

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 81 - On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang five times!

Chapter 81: On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang five times!

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, the Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, stood in front of the window with his hands behind his back.

Beside him was the Sword Pavilion Elder, who was also looking into the distance.

Han Muye ascended to the third floor and looked at the two of them. He took a deep breath and bowed. "Han Muye greets the Sect Master and Elder."

The two of them turned back to Han Muye.

Under the heavy atmosphere, Han Muye found it difficult to breathe.

This was a great cultivator.

It was not an elder who was drinking with him.

At this moment, Han Muye finally felt respect for the grand cultivator.

"Senior Brother Gao, have you thought it through?"

A moment later, Han Muye felt the pressure on his body lighten, and then he heard Sect Master Jin Ze's voice.

"Hehe, it's rare to have a young successor with good comprehension and temperament. It's been many years since our Sword Pavilion has been so prosperous."

The Sword Pavilion elder's voice was still gentle.

"Yes, his temperament and comprehension are indeed not bad." The sect master seemed to be very satisfied. Then, he said softly, "Then it's decided."

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“Han Muye.”

Han Muye looked up.

“Your aptitude is still a little lacking. I have a pill that can increase your aptitude. I’ll give it to you.”

The Sect Master raised his hand, and a small jade bottle flew into Han Muye’s hand.

A pill to increase aptitude!

None of these pills were lower than third-grade!

Without at least 100,000 spiritual rocks, such a pill was impossible to obtain.

Most importantly, without sufficient capability, one would not be able to obtain such a pill even if they had spiritual rocks.

“Han Muye thanks Sect Master for the reward.” After receiving the pill, Han Muye hurriedly bowed.

With this pill, even if he could only raise his aptitude to the eighth-grade, he was confident that he could go further and be more stable on the path of cultivation.

“Don’t thank me.” The sect master shook his head and walked downstairs.

“You have to thank Senior Brother Gao for nurturing you.”

Han Muye turned to look at the Sword Pavilion elder.

The Sword Pavilion Elder smiled and waved his hand, then walked back to the long table at the window sill.

There were three swords on the wooden shelf in front of him.

A dark sword.

An ancient sword.

The other was the signature sword of the Three Qin Sword Sect that had been placed on the wooden shelf just now.

“Have you seen a treasure?”

The Sword Pavilion Elder suddenly spoke.

A treasure?

Han Muye shook his head.

The best swords he had ever seen were all kept in the Sword Pavilion.

“Neither have I,” the Sword Pavilion elder said flatly.

After all, treasures were precious. It was normal that he had never seen them before.

Just as Han Muye thought this, his eyes suddenly widened.

How was that possible!

The Sword Pavilion Elder was holding onto the Nine Mystic Sword.

How could he not have seen a treasure before?

Wasn't the Nine Mystic Sword just a piece of treasure?

“Good thinking. I've never seen the Nine Mystic Sword.”

The Sword Pavilion elder turned around with a calm expression.

“The Nine Mystic Sword is hidden under the Sword Pavilion to suppress peerless demons.”

“If the Nine Mystic Sword appears, the Nine Mystic Mountain will probably be in its most dangerous moment.”

The Nine Mystic Sword was hidden under the Sword Pavilion?

The Nine Mystic Sword could suppress a peerless demon?

These should be top secret in the Sword Pavilion.

If he had not seen the power of Tuoba Cheng and Sect Master Jin Ze that day, Han Muye would not have imagined what a peerless great demon was.

Could it be that the peerless great demon that the Sword Pavilion Elder was referring to was a Heaven Realm demon?

Tuoba Cheng, who was one step away from condensing his sword momentum could move 100 meters with one strike. His sword light was a thousand feet long, and 36 white tigers accompanied him, possessing the might to roar through the nine heavens.

How powerful would a true Heaven Realm expert be?

Such an expert was suppressed under the Sword Pavilion. If it had appeared, would the entire Nine Mystic Mountain still exist?

“The Nine Mystic Sword had protected the Sword Pavilion for ten thousand years, and that demon has also lived for ten thousand years.”

“Don’t you want to know why such a sword containing evil powers was sent into the Sword Pavilion?”

With a wave of his hand, the sword landed in the Sword Pavilion Elder’s hand.

“The demons will try their best to send the soul and blood Qi of the descendants to feed the suppressed great demon.”

Using the soul and blood Qi to feed a great demon?

Han Muye recalled that both this sword and Luo Tian’s sword had killed the demon fox.

The sword killed demons, absorbed their blood, Qi, and soul, and then extended the life of the great demon suppressed by the Sword Pavilion?

Since the Sword Pavilion Elder knew, why didn’t he stop them?

By cutting off the feeding and killing the demon, the Nine Mystic Sword did not need to be suppressed anymore.

“Last time, because the Demon Race didn’t send the blood Qi in time because of the destruction of Blazing Demon Valley, that great demon went crazy.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s voice sounded.

“In ten years, nearly a hundred Sword Caretakers died in the Sword Pavilion.”

“Huang Six was the only survivor of that batch.”

Without the demon race’s blood Qi and soul to feed, the great demon would absorb the blood essence and soul of the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker!

Han Muye remembered that when he first came to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six had said that the Sword Pavilion could suck away one’s blood.

So it was true.

Looking at the sword in the Sword Pavilion Elder’s hand, Han Muye’s eyes twitched.

He even tried his best to find the secret of this sword.

“The real duty of the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker is to watch over the Nine Mystic Sword.”

“If there are any abnormalities with this sword, we need to quickly report and respond.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder said softly.

This was the Sword Caretaker.

“You saw the swords hidden in the Sword Pavilion. The sword Qi condensed on them can provide sword intent for the Nine Mystic Sword to suppress demons.”

“Therefore, the swords in the Sword Pavilion are never less than 80% of its capacity.”

“The Sword Nurturing Technique was also left behind to nurture the Nine Mystic Sword.”

At this point, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled at Han Muye. “Do you know the origin of my Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

‘I don’t know.’

How could he know?

Now, Han Muye completely understood that he was really just a rookie who had just entered the cultivation world. He had never heard of many true secrets of the cultivation world.

He wasn't the only one.

Even Mo Yuan, whose skills had soared into the sky and had combat strength that surpassed ordinary Earth Realm experts, was only a low-level cultivator in the eyes of a true great cultivator.

Without stepping into that stage, it was forever difficult to reach the secrets of that stage.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was named after the Nine Mystic Sword."

"Our generation is stationed here to suppress the demons."

"Therefore," the Sword Pavilion Elder paused and said indifferently, "Although I've only cultivated for 60 years, even the three Grand Elders and the Sect Master have to call me Senior Brother."

The Sword Pavilion actually had such an important identity in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

Han Muye looked up at the Sword Pavilion elder and felt his heart skip a beat.

He did not want to be exposed to so many secrets!

As Tuoba Cheng had said, only the strong needed to bear the karma of the weak.

He was not yet strong enough. He did not want to be burdened with these secrets.

"There are actually three inheritances in the Sword Pavilion."

"Sword Nurturing Technique."

"Sword Condensing Technique."

"Military Sword Technique."

“The Sword Nurturing Technique uses sword Qi to condense the sword bone and a wisp of sword intent. After 60 years, it can become a great force and fight against a Heaven Realm expert.”

“The Sword Condensing Technique uses the soul to nurture sword intent. Once the sword intent is formed, one can reach the Hundred Breaths Heaven Realm.”

“The Military Sword Technique uses humans as weapons and swords. Sword intent is poured into the body. This technique has already become incomplete.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder pointed at the small wooden box on the long table and said softly, “The Sword Nurturing Technique has already been passed down to you. The remnant scrolls of the Sword Condensing Technique and the Military Sword Technique are both here.”

Hearing the Sword Pavilion elder’s words, Han Muye couldn’t help but ask him in a low voice, “Elder, why did you tell me so much today?”

The Sword Pavilion Elder chuckled and waved his hand. “I was going to tell Huang Six about this. But look, he’s leaving. If I don’t tell you, who should I tell?”

Han Muye frowned and said, “Elder, you said that I would have to wait ten years to know these secrets.”

The last time Han Muye came to ask about the sword, the Sword Pavilion Elder had said that he would only tell him the secret after he had been a Sword Caretaker for ten years.

How long had it been? Why was he telling him all this?

“Hehe, if you learn the facts, you have to bear its weight.” The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at Han Mu, his eyes deep.

“Tuoba Cheng has nurtured his sword for ten years. The situation is already set.”

“Su Yuan’s Prairie Fire in one strike had regained power for the fire lineage.”

“The rise of the five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Sword Pavilion will make people afraid.”

“If we want to become the might of the Sword Sect, we have to sever one sword.”

The Sword Pavilion elder’s expression was calm, without a trace of emotion.

“It’s rare for the five lineages to reunite. The prosperity is in sight. If I want to choose one today, of course I have to break this sword.”

Break a sword!

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

“Dong—”

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang again!

Five rings!

It was a huge crisis that was next to the death of a Heaven Realm elder!

Chapter 82: This is what a great cultivator is

How many years had it been since there were five bell rings on the Nine Mystic Mountain?

“Boom—”

A ten-thousand-foot-long golden sword light broke through the clouds and washed the nine heavens.

“Boom—”

Another green sword Qi transformed into clouds and covered the world.

“Boom—”

The sword light condensed into a huge tree shadow that stood at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The might of three Grand Elders!

In an instant, spiritual light exploded within a thousand miles of the Nine Mystic Mountain, and endless sword Qi swept across!

Every one of them was condensed from the sword intent of an Earth Realm expert!

Looking out of the window of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye could not count how many sword lights were there.

This was the foundation of the Great Sect of Western Frontier!

“The fire lineage elder, Su Yuan, and his accompanying disciples are trapped on Deer Villa Mountain thousands of kilometers away. Requesting Senior Brother Gao Changgong of the Sword Pavilion to rescue them with your sword.”

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“Three Grand Elders, come out of the Nine Mystic Mountain to receive him.”

In the sky, the Sect Master’s voice sounded without any emotion.

He had to ride the sword for ten thousand miles.

Han Muye turned to look at the Sword Pavilion elder.

The Sword Pavilion Elder stood up and pointed to the seats behind the long table.

“If I don’t return, you sit here.”

Without waiting for Han Muye to reply, he rushed out of the third floor window of the Sword Pavilion.

“Yes, Gao Changgong will accept the order.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder's voice was soft.

Then his body turned into a blood-colored sword.

The sword light was so dazzling that no one could look at it directly.

The sword light was magnificent and whistled.

As soon as the sword light appeared, it outshone the countless sword lights in the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Boom—”

With a single sword, he flew 10,000 feet!

All the swords on the Nine Mystic Mountain shook. The drifting sword Qi was absorbed by the blood-colored sword light and turned into a 10,000-foot sword that tore through the sky and headed east!

Three sword lights followed closely behind and flew thousands of miles.

The roar was like thunder, shaking the world.

“Now that's a great cultivator...”

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye looked up into the distance and muttered softly.

This was the world of a great cultivator!

One day, he would also be able to transform into a sword and travel a thousand miles in one breath!

The Nine Mystic Mountain had not had any actions for many years. Once it took action, the world would collapse!

15 minutes later, all the sword Qi on the Nine Mystic Mountain slowly fell silent.

Looking at the sword still on the wooden shelf, Han Muye turned and walked away.

When he walked downstairs, Huang Six had returned.

However, he sat behind the long table and stared blankly.

“Brother?”

Han Muye’s voice woke Huang Six.

“Ah, oh, oh.” Huang Six turned his head and looked at Han Muye. His eyes were dazed for a moment before it started moving around.

Without Han Muye asking, he had already forced a smile and spoke in a low voice.

“Sister Ping and the others are participating in the trial mission to kill demons. We won’t be able to leave for a while.”

“We’ve agreed to return to Jinyang after the mission.”

“It will take at least two or three years. By that time, I’ll be able to become a deacon after staying for ten years.”

Huang Six’s face flushed and his eyes lit up.

“If I remember correctly, as a deacon, I can choose to stay in the Nine Mystic Mountain or be released to guard the mortal world.”

“When I become a deacon, I’ll apply for a release.”

Huang Six’s eyes were filled with desire and longing for the future.

“Come on, Brother, quickly wipe your saliva,” Han Muye teased with a smile.

“Saliva? No, I’ve already wiped it...” Huang Six hurriedly rubbed his face with his hands. After rubbing it a few times, he paused and glared at Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, then said in a low voice, “The Sword Pavilion Elder has gone to rescue Elder Su Yuan from the fire lineage ten thousand kilometers away.”

“Oh.” Huang Six nodded, his expression much more solemn.

“On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the fastest person is probably the Sword Pavilion Elder who could transform into a sword and fly.”

“I wonder which faction actually asked the Sword Pavilion Elder to help them out.”

Huang Six sighed and lowered his voice. “Although the Sword Pavilion Elder has the power of a Heaven Realm expert, it’s only in one strike.”

Within a hundred breaths, he could fight against a Heaven Realm.

No one below the Heaven Realm could resist this sword.

No one wanted to face the sword.

But that didn’t mean that no one would risk their lives.

A life for a strike.

Thinking of the half pot of wine that the Sword Pavilion Elder had given him, Huang Six’s expression was complicated.

The Sword Pavilion Elder was also a Sword Caretaker.

In the Hundred Breath Realm.

After a hundred breaths, he would become a mortal.

Han Muye looked out of the Sword Pavilion and was a little confused.

Only the higher-ups of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect knew which faction had surrounded Elder Su Yuan and the others.

The sword of the Three Qin Sword Sect’s elder claimed that Su Yuan’s Prairie Fire was a forbidden technique and he would definitely die.

Could it be related to this?

Tuoba Cheng had gone down the mountain. Otherwise, he might have known the reason.

Han Muye only knew Elder Su Liang, who only knew how to refine pills and did not care about anything else.

After thinking about it, he actually did not know who to ask for information.

The sect master knew, but could he ask him?

If he couldn't get any news, he should just wait.

Fortunately, Huang Six was not leaving the mountain for the time being. It was considered good news.

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao was still grinning in a daze from being encouraged by the sect master.

Huang Six sat behind the long table, staring blankly from time to time.

Han Muye returned to the quiet room.

In front of him, two jade bottles appeared.

When he opened the small jade bottle, a green-black pill flashed.

Three faint lines intertwined on the pill.

This was a third-grade pill, and it was the rarest third-grade pill that could change one's aptitude.

Holding the pill, Han Muye trembled.

"Don't thank me."

"If you want to thank someone, thank Senior Brother Gao for nurturing you."

This was what the sect master had told him.

That day, the sect master came to the Sword Pavilion to find the elder and asked him to save Elder Su Yuan.

But if it was just a rescue, why did the Sword Pavilion Elder say that he had to break one sword?

He had chosen to sacrifice for the sect.

In exchange for this pill?

It could be, or also not.

But this pill must also be part of the exchange.

Spreading his hands, Han Muye took a deep breath.

What was the point of thinking more?

Could he help an expert like the Sword Pavilion Elder with his own capability?

He had to increase his cultivation and capability!

As the pill entered his mouth, a cold bitterness spread.

The bitterness seeped into his body and began to circulate along his meridians.

Han Muye felt as if a short knife was passing through his meridians.

The pain at this moment was countless times deeper than absorbing the sword Qi into his body.

Was this the pain of changing one's aptitude and changing one's fate?

If that was the case, let it be even more intense!

Gritting his teeth, Han Muye sensed the tearing pain in his meridians that was getting faster and faster.

It really worked!

This speed was much faster than his previous speed of transporting spiritual energy!

A hundred breaths.

The medicinal power had not weakened.

The quality of this pill was even beyond Han Muye's imagination.

It was not until ten minutes later that the medicinal power dissipated.

"Eighth-grade aptitude, or even seventh-grade!"

Feeling the speed and consumption of spiritual energy in his meridians, Han Muye's eyes were filled with joy.

The increase in the speed of spiritual energy moving and the decrease in depletion made him realize the importance of aptitude.

With the same amount of spiritual energy, he could only needed half the time to absorb and transport them.

And the amount of depletion was much lesser than before.

No wonder all the sects valued cultivation aptitude so much.

The amount of resources required by a ninth-grade aptitude were several times that of an eighth-grade aptitude, and dozens or even a hundred times that of a seventh-grade or sixth-grade aptitude.

As for the transportation of spiritual energy, it was too slow and had too much depletion. It would really take countless years to accumulate enough spiritual energy to reach the Foundation Establishment realm.

It was not a lie that a ninth-grade aptitude could not build a foundation in his lifetime.

Fortunately, Han Muye was no longer a ninth-grade aptitude.

"Such a change can happen after my aptitude increases by one or two levels."

"If I can obtain that Golden Lotus Seed and raise my aptitude to the limit, the Heaven Realm won't be the end!"

Han Muye said softly and reached out to open another jade bottle. Five pills were poured out.

A pill that could increase one's cultivation by one level.

His current spiritual energy cultivation was at the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

Could these five pills push his cultivation level to the eighth level?

Chapter 83: How to complete the ancestral return if one did not cultivate 10,000 swords?

The Essence Energy Nurturing Pill was a precious pill that could increase one's cultivation at the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

As the pill entered his stomach, Han Muye trembled.

This Essence Energy Nurturing Pill contained rich spiritual energy and vigorous blood energy.

The depletion of spiritual energy through the meridians was clearly much lower than at the previous ninth-grade aptitude.

The originally full spiritual energy in his dantian began to rise, and a feeling of fullness appeared.

His spiritual energy cultivation level began to slowly increase.

As his blood Qi power gathered, a faint blood-colored iron bull phantom rushed out from behind Han Muye.

After discovering that the Iron Bull Strength was not an ordinary body-tempering technique, Han Muye had already focused on practising this technique.

At this moment, after he swallowed a pill, his Iron Bull Strength directly made a breakthrough.

Taking advantage of the situation, Han Muye swallowed the remaining pills without hesitation.

If it were an outsider, they would definitely not dare to swallow five Essence Energy Nurturing Pills at once.

Han Muye only dared to swallow five pills because his dantian was vast and he had enough sword intent and sword Qi to control his body.

It took him nearly a day to digest the medicinal power of the five pills.

It was not until the next morning that the medicinal effect completely dissipated.

At this moment, there were nine green ox phantoms floating behind him!

Power of Nine Bulls!

This was the extreme of body tempering at the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

It was also because of a cultivation technique like the Iron Bull Strength that he could condense the Power of Nine Bulls at the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

For other body-tempering cultivation techniques, it would be good enough if they could at most have the strength of five bulls.

With the Power of Nine Bulls condensed, Han Muye felt the blood Qi in his body surge. Every time he raised his hand, a surging power surged.

Now that he had cultivated the Iron Bull Strength to this level, it would depend on how he deduced it further.

For the time being, Han Muye did not have the time to deduce Iron Bull Strength.

Zhao Pu had once asked him to investigate the secret place where he had discovered the Iron Bull Strength. This time, he had been delayed by the chaos caused by the demons. He did not know when he could go.

It was a surprise that his body tempering cultivation had increased to the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

His spiritual energy cultivation had only reached the sixth level, but it already made Han Muye a little depressed.

Five Essence Energy Nurturing Pills should be able to increase one's cultivation by five levels.

Previously, he was at the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm. It was not a problem for him to directly advance to the eighth level.

But he had overlooked two things.

One was that he did not cultivate a good enough cultivation technique.

Previously, with his ninth-grade aptitude, there were not many cultivation techniques in the Demonstration Building that he could cultivate.

Of course, even if he cultivated a good cultivation technique, five Essence Energy Nurturing Pills would not be able to directly increase his cultivation level to the eighth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

“My dantian is too vast. It turns out that it also gives me a headache...”

With his divine sense, he saw spiritual energy surging in his dantian.

Such a vast dantian was comparable to an ordinary early-stage Qi Condensation Realm.

Because his dantian was vast, the five Essence Energy Nurturing Pills only increased his cultivation by three levels.

Moreover, even if he had the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill next time, he might not be able to advance to the seventh level of Essence Cultivation.

“If I can have the formula for the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill, I can refine it myself and won’t have to worry anymore.”

Han Muye’s eyes lit up as he muttered to himself.

He was used to consuming supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills, so he had high requirements for the quality of the pills.

He wondered if Elder Su Liang had the pill formula for the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill.

Han Muye was prepared to make a trip.

At the same time, he wanted to find out about the situation outside the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Although Elder Su Liang did not care about anything, he was still an elder after all. He more or less knew the situation in the sect.

When he went to the small courtyard for his morning exercise, he saw Huang Six dressed in a tight suit. He was waving his fists and kicking his legs excitedly.

It seemed that in order to stay with Lu Qingping forever, Huang Six was prepared to train well and strive to live longer.

Han Muye held a long sword in his hand, the sword light shining everywhere.

His physical strength had increased to the peak of the Essence Cultivation Realm, and his control over sword techniques was even better than before.

Without mobilizing the spiritual energy in his dantian, his sword moves were still lethal.

“Brother Han, you should go to the Demonstration Building to find a sword technique to practice.”

Turning to look at Han Muye’s messy sword moves, Huang Six shook his head and said, “Your comprehension and judgement are so good. Why did you cultivate this sword technique to such a lousy standard?”

‘Lousy?’

Han Muye opened his mouth but didn’t say anything.

Every move was at least a disassembled move from the Three Mystic Sword Technique!

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with Huang Six. He waved his two swords in the small courtyard, and sword light scattered.

“I think Sister Ping’s sword technique is better.”

Huang Six, who had been forced into a corner by the sword light, muttered to himself. He tugged at his clothes and walked back to the Sword Pavilion.

After he left, Han Muye’s sword light became colder.

Every move and stance was filled with mystery.

Usually, he would only use the opening move of the Three Mystic Sword Technique, followed by the killing move of the outer sect sword technique.

Sometimes, his sword technique would change midway to three mystic or four mystic techniques.

Naturally, Huang Six could not understand such a sword move.

“The next time I meet Master Mo Yuan, he will definitely be very surprised.”

Han Muye, who had sheathed his sword and stood quietly, muttered softly.

“Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords—”

How could he complete the ancestral return if he did not cultivate 10,000 swords?

Mo Yuan had been in the outer sect for 200 years and had almost completely mastered the outer sect sword techniques of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, condensing them into Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

It was the condensation of his Sword Dao cultivation.

Han Muye could comprehend more sword techniques than Mo Yuan.

He could cultivate the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s outer sect sword technique, inner sect sword technique, and even those secret sword techniques above the Three Mystic.

It was not only the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s techniques. He had also come into contact with various sword techniques outside the Nine Mystic Mountain.

If one day he could really comprehend 10,000 swords and condense them into one, then his sword technique would probably really be able to kill a Heaven Realm expert!

Without the Sword Pavilion Elder around, Lin Shen went down the mountain to kill demons.

The Sword Pavilion fell silent.

“Sigh, I didn’t feel it when I sat here alone in the past. Now, it’s really a little uncomfortable.”

At the door, Lu Gao was sighing.

Huang Six slammed the table and was about to curse when Lu Gao stood up.

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

Lu Gao shouted at the top of his voice.

At the door, an old voice sounded, "Little friend, please report that the Cao family's Cao Anchun is here to deliver the sword."

Cao Anchun?

The head of the Cao family?

Han Muye and Huang Six were stunned. They looked at each other and stood up.

The two of them walked out of the Sword Pavilion and saw an old man with white hair and a white beard standing at the bottom of the nine stone steps. He was wearing a linen shirt.

Behind the old man, Cao Pei, who had come to deliver the sword last time, led a group of green-robed disciples. They bowed and held wooden boxes.

Beside the old man, a young girl in a light red outfit and a young man with a green robe and a golden crown stood side by side.

Han Muye had seen this girl before.

In the memory of the supreme-grade spiritual artifact, Ice Break.

This was a girl with excellent talent in refining weapons.

"Master Cao, it's too troublesome for you to personally deliver the sword." Huang Six smiled and quickly walked down the stone steps to welcome Cao Anchun.

The Cao family was a family of blacksmiths and had been refining weapons for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for many years.

The head of the Cao family, Cao Anchun, was a famous blacksmith expert. He had refined no less than ten spiritual weapons.

"Elder is not here today. Otherwise, he would definitely drink and chat with Patriarch Cao." Huang Six leaned forward and bowed to Cao Anchun with a smile.

When such a blacksmith came to the Nine Mystic Mountain, even the elders of the Sword Pavilion treated him respectfully.

"I'm not here to look for Senior Brother Gao." Cao Anchun shook his head and glanced at Cao Pei behind him.

Cao Pei looked up at Han Muye, who was standing on the stone steps.

"The person who returned my Cao family's sword last time was this young friend?" Cao Anchun looked at Han Muye with a calm expression.

Huang Six stiffened at his words.

The boys and girls standing beside Cao Anchun stared up at Han Muye.

"Patriarch Cao, I'm in charge of receiving the sword. A sword that doesn't pass the standard can't enter the Sword Pavilion."

"Whether it's the Cao family or the Liu family."

Han Muye's expression did not change as he spoke softly.

"Hmph! You're a mere Sword Caretaker and you think you're qualified to discuss swords!" As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, the youth beside Cao Chun shouted angrily.

Chapter 84: Your Cao Family wants face, but so does my Sword Pavilion

Han Muye stood there and ignored him.

The last time Cao Pei came, he could directly chase him away.

This time, the Sword Pavilion elder was not around.

Han Muye suspected that this old man from the Cao family had deliberately come because he knew that the Sword Pavilion elder was not around.

Seeing that his words were ignored by Han Muye, the young man became even angrier.

"Today, my Cao family's elder personally came to deliver the sword. If you don't verify it, your Sword Pavilion can forget about obtaining another sword from my Cao family in the future."

The young man took a step forward and pointed at Han Muye.

Huang Six's smile faded and he slowly straightened his body.

He looked at Cao Anchun, who had his hands behind his back, and then at the group of young men holding swords behind him.

"Master Cao, are you really sending us this sword?" Huang Six's expression turned solemn.

Since the Sword Pavilion Elder was not around, he should be at the front.

Cao Anchun nodded and looked at Han Muye on the steps. "We will hand it over after you've checked it."

Han Muye also squinted at the wooden boxes being carried.

Even through the wooden box, he could feel the rich sword Qi.

This amount of sword Qi indicated that every sword was a precious item.

It also meant that these swords were powerful, and the sword Qi was vigorous.

Last time, the Three Qin Sword Sect's signature sword was a middle-grade spiritual artifact. The Sword Pavilion Elder said that neither Han Muye nor Huang Six could withstand it.

Were there any swords of that level in front of them?

The girl standing beside Cao Anchun looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, "Senior Brother, our Cao family relies on refining weapons for a living. Swords are our face and our lifeline."

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect refunding our Cao Family's sword is equivalent to slapping my Cao Family's face and cutting off our lifeline."

The girl's expression was also solemn. She looked at Han Muye and lowered her voice. "Today, if you can admit your mistake in front of my grandfather and give my Cao family justice, this matter can pass."

"Your position as the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker can also be saved."

Admit his mistake.

He had to admit that he had been mistaken.

Han Muye smiled.

It wasn't difficult for him to admit his mistake.

But he was representing the Sword Pavilion now...

Just as Han Muye was about to speak, Huang Six's voice sounded. "This must be Miss Cao's granddaughter. I heard that Miss Sun is a refining genius and the most dazzling pearl of the Cao family."

Huang Six glanced at Han Muye and shook his head. Then he walked to the center of the stone steps and raised his hand. "Miss Cao, you should know that if your Cao family wants face, my Sword Pavilion also wants it."

With that, he looked at Cao Anchun in front of him, cupped his hands, and said indifferently, "Since the Cao family has sent a sword, I, Huang Zhenxiong, will welcome it into the pavilion."

"Hand over the sword."

Cao Anchun narrowed his eyes at Huang Six and waved his hand.

Cao Pei, who was standing behind him, walked forward with the wooden box.

"Brother, take it easy..." Cao Pei glanced at Huang Six and said softly.

Huang Six grinned and reached out to open the wooden box in front of him.

The wooden box was opened, and a sharp sword Qi instantly burst out.

The cold sword Qi seemed to chill the surrounding air.

"Good sword."

Huang Six's eyes flashed. He took a deep breath, then reached out and slowly held the sword in front of him.

This sword looked ancient and magnificent. It was bronze in color, and there were faint cloud patterns on the scabbard.

Huang Six held the sword and his body trembled.

“No matter how lousy a sword refined with Cold Ice Stone is, it can still be made into a calming ornament.”

Huang Six spoke calmly, then placed his hand on the hilt of his sword and gripped it tightly.

At this moment, a strange aura rose from his body.

Sword Condensing Technique!

“Hum—”

All the swords in a 30-foot radius vibrated softly.

The swords in the wooden box seemed about to jump out.

Cao Anchun looked at Huang Six and said in a low voice, “You’re quite a rare Sword Caretaker. No wonder Senior Brother Gao can hand over in peace.”

Huang Six looked at him and laughed softly. Then he exerted strength using his fingers.

“Clang—”

The sword was slowly unsheathed.

Cold air filled the air.

“It seems that not only did they use the Cold Ice Stone during the tempering, but they also used the thousand-year ice water nine times during the tempering.”

The cold aura emitted by the sword covered the back of Huang Six’s hand with frost. His expression did not change as he pulled the sword out of the scabbard.

“Hum—”

The sword shook, and he slowly released his palm.

The sword hung quietly in front of him, green light flowing on it.

Han Muye remembered what Huang Six had told him about the cultivation method of the Sword Condensing Technique.

Concentrate on the sword.

Allow the soul to control the sword.

No wonder Huang Six could be a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion for seven years.

His soul power could already control swords.

With such methods and a good sword, it was easier to challenge someone above his level than to drink water.

The expressions of Cao Anchun and the young man and woman beside him changed slightly.

They were all swordsmen, so they naturally knew what this technique meant.

Huang Six turned around and grinned at the young man who had pointed at Han Muye. “Kid, do you know that a Sword Caretaker like me who had lived for a long time can slaughter you like a chicken?”

As soon as he finished speaking, the sword moved!

“Swoosh—”

The sword that no one had grasped flashed and brushed past the young man’s neck, bringing with it a few severed strands of hair and a trail of blood.

“Clang—”

He sheathed the sword.

Huang Six put the sword back and said calmly, “A high-quality mortal weapon.”

The young man beside Cao Anchun was pale. He reached out to touch his neck, his fingers trembling.

“Why are you trembling?” Huang Six said coldly, “Do you think I will kill you in front of your old man?”

“That’s all you’ve got.”

After saying that, he turned to look at Cao Anchun with a smile. “Patriarch Cao, it’s not that I want to say this, but your Cao family’s Miss Sun’s temperament and talent are not bad. She will definitely become successful in the future.”

The expression of the girl standing beside Cao Anchun did not change at all.

Cao Anchun said nothing and waved his hand again.

Another sword was brought to Huang Six.

Huang Six chuckled and grabbed the sword.

The fiery sword Qi stirred his fluffy white hair, causing his hand that was holding the sword to turn pale.

He flicked his finger and the sword vibrated.

Huang Six closed his eyes, his aura enveloping the sword.

“Impressive. This sword is already a high-grade semi-spiritual artifact. It’s almost qualified to be sent to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.”

He opened his eyes, and the divine light in them was deep, but his face became paler.

“Again.”

He sheathed the sword and shouted.

Another wooden box was brought to Huang Six.

“Brother, forget it. You won’t be able to withstand it.” Cao Pei whispered.

Huang Six narrowed his eyes and looked at the head of the Cao family, who had remained silent.

“Hehe, the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker can’t withstand everything. The only thing he can withstand is the sword.”

Opening the wooden box, Huang Six reached for the green sheathed sword.

“Brother, let me do it.”

At this moment, Han Muye, who had been silent, took a step forward and stood in front of Huang Six.

Huang Six shook his head and said in a low voice, “It’s fine. I can still hold on. At most, I’ll go back and sleep for two days after I’m done.”

With that, he reached for the sword.

Han Muye stopped his arm, then looked at the swords in front of him and said calmly, “If I’m not wrong, I returned all six swords here, right?”

“I’m also curious about what method you used to turn a few useless swords into treasures.”

Then his hand closed on the hilt of the green sheathed sword.

Chapter 85: 10,000 spiritual rocks for each shortcoming

There was only silence in front of the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six looked away from the sword in Han Muye’s hand and looked at Patriarch Cao, who had a much more solemn expression.

If Han Muye had not spoken, Huang Six would have almost failed miserably.

After checking these swords, not only was his soul severely injured, but if he really took back the swords that Han Muye had returned, the Sword Pavilion would also lose all their face.

However, just as Han Muye had said, how could a few useless swords become so powerful suddenly?

The key thing was that when his soul entered the sword, it did not stop him at all. It was indeed a rare sword.

‘Did they refine it again?’

‘It can’t be.’

If the Cao family had refined it again, there was no need for the head of the Cao family to send it over personally.

They had sent their swords here that day to embarrass the Sword Pavilion!

In front of the Sword Pavilion, everyone looked at Han Muye, who slowly let go of the hilt.

“Hehe, it’s still that useless sword...”

“A useless sword is a useless sword. Even if you played some tricks, it’s useless.”

With his hands behind his back, Han Muye’s expression was cold.

“If Patriarch Cao only wants to send such a useless sword to the Sword Pavilion, then your Cao family really doesn’t have to come again.”

His words made the expressions of everyone in the Cao Family change.

Cao Anchun’s expression darkened. The girl beside him looked curious, while the young man was extremely angry.

“What right do you have to say that the sword is useless just because you say so? I spent two months refining this sword, and the Patriarch personally refined it. How can it be useless—”

Before the young man could finish, Cao Anchun raised his hand to stop him.

“Little friend, tell me, how is this sword useless?” Cao Anchun looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

Han Muye laughed and shook his head. “Patriarch Cao, although the six swords were refined by different people last time, the mistakes are similar.”

“After that, I investigated the various swords your Cao family gave me in the past. Many of them have the same problem.”

“If you could have discovered and resolved these problems, you wouldn’t have come today, right?”

Without waiting for Cao Anchun to speak, Han Muye had already pointed at the swords. “You guys fused sword Qi into the swords to temporarily make up for the hidden dangers. Aren’t you embarrassed to use such a method?”

‘I see!’

Huang Six's expression darkened.

No wonder he could not tell the flaws in the sword. It turned out that the Cao family's head had done something to temporarily fill in the flaws in the sword with sword Qi.

"Senior Brother, since you've said so, please point out the shortcomings of these swords," the girl beside Cao Anchun said in a low voice, looking at Han Muye.

Hearing her words, Han Muye revealed a faint smile. "Only empty promises. Do you think I, Han Muye, will help you point out the shortcoming of your Cao family's weapon refinement?"

The shortcoming of Cao family's weapon refinement!

Empty promises.

The girl's eyes widened and she bit her lip without saying anything.

Cao Pei's body trembled and he lowered his head, not daring to look at Han Muye.

The angry young man's expression kept changing. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as he glared at Han Muye.

Cao Anchun stared at Han Muye. After a long time, he sighed and said, "Little friend, what do I have to do for you to tell me?"

Han Muye placed his hands behind his back and looked at the sword-wielding disciples behind Cao Anchun.

"10,000 spiritual rocks for each shortcoming."

10,000 spiritual rocks?

Lu Gao, who had been standing at the back, felt that Senior Brother Han was really kind with his pricing this time.

Last time, he had directly asked for 100,000 spiritual rocks from the man from Lingjue Sect.

“Alright, 10,000 spiritual rocks it is.” Cao Anchun nodded. With a wave of his hand, a high-grade spiritual rock appeared in his palm, and there was a glow.

Han Muye turned to Lu Gao.

Lu Gao’s body shook as he strode forward and reached out to take the spiritual rock from Cao Anchun’s hand.

A high-grade spiritual rock.

He had finally touched this thing in his life!

Seeing Lu Gao take the spiritual rocks, Han Muye pointed at the green sword in front of him and said, “This sword is called Qingyu. It’s three feet long and weighs 5.5 kilograms.”

“This sword is made of green wood and rich iron mixed with Mystic Jade Steel. It has been refined thousands of times and is engraved with green sword spiritual patterns.”

With every word Han Muye said, the young man’s expression became more solemn.

Cao Anchun and the girl beside him nodded slightly.

“I’m guessing that your Cao family should have a mine of the Mystic Jade Steel, right?” Han Muye asked with a smile.

“What... what does this have to do with the shortcomings of this sword?” The young man’s expression changed as he said softly.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “It’s okay, I’m just exclaiming. Your family is really rich.”

Before the young man could say anything in anger, Han Muye had already spoken again, “Besides this sword, it seems that there’s no problem with the refinement method of other swords, be it the ratio or the choice of spiritual materials.”

“But the shortcoming is that there’s no problem.”

At this point, his eyes shone brightly.

“3.5 taels of silver mixed in the teak sword and Mystic Jade Steel.”

“There is also 3.5 taels of Mystic Jade Steel in the Red Maple Sword.”

“The weight of the Mystic Jade Steel is exactly the same in the swords Deep Ink and Broken Jade.”

“The forging methods of your Cao family are really brilliant.”

At the bottom of the stone steps, the expressions of the Cao family changed.

Han Muye seemed to be praising them, but they didn't feel good at all.

A look of confusion flashed across the young man's face.

Wasn't it good to be accurate in the ratio of materials?

“I understand what you're saying.” Cao Anchun nodded and said softly, “I thought that the family inheritance was exquisite, but I didn't expect it to restrict the descendants.”

“Refining weapons is like refining pills. The more broken it is, the less useless. When I return to the family, I will definitely let the disciples of the family train their judgement. They will never have to follow the book and memorize it rigidly.”

After Cao Anchun finished speaking, he took a deep breath and looked at Han Muye. “Little friend, is there anything else?”

Han Muye chuckled. “Of course.”

Cao Anchun's eyes flickered as he took out two high-grade spiritual rocks.

Han Muye waved his hand, and Lu Gao stepped forward to take it.

“The Cao family likes to use cold water when refining weapons. This is why the three Yang-attribute sword Qi became useless.”

“With the Nine Mystic Sword Sect behind you, your Cao family doesn't lack spiritual materials. There are a few swords that are purely stacked with spiritual materials, but you don't know that it's counterproductive.”

“The Cao family’s weapon refinement technique has too mundane sword runes. It can’t satisfy the needs of different cultivators.”

...

As Han Muye spoke, Cao Anchun took out a high-grade spiritual stone.

Lu Gao kept everything.

After a moment, Lu Gao could no longer hold the spiritual rocks in his hand.

“Impossible. Our Cao family’s refining skills have been passed down for thousands of years. We are a famous refining family. How can our refining skills be so bad...”

“No, isn’t it better to add more spiritual materials...”

The young man from the Cao family was already at a loss. He stood there and muttered to himself.

The girl beside him had eyes shining brightly as she looked at Han Muye and listened attentively.

“Lastly, the most fatal shortcoming of your Cao family’s weapon refinement.”

Han Muye pointed at the red-dressed girl. “If it weren’t because your Ice Break was unable to continue after 35,300 times of forging, the sword would have become a spiritual weapon.”

“Yes, Senior Brother is right. I-I was exhausted...” The girl’s face turned red as she said softly.

“Your Cao family’s body-tempering technique is not strong enough. After forging 30,000 times, there will be a halt,” Han Muye said softly.

Then he said nothing more.

At the bottom of the stone steps, the Cao family remained silent.

What Han Muye said was really a shortcoming they had but had never considered.

“Little friend, how can we remove this fatal flaw?” Cao Anchun looked up at Han Muye and took a deep breath. “Little friend, name a price.”

Lu Gao looked around and quietly moved to Huang Six’s side. He put the high-grade spiritual rock from his hand into Huang Six’s pocket.

The other party had already asked Senior Brother Han to name the price.

Naturally, he had to make a huge profit.

“I want that sword you brought.”

Han Muye pointed at the wooden box held by the young man standing at the back of the Cao family disciples.

“Impossible, that’s a spiritual weapon—” Cao Anchun’s expression changed. Before he could finish speaking, his eyes widened.

In front of him, the shadows of iron bulls appeared behind Han Muye.

One bull.

Two bulls.

Three bulls.

Nine bulls!

Power of Nine Bulls!

“Okay.”

“I’ll exchange.”

Cao Anchun stared at the nine bull phantoms and said in a low voice.

Chapter 86: Sword Pavilion rule – anyone who sees it gets a share

In the world of body tempering techniques, it was not bad to be able to condense 2,500 kilograms of physical strength at the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

4,000 kilograms was considered a high-grade body-tempering technique.

Most of the people with more than 4,000 kilograms of strength had already entered the Qi Condensation Realm.

To most cultivators, there was not much difference between 1,500 or 2,500 kilograms of physical strength.

Instead of spending the world to condense one's physical strength, it was better to spend resources and time to increase one's spiritual energy cultivation.

Upon reaching the Qi Condensation Realm, the spiritual energy circulating inside would have a strength of 10,000 to 15,000 kilograms.

However, for blacksmiths, physical strength was very important.

This was because forging a weapon might take several days.

One's spiritual energy cultivation was often insufficient to sustain that.

Moreover, there were many spiritual materials that could not be tainted with spiritual energy during smelting.

Therefore, most refiners were strong and muscular.

The Cao family was a family of blacksmiths, so there were naturally body-tempering techniques in their inheritance.

However, just as Han Muye had said, the Cao family's body-tempering technique was still inferior. It would always fail at the critical moment of refining.

For an expert like the Cao family's head, this was a small problem.

However, to most of the blacksmiths in the Cao family, it was a problem that could not be neglected.

It was also because of this that Cao Anchun was willing to exchange a spiritual level sword for Han Muye's body-tempering technique.

"This cultivation technique is called Iron Bull Strength. It's a body-tempering technique passed down in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect." Han Muye's words stunned Cao Anchun.

Since this Iron Bull Strength could condense the strength of nine bulls, it was definitely extraordinary.

How could an outsider like him obtain this cultivation technique from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

If he couldn't obtain it, should he give the spiritual sword to him or not?

Beside him, the girl in red frowned.

"This cultivation technique is priced at 80 spiritual rocks in the Demonstration Building." Han Muye's next words almost made Cao Anchun curse.

Behind Han Muye, Lu Gao opened his mouth and was screaming internally.

Senior Brother Han was awesome!

A cultivation technique worth 80 spiritual rocks was sold for the price of a spiritual artifact.

A spiritual artifact was at least 200,000 spiritual rocks.

In the Demonstration Building, a technique priced at 80 spiritual rocks had the most trashy existence.

Such a trashy cultivation technique that even outer sect disciples might not be interested in could actually be sold for such a high price...

"With the Cao family's status, it's not difficult to obtain this cultivation technique."

"I will deduce this cultivation technique and teach it to your Cao family."

"By the way, I deduced this cultivation technique to the strength of three bulls. The rest was deduced by Uncle-Master Tuoba and his disciples."

Han Muye ignored the expressions of the Cao family and spoke.

"Three Stones House? Elder Tuoba Cheng?" Cao Anchun nodded.

"Senior Brother Tuoba is indeed the most knowledgeable person in the Nine Mystic Mountain."

At this point, he looked up at Han Muye.

Tuoba Cheng was an arrogant person. Those who could get close to Tuoba Cheng were not mediocre people.

That was true. He could tell this kid's judgement and temperament.

If his comprehension was so strong, it was normal for Tuoba Cheng to take a fancy to him.

"Little friend, this sword is called Gu Yuan. It's a spiritual weapon I personally refined." Turning around and holding the wooden box, Cao Anchun looked at Han Muye.

"I'll go find the Iron Bull Strength cultivation technique. I'll come to the Sword Pavilion to look for you if I have any problems when I cultivate."

With that, he turned to look at the young man and girl beside him. "This is my grandson, Cao Jianang. and my granddaughter, Cao E."

"I'll get them to ask you for guidance on the cultivation technique."

As the head of the Cao family, it was impossible for Cao Anchun to come to the Nine Mystic Mountain often.

He actually had the intention to build a relationship with Han Muye and the Sword Pavilion by sending his grandchildren over.

"Patriarch Cao, don't worry. I definitely won't hide anything about the cultivation technique." Han Muye said and nodded.

The Cao family refined swords for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect all year round. It was a good thing for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect if their refining methods had improved.

Moreover, when Han Muye said that he wasn't going to hide anything, he was talking about the Iron Bull Strength, but it didn't mean that he would develop a follow-up cultivation technique in the future.

"Senior Brother, please guide me in the future." The girl named Cao E cupped her hands and bowed.

Cao Jianang was a little embarrassed. He blushed and cupped his fists, turning his face away.

Seeing that the deal seemed to have been sealed, Lu Gao rubbed his hands and wanted to take the wooden box from Cao Anchun.

“I’ll do it.”

Huang Six grabbed him and said solemnly, “Even if this sword is sealed in a wooden box, it’s not something you can receive.”

With that, he stepped forward and raised his hand. A trace of sword Qi surged around his body before he carried the wooden box.

“Brother Han, I’ll send it directly to the quiet room.”

Then he turned and walked away.

Cao Anchun looked at Han Muye and cupped his hands. “Little friend’s surname is Han? Little friend Han has a deep understanding of the Sword Dao and weapon refinement. You must come to my Cao family as a guest in the future.”

“Patriarch Cao is too polite. Definitely I will come.” Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands in return.

Cao Anchun waved his hand and said, “I’ve offended you today. Next time, my Cao family will definitely send a batch of high-quality swords over.”

With that, he led the sword-wielding disciples away.

Cao E bowed to Han Muye and followed after them.

When Huang Six walked out of the Sword Pavilion, the Cao family had already left.

“Sigh, in all my years of dealing with the Cao family, this is the first time I’ve earned money from them.” Huang Six looked at the limestone square in front of the Sword Pavilion and sighed.

At the mention of money, Lu Gao hurriedly stepped forward and offered the high-grade spiritual rocks.

Huang Six also took out the spiritual rocks that Lu Gao had previously given him.

A total of 13 pieces.

Superior-grade.

It was worth 130,000 low-grade spiritual rocks.

The dazzling glow made it almost impossible to look away.

"I've finally touched a high-grade spiritual rock in my life." Holding the spiritual rock with both hands, Lu Gao grinned.

Huang Six nodded, a strange look in his eyes.

This was a high-grade spiritual rock. One was worth 10,000 low-grade spiritual rocks.

Previously, when he bought a sword for Lu Qingping, Han Muye had offered 20,000 spiritual rocks. Huang Six felt that he wouldn't be able to afford it in this lifetime.

At this moment, 13 high-grade spiritual rocks were just placed in front of him.

"The Sword Pavilion rules – anyone who sees it gets a share."

Han Muye reached out and placed a spiritual rock in Lu Gao's pocket, then took 8 of the remaining 12.

He left four pieces in Huang Six's hand.

"Senior Brother Han, I, I also have..." Lu Gao's face was red as he spoke shakily.

This was a high-grade spiritual rock. One was worth 10,000 low-grade spiritual rocks!

Even if Lu Gao worked in the Sword Pavilion for his entire life, he would not be able to earn so much.

Huang Six looked at the four high-grade spiritual rocks in his hand with a dazed expression.

Four high-grade spiritual rocks.

“Brother Lu, these spiritual rocks are enough for you to find a cultivation technique. I’ll help you get the pills you need later.” Han Muye looked at Lu Gao and smiled.

Lu Gao held the spiritual rock tightly in his hand and nodded profusely.

“Ey, my goodness…”

Tears welled up in his eyes.

“Brother, it’s not common to find a fat sheep like the Cao family. Take it.” Han Muye turned to look at Huang Six and smiled.

Indeed, ordinary disciples who received a sword could not earn so much, right?

Huang Six nodded and carefully put away the spiritual rocks. Then he looked at Han Muye and said, “You’re a rich man, so I won’t stand on ceremony.”

“Be careful of that spiritual sword. It’s best to refine it only when your cultivation level is high enough.”

“With a spiritual sword protecting me, my cultivation will be much smoother.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

“Haha, Brother is right. I have to take a look at this sword.”

“A spiritual artifact. How rare.”

Holding the spiritual rocks, Han Muye entered the Sword Pavilion and headed for the quiet room.

Huang Six turned to look at Lu Gao, who looked anxious. He smiled and said, “Go, quickly find a cultivation technique.”

At this point, he said in a low voice, “After you memorize the method, come back and ask Brother Han if you don’t understand.”

“His comprehension is extremely high.”

Chapter 87: If the elders die, I'll take care of the Sword Pavilion.

"Ah, good, good." Lu Gao rubbed his hands, straightened his clothes, bowed to Huang Six, and turned to run.

Huang Six shook his head and laughed. He pressed a hand to his chest and stood in front of the Sword Pavilion. He looked into the distance, his face blank.

When he did not have any spiritual rocks in his pocket, he would feel happy and satisfied after saving dozens or hundreds of spiritual rocks.

Now that he had four high-grade spiritual rocks in his pocket, he did not know what he could do.

"Perhaps I can find two medicinal pills to strengthen my physique. Last time at the foot of the mountain, I heard that there was a good pill that could nourish my waist..."

...

In the quiet room, the wooden box in front of Han Muye had been opened.

Inside the wooden box was a three-foot-long sword that emitted a metallic aura. It was cold and bone-chilling.

Reaching out, he slowly gripped the hilt.

"Hum—"

A faint sword cry sounded.

The thick sword Qi rushed into Han Muye's meridians and poured into his sea of Qi.

There were thousands of wisps of sword Qi in this sword. If it were anyone else, just the sword Qi alone would probably break their meridians.

As soon as the sword Qi rushed into his sea of Qi, it immediately swayed.

In Han Muye's empty sea of Qi, sword intent occupied all directions. The thick power made these sword Qi obediently retract and fuse into the sword intent with matching attributes.

As the sword Qi was absorbed, the scene of this sword being refined appeared in Han Muye's mind.

An old man with half his shoulders bare waved a hammer and smashed it again and again.

The molten iron splashed and the flames exploded.

He had comprehended the Thousand Refinement Technique.

He had comprehended the Hundred Fold Spiritual Technique.

He had comprehended the Spiritual Forging Technique.

...

From this sword, Han Muye had actually comprehended five forging methods.

The head of the Cao family was indeed an expert in refining weapons. He had all kinds of refining methods at his fingertips.

After comprehending the forging techniques, Han Muye let go of the sword and placed it in the wooden box.

Just as Huang Six had said, for the time being, it was best not to refine this sword.

He already had three good swords. Any more would be a burden.

He could exchange this spiritual sword for something he needed when the time was right.

Pills or cultivation techniques were fine.

When Han Muye walked out of the quiet room, Huang Six and Lu Gao were standing at the door of the Sword Pavilion and speaking softly.

Huang Six's expression was solemn.

Seeing Han Muye come out, Lu Gao hurriedly said in a low voice, "Senior Brother Han, I heard news from Elder Su Yuan."

Su Yuan and his disciples were trapped on Deer Park Mountain 5,000 kilometers away, and the Sword Pavilion elders went to rescue them.

Han Muye and the others had no idea which faction had taken action to stop Su Yuan and the others.

One had to know that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect controlled a radius of 50,000 kilometers and the nearby region was the hinterland of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Being surrounded in such a place was a provocation to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dignity.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sect Master, Jin Ze, had ordered an elder of the Sword Pavilion to save them because he wanted to kill the enemy with one strike and intimidate everyone.

At the same time, by breaking the sword of the Sword Pavilion Elder, it would also reassure the various factions.

Han Muye had deduced this from the instructions of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

"It's the Great Spiritual Sword Sect."

"Supreme Elder Mu Tieyang of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had led several experts to stop Elder Su Yuan."

"If not for Elder Su Yuan and the Myriad Sword Ancestor joining forces to block Mu Tieyang's strike, I'm afraid the fire-type lineage would have suffered a huge loss this time."

"Mu Tieyang took out the proof of the Three Qin Sword Sect mortgaging their sect's spiritual artifact and asked for our Sword Sect to return the sword Broken Beam."

Return that middle-grade spiritual artifact?

A medium-grade spiritual artifact was a treasure in any sect.

"Actually, that Broken Beam sword was really from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect."

Huang Six shook his head and said softly, “12 years ago, the First God of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin Ci, was killed by Elder Tuoba Cheng in the Blazing Demon Valley.”

“The Broken Beam was Qin Ci’s sword.”

“The Three Qin Sword Sect paid a huge price to exchange for this sword.”

“By the way, the Sect Master of the Three Qin Sword Sect is called Qin Duanya.”

Han Muye had not expected so many inside stories.

However, a Grand Supreme of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had come within 5,000 kilometers of the Sword Sect. Did the Sword Sect not have any countermeasures?

“Sigh, Sect Master is really ruthless. This time, I’m afraid he has the intention to kill Mu Tieyang.” Huang Six sighed and turned to look at the Sword Pavilion behind him.

The Sword Pavilion glowed in the sunlight.

“There hasn’t been a Supreme Elder of the Nine Great Sects who died in the past hundred years.”

“If Mu Tieyang is killed, the Western Frontier will probably be in chaos again.”

Huang Six shrank back and muttered, “Back then, three elders of the Sword Pavilion died and the Western Frontier was riddled with holes...”

Thinking of something, he looked up at Han Muye.

Mo Yuan had once said that 200 years ago, the three elders of the Sword Pavilion took action.

The sword light was like a meteor, causing mountains and rivers to collapse.

“The Great Spiritual Sword Sect is determined to go against the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?” Han Muye frowned and muttered softly.

‘That’s not necessary, is it?’

Back then, they had killed one of their experts and snatched the third position of their Sword Sect. However, there was no need to be so serious, right?

“Brother Han, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is not much weaker than the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, which is ranked second among the four major sword sects,” Huang Six said.

Second in the four major sword sects?

There was still this big influence involved in this matter?

“Didn’t the three Grand Supreme Elders travel thousands of kilometers to suppress all of them?”

Huang Six shook his head and said softly, “I wonder if the Sword Pavilion Elder will be able to return safely this time...”

Lu Gao shook his head and muttered, “Anyway, when I asked around, they all said, they all said...”

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked into the distance.

This time, everyone hoped that the Sword Pavilion Elder would attack.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect wanted to hide their strength and bide their time, preparing to inflict self-damage.

The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect wanted to suppress the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and weaken themselves.

No wonder the Sword Pavilion Elder had a meal with everyone.

That meal was not to send Huang Six off.

It was for himself.

Han Muye clenched his fists, feeling an uncontrollable emotion surging in his heart.

Cultivation.

Even for the Sword Pavilion Elder, who was in the Hundred Breath Realm.

In the end, he still couldn't control his own life and death?

"Brother Han, this is the fate of us Sword Caretakers."

"If you reach the Hundred Breath Realm, this day will come." Huang Six shook his head and patted Han Muye's shoulder.

"If you don't want to go on this path, leave. There's still time."

"If the elder dies, I'll take care of the Sword Pavilion."

Huang Six looked sincere.

Han Muye knew he meant it.

As long as Han Muye retreated, Huang Six would definitely take over the position in the Sword Pavilion.

Even if his promise to return to the countryside with Lu Qingping would not be kept.

"Brother, we haven't reached that stage yet." Han Muye forced a smile on his face, then took a deep breath.

"I'll ask around and see how the elders are doing."

Lu Gao's news came from the outer sect and the servants. It was difficult to tell if it was true or not.

Han Muye felt that it was better for him to ask Elder Su Liang.

This was an elder he was more familiar with.

"No matter what, we should do something. We can't watch the elders die."

"We're both Sword Caretakers."

Han Muye returned to the quiet room and carried a small wooden box. When he reached the door of the Sword Pavilion, he spoke in a low voice.

With that, he strode away.

“Brother Han is the real Sword Caretaker. Elder, you didn’t misjudge him.” Huang Six looked at his back and sighed softly.

“He can still maintain his fighting spirit despite such adversity. Senior Brother Han, his temperament is as firm as iron and stone.” Lu Gao clenched his fists and lowered his voice.

Chapter 88: The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier

At the waterside residence.

The female cultivator, Jin Yuan, looked at Han Muye who was carrying a wooden box with a complicated expression.

When the Sword Pavilion Elder left the Nine Mystic Mountain, there were many rumors in the sect.

Most people felt that the Sword Pavilion Elder was probably going to die this time.

At this time, what did this Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker want from her master?

‘Was he intending to leave the Sword Pavilion?’

“Senior Brother Han, although my master is an elder, he doesn’t manage the sect.”

“She never asks about the allocation of the disciples in the sect.”

Jin Yuan’s words revealed a hint of impatience and faint annoyance.

Since he had become a Sword Caretaker, shouldn’t he be guarding the Sword Pavilion now?

If there was any danger, he would seek refuge.

How could a cultivator be so weak-willed?

“I know.”

Han Muye, who was moving forward, nodded and ignored Jin Yuan’s words.

Jin Yuan saw his expression and shook her head. She did not speak again.

When they arrived at Elder Su Liang's wooden building, Jin Yuan reported, then Han Muye walked in.

"You're here regarding Senior Brother Gao's matter, right?" Su Liang looked up at Han Muye and asked softly.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Elder, how's the situation on Deer Park Mountain now?"

Su Liang's eyes flashed. She looked at Han Muye and said calmly, "The Sword Sect and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect are still in a standoff."

They were still in a standoff, which meant that Mu Tieyang from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was still alive, and the Sword Pavilion Elder had yet to attack.

That was good news.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief and said in a low voice, "Elder, if we send out the Broken Beam sword of the Three Qin Sword Sect, I wonder if this matter could be settled?"

Everyone else was looking forward to the Sword Pavilion Elder killing Mu Tieyang and raising the might of the Sword Sect.

However, Han Muye really did not want the Sword Pavilion Elder to attack.

"You're asking me about the matters involving the nine sects of the Western Frontier and the four great sword sects?" Elder Su Liang shook her head and smiled bitterly. "Other than alchemy, I don't get involved in anything else. Or rather, I'm powerless to be involved."

Even Elder Su Liang said that she was powerless to interfere. This meant that it was almost impossible to change this matter.

If Elder Gao took action and killed the Supreme Elder of the Great Spirit Sword Sect, Mu Tieyang, with a single strike, then the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would lose an elder comparable to the Heaven Realm, and the Great Spirit Sword Sect would lose a half-step Heaven Realm Supreme Elder.

The two sects would suffer a huge loss in strength, and they were ranked behind the four major sword sects. This could reassure the other major sects.

However, among them, the five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would become united and they would have benefitted.

Sending back the Broken Beam sword would damage the reputation of the Sword Sect.

The Sect Master and the three Grand Elders had probably never thought about it.

Seeing that Han Muye was silent, Elder Su Liang looked at him and said, "You came to the Waterside Residence just for this?"

Jin Yuan looked at Han Muye.

When he heard that her master, Elder Su Liang, was powerless to interfere, this Senior Brother Han would probably ask the elder to help him leave the Sword Pavilion, right?

He just didn't know how to start.

Indeed.

Han Muye held out the wooden box in his hand.

Most of these wooden boxes were used to store spiritual rocks.

"I want to ask an elder for a favor."

Holding the wooden box, Han Muye spoke softly.

Elder Su Liang looked at the wooden box and said nothing.

Han Muye opened the wooden box and there were 20 resplendent spiritual rocks.

20 high-grade spiritual rocks was almost all of his wealth.

Jin Yuan looked at the wooden box in Han Muye's hand in surprise.

She did not expect Han Muye to be so rich.

How could a Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker have so many high-grade spiritual rocks?

Su Liang also frowned slightly. Just as she was about to speak, Han Muye had already bowed and said, "I would like to ask Elder for the formula of the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill."

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

Shouldn't he be begging the elder to transfer him out of the Sword Pavilion?

Jin Yuan looked confused.

"Is that all?" Elder Su Liang pondered for a moment before asking indifferently.

Han Muye nodded.

Just for that.

Elder Su Liang looked at Han Muye in surprise and nodded. "Senior Brother Gao is right..."

She stood up and walked to the wooden shelf behind her to look for a few spiritual herbs. As she picked them out, she said, "Last time, Mu Wan said that you're very talented in alchemy. I'll refine it twice and you can ask me if there's anything you don't understand."

After finding all the spiritual herbs, Elder Su Liang raised her hand and a green-red flame rose.

"Boom—"

At this moment, a roar came from the sky, making Elder Su Liang's expression change as she retracted the flames.

Han Muye turned to look out of the wooden building.

In the sky, sword lights rose and rushed towards the Nine Mystic Mountain.

In the sky, streams of light flashed, and a thin screen of light enveloped the entire Nine Mystic Mountain.

“What’s the matter? The protection array has been activated...”

Elder Su Liang frowned. Just as she stood up, a spiritual light passed through the wooden building and landed in front of her.

Reaching out to hold the spiritual light, Elder Su Liang’s expression changed and finally turned solemn.

Putting away the spiritual light, she looked at Han Muye and Jin Yuan.

“The Great Spirit Sword Sect’s Qin Yuanhe has ambushed the head of the Cao family, Cao Anchun, at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain. The head of the Cao family is in danger. I have to go to the Cao family.”

He had ambushed Cao Anchun, the head of the Cao family?

Han Muye’s expression changed.

He had just interacted with the Cao family’s head.

The Cao family was a family of blacksmiths. Nearly 30% of the swords in the Sword Pavilion were sent by the Cao family.

If anything happened to the Cao family, it would greatly affect the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“This time, the Sect Master would really be taking action.”

Elder Su Liang sighed softly and spiritual light rose from her body.

“The Sect Master has personally visited the Tai Yi Sword Sect. Mu Tieyang is dead meat.”

The Tai Yi Sword Sect was the third of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. It was the head of the four major sword sects. The sect’s Grand Elder, Tu Sunshi, was the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

He belonged to the Heaven Realm, Nascent Soul Realm.

Was the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect visiting the Tai Yi Sword Sect to endorse the killing of Mu Tieyang?

If Mu Tieyang died, Elder Gao probably wouldn’t be able to return, right?

“These are a few formulas from my Waterside residence collection. Take them and comprehend them.”

“If there’s anything you don’t understand, you can ask Jin Yuan.”

“There’s no need for spiritual rocks. I don’t lack these.”

Elder Su Liang raised her hand and threw a jade slip to Han Muye. Then, she flew away in a green cloud.

The jade slip contained information that could be detected with divine sense. It was the most commonly used method to record and store information in the cultivation world.

Han Muye held the jade slip in his hand and sighed softly.

“Senior Brother Han, I…” Jin Yuan looked at him with a complicated expression. She lowered her head and said, “I’ll refine a furnace of Essence Energy Nurturing Pills for you. I can’t gather much spiritual herbs for Essence Energy Nurturing Pills from the waterside residence.”

Essence Energy Nurturing Pills were precious. Not only were they difficult to refine, but the spiritual herbs needed were also difficult to obtain.

Jin Yuan was a little ashamed. She had thought too badly of Senior Brother Han.

Han Muye shook his head and stuffed the jade slip into his pocket, then carefully put away the spiritual herbs on the table.

“Lady Jin, I’ll study it myself.”

“How many spiritual rocks are needed for these two furnaces of spiritual herbs? I’ll leave them to Storeowner Bai to settle the bill at waterside residence.”

With that, Han Muye turned and left.

If he refined two cauldrons of spiritual herbs with his sword Qi, he might be able to obtain a few more and the quality would be better.

If he gave it to Jin Yuan and she failed, he would have nowhere to cry.

Watching Han Muye leave, Jin Yuan bit her lip and said nothing.

...

Han Muye strode back to the Sword Pavilion. When he returned, Huang Six and Lu Gao were waiting anxiously at the door.

"It's chaotic. It's really chaotic this time." Seeing Han Muye, Lu Gao came up and hurriedly said, "The Great Spiritual Sword Sect is openly provoking us. They're really forcing Elder Gao to death."

Standing on the steps, Huang Six's expression was dark as he said in a low voice, "Just now, the inner sect deacon came to tell me that Elder Gao has already left behind instructions that when I finish my ten years as a Sword Caretaker, I will be released as a deacon."

"Elder Gao had resolved my last concerns."

Chapter 89: Every Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker has a dream of reaching the Heaven Realm, right?

The last time they ate together was the first time Huang Six and the Sword Pavilion Elder sat together.

He thought that the Sword Pavilion Elder was there to send him off and even gave him half a pot of wine.

Now that he thought about it, the Sword Pavilion Elder might have wanted to taste mortal food for the last time after 30 years.

"Brother Han, is there a way to save the elder?"

Huang Six looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Han Muye shook his head.

Although there were eight sword intents in his sea of consciousness, even if these eight sword intents were all activated, he would not be able to help the Sword Pavilion Elder at all.

Just as Elder Su Liang had said, the conflict between such great cultivators was related to the overall situation of the Western Frontier. Not to mention a

small Sword Caretaker like Han Muye, even two or three Earth Realm Spirit Awakening and Core Formation experts were unable to participate.

This was a battle between the large factions. They were betting on luck.

“Guard the Sword Pavilion well. Brother, didn’t you say that this is the fate of the Sword Caretaker?” Han Muye lowered his head and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six nodded and said, “Brother Han, stay in the Sword Pavilion. I’ll go to the Cao family.”

“With the Cao family’s relationship with the Sword Pavilion, we should visit them.”

Faint sword Qi surged from his body as he raised his hand.

There was a soft sound in the Sword Pavilion as the sword that had accompanied him for six and a half years landed in his hand.

At this moment, Huang Six no longer looked old and haggard. His body was filled with fierce aura, and his eyes flickered.

After the Sword Pavilion Elder left, he became more responsible.

“I’ll accompany Brother.” Han Muye turned around.

If he went down the mountain to the Cao family now, he might encounter an ambush.

Since the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had taken action, it might be very fierce.

“Hehe, Brother Han, you should stay in the Sword Pavilion. We can’t put all the eggs in one basket.” Huang Six waved his hand and turned to look at Lu Gao. “Guard the door.”

Lu Gao chuckled and patted the door frame.

Huang Six strode away. Han Muye looked at the protection array that was still flickering in the sky and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

In the quiet room, he put away the spiritual rocks and put down the spiritual herbs. Then, he sat quietly for a moment and took out the jade slip Elder Su Liang had given him.

He had never been more eager to increase his cultivation level.

The jade slip gently touched the space between his eyebrows, and information was absorbed by his divine sense.

This jade slip not only contained the formula for the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill, but also a few other pill formulas for Essence Cultivation, Qi Condensation, and even Foundation Establishment.

However, the most precious thing among them should be the formula for the Essence Energy Nurturing Pill.

The words in the formula turned into an alchemy scene in his mind. Han Muye closed his eyes and kept observing and comprehending.

He had comprehended the refinement method of the Essence Energy Nurturing Pills.

Other than this formula, the other formulas could only be refined above the Essence Cultivation realm. Han Muye only remembered them and did not spend time delving deeper into them.

After comprehending the formula, he took out the pill furnace. Sword Qi surged into his palm, and green light flashed.

Spiritual herbs were thrown into the pill furnace one after another. The flames formed by the sword Qi enveloped the pill furnace, and Han Muye restrained his power to the maximum.

His spiritual energy cultivation activated the pill furnace, and his sword Qi entered it to mediate and purify the spiritual herbs.

A soft vibration came from the pill furnace.

An hour later, Han Muye raised his palm, and the lid of the pill furnace flew up. Three spiritual pills flew out.

The moment the pill flew out, the pill furnace that was already covered in cracks shattered into pieces.

The damage to the pill furnace was too great.

Fortunately, it happened only after refining the pills, so he did not waste the rare spiritual herbs.

Han Muye looked at the pill in his palm and saw that it was sparkling and translucent, clearly of extraordinary quality.

Two supreme-grades and one fine-grade.

He was still not skilled enough.

Shaking his head, he put away the pills and the remaining spiritual herbs.

There should be a pill furnace in Suzhen Building. When Huang Six returned, he could go there and ask for one.

Huang Six had yet to return. At this moment, there was no one in the Sword Pavilion, and he could not swallow any pills.

After putting away the remaining spiritual herbs and pondering for a moment, Han Muye walked out of the quiet room and looked at the stairs leading to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

He walked slowly up the stairs. When he reached the second floor, he stopped for a moment and went straight up to the third floor.

On the third floor, the windows were wide open and the light was bright. A faint golden halo flashed in front of the window.

This was the Sword Pavilion's protection array. When the protection array was activated, this had already been activated.

He slowly walked to where the Sword Pavilion Elder usually sat. After taking a deep breath, Han Muye gently sat down.

The Sword Pavilion Elder had said that if he could not return, Han Muye would take this seat.

Han Muye had not sat here for this position.

He wanted to see if the Sword Pavilion Elder had left any instructions or backup plans.

If he expected that he would not be able to return, Han Muye believed that the Sword Pavilion Elder would leave something behind.

Looking at the long table in front of him, Han Muye reached out and opened the wooden box that contained the sword technique.

Two scrolls and a jade slip.

Indeed.

Picking up the jade slip and touching it between his eyebrows, the white-bearded Sword Pavilion Elder appeared in front of Han Muye.

He was smiling, his eyes kind.

“I knew that you would read this jade slip, but I don’t know if I’m dead or alive.”

In the image, the Sword Pavilion Elder’s expression did not change as he spoke softly.

“Every Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker has a dream of reaching the Heaven Realm, right?”

“Seeing Huang Six like this reminds me of myself back then.”

“I am not as blessed as him.”

“After 60 years of bitter cultivation, I condensed a sword of the soul and possess the power of the Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm.”

“Unfortunately, I’m destined to have no chance to use this sword move in front of the person I want to show.”

In the image, the Sword Pavilion Elder was not as fast and domineering. Instead, he was more talkative.

“Hehe, let’s get down to business.”

“You have to cultivate the Sword Nurturing Technique well. Only by cultivating the Sword Nurturing Technique can you protect your life with the sword bone after using the Soul Sword Control Technique.”

“I cultivated it too late. I’m afraid it’s not of much use to me.”

“From 200 years ago to 60 years ago, there were three elders in the Sword Pavilion who each cultivated the Sword Nurturing Technique, the Sword Condensing Technique, and the Military Sword Technique.”

“It’s said that when these three incantations are combined, there can be unexpected changes.”

“But don’t think too much, kid. Those big sects in the Western Frontier won’t give you a chance to cultivate the three techniques.”

“100 years ago, two Sword Pavilion elders who cultivated the Sword Nurturing Technique and the Sword Condensing Technique died.”

“As a last resort, the Sword Pavilion Patriarch, Zhu Shen, left the mountain with half a scroll of the Military Sword Technique. He killed three eighth level Core Formation cultivators with one strike and died.”

“That half of the Military Sword Technique is missing.”

“After that, the suppression against the Nine Mystic Sword Sect greatly decreased.”

“Surely you understand the reason for this?”

“The situation today is so similar.”

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In the jade slip, the Sword Pavilion Elder analyzed the situation very clearly.

This made Han Muye feel even more helpless.

After a long time, he sighed and put the jade slip down. Then he reached out and took out a small bronze sword.

This was given to him by the Sword Pavilion Elder. It was the proof of being an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion. It was also the key to activating the array formation and the Nine Mystic Sword Seal.

This was also the trust for the next elder of the Sword Pavilion.

After putting back the jade slip, Han Muye stretched out his hand and opened the half-scroll of the Military Sword Technique.

He knew the Sword Condensing Technique and the Sword Nurturing Technique very well. He only lacked the Military Sword Technique.

However, the Military Sword Technique was already incomplete. According to the Sword Pavilion Elder, the other half must be in the hands of one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier.

“Using the sword as a body and the body as a soldier?”

Chapter 90: I'll guard this door

The record on this half-scroll of the Military Sword Technique was simple. After refining a sword that was at least a spiritual weapon, he had to completely rely on this sword and nourish this sword with his blood, Qi, soul, and even spiritual qi.

This was considered the true integration of human and sword as one.

The advantage was that it could quickly increase cultivation and combat strength.

The downside was that if the sword was around, the person would be alive. If the sword was gone, the person would also be dead.

Only the second half of the sword technique was missing.

It would be difficult to deduce such a sword technique later.

Unless he took back the other half of the sword technique.

This matter was probably not much easier than deducing the sword technique.

After putting back the sword technique, Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief and stood up.

The Sword Pavilion Elder instructed in the middle of the jade slip that once he died, the Sword Pavilion would tremble. He had to quickly head to the area where the Nine Mystic Sword was suppressed.

After communicating with the Nine Mystic Sword with the Sword Nurturing Technique, he could use the power of the Sword Pavilion's array formation to protect himself.

Only then could he ensure his own safety.

Even the Nine Mystic Mountain was not a safe place.

How could it be a safe place when it was one of the nine major sects of the Western Frontier?

Turning to look at the three swords on the wooden shelf, Han Muye's eyes flashed.

There was no Mystic Sun Sword in the world.

This was what the Sword Pavilion Elder had said.

Han Muye had yet to figure out what it meant.

The Broken Beam sword was the reason why the Great Spiritual Sword Sect killed Su Yuan, the fire-type lineage elder.

Han Muye wanted to send this sword over in exchange for the return of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

But that was impossible.

No one would agree to it.

The Sword Pavilion Elder had instructed him about the strange sword.

If he did not return, he would send this sword back to the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

The blood essence and soul of the demons in this sword could appease the demons suppressed by the Nine Mystic Sword.

When Han Muye's soul condensed into a sword, he would be qualified to be safe in front of that big demon.

Looking at the three swords, Han Muye reached for the hilt of the sheathed sword.

Why did the Sword Pavilion Elder say that there was no Mystic Sun Sword in the world?

“The Sword Pavilion is an important place. Only disciples who are receiving swords can enter.”

Downstairs, Lu Gao’s voice came from the door of the Sword Pavilion.

Someone was coming?

Han Muye retracted his hand, straightened his clothes, and walked down the third floor.

“Senior Brother, we’re here to receive our swords.”

At the door of the Sword Pavilion, a voice sounded. It was a little hoarse. Han Muye seemed to have heard it somewhere before.

“You’re in outer sect clothes, why haven’t I seen you before?” Lu Gao raised his voice and shouted, “Don’t tell me it’s someone disguising to be from the outer sect?”

Outer sect?

Disguising?

Han Muye was stunned, and his expression suddenly changed.

Qin Yuanhe!

That hoarse voice belonged to Qin Yuanhe!

Qin Yuanhe of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect!

“Since your eyes are so sharp, let’s dig them out.” A cold voice sounded in front of the Sword Pavilion.

“Brother Lu, be careful!”

Han Muye rushed downstairs.

When he rushed to the first floor and stepped out of the Sword Pavilion, the scene in front of him instantly messed up his sword Qi.

On the stone steps in front of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao’s face was covered in blood. His eye sockets were empty as he gripped the door frame tightly.

In front of the stone steps, two men in green robes stood side by side. One of them had blood on his fingertips.

“Brother Han, quickly go. I’ll guard this door.” Lu Gao gritted his teeth and growled, his arms flailing.

His eyes were bleeding profusely!

Han Muye felt like his blood was about to explode. He reached out to hold Lu Gao’s arm and clenched it tightly. “Brother Lu, I’m here.”

Lu Gao grinned and tried to break free from his palm. “Brother Han, I’ll guard this place.”

Han Muye turned his head, gritted his teeth, and looked at the two people at the bottom of the stone steps.

“Qin Yuanhe, you’re courting death.”

Sword Qi and sword intent intertwined on his body.

Behind him, the flashing golden light on the Sword Pavilion began to tremble.

“Do you know him?”

“Junior Brother Qin, you really have a lot of acquaintances in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Wasn’t Zhou Yan killed by Senior Brother Ge last time?”

“Why don’t you do this one yourself?”

The green-robed man with blood on his hand looked up at Han Muye and sneered.

Beside him, Qin Yuanhe, who was also wearing the robe of an outer sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and carrying a long cloth bag on his back, had a change in expression. He stared at Han Muye and whispered, “It’s you?”

“Boom—”

A roar came from the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Then halos rose.

The dense golden light outside the Sword Pavilion seemed to be getting thinner and thinner.

“Don’t dawdle. The suicide soldiers have already charged into the spiritual land. We don’t have much time left.” The green-robed man beside Qin Yuanhe shouted.

Hearing his words, Qin Yuanhe turned around and left!

Instead of rushing into the Sword Pavilion, he turned around and fled!

The green-robed man’s expression changed. Just as he was about to curse, he saw Han Muye raise his hand in front of the Sword Pavilion.

“Slash—”

A sword light flew out and turned into a shrill crescent moon!

Flying sword.

A spiritual weapon.

Sword intent.

How could there be such a person in the Sword Pavilion?

Didn’t Senior Brother Ge say that all obstacles had been diverted?

How could there be an expert in the Sword Pavilion who could condense sword intent and control spiritual weapons and flying swords?

That was his last thought.

The sword light slashed across his neck, causing blood to spurt out.

Han Muye would kill anyone who dared to hurt Lu Gao.

Qin Yuanhe, who had run 100 feet away, stopped.

A foot-long sword hung silently in front of him.

“I didn’t expect you to be in the Sword Pavilion.”

“Man proposes, God disposes...”

Qin Yuanhe reached out and grabbed the cloth bag on his back before slowly pulling it out.

It was a long, pale sword.

White bone as the hilt, white bone as the blade.

Qin Yuanhe’s figure disappeared.

A pale sword light appeared from Han Muye’s left.

“Slash—”

The small crescent sword blocked the pale sword blade, then shook and quickly retreated.

Qin Yuanhe, who was holding the white bone Sword, appeared at the bottom of the nine stone steps and pointed his sword forward.

“How impressive. You can even calculate the location of my ultimate move.”

“Otherwise, you would have died under my Fox Bone Sword just now.”

Qin Yuanhe looked at Han Muye and his gaze landed on the crescent moon.

“The sword technique of the Moon Essence Sword Sect? Who are you?”

Han Muye did not answer him. Instead, he looked at the sword in Qin Yuanhe’s hand.

“A medium-grade spiritual artifact?”

The sword repelled his spiritual weapon and dispersed his sword intent. It was at least a medium-grade spiritual weapon.

“Spiritual artifact? You can say that.” Qin Yuanhe chuckled and got up again.

His figure flashed like a breeze. When he appeared again, he was already a step away from Han Muye.

A sadness came from the bone sword, almost instantly freezing Han Muye's soul and making his entire body almost completely stiff.

This was the soul suppression from a powerful spiritual artifact!

The pale sword light stabbed at Han Muye's chest.

This sword was extremely powerful!

Looking at the sword approaching him, Han Muye slowly closed his eyes.

Seeing that Han Muye was giving up, Qin Yuanhe revealed a look of joy and his bone sword became faster.

Last time, Han Muye's strength in controlling three sword intents made him feel a chill in his heart. He didn't even dare to snatch back his sword.

This time, it was different!

The blade advanced, already three inches from Han Muye's chest.

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly opened his eyes and muttered.

"Clearance kill?"

Before Qin Yuanhe could understand what he meant, he felt a pain in his left ribs. A sword intent exploded between his chest and abdomen, shattering his sea of Qi and dantian. His arm that was holding the sword instantly lost its strength.

The spiritual energy in his body suddenly dissipated. His body softened and he fell in front of the stone steps.

Blood dripped from the short sword in Han Muye's left hand.

Left hand.

It went against the flow.

In the distance, figures raced over.

Golden light flashed on the Sword Pavilion.

