

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 91 - Heaven Realm Great Demon! -

Chapter 91: Heaven Realm Great Demon!

“Brother Lu, don’t worry. It’s alright now.”

Han Muye reached out to support Lu Gao’s arm, which was tightly gripping the door frame, and spoke softly.

“It’s safe now?” Lu Gao cracked open his mouth. Blood still flowed from his face.

“Yes, it’s protected.” Han Muye nodded.

Lu Gao’s body went limp and he fainted.

Han Muye carried him and turned to look at the people from the Sword Sect standing in front of the stone steps.

“He was injured because of guarding the Sword Pavilion. I hope the sect can treat him with all its might.”

At his words, a green-robed elder standing at the foot of the stone steps nodded and waved his hand. “Send him to the Medical Hall and treat him.”

Two inner sect disciples walked forward and received Lu Gao before sending him to the Medical Hall.

Han Muye looked at him with a complicated expression, and a look of self-reproach flashed across his face.

If he had stayed at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion just now, he would not have made Lu Gao lose his eyes.

“Cultivators of our generation should have seen through life and death long ago. There’s no need to be sad.”

“As the sect experiences this calamity, the disciples of the sect should fight bravely and contribute to the rise of the sect.”

.....

The green-robed elder glanced at Han Muye, then turned to his side.

A few inner sect disciples who were checking on Qin Yuanhe and another person walked forward and whispered among themselves.

The old man's eyes flickered. He waved his hand and the two disciples carried away Qin Yuanhe, who had yet to die. Then, someone wrapped the other person who had already died in a black cloth and carried him away.

"Disciple-Nephew Han, these two are Earth Realm experts of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect." The green-robed elder looked at Han Muye and said softly, "Were you the one who attacked them?"

Earth Realm experts.

One dead and one wounded.

Their wounds were clean and sharp.

Even as an Earth Realm expert, the old man did not dare to say that he could complete such an attack.

Han Muye said nothing. He reached for a small bronze sword and gently inserted it into his hairbun.

The green-robed elder was stunned. His gaze froze for a moment, then he looked up at the sword pavilion that had a golden light surrounding it and nodded.

As an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion, he had borrowed the power of the Sword Pavilion's array formation.

Within a thousand feet of the Sword Pavilion, it could even resist Core Formation cultivators.

It seemed that Elder Gao had arranged everything before he left.

"I'm Bao Xu, one of the deacon elders in charge of the defense of the Nine Mystic Mountain."

"If there's anything in the future, you can directly mobilize the disciples of the Defense Hall."

The old man cupped his hands at Han Muye and raised his hand to take the bone sword that had fallen to the ground.

He studied it carefully, frowning.

“This sword’s forging technique is strange. There’s no special power in the sword. It seems to only be hard.”

As he spoke, he held the sword and handed it to Han Muye. “Disciple-Nephew Han, you can keep this sword in the Sword Pavilion first. When the grading is identified, I will reward you for defending against the enemy.”

Han Muye had defeated an expert from the Great Spiritual Sword Sect outside the Sword Pavilion and obtained a long sword. This sword was considered his spoils of war. If it was accepted into the Sword Pavilion, he had to exchange it for corresponding merit points.

He would be rewarded for his contributions.

That was the rule of the Sword Sect.

Han Muye took the bone sword with both hands and nodded. “Elder Bao, please take care of Brother Lu’s injury.”

Bao Xu nodded. He glanced at the Sword Pavilion behind Han Muye and turned to leave with his disciples.

In the sky, the golden light screen of the protection array slowly dissipated.

The sword light at the top of the Nine Mystic Mountain had long disappeared.

Holding the bone sword, Han Muye’s gaze landed on it.

The green-white and gray sword was covered in faint patterns.

This was not a spiritual pattern engraved on it, but a demonic pattern on the bone sword.

This was a sword made of a demonic beast bone.

Among the swords in the Sword Pavilion, there were also many swords that were neither metal nor iron. There were even several swords made of bamboo.

There were also a few such bone swords.

Just as Bao Xu had said, there was nothing special about the sword in his hand.

However, this sword had just repelled Han Muye's flying sword and dispersed his sword intent.

This sword was definitely extraordinary.

He moved his palm gently and gripped the hilt.

Faint sword Qi entered his body.

The sword Qi was not dense. It was not something a spiritual weapon should have.

Images appeared in his mind.

An old man in a white robe kept grinding a piece of ghastly white bone and muttering.

The sword was made. Someone had placed the sword in a deep cave.

When Qin Yuanhe obtained the long sword, he carefully wrapped it up and did not practice with it.

From the making of the sword to it landing in Qin Yuanhe's hands, the scenes had nothing unusual.

Could it be that, as Bao Xu had said, other than being hard, there was really nothing special about this sword?

Holding the bone sword, Han Muye turned and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

As he walked towards the wooden shelf where the swords were placed, he injected sword Qi into the sword.

One streak.

Ten streaks.

100 streaks.

1,000 streaks.

10,000 streaks.

Han Muye looked surprised.

10,000 sword Qi entered the sword body, but there was no change.

This sword was definitely not ordinary.

The sword's name was Fox Bone.

Could it be made from the demon bone of a fox demon?

'A fox?'

The demonic sword on the third floor had killed a white fox.

Han Muye shuddered and stood still.

Luo Tian's sword had killed a white fox.

His gaze fell with difficulty to the bone sword in his hand.

Which sect had dispatched the Sword Pavilion Elder out?

Why were the Cao family attacked?

Suicide Soldiers attacking a spiritual land was an act of certain death.

Why did Qin Yuanhe and his companions come to the Sword Pavilion?

After Qin Yuanhe obtained this sword, why didn't he refine it or practice it?

Han Muye tried to withdraw the sword Qi that had been poured into the sword, but found it empty.

The sword Qi had disappeared!

Han Muye held the hilt of his sword and felt a chill run down his spine.

All of this was a scheme!

The Great Spiritual Sword Sect had set up this trap at the price of a Grand Supreme, several Earth Realm experts, and countless low-level disciples!

The Three Qin Sword Sect was a trap.

Qin Yuanhe was the mastermind.

The target at the end of this scheme was the Sword Pavilion.

The great demon suppressed under the Sword Pavilion!

The Great Spiritual Sword Sect wanted to take drastic measures and release the demons to destroy the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in one go!

“Young mister, what are you thinking?”

A gentle voice sounded behind Han Muye.

Han Muye slowly turned and looked at the female cultivator in white leaning against a wooden shelf.

He knew this female cultivator.

On his first night in the Sword Pavilion, they had almost dual cultivated.

Her black hair was like a waterfall, and her almond eyes were seductive.

“Mister, why are you looking at me like that? There’s only a man and a woman in the Sword Pavilion. Could it be that you...” The female cultivator chuckled and disappeared.

When she reappeared, she was already behind Han Muye. She leaned close to his ear and blew gently.

Her breath was warm.

But it made Han Muye feel cold.

He could not sense this female cultivator disappearing in front of him.

Even if he had the sword intent, he did not know where to activate it.

A Heaven Realm Great Demon!

This was the great demon suppressed under the Sword Pavilion!

This person was not someone he could deal with!

Han Muye rushed out of the Sword Pavilion.

However, as he moved, his entire body suddenly froze.

His body did not move at all.

It was a suppression from the heart to the body.

Was it the power of the Heaven Realm?

A small white hand pressed against Han Muye's shoulder.

"Young Master, you provoked me first. Do you want to leave now?"

The female cultivator raised her hand and passed under Han Muye's armpit, holding the bone sword in his hand.

"If it weren't for you, how could I have gotten back the tailbone that was cut off from me back then..."

The female cultivator appeared in front of Han Muye. The bone sword in her hand slowly softened and turned into a snow-white fox tail.

Holding the fox tail, a look of nostalgia flashed across the female cultivator's face, and her eyes revealed a hint of madness and hatred.

"Hehe, a beautiful woman brings calamity to a country."

"I severed my tail and meridians for you, but you used the Nine Mystic Sword to suppress me forever."

"Alright, then I'll be a demon..."

"If you want peace in the world, I won't give it to you."

In the female cultivator's hand, the fox tail turned into a white bone sword again. Then, it condensed into a three-inch sword that was sparkling like jade.

A green light flashed in her eyes. She took a step forward and met Han Muye's face, only a few inches away.

"Young mister, am I beautiful?"

Chapter 92: Using the soul of a Heaven Realm demon to condense a sword!

'I don't want to die.'

It was strange, Han Muye thought as he looked at that beautiful face.

His body was frozen in place, unable to move at all. His entire mind seemed to have cracked open.

On one hand, it was restrained by a strange force and had to stare into the female cultivator's eyes.

On the other hand, his mind was moving fast, trying its best to mobilize the sword Qi and sword intent in his sea of Qi and dantian, wanting to fight to his death.

Han Muye did not speak, and the female cultivator's smile widened.

"No wonder you were chosen by the Nine Mystic Sword. You're really quite capable. At the very least, not many people in the Sword Pavilion can maintain such composure."

The female cultivator raised her hand and gently placed it on Han Muye's shoulder. She stroked his cheek and the top of his head, then gently clasped the small bronze sword in his hair.

"Hum—"

The small sword shook and moved off the female cultivator's palm.

For the first time, the female cultivator looked surprised.

Instead, she chuckled.

"Okay, okay, you're unwilling to be controlled by me. But I can control him." As soon as she finished speaking, she raised the shiny three-inch sword in her hand and stabbed it straight between Han Muye's eyebrows.

.....

The sword light turned into a cocoon of light that enveloped Han Muye, and the female cultivator's body dissipated.

Submit.

A desire to kneel down immediately rose in Han Muye's mind.

This female cultivator was extremely beautiful. He should protect her for the rest of his life.

This thought instantly sprouted and grew into a towering tree in his heart.

"Yo, you're still practising with the sword bone? Coincidentally, my demonic bone is connected to the sword bone condensation technique. You're lucky."

The female cultivator's gentle voice sounded in Han Muye's mind.

Then, he felt as if all the bones in his body were about to be pulled out. His mind shook, and his legs went limp. He wanted to kneel.

All of this was his body response due to his controlled mind.

However, his other mind was watching and waiting.

Streams of green and white aura poured into his body, causing his originally jade-colored bones to have an additional layer of spiritual light.

Spiritual light surged, and a section of his spine turned into a hazy white jade.

The female cultivator appeared in his mind.

"Submit to me and take out the Nine Mystic Sword that suppresses my main body." In his mind, the female cultivator's voice was filled with endless charm.

Han Muye's soul seemed to want to give in unconditionally and agree.

Now!

His observing soul descended.

Han Muye, who had been motionless, trembled, and all the sword Qi and sword intent in his sea of Qi and dantian exploded.

“Hum—”

At this moment, the sword Qi around him condensed into a light wall!

Using the sword intent as a screen, he blocked out all spiritual energy.

In his mind, the female cultivator’s eyes widened.

“Are you isolating me from sensing my main body?”

“How many breaths can you suppress me with your cultivation?”

The female cultivator looked amused. She raised her hand and pointed at the void in front of her.

“With your weak soul, are you intending to die and become a living dead?”

Originally, Han Muye had eight sword intents in his sea of Qi.

There were still nearly 10,000 sword Qi condensed in his sea of Qi.

Just now, at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, he had killed the Great Spiritual Sword Sect’s Earth Realm expert and consumed a sword intent.

The battle with Qin Yuanhe consumed two sword intents.

At this moment, the remaining five sword intents and tens of thousands of scattered sword Qi exploded at once.

His soul could not activate such a powerful force at all.

Just like how the Sword Caretaker who cultivated the Sword Condensing Technique could only activate the power of the Hundred Breath Realm, Han Muye could only activate these sword Qi and sword intent for less than ten breaths.

After ten breaths, his soul would collapse. Even if he did not die, his soul would turn into nothingness and become a living dead with no soul.

“Alright, when your soul dissipates, I’ll occupy this body and refine it until I reincarnate.”

“At that time, my main body will disappear, and my reincarnation will control the Nine Mystic Sword and become a peerless sword immortal. Interesting, interesting.”

The female cultivator’s eyes flickered.

Han Muye ignored her.

There was no time.

Two out of ten breaths had passed.

“Soul condensation into sword.”

“Sword control with soul.” A low voice sounded in Han Muye’s mind.

The female cultivator’s expression changed.

“You, you want to condense your soul into a sword? You want to cultivate the Sword Condensing Technique?”

“You can condense a sword with your weak soul?”

“I’m afraid your soul will collapse before the sword is condensed...”

For the first time, Han Muye replied to the female cultivator, “It’s not my soul condensing into a sword. It’s yours, Senior.”

As soon as he finished speaking, countless sword lights lit up in Han Muye’s mind.

The female cultivator wanted to retreat, but she was surrounded by the sword light. Then, she was minced into pieces.

This was happening within Han Muye’s body. This was the divine spot where his soul lived. He had the final say here!

It was true that the female cultivator was the soul of a Heaven Realm great demon.

However, it was only a wisp of her soul.

Her main body was suppressed by the Nine Mystic Sword.

If Han Muye had not brought the bone sword to the Sword Pavilion, this female cultivator's soul power might not have been activated.

Just now, Han Muye had unleashed all his sword intent and instantly turned it into a barrier. In ten breaths, he had severed his connection with the outside world.

This also cut off the connection between the soul body and the main body of the demon.

In the divine spot, sword light rose.

All the fragments condensed into a small clear sword.

The sword was three inches long and surrounded by a halo. It spun gently.

“Sword of the Soul.”

Han Muye whispered.

He condensed soul into a sword.

The small sword in the divine spot had already materialized.

Han Muye needed 60 years to condense such a soul sword.

However, the soul fragment of a Heaven Realm demon was much more condensed than his soul.

The Sword Condensing Technique condensed the soul of a Heaven Realm demon into a sword!

With this sword, he could fight a Heaven Realm expert within a hundred breaths!

“Hum—”

The sword Qi barrier around Han Muye began to gather and dissipate.

His body trembled as he collected the scattered sword Qi into his body.

When all the sword Qi landed in his dantian and sea of Qi, there were only two sword intents left and less than 3,000 sword Qi remaining.

In his sea of Qi, the fire-type sword intent that he had obtained from Patriarch Tao Ran's Purple Flame Sword vibrated, and another sword intent that was like a breeze spun with it.

Most of his sword intent had been depleted.

It was worth it.

Han Muye smiled.

Although his body was weak and his face was pale because his soul was trembling and his sword intent was exhausted.

It was worth it to exchange it for the sword in the divine spot!

Han Muye's eyes shone brightly. The power of the sword of the soul in his divine spot seeped in, causing his soul to rapidly increase.

"What a ruthless little fellow..."

On the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, a voice floated out.

Han Muye snorted coldly, and the sword of the soul in his divine spot trembled slightly.

"Hum—"

Countless swords in the entire Sword Pavilion responded!

The faint voice of the great demon paused and disappeared.

At this moment, Han Muye was no longer afraid of the great demon suppressed by the Nine Mystic Sword!

"Brother Han!"

Outside the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six's anxious voice sounded.

Han Muye turned around and walked over. Huang Six rushed into the Sword Pavilion in two steps and reached out to grab Han Muye's arm. He looked Han Muye up and down and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that his face was only pale and his body was fine.

"When I arrived at the mountain gate, I heard that the Sword Pavilion was attacked. I even heard that someone was injured."

Han Muye nodded and said softly, "Brother Lu's eyes are injured."

Huang Six's hands trembled.

"The Sword Pavilion will provide for him," Huang Six said solemnly.

Even if Lu Gao could no longer see and could not do anything else in the Sword Sect, the Sword Pavilion could support him.

Han Muye was touched. He nodded slightly and asked softly, "What's the situation with the Cao family?"

The Cao family was quite important to the Sword Sect.

Hearing Han Muye's question, Huang Six's expression darkened.

"The head of the Cao family is seriously injured and has lost an arm. I don't know when he will wake up."

"Elder Su Liang said that even if he wakes up, his ability to refine weapons will probably be lost."

With his arm broken, he probably had less than 30% of his forging skills left.

"Also, the Cao family's direct descendant was abducted by the Great Spiritual Sword Sect."

"That's the trouble."

Han Muye's expression was also gloomy.

The Cao family's direct descendant was in the hands of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, so the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was afraid of harming them.

The Cao family was also held back. It would always be a hidden danger in the future.

“Sigh, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is the third of the four major sword sects and one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. Why is it like a sieve?”

Huang Six shook his head, his expression complicated.

As a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he had enjoyed the transcendence of a disciple of a large sect.

However, at this moment, it was as if the tiger skin of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had been torn open, revealing its riddled body.

This was difficult for Huang Six to accept.

A cold glint appeared in Han Muye’s eyes as he said in a low voice, “Brother, I’m going out for a while.”

Chapter 93: I'll bring the Elder back

Huang Six was stunned to hear him say that.

Han Muye left and strode away.

Behind him, the shadows of blood-colored iron bulls appeared.

These iron bull phantoms condensed and almost became corporeal.

This was the enhancement of his power because of the demonic bone. To Han Muye, it was an unexpected gain.

Han Muye moved with quick strides and when he stopped, he was already standing outside the market near the Medical Hall.

His blood Qi soared, and his expression was cold. Coupled with his white inner sect clothes, no one dared to approach him.

When he reached the outside of Suzhen Building, Han Muye’s suppressed aura had already made the people at the door subconsciously retreat.

Han Muye was standing outside Suzhen Building.

The people who were choosing various medicinal pills, spiritual herbs and materials quietly walked out and dispersed.

“Senior Brother Han?”

...

Bai Suzhen walked out of the shop and was slightly stunned when she saw Han Muye.

Looking up at Han Muye’s expression, Bai Suzhen trembled.

“Bai Suzhen, I want you to give me an explanation.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

For some reason, when she heard Han Muye’s words, Bai Suzhen felt a chill run down her spine, as if a cold aura was pressing down on her.

Was it sword Qi or sword intent?

Wasn’t this Senior Brother Han the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker? How could he have cultivated sword Qi?

Turning to look around, Bai Suzhen lowered her voice and said, “Senior Brother Han, you might have misunderstood something.”

“Let’s talk inside the store.”

Seeing that Han Muye didn’t answer, Bai Suzhen said softly, “Senior Brother Han, it’s better not to let outsiders know about some things.”

Then she turned and walked into the store.

Han Muye walked into the store with a dark expression and followed her to the second floor.

“Senior Brother Han, do you think I provided those suicide soldiers with pills?”

Bai Suzhen turned around and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye looked at her.

Bai Suzhen shook her head and sighed. “Senior Brother Han, the business of selling supreme-grade pills can make me rich. Why should I take the risk to harm the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

“That won’t do me the slightest bit of good.”

Han Muye was still staring at her.

Bai Suzhen had a bitter expression as she spread her hands and said, “Senior Brother Han, there’s nothing I can do if you don’t believe me.”

“If you really don’t believe me, I’ll let you deal the punishments then.”

Then she closed her eyes and raised her head, exposing her snow-white neck.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and pondered for a moment before saying calmly, “An Earth Realm expert wanted to step foot into the Sword Pavilion today.”

An Earth Realm expert!

Bai Suzhen trembled and widened her eyes.

“How dare they—”

At this point, her eyes revealed sudden realization. She said in a low voice, “No wonder Sect Master Jin went to the Tai Yi Sword Sect.”

“So it’s for the great demon that was suppressed within the Sword Pavilion...”

Tai Yi Sword Sect.

The leader of the Four Great Sword Sects.

Bai Suzhen actually knew about the Sword Pavilion suppressing the great demon and even said that this matter was related to the Sect Master’s departure.

Han Muye frowned and stared at Bai Suzhen. “Are you saying that the Sect Master did all of this on purpose?”

The Sword Pavilion Elder was saving people at Deer Park Mountain thousands of kilometers away.

The three Grand Elders were guarding a thousand miles away.

The sect master was visiting the Tai Yi Sword Sect.

The entire Nine Mystic Mountain was at its most defenseless state.

If the great demon was released at this time, everything would just be a coincidence?

“Impossible. There are countless disciples on the Nine Mystic Mountain. How can the sect master allow a great demon to appear?” Han Muye shook his head.

“Hehe, the great demon wreaking havoc?” Bai Suzhen chuckled with a calm expression. “At this moment, that Supreme Elder of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, the number one swordsman of the Western Frontier, might already be tens of thousands of kilometers away.”

The number one swordsman in the Western Frontier, Tu Sunshi, was the Grand Elder of the Tai Yi Sword Sect.

If this person had attacked, he might really be able to kill a Heaven Realm demon.

After all, that great demon had been suppressed for ten thousand years. It must be extremely weak.

“Sect Master has no reason to do this, right?” Han Muye’s voice was less certain and more hesitant.

“The Sword Pavilion Elder had died, the Nine Mystic Mountain’s gate was broken by a great demon, and countless disciples had died. Is it too much for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect Master to personally refine the Nine Mystic Sword of the demon?” Bai Suzhen said softly and looked at Han Muye.

“With all five lineages gathered, and Sect Master Jin Ze, who was known to control metal, personally in charge of the Nine Mystic Sword, I’m afraid only the three sects in the entire Western Border can suppress such power.”

Three sects and three Heaven Realm experts.

All his schemes were for the sake of refining the Nine Mystic Sword.

Just for this sword that could kill a Heaven Realm expert, he was willing to let bloodshed run down the Nine Mystic Mountain?

Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Cut off all ties in order to embark on an immortal path.

In the eyes of those great cultivators, other than their own strength and cultivation, what else could they not sacrifice?

Perhaps only this explanation could explain why the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, one of the four major sword sects, was in chaos that day?

Some people had ulterior motives, some went with the flow, and some added fuel to the fire.

All the schemes were for the sake of the Western Frontier.

Among them, be it disciples or elders who were sacrificed, they were not worth mentioning.

“Senior Brother Han, how many of those experts in the cultivation world who have lived for countless years were not cold-blooded?”

Bai Suzhen looked into Han Muye’s eyes. “Just like Senior Brother Han, will you hesitate when you really want to kill me one day?”

Kill Bai Suzhen?

Han Muye lowered his head and didn’t answer.

Who knew about the matters in the cultivation world?

Seeing Han Muye’s expression, Bai Suzhen smiled and took a step forward. “Senior Brother Han, if you and I become enemies in the future, I’ll definitely let you off.”

Han Muye looked up at her.

Bai Suzhen’s eyes were clear.

“I’m going to Deer Park Mountain. Can you help me?” Han Muye suddenly spoke again.

His words stunned Bai Suzhen.

“I have to get to Deer Park Mountain before Elder Gao attacks. Can you do it?” Han Muye asked again.

Bai Suzhen looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a pill appeared in his palm.

It was shiny and round.

Essence Energy Nurturing Pill

It was supreme-grade.

“Do you know that even if you send the Three Qin Sword Sect’s Broken Beam Sword over, this battle can’t be avoided?”

“You can’t stop it.”

Bai Suzhen looked conflicted. She looked at the pill and said in a low voice, “The pill is good, but if I send you to Deer Park Mountain, will you still be able to come back alive to refine pills?”

Who else in this world could save the Sword Pavilion Elder?

At least no one in the Western Frontier could save him, right?

No matter how many secrets Han Muye had and how many tricks he had up his sleeve, were they useful in front of a great cultivator?

Looking at Han Muye’s face, Bai Suzhen felt an inexplicable emotion.

In this world, the only person who was willing to personally go to Deer Park Mountain and save the Sword Pavilion Elder was probably this person in front of her, right?

The entire Western Frontier was waiting for the Sword Pavilion Elder to attack.

“Don’t worry, I’ll come back alive.” There was an undeniable determination in Han Muye’s voice.

Bai Suzhen nodded and took a deep breath. She said in a low voice, “I’ll wait for you outside the Nine Mystic Mountain in an hour.”

Han Muye smiled and placed the pill on the table. He said softly, “Let’s split the profit 50-50.”

Then he turned and strode away.

Bai Suzhen stood there, holding the pill in her palm. She bit her lip and didn’t speak.

...

It took Han Muye less than 15 minutes to return to the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six, who had been waiting at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, hurried over.

Han Muye walked forward and patted Huang Six on the shoulder with a smile.

This confused Huang Six for a moment.

He walked into the quiet room, put away the White Tiger Scroll on the wall, and carried the Purple Flame and Destiny swords on his back. Then he straightened his clothes and walked out.

When he arrived in front of the wooden frame of the Sword Pavilion, his body trembled. A sword Qi spread out and entered his body.

The sword intent hidden in the first level of the Sword Pavilion was gathered by him.

After putting away his sword intent, he strode out of the Sword Pavilion.

At the door, Huang Six’s expression changed when he saw the two swords on his back.

“Brother, I’ll leave the Sword Pavilion to you.”

Han Muye strode out of the Sword Pavilion and down the stone steps.

“Where are you going?” Huang Six chased after him.

“I’ll bring the Elder back,” Han Muye said loudly without looking back.

Chapter 94: In front of Deer Park Mountain, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords

‘Bring the elder back?’

Huang Six was still in a daze. When Han Muye had walked hundreds of feet away, only then did he widen his eyes.

“You—you’re going to Deer Park Mountain!”

The Sword Pavilion Elder was at Deer Park Mountain.

Han Muye was going to Deer Park Mountain?

Clenching his fists, Huang Six’s expression changed. In the end, he shouted, “I’ll go too!”

Hearing his words, Han Muye stopped in his tracks and turned around with a smile. “Brother, didn’t you say that eggs can’t be placed in the same basket?”

“If we are all going, we are really placing all our chances in a basket.”

Hearing his words, Huang Six glared at him and said, “Even so, I should be the one to go.”

“Guard the Sword Pavilion.”

Han Muye shook his head, his eyes cold.

...

Huang Six trembled and felt dizzy.

When he regained consciousness, Han Muye was no longer in front of him.

“Sword Condensing Technique.”

“Kid, you still ended up cultivating it...”

Huang Six looked confused. He looked at the mountains in the distance, not knowing if he was sad or helpless.

“We’re all mortals. We cultivate for freedom. We don’t cultivate for the sake of our emotions.”

“But in the end, why it is so difficult to achieve this?”

Han Muye walked to the entrance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, where a small wooden cart was parked.

“Senior Brother Han, let’s go.”

Bai Suzhen stuck her head out of the carriage window and waved at him.

Han Muye nodded and walked quickly to the carriage.

The driver, who was sitting in front of the carriage with a bamboo hat, turned around and was slightly stunned to see Han Muye.

Han Muye hadn’t expected this either.

It was Shopkeeper He.

It was Shopkeeper He from the Zhenling Treasure Shop at the foot of the mountain.

“So the close friend you’re talking about is this friend.”

Elder He looked at Han Muye and smiled.

“As expected of someone Miss thinks highly of. An extraordinary person.”

At this moment, Shopkeeper He did not have the aura of a businessman at all. Instead, he had a domineering aura that made people not dare to look at him directly.

“Uncle He, you know each other? That’s even better.”

Bai Suzhen smiled and said to Han Muye, “Only with Uncle He’s help can we reach Deer Park Mountain as soon as possible.”

Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands at Storekeeper He. "Thank you, Senior."

Hearing his words, Storekeeper He waved his hand and said, "No need for any thanks, you're Miss's good friend."

At this point, he grinned and said, "In the future, you can come to my Zhenling Treasure Store more often to support my business."

Han Muye nodded, stepped into the carriage, and bent down to sit opposite Bai Suzhen.

"Senior Brother Han, Uncle He is an Earth Realm expert. He has a spiritual artifact flying vessel that can allow us to reach Deer Park Mountain thousands of kilometers away before sunset."

As the carriage started, Bai Suzhen looked at Han Muye and whispered.

They could travel thousands of kilometer in a day. This speed was much faster than Han Muye had expected.

He looked up at Bai Suzhen.

This storeowner Bai's identity was probably not simple.

She opened a small shop on the Nine Mystic Mountain, but the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not pay notice to her.

At the foot of the mountain, there was also an Earth Realm expert who had a spiritual artifact that could travel thousands of kilometers a day.

The influence behind her should be from the top three sects in the Western Frontier.

Seeing the light in Han Muye's eyes, Bai Suzhen smiled, then leaned closer and said softly, "Senior Brother Han, this is all I can help you with."

"You and I are not in the Earth Realm, so we can't be part of such a major event in the Western Frontier."

After a pause, she looked at the two swords on Han Muye's back and said in a low voice, "Senior Brother Han, it's already rare for you to have the intention to save the Sword Pavilion elders with all your might."

Han Muye nodded and sat up straight.

He understood what Bai Suzhen meant.

It was already Bai Suzhen's limit to help him reach Deer Park Mountain.

He, Han Muye, was not qualified to let Bai Suzhen use the influence behind her.

Unless he had already entered the Earth Realm.

Perhaps even ordinary Earth Realm experts did not have such treatment.

The carriage stopped at the side of the road after only 15 minutes.

"Miss, Little Friend Han, please alight from the carriage."

Storekeeper He's voice sounded.

Han Muye and Bai Suzhen got out of the carriage. Storekeeper He raised his hand, and a bone boat the size of a walnut turned into a 20-foot-long green boat, hanging at a height of 10 feet.

Storekeeper He flew and landed at the front of the small boat. Bai Suzhen's figure flashed and she landed outside the cabin.

The shadow of an iron bull floated behind Han Muye. He took a step forward and jumped onto the small boat.

"Why don't you all sit in the cabin? It's windy out here."

As Storekeeper He spoke, the small boat began to slowly drift forward. It became faster and faster, bringing with it a strong wind that made it impossible to open their eyes.

Han Muye and Bai Suzhen entered the cabin. Dark golden streams of light flashed around the cabin, and they immediately could not feel the powerful astral wind.

Han Muye sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, so Bai Suzhen, who wanted to talk to him, could only remain silent.

At this moment, Han Muye projected his divine sense and began to check the changes in his body, so that he could estimate how many techniques he was capable of.

His spiritual energy cultivation was at the sixth level of the Essence Cultivation Realm. Although his dantian was as wide as those in the Qi Condensation Realm, it was negligible in a place like Deer Park Mountain.

His body tempering capabilities were at the ninth level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm, which was better than nothing. Even if there was an additional sword bone, it would not increase his combat strength greatly.

He controlled hundreds of sword techniques of various levels and activated them with the sword Qi refined from spiritual energy and dantian. With the Purple Flame and Destiny in his hand, he could block against a Foundation Establishment for a moment.

There were five sword intents and a lot of scattered sword Qi in his Sea of Qi.

The sword intent could support him to use the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords a few times. When he activated the spiritual artifact flying sword in his sleeve, he could fight an Earth Realm expert.

The White Tiger Scroll on him could also allow him to fight an Earth Realm expert for a moment.

However, none of these could save the Sword Pavilion Elder.

The only chance was the soul sword condensed by the Sword Condensing Technique.

In the divine spot, the small soul sword shone and continuously refined the power of the soul.

In just half a day, Han Muye could already sense that his soul power had increased by a hundred times.

If this small sword stayed in the divine spot for a long time, he felt that he could condense another sword of the soul.

The sword of the soul could fight a Heaven Realm expert within a hundred breaths.

This was all Han Muye had.

Could these save Elder Gao?

If only the Great Spiritual Sword Sect wanted Elder Gao to die, Han Muye was confident of saving him.

However, in the Western Frontier, how many people wanted Elder Gao to die on Deer Park Mountain?

The flying boat shook, and Han Muye opened his eyes.

“Hehe, it’s nothing. An elder from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is asking so I greeted him.” Storekeeper He’s voice came from outside the cabin.

With the capability of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it would be strange if no one came to investigate.

Clearly, the forces behind Storeowner He and Bai Suzhen were not enemies of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This was good news for Han Muye.

A moment later, the boat rose again.

This time there was no other stopping.

The wind howled, covering thousands of kilometers in an instant.

“Boom—”

At some point, the flying boat suddenly trembled.

“We’re here.”

Outside the cabin, Storekeeper He’s voice was a little hoarse.

Han Muye took a step forward and stood on the front of the boat.

Ahead, the endless green mountains were glistening under the afterglow of the setting sun.

The mountains and rivers were vast.

A long sword that supported the sky had its sword light competing with the setting sun.

“Are we late?” Bai Suzhen, who had walked out of the cabin, looked at the sword and asked softly.

The Heaven-Supporting Sword slowly stabbed forward.

Behind the sword, a Daoist in a green robe stepped forward with his hands behind his back.

“Although I’m old and weak on the Nine Mystic Mountain, I have to repay the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for its many years of training.”

“We sword cultivators should use the sword as our bones and the sword as our heart.”

“Condense endless sword Qi and obtain a swift sword.”

“This sword is called, Ancestral Return of—”

Chapter 95: Kid, how about my sword?

“Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords—”

Han Muye clenched his fists and stood at the bow of the boat.

It was Master Mo Yuan.

The Patriarch of Swords.

With his Qi Condensation cultivation, he controlled a sword intent and condensed thousands of sword Qi that shook the surrounding five kilometers.

This strike was called Ancestral Return of 10,000 swords.

The strike was powerful.

However, he was definitely not a match for the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Mu Tieyang, who was at the perfected Core Formation realm.

Han Muye knew why Mo Yuan had attacked.

To repay the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for 200 years of nurturing.

For the last journey of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

...

Therefore, he could ask for guidance from a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

It was also to let the world know that mortals could fight a Heaven Realm expert with a mortal sword!

"Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords," Han Muye whispered as he watched the sword move forward.

"Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?" Bai Suzhen's eyes lit up. She stood on her tiptoes and looked into the distance. "Is that the Myriad Sword Ancestor?"

"What an awesome Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!" Spiritual energy surged from Shopkeeper He's body as he stared at Mo Yuan, who was walking forward with his hands behind his back. "This is how we should cultivate."

Bai Suzhen nodded.

Although the peak of the Earth Realm was in front, he was unyielding and walked forward with his sword.

This was a sword cultivator!

"Boom—"

In front of the huge sword, a bronze sword light rose.

The sword light was simple but magnificent.

That sword was terrifying.

The cold sword light dyed the afterglow of the setting sun ice-blue.

The sword light collided with the illusory sword, and the sound of the sword rang through the world.

One breath.

Three breaths.

Ten breaths.

Ten breaths later, with a long sigh, the illusory sword shattered. Mo Yuan's figure turned around and fell.

"He's still too weak in the end." Shopkeeper He shook his head and said regretfully.

Too weak.

That was a half-step into the Heaven Realm, the peak of the Western Frontier. No matter how strong the Myriad Sword Ancestor's sword technique was, he was unable to resist it.

It was already the limit to resist ten breaths.

The sword light condensed by the Myriad Sword Ancestor shattered, and the bronze sword light chased after him.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and was about to fly out when he suddenly stopped.

Behind him, Purple flames and Destiny shook.

The flying sword in his sleeve made a soft sound.

Beside him, Bai Suzhen and Shopkeeper He's swords rang.

They weren't the only ones.

Ahead, sword cries sounded like heavenly music.

In a radius of 50 kilometers, 10,000 swords roared!

All the swords seemed to have met their king and kowtowed!

Rays of sword light condensed into a rainbow that traversed the world.

"Fellow Daoist Mo's strike is not bad. After cultivating for a hundred years, it can kill a Heaven Realm expert."

An old voice spoke, its voice drowning out all other sword cries.

The Sword Pavilion Elder, who was dressed in a green robe and had white hair and beard, stepped onto the sword light bridge and floated in the air.

He reached out into the void.

Mo Yuan's shattered sword slowly condensed.

The sword emitted an extremely dazzling sword light.

"Gao Changgong of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion invites Fellow Daoist Mu Tieyang of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect to a match of death."

The Sword Pavilion elder's voice seemed to fall from the sky, and there was a rumble for a hundred miles.

This was the power of the Sword Pavilion Elder!

In these hundred breaths, he could fight a Heaven Realm expert.

When he attacked, he could kill anyone lower than the Heaven Realm!

Han Muye stood at the bow, anxiety flashing across his face, but he couldn't move at all.

"Watch carefully, kid."

"I've cultivated this sword for 60 years."

The Sword Pavilion Elder's voice sounded in Han Muye's ears. It was gentle, with a hint of relief and incomparable pride.

The sword of soul in Han Muye's divine spot vibrated, but it could not rush out.

He thought that if he rushed to Deer Park Mountain, he could stop the Sword Pavilion Elder from attacking.

He thought that the sword of the soul in his divine spot could replace the sword of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

But standing here, he realized that his soul sword was not even qualified to attack in front of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

The soul sword nurtured for 60 years was not focused on the condensation in sword intent.

The sword that he had cultivated for 60 years nurtured one's essence, energy, and spirit. It was a fatal move!

"Alright, to be able to withstand Fellow Daoist Gao's sword, I have no regrets."

In front of him, an old man in a black robe held an ancient bronze sword and faced the Sword Pavilion elder.

He pointed his sword at the Sword Pavilion Elder, and the shadow of a mountain floated on his body.

Sword momentum!

Although it was illusory, it had already become a half-step great power!

Half-step sword momentum, peak of the Earth Realm.

Could such combat strength withstand the Hundred Breath Realm?

At this moment, everyone's gaze was on the two people in the void in front of them.

Not only within a radius of a hundred kilometers, but even thousands of kilometers away, countless people's attention were attracted to the battlefield.

This sword strike that day would determine the future of the Western Frontier and the fate of the two large sects!

Han Muye stared straight ahead.

At this moment, he slowly calmed down.

Just like how Master Mo Yuan wanted to attack, the Sword Pavilion Elder had waited countless years for this strike!

Wasn't the reason why his soul nurtured the sword for 60 years to fight against an expert like Mu Tieyang and obtain some luck for the sect?

Cultivation, sword cultivation, other than immortality, it was killing, right?

He had no regrets killing a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

The moment Han Muye thought it through, all the suppressing influence on him dissipated.

In front of him, the Sword Pavilion Elder stabbed out with his sword.

The sword flashed brightly.

It was brighter than the sunset, as if the sky had turned upside down.

The cold blade seemed to freeze the mountains and rivers in an instant, causing the vegetation to wither.

It was fast.

This sword flashed faster than a meteor.

“Clang—”

The sound of swords clashing rang out.

The voice seemed to be in his ear, but also seemed to be thousands of miles away.

The sword light dimmed, and the setting sun disappeared into the horizon.

In the void, a sword cry sounded.

The Sword Pavilion elder stood in the air, his hands behind his back.

In front of him, the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Mu Tieyang, held a broken sword and pressed one hand on his chest.

“There’s nothing I can do...”

As Mu Tieyang fell, several figures rushed out from below and caught him.

No one spoke. The disciples of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect all flew away.

The sword Qi around the Sword Pavilion Elder began to dissipate, and his figure slowly fell.

Han Muye took a deep breath and said indifferently, "If you and I become enemies in the future, I'll let you off."

With that, he moved like a sword light and rushed down the flying ship.

On the flying ship, Bai Suzhen's eyes flickered before finally turning into a smile.

"This guy is quite interesting."

Beside her, Shopkeeper He turned around and looked at Han Muye, who had flown down. In the end, he did not speak.

"Let's go. If someone from the Shangyang Demonic Sect appears here, it will definitely leave a trace," Bai Suzhen whispered and turned to step into the cabin.

The Shangyang Demonic Sect was the second of the nine sects of the Western Frontier and the leader of the demonic path of the Western Frontier.

The Sect Master of the Shangyang Demonic Sect, Li Mubai, was the number one expert of the demonic path in the Western Frontier, a Heaven Realm expert.

Shopkeeper He nodded. Spiritual light wrapped around the flying ship as he muttered, "Actually, this kid is really not bad..."

...

Han Muye flew down the mountain. Sword lights flashed warily and retreated.

He was wearing the inner sect clothes of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and there was no killing intent on his body.

Landing on the mountain rock, Han Muye flew forward and strode to the top of the mountain.

On the mountain peak, inner sect disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect protected each other with swords. In the middle was Mo Yuan, who had fallen

to the ground. He stood on the limestone and looked at the Sword Pavilion Elder in the distance, as well as the green-robed fire lineage elder, Su Yuan.

“Kid, how’s my strike?”

The Sword Pavilion Elder turned around and looked at Han Muye, who was running over.

“The brilliant heavenly might can sweep through the world with a sword,” Han Muye said loudly.

The Sword Pavilion Elder laughed and pointed at Han Muye. “Did you come just to see me attack?”

Han Muye shook his head and walked forward. He looked at Mo Yuan, then looked up and said, “I’m here to bring you back to the Sword Pavilion.”

“Back to the Sword Pavilion...” The Sword Pavilion Elder’s expression changed as he turned around and looked at the place where the last afterglow had disappeared.

“Alright, let’s go back to the Sword Pavilion.”

Chapter 96: Mo Yuan’s Decision

On the Deer Park Mountain, at Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s camp base.

The disciples who were scattered everywhere were chatting happily.

In that day’s battle, the might of the Sword Pavilion Elder’s Heavenly Sword stirred up their excitement.

What was even more exciting was that the fall of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was a set outcome.

Perhaps the last seat of the four major sword sects in the Western Frontier would have to be occupied by another faction.

On the other hand, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s great victory that day would once again shake up the Western Frontier and establish a century-old change.

Who wouldn’t be happy to be in a sect that was about to rise in power?

On the peak of the mountain, there were a few green tents.

In one of them, Han Muye and Mo Yuan sat opposite each other.

At this moment, Mo Yuan's face was a little pale, but his eyes were bright.

"Kid Han, do you know that I was 1,000 feet away from Elder Gao when he used that move today?"

Mo Yuan waved his hand gently with an excited expression.

"I understand what my Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is lacking now."

.....

He clenched his fists and waved them agitatedly. "What's missing is the real 10,000 sword!"

"After 200 years, I've still wasted my time."

"The sword techniques circulating in the outer sect have too little effect on condensing sword intent."

...

At this moment, Mo Yuan seemed to be a little crazy. He repeatedly recounted his insights and talked about his deduction of the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

"Elder Gao is right. After cultivating for a hundred years, one can even fight the Heaven Realm."

He clenched his fists and muttered softly, as if he was talking to Han Muye or himself.

Cultivating for a hundred years.

But after that strike that day, Mo Yuan's lifespan should be less than a hundred years, right?

The sword intent that Han Muye had given him was the foundation for Mo Yuan's breakthrough.

After exhausting this sword intent that day, Mo Yuan's lifespan had decreased by at least 70%.

Mo Yuan looked up and grinned when he met with Han Muye's gaze.

"Kid, I know what you're thinking."

"We sword cultivators are indifferent to life and death."

"I've thought about it. I'm going to the East Sea."

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

The East Sea was among the five territories of the Heavenly Mystic World with the most abundant sword Dao. It was said that there was a Heaven Realm sword cultivator who could cut mountains and seas with a single sword.

"Master, the East Sea is too far away. Your sword intent is depleted now. Why don't you rest for a while?" Han Muye said in a low voice.

The East Sea was millions of kilometers away.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mo Yuan laughed and waved his hand. "It's fine. At most, I'll die on the way without regrets."

He looked at Han Muye with bright eyes. "With my contributions, the Mo family has nothing to worry about."

"With your inheritance, the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords will definitely flourish."

"If I don't leave now, when will I?"

Han Muye nodded and did not persuade him further.

Mo Yuan could cultivate his sword for 200 years. With such a temperament, outsiders could not change his mind.

He reached out and placed a small jade bottle on the table.

This was the lifespan-extending pill that Mo Yuan had given him back then.

It could extend one's lifespan by a year.

After a moment of silence, Han Muye took out a small sword from his sleeve and placed it on the table.

Spiritual weapon, Flowing Moon Sword.

"Master, come back in a hundred years."

Han Muye spoke in a low voice. Then he stood up, bowed to Mo Yuan, and turned to walk out of the tent.

Mo Yuan watched him leave. After a long time, he looked down at the small sword and the Lifespan-extending Pill on the table in front of him.

With a changing expression, Mo Yuan reached out and picked up the pill and the small sword.

"Brat, do you think I care about this little thing of yours?"

Mo Yuan smiled and cursed softly. Then, he raised his hand and waved. Three long swords surrounded by sword Qi appeared in front of him.

War had always been the easiest way to become rich.

Mo Yuan was the first to destroy the Three Qin Sword Sect. How could he be lacking a spiritual weapon?

There were several spiritual weapons that he had seized and sent to the Sword Pavilion.

After pondering for a moment, Mo Yuan took out a green and black ring. With a wave of his hand, two spiritual artifact swords fell into it.

He took out a pile of sparkling spiritual rocks and various spiritual materials and treasures and placed them in the interspatial ring.

"Rascal, I was going to leave it for the Mo family, but now you've benefited..."

"When I return in a hundred years, I'll let you see the power of my Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords."

After Han Muye left Mo Yuan's tent, he took a deep breath, looked at the tent in the middle of the mountain peak, and then strode over.

When he arrived at the Sword Pavilion Elder's tent, a middle-aged man in a green robe was standing outside.

Su Yuan.

The new expert of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's fire-type lineage.

With one move of Prairie Fire, he destroyed the Three Qin Sword Sect.

Although Han Muye had never seen Su Yuan before, he had taught Su Yuan the Prairie Fire Sword Technique.

Speaking of which, Han Muye was Su Yuan's creditor.

Su Yuan owed Han Muye 1,000 merit points.

"Han Muye?"

Su Yuan looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

"Han Muye greets Elder Su." Han Muye bowed and cupped his hands.

Su Yuan waved his hand and said, "You can just call me Uncle-Master."

Then he turned and walked slowly up the limestone hill.

Han Muye followed.

"Senior Brother Gao didn't have to use this move."

"I told Senior Brother Gao that since I've used Prairie Fire, I'm prepared to bear all the consequences."

Standing on the limestone, Su Yuan placed his hands behind his back and looked at the clear moonlight in the distance.

Han Muye said nothing.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's fire-type lineage had been silent for too long and was about to collapse and be annexed by the other lineages.

It was understandable that Su Yuan wanted to rebuild the fire-type lineage again and use the Prairie Fire to gather the hearts of the people.

However, from the memories of the Three Qin Sword Sect's elder, Han Muye knew that the Prairie Fire seemed to be a forbidden technique that could not be used.

"Uncle-Master Su, the elder didn't attack only for you," Han Muye looked at Su Yuan and said in a low voice.

"He did it for the sect."

Or rather, the sect's pressure forced the Sword Pavilion Elder to attack.

However, in the end, it was still because the Sword Pavilion Elder was willing to attack. Otherwise, no one could make him attack.

Su Yuan shook his head and looked into the distance, his eyes solemn.

"The credit for destroying the Three Qin Sword Sect this time can ensure that the fire-type lineage won't collapse for ten years."

"If no one can be in charge of the fire-type lineage in ten years, it can only be said to be fate."

Su Yuan turned around and looked at Han Muye. "Remember, no matter what happens, you have to escort Senior Brother Gao back to the Nine Mystic Mountain."

That day, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had earned a huge victory. The Sword Pavilion Elder had killed the Supreme Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Mu Tieyang, causing the Great Spiritual Sword Sect's strength to decrease by 30%.

After that day, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's reputation would soar. It should be an existence that would quickly rise in the Western Frontier.

However, not only was Su Yuan, the hero who destroyed the Three Qin Sword Sect in one battle, not happy, but he also seemed to be in great trouble.

Han Muye looked at Su Yuan and whispered, "Uncle-Master Su, is it because of the Prairie Fire Sword Technique?"

Hearing Han Muye's question, Su Yuan nodded. "Yes."

Han Muye frowned and said, "Uncle-Master, why can't you use this sword technique?"

Su Yuan did not answer. Instead, he turned to look at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples gathered at the foot of the mountain.

"Since there will be an unexpected trouble when using this sword technique, Uncle-Master Su, why did you still use Prairie Fire?" Han Muye looked at Su Yuan and asked in a low voice.

If he did not use this move, Elder Gao would not have to attack that day.

If he did not use the Prairie Fire Sword Technique, the Three Qin Sword Sect would only be destroyed later.

"The Sect Master asked me to use it."

Su Yuan spoke softly.

Sect Master, Jin Ze.

Han Muye wanted to ask more, but Su Yuan had already disappeared.

Han Muye watched him leave and pondered for a moment before turning to head for the Sword Pavilion Elder's tent.

There were many things that the Sword Pavilion Elder would have answers to.

Chapter 97: Everything is for the rise of the sect

"Come in."

As soon as he arrived outside the tent, the Sword Pavilion Elder's voice sounded.

Han Muye walked into the tent and saw the Sword Pavilion Elder in a white robe sitting at the long table, writing something with a brush.

"Have you seen Mo Yuan?"

"Does he want to leave the Western Frontier?"

The Sword Pavilion elder put down his pen and looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded.

“My sword strike today is almost at the peak in the Western Frontier. If he wants to surpass it, he can only leave the Western Frontier.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder laughed, then sighed and said softly, “During these few days, I have talked with him and after watching his Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, it’s really extraordinary.”

“It’s not a lie to say that one can kill a Heaven Realm expert after cultivating for a hundred years.”

Mo Yuan’s talent in the Sword Dao was indeed shocking. By fusing ordinary sword techniques into one move of Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, he could fight against Earth Realm experts.

...

This was a new path for low-level sword cultivators.

Even if this path was filled with thorns, it was still a path that led to cultivation.

Too many low-level cultivators had no paths to take in their lifetimes.

“Kid, to be honest, I didn’t expect you to come.” The Sword Pavilion elder looked at Han Muye with a smile.

“I’m the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker. Even if the entire world wants the elder to die on Deer Park Mountain, I should still come, shouldn’t I?” Han Muye’s gaze was fixed on the Sword Pavilion elder’s face.

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s expression darkened slightly. He sighed and said, “You’ve only cultivated for a short time...”

He had only cultivated for a short period of time and had yet to cultivate that kind of heartless personality.

Han Muye did not know if he would also treat the lives of outsiders as ants when his cultivation level reached a higher level.

“Have you read the message I left for you?” The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at Han Muye and chuckled.

His gaze fell on the small bronze sword Han Muye had inserted in his hair.

He had seen the jade slip and cultivated the sword of the soul.

However, the Sword Pavilion Elder was also curious about how it was cultivated.

How could Han Muye master a sword technique in just a few days?

“Elder, I’ve read the jade slip.” Han Muye nodded. Then, his divine spot shook, and the sword of his soul appeared above his head, turning into a small crystal-clear sword.

On this small sword, a white fox phantom flashed.

When the Sword Pavilion Elder saw the small sword, his eyes narrowed and his expression changed. “Heaven Realm soul?”

“This is, that one?”

Han Muye nodded slightly and explained what had happened in the Sword Pavilion in a low voice.

The head of the Cao family was attacked.

The secret place on the mountain gate was broken through by the Suicide Soldiers.

An Earth Realm expert barged in front of the Sword Pavilion.

When he heard Han Muye say that the great demon soul suppressed under the Sword Pavilion had appeared and almost possessed Han Muye’s body, the Sword Pavilion Elder had a strange expression.

After Han Muye finished speaking, he pondered for a long time before the Sword Pavilion Elder said in a low voice, “Kid, some things might really be God’s will.”

‘God’s will?’

Seeing that he was puzzled, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled bitterly and said, "Back then, a mighty figure used the Nine Mystic Sword to suppress the demon for 10,000 years. Now, more than 9,900 years have passed..."

The Nine Mystic Sword had suppressed the great demon for 10,000 years.

10,000 years were almost over.

At that time, would a great demon be born or would it die?

Would the Nine Mystic Sword that suppressed the demon be taken back or left in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

At that time, would the various sects in the Western Frontier come to snatch the Nine Mystic Sword?

There were too many uncertainties.

To ordinary people, they were helpless to these uncertainties. They just had to accept the outcome.

However, to Jin Ze, who was in charge of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and controlled the lives of hundreds of thousands of disciples, he could not wait.

Even if there was a chance, he had to plan with all his might and fight hard.

Han Muye recalled Bai Suzhen's words.

For the Nine Mystic Sword, the sect master could bury most of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples.

Therefore, the sect master took advantage of the situation and lured the people of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect to release the demon?

If the Great Elder of the Tai Yi Sword Sect was really thousands of kilometers away, what awaited him when the great demon appeared would definitely be an annihilation.

However, the price to get the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier to attack was probably not small.

In the eyes of this Heaven Realm cultivator, the only thing he had his eyes on was probably the Nine Mystic Sword, right?

However, no one expected that Han Muye, a mere Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker, would be able to block two Earth Realm experts from entering the Sword Pavilion.

What was even more unexpected was that countless people's schemes had triggered the Great Demon's soul, but in the end, Han Muye had condensed it into a soul sword.

In the end, the Great Demon was not born, and the Nine Mystic Sword was naturally still suppressing it under the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

It turned out that he was the one who had ruined the sect master's plan.

But on the other hand, if this had succeeded and the great demon was born, as the Sword Caretaker, would he be the first to die?

Shaking his head, he looked at the Sword Pavilion Elder again and said in a low voice, "Elder, why can't Elder Su Yuan's Prairie Fire be used?"

Priarie fire.

The Sword Pavilion Elder narrowed his eyes and focused on the desk in front of him.

"Because this technique doesn't belong to our Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Half of the sword intent came from the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect."

The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was second among the four major sword sects.

Could it be that the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was the one who forbade the Nine Mystic Sword Sect from using the Prairie Fire Sword Technique?

Also, why did half of the sword intent in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's technique belong to someone else?

Han Muye said nothing and looked at the Sword Pavilion elder.

After a long time, the Sword Pavilion Elder said softly, "10,000 years ago, there was only the Nine Mystic Mountain in the Western Frontier that suppressed the demons. There was no Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

“Until a thousand years ago, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was only an ordinary sect in the Western Frontier. It relied on the Sword Pavilion to suppress the demons to protect itself.”

There was a hint of nostalgia in the Sword Pavilion elder’s voice.

“In the past thousand years, several ancestors of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect have been plotting to accumulate strength between the Dao Sect, the Sword Sect, and the Demon Sect.”

“The sacrifices involved are unimaginable to outsiders.”

The cultivation world was not as righteous as people thought.

Most cultivators were also greedy.

There was a lot of open strife between the cultivation sects.

As they cultivated, they had to compete with the heavens and compete with others.

The rise of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have so many coincidences. There were many schemes and heaven-defying killings.

Be it cultivation techniques or resources, not many of them were obtained in an upright manner.

For example, the Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire.

Patriarch Tao Ran of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect named himself Tao Yuhe. He had cultivated in the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect for decades and comprehended the wind-attribute sword technique before mastering the Dao of Wind and Fire.

Three hundred years ago, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect finally condensed the power of five lineages. With five half-step Heaven Realm experts and three elders in the Sword Pavilion, it allowed the strength of the sect to reach its peak.

With such strength, it was impossible for one to hide.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s strength was displayed bit by bit, shocking the Western Frontier.

Back then, one of the nine sects, the Moon Essence Sword Sect, was defeated by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and removed from the position of the nine sects.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was at its peak.

“In the cultivation world, if you don’t advance, you’ll fall behind. Since you’ve risen, it’s impossible not to compete...”

“If you don’t reach the Heaven Realm, you’re still a pawn.”

“It has been going on for more than 200 years. One day, this sect is provoking us. The next day, we are in conflict with another one. All of them are just the big sects in the Western Frontier.”

A pained expression appeared on the Sword Pavilion Elder’s face. “In the 200-year conflict, three of our Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s elders died. The Sword Pavilion’s inheritance was damaged and its five lineages were incomplete.”

“If not for the sect’s crisis, I wouldn’t have gone to the Sword Pavilion...”

Han Muye looked at the Sword Pavilion elder.

Sacrifice.

From the Sword Pavilion Elder’s words, he had witnessed the sacrifice of countless people.

Everything was for the rise of the sect.

Could the Sword Pavilion Elder not see through the sect master’s plan?

Impossible.

Han Muye shook his head.

With the wisdom of the Sword Pavilion Elder, how could he not see through it?

However, he still came to Deer Park Mountain and was willing to attack.

All for the thousand-year grand scheme of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Actually, the Sect Master is already half a step into the Heaven Realm,” the Sword Pavilion Elder said calmly.

Half-step Heaven Realm!

The sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, was a half-step Heaven Realm expert at the peak of the Core Formation realm!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect not only had three Grand Elders in the half-step Heaven Realm, but also a fourth!

Sect Master Jin Ze had actually concealed himself so well!

“But so what if Sect Master displays his cultivation abilities? Can the strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect today compare to 300 years ago?”

The Sword Pavilion Elder lowered his head and spoke softly.

‘It can’t.’

Han Muye shook his head.

Chapter 98: Disciples like ants

“Elder, even if the strength of the Sword Sect can’t be compared to 300 years ago, with the five lineages gathered and your Hundred Breath Realm, we can still compete against the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, right?” Han Muye asked in a low voice.

Why would Sect Master Jin Ze have to destroy a sword in such a good situation?

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the Sword Pavilion Elder shook his head and said, “Among the nine sects of the Western Frontier, who is the strongest?”

Who was the strongest?

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect, one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier, was ranked at the bottom. The three sects at the top each had a Heaven Realm expert and several half-step Heaven Realm experts.

The third of the nine sects, Tai Yi Sword Sect had the Great Elder Tu Sunshi, the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

The second of the nine sects was the Shangyang Demonic Sect. The sect master, Li Mubai, ruled the demonic path of the Western Frontier and was a Heaven Realm cultivator.

These two sects were both extremely powerful, but they were unable to challenge the number one sect in the Western Frontier, the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The Spiritual Dao Sect's Sect Master, the Myriad Transformations Sage, was a true cultivator of the Dao Sect. He was the only great cultivator in the Western Frontier who had stepped into the third level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul realm.

The Spiritual Dao Sect was also the leader of the Western Frontier Dao Sect. All the cultivators who cultivated magic spells looked up to the Spiritual Dao Sect and regarded it as a holy land.

Although the rankings of the nine sects in the Western Frontier were constantly changing, the top three sects had not changed positions for a thousand years.

...

The Dao Sect, the Demonic Sect, and the Sword Cultivators were balanced in power.

Could it be that the Prairie Fire Sword Technique was related to the Spiritual Dao Sect?

Han Muye felt a chill in his heart.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not challenge an overlord like the Spiritual Dao Sect.

"Elder, is the Prairie Fire Sword Technique related to the Spiritual Dao Sect?" Han Muye could not help but lower his voice and ask.

If it was really related to this large sect, then it was no wonder that Su Yuan was so serious in accepting responsibilities.

There was even a reason why the Grand Elder of the Sword Sect, Tao Ran, had betrayed them.

Patriarch Tao Ran had no choice but to betray the Sword Sect because he was afraid of implicating the sect.

The Sword Pavilion Elder shook his head and said, "If it's really related to the Spiritual Dao Sect, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect won't be able to last for so many years."

"However, the Spiritual Dao Sect has always been an ally of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect has always been famous for its spells and sword techniques."

"Grand Elder Tao Ran cultivated the Prairie Fire Sword Momentum back then, but the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect asked the Spiritual Dao Sect to issue a Dao order so that he could not use the Prairie Fire in this life."

"Patriarch Tao Ran fought with the three experts of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and didn't dare to use Prairie Fire. The sect master announced that he would be expelled from the Nine Mystic Mountain, and only then did the experts of the Spiritual Dao Sect stop."

The Sword Pavilion Elder sighed softly and handed a broken sword to Han Muye.

It was an ancient bronze sword. The sword was broken, and had only a foot or so left.

This was the sword of the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Mu Tieyang.

It was cut off by the Sword Pavilion Elder.

"Why do you think Mu Tieyang is blocking at this place?"

"He's just waiting for the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect to come."

"I killed him because I didn't want to fight the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect in the end, but I left the experts of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect by his side."

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect were in competition with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Behind everything was a behemoth like the Spiritual Dao Sect.

All the schemes revolved around such a large sect.

Sect Master Jin Ze would rather break his sword than fight against a large sect like the Spiritual Dao Sect.

“Then, why did Sect Master ask Elder Su Yuan to use the Prairie Fire Sword Technique?” This was the answer that Han Muye wanted to know the most.

Hearing Han Muye’s question, the Sword Pavilion Elder pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, “Kid, aren’t you worrying too much about these things?”

“You’re just a small Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker. I’ve also damaged the soul sword condensed for 60 years.”

“How much does the sect matter have to do with us?”

“Can’t we just go back to the Sword Pavilion and eat meat and drink wine?”

“Huang Zhenxiong is still the smartest. Wouldn’t it be better to have a wife and children? Why would he seek immortality?”

Han Muye couldn’t argue.

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s soul nurtured the Soul Condensing Sword for 60 years and killed the Supreme Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect in 100 breaths.

What he could do, he had done.

Whether it was the sect’s matters or his cultivation path in the future, it had nothing to do with him.

It was already precious to be alive.

Whether he was really indifferent or not, Han Muye could only nod.

After Han Muye bowed and left the tent, the smile on the Sword Pavilion Elder’s face slowly disappeared.

The old aura on his body condensed into a sharp sword intent.

The thickness of this sword intent was actually not inferior to before he attacked.

“You’re quite a busybody, kid.”

“Sigh, if you didn’t come, I would have left the Nine Mystic Mountain safely. Wouldn’t it be better if I left the Western Frontier?”

After walking out of the Sword Pavilion Elder’s tent, Han Muye walked towards the foot of the mountain with the broken bronze sword in his hand.

His palm closed around the hilt.

Images appeared in his mind.

The life of the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Mu Tieyang, was the envy of countless cultivators.

The sword technique he cultivated was the strongest sword technique of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

All his resources were provided by the entire sect.

He cultivated the sword at a young age and was extremely talented.

The young man was arrogant and suppressed his peers with one strike.

The sword in his hand would kill all the heroes of the Western Frontier.

He had comprehended the Three Spirits Sword Technique of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

He had comprehended the Four Sprits Sword Technique of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect – Clearance Kill.

He had comprehended the Five Spirits Sword Technique of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect – Day Massacre.

The broken sword in Han Muye’s hand vibrated gently, as if in sorrow.

This sword had already broken, and it had already fallen from the mid-grade spiritual artifact realm to a semi-spiritual artifact.

However, there seemed to be an inexplicable aura circulating in the sword.

Images circulated in his mind. The Great Spiritual Sword Sect seemed to have encountered a huge crisis. As the Grand Elder, Mu Tieyang was arguing with the other two elders.

There was also an argument between the demonic clan and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Unfortunately, the memories on the broken sword were incomplete. Many images flashed past, and there was no way to understand them clearly.

Sword Qi poured into the sword in Han Muye's palm, causing a dim spiritual light to surge on the sword.

One streak.

10 streaks.

100 streaks.

1,000 streaks.

10,000 streaks.

The broken sword shook and Han Muye stopped.

In his mind, the thin old man in the black robe looked at him with a complicated expression.

A small bright sword circled in front of the old man.

"Sword of the soul?"

"Gao Changgong's sword has been exhausted. Is there anyone on the Nine Mystic Mountain who can condense a soul sword?"

"From the looks of it, your Nine Mystic Sword Sect really hid it well. I, Mu Tieyang, didn't lose in vain..."

Mu Tieyang.

The remnant soul of the Grand Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Or it could be considered his obsession.

Han Muye did not expect the sword Qi to stimulate Mu Tieyang's remnant soul in the broken sword.

However, Han Muye really had many questions to ask after seeing Mu Tieyang's remnant soul.

"Senior Mu, I'm very curious. With your cultivation, why did you seek a death match today?"

Seek death.

Everyone in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier knew that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion Elder could activate the power of the Nine Mystic Sword within the Hundred Breath Realm.

Even if Mu Tieyang's cultivation was profound, he was only half a step into the Heaven Realm.

Taking the strike of the Sword Pavilion Elder head-on was no different from courting death.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mu Tieyang fell silent for a moment, then said in a low voice, "If I can survive under the Nine Mystic Sword today, my Great Spiritual Sword Sect won't be annexed."

Annexation!

'Annexed by whom?'

Han Muye was about to ask again when Mu Tieyang's remnant soul shook his head and dissipated.

The damage to the sword was too great, and only a trace of Mu Tieyang's remnant soul was left.

If he wanted to stimulate it again, he needed to inject more sword Qi and nurture it again.

After hiding the broken sword in his sleeve, Han Muye looked at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples sitting in the distance.

They were happy, cheerful, and hopeful for the future.

Han Muye couldn't help but chuckle.

The half-step Heaven Realm Mu Tieyang wanted to die, and the Sword Pavilion Elder with a single Heaven Realm strike was willing to turn half his life's cultivation into nothingness.

There was also the Sect Master of the Sword Sect. Although the mighty figures of the various sects controlled the lives of countless people, they were helpless about the situation.

It was better to have these disciples who were like ants who were filled with hope and dreams for cultivation and life.

"Senior Brother Han!"

Ahead, someone turned, then exclaimed in surprise.

Sun Dayong.

The outer sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Sun Dayong.

Chapter 99: Mo Yuan's Gift

"It's Senior Brother Han!"

"Senior Brother Han is here!"

Jiang Han.

Zhao Youzhi.

Tang Ming.

...

Han Muye walked over with a smile and stretched out his hand. "It's such a big victory today. Why don't you have any wine?"

"Yes! There's wine!" Sun Dayong rubbed his hands and turned around to take out a small wine jar.

“Sun Dayong, you said that you had finished drinking yesterday!” Jiang Han scolded, but his face was filled with smiles.

“Senior Brother Han, why are you here?” Zhao Youzhi looked at Han Muye and asked softly.

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone froze.

Tang Ming, who was standing at the side, sighed and said in a low voice, “Senior Brother Han is here for the Sword Pavilion Elder, right?”

Sword Pavilion Elder.

.....

That day, everyone was shocked by the might of the Sword Pavilion Elder’s sword.

However, this sword was condensed by the lifetime cultivation of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

From then on, the Sword Pavilion Elder would become an old mortal.

Everyone looked at each other and the atmosphere instantly darkened.

Han Muye stepped forward and laughed. He took the wine jar from Sun Dayong’s hand.

“As a sword cultivator, I only hope that I can kill the Supreme Elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect with one strike. It was worth it.”

“Isn’t this the reason why the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker cultivated for 60 years?”

He raised the wine pot and gestured to everyone. “Today’s great victory should be celebrated.”

With that, he raised his head, raised the wine jar, took a big gulp, and handed it forward.

Someone took it and took a swig.

Hands reached out, took the wine jar, and took a long sip.

After the wine jar was passed for a round, it was empty.

“No more wine?”

“I have more.”

“I have more.”

“Damn it, you’re all hiding so well.”

...

When Han Muye woke up, he was already in the carriage.

He tried his best to recall. He only remembered drinking with a group of Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples and bragging.

He seemed to have also demonstrated the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords that Mo Yuan had taught him. He shouted that he would create a Great Dao path for ordinary sword cultivators in the world.

“Are you awake?”

“Your Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was really powerful last night. It almost split half of Deer Park Mountain.”

The gentle voice of the Sword Pavilion Elder sounded. Then, Han Muye trembled and sat up.

“Here, this is from Mo Yuan.”

“He went to the East Sea. He said he would definitely return within a hundred years.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder extended his hand. In his palm was a dark ring.

A space ring.

Two spiritual weapons and 300,000 spiritual rocks.

All kinds of spiritual materials and spiritual herbs occupied about three feet of space inside.

The space in the ring was only five feet in total.

With his divine sense, he could take out the things in the ring.

“I’ve taken a look for you. Everything is worth a million spiritual rocks.”

“Kid, your current wealth is richer than most of the elders on the Nine Mystic Mountain.”

There was a hint of sigh in the Sword Pavilion elder’s voice.

There were not many elders on the Nine Mystic Mountain who were as strong as Mo Yuan in terms of cultivation and combat strength. There were even fewer who could exterminate a whole sect.

Mo Yuan was probably the one who gained the most from wiping out the Three Qin Sword Sect.

Sitting up straight and looking out of the carriage, Han Muye was a little dejected.

He had been in too much of an emotional mess the previous night and had really drunk too much. He had actually missed the chance to see Master Mo Yuan off.

As the carriage moved forward, Han Muye studied the ring on his hand. From time to time, the Sword Pavilion Elder would teach him how to use his divine sense to place items and take them out.

According to the Sword Pavilion Elder, one could put their personal belongings in the ring, but the sword for handy use should not be placed in it.

A grand cultivator had the ability to affect the power of space.

Moreover, in a battle between sword cultivators, life and death were decided in an instant. If he scattered his divine sense to retrieve the sword from the ring, he would be courting death.

“Comprehend Mo Yuan’s Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords properly. If you can slash out with the sword of the soul.” A trace of longing flashed across the Sword Pavilion Elder’s face as he said in a low voice, “Perhaps you can even injure a Heaven Realm expert.”

Using the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique to activate the sword of the soul.

Han Muye nodded.

He had deduced that it was feasible.

On the way, disciples updated them with information from time to time.

The outcome of the battle at Deer Park Mountain spread much faster than their advance.

They had only traveled a few hundred kilometers when the sect masters and elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had already come to welcome the Sword Pavilion elder.

“The Sunset Cloud Sword Sect’s Zheng Changhe greets Elder Gao of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion.”

“Elder’s might has killed a half-step Heaven Realm expert with a single sword strike. The world is shaken because of it.”

The green-robed Daoist standing in front of the carriage had a fawning expression, and the disciples behind him had faces of respect.

This was the fifth wave of such welcoming parties.

“Sect Master Zheng is too polite.”

“We still have to rush back to the Sword Pavilion, so we won’t stay any longer.”

“Sect Master Zheng, if you are willing to, you can lead your disciples to help our Sword Sect’s Elder Su Yuan eliminate the rebels.”

The Sword Pavilion elder spoke calmly, his voice filled with authority.

Zheng Changhe hurriedly bowed and agreed to it.

Along the way, the sect came to visit to express their attitude. They did not really intend to befriend the Sword Pavilion elder.

Half an hour later, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect convoy continued forward.

Apart from a few people who were sitting in the carriages, most of them were loaded with treasures obtained from the Three Qin Sword Sect.

This was the foundation of the sect.

The carriage and the warhorses were both enhanced with array talismans, allowing them to advance rapidly.

At noon, an urgent report came from a disciple.

It was a piece of shocking news.

The Great Spiritual Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had merged.

The two Grand Elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect became the Grand Elders of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, and all the disciples joined the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

The original Sect Master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect and a few Earth Realm elders had disappeared.

In the carriage, the Sword Pavilion Elder's expression was calm as he said in a low voice, "What a good way to put 'disappeared'..."

Was it possible for the sect master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier, to disappear without a trace?

"Is this why Mu Tieyang risked his life to fight the merger of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect?" Han Muye looked at the Sword Pavilion Elder and asked.

The Sword Pavilion elder shook his head and nodded.

"If not for the calamity, the Great Spiritual Sword Sect and Mu Tieyang wouldn't have made such a choice."

The calamity of destruction.

Was it the same as the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's decision this time?

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was about to end its 10,000-year period of suppressing the demon, so what calamity was the Great Spiritual Sword Sect about to face?

Han Muye recalled what Mu Tieyang's remnant soul had said. If he could survive under the sword of the Sword Pavilion Elder, he could prevent the Great Spiritual Sword Sect from being annexed.

Unfortunately, he was dead.

"Full speed ahead!"

At this moment, the Sword Pavilion Elder suddenly shouted.

The entire convoy accelerated.

"The first thing the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect did after annexing the Great Spiritual Sword Sect was probably to avenge Mu Tieyang." The Sword Pavilion Elder narrowed his eyes and looked at Han Muye, who was sitting in front of him.

The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had to appease its people.

The best way was to avenge Mu Tieyang and kill the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion Elder, Gao Changgong.

"Kid, remember to save your life."

A strange aura gathered on the Sword Pavilion Elder's body as he looked into the distance.

The nine sects of the Western Frontier directly became the eight sects, and the four major sword sects also lost one sect.

Such a major event was completed with a single strike from the Sword Pavilion Elder.

It was only at this moment that Han Muye deeply felt the importance of a great cultivator.

Every word and action of these cultivators concerned the entire Western Frontier.

The survival of countless people depended on their thoughts.

In the carriage, Han Muye reached out and grabbed the hilt of the broken sword hidden in his sleeve.

Sword Qi quietly poured into the sword.

After a few breaths, Mu Tieyang's remnant soul condensed in his divine spot.

Han Muye said directly, "The Great Spiritual Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect have merged."

The remnant soul that had just condensed was stunned. It stood there with a trace of shock on its face, then a sad expression that was difficult to hide.

"As expected..."

"Might as well, might as well."

Mu Tieyang muttered to himself and lowered his head.

"The Sect Master and several Earth Realm elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect are missing," Han Muye said again.

Chapter 100: If you give me a hundred years, I'll kill you like a dog

This time, Mu Tieyang's remnant soul looked up with many emotions in his eyes.

"What do you want to know?" he asked calmly, looking up at the gently spinning sword soul in his divine spot.

"What made your Great Spiritual Sword Sect make such a choice?" Han Muye's voice sounded in the divine spot.

Mu Tieyang's soul pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, "I'll tell you everything, but you have to promise me that if there's a chance, you'll protect the inheritance of my Great Spiritual Sword Sect."

"Deal." Han Muye didn't hesitate.

Mu Tieyang's remnant soul sighed and said in a low voice, "The sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect has reached the Heaven Realm."

“At the cost of my Great Spiritual Sword Sect’s sect-protecting spiritual sword and the destruction of its soul.”

“The sect master originally wanted to join forces with the demonic race of the Southern Wasteland to resist the annexation of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect. Now it seems that he has failed.”

Mu Tieyang’s words made Han Muye tremble.

Heaven Realm.

Southern Wasteland Demonic Race.

...

As expected, every secret that a great cultivator had could shake the world.

Mu Tieyang’s remnant soul muttered softly and began to tell him the secrets he knew.

The convoy sped ahead.

“Bam—”

In the sky, a golden sword light exploded and bloomed.

Then another.

It was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s beacon signal.

A great enemy was attacking.

All the disciples escorting were nervously holding their swords.

“Elder Gao, Nine Mystic Mountain has sent a message. The two Grand Elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect have led the army straight in and have already entered 30,000 miles within our sect’s territory.”

“Sect Master invites Elder to return to the Nine Mystic Mountain first.”

A disciple flew over from ahead. He held a green foot-long wooden boat shining with spiritual light in both hands and bowed.

He would return to the Nine Mystic Mountain first.

He was giving up on these resources and disciples.

The Sword Pavilion Elder narrowed his eyes and looked behind him. He suddenly said, "Where is the Sect Master now?"

The disciple was stunned and whispered, "I don't know."

The Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and did not take the wooden boat. He turned to look at Han Muye. "Kid, are you afraid of today's battle?"

Afraid.

Just like when he first stepped into the Sword Pavilion, he was really afraid.

He was afraid of death.

Han Muye looked around at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples who were running quickly.

"Elder, what other trump cards do we have?"

Hearing his words, the Sword Pavilion elder was stunned, then laughed out loud.

"Good lad. That's interesting."

The Sword Pavilion Elder looked at the sky and said proudly, "I don't have any trump cards. I'm just making a bet."

'Bet.'

The convoy kept moving, day and night.

7,000 miles outside the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The army of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect arrived 70,000 miles away.

6,000 miles outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Great Spiritual Sword Sect army was 60,000 miles away.

5,000 miles outside the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The army of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect had arrived 40,000 miles away.

3,000 miles outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Great Spiritual Sword Sect army was already 10,000 miles away!

Even from thousands of miles away, one could feel the clouds in the sky changing.

That was the spiritual energy of a half-step Heaven Realm cultivator affecting the changes in the clouds.

“Boom—”

A thousand miles ahead, sword light rose.

It was in the direction of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The three sword lights echoed each other and slowly advanced.

The three Grand Elders of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not a small sect. It was one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier.

If the Sword Pavilion Elder, who had already exhausted his cultivation, was killed by the Great Spiritual Sword Sect that day, the morale of the disciples on the Nine Mystic Mountain would at least be reduced by 70%!

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang. It could be heard from 3,000 miles away.

Six rings.

“From top to bottom, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect welcomes Elder Gao Changgong back to the mountain.”

A voice came from above the clouds.

“Boom—”

10,000 miles away, three sword lights soared into the sky and cut through the clouds.

“Grand Elder Zhu Kuan, Deng Yuan, and Jiang Tiansheng of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect invite the Sword Pavilion Elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to the Heavenly Wind Cliff as guest.”

“Boom—”

Within a thousand miles, the clouds in the sky exploded, revealing the blue sky.

This was the collision of Qi meridians between eight half-step Heaven Realm cultivators, causing heaven and earth to change.

Under such immense power, it was already rare for cultivators below the Earth Realm to be able to stand steadily.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s convoy stopped in a flat wasteland.

They couldn’t move on.

Their pursuers had arrived and their enemies were blocking ahead.

The Sword Pavilion Elder stood up and walked out of the carriage to stand on the carriage frame.

Han Muye stood beside him.

All the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect slowly gathered and protected the carriage.

Han Muye looked down.

‘Are you afraid?’

Afraid.

He could see that Jiang Han and the other outer sect disciples were all holding their swords tightly with nervous expressions.

Sun Dayong turned around and saw Han Muye looking at them. He grinned, but his nervous face was a little strange to be associated with this smile.

However, this strange feeling made Han Muye suddenly feel relieved.

This expression was much more amiable than those cultivators who had remained calm.

In the direction of the Nine Mystic Mountain, three resplendent sword lights pressed forward.

One was as light as water, but it washed away the clouds.

This was the the Water lineage Grand Elder, half-step Heaven Realm expert, Zhang Zhihe.

One sword light was a lush green tree merged with the mountain range.

This was the Wood lineage Grand Elder, Wu Ziyuan, who was at the peak of the Core Formation realm.

The last sword light was cold. As it flickered, it was as if the world had been split apart.

It was the Golden lineage Grand Elder who was at the peak Core Formation realm, Lu Hao.

The three half-step Heaven Realm experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were 2,000 miles away from the Nine Mystic Mountain, facing the three Grand Elders of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

Before they even attacked, their auras had already clashed.

Looking at the entangled and colliding clouds, the Sword Pavilion Elder said softly, “It seems that the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect also wants to be a chess player and not a chess piece.”

They did not really attack, but could control the overall situation. This was a chess player.

The real chess pieces were the two Grand Elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

It was enough.

Two streams of light tore through the sky and rushed towards the convoy with a bang.

No one could stop a Core Formation expert!

“Great Spiritual Sword Sect’s Xia Yunyang, Zhang An, requests to send the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Gao Changgong to his death.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder had said the same thing before.

A few days ago, the Sword Pavilion Elder killed Mu Tieyang with a single sword strike, causing the Great Spiritual Sword Sect to change overnight and merge with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

That day, the two Grand Elders of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect were returning this sentence.

The Sword Pavilion elder stood on the carriage with his hands behind his back. His expression was calm as he looked at the sky.

“If you want my life, it’s enough to send a strong man. I’m flattered by today’s lineup.”

The Sword Pavilion Elder’s voice was extremely calm.

“You killed my Sword Sect’s Grand Elder, Mu Tieyang, and violated the rules to use the Prairie Fire Sword Technique. Gao Changgong must die today. The Nine Mystic Sword shall be taken away by me!”

In the sky, a strong wind blew. The sword light turned into a long rainbow, as if it could directly shatter mountains and rivers from thousands of kilometers away.

“Roar—”

Hundreds of miles away, a white tiger phantom soared into the sky.

The white tiger turned into a sword light and collided with a sword shadow in the sky. A roar resounded for thousands of kilometers.

The vague-looking sword light exploded. It was not flashy, but every strike shocked the hearts.

Tuoba Cheng.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Earth lineage Three Stones Pavilion Elder, Tuoba Cheng, used the Spirit Awakening Realm and condensed his sword aura to fight against a half-step Heaven Realm expert without retreating at all!

"Xia Yunyang, how is it? You can't even lift your sword in front of me back then!"

"You want to kill the Sword Pavilion Elder and take the Nine Mystic Sword away? Bullshit!"

"If you give me a hundred years, I'll still kill you like a dog!"