

## Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 71 - Actually, you lost a little unjustly -

*Chapter 71: Actually, you lost a little unjustly*

Pointing at the young man on the left side of the platform, Han Muye said indifferently, "This round, Lingjue Sect's Qi Tao is the victor."

Although his voice was not loud, the experts of the various sects who were paying attention all heard it.

"Eh, why do you say that?" In front of him, a white-haired Daoist dressed in a green cloud-patterned Daoist robe turned his head and looked at Han Muye with a smile.

"I'm Lingjue Sect's Qi Mingyuan. I'm curious how you could tell that Qi Tao could win."

"I'm also curious why you're so certain that our Duanhua Sword Sect will lose this round." Another old man with an unadorned face also turned around. His expression was not displeased, but calm.

The others were more or less focused on Han Muye.

Han Muye did not expect the two elders of the sect that he had commented on to be sitting in front.

It was awkward for a moment.

He turned around and saw that Tuoba Cheng was expressionless while Zhao Pu was looking at him curiously, as if he was also curious about why he was so confident.

Since it was Tuoba Cheng's test, Han Muye no longer backed away.

"The two people on the stage are not the top elites of their respective sects. From the records, their aptitude, cultivation, and comprehension are similar."

Han Muye pressed his hand on the page in front of him and said loudly.

Zhao Pu nodded.

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It was only because the difference in strength between the two of them could not be seen on the page that he did not dare to judge.

It would be embarrassing to not respond, but it was also embarrassing to say wrongly.

“But we sword cultivators should have sword Qi and sword bones.”

“At this moment, Qi Tao’s figure and aura are clearly stronger on the stage.”

“As Uncle-Master Tuoba said, he has the courage of an expert.”

Zhao Pu froze and looked up at the platform.

Sure enough, as soon as the battle began, the two of them, who should have been evenly matched, were completely one-sided.

As Lingjue Sect’s Qi Tao swung his sword, sword Qi surged.

The person opposite him was completely suppressed and had to retreat step after step.

“It, it’s really like that...” Zhao Pu muttered softly.

The experts from the various sects in the front row also nodded slightly.

Lingjue Sect’s Qi Mingyuan turned to Han Muye and cupped his hands with a smile.

On the high platform, the battle outcome was clear.

In less than ten moves, Qi Tao swept his sword and knocked the other party’s sword away.

The outcome of this battle was really as Han Muye had predicted.

“Lingjue Sect’s Qi Tao is the victor.” The host on the stage shouted.

Many of the people in the front row turned around and looked at Han Muye a few more times.

Among the young disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, to possess such accurate judgement, this person was not simple.

“Hehe, little friend, can you comment on Qi Tao’s match?” Qi Mingyuan stood up and smiled at Han Muye. Then, he pointed at the two people standing on the platform.

Was he pushing his task of reviewing to him?

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

The people who had commented earlier were all experts from the various sects sitting in the front row. Their cultivation levels should be at the Foundation Establishment realm or even the Earth Realm.

These people were experienced and had sharp eyes. Even if it was just a simple conversation, they would be knowledgeable in it.

Compared to these people, Han Muye’s experience was as thin as paper.

“Junior Brother Han, say a few words.”

Zhao Pu looked ahead and said, “Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is hosting this gathering. If there are really outstanding elites, we’re willing to nurture them.”

Han Muye had heard from Zhao Pu the day before that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would reward the young elites of the sect who had good aptitude and temperament.

‘That counts as an investment.’

When such people grew into an expert, he would definitely repay the sect.

Moreover, nurturing a few more experts in the sect was also beneficial to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In the cultivation world, those who made use of their resources were mostly related to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. They would work for the sect and were considered close to the Nine Mystic Sect.

Hearing Zhao Pu’s words, Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Zhao Pu was telling him to comment as he wished. In any case, they needed to have real resources to suppress the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the end.

Even if you praised others like a flower now, he wouldn't really be grateful to you.

“Cough, cough—”

Standing up and looking ahead, Han Muye coughed lightly.

Immediately, the two people on the platform and the surrounding spectators were attracted by him.

Qi Tao and the people around him were stunned.

Such a young disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was here to comment on this battle?

The disciples of the various sects who were watching the battle below looked at Han Muye and began to discuss quietly.

Han Muye looked to be about the same age as them. Although he was wearing the clothes of an inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, was he qualified to comment on the battle situation?

“Who is this? An inner sect expert of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?” Someone muttered in confusion.

“I don't know. He's probably an expert. Didn't you see that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's inner sect elite, Zhao Pu, is sitting on the same level as him?”

“Junior Brother Han...” Below the stage, Lu Qingping looked at Han Muye, who had stood up, with a trace of shock in her eyes.

“Eh, it's him.” Lin Yuxia's eyes lit up.

“It's him!” Below the platform, the young man who had seen Han Muye at Suzhen Store the day before was stunned and exclaimed.

The other young man behind him narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye on the stage.

“Eh, Senior Brother Han actually is going to comment on this battle.” Not far from the stage, a group of Nine Mystic Sword Sect outer sect disciples gathered. With a face of curiosity, Qiao Qing'er smiled and said.

Beside Qiao Qing'er, the pale Huo Ping lowered his head and held the sword tightly, his fingers turning white.

“Lingjue's Sect, Qi Tao.”

Han Muye spoke.

Qi Tao quickly cupped his hands.

“You cultivate Lingjue Sect's signature sword technique, Cloud Severing, right?” Han Muye spoke again.

Qi Tao looked up at Han Muye.

This information was recorded before the competition and reported to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Disappointment flashed across his face. He had thought he would get some pointers, but now it seemed impossible.

“This guy is quite capable. He can even tell what kind of sword technique Qi Tao cultivates.” Below the platform, someone whispered.

“Tsk, that's in the records. This guy might not be able to say anything. He's just reading it according to the records.” Someone said disdainfully.

The originally noisy scene slowly quietened down as they waited for Han Muye to continue commenting.

Han Muye looked at Qi Tao, and sword techniques kept flashing in his mind.

“Your sword cultivation is not bad. You have already reached the realm of gathering and dispersing clouds.” Han Muye's next words made Qi Tao's expression change.

The expression of the Lingjue Sect expert in front of Han Muye also changed.

“It's just that your foundation is still not strong enough. If you want to reach the stage of surging clouds, you're still lacking.” Han Muye spoke again.

Qi Tao stared at Han Muye with wide eyes, his cupped fists trembling slightly.

“Little friend, may I know more details?” Qi Mingyuan turned to Han Muye and cupped his hands. Then, he whispered, “Qi Tao is my son.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye chuckled softly.

No wonder this person was so concerned.

Waving his hand, Han Muye looked at Qi Tao. “If you want to cultivate to the stage of surging clouds, you need to train your footwork.”

‘Footwork?’

Qi Tao nodded slightly and hurriedly cupped his hands to express his gratitude.

Regardless of whether Han Muye was telling the truth, he still gave him advice.

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly said again, “Of course, if you want to cultivate to the third level of the Tornado, it’s useless to just be working hard.”

Qi Tao’s mouth was agape, and his face was blank.

Qi Mingyuan trembled and bowed to Han Muye. “Little friend, can you really cultivate the Cloud Severing Sword Technique to the third level?”

He looked up at Han Muye and smiled without saying anything. He hurriedly said in a low voice, “If you can teach me the third level of this sword technique, I, Ling Juezong, am willing to pay 100,000 spiritual rocks.”

100,000 spiritual rocks!

Zhao Pu turned to look at Han Muye, as if he didn’t know him.

“We’ll talk about things that have nothing to do with the gathering when it’s over.”

At this moment, Tuoba Cheng, who had been silent, said calmly.

‘Talk when it’s over.’

Qi Mingyuan quickly cupped his hands at Tuoba Cheng and sat back down.

‘What was wrong?’

Below the stage, countless people were stunned.

The questioning sound on the platform were not soft. Anyone who had reached the Qi Condensation Realm could hear them clearly.

Not only did Han Muye guide him on swordsmanship, but he also mentioned the obstacles in his subsequent cultivation.

Even an expert from Lingjue Sect had to spend 100,000 spiritual rocks to buy his pointers.

Didn’t this mean that a single pointer from him was worth 100,000 spiritual rocks?

Below the stage, the eyes of the disciples who were preparing to go on stage lit up.

“It’ll be my turn to go on stage later. I want to see if he can guide me.” A tall young man held a sword and muttered.

“This Senior Brother Han is really capable,” Qiao Qing’er whispered, causing many people around her to nod. Only Huo Ping’s expression became even uglier.

Han Muye smiled, then looked at the two people on the stage who were about to leave the stage.

“Fu Zhou of the Duanhua Sword Sect, actually, you lost a little unjustly.”

Han Muye’s words made the two people on the stage turn around again.

The defeated Fu Zhou did not expect to receive any comments. He looked at Han Muye and bowed slightly.

The old man from the Duanhua Sword Sect sitting in front also turned around and looked at Han Muye.

‘He was also going to judge the loser?’

Below the stage, everyone looked at Han Muye again.

Han Muye didn't want to attract more attention.

Except there were some things he had to say.

*Chapter 72: New swords entering the pavilion*

In the front row, the old man from the Duanhua Sword Sect turned to look at Han Muye with a strange expression.

“Hehe, young friend, you can tell me why you said that Fu Zhou lost unjustly?”

First, he confirmed Qi Tao's strength, and now he said that Fu Zhou had lost unfairly.

Everyone wondered if Han Muye had really seen something, or if he wanted to be sensational?

Han Muye looked at Fu Zhou, reached out for the book, and chuckled.

“According to the records, Fu Zhou and Qi Tao's combat strength are indeed comparable. In the battle just now, Fu Zhou also displayed his strength.”

These words made the disciples below the stage nod.

Qi Tao had won, but Fu Zhou was not defeated easily.

Fu Zhou looked at Han Muye gratefully.

Han Muye said loudly, “You lost because you were afraid.”

Fu Zhou's body trembled. Just as he raised his head, he heard Han Muye say indifferently, “The Duandua Sword Sect is a neighbour to the Suyang Sect and has a very good relationship. I think the tragic state of the Suyang Sect's defeated disciple just now made you afraid.”

At this point, Han Muye shook his head, as if he was saying to Fu Zhou, and also as if he was saying to others, but also as if he was saying to himself, “On the path of cultivation, the most taboo thing is to be cautious. If you're not firm in your heart, you'll be afraid. In the end, you won't be able to please both sides.”



On the high platform, Fu Zhou's face was pale. He cupped his hands and turned to walk down the stage.

Some of the disciples below the stage nodded slightly, while others were puzzled.

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Han Muye's words were really too abstract.

However, it seemed to be a warning to Fu Zhou that his mind at cultivating was not firm.

The old man from the Duanhua Sword Sect looked a little unhappy and turned around.

Han Muye turned to look at Zhao Pu and Tuoba Cheng.

Zhao Pu looked confused. Tuoba Cheng nodded slightly.

Alright.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief and sat back down.

From the memories of Qin Yuanhe's sword, the Duanhua Sword Sect was a sect that had joined the Great Spiritual Sword Sect earlier than the Suyang Sect.

The Suyang Sect had been instigated by the Duanhua Sword Sect.

In the battle on the stage just now, Fu Zhou's combat strength was clearly not much inferior to Qi Tao's, but he was timid. After more than ten moves, his sword was hit away by Qi Tao. It was obvious that he had no intention of fighting.

Han Muye guessed that Fu Zhou must have known the sect's choice and knew that the sect had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. That was why he was worried about the sword battle.

After all, this was the Nine Mystic Mountain. If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect knew that the Duanhua Sword Sect had betrayed them, none of their people would be able to escape.

Seeing that Fu Zhou's heart was not firm, it might be a breakthrough.

Just now, he had given Tuoba Cheng a reminder by commenting on Fu Zhou.

The Suyang Sect had a good relationship with the Duanhua Sword Sect. It was obvious enough. He also said that Fu Zhou was the swaying to both sides and would end up not pleasing either side. Tuoba Cheng definitely understood.

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On the platform, two more young men in white robes faced each other.

"Tell us again how this battle will go."

Tuoba Cheng's voice sounded again.

Zhao Pu turned to look at Han Muye with a gloating expression.

This kind of thing was fine if it happened once or twice. Wasn't it tiring to do it too many times?

Han Muye sighed in his heart and opened the book in his hand.

"I guess the Guangyue Sword Sect's Qian Kaishen will lose this battle."

"The disciples of the Suyang Sect have no fighting spirit in this battle. I'm afraid they have no chance of winning."

"Sun Ming of the Sun family in Hefu City has a higher chance of winning this battle."

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In every battle after that, Han Muye had to present his guesses.

The outcome of every battle was similar to what he had said.

The experts in the front row were already discussing Han Muye's identity in low voices.

Zhao Pu was also confused.

“Clang—”

On the high platform, Lin Yuxia flicked the other party's sword and turned to look in Han Muye's direction.

“Senior Brother Han, tell me, how's my swordsmanship?”

On the stage, Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, “It's good that you won. Your cultivation level is higher than his, and your sword techniques are much more profound. What's there to show off?”

Lin Yuxia blushed. She sheathed her sword and turned to leave.

Han Muye looked at the young man who picked up the sword and was about to leave the stage. He said, “Your sword technique is not worthy of your cultivation talent. If it was a sword technique requiring the equivalent combat strength, you wouldn't lose.”

Hearing Han Muye's words, the young man turned around and bowed to Han Muye. He whispered, “Thank you for your guidance, Senior Brother.”

This made Lin Yuxia grit her teeth after leaving the stage.

When the sun set, the competition would end.

Tuoba Cheng stood up and looked at Han Muye.

“Zhao Pu said that you comprehended the White Tiger Scroll. Tell me, what did you comprehend?”

These words made Zhao Pu, who had just stood up, tremble and widen his eyes.

Could it be that Master was deliberately using Brother Han to tell him the secret of the White Tiger Scroll?

Han Muye glanced at Zhao Pu and said in a low voice, “I realized that since we want the roaring tiger in the forest, we need to have the strength to suppress all the beasts.”

“This White Tiger Scroll is still lacking some capability.”

‘Lacking some capability!’

Zhao Pu's eyelids twitched.

This was a provocation!

He was dissatisfied with his master's test that day!

Zhao Pu could feel that his master behind him was like a ferocious tiger suppressing its anger, as if it could explode at any moment.

However, before Tuoba Cheng could explode, he heard Tuoba Cheng ask indifferently, "Then tell me, how can it be considered strong?"

Han Muye bowed slightly and said in a low voice, "The tiger has descended the mountain, the wind and clouds have followed, and all beasts have submitted. Uncle-Master still lacks an opportunity."

Tuoba Cheng had contained his sword intent within the White Tiger Scroll for so many years. He was clearly waiting for an opportunity to take a step forward and condense his sword momentum.

However, he did not know when this opportunity would arrive.

Tuoba Cheng narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye quietly. After a moment, he chuckled and turned to leave.

"What a pity..."

His voice sounded.

Zhao Pu was confused.

He did not know what his master was feeling pity about.

Han Muye didn't know if it was a pity that Tuoba Cheng didn't have the opportunity, or that Han Muye couldn't become a disciple of the Three Stones House.

Looking up at Han Muye, Zhao Pu said softly nervously, "Brother Han, is the White Tiger Scroll so difficult to comprehend?"

He did not understand a word of Han Muye's conversation with his master, Tuoba Cheng.

This dealt a blow to him, who wanted to comprehend the White Tiger Scroll.

“It’s not very difficult, but you might need to switch perspective to understand it.” Han Muye shook his head, then smiled and said, “Why don’t I tell Senior Brother Zhao the method?”

Zhao Pu’s expression changed. In the end, he shook his head. “Let’s talk about it later...”

When Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six eagerly approached him.

“How is it?”

“How is it?”

Han Muye laughed and told him the battle order Zhao Pu had arranged.

When he heard that Zhao Pu had already made arrangements to ensure that Lu Qingping would not lose within the first ten rounds, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“Brother, go have a look these few days. I’ll handle the sword caretaking in the Sword Pavilion.”

Han Muye patted Huang Six on the shoulder.

Huang Six was about to refuse when Han Muye said in a low voice, “There’s a match involving Sister-in-law tomorrow morning.”

Huang Six trembled and nodded gently.

He really wanted to watch it.

Han Muye returned to the room and looked up at the White Tiger Scroll, quietly visualizing it.

The tiger’s aura in his mind was still monstrous. With just a soft roar, it could make his soul tremble and trigger the sword intent in his Sea of Qi.

When he turned around with a pale face, he realized that although his soul was injured, there was a trace of condensation.

Was this a method to cultivate the soul?

Han Muye felt that it was extremely painful to draw sword Qi into his body using the Sword Nurturing Technique, and his soul was trembling when he visualized the White Tiger Scroll.

Was he cultivating or seeking more pain for himself?

Sitting cross-legged on the wooden couch, he held out his hand.

In his palm, a faint green cold aura rose.

It was a spell.

The cold dissipated and flames rose again.

His greatest gain that day was that he had comprehended so many spells.

Flames, wind, clouds, ice arrows...

He switched between all kinds of spells and finally withdrew them.

“How can a myriad of spells resist a single sword strike?”

Lying on the wooden couch with his eyes closed, Han Muye slowly closed his eyes.

Faint sword Qi circulated around his body.

Unknowingly, there were already more than a hundred sword Qi that could continuously circulate and regenerate in his dantian.

The bones of his body were also covered in a faint silver color.

Sword bones.

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The next day, Huang Six went to the gathering venue to watch Lu Qingping battle after breakfast.

Han Muye wiped the sword in the Sword Pavilion and collected the sword Qi.

“The Sword Pavilion is an important place. Outsiders are not allowed to enter.”

At the door of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao’s voice sounded.

“The Sword Forging Family, the Cao family, has come to send 21 new swords into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion.”

Han Muye put the sword back and turned to walk towards the Sword Pavilion door.

Here comes business.

*Chapter 73: Putting away the sword, going to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion*

Han Muye had just reached the entrance of the Sword Pavilion when a voice sounded from the stone steps in front of him.

“Hey, are you new?”

“Where’s Huang Six?”

“Dead? Probably.”

Han Muye looked down. A middle-aged man in his forties with a goatee and a gray brocade robe was standing there. His face was losing patience.

“Don’t worry, even if you die, Brother Six won’t die,” Han Muye said calmly.

The middle-aged man was stunned. He glared and shouted, “Are the new Sword Caretakers so unruly now?”

Han Muye nodded and shouted, “Elder Gao, this person said that you didn’t teach the new Sword Caretaker the rules.”

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The sun was shining brightly.

There was slight breeze and it was warm.

The middle-aged man in the brocade robe standing at the bottom of the nine stone steps in front of the Sword Pavilion was sweating profusely.

He stared and shivered all over.

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Ten breaths later, he slumped to the ground.

“A small punishment and a huge warning to you. If you are disrespectful to the Sword Pavilion, let Cao Anchun deliver the sword personally.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s voice was light and ethereal, as if it was far above the clouds.

Lin Shen and Lu Gao, who were standing at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, looked at each other.

With a joke from Han Muye, the Sword Pavilion Elder really attacked!

How protective must he be?

Also, Han Muye must be quite important to the elders of the Sword Pavilion!

“Cao Pei knows his mistake. Thank you for not killing me, Elder.” The middle-aged man struggled to his feet and bowed to the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion elder did not respond.

Han Muye looked at the linen-clothed youths holding the wooden box behind Cao Pei and said, “Bring me the sword.”

Cao Pei quickly turned around. “Quick, quick, didn’t you hear what this senior brother said?”

A Cao family disciple walked forward with a sword and stood at the foot of the stone steps. Cao Pei reached out to open the wooden box and carefully held out the sword in the red silk cloth.

“Senior Brother, please verify it,” Cao Pei said softly as he brought it to Han Muye.

He quietly looked up at Han Muye.

He had been delivering swords to the Sword Pavilion for almost 20 years and had come into contact with countless Sword Caretakers.



He would hardly see any of these Sword Caretakers again. In recent years, Huang Six had been the one he most frequently dealt with.

Every time a sword was sent over, be it Huang Six or the other Sword Caretakers, they would receive it politely.

Cao Pei had never thought that he would be made difficult by the Sword Caretaker.

If it was just making things difficult for him, he would treat it as the new Sword Caretaker being rash and not knowing the rules.

However, the Sword Pavilion Elder actually stood up for this new Sword Caretaker.

Looking at the indifferent Han Muye, Cao Pei suddenly remembered what the patriarch had said.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker was not considered anything, but an official disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect Sword Pavilion could not be offended.

Because that was the next Sword Pavilion Elder!

Could this be the next Sword Pavilion Elder?

Thinking of this, Cao Pei's heart skipped a beat. He retracted his palm that was holding the sword into his sleeve. When he stretched out his hand again, there were already two sparkling spiritual rocks in his palm.

There were two medium-grade spiritual rocks.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the spiritual rock and he extended his hand.

He grabbed the sword.

"Brother Lu, take it."

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Lu Gao walked forward and put away the spiritual rocks in Cao Pei's hand.

He no longer doubted Han Muye's words.

He was sure that whoever came to the Sword Pavilion would be scammed by Han Muye.

Lin Shen's lips twitched.

Cao Pei heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, he was still willing to accept the spiritual rocks. He was not that cold after all.

Looking at the sword in Han Muye's hand, Cao Pei said, "Senior Brother, this sword is called the Three Suns. It was refined with iron that has been tempered several times and polished with peace."

"This sword..."

Before he could finish his introduction, Han Muye pulled out the sword with a clang, then gently pointed the blade diagonally and slowly turned it.

"The sword is three feet long and one inch long. It weighs 12.5 kilograms and is one inch wide. The blood groove is half an inch deep. It is made of rock-element iron and tempered with five flames."

Han Muye's words made Cao Pei's eyes widen.

"This sword is mixed with a trace of Three Suns gold. The Water of the Moyang Spring was used during the tempering and the Golden Sun Stone was used to polish it at the end. It makes sense for it to be named Three Suns."

Han Muye slowly raised the sword and examined it carefully.

Cao Pei's lips trembled as he muttered, "Yes... yes... that's right..."

"Clang—"

He sheathed the sword.

Han Muye threw the sword back into the wooden box and said indifferently, "It looks like a good sword that has been tempered thousands of times. The three Yang-attribute powers are accumulated, and there's no ice power to neutralize it. Are you afraid that this sword won't break quickly enough?"

Cao Pei's face turned red. He opened his mouth to speak, but Han Muye had already pointed at the second sword.

The Cao family disciple holding the sword brought the wooden box forward and opened it.

A long bronze sword lay among them, with green and gray silk underneath.

Before Cao Pei could introduce, Han Muye had already reached for the sword.

“Clang—”

When the sword was unsheathed, the light was cold.

“Distant? This sword is not bad. It's made of light and shadow stone. It's three feet long and can penetrate metal.”

Waving the sword gently, Han Muye put it back into the wooden box.

Cao Pei breathed a sigh of relief.

Han Muye reached for another sword.

“There's too much Wind Spiritual Iron inside. Unfortunately, such a good semi-spiritual artifact has been refined into an ordinary mortal artifact.”

“Too much pleated steel has been used in tempering. This sword has become trash.”

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The sweat on Cao Pei's forehead began to roll down again.

“Frosted ice and 70% steel? The forging method of three layers of the Abyss? This sword is good enough to be stored on the second floor.” Han Muye held a three-foot sword, his eyes shining.

“Ice Break? The name isn't bad either. Unfortunately, when it was refined, the forging technique seemed to be a little lacking.”

Han Muye gently sheathed the sword and turned to look at Cao Pei.

“This sword seems to have been made by a female swordsmith?”

Cao Pei’s face was filled with reverence. He stretched out his thumb and gestured. “Senior Brother, you’re amazing. This sword was personally forged by Miss Cao.”

“The patriarch said that Miss Sun’s Ice Break is a masterpiece.”

Han Muye nodded.

Just now, he had already seen the appearance of the person who forged this sword through the images in his mind.

She was indeed a young girl with good forging talent.

Han Muye eventually took in 15 of the 21 swords.

As far as he was concerned, the remaining six were too problematic to be accepted into the Sword Pavilion.

“Um, Senior Brother, please make an exception.” Cao Pei had a bitter expression as three spiritual lights flashed in his palm.

“I’ve been doing this job for nearly 20 years, and I’ve never brought a sword back.”

“These swords have defect, but they can still be used...”

Hearing his words, Han Muye’s expression changed. “Shouldn’t it not be used if they have defects?”

He pointed at the Sword Pavilion behind him and said coldly, “Every sword here has to be handed over to the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“This sword is going to accompany them to cultivate and battle.”

“If the sword has defects, it might cost them their lives.”

“Do you think these mere spiritual rocks can buy their lives back?”

Cao Pei froze and opened his mouth. In the end, he cupped his hands in shame and turned to leave.

He did not know how to face his clansmen when he returned.

Han Muye sorted out the swords that were recorded down, then carried the sword Ice Break with both hands to the stairs.

“I’ve collected a top-notch semi-spiritual weapon. It has the right to be sent to the second level of the Sword Pavilion.”

Han Muye held the sword and bowed.

A moment later, there was a faint response from upstairs.

“Send it up.”

Han Muye bowed slightly and walked up to the second floor with the sword.

Finally, there was another chance to enter the second floor of the Sword Pavilion!

Han Muye lowered his head, his eyes glowing bright.

*Chapter 74: The wind fuelling the fire, burning for thousands of miles*

There were 3,000 swords on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, and every one of them was at least a top-grade semi-spiritual artifact.

Such a sword could directly increase the combat strength of a Qi Condensation cultivator by several times. Even for an Earth Realm cultivator, it could increase their combat strength greatly.

This was the foundation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

These 3,000 swords were the accumulated inheritance of countless generations of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Only with these 3,000 swords could the sect ensure that its combat strength would not be reduced rapidly.

After being in the Sword Pavilion for so long, Han Muye finally understood the significance of the Sword Pavilion to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Usually, the Sword Pavilion was just a warehouse for the sect. Many people even ignored its existence.

However, with the Sword Pavilion and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's foundation, even if they suffered a setback, it would not affect their comeback.

Every sect in the Western Frontier had a hidden foundation like the Sword Pavilion.

After sending the swords to the second floor, Han Muye looked at the swords in front of him with burning eyes.

Placing Ice Break on an empty wooden shelf, he reached out and gripped the hilt of another sword on the shelf.

Wasn't that why he came to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion?

"Hum—"

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Sword Qi surged into his sea of Qi, and images appeared in his mind.

A Daoist in a green robe waved his sword, and green trees stood in front of him.

This was a technique derived from sword techniques. In sword cultivation, it belonged to the magical sword technique lineage.

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

He let go and reached out again.

A cold female cultivator flew into the sky, the sword in her hand turning into a crescent moon.

He had comprehended the Moon Essence Sword Sect's Three Moon Sword Technique, Lower String.

The Moon Essence Sword Sect was a sect second only to the nine major sects in the Western Frontier. It was unknown why the experts of their sect was here.

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After investigating five swords, he had comprehended eight sword techniques, collected two sword intents, and three condensed sword Qi.

This time, Han Muye was not too greedy. He felt his heart palpitating and turned to leave.

There was still time.

Downstairs, Lu Gao stuck his head out the door of the Sword Pavilion.

“Senior Brother Han, this.” Lu Gao spread his hands. There were two sparkling spiritual rocks in his palm.

Mid-grade ones.

They were from Cao Pei.

“You and Instructor Lin should split them.” Han Muye waved his hand and sat in front of the long table, recording the location of the sword and various data that had just been given.

At the door, Lu Gao’s face lit up, but he turned to look at Lin Shen nervously.

“Let’s just split it like what Brother Han says? He doesn’t lack this bit.” Lin Shen reached out and stuffed a spiritual stone into his pocket.

Han Muye, who was sitting in the Sword Pavilion, did not look up. He only smiled as he wrote. “Brother Lu, you’ve been paying for food with your own spiritual rocks for the past few days.”

Lu Gao looked grateful and nodded. He kept the medium-grade spiritual rock and muttered, “Shouldn’t this be my role...”

Turning around, someone else had come to the Sword Pavilion.

“May I know if Little Friend Han is here?” A Daoist in a green Daoist robe stood in front of the Sword Pavilion and asked softly.

“The Sword Pavilion is an important place. Outsiders—” Lu Gao started to shout, but before he could finish, Han Muye coughed.

“So Senior Qi is here.” Han Muye put down his brush and ink and slowly walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Wasn't the person waiting outside the Sword Pavilion Qi Mingyuan of Lingjue Sect?

This person had offered a high price of 100,000 spiritual rocks the day before and wanted Han Muye to teach him the third level of the sect's sword technique.

This was a huge potential source of money.

"Little friend Han." Qi Mingyuan cupped his hands at Han Muye.

"Senior Qi, the Sword Pavilion is an important place. I can't invite you in." Han Muye took a few steps down the stone steps and looked at Qi Mingyuan.

"Senior, you want to know how to condense the third level of the Cloud Severing Sword Technique, right?"

Qi Mingyuan nodded and raised his hand. A small wooden box appeared in his palm.

He opened the wooden box and there were ten crystal-clear spiritual rocks neatly placed inside.

A high-grade spiritual rock was worth 10,000 low-grade spiritual rocks.

The ten high-grade spiritual rocks dazzled.

Lu Gao, who was standing at the door of the Sword Pavilion, reached out and held the medium-grade spiritual stone close to his chest.

No wonder Senior Brother Han did not mind this medium-grade spiritual rock.

He pricked up his ears and waited for Han Muye to ask him to collect the spiritual rocks.

He had never touched a high-grade spiritual rock before.

Han Muye, who was standing in place, did not look at the wooden box. Instead, he looked up at the distant sky. There were clouds rolling over.

"Senior Qi, you should understand that the third level of the sword technique can no longer be measured by spiritual stones."



Turning to look at Qi Mingyuan, Han Muye said calmly, "This signature sword technique can increase the combat strength of your entire sect by another level once it reaches the third level."

Beside the Sword Pavilion door, Lu Gao opened his mouth.

'What did that mean?'

100,000 spiritual rocks was not enough?

Qi Mingyuan seemed to have expected this. His expression did not change as he raised his hand and a long sword appeared.

"This sword is called Moving Wind. It's a sword that I've been using for nearly 60 years. It's a top-notch semi-spiritual artifact and is worth at least 50,000 spiritual rocks."

He directly raised the price by 50,000!

One of them really dared to demand more and the other dared to offer more.

Lu Gao held his medium-grade spiritual rock and felt that his heart was about to stop beating.

Then he had a thought.

Senior Brother Han had made such a big deal with someone from the outer sect. Had he seen something he shouldn't have or heard something he shouldn't have?

Then, would he be silenced?

He turned to look at Lin Shen. Seeing that Lin Shen's expression was unchanged, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Senior Qi, I don't want this sword or your spiritual rocks."

Han Muye's words made Qi Mingyuan and Lu Gao's expressions change.

Qi Ming frowned. Lu Gao was disappointed.

“Little friend, I’m here because Elder Tuoba Cheng had allowed me to.” Qi Mingyuan looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “My Lingjue Sect is a firm ally of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

In other words, if he was not a firm ally, it was impossible for Tuoba Cheng to allow him to come here to look for Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and nodded. “I want your Lingjue Sect’s other signature sword technique, Cloud Sweeping.”

Qi Mingyuan’s expression changed slightly, but Han Muye had already continued, “I’ll only watch it once and remember as much as I can.”

“Senior, don’t worry. I won’t spread it to other outsiders.”

“I’m just trying to confirm my conjecture and see if the direction of my prediction is correct.”

He was exchanging one set of sword technique for another.

Besides, he would only watch the demonstration once.

Qi Mingyuan could not refuse.

He looked at Han Muye and pondered for a moment, then said softly, “Okay.”

Han Muye nodded and turned around. “Instructor Lin, Brother Lu, please bring me some food from the dining hall.”

The two of them quickly cupped their hands and left.

Qi Mingyuan was going to demonstrate Lingjue Sect’s signature sword technique and could not let them see it. They understood.

After the two of them left, Qi Mingyuan raised his hand and unsheathed his sword.

“Little friend, watch carefully. My Lingjue Sect has two sets of signature sword techniques, Cloud Severing and Cloud Sweeping.”

Since he wanted to demonstrate, he did not hide it and directly showed both sets of sword techniques.

The Cloud Severing Sword Technique surged like a storm, and the sword light was like a wheel. The Cloud Sweeping Sword Technique was vast and mighty, and the clouds gathered.

In Qi Mingyuan's hands, the two sets of sword techniques were like layers of clouds moving, waiting for the sky to collapse.

The sword light stopped, and the wind and clouds stopped.

The green-robed Daoist with the sword in his hand looked like an immortal.

This was a sword cultivator.

Qi Mingyuan looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded and sighed. "As expected..."

"Senior Qi, your Lingjue Sect's foundation is still shallow."

"The wind doesn't roll with the fire, and there's no water ripples. It's too weak."

"Let Qi Tao learn under the fire-type lineage of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Within ten years, the wind will fuel the fire and his sword intent will be perfected."

Within ten years, the wind would fuel the fire, and the sword intent would be perfected!

Qi Mingyuan's hand trembled as he held the sword. He pondered for a long time before asking softly, "How can I trust you?"

Hearing his words, Han Muye smiled softly and raised his hands.

In the Sword Pavilion, two sword lights instantly flew down.

The sword in his left hand was Destiny.

The short sword in his right hand was Purple Flame.

Raising the two swords, Han Muye's eyes seemed to shine through the void.

Flames soared from the Purple Flame Sword.

Wind swirled around the Destiny Sword.

“Senior Qi, watch carefully.”

“The wind fuelling the fire, burning for thousands of miles!”

*Chapter 75: Elder, do you want to eat some together?*

“The wind fuelling the fire, burning for thousands of miles!”

Qi Mingyuan looked up. The green sword in Han Muye’s left hand had already turned into a stream of light, and the sword move was Cloud Severing.

Clouds gathered and scattered, and the wind blew wildly.

Before he could turn his head, flames exploded.

In front of him, a green wind swept up a fiery red stream of light. The wind surged and the flames soared!

Wind and fire coexisted, and sword intent fused!

Qi Mingyuan felt a huge shock in his heart. He had a sudden realization that seemed to surge through the skies.

This was the third level of Cloud Severing!

Instantly, he felt that he was in a boundless wasteland. Flames surged into the sky around him, and all the exits were blocked.

If he did not charge, he would definitely die!

“Clang—”

He unsheathed the sword and held it out, creating a strong wind.

Cloud sweeping.

This was sword intent.

“Boom—”

The wind swept the clouds, and the flames exploded!

Not only did the Cloud sweeping not suppress the fire, but it also filled the sky with flaming clouds!

In front of Qi Mingyuan, there was nowhere to hide in the vast prairie fire. He put away his sword and closed his eyes with a sigh.

It turned out that the wind was to fuel the fire.

At this moment, he finally understood why Han Muye said that Lingjue Sect's foundation was weak.

Lingjue Sect's sword technique was only a supporting technique, not a true killing move!

As an Earth Realm expert, he could only be helpless in front of the wind and fire.

The wind and fire dissipated, and the clouds were light.

The sword light in Han Muye's hand dissipated, and the sword intent was put away.

It was not like he really wanted to kill an Earth Realm expert. There was no need to waste precious sword intent.

His voice sounded in Qi Mingyuan's ears. "Senior, do you understand? Be it Cloud Severing or Cloud Sweeping, it's just a supporting sword technique."

"If you want to reach the third level, you just have to cultivate another Water Fire Sword Technique."

"After comprehending this technique, Lingjue Sect will not be far from ascending another level."

"I asked Qi Tao to come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Do you understand what I mean now?"

According to Han Muye, Lingjue Sect's foundation was weak. The signature sword technique was only a supporting sword technique.

Han Muye had asked Qi Tao to come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect not only to cultivate, but also to prevent Lingjue Sect's strength from increasing. If they

had the intention to betray the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, they could use Qi Tao as a hostage.

Qi Mingyuan opened his eyes and nodded. He looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "Don't worry, my Lingjue Sect will never betray the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

Han Muye chuckled and said to himself, "Some things, who can tell..."

Qi Mingyuan opened his mouth and glanced at the mighty Sword Pavilion. He said in a low voice, "Alright, I'll let Qi Tao learn under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and not return to Lingjue Sect for ten years."

"I'm just curious. Why should it be the fire-type lineage?"

"As far as I know, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's fire-type lineage seems to have declined."

Han Muye looked at him and said, "It's precisely because the fire-type lineage has declined that he has a chance to leave in ten years."

"If he goes to the water-type lineage and has the patriarch guarding him, it's hard to say if he can return to Lingjue Sect in ten years."

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had five lineages of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. Among them, the fire-type lineage Patriarch had betrayed them. Although there were many earth lineage experts, there were no top experts.

The remaining three lineages, metal, wood and water, each had a top-notch Earth Realm expert who had formed a Golden Core and was half a step into the Nascent Soul realm.

With such an expert holding down the fort, Qi Tao would not be so free to leave in ten years.

Moreover, with such an expert overseeing the sect, Qi Tao might not be willing to leave in ten years.

Qi Mingyuan nodded.

After Han Muye's guidance, he understood the method to cultivate to the third level of Cloud Severing and did not stay any longer.

As he watched Qi Mingyuan leave, Han Muye looked into the distance.

Since he could comprehend the Wind Fire Technique, the experts in the fire-type lineage could naturally comprehend it too.

That fire-type expert, Su Yuan, who led the expedition against the Three Qin Sword Sect, had already learned the Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie fire, right?

With this sword technique, it was not completely impossible for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's fire-type lineage to revive.

Prairie Fire, Cloud Severing, Cloud Sweeping.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and sword light flashed in his hands.

In his left hand was Destiny Sword, causing the wind to blow strongly!

In his right hand was Purple Flame Sword, causing the prairie fire for thousands of miles!

The Cloud Severing Sword Technique fused with the Cloud Sweeping Sword Technique, and the sword move instantly transformed, turning into an existence no lower than the Five Mystic Sword Technique.

The Prairie Fire Sword Technique was also at Five Mystic level.

With Five Mystic paired with the Five Mystic, the wind and fire burned for thousands of kilometers!

The endless sword light turned into wind and fire, as if it wanted to rush out of Han Muye's body!

The wind was strong!

The fire was blazing!

If this strike was successful, it would contain the full power of wind and fire!

Han Muye's eyes were filled with endless pride!

In just a breath, his face turned pale. The sword Qi of the two swords dissipated and flew back to the Sword Pavilion with a bang.

“The power of wind and fire is indeed not easy to use.”

“Sword momentum, hehe...”

With a soft whisper, the pale Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

The Cloud Severing and Cloud Sweeping, combined with the Five Mystic Sword Technique, formed the huge power of wind and fire and transformed into a supreme sword momentum.

Unfortunately, even if he knew the method to condense sword momentum, his cultivation and body were too weak to use it.

Or perhaps the price to pay was too high.

However, since he had already comprehended it, why would he be afraid of not using it?

...

“Eh, that big financier is gone? Isn’t he staying behind for a meal?” Lu Gao, who had returned with all kinds of food, looked around with a hint of regret.

Lin Shen looked around with a solemn expression.

His cultivation level was much higher than Lu Gao’s, and he could sense the sword intent that had yet to dissipate in the Sword Pavilion.

And the power that made his heart tremble.

Could it be the legendary sword momentum?

Han Muye shook his head, brought out the small wooden table, and placed the dishes on it.

“Elder, do you want to eat some together?”

He looked up at the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Lu Gao stopped in his tracks, his face stiffening.

“No, thanks.”



The Sword Pavilion Elder's voice sounded.

Lin Shen looked up at the open window on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion elder, whose existence was comparable to the three elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, was actually so approachable?

Would the Sword Pavilion Elder really respond?

Han Muye unceremoniously took away the drumstick that Lu Gao had his eyes on.

The Sword Pavilion Elder naturally knew that he had used his sword intent in front of the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion Elder could even detect many of his small actions.

However, in the eyes of an expert like the Sword Pavilion Elder, these were just small tricks. It did not matter.

In the evening, Huang Six returned happily.

Other than Lu Qingping, Lin Yuxia also came.

Lu Gao, who was very observant, not only brought back more food, but he also borrowed a big table from the dining hall and carried it back.

There were not many people in the dining hall who were willing to pay for more food with extra money. Lu Gao was already a big shot in the dining hall. It was a small matter to lend him a table.

Under the setting sun, the golden Sword Pavilion shone.

Huang Six and Lu Qingping sat together with their backs against the Sword Pavilion. Lin Shen sat with his sister.

Han Muye and Lu Gao took one side each, and they all surrounded the square table.

"This meal is quite sumptuous. Brother Lu must have spent a lot." Han Muye looked at the table full of dishes and said with a smile.

“Small matter, small matter,” Lu Gao said, grinning.

That day, he had directly earned a medium-grade spiritual rock. What was this table of food even considered?

Lu Gao reached out and suddenly looked at Han Muye beside him.

Han Muye laughed and shouted, “Elder, let’s eat together?”

Huang Six trembled in fear.

Fortunately, there was no response from upstairs.

No longer polite, they all reached out.

Lu Qingping and Lin Yuxia did not hesitate.

“Second Brother, did you ask Senior Brother Zhao to arrange an opponent for me? Are they all so weak?” Lin Yuxia turned to look at Lin Shen as she ate.

Lin Shen froze and looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye laughed and focused on the food in front of him.

“In that case, my two opponents were specially arranged?” Lu Qingping stopped and looked at Huang Six.

“Well, this...” Huang Six’s face was red, but he did not know how to explain.

He could not lie in front of Lu Qingping.

“Hey, Brother Zhenxiong, I’ve told you before. I just want to have a good competition and fight for some resources for my Clear Wind Temple. Then, I’ll accompany you back to Jinyang.” Lu Qingping’s expression darkened slightly as she shook her head gently.

At the dining table, the atmosphere was instantly gloomy.

Lin Shen turned around and glared at Lin Yuxia.

“Why, Huang Zhenxiong, are you not going to be a Sword Caretaker anymore?”

At this moment, a voice sounded in the Sword Pavilion.

Everyone's expression changed and they quickly stood up.

The Sword Pavilion Elder!

"The food is good."

"Didn't Han Muye call me for dinner? Why didn't he wait for me?"

"There's no wine. Fortunately, I brought it."

After sitting down in the seat that Huang Six and Lu Qingping had moved away from, the white-haired Sword Pavilion Elder raised his hand and a small wine pot appeared.

"Sit down."

*Chapter 76: Inverted Sword Technique, Left-handed Sword*

The Sword Pavilion Elder turned to look at the stunned crowd and said indifferently, "It's been 30 years since I've eaten by this mortal food."

"Sit down."

The Sword Pavilion Elder pointed at the surrounding stools.

Han Muye gave everyone a look and everyone sat down.

The others looked at each other and took their seats.

The Sword Pavilion elder waved his hand and a few wine glasses appeared on the table.

Han Muye quickly got up, picked up the wine bottle, and filled the glasses.

"It's rare for us to sit with you, Elder. Let's toast to you." Han Muye raised his wine glass and said.

In his opinion, this Sword Pavilion Elder was only at the management level of a large company.

Although they usually did not have much to talk about, he was still a human. If they really got along for a long time, they might be able to form some bond.

Perhaps it was because he had not been in the Sword Pavilion and cultivation world for long, so he did not develop huge reverence for high-level cultivators.

Toasting an elder?

Huang Six and the others quickly raised their glasses.

.....

They had never thought of sitting with the Sword Pavilion Elder, let alone being qualified to toast him.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, those who were qualified to toast the Sword Pavilion elders were at least Earth Realm experts.

The Sword Pavilion Elder smiled and raised his glass. He said calmly, "This wine is strong. You guys should drink less."

With that, he finished his glass.

'And he said the wine is strong?'

Han Muye looked at the glass in his hand.

'Is this wine different?'

He brought the glass to his lips and sipped.

It was sweet in the mouth and carried a trace of spiritual energy. It passed through his intestines and entered his abdomen before landing in his dantian. Then, a strange power spread out from his muscles and bones.

This was indeed not ordinary wine. It was a treasure that could stimulate the strength of one's muscles and bones and increase one's lifespan!

Although this enhancement was limited, anything that was related to lifespan was not an ordinary item.

Huang Six and the others had already finished their wine.

After everyone sat down, the Sword Pavilion Elder picked up his bamboo chopsticks and picked up a few meat and vegetable dishes.

“Yes, the dishes in the canteen taste much better.”

After trying a few dishes, he said calmly.

“Of course. This is all specially...” Lu Gao, whose face was red after drinking the wine, was halfway through his sentence when he suddenly paused and looked up. Cold sweat broke out on his body as he sobered up.

As a servant disciple, not only did he sit with the elder, but he also dared to speak so loudly in front of the elder!

If the elder was unhappy, wouldn't he lose his job?

He could not lose this job!

Fortunately, the Sword Pavilion Elder did not care about his words. He turned to look at Huang Six.

“Huang Zhenxiong, you've been in the Sword Pavilion for seven years. You'll be a deacon in three years. Are you really leaving?”

Huang Six's face twitched. He turned to look at Lu Qingping beside him, then at Han Muye opposite him.

He took a deep breath and was about to speak when the Sword Pavilion elder waved his hand. “Forget it. I understand your intentions.”

Picking up his wine glass, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled. “Be it on the Nine Mystic Mountain or in the mortal world, it's considered cultivation wherever you cultivate.”

“All these years, there are many who came and left the Sword Pavilion. You've been with me the longest.”

Huang Six quickly picked up his glass and stood up.

Beside him, Lu Qingping also stood up to accompany him.

The Sword Pavilion Elder drank his wine, stood up, and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

“Hehe, the little Huang Six, who peed his pants out of fright in the Sword Pavilion back then, is about to get married and have children.”

These words made Huang Six’s face turn red. Lu Qingping’s face was also blushing.

“If you cultivate for a long time, your appetite will fade.”

“Don’t call me when you eat in the future.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the Sword Pavilion Elder had already disappeared down the stairs.

These words were obviously directed at Han Muye.

When he left, Lu Gao grabbed the wine bottle on the table.

“No, no, I have to calm my nerves.”

Beside him, Lin Shen reached out and pressed his hand down.

“One glass of this wine is fine. If you drink too much, I’m afraid your meridians will explode and you’ll die.” Lin Shen shook his head and said in a low voice.

Lu Gao’s hand jerked in fear as he lowered the bottle.

“Brother Six, this wine should be a gift from the elder.” Han Muye pushed the wine bottle in front of Huang Six.

There was still more than half of the wine left in the bottle.

For someone like Huang Six, who had lost his lifespan, half a bottle of wine was indeed a precious gift.

Huang Six nodded, his expression complicated.

The atmosphere at the table became even more gloomy. After some time, everyone dispersed and left.

Huang Six sent Lu Qingping back. Lu Gao sent the table and plates back to the dining hall. Lin Shen sent Lin Yuxia back to the camp.

Han Muye was left alone at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

He looked up at the third floor of the Sword Pavilion and understood why the Sword Pavilion Elder had come downstairs for this meal that day.

After cultivating for a long time, his appetite had faded, and so had his relationships.

For him to specially come downstairs to have a drink, it was already extremely rare.

Just as the Sword Pavilion Elder had said, Huang Six had accompanied him the longest.

Shaking his head, Han Muye returned to the quiet room and sat cross-legged. Sword Qi circulated around his body.

In his sea of Qi, the scattered sword Qi began to gather and condense into sword intent.

Over the past few days, he had been constantly collecting and nourishing the sword Qi. He had already collected tens of thousands of scattered sword Qi.

On the second floor of the Sword Pavilion that day, other than two complete sword intents, there were three shattered sword Qi that had failed to condense sword intents.

Now, he had separated the three sword Qi that had yet to condense into sword intent and fused them with the sword Qi of the same attribute. The 128,000 sword Qi condensed into a single wisp and he obtained two more sword intents.

In this way, the total sword intent he had was 12.

Other than the six distributed among the various swords the past few days, there were still six sword intents circulating in his sea of Qi.

So much sword intent was a little unbearable for his body. It was better to transfer it into the sword the next day.

Han Muye now understood that the sword intent in his sea of Qi was too strong. It was difficult for him to refine it quickly, so it could only be consumed.

Now, he had collected them and stored them, so that they could be consumed and guarantee his combat strength.

Whether it was refining pills or unleashing the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, it could give him a foothold.

The most important thing for him now was to increase his spiritual energy cultivation and temper his muscles and bones. He would use the Sword Nurturing Technique to nurture more of his own sword Qi.

The sword Qi that he nurtured was more obedient and gentle. Moreover, he did not have to worry about the consumption and could condense it repeatedly.

Only when the sword Qi in his dantian turned into sword intent and possessed the qualifications to suppress the other sword intents in his sea of Qi would he be able to soar to another level.

All he needed to do now was cultivate.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had countless experts.

He was just a Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker. When was it his turn to attack?

With his sword intent circulating, Han Muye began to count his other gains that day.

He had watched Lingjue Sect Qi Mingyuan's sword technique demonstration and obtained two sets of Lingjue Sect's signature sword techniques.

Cloud Severing and Cloud Sweeping.

With the two sets of sword techniques combined with the Prairie Fire Sword Technique, it could transform into a sword momentum that was comparable to a Heaven Realm expert.

For the time being, Han Muye was still unable to use his sword momentum. That day, he had peeked at the secret power of sword momentum and almost injured his soul.

He raised his hand, and one green and one purple sword appeared, quietly floating in front of Han Muye.

These two swords were nurtured by Han Muye every day, and their sword bodies flickered with spiritual light.



He believed that these two swords would one day become spiritual artifacts.

Thinking of spiritual artifacts, a foot-long short sword flew out of his sleeve and spun around him like a crescent moon.

On the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, he obtained eight sets of sword techniques. They were all extremely powerful ones.

Six of them belonged to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and one of the other two was the sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect.

The Moon Essence Sword Sect's sword technique used the cold air to simulate the moonlight and turn it into a spinning blade of light.

This was the method of the Sword Immortal Flying Sword.

Looking at the flying sword light, Han Muye reached out with his left hand and held the small sword.

“Slash—”

The sword light reversed and turned into a cold light.

This arc of light was mysterious and strange, and it was extremely agile. The killing intent in it made people shiver.

“What a powerful left-handed sword technique...”

Releasing the short sword, Han Muye said softly.

This Inverted Sword Technique was strange and agile. It was something he had never seen before.

“Brother Han, are you there?”

Huang Six's voice came from the door.

*Chapter 77: The Myriad Sword Patriarch breaks through 100 armors with one strike*

Opening the door, he saw Huang Six standing outside the quiet room.

“Brother, you're back early. Didn't Sister-in-law ask you to stay?” Han Muye teased with a smile.

Huang Six blushed. He waved his hand and walked into the quiet room.

“Brother Han, you’re born to be a Sword Caretaker.” Huang Six turned around with a solemn expression.

“The Elder has never sat with anyone. He came today when you called him.”

“It shows that he values you.”

Han Muye nodded.

Be it the Sword Pavilion Elder or Tuoba Cheng, they were both high and mighty experts.

They had been at the top for so long that they had forgotten how to express their gratitude.

It was already extremely rare for the Sword Pavilion Elder to drink and eat together with them.

“Brother Han, although the Sword Condensation Technique can condense powerful sword intent, it damages the soul.”

Huang Six looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “Today, I’ll teach you this Sword Condensation technique. Whether you want to cultivate it or not, it’s up to you.”

...

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An hour later, Huang Six left Han Muye’s quiet room.

In the quiet room, Han Muye sat with a solemn expression.

“Sword Condensation Technique and Soul Condensation Sword. If I’m not careful, my soul will be injured and destroyed.”

“When such a sword is cultivated, is it the sword ruling over the master or master ruling over it...”

With a bright glow in his eyes, Han Muye looked at the White Tiger Scroll in front of him.

For the other techniques, if he cultivated sword Qi and condensed sword intent slowly, it would eventually form a sword momentum.

In Han Muye's opinion, the Sword Nurturing Technique still had a trace of a traditional cultivator's path. Although the process of nurturing sword Qi was tiring, he could still support it with spiritual energy and condense sword intent to form a Great Dao.

However, the Sword Condensation Technique relied on the power of the soul to condense and directly form sword momentum!

If he was not careful, his soul might be damaged.

Moreover, the Spiritual Sword condensed could not fuse with his cultivation.

The sword that he spent 60 years condensing could only be used for one strike.

Han Muye deduced the Sword Condensation technique and discovered its flaw.

If the soul of the person who condensed the sword was damaged too much, the Spiritual Sword might even be in control.

Not as a sword master, but as a sword slave.

No wonder Huang Six had told him that it was up to him whether he wanted to cultivate it.

Back then, if Huang Six had other cultivation methods, he would not have cultivated this Sword Condensation Technique, right?

Looking at the various deductions in his mind, Han Muye hesitated for the first time.

Although the Sword Condensation Technique was powerful, if he did not have to cultivate it, he would not cultivate it.

...

For the next few days, Huang Six and Han Muye took turns to go to the sect gathering venue.

Huang Six was there to watch Lu Qingping fight.

Han Muye, on the other hand, was there to memorize the battle methods of the elites from the various sects. Then, he analyzed them with Huang Six and Lin Shen.

They would then relay it and provide pointers.

Although Lu Qingping and Lin Yuxia said that they did not want to be arranged, they still gladly accepted the pointers.

When Han Muye went to the venue, he would be called up to the platform by Zhao Pu. Sometimes, he would help to provide feedback on the winner of the battle round.

Everyone was looking forward to this mysterious guest whose words were worth 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Based on some unknown source of information, Qi Mingyuan, the expert from Lingjue Sect, had already quietly returned to the sect.

The reason was that he had received guidance on his sect's signature sword technique.

He had really spent 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Han Muye gave his feedback again. As long as it was not those sect disciples who had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he would guide them carefully and accurately point out the strengths and weaknesses in their swordsmanship.

Most people could get real help.

The atmosphere in the venue became even more harmonious. Many people were interested to find out who this senior brother was.

The might of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had unknowingly become engrained in the hearts of people.

Every time the round ended, Tuoba Cheng would leave with an indifferent expression, while Zhao Pu would pat Han Muye on the shoulder and thank him.

The battle on the arena became more and more intense and exciting.

When the experts of the various sects were in battle, they really fought with their best.

Looking at it now, Zhao Pu's previous arrangements did not affect the loser much.

Because the weak were destined not to reach this stage.

Watching these battles, Han Muye also gained some insights and became more determined in his cultivation path.

A day ago, his spiritual energy cultivation had finally broken through to the third level of the Essence Cultivation Realm, and his dantian space had expanded a little.

Over the past few days, he had secretly exchanged cultivation techniques with Zhao Pu and had gained a lot insights. He had already entered the fifth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, and his blood qi could transform into the phantom of five iron bulls.

The condensation of his body allowed his body to contain more sword Qi.

“Dong—”

The bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain rang.

In the past few days, the bell would ring every one day or two. The disciples of the various sects were already used to it.

“The fifth layer of defense of the Three Qin Sword Sect's encampment has been broken. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's guest elder, Myriad Sword Patriarch, has broken through 100 armors with a single strike. He has collected 11 high-grade swords and sent them into the Sword Pavilion.”

“Sword Battle Hall's deacon elder, Lin Che, injured the Three Qin Sword Sect's law enforcement elder, He Liuyu. He obtained a half-spiritual weapon and sent it to the pavilion—”

The cheers spread throughout the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Han Muye stood up from the stage.

“Uncle-Master, Senior Brother Zhao, I’ll go receive the sword.”

Receive the sword.

The battle at the Three Qin Sword Sect was already getting more and more intense. Layers after layers of defense were taken down, and destruction was only a matter of time.

The swords that had been sent back over the past few days not only displayed the strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, but also shocked the various sects participating in the gathering on the mountain.

The competition at the sect gathering venue had stopped. Everyone looked up at the sword lights flying towards the Sword Pavilion.

“It’s the Myriad Sword Patriarch again. This guest elder of the Nine Mystic Mountain can be said to be in the limelight,” someone whispered in the venue.

The Myriad Sword Patriarch achievements in this battle to destroy the Three Qin Sword Sect were really outstanding.

“Is this the strength of the nine factions of the Western Frontier?” someone whispered.

“That’s right. If all the sect’s powerful elders make a move, they can wipe out the entire sect.”

“If the true experts of the Nine Mystic Mountain attack, what will happen?”

In the venue, someone said softly with a pale face.

The strongest people in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were the three Grand Elders. All of them were at the half-step Heaven Realm.

The Sword Pavilion Elder could reach the Hundred Breath Heaven Realm with a single sword.

Among the five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were many third-level Earth Realm cultivators who had formed Golden Cores.

Until now, none of these people had attacked.

With just a guest elder, Patriarch Myriad Sword, he had already crippled the Three Qin Sword Sect to the point that it was about to be destroyed.

This was the true strength of one of the greatest sect of Western Frontier!

From the looks of it, without the equivalent capability, it was impossible to find out how strong such a large sect was.

The Three Qin Sword Sect that had provoked the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was about to be destroyed.

At the venue, many people looked at each other with extremely complicated expressions.

On the high platform in front of the arena, Tuoba Cheng slowly raised his head.

“The Three Qin Sword Sect is about to be destroyed. Someone should be unable to sit still, right?”

“Little Han is right. Only when a tiger leaves the mountain can it become powerful.”

“After ten years of sharpening the sword, the final outcome is about to be reached.”

In front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye and Huang Six took in all the swords.

They were already used to receiving the swords.

This time, the best sword was only a semi-spiritual weapon. It did not need to be sent to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, so it was much faster to put it away.

In less than half an hour, all the swords were recorded and registered.

“Everyone, you’ve worked hard. All the swords have been recorded.” Standing on the stone steps in front of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands at the disciples who had delivered the swords.

“Senior Brother Han.”

Among the people who were delivering the swords, a tall young man took a step forward and cupped his fists at Han Muye. He said in a low voice, "I'm Tang Ming. I was entrusted by my fellow disciples and the Myriad Sword Patriarch to send these spiritual herbs back."

Tang Ming took out a few packets of spiritual herbs.

These were all spiritual herbs needed to refine lifespan-increasing pills. Zhao Youzhi and Jiang Han had obtained them from the Three Qin Sword Sect.

Of course, no outsider knew the process of them obtaining the spiritual herbs.

Han Muye took the spiritual medicine and said softly, "Thank you, Senior Brother Tang."

Tang Ming was the top 200 expert of the Nine Mystic Sword inner sect. He had returned this time mainly to escort these spiritual herbs.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Tang Ming smiled and shook his head. "If it weren't for Senior Brother Han's guidance, Junior Brother Luo Cheng and Junior Brother Qin Yi wouldn't have introduced me to the Myriad Sword Patriarch."

"The Myriad Sword Patriarch is very knowledgeable. With his guidance, my sword technique has improved greatly. When I return after completing this mission, I'll battle to reach the top 100 of the inner sect."

At this point, he smiled and looked at Han Muye. "Junior Brother Jiang Han and the others all say that you're good at choosing swords. When the time comes, I hope you can help me choose a good sword."

Han Muye smiled and nodded, then handed over a small jade bottle.

"I can't let Senior Brother Tang and everyone else work for nothing. This is a small token of my appreciation."

Tang Ming was slightly taken aback.

Why would he, a top 200 expert from the inner sect, care about a small favor from a Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker?

He had come because of the Myriad Sword Patriarch.



*Chapter 78: On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rings loudly*

Tang Ming was about to refuse when Han Muye took out another jade bottle. "Senior Brother, please pass this bottle to the Myriad Sword Patriarch."

Tang Ming nodded and took it.

It did not matter to himself. But it was not appropriate for him to reject it if it was to be passed onto the Myriad Sword Patriarch.

Although the gift was small, it meant a lot. The Myriad Sword Patriarch might not value this pill, but he valued this thought.

"Senior Brother Tang, please tell everyone to be careful. The Three Qin Sword Sect is like a cornered beast. It's very dangerous." After Tang Ming kept the pills, Han Muye spoke again.

When he sheathed his sword just now, he found out from the sword that the Three Qin Sword Sect was indeed in a desperate situation.

However, they were still prepared to fight to the death and escape to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

There might even be changes in the situation of the battle.

Tang Ming nodded and left with the sword delivery team.

When he walked out of the mountain gate, he took out the jade bottle that Han Muye had given him.

Although he didn't especially take a fancy to it, this pill might still be worth something.

If the value was still alright, he could trade it in the market later or exchange it for some spiritual rocks or talismans.

Turning his back to the others, he gently removed the stopper of the jade bottle.

.....

A few round and bright pills flashed in front of him.

This was the glow of an extremely good pill!

Tang Ming had seen such a glow from a senior brother who had kept his pill like a treasure.

This pill was a supreme-grade!

He stoppered the jade bottle and placed it on his chest. Tang Ming pressed his hand against his chest and trembled slightly.

Cloud Qi Pill.

If it was just the Cloud Qi Pill, an inner sect elite like him would not have trembled.

One pill cost nearly 10,000 spiritual rocks, and it was a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill that could only be chanced upon by luck!

Tang Ming was also quite knowledgeable. He did not have much money, but he could still buy one or two such pills.

However, this jade bottle was filled with supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills!

This was something that could not be bought with spiritual rocks...

Taking a deep breath, Tang Ming took a deep breath to calm his pounding heart.

Previously, he did not take Zhao Youzhi and the others seriously.

He was willing to deliver the spiritual herbs on account of the Myriad Sword Patriarch.

He thought that this was a reward from the Myriad Sword Patriarch.

It turned out that this was a deal with the Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion.

With these supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills, it was more than enough to exchange for spiritual herbs that could increase lifespan!

It was only at this moment that Tang Ming realized that he was too superficial.

Whether it was delivering spiritual herbs or finding spiritual herbs, not only would Senior Brother Han not take advantage of him for nothing, but he would also repay it several times!

This Senior Brother Han was worth befriending!

Looking back in the direction of the Sword Pavilion, his heart felt like it was burning.

For the next two days, there were constant war reports about the Three Qin Sword Sect.

The Myriad Sword Patriarch fully displayed his capabilities, revealing the strength of the Sword Battle Hall.

All kinds of swords and supplies were sent back to the Nine Mystic Mountain with great fanfare.

This made the sect gathering lose its color.

At noon, the bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain rang again.

Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion from the venue and collected a batch of swords before leaving for the market outside the Pill Hall.

On the second floor of the Suzhen Building.

Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye reproachfully. "I thought Senior Brother Han was here to deliver pills, but you're here to find spiritual herbs to refine the lifespan-extending pill again."

She placed the three spiritual herbs on the table and looked at Han Muye curiously. "Senior Brother Han, you're really amazing. The spiritual herbs needed for the lifespan-extending pills are all rare. How long has it been since you found the other half portion?"

With the herb in Bai Suzhen's hand, Han Muye's portion of the lifespan-extending pill was almost ready.

If possible, he was prepared to ask Elder Su Liang to refine this spiritual herb into a pill and give it to Huang Six.

The cultivation of the Sword Condensing Technique had greatly damaged his soul and lifespan. Huang Six's lifespan was not much left.

Putting away the spiritual herbs, Han Muye shook his head and said, "Storeowner Bai, you're the one with remarkable abilities. Your Suzhen Building even has such rare spiritual herbs."

Bai Suzhen snorted and said in a low voice, "It's good that you know."

With that, she took out a small jade bottle and handed it to Han Muye.

"Senior Brother, what do you think of this pill?"

Han Muye took it and opened the jade bottle. There were five light red pills in it.

There was a faint spiritual light flickering on the pill, and there was blood Qi flowing.

"Essence Energy Nurturing Pill? It's good stuff." Han Muye was happy.

The Essence Energy Nurturing Pill was the best pill to increase one's cultivation at the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

One of these pills could increase one's cultivation level for those below the eighth level of the Essence Energy Realm.

These five pills were really timely help for him now.

"This pill is probably worth more than 10,000 spiritual rocks each, right? Deduct the payment from the transaction of Cloud Qi Pill." Han Muye stuffed the pill into his pocket.

"Who wants to deduct from your transaction—" Before Bai Suzhen could finish, she looked up. Han Muye had already placed the two jade bottles on the table and turned to walk downstairs.

Bai Suzhen picked up the jade bottle happily and removed the cork. The joy on her face deepened.

"Senior Brother Han, the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills have been sold out recently. You have to be careful—"

Han Muye stopped in front of the stairs.

He turned, his expression grave. "You said the Cloud Qi Pill is out of stock?"

Bai Suzhen was stunned, and her expression changed slightly.

"Just the people who came to the sect gathering shouldn't be enough to make the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill go out of stock, right?" Han Muye stared at Bai Suzhen, his eyes revealing a hint of wisdom.

The greatest function of the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill was that it could be used as a medicinal pill to break through the aperture when one's cultivation level advanced.

The medicinal power contained in it was mild and rich. It was a rare medicine for people in the Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment realms.

These people at the sect gathering would need it, but there were not many who had the capability to buy them all.

However, this supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill also had another usage.

It could stimulate one's potential in a short period of time and increase one's cultivation strength.

The result of this was that one's cultivation level would be greatly reduced and he would never be able to advance to another level again.

This method would be used to build an army of suicide soldiers.

The kind of suicide soldiers who had the power to destroy for an extremely short time.

"Why? Does the influence behind you want to go against the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and cause trouble at the sect gathering?"

Han Muye's expression was cold.

His deal with Bai Suzhen was for mutual benefits.

He needed spiritual rocks and spiritual herbs to refine the lifespan-extending pill.

However, he would not harm the interests of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in exchange for his own.

Because he knew that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was his backer.

Although he was living a comfortable life now, that was because he had the support of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After leaving the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Sword Pavilion, he did not even know how long he would survive as a partial cultivator.

“Hehe, Senior Brother Han, if the influence behind me really wanted to take actions, I wouldn’t still be in the Nine Mystic Mountain.”

Bai Suzhen shook her head and looked at Han Muye. “Of course, I’ll invite Senior Brother Han to leave with me.”

‘Invite?’

‘I’m afraid it’s not an ordinary invitation, is it?’

Han Muye turned and walked away.

He wanted to tell Tuoba Cheng about the strange discovery.

Although the status of the Sword Pavilion Elder was high enough, he was not in charge of the Sword Sect.

There were many experts under Three Stones House, so Tuoba Cheng’s words carried more weight.

When he arrived at the sect gathering venue, the competition had already begun.

“You didn’t have many swords to put away today? You’re done so quickly?” Zhao Pu smiled when he saw Han Muye.

As soon as he spoke, he realized that Han Muye’s expression was solemn.

“Uncle-Master Tuoba, I have something to report.” Han Muye bowed to Tuoba Cheng and said in a deep voice.

Tuoba Cheng turned and looked at him.

“Is it your own business or the sect’s?”

Tuoba Cheng’s words stunned Han Muye.

“As the strong, you should bear the karma of the weak. Are you prepared to bear the karma?” Tuoba Cheng slowly stood up and looked at the distant sky.

Bear the karma.

Han Muye sighed softly.

He didn’t have that right yet.

“Don’t worry, it’s not time for you little fellows to have to worry about the Nine Mystic Sword Sect yet.”

A hint of arrogance appeared on Tuoba Cheng’s face, and a faint sword intent emitted from his body.

“You little fellows are not qualified to interfere in these matters.”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang!

Four rings.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

Four more rings!

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s deacon elder, Su Yuan, used the Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire. He destroyed the mountain gate of the Three Qin Sword Sect with one strike and killed seven Earth Realm experts. The Three Qin Sword Sect was destroyed—”

“The Great Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley, Hu Taisheng, gathered demons at the Yuliang Mountain. 31 Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples had died. The mountains and rivers within 3,000 miles are in chaos—”

*Chapter 79: Three Stones House, Tuoba Cheng, requesting to descend the mountain!*

The Three Qin Sword Sect had been destroyed!

The entire venue was silent.

A rather powerful sect was destroyed just like that!

Over the past few days, everyone had witnessed the Three Qin Sword Sect falling apart bit by bit. Everyone knew that the Three Qin Sword Sect would be exterminated eventually.

However, no one expected that the Three Qin Sword Sect would be destroyed by an elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in one strike!

This genuine deterrence made everyone afraid to speak.

Standing tall, Tuoba Cheng threw his head back and laughed.

He turned around and looked at Han Muye. “Can you guys manage these big matters?”

Han Muye shook his head.

He was powerless to be part of such a major event.

Be it the Three Qin Sword Sect or the demon race, he was not qualified to be involved.

Tuoba Cheng turned to look at the red and black stream of light in the sky, and sword intent surged out of his body!

“If you can’t control it, I can!”



“Boom—”

A 100-foot-long sword light rose from his body and transformed into a howling white tiger phantom.

“Elder of the Earth Rock lineage, Three Stones House, Tuoba Cheng, requesting to descend the mountain—”

Tuoba Cheng’s voice resounded through the sky. The clouds were knocked away, and light shone in all directions.

“That’s sword momentum!” Someone exclaimed in the venue.

“Elder Tuoba Cheng has already cultivated his sword momentum? Doesn’t that mean he’s going to become the strongest person in the Western Frontier?” Someone widened his eyes and exclaimed.

“It seems that he’s still a little short...” Someone with a high cultivation frowned and heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Tuoba Cheng had yet to reach that stage.

“Granted.”

In the void, there was a faint response.

The voice seemed to have come from the nine heavens, making one’s soul tremble.

“Thank you, Sect Master.” Tuoba Cheng’s voice was filled with unconcealable pride.

“Three Stones House disciples, follow me down the mountain to slay the demons.”

“The competition of the sect gathering will be changed to a demon-slaying trial mission. It will last for three years. The person with the highest merit will be rewarded with a divine weapon.”

“Hum—”

With that, scrolls appeared around Tuoba Cheng.

The scroll unfolded, and on it was the image of a 10 feet long white tiger.

The white tiger appeared and endless pressure descended.

That fierce aura made all the low-level disciples in the venue tremble.

The might of a Hundred Beast King was so terrifying!

From the 36 paintings, 36 white tiger phantoms appeared.

The sky was filled with the ferocious might of the white tiger.

Be it the Earth Realm elders of the various sects or those elite disciples, no one could raise their heads!

This was the power of a great cultivator!

Han Muye's eyes widened as he looked at the 36 phantoms that were about to condense into sword momentum.

“Kid, are you saying that this White Tiger Scroll lacks capability?”

In midair, Tuoba Cheng looked down at Han Muye.

Han Muye opened his mouth but said nothing.

With such power, who could say that he was weak?

Tuoba Cheng's eyes shone with a cold light as he flew into the sky.

The 36 white tiger phantoms followed closely behind. A hazy white light covered the sky!

“Tuoba Cheng will descend the mountain today to kill Hu Taisheng—”

As if responding to his words, clouds and lightning surged in the sky!

The white tiger condensed into a thousand-foot-long sword light that roared for a hundred kilometers!

Zhao Pu, who was standing beside Han Muye, took a step forward, battle intent rising from his body. “Disciples of Three Stones House, in 15 minutes, we will go down the mountain to kill demons.”

With that, he looked at the disciples of the various sects in the venue and shouted, "In two hours, the various sects will leave the mountain on their own."

With that, he cupped his fists and flew away.

One by one, the disciples of Three Stones House left.

These disciples of the Earth Rock lineage were swift and decisive.

With just one sentence from Tuoba Cheng, all the 80 sects did not dare to stay.

There was no discussion, no questioning.

This was the actions that a great sect was capable of.

Han Muye stood on the platform and looked at the chaos in front of him.

There were two messages just now. One was good news and the other was bad.

The first news was great news.

One strike to destroy a sect!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's fire lineage elder, Su Yuan, had broken through the sect and killed seven Earth Realm experts!

With one strike, he had wiped out the Three Qin Sword Sect.

Such combat strength was completely comparable to a top-notch Earth Realm expert.

The Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire, was a direct inheritance of the fire vein. After mastering this sword technique, Su Yuan could condense the power of the fire vein of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's fire lineage was at hopes of reviving!

This news was great news, but the other news brought great worry.

The remnants of the Blazing Demon Valley had revived. The Great Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley, the Core Formation expert, Hu Taisheng, had gathered demons to cause trouble.

More than 30 disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had died. It could be said to be the most disastrous disaster in recent years.

If this matter was not handled well, it would cause panic under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Uncle-Master Tuoba, is this the opportunity you’ve been waiting for?”

Looking up at the slowly dissipating clouds in the sky, Han Muye muttered softly.

He didn’t know if Tuoba Cheng was really decisive or if he had been waiting for such an opportunity.

At this moment, looking at the various sects that had scattered, Han Muye suddenly understood Tuoba Cheng’s words.

The strong bear the karma of the weak.

Only those with strength were qualified to bear it.

He still did not have to worry about the sect.

The secrets regarding those who had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were unimportant.

For an expert like Tuoba Cheng, they cared about a mortal enemy like Hu Taisheng.

What they wanted to condense was their own Sword Dao.

Be it the sects participating in the gathering or the other sects, it was best if they were obedient. If they were not, he could just destroy them with one strike!

Moreover, even in the demon uprising 3,000-kilometer away, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect only summoned one person Tuoba Cheng!

How many experts from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were stronger than Tuoba Cheng?

The three half-step Heaven Realm elders did not move. The Sword Pavilion elder did not appear.

This was the confidence of the top nine sect of the Western Frontier and the Four Major Sword Sects!

“So, I’m just an ant...” With a soft sigh, Han Muye saw someone looking at him from the chaos below. His body trembled, and he turned to leave.

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Pavilion Elder had already led Huang Six and the others to the stone steps to welcome the swords into the pavilion.

“Brother, Sister-in-law and the others are going down the mountain to kill demons. Go quickly.”

Han Muye let out a low cry, and Huang Six, who was standing behind the Sword Pavilion elder, turned pale.

Han Muye turned to look at Lin Shen, who was standing behind him, and said in a low voice, “Instructor Lin, I’m from Three Stones House. I’m going down the mountain to kill demons.”

Lin Shen trembled and clenched his fists.

“Go on.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and looked at the red and black teams that were sending swords over from afar.

Huang Six bowed gratefully to the Sword Pavilion Elder and ran away.

Lin Shen bowed to the Sword Pavilion Elder, then cupped his fists at Han Muye and turned to leave.

“Sword Battle Hall’s Zhang Pu sends the Three Qin Sword Sect’s signature sword into the pavilion—”

The middle-aged sword cultivator in a red robe interrupted Han Muye’s thoughts.

The Sword Pavilion Elder reached out and received the ancient bronze sword.

Green light surged on the sword, as if it was about to escape from control.

In the palm of the Sword Pavilion Elder, dark golden spiritual light wrapped around the sword like chains.

“Medium-grade spiritual artifact, Broken beam.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s expression was indifferent as he said softly, “In the end, this sword still came back to the Sword Pavilion.”

With that, he turned around, and Han Muye stepped forward to take the sword.

“It’s a middle-grade spiritual artifact. The previous owner’s resentment has yet to dissipate. Not to mention you, even Huang Six will die if he touches it.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder shook his head and held the sword. He said calmly, “I’ll put this sword away on the third floor first. You can deal with the other swords.”

He would die instantly upon touching the sword.

Han Muye glanced at the bronze sword and nodded gently.

Back then, the patriarch’s sword, Purple Flame, had almost killed him.

The Sword Pavilion Elder put away the signature sword of the Three Qin Sword Sect, and Han Muye received the remaining swords.

“The Three Qin Sword Sect Elder’s sword is obtained by Elder Su Yuan.” The red-robed disciple walked forward with the sword in both hands.

The Sword of an elder.

Han Muye reached out and gripped the hilt of the sword.

A brilliant red light appeared in his mind.

Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire!

“Haha, Su Yuan, if you use the Prairie Fire Forbidden Technique today, even if our Three Qin Sword Sect is destroyed, you won’t be able to escape!”

“What kind of person is your Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Patriarch Tao Ran? Didn’t he also betray the Nine Mystic Mountain?”

*Chapter 80: I, Han Muye, will also reach the Heaven Realm!*

“If I, Su Yuan, dare to use Prairie Fire today, I don’t care if I die in the future.”

In the distance, the green-robed Daoist was in the air. The sword light in his hand caused flames to fill and fall from the sky.

This was the last memory that remained on the severely damaged sword.

If he used Prairie Fire, his life would be in danger?

Han Muye was confused.

The Prairie Fire Sword Technique was a fire-type ultimate technique. Why couldn’t he use it?

There were too many swords entering the pavilion that day, so he did not have time to think about it. He only checked briefly before taking them in.

After the Battle Sword Hall sent the swords over, he looked at the group of black-robed disciples of the Sword Sect.

Red robes were donned for joyous occasions and black robes for mourning.

31 disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had died, and only less than 10 personal swords could be found.

“An inner sect disciple, Tao He, accepted the demon-slaying mission and unfortunately died. His sword will be sent to the Sword Pavilion today.”

A middle-aged man in a black robe with a broken sword in his hand strode forward with a solemn expression.

The sword was broken, the blade incomplete.

After Han Muye checked, he put it away solemnly.

Life was like dust. Only this broken sword had witnessed him fighting amok in this world.

Even ordinary disciples should be respected for that.

“Inner sect disciple Luo Tian, the leader has completed the mission to eliminate demons and unfortunately died. His sword has been sent back to the Sword Pavilion.”

‘Luo Tian?’

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and reached for the broken sword.

“Wait—”

There was a distant shout.

“My son’s sword is not from the Sword Pavilion. This sword doesn’t need to be sent to the Sword Pavilion.”

A 50-year-old man in a navy blue robe with red eyes rushed over and reached out to grab the sword in Han Muye’s hand.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and gently held the hilt of the broken sword.

“Slash—”

The broken sword was unsheathed. It was mottled with rust and stained with blood.

Seeing that the sword was so broken, the old man displayed pain on his face. He looked up at Han Muye. “This sword is not from the Sword Pavilion. It’s my son’s relic. I want to take it with me.”

Han Muye said nothing.

With his hand on the hilt, images flashed in his mind.

“Brother Luo, I heard that my nephew doesn’t have a good sword. I can give him my unused sword,” a Daoist priest in a green robe with three short moustache said calmly.



“Senior Brother Qin, this isn’t right. After all, it’s your sword.” The person who spoke in the image was the green-robed old man in front of him.

“Brother Luo, what are you saying? We metal and wood lineages are close to each other, and I, Qin Lin, have no children. Why don’t you give this sword to Nephew Luo Tian?”

Qin Lin.

He was the Wood lineage Elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

...

The scene changed, and the sword was in the hands of Luo Tian, an inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Luo Tian smiled happily as he practiced the sword technique with this sword.

He led the team down the mountain to kill demons. Among the dozens of people in the team, there were even elite disciples ranked in the top 300 in the inner sect.

They searched everywhere and looked for traces of demons. Luo Tian personally killed a snow-white demon fox.

A demon fox!

Han Muye was about to take a closer look at the scene when the green-robed elder in front of him became impatient. He raised his head and looked at the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

“Elder Gao, Luo Yisheng is begging to take away my son’s belongings!”

Luo Yisheng cupped his fists and shouted.

After waiting for a moment, there was no sound from the third floor. Luo Yisheng’s expression turned to anger as he shouted in a low voice, “Gao Changgong, we’ve been friends for decades. Aren’t you going to give me some face?”

Han Muye held the broken sword with an unchanged expression.

If the elder did not speak, he would not hand the sword over to Luo Yisheng.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, the atmosphere was solemn.

Luo Yisheng's expression changed and finally turned to sorrow. He looked at the sword in Han Muye's hand.

"Brother Gao, Luo Tian is my eldest son. This sword is his only relic..."

In the higher levels of Sword Pavilion, a faint reply came. "Take it."

Han Muye handed over the broken sword.

Gratitude flashed across Luo Yisheng's face. He nodded, held the sword with both hands, and turned to leave, staggering slightly.

Han Muye watched him leave, his eyes flashing.

Among the few swords that were received afterwards, some were broken and some were damaged. After being returned to the Sword Pavilion, he could only report the damage and then melt them.

After recording all the swords, Han Muye wrote them down and checked them again.

"Could Brother Six have eloped with Sister-in-law..."

At the door, Lu Gao muttered.

Han Muye laughed involuntarily.

It would be best if Huang Six had eloped with Lu Qingping.

After all, Lu Qingping's Clear Wind Temple had also betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. No one knew when an incident would break out.

By that time, Huang Six and Lu Qingping would be in a difficult position.

"The Sword Pavilion is an important place. All except, except, except, Sect Master..." Lu Gao's words in front of the Sword Pavilion stunned Han Muye.

"You know me?"

"Guard it well. The Sword Pavilion is an important place in the Sword Sect."

A gentle voice sounded. When Han Muye stood up, a thin Daoist in a purple robe and a golden crown was already standing in front of him.

“Are you the disciple chosen by Senior Brother Gao?”

“Not bad.”

The Daoist sized up Han Muye, smiled and nodded, then strode upstairs.

With just one look, Han Muye felt like his entire body was about to explode!

Sword Qi flew out of his body uncontrollably.

What sword bones, what sword Qi, what cultivation level? In front of this gaze, they were as thin as paper!

“Hum—”

The sword intent in his sea of Qi vibrated, and the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion responded, causing the sword Qi on Han Muye’s body to slowly retract.

In his meridians, all the shattered sword Qi turned into nothingness.

With a glance, Han Muye’s meridians almost broke, and his body collapsed!

This was a true expert!

Han Muye, whose back was cold, slowly sat back down behind the long table. His limbs were a little weak.

Jin Ze, the Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

He was known as Gold Water Fusion.

He was at the Core Formation realm and cultivated the sword techniques of the metal and water lineage. He was a top expert who had shocked the Western Frontier for 300 years.

Sitting behind the long table, Han Muye smiled bitterly, his expression slowly turning solemn.

That day, he finally realized the importance of cultivation and strength.

In Suzhen Building, he thought that his choice was very important and could even affect the sect.

But when he stood in front of Tuoba Cheng, he was directly reprimanded.

Tuoba Cheng's soaring sword intent and 36 ferocious tiger phantoms suppressed the 83 sects alone. This was the true power.

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Pavilion Elder told him that with his strength, he could not even hold a middle-grade spiritual artifact sword.

The resentment in the sword could make his soul collapse.

Just now, the gaze of the Core Formation cultivator, the Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, almost broke his meridians.

This was the world of grand cultivators!

With a casual glance and a casual wave of their hands, the mountains would collapse, the rivers would reverse, and the stars would fall like rain!

It turned out that cultivation could be so carefree!

As high as the nine heavens, overlooking all things!

He gently opened his palm, and the sword intent in Han Muye's sea of Qi vibrated. All the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion vibrated.

"No wonder the Sword Caretaker is willing to cultivate for a lifetime in exchange for the Hundred Breath Realm."

"The Heaven Realm is ultimately the Heaven Realm."

"How can mortals understand the loneliness of the Nine Heavens?"

Opening his eyes, Han Muye's eyes flashed.

"I, Han Muye, will definitely reach the Heaven Realm!"

"Even if it's only the hundred breaths!"

As if sensing his thoughts, the sword Qi on the swords in the Sword Pavilion seemed to emit out.

“Han Muye, come up.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s voice suddenly sounded.

Han Muye stood up, straightened his clothes, and strode up the stairs.