

## Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 51 - Only the Sword Nurturing Technique is the true inheritance of the Sword Pavilion

*Chapter 51: Only the Sword Nurturing Technique is the true inheritance of the Sword Pavilion*

Lu Gao was indeed used to being a servant. He was good at reading people and asking for information.

Han Muye didn't know about this before.

Han Muye nodded and patted Lu Gao on the shoulder. "Although Brother Lu is strong, he's very meticulous."

"If there's any news from behind, you can tell me."

"Alright, alright." After receiving Han Muye's praise, Lu Gao nodded happily.

It seemed that Huang Six was right. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was going to make a big move this time.

Otherwise, they wouldn't be gathering here and killing people there.

Even the Great Spiritual Sword Sect probably had the same thoughts. They might cause trouble at the gathering.

From the looks of it, he might really have made a great contribution to the sect by sending a message to Tuoba Cheng.

Walking into the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye looked at the empty long table and said, "Brother isn't here?"

At the door, Lu Gao hurriedly replied, "Senior Brother Han, not long after you left, Brother Six went out."

'Went out?'

It seemed that once the fire in his heart was ignited, any man would be burned. He could not sit still at all.

"Haha, brat Han, I'm back—"

Han Muye turned around and saw Huang Six running over with big strides.

His steps were steady, his back unbent, his eyes alert.

Was this love attempt successful?

“Brother Han, Sister Ping, your sister-in-law recognized me!” Walking to Han Muye’s side, Huang Six couldn’t help but rub his hands and whisper.

The excitement in his words was difficult to suppress.

‘Recognize him?’

“Congratulations, Brother. Didn’t you bring sister-in-law here to take a look?” Han Muye asked with a smile.

“Hehe, it’s too late now. She said she’ll come tomorrow.” Huang Six chuckled, looking smug.

‘To the Sword Pavilion?’

The disciple of Clear Wind Temple.

The smile on Han Muye’s face did not fade. He looked at Huang Six, who was still overjoyed, and a deep gaze appeared in his eyes.

‘As long as Brother is happy.’

Hopefully, all was well.

The atmosphere at dinner that night was extremely harmonious.

Huang Six told Lu Gao some interesting things about the Sword Pavilion.

He told him about who had peed their pants when receiving the sword, which Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker did not live past three months and why there were servants in the Sword Pavilion who were unwilling to work in the Sword Pavilion anymore.

Lu Gao grinned and concentrated on the big ribs in front of him.

Huang Six could not chew.

When the pavilion door closed, Han Muye and Huang Six returned to their rooms.

Sitting cross-legged on the wooden couch, Han Muye took out a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill.

As the pill entered his stomach, a warm spiritual energy quickly flowed through his meridians and landed in his dantian.

Over the past few days, he had been taking pills every day. His dantian, which was originally ten feet wide, slowly expanded, and there was already half a foot of space.

Although it had only increased a little, the total capacity had expanded a lot.

Recently, he had deliberately replenished his cultivation knowledge. Han Muye also knew that his dantian was stronger than many Qi Condensation cultivators.

However, at the moment, the sword intent he controlled was too strong. The activation of his body and spiritual energy cultivation was like a three-year-old child swinging a sledgehammer. It was too incongruous.

Only when one's physical body was tempered to a certain extent and their spiritual energy cultivation had at least reach the true Qi Condensation realm could they be agile enough to activate those sword intents.

“Hum—”

Just as Han Muye was transferring spiritual energy and then transferring sword Qi into his dantian to nourish it, there was a faint sound outside the quiet room.

When he opened his eyes, there was nothing in front of him.

“Sister Ping?”

Huang Six's voice came from the quiet room next door.

It was the sword!

The sword that had been delivered that day!

Back then, when this sword came to his quiet room, it almost killed him.

Han Muye was about to get up when Huang Six's voice came from next door again. "Can't you just pretend to be her for a while longer?"

"Could it be that seeing that my body is withered and I can't squeeze out any blood essence, you don't even have the mood to pretend?"

The sword rang, then the sound of the sword falling came.

"Such a spoilsport. Let's sleep," Huang Six muttered.

Han Muye shook his head and chuckled.

That was true. Huang Six had lived in the Sword Pavilion for seven years. How could he not be as extraordinary as him?

Back then, he shouted and made the sword that was about to hurt him fall.

It seemed that Huang Six also had a special ability.

After figuring this out, Han Muye felt much more relaxed. He focused his attention on himself and began to polish his physical strength.

Back then, although he had taken a Body Strengthening Pill, it was still useless.

Perhaps higher-grade body-tempering pills would be useful for body-tempering?

'Why don't I buy it and try it out in the next few days?'

With more than ten high-grade spiritual rocks in his pocket, Han Muye was full of confidence.

As he circulated his body-tempering technique, he absorbed another sword Qi into his body.

He grinned at the bone-scraping sour taste.

It was unknown who had invented this cultivation technique. The sword Qi seeped into his bones and it was really difficult to bear.

Fortunately, the sword Qi circulated in his body. After circulating in his dantian's sea of Qi, it turned into a gentle hand and began to comfort his meridians.

This sense of comfort was irresistible.

He even felt that his meridians seemed to have widened under the gentle touch of the sword Qi.

Perhaps his aptitude would increase if the sword Qi continued to cleanse him?

A ninth-grade aptitude was indeed very limited to cultivation.

Even though Han Muye did not cultivate purely using spiritual energy like traditional cultivators, he still felt the restrictions on his cultivation because of his aptitude.

With a large number of pills, his meridians circulated slowly, and a lot of medicinal power and spiritual energy dissipated.

Fortunately, the dissipating medicinal power was not completely wasted.

Spiritual energy could increase the strength of the body and stabilize the muscles and bones.

After a night of cultivation, Han Muye felt relaxed.

He carried his sword to the small courtyard and saw Huang Six holding a sword in his hand and slashing fiercely.

The sword struck the thick trunk, sending splinters flying.

"Are you still going to disturb my sweet dreams?"

"Do you think I'm easy to tackle?"

"If you come again, I'll throw you into the latrine."

...

When he turned around and saw Han Muye, Huang Six held the sword in his hand and said, "Brother Han, how did you get this sword back?"

“An inner sect disciple named Zhu Guangsheng sent it over yesterday.”

“Su Yang, who received the sword back then, died.”

Han Muye said softly.

Holding the sword, Huang Six’s gaze landed on Han Muye.

After a moment, he laughed and said, “Not bad. No wonder the elder likes you.”

With that, he carried his sword and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

“I cultivate the Sword Condensing Technique. I use my soul, Qi, and blood to condense a sword Qi.”

“When I master it, I’ll be able to bear the sword intent of the Nine Mystic Sword.”

“Of course, it can only condense the power of one sword.”

“Back then, when the elder taught me the Sword Condensing Technique, he said that I was not qualified to cultivate it.”

“Only the Sword Nurturing Technique is the true inheritance of the Sword Pavilion.”

Huang Six whispered, as if to himself, but also to Han Muye.

Was the Sword Nurturing Technique the true inheritance of the Sword Pavilion?

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Wasn’t he cultivating the Sword Nurturing Technique?

“Brother, I—”

Before Han Muye could finish, Huang Six waved his hand and said, “Everyone has their own fate.”

“I’m willing to become that sword to reach Heavenly Sword Realm.”

“The path was chosen by myself.”

“I have no regrets.”

With that, he carried his sword into the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on Huang Six’s back.

‘You really don’t regret it?’

...

In the morning, looking at Huang Six’s anxious appearance, Han Muye smiled and said, “Brother, why don’t you go out for a walk?”

Huang Six stood up and left.

At the door, Lu Gao’s voice sounded. “Brother, do you want me to bring food today? How many portions do you want? Do you want the meat to be soft...”

“Get lost...” Huang Six’s curse came from afar.

Han Muye almost laughed and turned to wipe the swords.

He had already fallen in love with this feeling of polishing the swords every day. The sword Qi mixed together, and it was very satisfying.

“Sword Pavilion’s rules for receiving swords, bathe and change your clothes, burn the incense to calm the mind—”

Unknowingly, at noon, Lu Gao’s shout came from the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

‘A business opportunity is here?’

Han Muye sheathed his sword and turned.

“I’m looking for Han Muye.”

A hoarse voice came from the Sword Pavilion door.

*Chapter 52: I'm Lin Chongxiao. Greetings, fellow Daoist.*

When he saw Instructor Lin Shen again, Han Muye almost did not recognize him.

The tall, strong, and heroic-looking Instructor Lin was now thin and unshaven. His eyes were sunken and his cheekbones were protruding.

The martial suit on him seemed too large as if he was about to float.

"Instructor Lin, you..."

Han Muye felt a little guilty.

If not for him being a busybody, Instructor Lin would still be Instructor Lin. He would draw his sword and shatter rocks.

But a few words from him had destroyed his Dao heart and destroyed the Dao that he had persisted on for so many years.

Although he knew that Lin Shen's Dao heart would still be destroyed after swinging his sword thousands of times, he could still immerse himself in it for a few more years, right?

"Hehe, I don't blame you." Lin Shen laughed, and a hint of color appeared on his shriveled face.

"I just came to talk to you."

Lin Shen smelled of alcohol.

Han Muye looked around, stepped out of the Sword Pavilion, and then sat on the stone steps.

According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, no one was s allowed to enter unless they were receiving a sword.

Lin Shen sat beside him.

"Really, I don't blame you."

"I know. It was just a foolish thought."



Lin Shen sighed softly and looked into the distance.

“I only used this method to stop myself from thinking too much.”

Han Muye nodded and said, “Instructor Lin, who told you this cultivation method?”

This method was not only a method of bitter cultivation, but also a torture to the mind.

The key was that Lin Shen was not a fool.

What kind of person’s words would make him believe them?

Even if his master told him, he might not believe him completely.

He remembered that Lin Shen, Xu Ming, and Zhao Pu were all from the same sect. Lin Shen should also be a disciple of Three Stones House.

Tuoba Cheng was a generous person. He probably wouldn’t let Lin Shen cultivate any methods to wield a million swords.

“It’s my big brother.”

Lin Shen directly answered.

“You’ve only been in the sect for a short time, so you don’t know my big brother Lin Chongxiao’s reputation.”

“The master at Three Stones House still doesn’t have a direct disciple because of my big brother.”

Lin Shen’s voice was low as he said softly, “Back then, my big brother entered the inner sect as the number one outer sect disciple. He took up a challenge of 12 matches in a day and entered the top 100 of the inner sect.”

“Master took him in as a direct disciple and said that within ten years, he will be nurtured into a direct disciple of the Earth-type lineage.”

Direct disciples were qualified to become sect elders.

As expected, every direct disciple would step into the Earth Realm.

Among the five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it was rare for one to become a direct disciple.

“Then, your big brother...” Han Muye said softly, “Has he become a direct disciple?”

Although there were some things that were not easy to ask, he still had to ask.

How could Han Muye not have heard of the famous direct disciple?

If he hadn’t heard of it, he naturally didn’t become one.

“12 years ago, during the battle in the Blazing Demon Valley, our Sword Sect surpassed the Great Spiritual Sword Sect and became the third of the four major sword sects.”

“Master Tuoba Cheng used his phenomenal sword intent to slash open the mountain and injure the Great Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley, Hu Taisheng, and killed Qin Ci, the elder who had the highest chance of becoming a Golden Core cultivator of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.”

A glow flashed in Lin Shen’s eyes.

Han Muye seemed to have witnessed the image of countless sword cultivators charging forward, the sword light shattering the sky and the mountains and rivers.

They cultivated in that heavenly secret.

This heavenly secret was obtained from the sword in his palm.

They had to compete with others and the heavens.

“In that battle, our Sword Sect lost three Earth Realm deacon elders and seven direct disciples.”

“Master’s sword intent has been greatly damaged and has not recovered for 12 years.”

“My big brother, he is one of the seven direct disciples who died.”

The muscles on Lin Shen’s face twitched, and tears flickered in the corners of his eyes.

Suppressing his grief, he took a deep breath.

“At that time, I was in front of Big Brother. He asked Master to take me in as his disciple.”

“Then he told me to swing my sword a million times and shatter the mountains.”

Placing the large sword diagonally across his knees, Lin Shen rubbed his palm on the hilt of the scabbard.

“My aptitude is far inferior to Big Brother’s...”

“I only want to cultivate all the way until I reach the realm Big Brother mentioned.”

At this point, he shook his head and chuckled. “Brother Han, thank you for enlightening me.”

“I should have resigned myself to my fate.”

Then he stood up and looked up at the words “Sword Pavilion” above his head.

“I’m not doing sword cultivation anymore.”

“Back then, I brought this big brother’s sword out of the Sword Pavilion. Now, I’m returning it.”

Reluctantly, he stroked the sword again. Holding it with both hands, he handed it to Han Muye.

Han Muye stood up and pondered for a moment before taking the sword.

He reached out and grabbed the sword he had once held. With a clang, he pulled it out.

“The sword is undamaged and carefully maintained.”

“I’ve received a sword from a disciple of the Sword Sect.”

Lin Shen’s gaze fell on the sword. Then he took a deep breath and turned to leave.

“Instructor Lin, if you don’t continue with sword cultivation, where will you go from here?”

Han Muye asked.

“I’m returning home.”

“My little sister’s cultivation talent is better than mine. I’d better go home and carry on the family line and be a rich man.”

Lin Shen swayed and strode away.

Knowing that he had disappeared into the mountain path, Han Muye turned around.

Standing at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao’s gaze landed on the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

“Senior Brother Han, I’ve heard the story of Lin Chongxiao.”

“The Three Stones’ Green Tiger has a very good reputation.”

Han Muye nodded.

Lu Gao carefully glanced at Han Muye’s expression and said in a low voice, “Sometimes, one has to resign themselves to fate when it comes to cultivation.”

“I’ve never thought of becoming an outer sect disciple in my life.”

He opened his mouth and pressed his hand to his chest. “I just want to earn more. When I’m older, I’ll go down the mountain, get married, and have a few children. Then I’ll let them go up the mountain to cultivate.”

Han Muye looked up at him.

“Well, Senior Brother Han, you have a great opportunity and great talent. You will definitely have a smooth path.” Thinking of how Han Muye could not become a disciple of the Sword Sect because of his lack of talent, Lu Gao quickly changed his words.

Compared to his aptitude, Han Muye might not be as high as him.

If he had given up, what about Han Muye?

“Brother Lu, cultivation is not difficult,” Han Muye said softly. Then, without waiting for Lu Gao’s answer, he walked straight into the Sword Pavilion.

With the sword in his hand, he walked deeper into where the wooden swords were placed.

Although this sword was not a spiritual artifact, it was a heavy sword that contained a lot of spiritual materials.

He walked to an empty wooden shelf and placed the sword on it.

Looking at this heavy sword, Han Muye seemed to see a young sword cultivator with soaring sword Qi sweeping through the outer sect and entering the top 100 of inner sect.

He watched as this young man shone with his talents and died in a bloody battle.

Unconsciously, Han Muye’s palm landed on the hilt of his sword.

Images came to him.

The burly Instructor Lin waved his sword and slashed with all his might.

The Mystic Origin Sword Technique Rock Shattering.

Mystic One Sword Technique, Mountain Crusher.

Han Muye had seen this scene before.

Gripping the hilt tightly, sword Qi poured into his sea of Qi.

“Hum—”

The sword vibrated.

A streak of sword Qi.

Ten streaks.

100 streaks.

1,000 streaks!

“Boom—”

The image in Han Muye’s mind suddenly exploded. Then, a young man holding a large sword stood there.

“I’m Lin Chongxiao. Greetings, Fellow Daoist.”

*Chapter 53: Your big brother was telling the truth when he said swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike.*

Lin Chongxiao!

The genius of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who had made Tuoba Cheng not accept a direct disciple for ten years.

Instructor Lin’s eldest brother, Lin Chongxiao, had made him swing his sword for ten years.

“Thank you for helping my brother break through his confusion and giving him a chance to turn back.”

In the image within his mind, Lin Chongxiao looked at Han Muye again.

Han Muye had observed thousands of swords, but this was the first time he saw an image with its own consciousness.

Looking at Lin Chongxiao in the image, he did not know how to reply.

“You, are you really Lin Chongxiao?”

He spoke in a low voice. It was unknown if Lin Chongxiao could hear him in his mind.

As soon as he finished speaking, Lin Chongxiao nodded, then shook his head.

“I’m Lin Chongxiao, but also not him.”

“I’m just a trace of Lin Chongxiao’s obsession that can’t bear to dissipate and had hidden in the sword.”

“All these years, I was able to remain because of the nourishment of my younger brother’s soul and my obsession.”

At this point, Lin Chongxiao said in a low voice, “Fellow Daoist, you can treat me as a sword spirit or a remnant thought.”

“I’m no threat to you, Fellow Daoist, and I’m powerless to threaten you.”

“If you hadn’t activated it with your sword Qi, I wouldn’t have been able to communicate with you.”

Lin Chongxiao was smart. He knew that for cultivators, their own safety was the most important.

If Lin Chongxiao was a threat to Han Muye’s safety, Han Muye would immediately think of a way to destroy him.

Looking at the image in his mind, Han Muye suddenly let go of the sword.

Lin Chongxiao wanted to say something else, but he could only dissipate helplessly.

The image dissipated, leaving nothing behind.

It seemed that Lin Chongxiao was right. He was only a remnant soul and was no threat to him.

Holding the sword hilt again, Lin Chongxiao appeared, smiling bitterly with his hands wide open.

“Fellow Daoist, I’m relying on you to activate your sword Qi for me to appear. Once the sword Qi is withdrawn, I’ll dissipate.”

At this point, he looked up and bowed sincerely. “Fellow Daoist, please help me enlighten my brother. Don’t let him end his path to cultivation.”

‘Enlighten Instructor Lin?’

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, “How do I give him pointers?”

“He spent ten years cultivating bitterly and his Dao heart has shattered. I’m afraid he won’t have the chance to increase his cultivation level in this life.”

The current Han Muye was no longer a novice at cultivation.

If one cultivated without their own Dao heart, then no matter how many years they spent, it would be futile.

Lin Shen was like this.

“Fellow Daoist, I didn’t make up the story of swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike.”

Lin Chongxiao spoke softly.

“Back then, my senior brothers and I explored a secret place and obtained some incomplete cultivation techniques. There were records of this particular technique.”

“I know that Brother Shen’s aptitude is insufficient, so before I died, I instructed him to cultivate this technique to make up for his lack of talent.”

“I left a wisp of my remnant soul in the sword to help him cultivate.”

“It’s just that,” Lin Chongxiao said with a bitter smile, “I didn’t expect Brother Shen to directly cultivate this technique instead of complementing it with others.”

“He doesn’t have high enough cultivation to activate my remnant soul, so I can only remain helpless.”

This was really a coincidence.

Lin Chongxiao did not hesitate to leave his remnant soul in the sword to help Lin Shen.

In the end, Lin Shen was so obsessed with cultivating the move that Lin Chongxiao had mentioned that he neglected his own cultivation, causing his cultivation to be insufficient and unable to activate his remnant soul.

“I originally thought that with my strength, I could help Brother Shen establish his Dao foundation in ten years and become the direct disciple of Three Stones House.”

“In that case, my wish is fulfilled.”



In the image, loneliness flashed across Lin Chongxiao's face. Then, he cupped his hands and said, "Fellow Daoist, to be able to condense such thick sword Qi, your sword cultivation must be extraordinary."

"Fellow Daoist, please enlighten my brother."

Looking at Lin Chongxiao, Han Muye did not speak.

Although his sword cultivation was not as high as Lin Chongxiao thought, with his maximum-level comprehension, it was not difficult for him to enlighten Lin Shen.

However, he was a little surprised to activate Lin Chongxiao's remnant soul in the sword that day.

There were tens of thousands of swords hidden in the Sword Pavilion. How many swords had remnant souls left?

If these remnant souls had obsessions and asked him to fulfill their wishes, would he have to agree to them one by one?

He couldn't have completed all of them.

However, he was the one who exposed Lin Shen's Dao heart. He could not bear to watch Lin Shen end his cultivation path just like that.

"Fellow Daoist, the secret place where the incomplete cultivation technique came from was very magical. If Fellow Daoist can help me, I'm willing to tell you the location of this secret place."

In the image, Lin Chongxiao spoke again.

"The only thing I can offer as a remnant soul is this secret."

The secret place where he discovered the cultivation technique.

The technique was not ordinary. There might be other good things in such a secret place.

This could be considered a deal.

If Lin Chongxiao could pay the price and he helped him, it would not be in vain.

In the future, if he had to fulfill wishes for the remnant souls, there would be guidelines to follow.

“Okay.”

Han Muye nodded, reached for the sword, and turned to leave.

When he reached the door, Lu Gao was slightly stunned to see him come out with a sword.

“I’m going to walk around.”

Han Muye walked straight down the nine stone steps.

As he watched him go, Lu Gao turned to look at the Sword Pavilion. Then confusion flashed across his face.

“I’m just the gatekeeper of the Sword Pavilion, not a Sword Caretaker...”

At the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, a green wooden carriage stopped under the signboard.

Lin Yuxia, who was wearing a pink dress, stood beside the carriage and looked at Lin Shen, who was sitting in front of the carriage.

“Second Brother, are you really willing to leave the mountain?”

Lin Yuxia looked at the thin Lin Shen and said softly with heartache.

“Hehe, what’s wrong with going down the mountain?” Lin Shen laughed and turned to look at the tall gate behind him. His eyes flashed with pain.

“Forget it. I’ll go back and live a good life. When you come home next time, you might be able to hold your little nephew.”

Lin Shen grinned, but the corners of his eyes were moist.

“I remember. You said that when my son grows up, you’ll lead him in cultivation.”

Lin Yuxia bit her lip and nodded gently with tears in her eyes.

It was extremely painful for anyone to end their cultivation path in their lifetime.

“Then, Second Brother, are you really not going to say goodbye to Uncle-Master Tuoba and the others?” Lin Yuxia looked around and said softly.

Lin Shen left quietly without informing anyone. He didn’t even bid farewell to his master.

“I’m not Big Brother. Master won’t care about him.” Lin Shen shook his head and raised his hand to straighten the reins.

“Girl, compete well at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s gathering. This is a good opportunity to become famous.”

“Don’t ruin Big Brother’s reputation like me.”

Lin Yuxia nodded, and tears finally rolled down her face.

“Haha, we sword cultivators are invincible among our peers.”

“Swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike.”

“Ten years of naught. I’ve finally woken up from the dream—”

With a jerk of the reins, the carriage moved slowly forward.

The ruts creaked on the limestone.

Large tears rolled down Lin Shen’s eyes. He gently turned around and looked at the tall door behind him.

Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This might be the last time he saw it in his life.

“Instructor Lin.”

At that moment, a voice sounded.

Dressed in a white robe and holding a large sword, Han Muye walked briskly through the courtyard to the carriage.

Lin Shen grabbed the reins and chuckled. "It's rare. I thought no one would send me off."

"I'm not here to see you off."

Han Muye shook his head and raised the sword in his hand.

"Your brother was telling the truth when he said swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike."

"Do you still want to cultivate it?"

*Chapter 54: Lin Shen's choice, the rules of the Sword Pavilion*

"Swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike."

Lin Shen sat in the carriage, the corners of his mouth twitching, his shoulders trembling uncontrollably.

Was he still cultivating it?

"Hehe, swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike."

"Brother Han, I'm already so determined to never hold a sword again. You, why do you have to..." Lin Shen looked at the sword in front of him and gently closed his eyes.

His hand gripped the reins so tightly that his knuckles turned white and trembled.

"Lin Chongxiao asked me to come."

"His remnant soul is in this sword."

Han Muye handed the hilt of the sword to Lin Shen.

Lin Shen suddenly opened his eyes and looked at Han Muye in disbelief.

"You—you—really?"

Han Muye didn't say anything. He just injected a wisp of sword Qi into the sword.

The sword vibrated.

Whether it was Lin Shen or Lin Yuxia, who was not far away, their bodies trembled. A feeling of kinship arose spontaneously.

"Big Brother..."

Lin Yuxia burst into tears.

Lin Shen raised his trembling hand and slowly gripped the hilt of the sword.

An indescribable aura enveloped him. His eyes widened and he spoke in a disorderly manner.

Han Muye held the sheath and slowly injected sword Qi into the sword.

Lin Shen's expression slowly changed.

Sadness.

Guilt.

Delight.

Hesitation.

Lin Yuxia, who was slowly walking closer, did not dare to make a sound. She quietly looked at Lin Shen and the sword in his hand.

After half an hour, Lin Shen trembled and let go of the sword hilt reluctantly.

Han Muye stopped injecting sword Qi.

Lin Shen, who was sitting sideways in the carriage, suddenly jumped down.

"Without Brother Han, Big Brother's remnant soul will never see the light of day."

With that, he fell to his knees and touched the ground with his head.

Beside him, Lin Yuxia bit her lip and was about to kneel on the ground.

Han Muye sighed softly and reached out to hold Lin Shen's arm. Then, he said, "Instructor Lin, if I hadn't said anything, you might not have given up on the cultivation method. You might even have a chance to meet your brother."

He was willing to help Lin Shen because this person was loyal and pure. He also blamed himself for breaking Lin Shen's Dao heart with his one sentence.

Han Muye helped Lin Shen and Lin Yuxia up.

Handing the sword to Lin Shen, Han Muye said softly, "Instructor Lin, take this sword back."

In this sword, there was the remnant soul of Lin Chongxiao.

It was fine if Lin Shen didn't know.

Now that he knew, he definitely could not bear to return it to the Sword Pavilion.

Lin Shen looked at Han Muye gratefully, then reached out with both hands and carefully took the sword, hugging it tightly.

After giving him the sword, Han Muye smiled and said, "Instructor Lin, are you still leaving?"

Lin Shen grinned and said, "I'm not leaving."

He looked up at the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, his face relaxed and filled with anticipation.

Han Muye nodded and smiled. "That's good."

"I'm going back to the Sword Pavilion. Let's have a drink sometime."

After saying that, he glanced at Lin Yuxia, who was beside Lin Shen. He nodded slightly and said with a smile, "Lady Lin, I'm afraid you won't be able to carry your nephew for some time."

With that, he laughed and left.

“This, Senior Brother Han, is so special...” Looking at Han Muye’s back, Lin Yuxia whispered.

“Special?” Lin Shen hugged the sword, his eyes shining.

“He’s more than special.”

The previous decadence on him was gone, and there was now an indescribable sense of heroism.

He put the sword on his back and laughed. He looked at Lin Yuxia and said, “Sister, although Brother Han is a Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker, his Sword Dao realm is definitely unimaginable.”

“Big Brother said that his sword cultivation is extraordinary.”

Hearing Lin Shen’s words, Lin Yuxia couldn’t help but look at the long sword on Lin Shen’s back. In this sword was the remnant soul of her elder brother, Lin Chongxiao.

“Little sister, if you’re interested, I can help matchmake you with Brother Han?” Lin Shen smiled and winked at Lin Yuxia.

Lin Yuxia blushed. Thinking that Han Muye and Bai Suzhen’s relationship was definitely not simple, and that he was her friend’s husband, she hurriedly spat, “Second Brother, what nonsense are you talking about?”

Then, she looked at Lin Shen and said seriously, “Second Brother, since you aren’t leaving, what are you going to do on your cultivation path in the future?”

After ten years, Lin Shexiao had swung the sword thousands of times and wasted his cultivation base.

Even if he re-cultivated now, he did not know if he would still have a chance.

Cultivation was a competition with the heavens. If one lost the opportunity, it would be difficult to cultivate properly.

“Big Brother gave me two choices.”

Lin Shen looked into the distance of the Nine Mystic Mountain, his eyes flickering.

“The first choice is to go to the Three Stones House and beg Master. Master will definitely help me on account of Big Brother. I’ll cultivate my body again for three years.”

“The second choice ...”

Lin Shen lowered his head slightly and said, “Swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike.”

Lin Yuxia was shocked and hurriedly said, “Then Second Brother, go and see Uncle-Master Tuoba. Uncle-Master is cold on the outside but warm on the inside. He will definitely...”

Before she could finish, she saw the smile on Lin Shen’s face.

“Little sister, you know what I’ll choose, right?”

Lin Yuxia stomped her feet and said, “Second Brother, why are you still cultivating such an uncertain method? After all this, aren’t you still returning to your old ways?”

Lin Shen shook his head and smiled. “It’s different.”

“Now that I have Big Brother’s guidance and Brother Han’s guidance, I can cultivate it successfully.”

Lin Yuxia was stunned when she saw Lin Shen turn around and walk towards the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“I’ve thought about it. I’ll resign from my position as an outer sect instructor and become a sword caretaker in the Sword Pavilion.”

“In the future, I’ll be in the Sword Pavilion and get close to Brother Han. If you’re interested in him, you can come to the Sword Pavilion often.”

Go to the Sword Pavilion and be a sword caretaker?

Was there still a need for a sword caretaker in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion?

A look of confusion flashed across Lin Yuxia’s face.

“Interested?”



“I wouldn’t be interested in—”

“By the way, so he’s the one who exposed Second Brother’s Dao heart? This guy has hidden it well. Next time, hmph...”

After sending the sword to Lin Shen, Han Muye felt relaxed when he returned to the Sword Pavilion.

There was a sense of satisfaction.

He could feel the joy of the sword intent in his sea of Qi and the sword Qi slowly passing through his dantian and meridians. They were much more docile.

It seemed that these sword intents and sword Qi were all extremely emotional.

If only the absorbed sword Qi could be so gentle when he was condensing the sword bone.

It was not a pleasant feeling.

When he returned to the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye was slightly stunned.

Huang Six stood in front of the stone steps with his hands behind his back. Beside him was a female cultivator in yellow.

Sister-in-law?

Han Muye coughed lightly.

Huang Six and the female cultivator turned.

“Greetings, Senior Brother.” Han Muye bowed respectfully to Huang Six, then cupped his hands at the female cultivator. “Greetings, Sis—”

“Lu Qingping, Junior Brother Han, just call her Senior Sister Lu,” Huang Six hurriedly said.

Han Muye found it funny.

This guy had ulterior motives but did not have the guts to do so. He addressed her so distantly when in fact, he had called her “Sister Ping” and “Sister-in-law” behind her back.

“Greetings, Senior Sister Lu.”

Han Muye said.

The female cultivator in yellow smiled and raised her hand in return. “Is this Brother Han, whom Brother Zhenxiong said is very capable?”

The female cultivator was not beautiful, but her eyes were gentle.

Huang Six stood at the side and smiled, as if the wrinkles on his face had relaxed a lot at this moment.

“Brother, why don’t you invite Senior Sister Lu in?” Han Muye looked at Huang Six.

Huang Six straightened his face and shook his head. “According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, no one is allowed to enter without a sword.”

“Besides, Junior Sister Lu is not a member of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, so we can’t break the rules.”

*Chapter 55: Buying and exchanging swords*

Rules.

Han Muye nodded.

Huang Six still knew how to abide by the rules of the Sword Pavilion despite the powerful emotional impact of his first love’s reunion. It seemed that he had not been blinded by love.

There was still hope in him.

“Brother Zhenxiong has already told me that the Sword Pavilion is an important place for your Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“For Brother Zhenxiong to gain the trust of the sect and be in charge of this place, of course he can’t break the rules.”

Lu Qingping hurriedly spoke.

‘In charge?’

Han Muye frowned at Huang Six.

Huang Six blinked at him in return.

Brother Six’s bragging was a little much.

“Junior Sister Lu, you can’t enter the Sword Pavilion, but Senior Brother Han has some experience in choosing swords and sword cultivation. Go to the market to buy swords tomorrow and let him accompany you.”

“I still have a meeting with the elders tomorrow, so I won’t accompany you.”

Huang Six turned around and looked sideways at Lu Qingping.

He looked at Han Muye with pleading eyes.

Lu Qingping nodded and looked at Han Muye. “Then I shall be thanking you, Junior Brother Han.”

Buy a sword with Lu Qingping?

Han Muye’s heart skipped a beat.

Just as well.

This way, he would have a chance to touch the sword in Lu Qingping’s hand and find out if Lu Qingping had a motive for approaching Huang Six.

Although he did not want to ruin Huang Six’s dream of his first love, if Lu Qingping had another motive, Han Muye would not ignore it.

“Senior Sister Lu is too polite. It’s really because Senior Brother is busy tomorrow. Otherwise, his judgement would be 100 times better than mine.” Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands. “Then I’ll wait for Senior Sister at the mountain gate tomorrow.”

There was no good sword in the market that was open to the public in the Sword Sect. If she wanted to choose a good sword, they had to go to the market 100 kilometers away from the mountain.

Lu Qingping nodded, then looked at Huang Six and said softly, "Brother Zhenxiong, I'll head back first."

Huang Six grinned. He thought of his missing front teeth and quickly closed his mouth.

He stood on the stone steps and watched as Lu Qingping disappeared from the mountain path for a long time.

"Sixth Brother, you're about to become a wife-watching stone."

Han Muye, who had already walked into the Sword Pavilion and sat behind the long table, smiled.

Huang Six blushed and turned to walk into the Sword Pavilion.

He leaned over to Han Muye, who was sitting in the big chair, and muttered, "Well, thank you, Brother Han, for helping me complete the lie today."

In front of Lu Qingping just now, Han Muye had given him enough face and even helped him smooth things over.

'He's in charge of the Sword Pavilion?'

He would allow the brag to continue for a while.

Huang Six rubbed his sparse hair and muttered softly, "I have a lot of dates, but in front of Sister Ping, I feel flustered."

"On my side, I subconsciously wanted to elevate my status."

"I was just thinking, thinking, about being a little more compatible with her."

Huang Six lowered his head, a hint of loneliness on his face.

Nine out of ten Sword Caretakers in the Sword Pavilion would die. Even if their salary was comparable to the inner sect disciples, even the servants were still unwilling to come to the Sword Pavilion to be Sword Caretakers.

He could earn the spiritual rocks but not be able to spend them.

As a Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion, he had been affected by the sword Qi every day. His body had withered. What right did he have to be compatible with an inner sect elite of Clear Wind Temple?

Han Muye wanted to comfort Huang Six, but thought better of it.

Huang Six knew everything well.

His current enthusiasm was because of his reunion with Lu Qingping.

After a while, especially after the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's sect gathering ended and Lu Qingping left, this matter would be left unsettled.

Moreover, Clear Wind Temple had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This was an ill-fated relationship that was destined to never happen.

Han Muye shook his head slightly and looked up. He saw Lu Gao, whose arms were full of lunch boxes, sticking his head out of the door and looking around.

"Eh, where's sister-in-law?"

"I specially collected the tender meat to ensure that Sixth Brother can chew on it."

Lu Gao muttered regretfully.

Huang Six turned around and gritted his teeth. "I want to chew on bones."

Han Muye laughed so hard he almost fell off the big chair.

The three of them sat around the small wooden table at the door. Huang Six had a good appetite and focused on eating. Lu Gao softly shared some news he had heard in the dining hall.

"Some sects have come in the past few days. Most of them are arranged to eat with the outer sect disciples in the outer sect dining hall."

"Many of these people made complaints."

Lu Gao had a nice way of saying things.

If one only received the same treatment as the outer sect at a gathering, it was already good enough that they did not curse.

However, since the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had summoned them, why would they treat them so badly?

“Hmph, what’s wrong with living as an outer sect disciple?”

Huang Six finally said something and snorted. “The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. We’re already giving them face by not letting them pay for their food and accommodation.”

“Ahem, Brother Six, they are paying out of their own pocket.” Lu Gao coughed lightly.

They were paying out of their own pocket, yet they were only arranged to receive the same treatment as the outer sect disciples.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

‘Looks like there won’t be a pleasant meeting this time?’

“The last time the Nine Mystic Sword Sect intimidated everyone was the battle in the Blazing Demon Valley 12 years ago.”

“Looks like the Sword Sect is going to take actions.”

Huang Six shook his head and reached for the meat again.

“I guess we’re about to get busy too.”

“A batch of swords will be sent back soon.”

‘Send the sword back?’

Han Muye was stunned and immediately understood.

It was not that the swords had been sent back after the death of disciples.

It was because the swords of the exterminated enemies were collected by the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Sect was going to make an example out of the Three Qin Sword Sect this time.

He wondered if Mo Yuan could make any contributions in this battle.

In the afternoon, Huang Six slept on the long table while Lu Gao leaned against the door of the Sword Pavilion and dozed.

Only Han Muye was wiping the swords with linen in the Sword Pavilion.

As he wiped the sword, he collected the sword Qi and absorbed it into his body.

This sour feeling was painful but pleasant.

“Sword Pavilion rules: Bathe and change clothes—”

“Move.”

Lu Gao’s long howl at the door was interrupted.

Han Muye frowned, put away his sword, and walked to the door of the Sword Pavilion.

On the other side, a tall young man in a white inner sect disciple robe stood in front of the long table with a cold expression.

Huang Six, who was sitting behind the long table, had a yellow paper scroll in his hand. He slowly flipped through it.

“Have you calculated it?”

“I am using the sect’s mission completion record to exchange for a sword. How can I fake this?”

The tall young man said coldly. He turned around and saw Han Muye walking over. He pointed at him and said, “You’re younger. Hurry up and help that old man read the records in the book.”

“He’s old and blind, but he’s still a Sword Caretaker. He probably won’t live long.”

The young man's words were vicious and his tone was cold. It was as if the Sword Caretakers did not belong to the same Sword Sect and their lives and deaths were comparable to ants.

Huang Six's expression did not change, but his fingers wandered over the mission book.

"Inner sect disciple, Luo Tian, has completed the sect's investigation mission. You can exchange 30 sect merit points for tokens or sect mission rewards."

"Luo Tian, your investigation mission was completed a year ago. Why are you only exchanging it now?"

"According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, the mission book will expire within a year."

'Luo Tian?'

'The guy who practiced swordsmanship and broke his sword?'

The last time he asked someone to exchange for a sword, Han Muye rejected him. This time, was he here to exchange for a sword with mission merit points?

Han Muye glanced at Luo Tian, a cold glint flashing across his eyes.

After staying in the Sword Pavilion for a long time, he was close to the swords in the Sword Pavilion.

He was unwilling to hand over any of the swords here to someone like Luo Tian who did not cherish them.

Hearing Huang Six's words, Luo Tian sneered. "Last time, Song Cheng said that the Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion seemed to be deliberately targeting me. I didn't believe him."

"So it turns out to be true."

He reached into his jacket and pulled out something. He slapped it on the long table.

"I'm definitely exchanging this sword today."



*Chapter 56: Observe the sword, observe the people, and observe our hearts*

It was still a mission book.

However, this mission book was brand new. It was obvious that it had been issued recently.

“Read it to him.” Luo Tian nodded at Han Muye.

Han Muye stepped forward and picked up the mission book.

“Nine Mystic Sword Sect inner sect disciple, Luo Tian, has completed the demon hunting mission. He has killed an escaped fox demon in the Blazing Demon Valley. He will be rewarded with 30 merit points.”

Han Muye read the words from the mission book.

Luo Tian snorted and said, “There won’t be any problems this time, right? This mission was only completed last month.”

Huang Six sat there with an ugly expression.

As a Sword Caretaker, if people respected you, they would treat you politely like a senior brother.

If they looked down on you, you would be worse than a servant in the sect.

The person in front of him looked down on the Sword Caretakers.

Han Muye held the mission book and said indifferently, “The demon beasts that escaped from the Blazing Demon Valley back then?”

“This mission is not easy to complete.”

During lunch, Lu Gao and Huang Six talked about the battle in the Blazing Demon Valley.

The Blazing Demon Valley was 40,000 kilometers south of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and there were great demons occupying it.

This place was already very far from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s mountain gate, and it was at the border of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect. The Sword Sect’s control was almost nonexistent there.

That place was considered a no man's land.

For hundreds of years, those demons who had cultivated well had gathered in the Blazing Demon Valley and caused a huge commotion.

Among them, there was also the support of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, which was ranked third among the four major sword sects.

It was until more than ten years ago, when the Blazing Demon Valley killed the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, which provoked the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to take revenge.

During the battle with the Blazing Demon Valley, the Great Elder, who had formed a demon core, was severely injured, the disciples of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were trapped in the Blazing Demon Valley, and the elite elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were killed.

In this battle, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had gained the glory of the human race and humiliated the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, causing their reputation to decrease greatly and being overtaken by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, in such a battle, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect naturally paid a huge price.

And the remaining troubles had not subsided for the next ten years.

In the 10,000-kilometer radius of the Blazing Demon Valley, the fleeing demons had all kinds of defection, making the Sword Sect exhausted to fight.

It was too far for the whip to reach.

If they mobilised an army, it would be equivalent to using a sledgehammer to crack a nut.

If a small number of disciples went, those demons might be able to take advantage of their abilities and familiarity with the terrain.

As a last resort, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect issued a demon hunting mission. As long as the disciples of the sect or sect under their rule killed the demon beasts, they would be rewarded with merit points.

Just like the recent mission to kill Qin Yuanhe.

Demon hunting missions were long-term and rather dangerous. Over the years, not many people were willing to accept them, and not many could complete them.

Although Luo Tian was an inner sect disciple, it was not something that could be completed just like that.

A demon fox's cultivation and combat strength were not bad.

"Hmph, the time in the mission book is correct, right?" Luo Tian turned to look at the rows of wooden shelves impatiently, and a strange look flashed across his eyes.

"If there's no mistake, I'm going to choose a sword."

Han Muye pinched the mission book and nodded. "That's right. Go choose."

Huang Six said nothing.

The Sword Caretaker could make things difficult for the disciple, but since he had come prepared, he had no choice.

"You're much more sensible than this old thing, kid."

Luo Tian sneered and grabbed the mission book in front of Huang Six. Then he strode towards the wooden shelf.

He did not stop at the wooden shelf beside him.

None of the swords caught his eye.

Huang Six frowned and stood up.

Han Muye shook his head.

A moment later, Luo Tian walked back to the long table with a sword in his hand.

"I'll take this sword."

Seeing the sword in his hand, Huang Six's expression was strange. He pondered for a moment and grinned. "Alright, alright. Take this sword."

Luo Tian turned to leave, but Han Muye suddenly spoke.

“Wait a minute. We haven’t finished the sword-collecting procedure.”

He walked to the long table and opened the book. Then he reached out and said, “Bring me the sword.”

‘There’s still procedure to complete?’

Luo Tian frowned and handed the sword to Han Muye impatiently.

Han Muye held the sword, placed one hand on the long table, and flipped open the book with the other. “The inner sect disciple, Luo Tian, wants to receive this sword as his personal sword, right?”

Luo Tian nodded.

Han Muye spread out the book and looked up. “What about your previous sword?”

“Unless you are out on a mission, inner sect disciples have to hand over the sword they received previously. Have you heard of this rule?”

Luo Tian’s face stiffened.

He had heard this rule before.

However, not many people really followed this rule.

An ordinary sword was of ordinary value, but it could be exchanged for more than 10 to 20 spiritual rocks.

The swords carried by inner sect disciples were not cheap, especially those mixed with spiritual materials. Each one cost thousands of spiritual rocks.

Once many people had a chance to receive a new sword, they would immediately dispose of their previous swords.

The sect turned a blind eye to this matter.

Those who dared to do so were fearless.

But now that Han Muye was serious, he had no choice.

"I didn't bring my sword. How about I send the sword over tomorrow?" Looking at Han Muye, Luo Tian forced a smile and handed over a merit token.

He could even earn money from this!

Huang Six turned to look at Han Muye.

This kid was really talented. He could earn from anyone who came to receive the sword!

Lu Gao, who was sticking his head out at the door, had admiration in his eyes.

He had finally witnessed Senior Brother Han's methods.

It was difficult for such a person not to become rich.

Han Muye turned to give Huang Six a look.

Huang Six reached out and took the merit token.

Han Muye smiled and slowly raised his hand from the sword.

Luo Tian heaved a sigh of relief and reached for the sword.

Bam!

Han Muye suddenly slapped his hand down and held the sword down. He looked at Luo Tian coldly.

"An inner sect disciple, Luo Tian, has destroyed a sword for no reason. He is not allowed to enter the Sword Pavilion for three years. Three years later, he will have to pay double the merit points for the sword."

"The Sword Pavilion has a record of this."

"Didn't the person who came to help you exchange your sword make it clear to you?"

Han Muye stared at Luo Tian with a faint sternness in his eyes.

"You're not qualified to receive a sword. You trespassed into the Sword Pavilion. Go to the Law Enforcement Hall and receive your punishment."

In front of the Sword Pavilion gates, Lu Gao's mouth fell open.

Huang Six held the merit token in his hand and looked confused.

Luo Tian, who had been arrogant previously, had gone from being a sword receiver to barging into the Sword Pavilion.

This instantaneous change was all under Han Muye's control.

It was a sudden turn out of events!

Luo Tian's face turned red and white, and the corners of his eyes twitched.

His gaze moved away from the sword in Han Muye's hand, and then his eyes revealed cold killing intent as he stared into Han Muye's eyes.

"Great, great, you're really awesome."

Gritting his teeth, he reached for the mission book for hunting fox demons.

Han Muye reached out and pressed it down. He said calmly, "When you go to the Law Enforcement Hall and receive your punishment, you can take this thing."

Luo Tian clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. He stepped back and left the Sword Pavilion. Then he turned and strode away.

Only then did Lu Gao take a deep breath.

Was this the role of a Sword Caretaker?

Huang Six looked at Han Muye and looked at the sword in his hand. Then he muttered, "Actually, let him take this sword. Anyway, this sword will return soon."

This sword was the sword of the eighth-ranked outer sect disciple, Ji Yuan.

It was also the one taken by the inner sect disciple, Su Yang.

It was the one that Zhu Guangsheng had just sent back.

It was the same one that had almost killed Han Muye.

If Luo Tian received this sword, he would most likely die.

Han Muye stood up, shook his head, took the sword and the mission book, and turned toward the stairs of the Sword Pavilion.

“I’ll go see the elder.”

At this point, he paused and said, “Luo Tian is arrogant, but he doesn’t necessarily deserve to die.”

“Even if he deserved to die, he shouldn’t have died at the hands of this sword.”

“Besides, since we know that this sword is evil, we shouldn’t let him take it away.”

“We are the Sword Caretakers. It is our duty.”

“Observe the sword, the people, and our hearts.”

With that, he started up the stairs.

Watching him go upstairs, Huang Six had a complicated expression on his face. In the end, he sighed and said, “No wonder the elder taught you the Sword Nurturing Technique.”

“You’re the one who’s qualified to be in charge of the Sword Pavilion...”

*Chapter 57: The Sword Pavilion Elder’s reaction*

Walking slowly up to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye held the sword in one hand and the mission book in the other. He shouted, “Disciple Han Muye seeks an audience with Elder.”

From the third floor, he heard a soft grunt.

Han Muye strode up to the third floor, and the Sword Pavilion elder looked up at him from where he was seated.

“What is it?”

Han Muye bowed and handed over the sword in his hand. “Elder, this sword is filled with some evil energy.”

Hearing his words, the Sword Pavilion Elder's expression did not change. He raised his hand and took the sword. He did not draw it, but placed it horizontally on the wooden table in front of him, then looked at Han Muye.

"Tell me how you discovered that the sword had evil energy."

Han Muye quickly told him that this sword was Ji Yuan's sword, which was taken away by Su Yang and then returned. Also, this sword seemed to be able to silently enter the Sword Caretaker's room.

"That Luo Tian was the same as Su Yang when he chose the sword. He took the sword directly."

Han Muye handed over the mission book in his hand and said, "Also, this mission book is strange. Not to mention the journey to and from the Blazing Demon Valley, with Luo Tian's cultivation, he probably won't be able to kill the demon fox."

Since they could become demons, they had to at least be at the Qi Condensation Realm.

The demon fox was an existence with extraordinary intelligence among demon beasts. Back then, the First Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley was from the demon fox race.

Luo Tian's cultivation level was only at the Qi Condensation Realm. It did not make sense for him to return from 80,000 miles away in a month after killing the demon fox in the chaotic Demon Valley.

The Sword Pavilion Elder nodded and looked at Han Muye with admiration.

"You're very meticulous."

"Also, you have a good temperament to let this sword remain in the Sword Pavilion."

The Sword Pavilion Elder raised his hand and held the sword. Then, he said calmly, "There are some things that you don't need to know for the time being."

"If you can watch the sword for ten years in the Sword Pavilion, I'll tell you what you need to know."



With that, he stroked his sword and narrowed his eyes. "You just have to know that the Sword Pavilion doesn't just keep swords."

Standing, he propped the sword on the wooden shelf behind him.

There was also a sheathed black sword on the wooden shelf.

"Cultivate the Sword Nurturing Technique well. Only by cultivating it to a high enough level can you understand more things after the confusion."

The Sword Pavilion Elder turned to look at Han Muye, his eyes filled with endless depth.

...

When Han Muye went downstairs, Huang Six was already gone.

After sitting at the long table, Han Muye thought about what the Sword Pavilion Elder had said.

This was the cultivation world. Anything strange was possible.

Perhaps the elder knew the secret of this sword but did not say it.

The strangeness of this sword was not a big deal in the eyes of the experts of the Sword Sect and the elders of the Sword Pavilion.

That was true. This sword would at most injure a few inner and outer sect disciples of the Sword Sect.

In the elder's opinion, Qin Yuanhe, who had killed the Sword Battle Hall deacon, Zhou Yan, and 13 disciples, was still at large. Why would the sword even matter?

Moreover, this sword seemed to be related to some secrets of the Sword Pavilion.

Only those who had been Sword Caretakers for ten years and became deacons of the Sword Pavilion were qualified to know these secrets.

Han Muye shook his head.

How long has he been in the Sword Pavilion?

Fortunately, Huang Six had been a Sword Caretaker for seven years. When he had reached ten years, he would know all kinds of secrets of the Sword Pavilion.

When the time came, he would ask Huang Six. He believed that he would not hide it.

Opening his palm, Han Muye looked at a small bronze sword less than three inches in his palm.

This was given to him by the Sword Pavilion Elder.

Only official disciples of the Sword Pavilion had this honor.

In the Sword Sect, one could not show this item to others unless they were an elder.

There was nothing unusual about this sword, and it was difficult for the sword Qi to enter it. Perhaps it was really just an identity token.

Slowly closing his eyes, the sword intent in Han Muye's sea of Qi trembled slightly.

Only when he felt the surging sword intent did he feel at ease.

Power.

Without enough power, they were just dispensable ants in the eyes of those experts.

Han Muye gritted his teeth and let the sword Qi around him flow into his body, condensing into bones.

He did not want to be like those low-level disciples and become an insignificant existence in the eyes of the elders.

A faint sword Qi spread around him, causing the swords on the first floor to vibrate.

...

When Huang Six returned to the Sword Pavilion, it was almost time to close the gate.

He was carrying a small bag and behaved quite sneakily.

“Well, Brother Han.” Huang Six opened the small bag. There were 15 clear spiritual rocks inside.

It was not as bright as a high-grade spiritual stone, but it was much richer in spiritual energy than a low-grade spiritual rock.

Each mid-grade spiritual rock was worth 100 low-grade spiritual rocks. These 15 pieces were worth 1,500 low-grade spiritual rocks.

Huang Six had been in the Sword Pavilion for seven years. This was probably all he had.

“Help Sister Ping choose a good sword tomorrow.” Huang Six pushed the spiritual rocks in front of Han Muye and lowered his voice. “If it’s not enough, help me pay for it first. I’ll return it to you later.”

Han Muye smiled and put away the package. Then he said, “Brother, are you intending to exhaust all your marriage savings?”

“Of course. I even—” Huang Six paused for a moment and blushed. He waved his hand and said, “It’s fine. Isn’t it for your Sister-in-law? She has only cultivated for less than ten years. If she has a good sword, her chances will be higher.”

“If she can win a few more rounds at this gathering and gain some reputation and obtain some resources as a reward, it will be very beneficial to her future cultivation.”

With that, he reached out and patted Han Muye’s shoulder, then sighed. “Brother, you don’t know, but my heart is filled with passion.”

Han Muye laughed and carried the package. “Alright, if it’s not enough, I’ll pay for it. Just treat it as a gift for my eldest nephew.”

With that, Han Muye turned around and returned to the quiet room.

“What nephew? Isn’t he still...” Huang Six’s face flushed red as he grinned foolishly.

Han Muye woke up early the next morning.

It was not that he wanted to get up early, but Huang Six brought breakfast to him and urged him to get up.

Huang Six not only delivered breakfast, but also handed two yellow talismans to Han Muye.

The Divine Movement Talisman, when stuck on his legs, allowed him to run as fast as flying.

This thing was not very expensive. After all, at the fifth or sixth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, one could walk 100 feet per step and be as fast as a horse.

Those who needed this talisman were only low-level cultivators.

After putting away the talisman paper and leaving the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye arrived at the mountain gate. Lu Qingping, who was driving the carriage, was already waiting there.

He saved on talismans.

“Senior Sister Lu, let me drive.”

Han Muye stepped forward to greet her.

Lu Qingping did not refuse. She put down the reins and smiled. “Thank you, Junior Brother Han.”

Han Muye got into the carriage and drove it down the mountain.

Huang Six had already explained the location of the market many times.

“Junior Brother Han, how long have you been in the Sword Pavilion?” Lu Qingping, who was sitting in the carriage, leaned against the door frame and asked.

“Not long.” Han Muye flicked his whip and said loudly, “I’m lucky because of Brother’s care.”

Lu Qingping nodded and said softly, “Indeed, Brother Zhenxiong is warm-hearted and easy to get along with.”

Although Lu Qingping was an elite disciple of Clear Wind Temple, she did not have any air of arrogance.

She spoke gently to Han Muye.

They were mostly talking about Huang Six.

When Lu Qingping mentioned how she, Huang Six, and the others had sought to be accepted by the cultivation sect, she sighed.

“Brother Zhenxiong is a determined person.”

“Back then, he didn’t stay in Clear Wind Temple as a servant disciple because he didn’t want to fall behind.”

“When he left Clear Wind Temple, he told me that he would definitely become a Heaven Realm expert one day.”

“At that time, he still didn’t know what a Heaven Realm expert was.”

“He only knows that the Heaven Realm can fly and step on auspicious clouds.”

Han Muye knew about this.

Which young man wouldn’t be willing to wear golden armor in front of his lover and step on auspicious clouds while watching her in phoenix crown and robe?

What young man didn’t have a beautiful dream that he didn’t want to wake up from?

Leaning against the door frame of the carriage, Lu Qingping looked up at the clouds in the sky and said in a low voice, “Junior Brother Han, how long can Brother Zhenxiong live?”

Han Muye pulled the reins in his hand and the galloping carriage stopped on the road.

*Chapter 58: For the sake of cultivation, giving up on the human world*

The carriage stopped abruptly. Lu Qingping, who was sitting upright, did not move at all.

“Junior Brother Han, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is the overlord of a radius of 50,000 kilometers. How can I not have heard of the reputation of the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker?”

She sighed and said in a low voice, “Brother Zhenxiong became a Sword Caretaker for the Hundred Breath Realm, right?”

Lu Qingping knew about the Hundred Breath Realm.

That was true. As an inner sect elite of Clear Wind Temple, it was normal for her to have some understanding of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Brother has been a Sword Caretaker for seven years in the Sword Pavilion. In three years, he will be a deacon of the Sword Pavilion.” Han Muye gently pulled the reins and the carriage slowly moved forward.

“But can he last until he becomes a deacon?” Lu Qingping frowned.

“To be honest, I didn’t recognize him when I first met him.”

“I wouldn’t have recognized him if I hadn’t seen his eyes.”

Han Muye was not sure if Huang Six could last until he became a deacon of the Sword Pavilion.

Although Huang Six had also cultivated the cultivation technique taught by the Sword Pavilion Elder and should be able to survive.

“Junior Brother Han, there must be a story behind why you’re willing to be the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker.” Lu Qingping looked at Han Muye’s back and said softly.

“But Brother Zhenxiong is really just an ordinary person.”

“Can you persuade him?”

“Persuade him to quit this job. Even as a mortal, he can live a few more years.”

Lu Qingping’s voice was choked with emotion.

“Three years ago, I saw with my own eyes that my junior sister, who came from Jinyang County and cultivated with me, had her neck broken by a demon beast.”

“She died in my arms, saying she was missing home.”

“She said that if she didn’t cultivate, she should have married a husband and have her own children.”

“She said it wasn’t worth giving up on the human world for the sake of cultivation.”

The carriage moved on. There was only silence except for the creaking of the wheels.

Cultivation was not worth it.

Han Muye looked at the vegetation and forest that kept retreating beside him, his eyes flickering.

What if he did not cultivate?

Was the human world worth it?

“Senior Sister Lu, what about you?”

“You should feel Brother’s sincerity, right?”

“If he returns to the countryside, will you go with him?”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

No sound came from behind.

Silence. It meant rejection.

The inner sect elites of Clear Wind Temple had already entered the Qi Condensation Realm and had at least 300 years to live.

How could such an immortal cultivator return to the countryside with Huang Six?

In the end, all of this was just Huang Six’s wishful thinking.

The carriage moved forward, and the atmosphere was much gloomier.

Fortunately, more than a hundred miles down the mountain, they encountered many cultivators along the way. Some traveled in groups, some carriages rumbled, and some flew on their swords. It was very carefree.

Within a 50-kilometer radius of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, one had to ride a sword.

Han Muye had never seen such a flying sword in the Sword Sect.

As he watched the sword light flash across the sky, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

"After seeing such a scene, how much do you miss the prosperity of the world?" he said softly.

Behind him, Lu Qingping sighed softly.

The market was just a small village. When the carriage stopped, the workers in the market would take care of it.

Han Muye and Lu Qingping walked into the market and saw that it was bustling with people. They were all cultivators.

Some were setting up stalls and shouting with all their might, while others were choosing and bargaining.

These cultivators' auras were mixed, and their style of clothes were diverse. They were not as immortal as they were on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Han Muye was a little glad. If he hadn't tried his best to sneak into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and become a partial cultivator, he would probably be the same as these people now.

How could he cultivate properly when he was working so hard just to make a living?

"Senior Sister Lu, what kind of sword do you want to choose?"

Han Muye turned to look at Lu Qingping.

Lu Qingping shook her head and looked around. She pointed at a small attic in front of her.



“Let’s go take a look at that pill shop.”

‘A pill shop?’

Instead of looking for a sword, she was going to a pill shop?

Han Muye did not say anything and followed Lu Qingping into the pill shop.

The shopkeeper of the pill shop greeted them.

Han Muye and Lu Qingping’s clothes proved that their identities were extraordinary.

The shopkeeper’s eyes lit up.

“Do you have any pills that can increase lifespan?” Lu Qingping asked without waiting for the shopkeeper to ask.

A pill that increased lifespan.

The shopkeeper stiffened.

“Um, lady, how can my shop possibly have such a rare item?” The shopkeeper said softly with a smile.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. It was difficult to find a pill that could increase one’s lifespan in the sect. How could the pill shop at the foot of the mountain have it?

Lu Qingping nodded and said softly, “Then, are there any herbs to refine pills that can increase lifespan?”

The shopkeeper pondered for a moment and looked around. Then, he lowered his voice. “Lady, I have two jade lotus branches in my shop.”

“This herb is one of the important ingredients for refining lifespan-increasing pills.”

...

When she walked out of the pill shop, Lu Qingping had a wooden box in her hand.

She bought these two jade lotus branches with 300 spiritual rocks.

Then, the two of them found other pill shops and bought three spiritual herbs needed to refine pills that could increase lifespan.

Lu Qingping had spent more than 2,100 spiritual rocks.

Although he did not know how rich she was, she was still willing to spend generously on Huang Six.

“Let’s go see the swords.”

After walking out of the last pill shop, Lu Qingping finally heaved a sigh of relief and spoke.

Han Muye nodded.

Previously, Lu Qingping had asked Han Muye to persuade Huang Six not to be a Sword Caretaker, but she would not accompany Huang Six in seclusion, which made Han Muye a little unhappy.

Now that Lu Qingping had bought so many spiritual herbs that could increase one’s lifespan, his opinion of her changed slightly.

Lu Qingping would not give up on her cultivation, but she was willing to spend money on spiritual herbs for Huang Six. She still had some feelings for him.

“Let’s go take a look at the shops over there.” Han Muye pointed at the largest weapon shop in the market.

Lu Qingping looked up and was stunned for a moment. Then, she shook her head and said, “Forget it. A sword doesn’t have to be expensive. It’s better to be handy.”

“There were some stalls selling swords at the corner of the street previously. Let’s go take a look. We might be able to find a good sword.”

Although Lu Qingping said that, her eyes did not move away from the shop sign.

Han Muye knew that Lu Qingping did not have many spiritual rocks left.

How much savings could an inner sect disciple of Clear Wind Temple have?

If her family was rich, she would have obtained a good sword and didn't have to look for one now.

"Senior Sister Lu, what good swords can there be at a roadside stall?" Han Muye shook his head and looked at the shop in front of him. "You get what you pay for. This saying is common between immortals and mortals."

Lu Qingping wanted to continue speaking, but Han Muye had already strode forward.

"Senior Sister Lu, don't worry. Brother gave me spiritual rocks when I left."

"Today, I must choose a good sword for you."

Han Muye's words made Lu Qingping shake her head slightly.

Brother Zhenxiong was just a sword caretaker. How many spiritual rocks could he have?

What kind of sword could she buy with that little spiritual rocks?

Or could it be that Junior Brother Han was unhappy with her words just now and deliberately tried to save some face for the Sword Caretakers?

It seemed that Junior Brother Han was still too inexperienced.

A cultivator was as careful as a rock.

She followed Han Muye to the rather tall and glorious shop and heard Han Muye shout.

"Take out all your best swords."

"Today, I must choose a good sword for Senior Sister Lu."

*Chapter 59: Was the inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's sword cultivation so strong?*

"Take out all your best swords."

The moment Han Muye shouted, everyone in the hall turned to look at him.

He was young and wore a standard white robe.

He could not be offended.

Most people quietly stepped back.

This was only 200 kilometers below the Nine Mystic Mountain. Who wouldn't recognize the inner sect clothes of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

"Senior Brother wants to choose a sword?"

"Come with me quickly. There are many good swords in my Zhenling Treasure Store."

"Senior Brother, I wonder which elder you're cultivating under? My third uncle's brother-in-law is also on the Nine Mystic Mountain..."

The shopkeeper with a blooming chrysanthemum smile came up and eagerly led Han Muye and Lu Qingping upstairs.

"Senior Brother, are you choosing a sword for this lady? Looking at your outstanding temperament, you must be a Daoist cultivator with extraordinary cultivation."

The shopkeeper rambled on and disappeared down the stairs with Han Muye and Lu Qingping.

"Oh my, that's an inner sect disciple of the Sword Sect on the Nine Mystic Mountain, right? Otherwise, why would he be so enthusiastic?" A green-robed cultivator muttered.

Search VipNovel/COM on google

"That female cultivator shouldn't be from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. She seems to be a disciple of a nearby Daoist temple." Those who were more knowledgeable could recognize her identity at a glance.

"An inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect buying a sword for a disciple from another? Isn't he afraid of being punished by the sect?"

"What's wrong with that? Recently, the various sects have sent their elites to attend the sect gathering on the Nine Mystic Mountain. Perhaps they're reunited as good friends?"

“That’s right. After not meeting for a few years, the slug back then had already become dressed in white robes. He became elegant and rich. When he met the big sister next door, he was willing to spend a lot of money to gift a sword to the beauty. Isn’t this...”

Within moments, various versions of the story had formed and spread across the hall.

There was no distinction between immortals and mortals when it came to gossips.

Rumors stop at the wise and are formed by the idle.

Read more on VjpNovel-COM

Those who were concerned would wait quietly to see what sword this inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would buy later.

The second floor of the shop was much smaller than the hall below.

However, it was not as noisy as below. There were only about ten cultivators with obvious extraordinary cultivation levels. They lowered their heads and chose the weapons they needed.

“Quick, bring all the rare weapons of my Zhenling Treasure Store. My senior brother wants to choose a sword for senior sister.” The shopkeeper shouted and rushed to the wooden shelf in front of him.

A few shop assistants quickly went to help. Each of them held a sword in their hands and brought it to Han Muye.

The surrounding cultivators who were choosing weapons were also alarmed and turned to look.

Han Muye nodded and looked at Lu Qingping. “Senior Sister Lu, choose one.”

Please reading on VjpNovel,COM

‘Choose?’

Lu Qingping looked troubled.

Although she had yet to come into contact with these swords, she could feel the spiritual light flashing from afar. Even if they were not spiritual artifacts, they were mixed with spiritual materials.

Such a sword might cost 8,000 or 10,000 spiritual rocks.

She couldn't afford it.

"Junior Brother Han, I..."

Before Lu Qingping could finish, Han Muye stretched out his hand. "Senior Sister Lu, give me the herbs and the sword. You can choose the sword."

Lu Qingping hesitated for a moment before handing over the sword and the herbs in her hand.

After all, it was Junior Brother Han's good intentions. He had been entrusted by Brother Zhenxiong. If she kept rejecting him, she would embarrass him.

As for whether she could afford this sword, she could just say that she did not like it later.

Han Muye naturally caught the sword in Lu Qingping's hand and tucked the medicine bag under his armpit. Then, he walked to the shop assistant holding the sword.

"Senior Brother, this sword is called Qingxue. It was made by the sword-forging family, the Cao family. Among them..." The shopkeeper leaned forward to introduce it, but Han Muye said indifferently, "Senior Sister Lu will choose it herself."

The shopkeeper muttered a laugh and took a step back.

Lu Qingping walked forward and reached out to hold the Qingxue Sword.

"Clang—"

She unsheathed the sword, and its sword light was like snow.

A clear light scattered, causing the eyes of the surrounding cultivators to light up.

"What a good sword..."

“The blade has spirit. It’s clear and fast. It’s a good sword.”

Holding the sword, a hint of intoxication flashed across Lu Qingping’s face.

This sword was so bright.

She gently twirled the sword a few times, then shook her head reluctantly and returned the sword to its sheath.

She didn’t have to look. She couldn’t afford it.

“Senior Sister Lu doesn’t like this sword?”

“Then look at the next one,” Han Muye said, gesturing for the next servant holding a sword to come forward.

At some point, his hand had quietly grabbed the hilt of Lu Qingping’s sword.

In front, Lu Qingping went to choose a sword.

This was the sword selection at a store. There were no rules like the Sword Pavilion’s sword selection.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes as images flashed through his mind.

Lu Qingping’s longsword was just an ordinary sword, and her refining methods were ordinary.

Lu Qingping’s sword technique was not profound.

No wonder the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not pay much attention to these disciples who came to the gathering. It turned out that the sword techniques of the inner sect elites of Clear Wind Temple were only about the same as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s outer sect disciples.

In terms of sword techniques, Lu Qingping was not much stronger than Jiang Han, who had come to the Sword Pavilion to receive his sword.

By the time Lu Qingping had taken a look at all eight swords, Han Muye had already let go of the hilt.

Fortunately.

He breathed a small sigh of relief.

This Sister Ping, whom Huang Six could not forget, did not have any ill intentions towards the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Or rather, she had yet to reach that level.

She had been cultivating diligently from the beginning. Coupled with her good talent, her journey was smooth.

The memories in the sword were mostly about completing various missions in the sect, exchanging resources, and cultivating with all her might.

No wonder she could not bear to go into seclusion with Huang Six.

Her obsession with cultivation was deeper than Han Muye had thought.

Lu Qingping shook her head after looking at all eight swords.

Han Muye looked up and said, "Shopkeeper, change another batch and bring all the items in your shop."

Hearing his words, the shopkeeper opened his mouth and said with a bitter expression, "Senior Brother, these are all the best swords I have. This is really all I have..."

"Senior Brother, Senior Sister, why don't you take a look again? The swords stored in my Zhenling Treasure Store should be top-notch in this market."

The surrounding cultivators nodded slightly.

The shopkeeper was right.

The weapons of this shop were indeed top-notch in this market.

Lu Qingping heaved a sigh of relief and said in a low voice, "Forget it, Junior Brother Han. Let's go. We still have to choose a sword by fate."

These swords were good swords, and a few of them made her reluctant to part with them.

But none of these swords was something she could afford.



Previously, after she bought spiritual herbs, she only had few spiritual rocks left.

Even if she did not buy spiritual herbs, she could not afford these swords.

“Senior Sister Lu, don’t go anywhere else. Just choose from here.” Han Muye walked forward and looked at the swords in front of him.

“Didn’t Brother ask me to help you choose a suitable sword?”

He reached out and gripped the Qingxue sword.

The shopkeeper was delighted. “Senior Brother is choosing this one?”

“This Qingxue Sword is worth 13,000 spiritual rocks. If Senior Brother wants to take it, I can give you a discount.”

Han Muye gripped the hilt of his sword and let go, then shook his head.

“This sword was refined with the thousand hammering technique, with falling mystic steel incorporated in it. The blade is clear, but not soft enough. The blade is a little brittle.”

“The sword is three feet long and one inch wide. It weighs 5.5 kilograms.”

“This sword is not suitable for female cultivators. Moreover, Senior Sister Lu’s Clear Wind Temper Sword Techniques are known for its lightness and agility. This sword is lacking in agility.”

“13,000 spiritual rocks, hehe.”

Han Muye reached for the next sword.

On the second floor of the shop, everyone stared, even forgetting to breathe.

Just by touching the sword with his hand, he could detect all the information about the sword. Who had ever seen such a method?

Not only could this person recognize swords, but he could also choose a sword and match it with a person.

At a glance, this sword was not compatible with that lady.

Lu Qingping stood behind Han Muye, her face filled with shock.

Was this the role of a Sword Caretaker?

Could it be that the Sword Caretaker had other methods other than the Hundred Breath Realm?

Brother Zhenxiong also had such ability?

Han Muye gripped the hilt of the second sword and let go.

Everyone on the second floor of the shop looked at him.

“This sword...”

As soon as Han Muye spoke, the shopkeeper took a step forward and held Han Muye’s hand tightly.

“Senior Brother, Senior Brother, your comments are too amazing!”

“My Zhenling Treasure Shop has been open in the market for decades. This is the first time I’ve seen someone as highly cultivated as Senior Brother.”

The shopkeeper’s eyes were filled with desire and tears. He seemed to be filled with admiration and too touched.

*Chapter 60: Senior Sister Lu, remember, these are Brother’s feelings*

The shopkeeper’s hand clenched Han Muye’s palm.

Han Muye slowly retracted his hand, and a spiritual light flashed in his palm.

A medium-grade spiritual rock, not bad.

“This sword is three feet and two inches long and weighs 6.4 kilograms. It’s mixed with White Coated Gold.”

Han Muye paused, and the shopkeeper looked at him nervously.

“White Coated Gold is the most tenacious. The body of this sword can withstand heavy pressure. It’s considered a superior-grade mortal weapon.”

“It’s just that if Senior Sister Lu is using it, this sword’s edge is a little long, but it’s suitable for an eight-foot-tall sword cultivator. It can unleash the advantage of the sword’s length.”

As Han Muye finished speaking, the eyes of the cultivators around him lit up.

A superior-grade mortal artifact.

Such a sword was very rare.

The shopkeeper heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Han Muye gratefully.

100 spiritual rocks were still worth it.

“Ahem, Senior Brother, how much do you think this sword is worth?” A square-faced middle-aged man in a green-gray martial arts suit walked forward and cupped his hands at Han Muye.

Han Muye turned around. There was a hint of apprehension in the shopkeeper’s eyes.

“If this sword is on the Nine Mystic Mountain, it will cost 50 merit points to exchange for it. In this market, the price is naturally higher.”

“What about 8,000 spiritual rocks?” Han Muye pondered for a moment and said calmly.

8,000 spiritual rocks.

The shopkeeper looked pained, but nodded.

The burly man was overjoyed. He cupped his hands at Han Muye and handed over a medium-grade spiritual rock with both hands.

“Thank you for your guidance, Senior Brother.”

With that, he turned to look at the shopkeeper. “Shopkeeper He, I want this sword.”

He was buying the sword with 8,000 spiritual rocks.

If not for Han Muye’s comment, this sword would have been worth 18,000.

The other cultivators who wanted to buy swords looked regretful. Then, they looked at Han Muye curiously, waiting for him to comment on the next sword.

Another medium-grade spiritual rock was placed in his hand.

Lu Qingping, who was standing behind Han Muye, could clearly see that in just a short while, Han Muye had already received two medium-grade spiritual rocks.

The abilities of this Sword Caretaker were really too profitable.

Could it be that Brother Zhenxiong also had this ability?

She felt a rush of warmth.

If Brother Zhenxiong was rich with this method, could she find a good sword that day?

However, if she really spent too many spiritual rocks from Brother Zhenxiong, how could she return the favor...

For a moment, Lu Qingping felt confused, expectant, and complicated.

The shopkeeper did not expect that he would receive a business deal before Han Muye chose a sword. The pained and happy smile on his face was very strange.

Han Muye reached for the next sword.

Everyone on the second floor held their breath and waited.

"This sword is three feet long and weighs 4.5 kilograms. The blade is thin and mixed with Mystic Ice Spiritual Iron. The blade is sharp. It's a rare sword."

"However, this sword is too cold and is not suitable for young female cultivators. On the other hand, this sword is not a bad choice for male cultivators who have rich blood essence and cultivate strange sword techniques."

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, two people walked forward.

One was an old man in his fifties, and the other was a young man in his thirties.

“Fellow Daoist, I’m the head of the Lu family in Fuyuan County, Lu Mingchuan. May I know how much this sword is worth?”

The old man cupped his hands at Han Muye and said softly.

On the other side, the young man in black bowed and said, “Senior Brother, please tell me if this sword is suitable for me.”

As he spoke, he opened his hand, revealing a green bamboo root.

“I saw that Senior Brother brought spiritual herbs. I have a section of the Frost Spiritual Bamboo’s root here. I’m willing to give it to Senior Brother.”

Frost Spiritual Bamboo. Han Muye had an impression of this spiritual herb. It was a good spiritual herb and seemed to be quite expensive.

“Junior Brother Han, the roots of the Frost Spiritual Bamboo are a spiritual herb that can be used.” Lu Qingping, who was standing behind Han Muye, suddenly said.

It can be used.

That was, this medicine could be used to refine pills that could increase lifespan.

The spiritual herbs needed to increase one’s lifespan were not cheap. Even the herbs needed to concoct them cost hundreds of spiritual rocks.

Han Muye nodded and took the spiritual medicine. Then, he said, “If you trust me, show me the moves you’re good at.”

Since he had accepted something from someone, he could not be perfunctory. He had to see the sword moves before choosing a sword. Only then would the sword be more compatible with the person.

‘Practise the moves?’

The young man paused.

He was not afraid that someone would secretly learn his sword technique.

After all, no one in the world had such comprehension ability to learn someone else’s sword technique with just a glance.

However, practicing sword techniques in front of so many people was somewhat dangerous.

He pondered for a moment and drew the sword at his waist. He stepped lightly and the sword light danced.

His movements seemed to be moving horizontally.

After seven or eight moves, Han Muye suddenly said, "Enough."

The young man sheathed his sword and looked at Han Muye.

In Han Muye's mind, the young man's sword light had not stopped.

The sword light was chaotic and agile. The halo circulated until it turned into a dazzling explosion.

Flowers bloomed and fell. The flowers flew and leaves dropped.

He had comprehended the sword technique, Flying Flowers.

The inherited sword techniques of non-Sword Dao sects were not marked with levels.

However, this set of sword techniques was really quite nice-looking.

Han Muye turned around and looked at the head of the Lu family who had just spoken. "This sword is worth less than 10,000 spiritual rocks."

With that, he looked at the young man who was practicing his sword technique and said, "It's useless for you to just change swords. Your sword technique is wrong."

He had practised it wrongly?

The young man froze.

All the cultivators on the second floor looked confused.

When they saw the brilliant sword technique just now, most of them felt that they were no match for this young man.

Even Lu Qingping felt that her sword technique was not much stronger than his.

But in Junior Brother Han's eyes, this sword technique was actually wrong?

Did he really understand, or was he, not, pretending to?

Han Muye looked at the remaining swords. After a moment, he looked at two more and even commented casually.

The young man remained stunned while the others who were initially tempted by the sword became hesitant.

If they were also commented like this, their Dao heart would probably be damaged.

"Clang—"

When it came to the next sword, Han Muye directly drew the sword out of the sheath. After spinning a few swords, he chuckled and said, "Senior Sister Lu, this one will do."

Lu Qingping's eyes lit up.

She had felt that this sword was especially suitable when she chose it.

However, this sword was extraordinary. The sword light on it was bright, and it was clearly a semi-spiritual artifact.

Such a good sword must be unimaginably expensive.

"Junior Brother Han, I'm afraid this sword is not suitable..." Lu Qingping muttered.

Han Muye sheathed the sword and said, "This sword weighs 9.5 kilograms. It's light and sharp. It's rare that it's mixed with light spiritual iron. It can make the sword lighter by injecting spiritual energy."

"This sword is suitable for Senior Sister Lu's Clear Wind Temple sword techniques."

It was a good sword and suitable.

The shopkeeper's smile widened.

Lu Qingping's expression became even more complicated.

It might not really be suitable...

She didn't even want to think about the price of the sword.

"Junior Brother Han, let's wait and see..." Lu Qingping's words were interrupted by Han Muye's hand gesture.

"This sword will do." Han Muye raised his hand, and two sparkling spiritual rocks landed in the shopkeeper's arms.

"Don't raise the price. 20,000 spiritual rocks. You won't lose out at this price."

20,000 spiritual rocks!

The two shiny spiritual rocks were high-grade spiritual rocks. One was worth 10,000 low-grade spiritual rocks.

A long sword cost 20,000 spiritual rocks.

This was what it meant to spend a fortune!

The shopkeeper held two spiritual rocks in his hand, the corners of his mouth twitching, and he forced a smile. "Senior Brother, you... you're really good at bargaining the price..."

Han Muye picked up the sword and turned around to hand it to Lu Qingping.

Lu Qingping subconsciously reached out to take it. When she touched the sword, she felt that it was hot. She wanted to push it back, but Han Muye had already let go and went downstairs.

The others upstairs looked at the swords that Han Muye had seen, then at the black-clothed young man standing where he was, their expressions changing. They were at a loss.

The shopkeeper wanted Han Muye to comment on the swords behind him. When he looked up, Han Muye and Lu Qingping had already left.



“This senior brother is really powerful...” The shopkeeper looked at the stairs and whispered.

The others nodded gently.

Lu Qingping was still in a daze as Han Muye left the shop.

20,000 spiritual rocks to buy this sword called Liu Hong.

How many years would it take for her to save 20,000 spiritual rocks?

“Junior Brother Han, this sword, this sword...” Lu Qingping didn’t know what to say.

She could not afford to return the sword.

“Senior Sister Lu, remember, these are Brother’s feelings.”

Han Muye, who was walking in front, did not turn around and said calmly.

Behind him, Lu Qingping held her sword tightly and bit her lip without saying anything.

As soon as he walked out of the shop, a figure stood in front of Han Muye.