the space was only twenty feet in circumference. There were no wooden shelves for swords. The windows all around were open and the light was bright.

The white-robed Sword Pavilion Patriarch sat cross-legged in front of him. Behind him, a black sheathed sword was on the long table.

"Disciple Han Muye greets the Patriarch."

Han Muye bowed and cupped his fists.

The white-haired Sword Pavilion Patriarch nodded, his eyes studying him.

"How did you resolve the crisis of your lifespan?"

Han Muye knew that he would definitely be asked about his lifespan, so he was already thinking along the way.

It was not just him. Huang Six and the Sword Pavilion Patriarch would definitely have worries about their depleting lifespan.

All Sword Caretakers could not escape this.

"Elder, this time, I returned to my hometown with the number one person in the outer sect, Mo Yuan. With his guidance, my sword Qi dissipated. For two to three years, I won't be in danger of dying," Han Muye replied loudly.

“Dissipate the sword Qi?” The Sword Pavilion Patriarch focused his gaze on Han Muye, then nodded.

At this moment, there was only a condensed sword intent in Han Muye’s sea of Qi. Outsiders could not sense the existence of the dissipated sword Qi.

Even an expert like the Sword Pavilion Patriarch did not notice anything unusual.

“Then, what are you going to do from now on?” the Sword Pavilion Patriarch asked again.

Han Muye looked up at the calm Sword Pavilion Patriarch.

He did not expect the Sword Pavilion Patriarch to say so much to him and even ask him about his future plans.

‘I thought the old man didn’t care whether I lived or died?’

However, he still answered truthfully, “Elder, I’m preparing to dual cultivate and strive to refine my body to withstand the sword Qi.”

This was the most suitable cultivation method for him that Mo Yuan had told him.

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch nodded and said indifferently, “On the path of cultivation, everyone has their own fate.”

“If you can’t survive the sword Qi entering your body, then your fate is over.”

“Since you survived it, you have an affinity with the Sword Pavilion.”

With that, he looked at Han Muye and lowered his voice. “From now on, come see me on the 15th of every month after the closing of the Pavilion.”

‘Meet him after closing time?’

Han Muye instantly thought of how Patriarch Bodhi had taught Sun Wukong the 72 Transformations.

Was he really lucky enough to be recognized by an elder of the Sword Pavilion?

“I understand.”

Han Muye nodded, bowed to the Sword Pavilion Patriarch, and left the third floor.

As he walked down the stairs, he subconsciously turned around and glanced at the black sword placed behind the Sword Pavilion Patriarch.

Was this the Nine Mystic Sword that suppressed the providence of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Why did this sword look exactly the same as the Mystic Sun Sword?

Han Muye had never seen this sword before, but he had seen it a few times in the memories of Qin Yuanhe’s sword.

Qin Yuanhe was carrying out a sect mission and was looking for the black sheathed sword called the Mystic Sun Sword.

Could there be something between the Mystic Sun and Nine Mystic?

Shaking his head, Han Muye stopped thinking about this matter.

Let those big shots worry about it. Wouldn’t it be better for him to hide in the Sword Pavilion and slowly nurture his sword Qi?

Downstairs, Huang Six placed all the items in a wooden box and handed it to Han Muye.

“Brother, the Sword Pavilion Patriarch—”

Before Han Muye could finish, Huang Six raised his hand and said, “Don’t tell me about this.”

After saying that, he grinned and patted Han Muye’s shoulder. He whispered, “Little Han, I’ve been in the Sword Pavilion for seven years. In another three years, I’ll be a sect deacon.”

Han Muye chuckled at his words.

He was worrying too much. The Patriarch had said, everyone had their own fate.

Huang Six also had his own fate.

Since he could live in the Sword Pavilion for seven years, why should he worry about him?

“Brother, do you still have any wine?” Han Muye asked with a smile.

Huang Six chuckled and turned to retrieve the large gourd. “There’s still half a gourd left.”

Han Muye reached for the gourd, removed the stopper, and sniffed it.

It was spicy and mellow.

When the wine entered his throat, it was cool and hot. It passed through his intestines and stomach, and a heat spread throughout his body.

“Hiss—”

“How delightful...”

He wanted to take another sip, but Huang Six had already snatched the gourd. He took a small sip and sealed it with heartache.

“My wine is expensive.”

Han Muye smiled and shook his head. He opened the wooden box, took out the pills, and handed them to Huang Six.

“Brother, I refined this pill myself.”

“In the future, we won’t lack such things.”

By the time Han Muye returned to the quiet room with the wooden box, Huang Six was still holding the jade bottle in his hand in a daze.

He looked at the pill in his hand and then at the room.

As if he had thought of something, he took out a few spiritual rocks from his pocket.

Rubbing the spiritual rocks with his palm, a complicated expression appeared on his face.

“Rascal, so you’re the real tycoon...”

“Alright, I, Huang Six, will have a wealthy backer in the future.”

Shaking his head as he spoke, he returned with the jade bottle and the wine gourd.

In the quiet room, Han Muye took out various items from the wooden box.

There were five spiritual rocks. This was the money Huang Six had earned from the disciples who came to receive their swords.

When Han Muye left Qingmu Town, he had left two high-grade spiritual rocks for Mo Yuan.

As someone who could refine supreme-grade pills, he no longer had to worry about the lack of spiritual rocks.

However, he still accepted these five spiritual rocks. After all, it was Huang Six’s goodwill.

In the wooden box were two more medicine packets. The names of the medicines were written on them.

“Bright Origin Bone and Marrow Transformation Fruit?”

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Chapter 36: Sending a sword into the pavilion, the death of 13 disciples

What Bai Suzhen sent over were the two main ingredients needed to refine the longevity pill.

This storeowner Bai was really not simple. She could even easily find such a treasure.

From the looks of it, even if he did not find a solution to his lifespan problem, he still had a chance to live.

However, what this storeowner Bai was plotting was probably not a good thing. This medicine was a little tricky to handle.

Putting the spiritual herbs aside, Han Muye picked up a bronze token engraved with three mountain rocks.

It was a token from Zhao Pu.

It seemed that his research on the body-tempering technique, Iron Bull Strength, had achieved some results.

This body-tempering technique was no longer the most important to Han Muye, but he felt that Iron Bull Strength was not as simple as it seemed.

He had to ask Zhao Pu about the situation when he was free.

If this Iron Bull Strength could be cultivated, he would deduce further.

At the bottom of the wooden box was a letter. The handwriting on the envelope was elegant.

Han Muye chuckled and picked up the envelope.

‘Does this count as a love letter?’

What would Mu Wan write for him?

Han Muye was curious and nervous.

‘How long has it been since I felt in love?’

He opened it carefully and unfolded the letter. His brows furrowed slowly.

He finished the letter with a long sigh, folded the envelope carefully, and put it back in the wooden box.

In the letter, Mu Wan said that she had left the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to go to a sect called Linghua Pavilion.

It was a sect that mainly consisted of female cultivators and was good at alchemy.

She said that she felt helpless about Han Muye’s lifespan and blamed herself. Only then did she make up her mind to go to Linghua Pavilion.

She also said that she would come to see Han Muye when she could refine pills to increase his lifespan.

Finally, Mu Wan instructed Han Muye to cultivate well. With his comprehension ability, he would definitely be able to achieve great things.

She even said that he shouldn't be focused on romance and it was best for him to focus on cultivation.

Even after putting the letter away, Han Muye couldn't understand it.

It was unknown if she was telling him not to care about Huang Six's matchmaking or to focus on cultivation and not have any relations with other female cultivators.

'Does she mean the first, or the second?'

That night, Han Muye almost kicked through the sheets while toss-turning.

...

After waking up early in the morning and practising his swordplay in the small courtyard, Han Muye felt that his understanding of swordsmanship had deepened.

The various Mystic Origin Sword Techniques had already reached perfection, and even fused with different sword techniques.

When he practiced the One Mystic and Two Mystic Sword Techniques, he only grasped the concept and did not care about the sword moves at all.

The more this was the case, the more unpredictable those sword moves were.

Sweating slightly, Han Muye smiled.

Due to the damage to his lifespan, his bodily functions had decreased a lot these days. He only felt comfortable after exercising that day.

He tore open his clothes and collected some water from the pond. It was extremely refreshing.

"It's good to be young..." Huang Six wrapped his heavy robe around himself and muttered, causing Han Muye to laugh.

In the morning, Han Muye stood in front of the wooden shelves, holding a piece of linen to wipe the swords.

“Little Han, are you really going to wipe the swords?” Huang Six looked at Han Muye strangely.

Previously, he felt that Han Muye didn't have much time left, so he didn't stop him.

But now, did he really want to let the sword Qi penetrate his body and consume more of his lifespan?

“Sword Qi entering my body might not be a big deal,” Han Muye muttered. He walked to the wooden shelves and pulled out a long sword.

He held the sword in one hand and wiped the blade with the sackcloth in the other.

In his sea of Qi, a sword intent spread out and turned into 128,000 sword Qi.

One of the sword Qis flowed along his palm and into the sword in his hand.

When the sword Qi entered the sword, he could feel a dim light shining on the sword.

One, two, three, ten, thirty of them.

After 48 sword Qis were infused into the blade, the sword in his hand had already emitted a cold light.

When he wanted to inject more sword Qi, the sword resisted.

Han Muye understood that if he poured more sword Qi into the sword, the sword would not be able to withstand it.

In the end, it was only a mortal weapon. There was a limit to how much sword Qi it could infuse.

Han Muye was in no hurry. He sheathed his sword, then started cleaning the other one.

In one day, he scattered a sword intent and poured it into 2,000 swords.

These swords had the sword Qi that he had infused into them and had an inexplicable connection with him. Even if someone came to receive the swords, they would subconsciously not choose these swords.

After dispersing one sword intent, Han Muye felt his body become lighter.

It seemed that his lifespan was not a problem for the time being.

However, if he wanted to completely resolve the problem of his lifespan, the most important thing was to increase his cultivation so that his body could withstand the power of the sword intent.

In three days, Han Muye dispersed three sword intents and the scattered sword Qi entered thousands of swords, leaving only eight sword intents in his body.

These sword intents were enough for him to execute the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique eight times, but it would not consume too much of his lifespan for the time being.

The sword Qi that scattered into the sword could not only nourish the sword and make it sharper, but also slowly increase the number of sword Qi it contained.

Han Muye gave it a try. Ordinary swords required seven or eight days to gather sword Qi, and it would take at least half a month to nurture a sword Qi.

However, after injecting dozens of sword Qi into it, sword Qi would be produced in a day, and a perfected sword Qi could be obtained in two days.

In this way, he would not have to worry about not having sword Qi in the future.

In the afternoon, Huang Six went down the mountain to get some wine. In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, who had finished wiping his sword, sat at the long table with his eyes closed.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked out of the Sword Pavilion.

A group of black-robed disciples of the Sword Sect slowly walked over.

These disciples were all holding long swords in their hands.

“The Sword Pavilion is an sacred place. You are not allowed to enter unless you are sending away or receiving a sword.” Han Muye stood up and walked to the door of the Sword Pavilion.

In front of the stone steps, the leading disciple bowed, held the sword with both hands, and said in a low voice, “On the orders of the elders, we are here to send the swords of 13 fellow disciples back to the Sword Pavilion.”

13 disciples had died at the same time?

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. It was ranked third among the Four Swords Sect. 13 disciples had died at once. Could something big have happened?

Han Muye didn’t ask any questions.

As the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker, his duty was to guard the Sword Pavilion, not to care about why the disciples of the sect had died.

Nodding, he raised his hand and took the swords from the disciple in front of him. Then, he reached out and pulled out the blade, sizing it up gently.

“This sword belongs to the inner sect disciple, Wu Teng,” the disciple said in a deep voice.

“Clang—”

Putting the sword back into its sheath, Han Muye said indifferently, “I’ve received an inner sect disciple’s sword today. If there’s no mistake, I’ll store it back at the Sword Pavilion.”

Then he turned into the Sword Pavilion and sent the sword to the wooden shelves.

Stepping forward, his hand tightened on the hilt of his sword.

Images flashed through his mind.

The longsword was being forged.

A young disciple in a white robe received the sword.

His sword danced, sword flashing.

Han Muye comprehended the One Mystic Sword Technique, Smoky Fire.

He had comprehended the Two Mystic Sword Technique, Lighted Smoke.

The sword light reappeared, and Han Muye trembled.

All the sword techniques were fire-type ones.

He knew the identity of the sword's owner.

The disciple of Patriarch Tao Ran who betrayed the Sword Sect!

The patriarch had betrayed the sect, and the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who cultivated fire-type techniques were all ostracized, making their lives very difficult.

The sect missions that they completed were the most difficult and dangerous ones in the sect. But their rewards were the least.

Without Patriarch Tao Ran, many of the fire-type techniques were difficult to pass on, and the lineage withered.

This time, their mission was to hunt down the villain from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin Yuanhe. The group of fire-type disciples searched everywhere and finally obtained news.

However, they did not find Qin Yuanhe, but encountered a fellow disciple.

"Ji Yuan!" Han Muye narrowed his eyes when he saw the figure who had suddenly attacked.

Chapter 37: Demonstration Building, practice the Prairie Fire Sword Technique

For some reason, the outer sect disciple Ji Yuan who had been missing for a year, had his sword sent to the Sword Pavilion.

From the sword, Han Muye could see the image of Ji Yuan falling off the cliff, and also saw his sister's heart being taken away.

A dead man who not only did heavy work, but also killed his fellow disciples.

Moreover, Ji Yuan, who was only an outer sect disciple, could easily kill a group of inner sect disciples.

‘What’s the mystery behind this?’

The images from all 13 swords were the same.

The fire-type lineage had really declined. A few deacons with relatively good cultivation abilities had distanced themselves from the fire-type lineage and left their disciples to fend for themselves.

Due to the incomplete inheritance, the disciples could not increase their combat abilities.

After recording down the 13 swords, the black-robed disciples of the Sword Sect left.

At sunset, Huang Six returned with a wine gourd. His expression did not seem pleasant.

“I’m afraid something big is about to happen in the Sword Sect,” Huang Six whispered to Han Muye after entering and checking that no one was around.

“When they were hunting down the villain of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin Yuanhe, it was said that the fire-type lineage suffered heavy losses. The elders were furious and reprimanded the Sword Battle Hall for their incompetence.”

Huang Six shook his head and analyzed the situation at the foot of the mountain. Then he said firmly, “I think that Qin Yuanhe must be a Core Formation cultivator. Otherwise, he definitely wouldn’t be able to stir up such a storm.”

When he finished, he saw that Han Muye’s expression did not change and was stunned.

“You know all about it?”

Han Muye nodded and pointed at the book on the long table. “13 disciples of the fire-type lineage have died. Their swords have been returned to the pavilion and have been registered.”

Huang Six opened his mouth but said nothing more.

The next morning, not long after the Sword Pavilion opened, the servant disciple, Lu Gao, quietly arrived outside.

He stood outside the Sword Pavilion and did not dare to enter. Han Muye saw him and came out to meet him with a smile.

Lu Gao only came to become familiar with Han Muye. He greeted him and chatted about the sect's internal and external matters.

The death of the 13 disciples of the fire-type lineage the day before had already spread throughout the sect. Even Lu Gao, who was a servant, knew about it.

"That Qin Yuanhe is said to be a Heaven Realm expert. He killed 13 inner sect disciples with a wave of his hand. Brother, you have to be careful." Lu Gao looked around and whispered.

When did Qin Yuanhe become a Heaven Realm expert?

Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

If Qin Yuanhe saw him, he would probably turn around and escape, right?

"Brother, don't take it lightly. When a Heaven Realm expert attacks, the mountains will collapse and the earth will crack. Mortals like us will suffer."

Seeing that Han Muye didn't care, Lu Gao instructed solemnly.

"Also, it's said that the sect already intends to annex the fire-type lineage. Many elders were in a frantic last night."

"After all, it's still considered a faction and have a lot of resources in their hands. Whichever faction is being annexed will greatly increase their strength."

Although Lu Gao was a servant, the lower the level, the more information he had.

Han Muye nodded, his eyes shining.

The sect elders did not even hide it. Even the sect servants knew about it. It seemed that the matter of annexing the fire-type lineage was not fake.

“However, the most important thing for the sect now is to pursue Qin Yuanhe.”

“Yesterday, many messengers left the sect overnight and gathered all the sect members within a 3,000-kilometer radius. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect seems to be going all out.”

When Lu Gao left, Han Muye sent him off with a smile and even asked him to come back when he was free.

His invitation delighted Lu Gao.

After Lu Gao left, Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion and said to Huang Six, “Brother, I’m going out for a while.”

Huang Six sat in front of the long table and waved his hand. Suddenly, he looked up and said, “Don’t tell me you’re going to see that storeowner Bai? Then I’ll have to scold you. Junior Sister Mu Wan has done so much for you. You can’t let her down.”

‘See Bai Suzhen?’

Han Muye was really intending to go to Suzhen Store.

“Ahem, I’m going to look for Senior Brother Zhao Pu. Didn’t he leave a token behind?” Han Muye shook Zhao Pu’s token and said loudly.

“Oh, go, go.” Huang Six sat back in the big chair and began to close his eyes to rest.

When a Sword Caretaker did not have a task, he would be this free.

But their tasks were really a waste of time and damaging to their lifespans.

After taking Zhao Pu’s token, Han Muye didn’t go to Zhao Pu’s cultivation place immediately. He went to the Demonstration Building first.

Maybe Zhao Pu was there.

When he arrived at the Demonstration Building, Han Muye found a quiet room and left a message on the jade wall.

“Room 134, please demonstrate the second level of Iron Bull Strength.
Reward: five spiritual rocks.”

The second level of the Iron Bull Strength should only be known by Zhao Pu or a few people from their lineage.

If Zhao Pu or anyone from his lineage saw the message, they would probably come over.

Unfortunately, the message kept circulating and no one came.

After removing the message, Han Muye saw that there were other messages on the jade wall.

Among them was a request for the demonstration of third level of the Blue Wave Technique. The price had already been increased to 20 merit tokens.

Han Muye was about to take the mission when he froze.

“Room 11, request for demonstration of Prairie Fire Sword Technique.
Reward: 1,000 merit tokens.”

1,000 merit tokens was a huge reward.

One merit token was equivalent to 100 spiritual rocks, so 1,000 merit tokens was equivalent to 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Moreover, the message showed that it had been a request from a long time. Clearly, no one had demonstrated the Prairie Fire Sword Technique for a long time.

With Mo Yuan explaining all kinds of cultivation knowledge to him, Han Muye was no longer a cultivation novice.

The Five Mystic Sword Technique was the top sword technique in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

There might be more above the Five Mystic, but without a Heaven Realm cultivation, it was equivalent to being extinct.

Prairie Fire was the Five Mystic Sword Technique.

It was a fire-type sword technique passed down by Patriarch Tao Ran.

After obtaining the Purple Flame Sword, Han Muye obtained the inheritance of the fire-type skill.

He raised his hand and tapped the message.

At this moment, in Room 11, a 30-year-old sword cultivator who was originally falling asleep suddenly trembled and widened his eyes.

“Someone accepted the mission arranged by Master!”

“How is that possible? No one has accepted this mission for so many years. Now that the fire-type lineage has declined, how can anyone accept this mission?”

He stood up and was about to walk out of the room when the door was pushed open.

A man in a white robe and a bronze mask strode in.

“You’re the one who wants a demonstration of the Prairie Fire Sword Technique?”

“Give me your sword.”

‘My sword?’

Hearing that the other party really wanted to demonstrate with his sword, the 30-year-old sword cultivator hurriedly bowed and said, “I’m Shen MUYANG. This mission was left behind by my master, the Sword Sect’s deacon elder, Su Yuan.”

“It wasn’t you who issued the mission?” Han Muye was a little disappointed. He looked at Shen MUYANG, who was bowing in front of him, and said, “Do you still want me to demonstrate the Prairie Fire Sword Technique?”

‘Should I or should I not?’

Shen MUYANG was stunned and did not know how to answer.

A few years ago, his master had often been searching for a demonstration in a few demonstration buildings and the sect’s library. Recently, he had given up and only sent his disciples to take a look from time to time.

In fact, everyone knew that the Five Mystic Sword Technique of the fire-type lineage had already been severed after the founder betrayed the sect.

Although the person in front of him covered his face, his voice sounded very young. How could he know the sword technique?

Could it be that the other lineages were deliberately testing him?

Thinking of this, Shen Muiyang's expression darkened slightly, and he handed the sword in his hand to Han Muye.

"Alright, please demonstrate the Prairie Fire Sword Technique for me."

As he finished speaking, Han Muye had already reached for the hilt of his sword.

"Clang—"

He unsheathed the sword.

"Hum—"

Sword light flashed, and a fiery red cloud surged. The scorching sword Qi wreaked havoc, causing Shen Muiyang, whose expression had changed drastically, to retreat!

"Prairie fire!"

Chapter 38: Tuoba Cheng's appreciation

It's really the Prairie fire!

Although he had never cultivated this sword technique, Shen Muiyang recognized at a glance that the sword technique demonstrated by the masked man in front of him was the Prairie fire.

The light from the flames was endless and it had a strong aura. What else could it be but the prairie fire?

Shen Muiyang stood with his back against the stone wall. His lips moved as he muttered to himself.

“Why, didn’t you see it clearly?” Han Muye shook his head and gently stuck out his sword again.

The moment he had gripped the hilt, he had seen the memories contained in the sword.

Shen Muyang had met Patriarch Tao Ran before.

Back then, Patriarch Tao Ran’s fire-type Sword Technique was pure, and his strength was even above the other three patriarchs.

Patriarch Tao Ran would sometimes give his juniors some pointers.

He had comprehended the Three Mystic Sword Technique, Cloudy Smoke.

He had comprehended the Two Mystic Sword Technique, Icy Flame.

With the sword in hand, Han Muye looked at Shen Muyang in front of him.

With Shen Muyang’s cultivation, he still could not comprehend the Prairie Fire.

However, he could remember it and go back to tell his master, Su Yuan.

Han Muye held out his sword very slowly.

“The Prairie Fire is a Five Mystic Sword Technique, and it involves a trace of sword momentum.”

“The momentum is formed by sword intent. When the sword is drawn, it will be unstoppable.”

Shen Muyang widened his eyes and pricked up his ears, not daring to miss a word.

Han Muye’s sword was first gently extended, then mixed with the intent of wind and thunder.

“The wind aids the fire. If there’s no wind, the prairie fire can’t travel a thousand miles in a breath.”

After the wind and thunder, hot air surged, and fiery red flames appeared in the sword light.

Han Muye said softly, "What do you think is burning in the Prairie fire?"

"Go back and tell your master that the flames are endless, causing the plants to die out, and the sword causes the prairie fire to spread ten thousand miles long."

"Boom—"

Shen Muyang's vision was filled with flames again. He had to raise his arm to block the heat.

"You owe me 1,000 merit tokens for now."

When the flames dissipated and the chamber became clear, Han Muye was no longer in front of him. Only a long sword was placed on the stone platform.

Shen Muyang smiled bitterly as he reached out to retract his sword.

He did not have 1,000 merit tokens.

Even his master might not have 1,000 merit tokens.

The fire-type technique was difficult.

Taking a deep breath, he looked pleasantly surprised as he walked out of the chamber, sword in hand.

He had to tell his master what he had just seen.

Perhaps this would allow his master to reach another level!

After leaving the Demonstration building, Han Muye felt relaxed.

After passing the Prairie Fire Sword Technique to a person from the fire-type lineage, the sword intent he obtained from the Purple Flame Sword in his body seemed to become even more condensed.

If the sword intent had thoughts, he would probably hope that the Prairie Fire Sword Technique would not be lost from the fire-type lineage, right?

He wondered what Patriarch Tao Ran thought back then that made him betray the sect.

It was useless to think too much about these things. Han Muye still had to place his focus on body-tempering cultivation techniques.

He was going to find the elite inner sect disciple, Zhao Pu.

In the inner sect, Three Stones House.

The master of the Three Stones House was called Tuoba Cheng. He was a top expert of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Earth vein and a deacon elder with real power in the sect.

Zhao Pu cultivated under Tuoba Cheng.

Han Muye held the token that Zhao Pu had given him. After the disciples at the door checked it, they let him in.

"Why did this person come to my Three Stones House?" Han Muye walked into the courtyard. At the door, a young man in a white robe frowned and whispered.

"Hmph, Lin Shen must be unwilling to give up. I didn't accept this person as my disciple, so he came to look for my senior brothers instead."

The young man had a sneer on his face as he watched Han Muye walk into the attic. "He is not pure-hearted enough, yet he wanted to be my disciple?"

"I'll let you get out in a sorry state later."

...

The inner sect was indeed different from the outer sect.

Every person Han Muye saw in the Three Stones House had an extraordinary bearing.

Three Stones House cultivated earth-type techniques, and most of its disciples were strong built.

Most of these people were practicing with their swords without any distractions.

Their swordsmanship was bold and powerful.

In the limestone courtyard, several people in white robes were practicing their swords and punches.

“Han Muye!” One of them shouted happily when he saw Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and cupped his fists. “Greetings, Senior Brother Zhao Pu.”

This bald, tall young man was the elite disciple of the Earth Vein, Zhao Pu.

Everyone around Zhao Pu looked at Han Muye curiously.

“Continue practicing. I’ll bring him to see Master.” Zhao Pu laughed and called Han Muye into the attic.

“Master said that you should meet him directly when you come.”

Zhao Pu looked very friendly and did not have the coldness he had when he was at the Demonstration Building. He reached out to pat Han Muye’s shoulder and raised his hand. Then, as if he felt that he was too strong, he lowered his hand.

The two of them ascended to the attic. The decor was simple and ancient.

“Master, Han Muye is here.” Zhao Pu’s voice was not soft.

The white-haired old man was sitting in front of the long table and holding an ink brush. He was writing something, then paused, causing the ink brush to stain the paper.

The old man put away his brush and paper with a sigh, then looked up.

He was as tall and strong as a bear. Although his face was suppressed, one could still see his ferocious aura.

It seemed that this was the master of Three Stones House, the Sword Sect Elder, Tuoba Cheng.

Han Muye stepped forward and bowed. “Han Muye greets Elder Tuoba.”

Tuoba Cheng sized him up and nodded. “I have a good relationship with your Sword Pavilion’s Elder Gao. You can call me Uncle-Master.”

‘Elder Gao?’

Only now did Han Muye realize that the Sword Pavilion Elder's surname was Gao.

"Greetings, Uncle-Master Tuoba," he said smoothly.

It was quite different addressing him as Uncle-Master and an elder.

Hearing his call, Tuoba Cheng grinned and said, "Zhao Pu said that you're a cultivation genius. You were the one who discovered the secret of the Iron Bull Strength."

Han Muye quickly cupped his hands. "I dare not call myself a genius. I was just lucky."

Hearing his words, Tuoba Cheng glared. "You people from Sword Pavilion likes to play tricks. It's your capability to uncover such secrets."

'Fine. You're the boss. It's your call.'

Han Muye lowered his head and said nothing.

"I've studied the Iron Bull Strength. It's indeed not simple." Tuoba Cheng understood Han Muye's purpose for coming and said in a low voice.

For an elder to say that the Iron Bull Strength that cost 80 spiritual rocks was not simple, it seemed that he had really gotten himself a treasure.

"Zhao Pu, show this kid the derived technique of Iron Bull Strength."

Tuoba turned to Zhao Pu.

Zhao Pu nodded and did not say anything else. He separated his feet and a faint green ox shadow condensed behind him.

He lowered his waist and threw a punch. Every punch was accurate and powerful.

As the force flowed, a second green ox phantom appeared.

After that came the third, the fourth, the fifth...

By the eighth green ox phantom, Zhao Pu's expression was already solemn.

Even Tuoba Cheng sat up slightly.

Han Muye's eyes sparkled as he stared at Zhao Pu.

Images swirled in his mind, repeating themselves.

"Boom—"

With a bang, the ninth green ox phantom appeared behind Zhao Pu. As soon as the nine phantoms appeared, they kept shaking before slowly dissipating.

Zhao Pu and Tuoba Cheng both looked a little regretful.

Zhao Pu said softly, "The nine bulls taking shape should be the final form of this Iron Bull's Strength, but I keep feeling that there's something missing."

'Something missing?'

The images in Han Muye's mind changed, and a vast aura rose.

He narrowed his eyes and looked at Tuoba Cheng, who was sitting above. "Uncle-Master, what should we do if the nine bulls become one and enter the body in reverse?"

"Bam—"

Tuoba Cheng smashed the long table in front of him with a palm and stood up. He let out a long laugh. "Form first, then condense the blood. It is indeed boundless. This is the origin of body-tempering cultivation techniques!"

"How about you come join my sect, boy?"

Chapter 39: The origin of Iron Bull Strength, the third floor of the Sword Pavilion at night

Tuoba Cheng stared at Han Muye as if he was looking at a beautiful piece of jade.

At the side, Zhao Pu's eyes were also filled with shock.

The master-disciple duo had deduced for a few days before deducing the Iron Bull Strength to stage of nine bulls.

They could never achieve anything higher.

What everyone meant was that this cultivation technique might only reach this stage of nine bulls, which is equivalent to the seventh level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

Tuoba Cheng mentioned that there might be another level to the Iron Bull Strength, but he could not determine the direction to proceed with it.

He had asked Han Muye to come because Han Muye had discovered the secret of the Iron Bull Strength. Naturally, this cultivation technique had to be taught to him.

Secondly, Tuoba Cheng wanted to meet Han Muye and see if there was anything special about the person who could discover the secret of the Iron Bull Strength.

He did not expect Han Muye to give him such a surprise.

Seeing that Han Muye seemed to be frightened by his words, Tuoba Cheng grinned.

“Kid, the advanced and profound body-tempering cultivation techniques all focus on condensing a powerful bloodline and returning to the ancestral line.”

“You just said that when the nine bulls combine into one, this ordinary green bull with a strength of 500 kilograms might be able to transform into an ancient bull, or a Jade Water Bull, and a few other powerful ancient bloodlines.”

“With such a cultivation technique, not to mention nurturing, it’s even possible to reach the Foundation Establishment or even the Earth Realm.”

At this point, Tuoba Cheng gently rubbed his hands and looked at Han Muye. “Kid, with your comprehension abilities, you will definitely become a direct disciple within ten years.”

A direct disciple!

Tuoba Cheng was an elder with real power in the sect. His direct disciple was a prominent figure in the entire Sword Sect.

Hearing Tuoba Cheng’s words, Zhao Pu looked envious.

Who wouldn't want to become a direct disciple in ten years?

Han Muye had never expected Tuoba Cheng to have such a high evaluation of him.

It was just a coincidence that he discovered the secret of the Iron Bull Strength. It was also because of his special powers.

To become a body-tempering cultivator and continuously cultivate body-tempering techniques?

If not for the fact that he had cultivated the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords and learnt to control sword intent, allowing him to experience the power of sword cultivators, Han Muye might have agreed.

Now, he only wanted to slowly cultivate in the Sword Pavilion until he cultivated 3,000 sword intents and condensed them into sword momentum. Then, it would be uncertain how powerful his Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was.

"Uncle-Master, I still want to continue being a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion."

"Elder Gao treats me quite well."

Han Muye's answer made Zhao Pu's eyes widen.

'Continue being a Sword Caretaker?'

He would be crazy to continue being a Sword Caretaker that cannot cultivate, right?

Han Muye's comprehension of cultivation was so high, so why was he unable to make the right decision about the path of cultivation?

At the head of the table, Tuoba Cheng stared at Han Muye.

After a moment, he chuckled.

"It seems that Senior Brother Gao also thinks highly of you..."

He understood the meaning behind Han Muye's words.

The Sword Pavilion elder also thought highly of Han Muye.

Although outsiders thought that the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretakers did not have any achievements in their cultivation, as a powerful elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng knew more.

There were also cultivation methods in the Sword Pavilion.

However, the cultivation in the Sword Pavilion was focused on a lifetime of ruling, not longevity.

In fact, there were millions of cultivators in the world. Who could live forever?

In exchange for a lifetime, he could fight against a Heaven Realm expert with one sword. It was not completely wrong for him to want to feel this carefree.

Cultivation was ultimately about fate.

Tuoba Cheng did not persuade him anymore. He only told Han Muye that he could come to Three Stones House any time to cultivate his body tempering technique.

This touched Han Muye.

When Zhao Pu sent Han Muye out, he was still a little indignant.

Since his master valued him, why didn't he cherish it?

"By the way, Brother Han, the Iron Bull Strength was discovered in a ruin in the Western Frontier. I thought it was an ordinary body-tempering technique and didn't pay much attention to the ruin."

"Now that I think about it, there may still be secrets there."

Looking at Han Muye, Zhao Pu whispered, "When we get a chance, let's go explore."

Explore the ruins where Iron Bull Strength was found?

Han Muye's eyes lit up, and he nodded gently.

There must be other good things in a place with a cultivation technique like the Iron Bull Strength.

Moreover, according to Tuoba Cheng, it was best to have a reference for the deduction of the Iron Bull Strength in the future.

There might be a continuation of Iron Bull Strength in the ruins and it could help them reduce the number of time spent on mistakes.

“Okay, later on—”

Before he could finish, someone shouted not far away, “Senior Brother Zhao Pu!”

Han Muye turned around and saw an inner sect disciple in a white robe striding over.

It was Xu Ming, whom Lin Shen introduced previously and wanted Han Muye to become his disciple.

However, Xu Ming looked down on Han Muye and even reprimanded and humiliated him and Lin Shen.

Xu Ming walked forward, glanced at Han Muye, and said coldly, “Hey, are you the one Senior Brother Lin Shen introduced to me as my disciple?”

He looked at Zhao Pu and chuckled. “It’s said that this person’s aptitude and comprehension are not bad, but his temperament is too poor and impetuous. That’s why I rejected Senior Brother Lin back then.”

“Senior Brother Lin is getting more and more narrow-minded after hanging out in the outer sect.”

At this point, Xu Ming laughed and said, “Senior Brother Zhao Pu, don’t tell me you have taken a fancy on someone like him?”

‘Fancy?’

Zhao Pu looked uncomfortable.

The person that his master wanted to take in as a direct disciple was described as someone so unbearable by him.

Didn’t that mean that his master’s vision was very narrow?

Han Muye stood at the side and coughed lightly. Then, he cupped his hands and said, "Senior Brother Zhao Pu, I'll leave first. I'll visit Uncle-Master Tuoba in two days."

Then he turned and walked out.

'Senior Brother?'

'Uncle-Master?'

Xu Ming looked confused.

'What was wrong?'

Wasn't this kid introduced by Lin Shen to be his disciple?

How did his seniority increase so much?

Also, his master was a very proud person and rarely let outsiders get close to him. This kid directly called him Uncle-Master?

"Hmph, even Master admires his perception and wants to take him as a direct disciple, yet you can't appreciate it."

"Hehe, Xu Ming, your horizons are really high. They're even higher than Master's!"

Zhao Pu flicked his sleeve and left.

Master was accepting him as a direct disciple?

Master wanted to take that kid as his direct disciple?

Xu Ming's eyes widened as he looked at Han Muye's back.

How is that possible!

When Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six stretched and muttered, "Today is another day without any gains."

"By the way, that storeowner Bai is here again. She doesn't look too pleased to know you're not dead."

‘Not pleased?’

Han Muye looked at Huang Six’s expression and chuckled.

Huang Six was trying to matchmake him and Mu Wan, so he was on guard against Bai Suzhen.

However, he didn’t dare to get too close to someone like Bai Suzhen anyway.

Huang Six closed the door of the Sword Pavilion and returned to his room with his wine gourd.

Han Muye shook his head and returned to the quiet room to rest for a while. When the sky darkened, he stood up, tidied his clothes, and walked to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

That day was the first of April.

It was the day the Sword Pavilion Patriarch had asked him to go up to the third floor.

Taking a deep breath, he ascended to the third floor. Han Muye bowed to the Sword Pavilion Elder, who was sitting cross-legged.

“Disciple Han Muye greets Elder.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder nodded and pointed at the cushion in front of the long table.

“Sit.”

As soon as Han Muye sat down, the Sword Pavilion Elder said indifferently, “Han Muye, why are you staying in the Sword Pavilion?”

Han Muye shuddered.

Chapter 40: Sword Nurturing Technique, Sword Bone Condensation, Sword Formation Pill

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s question was not easy to answer.

‘I can’t answer randomly, or truthfully.’

“Elder, I originally wanted to enter the sect to cultivate. I didn’t know that the position of Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker would cost my life.”

Han Muye took a deep breath and spoke in a low voice.

If he had known that he would almost lose his life as a Sword Caretaker, he would not have come to the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion Elder said nothing, waiting for him to continue.

“Later on, when I was wiping the swords and sword Qi entered my body. That feeling...”

Han Muye tried to recall Mo Yuan’s expression.

The corners of his mouth turned up, the corners of his eyes lifted and his fingers twitched.

He looked lustful.

At that time, Mo Yuan said that it felt like dual cultivation.

“Ahem, just because of this, you absorbed so much sword Qi and almost exhausted your lifespan?” The Sword Pavilion Elder seemed to be unable to withstand Han Muye’s expression and coughed lightly.

Naturally it couldn’t be.

Drawing the sword Qi into his body was an accident. If he indulged in it, his heart would not be firm.

How could a sword cultivator not be firm?

It had to be determined and firm.

“Elder, I’ve cultivated a sword technique under Mo Yuan.”

“It’s called the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

Han Muye stood up and looked straight ahead.

“Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords? An outer sect disciple?” A strange expression appeared on the Sword Pavilion Elder’s face.

“Cultivating this sword requires sword Qi to enter the body?”

“An outer sect disciple probably hasn’t condensed his Qi yet, right?”

Without condensing his Qi, what did he know about the sword Qi entering his body?

Hearing his words, Han Muye shook his head, admiration in his eyes.

“Master Mo Yuan had observed the three Sword Pavilion Patriarchs’ attack. With a single sword strike, no one was a match for them. They gathered tens of millions of sword Qi in their bodies and finally created the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords after spending 200 years.”

With one hand behind his back and the other pointing, he looked straight ahead. There were thousands of enemies, but only one sword.

“Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords—”

Han Muye pointed forward, his eyes full of light, as if sword Qi was bursting out of his body.

The Sword Pavilion elder seemed to be intimidated by his aura. After pondering for a long time, he nodded and said, “200 years of hard work just to condense this power in one sword. This Mo Yuan has some perseverance.”

As if recalling something, he said indifferently, “The might of my Sword Pavilion’s senior’s sword is indeed fascinating.”

“Yes.” Han Muye withdrew his finger, then returned to his seat.

Han Muye knew that he had passed the first stage.

As expected, the Sword Pavilion elder did not ask Han Muye any other questions.

“The Sword Condensing Sword Technique is somewhat similar to my Sword Pavilion’s legacy move.” The Sword Pavilion Elder opened a book in front of him and said indifferently, “This is the Sword Nurturing Technique. Take it back and comprehend it.”

“If you have any questions, you can come to me.”

Nurturing a sword?

Han Muye took the book.

“To nurture the sword of the Sword Pavilion, to nurture the sword Qi in the body, and above that, to nurture the sword intent in the heart, to nurture the indestructible sword momentum...” At this point, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled bitterly and shook his head.

“Don’t read too much into it. You can’t build something like that without thousands of years.”

“This is similar to the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords created by your Master Mo Yuan. It’s all only idealistic thinking.”

“There’s no one in the Sword Pavilion who can condense sword momentum.”

In thousands of years, those in the Sword Pavilion who could live past 60 years were considered to have lived long lives.

Raising a sword for a thousand years was indeed a little fanciful.

“If you can pass the stage where the sword Qi enters your body, I’ll teach you the sword nurturing technique. Otherwise, it’s because the time hasn’t arrived. Do you understand?”

When Han Muye went downstairs, the Sword Pavilion Elder suddenly spoke.

Han Muye nodded.

He understood.

Those who did not die after the sword Qi entered their bodies were meant to be.

If he was dead, so be it.

Back in the quiet room, Han Muye unfolded the book in front of him.

This scroll was made of yellowed silk. The words on it were thick, and every stroke was like a sword carving.

Sword Nurturing Technique.

There was not much content on it. It only explained where the sword Qi came from and how to nourish it.

After reading the Sword Nurturing Technique, Han Muye understood even more why the Sword Pavilion Elder had only imparted this technique to him after the sword Qi had entered his body.

Without sensing the sword qi, without the deep feeling of the sword qi entering his chest, without an indescribable connection to the sword qi, he could not cultivate the sword technique at all.

The sharp sword qi became smooth and fused with the dantian, so that the sword qi is used for nurturing and condensation.

Only the legacy of the Sword Pavilion had such a crazy thing.

In order to build a foundation, one needed to use sword qi as the foundation to withstand the pain of the sword qi scraping the bones and condensing it into sword bones.

After gathering sword bones, could he nurture sword intent.

As for an Earth Realm cultivator, he needed to use his sword intent to awaken his spirit and form a sword core.

His sword qi formed a core, and thousands of swords bowed when the core was activated.

In the Sword Nurturing Technique, there was only speculation about forming a sword core.

Even the Sword Pavilion Elder had only cultivated half a sword bone after sixty years.

Since the founding of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, no one in the Sword Pavilion had been able to nurture the sword bone.

“This cultivation technique is very challenging...”

After reading through the Sword Nurturing Technique, Han Muye smiled.

With this Sword Nurturing Technique, it was easier to nurture sword Qi.

As for condensing sword bones and forming sword core, although it was far away, just thinking about them made one's blood boil.

Of course, he had to become the strongest sword cultivator in his life!

As if sensing his thoughts, the eight sword intents in his sea of Qi trembled slightly.

He had comprehended the Sword Nurturing Technique.

As he comprehended the sword technique, wisps of sword Qi scattered around Han Muye and floated towards his body.

“Hiss—”

He felt his bones scraping and flesh being cut!

His face contorted. He gritted his teeth and persisted.

This was the correct way for the sword qi to enter his body.

The scattered sword qi was light and thin. After entering his body, it wreaked havoc inch by inch before finally penetrating his meridians.

This time, it hurt a hundred times worse.

These uncontrollable sword qi pierced through his meridians, as if they wanted to cut open all his meridians.

After circulating one cycle, all the sword qi entered his dantian and then fused into his sea of Qi, turning into a light green sword qi that slowly rotated and nourished. Han Muye was already drenched in sweat.

If one sword qi entered his body and he was already suffering this much, wouldn't he have to suffer 128,000 times to condense a sword intent?

Han Muye started to admire those Sword Pavilion seniors.

They were really masochists!

After checking, he discovered that half of the spiritual energy in his dantian had been absorbed by the sword qi.

This sword qi was a big absorber of spiritual energy.

However, he also realized the difference between this sword qi and the other sword qi.

This sword qi was clearly more agile and clear, and its connection with him seemed to be more intimate.

He did not dare to absorb any more sword qi. He followed the cultivation technique in the Sword Nurturing Technique and moved the sword qi back to his meridians, so that it was between his dantian and sea of Qi.

As soon as the sword qi left his sea of Qi, Han Muye's expression changed.

“Ah—”

‘Refreshing!’

At this moment, the sword qi was as gentle as water, cold and moist. It moved in his meridians like a gentle little hand stroking him.

That feeling.

Dual cultivation.

Han Muye thought of the phrase.

The sword energy rushed into his dantian, and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly.

Essence Energy.

Finally, this time, he entered the Essence Energy Cultivation Stage with his sword Qi and truly embarked on the path of cultivation.

He slept comfortably that night.

The next morning, Huang Six gave Han Muye a strange look.

The two of them washed up and cultivated. After breakfast, they sat at the long table with their eyes closed.

This was the Sword Pavilion's main task.

To guard the Sword Pavilion.

“Senior Brother, you’re finally back in the Sword Pavilion.”

At noon, a voice woke Han Muye up.

When he opened his eyes, Suzhen, who was wearing a white dress and had a peach blossom-like face, was standing outside the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye instinctively turned to look to his side.

Huang Six was staring at him.

“The Sword Pavilion has a rule that no one but Sword Pavilion members are allowed to enter.”

At the door, Bai Suzhen covered her smile.

“This senior brother is really dedicated. I see that you have a sallow face and a hunched back. I have a few good medicine in my shop that can treat your waist. Do you want me to bring you a few?”

The color drained from Huang Six’s face and he snorted.

‘Brother’s waist is really not in good condition?’

Han Muye walked to the door and said softly, “Don’t talk nonsense. Why are you looking for me?”

Bai Suzhen smiled and said, “Of course it’s because I miss you—”

Before she could finish, Han Muye turned to leave, but Bai Suzhen quickly corrected herself. “I want to do business with you!”